

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

This seems an appropriate time for making New Year resolutions. I have made a few and among them will be found the one listed under Church Announcements in another column of this issue of The Review. Perhaps in the course of human events I may proclaim to the world just the reason why for this resolution but those stated will have to be accepted just at present for they tell in a general way the why and the wherefore.

But in this space I promised last week to tell something of my trip to Columbus to join the army and to apply for the job of wearing the uniform chosen for those who enlist to serve on land in the standing army of this, the most peaceful country on the globe.

My Grandfather was at Albin's when I visited there and he also signed the recommendations. That seemed to take care of that part of the requirement. Just how I got to Columbus is not now clear in my mind but I arrived one bright morning, cold and frosty. I must not have had much money on me for I remember going into the finest hotel in the city and basking for a time before a roaring gas fire. That is, I stayed there until the clerk began to look at me steadily for a time and then cast his eye towards the hotel register with a suggestive look. Strange how some simple impression will persist through the years is it not?

That gas fire deserves more than passing notice. That was a country where natural gas flowed then almost like water; it bubbled up along roadsides, in ditches, and in the most unexpected places. The fire was in a common fireplace, or at least it looked to me to be common enough. But I sat there long enough to see that the logs that seemed to be burning with such a roar were not being consumed. The flames licked up around them and the heat warmed my chilled bones but as I watched and gazed into that roaring furnace the logs still stayed just as they were when I first noticed them. They seemed half consumed by the heat but they remained in just that condition. It took me a long time to make up my mind just what was happening. Perhaps I stayed longer on that account than I should have. But it was early, outside it was cold though the sun was shining and the thermometer must have been little above zero. I do not remember there being any wind.

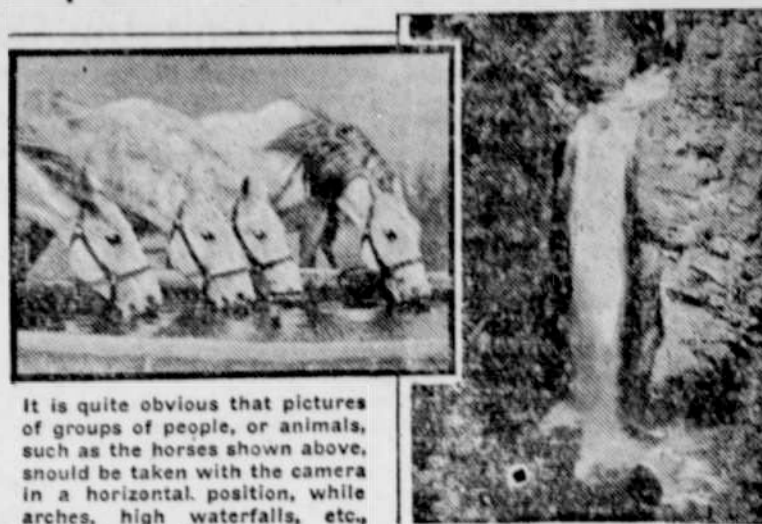
Finally I stepped up to the desk and inquired my way to the barracks. The clerk very kindly directed me, telling me where I could get the proper car, how long I would have to wait, and the proper car to ride with the transfers, and all necessary information. Very kind, he was, but I had satisfied him that I belonged to the traveling public and not to the stroller class. I wonder now, and have many times, whether, had he known just how much money there was in my pockets, would he have given me the information so courteously. Perhaps, and then again, perhaps.

That having been my only ride on the Columbus street cars, I am not in much of a position to pass judgment on their street car system. They got me to the barracks, all right, and there I found a sentry pacing regularly back and forth before the gate that formed the entrance to the parade ground. I wondered if I could get past him but he offered no objection and as I passed along the driveway and walk, two-in-one, I witnessed what to me is one of the finest sights ever to meet my eyes, the Seventeenth United States Infantry on parade. Colors flying, band playing, the reviewing officers on the stand, the whole regiment going through its drill, what a sight! I stayed there and watched until they retired to their barracks, each company to its own building. Then coming down the walk I saw a fellow running a wheel barrow with a few steps behind him watching every step the head fellow made. I tried to stop that guard and ask where the office was but he paid no more attention to me than he would have to a fly buzzing along the other side of the driveway. So I sauntered along.

By and by I found the office. I do not remember whether I was directed to it or not but on a door was the sign "Recruiting Office." That being just what I was looking for, I entered the door without knocking. I opened it rather cautiously as I was not sure but thought they could only put me out if they did not want me just then. At the end of the room was a fellow with an iron gray mustache and some stripes on his arm,

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

STUDY YOUR COMPOSITION



It is quite obvious that pictures of groups of people, or animals, such as the horses shown above, should be taken with the camera in a horizontal position, while arches, high waterfalls, etc., should be vertical.

NEWSPAPER cameramen are sometimes sharply criticized by those who consider photography as an art, for various faults in composition, lighting, shadows, etc. These critics may be right but they do not stop to consider that the news cameraman must take his picture when he can get it and often on the run. It's the picture of an individual or action he is after and heaven help him if he returns to his city editor and says, "Sorry chief, but I didn't get that picture of the mayor being slugged. The sun was in the wrong position, the shadows terrible and the mayor was in an atrocious pose when he was struck." Ooh! — Shudder to think of what would happen to that cameraman!

There is one point, however, we can all learn from the news cameraman and profit by it in taking more interesting pictures. It is this. Include only the principal subject in a picture. In other words, if you are taking a picture of an individual or a group, focus the lens on the principal subject and forget about the sharpness of the background or the surrounding scenery, building, or whatever it may be, unless the background is of some importance and is part of the story.

If you are taking a landscape picture determine before you "shoot" the most attractive view and concentrate your focusing on that spot. Two pictures showing two well composed and attractive scenes are worth many snapshots with innumerable points of possible interest. Then there is the shape of the picture to consider. First of all this is controlled by the way the camera is held—vertically or horizontally.

A high waterfall for instance, or a single figure standing in a high doorway, obviously should be taken with the camera in a vertical position, while, on the other hand, a landscape, a herd of cattle or a scattered group of people should be snapped with the camera held horizontally.

Although the right camera position has been chosen, trimming may be advisable to cut out unattractive or unnecessary details which were not noticed in the finder when the picture was taken. This can be done by masking the film when it is printed to eliminate too much sky or objects at either side of the picture that may distract the attention from the view you had in mind at the time you took the picture. Occasionally, it is advisable to trim away the background altogether and mount the principal subject as a cut-out on the album page.

Ovals, circles and panels are shapes which suit various types of subjects, circles making attractive frames for portraits. The size of the circle and its position with regard to the head must be left to individual taste, but where the head is not shown in full front view, more space should be left on the side toward which the face is turned.

Trimming will often enable a drastic change to be made in the composition of a picture. Trimming the print at top and bottom to make a long, narrow, horizontal panel is often very effective. If you are not quite satisfied with your print use four pieces of paper as a mask and you will readily see if trimming will make a great improvement. Try it.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

writing with a pen as though his life depended on it. Two or three others were sitting in chairs along the side of the room and as the man did not look up, I sat down in one of the chairs, after standing first on one foot and then on the other for longer than was comfortable.

I must have arrived at the barracks about nine o'clock. It was probably ten when retreat sounded for the drilling soldiers. It was just about noon before the writing fellow looked up and saw me. Or if he had seen me any sooner he had not indicated it to me. He motioned to me to come to the desk. I went. "Want to enlist?" "Yes, sir." And he grabbed another bunch of papers from a pigeon hole at his side and spreading them on the desk began again to write furiously. He glanced at me occasionally and finally asked my name. "Car you write and read?" "Sure." "Here, sign this," and he shoved a big bunch of papers at me at the same time sticking the pen holder into my hand. I signed. "Age? Right here," and he pointed at a space on a line. "Got your recommendations with you?" I had. He looked at them. "Hm-m-m. Your father?" "No, my grandfather and my uncle." "Won't do." And he shook his head. "Who do you know back home?" I had been told that Government officers gave preference to those working for Uncle Sam when being obliged to ask information from strangers. I told him the name of the postmaster back home, Henry Seigmiller, and of Reverend Thurston, a retired Methodist clergyman. He took their names and addresses carefully.

"We'll have to write to these before I can have you examined. I'll just go over your eyes a little and your ears." He did so.

No, it wasn't dirt he was looking for, just for physical defects. Then he inquired if I had any place to stay in the city while waiting for my recommendations to come back from Kingsley. He stated that they were having inspection that day and that it would be a week before I could be sworn in. Then he offered the conveniences of the barracks, eats and a place to sleep if I cared to avail myself of them. They were not to cost me anything. Of course I accepted gratefully for I did not relish sleeping out in sheds and box cars with only such eats as I could rustle at back doors. I was not used to the city and would have been badly handicapped though I'll admit that in the country I could have made out.

As a matter of fact, visions of getting out and working on some farm for my board and room that week ran through my mind when he told me that I would have to wait around until those papers came back. But I was spared that humiliation.

I stayed two weeks at the barracks. How that came about is that when the corporal, for that is what he was who was doing the writing—when he sent the papers to Kingsley to be signed up he forgot to put in my name and so they came back without being filled out. The examinations were held every week on a certain day, at ten in the forenoon. So I did not get in that week, for they had just finished the examination, nor the next week for the papers had only come back blank.

We had quite a time while there, it least I did. Nothing to do but to keep my cot made up and read and soldier. Recruits came and went. Some had been examined at Detroit and were sent to Colum-

bug for assignment to their regiment. Some were kept there and some went to other regiments. One fellow, a Swede, had served two enlistments and of course he did not have to stand physical examination, only his eyes and ears. He stayed at the barracks with us for a week or more awaiting word as to whether the regiment which he had asked to be assigned had its full complement.

The place to which I was assigned was Company K, just a skeleton organization and mostly made up of commissioned officers with a few non-coms. The latter seemed to do all the work and the Captain and Lieutenants only showed up for a few minutes a day and some days not at all. Even the non-coms were married men, something not supposed to be allowed.

My impressions at inspection were something to be remembered. In that back woods where I had grown up customs were much different from what I found among those who had travelled, some of them over most of the civilized portion of the globe. One fellow who stayed a day or two had just enlisted for his fourth term. He spent most of his furlough travelling. Another was going to join a cavalry regiment in Wyoming. Still another was just trying to get in. He had de-terminated to join up, study and get a commission. Some of them were present at inspection.

The Sergeant who came around first was a husky Irish man, kind of good natured but how he did bowl one of the old soldiers out for not having his shoes blacked to the proper degree of shininess. But though my shoes were shabby (even as now) he only winked at me when he came to where I was standing at the best position of attention I could manage. I went to town that afternoon and invested in some shoe blacking and a shoe-and-clothes brush. I have it to this day though that was in 1896. Figure it out if you want to know how old it is. And also judge how much time I spend blacking my shoes, too, if you care to, for that brush is in rather a good state of preservation!

Of course the sergeant was not the regular officer of the day. That was always a lieutenant. And when he came in everything was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Even his steps were noiseless. And never a word did he utter from one end of the room to the other. He had some sort of an attendant. I do not know whether he was an orderly or just what his rank was. And only that I was told did I know that the lieutenant was the one making the inspection. My impression was that the Irish sergeant was the inspecting officer. But it seemed that he only went ahead and bawled the fellow.

Finally the second day for examinations of recruits dawned. We spent hours getting ready, the new recruits, I mean, for at that time there were four of us. My papers had not come yet, but our corporal told me that they were anxious to get me on the payroll or else let me go.

But I am getting ahead of my story, a little. Kind companions in-

NOTICE

Beaverton Lodge No. 252 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday evening at 8 p.m. in their Hall, L. J. Foster, Secretary, J. H. Hulett, Noble Grand.



Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at 8 p.m. in the I.O.O.F. hall. Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain, secretary, and Mrs. Rose Stevens, p-tf

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structed me in the meaning of the bugle calls that we heard every quarter hour from reveille to taps. Sick call, retreat, mess call, and many others came to be recognized as readily as you would recognize "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." At mess call, first day we lined up just outside our quarters. No one there to give us the order to fall in and I just went along. But by supper time an old soldier had shown up and he took charge. I suppose he had been told to do so. But before I left I could stand at attention, right dress, start off with the left foot and do a few of the things that soldiers do but which the civilian thinks little about.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UPON FORECLOSURE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of an execution, decree and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, on the 11th day of December, 1934, in a cause therein pending where-in The California Joint Stock Land Bank of San Francisco, a corporation, is plaintiff, and Joseph C. Hare (sometimes known as J. C. Hare), Elinor G. Hare, William B. Hare (also known as W. B. Hare), Edna A. Hare, Commercial National Bank of Hillsboro, Oregon, E. L. Johnson, Trustee, E. L. Johnson, Etta L. Johnson, Glenn H. Bigelow, Vernal Bigelow, Lloyd E. Bigelow, Etta Bigelow, Margaret Ruth Linklater, Francis W. Linklater, Margaret Linklater, Samuel Edward Linklater, Ethel Linklater Franklin, Donald Franklin, Kenneth A. Linklater, Kenneth A. Covell, Kenneth A. Covell, Jr., Thomas Edward Covell, Kenneth A. Linklater as Administrator of the Estate of Dorothy Linklater Covell, deceased, Kenneth A. Linklater as Guardian of the persons and estate of Kenneth A. Covell, Jr., and Thomas Edward Covell, Minors, Kenneth A. Linklater as Executor of the Last Will and Testament of and of the Estate of Zula W. Linklater, deceased, J. E. Hattrick and Laura Hattrick, ex defendants, in favor of the Plaintiffs and against the Defendants, to me directed and delivered and commanding me to make sale of the real property hereinafter described, in order to satisfy the sum of \$15,727.77, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 15th day of April, 1933; and interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum on \$230.75 from the 15th day of October, 1933; and interest on the further sum of \$230.75 at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 15th day of April, 1934; and the further sum of \$704.78 paid out by plaintiff as taxes, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 20th, 1934; and the further sum of \$1000.00 as attorney's fees; and also the costs and expenses of said sale, I will, on Saturday, the 12th day of January, 1935, at the hour of ten o'clock A.

M. of said day, at the East door, being the front door of the Court House in Washington County, Oregon, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, and according to law, the following described parcels of real property, situate in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit: Portions of the South half (S½) of Section Seven (7) and of the Northwest quarter (NW¼) and of the East half (E½) of Section Eighteen (18), Township One (1) South, Range Two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian, particularly described as:

Commencing at a point 3.34 chains East of the Southeast Corner of the Sigler Donation Land Claim No. 42 in said Sections, Township and Range for a place of beginning, and running thence West 3.34 chains to the Southeast corner of said Sigler Donation Land Claim, thence North and along the East line of said Sigler Donation Land Claim, a distance of 40 chains, more or less, to the South line of Ivan Konigan land to east window weight, thence North 81° 35' West 2034 feet more or less to the center of the Tualatin River, thence down said river tracing the center line thereof to a point in the Northeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of said Section Eighteen (18), due South of the place of beginning, thence North 30.61 chains to the place of beginning and containing 332.27 acres more or less; together with all and singular the privileges, appurtenances, tenements, hereditaments, easements and rights of way thereunto belonging or usually enjoyed with said premises or any part thereof, and the reversion or reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof;

AND ALSO all the estate, right, title and interest, here, steady or other claim or demand, as well in law as in equity, which the mortgagors had August 2, 1920, or thereafter acquired, of, in, or to the said premises or any part thereof.

And also together with all other rights of every kind and nature, however evidenced, to the use of water, ditches and canals for the irrigation of said premises to which the mortgagors of said premises had August 2, 1920, or thereafter became entitled, and also together with all shares of stock or otherwise attached to said land for the benefit thereof, then owned or thereafter acquired by said mortgagors.

And said sale made subject to redemption as per statute of the State of Oregon.

Dated the 13th day of December, 1934.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. By Richard Busch, Deputy.

Francis E. Sturgis, Attorney for Plaintiff. adv c2.6

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