

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Working in the Curdy mill was a man by the name of Lee Rial. He worked in the other end of the mill from where I worked, on the carriage, if you know what that means. It is the mechanism on wheels that carries the log and feeds it to the saw. Lee was tall and thin, but we called the man who did that work in that mill a dogger. Well, everytime I came where his voice would reach me he would call out, "Beals farming, don't it?" Meaning by that that he thought I should be at home working on the farm instead of in the mill, trying to do a man's work.

Just a few summers ago I was visiting at the home of a friend in Olympia, Wash., and in came Lee's brother, Al. How he laughed as I told him of how Lee used to shout at me!

But awhile ago I promised to tell of that first General History lesson under Professor Horn in the Traverse City high school. Like many a green country boy, I having been used to having ten or twelve classes in the country school to which I went, I thought that if I had to pay tuition for going to school I should get the worth of my money and so signed up for all the classes I could when registering. The History class came at 9:15 immediately following assembly where there was usually some sort of opening exercises, a speaker, or some reading or perhaps an oration by a student.

That morning Prof. Horn gave a little talk, the bell rang, there was a bustle around, many of the students left the room and then Prof. Horn went to the blackboard and began writing. He put down in outline the history of Rome from its founding to the end of the Punic wars. I sat there and wondered what it was all about. I did not know that I was to take notes, or do anything else for that matter. About all I did during that class period was to gaze at the other students who were writing diligently.

"I'll expect reports on different headings by individuals tomorrow," he finally stated after a bell had rung. The students began to gather up their books and writing materials and to leave the room. A lad just a little bigger than I strolled over into the seat beside me, and stated, "You're a new man here." I admitted that I was. He then hurriedly told me his name Rob Walter, and that I should have copied off what Mr. Horn had written on the board. He then directed me to my next class and left. At noon, before leaving for lunch, he offered me his notebook for a while that evening so I could get that outline copied. From that time on, when I needed a friend, Rob was the one I turned to. He later became county clerk and in a small way, by helping get out the vote for him, I partly repaid the debt of gratitude I owed. But there was always a feeling of gratitude to Rob Walter for his kindness and consideration during my short stay in that school.

Many a time in that short six weeks Rob offered me kindly advice. Once I got a mash note from a girl. There was such a girl in school, and I did not know what to do. The note was handed to me by Vern Thomas. He sat across the aisle and one seat ahead of me. The note read: "I have been watching you ever since you came to school. I am quite an admirer of the way you have your lessons. Could we not meet? I'll be pleased to see you any time you mention, Vera Thomas."

Some way Rob must have seen Vern give me the note. He shoved over into the seat beside me for a moment when next he changed classes and asked about Vern handing me a note. "Let me see it," he requested. Then having read it he said, "Ask him what he takes you for." I met Vera Thomas years afterward but never screwed up courage enough to ask her whether she wrote the note or not. But poor Vern, he went with the boys to Havana in little more than a year and never came back.

Shortly after the note episode, Prof. Horn took occasion to give Vern a sharp going over during assembly. I never knew why. Perhaps the news about that note reached him, but so help me, this is the first time it has ever been mentioned by yours truly. Did I forget? Not on your tintype, as they said during those times. Rob Walter has also been called to his reward. The good die young. Perhaps Vern Thomas was not so bad as I thought at the time I got that note for hazing was quite the thing in those days and I just had my suspicions that the note was a subterfuge to get me away from ev-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
SNAPSHOOTING CHRISTMAS



Two typical Christmas shots. At the left, Big Brother starts off to try his new skates. Right, the youngsters are all set to grab Santa.

THE only trouble with making pictures of Christmas doings is that the day goes so fast. Before we know it, chances for rare shots have come and gone—gone, some of them, never to return, next year or ever. For babies will grow up and friends will move away.

So plan now for a few good shots this Christmas, shots that will mean, inescapably, Christmas 1934.

To do the job up brown, you'll probably need to call all of your snapshotting talent into play. For there'll be interiors as well as outdoor shots, daytime and nighttime pictures, close-ups and long shots.

For example: Holly wreaths at the door and in the windows. Shoot them from the outside, at night, with lights arranged to bring out their full importance. A time-exposure from the outside, shooting in through the window at the lighted room, will give you a fine silhouette of the wreath in the window. Ask one of the youngsters to stand very still at the window during the exposure; that will add the necessary "human interest."

Trimming the tree. This will probably be a long shot, taken from far enough away to show the whole tree and the busy decorators. In all likelihood, a photoflash-type bulb will be your best reliance for this one.

Hanging the stockings at the mantel. A photoflash or photoflood type lamp in the fireplace (the fire itself, we hope, being out) will illumine the figures of children as they hang up their hopeful stockings. Be sure that the direct rays of the light do not strike your camera's lens.

A close-up of the piled-up gifts.

before the children—or the grown-ups, for that matter—attack them. This will be another photoflood picture. If there are no people in the picture, you can close down the aperture of your lens and give a longer exposure than usual—half a minute or so, depending on the amount of the light and its distance from the center of the picture.

Then, of course, a picture of the beautiful confusion of present-opening time. Don't let the tidy house-keeper deter you from getting the scene as it actually is. The more cluttered, the better.

If there are children, get a snap of each surrounded with his gifts. And there's no reason why every other member of the family shouldn't have the same treatment. If Sister has a new wrist-watch, see to it that it shows very plainly.

If yours is a neighborhood where the folks are much of outside decorations, with illuminated trees and such, you'll find that time-exposures of a minute or so will give you excellent pictures of the various lawn displays. Here, as in practically all shots, a tripod will come in very handy.

And if carol singers come your way, get a shot of them busily caroling away. A photoflash type lamp in a hand-battery holder, will make this shot easy.

No—you needn't spend the whole time with camera in hand. But a few well-chosen snaps will be very much worth the few minutes they require. Far better to spend those few minutes than lose the fleeting, unique opportunities altogether. Right?

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

everything so that I could be initiated. But that is one of the things I'll never know, unless Vera Thomas, that was, tells me. It is not to be expected that she ever will for I only saw her once or twice and have no idea what ever became of her.

Years later, while in the Golden West I wrote to the Acme Implement Co., back in my old home town and received a letter signed by Frank Novotny, another of the boys in school at the time. Then while in Michigan in 1933 I met Theron Morgan, now in charge of the Michigan conservation corps, who was also in my general history class.

That six weeks was all the high school I ever got. Just a few months ago I was looking through my old papers and came across my General History note book, the one beginning with the founding of Rome. It recalled many of the things I am writing down here.

That spring I got a job (perhaps I should say that I accepted the position) teaching the eight grades in the Hodge district. While there the Spanish-American war broke out. I offered my services but when the recruiting officer came to the question of whether I was ever enlisted or had been turned down, he just tore up my application when I told him that inability to pass the physical examination was the reason for my former application being turned down.

At the Hodge school there are a few things that I remember. One was the big class of eighth grade

girls, seven. Another is the improvement in penmanship that some of these showed from week to week. Considering my inability to write a legible hand, that has always been a source of wonder to me. But each week I kept a specimen of each pupil's writing done during the penmanship period.

Most of the girls' names have gotten away. At the high school the instructors had addressed the young girls as Miss Being impressionable, I addressed my eighth grade girls in like manner. Miss Brown, Miss Brandon, Miss Stevens and Will Wells are all the names I can remember of the seven. But, yes, there was Miss Knight, Agnes, her first name was.

When school closed I had a speaker out from Traverse City to give the closing address instead of having an exhibition as other schools were doing. That went over big and the board very kindly offered me a contract for the fall term at an increase in salary. Boy, was I proud! That after having been turned down by my first school board.

That summer I attended a teachers' institute. It was one of the outstanding affairs of the kind that have ever come to my attention. I rode from home, twenty miles, back and forth night and morning, during that institute. And there I met Prof. Guernsey. Perhaps you have never heard of him. This reminds me of something I saw recently in one of Bruce Barton's editorials.

Barton, quoting some one—I have



Baby Smokes Cigars



Freddie Riggs of Seattle cut his teeth on his daddy's pipe and at the tender age of four is an ardent cigar smoker. Doctors are puzzled. The child, who was weak, now thrives on tobacco.

forgotten whom—relates the old saying that mankind is divided into two classes: those who do things and those who get the credit for doing things. There is lots of good we can do if we aren't particular who gets the credit for the doing, but for those who want the credit for accomplishing what they have done, there is often little opportunity for doing much. That is Barton's statement. And I am convinced of the truth of the statements.

Well Prof. Guernsey was one of those fellows who liked to do the good caring little for who got the credit. He taught "Methods" and "Grammar". What little I know of grammar I can trace directly to his instruction. And in my old note book written while in his classes, I note some of his statements. "Activity is the law of all healthy life." "Activity is the law of childhood." "Attention can be gained by certain prescribed methods." "The teacher should, first of all, deserve attention." "Have a plan for each day's work in the school room." "The course of study is not the bed which you must mould the child to fit, but a measure of means by which you can judge of the child's advancement." Gee, if some of our modern educators could only find out that the course of study was only a measure instead of a prescribed diet to be fed to every child alike.

He: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle dear?"
She: "Oh, John! How could you? This is lemon pie."

NOTICE

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

Hay - Grain - Feed

Rolling, Grinding Cleaning

BEAVERTON FEED Co. Berthold Building Near S. P. Depot Chas. Berthold, Mgr. Beaverton, Phone 3603

Real Estate Transfers

Mary E. Smidt et vir to Ernest Zorcher et ux. Part of Joseph L. Meek Cl. T1N R2W.
Fred Schmidt to Henrietta Schmidt, 80 acres, Sec. 12, T2S R3W.
Wm. St. Thomas to Sarah St. Thomas 10 Acres T3N R3W Sec. 33, 34, 35.
Irene Hetu to Theodore G. Hetu et ux, Part Lot 6 Steel's Add., Beaverton.
D. A. Shearer et ux to Eugene Buru et ux, 2.50 acres L. Hall DLC 43 T1S R1W.
Arha Kester to Ora N. Kester, 10.226 acres T2S R2W.
Viola E. Buckley to Carl Decker et al, Lots 14 and 15, Kennedy Acres.
Edmond Joseph Brown to Joseph A. Brown, 151.60 acres, Sec. 29, T2S R1W.
Wm. Moss et ux to Charles Kosler et ux, Lot 3 Blk. 10, 1st Add. Banks.
Washington Co. to Mrs. C. G. Stanton et ux, Lots 1 and 2, Blk. 2, Timber.
Ada Hood to W. H. Baern, 4 acres T1N R3W.
Eliza A. Minnich to W. W. Alspaugh et ux, Lots 17 and 18 Blk. 2, Kingston.
H. Tracy Hardman et ux to D. W. Wight et ux, Lot 18, Edgewood.
Elva M. Westcott et ux to Wm. Hoesacker, Property in Gaston.
Geo. H. Johnson et ux to A. M. Dickinson et ux, Lot 4, Blk. E. Letman Acre Trs.

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

The license fees for licensable dogs over the age of eight months and for such dogs owned or kept within the State of Oregon over 30 days for the year 1935 are:
Male Dog \$1.00
Female Dog \$1.50
Spayed Female Dog \$1.00
After March 1st, 1935, the license fee is \$1.00 more for failure to procure license for the dogs above stated.

Also, after March 1st, 1935, the fee is \$1.00 more for failure to procure licenses for licensable dogs becoming over 8 months of age after March 1st, 1935, and for dogs over eight months old owned or kept within the State of Oregon over 30 days after March 1st, 1935. Licenses may be ordered by mail.

State the name and address of the person to whom the license is to be issued, and the sex of the dog.

Fees are payable to: Edw. C. Luce, County Clerk, Hillsboro, Oregon.

Published by order of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon. adv c 7-9

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County In the Matter of the Estate of Casper Kehrl, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that the undersigned, executor of the above entitled estate, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and that Monday, the 4th day of February, 1935, at the hour of ten o'clock a.m. of said day in the County Court Room in the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of all objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Date of first publication, January 4, 1935.

Date of last publication, February 1, 1935.

Casper Kehrl, Executor of the Estate of Casper Kehrl, Deceased. F. L. Patterson, Attorney for the Executor. adv. p5-9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County In the Matter of the Estate of John McGill, Deceased

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of John McGill, deceased, by the County Court of the state of Oregon for Washington county, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned, at the office of Doy Gray, Beaverton, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published this 11th day of January, 1935.

Doy Gray, Administrator. Samuel B. Lawrence, Attorney at Law, 712 Sweetland Bldg., Portland, Oregon. adv c6-

CALL FOR BIDS

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the undersigned, by the Town Council of the Town of Beaverton, until 7:30 p.m. of January 21, 1935, and opened immediately thereafter, for any part or all of an issue of Two Thousand Dollars (\$2000.00) of Refinancing Improvement Bonds.

Said Bonds will be dated January 15, 1935, and will mature on January 15, 1945, and bear interest at the rate of 6 percent per annum payable semi-annually on the fifteenth days of January and July each year, and are subject to redemption on call at any interest payment date after one year from date of issue. Said bonds will be issued in denominations of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) each and carry a pledge of the full faith and credit of said Town.

No bids will be accepted for less than par and accrued interest and the right is expressly reserved to reject any and all bids.

Homor L. Wilson, Recorder, Town of Beaverton. adv c 6-7

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Spend Your Money in Beaverton

W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER Grange Building - - - - - Beaverton

Beaverton Barber Shop C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR -SATISFACTION GUARANTEED-

STUDIO BARBER SHOP FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES E. D. Van METER, Prop.

OPTOMETRY Glasses, Fitted or Repaired Our Specialty DR. A. E. WILSON Beaverton - - - - - Oregon

BEER ON DRAUGHT 5¢ and 10¢ Glasses Express Office—Stage Depot Western Union Phone 10605 GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP Ross Building Beaverton, Oregon

Alt Heidelberg Beer On Draught Try us for Chicken Dinners and Barbecue Sandwiches FREE DANCING OLD HEIDELBERG PARK

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger