

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Some compliments have been paid the author for the number and scope of these recollections. But having been born on a morning of a centennial year, just a hundred years after the most momentous event that has ever happened in this country, well, who wouldn't be proud? Who wouldn't expect many things to happen?

So many things happened, and such was the nature of those happenings that from time to time I have found it necessary to go back, chronologically, some after time, to sort of piece in some of the things that I have left out. This is just another of those times and perhaps this is to be didactic. You have already read of how I've started to teach. That teaching habit seems to be one of the hardest to break of any that I've ever formed. Chasing women, hard drinking, smoking, yes, even fabricating as habits are each one easier to break (not that all these bad habits have been broken) for the habit of "telling just what's what" sticks and creeps over one even before he is aware.

Well, for some of those things I'm going to tell. Did you ever see anyone make soft soap—not the common garden variety that the politicians hand out just before election and expect you to hand back to them an hundred fold just as soon as they take office, no, indeed, but the variety that perhaps your mother or grandmother used in her household, for washing, for scrubbing, for all sorts of cleaning—did you ever see that sort made? I hesitate to try to tell about it for even in the history books such as we studied in school there is no mention of the making of that sort of thing. Oh, they tell of the tankards, of the wooden buckets, the spoons and forked sticks that served the purpose of the modern fork, but these books seem to forget, or perhaps it is that only in some more-than-ordinarily secluded places were they forced to make soft soap for cleaning purposes.

First there was the old ash barrel. It sat out in the woodshed, if there was a woodshed, and if not in the woodshed, in the back yard. I've seen them in the smokehouse, not the sort of smokehouse made famous by that glorious Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, but the real smokehouse where in the winter they smoked hams and shoulders of the hogs that were to supply the meat for the family.

The prime requisite of the place where the ash barrel was kept was that it should be dry. Moisture would sap the "life" out of the ashes. To the barrel was carried all the ashes from the cook stove, and from the heater, too, if there was one. "Put these ashes in the barrel and be sure to put the cover on good." I can remember the injunction, time and time again.

All the fatty substances that could be gathered up throughout the year that could not be used for any other purpose were also carefully saved, all the scraps from "frying out" the lard, all the pork rinds, and everything that contained any animal fat. Some of these substances were pre-heated and some were not and a mixture smelling to high heaven at times resulted. But these had to be saved for "Where's the money coming from to buy soap, I'd like to know?" was the question whenever any of these valuable substances got thrown out.

When the spring came, as Chaucer says "When April with its balmy showers the drought of March has pierced to the root," or something to that effect, when the days got warmer and the snow was gone, often after "Sugar-making time" came the time for making the soap. First the leach was arranged. Usually that job fell to the men folks. This leach was a slanting board laid on blocks that raised it up from the ground. The board was creased so that what liquid it caught would run off in the desired direction. On the slanting board was set a barrel, usually a salt barrel, with several holes bored in the bottom. Into the barrel were dumped the accumulation of ashes. Then a cover was fitted on it. When all was ready the cover was temporarily lifted and plenty of water poured into the ashes, the barrel cover was replaced and the receptacle to catch the lye shoved under the lower end of the slanting board.

People who have always lived where the conifers predominate have missed something, though they may not miss the making of soft soap. The lye that comes off from the hardwood ashes is a strong caustic alkaline solution

The SNAPSHOT GUILD ENLARGEMENTS AS GIFTS



Enlargements make just about perfect gifts. Here are two different enlargements from the same snapshot negative; one for Dad's desk at the office and the other for the living room out at Grandma's.

EVERYTHING considered, snapshotshooters are a lucky lot. As we have seen, they have the edge on ordinary mortals in the matter of really personal, meaningful Christmas cards. And, still talking with Christmas in mind, snapshotshooters are lucky in that they have the means of creating gifts of exceptional charm and value.

These particular "means" are the snapshot negatives from which beautiful enlargements can be made. If you haven't yet experimented with enlargements, now's the time. If you have a darkroom of your own, where you develop and print your own pictures, one of the simple modern enlargers will make it a vastly more fascinating place. But you get practically the same pleasure—and uniformly excellent work—out of enlargements made from your films by any regular photo finisher.

In enlarging a picture you get not only a bigger, more realistic image but the opportunity to select the best part of any negative for magnification. Suppose you have a good negative of the youngsters at play in the sandbox—a picture which their grandparents would be delighted to have, enlarged, as a Christmas gift. But suppose there's something incongruous—a wash on the line, a lawn mower or anything else that doesn't add a thing to the charm of the view—to the right or left of the children. With an enlargement, that distracting, unnecessary feature can be completely eliminated.

There's nothing complicated or difficult about enlarging. It's exactly like a "magic lantern" or stereopticon. The only difference is that you

use a negative film instead of a lantern slide and project the image on light-sensitive paper instead of a silver screen. By masking out the undesired parts of the negative you keep them from reaching the paper. Any photo shop will explain this and other details more fully for you.

Enlargements may be of almost any size. Any good negative, no matter how small, may be "blown up" to make a picture five or six times the size of the original. A sharp 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inch film will easily give you a sparkling 8 x 10 inch enlargement. But that is by no means the limit. Enlargements have been made to cover an entire wall of a room. But such jobs are not recommended for folks such as ourselves. (Not unless you're wealthy.)

A word about subjects for enlargements—particularly if they're to be used as gifts. Choose pictures that will mean something to the recipients. A shot of Fido trying to climb a tree after Cleo, the cat, will be vastly appreciated by big brother or sister away at college, but it won't mean very much to Aunt Cynthia who doesn't care for either dogs or cats.

Some of the best enlargements we've seen have been landscapes—or seascapes. Mountains usually make good pictures. But if they're to be given as Christmas remembrances, choose landscapes familiar to those who will get the pictures.

A friend of ours makes a practice of getting informal shots of his pals which are enlarged and delivered to the various cronies as Christmas gifts. All of which simplifies his gift problem.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

tle where all the men joined hands and each tried to trip his neighbor, or keep on his own feet. Once a man lost his feet he was out and the circle formed again.

Side hold wrestling, and square hold, and collar and elbow were famous grips. Sometimes there was a rough and tumble but not often. I remember one logging bee that was held at Charlie Barratt's place. You see, Charlie was my brother-in-law so of course I was there but years have dimmed the memory of the occasion which but for having heard it repeated time and again must have been gone entirely.

At the time Grandfather must have been between seventy-five and eighty years old. He stood outside the ring of active participants in the athletic feats and apparently was enjoying the fun. A heavy-set, not overly large man had thrown all his opponents and was jocularly challenging anyone to take him on. No one seemed eager for the fray. So Bill Days, his name was, a brother to the Dave Days that pulled my hair when I was so young, because I had dulled his plane—well, Bill takes hold of Grandfather's shoulder and began to pull him out into the circle jokingly challenging him to "Come on out and have a set-to." Bill assured the old man that he, Bill, would not hurt him, Grandfather. But Grandfather had no relish for that sort of thing. He hung back and told Bill to "Go along and peddle his papers," or words to that effect. But the old man was watching. As Bill turned to some of the bystanders getting them to assure the old man that he would not get hurt, Grandfather saw his chance, squatted down, caught Bill wholly unawares and threw him to the ground with a thud that fairly made his teeth rattle.

Jimmy, Bill's brother, urged Bill to get up and throw the old man. Bill got to his feet, shook his head and walked away, muttering to Jim "If you want to tackle him, you can, but I'm not going to get thrown again." Grandfather as a young man had belonged to a famous collar and elbow wrestling club and had seldom been laid on his back.

SEED CATALOG TIME

About this time, as the Old Farmers' Almanac used to say, look out for the seed catalog on the living room table. About now Mr. Householder, in the comfort of the easy chairs, pores happily over those glowing pages on which are depicted flowers and vegetables grown in luxuriant qualities, and dreams of the summer's garden triumphs.

He may not realize all these dreams. There are plagues of pests to be encountered, the droughts of summer in some spots, and too much rain in others, and the weeds and the heats of August, take the stuffing out of many a fine garden.

But blessings be on the head of the seed catalog man. We can forgive him if he paints the roses and the beans a little too flowery and fat. For any inducement that persuades a citizen to spend less time loafing and wandering and fooling, and more time in a useful and healthful pursuit like gardening, helps make a healthier man and a better citizen.

Illustrating how science has outstripped the amenities of life, if we went to another war it would have to be to the same old Sousa marches.

As stealing a dog is now dog-napping, and a cattle thief is a cownaper, the abduction of an infant goat is apt to make things a little awkward.

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.

Stop Tonight In Comfort
BEAVERTON HOTEL
REASONABLE RATES
Corner Front and Washington

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

The license fees for dogs over 8 months old, or for dogs owned or kept over 30 days for the year 1935 are: male dog, \$1.00; female dog, \$1.50; spayed female dog, \$1.00.

After March 1st, the penalty is \$1.00 for failure to procure license for the dogs above stated.

Purchasing from the recorder places 80% of fee collected into Beaverton treasury.

Pay license to Homer L. Wilson, Recorder-Treasurer, adv.

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County. Rosa Greenfield, Plaintiff, vs. Charles F. Emerson and Evelyn G. Emerson, his wife, Charles E. Diehl and Eva Diehl, his wife, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, judgment and decree and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled Court dated the 22 day of January, 1935, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court of the 22 day of January, 1935, in favor of Rosa Greenfield, Plaintiff, and against the defendants Charles F. Emerson and Evelyn G. Emerson, his wife, and against the defendants Charles E. Diehl and Eva Diehl, his wife, and against the real property hereinafter described, for the sum of \$400.00 with interest thereon since January 1, 1933, at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$75.00, attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$45.00 with interest thereon since August 30, 1933, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$19.42, with interest thereon since October 30, 1934, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$18.87, with interest thereon since November 30, 1934, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, being taxes paid by plaintiff on the property hereinafter described and the further sum of \$17.45 costs and disbursements, and the costs of said sale and said writ, commanding and requiring me to make sale of all the following described real property situated in Washington county, state of Oregon, to-wit:

The West half of the West half of the North half of the Northeast Quarter of Section 25, Township 1 South of Range 2 West, Willamette Meridian, Washington county, Oregon.

Now Therefore by virtue of said execution, judgment, decree, and order of sale, and in compliance with the demands of said writ, I will on Monday, the 25th day of February, 1935, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m. of said day at the East door of the County Court House in the city of Hillsboro, Washington county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the right, title and interest which the above named defendants, Charles F. Emerson and Evelyn G. Emerson, his wife, Charles E. Diehl and Eva Diehl, his wife, or either or any of them, had in said real property above described on the date of the mortgage belonging to plaintiff herein, namely, May 1, 1936, and all the right, title and interest which the said within named defendants, or either or any of them, since have had or now have in and to the above described real property, to satisfy said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, interest and costs and all accruing costs. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of the State of Oregon, as amended this 24th day of January, 1935.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. Date of first publication, January 25, 1935. Last publication February 22, 1935. M. B. Eump, residence and address Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for plaintiff. adv c-8-13

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

The license fees for licenseable 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 license for licenseable 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 1, 1935.

Date of last publication, February 1, 1935.

Casper Kehrl, Executor of the Estate of Casper Kehrl, Deceased. P. L. Patterson, Attorney for the Executor. adv p-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 Swetland Bldg., Portland, Oregon. adv c-8

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By Sam Iger