

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Just a few hours ago Mr. Jas. Davis told me that he was reading these notes, that he was born at Mt. Stree, Michigan, just a few miles these days from where the author was born and directly in the vicinity of the place of which you are reading. He also informed me that Mr. Noud, one of the big lumber operators in that section at the time of which I write, that Mr. Noud is a relative of his and that a son is now in Portland. He says that the son has set at the same table with him time and again.

The corn husking bees were quite the go at the time of which I write. Farming in the summer time and then getting out logs in the winter time were the principal occupations though of course there was hunting and fishing in season. When the pioneers first came into that section there were no closed seasons on either fish or game. Speckled trout abounded in the running streams and other species of fish lived in the lakes. Perch, rock bass, sun fish, pickerel black bass, dog fish (not good to eat) and many other species were to be found. In the Big Lakes there were muskellunge, mackeral, white fish, lake trout, and many other sorts.

It was quite the thing to go spearing suckers in the spring, long after I had grown to manhood. But in earlier times the men used to go spearing in the smaller lakes several times a year. Only once did I ever accompany them, and then I was quite small.

Father had made a boat out of some pine lumber he had on hand. This could be loaded on a wagon much like the usual wagon box, though the reach had to be lengthened out and boards placed along the sides so that in turning the wagon the wheels might not rub holes in the side of the boat. In the widest part it must have been some five feet and about sixteen or perhaps eighteen feet in length. With hay for the horses, blankets and plenty of food for camping out, a jack to be used as a light and spears and other equipment, Father, Charles Barratt, Will Wright, Geo. Taylor and myself all loaded into the boat and drove to Betsy Lake, later known as Duck Lake and now known by some Indian name, I have forgotten just what. We drove to a bridge over the inlet to the lake, prepared our camp, carried the boat to the water and launched it, hunted some fat pine to burn in the jack, got supper and awaited the dark.

It finally came, nice and quiet, with never a ruffle stirring the surface of the water, the sort of a night that fishermen pray for. Father and Geo. Taylor took their spears and rode in the front end of the boat. Charlie and Will took paddles and we were off. Practiced paddlemen hardly stir the surface of the water as they dip in the flat surface of their blades. Charlie was on to his job all right but Will was a novice at that sport. He was eager to learn, however, and soon got the hang of standing his paddle on end so that little of the surface was broken; but for a time he pulled too hard and kept the boat turning, not much, but just enough to throw the spearmen off so they could not get a good prod at their fish. He was on Father's side of the boat, too, and he was by far the better spearsman.

George would put his spear down and take a poke at almost everything he saw lying on the bottom, but his poke was slow, and he would remark, "That was a fish, wasn't it?" as the finny fellow darted away from the oncoming lines. Time after time he did that trick and Father was only getting a very few of those he saw for by the time they were in reach the boat had swung off its course, and he could not reach far enough to strike his prey. Well, things were that way for a time. Of course, with me feeding the fat pine to the jack fire, the light was good! Anyway, not oftener than every five minutes did they remind me to put a "little more pine on the jack."

Towards midnight some one suggested that Will Wright change with George and let Will have the spear and George the paddle. George was slow and easy going and that worked much better. Will was quick and struck at everything that looked like a fish. Only once did that make any disturbance. That once was when he speared a water snake. Boy, how that thing did wriggle and thrash about. But Will scraped it off his spear on the outside of the boat and we went on. We fished about half way around the lake that evening before day began to break.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
IS YOUR LENS CLEAN?



With a clean lens, plus proper exposure, you should always get sharp, clear pictures such as the ones above.

THE Guild has received a number of letters from fellow snapshoters complaining about smudgy looking pictures. They say they know their exposures are correct and developing done carefully with fresh, clean chemicals.

Granting that all this is true the next thing to consider is your lens. Is it clean? You have looked through dirty eye-glasses with probably a few finger prints on them. If you haven't it's a sure bet that you have experienced the difficulty of looking through a smudgy window. Clean eye-glasses and clean windows give clear vision and similarly the camera cannot "see" so well if its eye (the lens) is cloudy and smudgy from grease, finger prints and dust collected over a period of months.

Cleaning a lens is a very simple operation. All you need is a soft, unstarched linen handkerchief and perhaps a match or pencil, if the lens is quite small. The rear surface of the lens can easily be reached by removing the back of the camera. If the camera has a double lens (one behind and one in front of the shutter diaphragm), the front combination may be removed by turning to the left, which will allow you to work through the shutter opening when set for "time," with the handkerchief over the end of the match or lead pencil. If the lens is quite dirty breathe on it and then rub quickly with the handkerchief. Be sure, when replacing the front lens, to screw it back into the shutter as far as it will go.

The suggestion to work through the shutter opening also applies to cleaning the front surface of cameras with single lenses fitted to box cameras and certain folding models. Handle the lens carefully and don't exert too much pressure. It isn't necessary and might scratch the surface.

The amount of pleasure you get out of your camera depends almost entirely on how much thought and care you give it.

Picture taking is just like golf, tennis, basketball or bowling—the more you experiment, the more thought you give to your hobby, the greater your reward in self satisfaction.

There are many good books available on amateur photography but one of the latest of the press is called "How to Take Good Pictures." It is packed with sound advice for the beginner or the advanced amateur and profusely illustrated with pictures of every type, diagrams and what have you. It might be called "The Amateur Photographer's Reference Book," but don't think for one minute it is as "dry" as such a name might imply. You can no doubt purchase this book from stores that sell cameras and photographic supplies.

If you know your camera—its limitations or its versatility—give careful thought to composition and story-telling possibilities you are well along your way to take pictures as interesting and sharp as the two shown above.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

unloaded our catch we had fifty fish, weighing from three pounds to some big ones that weighed fully twenty pounds. Not bad for the first night.

Of course we were glad to turn in and sleep. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we got up. Another party of fishermen were camping right alongside us and had put their boat into the water. We knew some of them by name but not all of them though I afterwards got acquainted with the whole party. Towards dusk that evening a gentle rain set in. Not enough to wet one but enough to rattle the water. Fishing was not so good that night though both boats pulled out courageously enough. Just a little after midnight we were pulling up the inlet towards the landing having decided to go to bed and stay over until the next night. We had plenty of grub, the work was not rushing much and the folks back home would not worry for we had told them we might "be gone a week."

As we approached camp we smelled burning hay. Of course the paddles flew then and we even used the spear handles for poles to help make haste against the current.

When we arrived at camp we found the other fellows' boat pulled out of the water, and propped up so as to make a sort of roof they were sleeping soundly under it, and the charred remains of all the feed for our horses was close to their feet where it had supplied fuel for a nice camp fire. Well, we were sort of hostile but no a-

mount of fuss would put that hay back in palatable form for the horses. After a short council of war we decided to pull out for home. We got the boat out and loaded it, harnessed and hitched up the horses and were ready to pull out, with those other fellows sleeping the sleep of the strong and healthy if not "of the just and innocent." What should we do to "get even?"

"Let's burn their hay," suggested George Taylor.

"Let's take their boat and shove it into the water," came from Will Wright.

"No," said Father and Charley, "let's see if we can find their fish."

They had only three or four, little ones at that, for the rain had hampered them as much as it had us. But they found lodging in our boat. The folks at home wondered how we had missed dressing three or four little fish while the remainder of our catch was all nicely dressed and slated. But I hardly think we ever told how it happened.

But I was going to tell you about those husking bees. Well, it was this way. Husking corn is not too hard work though you can keep warm at it if you get in and dig. But it is nothing like digging potatoes. Then two can work to advantage at a corn shock, but two on the same potato row or at the same hill would get in each other's way. Every one raised potatoes but during the nineties, it was up to the farmers in that section to grow corn or buy all their feed for their stock and sometimes for themselves.

"Heap high the farmers' golden board, heap high the golden corn. No richer gift has Nature poured from out her lavish horn," sang the poet years ago, and verily corn is food for man and beast. Crickens, horses, sheep, hogs, (I know nothing about goats) men, women, and children eat corn. The stalks are feed for the younger cattle and even horses do well on them if they are not worked too hard. Times were when the clover froze out or would not catch, the grasshoppers ate the oats and timothy and wheat, the Russian fly took its toll and the farmer who did not have a little patch of corn was just out of luck. So it came about that corn growing and husking bees were quite the thing.

Old Man Hayes could be hired to play all night for a dollar. And with a big party of young folks in the corn field, the shuck's dropped as by magic from the ears. And of course a red ear was eagerly sought.

At the dance in the evening everybody joined, old and young, and we danced pop goes the weasel, the girl you left behind you, lady on the right pass under, first two ladies cross over, and first lady swing with the right hand gent with the right hand round, the right hand, round, partner with the left with the left hand round, lady in the center and seven hands round. Of course that is not all we danced. Waltz, two-step schottische, etc. But different from the present custom, every fellow was supposed to dance at least once with every girl present. If he did not, he was no gentleman!

Just a few personal items and then I am through for this week. The last husking bee I remember was one Saturday evening the fall I was teaching the Hodge school. You will remember the school board there offered me a new contract at an increased salary. I taught the spring term for \$25 per month, \$1.25 per day for the time I put in. Not bad at all, but for the fall I was to get \$27.50 per month.

Will Wier and I went to the husking bee. It was held in Gus Barratt's house, I forget, but think Jim Hayes was living there at the time. Cold and frosty, the evening was and Will and I each had a girl picked out to take home, sisters, they were, the Brides and girls. Put we did not "take" them home. Both of us got cold feet, literally, for it was a long walk to where they were staying and we only had a horse and buggy between us. To take them home, walking, and then come back and get the horse and take it home was just too much. So we decided to let them get home some other way. They both got a ride home but we always felt sure we could have taken them home had we asked them. Such is the conceit of youth!

That term of school has almost slipped entirely from my memory, my last term at Hodge. Clarissa Knapp had received her certificate and had taken a school just to the north and a little west of Hodge. Sunday evening I would take her out to her boarding place, take my horse home, and then Monday morning Father would drive me to Geo. Hodge's place where I boarded. That is about all, excepting I remember my landlady, Mrs. Geo. Hodge, who was a former teacher to whom I went some years before. We used to have some hot arguments, but who came out best in these it would be hard to tell.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dawes and children visited with relatives at Canby, Sunday.

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

Albany—Arthur Davis has obtained enough seed of OAC No. 1 barley through the office of County Agent Floyd C. Mullen to plant 11 acres on his farm near Albany. Mr. Davis plans to have this barley inspected for certification in 1935.

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

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 27 day of January, 1935, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court of the 22 day of January, 1935, in favor of Ross Greenfield, plaintiff, and against the defendants Charles F. Emerson and Evelyn G. Emerson, his wife, Charles E. Diehl and Eva Diehl, his wife, Defendants.

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.

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-

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By Sam Iger