

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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AUTO MAGIC

"I don't own a car"—the admission has a guilty ring, so guilty that it is usually accompanied by explanations or defense in this year 1935 when the average retail price of an automobile is probably less than \$750. And what a car it is! It can stand examination with a critical eye—surely it seems as if the mechanical road millenium has dawned.

The sighs of those who bemoan the passing of old craftsmanship—of what avail are they in the face of this miracle wrought by automatic machines and mass production? Not for \$10,000 could the old artisans have produced this graceful, efficient and comfortable vehicle costing less on an average than \$800.

For these reasons the 1935 automobile shows assume an extraordinary economic importance. The new cars meet the requirements of a diminished national income and still come up to the higher standards set by the car-buying public. They conform to changed conditions.

Four or five years ago the poorest car could find enough buyers to net its makers a profit. Today the market is smaller and knows good auto flesh. Every automobile show will exhibit nothing but thoroughbreds this year.

The Printer Is To Blame

It may be said, but still 'tis true, There's one thing all we humans do, And that is, blame the printer. He does his best, without our help, For all we do is stand and yelp.

Then cuss, and blame the printer. We write our manuscript by pen. To read it is beyond our ken, Yet we expect the printer To work it out and get it right; We think not of his time or sight; If wrong—we blame the printer.

We hold our stuff until the last, Then try to rush it through as fast The printer gets snowed under. But still we camp upon his trail, And prod him on with woeful tale, Or rant and roar like thunder.

He shoots it through, the proof we get— But find the job is not right yet. We chop that proof to splinters. It takes two days before he knows Just what hieroglyphic shows— A dud lot are those printers.

The job's delivered. Some relief To know we're through with rush and grief. We ought to thank the printer. But, no! The poor man's luck is out— He overcharged us without doubt Once more we cuss the printer.

—Edson S. Dunbar, In "Ammunition"

DAD'S STORY

The past few days I have been joggling down some of the things that were customs or that took place back in the gay nineties. While some of the practices were somewhat obsolete at the time of which I write, especially along the much travelled byways, yet in the northern end of the southern peninsula which makes up a part of the great state of Michigan, it was nothing unusual to see people sowing their grain by hand.

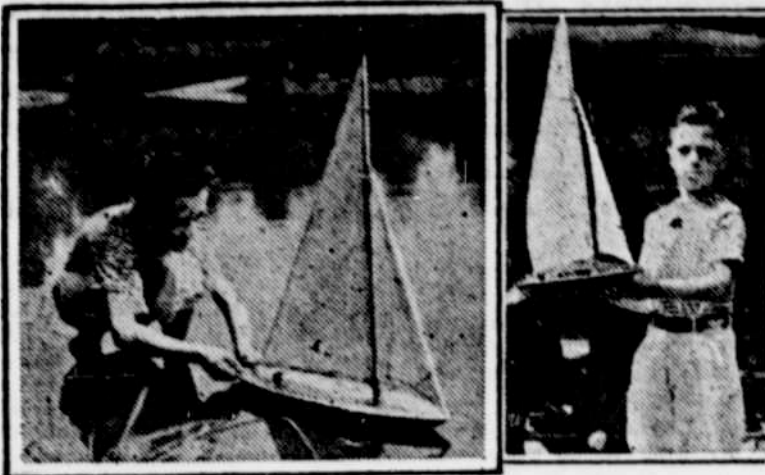
Unlike the common practice of throwing the grain to one side of the furrow, Father early learned to throw the grain in front of him. He did not sow as wide a space as some of the men did, for they threw seven paces to one round while he only sowed six paces.

This is not intended for a treatise on agricultural practices. If some descriptions of farming operations get in, it is because I lived on a farm and was taught that we learn to do a thing by doing it. "Learning by doing" was the trite phrase of Colonel Parker, but in voicing these words he only put into language the thoughts of his generation. That you could learn to farm from studying books seemed to the people of those times to be the height of nonsense. So, early in life the boy learned to do the things that Father did. He learned to hoe the corn, to drop potatoes, to ride a horse down between the tiny corn plants while the older man guided the cultivator, the double shovel it was, on our farm.

However, sowing grain was one of the things that my Father did not let me do. He took unto himself the spreading of the seeds, believing that the boy could not spread the seeds evenly over the surface. And perhaps he was right. To prove it you only have to look at our garden today and see the uneven sowing of oats and vetch that I perpetrated last fall. Thick and thin, some spots way too thick and some so thinly seeded that one wonders how that could happen.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Pictures Should Tell Stories



It's the story-telling picture that creates real interest. Avoid stiff poses such as the picture to the right.

IS THERE any form of amusement older than story telling? From the cradle to the grave we hear stories—and like them. Before you were able to toddle, you were hearing about "This little pig went to market, etc." while mother gently pulled each toe as a matter of illustrating her story.

Hundreds of thousands of juvenile story books are sold every year and the ones we love most in our younger years were those translated into pictures, because they had a human appeal. All through our lives we retain our interest in picture stories. It is this appeal that takes us to the movies and causes us to look through the pages of daily newspapers and magazines for pictures that tell stories of human activities.

But when it comes to snapshots, so many seem to forget how much they enjoy looking at story-telling pictures. They pick up their cameras and just shoot, seemingly satisfied to get any picture at all, as it was in the old days of "You Press The Button And We Do The Rest." There is a better way to take pictures.

If you want some good laughs look over some of the pictures you have taken. Unless you are an exception, and let's hope you are, you will probably find a picture of Uncle Louis standing as straight as a plumb-bob line, backed up against a tree or the garage door, and appearing to be facing the firing squad ready to be shot at sunrise. If Uncle Louis can't do anything else, the chances are he can read a newspaper, so why not have him do that. You will have a picture that tells some sort of a story at least, and is seasoned with that human interest touch that should be in every film you expose. You go out on a picnic with your

friends. What do you do? The chances are that you line up the gang, you snap the camera and again have just another picture when it would be just as easy to have the crowd enjoying the lunch and perhaps one member busily engaged in the act of "exterminating" a luscious ear of corn or doing a "boarding house reach" for the potato salad.

If you were making movies, would you take foot after foot of film with your actors doing nothing? Of course not, and it isn't a bad idea to think of your "still" camera as a movie camera filming a drama. Get action and meaning. This means that you should think before you shoot.

Look at the two pictures above. Bill is evidently a sailboat enthusiast. Dad wanted to take his picture with his newest boat, so without giving any thought whatsoever to the story-telling angle, he had Bill, who is too young to know better, pose with his boat in front of an antiquated automobile. You can't sail a boat by holding it in your hand and what has the car to do with it? The picture to the right tells the story for the boat is in the water where it belongs and Bill is about to "shove off."

In case you have never given much thought to this before, just take a look through a newspaper or magazine and notice which please you more—pictures of people merely looking at the camera or pictures of people doing something humanly interesting and significant. Chances are that the story-telling pictures will be your choice, and you'll make up your mind that hereafter that's the kind you'll aim to take. Good luck!

JOHN VAN GUILDER

But I can lay it to the fact that as a boy I never was allowed to sow the grain by hand. It looks easy enough, but the proof of the pudding is in the chewing of the string. If you looked at the "stringy" planting right now in our garden, you'd admit that I did not know much about sowing by hand.

Here is how that happened. While Father sowed the seed, I drove the team hitched to the drag. Yes, it was a "drag" made exactly in the shape of the letter "A" only the drag had long inch-square spikes projecting from the under side to stir the ground. Today you see a sort of spike tooth drag but the modern implement has a steel frame with levers so the teeth can be slanted at any desired angle. But imagine slanting the spike teeth in the old wood frame "A" drag! But it was following the drag that I got my first experience driving horses.

Hitched to the drag, they would mow along slowly, sinking into the sandy soil from an inch to three or four inches, depending on the condition of the ground and the number of times it had been dragged. But I did not get to drive them hitched to the wagon.

Father was no hand to take up with every new notion that came along. His maxim was "Be not the first by which the new is tried." I do not remember hearing the last part of the same saying, that goes something like this, "Nor yet the last to lay the old aside." He certainly was not the last to lay the old aside, but he did not remark on that score. But there

was one instance when he seemed to have forgotten about being the first. That was when he brought home a brand new hay rake, horse rake, we styled it for it was drawn by one horse and had an arrangement whereby just pressing on a chain that led from the seat post to a sort of catch would cause the long semi-circular teeth to raise up and allow the hay to lay right where it was.

The job of raking hay then fell to me. I was too small, too thin, to do much in the hay field, or the folks thought I was. Not until after I had tough school was I allowed to take a pitch fork and send up the big forksful of hay to the man loading it. Of course, now one uses a hay loader but in the good old days it was different. It was a Tiger horse hay rake, and that rake stayed in the family until the old log barn burned down. That was the first of the improved farm implements that made an appearance on our farm. It was a big help and I shall never forget the days I sat perched up on that high seat with legs just long enough to reach to the trip chain.

Sometimes when the men folks held their logging bees or raisings the women folks staged a big quilting party. It was not much like "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" from which the young fellow saw Nellie. What with the getting of the big meal for the men folks, the ladies had their hands full, to say nothing of getting down at the quilting frames and sewing, sewing all day. When I see flamboy-

sant youth, with painted cheeks and peroxide locks, sitting smilingly at the wheel of some eighty-horse power juggernaut. I wonder what would happen if she was to be placed in my Mother's place. And if Mother could just take a little peek at what the daughter of today is taking part in, what would she think?

There have been great changes taking place in the time since I came of age, but nowhere has a greater revolution taken place than in Woman's entire sphere. But I'll be getting into deep water if I don't watch my step. Which reminds me of the picture of a lad with an astonished look on his face, lying sprawled out flat on the ground—a picture that appeared in one of my old reading books. Under it was the caption of the reading books. Under it was the caption of the reading lesson, "Mind Your Step." The story told of how the lad had been heedlessly in pursuit of a butterfly and had tripped just as he swooped down on the insect, as he thought. But in reality he fell flat on his chest.

And speaking of the changes that have taken place, perhaps some of the heedlessness of modern youth. The old readers told fables, every one with a moral. They told unlikely stories but they were always climaxed with that mythical quantity, poetic justice. Perhaps, and then again, perhaps. But if you KNOW, you know more than I do and honestly, just between you and me—I wouldn't want you to breathe a word of it, but I think I know quite a lot. Some confession I'll be forced to admit, in this age when modesty is at a premium and the shy, bashful boy is forced to the front by the conceited jackanapes is promptly sat on.

I started to tell of the old fashioned quiltings, but I do not think I'd better tell you much about them, the truth is that I never did know much about them. Only I do know that logging bees and quiltings sort of teamed together. But busking bees were for the young folks and who ever knew of any of the young who could quilt? It takes years of practice with a needle to require that facility of even stitches, and keeping to the special design that one has to follow.

As the poet sings, "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar." Now I know a fellow who was my brother-in-law but who just seemed a wee bit peculiar to us. Father had taught us to look for quality when making purchases. Perhaps that is why I am wearing the same overcoat I purchased in 1914, and a suit of clothes has to last four, six or even eight years! But you'll have to admit, there must have been considerable of that attribute variously known as quality.

Harry Workman had purchased a new buggy. He was very proud of his rig. Drove a span of greys he had raised and the new harness, the young spirited colts, the covered buggy all shining and bright made an ensemble of which any young man might justly be proud. But a neighbor also had a new buggy. We were discussing the relative merits of the two vehicles just as today you might hear a discussion of the superiority of knee action over floating power. Some one had the senile audacity to suggest that the other buggy might be better in some ways than Harry's. "Well I should say there is no comparison. Why, my buggy cost twenty dollars more than Charley's." And there you have it. If a thing costs more, it just must be better!

A couple of old songs have taken on new reputations. One is "The Prisoner's Song" and the other, "Red River Valley." And how these have been shouted over the radio, from the platforms, and in the automobiles. But Johnny Taylor used to sing "For I have a sweet story to tell you," and Emma Bowers, Clipper, to whom I referred a few weeks ago sang to me, "Remember the valley you're leaving" that night when I took Charissa home from the party the summer Lottie Hodke lived with us on the farm!

Mrs. Smith: "Why do you go to the front porch when I sing? Don't you like to hear me?" Mr. Smith: "It isn't that, I don't want the neighbors to think I am beating you."

Oregon Farmers Sells Garnet Chile Potatoes

Oregon City—Doris Young of Wilsonville, who is the only farmer in Oregon who grows certified Garnet Chile potatoes in any quantity, has sold his entire crop for seed purposes in California, he reported to County Agent J. J. Inskip. He received a good premium over the regular market for them.

Fertilizer for Oats Tried

Eugene—A demonstration trial to determine the influence of calcium cyanamid in stimulating growth and color in fall-planted gray oats that have poor color and are not making satisfactory growth has been started by Will White of Springfield in co-operation with O. S. Fletcher, county agent.

Jones: "Where's the stationery, please?"

Clerk (haughtily): "Are you a guest of this hotel?"

Jones (testily): "Certainly not! I'm paying \$10 a day."

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.

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. P. L. Patterson, Attorney for the Executor. adv. p5-9

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 and returned 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 Rosa Greenfield, plaintiff, and against the defendants Charles F. Emerson and Evelyn G. Emerson, 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, 1932, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$19.42, with interest thereon since October 30, 1932, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum and the further sum of \$28.67, with interest thereon since November 30, 1932, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, being taxes paid by plaintiff on the property hereinafter described and the further sum of \$17.42 costs and disbursements, and the costs of said sale and said writ, commanding and requiring us 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 3 West, Willamette Meridian, Washington County, Oregon. 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 4th day of March, 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, 1934, 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. Dated this 24th day of January, 1935.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

Date of first publication, February 1, 1935.

Last publication, March 1, 1935.

M. B. Bump, residence and address Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for plaintiff. adv. c-8-13

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Geoff Hayes

