

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulet Editor

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TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of April 10, 1925

About twenty residences and other buildings were being constructed in Beaverton with a total valuation of between \$75,000 and \$100,000. Among the houses being built were two houses on Allen avenue and five on the Westdale tract by Mr. Murray, several residences between the Terwilliger Boulevard and the Canyon road by a Mr. Hanson of Portland, three houses by Frank Hocken, and houses by Mr. Ophers, J. F. Fredrick and Lloyd Bauer.

At the meeting of the City Council, representatives from the high school discussed the possibility of a city library. Through efforts of the Junior Civic Improvement League organized in the high school, the town had been thoroughly canvassed, and promises for donations of more than 800 books were received. A room in the City building had been promised, and only \$25 a month was needed for rent, lights, and a librarian's services.

Postal rate changes were announced by the local post office for parcel post, C. O. D. service, registration, money order, and other special services.

A baseball team was being organized with Lee Carr as manager. The high school football grounds were being fixed up for a playing diamond.

A businessmen's meeting and dinner was arranged for Tuesday evening, April 14, 1925. Marshall Dana was to be the principal speaker.

Plans were underway for the construction of booths on the Huber club house grounds for the new Huber club community market.

The Beaverton Garage (Bell and King proprietors) was negotiating for the agency of the Star automobile.

Easter programs were announced for the next Sunday at the local churches.

DAD'S STORY

Perhaps a few words about the little old log cabin may not be out of place. I have mentioned that the place was called the Windfall. In some past age a big storm had blown down all the timber for a strip some two miles long and from a quarter of a mile to more than a mile wide. We had our home at the northeast end of the part where the big timber had been blown down. Small pines had grown up in the path of the storm and stood some twenty or thirty feet tall, and from yearling pines to trees a foot in diameter. The wind made a peculiar sighing sound as it blew through them, and at any time one could hear that characteristic sound.

These stood thick on the ground, and not a building was in sight, though my Uncle Sam lived just a short distance to the northeast, his place and mine connecting. He and Sarah, his wife, lived there with two small children. It was six miles to Kingsley where we got the mail, though Summit City was a little closer.

The house was of hewn logs, sixteen by twenty feet with a loft reached by a ladder. There was a bedroom partitioned off at one end and a sort of lean-to made of rough lumber served as a summer kitchen and woodshed. The house faced the north and stood in a thick bunch of those pines which had been left standing for shade. But we did not need much shade though the hottest day in the summer one could stretch out on the ground under those pines and feel cool.

A mile north of us my sister, Arvilla, and her family, Charles, her husband, Allie, Mina, Beulah and Bessie, her four girls, lived and down the road a little farther my sister Irene and her husband, Dave Pender, lived. On farther and over a big hill Adam Chapel and family, too numerous to mention; then came the Keolmer home with Albert and his three sisters, Mathilda, Elizabeth, and Martha, and the father and mother lived. On farther were the Kolen-dorfers and then the Schusters. That was all in the two miles that made up the distance to Blackman schoolhouse, where I used to go to school.

These lived north. To the west, it was some five miles to the Kildee homestead, but no road was cut through. South lay two miles of woods, maple and other hardwoods for a ways and then the pine slashings. That was all that

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Don't Let Winter Stop You



Watch your exposure and you will get pleasing pictures. The snapshot at the left, taken with a folding camera at f/8 and 1/25th of a second, is properly exposed. The one on the right simulates the effect of under-exposure from two small stop opening or too fast a shutter speed.

A LETTER received the other day opened my eyes and made me realize that sometimes we take too much for granted. A reader of this column wrote in saying she enjoyed the Snapshot Guild immensely and would be so happy when winter was over and spring arrived so that she could take some good pictures again.

Here I have been taking it for granted that everybody knew that with present day film it is possible to take good pictures the year 'round—winter included. Well, if Mrs. ——— thought she would have to wait 'til spring to take pictures doubtless there are hundreds more of the same belief.

Believe it or not, picture taking in the winter is just as easy as in summer, opportunities as numerous and scenes just as beautiful. There is one important thing, however, to keep in mind when taking pictures in the winter—WATCH YOUR EXPOSURE! Many seem to think that because snow is white, exposures should be much shorter than in summer. This would be true if there were nothing but snow in the picture and if the light were as strong in the winter as in the summer. Neither condition exists, however. Trees, houses, buildings, animals, etc., retain their usual color, so exposures must be timed accordingly.

The old rule—expose for the shadows and let the highlights take care of themselves—is still worth following. Although objects are brightened somewhat by greater reflection from the snow, this is frequently fully offset by the lesser intensity of the sunlight in the winter.

Where snow is not smudged by foot it remains a glorious mantle of white, clothing familiar scenes in new guises and lending a peculiar charm to trivial objects that fail to attract attention at other seasons. With photography as the medium

of expression, winter scenes are more truthfully rendered in black and white than summer scenes. Color is absent for the most part in the former and the monochrome print conforms very closely to the predominating whites, grays and blacks of Mother Nature's winter dress.

Here is a suggestion that will help you get better results, that is, if you follow it. When taking a picture make a note of the "stop" you used, that is—the first or second, or third opening, if you have a box camera, or, if you have a folding camera note f/8, f/11, f/16 and so on, or just 4, 8, 16, and with a folding camera also make note of the speed of the shutter, that is, 1/25th of a second, 1/50th or whatever it may have been. If prints are returned you can say to yourself: "This one is awfully light and does not show up as I expected. Let's see now—I took this picture at noon at 1/50th of a second and had the diaphragm set at f/11. A little too fast to get the proper exposure under the hazy winter sky on that day. The next time under the same conditions, I'll either set the diaphragm pointer at f/8 to let in more light or else leave the diaphragm opening at f/11 and set the shutter speed at 1/25th of a second so as to give the picture a longer exposure." It's really valuable information to have and will help improve the quality of your pictures.

It might be a good idea to cut out the pictures printed above and keep them for future reference. They will help you in judging your own pictures if you are not quite sure just what is wrong with your prints.

So—don't let winter stop you. There are countless pictures to be taken and by giving a little thought to light conditions plus a little experimenting you'll get good pictures. Go ahead and shoot.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

side of the Manistee River. East on the county line the road was cut through but not travelled on account of a big swamp that had no corduroy, and the mud was too deep excepting in the driest time of a dry summer.

Two families of Russians, the Rhodes, lived about a mile away to the east occupying the only clearings until one came to the school house, the Bill Day school, it was called, a joint district. There it was called a fractional district. Ira McRill lived two miles away to the southwest, the road running diagonally across the west half of the section, on which we lived at the northeast corner. That made up our list of neighbors with the exception of the Wolf and Smiths, two families that lived near the center of the section that cornered ours on the northeast.

There was about sixty acres cleared on the eighty we had bought, part of it light sand and thoroughly infested with quack grass. If you never met that pest you have missed something, not that you have any cause for vain regrets. The Lord never made anything in vain is a saying that was often reiterated to me in boyhood, but for the life of me, I never could

quite figure out what He made quack grass for. It is scientifically known as agropyron repens. Now I know what the repens stands for, rhizomes, but the name of the genus is nothing in my young life.

Part of the cleared land was located on a north slope, was rich lean, and on that part we always harvested a good crop. But from the northern part, the sand where the quack grass grew, we got only trouble. Corn choked out because the many tasks of the summer did not allow time to cultivate frequently enough to keep the quack in subjection. I never learned how often one would have to cultivate there in order to keep the shoots from appearing above ground! I tried to grow corn but as stated above, the corn choked out. I plowed it in the fall and again in the spring and then again before planting potatoes, in late May or early June, but the grass grew and if a tuber formed a dozen rhizomes pierced it from as many different angles. I tried pasturing sheep on it and though they kept it down so the ground looked bare, when it was plowed the grass seemed to grow with renewed vigor. I tried cutting it for hay, and no stock that I had would eat the

hard, woody stems.

But this is not a discourse on quack grass. That on the Windfall was the first I ever became acquainted with and I really do not care if I never meet it again.

That first summer on the farm has not left many very deep impressions. I remember a sick spell during corn-planting time. Nothing to amount to much but Mother came up and nursed me for a day or two. The wife could have taken just as good care of me but I doubt if anyone could have convinced Mother that Celia was as good a nurse as she. The plowing, harrowing, seeding, haying time or harvest have left no impression. But the garden was something that will remain in my mind. Not that it was so much, but that a part of the garden was used as an experimental farm. I got all the varieties of new seeds and plants I could find in the catalogs, and planted a specimen of each. There was beardless barley, spelt and vetch, alfalfa, mangels, cow peas, soy beans and other legumes, velvet grass, fescue with different names, rye grass, and red top, besides a lot of others I have totally forgotten, all planted in little rows and tended with loving care. Out of the whole bunch not a one promised so well as the regular crops the farmers had been growing in that section ever since getting the ground cleared of the timber so that cultivated plants could grow. So my idea of being a wonderful benefactor of my neighboring farmers did not pan out so well as I had fondly hoped.

Just a few words about my worthy spouse. I think I have related how several of our friends gave us each an old hen as a wedding present. All told there must have been a dozen or more of the familiar barnyard variety, no particular breed, just hens. Someone gave us a rooster and the wife was going to raise some chickens. But the hens would not set very well. They had the run of the whole farm to say nothing of the woods that was just across the road.

One of the hens would get broody for a day or two but would soon leave the nest and go scratching around in the garden or yard. They roosted in a little, old outhouse, there being no adequate hen house on the place when we moved there, or when we moved away for that matter, though I did try to build one, but I knew as much about building hen houses as I did about coining money, so my efforts were not very fruitful. But the hens would not set.

Along about haying time they began to get broody and eggs were put under two or three. They sat on them just long enough to spoil the eggs, and then went on their way rejoicing. Finally becoming desperate, the wife got one, sat her in the horse stable in an unused stall, put a box over her, and kept her there for a week, only letting her out for a few minutes each day to eat and exercise. She was getting on famously, but the vexations had been many and the flock of poultry were not increasing very satisfactorily but this hen was being watched like a cat watch a mouse. Then one day I was gone during the forenoon. Celia, let the hen out and was going to watch her and get her back on the nest, and shut her in as usual. But when I came, there was dinner to get in a hurry and the hen was forgotten for the time being. When it was time for me to go to work, Celia thought of her hen and ran to the stable ahead of me to see how she was getting on.

Well, the hen was sitting all right but she had made up her mind that the nest was no place to spend all her time and so she had dug out a nest in the straw just beside the box with the eggs and her regular nest, and there she sat, with the eggs getting cold. I had got about half way to the stable when she burst my better half, the stable budist my better half, wild-eyed and hysterical. "I'll never set another hen as long as I live!" She beat the palm of one of her hands with her fist. "These hens are crazy", she went on. I ran to her side and inquired the trouble. She mutely led me into the stable, and pointed her finger at the hen calmly sitting on the straw beside the box containing the then cold eggs.

Heartless me, I just laughed and laughed. Perhaps the strain of seeing my wife in her condition caused a shock. Anyway I was a

considerable more than a little frightened when she burst out of that stable. I could not imagine what had happened to cause near hysterics in one usually so calm and collected. The let down was too much for my risibles. I lay down on the dry straw and laughed until tears came into my eyes, and all at once I sort of stopped, again alarmed at what reaction my actions might have caused. But there stood Celia laughing, fit to split. We put the hen back on the eggs, covered her over with her

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon In the matter of Otto Erickson Co., a corporation, Bankrupt; No. B 19905 in Bankruptcy. Notice is hereby given to all creditors that on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1935, Otto Erickson Co., a corporation, of Beaverton, Oregon, the bankrupt above named, was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of its creditors will be held in the County

box, and left her. I'd like to relate how she hatched out a big brood, but she did not. However, we got an incubator and got some eggs hatched though we did not raise any even of the incubator chicks. Towards fall the hens calmed down and sat just fine and we had enough chickens though they were late, and did not start laying until late next spring.

ty Court Room in the County Court House at Hillsboro, Oregon, on the 20th day of April, 1935, at 10 A. M., at which time said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Claims must be presented in form required by the Bankrupt Act and sworn to. The schedule filed discloses \$9,291.09 assets, \$24,180.80 liabilities. No exemptions claimed. Hillsboro, Oregon, Dated April 5, 1935.

Thos. H. Tongue, Jr., Referee in Bankruptcy. adv c19-20

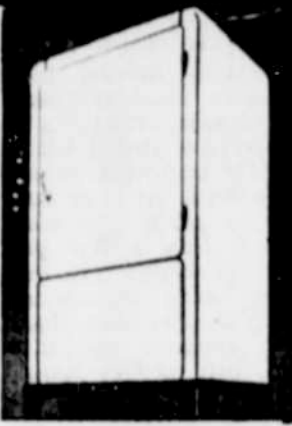
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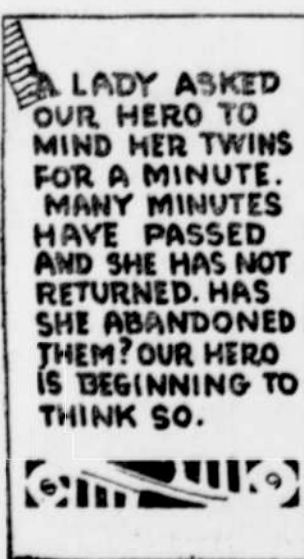
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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes