

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class mail matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
Per year (in advance) . . . \$1.00  
Not in advance . . . . . 1.50

Must be rather peaceful in Portland when they have to set fire to a service station in order to make trouble. Here trouble hunts us; we don't even have to look for it.

TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of April 17, 1925

On Easter Sunday, pledges were announced at the Bethel Congregational church, large enough to build a new church building. Eight thousand dollars had been secured in pledges, a \$2,000 gift and a \$2,000 loan were promised by the Congregational Church building society, making a total of \$12,000. Dr. C. A. Blanchette was the pastor of the local church.

Clara Scidmore of the eighth grade in Beaverton won a ten dollar cash prize on a dental essay she had written. The essay, with three others from Washington Co., was being sent to Salem to compete for a twenty-five dollar state prize.

A tennis club was organized at the high school, and the following officers elected: Leland Cook, President; Alan Barco, vice president; June Hudson, treasurer; and Merza Maister, secretary.

At a special meeting of the Council, sidewalk and paving bonds on Cedar and other streets were sold to the Lamberman's Trust Co. of Portland, who turned in a bid of a trifle over 103.

R. Huddleston, formerly of Milwaukee, leased a furniture store in the west half of the ground floor of the old Wastehall building, then known as the Morse building.

Tigard Community club was incorporated during the week, and made plans to meet once every two weeks, instead of once a month.

A reduction on rates here for residential and business lighting was announced by the Puget Sound Power Company.

DAD'S STORY

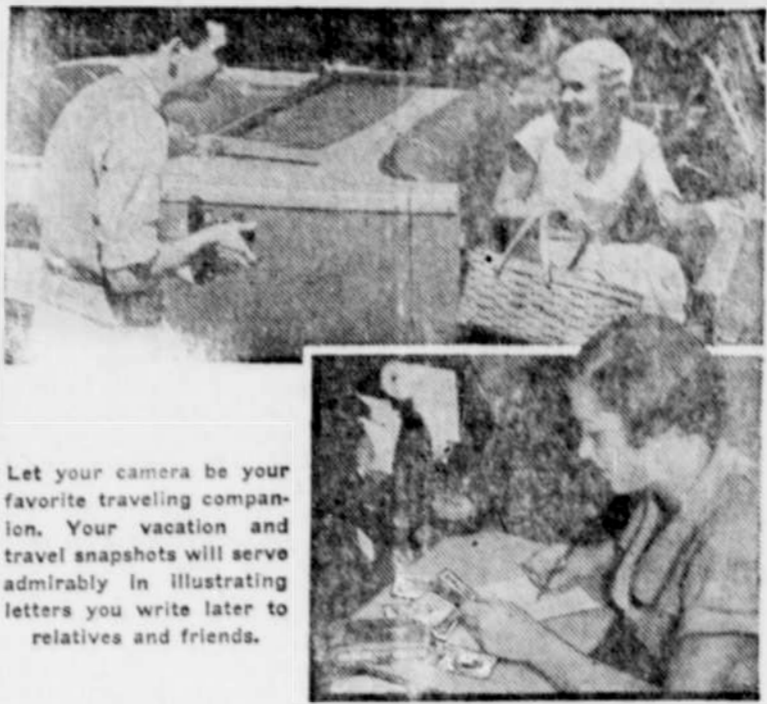
Reading has ever been my vice. Drinking and smoking never did appeal to me as a young man, but I could read from morning till evening and get up and read again the next day. On the farm that first year we had the New York Independent, the Cosmopolitan, the Moderator, the local paper printed at Kingsley and it seems to me that this was when I subscribed for the International Socialist. These magazines supplied me plenty of current reading but at my sister's place down the road only a mile was Esquire Barratt's library.

This institution deserves more mention than I can give it here. Esquire Barratt was a character as well as the father of my oldest brother-in-law. The 'Squire was an Englishman by birth but a York Stater by immigration when a young man. There he married and started a family but before they had grown very big he moved to Illinois where he took up a homestead. Until my recent visit to Michigan I supposed that his old home in Michigan was a homestead, but it could not have been unless it was taken in the name of his oldest son whose name was very like his father's.

The Old 'Squire, as he was familiarly known, was a great reader and had accumulated a big library. It was not of the type of the usual library of the times but consisted of old volumes, some of them original copies of world-famous classics. He had complete copies of the works of Shakespeare and could sit and recite whole plays without once referring to the printed sheet. Scott, Byron, Macaulay, Addison, and that type of author, appealed to the old gentleman, and he would send for sample copies of books he heard were being printed. It was in that library that I found my first copy of the Atlantic Monthly, as he had several bound volumes of that periodical.

All this wealth of wisdom was left to C. H. Barratt, or at least a great deal of it was still in Charley's keeping. The Old 'Squire had made his home with Charley and Vill, my sister and her husband, for a number of years before his death and naturally his books were left with them. Charley had about as much appreciation of his father's library, as Hoey Long has of Beaverton politics. Charley could read, write and cipher, of course, but his mind ran to making money, and hard work. How he could drive his family, especially the oldest girl and his

The SNAPSHOT GUILD  
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A MEMBER of the Snapshot Guild returned recently from a rather long journey after visiting relatives in many cities. "I had a lovely time visiting and enjoyed the traveling," she wrote, "but one thing took a lot of joy out of my trip. I did not take along my camera. No, I didn't forget it. I simply didn't take it and thought no more about it until I reached my sister's home. Then I discovered something. I have been reading the Snapshot Guild, have taken quite a number of good pictures by following instructions, but didn't realize that I had unconsciously developed an eye for pictures," she continued.

"When I arrived at my sister's home—my first stop—I saw unlimited possibilities for interesting, story-telling pictures. I hadn't seen my little niece Jean since she was a month old and here she was toddling around and getting into all kinds of mischief. I could easily have taken eight snapshots of this cute youngster doing all kinds of interesting things."

With the coming of warmer weather and more sunshine we are discarding the drab, winter clothes for the bright colors of spring and summer. It is a glorious time of the year.

As the sun becomes brighter and the skies clearer, remember that as you and better light will be entering the lens of your camera and changing your film. Your exposures

should be somewhat shorter than in the winter.

Suppose, for instance, that on Washington's Birthday, February 22, you took several pictures of your child as she played in the front yard enjoying her holiday from school. If you had a folding camera and the day was of average brightness (with sunlight) for that date, you probably set the lens opening at f/8 and the shutter speed at 1/25 of a second, and got a properly exposed negative. Again, suppose you are taking such a picture on May 30 with your child dressed in her pretty little white frock ready to join her friends in Decoration Day exercises. Then what? If the May sun is shining brightly and the sky is clear, instead of having the diaphragm set at f/8 and the shutter speed at 1/25 of a second as you did on Washington's birthday, you should do one of two things.

If you leave your lens opening at f/8, your shutter speed should be set at 1/50 of a second. Or, you might set the diaphragm at f/11 and probably get the proper exposure, under average sunlight conditions, with the shutter speed of 1/25 of a second. Personally I recommend the smaller aperture, or lens opening, and the slower shutter speed for the smaller diaphragm opening the greater the depth of focus. Take advantage of the brighter days. At home and traveling have your camera ready for instant use.

better story.

The story of two ministers, which happened some time before the time of which I write may throw some light on why I take the attitude towards the church I do. It is not at all a nice story but perhaps it may not harm anyone here by the telling. It is like this:

Reverend Mr. Wright was a member of the United Brethren church, and was holding meetings at the Matchett school house. To his meetings the Hulett family often journeyed, and the old man was often invited home with us, where he partook of Mother's delicious cooking, and perhaps offered up a short prayer before he departed that the Lord would bless the home from which he was taking his leave.

But like about every neighborhood, there were those who did not like the old man's preaching and they made overtures to another organization to get another minister of another denomination to come in and hold meetings on alternate Sundays. Well, that poor community could not feed and clothe one minister, let alone two, and there was sharp resentment felt towards the other minister. But he was a young man, full of energy, a better speaker than Old Mr. Wright, and those with susceptible natures rather felt sorry for the old man, and went to hear him and put maybe a nickel or a dime in the collection when the hat was passed around as it seems to be in a great many institutions I have attended.

But the old man let his congregation get away from him. This is the way of it. Over in Wexford county was a man who had a bux-

om wife whom the old preacher took a liking to, and the upshot of the matter was that the husband moved out and left the preacher and the woman in charge of the place. Of course, when this news got circulated around in the Matchett neighborhood, no one went to hear him preach anymore and he soon quit holding meetings.

Not all of his congregation turned to Mr. Moore, the young preacher for religious guidance, but a few did. He was a Methodist, lived at Kingsley and soon became enamored with a Miss Cole, the daughter of the hardware merchant. Mr. Moore and Miss Cole were much together during the early spring, and when summer came and Mr. Moore asked for a little extra time in attending conference as he had an elderly mother in Canada with whom he wished to spend a month before going to conference. Talk of his marriage with Miss Cole was quite common and it is said that she fully expected to be the preacher's wife when and if he came back to take up the pastorate of the Kingsley church as the congregation was strongly petitioning conference that he do.

Immediately following conference he came back all right, but he brought with him a very handsome and stately lady whom he called "wife". Imagine the revulsion of feeling! But it never seemed to affect him. Miss Cole was taken suddenly ill and never showed up in Kingsley society again. In a short time her father sold his hardware store and they moved away. I never heard of them again. The Moores stayed a few months and he asked to be relieved. He reported they were going back to Canada.

Well, it was in that atmosphere that the church lived when we were married. The new Methodist man was trying to build up what Moore had torn down. But a new set had entered, in the name of Baptist. They had taken up, or pre-empted the Blackman school, and were holding meetings there regularly. To these meetings some of the Methodists came, among them Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Gibbs.

Gibbs had ever been an attendant at church, Methodist, Adventist, or what was closest. She played the organ very creditably and sang a pleasing soprano. E. B. Gibbs, Bird, as he was familiarly known, sang a wonderful bass. But there was no organ at the Blackman school, so what to do? Some one learned of a chapel organ that could be purchased cheaply and on easy terms and the bunch of us went to work to raise money to buy it. We got the organ, all right, but a big obstacle arose.

Several times in these tales I have mentioned a Clarissa Knapp. To me she meant a lot but she also meant something to her father, Charles Knapp. Clarissa was teaching at the Blackman school and Charley was one of the district officers, the Moderator, I think. At any rate things regarding the organ ran along smoothly until it came time for it to be delivered. And Charley would not let it go into the school house, insisting that "there isn't room". So they brought the organ up to our little log cabin where believe it or not, there was plenty of room for it even though there was nothing to "go with it" in the home.

The organ brought many visitors to the little log cabin for the folks liked my wife, they liked to hear her sing, she liked to sing and play the organ and often we sang until late hours. Bird sang a wonderful bass, I never could sing but I hollered, and we had glorious times there until school was out and the organ was taken to the school house.

There were two Knapp families there, Henry Knapp, a German and Charley. They never got along very well. When Charley objected to taking the organ into the school the district held a meeting to protest his action. He stated his case to the meeting and read the school law that the board had charge of the school house. Clarissa was rather small, not short, about five feet ten and weighed about ninety eight pounds. Not taking much room to move around in, it seemed. But a near fight ensued when Henry Knapp, in his broken English, stated, speaking of Clarissa, "Ef' ze was a leetle t'inner (thinner) maybe she could walk around it." His remark brought down the house, but it also brought Charley right down to where Henry was sitting.

The Yankee squared off and it looked as though the German question was going to get settled right then. But mutual friends intervened and there was no blood shed though the two did come to blows later.

Porter: Where's your trunks, sir?  
Salesman: I use no trunks.  
Porter: But I thought you was one of those travelling salesmen.  
Salesman: I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains.  
Porter: Excuse me, boss, but you is the fust fella that's been here who ain't carryin' any samples.

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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 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, \$24,180.86 liabilities. No exemptions claimed.  
Hillsboro, Oregon, Dated April 5, 1935.  
Thos. H. Tongue, Jr., Referee in Bankruptcy. adv c19-20

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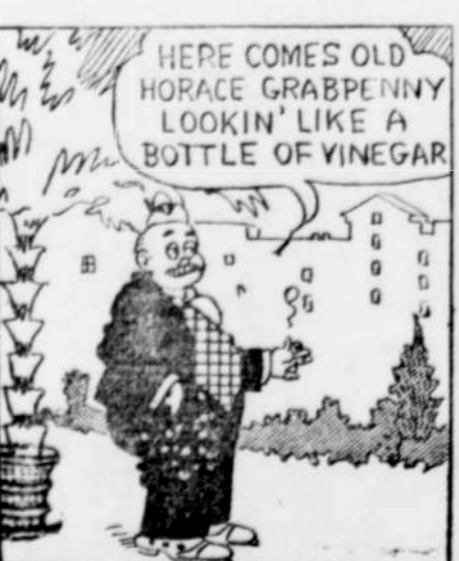
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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes