

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of April 24, 1925

A moving picture, "The Fighting Romeo", made in the studio at Beaverton was scheduled to be shown in the Beaver Theatre, in advance of its regular release dates. The leading role was played by Al Ferguson. Ferdinand Schumann-Heink also had a part in the picture, a western. The heroine's role was played by Miss Elaine Eastman of Gresham.

Mme. Dalbo Stinta and the Swedish Vice-Consul, Mr. Valdemar Lindell, called on Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Swenson, with a greeting direct from King Gustaf of Sweden, requesting to see a 209-year-old donation deed given to one of Mr. Swenson's ancestors by King Carl the Twelfth.

Two hundred and twenty farmers pooled orders for Northern Grimm alfalfa seed to plant from one-fourth acre trial plots to as much as thirty acres each. This was the second year of real interest in Grimm alfalfa growing in the county.

A melodrama, "The Seven Keys to Baldpate", staged at Verboort, April 19, was to be given again at the St. Mary's New Home at Huber, Sunday, April 26, in the afternoon. The cast consisted of boys from the St. Mary's home.

F. M. Roseman & Son rented the Berthold building, preparatory to opening a restaurant and cafe in town.

The Washington County Baseball League was organized by a group of six ball teams.

A surprise shower was given Miss Dorothy Louise Huntley, a bride elect.

DAD'S STORY

That squabble was not the first the two Knapps had indulged in, but the Yankee seemed to be always the aggressor. However the German (not really German having been born of German parents in Canada) never missed an opportunity to aggravate the quick tempered Charley.

The meeting held that evening did not get anyone anywhere. The school board, according to the laws of Michigan, have control and run the school house, and there was no recall then. So the organ did not get into the school house until vacation and there could be no excuse offered for keeping it out. That summer meetings were held regularly and by fall there was a movement started to build a church. Charley Knapp donated the ground, right alongside the school lot, for a Baptist church and a paper was passed around asking donations.

That winter a pile of lumber accumulated on the lot Charley had given but that is as far as the church ever got.

Over at the Matchett school the minister was more persistent or something. Anyway he got enough to build a church and my Uncle Byron donated an acre for the building. It was built and now a little country church stands, sort of neglected and forlorn but still housing meetings and Sunday school, the only building of its kind for five or six miles in any direction.

We missed the organ when they took it away. It had proved a drawing card for gatherings at our little cabin. Not that we were ever lonely but that we did not get so many social contacts as before.

That fall Miss Knapp contracted to teach the Matchett school and for the first time I stepped into the little school where I had received what education I had acquired, as teacher. The pupils all knew me intimately, too intimately I think now, and though I had no very difficult time in disciplining the students, there were those who tried to take advantage of their acquaintance with me or my people or their kinship. One lad, he is Byron Hulett's son, my cousin, one of those who delight in seeing others in trouble. He would get two or more of the younger boys fighting if possible. Lawrence his name is, and a mighty fine, upstanding citizen now, but then it was his delight to get a couple of the little chaps fighting, which was strictly against the rules. No fighting at the school grounds was what I insisted on, and of course when two got at it they had to be disciplined. So one day I warned Lawrence that fighting was getting started altogether too often in his immediate vicinity and suggested that he had better try the pacifying role in

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Get In the Picture Yourself



You too can get in the picture if you use the self timer.

I ENJOYED the Snapshot Guild almost last week very much, for taking snapshots of my children is almost a hobby with me," wrote a reader. "I was hoping, however, that you would tell mothers how to include themselves in the picture with their children," she continued.

Perhaps others are interested in this subject. The self timer is a most fascinating little gadget and almost human in its operation. It is an inexpensive accessory that fits over the metal button or plunger, at the end of the cable release, which you press to take a snapshot with a folding camera. It cannot, however, be used unless the camera is fitted with a cable release.

Here is how it works. First you locate your subject in the finder and at the same time plan the space you will occupy when you step into the picture. Suppose you want to take a picture of Jane sitting in your lap as you read to her. You will have to have the camera on a tripod, table or something solid. Locate the chair in the finder—and be sure you can see all of the chair, especially the upper part of the back where your head will appear—for if you are not careful you will find you have decapitated yourself when the finished prints are returned.

If the picture is to be taken indoors you will have to apply all the rules of indoor snapshotting. The diaphragm should be set at f/5.6, the

shutter speed at either 1/10 or 1/25 of a second and you will need one or two photo flood lamps placed in an ordinary floor lamp (with the shade removed) to give more illumination to the side away from the outside light.

When the diaphragm is set at the proper opening with the correct shutter speed, the same as if you were going to snap the picture yourself, set the self timer for ten seconds or a minute, depending on how long it will take you to get into the chair with Jane comfortably seated in your lap, ready to listen to your story. Turn on the photo flood lamp, slip the timer over the button at the end of the cable release, press the little release lever on the self timer and then—click—it has taken your picture.

In spite of the simplicity of the procedure Jane is going to get a thrill out of it and when the picture is snapped she'll probably be portraying a million dollar smile—and this will add much to the value of the picture.

You can purchase the self timer attachment from almost any store that sells cameras. They are not expensive and last a lifetime.

Some cameras have self-timers incorporated in the shutter so if you have this type of camera and have never used the self timer you have missed a lot of fun and pictures.

stead of the aggravator. But he insisted that he had nothing to do with any of the spats that happened. However, I had my doubts, so kept my eyes and ears open.

One day Lawrence had hurried out and to the east side of the playground with two or three of the little chaps, and I suspected trouble. The door of the school opened towards the south and the wood shed stood to the east of and a little closer to the east and west road than the school so that as he and his group went east they were soon around the corner of the wood shed and supposedly out of my sight. But I slipped out the door soon and going around on the west side of the school house, then coming around the northwest corner, I got to the northwest corner of the woodshed without being seen or my actions noted. As I came around the corner there stood Lawrence with his back to me, sucking one of the little chaps onto another about his size, telling him how to "black his eyes" for something or other he had done. The first that Lawrence knew he felt the flat of my right hand coming in contact with his right ear, rather briskly. I cuffed him up to a peak all right, but as he turned his head, one hand got his nose and it bled profusely. Lawrence always had it in for me after that, but the fighting on the school grounds stopped suddenly and did not revive as long as I stayed there as teacher.

That fall I had quite a few potatoes to harvest and I had to hire the work done. Geo. Wilson, Celia's adopted cousin did the work all up for us that fall. He was a

good worker and one of the few men I ever hired who stayed on as long as wanted, and was worth keeping. Usually my hired men are not worth their salt, have some very serious fault, or will not stay. But George stayed.

That Halloween was the first and about the only time things ever got messed up much, around my things. The boys did not get into anything around the farm but at the school they surely raised Cain. The next morning I found the stove sitting against the door so it would not open without much shoving, the thing was full of wood and the school, especially the blackboard and my desk, were a sight to behold. It was some hours later than nine o'clock that I got things straightened out but finally I did so and things went on for a time very nicely.

My brother-in-law, Charley Barratt, had been very successful in renting out his farm on shares. As my contract to teach did not allow me much chance to look after the work on the farm I thought it would be a good scheme to rent out the ground. But the big drawback was that I had no tenant house. So when a poor family from Oklahoma came along I rented the farm and we moved in to live with Father and Mother.

There had been no very definite arrangement made with them; we ate at the same table, and I had my old room. But it did not prove very satisfactory.

Another disturbing factor proved the proximity of my old friend, Charless, who was living right next door to the school house, but teaching a mile and a half away at the

Matchett school. When my pupils started talking about Christmas and having a tree and a program I conceived the diabolical plan of having Miss Knapp take charge of the program for both schools, having them join together and put on a big celebration. The plan appealed to all and sundry, but Charless must have "smelled a rat" for she turned it down cold. But I got the Blackman pupils to sign a petition addressed to her and delivered by a committee who met her each evening as she was going home, and they were also going home. She consented, then to take charge.

The weather was getting cold and the heating facilities in the school room consisting of a big 24" Round Oak heater sitting right in the middle of the room. It baked those children sitting close to it, but the room was always cold back in the corners. I got some sheet iron, had a stove jacket made at my own expense and then asked permission of the school board to move the stove to a corner of the room, to erect the jacket in such a manner as to force a circulation of the air around the whole room, and have the work done at my expense if there were no funds for that purpose in the treasury. Adam Chappel was director, Albert Kol-elimer, a German, was treasurer, and my Uncle Byron had taken Chas. Knapp's place as Moderator. Byron would have listened to my plan but Chappel and his German neighbor would have nothing to do with it. And when I offered to have all the work done at my expense they turned it down flat. It made me some mad. I turned in my resignation right there and then and told them they could get a young miss, Ida Taylor, one of the girls who went there to school a few years previously, to take my place.

That was the last of my teaching school for a number of years. Celia went to make an extended visit with her mother and I did some travelling around. It was in December and I started south although lack of money and the wrought-up state of my nerves did not allow me to do anything rational. I got only as far south as Meecosta and from there I walked to Sylvester, whither Will Wier had gone that fall to look after his parents who were getting old and needed some one with them on whom they could depend.

I stayed with Will a week or ten days, I do not remember how long, not for any extended stay, but for a little while, and he finally talked a little sense into my head. The anger had cooled somewhat and he knew the situation back home. He was a good sport and talked to me like a Dutch uncle. One cold day, the snow flying, the weather too bad for out-of-door work he took me to Lakeview and saw me on board the train towards home. Not that I intended to go home then, but it seemed that there was no other place to go.

Hardly had I arrived at Father's, when Anna Robertson, my sister-in-law, drove into the yard and she told me that Celia was seriously sick at her Mother's, and I'd better go back with her. It did not take much persuasion. And when I saw my wife her face was so white I'll never forget it. Weak and sick she was and by the side of her bed I silently renewed my marriage vows.

It was two weeks or more before she was able to be moved and when she was well again we moved into another house on the windfall, one put there by Uncle Albin when he had put in a crop on the part of the old homestead still belonging to my grandfather. It was not much of a house, sort of thrown together and cold as Greenland. But I brought up the team and started cutting logs to sell so as to buy a few groceries to live on.

That winter I brought up the limbs of the trees I had cut for logs and chopped these branches into wood for the stove. We had a cook stove and a sheet-iron heater and we needed them both to keep from freezing. Snow was deep, though not so deep as the previous season.

The Gary family proved a Jonah to me. They did not know how to log, they were poor and shiftless and before long they were begging for something to eat. I had little enough but my credit was fairly good so they got some groceries. But when I wanted them to work

health. Before the spring opened up I had bought them off and went to work on the farm as soon as the snow was gone. That was the spring of 1901.

That spring we decided to go in the dairy business. Heifers were cheap and I bought three from Barratt for sixty dollars, and with the one I had from Father, we owned four. I got a new DeLaval cream separator, the first one to come in that section if not into that county, and when the heifers came fresh I took samples of butter to private houses in Kingsley and offered to sell it regularly for twenty cents per pound to be delivered every Saturday. These was a ready market for all we could supply.

That summer Sam's brought their milk to have it separated. They brought it in pails all the way from their home, afoot. It was that summer that Sam contracted an awful case of muscular rheumatism, the worst I have ever seen.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our kind friends and neighbors for their acts of love and sympathy during our recent loss of husband, father and brother, and also extend grateful thanks for the beautiful floral tribute to our loved one.

Mrs. Lewis Zimbrick and family

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington

In the Matter of the Estate of Helen Brandt, sometimes known and referred to as "Helene Brandt" and as "Helene Brandt", deceased, No. 4245.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Executor of the above entitled Estate and under the Last Will and Testament of the above named decedent, has filed his first and final account in the above entitled court, and that Monday, the 27th day of May, 1935, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M., and the court room of said Court in the County Court House at Hillsboro, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

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Albert Brandt, Executor, Beaverton, Oregon.

Thomas G. Greene & Thomas G. Greene, Jr., Attorneys for Executor, 905 Porter Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

