

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of May 1, 1925

Several civic improvement clubs met during the week. The Beaverton Chamber of Commerce was re-organized after a period of inaction for some time. J. W. Sprague was elected President. The Huber Commercial club held its regular meeting, with about thirty present. The Huber Ladies Social Improvement club met, and held a silver tea, with an interesting program.

D. U. Cochran, Beaverton high school teacher, and several students, including Homer and Gaylord Wilson, Edward Day, Robert Hocken, Durward Finley, Arthur Lang, Leland Cook and Cecil Emmons, hiked up Larch mountain, Saturday night. Two miles of the trail led through snow, some of it said to be eight feet deep.

A. H. Spranger, for more than twenty years proprietor of one of the grocery stores and meat markets here, died suddenly at Rockaway while on business there. He had recently sold his store to H. A. Morrison, and had built himself a new home.

James Underwood won first prize in his division in the county grade school declamation contest held at Hillsboro. The year before, Ronald Webb won a first place for Beaverton.

The Behnke-Walker business college was making plans to build a \$225,000 headquarters building in Portland.

Among the pictures being shown at the Beaver Theatre was one starring Reginald Denney, and another with Buster Keaton.

Elva Ekstrom won a gold pin for putting out the best Hummer, the high school paper, during a contest.

The Sophomore class at the high school held a class picnic at The Springs, north of Beaverton.

DAD'S STORY

The first hundred years are much the worse, the saying goes. The first few years on the farm were probably as pleasant as any in my experience. But the events do not stand out in very bold relief. They sort of blend together to make a composite picture of a pair working hard to get started in life. Just where they were starting, I am afraid, was not very clear. But we worked early and late, plowing, harrowing, sowing the seed, cultivating, harvesting, marketing, dictating, building, mending—life was full to the overflowing.

The first summer while conducting the experiments in farm crops I kept a sort of diary from day to day, and week to week. I have it now, somewhere about, but like many things, when you want them they are just out of reach. It is even so with that. But it is not long ago I ran across it when tumbling over some of the accumulations that somehow get stuck away in attics, in garages, in basements. I thought then I'd put it where I could find it, but no use, it is just not now in evidence.

The thought of keeping a diary was accumulated from my mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Jane Robertson. She kept one religiously for years and years. I think that only her death stopped her writing. "Went to town, rainy, sold eggs, set a hen", are some of the entries.

The newspapers today are full of threats of another world war. France is establishing an air patrol of her boundary where it touches Germany. The Fatherland is demanding the annexation of German speaking sections of some of the Balkan states. Roumania is demanding the leadership of southeastern Europe. Italy and Abyssinia are glaring at each other with blood in their eyes. We could go on indefinitely.

They remind me of an article I read along in 1900 or 1901 in the Cosmopolitan magazine, then edited, I believe, by Arthur Brisbane. The article was to the effect that England and Germany were approaching war. It seemed so out of the ordinary, so contrary to the tradition of the two countries, that the memory has come down to me through all these years. He recalled how English goods had been distributed by "The Mistress of the Seas" into every available market and had dominated the world trade for many decades. Germany had been gradually expanding and her manufactures were meeting the English goods in competition and in many cases Germany was able to under sell. This coup-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

THE CANDID CAMERA



It is the unusual, "candid" picture that attracts attention.



"CANDID Photography." What is it? Just this. It is one of the most fascinating branches of amateur photography and furthermore is fast becoming one of the most popular sports with those who wish to glorify their snapshot collections with unusual, out-of-the-ordinary type of pictures.

For excitement, candid photography is a first cousin to big game hunting or deep-sea fishing but you need not go to the wilds of the Congo nor off the coast of Florida to stalk your quarry. You will find plenty of material to shoot right in your old home town.

You may still say, "Well, what is this candid photography?" Candid photography is nothing more or less than taking pictures of people when they are unaware that they are about to be "shot" so, therefore, you catch them in natural, unposed positions with natural expressions. It might be called "intimate" photography—informal snapshots.

The essence of candid photography is action. Get pictures of people doing things. Such pictures should be taken as close to the subject as possible, for we are usually featuring people in this type of photography and they should be predominating in the picture.

When we speak of snapping people in "action" or "doing something" it does not necessarily mean that the person should be actually on the move. An unusual picture of a person asleep may make a great

candid camera picture. He is doing something.

Don't think for one minute that candid photography means that you go around just shooting in a hit-and-miss fashion. Any six-year-old child can do that. If you want to really enjoy the thrills that come with candid photography you will want to give it considerable thought.

The modern miniature camera has been the leading factor in the development and popularity of candid photography. First of all, its size makes it less conspicuous than the camera using a 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 or larger film. It's ready for action on a moment's notice, for with the majority of makes the pressing of a button opens the camera ready for quick focusing.

Where, when and how you take your candid snapshots depends almost entirely on your equipment. If you are to be a real dyed-in-the-wool candid snaphooter you will shoot under conditions "as is" and not as you make them.

There are many things to consider in this fascinating hobby of candid photography and it takes practice and patience if you want to get the fullest enjoyment out of it. Next week we will discuss personal and mechanical requirements for the candid enthusiasts.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

led with the dense population of Germany and the lack of a colonizing opportunity due to the available world supply of land having been grabbed up—these combined causes, he stated, would plunge these two countries into war in less than ten years. He missed his prediction by only four years, or perhaps a little less, but he knew whereof he spoke.

He made no attempt to foretell the outcome of the coming struggle. He only seemed to be pointing out the inevitability of the contest. Americans take a great deal of the credit for winning the war for the Allies. With the strained relations existing between France and America, with Great Britain feeling more keenly the racial ties that bind her to the German people, with the British Empire embracing much more of the world's surface than it did in 1900, there are those who expect the next war to be fought between races rather than between nations.

At the time of which I write (rather, of which I was writing a moment ago) Grandfather Hulett still owned part of his original homestead, some 180 acres comprising the northeast quarter of section six, town 24 north of range ten west. It lay along the north side of the township, hence the fraction. He had purchased the extra twenty acres when he took up his claim. I held the east four ninths while he held the west five ninths of the quarter section.

Grandfather had gone down by Grand Rapids, some hundred and fifty miles south of where we lived and had taken up his residence with his son, Albin, who lived at Allendale.

While there he had given Albin a deed to his place under the consideration that Albin would keep him as long as he lived. But the old gentleman got tired of his son's family and came north again to live and took up his residence with

Sam. Now, Albin had put up a sort of house on that part, not much, but the one we moved into when Gary was on our farm. But the land was too far away for Albin to farm successfully, and he let the land lay idle and neglected to pay taxes on it.

The second or third year I put in a crop on some of the cleared part of that place and then soon purchased a tax title on it. But that sort of got the pitch into the fire, and Byron paid up the taxes for his father but I went on farming the piece. Then Byron found out that he was only paying up taxes on land that was really deeded to his brother, so he lost interest.

However, Grandfather was living with Sam, and he soon began to nag at his father to do something about that deed he had given to Albin. Well, when approached in the right spirit, Albin deeded the land back to his father and the father then gave Sam a deed to it under much the same contract he had originally entered into with Albin. But in Sam's mind, the place was "hot goods" as there were a number of heirs who might make him trouble, so he wanted to sell.

Soon after coming onto the farm I had entered into a contract to buy the eighty right across the road from where we lived. It was in Grand Traverse county while I lived in Wexford county. It was in school district No. 1 of Paradise township, while I lived in district No. 7, fractional of Greenwood township. The ownership of that eighty would give me residence in the school district where I had always attended, while the road to the school house in the district where I lived in was not open for a matter of a mile.

My venture, perhaps I should say our, for Celia did her share of the work, what with making the butter to say nothing of doing her share of the milking and of all the work that presented itself, and

there was plenty. Our venture was profitable and we were making a little money. I bought a mower, a binder, a corn binder (the first in that section), a drill, a horse rake, and I can't remember what not. Prices were raising and we were getting ahead a little. The eighty across the road we bought for four hundred dollars on time. Before we had it a year my Uncle George came along and insisted that we sell it to him. I did not want to part with it for it was the place we had selected to build on. But he kept offering and finally sold it, he taking up the contract and paying me what money I had paid down and two hundred dollars in gold for my bargain.

I was keeping up my payments on my machinery, too. It was no little sum for a new beginner in my circumstances. When I look back at the prices paid for land then and in the same breath think of land here selling for a thousand dollars an acre, there seems to be something loose. How anyone can expect to farm thousand dollar an acre land is beyond me, but they are doing it, though there is an ear-splitting cry of hard times.

I took the profit George paid me, put in all my dairy herd, my young stock and my cream separator and bought the balance of the old homestead from Sam. He kept at me to sell. But the neighbors had started in to fix the road that led to the school house in the district where we lived.

About that time there was talk of rural free delivery. If the road to the school was open we would be eligible for a rural route coming to our corner. I urged on the building of the road, then went out with a petition to get the rural route established. It took some time but we got the route.

About this time the old Grange at Summit City began to show signs of reorganization. They had been dormant for a number of years, and had surrendered their charter. An organizer came along, got the thing going, and I was the last one of the charter members to sign up.

That was my first secret society. I never before had been entrusted with a pass-word, a grip, a sign, or any of the attributes of a fraternal order. Before long they put me in assistant steward and I held the office almost to the end of my attendance at the Grange. Just before I stopped attending I was installed as lecturer, but I never sat in the chair.

The Grange helped to get the rural route started. Some of the members passed a petition in the neighborhood on the father side of the post office from where we lived. I have sort of regretted not taking the examination for carrier but it paid only \$700 a year, and I was making more than that.

SOCIAL ENGINEERS

Life insurance salesmen are among the most useful citizens in every community. They are bene-

FINDS RELIEF IN 4-PURPOSE TREATMENT

MRS. KOPP, OF OTTUMWA, IOWA TELLS OF REMARKABLE RELIEF 4-PURPOSE TREATMENT GAVE HER

Stomach sufferers will be interested in the following statement of Mrs. Mary Kopp, Ottumwa, Iowa: "I have suffered for years with heartburn and sour stomach; was much distressed; everything I ate disagreed with me; could get no relief until I tried Williams' S.L.K. Formula. One bottle has done wonders and has given me great relief. I am expressing it mildly to say I am well pleased and can recommend S.L.K. to all who suffer as I have."

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factors. They are the men who do our worrying for us. They do our calculating, our forecasting. They furnish us with vision, when we have none of our own. They give us the opportunity which every man ought to crave of providing in a sensible and comparatively inexpensive manner for our old age and for those who are dependent upon us.

For the normal man, a life insurance salesman is a good friend. It commands the respect of all but fools. With fools he should waste no time. He has too much work to do for the sensible. He may well approach all men confidently. He may rest serene in the belief that he is useful and that he is making life increasingly livable for a larger and larger number of people.

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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 Helene Brandt, sometimes known and referred to as "Helena 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.

Dated and first published, April 26, 1935.

Last publication, May 24, 1935. Albert Brandt, Executor, Beaverton, Oregon.

Thomas G. Greene & Thomas G. Greene, Jr., Attorneys for Executor, 905 Porter Bldg., Portland, Oregon. c21-25

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Mr. and Mrs. Al Cannon of Portland were guests at the H. F. Waite home, Sunday.

Three A Day

"I was in my teens then, cooking for an old fisherman who lived in a cabin across the Union Pacific tracks. And on a day I stooped to pick up a scrap of paper fluttering beneath the rails, near the water-tank. Up near The Dalles, it was."

"I had never gone to church nor seen the inside of a Bible, but this verse on the piece of paper must have come from the Good Book, for it read—'Create in me a clean heart, O, God.' So I got a Bible and began at the beginning. I set myself to read three pages a day, until I found it. And one night, sitting up in bed doing my three, I came onto it. I'll never forget the moment—'Create in me a clean heart, O, God.' There it was, staring me right in the face. And then something else—a peace such as I had never known, came flooding in on me."

"Next morning when I reached the cabin the old fisherman wanted to know, 'What's happened to you, Mac? I never saw you look like you do now; what's changed your face so?'"

"He kept at me and so I told him all."

"Now you got something, Mac," was his verdict. "You got something there ain't one man in a thousand got. You got religion?"

Mac is now nearing fifty, dying of an incurable disease in the Government shelter here in the North-end. And well cared for, too. The Bible he had was finally of too fine print and the railway man who runs the fast flier found him another; it's to Mac the only Book.

Can you do three a Day? "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." And will you go out lost in this day of the open Bible?

George N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon. pd. adv.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

