

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class mail matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 8, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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

TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of May 15, 1925
The high school Commencement Exercises were held Friday evening, May 15, at 8:00 o'clock. The Junior class were in charge of decoration and general management. Rev. J. J. Staub of the Sunnyside Congregational Church of Portland gave the Baccalaureate address the preceding Sunday at the high school, and was presented with a 1925 Ecna, the high school annual, autographed by the Seniors.

Children's Day was celebrated at the regular meeting of the Beaverton Grange with a program given entirely by children. In honor of Mother's Day, the day after, the children marched around the hall, and gave each mother a flower. Flowers were placed on the altar in honor of the "Unknown Soldier".

I. J. Vinson announced in the week's issue of The Review that he was taking over a new agency of electrical products of superior quality. He was selling out his old line.

The Tigard Community club changed its name to The Tigard Commercial Club and decided to incorporate, at a busy meeting at the schoolhouse.

The Beaverton Pharmacy put in an up-to-date soda fountain to enable them to take care of their numerous customers.

The state examinations for the sixth, seventh and eighth grades were to be held on Thursday and Friday, May 14 and 15.

A new refrigerating machine with a two-temperature ice cream cabinet, was being installed at Thyn's Confectionery.

DAD'S STORY

That was the second time the grim reaper came near summoning me to meet the Great Judge. The first time has been related, when I was down with typhoid. Yet another time I came near the great divide, but that was some years later.

Just the other day I read of a noted author falling in love with his dog. Perhaps I have been missing telling of the dogs that were my companions on different occasions.

Old Spring was the one which met his fate about the time I came into this world. I never saw him to know him. There is a heavy recollection of his death but not a particle of remembrance of his life. He was killed by some animal between our house and the Taylor's. He fought to the end, and when they found him it was within a circle tramped down and blood soaked, a circle less than a dozen feet across. His heart was literally torn out, one could touch it with two fingers from one side and another gash on the other side came near to the vital organ.

The neighbors heard the struggle and kept their dog in the house thinking that Old Spring was enough for any antagonist. It is doubtful what would have been the results had they loosed their dogs, but they did not. Father and Mother had been up with the sick for the two previous nights and did not hear a bit of the struggle.

Next came another Spring but I think I've told of him, how he fought, but perhaps I have failed to tell his favorite sport, hunting partridges. He would tree them and sit and bark until they flew away or were shot out of the tree. His sense of smell was marvelous. Dogs are said to be nearsighted. If he was he had the most acute sense of smell I ever witnessed in any dumb brute. He would follow a flying bird ten, twenty, thirty rods, literally a hundred fifty yards and sit under the tree and howl for the longest time. But he fell before the dog poisoner.

Curly was a water spaniel. He was a marvelously intelligent canine, could learn most anything, would put up the partridges but could not follow them so far as Spring could. But he was better for ducks for the wounded duck did not live that could get away from him. Dive and swim were his middle names. Once a duck's wing was broken Curly would stay with him and tire him out if he could not get him any other way.

For a long time we did not have any dog. Finally one morning we were eating breakfast with the outside door open. Around the corner of the house came a black object. We did not notice him much till he lunged through the door, his front legs stiffened, and he

Tells How To Choose Beef



H. A. Stark shows Mrs. Wilbur E. Fribley how to judge quality in meat. They are pictured in Armour and Company's wholesale market in Chicago examining carcasses of steers which won grand champion honors and other awards at International Livestock Exposition.

By MRS. WILBUR E. FRIBLEY
President, Chicago Housewives League

CHICAGO—Waxy white and glowing red are the beautifully proportioned sides of beef which hang in the packing house chill rooms after the International Livestock Exposition.

They represent the destiny of the blue blooded steers which won the prizes at the great stock show and they serve to teach every housewife the lessons regarding good beef which are so important to herself and her family.

H. A. Stark, president of the Central Association of Retail Meat Dealers of Chicago, was my guide at this year's showing of prize beef at the Armour and Company Wholesale market and the trip was most instructive.

"Every retail meat dealer wants to sell good beef, and he will sell it if his customers demand it," Mr. Stark said. "It isn't difficult to see that these cattle will make the very best steaks and roasts."

"In the first place, the fat covering the carcass is creamy white, showing the effect of proper feeding which will be noticeable in the flavor of the meat. When this side of beef is cut, you will see little specks of fat all through the meat. We say that sort of meat is 'marbled', and beef with this characteristic is tender and flavorful. The

fat must be distributed throughout the meat.

"It is a mistake to think of beef only in terms of the most expensive steaks and rib roasts. Pot roast from the forequarter of these show cattle, and of all good beef, is delicious and nothing is more appetizing than a Swiss steak from the round."

This last point of Mr. Stark's is important. Armour and Company paid 35¢ cents a pound for the grand champion load of steers at the International Livestock Show auction. Mr. Stark pointed out that when a show ring price is paid for choice beef, the retailer must get his increased cost largely out of the ribs and the loins. "The rib roasts and loin steaks of the grand champion load," he said, "if sold at retail, would have to bring between \$3 and \$4 a pound."

Market prices for rounds and quarters do not vary as much with the quality of the beef.

Of course, the liveweight price of 35¢ cents was high—the highest load price paid in five years at the show and about four times the regular price of prime steers in the stockyards. But the comparison of retail prices on the loins and ribs is an excellent illustration of why the economical housewife makes it a practice to serve the less popular cuts of choice beef as frequently as possible.

teeth, but he never bit another dog. Finally the other, out-bluffed, would drop his tail and beat it. He never got into a fight, he never had to fight, they were all afraid of him.

I've heard that a man six feet tall, weighing two hundred never need fight, just be careful not to anger his foe too much and he would be entirely safe. I don't know if that is true with humans but it worked that way, in Turk's case.

Before we were married a curly-haired mongrel had followed Tom Robertson, my intended brother-in-law, and when we went onto the farm Tom gave him to us. He was a cattle dog but also afraid of a gun. Firecrackers exploding would send him under the bed from which he could not be coaxed for hours. I finally had to kill him. I hated to do it but he would go out and tackle porcupines. Several times we held him and pulled the quills out of his mouth and nose. Hardly would his mouth get healed than he would get it full of quills again. Finally I took him out and putting the muzzle of a .38 caliber revolver to his ear, pulled the trigger. I gave him a decent burial and until the past two years have never owned another dog.

Our last dog was the result of a request from Russel who thought he would rather have a dog than a bicycle for a Christmas present. But I guess now he wishes he had chosen differently.

Dogs are all right, I respect them sometimes more than I respect their owners. But in a little town such as this I see very little use for one. A good dog is as good a friend

as a man can have. But my dog, though he looks good to me, may be a menace to my neighbor. Were I by myself I would not me a good dog. But with neighbors less than a stone's throw away, I guess I better let dogs alone. There are enough other things I can find to quarrel with my neighbors about without keeping a dog around.

Many of my farming adventures have gone completely from my mind. I tried sheep at one time, but the docile things got sick, and if I made any money on them it did not half pay for the trouble and worry they caused. What with an ugly buck that chased some folks through the fence too fast so that they tore their clothes, and with ewes that would not own their offspring, they did not prove very satisfactory to us.

Pigs proved much more profitable. I went to Pierson and purchased a trio of pure bred Poland Chinas that became noted throughout that section for their attractive forms. (Makes me think of what one would say of a motion picture heroine!) While I never sold many of the pure breeds, I raised some grades that I sold at very attractive figures. They cost little to raise, fattened on the skim milk that I had as a by-product from the butter-making. We raised corn, and also a mixed crop of Canada peas and oats, much as here oats and vetch are grown, only I threshed them for grain while here hay is made from the oats and vetch.

The Grand Traverse Dairy Association was formed during my stay on the farm and I attended their meetings. There I got hold of something of the science of judging cows for production so that now I can tell with reasonable assurance whether a heifer will prove a good investment for a cow or not.

Before coming to Oregon I was stationed for a time in Washington on an Indian Reserve and had need of a cow to produce milk for one of the family. Someone brought word of a herd that was going to be sent from Okanogan county to Yakima as the owner could not feed on the reserve, he had no feed there and it would cost too much to import it. So Lucian Gray, another employee, and I started out one morning to look at this herd and buy each of us a cow if they looked good. We arrived at the ranch late in the afternoon and inquired the price of the cows. They ranged from twenty dollars to fifty dollars. Lucian gave me first choice and I picked out the twenty dollar cow and he took one costing thirty-five dollars. They were duly delivered and when my cow came fresh the next summer we sold \$120 of dairy products from her in two months, an average of sixty dollars a month. The training I got at the meetings of the Grand Traverse Dairy association paid dividends in that case, at any rate.

My letterhead that I had printed was a crude affair. Pine Grove Stock farm, Polled Durham cattle, Barred Rock chickens, Poland China pigs, first class butter, and eggs for setting, is about the wording I had put on them. My uncle Mark, living in Missouri, got a big kick out of the wording, inquired of me, by letter, how I managed to get

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament and Estate of Melissa J. Jackson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Miles C. Purdin and Daniel Ellis Purdin, have been by the county court of the state of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed joint executors of the last will and testament of Melissa J. Jackson, deceased, and have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to us, with proper vouchers, at the law office of M. B. Bump, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Dated and first published, May 17, 1935.

Last publication, June 14, 1935.
Daniel Ellis Purdin & Miles C. Purdin, Joint executors of the last will and testament of Melissa J. Jackson, deceased.

M. B. Bump, residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon, attorney for said Estate and Executors.
adv c24-28

County News

Memorial Day will be observed at Hillsboro.

The Hillsboro Rotary club has elected C. T. Richardson president.

Glenn Linn has been elected president of the Tigard Lions' club.

The strike has practically tied up all logging operations in this section.

Tigard high school will celebrate May day Friday at the school grounds.

James Allison has been elected president of the Chehalis Mountain potato club.

Ads in the classified sections of the county papers recite that berry pickers are wanted.

The Laurel rural mail routes are to be discontinued and the territory served from Hillsboro.

The Banks Union high school had 27 graduates this year. School closed there this week on Thursday.

Six young people from Kinton were heard over KFJR last Tuesday in the Journal Juniors program.

The Gibbs dramatic club enjoyed a picnic lunch at the Mountain Home Community hall Friday, May 17th.

Albert Streiff has been elected delegate to the state Farmers' Union convention by the Cedar Mills Union.

Meetings of the economics committee of the Leedy Grange of Cedar Mill have been suspended until fall.

The Banks grade school will close Friday with a picnic for each of the grades. The graduating exercises will be held in the evening.

The annual meeting of the Washington County Public Health Association will be held Monday evening at the M. E. Church at Hillsboro.

E. C. Richardson of the Tualatin hatchery has a contract with

butter from my Poland Chinas. I never answered his letter.

Some way, I was always selling my best-looking stock. I could buy heifers at about \$25.00 each and break them in to milk, get thirty five dollars for them when they came fresh. That looked like a good profit as they gave milk more than enough to pay their keep.

a Washington firm to hatch Rhode Island Red and White leghorn chicks every week until fall.

Because of lack of funds, road maintenance work in this county has been temporarily suspended, according to a statement made by J. W. Barney, county engineer.

The Leisville school closed on Wednesday with appropriate exercises by the graduating class, Dorothy Kennedy, Margaret Aldeed, Cyrus Lorenz and Russel O'Rear.

Sappington and Van Dorn were sentenced to six months in the county jail when they pleaded guilty to larceny. Stitt was placed on parole. They were arrested last month.

Plans for the "Happy Days" celebration to be held at the county seat July 1, 2, 3, 4, are getting under way. "Goddess of Liberty" contest will be in charge of the Business and Professional Women's club of Hillsboro.

Plans for the Washington county fair are getting under way. The dates set are August 29, 30 and 31. The Granges and the Farm Unions of the county will be arrayed against each other in a competitive program which promises to be very interesting. Big increases in 4-H and general exhibits are expected.

The Washington county planning committee, W. G. Ide, chairman, R. I. Mills, Sec., W. F. Cyrus, Donald T. Templeton, Elmer Johnson, H. D. Kerkman, Jas. Lewis, Oscar Haag of Reedville, H. R. Smith of Sherwood, Jay Gibson of Beaverton, Walter Uphaw of Tigard and Vernon Burlingham of Forest Grove will urge the Tualatin River flood control as a part of the Willamette valley development. The committee were named at the Hillsboro meeting last Friday evening.

Three baseball leagues are operating in Washington county, the Tualatin Valley league, the Washington County league and the Sunset league. Sherwood, Gaston, Hillsboro and Aloha have teams entered in two of the three leagues. Last Sunday's results in the Tualatin Valley league, were Verboort 4, Amity 3; Vernonia 8, Newberg 3; Forest Grove 9, Sherwood 4; Carlton 21, Hillsboro 8. In the Sunset league: Willamette 7, Cornelius 0; Laurel 15, Orengo 6; Tualatin 23, Sherwood 3; Gaston 8, Hillsboro 7.

James Miller and Eugene Hansen accompanied a party of Sea Scouts on a week-end cruise to Tacoma, Wash., with the S.S.S. Viking crew of Portland.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Stop Tonight In Comfort
BEAVERTON HOTEL
REASONABLE RATES
Corner Front and Washington

List Your Property With us NOW!
BEAVERTON FINANCE COMPANY

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
Grange Building - - - - - Beaverton

Alt Heidelberg Beer On Draught
Try us for Chicken Dinners and Barbecue Sandwiches
FREE DANCING
OLD HEIDELBERG PARK

SEE DOY GRAY
For Insurance of All Kinds
He Also Sells and Rents Real Estate
Phone 1003 Notary Public

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. Van METER, Prop.

Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—

OPTOMETRY
Glasses, Fitted or Repaired
Our Specialty
DR. A. E. WILSON
Beaverton - - - - - Oregon

BEER ON DRAUGHT
5¢ and 10¢ Glasses
Express Office—Stage Depot
Western Union Phone 10605
GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP
Road Building Beaverton, Oregon

Goodrich Tires Battery Service
Accessories Greasing
FORD SALES & SERVICE
BOB JOHNSTON
Auto Truck, and Tractor Repairing
General Petroleum Phone 0103
Products Beaverton, Ore

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger