

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of June 5, 1925

A business meeting of the Hi-Kers Club held in Mr. Cochran's rooms was followed by a "Flapjack Carnival", at which each member had to fry his flapjack, flop it, and eat it. They all managed the "flopping" after much preparation and extraordinary contortions.

Ground was broken Friday for the office building immediately east of the building, then known as the Haukenbeck building, occupied by the local bakery. A. M. Hocken, who did much of the building about Beaverton at that time, was in charge of the construction.

Among the things accomplished as a result of Chamber of Commerce activities were the gathering up of rubbish and old cans, the cleaning and sweeping of the streets and the display of flags arranged for Decoration Day.

The Portland Hunt Club installed a polo grounds at Garden Home. The first practice game was pronounced full of thrills by those who watched it.

Among the stars featured in the still silent pictures appearing at the Beaver Theatre were Billie Dove, Reginald Denney, Lon Chaney, and Patsy Ruth Miller.

Donations to the new library were coming in each week. A shipment of 200 books was being sent it by the State Library for temporary use.

Six thousand dollars was being appropriated by the Highway Commission to repair the Terwilliger Highway.

DAD'S STORY

Little time has passed since I wrote that I would tell you more of the lawsuit, but the fact is that I have forgotten what I had in mind. Perhaps it is well, for I was considerably worked up about the matter.

However, we never asked Sefton to hand the paper back to us. He insisted on getting "out of it" as he expressed it. Well, there was nothing we could do about it, only take over the management again. So we did on the 29th of December, 1933. There must have been owing the Review about that time some eighty to a hundred dollars for advertising, job work, etc. There were outstanding bills against the paper to a somewhat similar amount. I expected to take the money owing the business and settle the accounts against the paper. Mr. Sefton had other ideas. He immediately started out collecting the bills which were owing the paper, notwithstanding he had signed over to me, lock, stock and barrel, the whole affairs of the plant. Then he came in and insisted that I pay the bills the Review owed. I failed utterly to get his point of view. If the money coming in was his, the bills were his. According to my way of thinking, the fellow who collects the money should pay the bills. But not so with him. He collected the money, then sued me because I failed to pay the bills he had contracted.

Some of the bills were for stuff that still was in the shop. He went to Hillsboro and started suit charging me with conversion of his property. Much of the new stuff he had put into the shop was of no use to me. Some of it I could use. But he had sold my biggest motor, one that I needed right along, had taken out some eight hundred pounds of stereotype metal which he admitted he sold for 2c a pound and had utterly destroyed my "morgue", the material I had used one or more times, and was keeping in case it should be needed again. This included pictures of people, etc., and other material, things that have uncertain value but which are kept about a newspaper shop indefinitely.

Well, the whole affair has raised my estimation of myself as an editor. Sefton had years of experience, I with little in this particular line when I came to this place. He failed inside of three months. I have kept at it now some thirteen years, with short (nightly short) vacations. He lost much of the business I had built up through the years, I have some of it back, not yet entirely but it is gradually building back to where it was in 1933. But lest you see the tear in my hat band, I think I'll just forget about the whole matter.

Back in the time when I was a lad, we used to go to dances. "Dance all night 'til broad day light and go home with the girls

The SNAPSHOT GUILD DON'T BE EMBARRASSED



Don't let crowds interfere with your picture taking for there are too many picture possibilities to overlook.

EVERY day we learn more about amateur photographers and, surprising as it may seem, find that many feel somewhat embarrassed taking pictures in view of the public eye. They shrink from the attention they erroneously believe they attract. To feel that way is really absurd.

That type of self-consciousness will be the cause of your missing many interesting pictures. You can rest assured there is no thought of ridicule on the part of those who may be apparently watching you snap a picture. Nine chances out of ten the spectator is envious and wishes he owned a camera or had one with him.

There are times, however, when you may want to conceal your camera—and your actions—as much as possible; not because of embarrassment but for the sake of an unusual, human interest picture.

Everywhere you go in a city, whether it is on the aristocratic parkways where millionaires' babies are perambulated by French nursemaids, or in the gloomy slums where some immigrant mother hangs out the family wash while ragged little urchins play perilously on fire escapes, you can find dramatic, story-telling pictures. As you walk through the streets and parks there are countless opportunities for snapshots that are really unusual, and such pictures breathe new life into your snapshot album.

When you come upon a good picture possibility in the form of a person or persons in action, that is the

time you want to conceal your camera and intentions as much as possible, for to get the best results, your subject should not be conscious of your presence. On approaching such subjects, it is best to set your focusing scale at a distance from which you believe you will get the best results. Judge your light and properly set the diaphragm and shutter speed. When you are "all set," approach your prey quite nonchalantly and when you reach the proper distance to take the picture you are after, shoot without further delay and your unsuspecting victim will have unknowingly furnished you with good snapshot material.

This kind of amateur photography can be employed in so many places. This is especially true in the summer, for if there is any place to get informal, candid camera pictures, it is on picnics, at your local swimming pool, or the favorite old swimmin' hole, at the seashore or summer resort.

And, speaking of summer resorts, when you noticed the number of nationally known people—stage and screen stars, members of socially prominent families, and even great business leaders—who are pictured in newspapers and magazines with their cameras in action. It has really become the smart thing to own and use a camera.

So safly forth with your camera with all the abandon of a sailor strolling with one of his many sweethearts and get the kind of pictures your friends will talk about and praise.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

in the morning." Lately I've been to a few and the difference is so striking that I am constrained to mention it.

Of course, the steps are different. Time was, a few years ago, two or three years ago, that anything not right up to the split second was frowned on, scoffed at as something "laughed at when a baby" or referred to as "naving fallen out of my crib when hearing grandmother relate that." But gradually the old steps are getting back. Last evening I listened to the strains of "A Hot Time in the Old Town" and methinks that "Kingdom's Coming", "Golden Slippers", or "Little Annie Rooney" might tickle the toes of the present generation just as they did in years gone past.

BUT—and it is quite a big one. The girl I took to the dance expected me to dance with her the first dance, the first dance after supper, if there was a supper, and the last dance before leaving for home. Those, and they were all, she asked or expected. She went for a good time. If she wanted to have my arm about her all evening, we did not go to a dance to do that. The family parlor was much more accessible, cheaper, less effort, and all-in-all preferable where one enjoyed only one other person's company.

How different now! Girls dance with the fellow they come with all the time. The married man dances with his wife, if she is at the dance, and hardly ever with another man's wife and it seems as though never with the girl sitting along the wall waiting for some one to ask her to dance. Often there were better lady partners to my way of thinking than the girl I took to the old time dance. Sometimes the girl I took was the best dancer there. But that made

no difference—until I had danced with each and every girl in the room I need not ask my girl friend to dance with me unless she, having been more active than I, had danced with every one of the men present.

Now, don't get the idea that I'm finding fault, nor that I am doing any different than those around me for I hardly remember dancing with a woman other than my wife since coming to live among you. But that does not alter the fact that probably I am not being as courteous to some deserving lady who would like the opportunity to trip the light fantastic as I should be. Perhaps some young girl is there for the first time and would like to straighten up and step a little. But blindly following the custom I neglect my so great opportunity to gladden one path, to throw a ray of sunshine where only shadows dwelt before. Perhaps some bitter thought enters a head where none but innocent and pure concepts dwell before, because I have not been as gallant as is possible. Some innocent lass may become imbued with the idea that if she were a little more lipstick, or her cheeks were a little redder, or that had she the exhilaration of a sip of beer or wine she too might attract the graceful beau to seek her out and dance with her. Quien sabe? as the Spaniards say.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McBreen entertained the officers of Beaver Chapter No. 106 O.E.S. at their home, Friday evening. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ferrey. The evening was spent in playing "Court Whist". The ladies prize went to Mrs. Raymond Lucy and men's prize to J. F. Felsner. Refreshments of strawberry shortcake and coffee were served.

Hints for Homemakers By Jane Rogers



PRESSED WOOD, especially the tempered grade, has almost unlimited uses in home improvement and decoration. A friend recently called to my attention two uses that may be of interest to others. She used it effectively to replace the bottom of a piano bench that had fallen out long ago; and now the music is no longer scattered in window sills and on chairs. She also used it to cover the unsightly top of a general utility table. Made entirely of wood and being warp-proof and insect-resistant, pressed wood is sturdy; it yields easily to the saw and does not chip or crack under pressure of nails or screws.

Big Question Settled

"Sing Number 84!"—a voice from among the men.

It was on a recent night here at the Mission. The first part of the service over, the speaker of the evening was getting to his feet to address them and this broke in.

Number 84—"When the Roll is Called Up Yonder", and we asked from the platform, "Does this mean that you have settled the big question?"

"That's what it means," came the answer.

We knew the man; fresh from the dust-storms of Kansas. Let him say it—"Wife and I were the head of the society crowd in the little town. They could not have a dance or card party except we led off. Then came the depression, and she left me with the two little ones. I put them with my people and came on here looking for work."

He had been in for the meetings or several nights; had been personally dealt with and had put off the decision but agreed to read the Gospel of John given to him. All day he hustles. We use the word HUSTLE, for he goes after any and every job and goes hard. "I have two children and must have money to send them," he explained.

And so we sum it up—Country town leader; depression; family break-up; Westward-Ho; big city; bread-line; Gospel services; his decision urged; Gospel of John; and then salvation.

"Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God"—He puts men on the bread-line, and out of it, becomes their everlasting portion. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

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

Notice of Annual School Meeting NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the legal voters of School District No. 48 of Washington County, State of Oregon, that the ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING of said District will be held at Beaverton; to begin at the hour of 8:00 o'clock P. M. on the third Monday of June, being the 17th day of June, A. D. 1935.

This meeting is called for the purpose of electing ONE DIRECTOR and CLERK and the transaction of business usual at such meetings.

In districts of the second and third classes the ballots shall not be counted until one hour after the time set for the meeting to begin. Until the count begins, any legal voters of the district shall be entitled to vote upon any business before the meeting.

Dated this 27th day of May, 1935. Attest: Althea Haukenbeck, District Clerk; C. E. Mason, Chairman Board of Directors. adv26-27

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

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament and Estate of Nettie Hoffman, Deceased

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Nettie Hoffman, deceased, has filed her final account and report as such executrix in the County Court of the state of Oregon for Washington county, and that said final account and report has been set for final hearing and settlement before said court at the county court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, on Monday June 11, 1935, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day.

Dated and first published May 11, 1935.

Last publication, June 14, 1935. Emma Pitman, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament and Estate of Nettie Hoffman, deceased. M. B. Bump, residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for said executrix. adv c24-28

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF SALE OF PROPERTY In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County In the Matter of the Estate of Winfield Scott Sparks, deceased By virtue of an order and decree of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, made and entered of record June 5, 1935, authorizing and directing the undersigned ad-

WONDERFUL DINNER 40c GAMBRINUS BEER Every Day, Including Sundays HIGHLAND TAVERN RESTAURANT 815 S. W. Broadway, opp. Journal -Open 24 Hours a Day-

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BEER ON DRAUGHT 5c and 10c Glasses Express Office—Stage Depot Western Union Phone 19005 GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP Ross Building Beaverton Oregon

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes