

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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TEN YEARS AGO

From the Beaverton Review of June 19, 1925

Three marriages of local interest took place during the week. Miss Gladys Haines, daughter of Mrs. Myrtle Haines, and Lawrence Tucker of Portland were married at the Haines home; Miss Orma Lemmon and Clifford Prink were married at the Aloha parsonage; and Miss Genevieve Mashburn of Beaverton and Arthur Peterson were married at Grand Mound, Washington.

J. J. Fleming Productions Co. were busy on a new motion picture, "Youth's Highway", featuring F. Schumann-Heink and Vic La Plante, at the local studio. Madame Schumann-Heink, the famous singer, visited at the studio during the week. Al Ferguson had left for California to film several pictures there.

Over the top! Eleven days before the date—June 30—for a thousand volumes, the new Beaverton library had a total of 1356 books: 200 belonging to the State Library, and 1156 of the local library's own. A new mark of 1200 was set for June 30 and 1500 by July 31.

A party of climbers from Beaverton were making arrangements to climb Mt. Hood Sunday, June 21, the longest day of the year. They were to leave Beaverton Saturday afternoon. L. A. Kennedy was in charge of the climb.

At the annual school meeting, F. W. Cady was elected director to succeed himself, with no opposition. Little enthusiasm was created. The clerk's report showed the schools in healthy financial condition.

Sunday was children's day at the Bethel Congregational Church in the evening a program was given by the children of the Sunday school.

DAD'S STORY

My brother-in-law, C. H. Barratt, had made quite a success of renting his acreage out on shares. He would furnish the seed and agricultural implements and receive half the crop for his share. I tried that method but never was able to get any returns for my investment. The renter would not get the crop in, he would not cultivate the crop, or something would come up that made him more of a liability than an asset.

I tried renting several times, but always got the short end of the deal. One time I rented the whole farm to one of the Dells. He had a team and seemed to be quite a conscientious chap, but he did not stay. While he was getting the spring's work done, the school board in the district where I lived was without a teacher. I was asked to take the job. I did. I think that was in the spring of 1904 but it might have been 1905 or possibly '06. The school was not large but the character of the students made it one of the most difficult jobs I ever undertook.

There were two girls, Maud Days and Maud Woodward, who had practically run the school. Miss Day's father was treasurer of the district and Miss Woodward's father was director. And what these two could not think of in the way of mischief is not worth mentioning. They would entice practically the whole student body out for a walk and not return until from half an hour to an hour after time for school to begin. They would plan the most atrocious plays and innocently explain that they were "just playing" when taken to account for their conduct.

About a month before school was to close two girls came down with small pox in school. Of course as soon as the health authorities heard, they came and closed the school. This happened about ten the next morning. There were wholesale vaccinations but no serious epidemic. But it released me from a job that I was anxious to get out of. The work of teaching was difficult there, and then my renter had deserted and gone to fields that promised greater returns. Well, I hired a man but he was not worth his salt. I have forgotten what wages I received, but whatever they were, they probably exceeded the value of my services to the school at that particular time.

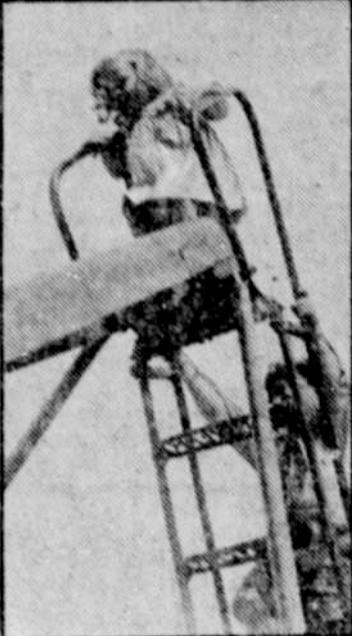
One hot day during the summer when Lila was about a year old, Celia went home with her mother for some occasion, I have forgotten just what it was. When they arrived, Lila was sick, and the Robertson family sent for Dr. Purdy at Buckley, a new physician who had come into that vicinity and set up a practice. He was

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

NEW ANGLES



It's the unusual that attracts attention



SOME people have the notion that only pictures worth taking are those of unusual things. They take a camera along when they travel but seldom use it at home, unless something special is happening. But, believe it or not, some of your greatest picture possibilities are around and near your home. "But," you may say, "I have already made good snaps of the house, the family, the pets, the garden, and the new car. What else is there to shoot?"

It's a safe wager that there are dozens of other picture possibilities, and all of them as interesting as the ones now in your album.

The secret of finding them is simply a matter of keeping your eyes open. Get the habit of looking at things—everything—as though you had never seen it before. It's quite amazing the way this habit will sharpen your interest—now dulled by sheer familiarity—in even the most commonplace things.

Not all of us are interested in photography as an art—and if you don't believe it is an art, visit one of the salons or study some of the pictures in the advertising appearing in the better magazines. Is there any reason why we should not strive for artistic snapshots? Back of every fine, prize-winning picture is some one who has kept his eyes open for the unusual.

Don't be afraid of doing things in unusual ways. It's really a spring tonic to take pictures of old things and scenes from a different viewpoint. "Candid" photography and taking pictures at unusual angles were discussed in a recent Snapshot Guild, but perhaps some of you missed it. The point made in that article was not to have people in stiff, unnatural poses when taking snapshots. Snap them when they are doing something, or at least apparently doing something. Instead of having them stand as stiff and straight as a totem pole. Study your various subjects for unusual angles from which you may snap your pictures for unusual effects.

At the present time, take it for granted that present-day cameras, films, and modern photo-flood and photo-flash lamps give you unlimited scope for unusual, fascinating snapshots. Today almost any picture is possible—and at any time.

You are progressing in your use of a camera when you reach that stage when your friends say, "Well, look at that picture! I've seen that spot every day for the last ten years and never dreamed it had the makings of a picture like that." Such praise will surely thrill you. Maybe you have heard those words already! If you have—congratulations!

JOHN VAN GULDER

green timber, August Lick handled the broad axe and I snaked them to the site of the building and set them framed and put together. I think I did that work myself but I hardly know. I did all the framing of the studding, the joists, the rafters and the collar beams.

I had to have help when it came to raising the studding and Celia helped me for the most part. I traded hay for shingles at Gibbs's mill, taking over a load of loose hay on the hay rack and bringing back with me what the load came in shingles. Some of the hay I sold out of the field but some of it came from the barn.

That house was a long time growing. From the sheathing I sorted out the better boards and hired Matt Geiger to make the window and door frames. I think it was \$1.25 per frame I paid him, and though he made little enough, I had a hard time finding money to pay him. Just think, taking rough lumber, planing it by hand, rabbeting out the jams, ripping out the parting stops and the blind stops, mortising out for the sash pulleys, and the accurate work of getting the things together, all for a dollar and a quarter. Well, Matt did not get rich but money was scarce in that neck of the woods and things were much different then from what they are now.

We moved into the new house the following spring. I had rented the farm again, this time to a brother-in-law, Chas. Lutz. Charley had needed a team and I signed a note with him. The note came due that fall and I had it to pay. But I did get my share of a crop. During the summer I worked on the house while living in it. When we moved in, there was a patch of shingles on one side of the roof, just a small patch, not enough so but that the rain drove in on us at times.

Getting the roof on. Getting it lathed and plastered, and a nice hard maple floor laid, getting the doors and windows set, and the chimney built took until late in the fall. We had three rooms plastered, the floor laid in the kitchen, the windows in, when one of those things happen which make one wonder.

Not having had any experience laying chimneys, nor mixing cement, I hired a fellow by the name of Henry Wilcox to lay the chimney. But as we were building it from the bottom of the cellar through the two floors to the ridge of the roof I thought to save some brick by making the bottom out of a solid block of cement. I had gotten cold evenings before I got the block poured. But about a week after pouring it I got Henry and we ran the chimney through the roof in just a short time.

He finished, that is he laid up the last of the bricks one forenoon and I took him home to Kingsley.

That summer our boy Lynn was born. He was a bright little chap and we thought a lot of him. Celia had done up the morning work, had scrubbed her nice new maple floor, had set the cream on the reservoir of the big cook stove we had. The cream was in a three gallon crock. The baby's cradle was right beside the stove; it being cool weather, the little chap slept with his feet to the stove. Having things about all done and thinking she would make a brief call on my sister, Laura, who at the time was living in the old log house, Celia picked up the little one, wrapped something about him and had just got out the door when she heard some strange sound and looking up saw the new chimney tottering. When she got back into the house the cream jar was full of bricks from the falling chimney, the cream was spilled all over the floor, the cradle broken into kindling, and brick and mortar lay in a heap all over the three rooms we had been getting ready to live in that winter.

She closed the door and went on her way. But Laura had heard the racket and came running. Charley, her husband, was gone at the time, as was I. When I got home and had viewed the wreckage I was so thankful that the baby had been spared that I took little account of the wreckage. When I got around to it I laid the chimney up out of the bricks that were salvaged, only having to buy a few to get it through the roof. But Celia even to this day laments the loss of her nice white maple floor for she "never did get that cream cleaned up so that the floor looked

like anything." That fall we moved to Traverse City, where I went to work for D. E. Wynkoop who was postmaster in Kingsley at one time, but when we moved to Traverse was manager of the Farmers' Supply Co., selling anything that farmers needed from windmills to pins and needles. My first sale was a Superior Grain drill sold to Christian Schuster. Then I sold and assembled a windmill, set it up and got it pumping water.

Erosion Given Attention Hepper—Morrow county farmers are becoming increasingly conscious of the desirability of controlling both wind and water erosion in the county, reports Joe Belanger, county agent. Most of the work that has been done along this line in the county so far has been for the controlling of water erosion, but, as was emphasized in a recent tour of the erosion district at Athena, basic control is the same for wind as for water erosion.

CALL FOR BIDS The Board of Directors of School District No. 48, Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, ask for bids on 150 cords of No. 1 and No. 2 fir wood, bids to be in hands of the clerk by July 1st, 1935. Wood to be delivered before opening date of school. Approved June 10, 1935: Dr. C. E. Mason, Chairman. Attest: A. Haulenbeck, District Clerk. adv c29-30

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-

ministrator of the estate of Winfield Scott Sparks, deceased, to sell at private sale the real estate belonging to said estate. Notice is hereby given that from and after the 6th day of July, 1935, I shall proceed to sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the following described property belonging to said estate:

Black sedan, table, davenport, dining room table, 4 chairs, 1 rocking chair, heating stove, 2 bed steads, kitchen range, 1 dresser and bedstead. Also: South one-half of lot 4, Block 27, Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon, as by the duly recorded plat thereof. Terms of sale, cash in hand. Dated at Forest Grove, Oregon, this 5th day of June, 1935. T. H. Littlehales, Administrator of Winfield Scott Sparks estate. D. D. Bump, Attorney for Estate, Forest Grove, Oregon. adv c27-28

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Geoff Hayes

