

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

When we finally moved to Travers City, my sister, Laura and her husband were already there. Living in a city of twelve thousand to fifteen thousand souls we found somewhat different from the farm life to which we were accustomed.

About the first sale I made was of a grain drill. I got it shipped out and set up and the boss called me in and told me he had sold a winomill to a farmer out near Monroe center, and I was to go out and set it up.

One of the help who came to assist with the raising had seen some one else put up a mill and he claimed that the wheel and vane should not be raised with the tower. Well, he talked with the farmer and got him scared so that he went to a phone and called up my boss to come out before I ruined his mill.

That winter there was not much doing in the farming implement business and for a month I never made a sale. So one day I was in the office of the Travers City Mfg. Co., and the manager, Wm. Brown, asked me if I knew anything about logging.

Well, after dickering around, Brown bought some more timber bordering on the forty he already had, and I started putting in a camp and a shingle mill. I got a fellow by the name of Price—Will Price—to run the shingle mill and I acted as sort of superintendent of the whole works.

Wages were coming up. I was paying many of the men more than I was getting per day. Then some of Brown's relatives got the idea that I was going to break Brown and he sent for me to come in to the office. I could not get away just at the moment, and after I finally started, I somewhat passed him on route to my camp.

The upshot of the matter was that I went to work for Price, the fellow who was running the shingle mill, as his engineer. Never had I run an engine much though while threshing I had often taken over the engine for a short time, say an hour or two or a half a day at a time, but never had taken complete charge. But the fireman he had was not keeping up steam, and I thought I could keep the thing going.

I've put in time at some rather difficult jobs but I never worked

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

ENLARGEMENTS



Enlargements make ideal gifts for friends and relations.

EVERYTHING considered, snapshot shooters are a lucky lot. As we have seen, they have the edge on ordinary mortals in the matter of really personal, meaningful birthday or other types of greeting cards.

In enlarging a picture you get not only a bigger, more realistic image, but the opportunity to select the best part of any negative for magnification. Suppose you have a good negative of the youngsters at play in the sandbox—a picture which their grandparents would be delighted to have, enlarged, as a gift.

Enlargement may be of almost any size. Any good negative, no matter how small, may be "blown up" to make a picture five or six times the size of the original. A sharp 2 1/2 x

3 1/2 inch film will easily give you a sparkling 8 x 10 inch enlargement.

A word about subjects for enlargements—particularly if they're to be used as gifts. Choose pictures that will mean something to the recipients. A shot of Fido trying to climb a tree after Cleo, the cat, will be very appreciated by big brother or sister away at College, but it won't mean very much to Aunt Cynthia who doesn't care for either dogs or cats.

Some of the best enlargements we've seen have been landscapes—or seascapes. Mountains usually make good pictures.

A friend of ours makes a practice of getting informal shots of his friends which are enlarged and delivered to the various cronies as gifts. All of which simplified his gift problem.

With the coming of summer you will be getting many pictures that will make beautiful enlargements such as a picture of grandmother in the flower garden, or sister standing in front of a tree filled with beautiful spring blossoms.

Opportunities for beautiful pictures are countless at this time of year, so go forth with your camera and get them.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

any harder in my life than I did to keep steam up on that old rattle trap. The engine was way bigger and had much more capacity than the boiler. The engine we had was an eighty horse and the boiler only about forty or fifty horse. For one boiler, it was rather big but not all big enough to make steam for that engine. But I cut the engine stroke down, re-set the valves in the steam chest, and did the best I could.

I stayed with that job until all the shingles were cut out. Then Brown wanted me to dismantle the mill and take it out for him, but just about that time we had a diphtheria epidemic which ran through the family. It was this way.

The Lowery family lived next door to us in Travers City, and one of their children had a sore throat. They did not call the doctor, but did swab the child's throat out with a cloth tied to the end of a stick. Gladys got hold of one of the sticks and brought it home with her. As soon as it was discovered Celia put it in the stove, but in due course, Gladys came down with a sore throat, and we sent for Dr. Martin. He pronounced it diphtheria and recommended that all of us be inoculated with antitoxin.

Up to that time, it must have been in 1908, we were much frightened by that treatment, and though we did consent to Gladys taking it, the remainder of the family, being healthy and showing no signs of

becoming victims, did not submit to taking antitoxin though we did have to submit to a rigid quarantine. Gladys did not have a bad attack and in due time the health authorities, in the person of Dr. Holliday, fumigated the house, and we left for a short visit with relatives at Kingsley and in Grant township.

The evening we returned the weather was damp, rained all the way home, and we went to bed in the spare bed, the only one which had not been thoroughly torn up and the bedding hung on a line in order to get rid of the germs. We had told Dr. Holliday that Gladys had not been on that bed and that it would be all right not to tear it to pieces.

In due time the remainder of the family came down with the dread disease. Then we remembered that when Gladys was first taken sick she had lain on that bed for a few hours. We had totally forgotten the circumstance when we told Dr. Holliday that the bed had not been occupied by the sick girl.

Celia was perhaps least sick of the three of us, or it may have been only her nerve that kept her up. The Lowery family summoned the doctor, Dr. Martin, and though he did all he could do, it was only a few hours before he told us that Lynn's life could not be saved. Of course we were ready to take the antitoxin but for the little fifteen-month-old boy it was too late. He died in his mother's arms in the evening of the second day and I

health authorities took his body away while I lay in bed too sick to care what happened. I could not have gone with them had they permitted it. Had they told me that my time had come I think that it would have been a welcome message. But I recovered, as did Celia.

When spring came we dug up the little casket and took it to the Kingsley cemetery where Lynn's remains were laid to rest beside those of his sister who had passed away almost three years before.

Father was taken sick a short time after our recovery from diphtheria and we went to the home farm and did the work there, took care of the stock, and got up the wood for the coming year. In the spring just before removing Lynn's remains we went back to Travers City, but living in that house brought back such sad memories that we soon rented another house and have never lived in the little house on Lincoln street since, though we owned it for a number of years.

That summer I worked first for the Beitner Butter Dish Co., and then for the Oval Wood Dish Co. While working for the latter company I had an experience that I shall never forget. In fact several things happened along about that time which are still quite clear. But this one had to do with my work.

Logs came to the factory on trains, much as they do in the West. There was a lake that was used as a mill pond, quite a large lake, more than a mile long and perhaps half a mile wide. The banking ground was some distance from the factory and for a number of weeks I worked with the crew who were at the railway. We would roll the logs into the lake, make a boom around them and in the evening the tug would tow them to a point near the mill where they would be run inside of permanent booms and fed up to the endless chain that carried them up to the saws.

Soon after going there I was set to work feeding the chain that went into the mill. Not a difficult job but one that required constant attention. One could lake out on the logs forming the permanent booms, get hold of one of the logs to be sent up into the mill with a sort of a pike pole equipped with both a spike and a hook. One can easily tow the biggest log where one has good footing and the boom logs were in good shape.

I had been working there some weeks when I got hold of a log that I could just reach from one corner of the boom. My hook seemed firmly fastened and I started to pull. The hook let loose and just as I stepped back to regain my balance something caught my heel. I sat down in that water with all four limbs sticking up into the air. They told me I looked like a big bull frog leaping backwards. Laugh, say, I never heard the last of that and even to this day when one of the men sees me he fairly bursts.

I'll never forget the sensation when the seat of my pants hit the bottom of that pond. I could not swim. And I always close my eyes when my head goes under water.

Of course I knew I'd come to the surface. I kept thrashing with my arms and after ages my hand came in contact with one of the boom logs. I crawled out and the boss told me I'd better go home and get some dry clothes, but I stuck it out until six o'clock, quitting time.

SEVERAL OF BIBLE CLASS HAVE PICNIC

A group of the young people of the Saturday evening Bible class enjoyed a swim at Roamer's Rest, Saturday afternoon, and in the evening met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McMinn for their regular study. Bob Denney was the leader for the evening. Willard Aldrich, who has the class for the summer, gave a historical talk on Galatians.

The young people will have a picnic and evening campfire service at Louie's park on the Tualatin, Saturday, July 6.

TEN YEARS AGO

From the Beaverton Review of July 3, 1925
Washington county was represented at the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Camp Lewis by: Cecil D. Emmons, of Beaverton; Lester E. Smith, Cornelius; John F. G. Hicks Jr. and John M. Schwendeman, Forest Grove; Thomas G. Norton and Roy T. Thwaite, Hillsboro; Durward D. Finley, Herbert W. Schmidt, and Wallace A. Schmidt, Sherwood. They were to remain at the camp during the month of July.

Telegrams were received in Beaverton from Mr. and Mrs. Doy Gray, stating that they had experienced the earthquake during their stay in Bozeman, Montana. They were all right, and were anxious to get out of the earthquake zone. Although the quake had shaken them up somewhat, neither of them received any injury.

The first firecracker accident of the year occurred a week before July 4th when Walter Shearer, the eight-year-old son of Chester Shearer, was burned by a firecracker exploding in his face. He had been examining it to discover why it had not gone off before.

In an effort to rid the county of Canada Thistle, the County court declared Washington county a weed control district, and asked all property owners to destroy all such thistles, and prevent their seeding and spreading.

The grange hall, an old landmark at Tigard, was being torn down to make room for a new hall to be built immediately.

A contract was let by the city for the improving of several streets in town. Work began the first of the week.

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:

Ensox sedan, table, davenport, dining room table, 4 chairs, 1 rocking chair, heating stove, 2 bedsteads, 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 c27-35



Rev. I. N. Demy says: I have found nothing in the past 20 years that can take the place of Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills. They are a sure relief for my headache.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes