

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

DAD'S STORY

When I first went to Ferris's in the fall, there was a call from Millersburg for a teacher. The original contractor to teach the school for the year had eloped with one of his students and they wanted a substitute quick. Masselink sent me up there and I took the fellow's place for a couple of weeks, but the board wanted a man who could teach geometry. I never had studied that branch of mathematics; in fact I never had much of any math except arithmetic, so I did not attempt teaching the stuff.

By that time it had gotten along towards Thanksgiving and I went home and spent the holidays with the family. There was, I suppose, the usual Hulett gathering at Christmas, as had been the custom for a number of years, so long that I have forgotten when or where or how it began. The smaller units of the clan gathered at Thanksgiving but at Christmas there usually was a hundred or more together. I suppose there was the same gathering that year, though Irene had moved down near Grand Rapids.

It was after the holidays that I returned to school, this time taking the wife and Gladys along. We lived in one big room in one of the down town brick blocks. The building was heated, the room sixteen by twenty four feet was curtained off into four sections. I suppose gas must have been supplied though I've forgotten that part.

As I recall, it cost the three of us \$1.80 per week for food. The room cost us four dollars a month which would bring the living costs up to about \$2.75 a week. Not much. We did not eat much steak, though we had it once or twice a week. Mrs. H. did the cooking and went to school, getting there at eight o'clock. I set out at a little after seven and was continually in class until after six in the evening. I studied eleven branches, none of them what you might call light.

After going to Millersburg, I had gone to the farm and had made arrangements to get out some logs that were on the west side of the back forty. That term, "back forty" in that section had grown into quite a familiar phrase. It might mean anywhere from a mile back or some one else's land, or it might mean just along your line. This timber had been left along the west line of the forty that we had purchased from D. Dake but had been lumbered off by Noud when he lumbered off the section that Byron had purchased. Noud was not in the habit of getting over lines. The Basket Factory, another manufacturing plant in Traverse City which turned out such baskets as are used for small quantities of grapes or peaches to be marketed in, owned the land on three sides of our back forty.

When Grandfather Hulett had homesteaded his place, the one we owned and had lived on until moving to Traverse City, he had 180 acres. When he sold off the east eighty to George he sold off 4/9's of the original tract. That lacked somewhat of the half of the quarter section. One day, while hunting partridges back there it dawned on me that Noud had taken it for granted that the corner established for George was the corner of the forty he was lumbering, and thus, he ran a line south from that stake and thus left considerable of a strip along the west line which he had not cut off. There would be two acres of timber which was left on my land and which his timber deed had run out on. When one bought timber stumpage in that country at that time, he had a certain specified time to remove the same. Failing to remove the timber, it reverts back to the owner of the land.

Now, I probably knew that there was more timber back there that Noud could have claimed had he chosen to do so but it was not my affair to tell him about it. Anyway, he man dealt in big tracts and did not take the timber while he was operating there, there was little to indicate that he would come back after several years and set up camp for the two acres or so that he had failed to remove. Anyway, his claim to the timber expired that fall and I spent some of the time between coming back from Millersburg and going back to Big Rapids in cutting and skidding up some of the logs on that strip. I intended to see to the marketing of the logs by coming up week ends to look after affairs.

My uncle, George, who had purchased the eighty across the road that we had first bought to build on had got sort of a complex that

ILLUMINATED HOUSE NUMBERS ATTRACTIVE AND HELPFUL



The illuminated house number and entrance lights lend an air of hospitality to the home, and make it easy for callers to find the address.

By Jean Prentice

HAVE you ever started out on an evening for the home of friends, then upon arriving at their street, had difficulty in finding their house number?

I have, and it's such a nuisance. No reason for it, really, when attractive illuminated house numbers and doorway lights are so easy to install. The charm of a carefully planned home is first revealed in its entrance. And if it is cheery and inviting, we instantly feel that we are welcome.

Porch-brackets and doorway lanterns, which are so much in favor in the better districts, should be selected with an eye to the architectural design of the house. There are, on the market, styles for all the principal architectural designs, that harmonize with the house exteriors. To be practical, they must have open bottoms, so that the steps and porch will be lighted.

An illuminated house number is a convenience that should be part of every hospitable home. This feature may be incorporated into the porch lighting unit itself, or a separate illuminated number may be used, operated by a small bulb. Otherwise, the number should be so placed that it is illuminated by the entrance light. Side and rear porches each call for their individual lights. A single fixture on the door-opening side is suggested.

involved me in some manner. Then his wife had done some things which she owned up to on her death bed which tended to make him sore at me. Besides that, there was the chance to curry favor with a big company by bearing tales so he reported that I was cutting timber over my line on their land. Judge my surprise when handed a summons as I boarded a train that was to bear me back one Saturday evening to Big Rapids.

I went to Fred Pratt, who up to that time had always acted as my attorney when I required the services of one but he informed me that he had been retained by the Basket Factory. Well, there that big company had hired my lawyer away from me. Next week I came back to Traverse City and interviewed the superintendent of the factory, a great big, fat Dutchman. He was fully persuaded that I was taking their timber and so no use to talk to him. I offered to pay half of the price of a survey. Nothing doing. I had cut some of their timber, and he was going to make me smart for it. In that state a timber thief caught in the act is just out of luck. Ten times the value of the stumpage and a lien on any property you own is the price the culprit has to face.

Then I went to Parm C. Gilbert's office. Gilbert was a young lawyer, raised in that section and well thought of. In 1933 when I was there he was Circuit judge. Gilbert asked me repeatedly whether I was positive that I had not got over the line. I was. He then shoved some papers under my nose and told me to sign on the dotted lines. I did. The papers represented practically signing away every dollar I owned. There was an order for the money for logs already marketed, an option with an acknowledgment, or practically the whole price of the real estate as paid, and it sewed my affairs up so that Parm C. Gilbert became owner and manager of my whole estate. But what was I to do? I was young. Suspected of a crime. When he had finished and everything set to his satisfaction he bade me go back to school and forget about the matter. Easy to say but my capital was tied up in those logs. But I went back, borrowed money where I could get it and made preparation to stay out the term.

Those eleven subjects began to take their toll. The events related above happened in the course of the early winter. By the first of March I began to have lally recurring headaches. Each day they got a little harder and a little harder. They began about ten or eleven in the forenoon and would persist until seven to nine in the evening. Then they would leave and my head would clear up. Finally I went to a doctor, Dr. Lynch, a nice, young chap. He inquired a little into what I was doing and

told me to stop worrying. Easy enough to say, but not so easy to do. After a couple of weeks I began to miss classes, at that school an unforgivable sin, but Mrs. H. made it all right with the Old Man and he allowed me to remain in what classes I could attend. I should like to give you a word picture of the agony of those successive attacks of head aches, but words fail. I've had blood poison, rheumatism, neuralgia, my face swollen so that one eye was shut and the other almost, typhoid fever, diphtheria, ptomaine, I guess all the ills the flesh is heir to, but no pain ever compared in intensity with those headaches. I wanted Dr. Lynch to give me something to stop the pain; he would not for that would not relieve the cause of the suffering.

One evening the Mrs. got Masselink out of faculty meeting and told him she was taking me home. She wired to Kingsley to Father, who about that time had installed a telephone and he met us at the depot that night towards midnight. He took us down to Dr. Fenton's office, got the doctor out and told him our symptoms. Dr. Fenton was much put out. He could not understand how any physician could let a body suffer so much pain when the suffering could be avoided by the use of a sedative. He prescribed morphine when the pain started and quinine at hour intervals until I could not take any more. He told me I would know

by how my ear drums felt whether to take any more or not. I found that I could tell, all right. That law suit was not settled for more than a year. Finally, Zachf, the Basket Factory superintendent, finding that he could not bluff us, hired a surveyor and found out that the line was about where I claimed it was. He paid me for the logs he held up in the woods and quite a sum damages. The case never came to trial, although I went to Traverse City from near Detroit to be at the trial. Pratt and Gilbert got together and agreed to certain stipulations and we settled out of court. I got a hundred dollars out of the affair after paying Gilbert's fee, which seemed rather exorbitant to me at the time, but there was nothing else to do. He had title to about everything I had so I never batted an eye. But I thought I'd do different next time.

I think I stayed home about a month recuperating from that breakdown. Then I went back to Big Rapids but Celia stayed at home and worked for her younger sister who was to be confined that summer. When the regular term was up I came there and worked on the road for a time and in the hay field and harvest field wherever I could get a job.

I travelled around looking for a school a great deal. Then I got hold of a directory of the schools of the state and wrote letters to all the directors where I thought I could qualify. I got two replies, one from a school where I would have to teach geometry, and the other from Wixom. The school where I would have had to teach geometry wrote to Masselink about my qualifications and he sent out a hurry up call for me to report back to school to qualify at geometry. But that blooming subject had gotten me out of Millersburg so I wrote them I would rather be excused and contracted to teach at Wixom.

We went into E. O. Ladd's cherry orchard after the road job played out and picked cherries there for five weeks. I do not remember what we made but it was enough to pay our fare and the freight on all our goods to Wixom, a little berg about forty miles from Detroit. Nice, sleepy farmer town, with two characters living there. One, Ed Moore, a nationally known sheep breeder and the other, Berto Holden, brother to "Corn King Holden", the celebrated corn advocate of Ames, Iowa.

When we got to Wixom we found that practically all our furniture had been broken, big barrels of canned fruit were leaking, our dresser and stove were broken into what looked more like kindling wood than any resemblance of furniture. We had to buy all new stuff, or nearly all new, for I think I fixed up some of the pieces but the fruit, the stove, and lots of the other articles were gone beyond repair.

LOCAL NEWS

Twenty of the young people of the Church of Christ enjoyed a "wienie roast" at Last Park, Friday evening. Hiking, swimming, and games were the diversions of the evening.

Mrs. Ivy Martin and daughters Ruth and Eileen and Mrs. Henry Watts left Thursday to attend the Columbia River Nazarene Camp meeting from July 18 to the 28th at 107th Ave., and Helgate, S. E., in Portland.

The Missionary Society of the Nazarene Church held an all day meeting Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Anna Steere at Elmonica. The ladies, ten in number, sewed for their missionary projects in China and Africa. A business meeting was held in the afternoon. A pot-luck lunch was served at noon.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County. Emma Pitman, Plaintiff, vs. Kitty M. Ellis, Defendant. To Kitty M. Ellis, the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the expiration of four weeks next, from and after the date of first publication of this summons, the date of said first publication being on July 12, 1935, and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: That plaintiff have judgment against defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, and against the real property hereinafter described for the sum of \$1250.00, with interest thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs and disbursements of this suit, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein.

That the mortgage described in plaintiff's said complaint herein, and which was executed by defendant Kitty M. Ellis, to O. G. Bretz, and which mortgage is now owned by plaintiff since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs and disbursements of this suit, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein, are described as follows, to-wit: The Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) and West one-half (W 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) and the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section twenty-five (25) Township One (1) North of Range Five (5) West, Willamette Meridian.

That said mortgage be foreclosed, and said real property be sold as upon execution in the foreclosure of mortgages, and the proceeds of said sale be applied as follows, viz: First, to the payment of the lien and claim of this plaintiff under said note and mortgage, which amounts to \$1250.00, with interest thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs of this suit and of said sale, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein.

The balance, if any, to be disposed of as said Court may be advised and may direct; that the lien of said mortgage be deemed prior and superior to all claims, interests or equities of the defendant herein, and that such other and further decree be granted herein as may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of Hon. R. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated July 19, 1935.

Date of first publication, July 12, 1935.

Date of last publication, August 19, 1935.

M. H. Rump, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon, adv c32-36

The Oregonian Great Newspaper of the Northwest ARTHUR MULHOLLAND Auto Route and Agency Beaverton Oregon For information regarding service or subscription Phone Beaverton 7303 Residence and office: Corner, Second and Hall



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.

Sufferers from Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Backache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Muscular Pains, Periodic Pains, write that they have used Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills with better results than they had even hoped for.

Countless American housewives would no more think of keeping house without Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills than without flour or sugar. Keep a package in your medicine cabinet and save yourself needless suffering. At Drug Stores—25c and \$1.00

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

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

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

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

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

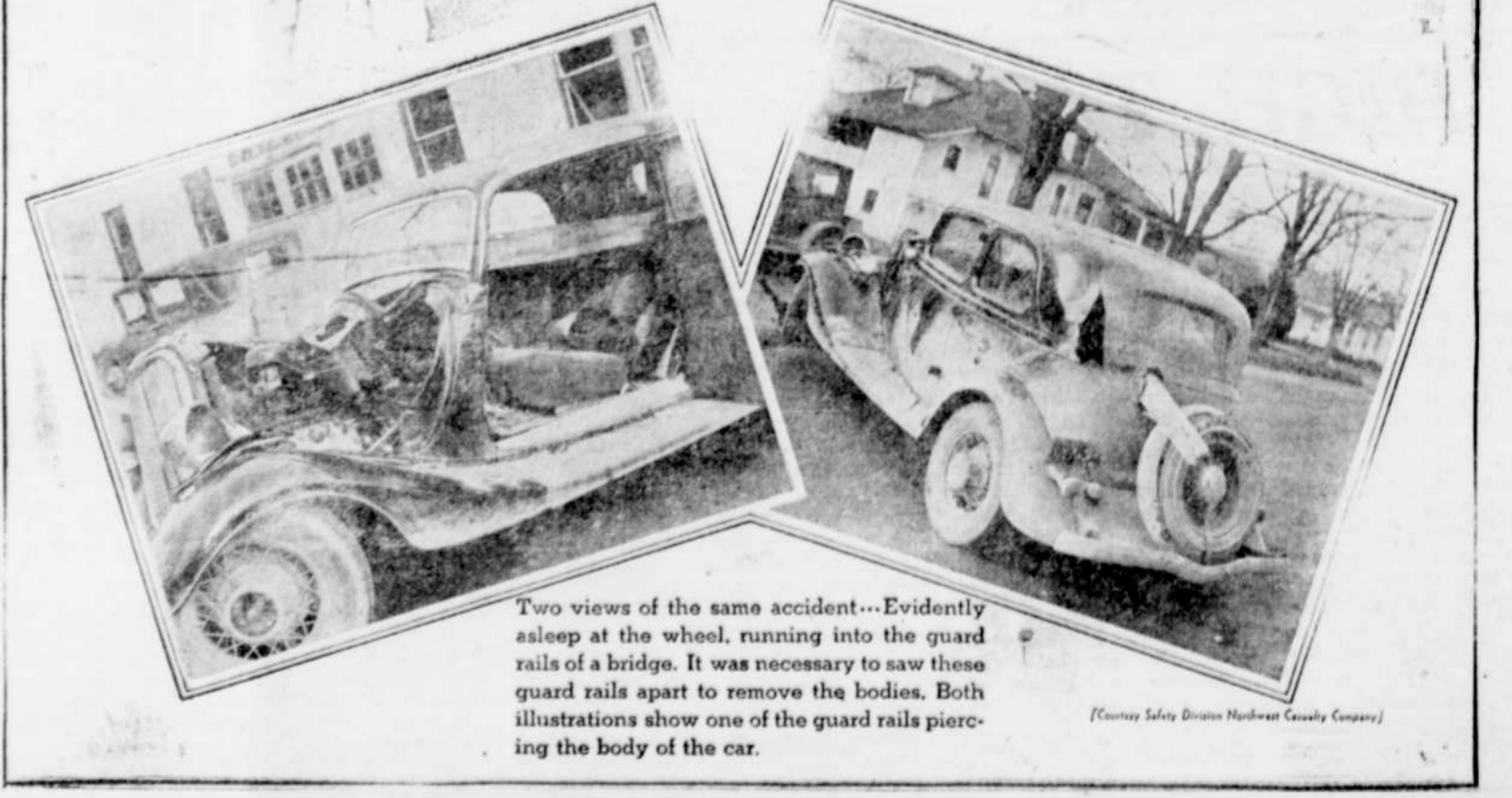
Alt Heidelberg Beer On Draught Try us for Chicken Dinners and Barbecue Sandwiches FREE DANCING OLD HEIDELBERG PARK

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

EUGENE BROOKINGS Attorney At Law Portland and Beaverton Redell Bldg. Phone AT 5671 Rossi Bldg. Phone 7403

Goodrich Tires Battery Service Accessories Greasing FORD SALES & SERVICE BOB JOHNSTON Auto Truck, and Tractor Repairing General Petroleum Phone 6103 Products Beaverton, Ore

A FAIR REQUEST...BE CAREFUL!



Two views of the same accident...Evidently asleep at the wheel, running into the guard rails of a bridge. It was necessary to saw these guard rails apart to remove the bodies. Both illustrations show one of the guard rails piercing the body of the car.

(Courtesy Safety Division Multnomah County Coroner)