

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

This evening the writing of anything that has to do with the past seems almost impossible. The future is what is looming big in mind. Someone has said that yesterday is gone, tomorrow is only a vision, today is all we have.

Taholah seems an eternity away. Frank Law seems to have almost been lost from memory. Hattie Waukenas and her cousin, the Garfield girl, have little form in memory.

She was some eighteen years of age, big and strong, weighed a hundred eighty, and haughty as they come. Emory Garber had told me tall tales of how the big pupils used to do about as they pleased in school, and the former teacher could do nothing with them.

I changed her seat. She did not like it. Then her cousin, the Garfield girl, asked to have the seat just behind Hattie. I let her have it. So Hattie got her spunk up, and continually kept her book on Helen's desk.

One of the exploits that will not be soon forgotten was one of our quests for rock oysters. These little fellows burrow in the soft rocks that are found along the shore. In high tide they are always covered over, but at low tide the rocks stick out above the water, and with an old ax one can chip off pieces of the rock and then after taking the pieces to the shore, the little fellows can be taken out, sometimes badly mashed, but at other times they are in good condition.

On this occasion we had left the baby with someone and had gone out along the shore to get some of the oysters. The tide was coming in, but not running very fast, and we would rush out between breakers and chip off some pieces and bring them ashore. This time Gladys, Celia and I were out on a rock perhaps six feet across, and working away with all our might, when a shout from shore called our attention to the big wave that

was coming. We looked up, but too late, for the rocks toward the shore were already submerged. To try to get ashore would mean that we should probably slip on the rocks, fall down, and get taken out with the receding wave.

The three of us took hold of each other in a sort of a triangle and waited for the water to recede, but it kept coming higher and higher. Still we stood there and I began to think of calling to some others of the party on shore to get a rope. It came up to Gladys' neck and to Celia's arm pits before it began to go down. Say, when it finally did go down, we got off that rock and did not take chances in that manner again.

We were drenched to the hide and the weather was cool. I feared Mrs. Hulett would take cold, but we hurried her home and put her to bed and put cans filled with hot water, all around her. She did not suffer any ill effects and neither did Gladys or I. I suppose we must have left the baby with Tina, but have wholly forgotten.

I have many snap shots taken along that beach. There is one of the face rock, a huge rock that shows a man's face in profile. On the beach just south of Taholah is Point Grenville. The big trees grow right out on the point. I've often thought I'd like a home on that point provided I had sufficient income to support the sort of home

The SNAPSHOT GUILD It's Always Snapshot Time



With a clean lens, plus proper exposure, you should always get sharp, clear pictures such as the ones above.

MANY owners of box cameras honestly believe that they are handicapped in their snapshotting at this time of year. Are you in this class?

Now that question may sound ridiculous to many Guild readers but there are hundreds who believe just that. They think that the sun should be shining in all its glory before trying to take a snapshot.

If your camera is hibernating in peaceful slumber on the closet shelf awaiting the arrival of spring and bright sunshine, go get it, dust it off—and be sure you wipe off the lens carefully with a soft, dry cloth—get yourself a roll of film and start shooting. There are more interesting winter pictures waiting to be made with a box camera than you will ever be able to take if you live to be as old as Methuselah.

Under ordinary conditions you can take instantaneous snapshots outdoors in the winter, or, if the day is too dark and dreary, there is always the old reliable time exposure. If the day is clear and bright you can take action pictures providing you snap the picture at the right angle and are not too close to the subject.

Pictures can be taken indoors at night with a box camera if you use one of the inexpensive flash type lamps. A little experimenting may be necessary until you know what you can and cannot expect from your box camera, and if you are a real amateur you will get a lot of pleasure out of the experimenting.

The fellow with a lot of fine equip-

ment doesn't deserve half as much praise for an unusual picture as the real amateur, who owns a box camera and who, through perseverance and thought, gets a "knockout" picture under adverse conditions.

The average box camera on sale today has two stops and a time exposure adjustment. The stop openings control the amount of light passing through the lens. Number one—the larger stop, or opening, is for snapshots of ordinary subjects in sunlight. The second opening, or smaller stop, is for snapshots of distant views, beach scenes, snow without prominent dark objects in the foreground, and clouds, only in bright sunlight. During the winter, on days with hazy sunlight it is best to use the first, or large stop and on dark days use the second stop and a very short time exposure.

When making time exposures the camera must be placed on a tripod, table, fence or something solid so that the camera will not move when the picture is taken.

You are overlooking a lot of pleasure if you are not making use of your box camera, so get it out. If you are really interested you can stop in most any store that sells cameras and photographic supplies and get free literature on taking pictures at night indoors during these long winter evenings, and you will find it is one type of indoor sport the entire family will enjoy.

And speaking of the family—that's a hunch for a mighty important picture. You will have a lot of fun taking a picture of the family group and in later years the result will be numbered among your prized possessions. Try it.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

I'd like. The point curves as it juts out into the ocean and on the south of the point partly enclosed by, it is a little harbor where one could launch a small boat. The beach at the cove slopes gently, but at the extreme point the rocks are always under water. The Indians say that only one man had the nerve to attempt to round the point on foot at low tide, and that he never came back.

One of the Indian women who lived there at that time now lives here and she told me yesterday that two men got washed out to sea in the big storm that proved too much for the lowa. One of the bodies came back badly broken up and the other not so badly used. One of the bodies came back to the beach in four days, and one in eight days.

There is a fascination about the shore of the ocean that gets to one. The big sea is treacherous, but the waves always seem friendly until they have one fast in their grip. Then it is just too bad.

Harry Jim had a fish boat that he used to bring into the mouth of the River at times. One time he misjudged the currents and got on the beach. He tied her there until high tide next day when men with ropes dragged her loose and headed her for the river with two tow lines attached to the bow. But the tide came in with a rush once she was over the bar, and instead of running up stream with the ends of the ropes, the men stood their ground and the boat capsize with one of the owner's brothers aboard. The lad was about twelve, but he dived and got from in under the boat and swam ashore.

Billy Mason, said to be a descendant of Chief Tacoma, has quite a character. He was always bantering me to go out on the river with him. The Government had one of the Towne canoes, one of those shaped like the pictures of the old Indian canoes, and one day I took it out on the river. The stream was wide just above its mouth and the expanse made sort of a harbor. I was paddling around out there having a big time. About all the village came out to see me handle the canoe. Well! I've been in boats ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper. Not many canoes but mostly flat bottomed affairs.

These canoes have sort of a keel which projects down from the bottom and extends the whole length of the boat; I had not reckoned on that but otherwise was doing fine. The weather was warm, and I was showing off. The tide was going out so that did not interest me. But I got mine.

Having come almost to shore and intending to take on a passenger, I got up and walked the length of the canoe and turned to sit down. Just at that time the surge that had been raising the boat a moment before chose to turn and go out to sea. I turned, the boat sank with the outgoing surge and the keel struck a rock that was projecting four or five inches above its brethren. The boat toppled to one side and I sat down, right over the side of the boat into four or five inches of water. My legs must have stuck out like a frog's. What a howl went up from shore! That was my last boat ride at Taholah.

The "machine" had made a clean sweep of the election. "I'd almost be willing to bet that we beat them two to one," said one of the politicians.

"Yes," said another: "I wish now we had counted the votes and seen."

"Have you any knowledge of the silk and satin departments?" "Spent all my life in them, sir." "And what about sheets and blankets?" "Born among them, sir."

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UP FROM SLAVERY

Back yonder your people and mine tended swine across the moat, in the glades that ran out from the castle where lived the w-lord who owned us. Maybe an iron collar around our necks bore his name and by that we were his chattel. And out of the shame, injustice and suffering of it all we bestirred ourselves and shook loose. So came the rule of the people, by the people and for the people.

Who is it that lights the torch of liberty? That man there! He holds in his hand a Bible and searches out God's will to go it. Yes—from the day that you put the Book with the jungle tribe, the rule of the slaver totters. And from the day the man-power of America turns from the Bob, no longer seeking to know God's will and to do it—from that day slavery is on the way in again.

Yes—The slaver is always with us. Yesterday, down in the old South, selling a black girl on the block to the highest bidder. Today, our young folks sold out to state liquor to become scraggy-heap stuff and fill the pens and asylums. Now God's people cannot be at ease when fellow man is in shackles. And Why?

Here is why—at the Cross we found forgiveness for sins and eternal life. But we must show the fruits of a new life here and now. And to make us true and strong, here and now, the Holy Spirit came in and brought us God's nature to live alongside our own; to light our minds and make us strong and true—a people zealous of good works.

Is that thing there by the wayside a man? Rags, sores, vermin, a lying, thieving thing! The sons of God cannot rest until they rescue and lift him. And so, century by century; country by country, they carry on to make men free. "Rescue the perishing; Care for the dying! Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave."

Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Paid Adv.

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SUMMONS In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County Jacob Blodson, Plaintiff, vs. Hannah D. Blodson, Defendant. To HANNAH D. BLEDSON, The above named Defendant, The State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before the 7th day of March, 1936, said date being after four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, the date of the first publication thereof being February 7th, 1936, and the date of the last publication thereof being March 6th, 1936, and if you fail so to appear, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the marriage and marriage contract existing between you and the plaintiff, upon the grounds of adultery. This Summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Beaverton Review a legal newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, pursuant to order of the Honorable H. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, made, rendered and dated February 1st, 1936. Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Resident Attorneys, State of Oregon, Post Office Address First National Bank Bldg., Hillsboro, Ore. adv c19-14

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes