

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class mail matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 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

I was telling something about Lucian Gray, the blacksmith at Nespelem, the Colville Indian Reservation location, in Okanogan county, Washington. Indian Service employees have many and varied interests. Lou and I were the fathers of quite young children and we both wanted to buy a cow.

My first venture in the dairy business at Nespelem proved disastrous so far as money was concerned. I bought a big red cow soon after arriving at the place and kept her for about four or five months when she got sick and died. What the trouble was we never discovered. Had a veterinary in from Wilbur but he thought she had a punctured stomach. We took her hide off after she died but could find nothing of that sort though her insides were not in a very good condition. However, she had been sick for some weeks and it was not to be expected that they would be. She just stopped eating, and drooped around until she got so weak she could hardly get up.

The next time we had better luck. It happened this way, though I've got a sort of notion that I've related the circumstances before. Anyway, this is about the way it happened.

We were looking for a cow, Lou and I. We heard of a herd of cows that had been brought in during the summer from Yakima to pasture and for dairy purposes. The Reserve had been opened up for settlement or homesteading. Men and women flocked in in droves and took up land that jack rabbits had been starving on. They could get a whole section of land for a few cents per acre and folks thought they could just get in there and get rich. They got in all right, but I never heard of any getting rich. The Indians had been allotted the best land and that best was none too good.

Well, this fellow from Yakima had brought in a big herd of cows and expected that he could raise enough forage to keep them, but as fall came and winter approached he concluded that if he stayed there, about all his cows would get to eat was sage brush and snow banks, which do not make for a balanced ration to feed dairy stock.

Word got to Nespelem that this fellow was going to start back with his cows in a day or two, and that he was offering them to anyone who could scrape up a few dollars at great bargains. Word came of buying good cows for \$12 to \$15 a head. Well Sunday, which was the only day Lucian got off, we chartered two saddle horses and started out to find this fellow with the cows. The only direction we could get as to his location was that he lived in the Cartar valley.

Neither one of us had ever been to the Cartar valley but it lay to the west over the hills. We started out about eight in the morning. We did not see a soul all that day until near four o'clock when we blundered on the ranch where the fellow had the cows. Divine Providence must have had some sort of guiding hand for we had ridden up hill and down dale, and hungry and sore—you know, the place where man and horse come in contact. We had about given up finding the place when Lou spied some cattle and we rode in that direction. Soon a set of small buildings came into view and then some riders. We rode over to the riders and inquired for the man who was leaving soon with a drove of cows for Yakima. He was one of the party we had accented. Had he cows for sale? He had a few. Could we see them? We could, and we did.

Lou had forgotten his checkbook. He discovered its lack after getting to the herd of cows, and after I had picked out one he wanted me to write a check for both cows. I did. You know I was working for the Government, and had lots of money! Well, I paid \$20 for an old wreck that previous buyers had overlooked on account of her age and appearance. She was one of those full-bodied Jerseys that you could not kick out of the way. Big paunch, and the three triangle type that used to be known for good conformation. Lou picked out a much younger cow, smaller and darker colored, almost black, while my choice was a typical Jersey color.

I wrote a check for \$45 for the two cows and Lou gave me his check in a day or two for \$25 for his. We also paid the man a small fee to take the cows to Bill Condon's ranch, which was partly a-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

STUDIES IN CONTRAST



Day and Night.

YOU photograph Junior in his sailor suit, his cowboy suit, dressed for a party and in overalls. You snap Uncle Henry digging in the garden and standing by the car, immaculately garbed to go somewhere. You take a picture of "Sis" in her bathing suit at the seashore and again in her costume for winter sports. You see the same face, but different togs, different activities. These are contrasts which you achieve almost unwittingly with your human subjects, but did it ever occur to you to try for such contrasts with your scenic views?

There is no end of opportunities which nature offers for pictorial studies in contrast. By returning to old scenes at different times and photographing them in the different robes in which they are clothed by the climatic changes of the seasons you will obtain some remarkably different pictures and at length have in your snapshot album a record of entrancing interest. Often such pictorial contrasts are progressive gems of Mother Nature's moods. And in taking pictures at different seasons and under different conditions we enlarge our repertoire of camera tricks—or rather it would be best to say, widen our field of camera knowledge, for really good pictures are rarely the result of tricks.

Perhaps the window from the downtown office exposes a view of a busy city street. Not very inspiring? Well, perhaps not in its everyday dress but haven't you admired

its shimmering beauty on a rainy day when taxi tops, umbrellas, raincoats and asphalt were glistening in the rain? After dark offers other possibilities with the countless electric signs holding aloft their messages, or when some public building or monument is illumined by floodlights. Rain, snow, sleet—nature's changing moods often transform the drab and colorless into scenes of great charm. Such a simple thing as water glistening in the ruts of a country road may make the difference between a routine and an interesting picture of that same road. A picturesque bridge over a park lake may become much more appealing if pictorial comparison of this object is drawn in a different season. A rock-bound coast with the sea calm or in stormy mood reveals, in your album, the power that is at Neptune's command.

Consider the artistic possibilities embodied in a group of evergreens as they look in winter and again in summer; in flower-dotted meadows contrasted with the same scene in winter dress, or the beauty of a thundering waterfall and when muted with scintillating ice.

Look over your album. Pick out those prints which you believe would make good comparison and when the proper season arrives visit that familiar scene and photograph it a second time. You'll be surprised at the opportunities and the results. And don't forget, now is the time to picture the lovely contrasts that winter makes.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

long the trail he was to drive the herd in going to Wild Goose Bill's ferry. He was to hire some one to bring them along to Nespelem the next day.

It was only about ten miles from the homesteader's to Nespelem, but I think it was the longest ten miles I ever rode. I know it is the longest ten I ever rode on horseback. I had not been on a horse before since leaving Montana for Washington, D.C., some three years and a little more. Try as I could, there was no spot that I could bring in contact with that saddle that was not sore, so darn sore that a boil is no comparison. And that was no smooth gaited nag that I was riding. It must have been about six o'clock when we left the homesteader's place and close to ten when we arrived home.

During our trip, Aletha had been born. Mrs. Hulett had been attended by Mrs. Gray, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Silkforth, another Agency lady. She has told me that the three—the two ladies and Dr. Johnston—kept her laughing from the time labor pains started until our arrival. Then Mrs. Gray came out to the gate, she said to see our cows, but we had no cows. But she started to laugh and ran back into the house. She went into Mrs. Hulett's room and put on a pantomime of how her husband and I walked as we came up the path from the gate. Laugh, and some more laughing. She walked with her legs in much the same position a man's legs assume when astride a saddle. And groan, and wriggle and screw up her face. It

was a sight, but no fun for Lou and I. We were done out.

That cow proved one of the best investments I ever made. She did not do so well that winter—we got her November 4, 1917. Yes, it was the year the United States declared war on Germany, and a lot of things happened before that which I have intended to write down here. But I'll have to tell you about that cow.

She did not come fresh until the next September. We milked her all the winter of 1917-18 and then in the fall we put her out to pasture. She gave milk up to within a couple of weeks of the time she came fresh.

It was war time, you know, with milk selling at 12½¢ a quart and plenty of market for all we could spare. We kept enough to make some butter but sold the largest portion of it. We also sold a little butter, for it was difficult to get good butter into that place. The railroad was forty miles away; the only means of travel was by motor stage, and it took four hours of hard driving to get from Wilbur or from Almira, where the mail came from, to Nespelem. I've told something of the condition of the roads. There were no refrigerators in which to store butter, and brought in by stage, kept in the brown in by stage, kept in the store for a week or ten days and then put on the table, well, its condition was something to write home about. We had a neighbor or two who just insisted that we make butter. The butter-making cut down the amount of milk we could



So it jumped, eh? Well—what next? Will its jump carry it into your reel, or is it going to twist its funny tail dexterously and switch on down the stream to the waiting net of a fellow Waltonite? That depends on your skill, your knowledge of fish, and your equipment.

Lack of ability accounts for some of the stories about the "big fish that got away," but another reason fishermen tramp home with empty creels and bitter hearts is their poor judgment in choosing proper fishing equipment. Many a glistening lure is a waste of good money and a headache in the making!

There's an old adage that, "to train a jackass, you must first know more than the jackass." The same thing is true in fishing. If you want to catch fish, you must know more than a fish means that you must understand the "fishy mind" and know how to pit your skill against its scaly cunning.

Fish take lures because they believe them to be insects, minnows, or other tempting bits of food. They are attracted by shape, and fascinated by action and movement . . . life! See, then,

that your lure is life. . . . See, then, it looks like food, acts like food, bobs, twists, wobbles and weaves like food! Then that big baby in the shadows will "come up and see you sometime!"

Weather influences the fishy palate, too—therefore you must have a lure in your case that is convertible in its motion. If the fish do not rise to a wobbler, make a simple change in your bait—and try a spinner! What? Didn't know there were . . . es like that? Well, there are! W. A. Sner's "Weezel" is the original spinning or wobbling feathered minnow. It has a positive weed guard and is supplied with a spinner and a wiggle disc which are quickly interchangeable—giving you two baits in one. Pork rind can be used on either . . . and it has 12 different color combinations. If your local dealer doesn't stock the "Weezel," drop a line to the Fishing Bureau at 509 High Street, Lima, Ohio, and they will tell you about it.

But whatever you do, study your fishing conditions and your fish. That's what makes the difference between a fisher and a fisherman! And—it's the fisherman who brings home the entrée!

sell, but at that, in two months we sold \$120 worth of butter and milk from the one cow, besides having all we needed for our own family. Not at all bad. But it gives some idea of the difference between what a good cow will do and a poor cow.

Schoolman Oats Liked in Curry

Gold Beach—Schoolman oats have proved to be a good yielding crop for hay or seed and have shown more resistance to rust than any other variety grown in Curry county, according to R. M. Knox, county agent. Among those planting oats of this variety this year was O. P. Ferguson, who harvested four acres for seed, getting a yield of 57.1 bushels per acre. This crop was grown from locally produced seed, as are practically all of the schoolman oats in Curry county now, Knox says.

"Most interesting," said the sweet young thing to the motor-car salesman, "and now show me the depreciation, please; I hear it is heavy in these cars."

"As a matter of fact, madam," replied the opportunist, "we found it a source of worry and had it removed altogether!"

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CEDAR MILL

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs from Woodburn visited Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Roberts of Cedar Mill during the past week.

Vivian Eggers of Cedar Mill School played the harmonica in the Journal Junior show at the Auditorium in Portland last Saturday morning.

Mr. A. Cote from Ziegler near Mt. Hood is visiting the George Cote family.

The Girl Scouts of Cedar Mill

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

THE DOPE
A FRIEND GAVE POP A DOG NAMED SWEETHEART. THE WIFE WOULDN'T LET HIM IN THE HOUSE SO POP SNEAKED HIM INTO THE CELLAR. FRIEND WIFE HEARD HER HUSBY TALKING TO SWEETHEART AND THOUGHT THAT HE WAS TWO-TIMING. THE DOG HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AND POP IS UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THINGS.



By Geoff Hayes