

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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On December 1, 1934, a school in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire. The loss was \$500,000.

On January 29, 1935, fire claimed a Chicago high school valued at \$250,000.

Less than a month later, a Detroit high school was burned with a loss of \$1,000,000.

On February 8, the State Arsenal at Springfield, Illinois, burned at a loss of \$500,000.

On April 25, the 65-year-old Oregon State Capitol was almost totally destroyed by fire. The building cost \$700,000, and its contents were valued at \$800,000, making a total loss of \$1,500,000.

These are just a few of the many public structures that have been destroyed by fire in recent years.

The tragic example of the many public buildings which have been ravaged by fire will not be wasted if it causes other communities and states to think—and then take the proper action. Why not give some thought to our grade school fire hazard?

DAD'S STORY

That was the first and only time I have ever been seasick in almost sixty years, but I was sick enough on that trip to do for all time. The seat in the ladies toilet where I landed at that first bolt through a door—that seat would have needed to be double to accommodate one in my condition. My bowels ran and my mouth belched forth such torrents that before long the floor was all awash. Eoy, when I got so I no longer cared whether I sat on the toilet seat or not, that made a mess!

The old boat would start listing to the right, and the front end would begin to come up, both actions at the same time. Then the slant of the floor indicated that the thing was just about as far up as it could ascend without turning completely over, the whole foundation would drop out from under the thing and down we'd go, sure, we felt to hit the bottom of the lake, co-bang! But having dropped from some dizzy height like a thousand feet or more, the dropping sensation would gradually subside and the stern would begin coming up and the roll would be to the left, and we'd begin to go up, not fast, like we dropped down, but just raised somewhat like the sensation one gets in riding up in a freight elevator. Not fast, but surely going up, though that motion brought a slight sensation of relief. Partway up the climb the ship would seem to become almost at rest. Soon the list to the right would begin again, and then the awful sensation of being hurled into some great depth. Oh, Gee, Gosh!

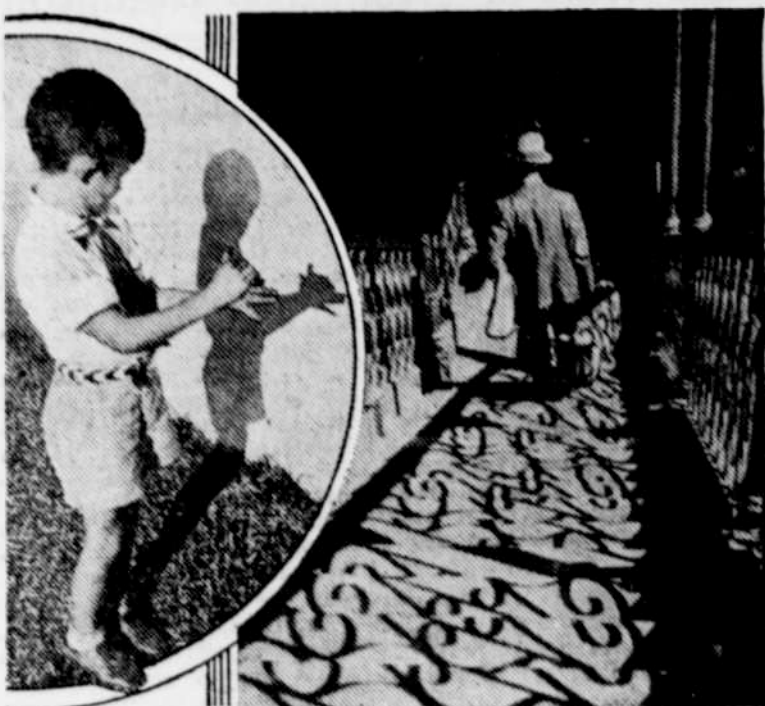
Talk about being so sick you don't care whether you live or die, I was just that sick or maybe a little sicker. I have never laughed so much over any plight that befell me as I have over that spell of sea-sickness. Of course I was a sight, but I didn't care.

I really do not know when the boat anchored. One gets to the point where he takes no notice of what is going on around him. My first definite recollection is of being on the dock at Manitowac, lying partly on and partly alongside our baggage. It was just breaking day. The wife says that one of the mates got us to bed after awhile, but I do not remember. She also says that fellow passengers looked after the girls while we were laid up, but as to that I have no recollection. But the one thing that struck me, still lying there on that Manitowac dock was the voice of a woman and there stirred a recollection of having heard the voice before but I could not tell where. The lady was telling someone of our terrible passage.

She said, "I've crossed the Atlantic ocean seven times and I've crossed the Pacific three times. I've crossed this lake too many times to mention, I've really forgotten, but this is the first time I've ever been sick. I lay in my berth, fearful one moment that the ship was sinking, and praying the next moment that it would sink!" I don't know who she was but the wife says that she had talked with her and the lady had told the wife her destination and something of her past.

I finally got up and hailed a passing dray and engaged him to take our baggage to the depot. I have forgotten just what road we were going to take only that we did not leave Manitowac for several hours. We lay around the depot, trying to sleep but the benches had iron arm-rests screwed down tight and we could not stretch out. Finally the train came along and

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
SHADOW SHOOTING



Experiment a little with shadow effects. You'll enjoy it.

DID you ever snap shadow pictures? If you haven't you have missed a lot of fun and failed to get some grotesque but fascinating pictures to add interest to your snapshot collection.

Shadow pictures are easy to make too. The main requisite is a good, strong sun in the late afternoon or early morning. Late afternoon, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before the sun starts gradually to disappear below the horizon, is preferable, for your light is usually stronger at this time and casts deeper and sharper shadows.

The two pictures above are only a couple of examples of the many unusual pictures to be taken with the aid of a strong sun. The picture to the right was the result of an alert amateur's "nose for pictures". As he started down the steps of the elevated train platform—with his always ready camera—says he, "Here is a picture", so hurriedly set the diaphragm at f/11 and shutter speed at 1/25 of a second and snap—he had a fine shadow picture. As the man at the bottom of the steps was walking away from the camera a shutter speed of 1/25 of a second was fast enough to stop action and still give the proper exposure.

Obviously the picture to the left

was posed but it shows further possibilities for taking unusual shadow pictures. An ideal place for taking shadow pictures is on light colored ground; the cement sidewalk, the street or better yet—on beaches where the light sand accentuates the dark body and outline of the shadow.

You can also get unusual shadow pictures by standing so that your shadow is cast on the side of a building or a house.

Here's one thing to remember. If you take pictures with the shadow cast on a light colored surface the exposure should not be as long as that used in taking pictures with the shadows cast on a dark background. In other words you make your exposure for shadow pictures but little longer than you would for an ordinary snapshot with the same lighting conditions.

Experiment a little for shadow effects. It's not too late to snap the shadows of your friends playing "leap frog" on the beach or just in the act of throwing or catching a beach ball, or various other stunts too numerous to mention.

It's all in fun and it's a safe bet that you will get some unusual pictures and can at least prove to your friends that they are only "shadows of themselves". Try it.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

we got on. The girls had been getting by without tickets before. But this conductor insisted that I buy a half fare ticket for Gladys. I did, thanking my stars that he was not going far.

At Appleton we changed to another railroad. Only a couple of hours' ride but the waits were long enough. After another four or five hours ride we boarded a train which took us to Steven's Point. Here we had another wait. Sick, unkind, wife and I were in a pitiable state. But out of Steven's Point the girls began to pick up and become their old selves.

Thanking our stars that the wait in St. Paul would not be long, we got in there at about nine and No. 3, west bound Great Northern's "Oriental Limited" was waiting for us, though it did not start for an hour. We got on board and doubling two seats so we could lay our hips and legs on one and our heads on tother, we proceeded to go to sleep. But not for long. A brakie came along and wakened us and told us those seats were to remain the way he put them. I never was more put out in my life. But there was no recourse, and we did not wish to arouse the ire of the train crew, there were the two girls and not much money to pay fares.

Well, when once under way, the conductor came around and collected almost the last half dollar I had for half fare for Gladys! I was too sick yet to be mad. But that darned conductor had collected for the whole 1200 miles from St. Paul to Browning. Had I my wits about me I'd have only paid to the division point for that conductor did not go far. But he took advantage of my condition and my ignorance and got the money.

When we of the older generation stop to think of some of the examples we have set before our children, the younger generation, is it any wonder the young folks are sort of dubious about what we tell them. Gladys was nine, almost ten years old and we were trying to pass her off as under five. The wonder is how the young folks turn out as truthful and dependable as they do! But we go on doing the same little tricks; we tell them tomorrow we'll do so and so, and the morrow comes and we do not carry out our promises. We have forgotten but those little folks have not. They may be too timid to remind Dad or Mom that such things were promised, but in their little minds are planted seeds of revolt, of deceit, of doubt in the old folks' judgment that they cannot get away from. Better far keep the faith with the little folks!

We got to Browning the morning of the second day following, boarding the train at St. Paul. Not bad for those times, an average of 35 miles an hour straight through for the 1200 miles.

Browning lays just at the foot of the Rockies, just east of Glacier National Park. The railroad station is up on a hill south of the town proper. Mind, we knew little of the prairies and between the station and the town not a tree or bush grew, excepting that off to the left were the bushes along Willow Creek. The town looked small, just a few small buildings with none standing out. I thought I'd walk over and had started when Mr. Bresnahan, the station agent, called and suggested I'd better wait for the stage. I thought it little more than a quarter of a mile and told him I'd enjoy the

tramp. "Well, it's two and a half miles, but if you want to hoof it, why, all right." His grin told me that perhaps I'd better wait for the stage which by that time we could see coming out from behind a little divide.

Old Joe Kipp kept the hotel, and he ran the stage, also. He was a half breed Indian, and quite a character. I never got much acquainted with him but he showed himself a regular fellow that morning. I did not have any money, a stranger in a strange land, but had I been King of England I'd not have been treated any better. We were shown a room, plain but with everything in the way of comforts one could find in that section at that time. Our breakfast was the first food that had passed our teeth since that supper, lunch on the dock at Ludington. I can't remember what we had for breakfast, but I do remember that it was mighty good.

We took that suitcase full of grub and dumped it out the window of our room at the Kipp Hotel in Browning. Fried chicken, roll jelly cake, doughnuts, pie, pressed chicken sandwiches, everything with the exception of the dishes went out the window. Then we felt we could eat.

After breakfast Mr. Kipp supplied me with a guide who escorted me to the Agency, as we call the office of the superintendent on an Indian Reservation. He took me in and Mr. McFadrigue opened the door of his inner office and stood waiting to welcome me. Most hearty welcome I've ever received from strangers. He seemed pleased to see me, talked about the trip, inquired when we'd like to go to the Day School, and did everything to make things pleasant for us. I signed the oath of office and he told me that I should have been drawing pay two days ago. There sixteen dollars went glimmering, and me without a cent in my pocket.

I learned subsequently that had I taken Mr. Noble's suggestion I'd have been in Browning a day sooner, owing to having laid over so much in depots waiting for connections. I already knew that our fares including drayage, had mounted to more than he wanted for a through ticket. Lest I've not told you, Mr. Noble was the railroad agent at Kingsley.

Perhaps Joe Kipp had mentioned the fact that I was stranded. Anyway Mr. McFadrigue very guardedly suggested that he take me over to one of the stores and request that credit be extended me for anything we might need in getting established. I was more than grate-

ful for the way he treated me and then when he was on the carps and I met him in Washington I was unable to do a thing for him! I was sorry but he and I were both Republicans and it was a Democratic administration at the helm of the Ship of State.

CLASS HOLDS LAST SUMMER MEETING

The last of the Saturday evening Bible Class summer series of picnic-campfire services was held at Louie's Park, Saturday, with a large number present. Willard Aldrich of Portland was in charge of the prayer and testimonial service and also gave a fifteen minute talk



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