

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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MAKE EVERY WEEK FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

Fire Prevention Week, which began as an annual national event during the Wilson administration, has been productive of much good. It has lessened the toll of lives that fire takes each year. It has saved millions of dollars worth of property from destruction. But, in spite of this splendid record, the results obtained have been far less imposing than they should have been.

It is the common experience for the national fire loss to fall during the week, and for a relatively brief period immediately following. Then it again rises to "normal" levels. In brief, while the lessons of the week are fresh in their minds, citizens are careful—when time has dimmed the enthusiasm the week gave them, they again return to their old careless habits.

There is but one solution for that unfortunate state of affairs—a solution that, if it is to be the success it deserves to be, must be applied by every property-owner and citizen. Figuratively speaking, we must make every week Fire Prevention Week. We must remember that the fire demon never sleeps—and that it is of little use to eliminate hazards and take protective measures once each year, and then allow that good work to go undone for the balance of the twelvemonth.

This year, Fire Prevention Week offered the motto, "Fire destroys life, property, progress, prosperity." That minimizes the consequences of fire, rather than exaggerating them. Our industries, of our communities, of our lives of our loved ones. Fire prevention is their friend and protector. Don't forget—make each week Fire Prevention Week so far as you are concerned.

DAD'S STORY

For a little time we will desert the Indian Service and return to the little farm in Michigan, to the lumber woods and the cold weather. Perhaps this week makes me think of it, but more likely there is a moral to point out and this seems a likely time to get pointing.

During the winter of 1887-88, or it may have been of 1888-89 father had the job of drawing square timbers from the stumps where they had been felled in the woods to Westminister, a little berg, just a flag stop at its best days, but the closest place the railroad approached the old homestead. Besides boarding the men who were hewing out the timber several of those helping father draw the timber, (that is what we called it at the time) to the siding also boarded with the family. I hardly see how so many could live in such a house as we had but they must have been slowed away somewhere.

Among those boarding were Chas. Barratt, husband of my oldest sister, who also had another team working besides the team he drove. The driver was Avery Wynkoop. Avery was somewhat sweet on my sister, Alma, but she preferred Harry Workman, a neighbor boy, to Avery. Avery never married, or at least I do not remember of his having done so. I suppose it is because Alma preferred Harry, but of course that is the romantic thing to say, even though he never intended to marry.

Father had a horse barn, 20 feet by 40 feet. Horses were stationed across one end and all down one side. The other side was used for cows and young cattle. The whole lower floor was used for stable that winter. Usually we got some of our rigs in, buggies, sleighs, cutters and so on in season—but that winter we ran the cutter in the old log barn and the wagon and buggy were stacked up alongside the corn crib.

I must have been either eleven or twelve that winter. Anyway, I was not very big. In talking to the men I used to have to look up a long way to them. It makes little difference which was the right age, 11 or 12. Either one will do for the present. The real point is that the whole of the lower floor of that barn was used for stable and I had all that stable to clean out every day. And we did not have any manure carriers; we had an old fashioned wheel barrow and the manure had to be taken far enough away from the barn so that it would not come in contact with the boards and rot them. If you will allow me, that was quite some task cleaning out that barn floor, some 800 square feet of it.

When I look about me here now and see the boys who do not have a thing to do besides go to school I wonder what will happen and I'm tempted to tell one of the stories that were in the old third reader

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

'Close-ups' and 'Back-lighting'



Proper lighting will add much to the quality of your pictures

WITH the sun becoming brighter and stronger every day it is time to exercise a little care in shooting directly into the sun when taking snapshots to avoid "lens-flare" in your pictures. I do not mean by this that you should make it a strict rule not to take pictures with the sun shining directly toward you and your camera for in doing so you will pass by many chances to incorporate fascinating, artistic "back-lighting" in your pictures. However, it's a caution worth remembering.

Lighting is of equal importance with arrangement of the objects or subjects in your proposed picture. It is the variation in the lights and shadows that gives a picture depth and roundness, making the subject stand out from its surroundings. Usually the shadows should be transparent, to a degree, but full in detail. This is obtained by a rather full exposure. If the sun strikes directly in a person's face they are likely to squint and the picture will not be a good likeness. Better have them turn slightly so that they are not bothered by the sun—then you will get a natural, life-like expression. Another point is to avoid making a close-up of a person out in glaring midday sun. At this time of day the strong overhead light casts heavy shadows under the eyes and nose and the picture is far from pleasing. When making a picture of a person during the middle of the

day be sure to have him turn his face away from the sun or snap him in bright shade, which can be done very successfully with modern snapshot film.

If the illumination, or sunlight comes from directly back of the camera, the shadows are more or less lost, giving a flat appearance. When you are a little more advanced, try some early morning or late afternoon shots for splendid pictorial studies for at these hours you get long, fascinating shadows.

Attractive, artistic pictures may be made from a position where you face the sun and shadows fall toward your camera rather than away from it. In "back-lighting" work of this kind, be sure that no sun rays directly strike the lens of your camera. This can often be avoided by standing so that the shadow of a tree trunk, a bush or the corner of a building protects the lens from these direct sun rays.

Under such conditions you should give a slightly longer exposure than would be necessary if the sun rays were directly on the front of the subject. Perhaps the next larger diaphragm opening will let in enough light to record the detail desired in the shaded parts, or if using a small aperture for increased depth of focus, a slow exposure, 1/10 of a second, or a very short time exposure will bring excellent results. Try it.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

we had in school; if not at that time at some time while I was there.

But before taking up that I will tell a little incident that happened during that winter. One evening I was out around the barn after supper; I may have been helping with the milking, but I think that at that time I only milked some of the strippers, not the cows giving much milk. At any rate I was at the barn and Charley Barratt called to me to come to where his horses stood. They were in the northwest corner of the barn with their heads to the outside wall. In fact, each and every animal in the barn always stood with its head towards the outside wall of the barn. Some sort of idea of father's that they should not stand facing each other because they would then breathe each other's breath and if one was sick the other would get the disease from the sick one.

Well, Charley called me over to his corner and pointed out some of the manure that I had failed to clean out very well. I really do not remember just what he pointed out, but I do remember that he asked me, "Have you ever heard the statement, 'Anything that's worth doing at all is worth doing well?' I've never forgotten that and while I do not always get a thing done so well as I'd like to see it done, yet when I'm tempted to slight something and let it go I think of Charley and the little corner of the old horse barn and "A thing that's worth doing at all is worth doing well."

But I'm forgetting about that third reader story. There was a

man, rather well-to-do, talking to his son. "So you think you do not wish to go to school any more? Well, that is all right but Monday you may come down to the office and I'll give you a desk and there will be something for you to do there."

"But, Father, I can't work in your office, I do not know the men there nor anything about the work they are doing."

The next day the father drove his team up to the front door of their house and requested James, the boy, to get his coat and hat and go for a ride. Rather wondering what was up the boy came and sat in the rig in the front seat alongside his father.

Finally the father stopped before a building encircled with high walls, a building where the doors were of heavy iron studded material and the windows all had big iron bars across them. The father began to get out of the rig. The boy exclaimed, "Are you going to stop here? I thought you were going to visit an old school mate?"

"He lives here," was all the answer the father gave. They were soon inside the heavy, barred door and the father gave his card to a man. "Very well," stated the man in charge. "Whom do you wish to see?"

"I should like to see John Armstrong; he is an old schoolmate of mine." They chatted on several subjects, among which were questions of how John was getting along, how he came to be there, and what his prospects were.

Soon a man dressed in coarse garments with broad stripes running round the body was brought

into the room. The jailers retired as the visitor had requested to be left alone with the man he had come to see.

"I am glad to see you, but sorry, very sorry to see you here," were about the first words the father spoke to John.

"You can't be as sorry to see me here as I am to have you see me here," replied the man dressed in prison garb.

"Will you tell me how it all happened?" asked the father.

"It can all be summed up in three words," replied John. "Idleness and Bad company. My father was a rich man. You know I never would work or study. I thought my father had money enough so that I did not have to do either. My father died. One day I awoke and every cent of the money was gone. I did not know how to work. I must have money to buy something to eat. I knew only one way to get it. The result is what you see."

The father talked quite a long time with John. They talked of their old school days of mutual friends, and finally it was time for them to leave. They left sorrowfully, the father wringing the prisoner's hand and promising to do what he could to make his life as easy as possible.

When they had returned home, the father called James into his office and remarked, "You wished to quit school. Our visit to the prison was my reply. Strange as it may seem, I cannot afford to have my boy idle. Though this expedition seems unusual, I am too rich to afford it!"

James looked at the floor for some moments, then looking up into his father's face he stated, "I think I'll go to school Monday, Father."

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. C. F. Hasting was a dinner guest Sunday of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Hall of Portland.

Mrs. Jessie Dezure of Vancouver, Washington, was a guest Monday of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Brown of Garden Home.

Mrs. Mabel Hughes of San Jacinto, Calif., arrived Sunday morning for an indefinite visit at the Evans Whitworth home. Mrs. Hughes is a daughter of Mrs. Mary Evans, and was for many years a resident of Beaverton.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Win. Root will be interested to know that they have sold their house and walnut orchard near Sheridan, Oregon. Mr. Root was for several

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years Master of the Washington Co. Pomona grange, and lived near Tigard.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Denney and children, and Lorraine Denney attended a Halloween party given by relatives of Mrs. Denney at Oswego, Saturday evening. The party was held in a vacant (haunted) house, with the guests all in costume.

The young people of the Church of Christ were entertained with a Halloween party at the home of Elizabeth and Kenneth Strubers, Friday evening. The house was festive with Halloween decorations. Games in keeping with the occasion and refreshments made the evening merry.

The Superintendent of the Multnomah Hospital and the faculty of the Nursing school entertained with a tea in honor of the parents of the student nurses from 3 to 5 o'clock, Tuesday, at the nurses' residence.



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ALKA-SELTZER

sidence. Among those attending were Mrs. R. A. Browne and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Denney.

About a hundred young people from the Centenary Wilbur Methodist church in Portland, enjoyed a Halloween party in the barn on the O. A. Lierman place on the Canyon road Friday evening. Most of the young people came in costumes. Halloween games and refreshments were the diversions of the evening.



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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Geoff Hayes

