

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

We rented a house next door to the one where Phil and Florence were living and moved in as soon as we could get a little furniture together. Then I went to work down at the shop. Right then I began to learn something about the country newspaper business. Up to that time I had never been in a shop to work at all. I was to do the writing and Phil would do the work in the shop. He had a man when I arrived and I expected him to let the man go, but he insisted that there was work enough for both of them if we were to make the shop pay. He had not mentioned anything before about it taking more than one to get out the work that one could bring in.

I wrote a little for the paper, some editorials, and then watched them get the stuff in type. I found that it took something like four or five times as long to get the stuff into type as it did me to write it. So I got hold of a "stick" as we call the little thing we hold in our left hand to push the type in when we get ready to put into the chase. And right here I see that I'm getting into technical terms that probably the lay man knows nothing about.

My first line of type was set from copper plate galleys. Those are those square letters which are just about as wide as they are high, the sort you see on cards and letter-heads. Of course I had to hunt around for the letters to see where they were laid in the case. The case is a drawer that is put into a rack or stand. When you go to the bureau drawer and reach in, you can place your hand on your file, your shirt, your shirt buttons or anything that belongs in that drawer without looking at what you are picking up—that is you can if your wife is a right good housekeeper and you put your things away when you get through wearing them. Well, I found that a type case is laid off in just such a manner. If you reach for an "e" or a "w" in a type case you expect to be able to put your hand on it without feeling around all over the drawer. That set me to thinking about Ben Franklin and some of his proverbs. "A place for everything and everything in its place."

The days at Banks will always be remembered for the cordiality with which we were taken in and made a part of the community. W. O. Galt was cashier of the Bank of Banks and a great mixer. He did everything in his power to make things agreeable. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McFarlane and the Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Banks and the Schulmerichs, the Wahls and the Pricketts, the Isenelsons and the Pounds—but to name them all would tax my memory too strong right now.

Besides learning the printing trade there were many, many other things that I was called on to do. By the time I had been there six months they were for having me join the Oddfellows, become City Recorder, clerk of Union High school district No. 1, Justice of the Peace and any number of things. Well, I did what I could, but I think perhaps I made a big batch of things at times.

Banks was an enterprising place at that time. Among the activities that were sponsored by the residents of that vicinity was a Hog and Dairy show, sort of a fair where all sorts of stock were shown in competition. There were no permanent buildings but great big tents were rented for the occasion and temporary quarters established therein.

Sam Inkley was the moving spirit of the undertaking and work—say that fellow worked night and day for two months each year to put the fair over. Things went well with that endeavor until Hillsboro got the idea that they should hold a fair at the county seat. That sidetracked the county fair money and also spouted the appro-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

More About The Candid Camera



In "candid" photography you must shoot with conditions "as is." That's what makes it fascinating.

LAST week we talked about candid photography in general so now let's discuss the personal and mechanical equipment necessary to take candid camera pictures. First, you must be equipped with a disposition to overcome a few obstacles, for you are going to have them if you are determined to get real candid camera shots. As was pointed out last week, in candid photography you take your pictures "as is."

In candid photography your picture possibilities are limited—or unlimited, as the case may be—by the versatility of your camera, but for the average amateur a small camera with an f 3.5 lens will give all the speed necessary. A fast lens plus super sensitive panchromatic film is essential if you are to make your candid camera shots under adverse lighting conditions, in or outdoors. Next in importance is your shutter speed. No, an extremely fast shutter speed is not all-important for candid shots, but obviously it has many advantages.

An ideal combination for your miniature candid camera is an f 3.5 lens for your largest diaphragm opening with shutter speeds ranging from one to 1/300 of a second. With such a shutter you will also find it equipped for "time" and "bulb" exposures.

Slow shutter speeds are important, for there are occasions when you will find it quite necessary to make your candid shot with the lens wide open and then, to get

proper exposure, you'll have to shoot at speeds of 1/10, 1/5 or perhaps a full second. Slow shutter speeds will be found necessary, too, when under good lighting conditions you may want to "stop down" to f.16 or f.22 to get good depth of focus.

The old rule of photography is to use a tripod when taking pictures at speeds slower than 1/25 of a second, or else place the camera on something solid to prevent any movement when the picture is snapped. You can't always plan on either of these safeguards or conveniences in candid photography, for when a candid camera shot appears your must shoot before your game gets away.

Holding the camera steady at slow shutter speeds may be classified as one of the obstacles to conquer. Practice is the only road to success in overcoming this handicap. First of all, however, know your camera. Thoroughly familiarize yourself with all the manual operations until they become second nature to you.

Then practice holding the camera steady through such low speeds as 1/5 and 1/10 of a second. Don't try to hold yourself stiff in shooting at slow speeds. Relax all over; steady yourself; hold the camera to your eye and release the shutter, not with a sudden push or pull, but with slow steady pressure on the release.

Candid photography may require a little effort and thought, but you will be well repaid in unusual and interesting results. It is a sport.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

prization that the county school superintendent had been allowed for holding a boys' and girls' competition. That last division had provided entertainment for many a youngster.

Frank Perrenboom lived in that section and for each fair he got together and drilled a group of men and boys as a band to make music for the occasion. They gave me the snare drum to play and there I got my first experience playing with a big group. There had been a man and wife in Naspelem, Hopkins, their names were who played for dances and I hampered the snare a little for them while he played the fiddle and she the piano, but at Banks we had some twenty or thirty pieces in the band. I do not remember how the music sounded but we were not given any medals for our performance so suppose that I must have been about the same as at many of my other performances.

Some of my first serious printing was done on the catalog we got out for the Banks Hog and Dairy Show. It was a little book about four and a half by eight inches and contained eighty pages of type matter. Quite some undertaking for a barnstormer. But we got away with it just as we got away when we went to get married. It might have been a good thing for coming generations if we had not, but then we never will know and after a hundred years we won't care.

We got out the first edition of the Hog and Dairy Show Catalog without any prototype. But by the next year we had a machine and by the third year we had a font of six point type so we did not have to set any type set in Portland. The first year we got quite a little type set in the trade composition shop run by the Price Typesetting Co.

MOM'S STORY

On the summer I was eight, her sister and her daughter visited us from California. They traveled to Chicago by train and then by boat to Tr-

we scooted for home.

The path that we were following went by a tall tree that stood alone on the top of a knoll; it stood there for years but when I was last there it was gone. As we came near the tree Rover ran to the tree and barked, and then came back and tried to make us stop by running back and forth between us and the tree and barking. Will realized something was wrong, and we made a wide detour around the tree, with the dog keeping always between us and the tree. When we were directly opposite we could see an animal in the tree, with a slender body, and a long, bushy tail that he kept lashing back and forth. He kept turning and turning in the tree, afraid of the dog.

Tom, my older brother, who was only about fifteen at the

time, heard the commotion at home, and it frightened him. He went to Priest's and got one of the oldest boys and a shot gun and came after us, just before they got there the animal was gone. It jumped from the tree into a field and ran for the timber, with the dog after him. The fence was in the dog's way, though, and the animal was too far ahead of him for him to catch it after he was around the fence. It escaped into the woods and the boys were too late to shoot at it. Father said that night that it must be either a bob-cat or a lynx.

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ON CAME A SINNER

Half an hour before the service on this July night, came a tall sort of man about thirty-five. Into the Mission he came, coatless and hatless. "Is there to be a religious meeting here tonight?" he asked.

There had been prayer that God would produce a sinner. It was a reasonable prayer to make. For—Would a man go into a grocery store if he never had hunger? Would a sick man ever seek out a doctor, if made to believe he had no disease? Would a sinner seek the Lord if blinded to his lost estate? So prayer had been made that the Lord would produce a sinner out of the vast throng of self-righteous that fill the city.

Now comes in this man and sits himself down to wait for the meeting to begin. The service went its usual course and at the invitation at the close, the man rose up and made for the front almost on a run. He kneeled down and began to pray. Let one who stood by tell it—"I never saw a man pray so hard in all my life. One and another came up to speak to him but the man kept on praying. They asked him if he didn't want coffee and do-nuts. He said he hadn't come in for such as that. He came in to get saved." Then something happened deep down inside and he broke into thanksgiving and praise. It's the old old story and yet it is ever new. Somehow the great God had come into the Mission Hall and kissed one of his creatures into God-life and eternal life.

Now look behind the scenes just a bit. This man had been high-hating Jesus Christ all these years. What was the blood of God's Son to him? But the day had come; the Holy Spirit had spoken to his spirit. He saw himself a hell-reserving sinner, without Christ, having no hope and without God in the world. Then God gave him faith to believe in Christ as Saviour and Lord. When your Maker tells you, his Holy Spirit speaking to your spirit, you are ready to act—"Just as I am, and waiting not. To rid my

soul of one dark blot; To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come."

Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Ore.—aid adv.

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By Sam Iger