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MOM'S STORY

Two of the oldest of the eight living children in our family worked out, but each of the rest of us had our work to do at home, from the oldest to the youngest. We had our fun, too, for with so many brothers and sisters we had plenty of playmates. The older kids used to hide eggs, one or two at a time, and then when our parents were gone we'd have a big feed; we would kill and cook a chicken, make pies, cook the eggs and have a big time. One time, Mother and Father walked in, in the midst of our celebration.

One day when our parents were gone, my oldest sister, Mary, chased us youngsters all upstairs, and shoved a trunk in front of the stairway door so that we couldn't get down and find out what she was doing. After we found that we couldn't get out, we quietly climbed into the attic above the kitchen where we knew there was, around the stove pipe, a hole through which we could peep into the kitchen. Down there we could see Mary boiling eggs—at least a dozen of them—and fixing herself a little private feast, but just as the eggs were ready to eat Mother and Father drove in to the yard. Mary ran to the woodshed with the eggs in her apron, and then dashed back to let us out so that the folks wouldn't suspect anything.

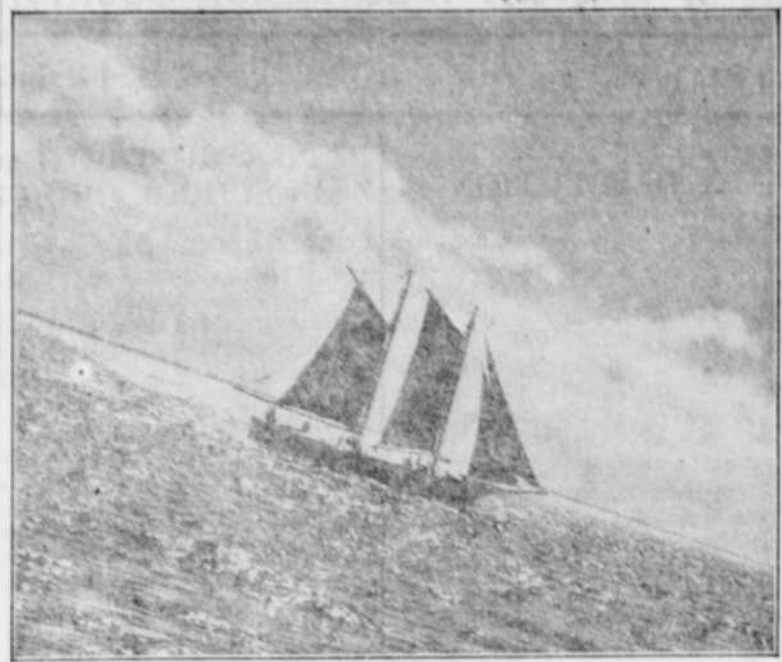
Just a few minutes after they arrived, someone drove up and wanted Mary to go to work for them right away, and in the general excitement of seeing her off, everyone forgot about the eggs until one day, when Mother was cleaning out the woodshed, she found a "nest" of eggs in the oven of a stove there. Of course we knew what they were, but we had a sort of unwritten law not to tell on each other, and so we never said a word, and Mother sold them in town as fresh eggs. Years after we told her and laughed about it together.

In the spring all of our cleared ground was planted, mostly to wheat and corn, and the cattle were turned out to hunt feed in pasture. Northwest of our place (what we called "below" it) were miles and miles of old "pinery", land which had been timbered off, with no trees left, but covered with stumps and sticks and green grass and wild berries and fruits that we used to gather when they were ripe, and use fresh, on the table, or canned. The cattle used to wander down to the old pinery to get both food and water, sometimes going as far as three miles from home in a day. It was usually the job of Emma, Will and me to go after the cattle in the late afternoon and bring them home. I always loved to go anywhere, and as soon as my legs were long enough I would toddle along, leaving with Emma and Will, at four o'clock in the afternoon to start through the mile and a half of deep woods which lay between our house and the old pinery. It was dark and lonely in the woods, and the older ones would hurry to get through, often leaving me behind because my short legs couldn't go so fast, but Rover, who always went along with us, would lag behind with me as if he couldn't walk any faster than I. As soon as we ran and caught up with the others, he would run on ahead, until he saw me behind again, when back he would come.

The cattle had bells that we could hear for quite a distance, so that we usually found all of the cattle and were back home by seven o'clock; if we didn't find one or two, they'd come back by themselves about eleven at night. Only once while we were after the cattle were we molested by wild animals, and I wasn't alone. When they came upon the cattle they found them frightened by a bear in their midst; the cattle ran, and so did the children, grabbing onto the cows' tails, and sticking close to them. None of them were hurt.

When the crops were being taken off, the cattle were let into the fields, with four of us children to watch them and keep them away from the crops which hadn't been harvested. We stayed in the fields with them from about seven to twelve in the morning and two to six in

The SNAPSHOT GUILD Your Camera Sins Will Find You Out



Rolling down to Rio? No, an example of what happens when you don't hold your camera level.

ONE of the satisfactions of amateur photography is that Lady Luck will so often play you the kindest of tricks. Much oftener than shooting an arrow aimlessly and hitting the mark, you may shoot a picture without precaution or thinking of focus, exposure time or diaphragm opening, and, nevertheless, when the negative is developed, find that you have obtained in all respects a good photograph. Dumb luck it is, really, but a tribute also to the capability of modern photographic equipment. Modern cameras and films allow so much latitude for careless and inexperienced use that, while they are not robots in their performance, they do cover up a lot of picture-taking sins.

Fortunate as that may be, it is certain that the amateur who depends on luck entirely will get many poor pictures and waste a lot of film. There are some sins which he cannot commit with impunity. Here they are:

- 1. Tipping the camera with the result that in the picture buildings appear to be toppling, and rivers run uphill or downhill.
2. Allowing the camera to move as the shutter is snapped, or jerking the shutter release under the impression that it can thus be made to move faster. Result: blurred picture.
3. Dirty or misty lens. Result: picture hazy, indistinct.

DAD'S STORY

I don't remember how they got out the paper while I was ill with lumbago, but guess that Garber must have been there to help. I know that for ten days or two weeks I was flat on my back, what with the deal on for the linotype, the getting out of the paper, and negotiations with the bank there to get a loan to make the initial payment. It just seemed more than I could stand.

Dr. G. F. Via was called in but he gave me a cathartic and nothing else. Finally Mrs. Hulett thought of a Dr. Raymond Walters who was a cousin of one of her friends in Nespelen, and she called him up. He told Celia that if I could be brought to Portland he thought that he could relieve me.

At that time there lived across the street a family by the name of Mansfield. They came from Michigan just a little north of where we had lived. She heard that Dave, the man, was going to Portland and she got him to take me in. They carried me to the car and then in Portland they carried me to a bed at the Multnomah hotel where Dr. Walters was waiting for me. He took me in hand and had that lumbago on the run the second day. Perhaps it is like they say of the common cold, "If you let a cold run its natural course it will get better in two weeks, but if you employ the really up-to-date medical man and follow his advice he will cure you in just about fourteen days." Now perhaps it's like that with my lumbago. It may have run its

- 4. Letting the finger tip slip over the edge of the lens. Result: silhouette of finger tip.
5. Giving a time exposure without resting the camera on some firm support. Result: blurred picture. (A shaky fence is not good for a time exposure, neither is the hood of an automobile when the engine is running.)
6. Trying to take a snapshot after a time or bulb exposure without re-adjusting the shutter. Result: a much jumbled up image or perhaps no picture at all.
7. Forgetting to turn key that moves the film. Result: jumble of two pictures on one negative.
8. In focusing, wrongly estimating the distance between camera and subject. Result: fuzziness.
9. With fixed focus cameras, taking pictures of subjects nearer than 8 or 10 feet without a portrait attachment. Result: blurred, out-of-focus image.
10. Using a large stop for distant views. Result: loss of distant detail.
11. Attempting broadside shots of movement too rapid for the shutter. Result: blur. (Moving objects can be "stopped" by an ordinary camera if the picture is taken from an angle and not too close.)

Yes, even in photography, brother, your sins will find you out. JOHN VAN GUILDER.

course; anyway it got better. During the time Dr. Walters was giving me treatments there came word that if I wanted that linotype I should get busy, as there was another buyer looking at it. Now, I guess I have told you how I knew nothing about printing when I went in to the Banks Herald shop. Of course, knowing nothing about printing, I knew nothing, or next to nothing of linotypes.

Some way some one told me about a machinist that was working for the Journal at that time but who now works for the News-Telegram. His name is George Nelson. I got him on the phone and he told me he could go to Canby and lock the thing over at a certain date which was in the immediate soonsness. The next thing was to get transportation for the thing to my shop in Bank. I got hold of Charles Kessler who was doing some hauling from Portland for me and he agreed to meet us there in Canby.

The whole thing seems sort of hazy in my mind, possibly from the lapse of time and partly because of the physical condition in which I was at the time. That lumbago was still going strong, Dr. Walters was giving me treatments, I was staying at the Multnomah hotel, I guess Garber must have been there selling out the sheets. Anyway the incident I have just related are quite clear in mind, but the means by which I made all the contacts is hazy, but it seems that I must have done considerable phoning, for I never saw Nelson until he met me at the print shop in Canby. He was looking the machine over when I got there. He had already made up his mind to tell me to buy it; he must have, for, as soon as I walked in the door

WHEN THE CHAFF GETS IN HIS EYES



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(perhaps I'd better say hobbled in) he said, "You're Mr. Hulett, aren't you?" Of course I replied in the affirmative. "When will the truck be here so we can start loading this thing?" I told him that the truck was expected momentarily. "I'll get it taken apart, then," and he began dismantling the thing. "Well, I'd better see about getting it turned over to us," I remonstrated. But he paid no attention and kept on taking off parts. I did not wait for Kessler's arrival but bolted for Oregon City. When I came to Toozie's office he was expecting me. He said he had told the Canby manager to let Nelson take the machine down, as it would have to be taken down anyway, no matter who took it.

When I got back to the hotel that evening I was one tired body. Toozie had his notion of how papers had to be made out. Had a lawyer write them out and were they voluminous! About forty different places to sign and then gave my check for something I did not have, cash in the bank. But Mr. Galloway had told me that they would hold the check if it got in before I got back. So I felt safe on that score.

I don't remember much more only that when I got home they just about had the machine set up. I got a gasoline engine to run it and before Nelson turned it over to me we had set several lines on it. The first one set that went into the paper was "This is the first line of straight reading matter set on our new linotype since setting it up in our shop." And if I had a copy of "The Banks Herald" here now I could show you that line printed among the locals on the back page.

It was our idea that Gladys should operate the linotype and that Garber did not know any more about the machine than I did. He kept moving the adjustment a certain way, and things kept going from worse to worst—they were bad enough all

the time. I finally told him he was moving the adjustment the wrong way, that if he should move it the other way things would get better. But he argued with me that the laws of machines indicated that the adjustment should go that way. Well, I gave Gladys, who was trying to set type, a nudge and next time she quietly spoke to me and I made the change in the direction that seemed indicated by the performance of the machine. It did better. I gave it a little further and it worked all right. Twice I've made the same adjustment since, and I always move it the opposite way from the direction indicated. And it works. So I let Garber go in the middle of the winter. He got a job on the Astoria Budget.

"My goodness," exclaimed the stranger who had dropped into

the police court, "they've caught a pretty tough lot this morning haven't they?" "You're looking at the wrong lot," said his neighbor. "Those aren't the prisoners. They're the lawyers."

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A man who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a country town saw a boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can. "Say, boy," he yelled, "I hope that's gasoline you have in that can." "Well, I hope it ain't," returned the boy. "It would taste like the dickens on ma's pancakes."

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger