

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. HULETT.....EDITOR

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DAD'S STORY

The next morning when they awoke and found me asleep in the car I got a regular going over for not coming into the house. But I didn't want to wake them up to let me in. That day Allie came down and the three women, Lucy Allie, and her daughter Agnes spent the day doing the town.

Well I started out bright and early looking for a car. That first Chrysler was the best one I found the first afternoon but that day I found several that sort of suited my fancy but none that seemed to me to be such good bargains. I made a date with a fellow who was going to bring a Dodge over to Agnes's house and demonstrate it but through I waited until late no one came. I guess that he either thought I was a bluffer or else he did not get the car he thought he was going to get. It appears that way sometimes.

In the evening Agnes and her boys, Allie, Lucy and I loaded into Lucy's car and drove across Detroit to where Allie's husband, Pat Finley, was going to be. Pat is a brakie on the Grand Trunk of Durand for Detroit. We found Pat who was living in his caboose which sat on a side track, somewhere in the Grand Trunk yards. I'll never tell just where. Allie directed us and we had no trouble locating the caboose but Pat halsted out to get supper. He came back and we visited until it was nearly dark.

Started back for the extreme west end and stopped at a market to do a little shopping. The stalls were most of them closed and though we had no trouble getting in we had quite a time getting out. They seemed to have closed the door just about a minute before we got to it. Some of the party went the whole length of that market, some four blocks, before getting out at the extreme end where we had entered.

I bought a watermelon which we cut after getting home but it was nix good as the Dutchman would say. If it hadn't been so far we'd have taken it back and smashed it on the steps of the market where we bought it. Wanted to bad enough but the distance was too far and perhaps we might have got into trouble had we done that. I stayed in the house that night and the next day went car hunting again. Covered about all of Fort Street before finally getting sight of a Victory Six. The price seemed right and the car seemed a bargain. I offered the man a check, my check. Well, he would take a check on any bank in Michigan but a check on an Oregon bank, well that was something different again.

We hemmed and hawed and finally I told him that he could take the check or I could go somewhere else and buy. He then asked me how much money I had on me. I had little or none but I did have some travelers' checks which were all right and should pass. How many did I have?

I told him and he wanted to know if I'd give him what travelers' checks I had and take the car just as it stood. He would fix the stop light but not buy any spare tire or tools. Well I thought I could get the spare and a few tools for the difference and give him the checks. He drove the car out onto the street and I got in and drove off.

Had gone but a short ways until I had to buy gas and get a tire fixed. But I kept on and stayed at Agnes's house again but next morning we got under way for Durand as we were to take Allie home. I took Agnes' boys in my car and Lucy took Allie. They beat us to Durand where we had dinner and started for Hastings. Lucy driving her car and I driving mine. Up to that time I had not driven over forty miles an hour but Lucy thought she would like to drive a little faster than that and as I was to drive ahead, being better orientated, that is, having a better sense of where I was or am at any given time.

We got on swimmingly until within a few miles of Hastings when in turning a corner Lucy blew a tire. Don't know just how it happened to her. That was the first time it had ever

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

SHOOTING WITH THE SUN IN FRONT



"Yes," says Towser humbly, "my master is a great fisherman." Outdoor silhouettes like this are made with sun in front, lens shaded, fast shutter speed (at least 1/100 second) and small stop (at least f.16.)

TIME and again novices forget the old rule that says that you should have the sun over your shoulder when you take pictures, and suffer the penalty of a sun-struck negative. They see something "pretty" and excitedly shoot at it regardless of the fact that Old Sol may be glaring directly into the eye of the camera.

It's a good rule not to forget, but it does not mean that pictures can never be taken with the sun in front of the lens. Indeed, considering the number of sun-in-front pictures that are being hung in salons these days as examples of artistic achievement in photography, it would seem as if the rule is being broken oftener than it is observed.

But, before you try for such pictures deliberately, be sure you have acquired good judgment in the use of stop openings and shutter speeds, because light and shadow conditions with the sun in front are decidedly different from those when the sun is behind you.

In all such pictures it is absolutely essential that the camera lens be shielded from the direct rays of the sun, else "lens flare" on the negative is sure to result. This can be done with a hat or other object or by jockeying around for a position in which a tree or other lofty screen places the sun in eclipse. Or you may add a lens hood to your camera accessories.

Some of the most artistic sun-in-front pictures are made with the sun's rays striking the subject

slightly from behind, that is, coming from the right-hand or left-hand side, but strikingly beautiful effects may be achieved with the sun almost directly in front. The resulting "high backlighting" seems to surround the subject with a glamorous radiance. Often, sunlight striking the blowing hair of a child or girl from behind gives a lovely halo-like effect.

Remember when you prepare your camera for the picture that, with most of the light behind the subject, features of faces and the identifying details of whatever the subject may be, will be mostly in shadow, and often deep shadow. Consequently a large stop opening and longer exposure will usually be needed.

It is by shooting with the sun (or brightest part of sky) in front of the lens that outdoor silhouettes are made. These pictures can be of fascinating interest and perhaps are less difficult to take than those in which you need detail in the shadow parts. The sun need not be shining brilliantly. Use a fairly small stop opening for clear-cut outlines and elimination of detail on the side of the subject toward the camera; then make a snapshot exposure. Let your subjects be outlined against the sky on a ridge, a hill or sand dune, with the sun or strong light behind them, or have them between you and the sun on the veranda of your home or hotel. Be absolutely certain before you click your shutter that the sun's rays are masked from the lens.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

happened to her. Well, driving ahead and quite briskly I did not miss her in my mirror for a short time and when I did there was a car in the distance that looked like hers, a new Chevrolet, and I just waited for her. But she did not come. Well, I ran into a farm yard and waited. No Lucy. After a few minutes I drove back. A man had stopped and was trying to get her spare tire off to put it on the car. We had quite a time not being acquainted with the mechanism of the tire holder.

Should anyone ever have occasion to take a tire off a modern Chevrolet tire holder, I'd advise them to acquaint themselves with the mechanism of the tire holder. We nearly ruined the tire holder and cover before getting the tire off. But once we learned the how of it the tire holder gave up its burden without any trouble at all. The lock they have contrived is certainly simple and ingenious. And just about fool proof too. Although two fools did get the tire off after awhile but it was the other fellow's lurch that got results. Had we persisted in the way I thought it ought to come off we would have wrecked the whole affair.

Lucy kept teasing me about how I'd have to get her a new tire and holder. But I haven't yet. But that isn't my only debt to her so one more isn't going to keep me awake.

After getting back to Hastings that evening I began to make preparations for leaving in the morning. Got the car all greased up, oiled and gassed, tires fixed, etc. Could not find any spare rim for my spare tire, which as yet I did not have. My sisters fixed up a big load of oats for me to take along, got a vacuum jug filled with hot coffee, boiled eggs, cake sandwiches, fruit, loads of stuff. They had enough so that I need not buy anything all the way.

After sad good-bys, and with many good wishes they bade me bon voyage and I was on my way about ten o'clock that Friday forenoon. The weather was warm though not so insufferable as it had been. The roads were

Well, I found a jack under the seat cover, and a tire wrench and started to take off the flat tire. But the confounded jack was too tall to go under the axle when the tire was flat! A farm house was near. I went there but no one was home. A dog barked and I thought I better get out of the yard. Tried to dig under the axle to get the jack in so it would work. No sale. I went back into the yard, stole around cautiously, got a block of wood and a pry and lifted the car up and blocked it there where I could get the jack under the axle. So far so good. But then things began to work out.

I got the tire off and shouldering it started back for Schoolcraft where I hoped I'd find a tire I could buy that would fit my car. The only good tire I could find there was too small. I had 19x4.00 tires and that one was 19x4.75. I got a patch put on and started back. One thing, lest we forget. Hardly had I started back for town when a fine car drew up and asked me to ride. By that time the sun had got hot, and I rode.

That good Samaritan almost got me in bad, perhaps not so bad as I was afraid of but I was scared enough. But that is another story. I got the tire fixed and started out for the car. The luck had been so good going in with the flat tire that I started trying to thumb a ride back to the car with that tire on my back. A dozen cars whizzed past before an elderly couple in a Cadillac coupe drove past, got on a little way, stopped and then began to back up. I thought they were going to give me a ride so I hurried. They invited me in and the old man told how it was not safe to pick anyone up on the road. "But," said he, "I told mother, here I just couldn't see that old man with that tire on his back walk this hot day." And so, I had good luck in getting a ride to and from town with even though I did forget my coffee jug.

When I got to Three Rivers you bet I got some air in that tire and some other things like wrenches, tire irons, etc. And inquired the way to get around Chicago thinking that I'd skirt the city and not drive right into town. But I got right in the middle of it.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Adolph La Fond left Friday morning for an indefinite trip to Maitle Montana.

Mrs. Pritchett Westfall and Mrs. Al Cannon of Portland were visitors at the Herbert Waite home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Williams of Portland visited at the home of Mrs. Sarah Dutner, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott returned Monday from a several days' trip through different points in Idaho.

Mrs. Ed Boring of Hebo, formerly of Beaverton was visiting friends here Friday evening and Saturday.

Elmer Harnden formerly a druggist in Dean's Drug Store has taken over a similar position in Tillamook. Mrs. Harnden and little daughter will join him there shortly.

Mr. E. R. Sheets left Wednesday evening for Ranier National Park in Washington where he will be employed on road work for the next two weeks. Mr. Sheets is spending this time visiting her sister Mrs. Richard Meesegar at Astoria.

ARMY DOCTOR PRESCRIBES FOR STOMACH

Needless Misery and Suffering of Many People Greatly Relieved When Acids and Poisons Cleaned Out

MILLIONS of people are sick today because their stomach isn't digesting food properly, because their bowels are clogged. Fermenting food causes



H. L. Williams, Prominent Medicine Manufacturer, who brings medicinal formula perfected during World War to this city

a sour taste. Foul-smelling gas distends the stomach and pains the heart. Congested food decays in intestines, spreading poisons through the system.

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Registration closes Oct. 3. Don't get caught unawares. Be sure you are registered. If there is any doubt visit the Registration Office.

Then study the issues. Get all the facts. Be prepared to vote to . . .

Preserve American Institutions

Paid adv.—Republican State Central Committee, Lars Bladine, Secretary, 1012 Falling Building.

HOW MODERN WOMEN LOSE FAT SAFELY

Gain Physical Vigor—Youthfulness With Clear Skin and Vivacious Eyes That Sparkle With Glorious Health

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings out all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses. Every morning take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast—cut down on pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—in 4 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished. Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—Kruschen will give you a joyous surprise.

Get a bottle of Kruschen Salts—the cost is trifling and it lasts 4 weeks. If you don't feel a superb improvement in health—so gloriously energetic—vigorous alive—your money gladly returned. NOTE—Many people find that the only diet change necessary while taking Kruschen regularly is TO EAT LESS.

CHEER UP BIG BOY, DON'T BE SICK ALKA-SELTZER DOES THE TRICK



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JUST WHAT DOES HE MEAN?



AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes

Geoff Hayes