

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. HULETT, EDITOR

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DAD'S STORY

When I looked for the print shop in Marshalltown I expected to find a small building, housing the common variety of country newspaper. I inquired where to look for the newspaper office and was directed towards the west part of the business section on Main street and judge my surprise when I found the building housed in one of the most, if not the most impressive building in town.

Well, I thought that must be an office building and the paper occupies a part of the structure. But no. The paper owns the building and occupies it in its entirety. They have the business offices and editorial staff on the first floor, the presses are in the basement and the upper floors are given over to other activities of a modern metropolitan printing establishment. The paper, I did not see a copy, but knew once inside the place, is printed on a stereotype press, one of the big, octuple presses that prints 8, sixteen, twenty-four, or some multiple of eight pages sometimes as high as 128 pages at a clatter. And how those pages do fly out the rear end of the press! Printed, folded, counted much faster than you can count them. If you don't believe it stand on sixth street in Portland in front of the Oregonian, building and watch them turn out the Sunday Oregonian, or watch the Journal press at work some afternoon. I'll bet you'll be surprised. But not much more so than I was to find such a modern metropolitan organization in Marshalltown which I thought about as big as Hillsboro. But when I look it up in the atlas I find that it is a great many times as large as the Washington county metropolis.

Well, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Wildman, Karl's father and mother were away on a vacation up among the lakes of Minnesota. But I found an uncle with whom I talked a little. He told me a good way to get to Cherokee, where I was to pick up a couple of passengers. He told me to leave No. 30 at Carrollton and go north through Sac City to Storm Lake and from the latter place take a state road to Cherokee. Being a newspaperman I thought he probably knew what he was talking about and sure enough he did.

The days were long, the roads good and I kept the old bus wagging along after getting that tire fixed. I hardly knew where to expect to stay that evening, Saturday evening, but thought perhaps I might go as far as Sac City or Storm Lake.

At Sac City, there was still plenty of light and I thought I might as well keep on moving along. There had been some changes in the highway and once I had to stop to inquire the way. That is something one seldom does on a straight away. But signs said, "This way to Sac City," and then another would point off another way and I'd not know which to follow. It was plenty dark, however before my arrival at Storm Lake.

Let us pause here to remark that for a country town I never saw such a crowd even on circus days or the Fourth of July. The streets were packed. And when I say, "packed," I mean just that. Officers were busy directing traffic and it was with difficulty that I found one who could direct me on the way to Cherokee. Storm Lake has some 4,000 inhabitants but I'll bet anything there were 15,000 people on that main street that Saturday evening. Where they all came from I never will tell. Cars were parked two deep on each side of the street and in some places they were three deep. No fooling outside of circus day or Fourth of July, or a celebration in a metropolitan city, I never saw such crowds.

Well, finally I got my bearings, found a cop, had been told where to go to get to Cherokee and I got on my way. But I had spent something like an hour getting into and out of that crowd. Up to that time I had not eaten any supper so as I was leaving the place I drew up at the side of the road and ate some lunch. Still had a little of that orangeade that Alma gave me, and some milk which had not soured, or per-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

Seems to be moonlight, but it's sunlight. A snapshot with a small lens opening, preferably when the sun is low, will get pictures like this.

Do you know that—

Slight overexposure is always preferable to underexposure?

A small stop opening must be used when both nearby and distant objects are to be sharply defined at the same time?

For good composition, the object of principal interest should never be placed in the center of a picture?

In striving for pictorial effect, it is best not to hurry in making the exposure unless moving objects demand immediate action, as a little time spent in selecting the viewpoint proves a good investment?

Highlights are the portions of a picture upon which the greatest amount of light is centered and reflected—the densest portion of the negative and the lightest portion of the print?

Enlarging from sections of your choice negatives is a source of great satisfaction, and that many exhibition prints are prepared in this way from negatives which, taken as a whole, lack just the right spacing or arrangement?

A diagonal rather than a full face view of a building is usually more pleasing, particularly if a portion of the building is in shadow?

I had purchased it that day. I don't remember. Anyway I had no water, and the weather was warm, yes even hot. They made a big ado through the Associated Press about the heat there in what was regularly a hot spot in the summer time.

On the way from Storm Lake to Cherokee I came as near having a serious accident as I care to, as near as I have ever been without getting scratched. Passing over a grade railroad crossing where a considerable fill had been made, a car coming from the opposite direction shot out into the road right at the top of the raise made by the railroad fill, the car came right at me as it pulled out to pass another car right on top of the raise. I had seen car lights approaching from the opposite direction but on account of the raise over the fill could not see the car lights proper nor had I any indication that there were two cars coming towards me.

It's a good thing for me that I was well over on my side of the road for those in the passing car screamed as though mortally afraid as they realized they were heading right for my car. They must have been travelling 40 or 50 miles an hour and I was not what you would call polka-long. However, nothing hit and my heart which seemed to have dropped through the car floor one instant came up into my throat so fast I thought it would jump out my mouth.

When I approached Cherokee I found another vast crowd in the street. I began to wonder if all the people in Iowa turned out to go to town Saturday evening. But after getting down the street a ways I found that the Cherokee crowd was occasioned by a visit from the Al G. Barnes' circus. So that sort of explained the crowd at Cherokee but the one at Storm still remains a mystery. Will someone kindly explain it?

The hotel accommodations at Cherokee were not of the best. All the room I could get was on the ground floor, with only one window opening onto a brick wall just about two feet from the window. The heat that had beat down all day seemed to have been stored in that brick wall and trying to get into my room when I opened my window. What sleep I got that night you could stick in

If, when making portraits, a hand, arm or leg of the subject is extended much beyond the body toward the camera, it will appear abnormally large in the picture?

In using a portrait attachment for close-ups, a piece of string knotted at determined distances and kept in the box with the attachment, is more convenient than looking for a yardstick or tape measure to fix the distance between camera and subject?

Most so-called moonlight pictures are made in the daytime and that a snapshot exposure, with a comparatively small lens opening, when the sun is near the horizon will produce such a picture?

It is best to have film developed promptly after the last exposure is made?

More pleasure comes from keeping your prints mounted in an album than keeping them loosely anywhere, perhaps to be lost or damaged?

Regrets and annoyance come from not keeping your negatives in orderly fashion in a negative album so that, when you want new prints of any picture, you know where the negative is?

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

dealer handling that line. Well, we drove quite a ways off the road and found that the manager, the only man around that one-man shop, was out at a rifle shoot some miles out of town. So we went back to the place where we first inquired and got our tire off and found that that fellow had none of our size. He had to telephone and have a tire come in. It was quite a while after getting into his place that we again got under way.

We came near taking No. 12 vest when we came to it at Ortonville. No. 12 is the old Yellowstone trail that we followed east in 1918. But the map did not show it to be a very good road and we kept on No. 75. It must have been at Ortonville that we ate a bite of supper. It was just about dark. There was a grave question whether we could make Fargo that night. But we did.

Fargo was reached quite late. There we looked up Mr. Perkins' son and he stayed with the son and family. Mrs. Bush stayed with a niece and I got a room in a hotel. We had one tire and tube which set us back plenty. We were now on No. 10 and would head due west next day. The crops on the way had not looked so bad as we had expected from the newspaper reports though we heard plenty of crumbling about the heat, the drought and a lot of other things not to mention grasshoppers.

Mr. and Mrs. Doy Gray spent the week end at Wilhoit Springs. we put up a line fence to say

Wise Man Gets Wiser

"Stop popping off your mouth every time you hear them say their religion and you'll pass for a wise man. You look it and you better keep shut and listen."

So said a Skidway follower of the Lord to one of our out and out infidels. That was last winter. Along later the loud talker lost his job. One night he drifted into the Mission and from then on was more or less on hand for the meetings. Then came the hour. The preacher had outlined most clearly how salvation from the guilt and curse of sin is at hand for the man who wants to turn. Then the question, "Is there a man here who has accepted Christ's death as clearing him? Do you see that dear sentence that was against you taken over by the Sinless One and He dying under it to free you? Do you now count your page as washed clean and do you from now on look to Christ for the power of overcoming life?" And then, "Does that man want to tell the world? Stand and let it be known."

To his feet came the man we had known as an infidel. As many others had done, so had he settled the big question all by himself. In our little faith, we thought he was too hard to be reached. Such and such a one might be reached, but not this one. So we figure and so we put up a line fence to say

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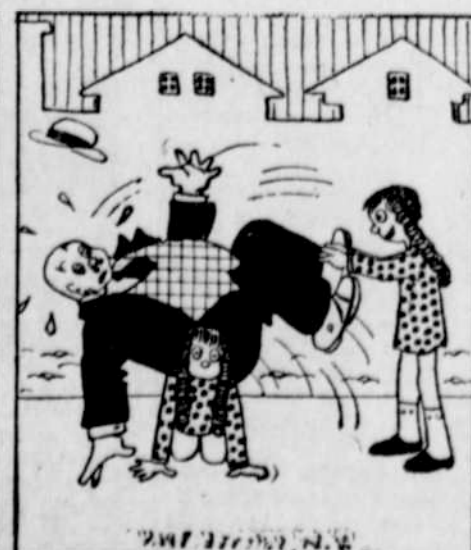
I believe in passing fewer laws and more time and careful consideration given to those enacted.



A. M.

JANNSEN

AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes



Geoff Hayes

that God will go this far and no further. Then the Lord comes with his mighty love and reaches out beyond to save the man lowest down.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John 3:16. The kindreds and tongues and

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You Are Thirsty
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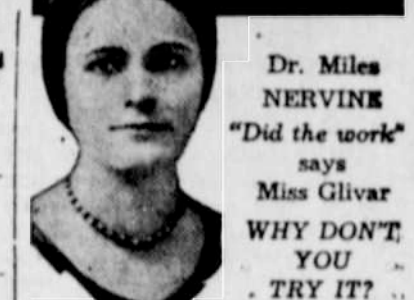
No. 4414
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington

In the matter of the estate of Alice Adzina Adams, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as the executor of the estate of Alice Adzina Adams, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and that Monday, the 9th day of November, 1936, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day in the Court Room of said Court has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearings of objections thereto, and the settlement thereof. Date of first publication Oct. 9th, 1936. Date of last publication November 6th, 1936. Doy Gray, Executor; Samuel B. Lawrence, Attorney for estate.

tribes of earth know this verse as no other. When you get over into the gloryland you will find that God gave a vast inheritance of souls to his Son through John 3:16.

Would a man resist the mighty work of God to go out and meet the sins of a lifetime? "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." But being counted guiltless by Christ's blood we shall be saved from wrath through HIM. Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon. Pd. adv.

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"NERVES"
"Nerves"



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