

ORATORICAL AND NERVOUS.

An Old Cobbler Who Won a Laugh and Favors From Napoleon.

On Napoleon's arrival at Mar-la-Tours the mayor, a farmer, tried in vain to make the speech he had prepared. Bowing and scraping, he stood fascinated by Bonaparte's scrutinizing black eyes—an unhappy squirrel in the gaze of the rattlesnake.

Close behind the trembling mayor stood an old shoemaker, in figure a true Don Quixote, clad in his working dress. "Why don't you speak, you fool?" he muttered from time to time to his leader. At last his patience gave way. He pushed the mayor aside, advanced, with his left hand removed his greasy cotton nightcap, with his right lifted the horn spectacles from his nose, made his bow and delivered the oration: "Emperor, you are on your way to thrash the Prussian rogues once more. I hope soon to see you return crowned with glory, and I have nothing more to say, but that Caesar and Alexander were botches in comparison with you."

The emperor laughed and inquired of the old man whether he had any sons. "Yes; four are in the army—two of these in the guards." Their names were taken down, and the honest shoemaker soon saw them raised to the rank of officers and found himself provided with a comfortable pension.

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

It Didn't Take the Usual Course of Deals of That Nature.

John Willer of Scarborough township had a good crop of spring wheat one year—almost the only good crop for miles round. He thrashed it out during the winter and cleaned it carefully, but did not sell it. "Seed wheat will be scarce in the spring," he said to his wife. "I'll keep it till then."

One day in April a man who lived several miles farther out in the country drove up to John Willer's barn and said he wanted to buy a load of seed wheat. The farmer did not answer him at once.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Willer," said the would-be purchaser. "I've got the money to pay for it right here."

"Now, that's just what I wanted to know," said John Willer, and his face brightened perceptibly. "I'm glad you told me. Lots of my neighbors need seed this spring and haven't the cash to pay for it. If they can't get seed on credit they can't get it at all, and I want to help them out. But if you've got the money you can get seed without anywhere. So just drive on into town. You'll find plenty there."—Youth's Companion.

No Place For Postmen. The new postman was called before the office superintendent for a reprimand.

"You were seen loitering in the neighborhood of that big fire down the street," the superintendent said.

"I only stopped a minute," the man pleaded, "and I was already eight minutes ahead of schedule time."

"It is not a question of time, but safety," the superintendent replied. "The last place on earth a postman can afford to loiter is in the vicinity of a big fire. On the contrary, he ought to make a detour to avoid it."

"By neglecting that simple precaution more than one postman has had his leather bag drenched by a stream from the hose and a lot of ruined letters charged to his conscience if not to his pocketbook."—New York Times.

English Words in German. Like the word "sport" and many other English words for which the German language has no adequate terms, the word "strike" has become one of common usage in Germany. "Start, finish, nutty, trick, snob, smart, partner, detective, picnic, film, handicap and hundreds of other words," says a letter on the subject, "are used in their original form, with not a letter changed. Panic has been made into 'panik' and check into 'scheck' record as 'rekord' when the German sees the word, and strike, in order to preserve the proper pronunciation, is written 'strek'." These words look English enough when you see them printed, but when you hear them you involuntarily think of the "English spoken here" signs.—New York Tribune.

Camp Candlesticks. A camp candlestick can easily be made with a piece of stick. Choose a straight stick about eight inches long and one inch thick. With a good knife sharpen one end as you would a lead pencil or a stake. Then split the other end into four parts, taking care not to allow any to snap, and strengthen the point where they meet by binding with string. The candles can then be placed between the four branches and held in position with string. The pointed end is then stuck into the ground and the candlestick is ready for use.—Boston Herald.

Watered Milk. "Farmers," said the fair city visitor, "are just as dishonest as the city milk man."

"How d'ye make that out?" asked the farmer's wife.

"This morning," said the girl, accusingly, "with my own eyes I saw your hired man water the cows just before he milked them."—Exchange.

His Infinite Variety. Blobs—Napbedde is a man of many parts. Blobs—Yes, he tries to be all the different kinds of fools at once.—Philadelphia Record.

Revenge a wrong by forgiving it.—French Proverb.

Seems Like It. "Don't schools sometimes commit practical bullies?"

"How so?"

"Why, they finish their scholars with a commencement."—Baltimore American.

Change of Heart. Parson Primrose—Why do you think it was out of place for your father to say only a few minutes afterward that he was swearing over having to carve.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Heart to Heart Talks

By CHARLES N. LURIE

UNFINISHED.

In all ages and in all lands, whenever and wherever men have thought on the things of life and death, they have conceived the idea of a life to succeed this one. They have pictured to themselves lives of everlasting bliss for those who are righteous on this earth and of eternal torment for the wicked.

This life has been considered a part of a whole. It is only a fraction, say the believers in a future state. It is incomplete, unfinished.

To symbolize this belief the ancient Hebrews, who were wise in their day and generation, ordained that a man's dwelling place should be left incomplete in some detail. They made it a law of religious observance that the synagogue should contain some rough corner, some place obviously left unfinished. To this day orthodox Hebrew synagogues contain the unfinished place.

Moreover, some orthodox Hebrews, strict in their observance of the ancient laws, leave portions of their houses incomplete. Even wealthy men among them follow the law.

In the house of Lord Rothschild of London, one of the wealthiest men on earth, there is an unfinished corner, left thus purposely to indicate the belief of the owner of the house that it is only a temporary resting place for his body. He believes that for his soul there is a higher, better, finer resting place elsewhere.

All of us have our houses of life unfinished.

There is always something to complete. There is always some ideal to strive for. There is always something higher and better still unattained, but attainable.

Perfection is not for imperfect human beings. Our lives are like the asymptote, the straight line which constantly approaches a curve, but, no matter how indefinitely extended, never touches it.

We may approach perfection, according to the light that is within us, but the fallibility of our nature will prevent our touching it.

Make your house of life as rich as you can. Adorn it with the treasures of love and understanding. There will always be some unfinished corner.

But if you honestly and sincerely endeavor to build it well, to have within it nothing that you feel to be unworthy, you need not be ashamed of its unfinished state.

No man has ever had a finished house of life. The final touches are put on after what we call death makes master workmen of us.

Extraordinary Seed. A farmer who mainly out of curiosity had grown a crop of flax had a tablecloth made out of it. Some time later he remarked to a lady visitor at dinner, "I grew this tablecloth myself."

"Did you really?" she said, apparently much astonished. "How did you manage it?" It was plain from her tone that she had no idea how tablecloths came into existence, so the farmer lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied, "If you'll promise not to tell any one I'll tell you." The lady promised. "Well," proceeded the farmer still in the same mysterious tone, "I planted a napkin!"

Side Light on History. Socrates was about to quaff the hemlock.

"This," he said, "is the cup that neither cheers nor inebriates."

Making a sort of wry face, just the same, he hastened to drink the incident so a close.—Chicago Tribune.

The Royal Box. King George of England as a boy was a proficient carpenter and can still handle a plane and chisel with deftest style.

King Alfonso of Spain drinks neither wine nor spirits, nor does his mother, Queen Christina. His consort, Queen Victoria, occasionally takes a glass of wine.

The Kaiser has a highly trained army of valets to look after his vast array of luggage when he travels. He is a great stickler for etiquette, carrying about with him a sufficient number of uniforms to allow for changing his dress every ten minutes if required.

Pert Personal. In his new play Bernard Shaw is said to have reached his "limit." We refuse to believe it.—New York Post.

By going broke to the tune of \$100,000 Fritz Scheff demonstrates her ability to make a success of anything she undertakes.—Washington Post.

Marie Corelli is suing an actor who staged part of one of her novels. He will deserve any verdict she may get against him.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Andrew Carnegie gets a grand cross for his Palace of Peace at The Hague. For some of his libraries in America he got the grand double cross.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fine Exercise. Mrs. Eze—My husband walks in his sleep.

Mrs. Wye—I wish I could get mine to. His daily work is so confining the poor fellow gets hardly a bit of exercise.—Exchange.

WE BELIEVE— That homemaking should be regarded as a profession. That right living should be the fourth "R" in education. That health is the duty and business of the individual, illness of the physician. That the spending of money is as important as the earning of the money. That the upbringing of the children demands more study than the raising of chickens. That the homemaker should be as alert to make progress in her life work as the business or professional man.—American School of Home Economics.

HOGE.

Captain of 1913 West Point Football Team.



Photo by American Press Association.

NAMED IT RAVENNA.

Just When the Ohio Town Was Going to Be Called Tappan.

Shortly after the Revolution Benjamin Tappan, son of a wealthy Boston merchant and the original owner of what is now Portage county, O., entered his father's tract in the west and spent the winter there. Other settlers joined him, and a settlement was begun, which had the dignity of a town at a time when a single log cabin at each place marked the present sites of the cities of Cleveland and Buffalo. The place was one of singular natural beauty, and the question of a name soon arose.

Now, it happened that at this time a younger brother of Benjamin Tappan and his wife were in Italy and came upon the old town of Ravenna. Delighted with the place, the young bride expressed to her husband the wish that somewhere in the new world there might arise a town worthy to bear the name of the wonderful old Italian city.

The husband immediately thought of his brother in the Ohio wilds and at once dispatched a letter in which he pictured the beauties of the Italian city and expressed the wish that the town then arising in the wilderness be named in his honor.

Many months later Benjamin Tappan, despairing of finding a suitable name for the town, was about to yield to the wishes of his neighbors and bestow the name of Tappan upon it when the letter arrived. So, instead of Tappan, the town was named Ravenna, which name it still proudly bears.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Two Meal Animal. Breakfast with bacon (or meat) is a latter day invention, it should be recalled. Down to almost modern times man was a two meal a day animal—dinner and supper. A fifteenth century proverb bade him rise at 5 a. m., dine at 9 a. m., sup at 5 p. m., go to bed at 9 p. m., "and thou shalt be ninety and nine." The Oxford Dictionary, indeed, gives 1463 as the date of the first mention of "breakfast." For centuries afterward it meant only the morning draft of ale, with or without a bit of bread. Everybody then set about his work fasting.—London Spectator.

An Interesting Exhibit. If two great shops could stand side by side on the main street of the world and all the voices could be put in the show window of one of them and all the virtues of the other in the other, all the people could go by all day, all night, and see the windowful of virtues as they were and the windowful of vices as they were all the world would be good in the morning.—Gerald Stanley Lee's "Crowds."

Not in His Line. "They tell me," said the new reporter, who was doing an interview, "that you have succeeded in forging your way to the front."

"Sir," replied the self made man coldly, "you have been misinformed. I'm no forger."—London Globe.

Passive. "So you lost your money in the stock market?"

"No," replied Mr. Lambkin; "I didn't even have the fun of losing it myself. I took another man's tip and then allowed a broker play it for me."—Washington Star.

A Model of Discretion. Knicker—Is Jones a wise politician? Bocker—He won't even open his mouth to an ear of corn.—New York Sun.

Hedges Still Live. "Have you placed your interest in the estate in the hands of a lawyer?"

"Yes, and in his pocket too."—Buffalo Express.

Let the only motive to read be the love of truth.—Thomas a Kempis.

THE HOME VOICE. I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life.—Elihu Burritt.

Vance—Millie wouldn't marry Argy unless he gave up cigarettes.

Ally—What did Argy do?

Vance—Showed his great love for Millie by giving them up and learning to smoke a pipe.—Boston Globe.

Chinese Dread of Milk.

A Chinese has the same dread of milk that an American has of oysters out of season. Several evenings ago a Chinese dignitary, who had just come into the country to study educational institutions, was taking dinner with a widely known educator in an uptown hotel. He ate freely of the American dishes until it came to the last course. Looking at the ice cream dubiously for some time, he finally took a mouthful. It must have given him a pleasurable sensation—this first taste of ice cream—for he smiled pleasantly at his host. Suddenly another Chinese, who was present and who had not taken any of the dessert, spoke quickly to him a single Chinese word. In an instant the dignitary spat out his mouthful on his plate, much to the consternation of every one at the table. "What did you say?" inquired the host of the Chinese who had spoken. "I said 'milk,'" was the stolid reply.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

How Macaroni Is Made.

This is how macaroni is made in Italy: To very glutinous wheat flour is added a plentiful supply of dried eggs. Mixed with water, this becomes a dough, which is so thickly kneaded as to be difficult to impress with the fingers. Then it is carried to a round press perforated with holes, through which the dough is pressed by means of a heavy plate worked by a screw. The result is macaroni without holes in the sticks. Pipe macaroni is made through a similar press, with the difference that a round piece of metal makes the central hole. As it issues in long, snaky ropes from the bottom of the press they are violently fanned to prevent them from sticking together and are afterward taken out into the open and laid on long bamboo poles to dry. Two or three days' exposure in the warm, sunny air of Italy makes the dough pipes hard and brittle and fit to use for food.

A Greatly Desired Lady.

It would appear from bits of the social gossip of her day that Miss Burdett-Coutts' nearest approach to an occupation was refusing offers of marriage. It is stated in "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III." that the name of the "prince of adventurers" was connected with hers, that she refused the Duke of Wellington and a score of lesser gentlemen.

For years the great heiress was the most glittering matrimonial prize in England, and when at last she consented to change her condition by marrying an American a London club with struck a responsive chord by observing: "I don't blame Ashmead Bartlett for proposing to the baroness. I've done it myself. I regard it as a duty every Englishman owes to his family."

The Air Man's Dream. A French aviation expert is of opinion that the day will come when communication between the earth and the moon and stars will be possible in aeroplanes. Providing that radium is one day found in larger quantities and that some way of harnessing its energies is discovered by scientists, he calculates that an aeroplane weighing a ton should be able to cover the 238,800 miles which separate the earth and the moon in three hours and five minutes. About 800 pounds of radium would be necessary to provide the fuel for the journey. At the current price about \$10,000,000,000 worth would be required.

Trips to certain of the stars he considers equally practicable.—London Tit-Bits.

Ants Walk on Water. It may not be new to observers of animal life, but I have been much interested in watching the common house ant here in Rio de Janeiro. We have an American fly trap. The sugar was one day covered with ants, so I placed the trap on a finger bowl standing in a plate of water. The ants when they came to the edge of the water ran around the bowl until convinced there was no way across, and then calmly took to the water and ran across it by aid of surface tension without getting their feet wet. Having presumably been home to the nest, they returned for more sugar, crossing in the same way, and this went on regularly, a steady procession crossing the water.—Nature.

Modest John Keble. If John Keble had had his way it is possible that his famous "Christian Year" might never have been published. He was extremely averse to it and only yielded to the importunities of his friends and the pleadings of his father. Even so he refused to have his name on the title page. In forty-five years it went through 153 editions, and since it went out of copyright they have ceased to be counted.

Consolation. "When I was your age," the self made man complained, "I was not spending money that had been earned by somebody else."

"Well," his spendthrift son replied, "you missed a good thing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Guerillas. Guerilla, which is a Spanish word meaning "little war," was first applied to armed peasants who worried the French armies in the Peninsular war, 1808 to 1814.

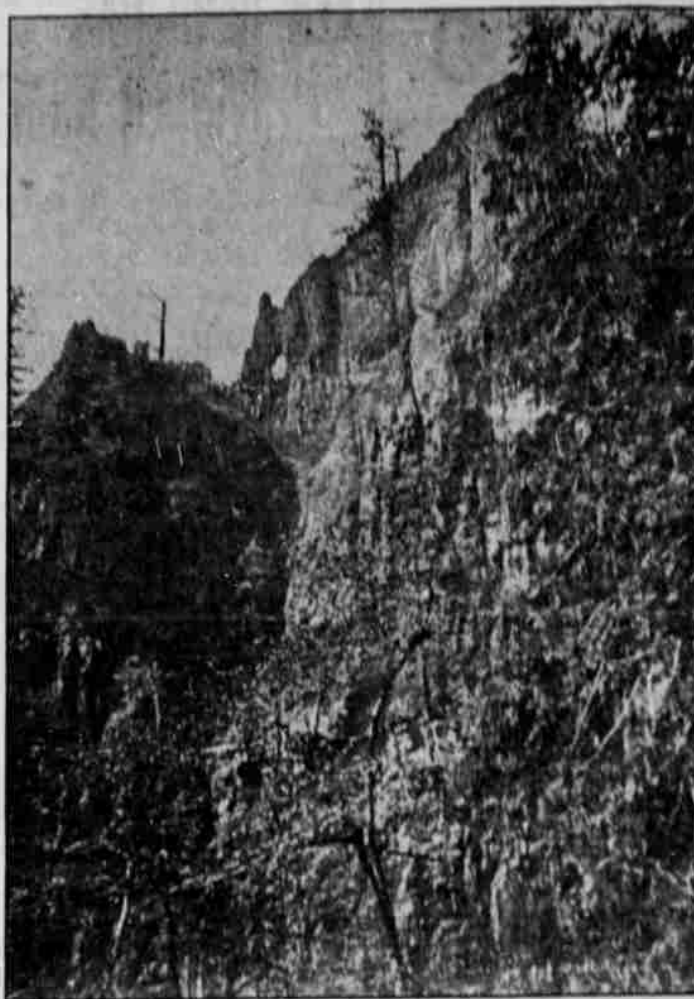
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BLUFFS AND CLIFFS



Opposite mouth of South Fork of the Clackamas, showing mountain fastnesses from which this water comes.

Captain Inch, Hero of Volturmo Disaster, and Faithful Dog



Photo copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS INCH, who was the principal hero of the steamer Volturmo, which burned at sea, was the last to leave the burning ship. He was taken off by the Kronland, with his pet fox terrier Jack. The faithful dog had stuck to the captain's heels through much of the battle waged against the fire. This picture of the captain and his dog was taken on the Kronland, which landed Inch and seventy-seven other rescued passengers and officers at New York. In recognition of Captain Inch's bravery during that dire time of peril the Uranium line announced that it would provide the commander with another ship, contrary to the rule of the sea that when a captain loses his vessel he is never given another.

Both Were Riding to Loss. A story of "pulling." A dying jockey commending his son to the gods that govern racing added as a parting motion: "Never talk, my boy. I talked once too often. I was riding a match with J., and we were neck and neck. 'You needn't ride so hard,' I said; 'I'm not going to win.' 'Oh, aren't you?' he said, whereupon he fell off his horse, and I had to win."—London Nation.

Sure. It was the third day at sea, and the Boston man who sat next to the Chicago man in the diner of the steamer was sick and frettable.

"Why do you bolt your food in that manner?" asked the Boston man as he watched the Chicago man eat.

"To keep it down," replied the Chicago man.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Norway's Climate. The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

An Old Story. "Did that palmit tell you the truth about yourself?"

"Yes, but my wife has been doing that for years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

LESS BOWEL TROUBLE IN OREGON CITY Oregon City people have found out that a SINGLE DOSE of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-ika, the German bowel and stomach remedy, relieves constipation, sour stomach or gas on the stomach INSTANTLY. This simple mixture became famous by curing appendicitis and it draws off a surprising amount of old foul matter from the body. It is wonderful how QUICKLY it helps. The Jones Drug Co. (Adv.)

Wants, For Sale etc.

I have a client that wants to borrow \$1,000, good farm security given. I also have several good mortgages for sale, if you wish to loan your money see me over Bank of Oregon City. CHARLES T. TOOZE

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting will be held at Cherryville school house on November 22nd, at 1 P. M. for the purpose of levying a Special Road Tax for the Cherryville Road District No. 8. Signed by actual taxpayers.

C. W. Kern, Brightwood, Ore.; O. G. Rabb, Brightwood, Ore.; W. E. Welch, Welch, Ore.; I. J. Marquis, Henry, Rathel, Chas. A. King, J. T. McIntyre, J. T. Friel, Jr., Magie G. Friel, Albon O. Meinic, John Bucholz.

I would like to have a job on the farm. I am a married man, was raised on the farm, if any one wants a hand, address J. C. Kade, Walnut Street 1105, Oregon City.

Notice for Levy of Additional Road Tax.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned Tax Payers, consisting of ten per cent. of the Tax Payers in Road District No. 52, Clackamas County, Oregon, hereby give notice to the Tax Payers of said Road District No. 52 that there will be a meeting of the Tax Payers of said District in East Mt. Scott School House at 12:30 P. M. on the 21st day of November, 1913, at 8 P. M. o'clock to vote an additional tax in said District for road purposes, as provided by an act of the legislature in 1913.

J. W. Loeber, C. A. Batt, H. W. Kanne, W. A. Ulrich, C. F. Zinner, Charles Rehatock.

Notice for Levy of Additional Road Tax.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned Tax Payers, consisting of ten per cent. of the Tax Payers in Road District No. 49, Clackamas County, Oregon, hereby give notice to the Tax Payers of said Road District No. 49 that there will be a meeting of the Tax Payers of said District in Country Club Hall, at Garfield, on the 22nd day of November, 1913, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., to vote an additional tax in said District for road purposes, as provided by an act of the legislature in 1913.

Norman Ellery, W. W. Porter, H. A. LaBarre, M. Lallaire, E. G. Trowbridge, O. Whitcomb, Paul Rance, P. E. Linn, Wm. W. Davis, John Krieger, Alex. Irwin, J. J. Davis, Arthur G. Bard, H. H. Anders, Geo. Halfaway, G. T. Hunt.

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Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned Tax Payers, consisting of ten per cent. of the Tax Payers in Road District No. 55, Clackamas County, Oregon, hereby give notice to the Tax Payers of said Road District No. 55 that there will be a meeting of the Tax Payers of said District in the school house at Viola, Oregon, on the 22nd day of November, 1913, at 2 o'clock P. M., to vote an additional tax in said District for road purposes, as provided by an act of the legislature in 1913.

C. C. Clayson, D. W. White, P. E. Cockerline, J. S. Randolph, C. L. Cackorline, H. W. Cussis, H. P. Mattoon, J. E. LaCroy, E. T. Bateson, J. H. Senler, H. H. Mattoon.

Notice for Levy of Additional Road Tax.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned Tax Payers, consisting of ten per cent. of the Tax Payers in Road District No. 26, Clackamas County, Oregon, hereby give notice to the Tax Payers of said Road District No. 26 that there will be a meeting of the Tax Payers of said District in Oak Lawn school house, on the 22nd day of November, 1913, at two o'clock P. M., to vote an additional tax in said District for road purposes, as provided by an act of the legislature in 1913.

Louis A. Rall, Nora E. Rall, J. T. Wallace, L. D. Lenon, Flora Lenon, G. V. Wilson, M. Blanch Wilson, W. H. Lenon, L. A. Jacobs, John C. Farmer, W. H. Livingston, W. N. Snavely, F. M. Livingston, Anna J. Livingston, F. M. Livinville, John Quail, S. R. Logan.

A Fair Jury. In a suit some years ago between father and son before an Indian justice of the peace the sextet comprising the jury came in after three hours' deliberation with the following impartial verdict: "We, the jury, agree to find judgment for neither plaintiff nor defendant and find that each pay half the costs." It is said the verdict struck every one as being so unusually fair that even the parties to the action were satisfied.—Case and Comment.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First State Bank of Milwaukie

at Milwaukie in the State of Oregon, at the close of business Oct. 21, 1913.

Table with Resources and Liabilities sections. Resources include Loans and discounts, Bonds and warrants, Banking house, Furniture and fixtures, Other real estate owned, Due from approved reserve banks, Checks and other cash items, Cash on hand. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid, Postal saving banks deposits, Individual deposits subject to check, Demand certificates of deposit, Cashier checks outstanding, Time certificates of deposit, Savings deposits, Liabilities other than those above stated.

TOTAL \$111,580.99

State of Oregon, County of Clackamas, ss. I, A. L. Bolstad, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. L. BOLSTAD, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of Oct., 1913. H. H. McGOVERN, Notary Public. CORRECT—Attest: PHILIP STREIB, F. BIRKEMEIER, PHIL T. OATFIELD, JOHN F. RISLEY, Directors.