

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Richard Sogge was feeling rather blue that day. He wanted an education. But he had little money, surely not enough to go away to school where he would have to pay for board and room as well as tuition. He asked whether I would help him if he would come up to the house evenings. I surely would and he came several evenings. But the lack of the inspiration one gets from being in company with others studying took on the young lad and he was almost of a notion to give it up.

One evening we were talking about different schools, different problems, and he inquired about Ferris Institute. I told him of that institution and mildly suggested that it would be mighty nice if he could go there. Then I told him the boast that I had often heard Mr. Ferris make: that no one had ever been turned away from that school because of lack of money. That all required was a determination to learn, to study and to try to get ahead.

Richard thought for a time while I rattled on. Then he asked me if I thought Mr. Ferris meant what he said about no one having to leave that school because of lack of money. I replied that I supposed he did, that his words carried conviction to his hearers and that if he, Richard, only had enough money to get there and pay a little room rent, he could put Mr. Ferris to the test.

The lad's eyes brightened. "Do you think I could do it?" he demanded.

"Yes, I think you can," and I looked at him, wondering what was in his mind.

"I've got just about enough money to get down there," he told me. "If you think I can make it, I'll go." I told him to go ahead. And he went.

Months afterward I found him there at the Institute. He was doing janitor work for enough to pay his room rent. He waited on table to pay for his meals. He worked for farmers in the fields, he fed furnaces, he did any and everything he could get to do but still his debt kept mounting. He was in debt for tuition, for books, for clothes. But he kept plugging.

While in Michigan during 1933, one of the neighbors I met in Traverse City told me Richard is now assistant superintendent of the General Electric plant at Schenectady, New York.

Personally, I have not heard from him in years. But one time, some months after that conversation in my study in the little house in Leland, he came to my room to spend the evening. I was again at F.I., and Richard told me that it was what I said to him that evening that gave him the courage to try. "Why," he told me, "I'd never have thought it possible if you had not somehow convinced me that it could be done." Of course, he was then just grubbing along, working, working, studying, studying, then working. I am mighty glad of Richard's success and probably the thing of which I am proudest is that in a small way I had a hand in starting him along. I wish there were more like him and that I could have had a hand in starting others along the road that climbs and climbs to the pinnacle where they can be of service to such a large number of their fellowmen. I do not believe that the ownership of any number of dollars, no matter how many, would ever give me the thrill that I experience when I think of having had a hand in starting Richard along the road to his present eminent position.

But the winter there at Leland was not all pleasant. You can get a little idea of what sort of school board I had to contend with when they would not let Richard Sogge attend school. But there were a number of situations where they held different views. One of the board was a saloon keeper, a Nelson. I have forgotten his first name, but I think it was Albert. He also owned the newspaper, and had his finger in most everything going on there. He had cottages to rent to the summer resorters. He was owner of the Leland Electric Co., which supplied lights to the village. He had a boat on the lake and ever so many other occupations. Of course he did not work, himself. He hired out everything done.

In the seventh grade was a girl by the name of Frances Bury. She was seventeen, and big for her age. Seemed intelligent enough but just did not get ahead with her studies. She seemed to be of the dreamy sort, and some imp prompted me to get the idea that she might be awakened intellectually. So I start-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

SUMMER FLOWERS



Summer offers unlimited opportunities for unusual flower pictures.

ALTHOUGH June 21 is considered the first day of summer, it seems that, as far as the well-known public is concerned, Nature's traffic signal turns to "Go" on Decoration Day and the season is open for picnics, week-end trips, vacations and all activities classed under the general heading of "Outdoor Sports."

Heading the list of summer activities, however, should be "snapshotting" for picture taking with the modern day camera is one fascinating, healthful recreation that may be enjoyed by the young or old, and we might add—rich or poor for today cameras are available at prices to meet the capacity of any pocketbook and good pictures can be taken with all of them.

Another thing in favor of amateur photography as a pastime or hobby is the fact that it is not necessary to be an expert to get pleasing results, for modern-day cameras and film have been materially simplified for the snapshotter.

Late spring and summer offer great possibilities for flower and garden pictures, from the first appearance of the colorful crocus through the season to the arrival of the giant chrysanthemum in the fall.

The first rule of flower portraiture is: Avoid harsh lighting. By this, I mean that flowers seldom make good pictures under direct, midday sun.

The light between ten and three in the summer is so intense that you get an over-abundance of chalky highlights and inky shadows. To catch the subtle beauty of the colorings in flowers, it is much better to work under the slanting rays of the sun in early morning or late afternoon.

You will doubtless want to take close-ups of some of the flowers. If your camera will not focus closer than ten feet, or thereabouts, get a portrait attachment (a simple, inexpensive lens that fits over the regular lens). With it you can get very close to your subjects, for striking and beautiful shots.

Here's another trick. To make a particular flower or plant stand out vividly, get a big sheet of gray cardboard and stand it up back of the flower, far enough away so that—if you are using direct sunlight—no shadows fall on it.

To catch the color values of flowers, you'll need to use the new super-sensitive panchromatic film. "Panchromatic" means the film is capable of recording, in monochrome of course, a wide range of colors. Your photo dealer will help you select the best film for your special needs, and you will get snapshots to which you can point with pride and say, "I snapped that one."

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

ed writing her, surreptitiously of course, some mash notes, telling her how beautiful she was and all that sort of stuff. Well, she began to dig in and study, I suppose thinking that would please me. I never said much to her but kept the note-writing up. Well, it got so that I was afraid for the consequences should I break off.

We went to Kingsley to spend the holidays. Spent all the ready cash I had on hand only keeping enough to get back to Leland and to pay the rent when we got there.

During the December term of court in Leland, Parm C. Gilbert came to plead some cases before the circuit judge who held regular court there as it was the county seat. We had him up for dinner one evening. That was just a sort of gesture of appreciation made to him on account of his good work in my behalf when that timber deal was in the courts.

But to get back to Frances and the notes. Soon after we returned from Kingsley Frances Bury took those mash notes and showed them to her mother. Well, the Mother was an old German lady who could hardly appreciate a married man writing such things to her young daughter, and so she turned them over to the director, the saloon-keeper, political boss, Nelson. Then the fat was in the fire. I was called on the carpet and the only question asked was whether or not these were written by me. Of course, they were. Well, right then and there they canceled my contract and demanded the keys to the school house.

They then immediately called the county school superintendent and having told her that I had resigned contracted with her over the phone

the same way they had contracted with me, for her to teach the remainder of the school year.

Well, there we were, no job, wife and two kids, with just enough money coming to pay our way to Traverse City. We went there and were planning on going to Kingsley in case I could borrow enough to pay our fare. While strolling around I stepped into Steffen's grocery and there back of the counter was a big colored card, nicely framed and lettered in colors.

I was feeling down in the mouth. Our household goods were in Leland, not even stored. There was less than a dollar in my pocket. Wife was feeling blue and the kids looked at me as though I was something the cat had dragged in. But on the card in the grocery I had visited time and time again, but without having seen that note, to in the nice frame. My eyes sort of glued themselves to the words and I read, "When this blamed old world has all gone to pot, and everything's on the bum, put on a ten-cent grin and stick out your chin. You can bet it's going to help, some!" And I can still feel my chin assume an attitude altogether unusual and the little verse could hardly help but bring forth a grin.

Christian Play Cards?

Thugs, racketeers, and hold-up men didn't start that way but they came on to it. A man can at last cheat and beat and kill; he can gamble and misuse money trusted over to him. He can go on in sin and pose as a saint and rest easy only so he is not caught.

But let that man be born again, born from above, born of God, and he does turn. He surely does turn. Under the power of the new life within him he faces about to please his Lord. And then comes the question of the old pleasures. "Must I, a born-again man, quit the dance cards, Sunday baseball, supper at the lodge if it comes on prayer meeting night or even quit the lodge itself? Must I?"

My friend, you must settle it for yourself. No man has the right to hold the rule over you. Christ bought you with His blood. You stood at the altar and pledged yourself to Him. You said you would search out His will to do it, and what He would have of you would be the law of your life. Now comes the question of worldly amusements, so-called. If any of these take the edge off; if they hurt your prayer life or Bible study or Sunday school teaching or power to witness for Christ; if they dull your appetite for the things of the Holy Spirit—see the point? These are so personal, so utterly between you and your Lord that you alone can answer them.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing."—2 Cor. 6:17. But you must say for yourself what in your case is harmful. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit,"—Jesus Christ in John 15:8.

George N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon. pd. adv.

SCHOOL DISTRICT
BOND ELECTION NOTICE
State of Oregon, County of Washington, School District No. 48, ss.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That at the school district bond election

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herby called to be held at the high school building in and for said school district No. 48 of Washington County, Oregon, on Monday, the 19th day of August, A.D. 1935, between the hours of 2 o'clock P. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. there will be submitted to the legal voters thereof the question of contracting a bonded indebtedness in the sum of Twenty-five thousand (\$25,000.00) dollars for the purpose of building and equipping a school building in and for said school district.

The vote to be by ballot upon which shall be the words "Bond—Yes" and "Bond—No", and the voter shall place a cross (X) between the word "Bond" and the word "yes" or between the word "Bond" and the word "no" which ever shall indicate his choice.

The polls for the reception of the ballots cast for or against the contraction of said indebtedness will, on said day and date and at the place aforesaid, be opened at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. and remain open until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M. of the same day at which hour the same will be closed by order of the School District Board of School District No. 48 of Washington County, Oregon, made this 21st day of July, 1935.

L. W. Short, Chairman of School District Board
Attest: Althea Haulenbeck, School District Clerk of School District No. 48 of Washington County, Oregon. adv c32-37

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County, ss.
Emma Pittman, Plaintiff vs. Kitty To Kitt M. Ellis, Defendant

To Kitt M. Ellis, the above named defendant:
In the Name of the State of Oregon You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the expiration of four weeks next, from and after the date of first publication of this summons, the date of said first publication being on July 12, 1935, and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: That plaintiff have judgment against defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, and against the real property hereinafter described, for the sum of \$1329.06, with interest thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs and disbursements of this suit, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein.

That the mortgage described in plaintiff's said complaint herein, and which was executed by defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, to O. G. Bretz, and which mortgage is now owned by plaintiff and covers the property hereinafter described, and which mortgage is recorded on page 65 of Book 115, records of mortgages for Washington County, Oregon, on or about May 10, 1930, is decreed to be a first lien and a first mortgage upon the real property therein and herein described as follows:

All the following bounded and described real property, lying, being and situate within the County of Washington, State of Oregon, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:
The Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) and West one-half (W 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) and the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section twenty-five (25) Township One (1) North of Range Five (5) West, Willamette Meridian.

That said mortgage be foreclosed, and said real property be sold as upon execution in the foreclosure of mortgages and the proceeds of said sale be applied as follows, to-wit:

First: To the payment of the lien and claim of this plaintiff under said note and mortgage, which amounts to \$1329.06, with interest

thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs of this suit, and of said sale, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein.

The balance, if any, to be disposed of as said Court may be advised and may direct, that the lien of said mortgage be decreed prior and superior to all claim, interest or equity of the defendant herein, and that such other and further decree be granted herein as may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of Hon. R. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated July 10, 1935.
Date of first publication, July 12, 1935.
Date of last publication, August 9, 1935.

M. H. Bump, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon. adv c32-36

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