

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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I watched them tearing a building down.
A gang of men in a busy town.
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and a side wall fell.

DAD'S STORY

Writing as I am, without notes and at intervals of a week or so it is difficult to pick up the threads and go on from where one leaves off.

The farmer drives a steer to market and the buyer offers him a lump sum. If the farmer can estimate with as great a degree of accuracy what the steer weighs he can hold his own with the buyer.

During the spring and summer of 1911 I stayed at school doing a little at that specialty course, but working my head off to try to make double entry bookkeeping produce balance sheets I never was any sort of good at adding.

Short-hand was not so difficult to learn; I wrote about a hundred words a minute before having spent too much time in practicing. I used that long after I left school in the most unaccountable places, at the most unexpected times and only quite lately have I laid it aside though now, when obliged to use a pencil I find myself making the Gregg outlines instead of the regular English script letters.

Typing, the kind that was insisted on by Mrs. Ford, I still use. It is quite nice to look at the house across the street and go on writing

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

It's Camp-Fire Picture Time



"Keep a Picture Story of Your Camp-fire Parties"

WITH the arrival of summer just about everybody, it seems, wants to take advantage of every opportunity to get out to the country, the lake or seashore for camping, marshmallow roasts, fish fries, corn roasts, clam bakes, beach parties and what have you.

Taking pictures at night around the camp fire is a lot of fun and the results pleasing and out of the ordinary. Since the introduction of the Photoflash lamp there has been a tremendous interest in camp-fire pictures for this lamp is so simple to operate. The Photoflash lamp is similar in appearance to a common electric bulb and can be screwed into a special holder resembling an ordinary hand flash-light tube.

This is how you take a camp-fire picture. The people should be grouped as close to the fire as comfort will permit. The arrangement of the group can be viewed in the finder of the camera by having someone hold a pocket flash-light or fire-brand at each side of the scene. This will indicate just what and who are included in the picture.

And let me warn you—be sure you have everybody in full view in your finder. Otherwise you may find the decapitated body of a dear friend appearing in the finished print.

It is well not to have the fire too bright, nor yet allow it to die down to embers when the picture is made.

With the camera resting on a tripod or firm support, set it at stop f.8 or U.S. 4, open the shutter, and set off the flash bulb and then be sure to close the shutter immediately. When using the Photoflash bulb hold it to one side of the camera, and slightly behind it. The latter position prevents possibility of lens flare from the flash. Here's one simple precaution:—see that the camera is placed where possible smoke from the fire may not be blown towards the lens or between it and the subjects.

Remember too it is not necessary to own an expensive camera to take camp-fire pictures at night. You can take such pictures—and good ones—with a box camera by using the largest stop.

So if you are planning on an outdoor party at night over this weekend, or a camping trip, be sure to be prepared to take some fascinating Photoflash pictures. Here's wishing you a lot of fun and good pictures.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

ing on this machine just as though my eyes were fastened on the key board, or quickly shifting from the keys to the writing on the paper on the platen of the machine. And the movements are automatic, quite as unconscious as my daughter's when she sits her down at the piano and plays about the tavern in the town where her love goes and sits him down. And when I strike a wrong key I know it quite as well as her hearers know when she strikes a wrong note.

That mental arithmetic is still in the gray matter in my cranium, or wherever it is put away for future use. And that rapid add class, I can run up a column of figures much quicker than the average, especially when there has been only a short time given to acquiring the skill, for skill it is. Either you know immediately that nine and nine are eighteen or you have to stop and count it up. When it comes automatically it is art when you have to count it out it is science. Science is systematized knowledge and art is trained skill. Skill does the thing without thinking. Science comes from knowing. You know and you have the basis of science. You can do a thing and you have the beginning of art and skill comes with repetition and experience. The first picture is a daub but the artist must make the daub that he can learn what is skill with the brush or the chisel.

Public speaking was also on the required list of the specialty teacher. "Tommy", we called our instructor, and a crank, not from choice, like Knisley, but from necessity. He stood about four feet tall, weighed about a hundred pounds, and felt that to maintain the dignity required of him by his position as instructor and in order to keep up the required discipline of Ferris Institute, he must scowl, scold, go into pretended fits of anger and generally conduct himself in a manner such as to demand the attention if not the admiration

of his students. Once under that veneer, he was quite human, could laugh and joke, tell funny stories, and was a master at declamation, quick witted and very likeable. But in the class room he was a tyrant.

Our first requirement was to learn how to sit down. Elegantly, he did it time and again, and then the students did it, and what volumes of satire he voiced at some particularly careless or slovenly student! He showed us how to carry a common dining chair gracefully, how to lift it up and set it down—a lot of things he taught us, but I never got any real instruction in speaking from him. Acting was more what we were instructed in. Of course, had I finished the course I should have been required to go much farther in his class before getting a passing grade.

That spring the U. S. Civil Service commission was offering several examinations. The school had a course in Civil Service, adapted to training for railway mail service but I was not enrolled in that. But on the bulletin board one day there appeared a notice of an examination for teacher in the Indian Service and Mr. Masselink suggested that I take that examination.

I had to go to Traverse City to write it, as I was a resident of that district. I also had to have my vouchers made out there, and to get a certificate from the county clerk there that I was a really, truly citizen. I have forgotten who made out my medical certificate. But at the appointed hour I sat down to write the examination. The next week found me back in school but in about a month there was another examination in the same service, but this time for industrial teacher. Masselink advised against my taking that but I wrote it just the same, for the list of duties as printed in the announcement of the examination appealed to me more than did the duties as outlined in the teachers' examination

announcement.

I borrowed money from whomever would loan it to me to keep on with my schoolwork. Every day there were appeals to Mr. Ferris to supply a commercial teacher and I wanted to get that sort of a job but the school would not certify me until I had done much more work in the course than I had accomplished. Finally the regular school term ended and I did not feel able to attend the summer session.

You see, that money from the buyer sold was all the ready cash I could muster. I had sold my place to Adam Extine some time before going to Leland and had applied the down payment on notes held against me at the Kingsley bank. There were some for farm machinery but the one I hated most to pay was the one where I had signed with a brother-in-law, Chas. Lutz, when he wanted to buy a team. I thought Chas. would pay, but he never did. He is somewhere in Washington now, and of course the note has long ago outlawed, but when I see him, if I ever do, I'm going to dun him for that money.

Just a few days before the school term closed I received a letter from the Indian Bureau asking me to accept a position as day school teacher at Browning, Montana, for the Blackfoot Indian Reservation. Mrs. Hulett was offered the position as housekeeper. Quarters, furnished free, were provided for, and we were to get \$60 and \$50 per month, \$90 a month between us. I took the offer to Masselink and he recommended acceptance. I wrote Celia, who was at Grant, and she said she'd go, so I wired the Department that we would take the job. That is all we heard from them for months.

That summer we visited around. I worked on the road a few days, and got hold of a little spending money but not much. Part of the time I spent at Father's helping them get the hay in and the grain cut and threshing done. But we were momentarily expecting the reply to my wire of acceptance of the Browning job. But day after day passed and no reply came. It was getting into the first of August, no money, no job, not enough credits for certification as a Commercial specialty teacher from Ferris's and things were looking blue.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, Department of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Eliza Andrews, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Eliza Andrews, Deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against the estate of the said Jane Eliza Andrews, Deceased, are hereby notified to present the same to me at the office of the Beaverton

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Finance Co., Beaverton, Oregon, with vouchers and duly verified, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published August 16, 1935.

Last publication, September 13, 1935.

Beatrice M. Dunn, Administratrix.

G. A. Cobb, Attorney for the Administratrix, Cascade Locks, Oregon. advc37-41

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County.

Emma Pitman, Plaintiff, vs. Kitty M. Ellis, Defendant. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, duly issued out of, and under the seal of the above, entitled Court dated the 13th day of August, 1935, upon a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court on the 10th day of August, 1935, in favor of Emma Pitman, plaintiff, and against the defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, and against the real property hereinafter described, for the sum of \$1,230.00, with interest thereon since October 1, 1926, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$125.00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$36.40 costs and disbursements, and the costs of said sale and said writ, commanding and requiring me to make sale of the following described real property, situated in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

The Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) and West one-half (W 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of the South East Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section twenty-five (25) Township one (1) North of Range Five (5) West, Willamette Meridian.

Now Therefore, by virtue of said sale and under the seal of said court, and in compliance with the demands of said writ, I will on Monday, the 16th day of September, 1935, at the hour of 10 o'clock, with a view of said day, at the East door of the County Court House in the City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand all

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the right, title and interest which the above named defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, had in said real property above described on the date of the mortgage belonging to plaintiff, hereinafter, to-wit: April 1, 1930, and all the right, title and interest which the said within named defendant since has had or now has in and to the above described real property, to satisfy said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, interest and costs and all accruing costs. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of the State of Oregon.

Dated the 13th day of August, 1935.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

Date of first publication, August 16, 1935.

Date of last publication, September 13, 1935.

M. H. Bump, of Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for Plaintiff. adv c37-41

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