

**THE BEAVERTON REVIEW**

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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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**DAD'S STORY**

I forget what the station was called where I got off the train and headed north for Waukegan. Anyway, I remember arriving at Uncle Lemuel's late that evening. They were very kind and put me up for the night. At breakfast the next morning I told them my predicament. They showed no great alarm over the amount of proven-der stowed away by your humble servant but Uncle Lemuel said he was sure their bank would cash my vouchers. Could I wait until the bank opened, he would go down with me and see what could be done. Why, they were very glad to accommodate me. So they said. I got one check cashed, enough to get me to my sister, Mrs. Lucy Creglow's, place at Cassopolis.

All the time that I had been at Dulce, I had been in communication with the family but said never a word about what my intentions were. I wrote Mother when I got to Creglow's and then went on to Ann Arbor. There I found several of the fellows who attended Ferris Institute with me. One of them was keeping a boarding house, that is, his mother and sister were. I had boarded with them at Ferris's and so went up there to await time to get into the hospital. I guess I also wanted to know something of what to do and how to go about it.

They told me to go to the homoeopathic hospital, that it was newer, that though the force was small, fewer people went there and that for a purely surgical case they could see no reason why I would not get just as good treatment as at the regular medical course hospital. I stayed one night with them went out next morning, looked the situation over and went in. I asked for an examination. They told me that the examinations were over for the day, that there would be no more for such cases as I presented for a week. I made arrangements to come back in a week and went back to Creglow's at Cassopolis.

When I arrived I found Mother there. That week I put in just lying around, I had a few political talks with James but for the most part I slept and ate and ate and slept. The stay in New Mexico had brought down my weight until I was only part of the man who went there. The high altitude, the dry atmosphere, the range of temperature almost every twenty-four hours were too much for me. I only weighed about a hundred thirty five when I left there. By the end of the week that I stayed at Creglow's I had started to get back, but only started.

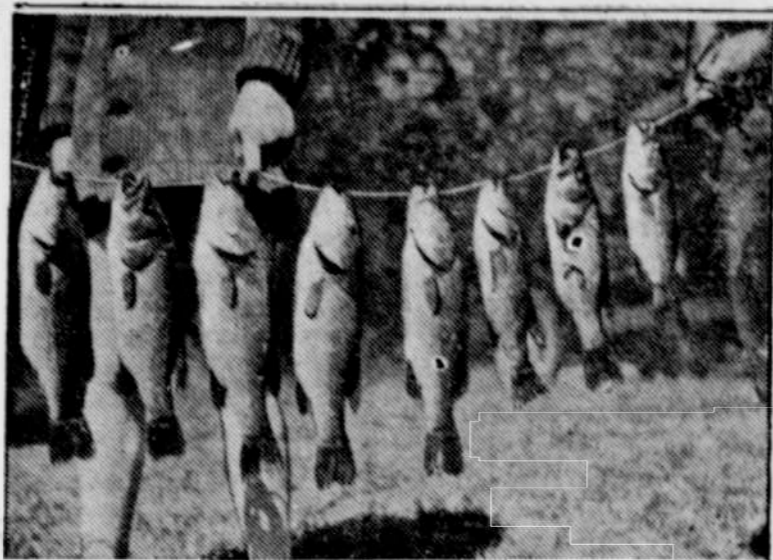
The trip to Ann Arbor was nothing to get excited about I got there and that is about all I remember. Only this, I went to my friend's home and told them I was signing in at the hospital. There were three or four of us that took up our residence there that evening. Others there were with whom we came in contact who told us what we might expect. No supper, a big dose of some cathartic, bed early, a bath early in the morning, then a body shave, some long socks and a short shirt to put on and orders then to go to bed until called for. In my case it was not long.

Just about every one of the hospital folks that met me that morning asked to see my right arm. After rubbing it just a moment, they'd tell me to look the other way, then they'd pinch the arm near the biceps muscle and go on. I'll bet a dozen did that. I finally found out what they were doing. I looked worried and they were giving me a shot in the arm to quiet my nerves. I did not know until then that I had any nerves!

The orderly soon brought a table on wheels and told me to "roll over onto this table" and I rolled. They shoved me to the elevator, took me up stairs, I don't know how many stories, and shoved me into a little room little bigger than would hold the one operating table. Some one passed through a door and I got a quick glance through it. It was the operating room.

This looked much like my conception of a miniature arena. There were tiers of seats ranged one above the other, and in the center there was a small space railed off so the spectators could not get down to where the performance was going on. One other quick impression came over me, the sleek whiteness of everything, the seats, the railing, the walls of the room, everything. Enamel, you know. After getting me into that little closet they kept "looking at my arm". I suppose it was all right, but towards the last I told one nurse that I wished she would look at the other one; my right arm

**The SNAPSHOT GUILD**  
ABOUT VIEW FINDERS



You will not cut your friends in two if you use your view finder properly.

**H**OW did I ever happen to do that when I took this picture? There are the fish and part of Bill but I certainly did a fine job of cutting him in two." Haven't you heard those sad words before? Sure you have.

The answer is very simple. The lad taking the picture failed to use the view-finder properly when he made the shot. He probably saw that the string of fish was in view, but he quite overlooked the fact that the proudly grinning Bill was neatly cut in two.

Most modern cameras have two kinds of view-finders. First, of course, is the familiar reflecting finder—the kind into which you peer from above. Properly shaded, it will give you an accurate idea of what each shot includes. Then there is the "direct" view-finder, mounted on the top or side of the camera. In using it you hold the camera at eye-level and sight through two rectangular openings. What you see, the camera will get.

With either or both of these finders there is really little reason for failing to get what you want in a picture. Of course, there are limits, defined by the size and shape of the film and the capacity of the lens. You have to

select the most interesting bits of a scene and concentrate on them. When an artist does this, he "composes" his picture. Many volumes have been written on the subject of composition, but the whole idea may be boiled down to this: Good composition is simply a pleasing arrangement of the elements of a picture, an arrangement that puts the emphasis on the most interesting feature.

A little care in using your view finder will, almost invariably, give you a well composed picture. For your eye will reject an arrangement that is confusing or displeasing; it will warn you that somebody's head is going to be lopped off; it will reveal whether or not the finished picture will tell a story—the story you had in mind when you unlabeled the camera, for "telling a story" is the essence of a good picture.

Although we have only ourselves and a few friends to please we can increase that pleasure vastly by pausing, just before we click the shutter, to check up our picture in the view finder. If it's what we want—fire away! And, when the finished pictures come back, we shall certainly not begrudge those few seconds of concentration on the view finder.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

was getting sore from being looked at so often. They arranged a coop around me, before long, something resembling one of those outdoor sleeping tents. It rested on the table where I lay but covered only about half my body. From then on I did not see much and I remember little of what was said by those around me.

Finally, a cone shaped arrangement was slipped under the tent, laid over my nose, and I was told to take long, deep breaths. I do not know how they supplied ether to the cone but I smelled it. An interne stopped beside my table and asked me if I could move my index finger. I demonstrated that I could. He told me to keep raising and lowering it just as long as I could, "until I went to sleep." I had begun to get drowsy then. As consciousness began to leave, I could feel myself sinking, sinking, into what I did not know. One thought flashed through my mind just as clearly as I am thinking now. "Unto Thee, Oh Lord, I commend my spirit."

"Spit it out and you'll be all right," the nurse was telling me. I had nothing, or no sensation of anything that I wanted to spit out but a rather handsome young lady was holding my head up so I could expectorate into a sort of trough arrangement she held in her hand.

"Did I have my operation?" I inquired, and then looked around. There I was in a nicely papered room; the bed on which I lay was high, much higher, it seemed, even than the table had been when I had felt myself slipping. My tongue somehow did not track just right, and hurt when I moved it around in my mouth.

"You'll be all right, now," seemed about all the words that pretty nurse knew. She vouchsafed no other for a time. I lay back on the pillow, shut my eyes and heaved a big sigh. (I suppose it may have been a groan!)

"Can I have a drink?" "You can

have water, but you'd better not swallow any; just rinse out your mouth and spit it out in this" and she offered me the trough again.

I did not drink much that afternoon. I had literally swallowed gobs of the ether, swallowed it. The next day I had another nurse, not quite so pretty, but one who could talk. She inquired into my general health, volunteered to do anything for me that I required, brought me a little nourishment, which I ate, though to save my neck I could not tell a thing of what it was. Then I set her to writing letters. There was Mother at Cassopolis and Lucy and James. Father was at Kingsley and the wife was at Traverse City. Then the friends back at the Indian school had insisted that I write and tell them how I was as soon as I got operated on.

The three weeks spent in that hospital are a unique experience. Sometimes I've thought I'd write it out in full, make a story of it just as we occasionally see printed in the Saturday Evening Post or the Cosmopolitan. But this is the first time I've ever set down anything of my experiences, impressions, or reactions.

I don't remember just when but some time I had deposited a little money at the hospital office. I cannot remember the amount but it runs in my mind it was \$25.00. I know that it was a pitifully small sum. My clothes, everything were taken from me before I was told to go to bed. They told me they'd see that I got everything back. I did. How they managed it I never will know. But when I asked permission to get up and dress, everything was brought back to me, my suit case, my shirts, ties, socks, shoes, hankies, everything. Where they were, how they were kept, or by whom or where, I never knew.

Just as the man on the street who picks up his Morning Oregonian and hastily glances through,

then casts it aside with the remark that there is nothing "in the paper" has mighty little appreciation of the dreary hours, the patient thought, the money invested, the ideals, the trials, the obstacles that are overcome that he may look through the pages so hastily, I probably never will know how they keep the individual's things in a hospital.

There were no visitors in that room. No one came to see me and I began to get lonesome after two or three days with only nurse to talk to and she seemed to have other interests besides writing letters and bringing me my meals. Not that I was neglected, not at all. When I spoke she was right there. There was a bell at the head of my bed but I don't believe I used it. I do not remember having done so.

One day, the bed had been swung around so sounds drifted in from the hall. A door down the hall had been left open and the people were laughing and joking. I knew they were having a good time. I inquired where the sounds came from. I was told that down the hall was located "the ward" where a great many men were in one room. Was it going to cost more if I got in there. No. It should be less. Then could I get in? I'd like to get where there were men.

I don't know what my dear little nurse thought of it, but anyway in the course of a day or two a couple of men came into the room and began shoving my bed around. On inquiry they told me they had orders to take me into the ward, I'd not have my "nice little nurse all to myself in there!" they told me. I did not seem to mind. About all that mattered to me just then was that my tongue was thick so that it seemed to hang out of my mouth. And sore.

Nurse would not tell me a thing about it. "Thought perhaps I might have bitten it!" Now I never thought I was that bad. And it has never occurred to me that perhaps she might have been a little spiteful. Maybe she thought I was that kind. Well, it's too late now. I never will get a chance to ask her just what she meant by that remark. And it was a long time before I found out what was the matter with my tongue.

She was very nice, so I hardly think she meant what it now sounds as though she might have. And maybe she did not know what was the matter. She took my temperature regularly, brought me my meals, even offered to feed me at times. And I'll bet a bum nickle that she DID know. Anyway that thick, sore tongue was the biggest

part of my suffering. I hurt when I had to cough, of course, or sneeze, but I did little of either, felt like a million dollars all the time, but got lonesome. So was sort of pleased to have them move me into the ward.

Mrs. C. C. Tripp and Mrs. W. H. Boswell sang with the choir of the First United Presbyterian church of Portland, on the House of Holman program Sunday. Mrs. Tripp was formerly director of this choir.

**NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION**

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual election for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the City Hall, corner of First and Main streets, Beaverton, Oregon, on Tuesday, December 3, 1935, between the hours of one o'clock P. M. and seven o'clock P. M., at which time the following named officers will be elected:



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Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this 13th day of November, 1935.

Homer L. Wilson,  
Recorder-Treasurer  
A. E. Wilson, Mayor  
adv c50-52



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