

Interesting Items From Pupils of Aurora School

Seventh and Eighth Grades.
In the eighth grade a debate was given last Tuesday on the subject of "Resolved that political parties are necessary in a democracy." Those on the positive side were Johnie Drager, captain, Merle Giesy, Glenn Crisell, George Burbach and Freddie Ehlen. Those on the negative side were Ernestine Flannery, captain, Louise Long, Jewell Gilbertson, Elden Harrison, John Kraus, Jim McInnis and Art Tomlin. The debate was given in the civics class.

The girls are planning a basketball game for this coming Friday.

A few weeks ago the eighth grade wrote letters to pupils of the Newport Junior high school. Last Thursday Aurora received replies. Six very interesting letters were picked out and read by those receiving them for assembly, Friday. Aurora pupils certainly know more about Newport now.

A Silverton company installed an air pump in the Aurora school ventilation system last week. The school is much warmer as a result.

Elden Harrison represented the Boy Scouts last Friday selling candy for the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church. The proceeds goes to help the Scout fund. At school the demand for the candy was so great that he could have sold twice as much had he had it.

Next Wednesday a Thanksgiving program is to be given at the school. Each room will have part on the program.

The Thanksgiving holidays will be from November 26th to November 29th.

Fifth and Sixth Grades.

Mrs. Keil (Frances Groh's mother) and Joan Gilbreath were our Friday visitors. We all like to have visitors come to our room and wish more would come.

The Boy Scouts have a new basketball. It is an \$8.00 ball. They paid \$4.98 for it.

There is going to be a basketball game Friday night. It will be the first one this year. We all hope that Aurora will win. The game will probably be at Aurora.

The fifth and sixth grades are divided into two parts for penmanship. The two captains are Richard Tomlin and Agnes Crisell. A month before school is out the side that loses has to have a surprise for the side that wins. Robert Tomlin has the most drills finished.

The show last Thursday night turned out to be a success. There were more people than we expected. The student body did not have enough tickets to go around. They took in \$6.75.

Third and Fourth Grades.

The fourth grade is studying Eskimo life in summer. We are headed for Baffin island in our steamer, instead of Africa this time. The last study we resided in Bombo, but this time we are going to Nandlas land. We are just starting from the city of Montreal, and will go down the St. Lawrence river to the gulf of St. Lawrence, and up the Davis strait to Baffin island. You know we will take about five or six weeks to get there.

Our room gave the program Friday. Those who were in the program were: Carma Ottaway, Jimmie Strickland, Ida Kerr, Izetta Ehlen, La Verne Crisell, Patty Yergen, Loretta Kelly, Cecil Armstrong, Delbert Hill, Everett Farrair, Stanley Pottratz, Margaret Colvin and Raymond Keil. Jimmie and Jean Strickland played a piece for us.

Lelia Oliver is back to school now, after being out a few days.

Miss Yost put some new charts up in our room.

Champoeg Park

On Sunday, November 22, 1931, at 2 p. m., the Champoeg Historical Highway association will meet in annual session at the park. Its object is a short cut highway between Portland and Salem via Champoeg, and then Tualatin valley. The route is proposed and suggested by Herschel Clutter of Sherwood and John Nyberg of Tualatin, both road supervisors in Washington county, is to shorten the road between Salem and Champoeg, then use the river road to near Butteville, bridge the river at a cost to not exceed that of the Newberg bridge—\$90,000—continuing on Market road No. 6, Clackamas county, to Graham ferry road, following this road to Tualatin, then on Boone's Ferry road to Portland. Or, when the Tualatin valley tunnel is completed, have a feeder leading to the tunnel.

The first move for road betterment was made at the Founders' day meeting in Champoeg park, Saturday, May 5, 1923, when a committee consisting of ex-Governor T. T. Geer, John T. Smith, son of Sidney Smith, one of the voters of May 2, 1843, and Colonel Robert A. Miller, was appointed to wait upon the Oregon Highway commission and ask for a hard surface road from the top of the hill to the Memorial building. The State Highway commission paid no attention to the appeal, but Marion county cut the hill and graveled the road.

In all of these over eight years only one person while a member of the highway commission has been known to have even visited the historic spot. That person is the Hon. Charles K. Spaulding, who began his logging career in this vicinity, and nearly fifty years ago had a cabin upon what is now Champoeg park.

Marion county has made a good road to the park, and next year will pave to the park. The members of the Champoeg Highway association want a way across the river. As it is now, it measures fourteen miles by the road to the opposite bank of the Willamette. Henry E. Morris, Salem, is president of the association, and F. L. Matthieu, Butteville, is vice-president.

ONLY ONE OF THEM HAS RIGHT TO SMILE



It's hard to tell whether the turkey is showing fright, or whether that funny look is an attempted emulation of the broad smile his capturer is wearing. But if it is a smile it won't last long—Thanksgiving day is at hand.

THANKS is one of the things we forget. We take our blessings as a matter of course. We seldom say a word about them—although we kick like steers when things don't go right. So let's stop complaining long enough to say "Thank You."—Grit.

Day's True Spirit

Not Ourselves Alone, Is Thanksgiving Motto.

Grow fat along with me
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
The ax is in his hand,
Assassination's planned.
Stand pat, get fat, nor be afraid!

Poor vaunt of life, indeed,
Were Turk but made to feed
On corn alone; to seek, to find and feast,
When feasting ends, to howl
Is this the end of fowl?
Irks care the crop-full bird? No doubt
we'll soon be fleeced.

Rejoice we are allowed
To grow and yet be proud
To grace the festal board, be stuffed to burst,
Be turned upon the spit
Till we have browned a bit,
Then eaten up with one fell swoop,
that's worst.

So take and eat thy Turk,
Save carcass that may lurk
Amid the gravy's lure; pick clean the bones.
Next day, pray eat us cold,
Then hash us in a mold.
Soup comes at last, thanks be, to hush
our moans!
—With Many Apologies to Browning.

Like the turkey and the epicureans, we are prone to eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die. We must have a particular day appointed in which to give thanks, lest we forget. We take so much for granted, accept all the good things of life without stopping to count our many blessings, or to name them one by one, as we were admonished in Sunday school so long ago.

We enjoy years and years of health, forgetting what a wonderful gift it is until illness lays us low. We accept our friends who strew our path with roses and cheer our way with kindness until one is gone, and we realize how much more we might have been to him. We think we love our children, but when they have all left the nest, how gladly would we have them back that we might show them how much more we could prove our love.

The editor of the Outlook, some years ago, expressed the true spirit of Thanksgiving so effectively that I quote him verbatim: "If the end of society is to produce the largest number of free human spirits, of generous human hearts, of strong human hands, of pure human homes, of noble human lives; if the liberation of serfs, the setting free of those in bondage, the care and reverence for the man as a man, the open door to the boy and girl whose feet are eager to climb, the breathing of the breath of life through a stagnant world, means progress toward the ultimate goal, then let us reverently thank God that we were born in an age and in a country in which it is our supreme good fortune not to be ministered unto but to minister."

"If we are to return thanks," he goes on to say, "not for ourselves alone but for all men; not for work done, but for noble chances to work; not for a finished civilization, but for the greater civilization that may be developed; not for a few choice spirits, but for the opportunity for all men to lift themselves into the light; not for things which make for our own comfort, but for the things which make for the healing of the world; not for the life that has been lived, but for the boundless life that is to be, then let us thank God that he has given us, not things but chance of growth; not comfort but opportunity of service; not ease of spirit but the tolls of the unselfish life."—Indianapolis News.

THE condemned bird showed no signs of a breakdown, but rose early and ate a hearty breakfast.

GIVE THANKS FOR "GOODLY TURKEY"

HOW well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end and mother at the other end, the children between and wondering if father ever will get done carving the turkey.

The day before a school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but on the table we found that Turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waited for the fork to plunge astride the breastbone, and with knife sharpened on the jabs of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat.

Give to the disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one dis-

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"Seven Ages" in Glass

The window depicting the "Seven Ages of Man" was placed in the Holy Trinity church in Shakespeare's birth place, Stratford-on-Avon, by Americans. There are eight panels in the window, but as the two top center panels refer to only one age, the seven ages are thus represented. The Biblical characters representing the Seven Ages are as follows: The Infant, Moses; the Schoolboy, Samuel; the Lover, Jacob; the Soldier, Joshua; the Justice, Solomon; the Slipped Pantaloons, Abraham; Sans Eyes, Sans Teeth, Sans Everything, Isaac.

Saturday Grocery Offerings

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