



Druids, Romans and Christians

Contributed to Our Halloween
Strange things may happen on Halloween, when witches ride and owls hoot and hobgoblins go dancing in the fire! At least, such is the ancient tradition that began over 2,000 years ago when the Druids started the festival that is still, in parts of Ireland, called "Odebe Shanna".

The Druids are responsible for the witchery and magic rites of October 31st; to the Romans, who made their celebration a festival for the fruit-goddess Pomona, we are indebted for our traditional feasts of luscious fruit. The Christian vigil of Halloween brought us All Saints' Day and All Hallows' Eve, and so Halloween came into being!

And now October 31st is an American holiday too, a time for gaiety and frolic. You have to be happy on Halloween so get ready to have a party or go to one or run a family celebration in the home of your family.

Of course you will maintain tradition with decorations and "spook-cry" in the familiar atmosphere. Food, too! These important refreshments must be in the proper colors and in the spirit of the holiday. Elder, from Pomona's apples, and spicy gingerbread are necessities; doughnuts are traditional as the ghost.

BE-WITCHING RECIPES

Hobgoblin Gingerbread

Bake your gingerbread beforehand and frost with orange frosting, or bake it hot at refrigerator time and serve with whipped cream mixed with mashed canned peaches (for the orange tint). If you like add the hot gingerbread, spread a mixture of cream cheese, sliced dates, chopped nuts and a little cream on the bottom layer, replace top layer and serve hot. Or serve gingerbread baked in cup cake pans, with orange ice.

Jack O'Lanterns To Eat

(Salad in Orange "Faces")
6 oranges
½ cup dates
½ cup chopped nuts
1 or 2 bananas
½ pineapple (diced)
Salad Dressing
Lettuce
Cut a slice from the end of each orange and carefully remove pulp. Mix orange pulp, dates (sliced), nuts, pineapple and banana (diced) together and chill thoroughly. Refill orange shells with fruit mixture when ready to serve. Place stuffed orange on crisp lettuce leaf and serve with salad dressing for salad course; or omit lettuce and serve with whipped cream for a dessert.

"Punkin-Face" Sandwiches

Cut brown or whole wheat bread in rounds. Butter each circular slice and spread with peanut butter. Now slice a ripe banana crosswise and make a "face" on the sandwich, using a slice of banana for each eye, and nose and three slices, set closely together, for the mouth. Lay a thin strip of pimento across the "mouth" for a "punkin grin".

Another popular edible pumpkin is made this way: Cut whole wheat bread in rounds. Butter half the slices of bread and cover with

DAD'S STORY

Last week we spoke of the hard worker, doing all he can to promote the interests of the Indian, is seldom or never promoted when the central office is looking for when to promote to more responsible positions.

Do not get the idea that I am wholly dissatisfied with the Service. There are many admirable features connected with the institution, but like everything else, everything human, it has its faults. Just how they can be remedied is a little beyond me. The office in Washington, D. C., can only judge by the reports that come in of what is being done in the field. And when there are no reports of what is being done by some one, why there is little else they can do but to pass that one up, as though he were doing nothing. The big, long reports that come in, long and intimate, help to build up prestige for the one whose name is signed to them. Thus, you see, the distance from the work to the central office is the big handicap that the Service works under.

I might go into detail and give specific instances of the ones making the big reports getting just what they wanted out of the Office. There was one Churchill, Agent at Browning just a little while before I went there, who went to Jicarilla. I believe he was one of the conscientious superintendents. But he got let out from Dulce, and Mr. Green was appointed to take his place.

I do not think that Green was there when I arrived. I am sure he was not but for the life of me I can't think who was acting superintendent. It may have been

slices of banana. Spread rest of bread-slices with devilled ham and put sandwiches together. If you wish to make pumpkin "features", take a sharp knife and cut small wedge-shaped eyes, nose and mouth in bread slices for top.

Puff-Balls

4 qts. puffed rice
½ cup sugar
1 tbs. butter
1 tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup white corn syrup
½ tsp. soda
Boil the sugar, syrup, and cream of tartar until a little forms a hard ball when dropped in cold water. Add butter and soda; cool slightly. Pour over the puffed rice and mix thoroughly. Shape into balls.

Party Paragraph-Pointers

Orange juice makes a cooling Halloween-colored beverage for children's parties.

For Halloween bridge-party, stuff puffed dates with orange marmalade, roll in sugar or in shredded coconut tinted orange.

Gingerbread baked in layer cake tins and put together with whipped cream and sliced bananas is a delicious Halloween dessert.

If you want to serve a hot beverage, make "cinnamon chocolate" by using a tablespoon of corn syrup for the sweetening and adding cinnamon to your regular "cocoa" recipe; float marshmallows on top.

Fred Baker. I think it was. He was the one and only inspector who visited our day school at Browning. Anyway, it must not have been a strange or I should have remembered him. Boice was chief clerk, when I arrived and when I left. Mr. Green came on soon after my arrival. He was not at all a strong man, quite pale and sickly looking. We were told he was a physician, but he was not the Agency physician, whose name was Wykoff.

It was early in March when I arrived. In that latitude one would expect it might get warm, but it did not. The elevation was something like 7,500 and the nights were always cool, really cold at times. Little farming was done. It was thought too high up to raise the usual farm crops.

The only thing I did in the way of farming or rearing agriculture was to go out and help cut a field of alfalfa for hay. There were some cows, but they ran out to pasture all the time. The hay they ate was bought, as was the grain. The school was located near the head waters of the San Juan river, a branch of the Colorado. There were mountains on every hand (only the small, narrow valleys were suited for agriculture anyway) yet there was a "farmer"

at the agency; his principal duty, however, was to have charge of the Indian police that kept peace on the reservation.

There was a little flat right where the school proper sat. The ridge which all but surrounded the school made a horse-shoe shape with the buildings sitting well inside the oval. To the south, the way the buildings sat, with the exception of a little on the west side of the horse shoe, the ground sloped gently away to a valley, which let to Lake Dulce. There was a little stream flowing down to the lake, but whether or not there was any outlet I never learned. I doubt there being one, for as I remember the lake lay right up against the mountains, about seven or eight miles from the school. It may have been even farther away.

Mrs. Turner a lady from Washington, D. C., was big boys' matron. She came into the service with the avowed intention of gaining residence somewhere so that she could be appointed to the apportioned service in her home town.

Perhaps a word about the apportioned service might be in order. The Civil Service was conceived with the idea that every state might have its share in supplying the different workers who do the routine work of keeping the accounts, the records, and doing the work of the Federal Government. Every state is supposed to have an equal share of the workers in the different divisions, bureaus, departments, etc. For instance, Oregon is entitled to just as many appointees in the Civil Service in Washington as any other state according to the respective populations. But Washington

is many miles away from Oregon and when there is a vacancy in an office in Washington, how natural for those who live right there to be informed of it and make application for the position.

So the Civil Service examinations were held in all the states, and when one passed he was put on an eligible list. When the list of eligibles from one was exhausted, that is a state with a lesser number of employees in Washington, then the list from the next state was used, and so on.

Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, and a few of those right close there always have all the employees they are entitled to in the Government service, and often more. So Mrs. Turner, a resident of Washington, wishing to get into the apportioned departmental service, did not stand much show for there always was a long waiting list from the District. By going to New Mexico she thought she could live there a year, take the examination and because New Mexico has few in the government service she would stand a good show of getting an appointment, provided she passed the examination and got on the eligible list. Yes, she got her appointment. But just think how she must have been interested in her work!

The landlady was a conscientious, hard-working woman, who understood her charges, looked after the interest of the girls who worked with her, and did everything she could to promote the interests of the students. She is still there for all I know. I haven't heard from her since 1912.

Lickens, the engineer, got the appointment he was looking for, at

Albuquerque, where he is in charge of the engineering department in a big non-reservation boarding school, or was the last I heard from him. Miss Neff, the grammar grades teacher, I haven't heard from. Miss Gunn got her appointment at Chemawa, near Salem, and was there recently.

There was a day school near Dulce, R. S. Cherrick in charge. At the boarding school we heard many favorable reports on the work done at that day school. All the employees thought Mr. Cherrick and especially Mrs. Cherrick, were just about right. They had a nice school, the children were all learning to speak English very nicely, were getting along in their school work, the school farm always looked well-kept, and everywhere there was praise for the good work being done at the day school.

I met the teacher and his wife only once when I went there on some errand. But I found them nice people, hard working. Mr. Cherrick is now on a bull farm near Canby where he raises bulbs and indulges in politics occasionally. For a number of elections he has been a candidate for the state legislature, usually being defeated in the primaries but the last time he got the nomination but was defeated in the Democratic landslide of 1932. Rather a nice chap but he never learned to play his politics so as to get an office.

My work at Jicarilla was of a peculiar nature. The Industrial teacher was supposed to be disciplinarian, as I have stated. And I think that I've also told how I did not work very hard at the job. My first set back came when I got the boys together with their band

instruments and was going to have band practice. I knew little of leading a band, and after one or two practices George Largo took me to one side and suggested that the boys did not like to practice, that they did not think I knew much about band music and that as there had been no instructor there for a year and as the school was nearly out for the year, it might be a good idea for us to forego the practice. And I agreed with him.

Along in May a lot of the bigger boys left for Rocky Ford where they were going to work in the sugar beets and canteloupes. About the time they left my sister, Alma, came out and took the position of mess cook. It was then I got some idea of the snobbishness of the mess hall and those living there. As a man I never had noticed it much, but Alma was out of every social activity that took place at the school. It might be she was aloof and they thought she did not want to mingle, but when she threw her arms around my neck and burst out crying one evening, I inquired the trouble and she told me. She never got into the social swim and soon left. However, when I had taken another job as day school teacher in Montana, this time near the eastern part, she agreed to go with me as housekeeper.

One evening after the bigger boys were gone I took the team and spring wagon and drove out around Lake Dulce. On the way, I heard Mrs. Turner extol the beauties of that section. She claimed to have travelled over all the Old World and that nowhere had she

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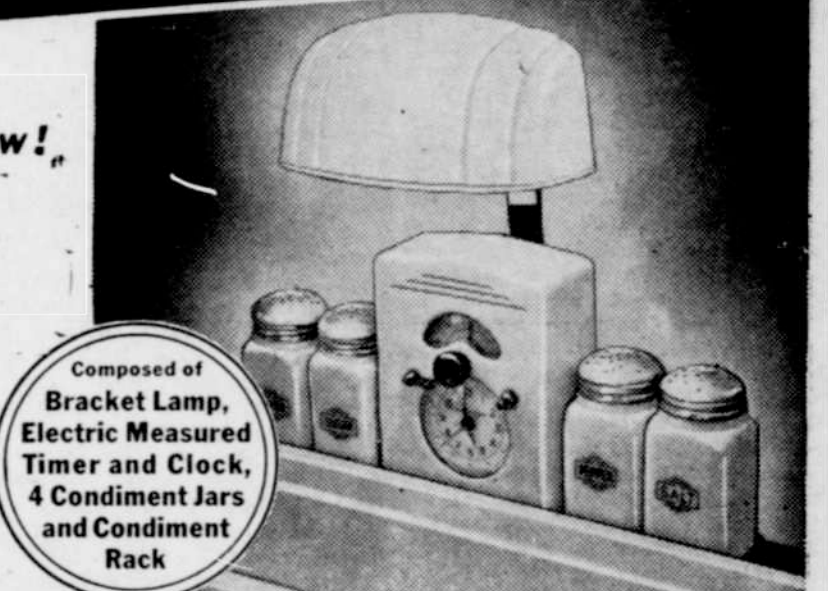
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