

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class mail matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 8, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year (in advance) . . . \$1.00
Not in advance 1.50

DAD'S STORY

Every day in the hospital I received a letter, a card or some cheering message from Miss Smith, a young lady who lived in Cambridge, Mass. I had never seen her, never have yet, but we got to writing letters through the Gregg Correspondence club. We wrote first in shorthand and later in long hand with occasional letters written with that modern machine the typewriter.

Another Gregg-clubbete at Cadillac also wrote me occasionally. Her name was Edith Gustafsen. I later met her but I never did see the Miss Smith who wrote so that a letter got to me every day. One who has no been through the experience never will know the cheering effect of the letter a day while one is in the hospital. Perhaps those cheering letters had something to do with chasing the usual gloom away—that is, the gloom that is supposed to hover about those places of the sick.

Of my stay in Michigan after being let out from the hospital I have little recollection. I visited Celia and the girls who were living in Traverse city. Celia had been taking a course at the summer normal school and had applied for and had contracted to teach in the Karlin district, a district almost wholly made up of Bohemians who had been colonized in there by a railroad company which wished to sell their land. She was not going with us, not having liked her first experience at an Indian day school. She and the girls came out along in the middle of the winter. In time to get in on the rigorous cold weather.

Alma and I were going. She it was who had come to Dulce, New Mexico, for a short time as mess cook, her son Lyle also going with us.

The trip again into Montana was uneventful, so far as I can remember. What route we took, when we started or when we got through—these have also faded from my memory, that is, they have faded if they ever were in mind. From experiences that I do remember, I think we must have gone west on No. 1, of the Great Northern. The "Oriental Limited" as the company had named it. It gets into Poplar at about eight in the morning.

The first thing I remember was the stop at Poplar, the Agency where we met Mr. Lohmiller, the superintendent and Mr. Brady, the chief clerk. Mr. Lohmiller was a big man, six feet tall and well over 200 lbs. of bone and muscle. He was commonly known as Major Lohmiller, having at some time been in the Army, I suppose. But perhaps it was that he had been at Poplar so long. In the early days of the Indian Service the superintendents were rated as majors whether they had seen service or not.

To the question as to whether he had any suggestions, any plans for the conduct of affairs at the school to which I had been assigned he replied, "The Indian Bureau thought you were capable of running that school out there or they would never have sent you to run it. So long as things go all right there will be no suggestions, no comments. In case they get going to the bad you will hear from us."

That was about all he said. The signing up was done before the chief clerk, Mr. Brady. He asked me what "The Major had told me" and after he had been informed, he rather humorously stated, "The Major may have a big voice and growl a lot but his bark is a lot worse than his bite." I found it true. But there will be more to tell of that later.

Perhaps just a word might be in order about "Skidoo". That was the local name for the local trains all through that district. Their numbers contained 23 in some form. Our local number was No. 230. The one on the division to the east was No. 23, and the local on the division to the west was 2300.

The through trains on the main line did not stop at other than division points. Passengers for the smaller local stations were picked up by Skidoo and taken to their destinations.

My sister and I were going to take up our jobs as housekeeper and teacher at Day school No. 4 located at Frazer, Montana, Valley county, then but that big county has later been divided into three or four smaller counties. I do not know their names but think Frazer is still in Valley county.

Skidoo was due in Frazer just before noon. I do not remember where we got our lunch but we must have taken it cold from a lunch basket or perhaps a sack.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
HOME LIFE

Family gatherings offer unusual opportunities for story-telling pictures.

A READER of the Snapshot Guild sent in the above picture as an example of what can be done by an amateur photographer with an inexpensive camera.

Photographically it is an excellent picture and this Guild member is to be congratulated on his work.

To the Snapshot Guild, however, this picture represents much more than an example of good photography. It tells a real story. As we visualize the story behind this picture it takes us into the homes of thousands of typical American family groups gathered at the home of parents for the day or evening.

It is just such pictures that add interest and value to your snapshot collection and every year, as the children "grow up," you will cherish such snapshots more and more. Record pictures, such as scenes, buildings, monuments and other places of interest you snap in your travels are important and interesting, but don't overlook the innumerable opportunities for intimate, story-telling pictures of the family.

With present day film and Photoflash or Photoflood bulbs you can take indoor pictures with any camera equipped for "time" exposure. The picture above was taken with an ordinary camera with the aid of a No. 20 Photoflood bulb.

Here is what you do. Place your camera on a tripod, table or something solid so that there will be no movement of the camera when the picture is taken. Locate your subject or group in the center. At arm's length to the side of your camera place an ordinary door lamp; to get best efficiency from the light, remove the shade and hold a white card or a pillow case in back of it to serve as a reflector. If in a group picture of this kind you find that the distance at which the Photoflood will be placed is about 10 feet from the group use stop f.11 with an anastigmat lens or No. 1 stop on single lens cameras or box cameras. With double lenses not of the anastigmat

There was one store at Frazer, no hotel, nothing but a depot (a store kept by two typical westerners) and the houses they occupied. One squaw man had his home close, between the school and the store which also served as post office. The depot stood north and east of the store some quarter of a mile. The school house was about a mile or a little more to the southwest of the store. Along the railroad track perhaps a half mile west of the store stood a water tank which was kept full by the section men.

The only thing that I recall about the arrival at the school, or rather the walk from the depot to the school was the vast numbers of mosquitoes that swarmed about. And sting! Well, I've seen plenty mosquitoes in Michigan, in Washington, in New Jersey, in Virginia, on the Pacific coast and on the shores of Lake Michigan but for size and appetites, there is nothing that can hold a candle to those big blood suckers that inhabit the plains of northeastern Montana. Whew!

I hardly recognized the creatures when they swarmed up on us as we walked towards the school. The trail, it was no more, led out through the sage and on our ap-

proach the insects rose and completely covered us. They were so thick you could grasp a handful out of the air by simply reaching out and closing your fingers over them. We learned right then and there to walk down the middle of the trail the wagon tracks, and to keep away from the sage which furnished a harbor for the pestiferous insects.

I went back to the store for groceries that afternoon. We were as broke as we were on that previous arrival to take up a station in the Indian Day school service at Brown- ing. When I asked whether we could get credit for our needs Jim Deegan stated, "We usually have to stake the new arrivals who come to work for the Government." He knew, and later day experience has taught me the truth of his apparent deduction, "A Government employee is usually broke."

That fall passed away with few things finding a permanent place in my memory. There was a team supplied the school, Old Nic, and his mate—I'll probably remember the name later. They weighed about 2800 lbs., were both black, and before we left there they were the greatest pets I ever made of any horse flesh. I do not remem-

ber where they had been during the school vacation. Perhaps at Wolf Point, forty miles to the east, just half way to Poplar, Clyde Patton, the Farmer in charge of that part of the Reservation, lived at Wolf Point.

The team showed up before we had been there long. Some one must have brought them to us. We bought milk and butter, eggs and everything else we had to eat. The prices at the store were high, higher than we were accustomed to paying and we got to ordering big supplies of groceries from Chicago. Meat we bought from the Agency butcher.

My nephew, Lyle Telford came with us, as his father passed away about two years before we left Michigan.

Lyle wanted to learn to ride bucking ponies. One day, about the time school was to open, or perhaps a little after it had opened, Lyle had one of the Todd boys at the school and they had the Todd's pony out in the field west of the cottage trying to get it to buck. I was at the school house on the other side of the cottage and do not know how it came about but Lyle fell off the horse and broke his arm. I did not think the limb broken at first but his mother insisted it was and that a doctor must be secured.

By that time I had learned that Government employees in the Indian Service were supposed to have free medical attention, and so I walked to the store and called on the nearest Government doctor, Dr. Huber at Wolf Point. I have told you it was forty miles to that place. Dr. had no automobile, in fact only the superintendent rated one of those at that time. Dr. Huber arrived after nine o'clock that night, having secured an Indian to drive him over. The arm was considerably inflamed by that time and we worked until eleven before he had the fracture reduced. I administered the anaesthetic while Dr. Huber pulled and worked at the setting of the arm. After finishing his work Dr. would not stop for anything to eat but beat it right back home. He was the most finicky chap I met in the Service. We found out later that he would not

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eat at day schools because of the usual sanitary conditions around them. But we later had him up for lunch often and he seemed to enjoy our company.

The water at the school was not supposed to be healthy, contained too much mineral matter for health. Here they tell us that in order to be healthy water should contain mineral matter. But that was different. So from Dr. Huber and by bulletins from the Agency we got instructions to haul all our drinking water from the Missouri river. It was about one and a half miles to the river and we would load two big wooden barrels into the back of the wagon and at the river dip up water enough to fill them. The river ran between rather high banks and we had to carry the water up the banks before getting to the wagon.

The ground in that country is quite thickly covered with a spe-



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BE WISE—ALKALIZE!

cies of cactus locally called prickly pear. The spines are long and sharp and have barbs on them so that once one gets hold of sort of works in to the bone or through to the other side of the flesh. One day Alma and I had filled our water barrels and were going to sit down on the river bank and rest. Being tired, I did not look very close for a seat but just sat down, but I got up in a hurry for I

(Continued on Next Page)



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