

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

S. Toledo Sherry was quite an institution. He held the position of Day School Inspector and Principal of the Poplar boarding school. To me he seemed much more interested in day school work than he did in boarding schools.

One of his pet theories was a model farm. He would have the Indian boys given a plot of ground at the school and they were to lay the little piece off into fields and plant crops, in other words, play at farming. Some of his students, or rather the day school students, got a big kick out of their little farms, built model houses for them, and barns, tilled the ground and really grew crops. Sherry's idea was that the teacher should give them instruction in this line, and allow them to put in their industrial work on such projects. Perhaps that is where some of the New Deal ideas came from, playing at different projects.

We held several dances at the day school. People came from all around, miles and miles. They would dance all night and go home after day light the next day. Some of them even came for supper and stayed for breakfast. Even those who went home before breakfast never got away until after daylight.

One Clyde Patton was carried on the pay roll as a farmer, but in reality he was sort of a sub-agent. He had charge of the west end of the reservation in a sort of straw boss manner, if you know what I mean. He had charge of getting supplies from the agency to the school, looked after the irrigation ditches, got out the threshing outfits, and had a general supervision over the whole governmental activity where he was in charge.

Well, we got along fine until one time he sent some spoiled beef to be served the children at our school. I called up Major Lohmiller and inquired what we should do and he told me to send the stuff back just as soon as we could get it back. We did, Patton sent on some good meat but he sort of resented the affair. We were having a dance at the school just a little while after the affair about the beef, and the Pattons were there, seeming to enjoy the sociability, but after they got home Clyde sent a letter to Major Lohmiller charging that I was using school supplies, school time, and school property in promoting dancing and that the practice was not for the best interest of the Indian Service.

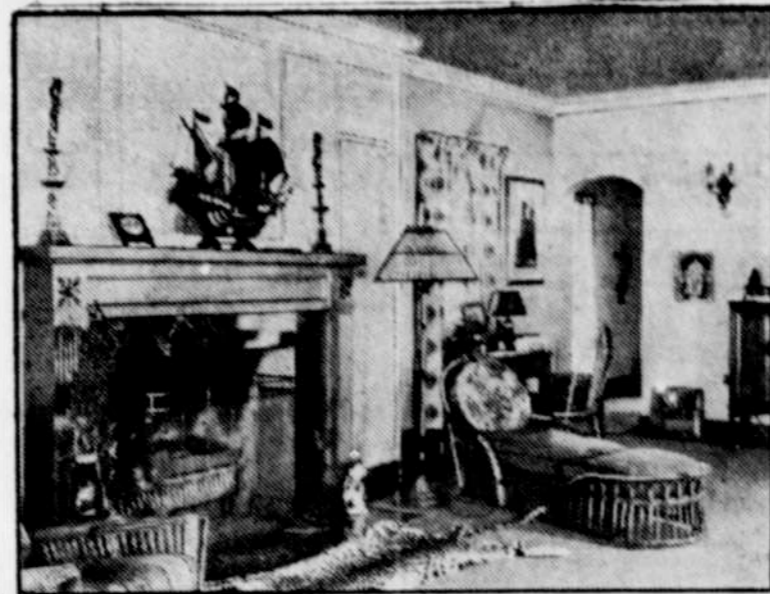
Well, the Major wrote me a nice letter inquiring whether we were holding dances at the school and for a full report on the whole matter. In reply I called the Major's attention to his letter he had addressed to me soon after my arrival and rather pertinently inquired whether he wished to institute other regulations. The return mail brought back a reply and an apology, assuring me that he had been misinformed as to the nature of the dances, that when he learned the truth he was wholly in accord with my practices and that his former instructions still held good, and that I was to go on doing just as I had been. That settled Mr. Patton but he soon asked to be relieved of jurisdiction over the extreme west end of the reserve, to have that part turned over to some one else.

While down at the Agency one day the Major called me into the office and told me all about his plans for that locality and requested me to take charge of some of the work Patton had been doing for that locality. I told him I would if I stayed on but that I was considering other matters. He did not press the matter, but told me that when the new farmer came on that he should report to me, and that I should direct the activities in that section. I was much flattered and I'll tell you why.

The matter of the dances and the beef were not the only things that brought the employees from other sections of the reserve into contact (sometimes just a little violent) with the teacher at Day school No. 3.

When we arrived at Frazer the heating facilities consisted of a box stove, rather too small to supply heat when extreme cold weather prevailed. But I can claim no credit for getting better heating facilities allowed, for the requisition had gone in the previous winter, been urgently recommended by S. Toledo Sherry, and by Major Lohmiller. The Indian office had allowed the expenditure and the new Waterbury school heating plant arrived

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
MEMORIES OF HOME



Pictures, such as this one, are not difficult to make so let your camera furnish you with "Memory Insurance."

DO YOU remember 'way back when grandmother's "parlor" was furnished with the very latest horse-hair furniture, the lovely round "center table" with its marble top, the huge portraits with their deep, heavy gilded frames and the always present "what-not" with its assorted display of "bric-a-brac"? Wouldn't you like to have a picture of it to help recall fond memories of days gone by?

Believe it or not but it will not be many years until you will be trying to picture in your mind some of the furniture and furnishings you had in your home when you were a child or perhaps when you were first married. Interior snapshots will serve as "memory insurance."

Don't put off taking these pictures any longer for making them is not at all difficult; in fact you will enjoy it. Here are a few pointers that may help you in making your first shots.

If you take your interior pictures in the daytime the chances are that you will have to take a time exposure unless your camera is equipped with a very fast lens, say f.3.5 or faster. If a time exposure is necessary you will have to use a tripod or else place the camera on some solid support such as a table. Even with an f.3.5 lens you should have some substantial support for your camera for you will probably find it necessary to take your shot at 1/5 or 1/10 of a second, and at speeds slower than 1/25 of a second it is extremely difficult to hold the camera steady. Any movement of the camera will cause a blurred picture.

The secret of success in indoor pictures lies in controlling the light reaching the various parts of the

room to be pictured. To begin with, never point your camera directly at the window or door through which the greatest amount of light is coming. Keep the light behind or to the side of the camera. If, as sometimes happens, a sunny window is in a particular part of the house you want to take, you can eliminate sun-glare by a very simple trick. Pull the shade of that particular window clear down and keep it down for an exposure long enough to give you the other features and details. Then, close the shutter and run the shade up to its normal position. Now, go back to the camera and, without changing the film or the camera's position, open the shutter again for a half second longer.

It's a good idea to use a very small lens stop in taking indoor pictures, because you want detail. Focus on a point about half-way between the camera and the far side of the room; then, when the lens is stopped down you will find that practically every thing is in sharp focus.

Avoid including large pieces of furniture in the foreground, lest they take up more space in the picture than they deserve.

Exposure time will vary, of course, with the brilliance of the daylight and the degree to which the walls reflect light. On a bright day, pictures in a predominantly light colored room can be taken with an exposure of five or ten seconds. On dull days, in dark rooms having only one window, you will need as much as five minutes, with the lens at f.16.

"Memory Insurance" costs but little; so load your camera today for interior pictures that in later years will be worth a lot.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

on the ground some time after we had been duly installed into the day school duties.

It lay in the store room for some time but the boys and I got curious about the thing and broke into it and got the thing out, set up, and working. We hitched it to the chimney, got the ventilating system that had been installed when the school house was built to working and set the heater to work. Then afterwards some of the big boys and I would take the team, drive along the railroad track and pick up the coal that had fallen from the tenders and the gondolas as they nosed to and fro through that vast prairie country. Only for a short distance at Frazer was there any fence along the track. And as to roads, we just drove out over the prairies wherever we took a notion. We got the heater working all right, had enough coal gathered to run us through the winter, and when our fuel supply finally arrived we kept it on hand and thus had dry wood on hand for the next winter.

I never could figure out just the why and wherefore of many of the practices used in Government service. We got that heater up so it was ready for the severe cold of the first winter. We used it all that winter, and along in November of the second year two mechanics blew in from the Agency and announced that at last they had come to set up our heater! To say the least, we were flabbergasted. We

mildly informed them that the heater was up and invited them to take a look. They looked and informed me that the thing was set up all wrong, that it had to be taken out and put up right. I went out and huffed it for the telephone which, by the way, was in the store. I called the Agency, got Mr. Lohmiller on the wire and asked him to issue instructions to his workmen to come back to the Agency. He told me to bear them that message after he had been told that we had already used the said heater they were going to set up, had used it for almost a year.

I was sort of wrathful, something the mechanics had said had gotten under my hide, and I informed the Major that he could issue the instructions just as I voiced them and send some one up to take charge of the school. I'll bet he got a big laugh out of the whole matter but he never mentioned it to me. Anyway, as stated above, he said he wanted me to take over the running of that end of the reservation.

ployees and at the same time with a bunch of Indians more or less inclined to gang up on their instructors and co-workers, well such fellows were certainly entitled to some consideration.

The Civil Service commission were daily in need of help. Examinations were scheduled almost every month for some desirable position, so I took on a couple. One for clerk in the department's service, and one for scientific assistant in the Department of Agriculture.

While still at Dulce I had accumulated the idea that I might get into the department of Agriculture. Several of the agricultural colleges were offering extension courses; they called them correspondence courses then. I enrolled with the College of Agriculture of the Pennsylvania institution and was studying considerable of the theory of Agriculture. The draining was one course, forage and fibre crops was another. Cereals constituted a third, farm management a fourth, and I think there were some more. Quite an extensive course but I got along very nicely, getting good grades on my papers.

Along in the fall of 1932 I took the Departmental examination and got a high rating, was placed second on the list for appointment. But clerking never did appeal to me very much. However along early in 1934 I got my rating on the Department of Agriculture examination and the standing was some sixteen down on the list. I thought that not at all bad and had hopes of getting an appointment from the department.

About the first of March in 1934 I got a wire from the Treasury Department that I had been appointed a clerk at a salary of \$1,000 per year with the usual accessories, thirty days leave, an additional thirty days sick leave and instructions that I was to report at Washington at my very earliest convenience. That appointment came just about the time Major Lohmiller called me into his office and told me he was going to put me in charge of the west end of the reservation.

When he broke the news to me I did not know what to tell him but finally I mustered up courage to tell him that I was leaving, going to Washington to work in the Treasury Department.

"You'll not like it there," was about all the comment he made. We talked about the school and I made arrangements for Mrs. Hulett to go on with the teaching job, a new farmer was coming and perhaps his wife would take the house-keeper job. Mrs. Hulett took the position of teacher and stayed several months, until just before school closed for the summer. Then a man came on from Oklahoma, part Indian, part Negro, and part white. Little Jimmy Flynn about cried his eyes out when he found that Mrs. Hulett was going to leave.

On the way to Washington I stopped in Michigan, at Detroit and Hastings, at Cassopolis and several other places, one of them Wyandotte where my chemist friend Floyd Lee, had gone to take a job with the Pennsylvania Salt Works. He was still on the same job when I was in Michigan in 1933.

I looked up the Treasury Department, inquired of the man at the employees' door where to go and he directed me to the Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department who shoved a paper at me and pointed to a line. "Sign here," was about all he said. Then an orderly directed me to the Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He was just a little more loquacious but not much. After a few routine matters had been gone into he called an orderly and directed him to show me to the Income Tax Division, Personal Income section.

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There I was assigned to a desk and was told to go to work. I was in the Treasury department in one of the now most important divisions which was just then getting organized.

Our work consisted of auditing the personal income tax returns, the "1040's" we soon came to call them, as distinguished from the number on the blanks that corporations and other taxable incomes were required to file.

I wish I could tell you the wonders of that great city, Washington, the capital of our great country. I'll try to tell something of it but the years have dimmed my memories, and then in the year and a half that I stayed there I did not get around to see all there was of interest.

My work was not very interesting. Perhaps it would be today, but at that time there was only a mass of figures, some I could read and some I had to guess at.

One morning after I'd been there about a week there appeared in our midst a slim, lanky individual, youth and inexperience written all over his whole being. He stood at a west window looking down at the White House grounds but I knew he did not see a thing. A little sob got up in the neighborhood of his Adam's apple and he swallowed hard, too hard for comfort. I went over to where he was standing and spoke to him, told him my name and asked his. He was Hannard Blake, just off an Indiana farm, and was he lonesome and homesick. I'll bet I could have bought his job for a pewter spoon. But I remembered how difficult the first few days had been for me and made him see that I wanted to be his friend. We had many jolly days together after that. The last I heard of him he was still in the Personal Income Tax Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, in the Treasury Department.

An old fellow by the name of Pepper also made up to Blake, and Blake went out home with Pepper one Saturday afternoon. Soon Buake announced that he had rented a house out near Pepper, in Barcroft, Virginia. He took me out to see the house he had rented. In a few months he brought his bride to live there. I think that later he bought the house, if not that one then one near by. The last I heard he was raising a family and enjoying life.

Jerry Sullivan was another one I will remember for a long time. He had come into the Division quietly; the first I saw of him he was busy at his desk. He had come in a transfer from the Federal Prison at Atlanta, Ga. He had been working at the prison and had heard of the wonderful opportunities that would soon present themselves in the big, new Personal

Income Tax Division. He was not at all bashful, not a bit like Blake, but a jolly Irishman easy to meet, who had enjoyed more adventures than most men would find in ten lives. He fought with the Boers in South Africa, had been captured, then joined up with the British, been in any number of skirmishes with the blacks in the Dark Continent, had been broke in London, and liked to be known as a soldier of fortune.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



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