

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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DAD'S STORY

When I got to Taholah there was an investigation going on. While I stayed there there was almost a continual series of investigations going on. The one in action when I arrived concerned a former sub-agent who had been in charge and who, one of the breeds said, had taken a lot of Government stuff with him when he left. He, the sub-agent, had been gone a number of years and you can imagine what a task it was to go over the inventory of the property held some years ago and decide what had been done with the stuff.

L. A. Dorrington, former colonel in the Philippine service was in charge of the investigation. He had his wife with him, and the two were keeping house in the teacher's cottage. Of course that was the quarters I was supposed to occupy. Well, we all went in together, the Superintendent, Emory Garber, the Special Agent, Col. Dorrington and his wife sort of ran a club. Mrs. Dorrington did most of the cooking, though the men turned in and washed the dishes, peeled the potatoes, and did the usual run of chores. We shared equally the expense between us, only that Mrs. Dorrington worked for her board.

Here was my first contact with the Pacific coast Indians. I found them as different from the Indians of the Montana plains as the Italian is different from the Irishman. Not in the same way, of course, but in any number of ways the coast Indians with which I came in contact were inferior to the plainsmen. Not especially in intellectual development but physically, and especially morally. On the plains the Indians held to a strict code of honor. On the coast there was no code and little honor.

There are many unique characters, however, among the coast Indians. Billy Mason was one. He claimed descent from the big chief Tacoma, and when he went out to Seattle or Olympia he used to spread the dox in grand style.

The Taholah Indians are called Quinaults. That means fish, and is the local Indian name for the kind of salmon that are caught in the Quinault river. Things are in a sort of jumble in my mind and my impressions of the Quinaults are various and perhaps a little colored by the conditions brought on there for us by the Superintendent.

After the wife and family arrived, one of the first happenings was that of a party of Indians coming out from Moclips, the end of the railroad which served that story. But perhaps I should tell about getting to Taholah first.

Hoquiam and Aberdeen lay at the head of Gray's Harbor and are the closest cities of importance to that reservation. In my study of the map I thought I could get a boat to take me from Gray's Harbor to Taholah. But the boatmen that knew the coast told me that it would not be possible. Though there was a river and something of a harbor at Taholah, there was such a bar at the mouth of the river that it would be suicide to attempt to get even a small boat in. I learned more about it after living there a few months.

The train left about three o'clock in the afternoon for Moclips where I would find a stage that would take me to Taholah. A fellow by the name of Tex Rankin was driving a stage along the coast practically the whole distance. When the tide was out there was excellent going but when the tide was in there was no getting along the beach. Rocks, logs, drift of all sorts littered the place where the waves stopped and beat it back to the big water.

There was keen rivalry in the stage lines. Tex had held the mail contract but at the time of which I write he had lost it to a competitor whose name I have forgotten. He was more the sophisticated type, and Tex was a real character. Well, that last seven miles from Moclips to Taholah by mail stage cost me more than had the thirty some miles from Aberdeen to Moclips, and besides I had to stay at a hotel at Moclips that night. There was no getting out that evening. I thought about walking but was advised against it by those who should know.

When we got started the next morning the tide was out and after fording the Moclips river the team jogged along a beach that was as hard as pavement and extended several hundred feet on each side of the route taken by our driver. I thought what folly it had been on my part to have taken the advice of those who seemed to have been in cahoots with the hotel keeper and the stage driver. Well, I per-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD  
Are You Getting Smudgy Pictures?



Fascinating winter scenes of all types can be snapped with inexpensive cameras. Don't let the winter stop you.

THERE are in this world many amateur photographers who simply do not give their cameras a "break." They complain of smudgy looking pictures and sometimes believe something is radically wrong with the camera. The exposures are correct and developing done carefully in fresh, clean chemicals but still, they say, the final results are smudgy looking prints.

You have looked through dirty eye-glasses with probably a few finger prints on them. If you haven't it's a sure bet that you have experienced the difficulty of looking through a smudgy window. Clean eye-glasses and clean windows give clear vision and similarly the camera cannot "see" so well if its eye (the lens) is cloudy and smudgy from grease, finger prints and dust collected over a period of months.

Cleaning a lens is a very simple operation. All you need is a soft, unstarched linen handkerchief and perhaps a match or pencil. If the lens is quite small, the rear surface of the lens can easily be reached by removing the back of the camera. If the camera has a double lens (one behind and one in front of the shutter diaphragm), the front combination may be removed by turning to the left, which will allow you to work through the shutter opening when set for "time," with the handkerchief over the end of the match or lead pencil. If the lens is quite dirty breathe on it and then rub quickly with the handkerchief. Be sure, when replacing the front lens, to screw it back into the shutter as far as it will go.

The suggestion to work through

the shutter opening also applies to cleaning the front surface of single lenses fitted to box cameras and certain folding models. Handle the lens carefully and don't exert too much pressure. It isn't necessary and might scratch the surface.

The amount of pleasure you get out of your camera depends almost entirely on how much thought and care you give it.

Picture taking is just like golf, tennis, basketball or bowling—the more you experiment, the more thought you give to your hobby, the greater your reward in self satisfaction.

There are many good books available on amateur photography but one of the latest of the press is called "How To Make Good Pictures." It is packed with sound advice for the beginner or the advanced amateur and profusely illustrated with pictures of every type that you can have. It is called "The Amateur Photographer's Reference Book," but don't look for one minute it is as "dry" as such a name might imply. You can no doubt purchase this book from stores that sell cameras and photographic supplies or secure it in your public library.

Remember that your camera is a precision instrument and should be treated as such. Know your camera—its limitations or its versatility—give careful thought to composition and story-telling possibilities and you will be well along the way to take the kind of pictures of which you will be proud.

Is the lens in your camera, fellow Guild member, clean?

JOHN VAN GUILDER

haps might have made it all right. I walked the distance later but also I learned something of the vagaries of that coast line.

I have told of how Mrs. Dorrington kept house for us. Along in November the wife and family came. I cannot say whether it was before they came or soon after that everybody was much excited. Word came that one of the Indian men had stabbed another after sharing the same party and hiring the same team to bring them to Taholah that evening. The tide was low until late and they had hired another Indian to bring them to Taholah. Fishing was in progress and money was getting plentiful.

We organized a posse and took the government team and went in search of the two. We found the man who had been stabbed in the back without much trouble. He had fallen out of the wagon at just about the place the others had told us the stabbing had taken place. Finding the fellow who had done the carving we thought would be a more difficult matter. However, he answered our hail, and gave himself up readily enough. He was taken into custody by the Indian police and after being kept that night was turned over to the state's authorities. He was indicted, plead guilty, and was sentenced to serve two years at McNeil's Island.

The victim was turned over to Dr. Fanning, a former Army surgeon.

I visited the victim after he had been sobered up, and Dr. Fanning showed me six or seven places where the knife had entered the body, through all of which the thick blood was oozing, and from one of which there were air bubbles emerging along with the blood. The doctor was quite concerned, but the victim came out of it all right with little attention from the physician.

One of the next experiences was that of killing salmon with a club. I've said that fishing was in progress. That whole community depended for its livelihood on fishing; there was a silver side run, a steel head run, then the blue backs. These last are a fish peculiar to that river. They breed in no other water. Averaging about four pounds each they are the finest specimens of the finny tribes that inhabit the coast rivers.

Well, as the season got colder, the tides became higher and the currents that swept along that shore were shifting the sand and gravel into different locations. One who has never lived at the coast has little conception of the changes that are eternally going on. Right close to the mouth of the river, the tides and shore currents had

gouged out quite a basin. Between the basin and the ocean there was a bar and some seven or eight salmon had gotten into that basin; we suppose that, searching for the mouth of the river, they veered off to one side and got marooned there.

At any rate, Emory Garber, the clerk, the preacher, and one of the traders were informed that several big salmon were marooned in the basin and we could get them if we had a spear. We tried to find one, but none could be found in the village, and so we went down to see the sight. Some one picked up a big club and made a pass at one of the big fish that swam quite close to the edge of the water. Some of the others got a good wetting from the splash and they proceeded to get clubs of their own and make other splashes. The fish darted here and there, Flash's lights appeared in the hands of some of the fellows and soon one of the big fellows that had been swimming in the pool got so stunned that Garber jumped in and picked him up and tossed him out on land. Then the fun began in earnest. Clubs splashed, lights flashed, and water flew through the air, if not with the greatest of ease, with much frequency. Some one else got hold of a stunned salmon. Before we left that pool we were soaked to the hide, but we each had a big fish, the smallest at least two feet long, and one not less than three feet long. And everyone had been killed with a club. Talk about your tall fish stories—if that is not the equal of most of them, then I never heard one, but this is the gospel truth. We got those big fish armed only with clubs. Of course we got wet, but that is part of fisherman's luck.

Years before, even the Indians could not tell how many years before, there had been a schooner wrecked at the mouth of the Quinault river. The bottom of the hull, some of the ribs and some stumps of masts still stick out of the water at low tide. At high tide the whole thing is covered. In summer time one cannot walk within a hundred yards of the wreck, but at low tide in the winter time the wife and I walked out to the wreck and all around it.

On Oregon Farms

Spring Out Tests Made  
Albany—In varietal tests of spring oats made by several Linn county farmers last season, Victory and Three-Grain proved the best by a wide margin under most circumstances, reports County Agent Floyd Mullen. Schoolm'am oats yielded slightly better, but except on the coast where rust is a factor it is not as desirable. Kanota was the lowest yielder.

Interest in Dairying Renewed  
Prineville—A good many cows from Crook county dairy herds have been sold to California buyers recently and farmers of the county are saving more heifer calves this year than they have for the past few years, reports County Agent E. L. Woods. Mr. Woods believes the latter fact shows that more farmers are becoming interested in dairying due to the increased sale for cows and the steady butterfat market.

Show Interest in Forage Crops  
Condon—Considerable interest in forage crops is being shown by farmers of Gilliam and Wheeler counties, according to J. M. Stein, assistant district agent, who says he has answered numerous questions recently in regard to created wheat grass, varieties of alfalfa, and other forage crops. Several farmers are planning to try small patches of Ladak alfalfa in the spring if moisture conditions are favorable, he reports.

Whether it be the Italian black hand or the Ethiopian black face that started the war, it'll be a good idea for us to keep our noses out, and our hands off.

"Ah, Egbert, Marie said she dreamed last night she danced with you."  
"You thrill me!"  
"—and then woke up to find her little brother pounding her feet with a skillet!"

ALOHA

Mrs. Walter Fish was called to Portland Tuesday by the sickness of her mother.

The John Arias boys are again in school after their absence on account of measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Mayfield and three children of Camas, Wash., spent the week-end at the home of Joe Bush.

There were twelve ladies present at the instruction class of spinning and weaving this week at the home of Mrs. Jess Hays. Mrs. Purley of Forest Grove is the instructor.

The missionary society of the Reedville church met at the home of Mrs. Churchley for the February meeting with Mrs. Anna Langman as leader. The subject was the American negro, and work in Africa. Plans were made for the year's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Mason had as dinner guests Sunday Mrs. Mason's sister-in-law and family, W. D. Williams of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williams and daughter of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. R. Bosworth and two sons of Portland were visitors later in the day.

The Ladies' Aid of Reedville church gave their annual supper at the Reedville church Saturday evening, with a Washington's birthday program after the supper. Both were much enjoyed by the large number in attendance. The ladies turned over a substantial sum to the church.

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SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County Jacob Bledsoe, Plaintiff, vs. Hannah D. Bledsoe, Defendant. TO HANNAH D. BLEDSOE, The above named Defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before the 7th day of March, 1936, said date being after four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, the date of the first publication thereof being February 7th, 1936, and the date of the last publication thereof being March 6th, 1936; and if you fail so to appear, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the marriage between you and the plaintiff, upon the grounds of adultery.

This Summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Beaverton Review a legal newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, pursuant to order of the Honorable R. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, made, rendered and dated February 1st, 1936.

Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Resident Attorneys, State of Oregon, Post Office Address First National Bank Bldg., Hillsboro, Ore. adv c10-11



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By Sam Iger

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG

