

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett, Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Along about time for school to close L. A. Dorrington came in to investigate the charges made against me and those I had, of course, filed against the superintendent in retaliation. That was the first time I'd ever had charges preferred, and the last. But we had quite a round of it. Just about time for it to close there was an Indian Service Institute pulled at Chemawa and I got into Oregon for the first time when I went to that institute.

Other things were happening. While at Dulce I had enrolled in a correspondence course in agriculture. I had been bitten by the author bug. So on my way down to Chemawa I stopped in at Portland, sought out the Oregonian office and butted in on Edgar Piper, then managing editor, and suggested that I might be able to supply him with articles from Chemawa as the institute progressed. He thought I might.

I had been rewriting some of my papers that I had written in the correspondence course examinations and was sending the rewrites to different farm journals, but they were coming back regularly. Finally I got hold of a little magazine called "The Editor" and therein I found an ad of a lady who would correct manuscripts and offer suggestions for their improvement. I sent her one of the drainage, accompanied, of course, by \$1. She told me it was no good. That no editor would print it, etc. Well, I didn't believe her so sent it out again, this time to the Michigan Farmer, and got a check for it, just a little before I left for Chemawa.

In "The Editor" I saw the announcement that "La Hacienda" was looking for articles written in a certain style, and so I bundled up a lot of mine and sent them along.

When I arrived at Chemawa I wrote out and sent in a sheet or two on the institute, the Indian Commissioner, a Mr. Sells, and a lot of stuff. Some one at the Oregonian burned the wire with a message to the effect "Why in hell did I wait to mail that stuff?" Get it onto the wire at press rates I was told. Well, I was not in the habit of getting stuff like that and I sent in a ton of stuff that evening by wire. My mailed articles found the middle page somewhere but the wire got five decks, or six, and a by-line. Say, was I stuck up?

L. A. Dorrington came to the institute but I could not find out anything of what he was putting in his report. Close mouthed like a clam. So I got around among the fellows and had made arrangements with the Superintendent of Tongue River to requisition my transfer. He did, but I did not get the job.

While at Chemawa I met Mr. Brice, the principal at Lawrence, and we got rather well acquainted. He conducted a department in Normal Instructor at the time and was interested in authorship.

It was at Chemawa that I received a reply from La Hacienda. The editor told me that my stuff as sent in was not quite what he wanted but that something about the style of the writing made him think that I could produce just what he wanted. He suggested three or four subjects and told me that he would pay, I've forgotten how much, an inch for anything he could use. That was the beginning of my writing for profit for I got a good many checks from that firm during the next few years and continued to get them until I bought into the Banks Herald from which time what I write does not bring so much per inch.

This matter of getting money for writing is one that deserves some attention. Some people seem to think that once they get so that they can write and get money for it, they are on easy street. Just a little thought should set them right on the point but not many take the time to think the matter through.

Most people can write good enough for publication, depending upon the publication in which the matter is to be published. The ordinary country newspaper prints much writing from wholly unknown, and many times from quite unskilled writers. The newspapers also pay as much or more for their material in proportion to the work put in in getting it ready for publication than do the big magazines or large publishing houses.

Of course, the fellow who writes has to become known. But that is not all. He has to deliver the goods in the writing game in a manner seldom met with in other work. I know the editor of the

The SNAPSHOT GUILD KNOW YOUR CAMERA



Remember that snapshots of your child doing something make the most fascinating pictures for your memory album.



Judging from the letters the Guild has received old Santa Claus must have pulled many cameras out of his bag and quite generously presented them to those of all ages.

Although modern day film has simplified snapshotting and allows for a certain amount of variation in shutter speed and lens aperture, some owners of new cameras seem to be having a little trouble in getting properly exposed snapshots.

Well, the first time you played golf you didn't get a perfect drive, did you? It's practice and experimenting that make for improvement.

Here's a suggestion that will help you get better results; that is, if you follow it.

When you take a picture make a note of the "stop" you used. By that I mean, the first or second opening. If you have a box camera, or if you have a folding camera you should also make note of the speed of the shutter, that is, 1/25th of a second, 1/50th or whatever it may have been. When the prints are returned you can look at them and say to yourself—"This one of Billie is awfully dark and doesn't show up as I expected. Let's see now—I took this picture at noon at 1/50th of a second and had the diaphragm set at f/11. A little too fast to get the proper exposure under a hazy sky. The next time, under the same conditions, I'll either set the diaphragm pointer at f/8 to let in more light or else leave the diaphragm opening at f/11 and set the shutter speed at 1/25th of a second so as to give the picture a longer exposure." You can readily see how valuable and important this information would be to help improve the quality of your pictures.

Let's try for a picture this week of Billie playing with his favorite toy—the one he always makes a rush for when he gets home from school. What is it—a sled, a scooter, an express wagon, or a bicycle? Has he a cowboy's suit? In any case, keep your camera loaded, watch for him at play and snap a picture of him that is characteristic of his play-time hours. Billie will grow up but not his pictures, and you will be glad some day to have him before your eyes, the little boy again at play, just as he was. Remember, the picture you want is his natural self. So don't let him pose or you will more likely get an attempted impersonation of a wooden soldier, not Billie. Remember that he should not be staring directly at the camera when you snap the shutter. Let him be intent on the thing he is doing, otherwise the picture may look as if you had just interrupted him with a soldering and ordered him to stop. Make two or three shots of him doing the particular thing you want the picture of, and try again, if necessary, until you get that quality of naturalness in pose and action that makes the true charm of children's pictures.

If you can't visualize a good storytelling picture, you will find innumerable ideas in magazines, especially those catering to the home or children. It would be quite unusual to thumb through the pages of one of these magazines without finding an advertisement or story from which you would get an idea you can apply to a snapshot in or around the home. Try it and don't forget to keep a record of the aperture you used and the shutter speed.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

Country Gentlemen. He and I grew up together in the woods of Northern Michigan. He is a fine chap, hard working, earnest, knows his stuff. But I never sent him a line of matter for publication because I know that I can't write the kind of material he requires for his publication.

There at Chemawa I met and learned to know Brice. He was a prince and quite some author. But the magazine to which he contributed would have no use for the sort of material that I can grind out. He is a penmanship expert. I can hardly write my name so it can be read. All of which reminds me of a story my Father used to tell.

Obe Risley wrote a horrible hand. One day he wrote out a list of goods that he wanted Father to bring from the store in the little country village near which Obe owned a farm on which Father worked. At the store neither Father nor the store keeper could make out what Obe wanted. So Father took the order back to Obe and slyly asked him to read it for him. And Obe said, "There isn't a man in St. Lawrence county that can read that scribbling." Then Father told him that it was the list of goods he himself wanted from the store. "Why, so it is. Why, it says—" and he proceeded to read the note.

Well, that is about how most of our writing looks when we meet it in some unexpected place. It is a safe bet that if John Smith could write and would send what he wrote to publishers who wanted

the sort of material he wrote, the publishers would pay for his stuff. But Smith only thinks he can produce that sort of stuff and could he get his stuff printed, it would look and sound a lot different to him after a week or two than it did when he rattled it off so readily.

As time went on I tried to branch out and get other publishers. Farm Life paid me the highest price per column inch for matter submitted, fifty cents per inch. But they want only a sort of propaganda that is usually beyond me. Holland's magazine pays well, but can use a very limited amount of the stuff I can get out. A few publishers are not loath to print a fellow's stuff without any remuneration. A teachers' magazine used quite a little of my material in 1916 without pay and without even sending me a copy of his publication. But then that is no worse than I have done since the time, I guess, so I should not be kicking.

When the time came to end the convention at Chemawa we started for home and on the way stopped at Portland and took a trip up the Columbia River highway, as a sort of side attraction.

When I reached Taholah I wrote the Oregonian asking them if there was any chance of getting anything about that vicinity printed in their paper. They wrote me a nice letter, sent envelopes and copy paper, and named me their correspondent.

School started in due time and the duties involved in teaching took

about all my attention. It's about a week or two after school started I received a transfer to Nepelem, my station in the Indian service.

Getting there was some trip. Supt. Garper was so tickled to get rid of us that he detailed his Indian laborer to help pack and to take the team and haul our goods to Meclips, where we were to entrain. Before leaving we offered for sale and sold much of the furniture that we had shipped there from Washington, D.C. Those Indian women came and bought leather cushioned chairs, birdseye maple bedroom suite, carpets, rugs, about everything we had to offer. I expect that could I go there now I might find some of the stuff in some of the houses.

I should mention something of the fishing industry the Indians carry on there. They descend almost wholly on fishing for a living. The river is staked off so that each Indian has a fishing ground and that little parcel of river that is given him to operate on is guarded most jealously.

Some of these Indians get an annual income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 from their catch. The fish were mostly taken to Meclips for canning though a few were shipped out in ice to be sold fresh.

On the way out that trip not knowing when we would get back there, we stopped for a day at Seattle and got a sightseeing car to take us around and show us the city. Mrs. Hulett got sick, ear sick, and did not enjoy the trip much. At supper she could not eat. Then to add to the discomfort, there was a slide in the mountains, and although we bought our tickets of the Great Northern, which went directly to Adrian, where we were to change to get to Wilbur, the train was sent out of Seattle over the Northern Pacific tracks and we were set off at Spokane to await the train that took us to Wilbur. Wilbur is the nearest railroad station to Nepelem.

MARS' LAMENT

With ambitious scuffle they dragged out their duff.

And into the car midst the rain. With Correll at the throttle and Mars with a bottle.

They were out on the trail of their game.

They hit the high spots in their chariot old.

And so, by the lights' first ray. There, out on the stand with "steadfast" hand.

They awaited approach of their prey.

Then out of the west with all of the zest

Of a falcon's dive for its plunder Came string after string on a space eating wing.

Fat ducks from hither and yonder.

Falsed Mars his gun, saying, "This will be fun."

Boom! Bang! and bombardment all day

But with vigorous fling and swishing of wing.

The ducks were off and away.

Then out on the water, with scarcely a flutter.

Like so many small wooden men. Came meat in the pot, a ground slushing shot.

A string of Klamath's mud head.

"With this pump sticks," says Mars, "I'll play 'em a trick; I'll put a few birds on the drink."

He pulled on the trigger, "By Jove! I just figger,

There's two of them birds on the blind."

With mud in his boots, and two defunct coots,

Mars made his way to the beach. "To hell with the duck it's just my damn luck;

These cost me twenty bucks each."

—The Forest Log

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MONEY ON THE SKIDS

W. K. Inflation, just around the corner and peering out at us! So they say.

"W. K.," Yes—"W. K.," That means Well Known. Ask Germany, she knows. So does every other country that has ever tried it. Pretty tough on Dad, this inflation business. The fifteen dollar paycheck just fades away with spuds at \$6.00 the hundred and milk 75¢ the quart. Under inflation (printing press money) the dollar tailspins; slides down; loses buying power until it takes a pile of 'em to buy a new shirt.

Gives us a queer sort of feeling. Seeing the dollars we have slaved for all our lives, just fade out. But that's that when inflation comes to town. And if the good American dollar cannot stand up, then what can?

Well—There is just one value, my friend. Just one that has been able to ride out the centuries. Nations come and nations go but that remains steadfast. And that value is the Lord Jesus Christ; the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

One—His sinless life. "I find no fault in Him," Pontius Pilate. "I have betrayed the innocent blood." —Judas Iscariot. "My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." —God, the Father. Two—His blood. "Being justified (counted guiltless) by His blood we shall be saved from wrath through Him." Three—His atoning death. "Christ died for our sins." Four—His Resurrection. If He were still in the grave, who would believe on Him? But—"Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes." Five—His present life in the heart of His people. For—the Holy Spirit makes Him personal to the surrendered ones. So real and personal that they are able to say—"It is no longer I that live but Christ that liveth in me."

"To all who have received Him to those who trust in His name, He has given the privilege of becoming the children of God." —Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Pd. adv.

Have your prescriptions filled at Brown's Beaverton Drug Store.—Pd. Adv.

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On Oregon Farms

Squirrel Poison Distributed

Dallas—Poisoned barley for the annual campaign against grey squirrels has already been mixed by County Agent J. R. Beck, and 2500 pounds of it are being distributed to various parts of the county. To prepare this annual feast for the squirrels, the recipe includes, in addition to the barley, 112 ounces of strychnine alkaloid, 6 1/2 gallons of syrup, 8 pounds of soda, 5 pounds of starch, 7 1/2 ounces of saccharine and 2 quarts of glycerine.

Farm Income Sources Studied

Couille—Whether dairying should continue to be the principal agricultural enterprise in Coos county is one of the problems studied by the agricultural economics committee for discussion at the Coos county Outlook conference March 10 and 11. The sale of dairy products now accounts for 51.4 per cent of the county's agricultural income. It was shown at a recent meeting of this committee, while livestock products amount to 15.2 per cent, poultry and eggs 7.8 per cent, and all crops products 24.3 per cent.

The Review can do That printing for you.



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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger