

## THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett ..... Editor

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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## DAD'S STORY

We kept "Old Boss" as we called our cow until we left Nespelem, and should have liked to have taken her away with us. I wish now that I had; she would have had a better home than the one she went to. Her new master did not believe in feeding too well and the poor thing died early in the fall after we left Nespelem. I felt like hunting out her grave when I was back there last summer, and putting a wreath of flowers on it. She was one noble animal.

Little Tina, Joy, Aletha and Russell could crawl all over the cow when she lay down in the yard. One kid at a test, Old Boss did not mind. She never stepped on them or did anything worse than switching her tail at the flies.

But I get to gushing when I think of her. Other things happened that should be related.

Like many little villages, Nespelem put on a boom during war times. Some of the young men went to war, but they all came back, despite a couple of reports that one or another had been killed. One, I've forgotten his first name, but he was Andy Jasper's brother, was in a German prison for several months and mourned as dead; from the looks of him when he arrived, late in the summer of 1919, he must have been close to death's door.

We had quite an orchestra at Nespelem. You may smile when I tell you some of the personnel, but we had many, many compliments on our playing and went out to play for benefit dances and a lot of other similar functions. We were all independent of one another excepting as we belonged to families. The Hulett family supplied the violin and bells and sometimes performed at the piano. Lucian Gray played a guitar. Another Agency man, I've forgotten his name just now, had a trumpet. Mike Lynch had a clarinet. Chas. Frank had a cornet, Miss Goffrey played the piano, or sometimes Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. P. played the piano at the Davenport in Spokane part of the time. Kronk had been an old army bugler. Wm. Dunlap played a violin. The teacher at No. 5, Mr. Henninger, and two boys and a girl had a cello, a violin, a cornet, and a clarinet. We had a lot of fun at rehearsals and some of the town people seemed to enjoy hearing us wake the echoes.

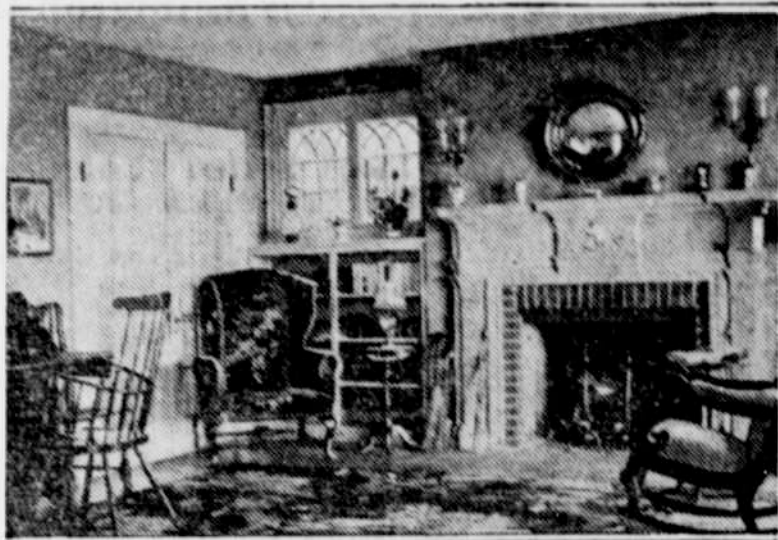
There was also a Chamber of Commerce. The second year I was president, and it was during my incumbency that a call came from Spokane for holding an "Inland Empire Development Association." The delegate we sent came back with the statement that there was a movement on foot to build a dam at the head of Grand Coulee. The result is that the big Grand Coulee dam is now being built, and it may be that the Bonneville project is a by-product of that meeting. I do not know, but this I do know. That delegate's report was the first I ever heard of a dam across the Columbia. There may have been a movement on foot before that, I do not know, but that was the first I ever heard of one. The stage fare was high and only one stage out, to Almira, Jones, the fellow who brought us to Nespelem, had discontinued his Nespelem run and was freighting to Keller.

Lou Gray got a machine a few months before I acquired mine. He went to Spokane and after an hour or two instruction from the man from whom he got his car he started for home from the Inland Empire metropolis. He told such glowing things of his trip and he took us out a time or two and so we, the Mrs. and I, decided that we just had to have a Ford. Well, we looked around. Orders could be signed but deliveries were sometimes six months behind and things were getting worse. So I went to Spokane and bought a second hand car and gave, I think it was fifty dollars, more for it than the price of a new car. That was in 1917. The new cars were not so good as the older models, they told me. The crankcase was cast from while the older models were of aluminum. There were a number of improvements that folks looked on as cheapening and reducing the worth of the car. So I got one, a sixteen model. I arranged with the man to deliver it at Wilbur and I'd meet him there the next Saturday and take the car home.

The road from Spokane to Wilbur was good, but from Wilbur it was tough. Fortunately I found a fellow who could drive who wanted to come to the Agency, and so I had him take the wheel in the dangerous places. In smooth going

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD

At Home With Your Camera



This room has medium colored walls and a variety of tones in the furnishings. Taken at 20 seconds, f22, lens focused at 15 feet.

FURNITURE dealers report a substantial increase in business. Are you numbered among those who have refurnished a room or added new furniture or decorations?

If so you should take a picture of this rejuvenated room. Instead of merely writing friends or relatives about the new dining room, bedroom or living room suit you can send them pictures. Maybe you have a new nursery!

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 f3.5 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 f3.5 lens you should have some substantial support for your camera for you will probably find it necessary to take your shot at 1/5th or 1/10th of a second, and at speeds slower than 1/25th 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 is 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 everything 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 f16.

Interior pictures serve, too, as "memory insurance" for in years to come when members of your family have "grown up" they will enjoy looking at the snaps of the "old homestead" taken when they were youngsters.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

I would try my hand. We left Wilbur at a little past four in the afternoon and it was plunk ten when I got home and drove the thing into the yard. It sat out that night, for I was tired out and a nervous wreck.

But the next day, Sunday I took the thing out into a field and learned to drive. That is, I learned to stop the car without stopping the engine, and to start without jerking my head out from under my hat. I kept the old thing until I came to Oregon, to Beaverton in fact, and sold it to a fellow who wanted to fix up power to run a wood saw and feed grinder. It was a good car and I saw a lot of country in it. But like all old things, it had to give way to newer and better things.

J. M. Johnson was succeeded as Agent by Fred C. Morgan, an Irishman with a superabundance of Irish wit. He was a genial fellow but his proper position was that of special agent, one of those fellows who goes around and "relieves" the man on the job. The "relieved" usually has to hunt another job, but that does not matter. No matter how many friends the fellow had at his post, Morgan would make them all feel that the best interests had been served by letting the man go.

Jack Sanders, forester, was stationed at Nespelem; I speak of Nespelem as distinct from the Agency because there was about two miles separating the two places. Gray, Goffrey, Kronk, Sanders and myself were the ones at Nespelem while the Superintendent, the Chief Clerk, the Financial Clerk, the Farmer, the Doctor, and a number of other persons employed by the Government stayed at the Agency.

Jack Sanders had a Ford. Also,

Bob Fontaine had one. Bob was just a jolly good fellow who worked around here and there, sometimes in the mines, sometimes in the woods. As Fords go, there was not much difference in the numerous machines. Jack's used to be hard starting. On a cold morning especially he used to have trouble with it.

Before getting the Ford he used to drive a pair of ponies with wild white stripes down their faces. They were well matched and I never could tell one from the other. When the old Ford would hesitate about starting Jack would creak until almost out of breath. Then he would back off and kick the front tires with all his might at the same time exclaiming, "You blaney, blank son of a blank, I'll teach ye to start, damn you hide."

We used to get out where we could watch the performance but never got too close nor did we laugh very loud though our sides were splitting.

The road to Keller from Nespelem was one of those things one writes home about. Narrow trails along bluffs that would make your hair stand on end to ride along behind Old Dobbin, to say nothing of punching a Ford along. Steep places, too, that you had to take a run at or have your power killed. Jack and Bob used to drive their respective Fords along that trail too many times to mention. The summit was some fourteen miles from the Agency, and it was quite a common occurrence to hear of one or the other going off the grade and having to walk to the Agency where horses could be secured to haul the machine back onto the road.

Bob claimed the distinction of

being the first man to make a Ford loop the loop. He claimed that his machine ended over and over three times one trip before stopping after having gone off the grade.

Father Griva was one of the men stationed at Nespelem. He had charge of the little Catholic church there. He was also one of those who traveled the Keller road and he had several escapades, or perhaps in his case one should call them escapes. He was a very nervous man and when something unforeseen happened he would let go the wheel, throw his hands up and begin to yell. He got so he did not dare try the trip alone, but usually got someone to drive. He is still stationed at Nespelem, though his health failed him for a time and he was away for a few years. Now he is back there again.

The road to Omak was just about as bad as the Keller road. Perhaps it was worse for there were stretches of the Keller road that were fairly good. But the Omak road was none of it good and it is difficult to imagine any worse road than it was in places. We kick on Washington county roads but I am sure that if the ones kicking hardest on our roads had to travel the Okanogan county roads as they were when we were there, there would be less hollering about roads here.

The old Ford which I took in the field to learn to drive was the one which carried the Hulett family to Michigan in 1918. We left Nespelem in June and spent three weeks on the road before getting to Michigan. So, you see, there were other places that had roads that were not so good.

Read the advertisements carefully.

## SUMMONS

Citation No. 444

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of Alice Adzina Adams, deceased.  
TO DAN ADAMS, Toledo, Oregon, HAZEL SHIELDS, Toledo Oregon, CHARLES MAST, Vancouver, Washington, and to ALL OTHER DEVISEES AND HEIRS UNKNOWN, IF ANY SUCH THERE BE.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby commanded to appear before the Honorable Donald Templeton, Judge of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, at the Court House in Hillsboro, Oregon, on the 4th day of May, 1936, at the hour of 9:30 o'clock A. M. of said day to show cause if any exist why an order authorizing and directing sale of real estate should not be made as prayed for in the petition of Doy Gray, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Alice Adzina Adams, deceased, authorizing, directing and empowering the said Executor to sell all of the west 66.3 feet of the North half of Block 1 of the Town of Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, at private sale for cash subject to the approval of this Court, and in the manner provided by law.

This citation is issued pursuant to the order of the Honorable Donald Templeton, County Judge, duly made and entered in the above entitled proceeding March 30, 1936.

WITNESS my hand and seal of Court affixed this 30th day of March, 1936.

Edwin C. Luce, County Clerk, by L. R. Hiatt, Deputy.

S. B. Lawrence, attorney for the above estate; address, Sweetland building, Portland, Ore. adv c18-22

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## WPA Trains Poor Girls

for Service to Wealthy

Washington, D. C.—Half a million New Deal dollars will be spent in teaching young women on relief to become servants in well-to-do homes. It was announced by the Works Progress Administration here. Schools in the arts of dusting furniture and serving thumb in bowl of soup will be established in New York city, the District of Columbia, and in 21 states. Uniforms and \$1 a week for carfare are being doled out to those enrolled.

The new project follows on the heels of a WPA project in Chicago which hired women to act as housekeepers for city housewives who were not feeling well enough to care for their homes and children.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT  
In County Court of State of Oregon  
For Washington County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Belle Bennett, Deceased.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, duly appointed Administratrix of the above named estate, has filed in the above entitled Court and cause her final account and report as such, and the Court has fixed the 25th day of April, 1936, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, and the court room of the above entitled court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

DATED this 26th day of March, 1936.

MURIEL BALOGH,

Administratrix of the Estate of Belle Bennett, Deceased.  
BAGLEY & HARE, Attorneys for Administratrix. pg-17-21



Rev. I. N. Demy says:

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