

MARGARET HIMMAN WRITES FROM TURKEY

Former Forest Grove Girl, Now a Missionary in Land of Armenians, Writes Interestingly of Experiences.

The following letter from Miss Margaret Himman to Miss Manche Langley, practicing attorney of Forest Grove, was published in the News-Times:

Mill Valley, Turkey, August 27, 1920.

My Dear Manche Girl—

In the old days of Nahalem camping we never thought as we read the "Garden of Allah" and dreamed of far off countries, I would ever be camping in Turkey, did we? But so it is—I am lying in a hammock under tall poplar and willow trees beside a

stream, which goes gurgling down the chutes into a flour mill where red tile roof is about level with me on this rocky ledge, while back of me rises one of "the bare brown hills"—not of San Francisco Bay, but of Mill Valley, Turkey. This ledge is dining room and sitting room, the front veranda is breakfast room and sleeping apartment—our beds are rolled up a la Japanese and carried away before breakfast is brought on and being in open, so bother about sleeping-room air. The mill, quite a large one for this country, looks as if imagine Swiss chalet must, gable and on which is carved a bird we think must be a dove, hence our name of "The House of Peace." A long veranda, painted white and set in a space just about big enough to hold it, and the chicken yard and stables, plus the road and the stream that runs the mill, between two pretty high and very rocky and rugged hills, a very picturesque spot, and in the mill beside Miss Ward and myself with six of our girls, are an Armenian man and his wife, and boy, (small)—a Turkish boy, a curious old fellow who might be any nationality or none so far as looks—90, a shaggy old bear of a chap with eyes like holes in red flannel. Yes, he is just as strange as all the second, and the owner of the mill who is a fat-faced good natured Armenian. We cook on an ovens, (that's the way it sounds) or native fireplace. They build up about stove height from the floor in the wall, somewhat; and today will have for dinner pot-le-john, (again phonetic spelling) potatoes, (the meat is in the pot-le-john) native bread, lettuce, cucumber and tomato salad, grapes and lovely ripe musk melon. Now pot-le-john is a native dish, meat, eggplant and don't ask me what else, but very palatable. The more I eat the native food, the less I understand the Senior class not liking the Cole's dinner. Saturday just asked "Miss Himman, what are you writing about?" and when I told her it seemed odd to her that these things should be interesting to you—so commonplace to her. Saturday is the daughter of a native Protestant pastor, has rosy cheeks, golden brown hair, quite curly, about like your own as to color and hink, perhaps a little lighter, and big grey eyes, dressed in an old rose dress with white gumpie and big white collar and a dozen times prettier than my words make her seem. We have just come in from a long walk, with some wonderful wild flowers, and Adriana has decorated me with a long necklace made of rose-haws and some little green berries about the same order (perhaps I should have said "rose-haws"—Manche, do you remember?) and Saturday has added a nosegay of the queerest little flowers I ever saw, coral pink cup-shaped blossoms with three small red berries (the yellow rod of the rose berries) suspended from the center of the cup by almost invisible threads. They hang pendant and on each berry is a black spot the girls call "eyes" and they do look like eyes, too. There are tall stalks of yellow flowers like fringed cornflowers, tall spikes of vivid purple, yellow button flowers, blue chickery, pretty lavender sage, various kinds of good smelling herbs, dainty little wild heliotrope in bloom, a shrub with pale pink pea shaped blossoms, and the dearest little everlasting flower, looks like the palest of pink tissue paper, pink and white carnations, like our garden carnations, only smaller, and tall Mrs. Rogers her Kotony sisters grow wild on the hills here.

We will be here in camp about a week, already one week. It is as much to give the girls an outing as to have one ourselves, rather more so, as we could have done something else, but they could not.

As we came and by the way I wish you could have seen one of our carriages, painted black with bright red roses and green leaves in panels made with gilt lines. The lining inside gorgeous striped silk which comes down in a sort of canopy around the top; on the floor a fine Oriental rug, on which you recline with cushions, as the Yills, or carriage ways over these awful, awful roads. You never saw, even in your wildest dream, such roads, but somehow we get over them safely and the Yills are held swinging with good springs so one feels no jolts, might, if of such disposition, get seasick but, I quite enjoy this luxurious way of traveling.

I did not enjoy the sight of many many Turkish soldiers marching into the Kuhlra or Barracks, some 2000 new men, do not look good to peace loving Americans.

I had a marvelous trip the day before I came out here—to Yenije, a village "way up in the mountain top tip top. We started at 3 o'clock, in 5 sun time, in the Bus truck, 10 of us, all Americans, this time, carrying our breakfast with us. A wonderful drive across the plains, through several Turkish villages and through two large herds of water buffaloes. It was funny to see the beasts lift their heads and come toward us until Hosford Effendi sounded the horn, when away they ran. Such awkward, clumsy, ugly animals, and ugly in actions as well. After leaving the plain we went up and up, over hills, then mountains and more mountains. We had gone down 600 feet from Mission and now were climbing back to the original height. The road is a yod yod little fish-bait. Brother me down sheer precipices, where it seemed as if it would be dashed to pieces. (The rest of us stood shuddering on the bank) and up a rocky steep on the opposite, but that "special providence" was with us and we are all alive and intact, and so, strange to say, is the truck, if not the former, at least the latter, and it doesn't seem as if anything not alive could climb and go on as that truck does when we "Misha" start out joy-riding. We finally reached a village way up on the mountainside, surrounded with such fine cornfield you would have thought yourself back in Kansas. The natives all crowded around us and Dr. White talked in Turkish to them in his genial way

that would bring a smile from a stone. Then one climbed on the running board, rifle on back, and escorted us to a grove of pine trees on a hill further up. In Oregon it would be a rather meagre grove, but in Turkey almost a forest, and certainly cool, clean, and commanding a view I can't begin to describe. The plain with their villages and vineyards, the hills rolling up, fold upon fold, for so they look, rather than peak upon peak, and bare and rocky, showing marvelous colors, looked down in a cove was another quaint little village—Kuzlebas—sect of Turks, not Mohammedans, but free. The women go with "face spears" (unveiled) and in other ways not strict. The people of Yenije, which was before the war Armenians, are mostly Albanians, and one of them told Dr. White their fathers had been driven from their country and they had gone from one place to another, finally landing here, but he pathetically added, "we are not happy." Both villages were most friendly. An old patriarch and his small son from the Kuzlebas village brought Yohort, or madison, grocus, (parsley and delicate young onions) and a bread made of flour and water and salt, rolled to tissue thinness, slapped on a hot tin on the oven fire, and then folded. The natives break off pieces, fold into scoop shapes and dip up their yohort and stews, so it is good. We put up little stoves and made coffee, fried bacon and eggs and soon had breakfast spread. We had doughnuts with our coffee, and Mrs. White brought some of her delicious blackberry muffins. After Rechal Reed and I had washed the dishes we all gathered around on blankets on pillows, while Miss Anthony (who knows how) read God of the Great Outdoors and others of Van Dylar's. We had in all a lovely restful day, having dinner there and driving home in early evening. We stopped at Yenije to take pictures and they let us ride around on the crude arrangements they have for threshing grain. I think I described the manner of threshing in my last letter to Cad. No letters have come through for a long time—suppose they have gone Turkish post which does not deliver to any "Glaucus" these days. Nothing new in our special section, except a duty is charged on all goods at Samsoun by the Mustapha Kemal party, (he is one of "the Pasha boys") tho' admitted free at Constant, where the Sultan has the power, also in some places they are charging a tax on the American properties and teachers' salaries, also Kemal tactics. N. E. R. sent word to personnel at Suvas, Marsovan and other interesting points that they could leave whenever they felt best, but all are staying and hope to carry on this winter. Will have many new pupils if political conditions permit.

Of course no one pretends to know what may happen anywhere. In the meantime, write often, and all the news you can scrape up, about everybody and everything. The latest American politics we had is, that Bryan is running on Prohi ticket. Good-by for this time, Manche. Being out here in the woods reminded me so much of you, I had to write and tell you all about this camping trip—partner of so many other camping trips. If you want a fairly good description of "Mission Life, read "Goodly Fellowship." I have had many chuckles over it. "The Station Meetings" for instance and we are all kinds right here on our own compound. Sometimes when I look back on the old life at Forest Grove there, this one—well, they do not fit, somewhat. But I was—no, that is enough, must go now. Lots of love to you and Mother, and all the girls and anyone else you think would like a little love, a little kiss from me.

DOLLIE. Later—Please tell the Judge I have become a "jiner"—not content with belonging to the Ancient Order of Log Polishers I have now joined the O. T. C. and it doesn't mean Omnibus and Transfer Co. either, but Order of Old Tin Can. We are a Walking Club and our various titles are C. C., Miss Ward, Chief of the Clan, R. T., Road Trotter, Dollar; M. C., Mountain Climber; R. C., Rock Climber; N. G., Nut Gatherer; W. B., Water Bringer; B. C., Basket Carrier; S. M., Shoe Mender; Q. M., Quiet Member; L. M., Laughing Member. These are our girls who are here with us: The sign of our Order is a tin can carried on a stick—a good American can, by-the-way, that contained the deviled tongue we ate in our sandwiches. How is the Judge? Give him my seventy-six and tell him it is more novel and most as much fun camping in Turkey as it was in Nahalem and that I grow more and more to agree with his old preaching that wherever you go you find nice and congenial people. Now I am going to write Anna the rest of this camping trip, so if you care for any more—ask her.

PORTLAND MEMBER OF BOARD GIVES \$1000 TO P. U. At the last meeting of the Congressional Board held in Portland, Tuesday, President Clark of Pacific University, outlined the plan for the financial campaign which is being launched for the purpose of adding very materially to the resources of the college.

The plan was received very enthusiastically by the Board who voted full and hearty endorsement and promised active support. A concrete evidence of the enthusiasm aroused came in the form of an initial subscription of \$1000 made by one of the members of the Board, Mr. H. G. Colton, of Portland.

The case of Pacific University is to be presented by Pres. Clark next week at the Washington State Congressional Conference at Spokane and the week following at the Oregon Conference to be held at Forest Grove.

BURIAL PLACE OF CIVIL WAR SOLDIER IS FOUND

Friend of L. W. Chandler Located Unknown Grave of Father of J. N. and A. G. Hoffman.

Abraham F. Hoffman, the father of Mayor J. N. Hoffman and Councilman A. G. Hoffman, was a soldier in the Civil War. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, in 1863, he was wounded and as a result of this wound he later made the supreme sacrifice for his country in the hospital at Nashville, Tenn. He had enlisted in Company I, 8th Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, from Montgomery County, Ind., and during the time he was in the hospital he wrote home to his wife, giving the hospital name and the number of the ward in which he was lying. His wife replied to this letter under date of December 14, 1863, but before this letter reached the hospital he died from his wounds and was buried. His death occurred on December 16. All efforts to locate his burial place failed.

Twenty-four years ago Mr. A. G. Hoffman was in the South and sought to locate his father's grave by personal search, but a hurried business call made his presence at home necessary. A later trip was made for the same purpose but a sudden illness prevented the search and efforts were made through the superintendent of the national cemetery at various times but without results. It was practically given up that the records of his burial had been lost in transit to Washington.

But a few weeks ago Mr. Hoffman mentioned them after to Rev. L. W. Chandler who informed him that a friend of Mr. Chandler was then superintendent of the cemetery and that Mr. Chandler would ask his friend to take a personal interest in the search. Mr. Chandler had lived near Nashville preached on a charge there, and it was there that he married Mrs. Chandler. Hence he knew something of conditions and when he wrote to the superintendent he enclosed many things that Mr. Hoffman could not have known. The result was that last week a letter came that the grave had been found. The company, the regiment, the first name and middle initial, the hospital and ward number all agreed with the records in Mr. Hoffman's possession, and the name was spelled "Huffman" and this accounted for the failure of other superintendents to locate the grave.

The grave is in the National Cemetery at Madison, near Nashville, Tennessee, and Mr. Hoffman plans to have photographs taken of the grave and cemetery and to have the name corrected on the stone that marks his father's resting place. —Forest Grove News-Times.

OREGON MYRTLEWOOD SHOWS EXTREME BEAUTY

An interesting exhibit of Oregon Myrtlewood products has been loaned to Littler's Pharmacy, and is on exhibit for a few days. Myrtlewood is coming to mean for Oregon what Redwood has meant for California—except that far surpasses the beauty of the product of our sister state.

Outside of Palestine the only known groves of myrtle of any considerable size are those located on the southern coast of Oregon, in Coos and Curry counties. It is quite natural, therefore, that considerable state pride is felt in the products of this beautiful tree.

Myrtle tends to develop burrs, the grain of which is a beautifully mottled black and light yellow. The wood is of a very fine texture, and extremely hard, so that it takes a high polish of satiny appearance without varnish.

Mr. Tuttle, who has recently taken a place on the faculty of the College of Forestry at Coquille, where the principal Myrtlewood factory is operated by Gerding Brothers. The exhibit at Littler's Pharmacy has been loaned by Mr. Tuttle.

A recent item in the Oregonian proposed that Myrtlewood be used to advertise Oregon among Easterners. And the beauty of the wood certainly justifies such a suggestion.

Mrs. Hoffman Honored At McMinnville Wednesday, Mrs. A. G. Hoffman, of Forest Grove, was elected a delegate of the state to the National Conference of the Woman's Home Missionary Society which meets in St. Paul, October 23.

"FLEETS OF FOOD FOR BARROWS OF JEWELS"

(Continued from page 1)

can home and affects every family and every individual." Suggesting a remedy for the present tendency towards extravagance, Mr. Hoover says:

"It is as imperative today as it was during the war, even more so, that we should practice thrift in all its forms.

"Every one of us should cut out extravagance and waste; we should save every possible five cent piece even though it were worth no more than a postage stamp; we should put our savings into savings banks or

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into government or other securities or into homes or farms. "Money that is wasted is destroyed, as if cast into a fire, and the evil results are not confined to the individual's waste and his or her family, but are in fact spread throughout society. This is the crime and damage done by waste."

Mr. Hoover admits that it is difficult and "sometimes almost impossible" to define waste. "Much has been said," writes Mr. Hoover, "and written about silk shirts and silk stockings. I will not condemn the use of these articles but if those who wear silk stockings could see the millions of people in Europe who have no stockings at all and indeed no shoes, they would take less satisfaction in the sheen and pattern of their hose."

The article directed attention to inescapable individual responsibility and sets forth that thrift is first a matter of principle and secondly that "there is no chance of our individual effort in the right direction being nullified by the action of others, and adds:

"About one-third of our people are responsible for most of the extravagance and waste in this country. It is a heavy responsibility that they bear. If we could convert this one-third to simple living, the problem would be solved.

"It is the one-third who are guilty of extravagant eating and drinking in public places. They spend \$200,000 every night in New York City alone on restaurant suppers. The nation spends at least a million dollars a day or \$365,000,000 a year in superfluous eating at hotels and restaurants.

"Again it is the one-third who are mostly responsible for the waste involved in the use of jewelry on which so many millions are spent. We are now obtaining a great many diamonds, other precious stones and articles of ornament from Europe. America sends to Europe shiploads of useful commodities—food-stuffs, machinery, cotton. She gets back a wheelbarrow load of diamonds and jewelry.

"People think that diamonds are a good investment at a time when Liberty Bonds and other securities and money itself are depreciating in value, but this is a childish fallacy. If persisted in, a lot of people will find themselves owning a handful of precious stones as worthless as are the titles of many former monarchs of Europe."

Further, illustrating his point, Mr. Hoover cites the sale of perfume at \$65 a bottle and deplors the widespread purchase of furs. He says: "The installment system of credit for clothes and furniture is a direct cause of a great deal of extravagance for it lures its victims with the idea of small occasional payments of which the total is almost never comprehended. It is somewhat as if you had a small cut in your pocket-book an through it the lesser coins were constantly dropping out."

To make a direct appeal to American women is characterized by Mr. Hoover as a high compliment to

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them, "as indicating that they are very largely the guardians of the American pocket-book.

"If the women of America see their duty and act upon them, civilization will be their debtor," concludes Mr. Hoover.

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