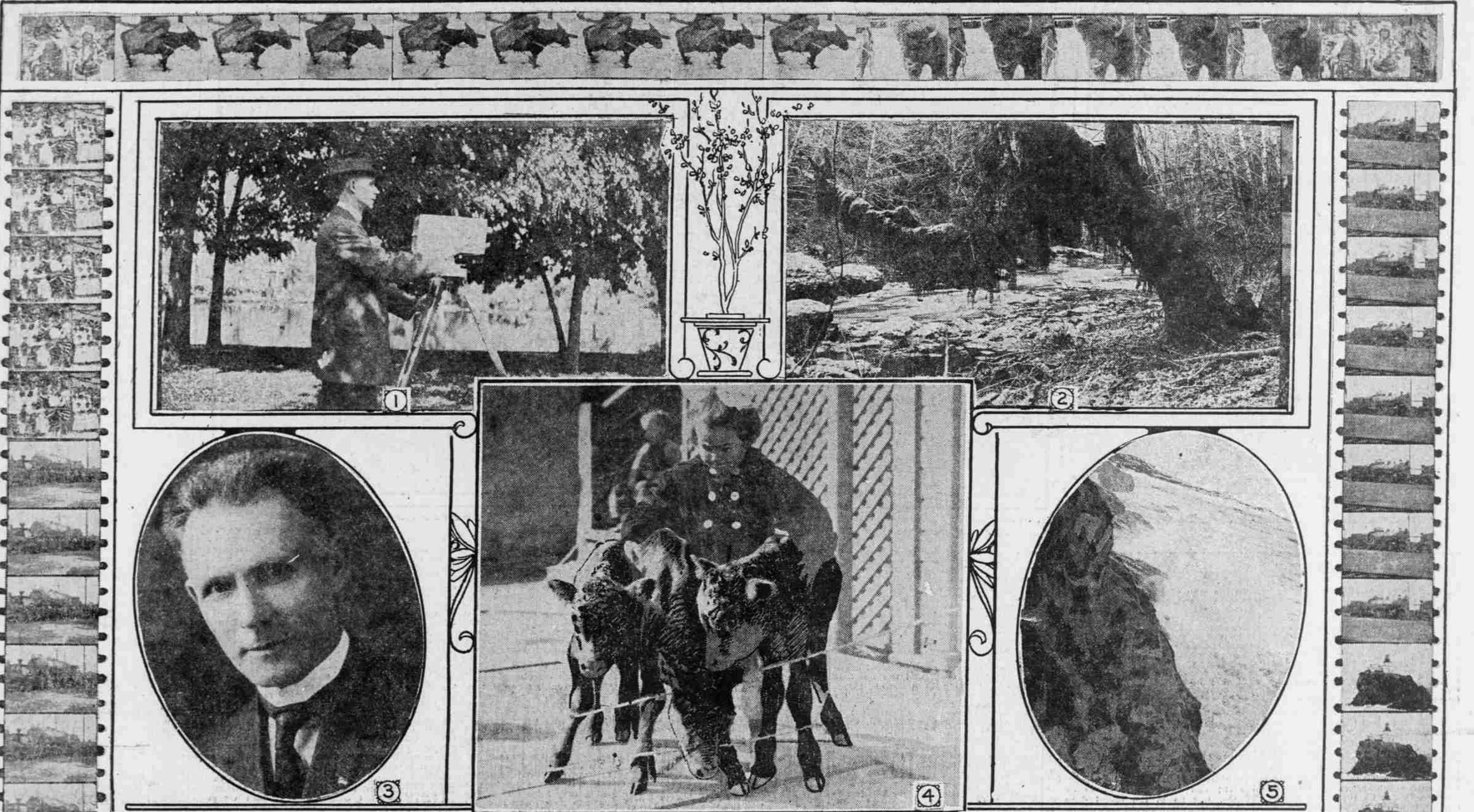


FILMS INTRODUCE ATTRACTIVE OREGON TO THE WORLD

Graphic Picturization of Interesting Toil, Royal Scenery and Fascinating Outdoor Relaxations Arouses Envy of Less Fortunate Humans.



1—Camera, Van Scoy in action... 2—Moss-bearded oak on Drift creek on the Siletz river... 3—W. A. Van Scoy who has taken 500,000 feet of Oregon film... 4—Calf triplets born in heart of Portland... 5—Oregon coast line from Otter Rock near Newport.

that the average person will climb out of a snug bed just to be certain that the sun is on the job. Yet Van Scoy knows more about sunrises than any other man in this state, for he has seen more and has studied them. Most people will agree that it would be pleasant to watch the sun rise from a comfortable theater seat than to lose any sleep seeing the actuality.

While the actual filming of many of the scenes is fairly simple when the correct conditions and location are obtained, there is a great deal of danger connected with the work, and some tiresome waiting for proper settings and hard labor in getting to locations. Van Scoy has climbed to the top of Mt. Hood too many times to be enumerated, and the climb is no longer an incentive in his case, but is a tiresome bit of drudgery. Once Van Scoy was caught on Larch mountain, before the present trail was constructed, in the middle of

the winter, without snowshoes. Food ran out and they had to make their way out through six feet of snow with fifty-pound packs. The average time was two hours per mile and it looked as if they would have to abandon the camera to make their way out safely, but they finally managed to get clear and saved the reel.

Catering to the public demand, there is always an incentive to get the unusual. On one trip into the mountain region on the Oregon-California border Van Scoy located an unusual settlement of real old forty-niners, with all the equipment and surroundings natural to these hardy pioneers. They had several oddities in the nature of animals, and their methods of getting in their mail over the deep snow-drifted trails was by a mule which wore snowshoes. When any of them wished to go out and

make a trail through the snow, they took a trained horse along for the duty and he would go ahead and pack down the snow, and when he got tired would put his front feet on the crust and sit down in the hole he had tramped out in the trail and rest. The snowshoe mule sometimes dragged a sled, which was fitted to be used on the steep mountain slopes by having one runner some eight inches higher than the other.

Right in the center of Portland, on Fremont street, at one time Van Scoy took several hundred feet of an extraordinary natural film, when a cow gave birth to triplets. The three calves lived and were great pets for the children of the family and the story of their birth and existence was related to thousands far from Oregon through the films.

BY DEWITT HARRY. TROUBADOURS of old used to tell in song and story of the wonders, loves and brave deeds of the world. Since the beginning of time people have always found leisure to listen to any tale of interest. Means of conveying the message have varied from word of mouth, often found inaccurate, to printed word, and now the favored medium is by means of films. Nearly every community has in its midst a historian preserving the achievements of the present-day for the benefit of posterity, a romancer writing of loves and brave deeds on strips of celluloid, a naturalist or a simple narrator recounting the wonders of the region by photography. Under present conditions it is not necessary to go personally to view the wonders of the world; they are carried to moving picture patrons at will.

Growing comprehension of the grandeur and magnificence of America's scenery is being taught citizens of this country since war has stopped foreign touring; and, their appetites whetted by glimpses of their own country, they are starting out to see for themselves what it has to offer.

Films introduce Oregon. Much of this popularity of home tours can be traced almost directly to films. In comparison with pictures of other parts of the world, it is needless to say that Oregon attracts its share of attention. More and more are our countrymen beginning to realize that here lies one of the real scenery treats of the world. They have seen the screen story of Oregon's wonders and those who have come to see for themselves have confirmed the tale told by the camera.

Half a million feet of film has been sent out from Oregon during the past 12 years by one man, W. A. Van Scoy of Portland. Mile after mile of graphic story has been ground out of his cameras, and his movies of Oregon have reached every cranny and corner of the world. Not only has the magnificence of our scenery been shown, but our achievements, the oddities and unusual things, that exist and have happened in this section, and news events. You are liable to find him or some other camera man, for there are others at the same work, in the most unexpected places, so don't be surprised.

How would you like to watch temperamental nature? Possibly it sounds like an easy bit of play. It's not. Sunrises are glorious, but it is not often

caught by the eye of the lens and shown to the world at large. Appreciation of the magnitude of the resources of the Pacific northwest is being gradually disseminated. One of the most difficult men to photograph when here was General Goethals. The builder of the Panama canal made a trip on the Columbia highway and when he arrived at Cascade Locks and stepped on the masonry to inspect the project he refused to face the battery of cameramen, throwing his coat over his eyes and grimacing to avoid recognition. Several of the operators dismounted their cameras, so did Van Scoy, but he set his up on one of the parapets and tried for a few feet of film, with poor success. Then Van Scoy moved his camera and went up the highway to where the party were to lunch and set up in the brush, camouflaging his machine, and obtained some intimate results unaware to the subjects.

William Howard Taft was a genial willing subject when he visited Portland and posed as will for the cameras. When he took the trip up the highway one of the committee complained that he did not look right at Multnomah falls, said he was too serious. Result, Taft lifted his head, gave vent to a typical full-faced wholesome laugh, and inquired if that was better. Madame Schuyler-Helink, Marie Dressler, Chief-Forrest Graves and many other notables have been pleased to have their photographs taken among the grandeur of Oregon's scenery.

Scenic Beauty Unbelievable. Faking nature is not necessary in taking Oregon scenery, for the superb views taken by expert camera men are almost beyond belief when shown on the screen, and it seems impossible that they should exist outside of a fairyland. One of the most notable exploits of Van Scoy in Oregon has been the taking of an epic poem, "Come, Watch With Me the Silent Night," wherein different verses are selected from famous authors and described by Oregon scenery. Making this film was a work of months and it was often necessary to wait days at a time for the proper climatic and light conditions. In making this film poem the creator was forced to live in a specially constructed camping automobile so that he could get to the point where his scene was spotted and then wait for the correct effect. The film has been completed in

its entirety and will be released next month in the far east and should create a furor, for it is exceptionally beautiful and novel. There is no limit to the creative ability of the master photographer who studies nature and wishes to show her humors through the medium of motion pictures.

While the actual filming of many of the scenes is fairly simple when the correct conditions and location are obtained, there is a great deal of danger connected with the work, and some tiresome waiting for proper settings and hard labor in getting to locations. Van Scoy has climbed to the top of Mt. Hood too many times to be enumerated, and the climb is no longer an incentive in his case, but is a tiresome bit of drudgery. Once Van Scoy was caught on Larch mountain, before the present trail was constructed, in the middle of

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O. HENRY'S SKETCH INCREASES IN INTEREST AS BIRTHDAY OF LOVED AUTHOR DRAWS NEAR

Hitherto Unpublished Story Is Taken From "The Rolling Stone" and Is Creation of Imagination of Most Famous of Short-Story Writers, Whose Tales Thrill and Hold.

Thursday of this week, September 11, 1919, marks the 57th anniversary of the birth of O. Henry (William Sydney Porter), for the author was born September 11, 1862, at Greensboro, North Carolina. Those familiar with the facts of his life, will remember that during his stay in Texas he published, in Austin and San Antonio, a weekly newspaper, called "The Rolling Stone," from April, 1894, to probably April, 1895. The circulation never went beyond 1000 copies. Once when the editor suffered an attack of the measles, the paper suspended publication. When Harry Peyton Sager, O. Henry's literary executor, went to Austin searching for copies of this paper, he found that one former friend had saved 24 different issues, but besides these he found only five issues from other sources. These papers contained cartoons on politics and many clever little sketches.

The following selection appeared in a copy of "The Rolling Stone," dated Saturday, September 22, 1894. O. Henry's own wife died in 1897, three years later, so the piece does not refer to her, but is purely a creation of his imagination. However, it is couched in the extreme, reminding one of the death of Virginia Clemm, where her husband, Edgar Allen Poe, sat at her bedside, unable to give her the comforts of life, where he chief warmth was derived from the large cat called on her bosom. This may, indeed, have been O. Henry's inspiration. At any rate, there is here a blending of humor and pathos that showed the master hand even at this early day.

"COPY" yelled the small boy at the door. The sick woman lying on the bed began to move her fingers aimlessly upon the worn counterpane. Her eyes were bright with fervor; her face, once beautiful, was thin and pain-drawn. She was dying, but neither she nor the man who held her hand and wrote on a paper tablet knew that the end was so near.

Three paragraphs were lacking to fill the column of humorous matter that the foreman had sent for. The small pay it brought them barely furnished shelter and food. Medicine was lacking, but the need for that was nearly over. The woman's mind was wandering;

she spoke quickly and unceasingly, and the man bit his pencil and stared at the pad of paper, holding her still, hot hand.

"Oh, Jack, Jack! Papa says no; I cannot go with you. Not love you, Jack, do you want to break my heart? Oh, look, look! The fields are like heaven, so filled with flowers. Why have you no ice? I had ice when I was at home. Can't you give me just a little piece? My throat is burning."

The humorist wrote: "When a man puts a piece of ice down a girl's back at a picnic, does he give her the cold shoulder?"