

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

It was noon before we got things straightened out so we could go to our new home. We did not realize it then, but for the next ten years we were to make our home in quarters similar to those we were to occupy that night.

Mr. MacFarrige had a Government team brought out, with a driver, and we were driven out to the Cut Finger Day school, for that is the name you will find in the records of the Indian office at Washington. We thought him very attentive to us, but were to learn that in the Indian Service, the employees of any given Agency were considered one big family. But there will be more of that later of the kindnesses, the courtesies, the petty bickerings, the jealousies, much like there is among big families. I know. I am a member of a big family.

There were few incidents on the journey out to the school that are worthy of mention. Of course, we kept a sharp look-out for the school house, which really came in sight when we were only a half mile from the Agency, but we did not know it for a school.

We left Browning by one of the trails that led higher and on out over the prairie. It bore almost due east, and when once outside the town the trail branched out at very short intervals into what we would have called wagon tracks, but which we soon learned to be trails. One led to Cut Bank Boarding school, one led towards the Grand Marias river, one to Aubrey's ranch, one to Bill Munroe's ranch, others to various Indian houses. There were no marks to show where they led, and we should have been as apt to take one as the other. They all bore in an easterly direction.

The Government team jogged along, seemingly not getting anywhere, for a group of white buildings which looked up as soon as we got to the top of the first divide seemed about as far away as when they first came into view.

Finally we came to a fence corner and the trail veered to the left to follow along the fence. Then on the north side of the trail appeared another fence and we drove down the lane between the fences. At the first gate the driver stopped and got out to open the gate. I volunteered my services, but he declined them and went ahead. First he took the wire off that fastened the tops of two posts together, and then he took the one off at the bottom of the posts. For the first time I saw a gate made by cutting the strands of barbed wire and fastening the loose ends to a post which when the gate was shut, was wired to another post that was set solid in the ground. I have learned since that there are plenty of such gates in the Golden West.

We drove up to the back of a cottage and got out. The driver inserted a key in the lock and indicated that we were to enter. Really, it was rather a nice cottage, but about as well adapted to that location and climate as a coat made out of buffalo robes would have been in Beaverton the past few days. Five rooms and pantry, but no water, or bath or any sort of modern conveniences. The well was pronounced unsafe by the Agency physician, the driver said and we could get water at a squawman's house some half a mile down the lane!

We found plenty of blankets, two coal-burning heating stoves, a rather good kitchen range (or was it a cook stove?), tables, chairs, beds, dishes, cutlery, a considerable stock of provisions, which we were informed were for the Indian children; just how and when they were to get them we did not quite understand. A telephone hung on one wall and we were told to "Call the Agency if you need anything."

The driver left for the Agency and we sat down and viewed our surroundings. The house was plastered, but sat up about two feet from the ground with no adequate foundation. To the east we could see the town of Blackfoot, to the north resting at the foot of the Cutbank divide was a grove of trees with a house, barn and windmill. To the south and west the snow capped tops of the main range of the Rockies shut off the view. Away to the northeast the Sweetgrass hills could be seen. This was all that broke the fitness of the prairie. But the flax flower was in bloom and that delicate flower seemed to cover everything. Only in the distance, these objects we have mentioned broke the view. The flowers waved as the breeze swept over the ground.

A little lake lay just a short distance from our front door. On

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

School's Ahead. Snapshot When You Go.



In later years, when you are an alumnus, you will get your greatest enjoyment as you look back over the pictures you snapped at school.

WITH the opening of schools a new season arrives for snapshotting and what a paradise for the boy or girl who owns a camera.

Whether you go to a little country school with one room or a great university your opportunity for snapshotting is unlimited, providing you use your eyes and the proper amount of good judgment. Just as a newspaper reporter develops a "nose for news" just so you should develop an "eye for snapshots."

There are, of course, the obvious shots of the school building or buildings, as the case may be, and you will want them; but what about pictures of new classmates, teachers, old friends, baseball and football practice, the basketball team leaving for a game out of town and many other interesting story-telling pictures?

It doesn't make any difference what kind of a camera you have you can take pictures under certain conditions with a dollar box camera that, for record purposes, are about as good as those made with an expensive folding model.

Did you ever think of taking action pictures with a box camera? It can be done. Suppose you are sitting in the grandstand watching an exciting football or baseball game. You anticipate an exciting play—full of action. If the light is good and you are two hundred or more feet from the scene of action you will get your picture. At that distance, of course, your images will be small but an en-

house, unlike dwellings in some countries, had its back to the road, at least the road by which we approached it. There was a short descent to get to the lake and wild ducks were thick on it. Well, we would have some ducks, anyway.

I wish I could describe the place but my meager vocabulary, my hazy conception of the minute but interesting details, must leave much to your imagination. The soil was black but full of small gravel stones and hard, so hard that one could make no impression on it with a shovel and little with a pick or bar.

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The day of the week has slipped by me. I just don't remember. But one day became much like another there. It was September and no school until in October. What was I to DO? Just stay at the school and get acquainted, I was told. With whom was I to get acquainted? There was no one in sight, and I could see for miles. Well, the Indians were off camping but soon they'd gather around and we could get them in to school.

The school house, itself, was of

largement of the point of interest in the snapshot will give you a picture you will be proud to show to your friends.

When taking action pictures with a box camera don't snap the picture while the subject is whizzing directly across your line of vision. Always shoot at an angle of approximately 45 degrees.

For those who are not familiar with diaphragm openings and shutter speeds let me explain that a box camera opened to its largest "stop," or lens opening, is comparable to approximately f.11 on a folding camera and the shutter works at approximately 1/25 of a second.

If you are fortunate enough to own a camera with a fast lens and shutter, that is a different story. Suppose, for instance, that your camera has an f.6.3 or f.4.5 lens with shutter speeds up to 1/390 of a second. You are a fortunate person for you can get much closer to the scene of action. Open the diaphragm to its largest aperture, set your shutter speed at 1/100, 1/200 or 1/300, depending on the speed of the action and fire away.

In school you study and experiment to gain knowledge of your subject. The same system applies to snapshotting. Study your camera and experiment and you will find it will pay you profitable dividends in interesting, story-telling pictures that you will enjoy looking at for years to come.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

a different mould from anything I'd ever seen. The desks fastened to narrow strips of boards, were about the only familiar sight I saw. But those strips of boards, what was I going to do with them? I soon found out. There were several books on the teacher's desk and I began to delve into them. I found there the strangest ideas of what a school should be I'd ever heard of. There was a hall at the front school house door which faced the cottage in which we were to live. A sort of porch was built in front of the building but there was no roof on it.

A little room at one end of the hall, but opening into the school room was lined with shelves and on the shelves were school books, but none higher than the fourth grade. The register kept by the former teacher, Mr. Spoonriver (no relative to Spoonriver Anthology), gave ages ranging from five for the younger to eighteen for the older pupils. I wondered if those Indians got only to the fourth grade.

It would be impossible for me to set down here the whole idea of the Indian System of Education. It varied so much with different incumbents of the Indian Bureau, the Inspectors all had different ideas, some of the Superintendents had other ideas and taken all in all, it was most wonderful. Now, you may think I mean that in a disparaging sense, but far from it,

for permeating the whole system was a central idea that the public system of education in any state might well recognize—the idea that the school system should teach "how to WORK!"

When we got thirsty I took a little lard pail and set out to find the squawman's house where we were to get our supply of drinking water. We got other water from the lake at the front of the house, which was really not so bad, for a creek flowed into and out of it, when the water in the creek was high enough. There was some alkali, but not much.

A well had been dug near the corner of the house towards the school, the northeast corner. I rigged up a pump after a while but we never used the water; it was hard to pump, and the stuff was more alkali than the lake water.

Mr. Brown, I think his wife called him Myron, but I'm not sure, was very nice. He came over and told me many useful things about the vicinity, the school, the Indians, and the customs of the country, and I listened. He did not once try to spoof me, that is I never found out that he did. But I worked hard digging potatoes, on his land, only to have them freeze solid as bullets. I pitched hay for him until I thought my back would break but he paid me good wages, good compared with what I'd ever got before but I found all white men got as much or more for that kind of work there. Pitching hay was left mostly to Indians.

Time hung heavily on our hands. Not a thing to do, no horse, no cow, no chickens, no chores, and I'd been accustomed to having animals around, even though I did not always own them. After awhile we borrowed a cow, and such a cow! We had to tie her head and her feet and her body in order to coax a short quart of milk from her night and morning. We had no feed for her, only the grass that

grew everywhere.

About the middle of September it snowed, a real snow storm. The ground was covered to a depth of fifteen or twenty inches. An Indian had drawn a new binder past the house, along the lane, and went on his way to the east. I asked Brown who he was and where he was going. Brown told me he lived a mile or so east, in a draw, where we could not see the house, but if I'd follow a certain trail I'd find his home. I went to see him. He wouldn't talk to me. But I saw his crop, flat as though a steam roller had passed over it. I stood some



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BE WISE-ALKALIZE!

of the oat straws on end and they were as tall as I. Think of raising a crop like that and having it snowed under!



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By Sam Iger