

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

This Christmas seems an appropriate time to tell of a memorable Christmas we spent among the Indians, though that was not at Frazer but at Nespelem, in 1914. This is about the way it happened as I remember.

There is no appropriation from the Indian Bureau providing for Christmas presents for the Indian children. The Bureau pays the teachers, the housekeepers, the Superintendents and clerks, the doctors and the farmers; it provides quarters for all the various employees, and when an Indian is indigent (the employees used to call them "indignant") there is a certain amount of rations, clothing and such things supplied, but there are no funds provided to purchase those things which go to make Christmas a happy time for the youngsters.

The Bureau is always sending out circulars insisting on our getting the Indians to adopt the ways of the white man's civilization. They seem to forget that the civilization of the white man is a Christian civilization and that the teachings of Christ form a big part of any of the precepts of good conduct among individuals and peoples.

Now, it seemed to us that perhaps a nice little Christmas celebration might be a good thing for the little red children, and so we conceived the idea that perhaps we might set up a program and have a Christmas tree that would provide presents for all the little chaps.

With that in mind we had each of the little chaps who could wield a pen or pencil write a letter to Santa Claus telling him what they desired most for a present on that day of days. I have often wished I might have kept copies of some of those letters. They were GOOD.

For a week or two for writing lessons we had them make nice copies of what they had written. Then we gathered up a copy written by each of them and sent the copies, one bunch to Sears, Roebuck, another to Montgomery Ward, another to Marshall Field and another to a mail order house in Philadelphia. I believe there were five of the bunches of letters sent out with a letter of transmittal telling what the letters were, that the writing was done by pupils at an Indian Day school and gently intimating that if there were any discontinued lines, slightly broken toys or anything that might be used to decorate the tree we were planning we should be pleased to receive them and to place them where they would be most appreciated.

By return mail, from Philadelphia we received a letter on engraved stationery saying that the writer was in the office of the manager of the mail order house when our bunch of letters arrived, that he had lost a boy just a year previous and that he was doing what he thought his boy would have done had he been in that office when those letters came in.

The result was that he purchased just the things the children had mentioned wanting most and sent them on to us. But that was only the beginning. Every one of the mail order houses responded splendidly. We received seven big boxes, most of them more than three feet long, a foot deep and two feet wide just stuffed with toys. There were three talking dolls, any number of smaller dolls, drums—I can't begin to enumerate the presents we received. That tree was loaded and the floor for several feet around that tree was heaped with toys.

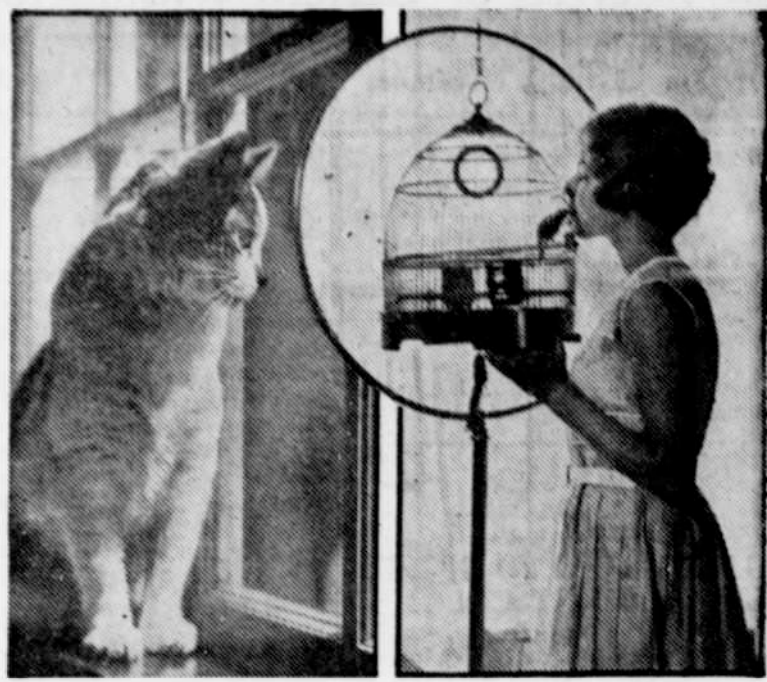
The Ah's and the Oh's, the sighs and exclamations of surprise and joy when the red children accompanied by their parents trooped in to that room that evening. When about all were seated the folks from the Agency arrived. The children had sent them a special invitation to attend their doings and how those Agency white folks' eyes stuck out when they saw the presents.

You would think that they would wait until the celebration was over before getting curious. But those white folks just could not wait. The Chief Clerk inquired if we had paid for all those presents out of our meagre salary. Then the financial clerk, sensing that I might have requisitioned them from the nearby city asked if there were any bids issued for the purchase of those toys as, if there were not, the Agency could not be held responsible for their cost.

That Christmas was the subject of conversations for a year or more around that Agency. How ever did we do it? I told them. But surely those mail order houses could not

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

DON'T FORGET YOUR PETS



Story telling snapshots of your pets breathe life into your snapshot album

CAMERA owners who have taken pictures of their pets always find, on looking back over their snapshot albums, that the pictures recall events of bygone years which played an important part in their happiness, and they are mighty glad to have them. So, here are a few ideas for taking such pictures.

If your pet, for instance, has learned some tricks why not make a series of snaps—a "lay-out" or "strip" as a series of pictures is often referred to in the photographic or art departments of newspapers. Perhaps your dog has been taught to sit up, "roll over" or "speak" before receiving his daily bread or a choice morsel of candy. Snaps of "Snip" doing these tricks and mounted in your album as a "strip" across the page will add to the interest and variety of your collection.

You can take such pictures with almost any camera. Of course, if "Snip" displays considerable speed when he "rolls over" you will probably have to shoot outdoors at a shutter speed of about 1/100 second. Where you set your diaphragm opening at this shutter speed depends much on your lighting. The brighter the day the more you can "stop down" to get greater depth of focus. When in doubt use the larger diaphragm opening for it is always

better to overexpose a little than to underexpose.

If the pet is your child's companion, be sure to snap an interesting story-telling picture of the two pal at play. Your five-year-old will probably not appreciate the value of such a picture now but in later years he will thank you for preserving for him those happy days of childhood.

Undoubtedly your cat—alley or otherwise—has his favorite lounging spot in the house, or favorite "look out" such as that of Mr. J. Thom Cat, pictured above. Have you ever thought of taking such a picture? Believe it or not, it won't quite so substantial prize in a national snapshot contest a few years ago.

And don't overlook the canary, the parrot, love birds, Jimmie's pet rabbits and the many other animals and birds of various and sometimes strange types and breeds adopted by those who favor the unusual. It's perfectly all right to dress the cat or dog in glasses, cap, or shoe, if the unfortunate animal is small enough to be shown in pictures of that type are long lived as far as enduring interest is concerned. It's the snapshot that tells a story or has human interest appeal that really breathes life into an album.

JOHN YAN GUILLOT

do that for every little school through the length and breadth of the land. Well, we did not know about that but they certainly made that Christmas a happy one for those little chaps at Indian Day School No. 5, Colville Agency, Nespelem, Washington. And I'll bet there are those at the Agency right now who remember, for when we visited there last summer Jack Silkforth asked if we remembered the Christmas when we got so many presents for the Indian children. Of course we remembered it.

But Christmas around the Indian Day school is not always so pleasant. Usually there is a short program prepared by the teacher with the aid of some of the more ambitious and aggressive students but many times it is difficult to get any co-operation. That time at Browning there was only one family who would do anything. They wanted to have a dance in the school room that evening and in order to get to have the dance they did help with a Christmas program.

But to return to Day School No. 3 at Frazer, Montana. As I have stated before I have few memories of that place aside from sitting on the prickly pear, and hauling water from the Missouri river. There was the Indian boy, Claude Bird who died with tuberculosis. That is one thing I remember.

It is the rule, or perhaps we should say that regulations require, that the school pupils have regular monthly physical examinations. The doctor comes and takes temperatures and weights, looks at the eyes and the teeth, and goes over a few more rather perfunctory requirements. One boy had been losing weight, although I did not know it as Dr. Huber had not taken me fully into his confidence, until at one examination he showed

a little temperature. Doctor stated that Claude was to be excused from school, and after he had me alone he put the case rather forcefully. He exhorted me to get eggs, milk, nourishing food, and get the boy to eat. "If we can get him to eating heartily we can do something for him but if he doesn't eat eggs and milk it is going to go hard with him." I was somewhat skeptical but right there I learned that a doctor knows more about some things than I do.

I went to the store to inquire if the father had an account there. He had. I then tried to get Jack Colwell, the old postmaster and partner in the store, to sell the father eggs. Jack did but the second trip the father told Jack the boy "No like eggs." We took milk over to the family for we had purchased a cow. He did not like milk.

Within three months they buried the boy. Just one of those cases where the patient refused to co-operate with the health authorities.

The purchase of that cow was characteristic of transactions carried on in some cases on Indian Reservations. No Indian employee is allowed to purchase or own anything but has belonged to an Indian. In Montana the brands on the cattle are registered in Helena and if a stray gets into a load of cattle that is being shipped, the owner of the brand the writer bears gets pay for the animal though the said owner knows nothing of any of his stock being shipped out of the state. Of course, on that big range, all cattle are branded.

Well, there were no waiters around who had any cows they wanted to part with, but they told me that Walter Clark, an Indian halfbreed, had cows; and he would sell me one. But I went down to the Agency at Poplar and inquired

about the matter. Major Lobmiller did not know of any cows that were for sale. I told him I had heard that Walter Clark had some cows and that perhaps I could get one of them in case he could grant Walter authority to sell and the buyer, some white man, authority to vent the brand. "Huh," printed the big Major. "If Walter sells you a cow it'll be all right with us. And if you can get the start of that fellow in a bargain you'll do better than I think you can." That was all there was to it. I bought the cow but I had to agree to sell her back to Walter when I left there, and not to sell her to any other person.

When we left Walter purchased the cow back at the same price I had given for her. We vealed her calf, had hay supplied for her by the government in return for milk for the Indian children's noon lunch, that is, milk to use with the other provisions furnished.

Walter and I became quite fast friends. His brother-in-law, Tom Flynn, was another friend that I'll not soon forget. I saw Walter for the last time in 1918 but hope to see him again. We were at that school during the latter part of 1912, 1913, and part of 1914.

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Strange how things come back to mind when one gets to thinking along certain lines. Just now the memories come flooding back to me. The car in the creek, the visit of Supt. and Mrs. Janus, the dance at the Needinghouse ranch, the shearing pens, the big prairie fire, the civil service examinations, the homestead drawings, prairie chicken hunting with Clark, the disciplining of Jimmie Flynn, a son of Tom Flynn and nephew of Walter Clark, picking bull berries, riding the range, and many more. One time it got to 56 below and I froze my face going to the depot after a shipment of groceries, but perhaps the most interesting memory is concerning Father Pacino.

Voice (on the telephone): "Zander! Zander! Z! Z! No, not C! ABC DEF GHI JKL MNOP Q RXYZ!"

"What's the best way to keep milk from turning sour?"
"Leave it in the cow."



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By Sam Iger