

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Little Jimmy Flynn was a half breed. His father was a half breed and his mother was also the offspring of a white man and an Indian maiden. The father and mother were separated and Jimmy was living with his father and a step mother. He was about eleven, not too bright as judged by white folks' standards, but he was no dullard.

My sister Alma missed some things from her kitchen, the kitchen where she helped the Indian girls prepare the warm noonday meal for the pupils. She did not know who was guilty but she thought that Matilda Eaglefeather might be the one. Well, we should see.

Money is always a great temptation to children and so we marked a quarter and a fifty cent piece and left them where they could be found. We also asked Jim Deegan and Jack Colwell to be on the lookout for the marked pieces. Sure enough, next day both pieces of money were gone. Well, that night I strolled down to the store and appraised the traders of what had happened and they were doubly on the watch for the marked coins to be handed in by one of the school children. Next night Jack Colwell told me that Jimmy Flynn had been down the evening before, after school and after I had been there, and had bought some candy with the marked quarter.

Well, my next step was to interview Tom Flynn, the father. I never had met Tom at the time, and it was some ticklish business going to a man and telling him that his son was a thief. But I approached the subject just as tactfully as I could and he seemed not too much astonished. He said the boy "was a whole lot like his mother" and he told of how that woman had not been too careful whose money she spent. I asked Tom before I left not to say anything to Jimmy until I had talked to the boy and also told him that if Jimmy came to him and told him I had kept him after school and talked to him, he, the father, would know what the subject of the conversation had been.

Tom wanted to know if I should advise whipping the boy. He said he had whipped him but that it never seemed to do any good, but more harm than otherwise.

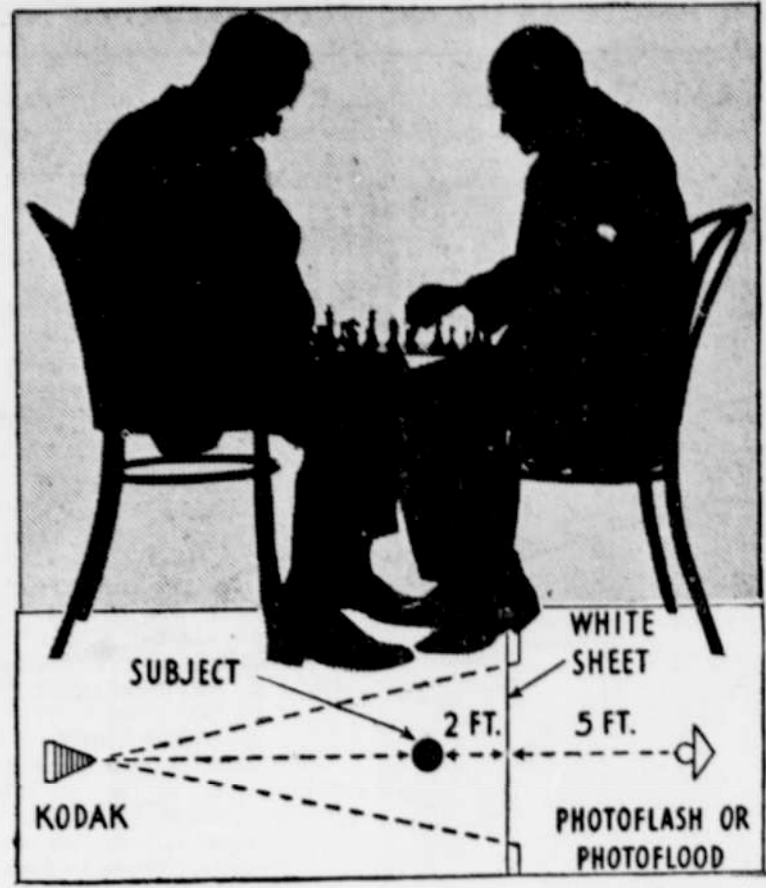
I told the father that I should not advise him to whip the boy, but that if he thought that the proper thing to do I should not object very strenuously. I kept Jimmy after school the next night and had a little talk with him. He dug down into his pocket and extracted the fifty cent piece, almost all the candy he had bought with the quarter, and some of the things Alma had missed, as well as one trinket she had not yet discovered was gone. He cried, and, without my requesting it, he gave me his word that he never would take anything again that did not belong to him.

So far as I have ever been able to learn Jimmy kept his word. He went home to his father and walking up to him told him the whole story, how he had taken some little trinkets, then the money, then had spent the money and how I had talked to him about it. The only thing his father did was to insist that Jimmy pay the quarter back out of the next money he had for his own. And like the little man he was, he marched up and paid Alma the quarter before the whole school one morning, a proceeding I insisted on but that seemed to do the chap more good than all the talking, or his father's whipping. It sort of got under his hide.

Alice Clark was Jimmy's cousin, their fathers were half brothers and their mothers were some relation. Alice was one of the brightest little girls it ever has been my lot to meet. She was just a little younger than Jimmy but several grades ahead of him in her school work. Keen, sharp as a whip, one never needed to tell Alice a thing a second time. I have not heard of her for years but the last I did hear she was in St. Louis studying the piano. Whether she ever made much of a success of her work I never heard but I'll always remember her as one of the brightest girls I ever had in school.

That fall I went out shooting prairie chickens with Walter Clark. That is, I went along while Clark did most of the shooting. Took me too long to get my gun around and Walter almost invariably had killed the bird just before it had

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
MAKE A SILHOUETTE



Silhouettes make excellent greeting cards, book plates, and place cards.

WITH the arrival of cooler days and nights that do not offer much encouragement for outdoor activities, there is a very noticeable increase in interest by amateurs in snapshots in the house at night.

Once you start this fascinating hobby you will undoubtedly agree that it is a real pleasure and an ideal way to occupy your time profitably during the long evenings of fall and winter.

All of us are familiar with the ordinary type of snapshots but few have made silhouette pictures. With this type of picture, even more than with ordinary snaps, it is important that the pictures tell their own story—unless, of course, you want simply a profile head and shoulders study—for you have only outlines to work with, unassisted by perspective or detail.

The first essential of silhouette pictures is a perfectly flat background, devoid of detail. And the easiest way to obtain such a background is to stretch a bed sheet across a broad doorway between two rooms. It's important that the sheet be tacked up so that all creases and wrinkles are eliminated.

To light up this background, a strong light must be put in back of it, about five feet away, either centered or placed directly back of the major feature of the picture. You have a wide choice of lamps for your lighting. You can use a couple of

ordinary 60-watt bulbs such as you use in your home lamps, or a Photoflood or Photoflash bulb. The latter are available at most electrical or photo supply shops at very low prices. The Photoflood bulb, which gives an exceptionally brilliant white light, is probably your best bet. Its life is about two hours of constant burning, thus it can be used for many pictures. Pose your subject about two feet in front of the sheet (on the side away from the light). See diagram. Place your camera on a tripod or table so that it is directly opposite your subject. When the picture is taken, the light that illuminates the sheet should be the only light in either of the rooms.

Now about the exposures. If you use the two 60-watt lamps, you will need an exposure of about 10 seconds, with the lens well opened; with a Photoflood, a couple of seconds will suffice. Using the Photoflash (which gives an instantaneous, vivid flash of light) set the shutter at "time," turn out all room lights, open the shutter, flash the bulb, close the shutter—and there you are—you've got your picture.

A little practice with silhouettes is worth volumes of instruction. Good silhouettes make excellent material for greeting cards, book plates, place cards and so on.

In making them, you can call all your ingenuity and inventiveness into play. Try it tonight.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

gotten out of range. He did, however, let me have a couple of "pol shots" he called them, shots where we found the birds sitting on the ground close enough so that we could shoot. Walter never made much of a blow about his prowess but he was always there with the goods when it was required of him. I'll have more to say of him as we go along unless I forget it.

Probably my most embarrassing moment was experienced that fall. This is how it came about. The matter requires some explanation, so here goes.

Jim Hill, the "Empire Builder" was quite a man for publicity. At the time of which I write he was an old man, if alive yet, but his son Louis had also been bitten by the bug. One of the attractions that they advertised very highly in the literature descriptive of the country through which their Great Northern railroad travelled was the Indian and if one of the Indian Agents could be induced to do anything a little out of the ordinary, the Hills went for it tooth and nail.

The Fort Peck reservation contained considerable land which in favorable years when there was sufficient rainfall and the late spring frosts did not come too late or the early autumn frosts did not come too early, excellent crops could be grown. As much as seven hundred bushels—420 sacks could

be grown on one acre. Not bad at all. I've seen that much harvested is my reason for stating those figures. I do not know how much the Hill family claimed could be grown but the above figures are accurate. The most potatoes I ever saw and I've seen fifteen cars loaded with spuds in one day, and fields of a hundred acres of spuds, but not in Montana. The yield mentioned was only on a small tract but they were fine spuds.

Other crops, wheat, oats, and especially flax, flourished under favorable conditions. Well, Louis Hill persuaded Major Lohmiller to hold an Indian fair. Get the Indians out with their specimens of what they had grown, pumpkins, squashes, turnips, hay, grain flax, everything. The Hills would supply the advertising get the crowd, and the Major could get a big hand from the Indian Bureau for teaching the Indians to raise crops. (Just as though Indians did not grow crops before the white man ever came to America!)

Of course the day schools were closed the week of the fair and they were to bring in their exhibits too. It was some fair. Not to compare with the Century of Progress, or to the Oregon State fair, or perhaps not even to the Washington county fair, perhaps, but it got a lot of things Salem does not get and only the Century of Progress could boast—it got nation-

al publicity, and editors and publishers from all the big eastern cities were there, the Washington Post, the Baltimore Sun; from New York, from Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and way points, the editors and publishers came and looked on and wrote columns of news about what the Indian Bureau was doing for the Indians in that land, traversed, of course, by the Great Northern.

Motion pictures of the news was a new thing in 1912, but Pathé was there with a camera and every time an Indian moved the cameras clicked. During the grand parade I was sort of kneeling down in the back seat of a spring wagon (we used to call such vehicles double buggies when I was a lad), and a Superintendent Miller from Fort Belknap Agency was occupying the seat with me. A rather forlorn looking lady was sitting in the front seat, paying little attention to what was going on.

Suddenly a man rushed up to the vehicle. "Gimme that camera!" he shouted.

Well, I did not know anything about any camera and just stared at him. Likewise did Mr. Miller. "Gimme THAT camera," again shouted the arrogant one.

Slowly the woman reached under the front seat and extracted a black object. "Hurry up, I tell ya! Gimme that camera!" The lady finally got it out and he grabbed it and fairly ran to where his tripod was standing.

I turned to Mr. Miller and stated, "That's about the most defamatorial talking fellow I ever saw."

The woman slowly turned until she caught my eye, sort of smiled quizzically, and deliberately stated, "That's my husband."

Had the ground opened up and swallowed me I could not have been any more embarrassed. When I meet Mr. Miller, day or night, ever after, he always makes some remark about getting that camera. If I met him tomorrow I'll bet he'd want to know if "that man got his camera."

It was at the fair that I first met S. Toledo Sherry, the one Mr. Cherrick had told me about when he heard I was going to Fort Peck. During the fair we were quartered at the Sherry residence. He told me how he got his wife, At Valparaiso University. "Most men go to a University to get an education," he said. "I went to find a wife." And Mrs. Sherry was surely a charming woman. There were two lovely daughters. Sherry came to visit our school soon after the fair and stayed all night with us.

After breakfast, while waiting for school time, I stood behind the stove with Alma right close beside me. She was regaling him with stories of the hard time she was having, how I abused her, and a long list of grievances. Sherry sort of grinned, "Y-a-s, and there you stand pinching him and he not doing anything about it. I'll bet she remembers it to this day."

After supper the previous evening he had recited "Lasea" and "Prof. Hornblower", two very popular readings, they are called, but when I went to school they called them recitations, or, more commonly, just pieces.

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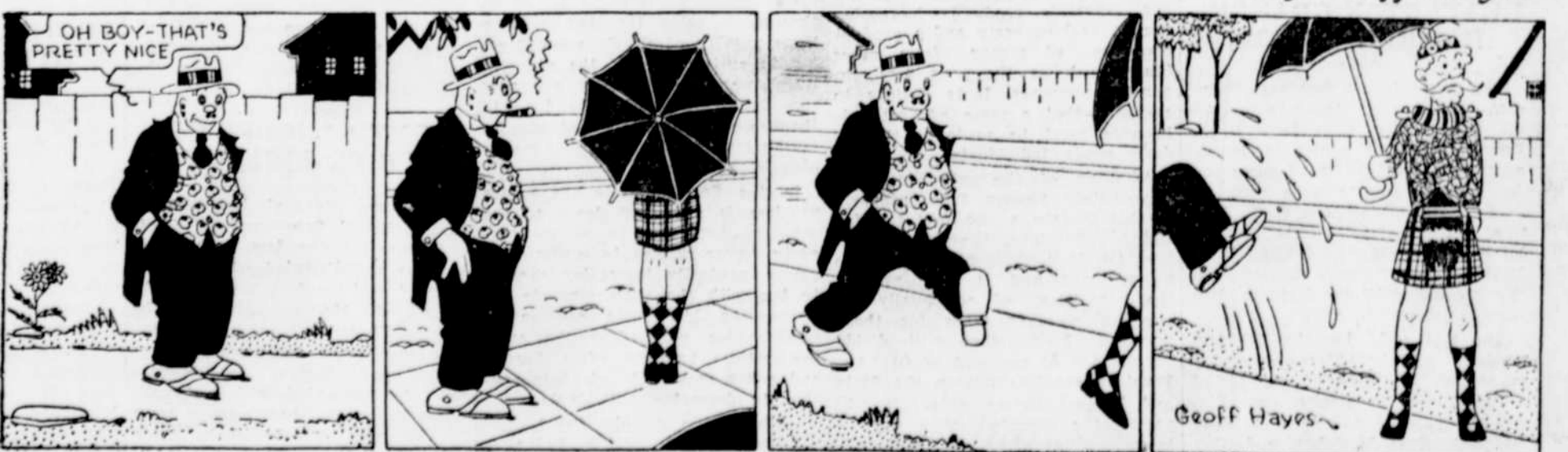
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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes