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DAD'S STORY

Another undertaking that took considerable time and a lot of work was the holding of a Dairy cattle sale during the show. The getting out of a sale catalog is some stunt, too, should anyone stop to inquire. In that catalog is not only the name of the animal offered for sale but the names of all ancestors for four or five generations back. These are all arranged so that they show right across the page the exact blood lines that enter into the make-up of every one of the sale offerings.

Some sixty animals were offered for sale at the show; they were put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. J. W. Hughes acted as auctioneer. Some of the offerings brought a good price. Most of them sold quite cheaply considering the quality of the stocks offered.

When we got to Banks, Gladys was going to help in the print shop, but she was left-handed. Well, things in a print shop are built for right handed people so Garber thought she could not set type. She might do some things, he opined, but there were no left handed type sticks nor forms no more than there were left handed monkey wrenches. She could not possibly set type with her left hand. But in an incredibly short time she was up at the type cases setting type almost as fast as an experienced printer.

We learned soon that there were machines that would set the type. We knew nothing of what they were nor how they worked. An old fellow came along selling a machine called a uniliner. Garber thought it of no use so it was not considered seriously, but I understand that there are papers that are set up with similar machines right now. Garber thought we might do well with a linotype or intertype. I can't say what made me decide on the linotype, whether it was something Garber told me or something of what the different salesmen said, or perhaps it was simply because the linotype seemed to have been in use longer. Anyway we decided to get a linotype if we could. If we could—

Well, buying a linotype was more than I had bargained for. You will perhaps remember that I was puffing up the money in the firm. Garber had no money. Somehow, Phil was a mighty fine sort of fellow, but one of those who liked to spend money so well that whatever he got slipped right through his fingers. It seemed to have wings or some means of locomotion so that it did not stay.

A fellow's financial ability is judged from peculiar angles. Had I been in business by myself I might have been able to put across a deal with the Mergen Chaler company for a machine, but as things stood they insisted on a big down payment. Now I had no money to pay down and neither had Garber. We talked the thing over and over, up one side and down the other, until we were blue in the face, but nothing doing. If we could get together three hundred dollars we could get a linotype on time with terms to suit our convenience. But we did not have the three hundred.

Anyway after awhile we decided that it might be better if the business was all in my name so I asked Garber what he would take to step out and let me own the whole shebang. Now, as I had purchased it, put up every cent of money that had gone into the endeavor and was the only one who had had any money, it may seem peculiar that I offered to buy him out. But he had come down there on my suggestion, had worked well and faithfully and to the best of his ability for some eight or ten months so I thought it no more than right that he should have something for his time.

I've forgotten what I paid him but this I know, it was just what he offered to take so he should have been satisfied.

While I was recorder at Banks the City Council organized an improvement district and had several of the streets paved. That sort of undertaking involves considerable work on the part of a

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Fling wide the gates! A small bundle of energy goes into action. Exposure 1/50 second at f.11.

ALTHOUGH the word "action," as a photographic term, is more frequently associated with the motion picture camera, we should not forget that it plays an important part in picture-taking with a "still" camera. We should not allow either the word "action" or the word "still" to mislead us.

There can be a lot of action represented in a picture that we distinguish from motion pictures by the word "still." The sense of action may be conveyed very strongly by the rapid or violent movement of a person, animal or object is "stopped" by a "still" camera equipped with an ultra-fast lens and a fast shutter. Take, for example, a shot of a jockey hurtling over the head of his mount as it stumbles in a steeplechase. There is no sense of stillness about that, and it is an "action" shot no different from that taken by the motion picture camera, except that, instead of a series of negatives depicting changed positions of the subject, there is only one negative.

But action, photographically speaking, does not always mean the representation of violence or velocity. It may mean also the depicting of some expression or suggestion of action, which may be very slight, but the result is that the "still" picture is far from still in the meaning it conveys to us. This any ordinary camera can do.

For instance, in the photograph of a person, the way the eyes are turned, the expression of the lips, the position of a hand, the posture of the

body, caught at the right moment, may very vividly convey a sense of action and be even more dramatic than some rapid movement that was "stopped." Little actions of the face or limbs, such as we often see on the stage, can be immensely significant. They may suggest perfectly something that has happened or is about to happen and when we catch them on the negative, our "still" picture comes to life, truly becomes an "action" picture.

Our skill in obtaining any kind of "action" picture with a "still" camera depends upon our ability to choose the right moment for snapping the shutter. It may mean a little action or a big action. It may mean the high jumper's heels just as he clears the bar or it may mean an absorbed child at his building blocks. It may mean the twinkling of water in a brook or the rush of a great cataract. It may mean only the glars in a night sky from the hearths of a steel mill, or, inside the mill, a great hydraulic hammer "stopped" in its fall.

Experience does the most for you in timing such pictures, but it is surprising how Lady Luck will help you if you do not depend entirely on one exposure. If circumstances permit, try another and another of the same subject. Keep shooting. The chances are that one among a half dozen or more will be good enough to show with pride, because, happily, it caught the "action" at just the significant moment.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

just decided to make a trip down to Canby to look the machine over when I suffered a severe attack of the lumbago. Which reminds me of one of Fred C. Morgan's Irish stories. Pat was rather a bad actor among Irishmen, given to drinking, brawling, running around with women and altogether not a very enviable character. He came in to see his priest one day and walked rather stiffly, shuffled over and sat down in a chair without leaning back, and asked the Father, "What is the lumbago?"

Now Pat had been to confession many times before and had told the Father of many of his sins and the Father, thinking to drive home a lesson in morality and right living without the didactic sermon attitude told him that "lumbago is a very bad disease which comes from drinking, brawling, running with bad women, etc."

Pat sat still in his chair for some time while the Father waited for his comment. Finally the Father asked, "But why do you ask?" thinking of course that Pat would confess his misdeeds and promise to do better. "Well," said Pat, "I just heard that the Pope had the lumbago."

Well, what ever that ailment comes from I never want to have it again. I lay in bed and suffered the tortures of the damned for a week. Anyone walking across the floor would cause me the most exquisite pain. Touching the bed by anyone was simply torture. I had suffered from "brow ache" when I was attending Ferris Institute but I hardly think that the pain in that was worse than I suffered with that lumbago.

MOM'S STORY

Up until I was eight years old I had still never had a real doll, only homemade rag dolls, fashioned by my older sister. When my aunt returned to California she sent us each a present. For each of my younger sisters she sent dolls—real ones, that came from a store—but me she thought too old to play with dolls, and so she sent me a dress. Oh, how I hated that dress! It must have been a nice one, I don't remember how it was made, but I never did like it.

That winter Mary, my oldest sister, was married, and moved near grandpa's (mother's father); I always had been a treat to go to grandpa's, but from then on it was even more so.

I thought then—I still do—that grandpa was the best man I ever knew, and the most Christ-like; with his long white beard and white hair, with his broad shoulders and his tall, slim stature, he was to me the

nearest Christ that anyone could be. He stood next to Christ in my mind. He was a kindly man, always gentle with others, and we children loved at night to sit on his lap and listen to the stories he told.

Fifty miles was a long distance in those days but once a year grandma and grandpa came to see us, and about once a year we went to visit them. I have never tasted food that tasted so good as grandma's, although what she served was always very plain. I would always rather eat fresh, home-baked bread and hot apple sauce from grandma's clean tablecloth than eat a banquet elsewhere. Grandma's tablecloth was always pure white and her napkins abnormally clean although she might have 15 or 20 staying with her at a time. This always impressed me.

Grandmother was always more particular about everything than most people. She lived in a log house as practically everyone did then, with a frame kitchen, but her floors were always scrubbed white where they were not covered with old-fashioned rug carpets that she had made herself. Everyone was always welcome at her house, whether there was one person, or three dozen. She made people feel that it made the day just a little brighter to have them there.

Grandma lived to visit me once after I was married, but by that time her iron-gray hair was pure white; the short, beavertail woman, the mother of twelve children, had lived a full life but through it all she kept the same mild, sweet disposition which I remembered as a child.

Across the road from our house lived Lena Priest; she and Annie and I practically grew up together and were like sisters. Lena was married the same winter as I but she died five years later. The oldest boy and girl in the family were deaf and dumb, but they were extraordinarily smart. They went away and attended a school for the deaf for several years, and from them I learned to become quite fluent in the deaf and dumb finger-language.

Every morning on the way to school we would stop for Lena, and Mrs. Priest, a dumpy little woman, would stand with her short fat arms resting on her stomach, and talk to us; I used to wish that someday I could have a stomach fat enough to rest my arms on, but I've about decided I won't even get one big enough to rest my thin little arms on.

One would think that Mrs. Priest would have tired of us coming every morning, but if she did she never showed it. If she had an extra cookie or some

cake, she would tuck some in our lunch pails as well as in her children's. We always loved to go to her house; she seemed almost like a second mother.

Each morning she would follow us outside the door and stand at the corner of the house and watch us go. "Oh, girls," she would say, "this is the happiest time of your life; I

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