

EDITORIAL

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The Portland Observer

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THANK YOU FOR READING THE PORTLAND OBSERVER

From the Voice Of Joe (Bean) Keller

Deontae J. Keller Defense Fund

*Giving honor to God, the Pastor and all Ministers,
My name is Joe (Bean) Keller and I am addressing this letter
to your Church asking for your support and financial contribution
to the Deontae J. Keller Defense Fund.*

*On February 28, 1996, my son, Deontae J. Keller, was the
victim of a police shooting, that left him dead at the scene. My
son was shot directly in the back by a certified Special Enforcement
Team (S.E.R.T.) officer of the Portland Police Bureau.
As such, he had received special training in weapon and other
emergency scenarios. After being shot, my son was discovered
by a K-9 unit and an officer at 1:48am. Deontae was on the
ground and breathing heavily but officers did not approach
him. When they finally approached him, he was dead. The
autopsy estimated that his time of death was 2:45am. Deontae
had laid there unaided and suffering for nearly an hour before
he died. Deontae was left in mourning a Mother, Father,
Grandmother, Grandfather, Brother, Sister, 10 Uncles, 8 Aunts,
and 103 1st & 2nd generation cousins, as well as an extended
family. He was well loved.*

*For the past two years, my attorneys and I have been
preparing a Federal Lawsuit on behalf of my son against the
City of Portland, the Portland Police bureau and the officer
that did the shooting. Monies from the defense fund will be
used for Federal Court costs, filing fees, expert witness fees
and a number of additional fees that will occur in a case of this
magnitude. Any excess funds available after the case has been
settled will go to the Deontae J. Keller Scholarship Fund to be
presented to chosen graduating students at Rose Mary Anderson
High School (formerly P.O.I.C) where Deontae graduated
from the summer before his death.*

*Contributions can be made payable to the Deontae J. Keller
Defense Fund and deposited at any U.S. Bank of Oregon or
sent to Joe (Bean) Keller at : 5404 NE 24th, Portland, Or 97211
for recording and acknowledgment purposes.*

*If you would like more information, please don't hesitate to
call me at 503-903-2471.*

Thank you for your support, with God's blessing.

Sincerely,
Joe (Bean) Keller

perspectives

"The Truth, The Whole Truth, And Nothing But The Truth," III

By Prof McKinley Burt

First, let me clear up a possible misconception from last week's article. The invention in Buxton, Iowa (circa 1922) was that of a 'railroad Semaphore' or warning signal which functioned Inside The Locomotive Cab - rather than as a moving arm mounted on tall poles along the right of way.

The great advance in life-saving technology is immediately apparent as was made obvious several years ago just out side of Longview, Washington - such a device 'was not' in use when there was a tragic collision between two freight trains 'on the same track'. A 'surviving' engineer said, that because of the driving rain, he was not able to peer out the window of his cab to see that the pole-mounted semaphore was indicating that the track ahead was occupied by another train. Same problem for other engineer.

The device patented by the Buxton inventor was for a warning signal mounted on a 'dash board' within the locomotive such that there would be

no need to peer out of a window at night or during inclement weather. A minute electrical current traveling through the tracks and then up through the locomotive wheels, would activate a signal on the engineers' instrument panel. This was not a far-fetched idea or 'Rocket-Science' for another black inventor, Granville T. Woods, had already perfected this technology over a quarter-century earlier.

Woods had proven this method of signal transmission for various purposes was quite feasible and he patented many such systems: "apparatus for Transmission of Messages by Electricity, April 7, 1885, No. 315,368; Railway Telegraphy, Nov. 15, 1887 No. 373,383; Induction Telegraph System, Nov. 29, 1887, No. 373,915;" and on and on, ad infinitum. You'll get tired after you reach ninety, all important to industry in one field or another (including the first automatic chicken incubator, smiles!).

And, of course, the very same Granville T. Woods invented the so-

called "Westinghouse Air Brake". On page 37 of the latest reprinting of my book "Black Inventors of America" I have a photo-copy of Wood's patent No. 701,981 of June 10, 1902 for the automatic Air Brake and his "transfer by mesne assignments (sale) to the "Westinghouse air Brake Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania." An absolutely incredible invention that over the years has saved a number of lives and property values that boggles the mind. But we have never been able to get either the American media or the Westinghouse corporation to acknowledge "The Truth" (Book is at Reflections Book Store).

But let us return to the saga of the "Semaphore-on-the-dashboard." Thanks to the historical society based near Buxton, Iowa, I was able to reach a granddaughter of the inventor by telephone. She told a harrowing story, one quite familiar to those of us who have sought to track down these inventions - for motivational purposes and/or to see how many

black inventors received the fruits of their labors. (It appears now that there were many thousands of them lost to history).

This lady said her grandfather, trusting and not well-educated wrote to a 'Railway Association' in Chicago. "They sent him a ticket and hotel money, advising him to pack up everything and they would take a look at it. This he did, writing back later that they had set up an elaborate model train yard on the ninth floor of some big building where his device was being 'tested'."

It seems that for several years they kept asking him to "adjust this and adjust that -you're going to be rich soon, boy." He got a lawyer out of the phone book and "he joined the chorus." Finally her grandfather returned home, broke and disgusted. I tried to pursue this saga as history but soon found out I did not have the resources. But there are more than sufficient models whose well-documented "whole truth" can motivate our youth in this age of technology.

Recharged, refueled and re-energized for the struggle

By Bernice Powell Jackson

When I was young three months seemed like a lifetime. The three months of summer seemed to just float slowly by, allowing me to visit my grandmother, play with my dolls and do all the reading I wanted to. The three months before Christmas just dragged along. But now...

I remember my mother saying time moved faster as you got older and it wasn't that I didn't believe her, I just didn't understand what she meant. Now I do.

Three months ago I left to go on sabbatical and it seems like, well, maybe three weeks. It was truly a time

of rest, of unloading all the responsibilities, all the pain and all the frustrations of being on the front line of the struggle for justice. Probably the entire first month I just rested my body and my mind, watching the birds at the bird feeder, listening to music and finding time to read whatever I wanted whenever I wanted to.

It was truly a time of personal healing--of time spent every day meditating and praying, of remembering close friends and colleagues who had passed away in 1997 and laying down the pain of their separation. It was a time of attending to my own physical and psy-

chological needs and spiritual nurturing. I took Tai chi chuan and felt the power of exercise and meditation together. I used several daily books of prayer and took time just to listen to God rather than always just talking to God.

It was truly a time of personal growth. There's an old Chinese saying which says that when the pupil is ready, the teacher will come. When I mentioned my quilting project just a few days before my leave was to begin at a retreat at my local church, one of the women there came forward and said, "I want to help you." She soon led me to a teacher and some of my sabbatical

time was spent learning how to quilt and I found a new/old survival skill which our grandmothers must have known a hundred years ago.

I also have a renewed sense of pride and inspiration found when I researched each of the 16 women in my quilt. Each one is a woman who refused to color within the lines of the life that society had drawn for her as a black woman. So they became liberators, college presidents, millionaires, writers, politicians, pilots and preachers. Each of them was or is a powerful woman who reached back and helped others and serve as role models for millions of us even now.

BUILDING BETTER COMMUNITIES: Supporting Family Strengths



"When our family faces a challenge, we face it head on. With all our minds put together, we'll come up with something to meet that challenge."

—GENEVA JONES,
grandparent of six,
great-grandparent of three



The Portland Observer

Multnomah County's Family Centers support family strengths with 14 locations throughout the county.

Multnomah County
family Centers
BUILDING BETTER COMMUNITIES