

The Beaverton Review

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VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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Since woman suffrage has allowed
women to get into all the politi-
cal and other questionable places,
it is to be expected that she will
have her flims at striking, mob
violence and other mild pastimes.

In Portland Wednesday two wo-
men were hurt and another arrest-
ed, in what is called a riot when
an attack was made on an auto
driven by Roy T. Bishop, manager
of the Oregon Worsted mill and in
Greenville, South Carolina, four
women were wounded in a club
swinging melee at the gates of a
mill which is kept closed by strik-
ing employees.

The strikers get sympathy be-
cause the cry goes out that they
are being robbed of their jobs and
when at work they are not given
a living wage and are forced to
work under conditions that are in-
tolerable.

Just how any man owns a job
is not made clear. Did he buy it
and pay for it? Was it given to
him? Did he inherit? By what
manner of means did he come in-
to ownership of the job? If he
purchased it, did he buy it from
a person with a clear title? Is a
job just property that can be
bought and sold, purchased or pur-
loined, stolen or unfairly converted?

Now, these are questions that
we do not feel able to answer. If
a job is just a sort of thing that
can be claimed by squatter rights,
then perhaps the strikers have ac-
quired a property interest in the
jobs they held. But with the job
must go the right to enter upon
some other man's property and
exercise there all the rights of
ownership, else the man in charge
of the property where the job is
situated is the one who owns the
job.

Think it over and see what it
all amounts to. Here are some
450,000 workers who had jobs but
for one reason or another, possibly
because some communist, socialist,
agitator or anarchist bade them
leave, left their jobs. If they owned
their jobs, why did they not take
the jobs with them? If their job
was of the sort that is attached
to the real property where it is
located then they have some sort
of claim on the real estate. But
claims on real estate must be duly
recorded in government archives.
Is the job so recorded?

Then I took down the Holy Writ
and it opened and I read, "Let all
the nations be gathered together,
and let the people be assembled;
who among them can declare this,
and show us former things, let
them bring forth their witnesses
that they may be justified." Isaiah
XLIII, 9.

DAD'S STORY

Charley Geiger was one of those
who just could not keep his hands
off anything that he wanted. Psy-
chologists have given him the class
name, kleptomaniac. I think the
term is. Charley stole a watch from
my aunt, once, when just a little
fellow and went about carrying it
in his hand listening to the ticks
and every once in a while taking a
peek at the little object which
mostly he kept covered up in his
two hands. That is what I heard
about him.

I was a chunk of a boy when he
was first released from the reform
school where he had been sent.
He appeared one day at school,
though at the time he was too big
to attend school regularly. He had
half a dozen revolvers. Where he
got them I never learned, but I
did like to carry one, a double
action .32 calibre weapon. I used
to sneak away and shoot at marks
with it though I never could hit
anything more than ten feet away
from me.

Charley got a job and went to
work for one of the camps that
had begun to spring up in the tim-
ber thereabouts. Little depreda-
tions began to happen and one
time the local post office was
broken into and a quantity of
"postage due" stamps were taken.
These led to his arrest and convic-
tion for robbery. This time he was
sent to a Federal prison, just
where I never knew. But in a few
years he was back again. Some-
way he acquired a dislike for Fa-
ther and one day two steers came
up missing. Having rather a shrewd
notion as to where they had gone,
Father post haste to Travers City,
some twenty miles away and
sure enough there he found that
two cattle bearing out the de-
scription of Father's two had been
sold to a butcher but they had
gone. However a yoke of oxen had
not been killed and the butcher
agreed to hold them for a few days
before killing them. Father went
home and inquired if there were

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

ACTION!



It's all in the angle! It's hard to "stop" action when it's whizzing by you,
but easy if you catch it at an angle as it approaches.

If you've ever envied a news pho-
tographer as he shoots away at
ball games, races and other such
speedy affairs, put away your envy
and get out your camera.

For, no matter how simple your
camera may be, you, too, can get
good pictures of intense action.

Here's how.

Action, as Doctor Einstein might
say, is a matter of relativity. Take,
for example, an automobile coming
down the street at thirty miles an
hour. As you watch it from the side-
walk, it doesn't appear to be going
very fast until it gets directly oppo-
site you. Then, of course, you have
to turn your head quickly to follow
it.

In other words, it's easier to see a
speeding object as it approaches
you than it is during the instant it's
nearest you.

If you apply this bit of "relati-
vity" to your snapshotting, you will
discover that even a box camera,
with a shutter working at about 1/25
of a second, will "stop" the 20th
Century Limited in full career.

And even if your camera is capa-
ble of shutter speeds considerably
faster than 1/25 of a second, you'll
get more satisfying results by work-
ing at an angle. Remember, too, that
the faster you work the shutter, the
larger the lens aperture should be.

Distance is another important
factor in action shots. At consid-
erable distances you can "stop" action

that would be impossible at close
range. And a good snap can always
be enlarged to give you a closer
view.

Analyze your shots before you
make them. In snapshotting a pole-
vaulter, for example, decide before-
hand whether you want to get him
at the top of the vault or on the up-
ward sweep. At the top of his flight,
his speed is—for an instant—rela-
tively slow, and you can perhaps
catch him more easily than at any
other part of the jump.

Watch your backgrounds. Try to
get a dark background for a light-
colored subject. The resulting con-
trast helps to bring out the details
of the action.

Much film is used every year on
shots of airplanes in flight. A com-
mon error is that of snapping the
planes at too great a distance. A
fifty foot plane a thousand feet
away makes a mere speck on the
film. Make it a rule not to shoot
until you can see the big numbers
on the wings of the ship. Too, for
the sake of a pleasing picture and
perspective, try to get something
else in the picture—a bit of a tree,
the edge of a course marker, a beau-
tiful cloud, or even the head and
shoulders of an interested on-looker.

Try anything! But give your pa-
tient, eager camera all the breaks
by observing the few simple funda-
mentals of action photography.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

any oxen missing. A Jos. Logie
living some six miles away and
missed a pair and Father took
him to Travers City to see if
they were Logie's oxen and the
sheriff called for Charley, who was
identified by the butcher as the
one who had sold him the oxen.
This got Charley a stretch of four
years in the prison at Jackson,
Michigan. That was Charley's last
stretch but not his last theft.

After getting married and my
oldest girl was born Charley made
his home with us for a time. Fi-
nally he left, and soon my tool
house was broken into and a lot
of tools stolen. I never thought to
lay that crime to Charley, but af-
ter some years I found some tools
which bore my private mark and
they had been purchased by the
possessor from Charley.

Folks got so that they did not
enter complaint when things came
up missing but just watched and
usually they found their property
either in Charley's possession or
somewhere where he had disposed
of it. He is still living in that
neighborhood and is regarded as
just a mild case of insanity. He
never hurt anyone, just carried off
little stuff like axes, pliers, saws,
guns, and that sort of stuff. He
never came back to see me, though,
after he carried off my tools.

Not another of the German fam-
ilies that settled in that neigh-
borhood when the railroad land be-
gan to be settled but what were
honest, faithful, industrious citizens
though some of them liked to guz-
zle their beer. The next one that
I remember and the first to be-
gin to cut into the forest that lay
on the road to the school house was
Boskey. I never learned what his
first name was. He reared a big
family of boys and they turned
in and helped him clear his forty,
then another forty, and finally he
owned 200 acres of land in that
vicinity. I have a faint recollection
of his little chopping, then of his
house, the boards set upright to
form the siding. His first stable
was attached to his living quarters
but he soon learned that such

things were not done in America
and he tore away his stable and
moved it to a respectable distance
from his house. His boys, Rudolph,
Willie, John, Paul, and then Gus
joined the bunch that attended the
little log school where I got my
first instruction.

Boskey was always fated to be
hurt some way at his work. One
time a tree fell on him—another
time he was using his oxen to roll
logs onto his sled to be hauled to
the saw mill and sold for money
for taxes and to make necessary
purchases. Someway the hook came
loose from the sled and the log
rolled back over the fat German.
He fell backward and the log got
on his feet and rolled until it lay
across his chest mighty close to
his throat. Rudolph got the oxen
around and rolled the log on over
his head, then went to the house
for help. My Uncle George saw him
running and crying, so stopped to
inquire what had happened. "Mine
vater is dead" the little chap
sobbed. "Where is he?" questioned
Uncle George. "Back there by the
sled." The two hurried back and
on coming up George shouted "Bos-
key, are you dead?" "Yes, I'm
dead," the form replied. "Oh, I
don't care much for mine self,
but mine poor voman and dose
leetle chiller, vot vill dey do?"

Boskey was not dead nor hurt
seriously for he was out in a week
or two hauling logs to the mill.

"I been kill seven times," he
once told Father, "One time in day
mine, one time I knock day train
off day track, one time day horse
fall on me, one time day tree she
most get me, one time day log
she roll me over, one time day
wagon run me over, and den I
fall day roof off. Next time I go
sure." But he died a natural death
at the advanced age of more than
the allotted three score and ten.

All we boys had to say to the
oldest boy was, Rudolph, ist de
vasser hole" (that last word, pro-
nounced "hol-al") and Rudolph was
up and at us with a vengeance. I
never knew the why or wherefore
for the sentence only asks if the
water is brought in. But it got

a raise out of Rudolph and who-
ever had inquired had to duck out right
sudden. Many and many the time
I have yelled it at him and ducked
out of sight for the time being.
Why I did it or why I did many
of the little things that tormented
my companions is a mystery but
perhaps it was only my way of
showing that "original sin" that
the good book tells us about.

Will was the fighter of the
Boskey family. John was just a
big, good-natured soul, Gus was
the hustler and Paul the student.
The others did not learn well un-
der the then prevailing system of
instruction in school.

The Boskeys had not been there
long before the Stoyke family
moved onto the forty just north of
them. The oldest Stoyke boy had
been taken into the German Army
and the father had emigrated to
get his boys away from army life.
He had six boys, Paul, the one
in the army, and Otto, Harmon,
Eugene, then one whose name I've
forgotten and then Karl, and one
girl, Martha. Soon the road was o-
pened on the section line to the
east from our home and then the
town line to the south was opened.
On the road Uncle George bought
a forty from Thos. Matchett that
lay just half a mile south of our
home, the nearest clearing to Old
Frank's which cornered ours. An-
other half mile south, a mile from
our home Uncle Byron began to
clear up sixty he had purchased
from George Taylor.

In the meantime two families
had come from St. Lawrence coun-
ty and settled, one on the quar-
ter section south of George Taylor's
and the other some three miles to
the north and east from our home.
Their name was Wall. Ed lived
near George Taylor's and his family
was mostly girls as my Father's
was. The Germans raised boys and
the New Yorkers girls.

To the east of Byron's, two
brothers settled, Knapp by name,
the first Canadians I ever knew,
though they spoke German; one of
the women, Mrs. Henry Knapp, al-
so spoke French.

Peter Knapp did not stay long.
Some difficulty with his brother
disturbed him and he sold his hold-
ings to Wm. Hill who hailed from
the "South Part of the State." I
never grieved any over that fam-
ily moving away. The boy, Willie,
told a lie on me at school one
day that came near resulting in
a hiding for me. I may have, and
probably did, deserve many a tan-
ning for the tricks I did at school
though I got away with no more
than having my hair pulled or
having to sit on the floor or stay
in at recess. But Willie told that
I did something I never did but
it caused the teacher, one Glen Bri-
gam, to throw the dipper we drank
from away and for a time we had
to drink from out our hands or
hold our mouth under the spout
of the pump while some one else
pumped.

Did you ever try getting a drink
on a hot day by having some one
pump into your mouth while you
hold your head so the water would
run in? Try it some day and you
will realize the enormity of the
whole deal. So little innocent me
had not only to beg mightily to
keep the teacher from applying the
strap but imagine what fifty or
sixty other youngsters can do when
they think that they have been
robbed of something as necessary
as something to drink from. Per-
haps the fact that the teacher, Glen,
was sort of sweet on my sister
Alma is why I did not get the tan-
ning. But even though he did not
apply the strap there was plenty
of punishment meted out to me,
and all because of that lie Willie
Knapp told the teacher. I never
cried a single tear when I learned
the whole family were leaving. And
his uncle and cousins never found
a very tender spot in my affections
though last summer when back
home I visited two of his cousins;
they never knew, nor have I ever
told, of the lie that I suffered
from.

This Nation knows Mabel Walk-
er Willebrandt. Her father, Dave
Walker, was the next teacher. I
remember him as a lean, tall youth
who liked theatricals and staged
one of the most glorious exhibits
it has ever been my privilege to
witness or take part in. My part
in the exhibition consisted in shak-
ing my fist at Jimmie Days. One
of the audience told Father how
I seemed to mean every word and

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



CATHOLIC CHURCH

Rev. J. M. O'Neil, Pastor

Sunday Mass, 7:40 and 9:40.
Weekly Mass, 8:20.
Saturday Confession, 3-5, and
7-8:30.

Methodist Church

Rev. Bruce B. Grosselowe, Pastor

10:00 a.m. Church school.
11:00 a.m. Morning service.
No evening service.
Everyone welcome.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, minister

At the morning church service
next Sunday Mr. Springer will speak
on the topic, "God's Love."
The topic for the evening ser-
mon will be "The Harvest."

Church of the Nazarene

Rev. Willard P. Anderson, Pastor

The Tent Meetings closed last
Sunday with good success. We are
expecting a very gracious day next
Sunday in the church. Sunday school
9:45 a.m. Morning worship, 11:00
a.m. N.Y.P.S., 7:00 p.m. This will
be very interesting as reports will
be given by the delegates who at-

motion. I suppose I did for Jimmie
Days was the son of Dave Days,
who pulled my hair for dulling his
carpenter tools and that hair pull-
ing is one of my very first re-
collections. I'll bet I put a lot of
feeling into my acting when I
shook my fist in Jimmie's face and
told him how I would like to lick
him! Anyway it brought down the
house! Dave brought the Peck quar-
tette to sing and a part of the
Wexford band to play, and Blind
Dixon played the fiddle and or-
gan and drums. I never heard any-
thing that sounded so good.

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tended the annual convention. Eve-
ning service, 8:00 p.m. Wednesday
prayer meeting 8:00 p.m.
Everybody welcome.

Congregational Church

Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

We shall begin holding the eve-
ning services this Sunday at 8
o'clock. Bible school at 9:45 a.m.,
worship and sermon 11:00 a.m. and
8:00 p.m. The pastor preaches both
times. You are cordially invited.

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