

The Beaverton Review

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DAD'S STORY

One of the standing pranks, good at any time it could be worked, was to get one of the school children enticed away from the school house at night and well on the way home and then remind him that he had forgotten his cap, or his dinner pail, perhaps. How he would rush back to the school for the forgotten article and the remainder would scamper down the road. Just as soon as the victim was out of sight the whole bunch would hide out in the woods, behind trees, in fence corners, etc. and watch the victim come hurrying back, only to find the whole crowd had disappeared. Of course the victim never caught up with the others and kept rushing on expecting to find them just around the next turn. And how the teasers would laugh and hoot at their victim the next day as soon as they were out for recess. They never mentioned it until they had him before the whole school. That would be to miss half the fun.

Getting these rambling recollections whipped into shape in something like chronological order is getting to be a bigger job than I anticipated. Not that the material is lacking but that this material has been carried in the storehouse of memory without any kind of sorting out or setting in order. There are no diaries to refer to, no old files of newspapers to look up nor is there a soul within reach of my voice or presence with whom I could converse to get things straightened out to our mutual satisfaction.

That I must have told you things that happened when I was fifteen or sixteen and then later told of happenings that took place when I was twelve, or perhaps only ten or eleven now seems quite probable. Probably the most accurate measurement of time would be to arrange the events as to when certain teachers taught in our school or in the Matchett school. I at times attended the one and then the other. The Blackman school in the district to which I belonged was where I should go but that was two miles away and the Matchett school house in Mayfield township was only one and a half miles away.

But here the difficulty appears again of not being able to remember whether Edwin Sparling taught first or Harry Robinson. Whether Debbie Cronkite taught first or Bertha or Beulah Blackman. This I remember, that Mary Stephenson was one of the first of my teachers, Alda Mills another, and then one time went out that school was to begin on a certain March morning and we all trudged my three next older sisters and I, to school, only to find the door locked and no fire. We got in and some of the bigger boys got the door open and started a fire. We youngsters played around until close to noon and then went home. Some of them in that flock that morning were Perry and Maurice (I just lately learned how to spell that name) Creglow, Hiram Taylor, Will Petrie, Will Blackman and Joe Fowler. Nora Norton never taught there.

When you come to think of it, the amount of time, resources and energy that is spent in school work is something prodigious. Time was when the father was sole owner, custodian, guardian and owner of the minor child. He could give the child away, take it out in the woods and kill it, drown it, beat it or do whatsoever pleased him with his offspring. Now, the State steps in and insists that the child is the property of the State to do with as it sees fit. The State sets up a system of schools and insists that the child spend certain hours of specified days within the school. No longer can the parent say that the boy must work, or play or have any charge of his child during the hours spent in the class room.

As an institution, the American public school is unique. Whether it will continue to be so is a problem for the ages to solve. The studied neglect tendered the National Educational Association when it met last summer in Washington seems to augur that at present our Federal government as directed by President Roosevelt is not much concerned with what happens to the schools. But this is getting a long way from what is supposed to be my subject.

One of the first illustrations I had of politics was when I was quite small, probably not more than nine or ten years of age. This is how it happened though at the

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

HOW UNUSUAL!



Left: A boy and an engine—a logical shot, yet how often overlooked. Right: What! A picture of the back steps? But the flower and its shadow provide the necessary interest.



SOME folks have the notion that the only pictures worth taking are those of unusual things. They take a camera along when they travel and never use it at home, unless something special is happening.

Yet the simple fact of the matter is that some of your finest picture possibilities are at home around the house.

"But," you may say, "I've already made good snaps of the house, the family, the pets, the garden and the new car. What else is there to shoot?"

Nobody can answer that question for you, directly. But it's dollars to doughnuts that there are dozens of other picture possibilities. And all of them as interesting as the ones already in your album.

The secret of finding them is simply a matter of keeping your eyes open. Get the habit of looking at things—everything—as though you had never seen them before. It's amazing the way this habit will sharpen your interest—now dulled by sheer familiarity—in even the most commonplace things.

Some of the finest pieces of photographic art have been results of appreciative eyes in the heads of stay-at-homes. The pattern of sun and shade on the front steps, the fascinating interplay of roof lines, tree portraits—these are typical of pictures that may be made at home—unusual pictures of usual subjects!

Not all of us are particularly interested in photography as an art—

and if you don't believe it's an art, visit some of your local camera club exhibitions—but we are interested in getting good snapshots. And we have no objection to artistic snapshots have we? Very well, then, back of every great picture is someone who has kept his eyes open for the unusual where it's least expected.

Don't be afraid of doing things differently. It's a tonic to tackle old subjects from new points of view. If, to get a shot that appeals to you, you have to upset the "laws" of safe, and sane snapshotting, don't hesitate. If your eye enjoys the scene, whatever it is, the chances are that your camera will enjoy it too.

With such helps as the new and inexpensive photo-flood bulbs (for which efficient reflectors are available) you can do your snapshotting indoors as well as out. Some week soon we shall talk more about indoor pictures. For the time being, take it for granted that present-day cameras, films and lights give you unlimited scope for your snapshotting. To-day almost any picture is possible—and at any time.

Of all words of praise for the snapshotter, the sweetest are these, spoken by a friend:—"Well, would you look at that! I've seen that spot every day for the last fifteen years and I never dreamed it had the makings of a picture like this."

Maybe you've heard those words already! Congratulations!

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

time I had no notion of what politics meant or that such a thing was in existence.

When Memory first asserted itself on my consciousness and registered the doings of my parents, Father was Moderator of the school district. There the school district is organized on a different plan than in other states. There were three members of the school board, and when first elected, the treasurer was elected for one year, the director for two years, and the moderator for three years. These officers had each different functions to perform. The treasurer kept the money as it was turned over to him by the Township Treasurer, the director was clerk of the district and of the meetings of the board and kept the records, and the moderator was chairman of the board and at the school meetings.

No matter what sort of a man holds office, there are those who will take exception to his official acts. Father was not on any too good terms with Phroman Blackman, though Philo Blackman and he worked together on the school board and in many ways. It was Phroman who had daughters who wished to teach the home school and father did not think it well to hire one of the girls to teach in a school where but a short time ago they were pupils and where all the school children might not give to the teacher just the respect and obedience that was thought necessary in those days. So he opposed hiring Bertha Blackman, but Bertha was hired just the same. I went to school to her three or four terms. All in all, she was not at all a bad teacher though she did have her pets and her pupils to pick on. The Boskey boys came in for their share of the lashings that used to be handed out by the teachers rather regularly.

Beulah, Bertha's sister, followed as teacher, and she was of a kind-

er disposition. I still have some of the cards she gave out the last day of school. I think it was at the picnic at the last day of her school that the two young people came over from Summit City and sang "The Ship That Never Returned." 'Twas a summer's eve, and the sea was rippled by the softest, gentlest breeze. When a ship set sail with her cargo laden for a port beyond the seas," etc. Just recently I saw the music, and I suppose Kate Smith or some noted radio entertainer is now credited with writing the song.

I think that Edwin Sparling followed Beulah Blackman as teacher. He was a dwarf, only thirty-six inches in height, weighing less than eighty pounds, he still taught school in that district where there were sixty pupils from five to twenty-five years of age, and from kindergartners to boys, and some girls, that should have been in high school. Oh, Boy! was he strict! The teacher's desk was a flat topped affair with hinges that allowed a part of the top to lift up disclosing a place where he teacher kept his records, and other things, including straps, chalk, erasers, books, pencils, and other items too numerous to mention. Well, the common office chair was so high that Edwin could sit and rest his heels on the highest round. With the top of his desk up he was completely hidden from the pupils, but they were not from him. It was a long time before some of the boys stayed after school and got into the school house and seeking found two small holes through the lid through which the teacher could watch without anyone knowing. Previously it had seemed uncanny how he knew everything that was going on in the room though his head was hidden by the uplifted desk lid.

In these days it was quite the

thing for the boys to play soldier. They would whistle out wooden guns, and swords which they proudly carried, they marched and counter marched, and in many ways learned something of the manual of arms. Some of these guns were of harder woods. The swords were usually of hickory. The teacher gathered one to himself one day because the owner had broken some rule or something, I've forgotten now. But that is immaterial. It was the way he punished one of the boys, Joe Fowler. Joe had adenoids. Of course, no one knew what was the matter that Joe always breathed through his open mouth and talked as though "his mouth was full of hot pudding." He could not hear very well and was not very bright.

One day, for some small infraction of a rule, he was called up to the teacher's platform, and with his face in the corner made to reach up and standing on his tip toes he raised his outstretched hands to the limit of their height. The teacher then by the aid of chairs and a pile of books made a chalk mark right at the end of Joe's fingers just as far up as Joe could reach. Then taking one of those hickory swords the boys had made the teacher stood over Joe and hit him a lick with that hickory stick every time Joe's fingers got away from that mark.

Up to that time I never heard Father or any of the neighbors even hint that a teacher could do anything wrong. But that act of cruelty wrought a big change in the popular feeling in that district and never again was it whispered that anything the teacher did was all right. True, the teacher always got the benefit of the doubt, but there was a common consent that the teacher might possibly be in the wrong.

This term I got to hate school. I do not remember that Edwin did anything to me especially but I just had absorbed the general discontent and was of a mind to stay at home or do anything but go to school. Many's the time I hid my dinner pail by the road and stole off to play, either alone or with some (to my mind) fortunate child who stayed out of school for one reason or another. Some of my sisters went to school occasionally so they kept track of me at times, but at other times I got away with playing truant.

It was along about this time that there moved into the neighborhood one of Father's second cousins, Charley Knapp, who brought with him an older daughter, Sarah, a son, Justus, and a younger daughter, Clarissa. They first moved onto the George Fowler place just across the road from Boskey's but having purchased the forty where the school house stood, they built a log house and soon moved in, it being summer, there were only log walls, a floor laid on mud sills and a roof. Charley was a great worker and he soon had things fixed up, liveable but hardly comfortable or handy.

Clarissa was just the age of my next younger sister, Laura, and Justus was about my own age. Charley had grown up in the same neighborhood with my father and Charley's wife was a step daughter to Julia Morehouse. I never got it quite clear just what the relationship was, but both Charley and his wife were related in some way to Father. The families became quite intimate and of course there was nothing more natural than that Justus should form an attachment for my sister and I for his. Of course we were just kids, but some of the kid stuff is more realistic than some that the old folks pull.

Justus and I were together a lot. He would come home with me to stay over night, and sometimes his sister came along to stay with my sister. Then I would stay at his house.

It was at his house that one of the most peculiar freaks was played by lightning that I ever saw the effects of. One morning, when going to school Justus called me in and showed me his dead dog. To a boy, there are few things that will get under the hide more than a dog. And here his was dead. Killed by lightning. This is what had taken place.

Houses in those days in that country were often without brick

chimneys. The stove pipe struck up through the roof like in rude dwellings yet. During a storm the previous evening lightning had struck the stove pipe, followed that down through the up stairs floor to an elbow in the pipe. Here it had left the pipe and jumped to a post of the bed on which Charley and his wife were sleeping. It followed down the bed post to the side piece, thence along that to near the head of the bed where it found the dog and killed him. Charley and his wife felt very little effects of the lightning but the dog was killed right under where they both lay in bed. Charley soon built a brick chimney, though his house was built of logs.

The log house burned to the ground later and the neighbors turned out and donated most of the material and the labor to build them a frame house though it was not until Clarissa grew up and worked for the White Lumber Co. and earned the money that the frame house was really finished.

COMPLAINTS MADE TO CORPORATION COMM.

Almost every day complaints are made to the Corporation Commissioner that one A. K. Wilson, of Portland, is getting assignments of building and loan shares from members, according to word we have received from Charles H. Corey, Corporation Commissioner. These assignments are taken in the name of Union Bond and Trust Company. Wilson does not pay anything more than one dollar to these members, but promises to pay them fifty per cent of "all the net proceeds realized from the sale or adjustment of said certificates as and when received." The Commissioner does not know whether or not he makes fraudulent misrepresentations, but believes that he convinces them that he can do something for them or they would not sign.

The Commissioner states that he does not believe that Wilson can do anything whatever to justify his being given such assignments as the Corporation Department is doing without charge all that anyone can do in the interest of the members.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lierman and family moved to the Wilson place at Kinton, Saturday.

Mrs. C. C. Beach and daughter Miss Katherine spent Wednesday

WARRANTS CALLED

The following warrants of School District, No. 95, Washington County, are called for redemption: Nos. 158, 159, 160, 161. Interest payments on above stop October 1, 1934.

Mildred F. Hastings, Clerk
Holders please notify me, c/o Box 2253, Sta. A., Portland, Oregon. c45-47

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