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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Speaking of our dog Spring, twice I was glad he could scrap. Or perhaps not so glad, for I did not like what I was doing, much, but he took away a certain fear that seemed at times to be overwhelming. I refer to going to school as a lad and to two different dogs who frightened me when I walked past their home.

One of these was a black and white dog about the size of a collie but with none of the collie's gentle disposition. He was owned by Stoyke, a German family who had moved in with the big German immigration instigated by the railroad people offering their land for sale on easy terms at ten dollars per acre.

Stoyke put up a high picket fence around his house and garden as soon as he had the building up. He was not a very friendly sort, dour, suspicious and not caring for the neighbors he had moved in amongst. He mostly kept his dog inside the picket fence but at times the gate would be left open by some of the children and the dog would wander into the road. He never did bite me but I was afraid for he would come bounding out right at me, snarling and showing his teeth enough to frighten any man, let alone a lad of ten or twelve.

I would get to the other side of the road, such as it was, and keeping my eye on the brute would get past as quickly as possible short of turning and running. The dog would come right up to within a foot or two of me and show his teeth but never closed in, and I watched him with all my eyes. One day, much against instructions, for Spring was not to be taken to school with me, I got our dog to go a ways, telling Mother I'd send him home when he had gone far enough. I took him the mile that separated Stoyke's house and ours and sure enough the gate was open that morning and the dog was lying right in the driveway. At sight of me he made his usual drive, and when about five or six feet away, I told Spring to "Sick 'im!" Spring had followed close at my heels and probably had not been seen by Stoyke's dog. Spring "Sicked 'im!" all right. He hit the cur and knocked him back three or four feet. Then he drove in, but the other had no use for a fight and turned tail and ran for shelter. I called Spring off and having patted his head a bit I sent him home. But Stoyke's dog never bothered me any more, though he would come against the picket fence at times so I was afraid he would break through, but he never did and when the gate was open he stayed inside his own yard while I was passing.

One time, a little later, when on my way to school I saw him across the road where he had gone for something, but how he seemed back through the gate when I began to call, "Here Spring, here Spring". After that I wasn't afraid of Stoyke's dog any more.

The other dog belonged to Tom Matchett, of whom I have told you before. He lived in the other direction, and it was on his land that the Matchett school house was built. It was closer to my home than our own school but in another district. Matchett had a big yellow dog, long hair, and just plum loco. I've seen that dog get into the corner of a fence and whirl round and round, biting and snarling at his own tail until it would seem that he would fall flat from sheer dizziness. But I never saw him fall.

Spring had taught him his place on former occasions but he was not the kind that profited from experience. He would come bounding out to the road whenever anyone passed and make a great howl-do. Never hurt anyone that I know of, as they told tall stories of Stoyke's dog having done, but I was afraid of him. So Father told me I could take Spring with me, and could come home from another direction, not going directly past Matchett's house. Is it any wonder that I have a very clear mental picture of "Old Spring"? But he somehow never meant half so much to me as Curly did.

Later in life I learned something of the reason for Stoyke's unfriendly attitude. He was the father of four boys when he came to America, but he brought only three with him, Otto, Herman, and Eugene. After being in America a short time Otto came to make his home with "Old Frank" Taylor, just across the road from my home (the houses were really several blocks apart, but they were always our closest neighbors).

Paul Stoyke, the oldest of the

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
USE THE FINDER

At what is the girl pointing? . . . Why? . . . What of it? A good picture, but uninteresting because it tells no story and fails to explain itself. There is no question, however, about the snapshot of the hunter. It tells a complete story. Its composition is successful.

LISTEN in on any snapshotting beginner as he goes over a fresh batch of prints:

"Boy, look at that! Got that string of trout swell. But say—Bill's head is out of the picture! Now how did I manage to do a crazy thing like that?"

The answer is very simple. The lad taking the picture failed to use the view-finder when he made the shot. He probably saw that the string of fish was in view, but he quite overlooked the fact that the proudly grinning Bill was neatly decapitated.

Most modern cameras have two kinds of view-finders. First, of course, is the familiar reflecting finder—the kind into which you peer from above. Properly shaded, it will give you an accurate idea of what each shot includes. Then there is the "direct" view-finder, mounted on the top or side of the camera. In using it you hold the camera at eye-level and sight through two rectangular openings. What you see, the camera will get.

With either or both of these finders there is really little reason for failing to get what you want in a picture. Of course, there are limits, defined by the size and shape of the film and the capacity of the lens. You have to select the most interesting bits of a scene and concentrate on them.

When an artist does this, he "composes" his picture. Many volumes have been written on the subject of composition, but the whole idea may

be boiled down to this: A good composition is simply a pleasing arrangement of the elements of a picture, an arrangement that puts the emphasis on the most interesting feature.

A little care in using your view-finder will, almost invariably, give you a well-composed picture. For your eye will reject an arrangement that is confusing or displeasing; it will warn you that somebody's head is going to be lopped off; it will reveal whether or not the finished picture will tell a story—the story you had in mind when you unlimbered the camera.

For "telling a story" is the essence of a good picture. The Chinese have a proverb, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." But the proverb applies only to good pictures.

Many a professional photographer spends hours studying the "view-finder" of his camera before he makes a single shot. His success in business depends on his presenting vivid story-telling pictures. In our snapshotting we have no such weighty considerations. We have only ourselves and a few friends to please. But we can increase that pleasure vastly by pausing, just before we click the shutter, to check our picture in the view-finder. If it's what we want—fire away! And, when the finished pictures come back, we shall certainly not begrudge those few seconds of concentration on the view-finder.

JOHN VAN GILDER.

sons, was left in Germany. It was a long time before I learned that Otto was not the oldest of the family. But Paul had been taken into the German army and had been forced to fight in the Franco-German war where he had been injured but sent back into the ranks again as his injury did not prevent his carrying and firing a gun. When Mr. Stoyke came to know how the men were treated in the army and to understand that every one of his boys would have to serve the Kaiser just as Paul was doing, he resolved that no matter what the ties that bound him to the Fatherland, he would not stay where his boys would suffer as Paul was being made to suffer. So he packed up everything he could, and hied to the Land of the Free.

He had buried his wife, too, to add to his sorrow and when he came to America he brought with him as his second wife a woman who was not of the most amiable disposition. This woman and her daughter became quite characters in the neighborhood. Martha, the daughter's name was, and, as for I think she is living as this is written. We used to call her "Meta." There was some effort to have her keep her own father's name but to no great success. Meta Stoyke, she was to the school children, and Meta Stoyke she remained until as a young woman she insisted in being called Martha. She was considerably older than I. Her youngest stepbrother, Eugene, was some three or four years older, too.

The boy's life seemed to be formed in cycles. In my own case there must have been the time when Mother meant everything, though that cycle is not so clear in my mind now as some of the later happenings. There is a certain cycle when school means so much. At other times he is interested in pets. Witness my fondness for Curly. Then at other times there is the imitative instinct which in me is shown in my having a team to drive, as when I broke and drove the yoke of steers.

One cycle gives way to another, just as the seasons pass and we take up the burden, or the balloon of life. There is one thing that seems to linger, the memory of the songs we used to hear, and sometimes try to sing. There were James Bird, the lad who "fought so hard at Erie, freely bled and nobly dared", "Fair Charlotte lived by the mountain side", "The Last Fierce Charge", "The Willow Tree", "Over the Garden Wall", and any number of others. One that always brought prompt attention is "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" How well I remember standing at the old reed organ and begging my Aunt Maria to sing it again and again. She was Father's half sister who married a brother to Matt Geiger, the father of the Geiger boys, the ones with whom our parents did not care to have us associate any more than strictly necessary.

Eugene Peck, the one who brought his singers to help out at one of our first school exhibitions came into our neighborhood to start a singing school. But before he came

Bird Gibbs had tried to teach something of music and singing to the youth of the vicinity. But he had little time and not much teaching ability though he sported a fine bass voice and could make the rafters ring with melody. He it was, I think, who persuaded Eugene to come to our neighborhood and teach singing. I recall that if he could get a class of twenty, he would give twenty weekly lessons at a cost of a dollar each, making his wage a dollar a night for driving ten or twelve miles and teaching singing to those who thought they wanted to learn.

It did not take long to establish to everybody's satisfaction that I could not learn to sing, but somehow I got the notion that I might learn to play some instru-

ment. I got a fiddle and I have it yet. A King Special, it cost some six or seven dollars. My sister, Alma, had an organ and lived two and a half miles west from us. She had learned to read the notes and together we picked out the scale on the violin and I went at it to learn to play.

After I'd had it some months I called at the Bowers home. The Bowers family were ardent Free Methodists. After I'd sawed away for a time on such old tunes as "Nearer my God to Thee", "Home of the Soul", "Shall we meet Beyond the River" and others, Uncle William Bowers inquired as to whether I could not play some religious hymns!

ELECT



J. W. RAYNARD

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

I have lived on a farm in Washington County, Oregon, continuously for forty-five years during which time I was manager of a local farmers' telephone company for about ten years.

I shall not make a lot of promises which I know cannot be fulfilled for the purpose of securing votes, but do make one promise and that is that, if elected, I shall give my full time and attention to the duties of the office and will support any measure designed to lessen or more equally distribute the burden of taxation.

I believe in the principle of an Old Age Pension, but also believe that it should be financed by some means other than a tax on real and personal property.

I believe the so-called Milk Bill passed by the last Legislature is a move in the right direction but I believe it should be strengthened. I believe the producer should receive a greater portion of the price paid by the consumer than he now receives. Out of the recent increase in the price of milk, the producer has not received his just share.

Oregon has the Income Tax, the Intangibles Tax, a Gift Tax and other forms of indirect taxation. I believe the various forms of income taxes should be strengthened to the end that real and personal property shall bear less of the burden of taxation. A move is on foot to increase the salary of public officials and employees. I am opposed to such movement. I believe that public officials and employees receive greater pay for their services than the pay of our farmers and producers.

I desire to see Oregon benefitted in every way possible in connection with the construction of the Bonneville Dam but I do not believe this is the time to burden the State of Oregon with a great bonded indebtedness until it is definitely determined what we may expect from the Federal Government in the distribution of electrical power and energy in the State of Oregon generated at the Bonneville Dam, bringing to every manufacturer, every city dweller, and every farmer its benefits on equal terms.

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—P. Adv.

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By Sara 1934

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