

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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Reality

Too bad, dear, that romance is over so soon—
Though it does not exactly concern us.

It is touching to think lovely brides of last June
Are now shoveling coal in the furnace.

—Ema Spencer, Newark, Ohio Advocate.

But sadder, by far, though it's none of our doin',
That turn of the wheel, cruel, malicious,

That has him who led her to the altar in June
Now sweeping and washing the dishes.

—Ed Scanlan, Buffalo Evening News.

Salem News Letter

The voice of agriculture was raised above the tumult of Ray Gill and Ben Osborne at Salem last Friday night, in protest against the disastrous effect of labor strikes.

Before the house committee on labor and industries, large groups of farmers and orchardists urged the passage of anti-strike measures, and in no uncertain language.

Oregon farmers cannot face another situation like the recent record breaking maritime strike, they declared, nor can they see eye to eye with Gill, master of the state grange, who has issued a lengthy statement that the farmer and labor have common ground.

When Gill was openly opposed on the floor of the committee room, the galleries resounded with cheers from the hasty throats of strike suffering farmers.

G. B. Adams of Moro, speaking for the Oregon shippers and producers and the Eastern Oregon Wheat League said:

"The press tells us that the present strike settlement is only for one year. Gentlemen, the men who produce our agricultural products cannot face this devastation every year. We cannot have the menace of a strike always ahead. If we cannot pass bills to protect agriculture, if this is what democracy gives us, if a highly organized minority is to rule, we must look for some other form of government. That is something that shouldn't even be voiced, but this is a serious situation."

Tounis Wyers, former member of the legislature, speaking for the Hood River growers who sponsored house bills 56 and 57, pointed out that under house bill No. 56, the only way an industrial organization can lose its license, is through the courts. The bill demands that all organizations of workers or employers register with the corporation commissioner, and make annual financial reports.

Ben T. Osborne, executive secretary of the state federation of labor, who opposes the passage of any of the measures now before the legislature, expressed the opinion that such legislation would fail; that labor had also failed in its efforts to arrive at amicable settlements with employers without inconveniencing anyone.

Gill reiterated his contention that he believed the farmer and the laborer were big enough to settle their differences around the council table. He made no mention of the situation at the Oceanic dock in Portland when union teamsters refused to allow Hood River fruitmen to unload their perishables there for shipment.

Adams, appearing earlier before a senate committee remarked that: "If you gentlemen think Mr. Gill and Mr. Tompkins represent all of the agricultural interests of the state, you are mistaken."

B. A. Green, Portland labor attorney, spoke against the passage of the bills.

Linn 4-H Work Grows Fast
Albany—The enrollment in 4-H club work in Linn county has grown from 51 boys and girls in 1920 to 1,114 in 1936, records in the office of County Agent F. C. Mullen show. Oscar Mikesell is now 4-H club agent in Linn county.

William S. Murray of Utica, New York, has been re-elected republican state central committee chairman of that commonwealth.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Here is an example of the innumerable opportunities given to the owner of a camera to satisfy his feelings for the artistic.

"WHAT can I do—I can't paint or draw," is often the complaint of persons who have strong feelings for the artistic and the desire to express them.

Not all these persons realize that within the past few years modern cameras and photographic materials have opened the door of artistic expression practically to everybody. Because of the capability of today's improved equipment to produce good photographs under a wide range of light conditions, and because no great difficulty is met in mastering the technique of photography, the desire to express artistic feelings by means of pictures is no longer limited by the refusal of one's brain to cooperate with a paint brush. And by pictures is not meant merely photographic records of places or people usually interesting only to those familiar with them, but pictures evoking pleasure for all who behold them, because of their universal appeal to the senses, emotions or imagination.

With a camera in his hand, reasonably good powers of observation are virtually all Mr. Average Man needs in order to satisfy his desire for artistic expression. These powers he may exercise by selecting artistic pictures from the inexhaustible supply already composed for him by Nature. It is a matter of seeing the picture and choosing the best viewpoint from which to photograph it. Or he may create his own artistic composition with movable objects and with light he is able to control. In either case, he may work with the same art factors as does the artist of pen or pencil—forms, masses, light and dark areas, interesting line, center of interest, balance—and obtain artistic composition on his negative. This anyone unskilled in drawing may do with a camera.

But he can go still farther in the satisfaction of his artistic tastes if he will master the technique of producing his own prints. In such things as the selection of the type of photographic paper suitable to the negative, the manipulation of light in the printing process, the masking of portions of the negative, and trimming the prints to improve the original composition, he is given still further opportunity for exercising his artistic talents.

Keep on wishing you could draw or paint, if you like, but don't be stopped by your inability to do so. Realize the possibilities of your camera. Appraise from the artistic standpoint reproductions of photographs in magazines and newspapers. Go to photographic exhibits, and observe how many pictures please the senses exceedingly because of their beauty, or arouse the emotions or stimulate the imagination. These are the purposes, we are told, of all art expression. With these purposes in view, see what you can do with your own camera. There are opportunities everywhere.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

The Letter Box

The following interesting letter was written T. J. Allen, Rt. 1, Beaverton, by his sister from Cincinnati, Ohio. It was written February second.

My dear brother,

I am all right; don't worry about me; I don't sleep till water or fire catches me, not as long as I can run. I am pretty good at going when I am about to be caught. I was in the 1913 flood, and I never waited for anything. It was raising straight up then, and you ought to see me go. Just what I had on my back was all we had left. This time I was lucky. We live in the heart of the city, and we had fire and lights, although hardly any of the city had fire and lights. I am here with the courthouse two banks, and a hotel, so we got our lights from Dayton Ohio. We have had no water only what comes in by large trucks. My, it is terrible! We boil it, and a scum comes on it like a frog pond; then I skim it and strain it through several thicknesses of cloth.

We are dirty as pigs; no laundry is running. Our city is under martial law, and we can't buy anything but food and medicine. Everything is locked up. I don't know when we could buy a change of clean clothes, but not allowed to sell. It takes all the guards to protect plants and schools where 35,000 are homeless.

If people get drowned it is their fault; I get away in time—never mind the household goods. They are making them every day; if I am alive I can get more. Lots of people floated past here; some drowned where the current was going about 60 miles or more an hour. No one would take a chance to catch them, and there was no time for the dead. Had to get people to shelter as the rain poured down for two weeks, day and night. I tell you it never can be explained. Buildings fell in and partly down. There would have been a terrible destruction, but the soldiers and navy boys went as far as it was safe and opened the windows so the water could go through the buildings, taking the pressure off.

There were several explosions where people left gas off. You have heard of a lake of fire—it was a river of fire, gasoline, benzene, burning on the water. It was awful; it looked for a while that what water did not get the fire would. It was running round and through buildings. Men in coats with gunny sacks were fighting it.

No street cars, and no trains running, but they may in a few days now. The river was 80 feet—four feet higher than the '34 flood.

We have plenty of food, good home, good health, but the bad thing, no water. The paper said they were building a slow fire in the pumping station; could not tell how much damage was done to the machinery. If slight it would not take long to get the mud out of the pits. Maybe Monday we could get water.

I will send you some flood pictures. 2500 men are at work, cleaning, as the water goes down. Hospitals are crowded. Babies were born in boats, and every where people were getting drowned, and wet, hungry, and naked, homeless. The burning fire running on the water, destroying buildings. Crosley's radio plant was burned to the water. Terrible. It was coal tar and benzene; they use lots.

Don't worry about me. The only thing that will catch me will be sickness; I am all-gone from times like this. I have 33 people in my house—17 rooms. I pray all the time God will send me His people, as I have enough to do with out fighting the devil.

I have my sons, 3 boys, raising them. The two biggest are in the eighth grade, the little one in 5th grade. The big boys belong to the Boy Scouts. They worked hard, carrying food and clothes and standing watch. They are like men now. One weighs

Brazilian Soprano to Make Her Debut
During Metropolitan Opera Broadcast

By BIDU SAYAO

Everybody knows the woman who casts away everything worth while—the love of a man, the honor of her family, her own self esteem—all for the show and pretense and display of the moment. She may be beautiful and charming, and in a way, innocent; but for her the shadow is gold. Apparently nothing can bring her to resist her mad desire for sparkling jewels, pretty dresses and the stful whirl of entertainment and admiration. She is the spoiled child who follows every whim and caprice until, in the end, she brings disaster upon herself, ruin to the man who loves her and tragedy to her family.

Of course, she is not only American. I have known her in France and Italy and my native Brazil; she is of every nationality and every age. If you look, you will find her name in today's newspapers; she is in history and fable, poem and song—her name is Manon.

Next Saturday afternoon when I sing for the first time in American opera, it will be as Manon in the Metropolitan Opera's presentation of Massenet's work of the same name, to be broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company and the Radio Corporation of America. And I hope that from my portrayal, listeners will gain some understanding of the innocent and beautiful, capricious and yet, above all else, lovable Manon.

We first meet her alighting from a coach at Amiens. Her parents, apprehensive over her eagerness for the joys of this world, are sending her to a convent. Hardly has she set foot in the courtyard before Guillot, an old roue, makes advances and offers his coach for flight to Paris; and Bretigny, with a practiced eye for beauty, speculates on his own chances. But Lescart, Manon's soldier cousin, frightens them away and warns her against strange men. "But it wasn't my fault..." she says plaintively. And when he leaves to drink, she looks with envious eyes on the finery of women of dubious character. "How nice it

must be," she sighs, "to spend one's life so gaily."

Now comes the handsome young Chevalier des Grieux. He is immediately taken by the coquette's youthful beauty and he protests against the convent's gray life for Manon.



BIDU SAYAO

But how escape? At that moment Guillot's coach arrives and, at Manon's suggestion, they both climb in. When tipsy Lescart emerges from the inn he hears only the rumble of the departing coach and he accuses Guillot of besmirching his family honor. Guillot swears vengeance on the pair.

In the next act we find Manon reading, in a letter des Grieux writes to his father, declaring his intention to marry her, "no eyes are more charming." "Is that true?" she asks naively. The maid announces Lescart and Bretigny. Lescart is soon satisfied that his family honor is safe; Bretigny meanwhile tells Manon that her lover's father, the Count des Grieux, will have him abducted that night, but that, if she will be reasonable, she can be "Queen of Beauty." "Speak lower!" she admonishes.

Poor Manon's head is turned by the prospect of luxurious living and she cannot bring herself to warn des Grieux. When, later, he answers a knock at the door and is overpowered, she only whimpers, "Oh, my poor Chevalier!"

When next we see Manon, in the third act, she steps from Bretigny's sedan chair into the admiration of a holiday crowd. "Do I look pretty?" she asks, and is so wonderfully pleased when the nobles assure her she is adorable. She overhears the Count say that his son is about to enter the priesthood. "He cannot have forgotten," she exclaims fretfully, and in short order she is off to the church of St. Sulpice.

She arrives just after the Count, having tried in vain to dissuade his son, promises him a settlement of 30,000 francs. In a fine state of repentance, Manon falls at the Chevalier's feet and begs him to come back to her. After a brief struggle with himself, he falls into her arms.

But Manon's way of living is not economical and the settlement is soon wasted. In the fourth act we meet the pair in a gaming house, des Grieux filled with shame, but urged on by Manon. "You'll see," she says, "we'll soon be rich again." Guillot is there too and, seeking revenge, he challenges des Grieux to play. The Chevalier wins every wager and the enraged roue accuses him of cheating. He departs, only to return a few moments later with the Count and police, who arrest Manon and her lover.

He is soon released, but Manon is held and, at length, condemned to be deported to a penal colony. In the last act Lescart and des Grieux are plotting to bring about Manon's escape from the band of fallen women on their way to Havre, there to embark for Louisiana. Where force fails, money persuades. Manon is released in their custody until nightfall. Broken by grief and imprisonment, Manon only shakes her head when des Grieux pictures a happy life in some distant land. She begs his forgiveness and with—"This kiss is a last farewell"—sinks into her last sleep. So ends the unhappy story of Manon, who took glitter for gold.

In Saturday's Manon, Maurice d'Abraham will be the conductor. Rene Maison, the Belgian tenor, and Richard Bonelli, American baritone, will take the parts of the Chevalier des Grieux and Lescart. Bretigny will be George Cehanovsky.

vited and urged to attend, as this will be the last meeting in this vicinity.

U.S. CIVIL SERVICE
EXAM ANNOUNCED

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an open competitive examination for the position of bindery operator (hand and machine) in the Gov-

GOSPEL TEAM WILL
HOLD FINAL MEET

Due to adverse weather conditions, the gospel service meeting scheduled to be held in the McKay (Whitford) school, Sunday night, January 31, was postponed, but will be held the coming Sunday night, February 14, at 7:45 p.m., under the direction and arrangement of a group of Christian young people affiliated with the Portland Union Bible Classes, half of whom are known to Beavertonians.

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Mrs. Katherine Pattern

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger