

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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URA LYRE'S OWN COLUMN

Senator Geo. W. Norris of Nebraska is pulling for a third term for Franklin D. If the reports are to be credited. For years Norris posed as a Republican while continually playing into the enemy hands. Who can doubt he will slobber all over one who tries to usurp the rights of the people?

No war in China; but the wholesale butcheries continue with every machine of war possible; while we pretend to be neutral but keep furnishing the brutal aggressor with anything she wants to help her out, while we steer clear of the ports of the trampled down victims even denying them the common necessities of life. Call ourselves neutral? That would be "funny" were it not so serious.

The C.I.O. would like to "get" Henry Ford, a man whose company has been so fair to labor during all the years of its existence. The action is in keeping with the general work of that organization. The NLRB of course will support this trouble making outfit. The National Labor Relations Board, now becoming noted for its impotency, a well charged bias in favor of the Lewis dominated misfits, is not strengthening its position in the minds of levelheaded people. Go ahead Gov. Martin! "Warp it to 'em". Our governor is showing some backbone recently, anyway, whether he accomplishes anything by it or not.

A letter received by Ura Lyre during the last week from a northern Illinois agriculturist, says: "The relief problem is a big one here. So many men won't work - too easy to get help. I could use a man here once in a while, but those - relief won't work for fear they will be taken from the roll." Doesn't that have a familiar ring in the ears of Oregonians, in the

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

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past?

The Pope recently uttered denunciations of Hitler and Stalin and their regimes. Why does he not add Mussolini to the list? There is no particular difference among the three in the main. They are all blocks off the same chip.

So they tried to boycott the recent Max Schmeling prize fight. About as foolish as cutting the German language out of the schools during the World War. But some people never will learn sense; and a large percentage of people will go off on a tangent after half-baked but voluble leaders, as witness the large number of new cults and strange winds of doctrine in religious lines and of the dominating element in politics today.

We note that it is being said that the Goose egg congress has adjourned. Why be ridiculous enough to dignify the recent fiasco

with that kind of an appellation! A real goose egg is of at least some value. Even a goose egg in baseball is the size of a zero. Also, a zero is of great value when compared with a decidedly minus quantity. Roosevelt's recently nourished (with public money) infinitesimally small, pampered, pet child could well be consigned to oblivion, not only unwet and unsung but unnamed, while one holds his own nose with head even turned in the opposite direction.

Here's Hollywood

Dear Folks: Well, Christmas has got round again and I guess you'd like to hear what it's like in Hollywood. First place they mostly call it "the holidays" as everybody kind of takes things easy until after New Years. That is it's the holidays for everybody except the

hired help. Just like back in Goshen. Instead of packing off to visit their folks the cooks and caids just work harder than ever fixing things up for the actors and all their parties.

It's been kind of warm for this time of year and there's no snow even on the mountains. Why even the sycamores and walnuts haven't dropped all their leaves yet. They just turned yellow and hang on. Makes me kind of hanker to be back home for Christmas. It's about the one time of year I get kind of homesick out here. Doesn't seem like Christmas without about a foot of snow on the ground and some sharp moonlight nights for bobbledding. That's one thing they can't do much of here. Even when there's snow in the mountains the sun's likely to be shining bright and warm so there's a zip to make your ears tingle.

Well all week now Hollywood Boulevard has been swarming with shoppers thick as cows crowding through the lane. Greta Meyer that stout Swede who just about fills a door, near knocked me over when we met around a corner. Trouble was she was piled up to her second chin with packages and could hardly see round them.

Then cowboy Bill Boyd and his actress wife Grace Bradley came out of Marsh's department store and Bill's arms were all piled up with packages. Maybe by another Christmas he won't be carrying them. You know they have only been married a few months, and the wap actors swap partners you can't predict any of them to stay tied more than a year.

Yesterday morning I drove down Vine street and saw Adolph Menjou in his sporty red car with canvas top. He was poking along like he was looking for a parking place when I passed him. I put mine in a filling station to get it greased while I did a couple errands, and when I got back up the block here comes Menjou driving round the second time. I saw he looked kind of boiled because of all the traffic and crowds so I yelled: "Hi there, Menjou. Merry Christmas!" And he waved and yelled back "Merry H---I-I-I can't get within a mile of a store!"

So it seems like some of the big stars have just as much trouble as the rest of us. But not Carole Lombard. Saw her chauffeur drive her up to a fancy shop and she rushed in like she knew just what she wanted. So I went to see and sure enough she went to the hosiery counter, named her brand and after she'd looked for the shades she wane-

ed ordered ten dozen pairs in three different sizes. Now that many pairs would be silk hose gifts for a lot of people, but I suspect a grand actress like her would be giving half a dozen pair to any of her girl friends. Course she told the salesgirl to send them out, and then she rushed past me to her car which was still waiting in the loading zone.

Another way some of the actors get around this Christmas job is to have a couple of studio secretaries go out with a list and pick out their things for them. Of course an actor would n't buy his family presents in that way, but I met two girls with their arms full of things they had bought for James Cagney to give to directors, camera men and other studio folks he wanted to remember.

On the way home I dropped into Gene Autry's office and found him sweating over a list of folks he just wanted to send cards. He had his secretary writing down names while he and his publicity man tried to think of them all. A lot of them were of movie columnists, magazine writers and picture previewers whom Gene thought he ought to remember. Before I left they had two columns of names written down and were still worrying about who they had left out.

Saturday I went out to Ray Corrigan's ranch to get some wood. You know he's that tall cowboy actor in the "Three Mesquiteer" pictures. Well I got up in the oak flats and went at a tree they had lipped out for the roots last summer. And you know it was so warm I had to pull off my shirt and undershirt too. Not much like Christmas vacation in Vermont with firewood with the wind whining through the bare old beech and maples and we kept moving to keep warm. Well I got home a trailer load all cut fireplace length with a one-man saw as now I've plenty of oak for over the holidays. Don't need much fire here daytimes but a good fire crackling away in the evening is mighty cheering.

Well folks Happy New Year to you all once again and every year.

On Oregon Farms

Polk Increases Soil Practices
DALLAS—Probably the largest number of soil building practices ever carried on in one year in Polk county were achieved in 1937, largely due to the agricultural conservation program, says County Agent, W. C. Leith. More than 1400 acres of alfalfa,

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



"I resolve, by the magic of lighting, selection, and arrangement, to find the pictures hidden in common things."

LONG tradition demands that everyone resolve, at the beginning of a new year, to turn over a new leaf, perhaps several new leaves. If this is a good idea for ordinary people, it is a still better idea for us as photographers. Even the best of us make mistakes that we could avoid if we would only take a firm stand—and nothing can help so much as to work out a code and then stick to it.

Here, then, is a set of New Year's Resolutions for Snapshot Guild members. Check them over and see which ones apply to you. Add any others you think of. Then paste the whole list in your photographic notebook and abide by it in the twelve-month ahead:

- This year I resolve—
1. To think always before I shoot.
 2. To remember that a camera has no brain of its own, only an eye, and will only take pictures of the scenes and subjects I put in front of it.
 3. To bear in mind that my pictures to be good must be interesting to other people as well as myself and that to be

interesting a picture must have a central idea, a pleasing arrangement and lighting which is suited to the idea the picture is to express.

- I further resolve—
4. To try to see the "hidden pictures" in everything and to ask myself, not "Is this a good picture subject?" but rather, "How can I, by the magic of lighting and arrangement, bring out the picture or pictures this subject contains?"
 5. To experiment with lighting and pictorial arrangement so that my eye will become trained to see the pictures inherent in common things.
 6. To study my mistakes and note down what I did that was wrong and remember not to make the same error twice. And I resolve that whenever I make an error, I will try to do the picture over the right way, so that its lesson will be more pointed.
- In other words—I resolve to make more and better pictures.

John van Guilder.

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger

Raising the Family - Ma was only Talking in her Sleep



Fisher

Mr. I. Knowit



By Thornton Fisher

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