

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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URA LYRE'S OWN COLUMN

A few months ago Roosevelt promised us he expected to have the budget balanced about next summer.

Now as usual the is in the distant future, and the deficit is to be greater for the coming year than ever. This after eight years of deficits and hard times, superinduced in the first place by the spend thrift disposition of the same fellows, now a charge of the "raw deal," voting expenditures over Hoover's vetoes. During the last five of these years the present administration with its brain storm trust has been in complete control of all branches of the law making powers, and had almost no opposition. This gave such opportunity to bring about recovery never previously enjoyed. Besides billions upon billions of the people's money have been poured in to prime the pump, and the depression is getting worse; unemployment growing; starvation facing a tremendous number. If there are evils, why has not the administration corrected them that administration is not composed of imbeciles or ignoramuses who do not know enough to run anything in a governmental line. But what can be expected from one who never knew enough to conduct a successful business of his own.

Why do we have this "recession" depression. If it is caused by big business (which it is not) why has an unhampered government done nothing to curb the big business, besides keeping all kinds of business, big and little in hot water because of manipulations and threatened manipulations? Such a government better get out and let one in that can do something besides spend, swagger and bluster while we plunge on toward the verge of ruin.

Yes Roosevelt was "telling" em how bad things are, not seeming to realize that the abominable conditions he named was self

condemnatory. With one breath his chief spokesmen rant against business with the next comes a breeze from the president purporting to be conciliatory, at the same time he does not let up on a single one of his old time ideas which steadily become more evidently abominable to those with eyes and reasoning powers back of those eyes. Blind bats, hirelings, and "rubber stamps" of course will support him.

Here's Hollywood

Last week I wrote you about that "soft eyed" cow they were hunting for to put in a movie. Well I found out she plays the cow that kicks over a lantern and set a big city afire quite a while back.

Well those prop boys were smart enough to bring the cow to the studio early before many folks were around. The cow came along gentle like cause one of these stages where they make movies is just like a barn anyway. And inside of it they had built a kind of ramshackle lean-to that didn't have any paint something like a Vermont woodshed only they had left one side of it off so the camera could shoot it.

Well the camera crew started moving up their camera and shouting for some other fellows electricians they was to move a little light here and another one there and pretty soon I see the cow was getting kind of nervous. Then the director, a kind of fat feller with a boomin voice like old George Towns when he was drunk, he came on the set and looked over the cow and the shed and everything and giving a lot of orders. The leading lady hadn't come down yet. They said she was getting made up to look like an old Irishwoman who's had to work hard trying to raise a pack of young 'uns in a big city. Well from what I've seen I guess folks get to look old and worn out quicker in the city than they do back in Goshen.

Well sir while the director was standing there behind the cow arguing with another feller about the lights that cow let go with some of the alfalfa that had run through her kind of loose. And say that was something they hadn't figured on having in their movie. The director jumped back quick's he could and yelled for a prop boy come running and he see what had happened so he sends another feller for a wheelbarrow and a dungfork to clean it up. And

you know of all things I heard that director fretting round wanting to know if there wasn't some way they could stop the cow acting that way. Anyway the prop boy just staid there with his wheelbarrow waiting.

Next the director thought he better have one of his assistants try milking the cow to see if she would stand still. Well the assistant picked up the milking stool and a bucket and kind of eased in beside her and telling her to "whoa bossy." And with that the director just laughed right out and yelled, "what do you think you're talking to a horse? You don't say 'whoa' it's 'So-o-o-w bossy!'"

Then the assistant feller he says "that sounds like you're talking to a hog—sounds like 'sow belly.' I think you're wrong sir. I've heard it said 'whoa bossy.'"

Well the director fist spit fire and yelled for his script girl and she didn't know either. So he tells her to call up the research place and have them find out quick. Now I don't know where they'd find that but these movie men seems like can put their hands on the confounded things when they need them. So pretty soon the script girl came over with it all written down "So-o-o-w bossy."

So the director kind of crowed over his assistant, but it wasn't for long. The assistant eeded 'n again saying "s-o-o-o bossy, s-o-o-o bossy," and sets down on his stool but instead of getting the bucket 'tween his knees he sets it in the straw right under her baz. Well soon's he grabbed a couple of teats she up and lifted one foot, plunked it right in that bucket and then slammed it straight back into that fat director's belly. Say you should of heard him grunt. I could of near died laughing but I'd probably got run off the set the director was so mad. But I seen the fellers behind the camera grinning and hanting on themselves like they was fit to bust.

Then the director yelled "clear the set set everyone off that don't work in this scene." So a lot of us kind of moved back back like we was leaving but we knew he was just mad about getting hit with that beer, and then we saw the leading lady in an old rag wrapper with tobacco juice down the front and gray hair all stringy round her ears so that read of a movie actress she looked to me just like old Mel Muzz's wife when she come out the

1-MINUTE SAFETY TALKS By Don Herold



Don't Be A Statistic

We can read that 36,800 people have been killed by an earthquake in Japan, and it doesn't make as much of an impression on us as mashing our own finger in a screen door.

There is nothing much in such figures to stir us emotionally to fear or caution or to a resolution to drive with exceeding care, ourselves.

Nature, darn her, blesses and curses us with a feeling that WE are going to be exceptions. It takes an unusually intelligent man to read statistics and say: "I'm just as liable to trouble as one of these 967,840. I'd better watch out, or I'll be a statistic, myself, some day."

I mean to make you cringe. I mean to make you hurt a little when you read these automobile accident figures, issued by The Travelers Insurance

Company. I mean to make you subject yourself momentarily to the painful process of imagining one of those 36,800 or 967,840 to be your own child.

Then multiply that wave of anguish by 36,800 or 967,840. Every one of those bleak human units was a precious bit of life to someone. What a major national calamity our automobile toll is when we consider it in this light!

Why try to get home a half hour sooner on Sunday night, why attempt to add 25 miles to your day's trip, why go 70 or 80 miles an hour, just for the fun of it, when you should be doing 50 or 40—when the gamble is with life as precious as the life of that youngster in your own back seat or that somebody else's youngster chasing a rubber ball into the street, or even the life of a fairly cheap adult?

When you read these accident statistics, remember you are not reading of toothpicks or matches; you're reading of 36,800 times your own little Bill or Mary or John or Anna.

Hunters Bag Elk The number of elk killed during the recent season will apparently correspond very closely to that of the two previous years according to recent estimates. The figure for 1937 is placed at something in excess of 600 as against 547 in 1936 and 692 in 1935. About 550 of the animal's had been reported killed on the last days of the season, but all hunters had not yet checked out. Checking stations report that a large proportion of the animals killed have been mature bulls, indicating that the past season has not depleted the animals. On the contrary it appears that the animals have increased during the past four years in spite of the open season.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD Picturing Children Indoors



Floodlight from almost directly overhead makes the child's figure stand out against a background of rich shadow. The picture was snapped when the subject had forgotten there was a camera near.

PARENTS usually think of outdoors and sunny summer days as the proper place and time for picturing children, and once this was true. Before the advent of fast films and electric light bulbs especially designed for amateur photography, daylight was the only time snapshots could work. Today that is no longer the case.

Nowadays, pleasing child pictures may be taken inside the home either by day or night, and more amateurs are taking them. This is partly because the home provides an ideal setting for pictures one wants to keep, and partly because the photographer can control his light to make pictures more interesting.

The modern large-sized amateur flood bulbs are so powerful that the camera worker can put two of them in reflectors three to four feet from his subject, and take snapshots, as he would outdoors, with an ordinary box camera. The camera is, of course, loaded with super-sensitive film and its lens set at the largest opening. Other cameras can be used at 1/25 second shutter speed and f.8 or f.11 lens opening.

Ability to take snapshots like this is a great help in obtaining natural, unposed child pictures. It is no longer necessary to take "time" exposures or to tell the child to "hold very still." Now his toys can be placed in the circle of light cast by

the flood bulbs, and as soon as he is absorbed in them, and unconscious of the camera—snap goes the shutter and the picture is made!

There is a variety of lighting arrangements one can use on child pictures. For a cheerful, joyous effect, light in tone, and there should be even illumination, with no deep shadows. However, when a dramatic effect is desired, illumination can be restricted to the child's face and hair, with everything else in deep shadow. This tends to give the impression of a very small child in a very large room; sometimes an effect of loneliness which is more appealing than if the picture were bright and carefree.

Beautiful "high-key" effects can be obtained with the child on a window-seat where daylight diffuses through the curtains, and bright floodlight inside so that there are no dark areas or masses of shadow. The child's clothing should be light in color. Good balancing of light will give a picture that is almost all white and lighter tones of gray, with just enough shadow here and there for accents. "Backlighting," as from the window, can also be obtained with artificial light, a bulb being placed behind the child so that the hair becomes a bright, silky halo.

Start today to keep a picture diary of your children.

John van Gulder.

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger

Raising the Family - Ike is as popular now with Pa as an Ingro...



Fisher

Mr. J. Knowitt The guy tried to do him a favor



By Thornton Fisher

Business Places To Patronise IN BEAVERTON

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
Reather & Moore, Props.
ONE HUNDRED PER CENT
UNION SHOP
W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
Grange Building Beaverton
Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
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Great Newspaper of the Northwest
ARTHUR MULHOLLAND
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AMERICA'S LEADER AT 4 for 10¢
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