Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon,
THE REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1930

Entered as second class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

The Business Side of Recreation

Listening in on the radio a few nights ago we learned that the first broadcast was made just 10 years ago. Ten years! And what many folks derided as merely a plaything, something that would never have any commercial value is now one of our industrial giants. Even the government enumerated them in the census. Some day the romance of radio will be written; the stories of such men like Paul Crossley who was an engineer and who after repeated requests from his son to build a small crystal set did finally take a few evenings off and made his boy the plaything he desired. How Crossley became interested in the new contraption while making this play set and dropped his regular engineering work and plunged into the field which he visioned would employ thousands of people and return to the pioneers and developers of this great invention millions in profits. All of which is surprizingly true today.

And now we read of the miniature golf craze, the sport which vaudeville actors, the comic strip and the funny guys have made and boosted into prominence and success. Thousands of them everywhere; millions invested; employment given to other thousands making equipment and in their maintenance and operation. Probably miniature golf will prove a fad; you can recall how the original pastime was called a "rich man's game" and would never become popular with the masses.

There is one phase of the amusement and recreation industry which has always interested us—the growing number of leisure hours and days our people are securing, a result largely of our industrial system, and the corresponding necessity for local communities to provide the right type of amusements for the people in their districts if they would hold these people at home and keep their business.

MICKIE SAYS—

Now that the little Austin is with us—all big cars are being equipped with "Flit" guns.

When found robbing the cash box in a fish store, be nonchalant—smoke a herring.

That the huddle system in football was devised by a coach who saw some Scotchmen lighting their pipes.

In the game it's GRIT—in spinach, it's terrible.

The dimmest lights have the most scandal power.

Tutti: "Where do all the bugs go in the winter time?"

Frutti: "You can search me."

NOTICE OF TOWN CAUCUS

Notice is hereby given that the Town Caucus for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the old auditorium at Beaverton High School, Monday evening, November 17, 1930 at 8:00 p.m. for the purpose of nominating officers to fill the following named positions:

One Mayor to serve one year.

Two Councilmen to serve 2 years.

One Recorder-Treasurer to serve one year.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, November 7, 1930.

Otto Erickson, Mayor.

Frank Dietsch, Recorder. c49-50

NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Election for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the City Hall, Beaverton, Oregon, Tuesday, December 2, 1930, between the hours of One o'clock, and Seven o'clock p.m. to elect the following officers:

One Mayor to serve one year.

Two Councilmen to serve two years.

One Recorder-Treasurer to serve one year.

The following named persons have been selected by the City Council to act as judges and clerks of the above election:

Judges: C. E. Hedge, Fannie Stock and Mabel Alexander.

Clerks: Anna Hyland, and Mrs. Carrie Summers.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this sixth day of November, 1930.

Otto Erickson, Mayor.

Frank Dietsch, Recorder.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned by an order of the County Court of Washington County, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 14th day of October 1930, was duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of Wilhelm Serff, late of Beaverton, Oregon, deceased, and has qualified as such

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, at the office of A. L. Fletcher in the Town of Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, to wit: October 24th, 1930.

Gertrude Redfield, Administratrix of the estate of Wilhelm Serff.

A. L. Fletcher, Attorney for said Estate, Beaverton, Oregon.

HOME POINTERS

Try "Boiling In Oil to Make" Luscious Cool-Weather Foods

"Boiling in oil" used to be considered the very height of torture, reserved for those who had committed the worst of misdeeds. But that was in the outside world, and referred to the treatment of humans. In the cookery world "boiling and baking in oil"—which is known as deep-fat frying—is one of the kindest and most successful of treatments for vegetables and doughs. They issue from the hot fat tender and succulent, all puffed-up in the pride of their brown excellence!

Once upon a time, too, some of us objected to deep-fat frying because we had the idea it was too difficult, too costly, too "smelly" or the results indigestible. We know better now. If we use one of the modern cooking oils, made from the pure heart of the corn, not only will the guess be removed but a large part of the work as well. The expense ceases to be a major item, for the oil does not absorb the odor nor taste of the foods previously used and may be used over and over again, by simply cooling, after use, and straining through a sieve.

With such an oil, there is no smoke—so there won't be any smells to spoil that dainty atmosphere of your front hall, or cling in your own curly locks. The finished product, unlike the heavy foods of old, will be quite digestible, for the fat used is a natural product, and one readily assimilated.

It's no secret, knowing how to fry in deep-fat. There are few rules: The frying kettle should be heavy and of sufficient size, half-filled with the oil. A frying basket is a great help, and a frying thermometer comes in handy, though the bread test is quite as successful. When the fat is hot, toss in a small piece of bread, timing the browning process. If the hot fat browns the bread in the required number of seconds for the particular food you are to cook, you can proceed. Here is a table for use in the bread test.

FOOD	Deg. F.	Bread test seconds
Codfish balls	385	40
Smelts and other fish	375	60
Oysters	390	30
Croquettes	385	40
French Fried Potatoes, other vegetables	395	20
Fritters	375	60
Doughnuts, Crullers	375	60

Remember that frying food cools the oil, so let it get thoroughly hot after each frying.

French Fried Onions

1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2-3 cup water
3 tblsps. cooking oil
1 egg white
10 to 12 large onions
Milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add water, beat smooth; add oil. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Slice onions one-eighth inch thick. Separate into rings. Soak in milk to cover one hour. Drain and dry, dip in batter and fry in deep fat 395 degress F., until light brown. Drain on soft paper.

Speedy Doughnuts

1 egg
1½ tblsps. corn oil
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder
4 cups pastry flour or 3 cups bread uour and ¼ cup corn starch
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon salt

Beat egg well, stir in oil and add sugar. Stir in one-fourth cup milk and beat with egg beater one minute. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with rest of milk to make soft dough. Add more flour if necessary. Roll out one-fourth inch thick on slightly floured board; cut with doughnut cutter, fry in deep oil, hot enough to brown a piece of bread in sixty seconds 375 degrees F. Drain well on soft paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar just before serving.

Fruity Fritters

1 egg
1 tablespoon cooking oil
2-3 cup milk
1¼ cups pastry flour
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Sliced fruit (bananas, apples, or pineapple)

Beat egg slightly, stir in oil. Add milk. Sift dry ingredients and stir liquid into them. Add fruit slices and drop by spoonsful into deep fat, heated to about 375 degrees F. Fry until golden brown. Drain on soft paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve warm with butterscotch syrup.

Isobel McPhail, 4, traveled alone from Seattle to join her grandmother in Springburn, Scotland.

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J. S. Fletcher

W N U SERVICE — Copyright by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. — Illustrations by Irwin Myers.

He said, addressing the coroner, "I wish to make an application to you on behalf of my client, Mrs. Elphinstone, of Marrasdale tower. To support it, I shall have—very briefly—to refer to some past history. Mrs. Elphinstone, as Miss Jean Linton, was married, some twenty-three or four years ago, to a Mr. Andrew Merchison, who formerly had some connection with this neighborhood. The marriage was not a success, and to put matters plainly, Merchison, within a comparatively short time and after making due provision for his wife, deserted her, and, it was believed, went off to the East. Eight months after he had gone, Mrs. Merchison had a daughter—the young lady whom you now see here, Miss Sheila Merchison. Merchison was never heard of again until some years later, when Mrs. Merchison received news that he had been drowned off Mombasa, on the East African coast, while on a voyage from Bombay to Durban. From that time forward Mrs. Merchison believed herself a widow, and in due course she married again, and became Mrs. Elphinstone. Now I come to the cause and reason of my application. Yesterday, Mrs. Elphinstone was visited by two gentlemen now present, who have, I understand, just given evidence—Mr. Holt and Mr. Crole. On the invitation of Mr. Crole, Mr. Holt informed Mrs. Elphinstone that on the second evening after he and Mr. Mazaroff arrived here at the Woodcock, Mr. Mazaroff told him that though he had a perfect right to the name he was now known by, having legally adopted it some years ago, he was in reality the Andrew Merchison who had married Miss Jean Linton, and had left her. I need hardly say, sir, that this is a very serious matter for my client, and I think it will be well for all parties if Mrs. Elphinstone is allowed to view the body of this dead man, in order that she may see if she can recognize it as that of Andrew Merchison."

Weatherby Lost No Time In Letting the Authorities Know Why He and His Party Were There.

"That seems, obviously, the very thing to do," agreed the coroner. "Perhaps you'll accompany your client, Mr. Wetherby?"

There was considerable hushed excitement in that room during the absence of Mrs. Elphinstone and her solicitor. Some of the older folk amongst the spectators whispered—the name Merchison had evidently roused sleeping memories.

When Mrs. Elphinstone, followed by Wetherby, reappeared, at the coroner's suggestion, she went into the witness box and gave evidence. It compressed itself into this—she could not identify the dead man as Andrew Merchison. Had the features remained unmolested, she said calmly, she might have done so, but as things were—impossible!

Crole, in his professional capacity, rose to ask Mrs. Elphinstone a question.

"Mrs. Elphinstone," he said, "had Andrew Merchison a cast in his left eye."

"Certainly, he had," she replied. "A decided one!"

Crole turned to the coroner.

"Numerous witnesses can prove that the unfortunate gentleman into whose death you are inquiring had such a cast—a squint—in his left eye, sir," he remarked. "He also had a birthmark, in the form of a brown mole, or blemish, on his right forearm. That, however, is not an uncommon mark, I believe, and I don't attach great importance to it. But I am strongly convinced that further proof of the identity of the deceased as Andrew Merchison will be found, and I should suggest—"

"There need be no doubt about it!" exclaimed a sudden voice from the spectators. "The man was Andrew Merchison!"

I knew whose voice that was before I looked round. Old Mr. Hassendeane, whom I had noticed when Crole and I entered the room, had risen from his seat, and was smiling informingly at the coroner.

"Mrs. Elphinstone can't be positive, I may as well say that I am! I knew Andrew Merchison well enough in the old days, when he used to come here, and afterward when he was a young man—I knew him, too, after he'd married Miss Linton, now Mrs. Elphinstone. And my memory for faces is remarkably keen, and I recognized him easily enough when I saw him the other night. Andrew Merchison, without doubt!"

"Where did you see this man, Mr. Hassendeane?" interrupted the coroner.

"I saw him the night on which he evidently met his death," replied the old gentleman. "It was in Birnside village street, near my house."

"And you are quite positive on this matter of identity?"

"I am absolutely positive! The man was Andrew Merchison, whatever he may have called himself of recent years."

The coroner glanced at the solicitors gathered about the table at the head of which he sat.

"I think we had better adjourn for a fortnight?" he said. "During that time—"

Just then a policeman opened the door of the room, ushering in a young, spectacled man. The coroner paused and glanced inquiringly at him.

The newcomer pulled out a cardcase and, advancing to the head of the table, whispered a few words in the coroner's ear. I saw a look of something between surprise and perplexity cross the coroner's face.

"We seem to be dealing with a strangely mysterious matter, quite apart from the death," he remarked. "This gentleman"—he glanced at the card—"Mr. Stephen Postlethwaite, solicitor, from York—tells me that he saw accounts of this case in the papers yesterday, and has hurried here to give some information. I suppose we'd better have it now?"

Mr. Postlethwaite formally described himself as a solicitor. He produced a diary, and exhibited an entry which recorded a call from Mr. Salim Mazaroff.

"Mr. Mazaroff," he continued, "who was a total stranger to me, introduced himself as staying in York for a few days at the North Eastern hotel. He then informed me that he was a very wealthy man; that he had made his money in various trading concerns in the East, and lately in extensive diamond dealings in South Africa; that he had now retired from all this, had realized his various properties, and lodged all the proceeds in cash at his London bank, the Imperial Banking Corporation of South Africa, pending investment in this country. Then in a rather jocular fashion he remarked that up to then, as he had no children, and no relations, he had never made a will, but he now desired to do so. He produced a sheet of paper on which he had written out his wishes, handed it to me, and asked if I could put it into shipshape form. I told him I would have the will prepared for him, and he was to call and execute it at any time after three o'clock that afternoon. He returned to my office at half past three, when the will was ready for his signature. He duly appended that and carried the will off with him. It was not until some days later that I found that I had omitted to give him his own original draft, which I found lying amongst some papers on my desk. I went round to the North Eastern hotel with it, myself, but learned then that Mr. Mazaroff and his friend Mr. Holt had left for Durham and the north, leaving no address. I therefore locked up the draft. Yesterday I read in the newspapers the various accounts of what had happened here, and as I particularly noticed that Mr. Mazaroff had been robbed of his papers as well as his money and valuables, I thought it my duty to come here at once and tell what I knew."

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure, Mr. Postlethwaite," the coroner said. "Now, according to you the deceased man carried off this will in his pocket. It appears from the evidence that everything he had on him—money, valuables, papers—was stolen, most likely by the murderer or murderers: presumably the will has gone with the rest. However, it's something to know that such a document was in existence. You say he told you he was a wealthy man. Did he say how wealthy?"

"Yes. He told me he was worth about eight hundred thousand pounds."

The coroner leaned back in his chair, put the tips of his fingers together, and looked round the court. Then he turned again to the witness.

"I think we'll trouble you to read that draft, Mr. Postlethwaite," he said, quietly.

Postlethwaite read—amidst a dead silence:

"This is the last will of me, Salim Mazaroff, of the Hotel Cecil, London, in the county of Middlesex and of 941 Darling street, Cape Town, South Africa. I devise and bequeath all my estate and effects, real and personal, which I may die possessed of or entitled to unto Mervyn Holt, of 559a Jermyn street, London, absolutely, and I hereby appoint the said Mervyn Holt sole executor of this my will and I revoke all former wills and codicils."

This was all. But I was suddenly conscious that all eyes had turned from the witness to me.

The first thing that I was accurately conscious of after the crushing shock of the York solicitor's announcement was Crole's voice, close to my ear.

"Keep quiet, Holt!" he was whispering intently. "Keep quiet—calm!"

I don't think I did more than hear him—I was watching the coroner, feeling, now, that he, somehow, crystalized in himself all that the various people in that room were thinking and wondering.

(Continued Next Week)

Annual Fire Cost Set at $10 Per Capita

A total personal fire tax of ten dollars is annually levied upon every man, woman and child in this country, says the Holland Institute of Thermology of Holland, Mich. This tax is based on an annual per capita fire loss of $5, and the cost of fire protection in a similar amount.

According to the Institute, the man in the street is indifferent to fire prevention in general terms, because he does not realize that fire loss at some distant point actually costs him something. The ten-dollar per capita charge, however, is distributed with a fair degree of accuracy. It is an indirect tax that is included in the price of each of the thousand-and-one commodities which go through the regular channels of trade.

Citing wool as an example, the institute points out that it is insured in the warehouse, in transit, in factory or tailor shop, and again in the retail store. This cost is passed on to the ultimate consumer. Likewise, fire losses uncovered by insurance must come out of profits or be covered by operating costs, all of which are represented in the price paid by consumers.

Public indifference to fire prevention would be replaced by a lively interest in ways and means for preventing fires everywhere, says the Institute, if on some "blue-Monday" a collector called upon the head of the average family of five and demanded a check for $50, representing the $10 share of each in the nation's fire cost.

Four beacon lights between Portland and The Dalles are now in operation for night plane flying.

MICKIE SAYS—

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Bethel Church

9:45 a.m. The Church School, R. C. Doty, Superintendent.

11:00 a.m. Morning worship. Sermon, "Value of Convictions."

6:30 p.m. Senior and Junior C. E.

7:30 p.m. Evening Worship. Sermon, "God's Living Epistles."

The services will be conducted by Rev. Geo. N. Magwood.

M .E. CHURCH

J. J. Patton, Minister

The Bible school meets at 10 a. m. The school is doing good work in strengthening the life of adults and fortifying the wills of the young people to withstand the sure temptations of life. The increase in attendance is very encouraging to the officers and teachers in the school.

Public worship and pulpit messages at 11:15 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Morning subject, "The Bible Meaning of Lost." Evening subject, "Finding God in Christ."

The Ladies' Aid meets for work Wednesday at 1 p.m.

The public is cordially invited to all services of the church.

St. Cecelia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 a.m.

Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m.

Saturday Confession: 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m. Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

Nazarene Church

W. B. Tait, Pastor

Regular Sunday services at 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9:45 a.m. Young People's Meeting 6:30 p.m. Next Wednesday at 7:30 p.m., the monthly Missionary meeting of the W. F. M. S. will be combined with the Prayer and Praise service. This monthly meeting is drawing a crowd. A month ago, when Miss Watts spoke on China, more than the usual number were present and we are looking for a larger attendance next Wednesday. A good program is being arranged which will be interesting and profitable. A cordial welcome to all.

Kinton Church

Services at Kinton church Sunday will be as follows: Bible school at 10 o'clock in the morning followed by preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 11 o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend these services.

HOME POINTERS

Cheese Balls

1½ cups grated cheese
1 tblsp. cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
Cayenne
3 egg whites
Cracker dust

Mix cheese with corn starch, salt and cayenne. Beat whites of eggs until stiff and add to first mixture. Shape in small balls, roll in cracker dust, fry in deep fat, 395 degrees F., and drain on soft brown paper. Serve with salad.

We Print Butter Wrappers.
THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Negro rookie: "Ah'd like to have a new pair of shoes, Sah."

Sergeant: "Are your shoes worn out?"

Negro Rookie: "Worn out! Man, the bottoms of mah shoes are so thin Ah can step on a dime and tell whether its heads or tails."

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P. M. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Marjorie Lewis, Secretary, Mrs. Mary J. Ware, N. G. p-tf

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP
PLUMBING and HEATING
Hardware, Paints
Phone, 2003 Beaverton

Beaverton Lumber Co.
WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE
Lewis Brothers, Proprietors

MAPES & SON
RESTAURANT
MEALS SHORT ORDER
Cigars, Tobaccos
Confections, Soft Drinks
Cady Bldg —:— Watson St.

Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

AUBREY L. FLETCHER
Attorney-at-Law, Beaverton, Ore
Office with Beaverton Realty Co.
Special attention given to commercial accounts, conveyancing, real property and the settlement of estates.

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER
Grange Building —:— Beaverton

Phone 0411
JOE KEMMER
For any Kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order
Adv. c-26-tf

A. E. HANSON
WOOD and COAL
Cord Wood or Slab—any length any kind
Prompt Delivery Phone 4504

FIR WOOD
FIRST GROWTH
All Lengths Prompt Delivery
JOHNNY DAVIS
BEAVERTON -:- OREGON

Phone Sam Graff at Scholl's
FOR CORD WOOD
No. 1 Old Growth
4-foot, $6.50 a cord—$6.25 a load
The Number Is Scholls 0710

LOANS
on Real Estate. Low interest cost, repayment privileges. Write for details.
WASHINGTON
Savings & Loan Assn.
Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.

PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602
HAY, GRAIN, AND FEED
Tulips and Daffodil Bulbs for fall planting
CHARLES BERTHOLD
Hay, Grain, Feed, Poultry Supplies

DIVOT DIGGERS—He Takes No Chances (Copyright) **By DICK DORGAN**