

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Judge A. S. Kerry, a heavy property owner in Seattle and in Portland, has issued a letter to 20,000 taxpayers, denouncing wasteful policies in governing showing the immense cost to the taxpayer of municipal ownership adventures in electric power and street railways.

Perhaps these do not interest Beavertonians very much, but one of his conclusions should. Quoting from the letter:

"Two chain newspapers form the seat of our trouble; I have reached the definite conclusion that the trouble lies in the two foreign-owned newspapers, which have no civic interest in the community."

OREGON POTATOES HAVE COMPETITION

The tendency of the housewife to buy potatoes in quantities less than the 100-pound sack is obvious. The presence of 25 and 50-pound attractively branded sacks of potatoes from outside states is common in Oregon stores, while the home market for local ungraded stock is usually sluggish and unsatisfactory.

Smaller sacks with grade and variety marked thereon means improved markets for Oregon growers, and until local growers meet this competition of proper grades, branding and smaller sacks, they will hold the shorter end in the competition.

AND HOW!

Who is this famous woman so many people talk about today—this Anne Howe?

Longview, Wash.: Longview's "Rollo", an unusual type of civic festival, featuring log rolling contests and other water sports which had their origin in northwest lumber camps, will be held this year July 3 and 4. The attendance of the "Rollo" has been growing each year and the 1931 event is expected to be the largest ever staged, according to Guy L. Anderson, President of the Longview Chamber of Commerce.

"AFTER THE SHOW"

Hostesses who like to serve their guests a bite to eat after the theatre will enjoy trying the combination originated by a Connecticut housewife—mashed cream cheese mixed with chopped dates, spread on crackers, and toasted slightly under the broiler. This sandwich she serves with hot chocolate and marshmallows.

SIX-MINUTE KISSES

Sweet little kisses in the chosen color scheme—little cookies, of course!—are proving the piece-de-resistance at Springtime bridge repasts. The guests relish them, and so does the hostess, for she may mix them in six minutes, bake them in twenty. The most successful method consists of beating one egg white until stiff, gradually beating in one-fourth cup of sugar, then folding in one-eighth teaspoon salt, a few drops of orange extract and a package of orange cocoanut frostettes. The kisses are then dropped by teaspoonfuls onto an oiled baking sheet, and baked in a slow oven for twenty minutes. To vary the color according to scheme, rose flavoring is used with the pink cocoanut, or pistachio with the green cocoanut.

SPOSD T'B UMORUS

"That's a Durham cow over there, isn't it?"
"Couldn't tell you. I wasn't able to see its license."

Mac says: "The difference between champagne and castor oil is slight, but of considerable importance; one is a talkie and the other is a movie."

VILE FIENDS!

First Devil: "Ha Ha! Ho Ho!"
Satan: "Why the laugh?"
First Devil: "I just put a woman into a room with a thousand spring bonnets and no mirror."

"Where did all those rocks come from?"
"The glaciers brought them down."

"But where are the glaciers?"
"They've gone back after more rocks."

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby, pointing to the high chair.

Hubby: "You haven't mended these socks."
Wife: "You didn't buy that coat you promised me."
"No, and I don't intend to."
"Well, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

There was an old man of Cadiz
Who affirmed that life is what it is.
For he early had learnt,
If it were what it weren't,
It could not be that which it is.

Gooseberry canning will start in the Willamette Valley, where the largest portion of the crop is grown, about the 25th of this month. Salem canneries put up over 100 tons last year. A shorter crop is predicted for this year.

Cimarron

by
Edna Ferber



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Perhaps Sabra had not realized until now how terribly she had counted on her husband's return as marking the time when she would be free to leave the Venable board, to break away from the Venable clan; no more to be handled, talked over, peered at by the Venable eye—and most of all by the maternal Venable eye. Twenty-one, and the yoke of her mother's dominance was beginning to gall her. Now, at her own inner rage and sickening disappointment, all the iron in her fused and hardened. It had gone less often to the fire than the older woman's had. For the first time this quality in her met that of her mother, and the metal of the older woman bent.

"I will go," said Sabra Cravat. If anyone had been looking at Lewis Venable at that moment (which no one ever thought of doing) he could have seen a ghostly smile momentarily irradiating the transparent ivory face. But now it was Yancey Cravat who held their fascinated eye. With a cowboy yip he swung the defiant Sabra and the boy Cim high in the air in his great arms—tossed them up, so that Sabra screamed, and Cim squealed in mingled terror and delight.

"Week from tomorrow," announced Yancey, in something like a shout, so exciting it seemed. "We'll start on a Monday, fresh and fair. Two wagons. One with the printing outfit—you'll drive that, Sabra—and one with the household goods and bedding and camp stuff and the rest. We ought to make it in nine days. . . . Wichita!" His glance went round the room, and in that glance you saw not only Wichita! but Venables! "I've had enough of it, Sabra, my girl, we'll leave all the middle-class respectability of Wichita, Kan., behind us. We're going out by G-d, to a brand new, two-fisted, rip-snorting country, full of Indians and rattlesnakes and two-gun toters and gyp water and desperadoes! Whoop-ee!"

CHAPTER II

Indians were no novelty to the townspeople of Wichita. Twice a year, chaperoned by old Gen. "Bull" Plummer, the Indians swept through the streets in their visiting regalia—feathers, beads, blankets, chains—a brilliant sight. Ahead of them and behind them was the reassuring blue of United States army uniforms worn by the Kansas regiment from Fort Riley. All Wichita, accustomed to them though it was, rushed out to gaze at them from store doorways and offices and kitchens. Bucks, braves, chiefs, squaws, paposes; tepees, poles, pots, dogs, ponies, the cavalcade swept through the quiet sunny streets of the mid-western town, a vivid frieze of color against the drab monotony of the prairies.

A crowd enough people they seemed by now; dirty, degraded. Since the Custer massacre of '76 they had been pretty thoroughly beaten into submission. Sabra, if she considered them at all, thought of them as dirty and useless two-footed animals. The once wild things seemed tame enough now, herded together on their reservations, spirit broken, pride destroyed.

The child Cim had not got it into his head that this was to be a picnic. He had smelled pies and cakes baking; had seen hamper packed. Certainly, except for the bizarre load that both wagons contained, this might have been one of those informal excursions into a nearby wood which Cim so loved, where they lunched in the open, camped near a stream, and he was allowed to run barefoot in the shadow of his aristocratic grandmother's cool disapproval.

There was a lunatic week preceding their departure from Wichita. Felice fought their going to the last, and finally took to her bed with threats of impending dissolution which failed to achieve the desired effect owing to the preoccupation of the persons supposed to be stricken by her plight. From time to time, intruded by the thumpings, scurrilous shouts, laughter, quarrels, and general upheaval attendant on the Cravats' departure, Felice rose from her bed and trailed wearily about the house, looking in her white dimly wrapper, like a billow and distracted ghost. She issued orders. "Take this, Don't take that. It can't be that you're leaving those behind! Your own Aunt Sarah Moncrief du Tisne embroidered every inch of them with her own—"

"But, mamma, you don't understand. Yancey says there's very little society,

and it's all quite rough and unsettled—wild, almost."

"That needn't prevent you from remembering you're a lady, I hope. Unless you are planning to be one of those lugs in a sunbonnet and no teeth that Yancey seems to have taken such a fancy to."

So Sabra Cravat took along to the frontier wilderness such odds and elegances as her training, lack of experience, and southern family tradition dictated. There were two wagons, canvas covered and lumbering. Fishes, trunks, bedding, boxes were snugly stowed away in the capacious belly of one; the printing outfit, securely roped and lashed, went in the other.

There was, to the Wichita eye, nothing unusual in the sight of these huge covered freighters that would soon go lumbering off toward the horizon. Their like had worn many a track in the Kansas prairie. Yet in this small expedition faring forth there was something that held the poignancy of the tragic and the ridiculous. The man, huge, bizarre, impractical; the woman, tight lipped, terribly determined, her eyes staring with the fixed, unseeing gaze of one who knows that to blink but once is to be awash with tears; the child, out of hand with excitement and impatience to be gone. From the day of Yancey's recital of the Run, black Isaiah, small descendant of the Venables' black servants, had begged to be taken along. Denied this, he had stalked for a week and now was nowhere to be found.

The wagons, packed, stood waiting before the Venable house. Perhaps never in the history of the settling of the West did a woman go apioneering in such a costume. Sabra had driven horses all her life; so now she stepped agilely from ground to hub, from hub to wheel top, perched herself on the high wagon seat and gathered up the reins with deftness and outward composure. Her eyes were enormous, her pale face paler. Yancey had swung Cim up to the calico-cushioned seat beside Sabra. His short legs, in their copper-toed boots, stuck straight out in front of him. His dark eyes were huge with excitement. "Why don't we go?" he demanded, over and over, in something like a scream. He shouted to the horses as he had heard teamsters do. "Giddyap in 'ere! Gee-oh! Giddyap!" His grandmother and grandfather, gazing up with sudden agony in their faces at sight of this little expedition actually faring forth so absurdly into the unknown, had ceased to exist for Cim. As Sabra drove one wagon and Yancey the other, the boy pivoted between them through the long drive, spending the morning in the seat beside his mother, the afternoon beside his father, with intervals of napping curled up on the bedding at the back of the wagon.

Now, with a lurch and a rattle and a great clatter of hoofs the two wagons were off. They had made an early start. By ten the boy's eyes were heavy with sleep. Sabra coaxed him to curl up on the wagon seat, his head in her lap. She held the reins in one hand; one arm was about the child. It was hot and still and dreary. Noon came with surprising swiftness. They had brought along a precious keg of water and a food supply sufficient, they thought, to last through most of the trip—salt pork, mince and apple pies, bread, doughnuts—but their appetites were enormous. At midday they stopped and ate in the shade. Sabra prepared the meal while Yancey tended the horses. Cim, wide awake now and refreshed, ate largely with them of the fried salt pork and potatoes, the hard-boiled eggs, the mince pie. It was all very gay and comfortable and relaxed. Short as the morning had been, the afternoon stretched out, somehow, endless. Sabra began to be horribly tired, cramped. The boy whimpered. It was mid-afternoon and hot; it was late afternoon; then the brilliant western sunset began to paint the sky. Yancey, in the wagon ahead, drew up, gazed about, got out, led his team to one of a clump of cottonwoods.

"We'll camp here," he called to Sabra and came toward her wagon, prepared to lift her down, and the boy. She was stiff, utterly weary. She stared down at him, dully, then around the landscape.

"Camp?"

"Yes. For the night. Come, Cim." He lifted the boy down with a great swoop.

"You mean for the night? Sleep

here?"
He was quite matter-of-fact. "Yes. It's a good place. Water and trees. I'll have a fire before you can say Jack Robinson. Where'd you think you were going to sleep? Back home?"
Somehow she had not thought. She had not believed it. To sleep out of doors like this, in the open, with only a wagon top as roof! All her neat conventional life she had slept in a four-poster bed with a dotted Swiss canopy and net curtains and linen sheets that smelled sweetly of the sun and the air.

Yancey began to make camp. Already the duties of this new manner of living had become familiar. There was need to gather, a fire to start, water to be boiled. Cim, very wide awake now, trotted after his father, after his mother. Meat began to sizzle appetizingly in the pan. The exquisite scent of coffee revived them with its promise of stimulation.

"That roll of carpet," called Sabra, busy at the fire, to Yancey at the wagon. "Under the seat. I want Cim to sit on it. . . . ground may be damp."

A sudden shout from Yancey. A squeal of terror from the bundle of carpeting in his arms—a bundle that suddenly was alive and wriggling. Yancey dropped it with an oath. The bundle lay on the ground a moment, heaving, then it began to unroll itself while the three regarded it with starting eyes. A black paw, a woolly head, a face all open mouth and whites of eyes. Black Isaiah. He had found a way to come with them to the Indian territory.

By noon next day they were wondering how they had got on at all without him. He gathered wood. He



It Was a Hard Trip for the Child.

started fires. He tended Cim like a nurse, played with him, sang to him, helped put him to bed, slept anywhere, like a child.

(continued next week)

Dear Hazel: Why don't you tell that new aspirin story—the one about the three Bayers?

Otto Zilch
Dear Otto: You're all wet. There was only one "Bayer" and she had heartburn. Tell it yourself.

Hazel

The Cook's Nook

HERES HELP FOR TIRED TREASURERS OF CLUBS
The treasurer's report (apologies to Robert Benchley) having been duly consumed and agonized over, the annual spring campaign to raise money has the women's clubs by their ears, and the food sales and suppers to obtain funds for the church song-books or the club's wicker furniture is about to begin. Since every other women's club is trying to lure the customer's silver into its own coffers, competition is keen, and it's up to the committee chairman to think up some new angles on the situation.

In New York State one enterprising group of women found an effective means. For the sum of twenty-five cents they were able to sell waffles and syrup—plenty of waffles and lots of syrup—and a big steaming cup of coffee. Not only did they find business rushing, but, what is more to the point, they actually made money!

An empty shop was rented, and long tables set up. All the waffle irons of the members were assembled and lined up on a long table-counter with shifts of waffle-makers behind each iron. One group of women mixed the batter in big yellow bowls and carried it to the cooks. Another group formed the "percolator squad." Still another group handled the serving. The large-size cans of syrup were bought—another cost-saving item—and a fat pitcher of each variety, maple, caramel, butter-scotch, honey-flavored, sorghum, molasses and dark corn syrup, put on each table. The waffles were served at three periods, covering the breakfast, luncheon, and dinner hours—and the venture proved so successful it was repeated this time, offering a "double order" for forty cents!

In the middle west a different sort of bake-sale proved successful. Instead of allowing every member to bring whatever she lived, one recipe was chosen, a committee appointed to make it, and the recipe featured as a Saturday special at a local store. One week an inexpensive cookie was chosen, and sold for one cent. Even at that low price, a sizable fund was cleared. The next week, cake was chosen, the following week baked beans, and so on, the weekly special being advertised in advance. Since the recipes which result in quick-selling foods at the lowest possible cost are most in demand, some of those found successful at other bake-sales may be of interest to local clubs.

Mrs. Jarvis' Jelly Roll
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
1/2 tsp. lemon flavor
1 1/3 cups pastry flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. corn oil
Sugar
Jam or Jelly
Beat eggs until very light; then

Meats and Groceries

Holboke Bros.

Flower & Cabbage Plants

Baby Chick Food of all Kinds

CHAS. BERTHOLD

PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

for Early, Crisp Vegetables

feed them this complete, balanced diet

VIGORO

complete plant food



JOHN BOLES and LAURA LA PLANTE, "CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD" UNIVERSAL SUPER-PRODUCTION

THE BEAVER THEATRE

Friday, Saturday, Sunday May 22, 23, 24, 1931

DIVOT DIGGERS—Page The Married Gents

(Copyright)

I HEAR THAT POOR SAMP RAY MESSENGER IS GONNA BE REFORMED

WHAT'S THE IDEA — HE ISN'T A GUNMAN OR ANYTHING

OH, I MEAN HE'S GONNA BE MARRIED

WELL WHAT'S THAT GOTTA DO WITH BEING REFORMED

SAY, MARRIAGE IS THE GREATEST REFORMATORY IN THE WHOLE WORLD. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A GUY BEIN' MARRIED WHOSE WIFE DIDN'T START RIGHT IN REFORMIN' HIM?



By DICK DORGAN

