Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Motto of Tilly, the office steno: "Every man for herself."

Choosing a theme song for the Dentists' Convention is simple. "The Yanks Are Coming" wins hands down.

"Only fools are certain, Bobby; wise men hesitate."
"Are you sure of that, Pop?"
"Yes, certain of it."
—Exchange

Tourist: "Is it an offense to park on Main Street in this town?"
Native: "No, sir; by gum, if you kin park on Main Street here it's a miracle."

Cranky Customer: "Here waiter! Take this roast back to the chef. It isn't fit for a jackass to eat.
Willing Waiter: "All right, Sir! I'll see that you get another helping that is."

Mike and Pat were in the hospital, recovering from a motorcycle accident. "Mike," said Pat, "when you saw those two lights ahead of you, why did you say, 'Watch me sneak through here.'"

Magistrate (to prisoner): "How big was the brick you threw? Was it as big as my head?"
Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, but not so thick."
—Vancouver Elk

THE WISDOM OF THE CITY

The youth who claimed that the four kinds of sheep were: white sheep, black sheep, Mary's little lamb, and hydraulic rams, was certainly not a true son of the soil.

Judge (in Chicago): "The officer said you were doing sixty miles an hour."
Defendant: "Yes, sir. But I had just stolen the car."
Judge: "Oh, that's different. Case dismissed."

A MODERN DIALOGUE

He: Your bread is not so light, my dear
As mother's used to be."
She: "Your roll is lighter far than dad's
That equals things, you see."

It may be a surprise to many of bossy's friends to learn that here in Uncle Sam's domain dotted with dairies, we bought from Italy and consumed 30,000,000 pounds of hard cheese and almost 2,000,000 pounds of soft cheese last year, 1930.

SOUP'S ON!

The manager of a local restaurant was terribly embarrassed to see a stranger at one of his tables wearing a napkin in the old-fashioned way—tucked under his chin.

It would never do to have such a thing as this, but on the other hand it was a ticklish problem to decide how the napkin could be removed.

Calling a waitress, he asked her to suggest the removal as tactfully as possible. Five minutes later he almost fainted when the young lady posed in front of his customer, and said seriously, "Shave or hair cut, Sir?"

How's Your Brain?

This is a trick—so don't say we didn't warn you. Read this sentence:
FEDERAL FUSES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

Now, count the F's in that sentence. Only once—don't go back and count them again.

There are six F's in the sentence you read in the paragraph abovt. you read in the paragraph above, three of them. If you spotted four you're above average. If you got five, you can turn up your nose at most anybody. If you caught all six, you're a genius, and a lot too good to be wasting your time on foolishness like this.

APPLE AND PEAR GROWERS TO SPRAY

Apple and pear growers in Washington County should apply the first cover spray now for the control of codling moth, according to W. F. Cyrus, County agent. Many of the overwintering codling moth larvae have passed to the adult stage. Those moths are now active in the orchards and during the past two or three evenings, eggs have been deposited. The eggs will hatch in from 8 to 16 days, depending on weather conditions. The next spray should be applied before these eggs hatch.

Powdered lead arsenate, used at the rate of three pounds to 100 gallons of water, is the recommended spray. B. G. Thompson of the state college, says, "Thoroughness of application is essential in codling moth control. The foliage as well as the entire surface of every apple and pear should be thoroughly covered with the spray solution if worm injury is to be prevented. Due to the earliness of the codling moth this year, the first cover spray might be combined with the 15-day scab spray."

Yancey pointed out the definiteness with which the land changed when they left Kansas and came into the Oklahoma country. "Okla-homa," he explained to Cim. "That's Choctaw. Okla—people. Humma—red. Red people. That's what they called it when the Indians came here to live."

Suddenly the land, too, had become red; red clay as far as the eye could see. When the trail led through a cleft in a hill the blood red of the clay on either side was like a gaping wound. Sabra shrank from it. Its glare seared the eyeballs.

It was a hard trip for the child. He was by turns unruly and listless. He could not run about, except when they stopped to make camp. Sabra, curiously enough, had not the gift of amusing him as Yancey had, or even Isaiah. Isaiah told him tales that were negro folklore, handed down by word of mouth through the years.

Often the days were gay enough. They fell into the routine, adjusted themselves to the discomfort. Sabra got out the sunbonnet which one of the less formidable Venables had jokingly given her at parting, and this she wore to shield her eyes from the pitiless glare of sky and plain. The sight of her in that prairie wilderness engaged in the domestic task of beating up a bowl of biscuit dough struck no one as being incongruous. The bread supply was early exhausted. She baked in a little portable tin oven that Yancey had fitted out for her.

As for Yancey himself, Sabra had never known him so happy. He was tireless, charming, varied. She herself was fascinated by his tales of hidden mines, of Spanish doubloons, of iron chests plowed up by some gaunt homesteader's hand plow hitched to a stumbling mule.

The wind, at certain periods of the year, blows almost without ceasing in Oklahoma. And when it rains the roads become slithering bogs of greased red dough, so that a wagon will sink and slide at the same time. They had two days of rain during which they plodded miserably, inch by inch. Cim squalled, Isaiah became just a shivering black lump of misery, and Sabra thought of her dimity-hung bed back home in Wichita; of the garden in the cool of the evening; of the family gathered in the dining room; of the pleasant food, the easy talk, the luxurious ease.

At Pawnee Yancey saw fresh deer tracks. He saddled a horse and was off. They had, before this, caught bass in the streams, and Yancey had shot prairie chicken and quail, and Sabra had fried them delicately. But this was their first promise of big game. Sabra welcomed this unexpected halt. She and Isaiah carried water from the creek and washed a few bits of clothes and hung them to dry. She bathed Cim. She heated water for herself and bathed gratefully. She set Isaiah to gathering fuel for the evening meal, while Cim played in the shade of the clump of scrub oak. She was quite serene. She listened for the sound of horse's hoofs that would announce Yancey's triumphant return. Vaguely she began to wonder if Yancey should not have returned by now. She brushed her hair thoroughly, enjoying the motion, throwing it over her head and bending far forward in that contortionistic attitude required by her task. After she had braided it she decided to leave it in a long thick plait down her back. Audaciously she tied it with a bright red ribbon, smiling to think of what Yancey would say. She tidied the wagon. She was frankly worried now. Nothing could happen. Of course nothing could happen. And in another part of her mind she thought that any one of a dozen dreadful things could happen. Indians. Why not? Some wild thing in the woods. Broken bones. A fall from his horse. He might lose his way. Suppose she had to spend the night alone here on the prairie with the two children.

In a sudden panic she stepped out of the wagon with the feeling that she must have her own human things near her—Cim, Isaiah—to talk to. Cim was not there playing with his bits of stone and twigs. He had gone off with Isaiah to gather fuel, though she had forbidden it. Isaiah, his long arms full of dead twigs and small branches, was coming toward the wagon now. Cim was not with him.

"Where's Cim?"

He dropped his load, looked around. "I lef' him playin' by himself, right hyah when An go retch de wood. Ain he in de wagon?"

"No. No."

"Might be he crep' in de print wagon."

"Wagon?" She ran to the other wagon, peered inside, called. He was not there.

Together they looked under the wagons, behind the trees. "Cim! Cim! Cimarron Cravat, if you are hiding I shall punish you if you don't come out this minute." A shrill note of terror crept into her voice. She began to scream his name, her voice cracking grotesquely, "Cim! Cim!" She prayed as she ran, mumblingly. "O God, help me find him. O God, don't let anything happen to him. Dear God, help me find him—Cim! Cim! Cim!"

She came to a little mound that dipped suddenly and unexpectedly to a draw. And there, in a hollow, she came upon him, seated before a cave in the side of the hill, the front and roof ingeniously timbered to make a log cabin. One might pass within five feet of it and never find it. Four men were seated about the doorstep outside the rude cabin. Cim was perched on the knee of one of them, who was cracking nuts for him. They were laughing and talking and munching nuts and having altogether a delightful time of it. Sabra's knees suddenly became weak. She was trembling. She stumbled as she ran toward him. Her face worked queerly. The men sprang up, their hands at their hips.

"The man is cracking nuts for me," remarked Cim, sociably, and not especially glad to see her.

The man on whose knee he sat was a slim young fellow with a sandy mustache and a red handkerchief knotted cowboy fashion around his throat. He put the boy down gently as Sabra came up, and rose with a kind of easy grace.

"You ran away—you—we hunted every—Cim—" she stammered, and burst into tears of mingled anger and relief.

The slim young man seemed the spokesman, though the other three were obviously older than he.

"Why, I'm real sorry you was distressed, ma'am. We was going to bring the boy back safe enough. He wandered down here lookin' for his pa, he said." He was standing with one hand resting lightly, tenderly, on Cim's head, and looking down at Sabra with a smile of utter sweetness. His was the soft-spoken, almost caressing voice of the southwestern cowman and ranger. At this Sabra's anger, born of fright, vanished. Besides, he was so young—scarcely more than a boy.

"Well," she explained, a little sheepishly, "I was worried. . . . My husband went off on the track of a deer . . . hours ago . . . he hasn't come back . . . then when Cim . . . I came out and he was gone. . . . I was so—so terribly . . ."

"Won't you sit and rest yourself, ma'am?" suggested the spokesman. The words were hospitable enough, yet there was that in the boy's tone which conveyed to Sabra the suggestion that she and Cim had better be gone. She took Cim's hand. Now that her fright was past she thought she must have looked very silly running down the draw with her tears and her pigtail and her screaming. She thanked them, using a little southern charm and southern drawl, which she often legitimately borrowed from the ancestral Venables for special occasions such as this.

"I'm ve'y grateful to you-all," she now said. "You've been mighty kind. If you would just drop around to our camp I'm sure my husband would be delighted to meet you."

The young man smiled more sweetly than ever, and the others looked at him, an inexplicable glint of humor in their weather-beaten faces.

"I sure thank you, ma'am. We're movin' on, my friends here and me. Pronto. Floyd, how about you getting a piece of deer meat for the lady, seeing she's been cheated of her supper. Now, if you and the little fella don't mind sittin' up behind and before, why, I'll take you back a ways. You probably run fu'ther than you expected, ma'am, scared as you was." She had, as a matter of fact, in her terror, run almost half a mile from camp.

He mounted first. His method of accomplishing this was something of a miracle. At one moment the horse was standing ready and he was at its side. The next there was a flash, and he was on its back. It was like an optical illusion in which he seemed to have been drawn to the saddle as a needle flies to the magnet. Cim he drew up to the pommel, holding him with one hand; Sabra, perched on the horse's rump, clung with both arms round the lad's slim waist. Something of a horsewoman, she noticed his fine Mexican saddle, studded with silver. From the sides of the saddle hung hair-covered pockets whose bulge was the outline of a gun. A slicker such as is carried by those who ride the trails made a compact ship-shape roll behind the saddle. Suddenly she noticed that the young rider wore gloves. The sight of them made her vaguely uneasy, as though some memory had been stirred. She had never seen a plainsman wearing gloves. It was absurd, somehow.

A hundred feet or so from the camp he reined in his horse abruptly, half turned in his saddle, and with his free hand swung Sabra gently to the ground, leaning far from his saddle and keeping a firm hold on Cim and reins as he did so. He placed the child in her upraised arms, wheeled, and was gone before she could open her lips to frame a word of thanks. The piece of deer meat, neatly wrapped, lay on the ground at her feet. She stood staring after the galloping figure, dumbly. She took Cim's hand. Together they ran toward the camp. Isaiah had a fire going, a pot of coffee bubbling. His greeting to Cim was sternly admonitory. Ten minutes later Yancey galloped in, empty handed.

"What a chase he led me! Twice I thought I had him. I'd have run him into Texas if I hadn't thought you'd be—"

Sabra, for the first time since her marriage, felt superior to him; was impatient of his tale of prowess. She had her own story to tell, spiced with indignation. ". . . and just when I was ready to die with fright, there he was, talking to those four men, and sitting on—the knee of one of them as though he'd known him all his life, eating nuts."

Yancey seemed less interested in the part that she and Cim had played in the adventure than in the appearance and behavior of the four men in the draw, and especially the charming young man who had so gallantly brought them back.

"Thin faced, was he? And a youngster? About nineteen or twenty? What else?"

"Oh, a low voice, and kind of sweet, as though he sang tenor. And his teeth—"

Yancey interrupted. "Long, weren't they? The two at the side, I mean. Like a wolf's?"

"Yes. How did you— Do you know him?"

"Sort of," Yancey answered thoughtfully.

Sabra was piqued. "It was lucky for us it was some one who knows you, probably. Because you don't seem to care much about what happened to us—what might have happened."

"You said you wanted to go a-pioneering."

"Well?"

(continued next week)

USING FRUIT RINDS

American housewives actually waste millions of dollars' worth of food each year in the fruit and vegetable skins and rinds that are thrown away. Commercial canners could not afford to do this with the enormous quantities they handle, but women seldom see any possibilities in their small quantities.

Grated orange and lemon rind are used by the best cooks to flavor cakes, pies, breads, desserts, frostings, fillings, sauces, and other foods.

In grating, only the yellow portion of the rind should be removed. This yellow portion contains the oil cells from which come the volatile oils that give the flavor. The grated rinds are preferred by many to the commercially prepared extracts, which, while made from the same oils, frequently lose their flavor more readily when heated.

For grated peels, grate only the yellow portion which contains the oil cells. Use fresh, or mixed with sugar, and keep in a tightly covered jar. Ground peel is where the whole peel is used. It is ground fine, mixed with sugar, and used in the same manner as the grated rind. Orange peel may be candied or used for marmalade. Lemon peel has dozens of uses. The peels of other fruits and berries may be turned into delicious jams. It is a thrifty housewife who takes advantage of such things.

Chrysanthemum Salad

(Serves 6)
6 small oranges
Lettuce
Apples

Cut through the skin of oranges three-quarters of the way down, and in very fine strips, being careful not to break strips apart. Remove orange pulp and cut in pieces. Place each orange skin in a bed of lettuce leaves and fill center with orange pieces and long slender pieces of apple. Serve with any desired dressing.

Modern Cooks' Salad Dressings "Put the Blush to Richelieu

Marshal Richelieu of France would have to look to his laurels if he tried competing with his specialty against some of our modern cooks! The Marshal, in case you've forgotten, as no doubt you have, is credited with the all important feat of inventing mayonnaise and salad dressing. They say he even got a citation and a kiss on either cheek for so doing!

Be that as it may, he would draw only reproaches for his product nowadays, for American cooks can make better salad dressings in one-eighth the time and effort. At least, American cooks with a knowledge of modern methods and the use of a modern salad oil can do so, putting the blush to Richelieu for his obsolete procedure.

Even those who don't know may learn rapidly, for success in mastering the art rests largely on the selection of ingredients and a tested recipe.

For cooked mayonnaise, as in all successful salad dressings, oil made from the pure heart of corn is employed, and the ingredients so mixed that only half a minute of beating is required. A whole pound may be made for less than twenty five cents a pound that may be kept and thinned as used, to double that amount.

Here is a standard tested recipe for cooked mayonnaise, which one 1931 model cook made in twenty minutes, Eastern Standard Time!

Cooked Mayonnaise, New Method
1 egg
2 tbsps. sugar
1½ tsps. salt
2 tsps. dry mustard
¼ tsp. paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup salad oil
1 cup water
4 tbsps. cornstarch

Put egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and corn salad oil in mixing bowl, but do not stir. Make a paste by mixing cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up. Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with a Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Uncooked Mayonnaise
(A smooth, stiff, oil dressing)
¾ tsp. mustard
1 tsp. salt
Cayenne
½ tsp. sugar
1 egg yolk
Lemon juice
Vinegar
1 cup salad oil

Mix dry ingredients and add yolks of egg. Mix well and add one-half teaspoon vinegar. Add oil gradually drop by drop at first, then more quickly, beating with egg beater. As mixture thickens, thin with lemon juice or vinegar and continue adding oil. When finished, mixture should be very stiff. Keep covered in ice-box. Best results are obtained with the use of salad oil made from corn.

French Dressing, Richelieu
¾ tsp. salt
½ tsp. mustard
Paprika
½ tsp. sugar
6 tbsps. salad oil
½ tsp. onion juice
2 tbsps. vinegar

Mix dry ingredients and add to corn salad oil. Add onion juice and vinegar, and stir until it thickens. A small piece of ice added before stirring, hastens the process.

Variations of French Dressing

Add Roquefort cheese to the above French Dressing recipe, beat well and serve with lettuce.

Worcestershire sauce, horse-radish or chili sauce may be added to the recipe for a new flavor.

Pimiento, celery, parsley, onion and hard-boiled egg, all finely minced and added to this French Dressing, makes an exceptionally good Chiffonade Dressing.

Variations of Mayonnaise

To ½ cup the uncooked mayonnaise add ½ cup chili sauce, 2 tablespoons catsup, and ¼ cup whipped cream for Russian Dressing.

Caviar Mayonnaise has ½ tablespoon caviar and 1 tablespoon horseradish added to ½ cup the standard uncooked mayonnaise recipe and is best served with tomato salad.

Currant Jelly Dressing
(For Fruit Salads)
1/3 cup corn oil
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
¾ tsps. salt
1 tbsps. currant jelly

Combine ingredients, then beat well and serve with any fruit salad.

Lisbon Eggs

This combination of soup and eggs makes a dish hearty enough for the main course at luncheon or supper, or may be used as a beginning for an otherwise light dinner.

2 cups soup stock
1 onion
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons bacon drippings
Eggs
Toast

Fry the sliced onion in the bacon fat. Add the soup stock, vinegar, and sugar. Cook all together until the onion is soft. Have ready one slice of toast for each person to be served. Poach an egg in the boiling soup for each person. Arrange the toast in soup plates. Place a poached egg on each slice. Fill the plates with soup.

SERVE SUMMER SALADS

Do not neglect the salad in Summer time. As a matter of fact, the salad is something that should be featured strongly, not only during the hot Summer but also during the Spring when Spring fever seems to be lurking around the corner every day.

Summer salads may be elaborate, but all of us can afford to serve some simple little salad prepared from fruits and vegetables in season—particularly those that are selling at a moderate price.

Lettuce is usually a salad essential. Oranges are a very popular salad ingredient, and lemon juice fits in very nicely to moisten and flavor.

Practically all fruits and berries as well as many vegetables fit into the Summer salad. Three or four orange slices halved, a slice of pineapple quartered, and three or four nice ripe strawberries, placed upon a crisp leaf of lettuce should please anyone. If company is present, top with a marshmallow half. If a little added flavor is desired sprinkle the salad with a combination of orange and lemon juice, well sweetened—about two parts orange juice to one part lemon juice.

DINNER PUNCH

2 oranges, juice of
2 lemons, juice of or
1 grapefruit, juice of
2 cups water
Sugar or honey to taste
(Mix thoroughly)

For Variation: Add to the above mixture 1 cup of the juice of another fruit, such as grape juice, raspberry juice, loganberry juice, pineapple juice, cider or the juice from any canned fruit.

Or add 1 cup of a puree made by forcing peaches, pears, apricots, bananas or berries through a potato ricer or coarse sieve.

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