Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

Regarding the short road to the coast, that is, the one that is getting into the limelight the past few weeks, C. C. Chapman, editor of Oregon Voter, says that other parts of the state are not much interested. He thinks that Portland is interested and that the beaches are interested, but does not see why other parts of Oregon should be.

Well, there seems to be considerable interest manifested at Vernonia. Just what has aroused this interest or what they expect to gain by it is not so evident. Sum the situation up one side and down the other, there seems to be some force working which does all in its power to defeat any measure in which the Tualatin Valley is interested.

When nothing was said of the development of eastern Washington county, there seemed to be no objection to routing the short cut to the coast through Beaverton, Huber, Aloha, Reedville, Hillsboro, and Forest Grove. But in some manner—it does not concern us just how—the short cut has got mixed up with the Tualatin Tunnel project.

With a tunnel under Council Crest and a road from its west portal direct to the Pacific beaches, there is no telling what developments might take place in this section. And some fellow with a little foresight saw the point. Now instead of two routes, there are seven proposed routes. For eight or ten years, no one was urging any but the Wilson river or the Trask river routes. Has the geography of western Oregon changed to such an extent that there are now a lot of routes which were not feasible a few years ago?

Let us conjecture just a little. Seaside has grown into a considerable size, with money interested, plenty of money. Portland's east side has always looked on the tunnel project with an unfriendly eye. It is said that considerable of Portland's east side capital is invested in Seaside. What more natural than that the East Side, always opposed to the tunnel, and now with investments at Seaside, should make a big noise for some route which will divert traffic from the tunnel and at the same time from the Tualatin Valley?

A MORAL FOR "REFORMERS"

Those who advocate anti-revolvtr and pistol laws because of the prevalence of crime are on shaky ground. Tht sawed-off shotgun and sub-machine gun are the modern weapons whose operation envolves little skill and whose destructive power is a thousand times that of any small arm.

It is not improbable that crime flourishes today partly because so few homes and offices are protected by arms. A good many cities and states have rigid anti-gun ordinances, and in others the requirements for owning a weapon are so involved that the average citizen does not go through the necessary red tape. This is not an argument in favor of all of us going about the streets armed—but it certainly is evidence of a condition which gives potential law-breakers an advantage by making it difficult for the law-abiding citizen to protect his home or place of business.

We have done many absurd things in the name of crime prevention. We have passed liberty-restricting laws, thus giving us no more laws to break. We have penalized the good citizen in the hope that this ordinance or hat would miraculously cut down crime. As a result, the United States is the greatest law-breaking civilized country on earth. There is a sound moral here, if the "reformers" care to look for it.

VACATION TIME

"Boys I'm happy," remarked Mr. Newlywed. "I have a wonderful home, a good job, and the finest wife in the country."

"Who wouldn't be happy with his wife in the country," grunted a henpecked individual who overheard the remark.

MICKIE SAYS—

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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Twenty-Fifth Installment

Isaiah, already half dead with fright, was at noonday securely bound and fastened to a stake. Near by, but not near enough quite to touch him, was a rattlesnake so caught by a leather thong that, strike and coil and strike as it might, it could not quite reach, with its venomous head, the writhing, gibbering thing that lay staring with eyes that protruded out of all semblance to human features. But as dusk came on the dew fell, and the leather thong stretched a

Near By, but Not Near Enough to Touch Him, Was a Rattlesnake.

little with the wet. And as twilight deepened and the dew grew heavier the leather thong holding the horrible reptile stretched more and more. Presently it was long enough.

CHAPTER IX

"REMEMBER the Maine! To h—l with Spain!" You read this inflaming sentiment on posters and banners and on little white buttons pinned to coat lapels or dress fronts. The Oklahoma Wigwam bristled with new words: Manila bay—Hobson—Philippines. Through the Southwest sombreros suddenly became dust-colored army hats with broad, flat brims, and peaked crowns.

Rough Riders! Here was something the Oklahoma country knew and understood—tall, lean, hard young men who had practically been born with a horse under them and a gun in hand; riders, hunters, dead shots; sunburned, keen eyed, daredevil. Their uniforms, worn with a swagger, had about them a dashing something that the other regiments lacked. And their lieutenant colonel and leader was that energetic, toothy young fellow who was making something of a stir in New York state—Roosevelt, his name was. Theodore Roosevelt.

Osage was shaken by chills and fever; the hot spasms of patriotism, the cold rigors of virtue. One day the good wives of the community would have a meeting at which they arranged for a home-cooked supper, with coffee, to be served to this or that regiment. Their features would soften with sentiment, their bosoms heave with patriotic pride. Next day, eyes narrowed, lips forming a straight line, they met to condemn Dixie Lee and her ilk, and to discuss ways and means for ridding the town of their contaminating presence.

The existence of this woman in the town had always been a festering sore to Sabra. Dixie Lee, the saloons that still lined Pawhuska avenue, the gambling houses, all the paraphernalia of vice, were anathema lumped together in the minds of the redoubtable sunbonnets. A new political group had sprung up, ostensibly on the platform of civic virtue. In reality they were tired of seeing all the plums dropping into the laps of the early-day crew, made up of such strong-arm politicians as had been the first to shake the territorial tree. In the righteous ladies of the Wyatt type they saw their chance for a strong ally. The saloons and the gamblers were too firmly intrenched to be moved by the reform element: they had tried it. Sabra had been urged to help. In the columns of the Oklahoma Wigwam she had unwisely essayed to conduct a campaign against Wick Mongold's saloon, in whose particularly lawless back room it was known that the young boys of the community were in the habit of meeting. With Cim's future in mind (and as an excuse) she wrote a stirring editorial in which she said bold things about shielding criminals and protecting the Flower of our Southwest's Manhood. Two days later a passer-by at seven in the morning saw brisk flames licking the foundation of the Oklahoma Wigwam office and the Cravat dwelling behind it. The whole had been nicely soaked in coal oil. But for the chance passer-by, Sabra, Cim, Donna, newspaper plant, and house would have been charred beyond recognition. As the town fire protection was still of the scantiest the alarmed neighbors beat out the fire with blankets wet in the near-by horse trough. It was learned that a Mexican had been hired to do the job for twenty dollars. Mongold skipped out.

After an interval reform turned its attention to that always vulnerable objective known then as the Scarlet Woman. Here it met with less opposition. Almost five years after Yancey's departure it looked very much as though Dixie Lee and her fine brick house and her plumed and parasoled girls would soon be routed by the spiritual broomsticks and sunbonnets of the purity squad.

It was characteristic that at this moment in Osage's history, when the town was torn, now by martial music, now by the call of civic virtue, Yancey Cravat should have chosen to come riding home; and not that alone, but to come riding home in full panoply of war, more dashing, more romantic, more mysterious than on the day he had ridden away.

It was eight o'clock in the morning. The case of Dixie Lee (on the charge of disorderly conduct) was due to come up at ten in the local court. Sabra had been at her desk in the Wigwam office since seven.

Horse's hoofs at a gallop, stopping spectacularly in front of the Wigwam office in a whirl of dust. A quick, light step. That step! But it couldn't be. Sabra sprang to her feet, one hand at her breast, one hand on the desk to steady herself. He strode into the office. For five years she had pictured him returning to her in dramatic fashion; in his white sombrero, his Prince Albert, his high-heeled boots. For five years she had known what she would say, how she would conduct herself toward him—toward this man who had deserted her without a word, cruelly. In an instant, at sight of him, all this left her mind, her consciousness. She was in his arms with an inarticulate cry, she was weeping, her arms were about him, the buttons of his uniform crushed her breasts. His uniform. She realized then, without surprise, that he was in the uniform of the Oklahoma Rough Riders.

It is no use saying to a man who has been gone for five years, "Where have you been?" Besides, there was not time. Next morning he was on his way to the Philippines. It was not until he had gone that she realized her failure actually to put this question that had been haunting her for half a decade.

Cim and Donna took him for granted, as children do. So did Jesse Rickey, with his mind of a child. For that matter, Yancey took his own return for granted. His manner was nonchalant, his spirits high, his exuberance infectious. He [illegible] pitch. There was about him [illegible] of the delinquent husband.

He now strode magnificently into the room where the children were at breakfast, snatched them up,

She Was in His Arms.

kissed them. You would have thought he had been gone a week.

Donna was shy of him. "Your daughter's a Venable, Mrs. Cravat," he said, and turned to the boy. Cim, slender, graceful, taller than he seemed because of that trick of lowering his fine head and gazing at you from beneath his too-long lashes, reached almost to Yancey's broad shoulders. But he had not Yancey's heroic bulk, his vitality. The Cravat skull structure was contradicted by the narrow Venable face. The mouth was over-sensitive, the hands and feet too exquisite, the smile almost girlish in its wistful sweetness. "Gods! How the son degenerates from the sire!"

"Yancey!" cried Sabra in shocked protest. It was as though the five years had never been.

"Do you want to see my dog?" Cim asked.

"Have you got a pony?"

"Oh, no."

"I'll buy you one this afternoon. A pinto. Here. Look."

He took from his pocket a little soft leathern pouch soiled and worn from much handling. It was laced through at the top with a bit of stout string. He loosed this, poured the bag's contents on to the breakfast table; a little heap of shining yellow. The three stood looking at it. Cim touched it with one finger.

"What is it?"

Yancey scooped up a handful of it and let it trickle through his fingers. "That's gold!" He turned to Sabra. "It's all I've got to show, honey, for two years and more in Alaska."

"Alaska!" she could only repeat, feebly. So that was it.

"I'm famished. What's this? Bacon and eggs?" He reached for a slice of bread from the plate on the table, buttered it lavishly, clapped a strip of coldish bacon on top of that, and devoured it in eager bits. Sabra saw then, for the first time, that he was thinner; there were hollow shadows in the pock-marked cheeks; there was a scarcely perceptible sag to the massive shoulders. There was something about his hand. The forefinger of the right hand was gone. She felt suddenly faint, ill. She reeled a little and stumbled. As always, he sprang toward her. His lips were against her hair.

"Oh, G—d! How I've missed you, Sabra, sugar!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cook's Nook

Just Because They Taste Good!

Let's make some dishes, let's eat some foods, just because they taste good. Healthful foods are essential; economical dishes are sometimes a necessity; quickly prepared things are a boon when time is short; easily-made recipes come as blessings to the amateur cook. But, now and then, let's forget those dull attributes, and eat something just because it is all a perfect bit of cooking should be—because it tastes good!

Taste is defined in the prosaic phrasing of the dictionary as that "particular sensation excited by the application of a substance to the tongue." It's all a matter of taste-buds—but what victual-eating son or daughter of us needs definition or explanation of a delightful experience? The fact that it exists is quite enough.

So, let's try some recipes that are wholesome enough, sufficiently economical easy and quick enough not to destroy our pleasure in making them, but above all—taste goode What your particular idea of luscious food my be is smething else again, but the following recipes have tasted good to many, many palates!

Bagdad Cream Puffs

Puff Pastry

1 cup boiling water
1/3 cup corn oil
½ tsp. salt
3 eggs
¾ cup bread flour and 1½ tbsps. corn starch
1 tsp. bak. powder

Heat water and oil in saucepan until it boils up well. Add flour, sifted with salt, all at once and stir vigorously. As soon as thoroughly mixed remove from fire, cool and mix in unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Add baking powder; mix again and drop by spoonfuls about two inches part on oiled tin. Shape into circular form. Bake from thirty-five to forty-five minutes in hot oven, 400 degrees F. Cut with sharp knife near bottom and fill with Bagdad Filling.

Bagdad Filling

½ pkg. pasteurized dates
1 cup marshmallows
½ cup nutmeats
1 cup heavy cream
½ tsp. vanilla
Few grains salt

Cut dates and marshmallows with wet scissors. Chop nuts coarsely. Beat cream, add vanilla and salt, and fold in dates, marshmallows and nuts. 1 dozen large puffs.

Pineapple Mousse

¾ cup evaporated milk
1 cup crushed pineapple (canned)
1 tbsp. sugar
¼ cup dark corn syrup
1 tbsp. lemon juice

Heat milk in double boiler and chill quickly in bowl surrounded by chipped ice and salt. Drain pineapple and add sugar and syrup, stirring thoroughly. Place in refrigerator to chill. Whip milk until stiff, add lemon juice and continue whipping until very stiff. Add pineapple mixture to whipped milk, folding in carefully. Turn into cold freezing pan and place in refrigerator immediately, or pack in salt and ice, and freeze four to five hours.

Buckwheat Cakes

4 cups buckwheat flour
1/3 cup cornstarch
2 tsps. salt
2½ cups lukewarm water
1/3 yeast cake
1 tbsp. dark corn syrup
2 tbsps. butter
½ tsp. soda

Add syrup and yeast to ½ cup of lukewarm water and when dissolved add to the remaining 2 cups water. Sift together buckwheat flour and cornstarch and add to liquid. Beat throughly and set away in warm place to rise over night. In the morning add the butter, salt and soda. Beat thoroughly and bake on a hot oiled griddle. Serve with syrup.

Date Bars Delice

1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup butter
2 eggs
¼ pkg. pasteurized dates
¼ cup nutmeats
½ cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla

Cook butter and sugar together until smooth and well blended. Cool. Add eggs, unbeaten, and beat well. Add dates and nutmeats. Add flour, baking powder and salt sifted together. Add vanilla. Spread in a pan lined with heavy waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for 30 minutes. Turn out of pan and cut in squares when cool. Makes 16 servings.

JUST AS I AM

And waiting not,
To rid my soul
Of one dark blot.

Yes, we come as we are, in our debt, defeat, sin, shame, sorrow, worry, wreckage—

"Come unto ME all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," offers Jesus Christ, the sinners' friend. Bible Salvation, Beaverton, Oregon.

Agriculture Seeking the Way Out

For some years agriculture has been seeking for a way out of its predicament. Now it begins to look as if it may have found it in the movement toward co-operation.

At present some 12,000 farmers' co-operative associations in this country transact an annual business of over $2,500,000,000, according to Vera McCrea of the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association a leader in the eastern field. Many of these have centralized their sales activity in large organizations doing an annual business of between $10,000,000 and $100,000,000. Their membership represents an appreciable percentage of the 6,500,000 American farms.

Agriculture is in pretty much the same situation as are many manufacturing industries. Exactly as industry has solved many of its problems through production efficiency and distribution, so must agriculture solve ite problems. A ready market and profitable prices for goods can only be had when farmers unite to place themselves on a bargaining footing with dealers to whom they sell. The bigger the business, the better the bargaining power—and the fast growth of farm co-operatives indicates that agriculture is appreciating that fact and is developing accordingly.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-tf

For Sale—Cabbage for kraut. Cheap. L. Biggi. Cedar St. Beaverton, Ore. gtf

For Sale—New Oregon Strawberry plants. Specially developed in this famous section. Geo. Howell, six miles north of Banks. p-44-45

For Sale—Fresh Salmon, Chincok, 7 cents per pound; Silverside, 6 cents per pound. Write to Milo Houser, Brighton, Ore. c44-46

For Sale—Fine Rhode Island Red fryers. Reasonable. Mrs. W. J. Alexander, Rt. 1, Beaverton. Adv p 44

For Sale—Excellent quality Concord grapes at 2 cents a pound. Bring containers. One mile south of Beaverton on Allen Avenue. C. Kehrli. Advp44

For Sale—Household goods, canned fruit, bed, dresser, table, sewing machine, 2 stoves, etc., Bert Wells, Beaverton Rt. 2, Box 286, at Elmonica Station. adv p-43

FOR RENT

For Rent—Three room house on Hyland road southwest of Beaverton. Good well of water, electric lights, plenty of wood. Rent free to reliable party who will care for the place. F[illegible] V. [illegible]adon, Rt. 5, Box 1c2,A, Portland. Advc43-44

For Rent—Modern 6-room cottage. Call Beaverton 2951, or see Mrs. W. Cavaness, Franklin Ave. p44

Board And Room

First class board, room, and garage, $25.00 per month. Comfortable and congenial. Phone 0912. Advc42tf

WANTED

Small Modern Home, Clear, near highway Beaverton-Aloha, for $3000.00 equity, modern Portland Home. Give full particulars. Box 208, Beaverton, Ore. c42-tf

The Review will carry free of charge listings of situations wanted, in order to help the unemployment situation.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Carnival Dance at Cedar Mill Grange Hall, Saturday, October 3rd. Seven Girl Melodians furnish peppy music. Admission, 35c. p-44

ATTENTION!

Farmers and Poultry Raisers

Please note that if you are selling live poultry the new state law requires that a tag be placed on each coop of chickens of more than ten birds. This law was passed to prevent theft of chickens and we request your cooperation. These tags are required no matter whether the sale be made to your local dealer or a peddler. These tickets are available upon application at the sheriff's office and at other points in the county.

Advc44-7 J. W. Connell, Sheriff

FINDERS KEEPERS

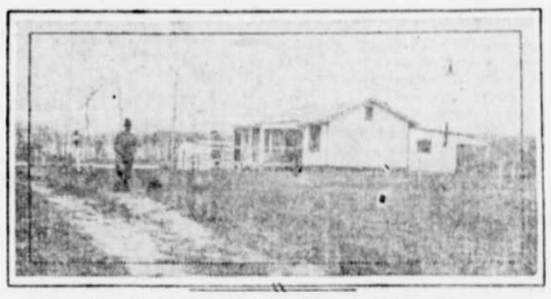
One-night tourist: "Did you see a twenty dollar bill on the bureau when you made up my room?"

Maid: "I surely did, sir. Thank you very much."

A PLACE OF WORSHIP

Many a young man walks toward his place of worship on Sunday evening, with the sincere hope that the old man will not be there when he calls.

Science Protects Homes in Open



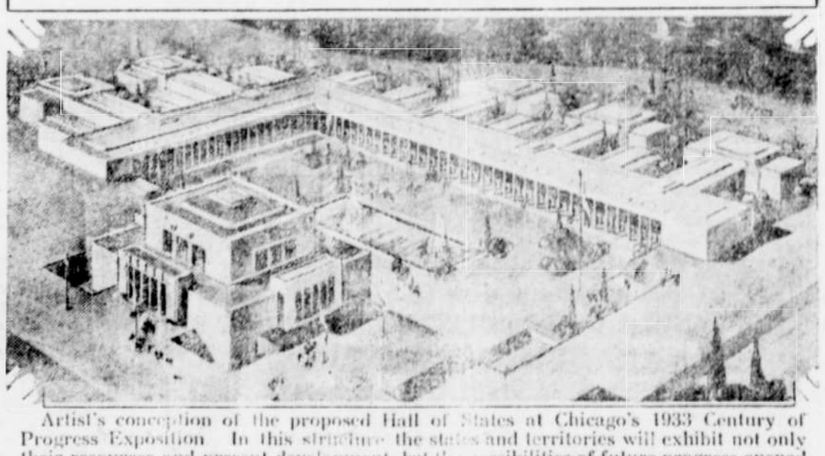
Year-Round Comfort in Isolated Homes Is Now Possible.

CHICAGO—Modern farm and small town homes, set in open country where they constantly are exposed to extremes of wind and weather, now are being built comparable to city residences for all year-round comfort, according to R. G. Wallace, director of sales and advertising of the Masonite Corporation, in an address here.

"Structural insulation, which is generally recognized as one of the greatest advance steps in the history of the building industry, has solved the problem of protecting isolated houses against winter cold as well as summer heat," said Mr. Wallace. "It has been demonstrated that during the winter season there is an enormous heat loss through the roof and side walls of even a very well constructed building in closely built-up residential districts. If the house is not insulated. Insulating engineers declare that it is possible to eliminate such a large part of this loss by the use of structural insulation that fuel costs may be reduced from 25 to 40 per cent, and at the same time establish a uniform temperature within the building, thus providing more healthful living conditions. Insulation also keeps a house cool in summer, as practically no outside heat penetrates the roof and side walls protected with this modern, grainless wood material.

"Farmers and home-owners in villages and towns are not only having structural insulation installed in new houses but are utilizing it to modernize old structures. This modern method of protecting buildings against extremes of weather is considered so sound that most of the leading architects throughout the country are providing structural insulation in all their plans."

Hall of States at Chicago's 1933 World's Fair



Artist's conception of the proposed Hall of States at Chicago's 1933 Century of Progress Exposition. In this structure the states and territories will exhibit not only their resources and present development, but the possibilities of future progress opened up by the application of scientific principles [illegible] industrial and social problems.

Architects are considering a plan to group [illegible] Court of States about a central unit to be occupied by the federal government exhibit so as to symbolize the essential unity of state and federal governments.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

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Not Working Yet