Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1931

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

At the time we go to press, Wednesday afternoon, there seems to be some call for an editorial on Thanksgiving. But there have been so many Thanksgiving messages penned and such good ones that it almost seems superfluous to turn our thoughts that way. Of course, there will be a lot of conceited editors who think that they can write a better message han has ever been written. These along with those who need something to fill up the page will effuse along the lines that preachers will dwell on, the many, many things we have to be thankful for.

And here goes, for we belong to that bunch of conceited apes who follow along the beaten path. However, while we probably will not try to write better than the rank and file, we shall try to be different.

George Washingon wrote the first Thanksgiving proclamation ever sent out by a president, but all of his successors have followed his example.

We refer to George Washington because next year, in 1932, nine months will be given over to the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Father of his counry. If we look into the histoy of Washington, we will find that he did a lot of First things in this country.

But we have a lot to be thankful for right here in Beaverton. And, though our Mayor has not seen fit to issue any proclamation, we can be just as thankful as though he had. We believe there are a lot of things that he feels thankful for. Anyway they seem to be appropriate items in the livelihood of this community.

What shall we place first? The wonderful Tualatin valley? It would seem appropriate. For travel north or south, east or west, there is none better, the garden spot of Oregon the "Land of Peace and Plenty" of the Indians, covered with such rich soil, producing such immense crops and peopled by the best of this world's inhabitants!

Then for our broad highways, our means of transportation, our flivvers, our airplanes, our churches, our schools, and the other numerous institutions. There are no better.

But perhaps the Mayor might think that we were leaving out some of the best things for which we should be thankful. He might think that the awakening of our voters to the important functions performed by our municipal government. One thing we believe he might mention would be the reluctance of our office holders to continue in office indefinitely. On our school board is a new face; nominated at the Town caucus are men who have not been in office before, while those in office smilingly offered to step out.

FORWARD! MARCH!

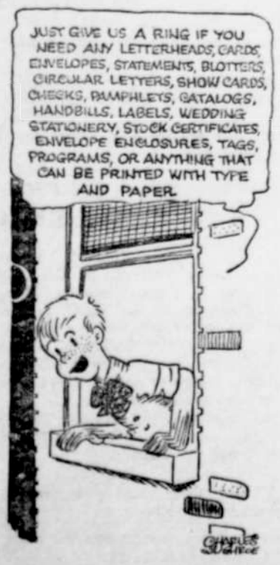
Many nations have expressed pride in the ability of their soldiers to march in spite of hardsh'ps, but mere humans must take a back seat to several of the lower form of animal life when it comes t marching.

The white ants are famou nough but the warrior ants are the real marchers of the animal world. They travel eight or nine abreast with the ants behind using the actual footprints of those in front. On the march they look like a black ribbon which twists and turns around rocks and trees until the march is over.

Stand in front of this column and immediately you will be covered with a vicious biting army. Knock them off if you wish but as long as you stay where you are others will swarm up to take the places of those dislodged. Your ears, nose, and even your eyes will be filled. Get out of that line of march if you want to live. These warrior ants are fighters.

A $600,000 reinforced concrete bridge spanning Rogue river between Gold Beach and Wedderburn on the Oregon Coast highway is to be formally dedicated May 28, 1932.

MICKIE SAYS—



IN OREGON HOMES

Eugene—Lane county homemakers from 27 different communities are enrolled for home economics extension work this fall according to Gertrude Skow, county home demonstration agent. Economical meals and meal planning has attracted 19 communities and the year-round garden project numbers 13 widely separated groups. Other home economics extension activities enrolling county women include a kitchen rearrangement project, a study of time scheduling for the home and homemaker, and an analysis of food purchasing habits and attitudes.

Corvallis—Enrollment for service material which supplements KOAC radio lectures on "Your money's worth in household textiles" now number 114 and come from 18 different counties of the state, according to the home economics extension office. These sheets contain guides for buying common household textiles such as towels, sheets, blankets and curtains. Any homemaker who has satisfactory radio reception may enroll for these mimeographed sheets and use them to supplement the Thursday afternoon radio lectures over KOAC.

ON OREGON FARMS

Canyon City—Crested wheat grass in Grant county this fall looked even more promising than had been anticipated, reports County Agent R. G. Johnson who has been checking over the grass nurseries recently. When no other grass was showing any signs of life, it had at least a one-inch green sprout on it. Although this was probably the dryest year the county has ever had, this grass, under very dry conditions, stooled out more, showed no summer killing, and in all cases where it was in its secondary year, seeded heavily, Johnson says.

Oregon City—As much as 40 per cent difference in yields was found between fields grown from well stored and poorly stored lots of seed potatoes grown in a trial conducted by County agent J. J. Inskeep this year in co-operation with several Clackamas county farmers. The three high yielding lots in the trial were all from seed put into cold storage sometime in April, and the highest yielding lot was the one that had the most desirable storage conditions throughout the entire year, Inskeep said.

Eugene—Nitrogen used alone or in combination with other fertilizers gave better apple tree growth and vigor in every case in trials conducted on the H. S. Merriam ranch at Goshen by O. S. Fletcher, county agent. Complete fertilizers gave increased yield, size, and color, while nitrogen and phosphorus combinations gave nearly as good results. The fertilizers were applied in February 1929 and February 1930.

Toledo—Application of superphosphate to 1½ acres of White Pomeranian and Bortfield turnips proved a profitable venture for M. W. Richmond of Siletz according to a report recently turned in to County Agent M. J. Conklin through whose office the fertilizer was obtained. An untreated strip across the field left as a check is bare as a floor this fall, Mr. Richmond said, while the treated ground is producing a good crop of turnips.

Dallas—Polk county, where just 70 acres of alfalfa were grown five years ago, this year harvested 3500 acres, according to J. R. Beck, county agent, who has made this one of his major extension projects. This development has been made possible largely through the use of the genuine Grimm variety, late seeding alone on a firm, well-drained seed bed, and severe cultivation of the stand each year after it was firmly established to eliminate weeds. Mr. Beck believes this years acreage could profitably be doubled.

Use Heat System to Air-Condition Home

Modern air-conditioning systems recently perfected for home use render existing home heating systems virtually obsolete in so far as the development of the maximum of indoor comfort is concerned, declares the Holland Institute of Thermology, of Holland, Mich. Complete air-conditioning systems of the vapor air type perform functions heretofore unassociated with home heating. The newer functions include controlled firing, controlled indoor temperature, adequate humidification, air circulation and ventilation and air-washing. The air-washing process makes possible the use of the system during summer for home cooling purposes.

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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Thirty-Third Installment

At intervals around the wall, and almost level with the dirt floor, were apertures perhaps sixteen inches square. A little wooden door was shut upon most of these. Near each lay figures limper, more spent even than the other inert bodies. As Sabra and Sol stood, blinking, they learned the use of these openings. For suddenly nausea overcame one of the Indians crouched in the semicircle near the flame. The man crawled swiftly to one of the little doors, opened it, thrust his head and shoulders out into the night air, relieved his body of the drug's overdose.

Sabra only turned her eyes away, searching, searching. They she saw where the boy lay under his gay striped blanket. His face was covered, but she knew. She knew well how the slim body curled in its blankets, how it lay at night, asleep. This was a different sleep, but she knew. They went to him, picking their way over the crouching figures with the fixed trance-like gaze; the recumbent forms that lay so still. She turned back the blanket. The face was smiling, peaceful, lovely.

She thought, "This is the way I should look at him if he were dead." Then, "He is dead." The boy lay breathing quietly. All about the room was an atmosphere of reverie, of swooning bliss. If the Indians looked at all at Sabra, at the Jew, at their efforts to rouse the boy, it was with the eyes of sleep-walkers. Their lips were gently smiling. Sometimes they swayed a little. The sacred fire leaped orange and scarlet and gold. Old Stump Horn wielded his eagle feather fan, back and forth, back and forth. The quavering cadences of the Mescal song rose and fell to the accompaniment of the gourd rattle and the unceasing drum. The white man and woman, frail both, tugged and strained at the inert figure of the boy.

"Oh, God!" whimpered Sabra. "He's so heavy. What shall we do?" They bent again, tugged with all their strength, lifted but could not carry him.

"We must drag him," Sol said, at last.

They took an arm each. So, dragging, tugging, past those rapt still forms, past those mazed smiling faces, they struggled with him to the door. The little beads of sweat stood out on her forehead, on her lip. She breathed in choking gasps. Her eyes were wide and staring and dreadful in their determination. The rattle. The drum beat. The high eerie song notes, wordless.

The blackness of the outer air; past the two towering motionless blanketed figures at the door. Dragging him along the earth, through the trampled weeds.

"We can't lift him into the buggy. We can't—" She ran back to the two at the door. She clasped her hands before the one called Joe Yellow Eyes. She lifted her white, agonized face to him. "Help me. Help me." She made a futile gesture of lifting.

The Indian looked at her a moment with a dead, unseeing gaze. Flecks of gold and yellow danced, reflected in the black pools of his eyes, and died there. Leisurely, wordless, he walked over to where the boy lay, picked him up lightly in his great arms as though he were a sack of meal, swung him into the buggy seat. He turned, then, and went back to his place at the door.

They drove back to the town of Osage. Cim's body leaned heavily, slackly against hers; his head lay in her lap, like a little boy's. One aching arm she held firmly about him to keep him from slipping to the floor of the buggy, so that finally it ceased to ache and became numb. The dawn came, and then the sunrise over the prairie, its red meeting the red of the Oklahoma earth, so that they drove through a fiery furnace.

She had been quiet enough until now, with a kind of stony quiet. She began to sob; a curious dry racking sound, like a hiccough.

"Now, now," said Sol Levy, and made a little comforting noise between tongue and teeth. "So bad it isn't. What did the boy do, he went out to see the sights on the reservation and try what it was like to eat this dope stuff—this peyote. Say, when I was a boy I did lots worse."

She did not seem to pay much heed to this, but it must have penetrated her numbed brain at last, for presently she stopped the painful sobbing and looked down at the lovely smiling face in her lap, the long lashes, like a girl's, resting so fragilely on the olive cheek.

"He wanted to go. I wouldn't let him. Is it too late, Sol?"

"Go? Go where?"

"The Colorado school of mines. Geology."

"Too late! That kid there! Don't talk foolish. September. This is the time to go. It just starts. Sure he'll go."

They drove through the yard, over Sabra's carefully tended grass, of which she was so proud, right to the edge of the porch steps and so, dragging again and pulling, they got him in, undressed him; she washed his dust smeared face.

"Well," said Sol Levy. "I guess I go and open the store and then have a good cup of coffee."

She put out her hand. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth, sharp and tight. Her face was distorted absurdly with her effort not to cry. But when he would have patted her grimed and trembling hand with his own, in a gesture of comforting, she caught his hand to her lips and kissed it.

The sound of the horses' hoofs died away on the still morning air. She looked down at Cim. She thought, I'll take a bath, and then have some coffee, too. Yancey has gone again. Has left me. I know that. How do I know it? Well, nothing more can happen to me now. I have had it all, and I have lost it. Nothing more can happen to me now.

CHAPTER XII

FOR years Oklahoma had longed for statehood as a bride awaits the dawn of her wedding day. At last, "Behold the bridegroom!" said a paternal government, handing her over to the Union. "Here is a star for your forehead. Meet the family."

Then, at the very altar, the final words spoken, the pact sealed, the bride had turned to encounter a stranger—an unexpected guest, dazzling, breath-taking, embodying all her wildest girlish dreams.

"Bridegroom—b—l!" yelled Oklahoma, hurling herself into the stranger's arms. "What's family to me! Go away! Don't bother me. I'm busy."

The name of the gorgeous stranger was Oil.

Oil. Nothing else mattered. Oklahoma, the dry, the wind-swept, the burning, was a sea of hidden oil. The red prairies, pricked, ran black and slimy with it. The work of years was undone in a day. The sunbonnets shrank back, aghast. Compared to that which now took place the early days following the Run in '89 were idyllic. They swarmed on Oklahoma from every state in the Union. The plains became black with little eager delving figures. The sanguine roads were choked with every sort of vehicle. Once more tent and shanty towns sprang up where the day before had been only open prairie staring up at a blazing sky. Again the gambling tent, the six-shooter, the roaring saloon, the dance hall, the harlot. Men fought, stole, killed, died for a piece of ground beneath whose arid surface lay who knew what wealth of fluid richness. Every barren sun-baked farm was a potential fortune; every ditch and draw and dried-up creek bed might conceal liquid treasure. The Wildcat field—Panhandle—Cimarron—Crook Nose—Cartwright—Wahoo—Bear Creek—these became magic names; these were the Seven Cities of Cibola, rich beyond Coronado's wildest dream. Millions of barrels of oil burst through the sand and shale and clay and drenched the parched earth. Drill, pump, blast. Nitroglycerine. Here she comes. A roar, Oklahoma went stark raving mad.

Sabra Cravat went oil mad with the rest of them. Just outside the town of Osage, for miles around, they were drilling. There was that piece of farm land she had bought years ago, when Yancey first showed signs of restlessness. She had thought herself shrewd to have picked up this fertile little oasis in the midst of the bare unlovely plain. She was proud of her bit of farm land with its plump yield of alfalfa, corn, potatoes, and garden truck. She knew now why it had been so prolific. By a whim of nature rich black oil lay under all that surrounding land, rendering it barren through its hidden riches. No taint of corroding oil ran beneath that tract of Cravat farm land, and because of this it lay there now, so green, so lush, with its beans, its squash, its ridiculous onions, taunting her, deriding her, like a mirage in the desert. Queerly enough, she had no better luck with her share in an oil lease for which she had paid a substantial sum—much more than she could afford to lose. Machinery, crew, days of drilling, weeks of drilling, sand, shale, salt. The well had come up dry—a duster.

That which happened to Sabra happened to thousands. The stuff was elusive, tantalizing. Here might be a gusher vomiting millions. Fifty feet away not so much as a spot of grease could be forced to the surface. Fortune seemed to take delight in choosing strange victims for her pranks. Erv Wiseler, the gawk who delivered the milk to Sabra's door each morning, found himself owner of a gusher whose outpourings yielded him seven thousand dollars a day. He could not grasp it.

"Why Erv!" Sabra exclaimed, when he arrived at her kitchen door as usual, smelling of the barnyard. "Seven thousand dollars a day! What in the world are you going to do with it?"

Erv's putty features and all his loose hung frame seemed to stiffen with the effort of his new and momentous resolve. "Well, I tell you, Mis' Cravat, I made up my mind I ain't going to make no more Sunday delivery myself. I'm a going to hire Pete Lynch's boy to take the milk route Sundays."

Every one in Osage knew the story of Fred Sloat's wife when the news was brought to her that weeks of drilling on the sterile little Sloat farm had brought up a gusher. They had come running to her across the trampled fields with the news. She had stood there on the back porch of the shabby farmhouse, a bony drudge, unlovely as the house itself.

"Millions!" they shouted at her. "Millions and millions! What are you going to do?"

Fred Sloat's wife had looked down at her hands, shriveled and gnarled from alkali water and rough work. She wiped them now on a corner of her gingham apron with a gesture of utter finality. Her meager shoulders straightened. The querulous voice took on a note of defiance.

"From now on I'm going to have the washin' done out."

In those first few frenzied weeks there was no time for scientific methods. That came later. Now, in the rush of it, they all but burrowed in the red clay with their finger nails. Men prowled the plains with divining rods, with absurd things called witch sticks, hoping thus to detect the precious stuff beneath the earth's surface.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cook's Nook

Prune Souffle

2/3 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 can coconut, southern style
1 cup cooked prunes, seeded and finely chopped

Fold sugar and salt gradually into egg whites; then fold in coconut and prunes. Turn into greased baking dish. Bake in slow oven (300 degrees F.) 45 minutes, or until firm in center. Serve hot. Serves 8.

Coconut Bread Pudding

½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups milk, scalded
½ cup shredded coconut
2 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon vanilla, or ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup stale bread, cut into ½-inch cubes

Combine sugar, salt, and eggs. Add milk gradually, then coconut, butter, and vanilla or nutmeg. Place bread in greased baking dish. Pour milk and egg mixture over it. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 45 to 50 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Chill. Serves 6.

Lemon Pudding

1 cup milk
1 cup coffee cream
12 drops yellow food color
3 tablespoons sugar
1 junket tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
½ teaspoon lemon flavoring

Dissolve the junket tablet in cold water. Warm milk, cream, and sugar to lukewarm (110 degrees F.), not hot, stirring constantly. Add the flavoring and the food color, then the dissolved junket tablet. Stir briskly a few seconds. Then pour at once into individual dishes. Let stand undisturbed until firm—about 10 miutes. Chill and serve.

Plantation Marble Cake

(2 eggs)

2 cups cake flour, sifted
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon each cloves and nutmeg
2 tablespoons molasses

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Divide batter in two parts. To one part, add spices and molasses. Place light and dark mixtures, alternately, a tablespoon at a time, in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 50 minutes until done. Frost with boiled frosting. Decorate with raisins and halves of walnut meats.

Bran Muffins

1 cup cake flour, sifted
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted
1 cup bran flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg and sugar. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add butter and bran flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them 2/3 full. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

Orange Toast

(Serves 6)

¼ cup orange juice
Grated rind 1 orange
½ cup sugar
6 slices buttered toast

Mix orange juice, rind and sugar. Spread on hot buttered toast and put in hot oven or under broiler to brown.

Orange Ambrosia

6 oranges
½ cup powdered sugar
½ cup grated coconut

Peel and slice oranges. Cut slices into halves or quarters. Arrange in serving dishes, sprinkle with sugar and coconut.

O. S. C. OFFERS CHRISTMAS CAKE AND PUDDING RECIPES

The Christmas season is approaching, and housewives in thousands of Oregon homes are weighing out nuts, raisins, citron, currants, and other goodies and preparing to combine them into those traditional and indispensable Christmas dishes, the fruit cake and plum pudding.

In preparation for these events, members of the home economics staff at Oregon State college have tested a number of recipes for these famous dishes and included them in a mimeographed leaflet known as HE 260, which Oregon homemakers may now obtain free of charge from home demonstration agents or direct from the college at Corvallis.

One of the simplest and most economical of these, and yet one of the most delicious, is the Oregon Pioneer Plum Pudding, made with just 10 ingredients, as follows:

Oregon Pioneer Plum Pudding

1 pound suet
1 pound flour
1 pound Italian prunes
1 cup molasses
1 egg
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 level teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking soda

Cook and stone prunes. Combine and sift dry ingredients, except soda. Mix suet, molasses, eggs and soda. Blend two mixtures together thoroughly and put in oiled cans or pans. Steam three hours and bake three hours.

Among the other recipes included in the leaflet are Christmas Fruit Cake, White Fruit Cake, Fruit Cake, Large Fruit Cake, Fruit Cake with Dates, Mock English Plum Pudding, and Plum Pudding. Full directions for making each are given.

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—Potato culls, 20¢ a sack. Albert Koch, 6 miles northwest of Beaverton, near Walker and Cornell Road Junction. Adp51

For Sale—Toggenburg milk goat and 3 month old nanny kid. Write or inquire Walter Melzer, Sherwood, Rt. 4, Box 85.

WANTED

See Me For Cement Work of all kinds. C. M. Haines, Huber. Adv p 49-50

General Carpentering contracts, bench work, and furniture repairing. Phone 10110 Beaverton R1 Box 331. Pd51-52

Girl Needs Work—Family without income. Can go home nights. Phone 8135. Adv p 51-52

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

Employment Wanted—Rough carpenter, electrical work, drive truck, or common labor. Will accept groceries, feed, lumber, or anything of value. M. K. Emmons, Rt. 3, Hyland road, Beaverton.

FOR RENT

Mixer to Rent by day. You run it. C. M. Haines, Huber. Adv p 49-50

TRADES

To Trade—1100 lb. horse for chickens, pigs, or young heifers, or milk cow. Smith ranch on Farmington road across from Jacktown school. p-

CHARTER AMENDMENT

Submitted to the voters by the Council of the Town of Beaverton, to be voted on at the regular election to be held December 8, 1931.

AN ACT

To amend the charter of the Town of Beaverton, Oregon, adapted at a special election held in said Town on the 14th day of December, 1912, and all subsequent amendments thereto, by adding thereto Article XIX, providing for the refunding of Local Improvement Bonds.

Be it enacted by the people of the Town of Beaverton:

That the charter of the Town of Beaverton, Oregon, adopted at a special election held in said Town on the 14th day of December, 1912, and all subsequent amendments thereof be amended by adding thereto Article XIX to read as follows:

ARTICLE XIX

SECTION 1. Whenever any of the outstanding Local Improvement Bonds of the Town of Beaverton shall become due and there are insufficient sinking funds with which to pay such bonds, the Council is hereby empowered to issue refunding bonds in an amount sufficient to pay the excess of such outstanding bonds over the amount of the existing sinking funds applicable to the payment thereof. Such refunding bonds shall be in substantially the same form as the original improvement bonds, shall bear interest at a rate of not to exceed 6% per annum payable semi-annually, shall mature in ten years and be subject to call for redemption on any interest date after one year from the date of issue and be in such denominations not exceeding $500.00 as the Council shall determine. All refunding bonds issued under the provisions of this article shall be sold for cash at not less than par and accrued interest from the date of issue. All funds derived from the sale of refunding bonds shall be placed to the credit of the bond and interest funds applicable to the payment of such outstanding bonds and be used for he payment thereof.

SECTION 2. Whenever any Improvement bonds shall have been refunded as provided in section 1 of this article, all delinquent assessments thereafter collected in the improvement district or districts against which the original bonds were issued, and all money derived from the sale of property in such district or districts acquired by the Town by foreclosure of its lien thereon shall be placed in a sinking fund for the retirement of the refunding bonds - issued.

The Ballot Title for said proposed charter amendment

CHARTER AMENDMENT SUBMITTED TO THE VOTERS BY THE COUNCIL. REFUNDING IMPROVEMENT BOND CHARTER AMENDMENT: Purpose: To amend the charter of the Town of Beaverton by adding thereto article XIX, authorizing the Council to refund outstanding local improvement bonds, when the same become due and existing sinking funds are insufficient for their payment, and providing trat all money derived from the collection of delinquent assessments shall be used for the retirement of such refunding bonds.

100 Yes
101 No

"The Comic Strip"

ANYTHING GOES

HOW TO GET RICH

DRAW A FEW MORE LINES LIKE THESE AND THEN WRITE A CATCHY TUNE THAT WILL SELL 1,000,000 COPIES. JUST A PIECE LIKE "YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS" WILL TURN THE TRICK.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe