Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

HOWDY, SCRIBE

The latest child of the fourth estate coming to our desk hails from Newberg, city of Hoover fame, or Berians (or are they Cherrians?), known in newspaper circles as a Graphic city. Name of this child, Newberg Scribe. Whether any relation to the scribes and pharisees of ancient Jerusalem, deponent sayeth not.

At the masthead we note the names of Burt and Woodman. Beavertonians will remember Don Woodman who for a time was connected with the Review. Later he went to Forest Grove, then to Carlton and at one time took a little flier at Cornelius.

The Newberg field has been rather well served by "The Graphic" but perhaps there are those there who feel that they are not getting what they want. The new venture may be just the thing needed.

Burt has been for a number of years publisher of the Carlton Sentinel. Woodman, something like a year ago, inauguarated the Yamhill Spokesman. Both seemed to be doing rather well. Just the reason for the change, we do not know. However, we wish them well. They are talented, hard-working citizens. To the extent that they apply the elements which bring success to their business, just to that extent will they succeed. We wish them well.

IT PAYS TO SUBSCRIBE

"Editors of country weeklies sometimes write to me," says Professor Bristow Adams, who teaches the journalism courses at Cornell university, "and ask how they can cope with the practice of neighborly borrowing of the home town paper."

The editors realize, he says, that this borrowing habit is a tribute to the value and interest of their publications; but they are unable to show names of borrowers on an audited circulation statement.

So far Professor Adams has not been able to offer a solution; but he calls attention to a paragraph which has been going the rounds of the press for many years, and will still bear reprinting.

"A famer, rather than subscribe to the paper, sent his boy to borrow a neighbor's. The lad knocked over a stand of bees. His father, hurrying to help him, ran into a barbed-wire fence, gashing his leg and ruining a new pair of overalls. Hearing the noise, his wife ran out, upsetting a four gallon churn of cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the litter. At the same time she dropped and broke a new set of store teeth. During the excitement the daugher eloped with the hired man, the dog broke up 11 sitting hens, and the calves got out and chewed up a line of washing, hung out to dry. All to save two dollars, the price of a subscription. —Fort Plain (N. Y.) Standard.

Government Improves Apace

To pessimists who read newspaper headlines of gang wars and racketeers and deplore the state into which our governments have fallen, the annual report of the secretary of the National Municipal League comes as something of a rebuke, for it shows that numbers of cities, counties and states are making marked progress in improvement of administration and that not too slowly the tide of better government is rising.

Nineteen cities, for example, adopted the city manager plan during the twelve months prior to November 1, bringing the total number of cities that have accepted this to 458. That the adoption of the manager plan is to some extent a measure of the progress of good government in this country can be no longer denied, since the record is clear that this form has resulted in more democratic and efficient government than any of the older types. Uniformly opposed by the spoilsmen, the spread of the manager plan gives at least a clue to the degree of success being met by those who are fighting for better government.

FAIR PROFITS ESSENTIAL

When cartoonists caricature politicians sitting in trees, naively sawing off the limbs that support them we smile. Yet in hundreds of communities an equally precarious condition prevails among merchants. Their plight, being a matter of invoices and ledgers, is not so obvious as that of the lampooned politicians, yet identical. By selling goods at less than cost, they, too, slowly but certainly, are destroying their means of support.

Competition the life blood of business? That is a time-seasoned slogan, but it does not tell the whole truth until it is re-phrased to imply that the bone and sinew of business is a fair profit. Without an adequate wage both for labor and for capital, a business is shaky and wobbly, and almost certain to go the way of humpty dumpty.—Exchange.

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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Thirty-Fifth Installment

"Sabra darling, how can you punish a grown woman? You might slap me, and I wouldn't slap you back, of course. But I'd be terribly embarrassed for you. As for father—he is a museum piece. You know it."

"Your father is one of the greatest figures the Southwest has ever produced."

"Mm. Well, he's picturesque enough, I suppose. But I wish he hadn't worked so hard at it. And Cim! There's a brother! A great help to me in my career, the men folks of this quaint family."

"I wasn't aware that you were planning a career," Sabra retorted, very much in the manner of Felice Venable. "Unless getting up at noon, slopping around in a kimono most of the day, and lying in the hammock reading is called a career by Dignum graduates. If it is, you're the outstanding success of your class."

"Darling, I adore you when you get viperish and Venable like that. Perhaps you influenced me in my early youth. That's the new psychology, you know. You used to tell me about grandma trailing around in her white ruffled dimity wrappers and her high heels, never lifting a lily hand."

"At least your grandmother didn't consider it a career."

"Neither do I. This lovely flower-like head isn't so empty as you think, lolling in the front porch hammock. I know it's no use counting on father, even when he's not off on one of his mysterious jaunts. What is he doing, anyway? Living with some squaw? . . . Forgive me, mother darling. I didn't mean to hurt you . . . Cim's just as bad, and worse, because he's weak and hasn't even dad's phony ideals. You're busy with the paper. That's all right. I'm not blaming you. If it weren't for you we'd all be on the town—or back in Wichita living on grandma in genteel poverty. I think you're wonderful, and I ought to try to be like you. But I don't want to be a girl reporter. Describing the sumptuous decorations of dandelions and sunflowers at one of Cassandra Sipes' parties."

Goaded by curiosity and a kind of wonder at this unnatural creature, Sabra must put her question: "What do you want to do, then?"

"I want to marry the richest man in Oklahoma, and build a palace that I'll hardly ever live in, and travel like royalty, and clank with emeralds. With my skin and hair they're my stone."

"Oh, emeralds, by all means," Sabra agreed, cuttingly. "Diamonds are so ordinary. And the gentleman that you consider honoring—let me see. From your requirements that would have to be Tracy Wyatt, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," replied Donna, calmly.

"You've probably overlooked Mrs. Wyatt. Of course, Tracy's only fifty-one, and you being nineteen, there's plenty of time if you'll just be patient." She was too amused to be really disturbed.

"I don't intend to be patient, mamma darling."

Something in her hard, ruthless tone startled Sabra. "Donna Cravat, don't you start any of your monkey business. I saw you cooing and ah-ing at him the other day went we went over to Wyatt's new house. And I heard you saying some drivel about his being a man that craved beauty in his life, and that he should have it; and sneering politely at the new house until I could see him beginning to doubt everything in it, poor fellow. He had been so proud to show it. But I thought you were just talking that New York talk of yours."

"I wasn't. I was talking business."

Sabra was revolted, alarmed, and distressed, all at once. She gained reassurance by telling herself that this was just one of Donna's queer jokes—part of the streak in her that Sabra had never understood and that corresponded to the practical joker in Yancey. That, too, had always bewildered her. Absorbed in the workings of the growing, thriving newspaper the conversation faded to a slim and almost unimportant memory.

Sabra was sufficiently shrewd and level headed to take Sol Levy's sound advice. "You settle down to running your paper, Sabra, and you won't need any oil wells. You can have the best-paying paper and the most powerful in the Southwest. Bigger than Houston or Dallas or San Antonio. Because Osage is going to be bigger and richer than any of them. You mark what I say. Hardy any oil in the town of Osage, but millions of barrels of oil all around it. This town won't be torn to pieces, then. It'll grow and grow. Five years from now it'll look like Chicago.

"Oh, Sol, how can that be?"

"You'll see. There where the gambling tent stood with a mud hole in front of it a few years ago you'll see in another five years a skyscraper like those in New York."

She laughed at that.

Just as she had known that Yancey had again left her on that night of the Mescal ceremony, so now she sensed that he would come back in the midst of this new insanity that had seized all Oklahoma. And come back he did, from God knows where, on the very crest of the oil wave, and bringing with him news that overshadowed his return. He entered as he had left, with no word of explanation, so bizarre as to cause everything else to fade into the background.

He came riding, as always, but it was a sorry enough nag that he bestrode this time; and his white sombrero was grimed and battered, the Prince Albert coat was spotted, the linen frayed, the whole figure covered with the heavy red dust of the trampled road. He must have ridden like an avenging angel, for his long black locks were damp, his eyes red rimmed. And when she saw this Don Quixote so sullied, so shabby, her blood turned to water within her veins for pity.

She thought, it will always be like this as long as he lives, and each time he will be a little more broken, older, less and less the figure of splendor I married, until at last . . .

She only said, "Yancey," quietly.

He was roaring, he was reeling with Jovian laughter as he strode into the Wigwam office where she sat at her neat orderly desk just as she had sat on that day years before. For a dreadful moment she thought that he was drunk or mad. He flung his soiled sombrero to the desk top, he swept her into his arms, he set her down.

"Sabra! Here's news for you. Jesse! Heh, Jesse! Where's that rum-soaked son of a printer's devil? Jesse! Come in here! G—d, I've been laughing so that I almost rolled off my horse." He was striding up and down as of old, his shabby coat tails spreading with the vigor of his movements, the beautiful hands gesticulating, the fine eyes—bloodshot now—still flashing with the fire that would burn until it consumed him.

"Oil, my children! More oil than anybody ever thought there was in any one spot in the world. And where! Where! On the Osage Indian reservation. It came in an hour ago, like the ocean. It makes every other field look like the Sahara. There never was such a joke! It's cosmic—it's terrible. How the gods must be roaring. 'Laughter unquenchable among the blessed gods!'"

"Yancey dear, we're used to oil out here. It's an old story. Come now. Come home and have a hot bath and clean clothes." In her mind's eye she saw those fine white linen shirts of his all neatly stacked in the drawer as he had left them.

For answer he reached out with one great arm and swept a pile of exchanges, copy paper, galley proofs, and clippings off the desk, while with the other hand he seized the typewriter by its steel bar and plumped it to the floor with a force that wrung a protesting whine and zing from its startled innards. He had always scorned to use a typewriter. The black swathes of his herculean pencil bit deeper into the paper's surface than any typewriter's metal teeth.

"Hot bath! Hot h—l, honey! Do you realize what this means? Do you understand that two thousand Osage Indians, squatting in their rags in front of their miserable shanties, are now the richest nation in the world? In the world, I tell you. They were given that land—the barest, meanest desert land in the whole of the Oklahoma country. And the government of these United States said, 'There, you red dogs, take that and live on it. And if you can't live on it, then die on it.' God A'mighty, I could die myself with laughing. Millions and millions of dollars. They're spattering, I tell you, all over the Osage reservation. There's no stopping that flow. Every buck and squaw on the Osage reservation is a millionaire. They own that land, and, by G—d, I'm going to see that no one takes it away from them!"

"Oh, Yancey, be careful."

He was driving his pencil across the paper. "Send this out A. P. They tried to keep it dark when the flow came, but I'll show them. Sabra, kill your editorial lead, whatever it was. I'll write it. Make this your news lead, too. Listen. 'The gaudiest star-spangled cosmic joke that ever was played on a double-dealing government burst into fireworks today when, with a roar that could be heard for miles around, thousands of barrels of oil shot into the air on the miserable desert land known as the Osage Indian reservation and occupied by those duped and wretched—'"

"We can't use that, I tell you."

"Why not?"

"This isn't the Cimarron. It's the state of Oklahoma. That's treason—that's anarchy—"

"It's the truth. It's history. I can prove it. They'll be down on those Osages like a pack of wolves.

"When You Take That Down, Sabra, Honey, You'll Be the Editor of This Newspaper."

At least I'll let them know they're expected. I'll run the story, by G—d, as I want it run, and they can shoot me for it."

"And I say you won't. You can't come in here like that. I'm editor of this paper."

He turned quietly and looked at her, the great head jutting out, the eyes like steel. "Who is?"

"I am."

Without a word he grasped her wrist and led her out, across the old porch, down the steps and into the street. There, on Pawhuska avenue, in the full glare of noonday, he pointed to the weather-worn sign that he himself, aided by Jesse Rickey, had hung there almost twenty years before. She had had it painted and repainted. She had had it repaired. She had never replaced it with another.

THE OKLAHOMA WIGWAM
Yancey Cravat, Prop. and Editor.

"When you take that down, Sabra, honey, and paint your own name up in my place, you'll be the editor of this newspaper. Until you do that, I am,"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cook's Nook

Make Christmas Candy to Sell:

Home-made Christmas candy, like the famous speaker, "needs no introduction." Everybody who has a single tooth likes it (even the toothless relish the soft varieties) and it is as much a part of the Christmas as the stocking and the tree. Everybody wants some, everybody can make some—but not everybody will! So there is a live market for selling your own product if it's delicious, prettily packed, and not too costly. Why not try selling some this year?

Success in making good candy depends on three factors: reliable ingredients, tested recipes and a little common sense. You must supply the latter, but the ingredients are moderately priced and free recipes are obtainable from the very companies who make them.

Of course, to make a profit on your candy, all "batches" must turn out successfully; there must not be one failure. The greatest fear of the amateur candy-maker is that the confection will "turn to sugar" or become grainy. To guard against this, do these two things: test the candy carefully (use a thermometer if possible) and use corn syrup in making it. There is a good scientific reason behind this use of syrup—technicians will tell you how glucose helps invert the sugar, and the like—but you needn't bother to learn all about that. Just remember that glucose is corn syrup's other name and that its use is a sort of success insurance policy.

Be sure to pack your candies attractively; use dainty boxes and festive wrappings; be neat. Make a "sample" box, take advance orders and deliver it when it's fresh.

Here are some popular candy recipes which have been tested by both amateurs and experts:

Old English Toffee

2 cups sugar
1½ cups light corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla
1½ cups thin cream
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. oil

Put sugar, syrup, cream and salt into saucepan and stir over fire until sugar is dissolved. Cook to temperature of 250° F. or until a firm ball will form in cold water. Stir quite often as it scorches easily. Add oil and cook to temperature, 260° F. When a hard ball will form add vanilla and pour in thin layer on oiled slab or baking sheet. When cold break in pieces. Yield: about 2 lbs.

Sure-Fire Chocolate Fudge

3 cups sugar
¼ cup dark corn syrup
½ cup milk
2 squares chocolate
2 tbsps. cooking oil
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Place sugar, syrup, milk and chocolate cut in seven or eight pieces, in heavy saucepan and stir over fire until sugar is dissolved, and chocolate is melted. Let come to a boil and cover one minute. Remove cover and cook without stirring until syrup will form a soft ball when tried in cold water (238° F.) Remove from fire, stir in quickly oil, salt and vanilla. Set in cold water and cool until mixture is thick and feels barely warm to touch. Stir until the mixture loses its shiny look and is creamy.

Christmas Nougat

2 cups sugar
1/3 cup light corn syrup
1 cup water
4 egg whites
1 tsp. vanilla
1½ cups nut meats
½ cup candied cherries

Boil together half of the sugar, half of the water and half of the corn syrup to the crack stage (280° F.). Remove from fire and pour it slowly over the well-beaten whites and continue beating until it cools. While beating, cook the remaining half of the ingredients to crack stage (280° F.). Remove and add at once to the first mixture, beating while adding. When cool, add vanilla, nut meats and candied cherries and pour into buttered pans. Smooth over the surface and let it stand overnight before cutting. In the morning cut and wrap in oiled paper.

Nut Caramels

2 cups sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1 cup condensed milk
½ cup cream
1 cup milk
¼ cup butter
2 tsps. vanilla
1½ cups nut meats

Put sugar, syrup, condensed milk, cream, milk and butter into heavy saucepan and cook over low flame stirring constantly until 246° F. is reached. Remove from fire, add vanilla and nut meats and pour into lightly oiled pan. When cool, cut into squares.

Rice and Ham Gravy

4 tablespoons salad oil
1 slice of cured ham
½ cup water

Most of the ham bought now is quite lean and additional fat must be used. Heat the salad oil and add ham; brown slightly, turn and brown on the other side. When tender, remove ham to hot platter. Add water and stirring constantly, bring to the boiling poiet. Reduce flame and simmer 3 minutes. Pour over the ham and serve at once accompanied by hot boiled rice.

Meat Pies with Rice

Four cups cooked rice, 1 onion, 2 cups tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 pound raw meat or leftover meat cut up small. Melt the fat, add the sliced onion, and if raw meat is used, add and stir until the red color disappears. Add the tomato and seasning after the onion is browned and heat through. Grease a baking dish, put in a layer of rice, add the meat and gravy and cover with the rice dotted with fat. Bake for half an hour.

THINK THIS OVER

There is this to be said for newspaper advertising: It doesn't shout at you when you are trying to concentrate on something else, it doesn't obscure your view and mar the landscape, it doesn't interrupt your enjoyment of a good grand opera program, it dosen't clutter up your mail and waste basket, it doesn't make you turn to page 37 and then make you shuffle through 18 more pages to finish your story, it doesn't clutter up your front yard or obtrude itself onto the seat of your motor car on Saturday afternoons. It is like a well trained servant—never intruding or making itself obnoxous, but always quietly on hand to give service when called upon. —Bangor (Mich.) Advance.

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—High bred pigs, 1 400-gallon cedar tank, 1 pump jack, 2 log chains. J. D. Ervin. Williamson Avenue, 1¾ miles south of Aloha. Feaverton, Rt. 1, Box 128. adv p2-3

For Sale—High grade typing paper. 500 sheets, 75c. Beaverton Review.

WANTED

General Carpentering contracts, bench work, and furniture repairing. Phone 10110 Beaverton R1 Box 331, Jay Frost. Pd51-2

Help Wanted—Twenty-five men volunteers to join us at Stipe's Garage, Sunday, December 13th, at 2:00 p.m., when we will journey to the tall and uncut timber, and bring in a Community Christmas Tree. This is strictly a community affair, and any one who would like some real exercise and good fresh air might take part in this work. Beaverton Chamber of Commerce, P. L. Schultz, President.

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

Lost and Found.

Lost—Male cocker spaniel, golden brown with bob tail. Answers to the name of Rusty. Reward. Lost in Cooper Mountain district, Phone Portland, WA 6617. Adv c2

TRADES

Printing, stationery and Christmas cards exchanged for country produce. Can use most anything. What have you? Write Beaverton Review. adv

MISCELLANEOUS

See O. E. Shepard When you want those horns cut off, 50¢ per head. Phone 9515.

For Christmas—Buy a subscription to the Review for that away-from-home friend or relative who likes to hear about local happenings. It will save the trouble of writing the local news in your letters. Adv

Where To Go

CARD PARTY NOTICE

You and your friends are cordially invited to attend a card party to be given by the Ladies' Auxiliary at Huber Hall, Saturday evening, December 19 at 8:00 p.m. Children not playing cards, 6 to 18 years, 10¢ admission. Regular admission, 25¢. Refreshments and entertainment. adv.

CEDAR MILL

Saturday evening of this week will be given the last card party of the year at the Cedar Mill Grange Hall. The November card party was cancelled on account of conflicting with the P.-T. A. benefit party in Beaverton, and so it has been some time since the last party, but the committee hopes their friends have not forgotten the good times they have had at Cedar Mill card parties.

ALOHA-HUBER P.-T. A. PARTY

The Aloha-Huber Parent-Teachers' Association will give a card party and entertainment at the Huber club house Saturday night, December 12th. A door charge of twenty five cents will be made for adults and ten cents for children, with no additional charge for those playing. Refreshments will be served.

CEDAR MILL

Thursday evening there will be a special meeting of the Cedar Mill Grange for the initiation of new members. Aloha Grange is entering candidates also.

CEDAR MILL

Friday evening is given over to a frolic for the Cedar Mill young people and their invited guests.

BEAVER SOCIAL CLUB DANCE

The Beaver Social Club is sponsoring a dance to be given at the High School Auditorium on Friday, Dec. 11. The committee promises a good time to all.

COUNTY P.-T. A. COUNCIL

The Washington County Council, P.-T. A., are holding their meeting at North Plains Saturday. Mrs. Essex Marsh, president of the Beaverton organization, has been asked to give a report of her trip to the State P.-T. A. convention.

Mrs. Powell will be in charge of the meeting. Those here who wish to attend, may go with Mrs. Marsh, who has kindly offered her services as a transportation committee.

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"The Comic Strip" — ANYTHING GOES

"GREAT INVENTORS." AMOS GIFF, INVITED DEAGE TO PREVENT GAS METER FROM REGISTERING. ADDRESS UNTIL MAY, 1933 TODAY, CARE ROTOGOW.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
©Western Newspaper Union

Served Him Right