

Beaverton Review

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1931

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

THE BOOKKEEPER SPEAKS

I'd like to weave a salty song
About the sea and ships,
With adjectives both clear and long
On vasty ocean trips.

I'd like to speak of graceful sails,
And spars against the sky;
Of typhoons and of tropic gales,
Of sea-birds wheeling by.

Alas! Just once I've been afloat,
(I much regret to say)
'Twas on a little ferry-boat
That went across the bay.

So I won't tell the tarry tales
I don't know much about;
I'll leave that to the one who sails
Beyond the "twelve miles out."
—Elizabeth S. Clark
Queens Village, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER STYLE NOTE

When we were a young printer, which was two or three months ago, we worked for Sam Clark, now deceased, on the Washington Palladium, also deceased. We didn't have linotypes in those days—we set type by hand. But the same tendency seemed to exist—for instance, we wanted to capitalize every noun, like heaven, h-l, oak, elm, and so on. Old Sam read proofs. He became disgusted, just as Ye Ed sometimes does, so he said: "Listen, you hand pickers, lay off that capital letter case; there's only three words in the English language that you absolutely have to capitalize. They are God, Palladium, and Democrat." Well, maybe we forgot to mention that Sam was a Democrat.

PROHIBITION IN CANADA

Many people have an idea that there is no such thing as prohibition in Canada. Well! It may be possible to purchase certain liquors in Canada in a way rather more legal than liquids somewhat similar may be purchased in the United States, but apparently there is a certain kind of prohibition in Canada after all.

According to a Nova Scotian weekly a local man was charged with using obscene language and disorderly conduct. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$50 or six months in jail.

The same item reports that another citizen who was charged with being drunk had the same fine imposed upon him.

If fines like this do not tend to prohibit, we wonder what will.

What is a Public Health Nurse?

It is such a comparatively short time since the public nurse has appeared, that some people still think of her as a novelty and do not know what she is trying to do, or why she occupies a place in community life.

Preventive medicine has made remarkable strides. It is now known that many human diseases and disabilities can easily be cured or entirely prevented, but doctors cannot go into the homes of patients of other doctors, and it is sometimes difficult to apply these new discoveries in their own practice for they may then be accused of looking for a job. The public health nurse fills the gap between what the doctor knows and can do, and the general public. The need to spread this knowledge of disease prevention into homes, schools, and work shops is met by the public health nurse.

Public health nursing activities are many and varied. The public health nurse assists the doctor when the school medical examinations are made, and later explains to the parents what conditions and defects have been found, conveying the doctor's advice regarding treatment to them. She is invaluable in the control of communicable diseases, aids the health officers in seeking out the source of infection and helps in the organization of toxin-antitoxin and vaccination clinics. She instructs in families where there is a case of tuberculosis, and, if necessary, assists in making arrangements for hospital care, sees that those exposed to tuberculosis are frequently examined by their doctor or at a clinic so that early treatment may be secured should it be required.

She looks out for the handicapped and crippled, and when necessary provides expert advice; she advises the expectant mother and teaches child health training in the home and school. She looks after the child before he enters school, always acting under the direction of the doctor.

Except in emergency it is impossible for the public health nurse to do bedside nursing; were she to do this there would be little time to reach the general public in her work of teaching preventive measures and hygiene.

Dallas—Shifting from ordinary oats and vetch hay to alfalfa hay last January has resulted in an increase of five pounds of butterfat per cow per month in the herd belonging to Joe Eisele of the Buell community, he recently reported to County Agent J. R. Beck. The cows freshened last fall and the test should be representative, Mr. Beck says.

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

Thirty-sixth installment.

As they stood there, she in her neat blue serge, he in his crumpled and shabby attire, she knew that she never would do it.

Young Cim came home from Colorado for the summer vacation, was caught up in the oil flood, and never went back. With his geological knowledge, slight as it was, and his familiarity with the region, he was shuttled back and forth from one end of the state to the other. Curiously enough Cim, like his father, was more an onlooker than a participant in this fantastic spectacle. The quality of business acumen seemed to be lacking in both these men; or perhaps a certain mad fastidiousness in them kept them from taking part in the feverish fight. A hint of oil in this corner, a trace of oil in that, and the thousands were upon it, pushing, scrambling, nose to the ground, down on all-fours like pigs in a trough. A hundred times Yancey could have bought an "Big Boy" front loader, and head rolling on his breast, his lowered eye the lightning eyes, he shrugged his indifferent shoulders.

"I don't want the filthy muck," he said. "It stinks. Let the Indians have it. It's theirs. And the 'Big Boys' from the East—let them sweat and scheme for it. They know where Oklahoma is now, all right."

His comings and goings had ceased to cause Sabra the agony of earlier days. She knew now that their existence, so long as Yancey lived, would always be made up of just such unexplained absences and melodramatic homecomings. She had made up her mind to accept the inevitable.

She did not mind that Yancey spent much time on the oil fields. He knew the men he called the "Big Boys" from the East, and they often sought him out for his company, which they found amusing, and for a certain regional wisdom that they considered valuable. He despised them and spent most of his time with the pumpers and roustabouts, drillers and tool dressers and shooters—a hard-drinking, hard-working, hard-fighting crew. In his white seersucker and his high-heeled boots he was known as a picturesque character. Years of heavy drinking were taking their toll of the magnificent body and mind. The long locks showed streaks of gray.

Local townsmen who once had feared and admired him began to patronize him or to laugh at him, tolerantly. Many of them were rich now, counting their riches not in thousands but in millions. They had owned a piece of Oklahoma dirt, or a piece of a piece of dirt—and suddenly, through no act of theirs, it was worth its weight in diamonds. But Leary, the pugnacious little Irish lawyer who had once been a section hand in the early days of the building of the Santa Fe road, was now so rich through his vast oil holdings that his Indian wife, Crook Nose, was considered a quaint and picturesque note by the wives of eastern operators who came down on oil business.

After the first thrill excitement of the hope of making sudden millions as other luckier ones had done, her land had yielded no oil; she owned no oil leases. It was a curious fact that Sabra still questioned it in Osage and had actually become a power in the state. The paper was read, respected, and feared throughout the Southwest. It was said with pride by Osage's civic minded that no oil was rich enough to stain the pages of the Oklahoma Wigwag. Though few realized it, and though Sabra herself never admitted it, it was Yancey who made this true. He neglected it for years together, but he always turned up in a crisis, whether political, economical or social, to hurl his barbed editorials at the heads of the offend-

ers, to sting with the poison of his ridicule. He championed the Indians, he denounced the oil kings, he laughed at the money grabbers, he exposed the land thieves. He was afraid of nothing. He would abstain himself for six months. The Wigwag would run along smoothly, placidly. He would return, torch in hand, and again set fire to the paper until the town, the country, the state were ablaze. The Osages came to him with their legal problems, and he advised them soundly and took a minimum fee. He seemed always to sense an important happening from afar and to emerge, growing like an old lion, from his hidden jungle lair, broken, natty, but fighting, the fine eyes still bright, the magnificent head still as menacing as that of a buffalo charging. He had, on one occasion, come back just in time to learn of Dixie Lee's death.

Dixie had struck oil and had retired, a rich woman. She had closed her house and gone to Oklahoma City, and there she bought a house in a decent neighborhood and adopted a baby girl. She had gone to Kansas City for it, and though she had engaged a capable and somewhat bewildered nurse on that trip, Dixie herself carried the child home in her arms, its head close against the expensive satin blouse. No one knew what she had tried to pull the wool over the eyes of the Kansas City authorities. She never could have done it in Oklahoma. She had had the child almost a year when the women of Osage got wind of it. They say she took it out herself in its perambulator daily, and perhaps some one recognized her on the street, though she looked like any plump and respectable matron now, in her rich, quiet dress and her place net, a little gray showing in the black abundant hair.

Sabra Cravat heard of it. Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. Doe Nishlett, Mrs. Cravat.

They took the child away from her by law. Six months later Dixie Lee died; the sentimental said of a broken heart. It was Yancey Cravat who wrote her obituary.

"Dixie Lee, for years one of the most prominent citizens of Osage and a pioneer in the early days of Oklahoma, having made the Run in '28, one of the few women who had the courage to enter that historic and terrible race, is dead."

"She was murdered by the good women of Osage. . . ."

The story was a nine-days-wonder, even in that melodramatic state. Sabra read it, while faced the circulation of the Wigwag took another bound upward. "Some day," said Osage, over its afternoon paper, "somebody is going to come along and shoot old Cimarron."

"I should think his wife would save him the trouble," some one suggested. If Yancey's sporadic contributions increased the paper's circulation it was Sabra's steady drizzle that maintained it. It was a gigantic task to keep up with the changes that were sweeping over Osage and all of Oklahoma. Yet the columns of the Wigwag recorded these changes in its news columns. In its editorial pages, in its personal and local items and its advertisements, as faithfully as on the day of its first issue when Yancey had told them who killed Perler. Perhaps it was because Sabra, even during Yancey's many absences, felt that the paper must be prepared any day to meet his scolding eye.

Strange items began to appear daily in the paper's columns—strange to the eye not interested in oil; but to be no such eye in Oklahoma, nor for that matter, in the Southwest. Cried out through these items might be the dwellers in other parts of the United States, they were of more absorbing interest to Oklahomans than from-page stories of war, romance, intrigue, royalty, crime.

"Indian Territory Eliminating Oil company swabbed 42 barrels in its No. 3 Lanes in the southeast corner of the southwest of the northwest of 11-3-6 after having plugged back to 4,288 feet, and shooting with 52 quarts."

"The wildest test of McComb two miles north of Kewoka which is No. 1 Sutton in the southwest corner of the southeast of the northeast of 35-2-9 was given a shot of 100 quarts in the sand from 1,367 feet and hole bridged. As it stands it is estimated good for 450 barrels daily."

The paper's ads reflected the change. The old lively stable, with its bougie and phaetons, was plucked to be hired, its tobacco-chewing loungers, its odor of straw, manure, and axle grease, was swept away, and in its place was Pink's Garage and Auto Livery. Repairs of All Kinds. Buy a Stinson Sailent Six. The smell of gasoline, the hiss of the hose, lean young lads with grease-grimed fingers, engine wise, came to the Chamber of Commerce District. The Oklahoma City College Glee Club will sing.

Most astounding of all were the Indian items, for now the Oklahoma Wigwag and every other paper in the country regularly ran news about these incredible people who in one short year had leaped from the Neolithic age to Broadway.

The Osage Indians, a little more than two thousand in number, who but yesterday were a ragged, half-starved and half-squatted wretchedly on the reservation all



Millions of Barrels of Oil.

lotted them, waiting until time, sickness, and misery should blot them forever from the land, were now, by a miracle of nature, the richest and best in the world. The barren ground on which they had lived now yielded the most lavish oil flow in the state. Yancey Cravat's news story and editorial had been copied and read all over the country. A stunned government tried to bring order out of chaos of riches. The two thousand Osages were swept off the reservation to make way for the flood of oil that was inundated the land. They were transported to a new section called Wazhazhe, which is the ancient Indian word for Osage.

Agents appointed. Offices established. Millions of barrels of oil. Millions of dollars. Millions of dollars yearly to be divided somehow among two thousand Osage Indians, to whom a blanket, a bowl of soup, a money pony, a bit of tobacco, a disk of peyote had meant riches. And now every fall blood, half blood, or quarter blood Osage was put on the Indian roll, and every name on the Indian roll was entitled to a head right. Every head right meant a definite share in the millions. Five in a family—five head rights. Ten in a family—ten head rights. The Indian agent's office was full of typewriters, files, pads, ledgers, neat young clerks all occupied with papers and documents that read like some fantastic nightmare. The white man's eye, traveling down the list with its storybook Indian and its hard, cold, matter-of-fact figures, rejected what it read as being too absurd for the mind to grasp.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

be delighted. Salted nuts are a real delicacy, but within the reach of everybody. Made at home, with a modern cooking oil, the process is easy.

Salted Nuts

2 cups shelled nuts
1 pt. corn oil
Salt
Heat the oil to 360 to 370° F., (or hot enough to brown a piece of bread in 60 seconds). Drop in about ¼ cup of the nuts and stir gently. Cook until they are light brown. Remove from oil, drain on unglazed paper, transfer to a clean sheet of paper, and sprinkle with salt. Use of oil makes nuts crisp and gives them a more even color than when browned in the oven.

If not a vase, perhaps a flower pot! Paint the ordinary "garden" variety or buy a glazed one, line it with paper and fill it with cookies that just fit. Cookies of the "family style" which keep past the holidays are best. You'll like these:

Fruity-Cake Cookies

2 cups flour
3 cups baking powder
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. salt
¾ cup rolled oats
¾ cup shredded coconut
¾ cup pasteurized dates, sliced
¾ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1/3 cup milk
Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Add rolled oats and coconut. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, then the well beaten egg and sliced dates. Add flour mixture alternately with milk. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased pan about two inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes, 30 cookies.

Stuffed dates are always a welcome gift. To pack them, you can buy inexpensive glass boxes which later may be used for powder, cigarettes or bon bons.

Candy is acceptable in almost any receptacle, even a plain box, especially if it be creamy date Creole Roll. But if you want to be thought a "smart person" pack it in one of those little cardboard stocking boxes. Line the compartments with green or red tissue, with festive "snipped ends."

Creole Roll

2 cups sugar
1 cup cream
1 pkg. pasteurized dates
1 cup nut meats
Cook sugar and cream (or evaporated milk) to soft ball stage (236° F.). Add the sliced dates and continue cooking, stirring constantly, until mixture will form a firm ball in cold water, (246° F.). Remove from fire, add chopped nuts, cool, and pour into a greased pan. Shape in a roll. Cut into small pieces. Wrap in wax paper. 2 ½ lbs.

Hepner-Rye grass and Crested Wheat grass have been added to the list of pasture grasses included in the grass nursery on the George Woodward ranch in Blackhorse district. The grass nursery is being conducted in co-operation with Charles Smith, county agent.

Beauty After 35



MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

NEW YORK—The startling theory that no woman attains real beauty until the age of 35 was expounded here recently by Mme. Helena Rubinstein, celebrated cosmetic stylist.

"I am not deceiving youth," she said. "I love it. It is fresh, charming, gay, inspirational. Youth works hard and laughs easily. It is always surrounded with the promise of beauty, not always that promise is in the future. "A woman may be beautiful from 20 to 30, and I have seen many of them at that extreme. Before 35, she can be charming, pretty, promising; but only when Time has laid its softening hand on youth—when experience, love, suffering, living has ripened the green peach—can there be completion and loveliness."

Classified Advertising

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

FOR SALE

Are You looking for a last-minute Christmas gift—one that will be sure to please? A gaily wrapped box of delicious home-made candy is sure to be appreciated. One-pound box, packed to your order, in festive holiday package, 60c. Gay cellophane packages, not boxed, 50c a pound. The candy is guaranteed fresh and of high quality, and is made right here in Beaverton. It is a gift you may be proud to give, and happy to receive. Leave your orders at the Review office. Adv.

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4625 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-1f

For Sale—High bred pigs, 1 400-gallon cedar tank, 1 pump jack, 2 log chains. J. D. Ervin, Williamson Avenue, 1 ½ miles south of Aloha. Beaverton, Rt. 1, Box 128. adv p2-3

For Sale—Old Newspapers. Generous bundle, 5c. Call Review office.

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

WANTED

General Carpentry contracts, bench work, and furniture repairing. Phone 10110 Beaverton Rt. 1 Box 331. Jay Frost. P451-2

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

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, 50c 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.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

HORSESHOEING
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
at the old stand
Corner Main and Front Sts.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prices Right
J. A. STITT, Proprietor

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP
PLUMBING AND HEATING
Hardware, Paints
Phone, 2003 Beaverton.

Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
Grange Building — Beaverton.

Kamberger's Confectionery
continues to serve you
with pleasure

DEWEY
THE PLUMBER
Our work speaks for itself
Beaverton, Oregon Phone 7702

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, 10c admission. Regular admission, 25c. Refreshments and entertainment. adv.

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P. M. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Edna Sheets, Secretary, Mrs. Rose Stevens, N. G. p-1f

Beaver Chapter No. 106, Stated Communication Wednesday evening December 23, Christmas Party. Visitors welcome. By order of the W. M. Margaret A. Denney, Secretary. Adv3

MARINE RECRUITING WILL BE RESUMED

Orders have been received by the officer in charge of Marine corps recruiting for the states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho to resume recruiting for enlistments in the Marine corps.

Applicants for enlistment are enlisted at Portland, Oregon, after which they are transferred to the Marine corps training station at San Diego, California, where they will receive their military training. Then they will be transferred to some foreign station or on board one of the battleships of the navy.

Applicants for enlistment must be at least eighteen (18) years of age and not over thirty (30) of good character and habits at least sixty six (66) inches in height and qualified to pass the required physical and mental examinations.

Marines are at this time serving in Haiti, China, Guam, Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, and on board the battleships of the navy.

Marine corps recruiting stations are located at room 450 Worcester Building, Portland, Oregon; Room 167 Maynard Building, Seattle, Washington; and in the Postoffice building, Salem, Oregon.

Phone 6111
JOE KEMMER
For any kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order

BEAVER WOOD COMPANY
Dry Wood—Any Length
KNOTS FOR FIREPLACE
HARD AND SOFT COAL
Agent for Eastman Furnaces
Phone 6702 — Beaverton, Ore.

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RESTAURANT
MEALS SHORT ORDER
Cigars, Tobaccos
Confections, Soft Drinks
Cady Bldg. — Watson St.

LOANS

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WASHINGTON
Savings & Loan Assn.
Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.



"Can't Afford" Christmas Gifts? You Can If They Come From Your Kitchen

Don't let "depression" hit our Christmas giving. Cut out the meaningless gift "exchange" if you like, but don't let the national droop of spirits keep you from observing the soul-warming custom of remembering your friends. Perhaps you aren't ordering a diamond brooch for Aunt Hester or wrapping up a Rolls Royce for Beth and Sam. But you can afford a charming gift if it comes from your own kitchen—and it can be one you're proud to give

if you will realize that an ounce of cleverness is worth a peck of pence! First, "catch" your recipe, make your food-gift, then wrap it up in unique fashion (that's half the secret) giving it a real professional touch. Ponder on the suggestions here; you get the idea?

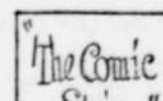
For the children you know make some colored lollipops, wrap each one in waxed paper and then tie four or five of them on a giraffe or any "stand up toy" from the ten-cent store. Put faces on the lollies with icing, or label each for a day of the week. The most wholesome

'pops are made with corn syrup, this way:

Lollipops

2 cups sugar
2/3 cup light corn syrup
1 cup water
½ tsp. oil of peppermint
Vegetable coloring in desired shade
Put sugar, corn syrup, and water into saucepan and stir over low fire until sugar is dissolved. Cook without stirring, until temperature 310° F. is reached. Remove from fire, add coloring and flavoring, and stir only enough to mix. Drop from tip of tablespoon on smooth oiled slab or baking sheet. Press one end of toothpick or skewer into edge of each lollipop.

How about that slender vase you saw for twenty-five cents? Not enough "alone" but if you fill it with salted nuts the recipient will



"The Comic Strip"

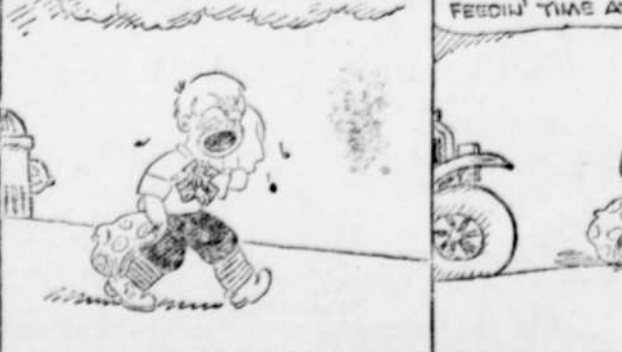
ANTHONY'S FINE FINANCIAL NEWS

By D. B. BROWN

ADVICE FROM WASHINGTON GIVES LIFE OF A DOLLAR. ONLY AS TO 10 CENTS TO AVOID LIVING ANY DOLLAR. BILLS DIE OUT YOUR HANDS. IT IS PERMISSIBLE TO SPEND THEM AS THEY ARE RECEIVED. THE MARKET ON TWO CENT STAMPS REMAINS BRISK. COUNTRYMEN ARE UNDAUNTED.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

OUR HERO IS DISSOLVED IN TEARS—HE IS LEAVING A TRAIL BEHIND HIM LIKE A SPRINKLING WAGON. LET'S SHADOW THE LAD AND SEE WHY TH' BRINY WEEPS!



Oh, Where Is MY Wandering Radio?

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY RADIO GET NOWHERES, HAVE YOU? I READ WHERE A GUN USED HIS CAT FOR A RADIO ANTENNAE, SO I BORROWED A CAT AN' WRAPPED A WIRE ROUND ITS 'TAIL AN' HOOKED IT TO MY RADIO GET AND TUNED IN AND THEY WERE BROADCASTING FEEDIN' TIME AT TH' LINCOLN PARK ZOO =



AND WHEN THAT OLE CAT HEARD ALL THAT ANFUL GROWLIN' 'N' ROARIN' AN' SHARLIN', HE DUG IN HIS TOES AN' BEAT IT =



AND I BEEN ALL OVER TOWN AN' I DON'T GEE NUTHIN' OF MY RADIO SEY NOWHERES!

