

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton,
Oregon,
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1931

Entered as second class matter
December 9, 1922, at the postoffice
at Beaverton, Oregon, under the
Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hueltz .. Business Manager

The purpose of publicity is to keep the public informed, to keep the people "posted," as the provincialists have it. Today, after being incorporated more than half a century, Beaverton is known to only a few people simply because there has been no organized publicity.

The successful development of any organization depends upon continuous publicity. If the organization is to attract public attention, if the interest and attention of the members, or individuals, who make up an organization are to be held, there must be a constant, continuous, organized, systematic distribution of publicity.

Getting the news of an organization before the general public may be styled "outside publicity". Keeping the individuals who make up an organization informed and interested may be called "inside publicity". It is just as important to keep the members of an organization informed as it is to keep the general public informed. If the individuals who make up the organization are kept informed they may do something towards keeping the general public informed. If the members lack information, then surely the general public will be without that knowledge of the organization which it rightfully should have.

Take an organization like our municipal corporation as an example. It is made up of the individuals living here. They all have their own private interests. Each has to find food and shelter for one person at least. More often there are dependents so that the one individual must find shelter and food for more than one. There are necessities which go to supply the interests which are the common property of mankind. What is to keep the individual interested in the municipal corporation? What is offered him that makes it worth his while to have an interest in his community? Is there any concerted effort on the part of anyone to sell this community to the individuals who make up our population?

The kind of advertising that keeps people satisfied, the sort which brings them back time and again to the same place costs money. That sort of publicity can be accomplished only through an organization built on a business basis.

The Review is not going to attempt an answer to the thoughts expressed above but wishes only to get an interest aroused in conditions as they exist. The Review is here as Beaverton's paper. If you are a part of Beaverton, then the Review is your paper, and in it we want to publish the things you want published. We want you to feel free to come in and tell us what you want printed. Come in and talk over the things which need publicity that you are interested in. Maybe your boy has accomplished something that only you know about. Call us up and tell us. We work for Beaverton, always keeping in mind that the welfare of our surrounding community is also Beaverton's welfare; that this place, like any individual, cannot reach its highest development at the expense of some other community.

WHY WORRY ABOUT IT?

Either you are successful or you are not successful. If you are successful there is nothing to worry about. If you are not successful, there are only two things to worry about. Your health is either good or you are sick. If your health is good there is nothing to worry about. If you are sick, there are two things to worry about. You are either going to get well or you are going to die. If you are going to get well, there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to die, there are only two things to worry about. You are either going to heaven or you are not going to heaven. If you are going to heaven there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to the other place, you will be so busy shaking hands with old friends and acquaintances that you won't have anything to worry about there, either.

So why worry?—Exchange.

It was a wonderful wedding. The girl was as sweet as any girl who ever lived, but modern. As she walked up the aisle on her father's arm, her lips lightly tilted at the corners with a happy smile, she was a picture of modest beauty. Her filmy wedding gown and gossamer veil floated around her like a halo. She was as near an angel as girls get in this world. At the altar, she passed from her father, the man she had always loved, to the other man to whom she would devote the rest of her life; her dainty slipper touched a potted lily resting on the floor, and it turned over. Smiling again, she turned to the dear old pastor waiting at the chancel, and said, "That was a hell of a place to put a lily."—Exchange.

All too many trade association members look upon their membership in these organizations not as vital essential parts of their business but as budgeted alongside of fuel and labor and raw material, but as an agreeable gesture, like running up the flag before their houses on the Fourth of July.

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

Copyright by Edna Ferber.

WNU Service.

Thirty-seventh installment.
Clint Tall Meat, \$223,000.
Benny Warrior, \$122,000.
Ho Ki in an \$203,987.
Long Foot Magpie, \$387,942.

The government bought them farms with their own oil money, and built big red brick houses near the roadside and furnished them in plush and pine and linoleum and gas ranges and phonographs. You saw their powerful motor cars, dust covered, whirling up and down the red clay Oklahoma roads—those roads still rutted, unpaved, hazardous for Oklahoma had had no time to attend to such matters. Fifty years before, whole bands of Osage on their wily little ponies had traveled south in the winter and north in the summer to visit their Indian cousins. Later, huddled miserably on their reservation, they had issued forth on foot or in wretched wagons to pay their seasonal visits and to try to recapture, by talk and song and dance and ritual, some pale ghost of their departed happiness. A shabby enough procession, guarded, furtive, miserably.

But now you saw each Osage buck in his high-powered car, his expert hands grasping the wheel, his enormous sombrero—larger even than the white man's hat—flapping in the breeze that he made by his speed. In the back you saw the brilliance of feathers and blankets worn by the beady-eyed children and the great placid squaw crouched in the bottom of the car. The white man driving the same road gave these Indian cars a wide berth, for he knew they stopped for no one, over bridges, draws and ditches like mad things.

Gradually, for she still despised them, Sabra Cravat devoted a page of the Wigwam to news of the Osage, those moneyed, perted wards of a bewildered government. The page appeared under the title of Indian News, and its contents were more than tinged with the grotesque.

The Osage were Wigwam subscribers. They read the paper, or had it read to them if they were of the older and less literate generation. Sabra was accustomed to seeing the doorway suddenly darkened by a huge butler or to look up, startled, to behold the brilliant striped figure standing beside her desk in the business office. If Yancey chanced to be in the occasion became very social.

"How?"
"Want um paper."
"All right, Short Tooth. Five dollars."

The blanketed figure would produce a wallet whose cheeks were plump to bursting with round silver dollars, for the Osage loved the sound and feel of the bright metal clink. Down on the desk they clinked.

The huge Osage stood then, waiting. Yancey knew what was wanted, as did Sabra.

"No name?"
"No name."

Whereupon Yancey or Sabra would conduct the visitor into the composing room. There were three linotype machines now, clanking and clattering away. Once Yancey had been old Big Elk, Sabra's father, back there to see how the linotypes turned liquid lead into printed words. He had had Jesse Rinkum, at the linotype's keyboard, turn out old Big Elk's name in the

form of a neat metal bar, together with the paper slip of its imprint.

There was no stopping it. The story of the iron monster that could talk and write and move spread like a prairie fire through Washburn. Whole families subscribed separately for the Oklahoma Wigwam—buckas, squaws, girls, boys, papooses in arms. The iron monster had for them a fascination, that was a mingling of admiration, awe, and fear. It was useless to explain that they need not take out a subscription in order to own one of these coveted metal bars. It had been done once. They always would do it that way. Sabra, if she happened to be in charge, always gave the five dollars to her pet charity, after trying in vain to refuse it when proffered. Yancey took it heartily and treated the boys at the brilliant South saloon, not a thing of splendor with its mahogany bar, its brass rail, its mirror, chandeliers, and flesh-tinted oil paintings.

The Levy Mercantile company had added a fancy grocery and market department to its three-story brick store. It was situated on the street front and enhanced with a great plate-glass window, through which Sabra displayed a mouth-watering assortment of foods. Jewish white stalks of asparagus in glass, as large around as a man's two thumbs; great ripe olives, their purple-black cheeks glistening with oil; lobster, mushrooms, French peas, sardines, mountainous golden cheeses, tender broilers, peaches in syrup, pork roasts dressed in rolls. Dozens of chickens, pounds of pork, baskets of delicacies were piled in the cars of homeward bound Osages. Often, when the food bills mounted too high, the Indian agent at Washburn threatened to let the bill go unpaid. He alone had the power to check the outpouring of Indian gold, and even he frequently was unable to cope with their mad extravagance.

"It's disgusting," Sabra Cravat said, again and again. "What are they good for? What earthly good are they? Ignorant savages who do nothing but eat and sleep and drive around in their ridiculous huge automobiles."

"Keep money in circulation," Sol Levy replied, for she often took him to task after seeing a line of Indian cars parked outside the Osage Mercantile company's store. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Now, now, Sabra. Not so grand, please. I don't like dozens of other merchants here in town. Make out bills for goods they haven't bought and give them the money. Or charge them double on the bill that the Indian agent sees, and return them the overcharge. They come in my store, they pay what the article is worth, and get what they pay for. Inez Bull comes in and gets a silk stoup, or Sun Maker he buys twelve pounds of chicken and ten pounds of pork. I should tell them to get out of it. Let the President of the United States do it. The Big White Father."

Not only did Yancey agree with Sol, he seemed to find enormous satisfaction in the lawlessness with which they spent their oil money in the very absurdity of the things they bought.

Donna came home from a bridge party one afternoon, the creamy Venetian palmer showing the Marcy

tings of ocherous rage. She burst in upon Sabra, home from the office. "Do you know that Clint spends his time at the Big Elks when we think he's out in the oil fields?" Sabra met this as calmly as might be. "He's working near there. He told me he had seen them."

"Seen them? That miserable Gasselle Slaughter said that he's out there all the time. All the time, I tell you, and that he and Ruby drive around in her car, and he eats with them, he stays there, he—"

"I'll speak to your father. Clint's coming home Saturday. Gasselle is angry at Clint, you know that, because he won't notice her and she likes him."

She turned her clear appraising gaze upon this spruce daughter of hers. She thought, suddenly, that Donna was like a cobra, with that sleek black head, that cold and steely eyes, that long creamy throat in which a pulse sometimes could be seen to beat and swell a little—the only sign of emotion in this baffling creature.

"You certainly do know what I mean. If you weren't my own daughter I'd say your conduct with Tracy Wyatt was that of a—"

Donna bestowed her rare and brilliant smile upon her mother. "Now, now, darling! I suppose I say, 'What do you mean?' And you say, 'You know very well what I mean.'"

"You certainly do know what I mean. If you weren't my own daughter I'd say your conduct with Tracy Wyatt was that of a—"

Donna shrugged away from her; faced her with scorn. "I've seen you get into a row with a man. You press against him like a—like a—"

Again she could not say it. Another generation. "And that horse you ride. You say he loans it to you. He gave it to you. It's yours. What for?"

She was weeping. "I tell you it's all right, mamma. He did give it to me. He wants to give me lots of things. But I won't take them—yet. Tracy's in love with me. He thinks I'm young and beautiful and stimulating and wonderful. He's married to a dried-up, vinegary, bitter old hag who was just that when he married her, years ago. He's never known what love is. She has never given him children. He's insanely rich, and not too old, and rather sweet. We're going to be married. Tracy will get his divorce. Money does anything. It has taken me a year and a half to do it. I've never worked so hard in all my life. But it's going to be worth it. Don't you think so, Tracy's making an honest woman of your wayward daughter?"

Sabra drew herself up, every inch the daughter of her mother, Felice Venetian. "You are disgusting."

"Not really, if you just look at it without a lot of sentiment. I shall be happy, and Tracy, too. His wife will be unhappy, I suppose, for a while. But she isn't happy anyway, as it is. Better one than three. It'll work out. You'll see. Don't bother about me. It's Clint that needs looking after. He's got a streak of—of—"

She looked at her mother. Did not finish the sentence. "When he comes home Saturday I wish you'd speak to him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Helpful Hints for the Holidays

In Sweden, no Yuletide is complete without its gingerbread jubilee (Yule goats) reminiscent of the old days when the god Thor's goats were sacred. Here in America the gingerbread for holidays takes the form of little men, and is considered indispensable to folk who were reared on the fairy tale about the fan made of gingerbread. Make a dark, spicy gingerbread, roll it quite thin and cut it with a cutter or paper pattern in the shape of men.

Gingerbread

1 cup sorghum flavored corn syrup
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
1/4 cup liquid shortening
2 1/2 cups flour
1/4 cup cornstarch
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tps. ginger
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. cloves

Combine ingredients in the order given. Beat. Add enough flour to make a dough. Roll out on a well

floured board and cut in the shape of men. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown.

Gay animals and figures made from popcorn balls to hang on the tree or to use as table favors are new this year. Bits of the popcorn confection are shaped into various size balls and put together with tooth picks. "Eyes," "nose" and "mouth" are made with nuts, raisins or dates. Suit yourself as to what funny snow man or incredible elephant you will fashion, but do use this recipe for making the popcorn balls, if you want success.

Popcorn Confection

1 cup light molasses
1 cup dark corn syrup
1 tsp. vinegar
2 tps. corn oil
3 quarts popped corn
1 tsp. salt

Stir molasses, syrup and vinegar in heavy saucepan and cook to a temperature of 270° F. or until brittle when tried in cold water. Stir at the last when syrup boils with

large bubbles. Add oil and stir only enough to mix. Slowly pour over slightly salted pop corn and mix well. Form into balls with the hands, using as little pressure as possible.

Weinachtskuchen, as Christmas cookies are called in Germany, land of their origin, are another foreign tradition that has taken hold here. Cookies shaped like trees, churches, or people or baked according to the family design are always a part of the little fraulein's Christmas joys. We have adapted the old-time recipes to suit our present needs. Here is a simple delicious one that will keep as long as it lasts.

Gewurzuchen

3 cups flour
1 1/2 tps. ginger
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup sliced dates
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup sour milk
1 egg

Mix and sift flour, spices, soda, baking powder and salt. Mix the dates with the fingertips through the flour mixture. Cream the short-

tening and sugar. Add molasses, sour milk and well beaten egg. Combine the two mixtures and beat well. Roll cookies on a floured board. Cut with a floured cutter, and bake on a well oiled baking sheet or inverted pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. This recipe makes about 4 dozen cookies.

Poinsettias You Can Eat

For a charming and thoroughly decorative cocktail or salad you will enjoy Poinsettia Supreme. It is simple. The poinsettia is formed with strips of ruddy canned pineapples laid across a slice of pineapple. The hole in the center of the pineapple is to be stuffed with cream cheese and nuts, with parsley sprinkled on top to represent the center of the flower.

Did Peppy Start Plum Pudding?

Whether you are a reader of old Sam Peppy's diary or not, you will be amused to know that he may have helped popularize the first plum pudding. In 1665 he wrote: "dined by my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess of brave plum porridge." His plum porridge was made of strong beef broth in which were stewed currants, raisins, and dates "charged with bread crumbs highly spiced and fortified with wine." That was the forerunner of our modern plum pudding and one of the first recipes. The latest, and one of the best, is this:

Plum Pudding 1931

1 cup flour
1 1/2 tps. nutmeg
1 1/2 tps. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 lb. seeded raisins
1/4 lb. citron
1/4 lb. orange peel
1/4 lb. chopped suet
1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 cup brown sugar
4 eggs
1/2 cup milk or fruit juice.

Sift flour, spices and salt. Wash raisins and drain thoroughly; add to flour with citron and orange peel, mixing peel through flour with the finger tips. Separate suet from its surrounding membranes and chop finely. Add bread crumbs, sugar, and beaten eggs. Add dry ingredients to suet mixture, alternately with the liquids. Fill a well-oiled mold two-thirds full of the mixture. Cover by tying several thicknesses of oiled paper over the tops of the molds. Steam 3 hours. Yield: 1 large or 2 small puddings. 12 servings.

ON OREGON FARMS

Coquille—More than 2065 acres of swamp land in Coos and Curry counties were drained during the past year on 19 farms, reports George H. Jenkins, county agent, who gave personal assistance in laying out the drainage systems.

Toledo—A successful stand of Grimm alfalfa has apparently been obtained by J. M. Swisher of Siletz by seeding in drill rows and cultivating, where other farmers in the county have generally failed, according to M. J. Conklin, county agent. Mr. Swisher carefully prepared his trial field—one-quarter of an acre and added 225 pounds of superphosphate and a heavy application of barnyard manure. He drilled his seed in 10-inch rows with a garden drill. Two-thirds of the plot was seeded to Grimm and the rest to Ladak alfalfa. Both were inoculated. The Ladak was a failure while the Grimm made a good stand.

Corvallis—The result of eight years' experimental work conducted at the Oregon State college experiment station at Corvallis with barnyard manure applied at different rates and in combination with lime and phosphate, indicates that 20 tons an acre applied each two years is an economic rate of application on Willamette valley floor soils, says Dr. W. L. Powers, chief of the soils department. Ten tons of manure, supplemented with 300 pounds of superphosphate has given good returns. Disking in and plowing under has proved the best means of incorporating barnyard manure with the soil.

Lakeview—A dry land forage grass nursery including red rows of yellow blossom sweet clover, meadow fescue, red clover, smooth brome grass, English ryegrass, slender wheat grass and crested wheat grass has been sown by Bob Wier near Salt Creek, in cooperation with County Agent Victor Johnson. A heavy snow blanketed this area soon after this trial was planted.

Corvallis—Approximately 2,700 pounds of squirrel poison was used by about 400 Benton county farmers this year to reduce the rodent population on their farms, records in the office of County Agent C. R. Briggs show.

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-39-1f

For Sale—High bred pigs, 1 400-gallon cedar tank, 1 pump jack, 2 log chains. J. D. Ervin, Williamson Avenue, 1 1/2 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.

IN OREGON HOMES

Redmond—How best to plan and prepare inexpensive meals that satisfy the appetite and conserve the health of the family is a problem occupying the time and thought of many women these days, according to Lucy A. Case, nutrition specialist of the extension service. A group of Deschutes county women is holding a series of meetings at the Eastern Star grange to consider this problem and get help in it. The project is under the direct supervision of Ella Miller, county home demonstration agent, with Miss Case cooperating.

Junction City—Eighteen communities have entered the one-act play contest sponsored by the Lane County Recreation and Dramatics association, according to Howard Dunn, the association president. Contests will be held during January and February, 1932. This association is one unit of the extension service work supervised by Gertrude Skow, home demonstration agent.

Medford—Twenty-three extension projects in home economics are represented in the Jackson county program of work for 1931-32. Foods and nutrition, child development, clothing, home management, recreation and dramatics and junior work make up this balanced program which is carried forward in 32 communities by Mabel C. Mack, home demonstration agent.

Creswell—Mrs. H. A. Howe has cut down the number of steps she takes in her kitchen. She has moved her work table close to her stove and placed a spice cupboard above it. In addition she has made her

WANTED

General Carpentering 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, 50¢ per head. Phone 9515.

work table the right length by putting it on long casters rather than the short kind. Ideas for these changes in her kitchen came as a result of receiving the letters on "Short Cuts in Kitchen Work" sent out from the extension service.

Corvallis—Three different storage ideas for household linens are suggested in an illustrated mimeographed sheet released recently from the home economics office of the extension service. How to dress up an ordinary shoe box or transform a scrap of unbleached muslin into something useful is explained on this free release. This service material was arranged by Mrs. Zelta Radenwald, extension economist in home management, who says these storage ideas are also Christmas gift ideas for the thrifty.

St. Helens—Six schools of Columbia county provide a hot luncheon dish for the children by the water bath method. A basin of hot water is set on the register or stove, and after recess in the morning the ashes of food brought from home by the children are placed in it. By noon time, the piping hot dish is ready to serve. Sarah V. Case, home demonstration agent, cooperates in promoting the idea of a hot lunch for every school child.

Scappoose—Members of the Parent-Teacher association in Scappoose met recently and made definite plans for providing a school cafeteria to serve 165 children. Sarah V. Case, home demonstration agent, co-operated in working out plans which will provide these school children with hot school lunches. Within recent weeks Mrs. Case has given 13 demonstrations of school lunches and carried lunches for any member of the family.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Phone 0411
JOE KEMMER
For any Kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order

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

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

Meats and Groceries
Holboke Bros.

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

LOANS
on Real Estate. Low interest cost, repayment privileges. Write for details.
WASHINGTON
Savings & Loan Assn.
Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue



By Charles Sughrue

© Western Newspaper Union



Try This On Your Friends