

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet, Editor & Publisher

For a number of weeks last summer a committee composed of representatives of different civic bodies about town did a considerable work drafting a new Charter for Beaverton. Among the proposed changes suggested was the one of holding the City election at the same time as the county and state elections are held.

When this was discussed in the Council chamber, it was suggested that the further change be made to place the incorporated Town into one voting precinct.

This was in accord with section 30-201 of Oregon Laws and chapter 81, paragraph 1 of the laws of 1931 which says, in speaking of precincts in incorporated cities and towns, that "no precinct shall include territory outside the corporate limits".

After the petition, mentioned a week ago, had been presented to some of the officials of the town, another petition sponsored by Mayor Fisher, was written up asking the county court to make four precincts, where there are only two now. This petition has been circulated about town.

In the interest of economy, let us ask why four election precincts. And the answer is, "To make people come to Beaverton".

If we consider the matter fairly, let us ask if this is a government where people are MADE to do certain things. What was the big objection to the late lamented prohibition? A desire to make people refrain from doing certain things. Why MAKE people come to Beaverton? What is the reason why one man wants to MAKE another do a specified thing?

In the fairest city in America, amid surroundings that by any system of measurement compare favorably with any community whatsoever, we have not down here and kept people out simply because there are those who would MAKE their fellowman do, act, vote, live his life, and order his being the way they want.

Co-operation builds communities. MAKING destroys them. Portland's east side has grown by leaps and bounds. Are the same developments taking place here? Why? Let's MAKE 'EM!"

AUSTRALIAN PEAS MAKE FORAGE

Austrian winter field peas sowed in the late winter or early spring will do well for forage purposes but will likely produce not more than 60% of the seed crop expected from fall sown peas, according to the farm crops department of the state college.

Many inquiries have been received there from farmers who had common vetch frozen out and who want to know if the Austrian peas may be safely seeded this late. These peas were introduced by the college in 1926 and have withstood winter temperatures that froze out common vetch completely.

COUNTY FARMS HAVE GARDENS

Most farms support a home garden. A few, even in this county do not. On some few of the farms the garden amounts to mainly just a little early stuff. Quite a number of farmers in the county report that a carefully planned succession of plantings in the garden increases the supply of vegetables on the home table and adds to the satisfaction of the farm living. People who are interested in gardens and making the greatest success of their gardening efforts select their varieties of garden truck with care.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Boyd attended the funeral of Mrs. Boyd's brother-in-law, F. A. Daley in Portland last Friday. Mr. Daley was seriously injured in an auto accident about two weeks ago which resulted in his death.

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus

W.N.U. SERVICE

Tiny grimaced and puckered his lips and stirred. He moaned next, and opened one eye and whimpered.

"What th' h—l—" he began, and the crowd stirred, as in relief.

John drew a deep breath, then and looked up at the faces above him; weather-beaten, vigorous faces, they were, and as his eyes swept them they turned on him with curious expressions.

"He wants to know what the h—l—" he began. "And that makes two of us. What the h—l does it—"

He broke short. He had settled back to his heels, searching those faces with a demand for explanation, when he saw her. She had stood beside him, looking down. Very small and slight of figure she was, and the face beneath the snug turban of beaver was as gentle as those others were rough. Her eyes were dark and large and serious; more than serious, perhaps; possibly deep trouble rode in them to go with the repressed line of her mouth.

She was looking full in his face, and as he broke his stiff question he inclined his head slightly as in recognition of a difference—and in apology. He caught his breath. "Sorry"—to her. "I should say"—whipping his glance to the men again—"what's a stranger to think of being ganged like this?"

A slim, wiry man, who had squatted on the other side of the reviving Tiny, spoke.

"We was expectin' another party, chum," he said. "You're a match for him in size, but you ain't the one we're lookin' for; this particular hard egg sent in to clean us out by old Tom Belknap!"

John's head jerked. He leaned tensely forward!

"What?" he demanded, a long drawn word, strained with surprise; perhaps with something like shock.

"I said; we'd got news a certain party who's raised h—l here was comin' in to put a chunk under a corner. We aimed to get him back to Kampfest with had news for old Belknap. Belknap excited like we was, and belknap dark like it was, we mistook you for him. Not important, mebbe, but true!"

John took a quick breath and let it out through his nostrils in an amazed whiff.

"Well, I'll be—"

He looked up again for the girl's face, as though an exchange of glances with her might clarify this bewildering situation. She was gone. He stared at the others, but they were watching Tiny, who was being helped to a sitting posture by the smaller man.

"All right, Tiny?" the other asked. The big fellow felt his chin gingerly and his head, and then shook it as if to chase off the fog which impaired his faculties.

"D he git away?" he asked. A chuckle from the crowd then.

"Away, your grandma! There he sets, Tiny!"

The dazed eyes followed the gesture and then blinked slowly.

"Y G—d, Way-Bill, 'tain't him," he said weakly.

"No, 'tain't."

"But this one . . . he's a stam-winder!"

"Anyhow, that."

"'Nid if this one was him—"

"Then we'd have a lot more to worry about. Yes, sir, if old Belknap could hire 'em like you, chum"—to John—"then the company would have somethin' to lay awake nights about!"

Tiny had been staring at John and now his gaze wavered as a man's will when he is overcome with embarrassment.

" . . . get up," he mumbled, and John helped him to his feet.

The boy's heart was pounding. Old Tom, starting that sort of trouble?

"All right, Tiny?" Way-Bill asked, and when assured that the late unconscious man was getting to be as good as new, he turned to John. "Guess it's due you to explain a little," he said, and John caught some vague change in the attitude of the group. The

shuffling of feet, the murmurs, the looks spoke of a ; owing chagrin and embarrassment such as had marked Tiny's faltering gaze. "Stranger in this country?"

"Yes."

"Mebby you've heard of old Tom Belknap?"

"I have . . . once"—some of his wrath surging upward to mingle with high curiosity.

"Well, he's evident aimin' to run the Richards company, here, off the earth. He's done a plenty, but the last thing he thought up was to bring a hand named Baxter to Kampfest."

John, frowning, followed the man's matter-of-fact words closely. He spoke as one sure of himself; even as one reciting common knowledge.

"This Baxter's a tough customer. He mixed it with our woods boss last week, tossed him off a car 'nd broke his hip. Tonight he was advertised to come over here 'nd clean out the town single-handed. Makes us pretty hot"—voice rising a trifle—"belknap that old Belknap only wants to close as down so's he can buy somethin' for little or nothin'. We done what, likely, you'd do for the outfit that hired you 'nd you knew was fair 'nd square 'nd in a jack-pot. Only . . . we done 'a error."

A grim little man, he was, but had spoken with a fine spirit of loyalty. He now added: "I'm sorry, Tiny, here, sure ought to be awful sorry, and I guess everybody else feels like we do. I hope, chum, the feelin's ain't too hard."

They stilled as a group will when an answer to an important question is due.

"Why, no. . . . I see how it is," John said, but blankly.

Mistaken for his father's hired bully! And old Tom trying to run this other company into a corner? . . . Old Tom, mixing it as, perhaps, an even older Belknap had done in the pine days? Was that a possible explanation of why he—young John—had been so carefully kept away from Kampfest? Were things transpiring in this country of which his father was ashamed?

Like a white-hot thread the thought seared through his consciousness. If a fight was on here, waged by his father against a weaker competitor. . . . Now, might that not offer a greater vent, a more complete relief for his swelling resentment than hushing strangers with his fists? Until this moment his only possible vengeance on his father had been to run away, but now . . .

A man came in from outside, shuddering through the press, beating snow from a Scotch cap with his mitten.

"Here," he said, holding it toward John. "Here's your cap. I . . . I guess I knocked it off and . . . well, you see how it was."

He was flushed and so evidently contrite that John smiled, and when he smiled the tension that had been on those men relaxed. The presentation of that cap was equivalent to a treaty gift, a token to heal a breach, a pledge and seal of friendship!

"Anything we can do for you now . . . after tryin' our best likes to do things to you?" Way-Bill asked.

"Why . . . I guess not. Thanks a lot." He was finding his voice, stilling the hot curiosity that might lead him into blunders, making up his mind to learn this whole story, but to do it adroitly, at the proper time. "If somebody'll point out the hotel, now."

(Con't Next Week)

The Senior Young Peoples Christian Endeavor Society entertained the H. Y. organization of the local High School in the church parlors Wednesday evening. The party was under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Webb and Mrs. W. H. Rosewell. About 25 were present and a merry time was spent in playing games. Cocoa and doughnuts were served as refreshments.

The Cook's Nook

January food must be the kind that sticks to your ribs! Keeping cosy amid the spine-chilling blasts of winter when the thermometer takes a fall that rivals Humpty's is not all a matter of maintaining warmth around you. You have to keep warm on the inside, too, and no muffler or galosh ever invented can do that. It's food, that keeps the human engine stoked with fuel and the inner fires burning—honest energy giving food.

So it is sturdy food, food full of calories or heat units, that is the ticket for the January food show. It is what humans crave to eat anyway, when the icicles hang from the roof and the winter's cold numbs your tingling ears. It is such things as steamy fruit pudding, piping hot muffins, fragrant and savory baked ham and hot cakes with syrup.

Of course just any sturdy food won't do; it's quality not quantity that counts. Foods rich in dextrose are cheer among those to select for the winter diet, for this is nature's own energy food, which keeps you warm and "peppy" without overloading your stomach.

BREAKFASTS

A good breakfast is one of the best ways to start the winter day. Hot cereal is especially important, to the young ones, and it will be cheered instead of jeered if you slice half a package of dates over it. There is Vitamin C in grapefruit which is very essential.

Date Bran Muffins

1 cup white flour
4 tps baking powder
1/4 tsp salt
1 cup bran
1 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 pkg. pasteurized dates
2 tbsp. sugar
2 tbsps. shortening
Sift white flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into a mixing bowl. Mix dates (sliced) through the flour with finger tips. Add bran. Beat egg, add milk and stir mixture into dry ingredients. Add shortening and stir as little as possible to mix. Fill well greased muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25-30 minutes.

JANUARY PUDDING

1 1/2 cups graham flour
2 tps. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup nutmeats
1/2 pkg. pasteurized dates
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/4 cups milk
Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt and add sliced dates and nutmeats. Cream butter, add sugar gradually then slightly beaten egg. Add flour alternately with milk. Bake in square cake pan in moderate oven (375° F.) for about 45 minutes. Cut in squares and serve with pudding sauce.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. combination baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 cup butter or shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
2 cup raisins, cut and floured
1 cup nutmeats, chopped
1/2 cup hot thick apple sauce strained.

Sift flour once measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg, raisins, and nuts. Add flour mixture, alternately with applesauce, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in a greased loaf pan 8 x 4 x 3 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour or until done.

A real "Believe It or Not" product is quick cooking tapioca. A small quantity of it added to a soufflé, will, during baking absorb and hold enough of the moisture as the mixture pushes higher and higher, to keep it deliciously moist, fluffy, and light. . . a little added to a fruit pie

will keep the juice in the pie, and out of the oven. . . with the help of this resourceful ingredient you can even make ice cream without turning a freezer—ice cream with a rich velvet smooth texture.

JELLIED ORANGE DESSERT

4 oranges, sections free from membrane and diced
1 cup sugar
1 package orange-flavored gelatine
1 1/2 cups warm water
Combine oranges and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Pour over oranges. Chill, stirring occasionally. Serve in sherbert glasses. Makes 8.

Marshmallow Pineapple Mold

1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 pint warm water
3 slices canned pineapple, diced
10 marshmallows, finely cut
Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in pineapple and marshmallows. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with marshmallow sauce, if desired. Serves 6.

YEAR-ROUND SALAD

1 package lemon or lime gelatin.
1 pint warm water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cabbage, shredded finely
1 cup celery, finely cut
1 pimento, finely cut
1 tablespoon green pepper, finely

chopped.
Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

PRUNING OF NUT TREES IS NEGLECTED

Pruning of nut trees is a matter much neglected by other than the regular commercial growers, yet it is as necessary for best results and no more difficult than pruning other fruit trees, says C. E. Schuster, federal specialist in nut culture at Oregon State college.

The training problem of young nut trees he says is simple but important. He cautions against forming off all low branches in young walnuts in an effort to force high heading, saying it is better to leave some of the low growth for removal later so that more leaf surface will be available to speed the development of the tree. Training essentially consists of spacing the limbs well, keeping out extra limbs and cross limbs, and then letting nature take her course.

Schuster advises annual pruning of nut bearing trees, the objectives being to continue elimination of duplicating or cross branches, thinning out the limbs enough to let light into the center of the tree, and thinning out of the too numerous week spurs that bear but irregularly and then mostly inferior nuts.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid met Wednesday and spent their time at quilting.

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MICKEY, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

WHILE SWINGING AT A FOOTBALL WITH HIS HEFTY RIGHT FOOT, JIM BLEEP MISSED THE BALL AND KICKED THE ROCK IT WAS YEED UP ON. JIM ACCOUNTS FOR HIS BANGED FOOT BY SAYIN' 'TIS THE GOUT!

A TRAMP SIGN PAINTER CAME T' TOWN YODAY, AN' HE'S PAINTING ON JACK WRIGHT'S WINDOW "BARBER SHOP," AND DOWN IN TH' CORNER, "MEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ALSO DONE!"

RUFUS BRIGGS, WHO'S ALWAYS YEENIN' SOMETHIN' NEW, SENT UP A KITE YESTERDAY, USIN' A COPPER WIRE PER A KITE STRING. THEN HE ANCHORED TH' KITE TO AN INSULATOR AND ATTACHED TH' WIRE TO HIS RADIO. HE TUNED IN SEVERAL STATIONS, WHEN A HIGH WIND CAME ALONG 'N BLEW TH' KITE AWAY, CARRIN' TH' RADIO GUY WITH IT, AN' NUTHIN' HAS BEEN HEARD OF 'EM SINCE! HAI HAI!