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HIGH LIGHTS OF THE 1933 LEGISLATURE

\$500,000 for unemployment relief. Under the provisions of a senate bill it would be unlawful to issue a marriage license within 3 days following date of application therefor. Elopers take notice.

Congress was memorialized to enact the Frazier bill which would make it possible for the government to refinance farm mortgages and certain other indebtedness on a 3 percent interest basis.

The opening of the third week of the legislature was taken up with highway matters, which loomed up as a feature of the entire week. Two such bills came up for special order of business in the senate Monday, one to declare a moratorium of two years on new highway construction, and the other to prohibit further issuance of highway bonds except for refunding purposes. The program of the senate committee on roads and highways includes a flat \$5 automobile license fee and an increase of one cent in gasoline tax. It is also proposed to increase present truck and bus license fees by 33 1/3 percent and many other such revenue measures, which would create a vast highway fund expected to total eleven million dollars.

A house bill has been introduced providing for a special committee to investigate the farm mortgage situation and tax delinquencies.

A beer bill was introduced in the house Monday, which would allow the sale of beer in packages at drug stores, grocery stores, and other retail establishments, but providing that the liquor shall not be drunk on the premises where sold, excepting only hotels and restaurants where beer would be provided with meals. A tax of 5 cents a keg is levied, which would be paid by all distributors. A \$50 tax would be assessed against the brewer.

Ray W. Gill, Master of the Oregon State Grange, spoke on the sales tax at the chamber of commerce luncheon at Hillsboro, Monday. He urges the farmers and tax payers to write their representatives in the legislature demanding drastic reductions in expenses. Stress reductions. The grange office has already received 110 resolutions opposing the sales tax, and this action is bound to have its effect. Some of the members who voted for the sales tax in the special session are already beginning to wobble. The new sales tax bill with the shelter exemption was discussed at a public hearing, Monday evening. This would provide for a \$1500 exemption per home owner, and a 3% on all sales. It was brought out that only 44% of the people in Oregon own their own homes, which would make it necessary for 56 percent of the population (this would include the unemployed) to pay this exemption. The bill was declared unconstitutional by competent attorneys. The Grange vigorously opposed it, declaring it even more vicious than the 2% sales tax submitted at the special session. A representative of 21 railroad organizations opposed the measure, as did real estate boards and other organizations.

The long expected Grange power bill will be introduced this week. This provides for state-wide power development, transmission and sale of power. It leaves the appropriation of money to a vote of the people. A separate bill will be introduced providing that the people can vote on a bond issue at the same time the commission is elected. This would raise approximately \$200,000 for preliminary investigations. Any additional bonds must be voted on by the people. This bill differs from the Lewis power bill which was introduced earlier (House Bill 99) in that the Lewis bill authorizes the commission to issue bonds.

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BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus W.N.U. SERVICE

It was past the supper hour in Shoestring's one public stopping place, Rex Jasper's Palace hotel.

But Rex was neither inhospitable nor unkind of the dimes. No more was he an uncommunicative host. So he himself spread cold but satisfactory viands on one end of a long table and sat there, elbows on the oilcloth, while his slightly marred but obviously outstanding guest ate, and responded well to the questions that John Steele Belknap, identity as yet unknown in Shoestring, put to him.

The boy ate slowly, gazed much of the time on Jasper's face as the man talked and talked and talked.

"It just goes to show," he said, narrowing his watery blue eyes, "what the concentration of great wealth into the hands of unscrupulous men will cause. Now did you ever read the 'History of Great American Fortunes'?"

"No," said John impatiently. "But are you sure that this man Belknap is behind all the trouble?"

"Sure? Sure?" The little man bristled with assurance. "Wasn't it a Vanderbilt that said that the thing a man wanted more than anything else was more? That's the way with this old Belknap. Predatory, he is; of the predatory wealthy! He's got the Richards company in a corner and he ain't goin' to let it out. Why, even his own partner, Gorbel, over here at Kampfest, can't stop him. Gorbel ain't so bad, but Belknap gives the orders. You can't blame Gorbel. If a man's goin' to exist economically under a capitalist system he's got to go with the capitalists, ain't he? Now if you've ever read 'Das Kapital' by Karl Marx you'll see—"

John shoved back his plate and tapped the table with his fork.

"Just a minute. Let's see if I've got this story right: The logging railroad, owned by the Richards Lumber company, goes through Belknap & Gorbel timber. The right of way was granted by a man named Kampfest who used to own that timber. Belknap & Gorbel bought him out and began to operate. Under the terms of the old contract they can either force the Richards company to haul their logs out to a main-line branch or order them to pull their steel. And, to tighten this squeeze, the Belknap camps are making logs in such quantities that the mill here can't be safely logged? That it?"

"That's right! This old Belknap ain't satisfied to have a soft thing, he ain't. The Richards mill's been gettin' by some way; God knows how. 'nd soon he sees that he starts gettin' rough, just like any old feudal baron'd got rough. He has his hired help put Royce, the Richards woods boss, out of commission, which is awful bad. You can't log without a good boss, and no man in his right mind's going to tackle a job where, on top of having to scratch to make a showin', he's in danger of getting his block knocked off any minute.

"Why, this old Belknap thinks he's a superman or something. I guess he's been reading Nietzsche. Did you ever read 'Beyond Good and Evil'? No? Well, now—wriggling closer to the table—'there's what I'd call a downright dangerous philosophy. You see—"

But John Belknap, leaning back in his chair now, gave no heed to Landlord Jasper's interpretation of philosophical theory. After what his father had done to him yesterday, young John was ready to believe anything. He had known of wars waged by old Tom against competitors; he had always thought them waged on fair terms. But here was a conflict apparently unfair, unwarranted. Shoestring, to a man, evidently attested to its ruthlessness, and John's temper drove him headlong into an acceptance of that belief. Headlong and gladly. As good as a blow in the mouth, this! He had been kept away from Kampfest after heading towards it these years.

Why? What reason? Because old

Tom did not want him to know what was going on? Because he knew that John would have demanded an about-face?

Well, how would his father face it



"Why, This Old Belknap Thinks He's a Superman or Something."

If he refused to take what was offered; if, more than that, he stepped in and aligned himself with an opposition because it gave him a chance to see what he was wound on? And with their backs to the wall, this Richards outfit, whoever and whatever it might be, needed a leader, fresh blood, someone who was not afraid of this giant, Tom Belknap!

"Where's the Richards office?" John interrupted, rising.

Jasper blinked his watery eyes again.

"Why, it's across from the mill," he said, shuffling to a window and peering out through the slit of unfrosted glass near the top of the pane. "Yes; the 's a light there now. Generally is, nights . . . this winter."

Snow had ceased falling. The wind had dropped and the planks of wooden sidewalks, deep under hard-packed snow, snapped and boomed as John traversed the shadows of lumber piles towards the looming hulk of a sawmill and the lighted, one-story building across from it which had been pointed out to him.

He had no definite plan. He had considered telling the manager the whole truth and asking for a job. That, however, might not be advisable; depended entirely on the type of individual he encountered. It would be a tough chore to convince some men that they should hire for a responsible post the son of an arch enemy! . . . But whoever he found he would at least learn more of what his father was up to. Of that only was he certain as he took the office steps at a jump and opened the door.

The building was divided into halves by a cold hallway. A single incandescent, dusty and weak with service, was set in the ceiling. Its light was not good, but a room to the left had better illumination, and on the glazed glass of the door was painted the word Manager.

John stamped snow from his feet on a hulk rug, but as he started for this evidently occupied office, the sound of a voice arrested him.

A man was talking swiftly, quietly, and he stopped, not wanting to intrude at an inopportune time, but impatient at the delay.

The voice went on: ". . . and my other stands! I'm helpless to help the Richards company in any other way, but I will buy, at that price, the entire property, timber, railroad and mill!" "Perhaps this offer seems small, but look what is going to happen if you try to keep on alone! I'm a partner with Tom Belknap, yes, but I'm powerless to shape the policy or direct the practice of that partnership! I'd give every dollar I have, Ellen, to see you personally at peace, but you will have no peace until Belknap has his way! He is out to buy this company at a fig



Those finicky souls who have snorted at carrots, helped coin the slang phrase about spinach, turned their nose ceilingwards at the mere mention of cabbage and chanted derisive jingles about bread pudding will have to eat their words along with these same dishes for there isn't a laugh in a platterful any more!

"Funny-peculiar" foods (like some of those foreign dishes) remain with us, but the "funny-ha ha" dishes have fallen before the onslaught of modern methods and new recipes. The dishes we laughed at yesterday have become the fads of today, and all because we have found out how to make them delectable.

Bread Pudding, for instance! Time was when this homely dish was the acme of boarding house wit, to be greeted with lines from that "poem"—. . . of all the vegetables on pot and plate, there's only one we loathe and hate; we love a hundred, we hate but one, and that we'll hate 'til our race is run: Bread Pudding! Now we put dates into it, juicy golden dates, and reveal in the 1933 version:

Crumb Pudding '33

- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 1 tbs. melted butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 pkg. dates
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Mix bread crumbs, sliced dates, sugar, nuts, salt and baking powder together. Add melted butter, vanilla and milk. Pour into buttered baking dish. Place in pan of hot water and bake thirty minutes in moderate oven (375° F.) Serve with whipped cream.

Boiled cabbage was another. Only Jiggs of the comic strips remained a staunch adherent of this lowly dish. Now it enters even the party menu, since pimientos make it colorful and the "au gratin" method turns it into an entree:

Cabbage Au Gratin

- 1 small head cabbage
- White sauce
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs
- 1/2 cup diced cheese
- 1 2-oz. jar pimientos

Cut cabbage as for a coarse stew.

ure even lower than I offer, and he finishes what he starts. . . Now, what do you say?"

John's heart raced as he stood there listening. The man in that other room was Paul Gorbel. He was making threats in Tom Belknap's name! Bullying a woman for old Tom!

The woman spoke then. "I have only one thing to say, Paul! That the Richards properties aren't for sale at any such absurd price; that they aren't for sale at any figure under such pressure. They're in a tight place, well enough; they would have plenty to contend with in a fair fight, but you may take this word back to your M. Belknap; that the Richards company is going to keep on fighting, that it's not going to whimper; that if it finally goes down, after doing all it can do to survive, it will be with the flag flying and the band-saw singing!" "Take that word to your renegade partner, Paul, and don't come here again with one hand extended in friendship and the other carrying a club!"

Her voice, gentle in the beginning, had mounted, and her hard-fung defiance sent a prickling sensation to John's very finger-tips. Some loyal employee—a bookkeeper, an office woman; a wife or daughter or sister of the Richards involved—had set Gorbel down with a jolt!

Behind that closed door, a low, sorry laugh and the sound of slow footsteps. A shadow crossed the lighted glass and Gorbel spoke again. "Ellen! . . . Ellen, dear! Don't you see that behind this is only one thing for me? That you understand that I'm risking all I've got just trying to help you in small ways? It's you I want—voice roughening a bit with passion. 'It's you who's got into my blood! It's the waiting that kills me. . . I can't wait, I tell you! I can't—"

(Con't Next Week)

Cook in boiling salted water until tender not more than 10 minutes). Drain. Make white sauce and add seasoning and chopped pimientos. Place layers of cabbage, cheese and sauce in greased baking dish. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over top. Brown in moderately hot oven (375° F.)

"Old rice puddin'" becomes a new delight with another modernized recipe, with dates again responsible for the transformation. This healthful fruit lives up to its taste-giving qualities in this

New Rice Pudding

- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tbs. butter

- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tbs. gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 pkg. dates
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 2 egg whites

Soak the gelatine in cold water for at least five minutes. Scald milk in top part of a double boiler, add butter, sugar, and rice. Add gelatine and stir until gelatine has dissolved. Remove from stove. Add vanilla and dates. Cool until mixture begins to stiffen. Fold in the whipped cream or stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water and set aside in a cold place until firm. Serve plain or with additional whipped cream.

McCarthy (at the chop house): "Bring me a steak."

Blonde waitress: "Round steak, sir?"

McCarthy: "Never mind about the shape, so long as it's thick and juicy."

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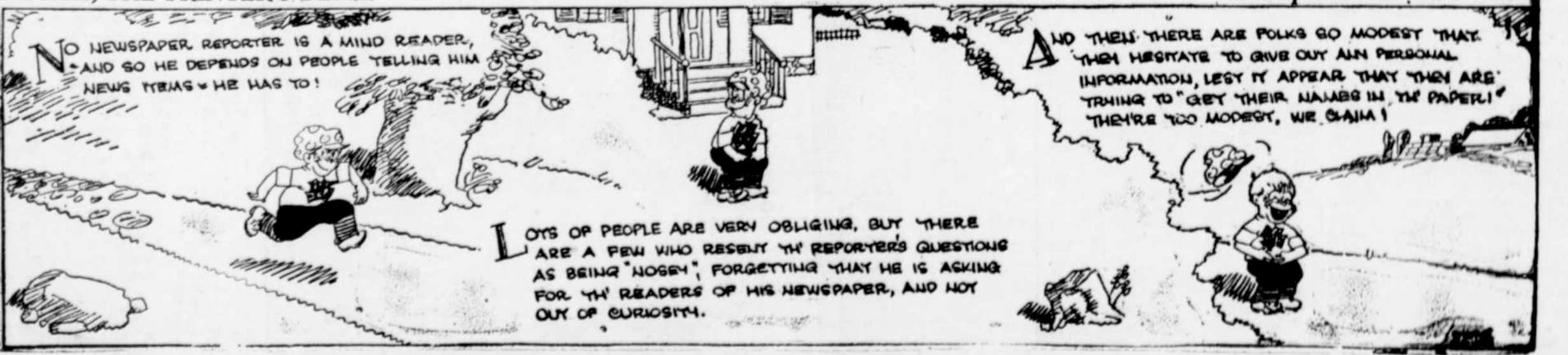


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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



NO NEWSPAPER REPORTER IS A MIND READER, AND SO HE DEPENDS ON PEOPLE TELLING HIM NEWS KEYS HE HAS TO!

LOTS OF PEOPLE ARE VERY OBLIGING, BUT THERE ARE A FEW WHO RESSENT THE REPORTER'S QUESTIONS AS BRINGING 'NOSES', FORGETTING THAT HE IS ASKING FOR THE READERS OF HIS NEWSPAPER, AND NOT OUT OF CURIOSITY.

The Reporter Has His Troubles

AND THEN THERE ARE FOLKS SO MODEST THAT THEY HESITATE TO GIVE OUT ANY PERSONAL INFORMATION, LEST IT APPEAR THAT THEY ARE TRYING TO 'GET THEIR NAMES IN THE PAPER!' THEIR TOO MODEST, WE GAIN!