

The Beaverton Review

Issued every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon.

Entered as second-class mail matter Dec. 9, 1922 at the Postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

Forecasting from weather charts began in Holland in 1860. The first weather forecasts in the United States were made by Professor Cleveland Abbe, at Cincinnati, in 1869.

This Happened in Missouri

A Missouri man recently died owing the editor of the *Bingville Bugle* for an unpaid subscription of six years' standing.

The editor attended the funeral and placed a palm leaf fan and a block of ice on the casket as his tribute to the departed.—Exchange

Mrs. Ernest Grandgeorge to attend the funeral of Robert Kennedy at Redlands, California, last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Drorbaugh attended a surprise party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Berger at Bethany last Friday evening.

The Child Reader

MARJORIE BARROWS  
Editor, Child Life Magazine.

I met Bill's father today.

"Bill's six years old," he said. "He's a hard-headed young man and he treats fairy tales with a withering contempt. He likes real stories. He likes simple books about how things happen. Are there any new books that will fit Bill?"



Marjorie Barrows writing just the sort of books they like.

Real Adventure Best.

If your Bill doesn't take to fairy tales, to legends, to fables, don't force them on him. Offer him instead Charlotte Kuh's delightful "A Train, A Boat, and an Island"—the story of a real family's real trip to Bermuda. Offer him Helix Washburne's fascinating "Letters to Channy"—a real mother's letters of a trip around the world written for her own little boy back home. Offer him "The Pilgrim's Party" or "The Cruise of Mr. Christopher Columbus" by Sadybeth and Anson Lowitz, two humorous and very interesting picture books that acquaint younger readers with stirring history.

Perhaps Bill wants to know more about motomen and fremen and what they really do. Mrs. Kuh's books for small children will help him out there. Perhaps he would like "How It All Began," a book that is delightfully written and illustrated by Janet Smiley. It will tell Bill how primitive man watched the lightning and found he, too, could make fire by twirling two sticks around together. Later man found other ways of heating and lighting and at last we got our matches, gas, oil and electricity. The book goes on, in the simplest fashion, to show the beginnings of messages, of travel, clothing, houses. It is a thrilling sort of real fairy tale that particularly appeals to boys like Bill.

Travel Stories Are Good.

What happens to a real letter after it gets posted may also interest some of our very youngest readers. William Siegel, a Russian artist, tells a simple story about that in "Around the World in a Mailbag." Bob and Betty's letter to their father doesn't reach him in San Francisco. So it is forwarded to China, Russia, France, and even to Egypt. But though the various postmen do their best the letter does not finally reach him until he is back in New York again. The pictures make this book especially attractive.

Here are just a few of the new books for fairy-tale-strikers. Many more are to be found in the libraries and bookstores. Just exactly the book your Bill is looking for is waiting for him there. And it is just the right book for him at the present time.

Take him along and let him help find it!

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus  
W.N.U. SERVICE

"Get back! Get away! Don't you dare touch me!"

He called her name again, almost savagely. Feet scraped on the floor; a sharp cry as with a crash the light in the office went out and the glass in the door showed a blank for John Belknap.

"Paul! Get out of this office, I tell you! Get away . . . away!"

Panic, now, in the tone, and for the man waiting outside there was but one move to make. . . .

The faint light from the hallway, further impaired by his own shadow as he poised there, hand still on the knob, revealed them.

A desk lamp lay on the floor at the man's feet and he was turning, relinquishing his hold on the girl's wrist, looking over his shoulder with a white, drawn face. He poised so a moment, staring at this intruder who showed only in silhouette.

"Well!"—in sharp demand.

Young Belknap did not move; did not reply for a moment. Then he said almost casually:

"I happened to overhear you being told to get out. I opened the door for you."

Gorbel whirled to face him then, feet spread, arms held with stiff truculence at his sides.

"And who are you?"—bright eyes searching, striving to identify the shadowed face.

"The chap who opened the door."

"Well. . . . Close it, then, and tend to your own affairs!"

John shook his head.

"No," he said. "Not until the . . . the lady asks me to."

He could see her standing in the deeper shadows where she had swiftly retreated on his appearance. She was backed against a filing case as though in need of support. He added, then:

"I don't hear her asking me to get out."

Gorbel's hands were knotting fists.

"You d—d eavesdropper!" he muttered. "You—"

John took the few quick strides that put him face to face with Gorbel, so close to him that he could hear the man's quick breathing.

"No names!" he muttered. "No names . . . or any other talk. Are you going out on your own legs?"

Gorbel swayed backward. His right hand swept the desk top, and with a growl John had the arm in one hand.

twisted the man about, and wrenched upward on the wrist until Gorbel doubled over with a cry.

"Drop it!"

"The devil with—"

"Drop it, I told you!"

Gorbel struggled, but the lock on his wrist was secure. He bent forward for relief as John opened the door.

The cold night surged in on them, and then the one was running down the steps to regain the balance that the other's shove had imperiled.

At the bottom he whirled and lifted his face, normally handsome, now wrenched with rage.

"You swine!" he cried. "You'll pay for this!"

"Collect, then! But you stay away from here until you're sent for! Get that!"

He closed the door and turned back to the office, removing his cap as he went.

Brighter lights burned now, for a cluster in the ceiling had been switched on. The girl sat at a littered desk in the middle of the room, pale, shoulders hunched, head bowed. He stopped, poised in surprise. She was the girl he had seen in the station waiting room, and with her coat and hat removed, in the jersey dress which exposed a graceful column of throat, she was as out of place in this office with its battered desks and dingy walls as a flower in a wood yard!

John spoke:

"He called me an eavesdropper. I guess, in a way, he was right."

"Fortunately, you heard," she murmured, and then looked up. "Oh! . . . Oh, I didn't know it was you!" She brushed at her soft, short hair nervously.

ly and managed a sort of smile. "I . . . I wanted to tell you how . . . how sorry I am that the boys did what they did. . . . Won't you come in?"

She rose, and he could see that she was rallying her composure rapidly.

"I feel like an intruder," he said, advancing. "I came over here on the chance that I might find the manager and ran into the late unpleasantness!"

"I am the manager," she said simply. And now surprise had him wholly; so completely that he blinked and laughed outright.

"What! You. . . . Why, a girl in this mess?"

She flushed deeply.

"I guess that's what it is: a mess. Even strangers know! I am Ellen Richards. This was my father's company. I've been trying to carry on for over a year now, since he . . . since he died."

"Oh," he said dully. "Oh!"—a bit longdrawn, this time, and in a sort of relief rather than amazement or stupefaction. Relief, because it was a girl on whom his father made war!

It simplified matters for a chap in an embarrassing position. A man, even in a pinch, might want to fight through to the finish on his own resources. A girl like this—the sort of girl you took to tea and the theater and to supper clubs; a nice girl who looked as though she read books and played golf and would complete the picture of a smart roadster—would be needing help. Lots of help! Immediately! It was her tough luck that she had incurred the attention of an old tyrant such as his father was turning out to be; his good luck that she was in trouble, filled with animus as he was for old Tom, and such as he was to show what he could do.

"Well!" he said as he took the chair she indicated, and in the third ejaculation was a deal of satisfaction, as of one suddenly rounding a dubious corner into an unexpected bonanza!

"It was terrible the way the boys met you," she said. "There's an excuse for it, of course. It can be explained by the fact that they're so worked up over what has been going on and so loyal to my father's memory that they do these things regardless of my wishes. I'm . . . I'm so sorry! I feel responsible for it, and for their hurting you."

He touched his cut lip.

"Don't mind me. As I understand the situation you seem to have troubles enough without worrying about a scratch on a stranger!"

Her eyes dropped. "And it was awfully generous of you to . . . to do what you did just now"—voice trembling ever so little. "First we hear that Tom Belknap's bully is coming here to harm more of my men and we beat you up in our excitement. Next, you walk in here to find Tom Belknap's partner demanding surrender and save me . . . embarrassment. There are some matters a girl can't handle . . . alone."

John stirred uneasily. To tell a girl who could speak of a man with such contempt and animosity that he was that man's son was a bit more of an ordeal than he cared to undertake, considering his objective. He had found her in a man's job, in a man's fight, confronted with a man's problems, but she was no man; a girl, with feminine reactions and prejudices, and to reveal his identity would terminate this talk abruptly.

His heart went down . . . and then rebounded. Sandy's letter rested in his bill-fold. Good old Sandy, so rattled at writing a letter of character

Mr. and Mrs. J. Archie Williams of Tobias were pleasantly surprised on Saturday evening by a group of their friends. Those present were: M. and Mrs. Loretzen, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Hays, Mr. and Mrs. George Bosely, Charley and Elmer Anderson. Cards were the diversion of the evening after which refreshments were served.



Do you call them griddle cakes, flap jacks, battercakes, pour cakes, skippers, slapjacks, or hot cakes? It doesn't really matter, because you are sure to call them good! Waffles, too, simply melt in your mouth, so get out your griddles and your waffle irons, clip out these recipes, lay in a plentiful supply of syrup—and prepare to enjoy yourself!

Waffles and cakes started life as breakfast delicacies but now they are served for supper and luncheon and even parties too. There are endless variations in making them, and they are the boon of every beginning cook.

To mix griddle cakes or waffles, any mixing bowl may be used but it is convenient to use a special wide-mouthed pitcher with straight sides, from which the batter may be poured. The batter should usually be as thin as will keep it's shape when cooked. Test it by pouring a little onto the griddle and baking. If it is too thin, add a little more flour; if it is too thick add a little more milk, and keep on testing until it suits you.

White flour is used for the standard recipe, but you may also use buckwheat or graham flour. Sour milk cakes are more tender; this batter of course needs soda, while the sweet milk uses baking powder. Most waffle and griddle cake recipes call for liquid shortening. You will find it much simpler to use the kind which is already in a liquid form.

Digestibility Depends on Shortening Used

Cakes and waffles are completely digestible if they are cooked prop-

erly and chewed well; their digestibility depends largely upon the kind of shortening used. For this reason, and because of the ease of preparation, most cooks use a pure bland oil for their batter.

If the notion strikes you, you might try adding fruit to your waffle batter, or making chocolate waffles. Buttermilk waffles are made by using half buttermilk and half sweet milk, combined with 1/3 teaspoon soda and 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder. You might even like cornmeal waffles.

Griddle cakes, especially cereal, breadcrumb and buckwheat cakes, are sometimes served with sauce or gravy. Some people like jelly or marmalade and on the special kinds (cheese, pimento or vegetable hot cakes) a special sauce is used. Waffles are often served with whipped cream or even ice cream, but the favorite accompaniment is either light or dark karo syrup. Here are the recipes to try on your own home griddles!

36 Griddle Cakes

2 1/4 cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 cups milk  
1 egg beaten  
1 teaspoon oil  
1 teaspoon sugar

Mix dry ingredients and sift. Add milk slowly, then beaten egg smooth. Add oil and beat another minute, then cook on a hot griddle. If you like, substitute brown sugar for white, or use syrup instead of sugar. Any griddle cake batter may

that he left out the once important, but now damning, third of his name!

He picked up her last words:

"Yes; a lot of matters a girl can't handle alone," but his steady gaze on her face was not one of sympathy or understanding. He was sizing her up, studying her in the light of a possible vehicle for that urge for vengeance.

"Throwing your caller out was simple. Maybe it won't be so easy to help you in other things. But that's what I came here for: to ask for a chance to try."

"Meaning just what?" she asked with an odd bluntness for a girl.

"That I understand you're looking for a woods superintendent and I'd like to take on the chore."

"And that . . . that's what brought you to Shoestring?"

"Surely it was a surge of relief, the sudden dawning of an unlooked-for hope, which unsteady her tone then!

Well, now, a young man can't lie, can he? Not to a girl who, for an instant and even through the concentration of a savage purpose, seems peculiarly lovely to behold? No. . . . This young man could not; but for the sake of attaining his goal he may evade a little, may he not?"

"I've just finished one job. I don't know how good I am; I'd like to find

"Yes; a Lot of Matters a Girl Can't Handle Alone."

out. When I heard of the jam you're in here"—lifting one hand and giving it a little twist as though the explanation were self-evident—"I thought it might be a good place to see what I'm good for . . . what I'm wound on."

(Con't Next Week)

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be cooked in a waffle iron, extra oil being added to ensure browning.

Ten Minute Waffles

2 cups flour  
4 teasp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 cups milk  
2 eggs, beaten separately  
4 tbsps. oil

Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk slowly, then yolks of eggs and oil; then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Batter should be fairly thick (thick enough to show "a track" when spoon's drawn through it) before oil is added. Use sour milk, only 1 teaspoon baking powder and add 1/2 teaspoon soda, for a very tender waffle.

Chocolate Waffles

3/4 cup flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup oil  
2 squares chocolate  
3 eggs, beaten  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure and add baking powder and salt and sift again. Melt chocolate, mix with the oil and blend. Combine sugar and eggs, then add chocolate mixture; beat thoroughly. Then add flour and vanilla. Bake in waffle iron. Serve with butter and white syrup or a foamy sauce. Makes 4 four-section waffles.

Omeal Griddle Cakes

1 cup flour  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1 cup cold cooked cereal  
1 1/2 cups sour milk  
1 egg, beaten  
1 tsp. oil  
1/2 tsp. salt

Make like the Griddle Cakes in standard recipe above.

|                         |            |     |
|-------------------------|------------|-----|
| ENVELOPES               | 25 for     | 5c  |
| TYPING PAPER            | 500 Sheets | 60c |
| " "                     | 100 "      | 15c |
| NOTE BOOK PADS          | 2 for      | 5c  |
| " "                     | 3 for      | 5c  |
| <b>BEAVERTON REVIEW</b> |            |     |

A Novel Sweet Potato Dish



By Jane Rogers

NOTHING will do more to give interest to a meal, whether it be a formal or informal repast, than a dish in which flavor and appearance combine to lift it out of the ordinary routine.

Baked and candied sweet potatoes are delicious, but can scarcely be called unusual. Sweet Potato Volcano is even more delicious and possesses the added zest of decided novelty. Equally important from the point of view of the busy housewife is the fact that it is easy to prepare.

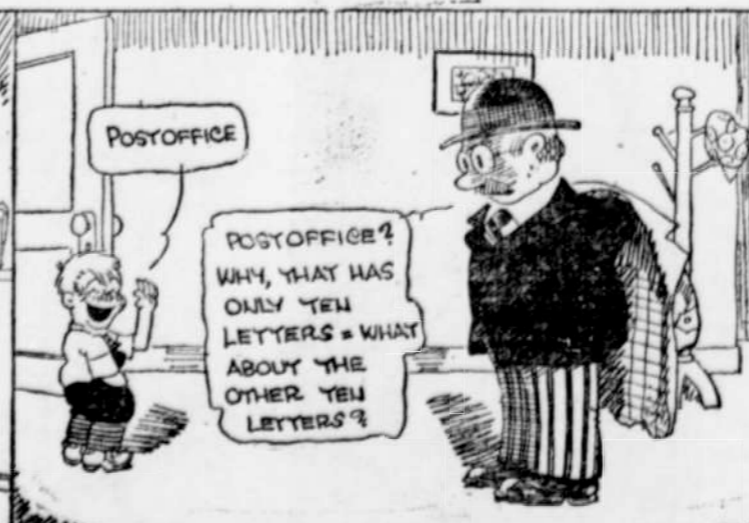
Only in the careful combining of the seasonings is special care required, and here, as in the case of practically all other vegetables, a judicious use of sugar is highly important. Sugar is used in combination with the salt and pepper to blend the other seasonings and develop the natural flavor of the

sweet potato. It is used again to form the glaze that gives the dish its crowning touch of appetizing novelty.

Sweet Potato Volcano

Boil, peel and mash the sweet potatoes while hot. Beat till creamy, adding butter, salt, pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of cream or rich milk to moisten well. Then form into an irregular mound on a dish that will bear the heat. Make a deep indentation in the top and fill with a sauce made by creaming together two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of chili sauce, a dash each of pepper and salt. Fill the hole in the potato mound with the sauce, sprinkle the mound generously with granulated sugar, and place at the top of a very hot oven to glaze and brown.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



A Cross-Word Puzzle Gag

