

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet, Editor & Publisher

"Before you invest, investigate" is just as good advice to anyone buying advertising or subscriptions to a newspaper or periodical as it is to those about to buy stocks or bonds. It also applies to the buying of cows as related in a recent issue of the Bulletin of the Oregon Department of Agriculture.

Under the head, "Cow for Sale" appears the statement that a fine family cow has to be sold because it cannot be kept at that particular place on account of the neighbors' objectionable regulations or some other plausible excuse. A small calf is found tied next to the cow and the buyer is sold a fresh cow at a good price. Judge his consternation when the cow is found wild, unruly, kicking, and otherwise anything but a "family cow."

When the buyer goes back to complain the seller cannot be found.

The Washington County Declaration Contest will be held at Hillsboro March 17, 1933 at 7:45 P. M. This final contest will be held in the Baptist church, Second and Lincoln streets (Northeast corner of Court House Square.) Division 1. Grades 3 & 4.

Selection of 100 to 325 words. Division 2. Grades 5 & 6. Selection from 200 to 475 words. Division 3. Grades 7 & 8.

Selection from 350 to 625 words. Complete plainly written or typed copies of all selections to be used in the Semi-final Contest must be filed in the office of the County School Superintendent on or before March 2, 1933. This is for Class B and C schools. Class A schools must file their selections on or before March 13th. The exact number of words in each stanza or paragraph to be stated.

In the preliminary contests each school is entitled to one serious and on humorous selection in each division.

The winners in each preliminary contest are eligible to compete in the semi-finals for schools of their class of school.

No one who has won first place in a previous county contest shall the same division at the following be eligible to compete again in the contest. (For example, a 5th grade pupil who won first with a humorous selection could not compete the following year with a humorous selection but would be eligible to compete with a serious selection.) A tie is the same as a win.

"I was taking tea with a great editor last Sunday afternoon when his little daughter came back from Sunday School with an illustrated card in her hand.

"What's that you have there, little one?" the editor asked.

"Oh," said the little girl, just an ad about Heaven."

Observing young lady stand alone, the young man stepped up to her and said, "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black."

"Yes, I know I do, but I'd look for worse in white."

"A moth leads an awful life," "How come?"

"He spends the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit."

"Where'd you get the two bicycles?" a friend inquired of a Scotchman.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the latter, "and we stopped to rest. After awhile I kissed her. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her and squeezed her again and she said: 'Golly, Angus! You can have anything I got.' So I took her bicycle.

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By
Harold
Titus
W.N.U.
SERVICE

Now when a young man, wholly mad, is out to show what he can do, and who has had an opportunity of displaying his capacities dangled before his eyes tantalizingly for a day that seemed like a week, he is bound to go first, once started.

Ellen Richards' new boss went like the wind, like fire, like a wild horse; by day he drove his crews; by night he sat in the office at camp or in town and laid plans for further driving.

The winter's operation had been confined to a long, narrow ravine into which, because of the contour of the country, steel could not be laid at justified expense. The haul was along the bottom of this sharp depression to its lower end and thence up a hill, where a tow-team worked every hour getting loads to the top. From there the sleighs doubled back on the high land, paralleling the first part of the haul to reach the landing.

Over three miles, it was, and at one point the steel came within forty rods of the rim of the ravine.

"We should be dumping right there!" John exclaimed to Saunders when he saw the place.

"Yeah. But we don't haul by airplane yet!" the foreman growled.

John said no more but his mind was busy. In the mill-yard was an old steam loader, long discarded. It was not in bad shape, and three days later it was in the woods; men were building a road through the deepening snow straight up the side of that pot-hole and on to the adjacent steel. The jammer was set down, skidded to the brink of the steep pitch and a cable bent to the drum. Teams left off the long journey by lead roads, took their sleighs down the pitch to the skidways, brought them, loaded, to the foot of the incline, unhooked and came up ahead while the power of the Rapid's steam engine snaked the loads to the top.

The tow-team was liberated for the haul; each sleigh was able to move an extra thousand a day; costs were cut. Daily the size of the decks at the new landing increased; log production was stepping up; a fundamental shortcoming was being overcome, and as he stood on the third afternoon following the initiation of his new plan, John muttered tightly.

"I see what I'm wound on, Tom! See what I'm wound on, yet?" Yes, the Richards operation had new life, new vigor as long as John had his fingers on each phase, but a man can't be in more than one place at a time; each day has only its allotted hours.

He had had the train crew with him from the beginning and did not need to worry about getting the best out of what equipment he had there. Tucker, the roadmaster, was spry enough, eager enough, it seemed, but there were times when John felt that he could not wholly trust the man. Nothing he could put his finger on; no delinquency he could point out. Just intuitive distrust.

He won Jack Tait, the barn boss, as a stalwart friend by sitting up through one bitter night to help minister to a sick horse. The horse died, but its distress had not been John's primary motive in going without sleep. He needed the staunch support of his men, as any executive needs the faith and loyalty of those at his command. No business will succeed unless divisional heads are behind the management heart and soul; the backbone of an army is its non-coms.

But the uphill pull commenced to show progress. Forty thousand a day, John must put to the mill to keep the band-saw fed. He began to do better than this; by holiday time the reserve decked in the yard had crept up a trifle; a two-day cut was there, waiting for an emergency; a three, enough for four days.

Not time, yet, for a long breath, but time to let yourself hope . . . a trifle. . . show you what I'm wound on!" he growled between set teeth as he watched a load going on to the deck instead of directly into the hot-pond.

Not time, yet, for a long breath, though. The night watchman at the mill reported that in making his rounds an unidentified skulker had run out of the locomotive stall. A wrench was found, dropped in the doorway, and John put on a special man to guard Tiny's old relic, their only hope.

Three days later, running for one of the stiff grades with four loads of logs bound for Kampfest, Tiny Temple looked back to see a car leave the rails, to see the splintered ends of ties pop up through the snow, to see the car take the ditch and go over before he could stop.

Wrecking tools were in Shoestring, and it was necessary to make the run in for jacks and replacers. They got the car back on and the track repaired, but a day was lost and the margin of safety for the mill shrank instead of growing.

Way-Bill and Tiny came to John. "A brake-beam on that car'd been monkeyed with," the conductor said. "You could see the fresh wrench marks on the nuts."

"What do you make of that?" "They know we're doing too well. Fixed to spill us to make trouble. They care a d—n about getting their logs moved! The Kampfest yard's full, and if we keep on the main line won't be able to clean out the switches at the crossing. More dirty work!" John called Tucker into the conference, but the roadmaster smiled and shook his head doubtfully.

"Fairy story!" he said. "You couldn't tell within two weeks when that beam'd been repaired."

Way-Bill spat and big Tiny eyed Tucker with a look that was not just pleasant. John wondered, feeling a bit uneasy. Thereafter, he kept wrecking equipment in the way-car.

And now Gorbelt's men commenced dumping at two landings, which meant that it would be necessary to spot two strings of empties daily, some minutes taken from the time of Ellen's train crew. A man must take it and grin, though. John knew that; he had read the old contract by which Richards agreed to transport those logs.

Ellen talked to him in detail of the company's finances to point out the necessity of going even faster. Cars of air-dried lumber rolled out of Shoestring; piles of green lumber grew. New loans, with lumber as security, were negotiated in Milwaukee to care for the curt demands of the Kampfest bank.

"But we're only one jump ahead of disaster!" she said. "These Milwaukee bankers have been so decent with us up to now, but there's no telling when their good nature will give out. If we should shut down it would bring them up here in a hurry. If we can just keep going!"

They had not got abreast of the situation again yet. A four-day tie-up would leave the mill hungry. "Luck is with us," Ellen said that night. "We've had no blizzards since you came. You seem to be able to checkmate their moves, but you can't beat bad weather!"

"Cross your fingers," he said grimly. Right he was. The next afternoon the placid western sky hazed up and the temperature, which had been moderate for days, dropped suddenly. A restive, puffy wind began to blow and settled, towards dusk, to a moaning breeze which carried fine, stinging snow before it.

Tiny Temple brought the train in an hour late, locomotive plastered with snow, festooned with icicles, and John, who had been busy in town all day, was there to meet him.

"Get your supper," he told the crew. "She's going to be a buster! We'll run the plow tonight."

"That's the way to lick it!" a brake-man said.

Two hours for food for the men and coal and water for the engine and to couple to the wing plow that stood ready on its siding. Men were there, a dozen of them, armed with shovels, sitting in the heated way-car, waiting to give battle.

Tucker and John and two section men were in the plow; the first brace to ride in the lookout and watch ahead; the others to man the big wheel which manipulated the wings.

They were nearing the first bad point, and John leaned forward to see better.

"Ready, there? . . . Open your wings!" he called, and the men below bent on the wheel, turning it to force the wings outward so they would toss the displaced snow far to either side.

An immense, up-ending cataract came over the front of the plow, shutting off their view completely. John felt their speed diminish as though velvet-faced brakes had gripped the wheels and Tucker bawled: "Let 'em in!"

A man at the wheel kicked the trip; the wings were squeezed back against the sides of the plow; they held their pace a moment longer and then came to a stop.

John's snow fences had functioned and some of the cuts were easy to traverse because of these barriers which caught and held the snow to windward, but in other places the going was impossible. A dozen times the shovellers were out, tossing aside and waiting to shovel the plow free when Tiny wedged it into the drift.

At five in the morning they gained the mainline crossing. Atop the ridge as it was the snow had mostly blown away, but Tucker held the wings open until they approached the last switch.

"Bring 'em in!" he called, and, chewed briskly as they bumped across the points, it was the one place on the line where caution must be used with the wings; the one standard switch-stand on the whole line was located there and to pass it with wings extended might mean derailment.

(Con't Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Nazarene Church

Rev. Willard P. Andersen, Pastor

The church is starting special meetings next Sunday with Rev. Ethel M. Arnold as evangelist. There is a real revival spirit among the folk. We are expecting a real time of spiritual blessing and progress. We heartily invite the people of Beaverton and vicinity to take advantage of this opportunity. Let's get our souls warmed up by drawing close to the great loving heart of God. "He careth for you." Sunday school, with special talk for children at 9:45 A. M. Morning worship 11:00 A. M. N. Y. P. S. meeting 6:30 P. M. Evening service 7:30 P. M. Services every night at 7:30 except Saturday. Rev. Mrs. Arnold will also give a Bible Study at 2:30 in the afternoon. Come see what the Bible says about the questions that are bothering you.

You will enjoy the singing as well as the preaching. Everybody Welcome.

Methodist Church

George F. Gordon, Pastor

"Big Business" is the sermon subject for Sunday at eleven o'clock. We talk much about big business and hear considerable concerning the subject. The message will deal with the real big task of life. In Matthew 22nd chapter we find the words: You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, your whole soul and your neighbor as yourself. The whole law and the prophets hang



THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM

SENDS A NEW RECIPE

Straight from Peking comes a new recipe for a toothsome corn-bread which is steamed instead of baked. The recipe has been somewhat Americanized and is easy to follow: Sift together 1/4 cup corn-meal, 1 cup flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Mix this with 2 cups milk, 1 beaten egg and 2 tablespoons oil. Stir in 1/4 pkg. pasteurized dates, quartered; pour into an oiled pan and steam for 1 1/2 hours. Serve hot with butter.

SUP ON THESE SOME SUNDAY NIGHT

Ham Sandwiches are nothing new or extra-thrilling, but Ham Sandwiches (Sauté) are something else again! Slices of baked ham are put between slices of white bread, the sandwiches then dipped into egg and milk mixture and fried in oil, first on one side, then on the other. Serve with spiced peaches and some hot coffee and tiny cakes, and your Sunday night menu is complete.

GRANDMOTHER MADE THIS FIRST

In Grandmother's day Dried Apple Pie was a dish fit for even the visiting Preacher. A metropolitan hotel served it recently in its Early American restaurant and it was so popular it has become a regular specialty of the house. Simple for you to duplicate; just line a pie tin with pastry, lay slices

on these two commands.

The big task in every life is to achieve wholesome unity; and there is no power so great as the drive of a unified personality. This is the test of true maturity. A man is never of age until he has arrived at the place where his life is dominated by a single and sincere purpose and motive. How can it be achieved? This is an interesting message and you will want to hear the subject presented. Come at eleven o'clock and worship with us.

Church of Christ

Rev. G. W. Springer

The first Sunday of every month the young people of the Christian Endeavor will have charge of the evening service with the exception of the preaching.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Springer will speak on the topic, "Angels."

The evening topic will be, "The Things Which Thou Hast Learned"

Congregational Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Well Friends: Next Wednesday is Ash Wednesday the beginning of Lent, we shall prepare for this season of great spiritual possibilities by a sermon next Sunday morning on "The Value and Charm of the Christian Religion." In these sermons as in all through Lent the pastor will endeavor to bring the congregations into deeper consciousness of God.

The Bible school meets at 9:45. The attendance has increased lately and we hope it will continue to. Parents, see to it that your children take advantage of the quickening Christian life so manifest at this sacred season; and let not the young people become careless in their attendance at their 6:30 meetings.

We are sorry to omit the meeting planned for Wednesday evening, but the Congregational club meets at the First Church, Portland at 6:15 with an inspiring address by Dr. Hugh Vernon White and at 8 o'clock an open meeting addressed by Chas. Clayton Morrison, Editor of the Christian Century, we hope even more will attend these gatherings than would be present had we kept to our own meeting place. These meetings are open to all.

of dried apples in it, alternating them with pitted pasteurized dates add the usual cinnamon, sugar and butter, put on the top crust and bake.

A BREAKFAST THRILL

The process for canning grape fruit juice has been recently improved and latest taste-tests indicate that not even the experts can tell it from the so-called eye variety. Laboratory tests prove that the valuable vitamin C is not lost in the canning process. Now the whole family can have its morning grapefruit juice without even having to own a squeezer!

FANS ARE FANCY

Most hostesses are familiar with "pickle fans" for garnishing cold meat and salad platters. Now potatoes are so prepared, for decorating the meat or fish platter. Slice the potatoes lengthwise in quarter-inch slices, fasten five slices together with a toothpick. Drain, bake for 15 minutes or so until brown, basting them frequently during the cooking with oil to give them a color.

"LITTLE PIGS" FOR THE BIG ONES

Sizzling sausages come into their own these cold days. The family will enjoy a Sausage Plate some cold noontime. Bake the sausages, serve them with apple rings and with sweet potatoes dipped in flour and fried in sausage fat; grass maple karo to eat with the cakes.

Cabbage Salad

1 cup diced pineapple
1/4 package pasteurized dates
Salad dressing
Cabbage
Lettuce
Soak cabbage in cold water until crisp. Drain thoroughly. Dice the pineapple (fresh or canned) slice the dates and add the French dressing or mayonnaise. Toss with two forks until well mixed. Serve in a cup of lettuce leaves.

Bran Date Nut Salad

1/2 cup peanut butter
1/4 cup bran
1 pkg. pasteurized dates
orange or lemon juice
lettuce
salad dressing
Mix peanut butter and bran; moisten with orange or lemon juice. Stuff pitted dates with this mixture; arrange on bed of crisp lettuce. Serve with any favorite salad dressing.

Celery Mold

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
3 1/2 cups warm water
3 tbsps. vinegar
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup celery diced
1/2 pkg. pasteurized dates
Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in diced celery and quartered dates. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with mayonnaise.

LOCAL NEWS

New candies every week at Kamberger's.

Mr. Geo. Imlay is seriously ill at his home in Redville.

Mr. and Mrs. David Phelps spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Independence.

Van Brown spent the week-end at his home here. He returned to Seattle Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Louise Carter and daughter, Genevieve are spending the week in Seattle visiting with friends.

Mrs. A. C. Chinn who has been ill for the past two weeks was taken to the hospital at Hillsboro on Tuesday for observation and treatment.

Mrs. E. E. Stipe was hostess to the "500" Club with a one o'clock luncheon at her home last Friday. Mrs. Guppy was an additional guest. Mrs. R. R. Summers won first prize. Mrs. L. D. Shellenger consolation.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



Not So Altruistic