

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet, Editor & Publisher

WHO MAKES THE TOWN?

That question has been buzzing through my mind for a number of weeks. Like many another proposition, the answer comes after many other questions have been asked and satisfactorily answered. Mind, satisfactorily answered.

Consider the wide place in the road; there may be a store there, there may be any amount, sort and variety of goods in the store, but the chances are that they are piled in haphazardly, just sort of dumped in. There are people who come in and buy and they do buy. The manager sells a lot of things in the course of time. Is that a town?

There may be a number of such stores. I call them stores because I don't know what else to call them. Each place may sell a considerable gross amount of goods. But each store keeps the same kind of goods; each one handles groceries, dry goods, shoes, gas, oil, tire patches, women's stockings, in fact almost anything you may wish. Still is that aggregation of stores a town?

Either of these places has its street loafer who loiters around to see what Mrs. Jones buys or Mrs. Smith has in the back of her car or what Mrs. Brown wears on her head or perhaps her face, to mention having a look at the sort of stockings these ladies wear.

Now, consider for a minute the little settlement which sports say a dozen stores, each store having its own distinctive class of wares. Each offering to the public not shoe laces and haberdashery, tire patches and hand-me-downs, but rather a place which if it be a grocery, handles a stock of packaged goods protected from exposure to the elements, flies, vermin, where you could not get a cap or a shoe but can get the very best in that particular line.

The jewelry store sells jewelry, while the shoe store will handle shoes, the dry goods store has dry goods, and so on right down the line. Which sort of a place would the prospective purchaser go to spend his money? We have many attractive business places in Beaverton, conducted by efficient businessmen.

At this time I want to say just a word for the businessman, for the man who in this distressing time has carried on, who will continue to carry on. He is the sort to build a town, such as no street loafer ever can hope to build. The businessman who has opened his store only asking to serve you, he will build a town. Many a one in the past three years has lost money every time he opened up his place but he keeps right on, day after day, never a murmur or complaint. He is the sort who will help build up your town.

It sort of gets under the skin to have a petition signed by honest, straight-forward businessmen, turned down and sneered at by individuals whose means of a living are, to say the least, not very evident; individuals who say "To thunder with the businessmen."

Some time along in 1922 we conceived the idea of coming to Beaverton, then there was no printing shop here and had not been for some time. In December of that year we go out the first issue of the Beaverton Review. Every week since that time it has gone into the mails, sometimes a profitable and sometimes a losing proposition.

Before my arrival three periodicals had tried to make a go of it here but three had failed, one the Owl run by Earl Fisher. We knew nothing of this before our arrival but soon learned for people began coming in and asking us to make good on subscriptions that they had paid for but never received.

Being of the sort who have opinions, and being apt to hold to them unless convinced that I am in the wrong, there gradually grew up the idea that I did not heartily approve certain officials. In my own defence I want to say that officials all look alike, they are officers and have certain authority. They, however do not need to be officious.

(Continued Next Week)

BELOW ZERO  
A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus  
W.N.U. SERVICE

He needed to be just that in this emergency. Another would have given up; another would have quit, waited out the storm and sought succor from the main line. But the main line branch might not even be opened for days; the aid of a wrecker or only of a locomotive would be costly and the Richards Lumber company had no dollars to spare.

He thanked Providence that after last week's derailment he had carried wrecking tools in the way-car. There under the stars, with frost dust eddying about the leaping flames of great bonfires, a score of men worked with the intentness of ants. Shovels cleared the snow from about the locomotive, exposing the raw earth, studded now with blizzarding crystals put there by the sub-zero cold.

Men shoved timbers beneath the locomotive to give the great jacks footing. A cross-cut saw rasped and sang in swift tempo as ties were cut into short lengths for the crib work that would make the functioning of the jacks more than temporary.

A delicate job, getting the first footing for your jacks in a place like that. With a lantern, and pieces of stout cedar ties, John himself lay on his belly in the excavations beneath the prostrate locomotive and scraped out the last shovelful of earth and set the blocks. A long time this had taken; night was well advanced before the men came lugging the lifting devices up from the way-car.

Carefully they set them, so purchase would come on the engine's frame at the proper angle, and John set the capstan bars and took the first few turns himself.

Slow, indeed. Two men on the bars, turning a short hitch at a time, there in a cramped position under the faintly sizzling locomotive; three full turns to an inch it took; many, many minutes to make those three turns.

He stood back, watching. The old engine creaked and snapped as they commenced to lift her. He watched the movement carefully, trying to gauge it with his eye; watched the jacks, to see that they did not shift, had his men ready to start the crib-work the moment there was room to place blocks so that if things went wrong and the locomotive slipped back towards her resting place they would not lose all.

Slow work, yes! But you can speed it a trifle by changing men, by relieving wearying arms with fresh muscles, by having your relays right there, ready to step in without the loss of a second; new hands ready to grasp the capstan bars before others have relinquished them.

Up she went. Crib-work followed the lift of the jacks until they had raised to their utmost. Then back she settled an inch, resting on the cross-piled blocks. Out came the jacks; in went new foundations for them; again men fell to the slow task of forcing the sixty tons of locomotive back to its upright position.

Midnight, and they had only run the jacks to their limits twice. Dawn, with the locomotive up enough so they could commence to build-track under her while the jacks screwed slowly to their limits yet again. Daylight, with a faint yelp of greeting to the northward, and they looked briefly to see Saunders and a whittened team laboring through the snow behind shovellers. Grub and blankets! Food, and something for weary muscles to lie in!

All night John had been waiting to do one specific, necessary thing; not so essential, however, as this work. He tried to remember what it was. . . . Tucker! That was it; he was going to put Tucker on the grill and satisfy the suspicion in his mind. If this was his father's doing he wanted to know about it. Old Tom, wrecking a girl's hopes by wrecking her equipment!

They called him to the telephone and he walked stiffly, on feet that struck the packed snow heavily. . . . It was Ellen calling, and her voice was weary and faint.

Things stirred in him. He wanted

to talk to her gently, to reassure her; to laugh at the situation, to defy chance to do them up in this round. But a man must be fresh for that, mustn't he? A man must have his wits and his strength to belittle such gravity, and he felt himself sway as he stood there, wondering what to say. "Going good," was all he could mumble. "Going great! The boys are wonders. . . . When? Ah, when could he tell her? "God knows," he muttered wearily, and hung up the receiver.

John forced Tiny to turn in and the fireman as well. He set Saunders with a crew tearing up a switch point, getting ready. He swore at them when they took him by the arms and forced him to a cot in the crossing tender's tiny parlor. He awoke after noon.

The locomotive was up! Almost up on her feet! They had crib-work on the other side to hold her from going on ever before they were ready. Rails were torn up; ties in place. The switch points were going in against the main line to set her back where she belonged.

Slowly she settled into place, wheels taking the one rail. Up she went on the other side, a fraction of an inch at a time. The other rail went in; spikes sunk home; the jacks pulled in their necks. She sat there, square on the rails, and the fireman had steam on her!

Night again; and more fires. But they had something to work with this time.

Dawn it was, when they made up their train again, and as Tiny backed down to couple on to the way-car John ended his talk with Tucker.

He had come in an hour before, when he knew that the job was done, when Way-Bill and Saunders and Tiny could handle the detail without his help.

Tucker was there alone, poking at the fire, and looked up quickly as John closed the door behind him.

The superintendent did not speak at first. He took off his cap, unbuttoned his coat, fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette and then, with the tobacco burning, sat down across the car from his roadmaster.

He puffed a moment in silence; held the cigarette in his fingers, and eyed the glowing coal at its tip.

"You didn't forget, you know," he said almost casually.

"What?" The man's cry was startled; but the quality did not ring just true. "I didn't what?"

"You didn't forget, Tucker. A man who built this road wouldn't forget that switch. You deliberately ditched us, Tucker. I think you've sold out to Belknap & Gorbel. I think you're . . . a skunk."

Quietly still, and Tucker rose to his feet.

"Don't you say a thing like that to me—"

"Sit down!" Bite and sting in the tone; and fire in John's eyes and anger in his gesture. "Sit down!" he repeated lowly, with contempt, and the man settled to the bench from which he had risen with such a show of outrage. His face twitched; guilt sat heavily upon him.

"When I first heard of this whole situation here it sounded like something a writer had made up," John said evenly. "From the minute I came on the job I knew it was real."

"We've speeded up; we should be showing a margin of safety, but we're not. Every move that's been made on this operation has been checkmated by a move from Belknap & Gorbel until we're about where we started. Every move that has slowed us up has been made deliberately, with design."

"This thing"—with a curt gesture—"was the most serious of all!"

He sat very straight and his eyes burned.

"You're on your way, Tucker. Have it that you forgot. Well and good; you forgot! And you're fired because you forgot, but you can take a message with you to deliver to Burke or to Gorbel or to whoever bought your

manhood and decency. The message is from me and it's this:

"Tell 'em we ask for no quarter. Tell 'em that I think they're snakes in the grass and that I'll treat 'em as I would snakes! The Richards outfit isn't out yet, and I'll tell you why"—as the plow backed down against the way-car, coupling with a bump that rocked them both. "This is why: those men out there are in a temper that's not to be monkeyed with, and if you doubt it I'll continue this talk after they come into this car! Do you want to test their temper and their loyalty, Tucker, by having me keep this discussion up when they can hear? Do you want that?"—leaning over Tucker as the knob turned.

"For God's sake!" the man whined, trembling, panic in his eyes. "For God's sake, Steele. . . ."

John straightened with a hard smile and wiped his palms on his thighs. Until that moment he had possessed only suspicion; a suspicion so strong, true, that it led him into his flat charges. Now, however, he knew.

They opened the road to Shoestring by noon; red-eyed, weary men dropped down from the train to meet Roberts, the mill foreman, and Ellen Richards.

Her face was strained and white, lined with the weariness that these last sleepless nights had set upon her. John's heart jolted as he looked at her, as he caught the query of desperation in her dark eyes. He went quickly to her.

"Well, the flag still flies!" he laughed.

Her expression changed, was suffused by a look of deep gratitude, and he knew, with a thrill, that it was for him, a peculiarly personal feeling.

"Yes, it flies!" Her voice, too, gave evidence of weariness and strain. "But by tomorrow noon we'll saw the last log here and the Milwaukee bank has heard of the trouble and is asking questions."

"We'll have an answer!" he said, looking down into her face. "The crossing switches are still plugged with snow. It's the branch job to keep 'em open under the contract; not ours, Gorbel's cars are loaded, likely, but we certainly won't move 'em until there's a hole on the sidings. I'm sending the train back now. Tiny's all in, but the fireman can handle her. I'll be with him. By dark we'll roll in with a day's cut!"

(Con't Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Nazarene Church

Rev. Willard P. Andersen, Pastor

The Revival closes next Sunday, March 12. If you have not taken advantage of this opportunity of soul food, we invite you to do so. The Lord is blessing and inspiring his children and we are seeing the salvation of souls. We are expecting the last days of the revival to be crowning days. Why don't you come and enjoy them with us?

The afternoon Bible study is growing in attendance and interest. Rev. E. M. Arnold is a person of long experience and is capable of bringing out deep secrets of faith and victory.

Services as previously announced. Everybody Welcome.

Congregational Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, pastor

Well Friends: What are you looking for? We are all people of expectation, seekers at heart. Next Sunday at 11 A. M. the pastor will speak about some of the things we seek. At 7:30 P. M. his topic will be "What are you looking for?" The Bible School meets at 9:45 A.

The Cook's Nook

Want a new cooking thrill? Want to add a new style of cooking to your repertoire? Then learn to "glace," learn to "candy!" Glace or candied foods are exciting, fun to make and delectable to eat. Their sleek, glistening surfaces look different from anything else on the table prepared by another method, and even the old standbys take on a new taste appeal when they're candied. If you doubt that they are universally popular, just say "candy" to anybody and watch their eyes light up!

You are familiar, of course, with candied sweet potatoes and such. But have you tried candied turnips, candied onions? Have you turned out glaze fruits and nuts as good as any that ever came out of a royal confectioner's kitchen? Then start now!

Candying or "glazing" is not difficult if your candying syrup is just right. To make sure it will be just right, not apt to become grainy or sugary, and that it will shine clear in all crystal glory, use karo in making your candying syrup. This will not prevent sugaring but will give you the crackles surface you want for your fruits and nuts.

Here are some of the most popular candied things. Start with them and then turn to new ones. The standard syrup for glazing so that a hard surface is obtained is that one given in the Glace Nuts recipe; in making syrup in increased amounts, just remember the "one to one" rule—a cup of sugar to a cup of karo.

Candied Bananas

6 bananas  
1/2 cup dark karo  
1/4 cup water  
1 tbsp. butter

Peel bananas and arrange in an oiled baking dish. Mix dark karo with water and pour over bananas. Put dots of butter on he bananas. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes, until fruit begins to soften. Baste with sauce during cooking. Serve as a dessert or as an entree with meat.

Glace Nuts

1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup white karo  
2 tbsps. hot water  
Nutmegs

Boil sugar, water and karo until syrup brittles instantly when tried in ice water. Dip in whole or half nutmegs quickly, one at a time, taking out on the points of a fork and laying on oiled paper. They harden immediately.

Glace Dat's

1/4 cup white sugar  
1 sliced canned pineapple  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup white karo  
1/2 cup water  
1 pkg. pasteurized dates.

Pit dates and stuff with a bit of nutmeg or well drained pineapple, wrapping the date entirely around the filling. Cook sugar, white karo and water until the syrup begins to discolor (310° F.) Place pan in a larger pan of boiling water while dipping. Dip each date into syrup lift with a fork, let the surplus syrup drain off, then drop on oiled pan or wax paper to cool.

Candied Apples

(Candy on-a-tack variety)  
Cook together 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup white sugar, 1/2 cup maple karo and a tablespoon of mazola together to the "crack" stage (syrup crackles in cold water). Remove from fire and add flavoring. Stick skewer in end of each apple, dip one at a time in the hot syrup and place on oiled pan to cool.

Candied Apples

(Baked Stuffed Apples for Dessert)  
Wash and core apples, beginning at blossom end. Pare skin down an inch from top. Fill centers of apples with chopped raisins, sliced dates, or with candied ginger and shredded coconut. (1/2 cup syrup to 1/2 cup water is enough for six apples) and pour over apples. Bake in hot oven about a half hour until apples are tender. Baste during cooking; if necessary, add more water during cooking.

M. We had a fine attendance last Sunday; let us make it better next Sunday by everyone who was present, last time and many who were absent coming, and come on time. You miss something when you are late.

Wednesday at 8 P. M. our special Lenten Prayer Meeting meets. Young people meet at 6:30 Sunday evening. We will be glad to see you.

G. Perry Fordney will be in charge of the Lenten services at the Congregational church next Wednesday evening. These meetings will continue through Lent and will be in charge of different leaders each meeting.

The subject matter to be considered at the next Wednesday meeting will be found in Mathew XXIV, Luke XXI, and M<sup>c</sup>-k, XIII.

Church of Christ

Rev. G. W. Springer

Next Sunday morning, Mr. Springer will speak on the topic, "Rewards Well Earned."

The evening topic will be, "The Record of God In First John."

KINTON GRANGE HAS ANNIVERSARY

Kinton grange observed its 16th anniversary at their hall in an all day meeting. The morning was devoted to business and a fine dinner at noon to about 45. A number of visitors from other granges were present. During the lecture hour, a very nice program was presented, having been prepared by the Lecturer, Mrs. Alice Fluke.

The program was as follows: Song, by all; Recitation, Kathryn Vankleek; Vocal Duet, Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Pratt; remarks by the Charter Members, 16 in the line-up; instrumental music, Mrs. Place and Mrs. Holmes and son of Tigard; a talk, past master, Chas. Vankleek; and all of the visitors responded to their names as called; skit, by all

arranged by Mrs. Hudson; recitation, Ruth Holmes; songs by all; instrumental music by Mrs. Place and Mrs. Holmes. One application for membership was read with others in view. Mrs. Hudson was appointed as correspondent for the Oregon Grange Bulletin for the coming year.

TUALATIN VALLEY POULTRYMEN MEET

Wet litter on the floor of the poultry house is caused more by a cold floor than by poor or improper ventilation, according to data presented by F. E. Price, of the Oregon committee on the relation of electricity to agriculture, at the February meeting of Tualatin valley poultrymen at Beaverton last week. Data was presented showing that even where the air was changed completely every twenty minutes the moisture collecting in the floor litter was not materially lessened. Anything that could be done to raise the temperature of the air near the floor was found to increase the length of time the litter would remain dry.

Warming the floor by some means of applying artificial heat was found to be effective but impractical when economy was considered. Double floors, particularly with a small air space between the two floors, was said to improve the condition of the litter and prolong the period it could be used. Low cost insulated egg storage room construction was explained by Price and the effect of such storage pointed out in improving the grade a poultryman is able to get in marketing his eggs. Plans for this type of storage rooms may be obtained from the county agent office.

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This Happens Too