

The Beaverton Review

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LETTERS

(Continued from Front Page)

Mrs. Stipe for \$1656.00 and interest, supposed to represent the value of the water which it was claimed had been used and not paid for by Mr. and Mrs. Stipe since 1923. It is apparent that the amount demanded in this action throws serious question on the good faith of the original demand for \$15,000.00. This case was tried before a jury at Hillsboro on March 25th and 26th last, and although the case was presented fully by able attorneys employed by Beaverton, a verdict was returned by the jury in less than half an hour in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Stipe, who had hoped by their numerous offers of arbitration to save the town this useless expenditure of money.

I feel safe in saying that seldom is a case presented in court which the evidence discloses to be of as little merit and as needlessly instituted as was this. On October 7th 1931 meters were placed on all pipes leading into the Stipes Garage and Beaverton offered evidence at the trial that the percentage of water lost by Beaverton was some six per cent less in the first nine months of 1932 than in the first nine months of 1931. The amusing feature of this theory—for it never amounted to more—was that the percentage of water lost by Beaverton was greater during the last three months of 1931 after the city had a check on all water used at Stipes Garage, than it was for the first nine months of the year. The town in the last three months of 1931 lost on a monthly average approximately 51% of its water while during the first nine months of the year it lost a monthly average less than that amount. The fact that the average monthly loss was slightly less for the first nine months of 1932 was explained by the fact that at least some attention was shown to making necessary repairs in the mains. However, as late as December, 1932, the evidence shows that Beaverton lost over 52% of its water.

In October 1931, it was discovered that a separate line led from the water main to the lavatory in the garage. Mr. and Mrs. Stipe had always paid two water bills, one on the meter on the pipe leading into the garage, which took care of all commercial use, and a flat rate on the residence portion of the garage. Mr. and Mrs. Stipe had supposed that the lavatory was connected with the residence pipe, and although it was apparent that the amount of water used in the lavatory would be negligible; I had offered the Council of Beaverton on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Stipe before the action was started to pay \$2.00 per month for all the time since the building was erected. This offer, as well, had been rejected by the Council. At the trial it was demonstrated beyond dispute that all the water used in the building if charged for at the rates fixed by ordinance would never have exceeded the amounts paid by Mr. and Mrs. Stipe. Several disinterested witnesses, who had been around the garage and residence for years conclusively established that no water had ever been wasted or needlessly used at any place in the building or at any time.

I realize of course that this letter may be discounted as coming from an attorney interested in the case. However, if anyone questions the decision of the Grand Jury which heard the charges, or the verdict of the trial jury which decided the case last week, an examination of the facts will convince the most skeptical. Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Stipe by their several offers to submit the whole controversy to any disinterested persons have indicated that they had no reason to fear a most thorough investigation. That their efforts were not met in kind is no part of their making.

Very truly yours,  
E. F. Bernard

BELOW ZERO  
A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus  
W.N.U. SERVICE

He looked at the others and sent them out to see that the guard against the last chance of spreading fire was safe. He needed to be alone.

Old Tom in this mess? It could not be; simply was beyond all reason! That the responsibility for all Ellen Richards' trouble should rest on his father's shoulders seemed to be reasonable . . . seemed to be. But it could not be. His father was no incendiary; his father was no wrecker; his father, gruff and bluff as he was, unjust as he may have been to his own son, would not hire bullies to maim the men of other employers, would not take unfair advantage of a weaker competitor!

He drew his palms over his face and shuddered. The whole thing was a nightmare, some wild, impossible bit of fancy!

The barn was gone; one horse was gone; some harness burned, and the rest in a sorry tangle. Not a pound of feed was left in camp.

John ordered the stranger's body placed in a box car on the siding, shut the door and told the men to keep away. The belief that an unknown man had wandered into the barn and inadvertently set it off was well established.

But in the office a small group waited while John repeatedly made unavailing efforts to rouse central. It was four o'clock before his persistent ringing brought an answering sleepy voice. He called Roberts, the mill foreman, at his house, not wanting to disturb Ellen.

Rapidly he told what had happened. "We'll need a car of lumber," he said, "and saws and hammers and nails. The fire was set by a drunk who wandered in. He suffocated. Send the sheriff out with the train to take charge of that angle. Guess I've told you everything. Don't forget the grain and hay."

While the crew was still at breakfast the shrill, familiar scream of the locomotive's whistle came echoing down the forest. A car of lumber and the caboose made up the train.

Ellen was the first off. Her mouth was set.

Old Wolf ran towards her as she dropped from the way-car and John could see the paternal light in his face, the protecting posture in his whole body as he reached out for the girl.

Their meeting was so obviously an affair for the two that John did not approach until Ellen, who had been looking at him an interval while she listened to her uncle, raised her chin in a beckoning movement.

"One more body blow," she said as he came up. Her tone made him wince, and the fragment of a smile which she sought to summon wrenched at his heart. It was unfair for a girl to be forced to mix in a man's fight!

"No getting around that," he agreed. "But it might be a lot worse. Suppose the whole set of camps had gone? Where'd we be then? I went right ahead without consulting you and I guess we'll have a new barn, of a sort, up by night."

He took her over the ruins, outlining his plan for reconstruction. He did not go into his theory of the fire's origin.

"There's loss, of course," he said finally. "One horse gone; some harness ruined and some lost; several hundred dollars' worth of feed gone up in smoke. But they haven't got us licked yet!"

"Haven't they?" she asked, and in the tone was a cynicism, a suggestion of surrender.

He looked about quickly. Men were coming and going, scraping away ruins, bringing up lumber.

"Come into the office," he muttered, and turned to lead the way.

Alone, there, she stood before him, wrenily drawing off her gloves.

"Don't quit now!" he said. "It's a body blow, yes; but we're not licked, Ellen! We're not through yet! We've only commenced to fight!"

She looked up at him, studying his face with her large eyes, and smiled

a trifle, with her lips, not with those eyes.

"You're fine!" she said. "You . . . Without you doing just what you've done I'd have given up weeks ago. I'm afraid. You've done so much for me, you've fought so well and so hard to make a showing. . . . But it seems a little unfair, doesn't it? A little as though the cards were stacked against us? To have a thing like this happen on top of all the things that are planned and executed against us?"

She turned away suddenly, as though fearful of breaking down before him. "I wish I were a man!" she said tensely. "I'm tired playing a man's part; worn out with trying not to show what I think and feel and . . . fear!"

John stepped forward and put his hands on her shoulders, forcing her to face him.

"I'm glad you're not a man," he said gently. "I'm glad you're just . . . who you are."

He felt her tremble as his fingers pressed the firm flesh beneath her Mackinaw.

"Oh," she said weakly. "Oh . . . that!"

"That!" he repeated with a vehement nod. "And the reason I haven't said it before, the reason I haven't said a lot of things that there are to be said, is because trouble has been coming too fast! In a pinch, survival comes first; living afterwards."

"That's one thing I want to say. The other is that you'll have to keep up your courage. I don't want you ever again to say to yourself, even, what you said to me out there. I want you to keep on saying and thinking and believing what you said to Gobel that night when I stood outside your office door; that we may lose, but we'll go down fighting! . . . And I don't think we're going to lose!"

"It isn't that I don't want to win, John!" she protested. "I want it more than I've wanted anything else. It was my father's heart that went into this operation. My father's memory is here, in my heart. I owe it to him to finish what he set out to do. Isn't that natural? Don't you have that same feeling of high regard for the things your father wanted to do, or wants to do?"

He looked away. "My father . . . yes! He's right. He's always been right! He'll always be right!"

His vehemence startled the girl and he looked deep into her eyes. He wanted to tell it all, then and there; wanted to cleanse her mind of the impression it held. Wanted to say: "My father is the man you suspect of throwing all these obstacles in your path; my father is the man you loathe. But he is right; he is guiltless. I know, because I am his son!" He wanted to say those things but he could not, when all the evidence available on this side of the Atlantic was against him!

What he said was: "We're going to keep on, but I'm going to keep on worrying about you unless you'll clear out of this mess and chase the look out of your eyes that's been there since a week ago, when we plied up the plow! Can't you get away? Couldn't you go down the river with old Wolf for a few days? He wants you."

She laughed wryly.

"Away now. When things are—"

"Yes, now! The job's important but you . . . why, you're something else again. Oh, how can I tell you, here and now?"—hands slipping down from her shoulders to her hands. "You're something more than a part of the job, Ellen!" He was leaning close to her, drawing her towards him, lifting her hands. "You're something bigger and more splendid than I ever thought life held! You're all that there is or has been or ever will be under the sun or the—"

"John!" she whispered.

He spoke her name but before their lips could touch the door opened and they had scant time to break apart before Wolf Richards burst in.

"Lookit!" he said, holding up fragments of a glass. "Lookit what I found out yonder, Johnny! Found 'em in th' ashes; right in th' middle of th' barn. Jug, I'm tellin' you. . . . Jug, 'tis! What's a jug doin' into the middle of a barn, eh? Whisky, likely. You're right. . . . He was drunk 'nd touched her off."

He stopped talking and eyed Ellen closely as John took the fragments of glass from him. Her face was flushed from his untimely intrusion and the old man chuckled to himself.

As John left the office a man whom he had seen repeatedly in town approached.

"Steele!" he said. "Bradshaw."

"Hullo, sheriff! Knew who you were, of course. . . . Now, Ellen, excuse us. The sheriff's errand isn't exactly pleasant. Mark'll get things going right off."

"Stranger, eh?" the sheriff said as

he pulled back the blanket and looked into the face of the dead man. "Stranger to all your boys?"

"None of 'em ever saw him."

The other nodded.

Step by step John went over the story, speaking lowly of the certainty that he and two others had smell burning gasoline, telling of the jug fragments just now discovered. He traced the mark of a horseshoe on the skull, pointed out the clear impression of a calk; began to argue a bit as the sheriff squatted there, unresponsive, chewing on a cigar stub, almost bland, almost disinterested.

"My guess is this," he said. "The same people that have been badgering us for weeks pulled this. They sent this poor devil in here with a jug of gasoline. He shook hay out along the barn floor, poured the gas on it and touched it off. He'd naturally start her to the rear first and as he bent over to set it going behind Prince, the old fellow got him."

The sheriff scratched a match and lighted his frayed cigar. "I'm goin' to tell the curious just what everybody else out here but you seems to think," he said. "I'm goin' to tell them that here was some bum, walkin' in for a job. He gets to camp, sees everybody's in the hay and knows he's likely to catch h—! If he wakes 'em up. So he slips into the barn, which is warm enough for anybody to sleep in; lights his pipe, goes to sleep and . . . there you are!"

"I've been watchin' what went on here a long time. I been watchin' you and what you've done since you took hold. It's enough, what I've seen; enough to judge you and to make a pretty good guess at what else went on. Your friend here"—jerking his thumb towards the figure beneath the blanket—"went to work for Burke at the Belknap & Gobel camp last Monday."

(Con't Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church  
Rev. Charles F. Clarke, pastor

Well Friends: How easy it is to say, 'I'll go to church next Sunday' but when Sunday comes some trifling matter is made the excuse to say, 'Well, I'll surely go next Sunday'. Here, Lent is nearly gone, only two weeks to Easter and how we have let our opportunities slip by! Come next Sunday at 11 o'clock and you will hear about that great scene in the Garden of Gethsemane where Jesus shows us what it means to say "Thy Will Be Done" At 7:30 the subject will be "Faith Triumphant in Our Lives" Remember our Bible School has a place for all ages. Both C. E.'s meet at 6:30 P. M.

The Lenten prayer meeting and Bible Study will be held Wednes-

The Cook's Nook

"SERVE SOMETHING SIMPLE" FOR LENT!

The first hundred years may be the hardest; but the last few weeks of Lent are most difficult for the Chief Custodian of the Kitchen. "Serve something simple" sounds easy enough, but it has been done day after day, with the left eye glued on the budget and the right orb fixed on the balance of the meals.

Meat is stricken off the menu on some days during Lent; candy is self denied to many, and simplicity is, by tradition as well as regulation, the order of the day for most of us. That means recipes which have variety and sparkle, which provide the mineral and protein requirements without violating the Lenten rules are much in demand.

When your own brain has grown weary of thinking up new ideas for Lent, borrow a few of these, to tide you over those last few weeks. As a certain newspaper critic says, "y' wekkum!"

CHAMPION CHEESE CHOPS

Chops you can have and irresistible ones, if you make them with cheese and crackers this easy way:

- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup crumbled butter crackers
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 teasp. parsley
- Salt and Pepper

Mix all ingredients. Shape like chops, and use a small length of macaroni or a little long pretzel stick for the "bone". Fry the chops in oil, so they will brown nicely.

MAIN DISH SALAD

A nourishing salad, especially at this time of the year, makes an ideal main course for a Lenten luncheon. Dates and cream cheese form a perfectly balanced meal, just as do dates and milk, the date furnishing the iron, invert sugar, calcium and cellulose, while the cheese is rich in protein, fat and phosphorus. Both feature in this

THREE FLAVOR SALAD

- 12 pear halves
- 12 pasteurized dates
- 1/2 pkg. cream cheese
- 1 tbsp. fruit juice
- 2 tsp. minced candied ginger
- Lettuce
- Salad Dressing

day at 8:00 P. M. Bethel Aid will hold its regular meeting Thursday at 11 o'clock. A study of the American Indians will be made with Mr. Hulett as speaker. Pot uck luncheon 12:15. Everyone is cordially invited to these meetings.

Methodist Church

George F. Gordon, Pastor

Dr. J. C. Harrison, Superintendent of the Methodist churches in the Portland District, will speak each evening in our church at eight o'clock. Dr. Harrison is a dynamic speaker and you will be greatly helped by hearing his message. Special music will be rendered by local talent. A cordial invitation is extended to you. Time of service April 2 to 9.

Sunday morning at eleven o'clock the pastor will speak on the subject "Major events in the life of Christ."

Kinton Church

Services at the churches for Sunday will be as follows: Bible school at 10 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Simpson at 2 P. M. Everyone is most cordially invited to attend these services.

Church of Christ

Rev. G. W. Springer

As Easter Sunday draws near we are anxious that every one should know of our program. There will be a Sunday School program for the children Sunday morning.

During the church hour on the evening of Easter Sunday we are going to have an Easter drama

Stuff the pitted pasteurized dates with the cream cheese which has been moistened with pear syrup or with French Dressing. Sprinkle surface of cheese with minced candied ginger. Put a stuffed date in cavity of each pear. Serve with salad dressing and pass crackers—oysterettes or butter wafers. If fresh pears are used, marinate them. 6 serving.

BUTTERMILK BRAN MUFFINS DE LUXE

Muffins are a great help in supplementing the plain menu and in lending appetite-appeal to the simple main course. The muffins can add other valuable properties, too, if you make them with bran for roughage and karo syrup, which contains large amounts of dextrose, the energy food.

- 1 cup bran
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1teasp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2 teasp. shortening
- 1/2 cup dark karo
- 1 egg

Sift flour, soda and salt together. Mix with bran. Add milk, syrup, the liquid shortening, and egg; mix well. Bake in oiled muffin pans at 400° F. (hot oven) for 25 minutes. To add still more nourishment, and extra flavoring to the muffins, add 1/2 pkg. sliced pasteurized dates to the batter.

BURSTING APPLES

It is seldom that we depend on last course can do it, if you make part of the meal but the "best and last" course can do it, if you make it with healthful ingredients. Especially appropriate for winding up a Lenten dinner are these stuffed and candied apples, a simple fruit dessert in new form: Wash and core apples, beginning at blossom end. Pare skin one inch from top. Put in oiled baking pan. Mix 1/2 cup water and 1/2 cup karo, dark or maple flavored. Stuff centers of apples with pitted pasteurized dates quartered. Pour syrup over the apples. Bake in hot oven until apples are tender, basting during cooking. Serve with cream and old-fashion ginger snaps. If you like crumble the ginger snaps and put them on top the apples when baking.

which we expect to be very good. The Church of Christ is cooperating with the other churches in Beaverton in a union Good Friday service which will be held at the Congregational church Friday evening April 14th at eight o'clock.

Nazarene Church

Rev. Willard P. Andersen, Pastor

You are invited to attend our services: Sunday School 9:45 A. M. Morning Worship, 11:00 A. M.; N. Y. P. S., 6:30 P. M.; Evening Service, 7:30 P. M. Prayer and Praise on Wednesday at 7:30 P.M.

We are much encouraged with our Sunday school which is growing in interest and size. The attendance last Sunday was more than our enrollment.

You will find an interesting program and a friendly welcome at all our services.

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P. M. in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain, secretary, and Mrs. Hazel Miller, N. G. p-1f

NOTICE—The Rosaria Taylors

will be located after the first of the month in the John Welter building on the corner across from Stipes Garage. C17 Adv.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



Why He Left Home