

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

SUMMONS

In The Circuit Court Of The State Of Oregon For Washington County L. E. Klatt and Marion Klatt, his wife, Plaintiffs, vs. Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife; Rev. W. S. Gordon and Elizabeth Gordon, his wife Albert W. Gentner and Jane Doe Gentner, his wife, Credit Service Company, a corporation, Defendants.

To Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife of the above named defendants.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you, are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, to wit: on or before the expiration of four weeks next from and after the date of first publication of this summons, the date of said first publication being on March 24, 1933, and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in their said complaint, to-wit: That plaintiffs have judgment against defendants Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife, and against the real property hereinafter described, for the sum of \$250.00 with interest thereon since June 12, 1932, at the rate of eight per cent. annum, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and the further sum of \$75.00 attorney's fees herein.

That plaintiffs' mortgage described in their complaint herein, and which was executed by defendants, Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife, to the plaintiffs herein, and recorded on page 212 of book 115 records of mortgages for Washington County, Oregon, on or about June 12, 1930, be reformed and corrected so as to express the true intention and contract of Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife, and L. E. Klatt and Marion Klatt, his wife, parties thereto by describing the real estate therein mortgaged as

The East Two Hundred Sixty-four and four tenths (264.4) feet of Lot No. 10 in Block No. 5, Reedville Homes as shown on the duly recorded map and plat thereof, and situated in Washington County, Oregon.

That plaintiffs' said mortgage, as reformed and corrected, be decreed to be first lien and a first mortgage upon the real property above described; that said mortgage, as reformed and corrected, be foreclosed and said real property subject thereto and hereinbefore described be sold as upon execution in the foreclosure of said mortgage and the proceeds of said sale be applied as follows, viz:

First: To the payment of the lien and claim of these plaintiffs under said note and mortgage, which amounts to \$250.00, with interest thereon since June 12, 1932, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and the costs of this suit and of said sale, and the further sum of \$75.00 attorney's fees herein.

The balance, if any, to be disposed of as said court may be advised and may direct; that the lien of said mortgage be decreed prior and superior to all claim, interest or equity of each and all of the defendants herein, and that such other and further decree be granted herein as may seem just and equitable.

That if after said sale and the application of the proceeds thereof for the payment of the moneys due the plaintiffs on said note and mortgage it should be ascertained that said proceeds are insufficient to pay such judgment or decree as the plaintiffs may recover herein, they may have judgment over and against defendants Peter Vergeer and Mary M. Vergeer, his wife, in the sum of such deficiency. That said defendants, Peter Ver-

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BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus W.M.U. SERVICE

"The devil!" "Yeah." He stripped the foil from



"I Guess, Steele, We Understand Each Other?"

another cigar. "I guess, Steele, we understand each other?" He winked, a bit grimly.

"Go to it!" John said under his breath.

Sounds of saw and hammer filled the air. Men moved methodically from place to place. On the ashes of yesterday's barn, a new, rough structure grew. And Ellen Richards, as she stood on a stump and watched the framework grow, watched the roof go on, watched sheeting slapped into place and held and nailed home, smiled with misted eyes. Who wouldn't, seeing your men work that way . . . and seeing one of them move about quiet, assured, competent, directing it all for you!

The barn would be habitable for the teams that night; a few hours of work by a dozen men tomorrow would complete it; a track problem at the crossing had become pressing, and John welcomed the chance to ride that far with Ellen. He would return on a speeder.

They were at the crossing a time while Tiny tinkered and John watched Ellen viewing the long strings of loads, taxing the storage capacities of truckage, waiting to be moved into Kampfest. He saw her look at the short little train of her own logs they had dragged up the grade, and her shoulders slumped significantly.

"A feast for them," she commented, "and for us . . . famine!"

The look in her eyes wrenched his heart. Her hands closed on his tightly and then she was gone. He stood for a time watching the train rock on towards Shoestring, steam shut off now, as they slid down the stiff grades that led into town.

Fest or a famine! Not his father's doing, this; Gorbels' probably; but the situation was real and acute, and he could not recover from the look on the girl's face.

He walked along a switch filled with loaded cars awaiting removal to the Belknap & Gorbels mill. Not since the blizzard had the branch been cleaned out. Only enough cars were moved to make room for more coming in from the Belknap & Gorbels camps. Even a switch, theretofore used only by the Richards empties, had been commandeered. He counted the cars standing there. Twenty-two there were; seven thousand feet to a load . . . enough for a four-day out. If those belonged to Ellen now. . . . The car wheels were blocked because the switch ran into the Shoestring line on the down-grade. He eyed one of those charred chunks which supplemented the hold of hand-set brakes as though he had never seen such a device used before. Then he went on whistling tunelessly to himself. He

laughed, after a moment, and said aloud:

"Fire . . . fire's best fought with fire!"

He talked with the crossing tender of the track difficulties, outlined temporary repairs. The man asked for the next night off apologetically; his wife wanted an evening of movies; John told him to plan on it, a bit more heartily than even he was wont to grant favors to men. . . . He had a plan, had John.

He had noticed that the Belknap & Gorbels man, who had ridden in the caboose, was hanging about the crossing. He walked with a pronounced limp, and as John and the tender started for the little house where the gas car was stored he approached.

"Jim, ain't they making a run from Kampfest this evening?" he asked.

"No; had trouble in the yards," the tender said.

"My hard luck, then!" the man said. "I'd ought to've telephoned and found out." He looked at John. "Is there any chance getting back to camp tonight?"

"Ride in on the speeder with me, if you want."

That was agreeable to the stranger. A mile out of the crossing, as they rolled through the twilight towards timber on the horizon, his passenger put a hand on John's shoulder and asked:

"Would you shut her off a minute? I got something to talk about."

John threw off the switch; the motor went dead, and they rolled to a stop, there in the solitude of snow-blanketed choppings.

"Mr. Steele," the passenger said, "the sheriff told me about your fire. I heard him talking to the train crew about it and how he thinks that the man they're taking to Shoestring wandered into your barn while he was drunk and set the place off trying to smoke."

He paused.

"I try to be a decent citizen. I try to be loyal to the man that hires and pays me. But I like horses. . . . I like 'em better than I like humans, my wife says! I used to be a barn boss for Kampfest, but I got this stiff leg and can't get around so much. I'm filling for Gorbels in camp now. I don't like to bite the hand that feeds me, but . . . I'm decent!"

Something dogged about him then. "What I've got to say is this: that a man who'll burn horses alive don't deserve loyalty; he don't deserve anything but the worst he can get! That's why I'm going to tell you what I know."

"That man under the blanket in your way-car worked in our camp for three days. He was no good. He just made motions instead of working. But yesterday afternoon Gorbels came to camp. He and this man stood outside the window of my shop a long time. I went out and then went back to get something. It takes me a long time to walk a little ways. I didn't aim to spy, but when I got back there, Mr. Steele, these two men were over by the gasoline tank, which sets off by itself, drawing off gasoline!"

John's heart leaped. "They drew a jug of it. The man went out and walked down the track; Gorbels went in and ate and drove back to Kampfest that night. We haven't seen the man since."

He ended with a grim nod. "We found a broken jug in the ruins," John said. "A plain glass, gallon jug."

"That's what they had!" the other whispered.

John swore softly. "We knew it was set," he said. "We're keeping still; we're going to try to run this thing down without any fuss. Now, if you'll tell the sheriff what you've told me, his job would be easy."

The other hesitated, then twisted his head in a nod of assent.

"I will," he promised. "I don't like to get any man into trouble, but . . . it's the horses, you see."

"I understand. Nobody likes to squawk, but in a case like this it's almost a man's duty."

"That's what I figure, too. I . . . I'd made up my mind to quit working for Gorbels tonight, but maybe it'll be better if I stay on, even if I hate to take money from a man like that."

"You stay on," John said. "I'll pass your story along to Bradshaw and he'll see you sometime when it won't give his hand away."

"I'll help all I can, even to stickin' on for Belknap & Gorbels"—grimly. "My name's DeYoung. When you want me, send word."

CHAPTER VI

Again something new for a young man to consider as he rolled down alone towards camp. Until now this had been a fight without the law; now, the possibility loomed that a sovereign state's authority might step in and help in thwarting the persecution which was being directed against Ellen Richards.

John was convinced now that this whole affair was without old Tom's knowledge or consent. His rage against his father was wholly gone before a feeling that the old man was peculiarly dependent on him for aid in clearing his name of the snitch that had been placed on it in this community.

Gorbels was the man, he told himself. This was Gorbels' doing from first to last. His father, after years of wisely picking his men, had at last involved himself with a rascal. . . .

But setting opinions aright, the reasoning of this urge for Ellen Richards which was growing so enormous in his heart, could not command his first attention, paramount as they were. Other things crowded in on them. He must, above all, keep the Richards Lumber company alive until he could force matters to clear themselves.

He went at once to Jack Tait and they stood outside the barn and talked for long. In the beginning the barn boss fiddled mildly from time to time; at the end, he was spitting tobacco juice and his old eyes were ablaze with whole-hearted enthusiasm.

A team—a white team—came in off the job at noon. The teamster was put at other work. The wood-butcher had chopped stove-length sticks in two and had charred them in the blacksmith shop, as car blocks are treated.

At two o'clock Jack Tait hitched the white horses to a light sleigh, tossed the freshly made blocks in, and drove off, chewing rapidly.

John went out with the loads, and when he dropped off at the crossing Way-Bill looked at him inquiringly.

"Jim and his wife, here, are going to paint Shoestring tonight!" John laughed. "I just wanted to see that you got up the hump. Jack Tait's bringing in a team and I'll ride back with him. S'long! . . . Have a good time, Jim, and buy the missus popcorn! Where do you hide the key, in case I want to get warm?"

"On top the door casing to the left."

"Right! Good luck!"

He stood there as the train broke over to the down grade, rocking in the late afternoon stillness towards Shoestring.

(Con't Next Week)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, pastor

Well Friends: Next Sunday is Palm Sunday and we are planning on a happy day, bright music, flowers, optimistic sermons. The morning topic will be "The Triumph of our Religion". The 7:30 subject will be "The Joy of our Religion". The Bible School meets

The Cook's Nook

PIN WHEEL BISCUITS

- 2 cups bread flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1-3 cup chopped raisins
- 1-3 teaspoon cinnamon
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ¾ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons chopped citron

Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Rub or cut in the shortening. Add milk and mix to soft, dough. Toss on slightly floured board, pat or roll to ¼ inch thickness, sprinkle with raisins, citron, cinnamon, and sugar. Roll like a jelly roll, cut off pieces ¾ inch in thickness and place on greased tin. Bake in a hot oven (450°) for 10 to 15 minutes.

PRESTO, CHANGE! HERE'S A MAGIC DESSERT

You know the magic tricks that require "only a simple twist of the wrist!" But have you tried them in the kitchen, making a new kind of Charlotte Russe that way? Get out your dessert glasses; whip and sweeten some cream; cut fig newtons in thin strips, and line the glasses. Pile the whipped cream on the fig newtons, put a canned fig or cherry on top, and it's done!

SPRING GREENS ARE "IN"

"Oh the onions that bloom in the spring tra la" and the other little salad makings are with us again: Mark that soul faint who does not make use of the first little bandelion shoots, the tender baby beet tops, horse-radish tops and the like. They make delicious salads, when served with a California dressing made by mixing 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon graded onion, ½ cup catsup, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 cup mayonnaise and 1 teaspoon worcester shire sauce.

MIGHTY EASY, MIGHTY GOOD

Easy is as easy does but in the case of the new peanut butter dainties, easy does very well indeed! To make these delicious dainty cookies, simply place in a mixing bowl: ½ cup peanut butter, ½ pkg. pasteurized dates, ¾ cup powdered sugar and 2 egg

whites, unbeaten. Stir until blended; drop mixture by teaspoonfuls on an oiled baking sheet or inverted pan. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes, and you'll have 18 toothsome cookies.

PRETZELS ARE BACK IN STYLE

The possibility of the return of the foaming seidel and the flowing scain is said to be responsible for the return to popularity of pretzels, the consumption of which has greatly increased. America makes its own pretzels now, and each both straight and curly varieties. Home-makers are serving them with salads and soups as well as to nibble on.

RAH FOR RHUBARB!

Your first rhubarb pie will be an extra added attraction if you combine 1 cup rhubarb to ½ pkg. pasteurized dates in making the filling. The two flavors combine to make a brand new flavor, and filling made this way is very wholesome.

TINY TIPS

Lime gelatine is especially good in combination with canned grapefruit segments. Try cream cheese with strawberry jam. Drop a few pitted pasteurized dates in the batter next time you make sweet buns; makes a real fruit roll. Banana Cream Pie is delicious when made with a graham cracker crust; newer yet is to make the crust with crumbled chocolate wafers. Dried peaches and prunes are greatly improved in flavor if they are simmered gently for 2 hours with ½ lemon, chopped fine, and ¼ cup white karo syrup added to them during cooking.

EGGS AUVERGNE

Halve six hard boiled eggs. Remove the yolks, taking care not to break the whites. Powder the yolks with a silver fork. Add one-half teaspoon mustard, one-quarter teaspoon salt, few grains of cayenne, dash of paprika, one teaspoon sugar, one tablespoon olive oil. Mix until smooth with one tablespoon finely chopped parsley and place on white of eggs. Serve on crisp lettuce.

We hope you are watching for the Christian Endeavor programs the first Sunday of every month. They are usually a pleasant surprise.

In the morning Sunday Mr. Springer will speak on the topic "Christ Leads The Way". The evening sermon will be a continuation of the morning sermon although more of an Evangelistic nature.

Methodist Church

George F. Gordon, Pastor

The pre-Easter services in our church are in progress and will close Sunday evening. Dr. J. C. Harrison is bringing the message each evening. Song service commences at 7:30.

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, the pastor will speak on the subject "An Eventful Victory".

Mrs. Mary Poitras of Seattle arrived here Tuesday for an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Rebecca Ellerson.

Lois Livermore entertained a group of little friends with a farewell party Monday afternoon in honor of Maxine and David Cady who will move to Oregon City with their parents in the near future.

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



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