

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. per 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 mortgage 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 mortgages 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.N.V. SERVICE

It was very quiet; a light snow was falling, flakes large and feathery, blotting out the tracks men had made not long before. He strolled down the main line, down over the break, on for twenty rods. There he paused, looked right and left and nodded grimly.

At dusk he heard Jack Tait coming and walked out to meet him. "We'll carry the blocks over," he said. "This snow might stop; runner tracks wouldn't be so good. Horse tracks are harder to trace."

While Jack fed his team John went into Jim's house and telephoned. A private line this, with no chance of a central operator overhearing. He called for the mill foreman's office, and when Roberts answered, said crisply:

"It's Steele, Roberts. How do things stand?"

"Not so good! We've only got thirty thousand in the yards tonight and it's snowing here."

"Now listen; and don't ask questions. Get your supper as soon as you can, come back to your office and stand by the telephone."

"O. K.," answered the man.

Steele and Jack ate a cold meal hastily and went outside. From the sleigh they carried arm loads of charred blocks and strung them along the track down beyond the break in the grade. This done, Jack took the evening from his sleigh, hooked a deck chain to it and drove his team across the tracks to the long line of Belknap & Gorbel loads waiting on the switch.

The wings of the plow had shoved the snow back to give ample room. Jack hooked his chain to the arch bar of the first car's front trucks while John knocked the blocks from the wheels and mounted the car, grasping the brake wheel.

"All right," he said, and Jack spoke to his horses. They leaned into the collars, strained, hung, and then the car slowly started to move.

With the wheels once turning it was easy. Out on to the main line they trundled, and John set the brake gradually, driving the shoes tighter against the wheels as the grade became pronounced.

"Steady now. . . . She wants to roll!" He was straining on the wheel with all his weight.

Jack pulled in his team until slack of the chain dangled in the snow, unhooked, seized a block and held it on the rail before the wheel while the tire munched into its charred surface. In its own length then, the car came to a grinding halt. Quickly they thrust more blocks in place and turned the team backward.

Down they came with another car, repeating the process, careful to let it ease most gently against the first they had moved, blocking it securely, making the coupling fast. Back again. . . .

They spoke but little and then in un-der tones, though they were miles from other ears. Snow fell faster. Ankle deep, shin deep, light, duffy flakes fell steadily.

The last car went into place; the final coupling was made.

"Get your team back to the sleigh now," John whispered. "I'll call Roberts."

In the house again he rang the mill office and the foreman answered at once.

"Is the last yard switch open?" John asked.

"Thought to be. Always is. That's orders. Yes, I can see the light from here."

"Then stay in your office and keep your eyes open. And if anybody starts down that yard get 'em back!"

Out they went, carrying axes. Up on to the first car John climbed and released the brakes. Jack knocked the blocks from the wheels. Back to the next, repeating the operation; a third and a fourth were released. The train stirred a bit as the freed cars took up slack. Another wheel spun, more blocks were knocked out.

The train was chugging, groaning, as the freed cars on the far end strained at the anchorage formed by those at the rear. As John mounted the third

from the last it stirred a trifle. He smiled to himself.

"Snappy!" he yelled at Jack as he dropped into the snow.

The string was moving now, wheels of the last car sizzling, squealing. He grabbed the hand rail and swung up grimly.

the step. He kicked the dog loose and spun the wheel.

"Jump!" yelled Tait as he stood aside, and John jumped as the cars gained momentum on the grade.

Fresh snow, fallen on the logs, began to whip away in light, shattering blocks, in streamers of dust. Fire streamed from a wheel as they swung another bend. The clatter of trucks over rail joints was like hail on a roof.

The cars careened, they rolled, they jumped and bounced. The last, yanked along by the others, tilted and tipped dangerously on curves. It threatened to go over. It lost a part of its load, but it held the rails. On through the choppings, on along the sides of hills; through narrow ravines debouching into wider valleys; level track could not slow them; short rises had no more than a barely perceptible influence on the pace. . . . They broke over the last pitch, and any there might have seen the lights of Shoshone strung like blurred jewels through the snow a quarter of a mile away.

It seemed to Tait and John, standing there in the silence, that they could hear the clangor of those runaways until they stopped. The sound came echoing back to them through the falling snow, faint and fainter, but still there.

John turned then and ran into the house.

Roberts answered his ring. "Anything happened?" John asked.

"Happened. . . . 'Y G—d, Steele! Happened!" The man's voice cackled with excitement. "D yuh ever hear about it rainin' frogs?"

"Once."

"And manna? It rained that, didn't it?"

"No, ravens brought—"

"Well, it come, anyhow, but what I wanted to ask is, d'yuh ever hear of its rainin' saw-logs into a hungry mill-yard?"

"No. But I've prayed for it!"

"Eh? You what? You prayed for it?" He could hear the man draw a great breath. "Well, Steele, I'm here to say that if ever I want a whole lot and real bad I'm goin' to get you to pray about a dime's worth for me! Say, the 'saw-logs' strung from h—l to breakfast, in this here yard. It'll be a mess to untangle, but if she blows now we can saw for a week!"

"Fair enough, Roberts. And you know nothing else except that it rained logs on you tonight."

"That's all I want to know. I'm part clam. Good night!"

John was in the camp office a few minutes before dinner-time when the telephone rang. It was an amazed and bewildered Ellen.

"Do you know what happened?" she asked.

"I'd heard, yes. Heard it tore up the main line."

"Oh. . . . They fixed that in half an hour. Tiny was only a little late getting out. Of course, they're not our logs. What am I going to do?"

He was grinning. This was not the sort of thing to reveal wholly to a girl yet. Tactics such as this are men's affairs.

"I don't know. I've got to fix it up with Burke somehow. I don't see how we can use their logs legally; I don't see how they're going to get them out without jimmying us up. We'll have to go carefully, Ellen."

Her "Oh," he thought, was a bit dismayed.

"Don't worry," he assured her.

This was not Ellen calling again. It was Burke, as John had known the man would call or come.

"Steele? Burke talking. That was a nice one somebody pulled!"

"I'm with you! Why the devil can't your help block their loads so they're

not running away and cluttering up other folk's mill-yards?"

"Say, you can forget that line right now! You know d—d well that those loads didn't run away!"

"Well, if you know it all, prove something and suggest something."

"All right; we want our logs back!"

"Then go get 'em and send 'em around by the main line."

"Wh what! Why, that's a two-hundred-mile haul. No, sir. We expect you to deliver those logs back to the crossing and stand a lawsuit if you put a single one of 'em through your mill!"

John grinned.

"We're no common carriers," he said. "You've got us on the haul in; you've no hold on us the other way. It's up to you to prove that those logs are anything but a nuisance to the Richards company. We can't litter the yard with 'em. If you don't get 'em out at once we'll have to saw 'em, is that all?"

"Wait a minute!"

The man evidently turned aside and cupped his hand over the transmitter while he talked with another.

"I've got nothing else to say except this; we expect to have our logs back at the crossing by the end of the week!"

(Continued Next Week)

YOUR NEW BODY

Such stuff as we

Would never choose—

Was the very stuff

That God did use!

Murderers, slavers, liars, wharf-

rats, the vile, foolish, base, igno-

rant!

How does God make his crown-

ing work of creation out of such?

First, in the blood of the lamb he

washed them; then breathed He in-

to them his eternal spirit, and so

by this, the new birth, they became

the sons of God.

Raised to glory was Christ on

that first Easter Day and, in turn,

on Resurrection Morn, these his re-

deemed ones, will be given their

bodies of glory. So Christ, the head

and these the saved will be united

into one body. God's crowning work

of creation—the glorified Christ,

the head; the glorified saved ones,

his body.

Now settle it; take your stand

that Christ's death for your sins

clears you and opens the way for

God to pour in—pour in—pour in—

of his blessings, Second; Bible—

Bible—Bible for your new march-

ing orders, Third; prayer—prayer—

prayer for the power to go

ahead.

If without a pastor and seeking

spiritual or prayer help address

Old Time Religion, Box 95 R. 2,

Beaverton, Oregon

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of Harrison M. Hughson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned administrator of the above named estate, has filed in the above entitled Court and cause, his final account and report as such, and the Court has fixed the 8th day of May 1933, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court room of the above entitled Court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 7th day of April 1933.

Hare, McAlear & Peters, Attor-

neys for Administrat.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

that by virtue of an Execution, Order and Decree of Sale, issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, dated the 29th day of March, 1933, in favor of Maude F. Knight, plain-tiff and against, E. J. Boos and Hattie E. Boos; Clinton E. Hubbs and Francis A. Hubbs; Herbert Davis and Neoma Davis, defend-ants, for the sum of \$27.25 costs with interest at the rate of six per cent from March 29, 1933, and the further sum of \$500.00 with interest thereon since September 19, 1931, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, less the sum of \$15.00 paid on the interest, and the



WHAT TO EAT FOR EASTER

From the "one a penny, two a penny—Hot Cross Buns" on Good Friday to the candy egg on Sunday night, the Easter season demands its own special trappings and traditional foods. All the parties and social events held on the day preceding the festival utilize the Easter symbols and dishes too, so your thoughts must be turning kitchen-wards to discover the easiest ways to prepare them.

Your "kitchen correspondent" has been at work already and here are assembled some of the season's "premiers successes" for your Easter edibles. Help yourself to the recipes, then help the guests to help themselves to the delicious results!

HOT CROSS BUNS

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 3 tbsps. mazola
- 1/2 yeast cake
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tbsps. salt
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1/2 cup seeded raisins
- Beaten egg
- Frosting

Beat egg slightly, stir in oil, and add the sugar. Dissolve yeast cake in water. Add scalded milk to egg mixture, and when luke warm, add dissolved yeast. To this add mixed and sifted dry ingredients, and the quartered raisins. Cover, and let rise over night. Shape in forms of large biscuits, place in oiled pan one inch apart, let rise. Brush over with beaten egg, and bake in hot oven, (450° F.) twenty minutes. Cool and make a cross on top of each bun with frosting made by mixing confectioner's sugar with water.

EASTER BREAKFAST SUGGESTIONS

For a breakfast "starter" serve orange juice over sliced bananas. Delicious, and very easy if you use canned orange juice. Or a grapefruit juice cocktail made with canned juice is refreshing.

Ham and eggs are an inevitable combination for Easter breakfast. Vary by serving them a la Benedict. Simply saute slices of ham in oil until edges curl slightly. Poach an egg for each serving. Place each slice of ham on a Holland rusk, which has been buttered. Put the

poached egg on top of the ham; cover with Hollandaise Sauce and serve hot. If you prefer to serve the eggs scrambled, garnish them with strips of canned pimiento for color and flavor and serve them on buttered shredded wheat biscuits which have been toasted split and buttered.

If you serve a hot cooked cereal, be sure to drop in a few pitted dates. Hominy grills with sliced dates and cream make an especially toothsome breakfast dish.

CANDY EASTER EGGS

Color your candy eggs any shade you prefer, or let them harden and coat with dipping chocolate. These are so easy the children can make them themselves, and will be creamy and smooth because of their karo content.

2 cups sugar  
1/2 cup water  
1/4 cup white karo  
Red fruit coloring  
1 tbsps. vanilla  
1/2 pkg shredded cocoanut  
Boil the sugar, water and syrup to the soft ball stage (238° F.). Remove from the fire and let it stand until lukewarm (110° F.). Add fruit coloring to make a delicate pink. Add vanilla and stir until stiff. Add cocoanut and shape like Easter eggs. Place on waxed paper to harden 12 to 18 eggs.

RABBITS TO EAT

Bunny faces with long pointed ears are easy to make yourself. Use them for decorating cakes or for party favors. Make the head and body by fastening together 2 fresh round marshmallows with toothpicks, setting one on top of the other, snow man fashion. Make the ears by inserting two toothpicks at proper angle on top of the "head." Over toothpicks place two pasteurized dates (pitted variety) pinching ends to make them pointed. Make the eyes, nose and mouth with melted chocolate.

JIFFY EASTER CAKE

Fruit cake is especially appropriate for the Easter party or for Sunday dinner, and is the simplest of desserts if you use the prepared fruit cake mixture made from a Dixie recipe, which requires but the addition of an egg and liquid before baking right in the tin in which it was packed.

Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 29th day of March, 1933

J. W. CONNELL, Sheriff of Washington County D. D. Bump Attorney for Plaintiff Forest Grove, Oregon.

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