

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

ADIOS AMIGOS

As the Spaniards say, "Unto Go, friends."

For the past eleven years, this Town has been our home. This office has been our workshop, here we have labored, and played—have tolled and loafed. This has been our home, our castle. Just around the corner from our castle were friends, whom we have grown to know, and to love.

It is needless to say that our work has, on the whole, been pleasant. Could we find employment here it will be a privilege to remain, and be one of you. If the eternal struggle for existence takes us to other fields of endeavor, we shall always remember the pleasant associations with Beavertonians, some of the World's Best People.

ON OREGON FARMS

Klamath Falls—Some increase in Klamath potato acreage is expected this season as the result of considerable land being planted where alfalfa was frozen out last year. There has been a greater demand for seed potatoes late in the year than usual. Several potato seed treatment trials have been started recently on the U. E. Reeder and Otto Wabblers farms by the county agent. Comparative results will be noted from the corrosive sublimate, hot formaldehyde and acid-mercury dip methods in disease control.

Klamath Falls—The application of sulphur to alsike clover in the Ft. Klamath district will, without doubt, increase the yield of hay from two to three times, says County Agent C. A. Henderson, who has been carrying on trials in cooperation with farmers for several years. One field in particular, which formerly yielded five or six loads of mixed alsike and grass hay, was treated with 100 pounds of sulphur per acre in the spring of 1931, and in 1932 yielded 16 loads of hay of a much better quality. It loads this season. One load of manure this season. One load of manure mixed with sulphur was distributed on another field, and the alsike on the treated area reached a height of 22 to 24 inches, compared to 5 or 6 inches on the remainder of the field.

Alesia—Tall Meadow Oat Grass and Chewing Fescue are the two grasses that show up best this year in mountain pasture grass trials started some years ago in Alesia mountain by the Benton county agent. Part of the area was burned over last year by a forest fire, but the two grasses named survived in good shape and are growing well this year. Rye grass is making a good growth and some timothy is still showing up. Most of the other grasses and burr clover have about disappeared from the trial.

Eugene—Some so-called repellants used with seed corn in an effort to see if they would keep rodents away, proved instead to be more like bait to squirrels on the Lallie Hayes farm near here. Mrs. Hayes tried out four kinds of materials on a small scale. These were carbolineum, carbolic acid and sweet oil, pine tar, and landplaster, and a commercial crow repellent. The chief result noted was that the squirrels left a check plot planted near, and took special delight in eating the treated seed, especially that treated with the commercial crow repellent. The test was considered a "success" in that it showed what not to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Domogallo and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Doring picnicked at Champog Sunday.

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods



By Harold Titus W.N.U. SERVICE

Gorbel found the rivets on a small shelf behind the door. He repaired the cut strap of the pack-sack and began stowing the appropriated supplies in it. He had found jerked venison and chewed on a chunk hungrily.

"You must eat!" Ellen said, hot with inspiration. "You can't take the trail on just coffee, i. d. l."

The girl made a great clatter with utensils.

"The bacon's in the fur room. Will you get it?"

Cunning showed in his face. "You get it..."

She took a knife from the table, a long, thin-bladed knife; she picked a flashlight from her own pack, went quickly through the door of heavy planks.....

Bacon hung there from a peeled log that lay across rafters, but it was not at bacon that the girl looked. She gauged the length of that stick. Eight feet, probably; four inches through at its smaller end; stout, slow-growing cedar.

The fur room itself was the width of the cabin but barely six feet in depth. The far wall, like the others was of tamarack logs. She dropped the knife, reached upward, rolled the peeled cedar across the rafters until one end was clear-pulled on it, brought it sliding down.

Gorbel had turned to look.

"Here!" he cried, "Here, you...."

She shoved the far end against the bottom of the wall, she hugged the other in her arms and swung it in a brief arc, crying out as she set it with a thud against the plank of the closed door, throwing her weight on it.

"Open that door, Ellen!" he shouted thickly. "Open it, I say, or I'll beat it down!"

She knew that he could get in, but breaking down the door would take time.....time.....the most precious thing she could win!

He tried to break through by hurling his weight against it repeatedly and failed. He retreated, muttering.

"Stay there, then!" she heard him say, "until I'm ready."

She covered in the darkness, hugging the log which propped the door tightly, shuddering, listening to him move and mutter.....

And miles back there John Belknap stopped and straightened, pressing hands to the small of his back, aching from the hours of travel in a stooped posture.

CHAPTER XIII

Paul Gorbel hefted the ax carefully. The pack-sack was strapped shut; the rifle, its magazine filled, lay across the table.

"One more chance!" he panted. "One more chance for you to come out.....I'm coming in, then!"

The girl did not reply. He swung and struck and the ax edge bit deeply into the hand-hewn pine planks. She cried out then in fright, but put more of her weight on the post which blocked the door. His blows fell rapidly, assailing the boltheads that indicated the position of the upper hinge. The door began to give a bit under the driving. The barrier was yielding, sagging inward.....

With a sob the girl clutched at the post which slipped as its good angle of purchase was disturbed. She could not get it back into place between blows. She removed her weight from it, tried to shift it....

The door, sagging on the lower hinge, tilted inward.....

She was up then, backing from him as he stood in the lamplight,

long knife in her hand, the other spread across her breast.

"Don't come in here!" she whispered. "Don't come in here or I'll....I'll do the only thing you've left me to do!"

He strode forward and stopped as, with a cry, the girl flashed the long blade at him. He recoiled, cursing.

"I could kill you!"

"You could, of course!"

"You think I won't?"

"You might. But I'm not leaving this camp!"

"You think I wouldn't, eh?"—fumbling for the rifle. "You think I wouldn't shoot you down?....Well, think again! Leave you here to spread the word? Leave you alive to get back and spoil my twenty miles of covered trail. Today they can't find it!"—in a mutter. "Today a trail'll be an open book....."

He looked out into the coming dawn. A light breeze stirred, the stars were gone; thin cloud streamers in the east glowed a lemon color.

"Today it won't snow and—"

He crouched then and his head thrust forward. She heard a ragged breath sizzle through his lips as he crept, cat-like, towards a window, rifle at ready, and she heard the safety click open.....

"Belknap, eh?" he muttered, and in the tone was something of savage joy. "Belknap, after me...."

Out yonder, coming down the slope of the old burning towards the swamp was a man. He swung forward with long strides, with something relentless in his very posture.

The rifle butt slipped to Gorbel's shoulder; his cheek pressed the worn walnut of the stock.

And then a girl was leaping forward, screaming, dropping the knife she held, hurling herself upon him.

Her hand touched his sleeve as the gun roared. She all but knocked him from his feet.

And as he swung her about, almost lifting her from her feet as he wrested the weapon from her frantic grasp, she lifted her voice again:

"Stay back, John!" Stay back!" Continued Next Week

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

We shall be glad to welcome you to our services next Sunday and always. The Bible school holds its session at 9:45 with classes for all ages and the morning worship and sermon will be at 11 o'clock.

The Cook's Nook

Summer's Owlsh Habits Put Late

Night Snacks in Big Demand

People turn "owlsh" in the summertime—not necessarily wiser, but inclined to stay up later at night. And because of these owlsh habits, inspired perhaps by a desire to enjoy the nighttime coolness after the daytime heat, we are very apt to get hungry along about the shank of the evening—hungry not for sturdy foods, but for a last light snack before it's time for lights out.

Pantry-peeking and refrigerator-rummaging are excellent indoor sports about this time, and quite permissible for the family. But when there are guests to be considered, it's well to have an idea or two in mind—ideas you can eat!

Of course the climate determines the late-supper menu. If it's still humid and the midnight breeze is slow in arriving, your snacks will be cool and light, the most popular ones being "spreads" on crackers. Keep several jars of "makings" on hand, prepared by yourself and stored in jars, or made on the spot. Be sure the crackers you spread them on are crisp—this is most important; keep them right in their original boxes or tins, with the lid tightly closed against the summer air, and when you buy them, select a good brand you know will be fresh when you get it. Better have a variety, too, for someone is sure to want plain flake soda crackers or saltines, and some one else is sure to pine for those little appetizing ones with caraway or celery seeds inside. Serve them with a cool, tart beverage.

Spreads for Crackers to Serve the "Snackers"

To add to your repertoire: Anchovy Butter: Blend equal parts of creamed butter and anchovy paste and spread on butter wafers. Russian Picnic: Combine equal parts of pickled beet and minced hard boiled egg; spread on toasted whole wheat crackers. Devilled Ham: Blend equal parts of creamed butter and devilled ham and add prepared mustard to taste; serve on cheese wafers. Two-Cheese: Blend roquefort and cream cheese to a paste, moistening with a little cream or mayonnaise, add a few drops of onion juice or sprinkle with paprika and serve on appetizers. Add minced celery if you wish.

If it's turned cool and the evening's diversions have been strenuous, some good bacon and eggs or rye-bread with crunchy rusks and coffee will have the strongest appeal. The preparation of a waffle omelet right at the table is fun for the guests to watch. You can be sure of your success with this:

Premium Waffle Omelet

4 eggs
12 flake crackers
2 tbsps. butter
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp. baking powder
Beat eggs and add finely crumbled flake crackers. Add milk and beat. Stir in baking powder and melted butter. Bake in a hot waffle iron and serve hot with added butter. 6 portions.

If You Like It Sweet

Now some there be who would prefer the sweet and fancy, and a good fruit punch or some ice cream served with chocolate cookies, or some "sweet crackers" gets the popularity vote from many of the owls. Luckiest of all is she who has something cold making itself in the refrigerator.

Angel Parfait

1/2 tsp. gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

The pastor will take as his topic, "Searching for the Infinite". There will be no evening service until September 10.

1/2 cup cream
1 tsp. orange
1/2 tsp. salt
18 ginger snaps

Soften gelatine in 2 tbsps. cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Boil remaining water and the sugar until it spins a thread (225° F.) then pour slowly into stiffly beaten egg whites, beating while pouring. Add dissolved gelatine and stir occasionally until it thickens. Fold in whipped cream, flavoring and salt. Fold in the ginger snaps (which you have crumbled fine). Freeze in trays of the refrigerator, or chill for several hours. Six portions.

SOUR CREAM PIE

Mrs. Jennie Shearer has been asked so many times for the recipe for her delicious sour cream pie that she has sent it to The Review so that all of our readers may enjoy it.

For one large pie, the ingredients are:

1 cup raisins, measured after grinding through food chopper
1/2 cup sugar, mixed with one heaping tablespoon flour
2 egg yolks (using whites for frosting)
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 tsp. allspice
1/2 cup chopped walnuts (optional)
Fill rick pie crust, and bake. Cover with meringue.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Anderson on the highway near Lake road have sold their home.

Joyce Kellington was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wiley and daughter Katherine of Hillsboro, at Jantzen Beach on Thursday.

Jackie Miller is visiting for several weeks at the home of his uncle Howard Miller at Hillsboro.

Dr. Robert Woods has gone to Milton, Ore., where he is opening an office. Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Woods and their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Martin and daughter, Eloise of Idaho Falls, Ida., spent

the week-end visiting with Dr. Woods.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County in the Matter of the Estate of George W. Miller, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of George W. Miller, deceased, has filed his final account and report as such administrator in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and that said final account and report has been set for final hearing and settlement before said court at the court room thereof in Hillsboro, Oregon, on Monday, September 11, 1933, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day.

Dated and first published, August 11, 1933.

Date of last publication, Sept. 8, 1933.

George W. Taylor, Administrator of the Estate of George W. Miller, deceased.

M. B. Bump, residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for said Estate. adv. c-37-41

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County Walter P. C. Bailey, Plaintiff, vs. Claudine Joyce Bailey, Defendant To Claudine Joyce Bailey, of the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON 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 of publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the expiration of four weeks next from and after the date of said first publication of this summons, being on August 11, 1933, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his said complaint, to-wit:

That the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved, and that he have such other and further relief as to the Court may appear equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of Hon. Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, August 8, 1933.

D. D. Bump, Attorney for plaintiff, P. O. Address: Forest Grove, Oregon, Box 12. adv 37-41

Fan Mail and Breakfast

By BETTY BARCLAY

WHAT do they eat in Hollywood when they sit down for breakfast—at a table loaded with fan mail, no doubt?

Movie heroes and heroines have strenuous days. They need healthful food. But these same celebrities must retain a clear skin, a perfect figure and perfect health—so breakfast must be chosen carefully.

Handsome Buddy Rogers—now starring in "5 Cents a Glass," enjoys orange and ham at the morning meal. Fruit waffles is another favorite breakfast in the film colony.

Those of us who live elsewhere can enjoy these dishes whenever we choose. Here are the recipes:

Ham with Oranges (Serves 6)

6 servings fried ham
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups orange juice
Parsley

Fry ham. For this number of servings a ham steak about 1 1/2 pounds will be required. Add flour to 2 tablespoons of fat from frying ham and cook until lightly browned. Add orange juice, stirring well to avoid lumps. Cook 5 minutes or until sauce is thick. Pour sauce around ham on serving dish. Garnish with parsley and orange slices.

Orange Waffles (Makes 6 sets of waffles in 2-section iron)

2 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 1/2 cups pastry flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Beat together eggs, sugar and rind. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture alternately with fruit juices, and lastly the melted butter. Cook on an ungreased waffle iron. Allow to cool, as waffles become crisp upon standing.

Serve in sandwich form with filling and top of slightly sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with 3 orange segments on top and 1 segment at each side of waffle.



BUDDY ROGERS

1/4 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 cup melted butter
Orange segments
Whipped cream

Beat together eggs, sugar and rind. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture alternately with fruit juices, and lastly the melted butter. Cook on an ungreased waffle iron. Allow to cool, as waffles become crisp upon standing.

Serve in sandwich form with filling and top of slightly sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with 3 orange segments on top and 1 segment at each side of waffle.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



WELL, SIR, I SURE FEEL SORRY FER PAW THESE DAYS, WITH THIS BOBBED HAIR QUESTION LOOMING UP IN OUR HOME



Y'SEE, MAW IS GOT TH' BUG 'Y' JOHN 'IN' BOBBED 'GRAD GET AN' YA CAN'T GET AN' MORD OUTA PAW!



IF HE SEZ 'NO', MAW WILL HAVE HER HAIR CUT OFF, JUST TO SHOW HER INDEPENDENCE! Y'U BEYCHA! YESSIR!



IF HE SEZ 'YES', SHE MAY NOT WANTA, KNOWIN' THAT SHE KIN= AND THEN AGAIN= SHE MAY! WHO KNOWS? AND IF HE KEEPS ON SANNIN' NOTHING, SHE IS LIKELY TO SAY "SILENCE GIVES CONSENT" AND GIT IT BOBBED, SO PAW DONT KNOW WHAT Y'DO!

CHARLES USCHAK

The Topic of the Day