

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Not in advance 2.00



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From Portland (letter mail). 7:20 a. m.
From Hillsboro-McMinnville 10:00 a. m.
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To Portland (parcel post) . . . 9:30 a. m.
To Hillsboro-Forest Grove . . . 3:00 p. m.
To Portland 5:50 p. m.

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Representatives, Fourth Representa-
tive District
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Mail directed to Hillsboro, Or., will
reach all the above with more con-
venience.

CRITICISM OF NEWSPAPERS

IS NOT NEW TO HISTORY
(Continued from last week)

Let me suggest that a states-
man is a politician who has been
elected; he sees little virtue in
newspapers that attack him. The
opposition is always wrong, but
what government is safely in check
if there is no opposition?

There were some contemptible
newspapers in those days, as there
are today, and critics of that day
generalized as do the critics of today.

But go back a little farther,
it was in the back office of the
Boston Gazette that the Boston Tea
party was planned. Ben Edes and
John Gill faced death to print at-
tacks on the British officials. Their
names were among the first on the
list of American patriots to be
shot when captured.

It took courage of the highest
order to publish the propaganda
for the American revolution and
face loss of property, risk jail or
execution!

No wonder the American press
won public approval and a prestige
that clings to it yet. We forced
our papers to give us leadership,
for that was the demand.

When Paul Revere made that
famous ride, it was Isaiah Thom-
as, publisher of "The Spy," who
remained behind and swung the
signal lantern.

When times of crisis came we
always found fearless men who
published fearless newspapers. The
public demands a great deal of
its newspapers, and gets more from
them than from any other kind of
business or profession, considering

the contribution made by the indi-
vidual reader.

Leadership was thrust upon the
newspapers. At first the printer
tried to open his columns to both
sides, but he found he had to take
sides.

Whenever vital issues arise, news-
papers take sides.

"A newspaper ought to be free
from its advertisers." Did you ever
hear that? Think of the fifteen
papers that led in advertising
in 1931. Nearly everyone of
them is a paper you could be
thoroughly proud to read—a paper
you would be glad to work for.

There are many ideas about
newspapers advanced as new that
are so old most people hail the
idea as new.

The idea of a "socialized news-
paper," official in its pronounce-
ments, forward-looking in policy,
independent of advertising and
voicing the best interests of the
people, is often suggested by so-
ciologists and uplifters.

The first paper to be estab-
lished as the avowed organ of the
government was the Gazette of
the United States, which ap-
peared in New York, seat of the
federal government, on April 15,
1789. James Fenno was editor. He
was a teacher and a leader among
the Federalists. Alexander Hamil-
ton, secretary of the treasury, and
Vice President John Adams helped
Fenno in determining upon a pol-
icy best suited to the public in-
terest. It was an idealistic plan.

Fenno planned to publish a pa-
per with no advertising, and print
the "proceedings of congress; es-
says upon great subjects of gov-
ernment in general; a series of
paragraphs calculated to 'catch the
living manners as they rise'; the
interests of the United States as
connected with their literary in-
stitutions; every species of intelli-
gence which may affect commer-
cial, agricultural, manufacturing, or
political interests of the American
Republic; a chain of domestic oc-
currences collected through the me-
dium of an extensive correspon-
dence with the respective states; a
series of foreign articles of in-
telligence, so connected as to form
a general idea of public affairs in
the eastern hemisphere; the state
of national funds; also of the in-
dividual governments—courses of
exchange—prices current, etc."

At the end of six months the
circulation was 650, and at the
end of the second year the circula-
tion was 1,400. In November,
1790, Philadelphia became the Na-
tional capital and the Gazette moved
there from New York city.

"The receipts of the first year,"
Fenno said, "have fallen short one-
third of the actual expenses of
publication, so it remains to be
determined whether a newspaper
can be supported in the United
States without deluging it with
advertisements." At the end of the
second year receipts had been half
the cost of publication that year.

Rufus King raised \$1,000 in
New York and Hamilton raised
\$1,000 in Philadelphia so Fenno
could keep afloat. Fenno's paper
evidently supported Hamilton and
Hamilton's policies and friends.

Here, then, is a paper that
strove for independence, only to
seek subsidy later. It became the
mouthpiece of a few public men
who subsidized it. Not one of the
15 papers that led in advertising
volume last year but is militant
and free.

Newspapers represent us accu-
rately. They show us life—some-
times overdrawn, sometimes car-
toonized—but it is a picture that
can be understood. Sometimes we
don't like the portrait and we
despise the artist.

After all, if you are really pes-
simistic, about American culture
read the American Mercury. Amer-
ican newspapers are an index of
American culture. They show a
steady advance I think. There is
a hole in the picture, perhaps, but
a mighty fine doughnut surrounds
the hole.

—Publishers' Auxiliary

The ladies of the Church of
Christ held their monthly mission-
ary meeting at the home of Mrs.
Earl F. Hall, Friday. There were
eleven ladies present. The business
meeting was held in the forenoon.
A pot-luck lunch was enjoyed at
noon. The afternoon was spent in
discussions and plans.

CODE
of the
NORTH
by
HAROLD TITUS
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WNU Service

CHAPTER I

The wind swept in long, savage
blasts, driving its cold through layers
of wool, through a man's flesh, straight
into his bones.

Snow came, fine snow, stinging bliz-
zard snow; it clung to the man's cloth-
ing, to his eyebrows and mantled the
burden on his shoulders.

Now and again he lifted his head
from the bending which protected his
face somewhat from the drive of the
storm and spoke.

"All right, Stevie?" he would ask.
From the huddle up there, which
was a pack-sack with a blanket drawn
over the small boy riding in it, would
come a whimper.

"Foots are cold!"

"Wiggle 'em, Stevie! Wiggle 'em
fast!" the man would say and plunge
on, with something like desperation in
the grit of his snowshoes through the
loose covering of old snow, pulling the
ends of the blanket which he held in
his hands a bit closer to keep the
child's head and shoulders covered.

The man was frightened. It showed
in his pace, which was too swift for
long journeying, showed in his excited
breathing, which the effort of even
forced travel alone would not have
produced; showed, also, in the way he
turned frequently to look backward,
as if fearful of pursuit.

For the first hour it had not been
so bad. It was cold, yes, and blowing
a bit, still, the conditions were not
discouraging to a man with less than
forty pounds on his back and with
only twenty miles to go; not discour-
aging when necessity seasoned with
desperation occasioned the trek. Even
if it had been storming at the start
and had the burden been much heavier,
the effort would have been as nothing
compared to the prospect of jail. . . .

But he had scarcely left behind the
yellow squares of windows in Flynn's
camp before the first outriders of snow
squalls struck, and before he had cov-
ered a third of the way the blizzard
roared down upon him.

For Drake, a blizzard was nothing
new. For Drake alone, that is. But
with a four-year-old on his back a
storm like this was something else
again.

And now the child for the first time
volunteered a complaint:

"Daddy, my foots are cold!"
"Won't be long, now, Stevie; hang
on; we'll get into a nice, warm place
pretty quick, now!"

The little boy snuggled closer. The
mittened hands which had rested on
the man's shoulders under the pro-
tecting blanket worked forward, half
embracing his father's neck.

Drake's breath caught and he shook
his head to clear away the mist which
formed in his eyes. Going back was
out of the question. The thing which
had driven him off would be discov-
ered by now. A stop to attempt to
warm the child would have been risky,
even had he a belt-ax with which to
knock up a shelter and fuel.

But it was a dozen miles yet to the
railroad; a dozen miles, with the going
getting rapidly worse and the cold in-
creasing and his own strength, taxed
by the demands of his physical neces-
sity and the sappings of twin fears,
ebbing steadily.

He edged to the left, now, watching
the bank of the winter-locked stream,
looking for an opening in the timber.
Taking it, he would be forced to cross
a bald ridge and face an even more
intense sweep of the storm, but men
said it saved three miles on the trip
to town. Three miles, an hour's travel.

"Da-ddy!" The child whimpered a
little for the first time.

"All right, Stevie! Won't be long,
now. . . . Here we are!" He saw
the leaning cedar and the opening of
the trail and swung toward it.

The going was more difficult because
loose snow had fallen to shin depth
and lay unpacked by the wind. The

cover yielded a measure of protection
from the blizzard and this was wel-
come but the climb was a fresh de-
mand on Drake's overworked lungs
and heart and muscles. Breath began
to sob in his throat and he staggered
until the little boy clasped his neck
in a hold that strangled.

"Don't, Stevie!"—pushing the small
hands away. "Can't breathe . . . when
you . . . do that. . . ."

The child began to cry softly and
the man stopped, panting and sway-
ing slightly.

"Wiggle your toes, Stevie! Dad'll
take care of you. Hush now . . .
Don't cry. . . . Please don't!"

Drake bent lower and drew the
blanket tighter over his son's head.
He began to exercise caution of a sort
in his progress so he might surely
mark the depression in the snow
which was the trail. He must not lose it
for an instant! He told himself that,
half aloud, between shut teeth and
held his pace to a cautious plodding.

The wind drove deeper than the mar-
row of his bones, now; it seemed to
thicken the very blood flow in his
heart; it seemed to penetrate his skull
and numb his brain. . . .

And then, suddenly, he stopped.
Every trace of a trail suddenly was
gone.

He turned about and followed his
own tracks, filling so rapidly with
snow. There it went! He had edged
to the left when the trail went straight
ahead. He pressed forward with a
feeling of relief and then fell sprawl-
ing. This caused Stevie to scream
shrilly and commence to cry.

It took minutes for Drake to get up
because he had broken through the



Every Trace of a Trail Suddenly
Was Gone.

mantled top of a down tree and could
find so little purchase among the dry,
brittle branches, and because he was

"Nerves"
"NERVES"
"Nerves"
Dr. Miles
NERVINE
"Did the work"
says
Miss Glivar
WHY DON'T
YOU
TRY IT?
After more than three months
of suffering from a nervous ail-
ment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles
Nervine which gave her such
splendid results that she wrote
us an enthusiastic letter.
If you suffer from "Nerves."
If you lie awake nights,
start at sudden noises, tire
easily, are cranky, blue and
fidgety, your nerves are
probably out of order.
Quiet and relax them with the
same medicine that "did the
work" for this Colorado girl.
Whether your "Nerves" have
troubled you for hours or for
years, you'll find this time-
tested remedy effective.
At Drug Stores 25c and \$1.00.
DR. MILES'
NERVINE
LIQUID

The Cook's Nook

Month of Janus Inspires "Two
Faced" Dishes (Which are no deceit)

January, as nearly everyone
knows is named for the Roman
god Janus, to whose care the
month was dedicated. Janus it was
who presented two faces to the
world (one fore and another aft)
and therefore is the inspiration
for the new "two-faced" dishes
which have a double purpose in
life.

These food-ducts are eaten solo
but provide a regular trio or even
quartet of courses. Sometimes
they are salad and dessert com-
bined, sometimes they are meat
and vegetable in one, and some-
times a whole meal on one plate!

Since the old god also busied
himself with the beginning of all
new enterprises, it is appropriate,
and perhaps even lucky for you
to try them right away this
month! Some of the most choice
recipes follow—unlike some mem-
bers of the two-faced category, they
are gay, but not deceivers!

Jellied Ginger Salad

(Dessert and Salad in One)
2 tbsps. gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
2 cups ginger ale
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 tbsps. sugar
1/2 cup cherries, cut up
1 orange, sliced
1/2 pkg. dates
1 apple, diced
1 banana, cut round
1 cup whipped cream
Soak gelatine in water. Dissolve
over hot water. Remove from fire
add to lemon juice, ginger ale and
sugar. When it begins to stiffen
pour over the fruit, arranged in
layers, in individual molds. Serve
with whipped cream on lettuce.
Serves 8.

Macaroni a la King

(A Complete Luncheon)
1/2 lb. macaroni
Boiling salted water
1/2 pimiento, minced
2 tbsps. liquid shortening
2 cups milk
6 tbsps. onion, minced
1/2 green pepper
1 cup mushrooms
2 tbsps. cornstarch
Grated cheese
Cook macaroni until tender in
boiling salted water. Drain, saving
one cup water for sauce, and rinse
with cold water. Put into butter-
ed baking dish and cover with
sauce and minced pimiento. To
make sauce, heat shortening in fry-
ing pan. Add chopped onion, chop-
ped pepper and mushrooms, sliced
and cook slowly until tender. Add
cornstarch, and stir constantly
while boiling two minutes. Add
milk and stir over fire until smooth
and thick. Sprinkle grated cheese
over top of macaroni and brown
in moderate oven, 350 deg. F.,
about 15 minutes.

Peanut Butter Bread

(Sandwich and Filling Combined)
3 cups flour
6 tbsps. baking powder
1 1/2 tbsps. salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 pkg. dates
2/3 cup peanut butter
1/2 cup milk
Sift the flour, baking powder,
salt and sugar together. Place the
peanut butter in a bowl. Add the
milk slowly, and then the dates,
which have been pitted and sliced.
Add the dry ingredients. Stir until
mixed. Pour batter into a well-
oiled loaf pan. Bake in moderate
oven (325 deg. F.) for 1 hour.
Makes 1 loaf.

Upside Down Cake

(Cake or Pudding, or Both)
Cake Mixture
1 1/2 cups flour
2 tbsps. baking powder
1/4 cup liquid shortening
1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup pineapple syrup
Sift flour, baking powder and
salt together. Break eggs into
mixing bowl, beat slightly with egg
beater and add cool shortening
gradually, stirring constantly with
(Continued on Next Page)

Business Places To Patronize
IN BEAVERTON!
Spend Your Money in Beaverton

<p>BEACH'S MARKET Fruits, Vegetables and Groceries</p> <p>W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER Grange Building - - - - - Beaverton</p> <p>STUDIO BARBER SHOP FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES E. D. Van METER, Prop.</p> <p>Beaverton Barber Shop C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR —SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—</p> <p>BEER ON DRAUGHT 5c and 10c Glasses Express Office—Stage Depot Western Union Phone 10605 GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP Rossi Building Beaverton, Oregon</p>	<p>MAPES & SON RESTAURANT SHORT ORDERS AT ALL HOURS Beer on Draught Cady Building Front Street</p> <p>THE SUMMERS SHOP Beaverton Agency for Dave Levine, Inc. CLEANERS AND DYERS Mrs. Mary Summers</p> <p>Crystal Beauty Shop FREDERIC PERMANENTS COMPLETE \$2.50 All Lines of Beauty Work APPOINTMENTS NOT NECESSARY</p> <p>IF IT'S PRINTING WE CAN DO IT GIVE US YOUR ORDER Buy from your home merchant and get your printing from The Beaverton Review</p> <p>G. A. COBB Attorney at Law HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON</p>
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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



It Sure Is

1934
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DILL?