

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA- VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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REPORTS ON SEAL SALE BEING MADE

Mrs. George Bauman, Christmas Tuberculosis Seal Sale chairman for Washington County, announces that even though many communities are to report yet, \$496.24 has been reported to date, and the response has been unusually gratifying. Mrs. Essex Marsh, chairman for Beaverton, has reported \$42.72.

ROAD RIGHTS LESS THAN EXPECTED

The rights of way for the Wolf creek highway through Washington county were recently purchased by the state highway department. It was announced yesterday that these will cost the county \$2750. Her- man Kerkman and James Lewis, county commissioners, said that this is about 10 per cent less than had been anticipated. The payment will be made from the county's pro rata share of motor vehicles.

OBITUARY

MRS. NETTIE MORGAN Mrs. Nettie Morgan, 48, died at her home on Beaverton, Route 1, Friday, January 12. She was born in Indiana April 28, 1885, and had lived near Beaverton the past twenty-one years. She is survived by her husband, Thomas Morgan, and several sisters and brothers in the East. Funeral services were held Monday, with burial at Cres- cent Grove cemetery.

FRANKLIN RAY HARRISON Franklin Ray Harrison, 57, died at his home Tuesday, January 16, after a long illness. He had been a resident of Beaverton for 16 years. Mr. Harrison is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mabel Harrison, one daughter, Miss Florence, and four sons, Raymond Howard, Wayne, and Paul Harrison. The funeral will be held Friday, January 19, (today) with interment at Crescent Grove cemetery.

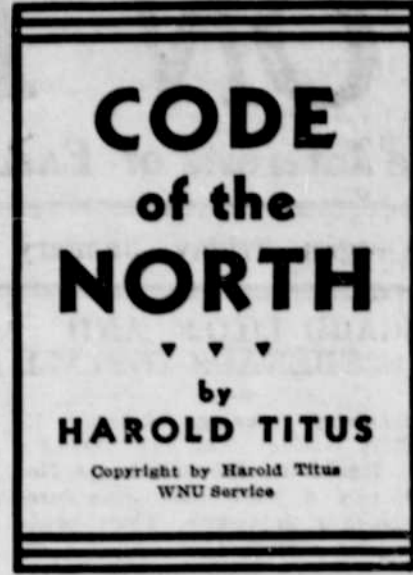
MRS. ELLEN HOLT Mrs. Ellen Holt, 77, wife of Ar- thur B. Holt, died Monday at her home. She had been a resident of Hillsboro for 15 years. She was born February 27, 1856, in Ohio. She was the mother of Forrest J. Holt of Hillsboro and Mrs. Pearl Owen of Los Angeles. Funeral ser- vices were held at 2 p.m. in Don- elson & Sewell's chapel, Hillsboro, with Rev. H. A. Deck officiating.

Real Estate Transfers

Mary E. Walker et vir to Roy P. Weaver, et ux, 10.115 acres, Sec. 21, T2S R1W. C. H. Pairan et ux to J. H. Graf 40 acres Sec. 20, T2N R2W. C. J. Stickney to George H. Blanton et ux, 7.26 acres Johnson Est. Add., Beaverton-Reedville Ac- reage. C. J. Stickney to John A. Schnei- der, Lot 238, Johnson Est. Add., Beaverton-Reedville. Thomas Hayes to The Citizen's Bank of Sherwood, 6.665 acres Sec. 32, T2S R1W. Ernest Amacher et ux to Peter Jossy et ux, Part of David Lenox et ux, DLC 53, TIN R2W. Frederick A. Goetze to John G. Goetze, Part (Sec. 22, T1S R3W. Edward Baker et ux to Oscar Houle et ux, Lot 63, Tualatin Valley Homes. Lillian Howe to Ernest Howe, Part Lot 79, Steel's Add. Beaver- ton. Hudson C. Howe et al to Ernest Howe, Part Lot 79, Steel's Add., Beaverton. H. J. Lorenzen et ux to Sum- ner Newell, Lots 68, 69, 70, and 71, Tualatin Valley Homes. M. H. Cady to Frank F. Weaver, 1.114 acres, T1S R1W. Gust A. Larson to Ledia Lar- son, 0.1033 acres, T1S R2W. C. J. Stickney to Waino Nissilo et ux, 1.68 acres of Lot 343, Johnson Est. Add. J. W. Connell (Sheriff) to the Com. Nat'l. Bank of Hillsboro, Lots 7 and 8, Plk. 5, Banks, and NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Sec 17, T2N R3W. William Weir et ux to Alice E. Chandler 5.6 acres Sec. 14 and 15, T2S R1W. J. W. Connell (Sheriff) to A- manda C. Johnson et al, 27.95 acres, Sec. 9, T2S R1W. Equitable Trust Co. to Gottlieb Neuman et ux, 4.51 acres, T3S R1W. The Reed Institute to Clarence D. Churchley, Lot 13, Blk 1, Ladd & Reed Acres. Rudolph Hofferber et ux to Ru- dien Kuehne, Lots 5 and 15 Hof- farber Trs. Rudolph Hofferber et ux to Les- ter Hofferber, Lot 6 Hofferber Trs. Rudolph Hoarber et ux to Ru- dy Debley, Lot 9, Hofferber Trs. Tabitha Coward to J. S. Coward, 1.945 acres Johnson Est. Add., Beaverton. Thomas Darling to M. C. Cowli- shaw, Lot 1, Greenberg Heights. Chas. P. Moore et ux to D. E. Moore, Lots 1 to 16 Inc., Blk. 8, Knob Hill Add, Forest Grove. W. R. Heisler to Thomas Hei- ser, 105 acres, Sec. 36, T2N R5W. William Josse to Sophia Josse, Lot 1, Blk. 17, Hillsboro.

LIQUOR PERMITS GIV- EN IN HILLSBORO

Eight liquor permits were grant- ed by the Hillsboro city council at a recent special session. Those obtaining the licenses were Walter Tews, Wolf & Blair, Mrs. O. O. Coslett, Mrs. Carl Larsen, W. V. Wiley; Hazel Gardner, wholesale; Palm and Delta drug stores, drug store permits.



"We're lost!" he cried. "Turned around, Stevie! We got to get back to the river, somehow!" Drake began circling, panic stricken. The hulking figure that, many minutes behind, followed this aimless and changing and rapidly fading trail was panic stricken, as well. Never in all his experience had Jim Flynn been keyed up as he was now. He realized that Drake had lost his way before he had been a-top that ridge ten minutes, because Jim knew the country as he knew his own shanty, back yonder at headquarters. He saw where the other had doubled after first losing the way, saw where he had fallen twice, read in the signs indications of panic. . . . Then a sort of fear shook Flynn. He read the story in the snow and roared out into the hubbub of mad weather: "Drake! Hi, you, Drake!" A great, bellowing voice, his, but it was swallowed by the storm, reached nowhere, was as useless for its purpose as a whisper. He traveled down-wind, now, run- ning where sign showed clearly, most cautious in those places where it was faint. And then, through one of those brief lifts, he saw them, the man with his burden staggering along with a blanket trailing, and Flynn called out again with all the strength of lungs and throat. If Drake heard he did not stop. He kept on and, after him, through the snow which seemed to fly even thicker, went Jim Flynn, a moose of a man. "Hi, you! Come back from that, Drake! Keep away from that!" For such a heavy man he made tremen- dous speed, but it was a tremen- dous need that drove him, now. He had to keep going, he must stop that other before he reached the rim that lay before him. It broke off like the edge of a table, he knew; it went down a hundred feet of almost sheer drop, with rocks jutting out from the face of the cliff to catch and mash and maim a man. "Drake! You, Drake!" His bellow carried, then, and he saw Drake turn his face over his shoulder, but he did not halt. It was not until Flynn's great mit- tened hand caught him by the shoulder and spun him about and hurled him backward into the snow that Drake's flight was checked. Two more of those crazy strides and man and little boy would have been over and down. . . . As he reeled backward, Drake cried, "Oh, Jim!" And then, as he covered in the drift: "Oh, Jim! You found it out!" Stevie was crying, a muffled sound, and old Jim dropped to his knees and lifted the little boy. "Cryin'!" He said and choked a bit, as in relief. "Cryin', eh? Then it ain't too late!" He jerked open his thick mackinaw, gathered the child in his arms and holding the small body firmly against his breast folded the heavy jacket over it. "Put your face ag'in' my neck, Stevie. And you, Drake, come on; follow me close!" The prostrate man made no move. "Get up!" Flynn cried angrily and kicked at him with his snow-shoe. "Get on your feet! There's a trappers' cabin' half mile yonder. . . . Get up, I say!" He stooped and grasped one of Drake's arms, dragging him to his lag- gard legs. "You keep by me! Don't you dare try to quit, now, Drake! And come fast because . . . A little kid . . . in this!" The pace he set was taxing but the trail he broke helped the exhausted man behind. They dropped down a steep slope and, beside a fold in the snow which was a tiny stream, came upon a small log cabin, window gone, door sagging on its hinges. "Here we are, Stevie!" The voice was hearty, almost laughing, now, but the look in Flynn's eyes was harried. "Here we are!" "My foot!" whimpered the child. "In here, Drake," said Flynn and shouldered the door open. The other staggered behind him, leaning against the cabin wall, panting through open lips. "Kick off your snow-shoes, you chump! Here hold th' laddy!" He thrust the boy into his father's arms. The ruin of a sheet iron stove was in one corner, with pipe rusted and askew but still jointed. A rude bunk held a deep thickness of balsam boughs, brown and brittle. Tearing off an armful of these, Flynn thrust them into the stove and struck a match. Soon the twigs ignited and flames roared. Out came Flynn's belt-ax and crashed into the framework of the bunk. In mere minutes lengths of tinder-dry aspen were burning and then Jim stripped off his mackinaw, hung it over the window and shoved Drake away from the doorway.

The drift about the entry was cleared, the door kicked into an ap- proximation of its place and then Jim turned to the other. "Work up some more wood now. Your cheek's frosted but that don't count. . . . Fire, Stevie, come to old Jim!" "Foot!" the boy wailed. "My foot!"—as his father surrendered him. "Hurt, do they? That's good; that's fine, Stevie! Hands hurt, too? Ain't that great? Nothin' frozen much about you, likely. . . . Not by a hair!" Off came the small mittens, exposing reddened hands. Then the rubbers and socks were stripped from his feet. They were blue, with the toes curled up and Jim, holding first one, then the other, in his cupped hands blew on the discolored flesh, alternating this with brisk chafing. "You missed freezing by a hair, sonny! Gosh, ain't it a relief that they hurt, though?" He had seated himself on a worn bench and now swung the lad to his knees so that they faced one another. He fumbled at his shirt, opening the front, then ripped open his heavy un- der-shirt, exposing his great chest. "In they go, Stevie! Into old Jim's oven, now, where they'll warm up but not so fast as to make 'em hurt aw- ful." He thrust the small feet in be- neath his armpits, clamping down on them and holding them tight. "Now, tuck them cold hands down my back, Stevie. That's the lad! That's the little man! Now, we're going to warm up in a hurry!" He wrapped his ponderous arms about the small body and rocked back and forth, crooning in a deep rumble, filled the stove and braced the pipe. Already the heat was penetrating their clothing, filling the room. They were sheltered from the wind, they had a fire, and although little Stevie still sobbed with fright and pain, he was out of danger. Never so long as he lived would Steve Drake forget the deliciousness of that sensation. At first he tug- ged at his throbbing feet, tried to draw away from the clamp of those heavy arms because the sharp pains of re- stored circulation shot clear to his hips. But the big man only crooned the longer and held him closer and kept saying that the hurt would soon be over, now, and that it was a good sign. He was right. The throbbing and burning died out and a tremendously sweet warmth began to seep through the small body. . . . Feeling so comfortable took all the child's attention. It made him heed- less of the things his father and Jim said to each other most of the time but, of course, no boy who is even half awake and not really hurting could be wholly heedless of the things that a boss as important as Jim Flynn said to his father a little later. Neither can a boy see his father cry and not remember it. Drake did just that. For a long time he cried, as a little boy might cry, as Stevie had never seen any man cry, and Jim did not look at him; just looked other places and hummed some and seemed to be trying to think up something to say. After a while he appeared to think of things, and what he said was what any boy would remember. For instance: "You're a fool, Drake." "Yes. . . . What a fool! I thought I could get away with it and you might never do anything about it, and a thousand dollars—" "Oh, that!"—as if it didn't matter and Jim cleared his throat with a great noise. "Wasn't thinkin' about that, Drake. About Stevie, here, I mean. Bad enough for a grown man to monkey with weather and get froze up, but takin' a fine little duffer like Stevie into it. . . . That's what proves you a fool."

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(To be Continued Next Week)



Birthdays of "Poor Richard" Brings Thrifty Dishes Into the Spotlight

"Waste not, want not; a penny saved is a penny earned; take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves!" These and other axioms from the Al- manack of Poor Richard, are the kitchen-mottos for January, for the 228th birthday of their author Benjamin Franklin brings thrifty dishes into the spotlight. Other great men's birthdays bring us parties and feasts, but Franklin's on January 17th brings us economy. There are all manner of thrif- ty dishes to serve in honor of the day, but "newsiest" are those re- lated to the history of the great Benjamin himself. And, certainly, since he is often called the father of American printing and journa- lism, we should be "newsy!" "Poor Richard" was born in Boston where he must have dined on a Saturday night upon the traditional baked beans and brown bread. His private recipes are not available but these are thrifty of practice and delicious of results.

Baked Beans

- 2 cups pea beans
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 small onion, peeled
1/2 cup dark corn syrup
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
2-oz. piece salt pork

Wash the beans and soak over night in cold water. In the morning add soda and cook beans, in the same water until the skins be- gin to loosen. Place one-half the salt pork, sliced, in the bottom of the bean pot; add one-half the beans and seasonings; when remain- ing beans and seasonings; bury the onion in the beans. Drizzle the syrup over the top, cover with salt pork. Add enough boiling wa- ter slowly until it seeps through the beans to the top. Do not use too much. Cover and bake in slow oven for four hours or longer, un- til liquid is absorbed, and beans are dark and mealy.

Brown Bread

- 1 cup wholewheat flour
2 cups wheat flour
3/4 cup dark corn syrup
2 tps. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
2 cups sour milk
1 cup flaked bran
1 tps. melted butter
1 1/2 tps. soda

Mix dry ingredients; add syrup, melted butter and sour milk. Beat well. Pour into oiled bread pan and let stand one hour. Bake in moderate oven at 350 degrees F. for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Recipe makes 1 large loaf.

Cinnamon Buns

- 3 cups flour

From Boston to Philadelphia, the young Franklin journeyed, and as everybody knows, "munched upon a loaf" en route. Some historians claim it was a crusty white bread and some claim it was a cinnam- on bun. Fence-sitters may make both, but the latter will enjoy this recipe which requires no yeast.

- 6 tps. baking powder
4 tps. shortening
3/4 cup cold water
Soft butter
2/3 cup currants or small raisins
Brown sugar
2 tps. sugar
1 tsp. salt
Cinnamon

1 egg or 2 egg yolks
Stir flour, baking powder, salt and white sugar together; cut in shortening. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup and add water. Mix liquid with dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Turn out dough on floured board and knead lightly to smooth the dough. Roll 3/8 inch thick. Spread with butter, cover with fruit; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up dough like a jelly roll and cut off pieces 2 in- ches thick. Melt 4 tablespoons but- ter in a heavy skillet; add 1/2 cup maple corn syrup. Place biscuits, cut side up in the prepared pan. Bake in moderate oven at 400-450 degrees F. about 35 minutes or until biscuits are done. Invert skillet and turn out biscuits im- mediately. Recipe makes 8-10.

Thrifty Cup Cakes

- 1 cup milk
1 tsp. flavoring
3 cups flour
2 cups sugar
4 egg yolks
3 tps. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup salad oil
4 egg whites

Add sugar, milk, and flavoring to beaten egg yolks. Add sifted dry ingredients and combine thor- oughly. Pour in salad oil and beat. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake about 20 minutes at 375 de- grees F.

FUNDS BEING GIVEN TO SCHOOL DISTRICTS

Warrants for \$31,702.50 are be- ing drawn on the non-high school district fund to pay for the trans- portation and tuition of students attending schools in this and other counties. This represents expenses for the first semester of the school year. A. M. Janssen of Reedville is chairman of the non-high school board. The schools receiving the money and the amounts going to each are: Banks, transportation, \$1665; tuition, \$1800. Tigard, trans- portation, \$1795; tuition, \$4000; Hillsboro, transportation, \$3000; tuition, \$4000; Forest Grove, trans- portation, \$300; tuition \$1000. Tu- alatin, transportation, \$317.50; tu- alatin, \$425. Beaverton, transporta- tion, \$3900; tuition, \$8100. Portland tuition, \$1200. West Linn, tuition, \$200.

NOTICE

Washington County will receive bids for insurance on automotive equipment which bids must be sub- mitted to the County Court on or before 10 o'clock A.M. Tuesday, January 23rd, 1934. Detailed infor- mation may be had at the office of the County Court in Hillsboro, Oregon. adv e8

TO GIVE FAREWELL MISSIONARY SERVICE

All the churches of Beaverton are uniting in a farewell mission- ary service for Miss Alice Watts. The service will be held at the Christian Church, Friday, January 19, at 8:00 p.m.

MRS. POWERS IS SE- VERELY INJURED

Mrs. Jack Powers, living on Rt. 1, was critically injured Wednes- day, when her clothing was caught in the shaft of the gasoline en- gine. She was drawn into the wheel of the engine, and her left arm severely broken at the shoulder. The head of the bone was broken off and the sharp end of the bone punctured through the flesh, caus- ing an open wound and a severe hemorrhage. She is in the Good Samaritan Hospital, under Dr. Ma- son's care.

MANY CASES OF WHOOPING COUGH

There are a number of cases of whooping cough in our community at present. It would be advisable to keep small children closely at home, and not allow them to play with others. Whooping cough is a very dangerous disease for chil- dren two years of age and young- er. It is highly contagious, and at first it is hard to distinguish be- tween whooping cough and an or- dinary bronchial cough.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Advertisement for local businesses including BEACH'S MARKET, MAPES & SON RESTAURANT, W. E. PEGG, STUDIO BARBER SHOP, Beaverton Barber Shop, BEER ON DRAUGHT, and G. A. COBB Attorney at Law.

Advertisement for NERVES DR. MILES' NERVINE LIQUID, featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing its benefits for nervous ailments.