

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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TEN YEARS AGO

From The Beaverton Review of May 8, 1925  
A 150-cord wood contract was let to A. E. Hansen at a special meeting of the School board. Bids ranged from \$8.50 to \$5.75 per cord.

Warren Lassiter, a sophomore at O. A. C., was initiated into the Circle "O" Association. He won his letter "O" by representing his college on the swimming team.

Weed's Nursery was expecting ten thousand visitors during the summer months. Mr. Weed began breeding irises in 1914, starting with a few of the leading varieties.

Verne Bright of Aloha received the second prize of \$5.00 for a lyric poem describing Cape Perpetua, Oregon. The contest was conducted by "The Lariat".

The Huber Commercial Club market, in charge of Mrs. J. E. Mittel, opened for business Saturday for the first time. The supplies were completely sold out.

The five sewing classes in the Aloha-Huber school completed their year's work and celebrated with a hike and picnic lunch.

The County Pomona Grange met at Tualatin with an all day and evening session.

The Senior Class won the pennant at the Interclass Track Meet at the high school.

DAD'S STORY

At the time we were getting settled down, and had purchased the remainder of the old homestead, I had some stationery printed. In that day and in that section very few of the farmers had letterheads, cards, statements or anything like such things. We were not only on the farm, however, but we were running a business of selling butter to private customers.

When we paid for the hundred acres we bought from Sam we turned over to him our separator, a considerable number of our cows and young stock as well as the cash profit on the eighty we sold to George. But we had great ideas. We had a market for all of the butter we could make. Young stock found a ready market, we were young and somewhat ambitious. There were those who even thought we were intelligent and these elements probably added up to something that considerably increased the size of our hat band.

We had to drop some of our better customers when we let Sam have those cows and among those to be thus let go was the LaFrance Hotel, the only hotel in Kingsley at the time and is yet, for that matter. But we were only a short time in building up our herd again, and when we went to get our old customers back we got a jolt.

"He-e, I should say not," old Bob De France exploded in reply to our inquiry as to whether he was going to buy butter from us again. We never did get back some of the old customers but others took their place so we found a market for all we could supply. One family, Jewish, wanted "sweet butter"—butter without salt. They paid two cents a pound more for that than for the regular product.

When the time came to farm the whole place I found it too much for me. Probably I had a sort of malady politely termed lassitude, but at any rate I found that if I wanted to get the crop in I had to have help. I tried hiring. Results were funny, as I look back at them now, but they seemed tragic then.

One fellow worked along fine until one day it was necessary for me and the wife both to be away. She set out a nice dinner on the table with written instructions to eat and close up the house as we would be away. Apparently he came in and ate his dinner all right, but we were detained and did not get home until ten o'clock that night. We found another note beside the one Celia had left, stating that he was not going to work where he had to cook his own food. He left without doing a chore and we had to get the cows from the pasture, feed the chickens and pigs, even to take care of the team he had been driving all that day. Perhaps I was just a little mad.

In a few days a summons came from the Justice of the Peace ordering me to appear and pay this truant his wages. The fellow never had shown up anywhere around. I did not know where he was or I should probably have gone and settled with him, but he did not wait. Of course the work had to go on and I'd no time to look him up.

For The Modern MOTHER'S DAY

By BETTY BARCLAY

With each passing year, Mother's Day becomes a more popular festival—a day for the family to gather for fun and jollity.

Modern mothers everywhere like to show they are staying young by serving the very latest tastes for refreshment and by having new "surprise" games for the young or "grown-up" children to play.

These new dishes are appropriate for the sunny spring:

**Sunshine Cake**  
1 cup sifted cake flour  
1 cup sifted sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
6 egg whites  
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar  
4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored  
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract  
Sift flour once, measure, add 1/2 of sugar, and sift together four times. Add salt to egg whites and beat with fat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar, and continue beating until whisk leaves faint line when drawn across surface of egg whites. Add remaining sugar gradually, and continue beating as before, until texture is very fine and even and egg whites are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in egg yolks and lemon extract. Sift small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Turn into ungreased tube pan and bake in slow oven (300° F.) 30 minutes, then increase heat slightly (325° F.) and bake 35 minutes longer. Remove from oven and invert pan 1 hour, or until cold.

**Orange Moss**  
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin  
1 1/2 cups warm water  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1/2 cup orange juice  
1 tablespoon grated orange rind  
1/2 to 1 cup heavy cream  
Dissolve gelatin in warm water. Add sugar, orange juice, and rind. Chill until cold and syrupy. Fold in cream, whipped only until thick and shiny, but not stiff. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 6 to 8.

**Pineapple Sherbet**  
1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
2 tablespoons melted butter  
1/2 cup pineapple juice  
1 cup crushed pineapple  
2 egg whites  
Blend sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice, melted butter and

pineapple juice thoroughly. Add pineapple. Chill. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan. Place in freezing unit. After mixture is about half frozen remove from refrigerator. Scrape mixture from sides and bottom of pan. Beat until smooth but not melted. Smooth out and replace in freezing unit until frozen for serving. Serves six.

**Spicy Cookies**  
1 (9 oz.) package dry mince meat and 1/2 cup water boiled almost dry  
3/4 cup butter  
1 1/2 cups brown sugar  
2 eggs, well beaten  
1 teaspoon soda  
4 cups flour (about)  
Break mince meat into pieces. Add cold water. Place over heat and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to brisk boil; continue boiling for three minutes or until mixture is practically dry. Allow to cool. Cream butter and brown sugar. Add beaten eggs, soda, cooked mince meat and enough sifted flour to make a stiff dough which can be rolled. Roll to 1/4 inch thickness on slightly floured board. Cut with floured cookie cutter. Bake on greased baking sheet in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

**Make A Million**  
"Let's play games!" is the password to a good time. For quick action and easy rules, "Make A Million," the latest society favorite, pleases everyone. All the thrills of high finance accompany the manipulation of "Bull" and "Bear" cards in this game where the bidding starts at \$175,000. Another seasonal hit, approved by the Prince of Wales, is "Sorry!", an English game combining board moves with a card deal.

Well, when he hired out I had told him I could not pay him in full until the spuds had been sold in the fall. He left along in August, or perhaps it was in July. Well, I appeared at the date set and he came and asked for an adjournment. It was granted. Ten days from the first date set was the space of the adjournment. When that came he did not show up, and I got a verdict by default. Then I went and paid him all he had coming.

The next year I tried renting part of the land. A fellow by the name of Dell took the place and started out to put in the crop. He seemed to be a good worker when observed with others but when he got moved into the old house on the hill that Albin had put up his wife did not like the quarters. He spent most of his time getting wood and otherwise waiting on her and kept putting off getting any crop in, and I began to suspect that he intended to stay there and only out to the hay and harvest what fall crops, already in. I bought him off and hired a young fellow to help.

His name was Cuddeback. He was about twenty or twenty-one but as a farm hand he might as well have been half that age. Some of the land that year did not get in crop. The next fall I thought that I'd try hiring a married man by the month, one who would move his family in and possibly stay.

I got several answers to my ad, inserted in the Michigan Farmer. I chose three and replied. They were either of them willing to come and work for \$25.00 a month, with cow, garden spot, house rent, fuel, and such things furnished.

J. E. Davis seemed the most likely of the three and I sent for him to come on. He arrived in February. One day I got a wire that he would be at the station at such and such a time, and to come with a team as he was bringing all his furniture with him. I had been drawing logs all that day, had only loose planks to lay over the bunks of the bob sleds we used in



logging and with this outfit I met the train at about seven in the evening. The night was cold, and the stuff slid around on the planks that lay loose on the sleigh bunks.

This fellow took hold and worked like a Trojan for a month. At the end of the month, promptly when the last evening came, I gave him a check in full for what was coming to him. Next morning he did not show up to help with the chores so before breakfast, I trudged up to where he lived, or where he had lived. Not a sign of life around! What in the world had become of him, I had no idea. I took the team out that day, and made a few inquiries, but felt no great alarm for there were two grown people, Davis and his wife, and one or two children. It was incomprehensible that anything could have wiped them out without leaving a trace and what made things look as though the act was quite premeditated was the fact that every article belonging to the Davis family was gone.

About a week later spring had begun to break up the sleighing. I took some hemlock logs to a little portable mill a little more than a mile east, over a road not frequented by me, and at the mill I found Davis sawing. He had hired out to the mill owner, Andy Marlatt, and Marlatt had moved them out that night after he had drawn his pay for the month. Well, I did not say anything to him about going back, but it was not long before he came back and wanted his job back. What do you think? Did he get it?

That winter, or perhaps it was the year before I hired Davis I had one of those narrow escapes that happen quite frequently, in the lumber woods, in mills, and in many places but this is one of the closest calls I ever experienced. Cutting logs is somewhat different in that country. The men who fell the trees also cut the logs. The logs are short—twelve feet, fourteen, or perhaps sixteen, seldom longer and seldom less than ten

feet long. A neighbor by the name of Ed (I have forgotten his last name) was helping me a few days cutting logs. The snow was two feet deep, and quite a stiff wind was blowing. Brush stood thick around the tree. It leaned heavily in one direction. We notched the tree with an ax, chipped out the corners, sawed it across the corners and felt confident we had it all right to fall where we intended it to. But a stiff breeze started it to splitting before we had it cut enough. It looked as though the end would fly back and we scrambled towards the side to get away from the stump. The grain in the wood was winding. It turned. I remember falling down and at the same time planning up and recognizing that the thing was coming right down where I lay. It did. The next I remember was Ed tagging at my shoulders and my telling him to stop for it hurt. He was white as a sheet. He dug the packed snow out from under me, helped me to my feet and I walked to the house, a half a mile away. Wasn't hurt much.

When the snow went off I examined the place and concluded that I had fallen between two logs which lay close to the stump. These logs bore the dent of where the tree had lay across them. Was that close? Had I fallen on the logs or had they not been there I'd have been out in two.

County News

School funds to the amount of \$27,735.75 will be distributed to the several school districts of Washington county, according to a statement issued from the office of Superintendent O. B. Kraus.

A big bargain day is scheduled for Saturday, May 11 at the county seat. Those business men up there believe in going out after the business.

A county branch under the supervision of Leon S. Davis, personnel manager, has been established in the SERA office at Hillsboro for the state re-employment service.

Funeral services for the late Annie M. Inbric, a pioneer aged eighty one years, were held at the Donelson & Sewell chapel Monday afternoon. She was born at West Union, March 6, 1834, the daughter of William and Eleanor Mauney.

The Rock Creek and Helvetia schools will join in a picnic to be held on the latter's grounds, May seventeenth.

A Mothers' Day service and program will be held at the Oreoco church. Special musical numbers will be presented by the members of the Young Women's Friendly club.

The Reedville P. T. A. held their last meeting of the season, Thursday. Officers elected for the coming year are, President, Mrs. A. M. Janssen; vice-president, Mrs. H. Hall; secretary, Mrs. C. Inlay; Treasurer, Mrs. Ida Kirkwood.

Seven pupils of the Reedville school have been absent lately because of having mumps.

Miss Margaret Kellovg gave a farewell party at her home for the eighth grade class of the Kansas City schools, where she taught the past season.

To Kinner saw mill at Meacham's Crossing was destroyed by fire Saturday. Thos. O. Mountainburg who committed suicide at about the same time is thought to have set the fire.

Theft of 25 gallons of gasoline from the Tom Connell farm at Lincoln station, Tuesday night, was reported to the sheriff's office.

The Aloha Feed store was relieved of \$17.50 Wednesday when thieves took that amount from an unlocked drawer, according to a report turned in by Mrs. Noah Hill, proprietor.

After Ted Schallberger's car had been in an automobile collision with H. L. Spout's car Saturday afternoon, the former was taken into custody charged with driving while drunk. Lee L. Norwest from the Warm Springs Indian reservation, was taken into custody Sunday on a similar charge.

John Mackley of Hillsboro was arrested Friday of last week, charged with assault. J. R. Hotchkiss, also of Hillsboro, was registered on a drunk charge. The latter case was handled by the Hillsboro City recorder.

The title "Hillsboro's outstanding mother" will be officially conferred

in afternoon ceremonies, May 10, to Mrs. Emma McKinney, president of the Business and Professional Women's club, and co-publisher of the Hillsboro Argus. The honor was unanimously voted by members of Gamma chapter of the Christian council, and the ceremonies will be at Pilgrim house, the council headquarters.

The first five grades of Titard grade school were closed this week by Principal E. B. Nedry, due to the development the past week end of approximately a dozen cases of scarlet fever. Unless there is marked improvement in the situation, the three upper grades will be closed for the school year also, on conclusion of the eighth grade examinations next Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. H. F. Eliander has been confined to her home with an attack of lumbago the past week.

Birth Pains

Except there be such there will be no births from among your circle into God's family—

Be the unsaved ever so educated, polished or clever, only a Christian life, a Christian's grace and a Christian's eternity awaits them.

You, God's people, have been saved from the wrath of God—being counted righteous by the blood of Christ, we shall be saved from wrath through Him, means Romans 5:9, the unsaved through to salvation.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington

In the Matter of the Estate of Helen Brandt, sometimes known and referred to as "Helena Brandt" and as "Helene Brandt", deceased, No. 4245.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Executor of the above entitled Estate and under the Last Will and Testament of the above named decedent, has filed his first and final account in the above entitled court, and that Monday, the 27th day of May, 1935, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M., and the court room of said Court in the County Court House at Hillsboro, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

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Last publication, May 24, 1935. Albert Brandt, Executor, Beaverton, Oregon.

Thomas G. Greene & Thomas G. Greene, Jr., Attorneys for Executor, 905 Porter Bldg., Portland, Oregon. c21-25

Saved to do what? Saved to pray by prayer and witnessing "to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light and in the power of Satan unto God"—Acts 26:18. You stand between the unsaved and life. They must go on blinded by the glare of the world; in the dark as to their lost state and in Satan's power until you agonize in prayer and out of such birth pains bring them through.

"Rising up a great while before day He (Christ) went out into a solitary place and there prayed." And now this—"When I say unto the wicked, 'Thou shalt surely die'; and thou givest him not warning; nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."—Ezekiel 3:18. "Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God"—the Apostle Paul, Acts 20:26-27.

George N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon. adv

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



Geoff Hayes