

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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Another Fine Gesture

For a generation or so after the war between the states the intense sectionalism reflected itself in political campaigns, making Republican victory inevitable in many Northern and Western communities and Democratic successes in the South.

It should be a matter of gratification to the reunited country that this feeling has subsided and every act which proceeds upon the recognition of our common country is proper and commendable.

A few years ago Congress authorized the coining of millions of "Stone Mountain" fifty cent pieces, which the Confederate memorial association sold for a dollar, to obtain funds for carrying the gigantic figures of Confederate leaders on the huge rock near Atlanta.

The significant thing about this coinage was that the Government which the Southern States sought to overthrow approved the coin with its inscription "Memorial to the Valor of the Soldiers of the South." This act had a very happy effect in the Southern States, although the completion of the huge memorial has been delayed by unfortunate differences and lack of funds.

Another noteworthy movement is the bill which has been favorably reported to the present Congress, just as a similar one was at the last Congress, to extend hospital and home facilities of the United States Government to Veterans of the Confederate Army and Navy. Its effects was properly characterized: "A gracious gesture" was the way the report characterized the bill, "signifying to all the world that all differences and dissensions of the war of 1861 to 1865 are forgotten."

Let's Tackle 1932!

In facing 1932 the individual would be extremely foolish not to take some stock of conditions as they are, and make plans to rearrange his life and living habits to fit in with new circumstances.

To be pessimistic, or whine about what might have been, is absurd. To realize that every year brings a new opportunity if people take advantage of it is not only cheerful, but the truth.

What we need today, is not, perhaps, more money, but maybe more courage, more faith and more determination to work out and upwards. It can be done. Certainly, our forefathers faced greater odds, but they fought, and they won. Their descendants can be no less heroic in the present time.

This paper is facing its own future with full realization of what may be ahead, has faith in the people of this country. To all of them it sends greetings, with the wish that each one will be able to surmount the obstacles that seem to be difficult, and that, when 1932 has ended we will be able to join in saying, truthfully, we "have fought a good fight."

The Republicans have decided to hold their national convention in Chicago on June 14th. You can take it from us that the politicians of both parties are already busy.

Well, farmers, here's to your relief, but the main idea is to get busy, and do all that you can for yourself. If you wait on the government, you may wait a long time.

There are some people who do not know that you have to learn to read newspapers. These folks think that everything that a news paper prints is what the editor believes.

STOCKMEN MOURN RESEARCH FRIEND

In the recent death of Robert Withycombe, 51, son of the late Governor James Withycombe, Oregon agriculture lost a friend who has devoted 30 years to research in the betterment of farming, particularly in the eastern part of the state. Mr. Withycombe has been connected with the Eastern Oregon branch experiment station at Union since its establishment in 1901, and has been its superintendent since 1902.

Throughout this period "Bob" Withycombe, as he was universally known, has been somewhat of a "patron saint" of the entire eastern Oregon livestock industry, for on the Union Station he has carried on most of the important research work for the cattle, sheep and hog raisers of the state, and more recently added work with dairy cattle and poultry.

Every important problem of the eastern Oregon livestock industry from the early question of various methods of winter feeding of steers to the recent subject of manage-

ment of farm sheep flocks, and feeding of baby beef has been studied on this branch station, usually with highly valuable results accruing to the stockmen, actual records reveal. Withycombe was author or joint author of 12 bulletins which together constitute a progressive textbook of livestock management east of the Cascades.

Though the primary interest of the station has been the livestock industry, crop improvement has been developed to a high degree on the 600-acre experimental farm. There Withycombe bred and developed the famous Union beardless barley after plant breeders had told him it was impossible to produce a beardless barley that would not shatter.

It was there also that Grimm alfalfa was first introduced in this state on a field trial basis, and the original field of Grimm is still producing hay crops. Since its successful introduction it has become the standard variety throughout the state as it is superior in nearly all respects to the old common types.

Mr. Withycombe succumbed in Portland to an attack of blood poisoning

Old Time New Year's

IT SEEMS strange to remember that before the Civil war there was no real conversation among casual acquaintances. Men and young women playing silly games and New Year's calling was hailed with delight as the time for making new friends and incidentally, but highly important, for making matches.

There was little for girls to do outside the home and as a matter of course, they were supported. Mothers saw the point and persuaded the fathers to furnish means that they and the girls could visit the few stores in quest of suitable adorning for the great event.

A half dozen girls here and there met at houses most convenient for the group and the young men of the



"What a Pretty, Friendly Custom That Was!"

town clubbed and hired what were then known as hacks and there were private tandems which lent a dashing effect. The happy day having arrived, what bliss there was in discussing the beaux and belles and the tinsel "fixings"! The party dress of that day were of Swiss muslin with a double skirt, and also of a material called tarlatans, of varying degrees of quality, often displaying long trains trimmed with satin ribbon and braids. Whether the material was white or some of the reds, pinks or blues, they were lovely creations.

The men were busy making a living and the day's pleasure often emptied their pocketbooks, but it was considered well worth while. Now and then a pair of shoulder straps loomed among the callers and filled to the climax a day long to be remembered. These recurring gayeties naturally gave the country village something to talk about and there was a demand for better raiment for men and women.

Information concerning it was well met by Peterson's and Gosley's magazines with colored plates and fine suggestions, which had never before been shown and on which the imagination might rely.—Indianapolis News.

JUST LIKE US



"Make any New Year resolutions?" "No—what's the use? I'd only break 'em again!"

Sacred to Janus

A legendary Roman king, Numa, it is said, established the first of January as the beginning of the year and made the day sacred to Janus, a mythological deity who was represented with two faces, one that of an old man peering into the past, the other that of a youth facing gleamingly the future.

ALL NIGHT WITH HIM



He—Did you swear off anything for the New Year?
She—Yes, I'm going to stop petting promiscuously.
He—Don't know the fellow. But as long as you don't cut it out with me, it's O. K.

a few days before Christmas. Experiment station officials at Oregon State college have made no announcement of a possible successor.

NEW YEAR LULLABY

MERRILY the bells are ringing,
 Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;
 Glad the message they are bringing,
 While my vigil here I keep.
 Low and sweet the song I'm singing,
 In the flickering candle light;
 While the New Year bells are ringing,
 Sleep, my baby, sleep tonight.
 Cheerily the bells are ringing,
 Sleep, my baby, smiling sleep;
 Joyous bells, their notes are ringing,
 Over plain and woodland deep.
 Prayers and praise are upward winging,
 Stars are shining clear and bright,
 While the New Year bells are ringing,
 Sleep, my baby, sleep tonight.

By George! And I have not apologized to any of them! I wonder what they think of me?

But Sally, now—the break with her was her own fault. Why, she was stubborn, that's what she was! But was she, though? Sally may have her side of the story, too. I wonder what it is? We were getting on so famously, and I was just about ready to ask her all about it. Got the ring and everything. Why, I believe I have it right here in my pocket! Yes, sir, there it is! And it is a beauty, too! I wonder what Sally would think if she knew I was here with no one within a thousand miles, spending New Year's eve all by myself—thinking I am the perfect gentleman, and knowing I am not by my own testimony?

A smile crept over his face and his eyes sparkled.

In the telephone booth he called Sally's number.

"That you, Sally? . . . I have decided to turn over a new leaf. . . . I thought that new leaf stuff was a lot of blah, but I have been sitting here at the club thinking it over. . . . Well, I have found myself guilty of impetuosity—of taking snap judgment without knowing the facts—without enough consideration for others. . . . And I want to apologize to you, Sally. I was wrong and I am sure you were right. . . . Do you really mean it? . . . I'll be right out!"

The receiver crashed on the hook. Another glance to see that the ring was safe, and the elevator opened for an elated lover with a new resolve.

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Year's End and Its Beginning

WHOEVER it was that invented the year as a division of time should share in the blessings invoked by Sancho Panza upon the man who invented sleep. With the latter comes surcease from the cares and worries of the day and a renewal of spirits for the struggles of the morrow. The year's end is also not only a sleep and a forgetting of things fled beyond redemption, but with its passing hours come the many-hued hopes that keep ever fresh and buoyant the human soul and make radiant again the paths that lead humanity into the unknown future.

The old year falls from our hands like the stem of a rose whose leaves, one by one, month by month, have silently dropped away into the void of time, some laden with the fragrance of pleasant memories, some with the pallid tints and withered aspects of misfortunes and griefs inescapable and irreparable and some with dust of dreams shattered beyond recall. But, at the birth of another New Year, Time brings to the hands of each of us a fresh bud from its eternal tree, the secrets of whose close-folded leafage no eye can penetrate, no conjecture of wisdom fathom. Yet within its depths we can scent the sweet and inspiring aromas of the hopes that spring eternal in the human breast, of hidden joys that hold fresh promises of full blossoming, of good deeds to be done for us and by us, of the blessings of peace, good will and prosperity again made possible for us, and of the gardens of opportunity whose gates are swinging wide open for us.

Always in the cycle of human affairs the Spring of Hope follows the Winter of Discontent. And New Year's day is the symbol of human renovation—spiritual as well as utilitarian—and of the clearing process of the soul's past accumulations, making ready for the building of its "more stately mansions." It may be Fate that guides the hand of Time in placing in our grasp the new bud of promise, but each of us may do much to further its proper blossoming, to keep fresh its fragrance, to shape into full fruition the enjoyment of the unfolding month by month, and day by day, of the flower of the year whose unopened months lie before us.—Kansas City Star.

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HAZELDALE

Open meeting of the Hazeldale Literary Society will be held on Tuesday, January 12 at 8 p. m. Mrs. Elizabeth Tozier Weathered will speak on the early history of Washington County. Everyone is invited to this meeting. The committee in charge is Jean Smith, chairman, Mary Grand and Pau O'Connor.

Hazeldale school held their program and tree on Dec. 24. Rosedale had theirs on Dec. 23. Both affairs were much enjoyed and very well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Syverson had as guests on Christmas day Mrs. Myrtle Syverson, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Syverson, of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Taylor and Harley Taylor were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Haldeman in Portland, on Christmas Day. Mr. Haldeman is Mrs. Taylor's brother.

Lawrence Gassner is recovering nicely from an ear operation performed last week.

Vinnie Lewis of Hubbard spent Christmas week with her sister, Mrs. Samuel Doughty. Mrs. Doughty accompanied her home on Sunday to visit her parents for a couple of days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rigert entertained sixteen guests at dinner on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Milan Pizer of Molalla were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ves Bany on Christmas Day.



We hope your New Year diary may begin with "Happy" followed by "Ditto" on every page throughout the year!

James H. Davis

County Recorder



May your holidays be happy days, And joy and cheer abound! May sweet peace reign and never wane, The whole New Year around!

Ed. C. Luce

County Clerk



Happy New Year!

For favors shown, our thanks— Our friendships we hold dear; Old thirty-one played pranks, But—Thirty-two is here!

Donald T. Templeton, Judge J. M. Hiatt, Commissioner
 H. D. Kerkman, Commissioner E. B. Sappington
 Commissioner County Treasurer

W. E. PEGG

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