

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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Beaverton Office—Broadway near O. E. Tracks, Phone 7503
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A Socialist Program

In France the Socialists refused to participate in the formation of a ministry unless certain items were included of the governmental program. It may be interesting to look over the immediate aims of this political group in France. They consisted of the following proposals:

- (1) A forty-hour week for labor.
- (2) State control of banks.
- (3) Nationalization of railroads.
- (4) A national monopoly of insurance.
- (5) General amnesty of political prisoners.
- (6) A balanced budget without cutting social services.
- (7) Prohibition of traffic in arms and nationalization of arms manufacture.
- (8) Organization for peace by international agreements, embracing reduction of war credits.

How many of these items would be approved by the American people today? We doubt if any would be, although some of them are desirable. The sixth demand is being met as far as a balanced budget is concerned but many states are cutting social services in order to do so.

Nobody Can Tell

The average man is finding out that the so-called "superman" knows very little more about the future than he does. All of the leaders in the financial and business world are just as much at a loss as the ordinary citizen trying to predict when business will turn the corner and good times start coming back.

A few years ago the great majority of the "big shots" in business were predicting an unlimited era of prosperity. The "big boys" all thought that exaggerated prosperity was here to stay. They were wrong.

Now, these same over-optimistic boosters have been left bewildered by the collapse which came and they do not know what to advise or which way to go. Their previous reputations for sagacity and wisdom have collapsed with the general economic downfall and very few of them carry any weight with their opinions now. Few of them have enough courage to even predict what lies ahead of us. There is almost a unanimity of silence and hesitation, which is encouraging.

Senator Couzens, Republican, of Michigan, recently pointed out that Congress could do nothing to help conditions "until the bankers get the proper mental attitude." A few months ago President Hoover launched a campaign to instill confidence in the minds of the people so that hoarded money would be returned for circulation. That had a good effect. Now, President Hoover speaks of "timid capital" and wants steps taken to encourage bankers to have a little of their former confidence.

However, there is something to be said for the bankers, as the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board recently did. "The banks have been through a trying period," Mr. Meyer said. "Like the rest of the world they lack optimism. They believe that when the trend sets in it will continue forever. When there is a downward trend they think there will never be any bottom."

That last sentence is also encouraging. Every depression has come to an end just about the time when nobody was brave enough to predict it. Our big financiers and business leaders have been busy for a few years now trying to "pass the buck" for the mess of finances and business into which they led the country. The most famous alibi has been to jump on Congress or some other agency of government and try to make the people think that all our distress is due to the shortcomings of congressmen, legislators, and other public officials.

Nobody can tell when conditions will begin to improve materially. Certainly, almost everybody will agree that the present status of affairs is about on the bottom. Exactly how long we will continue in the trough of the depression is an unknown quantity but there is some encouragement for the belief that this unsatisfactory period is drawing to an end. The silence and timidity of the big business leaders is one of the encouraging signs. It shows that they have quit expecting some miracle to happen, are not taking any further chances, and that their affairs have been adjusted to the new business conditions.

Sweet young things, recently graduated, and ambitious young lads, also recent ly graduated, having their own ideas about the real problems of the social order.

By the time the new taxes go into effect, and it won't be long, the people here will begin to believe that the budget will have to be balanced.

Somewhere a cog has slipped—the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, put into being in January, hasn't been able to prevent stocks and bonds from going down.

"I Like the Depression" Says Newspaper Editor

What threatens to become a Newspaper Classic is a piece, "I Like the Depression" written by Henry Ansley of the Amarillo (Texas) Globe-News, which has not only been going the rounds of the press of the Lone Star state but which is now widely reprinted outside its borders. In case you haven't seen it, here it is.

I like the depression. No more prosperity for me. I have had more fun since the depression started than I ever had in my life; I had forgotten how to live, what it meant to have real friends, what it was like to eat common everyday food. Fact is, I was getting a little high hat.

Three years ago, only one man of the News-Globe organization could be out of town at a time and he had to leave at the last minute and get back as soon as possible. Many times I have driven 100 miles to a banquet sat through three hours of bunk in order to make a 5-minute speech, then drive 100 miles back so as to get ready for work the next morning.

Nowadays, as many News-Globe employees as are invited make those trips and we stay as long as we want to. The whole outfit could leave the office now and it wouldn't make any difference.

I like the depression. I have time to visit my friends, to make new ones. Two years ago when I went to a neighboring town, I always stayed at the hotel. Now I go home with my friends, stay all night and enjoy homecooking. I have even spent the week-end with some of the boys who have been kind enough to invite me.

It's great to drop into a store and feel that you can spend an hour or two or three or half a day just visiting and not feel that you are wasting valuable time. I like the depression.

I am getting acquainted with my neighbors. In the last six months I have become acquainted with folks who have been living next door to me for three years. I am following the Biblical admonition, "Love your neighbors." One of my neighbors has one of the best looking wives I have ever seen. She is a dandy. I am getting acquainted with my neighbors and learning to love them.

Three years ago I ordered my clothes from a merchant tailor—two or three suits at a time. All my clothes were good ones. I was always dressed up. But now I haven't bought a suit in two years. I am mighty proud of my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. When I dress up, I am dressed up and I don't mean maybe. I like the depression.

Three years ago I was so busy and my wife was so busy that we didn't see much of each other, consequently we sort of lost interest in each other. I never went home for lunch. About twice a week I went home for dinner—at 6:30 o'clock. I never had time to go anywhere with her. If I did go on a party, I could never locate her since there was always a "blonde" or a "red-head" available. I didn't much worry about it.

My wife belonged to all the clubs in town. She even joined the young mothers club. We don't have any children but she was studying—and between playing bridge and going to clubs she was never at home.

We got stuck up and hifalutin. We even took down the old family bed and bought a set of twin beds—on the installment plan.

When I would come home at night if my wife was at home she would already be in bed and I would crawl in mine. If she came in first it was vice versa.

We like the depression. We have come down off our pedestal and are really living at my house now. The twin beds are stored in the garage and the old family affair is being used. We are enjoying life. Instead of taking a hot water bottle to bed these cold nights, she sticks her heels in my back just like she did before Hoover was elected.

I haven't been on a party in 18 months. I have lost my book of telephone numbers. My wife has dropped all the clubs. I believe we are falling in love all over again. I am pretty well satisfied with my wife. Think I will keep her, at least until she is forty and then if I feel like I do now, I may trade her for two twenties.

I am feeling better since the depression. I take more exercise. I walk to town and a lot of folks who used to drive Cadillacs are walking with me. I like the de-

pression. My digestion is better. I haven't been to see a doctor in a year. I can eat anything I want to.

I am getting real, honest-to-goodness food. Three years ago, we had filet mignon once a week, now we have round steak and flour gravy. Then, we had roast breast of guinea hen, now we are glad to get sow-bosom with the buttons on it.

I like the depression. My salary has been cut to where I can't afford to buy spinach and parsley and we can't afford to have sandwiches and frozen desserts and all that damfoolishness which has killed more good men than the World war.

I like the depression. Three years ago I never had time to go to church. I played golf all day Sunday and besides I was so darn smart that there wasn't a preacher in West Texas who could tell me anything.

Now I am going to church regularly, never miss a Sunday. And if this depression keeps on, I will be going to prayer meeting before long.

Old Clothes Day in Some Churches

Here's a suggestion coming from a recent news dispatch from a town in North Carolina, which might be given some consideration by the folks here.

The news story says that a pastor of a certain church of the town from which the story originated, has announced that the next Sunday's services at this church will be known as "every day clothes day service." The pastor explains that there is to be no dressing up by church-goers who attend worship at his church on that particular Sunday. Every one is expected to come to church in his everyday clothes. Men in their overalls, if they are following jobs which call for that kind of clothing, and women in house dresses, just as they are accustomed to wear on week days.

Now, a service like that here ought to make everybody feel perfectly at home. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and the doctor, the lawyer and the automobile mechanic will all be on the same level so far as clothes are concerned. The women will not be dolled up in frills of silk and satin, with costly hats on their heads.

The parson who conceived this idea, probably discovered that there are a number of his congregation who never darken the doors of his church for the simple reason that they do not feel that their clothes are presentable. They are not fortunate enough to have Sunday odds to doll up in to go to church, and rather than go there in just plain, every day clothes and have the respliances in their direction, they just remain quietly at home, and pass up the day of worship.

Maybe, once in a while they manage to get new suits or new dresses and then perhaps they will venture out on a Sunday to hear what the parson has to say. Even then, however, they probably feel ill at ease, for they have a conscious feeling that the rest of the members present are giving them the once over, and making remarks about what they are wearing or that they have been able to get enough cash together to buy some new things.

There are lots of folks, and probably some live here, who like to make a parade of their finery on Sundays. They put on all the glad rags they can comfortably carry and then strut forth for the benefit of their less fortunate neighbors and fellow church members. They seem to think that fine feathers make fine birds and that by virtue of their being able to put on expensive clothes they will be able to get the eye of the Lord more easily.

This story was not started with the idea of preaching a sermon, but the further the writer elaborates on the article which came out of that little North Carolina town, the more timely it seems to get the little stuff off his chest. There will probably be some who will not like this. They will probably toss the paper down after they have read a few paragraphs of the story, and say it is all a lot of bunk. Maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. Maybe, too, a preacher in these parts, making a similar announcement, will find his pews, ordinarily filled with the more well-to-do folk, on every other Sunday, vacant. He will, however, discover that his church has been made a place where the less fortunate without the humiliation of being scorned by those able to dress better than they.

Seven Selected from Washington County to Attend C. M. T. C.

Vancouver Barracks, Washington, June 12—Seven Washington County youths are among those chosen to attend the 1932 Citizen's Military Training Camp at this historic army post. With four weeks of outdoor living, work and play scheduled to begin on June 17, Lieutenant Thomas J. Cross, C. M. T. C. adjutant has sent out to 590 young men the order authorizing them to come to Camp Huribur. Those from Washington County are:

- William J. Leonard, Beaverton.
 - Adrain Hughes, Hillsboro.
 - Tom Graf, Beaverton.
 - Alpycius R. Vanderzander, Banks.
 - George E. Wolfe, Hillsboro.
 - Jules Cooper, Tigard route 1.
 - Irvine P. Bateman, Banks.
- Months of work have taken care of the vast amount of preparation necessary and final arrangements are virtually completed already. Well before the vanguards of youths arrives everything will be ready, and they will find an ordered routine with nothing experimental to hamper their enjoyment. Founded in 1925 through the personal efforts of Brigadier General Paul A. Wolf, the

big camp last year under his supervision was brought to its highest stage of efficiency, and he will again be present at this eighth camp with virtually the same staff he had in 1931. Under this specially-trained and long experienced leadership the seven Washington county boys are expected to enjoy the best four weeks yet had by the thousands who have crowded the camp through the years.

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