

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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WE CAN'T AFFORD INFERIOR FIRE ENGINES

The scream of a siren, a flashing red body-- and the fire engines pass. The crowds gather, watch it disappear into distance, and disperse. The drama that is an intrinsic part of fire-fighting seems never to diminish.

Reaching the scene of the fire, the engine stops, the hose is run out, the great pump starts pulsating. Perhaps the motor will be called upon to perform for 24 hours at a stretch in arctic or tropical weather without an instant's pause. If it fails it may mean that another fire has gotten beyond control—that more hundreds or thousands or millions of dollars in property values have been destroyed—that possibly, irreplaceable lives have been needlessly lost.

Obviously, it's what is under the red paint that counts in a fire engine. Good engines and had look alike—as do imitation diamonds and real ones, to the lay observer. Most of us couldn't tell the difference between an engine that had been haphazardly assembled by some truck builder and the finest products of the standard maker's art, without a look at the name plate. But we'd know the difference soon enough if difficult fire broke out on our property.

The best fire apparatus is always the "cheapest" fire apparatus. Standard engines are an honest economy, non-standard engines are a luxury that no community can afford.

NONE HAS DONE MORE

What industry has done as much for this country as the electric?

Answering that will take a good deal of head scratching. Ever since the turn of the century, the electric industry has been a leader in the van of progress. Here are a few facts worth remembering:

It has spent billions of dollars all over the country, bringing new taxable property to states and counties and town.

It has employed millions of persons, both in the operation of the business and in carrying out new projects or re-vamping old ones. During depression its wage and employment levels have been extremely high.

It has made America a nation of power users. Seventy per-cent of the homes of the country are wired for electricity—a proportion reached in no other country of anywhere near the same population.

It has provided the American home with a multitude of devices which have immensely lessened the drudgery of domestic duties—flatirons, waffle irons, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, toasters, etc.

It is one of the largest contributors to the cost of government in all states.

It is now engaged in electrifying the farm—a project which promises almost unimaginable benefits to agriculture.

It has given us constantly improving service at constantly lowering rates.

Lastly, at the present time, those who should know are looking to the electric industry as one of the two or three business which will lead us back to prosperity.

This is, in part the electric industry's contribution to the New World. No other industry has done more—perhaps none has done as much.

THE FRIEND OF THRIFT

In foreign countries Americans often have the reputation of being a prodigal people. But the life insurance industry statistics paint a very different picture.

Policies in effect run into an almost unimaginable total. This total is not made up by a number of large risks but, for the most part, of one, two and five-thousand-dollar policies. The large policyholders is but a drop in the bucket so far as the insurance companies are concerned. The institution of life insurance is made possible by the millions of thrifty Americans of modest means.

In the last three years our citizens have gained a new realization of the soundness, the safety and the necessity of life insurance, not only as protection for themselves and their dependents, but as a gilt-edged investment. Every policy in every legal reserve life company is as good today as on the day it was purchased whether in 1932 or 1898. Changes in commodity prices, the rise and fall of industry activity market fluctuation—these matters affect its safety not one iota.

"Read The Ads"

'The RED SAGA'

A Pro-war Story of the Far West

By FRANK MAGUIRE, JR.
CHAPTER I

Carmen Sanderson was a good-looking girl—not one of these emancipated doll types—but a tall, strong, wholesome blonde with blue eyes and an ever ready smile set off to advantage by a slight dimple in her left cheek. She was the daughter of Carl Sanderson, the section foreman of the Espee railroad at Hebron in the valley of Butte. Hebron was not much of a town, but it was the center of and the outlet for the timber that was being cut from the foothills that surrounded the valley. Furthermore, it was the nicest town Carmen remembered of ever having lived in.

She was now 18, but she still remembered the time, around 1906, when the Espee laid their steel rails across the sandy plain of dusty, gray sage. Her father had been assigned that first section job in the valley and here they had remained ever since. Before that it had been the yellow section house of one way station after another.

Twelve years is a long time, and to Carmen the town and valley had changed so little. She was beginning to tire of it. She heard so much of the big town, Lakeport, in the north, and a good many of her dreams now centered around the desire to live there. Her brother, Pete, had been living there for three years now, and from all his scant reports, he was satisfied.

Heretofore the monotony of life had not bothered Carmen particularly, for wherever young people may live, it is apparent they always manage to amuse themselves.

Strapping, 29-year-old Hans, Brechtel was her first beau. He worked for the Johnson-Pollock Lumber mill at the foot of Bald mountain on the west side of the valley, and two or three nights a week it was his wont to come over and visit with Carmen at the section house. When the nights were pleasant they would walk along the smooth, well-kept railroad bed to the water tank a mile distant. In the quiet of the desert night, with the stars dimly lighting up the steel rails that ran like ribbons straight ahead of them, and Carmen walking on one of these rails, balancing herself with one hand on Hans' shoulder, both of these young people were completely enveloped in each other's spirit. It was on such a night that Carmen forgot her desires for the big town. Life was complete right here under the stars—with Hans. Hans had taken her into his strong arms and Carmen thrilled to the first love of her life.

"I love you Carmen!" was all he could say, for Hans was rather shy. Carmen was too happy to say anything, but put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Carmen and Hans had always taken in the occasional dances held at the school house—and whenever Carl was in a genial mood they induced him to let them use the handcar so they might go to a dance at MacDowell, three miles to the north.

Best of all, however, Carmen liked the Sundays when Hans could get a couple of saddle horses from O'd Man Billingsley's stables, and they would ride east to spend the day in Red Rock valley. It was a good three hours' ride from Hebron, so that by the time they arrived they immediately looked about for a shady spot beside one of the many small streams that coursed through the valley and there partook of the lunch she had so proudly put up.

The Red Rock valley was so named because at the entrance to it, sheer cliffs rose up on either hand, and their walls were stratas of red rock—deep and burnished as though perpetually bathed in a glorious sunset. It was a narrow valley, but beautiful with all its greenery—and so restful after coming from the arid, sagey expanse of Butte. It was on their last trip there that Carmen, drinking in the

beauty of it, was overcome with a wish that escaped in a sigh.

"If we could only stay on here forever."

Hans looked at her eagerly, put an arm about her waist, as he asked? "Do you really mean that, Carmen?"

"Yes?" She replied dreamily, not divining what was to come.

"Carmen!" Hans said passionately as he kissed her.

Just then they heard the rumbling of a wagon and looked up to see an old woman looking down upon them with amusement from the seat of a buckboard wagon drawn by two skinny mares. She took a corncob pipe from between yellow-stained teeth and cackled at them in glee.

Carmen and Hans looked at her in confusion, not knowing what to say. In a high, cracked voice the old woman called to them.

"You know the saga of the valley, don't you? And not waiting for their reply, continued: "Whoever shall love each other within the walls of Red Rock shall do so for all time." As though highly amused at their embarrassment she urged her team onward. The young couple watched her move down the road and then laughed together over the incident and gradually fell into a long silence. It was Hans who broke the silence and his one was serious.

"If I save enough money to build a house and buy equipment, will you come here and help me homestead?"

Carmen came out of her reverie at these words from Hans, but she did not answer at first. She loved Hans, muchly—but there was still the other thing within her that was even stronger. She wanted to go to Lakeport. But knowing her family would not willingly let her go, and not being sure how she could realize her dream—and not wanting to hurt Hans, she only replied:

"You get that much money first—then we'll talk business."

"Do you really mean it, Carmen?" Hans blurted happily.

She nodded her head then to distract Hans, made a motion that they should clean up and make ready for the ride back to Hebron.

Along the way they rode in silence—a silence of security and of confidence for Hans—for Carmen, a silence of doubt. As she felt Hans' leg against hers when the horses jostled each other, she felt she could never give him up for all of Lakeport. She wondered to herself if she should not be content with the love of a good man and let the doubtful thrills of the big town go unrealized. But on this day she did not know that on the morrow was to come to Hebron one Harry Kendall from Lakeport.



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AUNT SALLY KEEN



"Aunt Sally, do you mind if I sit here on the top step while you go right on with your mending?"

"Mind, Annabelle! I should say not! Mendin' is one of those nice, peaceful afternoon jobs that's a heap more in terestin' in the presence o' good company. Make yourself comfortable, Honey, and tell me what you bin doin'."

"Well, Auntie,—I've been doing some thinkin'."

"Hum, thinkin'! That's a good, healthy sign! 'Bout enythin' special?"

"Uh uh—about votin'. Remember tellin' me that women should take an interest in politics? Well—thinkin' it over, Aunt Sally, I've decided you're right; you generally are, I find."

"I am, am I? Well, if Silas heard that he'd laff fit to kill himself. I'm not ALWAYS right, Annabelle, and you talkin' o' votin' that way is a right smart reminder o' one o' the times when I wuz good and wrong!"

"Oh yes, Aunt Sally, you promised to tell me of that the las' time I was over here."

"It's kind o' painful jest recallin' it, Honey, but sence it may help you in your thinkin' I'll tell you all 'bout it. 'Twas back in 1916—you were just 'bout startin' school then so you won't

remember; but, Wilson was runnin' fur President. Both parties were doin' heir usual amount o' agitatin', same as the're don't right now, only the Democrats had a catchy slogan 'bout keepin' us out o' war."

"You know how tis with us wimmin, Annabelle? Most of us don't like war. The men folks tried to sell us not to be taken in by a phrase, that no one could keep us out o' the war if it wuz our own sal'vation to get in it. Fact is mos. o' the men folks 'round here sed we should bin in it right then. Well, anyway, I liked the idea o' being kept out—and I voted the Democratic ticket for the first and only time. Lan' more'n counted and we were in the war up to our necks."

"It wuz a nice slogan, all right, but 'Votin's all right, Annabelle, but that's only a part of it. Don't be taken in by a parcel o' high soundin' promise. Wimmen's got to mix their votin' with their common sense; they got to look back a bit."

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School "Juggling" Bill,
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DOES NOT REDUCE BY A SINGLE PENNY the basic State tax you now pay for high education.

ESTABLISHES 4 NEW SCHOOLS, at Ashland, La Grande, Eugene and Salem.

CREATES 2 NEW TYPES OF SCHOOLS—Junior Colleges and Teachers' College, of questionable value to Oregon.

ESTABLISHES STATE SUPPORT for Junior Colleges in every Oregon city or town.

JUNKS AND DISCARDS OVER \$4,000,000.00 of taxpayer-owned buildings and land.

NECESSITATES NEW-BUILDING PROGRAM and triples costly equipment now at University or State College.

INCREASES INSTRUCTION COSTS 25% for University and Oregon State students.

DECREASES WORKING STUDENTS' CHANCES 40%, depriving hundreds of an opportunity for higher education.

WRECKS PRESENT UNIFICATION PLAN—This plan is saving taxpayers \$900,000.00 per year compared with previous costs for State schools.

DEPRIVES OREGON STATE COLLEGE of its high rank as a technical school by submerging of agricultural courses.

Voters, Think! The above facts overwhelm the half-truths and partial statements, made by the proponents of this school "juggling" scheme.

VOTE 317 x No Zorn-Macpherson School Moving Bill

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