

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

J. LAMBORN ELDER, Publisher

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL THEM

When Mr. Average Citizen leaves his home in the morning, he doesn't worry about the chance of the lives of his family or his property being destroyed by fire—even though he fully realizes that there is always a chance of a fire breaking out. He has every faith in the efficiency and dependability of his local fire department.

That department is on duty 24 hours a day and it observes no holidays. It's always ready for action—there's no need to telephone the fireman that we're leaving and to keep an eye on the place!

The local fire department, entrusted as it is with this gigantic responsibility, is worth watching, worth adopting as a community hobby. It consists of men and machines—and the difference between a poor department and a first-class one is simply a matter of differences in those men and machines. Is the personnel well trained, well paid, scientifically directed—is the apparatus of a standard make and is it kept in A-1 condition? Those are the vital questions in the case of a fire department. So far as we can, let's make it our business to answer them.

A JOB FOR CITIZENS

There is a widespread demand that the expenditures of government be reduced. To accomplish such a purpose the citizens and taxpayers must take sufficient interest in politics and make that interest so felt that legislative representatives will seek to carry out that program.

In a recent book called Our Wonderland of Bureaucracy, Congressman James M. Beck reviews the record of Federal expenditures. The Federal Government appropriated in 1880 approximately \$11,000,000, or roughly \$2.00 per person for the expenses of the Government; in 1890 the appropriations were approximately \$45,000,000, or about \$1.93 per person; and in 1930 the appropriations were \$4,377,376,000, which approximated \$38.42 for every man, woman and child, according to the census return.

Congressman Beck goes far to show his readers how the average citizen and taxpayer is partly responsible for such increased expenditures. He says; Congress is generally and, to some extent, justly charged with the responsibility for the orgy of expenditure of public funds. Let a member of the Senate or Congress oppose the organized minorities who are the militant proponents of these costly and generally useless bureaus, and that member may, and infrequently does, encounter the militant opposition of that minority in his next election.

"But, there is no organized group of taxpayers who are prepared to steady the wavering hands of Senators and Representatives who have the disposition and sometimes the courage to oppose these raids upon the Treasury. All members of the Senate or House of Representatives do not shiver as an aspen to every gust of wind. There are few who believe in the conception of the true functions of our Government as defined by the founders of the Republic—equal rights to all and special favors to none—but they are in a minority and are unable to defeat pernicious and extravagant legislation. What we need is a healthy, general, and unselfish interest of our people in the problems of government. To secure this, they must be made 'tax conscious.' Too few of our people pay Federal taxes. Less than 400,000 citizens paid in 1928, 87 per cent. of the Federal income tax. Why should the remaining 120,000,000 care?

"The constantly growing strength of bureaucracy, the demands of groups for legislation and large appropriations, and the impotence of Congress to maintain its power are leading the American Government toward an absolutism, worthy of Moscow but unworthy of Philadelphia, where the Constitution was framed."

THE COMMON COLD

This is the time of the year when the people of this community, along with others suffer from the so-called common cold. Generally, it is neglected, but physicians advise that one be careful when suffering from this almost every-month ailment.

With the opening of school there is also a spread of disease among children, such as measles. Many of these begin with symptoms comparable to those of a cold, and for that reason parents should be on guard against such troubles and realize that medicines effective against colds are of little value in treating them.

Well informed people know that scientists have been unable to find the cause of colds, or to devise proper treatment that is anywhere near perfect in results. Not so, however, with many medicines on the market. They proclaim their powers, and while many of them are beneficial in treating some of the symptoms, none of them, as far as we know, remove the underlying causes.

'The RED SAGA'

A Pre-war Story of the Far West

By FRANK MAGUIRE, JR.

Synopsis Part One.

Carmen Sanderson, daughter of the Espee section foreman at Hebron, in the Valley of Butte, is in love with good looking Hans Brechtel who works in a sawmill in the foothills. He wants her to marry him and settle in the Red Rock Valley on a homestead. She is torn between her love for Hans and an intense desire to go to Lakeport, the big town in the north. She bandies for time, and Harry Kendall from Lakeport arrives in Hebron. Now go on with the story.

Port Two

When Carmen and Hans returned that night from Red Rock they learned of Pop Peterson's death. He had been the Espee Station-master at Hebron since the first days of the railroad in the Valley. While there was much grief over the kindly and popular man passing, there was, nevertheless, an undisguised interest and curiosity as to who might be his successor. The Monday morning train brought Harry Kendall from Lakeport, and before the morning was gone the entire populace had made some excuse to investigate at the depot—that is, all except Carmen.

Mrs. Sanderson had gone to Jake McDonald's store to shop and had passed the depot on the way home. Once in the house she informed Carmen that Harry Kendall was the nicest young fellow and rather good looking in spite of an overly red face—and the best dresser Hebron has seen in many a long day.

Inwardly Carmen was interested, but she only asked, "Why do you suppose his face is so overly red?"

Mrs. Sanderson looked rather shocked at her daughter's question. "Well, now, what a queer question from you. How am I supposed to know I wonder—do you suppose he drinks?" Carmen laughed at her Mother's seriousness and replied, "He'll probably have to drink plenty of water—It's that dry out here."

Mrs. Sanderson only snorted at this and at once busied herself to get lunch.

That evening Hans came over and Carmen was amused to find even him enmeshed about the newcomer.

"He's a swell guy, Carmen. For all his dandy clothes he seems like one of the boys. How about walking down to the station and watch the evening train come in. He'll be there and I'll introduce you to him. You'll like him, I'm sure."

"Such a long speech for Hans," thought Carmen, and wondered what there could be about Harry Kendall to arouse so much interest. At any rate Carmen took particular pains in dressing that evening, and when she walked to the station with Hans she was suffused with a feeling of satisfaction her appearance created.

The train had pulled out and Harry Kendall, in shirt sleeves, was pulling a load of express into the station when Hans approached him to say,

"By the way, Mr. Kendall, I want you to meet my girl friend, Carmen Sanderson," then to Carmen—"This is Harry Kendall I was telling you about."

"It's my pleasure, I'm sure," Kendall smiled graciously at Carmen, and she reluctantly found herself rather thrilled with the meeting. He was quite as good looking as she had heard, though she couldn't understand why he permitted a gold crown to decorate the middle of his front teeth. But it was his only visible detraction and she forgot it as he quietly eyed her with approval.

It was the middle of June when he arrived and by the first of July he was fairly well entrenched in the friendship of some, and in the enmity of others. Chief amongst his antagonists was Jake McDonald, whose store carried everything from a needle to a plow. And, too, Carmen thought she detected a growing coolness in Hans' enthusiasm for the new station master.

Carmen soon learned why his face was so red. He was not an infrequent visitor to Mace Bowers' saloon. Some defended Kendall with the argument he only went there to get on the good side of Mace as he was much enamored of that gentleman's good-looking daughter, Marian—the most stylish girl in Hebron inasmuch as she had the advantage of two or three trips a year to the big town. Kendall's interest in Marian was of necessity short-lived, however, and soon the town was agog over the spectacle of seeing Harry nursing a black eye. Mrs. Sanderson gave the full details to Carmen. She had been to the store and heard all about it.

"Do you know what happened last night, Carmen?"

"Why, no," said Carmen, wondering. "Well, Jake McDonald's been awfully sweet on Marian for sometime, you know."

"Yes, I know—but that's alright. He's free, white and thirty-one, isn't he?"

"I know—but—Carmen—just let me finish my story won't you?"

"Yes—go on. What happened?"

"Well, you know yourself that Harry Kendall has been shining around Marian ever since he came to town."

"He met her in Lakeport, didn't he?" defended Carmen.

"I know, but just meeting a girl, and trying to go steady with her, are two different things, aren't they?"

"Oh yes—but do get on with your story."

"It seems Jake warned Harry to stay away from Marian and Harry only laughed at him. Last night Jake walks in on Marian and finds Harry Kendall there—and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he weren't trying to pull some fresh stuff—for Jake up and swats him in the eye."

"Just plain jealousy," Carmen snorted, disgusted.

"Well, believe me young lady, I don't know but what Harry got what he deserved—and by the way, I'm not encouraging him to come around here, as Hans might get some silly notion into his head about you and Harry."

"Mother! How ridiculous! Anyhow—I'm free and I can ask any man I come and see me I choose without asking Hans' permission."

"Now, Carmen—don't you go making any unnecessary trouble—"

Without waiting to hear more, Carmen got up and flounced out of the room.

The day after this conversation was the Fourth of July, and Hebron was all set for its annual celebration to which people from all over the valley would come. Ball games, horse races, dancing and barbecues were in order, the good old fashioned barbecue where whole sheep were cooked on spits revolved over a big fire.

Since Hans was to play ball with Hebron's team, 'The Nuggers', Carmen saw no reason to refuse an invitation to the game with Harry Kendall; to show her Mother that there was no reason to fear jealousy between Harry and Hans. And, anyway, Hans would have her for the rest of the day. Nevertheless, on the morning of the Fourth Carmen was full of nervous apprehension for she had confided in no one of her plans—and was not too sure how things would turnout—admitting within herself the presence of guilt.

To be continued

VOYE X NO. 56

J. W. Connell, Republican Candidate for Re-election for Sheriff.

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AUNT SALLY KEEN



"What do YOU think we should do on this bonus situation, Aunt Sally?"

"Annabelle, I isn't so much what we SHOULD do, I reckon, ez what we're ABLE to do. The whole thing was settled once, you know."

"It was, Auntie? In what way?"

"Well, honey, back in 1925 we agreed to the veteran's demand in the best way we could which wuz to give 'em certificates in 1945, an' each certificate included twenty years of accrued interest."

"Was that satisfactory to the veteran Auntie?"

"Yes, a the time it wuz, but a few years later came a fresh demand which wuz to let 'em BORROW fifty per cent o' their certificate value."

"And, did we yield to that, too?"

"Uh-uh, we did, Annabelle, an' in 1931

veterans borrowed a thousand million dollars o' their bonus money at 4 1/2%. Think of it, a THOUSAND MILLION! Mind you, that wuz done last year when not only the United States but the whole world wuz up to its neck in financial troubles."

"Why Auntie, those figures are simply appalling. And, what is it the veterans wants now?"

"Well, honey, he's now wantin' and immediate, CASH payment of the other fifty per cent. We've already told him he can BORROW it at 3 1/2% but he demands the thirteen years of unearned interest which the certificate includes."

"Don't tell me THAT demand is to be met, too?"

"I can't answer that one, Annabelle. Seems as though most anyone wud know the nation can't possibly meet it considerin' the condition the country an' all the rest of us is in, yet a Democratic House o' Congress led by the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, Mr. Garner, has already passed such a bill, an' President Hoover has vetoed it. Puttin' that extra burden on US taxpayers is jes like loadin' an already over-loaded vessel right up to its sinkin' point."

"It's terribly important, Annabelle, that we have a President who'll stave off this an' all other Pork Barrel measures."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Everlastin Punishment" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, October 30.

The Golden Text is, "Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me; and that cover with a covering, but not of my spirit, that they may add sin to sin" (Isa. 30:11).

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon is the following from the Bible: "My son, despite not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: For whom the Lord loveth are correcteth" (Prov. 3:11, 12).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures", by Mary Baker Eddy, "Divine Love corrects and governs man. Men may pardon, but this divine Principle alone reforms the sinner—To cease suffering as the result of sin, is the means of destroying sin. Every supposed pleasure in sin will furnish more than its equivalent of pain, until belief in material life and sin is destroyed" (p. 6).

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS—The second half of 1931 taxes are due on or before November 5, 1932. All taxes become delinquent on November 6, and will carry interest at the rate of 2-3 of 1% per month.

J. W. CONNELL, Sheriff Washington County, Oregon.

For Congress



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