

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

J. LAMBORN ELDER, Publisher

Published Friday of each week by Tualatin Publishing Co. at Beaverton, Ore. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Beaverton, Ore.

Subscription Rates

One Year \$1.00 Three Months .35
Six Months .50 Subscriptions Payable in Advance

JUDGE YOUR OWN PROTECTION

Ask any man you know to stand on a street corner and tell you the makes of the automobiles that pass.

The chances are he'll do it with extremely high per cent accuracy.

Ask the same man to try the same test when the local fire department passes and he'll probably score an ignominious zero. Mr. Average Citizen, to whom the fire department is of inestimable importance as a protector of life and property, isn't able to tell the difference between a standard piece of apparatus and a makeshift one, between a first-class machine and one that may fail in an emergency. They're all painted red and that's as far as his knowledge goes.

In the case of automobiles, we judge quality by names—by the maker's reputation. We take it for granted that certain makes will be good, because they've always been good. The same simple test goes for fire fighting apparatus. There are a few makers who have been in the fire engine business—and only the fire engine business—for decades. They are specialists in a difficult field. And the product they turn out is as superior to the products of less experienced makers as is a standard automobile to the creation of a local mechanic.

Familiarize yourself with the names of standard fire engines. See if your department has that kind of apparatus. And when the times comes to buy new, take some interest in the matter because your home may be the next to depend on the department you as a citizen are helping maintain.

WISE CHILDREN; WISER PARENTS

This is a story about two wise children and two equally wise parents.

The other day, Morton Rosenberg, 11, and his sister, Jeanne, 9, anxious to escape music lessons, left their parents' home, leaving a note which read: "Goodbye forever."

A search of the house showed that two small handbags had been packed with their belongings. Police search failed to find the missing children, but the next day they reappeared, saying that they had spent the night in a school-house and that everything went fine until night came and the young lady began to cry.

As Morton tells it, she cried and cried so long that "I had to bring her back home again. I was glad when daylight came."

Where the wise parents come in is the announcement from the overjoyed father and mother that there will be "no disciplinary action."

WAITING ON THE FARMERS

Upon many occasions the Tualatin Publishing Company has expressed the opinion that the basic trouble with the American economic structure today is the distress existing among American farmers. Those in a position to know realize that for the past ten years the average farmer has suffered serious losses and has been unable to maintain himself or his family properly.

We are, therefore, interested in the statement of Dr. Bernhard Ostrolenk, an authority on agrarian problems, who is the author of an article captioned, "Prosperity Waits Upon the Farmer," which appears in the November issue of Current History.

Pointing out that 30,000,000 people live on American farms, that at least 50,000,000 are engaged in supplying goods and services to them and that between 1920 and 1923 the annual purchasing power of agricultural communities dropped from \$16,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000, Dr. Ostrolenk declared that the economic plight of the farmer, unable to buy goods from merchants, who are thus unable to order them from wholesalers and manufacturers, is passed on to the industrial community.

This observation is plain in this community where storekeepers depend to a large extent upon the patronage of the agricultural population. Goods and commodities line their shelves, and much of their stocks is badly needed upon farms in this vicinity, but because our farmers have suffered unduly during the past decade, they are unable to purchase. In many cases credit has been exhausted and what revenue comes in is needed to pay interest, taxes and bare living expenses.

Discussing the effect of such a condition upon industry, Mr. Ostrolenk says: "Today the farmer is unable to purchase new tools and implements, automobiles and furniture. He has ceased to improve his buildings, make repairs or replace his equipment. Where once his needs galvanized into activity mines, mills, factories, financial institutions and transportation facilities, today these enterprises are largely idle."

The winter that is now near at hand is expected to be the hardest of the depression. Citizens who are fortunate enough to be able to help the unemployed, and their dependents should not hesitate in doing so.

'The RED SAGA'

A Pre-war Story of the Far West

By FRANK MAGUIRE, JR.

Synopsis

Carmen Sanderson of Hebron in the Valley of Butte is in love with Hans Brechtel, but filled with a desire to go to Lakeport to thrill to big town life puts aside gently, Hans' proposal to marry him and live in Red Rock Valley. Harry Kendall, a newcomer from Lakeport excites anew Carmen's desire to live in Lakeport. Kendall, become unpopular with some of Hebron's citizens, talks Carmen into going to a ball game with him on the Fourth of July—a game in which Hans is a participant. Kendall, somewhat drunk, becomes so abusive in his language that he infuriates Hans who in turn gives him a sound thrashing. Carmen is keenly mortified and regrets her rash act.

Now go on with the story.

PART IV.

When Carmen awoke the dusk was deepening and a cool breeze was sweeping away the remaining heat of day. With a pain she reviewed the incidents of the afternoon. Slowly she got up from the bed and stood before the mirror to behold a tear-stained face and disheveled hair. Mechanically Carmen bathed her face and rearranged her hair, and then, without thought of food, went to sit on the porch. Her family were still away taking in the festivities and in the distance Carmen could see the lights beginning to shine from the depot, and the open air dance pavilion across the tracks from it and imagined she heard the gay laughter of the throng.

Carmen Sanderson felt lonelier then, than she remembered ever having been before—and intensely longed to have Hans beside her that very moment. She felt sure he would forgive her—and she promised herself never again to be disloyal to him. Hans—her Hans—was all that would matter in the future. What a fool she had been to go to the ball game with Kendall. Well, that would never happen again.

Carmen sat thus for a long time on the steps, turning these thoughts over in her mind. The dusk turned into darkness, the lights in the distance grew brighter and livelier, and soon the display of fireworks painted the dark summer sky with their spurts of myriad starlets.

And, long after the fireworks had ceased, Carmen sat waiting for Hans. The night had grown cooler. She got up and went inside to get a jacket, and upon looking at the clock found it near midnight.

There was no sound except for the croaking of frogs upon a marsh down the way, and for an occasional shout from an over buoyant cowboy on his way home.

Carmen leaned against a pillar of the porch and wept a bit, fearful that she must have lost Hans for good and all. Suddenly she perceived a dark form walking unsteadily up the tracks toward the section house. Carmen was no coward, but she felt a sudden tremor of fear. It would not do to be bothered here, alone in the house, by any drunken tramp. Nervously she watched the unsteady approach of the man.

A cry escaped her as the figure came closer and she recognized Hans. Her Hans—dead drunk. He reached the point directly opposite the house and stood reeling in the middle of the track.

"Hans!" Carmen called, filled with fear and wonderment.

"Allo—'ow 'r ya?" he called back. Carmen ran down the pathway and met him at the gate which she swung open for him. Hans walked by, ignoring the hand she outstretched to help him. His whole being reeked with liquor. Sudden repulsion took such possession of her she could not check the words that followed.

"Hans—I didn't think you could be so rotten dirty, so common!" Hans sprawled on the steps and laughed at her.

"You didn't, eh? Well, since ya like your shults 'toxicated'—I'm trying to fill this bill." Carmen stood before him, took him in with scornful glances. The light from the window fell full upon him. His hair was tousled and his tie hung loose. Even the collar of his shirt was torn and his suit displayed all the earmarks of his having been wallowing in the middle of the street. There was vehemence in the words she now flung at him.

"You're filthy—a filthy pig—I hate you! Go home. Go on—Get out of my sight!"

With surprising alacrity he got to his feet and reached for her hand, but Carmen side stepped him, and screamed.

"Go home, I tell you—Get out of my sight and stay out!"

He lunged at her again and this time succeeded in pulling her to him and crushed her in his strong arms and smothered her with uncontrolled kisses.

"You are all mine, Carmen, and God help any man that takes you from me." "Let me go, Hans!" Carmen struggled and with difficulty freed herself.

"You beast!—I hate you!" she said hotly, tears running down her cheeks and slapped him across the mouth with the palm of her hand, then immediately ran into the house and bolted the door.

For some time after she had flung herself on the bed to give way to a fresh volley of tears, she could hear the living.

Hans pounding at the door for admittance. Bitterness replaced all hope that had been within her. Desolation seemed everywhere and she was at a loss for what to do. To stay over at Hebron now would be unbearable, yet Carmen had no money, no means of getting away. She decided to talk with her mother, make her understand and fall in with the plan that was gradually taking shape in her mind.

Mrs. Sanderson was more sympathetic than Carmen had hoped for and as a consequence Carmen did go to Lakeport on the next day's train.

Pete met her at the station in Lakeport.

"Hello, Sis," he said greeting her with a kiss.

Hello, Pete," Carmen replied returning the kiss as he relieved her of the bags. On the way to his rooms he ventured the question.

"What the Devil are you doing up here?"

"I'm going to live here, Pete, and we're going to get a place to gether so I can keep house for you."

"But, Sis, what are we going to do for money? I don't make so much, you know."

"That's easy, Pete. Mother gave me some to get started on. Then, I'll get some kind of a job, in a restaurant or some such place. I just had to get away from Hebron. I just had to, I tell you."

"Okay, Sis—don't worry. I guess we'll get by somehow."

That's a good boy, Pete. I'll tell you all about it sometime, but now—I want to forget everything except life in the Big Town."

(Continued Next Week)

Creating Local Interest Is Well Worth-while

Who knows the local history of this community.

Not as it pertains to the part it played in state and national affairs, but the little incidents of interest which happened in which the home folks took part.

There are lots of things which have taken place hereabouts which would make pleasant reading for the natives now. Back in the good old days, when there wasn't a car in the garage to whizz you around from place to place and take you away from home.

Back in the good old days when a bicycle was about the most speedy thing a fellow was able to lay his hand on, and they caused old Squire So and So's nag to kick up a rump on the main streets and kick the stats out of the old shay. Back in the good old days when electric light was a thing to be read about and marveled at.

Back in the good old days when you could lay down and go to sleep and not be disturbed by your neighbor's radio blaring away with some tin-panny jazz orchestra selection. Back in the good old days when there wasn't any paid fire department, and folks came to each other's aid with bucket and the like when fire threatened their homes or stores.

Back in the good old days when the boys had a military company with uniforms equal to that of the most pretentious principalities of Europe or Central America. Back in the good old days when soda water was soda water and there wasn't a lot of new-fangled drinks to stir a fellow's stomach up with.

Back in the good old days when a fellow could take a swim in the old swimming hole without being hampered by a bathing suit. Back in the good old days when a fellow was a lucky guy who got a peep at the ankle of the best looking girl in town.

Say, there are some of you who know a lot about this burg, and there are a lot of youngsters who have come along since who would be tickled to death to hear you bust loose with a lot of this stuff. Suppose you try your hand with your pen, or pencil, if you never learned to write with ink, and tell them an earful of what life was like when the town was young.

We've been reading about gang warfare, racketeers, prohibition, political scandals business depression, wars and rumors of wars, and Soviet Russia and all that sort of thing long enough. The folks are fed up on that kind of stuff and want a rest. They want something real soothing like—something they've had a part in, right here at home. They want to know who the folks were that put this community on the map and how they went about their job. What upsets they encountered and how they got by and all that sort of thing, in finally bringing the old town to her present position with other towns in the state.

Nearly every person in town 40 years and over has a story of some kind or other which would make interesting reading, if he would only take the time to write it. It might seem a very trivial incident insofar as you personally are concerned, but it may spell a whole lot to the rest of us who never heard it, and so on and on.

If you've got a story, and the chance are that you have, suppose you put it on paper and send it in to the Tualatin Publishing Co. office. The editor will be glad to look them over and print them from time to time as space permits. They need not be gems of literary effort, but they may be gems in interest so far as the rest of the folks around here are concerned. So cut loose from your selfishness a while and let the rest of us in on these little inside stories of life when the town was young and perhaps life was worth living.

Louisa's Letter

Too Many Sordid Books and Plays

Dear Girls: There is a certain class of critics who are prone to praise any book or play which happens to be sordid or unpleasant. They harp on the "stark reality, etc." It may be a very mediocre piece of work, but if it happens to be nauseating enough it is labeled "art."

It is a mystery to me why this is so. I find it hard enough to read sordid stuff even though it be cleverly and beautifully written and when that virtue is lacking I simply cannot bring myself to the task.

Some folks revel in morbid stuff and as a general rule, it is the women in a community who make up the greater part of the audiences at the presentation of such plays and movies. They are also the ones who buy the majority of such books. Men will go to see naughty plays and even plays that are worse than naughty but they prefer gaiety and wit along with the vulgarity. It is the women, as a rule, who enjoy three hours of tragedy woven around some over-sexed heroine.

I often wonder why authors choose such characters to write about. There are so many lovely things in life that these talented men and women might use as themes for their stories.

I am not advocating roody, goody, Pollyanna stuff and I realize, of course that there must be some unpleasant parts in books to make us enjoy the rest of them but wha, I am taking exception to is the steady stream of morbid material in the book stores and on the stage.

Last week I read two new books by authors of recognized ability and, to use one of my old servant's expressions, at their conclusions, I really felt just about "whipped down."

It seems to me that there is enough of tragedy all around us that we may see free of charge, if we will only look, so that I, for one, when I pay out my dollar or several dollars, as the case may be, will strive to get in return a few hours of real pleasure and enjoyment for my money.

Yours,
LOUISA.

GRANGE YEAR SHOWS REMARKABLE GROWTH

One of the very few fraternal organizations in the United States which has held its own during the past two years, the National Grange reports with pride the fact that for the 12 months ending October 1 it has made one of the most noteworthy advances in all its 60 years of life. Not only has a membership gain been made in many states and for the nation as a whole, but the organization of new Grange units is scarcely less than phenomenal.

During the 12 months' period 407 subordinate Granges, 1337 Juveniles and 32 Pomonas were organized and are actively functioning. Of the new subordinates 144 were in the state of North Carolina, while other states reporting extensive Grange organizations were South Carolina, California, Idaho, Wisconsin, Ohio, Oregon, Virginia, Indiana and Minnesota.

The above figures represent the greatest membership gain the Grange has made in a long time and the longest list of new organizations for more than 50 years. Many of the new subordinates had a large charter list and have since added considerably thereto by initiations.

The treasury of the National Grange and of all the state Granges is also reported in excellent condition, while most of the 8000 local units of this farm organization are in excellent financial condition, as well as nearly all of them initiating a new class of candidates during the present fall season.

SPECIAL

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH all ready for framing
One Large 11 X 14 for \$1.00
Three Large 8 X 10 for \$1.00
12 Post Cards for \$1.00
Other photos at hard time prices

HOFSTEATER STUDIO
165 1/2 Third Street
Between Morrison and Yamhill

Bring this adv-Get 10% discount on

Auto REPAIRING
IGNITION SERVICE
BRAKE LINING

20 Years Experience—Prices right

Anson A. Webster

534 Jefferson St. at 17th

WHY NOT JOIN THE BAND NOW?

Group Instruction \$1 per month

Private lessons 5 for \$4.50

LAWRENCE P. JACKSON

Certified Teacher

HAIR ON THE FACE

or on the body is forever removed by our method. Regrowth impossible. Skin left smooth and free from blemish. Consultation free or write for booklet OM-23.

Lady in attendant

MARTON LABORATORIES
448 Morgan Building Beacon 3961

AUTOMOBILE LOANS

A personal service—something different

Hoover & Smith

FINANCE CO.
8 Grand Ave., N., bet. Burnside, Ankeny,
State License M-127

PORTLAND'S PROGRESSIVE FLORIST FLOWERS

TOMMY LUKE

Sixth and Alder (Almost)
GE. 7215 Portland, Oregon

SCHOLLS ROAD DIVISION TUALATIN VALLEY STAGES

TIME SCHEDULE

Effective September 1, 1932

Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves
Portland	Beaverton	Lombard	Lake Rd.	Scholl Rd.	Fairvale
9:00	9:28	9:32	9:33		
10:00	10:28	10:32	10:33		
1:00	1:28	1:32	1:33		
3:00	3:28	3:32	3:33		
6:00					

Light Face Denotes A. M.; Bold Face Denotes P. M.

Daily, except Sundays and Holidays
Central Stage Depot: Park and Taylor Streets. Phone ATwater 5171—Local 31

FAIRVALE DIVISION TUALATIN VALLEY STAGES

TIME SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 1, 1932 Subject to Change Without Notice

Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves
Portland	Beaverton	Lombard	Lake Rd.	Scholl Rd.	Fairvale
7:50			6:45	6:50	7:00
9:00			7:17	7:20	7:30
10:00		7:45	7:47	7:50	8:00
11:00		8:15	8:17	8:20	8:30
1:00		9:32	9:33	9:35	9:45
2:40	10:30	10:32	10:33	10:35	10:45
3:00	11:30	11:32	11:33	11:35	11:45
4:00	1:30	1:32	1:33	1:35	1:45
5:00			2:33	2:35	2:45
6:00		3:32	3:33	3:35	3:45
6:30		4:32	4:33	4:35	4:45
8:00	5:30	5:32	5:33	5:35	5:45
10:00	7:00	7:02	7:03	7:05	7:15
12:00	8:30	8:32	8:33	8:35	8:45
	11:00	11:02	11:03	11:05	11:15

Light Face Denotes A. M.; Bold Face Denotes P. M.
Saturdays Only
Daily, except Sundays and Holidays

SUNDAY AND HOLIDAY SCHEDULES ONLY

Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves	Leaves
Portland	Beaverton	Lombard	Lake Rd.	Scholl Rd.	Fairvale
7:50			7:15	7:20	7:30
9:30		8:30	8:33	8:35	8:45
11:00	10:00	10:02	10:03	10:05	10:15
1:00	11:30	11:32	11:33	11:35	11:45
3:00	1:30	1:32	1:33	1:35	1:45
5:00			3:33	3:35	3:45
6:30	5:30	5:32	5:33	5:35	5:45
8:00	7:00	7:02	7:03	7:05	7:15
10:00	8:30	8:32	8:33	8:35	8:45
12:00	11:00	11:02	11:03	11:05	11:15

Light Face Denotes A. M.; Bold Face Denotes P. M.
Sundays and Holidays only
CENTRAL STAGE DEPOT: Park and Taylor Streets
Phone ATwater 5171—Local 31