

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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FARM PROSPERITY ESSENTIAL

Since the beginning of 1930, the farm population of the United States has shown a steady increase, which by the end of this year, will place 32,000,000 people on our farms an increase of about 2,000,000 in three years. It is estimated that half of the children of the country are "rural."

That this large group of Americans has suffered seriously during the past decade and that their economic debacle was probably the leading contributing factor to our present national depression is an opinion held by many have studied the problem. For two reasons the welfare of the farming population is of transcendent importance to the nation.

The first, a somewhat selfish cause for interest on the part of city people in the welfare of farmers, is the obvious fact that the breakdown in the purchasing power of our agriculturists caused the merchants' goods to remain on their shelves, killed orders that would have gone to factories and thus produced unemployment and idleness for many laborers.

Should some wise public policy be devised that will give to agriculture a reasonable degree of prosperity, the flow of buying that will revive trade in stores will inevitably start factory wheels to whirling gain.

The second reason why urban residents should be deeply interested in farm prosperity arises when one considers the statement that half of the children of America reside in rural sections. Their educational facilities do not, as a rule, compare favorably with those given to children in the cities. This means, very often, that these farm children will grow into maturity without a broad culture which, of itself, creates demands for more commodities. The greater the education of an adult, the more varied will be his purchases and the larger his contributor to the cycle of buying upon which sound economic prosperity depends.

There may be some who fail to appreciate the relationship between education and trade but a simple example will demonstrate this connection. No American manufacturer would attempt to create a market for his product among half-savage people, whose simple life does not awaken an appreciation of modern conveniences and luxuries. In such far off places, the traders use glass beads, trinkets of various kinds and a few similar articles. The demand for diversified products does not exist because the needs of the people, as apparent in their living conditions, are not great. To change such a community into a buying sector all that one has to do is to educate them. The process immediately creates demands and thus causes trade.

While there are few semi-civilized localities in the United States, social students realize that our agriculture population has not had all of the advantages that are given other citizens. This fact is stated without blame to anyone but comes about as the result of conditions that are hard to overcome. However, the fact remains that when our rural citizens are the recipients of better educational advantages, they immediately become purchasers on a wider scale.

Of course, the above illustrations are over-emphasized to bring out the fact involved. This paper does not lose sight of the fact that in this County, we have unusually alert rural citizenship. However, the observations may apply in a general way to the entire country.

NOW, THAT IT'S OVER

The fact that the presidential campaign has been concluded (and this is written prior to election day) is a good thing for the people of this country.

It is time for the people of the United States to get back to solid ground and stop listening to candidates' promises, which, at least, at best, can only help them help themselves. Too much dependence upon governmental agencies for taking care of individual problems will not help anybody.

Of course, the government in the past few years has been larding out its money with a lavish hand. Most of it will have to be paid back through taxation. Here's where the little fellow feels the relief!

WE'LL SAY, "WHAT KIND?"

What kind of race would we have if the minds of men and women demanded food with the same insistence that the stomach does?

Suppose, your brain, if neglected and forgotten for a day would set up the same insistent clamor for sustenance that your appetite does. Would you know more, or do you, may be, take care of the normal craving that visits intelligent minds and see that you provide a diet for the thinking machine?

Truth is supposed to be the goal of education and philosophy, and religion, as well. The truth will "set you free." How many of us realize that the best pursuit of truth come only when a mind is free of passions, prejudices and popular superstitions? How many of us make any systematic effort to remove these cobwebs from our brains?

'The RED SAGA'

A Pre-war Story of the Far West

By FRANK MAGUIRE, JR.

Synopsis

Carmen Anderson in the Valley of Butte is in love with handsome Hans Brechtel who wants her to marry him and settle in the Red Rock Valley. She has heard a good deal about the big town of Lakeport, and not having lived there is filled with the dreams of doing so. Harry Kendall a newcomer to town from Lakeport renews in her that wish. Knowing of Kendall's unpopularity in certain quarters, she does, however accept an invitation of his to go to a ball game in which Hans is participant. Kendall, somewhat intoxicated angers Hans because of his abusive taunts. Carmen is mortified when the two men engage in a fist encounter in front of the grand-stand, and flees the place. She goes home, repents her action and decides she does love Hans—decides to put the idea of the big town out of mind. Hans comes to the house late that night highly intoxicated and tries to force him. Her whole world becomes topsy-turvy. She finds herself forced into going to Lakeport after all, in order to get away from Hans, whom she thinks she now hates.

Part 5

Life in the Big Town turned out to be everything what Carmen had anticipated. The green grasses far away looked pretty well burnt upon closer inspection. However, she accepted the drabness and the disappointments philosophically, deciding that everything would be natural enough as she became more familiar with town life.

Carmen and Pete got housekeeping rooms and for the first time in months Pete got his portions of good home cooked food.

"Gee, Sis—I haven't eaten like this since I left home. I guess we'll have a pretty good time soon as you get a job and some money coming in."

"Yes—when!" Carmen agreed a little frightened. "But it's no cinch trying to find work."

"It takes time, you know," Pete consoled. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"I know it—but this—this gets me down. It isn't at all like I thought it would be."

"That's just it, Sis. You are like all people from the country—you think jobs are to be had for the asking, that money is plentiful." Pete stuffed some food into his mouth. "But, it don't work that way—not by a damn sight."

Carmen found that to be quite true as she struggled through the summer, with work coming only from time to time.

As the Fall months slipped by she was in the depths of despair. The money, coming in as it did in spasms, didn't help so much. But Pete never grumbled, never complained, though Carmen knew full well he had figured her move as a most improvident one. He had even said once, that a person can never run away from troubles without being pursued by others.

Underneath all his forced geniality Carmen sensed Pete's true feelings and the thought of being a burden upon him most drove her to distraction. In her frenzied mind she fancied icicles forming in his manner, and inwardly regretted ever having come to Lakeport. Pride, however, forbade the idea of returning to Hebron, so she struggled along in Lakeport and the feeling strained to the very breaking point, due a great deal, no doubt, to her sensitiveness.

With the first breath of winter, Carmen contracted a serious cold which in time forced her to bed and developed into pneumonia, and all just after she had been able to secure permanent employment. Carmen, ill as she was, knew that Pete was beside himself with worry, and of his conclusion that his family should know, and against her wishes he wrote to Mrs. Sanderson. Meanwhile he became patient, more kindly towards Carmen, watched by her bed and listened to her mental delusions.

"Hans!" Carmen could not seem to include any other personality in her ravings. "Hans—you aren't mad at me, are you? Of course not, I knew it. You and I are to go to the Red Rocks and homestead. Yes, Hans—you and I alone—there in the green lands, in the shadows of the red rocks, underneath the blue skies—Remember Hans, the old woman?—Remember she said, 'Whoever shall love each other within the walls of Red Rock, shall do so for all time.' Oh, Hans!—How I love you!"

Sometimes she sobbed and seemed bound towards quick recoveries—and Pete's curiosity got the best of him. He could not restrain the question.

"Carmen—you still love him, Hans—don't you?"

"Hans?" Carmen looked at her brother quizzically.

"Hans? Whatever do you mention him for?"

"Oh—nothing," Pete lied. "I just happened to think of him, and how much you used to care for him."

"Well, forget him. I'm sure it's all over now."

"Are you sure, Sis?" Pete looked at his sister closely, but Carmen would not answer and turned her face to the wall and shut her eyes. But her heart pounded furiously, half hopefully as she lay quiet for a long time.

It was a number of weeks after Mrs. Sanderson came to Lakeport before Carmen was well enough to travel home. When that day came Carmen felt gayer, fuller of happiness than she had been in months.

She and her mother were standing in the station waiting for the train when a familiar figure passed by. Carmen's face lighted up with joy. "Hans!" she cried. "Hans!" Carmen's arms went about his neck and tears were on her cheeks when he kissed her.

"Hans," she exclaimed after they had recovered, "What in the world are you doing up here?"

"I thought—I thought I might get a job—driving a truck or something—then I hoped—perhaps you would like to stay with me."

"But—but, how about Red Rock?" Carmen asked, full of disappointment.

"Oh—I thought—didn't you want the big town?"

"No—Oh no, Hans. I hate it. I hope never to see it again."

"Carmen?" Hans was incredulous, but his face brightened with happiness. "Really and truly?"

"Yes, Hans. I really mean it."

"Well then, listen to this. Remember the old lady with the corn cob pipe we saw in the valley the last time we were there?—Well, she's dead. I came to town here to see her son, and have arranged to buy the place from him on the crop share plan. That is—if I can induce you to come with me."

"Go with you?—Oh, Hans, of course you could do just about anything you want to—Except Lakeport—but I thought you said you came to get a job?"

Hans laughed merrily.

"I did," he said. "In case you didn't want to leave the big town."

"Hans—kiss me—so I'll know it's not a dream."

The End

Louisa's Letter

I read an article, several days ago, in which the author brought out the fact that the present generation of young people had not had the good fortune to be born in an era of common sense. Which remark has a great deal to it.

These young people reached young womanhood and manhood when practically everyone, regardless of whether they were producers or not, could get a job and make salaries entirely disproportionate to the effort expended.

They learned to start, not where their parents started, but where the old folks left off.

Consequently, when the depression came and all of these boom time jobs ceased to be, these young people were at a terrible disadvantage. They could not believe that things were as bad as they appeared to be and many of them turned down inferior jobs with small pay only to find after ceaseless hours of searching for work, that they had made a mistake in not taking what they could get.

A great many of them had never really done any work and did not know how to go about it. The whole watchword of the inflated years through which they lived, seems to have been "Easy Money."

Do you remember the time in small towns when \$100 a month represented a substantial salary for a man with a family? Of course, in those days school girls never thought of wearing silk hose and the Sunday and party dresses were only for such occasions. Little Billy's school pants were usually cut from the good legs of father's worn out ones and 25 cents a week was considered adequate spending money for the little folks before there were so many places to go and so many things to buy.

Money did not come easy in those days. Salaries were earned by going to work early and coming home late.

Far be it from me to say that the "good old times" were best, for on the whole they were not. But we were taught the value of money. And we expected to work for what we received. That is why so many of the older people today should find it easier to adjust themselves to present conditions than will the younger folks. And the sooner we put in practice the theory that high living and dissipation is not necessary to happiness, but a positive drawback, the better off this country will be.

Yours,
LOUISA.

Report Progress On Control of Foot-rot

The progress report on the control of foot rot of wheat in the Columbia basin has just been issued by the experiment station at Oregon State college. The report is based on the work of Roderick Sprague, state pathologist stationed at the experiment station for the last few years studying this disease which has proved serious periodically in Eastern Oregon, Washington and part of Idaho.

Mr. Sprague found that eight factors are more or less important in the control of this disease. First he mentions crop rotation. Of course this is impossible in much of the Columbia basin wheat belt because of moisture limitation but fortunately some of the worst foot rot areas are in regions having more than the usual amount of rainfall. In that territory late fall seeding is a second means of reducing loss from this trouble but Mr. Sprague

advises using this method with caution as other factors are involved.

Seed resistant varieties constitute a third factor that has received considerable attention but nothing very definite can be said on that subject yet although different wheats appear to vary considerably in their resistance. He hopes in a few years to be able to make a more definite recommendations on this point.

Time of plowing is the fourth element considered, as soil plowed so early in the spring as to run together or puddle has been found to harbor foot rot fungus to a great extent. Burning stubble apparently has little effect one way or the other on the foot rot, although where throw is hilled to a depth of a foot or more it will kill the fungus to a considerable depth. This may have some practical value in eliminating small new infestations.

Domestic Treasure

"How do you like the potato salad, dear?"

Hub—"Delicious! Did you buy it yourself?"—Boston Transcript.

THE Camirror



FAMILY "CORNER" BEAUTY — Old Betty, picked as the "most handsome man" of the University of Illinois, let it be known that his

and wife also has her share of beauty, being one of the six most attractive girls. Betty is captain of the football team.

WANTED: Jack Penn, alias "Baron" (uncle), for principal in the recent \$100,000 theft of the gold and silver from the Chicago store. The store was in the company of Walter (O. K.) O'Keefe, notorious East coast gangster. May possibly be found near an NEO "hacker."

THE SPORTING THING TO WEAR under your riding suit this winter is a cardigan set with a woollen knit in full attire printed on the back.



FATHER OF ANTI-ELIZABETH — Glycerine, now used by millions of motorists to keep their cooling systems from freezing, was discovered by Carl William Scheele, the great Swedish chemist, a century and a half before the automobile was even dreamed of.



OUR PRESIDENT — Latest photo of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the study Hyde Park, N. Y.

3 CAGES FOR ELLERS — In the face of the rampant Industrial Savings Bank, New York, the tellers work at low, narrow counters, with no glass or grill work separating them from depositors.



FROM DIAMOND TO FOOTLIGHTS—Tris Speaker, whose career on the diamond made him one of baseball's immortals, made his bow recently in the show business in St. Louis.