

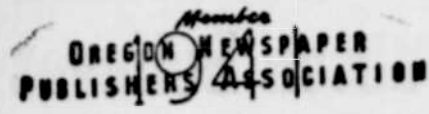
# BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

H. H. JEFFRIES, Publisher

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## 1941 WHAT?

Turn to the front page of this issue and note the date—1941 it is. And what of 1941? Just this—1941 years since a Babe was born in a manger in Bethlehem of Judea. When the Babe grew to manhood, He was despised and rejected of men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. Yet your check is thrown out at the bank unless it dates back to the time of His birth.

When He finished the work His Father gave Him to do, one of His followers, Judas, sold Him for thirty pieces of silver, the price of a slave. Yet the receipt for your light bill dates back to 1941 years ago when His way over the hearts and lives of men first began to dawn.

At the end, He was nailed between two felons on a Roman cross, there to die a death of shame for such was crucifixion. Yet the deed to your farm must date from His first advent 1941 years ago; else the deed is void.

Mohammed, Buddha and the founders of all other religions lie under the sod awaiting the hour when He will summon them forth. There they must stand before Him to be judged for their sins. Just as all the lost must give answer, so must these. Who can name the terror of that hour? This Christ was tempted at all points like as we, yet He sinned not. Is He not the rightful One to sit as Judge of sinful man?

Being the Author of Life, the grave could not hold Him. He came forth to indwell all who receive Him as Savior and Lord. Through their yielded lives, He still carries on; by them He seeks out the broken hearted and such as have bogged down. His redeemed are a messenger people; they are first of all to point men to the power of His blood to cleanse away the stain of sin. By their clean and upright lives they are to prove Him able to free men from evil practice.

So 1941 What? The years since Christ was born a Babe in Bethlehem. And at last, you and I are to meet Him as Savior or as Judge. You are to stand before Him with your sins rising up to condemn you or as a cleared soul, to be filled with joy unspeakable. Which, then, for you? Savior or Judge?

There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek. For the same Lord over all is rich toward all that call upon Him.

*Dean Taylor*  
Beaverton, Or. Paid Ad

## ACTIONS

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.—David Thomas.

Thought is the essence of an act, and the stronger element of action; even as steam is more powerful than water, simply because it is more ethereal.—Mary Baker Eddy.

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## Babson Says . . .

Continued from page 1

and a disgrace; but we are not making a mountain out of a mole-hill." Of course, there has been considerable increase in wages in many industries. But why worry from an investment standpoint? Wage workers spend all they get. If your investments are properly diversified, you get back in additional profits from your chain store and other consumer stocks what you lose on your stocks hurt by labor demands. Besides, we investors are at fault if labor leaders win any unjustified strikes. We cowardly stick our heads under the bed clothes and let the labor leaders do all the shouting.

(3) "The U. S. is going Communist and nothing can stop it." Let me reply to this by saying that Communism is distinctly on the decline—everywhere except in the newspaper headlines. Even there it is the fault of those supposed to protect your investments. Consider, for instance, the recent strike in Boston of office building elevator and other employees. Many of these buildings are being operated at a loss and are practically owned by the policyholders of insurance companies and depositors in Boston savings banks. Yet these insurance companies and savings banks did no picketing nor lifted a finger to protect them.

I forecast that after this war there is sure to be a reaction to the right—not further to the left. This return to common sense would come now if the heads of our insurance companies and banks had the courage and fighting qualities of the labor leaders.

(4) "Taxes will be so high this and following years that the companies will not have profits to distribute." Those who talk as above are making a great mistake. Most taxes are passed on to the ultimate consumer. The retired person living on fixed interest coupons has his net income cut down by taxes. But—as a rule—this does not apply to men in active business who have their money in well-selected common stocks. They are tax collectors—not tax payers. The ultimate consumer pays the taxes when buying goods.

There is also another reason why I do not worry about taxes. The whole Federal and Dominion structure depends upon United States and Canadian making good money. Over 50% of all government revenue receipts come from taxes on corporation profits and dividends. These governments have put their heads in a noose! Unless they permit these corporations to make good profits, the governments can get no money to pay their bills. Furthermore, the tax experts are now learning that the only way to collect more revenue is to help these corporations to make even greater profits!

**Face The Facts**  
The simple truth is that none of these excuses are new. Go to your public library and ask for copies of newspapers published 25, 50, 75, or even 100 years ago, and you will find the same wailing and complaining. Panic ahead! . . . Labor becoming unruly! . . . Taxes are too high! . . . etc. The very fact that most businessmen and investors are discouraged and fearful now may be proof that many prices are far too low. These same people were bullish in 1929. The great majority are wrong all the time.

Can we have a worse twenty years than from 1920-1940? Those were made up of foreign wars, business depressions, reckless booms, presidential campaigns, and every known trouble. There never were twenty years of American history so crowded with uncertainties. Yet these twenty years show that if one had invested each month in each of America's 24 chief industries—he would have received an average income of over 5% in dividends during the whole twenty years! Moreover, his real "income", including undeclared earnings, would have been over 7%. I say if you will properly invest the same amount each month—good years and bad—you should come out all right whatever is ahead!

Advertising is the key to world prosperity; without it today modern business would be paralyzed.

## Gardenia Queen Chooses Chevrolet



Pretty Martha Mitchell, Queen of the Gardenia Festival at the famous Cypress Gardens in Florida, has just put her royal seal of approval on the Chevrolet Convertible Cabriolet—the outdoor car—by purchasing a new one for her own use. Ever willing to oblige by posing for the hundreds of camera fans who consider the Gardens a mecca for picture-taking, Queen Martha can now reach location quickly and food herself with sunshine by rolling back the vacuum-operated top at the touch of a dash button.

## Man's Best Friend

Continued from Page 1

car did not stop and he lay very still when the lady reached him. His light had gone out.

That's his story. That's why he was lying there on the shoulder of the road—what was left of him, for that wagging tail, so much of him in life, was still. And perhaps some small boy or girl might still be looking for him to come up the walk, to rub his nose against their shoulder and speak with his tail, as only he could. If they knew his fate, those owners of his would they not come to give him a decent burial?

"Man's best friend," the lady was saying, "but what kind of a friend of his is man? No one takes the trouble to bury him!"  
The foregoing is not the kind of thing the Sunday School magazines buy, no other magazines as to that matter. But it is the kind of thing that happens all too frequently. It does not leave a good taste in your mouth? I don't like it either, so here's another one.

Just a few days after the above incident occurred, I was too lazy to go to church one Sunday morning—the family had gone without me. The radio was on; I was enjoying the Sunday paper, when out in the yard there arose a great clatter. Just like the fellow in Twas the Night before Christmas I sprang up and went to the door to see what was the matter. Out on the driveway was an ancient old flivver, whose aged motor growled courageously beneath the battered hood. And the driver was a little old fellow, just like St. Nick, though his whiskers fell a few inches short and he was dressed in very simple clothes that bore evidence of having been in service a long, long time. Quick as he saw me he began fumbling with the window crank, trying to manipulate it. Finally he managed to work it down a few inches; then he crooked his finger at me. "Come here." I went. Just as I reached the old car, the front door creaked open and out tumbled a ten week edition of a black cocker puppy. He was about fifty per cent red tongue and flappy ears; the balance was wiggling affection and friendship in the correct blend. He literally tumbled all over my feet.

The blue eyes of the little old man twinkled as he asked, "Do you have his mother?"  
"No," I answered.  
He looked at me with a puzzled expression. "But they said they got

him here—right here at your place." "Must be a mistake. I never had any pups here."

He was plainly disappointed. "Well, I brought him down. He's been wanting to see his mother for a month or more. I just wanted him to see her!" The old fellow talked to the wee cocker who seemed to understand. They'd try the other places in the neighborhood, he said, talking more to the pup than me. Then back into the flivver they got and groaned away on a "must" mission. Leaving me standing there, somewhat bewildered.

When I came back inside the news was on. From the loudspeaker came the horrid and lurid detail of Europe. Death falling from the skies on women and children, to say nothing of harmless animals and pets. And a kindly old fellow had just left me, an old gentleman who was taking his pup to visit his mother.

I was suddenly glad that I hadn't gone to church. I might have missed my visitors. I felt better because of their visit. Somehow the world seemed a better place. Thank God, that the world and this nation had such as they!

The part played by dog's in the world's history is significant. We can't take that up here, but two or three references to Oregon incidents might not be amiss. When Dr. Elijah White, Oregon's early Indian Commissioner made out his set of 11 laws to govern both Indians and whites, he worded Article 9 as follows: "Those only may keep dogs who travel or live among the game; if a dog kill a lamb, calf or other domestic animal, the owner shall pay the damage and kill the dog." Note the sternness of that law. Not only pay the damage, but kill the dog! Pretty tough medicine.

Another incident that shows how some men, however toughened, feel about pet dogs was demonstrated by an encounter that took place up in the rolling hill country between The Dalles and Whitman Mission. It

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was the Winter of early 1848. In late November of 1847, a month or so before, the rampaging Cayuse Indians had carried out the Whitman Massacre and murdered the entire Whitman family, including adopted children, and several other persons, workers and visitors at the mission station.

Word had been brought to the Provisional Oregon Assembly meeting at Oregon City and with exceptional speed that Legislative body had acted. The first Oregon company of mounted riflemen was organized and equipped and dispatched to Fort Walla Walla, near the scene of the massacre. Though not related, all the officers of this mounted company were named McKay. Tom McKay was Captain, Charles McKay was first lieutenant and Alex McKay was second lieutenant.

The Cayuses were on the warpath. Five Crows their head chief, had sworn that the whites would never cross the Umatilla River. With his sub chief Gray Eagle he had made a great show before the warriors. The two chiefs claimed superhuman or magic powers, the ability to face danger without harm. So they led their charges forth to meet the company of advancing riflemen, most of them recruited from Washington County.

As the two opposing contingents approached each other they halted and with all the pomp of their eagle feather head dresses the buffalo horns set on the sides of their heads, their heads and buckskin adornments—with all the grandeur they could muster, Gray Eagle and Five Crows, headmen of the Cayuses rode forth towards the white riflemen. They would show their fearlessness, what men they were. They would demonstrate their magic over the white warriors.

Both red and white warriors sat tense as the gaudily bedecked chiefs rode forward. Just what they proposed to do will never be known, for an unforeseen circumstance bobbed up and perhaps changed the whole course of events. Suddenly a little dog ran barking from the ranks of the soldiers and began jumping about, stiff-legged, alternately going forward, then back a few paces, as it barked at the funny looking figures approaching on horseback.

Without hesitation, both big braves Indian chiefs raised their rifles and fired upon the small dog, killing it. Captain McKay had issued strict orders that there was to be no firing but in the heat of the moment, he was so incensed at the outrage the Indians had committed that he raised his gun and sent a bullet through the brain of Gray Eagle. At the same time, Lieutenant Charles McKay shot and so severely wounded Five Crows, head chief, that he was forced to give up his command.

So demoralized were the warriors at this sudden disaster that they fled in all directions and instead of a battle the ensuing encounter was no more than a skirmish, in which the whites advanced and continued their march to the Mission station, without material loss. And perhaps, the little dog had played a more vital part than generally realized, though he lost his life in the attempt he made.

"Man's best friend" as the lady said. And somebody else has said that anybody can afford a dog, and if you're poor enough, you can afford two. Maybe that's the reason I have two of them—a Cocker and a Seottie.

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