

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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AMERICANISM

Americanism is love of country, loyalty to its institutions and ideals, eagerness to defend it against all enemies, undivided allegiance to the flag, and a desire to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity.

The Traveling Nursery

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wasn't a grafted tree in all of the western territory—only wild varieties, such as apples, grapes, plums and berries. Some returning travelers said that the Hudson's Bay Company had planted seedlings and had some fair fruit from them. It looked like a good proposition to nurseryman Luelling—Henderson Luelling—so with the aid of his brother Seth, and his son Alfred, 17 at the time, he set to work and planted some 800 trees in specially constructed boxes, designed to fit compactly into wagon beds. He grafted them and used the best soil and fertilizer available. Then he sold off his belongings and as aforementioned, joined the Spring of '47.

The order "Westward Ho" was given and the train trailed away into the gray distance. Across the Platte River, up the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Things went well with the train and Henderson Luelling. Every time a stop was made the tall North Carolinian inspected his precious trees. His son and brother aided him in packing water to soak the earth around the trees' roots. Many were about the trees' roots. Many were about the trees' roots. Many were about the trees' roots.

Hot weather set in. It can be disagreeably hot and dry in the Rockies. Still the train moved westward. Then came the great deserts of Wyoming and Idaho, the great treeless wastes where water was not always to be found. Where great rocky buttes jutted like molars from the valley floors, to send the puny looking train crawling like ants around the great plateaus and below the towering sierras. Stock got thin and wasted away. Animals died and wagons broke down. Westward, ever westward.

People and stock got sick from the heat and thirst. Some of the oxen and horses died. Some had to be used for food when game was scarce. This made it necessary to discard property, precious tools, household goods, things greatly cherished from the old home in Missouri or other eastern states. But still the course was westward and Henderson Luelling still had his two loads of trees.

They were nearing the great southern bend of the winding Snake River. For some days Henderson Luelling has noticed an aloofness on the part of other emigrants. No longer did they come to chat with him about his trees. Everybody was suffering, though. The strain had told on all. No longer did everybody rip out tiling melodies on an old banjo every night around the fire. It was a moody layout.

One day just before sundown, the train halted by a tiny stream for the night. As usual the Luellings grabbed their packs and began packing water for the trees. When Henderson came up to the wagon with two packs of water, he was confronted by a delegation of hardened wagoners. He stopped short when he saw them. There was something ominous about their expressions—something wasn't right.

"Luelling, we got nothin' against you," the spokesman began. "We know how you feel about these trees." The man hesitated as the nurseryman looked him squarely in the eye. "But you see how it is with us. Our stock have given out and died. We've had to throw away a lot of our stuff. Things that meant as much to us as your trees do to you.

"We've helped you all we could—helped you get your stuff across the

rivers. Even helped you out of steep places when your oxen couldn't pull the heavier load, after the dirt about the roots got loaded with water."

"What do you want, boys?" Henderson asked in that drawl that North Carolinians have. "We think the time has come for you to throw away one load of your trees," answered the spokesman. "We'll be crossing the Snake any time now—several times we have to cross it. And that means a lot of extra work with both loads of trees."

Luelling was not a hot headed man. He took his time and spoke deliberately. "I don't blame you a bit, boys, for the way you feel. I'm mighty sorry about your stuff. But I've brought these trees through this far, and I'm taking them on to Oregon. They mean more to Oregon's future than everything else in the train put together! If you boys want to go on without me, go ahead. I won't ask you to stay, but these trees go with me, even if I have to fight!" He stood there, immobile as ever, looking at the men. In the background he could see his trees, some of them with the tops chewed off, gotten that way, when stock had broken through his barricade at night and nibbled at the only green things in sight.

For a moment the delegation stood there, the men looking at the old nurseryman, then without a further word the men turned and walked away. Luelling had won. He went straight through to The Dalles, arriving there in the early fall with about 500 of his trees still in good shape. Here he was confronted with the Emigrant Bottleneck, the Columbia Gorge. Like all others he had made the 2000 miles journey from Missouri, and now within less than a hundred miles of his goal, was completely stumped so far as further wagon progress was concerned, unless he wanted to risk that hazardous Barlow Pass, which was so steep down slopes with ropes.

Luelling dug his trees, packed them in bundles, built boats and successfully floated down to the Willamette, where the families wintered and the nurseryman looked about for a suitable site to plant his trees. They had made a year's growth on the move from Missouri to Oregon. In the only case of its kind on record. In the Spring of '48, he set out his orchard and nursery on what is now the Waverly Golf Course. And how they thrived!

One report has it that three years later in '51, four bushels of Oregon apples brought \$500 in San Francisco. Later Luelling went to California and sold single apples and pears at \$5 each. They took all he had and wanted more. The country down there was gold crazy, gold lousy. They wanted the things that gold could buy. As the nursery stock of Luelling became common in orchards throughout Oregon, California offered a good market for all staple fruit that Oregonians could produce. Apples and pears brought from \$20 to \$30 per box.

The nurseryman made good on his boast—that the trees meant more to Oregon than everything else in the train put together. One Oregon historian has said that the two wagonloads of trees were more valuable to Oregon than the cargo of any ship that ever entered the Columbia. Included in his nursery were all the standard fruits and varieties.

It was Seth Luelling, brother of Henderson, who originated the Bing cherry on his Milwaukie farm and named it Bing, after a faithful Chinese worker. In later years, the nursery holdings of the Luellings were acquired by J. H. Lambert, Portland, and he developed the Lambert cherry, now common in this state. It is said that the Luellings realized hundreds of thousands of dollars from the "overland nursery" venture, while the worth to Oregon can be reckoned only in millions. Without doubt these trees were the first grafted stock west of the Rockies.

Alfred, son of Henderson Luelling, made his home, during a greater part of his life in Washington County. He owned a store and several farms in this county and was most active in civic affairs. He was once elected county commissioner and served two terms as county clerk.

It is said that some of the original trees that rode across the Plains are still alive. Mrs. J. D. Wilmot, daughter of Augustus Fanno and who still lives on part of the old Fanno donation claim, says that some of those trees are still standing on her place. However, I have never definitely located any, with conclusive proof that they really were "pioneers of '47."

Can anybody help me out on this?

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Babson Says. . .

Continued from page 1

expansion of this continent becomes a military asset instead of a military liability.

Development of our smaller cities provides defense, not only against human invaders, but against the powers of depression, unemployment, calamity, and epidemic. Nations, as well as individuals, can safeguard themselves by diversifying risks. Everything is right for small town expansion. Entertainment and education are broadcast by press, radio and television. Communication has expanded; electrical energy is transmitted overhead; while the underground pipe lines improve the distribution of oil. The small town already has been re-made by the automobile and may get another transformation with the growth of air traffic in passengers, express, and freight. The small town's day of isolation has ended.

Cities at Work
Veteran investors will recall that many years ago street railway earnings began to go down. It was not a minor decline but the start of a "traction depression" in which the earning power of all electric railways companies was cut in half, and many went out of business. Some of the more stubborn security holders laid it all on the automobile, to which they took a positive dislike. Now, however, they learn that the automobile has become the traction company's best friend. The parking problem generally has become so intolerable that now every additional automobile works to the advantage of the street railway.

We are witnessing a deep groundswell marking America's shift from vertical, or skyscraper, growth in congested centers to horizontal growth through development of small cities. It is most fortunate that our defense program is demanding the spread of production over large numbers of smaller concerns, each of which can handle some part of the primary contract. Wherever practicable, new plants are being located in new industrial areas. This emergency defense precaution will prove to be a sound peacetime policy. Furthermore, it is a constructive factor in the current business outlook, which I regard as highly favorable.

At all times, we are stronger in every way when we have plenty of sub-contractors and plenty of sub-cities. **Better Balanced America**
Every investor who has been through the fire can testify to the wisdom of diversifying his funds over a broad list of industries and companies. As investors in America, and this includes Canada—we may well be optimistic to see these countries headed toward a better economic and geographical balance. Whether for war or peace, the United States and Canada are most secure when every essential article can be made from dozens of substitute materials, fabricated by hundreds of different concerns, and produced practically anywhere in the land. If we need a two-ocean navy, we need a two-coast country. The fact that the Pacific Coast has become a great aviation region and that it is eager to develop its steel and other heavy industries should rejoice all regions. Every locality, whether seaboard or inland, can feel more confident with shipbuilding stretching from Alaska to the Gulf.

Here and there some locality may be depending solely on artificial stimulus from military encampment or a defense plant. If that is its only claim to existence, of course, the locality is just a mining camp and destined someday to sink back into a ghost town. The development I visualize is not a promoter's boom or speculative bonanza, but a fundamental trend. The defense program is merely hastening the inevitable. For many years, it has been apparent to economists that the pendulum was beginning to swing in favor of cities of from 5,000 to 20,000. They are not war babies but products of peacetime forces that long have been gathering strength.

Free From Moral Bottlenecks
Naturally, in these days, we think chiefly of "small town" development as a step toward security against invasion. In due time, we shall see the spiritual, economic and social benefits of the movement. A modern small city under competent management should have minimum hazards with respect to conflagrations or other catastrophes. It should rate near the top in health condition, school facilities, good churches, and prospects for getting a job or establishing a business.

Starting with a comparatively clean slate, such a small city has a splendid opportunity to resist political corruption and to support civic efficiency. It is ideal for establishing a home, bringing up a family, and living as God intended we should live. A small growing city will carry you upward with it. These basic blessings are the most powerful appeals of small communities and the assurance of their continued progress.

North Portland Livestock Market Prices

The following quotations are based on prices being paid in Monday's trading:

CATTLE: Good grain-fed steers \$10 to \$11.50. Good grass steers \$9.25 to \$9.85. Good grass heifers \$8.50 to \$9.50. Good beef cows \$6.75 to \$7.75. (Young cows to \$8), medium \$6.25 to \$6.50. Common \$5.75 to \$6.25. Canners \$4.75 to \$5.50. Bulls, medium to good \$8.50 to \$9.50, strictly good \$9.75. Common \$7.25 to \$8. Vealers, good to choice \$12 to \$13, few to \$13.50.

HOGS: Good to choice carlots \$11.70; 170 to 215 lb. truckins \$11.35 to \$11.50; 230 to 285 lb. butchers \$10.75 to \$11; packing sows \$9 to \$9.50. Federals pigs \$11 to \$13.50.

SHEEP: Good to choice spring lambs \$9.25 to \$9.50; medium to good \$8.50 to \$9; common \$7 to \$8. Slaughter ewes, good to choice \$3.75 to \$4.25. Feeder lambs, good to choice \$3 to \$8.50.

Roosevelt's Desk Worst Bottleneck in Defense

Even inside Administration advisers here are beginning to complain that President Roosevelt actually is allowing the defense effort to lag because of his unwillingness to place power and real authority in the hands of any other person. He is, of course, unable to give his attention to the thousands of details—each one important in its particular way—which demand attention every day. It is believed here in Washington that the defense job will continue to bog down until one man is put in control with power to act.

Grave complaints are being cautiously voiced by high officials of the defense agencies that they are finding it more and more difficult to get the attention of President Roosevelt. His attention is said to be increasingly centered on problems of over-all diplomatic and naval strategy. So engrossed does the President become in these world problems that the national defense program lags in many spots and no one has the power or authority to go ahead. Many of the high officials are reported to have serious misgivings about these developments.

Non-Defense Expenditures Increased by \$8,000,000

Last January President Roosevelt said: "The increase in military expenditures will permit a substantial reduction in non-defense expenditures, particularly for those activities which are made less necessary by improved economic conditions." Later the Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, said a billion could be saved from non-defense expenditures. A Scripps-Howard poll of the House and Senate showed a great majority for the idea of non-defense economy. But the Administration-controlled Congress under pressure of Administration bureaucrats whose continued jobs in high-salaried posts depend upon bigger and better spending in the non-defense fields, has not only not saved the suggested "billion" in the non-defense appropriations, but has actually increased the non-defense spending by eighty-eight millions.

Ray Gill Appointed to Civilian Defense Post

Ray W. Gill, master of the Oregon state grange, has been appointed to the volunteer participation committee within the office of civilian defense.

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Wedding Bells

"I John, take thee Mary, to be my wedded wife—"
"I Mary, take thee John to be my wedded husband—"

You see the flowers banked about, you wonder at the length of the bride's veil; too the drape and beauty of it. Does the groom tremble a bit with all those eyes fixed on him? "We are met in the presence of God and these witnesses"—the minister's words as he begins to read—"met to unite this man and this woman in the holy bonds of matrimony, which is an honorable estate . . . signifying to us the mystic union that exists between Christ and His church." So it reads.

Heard the Alderway Church and His church." So it reads. Husband and wife; one by a mystic tie. Christ and His church; a mystic tie. Christ we know—"In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." But what is the church? In the Greek from which our English Bible is translated CHURCH is KALEO and means To Call Out Of. EK, Out Of and KALEO, To Call. The Church is a Called Out People. A people called out from the world. God opened the door to the nations, to call out of them a people for His name, said Peter the Apostle. "Whosoever will may come" bids God. Christ took His place here, not to call the righteous, but sinners. The call is to the weary, the worn, the sad, the sinful and the mired-down.

Hear the Bishop of Carthage in the third century—"It is a bad world, Denatus, an incredible bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Bonatus, are Christians, —and I am one of them." CYPRIAN, BISHOP OF CARTHAGE to his friend Donatus.

Cyprian the Bishop; Paul the Apostle; your sainted mother and that African cannibal, now a saint; and millions of others, stand united to one another and to Christ the Head, by that mystic work of the Holy Spirit.

Is your heart ready? Then here and now repeat—"Just as I am; with out one plea; But that Thy blood was shed for me; And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come."
Dean Taylor
Beaverton, Or. Paid Ad

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