

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

H. H. JEFFRIES, Publisher

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

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

Beaverton Office—Enterprise Bldg., Phone Beaverton 2321
 Hillsboro Office—Room 5, Delta Bldg., Phone 1641
 Portland Office—308 Panama Bldg., 3rd and Alder Phone ATwater 6591

Member OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION



Victory

BY TOMMY HOXIE

In the past few days a lot of people around town have asked me if there was a need for more observers in the aircraft warning service, and how to go about becoming an observer. So, I'll try to answer those queries once more in this column.

There is always a need for observers at every post. People are called away from town and cannot take their shift, observers are drafted into the armed services, others have changes in their work that necessitate dropping out of the service. So there are always vacancies at every post.

Many people wonder what kind of hours there are for serving at the posts, and the best way to answer that is to advise that you see the chief observer at the post in your locality. However, to give you some idea of it, at Beavercreek they serve four hour watches once every two weeks. At the Sunset-West Linn post a different set of hours is used. Shift run from 6 to 8 p. m., 8 to 10, 10 to 12, 12 to 2, 2 to 4, 4 to 6, and then three-hour shifts commence and run from 6 to 9, 9 to 12, 12 to 3 and 3 to 6. This is the way the shifts are set up, but unfortunately, many observers have to serve as high as six hours at a time in order to keep the post occupied in accordance with the army orders. If more people will become observers the shifts will of course be cut down considerably.

Daytime shifts are particularly hard to fill, and this is one spot that the housewife can fill. There surely are a lot of women who would be willing to sacrifice a few hours one day a week to this vitally important work.

Just how important is this job? Well, the army considers it one of the most vital of them all, and for this reason has set up a special ground observation corps of the air force and has taken thousands of men to take care of the multitudinous details of the service. The observation posts are directly under the army orders, and are checked regularly by sergeants of the army air force. Each county has a sergeant assigned to it, and it is his responsibility to see that the post is operating correctly and efficiently. These men are specially trained in schools set up for this purpose, and are regularly called back to school for further training. For instance, our own Sergeant Bernie Sheehan has been called to a school in California, and will leave this week end, we hear.

The observer on watch is provided with an identification card that is duly issued and recorded by the army air forces, and while on observation duty is permitted to wear the official armband, made of blue felt with the gold embroidered wings and shield emblem of the AWS on it. After he has served 100 hours on the post he is given one of the arm-

bands for his personal use.

Medals are awarded to observers for their work, and after six months of service they receive the first medal. Then as they put in more hours small bars are added to the medal showing the number of hours served in the AWS.

There is a great deal of interest manifested by those persons who are regularly on the posts. There is a certain thrill in spotting a plane and calling it in to the filter center. Then too, one often sees many other interesting things during the course of the shift.

The posts have already done exceptional work in locating planes that have become lost and by phoning in the location of the plane the air officers are able to radio to the pilot his location, and he in turn can find his way to the base.

When a plane disappears on a routine flight, his last location is easily ascertained by the reports of the observation posts in that area over which the plane was last seen.

In calling a plane, the routine is simple. From our own locality we merely go to the phone, dial operator and say "Army Flash." We are immediately connected to the filter board in Portland, where a voluntary woman says: "Go head, please." Then we give the information, number of planes, height, direction headed, direction from post, distance from post, and kind or type of plane and whether we saw it or heard it or both.

The volunteer at the filter board then makes up a "flight tower" (my own description), which tells all there is to tell about the plane. Then as the various posts call in that "tower" is moved across the big table to show the direction it is traveling. In event it is an enemy plane, the interceptor command will know about the speed, height, direction of travel, and the number of the enemy and can send the defensive planes into the sky to intercept and smash them.

The aircraft warning service needs a lot of observers at all times, and even though you don't feel that you can take a regular shift, why not volunteer for special duty? There are times when a regular observer cannot cover his shift and in these cases a reserve observer could take over for one shift.

Get into the aircraft warning service now, and serve with the United States army air forces.

—Oregon City Enterprise

The Men at the Front need your help. NOW.



Keep
It
Flying

"The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, as in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

Lincoln's Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861

FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By

Gavin W. Allan, C.S.B.

of Toronto, Canada

Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

In the
ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL
6941 N. Central

Portland, Oregon

Thurs, Even., April 22, at 8 o'clock

Sponsored by Seventh Church of Christ, Scientist, Portland

The Public is cordially invited

Patronize Our Advertisers - - - It Pays

NEEDED—A TOUCH OF HUMOR!

There are so many things to tell people these days and most of them are serious. You must save this—You have to do without that—There'll be no more of those—You'll take these and make the best of it!

Sure the public can take it—the public has to take it—but a bit of sugar-coating certainly helps. War is a serious business—for the manufacturer, distributor and the retailer—but it is no less serious for Mr. and Mrs. Consumer, to whom all the doleful messages are directed. They will welcome a touch of humor, and bless the firm that mixes admonitions with a laugh or two.

April—V-Home Month

All Oregon Defense Councils in carrying out an intensive campaign throughout April to prepare every home in the state to defend itself against enemy air attack.

V-Home stickers will be given each home which passes the test of preparation after inspection by air raid wardens during the last week in April.

First three weeks in April will be devoted to an intense publicity and advertising campaign educating persons how to prepare their homes and recruiting new volunteers.

Who's Confused?

Manchester, England—Englishmen visiting the American Red Cross club for servicemen here invariably are puzzled by the name applied to a popular Yankee game—bingo.

They can't understand why it's called Bingo.

The English call it Housey-Housey.

Save Grease

Thirty-one tablespoons equal one pound—one pound will fire four 37-mm antiaircraft shells or make half a pound of dynamite. Are you saving your share? Every little bit helps.

It takes a lot of raindrops to make a little brook, and a lot of brooks to make a creek, also quite some creeks to make a big river, and lots of big rivers to make a sea,—and then what?—well I guess its all got to be done over again.

Because you have large feet is not an indication that you should be a fine runner—no sir—nor—

Don't believe for a minute, that you who have a loud voice, are naturally a born singer, it don't always come out that way.

Boswell-Matteson

News has been received from Walla Walla, Washington, of the wedding there March 20 of Miss Gladys Matteson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Matteson to Lieutenant Vance R. Boswell, U. S. Army, son of Mrs. Stella Boswell, McMinnville, and formerly of Beaverton.

Chaplain Ward G. Fellows read the marriage service at Walla Walla air base chapel.

Miss Mae Matteson was her sisters only attendant.

Best man for Lieutenant Boswell was Captain Robert J. Forbes.

A reception followed at the Windsor room in the Marcus Whitman hotel.

Miss June Boswell, twin sister of the bridegroom and Miss Ruth Self assisted.

The couple will be temporarily at home in Walla Walla.

HOME ON LEAVE

"Some of our men spend all their spare time and money in the tap room. Spend it on beer. Ten years from now these men will be burned out and the state will have to care for them." So reports one of our home boys back from camp on leave. Then he told of other men being schooled for desperate tasks; men who must be always on their toes, even while in training. These fellows lose their edge from the liquor in the city nearby and finally the officers ruled that they could only have city leave once in three weeks. Also our man spoke of the fellow who imbibed too freely and of how on the train it all came up. What a mess all over his uniform, car seat and out in the aisle. And he wondered why the higher-ups should tolerate liquor when a nation is fighting for its life.

Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, rules the Bible. Law or no law, the thing that is wrong in itself, is an offense to the God of heaven. Ignorance of the law is no excuse since every baby born into this world has the moral law engraved on its heart. He may be born in the blackest jungle of Africa, but the moral law is deep written on his heart.

Here it is—Thou shalt not steal, take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, commit adultery, kill, bear false witness and all the rest of them. And along with the law is conscience telling him to Stop-Look-Listen. With it the mind acts as umpire. It tells him he has sinned. All have sinned.

One only of all borry of woman, ever rounded out the keeping of the law of God. In thought, word and deed, Christ kept the law to the full. He loved God the Father, with His whole heart, soul, strength and mind and His neighbor as Himself.

Christ did more than keep the law. He became my attorney. He stood in court and said I had done all the evil charged against me. Then He showed the nail prints in His hands. He held them up for the great Judge to see. Those nail prints gave token of His death for me, the prisoner. He took my place and suffered death to set me free. Surely, Christ Saves—Keeps—Satisfies.

If you live by Power From On High postal card me a line that I may use for help to others.

Dean Taylor.

Cloverdale, Oregon
This space paid for by an Oregon businessman.

Construction of Tongue Point Naval Hospital Affirmed by Rep. Mott

Following a conference with the Surgeon General of the Navy Representative James W. Mott of Oregon, member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, stated today that a two hundred bed Naval Hospital will be constructed near the Tongue Point Naval Base in Oregon.

The new facility, Mr. Mott said, is necessary to take care of the medical and hospital needs of the rapidly expanding Navy personnel at the Tongue Point Base and its outlying stations at Astoria and North Bend, Oregon. Work on the building will commence in the near future under plans which will permit its expansion to a four hundred bed hospital if future developments should require it.

Order Stops Stage Loads To Shipyards

Oregon Motor Stages Friday applied to the public utilities commission for permission to discontinue its service to the Oregon Shipbuilding corporation and to the Kaiser Company, Inc., at Swan Island.

This comes as the result of an order from Carl J. Wendt, legal assistant in the Office of Defense Transportation in Seattle, declaring that hereafter Oregon Motor Stages must deliver their loads of shipyard workers to the United States Maritime Commission terminal on Portland's West Side waterfront.

Public Utilities Commissioner Ormond R. Bean says that his hands are tied because of the ODT order, and that he has no discretion but to grant the discontinuance order, which will become effective April 11.

Under the new order, after April 11 all shipyard workers in such valley towns as Forest Grove, McMinnville, Carlton, Sheridan, Tigard, Oswego and Lake Grove will be compelled to use the maritime commission ferries or trains to the shipyards.

It is expected that other bus lines serving the shipyards will be given similar ODT orders soon.

Rotenone Available for Control of Spittle Bug

Rotenone may be available for the control of spittle bug on strawberries and asparagus beetles, according to word received from the Chemical Division, War Production Board, by Don C. Mote, head of the Entomology Department, Oregon State College.

Growers who want to use rotenone dust on strawberries for spittle bug should make their needs known to their local dealers at once, according to the announcement, said Palmer S. Torvend, county agent, and the local dealers may make application for authority to sell rotenone for the above mentioned uses.

At least 90 percent of the bicycle industry's facilities are devoted to parts, bombs and bomb parts, small war production, making airplane arms and other articles of war.

Where did you get it From a Want Ad of course.

WEST SIDE Dancing School

MODERN & OLD TIME
INSTRUCTIONS
MOD. BEGIN CLASS MON EVE.
JITTER BUG CLASS TUE. EVE.
RUMBA CLASS WED. EVE.
OLD TIME CLASS THURS. EVE.
10-(2-hr class Lesson) \$6.00
1-(2 hr class Lesson) .75
Pri Lesson daily eve class 7:30 p.m.

WOW Hall, 11th at Alder
BR. 1964

Why Number 88 stopped at Pequop



We'll bet you never heard of Pequop, Nevada. But we know Mrs. Charles Moore of San Francisco has.

Mrs. Moore is the mother of Private Eugene Moore of the U. S. Marines—the man who was beaten, stabbed and mauled by a small army of Japs in the Solomons—and lived.

Eastbound on Southern Pacific's Train Number 88, Mrs. Moore had given up hope of seeing her son again, when a telegram from her husband was delivered to her on the train at Wells, Nevada. It said:

"GENE IS HOME. COME BACK."

Mrs. Moore ran frantically through the train, found the conductor and cried, "I've got to get back—my son is home safe!"

Now conductors are used to emergencies, and they try to be as helpful as they can. But when Conductor Fred C. Snooks found out that the son was indestructible Moore of the U. S. Marines he really went into action.

Quickly comparing his train orders, Snooks saw he would meet the first westbound train at Icarus, Nevada, but he knew he wouldn't be able to get his flagman far enough ahead to stop the other train in time. So he decided to take the siding at Pequop, a small station west of Icarus, and make the transfer there. It would delay two trains, but what of it? The main thing was to get Mrs. Moore back to her son.

Approaching Pequop, Snooks signalled his engineer to stop and take the siding. His head brakeman ran forward a quarter of a mile and flagged down the westbound train. Conductor Snooks transferred Mrs. Moore to the care of Conductor Linton and sent her speeding westward, back to her son.

This incident has nothing to do with Southern Pacific's part in the war effort. It simply shows that a railroad is more than trains and tracks—it is people. And no matter how busy or hard-pressed railroad people are, they are still human beings, and their hearts are in the right place.

To get \$25 a month
starting in 10 years,
buy an
\$18.75 War Bond
every month now

S-P

One \$18.75
War Bond
will buy seven
steel helmets

The Friendly Southern Pacific

THE OLD JUDGE SAYS...



"I was just tellin' my brother Fred this morning, Judge...there's never been a time in our lives when we got to live up to that old sayin' 'United we stand, divided we fall' more than we have to today."

"How true that is, Herb. And for the life of me, I can't figure out why, at a time like this, some folks insist on raising a question like prohibition. I can't imagine anything that would tickle our enemies more than to get us folks over here taking sides

against each other, arguing about an issue like that. We've got a he-man's job on our hands to win this war and we can't be wasting our minds, our money and our strength fighting about something we tried for nearly 14 years and found couldn't work.

"I say there's a time and a place for everything, and this is no time or place to be doing any fightin' except the kind that's going to win the war."