

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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Roosevelt and The 4th Term

When Franklin D. Roosevelt submitted to the "forced draft" in 1940, it was freely forecast that should he be elected, he would again be a candidate for a fourth term.

Now that time has come. The drums are beginning to beat again to win the country to the belief that we have so far deteriorated as a people that there is but one among us qualified to rule. Twice, from the White House steps, New Dealers have told the country in recent weeks that it must be Roosevelt again.

The new campaign must bring two deep emotions into the breasts of Americans:

First, they will regret to see the President, with all of his responsibilities, bringing politics into the war for the next 15 months when victory on the foreign field rather than at the polls is so important. They would choose to hear the President say that from now on until January, 1945, he will devote his full time to winning the war and bringing our boys back home with the least loss of life; and then, with victory won or nearly won, he would retire to his own fireside, turning the White House over to the free choice of a free people.

The other emotion must be one of determination to repel the efforts of the President and the New Deal bureaucrats to perpetuate themselves in office. Americans will look at the confusion of Washington, the mangled food situation, the three million of bureaucrats wasting the substance of the nation and interfering with production on the farms and in factories. They will realize that four more years of Roosevelt means four more years of Hopkins, of Henderson, of Wallace—of Frankfurter stooping from the Supreme Court bench to play politics. They will fix the blame where the blame belongs.

DONT WORK FOR THE SABOTEUR

Spring clean-up time has arrived. Attics, basements and garages cluttered with a winter's accumulation of rubbish should be cleaned out now. They are fire hazards that promote the processes of combustion with the approach of warm, humid weather.

Each spring, communities throughout the nation conduct fire prevention clean-up campaigns. No estimate can be made of the actual cash

value represented by the saving of life and the improvement in health and property resulting from these annual campaigns. They remove disease-breeding conditions which might cause pestilence, in addition to eliminating fire hazards which might result in conflagrations.

Removing rubbish may not be as spectacular as catching a saboteur, but the beneficial result is the same. A fire is a fire no matter how it started. If, through stupidity and neglect on the part of otherwise patriotic citizens, valuable property is destroyed, it simply means that the saboteur can rest in his lair with a cynical chuckle.

THE GULF GROWS WIDER

The question of whether our country will be able to revive the cost of the war without financial collapse, looms larger daily. In ordinary times a two or three-hundred-billion-dollar debt would have been considered insurmountable. But when a nation has its back to the wall, it can often accomplish the impossible. We now have our backs to the wall financially. It remains to be seen whether the people value personal comfort more than they value personal liberty and the integrity of the nation.

Inflation and eventual bankruptcy can be avoided if the people have the determination to follow through on measures designed to curtail excess purchasing power and the accumulation of an unmanageable public debt. In the main, these measures are rigid price controls and rationing, cuts in non-essential government spending, taxation and bond sales to the people. Except for rationing, we have adopted none of these measures fully as yet.

Too many people and public officials cling to peacetime illusions. They are even so foolish as to plan greater comforts in the future, assuming that they can skip the gulf of sacrifice that lies between. The gulf grows wider as they talk.

ALL IN SAME BOAT TODAY

The buyers of merchandise today have no conception of what the storekeeper has to comply with in order to supply their needs. Take the case of a typical country store. The people for miles around depend on that store for their daily necessities. The storekeeper works throughout the day, then additional hours into the night keeping track of ration stamps and endless rules and regulations. Almost every move he makes is under threat of fine or jail sentence for a mistake. Thousands of stores are actually going out of business to the real hardships of many communities, simply because the operators cannot stand the strain involved.

It is to be sincerely hoped that every effort will be made to lighten or simplify the present complications surrounding retailing—not for the retailers alone, but for the consumer, who is the worst sufferer as thousands of necessary stores are forced out of business due to sheer physical inability to meet the complications of operation.

WOULD TEACHER CARE?

"I'll put it in my pocket and read it when teacher ain't looking."

Freckle Face had come into the hotel lobby with the morning papers and as the traveling man took his copy, he put a question to the lad. Had Freckles ever heard of the boy whom the Lord took into partnership? The boy had five loaves and two small fishes. To these Christ added His mighty power and right before their eyes came the miracle. A work of creation, it was and the loaves and fishes became enough to feed the thousands of hungry folk massed about as Christ taught them.

No, Freckle Face had never heard the story and he wanted it. The traveling man gave Freckle a little red covered Gospel of John opened at the sixth chapter. Freckle began to read and then looked up at the clock. School was calling and off he went with—"I'll put it in my pocket and read it when teacher ain't looking".

Would teacher have cared even if Freckles had read the Gospel in school? The Bible used to go to school. We oldsters recall the Gospel hymns, Scripture readings and prayer when school took up mornings. And an Oregon teacher of the earlier days, now called back to help out, says she has her room repeat the Lord's prayer as an opener. It changes things all day, she affirms.

Walter Lippman declares that our public school education is now de-Christianized. Barred out is the Bible, that brings men face to face with their duty to God and man. The THREE R'S—Reading, Riting and Rithmetic—are not enough. They must be undergirded with moral fibre and this the Bible alone can give. The Japanese and Germans have education but not morals. Are we to sink to their level? We are now going on the momentum of our Bible reading fathers. When that dies out, then what?

Beside multiplying the loaves and fishes—"many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this Book. But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God and that believing, ye might have life through His name." John 20: 30-31.

Drop me a postal today for your free copy of one of these red covered large type, pocket size Gospels of John. Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God.

Dean Taylor.

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

Okla City Raises \$40,000,000 In One Day

Hello Folks:

Now don't get your headline wrong. It's a fact that Oklahoma City helped raise over forty million bucks on April 22nd, the 54th anniversary of the openin' of Okla Territory for settlement. This War Bond drive wuz to insure the building of the battle cruiser, Oklahoma City!

You see, Oklahoma City is like a bunch of cattle when we take a stampede in some direction, why, thunder in lightning the devil himself can't begin to head us off!

I reckon when Hitler and his crowd hears of this deal, why, they will take to their cover someplace and take a few Schooners down their wind-jammed throats to cheer themselves up! Before this thing is over I have an idea this Axis bunch will have their throats swelled out with all their wind-pipes a soundin' Surrender! as loud as a pipe organ! BARB WIRE BILL.

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COME ALONG WITH ME

By Fred P. H. Clyde

This publication assumes no responsibility for views expressed in this column. Sentiments are credited to the columnist, Clyde, and do not necessarily coincide with our editorial policy.

This column has never started calling a spade a garden tool but just a spade. We don't pull our punches no matter how corny they sound nor do we indulge in personalities to the point that such indulgence sounds like "poison-alities". This last is a characteristic redolent of the tripe odor of yellow journalism.

Another deal, that for 92 columns I've steered clear of, is union trouble and jurisdictional strife. At the moment, however, this column finds it necessary to "bunch" its taboos and walk where it did not care to walk before.

I've held Union Office (Recording Secretary-Motor Coach Employees Div. 1055-Pac. Northwest) and I am jealous of the good name of unionism. I'm no angel, no flag waver—but I love my country and be damned to those who trip at her straining footsteps in her hour of need.

I refer to John L. Lewis. At this moment production is now off 88,000 tons of coal per day. While our boys dodge "Monkey" snipers, when every bit of steel—every bit of FIGHTING STEEL is necessary; John L. adopts an attitude that leaves a bad taste in the mouth of every clean minded Union Man. No, I don't like it and I'll bet there's many an A.F.L., C.I.O., and Independent Unionist that consider Mr. Lewis' conduct worthy of Union Reputation and Public Rebuke. We've got a war to win, Mr. Lewis, and strong arm power politics is poor pudding at ten minutes to midnight.

While we're sending our little barbed arrows hither and yon we might as well send one in the direction of the gilded dias of Ormond Bean, Public Utilities Czar of my native state of Oregon. Mr. Bean has prepared a bulletin soon to be released to operating stage lines to the effect that a service man on precious short leave or rare and now curtailed furlough is not entitled to any breaks in getting home unless he was on a "military mission."

Now we're wondering where Ormond harvested this shoddy bit of Wild Hay. I am not at all proud of this publicized statement of an official of my state—not by a long shot. I should hate to believe that this was inspired by any operating company because my faith in the field of my livelihood would certainly drop to ebb tide if such were so.

I don't believe war-workers would open their faces. They've got close one's in some service that every eager boy on leave reminds them of. The average victory worker hears the necessary shortcomings of our transportation system with a grin and a "let's make the best of it look."

A disgusting small percentage of

Scholarships Offered

The Museum Art school of the Portland Art museum is offering several entrance scholarships to high school students. They provide tuition in the full day course for the school year from September, 1943, to June, 1944. Applications are due by May 22, and should be accompanied by five examples of original work.

I do not now or in the past put myself up as spokesman for any man or organization, my employers or anybody else's bosses but you can make blooming sure that until I am ordered to the contrary that we'll do our darndest to get the service man with his leave counted in hours will be squeezed in somewhere, and you can bet your bottom dollar that I've got a lot of hacker buddies that feel the same way.

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THE OLD JUDGE SAYS...



"Quite a stack of newspapers I left you yesterday, Judge. Aren't goin' in the newspaper business, are you?"

"No, I just enjoy reading different papers so my nephew George sends them to me whenever he takes a business trip. I got a big kick out of some he sent me from several counties where they still have prohibition. Particularly from some headlines that read 'Drunk Driving Arrests Rise'.

'Bootleggers must post Ceiling Prices', 'Federal Agents seize 'Trick' Liquor Truck', Doesn't that go to prove, Joe, that prohibition does not prohibit?

"I watched conditions pretty carefully during our 13 years of prohibition in this country. The only thing I could see we got out of it was bootleg liquor instead of legal liquor...plus the worst crime and corruption this country has ever known."

Conference of Alcoholic Beverage Industries, Inc.