

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

H. H. JEFFREY, Publisher

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 MEMBER
 OREGON NEWSPAPER
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Keep
It
Flying

HORSE SENSE

As a sedative to numb the fear of public debt, the people have been told that no harm could result from the debt because the people merely owed it to themselves.

While the people may owe the public debt to themselves, the man who is taxed to pay this interest on the debt will soon find that the tax collector will take his shirt if he does not pay his taxes, to pay interest on a debt which he "owes himself."

The time will come when in spite of all the primings, the pump will suck air if the water supply is exhausted. The earnings of the people are the water in the financial well. Those earnings must come from individual effort and production which depend on prosperous operating industries and agriculture. The pump primers produce no new water.

WHO IS A CAPITALIST?

"Who are these capitalists? Why, almost every one of us. A capitalist is a person who saves a dollar and puts it to work; who has the right and uses that right to invest it in any property or in any legitimate business which he or she believes will be profitable."—Exchange.

ON THE RECORD

On April 11, 1941, President Roosevelt created the Office of Price Administration (OPA to you) and appointed Leon Henderson as its chief.

Its principal goal was to prevent inflation—skyrocketing prices that destroy the average family. Today, just over two years later, Leon Henderson finally has been forced out of the job for which he had no capacity.

Prices are soaring beyond the reach of the average housewife. So much confusion has been caused by OPA's rules and regulations (and changes of rules and regulations) that shortages of food and other necessities face Americans.

Now a shake-up of OPA is being talked to find someone else to take the place of the Lame Duck Senator who took the place of Henderson.

But don't blame Henderson. Or Senator Brown.

When a ship goes on the rocks it is the captain who accepts the blame and not the coal stokers.

Mr. Roosevelt likes to boast "we planned it that way" when something goes well. And his is the responsibility obviously, for the failure today of the Washington bureaucracy to back up the boys in uniform.

Wanted—Freedom to make Jobs

Calling attention to the concern of our fighting men for the conditions that will confront them when they return from the wars, a prominent industrialist recently made this statement:

"It is already obvious," he said, "that when peace comes the nation will have more trained workers than ever before. This will not necessarily mean that the homecoming soldiers will oust millions of willing workers. If industry is permitted to grow and expand in the American way, and to attempt to make and to distribute and sell all the things that the people will want, there will be work not only for the people who are presently employed but also for the men who will be coming back."

The Low Down from Hickory Grove

The majority of folks are honest. It is not dishonesty amongst the great majority of us, it is gullibility that is our problem. We have not been brought up on enough AEsop. Otherwise we would not be taken in by everybody coming along with some new rosy idea like "security for evermore." Security clear up to the mortician, including the coffin. To just sit down and wait—all expenses paid—would sure make us a cobweb by outfit.

We have laws against the gents with the 3 shells and one pea. We need a law putting a jail term on the flowery ducks in the striped pants who try to put over catchy slogans like this, "Freedom from care and everything—and never a worry or effort."

About the time we could get nicely settled, and basking under "security" henceforth, and our muscles have become flabby, along would come some unruly Foreign Highwayman Nation and slap us down—and out the window would go Security, luck, stock and barrel. Most of us half-way savvy that perpetual motion is a fake, and we don't buy perpetual motion stock anymore, very often—but that don't keep us from being a sucker for something newer, if it

sounds rosy and grand—and no sweat. We are demons for shell games.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA

The Riddle

The master of the Oregon State Grange and the chairman of the National Grange Executive Committee have joined the national master of the Grange in strongly criticizing the price subsidy program on the ground that it "directly contributes to inflation by further increasing the purchasing power of the high-income group—a purchasing power which already is in excess of the amount of consumer goods available."

The reason given for the subsidy call in vain upon Washington to retarding inflation. But people must pay any subsidy through taxation, which in turn promotes inflation. The arguments for a price subsidy does not ring true.

How can prices be stabilized unless the cost of production is stabilized? That is the riddle that has never yet been answered.

DEAD MAN SAT UP

Jesus met a funeral at the gate of the city of Nain. A young man, the only son of a widowed mother was to be buried. Jesus seeing her, had compassion on her and said—WEEP NOT. And He came and touched the bier and they carried him. He stood still and He said—Young man, I say unto thee arise and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And Jesus delivered him to his mother.

All were awe struck and they gave glory to God saying, a Prophet, a Great Prophet is risen up among us. And again—God has visited his people. See Luke 7:11-16.

Christ looked and walked and talked as do men. 80 times the Bible names Him the Son of Man. In Him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead in bodily form. The love and compassion of God shone through as Christ went about among the people. God is love.

TWO—But God is also wrath. All who deny that in Christ, God took up a human form and all who sneer at His death to blot out our sins, must come under the wrath—"He that believeth on the son, hath eternal life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."—John 3:36. So it is that God loves us to the last man and yet his wrath burns against such as cold shoulder his Gift.

THREE—God becomes our heavenly Father. Christ came to His own home and His own people gave Him no welcome. But all who have received Him—that is, to those that trust in His name—He has given the privilege of becoming the children of God. We the children and God our Father. Sum it up. God is love. His compassion is toward all mankind. TWO—God is wrath. Reject not Christ the Saviour and by that eternal life. THREE—God is a Father. Just as you were born into this world of a human father who passed on to you his human nature; so now God wants to become your heavenly Father and to breathe into your soul his own God-nature. This is the new birth and except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Once-born men die twice. They die at the end of this life and they die again at the last judgment when they go out with the lost dead into woe. Twice-born men die but once. For after this life they go out to glory.—"Our Father which art in heaven." From the depth of your heart do you call him Father?

Barbwire Bill

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

Geronimo, Paramarine Battle Cry, Was Name Of Apache Indian Chief

"Geronimo," leaping cry of U. S. paramarines and paratroops, was the name of an American Indian, an Apache chief who led a group of guerilla fighters against U. S. troops in New Mexico during the 1880s.

Use of the word by paramarines and paratroops is traced back to 1940 when a group of paratroops made their first jump at Fort Benning, Ga. The first soldier to jump from the plane yelled "Geronimo," and these who followed did likewise, then adopted the word as their rallying cry.

Chief Geronimo was highly respected by American military leaders as a strategist and as a fighter. He was captured by soldiers serving under General Nelson A. Miles in 1886.

The name of the Indian chief is a fitting battle cry for paramarines and paratroops. Geronimo referred to himself as "a child of the great open spaces" and just prior to his death, said: "My mother taught me the legends of our people; taught me of the sun and sky, the moon and stars, the clouds and storms. I am trusting in the memory of a loving and forgiving Father over there in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Chief Geronimo died in 1909 at the age of 75.

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.

It has been this writer's understanding that cereal products have not been amongst our scarce items. I should naturally assume that this would extend to those closely allied lines—livestock feeds. My neighbors report great difficulty in obtaining their hog and rabbit feeds. At the moment I am unable to note if this extends to poultry or dairy feeds. My home and consequently that of my neighbors is well in the shadow of the great wheat and grain terminals of Portland. I can hardly believe that congestion of transport is therefore responsible for this situation. Assuming that grain and transport are not at fault in such situation, I must remind government agencies that scarcities of feed can hardly be tolerated in the light of the tremendous importance of any type of animal husbandry to the nation's wartime economy. Action now, at the situations ugly beginning, should be immediate and decisive.

After all our nasty passes at the beetle-brows John L. Lewis some local wisecracker suggested we list our dislikes of the week. The idea in light of present events is splendid. Beetle Brows still holds top rank.

The Hearst Press joins our train of Venom toasters. The pitiful and nauseating mess, according to N. Y. city's virile "P. M." daily as reflected in the Los Angeles Hoodlums Service Men's riots were fanned by their deadly tempo by the blathering of the Hearst Dailies there—two of them. Police action was insipid and stupid. O. W. I. had previously asked race stuff—(a traditional outlet for yellow, jingo sheets) be deleted for the duration. The Hearst sheets' circumvented this by cleverly (is that the word) making Zoot, a synonymous term for Mexicans. If they were out to fan up a batch of bloody banner leaders—they got it.

To finish off our little decrier of people not to be seen with: The instigators of the Detroit Race Riots I have no foundation but I truly believe these shameful exhibitions to be Axis inspired. Time and again we have been warned that no bombs or enemy dust can raise more filthy hell than race riots. As usual, this one had no foundation. Whites smashing negroes and visa-versa. What a Roman Holiday for our enemies. A bouquet of shame for some traitors and the German Iron Cross for the punks that sold their country down the river so they could brawl, slash, yes—even murder.

Let's make our little tossing of putrid bananas complete—the columnist—O'Donnell, by name, of the New York Daily News who grabbed the reeking filthy contra-captive ruinor from some foul sewer and put it into print without verification. This man had the unmitigated rotten gall to claim that contra-receptive and prophylactic equipment were government issue to the WAAC's. Quoting from the Times magazine of June 21st last—Page 90—entitled—"O'Donnell's Foul"—WAAC Director Oveta Culp Hobby said—"absolutely no truth in the statement." Secretary of War Stimson said:—"they are completely false—Anything that would interfere with—(WAAC)—would aid the enemy."

Is it possible that O'Donnell is still smarting from the smacking down he got when F.D.R. on Dec. 18, 1942, awarded him the German Iron Cross? But why must this poor specimen of journalist and bandier of shoddy untruths pull a smutty deal on a No. 1 military service. Upon reading this far I have decided that I have dealt in sufficient offal and carrion for the evening and close with the thought that my publishers and myself will content ourselves with honest thousands of readers dealing in for the right journalism rather than millions dedicated to the unholy names of prejudice, fifth, and slander.

Advertising is salesmanship.

The Town's Morale

● On land, sea and air and in foreign countries, intrepid American armed forces are fighting that your country and its institutions may remain free.

● All they left behind which is wholesome and worthy, they desire to be kept alive. The home town to them really means something. The schools, the churches, the organizations, the business firms, the industries, all doing their part in the war program in a grand effort to hasten victory, gives them inspiration.

AS A BUSINESS MAN

● Keep up your spirit in spite of the many changes and the stumbling blocks that hamper in conducting as in pre-war days.

● Let's keep the town in stride with the tempo of the times, so that the boys on their return may find it almost as when they left it.

How to Protect Yourself Against War Gas

1. Stay Indoors. A tightly closed room affords protection against war gas. All windows and doors should be tightly shut, and blankets (to be soaked with water or cardboard should be kept in readiness to cover and seal shattered windows. Choose a room on an upper floor if possible; most war gases are heavier than air, although they may be carried up with air currents.

2. If caught outdoors in a gas attack, get out of the area at once. Look down and shield your eyes with your arm. Do not worry about any vapor exposure to which you may be subjected. The danger from this source is not great.

3. Prompt action will avoid serious effects. If you know or suspect that you have gotten any of the gas on your person or clothing, do not go hunting for a casualty station or gas cleaning station and expect someone to help you. Knock on the first door you come to and take whatever steps are necessary. Self-aid is the quickest and safest way.

4. This is what you should do. This routine should be memorized so it will be done automatically in an emergency:

(a) Remove shoes and outer clothing and keep them outside the house, in a covered can if available. Do not cling to false modesty. To enter a house with contaminated clothing endangers everyone in it.

(b) Get to a bathroom, kitchen, or laundry room as fast as possible.

(c) If your eyes have been exposed to liquid gas or spray, flush them immediately. Plain water out of a faucet, shower-head, canteen, or douche bag will do, but a lukewarm dilute solution of bicarbonate of soda (heaping tablespoon in a quart of water) is even better, if it is handy. Let anyone nearby help you.

(d) If drops of liquid blister gas have splashed the skin, you can prevent serious burns by adequate cleansing. Promptly blot up the liquid with pieces of cleansing tissue, cloth, or a handkerchief, which should be disposed of carefully in order that it cannot contaminate anyone else. Then sponge the skin briskly with laundry bleach containing sodium hypochlorite, if it is at hand, and rinse off under the shower or in a tub. A thorough bath with a vigorous lathering is the final step, which should never be omitted. Dry the skin by patting. Do not rub. Dress in whatever clean clothing you can get. If blisters develop, you should seek medical advice.

(e) If your nose and throat are irritated, sniff and gargle with a dilute solution of bicarbonate of soda. If your chest feels heavy and oppressed, if you have any trouble breathing or if smoking becomes distasteful, lie down immediately and stay perfectly still until you can be taken to a doctor. Do this even if you feel fine otherwise.

5. Remember: Cleanse yourself quickly and calmly. Follow the instructions of your air-raid warden.



Hello Folks:

Dawgonne if I aint in favor of organizin' a "NO DEAL Political Party"! We have had too many "deals" to suite me! I think our American "deal" is about worn out in "dealin'" Look at the "Old Deal" under Hoover and its Insults and their big "Holdin' companies" that didn't hold anything but "suckers" milked of their cash and the crash of 1929! Then look at the National Prohibition with Andy Mellon, the biggest distiller in the U.S.A. put in to run our national prohibition! That wuz enuff to give a polecat indigestion! Then along kum the "New Deal" with its "birth-control" fer hogs and cattle, etc., and the plowin' up of crops! Why thunder-in-lightnin' all these "deals" especially our "deals" lately with John Lewis, makes me think we must quit "dealin'" from the bottom of the "deck" that is about worn ragged and git down to business with enough "boss sense" to keep ourselves out of hellendementation!

BARBWARE BILL

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

A Friend

Around the corner I have a friend
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face.
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell,
And he rang mine. We were young—
er then,
And now we are busy, tired men,
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on
him."
Just to show that I'm thinking of
him."
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow
goes,
And the distance between us grows
and grows.
Around the corner—yet miles away
"Here's a telegram, sir..."
"Jim died today."
And that's what we get, and deserve
in the end;
Around the corner, a vanished friend.
—Charles Hanson Towne

"Corpses—
Incorporated"

BY L. CLIFFORD HALL

(Dedicated to the Red Cross
Blood Donor Service)
New banks are springing up all
through the land
Deposits there not subject to with-
drawal on demand
The interest rate is reckoned not
in terms of gold
Although the yield in life and limb
be manifold.

A surgeon is the cashier of this
bank
And gentle nurses as tellers also
rank
Its currency is crimson in its
brightest hue,
And depositors are patriotic like you.

We've opened up our pocketbooks,
so I've been told
And many bonds and stamps have
since been sold
The Red Cross, too, has even had
its share
When hearts are opened by folks
who care.

With hearts and wallets wide open
'twould seem
That all's been done, but now's no
time to dream.

Use Want Ads as a short cut to
finding a buyer.

Tell your lawyer to send your leg-
als to this paper.

Timely Definitions

Modern Home: A place where a switch regulates everything but the children.

Free Advice: The kind that costs nothing unless you act upon it.

Fresh Paint: A sign that nobody will believe without making a personal investigation.

Mouth: The grocer's best friend, the orator's pride, the fool's trap, and the dentists' salvation.

Pacifist: A man who could attend a peace conference without getting into a fight.

Executive: A man who can hand back a letter for the third retyping to a redheaded secretary.

Respectability: Crop-control compensation you receive for refraining from sowing wild oats.

Fleas Have New Deal Press Agents

While newspapers throughout the country have been forced to curtail the use of paper, the Government recently issued 250,000 copies of a 146-page booklet titled "The Fleas of North America," Fulton Lewis, Jr., nationally known radio commentator, told the Foreign Commerce Club of Boston.

"There is no justification for limiting the newspapers to the point where the public cannot get information it is entitled to have, while 3,200 Government press agents grind out handouts that are tossed into newspaper waste-baskets," Mr. Lewis said.

Hog Riddle

Farmers over the nation are producing more hogs than ever before in response to the appeal of Secretary Wickard. But suddenly, the word goes round to reduce the hog output. And the confused farmers paper waste-baskets," Mr. Lewis "make up its mind."

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Having Trouble Getting Help?

So are we. Like you, we're faced with the biggest production job in our history. And, like you, we've lost many of the men who used to help us.

Yet that's only part of the story. Every day, on farm and factory, there's something new to test the skill of those running the business. Not only getting help, but—to mention a few others—rising costs, making a fair profit, and setting aside reserves for a rainy day. Essentially, those problems are the same for farm and factory, though they may at times differ in size.

But it is that thing called "management," that peculiarly American ability to think through problems no matter how tough, that is helping to see us through today.

It is this skill in management that farmers and businessmen have most in common, a skill which insures the realization of our determination to produce all that's needed for our country today, and, tomorrow, to make a fair living through greater service to our fellow Americans. General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

You are invited to listen to the "House of Choice" 10 P.M. EDT, Sundays, on NBC, and 10 "The World Today" at 6:45 P.M., EDT, Monday through Saturday, on CBS.