

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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Keep It Flying

INVITATION TO DEATH

Fuel shortages are compelling people to convert heating systems to the use of coal or wood. In many cases, conversions are being made to replace the use of gas. Unless these change-overs are made properly, fire and explosion hazards are created.

If gas has been used and it is desired to switch to a solid fuel such as wood, the change should never be made without making certain that the chimney is built for the purpose. Some houses are constructed on the basis of using gas, and no regular chimney was installed. The flue might be of masonry, yet too small. It might also have a metal lining instead of a tile lining. In other cases, it may not even be of masonry, but asbestos cement or similar material not suitable for other fuels than gas.

When automatic burners or stokers are used, it should be remembered that even automatic equipment needs attention. Failing to maintain the prescribed water level can result in cracked or distorted boilers. Under certain conditions this will lead to an explosion. It should be borne in mind that even with all necessary safety devices, boilers and furnaces need to be checked occasionally to see that everything is in safe working order. Carelessness is an invitation to property destruction if not death.

THE WAY TO POVERTY

Reports from the American Association of Petroleum Geologists and the American Petroleum Institute indicate that there still remains unexplored approximately 1,000,000,000 acres of geological formation in which oil may be found in the United States. Not only does this vast area remain unexplored, but today oil is being produced from sands found at depth of 13,175 feet, and present equipment makes it possible to drill to a depth exceeding 15,000 feet—as contrasted to 59 feet for the first well drilled in 1859. In addition to oil resources being plentiful, scientists are continually increasing the power of gasoline, thus tending to conserve supplies.

At present the belief seems prevalent in some government regulatory agencies that the price of oil has nothing to do with oil production. But a protracted oil shortage will be the fault of man, rather than the fault of nature, if oil prices are held at levels which prohibit exploration and development, and disregard production costs. As long as that fallacy is maintained, the oil shortage will grow worse instead of better. We will one day again realize that the greatness of this nation lies in the greatness of this nation lies in who work and produce for the benefit of society.

ONE PER CENT CUSHION

Industries are the same as individuals. They must have a living wage if they are to operate and maintain maximum employment. They are unlike individuals in that they cannot strike for more pay. An industry continues to serve the public as long as possible. If the time comes when it no longer earns a living wage, it quietly ceases to exist. Men are thrown out of work and the public no longer receives its services. Today the earnings of many industries are perilously squeezed between rising costs and the battle to hold down prices. Notable among these industries is retail distribution.

The retail industry as a whole is conscientiously fighting against higher prices. Merchants realize that the life of modern distribution rests on prices that encourage volume sales. As prices inch higher, vol-

ume inevitably falls off. Consumers are simply unable to buy what they desire, and the standard of living spirals downward. Retailers, chain stores in particular, have absorbed as much as possible of the rising costs. Profit margins for some groups have dropped to one per cent of sales or less. This one per cent cushion is the wage upon which large segments of the distribution industry must somehow survive. If arbitrary price ceilings or the pressure of costs cut materially into the paper-thin margins of retailers, the industry cannot live any more than could the worker whose pay envelope failed to meet the living costs of his family.

Inasmuch as the country cannot get along without an efficient distribution industry, there is no alternative except to assure it a living wage.

A SOLDIER SPEAKS

So you're sick of the way the country's run,
And you're sick of the way the rationing's done,
And you're sick of standing in a line,
You're sick, you say,—well, that's just fine.
So am I sick of the sun and the heat,
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies,
And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise,
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,
And I'm sick of the sound of the bombers' dive,
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive,
I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din,
I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,
And I'm sick of the slaughter—I'm sick to my soul,
I'm sick of playing a killer's role,
And I'm sick of blood and of death and the smell,
And I'm even sick of myself as well,
But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule,
And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool,
And I'm cured damn quick when I think of the day,
When all this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain,
And the lights of the world will blaze again,
And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more,
And the Axis' flags will be dipped and furled,
And God looks down on a peaceful world.

—Maude Hargett
in Washington Times-Herald

Turn war stamps into Bonds

The Low Down From Hickory Grove

I guess with most of us there is something that gives us a pain in the neck. With me, it is when some windy gent rises up and says the U. S. A. is such a bogged-down kind of unmanageable and difficult country that we gotta look out or we are sunk and nobody can save the day except the ones who have been saving it. If the ones who have been saving it have let it go to the dogs, almost—how come they can save it some more. That is where I get tired.

Jeffries or Fitzsimmons or Dempsey—none of them were champions forever. Better and new men always showed up, to put a haymaker on the slipping champions.

But I am straying off my subject of a pain in the neck. When I stop to think that these talkative gents take me for a sucker, my blood pressure zooms. The world will be revolving 2000 years hence—and no present living person will be there to give it super-management.

With 130 million people in our U. S. A. I can't savvy how any one person can be indispensable—ding-bust if I can. Fact is we could dispense with a few—and I would not overlook the ones telling us they are our only hope and salvation.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

RUN, KIDDIES, RUN

Yes, the kiddies run when the Wild Man of Borneo takes after them. But with Jesus, they pile into His arms until He must rebuke the grown-ups who would push them away.—Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He. So with smile and gracious word, Jesus drew them close.

Nicodemus, the great teacher of Israel, sought out our Lord. He sat at Jesus feet to drink in the life-giving facts as to the new birth. And he learned—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Human birth? We are sinners by birth, by choice and by practice. We must be born again, from above and of God.

We pass up the loud mouthed bragget. But the people heard Jesus gladly. So it was that on a day when the temple police were sent to arrest our Lord, they came back empty handed, making for excuse—"No man ever spoke as this man." Quite true and the throng stood spell-bound under Jesus teaching while the police themselves must have been convicted. The face was the face of a man but the words were the words of God and how could they touch Him unless He gave Himself up?

We would hold back if sent to judge the woman taken in adultery—in the very act, as the Bible puts it. Would you speak the word and see the crowd stone her to death as their law demanded? Would you be afraid of a scene and set her free? It raised no problem for our Lord, whom they set out to trap—"Him that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her." And her accusers went out one by one, from the eldest to the last.

"Where are these thine accusers?" asked Jesus of the woman. They were gone—"Neither do I accuse thee. Go and sin no more." This was not yet His hour to sit in judgment. Neither could they trap Him.

At the end, Christ having fulfilled all righteousness, He bowed His holy head and tasted death for every man. The sentence that was against you, was carried out against Him. Receive Him as your Saviour; take your marching orders from the Bible; Christian duty calls. Christ will meet you with Power From On High—and heaven at the end.

Dean Taylor

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

Annual State Nut Tour Cancelled This Summer

The annual tour of the Western Nut Growers association ordinarily held in August has been cancelled this year because of wartime travel conditions, but a single field meeting will be held in Yamhill county, announced O. T. MWhorter, secretary-treasurer.

The field meeting at the Brooks orchard between McMinnville and Yamhill was held August 6 when C. E. Schuster, federal nut specialist from Oregon State college, explained the work that is being done with so called "snake head" or "bald headed" walnut trees. This is a condition in which walnut limbs on the tops of some trees fail to set or hold foliage.

Lack of essential materials is delaying Sweden's shipbuilding program.

CASH must accompany A L L CLASSIFIED ADS. Mail or leave office.

Hot in Oklahoma



Hello Folks: Well, the Dawg Days struck us in our Sooner state sorter "below the belt" this year. We aint used to July a pullin' up so hot as this year. This makes me think of my young days way out in the Pan Handle of this country. In them days it wuz called No Man's Land. In the summer time all of us that didn't have a big enuff cowboy hat would get our noses burned till they would peel off like an onion! In them days the white thunder heads would float around till a bunch of em would run together and git to thunderin' and the lightning' would strike the dry buffalo grass until we could see several fires a burnin' and sometimes it wouldn't rain enuff to put the fire out! But thunder-in-lightnin' things have changed nowadays, until we see the fires these hot days under the noses of the upterdate men and wimmen and gals who are a kindlin' up their favorite brands of cigarettes to cool themselves these hot days.
BARB WIRE BILL.

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.

In the past as of now, I have sometimes been kidded unmercifully about my farming and workshop proclivities. These, I take in part, in good spirit; the ill-mannered and boorish type of joshing inclines me to remember part of a Biblical saying:—"forgive them—they know not what they say."

Now there's all kinds of people (praise the variety) who have all kinds of hobbies. Various types of gents that I know play golf, consume gallons of beer, chase anything that boasts skirts (or slacks) and a feminine form, play tit-tat-toe, bridge or a thousand other avocations which they admit or deny with various degrees of success. This, I consider, to be every man's own destiny. In several I have above listed I believe a man can make as much of a d—n fool of himself as he pleases unless in so doing he gets in other people's hair. Being near bald, I am hardly to be bothered on this score.

The wisenheimers crack wise as to our farming—whereupon I am inclined to show a well-filled ration book and a healthy family. They smirk at workshop and I show them the house that was built from scratch I'll go a little further on this deal. Now at present I drive a bus. I do the best I know how, which sometimes, no doubt, my superiors might be inclined to wish was a bit better. My avocations are deliberately subordinated to my occupation and are used merely as an aid to sane, healthful living. Now any normal man is ambitious. If, after a reasonable time, I decide that advancement has passed me by I shall turn my avocation (writing is an afterthought) into a livelihood. Now, the wisest of smart crackers might possibly be able to digest this statement.

No one has ever pointed me out as the home town boy that made

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good. I've been hither and thither, stayed off welfare rolls (I got pretty close), and enjoyed the common man's simple fruits of our democracy. If you keep it in mind you can readily see that I am hardly in a position to digress upon "how to make good" from the point of a big local success. It occurs to me, however, that I can watch climbs and falls from the bottom as well as from the top.

All up and going concerns that are enjoying business health have promotions. Men die, men quit, operations expand or change and a move is made.

The part that interests me is the action of various parties when a promotion is in the air. A lot of them will say—"wouldn't have it for a gift." 90% are candidates for this Burlington Liar's club. Another type rushes around like mad showing what ambition they possess. This is in such violent contrast to their usual working demeanor that their working partners have all they can do to maintain a straight face. Lowest on the scale is the modern day Jew who will sell his soul for thirty pieces of silver or anybody else's for a lot less. This poor creature, no matter how clever he thinks he is, is generally found out or ardently suspected and thenceforward is plac-

ed in the realm of low crawling things in the mind's of his fellows. His employer has already silently placed him in this category.

The worst fallacy that most of us have is resenting the advancement of someone at our sides to a step up and then refusing to give the poor guy, who is feeling his way, a sporting chance.

Home Canners Can Get New Pressure Cookers

Some of the home canners who have received approval of their county farm rationing committee for a new Victory model pressure cooker should be able to obtain their cookers now or within a short time, the Oregon USDA War board reports.

Cotton and wood pulp are being utilized to make cellulose sponges which absorb 20 times their own weight in water and still float.

C. V. WALLACE Signs & Cards

Rt. Bx 2, Tigard, Oregon
Opposite the Joy Theatre
PHONE TIGARD 2381

Our Merchant Marine

The Ice Trade

Frederick Tudor, 20-year-old mercantile genius, in 1805 sent a cargo of ice from Sauagus, Mass., to Havana. By time of arrival his cargo had turned to water!



Undaunted, Tudor blanketed his ice with white pine sawdust, thereafter sold ice regularly to British West Indian planters, and to New Orleans, Charleston and Savannah.

By 1833, Tudor was selling New England ice to British merchants in Calcutta. Ice revived dwindling India-American trade.

The Ice Trade flourished for seventy years. Up to the invention of ice machinery in 1875, New England ice was sold in every sizeable tropical and subtropical city.

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MAJ DANIEL K. EDWARDS, DURHAM, N. C. WAS AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM NEAR BUNA, NEW GUINEA, DEC 5, 1942. WITH TOTAL DISREGARD FOR HIS OWN SAFETY HE LED REPEATED INFANTRY ASSAULT PLATOONS UNDER HEAVY FIRE FROM ENEMY SNIPERS, MACHINE GUNS AND MORTARS, SHOWING INTREPID LEADERSHIP

CPL FRANCIS J. MILLIGAN, NEW YORK CITY, WAS AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM IN ALGERIA, NOV. 1942. HE ASSISTED IN SAVING THE LIVES OF MANY COMRADES IN HELPING THEM OVER THE SIDE OF THEIR SHIP WHICH WAS SET AFIRE AND RAKED BY MACHINE GUN BULLETS. WITHOUT ORDERS HE SWAM OUT AND ASSISTED MEN ASHORE.

S/SGT CLAYTON E. AVERSON, CLEVELAND, O. WAS GIVEN POSTHUMOUS AWARD FOR HIS HEROISM IN TUNISIA, FEBRUARY, 1943. AFTER THE VEHICLE HE COMMANDED WAS DESTROYED BY ENEMY FIRE HE ORDERED HIS CREW TO SAFETY AND REMAINED BEHIND TO REMOVE AN INJURED COMRADE, RECEIVING FURTHER WOUNDS WHICH CAUSED HIS DEATH. THE DSC MEDAL WAS RECEIVED BY HIS WIFE.