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STANLEY W. NETHERTON Editor and Publisher
MRS. EDNA BLACK Associate Editor-Office Mgr.
WALLY KAIN News Editor

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"Candidates by Edict"

The United States, by its means of public prints, is in for heavy emphasis on developments of the Republican national convention in Philadelphia, out of which will come some candidate for the national presidency. With all the leading contenders for the honor claiming sure victory, the fireworks—and attendant publicity—will be a sight to behold.

Yet, somehow, this manner of selecting a possible president to lead the people of the nation for four or more years seems somewhat devoid of public choice. Perhaps there is too much emphasis on the smoke-filled hotel-rooms and the shadowy figures in a somewhat nebulous background who pull the strings and maneuver the votes to assure selection of a candidate "of the people" who will manage to serve other interests as well.

No one can deny the equal concern and right of all interests in the national life to governmental representation. Yet, the pendulum of equality should not swing so far toward a corporate or financial interest that it barely manages to touch the interest of the people. And it is because of just such a possibility that distrust and disillusionment is the persistent mark that attends such a national fiasco as is now developing.

Some of the free-wheeling philosophers of the modern age liken life and all its ramifications to a game of cards. There are strategies of bluff and maneuvers of skill that sometimes blend with luck and are sometimes overwhelmed by luck, in this version.

Carrying such an interpretive slant further, there are some games in smoke-filled rooms where the deck of cards is stacked. There are some other games wherein the cards are so marked that particular players have the advantage of knowing what cards are in the hands of other players.

Among many in the populace there is a persistent fear that these national conventions, whether they be by Republicans, Democrats or Independents, are too closely allied to masterly behind-the-scenes magic. More and more is the demand for an overhauling of national election policy, for a national primary by popular vote.

Possibly it is a vagrant hope to want for a voice in the selection of presidential candidates. The present system puts no ties nor binds on the choice of party convention delegates.

And the candidates, when they are finally curried and groomed for the public eye, too often seem candidates by edict. Edict, that is, of political bosses and private interests.

Name of Sweet Charity

Sickness is a trial and a burden.

For the victim, there is pain and ill ease for hours, days, weeks, months or years. For the family of victims, there is worry, anguish and an increasing load of financial responsibility that adds up to an overwhelming setback.

Pain on one hand and anguish on the other are natural attributes of sickness. The love and concern one feels towards one of his own who suffers illness cannot be entirely allayed by cheerful words or smooth sayings. But the financial drain that medical care occasions hangs like a persistent threat of doom over all.

There have been numerous attempts, by people with comparatively small or medium rate incomes, to combat the financial drain that sickness occasions. A persistent network of cooperative hospitals and prepaid medical plans have commanded such respect that such rolls are growing steadily, each month. The range of benefits from plans of such a nature extend from minimal medical treatment to outright ownership of hospitals, with medical specialists assigned to permanent staff duty.

Caught in the middle, in this picture, are those who are unable to qualify or participate in such a plan. They are the ones who, by emergency, are forced to suffer through the financial and worrisome burden of being on the paying end of hospital bills.

Hospitals, the nation over, are considered charitable institutions. By the draft of their status, they are the handmaidens of mercy. Because of the alleged responsibility that a hospital has, to ease the pain and care in sickness for all of the populace, a grateful government has ruled them tax-exempt.

To a hospital patron, however, the picture of sweet charity and mercy drops dead as he enters the business office of any hospital, because of an unexpected emergency that has brought a loved one into the custody of such "charitable institutions".

One finds, in dealing with a hospital, a cold, demanding attitude which seems to infer that all hospital patrons are trying to get something for nothing. There have been innumerable reports of hospitals dropping all pretense of charity and all suggestion of courtesy when a patron—in a day when installment buying is current—unknowingly expects a time payment of the outstanding account.

No faith, no trust, no mercy has been the lot of some on their first acquaintance at a hospital business office. Notes, assignment of income and all manner of liens upon one's future is demanded, as the case may be.

Now, in the Portland area, a new development arises. Citing steadily mounting costs of labor (although hospital help has generally been notoriously underpaid), supplies and equipment as blameworthy, the Portland council of hospitals announces a rise of one dollar a day for all accommodations in the area's charitable institutions. Instead of \$8 per ward, the cost will be \$9 per day—on up as the "luxury" of the service extends.

So accumulates another financial burden—in the name of sweet charity.

ELSEWHERE IN OREGON

Events As Chronicled by Our Contemporaries in Northwest Communities

MIGHT NEVER KNOW

St. Helens might never know what Mrs. Harry S. Truman and her daughter thought of the Columbia river city, during their recent junket thereabouts. Too many secret service men and state police plus a vigorous disinterest in smiling for the camera spoiled a new little feature that might have been.

The tip came to the SENTINEL-MIST that the first lady and her daughter would be through Columbia county enroute to join the president in Portland. A reporter and cameraman dutifully dashed to the east end of the Longview bridge, to be on the spot for a report in the well-known deathless print, that all of Posterity might know the prominent ladies had passed along the way.

Four state policemen were on vigil, awaiting the coming caravan. It showed up and, behind an escort of Washington state flat-foot-on-wheels, zoomed through the bridge toll station at a clip of some 40 miles per hour.

On the Oregon side, the local state police took over the burden of escort responsibility. Yet, after the usual "polite inquiry" used in such a circumstance, an abrupt "no" followed the request for a picture and an interview. Furthermore, the state patrol said for the newshawk to stop haunting them.

That folksy touch the President Truman has sharpened up for his cross-country "non-political" politicking has somehow failed to give the rabble—and its press—an invitation to record the bush league goings and comings across a state's border.

The empty-handed reporter remarks that the Trumans look just like their picture, if it interested in the remark. And the nicest thing about the whole misadventure, the account continues, is the good time possible behind a police escort.

ANCIENT AUTO PARADE

While, in some parts, people are interested in viewing latest models and speculating on eventual ownership, the Historical Automobile club of Oregon staged a more dramatic presentation in Gresham last Sunday.

Many a wheezing ancient chugged through the main streets, says the OUTLOOK, and plans for the annual field day of the early-day vehicles included the wearing of linen dusters, goggles, hats like umbrellas and other items of dress that harken back to the turn of the century.

One of the much-looked-for entries of the affair was a 1903 Ford, fully restored to its original factory perfection. All of the parade

oldsters really accomplished a feat by finishing the parade. Starting point was Fifth and Madison, in Portland, and the end of the run was the Multnomah county fair grounds. Car and costume judging were featured, along with handicap races and other events.

The club, representing owners of about 60 early day autos, was organized in 1945, for the purpose of preserving and restoring to running order any unusual make or model of car. Each summer, an annual meet is staged on the basis of a 10 miles per hour average performance. The public, of course, were invited.

CINDERELLA'S BAD DREAM

Cinderella's bad dream, though it seemed a nightmare, turned out quite well, after all.

The city of Hillsboro, reports the ARGUS, engaged in a bit of hoop-de-doo in behalf of the annual Rose Festival parade. Elected a queen. Constructed a float, around the fairy tale of Cinderella and her glass slipper.

All was beautifully arranged and predictions were readily offered that a sweepstakes win was practically in the bag.

However, en route to the parade route, a couple tangles with the float ahead and the float behind—occasioned when a truck ran into the float just ahead of Hillsboro—did a damaging job to Cinderella and her flower-bedecked glass slipper.

Shaken up and with some of the paraphernalia missing, Cinderella thought herself in the midst of a nightmarish bad dream. But it didn't do too much harm—for, even though incomplete, the county seat entry topped first place in the division of Oregon cities outside Portland. Vanport came second and Forest Grove third. Among honorable mentions was Multnomah Fire District No. 3.

SEWER COLLECTION WOE

The city council of Forest Grove is in a turmoil these days because of their woe in collecting sewer rental charges from Hudson-Duncan cannery.

Court actions is recommended, reports the NEWS-TIMES, as the answer to getting the sewer usage fee from the industrial firm.

According to the case as related, Hudson-Duncan has flatly served notice that it would not pay the required fee, citing some agreement or contract which was the basis of their setting up shop in Forest Grove. Now it appears that the cannery's recalcitrance will develop into a test for similar ordinances being enacted by other Oregon communities because of improvement expenses deriving from state sanitary demands by the state legislature.

The League of Oregon Cities, recognized as a mouthpiece or strategy board for state municipalities, may take up the chal-

lenge to determine a city's power in making such collections.

Meanwhile, some of the smaller scale customers of the city tend to hold back their sewer use charges, pending disposition of the H-D case.

ALMOST A CENTURY AGO

In 1850, almost a century ago, a doctor came to Oregon City as the only practicing physician in the territory from Vancouver to Salem. He was one of the city's first mayors, nine years a councilman and 18 years coroner. In the field of education, he was the first superintendent of the school system there.

Such an account reads like the saga of a deserving pioneer who had added greatly to the development of a community. And such is the appreciation to be showed, August 12-15, during Oregon City's observance of the Oregon Territory centennial, when a bronze tablet on a native stone marker will be unveiled in the memory of Dr. Forbes Barclay, reports the BANNER COURIER.

Susannah Lee Barlow chapter of the Daughters of American Revolution, sponsoring the project, relate that funds for the monument will be provided from the profits in sale of a booklet on historic Clackamas county homes, published last year.

CLACK CREEK—On Truman Road 1 mile north of Zigzag Ranger Station, via (St Hy-50) in Clackamas county. Elevation 1450 feet. 9 stoves, 12 tables, benches, 2 toilets, stream water. Supplies 1 mile. Fishing.

CLEAR LAKE (Small Lake)—On Clear Lake road 1 mile west of Skyline road via (St Hy-50), 66 miles from Portland. Elevation 3300 feet. 2 stoves, 4 tables, 2 toilets, spring and stream water. Supplies 12 miles. Fishing.

FIR TREE—On Sherar Burn road 6 miles south of Government Camp via the Summit Mdw. road. Elevation 4500 feet. Space 3 trailers, 15 stoves and fireplaces, 15 tables, 2 toilets, spring water. Supplies 4 miles. Huckleberries.

FISH CREEK—On Clackamas river road 17 miles southeast of Estacada. Elevation 900 feet. 2 shelters, 25 stoves, 25 tables, 2 toilets, stream water. Supplies Estacada 17 miles. Fishing.

FROG LAKE—On Wapinitia highway (State-50), 9 miles southeast of Government Camp. Elevation 3700 feet. 4 stoves, 3 tables, 2 toilets, lake water. Swimming and fishing.

HIGH ROCK—On Abbott road, 27 miles east of Estacada Mountain road. Elevation 4600 feet. 5 stoves, 4 tables, 2 toilets, spring water. Supplies Estacada. Huckleberries.

HORSESHOE LAKE—Near Olallie lake, 27 miles from Detroit, 104 miles from Portland, on Skyline Forest road. Elevation 5700 feet. Space 3 trailers, 3 stoves, 3 tables, 1 toilet. Supplies 3 miles. Lake fishing.

CLACKAMAS LAKE MEADOWS

On Skyline Forest road, 75 miles southeast of Portland, fair road. Elevation 3300 feet. Space 4 trailers, 5 stoves, 8 tables, 4 toilets, spring and stream water. Supplies 21 miles. Fishing.

Camp Creek—On Mt. Hood Loop Hy (St-50), 3 miles east of Rhododendron, 47 miles from Portland. Elevation 2100 feet. Parking for 80 cars and 3 trailers, community kitchen, 34 stoves, 44 tables, 2 flush toilets, piped water. Swimming pool, bath house, swings, sand box, horseshoe court, fishing.

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

They let the Wives in!

The ex-GIs of our town entertained their wives the other night at one of their "feeds" of hamburger sandwiches and ice cold beer. (The girls had hinted that they'd like to see what went on when their husbands got together.)

Being wary, the boys provided chicken sandwiches and cake and cider—for those wives who might have other tastes. But though they were grateful for the choice, most of the wives agreed that hamburger sandwiches and beer were a mighty pleasant combination.

After the "feed" the husbands took their wives on at a game of darts, and later they played "Indications." The party broke up around ten, with the boys agreeing that it was mighty successful.

From where I sit, it's this companionship among young couples today, and their moderation in a sensible beverage like beer, that's won the younger generation such a wholesome reputation.

Joe Marsh

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