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Takes Joy Out Of Life

Whenever a guy plans something particularly reckless, to give expression to an overflowing spirit, it seems there are always those who sit back and point out the folly. And maybe by the efforts of these "spoil-sports" some acts of rash thoughtlessness are prevented. Such, at least, is the fervent hope of this editorial.

We are about to celebrate just such an occasion as might make sorry fools of the best of us—the Fourth of July. Whether it is because this national day is spoken of as "Independence Day" or because there are ready means for hazardous exploits, the coming week end holds an unhappy prospect of tragedy that might well touch most any of us.

There are reams of statistics and columns of comparable figures which purport to show the rise and fall of holiday accidents across the nation. But these figures and statistics are quite meaningless. In the basic value, Fourth of July accidents are personal for they make their marks in the close circle of family and friends.

Thoughtlessness, like a rash, breaks out under favorable conditions. And one of its bitter fruits is that innocent people are sometimes made its victim.

Over the Fourth, one of the first potential dangers is in the careless handling of the modern fireworks. Properly used, these devices are safe enough. But woe is the lot of the careless. Serious burns, with resulting infection. Missing fingers. Lost eyesight. Other physical disfigurements, not to mention fires and other losses of property.

Some of the fireworks of today are truly alarming. At first glance, they would seem to require the services of a professional "powder monkey" to set them off. Yet, as the manufacturer would insist, they are safe enough if used with the proper precaution.

Another area which might bring disaster is the holiday-packed highways of the state. Any driver will tell you that careful driving takes all the danger from automobile travel. But there are many road conditions which are not under the control of even the most careful motorist.

The best rule would seem to be to keep your car under control, at all times. Don't take chances because of an impatience at slower drivers ahead. But then, all these and many more have been printed and practically shouted from housetops for years. And still highway smash-ups happen.

Human behaviour is seldom governed by rules. It is only when individuals, themselves, realize reckless thoughtfulness must be controlled that the most important step to holiday safety is taken.

Thoughtful celebrants, of course, can push back the holiday hazards that lurk in wait for them, whether on the highways, at the beach, or even in their own backyard.

But those who are given to an excess of enthusiasm, paying no heed to the risks involved, may sadly enough find that death or injury will so surely take the joy out of life!

—W. K.

Opportunity Left Cold

The war is said to have been long over. But one of the devices of that period's patriotism, has survived into the transition-to-peace era, as illustrated in this month in the Opportunity Bond Drive.

There is less emphasis on patriotism, in current savings bond drives, and more selling on the basis of thrift, the opportunity of financial independence and a sure return on an investment. With all these points of persuasion, however, the current Opportunity Drive has found no easy, smooth sailing.

The idea of investing in U. S. Savings Bonds is basically sound. Oft repeated, but undeniable in logic is the fact that nothing is safer financially than an obligation against the government. This theory cites the fact that every bit of currency in circulation is backed by faith in the national government. And if the government is unable to pay its bond obligations, its currency would also be valueless.

The purchase of bonds, these days, is not the simple matter of diverting wage surpluses to "help win a war". Now the hard economic facts of life must be faced. And, by some lamentable habit of thought people have begun to wonder in some instances at the continuing pressure for government bond buying.

A careful look at the amount of money that goes out in direct federal taxation, without taking into account the hidden, indirect taxation which effectively touches everyone in practically all purchases made, tells an alarming picture. Taken as a matter of routine from each weekly pay check, the annual federal income tax is a muted blow which is only brought out in the open each year, at the time of settling up the tax account.

But it is enough to raise the question of why continuous appeals must be made for government bonds, aside from the thrift feature. Does the government have an insatiable appetite that must feed on an unending flow of money, regardless of how it is obtained?

A business or a corporation oftentimes must appeal to the money market for loans, whether by note, mortgage or bond. But no business will long exist which must follow each loan with an appeal for another loan. Can government stay solvent by accumulating more and more obligations, even in the face of a federal indebtedness of some \$252 billion dollars?

No one actually fears the government will go broke and repudiate its obligations. But it seems baffling that there must be more and more money demands, through taxation or for voluntary purchase of bonds. It is as though the end of government spending might never be reached and the process of buying bonds, like the payment of taxes, seems like dropping money into a bottomless well.

This might explain why many, who in time of war, might make an extra effort to buy a bond or two, in this instance, left opportunity cold.

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Chas. Dickinson Sets Mark With 95th Year In Valley

BORN 1854, PIONEER ALSO ESTABLISHED NAT'L RECORD WITH LONG MEMBERSHIP IN GRANGE

By Hervey S. Robinson
(Continued from last week)
Charles T. Dickinson lives on Stevenson Road just off Boones Ferry road about four miles north of Tualatin, four miles west of Oswego and about seven miles southwest of Portland. He has, we believe, the record for long time residence in the West Willamette valley. He was born Dec. 5, 1854 on the farm where he still resides, in good health, with almost 95 years of continuous residence behind him.

Fourteen years ago, he told a newspaper correspondent, "My father, Josiah S. Dickinson came west on the steamship Ohio, the same ship that brought the 4th United States Infantry enroute to Vancouver Barracks, in 1852. When he embarked the steamer had already sold practically all its space for passengers so when 700 soldiers came aboard the ship was crowded to capacity.

The passengers, including the soldiers went by rail to the Chagres river and from there by boat to Gorgona thence on mules to Panama. U. S. Grant was regimental quartermaster of the 4th Infantry.

"While the troops were camped at Cruces, the cholera broke out and nearly 100 of the soldiers died and were buried on the Isthmus.

"My father went to Yreka, California, but decided that he would have a better chance in Oregon, so he went to Portland, late in 1852. There he obtained a job as superintendent of the territorial penitentiary, located at Front and Harrison streets, where Smith Brothers later located their iron foundry.

"Father took up 320 acres as a donation land claim not long after coming to Portland.

"I was born in a log cabin on that claim Dec. 5, 1854 and on Christmas day when I was 20 days old, my folks carried me down the trail and crossed the Willamette river in a skiff at Milwaukie where I was christened in the old St. John's Episcopal Church by Bishop Thomas Fielding Scott. My folks stayed there all night. Our home was not very far from Milwaukie in those days—only a few miles—but there were no roads and people didn't travel on the trails through the woods at night.

"In 1854, something over \$1,000 was raised by public subscription to build a road from Portland to Lynn City, opposite Oregon City, and my father was placed in charge of its construction.

"My mother, whose maiden name was Ann King, was one of eleven children. With her folks she left Indiana in the spring of 1852 for the Willamette valley. There were thirteen in the family when they started—my mother, her parents, her sister and nine brothers. All of the brothers died of cholera on the plains.

"My father and mother were married on September 19, 1853 by the Rev. Calvin S. Kingsley, who was principal of the Portland Academy and Female Seminary. He was a Methodist minister. Father and mother began housekeeping

in a log cabin on this place, in which I was born.

"I got only one year schooling. I attended school at Oswego in 1862 for six months and again in 1863 for the same length of time. I got as far as Wilson's Fifth Reader. I worked on the farm here till I was 20 and, for the next twenty-eight years I worked in logging camps, saw-mills and lumber yards and at building.

"I was married on Sept. 17, 1883 to Florence A. Smith, who for some years had been a teacher in the Central school in Portland. We were married by the Rev. Frederick R. Marvin of the Congregational Church. I began going there when Rev. George H. Atkinson was pastor. The church was located at First and Jefferson streets. Douglas W. Taylor was librarian of the Sunday School library at that time.

On April 20, 1874 the Oswego Grange No. 175 was organized and Charlie Dickinson, then 18 years old, carrying his new boots under his arm, walked barefoot for four miles over a muddy country road to Oswego to affix his name to the charter list of that body. There were 25 charter members, and at the April 14, 1949 meeting of the Grange Mr. Dickinson recalled from memory the names of the other charter members and told where they lived at the time the Grange was organized.

Charles is the only one of that group still living. During the 75 years that he has belonged to the Grange, more than 1,000 members have passed through the books, and he has, during that period held, at one time or another, practically every office

within the gift of that body.

His wife, who passed away a number of years ago, was the first State Grange home economics chairman, then known as the woman's home work committee. Dickinson himself for many years was the song leader at the State Grange seasons.

Seventy-five years after the organization of the Oswego Grange Charles Dickinson was accorded special honors at a program at Oswego in observance of the Diamond Anniversary of that body. His three quarters of a century of continuous membership in one Grange is thought to have established a national record.

In 1900, the Dickinsons were engaged quite extensively, in raising small fruit on their farm. Finding that the market was uncertain and being unable to command a price that would pay them for raising the fresh fruit, they decided to market it in the form of jams and jellies.

Beginning in a small way Mrs. Dickinson at first processed the fruit in her own kitchen and Mr. Dickinson peddled it to merchants in adjacent territory. Before long they were not only handling their own fruit but were purchasing that of the entire neighborhood.

With the financial backing of J. C. Olds, a boyhood friend, a building upon the premises was converted into a processing plant. Mr. Dickinson was the first man in Oregon to purchase a carload of jelly glasses. He bought 7,200 dozen at one order. They cost him around 15 cents a dozen. He says that his peak years were from 1918 to 1920. During those years his sales averaged \$50,000 worth of his products per year and one year they exceeded \$60,000.

In 1920 Charles T. Dickinson, then 66 years old, retired from the business, turning it over to his sons, Walter and Allen, each of whom ran his own factory. They put up grape and loganberry juice and jams and jellies of all kinds.

They began buying strawberries that were put down in sugar and frozen. They also handled rasp-

berries in the same manner. In this way they were able to buy their fruit by the barrel and put it up at their leisure. They manufactured prune conserve and marmalade and have carried the reputation of Willamette valley fruit all over the nation.

Today the business is conducted by the third generation from the two plants on the site of the old donation claim and from an office in Portland. For years they have had all the orders they could handle and their product now goes to every state in the union.

Charles T. Dickinson is one of the very few surviving members of the Oregon Territorial Pioneers Association and was president of it in 1928.

(Continued next week)

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