

# BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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## People's Country Estate

If the popular saying is true that a library is a poor man's university, certainly a public park might be considered the common man's "country estate". And in the range of public parks existing throughout the United States, there are setups that fit almost any description.

First and foremost requirements of a park and its recreational spaces is that it preserves some feature of nature. Perhaps it is alongside a stream or river, where the shade and cool breezes encourage restfulness and relaxation. Or it might well be along a busy street, yet so confined by hedges or other boundaries as to be a place apart from the busy world beyond.

To be sure, a park is not, in the usual case, something that just happens. To be properly qualified, such an area requires care and planning. It must be developed from an idea, based in genuine desire on the part of the people it will serve.

In some ways, a park is a luxury, an extra not fundamentally required in the scheme of normal living. Unlike the water, streets or police department of a city or town, a park may be neglected without burdening too greatly the convenience of the residents.

Yet, wherever there is an adequate park and recreational department of a city or town, there is evidence that facilities have been provided for the welfare of its youngsters.

In the Tualatin valley, there are instances of this concern for the recreational needs and requirements of the people, young and old.

Beaverton, though sorely beset by financial stresses, yet has the beginning of a properly developed park area. Situated alongside a busy street, one part of the area boasts an outdoor barbecue-fireplace and a number of picnic tables and benches.

Here it is possible for families or for organizations to take advantage of well-kept natural surroundings and make use of picnicking privileges. Ambitious plans of groups within the city envision a comfort station and swimming pool which will go a long way in providing recreational outlets.

In the city of Tualatin, forward looking spirits of the community have worked unceasingly for an area alongside the town's meandering river. Work parties have made definite headway against scotch broom and other pestiferous growths. But a long way remains to be traveled before a park worthy of the name and the community is accomplished.

A park, to be developed and brought to a condition of ready usefulness, requires more than passing interest or passive acquiescence of the people. It demands work and planning, boosting and scheming and even a little cussing when the row gets tough.

Certainly without development, a potential park area at the most might rate as an informal ball park, a special event picnic grounds or a barbecue area. It is a far cry from a restful oasis of green grass, flower and shrubs or trees where the environment is peace and quietude.

If the enthusiasm of its main boosters is an indication, Tualatin will surely have a park, some day. But unless the bulk of the people stir their stumps and translate their enthusiasm into some sort of action toward the realization of the community dream, they will be ever reproached by their utter impotence in seeing a civic project through to full realization.

There is no other way the common herd can have available those attributes of graceful, restful relaxation so common to the landed gentry, except for the expensive charity of someone who might want to perpetuate his name or fame by endowing a few recreational acres. And even in such an instance, the result would not be as satisfactory as a park that people want earnestly and intensely enough to accomplish for themselves.

Usually there is little perpetuation for the hardest workers in the development of a public park. Sometimes a fountain or a park bench might carry the name of a few. But the wholesome reward is the enjoyment it provides for those who will use and maintain it.

Surely, a park is the people's "country estate!"

## Common Sense and Reason

It has been very interesting to note the campaign which Mr. Sawyer, editor of the Bend Bulletin, has been conducting on the expense of government in relation to the reams of material which every government agency and bureau, commission and department, and branches of each, continues to send to newspapers whether they request it, ask to have it stopped, or merely remain passive.

This condition was brought to our attention on receipt of a very elaborate form on heavy postcard material, with a mimeographed letter and all enclosed in a large manila envelope which, mind you, was a second request as to the amount of logs, bolts, lumber, veneer and plywood that would be used in our manufacture for the next year.

Who, with the slightest thought of the request would include a small newspaper office in such a mailing. This may seem a trivial matter, but on the contrary it is a very substantial problem as the costs involved in printing and mailing such material are no mere trifles. All of the costs are included in the operation of all of these different offices and the taxpayer is the one who foots the bill at the end of the year.

It is doubly disturbing to those of us who must waste our time opening and pondering the wanton waste and still know that just wasting our time is not enough, we must also pay the bill for having our mail box cluttered up with a series of just such ridiculous requests for information as this one.

So we add our two-bits worth to the campaign that Mr. Sawyer has been presenting and trust that his efforts may be rewarded with a little common sense and reason.

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## Readers Say

### CLOSE-UP

FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.

To the Editor:

Have been pretty much on the run since last I wrote you but today find time and conditions favorable for submitting some more observations.

One of the most surprising things I saw in Washington, D. C., is the way cars pull out from the curb and make reverse turns right in the middle of the block in heavy traffic downtown. But everybody seems to expect it and though I saw the stunt pulled many times I never saw even a near accident.

The street and hi-way signs in and near Washington follow some mysterious system. I could not get onto it. But when I get home I promise to never grouch about street markers in Portland.

We watched the Senate work one day. It is very apparent that Wayne Morse is one of the more important men in the chamber. It is also easy to see that Robert Taft and Scott Lucas are both leaders because of their ability and not by accident.

We visited the Supreme Court Building—the most luxurious building in Washington. One wonders just what effect a couple of acres of marble pavement and steps have on the workings of Justice. One must see the great expanses of polished marble walls and floors and numerous 100 ton, single piece marble columns to obtain a fair conception of the building.

We saw the door marked "Mr. Justice Douglas" but we did not see the local boy "who made good".

Supreme Court was adjourned till fall while we were there.

The last day they handed down 17 (seventeen) decisions: nine of which were split 5 to 4 and as I recall it, none were without dissent. How come? They all listened to the same evidence and were guided by the same laws. Maybe the working of those laws is so confusing that even Supreme Court Justices can't make out their meaning and just have to guess.

Washington would be a good place to attend college, no matter what subject one should wish to study, that is, if one could keep his mental and spiritual equilibrium in the atmosphere of rivalry and conflict. There is outstanding exhibition of material in almost any branch of learning.

We toured a number of spots of historical interest from Williamsburg to Gettysburg. We saw much beautiful furniture and cabinet work. I marveled mostly at how such fine work could be done with such crude hand tools.

We were guided over the Gettysburg battlefield. They really fought for keeps there. During the three days of battle one third of all the troops engaged were killed or maimed. We saw a lot of other battlefields.

We saw the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. We read Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, engraved on a tablet on the spot where he delivered it. We read letters by Washington, in his own hand writing, giving counsel on affairs, and read the original draft of the Declaration of Independence just as Jefferson wrote it. We could use all three of them right now if they were alive.

The race segregation question had a flare-up while we were in Washington. About all the noise came from a small percentage of both black and white extremists. Most people think the only reasonable solution is to raise the Negro to a plane where he will qualify for acceptance and that will take quite a lot of time and lifting. The Negro race is unfortunate rather than victimized. There are a lot of white people in a comparable state.

In Lexington, Ky., I sat in the room and listened while a small group of educators, politicians and industrialists discussed the political and economic problems of the day. They were in substantial agreement as to the facts but no one offered an answer to what should we do now? They all agreed that we are not doing as well as we should with the resources at our command. Not one endorsed the Truman policies.

Yours truly,  
Omer Moore

### "ON TO OREGON"

To the Editor:

The Old Oregon Trail winds before me as in a dream. Again come the sights and sounds of great migration. I can see the sad parting of friends and loved ones, and hear the last words of encouragement, hope, fear and cheer as the oxen-drawn train starts toward the Sunset Land.

How strong and brave the starting! I can see them toiling along the trail in the heat of a summer's sun. I can see them camping in a circle of wagons in the cool moonlit night of rest. I can see the

## In Public Service Tozier Was Active In Many Fields

FROM NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE, CLIPPING BUREAU RANGE INCLUDED HORSE NURSEMAID, PARK SUP'T.

By Hervey S. Robinson  
(Continuation of Last Week)

In 1878, I attended Tualatin Academy at Forest Grove," said Albert Tozier, in an interview in 1936. "I graduated in 1881 and, after graduating, I continued at Pacific University until 1883. I then went to Chehalis, Washington, and started the Lewis County Nugget. The first issue appeared July 14, 1883. My partner was Meybrick, J. E. Willis bought the paper, changed its politics to Democratic, secured the local post-mastership and sold the paper.

"I had done my first newspaper work on the old Hillsboro Independent in 1874, as printer's devil. I was hired as roller boy, but put in my Saturdays learning to set type. In 1886, I bought a half interest in the Independent. I worked a while as reporter on the Portland News. Jack Egan was city editor and Henry Reed was reporter when I was on the News. The time was not yet ripe for a second newspaper in Portland, so the News suspended.

"I then went to the Oregonian and worked at the cases receiving 40 cents a thousand for day and 50 cents a thousand for night work. After about a year on the Oregonian, Frank Lee and I started the Pacific Printing company, at the foot of Morrison street. Lee started a little job printing office.

"Peter and Maurice Binford had started a printing office, with a little hand press and a hatful of type. They secured Frank Lee's job office, which they later named the Metropolitan Printing Company. They now have an immense plant and publish many books, by western writers.

"Lee and I published the Pacific Farmer for about 15 years.

Along about 1886, Max Burgholzer, who was born in Switzerland began writing articles in the Pacific Farmer advocating the initiative and referendum. A. D. Cridge, also published articles along the same line in the Oregon Vidette. In those days the Farmers' Union and the Grange were strong. A little later William S. U'Ren became a champion of direct legislation and worked tirelessly for the cause until the initiative and referendum were adopted.

"Later I operated a press clipping bureau, which I sold to Harry L. Allen.

"While I was on the Pacific Farmer, I was elected president of the National Press Association, in 1891 at Buffalo, N. Y. I had attended the first meeting in 1885, at New Orleans and have attended 28 of the 50 meetings since that time.

"On January 1, 1925, I became superintendent of Champoeg Park. My sister, Edythe Tozier Weathered, for eight years served as my assistant without pay.

"When I was in my late teens, I planned to become a veterinarian. Because of my knowledge along some lines, W. D. Hoekster of Hillsboro and Charles Newell of Goldendale employed me to take a trainload of 600 range

wearry camp guard leaning on his rifle, his thoughts turning to those he has left behind. Would he ever see them again? I see the skirmish and the concealed grave by the side of the trail.

I can see the trail grow fainter, rougher and more dangerous, marked only by wagon wheels and whitening bones. I see the bridge-less rivers and steep grades. I can hear the mingled oaths and prayers, the creaking wheels and cracking whips, the wild cheers when a stint is ended. I can see glittering gold making its bid to draw men away from the trail leading to Oregon. I hear the timid voices of dissension and discouragement, but the brave push on.

Days, weeks and months pass and the ever shortening wagon train moves on. Some managed to reach their journey's end. To what end? They had begun for us the settlement of the great wilderness of the Northwest. They turned the key which unlocked the gate to the Oregon Country.

A century has passed and now we ride these same trails on shockless steel springs, air filled tires and soft cushions. Bridges cross rivers and grades are leveled and comforts are scattered along way.

Today the Old Oregon Trail, Inc., a non-profit organization, is pushing its grateful task of marking the trail and historic spots and spreading authentic information on the great westward trek in America. Those who wish to assist in this work should send their checks to Old Oregon Trail, Inc., 824 S. W. 5th Avenue, Portland 4, Oregon, in care of Walter Meacham, secretary, or phone him at ATwater 9411 for literature and information. It is hoped that you will not postpone action.

Yours truly,  
E. B. Birkenbeuel  
Portland, Oregon

horses back to Geneva, N. Y., to be sold. They bought these horses in the Horse Heaven Country and along the open range on the upper Columbia at \$2.50 a head.

"I had charge of the first trainload of horses ever shipped across the continent. We shipped from Prosser, Washington. Eight men cared for the horses enroute.

"In those days the law required that stock should not be kept in a car more than 24 hours at a stretch. So we would travel 24 hours, then unload, feed and water and allow the animals to rest 24 hours before resuming our journey. We lost only 20 horses on the trip.

"I was not only veterinarian and shipping master but also acted as auctioneer as well. We sold these unbroken horses at auction at an average price of \$81 a head. The original cost was \$2.50 a head, plus freight, feed and other expenses. The total cost per horse, to the company was about \$27 a head, netting a profit of about \$54 each.

"I worked two years for Hoxter and Newell, taking back five train loads of horses. We made money on every trainload but one, and on that we just about broke even. We arrived in Boston with that load just as the street railway company was electrifying its line and placing all of its horses on sale.

"That reminds me of a curious incident. When George A. Steel was planning to start a street railway system, he went east to consult Thomas A. Edison about the possibility of operating street cars by electric power. Such a thing has never been done," said Edison. "I doubt if it would be practicable. I am afraid it would cost so much that no company could afford it." So Steel gave up the idea of an electric street railway.

Albert Tozier died in Portland, June 27, 1937, age 78. His sister Edythe Tozier Weathered died July 6, 1943, age 79. She was born at Tualatin February 4, 1864.

On November 3, 1945, the Native Sons and Daughters of Washington county dedicated a monument to the memory of Albert Tozier and his sister Edythe Tozier Weathered at their graves in the Hillsboro cemetery.

(continued next week)

## Her Nose Said No

PORTLAND, Ore.—Even after that short hour with the woman, Jane vowed a vow. Never again would she let herself be present where that woman was. Did the woman never take a bath? Did she never put on clean clothes? Small wonder Jane's nose said NO. Then Jane took a look at herself. If that woman carried about such a stench, then what about herself? What an odor her sins must have been sending up to God all those 30 years of her life! Jane was right. For to God—We are all as an unclean thing and our human goodness is as a filthy rag. See Isaiah 64:6. Right then and there Jane laid hold on Christ as the Son of God who died for her that she might be born of God into eternal life.

What moved her? Fear? It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.—Hebrews 10:31. Or was it love? God proved his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us—Romans 5:8. Whichever it was, Jane has had blessed assurance all the years since that eternal life is hers.

And do you rest on your own goodness, which to God is but a filthy rag? See Isa. 64th.—Bible, or through resting all our sins on Christ, have you been born again into eternal life?

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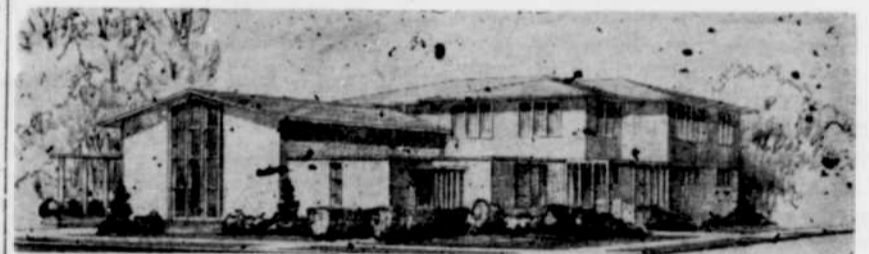
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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

## For The Ladies: A Diet That Really Works

We went out visiting the other night and the ladies were talking away about weight-reducing diets. One of them had a special "15-day Hollywood diet" guaranteed to slim her down fifteen pounds' worth. Another was living on bananas and skim milk!

I might have known the missus would get the bug, too, and sure enough the other day she asks me, "Joe, what kind of a diet do you think I ought to go on?"

"Mother," I says, "the only diet I would ever recommend to anyone is simply moderation. I wouldn't

trust any of those get-thin-quick diets. Simply cut down on desserts, bread, butter, sweets and fats—but when you do, even do your cutting down moderately."

From where I sit, moderation is the watchword. Moderation with food, with smoking or with the enjoyment of a friendly glass of temperate beer or ale. Actually, moderation adds to the enjoyment of just about anything.

Joe Marsh