

# BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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## Beaverton Arrival of 1871 Remembers Early Railroad

GEORGE W. BAKER FIRST CAME WEST ON TRIP WITH SISTER; LATER RETURNED TO MAKE RESIDENCE

By Hervey S. Robinson

Any reader who has additional information on names, places or events covered by Mr. Robinson are invited to write the newspaper. In this way, a more complete historical series will be possible. Address letters to Hervey S. Robinson, % Beaverton Enterprise, Beaverton, Oregon.

(Continued from last week)

We have long wished that we might talk to some one who saw Beaverton at its very beginning, and when we read in the Enterprise of April 14 last, that George W. Baker, now in his 88th year, had come to Beaverton when he was four years old, we hastened to look him up at his present place of residence in Portland.

Upon our inquiring what he remembered of Beaverton in 1866, he informed us that there was an error of seven years in the account as given in the paper; that he came in 1871, when he was nine years old. That was two years after Joshua Welch gave Joseph Gaston land for a right of way and station for his projected Oregon Central (West Side) Railroad, and, with the help of George W. Betts, Charles Angel, W. P. Watson, John Henry and others, laid out the town, marking out streets and blocks.

The railroad company gave Betts a half block in the new townsite upon his agreement to establish a store upon it. Betts erected a building and sold it to Jesse N. Griffith, who started a store there in 1871. The store, according to W. O. Hocken, was a log structure, which stood where The Erickson garage was later built. A road ran past the front of the store, a mere trail, rough and lined with brush. A few owners of land claims lived in the vicinity, among them were Wm. Hall, George Hornbuckle, Thomas Denny and Augustus Fanno. John Henry came in 1869 and Hocken in 1871. Although construction was begun in Portland in April 1868, the rail road did not reach Beaverton until the fall of 1871.

Meantime, a little school house was built just west of the Beaverton ditch, and a district school was started.

George Baker came from Missouri with his sister Mrs. Eliza Hughson and her husband. The trip was made over the new Pacific railroad to San Francisco in an emigrant coach, thence over the railroad then under construction from San Francisco to Portland to the end of track at the Oregon-California boundary line, and then by steamboat to Portland. Joseph Baker, George's father, contemplated locating in Oregon and was glad of an opportunity to send one member of his rather large family in advance in competent care.

The Hughsons secured a place down by the Beaverton ditch near the schoolhouse. George says that the ground was so soft and spongy that you could jump up and down and it would shake and tremble for a distance of several feet on every side. George started to school that fall, and was there when the construction gang, composed of Chinese laborers came to lay the railroad track. Brush was piled upon the swampy ground, covered with earth and ties and rails laid upon it. "The track," said C. W. Richter

Allen, "was as rough as the roughest sea and the old passenger car at the end of the mixed train used to wobble back and forth like a snake's tail."

When the first train arrived after the track was laid the pupils in the little schoolhouse were wild with excitement and the teacher dismissed school so that they could go down and see the train come in. Shortly after the Hughsons were settled at Beaverton and George had started to school, another married sister, Mrs. Mary Kline arrived with her husband and settled on the Canyon Road, one mile farther east. Six months later James Baker came and spent some time looking for a location to his liking. He was offered a large tract of Beaverton land for \$1800, but he considered it worthless swamp and declined the offer. After exploring the country as far as McMinnville without finding a place that suited him, he returned to Missouri, taking George with him.

After returning to Missouri with his father, George remained there with his parents until 1886, when the family moved to Santa Cruz, California. Then, being 24 years old, he left the paternal roof and came back to Beaverton vicinity. He worked at various occupations for the next 13 years. For a good part of that time he was employed by John Henry on his horseradish farm.

On the Fourth of July, 1892, he was married to Miss Malvina Trayler, who came with her parents to Clatskanie, Oregon in 1888. His eldest son, Jesse Silas was born in 1893, on King's Lane, near Beaverton, in a house that is still standing. He went to school in a little one room schoolhouse where the village of Progress now stands.

Joseph Baker, purchased city property at Santa Cruz, California and died there in 1893; his wife survived him until 1895. In 1899, George settled upon a farm southwest of Beaverton, which had previously come into his possession. Where he lived for a number of years. He is now retired and living with his son Jesse Silas at 11 S. W. Morrison Street in Portland.

Mr. Baker says that, when he came back to Beaverton from California, Mr. Hamilton was running the store and taking care of the freight depot, situated nearby. "One day," he said, "Mr. Hamilton called to me, as I was passing his place and said that he had a package for me. I was not expecting any shipment and told him so. While we were talking a stranger came in and asked, 'Have you anything for G. W. Baker?' 'Yes,' said Hamilton, 'Mr. Baker is right here.' 'The other man proved to be the one for whom the package was intended.

"His name was the same as mine," said George, "and we lived on the same route, which caused no end of confusion. I asked him what the initials stood for and he said, 'My father named me after George Washington.' "So did mine," replied Mr. Baker.

(To Be Continued)

### EVERY DAY IS WHOLE

Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy and improve the present without wishing, through haste, to rush on to another.

Richter

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

### Why "Moose" Changed His Mind

Last week, parents were calling Moose Jackson on the phone—and kids were hooting at him in the streets. All because Moose fenced in his field near the depot, where the kids like to play ball.

Moose got sore the way folks acted—refused to budge. Then Doc Sherman, who likes to play center-field himself sometimes, decided to "use a little psychology."

Over a friendly glass of beer at Andy's Garden Tavern, Doc says, "Sorry this came up, Moose. We were thinking of asking you to umpire—what with your professional

experience and all." (Moose used to play a little semi-pro ball.)

That did it! Next day Moose put up a stile over his fence. In return, the kids promised not to cause any damage. From where I sit, when you try to understand the other fellow's point of view—like his personal preference for beer or coffee—and then take into consideration the will of the majority, why, things seem to go better all around.

Joe Marsh

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### REAL "WESTERN" HOSPITALITY

More than 2,250,000 visiting vacationists toured Oregon's scenic highways last year. Incredible as it seems, these visitors outnumbered residents of our state by one-third. Such is the magnitude of Oregon's tourist industry.

Now, at the opening of another tourist season, it seems fitting that we who are lucky enough to enjoy Oregon the year around should take note of our mutual responsibility to our visitors.

All of us have been vacationists at one time or another. During our pleasure travels we were primarily in search of fun and relaxation. How much more of these prime vacation necessities we've found in place where we were made to feel welcome and "at home!" And how often we've lingered longer where we found the type of hospitality that is our western heritage!

Being a good tourist host is that simple. It means treating our visitors the way we like to be treated when we, ourselves, are the pleasure-seekers. A hearty handshake, a bit of accurate and helpful information, a suggested side-trip to a local point of interest, will send the traveler on his way with a warm and grateful feeling.

There is another sound reason for making the little extra effort it takes to help someone enjoy the beauties of our cool, green vacationland.

Last year the tourist industry was Oregon's third largest business. Into the pockets of Oregonians went approximately \$110,000,000 of tourist money. This is equivalent to more than \$63 for every man, woman and child in the state!

It's good business for everyone in Oregon to do his share in selling our state's attractions to these "customers." Had each of last year's tourists spent an extra half-day in Oregon, our people would have been \$8,000,000 richer and the whole state would have benefited. This year our opportunity is just as great, perhaps greater.

A real honest-to-goodness western welcome to our tourists means the satisfaction of helping a stranger enjoy his visit with us, and brings extra income to our state. Everyone in Oregon should be a member of the welcoming committee. Everyone benefits.

### CONQUER FEAR OF POLIO

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself".

These words are accepted as typifying at least part of the philosophy of a man who conquered infantile paralysis and went from that victory to the responsibilities of national leadership in the recent World War II.

The determination of Franklin D. Roosevelt, which gave him courage to overcome a dread disease, might well be an object lesson to us all. And even now, against that same affliction, the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation which he helped establish is taking his philosophy to heart.

Polio has become a familiar terror in the hearts of parents, particularly, since the national efforts to combat the disease have brought it to attention. And as the incidence of the disease increases, an inclination towards hysteria becomes so important that the national foundation is now undertaking a program to still unreasoning fears by a campaign of education.

The facts of a possible epidemic of polio in the state of Oregon this year cannot be dismissed too lightly. Last year's incidence of the disease was high enough but already the cases of this year are running ahead of those a year ago. Certainly for every victim there is grief and anguish and the shadow of paralyzing fear—even more so on the parts of parents than of children.

Nothing can minimize the fact that polio is a scourge, an affliction of pain and torture. However, science and the contributions of Americans into the Infantile Paralysis Foundation have teamed to overcome any reason for helplessness in case the disease hits.

We must conquer our fears of the disease, must recognize fully that giving away to hysteria is more than futile—it is a definite affliction in itself, hindering rather than accelerating recovery.

In the event of polio outbreaks in our own home or in those of the area, we must move quickly and surely for the relief of pain and the assurance of the victim. We must keep our wits together, recognizing that a practical, matter-of-fact beginning will do much towards a more favorable response from treatment.

Some who recognize the abjectness that the emphasis on infantile paralysis has generated in the hearts of all of us might think it better to soft-pedal the disease. Or, like an ostrich might suppose, find a big mound of sand into which to stick our heads.

Without public awareness of the disease and—most important—the fact that science is not totally helpless before it, there would be actual fears to plague and bedevil us.

As it is now, we may depend upon the forces of medicine to cope with polio. It is up to us to conquer the fear of polio.

### INDEPENDENCE—THRIFT

Elaborate preparations have gone into the current Independence Savings Bond drive. Newspapers have been deluged with professionally written promotion materials and a great to-do attends an undisguised pressure campaign to have people invest in their government.

Whether or not to go "all out" and clamor excitedly on the bandwagon in this parade is a decision which has confronted many newspapermen of the state and nation. Some, it proves out, have joined the tub thumping. A few have shied away from the proposition, one of the most vociferous of whom seems to have been the Lakeview Examiner in Southeastern Oregon, which flatly rejects the idea of pouring more honest dollars into a federal slush fund for spend-happy bureaucrats.

Perhaps there is a factor of justification in drawing back from investing to further the spendworthy inclinations of those who so readily appropriate and spend and tax and spend and appropriate, in a revolving-door sort of monotony. It cannot be gainsaid that a steady stream of savings dollars are going into the national treasury for savings bonds, nor that this money is not used in the conduct of government.

Taxes are so high, taking a toll through hidden and outright levy far beyond most people's realization, that it seems the national debt must be an accountant's wild pipe dream. Yet in an era of deficit financing, when there is an utter lack of interest in making federal expenditures even theoretically approximate the actual or implied revenue, the hungry maw of tax demands call for more and more from the incomes of the nation.

To suppose that the people as a whole, apprised of this spendthrift habit of government, might slow down the mounting national debt by refusing to buy government bonds is to indulge in direct, though purely wishful thinking.

Take the matter of social security funds, as an example.

When the idea of taxing workers and bosses, to provide security for workers who become unemployable because of age, was first sponsored, mathematicians were quick to point out that the money so accumulated, if stored in government vaults, would take an unheard of amount out of circulation. And, by the same token, this vast backlog of funds—if transferred to the government—would amount to a serious national obligation which would require unusually heavy taxation at time of paying off on the social security setup.

Today, there is a large, growing pile of IOU's from the federal government for these funds which have been used in lieu of direct taxation. The prophecy of a serious national obligation is becoming an actuality—except that the money raised in social security tithes brings some measure of taxation relief for the present. That is, we are paying taxes through money taken each paycheck for our future security when the burden of years and whims of employment leave us in the cold. Somewhat confusing, isn't it?

So it is with savings bonds. You exchange your money for a printed certificate which in ten years will return you \$4 for every \$3. You have a claim on the government for your investment plus your interest. The government uses the money, owes you your savings and sells more bonds to keep the merry-go-round in merry operation.

There are some compensations in the plan, to be sure.

In the first place, U. S. Savings Bonds are as safe an investment as possible. Should the government be forced to repudiate them, the value of its money will be shot. And whatever the terms of devaluation which the Future might impose, these bonds will represent a constant proportion of worth.

Most important, however, whatever the political implications, bond buying campaigns emphasize the habit of thrift, an old-fashioned but still effective virtue which the nation might well cultivate, individually and in government as well. Whether the end result in a backlog of economic security in terms of gilt-edge bonds of Uncle Sam or better living through purchases made possible by systematic saving, those who participate have only to gain.

Certainly we cannot endorse the wild orgy of spending and living beyond our means which has become the federal pattern. It can too easily become a national habit, leading to individual insolvency and family chaos.

We do endorse the habit of thrift, by any means. If the current bond drive will live up to its expectations, perhaps it will be an influence of independence through thrift.