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SAFEGUARD OF CONTROL

The upward spiral of inflationary prices, let the public be damned while "they" get theirs, is speeding up. All levels and most all industries are affected by the mad rush to pump a little leavening into the purchasing dollar.

Printing and publishing now feel this trend, by notification that all paper prices are advancing by an immediate 10%. Every line, it seems, is under the influence that now is the time to grab a little extra and set up a little higher ceiling when comes an expected freeze of prices.

It matters little, apparently, that price controls will be accompanied by a roll-back in prices to a certain definite date. The procedure must have seeds of hope that by raising the prices of everything, some things might not get caught in the eventual roll back.

Price controls are cumbersome and restrictive. They are theoretically imposed as a protection for consumers who are not well able to protect themselves in the purchase of necessities. But the strange goings-on in Washington D. C. point up the gruesome probability that little bleeds the heart of the federal government at the nation's consumers now pressed by an ever-increasing upturn of prices.

True, there are some legislators who have made a bold, grandstand play of advocating price-wage and other controls. But though these characters fly the standards of a popular cause, some of the suggestions made are somewhat suspect.

And stepping up with a measure which purports to do a public service, yet is doomed to a quick casting-off, is no substitute for statesmanship which honestly meets a need and sees it through to acceptance.

Maybe we are becoming alarmed too easily and too early. Perhaps the prices raises that will come before a curb is made will so far outstrip present expectations that today's fudging by 5 and 10 percent will seem as the dearest of normalcy.

We are not gifted with second sight or clairvoyance. It is impossible for us to tell what passes in the minds of our national leaders. It is not impossible, however, to know what will happen to the wage dollar we grub out if this fantastic inflation of prices for things we need in the conduct of business or supply of the dinner table continues much more.

Whether or not there is hard justification for general price raises before the threat of a war-time economy might be debatable. The matter of business profit, as reported time after time by company after company in industry after industry, repeats a common pattern of greater and greater volume. Far do these profits outstrip any estimate of increased wages, no matter how generously such figures might be padded.

The low man on the economic totem pole has little hope of getting by without the safeguard of price controls.

THE DEFENSE DOLLARS

It is somewhat startling to regard the rising demands for more taxes with which to prosecute the action in Korea, after considering how much money has been ostensibly spent on defense since the day of Armistice in August of 1945.

New military funds are being requested, to pile upon the already dispersed fifty billion dollars that marked the last four years of uneasy peace. More taxation is being pressed upon us all, even though there has been practically no letup in the federal take since the last war ended.

The appetite of the federal government seems to have been whetted and stimulated by the last abnormal decade. Events have conspired to encroach more and more deeply upon the national income. Sometimes it seems as though the end will never come to the growing burden of federal taxation.

The country is well united behind President Truman in the action he moved to accelerate, in seeking an end of aggression in Korea. There isn't even an excess of protest at the bland call for more taxation—with never a possible thought at repeal of war-time excise taxes that never have been repealed or lessened.

It might be an extravagant gesture, at a time like this, to just wonder what might have happened to the four year accumulation of taxpayers' money which was allocated to national defense. In terms of national defense which this money was supposed to provide, it took only the requirements of the Korea expedition to bring painfully home the realization that huge gaps remained in our means of national security.

Could fifty billion have been spent wisely and still not prepare us to a state of readiness for "police duty" that the international unrest might have well prophesied?

Somewhere, in the complex jigsaw of national affairs, there must exist a relationship between taxation and high national income. Whether or not the numerical ascendancy of wealth produced is part and parcel of the current, easy-spending philosophy of

government might be subject for a good argument.

Basic mathematics bring the fact home to a wage-earner that the money withheld from his weekly paycheck means a curtailment of his spending and enough of that might even start him to thinking. And at the rate of taxation in the last four years of perilous peace, certainly the prospect of more deductions is increasingly alarming.

It's easy to couch an appeal for more taxes on a matter of military needs. But certainly a little closer bookkeeping or budgeting would be commendable, to bring us a dollar's worth of defense for a dollar's worth of military allocation.

DON'T DISTURB A DREAM

Of all the fancy provisions put forward, to the loud laments of real estate interests, is the idea of licensing all transactions, as a war measure.

By the bald statement and sketchy description as carried by the wire services, this seems to have a side that is not being protested. Yet, if indications are what they seem, this idea would hit a prospective home buyer right between the eyes and, at the same time, put a heavy arm on his pocket-book.

Wartime revenue needs of the government, all can but heartily recognize, call for extra effort and added donation by the taxpayer. With this there should be little disagreement for any adventure in war-making is an expensive matter calling for all out support.

But when it comes to putting blocks and obstacles in the matter of home-buying—if such is the intent of the proposal—the action might well be a little far-fetched.

One of the traditional dreams of any American citizen is to eventually own a home. Trading on this tradition, there was sprung up a veritable forest of houses, financed by FHA or other means, which has fulfilled that dream to varying degrees.

One who is consigned to eternally paying rent is hampered from realization of home-ownership, ending up with bundles and bundles of worthless rental receipts. And so, by whatever means, the urge is somehow to get a house to call your own.

Suppose the pattern of war-earnings compares to the past. Say it. Most people are thinking it, anyway.

To the appeals for war savings bonds, which right-thinking citizens will gladly purchase to aid the war effort, there should not be tied a restriction that home purchases are out. It is too undisguised a denial of a most worthy urge.

There might be people who would plough ill-gotten gains into real estate, rather than following the more decent pattern of buying war-bonds (whose dollars will go to back up the country's fighting men). Let the restrictions be made on them, rather than the small home seeker.

The American economy is largely based upon a free nation at whose core is the small and large property owners. Real estate taxation is the backbone of government revenue.

Let's not disturb the one American dream so significant beyond others.

POWERFUL OPPOSITION

When jail doors clanged on Harry Bridges, the success of a long campaign had finally reached its culmination. Repeated attempts to deport this president of powerful West Coast labor union now seem to have paid off.

Except for his alleged political persuasions—for which, if true, there can be no tolerance—Bridges has won respect of the majority of his followers. His influence, in one field, has been and is felt in many communities of the West.

It can be no more than just to admit that, with all his hullabaloo and despite the powerful enemies he made, that Bridges brought to the once-lowly "dock walloper", a dignity and a social identity totally lacking before.

Because of this, attempts to carry through on de-naturalizing and deporting Bridges will meet powerful opposition.

WHERE DOES IT GO?

A hospital of the area is in the throes of labor trouble with statements put forth claiming and denying that service and maintenance employees are underpaid.

With the high level of hospital rates, it seems unbelievable that any employee receives less than \$1 per hour.

Where does it all go?

FACING UP DECISION

The Billy Graham phenomenon continues unabated.

In Portland, no doubt attracted by revival ballyhoo and mob psychology, attendance might indicate a soul-searching out of proportion to the comparatively few converts to faith.

Is this the sign of facing up a decision of private or personal dedication, a desire of people to believe and a looking for comfort and guidance?

Perkins Realized Fortune Awaiting In Cattle Field

EARLY SETTLER AT HUBER AND BEAVERTON PROSPERED IN FAR-FLUNG MEAT INDUSTRY

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.

By Hervey S. Robinson

(Continued from last week)

When Joseph Gaston brought his Oregon Central (West Side) Railroad to Hillsboro, in the fall of 1872, Richard Perkins had a farm on the present site of Huber, and the place was known as Perkins Crossing. Perkins' children went to school at Beaverton, about a mile further east.

The annual school meeting, in 1871, had been the occasion of a relocation fight. Mike Kennedy and some of the other patrons, who lived east of Beaverton wanted to move the schoolhouse, which stood beside Johnson (or Ash) Creek, just west of the town, to their own locality. Perkins led the fight to keep it where it was.

The meeting was held on the porch of Jesse Griffith's store, and drew a large crowd. The arguments continued nearly all day and ended in a compromise, whereby the school was placed just west of the Beaverton ditch, where it remained for many years.

Perkins was an Englishman, who had come to America in 1851, when he was 28 years old. He had learned the butcher's trade from his father in England, and was very good at it.

After coming to this country, he went to Ohio and worked at his trade for some time. But everywhere he went he heard people talking about the wonderful opportunities in the "golden west" and he decided to go there to make his start.

He realized that those who sought fortunes in the mines were not always successful and believed he would be more certain of success if he stuck to his trade. Having heard many favorable reports from Oregon he decided to locate there.

Early in April 1852, he set out across the plains, driving four yoke of oxen for Robert Perry, to pay for his board and transportation. The long and dangerous journey was accomplished without unusual incident or hardship and the party arrived at The Dalles in early November.

With \$16 in his pocket, Perkins proceeded to the Cascades, where he worked for a while in a boarding house; but, before the end of the month, he was in Portland working for Albright and White, butchers. After a few weeks, he gave up that job and, in partnership with A. H. Johnson, started the Empire Market, under the firm name of Johnson and Perkins.

For about ten years the business prospered, while a great tide of immigration swelled the population of the city.

Watching with keen interest the growth of the town and the development of its markets, Mr. Perkins began to realize the great possibilities in the cattle business and decided to turn drover and cattle buyer.

In 1862 the firm of Johnson and Perkins was dissolved, and Perkins began buying cattle throughout

the Willamette valley, driving them to the mines in Eastern Oregon and Idaho, where he sold them at a handsome profit.

He continued in this business for about two years, then went to Montana, where he followed about the same line of work. His new venture took him to Idaho, Montana and Washington, and south into Texas and California. Often he spent weeks at a time out on the open range.

Frequently he drove his herds to grasslands in neighboring states and, months later, brought them back again to the booming markets of the Northwest.

Once he started for California with 4000 sheep but sold them on the way at a good profit; then continued on to Texas, where he bought 4000 head of cattle and drove them back to Oregon.

In 1871, he came back to Portland, bringing a herd of cattle with him. It was at this time that he bought the farm west of Beaverton. The next year he bought a herd of 800 cattle and drove them to Umatilla county, where he purchased 80 acres for a corral; then turned his cattle loose and engaged in the stock business.

He continued to develop the Beaverton farm, increasing his herd to 5000 cattle and adding a herd of 500 horses. He became one of the most extensive stock raisers and dealers on the Pacific Coast.

He enjoyed the life of the trail and the roundup, and established many life-long friendships with members of the cattle raising fraternity. But the years began to tell upon him, and, in 1886, at the age of 63, he sold out and moved back to Portland. There he rented a hotel, the Holton House and directed it for five years.

In 1890 he began the construction of the Perkins Hotel at Fifth Avenue and Washington street. It was opened February 4, 1891 and was one of the most imposing buildings and one of the best hotels in the city, handsomely furnished and provided with all modern improvements.

He wanted it to serve as the rendezvous for his friends, the cattle men, and he ordered a gilded statue of a longhorn steer, carved from native cedar placed in a niche in a corner of the tower near the hotel roof.

Range acquaintances came from near and far to stop at the Perkins and spend an evening reminiscing the experiences of the

old cattle days with the landlord, and Perkins never failed to point out to them the statue of the gilded steer in the tower, high above the busy street.

At length, during the severe panic of 1893-4, Mr. Perkins became involved in financial difficulties and, in 1896 was obliged to part with his hotel. He sold it to Lot A. Sweetland. Sweetland remodeled the building in 1906, and relegated the steer to a dusty corner in the attic, it remained in retirement for 18 years, until 1924.

But cattlemen, still frequenting the hotel, lounging in the lobby and swapping tales of the range days, realized that something was missing about the familiar place.

(Continued next week)

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