

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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WORST TIME FOR POLIO

Washington county is shadowed by a serious poliomyelitis threat, this year, with the eighth case of the disease equalling all cases of 1949. What the final total for the year will be is enough to bring shudders to all.

Likewise nearing a degree of crisis are National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis funds, obtained through the March of Dimes campaign, which are being rapidly depleted by more and more demands for help in treatment. Washington county, for instance is one of five who have leaned on national funds, requiring a total of \$4850 so far.

National polio has increased and in the state of Oregon, for example, incidence of the disease is about 30% above that of the previous year.

While this is a matter of concern to all, there is strong counsel against fear. No advantage will come from any of us losing our sense of proportions, should the disease strike in either the neighborhood or the home.

Preventive measures, in which not too great faith can be justified, might avoid the disease or, at least, somewhat allay its severity. Over-fatigue and sudden chilling should be carefully patrolled. Adequate rest and sleep, strict fundamental rules of cleanliness and avoiding utensils, toys and implements belonging to other children are suggested.

What seems more sensible, however, is a routine daily check-up of youngsters for early notice of such symptoms as headaches, nausea, muscle soreness and fever.

In any neighborhood, each family should accept the responsibility of detecting any indications of polio among youngster-members and as well cooperate in not spreading the disease.

Children who are coming down with polio should not be allowed to mingle with uninfected youngsters. Since medical science admits the definite causes of poliomyelitis are not known, there need be no denying that a first step on a developing case must be isolated from contacting others.

All we can do—and this must we do—is to watch carefully after youngsters—and adults, too—who might be beginning victims of the affliction.

Late summer and fall are considered the worst for polio outbreaks. Let's pray they are held to a minimum.

WE WOULD LOSE ALL

The dislocations of a war-time economy are not the most highly desired. Taking a vast percentage of young men from homes and communities for the physical act of combat, war levies a heavy burden on the hearts of a populace. Anxieties, frustrations and worries accumulate with each succeeding draft of men.

On the home front, practically every phase of living undergoes change and restriction under the needs of war-making. Rationing, shortages and always-present seeking for personal advantage weakens and dilutes the moral fibre of the nation.

And so, trembling at the very brink of a devastating World War III, we must try to assess our values, to determine if the course upon which we are embarked might permit a turning off. Well might we reason the thing out, perhaps to even condition our responses to peace petitions and calls to pacifism.

There is little mistake that America's chief antagonist is Russia. Our government accepts this tenet. The man in the street resigns himself to the fact. It would seem, as a starting point, that behind the cautious moves and countermoves, the bombast and the reply, the argument and the theory, that these two greatest nations of the present era are but sparring for advantage before unleashing upon each other the full fury of national resources and hatred.

Many say that the cost of a war of comparable greater intensity than was World War II over World War I would be more than our economy could stand. But, on the other hand, is there any price which would be too much for the liberties and the freedoms which are the heritage of the United States?

Those who feel they have had a bad time under capitalism and so agitate for socialism or communism, might well consider their probable lot under a dictatorship of the proletariat. In such a system, agitators find themselves the principal characters in a one way trip to slave labor camps or to "liquidation", as it is so neatly put.

Well might the shucks fall from the eyes of those so obsessed. Well might we all try to realize that it is our way of life, our priceless climate of citizenship (though many of us do little to keep it working) which is under attack.

Should there be war with Russia, and our faint hearts would quell the thought, we could not afford to lose. For, in losing, we would lose all, without recourse.

NEIGHBORLY RELATIONS

Whenever we move into a new neighborhood, it is to realize in little neighborhoods which dot a community, a city, a state or the nation, there always unfolds the pattern of our democracy.

We cannot choose all of our neighbors, any more than a citizen can select and reject his fellow citizens. With the exception of those areas which draw lines of prejudice, the makeup of any neighborhood is drawn from a haphazard blueprint.

There is hardly anyone who can remain fully aloof from "the folks next door" and yet be happily situated. Our sorrows, our needs and our little minor triumphs are sharpened by the sympathy, the help and the understanding of those who share the block with us.

Naturally, we realize neighborliness is not a one-way trip. As we may not expect a friendly response from anyone whom we "high-hat" or snub, neither do we long continue friendly overtures unless there is a like return.

Tolerance is a vital ingredient of Democracy. It is also priceless in establishing and extending neighborly relations. Maybe there are mannerisms of our neighbors which do not compare with our own. It will little benefit us to look askance at such traits when something about ourselves or our children might be as annoying to others.

Give and take is a process of normal American living. One's personality develops outflowing graces in due proportion to the degree of acceptance that sociable relations improve with reciprocity. Dignity depends upon it. Sensitivities are not belabored, either, when such a procedure is adopted.

Yes, a neighborhood is so like a nation of conflicting interests, talents and backgrounds. There is no need for a neighborhood being an unhappy place if there is good will and determination to work towards a feeling of good will.

That there are neighborhoods where ill-will, suspicions, rumor-mongering and discriminations are present must not be overlooked. Sometimes there will be a family newly arrived whose accent is different from those already settled. Or perhaps a family is not accustomed to friendliness and is under the pressures of a sense of inferiority, shyness or of doubt.

In the usual American style of doing things, we are not always mindful of others nor fully considerate. How many of us stop to weigh the circumstances of a family whom we consider stand-offish? Perhaps an intelligent examination of reasons might encourage us to be more lenient in our own viewpoints and help an unhappy neighbor feel more a part of a neighborhood.

How we rail and condemn nations which cannot get along with each other, short of war or threats of war! How we credit other governments with evil motives, all the time picturing our own acts as inspired by an undebatable goodness! How we forget, in international dealings, how the keynote of peace and amity between nations is comparable to the way people, in a neighborhood, get along.

It is well that we take note of the importance of neighborly relations and contribute our full share for their enhancement.

HAD RIGHT IDEA

Starting the parade in 1887, Oregon was the first state of the union to establish Labor Day as a legal holiday. Since that beginning some 63 years ago, this day has been adopted by all of the 48 states of the union.

While the basic idea is to commemorate Labor by one day of observation, it has grown to be a time dedicated to a last vacation fling into the color-deepening ways and byways of the land.

Just before the knell of summer, with the trees not yet blazened in their shades of red, yellow, orange and brown, this is a time of deep satisfaction. The holiday will be well enjoyed.

It seems to us, certainly, that the state had noble inspiration and the right idea in starting Labor Day.

WITNESS AT COUNTY FAIR

Don't forget the fair, is one of the popular warnings of the year.

Forget the fair, indeed—If the general public gives no thought of a fair until prodded into it shortly before opening date the fate of any fair is destined for short-living.

A fair is an expression of an area, exhibiting the agricultural, horticultural and handiwork accomplishments of the year. It draws its strength from participation of the many and is certainly a basic project of down-to-earth culture.

Oh yes, that's what you'll witness whenever you take in a county fair.

Beaverton Millstones Had Role In Flouring Industry

OATMEAL GRINDING PROVED PROFITABLE WHEN PIONEER INSTALLED OLD FRENCH STONE BURRS

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, 6 Beaverton Enterprise, Beaverton, Oregon.

Recently we told some of the experiences of Lawrence Hall and his family, enroute to Oregon, across the plains, in 1845. We left them at Fort Vancouver, where they had stopped to pay their respects to Dr. John McLaughlin, who had furnished the bateau which brought them down the Columbia from the Cascades.

From Fort Vancouver the party proceeded with the boat down to Linnton, on the left bank of the river near the head of Suavies Island, where Peter Burnett and M. M. McCarver had laid out a town about two years before, at what they believed to be the head of navigation for ocean-going vessels on the Columbia. They had marked off town-lots for sale and opened a road to the settlements on the Tualatin Plains.

There they unloaded the boat and pitched their tent in the midst of the group of six or eight log houses that constituted the new town. Here they camped for a week, while Lawrence Hall set out on foot for the claim of his former schoolmate David Hill, who had written to him about the wonderful climate and opportunities in the Oregon country.

Hill was living upon a claim, where the city which now bears his name is now located, in the midst of a settlement composed of retired American trappers from the Rocky Mountains, with their Indian wives and half-breed families, some independent Protestant missionaries and a considerable number of former Hudson's Bay company colonists from the Red River country.

The latter had been induced by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Company, to attempt a settlement at Nisqually and, finding the location unsuitable had joined the American trappers' settlement on the Tualatin Plains. Here they were harvesting bountiful crops for sale to shippers at the river ports at Linnton, Oregon City or Vancouver or to be made into flour at the grist mill which were operating on nearby streams.

The road was a poor one, over a mountain and through a dense forest, barely passable for wagons. It crossed the Willamette Hills on about the route now followed by the Springville road. It came out upon the northern extremity of the plains which John Work of the Hudson's Bay Company had described so enthusiastically when he crossed them some twenty years before.

"The country on getting out of the woods," said Mr. Work, "has a beautiful appearance. It is a continuation of plains which commence here and extend to the southward, separated by narrow strips of timber, bounded on the east by strips of woodland, which occupy the banks of the Willamette, and, to the westward by the Killymaux (Tillamook) Mountain.

"The soil is a rich blackish loam covered with grass and other plants, among which are Strawberry plants, now well furnished with fine fruit. Not a stone and scarcely a shrub to interrupt the progress of the plow, which might be used in many places almost as easily as in a stubble field."

Following the old fur traders' trail along the banks of Rock Creek to the vicinity of Orenco, Hall crossed another trail, the future Walker Road, near its junction with the future Cornell Road, northwest of present Beaverton, in an area not yet settled. In due time he arrived at David Hill's place in "Rocky Mountain Retreat" as the Mountain Men who settled there had named it. Here he was cordially welcomed by his former schoolmate.

David Hill, since his arrival in Oregon, in 1842, had become a man of consequence in the new country. At the Champoug meeting, on May 2, 1843, he had been elected as one of nine on the legislative committee, and on July 5, 1843 he was named as one of the three member executive committee who exercised the powers of governor in the new provisional government.

He had represented Tualatin district in the legislative assembly in 1844 and again in the first legislative under the reorganized provisional government in 1845.

Within a week after his departure from Linnton, Lawrence Hall was back at that place, accompanied by Mr. Hill with an ox team and wagon to take the Hall family and their personal effects to Hill's East Tualatin claim.

It was late in the fall when the party arrived and Mr. Hill insisted that Mrs. Hill and the children sleep in his cabin. The men folks stayed in a tent.

Mr. Hill soon located a claim on Tualatin Plains, on the rich

prairie land at the junction of the two trails described above. He bought a squatter's right to the claim and agreed to give 300 bushels of wheat for the place. Wheat, at that time, was worth about \$1 a bushel, making the price of the claim equivalent to \$300.

In 1849, Lawrence Hall went to the California goldfields and before leaving tried to settle the balance due on his claim of the price of wheat at the time when the deal was made. But his creditor insisted upon the current value of 300 bushels of wheat, amounting to \$1500. Finally, however, he consented to accept \$300 in settlement of the account.

Several other members of Lawrence Hall's train settled in the same vicinity, among them the family of Benjamin Cornelius. There were ten children in that family, several of whom had reached adult age and each preemted land. Lawrence Hall also had a family of ten, who did likewise, and these two families became owners of a very considerable part of that area.

It came to be called Cornelius Plains. The pass through the Willamette Hills on the road to Scappoose and St. Helens was known as Cornelius Pass and the old trappers' trail became Cornelius Pass Road, as it is called today.

There grew up a considerable settlement on Lawrence Hall's claim. A postoffice was established there in 1854, according to the records of the Postoffice Department. It was called Oseola (variously spelled), with Lawrence Hall as Postmaster. Sometime later the office was relocated at William Walker's Old Meadow Farm, with Mr. Walker as postmaster.

It was somewhere hereabout that an early grist mill, run by an overshot watermill was located, either by Lawrence Hall or by Josiah Hall, who came from Missouri in 1852 and took a claim adjoining that of Lawrence Hall upon the Walker Road. Here the early settlers used to take their wheat for grinding. This mill was abandoned sometime later, and in 1872 was purchased by John Milne, a Scotchman, who removed the old stone burrs, of French make brought around The Horn, and installed in a mill that he was building at Hillsboro.

Milne soon proved that Oregon oats were ideal for making oatmeal. He founded the oatmeal industry on the Pacific Coast and made money enough in a short time to build a larger mill where he made a fortune.

The old millstones from Beaverton vicinity, which produced the

Will God Be Mad?

By Geo. N. Taylor

The logger who sat next at the Billy Graham meeting told how the Christian men in the camp had talked to him for a year before he turned to Christ—"I sucked a whiskey bottle from the time I quit sucking a milk bottle and I was drunk a lot of the time but I could quit drink.

But cigarettes I could not quit." So the man told it and would God be mad if he turned Christian and then smoked? The man said that was between him and God. Then the fellow Geo. N. Taylor added—"One day I kneeled and prayed and when I came to my feet, the whiskey and the cigarette urge had both left me."

First Christ took the man's sins and became the sinner and died for him. Then Christ came from the grave to indwell the man with new life. And what have you let Christ do for you?

S. W. McChesney Rd., Portland 1, Oregon. This space paid for by a Seattle family.

Geo. N. Taylor

S. W. McChesney Rd., Portland 1, Oregon. This space paid for by a Seattle family.

LIFE MAGAZINE TOLD HIS STORY!



BILLY GRAHAM

Monday, Sept. 4, 3 p.m.

GIANT LABOR DAY RALLY

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first oatmeal in Oregon are now in the possession of M. S. Shrock of Milwaukie. They may be seen standing beside the driveway to his feedmill, a treasured relic of the pioneer flouring industry. (To be continued)

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BILLY GRAHAM

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