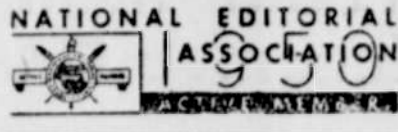


# BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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## MORONS OR COLLEGE GRADS

A nation has its resources and the most it can do is to make the most of what is available.

In the field of mental maturity, problems of those somewhat below average are enough to set any conscientious educator to some long thinking.

We do not have the tabulation on how many morons and imbeciles are included in the 1950 census count. What can be stated without fear of contradiction, however, is that such mentally retarded persons do exist. As a national resource, certainly, they do not offer too great a source of strength. Yet, we must face the fact that we not only have mentally retarded persons in our midst; we must see, somehow, that these members of our community find a place in the scheme of things.

At a meeting of school administrators in Hillsboro, last of August a mental hygienist discussed the matter of below par-mentalties and offered much food for thought on the subject.

For instance, he pointed out that a high-grade moron with a mentality of about 12 years old, has been found to be more efficient as a teller in a large bank or similar institution than is a college graduate. In making change, a simple, manual operation, the lower grade mentality reacts the faster.

So, in some phases of truck-driving, a high educational background is more of a disadvantage than a help. Yet people so handicapped with mental slowness have as much a right as those brighter ones to a living and a place in the community where they live.

Of course, such considerations bring to sharp focus the American concept of a college education as imperative.

It has become a sure pattern for youngsters completing high school. Many think first of the social ritual of being a college student. Fraternities, too, loom even larger than the courses and educational features offered, as incentive to matriculation.

Many tidy amounts of money—not counting the time and earning possibilities involved—were wasted each year by college students who pursue no specific course and are in college without too much justification. Except for the fact that college takes young persons from the labor market, spreading job opportunities for others who are unable to afford the educational luxury, some might be better off at work.

There are, to be sure, pursuits and professions that require a college education, to fit young people to necessary tasks of civilization. But other jobs, relatively important to our economy too, must be done and they require a minimum of brain-power, whether performed by morons or college graduates.

## SAFETY OF SCHOOL KIDS

Comes now the opening of school, the season for freshly beginning of our youngsters' assaults upon the citadels of learning. And with it comes the continuing dread and worry of anxious parents over the welfare of their school-bound offspring.

Every week-day morning, between the hours of 8 and 9 a. m., streets and roadways of the area will be trafficked by students returning to their studies. Some will walk carefully. Others, it is a safe bet to conjecture, will skylark along the way with little proper thought for their own safety.

The laws of the state have attempted to safeguard school children. Specific restrictions set rules on stopping when behind a stopped school bus or when approaching on a two-lane road where a bus is discharging its young passengers. Speed limit zones near schools, are set. Bus drivers are alerted to the need of impressing their young charges with the requirements of caution and watchfulness when crossing roads.

Laws, in themselves, are unfortunately not sufficient to insure the welfare of school children. There is always the unpredictable to be watched. So many situations might arise which the laws cannot specifically cover that a great and important responsibility rests on every man, or woman who sits in the driver's seat.

If a person is qualified to hold a driver's license, he or she should be mature enough to drive carefully. An immediate reaction, whatever the problem of driving safety, is to blame recklessness and high speed on teen-agers. While there are repeated instances where such an answer might be indicated, certainly such drivers are not universally to be held under a shadow in the matter of safety for school children.

The greatest danger to youngsters is in the vicinity of schools. With the thought uppermost in their minds of reaching their classrooms, they are often unthinking about crossing highways or waiting until traffic lets up to assure safe passage. Summer habits relax caution of youngsters as it has let down the watchfulness of motorists.

Along with the need for impressing youngsters of not playing on roadways as they wait for the bus or walk to school, we should also accept our part, as drivers, and travel slowly during the rush-hour to school.

Safety of school kids must be a personal challenge to all concerned.

## SHAME! MILK HOARDERS

The matter of continually rising prices in the food markets of today is conveniently blamed upon the "hoarding of housewives". Now comes another vicious result of the inflationary merry-go-round and, on the basis of the convenient charge, every housewife in Oregon should be shamed and crestfallen at what their scare buying has accomplished.

The case that is developing is the price of milk which now threatens to rise from 19½ to 21 cents per quart, on the retail level. Now, isn't it a shame that housewives throughout the state have been so inconsiderate as to hoard milk?

Can anyone imagine what these selfish, short-sighted housewives will do with all that milk they have stored in every convenient closet, in their attics and perhaps in some spare corners of the family garage?

Think of the dishonorable gluttony of these ladies who have perhaps hundreds and hundreds of bottles of fresh milk stored away for future use while other mothers with small children must go on short rations, when the 1½ cent per quart increase is put into effect.

The poor dairy-marketing people have no doubt done everything in their power to hold down the price of milk. But because so many greedy homemakers have rushed to the milk markets and stored up so much fresh milk, the milk marketers must raise the price to give everyone a chance to spend the same amount on milk purchases without getting as much.

It's a gross injustice on the cows, too. How can they face the world, with contentment, knowing there are some who are so unpatriotic as to buy up vast quantities of fresh milk and unsettle the future market?

There is another side to the milk question, too.

The U. S. government has been buying the highest grade of milk surpluses for some time, carefully dehydrating it and storing it in hundreds of warehouses across the nation. What might develop if some red, anti-milk interest radical would get up on the floor of Congress and demand that this high-grade, powdered milk be made readily available to the common people of the nation?

As in so many surplus commodity programs, this powdered milk would perhaps be offered at 1c a pound, or some other such ridiculous figure, and many of the housewives who can't afford to buy fresh milk and hoard it for months and months will be introduced to the fad of "reconstituting" powdered milk, only to find that the process actually produces a recognizable sort of milky fluid.

Yes, these disgusting milk hoarders should hide their heads in shame!

## BITE IN CONSCRIPTION

The matter of draft-eligibles being duly registered with their local selective service board is serious responsibility. Anyone who was born after August 30, 1922 is required by law to not only register in his home county but also to carry his registration card with him at all times.

Delinquencies in registration, state headquarters announce, will not be tolerated and whenever there is any evidence of evading or avoiding conscription sign-up, the Federal Bureau of Investigation will be called into action. The complications that follow are far from child's play.

The nation is girding itself for war. In fact, its continuing defense, against future possibilities, demands and requires manpower, regardless of atom bombs, jet propulsion and all the modern, genius-inspired new weapons of warfare.

Comparably as important, too, is keeping registrations up to date. Whenever a change is indicated in classification, because of marital status, dependency or justifiable deferment, it is wiser to make such corrections before notice of induction—than to wait and find military service at hand regardless of the corrections that weren't made.

In case there is any doubt as to whether or not the government means business in selective service, it is well to consider as fact that the Selective Service Act of 1948 put a bite in conscription which might be better avoided than invited.

## LOYAL HOPES CONTINUE

It usually happens that way, every fall. When football season moves onto us, and the crisp autumn air makes the bones and muscles twitch in reminiscence of days gone by, we look about us and find new players, oftentimes new coaches and even new antagonists in the traditional grid game.

One thing that hangs on, though added to and subtracted from by degrees, is the loyalty to school with which we were once associated, one way or another.

All the world likes a winner and nothing succeeds in drawing adherents like success. Yet, past glories reminds us of what might be. And loyal hopes continue undiminished that the past may again be the present and in the march of triumph will go the unsullied colors of our favorite teams.

## Historian Offers Tribute To Mother Lode For Facts

ROBINSON SUBMITS COUNTY EDITOR'S POETIC  
TREATISE GLORIFYING OLD NEWSPAPER FILE

For this week's offering, instead of the usual historical item, we offer a tribute to the preserver and source of local history:

### THE OLD NEWSPAPER FILE

One dreary day, when the sky was dark, and the sound of falling rain  
Beat a wild tattoo on the shingled roof and against the window pane,  
I wandered up to the attic room, where the dust of years lay deep,  
Where cobwebs hang from the rafters bare, and the spiders their vigils keep.

And there mid relics of other days, and yellow and dim with age,  
Where Time had written his signature on every quarto page,  
I found, 'neath the rubbish of years gone by, in a dusty and musty pile,  
The crumpled sheets and faded back of an old newspaper file.

I drew it from its hiding place, and sitting down on the floor,  
I brushed the dirt and the dust away, and turned its pages o'er.

The ink had faded; the lines were dim; and the paper was sadly stained,  
And some of the pages had faded so that scarcely a line remained.

But never a book from modern pen, though fresh from the printing press,  
With edges gilded, and all arrayed in Russia leather dress,  
Could the interest hold, or half so well, a lonely hour beguile,  
As the pages, faded, stained and dim, of that old newspaper file.

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Full many a name was mentioned there that was new and strange to me,  
And the ads were those of business firms that had long since ceased to be.

As I scanned the items and read the ads, that I found on each yellow page,  
I forgot the rain and the storm without, for I lived in another age.

The little children that played in the streets were the men that I see today,  
With forms bowed low and halting step and hair all tinged with gray;

And faces strange that seemed to frown; and others that seemed to smile,  
I looked up at me from each yellow page of that old newspaper file.

One item told how a village swain had taken himself a wife,  
And the editor wished the bride and groom a long and happy life;

And then went on to praise them both and the great success they make,  
And acknowledged, with thanks to all concerned, the receipt of some wedding cake.

And I seemed to hear the wedding bells, and to see the blushing bride,  
And the manly groom in conventional black as he proudly stood by her side,  
Just as the editor wrote it up in quaint old fashioned style;  
And I read it there in the attic room from that old newspaper file.

On another page, two rules were turned, and two lines black and wide,  
One at the head and one at the foot of an article headed, "Died".

Then I read how a prominent man was called to enter the great Unknown,  
And the editors words of sympathy for the wife who mourned alone.

And I seemed to hear the funeral bells, as with solemn strokes they tolled,  
That day, when the dead was laid away to sleep 'neath the silent mold.

Forgotten now by the world of men whom the duties of life beguile,  
He lies at rest, but his name remains in that old newspaper file.

There were countless other items, and I read them o'er and o'er,  
Names of people and places I had never seen before,  
Till the shades of evening, falling, filled the dusty attic room  
With the strange, fantastic shadows of the twilight's creeping gloom;

And I started from my reverie, scarce believing that the day was fast fading in twilight, and the storm had passed away.  
Or Time's swift flight unmindful, and unheeding all the while I had turned the musty pages of the old newspaper file.

Brothers, each of us working as the swift years pass away,  
Making files that dust shall cover and the years shall stain some day.

We are building for the future, not for present plans or needs.  
Let us then, oh brothers, labor that the man who idly reads  
May find something that will profit or will help him on his road.

As he plods the weary journey, as he bears the heavy load,  
Let him find some words to help him and to change his frowns to smiles

In the yellow, time stained pages of our own newspaper files.  
(Written a half century ago by Allan D. May, a country editor).

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

## Squint's Drumming For Fair Play!

Squint Miller's mighty proud of the lot he owns that fronts on River Road—one of the prettiest spots around here.

He's been in a stew about it lately, though. Seems that trash-dumpers take one look at his property, stop their car or truck, and out goes a load of rubbish, spilling all over his place and the roadside, too. Wouldn't that make you mad?

Last night Squint dropped by the house. Over a friendly glass of beer, he tells me what he's done. "I put a couple of empty oil drums,

out there," he says, "with a big sign reading: 'If you must dump trash—use these—I like to keep my property clean!'"

From where I sit, Squint's sign should make any would-be roadside trash-dumpers pretty darned ashamed of themselves. Now and then some folks just have to be reminded that they ought to have as much regard for their neighbors' rights as they do for their own.

Joe Marsh