

TWO EVENTS FOR SUNDAY ON PROGRAM



Two events, closely connected and each to have an important bearing on the other, will be the opening of the Red Cross drive and the unveiling of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty at the fountain square next Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

The ceremonies have been heralded to follow the lecture to be given by President W. J. Kerr of the O. A. C. in Regner's hall. Should the weather be too severe the program will be continued in the hall with only a change of its meaning—all except the actual unveiling of the statue.

A brief program has been prepared for the occasion which is as follows:

Music, orchestra and vocal selections.

Unveiling of statue by young lady selected at voting contest now in progress.

Presentation speech, Hon. Geo. W. Stapleton, acceptance for city, Mayor George W. Kenney.

Flag drill, by children of grade school.

Patriotic address, by Sergeant W. H. Wittingham, Canadian soldier recently returned from the front.

Short addresses by Red Cross workers—John D. Mann, Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal, Mr. Williams, state manager of Red Cross drive, and others.

The voting contest now in progress at the store of the Gresham Drug company has ten young ladies of the city as candidates for the honor of unveiling the statue. The one receiving the highest number of votes will be declared the winner and will lift the veil from the classic features of Liberty at the appropriate hour. The list of candidates is as follows:

- Miss Ruth Inglis.
- Miss Winnifred St. Clair.
- Miss Bonita Stillions.
- Miss Benema Mathews.
- Miss Lelia Childers.
- Miss Mabel Metzger.
- Miss Thelma Metzger.
- Miss Gertrude Dowsett.
- Miss Ruth Tibbets.
- Miss Letitia Pulfer.

Voters may cast as many ballots as they please for one cent each and the money will be given the Red Cross as the first public contribution from this district.

The patriotic meeting will be held in the opera house at 2:30 o'clock.

Dr. W. J. Kerr, president of the Oregon Agricultural College, will bring a message direct from the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the Federal Food Administration to us. He will tell us how America, and especially Oregon, can best respond to the demands for increased food production.

France has reached the limit of sacrifice and suffering behind the lines, and America must come to her aid soon. Every farmer, shop keeper, hotel man, every citizen must cooperate with the food administration in producing, saving and sacrificing.

Dr. Kerr is directly representing the Government and is delivering the message of the nation to its loyal citizens. All who have the welfare of their country at heart are asked to come out to the meeting and help create a sentiment of saving for victory in this war.

Helping Injured Men.

A workshop for disabled soldiers has been opened at Covent Garden, London, by the Y. M. C. A., where men are being trained in repairing broken equipment, making meat safes and doing like work.

Gassed at Front.

Because he did not act quickly enough in getting his gas mask on Harry Johnston, a Y. M. C. A. war work secretary in France spent two days in the hospital.

The kaiser's partnership with Gott on the western front is rather distracting his mind from his alliance with Mahomet on the eastern line.

TOWN PUMP OF GRESHAM IS RECALLED

One of the reminiscent moods common to newspaper writers serves to recall the old town pump that stood at the west end of Metzger's hall not more than sixteen years ago. This particular train of thought was "incubated by overhearing an old lady remark: My sakes alive, when I think of all the sanitary-nonsense of the present day I can't help recalling John Metzger's old town pump."

The old pump stood at the edge of the sidewalk and sucked water from a well. There was a big trough at the curb and the pump had a fancy topknot and a crooked handle. When you worked it up and down it made a noise like a startled guinea rooster.

Lots of the people who yet live in Gresham can see the steady procession of citizens, horses, dogs, cows, pigs, country visitors and other animals that used to drink there. In fancy the procession can be brought up at will, but some of them would turn up their noses now if the subject were mentioned too familiarly.

There was no city government in those days, and no sewers. There were some hitching racks scattered about, the streets were made of mud and other stuff, and always after a heavy rain the water tasted like a livery stable. One fine old citizen always carried a pitcher to the pump and another carried an old umbrella, and when he took a drink he always took his tobacco out of his mouth and held it while he drank, and the way he tried to manage that pump and his tobacco and his umbrella and the tin cup was an object lesson to the boys of the old baseball club.

One citizen scrubbed his false teeth at the pump every morning.

The pump was a meeting place for everybody. "I'll see you at Metzger's pump" was a common saying. Everybody layed for the other person at the pump, and was sure to catch him there. Sometimes folks would come out of the drug store to take a powder or a pill. Little boys would wash their feet there before returning home after playing hokey.

Business men ached their teeth at the pump after chewing tobacco and spitting behind the counter. The ancient city watchman would cool his boots off after chasing boys away on Hallowe'en by pumping on them. People gargled their throats there, and so far as anybody knew, all the water that wasn't swallowed or carried away in vessels eventually found its way back into the well.

It was fun to see some of the young bloods try to drink without spotting their boots. The place was always littered up like a smoking car floor—mud, cigar stumps, tobacco quids, paper, pill boxes, bottles and things. Ladies in their best finery would stand back and rely on the gallantry of the gentlemen to serve them—all from the same old battered cup.

At night, when a dance let out in the hall the boys went to the pump to smoke cigarettes and talk about the girls between gulps. Stock run loose in those days and cattle and horses patronized the big trough, giving the locality the appearance of a barnyard. Sometimes in the hot, dry weather a dozen hogs could be seen there trying to cool themselves in the trough.

Tired, dusty hoboes often lingered for hours watering up for the long, tedious journey to the next watering place. Sometimes an angler from the slough would clean a mess of catfish at the pump.

In the winter time, when the old pump froze up, the town blacksmith could always be counted on to thaw it out with hot irons and then business would go on as usual.

By some wonderful dispensation Gresham escaped all epidemics of fever or diphtheria in those days, and lots of folks that drunk from that pump for years have lived to remember it as one of the cherished mementoes of the good old days that have passed by forever.

FOR SALE

- One 8 h. p. gas engine, Webster magneto, (nearly new), \$185.
 - One Fairbanks & Morse 1 1/2 h. p. engine, nearly new, \$55.
 - One No. 70 Bowser feed mill, large size, \$100.
 - Two 500-pound capacity, two 700-pound capacity, one 350-pound capacity, cream separators, \$25 to \$50.
- HESSEL'S FARM MACHINERY.
Read the Outlook classified ads.

EXPERIENCE WITH GAS AND OTHER EXCITING INCIDENTS

By JOHN HONEY.

France, March, 1918.
Feel rather happy today, for I received nine letters. Four of your letters which have arrived in the last three or four days have dates ranging from Jan. 10 to Feb. 2.

Expected to have a lot of work to-night, but luckily we seem to be disappointed. The lines were a blaze of flame, and just before dark we could see the clouds of gas creeping over the German lines. It is 11:30 p. m. now, and only a few cars have gone up, so I'm looking forward to a good night of sleep.

I've had my one little experience with gas; a few weeks ago we had to work in it more or less for a couple of days, but aside from a husky voice for a week, felt no other bad effects. The second night of that little experience was black as ink, and I was blundering through a street with my mask on, when the whole front end of my car dropped from beneath me into a six foot deep shell hole. It's hard enough to see without having a mask on, and that extra pair of artificial windows in the mask was the final stage; I was crawling on low at the time, so did not do very much damage to the car, and it was in order again the next day.

My diary is coming along in fairly decent shape. Have lapses at times, but as a whole, I congratulate myself on doing something that I never succeeded in doing before.

Received a letter today from the army postoffice in Paris saying there was a Christmas package held up there until they secured my right address. Somewhat similar to writing a man and asking him to notify you if he doesn't receive the letter. But I guess I'll have to make allowances for the letter was fortunate in arriving, being addressed to S. S. U. 28-600 instead of S. S. U. 28-640. Somebody will think that I did not appreciate their gift of eats. You see I classify gifts and eats separately. "Eats" is a super-gift, if there is such a thing. Not that we lack quantity over here, by any means, but somehow the quality "lacks the authority" and the flavor of home grub.

Will enclose a few pictures in this letter. Notice particularly the eyebrow of the upper lip. It's really respectable, both in size and I hope in looks. But perhaps the picture doesn't do it full justice for the delicate shadings and color (slightly reddish) do not show up.

Whitton, a member of our section, received a citation, and war cross (Croix-de Guerre) for his work the first of the month. Had his machine blown all to pieces, but luckily was in theabri waiting for his load when it happened. Got another machine and kept right on rolling.

I see by the papers that the Boches are making their last desperate bid for victory in their big attack on the English. The English may have to fall back some, in fact, undoubtedly will, but their lines can never be broken, and God help the Boches when this attempt slows down and stops, for they'll never be able to repeat the drive, and "the Americans are coming," and one man by the name of John Honey has a lot of faith in them and in their ability to deliver the final punch when the time comes, and incidentally, the time is rapidly drawing nearer.

Gee, but I'd like to be home, even for just a few hours. That's one advantage the French, English, and others have over us, for they can get home about every four months or so, while we poor beggars have to wait until the end of the war, which is rather an indefinite time to look forward to. It is seven months, yesterday, since I left Portland. Wonder how many more months or years it's going to be.

We get the French newspapers every day. Rather interesting news about that new Boche gun shelling Paris 75 miles away. The world and the seeming impossibilities do change.

We're having wonderful weather the last few weeks. Spring in all its glory, but lacking its pleasures and cramming for exams at school.

April, 1918.

We've been having a little luck the last two weeks with our mail, none coming in and I believe none going out. Today the luck broke, several letters having come, so feel quite cheerful. Perhaps this has made me as cranky as an old hermit the past week. I felt like crabbing everything and everybody, but for some strange unaccountable reason I woke up feeling like a shiny new penny, and a good dinner and those letters cleared the sky up in great shape. Not only my own horizon has cleared up, though for the weather is wonderful; spring has come for a certainty.

Life here is pretty monotonous, although lots of excitement at times. At present I'm sitting in a fever sun roasting my rusty limbs and listening to a Boche plane over-head. It leaves a trail of smoke and is cutting all sorts of figures in the sky. The consensus of opinion differs as to whether he is a darn fool or just his engine on fire?

Just noticed that the last letter I received from you was dated February 16, while one I received two weeks before was dated February 26. Wonderful, the mess letters fall into. Thanks muchly for that big box of cookies. They arrived while ten of us were at one of our posts for three days, and surely helped a lot in filling the vacancies left by the French army rations. The fact is, these

spaces were large enough so that it took all the cakes, to fill them, and the bottom of the box, scraped clean, finally stopped us. We really couldn't chew wood, so had to call a halt.

Another pup has been added to our collection of dogs, who has the enormous name of Napoleon to live up to; strikes me as rather a top-heavy name to unload on the shoulders of one poor innocent pup, but he seems to be surviving it in good fashion.

One of the fellows that was in the same stateroom with me coming over, joined the section the other day, but haven't seen anything of him so far, for as soon as I came back from a post with a bunch, he went out and vice versa. Our main quarters are now centered in a barn, with all the trappings, such as dirt floors, etc. I wouldn't fancy the place in winter, but its not half bad now. We were fortunate the other day in being able to buy some chickens from some civilians who had been ordered out, and had quite a time, until they were finally cooked, in keeping them from roosting over our beds and on the eating tables. They were good old eating fowls, however, and fully repaid us in the final settlement.

This last German offensive has answered more questions than one. First and most important, the Boches have battered themselves up in pretty bad shape trying to break through, and secondly, it has assisted my French, for my curiosity was great enough to make me to cover. Just a few more big fights, and the Boches will be hiked and I'll be able to read' French.

April 8, 1918.

We've been having Oregon rains the last couple of days. Can't say that I admire them here any more than at home. They're just as wet and dreary, but worse, in that we have no comfortable and cheery houses to hibernate in. I've spent a lazy day. This morning we tried to level the dirt floor in our corner the best we could, we've thrown blankets over the rafters and made walls out of them, so with our small stove, have kept good and warm. No lack of wood where we are now. All we have to do is to climb into a smashed house and throw out the wooden wreckage.

April 19 and 20, 1918.

Our mail almost stopped coming for some weeks, but the blockade was broken the other day with ten sacks of packages. Got quite a bunch of newspapers and magazines and several packages. Saw a clipping from a paper yesterday in which notification was given that no more packages could be sent unless by special authorized request from the soldier. I'll find out at once what we can send for, and you'll probably begin to get a series of letters, each one of which will have a "hey" in it.

Woke up this morning to find old boy Sun out again. Surely seemed good to see his face, for he's been mighty backward lately about coming into the open.

Four of our bunch were gassed about a week ago. My two roommates among them, Frost and McAuley. It was only pure luck that I didn't get the same dose, for eight of us were stationed in some champagne caves when an 8-inch gas shell fell at the entrance. It was about 4:30 a. m., and we were all asleep. I had woken up to 2:30 a. m., and the first alarm, went back to bed again, which was fortunate for the four that were gassed had gone up to the entrance, and even with their masks on, were gassed enough to send them to the hospital for a week. About thirty out of the thirty-five Frenchmen in the caves at the same time were also gassed, two of them very bad. The gas affected their eyes, and practically blinded them for a few days, but Me and one of the others came back last night, none the worse for their experience.

Our section has had quite a little excitement the last two weeks. A shell exploded in the next room to one of our new men, and killed most of the men there, while he was uncovered with dust. It looks as though the section had a horshoe all its own, for they had wanted him to sleep there, but he had insisted on sleeping out in the hall. That shell came down two stories, and exploded in the basement, where every one felt fairly safe.

Last month (March), I ran 1122 kilometers and used 175 liters of gas. A kilometer is about 1/2 of a mile. Things have quieted down a lot the last week. Needless to say, it's a welcome change, although we've not had it anywhere near as bad as they've had farther north. Our time may be coming, so I'll reserve the shouting till later.

It's been beastly cold lately, even hailed today. Spent all day yesterday cleaning up my car, and today was put on two days evacuation work. Another dirty car and more work consequently stares me in the face.

Some one woke up to the fact that our address hadn't been changed for a couple of months, and owing to his belief in variety being the spice of life, he proceeded to alter it again. Is now, S. S. U., 640 U. S. A. S. S. P. 65, American E. F.

Carco spray for maggot on cabbage, beets, turnips, radishes, etc. All sizes at L. L. Kidder Hdw. Co.

RED CROSS READY FOR NEXT WEEK

Everything will be in readiness to begin the Red Cross drive next Monday. So complete is the organization in Portland, where there are plenty of willing workers, that an attempt will be made to rush the campaign for the quota in one day. The city has been partitioned off in many small districts and each is in charge of experienced and competent captains who have already assigned their help to the duties of making a clean sweep in the brief period of twenty-four hours.

The county districts are necessarily larger and cannot be covered in such a short time. This part of eastern Multnomah—including Gresham, Troutdale, Fairview, Pleasant Home and Rockwood, is all embraced in one district. It has been placed in charge of George F. Honey, Dr. A. Thompson and A. C. Ruby. Their territory will comprise eleven school districts.

Each district has been assigned a captain who will conduct the drive simultaneously with their own assistants. They will make a speedy job of it and endeavor to finish in two or three days if possible.

Circular statements and all necessary information has been distributed, or will be before Monday. The following persons have been appointed captains in their respective school districts, who will be promoted in the work by the three gentlemen named above in charge of the drive:

- Gresham, Mrs. Geo. W. Stapleton.
- Rockwood, Mrs. Ida Burgess.
- Terry, L. Spencer.
- Fairview, Mrs. John Jonas.
- Cedar, Miss Bessie Strehlin.
- Victory, Mrs. G. W. Alder.
- Troutdale, Mrs. Lou Harlow.
- Powell Valley, Mrs. F. A. Lehman.
- Orient and Lusted, Mrs. I. M. Thomas.

CHAUTAQUA COMING IF PLANS ACCEPTED

Gresham will probably have the Ellison-White chautauqua again this summer, the dates of the entertainments to be June 26 to July 1, inclusive.

A pro-rata contract is being circulated among and signed by the business men of Gresham which pledges the sum of \$750, instead of \$1000 as heretofore; besides which there will be special coupon tickets sold for the benefit of people living at a distance giving ten admissions for \$3. Season tickets will be \$2.50 as before and both will apply on the guaranty.

Walter E. Stern, who is in charge of the promotion work here, will follow the matter up personally among the people in an effort to get sufficient support to justify the system in sending their talent here. Through a misunderstanding of dates a meeting to have been held on Wednesday evening did not take place. It will not be held, but the matter will be taken up personally throughout this community and here is but little doubt that the chautauqua entertainments will be given here again this year.

LEAGUE TO INSIST ON FULL LOYALTY

Every home in eastern Multnomah should be loyal to the nation at this time to the extent of at least flying the American flag. Such is the insistent demand of the Gresham Loyal League as indicated in the following communication:

To the Citizens of Gresham and Eastern Multnomah County:—
The Gresham American Loyal League suggests that all who have not an American flag displayed at their homes and places of business are requested to do so on or before May 19. Committees will visit the different localities in the eastern part of the county and place flags at residences where same are found to be wanting.

Flags or other evidence of loyalty and co-operation with the government should be kept in a conspicuous place during the duration of the war. This for 100 per cent loyalty.
GRESHAM LOYAL LEAGUE.

Order Coal Now.

We are expecting a car load of coal soon. Save money by receiving direct from the car. Eckstrom Truck Service, phone 851.—Adv.

Don't delay buying that Blue Flame oil stove, the price will surely advance. See L. L. Kidder Hdw. Co.

Serve plenty of potatoes and you won't miss the bread.

Stop reading here and turn to the want ad column.

GARDENING QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By MRS. C. O. BRANSON.

Additional questions on gardening and the care of plants have been asked and the following is submitted to the readers of the last article in April 23 Outlook:

Just now the early cabbage is infested by the eggs of the yellow fly, the soil around the plant an inch deep being full of them. Unless these are killed by the Carco spray or other carbolic acid solution, the result will be maggots that will eat the stalk. The infested soil should be drawn away or stirred and well soaked with the spray. In a few days more eggs may be laid and the spraying must be repeated.

For the cabbage worm (green) which eats leaves, handpick and apply arsenate of lead, repeating if necessary before heads form. Do not apply after heads form as it is a poison. Pyrethrum spray may be used instead of arsenate of lead and with it spraying may be done after heads form. Cauliflower should be treated with the spray the same as for cabbage.

Aphids or lice, sap-sucking insects should be sprayed with nicotine sulphate solution, repeating if necessary. Aphids often attack bean leaves, squash, pumpkin and melon leaves. Spray with nicotine sulphate, being sure to spray under side of leaves as well as the top. Repeat if necessary. Three years ago our crops the last three mentioned, would have been a failure, had it not been for this spraying.

Aphis on roses are plentiful now and should be sprayed with the nicotine sulphate.

Thrips, a very small sap-sucking insect, attacks onions from seed, and leaves turn a silvery color or whitish and later curl and twist. Spray with nicotine sulphate, repeating once or twice, as necessary.

Cutworms are another pest for cabbage and cauliflower, and onions from seed are also attacked. Apply poison bait, which should be spread around the plants. The pests feed at night and hide under chips or other objects during the day. Cutworms are especially abundant where sod has grown.

Powdery mildew can be controlled by applying flours of sulphur. It should be dusted full strength on the diseased plants. A flour sifter contains the proper sized holes for the purpose. This should be used when mildew appears just before blooming. Bordeaux mixture is also good. Repeat in two weeks if necessary.

Anthraxnose is common on cucumber, tomato, bean, egg-plant and melon leaves, causing brown spots and sometimes brown sunken spots appear on the fruit. Spray with Bordeaux.

There is an early and a late blight for potatoes. The early consists of brown spots with concentric rings on leaves, the worst in moist weather. The remedy is Bordeaux mixture spray and should be begun when plants are six inches high. Repeat every two weeks for a month or more. Late blight is dark brown spots on leaves, appearing water soaked and not having concentric rings, the spots becoming yellow and the leaves die. It is the worst in hot sultry weather in August and September. It lives over winter in seed potatoes. Remedy, the same as for early blight. Potatoes should be spread out in a room exposed to strong light, two weeks before cutting to start sprouts and detect poor seed. Large potatoes should be cut, each piece having two eyes. If seed is scarce cut to a single eye. Do not cut seed until it is to be planted. Potatoes should not be grown in the same place in which they were grown the year before. A rotation of three or four years is desirable. To control the disease called scab, they should be soaked in Formalin for two hours before planting and spread out to dry. They should then be cut and planted, and when plant comes up cultivation should begin. It is better to spray before blight appears than to take chances.

Spraying with a combination of Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead is a wise safeguard and half the labor is saved. The disease and eating insects can be remedied the same time.

If plant diseases do not yield to

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