

CAPTAINS APPOINTED FOR THE UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

PROCLAMATION.

"It having come about that the people of the United States found themselves compelled to take arms against a foe that threatened the liberties of the peoples of the world; the lives of women and children, particularly, and of all free men, in order to establish a world freedom from this oppression it is necessary that millions of the best young manhood and young womanhood of America must go overseas and separate themselves from their accustomed vocations and domestic influences. This, naturally, means a mental and spiritual hunger for those ties of family, society and church that are dear to the hearts and close to the deepest feelings of every American. To supply this void in the lives of our millions of soldiers and sailors, the United States Government has authorized these seven organizations to look after the welfare of the men in service:

- Young Men's Christian Association.
- Young Women's Christian Association.
- National Catholic War Council—K. of C.
- Jewish Welfare Board.
- War Camp Community Service.
- American Library Association.
- Salvation Army.

"These seven organizations have accepted and discharged this trust in a manner that has commanded the admiration of the world, and the eternal gratitude of every man under the service of the flag.

"And, whereas, the privilege of giving moral and financial support to this wonderful work, so closely interwoven with the lives of the men in the service, has been given not to an institutional government, but to every individual man, woman and child in the United States:

Now, therefore, I, G. W. Kenney, mayor of Gresham, do hereby proclaim to the citizens of the commonwealth that, during the week beginning Sunday, November 10th, 1918, they bestow attention, lend effort and strength, and give liberally to the fullest extent of their means, to the appeal for funds that shall be made by United War Work Campaign for \$170,500,000, to 'carry on' this wonderful work so auspiciously begun. During the next year, which is undoubtedly to be the most critical year in the war, our men in service must experience no interruption or modification of the extent to which this morale-making work has entered into their lives and brought happiness and courage. To see that this does not happen is the part of those of us whom our boys have left at home.

And I further request that this proclamation shall be read aloud from every pulpit in the commonwealth on Sunday, November tenth, 1918, and, on the following day, in every school so that the children may also, to the extent of their interest and effort, join in this vital work of the war.

Signed by me at Gresham on the 8th day of November, 1918.
(Signed) G. W. KENNEY, Mayor.

Orlando W. Davidson, state director of the United War Work Campaign, speaking of the contemplated drive for funds to carry on the work says:

"Even though the war were to end within a few months, or a few weeks, we should stand in great need of a fund of more than \$170,500,000, because this work, unlike that of many other agencies, will have to be continued throughout the entire period of demobilization. While in Europe, I was told by military authorities that it will require a period of fifteen months from the time that the conflict ceases to transport the Canadian Army to their homes, and that it will call for not less than eighteen months to convey the armies of Australia and New Zealand homeward. Without doubt it will take not less than twelve months to bring our American Army home. During that long period they will have virtually all their time on their hands. They will not have the excitement and the incitement of the war period to stimulate their spirits or its intense activities to absorb their attention and to utilize their time. Their temptations will be more numerous and persistent. There will be a tendency to let down standards and relax discipline. It is of the utmost importance that plans be made for the wise use of their leisure hours. The practical and significant question is, Shall our men and boys come back to us weaker or stronger men? The period of demobilization should not be allowed to become a period of demoralization but rather should be made one of growth in knowledge and working efficiency and of strengthening of character and life purposes. The Young Men's Christian Association and the other organizations are planning not only to enlarge their recreational program during this period, but to launch a great educational campaign. In popular language it may be described as 'The University in Khaki.' An Army Educational Commission composed of a group of the leading educators of America has been sent overseas. They have asked for two thousand professors and teachers of American colleges and schools to help in launching educational work for the coming winter, and also to be on hand for the period of demobilization, whenever it comes. We have entered into negotiations with the British and French universities to help us in this vast educational undertaking. One may judge of the great dimensions of the enterprise from the fact that it will require at least \$8,000,000 for textbooks and books of reference for the coming winter alone. It ought to be added that no provision is made for this educational program in the budget of \$170,500,000, and therefore in itself this plan affords a further reason why we must have a large over-subscription.

The work in eleven school districts comprising Gresham, Fairview and the surrounding territory has been placed in charge of George F. Honey, chairman; A. C. Ruby and Dr. A. Thompson. District captains have been appointed who have authority to name their assistants. Supplies will be sent them in time to begin their canvass. Pledge cards will be used and payments may be made at different intervals up to March 1st, 1919, although payments in full are earnestly desired at time of subscription. Following are the names of the captains appointed in the eleven districts comprised in this territory:

- Gresham, District 4—Mrs. G. W. Stapleton.
- Rockwood, District 27—Mrs. Fredricka Benson.
- Terry, District 8—L. Spencer.
- Fairview, District 16—Mrs. D. W. McKay.
- Cedar, District 10—Miss Bessie Strebin.
- Victory, District 49—James Burns.
- Orient, District 6—C. M. Quicksall.
- Powell Valley, District 26—Mrs. Alta Gentry.
- Lynch, District 28—Mrs. William Hornecker.
- Pleasant Valley, District 15—Mrs. F. A. Lehman.
- Wilkes, District 7—Miss Mamie Burns.

ONLY ONE CHANGE IN CITY OFFICES

Results of the municipal election, were found in the count to be the re-election of Mayor Kenney, Recorder Miller, Treasurer J. H. Metzger and Marshal J. G. Metzger. Of the five names on the ballot for councilman E. H. Kelly and W. C. Metzger were re-elected. The only new member elected was H. L. St. Clair.

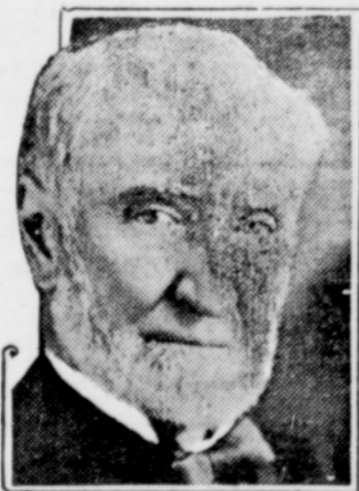
The roster of city officers and councilmen will thus remain as at present for the coming year except for this one change. Mr. St. Clair will succeed Charles Cleveland.

The terms of the offices and councilmen will not begin until the first Tuesday in January, when the new-elects will be sworn in and take up their duties.

For Sale.

- Used machinery in good condition. All sizes cream separators.
- Nine plows, steel and chilled in wood or steel beam.
- One 10-18 disc harrow tongue truck, nearly new.
- One 50-tooth spike harrow.
- Other machinery and implements at better than auction prices.
- One 14-inch gang plow with new shares, \$40.

W. A. HESSEL, Gresham.
Office Tel. 544. Res. Tel. 6x2



JOS CANNON

Joe Cannon—Elected to the House of Representatives for his 22d term, having been defeated but twice in 46 years.

American Indians are said to be able to see one-tenth farther than the average white man.

Barber Shop and Men's Rest Room.

Have enlarged my barber shop and arranged part for men's rest room where men can make themselves at home. Will have a line of cigars and tobacco. Open at 8 a. m. No barber work if you enter barber shop after 8 p. m. Saturdays after 11 p. m. B. F. BAUER, Next to Post Office.

"Dec Day"

(Kipling's poem was never more timely than today, when the Germanbraggart is seeking to escape the impending disaster.)

You boasted the day, and you toasted the day,
And now the day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the white arm's fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the day, you lied for the day,
And worked for the day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with ghastly wine,
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the day, you schemed for the day,
Watch how the day will go.
Slayer of age, and youth, and prime
(Defenseless slain for never a crime)
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the day, you have grown for the day,
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless, turned to the flame-split skies,
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the day, you have longed for the day,
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Vile sheaves of dead amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers' curse thy name.

But after the day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

SLOGAN—"A MILLION A DAY"

Marshfield, Ore., Nov. 4, 1918.

Editor Outlook: I promised mother some time past that I would write you something in regard to spruce production. I enclose you the same for your consideration. The North Bend Mill and Lumber company, in whose camp Harry and I are working, won the spruce production honor flag for the production of the largest output of clear airplane spruce for the month of September, which is of itself quite a distinguished honor. Everything is prosperous in the Coos Bay country. Our monthly output of lumber on the Bay is 9,000,000 feet. The North Bend Mill and Lumber company get their logs close in to Marshfield, while the Smith-Powers Logging company get theirs as far out as fifty miles.

A French general finding himself in the rear of his army with the enemy in evidence said, "I alone am the rear-guard of the army." Then he fought a rear-guard battle and won a victory over the enemy.

His position was much the same as that occupied by over one hundred thousand of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen at the present time in the great spruce, fir and cedar forests of our own great northwest. Here a being fought, by the Yanks in the blue overalls, 6000 miles from the firing line, one of the most valient rear-guard battles of the world's war for airplane and ship supremacy. Our slogans are, "Ships, ships and more ships" which means "Fir for the sea," and "A million a day," which means "Spruce for the air."

When you take into consideration that a year ago our approximate monthly output of airplane spruce was only 3,000,000 feet and that only fifty per cent of that could be used on account of poor grading and that during August of this year 18,500,000 feet all of which was selected stock was shipped and that our program at present is 30,000,000 feet per month by this fall, and now that it is fall we Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen confidently expect our beloved Commander Brigadier General Disque to be a dead game sport and make "The sky the limit," in spruce production, with no Huns on the horizon in 1919. You get some idea of what "Hitting the ball" and "Walking the round-stuff" constitutes to use a logger's phrase if you follow the trail of the man who wears the calked boot. We loggers have had a great many things of one character and another to contend with that have served to lessen production.

You have all read of the stone in the scriptures that was rejected by the builders, and afterwards became the chief corner stone. Well, that is the exact position the spruce tree occupied in the lumber industry before the world war. Spruce was of such small value that no one would pay any attention of consequence to the best spruce sections of the timber. But behold, like Paul of Tarsus the things they once hated they now love. Like the stone above mentioned it

has become the chiefest tree in all the forest. It is evident that there is nothing independent of utility so over night as it were the clear, clean tough, fine grained Sitka spruce tree was destined to be felled that its timber might be used to build the allied air navy of the present world's war, war eagles that carry the glad tidings of freedom and justice to all mankind, qualities that should be inherited in fee simple from generation to generation.

The Sitka spruce belt of timber from which we are cutting our stock of airplane spruce, borders on the Pacific ocean, extends fifty miles inland and reaches from southwestern Oregon to Alaska. Here on this strip of topographic fragmentation and isolation where "rocks, caves, bogs, fens and shades of death" are oft all that forms the terrain between you and the continuous rolling barrage of the mighty Pacific's surf—is the home of the spruce tree, a tree shy in its habits of growth and peculiar in its character. It grows in patches in sheltered localities, and is usually found on the roughest ground in the township. Large and small canyons obtain in saw-toothed continuity.

Experience is honored the world over. It takes men of quick perception and long experience to "fell" and "buck" timber without much breakage on such rough ground as above mentioned, to say nothing of the trials and tribulations of the rigging crews that follow in our wake. When you take into consideration that lots of logs we fell and buck are easily worth from \$500 to \$600 per log, you will readily understand why experience is honored.

For me to go into details and tell you how ordinary logging methods in vogue were found to be wholly inadequate to meet the increasing demands of production, how selective logging under different methods at increased cost of production were called into use; how railroads were built into new fields where spruce could be had, how a new engineering department was created and a hasty survey of all available spruce in every district was made, how railroad construction has kept pace with logging operations, how many miles of these railroads have been constructed through swamps at \$10,000 and up per mile for clearing alone, how other miles have been built on log cribbing along the side of treacherous side-hills, how long stretches have been laid on trees 100 to 150 feet in length dropped into parallel lines to form two rows of sills forming a gigantic ladder when the cross ties are notched into them, how miles have been laid on piling driven into oozy bogs high above the morass that the winter rains will develop, how many bridges 60 to 120 feet high have been constructed across the streams and canyons, how a government inspection of camp life and conditions has greatly ameliorated great many evils that existed before the military authorities took a hand and had a general house cleaning, how the formation of the L. L. L.

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GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH, "THE GRAY MAN OF CHRIST"



GEN. FOCH

As the tide of battle in the great war turns more and more from doubt and anxiety to the certainty of victory, there looms with startling vividness in the world's imagination the figure of one man whose genius has exceeded that of any other soldier of whom time has made record.

This man is General Ferdinand Foch—the Gray Man of Christ.

This has been Christ's war—Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the generalissimo, in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man.

This may seem a strange statement for a secular newspaper to make. But, it is the business of a newspaper to get at facts. If the facts are of a supernatural nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get at them and to record them.

And the fact is that owing to the genius of Ferdinand Foch, the Hun stands at this hour with his back against the wall—a wall that is soon to crash and crumble upon his head and annihilate him forever from the face of the earth.

And the additional fact is that the deeper we question as to who Foch is, the clearer is the answer that in every act of his life and in every thought of his brain he is Christ's man.

If you were to ask him: "Are you Christ's man?" he would answer, "Yes."

It seems to be beyond all shadow of doubt that when the hour came in which all that Christ stood for was to either stand or fall, Christ raised up a man to lead the hosts that battled for Him.

When that hour came in which truth and right, charity, brotherly love, justice and liberty were either to triumph or to be blotted out of the world, Christ came again upon the road to Damascus.

Whoever does not realize this and see it clearly as a fact, he does but blunder stupidly.

There will be a crowding company of critics when the war is ended and they will all be filled with the ego of their own conclusions. They will attempt to explain the genius of Foch with maps and diagrams.

But, while they are doing so, if you will look for Foch in some quiet church; it is there that he will be found humbly giving God the glory and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself.

Can that kind of a man win a war? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see.

II.

If you were to know a man who came home every night with a bag filled with gold nuggets, you would naturally be curious to know where he went to get them.

In the same way, when you see a soldier winning battles you are curious to know from what source comes his genius.

Where, then, does Foch go for the strength and magical power to bring home the marvelous victories he has won and is still winning over Prussia and the unholy alliances she has made to crush the world and drive freedom from the earth?

We have the answer close at home. A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino in which he gives as well as any one else could give, the answer to the question we ask.

This American boy—Evans is his name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bare head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, also entered the church.

Only one orderly accompanied the quiet gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

Evans paid small attention, at first, to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church praying. The minutes passed until full three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awe-struck faces as he passed.

It was Foch. And now, Evans of San Bernardino counts the experience as the greatest in his life.

During that three-quarters of an hour that the generalissimo of all the allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terrain at his command, generals and field marshals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he commanded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

If young Evans could have followed the general on to headquarters, where reports were waiting him and news of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the general's face, but he would have seen no look of surprise there.

Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau, the old Tiger of France, stood on the battle front with anxious heart, one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory.

The great agnostic statesman doubted, but the Gray Man of Christ did not doubt.

III.

The facts, then, in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is first of all, a Christian.

What is the use of listening to materialists in the face of these facts? Where did the man go who brought home a victory every day?

If he goes to the chemists, to the war councils, to the map makers, and to them alone, well and good. That's what the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff do, and so the materialists would give us their answer.

But that is not what Foch does. He goes to God. He goes to Christ, who turned back Paul on the road to Damascus; to the Nazarene, who raised Lazarus from the tomb; to the Wanderer who went up the dark path to Calvary and hung there upon the tree between two thieves that the sins of the world might be washed away.

Think of this type of man, quiet and as humble as the humblest peasant in the stricken fields of Flanders, with the hopes and the destinies of a whole world in his hands!

Is it not our tradition that such a commander, compared to whom Alexander and Constantine and Napoleon and Caesar stand as corporals in Lilliput, should be inaccessible in his lordly grandeur from the eyes of common men?

And yet, young Evans of San Bernardino, just an every day American boy from under the shadow of the old San Geronimo, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.

They represented the two great democracies of the world, but there in that old church they represented, jointly, a far greater thing—the democracy of Christ.

IV.

The war is not yet ended, but Foch has already won it. The Kaiser prates much of God, but we know that his "Gott" is not the God who gave us Christ as His only begotten Son. You shall search the utterances of the Kaiser in vain to find one single reference of his to Christ, or one appeal that he has made to the Son of God.

The Kaiser, and that Prussia which he has builded up, have thrust Christ out. Alien is He to the Hun as He was to them that slew Him. Of Him was the prophecy that He would come to be the Prince of Peace.

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