

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE HAS KEPT THE HOME FIRES BURNING DURING YEAR

GRESHAM CANNERY WINS YEAR BANNER FOR PRODUCTIVITY

Largest Output In Its History Shows Great Variety of Canned Goods and A Big Payroll

Over thirty thousand cases of fruit and vegetables were packed at the Gresham cannery the present season and the work is still going on. When the kraut and beets now being put into cans are all ready for shipment the figures will probably exceed the 32,000 mark.

A detailed statement of the various productions is made in the following report as to the number of cases put up, the greater portion of which has been sold.

Red raspberries	8,200
Black raspberries	495
Strawberries	134
Plums	210
Prunes	1,982
Beans	2,798
Pears	792
Loganberries	599
Blackberries	2,408
Royal Ann cherries	3,515
Bing cherries	670
Governor Wood cherries	63
Cranberry preserves	1,000
Grape jam	1,675
Blackberry jam	2,654
Raspberry jam	1,076
Plum jam	1,800
Loganberry jam	660

A small force is now at work on beets, of which about eight tons will be packed. They will fill something like 400 cases.

Something new was done this year, the report showing that 1000 cases of cranberry preserves were put up. The berries came from the marshes on the Washington coast near Long Beach. Their preservation as preserves was a success.

That the Gresham cannery is an important factor in the prosperity of Gresham and its contiguous territory is shown in the statement concerning the sums paid for labor and produce this year. The total in salaries and wages will reach \$18,000. For produce paid out locally the sum reached \$35,000. In addition more than as much more was paid for produce shipped here from other places. This goes to illustrate what might be the result if more such produce was grown here—the output of the cannery would be largely increased and the payroll doubled.

The cannery is under the management of A. Rupert & Co., who have a lease for three more years. The property belongs to the stockholders of the Gresham Fruit Growers' association and is leased for \$500 a year and all insurance, taxes, etc. Rupert & Co. owns all the machinery as well as the stock on hand and the cans, boxes and packed goods. It is the present intention to increase the capacity of the plant next year for a larger pack.

The Gobelin tapestry which France is going to present to the city of Philadelphia will portray troops leaving the city, and will bear the President's words: "Right is more precious than peace." "We have no conquest and no domination." "We shall fight for democracy."

What you think of a man makes no difference in the man. Your thoughts about him are no more valuable than an Angora goat's thoughts about the binomial theorem.

A talkative barber is bound to make cutting remarks.

HE MAY BE HOME BY THE NEW YEAR

A number of letters have come in during the past few days from Leslie St. Clair to his wife and parents. Following are some excerpts telling some of the experiences through which he has been passing:

On the Front,

November 8.
We heard last night of the armistice being signed with Germany, and there was much celebration all along the front. Believe me that looked mighty good to L. T. although I enjoyed myself here and had good times. I want to get home now that it is over. How was the news of the armistice received by the people in the states? Bet there was much celebration.

There has been lots doing lately for us fellows. For several days after the drive the roads were blocked for miles and only moved about once in three hours. One night our truck got in line at 4 p. m. and got four miles by 11 p. m. The next night was the same old thing. That keeps off the go an awful lot.

In Billets, Nov. 12.
What do you think of the American soldier now? I guess we sure cleaned up on the old boche in a hurry when they gave us a chance. There wasn't much said Monday about the 72 hours the Germans got as to whether the boche would surrender or continue.

Our bunch heard about it at one p. m. Monday from general headquarters and "G" 1, but it was all over the front by dark, and as it got dark the towns began to light up and fellows set off fireworks, signal lights and big colored flashes here and there. Say it was grand. The first lights at night on the entire front since the beginning of the war.

There sure was some stiff fighting up here in the Arconne and after the barrage we set down November 1—the boche has been on the run since. They even retreated in railway cars and our marines after them in trucks. Our guns were only a mile from the German front lines.

We're moved into rest billets now, after 70 days on the line. That is longer than most of them do up there but it sure is a great life. Now that it is over I'm glad we are on quarters again.

Say, maybe you think we don't have "some" rats here in our quarters. They come out after the lights are out and frolic over our beds. These rats sure know how to come out in squads and pass in review.

I'll bet you would be surprised to see the way I am dressed for work. Well, I have a tight fitting overcoat, cap, new shirt, sweater, a blouse and over that a sleeveless leather jerkin or leather coat, a pair of O. D. pants, two pairs of socks and a pair of htp boots, rolled down below the knee and up once so it look like boots worn by an old sea pirate. That is the way I've dressed for three months.

November 18.

Here I am for a short edition tonight and if you want to know it, I'm not going to write many more letters in France. We heard tonight that the regiment is to be among the first contingent of troops to land at home and we are to embark in a comparatively short time for the good old U. S. A. We are billeted now in a small town near first army artillery headquarters and expect to leave here soon. Four or five days will be needed here to clean up equipment.

You know this regiment is in the "first army" and they have designed a black shoulder decoration and under that we have a red and white bar or ribbon for first army colors. It sort of distinguishes us from those second and third army birds.

There won't be much use for you to send any more mail to me for I expect to be home before you answer this letter.

The old 65th 2d Bat'n was in the last drive in the Arconne which put the finishing touches on the boche. We have received citations from General Pershing and have been on five fronts and have done great work on all of them.

Bargains in the Want Ads.

YEAR OF PROGRESS BRINGS RESULTS TO THE BEAVER PLANT

The Beaver State Motor company, a progressive firm of Gresham, Oregon, which has been doing 100 per cent war work for the past few months, is now back into its regular production of the Beaver State drag-saw, and turning out this product to its capacity.

To facilitate production there recently has been installed the equipment an immense grinder for crankshafts, a disc grinder, tapping machine, turret lathe, while there is in process of installation in the foundry an American molding machine of the latest design, which should double the capacity in the foundry.

Recently there has been installed new core ovens of special design, the core room being moved into more spacious quarters.

During the past year this firm has gone forward and the prospects are that its growth will be rapid. The product of this concern consisting of gas engines, centrifugal pumps, and the Beaver State drag-saw, has met the pleasant regard of the public, and without doubt, will continue to, and it is the hope of the directors of the firm that they may be enabled to again double the capacity of the plant during the coming year.

A visit to the Beaver plant is worth while just to see the work that is being done. The force at this time is only about one-half of what it was during the war period when all work was for the government, but it will be increased again as new contracts are made. The drag-saw manufacture is the most important. The capacity of the plant is one an hour in addition to the other work that is being done right along and which is almost as important. These machines are shipped all over the world.

and so far their production has never overtaken the sales.

The increased size of the plant is nearly double that of a year ago. The first machine shop is 80x100 feet. Another building just like it, 32x140 feet, was put up which is being used as a warehouse. The foundry at first was 40x100 but it has been increased to just double its former capacity. It is all in use and will contain the new moulding machine spoken of.

The machine shop is the most interesting. Its equipment has been increased about 300 per cent during the past year. The new machines spoken of above constitute only a part of the increase in machinery during 1918. Only a visit to the plant will convey an idea of what it really looks like from the inside.

The Beaver factory is growing to be an enormous plant, modern in every respect, with its wonderfully equipped machine shop and facilities for casting both iron and brass. All castings are made from Beaver formulas, and all out of No. 1 metal. No scrap metal is used, and consequently all Beaver castings have a uniformly high quality and long life. The plant includes an air-power painting equipment.

P. A. Combs, president of the Beaver company, is the guiding spirit in everything. He has several inventions to his credit and is suspected of being the inventor of a new gasoline engine. Anyway the pattern is being made for one which embodies some new principle. If the engine works as well as the pattern is going to look it ought to be a success.

When asked if it was one of his original conceptions Mr. Combs said it would be rated as his if it was a failure, but if it was a success everybody in the factory would have a share in it. Such is usually the reward of genius.

HOME PACKING COMPANY HAS BECOME A COMMERCIAL FACTOR

HE IS HAPPY TO KNOW THAT HOME IS IN SIGHT

The following from a letter from Lieutenant Ernest P. Thom was submitted to the Outlook by the wife, Mrs. Maude Burch Thom. Lieutenant Thom is the son of William Thom of Gresham:

Well, you all have the news by this time. Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock the boche, signed the armistice and all fighting ceased at 11 a. m. We had received orders the night before to move into a different sector and were getting our guns out on the road when we got the news and also an order that all troop movements would cease. So we immediately went into camp and what will take place now I can not say. The men weren't very pleased by the news. We all think the boche hadn't suffered enough but one thing that made us all glad was the great happiness it would bring the women of America—our loved ones at home—and after all they are the real sufferers in this hellish war. As far as we are concerned we could fight on forever.

Poor old war-weary, blood-drenched France. She is glad and why not? How she has suffered, and in silence, not one word of regret or complaining. I have seen what was once beautiful towns now a mass of ruins. Only the day before yesterday I was in a town which was once a beautiful city of about 10,000 population. It was situated on a hill, had a beautiful church, and the houses were all built of stone with red tile roofs and pretty gardens. Now there is nothing, not a roof in the whole place, just a pile of rock and a few ruined walls standing. All that is left of the cathedral are two stone columns, and that's only one of hundreds. I am very happy though for I know you are, and now I wonder how long it will be before I see you. Every day will seem a year. Everyone is wondering how long it will be. Of course the peace terms aren't signed yet and we won't be moved till then. Then, of course the ones that have been here the longest will rightfully return first, but we know it's but a matter of time.

GEORGE RESBECK DEAD VICTIM OF INFLUENZA

George Resbeck, who has been living on the Tom Ward place—north-east of Gresham, died on Saturday at a Portland hospital, where he had been taken a few days previous, seriously ill with pneumonia. The afflicted man was taken down with influenza on December 4. On December 8th he was taken to the hospital. While there he was stricken with spinal meningitis and the end came quickly.

The deceased was aged 32 years, eight months and ten days. He leaves a wife and five small children, the eldest being 13 years of age. The mother herself is in delicate health and was taken to the hospital for rest and treatment. The children have all been sick with influenza.

The funeral was held yesterday from the German Lutheran church in Portland and the interment was in the Rose City cemetery. The family being in need of financial aid, the church donated about a hundred dollars. Neighbors, under the leadership of N. Schnell, I. Davidson and Chas. Greenwood, collected from Gresham business houses and farmers in the vicinity the sum of \$150 more. This will be used to relieve the immediate wants of the family. Mrs. Resbeck and the committee in charge are very grateful to all who have helped by their generous gifts.

A girl who is a lily before marriage sometimes continues to be one afterwards—a tiger lily.

The war has failed to decrease the supply of alley kittens and the market remains firm at zero.

Shipments Of Refined Products Are Growing In Extent and Are Helping To Make Gresham Famous

A few months ago the people of Gresham and vicinity began hearing a new factory whistle and many asked, What new enterprise is that?

The supposed new enterprise was not very new but the far-sounding whistle and the 25-horse power boiler which furnished steam for the plant had been just installed in the plant of the Home Packing company conducted for the past five years by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stocker, at the corner of Hood avenue and Fifth street, Gresham.

This is one of the several institutions that has helped to furnish a market for the products of the local farms and orchards, give employment to many individuals, and incidentally has helped to a great extent to advertise Gresham by putting Gresham labels on the greater portion of its products which are sent out to all parts of the country.

That the business is a success and its products are making a place for themselves on the markets is indicated by the yearly increase in variety and amount of output and the continued enlargement of the factory.

"We now have a capacity of approximately a carload of fruit products a month," said Mr. Stocker in a recent interview, and he added that the present season's pack would be about nine carloads. Included in this are a great variety of jellies, jams and preserves, fruit juices and cold packs. One of the more recent additions to the list of table delicacies is a fruit pudding which has all the tempting qualities of the reputed English variety without the usual indigestibility of the latter. In fact, Mrs. Stocker, who is an expert in the concoction of all kinds of table delicacies, thinks the fruit pudding will become one of their leading products, and she has had years of experience in catering to the American "sweet tooth."

During the past season all local berries and other fruits available have been bought up at top prices, and this includes quantities of evergreens and wild blackberries. In addition a great amount of fruit has been shipped in from other Oregon localities. Several carloads of apples have just been unloaded.

Recently large orders have been shipped to San Francisco, Los Angeles and to other points in California, Idaho, Washington, Montana, Utah and even down into Texas. The demand seems to be unlimited and orders had to be turned down for want of fruit. The government embargo on sugar has also curtailed this year's output of fruit juices for beverage purposes. Added to this has been the difficulty of securing suitable containers in tin and glass for the variety of products.

With the removal of the war restrictions and the shortage of help on the farms, and in view of the increasing demand for all kinds of table delicacies, the Home Packing company looks forward to a full capacity output during the year 1919.

The nominal head of the household, the man, is not half so often the dictator as some child of one to ten years. The man usually has the name among the neighbors, without any of the powers, a good deal like the kingship of the king of England.

Mother

By J. W.

Dear mother, when I read each tender phrase,
Each throbbing line of love you write to me,
My heart grows sad, and oft I count the days
Until at last I shall sail o'er the sea
Back, back to you and home and all I love
And once I cursed the fate that placed me here.
But, lo! I caught a vision from above
That steeled my heart with patience, mother dear,
Before my thoughts were dark with fancied wrongs.
Of plans uncarried and of work undone,
I heard faint echoes of the old home songs
And glimpsed your loving faces, one by one.
I knew your troubles—that I could not ease—
I suffered at the worry in your heart,
I longed to rest my head upon your knees
And feel my bitter loneliness depart.
To me the war had brought out bitterness;
Brought discipline—that cut me to the raw—
And acts unjust that promised no redress
Beneath the changeless military law.
All through the days I heard the homing call;
I saw your pleading eyes and heard your voice.
I prayed to come, I prayed to cheer you all
And in reunion let our hearts rejoice.
All useless seemed the changeless game we played
Of endless labor, unremitting drill.
It seemed 'twould be far better had I stayed
At home with you, who love and need me still

And then I caught a vision from the skies
Of why we fight and suffer and are sad!
I saw the reason for our sacrifice,
And, seeing, lo! my heart grew strong and glad
That I was in the ranks to fight and die,
If need be, for the millions yet unborn!
I saw the Belgian women as they lie,
The spoils of Hunnish lust, undone and torn!
Their children lifting mutilated arms;
And babies caught upon the bayonet;
Their aged mothers slaving on the farms
To feed the German hordes unconquered yet!
I saw the helpless sinking in the waves,
While German sailors laughed to see them die;
I saw a row of new-made baby graves
And distant aircraft sinking in the sky;
I saw the towns of desolated France,
The fruiting trees destroyed in senseless hate!
Oh, mother, these I saw as in a trance,
And others that my lips dare not relate!
Oh, think if we had lived in Belgium then!
If France had been our home! Oh, God on High,
To picture You the toy of brutish men,
Our home destroyed, my loved ones left to die!
I see—I see at last—the reason why
We must forget the little things of life
And dry our tears and stifle every cry,
Whatever pain may issue from the strife!
Why we must battle on with ne'er a thought
But Victory, nor stop to count the cost,
Until a sweeter Liberty is wrought
From out the old, which was so nearly lost!

My mother, cheer your heart and dry your tears,
For afterwards, God willing, I'll return.
We sacrifice today that, through the years,
We may enjoy the peace for which we yearn.
Forget all cares, forget all minor things;
Today we labor and tomorrow rest!
We fight for every mother as she sings
Her babe to sleep upon her throbbing breast!
We battle for the Womanhood of Earth,
For Liberty, for Honor and for Right!
Be proud, oh, mother dear, that you gave birth
To one who lived to enter such a fight!
—From Paris Edition New York Herald.

A bachelor usually knows when he's well off and his women friends evidently do, too, from the efforts they make to change him.

About all the world's discord that is not caused by egotism is caused by mental inability to understand the viewpoint of others.

Main and Powell Sts.

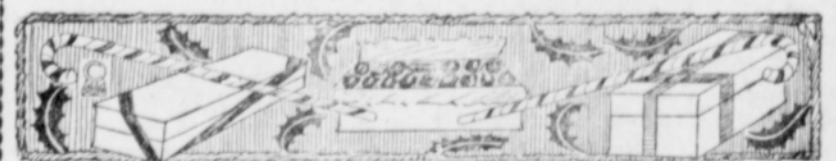
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Withrow's Confectionery



Cigars : Tobacco : Candy

Lunches with Good Hot Coffee



WHEN YOU BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS CANDIES

here you are not only going to delight "somebody's heart" with their deliciousness and wholesomeness, but of the purity of our Candies.

Everything else for the Holiday trade in the Confectionery line.

Belt's Confectionery