

## TREES PLANTED IN HONOR OF G. WASHINGTON

The anniversary of George Washington's birth was fittingly celebrated in the city schools today.

The ceremonies this year are especially interesting, centering about the planting of walnuts from the grounds of Washington's estate at Mt. Vernon. Ten years ago O. M. Plummer of the Portland school board visited Mt. Vernon, securing from an old darky six nuts from the historic black walnut trees that grow about George Washington's tombstone.

Upon his return to Portland he at once planted these nuts. Only one grew, but it has attained a height of forty feet and this year bore one hundred pounds of nuts. Mr. Plummer turned these nuts over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and they in turn have undertaken the task of directing the planting of the nuts at the schools throughout the state, in conjunction with school principals and teachers.

The planting at the High School here was most impressive. The present junior class of Union High has always been a George Washington class. When they were freshmen nearly three years ago they presented the school with a bust of Washington as their chosen ideal during their days of school life. February 22nd has had a special significance for them. So the ceremonies at the high school were under the auspices of this class. The exercises upon the north lawn at 2 o'clock included short addresses by Mrs. R. F. Walters and Howard Jones, president of the juniors. Said sturdy young Mr. Jones:

In behalf of the junior class of which I have the honor of being president, we esteem it an honor to commemorate the birthday of our hero, George Washington, by the planting of these walnut seeds, which we hope will grow to be transplanted later on our school campus.

This class three years ago chose the hero of the Revolutionary war as our ideal. We have studied the life of this great man and believe in the things for which he stood. His noble character is worthy of emulation. His example as a student, his ambition as a man, and his qualifications as a leader and President of the United States furnish us an ideal worthy of imitation.

As these seeds from the home of George Washington, at Mount Vernon grow, soon to become large walnut trees, so may the members of this class following his example, grow to become noble men and women, the best citizens of this great country.

Three tablets with suitable inscriptions were placed, marking the plantings. It is planned to have a transplanting ceremony next year at this time before this class graduates, at which time the young trees will be permanently placed on the school premises.

Photographs of the ceremonies were taken.

At the grade school Principal Skirvin, assisted by local D. A. R. members conducted a patriotic assembly in the school building. Addresses by Mrs. R. F. Walters and Mrs. J. Montclair Brown and singing of national airs by the pupils preceded the planting on the east side of the building. Massa the popular Japanese student from the fourth grade, son of foreign born parents, turned the first spadeful of earth, thus emphasizing the new internationalism. A salute by the school, and the singing of "America" concluded the program.

## BROWN'S BUTCHER SHOP ENTERED LAST NIGHT

A bold robbery of A. J. W. Brown's butcher shop was effected last night. An automobile was driven up to the entrance at some time during the night, the locks were torn off the doors, and a heavy load of pork was hauled away by the thieves. A whole hog, valued at \$20, five buckets of lard, two boiled hams, and a large stock of sausages were some of the items missing this morning. Mr. Brown's loss will be over \$50.

Upon receiving word of the burglary from Mr. Brown, Sheriff Hurlburt dispatched Deputy Sheriffs Lamont and Wilson to Gresham to conduct an investigation. They are working on several clues at present. The conclusion seems to be general that the people who entered the butcher shop last night are the same daring thieves who have entered Metzger's store during the winter.

The street in front of Mr. Brown's place of business is unlighted—the arc light being removed at the time of the change in the location of the fire station.

## Woman Would Visit North Pole in Airplane



With the war ended and peace virtually upon us, new and startling performances by inventions of the war will be in order. Trans-continental and across ocean flights by airplane—new altitude records—wireless communications developed to an uncanny degree and other scientific stunts, will furnish the news of the day. First is a woman trying for a visit to the North Pole by airplane. Miss Ruth Law, famous American aviator, is equipping special machines to accompany the Admiral Peary party in a try for a visit to the Pole by the air route. Here is the famous woman flier in her machine, ready for a trial flight.

## FAIRVIEW LAD RECEIVES MEDAL FOR PRIZE LIBERTY LOAN ESSAY

The following is a letter to Miss Mirza Macklin, principal of the Fairview school, with reference to the state-wide sixth grade prize offered by the Oregon State Liberty Loan Committee, which was won by Donald Grant of that school. The letter is remarkable and will be kept as a precious memento, together with the medal won by Donald.

The essay which would have done credit to a much older pupil, is given here in full. When the announcement of the prize award was made several weeks ago, the essay was at the school-house, which was closed by the epidemic.

My Dear Miss Macklin:

During the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign a state-wide Liberty Loan contest was conducted in which all pupils from the Third to the Twelfth Grades participated. A gold medal has been awarded to the winner of each grade.

I have the honor of informing you that Donald Grant of Fairview was the state-wide winner for the Sixth Grade, and accordingly I am sending you under separate cover one of the grand prizes for presentation to him.

May I request that appropriate public exercises be conducted in connection with the presentation of this medal, and that you personally present same to Donald Grant on behalf of the State Liberty Loan Organization and myself?

I wish to extend to you and the loyal citizens of our county my sincere congratulations upon the winning of this grand prize by one of your scholars.

Will you kindly say to the parents and teachers of Donald Grant that the essay for which this medal has been awarded displays a love of country and an appreciation of its traditions and ideals, which reflects great credit on them. The inspiration for such an essay could only have come from a fireside and schoolroom where loyalty and patriotism are paramount, and the thoughts which are given expression are indicative of the home and school influence which made Oregon the foremost state in the giving of her sons and her treasure to the cause of Democracy.

To Donald Grant will you kindly say that this medal should not be treasured for its intrinsic worth, but should be valued as a badge of patriotic achievement. It is an award of honor given in appreciation of a loyal service well performed at a time when our country was at war. I hope he may keep it always and treasure it as a remembrance of the part he played in this great war.

EDWARD COOKINGHAM.

## LIBRARY EQUIPMENT AUTHORIZED BY BOARD

At the regular meeting of the board of directors of Union High School District No. 2 last week, the purchase of a filing cabinet for the new school library was sanctioned. This will be a nice addition to the equipment of this department, which is already recognized as an important factor in the school work.

Transportation facilities also received the attention of the board members. A full report on the subject will be given at the next meeting, with a view to improving the transportation service wherever necessary.

Present at the meeting were acting chairman D. E. Towle, H. P. Christenson, C. H. Johnson, W. C. Lawrence, Louis Yunker, and K. A. Miller, clerk.

## WILD FLOWER CALENDAR FEATURE AT LIBRARY

Who wants to help with the fun of the wild flower calendar at the public library? Miss Maud Michel's room in the Gresham school and Miss Margaret Burke's room at Lusted have already enlisted as wild flower scouts.

This is what you must do. Just keep your eyes open for the first wild flower of each variety. And when you find one, hurry along with it to Miss Montague, the librarian. The first flower of each kind will be exhibited at the library; and the name and school of the finder, along with the date, will be posted on a lovely calendar there.

A wild flower show is also in prospect, so do not be discouraged if some one else finds the very first bloom.

## GRESHAM PIONEER DIES IN PORTLAND

In the passing of John E. Miller in Portland last Saturday, many old residents of Gresham will realize with a feeling of sadness that a staunch friend has been called to his reward. The many expressions of regret and love from those who knew him here attest a splendid record of friendship.

Born in Carroll county, Missouri, on March 22, 1856, he crossed the plains in a prairie schooner with his parents and neighbors when a small lad of nine years. The emigrants settled in Polk county in the Oregon country, where Mr. Miller grew to a splendidly upright young manhood. Moving to Gresham, he resided here for many years, and was prominent in local affairs. John Miller's word in any matter was a guarantee of the honesty of the project.

Moving to Portland in 1905 he lived there until his death on February 15, passing away at the family home at 381 Going street. Funeral services were held at Zeller's chapel, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Edward Constant of Highland Congregational church. Mr. Miller is buried in Lone Fir cemetery.

Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Clara Miller, a son, C. R. Miller of Portland, and two daughters, Mrs. A. J. Rahn of Salem and Mrs. Guy L. Fieldhouse of Gresham.

The Outlook joins with the entire community in extending sympathy to the bereaved family in their great loss.

## Telephone Concession Announced.

Miss B. Osborne, secretary of the local telephone company, announces a change in the long distance service for local patrons. The recent ruling was to the effect that no personal calls would be received—a flat rate of ten cents being charged for a general call to the telephone number of the party with whom one wished to speak. Now as a concession to those who must consider haste in obtaining their calls, it is announced that for a charge of 20 cents one may place the call designating by name the party with whom one wishes to talk.

## Lon Marston a Benedict.

Lon Marston has returned from Gates, Oregon, with his bride, the former Miss Grace Myers. The wedding ceremony was performed at Mill City on February 6th at the parsonage of Rev. J. Clark. Following a visit with relatives in that vicinity and in Portland, the newlyweds arrived in Gresham on Monday to make their home here.

Several jolly slumber parties are planned for Saturday evening, when out of town seniors will be the guests of their Gresham classmates, remaining in town for the senior reception at the Elmer F. Goodwin residence.

Miss Laura Davis, a graduate of the 1915 class of union high school, who has completed special training in the Reed College reconstruction clinic in Portland, has received a government call assigning her to reconstruction work in Pennsylvania.

The big white U for baseball will be conferred upon captain Wm. Butler, David Peterson, Joe Comstock, Converse Burlingame, Robert Childers, Clifford Hillyard, Lyle Winters and Oren Stanley.

Auto accessories for all cars. C. E. Osburn & Co.

If you haven't got it yet try a want ad.

Bargains in the want ads.

## NEW ERA PLAN IS OUTLINED BY REV. I. G. SELF

In common with other great churches the Presbyterian church has inaugurated a campaign of intensive activity to be carried out during the reconstruction period. Rev. I. G. Self, pastor of Smith Memorial church, Fairview, he has given to the readers of the Outlook the following outline of the plan, which is known as the New Era Movement:

The New Era Movement of the Presbyterian church is the outgrowth of the entire benevolent and missionary work of the church during all its existence. It is not a revolution but an evolution of the activities of the church. The movement was born out of the agony of the world war. Its immediate background is a solemn call to the church and to the individual member thereof to prepare for the new day that has dawned. The movement promises to be to the Presbyterian church what Allied strategy has become to the cause of righteousness in the world war. The Presbyterian church putting itself behind its whole task so as to render its largest possible service to the nation and the world—this is the New Era movement.

The movement proceeds from a spiritual center through sacrificial motive. Under it all boards and agencies, beginning April 1, 1919, will gather their funds in one aggregate budget instead of in ten separate budgets. The first of these aggregate budgets calls for \$12,000,000. That represents a big increase, but the war and consequent conditions caused this increase. Had the New Era Movement not been organized, this increase would still have had to be met. The budget does represent two new items. See what they are: \$500,000 for disabled boys returning from war, and \$500,000 for stricken Presbyterian churches in France, Belgium and Italy.

This movement embraces the idea of the organization within the church of a great company of believers to be known as "The Covenanted Comrades of Intercession" to help by prayer in the revival of family religion around the family altar, a plan of education in the principles and practices of Christian stewardship. To have is not to own but to owe. God is the owner of all we have. We are only stewards; a recognition of the Sabbath as His glory, not our pleasure.

The test of the success of the New Era Movement will be made in the local church, in the heartening of every minister and church worker; the enlistment of every member in the activities of the church; the preparation of the Presbyterian church through and by its individual membership for its full and sacrificial share in meeting the needs of a new world in the new era which has already dawned, are the imperishable ideas for which the movement stands. The movement will not move unless it moves you—individual member of the church.

## INDUSTRIAL CLUB LEADER HAS A BUSY WEEK

Miss Ethel Calkins, county industrial club organizer has spent a busy week about the county. Accompanied by Miss Helen Cowgill, state industrial club leader, she has visited in many school districts in the interests of the sewing, cooking, and other clubs being organized in the several schools of the county. The schools visited were at Parkrose, Maplewood, Powell Valley, Gresham, Hurlburt, Pleasant View, Troutdale, Orient, Lusted, Gilbert, Wilkes and Rockwood.

At Gresham school, a poultry club was organized on Wednesday, with an enthusiastic membership. The club name is always left to the young members. Gresham chicken fans have elected to call theirs, the Champion Poultry Club. The officers are: Ray Strong, president; Glen Winters, vice-president; Marjorie Stillions, secretary; Mrs. H. H. Eling, club leader. The other members of the club are Ina Smith, Margaret St. Clair, Herbert Eling, Azle Bechill, Arley Hornish, Richard Beadle, Philip Wright, and Ray McGinnis.

The pork production club has two new members, Edward Baumann and Azle Bechill.

## POWELL VALLEY P. T. A. MEETING

A meeting of the Powell Valley Parent Teacher circle has been called for Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, by the acting president, Wm. Peterson. Matters of importance to the community will be discussed and a full attendance of members and all persons interested in the welfare of the district is desired.

Mrs. Ella Larsen was the pleasant hostess at a Missionary tea at her home at Boring yesterday. Six ladies were invited in to sew and chat, several going out from Gresham.

Mrs. Alva Hevel entertained most informally with a small but delightful afternoon party early in the week, asking a few neighbors and friends.

## SON OF FORMER PASTOR PRAISES FATHER'S PART

The following letter which appeared in the Pacific Baptist, was written to Rev. C. A. Nutley of Seattle on Father's Day by Private Claude M. Nutley, 23rd U. S. Inf., U. S. Base Hosp. 54, A. P. O. 798 France. He was wounded severely in action at St. Mihiel with the 2nd Division. The writer was well known in Gresham, where his father was, for a number of years, pastor of the Baptist church.

Nov. 24, 1918. Dear Dad: Not many weeks over a year ago, a bunch of doughboys sat on their "spider log" cots in the squad-tent, chatting and laughing and waiting for "first call" to blow for the afternoon's drill. Most of the talk was on the events of the day before, which was Visitor's Sunday; most of the fellows had had friends and folks among the thousands who came out from town, bringing cakes and comforts, fried chicken and cheer, to make a joyous camouflage for the final good-byes. The outfit was leaving that week.

One of the boys wasn't taking much part in the conversation this noon-hour. Visitor's Sunday had held little but disappointment for him, for the expected auto-load of aunts and cousins hadn't arrived; and though his buddies had generously shared their cakes and chicken and jellies with him, he was very much aware that a full stomach was small solace for an aching heart. He had borne up pretty well though; his philosophy was the kind which said, "C'est la guerre," and looked around for something to grin at. So now he sat, enjoying the chatter and reminiscence going the rounds, with the ache pretty well buried, or camouflaged, anyway—when he heard his name called, and there in the door of the tent, was—his Dad.

You remember, Dad, how, after the hug and hand-shake, I ran up to the top-berth's tent to beg an hour "off drill" to visit you in; and how he said, "Yesterday was Visitor's Day," and wouldn't excuse me; and wouldn't even let me ask the skipper's permission. But I wonder if you knew how that ache bubbled clear into my throat and stayed there all day. I don't remember what we said to each other in those last few minutes in the tent. I guess we both knew there wasn't much that could be said, "in justice to the occasion." But I know my heart was very full, dad, and I guess yours was too.

Well, you remember, we "fell in" when the call sounded, and I marched out to the drill-field with the company my hand warm from the last good-bye grip, where now rested the butt-plate of the rifle. You followed us out, and whenever, as we marched, swung and maneuvered, I faced that way, I'd see you standing off at the edge of the grounds, watching us. Then, if the sergeant wasn't looking, I'd wave my hand, and get bawled out by the corporal. I knew you had to catch the next train, and one time I looked over there and you were gone.

Well, dad, that ache has stayed with me ever since. The only person in the world, I think, against whom I hold a grievance is that top-berth (and by the way he knows it).

Never a moment passes but what I have, somewhere in my consciousness, a picture of you dear people, all of you, over there; and dad is always, it seems, there by that green drill-field, watching me. I've carried that impression everywhere. When I was digging in the mud of the S. O. S., I'd think of dad, watching me; when it was the canteen of the Y, that claimed my labors, there was dad, in the Y, at home watching me,—and I'd feel happy to be in the same "firm." At church, I could see dad, and we'd kind of grip hands again; and then, in later months, in the billet and trench and on the hike, it would be "Dad's watching me," that bucked up my spirits and made me "carry on," as much or more than any other single influence.

And then, when we'd "jump off" at the zero hour, and wade through that particular section of hell, I could almost laugh with the pleasure of the thought: "I'm doing my duty,—and dad's watching me."

You've been proud of your boys, daddy, dear, and I guess we've all done what we could in this business; but you've been no whit prouder of us than we have of you. We know you've been there, wherever you could get in a lick for Uncle Sam. Liberty Bonds, or Home Guards, or Y. M. C. A. secretary-ships—you've put in your ticks with each,—only we'll never know I guess, how many. And I'm sure were you to name each individual star in our home, the top of the four would be "Dad."

Today is "Father's Day." All of the boys will write today to their own particular Father, Governor, Old Man or Dad. Naturally we're probably thinking of you more than of any other single thing; and I'm wondering how many of the fellows find their opinions of their fathers summed up, as I do, in the words of Dr. \*\*\*\*\* to the \*\*\*\*\*. "He's a prince among men." And I would add,— "and among dads."

I'll be home soon now, so that ache is easing off quite a deal. Love,  
Your second son,  
CLAUDE

Because we like Gresham we have secured the first stock of millinery we could obtain. None is too good. Come and see. Miss Millinery Co.

Ford and Chevrolet repairing. C. E. Osburn, Gresham. tf