

TWICE
A
WEEK

GRESHAM OUTLOOK

TUESDAYS
AND
FRIDAYS

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GRESHAM, MULTNOMAH COUNTY, OREGON FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1919

\$1.50 PER YEAR

POULTRYMEN FORM NEW ORGANIZATION

About thirty-five poultry farmers met at the library Monday evening. A local poultry organization was formed, and contracts signed agreeing to market their eggs through the state poultry association.

About the first of July they expect to begin marketing in co-operation with the best eggs from other poultry sections of the state. The eggs will be taken to the association headquarters in Portland. There each egg will be candied, graded and stamped with the association label. As soon as the eggs are put on market, there will be separate daily quotations for them.

Temporary officers for the local organization are: A. R. Lyman, president; A. H. Dowsett, vice president; and D. E. Towle, secretary-treasurer. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and early next week a meeting will be held at the library to complete the organization.

Several chicken enthusiasts from Portland and vicinity were present. U. L. Upson explained the marketing system of the state association, which system was adopted by the local organization. W. P. Lyman, a director of the state association, and also the president, J. R. McKay, were present. Mr. McKay told of his trip to Seattle and of his investigation of the plans of marketing used by the Washington state poultry association.

THE STORY OF THE POTATO AND ITS ECONOMIC CONSUMPTION

By J. F. GRIFFITH
In order to forward the already progressive movement and encourage the production of world food supplies, we must also encourage and assist the grower in taking care of their crops and properly disposing of them after harvesting.

It is no longer a question of what we can raise, but to take care of and place it in an unperishable condition ready for the market.

More driers and canneries for our fruit and vegetables are needed. We produce enough vegetables to supply a large demand, if we could put them in an unperishable condition. The statistics show 5000 cases of canned pumpkin, to say nothing of other canned vegetables which are shipped to the Pacific Coast from the East annually. This means a total loss to the Oregon farmer. Whereas, the dried and canned fruit and vegetables represent our waste and unused product.

Potatoes, however, while a valuable addition to a mixed diet, alone are not suitable to meet the needs of the body because of their poverty in protein and fat which is lost in the peeling or boiling or frying. Theoretically speaking, the skin is the only refuse material in the potato, but in the peeling about 9 to 14 per cent of the flesh is removed with it. While the skin itself has little food value, the part lying next to it, varying from one-twelfth to one-fifth of an inch in thickness, contains a high percentage of mineral matter, such as soluble carbohydrates, soluble nitrogenous matter and acid substance.

CASH FOR SOLDIERS INSTEAD OF FARMS



Congressman W. D. Boies of Iowa, urges that the government give all soldiers and sailors of the big war a cash gift instead of farms. He insists that the farm for soldier idea is "primarily backed by men who have swamp, stump and arid lands to dispose of."

SALVATION ARMY DRIVE TOUCHES ALL POCKET

About \$200 have already been subscribed in Gresham for the Salvation Army, and only half of the territory has been solicited. Like everyone else, the soliciting committees are busy men, so they ask as a favor, that the subscribers not yet reached have contributions ready for them, or better still, call up or look up the solicitor. For precinct 309, Will Hessel and Geo. Honey; precinct 309 1/2, G. W. Kenney and W. R. Kern; precinct 308, Ernest Stratton and J. G. Mast.

ALLDRIDGE BROS. AT BAPTIST CHURCH

Basket dinner at the Baptist church Sunday, June 29th. The Allard Bros. quartet will sing at the morning service. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor. At 2:30 song and praise service. We are expecting the male chorus from Oregon City for the afternoon service. Come and enjoy the day with us. Rev. A. J. WARE, Pastor.

Library Notices.

During the summer, the town library will be open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons and in the evening of Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Below are vacation privileges: Ten books, four of which may be fiction, may be borrowed until October 1, on adult cards for vacation reading. Four books, one of which may be fiction, may be borrowed on children's cards. In choosing books to borrow on vacation time, please consult librarian, as this privilege does not apply to all books.

the poultry men and help boost. If you are interested call at the office of S. H. Hall or at the Berry Growers office and talk it over."

COTTON FARM IS VISITED; BIG BERRY CROP READY

By RICA ANDERSON.
We were just at luncheon ready to trim off with dessert when there was heard a peremptory honk-honk-honk outside. We rushed to the door with smears of jelly on our chins. Coming up the walk with giant strides, was Mr. Strong, who runs the Cotton farm. You know how he walks, talks and works—like a gentle cyclone. Without any preliminaries, he said, "I am coming back shortly. Be ready to go out to the farm with me. I want you to see my berry patch."

We didn't do any more eating, in fact, we forgot all about the dessert. With a hasty glance into the mirror (that's how we knew about the jelly on our chins), a little dab of perfectly harmless talcum, and a few extra hairpins here and there, we grabbed our garden hats, and were just pinning them on when Mr. Strong looked again. We climbed into the car, and while we were wriggling about as folks do when they are trying to find the most comfortable position, Mr. Strong had turned that machine completely around on a spot not much bigger than a good-sized dinner plate. It was a happy thought we had when we put in those extra hairpins, for by the time city limits were reached, the auto, like a horse when it is homeward bound, galloped along at a merry clip, and, like a race horse, it leaned toward the inside of the course as it rounded the corner and turned down the lane.

Our hats were just a little askew when we stopped to take a look at the blackcaps. Six acres of beautiful plants, promising 24 tons of berries within the next few weeks. Every row as clean of weeds as if company had been expected.

Mr. Strong, who is accustomed to cultivating with a Cleveland tractor, (as much as 40 acres in a day), has also trained his automobile to take to the fields. With a spurt, and jerk and chug it flew along the homemade road through the fields, only a little out of breath when we reached the loganberry patch. A part of that patch, Mr. Strong told us, barely escaped annihilation last year. The plants were slender and

did not yield well, so it was decided to dig it out. A Jap, who knew of these intentions asked to rent it, offering to pay a pleasing sum for it. But Mr. Strong, who never naps in his business, did not let out the patch, neither did he grub it up. Instead, he applied a generous amount of fertilizer to the field, with the result that the yield of berries this year is very heavy and the new plants, which are the fruit-bearing plants for next year, are strong, heavy vines.

Not every place in Oregon can grow raspberries, but even the Indians long ago knew that this valley is especially suited for raspberry culture. The acres of Cuthberts on the Cotton farm are eye evidence that raspberries are at home here. There they stand, row upon row, nearly 30 acres of them, with the cleanest, healthiest foliage, the vigorous plant stems loaded with berries in all stages of development from the white blossoms and green berries to the luscious red berries ready for market, all on the same plant.

The raspberry yield this year is double that of last year. Of course, there is a reason, Mr. Strong takes scientific care of his farm, and that does not mean he spades according to a "book," but rather that he studies his individuals whether it be a berry, the cornfield or a pig and applies the treatment demanded by that individual to get biggest returns from it.

Among other interesting things, Mr. Strong said, "Different seasons require very different treatment and tools. The berry plants at this stage are not only feeding themselves and the heavy clusters of fruit but must also provide material for the new canes being formed. To meet this heavy drain the plants send out extra roots." With that he stooped over and pushed innumerable tiny rootlets very close to the surface. "To go in there now with a deep cultivator would be positive murder. The Acme harrow run between the rows keeps the soil pulverized and free from weeds, and that holds the

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PLANS FAST MATURING FOR GREAT VICTORY CELEBRATION

Next week comes the Fourth of July. On that day Gresham will entertain the returned soldiers of the World war. A parade at 10 o'clock will be followed by an address at the Fair grounds, by Dr. E. H. Pence, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church of Portland. A fine musical program concludes the morning exercises. A free dinner will be served at noon to all soldiers, sailors and marines.

In the afternoon there will be racing with some of the best horses in the state. Athletic sports will be featured between heats. In the evening a great big Victory dance will come off. As a special announcement to the interested public comes the latest enactment of the parade committee, to wit: Every business man (and maybe business woman) who does not enter a float in the grand parade will be given a free ride in a specially prepared patrol wagon made of chicken netting. In other words the business people will take part in the parade whether or no.

The parade committee and the painters are urging that folks get at their floats immediately. Do not wait until the evening before the Fourth.

Get your plans made and your orders in early.

A cash prize will be given to the best industrial float exhibited. A cash prize will also be awarded the most comical group on a float. The calithumps will be given three cash prizes, one for each of the three most comical individuals in the parade. A special prize dinner will be served at the Red Cross dining hall, to all soldiers taking part in the parade.

After last night's count of votes for Victory Goddess the candidates stood as follows:

Laura Shipley.....	192,670
Miriam Brown.....	152,130
Opal Phillips.....	124,950
Gertrude Meinig.....	61,730
Eva Tacheron.....	60,780

All candidates remain in the contest to the grand finish on Saturday evening, all having reached the required 60,000 votes by 6 o'clock last night. Friday and Saturday cash only can be voted. Tomorrow evening, June 28, a big auction of votes will be conducted under the supervision of Matt Shano and F. E. Todd. A street dance with jazz music will come off—providing the weather is good. Should J. Pluvius be out of humor, the auction and dance will be conducted in a hall.

DADDY BILL TAFT HAS RIVAL IN FAMILY



Another member of the W. H. Taft family has attained scholastic honors. It is Miss Helen Taft, daughter of the former president. She is to be acting president of the Bryn Mawr college next year, in absence of Dr. M. Carey Thomas, who is going on a world tour. Miss Taft has been dean of the school for two years.

SOME MORE STUFF OF THE SAME MAKE

The Boring garage came in for its share of popular publicity last Tuesday night when Thomas Abraham, Ralph Rutherford, and Harry Knecht, boys about 17 years old, broke into the garage and carried off most of the loose articles in the shop and office. These boys are the "better" half of a gang of six hailing from Leata. Three of them have been working a place near Eagle Creek while out on parole from the reform school. Young Rutherford and Knecht have been returned to that institution, while Thomas Abraham was dealt with leniently, this being his first offense.

Walter Metzger, the manager, says that everything that was stolen has been found and will be returned in a few days.

LITTLE FOLKS' PARTY A GAMBOL ON THE GREEN

Miss Mabel Brown and the little folks in her Sunday school class had a picnic on the parsonage lawn, last Tuesday afternoon.

They played old witch and hide-and-seek and drop the handkerchief. Bobbie Metzger got put in the "mush pot" and would have been there yet, but some one cheated and gave the handkerchief to him. Nobody cared if it wasn't fair, 'cause he is so little anyway.

Then they had something good to eat and drink—right out on the lawn, and when they were looking their sweetest Miss Mabel took pictures of them.

HILLYARD WRITES FROM THE AZORES

Mrs. J. M. Hillyard has received the following interesting letter from her son "Bill," which the Outlook gladly publishes for the benefit of his many friends:

Ponto Del Gato, Azore Islands, May 14th, 1919.

Dear Mother:—I have a little time to spare so will write you and tell you of our trip across the pond. I am on watch in the engine room now. It is 2:25 a. m. and not a soul around to talk with. I went on watch at 12 and go off at 4 a. m. Only one man stands these watches and it sure is lonesome and the hours never do end.

Now to tell you of our trip. We left Philadelphia on a Saturday for Newport, R. I. We arrived there and loaded ammunition and torpedoes, and then steamed out for this place on a Monday. The first day out was fine; we had smooth water and made a speed of 20 to 25 knots per hour. Tuesday afternoon we hit a rough sea and had to check our speed to 18 knots per hour. During that night a strong wind blew up and we tossed around like a cork. One could hardly get around the engines without hanging on to the railing. Every time we tried to go on deck a wave would break over and we would get soaking wet. The only way we could travel along the deck was by hanging on to something every time the ship rolled or pitched, and as she righted or became steady for a minute, to run a ways and grab something else. We sure had some time. A bunch of fellows were seasick, but I was lucky and came through without getting sick.

We anchored in this port Monday. I was ashore that night. All I did was walk around and look the town over. It is a queer old fashioned place. All the buildings are one and two stories and built of clay, brick or stone. Their streets are narrow like alleys and look dark and shabby as the houses do. The stores are little shabby, one-roomed things that open on the street. In every one of them they have wine to sell. That seems to be their chief diet and product. The people of this island are a dark skinned or swarthy bunch. They wear no shoes and very few clothes. It was fun to see them walk over the cobblestones. Most of them are Portuguese or Spanish. They have a funny language but I can understand them if they talk slowly and use their hands. I may not get ashore again here for we expect to leave soon for Lisbon, Portugal. We are to do patrol duty somewhere between here and there. I like this ship fine. She is small but has a small crew. The only objection is that we don't get much to

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GRANDMA LINNEMANN TALKS ABOUT HER EARLY EXPERIENCES

(MARGON DUDLEY ELING)

A chat with Grandma Linnemann in her cozy sitting room and a walk with her in her garden, where, despite her 91 years, she spades her daisy bed and prunes her fine roses, brought out the story of her brave and useful life.

Born in Germany in 1828, she grew to young womanhood. There she pledged her hand and heart to a young tailor of her native village, who was leaving for America, the land of opportunity. After two years' working and saving, he sent for her and she made the voyage across the Atlantic, arriving in New Orleans.

From there she journeyed up the Mississippi river to the little town of Shasta, Illinois, where the lovers were wedded, and where Mr. Linnemann had established himself in a modest tailor shop.

The next year, in 1852, emigration to the northwest from Illinois was heavy. The Linnemanns were among the daring ones who decided to brave the wilderness. They joined a small party of emigrants, Mrs. Linnemann engaging to care for the children in the company, and Mr. Linnemann helping with the stock. The journey in four months. There was much sickness and suffering from the privations of the trip as well as from the strain of an ever-expected attack from the fierce Sioux and Comanche Indians. Fear of a scalp party caused some of the party to halt, but the Linnemanns and one of the men secured a cart and two oxen and pushed on alone.

Soon the stranger became too ill to walk, so Mrs. Linnemann took to the trail, that the sick man might ride. Later the oxen died and Mr. and Mrs. Linnemann pulled that rude cart themselves over the rough trail. Mrs. Linnemann walked the last 800 miles into Portland. With her skirt hanging in strings from the brambles and sage brush of the trail, she reached The Dalles late in the summer of 1852. The Dalles was just a sand bank, with one store kept by a darkey. The sick man died just as the Linnemanns reached The Dalles.

With other emigrants they drifted down the river in an overcrowded whaleboat to the upper Cascades. They were caught in a whirlpool and had a terrifying experience. From the lower Cascades they made the trip to Portland on the first little steamer that operated on the Columbia.

They arrived in Portland September 18, 1852. Mr. Linnemann lost no time in finding employment as a tailor. In the rooming house where they stayed in Portland they met a

young couple with a chubby baby girl. The trio had crossed the plains, but the young mother died during the winter and the Linnemanns took the baby and raised her as their own child. She is Mrs. Iona McColl of Portland, for many years a resident of Gresham and for 18 years postmaster here.

As early in the spring as the weather permitted the young settlers came out "into the woods" and took up their donation land claim of 320 acres at what is now called Linnemann Junction. Gresham was a dense forest then. Mr. and Mrs. Linnemann built themselves a 12x12 foot log cabin. And together they started to clear the land.

But tailoring was more in Mr. Linnemann's line, so they decided that the quickest and best way to get the land cleared was for the husband to ply his trade in Portland and earn the money to pay for the labor of clearing. This he did for six or eight years, coming home to the little cabin once a week to his brave young wife and adopted daughter.

Lonesome? Not at all. There was too much work to be done to take any time off for self pity. Besides, the little girl was a great comfort. And two years later neighbors came Ernest and Eliza Glese, emigrants from Louisville, Kentucky. They were neighbors in the fullest meaning of the word, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Linnemann lived on their farm 40 years, until Mr. Linnemann's death 27 years ago. Two years later Mrs. Linnemann built her present home on Powell street in Gresham, where she lives alone, doing her own simple housekeeping and enjoying her garden. Since she no longer feels equal to calling on her friends, the friends come to her. They are devoted to her, as she is to them.

In 1906, when the local Methodist church was being planned, Mrs. Linnemann made the largest contribution toward the building, as a memorial to her husband, George D. Linnemann. The Linnemann Memorial church bears the name of the pioneer. In the affairs of the church Mrs. Linnemann has always taken a lively interest. Many of her closest friends are members of the congregation and through them she keeps in touch with parish happenings.

No woman, Mrs. Linnemann says, ever had better neighbors than she has. A. Winters are a shining example of a well raised family. She has yet to hear an impatient or disrespectful word from them—all kindness and consideration. Grandma Linnemann has always been a good neighbor herself.

NOW, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

