

COMMUNITY HOUSE A LOCAL NECESSITY

BY CECIL P. MOFFIT.

Sunday evening, a week ago, the various churches suspended their regular evening services to join in a union meeting of the people of Gresham, at the Methodist church, to ascertain whether or not the people of our town are awake to the problems of today—social or cultural education.

We have been turning our efforts toward industrial or vocational education, forgetting social culture, thereby falling short in the greatest field of today, and as a result, the whole moral tone of our land is a negative quality. And why? Because we have been so busy attending to our own selfish business that gets the dollar that we have left off that which is real living—social enjoyment.

What is life, if we hold our nose eternally to the grindstone of daily toil? On the other hand, what is life unguided, unplanned? How many people do you know who plan both their daily toil and recreation, and carry it out according to schedule? And, you my friends, who toil and toil and toil without a thought of leisure, do you know that you could have more money and more time if you were to organize your time and efforts? Did it ever occur to you that two hours per day of reading, studying and planning your work with eight hours concentrated work, would earn you more than 16 hours of hard toil without management? Do you realize that your efficiency leaves you after you have labored a certain length of time? Have you ever heard said "If a clerk can't do a year's work in eleven months with one month's vacation, there is no use of his staying on the job, for he can't accomplish the year's work in 13 months." Think it over.

Then again, how extremely lonesome is the person that has nothing to do but search for social enjoyment. They grow weary with themselves and become a pest to society. Why? Because they have not learned to live a well-balanced life, like a balanced ration, is better economy and makes one feel better. Seek then some legitimate field of endeavor and wear off that restlessness in a few hours of earnest toil, and see how much better you feel.

No doubt, all have had the privilege of visiting in an ideal home, all the machinery humming along with a minimum of friction. They had time for everything that was worth while. The atmosphere was happy. It was good to see the father and boys playing together, go swimming together. Father could almost beat the boys turning handspins—55 years old at that. And the mother! Did you hear her say that the boys would bank on anything the father said? They would always talk things over with Dad, and if it were proper, a way was always found to do it. If it wasn't thought to be right, something else was substituted. The daughters! The elder one said it was hard to get work done with mother, they just wanted to stop and talk to each other. The mother said, "After a party or entertainment, if we are awake when they return, they have to come in and tell us all about it. If we are asleep, they hold it over until breakfast time." To visit such a home is a pleasure.

Now, why can't we organize a social industrial club that will be, so to speak, an ideal social family where old get young, where young grow up, and where we may enjoy life by burying the troubles of life in a union of hearty laughter?

It was the unanimous action of the union meeting a week ago, to studiously investigate to see what could be done in the way of providing good, wholesome entertainment, and care for the social education of our community.

It is thought, a building centrally located, equipped with every device possible for people to enjoy themselves, would be the proper thing. A structure, say 50x100, with a hardwood floor, a basement containing a swimming tank, a kitchen, a balcony, a stage. A place, so arranged that all indoor sport could be held; or lectures, plays of home talent, musicales, in fact, anything in the way of entertainment, could be given. With a kitchen, community banquets could be given, with these good old after dinner speeches. A reading table with current literature. In short, a social meeting place for this great social family, fathered and mothered by two individuals broad-minded enough to see the real needs of the community. An ideal social home, where all are invited to indulge in the uplifting and uplifting of man.

Where is the money coming from? There are a hundred men in and about Gresham who could afford to give a thousand dollars each, in order to guarantee a future social condition that would provide the proper kind of entertainment and amusement for their children. The courts of the state could well afford to contribute one-half of the initial cost to start such an organization, and be money ahead. When we go back to the cause of commercialized crime, and remove it, we have left but little work for our courts.

Also, there are plenty of men in the town of Gresham who could afford to give the lot site for such a building. There are many others who could give \$100 to \$500 to such a cause.

Where would the furniture come from? Some of it could be donated. Why not have the boys at the High School make the furniture in the shop? Papers and magazines also could be donated for the reading table. Twenty minutes is all I use my daily paper, someone else ought to use it also. I'd donate all day Sunday's and consider it the best missionary work I ever did. If it would aid in getting such a problem solved.

Let us be at it, my friends, and be

SEES "DRY" WORLD



The U. S. helped Europe crush militarism, so now if national prohibition is possible at home, then world prohibition is bound to come, says Lars Larsen Ledet, foremost editor of Denmark, here to study anti-saloon methods.

POWELL VALLEY GIRL WEDS PORTLAND DOCTOR

Miss Carrie Steffanson became the bride of Dr. Julius G. Sture, June 30, at the Augustina Lutheran church in Portland. The ceremony was read by the groom's father, Rev. M. Sture. The bride looked very sweet in a frock of white satin with pearl trimmings, and a dainty veil of silk tulle. She carried a bouquet of sweet peas and swansons. Miss Della Lofgren and Miss Alice Swanman were bridesmaids. They were dressed in pink, and carried shower bouquets of pink sweet peas.

Dr. Sture was attended by Dr. Hogsberg, a classmate of the groom. After the ceremony a delightful reception was held in the church parlors.

Mrs. Sture is a Powell Valley girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Steffanson, and a popular nurse at the Emanuel hospital. Dr. Sture recently graduated from the Pacific Dental college. After their wedding tour, they will make their future home in Portland.

VICTORY COMMITTEES WILL HOLD MEETING

Wednesday evening, July 9, the final meeting of all the Victory celebration committees will be held at the city hall. All bills will be settled at that meeting. Those who can not present bills in person, place them with A. Meyers of the finance committee, for collection.

Resolution of Condolence.

The following resolution was passed by the board of directors at the regular meeting of the Multnomah & Clackamas County Mutual Telephone Company, July 5, 1919: Whereas, Our brother, E. S. Jenne, has been removed from our midst by death we desire hereby to express our great sorrow at the loss of so valuable a member of our community. We extend to his relatives and son our sincere sympathy in this very grievous affliction.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, A. Dowsett, President.

One Fourth of July visitor was moved to remark on the attractive lawn and garden at Mayor Kinney's home. Civic pride is the answer.

May was a prosperous month in commercial lines as shown by the clearings of Portland banks, the total being \$132,826,685, compared with \$95,853,821 for the same month in 1918. This increase, averaging \$1,422,056 for each business day of the month, is a splendid demonstration of the growing volume of business transacted by Portland and the prosperity experienced throughout tributary territory in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. The gain for May, 1919, over May, 1918, was a little more than 37.5 per cent.

Two hundred and sixty-two Oregon dairy cows, representing five breeds and 52 herds, were officially tested in April. Three breeds—Jerseys, Guernseys and Holsteins—from 19 different herds, won honor rank by reaching the standards set by the National Breed Association. "This indicates that Oregon dairy cows are uniformly good," says S. Fine, of the Agricultural College, in charge of official tests for the various breed associations.

Attention!

The Gresham cannery has contracted for a lot of berries and fruit to be canned and worked up here and we must have the help to do it. We have increased the piece rates on an average of 25% or better than the standard rates. The rush season is short and a good many can arrange to help out. A local industry cannot be built up by shipping out stuff that should be worked up here. Every woman and girl that can should start in at once. A. RUPERT & CO.

found in a work of well doing before the hour is entirely too late. Let us make it safe for your girl and my boy, or my girl and your boy; that they may get the proper information; that they will develop into well rounded young manhood and young womanhood. Teach them through such an organization how to build the home that is ideal, how to manage it and how to direct the industrial as well as the social.

VICTORY CELEBRATION ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL

The Fourth of July Victory celebration was the biggest kind of a success. As a resident of Gresham said, "It was the best Fourth of July celebration Gresham ever had. Never have so many people congregated in our town at one time—thousands of them, and automobiles filling every street and avenue. There was not an accident for the whole day. The city jail was left to its own lonesome company. It was plumb full of lively events."

The day, as far as weather is concerned, could not have been brighter—not a sign of a cloud. The celebration began early, away early in the wee hours of the morning, before the birds began to twitter. A band of singers visited every home that owned a service flag. With the sweetest, most impressive, singing the soldier boys were gently awakened by songs and the soft strumming on ukuleles. Even the boys who have not yet returned were remembered, a song for each of them was wafted "over there," from their own doorstep.

As soon as daylight appeared, machines began pouring into the town. By 10 o'clock, traffic managers were kept busy keeping the streets open. The sidewalks were crowded with spectators waiting for the parade.

Gresham did itself proud in the parade.

Small as our town is, it had a display of many excellent floats and other interesting features. A. W. Metzger was an ideal marshal of the day on his prancing military steed; the Victory Goddess and her attendants looked very charming in their victory float; the boys in khaki certainly made us thrill with pride; Campbell's band made music that is music; private citizens came out in decorated autos; the Beaver State Motor company was represented by 45 of its employees; and there were many other exhibits.

The prizes awarded were as follows:

CHAIRMAN FRANK JONES THANKS RED CROSS UNIT

Frank C. Jones, chairman of the grounds committee for the Fourth of July celebration, desires to thank the ladies of the Red Cross auxiliary for their gracious hospitality to the soldiers and sailors whom they feasted at the noon dinner in the machinery hall at the fair grounds. For the abundance of the food and for the beauty of the decorations on the tables and walls he is especially grateful.

Notice of Meeting.

Sunday afternoon, July 20, there will be a community meeting held at the Methodist church, to further discuss the question of a "Social Center" or "Recreation House" for Gresham. Everybody come.

Best industrial float, A. W. Metzger, a silver cup.

Best Society float, Gresham and Troutdale Japanese association, a silver cup.

Best decorated private car, first, Mrs. H. W. Cooley, a leather sewing rocker, donated by J. E. Metzger. Second prize, Mrs. George Leslie, \$2.

Grand prize for best decorated float in parade, Bank of Gresham, a silver cup.

Calthumpians, best individual, Harry Westell, \$3.00. Best group, Jazz band, \$10.00.

Special prizes of \$1.25 to each of the four children's industrial club exhibits.

After the parade there was a short program at the fair grounds. Judge Stapleton on behalf of the community welcomed the boys home; Dr. E. H. Pence gave the speech of the day; a vocal solo by Mrs. Hagberg who also led the community in singing "The Star Spangled Banner"; three selections by the band were thoroughly enjoyed. These simple exercises closed with a hearty invitation to the service boys to partake of the dinner prepared by the Red Cross ladies.

One gets a slight idea of the number of people who came to take in the day, from the fact that machines in attempting to reach the fair grounds to hear the program, became entangled in a deadlock congestion reaching nearly the whole length of Main street, which kept every auto stock-still for about a half hour.

The afternoon was crowded with horse races, auto races, athletic stunts and dancing—and for variety amusements at the Japanese concessions on the picnic grounds.

At sunset, Campbell's band entertained at the band stand. Their evening concert was one of the treats of the big day. Later, as darkness came on, the young folks enjoyed a dance in the pavilion while the others watched the beautiful pyrotechnics set off by the Japanese fireworks committee.

RED CROSS COMMITTEE THANKS THE PUBLIC

The Red Cross committee wish to thank the public for so generously contributing to the soldiers' dinner served on the Fourth. They also wish to thank the ladies who assisted in the serving.

Although the dinner was well patronized, the donations for it were so large that there was an over-supply. This was sold, and the money placed in a reserve fund to be used in entertaining the other boys when they return from service.

As you rode in the parade on the Fourth did you notice the attractive flower beds and the well kept lawns and gardens around the homes on Roberts avenue?

YANKEE GIRL SPURNS BERLIN STAGE OFFER



American stage artists do not care to perform for German amusement, regardless of the returns. Miss Dazie, toe-dancer, had a cable from the director of the Berlin Wintergarden telling her to name her own terms for an early appearance there. "I do not care to set foot on German soil. German appreciation is not what I am looking for," was her reply.

SURPRISED ON TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Yesterday was the tenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Metzger.

About 35 of their friends made plans, on the quiet, to celebrate the event. It was well-managed, for not as much as a suspicion of the affair reached the Metzgers.

At 8:30 in the evening when the autos began arriving, Mrs. Metzger, seated on the front porch, waved at the guests as they turned into the side street to park their cars. She thought they were going for a joy ride on Fifth street. Mr. Metzger, who arrived home later in the evening, had to hear several explanations before he could quite understand that it was a tenth anniversary party.

Brick ice cream and cake were served at the close of a jolly evening.

Arthur Downsett and Joe Pateneau thought they knew what a busy day meant, until the rush of business on the Fourth. Whew!

Insurance as a Community Asset. Few persons think of insurance as a great community asset of credit and business in the same group with banking and manufacturing.

The North Dakota Non-Partisan League would apply socialist principles to insurance and make it a state function like legislation. Fire insurance and life insurance have become so bound up with every day commercial transactions that most people overlook their magnitude.

With state or political management, any farther than banking is regulated by state and national laws, insurance would no longer be an asset.

It would become a burden on the taxpayer and would cease to meet the needs of an elastic and ever changing volume of business and industry.

Examples can be taken from the experience of Montana and North Dakota where under state hail insurance policies reserves are piled up and losses in one state are made good from funds of all states.

State insurance, and that is what it would have to be at the start, in a calamity like the San Francisco fire, would ruin the state and the insured.

Reformers in several western states tried to put over social health insurance which under the recent Flu epidemic would have bankrupted the west.

With strong national organizations, having large reserves accumulated, death losses from the epidemic were met without great hardship.

Fruit Prices Offered.

The Co-operative Berry Growers at the old Metzger store are offering to contract fruit at the following prices, net to you, crates furnished: Raspberries, per lb. 12c; Loganberries, per lb. 8c; Royal Ann cherries, per lb. 8c-10c; Lamberts 8-10c; Bings 8-10c. These are liberal prices and if you have any of the above fruits to offer come in and we will contract with you. D. E. TOWLE.

Beaver State Motor Co. Five hundred shares Beaver State Motor Co, now selling \$625 for sale by one of our clients for \$550. Requires \$24.50 cash only. FIRST STATE BANK, Gresham, Oregon.

Bids Wanted. Bids are asked for the painting inside of schoolhouse, including four rooms and hallways. The board desires separate bids on work alone, the district furnishing the paint, or on both work and paint. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Bids must be in the hands of the clerk by July 15. School District No. 6 Jt., A. J. Quay, clerk, R. A. Gresham.

Why sell your raspberries for 12 cents when we are paying 14? Gresham Home Products Co. Phone 991.—Adv.

DANIEL S. DUNBAR RECOUNTS HISTORY

(MARION DUDLEY ELING)

Daniel Sherman Dunbar came to Oregon 69 years ago. Of the trip he remembers every tollsome mile, though he was a tiny lad five years old at the time. His memory recalls happenings earlier still.

Born upon a farm in the suburbs of St. Joe, Missouri, July 10, 1844, about the time when John C. Fremont, Kit Carson, and other pathfinders were blazing a trail into the Oregon country, his first remembrance is of hearing his father, Addison Carr Dunbar—a settler from Virginia—and his mother, Hester Ann Zumwalt Dunbar, discussing the wonders of the northwest. He distinctly recalls the day his father bought six oxen and started breaking them for the journey to the Pacific.

There were -12 prairie schooners in the train that left his grandfather's home in Warren county. One morning in April 1850. Three yoke of oxen drew each wagon.

"Where are the lines?" asked young Dan.

"Don't need any," explained his father. "You don't rein oxen, just walk alongside with a whip."

"Then I'll walk to Oregon," disapproved the five-year-old, who had been accustomed to horses. And he "took it afoot" as far as the first stream, where he howled lustily for his father to wade back and carry him across on a big shoulder. He was glad of an opportunity to ride before the end of that scorching, perilous pilgrimage.

He celebrated his sixth birthday on the plains. Is "celebrated" the word, I wonder? There was no birthday cake. Five months' supplies of bacon, flour and beans had been stored in the wagons. But the illness and death of two of Mrs. Dunbar's sisters had caused delays. Four months had now elapsed and the mountains had not been reached. But they swung on a camp kettles and had beans for the birthday.

The Indians became troublesome. They stole cattle and oxen and threatened to kill the emigrants. They delighted in terrorizing the women and children.

Hunger stalked through the train. Children cried for something to eat, and mothers cried because they had no food for them. Drusilla Missouri Dunbar (Mrs. D. M. Hesel) would smuggle in her mother's arms and bubble of the cookies she would eat when they reached Oregon. As a last resort the most broken-down ox would be slaughtered. They made a broth of his poor carcass and a little flour. Occasionally they were able to get a buffalo or an antelope. And one day an Indian traded a salmon for a shirt. They cooked it hurriedly and devoured it without salt, of which there was none. That is the first, last and only salmon Daniel S. Dunbar has ever eaten. Never again, he insists.

The cholera took sad toll of the little band. They dropped in their tracks and were buried five or six in a grave. As the desperate emigrants made camp one night in Ash Hollow another train, sorely distressed, joined theirs. Two small boys, George W. Pullen, who lives now on the Fairview road, and Tom Pullen of Canby, climbed out of a prairie schooner and played with Daniel Dunbar and his older brother. They pushed on westward and in some months they camped where LaGrande is now. Late October found them camped on the sandbanks at The Dalles on the spot where the old Umatilla house stands. The little mother was ill with mountain fever, unconscious. Two white men and an Indian were hired to take them down the Columbia in a big skiff called a yawl boat.

They landed at the mouth of the Sandy river and in November, 1850, Addison Carr Dunbar took the donation land claim on which the Multnomah Farm and several other good farms are located. He sold the 150 acres on which the county farm is situated in 1856 for \$600. Could it be bought now for \$600,000?

There was no Fairview then. Two families had preceded the Dunbars. Dr. John Crosby had come with his family in 1846. A family named Swanck had a claim where the Sun Dial ranch holdings are now. These good neighbors nursed Mrs. Dunbar back to health.

When Daniel Dunbar was nine years old he went with his parents to the home of E. R. Scott, Dr. Crosby's son-in-law, where a meeting was held and a church and Sunday school organized. Others present were Rev. Geo. Gerrish, Dr. Crosby, David and Wilson Burston. The first service was held in Dr. Crosby's home in 1853. It was the first Methodist organization east of the Willamette.

One day in 1852 a prairie schooner drew up in front of the Pullen place, three miles west of the present town of Fairview. It was the William B. Jones party of emigrants from Indiana. Beside the wagon played a tiny girl in an old-fashioned knit cap. Such a beautiful little child! of Margaret Matilda Jones, mother later on.

A schoolhouse was built of shakes in 1855. Daniel and John Dunbar were big boys—11 and 14 years. Their father was clearing a farm on him claim, so the boys alternated days in helping their father and attending school. School was in session only three months in the year.

Two or three years later a post-office was established with E. R. Scott as postmaster. Young Dan Dunbar was the mail carrier, riding to Portland once a week on a cayuse pony

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