

HORTICULTURE GIVEN BIG BOOST

S. B. Hall, county agent for Multnomah county was in attendance at the meeting of the State Horticultural society which convened in Astoria, last week.

Truck gardening, berry growing, orchards—horticultural adapted to the coast counties came up for much discussion, as did also the problems of the reclaimed tide lands as to method of handling and kinds of crops best suited for that soil.

A new blight resisting potato introduced at the meeting is receiving a good deal of attention. Samples of this wonder tuber will be given a try-out in this locality, and Mr. Hall with hundreds of others are hoping it will prove to be all that is contended for it.

B. S. Worsley, president of the society, in his annual address declared that Oregon, on account of its variety of climate and its diversity of rich soils is destined to become the greatest horticultural state in the union. The horticulturists are well aware of this. He said:

Neither Oregon's forests, fisheries, mines, farms, dairies, cattle ranges, sheep walks or its manufacturing will in their future growth be entitled to outrank its horticultural products if proper methods are adopted by the horticulturists of the state. Here, under the peculiar climate conditions, is the natural habitat of the apple, the pear, the quince, the plum and the prune.

In many localities flourish the apricot, the peach, the almond and the walnut. Under intelligently considered conditions the grape, fig, pomegranate, Medlar pear and Japanese persimmon all grow to maturity and ripen and become useful and agreeable adjuncts of the farm and home. The strawberry, loganberry, blackberries and every variety, raspberries (red and black), currants, gooseberries, dewberries and cherries of every known variety and all varieties of melons are at home here. In short, with the exception of the citrus fruits and other semi-tropical fruits, Oregon offers to the fruit grower an exceptionally attractive field for the exercise of all his faculties in this important and most attractive branch of business of the tiller of the soil."

Scientific management and methods are the demands of the day in any and every department of labor, but emphatically so in agriculture.

Brains are as essential on the farm and in the orchard, berry farm or truck garden as in the office or counting room, said President Worsley. The way lies through intelligent investigation of markets and methods, the application of brains to the horticultural and agricultural problems. We must study to please the tastes and notions of the world's consumers and must avail ourselves of the researches of the biologist, the bacteriologist, the entomologist and the investigations of the experts in crops and market conditions. The uninformed and the unenlightened are at a great disadvantage these days of sharp trading and scientific adaptation of means to end.

ANOTHER APRICOT ENTHUSIAST HERE

Last Saturday, Will McKenzie treated the Outlook to a sack of apricots picked from two trees which were set out three years ago. When he got them, one was two years old and the other one a year old. Both began bearing fruit at three years of age, in that respect being much earlier than fruit trees generally.

The apricots compare well with those Percy Giese brought to the Outlook office a week or so ago. Mr. McKenzie said that they were not as large as Mr. Giese's apricots because the largest ones were not selected. They were picked at random, so were truly representative of Gresham-grown apricots.

Mr. Giese and Mr. McKenzie have been staunch friends since the days when Main street was a bridle path and three small buildings constituted all of the town which was later named Gresham. Friendship so enduring can not be disturbed by a difference in the size of apricots raised.

Tailoring

For men and women—cleaning, pressing and repairing done well. Peter Lenard, Powell street.

American Legion.

Ex-service men are asked to enroll in the new patriotic society representing the highest ideals of Americanism. Send your name to Chase St. Clair at Outlook office.

Attend the meeting Wednesday night, August 20, in Gresham Masonic hall. Officers will be elected and name for post selected.

MEETING AUG. 20 TO FORM POST

A post of the American Legion, the national organization of ex-service men, in every county in the state of Oregon by August 20 is the goal which has been set by State Secretary Dow V. Walker of Portland.

On Wednesday evening, August 20, the last day of the rally, a meeting will be held at the Masonic hall to complete the organization of a post at Gresham, organization of which was initiated last week at a meeting held at the library. At this meeting 12 of the fifteen requisite charter members were secured, namely: A. G. Schneider, Glenwood Miller, Ernest Brugger, Andrew Brugger, Chase St. Clair, Isaac Anderson, Oscar Stone, Leo Caddy, Ed. Everett, Oscar Carlson, R. H. Shumway and W. S. Everett. Since then many more have signed the enrollment card or expressed their desire to enroll, making it evident that a post will be established in Gresham.

Officers will be elected and a name for the post chosen. Among those who have signed up during the week are, A. W. Metzger, Dr. A. W. Botkin, Floyd Mack, Dr. H. H. Hughes, Glen Rusher, Bayard Miller, Roy Gibbs, Elgin Kirkwood and Elsworth Raker.

J. O. Conville and B. Lenard with a delegation of ex-service men from Portland will be present tomorrow evening, as will also state chairman Irven. Judge G. W. Stapleton will be there also.

It is inconceivable that any one eligible to membership in the American Legion would refuse to respond to the call to join, or be indifferent about it. Rather is it taken for granted that the men who responded so generously to a call for war duty are the type of men who see the immeasurable value of the organization.

There are nearly 300 World War veterans in eastern Multnomah and northern Clackamas. These banded together in a non-partisan, non-political and non-militaristic organization which has for its big purpose the preservation of American ideals is sufficient plea for a hearty response from all ex-service men.

Milk for sale, delivered daily, Gresham Dairy. Phone 901.

WASHINGTON WEDDING BELLS ARE BUSY



The last joyous shouts celebrating the peace were drowned in the merry peal of wedding bells at Washington and the chimes have been growing in volume ever since. These three beauties are of the exclusive capital set, two of them brides-to-be and the third a debutante. Upper is Miss Mary Francis Little, daughter of Brig-Gen Little, who is to wed Commander George F. Bryan; center is Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Congressman Campbell of Kansas, who is to wed Captain B. S. Wright of Kentucky; and below, Miss Elizabeth Dubois, daughter of Senator Dubois who has just finished school and is to have her coming out party this season.

WILSON PIONEERS DROVE MULES TO OREGON, 1853

(MARION DUDLEY ELING)

As for James Harvey Wilson, giving him mules. He should know, having traveled at the head of a mule team from Illinois to Oregon in 1853. He is willing to concede the truth that oxen have their good points, but how is one to get away from the fact that the Wilsons arrived in the valley of the Willamette a full two months ahead of the ox teams that started at the same time?

Of course it was galling to have to swallow the gibes of the emigrants behind the oxen in the heavy traffic along the Platte. The road was worked to a jelly, through which the oxen mired along without concern. The mules mired every mile or two, and had to be dug and tugged out of the ooze. But through the Black Hills it was a different story. The mules scooped up those hills passing a hundred ox teams a day! It certainly was a grand and glorious feeling with which eleven-year-old Jimmy Wilson acknowledged the cheers of the erstwhile scoffers.

Jimmy, astride a fine mare, led the train of three wagons. His brother John, two years his senior, galloped along on another mare and assumed charge of the extra mules. In the party that left, Fulton county, Illinois, on March 28, 1853, were James Lynn Wilson and his wife Betsy Allyn Wilson, John Wesley, James Harvey, Mary Emeline and Cynthia Caroline Wilson, Mr. Wilson's children by an earlier marriage, and Joseph E. Wilson, infant son of the couple. Henry Allyn, the grandfather, owned the second wagon. Accompanying him was Frank Dunning, who had arranged to work his passage by driving and helping with the stock. Henry Allyn's two sons, James Henry and Ephraim Allyn, had emigrated to Oregon a year earlier, and it was at their insistence that the others followed.

They crossed the Mississippi at Burlington and jogged along, four mules to a wagon, to the farm of John P. Wilson in Decatur county, Iowa. There they were joined by John and Sarah Ann Wilson, and their daughters, Jane (Mrs. Wheeler), Mary Ann (Mrs. Shirts), Jolcy (Mrs. Beck), and Naomi (Mrs. Geo. Reynolds.)

John P. Wilson was outfitted with a prairie schooner and oxen, and viewed a mule with suspicion. It was only after exhaustive arguments that he was persuaded to trade his trusty, placid oxen for lugubrious mules. But a start was made and the three teams crossed the Missouri at Council Bluffs on May 16th and started the long journey on the old Oregon Trail.

As they floundered through Nebraska, John Wilson rued the day he parted with his oxen. But Sarah Ann Wilson had no regrets. Her good nature and high spirits were contagious. From the diary kept by Henry Allyn one may read that she was the heroine of the trip. Her dauntless spirit carried them through many discouragements and dangers. When most of the party were stricken with mountain fever it was Sarah Ann Wilson, in delicate health herself, who nursed and encouraged them. Did the Indians approach, it was Sarah Ann who thrust the gun into her husband's hands and drove the insolent savages reached into her frying pan to help themselves to her crisp bacon, did she submit meekly and fearfully? Not at all. A sharp rap with a hot poker was her answer.

The Indians were not the only trouble makers. White horse-thieves disguised as Indians did a thriving business at cattle rustling, and a constant watch was necessary. Along the Elkhorn river in Nebraska they were more numerous than the Indians.

Past traveling by mule team had its advantages, but the prairie schooners were better adapted to fording the swollen creeks and rivers, than were the light wagons in which the Wilson party rode. There were many narrow escapes from drowning, and to the young leader, James Harvey Wilson, was always assigned the risk of riding into the stream on horseback before the wagons ventured in. At Rock Creek his horse was swept from under him, and it was only by clinging to the reins that he was saved from washing over a waterfall. Henry Allyn's diary gives his step-grandson credit for plenty of pluck. At the Snake river the women and children crossed on a bridge made by lashing the

wagon tongues together, the wagon beds were two feet under water.

At Rock Creek they saw and tasted their first salmon. Indians fishing there sold it to them. Their dog over-ate and died—the only casualty of the journey. The year of 1853 was a healthful year for emigration. The ample rainfall had checked the cholera and smallpox that had ravaged the trains in the previous year. The way was strewn with graves dated 1852. Whited shoulder blades of dead oxen were used as tombstones, and without exception they bore that fateful date.

In southern Idaho they came upon a hot spring—with water "hot enough to scald a hog", avers James Harvey Wilson, who bent over it to drink and drew back just in time to avoid blistering his lips. Apprehensive of an immediate volcanic eruption he urged full speed ahead, but the rest of the travelers were inclined to linger and exclaim over the wonder. Up the beautiful Boise river, clear as crystal, and on to old Fort Boise, through the Blue mountains and across eastern Oregon to The Dalles, where traders and trappers grew rich selling onions at 15 cents a pound, small cabbages at 25 cents a head, with other supplies similarly priced. Henry Allyn was moved to take a crack at the "skinning propensities" of the trappers!

And the diary records the painful fact that every one of the travelers nursed a stiff neck when they encountered the first tall timber in the Grande Ronde.

James Lynn Wilson was a Methodist preacher, and a forceful one, too, as well as a good farmer. All along the route the diary tells of Sabbath services and sermons.

At The Dalles the wagons were sold and John P. Wilson, his nephew John Wesley Wilson, and Frank Dunning started over the Barlow road with the mares and mules with the understanding that the others, who had engaged passage on a rude sail boat, would await them at the mouth of the Sandy river. So the sail was hoisted and they drifted a few miles down the Columbia, only to be met by winds that drove them back as far as they had come. They rowed, and sailed and drifted, and in 12 days' time they made the voyage of 100 miles downstream! Needless to say they were met at the landing by the men and mules.

While traveling from the upper to lower Cascades on the wooden railroad James Wilson and Henry Allyn met the Reverend Garrish, circuit rider for this district. He advised with them regarding the location of a claim and referred them to Jackson and James Powell.

The first boy Jimmy Wilson met was Daniel Dunbar. The two boys became chums and have been cronies ever since. After a brief stay with the Dunbars, the Wilsons forged ahead to Jackson Powell's land claim. In the meanwhile the Wilson brothers had looked at land on Mount Tabor and decided to take up better farm land in the Beaver Bend country. The green corn and big baked potatoes at the Powell's hospitable tables convinced them that they were headed in the right direction.

Jackson Powell led the men to the Beaver Bend where James Lynn Wilson, John P. Wilson and Henry Allyn each located a half section. The two Wilsons and the boys, James and John, spent a strenuous fortnight cutting a road through the timber to the claims. It was not a straight road, it just serpentine around the cedars with their six-foot diameters.

So the Wilsons left the Jackson Powell home and fared forth into the forest. The first cabin was not quite roofed when brave Sarah Ann Wilson's daughter Sarah (Mrs. Magnette) was born in October. In good time the cabins were all built. Apple seed had been brought along from Illinois, and orchards were started. John P. Wilson's orchard was an especially fine one. They farmed around the stumps. There was no blasting powder then. Those first vegetable gardens astonished them greatly. The following summer James Wilson and his two sons harvested wheat near Salem. It was over six feet tall and ran 60 bushels to the acre. The father earned \$3 a day cradling beside the old McCormick reaper. Young James earned his dollar raking after his father, while John received \$2 a day for binding. Eight-inch heads of wheat were grown then.

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SOLDIER, KNOWN HERE, MURDERED

Last Saturday morning the whole community was saddened by the news of the murder of Cecil Landon in New York City. At first, hope was buoyed up with the suggestion that possibly there was a mistake somewhere. Later developments in the case, ruthlessly swept away that one last hope, and the grim realization of the tragic death of one of our own boys is felt as a terrific blow by everyone.

From investigation it has been learned that Cecil visited a soldiers' and sailors' service club where he became acquainted with one D. J. Pouver with whom he registered at the McAfflin hotel, late Thursday evening. Neither were seen after that until in the afternoon of the next day when a maid upon entering the room discovered that its occupant was lying dead upon the bed. The house detective was called and authorities notified. Identification of the body as that of Cecil Landon was made by the soldier boys who had come over with him on the steamer Great Northern only two days before.

Although there is no clew to the murderer, the police are convinced that Cecil Landon, who had a few hundred dollars in back pay, became the mark of one of a gang of Broadway thugs who, it is said, are very active among returned soldiers. Of D. J. Pouver nothing has been seen since the time he registered with Cecil. Up to the present time the detectives have found no trace of his whereabouts.

On August 31, 1917, Cecil Landon enlisted and was sent abroad soon after that, where he served in the quartermaster's department. He was recently advanced to a sergeant. In company with other casualties he left Brest arriving in New York City on Monday, August 11. The following day he received his discharge and in a few more days would have been at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. San Landon of Portland though well known in Gresham having been residents here for many years. Besides his parents he leaves two sisters, Alta and Zeila and many other relatives, among them his aunts, Mrs. Wm. Stanley, Mrs. Geo. Pullen, Mrs. Wm. Booth and Mrs. A. R. Goger of Gresham, and one at Seaside, Mrs. Ed. Spath, also three uncles, Henry Kane of Gresham, Charles Kane of Portland and Eugene Landon of Kelso, Washington.

FOODSTUFFS OFFERED THROUGH POSTOFFICE

Postmaster Roberts has received instructions from the Postoffice Department concerning the sale and distribution of certain foodstuffs now on hand at the several military subsistence depots, are offered to the public through the mails.

The dates on which orders may be received by the postmaster are August 18 to 20 inclusive. Mr. Roberts has a full list of foodstuffs and the amounts available under the order and will assist any patrons of this office to fill out and place orders. The list includes baked beans, stringless beans, corned and roast beef, flour, soap, bacon and various vegetables and fruits. All are put up in tins or sacks. The first zone parcel post rate applies to all purchases, that is five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound.

The instructions were received but yesterday by Mr. Roberts, but the 20th is positively given as the last date on which goods may be ordered under this plan.

"HOME ONCE MORE" SAYS CECIL PULFER

A telegram was received yesterday morning from Cecil Pulfer stating that he would be in Portland at 7:45. Mr. and Mrs. Pulfer and Percy were there to meet him, but had to wait until 10:30 for the train. In the meantime a big supper was being prepared at home. This wonderful feast, just perfect at 11 o'clock was not eaten until almost 3 o'clock in the morning. A message came that on the way home the Ford became so hilariously happy that Cecil was really there that it cast a back wheel for which it was mighty sorry since it made the trip from Portland seem longer than the journey from France.

One thing will never be forgotten. When Cecil entered the hall he fairly shouted "Home once more!"

Twenty-five women wanted. Apply, ready for work, at Gresham cannery.

INDUSTRIAL CLUB FAIR AT CORBETT

Local club leaders and those interested in the children's industrial club work are busy organizing local fairs which will be held on September 13, at different centers for the purpose of grading the work done by the children and selecting the best exhibits, which will be displayed in the Industrial club house during the week of Multnomah county fair, September 15-20. To give ample recognition for work well done there will be awarded six to eight ribbon prizes at these community fairs.

At the Corbett high school on Thursday evening, club workers and those interested in the children's department of the fair will meet to make plans for the local display from Pleasant View, Springdale, Hurlburt and Corbett.

On Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock an important meeting will be held at the Terry schoolhouse. Club leaders and all those interested in club work from Troutdale, Fairview and Terry will discuss plans for the local and county fairs and committees will be appointed to look after the different phases of the work. It is safe to assume that this meeting will be well attended. A number of such meetings have already been held showing a fine community spirit and interest with "pep."

Powell Valley, Cedar and Victory have arranged for community fair day, September 13, a basket lunch at noon with a program afternoon and evening. A similar plan will be carried out by the Lynch, Buckley and Pleasant Valley districts. Russellville, Rockwood and Wilkes have met and made plans for an afternoon and evening program for that day.

One thing is certain and that is that the Industrial club department of the Multnomah county fair will be a record making one.

TWO CORNER STONES LAID FOR ONE BUILDING

Last Wednesday, the first corner stone of the boys' and girls' industrial club house was laid. Miss Ethel Calkins, county club leader, placed the stone in position. The ceremony was witnessed by H. A. Lewis, president of the Multnomah county fair; Frank Jones, local contractor in charge of the building of the club house; and a representative of the Gresham Outlook, and a number of workmen on the grounds.

The following day, according to the Oregonian, H. A. Lewis, assisted by C. D. Minton, manager of the fair, laid the corner stone—obviously the second one, or is it possible that they dislodged the first one and joggled it around into position again? Nay! Nay! It cannot be. Rather is it that Mr. Lewis, who is unusually original, is launching something new in dedications, and will lay with pomp and ceremony every last one of the corners.

CHURCH SOCIETIES SERVE PICNIC SUPPER

The Ladies' Aid and Home Missionary societies served a bounteous picnic supper in the grove on the fair grounds, last Wednesday evening.

At six o'clock when the men folks arrived, the tables were ready, heaped high with appetizing victuals—fried chicken, different kinds of salads, assorted sandwiches, pies, cakes, cookies, biscuits, buns, baked beans, pickles, delicious coffee and other good things. It was apparent that folks with impaired appetites had stayed at home. Scientific balancing of a meal was dispensed with and everyone stuffed to their heart's content, and as yet no fatalities have been reported.

Mrs. C. M. Zimmerman, chief hostess for this big family affair, called for a toast from H. L. St. Clair. He made some comment about "toast" being superfluous on top of such a big feed. He, however could not help but remark how appropriate was the word "home" in the name "Home Missionary Society," with emphasis on the word home. Although their first thought and biggest concern were for their own home, and rightly so, they by no means limited their consideration to those alone, but in their modest, quiet way also extended a helping hand to needy ones outside their own happy circle.

Some of the little boys and girls spoke pieces and the big girls with ukulele accompaniment sang a number of pretty songs.

Altogether it was a most delightful event, one of those simple things which make life happy.