

CHRISTMAS DAYS IN OLD OREGON

Pioneers Tell of Yuletide Experiences When Portland Was a Village.

OBSERVANCE HAS CHANGED

Old Settlers Recall Incidents That Depict the Holiday Joys of a More Strenuous and Less Sumptuous Era.

It takes the old settlers of Portland to tell what real fun and adventure Christmas-tide may afford the person who goes at it right. The sturdy pioneers who crossed the plains in the waning of the '40's or the dawn of the '50's rather regard our present-day methods of observing the great world holiday as an evidence of an era of degeneration. The striving of people to outdo one another in lavish gifts, in riotous extravagance and vainglorious display does not appeal to them.

The pioneers were men and women of simple tastes and few desires then, and their tastes and desires have been changed only so far as the advances of civilization have forced the metamorphosis. With the prophet, they shake their heads and say: "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and, with the poet, they soft impeachment of their primitive notions, they will hark back in reminiscent mood and tell of the Christmases of the good old times.

There are many pioneers of Portland who still cherish with sure pleasure thoughts of their earliest Yuletide days in the Northwest. One of these is Rev. John Flinn, of 207 Halsey street, a retired circuit preacher, who delivered the second sermon in the first church ever built in Portland, in the Autumn of 1850. His hands are now running in the last decade of a century, he being nearly 91 years of age, with his faculties still unimpaired, with wonderful memory of the years that have gone, with rugged health and with vigorous blood still coursing in his veins. That first Christmas back in 1850 stands out in his memory like "Mars at Perihelion." Here is his story:

Christmas 56 Years Ago.

"Just 56 years ago, the second day before Christmas, with two companions I started out from Portland for the 60-mile walk to Salem. It was a hard, hard, and, by the way, the Oregon rain is the only thing in the Northwest that hasn't kept pace with civilization; it is the same old wet rain now as then, but we wore long mackintoshes, and kept fairly dry picking our way through the forest trails and across the prairies. We stayed over night at Oregon City, and next day reached the Pudding River at Aurora.

At that time we were obliged to cross on foot, on a log jam. Half way before Christmas, with two companions I started out from Portland for the 60-mile walk to Salem. It was a hard, hard, and, by the way, the Oregon rain is the only thing in the Northwest that hasn't kept pace with civilization; it is the same old wet rain now as then, but we wore long mackintoshes, and kept fairly dry picking our way through the forest trails and across the prairies. We stayed over night at Oregon City, and next day reached the Pudding River at Aurora.

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Plain Life of the Pioneers.

"I can't resist a feeling of sadness as I think of the plain, wholesome life in those days, and the strenuous existence of today. We didn't have many needs, and those we had we could supply comfortably. That first Christmas dinner in my own home will live in my memory till my days are numbered. My wife and I were extremely happy, the cooking of the luxuries was ours. Mrs. Reed prepared the dinner, with its fat roast chicken from our own yard, with soft creamy potatoes, and vegetables from our own garden, with golden pumpkin pie, which she had made, and we sat down and ate it together. No one else there. That was the last of the good life, I shall never have another such.

"At that time there were only 275 white men, women and children in Portland, and there were fully 1000 Indians, 60 of them camped at the foot of Jefferson street, near our home, and 600 more camped at Couch's Landing. They were very peaceable, and never gave us trouble or worry. The religious element always predominated in the observance of Christmas, and there was little giving of presents.

John McCracken, now past his 60th milestone, says that he cannot conjure up any particular epoch-making Christmas in his own experiences in Portland during the 56 years he has lived here, but he made up by getting helplessly, helplessly lost in the woods between Fourth and Sixth streets, on New Year's day, 1855. Relating the experience, he said:

"In those days we observed the ancient custom of 'New Year's calls' religiously, far more than we do now. Christmas, and for several years we pioneers were in the habit of meeting at the home of the late Henry W. Corbett, in Sixth street, and we would then go the rounds. January 1, 1856, Dr. I. W. Davenport and I called on the Corbetts, and from there we headed for Dr. Wilson's on Fourth street. We struck off through the woods, getting our bearings as best we could in the darkness, and after proceeding a while the Doctor said to me: 'John, I think we're lost.'

"'Maybe we are, Doc,' I replied with some misgivings.

"'I know we are,' he returned, 'for I have passed this tree no less than four times.'

"'What'll we do?' I added, not feeling sure of myself.

"'No moon, no stars, no nothing,' was the Doctor's doubtful reply.

"'Can you hear that owl?' I ventured.

"'Yep, John, are you afraid?'

"'Nope; Doc, but if you're any friend of mine you'll find a way out of here pretty soon,' was my contribution to this 'babes in the woods' dialogue.

"'John, let's holler.'

"'No use, nobody's fool enough to come out here and tow us to the clearing,' and we sat down on a log. Then we got up and walked some more and after a couple of hours we broke into the open, but I am not going to tell where we were when we saw 'land ahead.'

"'Thereafter we stuck to the good old fir plank that was laid in the mud from the Sixth-street suburbs to the waterfront, and we followed platted streets zig-zagging.

"'About the only Christmas presents exchanged in those days were some books and simple toys for the children. Elaborate remembrance or Christmas development as an adjunct to Yuletide celebrations.'

Celebrate Landing of Pilgrims.

George L. Story, of 66 Twenty-Second street, North, is another of the early-day pioneers, but his reminiscences center about the holiday celebration just before Christmas. Mr. Story is of sturdy New England stock and to him the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims written on his mind as December 22, 1620 are possessed of hallowed traditions. He said last night:

"The people of the South, and there were many such in Portland in those days, were more perfunctory about the Christmas observance than we of the North, but I remember how a number of us old-time folk got together in December, 1833 and planned a big celebration of the anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers. We celebrated the occasion here in Portland, and it was the most elaborate festival ever given in the Northwest up to that time and for many years after. Some of the committee subscribed \$50 each to the fund and I think the banquet cost us something like \$1500 to \$2000, and I tell you we were all proud of the affair and the success which attended it. I thought there were only several hundred people in Portland at that time."

George H. Himes, assistant secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, will tomorrow recall the good old time exactly twenty-seven years ago when he consented to share his name, fame and fortune with Miss Anna F. Riggs, the then reigning belle of Salem. Mr. Himes declares that that was the merriest Christmas of the many joyful ones he has spent.

Married on Christmas Day.

Mr. Himes and Miss Riggs were wed at 8 o'clock in the evening of Christmas day, 1886. Rev. O. Dickinson, a Congregational minister, had been secured to say the words of the occasion. There were great joy in the neighborhood over the event, and the tables in the Riggs' mansion almost broke down under the weight of good things prepared for the wedding feast.

"In spite of the fact that I was young and nervous, I ate so much that night that I have hardly recovered yet," said Mr. Himes last night. "My wife's mother was a sweet, kindly, old-fashioned New England woman who could cook better than any high-class French chef. She prepared a dinner that day which simply was a prize winner. When I started in at the feast, I was a trifle frustrated, but as the meal continued, this nervousness wore off and I did full justice to everything in sight. That, sir, was a Christmas that I shall never forget."

"The first Christmas I ever spent in Portland was in 1854. I was then a printer in the employ of The Oregonian. This city was a village then, and so we printers worked all day in order to make up for some of the money we had spent for presents. That evening, I had a dinner at the home of some friends, but the day was not spent in such a way as to cause me to remember the details.

W. S. Powell, bailiff of department No. 1 of the Circuit Court, saw a Christmas in Portland as long ago as 1853. He read long tales about the fighting Indians and grizzly bears, he left his Ohio home while still in his teens and came to Portland to have a hand in the fun. But when Christmas morning came young Powell wanted to go back home for turkey.

At that time Portland was a town of about 300 souls. All of the stores faced Front street, while stumps lined Third street and Portland Heights was a dense wilderness, filled with wolves and an occasional cougar. Mr. Powell does not remember a great deal about this first Oregon Christmas other than that he ate dinner with a young woman friend and spent the evening telling stories about "things back East."

Prepare to Fight Indians.

But there is one Christmas of pioneer days that the bailiff does remember. It was the Christmas of 1855, when Mrs. Powell was the captain of Company D, First Oregon Infantry, and was stationed at Fort Walla Walla, preparing to quiet the warlike habits of the Indians of Oregon and Washington. He had 92 hardy young pioneers in his company, all of them sharpshooters and all eager to get a glimpse of the battle.

It was chiefly spent in drilling and getting things in readiness for the march. But a big dinner of pork and beans, duck and potatoes, was served, and the captain ate so much that he had to be sent to the hospital the next morning for a rest.

A Christmas on a coast ship under the hot Bay of Bengal was an experience that befalls few of the marines who visit Portland harbor. Alfred Brannan, chief officer on the British steamer Franklin, was captain of the English ship Bann on December 25, 1902. On that holiday the windjammer, for it is sailing ships that are used to carry coolies from India to the islands of the Caribbean Sea, had that experience.

Seven hundred and fifty dark-skinned men, women and children formed the cargo of the Bann on that occasion, and Mr. Brannan declares that he never knew the Bay of Bengal weather to be as hot as it was that day. It was during the night that India knew nothing of Christmas, and had never heard of Santa Claus. Still, Captain Brannan resolved to show them there was a holiday on tap.

Right after eight bells were struck in the morning, the skipper ordered all of the children aft and gave each of them a handful of sugar, three tarts, an extra drink of water and several missionary tracts. Then he explained to them, in plain English, the meaning of the day and wished the whole trip merry.

To the adults he gave double the usual amount of rice and curry given them, along with extra water and tarts. These tracts had been given to Captain Brannan by some missionaries, who had instructed him to present them to the coolies upon their arrival in the West Indies. But the skipper had a great feast in the after-cabin. When the evening shadows cooled things off a bit, a sing-song was held on the poop and the coolies sat around the hatch and listened until long into the night to songs of "Bonnie Annie Laurie" and of "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

Each white man aboard the vessel gave a present to his shipmates, the captain receiving a photograph of the mate's sweetheart, a new shirt from one of the sailors, a Bible from the cook and a score of other presents. The Bible he accompanied Mr. Brannan ever since that day.

HALL MAY LOSE SEATTLE TEAM

Fans Doubt His Ability to Finance the Siwash Baseball Franchise.

WILL DUGDALE STEP IN?

Opinion General That Old-Time Favorite Will Back Puget Sound Nine in Case Rusk Hall Falls to Maintain Leadership.

BY WILL G. MAC RAE.

Will Rusk Hall be able to gather financial backing for his team next season is the question asked not only

The New Year's Oregonian for 1907

Will be published Tuesday, January 1 next. It will contain full and accurate information of Portland's wonderful building activity for 1906. It will show the types of the many modern buildings that have been erected in Portland during the past year. It will contain most valuable information of horticulture in Oregon, and also of numerous extensive irrigation projects now under way in this state. Thousands of copies of the forthcoming annual number of The Oregonian will be sent to people in the East. Orders for extra copies should be sent to The Oregonian at once.

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THE OREGONIAN,
Portland, Oregon.

by Seattle fans, but by those along the entire Coast League circuit. Hall has no easy task cut out for himself, for, in addition to getting the kale to run his team, he must get new grounds and build a grandstand. This is no easy work, and it would not be surprising if he were to learn sometime shortly after the first of the year that Hall had fallen down.

Should Hall fail to get money to back his team, there is a man ready to jump into the breach. D. E. Dugdale is more than likely to be the Moses who will lead the Seattle baseball fans out of the wilderness. The fat check-raiser hasn't been before the baseball public since he was double-crossed by the fellow who came near putting the game on the blink in Portland. After trying to manage the Portland team, Dugdale went into retirement and has since been busy chasing chickens up hill to make them lay. He has made money. Who could help it with eggs 40 cents a dozen? Some of the nearwise have figured that the fat magnate, because he could not be sure of the Seattle moguls, became stricken with chilled pedal extremities. President Bert wasn't worried looking for a man. The Coast League leader knew that the boy who had picked up the Seattle team would answer the call if it was sounded. President Bert and Dugdale smiled over a steaming yellow, greasy chicken, while the game, and much baseball talk during the repast, there was just enough to assure President Bert that if the crash came, Dugdale would be the boy on the burning deck.

Dugdale Submitted Application.

After the season closed and things began to look squally, Dugdale was approached upon the proposition of taking over the Seattle franchise, so Dame Rumor has it, while he was in Los Angeles to draw down that \$1500 bonus that had been in the league treasury since Seattle joined the Coast League. From good authority it has been learned that the Coast League moguls waited for word from Dugdale, and when his application for the franchise did not show up, it was given to Rusk Hall. Hall didn't have the \$1500 to put up at the time, and he was given until January 1 to get the coin together. Hall says that he has a deal on for ground and that he can sign up the lease at any time. He also says that he has been promised financial backing, but refuses to give out who his angels are until all of the papers have been signed.

Seattle Fans Divided.

Seattle has been the one city in the league where the fans have been divided. Dugdale has always been a prime favorite in Seattle. Many of the Sound City fans quit going to baseball altogether because Dug quit the game. Park Wilson was manager of the outfit last year, and if there hadn't been a mint of money behind the team, Dugdale would have been in the game yet, and the Coasters would not have been playing in Portland and Seattle now. Seattle would have none of Wilson, and he had remained there for an age he never would have been popular. Hall had things easier than Wilson, yet he could never be the favorite with the fans that Dugdale was. The fact of the matter is, Dugdale is a mixer, and it would be a good thing for the game

if he did finally get the Seattle franchise. No one fought the Pacific Coast League harder than Dug, and right today there is no magnate who stands higher in the esteem of the Coast League magnates than does D. E. Dugdale.

A great many of the fans will regret that his telegram asking for the Seattle franchise did not reach the Los Angeles meeting.

TO EXPLAIN PLAYS TO CROWD

Expert With a Megaphone to Follow Contesting Teams in Seattle.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 23.—(Special.)—Every play made in the big Christmas day game between the Multnomah club and the Seattle Athletic Club will be explained to the crowd at the grounds by an expert on the side lines. Secretary Will Ingalls, of the Seattle Athletic Club, is going to try the megaphone announcer, something that is new in Seattle, but which has been a success elsewhere.

A football expert is to follow the two teams along the side lines, being down on top of the play all the time. After each play the man with the megaphone will call a description of the team's work to the people in the stands.

Even a football fan misses some of the fine points when the teams are working on a distant part of the field and mass plays are attempted. The novice cannot even understand everything about an open game, and the Athletic Club's manager believes that the explanations bawled through a megaphone will give

HART MAY COME INTO HAINES CAMP

Senator From Baker Holds Conference With Washington County Candidate.

LATTER FEELS CONFIDENT

Booth's Support Is Still in Doubt, While Whealdon of Wasco Keeps Wise Ones Guessing by Strange Tactics.

That Haines' 12 pledged votes for President of the Oregon Senate are likely to have the addition of Senator Hart, of Baker County, was suggested for discussion yesterday in political circles, stimulated by almost simultaneous arrival in the city of Hart and Haines and a meeting of the two last night. Senator Wright, of Yamhill, one of Haines' principal supporters, was also in the city and left for home on the afternoon train.

Hart is one of the two Senators who may be said to have held off thus far, from both Haines and Hodson, the latter being Malarkey, of Multnomah. The last time Hart was in Portland, he is said to have been persuaded by the Hodson men that Haines did not have the support of those who have since announced themselves for him, among them, Smith, of Marion; Miller, of Marion-Linn; McDonald, of Union; Laycock, of Grant; and Cole, of Umatilla. Consequently Hart did not make terms with either Hodson or Haines, and put back home, believing that the contest would not reach an issue until the meeting of the Legislature, January 14, or immediately before.

Hart has changed his mind since a majority of the 23 Republican members of the Senate have tied up to Haines, is indicated by his return to Portland.

Haines Forces Confident.

The Haines forces feel certain of enough votes to control the caucus, and should all of their 12 hold together, they would wield the caucus. In the absence of F. P. Mays, of Multnomah, the opposition, if successful in blocking a caucus, will throw on Haines the necessity of securing three more votes, in order to secure election. Those three are now sought by the Haines forces, the ones to whom the Haines men are looking are Hart of Baker, Beach, Bailey and Malarkey of Multnomah, Cooke of Cook, and Whealdon of Wasco.

That things do not look well in the Hodson camp is obvious. The chief stumbling block of Hodson's, from the first, has been the opposition of Malarkey, which has deprived Hodson of a united Multnomah delegation. It has not been expected that Nottingham would vote for Hodson; in fact, the launching of the Hodson boom two years ago was made on the understanding that Nottingham would fight him. The hostility of Malarkey, however, was not counted on, and if there should be a breakup in the Hodson ranks, one of the chief forces of disruption will have been Malarkey.

Booth an Unknown Quantity.

The Hodson followers are anxious about Senator Booth, of Lane, who agreed to support in this Legislature the candidacy of the united Multnomah delegation. Booth is said to be unable to find the Multnomah candidate. Recently he entered in a sharp discussion with W. F. Matthews, who has been said to have been working for Hodson and who two years ago was boss of the Legislators for this county and the man who made Tuckendall President of the Senate. The discussion took place in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel, and while their words could not be heard by others than themselves, it would be seen that Booth was delivering himself of vigorous sentiments. Since that time there has been depression in the Hodson ranks and a suspicion in political circles that Booth is in quest of a dark horse.

Senator Whealdon, of Wasco, who has been consorting with the Hodson forces, for the purpose, as has been said, of keeping himself in shape for a boom of his own, does not seem to have made much progress. It was supposed, originally, that he would attack himself to the Haines camp, where he was a leader two years ago in the Legislature. But two or three months ago he drew away from Haines and apparently went to the Hodson side, though he has since denied that he promised or intends to support Hodson.

May Want Plum Himself.

It was said that his peculiar tactics indicated a desire to win the Presidency for himself, and he confessed that to be his ambition. But that was before four of his Senatorial colleagues in Eastern Oregon attached themselves to Haines. Naturally, he was counting

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| \$30.00 Silk Petticoats..... | \$17.50 |
| \$20.00 Silk Petticoats..... | \$12.50 |
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BEING OUR LAST CHANCE TO SELL OUT—ALL OUR STOCK PRICES ARE LOWER THAN EVER—THIS MEANS FIFTY PER CENT SAVING FOR YOU—STORE TO BE CLOSED 31st OF DECEMBER

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ed delegation from this county it would be in a good position with votes elsewhere, to make the 20 needed for caucus nomination. E. F. Jones of Polk-Lincoln, another candidate as voted in Portland yesterday. W. Vawter, of Jackson, was active in his candidacy last week, visiting several counties. Frank Davey, of Marion, building fences in many counties.

HOLIDAY RATES.

Announced to Ocean Beaches. To enable patrons to visit ocean beaches during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, the O. R. & N. Co. will, on November 23 and 25, December 24 and 25, an extra up all of its round-trip tickets to North Beach points at a rate of \$2.50. For further information ask at City Ticket Office, Third and Washington streets, Portland, Or.

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| SUITS | |
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| \$30.00 Suits..... | \$15.00 |
| \$20.00 Suits..... | \$10.00 |
| FURS | |
| Just one white fox Boa left, \$65.00 value—Monday..... | \$38.00 |
| A very few invisible stripe Minks, \$37.50 value..... | \$17.00 |
| \$20.00 Furs..... | \$8.00 |
| \$7.50 Furs..... | \$3.25 |
| \$10.00 Furs..... | \$4.85 |
| \$3.50 Furs..... | 75¢ |

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