

# Salem, the Most Beautiful City in the West, Must Grow Each Year Still More Beautiful, and this Can Be Accomplished Easily by a Spirit of Co-operation

## SALEM WALKS WITH THE BEAUTY OF SUMMER IN HER FACE, BUT HER WHITE APRON HAS THE GYPSY STAIN OF THE LOGANBERRY WRITES W. C. DIBBLE

And Salem Is Robbed in Purple as Becomes Her Rank, but the Shade Is That of the Italian Prune—And Salem Was Born in Peace, But Goes Marching as to War; Her Battered Shoulder Bears the Glowing Spike of the Gladiolus — And Her Strength Is as the Strength of the Eternal Hills.

I.

There is an Indian legend (and it is as good a legend as any one's and a little truer), that before the Statesman was, or Ladd & Bush's bank, or the picturesque first stores on Commercial street, that on the bit of level beach where North Mill creek meets the Willamette, the Indians once held a council. What question was there composed, whether the difference was between the warriors of one tribe or of many, is not to our purpose. But of this we may be sure: gravely the pipe went round, the blue smoke ascending lazily. One after another with great deference to convention, the leading men arose, and, speaking with deliberation, sat slowly down. The tranquil waters of the Willamette passed before the Lodge on their way to the great salt lake. The place of this meeting was called Chemeketa, or Place of Peace.

That which was begun in quietness was carried on. One of the leading streets of the young city was called Chemeketa. Later it was a hotel that was so named. The founders, too, left in the center an ample space for a grove where the people might hold council. Trees, too, were left in abundance, and more planted. The early yards were large and open. The very name Salem, means City of Peace.

Go now any summer's day to Willson square. Seat yourself under, say, the broad leaves of the tulip tree. Soon now will the five blocks of ordered serenity steal in upon you. What soft, vagrant winds there are that come and go! That view there of the postoffice building—what studied, restful lines! And that boy with a book—oh, yes, Willamette campus. "Souls of poets dead and gone," is that the electric depot? What ants they are, and how they hurry. Those white fleets, from the Pacific; they pass slowly to far uncharted seas. The fountain near plays with its waters—and there is the rest of falling rain, quick splashes, and, long, soft gurgles, and the unheard melody of dying sound. And, friend, this is Salem, built on the site of Chemeketa, City of Peace.

It is the summer of 1921, and you are going down the paved streets of a most modern paved city. They are 100 feet wide and the Oregon maple lines them to your comfort and to mine. Ride or walk, these broad streets invite to leisure and the long, long thoughts of youth. That spacious house with the children loud on no narrow prisoned lane. Note the next car turn—there's your curve of beauty. But see them with banners to the length and breadth of them; the rise and fall, the rhythmic flow. Then off with your hat as the Queen passes, but not for the Queen. To be a boy again and see the elephant as he goes by—really see him. And the hills rise in generous view at the ends, the Polk hills and the Liberty hills and the mysterious blue hills where begin the Cascades. Those

cluster lights, how soft and yellow; how vibrant and rich and beguiling at night. \* \* \* This city, we will remember, was begun with a great council, and the name of the meeting place was Chemeketa.

Stroll down to the Willamette—there is a river among many, and at your door. Dancing bright are the waters as they go under the bridge. Away to the south is the luring curve of the shore line; it breaks and another begins. The rim of trees in Polk county shows cool waters and the dusk of leaf-built caverns. The Polk hills "creep stealthily" to the river's edge. The hoarse rattle of the kingfisher merges curiously with the slow lap of the water. Was it here that you brought the children a few years ago, and do their childish voices still linger in the evening air? Was it here that you brought Her many years ago, and told that age-old story? \* \* \*

Or another mood is on, and you go fishing in one of the creeks that break and intrigue and charm the city. You meet a boy, and his baited hook is in and out the water. You ask him if the fish are biting, and he tells you, but biting one another. You decide then to sit down and think it over. Fishing is without question an ignoble sport, and not worthy a gentleman dreamer. Fishing now with a camera under these thick willows—that would be just the beauty that creek talking away to itself, just listen to it. You throw some stones in the water, but now very idly. \* \* \* This is North Mill creek, and you are near the old meeting ground of the Indians — Chemeketa — the Place of Peace.

II.

But, friend, make no mistake. Because Salem is restful and offers retreats for the spirit, because she has serenity and beauty and the great mystery of charm, do not dig the easy pitfall of belief that she is weak or sluggish or has herself no spirit. Always we may note that where there is true repose there is strength, where there is real silence there is power, and where there is beauty there are still and irresistible forces, and they have been a long time working.

In those intimate and well loved hills, on those level and close in prairies, down the river on the rich black bottoms, there is many and many a loganberry yard where the green waves are running high; 4000 acres which thousands of pickers are stripping of crimson fruit, assembling it in boxes and crates, tumbling it into trucks which, roaring, converge by one stained road after another at the great juice factory, the jam and jelly factories, the canneries, the packing plants and driers of Salem.

It may be said again: put yourself in the soft ways of beauty, and you are buoyed and swept on by the stream of power. You look at the paper mill at dusk, and that lofty mass is transfigured; it is the outpost of some celestial city. Tomorrow there will

be men at their posts and turning wheels. Tomorrow there will be the mingled tumult of all the processes whereby the fragrant balm and tall white fir become the finest paper. In the morning you listen to the careless laughter of Mill creek; and it is good you can; but there are 10,000 acres of Italian prunes to pick in the afternoon, and the bees will not be more numerous in the hives than the pickers on the hills; and the purple product will pass from tree to drier, and from drier to packing shed, and from the packing shed smoking engines will toil without ceasing to put it in the markets of the east.

You walk our streets today and it is cool, and the vistas are lovely; but at the dehydrating plant there are three shifts of men and the dry kilns never lose one degree of their fiery heat. You take off your hat in Willson square and the blue sky and the green earth are one; but in the juice factory they are bottling jets of flame and pushing them out on trails that lead around the world. You hear the rustle of the birch leaves where you sit, but down on the great mill by the river there are fleets of brown logs riding at anchor, and some are being grappled and handed over to hungry saws that tear them into beams and boards and rafters.

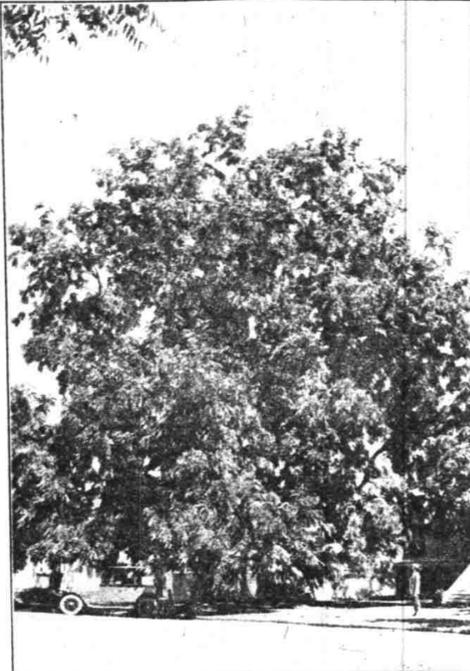
Now take the car to the fairgrounds. Pause in the oak grove at the entrance. Rest your eyes in those deep brown shadows. You might be in some chambered cave. Or in some recessed glade of Parrish's silent city. But you feel only the hush before a thunderous dawn. In September this will be a campers' city, and poached. To and fro from the gates, day and night, there will be thousands of echoing footfalls. There will be a whir in machinery hall, the bellow of cattle, the sharp bark of the sandwich man, the rending chant of the merry-go-round, the roar of many tractors, and always the tread of many feet and the hum of many voices, all mingling, rising, breaking—and all beginning again. And the State Fair of Oregon will be on once more.

Salem walks with the beauty of summer in her face, but her white apron has the gypsy stain of the loganberry.

Salem is robbed in purple as becomes her rank, but the shade is that of the Italian prune.

Salem was born in peace, but goes marching as to war—her battered shoulder bears the glowing spike of the gladiolus.

—W. C. DIBBLE.  
Salem, Or., July 19, 1921.



The Salem walnut tree in the Hall of Fame for trees, planted by Mrs. Eugene Breyman, on the lawn of the Breyman home at Court and Church streets; now the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Boise. The picture shows Senator McNary standing by the historic tree.

## SALEM HAS A TREE IN THE HALL OF FAME FOR TREES OF THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

This Is the Great Walnut Tree on the R. P. Boise Home Lawn, Court and Church Streets, and It Was Planted 53 Years Ago by Mrs. Eugene Breyman — The Other Historic Trees in the Hall of Fame for Trees Make Famous Company for Salem's Splendid Walnut Tree:

The first tree to be nominated by a United States senator for a place in the Hall of Fame for trees with a history; one in honor of Woodrow Wilson and also the "Old Pine" at Dartmouth College, were recently announced by the American Forestry association.

Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon nominated a walnut at Salem, Oregon, planted by Mrs. Eugene Breyman, a pioneer in the Oregon country 53 years ago. The tree bears several tons of nuts annually and has a circumference of ten feet eleven inches from Philadelphia to Freehold.

The Washington Oak on the Hampton Plantation, Santee river, S.C., nominated by J. Danforth Bush of Wilmington, Del. The home which Washington visited and which the tree now shades was built by Daniel Horry, a French Huguenot, in 1750.

The Wallis Elm, named for the one-time land king of Pennsylvania, was nominated by Bruce A. Hunt, of Williamsport. The elm is at Hall's station. The tree was planted in 1770 by Lydia Hollingsworth of Philadelphia, who became Mrs. Wallis. Were the timber standing today that Wallis once owned, it is estimated his fortune would equal that of the world's 10 richest men. The tree has a girth of 15 feet four inches.

The Live Oak at Pomona, Calif., marking the spot where in 1837 the first white settlers camped in Pomona Valley, nominated by Mrs. Stephen Alden, chairman of the Old Trails committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The White Oak that marks the site of the battles on Keith's Hill in King Phillip's wars and "Hassanimitco," now Grafton, Mass., nominated by Georgiana Keith Flske.

The Washington Willow at Constantine, Mich., nominated by Paul R. Westerville. The parent willow over Washington's tomb furnished in 1876 shoots for this tree.

The Richard B. Reed Elm on Lincoln Highway one mile west of Van Wert, Ohio. Long known as the Postnaught Elm, this tree has been named for aviator Reed, who lost his life in the war and was nominated by William Postnaught. The elm is ten feet eight inches in circumference.

Nominations of trees with a history for the Hall of Fame are made to the American Forestry Association at Washington, by historical organizations.

Additional Slogan Matter on Pages 1 and 4 of this section.

### OUR FLOWERS

Gertrude Robison Ross

Lilacs in the scented Spring,  
Asters in the Fall;  
Hollyhocks the summer through  
By the garden wall;  
And the Will that keeps them so  
High above them all!

Little peoples bend their backs  
'Neath the victor's rod;  
Hoary nations—sick with strife—  
Crumble in the sod—  
But the tulips lift their heads  
For the love of God.

Men uncover bitter things  
Faith and truth to kill,  
Shout aloud their infamies  
To the world—and still  
Roses spread their scented bloom  
At their Maker's will.

Kings and kingdoms rear their heads  
Kings and kingdoms fall—  
Poppies still the summer through  
Bloom beside the wall;  
Violets in the silver Spring,  
Dahlias in the Fall!



Seven Year Old Barcelona Filbert Tree at the Stolz-McNary Farm Near Salem. (Walter T. Stolz in the foreground.)

### DATES OF SLOGANS IN DAILY STATESMAN (In Twice-a-Week Statesman Following Day)

- Loganberries, Oct. 7.
- Prunes, Oct. 14.
- Dairying, Oct. 21.
- Flax, Oct. 28.
- Filberts, Nov. 4.
- Walnuts, Nov. 11.
- Strawberries, Nov. 18.
- Apples, Nov. 25.
- Raspberries, Dec. 2.
- Mint, Dec. 9.
- Great cows, Dec. 16.
- Blackberries, Dec. 23.
- Cherries, Dec. 30.
- Pears, Jan. 6, 1921.
- Gooseberries and Currants, Jan. 13.
- Corn, Jan. 20.
- Celery, Jan. 27.
- Spinach, Feb. 3.
- Onions, Feb. 10.
- Potatoes, Feb. 17.
- Bees, Feb. 24.
- Mining, March 3.
- Goats, March 10.
- Beans, March 17.
- Paved highways, March 24.
- Broccoli, March 31.
- Silos, April 7.
- Legumes, April 14.
- Asparagus, April 21.
- Oranges, April 28.
- Drug garden, May 5.
- Sugar beets, May 12.
- Sorghum, May 19.
- Cabbage, May 26.
- Poultry and Pet Stock, June 2.
- Land, June 9.
- Dehydration, June 16.
- Hops, June 23.
- Wholesale and Jobbing, June 30.
- Cucumbers, July 7.
- Hogs, July 14.
- City Beautiful, flowers and bulbs, July 21.
- Schools, July 28.
- Sheep, Aug. 4.
- National Advertising, Aug. 11.
- Seeds, Aug. 18.
- Livestock, Aug. 25.
- Automotive Industry, Sept. 1.
- Grain and Grain Products, Sept. 8.
- Manufacturing, Sept. 15.
- Woodworking and other things, Sept. 22.
- Paper Mill, Sept. 29.

(Back copies of Salem Slogan editions of The Daily Oregon Statesman are on hand. They are for sale at 10c each, mailed to any address.)



### Perhaps you may yet remember The Tulips in Bloom in May

over at our place. Well, there are none in bloom now, but nevertheless you are cordially invited to



Visit The Tulip Farm where we are beginning to dig the bulbs preparatory to summer curing. You may there find answer to some of your questions relating to size, grading, rate of increase, etc. Do not forget also that there will be

Gladioli in Bloom in August. Our tulip and narcissus price list will be out now in about three weeks. Farm one half mile from the Polk end of the bridge.

DIBBLE & FRANKLIN Salem, Oregon

Phones: Store 381—Green House 309

**"Say it with Flowers"**

C. B. CLANCEY  
FLORIST AND DECORATOR  
123 North Liberty St.

From the Tulip Farm of Dibble & Franklin, Salem