

RAMBLES AND RAMBLINGS OF CARLE F. WILLIAMS, A FORMER SALEM MAN

He Meets Old Timers of the Capital City as He Goes About in His Travels in Washington, British Columbia and Elsewhere, and He Finds Them Always Talking About the Old Home Town and Coughing Their Language in Loving and Complimentary Terms.

"As I Ramble," is the way Carle F. Williams heads a letter that promises to be an interesting series of letters to The Statesman. Mr. Williams is in the employ of Charles H. Lilly Co., Seattle, and his home is in that city. Following is the letter:

I must have been born under a travelling star—anyway I've done my share of it and as I grow older the amount of journeying I am called upon to do grows greater. And I like it.

The world is small. No one can start out and journey for five days without meeting some one they know. I believe that. Unless, of course, he is trying to hide himself.

The number of folks I meet here, there and most everywhere whom I know well, or whom I once knew somewhere, is really surprising even to me, and I've been meeting 'em, these surprises, for years.

Take today, for instance, in Centralia. I was sitting in the Dale hotel reading the last Argosy when I happened to look up and looked right into the face of Louis Stringer. He knew my face but not my name—and it was the same with me. He stepped in and we exchanged old-time tales. Louis was a Capital Business College student when I attended there, 18 years ago. He married Miss Muths. Louis has been in Nome a great part of the

time, has a coal mine north of Nome. His headquarters are in Portland.

And speaking about the Dale hotel, I stop here largely because it is owned and operated by A. Huggill, who formerly owned the Modern Cleaning parlors in Salem. Huggill is just coining money; drives a big car and he and family look fine. He is interested in the Palm cafe, adjoining the hotel, and it is recognized as the best place to eat between Portland and Seattle, not barring any of the "swell places." We travelers find that most of the "swell" joints have little to recommend them, other than the "swell" prices—the eats are very much lacking.

A few weeks ago I was in B. C. on business and as I turned my car across the line, right at the U. S. customs, located at Sumas, I was hailed by a tall, well dressed young fellow. I knew the face, but oh! those names—after ten years I simply cannot recall them! And he could not remember mine. We had some sport trying to out-guess each other. He was none other than Calvin Andrews, a youth who attended Willamette university and carried papers for The Statesman at one time. When he had the paper route he knew me, as I was also drawing money from the same business house. He wanted to know if I was after "booze," but I tried to convince him I had other business—don't believe he was thoroughly convinced, however.

While I am writing about Centralia, let me say to Brother Elks that no member should drive through Chehalis or Centralia, or Olympia, either, for that matter, without stepping foot onto our homes at these places. With due respect to other "homes" which I visit on my journey, I will say that Centralia has the "livest" (always excepting Seattle with its 7000 members) organization in this state. You may stop for a few minutes and meet a lot of fine fellows most any time, and you'll feel welcome, too! A radio receiving set will give you the news and a musical concert if you do not feel inclined to touch up the big electric victrola, or hammer out a few points at billiards or pool. Don't forget, when you motor to Seattle.

At the present time I expect my brother-in-law and sister to motor through here most any hour. Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Dennis have been in Salem on a business trip and are due back in Seattle this week. They were to spend Monday and Tuesday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Amos Plumer (Mrs. Plumer was formerly Ella Williams, my niece), and I wired them this morning to be sure and look me up at the Dale when they drove through.

A while back I met a real estate dealer in West Seattle, and learning that his name was Hughes, I asked if he was ever in Salem. He said "Sure I was." He had a lot to say about Salem, and it was all complimentary. In referring to "Bob" Hendricks of The Statesman, he said: "There's a fine man—he certainly has done me a lot of favors."

I wonder how many folks remember the dark complexioned man who was recognized as a man who turned out photographs deluxe (Richard Lowenfeldt) who had his headquarters with Patton Brothers for so long. He had the reputation of being the best photographer in the country—(with due respect to all others in Salem), and it was said he could drink more coffee than any other person in that neck of the woods—the White House restaurant supplied him with from 11 to 17 cups of coffee daily! And that's the truth. I met him in Tacoma recently. During the war he was an official U. S. photographer.

How many remember Billie Young, who used to cast so many broad and winning smiles across the J. L. Stockton counters in the good old days? He is "on the road" for a New York house, making only the large towns, such as Seattle, Portland, Oakland, Frisco, etc. He looks fine and is the same old "good scout" as of old.

And for the same firm as Billie works also travels our friend of Saturday Evening Post fame—"Shorty" Houston, son of H. B., who was S. P. freight agent in Salem for years. My wife and I were sitting in The Hollywood, Seattle, enjoying a plate or two of ice cream (all their products originally came from the famous Hollywood herd of Holsteins), when across the floor walked a swell dressed, graceful youth—and lo! and behold it was young Houston. It does beat two of a kind: how Salemites enjoy meeting again after a long absence from the home town—we just enjoyed our visit fine, and learned all about our old friend H. B. and Jimmy Boggs and a lot of others.

By the by, one time while sitting in nearly the same seats in the Hollywood, some handsome young-blood walked over and introduced himself to my wife—and of course, incidentally I was presented; and afterwards the wife

TROTSKY REVIEWS RED TROOPS IN MOSCOW.



That Leon Trotsky, dictator of Soviet Russia, will seek to recover Poland in order to gain prestige, is predicted in a special cable to the New York Herald from Moscow. This picture, taken at Red square, in Moscow, shows Trotsky returning the salute of the Red Guards, who line the street, as he passes on his way to his headquarters.

explained that he was formerly a flame of hers! I wink my eye to you, folks when I say that somehow it is almost out of the question for a fellow to rise to the occasion and be a jolly good fellow and really himself when he is presented to a handsome young fellow under these circumstances! Ever been there?

Quite naturally I watch the election returns from Oregon and Salem. I would not let you know how I stand on this question, for I am in another state and may, some day, want to return to Oregon and clean up on some of these politicians who seem to have everything their own way in Oregon. Don't you know I wouldn't mind being governor of Oregon myself some time—you need not laugh—would you mind it? What a fellow would like and what he gets are two separate and distinct things—ask the defeated candidates!

I often think of the joke that always played up and down the Willamette valley about Salem's water supply. In my travels of the last 18 years I have visited a few hundreds of cities and towns—I'd say above the number that the average man hits in his lifetime, and I am here to say that Salem has as good water as three-fourths of the places I stop at. Now that may not be a compliment to the Salem water, for I remember it was a warm drink in summer, but it does go to show that there are other towns where people look upon the water supply as inefficient and not what it should be. I know this—a city's water supply, if good and plentiful, is the best advertisement a town can have—no exception!

The Statesman force, especially Mr. Abrams and Mr. Stone, might be interested to hear that The Oregon Statesman is the first paper read in our Seattle home. The news of Marion county is followed just as though we were there to vote, complain or enjoy. It does beat all how a man will hold to his old home town and the intimate friends of his younger days. Should I amble across any more Salemites, will drop you a line or three. I presume Salemites are no worse than other folks to "shag" around the country, but they certainly do their share—I'll say it in English!

A Wild Ride
A few weeks ago business called me to the little town of Woodland, Wash., a rich little town in a richer dairying district. After the day's work was finished, and a pretty little lady had served me with a sumptuous dinner, I wandered into the parlor and among other literary gems (?) lying on the table, noticed Zane Grey's latest book, "To the Last Man."

As novelists, Zane Grey and Peter B. Kyne are my favorites. They put the jazz into their stories, and a man doesn't have to read 17 1/2 pages to learn that the girl has red hair, a trim figure and a freckle on her nose; of that, the old home faced the east, had a porch, and that it was pretty well enclosed with climbing vines. I started the book and at 11 o'clock found myself alone in the lobby, reading like mad, with a feeling that I really ought to have a machine gun, or anyway a brace of .44's for protection! It is a wild tale.

At the very minute I noted the time a car stopped just outside the hotel. Now, it seems that nearly everyone who blows into a hotel in a small town takes a pick on me and wants to tell me his troubles, or about what a fine trip they have had, or some wild thing—so as the car pulled up I sent a message to my lower limbs that we ought to vacate and retire before we are kept up till 1 or 2 G. M., listening to some salesman tell what a wonder he is, or how bum his luck is—or, well, you know how it is!

I got as far as the stairs (otherwise known as the two-step elevator) when the door opened from the outside and a lone human walked down the hall-towards me, but I kept going up

the stairs until, a voice that I've heard many times in Salem, in The Statesman office, on the gym floor and on some of the best fishing streams in Oregon—said: "What's your hurry, 'Kinky'?" There's only one gent in the world who ever called me "Kinky" and why he labelled me that, even he doesn't know. I haven't but one curl, and that was made permanent years ago when a girl forgot herself and the curling iron and burned my hair one afternoon—but that's not even an excuse for the name.

Even before I turned to look, I said, "Sherrill Fleming! What the 'hotel' (as Sam Vail always said when he wanted to swear politely) are you doing here?" And I learned that he had been 20 miles up a mountain road to some "woolley" town selling life insurance. Well, we went to bed sometime, I forgot to note the time.

I worked next day till noon and then we planned on having an afternoon together on a trout stream as of old. And we did. And we caught fish—he caught two wonderful big fellows—four and seven-pounders. And we had a real visit.

But that isn't all the story. I have always believed in life insurance. Since that wild ride back to Woodland I not only believe in it but actually demand it—crave it! Sherrill talked insurance all the way up—nearly. The while we were there he mentioned it, intimating that it would be a good idea to sign up before we started back. I have about \$12,000 worth now, which keeps me looking both ways from the equalizer for money to pay the annual premiums with, so I could not warm up to a policy that would surely add to my troubles. Well, we started home.

And I hadn't signed up yet—not yet! Sherrill drives one of those new little Overlands. To look at it you would swear it would not go over 20 miles in two hours. Well, they may not be intended to enter in the Tacoma races, but if you put Sherrill behind the wheel, fill the gas tank—never mind the oil and water—I'll take my chances (in a bet) that he won't finish last, if the race course is to follow a winding, rough, narrow, crooked, loose-gravelly, bridge-decked, mountain side, never-intended-to-be-covered-by auto, road; (strong on the word road, or you wouldn't know it was one.)

I said I would take my chance in a bet— But that's as far as I would go—never again do I want to take my chances at his side! Not after dark—and, I may as well say in the day time, either. After we had covered five miles of this sort of road, at—no, I can't tell you the speed, for the cop might be listening. But it was too d—m fast—for me! I said, "Sherrill, if you will, or can, or think you can, or will try to stop this dern, runaway, offspring-of-a-Mercedes, I'll sign that insurance paper you filled out—only double the amount, for I feel sure some one is going to get it real soon!"

Do you know that wild coyote was brought to a stop within eight inches from the time I mentioned policy!!! I signed as per agreement, and here is what makes me so confounded sore: I never had a safer ride from that moment on! I had no need for insurance after that; and since I left him and arrived home and have given the matter thought, I do not think I will ever pay the premium on that policy. For there was something crooked about his selling methods—don't you

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think? Sort of getting money under false pretenses, or some such! And knowing Sherrill as I do, I'm sure he wouldn't think of doing that, so I must, out of protection for and consideration of Sherrill, withhold payment!

Well, we did have a wild ride—a good time and a lot of fun out of his fast driving on those wicked roads. Honest to Mike, there were places where that buss would have turned turtle fourteen hundred nine and a half times if the little bird had gone over the bank. But through some good fortune (it just couldn't have been good judgment), we stuck on the road—and arrived at the hotel in time for a feed—stopping, by the way, at a farm house where he picked up another policy just as easy as picking roses off a bush, only minus the thorns. I never thought much of the insurance game until I saw him rake in the shekels; yet he couldn't do it without his most original methods of selling!

Sherrill looks fine; is as big as ever; always carries his smile and thinks a lot of his wife and family—and he has SOME family.

—C. F. Williams.

Recreation Center Will Be Conducted at Seaside

DALLAS, Ore., June 17.—(Special to The Statesman)—Miss Winona Rice of this city will leave within the next few days for Seaside where she will conduct a recreation center for children this summer during the season at the beach.

Miss Rice intends to conduct such a place where mothers can leave their children, and have them properly taken care of. An

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extensive program of games, stories and other diversions will be used to aid the children in getting the most out of their vacation at the beach. The intention of Miss Rice is to so supervise the children's play that they may do what they most want to do and go where they most desire to go in perfect safety.

Miss Rice is a student in the physical education department of Oregon Agricultural college and has made an extensive study of supervised play for children. The success of supervised play has been widely recognized by parents as a means of keeping children's minds occupied with useful material during the vacation hours, and it is anticipated that most parents going to the beaches will appreciate the opportunity of having a chance to leave their children in responsible hands where their health and safety will be assured.

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