



Prominent among the musical organizations of Salem is the Orloles, an orchestra which has just completed a successful season in this city and is now filling engagements in various towns in this part of the valley. If demand may be taken as an indication of musical excellence the Orloles seem fairly entitled to be termed Salem's leading orchestra. The personnel of the organization includes: Thelma Blessing Andraesen, W. H. Mills, I. A. Wroten, Fred Mills and David H. Talmadge.

### MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM THAT WILL EVOKE SMILES

(Continued from page 1)

we now stand by Col. E. D. Baker, who was once pronounced by ex-Attorney General George H. Williams to be the most eloquent orator to whom he had ever listened.

How many of you remember the flood of 1861, when water four feet deep surrounded Salem's course house, when a steamboat could have made its way up Ferry street, and when Captain Geo. A. Pesse made his perilous trip up the Willamette on the Steamer Onward from Oregon City to Salem, rescuing the people from the tree tops and from floating flotillas of every description?

How many of you ever in the old days manned the brakes of Capital No. 1 and Tiger No. 2 when we pumped water from the city cisterns at the junctions of State and Commercial and Liberty and State streets?

How many of you ever manned the ropes of these two engines as we responded, time after time, to the fire alarms coming in from the outer districts of the town?

How many of you made the record trip of 53 minutes on a flat car to Portland in 1873, with Capital engine, and how many of you were on the roof of the St. Charles hotel and there successfully battled to stem the progress of that disastrous fire that swept out of existence so many blocks from the northern business end of Portland?

Among the most interesting and

exciting memories of the days that are gone were the hard-fought senatorial battles that seldom ended until after midnight of the day set for final adjournment of the legislative session. A reference to but one of them will suffice, and it is selected because one of the contestants has received but minor mention in the annals of the state, due to the fact that he left Oregon permanently just at the close of the civil war in 1865. This contest I witnessed as a boy in 1864, as I sat in the gallery of the convention hall by the side of Henry H. Gilfrey, who has been an attaché of the United States senate in Washington for the last 46 years. It was a contest in which the two leading contestants were Rev. Thomas H. Pearne and George H. Williams, United States. Williams, who was elected, led on the first ballot by the narrow margin of only seven votes. It was a race between two of the greatest stalwarts of our pioneer days. Pearne was a fearless, virile, aggressive, and most ambitious man. He was the first editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate then published in Salem. He was at one time presiding elder of a district extending from Puget sound to southern Oregon. He belonged to the church militant and was an uncompromising foe of human slavery. He was chairman of the Oregon delegation in the national Republican convention that nominated Lincoln for re-election at Baltimore in 1864. At the close of the civil war he located permanently in the east, and at a time when the animosities

of the war were at a white heat he was named to fill a pulpit in Knoxville, Tenn. So bitter was the feeling that he was waylaid, shot at, beaten by roughs and notified that he would be killed if he held any services in his church. He replied that he was ready to maintain his rights as a Methodist minister and an American citizen. He went to his church, he knelt in prayer, he laid his trusty pistol on his pulpit and he delivered his message to his pastorate, and during all his remaining years continued to fight as a faithful soldier of the church militant until he passed away at the ripe old age of 81 years.

**Fond Memories**  
Two full generations have gone over the long trail since the little kid from Uncle Joe Cannon's town stepped off at the steamboat landing at the foot of Trade street in Salem in March, 1853, and trudging up that street turned north for the first time at the junction of Trade and Commercial. The field of reminiscence is too great and the time is too limited to review all of the interesting experiences of the intervening days. Thirty days instead of thirty minutes would hardly suffice. For more than the scriptural limit of time I have been a witness of all the various phases of Salem's development. I have seen her expand from only a few hundred to more than 20,000. On July 24, 1864, I stood on the top of an adjacent and uncomfortably warm brick kiln listening to the address of Governor A. C. Gibbs at the laying of the corner stone of "Waller hall." On October 21st, 1867, I marched in procession "to the sound of martial music" from Oregon Institute to the taking of formal and permanent possession of "Waller hall." In October, 1871, I attended the laying of the corner stone of the new First M. E. church and on October 8th, 1879, the laying of the corner stone of the state capitol, and in November, 1900, the dedication of the Odd Fellows' temple, and on May 30th, 1901, the laying of the corner stone of Salem's government postoffice, and on December 16th, 1908, the laying of the corner stone of Eaton hall, and last, but not least, the unveiling of the equestrian statue of "The Circuit Rider" on the 19th, inst, on the state capitol grounds, directly opposite "Waller hall" on the university campus. This is a crown in tribute to an element that was dominant in the pioneer days, and it will, more than any other outstanding sign, perpetuate the "memories of Salem," for many generations yet to come.

If any old time Salem Rip Van Winkle, who went to sleep 50 or

60 years ago, should now reappear his first inquiries would not be about the pioneer statesmen and ministers, and actors and journalists of the early days. Concerning them he could refresh his memory, and review their accomplishments, in the standard histories of the state. He would be interested in hearing of the men and women whom he had met in the every-day walks of life, and who had shared with him in the daily tasks and daily pleasures of a common companionship. Their station or their occupation in life and their morals or lack of morals would not greatly concern him, but he would display a consuming interest in a discussion of their social qualities, their escapades, their eccentricities, and their outstanding relationships to the interesting local happenings of "Auld Lang Syne." What, he would ask, has become of the old time local political bosses? How did the Jones boys "come out," and whom did the Smith girls marry? What has become of Bill Chambers and Eph Olinger and "Frosty" Price and the rest of the drivers of horse-propelled taxicabs of the past. Only Eph Olinger of Hood River now remains. How are our old friends of the colored contingent? What has become of Painter Johnson, and Dan Jones, the barber, and Old Man Bayless, and "Nigger Jack," and Johnny Jones, and Jack Bonter and Sam Brooks and those two old stalwarts, Tom Davis and H. Gorman, who used to constitute the motive power that made the wheels go around in the old printing press of The Oregon Statesman? All of them, except Tom Davis, who, at 86, is now a resident of Vancouver, and Johnny Jones, who, as of old, still ranks as the leading caterer of Salem. And where are the old-time dispensers of the beverages warranted to both cheer and inebriate—P. D. Palmer, "Patch Eye Byrne," E. M. Plamondon, Wash Stimpson, Bud Waterman, Sandy Burns, and Bill Anderson? All gone over the road, their business properly under the ban of the law, but still being exploited by a school of criminals compared with whom the old-time barkeeper was a Christian gentleman of the finest type.

Salem's city directory for 1874 furnishes the evidence that there were 300 men engaged in business here 50 years ago. Only an even dozen of them survive and they are scattered to the four winds. At least three of these are still with us. One is our afflicted friend, A. T. Yeaten. The other two are Joseph A. Baker, 85, and George P. Litchfield, 84, both still cheery and optimistic and almost as active as when in their prime. To pay even a passing reference to all of the old boys of the '60s and '70s in Willamette university would require a small volume. As I visit the old campus from time to time, there is a strong temptation to call up the departed shade of Tom Nicklin, an old boyhood chum, who long since passed away, and to repeat the lines: "But none are left to greet me, Tom, and few are left to know Who played with us upon the green some 60 years ago."

One of them, ex-Governor Geer, who I first met in September, 1861, passed away but two short months ago. Another, who has been in the grave for 30 years, Frederick G. Schwatka, was my partner in the setting of "figure four" traps in the brush in a location later known as Peppermint Flat, and for years was my companion as we made from day to day, in the strawberry season, our round trip of ten miles to the Red Hills of the Pringle district, east of Rosedale. He became a graduate of West Point and in later years made a world-wide reputation as an Arctic explorer. One who still lingers on the shores of time is my old classmate, Judge Henry H. Hewitt, of Albany. One of my most cherished memories is that of the eating of a midnight

dinner of chicken, smothered in gravy, in Henry's Stringtown cabin. Just after the chicken had been purloined from the coop of Elder Royal, who lived "just over the way." Most of the survivors of the old school are scattered about in distant fields, but Oliver Beers and Dick Carey and Abner Lewis and Ed Croisan and Taylor Rigdon and Enos O'Flynn are still sticking around. The girls' dormitory in Beers hall, and the bachelor quarters in the third story of the Oregon Institute, and in the cabins of Stringtown and Hangtown, furnished in later years a galaxy of men and women who made their mark in the history of the state, but a recital of their names and exploits would be a revelation of no special interest to this strange community of more recent growth. Along in the early '60s there appeared on the campus an erratic character whose later life record was not spotless. He was known as the Huckleberry Finn of Salem's pioneer days. He has since developed into one of the leading Hibernian barristers of the northwest, and he has demonstrated his affection for his old home town by a continuous residence of about 75 years on lot 1 block 1, ward 1 and precinct 1 of Salem. In his boyhood he was the central figure in a scandalous affair that has discredited him ever since. He was caught red-handed one Sunday afternoon in the melon patch of Elder Adair on the Garden road. He assumed the name of a highly respected young man named Billy Wicks, and claimed that he was a poor orphan boy who had been misled by Pate and Ed Hatch. The credulous and unsuspecting Elder Adair could only exclaim with uplifted hands, "Payson and Edward Hatch, two sons of a Congregational deacon, stealing melons on a Sunday afternoon!" The next day he spent in a fruitless search for Billy Wicks and in rounding up the real culprits for a prayer meeting at the home of Rev. O. Dickinson. George Washington could not tell a lie; Mark Twain could but wouldn't. Neither of them had anything in common with Ananias or Peter H. D'Arcy. In marked contrast with the conduct of the leading culprit in this scandalous affair was the upright character of other young men in Salem, conspicuous among whom were Chas. B. Moores, John W. Minto, ex-chief of police and ex-postmaster of Portland, and ex-Senator Ed M. Croisan of Salem. These three, when Elder Adair's melon patch was being raided on that Sunday afternoon, were, as was their continuous habit, attending Sunday school in the First M. E. church, the old pioneer church first organized on "Mission Bottom" in 1841. Happily this can be verified by our old superintendent, J. K. Gill, now in his 83rd year, and still one of the most active, reputable and prosperous of the business men of Portland. That old Sunday school is still an inspiration and a precious memory for all who attended it in early days, but it inspires no tender thoughts in the heart of Peter H. D'Arcy or of any other forager in the melon patches, or midnight invader of the chicken coops of the honest yeomanry of your suburban districts.

But the suggested garrulous propensity of the antiquarian has already been fully demonstrated, and we must hasten to an end. It has been unpleasant, in closing, to

**WE PAY CASH FOR YOUR FURNITURE AND TOOLS**  
Capital Hardware & Furniture Co.  
Best Prices Paid  
225 N. Com'l St. Phone 647

### Comfort and Convenience Combined as Baby Travels from Vienna to New York in Suit-Case



When customs inspectors opened a suit-case among the baggage of Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Lewis of Los Angeles, Cal., on their arrival in New York, they found a happy, smiling baby. The parents explained that Charles Herman, Jr., was born four months ago in

Vienna where his daddy was taking a post graduate course. "It was the best way we could think of to carry the little fellow about," said Mrs. Lewis. "Before we invented the suit-case cradle we had all kinds of trouble getting about in trains and taxis."

refer to incidents relating to the unseemly side of pioneer life in Salem, and to detail the shortcomings of a gifted citizen, who should have been an exemplar of the highest ideals, and who might have been a substantial pillar in the political structure of the state. Let it pass.

Memories and reminiscences are substantial food only for those who have crossed the meridian and are walking in the afternoon and sundown shadows of life. The

great majority of those who would enjoy a discussion of the primeval days are sleeping on the hillside the other side of Fairmount. There is a community to whom pioneer memories would appeal. That sleeping city, made up, as it is, of our old-time community and state builders, once constituted the pioneer city of Salem. Their surviving friends hold them in precious and undying memory. They were the friends of the wholesome days of simpler tastes

and habits when the intimacies of personal relationships knitted them together in closer bonds than do the widespread relationships of modern days. It has been well said that "human fellowship is more precious than all the pomp and circumstance of power." A time goes on generation will follow generation, and each in turn will be called upon to pay tribute to its predecessors. There will be a continuous succession of pioneers, but none of them can more sincerely utter their tribute of love and of praise than we who are immediate successors of the pioneer builders of Oregon. While keeping our eyes constantly to the front, let us cast an occasional backward glance, and continual nourish the influences that will perpetuate the past and more closely knit the bonds of our neighbor friendships. The living of that has obliterated the old landmarks, and grown up on the foundations of the Salem of 70 years ago, has fallen heir to a splendid heritage. When the Almighty laid out the landscapes of the Willamette valley he laid out one of the loveliest of all his creations, the prescience and the taste of Salem's earlier builders who here her wide streets and checkerboard center, added to her scenic vantage points, have made her a crowning diadem of the Willamette valley and the most beautiful of all the beautiful cities of the whole Pacific slope. Surely, who are the inheritors of her romantic history and who back the light of her varied beauties are so blessed as to warrant the most extravagant expressions of our satisfaction.

Another thing that puzzles is how a very fat man manages to keep up appearances without penders.

**STATESMAN WANT ADS**  
The shortest distance between buyer and seller.

### Youngest Generation Takes To Syncopation



Elmer Hader. Berta Hader.

**Artists, Married, Evolve to Music, Cut-outs That Really Dance; the Delight of Children Everywhere**  
"The very youngest of that active younger generation has taken to syncopation," says Berta Hader, who, in partnership with her husband, Elmer Hader, evolves cut-outs that American youngsters all over the country adore.  
The latest Hader creation is Tiddling Tootsie, the paper doll that, to keep up with the modern trend, really dances.  
"It took several months of experiment to music to bring Tootsie to life," explains Mrs. Hader. "We finally turned the trick to the tune of 'Don't Mind the Rain,' a fox-trot dance with a spring-time lilt that reminds you of babies frolicking.  
"Tootsie does all the new dances by means of her small owners' fingers, which serve as her legs. The doll fits on the hands and the fingers go into her little shoes."  
The Hader cut-outs are appearing in Good Housekeeping, McCall's and other magazines.



### Our Claim to Growth

By providing every desired facility for banking convenience, keeping in touch with both outside and local business conditions, lending the hand of encouragement to worthy enterprises, and taking a great interest and pleasure in giving service has our growth been steady and rapid.

And we believe that in selecting your bank, that you'll want the kind of service we base our growth upon. Join hands with us in the development of Salem and Marion county.

**The United States National Bank**  
Salem, Oregon

## A Broader Conception OF SERVICE

To us the home furnishing business is something more than buying and selling furniture, something more than good storekeeping. It means the giving of our best to the people who come to us. We look beyond the formality of the business transaction — to the days when the homes are furnished and the goods in use. By doing more than you would expect, in the way of individual attention, by having the best that American manufacturers can produce at moderate prices, that every thing you look at here is better—the prices are reasonable. To show you this service would be considered by us a privilege.

### LIVING ROOM SPECIALS

**3-Piece Tapestry Suite—Davenport, Chair and Rocker to match .....\$112.50**  
**2-Piece Wool Mohair Set—Davenport and Fireside Chair to match, now .....\$185.00**  
**2-Piece Silk Tapestry Davenport and Chair to match, extra special \$195.00**  
All odd Davenport sets at close out prices.

### DINING ROOM SPECIALS

**6-ft. Oak Table and six Oak Chairs upholstered in genuine leather for only \$39.75.**  
**Beautiful 54-inch top 8-ft. extension Queen Anne Dining Table with 6 leather seats, Chairs and Buffet to match, now .....\$119.50**  
**9-Piece Italian Period Dining Suite consisting of large Buffet, Dining Table, Serving Table, five straight chairs and one serving chair, with blue leather seats. This is one of the very fine sets in Salem and a revelation to the furniture lovers of the vicinity.**

**Just Received—An extra good lot of used furniture.**

<b>Lamp Shades</b> We have just received a large shipment of beautiful floor lamp shades. <b>\$1.00 Yard</b>	<b>50-inch Madras</b> in many colors that sells regularly at \$2.50. To clean up the odds and ends we have priced it at <b>\$1.00 Yard</b>	<b>Mattress, Spring and Bed</b> 2-inch continuous post steel bed with all metal spring and 40-lb. mattress— <b>\$24.75</b>
--	--	--

Use Our Easy Payment Plan. We charge no interest. Trade in your used goods. Visit our exchange department.

**C.S. Hamilton**  
**GOOD FURNITURE**