

Reminiscences of a Day on the Willamette River of Fifty Years Ago

CAN YOU RECALL THESE PICTURES?

Frank J. Smith Continues His Articles for the Sunday Statesman

(Captain Smith whose graphic articles have been holding readers interest for several weeks is on active duty on the steamer Willamette. He wishes to extend New Year's greetings to his friends, who are invited to call upon him when the boat is docked in Salem.)

The early history, statistical or anecdotal, or early day navigation has been but meagerly written and unless this matter is taken up in the near future it will never become a matter of record.

A very few of the old guard of rivermen remain and memories of the past are only brought to mind when the ancient mariners of these golden days are moved to recite incidents of the past on a special request from the rising generation or a pardie case comes up to bring it to mind.

When the old boys are moved by the spirit, the reel of memory begins to unfold and the stories of past river achievements are then related.

The writer, having served his apprenticeship, beginning as cabin boy on those early day queens of the river was fortunate enough to spend an evening recently with a few old river-men, that are yet to be found on various sections of the river.

The Steamer Northwestern was threading her way down from Salem on the Willamette river and becoming fogbound, a short distance below, making it unsafe to proceed further, the crew of the little vessel repaired to the men's cabin and tales of the early river days became the topic of the evening.

After old races on the river between the Wide West and Fleetwood and various lesser lights had been fought out to the satisfaction of the old river veterans, a passenger whose whiskered locks showed the frost of many winters spoke of coincidences and proceeds to relate the story of a similar trip under the same fog conditions that then existed although, fifty years has elapsed since its occurrence.

During the previous discussion had remained an attentive listener but as the tales proceeded he became reminiscent and soon proved that he was entitled to the deanship of ancient mariners having served on the Willamette route in the capacity of watchman of river steamers over fifty years ago.

The metamorphosis was complete. Andrew Musnell, a retired farmer of the Waldo Hills shook from his shoulders the mantle of agriculturist and became for the evening a knight of the river clan.

After filling his pipe from a tobacco jar, that was thoughtlessly left unguarded by one of the crew, and edging up to the center of the group he gave the following recital of incidents in the past:

"Fifty years ago the fog hung low on the banks of the classic Yamhill river. "It enveloping fold encompassed the village and the steamer Dayton lying at the landing below the old bridge, showing dimly in the haze.

"The clarion call of a rooster had caused the steamer's watchman to yawn and make a new interest in life although his very soul had been tortured with remorse during the long vigil of the night by the bitter realization that his duties as a watchman made it incumbent upon him to remain aboard and look after the company interests in preventing fire or the probable chance of the steamer springing a leak and thereby depositing her cargo of hops and miscellaneous farm products on the muddy bottom of the river.

"He knew that his job was a sinecure. No manual labor to perform beyond filling and cleaning his coal lantern and sleeping who the crew was handling wood for fuel and moving the many tons of freight carried during the day.

"This night above all others he became imbued with the idea that cruel fate had decreed against him as the officers and crew had left him alone while they had attended a dance given by an enterprising farmer at what is known as Dayton Flat.

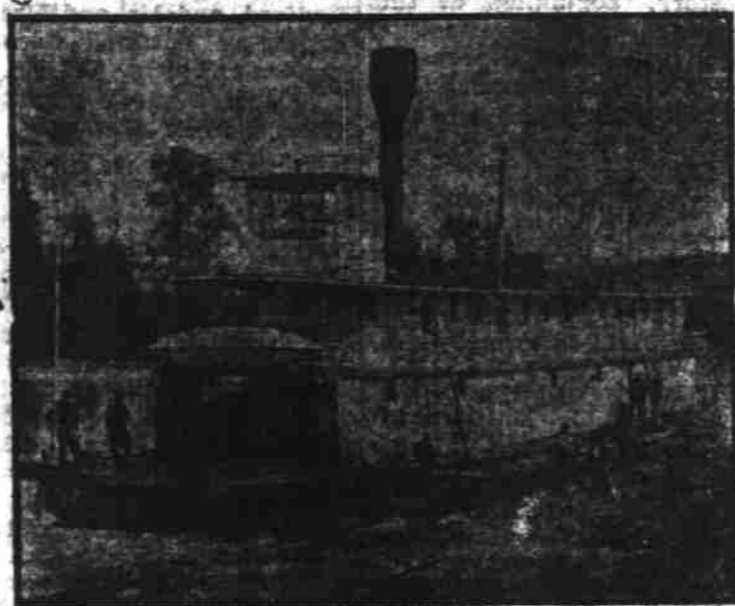
"Visions of rosy-cheeked damsels dancing the minuet or romping through the square dance of the French Four to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" filed his heart with sadness and he registered a vow in that sacred part of a steamboat known to marine men as the meeting point of the transom and the bits that ere another vogue had passed he would be registered as an able seaman and stand an equal chance with his fellowmen when basking in the genial smiles of the farmhouse daughters.

"The chattering of a flock of geese that fervid their living from the scattered refuse at the landing was further proof that

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Pilgrims Throng to Indian Jerusalem to Worship Youth as "Messiah"

DAYTON



SOME OF THE NEWS AT CHEMAWA SCHOOL

The Indian School Folks Have Been Enjoying Festivities of Season

(Following are some news items clipped from the current number of the Chemawa American published at the Salem United States Indian training school.)

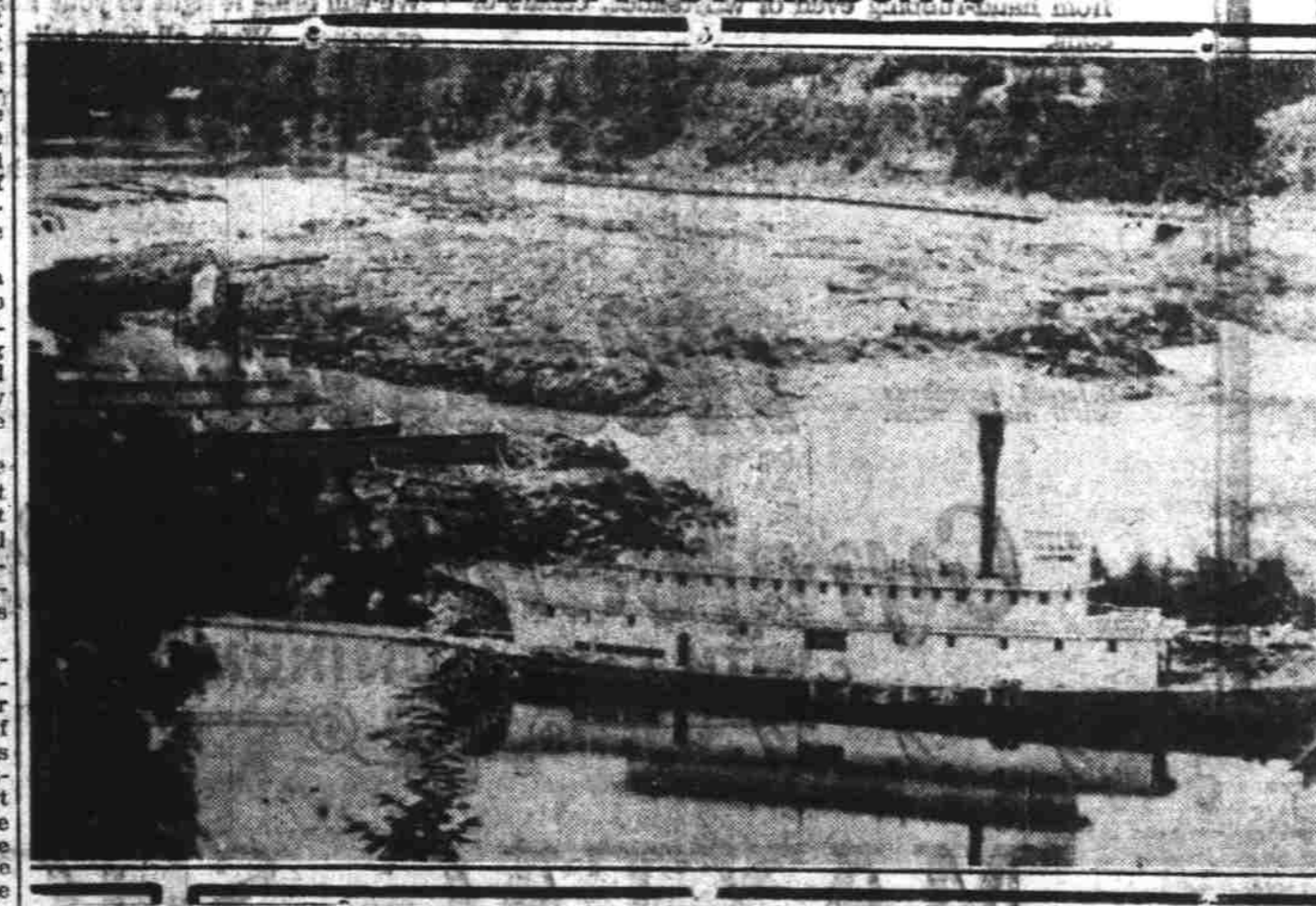
Mrs. Coddling, a former Chemawa employee, is now visiting her daughter, Elizabeth, a freshman student.

Superintendent E. L. Chalcraft, wife and daughter, arrived at Chemawa last Friday evening and remained here until Saturday noon the guests of friends. Superintendent Chalcraft recently retired from the service and himself and family were enroute to Seattle, Wash., where they are to make their home in the future. It seems strange to think of Mr. Chalcraft as being no longer in the service.

The printers enjoyed their annual banquet last Saturday. It has grown to be a custom at the shop for the printers to have a dinner on the last Saturday before Christmas—it has been in vogue here for many years. A few guests are always invited and the affair takes place at the shop, the boys themselves being both caterers and hosts. It is a great time for all. "Covers were laid" last Saturday for Supt. and Mrs. Hall, Supt. and Mrs. Chalcraft, Miss Hallie Chalcraft, Mr. and Mrs. Downie, Mr. and Mrs. Turney, Mr. Allan Shepard. We're looking ahead to the "feed" next year.

Music belongs to the Yuletide as to no other season of the year, and the Christmas season at Chemawa was started well on its way by the lovely cantata, "The Holy Nativity," which was presented to the Protestant students on Sunday afternoon by the choir of the Central Congregational church of Salem, directed by the Rev. H. C. Stover. The entire cantata was very tuneful and melodious. A number especially enjoyed was the contralto solo, "The Chepherds"

WILLAMETTE STEAMBOATS



Statesman Regular Sunday Features, Discontinued Because of the Holidays, Will Appear Again Sunday, January 3

READ 'MEAN JIM' TRUE SUNDAY STORY

Rev. E. H. Shanks Writes Statesman Juvenile Feature Regularly

By REV. E. H. SHANKS

He was a real "Black Beauty." There was not a white hair on him. And such a mane and tail! It would make anybody stop and look at him trotting off down the pasture field with head up and his flowing mane waving in the breeze. When he was a tiny baby colt father named him Jim, but it was not very long before he added the other part to his name, and always he was called "Mean Jim."

I can see him yet. What a fine head, neck, flank and legs he had! He was a perfect picture of every graceful thing you could desire in a beautiful horse. But there in never was anything too mean that a horse could do that Mean Jim did not do better and more thoroughly than any horse I ever knew.

He would fight the other horses in the pasture. Never in a fair fight, but always watch his chance to take the other horse at some advantage in his own favor. He would get them in a corner and attack them with mouth and hoof. Or he would wait until he could slip up quietly when the other was lying down and half asleep, and then he would jump upon them. Or, as he could run faster than the others, most of whom were work horses, he would run in front of them when they were playing as horses do sometimes, and throw them. Jim was mean in other ways. He would not work. He did not like to work. He would break his harness. He would throw himself on the other horse hitched with him. He would jump and plunge instead of pulling steadily. Then he would balk and refuse to pull at all. He was so mean and hurt so many horses that at last father took to sleep at last father took to sleep with him alone. He seemed to like that better. It was fine to draw the buggy or the sleigh and go skipping along at a great pace over the roads, drawing a tight rein every step of the way. But we had to watch out, for if he got half a chance he would run away and smash things in general. I remember one time my brother had gone away somewhere of an evening, perhaps to call on a young lady he was sweet on, to some party or meeting. Anyway, brother was coming home late. It was winter and the ground was covered with snow, and it was cold. There was a thick crust on the snow. I guess brother went to sleep and had the lines over his arm in some way. At least the lines were broken at the buckle, and the marks in the snow about a quarter of a mile from home showed where the sleigh had left the road and brother was thrown into the snow. Down the road came Mean Jim at a flying pace. Brother was awake by then, alright, but horse and "cutter" were out of reach. Mean Jim turned in at the "big gate" out at the road, but the sleigh struck the gateposts and broke them down. The thills pulled loose from the

EARTHQUAKE REVEALS VALUABLE PAINTINGS

LOS ANGELES.—The Santa Barbara earthquake which did great damage to the historic mission there, resulted in the restoration to the Franciscan padres one of the mission's greatest treasures, a portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, revered saint and founder of the Franciscan Order of Monks.

When the earth tremor rocked the walls of the old monastery, the painting of the saint came crashing to the floor. In a niche of the walls this painting had been lost to sight for years beheld coats of varnish, shellac and other preservatives.

The mission fathers rescued the picture from the debris. Inspection proved it worthy of restoration. It was sent to Los Angeles and Theodore N. Lukits, portrait painter, member of the American Federation of Arts, was engaged for the task.

First, Lukits explained, the portrait will be fastened, face down, to a sheet of paper. Then a thread at a time, the ancient broken canvass will be removed from the precious film of paint and a new canvass, prepared to resist heat and gold will be glued to the back of the picture. The new canvass in place the artist will reverse the work and with utmost care remove the layers of dirt and preservatives.

"Under the varnish," Lukits said, "I hope to find the artist's name. We know that a master did the work, but his name has become invisible below the dirt. The painting is worth conservatively \$20,000 and will undoubtedly be one of the assets of the Pacific coast art world."

The portrait, known to be 150 years old and for 130 years in the Santa Barbara monastery, is five feet by three feet ten inches. It shows the saint in an attitude of prayer. A bible is open before St. Francis. His eyes are raised to a crucifix, while back of the bible lies a human skull, apparently a grim reminder of the fleeting nature of temporal things. The saint is clad in sackcloth, the fabric still plainly depicted through the film of a century and a half.

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"MODERN CHRIST" AND HIS WOMAN "JOHN THE BAPTIST"



Krishnamurti in Occidental attire, and Mrs. Annie Besant

THESE ESSAYS WON HONORS IN CONTEST

Kiwanis Judges Present Articles of High Merit Written by Students

The City of Peace and Opportunity By Helen Rex, McKinley School
Salem has a population of approximately twenty thousand inhabitants. Of this number three thousand are employed in Salem mills and factories. The annual payroll of the three thousand employees is three million dollars.

In the vicinity of Salem excellent cattle, sheep, milk goats, and poultry are raised. There is an exceptional quality of Jersey cows produced in this vicinity.

Salem has wonderful transportation. There are 223 miles of paved road within a radius of twenty miles. We have a connection with the entire state by good roads. Salem is also in direct communication with the great Pacific highway.

Salem is adapted to a great range of farm products, such as grain, corn, potatoes, beans, hops, and many others. There are also a number of fruits such as apples, prunes, pears, raspberries, strawberries, loganberries and others.

Our city is also an educational center. Recently a new junior high school was erected, showing that our educational system is growing rapidly. Salem has a most excellent high school where nearly 1000 pupils are attending. Willamette university is a very popular college. There is also a business college for all pupils wishing to take a business course. In Salem there are a number of grade schools.

A great number of wealthy eastern men are coming to Oregon each year inspecting the mills and factories, where they may wish to invest their money. If one man would invest money in the mills and factories, he would surely load other men to do the same; therefore our industries would increase.

There are a number of industries to be developed in the region of Salem. The linen mill recently completed is some day going to be a leading industry of Salem. The silver fox industry is also developing rapidly. The furs can be used for fur coats, cuffs, collars and other trimmings.

The beauty of Salem is an unusual thing for tourists who come from eastern cities. We, as citizens of Salem, should encourage

eastern tourists to come to a very beautiful city of the west. If we encourage people to come to Salem we could increase the range and size of our industries.

The Linen Industry in Salem and Surrounding Vicinity

By DOROTHY ROSS, Parrish.

The Willamette valley and especially the Salem district grows a flax fiber equal to any flax grown in Ireland or Belgium. This has been demonstrated during the last twenty years, coming into competition with foreign flax. Flax has been grown in Oregon for twenty-five years, but it had not become a great commercial asset until the last few years. Flax can be grown on any farm in the Willamette valley that is adaptable to grain growing.

The penitentiary has a large crop of flax each year. It is also equipped with an up-to-date wringing machine which breaks up the flax and makes it into tow. They purchase from the farmers practically all the flax grown in the Willamette valley. At the penitentiary the flax is prepared for the use of the linen mills and until the last year a ready market for this product has been found in Ireland.

The flax that is too short for weaving is used in upholstering furniture. Now that the mills are established in Salem, undoubtedly this entire crop will be woven into high class linen in our own city and distributed in the immediate vicinity.

A new mill has recently been erected in Salem, on 2100 Fairground Road. It is called the "Miles Linen Mill." Many modern conveniences are used in the machinery. Wonderful prospects are in store for the linen mill and the linen industry is rapidly gaining its way toward one of the leading industries of Salem.

The linen industry in Salem creates a market for the flax grown by the farmers in the Willamette valley, thereby assisting them. It also creates a pay-roll for Salem. It keeps money in this vicinity which has frequently found its way to Ireland, Belgium, and other points, for linen merchandise. The mill will need employees, therefore the linen industry will help to enlarge the population of Salem.

Limit High School Athlete to Two Hour Grind Daily

LOS ANGELES.—Athletes in the local schools under no circumstance may exercise more than two hours in an afternoon. No student may try out for more than one

THEOSOPHISTS WILL DEIFY NEW 'CHRIST'

Thousands Gathering in India to Worship at Feet of Krishnamurti

By Jackson V. Jacobs (Central Press Correspondent.)
LONDON, Dec. 26.—From all over the world Theosophists are gathering at Adyar, Madras, India, to deify a new Christ.

With the coming of a new year Krishnamurti, a 28-year-old man with a beautiful face, whom thousands of men and women already regard with reverence, will be hailed as a new Messiah, and worshipped as divine.

The theory the Theosophists and the followers of the higher Buddhism accept is that at long, rare intervals one of the great Spirits visits earth and reincarnates himself in some human body. At one period this Spirit was known as Confucius; at another as Buddha; at another as Christ; at another as Mahomet. From the fastnesses of the Himalayas, where reside the "Masters of Wisdom" (initiates who have delved deep into ocular knowledge and thus achieved spiritual clairvoyance), the message has come forth that some such great soul is due here again, that he may even be in the flesh now, preparing for his manifestation and for the great work he is to accomplish for our generation. These initiates are as the Wise Men of the East, to whom the star foretold the coming of the Christ to Bethlehem, and their prediction, given forth 28 years ago, created a sensation among those who believe such diata supernaturally inspired.

Krishnamurti was born in Northern India, and by reason of the genius he early manifested those who sought the realization of the "Masters" prediction concluded that he was the looked-for manifestation. The initiates began their mystic investigations and traced his previous incarnations through 31 births and existences. This information, sifting through the Indian world, was brought to the attention of Theosophists and others who have accepted the philosophy of the higher Buddhism, and at once this child became the center of their thoughts and hopes.

As if to accentuate their strange belief, the boy, at 12—significant age—after studying English for a very few months, wrote a book. It is called "At the Feet of the Master." It is declared that no one, be he Christian, Buddhist, Jew or Mohammedan, can read this strangely simple, lucid and beautiful exposition of the true rule of conduct for attaining spiritual consciousness without realizing its vital significance and the extraordinary quality of mind that gave it birth. A year after publication it was translated into 14 languages and today it is the creed of those who believe that Krishnamurti may really be prophet of the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Gathered in Adyar, the new Jerusalem, are "twelve apostles" who carry Krishnamurti's teachings throughout the world. "The body you now have is not the one you had ten years ago. The soul of man has more lives than the proverbial cat, who we are told has nine lives. The view that the soul was created at our birth is but a modern view for the soul lived many lives before it entered these bodies of ours.

"Man is the maker of his own destiny. What he wills to do can not be stayed by any power on earth or Heaven. It is so comforting to blame someone else for our faults that people of today created that myth, his satanic majesty.

"We may not know the Christ when he comes, but we will try our best to be ready to receive him. "Every man is but the product of his own desires."

Chief among the "apostles" are Mrs. Annie Besant and Bishop Charles W. Leadbeater, of Australia. Among the others are: Jinarhadasa, a Senegalese Buddhist and a graduate of Cambridge; the Rev. Oscar Kollerstrom, a priest of the Liberal Catholic church in Australia; George Arundale, an English lecturer and educational commissioner in Indiana state; his Hindu wife, Rukmini Arundale, and Bishop James Inghall Wedgwood, a priest of the

major sport team in a semester. The Board of Education "alarmed at the steadily increasing displacement of studies by athletics in the minds of the students," set these and other rules for high schools here. Post-season contests with university or college freshman teams were also tabooed. Only two practice games in each sport will be permitted to precede the regular season.

There must be clear images to create spiritual power. "In time we will be able to create the bodies we are to inhabit without the necessity of birth. Birthmarks are the result of a mother's intense image that is placed upon the child. The stigmata may be explained in the same way. We may image bodies that we long for and in reincarnation may have them."

The drawback to such power as "imaging" is that people might be tempted to work selfishly for their own interest, Theosophist teachers observe. But the desire for home and husband is a worthy one. Every girl should be encouraged therefore to image her home and her husband so that she may have both. "When natural law is understood there need be no old maids."

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