

News Sources Scarce in '70's

Colonel Redington Tells in "Hijacking History" How City Editor Did His Trick; Chief Quinaby Was Good Source; So Was Mining News From Santiam; Firemen Furnished Own Red Shirts and Badges and Hats

By COL. J. W. REDINGTON

IT is quite thrilling to note that The Statesman has grown to a full-grown newspaper, has made wonderful headway along the path of progress, and fully features all features worth featuring. What a contrast between it of today and the little four-page Statesman that I was city editor of in the 1870's! Those were the days when local news was scarce, and imagination had to be drawn on to fill up the allotted three columns. The Farmers' Warehouse was being built by Bill Herren and Jake Conser, and it was always good for a paragraph, and the adventures of Jack Brown in hoisting the steel girders for the new state

house were made readable if not reliable. And Mayor John G. Wright and Henry Hass would come in from a trip to their Santiam mines, where they were sinking good money in following up the development work that had cost Ike and Jack Moores a mint of money, with no results. Of course there was gold there, and is today. But it was so much mixed with antimony, testimony, acrimony, bran flakes and other hard-boiled and rebellious stuff that it refused to separate.

Byrnes Cheerful Even at Funerals

There were very stingy sources of news in the local field in those days. Louis Byrnes could always tell the reporter of coming funerals, and he attended them all, and always had a cheerful cigar to donate. As I did not smoke, I always had a fine bunch of donated cigars to hand out to the boys who did. Deacon Hatch's little white horses often ran away with their light wagon the full length of Commercial street. Al Herren brought in a bear or elk from the foothills, and Frank Cooper came in from exploring around Mount Jefferson, where man never trod before. Chief Quinaby could be found basking in the sunshine against the Griswold Block, next door to which Ed and Fatty Hirsch always gave cheerful greeting. In addition to his smile, Quinaby was always willing to hand out news about how his tribe exterminated themselves when they absorbed the measles by jumping into icy Mill Creek just after sweating off 40 pounds. That was the only way they ever would sweat—never by working. Quinaby practiced preparedness, having heard that it was the watchword of the nation. Mrs. S. A. Clarke was a noble woman who wanted nobody to go hungry. She gave Quinaby a big dinner every Christmas, and the last time it happened he prepared for future off-dinner days by eating three

Shows Virility

BY ROBERT W. SAWYER
Editor, Bend Bulletin

An 80-year old editor and he shows it. An 80-year old newspaper is also pretty old but it does not show its age at all. In fact, if it is well conducted as is The Statesman, instead of showing age it shows perpetual youth, freshness and virility while its years stand forth as a record of achievement.

"I congratulate The Statesman and those associated with it and responsible for its present standing on the record of its age and the showing of its youth.

"May they continue together indefinitely."

dinners at once. Nature would not stand for such stunts, so that three days after, John Minto found Quinaby memaloosed in his wickiup up Mill Creek.

Weather Reports Came in From Eola

Other standing sources of news were weather reports from T. Pearce, at Eola, who was the only weather bureau we had then. And Marie Smith and Mattie Powell sent in their thrilling school reports, and D. W. Prentice's singing school was a source of inspiration, for Ed Crandall was one of the best singers on earth. At the Methodist Sunday school, Al-

to burn itself out anyway. But Captain George Belt kept commanding "Brake her down boys!" and Captain Al Crossman was doing the same coaching on Capital Engine. Bill was insured. We were not. Salem was lucky about fires, but it was exciting to have the department rush out. One night when John Parrott and two young ladies were going home from prayer meeting, the girls dared John to set fire to Joe Holman's 4, 1854, son of Peter and Bartannery. No sooner said than done. And it woke up the whole town. Tom Shaw used to be sheriff then, and he was a hearty, whole-souled pioneer. Charley Hellenbrand was a cheerful news-giver, and would welcome a reporter with a big chunk of the best maple sugar on earth, which he made out of old-time brown sugar, with a little flavored wind wafted in from Vermont. And Joe Bernardi, at his irrigating institute, always cheerfully insisted that the operator sample his sherry. It was well worth while.

The Statesman in those days had the largest circulation—fully 500

the Statesman then, and was always ready to relax when Uncle Davy Newsome would come in from Howell Prairie and sub for him, specializing on love stories located in his old home region, Greenbrier county, W. Va., not forgetting to laud the lasting qualities of a new pile of cedar posts he had to sell at seven cents apiece. When we gave Ten Nights in a Bar-room at Reed's Opera House, Calvin held the paper back three hours so that he could get in a column describing the magnificent stage presence of Carrie M. Foltz, the star. She must have had all kinds of presence, for she afterwards broke into the University of California law school, in spite of all red tape rules barring women. Pay days were scarce then, for the business manager was also running the hack and dray company. I used to try to rustle ads, but it was worse than painful dentistry, and when I tried to collect bills I invited getting shot, or at least half-shot. So I got scared and got out of the danger zone by blowing boots and saddles, mounting my horse and riding across the Cascade

Jennings were the rollicking roysterers and fun-makers on the streets, and at Walter Jaxon's Commercial street. Al Herren bookstore Elva Breyman and Georgia Carpenter used to give inspiring free concerts that drew large and pleased congregations.

Poets Blossomed In Paper's Columns

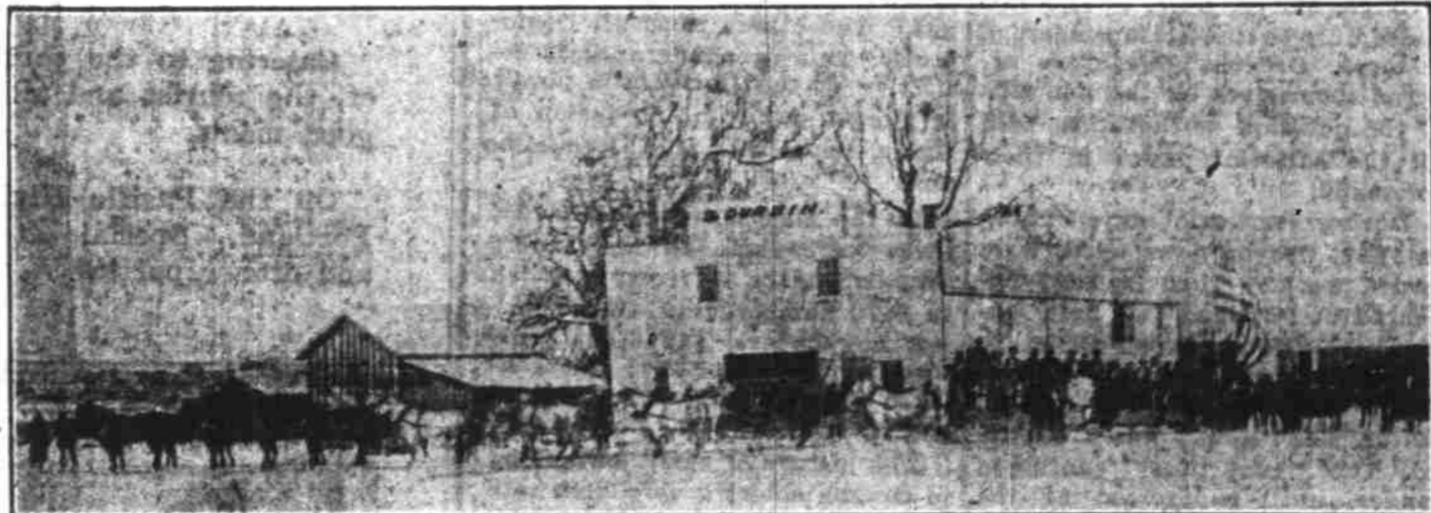
Mrs. Belle Cooke used to contribute some sweet verses to the Statesman, and when John Steiwer and Bob Harrison came in from the Looney settlement they always brought some live items about the wheat and the wild oats they had sowed growing an inch an hour. And if Jay Cooper was still on earth he would be selling beautiful bungalows on the uneasy-payment plan of 10 cents down and 10 cents a minute, and never giving a second thought as to whether the second payment would ever be made. Jay was an oversized optimist. Other optimists were Eugene Shelby and Colonel Mosier, who always brought in good cheer from the Umpqua Hills, and when Captain O. C. Applegate dropped in he was always ready to illumine the Statesman pages with an inspiring poem, much of it in Chinook or Klamath.

Seth Hammer was the only man in town who dared to wear a white suit all the year around, and Jim McCully was the best baseballer. Ben Hayden used to start in addressing a jury with his coat on, but pretty soon he warmed up and threw off coat and vest, then his collar and tie. But as an act of courtesy to the assembled congregation he kept his shirt and trousers. General Nesmith had the U. S. senatorship in his vest pocket in '76, and the Democratic caucus at the State House had decided to thus honor him, but one man insisted on sending a committee after Nes to bring him up and outline his policy, etc. The committee found Nes in a poker game at the Chemeke hotel, and asked him to come on up. He said that he could not just then, but would come up when he finished the game. The committee went back and reported just what he said. Then the caucus got mad, and said that any man who put poker above a senatorship didn't deserve the high office, and then they went ahead and nominated Governor Grover, whose place was filled by Secretary of State Chadwick.

President Gatch Had Sense of Humor

President Gatch and Professors Powell and Crawford used to be the high lights at the Willamette University then, and one morning at chapel exercises a flock of visitors appeared at the door, and President Gatch, always courteous, went to escort them up to seats of honor on the platform. As he led them up the main aisle all the students sang: "See the hosts of s-i-l-g advancing, Satan leading on!" The funny features of the things were seen by all, and the hymn trailed off into a hearty laugh, in which President Gatch and the visitors enthusiastically joined. Mart Taylor used to come along and give two-man shows in Reed's Opera House, of which the second man was his wife. He advertised that any man who was homelier than himself was entitled to free admission, thus saving four bits. Emperor Norton, of the Statesman, dropped around, and Mart said: "Step right in, You take the prize!"

STATE AND COMMERCIAL, 1862



NORTHEAST CORNER OF INTERSECTION. PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION IN MID-WINTER. DURBIN STABLES WERE BURNED DOWN IN 1869 AND NEW TWO-STORY BRICK ERECTED, WHICH STILL STANDS.

thea and Bertha Moores and the Chamberlain sisters sang very sweetly, and when Cale Reinhart and I escaped from there we hiked up to the United Presbyterian and heard Blanche Gray sing. Doc Dawne taught a class there, and once when he was dilating on the brotherhood of man and promotion of peace, he backed up against a pew and wriggled a revolver out of his hip pocket. He preached peace and practiced preparedness. We were so shocked that we never went back.

Little Leona Willis and Epsie Cox used to sing and elocute at the Christian Sunday school, and Mrs. Gilbert had the largest class in the Congregational, in which church P. S. Knight preached perfectly, as he avoided controversial sectarianism.

Tiger Engine Company Important News Source

The meetings of Tiger Engine company were kept track of, and we not only had to pay dues to belong, but also to buy our badges and fireproof hats. One of our members, John Parrott, was rushing north on Commercial street one day, yelling fire, when John Gray stopped him and told him that the fire was away south, at Westcott's brewery, where friction between the hops and the barley had started a blaze. John said he knew that, but he had to go home to put on his red shirt and fire hat. When we dragged that old tub through the mud clear to Bill Griswold's woolen mill we did a world of wasted work pumping water out of the mill race and squirting it onto a roaring furnace which had

copies, of which Tom Smith, then managing editor of the Chemekete hotel, took 10 for his guests. We swiped all the telegraph from the Portland papers and went to press at 9 o'clock. Hi Gorman was the electric push power on the press. He was a good old soul, and must have had a blonde streak in some of his ancestors, for he was not super-brunette. His very bright boy Buddy must have made his mark somewhere after he had outgrown his specialty of canning dogs. He used to tie on the five-gallon empty oil cans with rope that came off the bundles of paper, —two cans to a dog. And when they banged down the high Statesman steps there was some smashing noise radiating clear over into Polk county. Hi also had a fine, growing girl, who used to flirt with the Georgia Minstrels, who were good for two nights in Salem, and may have eloped with them. They were a rollicking bunch of real brunettes, and had everybody whistling Old Black Joe for a week after they had moved on. One of them dropped into the Belt drug store and said to John Belt: "I would like to buy 10 cents' worth of crackers and cheese, if you please, Mr. 'Potheccary.'" John called to Druggist Smith at the prescription counter, who said No, we are just out. John apologized for shortness of stock, and directed the minstrel to Tom Rickey and Frank Hodgkin, at the post office, as they always were loaded up with such stuff.

Cedar Post Propoganda Mixed With Love

Calvin B. McDonald used to edit

range, where I joined the army and went scouting through three Indian wars, thus getting into the safety zone.

Year's Subscription Swapped for Bear

Cash money was scarce in Marlon county in those days, and Claud Gatch used to deliver the Statesman at two bits a month. Those who said it was not worth that were pretty near right. Jay Cooper sold a lot of tombstones through the Porterhouse Jack country on one-year notes, and when they were due Jay went out horseback to collect. I went along to rustle subscribers for the Weekly Statesman. For a week we rode over roads that would mire a saddleblanket, and not one cent could Jay collect. I had better luck, for I attached one subscriber, by swapping a year's subscription for a bear to Merchant Wolfard, at Silverton. The story of how we led that bear 15 miles into Salem, and its adventures after arriving, while being anchored behind Joe Thompson's butcher shop, Wesley Graves' Commercial Hotel and Pete Emerson's restaurant, would make a thrilling tale, besides the bear's getting into the pen, and winding up by being shot for a hog thief out near Lute Savage's ranch.

Those were good old days when Salem was in the wide open spaces of the Far West, where men were mostly men, and some strong-minded women were near-ditto, and everybody knew everybody else, and families made their own apple butter and had it always on the table. Finley Perrine and Tom