

Tragic Story of Indian Mother's Love Told by Governor Os West

By OSWALD WEST

Early in the fall, about 40 years ago, I found myself on Lower French Prairie. It was along in the middle of the afternoon and a thunderstorm was at hand. Being astride a tired pony, and about 25 miles from home, I thought it well to spend the night with a pioneer family living a few miles distant, and with whom I knew I would find a welcome.

The head of this house was a French Canadian who had no small hand in organizing our territorial and state governments. He was a gentleman of the old school and possessed that culture and charm that are the heritage of those who spring from generations of wealth and position and social advantages.

Played as Child at Dr. McLoughlin's Knee

The good wife was (I think) Scotch and Indian. She was born in the Red River country. Her father was a Hudson's Bay company factor and her mother a Red River Indian woman. She had been educated at the convent at the Hudson's Bay company's post at Vancouver (now state of Washington). As a child, she had played at Dr. McLoughlin's knee and had grown to womanhood at the post, where she met and wedded the charming young French Canadian with whom she was to spend between 60 and 70 years of happy married life.

I doubt if there was another home in the state where the wife and mother was treated by each and every member of the family with such consideration and respect. The pioneer husband saw not the face wrinkled by age. He saw only the face of the beautiful and dark-eyed maiden whom he had carried away to his wilderness home. He treated her as a queen and, in reality, she was a queen upon her household throne.

Childhood Memories Painful to Recall

When I arrived at the farm I found all absent but this pioneer woman. Some of the family were absent in the city and others

were at work in the field. Finding a welcome, I stabled my pony and returned to the house, where my hostess was sitting in her rocking chair on the front porch. I took a seat by her side and we

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were soon talking of pioneer days on the Prairie. I asked her of her childhood, and instantly felt that I was breaking in on sacred ground. She did not answer for a time, then, in a voice that was soft and low and touched with sadness, she said:

"I was born in the Red River country, in Canada. My father was a Hudson's Bay company factor. My mother was an Indian woman. We were separated when I was a very small child and my recollection goes only back to the time of that separation.

"My father was ordered to give up his post and perform certain company duties in eastern Canada. He was hardly in position to take my mother with him, and he did not wish to leave me to group up under conditions that would deprive me of such educational and other advantages as he felt were my due.

Denial of Food Does Not Keep her Away

"He decided, therefore, to send me to the convent at the Hudson's Bay post at Vancouver, on the lower Columbia. As a

pack train was about to leave on this many days' trip I was made ready for the journey. My mother refused to become reconciled to the separation and insisted on following the outfit. Not even through a denial of food could she be induced to give up her effort to keep in touch with her child. Finally, one night, when she was lying asleep, footsore and exhausted, a light outfit was equipped to take me on ahead to some point where it was to await the coming of the full pack train. My mother awoke shortly after our departure and, noting my absence, attempted to overtake us but fell exhausted by the trail. Her wail of anguish pierced the night and reached my ears, never to be forgotten. Hardly a night of my life have I not, as I lay on my pillow, pictured that separation, and often have I awakened in the night thinking I had heard that cry of anguish.

"What became of my mother I never knew. The pack outfit left her ample food to supply her needs until she could make her way back to her home at the post."



—Photo Gunnell-Robb

W. I. Staley

It is appropriate that the Capital Business College should be represented in this 80th Anniversary Edition of The Statesman for the school is something of a pioneer itself, established in 1889 and having been under its present management without change since 1890, forty-one years. It is now the oldest school of the kind in the Pacific Northwest.

Mr. Staley came to Salem and the school when but a mere boy, it would seem, but he succeeded in building on firm foundations, and thus made a place for such an institution—proved by the fact that its graduates are scattered all over the Pacific Coast country in business for themselves or at the heads of departments of large concerns.

The courses offered by the school have been kept up-to-date, so that they serve the requirements of modern business just as they did the requirements of business decades ago. There will continue to be a place for the business college in the scheme of education so long as it serves the needs of such a large class of people who cannot secure the training desired in other schools. This school recognizes that all pupils are not alike in intelligence, attitudes, and purposes. It serves both its graduates and the business public where office help is employed.

Approximately one-half of the pupils of the school come from outside of Salem. They live in Salem during the time required to complete the course and many of them remain permanently afterwards. A conservative estimate of the money these pupils spend in Salem each year is placed at \$45,000, not a small pay-roll. Business men, recognizing this, employ its graduates, thus encouraging others to attend.



I. E. LEPLEY

Salem's Petland has been established for thirteen years. Mr. I. E. Lepley, present manager, with his wife and Dr. R. E. Duganne have been actively managing this thriving business for two years. Baby Chic, dogs, canaries, pets and supplies have been the main features, but plants, vegetable and flower seeds are also handled in season.

Mr. Lepley and his wife devote their entire time to this enterprise. "Something new every day" is a slogan attached to this busy little store and considerable interest is always shown by visitors in looking over the numerous live birds, animals and fish constantly on display.

Recently Mr. F. Howard Zinser has become associated with the business and his experience in seeds, plants, spray material and fertilizers lends an additional value to the service to be rendered the public by this firm. It is the aim of those in charge to continue to maintain a policy of interested helpfulness in all problems relating to the merchandise they carry. Visitors are always welcome and information is gladly given. Petland plans to grow with Salem and help Salem grow.



BERT EMORY HANEY

Born Apr. 10th, 1879, son of John and Mary (Harris) Haney, fourth generation of Oregon pioneers. Lawyer—Willamette Univ. and U. of O. Law school. Dept. Dist. Atty. Multnomah County, 1904-08. United States Atty. for Oregon 1917-20. Chairman Parole Board 1922. Commissioner U. S. Shipping Board 1922-26. Pres. Sons and Daughters Oregon Pioneers. Director Oregon Historical Society. University club; Presbyterian and Democrat.

Little that Indian mother knew what fate had in store for her child. She little thought that she would fall into kindly hands through which she would be moulded into a woman of beauty and culture, to become the wife of one of God's noblemen and found a family of splendid citizens, honored and respected wherever known.

FASHION NOTES OF '77

Bonnets no longer match suits. Tulle bonnets are coming into style again. Jap cloth of the popular ecru shade is made up in Brentonne costumes. Muslin ties with ends of duchess and empress lace are the newest and most dainty neckwear. Mitts are to be worn again this summer.—Statesman, May 26, 1877.

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