

THE OREGON PIONEERS

(Continued from page 1.)

sisted only of boiled wheat and pickled salmon. Wheat was shipped into the country by the Hudson Bay company—one ship a year. Naturally help was needed by settlers who had used up all their substance in making the journey, and Dr. McLoughlin was the one to supply aid. He did it graciously, but was not always repaid promptly, but was finally repaid when harvests were finally reaped. His executors said that he lost about \$4000 in aiding the emigrants. By this time trade was interested in the opening of the new country and farming implements were brought in by wagon trains. This part of the valley was a veritable garden spot, with its grass, and flowers, and running water. Six hundred and forty acres were given to every married man, so that there were many intermarriages between whites and Indian women. The men marrying Indian women were not called "squaw men." These Indian women tried as far as possible to live like the whites, and they proved, as a rule, to be good wives and mothers. Well, this tiny woman and tall youth joined their forces, built their nest, and became good citizens of the new territory. They lived through the vicissitudes of their strenuous life, laughing at the hardships, and gave to the upbuilding of the state four honest and splendid sons. From their hill they look out upon the surrounding country; Dallas lies beneath their gaze, where sixty years ago there was no Dallas. This tiny woman, whose father reached Oregon City with one dollar in his pocket, and whose mother did the family washing without the aid of a wash-board, this tiny woman and her tall husband, have lived to see and share in the luxuries of life that today spell necessities. When wash-day comes, water from the turning of a faucet fills the tubs; never again will she have to use water from a well or stand near a running stream and beat her clothes on stones. Instead of tallow dips and the later glory of oil lamps, the turning of a switch fills her rooms with electric light. The weekly bath, that meant standing in a wash tub or dipping in a daily tubbing in a well-appointed bath-room, supplied with all modern improvements. Her house is filled with seasoned, factory-made furniture, her floors are covered with heavy rugs and carpets, her walls glow in soft colors from smooth and well-chosen coverings. The walk of a few minutes on paved streets brings her to a church of her own choosing, where the service flows easily and in accustomed ways to a pleasing end. Contrasted with the beginning of life in the Willamette Valley sixty years ago, you will agree with me that the evening of life for Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hayter will be a peaceful ending of decades spent in helping to build a state wrested from savage hands, helping to make a star brighter in the blue background of Uncle Sam's flag, giving to that work the long years of well-spent and fruitful lives.

In the interview following little is remembered of the trip. She was only six years old, when in April, '44, four hundred and fifty people from Missouri started for the valley, Captain Ford being the captain of this train. Six years in the beginning of one's career does not count very much in recalling events 60 years later. The experience, as I gathered it, of crossing the plains, did not differ materially from any other that I heard. Yokes of oxen, prairie schooners, a few cattle and horses, were the motive power. The same menu of flour, bacon, beans, and dried fruits, eked out by fresh meat in the form of bison and antelope, were no different than the menu I have just recounted. The Indians were friendly, and after the requisite time Captain Gilliam and his family found themselves located on their donation claim, of which the Dallas site was a part. They were the first family this side of the Rieckrell. The interview with this pioneer was intensely interesting, because, while this splendid, big, vigorous woman did not recall much of the journey, the events succeeding their arrival were well-

pictured in her mind, and I am sure will be interesting to you. The pride in her resourceful, energetic and ever-busy father was something inspiring to behold. He was a power for good among the settlers, and I felt, with her, that his early death by accident was an irreparable loss. Provisions were scarce in '44, and the Hudson Bay company had advanced Captain Gilliam \$120 to tide him over the rough places. At his death Mr. Abernathy, of Oregon City, sent Mrs. Gilliam the note, receipted. This family had come with six yoke of oxen and two wagons. Six hundred and forty acres, known today as the Levens place, was the reward of the long trip across the plains. A young wife with a big family of little children, was left to work out her salvation as best she might, and the tribute paid this devoted mother by her equally devoted daughter is but the tribute due to bravery found in whatever shape, or under whatever circumstances.

Like others, this pioneer saw Dallas arise, first as a small village with but a few houses, to the very attractive position she holds as the county seat of a producing country. Coming in '44, this pioneer saw the very beginning of almost everything. In '45 apples and peaches were planted. During this same winter of '45 enough wild ducks were killed, the down of which filled a big feather bed. The emigrants found in abundance wild grapes, hazel nuts and camas, or wild Indian flag. The first flour mill was established at Ellendale, by Nesmith. The term of her first school was three months. The teacher, a Mr. Green, wrote the alphabet on thin boards, and thus taught these children. Three pages from the Old Testament was the only means of teaching her to read. They were resourceful, these early comers, and when the coffee came out wheat was browned and ground in the coffee mill. Thread was made from unleached muslin. Her first calico dress she received in '48. After her father's death there was a period of stress and trouble, and needing a dress, the mother colored brown the old wagon top and made from it a dress for her little daughter. It was stiff and hard, and too short, and stuck out behind, but with it she wore long pantaloons. Lye soap was made from oak wood ashes, and I think, those oak ashes were used as leavening power in baking. Captain Gilliam was killed in '49, and from that time to some time following there was a scarcity. But this brave little girl and her brothers helped her mother, and with a laugh she told the story of helping to draw the plow, and the stinging welts raised on the little bare legs and feet by the strong wiry grass through which they went. It took six months for letters to reach the settlers, and President Polk was inaugurated and the administration six months old before the valley dwellers knew it. The plains, or rather the valley, was free from trees, and water was easily found. Salem was the first place where a nursery was started, and from there trees were planted on every homestead. In the gold excitement a market was created, and this little girl and her mother sold much butter for 50 cents a pound. Mrs. Ford gave Mrs. Gilliam one hen and a rooster. The eggs were laid under the bed, but there was too much jarring in walking on the floor, and the first setting failed to hatch. But further efforts with Biddy in a house of her own were crowned with success.

Early marriages were the rule in those early days, so that our little girl was quite an old maid, when at the age of sixteen she married. Eleven, twelve and thirteen years was the rule. But now, a streak of sunlight appears, for the young bride had clothes "as good as anybody." With what pride she told me of her first silk dress, a black and white check. The wedding dress was of light blue tulle, the skirt tucked to the knees and a French waist (a tight waist). The sleeves were wide, and were trimmed with blue ribbon. White stockings and patent leather shoes, silk gloves, and ear-rings reaching to her shoulders, and an embroidered collar costing three dollars and a half completed her wedding finery. Can you see her? I can. She was married by Mr. Staats, but there was no ring, and there were no presents. The

groom's suit was of blue and white basket cloth, cut in Prince Albert style, with deep flap pockets. Four children crowned this woman's life, and as if that were not enough to do she adopted and raised two more.

I found her living in a comfortable home, sitting on a porch in the bright sunshine, and when I had heard the wonderful story of character building and cheer throughout all her long, eventful and busy life, I thought that verily here was a "Mother in Israel" and one whose children would rise up and call her "blessed." You know of course, that this is

Mrs. Frank Collins. Up the valley, from its head as far as Skinner's Butte, drove a young lad of 13. His was the first white foot that planted itself on Willamette soil so far south as Grants Pass and Klamath Lake. In 1846, from Missouri came this train of 60 wagons, with Captain Oglesby as leader. I could get but little information regarding the trip itself. The usual routine was followed, and the usual menu of dry groceries, with fresh buffalo and antelope as meat, was eaten. There was a split in the train and much fighting of Indians. The father of this boy, together with seven other wagons escaped, but a brother was killed on the plains. Two hundred or three hundred miles were traveled with great danger, because of hostile Indians. A baby girl, Miss Tonsand, was born at Devil's Gate. Where Eugene now stands, this strippling of 13 wintered with the Indians, and the rest of the train came on up north. For three months he supported the camp by his own efforts at hunting. Venison and game of all kinds was to be had for the seeking. At this early age he killed his first buffalo, so you see he was almost entitled to the name "Nimrod, a mighty hunter." December 10 saw him settled in his first camp in the Willamette, and March 5 was the date he first saw the part of the valley that is now Dallas. Like Mrs. Collins, this pioneer's story dealt mostly with what took place after he got here, and it was he who told me most about the founding and naming of Dallas. The first school he attended was on the Luckiamute, in a log house, and his teacher was David Stump. He studied law with Groving in Salem, and was employed as a reporter on the Democratic Standard. From '53 to '55 he was in the California gold mines, but the lure of gold was not as great as the fascination of this great valley, and he came back only to lose his heart to a child of 16. He ran away with his sweetheart from singing school, and was married in his buggy by a justice of the peace, he at 26 and she at 16. She lived only a few years, and died in '64, at Buena Vista.

This pioneer saw the first school in Dallas. It was on the Levens place, and Mr. Lyle was the teacher. There were three boys and two girls. The first house was built by John Gilliam. I surmise that this was the first house built in Dallas, but Dallas was not Dallas when a county was blocked out and a county seat chosen. Dallas was Cynthia Ann, and it was built on the site of North Dallas. This was in '51. There were a few houses and a court house, a two-story affair built by Harrington. Here all cases were tried, until in '56 the Dallas we know was started this side the Rieckrell, and a new court house was built in '57, "old Bill Brown." (I am quoting) bought this first court house and moved it onto his old homestead, where it is still standing, the property of Mr. Lott Brown. It was not moved bodily, as framehouses are moved today, but was torn down and rebuilt. The first general merchandise store was run by a Mr. Goudy in Cynthia Ann or North Dallas. Mr. Brown ran the first general store in Dallas, and was in the business life of this town for 52 or 53 years. The first mill in Dallas was built and run by Waymeier, and it is still standing near the mortuary chapel. The Academy, known today as the College, was started in '56. Land was donated as an endowment, and 120 acres in all comprised the campus. Money was also given to help the institution. There were three donors of property, giving forty acres each: Lyle, Shelton, and Lewis.

The stock of the valley came from Canada, notably pigs. In 1845 sheep were brought, and soon each homestead had from 300 to 700 head of sheep. Everything that could be done at home was done. The fleece was washed, dried and spun, and then the mother made it into suits for her family. As time went on, and the Indians grew dangerous, all the women, notwithstanding their manifold duties, knitted socks for the soldiers.

Our pioneer married again, and I have met his wife, a delightful woman. He began his law practice November 15, '59, but I suppose he does little now but live in the past, and goes over in his mind the stirring days of the early settlers. He is an old man, and under the trees that have shaded his house for many years he dreams about the days when all men were heroes and all women were beautiful. The days of our youth! It makes little difference where they were spent. From the vantage ground of experience all the youthful days are golden, all youthful deeds heroic, and the dun-colored time of the present, to the old is but the afterglow of a past, vivid in retrospection. My pioneer was in his comfortable white house, vine-covered and shaded—the house in which he has lived since 1867. Do you recognize Mr. James Collins?

(Concluded in Tuesday's Issue.)

Administrator's Sale.
The personal property of the estate of John Taylor, deceased, consisting of carpenter's tools, painter's outfit, ladders, etc., will be sold at public auction by Oscar Hayter, administrator, at Dungan Bros.' Paint Store, at 510 Washington street, Dallas, Oregon, on Saturday, February 15, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Close.
She—Do you know I've induced my husband to give up cigars? He is that so? Well, I've known him for seven years, and I never saw him give up one.—Illustrated Bits.

Recollection.
"Say, Karl, what do you think of our new paper?"
"Haven't we had him once before?"—Filigree Blatter.

Correcting a Quotation.
In his book, "A Wanderer in Florence," E. V. Lucas furnishes a new reading for that quotation about the leaves on the brooks of Vallombrosa, though he credits it to a cousin across the pond. Mr. Lucas visited Vallombrosa and, describing the extortionate rates of the hotels there, tells the story: A departing American was eyeing his bill with a rueful glance as we were leaving. "Milton had it wrong," he said to me, with the freemasonry of the picked, for I knew him not. "What he meant was 'thick as thieves.'"

Children of Royalty Seen In Happy Boyhood Playtime



Photos by American Press Association.

THESE interesting children of royalty can play as freely and boyishly as though they lived in a hotel and not a palace. The czarvitch, shown at top, is seen playing in the snow with his shovel. One can hardly think of the heir to the throne of Russia going about from door to door saying, "Please, mister, don't cha want yer walk shoveled?" But it's good to see he gets a chance at play anyway. Since his recent mysterious illness, however, he has been closely guarded even at playtime. The other two lads on the sled are Louis Ferdinand and Wilhelm, children of the crown prince of Germany. One of them may some day be emperor. They are having the time of their lives in the shadow of the palace at Berlin.

NEED 25,000 MEN TO GUARD PANAMA CANAL

Goethals Wants Big Garrison For Strategic Point.

Washington.—A garrison of 25,000 men will be necessary to guard the Panama canal, says Colonel Goethals, its chief builder. Under present plans congress would provide for a garrison of only 8,000 men.

"Once we lost control of the sea in a war," he said, "we would have to depend upon the garrison of the zone. We could not expect to get reinforcements there from the United States. The locks, the vital portion of the canal, should be guarded by a large force, and the Atlantic and Pacific ends of the canal should be garrisoned. At least 25,000 men would be needed to properly guard the canal."

His statement that the canal could hardly be held if the United States lost control of the sea aroused much interest in Washington.

WHY CZAR WAS ANGRY.

Grand Duke Michael's Marriage Cause of His Disgrace.
London.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg says the removal of Grand Duke Michael, brother of Emperor Nicholas, from command of the Czevalier guards regiment marks the Imperial displeasure at his recent marriage to Mme. Sheremetevskaya.

Millionaire Drives Bulls.
Boston.—Quincy A. Shaw, reputed to be Boston's richest man, president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining company, has a new fad. It is driving a pair of imported Gerry bulls which he brought over from Ireland. Beverly farms never saw a stranger sight than these powerful animals hitched side by side, with the copper magnate holding the reins. The bulls are driven by ordinary reins passed through rings which pierce their noses. They are tractable and respond readily to their driver's orders.

It Did, It Did!
There was a time, years ago, when school authorities were not afraid to be grimly humorous.

Under the head of "Instruction" the New York Daily Times of Aug. 10, 1888, printed this announcement: FLUSHING INSTITUTE.
Dear Boys—Trouble begins Sept. 15. E. A. FAIRCHILD.

A Rude Little Girl.
Maiden Aunt (reading)—In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage. Small Marie—It must seem like heaven to you here on earth, doesn't it, auntie?—Chicago News.

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COUNTRESS CAN'T WEAR 'EM.

Attracts Undue Attention—Would Hunt in Africa, but Fears Spiders.
Los Angeles, Cal.—The Countess de Lasterie, who was Miss Constance Warren of New York and was married to the count a short time ago, arrived here from Catalina with her husband very much out of sorts because here in the "wild and woolly" west she couldn't wear men's trousers while hunting without attracting undue attention.

"I supposed," she said, "that there was a good deal of the frontier here in the west, where civilization had not reached, but I am afraid I shall have to go elsewhere to find a place where I may wear men's clothes without being too conspicuous."

She and the count will return to Catalina and fish, hunt, boat, swim and golf for awhile, and then they will go up into the Rocky mountains in Colorado with pack mules carrying their camp equipment and hunt.

The countess says she would go to Africa and hunt elephants but for her fear of spiders.

HIKERS BAR EVENING DRESS.

Suffragists Will March to Washington in Pilgrims' Clothes.
New York.—Evening dress is to be barred on the hike to Washington. General Rosalie Jones has announced. The leader of the suffragists who are to face forth Feb. 12 to the capitol finds formal attire will be unnecessary, but she has made out a list of essentials for marchers.

These include woolen stockings, adhesive plaster, large shoes—those of soft leather preferred—and a pilgrim's cloak, hood, knapsack and staff. The costume may be purchased at the woman suffrage party headquarters.

Each marcher will have one small bag, which will be transported in a baggage wagon. The expenses have been figured at from \$2 to \$2.50 a day.

ALFONSO WILL GO VISITING.

To See Paris, London, Berlin, Rome and Possibly Buenos Aires.
Madrid.—It is rumored here that King Alfonso will visit the Argentine Republic and other South American republics in the near future.

The Imparcial's correspondent at Alicante says that King George of Great Britain will visit Alicante with the British Mediterranean squadron and will meet King Alfonso.

It is understood in Madrid that King Alfonso will visit Paris, London and Berlin in the spring and will go to Rome in the autumn.

PLAN A SWISS GREENLAND.

Siberian Dogs Will Be Used to Draw Sleighs on Glaciers.
Geneva.—A novelty of the Alpine season will be sleighs drawn by Siberian dogs on the Jungfrau and the Aletsch glacier. They will give visitors the idea of the appearance of ice and snow in Greenland.

Dogs are now being trained for the work.

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—Headquarters of the Oregon Fire Relief Association will be found in Room 21, New Bank Building, at the head of the stairs.

—Tresspass notices, weather proof, for sale at Observer Job office.

LODGE DIRECTORY

REBEKAHS—Almira Lodge No. 26 meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall.
NOLA COAD, Noble Grand.
ORA COSPER, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Dallas Camp No. 299 meets in W. O. W. Hall on Tuesday evening of each week.
TRACY STAATS, Consul Com.
W. A. AYRES, Clerk.

A. F. & A. M.—Jennings Lodge, No. 9, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Masonic hall on Main street. Visiting brethren welcome.

E. A. HAMILTON, W. M.
WALTER S. MUIR, Secretary.

UNITED ARTISANS—Dallas Assembly No. 46, meets on first and third Mondays of each month at Woodman hall. Visiting members made welcome.

MILLIE M. STAFRIN, M. A.
WILLIS SIMONSON, Secretary.

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