

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1916

NO. 2

LADD & BUSH QUARTERLY



A Face Well Known by Old Salemites—Mr. A. T. Yeaton

Early Day Teachers

March 7th, 1901.

Statement of Mary A. Gray McLench, concerning her trip to Oregon in the spring of 1851. Written at the request of her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Watson, of Wallowa County, Oregon.

For some years there had been Teachers Agencies by means of which positions were furnished to teachers who desired them, especially in the West and South; perhaps on each side a few dollars was paid. I know a fee was paid by the applicant, and I think also by those desiring a teacher. In this way Martha secured her position in the Ypsilanti Seminary in Michigan Sarah Brintnall, Samanthia Walker and, I suppose, Rowena Baldwin and some others whom I knew. Martha was at the Feminine Seminary and came home to prepare to go. I never took any such measures, being content to remain near home. But early in the winter of 1851 application was made to me by H. L. Wayland, then principal of the Seminary in Towhshend, whom I had not met but once. I was at that time a teacher in Grafton. His letter was accompanied by one he had received from Ex-Governor William Slade of Vermont and agent of the society called the National Board of Popular Education, there was also considerable printed matter in regard to the society. Mr. Slade wrote that another teacher was wanted to go to Oregon to join the four already secured; these teachers were to accompany and be under the care of Hon. S. R. Thurston, the dele-

gate to Congress from Oregon Territory, who would return home when Congress adjourned early in March. I finally decided to go, my Grafton school was shortened a week, and I had one week at home, during which time our family moved to the village; father having sold the farm.

Fifty years have passed since then and many things are dim in memory's vision. My brother Oscar went with me to New York; we left home early Monday morning, March 10th, stopping over night at the Massasoit House in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Tuesday night found us at the Delevan House as directed, where the next day we met Governor Slade, Hon. S. R. Thurston and my sister teachers, Miss Lincoln, from Maine, and Miss Wands, Miss Smith and Miss Miller, the last three from different parts of the state of New York. After our arrival at New York City all our expenses were paid to Oregon City, except for the shopping we might do for ourselves; our fare was \$350.00 each; whether this included the Isthmus transit, I do not know. New saddles were provided for each, which were to be kept for future use. These were taken from New York, also a box of claret for the company, as the water at the Isthmus was unhealthful. Oscar remained with me and went on board the ship with me, the Empire City, Captain Wilson commander. We sailed or perhaps I should say steamed away from New York harbor the afternoon of Thursday, March

ESTABLISHED FORTY-EIGHT YEARS.

This bank has been in business at the same location since 1868. During all these years it has rendered the public a courteous service and has provided perfect security for their funds.

13th, and arrived off the Isthmus at dusk Saturday, March 22d, where our vessel anchored, which fact was signified by the firing of rockets and responded to by the other side. There had been no storm nor wind, but off Cape Hatteras the sea always is rough, and the Carribean Sea, where we were two days, was also rough. The next day the passengers were landed in small boats, about twelve or thirteen at a time. Several boats were employed as there were 1,500 passengers (Mr. Chadwick said). After walking down the steps on the side of the ship as the little boat and the big ship came together you were told to "jump—jump into that man's arm;" it had to be done promptly before the boats receded. It did not seem possible to do so but it was the only way. One lady going to San Francisco waited a little too long and took a plunge into the ocean. The sea was rough and sometimes it seemed that the waves would come into the boat. I cannot remember the name of the little town where our trunks went through the Custom House inspection, perhaps it was Chagres or maybe it was Gatun; I know we stayed there one night but I seem to think that it was a little distance up the Chagres river, but perhaps not. A broken-winded little steamer propelled two bateaux or flat boats with awnings as far as the river was large enough, after which the motive power was natives with poles which they thrust into the banks and mud. At this change in the power perhaps we also took smaller boats. We spent one night in our boat near some little town; we were in sight of the place which was perhaps a mile away. Just one month before the whole company had been killed here by the boatmen to obtain the gold with which they thought a carpenter's tool-chest must be filled. The night we were on the river the men of our company kept guard, two hours at a time. Mr. Thurs-

ton, who was nearly sick and very weary, got a hammock on shore.

Tuesday noon we reached Gorgona, which if I remember right, was sixty miles from the mouth of the Chagres, perhaps the most crooked river in America. At Gatun the "North American Hotel" had a ground or earth floor and a thatched roof. There were no chairs, cots or bedsteads. Beds were made on the floor and there were just as many men and women as the room could contain, I presume twenty or over. At Gorgona I remember we had a light airy room occupied only by women and not crowded, but I spent that whole afternoon in bed with a raging sick headache.

Wednesday morning early as might be, preparations were going on for the day's trip on mule back over the mountains to Panama, twenty-seven miles distant. The baggage also was transported in the same way, i. e., by pack mules. Perhaps you may imagine the bable of sounds; Peons shouting to their animals and each other in Spanish and English, and perhaps some other languages. But at last the different cavalcades started. It was well for me that at the outset there was a few miles of comparatively level going or I never could have retained my seat on my mule, being totally unused to horseback riding; it seemed as if I should fall off every step. Many times the trail looked so dangerous I felt quite afraid, but what could I do but go on? With no bridle but only a rope over his nose, I could not stop my mule, who did not seem vicious, only wanted to take the lead, and would do so if there was any chance to get ahead, which was the case several times. Miss Miller was thrown after the mountains were crossed; her mule then ran away, two men went in pursuit. My mule would not be left behind so I had to go too and kept up with the foremost. Then for the first time I dismounted and out of sight of

the rest of the party kept guard over three mules while the two men, one of whom was Mr. Thurston, took back the run-away to the scene of the accident. Miss Miller was but slightly hurt and soon we were on our way again and without further mishap arrived at Panama about sunset, just before the closing of the City Gates. The railroad across the Isthmus was being built; the Empire City brought down about one hundred workmen under charge of a captain; and in different places a little distance away we could follow the line of the railroad by the gangs of men at work. The streets of Panama were roughly paved with cobble stones, as were the roads for some distance back. The houses were sombre looking, built of dark brick I think; I know the floors were. Through the day the doors stood open for the admission of light and air; there was no glass in the windows but in the doors there were sliding panels. Three or four boarding houses were being built, which were modern, light, pleasant and airy, and in a much more desirable part of the city. We devoted the day after our arrival to getting rested, indeed I think we were incapacitated for any exertion or exercise. We found it very pleasant to walk about the place but on account of the heat could only do so early in the morning, or just before sunset. In that torrid zone the twilight was short. There were pleasant lanes shaded by orange trees with fruit, which looked better than it tasted. There were plenty of good ones, but they did not grow along the highway. On the beach were several old cannons partially buried in the

sand, one of which was said to be the largest gun in America; but that was fifty years ago. There was one Protestant meeting, or religious service, in the place, an Episcopalian chaplain preached and several of our number attended, myself among them. The drinking water was too warm to be good; each morning it was brought to the city in kegs on mule back from springs in the neighboring mountains, each animal carrying two. No fresher water could be obtained all the hot sweltering day. Gambling was carried on behind closed doors; the sign "King of Clubs" was prominent just below our balcony; and in other places there were similar signs; all seemed to be regarded as no more improper than signs of merchandise for sale. Panama was quite different from any place I ever saw, indeed it was a foreign country, a different nationality, but it contained much of interest. We were there a little less than a week but in a few years when we planned to return to the Atlantic States we anticipated another visit to this ancient town.

The second of April found us again on our way on the old steamer California, Captain Budd. The harbor of Panama contained many small boats, by stepping from one to another a dozen times or more we at last reached the one which was to convey us to our ship, anchored some miles away. For several days the heat was tropical and affected us more on account of the speedy transition from a cold climate. My warm traveling dress, which I had expected to wear the whole distance, had been discarded several days before for

OUT OF TOWN ITEMS.

With direct connections in practically every banking point throughout the Willamette Valley we have excellent facilities to collect your out of town items with exceptional dispatch.



**The Thurston Monument in the I. O. O. F. Cemetery.
Built by the State of Oregon.**

coolest, thinnest fabrics. Mr. Thurston had complained of feeling ill at Panama and while there two or three times a day took minute doses of quinine (the first I ever saw, but from my knowledge of the drug since I should think the quantity was insufficient to have much effect in eradicating disease). Mr. Thurston seemed to grow steadily worse and lost much of his cheerfulness, but we little realized what a dark cloud was so soon to overshadow us. On Saturday night, Mr. Thurston went to his stateroom sick, where some young men in his care watched over him. Sunday morning he was assisted to the Captain's stateroom on deck, which he had kindly offered for the sick man's use; it was more commodious, larger and more airy. The disease (perhaps Isthmus fever) was making rapid progress, most of the time Mr. Thurston was conscious, except the last few hours.

His death occurred early, not later than one o'clock, Wednesday morning, April 9th. Had he not have been a public man burial would have taken place at sea, but, as it was, enshrouded or covered with the Stars and Stripes, our country's flag, he was taken along on our course until Thursday morning about nine o'clock when our ship anchored near Acapulco. A coffin had been prepared on shipboard and he was laid to rest in the cemetery of that place. All the men bound for Oregon and many others attended the burial, but it was a mile away and it was thought hazardous for ladies to go. So we spent the day at the hotel with short rambles on the beach while the ship took on coal. Mr. Nelson, who was coming to Oregon as Chief Justice, and Mr. Preston, who had the appointment of Surveyor General, showed us some appreciated kindnesses, but they were

strangers to Oregon. We often missed the thoughtful care and interest of Mr. Thurston and sadly thought of the grief of his family when they should know of their bereavement. After leaving the Isthmus our course was southerly for hours to strike a certain ocean current and sometimes we were near the shores of South America. After leaving Acapulco, the stopping places up the coast were San Blas, made memorable by one of Longfellow's poems, "The Bells of San Blas," Mazatlan and San Diego. I remember no other, and we did not go ashore at all of these places. As we approached the Gulf of California the weather suddenly grew cold and, two days from the time the heat was so prostrating, we were clad in our warmest garments with winter wraps and even then shivering with cold. Our ship was due to stop at Monterey but the engine was disabled and fearful that at any hour the ship must be put under sail we kept on our way and anchored off San Francisco Tuesday, April 22d. There was no wharf there and small boats took the passengers ashore, considerable delay was experienced. Here too everything looked strange; there were all sorts of people and houses, many living in tents and down on the water front many families were living in flat boats with cloth covers. Shops likewise were fitted up in the same unpretentious manner. Our hotel was probably as good as the place offered, as Senator and Mrs. Guynne, General Preston's family, Judge Nelson and others were among the number who stopped there; but certainly it would not equal modern requirements except

in price. The tables, about thirty feet long, extended the length of the dining room. The food was delicious. It may have been that it was some sort of a dress occasion; I only remember that Mrs. Guynne, who sat opposite me at supper, appeared costumed in black silk with a large white cape and light kid gloves, ribbons, jewelry, etc. At night the teachers and Miss Hyde occupied a large unfinished room on the door of which was posted a printed notice of prices. I only remember that board was \$5.00 per day and lodging \$3.00 per night. When there again in 1877 I could see no place which looked like the site of our hotel; I know that it was near the plaza and in the morning when another lady and myself, with someone to direct our way, went out to do a little shopping we took the middle of the wagon road down a little hill, I think there were rough sidewalks in some places. We were here a little less than a day and the afternoon found the "Oregon Company" on board the staunch little steamship "Columbia," Captain Leroy, a much more genial man than was Captain Budd. There was an unusually large number of women among the passengers for Oregon. If I remember rightly there were nine including Kate Preston, who was ten years old. The number of men I can't tell, but several times that number. The change from the cumbrous old California, crowded to its utmost limit with passengers, was delightful. I think Mr. Chadwick was wrong in claiming fifteen hundred passengers on the Empire City; my recollection is that that was the number on our out-going steam-

MANY YEARS IN BUSINESS.

Has resulted in a banking experience and equipment that is unexcelled. The result of handling the accounts of many patrons is that we know accurately their financial needs.

er from Panama, the California. Without accident or incident worth mentioning we arrived at the mouth of the Columbia river quite early the following Monday morning, April 28th, and securing a pilot, for which I could see no need as the sea was smooth as glass, only a little whitening of the water over the bar which he had thought so formidable. In a short time our steamer was anchored in the channel of the river off Astoria; we were rowed in small boats to where there was a fallen fir over whose roots we climbed and jumped into Astoria. Whether that was the only way I cannot say but judge it was the best way for pedestrians. Astoria seemed a wild new place, there was but a small sprinkling of houses; the only one we entered, as I remember, was General Adairs', a pleasant home. There we saw the chief of the Clatsop and his squaw; my preconceived ideas of the "noble red man" received a stunning blow. It seemed as if there was little chance for Astoria's expansion to any great dimensions. Our stay here was short and ere long we were upon our way up the river.

The next morning, the 29th, we went ashore at Ft. Vancouver, I guess to see the place, the soldiers and barracks. I remember seeing apple trees in bloom and after a short ramble which we much appreciated, we were again on board and nearing Portland. But I had the misfortune to get a cinder in my eye which I could not remove; it was exceedingly painful and I sought my stateroom and fell asleep. When I awakened the steamer had stopped and

everything was still. My eye was well. I went out on deck and found numbers of our company returning from a visit ashore. They had not missed me for awhile but had now come to find me; I returned with them. We stepped from skiff to skiff, as there was no wharf. The Oregonian office and several other small places were visited.

Fifty years ago there was very little prospect that Portland would ever attain its present prestige; the population now is 90,000. Big fir stumps and trees were in the principal streets. The forest was in close proximity. We dined somewhere in Portland but where I do not know. About the middle of the afternoon, in a flat boat with an awning, we were rowed by Indians towards Oregon City, which then promised to be the future metropolis of Oregon, "but the best laid schemes," etc.; when at the foot of the Clackamas rapids the boat grounded. After a few ineffectual attempts to start it the Indians gave up. It was now getting dark, the boat was hauled to shore and made fast. They then kindled a fire and prepared their supper. The passengers were in sight of Oregon City and could see house after house lighted while they were in the dark and supperless. Mr. Preston unrolled two mattresses he had purchased in San Francisco, and spread them for the ladies of the company to get whatever rest they could. Baskets of provisions were sent down early in the morning, after breakfast, through a stumpy, brushy pasture we walked to Oregon City, which seemed to be much more of a place than Portland.

Rev. Mr. Atkinson, to whose care the

INTEREST WITH SERVICE.

Your surplus funds deposited in our Savings Department will earn reasonable interest with efficient service in all matters requiring an experienced banking connection.

teachers were consigned, met us and took us to his house. We had experienced an uncomfortable night and were weary and worn. This was April 30th. Friends of Mrs. Thurston soon called, making many inquiries. Mrs. Thurston had been apprised of her husband's death the evening before. In the morning several ladies, including the teachers, were invited to stay at the different homes until they were rested and were able to begin their work. Miss Lincoln went to Mr. Hatch's; Miss Miller and Miss Smith to J. Q. Thornton's; Miss Wands to Oak Point, I don't remember with whom. I was invited to go to Rev. Ezra Fisher's who lived on a bluff overlooking the city. He and his daughter Lucy were teaching a school in town and they were to come for me the next day. Meanwhile Rev. Atkinson had been to Mrs. Thurston's and brought a request from her that the teachers should all call on her the following day and that one should remain with her until she commenced her school. It was finally decided that I must be that one, accordingly the next day, May 1st, escorted by Mr. Atkinson, we crossed the Willamette and wended our way to the little brown house on the hillside, the home of the grief stricken family. Here I remained three weeks or more until a few days prior to beginning my school at Tualatin Plains, fifteen miles distant. Miss Miller went to Forest Grove; Miss Lincoln first taught in Oregon City, later she went to West Tualatin Plains near Mr. Sewals; Miss Smith remained in

Oregon City; Miss Wands went to Durhams, now called Oswego. In later years they all married and "settled down" in Oregon; Miss Smith became the wife of Alanson Beers and step-mother to six children; after his death she married a Mr. Kline, of Albany I think, and her step-children had increased in equal ratio. She again became a widow and died twenty-five years ago at the home of one of her daughters. Miss Wands married Governor Gains, whose large family of children returned to their Kentucky home with the exception of two grown sons who remained in Oregon. Governor Gains died within a few years, and not many years after, she, with her one little daughter, returned to her friends in New York; since then I have known nothing in regard to her. Miss Lincoln married Judge A. A. Skinner; he died years ago; she lived in Eugene for many years where she died about 1895. Miss Miller married Joseph G. Wilson and accompanied him to Washington, D. C., and from there to his college home in Ohio where he died suddenly. This was many years ago; she is still living in The Dalles and has three married daughters and one son besides there were three or four children who died in early life.

Mary Gray did not return to her early home in five years as she had planned to do. Not until more than five times that number of years had rolled away ere the long talked of journey was made. In 1877, the anniversary of their silver wedding, Mr. and

EQUIPMENT.

This bank is thoroughly equipped in every department. Its strong financial position, its efficient management, and established reputation for conservative banking methods recommend it strongly to individuals wanting a good banking connection.

Mrs. B. F. McLench, your father and mother, revisited the homes of their childhood and youth and the friends and relatives whom time had spared to them. A cordial reception awaited them in the homes of brothers and sisters in Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts, but partings must soon follow, especially hard for the dear old mother who a few months after was called to her eternal home. A kind providence watched over them and after four months' absence, they were joyfully welcomed to their Oregon home by their three children who had cared so well for the home in their absence. In 1892 after a long sickness we were to part with your dear father, and February 14th, he was laid to rest beside the little daughter who was many years before entombed in Zena Cemetery.

I think the society under whose auspices the teachers came to Oregon and other points, long since ceased to exist.

In 1851 Oregon Territory comprised a much larger scope of country than our present State of Oregon. Washington, part of Idaho, part of Montana and a fraction of Wyoming were within its limits. Missionaries had crossed the continent several years before and immigration across the plains by the slow progress of ox-wagons was increasing yearly. This toilsome journey occupied several months and all the way after leaving Missouri there were no white inhabitants or houses except a few forts, until Fosters, a few miles from Oregon City, was reached. Your aunt, uncle and family left their Eastern home in February, a month before I did, and I was some weeks on my sec-

ond term of school when they arrived in Oregon.

The population was sparse, but teachers were needed and if there were none in the country the Convents and Nunneries of neighboring countries would supply those of the Romish Church. There were some teachers sent to California perhaps two years later and two more to Oregon. The rapid increase of immigration helped to supply the demand.

A half century has effected great changes. The vast plains, the home of savages where roamed the buffalo, are now states filled with towns and cities, the homes of thousands of people. Railroads have spanned the continent for years and the Pacific States and the Atlantic States are comparatively near neighbors. Telegraph and telephones are numerous, but this is enough.

The remains of Mr. Thurston were removed to Salem, Oregon, in 1853; the Legislature making an appropriation therefor and for the \$1500 monument. A funeral oration was delivered by Hon. Delazon Smith in the old Methodist church and with loving friends around the remains, Oregon's first Delegate to our National Congress were deposited near the old church, the exact spot I do not know. Later it was found desirable to remove them to Rural Cemetery; but this was done without public ceremony. The arduous and dangerous task of removal from Acapulco, Mexico, was faithfully performed by his brother-in-law, B. F. McLench.

In the spring of 1853 Mrs. Thurston received the appointment of preceptress in the Oregon Institute at Salem; the

SMALL ACCOUNTS.

We welcome small accounts as readily as large accounts. The small depositor is shown the same attention and courtesy as the large depositor.

name has since been changed to Wilamette University. Rev. F. S. Hoyt was president at that time. Two years of faithful, loving service and she resigned to become the wife of W. H. Odell who is still an honored citizen of Salem. Her death occurred in 1890. The two children, George H. Thurston and Mrs. A. W. Stowell, survive her.

Sometime in 1852 the rates of postage were changed. Forty cents had been the rate for a single letter from the Atlantic States, not prepaid. The change fixed the rates of letter postage at ten cents and three cents, depending on the distance, but I do not remember the limit of the three cents distance.

The first spring carriage, if my information is correct, which was in use in this part of the country was the property of E. N. Cooke of Salem. It was covered with some light colored fabric, with curtains; the fringes and trimmings of a bright scarlet. A bridal party in 1852 duly appreciated free use of it for a week.

Wheat, now scarcely worth fifty cents per bushel, has commanded a much higher price. For a few weeks in January and February, 1853, it was sold for seven dollars per bushel and flour twenty-two dollars per barrel. Wheat soon returned to five dollars where it remained for several months. The price of wheat at harvest had been seventy-five cents per bushel; this was the beginning of the Dove lawsuits which so long had place in the Polk County Courts. The cause of the rise in wheat was largely due to the immigration across the plains that year. Oats were worth two dollars per bushel. The highest price ever received for

wheat from our farm was several years later when twenty-eight bushels sold for four dollars per bushel. In 1855 apples were fifteen dollars per bushel and had been previously sold by the dozen. Onions I have known to be fifteen dollars per bushel and potatoes four dollars. The highest price we ever sold butter for was fifty cents per pound, though it had sold much higher in earlier years. Bees once commanded one hundred dollars per swarm, later ours were forty dollars.

The first steamboat, the *Lot Whitcomb*, Captain Ainsworth, ascended the river to Oregon City in May, 1851, a few days after our arrival. It was greeted with acclamation.

Of the young men who were our fellow travelers—some in a few years returned to the Atlantic States. Frank Miller joined the army and was killed by Apaches; Judge Moore, Messrs. Barston, Chadwick and Moody became citizens of Oregon, the last two in time filling the gubernatorial chair. Rev. Mr. Miller, father of one of our number, was killed in a steamboat explosion in an early day.

Rev. Miller, wife and remaining children arrived in Oregon about the first of June, 1851, and located at Albany.

No storm nor gale occurred in our long voyage. We had fine views of the beautiful constellation, "The Southern Cross," which is invisible in our northern latitudes. Sea sickness was experienced by us all more or less.

The "Oregon Statesman" was first published at Oregon City by A. Bush, in 1851, the price of subscription being seven dollars per year.

THE SOUND THEORY OF COMPENSATION.

We work on the sound theory of compensation—that to prosper ourselves we must help our customers to thrive and expand.



The Old Flag Tree, Fern Hazel—The top which was cut off to make a place for the flag staff has grown again.

An Account of Independence Day

Fern Hazel, July 7, 1861.

Dear Daughter:

Last Friday two weeks had elapsed since I wrote you a letter. No reply has yet come to hand; but I suppose there is a letter for me on its way, and I shall write an **answer** in advance—provided there is no interruption by visitors. My “delicate” young man—Wm. Hughes—left me abruptly, and went to the Nez Perce mines. He had promised not to leave my employ without two or three weeks’ notice, and always plumes himself on what he did when working for anyone, and he may now add the same feather to his cap which is sported by others of less pretention. In consequence of his absence we had to forego the pleasure of going to Albert’s flag raising. We are told they had a fine time,—some 400 to 500 persons present—good speeches, a good dinner in a fine grove and no accident to mar the pleasures of the day.

I think I told you that Eugenia was going to raise a flag. Van went to “the Island” and procured a staff. Without stretching, I think it was long enough for two bean poles. (By the way, those beans you gave mother for bunch beans are pole beans, and I gave them no poles till they began to run—they are now tall as you are—and you must admit that is a pretty good height—for beans at this season). Well, it was intended to **poke** that staff out from the top of one of the large oaks near the house: It never occurred to the projectors of this scheme that the flag could not be raised or let down on a windy day, nor that, if it was raised that the staff was too short to clear it of the tree top when the wind lulled. Seeing her “fix” I told her that I would bring a good staff from Fern Hazel and set it up for her. I accordingly procured

one seventy-six feet in length and raised it independent of the trees, and the stripes and stars now waving over their tops, really look **beau-ti-ful**. Her flag measures five by ten feet. Our flag is eleven feet long and about half as wide. I had made arrangements to raise it last Wednesday afternoon. Sheriff Eades was coming with a sailor from Salem to assist me. I had procured a pole same size of the one I gave Eugenia and trimmed a fir tree south-east of our house on which the staff was to be spliced. The main shaft is 140 feet and the splice 76. This would have raised the flag over 200 feet. I went to Salem on Wednesday morning for ropes and blocks to raise the splice, when I learned that the Commissioner’s Court was still in session and that Sheriff Eades was obliged to remain until they adjourned. He, however, went with me to the new church in course of erection for Dickinson’s congregation, where he had engaged blocks and ropes. Here was another trouble; somebody without leave had borrowed the most important part of the rigging. Yet, we thought that if we had sufficient help we might still raise the splice with one of the blocks, not taken away. I took it and made the attempt, but there were too few men to do the work. After getting up the splice about forty feet, I saw night would be on us, and I told the men to suspend operations—we would take supper, and then I should adopt another plan. Supper over—sun down—and the men all left except Chappel. I took him to a little fir grove where a kind of spruce fir grows slender and tall—cut a fine one sixteen or eighteen feet long; he then said, he must go to Claggett’s for some clean clothes and promised to return early on the fourth to assist me in rais-

ing the small pole and then harness the horses and drive to town for me. I prepared the pole halliards and cord, put on the flag and furled it, all by candle light. I rose at 3 o'clock next morning and made a block to be attached to the top of the tree which had been prepared for the principal staff. Through this block I designed to pass a cord to raise the small new staff. I now waited for Chappel. Breakfast was waiting, but no Chappel—I am not sure but I felt slight premonitory feeling or symptoms of ferociousness—but those did not bring Chappel. I started off in search of him—went to Claggett's—not there; had gone home. "Now," said Mr. C., "Uncle's overslept himself." Just think of that! So, off I hurried intending to "stir him up." But I found him in my stable harnessing the horses. Next he clumb the tree—attached the blocks, passed a cord through it, then let down the end, and I attached the new staff and flag and mother and I raised the first flag that ever floated over Fern Hazel—Octavia was in raptures. I wish you could have seen her. It floats or "waves,"—as the song has it—about 155 feet above ground. That will do till I have an opportunity to send up the tall staff.

Well, the Fourth July was at Salem last Thursday, Ella—it was! And I think the fact could be substantiated by about 8,000 eye witnesses. I saw on Wednesday what was coming. Rolling clouds of dust in every direction told of approaching vehicles loaded with human beings, and boxes and baskets, filled with provisions for next day's dinner. The groves and creek banks all around the town were full of camps—the streets were crowded with busy men and women shopping and preparing for the great day coming. Flag staffs were being raised and many were already streaming in the breeze. There was a fine one over a new building two stories high, 120 long and 35 or 40

wide. In the upper part of this a grand ball was to come off on Thursday night—supper on first floor.

After raising our flag we hurried off to town (the flag can be seen from Ford's lane and Keizer's). We didn't spare Dolph and Harry—for we had on our "Sunday-go-to-meetings" and wanted no part nor lot of the dust raised by the crowds who were already on the roads. Mother had boiled a fine ham and baked a bushel of nice biscuits and we drove directly to the table on the creek below Boon's bridge—(It took a pile of boards to make those tables). The place was free of dust, mostly sod and with thick short grass and plenty of shade trees, in addition to an extensive pavilion of fir branches and joists laid on timbers, which afford good seats for thousands. From the tables we drove to Eugenia's and returning brought the good things she had cooked and baked for the gathering multitudes. Such a quantity of food for "humans" I do not remember of having seen spread out at one time on any previous occasion. I could not tell you of all we saw in going through town. It is wonderful how the American people can be excited; the streets of Salem presented a new appearance. On each side, from Boon's house to the south end of the bridge leading out of the upper end of town on both sides wherever it could well be done young fir trees were nailed or planted against the curb and sidewalks, affording shade as well as ornament. Flags of all sizes from twenty-five feet to one foot in length were flying in every direction, presenting an appearance of gaiety above and indicating hilarity and patriotism below from the lower most house in lower Salem to Mr. Bush's on the other side and from the Institute to the river. It was only a little after 9 A. M. when we first passed through town, but there was already a stream of human beings of both sexes and all

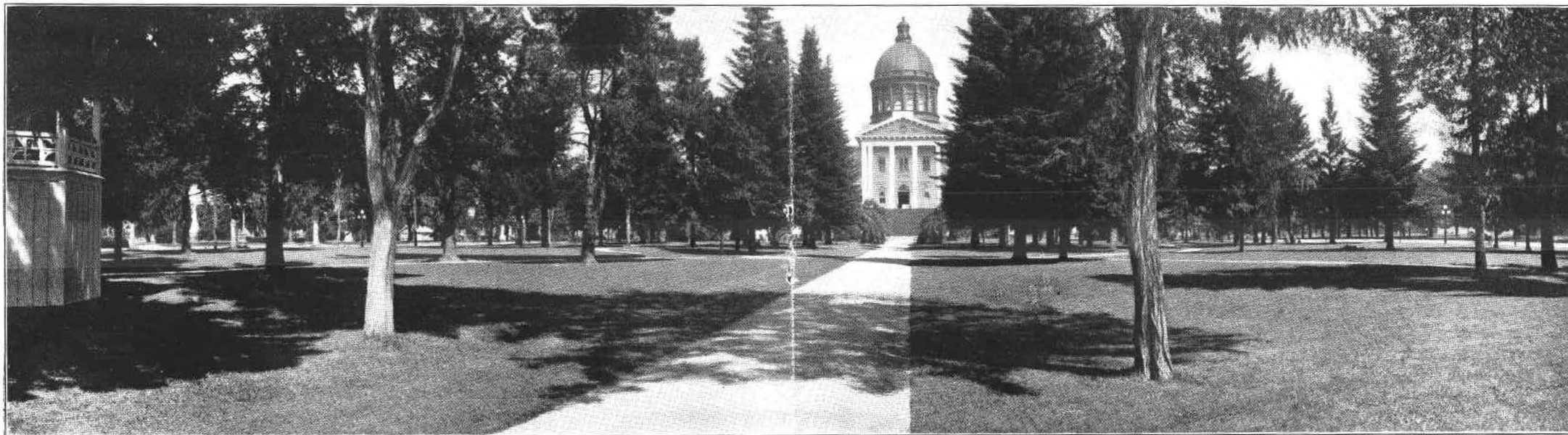
sizes, extending through the town down to celebration ground, wending their way at a pace as though there was a danger of being too late. And buggies and wagons and men and women on horseback coming round every street corner and through every byway, wheeling into the grand column heading towards the celebration grounds. The wagons bore flags and the horses' heads wore the stripes and stars apparently as gaily and gallantly as though they knew full well its meaning and purport. Every vehicle brought additional provisions for the great tables. At first I thought there would be a great waste of unconsumed food. But when I cast my eyes over the great congregation on the ground a fear came over me that there was not enough. The seats were nearly all occupied and the crowds round about were still increasing. About this time there was a new commotion that stirred the crowd. Mounted men in uniforms gallantly approached calling out, "Make way!—Make way!" The grand procession was approaching—they had been on the march an hour or two through town and were yet to be added to the hosts on the ground. Here they came: Marshals, other officers and companies of men and women. The Salem Hook and Ladder Company in full uniform presented a gay and grand appearance. Then came a company of infantry, and an unique and attractive company of eight ladies—dress-skirt white, bodice blue, scarf of red passing from over right shoulder under left arm—their heads without bonnets—ornamented according to fancy and protected from the sun with parasols. Their company attracted much attention, but I thought much of the interest gave way when the cars approached with banner-bearing girls of a younger growth—some companies of small girls bore banners having the names of states inscribed thereon. There was one car

load of small girls that interested me much. They were generally good looking and many of them very pretty, and happy—oh, how the memory of this day will live in their hearts. Their car was ornamented with shrubbery, and when the order came for them to alight and take their place under the arbor they leaped from their seats, agile as fairies, and with light feet and banners waving they tripped to the places assigned them. But the end of the column had not yet come, bands of music were still in the rear and bands and companies of girls with banners and flags and men in rank, in good order and keeping step to the patriotic strains of the day were approaching the thousands already assembled. Of the singing, reading and speaking I shall attempt no account. These over, the dinner was sought and the Salem Fire Company were so disposed on the ground that with the assistance of the marshals of the day they were enabled to guide the thousands to the tables in an orderly and decent manner. No turbulent noises, no angry words, no intemperance nor accident of any kind was witnessed throughout the whole day. At night a rocket fell on the Court House and began to burn the roof but the firemen soon ascended and extinguished the fire. The dinner over—and there was enough for all—the people began to disperse—some for home, some to linger in town to witness new sights or stay to the great Brass Band Ball at night. The stores which had been closed before ten in the morning were again opened and busy times ensued among the cheap goods folks. An hour before sunset there was heard in the streets the sounding of several old tin horns—people became excited and ran into the streets, looking up and down. Presently there came along an old ox cart drawn by one monster ox mated to a little one that had a large bell swung to his neck. The cart had a floor with-

out sides, and on it lay two ragamuffin men—hideous in looks and horribly drunk (make believe)—sometimes nearly rolling off in awkward attempts to rise. This was followed by “Thompson’s Ruff’s,” emerging from different street corners and dressed out in the most fantastic manner—all perfectly disguised—some like circus clowns—some like Indians—some in horrid masks—caps three feet high of strange devices—streamers flying, tails or cues, their horses careening and cavorting like their riders and eliciting shouts of laughter and hurrahs which almost drowned the soul-harrowing sounds that went forth from another ox cart containing a mock band of musicians. Last of all came one most curiously rigged, who seemed to have lost his way. He bore a large kind of flag, and peered ’round corners and with hand shading his eyes keenly spied ’round for his companions. At length he caught a glimpse of some of them turning a corner—he instantly gave a yell that waked up the echoes and away he dashed—trailing his flag as he went in haste to join his companions.

Soon after night fall there were displays of fireworks, and a torch-light procession—Octavia had a fine view of it. It was about 10 o’clock and she and I were going to town cozily and gently as two young lovers strolling out to admire the stars and moon beams. We saw no moon but had a fine sight of the comet. What took us to town from Eugenia’s at that time o’night? We did not go to see fireworks nor torch-light procession. John and Zulie didn’t know—they were dancing to the merry strains of music which enlivened the large room of which I have told you. You can’t guess how we came to be out in that way. I must tell you. John has a new flame—a school girl, large as Zulie, lives “in the hills” under the poetical name of Crump. So he couldn’t well

take Zulie to the ball but that duty was conferred to Mr. Joseph Baker. Hence, when I proffered my services to gallant had been superseded by a fellow, as her to the ball, I was informed that I John said, “Who wears store clo’s.” Now, I never was the sort of “lovyer” to be beat in that way. So, proper arrangements having been made—after Zulie left Eugenia’s, she and mother dressed Octavia **and we went to the ball**—“We did.” I happened soon to meet with Mrs. Bonham who was much amused when I told her of the facts and promised not to tell either John or Zulie. As Octavia sat near an open window and there was no good chance for securing a better seat for her I left her to go to the dressing room for her cape, veil and shawl, to protect her from the night air, if necessary. Zulie happened to be on the floor at this time near Mrs. B., and said that she believed she saw father cross the floor. “Why, you don’t think he would come here?” asked Mildred. “Don’t know, but my eyes are not apt to deceive me.” But why should I have a shawl on my arm, as she thought I had. She afterward saw Octavia and several times looked at her before she fully recognized her. John saw her and thought there was something in her looks that was familiar but could not for some time determine who she was. But he came face to face to me—“Why, father!” Wasn’t he surprised—and Zulie—I am happy to say, I think it was a pleasant surprise to both and they both paid as much attention to her as circumstances permitted,—more, certainly than they probably would have done if she were equally blessed with them in respect to the sense of hearing. We remained till the comet had faded in the light of approaching day. I believe Octavia enjoyed this part of the Fourth about as well as any other; and if she could hear the music I think she would be pleased



A Summer View of the Capitol from Willson Park.



A View of Willson Park Dressed in Snow—A Rather Unusual Sight.

to dance. She took much interest in observing the manners of some and the dress of others. She has been giving mother accounts of both. There was a company of ladies at the ball who were called the Band Company. Their dress: red and white skirts in large stripes circling round—blue sash with stars, and their heads adorned to fancy. Lizzie was in town—but in no band or uniform company. Mrs. Meyers was among the eighty ladies in red, white and blue. Lizzie Fisher and Sophie Bray were at the ball. Miss Bray is quite a large girl. Miss Fisher is a “school marm,” teaches on French Prairie, and Miss M. again goes to school, as I understand, with a view to fitting her for the same vocation. Eugenia received a letter from Mr. B. last week—he was then in New York, with Senator Nesmith—they would together go to New Hampshire,—I received a letter from Albert this morning:—he has the ague every other day—family all well. We had intended to go there on the day the flag staff was raised, but that young man having left me, we could not go. In fact I was taking medicine for several days and was not well enough to go, but mother and the girls might have gone—mother has not been there in seven or eight months.

Again recurring to William’s leaving me brings to mind the fact that my “crap is getting mightily in the grass.” I had a fine prospect for corn and all my orchard ground was in a fair way to be kept entirely free from weeds this year. I was very anxious to accomplish this to prevent thistle seeds from ripening. It is needless to com-

ment on the unmitigated rascality of such conduct in any man. I had paid him for every day he was here, wet or dry, and felt pretty sure that he would not take the mining fever. But he has less honor than I had supposed. The labor bestowed on my orchard will to some extent be lost. I am willing to admit that to make timothy grow where fern abounded, or to raise grain and fruit where fir and hazel occupied the ground is meritorious, commendable, honorable. But not very profitable when undertaken to be done with the vagabond hirelings of Oregon, nor is the pursuit calculated to afford any very pleasurable substitutes for profits or their absence. I do not believe that one in twenty who go to the mines clears a dollar a day, and as few earn that amount when hired to work on farms. Yet I would now gladly give a dollar a day to a decent man who can and would work for me—doing whatever comes to hand.

If you have not answered my inquiry in reference to your visit consider the question still standing. You will not come I fear while any of the good or beautiful remain to be enjoyed or partaken of by you. Today we have strawberries, fine as could be desired; raspberries of three varieties—some very large and such fragrance! Did you plant the squash seed I enclosed to you? Are they growing? No one has called though Zulie expects company. John talked of coming—so did Mr. and Mrs. Bonham.

Affectionately,

Your father,

John S. Zieber.

CUSTOMERS' BOOTHS.

The public are cordially invited to use the booths, in our lobby, provided for their exclusive use. Here can be found the leading periodicals, newspapers and stationery. We suggest the convenience of our office as a meeting place for rural organizations.

LADD & BUSH QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY

LADD & BUSH, BANKERS
SALEM, OREGON

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1916 No. 2

Following the many years example set by Mr. A. Bush, on January 8th of this year we had our flags raised from sunrise to sunset, a token to General Jackson in memory of the battle he won at New Orleans on that day in 1815. Peace had already been declared but it was before the days of steamships and telegraph and it was not known to the combatants. For the United States the war on land had been a continuous defeat and gloom prevailed everywhere, this victory finished the war in glory and created unbounded enthusiasm in the breasts of the patriotic citizens of that day. When Henry Clay heard of it he remarked, "Now I can go to England without mortification." The old Jackson men and their sons, whom they inspired with his glory and a never-ending hatred of the British for their deeds which brought on the war and their conduct during it, have all lived their lives and with their departure the Eighth and its memory is almost forgotten. As we read the account in this publication of the celebration of Independence Day in 1861 we cannot fail to note the patriotism that seemed to inspire all the people of that day, and to make comparisons with the apparent indifference of the present time. Is the fourth of July to go the way of Jackson's day?

In 1852 Major Barnhart wrote of the incubus of the Mexican government and the stability of American laws. The

Mexican government of recent years has been a "nightmare" too, but the Major did not live to know Initiative and Recall.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank G. McLench, of Polk county, for the account written by his mother of the journey to Oregon of the five teachers. It is interesting and of historical value.

Let one become the owner of an automobile and shortly a good-roads convert will be made. What we all want are roads that can be used by all kinds of vehicles in winter as well as in summer. So it is, that, in each issue the Quarterly brings up this theme. And the more we look into the subject the more we are convinced that the road for us is a gravel road, with the ultimate object of using it for a foundation for some sort of a hard wearing surface. The advocates of the split-log drag claim the drag will keep any dirt road in condition all seasons of the year, if applied often enough. At this time of the year, with this in mind, it is not without some little amusement one examines the roads in various parts of this county. If a drag can make a dirt road good here in the month of January it is a road that is fenced in.

Our county officials have a comprehensive plan for a number of years of road building. As fast as conditions will permit they are laying gravel base on our important roads. As experiments they have laid several stretches of bituminous surface on previous improved roads. These are roads most used and while being given hard usage so far, this surface pavement is standing up in a manner to encourage the thought that it will prove satisfactory. The Court has shown good judgment in trying out to a certainty this pavement before involving the county to any extent, for when our money is invested we want good and lasting roads in return. One winter will hardly be suffi-

cient for a thorough test. It is quite satisfactory that it is so, for there will be no road money this year, it will all have to go into a new river bridge which we need more than good roads.

Although we do not claim to know a great deal about cement bridge construction we are inclined to think a reinforced cement structure should be built. It will cost more than a steel bridge, but the cheapest is not always the best and in this case in the long run would not be the most economical, for a concrete bridge requires almost no upkeep charge. The present bridge more than once has suffered from neglect and as time goes on a new one will likely experience like treatment. The damage done at such times cannot be repaired by later care, a thorough County Court cannot undo what the

neglect of an unbusinesslike one has permitted. A steel bridge requires constant care and watching. When the first bridge was being planned a number of the heaviest taxpayers of this county held a meeting and examined the plans for the proposed bridge, among them was a suspension bridge that would have cost \$250,000. A resolution was drawn and submitted to the officials in charge stating that in their opinion it was the best to build the \$250,000 bridge. Had their advice been taken the second bridge would not have been built nor would we today be planning for a third one. At this time the selecting of a cheap construction is not prudence. We should build a bridge for many years to come, one that will never give us concern for the safety of those using it and all will cheerfully pay the price for the best.

The Naming of Mt. Hood

About seventy-five miles northeast of Salem a majestic white mountain can be seen on a clear day towering above the blue range of mountains which form the horizon. If a passerby is asked "What mountain is that?" he will reply "Mount Hood," and will not dissent to a statement that it is the most graceful and handsome snow-capped mountain in the United States. Who was Hood, where did it get that name? It is a safe venture that not one in a thousand of Salem's citizens can tell; ask a pioneer of 1846 and the answer will be "I do not know." The encyclopaedia tells of sundry Hoods but there seems to be no reason to connect any of them with this mountain. More space is given to Lord Samuel Hood, Admiral of the British Navy,

than any of the others and it records an account of the active hand he took against the colonists in their war to throw off the British yoke—and also the fact that he was subjected to censure for his failure to relieve Cornwallis at Yorktown. But he does not appear to have ever been on the west coast of the United States and there seems to be no reason why Oregon's greatest mountain should be named after one of the enemies of our forefathers. The question from whence came this name is solved by a book recently published, "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," by Edmund S. Meany. In May, 1792, Captain Gray of Boston sailed into the mouth of a great river at 46° 10' N. L. and named it Columbia after the name of his ship.



Mount Hood from the Foot of the Great North Glacier.

He had communicated the existence of this river to Vancouver and it brought about the sending of Lieutenant Broughton, commander of the ship Chatham, one of Vancouver's fleet, to explore it. "In October, 1792, while Lieutenant Broughton was exploring the Columbia river he saw a fine mountain and on receiving his report, Vancouver wrote in his Journal as follows: 'The same remarkable mountain that had been seen from Belle Vue point, again presented itself, bearing at this Station S. 67 E.; and though the party were now nearer to it by seven leagues, yet its lofty summit was scarcely more

distinct across the intervening land which was more than moderately elevated. Mr. Broughton honored it with Lord Hood's name; its appearance was magnificent; and it was clothed in snow from its summit, as low down as the high land, by which it was intercepted, rendered it visible. Mr. Broughton lamented that he could not acquire sufficient authority to ascertain its positive situation, but imagined it could not be less than twenty leagues from their then Station.' The Station referred to is now occupied by the City of Vancouver."—Meany's Vancouver, etc.

A Letter Written by Major W. F. Barnhart

Acapulco, Mexico,
Aug. 9th, 1852.

Dear Sir:

I write you hurriedly from this place, on my way to the States and merely wish to say that it is sickly here and all along down this coast, beyond precedent. The cause is amongst the mysteries, but the fact is too apparent to admit of dispute—cholera and fevers unite to make a trip at this season, from Oregon to the United States, anything but a past time; and, in truth disease and death stare one in the face on every hand. Be assured that a trip from our highly favored Oregon to the Atlantic in August, 1852, will be long remembered by your correspondent as anything but attended with pleasure should he succeed in making it successfully with death and fearful malady greeting him from the outset to the close.

Today while stopping here for the steamer "to coal" I paid my respects to the resting place of Oregon's most able, faithful, and, who now doubts, **gifted** son—the never to be forgotten Thurston. And need I say to you or to any other man in whose bosom lives a just and righteous application of intrepid zeal and true devotion to Oregon—a country unsurpassed by any and every other worth living for and serving—that my heart fairly sickened within me as I looked upon the spot on foreign soil totally unmarked and undistinguished—where rests for the hour the last remains of as good and true a man as Oregon ever has or ever will find willing and able to serve her. This should not and must not be. The beneficent and just intentions of the Legislative Assembly of our Territory as expressed last winter respecting the

remains of that great and good man should be early carried out—and the earlier it is attended to the easier it will be to find the spot where rests his bones, which strange as it may seem from the conditions of things here, is almost impossible to be designated even at this early day; and, if the removal is unattended to for another twelve months it is not unlikely to be a source of much difficulty to find at all. In truth, at this moment I learn after diligent inquiry that there is but one man now living at Acapulco who was here at the time and attended his burial; and, it was alone through his kindness that I was pointed to the grave of the lamented Thurston. Let this fact not be forgotten, for by early care his ashes may be found and removed. Captain Tyler, an agent of the P. M. Co., today has placed a stone at the head of Mr. T.'s grave on which is marked the initials of the name of the Honorable member. While the gratitude of Oregon is due for this unsolicited and meritorious act, it is hoped that it may save much trouble hereafter in finding for removal and interment, to a land he loved and served so well, Oregon's noblest and truest public servant. I pray you, do not let this subject be overlooked.

The town here is in much the same condition as two years ago. But little change,—The incubus of Mexican habits and Mexican government rests upon it like the nightmare, and it only requires, it seems to me, the quickening, vigorous hand of American industry and the certainty and stability of American laws to make of it the most flourishing and prosperous town on the Mexican coast.

In haste, Yours, etc.,

* * * * *



Old Man Oregon.

Loju

The Reasons for the Formation of the Northwest Fruit Products Company and a Brief Account of the Experiments Required to Perfect Loju for the Market.

Paul Schmidt experimented four years before he obtained a loganberry juice, and a diluted loganberry juice which would remain clear. The final success of his experiments led the board of directors of the Salem Brewery Association to consider the developing of this industry, thus making use of the brewery plant when Oregon became a dry state.

Samples were prepared for the next board meeting, at which the question, whether it was a practical business proposition or not, was considered and additional verifications of the qualities of Mr. Schmidt's loganberry juice were made. The board was unanimous in their opinion that the qualities required to make it a success on the market were to be found in these specimens of juice. But before it was accepted they employed a chemist to make a thorough analysis and determine the reasons for these superior qualities.

He found, to the surprise of them all, that loganberry juice contained a large quantity of citric acid, a very small quantity of tannic acid, also a very small amount of tartaric acid. The presence of the citric acid alone was sufficient to assure the success of loganberry juice as a beverage because citric acid is known to have exceptional healthful properties, especially as it is a solvent of uric acid. Of all the non-intoxicating drinks known, lemon juice, which contains a large per cent of citric acid, is the most popular, notwithstanding it is a notable fact that of all soft drinks it is the least advertised.

Early in the year of 1915 The North-

west Fruit Products Company was formed for the manufacture of loganberry juice into a beverage and the handling and marketing of all Oregon fruits and their products, including cider and jellies, taking care to not put out anything but the very highest qualities so that all their brands may become known the nation over as the seal for the very best. They did not wait until January 1st, 1916, the date Oregon was to become dry, but at once the manufacture of beer was discontinued and preparations were made to handle the 1915 loganberry crop in a limited way.

"Longanberry Juice" is too long a name and they were casting about for a suitable title and trade mark when through the happy suggestion of Messrs. Frank and Peter Schmidt the first two letters of each word were selected and formed into the short and catchy word "Loju," the company immediately secured a copyright and Loju became their trade mark. Thus we have a new word which, whenever seen, attracts attention and is destined to become known "from Maine to Oregon." Successful advertising is an art and some simple coined word, such as "Uneda" placed before "a biscuit" can attract more attention and sell more goods than thousands of dollars' worth of carefully and correctly written advertisements. Like it "Loju" when seen, immediately awakens curiosity and the question; what kind of a word is that, and what does it mean? certainly would be asked had not the Schmidt Lithograph Co., of San Fran-



The Home of Loju, Salem, Oregon.

cisco, furnished the answer by creating "Old Man Oregon," a kindly white-haired old grandpa with a tall fuzzy white silk hat, such as grandpas used to wear fifty years ago. He is squeezing the "Loju" out of a great ripe loganberry and it is running through his fingers into a large bottle. While a number of small children have stopped their play and stand about full of anticipation of drinking this unrivaled beverage Grandpa is sure to serve them. "Loju" and "Old Man Oregon," it is safe to predict, will, before many years roll by, "place Salem on the map."

The company having been formed, the stock was subscribed for and officers elected, as it was an accepted fact that loganberry juice on the market as a beverage was certain to be a success, the board of directors proceeded to look carefully into the matter of raw products, manufacturing, equipments and economical distribution.

After the properties of the juice had been determined the question of the raw products was by far the most important. First it was necessary to learn from the Salem Fruit Union, or some other like organization of growers, at what price the berries could be grown at a profit. This profit must not be too small nor too great; if it were too small the grower, not finding the raising of the berries remunerative, would naturally plow out the vines, and, if it were too great, in a few years there would be an overproduction followed by a demoralization of prices, many berries raised would not be sold and the industry would experience results corresponding to those that were suggested in the first place. The desideratum was a profit that would produce a steady supply of the quantity needed for the wants of the trade. After the price to be paid the grower had been determined, before the charge for the finished product could be fixed it was necessary to add the percentage

of all the expenses of manufacturing and distribution, including advertising and freights; if it were to become a national beverage the distributing centers would have to be national and the freight rates set in accordance, keeping in mind the most economical methods of distributing articles of this kind; also proper margins to the broker, jobber and retailer must be taken into consideration. It is necessary to buy the berries or raw products from some such organization as the Salem Fruit Union in order to insure a steady flexible supply during the manufacturing season. But if at such a time, in case of some unforeseen condition or a breakdown, a stoppage in the purchasing of the raw product becomes necessary, then the Union can divert their goods to some other market, selling them as green berries or sending them to driers. But if on the other hand, the Association buys its supplies direct from the grower instead of the Union, under such circumstances the individual grower would hardly be able to find a market for the berries not taken and great losses would follow both to the grower and to the industry in general. Loganberry juice is a luxury pure and simple and is not like dried fruit or other staples which fluctuate in value from time to time according to the supply and demand. The price on a manufactured article can be lowered but not raised. It is the policy of The Northwest Fruit Products Company to establish a permanent business and not one of "juggling" the market contrary to the interests of the grower and in turn to their own interest. Such a method of doing business would disrupt the industry, and earn the loss of confidence of the grower. Every product of the soil, one time or another, has experienced such a disaster from having its business conducted in such a manner.

The board of directors of The Salem

Fruit Union realize the situation. During the past season the members of The Northwest Fruit Products Company have come in contact with a sufficient number of growers belonging to the Union to know that they understand the marketing conditions and the difficulties pertaining thereto, and they learned from them that the price paid is satisfactory. Furthermore, it is fully understood that the development of the loganberry juice industry will make loganberry growing more permanent. The juice industry, when once established, and backed by proper advertising, will become a permanent outlet for loganberries which are too ripe for the green shipping and drying stages. In addition the railroads are alive to the situation and realize that in many instances the rates must be adjusted to

those figures that the business can afford to pay; they are beginning to know more and more that the products of the soil when a loss to the farmer are also a loss of freight for them.

The Northwest Fruit Products Company have looked at this matter from every angle, have thoroughly gone into the science of the production of the beverage to the minutest detail and before attempting to manufacture it have assured themselves that they will produce the very best quality of loganberry juice possible. They have not only considered their own welfare in the matter but also that of the grower and the prosperity of all this section of Oregon, and now having overcome all the difficulties they are prepared to set before the people of the United States a soft drink which is unrivaled in the world.

Meditations On Repairs and Maintenance of Highways

Selected from the United States Agriculture Department Bulletin.

It is known that it is first necessary to protect the roadway from water, and therefore repair operations begin with drainage.

A broad shallow ditch on each side of the traveled way is required for drainage, such ditches must have ample outlets into natural drainage channels.

Continuous maintenance prevents the necessity of extensive repairs and keeps the roads always in good condition.

The operations involved in maintenance are in one sense small repairs.

Roads should not exceed 24 feet in width from gutter to gutter. Wider

roads allow a broad strip of sod and weeds to develop outside the actually traveled section. Such roads cannot be properly maintained.

Before a gravel road can be effectively maintained it should be put in thorough repair.

Gravel in the wearing courses should not contain pebbles greater than an inch in diameter, and should be uniform.

The economy in small repairs over extensive periodic repairs is largely due to the fact that defects in a road develop at an increasing rate if allowed to continue, and the cost of restoring

the road is consequently made greater than the actual sum of the cost of repeated minute repairs.

All gravel used for re-surfacing work should contain about 60 per cent of pebbles, varying in size, and an adequate amount of fine binding material or sand.

Quite frequently it is desired to repair an earth road by supplying a gravel surface. On such work patching with gravel in small spots is of no value. Gravel should be applied in continuous uniform layers, otherwise "chuck" holes will rapidly form at the edges of all patches.

Rolling with a ten-ton roller, while not absolutely necessary, is a great advantage to repair operations on gravel roads.

A moderate amount of clay is not harmful, but where considerable clay is present the gravel road bed becomes softened in wet weather and the road may go to pieces.

It has been unfortunately the misguided practice of many road supervisors to dump a load of gravel where a mud hole is present in an earth road, and some of the worst conditions are due to such treatment.

Every precaution should be taken to prevent the tracking of vehicles in one rut.

It is desirable to have a gravel road crowned at least three-fourths of an inch to the foot, and, as it will always tend to flatten somewhat, it is well to have the crown a little excessive on a new road surface.

A sharp crown on a narrow road tends to make team travel in one track exactly in the road center. It is clear,

therefore, that gravel roads should be as wide as needed to carry the traffic.

The use of bituminous binder on gravel surface has produced good results.

The essential requirements are well graded gravel with no large stones in the upper layer. Large stones on the surface tend to start ravel.

A gravel road surface may be effectively maintained by the use of hand rakes, a scraping grader, and sometimes by the split-log drag.

For a time the ruts and horse tracks which develop may be filled by raking, but later new material must be added.

Concrete culverts and bridges require almost no maintenance charges, whereas wooden bridges and culverts must be renewed every few years.

A split-log drag can be used advantageously in gravel road maintenance when the large stones on the surface have been removed.

In using a road drag upon gravel surfaces it is desirable to have both blades of the drag shod the entire length with strips of iron.

Sufficient gravel of the proper size for repairs should be placed along the road at frequent intervals.

A fundamental difficulty with the organization of road systems which must handle repairs and maintenance appears to be the failure to recognize that road work is a trade which requires training.

Training for road work must necessarily be obtained at the expense of the community. As a rule, road officials are not in office long enough to mature

their experience, and there is a constant waste of road funds.

It is well, wherever possible, to roll gravel roads once a year.

The main benefit from the road drag is the smoothing of incipient ruts and the constant preservation of the crown.

The prevailing lack of permanent culverts and bridges on highways is partly due to the unwillingness of short-term road officials to spend a

considerable amount of money in one place. Under a continuous administration some permanent culvert or bridge work may be done from time to time along a plan which contemplates the final improvement of all such structures.

Repairs and maintenance operations upon all public roads necessarily extend over a period of years. In order to secure effective execution of such operations a comprehensive plan for several years is necessary.

Scenery About Salem

Travelers report the wonders of the Selkirk Mountains, Yosemite Valley, the Grand Canon, and the Yellowstone Park, but we, too, have views that travelers might well come to see; all within an hour's ride of the Capitol. The roads are dry more than half of the year. The views are all from the hills and dry roads are needed for hill climbing in an automobile. The best season to see these views is in the Indian summer days of October, when there is no dust. Besides dry roads, clear days are needed for sight seeing, and Oregon has some days the clearness of which would defy the famed skies and atmosphere of Italy. A day when one can look to the very top of the vault above and the mountains stand out distinctly on the horizon is the day to select to see these picturesque landscapes.

After passing the Asylum farms, at the top of the hill take the road to the left. But, while passing over the road through Salem Prairie, don't fail to observe on the sky line to one's right the "State House Grove," situated on the "Black Place," near Prospect Hill. This is a grove of second growth fir trees, growing on the top of a prominent hill. The trees cover about two acres of land and are entirely surround-

ed by fields which were in grain but are now planted to orchards. There is in the center a full-grown fir tree which formerly formed the dome, but unfortunately the top of this tree has died down to the level of the tops of the other trees, and the dome effect is lost. Although less unique it is still the commanding object of the Red hills when viewed from North Salem or Salem Prairie.

When the turn to the left is made, the road is lined on either side with almost a continuous border of wild rose bushes, which in October are loaded with bright red berries among the still green leaves. Soon the crest of the Waldo Hills is reached. The Waldo Hills are not like the Red Hills and the Eola Hills, which always seem to have a hill still higher just beyond, but looking east one can see from a crest the hills roll on, up and down like huge waves, until they reach the Cascade Mountains. Mount Jefferson and Mount Hood rise above them all and break the blue horizon with their white garbs. To the left the land falls away and a glimpse of Salem Prairie and the hills over the river add to the charm of the landscape. It is marvelous how wonderful nature is. We have just passed the Witzel place and are now on the

edge of the Waldo Hills orchard district; for the next mile the drive skirts these orchards. To the provident mind man has added to this scene the many acres of well kept rows of fruit trees, which can not help but intensify nature's works.

We are now near Macleay, but turn and come back to town on a good road for Oregon, known as the Macleay road.

Many ride Rosedale way, as the best roads are there, and it is considered a scenic trip, but when in Rosedale turn to the right and go around the hill, when the McGilchrist four corners are reached take the Needham road leading south; a good road will be found, going up-hill most of the way for about a mile. Presently a turn is made and the crest of the next hill is the summit; without warning Ankeny Bottom almost springs into view. If this is the first visit a surprise is in store and an exclamation, "I didn't know such a scene was about Salem" is invariably heard. American Bottom is across the river on the west, rolling lands are beyond, with the Coast Range of blue mountains for a background. Through the center of the picture the Willamette River winds in and out among the trees, making a big bend over towards Buena Vista. The Oregon Electric Railway makes a straight line south through Ankeny Bottom, and over towards the Looney Butte in the southeast the Sidney ditch crosses it diagonally. The whole scene is colored by the fields of yellow stubble, the green of the trees and the sparkle of the sun shining on the water of the river. A written sketch can not describe half that is to be seen here.

Across the river, after crossing the track on the Wallace road, the second turn to the left is the Oak Grove road. For several miles it has been gravelled and is a good road. Up and down long hills past the Mountain View school house and the Twin Oaks farm this

drive is through Salem's principal cherry district, but there are many other orchards on either side of the road. As the journey nears the Summit church, by looking back a charming picture of Salem and its surroundings can be seen, but about half a mile farther on, after making several turns, the real summit is reached. Looking west one can see the Rickreall Valley and east the view is directly in line with the streets of Salem; the eye can follow along State street from the river past the State House; trees alone prevent the same being done on Court and Chemeketa streets. To the right is the Reform School and Chemawa on the left. Mount Angel College, a gray stone building on a high brown hill, is in the distance. Salem, with spires, buildings and trees, is in the center. The prairies beyond rise into the rolling land of the Waldo Hills on to the mountains. Should it be in the late afternoon, just over the hill the road widens and a place can be found to spread a cloth, build a fire out of the pieces of old rails discarded from the fences in times gone past, and brew a pot of coffee. The setting sun brings out the wonders and beauties of Polk County lying below with the indescribable green coloring and the Coast Range of mountains on the horizon.

The picnic over, a wait for the fire to burn out follows and darkness comes on. As it grows darker away to the west the lights of Dallas begin to sparkle and close to hills on the south those of Independence. At last the fire is out and it is quite dark. A start for home soon brings one back to the crest and suddenly Salem with its many lights is below. Lights extending from the Reform School to Chemawa seem to be almost countless, and one's amazement hardly abates as the journey proceeds homeward.

Next time the way leads through West Salem to the Brophy hophouse, then turns west up the hill. At the end of the first mile the question is apt to

be asked, "Why have you not brought me here before?" but the inquiry is made too soon, for it is not a great distance before the crown of Putnam Hill is reached. Again Salem is below, with the prairie, the hills, and the mountains in the background, surmounted by the snow peaks Hood and Jefferson. But the panorama includes the bottom lands along the Slough road with the hills beyond, Dr. Cusick's sightly place on Fairmount Park Hill, Croison Creek Canon, the Ball bungalow, Livesley's hop yard, and the Eola bend in the river extending past Hall's ferry until the water seems to end at the East Independence bend, where the trees cause it to be lost sight of, only to appear again a mile to the west, at the point where it turns south near Independence; as the glance passes back and forth over it all one fairly drinks in the various colorings of the fields and foliage, the river sparkling here and there in the sunlight, the hills, the mountains and the city. It is a picture that only nature can paint.

We keep the masterpiece for our last trip. We are again on the Oak Grove road and have gone by the Summit church, but this time we turn to the right at John Sykes' corner and proceed up and down until we come to the top of the hill which descends in one long decline to Spring Valley. Here we turn through a gate on the left and follow a road along the side of the hill through a wheat field to where the road rounds a fence corner. We are looking toward the west on the rolling land of Polk County, ending in the Coast Range, and on the brilliant greens of the hills, fading into the blue of the mountains. We move our view to right. Across the lower lands, which, with a graceful drop, round up again on the other side, is Bald Knob, half a mile to the northwest. The straight lines and green trees of the Eagle Crests orchards covering both sides of the hills add very much to the beauty of this dip. Beyond

this continue the Eola Hills range on into Yamhill County. Another move to the right and we behold Spring Valley seemingly way below us; one could easily imagine that we are a thousand feet above its flat surface. The tan stubble fields and plowed ground of this valley are marked off in squares by fences and ditches. Zena church is at the foot of the hill and from here the long, straight road crosses the valley to Lincoln. The river appears here and there, only to disappear again behind the trees, as it winds in and out on its way north towards the Columbia. Everywhere beyond the river trees seem to predominate until the eye reaches the Cascade Mountains. Suddenly one realizes that there are four snow peaks in sight, no, five, for away in the distance just the white top of Mount Tacoma (the great white mountain) is added to the list. The round tops of Adams and St. Helens are prominent in the distance and to the right Mount Jefferson's top plainly indicates that it is located back from the mountain range in view. But the majestic Hood surpasses them all; it seems as though one can see it from foot to apex as it towers above all others on the horizon. It is the most graceful and handsomest mountain in the United States.

The whole picture is inspiring; if Switzerland can surpass it, it is because its phenomena are all in a limited space. Switzerland's area is but 15,970 square miles, only one-sixth of the size of the State of Oregon. Its valleys and rivers are very small, while ours are large; their mountains are comparatively but a few miles away. When looking at Tacoma from Eagle Crest it is over a space of not less than two hundred miles, and the nearest mountain, Hood, is sixty miles away.

Changing clouds, lights and colorings of the different seasons make these wonderful views ever beautiful and new.



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