

04-Corvallis Magazine publication 1962 Fall

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Number 4

Autumn 1962

35 Cents

CORVALLIS

Magazine

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

You will want to save your copies of "Corvallis," for in it you will find the most complete record, old and new, of this city and county. The anatomy of a hometown where you live or through which you are passing.

Read the "Corvallis" magazine and you will better appreciate this town and the republic that is America.

"Corvallis"

P. O. Box 122
CORVALLIS, OREGON



NEW OCEANOGRAPHY CENTER AT OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY

POPULATION BALANCE SHEET

1962

Population of United States	175,000,000
" over 65 years	57,300,000
" left to work	117,700,000
" under 21 years	64,700,000
" left to work	53,000,000
Government Employees	24,000,000
Population left to work	29,000,000
" in the Armed Forces	12,000,000
" left to work	17,000,000
City & State Workers	16,800,000
Population left to work	200,000
" Insane and in Hospitals	126,000
" left to work	74,000
" that are drunks and bums	62,000
" left to work	12,000
" in Jails and Prisons	11,998
" left to work	2

YOU AND ME--AND YOU'D BETTER GET BUSY, AS I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF RUNNING THIS JOB ALL BY MYSELF. (Statistics by H. C. Cuthbert, Chicago)

Wilson's Pet Shop



225 South Second
CORVALLIS, OREGON

"Corvallis"

VOLUME 1 FALL 1962 NUMBER 4

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MEMBER

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WANTED - Short articles, old photos, drawings and other appropriate material.



CORVALLIS TOWN BAND IN 1880'S. PHOTO COURTESY OF ELAINE HECKART

Humbly Yours, by Tom Wilson

You know, I'm only 59 but more and more I'm getting to feel like an oldtimer around here. Perhaps this is partly because my father was born here too, in 1863, and also because my grandfather walked into town 12 years before that, along with George Cole and Philip Ritz. For instance, I remember the big auto show out between Washington and Adams on 10th St. A White Steamer caught on fire and burned up. A long time before that, however, Dr. Pernot sometimes knocked our fence down when he backed his Oldsmobile runabout out of his woodshed across the street from my grandfather's old house at 5th and Jefferson Sts.

I'm mentioning these things today because Earl Harris was out at our house this morning for a visit and asked me where I was born. I told him, "In the veterinary hospital at 526 So. 3rd." It was called the Wright house then, and it was not for animals. Probably the nearest horse doctor was down the street at Sol King's livery stable, where the Oregon State theater is now.

Mrs. Jay Reynolds (Minerva Kiger then), who lived in a house facing 4th street directly behind the Wright house, remembers when I was born. Mrs. Tunnison, whom Tunnison Lane was named for, was
Continued on next page

my nurse, but I don't remember that. I do seem to recall that I was a bottle baby and liked to throw my bottles out of the bed. I also remember sitting in a high chair. Because we had no cooking facilities in our rooms in the Wright house, we had our meals at Dr. Emmett Taylor's house, next door to the north, and I can remember the high chair for me and the huge round oak dining table for the big folks. Earl Harris also remembered the round oak table. He was a friend of Zack Taylor, who passed away last week, and who was the son of Dr. Emmett, who had a dentist's office upstairs in the Zierolf building on 2nd street.

The big house where Earl and Gordon Harris (present Mayor of Corvallis) lived was at 5th and A (now Western Avenue) and this house is still there. When I was much older, about 4½, and lived in the old Wilson house at 5th and Jefferson, I used to go down to the Harris house and play with Gordon's building blocks, which were made of real stone and much better than my own ABC wooden blocks. Earl had a little brass steam engine that really ran, but I was too young to play with that. Seems like I was always alone when I went there, but those trips to the Harris house and those wonderful stone building blocks are among my fond childhood remembrances.

Speaking of steam engines, I had one of my own when I was older, about 5, but it wouldn't

run. Awhile back, Mrs. Robert Ball (Esther Hayes then) reminded me about that. Esther lived in a house at 5th and Adams, and I sometimes went down there to cut out paper dolls with her. One day, when I had my steam engine with me, we had a fight over the paper dolls. She said I got real mad and stomped out saying, "I'll just take my steam engine and go home!"

The old houses around town had a lot of character about them. This picture shown at the right is of an old house where my folks lived for awhile before I was born. I think it was on 5th St. near the Courthouse, and this photograph was made about 1894.

Seated at left in the picture is my aunt Minnie Wilson, who later became a bacteriologist for the city of New York. She died several years ago.

Standing is my father, Joseph Hamilton Wilson, who was a lawyer and C.P.A. He died in 1919.

Seated at the bottom of the steps is my mother, Effa May Wilson, who passed away in July of this year. Next to her are Sheldon Handy and Grace Handy, Mother's half-brother and half-sister, both of whom died several years ago.

Higher on the steps is my aunt Cara, later to become Mrs. Will Wicks. She died about 20 years ago. Mr. Wicks was a horticulturalist for the state of Idaho and still lives in Boise.

This fine old house is gone;



all of the people in the picture are gone; Mr. Philips who made the photograph is gone; and, no doubt, this fading copy that I have reproduced here is the only one in existence. But this is part of the Corvallis story.

Thanks, Earl, for asking me about the old stuff this morning.



Il Punto, Rome

THE STORY OF CORVALLIS

Some Items and Events in the Story of Benton County

By John E. Smith

1899

Jefferson street sewer installed to 8-9th streets for college connection.

1903

Rural Free Delivery, Route 1 from Corvallis established March 1, Chancy Levee, carrier; routes 2 and 3 started, September 15 of same year. A long step forward in rural progress.

1910

Van Buren street sewer project came into use.

1911

State Board of Forestry created; head of forestry department at O.A.C. always to be a member.

1911-13

Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls work began in Benton County.

1912

Bridge built over the Willamette river at Corvallis. The Oregon Electric railway established a depot at east end of new bridge. Over 20 years of electric railway service to Corvallis began.

1913

Southern Pacific railway completed its west side line to Eugene. It was taken up from Cheshire to Eugene in 1936. Dr. Harry Lane, a native of Corvallis, became U.S. Senator from Oregon.



Ulysses G. McAlexander
"Rock of the Marne"

1914-17

4-H club work (the outgrowth of earlier boys and girls clubs and of legislation) began in Benton county. Southern Pacific west side railway electrified to Corvallis.

1915

James Withycombe of Benton county became governor of Oregon.

1917

State Highway commission began work. State tax on gasoline (the first in the United States) began in 1919.

1917-18

The "Rock of the Marne" and over 700 other officers and men from O.A.C., and many other men (and women) from Benton county served in World War I.

1918-20

Steamboat traffic to Corvallis was discontinued, (rail vs river).

1920

Paving (built by the public) began to be effective (motor vs rail). Completed from our north county line to Corvallis in 1920 and on to Monroe in 1921, it was to become, within the decade, a part of the (then) longest paved highway in the world, (from the Canadian to the Mexican border). The paving was completed to Albany in 1924 and to Philomath in 1931.

Fillmore street sewer and some laterals laid.

1922

Girl Scouts organized here. After a lapse of many years, it was resumed in 1946.

1927

I. L. Patterson, a native of this county, became governor of Oregon. Early experimental forestry conducted in Peavy Arboretum and in McDonald forest.

1928

4-H club fairs, Future Farmers of America, Adult education, 1929, began in Benton county. (1928-30)

1933

Passenger trains to Corvallis give way to bus line service. Park and Recreation board authorized by Corvallis city council.

To be continued



O.A.C. cadets along Jefferson street on lower campus, about 1911. Photo courtesy of Brooke Hukill.

STYMIED

We've instant coffee, instant tea,
Instant potatoes for you and for me;
Push-button puddings and meals on the shelf,
Pre-packaged houses and do-it-yourself;
Gadgets that work at the press of a lever,
Devices to make life the easiest ever.
Who knows? A machine may start making our dates!
We even have Univac choosing our mates.
But it cannot make love--and, no ifs, buts or maybes,
One thing it will never turn out--instant babies!

By Winifred Bell Fletcher, Riverside, California

IT'S BARBER-OUS

My head, it seems, is filled with hair.
I don't know how the stuff got there
And worst of all, it won't stay in,
But seeps out all day through my chin.

By Laurence Pratt, Portland, Oregon

WATERJUMP

Drained clouds saw themselves
In blue between the green,
Saw standing with them
Hedge
Harsh, mean....
Waiting fingers for quivering bellies,
Blood-red, black-satin in sun, now mud,
To network through the brown and find what lies beneath
But failing as muscles taut rose over clouds
Left prison hedge to guard its pond
And crushed the tender blades beyond.

By Barbara Mitchell, Los Angeles, California



Looking north from 2nd and Jefferson, about 1900?

Photographs courtesy of O.S.U. Archives



City Hall, 4th and Madison, about 1900?

Benton County Divided

by Joseph Hamilton Wilson

A little over a century ago the government set aside about a thousand square miles of wild, unsurveyed land along the western side of Benton county, Oregon, as a place to bring several thousand Indians who had been conquered in southern Oregon and northern California. They called it the Coast Indian Reservation, and in an unratified treaty gave it to the Indians for as long as there were Indians; or the grass grew green; or the waters flowed downhill. Prior to that it had been populated by a few handful of very low class Indians on the lower Alsea, the Yaquina, and the Siletz who were too lazy to hunt for meat but lived on fish and clams and the likes.

The reservation extended along the desolate Pacific shore from Cape Perpetua to Cascade Head and extended eastward to the "western boundary of the Willamette watershed." Those are the approximate boundaries of present day Lincoln county.

In 1866 an area about three townships wide across the heart of the reservation north of the Alsea river was opened for white settlement, the Indians were moved, and the Yaquina Push began. In 1879 the part south of the Alsea was opened and the Alsea Push ensued. In the early 1890's the timber barons of the east and the middle west, later to be

called the Looters of the Public Domain, became aware of the vast forest that clothed the remainder of the Indian lands, by then called the Siletz Reservation, and began their machinations toward having it opened for white men under the "agricultural" homestead laws then in existence. After giving each Indian a half section of land and setting aside some "tribal timber lands" Uncle Sam allowed the homesteaders in. That was in July 1895, about four decades after the original treaty.

Taking advantage of the natural unrest of the earlier settlers in the Yaquina country, over having to look afar to the seat of the county government at Corvallis for action on needed roads and almost non-existent bridges in spite of high taxes, and other governmental functions made expensive by distance, the timber barons from away behind the scenes engineered the creation of a new county close to the timber they expected to acquire after the rape of the Siletz began.

A man from Toledo, Charles Crosno, who was elected to the state senate from Benton county, introduced an act in the 1893 legislature to create the County of Bay, comprising the lands of the original Coast Indian Reservation, designating Toledo as

the county seat. The upper Alsea people chose to remain in the mother county, as it was closer to Corvallis than to Toledo. Senator Cogswell, of Lakeview, a Civil War veteran who still loved the memory of Honest Abe the Liberator of the Negroes (sic), put through an amendment changing the descriptive (and still more appropriate) name of Bay county to Lincoln, and the measure whirled through the senate.

By the time the law came up for action in the house, the powers that existed in Corvallis became aware of what was happening to them and raised five thousand dollars to fight its passage. They sent some lobbyists and others to Salem to kill the bill, especially when they learned that Tom Jeffrey, their local

state representative, was for it. E. H. Belknap, the other Benton county representative, from down around Monroe, was too busy with his own bill to create a Blaine county out of the south end of Benton and the north end of Lane to pay any attention to the Lincoln county bill. He passed his measure in the House, too, but Crosno and Senator Eakin of Cottage Grove buried it in a senate committee.

The Lincoln county bill was signed into law in February, 1893, in spite of the efforts of the Corvallis gang. Bob Johnson, who was there, told me there were fisticuffs in the committeerooms and the hallways in the House. They took it out on Tom Jeffrey when the legislature was over by running him out of Corvallis.



Jump Off Joe, near Nye Beach, Newport, about 1900. Yaquina Head and lighthouse in distance. Photo by E. E. Wilson, courtesy of O.S.U. Archives.

FREE WILL

Though some contend our wills are free,
For each reaction we may make
We find our choices limited
To big or small mistakes.

By W. Arthur Boggs, Oswego, Oregon

SAD REFLECTION

If to pie and chocolate cake
And candy I succumb,
Too soon my looking glass reflects
The shape of things to come!

By Winifred Bell Fletcher, Riverside, Calif.



Andrews & Kerr cafe in Masonic building. The Rennie barn is across the street, where the Whiteside theater is now. The Methodist church is on the corner now occupied by Penny's store. The City Hall tower shows above the roof of the Masonic building. Photograph by courtesy of Mrs. R. M. Peffer.

THE JOHNSON MULKEY RESIDENCE



The first house in what is now Corvallis to have running water was this residence of Johnson Mulkey, built in 1853 near the Oak Creek road and the north side of Baldy hill. The water flowed through the kitchen in a flume extending from the side of the hill.

Johnson Mulkey was the brother of the Hon. James L. Mulkey, who was a member of the first legislature under Territorial organization. The Mulkey donation land claim was located here in 1845, and a cabin was built in that year, one year before the cabin of Jos. C. Avery, founder of Corvallis, was built near Mary's river and south Third street.

Johnson Mulkey Porter and Mary Mulkey were married in this house in 1858. They were the

parents of Fred J. Porter, who loaned us this old photograph.



Construction detail. The boards were planed by hand.



Corvallis, April 1871, from the porch of the D. G. Clark house on college hill where Waldo Hall now is located. This was also known as the Hogg house, where Colonel T. Egerton Hogg, promoter of the Oregon Pacific railroad, lived. Many years later, the house was moved down Jefferson street to 11th, where it is now the Austin apartments.

The roadway shown at left is the present walk through lower campus. Tall building at left is Episcopal seminary and church. The original Corvallis College is slightly to the right (with cupola). Presbyterian church (with steeple) is at far right.

The picture at right shows the campus many years later. Cauthorn Hall (now Kidder) is at left, Hogg house is next. Across Jefferson street in center distance is the Lewis Wilson house, where E. E. Wilson who took this picture lived. Farther right is the Withycombe house, which was identical with the Wilson house. The large building at right was Mechanical Hall, later destroyed by fire.

Smaller building at extreme right is still standing. It was the chemistry building at that time.

Photographs by courtesy of O.S.U. Archives.



ARTHUR BERMAN, 1888-1962

by Elaine Heckart

From the obituary of Arthur K. Berman which appeared in the *Corvallis Gazette-Times*, June 18, 1962:

"He was born in Decatur, Ill., July 26, 1888, the son of D. D. and Emma Rife Berman. The family came to Corvallis in 1890 and he lived here ever since. He was married to Mary Alice Murphy on June 25, 1913.

"A 1907 graduate of Oregon State in Pharmacy, he opened a store here in 1912 and has been active in the pharmacy profession until his sudden death Sunday night. He was also active in community affairs for many years. He was a member of the Christian church and served on its board for 48 years. He served eleven years each on the State Board of Pharmacy and on the State Board of Health. He was honorary president of the National Association of Boards of Pharmacy in 1950-51, was a past president of the Chamber of Commerce, treasurer and director of the O.S.U. Alumni Association, past president of the Benton County Pioneer Historical Society, member of the Men's Garden Club, Knights of Pythias, charter member and first president of the Corvallis Knife and Fork Club and a member of the National Collegiate Players and the Corvallis Community Players.



"Survivors include his wife and two sons, Robert K. and Karl D., one sister, Mrs. Ethel McGinnis and ten grandchildren, all of Corvallis."

The above obituary gives the pertinent facts of the life of Arthur K. Berman. A scrapbook, kept over the years by his wife, Mary, listing his many interests and achievements, shows more of the depth and character of this man.

No biography of Mr. Berman is complete without the story of his constant companion and helpmate, Mary Berman. So---let us look back some forty-nine years to a June evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Murphy of Corvallis. Here, relatives and

friends gathered for the wedding. The Rev. Albin Esson, of Albany, officiated.

Mrs. Berman's family, the Murphys, had crossed the plains in 1852 from Monmouth, Illinois. Rev. John E. Murphy was leader of the wagon train with William Murphy, Mary Berman's grandfather, second in command. These men, together with other relatives in the wagon train, founded the town of Monmouth, Oregon, (named for their hometown in Illinois), the Christian Church there, and also the Oregon Christian College (now the Oregon College of Education). At present, Mrs. Berman is sorting through personal items and keepsakes, selecting articles of historical interest to send to the state archives for preservation.

The first Berman drugstore was located in the 100 block on south 2nd street. In 1924 it was moved to 2nd and Madison where they continued in business for three decades more. This was the oldest drugstore in the Willamette valley to operate continuously under the same management. Their employees were dedicated people, some of whom stayed with the firm many years. Employment there made it possible for many Oregon State University students to attend the school of pharmacy, and the Bermans later established the A. K. Berman Scholarship in Pharmacy.

No citizen was more active in civic work than Mr. Berman. He was a leader in Defense Bond sales, Red Cross drives, Christ-

mas T. B. stamp sales, and other worthy projects. Both of the Bermans were devout church workers and helped especially in raising money for the new Christian Church Building Fund. As a guest speaker and master of ceremonies, Arthur Berman was the town's number one choice. From high school days throughout his life he was interested in dramatics, and in college was the joint founder of the Mask and Dagger club. His jovial disposition and gentle humor made him a popular performer in any role he played.

Here is a poem found in the pages of the scrapbook (author unknown):

"The cup of fellowship we quaff
And then enjoy a belly laugh
At Arthur's chaff."

In no role was he more appreciated than as Santa Claus at Christmastime when his ten little grandchildren made up the audience. The Berman home always was a treasure house of fine antiques and keepsakes. Their rugs, silver, and glass are exquisite. Flower gardening has always been a delightful hobby for them.

On Father's Day, June 17, 1962, the Bermans enjoyed an especially happy day. They attended church in the morning, dined with son Karl and family and, in the afternoon, took Mrs. McGinnis for an auto ride. They also visited the rose show, where grandson Arthur had a ribbon winning exhibit. In the evening, Mr. Berman retired and fell asleep while reading. He was not to awaken. --So, his life

ended as he had wished, quietly and without warning.

Carrying on in the family tradition, his two sons, Robert and Karl each operates a drug-store. Robert's is on 3rd street near Jefferson; Karl's is on Monroe near 26th street.

NEW PEOPLE RUSH TO OREGON

It is estimated that about 40,000 people came to Oregon in 1852.

An Oregon Pioneer is officially described as a person who came to Oregon before 1859.

CREATION SAYS OF MAN

By trees I led his eyes upward.

By prairies I lured his steps forward.

I poured him nectars and nuts for pleasures;
Wind lisp, sea-roar for rhythmic measures;

Made needs to prick his arm to doing;
Perils to goad his brain to stirring.

I gave him power, to build his pride;
Death-fear to humble before he died.

By Laurence Pratt, Portland, Oregon



Siletz Indians at Agency, about 1900.
Photo courtesy of O.S.U. Archives.



Alsea, Oregon, 1912. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Dan Chamberlain.



Ferry boat on Willamette river at Corvallis, about 1900. The tree on river bank at left was called the *Witness Tree*. It marked the dividing line between the Avery and the Dixon claims, and it also marked the northern boundary of the town of Marysville. It was near the foot of what is now Jackson street. Photo courtesy of O.S.U. Archives.

FURY and the Mellow

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

I've at last gotten around to a careful look at your summer issue of *Corvallis*---after completing my new history book and spending a month directly afterward in helping a chap compile a directory in Oslo.

I liked seeing the picture of you and your brother as part of a band.

And I am quite excited by the Bible data gathered by John E. Smith. I had not known it was Langton who divided it into chapters, nor that the division into verses was so late.

Above all, I am concerned that a 3-century-old translation of the Bible can be copyrighted!

If the fine old *Douai* version can be copyrighted--at this late date--I suppose other versions can be too. So who knows what version, if any, he can safely quote?

Some fine morning a minister may wake up to find he cannot print his sermons, because they happen to quote more than 200 words from some standard ancient translation of the Bible.

Books containing famous sayings, like *Bartlett's Quotations*, may have to drop the Biblical section. How horrible!

I can hardly imagine anything more contrary to the spirit of the Bible than copyrighting someone else's translation of

it, for a little petty, unearned financial profit. I wonder if the "Confraternity of Christian doctrine" have read the Bible? Such sections as Acts 4:34, for instance?

Tertius Chandler
Gothenburg, Sweden

Dear Tom:

Your Number 3 *Corvallis* is even better.....

Remember me to Mrs. Berman, who also taught me. I was very upset when she got married....

Ray Bethers
London, England

Dear Tom:

Got the last mag and enjoyed it as usual. You really are digging up the past. Come to think of it, I saw one of Ray Bethers' books in the local library the other day.

....I was in an old second hand store at Folsom, Calif., and found a 1923 O.A.C. Beaver year book. Many characters in it I once knew. Cost me a buck but was worth it.....

Wayne Harralson
Compton, California

Dear Editor Wilson:

....3rd issue of *Corvallis*... I was attracted to the picture of the carriage factory which was built in Corvallis about seventy years ago. I thought you might be interested in some of the

background which had to do with the construction and failure of that enterprise.

I well remember the money raising drive which was headed by a prominent attorney of Corvallis, whose name I cannot remember. The argument put forth at the time was based on the claim that because Oregon had great quantities of oak timber, it seemed foolish to be shipping wagons and carriages from the east coast and middle west at great cost, and that they should be manufactured where there was an abundance of hardwood. The drive for capital was quite successful, as nearly everyone bought stock, and in due time the factory was built. In a short time all available space was filled with new and attractive buggies.

The management, however, made two fatal mistakes which accounted for the failure of the undertaking. The first one was that when salesmen for the new concern went on the road in search of orders, they found that nearly every hardware dealer in the Willamette valley and on the west coast had signed sales contracts with either the Bain or the Studebaker wagon firms, and for that reason could not take on agencies with the new factory, even though it was a local firm.

The second shock that developed was the fact that the Oregon oak could not be dried sufficiently and, as soon as a new buggy was on the road a month or two, the spokes began to rattle, and this meant that

every wheel had to be taken to the shop to have the tire tightened, at considerable cost to the owner. This soon spoiled the reputation of the output, and within a few months the enterprise had to fold up, and everyone who had invested any money in the factory lost it.

It broke the promoters, helped break one of the banks, and it took a long time for Corvallis to recover from this disastrous experience.

I bought one of the buggies, and know just how soon it went to pieces.

John A. Gellatly
Wenatchee, Washington

Dear Mr. Corvallis:

Just an heretical word or two during the excitement in Oxford, Mississippi. Why do we all condemn Governor Ross Barnett, but extol, applaud, glorify Robert E. Lee?

I suggest that Robert E. Lee was the greatest traitor in the history of the United States. Much more than Benedict Arnold, for instance. When Arnold sold out, this was not yet an established country. It was trying to become one. And Arnold was most unfairly treated by the body acting as a congress. Lee, on the other hand, was a citizen of a nation that had been established for nearly three quarters of a century. He was educated in its military school. He was offered command of his nation's armies. Not accepting, he chose adherence

Continued on next page

to one region of the nation, and fought against his country. His military genius kept the war going for years, and brought about untold misery. And strangely, we praise him as if he were the country's great hero.

Of course, that is the politic thing to do, to keep the good will of the South. Praise the great traitor. Keep the nation welded together by that praise, hypocritical though it may be. Never let on that he is largely responsible for the wreck of the South which still exists, and the death of thousands upon thousands of patriots.

Now it is politic to condemn all who are in favor of keeping the integrity of the Caucasian race of man, because the colored races have been lifted by the whites to a point where they can defy their benefactors and more and more strongly threaten them. Therefore, our present enemies, the Slavs and the Mongols, are able to propagandize, our colored people are able to propagate at a ratio that will in a few generations make them dominate our country, and the brotherhood of man is preached partly because of principle, but largely for political reasons. We dare not do otherwise. So, praise Robert E. Lee, but condemn Ross Barnett.

Mr. Corvallis, are you a son of the Confederacy? If so, just relieve your indignation toward this letter by writing a blistering reply.

L. P.
Portland, Oregon

Editor's Note:

Robert E. Lee, traitor, fought to preserve the Gracious Southern Way of Life. This was the right to buy and sell human beings, to breed them on slave farms like animals, to sell the offspring to white degenerates or anyone who had the money.

It was the way of life an ancient Egyptian, Ikhnaton, had abolished 3,000 years ago--- Human Slavery.

The southern slave owners and dealers often paid high prices for choice slaves who might improve their herds, as cattle breeders buy prize bulls to improve their animals. If they wished to produce slaves of a lighter color, they could use white gentlemen for that. In addition to producing valuable merchandise to be sold on the slave markets, the Negroes did all of the manual labor, making the gracious southern way of life even more comfortable.

Robert E. Lee was, as you say, L. P., a traitor to his country, and lost his war. Ross Barnett, a criminal type, personifies the psychopathy of the deep South.

Of more local interest, your editor's great uncle, J. Lapsley Yantis, who founded the First Presbyterian church of Portland, owned a slave whom he brought to Oregon when he came to be a circuit rider for the church. The slave is said to have cost him about \$1,800, and he escaped into California when preacher Yantis was on a mission in the southern Oregon area.

FIRST HIGH SCHOOL Y.M.C.A. IN OREGON



First high school Y.M.C.A. in Oregon was started in Corvallis in 1912. The organizers and first officers are shown in this photo, from 1912 "Chintimini" which was the successor to "The Sparkler" of 1911, first Corvallis high school annual.

Top row, left to right, are Guy Martin, Sec.-Treas.; Joe Wilson, President; Wallace Cate, member. Bottom row: Ralph Rollins, member; Mr. McBride, O.A.C., Advisor; Joe Bonner, Vice-President.

FROM THE EDITOR'S ALBUM

Corvallis Boy Scouts, 1917, on the steps of the old Central School.

We took scouting seriously and managed with very little supervision. The Rev. Mr. Sherman of the Episcopal church was the scoutmaster for Troop I, and he usually went with us on our long hikes and camping trips.

A journey to the top of Mary's Peak was a big deal, requiring at least three days. The first day would be a ride in a wagon to Rock Creek at the foot of the mountain, where we would camp out. No tents--just sleeping on the ground, and you could hear cougars all around the place. Next day would be the terribly hard climb up the mountain.

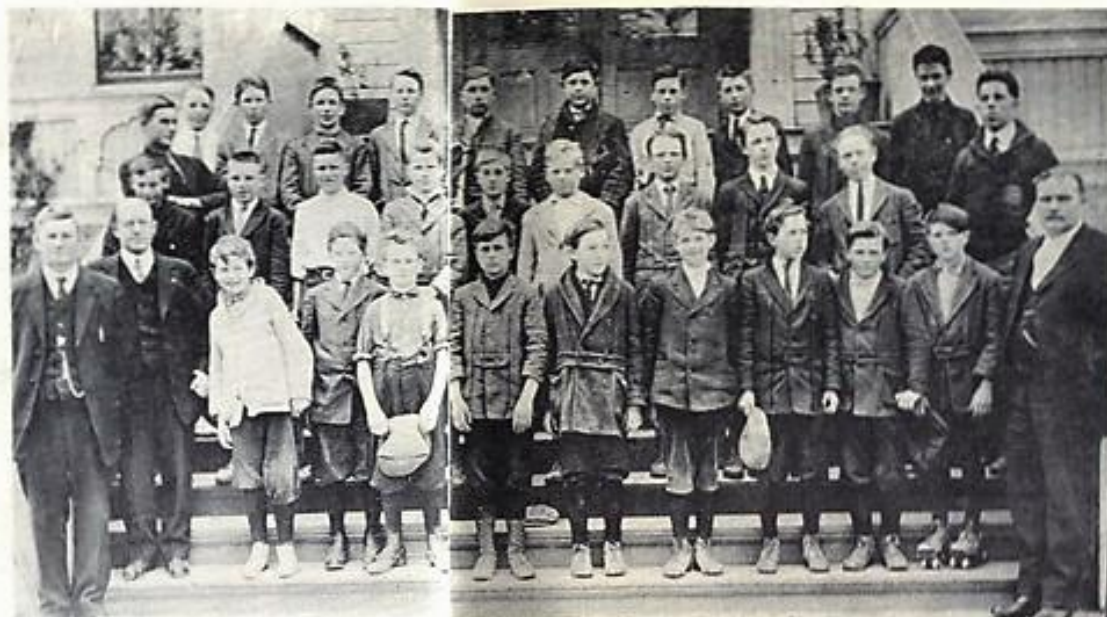
These were the wonderful days of discovery and friendship. Of this group, I can name only four still living around Corvallis.

FRONT ROW, left to right.

1. Prof. Marion Wood.
2. Rev. Sherman.
3. ?
4. "Little Red" Todhunter.
5. Dick Fagan.
6. Ralph Lilly.
7. Julian Morgan.
8. Bernard Guthrie.
9. Tom Wilson (your editor).
10. ?
11. Paul Turner.
12. Prof Johnston.

MIDDLE ROW

1. David (Doc) Foster.
2. ?



3. ?
4. ?
5. ?
6. Frank Rice.
7. Dean Patterson.
8. Horace Dryden.
9. Guy Cole.
10. Scoutmaster Lance?

TOP ROW

1. ?
2. Fred Gates (in white shirt).
3. "Big Red" Todhunter.
4. Leonard Hatch.
5. Alfred Archibald.
6. Clarence Rands.
7. Tweedie Morgan.
8. Dick Ayers.
9. Roy Norton.
10. Ray Bethers.
11. ?



The Wade Malone store at Alsea, about 1912. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Dan Chamberlain.



CUTHBERT

LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide them from sight completely,
As each bitter cup you quaff;
Lock all your heart-aches within it,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents,
Never its secrets share;
Drop in your cares and worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight completely,
The world will never know half;
Fasten the top down securely,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.

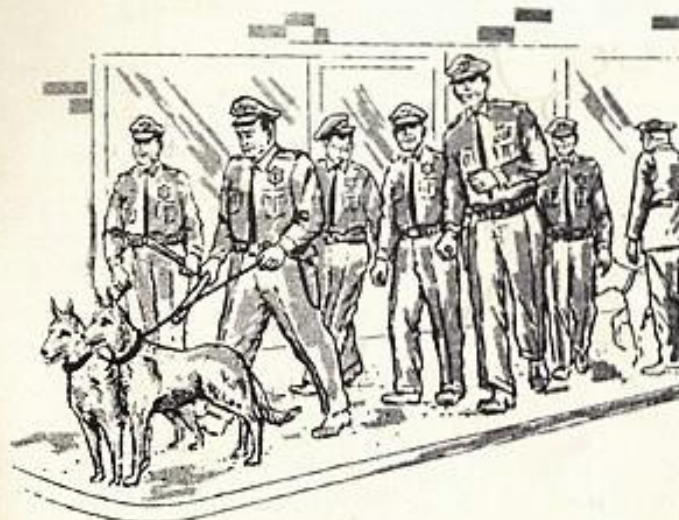
Anon.

Submitted by Cuthbert, our Chicago correspondent.



LOOKING WEST FROM FIRST AND ADAMS, 1907. THE CARRIAGE FACTORY IS SHOWN IN LEFT BACKGROUND. PHOTO COURTESY OF EARL HARRIS.

This Finer Shadow



In Louisiana, last December 15th, the Baton Rouge police were out for Ronnie Moore. They waited with guns, tear gas, police dogs.

For a murderer? A bank robber? A madman?

Worse, according to City officials—a 21-year-old Negro college student wanted to buy a cup of coffee in an all-white lunch counter.

For this, he was set upon by dogs, bombarded by gas grenades, jailed for seventy-eight days and required to post \$12,500 bail!

For the moment Ronnie is free. But, he faces *ten years at hard labor*. The charge? *Criminal Anarchy!*

Perhaps the District Attorney realized that public opinion could reach even to Baton Rouge. I say, "perhaps," because he told Ronnie he'd let him plead guilty to Sedition—five years at *hard labor*.



Ronnie Moore

SUBMITTED TO CORVALLIS BY C.O.R.E.