

06-*Corvallis Magazine* 1963 Spring

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Corvallis, Oregon



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"Corvallis" MAGAZINE

Spring 1963

35 Cents

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 home-town 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



Wilson's Pet Shop



EVERYTHING
FOR YOUR DUMB FRIENDS

225 South Second
CORVALLIS, OREGON



SECOND STREET, 1963. LOOKING SOUTH FROM MONROE. THE CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT PLANS CALL FOR RAZING ALL OF THESE BUILDINGS.

"Corvallis"

Vol. II Spring 1963 No. 2

Corvallis Magazine is published quarterly by Thomas A. Wilson, P. O. Box 122, Corvallis, Oregon.

MEMBER

Benton County Pioneer-Historical Society
Oregon Historical Society

Classified Advertising: 10 cents per word. Display: full page, \$25; 1/2 page, \$15; 1/4 page, \$10; 1/8 page, \$5.50. SPECIAL RATE for business and professional cards: \$5 for 4 issues. Subscriptions - \$1 a year.

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

COVER: O.A.C. football players of the 19th Century. Photograph by W. S. Gardner at his studio on Ninth street near Madison. Do you know these athletes' names?

LOOKING FORWARD

with TOM WILSON



SECOND STREET, 1903. LOOKING SOUTH FROM MONROE.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK at this 1903 photo of Second street, southward from Monroe, and then observe the new one made in April, 1963.

Most of the buildings along the street in 1903 are still here sixty years later, although many have had their faces lifted a bit through the years. This is the most valuable real estate in town, but eight of the stores in these two blocks are empty today.

This street is to be laid bare from Monroe to Jefferson, from the Willamette to the alley between Second and Third—the heart of Corvallis, which was, in 1850, the north end of Marysville.

And then it will be resurrected.

Urban Renewal they call it. And it is none too soon.

The Corvallis architects have made a good plan. This central area will be first to feel the swinging ball and jackhammers of the destroyers. And then, as the plan unfolds, a great shopping and recreation center will arise, extending from Harrison street to the marina on Mary's river and up to Sixth street. It will even include a strip of park across the Willamette, where the town of Orleans stood before the great flood of 1861.

A modern, mall-type, pedestrian-oriented, glittering city will arise here. It will be as large as

the huge Lloyd Center in Portland—newer and better, of course.

Although I have spent most of my sixty years on Second street, in business and out, in happiness and despair, I look forward eagerly to this birth of a new city. It is a very personal matter to me.

My great-uncle, William Hamilton, had the first bank in town on this street. My grand-uncle, James Yantis was owner and editor of the *Gazette* newspaper here. My grandfather, Bushrod Washington Wilson, county clerk from 1864 to 1894, used to play chess with old "Gun" Hodes in his shop where Jack Porter now has his insurance office. My father, Joseph Hamilton Wilson, had his law offices in two of those tall buildings:

I saw my first movie, "Paul Revere's Ride," at the Palace, the first theater in town, on this street. I had jobs in several of these old buildings, had my own businesses in four of them, joined three lodges on this street, and I'm here now, where Walter Kline, Graham & Wortham, and others had their stores.

I have been in love here; in fact, I met my wife, Marie, at a street



OREGON LEGISLATURE REVIEW OF OAC CADETS, 1903. SCENE IS ON LOWER CAMPUS. WHITE HOUSE AT RIGHT IS GARDNER'S STUDIO ON NINTH STREET.

dance down there in the middle of the picture. And I have seen sunset and the Second street dawn come many times over.

Oh yes, the old town of Corvallis is something for remembering. Let us tear her down kindly, with respect, and maybe a sigh. ☹

Corvallis Magazine is now nationally recognized and has been mentioned prominently in some large writers' publications, such as *Writer's Yearbook*. We are receiving many articles and stories from all parts of America and with this issue are beginning a section for original creative writing. Our first selection is a slight but sensitive piece, "Slaves of Time," by Sgt. Joseph E. Barnett, of the U. S. Air Force, Oklahoma City.

Also in this issue is our first paid advertising. First ad is from the P & L Trading Post, Albany; second ad is from Nichols Garden Nursery, Albany.

We need advertising support, as does the *Saturday Evening Post*, which lost \$18.9 million last year.

Patronize our advertisers. They help support Corvallis.

Corvallis was Capital of Oregon - 1855



The capitol building faced east at Second and Adams. Later it was moved west of the alley and faced toward Adams.

In 1850 Oregon City was the territorial capital. It was moved to Salem in 1852. As the new wave of immigrants poured into the Willamette valley pressure was brought to move the capital farther south, and in 1855 the legislature passed an act moving the seat of government to Corvallis. Both houses met on December 3, 1855, at Corvallis and voted to move the capital back to Salem, where it convened on December 18.

Ten days later the new statehouse at Salem and the new state library burned down. It was then decided to take the matter of a permanent location of the capital

to the voters of the territory. In June, 1856, several cities received votes, but none had the required majority, so another election was held in October. Eugene City won. However, the legislature and supreme court ignored the results of the election, so the capital remained at Salem.

Oregon was admitted to the Union in 1859 and the law required that the permanent location of the capital be decided at the first session of the legislature. They decided to refer the matter to the electorate, and in 1862 almost every town and city in Oregon received some votes, none having the required majority.

Finally, in 1864, at another election Salem won with a majority of 79 votes over all other contesting cities.

From the Gilbert Beach Album

THE BEACH FARM was directly north of the Van Buren street bridge on the east bank of the Willamette river. Charles Beach arrived there in 1883 and his brother John came a year later. They engaged in general farming but were best known for the splendid work horses they bred, some of which are shown in these photographs, loaned to us by Mrs. Gilbert Beach. Gilbert is the son of Charles

Beach. The University took over the property in 1952.

The old ferry landing was practically in their front yard and the Oregon Electric RR depot was just east of the farmhouse. It now serves as crew house for the OSU rowing club.

The new Harrison street bridge will cross the river here, and it is proposed that the University will have a golf course nearby.



IN THIS PICTURE OF THE BEACH FARM ARE JOHN AND CHARLES BEACH, BERT SHARP, ROY HATHAWAY, HOMER AND GILBERT BEACH. THEY HAD PRIZE WINNING HORSES.



OREGON ELECTRIC DEPOT



JOHN BEACH (L), CHARLES (R). PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT SECOND AND JACKSON, LOOKING NORTH. FARMER'S FEED BARN IN LEFT BACKGROUND IS AT THE PRESENT LOCATION OF THE FORD GARAGE. THIS STREET WAS PAVED IN 1910.



COMPANY K, OREGON NATIONAL GUARD. CHARLES MURPHY, CAPTAIN. HERSHEL ELLENBERG, LIEUTENANT. PHOTO TAKEN 1915 OR 1916.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF MRS. ROBERT TAYLOR AND MRS. GILBERT BEACH



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON STEPS OF OLD CENTRAL SCHOOL NEAR EIGHTH AND MADISON, ABOUT 1912. FRONT ROW, L TO R, CECIL IRWIN, LYNN AVRILL, (?), ORLO JOHNSON, BOB BALL, EDITH CHIPMAN, PEARL FEGLEY, MILDRED JACKSON, (?). SECOND ROW: TUCK WHITEHORN, INEZ GRAHAM, ISABEL GELLATLY, MISS STRANGE, NEXT THREE GIRLS NOT KNOWN. TOP ROW: FRANK FRANCISCO, RUSSELL MCHENRY, JOE SKELTON, (?), GILBERT BEACH, (?), CHET BRODERS, MISS HANNEL (TEACHER). PHOTO FROM MRS. GILBERT BEACH.



MR. C. HODES ON SECOND STREET, ABOUT 1890. MONTGOMERY WARD STORE IS NOW ACROSS THE STREET BEHIND MR. HODES. VARIETY BAKERY IS IN THE BUILDING AT EXTREME LEFT.



MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN WITH THE YOUNGER SET WAS FRANK M. BULLIS, WHO HAD HIS POPCORN WAGON AT THE CORNER OF SECOND AND MONROE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE IN 1911. LITTLE GIRL NEXT TO FRANK IS ALICE BULLIS, AGE 3 (NOW MRS. GLENN CLARK). IN BACKGROUND AT LEFT WAS REICHART'S CLOTHING STORE AND WILLIAM'S CIGAR STORE AND FACTORY. ON CORNER AT RIGHT WAS THE PEOPLE'S MEAT MARKET.

FRANK BULLIS STARTED THE EAST SIDE SAND AND GRAVEL COMPANY IN 1923. THE GLENN CLARKS TOOK THIS OVER IN 1934. THEIR SON, ROBERT F. CLARK, WORKED FOR THEM. HE DIED IN 1954. IN 1959 THE CLARKS SOLD OUT TO MURRAY MARQUIS, MIKE BEVANICH, AND QUENTON GREENOUGH. FRANK BULLIS DIED IN 1943. PHOTO COURTESY OF MRS. GLENN CLARK.



THE AUGUST HODES GROCERY STORE WAS ON SECOND STREET IN THE BUILDING WHERE THE MAN'S SHOP WAS LOCATED UNTIL RECENTLY. STANDING IN FRONT OF STORE ARE HENRY GERDING, CARL HODES, AUGUST HODES, AND LINDSAY SHARP. (PHOTO OSU ARCHIVES)

EARLY MONROE

(Submitted by the Benton County Junior Historical Society of Western View junior high school.)

The first man to sign the constitution of the State of Oregon was Henry Brainard Nichols. His granddaughter, Miss Madeline Nichols, still lives in a big house near Alpine on the donation land claim that has been in the Nichols' family for three generations.

In 1852 Henry Brainard Nichols punched a bull team overland from Iowa to Oregon in the near-record time of five months. He first settled along the Umpqua river. Many men were returning disheartened from the California gold fields. Mr. Nichols and his young wife stopped at Starr's Point, which was the only post office this side of Marysville, which was to become Corvallis the next year. At Starr's Point they met H. B. Hinton. Hinton had replaced Samuel F. Starr the summer before and had moved the mail post to his home on the "big road." Silas Belknap and George Starr had a new general store next door to Hinton's mail post. After Nichols had talked to the people here he decided to take up 320 acres near Starr's Point, which later became Monroe.

There were many cattle and horses, some logging, and dairying in this area. Nichols also

raised grain, but soon realized he was going to have to get another job to keep his family and new farm going. He was a graduate of Wesleyan University, in Connecticut, later going to Iowa where he organized and directed a select school at Muscatine for five years before heading for Oregon. He became the new schoolmaster at Ebenezer, a log cabin school near the Sewell Hawley place, now known as Campbell Hill. Many years later Nichols' son, Richard J. Nichols taught at Ebenezer school before he became librarian at O.A.C., now Oregon State University. R. J. Nichols' daughter taught the school after it was moved and renamed Alpine.

In 1851 the first steamboat had come up the Willamette river, and with later ships that came up, Corvallis had become the terminal for shipping freight between the water route and the ox teams on the Territorial road to Marysville, California. In 1855 Corvallis became the capital of the Oregon Territory. In December the legislature met just long enough to pass one bill--which moved the capital back to Salem. Nichols was elected to the Territorial legislature. Later he was a member of the first legislature under the State of Oregon. A. G. Hovey, Clerk of the District Court and Master and Commissioner in Chancery for

Benton county, wrote to his friend Nichols, then at the convention in Salem, regarding the tension over slavery.

A slave named Reuben Shipley had taken up a donation land claim near Philomath after he had been freed by his owner on his arrival from Missouri. Shipley married Mary Jane Ford, the slave of a man who lived near Dallas. Then he had to buy her before he could take her home. That was a very short time before Corvallis became incorporated as a city, and Oregon applied for admission into the Union.

Miss Madeline Nichols tells the story of a very fast trip between San Francisco and Portland, before even a railroad joined the

two. Her uncle, Leander Loomis, of Monroe, had converted all his money into gold and left it with Wells Fargo in Portland. He went to San Francisco and applied for credit and was refused. It developed that the Portland Wells Fargo office had failed, and an order to close its doors was on a steamer outbound for Portland. Loomis got a horse and rode night and day, getting fresh horses where he could. He galloped through Portland's muddy streets to the Wells Fargo office and got his several thousand dollars in raw gold before a messenger from the steamer walked in and closed the Wells Fargo Portland office for good.



FISCHER'S FLOUR MILL ON THE WILLAMETTE SOUTH OF MARY'S RIVER
(OSU ARCHIVES)

THE STORY OF CORVALLIS

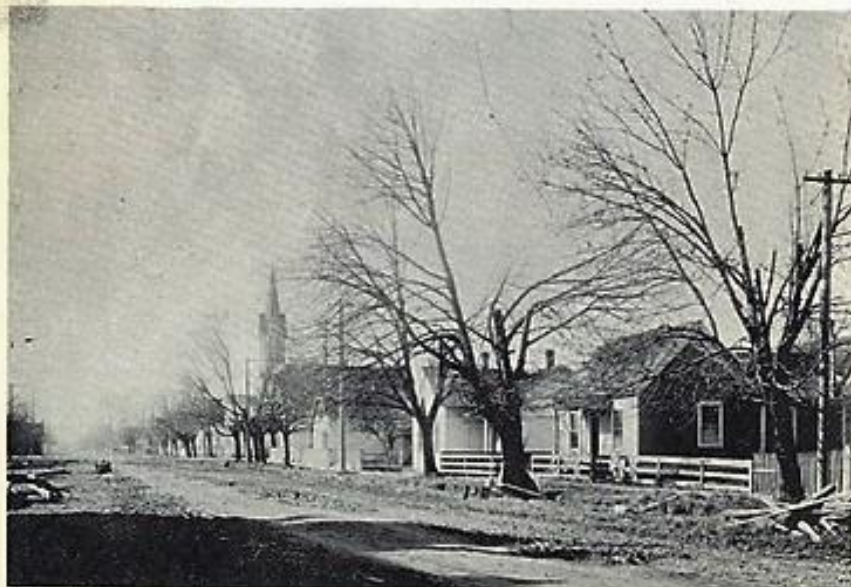
MUNICIPAL EXPANSION

By John E. Smith.

MOST of the earliest settlers in Benton county came to Oregon in 1843-44 and camped among their friends or others on the Tualatin plain or in the vicinity of Oregon City. Some of the men among the new arrivals went southward on horseback along the Hudson's Bay company's packtrail, which followed the foothills, in search of promising unoccupied land for homesteads, some of which they found here.

Later, coming on the widened trail road, then (1845) the only

avenue of access for wagons to this part of the country, they chose locations about springs or near stream crossings along this road. Thomas Reeves, Dan McKissick, Adam Wimple, Johnson Mulkey with wagon drawn by a cow and a mare, James L. Mulkey and others, each of whom built a small temporary shack or hovel, spent the winter here or left someone on his claim. J. L. Mulkey, having lost his wife, left his nine children at the previous camp, hurried his permanent cabin to completion



EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF JEFFERSON STREET, LOOKING EAST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (SPIRE SHOWING) WAS ON FOURTH STREET. (OSU ARCHIVES)



CORVALLIS, ABOUT 1905. SEEN FROM COLLEGE HILL. (OSU ARCHIVES)

about two miles northwest of the Postoffice location of today, and with the family occupied it, April 16, 1846.

Late in the fall of 1845, men began to select claims along the Willamette river and near it among them was J. C. Avery, Wm. F. Dixon, H. C. Lewis, J. S. Kendall and others. Mr Avery staked out his claim by November 30, 1845. He returned to Oregon City but came back in January and lived in a small shack until his permanent cabin was completed and occupied, June 20, 1846. H. C. Lewis sold his claim to John Stewart (E. A. Blake, authority) who came with his family in May, 1846. The claim of Arch Stewart joined that of his father on the east, and northward most of Mr. Kendall's land was on the upland at and near where Fairplay school is now.

Heman C. Lewis took another claim over on the trail road, occupying his permanent cabin at that place, April 10, 1846. The Lewisburg community carries his name.

The marvelous growth of Corvallis in the last few decades has extended the city limits in all directions except eastward across the beautiful Willamette to include all or part of 10 donation land claims. Northwestward it has encompassed all or portions of several of the early ones along the original trail. Such a location is that of the former home of James L. Mulkey, who thus becomes known as the earliest resident within the present city limits. Mr. Avery was the founder of the city and for a century or more the first to live within its present boundaries. ☞

GHOST COLLEGE

Philomath, Oregon, a town of 1,400 population, lies five miles west of Corvallis on highway U. S. 20. Philomath College was chartered in 1865 by the United Brethren Church as a coeducational college for liberal arts and training for the ministry. Inadequate financial support forced its abolition in 1929.

Radikal Kolleg was the result of a church argument in the 1890's. Loren Baldwin, an OSU English professor for many years graduated here.

Radikal Kolleg.

Vol. 1.

PHILOMATH, OREGON, August 1898.

No. 1

OUR HISTORY.

The College of Philomath was the out-growth of necessity, a division of our church, and out of our

bad influence over the morals of the young. From these easy observations we must conclude the religious school a necessity, and where possible all parents should exert the greatest possible influence to induce all young people to attend school where the best influence exist. Not only is influence liable to un-

RADICAL COLLEGE OF PHILOMATH,

Philomath, Oregon.

A Good School for Both Sexes.

A Thorough Three Year's Normal Course.

CLASSICAL COURSE of Six Years with Preparatory of one year preceeding. Scientific Course same length as Classical.

EXPENSES most reasonable. An Entire Year's Schooling, including Tuition, Board, Fuel, Light, Rents, Etc., \$60. to \$75.

A system of club or self-boarding is in vogue which reduces expenses to a minimum.

We have Three Terms of School, one of 14 weeks, and two of 12 weeks each.

Tuition, per Term, \$5.00 to \$8.00.

Radikal Kolleg.

Published in September, December, March and June.

Rev. W. H. DAVIS, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION, 15 CTS A YEAR

ADDRESS, RADIKAL KOLLEG,
Philomath, Oregon.

It is better to leave your child an education than a fortune in wealth.

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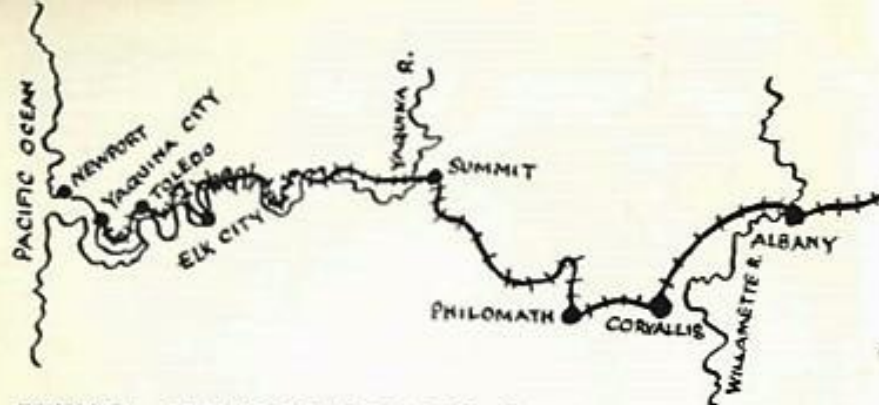
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PHILOMATH COLLEGE



RADIKAL KOLLEG OF PHILOMATH GRADUATING CLASS, 1895.
L TO R: LOREN BALDWIN, MARY GROGG, EZRA WATKINS,
WILL WYATT, HOMER WYATT, MATTIE LOOMIS.



THE CORVALLIS & FRUSTRATION RAILROAD

PART V — LIFE IN OREGON

By Wallis Nash (deceased)

EDITOR'S NOTE: When Colonel T. Egerton Hogg organized the Oregon Pacific to take over the WV&CRR, he wanted more money than the few thousands of dollars put up by the small Oregon investors. He raised this in the east and in England, to the extent of some \$15 million.

Wallis Nash was one of these English financiers. This and the next two parts of our railroad story are excerpts from his book, *A LAWYER'S LIFE ON TWO CONTINENTS*, published in 1918. Mr. Nash was a friend of Charles Darwin and Gladstone. Nashville, Oregon, was named for him.

ON MAY 17th, 1879, we arrived in Corvallis at the end of our month's journey from England. We travelled up the Willamette river from Portland on a stern

wheel river boat, which carried a motely collection of passengers, some horses, a cow or two, more than one hack or buggy, some wagons and plows, and filled up with groceries and foodstuffs.

The season was unusually late, and the streets of the little town were ankle deep in mud, crossed by planks a foot wide. From the boat landing we crossed to the board hotel on the far side—the mud-filled gutter being cluttered up with the just cut off heads of a dozen hogs from the butcher's shop adjoining the hotel, thrown in there to get them out of the way. No one took account of the hogs' heads in those days, nor of calves' heads, nor of sweet-breads, or other internal organs of slaughtered animals. They were just thrown away regardless of where they might fall.



STERNWHEEL RIVER BOAT ON THE WILLAMETTE. PHOTO BY FRED CLYDE.

A house was being built for us on the slope above the town, but it was not quite ready. Meanwhile we stayed at the Vincent Hotel, except our two selves who were taken to a friend's house who had been advised of our coming. And in the face of all this my wife lost neither her poise nor her courage, and actually prospered on hardships and discomforts.

Mrs. Vincent proved to be a very friendly soul, and soon made the whole crowd welcome. They all ate heartily and there were no complaints of the food.

In those days Corvallis consisted of a wide street built up with one or two story stores, four saloons, and half a dozen churches; a court house, surrounded by oak and fir trees, and a two story school house for the public schools, and another school house and a church owned by the South Methodist church, the school being called the Oregon Agricultural College, and receiving

the emoluments provided by the United States. The majority of the store keepers were of Jewish nationality, as was commonly the case in Oregon of those days. Oregon was a young state indeed, 1859 being the year of her state-nativity; her population was very small, and largely of recent immigration from the Southern States following the Civil War. To this day the people are wonderfully, and reasonably, proud of their pioneers, a group of whom still survive.

In the community were several lawyers and physicians, a couple of dentists, some school teachers, many store keepers, four or five saloon keepers, two flour millers, barbers, whose shops were in winter and summer the clubs of the community. There was a minister and his family for nearly every church, who eked out a living on the contributions of their church members. The Firemen's Club was

an active organization and a Coffee Club auxiliary supplied coffee to the men when there was a not infrequent fire. Saturday was the busy day of the week, when the neighboring farmers came into town and tied long rows of wagons to the hitching posts near the Court House.

The most prosperous were the saloon keepers, for they took in the larger part of the farmer's earnings—and there were card games in nearly all the saloons. There were two newspapers, and how they survived and managed to pay for paper, ink, and compositors' wages was a standing mystery to me.

Most of the early settlers had taken out "donation land claims." Under those laws a man could settle on and claim 320 acres. Surveys of the lands were in progress but by no means complete, and the earlier maps showed the oddest jumble of lines and crosslines. Conflicts of claims were not rare; but the settlers were not, as a rule, contentious and disputes were generally peaceably settled. The 12-mile belt between Corvallis and Yaquina Bay had all been surveyed, the mile sections marked, and the alternate sections set apart for the Land Company. So my earliest duty was to examine these alternate sections and determine which should be prepared for immediate sale and settlement. Roads and by-roads and wagon and horse trails must be opened up.

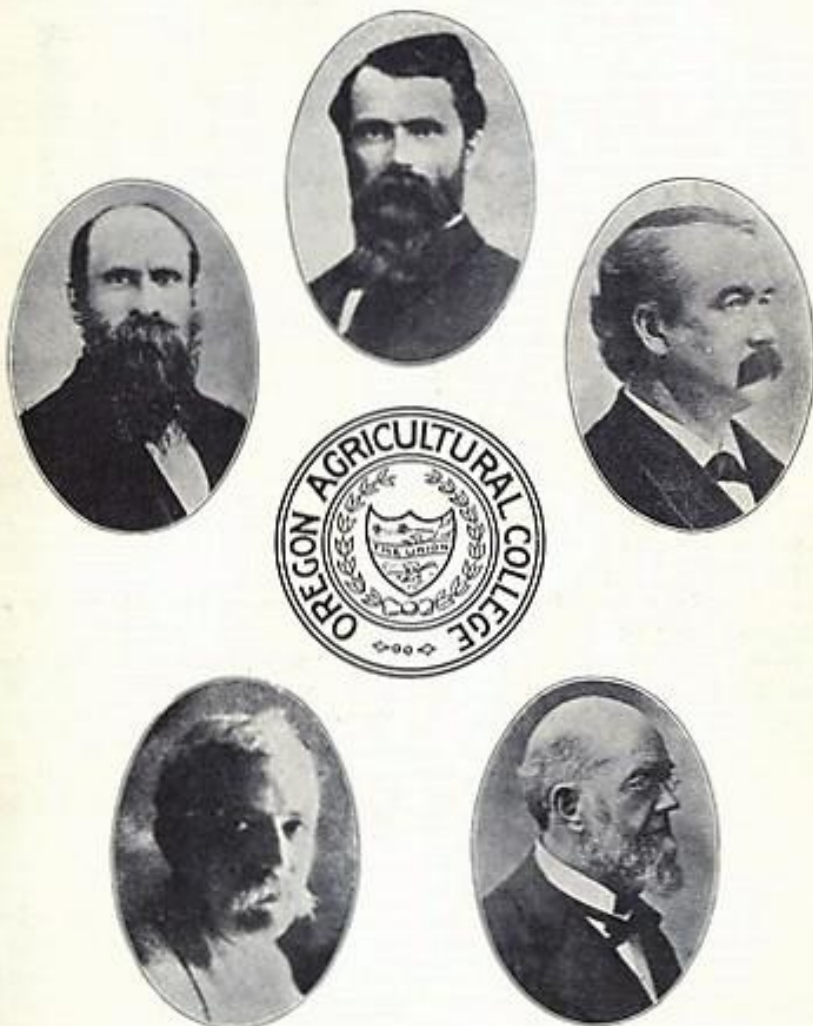
Of course each of the boys must have a horse, and then the working party must be fitted out. This being done we all started for the section of land, some twelve miles west of Corvallis where the work would probably be begun. There were seven in the party besides myself, eight horses—one a pack animal—and a tent. An axe for everybody, a "grub hoe" or two and a few shovels were the tools, and food for a week at least. Every boy had his rifle, except the known workers—for the English set believed, I think, that Indians or at least bears and cougars, were lurking in every foothill wood.

Along the road was a sign nailed to a tree, "Blacksmith Shop." At a settler's house of grey old boards and mossy shingles I found the blacksmith, old Mark Savage, an ancient settler. He was not at all glad to see the men. I wondered why. He made it plain when he said, "You fellers goin' to settle this place up?" I told him, "Maybe, but it won't be now." He answered in soliloquy, "Well it don't matter much. I can move on in further, I guess—the darn place is getting too thick for me anyhow—there's folks within a half a mile of me whichever way I turn." I comforted him and he stayed on till the gangs of the railroad construction came, and his old shop was much used, for he was a good workman.

To be continued.

TOWN & GOWN

FIRST FIVE PRESIDENTS OF OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY



B. I. ARNOLD, A. M., Ph. D.
1871-1892

REV. W. A. FINLEY, A. M.
Pres. 1865-1871

JOHN M. BLOSS, A. M., M. D.
1892-1895

HON. H. B. MILLER
1896-1897

THOMAS M. GATCH, A. M., Ph. D.
1897-1907

FORMER PRESIDENTS OF O. A. C.

George W. Bethers

A PIONEER OF 1848.

By Ray Bethers

MY GRANDFATHER, G. W. Bethers, was born August 12, 1821, in Pickaway county, Ohio. The Oregon Historical Society tells this about him:

"George Washington Bethers came to Oregon, crossing the plains by wagon train from Iowa, in 1848. He first took up land claim near Bellfountain, in Benton county, but not liking the location he took another claim of 640 acres two miles southwest of Corvallis.

"He married Keziah Newton, who had come to Oregon in the same wagon train."

He was the father of ten children, of whom my father, Elmer Bethers, was one.

In October 1849 my grandfather was clerk of election for Benton county. In politics he was a Republican. In June, 1852, he was elected coroner, his opponent being his father-in-law, Abiathar Newton. The next year, 1853, he again ran for the same office, but was defeated. He was a member of the United Brethern church and one of its trustees. He died on his claim on June 10, 1878, at the age of 57.

His wife Keziah, my grandmother, was born in Kentucky on January 22, 1828. After my grandfather's death, she married a Mr. Rayburn, of Philomath. I knew her as "Grandma Rayburn."

E. L. Sharpe, writing in the



A RECENT SNAPSHOT OF RAY BETHERS, TAKEN IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

Gazette-Times, had this to say about her:

"In the month of May, 1847, she, with her husband, George W. Bethers and a company composed of her father, Abiathar Newton, his family, the Belknaps, the Hawleys, and many others, started for Oregon from Iowa.

"The Corvallis of that day was one log cabin, the home of Mr. Avery. Oregon City was the nearest source for provisions, a six-day journey with old Buck and Bright, their team of oxen."

It is odd, considering how little I have been able to find out about my grandfather, that I know the names of his two oxen.

J. B. Horner, also writing in the same newspaper, had this to say:

"Probably as early as 1849, Mr. George W. Bethers, occupying the land near the present golf links near Corvallis, made it known in *The Religious Telescope*, published in Dayton, Ohio, that there were several United Brethern families in this vicinity who desired religious services of their particular faith.

"The Ohio church conference contributed \$500, and the Rev. T. J. Connor, of Hartsville, Indiana, volunteered as missionary.

"Arriving at Council Bluffs, Iowa, the Reverend Connor found 16 families, 98 persons in all, ready to go to Oregon.

"These United Brethern colonists arrived at The Dalles on Sept. 19, where they were met by the hospitable G. W. Bethers, who had brought a fat ox for beef for the party, and a yoke of fresh work cattle.

"The party arrived in the Willamette valley on September 26."

After another search, I found the following account in the handwritten records of the first court

in Benton county, Territory of Oregon, April 5, 1852:

On that day, "Twenty good and lawful men of the county were called as grand jurors by O. C. Pratt, District Judge.

"G. W. Bethards (Note the different spelling here of my grandfather's name), Wm. Dixon, J. W. Starr, Jesse Belknap, Orin Belknap, Nathan King, James Watson, and others."

The court was held at Avery's, the founder of Corvallis, who lived near Mary's river at about the end of Fourth street.

R. T. Boise, Pioneer attorney in the county and representing the Territory in criminal cases, was appointed to represent the United States, as there "appeared to be no other District Attorney at hand."

The court sessions lasted over a week, with the cases involving property ownership.

The jury returned indictments in eight cases—six against men selling liquor without a license!

To be continued



THE STERNWHEELER, GRAHAMONA, ON AN EXCURSION TRIP ON THE WILLAMETTE, ABOUT 1918. CAPTAIN WAS ANDREW JACKSON SPONG. RUN WAS FROM PORTLAND TO EUGENE WHEN THE WATER WAS HIGH ENOUGH. (O.S.U. ARCHIVES PHOTO)

SLAVES OF TIME

By Sgt. Joseph E. Barnett, USAF

Some years ago on a gray November morning I found myself walking along a white sandy beach. The tide was extremely high and there was only a very narrow strip of sand on which to walk.

THE WIND generally blows in from the ocean rather hard during the fall months. It is difficult to see beyond the breakers today, for the air is saturated with mist. The seagulls and beach-birds are not flying today. I am walking and I am alone. The jacket I am wearing is blowing in the stiff wind. Sand is beginning to be blown across the narrow strip of beach. A storm is in the making. Thunder claps high above my head. I look up and the sand burns my eyes. I look about for cover, but find none. There is only the rough sea, the stiff wind, the blowing sand, and the thunder clapping above my head.

A wave tumbles--the sound is like a moose fight in Alaska. I am walking with my head down while all around me the storm is brewing. Soon I find a soldier's helmet three-quarters buried in the wet, salty sand. How many

years has this helmet been buried here, rusting away under the tides of the sea? Where is the man who wore this helmet? He is dead; he is of the past. I carry the old rusty helmet with me as I walk. The poor old soldier; he is dead.

I walk out around a bed of shells. My bare feet were not made to endure the sharpness. The rain is starting to fall now. Big drops. The big drops sting my face as does the sand. The rain feels very, very cold.

In my path I see a turtle shell. It is white. I kick it over with my foot and the rain-water spills from it. Only a bleached white skeleton on a wet stormy shore. Where is the turtle that wore this shell? He is dead. He is of another time, another age. I pick up the turtle shell and carry it with me. The poor old turtle--dead.

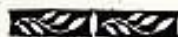
I walk. My face is stinging in the blowing sand and the cold rain. I walk faster, as if I had a destination in mind. I am walking in a big circle, around an island. I have no destination to reach--I am just walking. The

thunder is louder now and lightning strikes out over the ocean. The waves are becoming more furious and the rain falls harder. I walk. I fight the blowing sand, the stinging rain.

To my left, near a sand dune, I find the bow of an old fishing boat. It is almost completely buried in the sand and shells. It is covered with barnacles and rotten sea growth. I kick it. I try to pull it from the sand, but the sand has too tight a grip on

it. I can not lift it. Where are men who fished from this boat? They are dead. They are home--their bones--in the sea. They are of the past--no longer exist. The poor dead men who fished from this boat.

The storm is furious. The soldier, turtle, and the men--they are of the past. The sea does not wait. We are the slaves of time. And the ocean beats against the rocks year after year, century after century...



BOOKS

By Laurence Pratt

I opened a book---a man walked forth.

I lifted a page---out flew a bird.

Each was alive.

Each was a word.

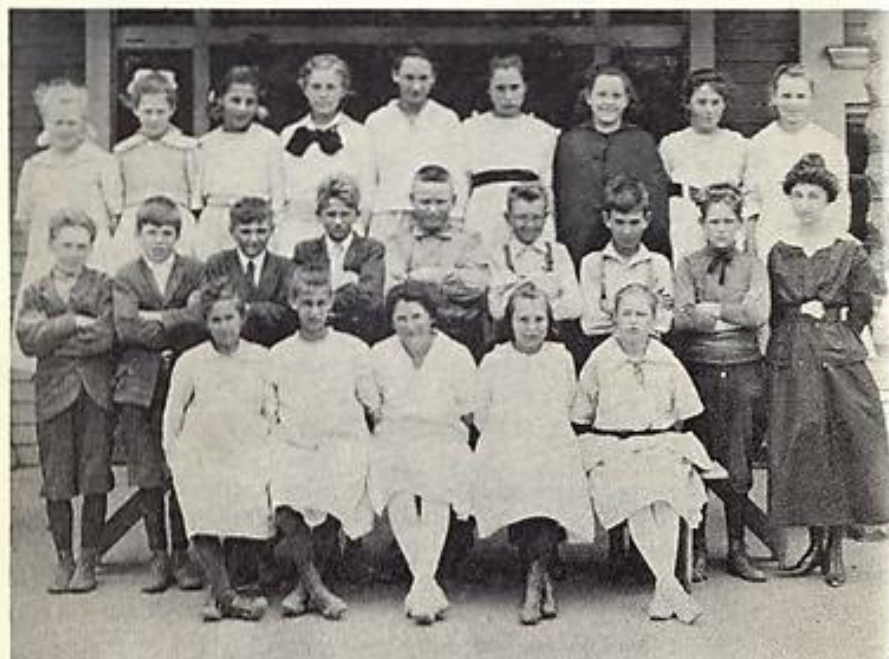
Paragraphs are places

Lived in by lovers.

Chapters are cities

Between book covers.

From the Album of Eva Merryman Pond



A class at South School (Roosevelt) 1919

- Top Row: Margaret Lesh, Louise Horning, Margaret Brown, Gladys Junkin, Agnes Vale, Hazel Gentry, Catherine Pulley, Frances McCarthy, Irma Alcorn.
- Middle: (?), George Bailey, Henry Davis, (?), Frank Germany, Lent Bryant, Lester Huntsburger, Clifford Christianson, Miss Hirsch (Teacher).
- Front: Alice Brown, Eva Merryman, Dorothy Marr, Vita Stover, Ruth Markham.

LETTERS

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

I have lived in Corvallis for 72 years, and I know a lot about it. Your little "Corvallis Magazine" brings back a lot of memories because I was there..

Mrs. Carl Hodes
Corvallis, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

Evelyn and I have decided the kid on the motorcycle in the Fire Department picture was not I.

It must have been Bob Howard. I would have had on turnout pants and boots like others who slept in the Fire Hall. Bob did not.

Joe Wilson
Newport, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

Your fine little magazine was first brought to my attention by Lee "Freddie" Fisher. Then yesterday Floyd Githens brought me a copy he had picked up someplace.

George A. Spence
Tidewater, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

I thought your last issue was so good that I read it from cover to cover before I ate dinner. My room mate complained that dinner was getting cold, but I told the lovely gal that food of the kind she spoke of was only good for the belly, while this in your magazine was good for the soul.

"Hi" Howe
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor Wilson:

I was working for Mrs. Tarpley at the Peacock the night when Mar Wong did the dirt. I still think he was *short*, not tall.

Bus Harlan got me my first job in Los Angeles, at the Western Electric. As for Cecil Fruitt, I saw him last in the 20's giving the stop and go at Ninth and Grand in L.A. Barcus Law was here at that time too. I once made a trip back to Oregon with Willis Law. He was a good friend.

Oh yes, on my rounds today (a spare time job) picking up overdue books for the library, I hauled in another one of Ray Bethers'! The dame who had it told me that it was a big help to her in her art work.

Wayne Harralson
Compton, California

Editor's Note: One of Ray Bethers' books has just been translated into Arabic and printed in Cairo.

Dear Editor Wilson:

You weren't quite right about Mar Wong's death. His wife was stabbed full of holes but still alive when George Spence and I got her to the hospital. We called Henry Robinson and Sheriff Newton.

Mar Wong was near the front window waving this big butcher knife around. He had a roaring fire in the stove and threw the knife into it. He died underneath a table and some stools. He had taken poison, but the doctors didn't find out what kind.

Laurence Howard
Corvallis, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

Your winter issue is the best editorially, typographically and in every other way (if there is any other) I have seen yet. I've read nearly everything there is in this issue, and it arrived only a few hours ago, and everything I've read is interesting—though, being no Corvallisite, I know none of the people mentioned except you.

Thanks for demoralizing me by getting me away from it all for an hour or more.

Courtland Matthews
Portland, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

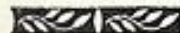
I'm not a denizen of Corvallis. Its people and history mean nothing to me. But the magazine as it now appears is probably just right for your subscribers.

Sail on, Captain Wilson!
Laurence Pratt
Portland, Oregon

Editor's Note: Ex-Prof. Pratt is one the Northwest's best liked poets and critics. We have printed a poem by him in nearly every issue of our magazines for the past five years. It is with such good friends in mind that we are starting our "creative section."

Our policy is for the present as well as for the past. Nobody has ever expressed this feeling better than Friedrich Nietzsche when he wrote:

"Companions, the creator seeketh, not corpses—and not herds or believers either. Fellow-creators the creator seeketh—those who grave new values on new tables."



ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS



Pearlle and Mrs. Strait, owners of the P & L Trading Post, Albany, shown with a few of their thousands of antiques.

They have one of the best collections of Bohemian glassware to be found anywhere. They also have all kinds of used appliances, building materials, such as windows, old pictures, and furniture of all kinds.

They are located on the Old Pacific Highway at the north edge of Albany.



N. P. Nichols, owner of Nichols Garden Nursery, Albany, dictates a letter to pretty Darlene Simmons, his secretary. He imports seeds from Europe and Africa and sells them by mail all over America.

"Nick" also writes articles for the leading horticultural and gardening magazines, such as, *Horticulture*, *The Flower Grower*, *Organic Gardening*, *American Nurseryman*, and others.

Mrs. Nichols (Edith) and their daughters, Rose Marie and Gloria, also help with the mail order work. At present, Rose Marie is studying journalism at the University of Oregon. Nick, by the way, attended the Birmingham Agricultural College, in Birmingham, England.

Classified

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