

08-*Corvallis Magazine* 1963 Fall

scanned from Harland Pratt's originals

Emma Beckwith
520 N. 2nd
Corvallis, Oregon



Notice
The subscription price
of "Corvallis" is now
\$1.50 a year



**A camel
looks like
something**

**put together
by a committee.**

WILSON'S PET SHOP

CORVALLIS, OREGON

CORVALLIS

MAGAZINE



SILETZ INDIAN, 1910

FALL 1963

404

Wilson's Pet Shop



A section of the Pet Shop showing stuffed poodle and Phyllis Hanson.

"Corvallis"

Volume II Autumn 1963 Number 4

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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:
4 times, \$5. Subscriptions, \$1.50 a yr.



Corvallis High School athletes, 1911. Back row: Russell Feenster, Chuck Taylor, Herman Laughlin. Middle: Joe Wilson, Joe Bonner, Lawrence McBride. Front: John Rollins, Victor Orr, Bill Averill, John Wilson. Bottom: Brooke Hukill, Ralph Rollins. Photo courtesy of Frank Groshong and Brooke Hukill.

LOOKING FORWARD

with TOM WILSON

BEGINNING with this issue our subscription price will be \$1.50 a year and single copies will be 40¢ on the newsstands. We are trying to cut down our losses in publishing the magazine. If we did not do all of the printing ourselves, our loss would be much higher.

Many people do not know what goes into publishing a magazine, even a little one like *Corvallis*. To merely say that it involves about \$20,000 worth of machinery plus many hours of work does not mean very much to most people. Those are just statistics.

First of all, we have to get the articles from writers or write them ourselves. Then we must make a selection of pictures. When we have a rough idea of what we want in an edition, we make up a dummy. This is a copy made of blank pages

oil sketches to guide us in putting the magazine together.

Next we set up the main articles on the Varityper. This is a machine that makes the right hand margin of each column even, or justified, as printers say. When we have enough for a page we paste the columns onto a sheet, which is called the photocopy, to be photographed, two pages at a time on a large negative.

A special method is used for preparing pictures. The original photographs or drawings are made into halftone negatives, in which the images are broken up into thousands of tiny dots, each dot varying in size so that the different shades in the picture will print to look like the original.

When the photographic nega-



tives for both the writing and pictures are ready, these are combined on a yellow masking sheet in the exact arrangement for the finished printing.

Then we use these masked negatives to make a photographic print on plates of thin aluminum by exposing the light-sensitive plates through each negative to a powerful lamp.

The finished plates are then printed, two pages at a time, on an automatic lithographic press. The sheets are then turned over and run through the press again, making four pages on each sheet.

When all of the sheets for the magazine are printed, they are run through another automatic high-speed machine that folds them in the middle. These folded sheets are stacked in piles and assembled by hand into separate magazines.

Next step is to staple the pages together and trim the completed magazines to make the right-hand edges even. Addressing each copy, putting the stamps on and mailing them completes the job. We print over 1000 copies of each issue.

Up to the last two issues your editor did all of this work alone, except for assembling the pages which was usually done by Marie Wilson. Now our assistant, Phyllis Hanson, does the Varityping, assembling, addressing and mailing.

But you can see that quite a lot is involved in giving birth to each issue of *Corvallis*.

HOSE CART RACE

By Alva "Tig" Starr

THE PICTURE of the Hook and Ladder Wagon brings to mind how fascinated all of the small boys used to be by the old hand pumper that was once the pride of the volunteer fire department.

The hose cart race on the Fourth of July was always the climax of a wonderful celebration. Teams from Albany, Independence and Lebanon were among the visiting competitors.

One year the City Council was persuaded to buy a new hose cart as the local boys were sure that they could beat all comers. After a few weeks of practice their enthusiasm was at a high pitch. The idea blossomed that the public in general and the Council in particular should witness a display of

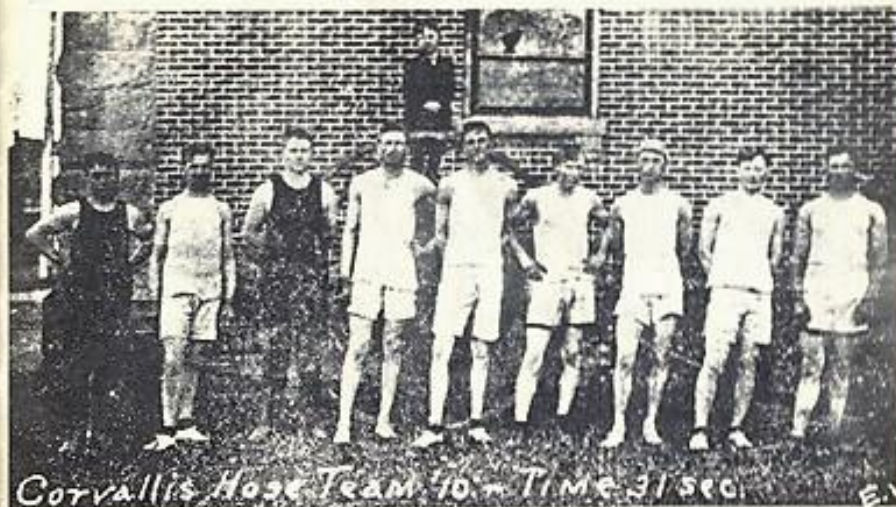
their growing competence. Accordingly a date was set. Then a new thought occurred; not only would they display their speed by racing down the street and coupling a hose to a hydrant, they would put out a fire as well! Utility and athletic excellence, the ultimate concept!

Wooden boxes and excelsior were gathered in the center of Madison Street beside the old Occidental Hotel, a citizen stood ready to apply the torch, the fire fighters were waiting in the street in front of the City Hall two blocks distant, expectant townspeople had eaten their suppers early and were now gathered along the way to witness the spectacle.

It was understood that when smoke was seen the bell atop the



CHARLES YOUNG, LOU DYER, ESBERT PHILLIPS, JOHN DYER, HOCK YOUNG, CHARLES BEACH, CHARLES TAYLOR, CLYDE BEACH.



Left to right—Frank Cole, Carl Hudes, Harry Winkley, Grover Cate, Henry Cummings, Tom Graham, Haman Elyeu, Walter "Doc" Morris, Fred Graves. The boy above is Guy Cole, company mascot.

City Hall would cast the signal, athletes would run to their stations and on order of the Captain the dash would begin.

At the moment of complete readiness a well intentioned helper cast a can of kerosene over the pyre just as the torch was applied. Black smoke and fire leaped heavenward; at the City Hall strong hands pulled the bell rope and an awesome clang rolled over the taut community.

History does not record the little things that must have conspired to upset the timing within the team. All it tells is that more than a minute elapsed before the straining runners emerged with the cart and bore eastward toward the fire. As I recall the event, six were in front running two abreast. A rope with hand grips passed between the first two pairs and attached to the cart. The third pair gripped the pole. Two men behind the cart completed the team.

At the hydrant on the corner by

M. S. Woodcock's bank one of the rear men dropped back with an end of hose. He unscrewed the plug cap, attached the hose and then stood poised awaiting the call "Water!"

In the meantime the others continued their course toward the conflagration, still fifty yards away. With a semblance of precision the cart came to a halt, the hose was "broken" and a nozzle affixed.

Alas, the cry for "Water" came too late. The fire, stimulated by the kerosene, had consumed the pile of boxes and was now in its own process of blinking out from natural causes.

ANCIENT VERSE!

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them—
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the
Psalms. —Ancient Authors



Hose cart team in action at 3rd and Madison. Photo courtesy of Nap Wagner.



First of the fire department members to volunteer for night duty. Left to right: Kenneth Colbert, Roy (Jap) Bier, Charlie McManus (the only paid member), Clarence McCready, Cliff Raber. This picture was made in the old city hall council chambers located where Lipmann's store is now. Photo courtesy of Cliff Raber.

AN EARLY OAC HANDBOOK

Longtime professor of engineering at OSU, Dr. S. H. Graf, brought us the 1906-07 *Rook Bible* of his undergraduate days. Right off we notice a few names of *Corvallis* subscribers. Helen Gilkey was President of the Utopian women's club; the late A. K. Berman president of Philadelphian Men's club; Bertha King was vice-president of the Prohibition League.

The advertisements, which are numerous, list only one firm still in business, that of O. J. Blackledge. The Graham & Wortham store was in the space now occupied by Wilson's Pet Shop. The Pratt jewelry store was across 2nd Street next to Gerding's store.

Graham & Wortham

Pharmacists

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded



Toilet Articles and Perfumes,
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Goods Delivered to any Part of City

Next door north of Postoffice

O. J. BLACKLEDGE

General House
Furnishing Store

Students' Outfits
Carpets, Matting

College Trade Solicited

CORVALLIS, - OREGON

W. S. GARDNER



Photographer.



Studio: 908 Ninth Street
Near College Walk

Corvallis, - - Oregon

J. H. SIMPSON

Hardware
and
Groceries.

Buggies, Wagons and Farm
Implements.

Warranted Pocket Knives and Razors.

The Leading Jeweler and Optician

Our Work Stands the Test.

O. A. C. Pins and Souvenir Spoons.
Call and see our line of Watches,
Jewelry, Clocks, Etc.

We will meet all mail order house
prices on medals and society pins.
Remember that you can get your eyes
fitted to an up-to-date pair of
eye-glasses or spectacles.

E. W. S. PRATT

Jeweler and Optician.

Thatcher & Johnson

—THE—

GROCERS

Groceries, Flour, Feed, Poultry
and Stock Foods.

TIN AND GRANITE WARE

A TALE OF NEWPORT AND CORVALLIS

By Dr. W. H. Burton

(Note: The last issue of the magazine carried a story about the late Winfield Scott "Buz" Ingalls of Newport. Some old time memories were stirred, and we share them with today's readers.)

This is a tale of a great shame that lay upon the municipal shoulders of Newport, Oregon fifty years ago. To the great glory of all concerned the shame and the weight were lifted by an act of the City of Corvallis. Newport could again lift its face, aglow with civic pride, and look the other municipalities square in the eye. The stigma rested on the veracity and sobriety of all Newport citizens from February to July. Good old Corvallis was the instrument which restored respectability.

Newport's troubles began in February of 1913 when a phone message was received one evening from Waldport, sixteen miles south. We were advised to look out for an airplane coming up the coast. It would pass the Coos Bay-Waldport-Newport area sometime between 10:00 P.M. and 2:00 A.M. It was reported to be Christofferson on his way from San Francisco to Puget Sound. The whole town turned out and sat on the cliffs. The meeting soon turned into a town fiesta, with all enjoying the fun. Many people drifted off after midnight. As the bottles got lower, spirits got higher. These two are always in inverse ratio to each other. Several who stayed till 2:00 A.M. swore they saw the airplane dimly through the gloom. Several swore they heard the roar of the engines in the distance. What they probably heard was the roar of laughter from the Waldport

jokers. The valley newspapers chronicled this event with considerable humour and laughter at the expense of Newport citizens.

Three weeks later reports were received from several parts of town at the same time that there was a big dirigible balloon out over the ocean. Few people reported actually seeing it, but they all said it was there, was of considerable size and had four lights showing. The local correspondents for the valley papers sent out good stories on the Japanese balloon that was flying over Yaquina Bay preparing maps for the coming war.

People had scarcely got over the Japanese scare when a ghostly bi-plane with two lights was reported from South Beach. This was said to have moved at a terrific speed with noiseless engines, something unheard of in airplanes. It went directly over Newport, landing somewhere in the South Beach swamps.

News had been scarce during the spring, so the valley papers had chronicled the first two air ship stories with much humorous comment. Now, however, doubts began to be expressed. Most of these airplanes had been seen at dusk or after dusk, and it was intimated by several papers that maybe it was only a Yaquina Bay mosquito at close range. Newport, under local option, was dry that year, and a great number of remarks were made about the large number of speakeasies we must be supporting.

The story doesn't end here, however. One balmy June evening, just after dinner, everyone was sit-around enjoying the sunset. The

long porch of the old Abbey House was full of people in chairs and on the railing. The city was a picture of serenity and peace. Without a sound of warning a long air ship appeared and sailed quietly across the bay from north to south. Here was no blurred picture after dark. Everyone saw it. It was in sight a long time and seemed to go down into the South Beach swamp. One man said he knew what kind of a dirigible it was by the sound of its engines. One man swore that he saw four passengers in the gondola. One highly civilized individual fetched his high powered rifle and from the top of the Abbey House took a shot at the balloon. After the first gasp of astonishment, the whole town took off across the bay in anything that would float. They were bound to find this air ship where it went down in the swamp.

When the fleet of boats swarmed across the bay, two young men, the shift at the Newport electric company, collapsed in howling glee. They literally, not figuratively, rolled on the sidewalk. In their spare moments they had constructed this dirigible by stretching thin cloth over a balsa frame. They inflated it with hot air from the engines in the electric plant. As they came into town later, however, they realized that the whole thing was being taken seriously. They were afraid to tell what they had done.

All this was too much for the valley newspapers. Newport collectively was accused of "seeing things". It was suggested that one more air ship would be sufficient cause for an investigation by Governor West. The civic honor was at stake. What was to be done? At the very last moment, just in time to boom the summer trade, came Corvallis nobly to the rescue. The citizens of Corvallis saw a dirigible balloon with several

people in it. Or they thought they did. It, too, was seen just after dusk and by numerous reputable citizens. Furthermore, it was fully reported in the columns of the *Corvallis Republican*, and since the Republicans had been looking through the small end of the glass since November 4, 1912, and were yet able to see a balloon, that balloon must have been of some size. Corvallis, furthermore, was a strictly dry town. Liquor could be bought in only fifteen or twenty secret locations. Corvallis possessed a long standing reputation for truth and for aversion to mendacity. Newport was rescued and more reputable again; or at least as reputable as Corvallis.

P.S. The two young men who sent up the last balloon at Newport were the late Buz Ingalls and Rich Chatterton, who now resides at Yaquina, Oregon.



Winfield Scott (Buz) Ingalls died August 3, at Newport, a few blocks from his place of birth, which occurred Feb. 3, 1895, in the Ocean House, the hotel of his grandfather, Sam Case. The hotel stood where the Coast Guard barracks now stand.

AN INCIDENT AT FORT HOSKINS

By Preston E. Onstad

While doing research on the Military history of Oregon during the Civil War, I frequently run into material that gives me moments of quite unscholarly amusement. One such moment occurred not long ago when I came across a letter written by Captain Frederick Seidenstriker of Co. D, 1st Regiment of Washington Territorial Infantry, to 1st Lieutenant Frederick Mears, of the 9th U. S. Infantry, at Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory. Lt. Mears bore the top-heavy title of Acting Assistant Adjutant General, District of Oregon, which meant that he did most of the paper work for General Benjamin Alvord who commanded the district.

Now at this time, February 2, 1863, Captain Seidenstriker commanded Fort Hoskins, Oregon. Probably his biggest job was keeping a complement of about two dozen men at the blockhouse which overlooked the Indian village on the Siletz reservation. Except for sending out patrols to bring in deserting soldiers and/or drunken Indians, the captain had little else to do. But on this date he had a letter to write. So, calling a clerk-soldier into his office overlooking the old hospital, he slowly began to dictate.

"Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 26th January, 1863 requesting a correct statement of all the facts in my possession concerning the late fire near Fort Hoskins, Oregon by which the store of Messrs. Hodes

and Schuch of Corvallis was consumed."

This is a model military beginning. Note the inference of rumors flying about. These had apparently come to the ears of the general, who, of course, wanted to know the truth. We can surmise that someone had said something naughty about the soldiers stationed in Kings Valley. Note also the careful, precise wording of "late fire." By the use of this expression the captain assured the general that the fire was dead--out that is.

"I beg respectfully to submit the following statement."

The captain didn't really beg. He had been commanded to write. But this was accepted army style and he would have lost points if he hadn't said it this way.

"On Sunday afternoon January 11th, 1863, a party of my men visited the liquor store of Messrs. Hodes and Schuch near Fort Hoskins (contrary to my orders). Late in the afternoon I received information of the fact; I immediately dispatched the guard after them with orders to bring them all to the Fort and have the store closed."

Here the discerning reader will first notice that the two Corvallis men ran a liquor store. The post sutler was not allowed to sell the stuff at this time. And although Hodes and Schuch had tried, in the spirit of patriotism and free enter-

prise, to make up for this short-sighted attitude of the military, the captain had ordered his men to stay away. To make matters worse, he had ordered his guards to close the store. Did he have the right to do this?

Note also, that, although the captain's spies did not get the word to him very quickly, he acted "immediately" as a good commander should.

"The sergeant reported when he returned that he found the store open and from 12 to 15 men therein drinking lager beer; he immediately cleared the house. Five men of the party were greatly under the influence of Liquor and I ordered them to be confined in charge of the Guard."

Lager beer, as opposed to ale, porter, and stout, was being brewed in Oregon. At least one of the whiskeys used at Fort Hoskins was Castle Whiskey, a product of San Francisco. In the early days of the West whiskey was the soldier's drink, but most of Captain Seidenstriker's men were German or of German descent. And as Hodes and Schuch correctly surmised, lager beer would appeal to the national spirit of these brave young volunteers. Besides, though cheap by today's standards (officers' whiskey was \$2.50 per gallon, more expensive than enlisted men's drink) soldier's whiskey was rather dear for men who were being paid \$16.00 a month by a grateful government. It is worth of note, I believe, that at least one bottle clearly labeled 'Schnapps' has been unearthed at Fort Hoskins. From a German-American officer's ration, no doubt.

"On Monday evening January 12, 1863, about 7 o'clock I was again informed that a crowd of my



SILETZ INDIANS

command was at the Liquor store behaving in a disorderly manner."

The soldiers were restless that night; wouldn't take no for an answer. And too, practically every one of them had a class A pass.

"Sergeants McKahan and Drummer was thereupon ordered to proceed to the store and bring them back to their quarters but before they reached the gate leading from the Fort the store blew up and in a moment was in flames."

I think in all fairness to the to the captain we should blame the enlisted clerk for the tense slip concerning the first verb in the sentence.

Now we know a little more about exactly what happened. Notice the order of occurrence: first the explosion, and then the fire.

"1st Lieut. H. E. Funk promptly fell in the Company and proceeded

to the scene of the disaster to render all assistance possible but before he arrived there the store was nearly consumed and assistance useless. Mr. Myers (the clerk) accuses eight men of my company of setting fire to the store. I have had the matter investigated and the accused parties brought before me and questioned; they all stoutly deny of having any participation in the affair and I can find no evidence against them which would justify placing them in confinement."

The word disaster must have been chosen by the clerk-scribe.

Mr. Myers had probably never served in the army or he never would have tried to accuse eight drinking buddies of setting fire to the store. The least that they would have done was alibi one another.

"Since Mr. Myers made the accusations against my men I have not heard from Messrs. Hodes and Schuch except by hearsay.

"The authorities of Benton County (Corvallis) have refused upon application of Hodes and Schuch to take any notice of the matter and I am credibly informed that no Lawyer in Corvallis will prosecute the case for them giving as a reason there is no sufficient evidence to convict the accused if brought to trail."

It is to be doubted that Hodes and Schuch filed any formal protest. They probably asked a few questions of a number of prominent lawyers, received negative responses, nad decided to absorb their losses.

"In conclusion I beg respectfully to state that while here Hodes and Schuch were strongly suspected of selling powder and lead to the Indians."

The captain very wisely left his clincher, conjectural though it might be, until the end. No doubt General Alvord and everyone else who knew of the affair, shrugged his shoulders, laughed maybe, and forgot about one of the most exciting incidents in the quiet history of Fort Hoskins, the little post on the Luckiamute, from which no angry shot was ever fired.



John A. Gellatly, whose letters in *Corvallis* have told us much old Benton county history, died at Wenatchee, Washington, July 18, 1963. He had celebrated his 94th birthday July 6.

Mr. Gellatly was Benton county Recorder in 1895. He went to Wenatchee in 1900 and was one of the first pioneers in the apple industry there. His leadership in the growth of that city covers activities too numerous to mention here. He was chosen Wenatchee's First Citizen last year. He served as lieutenant governor of Washington from 1929 to 1933.

John's brother, Bill, was Benton county Sheriff for many years. Two brothers still survive him, Robert, of Philomath, and Dave, of Wenatchee. The Gellatly canyon road west of Wren is named after the family.



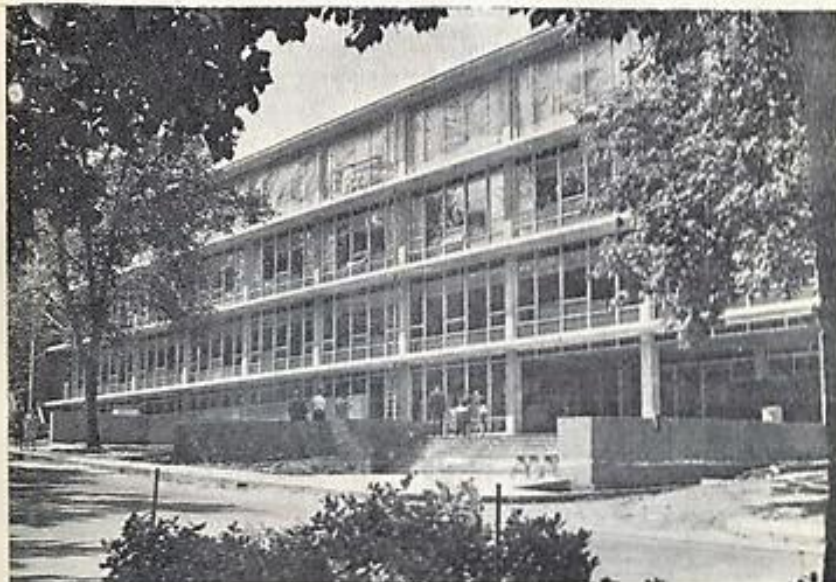
Henry Robinson, former chief of police here, died recently at his home on south 7th street. This snapshot of him talking to Senator Wayne Morse was made several years ago by your editor.

ENGINEERS EXPAND CORVALLIS OFFICES

A \$75,000 building project to enlarge the offices at Corvallis has been started by Cornell, Howland, Hayes & Merryfield, regional engineering firm with other offices in Boise and Seattle.

Construction will begin immediately on a new 5,000-square-foot, two-story addition which will provide space for 40 engineers and technicians, and will give the firm a total of 18,500 square feet in its Corvallis offices.

A \$50,000 building project which added 3,500 square feet was completed last year. Founded 17 years ago, CH2M now has a staff of 140, and in the past five years has completed engineering design work for more than \$100,000,000 in projects.



▲ Oregon State University's new William Jasper Kerr \$2,385,000 library was opened this fall, but formal dedication will await until this coming spring. Some 500,000 volumes were transferred from the old to the new. To keep up with increasing enrollments, plans have already been drawn for additions to the structure.



The Lew Gray grocery store, early 1900's. This was located at 2nd and Jefferson where the Montgomery Ward store is now.

IN AN ART MUSEUM

By W. Arthur Boggs

Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover
When her lips in passion quiver
And yet draw back afraid of her own senses,
So half-hearted myopic glimpers
Squint their way through think-ground glasses
Ignoring Venus among the lasses.



The barmaid was a flirt and when her lieutenant boyfriend walked over to the juke box, she leaned over the bar, pursed her lips to the private seated near her, and said: "Now's your chance, dearie."

The private looked about the room and said: "It sure is." And he promptly drank the lieutenant's beer!

LETTERS

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

Wouldn't think of doing without the "Corvallis" magazine. Look forward to it and reading of the old time friends and relatives. Just don't ever stop publication!

Wanda Johnson Woodbury
Corvallis, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

Well, I'm home again after six weeks in hospital, and am finding it difficult to get back to work, which I must do.

Your summer number is a knock-out, your best so far. You also did well in choosing your assistant editor.

It is interesting to note how "Edwardian," English your porchful of Wilsons look, all the men's suits tailor made.

Ray Bethers
London, England



Ray Bethers was in Navy Intelligence during World War II.

Dear Editor Wilson:

I like the old pictures in your magazine. You were a darling little boy. Do you still wear your hair that way? It's quite becoming.

Bonnie Highsmith
Lebanon, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

I'm ashamed to send a dollar--your magazine brings so much pleasure to me.

I was raised in the Plymouth neighborhood. In fact, my mother named it, having come from Plymouth, England via Plymouth, Indiana.

Colonel & Mrs. Wolff own our old home. Mr. McHenry was one of the builders. I graduated from O A C in 1912, married a foot-ball player, and we went to Alaska.

Mabel Huff Richardson
Seal Rock, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

I miss the "Northwest Challenge," too. Are there enough of us who do want it back to make it worthwhile?

Fran Nettleton
San Luis, Colorado

Editors note: It would only take two to make it worthwhile--you and I, for instance.



Corvallis dudes, about 1910. L to R: Gustafson, Simon Kehl, Jap Bier, Zip Creson, Earl Harris. A Gardner photo, loaned us by Earl Harris.



THE CORVALLIS & FRUSTRATION RAILROAD

PART VII -- THE UNIVERSITY IS BORN

By Wallis Nash (deceased)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Wallis Nash was an English lawyer and financier who came to Corvallis in 1879 to help promote the railroad to the coast. This part of our story is from his book, A LAWYER'S LIFE ON TWO CONTINENTS.

At that stage of the game we had a visit of inspection in Oregon from the chiefs of the group of financiers who had shown their faith in Colonel Hogg and his enterprise by their generous provision of the necessary funds. There were about five in the party, two at least of whom bore names to conjure with in the New York market. The Colonel had prepared a house in Corvallis for their headquarters during their stay in Oregon. They were established here after their three thousand mile journey. They were all experienced railroad men, and most competent critics of any railroad plans and of their execution.

The next day they travelled westward to Yaquina, passed safely through tunnels and over bridges. The harbor and the ocean looked their best in that evening sun, and

the sight of the green hill slopes and clustered fir trees whence we looked down and across the harbor estuary out to the bar was indeed a fair one. There was one especially beautiful hill over-looking the bay that was a part of a quarter-section brought by Colonel Hogg for the special benefit of himself and his friends. Here some sites were picked out for summer cottages for the New Yorkers, and here it was proposed and carried that an acre should be set apart and presented to my wife, and two other acres for other officers of the company.

Next day we all went out in the company's tug to the harbor works, and then to and out over the bar and to the big reef. The United States engineer was in the party. The boat was stopped and soundings taken on the bar that verified the figures previously given. Then we returned to Corvallis. The following day we went East as far as the car could get on the road under construction, and there took two carriages for the further trip to and over the Pass.

With my wife I paid a visit to Corvallis last January. We walked out westward from the town over smooth concrete roads. The big house we lived in had disappeared, its place being filled by "Waldo Hall," which held 150 students of the college. The little farm house on the thirty acre farm had also gone, and with it the farm and out-buildings, crops, fences, and rushy fields where our boys used to wait for wild ducks in the winter afternoons. Now we saw in front of us a great green campus, bounded and dotted over with handsome trees and shrubs, with a large, red brick building in the center of the view, with flagstaff and the Stars and Stripes above it catching the breeze. Other large and costly buildings showed at intervals round the campus, till we counted them to a total of thirteen, housing the many departments of that great college. That was not all, for on lower ground to the left was the rounded roof of the great drill hall and armory, three hundred feet long, and wide to match, where 1,500 men could maneuver in comfort when winter rains swept the outside parade ground.

The rise of all was in the old Corvallis college of 1868 to which the Legislature of that day attached the magic name of the O.A.C. that the State might thereby make good a claim to gifts and endowments that Congress had set aside for each State in the Union. The Corvallis College of the South Methodist Church was a good school in its day, with many young pupils and about ten or twelve students in agricultural college classes. The three professors were abundantly able to handle the number of pupils and students attending.

But one of the conditions of the national gift was that each State

accepting it should provide adequate buildings and equipment. This the South Methodist Church was quite unable to do. During those fifteen or sixteen years it dawned on the people of Oregon that in their State Agricultural College they had an inheritance of untold value, but that no adequate growth was possible while the then existing conditions endured. So by the year 1884 the Legislature let it be known that if the citizens of Corvallis and their friends desired the continuance of the Oregon agricultural College in their city, and would prove their faith by their works by subscribing about \$30,000 for new buildings and equipment it would be found that the South Methodist church would surrender their control, and that the State could thereafter own and operate its own agricultural college.

It took a hard pull to raise that \$30,000. To it Colonel Hogg and his friends contributed freely. But it was accomplished, and then we joined to frame the new constitution of the college and to get the Legislature to pass it into a law. We had good help. Justice Stanhan of Albany, afterwards one of the Supreme Judges, and Judge Pipes, a Circuit Judge, still and for years past a well known member of the Portland bar, were associated with me in that work. The legislature duly passed it; the South Methodist Church ultimately, and not very graciously accepted it, and the Governor nominated and the Senate accepted the first Board of Regents, of whom I was one, holding office for a maximum term of nine years, the Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction being ex officio members.

So we had a title, thirty acres of land near Corvallis, and thirty thousand dollars in the bank, on which

to construct the "Oregon Agricultural College."

The Congressional Acts defined the scope of these colleges--their charter being known generally as the "Morrill Act," after Senator Justin Morrill of Vermont, and the father of them all.

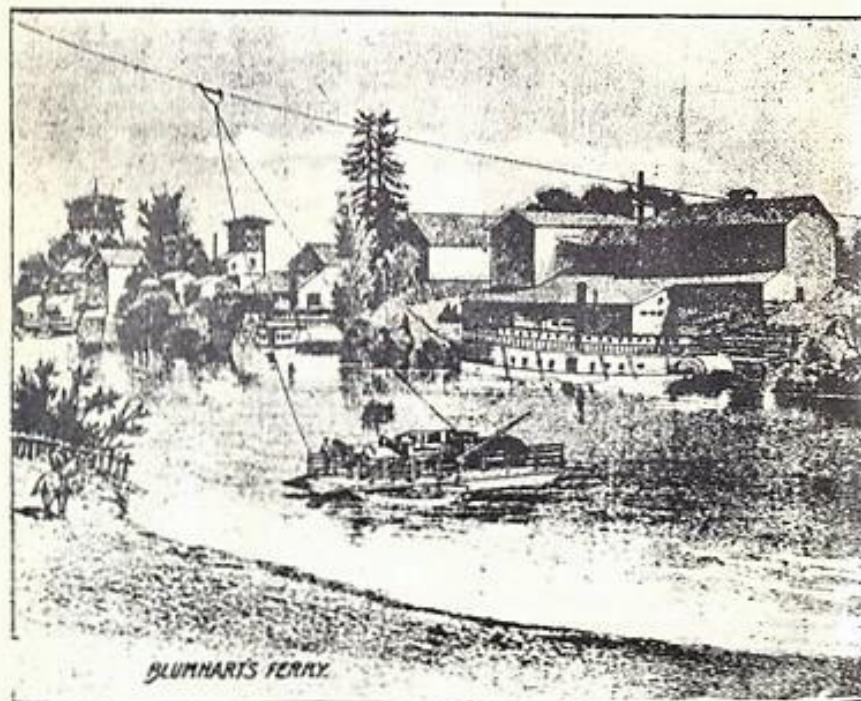
These colleges were "to give instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, not forgetting subjects necessary for a liberal education." But a most important proviso was added to the curriculum, "including military tactics."

With even steps that first board of ours set out to erect the administration building, and to enlist a corps of qualified instructors. This last task, as secretary and one of

committee of three, chiefly fell to me.

Letters were written to every agricultural college in the United States, asking for their latest reports, for details of their faculties, their duties and pay, their income and legislative appropriations, and any notice of their experience that might be of use to us. Nothing could exceed the fullness and the kindness of the replies that poured in.

The fact that members of the present faculty, who came then to Oregon at our invitation, or followed positions, testifies to my statement that we have held through the years a wise, loyal, and contented faculty.



Early Corvallis Ferry at Foot of Van Buren Street

LOSS

By Laurence Pratt

Winds run wildly in the grass.
They tear at bending shrubs,
Stripping the leaves.

You depart,
And I am desolate.

Slim-winged, a hawk veers down swift, vertical skies,
His cry a call out of nothingness.



Independent telephone company crew, 1910. Left to right: Grant McElhiney, Cliff Raber, Walter Cumming, J. C. Lowe. Photo by courtesy of Cliff Raber.

HORSE & BUGGY HOBBY

By Verne Powell

Editor's Note: Verne Powell always wins blue ribbons on his wagon models at the State Fair. His other serious hobbies include photography (he made these accompanying illustrations) and music. He is one of the best saxophone, clarinet and hot violin players you ever heard. He is now a staff member at Oregon State University.

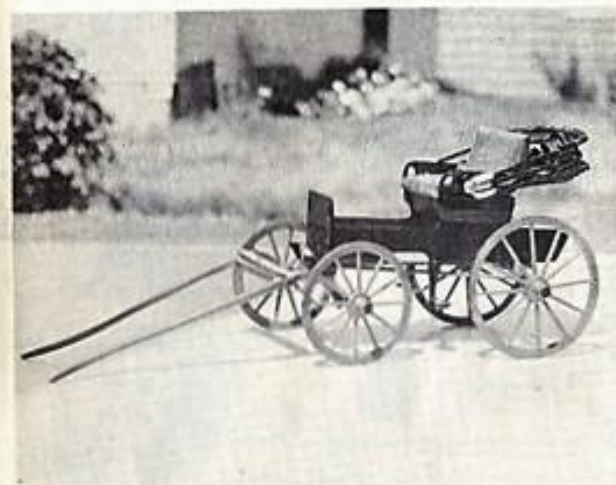
From the 1880's to about 1910 was the highest point in wagon and buggy transportation, and all vehicles of this kind, the Buckboard--the Democrat--Surry with the fringe on top--one horse shay--other buggies--the stagecoach--Prairie Schooner, etc. It is the Prairie Schooner that brings to mind our forefathers who migrated westward in the early days before and around the turn of the Century, before there were any transcontinental railways or anything like a well traveled road. Perhaps automation actually started about 1910. Many men and their families prepared to make the venturesome trip west in their Prairie Schooners by horse or oxen power. It took a brave man and his family to head west in those days with no towns, no roads, very few settlements, or people except Indians who were not too friendly. Few people today can realize what these folks went through in order to settle up the west. Many prairie schooners and stagecoaches were shot full of holes by Indians or outlaw raiders on some of the trails mentioned below.

The best known trail of all was likely the Oregon Trail (1832) which ran "with variations" from Independence, Missouri, to Fort Vancouver, Washington. Fur traders kept it alive in early days. The Lewis and Clark expedition came



into the Northwest by boat down the Columbia River (1803-1805) blazing the trail named for them. California--Oregon Trail terminated in Sacramento. Santa Fe Trail--in the 1820's, a more southern route. Applegate Road--Jesse and Lindsay Applegate opened the road in the summer of 1846. It terminated in the Willamette Valley via the Rogue River and Grants Pass. Pony express Trail--terminated in the Northwest, also at Sacramento. In 1860 the new Telegraph System replaced it in about a year. There were many other trails, but these mentioned seemed the most important.

As a boy in northeastern Nebraska, I can remember quite a few prairie schooners still coming through. Stagecoaches were on many of their regular runs at this time, but were diminishing in number due to the railroads replacing them in many areas. Plenty of other horse drawn vehicles were in evidence up until World War I, transporting people and freight, but were fading out fast by 1920.



FELINE TALE

By Sylvia Nelson Fowler

I thought you were a lion
With hungry eyes that glow;
Now I know you're just a tom,
One who's always on the go.

Day Maps, S.
 44 Warren, R. Lynn, Mass.
 21.3.2.2. 15.10.2.2

whom it may Concern:



Know ye, That Samuel Case
 Private of the 1st California
 Company, (D.) Infantry
 VOLUNTEERS who was enrolled on the fifteenth day of September
 one thousand eight hundred and forty One to serve Three years or
 during the war, is hereby Discharged from the service of the United States,
 this fifteenth day of October 1864, at Fort
Vancouver W. T. Expiration of term of service
 (No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)
Third Vermont Case was born in Washington
 in the State of Maine is 33 years of age
5 feet 11 1/4 inches high, Light complexion, Blue eyes,
Light hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Teacher
 Given at Fort Vancouver W. T. this fifteenth day of
October 1864.

NOTE: This certificate will be invalid should any person attempt to re-enlist in the service of the United States without the approval of the proper authorities.

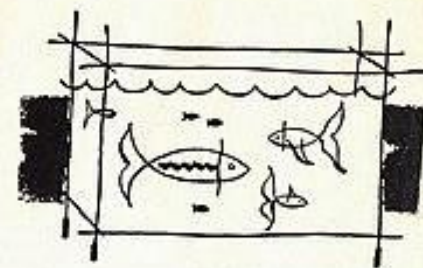
(S. S. S. S. S.)
G. D. Deane
Capt. 4th Regt. C. A.
W. M. G. G.

H. F. Spencer,
Captain 1st Regt. C. A.
Asst. Com. Muster

Army discharge of Sam Case, founder of Newport, 1864.



LOOK
NO WORDS



Wilson's
Pet Shop



225 South Second
CORVALLIS, OREGON