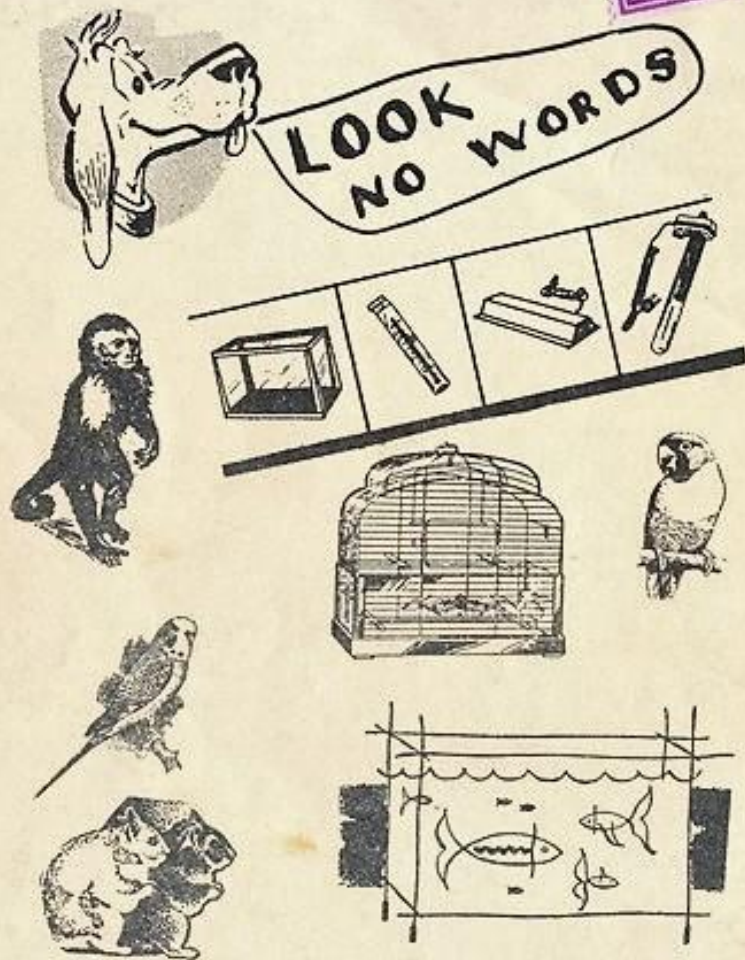


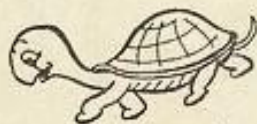
14-*Corvallis Magazine* 1965 Spring

scanned from Harland Pratt's originals

Victor C. Spencer 15
526 North 14th
Corvallis, Oregon



Wilson's
Pet Shop



225 South Second
CORVALLIS, OREGON

CORVALLIS

MAGAZINE



SPRING 1965

"Corvallis"

Volume IV Spring 1965 Number 2

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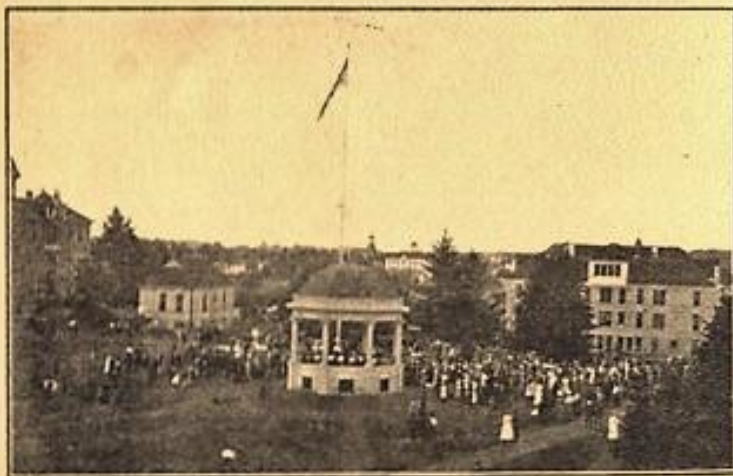
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Buildings slated for destruction to make way for parking areas. Those in upper photo will be razed in July.



Dedication of the Band Stand, 1910

Looking Backward

with TOM WILSON

WHEN A TOWN goes modern it's as big a shock to some oldtimers as watching "Hullabaloo" on TV would be a shock to a Puritan. It's change. Maybe it's progress.

The buildings in the center of the west side of two blocks along Second Street will be razed this summer to make parking space.

Going back about 40 years and starting at the south end of the two areas, I can remember some of the stores along here. Huston's hardware, Tozier's harness shop, Konick's jewelry (later Del Alexander's Model Clothing), Hunter and Hodes grocery, Pratt's jewelry, Child's cafe.

In the north block, between Madison and Monroe, were Allen's pool hall, the Five & Ten, the Tiffin cafe, Small's bakery, Berman's drugstore. Oldtimers remembering back before 1910 will recall Wuestefeld's, Whitehorn's and other saloons.

This was the main stem. One of the most exciting places was the Small bakery, which occupied the entire Porter building. They sold everything you could think of—13 big sugar cookies for a dime, fishing tackle, Victor phonographs and records. This store lasted through several generations of Smalls, and I remember the old man with his big white beard, his son Charlie and, finally, grandson Fred who was there for a short while before the changing times made such a unique bakery obsolete.

The Zierolf building, where Gerding's grocery is located, is directly across the street from our pet shop. Mr. Gerding has operated groceries on this street for more than forty years, beginning when he took over the old E. B. Horning grocery in the Houston building.

The Zierolf building is a landmark on Second Street. Fred Porter tells us that he was in Jess Spencer's barber shop one time when a new back wall was being built on the Zierolf building, and the wall collapsed, crushing a workman to death.

I think the destruction of these old buildings will improve the appearance of the downtown area, but it will bring a nostalgic feeling to many who recall the "good old days."



LOOKING NORTH ON SECOND STREET, ABOUT 1908. PHOTO COURTESY OF KATHERINE MCNEELY.

CORVALLIS THREATENED BY FIRE

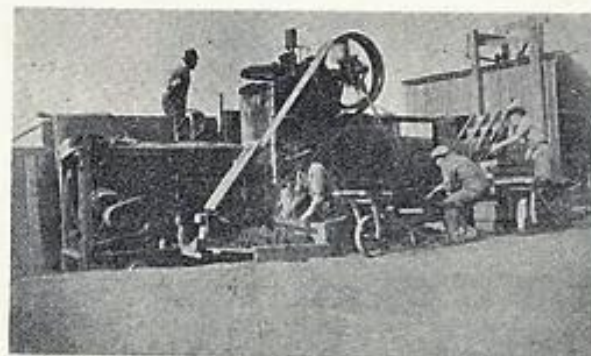
Fire started in Rickard's Buick garage, at 2nd and Van Buren, on September 6, 1923, about 1 p.m. It was a hot, dry afternoon with a north wind blowing. The flames spread quickly to a row of old wooden buildings along 1st street, consuming most of them south to Madison street.

It was feared the entire business district might be destroyed, and the mill crew at McCreedy's Corvallis Lumber Company was sent to help the fire fighters. At that time your editor was a lumber grader in the mill, located on Mary's river between 3rd street and the Willamette. Fortunately a west wind came up, preventing the spread of the fire to the main business district on 2nd street.

Most of these photographs were loaned us by Roy Williams, some by Omar McIntosh and by Mrs. Don Byland. Williams was operating a barber shop at Newport at the time and received the complete report of fire fighting on his radio.



AFTER THE FIRE. LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. BROWN, MARK RICKARD, JOHN KEMP, TOM GRAHAM, MR. POLK.



SCENE AT CORBET'S BRICKYARD, BEFORE 1920. PHOTO COURTESY OF FLOYD BULLIS.

INDIANS OF BENTON COUNTY

Natives have lived in this area at various periods since prehistoric times. Some, such as the Mound Builders, are shrouded in mystery. For a record of our most recent natives, we are reprinting the following summary from "Inventory of the County Archives of Oregon, No. 2, Benton County," by the Federal Works Projects Administration, 1942.

EARLIEST EXPLORATIONS

The first mention of the Willamette Valley is by members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Sergeant Ordway wrote in his journal under date of April 3, 1806: "In the evening Capt. Clark & party returned to Camp and informed us that they had been and took a view of the River which the Indians informed us of and that it is a very large River & 500 yd wide and is supposed to head with the waters of California. they went 7 miles up sd River. their guide informed them that a large nation lived up the fork of this River by the name of Clackamus Nation of 30 towns, and that another Nation lives along distance up this River where it gets small by the name of Callap-no-wah Nation who are very numerous."

The first record of white men in the upper valley is of three Canadian boatmen who deserted from Fort Astoria on November 10, 1811, and fled to the Willamette. However, their stay was brief as they were captured by Indians on November 18, ransomed and taken back to Astoria on November 24. This escapade evidently led to an exploration of the valley, as on December 5, 1811, Robert Stuart with a number of men and an Indian guide set out for the Willamette. How far up the valley they went is not known, but a second group under Donald

McKenzie set out on April 1, 1812, spent some time in the valley and penetrated as far south as the East fork, now known as McKenzie River. It is more than probable that they passed through the present Benton County.

William Wallace and J. C. Halsey led an expedition into the Willamette Valley in November 1812, to establish a trading post. They spent the subsequent six months in the valley exploring it thoroughly. It can be said with a fair degree of certainty that these men investigated the Mary's River country during their travels.

INDIANS

At the coming of the white trappers of the Astor Pacific Fur Company the Benton County region was inhabited by small tribes of the Kalapooia Nation of Indians. In 1806 Lewis and Clark had merely stated that "as far as the Indians with whom we conversed had ever penetrated that country (the Willamette Valley), it was inhabited by a nation called Calahpoewah, a very numerous people whose villages, nearly forty in number, are scattered along each side of the Multnomah (Willamette), which furnishes them with their chief subsistence, fish, and the roots along its banks."

Alexander Ross of the Astorians wrote concerning the explorations of Donald McKenzie in 1812 and of Duncan McDougall in 1813: "The Wallamitte quarter has always been considered by the whites as the garden of the Columbia... The natives are very numerous and well disposed, yet they are an indolent and sluggish race and live exceedingly poor in a very rich country. When our people were traveling

there, the moment the report of a gun was heard, forth came the natives; men, women, and children would follow the sound like a swarm of bees, and feast and gormandize on the offal of the game like so many vultures round a dead carcass; yet every Indian has his quiver full of arrows, and few natives are more expert with the bow."

The Indians of the area Ross listed were the Longuetonguebuff and the Lamalle tribes. Hodge calls the latter Chemalela and says they were a small Kalapooian group living on Long Tom Creek and were included in the Dayton treaty of 1855. Other tribes mentioned by Hodge were the Chepenafa, a subdivision of the Lakmiut, residing in the northern part of the county.

The principal tribe of the region, however, seems to have been the "Long Toms" given various names by the early explorers and travelers. The river on which they dwelt was called Sam Tomloaf and Lami-tambuff by John Work in 1834, Lumtumbuff by Wilkes in 1841.

Longtabuff by David Douglas in 1826, and Long Tom Bath by the Reverend George H. Atkinson in his diary in July, 1848.

The Kalapooian family to which these tribes belonged formerly constituted a large and powerful group; but the Kalapooian tribes appear to have suffered severe losses by epidemic distaste about 1824 after which they became numerically weak. They are described as being indolent, yet they were able to hold their territory against encroaching tribes. They were at constant war with the coast tribes and also suffered much from the white pioneer. Slavery existed in a modified form, marriage was by purchase and was accompanied by certain curious ceremonials.

At the treaty of Dayton, made in 1855, the Benton County tribes ceded their lands to the Americans. Reporting in 1858 concerning the Willamette Valley Indians in the early fifties J. Ross Brown, special agent, wrote: "The Willamette Valley Indians... numbering 660



INDIAN SQUAWS ON RESERVATION. ABOUT 1890.

are divided into numerous small bands, each under the control of a petty chief. The tribe is very poor, and has neither power or disposition to go to war. During the disturbances of 1855 they remained in the valley, seeking only to save their lives. They were once a powerful race, overrunning the whole Willamette Valley, which they inhabited in common with the Moleallies, the Santiams, and other branches and offshoots of the same original tribe. The encroachments of the Klickitats, a warlike and powerful tribe, from the north of the Columbia River, gradually reduced them to a state of dependency; and since 1843, when emigrants began to fill the valley, they have been dwindling away, and are now a degenerate remnant, suffering from disease and addicted to all the evil habits of the whites. They have worked a great deal among the settlers, and when not in reach of whiskey are docile and expert in all kinds of farming operations.

In the 1840's and early 1850's the Klickitats, who had come from the north side of the Columbia east of Mt. Adams, descended into the Willamette Valley and virtually dispossessed the few remaining Kalapooias and other tribes re-



ducing them to a semi-vassal state. The main source of Klickitat success was in their use of firearms which they had obtained from Hudson's Bay Company posts. The Reverend H. Atkinson in his diary stated in July 1848, that "the Klickitats (in Benton County) are becoming troublesome. They got into a quarrel with a man and threatened to shoot him. They provoke the



INDIANS ON PARADE AT SILETZ, ABOUT 1900. PHOTO COURTESY OF O.S.U. ARCHIVES.

whites. They have a hundred warriors. I was then within three miles of their camp."

When in 1851 a treaty was made with the Willamette Valley tribes to purchase their lands, the pretensions of the Klickitats were ignored. They were told that their country lay east of the Cascades in Washington and that they should return thither. However, they ignored the treaties and continued their defiance of the white settlers. They were tried for trespass, but the courts could find no law to suit the case. Finally in the spring of 1855 the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, ordered them removed to their own country. They left reluctantly swearing vengeance on the whites. The war of 1855-57 may be partly attributed to this forced removal.

At the treaty of Champoeg in 1851 the commissioners agreed to set aside lands in the foothills on

each side of the Willamette as a residence for the Indians who ceded their valley lands to the government. However, this treaty was not ratified. The confederated bands of the Willamette Valley were again treated with on January 22, 1855, the lands of the valley ceded and temporary reservations set aside. A year later the Grande Ronde Reservation was started when Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, purchased 6,000 acres of land near the headwaters of the Yamhill River, and in the spring of 1856 gathered the remnants of the Kalapooias, as well as other tribes, to the reservation. In April 1856 Lieut. Phil Sheridan was placed in charge of the military guard of the reservation and constructed Fort Yamhill and Fort Hoskins and a military blockhouse on Yaquina Bay. With the gathering of the bands on the Grande Ronde the county was freed of Indians.



O.A.C. 1ST ATHLETIC TEAM IN CONTEST AT BROWNSVILLE, MAY 4, 1893. LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING: ED ABERNATHY, A. WOOD, H. LEONARD, J. W. HARRISON, CHARLES OWSLEY, LEWIS OREN, WILLARD SMITH, WM. KEADY, P. BAISLEY, G. W. PALMER, A. T. BUXTON, J. R. COOLEY, JOHN HERRON, BRADY BURNETT, P. NASH; SEATED: CHARLES CHANDLER, ED. EMMETT, AND FRED CAPLES. PHOTO FROM O.S.U. ARCHIVES.

Remembrances

By Victor C. Spencer

I had begun to take violin lessons. The Scraffords had two dogs, a big New Foundland, named "Bruno" and a small wire-haired terrier, named "Christy." As soon as I would start to practice on my violin, "Christy" would come out of their house on the run. He would point his nose to the sky and howl piercingly while edging his way closer to our house. He would finally end up just outside the door. We continued to give each

other competition for several years. Evidently the sharp notes of the violin affected his ears some way.

These two dogs were great cat haters. They had devised a most unusual way to hunt their unsuspecting quarry, and between them, they could give any cat a very bad time. Bruno would be seen trotting along the street seemingly paying no attention to some poor feline sunning herself, when suddenly, from underneath the huge, wooly dog, "Christy" would dash straight for the cat! We saw them work this clever procedure many times, for the cat population was always in a state of rapid expansion.

The War against Spain was brought pretty close to home in



1903 OFFICERS OF OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE CADET CORPS. SEATED LEFT, BYRON MAYFIELD, MAJOR; RIGHT, S. L. BURNAUGH, LIEUTENANT. STANDING, RIGHT, WALTER S. WELLS, CAPTAIN. PHOTO COURTESY OF WALTER S. (STONE) WELLS. MR. WELLS WAS A GRADUATE OF 1903 IN THE 2ND CLASS IN PHARMACY. AFTER MANY YEARS IN BUSINESS AND AS A PHARMACIST HE IS NOW RETIRED AND LIVES AT THE HOTEL BENTON.



RUINS OF MECHANICAL HALL AFTER FIRE IN 1898.

Corvallis when a number of our local boys went off to fight. Some of the names that I remember are: Lyman (Pat) Kelsey, Elwood Clark, Art Hinkle, Brady Burnett, and Don Holgate. "Pat" died of pneumonia. Don Holgate returned with a scarred nose from a bullet crease.

O.A.C. established a Pharmacy course under an accredited instructor in 1898. C. M. McKellips was a fine teacher and a wonderful man. I decided to make Pharmacy my career and when the first 4-year course was begun in the fall of 1898, my studies began.

The campus consisted of the

Administration building, Mechanical Hall, Men's Dorm., two small buildings near the Ad. Bldg., Cauthorn Hall, a small library, the Chemistry building and the Barn.

The Mechanical hall burned that winter and the Legislature from Salem came down to inspect and to decide whether to build another. It was cold and snowy. We met them at 9th and Madison, standing in open ranks while the senators and representatives passed between the lines. There were a lot of cold ears, noses, hands and feet, but we got action.

The Armory (now Physical Cul-



DRAWING CLASS IN THE 1890'S. PROF. BERCHTOLD IN DOORWAY. PHOTOS FROM OSU ARCHIVES.

ture building) was erected and work was begun on the Mechanical Engineering Hall, now Apperson. At the Armory we cadets were supplied with Springfield rifles, some of them had seen service in the Spanish-American War. We were divided into three companies. The floor space measured 70 by 140 feet.

Our indoor baseball games were held in the Armory. Basketball was just being heard of at that time. We drilled there, had many athletic activities, and even held our entertainments there during our college years. The basement housed the heating department, the other athletic facilities, and several meeting rooms.



THE OLD ARMORY BUILDING.

O.A.C.'s President Bloss had a son, John, who transferred from an eastern college. He coached and played, too, on our team.

Bob Johnson had taken me to see my first football game. It was about 1895 and we were playing Albany College. The Albany boys were quite a bit lighter than our boys and this was their first season of play. I remember the score to this day, 64 to 0, in our favor!

If you could attend a football game today as they played it in 1890 it would be a shocking experience. At that time the O.A.C. football field extended from near

the entrance to the present Education building, parallel along Jefferson Street to a point just short of the ditch which ran through the college grounds near 11th St. There was no drainage and many times parts of the field were under water.

Small stakes were driven into the ground surrounding the field and heavy wire was nailed to the top of the stakes. All the spectators had to stand during a game! It was years before even the cheapest kind of bleachers were erected. As the game became exciting, tension rose, and soon the stakes and the wire would be on the ground and the crowd would be on the side-

lines of the field. If altercations arose, they were often on the field protesting rulings or plays. Someone was always yelling that the field must be cleared. Regardless of interruption, the game went on, and it was rough and tough.

At that time, the rules were 4 downs to go 10 yards. There were NO forward passes. A player had but one suit and between the halves he dried out as best he could. These football uniforms gave the players small protection as you can see from some of the old photographs of these early day athletes. There was no turf, planted or otherwise,



CHEM SHACK IN 1903.

on the field. After 5 minutes of play on a typical Oregon day, the home team and the visitors were very difficult to distinguish.

One game that I recall extremely well was in 1897. A fair-sized spot near the east goal was covered with about 6 inches of water when the game began. Before too long all the action had reached that end. Finally the ball lit right in the middle of the big puddle and the 22 players followed in a mad scramble. Twenty-one of them got up fairly quickly in various stages of mud

and dampness. Underneath was a veritable mudball of a player. How the spectators screamed when he turned out to be Art Stimpson, from the O.A.C. team, and he had the ball! Talk about excitement!

Later on, when a grandstand was finally built, it was rough and crude. It was also uncovered, but it did serve the purpose for those who found it difficult to stand up for the length of a game. There were always a few hardy souls who still preferred to stand in the mud behind the wire because they could follow



FOOTBALL GAME ON LOWER CAMPUS, O.A.C. VERSUS UNIV. OF IDAHO.



HOME ECONOMICS CLASS IN THE 1890'S. PHOTO, OSU ARCHIVES.

the play better.

O.A.C.'s first college yell was disclosed at the Albany game I mentioned, and it went like this: "Zip-Boom-Beel Zip-Boom-Beel O.A.! O.A.! O.A.C.!"

Another time when the University of Oregon team was playing our boys, their yell for the game was the following: "Hayseed! Strawseed! Pumpkins! Squash! Will we skin 'em? Yes! by Gosh!"

Our football team in 1897 consisted of Center, Harvey "Pap" McAllister, also known as "Hayseed," Guards, Bodine and Phillips, Tackles, "Gyp" Thurston and Fred Walters, Ends, Art Stimpson and Horace McBride, Quarterback, Arch Cruse, Halfbacks, Don Holgate and Hubert Scoggins, and Fullback, John Gault.

In 1898, the walk from 9th Street to the Administration building consisted of a boardwalk made of 1 x 1's nailed on 2 x 4's. Spaces were left between the slats for the rain to drain off. With use the walk became very smooth and in the rain it was slick as glass. Between the buildings there were only muddy paths, so most of us sat in classes

with wet feet or muddy boots. Later on, decomposed granite was used to replace the wooden walkway and it was widened so people wouldn't have to step off in the mud to pass each other.

My college life was neither heroic nor very exciting. Much to my Dad's disappointment I remained to light to go out for football. I did go out for track and came in last so consistently that the coach agreed that wasn't for me either. My efforts were much better appreciated in practice with our championship Indoor Baseball team.

Not being an especially brilliant scholar, my studies kept me confined rather closely at home. The Pharmacy course has always been very demanding and exacting. When I graduated with my class in 1902, I suspected it was with a little connivance from some of my professors who passed me in a subject or two, unnecessary in the life of a pharmacist!

O.A.C. had no tuition at this time. We did have to pay for a few small incidentals and supplies. We also paid for any article or object that we were unlucky enough to break. (TO BE CONTINUED)

THE STORY OF CORVALLIS

By David D. Fagan, 1885

Editor's Note: Fagan's HISTORY OF BENTON COUNTY was published in 1885 and remains today a prime source of information on this county and its towns. Copies are very rare.

SOME EARLY FIRES

At two o'clock on the morning of July 21, 1869, the city was visited by a most destructive fire, causing a total loss of over thirty thousand dollars worth of valuable property. The blaze originated in the west end, or near the rear of A. R. McConnell's saloon, and is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. When first discovered it was almost ready to burst through the roof, and before anything like a general alarm could be given, the flames had gained uncontrollable headway. It swept the build-

ings occupied by McConnell's, Stewart & Gaunsky's saloons, and all those south to the City Hotel and north to Fisher's fire-proof brick, on the west side of Main street, and the entire block on the east side, including Holder's blacksmith shop, W. A. Wells' and Simmons & Kiger's livery stables, Duncan's saddler shop, Hunt's lager beer saloon and Gerhart's blacksmith shop and dwelling, the City hotel, Masonic building, stage stable, Graves and Robinson's furniture store, Fisher's brick building (occupied by L. G. Cline and Souther & Allen's drug store), D. G. Clark & Co.'s store, and the residences of J. F. Hamilton, A. R. McConnell and William McLagan were saved by almost superhuman exertions. Had the fire crossed the street, north or south, in all probability the whole



SECOND STREET, 1871. LOOKING NORTH FROM JEFFERSON. THE LARGE, SQUARE BUILDING IN CENTER LEFT IS THE CITY HOTEL. DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1873.

business, or thickly settled portion of the town would have been laid in ashes. As it was, the best business section was in ruins.

On Wednesday, April 4, 1870, the citizens of Corvallis were aroused from their slumbers by the cry of fire and it was soon discovered that the Corvallis brewery was in a mass of flame, the light from which was already thrown over the city. Every effort was made by those present, with the limited resources at hand, to subdue the flames, but to no avail. Fortunately the building occupied an isolated position on the bank of the river, and the night being calm, no damage of consequence was done, save to the brewery. The building, which was a total loss, belonged to the Bauerlin heirs, as well as the distillery apparatus, were insured but not sufficient to cover the amount of damage sustained.

At half past one o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1873, the City hotel in Corvallis was reduced to ashes. So rapidly did the fire spread that nearly all of the inmates barely escaped in their night

clothes, one, John Murray, father-in-law of Mr. McConnell, the proprietor, being undoubtedly burned alive. Such a wild scene was never before witnessed in Corvallis. Men, women and children escaped from the burning pile and rushed out into a cold rain storm with nothing on but their sleeping garments. A few articles of furniture were saved and wearing apparel carried out; several persons saved their lives, by slipping down a lamp post, while others gained the street, yet unable to tell how. The entire building, furniture and fixtures, including the woodshed and outbuildings were a total loss, but these paled into insignificance when it became known that human life had been sacrificed. John Murray was an Irishman, aged sixty years, and was on a visit to his son-in-law. He left a family of five children. The hotel was owned by Dr. J. R. Bayley and valued at five thousand dollars, but bore an insurance of only fifteen hundred dollars, barely sufficient to cover the loss on furniture. Editor's Note: The City hotel was on the corner of 2nd and Madison, where The Clothes Tree is now located.



THE OLD TUNISON HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF SOUTH 3RD AND TUNISON LANE.

COLORFUL CORVALLIS EDITOR

We asked old friend Wayne (Scoop) Harralson for some details about his father, who was the editor of the "Benton County Currier" for several years. Scoop and his wife now live in Placerville, California.

Dad's name was Sager Sam Harralson. He was Scotch, Irish and Indian. His father was born in a teepee on the Sac River in Illinois or Missouri. Dad was born in Lebanon, Illinois, March 15, 1880. His mother died when he was about four and his father raised him. He went to Greenville, Illinois as a young man and there he was married. As he told me, he was in a newspaper office with a friend one night and to pass the time wrote some kind of an item. The man said that if he could do that all the time he would give him a job, so he started in the news game as a reporter.



Sager Sam Harralson



"Scoop"



About 1911 he went to Weiser, Idaho, where he got a job on a paper called the *Signal*. At that time Idaho was a pretty tough place. Sheep and cattle wars and all that. Once, while we were at dinner a man came up to shoot him. An item had been printed in another newspaper and the editor, in a spirit of jest, had told the man that Dad wrote the article.

Another time he came home one night with a knife slash through his coat. He left Weiser about 1918 and went to Portland. He saw an ad in the paper for an editor for the *Currier* in Corvallis. As I remember A. E. Frost said he asked him to come and see him as he wanted to see a man who would write such a letter after a job. What he said I don't know.

He left Corvallis and came to California about 1922. Things were tough here. He played as an extra in a couple of movies. Had so much paint on he couldn't pick himself out. Went to work with another man taking movies for real estate outfits. Dad, Bud and myself worked all the big fairs in California for a few years singing songs on request. He helped start the Hollywood Hillbillies with Tom Murray. Went to work at a photo shop in Glendale and was there until he had to call it a day. Went to Santa Paula and stayed with my brother until he died of cancer, November 14, 1951.

Mother passed away a few years later, and then Bud. So, Tom, the Harralson tribe is running out. My girl is married to a fine fellow in the Navy and they are living in Florida with their two kids.

FROM THE EDITOR'S ALBUM



J. H. Wilson
d. 1919



Mrs. J. H. (Effa) Wilson
and Joe Jr. Photo by Mr.
Gardner in 1900.

Ted Wilson
d. 1950



Mrs. W. S. McFadden and Effa Wilson

1938



Editor Tom Wilson in 1920



Ray Bethers, now in London, was
in Navy Intelligence during War II



Hoppyard scene near Corvallis, 1890

"Get me the police!" shouted a voice to the telephone operator, "and hurry."
When the connection was made and the police sergeant at the other end asked what the trouble was, the voice replied: "I want to report a burglar trapped in an old maid's bedroom!"
The sergeant asked for the address, said he would send someone right over and then asked who was calling.
"This," replied the frantic voice, "is the burglar!"