

CORVALLIS

Magazine





Siletz Indians

"Corvallis"

Volume IV

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COVER PICTURE: Julia Megginson,
who lived at Newport. She was famous
for her beautiful basket weaving.



BUSHROD WASHINGTON WILSON, BENTON COUNTY CLERK 1864 TO 1894.

Looking Backward

with TOM WILSON

This is the last issue of *Corvallis* as a magazine. Perhaps I shall bring out another, larger booklet each year and call it *Corvallis Now and Then*. I still have a large number of old pictures and historical documents needing to be published, but for awhile they must wait, as some of them have already waited for more than a hundred years.

This issue is to me like sitting beside the coffin of a dead baby. You start a little magazine by blowing life upon pieces of paper and a creature is born. Killing it off is painful, and this is my fifth little magazine I've buried.

What is a little magazine unless it is the ego of its creator and publisher? That's really what *Corvallis* has been to me. It has been like saying: "Look here--my folks came to this town a hundred and sixteen years ago. Now they are all dead, so I must tell you all about them and myself to give you a better idea of what has gone on around here." I can't speak for you or your past history; I can tell you only about myself, and that's a pretty large part of the "historical" information you've been paying for. In this issue, you'll find a story about my grandfather, Arden K. Handy, and right here and now I'm also going to tell you about my other grandfather, Bushrod Washington Wilson.

He was born at Columbia Falls, Maine, in 1824. The family, from Scotland, had lived in that area

since 1636, but his father moved to New York City in 1833 and most of Bushrod's youthful years were spent there. He was fortunate in knowing some celebrated people, such as Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and Horace Greeley with whom he worked side by side on the *Brother Jonathan*. He became a pilot on the Great Lakes and then, in the early 1840's, signed out of New Bedford for a three-years' voyage on the whaling barque *Harvest*. During his sea voyages, he became a ship's carpenter, a navigator, and earned his Master's papers. He was off the coast of Oregon about 1845. In 1849 he shipped around Cape Horn to come to the gold fields of California.

As with many men, he did not find digging gold very profitable, and in 1850 he, along with some other men, bought some phony mining claims near the mouth of the Umpqua river. When the ship reached the river, the captain, who was not accustomed to sailing in shallow and unknown waters, paid Bushrod \$200 to pilot the ship into the bay. Most of those who had bought the phony claims demanded their money back and returned to San Francisco, but George Cole, Philip Ritz, and my grandfather decided to stay in Oregon for a time. Obtaining a canoe from some Indians, they paddled up the river to where Scottsburg is now, and then walked over the mountains and up the valley to Marysville, now Corvallis. The town was just a few log cabins and a couple frame houses then. All three of the men took out homesteads but none lived on them very long. Philip Ritz had one near where the Catholic cemetery is, but he left here and walked into Washington, where he was the founder of Ritzville. George Cole left his and walked into Washington,

too, and was one of the founders of Seattle and later a Territorial representative in Congress.

Bushrod stayed in Corvallis, where he was active in many pioneer affairs, such as organizing a library, a fire department, fraternal societies, and so forth. He was one of the organizers and trustees of the Corvallis College, which was a Congregationalist institution before it was taken over by the South Methodists. He married Priscilla O. Yantis, of a pioneer Linn county family, in 1856, with whom he raised a family of nine children. He had various occupations, such as carpentry, operating a sawmill, a meat packing business, and in 1864 was elected Benton County Clerk, an

office he held steadily until 1894 when he retired due to failing health. He had made a little money, but lost nearly everything in the failure of the railroad to Yaquina and the collapse of the Hamilton-Job bank. He died in 1900 of a stroke.

So you see, I was sort of born into the history of Corvallis and this magazine has been an attempt to tell others a small part of it. There is much, much more to be told, and some that is just as well forgotten. You will be notified by mail when the new baby, *Corvallis, Now and Then*, is born. Thank you all for listening, and I hope to talk to you again soon.



Book Recalls Early City

By ANN SULLIVAN
Staff Writer, The Oregonian

PORTLAND residents who wish they "could have been here then" will find a treat in a little autobiographical volume, "I Remember Portland, 1899-1915" (Metropolitan Press \$1.95).

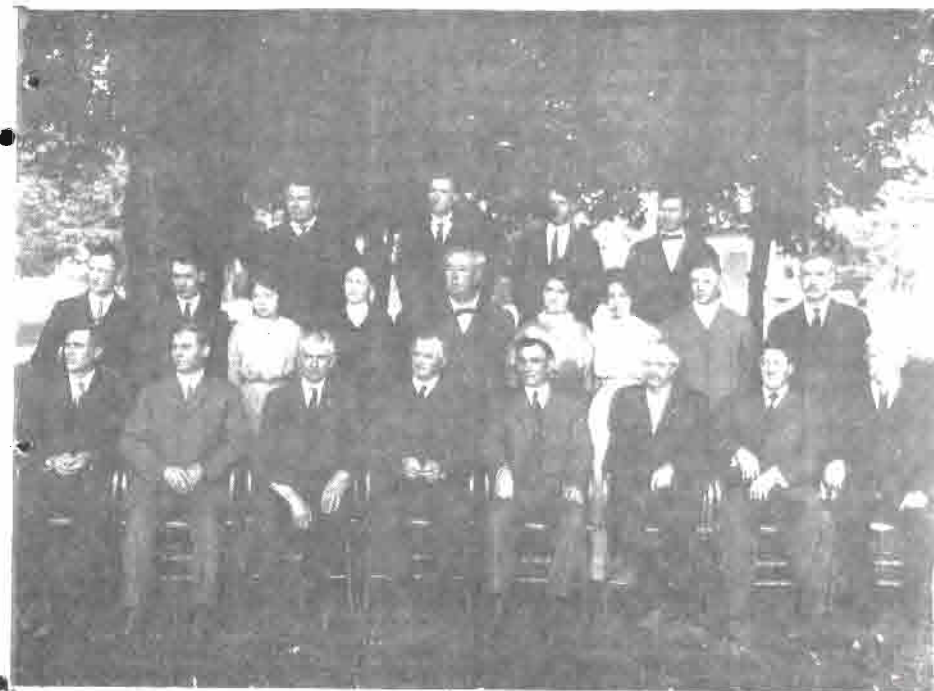
Its author, Laurence Pratt, Northwest poet and high school educator, was 10 years old when he came on the Southern Pacific steam locomotive north down 4th St.

"Well, maybe eleven," goes the opening line of this sampling of the old downtown. He lived in back of the printshop with his brother, and he wan-

dered the streets with wondering eyes, and, as the book discloses, marvelous recall.

Pratt has published 13 books of poetry, is a former president of the Oregon State Poetry Assn. and for many years was a critic for Verseweavers. He also taught in Portland schools.

"I Remember" tells of Chinese and saloons, of ladies and hatpins, newsboys, bicycles, music, the old theaters then in their heyday, prostitutes in their cribs, the street-cars, the steam trains, of Woodstock, St. Johns, early Reed College, Lincoln High School and all the glamor of horsedrawn vehicles.



Courthouse group, 1913 or 1914. Bottom row, seated: W. H. Rickard, Assessor; S. N. Warfield, Recorder; William Gellately, Sheriff; Wade Malone, County Judge; Emery Newton, County Clerk; Bill Buchanon, Treasurer; R. E. Cannon, School Superintendent; W. S. McFadden, of the law firm of McFadden and Clarke.

Middle row: Harry Auld, Abstractor; Arthur Clarke, District Attorney; Gertrude McHenry Stimson, Secty. to Harry Auld; May Stoddard, Deputy Recorder; Dr. J. R. N. Bell; Mrs. R. E. Cannon; Grace Lowell; Fred McHenry, Deputy Clerk; W. G. Lane, Janitor.

Top row: Joe Wilson, Local Attorney; Mr. King, Deputy Treasurer; P. A. Beardsley, Abstractor; Bert Wilkes, Deputy Surveyor.

Circuit Judge Fred McHenry, who identified the people in this picture for us, said that so far as he knows all are deceased, except himself, his sister Gertrude and, perhaps, Grace Lowell, Mr. King, and Mrs. Cannon.

In this article from an old newspaper, Professor John Horner tells much about the history of Corvallis as well as about the Masonic lodge.

Professor Horner taught Oregon history at O.A.C. for many years.

MASONIC HISTORY IN CORVALLIS TOLD

Local Lodge Organized in 1857
And But Two Charter
Members Living

MANY "FIRSTS" TOLD

J. B. Horner Tells Sidelights at
Masonic Banquet Here
Last Night

(J. B. Horner gave the following address last night at a Masonic banquet in Corvallis, honoring past masters, both of the local lodge and visitors. The address tells of olden times in Corvallis, and of past gatherings of the honorable brothers.)

By J. B. Horner.

Two Masonic lodges have been chartered in Corvallis. They were Corvallis Lodge No. 14, chartered June 8, 1857, and Rocky Lodge No. 75, A. F. & A. M., organized April 26, 1880. The former was instituted with 18 charter members; the latter with 14. Of these 32 brethren there are, according to our best information, but two living. One is Isaac Harris, retired merchant, now living in Portland. The other is B. F. Irvine, the brilliant editor of the Oregon Journal. They belonged to Rockey Lodge.

Corvallis Lodge was organized before the present members were born.

The first Worshipful Master of Corvallis Lodge was David G. Clark, a retired hardware merchant in Corvallis who sold out to Woodcock & Bailey. Later the firm name was changed to Woodcock & Baldwin.

J. B. Blumfield was S. W.; J. B. Congle, J. W., was a harness-maker who moved to Portland and became father-in-law of Congressman Richard Williams. M. Stock, treasurer, was a merchant and B. Cutler was a tyler. Dr. J. R. Bailey, R. W., G. S. W., of Oregon, was tall, brainy and versatile. He had read law, was successful as a physician; good political speaker; prosperous merchant. He was ruling elder in the First Presbyterian church of Corvallis, and was one of the best informed Masons on the Pacific coast.

Avery Eulogized

J. C. Avery, Sec., founder of Marysville, which is now Corvallis, possessed many close friends. He was a merchant, legislator, and under President Buchanan was postal agent. He owned the "Occidental Messenger," first newspaper in Corvallis. He was responsible more than any other man for having the agricultural college placed at Corvallis instead of at Salem, also he was largely responsible for having the capital of Oregon changed to Corvallis. Corvallis never had a more loyal and efficient friend than was J. C. Avery.

Among the charter members were W. F. Kaufman, J. S. McSteeny, J. Latshaw, R. B. Metcalf, G. Roberts, G. Landerking and A. J. Thayer, a farmer who lived 2½ miles north of Corvallis on Fair Play Lane, so named because of the genuine sports that lived in that community. In days prior to the State Fair, many of the finest horse races in the Willamette valley took place in Fair Play Lane, so named because the neighbors of whom Brother Thayer was one, permitted no jockeying or unfair racing on that track. He was brother of Governor W. W. Thayer of Oregon.

Dr. J. B. Lee possessed unusual ability and a prepossessing appearance. He was a skilled physician and probably no man in Oregon excelled him in putting on the Fellow Craft degree. His widow, Mrs. Minnie Lee, passed away a few weeks ago.

Builds First Church

Bushrod W. Wilson, the longest in office of any county clerk in Benton, came to Oregon on a ship that foundered at the mouth of the Umpqua river. He taught school near Monroe. Later worked at the carpenter's trade, and married a daughter of Dr. Yantis of Shedd. With others he built the first Presbyterian church frame edifice in Corvallis—he planning most of the lumber by hand. He came to be head of a large family that grew prominent, among whom was Judge J. O. Wilson, also Dr. Robert Wilson, physician in President Cleveland's family and later official head physician in New York City.

J. A. Bennett, farmer, living 2½ miles west of Corvallis. After his death some 30 years ago, his widow presented his enlarged portrait to Corvallis Lodge. For many years it was displayed on the walls of the Lodge with those of Dr. Bailey, Wallace Baldwin, J. B. Congle and J. C. Avery.

J. H. Hargrove, brother of the late Bishop Hargrove, moved to Walla Walla in the 60's and then to Waitsburg, which was named for one of his relatives.

First Fire Engine

George P. Wrenn, whose monument stands at the northwest corner of the city hall of Corvallis, lost his life while performing the duties of fireman in this city. He was the first fire chief of Corvallis and like the present fire chief of this city, he went the limit whenever Corvallis was threatened with fire. He purchased "Big Six," the historic fire engine which was literally mounted with gold and like Boaz and Jachin, was noted for its strength and beauty. He organized a company so efficient that "Titus" Ranney said: "With 'Big Six' the Corvallis boys could quench a fire in Hades." But "Big Six" proved so heavy that the firemen could not pull it through the muddy streets of the town. Then the great engine was sold to a firm in San Francisco for the gold in its mountings.

E. Holgate spent his life in Corvallis, where he practiced law and held various city and county offices. One of his monuments in the court house

In answering the advocates of strict economy in the building of the Temple of Justice, he, as judge, said: "Build too cheaply and you may have to apologize for inferior material and poor workmanship. Build right and the structure will stand the test of time." This he did, following the example of King Solomon.

Corvallis Lodge first met on the upper floor of Max Friendly's store. Meetings were then held in the Fisher brick, and later the Masons built the hall now owned by the Knights of Pythias. In the erection of this building, Joseph Wilson, S. Chipman and Z. H. Davis were probably the chief promoters.

Rockey Lodge

Rockey Lodge No. 77 was instituted by R. W., G. M. Rockey Earhart, April 26, 1880. The members were: J. R. Bailey, J. B. Lee, John H. Lewis, M. Stock, Wallace Baldwin, J. A. Yantis, S. E. Belknap, M. Harris, E. M. Belknap, B. F. Irvine, G. W. Kennedy, N. Draper, R. F. Motley and B. Gardner. There were also petitions from Hamon Lewis, M. S. Neugass, Wm. Grant, Zephin Job, Isaac Harris, John Foster and Archibald Johnson.

Edward Balknap, foundryman, was the first instructor in iron and woodwork in the Oregon State Agricultural college.

Wallace Baldwin, recently buried in Crystal Lake cemetery, came to be elected Grand High Priest, R. A. M. of Oregon. He was a Civil War veteran, county treasurer, partner with M. S. Woodcock in the hardware store, state commissioner to build a fish ladder at Oregon City, and commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Roseburg.

John H. Lewis was a democrat from Missouri and one of the best story tellers in the county. He was very popular with the brethren who voted largely the same local ticket on election day, regardless of the parties to which they belonged.

James A. Yantis was brother-in-law of B. W. Wilson; he was an attorney at law, also editor of the Corvallis Gazette.

Was Oldest Native

For many years Hamon Lewis was claimed to be the oldest native of Benton county.

William Grant was a tailor by trade. But during the construction of the Willamette Valley and Coast railway, he conducted eating houses for the employees. Upon the completion of the railroad, land prices went skyward and Brother Grant sold his claim near Newport for \$20,000. He had never owned so much money before, hence he did not know how to handle it profitably. Friends with experience volunteered to show him; and it was not long before he had the experience and they had the money. He then undertook to establish Forfar as a pleasure resort between Newport and Waldport, but failed to realize his expectations. Yet having lost all, he never lost his sunny view of life.

Zephin Job was one of the organizers of the first bank in Corvallis. The bank failed during the panic of the early 90's and Brother Job moved to Eastern Washington.

Isaac Harris was in the merchandise business, but later moved to eastern Washington.

John Foster and Archibald Johnson were neighbors on Windy, about 12 miles from Corvallis, and George Mercer, who came with them to Lodge was county surveyor and the first telegraph operator in Corvallis.

In those days there were no Elk, no Moose, Shriners, Artisans, Workmen and Woodmen, hence the brethren naturally hungered for fellowship and traveled long distances. Because of these distances and the half-made roads of that time, lodge meetings were usually set for dates on or before the full moon.

Good Old Days

After Lodge closed, there was fre-



The bank robber shoved a note across to the teller which read: "Put the money in a bag, sucker, and don't make a move."

The teller pushed back another note: "Straighten your tie, stupid. They're taking your picture."

Not so long ago, a disheveled lawyer walked into a psychiatrist's office, tore open a cigarette and stuffed the tobacco up his nose.

"I see that you need me," remarked the startled doctor.

"Yeah," agreed the lawyer, "do you have a light?"

quently a modest spread with a little coffee or possibly a glass of beer for such brethren as indulged. This was considered correct at Masonic banquets because Masons were taught not to indulge immoderately. Because times have changed it may not be out of place to state that in those days it was not uncommon for Masons to visit saloons and perchance engage in a friendly game of poker.

Some, however, objected to this procedure. In fact, I believe it was a game of poker between two brethren in a saloon that annoyed Rev. Nesbit, acting pastor of the Corvallis Presbyterian church, so that he registered objections which resulted in a division of the church.

The name "Nesbit," suggested Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who gave an entertainment in this city some years ago at which time she referred warmly to Corvallis as her home. The speaker expressed the opinion that the celebrity was the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Nesbit, whose home in Corvallis was on the corner immediately west of the Catholic church.

After refreshments the brethren repaired to their homes. You may imagine Brothers J. A. Bennett, Norris P. Newton on their horses turning homeward to the west, or Brothers Manly Currier, John Foster, Archibald Johnson and Tyra Smith saying "goodnight" to Norman Lilly as he dropped out of the column and went toward his home near the south road. But "goodnight" to these pioneer Masons was as meaningful as "Sal-ve" meaning good health, was to the Romans who engraved it deep in stone at the threshold of their homes.

Remembrances

By Victor C. Spencer

There were 5 of us who received diplomas in 1902 in the first class in Pharmacy. Maude Sturgeon, Ethel Smith, Alex McGillivray, Ed Rosendorf and myself. Ed died not too long after we graduated. My first pharmaceutical work started in September of 1902, and I am still a registered pharmacist.

My first position was with W. S. Love, on Grand Avenue and Burnside, in Portland. My wages were \$30.00 per month. I paid \$5.00 a month for a room and \$2.50 a week for meals in a restaurant. As clothes and other essentials were priced accordingly, one could live.

Two years later I returned to work in the Graham & Wells Pharmacy owned by M. S. Woodcock. But conditions were not satisfactory so after 5 months I returned to Portland to work for woodard Clarke Co.

After this I went to Ranier, Oregon to work for Dr. McLaren, but when I learned that my sister was gravely ill, and Mother not well either, my place seemed to be here in Corvallis, I worked for Allen's Pharmacy on 2nd and Madison until 1902.

In 1904 Benton County had voted in what was known as "Local Option" and all stores closed promptly at 6 P.M. However, if anyone needed assistance from a drugstore pharmacy, we would always open up and accommodate them. Often this had to be done most unexpectedly.

While I was still working for Graham & Wells, one of the local merchants called and told me he had a sick friend who needed some

medicine. On my way down to open the store, I could not help wondering why this merchant, who was a strong opponent of liquor, was with this certain "sick" friend, a man known well to be a heavy drinker. Before Local Option the drugstores had also been allowed to sell whiskey, alcohol and liquors. Now it was illegal.

The merchant told me his friend's stomach was terribly upset and that he was very cold. He asked me to mix up just a dose of whiskey and ginger. I realized it was a trap. Taking a small glass and saying nothing of my suspicions, I put in a little essence of ginger, about a teaspoonful of brandy, some tincture of cayenne pepper, and a good dose of strong laxative. When they asked what was in the glass, I said that it contained something to warm him up and something to take care of the stomach ache. The "friend" downed it in one gulp. I would not charge for it. Evidently it ended the stomach ache for they never came back for a second dose!

My sister Hattie passed away in 1908 and my Mother in 1909 and later that same year I went to Mill City, Oregon and took charge of the Pharmacy section in the Curtis Lumber Company store.

In 1911 I opened a store in Montavilla, a suburb of Portland, at 80th and Glisan. Sold out in 1913 and moved to Sparks, Nevada, then on to Reno where I remained until 1918.

It was 1914 before I married. When we arrived in Corvallis in 1918 there was no work for me. That winter I spent delivering mail for the Post Office. Route 4 went South to the Bruce station and

here ended the good gravelled road. After turning West all the fun began. The route wound around out to Beaver Creek where I turned back towards the highway, eventually coming on it again about 4 miles this side of Bruce. Route 4 was a little more than 30 miles long in the winter. In the summer when the roads dried out and I could make better time, they added about 10 miles more on the East side of highway.

I checked into the Post Office (Victor P. Moses was Postmaster then) at 8 A.M. and would have my mailbags loaded and out of town by 9. I was supposed to be back to the Post Office by 4 in the afternoon. Needless to say, I didn't manage to do that very often. During one storm, when it was necessary for me to saw 3 trees off the road, it was 7:00 P.M. and pitch dark when I checked back in. My wages? One thousand seven hundred and forty-nine dollars per year!

In October of 1919, as soon as my year was up, I took a job in the Sydenstricker Drugstore located at 18th and M Streets in Sacramento. I did some relief work here and there while planning a return to Oregon.

I opened a drugstore in Waldport, Oregon, but sold it about 6 months later and returned to Sacramento. Furing 1921-22 and 23, most of my time was spent working for Grey's Pharmacy. I spent 3 years as the pharmacist in a tuberculosis hospital. I worked awhile for Walgreen's and from there to the Butte County Hospital near Oroville, for one year.

For a couple of years during the worst of the depression, I satisfied a secret wish of mine, and went panning for gold. At heart I'm a confirmed rock-hound. Found quite a little color here and there,

and the experiences that went with it brought me deep satisfaction and many happy memories.

After some relief work in Lodi and Ione, I returned to Sacramento. Grey's Pharmacy put me back to work in 1942 and I remained there until 1954 when I decided to buy a ranch in Oregon and retire.

The ranch turned out to be near Alsea, Oregon, very near many of my friends and relatives. It was very rustic, and the original log cabin pleased me greatly. The house was tucked close against the foot of a mountain but it sat on the top of a fair-sized hill as well. The view across the fields to the Alsea River and the forested hills beyond, is of great beauty. The ground was rich and fertile. Our garden bore in staggering proportions. It was necessary to invest in a freezer and learn to can and make jelly and jam.

Pharmacists remained in short supply, however, and my old friends in California prevailed on me to take on some relief work for them. I worked at the Woodland General Hospital, the Weaverville Drugstore, which was established over a hundred years ago, the Cutrate, now the Owens Pharmacy, and the Powell Pharmacy. The last 2 are in Redding, and I was called back to one or the other of these stores many times in the next few years. Each fall I went to Etna, California for 2 or 3 weeks to relieve the owner so he could drive his cattle down from the Marble Mountain district.

In June of 1962, I finished my work in Redding, and left directly for Paradise, California where I was to work for 2 months. A serious illness forced me to give up the work, and to make plans for retirement once more. After staying in Hayward for several months with my son and daughter-in-law, I

recovered enough to make my decision to return to my old home town of Corvallis.

I often wonder if the present generation knows what an interesting valley it is that we live in. At one time it was the habitat of many of the long-extinct animals. In the year 1918 parts of a huge mastoden were unearthed near where the road west from Bruce station converges with the Beaver Creek-Belfountain roads. These bones are no doubt still in the Horner Museum.

It has always seemed to me that the Muddy Creek area over to Beaver Creek, and the Soap Creek area near Sulphur Springs would also be likely areas to be investigated for the bones of these monsters of long ago. Scientist have proved that at one time this was a land of lush and tropical plant life. We know also that during another cycle, our valley was part of the floor of the Pacific Ocean!

Occasionally now, I remember that I am a great-grandfather, and don't think that I am going to say it doesn't seem possible! I look around my comfortable home with its clean electric heat, and do you imagine I miss the big wood fires of my boyhood? Those fireplaces were wonderful, but all that wood cutting was quite a chore. Radio, television, cars airplanes, electricity, (Fred Porter's Dad used to run our first electric power station at the end of 2nd street) and now, nuclear power is ushering in another completely different era! There will be many more unbelievable inventions and explorations for the pioneers and scientists of today.

One might wish to be several years younger. Since that is impossible, I shall, God willing, live a few years longer. It is going to take "conditions beyond my control" to make me leave the happy life I've found in my old hometown!



SNOW DOWNTOWN IN 1937.

MODOC WAR, from the Diary of Sam Case.

(Newspaper clipping pinned to first page of diary.)

"We are informed that the Secretary of the Interior has named Samuel Case, formerly sub agent at the Alsea reservation, and Jesse Applegate of Yoncalla, as commissioners to settle the Modoc troubles. February 7, 1873."

(Entries in the handwriting of Sam Case.)

First attack on Modocs by the soldiers at Lost River, Nov. 29, 1872.

Number of Indian warriors: 15, on west side.

Number of soldiers: 36; attack the Indians on west side of Lost River.

Citizens: 11; attack Indians on east side.

John Thurber killed in fight. No Indians killed, except one woman, and several wounded.

Dec. 3, 1872. 19 Indians attacked the settlers at the Broteton house (Ivan and Oliver Applegate and 9 Indians while they were gathering up the dead bodies.

Jan. 17, 1873. Troops attacked 180 Indians in the Lava Beds. Whole number of troops, 420. Number of Indians in the fight, Modocs, 43. Number of soldiers killed and wounded, 20. Number of Indians shot--one squaw shot in leg.

18 settlers murdered by the Indians.

Feb. 8, 1873. Left Salem south for Linkville. Arrived at Roseburg, enjoyed hearty supper, smoked cigar and retired.

Feb. 9, 1873. Passed over Robert's hills. Came over Cow Creek hills, thence along the south fork Umpqua, then down north slope into Rogue River Valley.

Feb. 10, 1873. Arrived at Jacksonville, tired, hungry and sleepy. Rode all night Sunday. This is a small town. Some mining has been done here.

Feb. 11, 1873. Proceeded toward Linkville in company with O. S. Applegate, sub agent at Yanax. Roads muddy and winding along the foot hills. Arrived at Ashland, a small hamlet. A fine seminary here with 100 students. School with about 40 pupils, marble shop, flouring mill, several stores, hotel.

Feb. 13, 1873. Left Ashland and arrived at the Forest hotel in the Cascade mountains. Rode through snow and mud about two feet deep most of the way. The hotel is built of shakes, one room and a large fireplace. Two bachelors constitute its inmates.

Feb. 14, 1873. Came down through mud and snow on the Klamath river. Arrived at Walker's ranch tired and hungry. Snowed during day. We retired to rest on a bed made up on the floor, which was occupied by 4 of us. Arrived at Linkville about noon. General Canby arrived at 4 o'clock.

Feb. 18, 1873. A. B. Meecham arrived, bringing my commission to act as Peace Commissioner in settling the Modoc Difficulty. Sent for Indians to act as communicants between Captain Jack and the Commissioners.

Feb. 20, 1873. Camping at Fairchild's. Indian women started for Jack's camp to ascertain whether Jack would talk to the Commissioners. Sunshine and warm. Food poor, consisting of beef and bread.

Feb. 21, 1873. Messengers arrived from Jack's camp. Jack wants peace, is anxious to get out of the Lava Beds, but wants

all his bloody work forgotten, for the soldiers to leave and all things to go on as they did before the trouble began. Wants peace on his own terms.

Feb 23, 1873. Jack anxious for an interview. He apparently does not propose to give up any of the murderers.

Feb. 25, 1873. Fairchilds and company returned from Captain Jack's camp. Jack refuses to comply with our terms. Bogus Charley returned with Whittle. Smart looking Indian, talks good English, has fine form, six feet tall. Fairchild thinks there are about 50 Indians in the Cave. They are suspicious of us all.



HON. SAM^L CASE,
NEWPORT, O.R.

Feb. 26, 1873. This morning at 3 o'clock Shagnasty, Jim Hocker, Jim Curley, Hed Jack came into our headquarters for an interview. They want the Klamath Indians to give up the Modoc horses captured in the last fight. Hocker Jim was the Indian who led the murderous band on Tule Lake at the time the soldiers undertook to remove them to the reservation.

Feb. 27, 1873. Roseborough and Steel arrived in the afternoon. We then went to Dorries and talked over the most reasonable terms we could offer to the Modocs: an unconditional surrender, to be fed and protected by U. S. troops until arrangements could be made to send them to some Southern portion of U. S., Arizona or the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). Sent Steel to carry message.

March 1, 1873. Weather very pleasant. Meacham quite sick. General Gillam called. Last night the Indians had one of their spiritual dances. Meacham interviewed them. No satisfaction. All Indians mad with Whittle's wife. Think she told us something about the dance. Peace looks favorable.

March 2, 1873. Commission convened at 10 o'clock and heard the report of Esq. Steel who returned the answer from the Modocs to Commission as to proposition sent yesterday. Long speech from Jack. No definite answer to our proposition. I am disgusted and want to get away. I am opposed to petting murderers but want to see justice done.

March 3, 1873. All the Indians but two returned to the Lava Bed with Steel. Lewey Lance gave statement as to how the Indians had treated him. Stole 18 of his horses, burnt his house and all his tools and shot his cattle. Many such acts of the Indians are stated by other persons.

March 4, 1873. Steel, Riddle and wife returned from Jack's camp. Indians hostile and refuse to go to Sngel Island. Peace looks unfavorable. Indians all in war paint. All morose and mad. Jack, Scarface Charlie, Schonceas (or Schonchin) made speeches, and Steel said he was glad to get out. Indians indignant.

March 6, 1873. Peace looks favorable. No war declared. Received permission to return to Alsea-- good for me.

March 8, 1873. Boston and Limpey returned from

Jack's camp with information that Jacks with all his people would be ready to come in Monday. Wants 3 wagons sent to top of hill ten miles from Fairchild's to bring in the old, sick and young. Peace looks favorable. Jack playing hand very fine.

March 9, 1873. Jesse Applegate left for Clear Lake today and desolved himself from the Commission. Riddle's wife reports the Indians mean and treacherous. Do not intend to come in with teams. Intention to murder all those who go out to escort them in. Stand guard tonight. Some excitement.

March 10, 1873. Four teams left for Jack's camp to bring in sick and old Indians. Teams returned. Not one Indian returned according to agreement. Steel wandered around on rocks in search of Indians but found not one. Indians dancing war dances with the scalps of dead soldiers. They intended to attack the guard if they accompanied the wagons. Prospect of peace failure.

March 12, 1873. Left Spencer's and proceeded to Ashland. Deep mud and 3 feet snow. Rode all night.

March 15, 1873. At 5 o'clock took train and proceeded to Salem.

Speech delivered to the Modocs by Sam Case:

"Chiefs and braves of the Modoc: I am one of five who have been sent from afar to talk with you and if possible to settle the difficulties now existing between the white and the Modoc. We are a great people and number more than you can count. All over our land large cities are built, over our waters, ships of various kinds sail. We are rich and do not want the horse of the Modoc. We are strong and fear not the world, but we are just and wish to do no wrong. We are merciful and wish not to shed blood. Our great father the President has heard that his white and red children have been shedding blood on Lost river on Modoc Lake. He has sent me, a man of peace, to stop the blood shed. He has given me only your friends for councilers. We have in the days we have been waiting to see you talked and thought much, and always with the desire to do what is best for you."



U.S. Post. Ferry crossing The Willamette, Corvallis, Ore.

THE FERRY AT FOOT OF VAN BUREN STREET. OLD POSTCARD, ABOUT 1908. COURTESY OF FRANK MERRYMAN.



CORVALLIS. SAWMILL, LOCATED AT THE SOUTH END OF SECOND ST. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN BY YOUR EDITOR IN 1939 FROM AN AIR-PLANE FLOWN BY DICK LYNDEN.



Sidney C. Happersett, La Grande, sent us these pictures of his grandfather, Rev. Mark Noble, who was Pastor at the Corvallis Baptist church until 1906, when he went to Camas, Washington. The picture of the Baptist church was taken in April of 1899. It was near the alley at Fifth and Jefferson. Later it was moved to the corner of the lot, remodeled, and a basement put under

it. The other building shown is the rear of the Presbyterian church across the alley.

A man, pinned underneath his overturned car after an accident, was asked by the policeman:
 "Married?"
 "No," replied the man, "this is the worst fix I've ever been in."

"Pilot to control tower. Pilot to control tower. Please give me landing instructions."
 "Control tower to pilot. Why are you yelling so loud?"
 "Pilot to control tower. I have no radio."

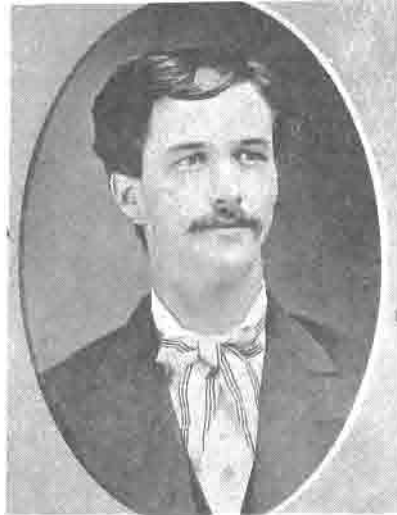
Employer: "For a man with no experience, you are certainly asking for a high wage."
 Applicant: "Well sir, the work's so much harder when you don't know what you are doing!"

"Am I scared! Got a letter from a man saying he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from his wife!"
 "Well, all you gotta do is stay away."
 "Yeah, but he didn't sign his name."

FROM THE EDITOR'S ALBUM

My mother came to Corvallis from Syracuse, New York, in 1888, when she was twelve. After getting off the train at Albany in the rain, she was put up on the high, uncovered seat of a cordwood wagon which forded the river and carried her, dripping wet, through the deep mud to the vicinity of Granger, where she was to stay awhile at the home of the Sackett family, who also had come from New York. Her heart was bleak and she wished she could return home by the next train. She never really recovered from this feeling.

Mother's father, Arden K. Handy, who was one of those artisans who painted the gold-leaf scrolls and stripes on fancy carriages, had come here shortly before mother's arrival to be in charge of the paint



Arden K. Handy



The Carriage factory at 13th and A streets.

department of the carriage factory, out on 13th and A streets. Some years later, after the carriage factory had failed, Handy operated a paint shop of his own. Roy Avery once told me that he had learned the painting trade in that shop.

Mother and my father, Joe Wilson, were married in 1893 when she was seventeen. He was thirty, a lawyer and accountant. That was the year the railroad to the coast and the Hamilton-Job bank went broke, the county was split in two by the formation of Lincoln county, and the entire country was in a financial panic. My father lost his timber holdings that year, had to borrow money and, although he made pretty good in his auditing business, was never again to be free from debt. He was not alone, for many oldtimers here lost their shirts that year, changing the political and power elite structure of the county--if you wish to apply such appellations to the little town of muddy streets, where the sewers were just ditches flowing underneath the board sidewalks and the water system was a wooden tank near the Willamette and on the back of the lot occupied by the present postoffice. The city ordinances of that time forbade the use of bean shooters downtown, specified that locomotives shouldn't run faster than six miles per hour on the city streets, and opium dens were declared illegal.

Mother's troubles started about then but she never lost her sense of humor, as anybody who ever knew her will tell you. First blow was when my father's house, brand new, at 6th and Jefferson, was burned down by a firebug. Mother and my late brother Joe were almost suffocated but escaped when a neighbor broke a window and got them out just in time. They never owned another house.

At that time Mr. Handy had filed

on a homestead in the Siletz country while operating his painting business. Sometimes he went over there to inspect or work on his claim. One time, however, he didn't come back.

Search parties were sent out to find him but with no success. It was suspected that he may have been murdered, and one family of not-so-gentle settlers was driven out of that area as prime suspects. It was not until about 1948 that his skeleton was found underneath the floor of the cabin where these people had lived. This was in the Hoskins area. Some loggers who were building a road through the forest came upon these bones at the site of the old cabin. A Polk county official who had been on one of the search parties when he was a boy went there and concluded that the skeleton was my grandfather's.

At the risk of being thought somewhat disrespectful, which is not intended, I will mention a humorous, if grisly, incident connected with this. My brother Joe and I were convinced the bones were Handy's but we sent them to the state crime laboratory for confirmation of anthropological data, such as skeletal structure, age of the decedent, estimate of date of death, and so forth.

Well, the bones were shipped back to me in a small, square box covered with official looking labels and stickers. One day, while the box was still under my kitchen table, Fred Clyde, a friend of mine who was part of the time a radio commentator in Portland, dropped by for a visit.

While we were drinking coffee and yakking about this and that, he noticed the important looking box and asked what was in it.

"My grandfather's skeleton," I said.

Fred almost lost his radio an-

nouncing voice right then. But he thought the story was interesting and told it on the air the next day. Later I was talking to a man, whose name I can't now recall, who heard the report and told me that almost the same identical fate happened to his own pioneer grandfather in the vicinity of Hillsboro.

My father died in 1919 and mother, who had never worked for pay, was left without financial resources and two small boys to support. At 43 she learned shorthand (Pitman system), typing, bookkeeping, and got a job as bookkeeper for the J. R. Smith hardware store. A few years later she went to work in a college office where she remained until retiring at the age of 71. She passed away three years ago at the age of 86.



Effa May Wilson



CADETS AT O.A.C. BEFORE 1900. YOUR EDITOR CAN IDENTIFY TWO: SEATED AT LEFT IS THOMAS E. WILSON; STANDING IN CENTER OF SECOND ROW IS GEORGE DENMAN. OTHERS IN THE PICTURE INCLUDE H. ANDREWS, R. J. ROWAN, H. H. SAMUELS, R. W. SCOTT, E. M. MILLER, H. GOODALL, A. D. NASH, ED LYMAN, HORACE LILLY, D. GRAY, MR. STORMS.

To Some of the Unco Righteous

By W. Arthur Boggs

Sincerely orthodox,

Calvinistic even,

Beneath that thin facade

Passionately pagan

Creatures of the gods.

Corbet's brickyard was near the north entrance to Crystal Lake cemetery. Many Corvallis youths worked there during the summer months. Photos by courtesy of Floyd Bullis.



DON BYLAND AND HIS CAR AT THE TOP OF BALDY HILL WEST OF CORVALLIS, MAY 21, 1926. LOWER PHOTO SHOWS ED KNOX DRIVING THE CAR DOWN. PHOTOS COURTESY OF MRS. DON BYLAND.

VARIETY

By Laurence Pratt

There are many types of speech;
 Speakers speak and preachers preach;
 Robins chirp and roosters crow;
 And Santa Claus roars "Ho, ho, ho!"
 Mothers cry, "Your feet are wet!"
 And Romeo sighs, "Juliet."