

# WILLAMETTE FARMER

VOL. XIV.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1882.

NO. 4.

**Correspondence.****A TRIP TO YAQUINA.**

**Editor Willamette Farmer:**  
I have been wandering in a foreign land of late, and will write you of the trials and tribulations of the wayfarer man in the Winter season in "Webfoot."

With two of my neighbors I have been to the much-talked-of Yaquina Bay. We went with a well-covered wagon, and all the little things necessary to make the camp happy, including fire-arms of various kinds, from the trusty rifle to the well-known "bulldog" pocket piece. We went by the Capitol City and laid in at least six weeks' supplies. Crossing the great Willamette at Salem we made the first camp at Eola. We built our first camp fire against a large fir log, and after supper told yarns and sang songs such as Eola never heard before. Patrick O'Neal told tales of the far-off "Emerald Isle" and "Swate Limerick," while the Professor, Jimmie McCarty, gave an idea how to hold the rod in the school-room; but poor me had little to say, as I had never traveled and had no profession—only a farmer. I very much fear I will never be much of a "literary cuss." Nothing of note happened until we neared Independence, when we had to cross a stream made by the late rains. When near the middle the hame strap on the near horse broke, and as the horses became frightened Pat made a lunge for the little round hole in the back end of the wagon sheet, but with the desperate leap for liberty caught his foot in a rope and was precipitated into the water; being a bold Irishman he did not complain. You can guess at whose expense we took our next smoke.

Well, we traveled through Monmouth and thence to King's valley, as pretty a country as ever mortal eye beheld, and from the looks of things a very prosperous portion of the great Willamette Valley. On arriving at the head of this valley we were reliably informed that the road from thence to Yaquina was the next thing to impassable for wagons and teams, so we held a council, Jimmie in the chair—or rather on a log—while Pat and I were spokesmen. The final conclusion was that Pat—who, by the way, is a first-class workman—should manufacture two pack saddles, on which to transport our goods, and as nails, hatchet and a hand saw were needed, I was appointed as a committee of one to canvass the surrounding neighborhood for the foreaid articles. My instructions from the hair were to beg, borrow or steal them, but the people about there were of a very liberal caste, I had no trouble in obtaining what needed. We then took gunny sacks, ropes and various other things and manufactured cinches, lariats, etc., until, everything considered, we had quite a respectable rig.

The next day we "hoofed it" over the summit of the Coast range, camping near the head of the Yaquina river, and found the lay of the country better than we had expected. We were informed by an intelligent settler that there was vacant land near him, so we rolled on the morrow to lay over and take a general look, that being one object of our going, to find, if possible, a piece of government land on which to lay a homestead and plant our fig tree, etc. I cannot refrain from giving you a little account of a hunting scene that took place during that day.

This settler, who, by the way, is one of your ablest contributors, told us there was plenty of game where we were going, and that we had better take our guns with us; so in the early morning we filed out. The settler (whom I will call Mr. A.) and I carried rifles. Pat was armed to the teeth with an old U. S. musket, loaded with a chunk of lead he had shaved to make fit; Jimmie McCarty had a Colt's dragoon six-shooter in his belt and the "bulldog" in his pocket. Visions of elk, bear, deer and cougar flitted across our minds; a large black dog Mr. A. took with him seemed eager for the chase. We had spent some of the day examining the land, and some of us were well pleased and intend to make our future home there. This land is covered with a large growth of fern, but good cattle range is found underneath its leaves; some logs, some stumps and some brush, wild cherry, vine maple, alder, elder, etc. replace the old-time forests that have been burned, no rock of any kind is found; the country generally is very productive, and raises the finest vegetables it has been my lot to notice.

But to return to the hunt. We were all standing on a large log taking a final view of the country before returning, when the dog showed unmistakable signs of scouting game, and Mr. A. told him to "go," which he did, waiting no second telling. All eyes followed him as he bounded over logs and through patches of brush. "Well," says Pat, "what shall we do if he runs the deer out here?" The general exclamation was: "Shoot him."

**Letter from Benton County.**

WELLS STATION, March 4, 1882.

**Editor Willamette Farmer:**

Our quiet little city is moving along. It affords at present two stores, a warehouse, blacksmith shop, post office and a beautiful church, but no saloon. The people of Wells believe in temperance, and they just naturally burst out every fellow that attempts to start one, and I think they are right.

The weather has been very bad for some time and the farmers are getting discouraged; they cannot put in their spring crops; wheat is still low; there was a lot of about 4,500 bushels sold here this week for 76 cents. Cattle are in good demand; calves are worth from \$9 to \$12 per head; milch cows from \$25 to \$40, and beef from 6 to 7 cents. Stock generally is getting very poor; grass is short and feed scarce.

Mr. V. C. Brock favored the community with an exhibition at the close of his school; it was almost equal to a theater. His school was a success in every respect throughout the whole term; he deserves great credit, as he is young, and this being his first school.

We have preaching at our new church house two Sabbaths in each month; will have it oftener as soon as the roads get in better condition, and a Sunday School will be started also. I will close for this time by wishing the FARMER success.

Yours truly,

A FARMER.

**Resolutions of Condolence.**

MCMINNVILLE, Feb. 18, 1882.

**Editor Willamette Farmer:**

WHEREAS, In the inscrutable order of nature's decrees, the family of our much esteemed Brother and Sister Reid have been afflicted by the removal by death of their son, Roscoe Olds; therefore,

Resolved, That the members of McMinnville Grange do offer a unanimous vote of condolence to the afflicted family as a token of sympathy and mutual expressions of a common brotherhood.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the afflicted family.

Resolved, That a copy be spread on the minutes of the Grange, also that a copy be sent to the WILLAMETTE FARMER for publication.

S. D. DURHAM,  
L. E. NELSON,  
H. A. LANGBURG,  
Committee.**Washington County Fair.**

HILLSBORO, March 6, 1882.

**Editor Willamette Farmer:**

Owing to an impression that has gotten out that there is to be only a horse fair in July and an agricultural fair in October, the Washington County Agricultural Society met at Hillsboro on March 4th, and decided to have only one fair, and that in July, from the 3d to the 7th, inclusive. It will be their regular annual fair.

J. A. IMBIE, Secy.

**High Water at Turner.**

TURNER, Feb. 28, 1882.

Heavy rains for the last three days; not done yet; big flood in Mill creek; no damage to report.

March 1.—Flood abating. I agree with the school boy, that "no wonder the sea is big, if all this water runs into it."

MATTISON.

**Wool Buyers.**

Messrs. Christy & Wise, of San Francisco, have a branch of their extensive business in this city, managed by Mr. Chappel, and as they probably handle more wool than any house on this coast, and have a standing of the best character, we call the attention of all wool growers to their advertisement in another column.

**A Well Bred Berkshire.**

Mr. Thomas Cross seems striving to take the lead again in breeding swine, in which he was famous many years ago. He has lately purchased a Berkshire boar of prime pedigree, that was at the Jefferson Flouring Mill, and gives its pedigree from Mr. Wm. Corbett, who imported the stock as follows:

Mr. Corbett writes: "Enclosed please find pedigree of boar, which is correct in every particular. I imported him through Messrs. W. & J. Lockett, of Liverpool, and no better animal of the kind ever came to this coast. I sold pigs by him when fit to wean at from \$50 to \$75 the pair, and the demand was greater than the supply."

**PEDIGREE:**

Boar, "Oak Grove," imported by William Corbett, San Mateo Co., Cal., from England; sire, "Oak Grove," farrowed March 16, 1879;

by "Heperion Major;" she by "Delaware," by "Fiburton," by "Royal Oak;" dam of "Heperion Major," "Hillside Damsel," by "Long Range," g. dam of "Heperion Major;" by "Sousse Gentle," g. g. dam of "Heperion Major;" "Butter Basket" out of "Buxom;" dam of "Oak Grove," "Queen Mary" by "Young Champion;" dam of "Queen Mary," "Queen of the Valley," by "Miller," g. dam "Matchless," by "Champion," g. g. dam "Maid of Honor," by "King of "Newport." "Queen Mary" was winner of four first prizes, her present owner paid \$720 for her.

Mr. Cross writes: "I think him the best hog I ever saw, and consider him a perfect model, plenty large and of great length, shows a marked aptitude to take on flesh; short legs with great depth of body; weight when he landed here 550 pounds in moderate flesh; would easily fatten to 800 pounds. I have as fine a lot of Berkshire sows to breed to him as there is on this coast, about fifty-four."

We don't pretend to be skilled in swine-craft, but we know that "Uncle Tommy" is so, and when he goes into ecstasies over the pedigree of a pig we believe there is something to it.

As he is receiving many letters in regard to stock, Mr. Cross promises to furnish a series of articles on that subject, which we shall be very glad to receive. Our readers will find his experience and views both interesting and instructive.

**Prohibition in Kansas.**

Mr. A. D. Gardner, of Fox valley, writes us that temperance people take exception to an item published in this paper some weeks ago, so we look the matter up and find that, without our knowledge, this item was copied from a daily paper in this city. We do not super-vise the "make up" of the paper, and sometimes an item we do not endorse goes in to fill a column, borrowed, as this was, to supply the exigency of the moment, by the foreman, in case he cannot find something already set up to fill the required space. We are on good terms with other newspapers in the same building, and exchange small favors with them in just this way. Now, the editor of the FARMER would not have had this item in his columns, which claims that the prohibition law of Kansas is a failure. The FARMER takes radical ground in favor of temperance, and believes that crime is fed by alcohol. At the time this item was used the editor was well, and never knew of it until attention was called to it, so we request our friends to accept our editorial utterances as more reliable than items borrowed from other journals. If we had our way prohibition would prevail in Oregon without much delay.

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has all been made back in a single good bearing year. The cranberry does not need so long to mature as a fruit orchard but comes soon into bearing. There are many localities especially suited to it, and there is a wild variety native to marshes on the coast, smaller in berry but excellent in flavor, that have been sold in this market at a good price. As California has not a climate suited to their growth there is no reason why those who will go extensively into its cultivation in Oregon and Washington Territory, west of the Cascades, should not find a ready market at a good price for all they can ever grow.

Mr. Burr writes: "I have plenty of vines. I put out two acres last Spring and shall put out about three acres this year. I drained a part swamp and in the Fall burned it over; then I plant my vines by dropping them two feet apart one way and one foot the other. It is better than planting them eighteen inches each way on account of cultivating them. The vines are about one foot long; they should be dropped on the ground and the dibble placed in the center, forcing the ground into the muck, leaving both ends out about two inches. They will grow from both ends.

**About Wheat.**

Cor. Eugene Guard.

In the *Guard* of Feb. 11th, our worthy fellow citizen, Mr. George Belshaw, has a clear and practical letter on the subject of raising wheat, and seems to intimate that my letter in the *Guard* of January 7th is in the same vein.

So far as choice of varieties are concerned, I have no inclination to dictate or recommend, but that letter was written to call the attention of the people to the facts that good white flour could be made from red wheat, and that red wheat was merchantable and in demand everywhere, except in Oregon, and perhaps California. Whether a man prefers red wheat or white is nothing to me; but if I cannot raise white wheat and can raise red wheat, I would like to know why our red wheat produced in Oregon cannot be sold as readily in the markets of the world as the red wheat raised in Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, England, France and Russia.

There is but one point in Mr. B.'s communication that deserves notice in this connection, and that is where he puts his foot down emphatically and says: "I have also forty or more varieties of red, but I do not grow them extensively as they are not merchantable for storing or shipping, so that must end the matter at once so far as red wheats are concerned." And why not merchantable for shipping and storing? Again he says: "I have all the varieties the gentleman of Minnesota mentions and recommends, and I find them inferior to the white, and none will bear shipping from Oregon." And why will none bear shipping from Oregon? That is the question I want answered, and to try to find a reason and an answer I wrote to Minneapolis, and the answer came back that the Scotch Fife wheat stood highest in that market and in other markets. Now, if the shriveled half-made red wheats of Minnesota make good white flour and are saleable in all the markets of the world, why is not the splendid red wheat of Oregon, weighing sixty-five pounds to the measured bushel, fit for storing or shipping here or anywhere on God's green foot stool. This is the question I sought to have answered, and which has not—and probably cannot be sensibly, impartially and rationally answered.

That red wheat is rejected, or has been by our warehousmen, I well know; but why? What reason is given for such action when red wheats are bought and sold, and pass current everywhere except upon this coast. To leave the question with the merchants, millers, shippers and warehousmen is to leave it with a jury that has already given a verdict. My motion is to have this verdict set aside and a new hearing ordered. If our red wheats are rejected by warehousmen, buyers and shippers because they are simply red, it is about time we were importing a few wheat dealers without prejudice and with reason enough to give a reason for this preference.

This question will bear a good deal of explanation when such men as Allen & Lewis, of Portland, advertise and sell seed wheat—red wheat—at three dollars per bushel to farmers and then refuse to take or ship red wheat sent to them by other buyers. There are localities, as I stated in my letter of Jan. 7th, in Oregon, in this valley, in this county, where known and tried varieties of white wheat will succeed, and where at least one variety of red wheat has stood the test for twenty years without rust, blight or blemish. In behalf of those that cannot raise white wheat, and who can make a living by raising red wheat, and that all may have a fair show in the agricultural race, these lines are penned and these questions submitted.

Respectfully yours,  
H. C. HUSTON.

**Wagon Route to Oregon.**

A subscriber in Wisconsin writes to know the best route to reach Oregon by wagons. The old emigrant route, up the Platte, over South Pass then to Fort Hall and Boise City is all the route we know of, and as that has been traveled for forty years we do not see how any person can mistake it.

**Best Pasture Grasses.**

Mr. Wm. Cooper, of Wheatland, writes: "I ask information through the FARMER concerning grasses for pasture. I am interested in pasture, and wish to know the best Winter pasture and the kinds of land suited for different grasses, also the time to sow and the quantity per acre of seed. I see many writing on farming and how to summer-fallow. I have tried plowing the land once, then sheep the land and cultivate; that does pretty well, but I think the best way is to plow deep in the Winter, then let it lie until June, and when the volunteer growth gets 8 or 10 inches high, turn it under, and then let your sheep run on it. Some claim that the sheep leave their manure and say: 'Why not pasture all this volunteer growth off?' I claim you will find the bulk of manure in the fence corners and not on your wheat land. I tried fifty acres in this way two years ago, and got the best crop off it last year I ever got, and I had been plowing it for ten years."

"**Mr. Editor**—I am a poor scholar, but I claim to be a good farmer. There is but little Fall wheat sown in this part, and what is sown is very short. But little Winter plowing has been done."

**Note by EDITOR.**—Mr. Cooper talks very good sense about his summer-fallow. Turning under the green growth in June must greatly assist the land. It cannot hurt to plow in Winter and re