

# COL. HOFER IS AMAZED AT MEDFORD'S BOOSTER SPIRIT

Has Words of Praise for The Tribune--Tells of the Men Who Have Pushed Medford Ahead--Tells Salem That She Should Profit by This City's Example

(Col. E. Hofer in Capitol Journal)

The writer has been at many booster conventions. He has held hotair festivals in nearly all the principal cities of western Oregon, but never did he run into specific color that makes a community get up and jump and double up its real estate values like the one that struck Medford. Of course, all understand that the booster city of the Rogue river valley has been on all the United States maps printed the past few years in box car letters, but few people know who did it. It was the Medford bunch discovered Harriman in his lodge at Pelican Bay, and broke the ice that surrounded him for miles and then swam through it with an invitation in their teeth, asking the "Old Man of the Financial Mountain" to come and see them. He did stop a few hours, and Dr. Reddy took him in, too, with his 40-horsepower, Thomas Flyer, and when he got through Harriman turned and said to the crowd: "Reddy is the greatest booster I ever met. He mentioned everything under the sun as produced in the Rogue river valley except tin." Then Reddy produced some tin ore out of his hip pocket and gave Harriman a piece with an assay attached, signed and sworn to. The next time Harriman came this summer he staid three hours and would have stayed all day except for the modesty of the Medford bunch. They were afraid of overdoing it with the old man, but when they did not keep him over night, they got hold of Honore Palmer and young Vilas and gave them the time of their lives and each one has been the means of large investments being made in orchards. Young Palmer got his millionaire mama to come through and make the Rogue river valley her summer home—stole the dame (so fair to look upon—a real estate stand-point) bodily away from Eugene on promise to return her, after they had seen the bottom of her purse. She blew herself for \$165,000 worth of Medford orchards, and would have done as much more but for the financial squeeze.

**Who Are the Bunch**

Of course, there is the premier, entitled to stand at the head of the list—Dr. J. E. Reddy, mayor of the city, fighter for non ideas, landlord of the Nash house, about which I must say a little more farther on. John D. Oswell, first orchardist and organizer of this industry as a factor of southern Oregon development; Dr. C. R. Ray of the electric power company, and his brother Col. Frank Ray; J. E. Ewart, banker; W. I. Vawter, banker; Edgar Hofer, dentist and all-around booster of all southern Oregon, who takes abuse for breakfast, eats it for lunches and dines on it and grows rich, fat and happy; Jof Heard, new manager of the Sterling gold mine; Geo. Putman, who runs the red-hot little daily in seven states and has libel suits and imprisonment for contempt as often as the court meets Judge Withington, who is legal adviser of the hotair artists and Pres. W. M. Colvig.

I do not know where you would find 11 men who are such concentrated geyers of information as these are, but Medford has many more like them, and is educating them every day. These men are pioneers and have grown worse as they go along.

**A Pioneer Orchardist.**

Hon. J. H. Stewart is no more but he is entitled to the grateful memory of all who love to recount the battles for the upbuilding and transformation of Oregon. He was a pioneer, a progressive man, a builder of orchards. He built one of 75 acres 35 miles up the Rogue river that very few persons have seen. He was an Illinois man and is succeeded by his son, who is a chip off the old block. These men have lived to see orchards they planted sell for \$3500, then sell for \$20,000 and then sell for \$60,000. They have bought and sold some of these themselves and have made some of this money and kept it. It is not often that the man who sows so wisely also reaps the crop, but J. H. Stewart planted wiser than he dreamed of and his son is following with still larger enterprises.

**Got a New Hotel.**

One of the first things the Medford boosters did was to get a first-class hotel service. They got a new owner to renovate the old hotel Nash. They tore out the old partitions full of vermin, took up the old carpets that had been put down on top of each other seven deep and sometimes more, tore out the old unsanitary, disease-breeding plumbing, and put in some baths. The first step toward arousing a community out of its Rip Van Winkle sleep is to get a hotel where a civilized man with money who is not afraid to spend it, can telegraph for a suite of rooms with a bath and closet attached. Such a telegram creates surprise at Salem, but cannot be answered in the affirmative. The ownership of Salem's principal hotel refuses to make improvements or to allow a lessee to make any. Such an attitude is almost a disgrace to civilization. Whoever is responsible for such conditions can never make good to this community the injury they have done in advertising us to the world as a city where the traveling public cannot get decent accommodations even if they have the money to pay for them. Neither the state fair nor the state capital can be kept at Salem with the filthy sanitary conditions that are imposed upon the well-to-do and influential class

of people who have to put up with primitive conditions and go upwashed for want of decent hotel facilities.

I was delighted with the hotel service at Ashland, where the Hotel Oregon is up-to-date—with the service at Hotel Nash and Hotel Moore. The Nash has suites and rooms with baths on all the floors, and a grill room where everything is the finest. Where oysters are served in the shells, and game is on the bill of fare every day. A hotel register at Medford reads like a register at New York or Seattle. Medford is the Seattle of southern Oregon and the state knows it.

**Found Some Salemites.**

Besides Dr. Keene I found Frank Hoidis, who has become a furniture king in southern Oregon, owning three beds, carpet and chair and table stores, and looking for more to buy. Young Dr. E. R. Wesley has a medical practice worth about ten thousand a year. Dr. Keene was celebrating his 44th birthday and has made money enough in 11 years to retire from his practice. He wears flawless clothes, spotless shirts and gloves without wrinkles. He knows everybody and when he goes down the street he bows to right and left, young and old, farmers and bankers, women and children, and they all seem to know and like Doc.

A man named Doe was not to be seen around with Doc. We had fought for and against each other, but when it comes to boosting Medford, Doe knows no politics and is no respecter of persons. He put us in J. D. Oswell's Red car and we did 30 miles of pear, apple and cherry orchards, when it conveniently broke down in front of a blacksmith shop just in time to take the train to Medford. There the doctor bundled us into Mayor Reddy's 40 horse power Thomas car and we did 20 miles more of pear and apple orchards on the east side of the town that is worth, just like the west side, from \$500 to \$1500 an acre. Medford sits like a big rose in the center of a circle of mountains covered with blue mists and over the plain, radiating like the spokes of a golden wheel of fortune one looks down the long continuous rows of orchard trees.

**The Big Three Varieties.**

The big cash bumper crops have fixed things so that about all that is planted now are Newtown Pippin and Spitzenburg apples, and Comice pears. There are others nearly as good that make big money, but these are the best. John Wesley Perkins, now of Roseburg, got the first record crop of golden Comice pears, and they sold in New York for fabulous prices, and even got into the White House and the senate through Senator Bourne, who distributed hundreds of boxes of them to advertise Oregon. What did that do? Well, the Perkins Hillcrest pear farm sold for \$2500 originally. Perkins had the nerve to pay \$21,500 for it and he has sold it to Seattle people for \$80,000, and they took \$40,000 worth of fruit off it this year. De Hart, the Portland hardware man, bought a pear and apple orchard for \$16,000 a few years ago and has just sold it out for \$35,000. The owners are building fine bungalows nesting snugly in brown-leaved kimonas of oak groves and taking almost the price of their gold mine out of it each year in crops that increase each year. And mingled with in with the wagons hauling the fruit crops to town are wagon loads of fine coal taken out of the mines in the foothills just back of the orchards. Fred Hopkins off 19 acres of pears this year took \$19,000 and the check was published in fac simile. A real estate man on the street corner was telling a man on the street corner in my hearing of 40 acres this year yielding \$46,000, or \$45,000 net, and prepared to show him the expense and shipping books. Fifteen hundred dollars an acre was refused for the Dillon Hill pear orchard this fall. It is 160 acres, or nearly a quarter of a million acres, and nearly a quarter of a million acres.

**Something to Talk About.**

Here is something to talk about for the sizzards of the Willamette valley, where the soil is just as good for apples and pears as at Medford. Nearly a quarter of a million for a quarter section. Pear trees on that farm just beginning to bear, seven years old from the planting, and growing better every year. That land will never be sold for less than \$2000 an acre, and syndicates are already forming to take it in. Why shouldn't Medford boom when it has been the work of the boosters there to reveal the possibilities of that sort of fruit growing. The Hotel Nash, where I stopped, was as busy in the lobby as the Willamette when the legislature is in session and there is a holdup in the senatorship. Why should not Medford build high schools, lay off parks and pave streets? A half million dollar water system to be owned by the city is being brought in from the mountains. The Medford Commercial club was started a few years ago by Keene, Perkins and a half dozen others, and now has 150 members. The finest exhibitor building on the whole Harriman system stands at the Southern Pacific depot. It is John Oswell's pet. There are others at Roseburg and Ashland, but not the equal of this. I was taken fifty miles through orchards, in the same seat and over the same route they took Harriman, around through old historical Jacksonville, up to whose door the rising sea of prosperity is lapping with its gold-glinting waves, and still the tide is rising. Where will it stop!

**What a Lesson for Salem.**

With such an example, what is the lesson from all this for the people of the Willamette valley? The achievements of M. O. Townsend at La Fayette are a pointer as to what can be done in every nook and corner of the Willamette valley. The work done on the Wallace orchard near Salem is a pointer. We haven't got the red-hot tingling bunch of boosters that Medford happens to have. We have the facts and the soil and the products. We have men who can boost. We are on the man. Things are coming our way. Can we not get the Medford way? The Seattle and Spokane spirit and the Medford spirit are possible for any community that is capable of awakening to the self conscious state of activity required to make things go. Alas! boosters, like poets, are born, not made. The man to boost Salem into the aurora bore-

**Probate.**

Estate Benjamin F. Wagner; order made appointing G. F. Billings, E. E. Payne and Ed Farlow appraisers and Benjamin F. Wagner administrator. Estate Walter S. Jones; order confirming sale of personal property. Estate Jacob Hogger; order continuing final hearing until November 27.

**Circuit Court News.**

In the matter of the application of Travers H. Lynch to register title to real property; decree by default. T. E. Pottenger vs. Lulu Phillips; suit to quiet title; decree by default.

Medford Tribune, 50c per month.



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<b>BIJOU THEATRE, W. 7TH ST.</b> Continuous performance every evening of motion pictures and illustrated ballads. Entire change of program Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Admission 10 cents.	<b>ANLO PENWELL</b> The Financier. I solicit a share of your business, pledging satisfaction.	Cook Stoves and ranges. Phone 91 <b>MORDORFF &amp; WOLF</b> New and Second-Hand Furniture Eads' old stand, 18-20 F St. South Medford, Or.
<b>WM. H. AITKEN</b> Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating. Phone 22. 210 W. Seventh St., Medford, Or.	<b>THE ELECTRIC AND PAPER DRY CLEANING AND PRESSING WORKS</b> W. E. Lane & Son, Props. Opposite Hotel Meese, Medford, Oregon	<b>KARNES ROOMING HOUSE</b> Newly built and newly furnished. All modern conveniences. D. G. Karnes, Prop. 20 S. G St., Medford, Or.
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