

Willamina—Where opportunity await men and capital for lucrative activity

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WILLAMINA BUSINESS MEN ORGANIZE CHAMBER

GREAT WAVE OF PROGRESS ABOUT TO BREAK OVER NORTHWEST

Money From East Being Brought Into Oregon to be Invested in Developing Our Great Natural Resources—Playgrounds Will Receive Much Attention

1930 will be a banner year in Oregon history. There will doubtless be the greatest forward move in all lines of endeavor by way of development, that we have ever known. From Every corner of the state comes news or very definite plans now taking shape for the erecting of homes and large buildings; building of railroad lines; putting in of power projects; rebuilding and extending of power lines, telephone lines, water and sewer systems; opening up of irrigation projects; replanting of large areas of logged off lands to a new crop of lumber trees; reclaiming of great marshy sections along rivers and lakes; establishing of air ports; building and extending of highways; clearing of great acreage of lands; opening up of new lumbering projects; development everywhere of our great playground, and a thousand and one other contemplated activities.

Never has there been a time when there was such a wide variety of activities outlined as there are for this year. A new spirit is taking hold upon Oregon. The State chamber of commerce is doing a great work this year, one of the most beneficial works, in fact, that the organization has ever done. The state and its wonderful resources are now being widely advertised, and the eyes of the world are now turned on our state. Scores of new settlers are being induced to come to our state bringing money to invest in farms and factories. Never have so many families come to Oregon in the same length of time as are now coming each month. Good, substantial people; people who are coming bringing in the best to be had in the state, from which they are emigrating, to become firm pillars in the further building of our state.

We have had a hard struggle financially for years in our state, and while we have had much difficulty in this line, along with all other sections of the country, since last October, it seems that the crisis has been a good thing for us. People are turning away from Wall street and are coming to this great land of opportunity to invest their money in some-

thing real that will not give way with every rich man's whim.

Oregon has great expanses of wonderfully rich soil only waiting for the skill of the tiller to assist it in producing its apples of gold. Great expanses of pasture lands are awaiting herds of high bred cattle and flocks of goats and sheep. There is ore in the mountains waiting for the miner and wonderful playgrounds awaiting the developer of such pleasure lands. There are still billions of feet of the finest lumber in the world to be cut from our forests. What more can be said concerning the unbounded opportunities to be found in our Oregon?

Occasionally men will say, "Too much is being said about Oregon in the way of booster stuff." Impossible! No pen can describe what we really have in Oregon. The trouble is, we are not awake to our opportunities. Too long have we sat enjoying what we have obtained by the feeble efforts we have put forth, a thing in itself which proves what can be done here.

In the beautiful Yamhill valley lying between McMinnville and Grand Ronde, recently described by a gentleman who has traveled extensively, as "Little England," there are many rich farms with fine homes, splendid horses and valuable herds of cattle. These farmers are wealthy and the money has been made on these farms. But they are members of a later generation. The pioneers who grubbed out this land and brought it under cultivation from the wild, half worked the soil for years, came to a time when they believed the ground was worn out, and moved off from the farms, selling them to the present owners. These men came with their skill and understanding of soil handling, and the thing we see today is the result of these efforts. One farm alone, might be mentioned as an example of the above facts. That farm was left by a man who cut it out of the wilds, because he was unable to make a living for his family upon it. Today, that farm is cut up into four farms and occupied by

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THE THINKER LEADS MODERN PROGRESS

By JOHN G. LONSDALE
President American Bankers Association

THE greatest need of the world today is interpreters of our times—modern Daniels in agriculture, finance, politics, industry—who can see through the fog and haze that enshroud our difficult problems and advise, instruct, and influence those who are either indifferent or limited in their perceptions.

Through the thinker and the interpreter, unknown situations are disclosed or puzzling conditions explained in logical light. The American people are so constituted that they can meet and combat any situation once it is known and understood. It is the unknown that comes like the thief in the night and brings disaster.

Some one has defined prosperity as something the business men create for the politicians to take credit for. But America's present-day prosperity can be defined as a product resulting from the business man's ability to study and to interpret. Huge corporations maintain research staffs and

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This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

Going West
Thank Your Local Editor
The First Hoover Year
Ants Are Foolish—and Men

GOING through Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and on to the Pacific, for the hundredth time, is as interesting as on the first journey. You feel that you are in a big country.

A. L. Wathen, of the Interior Department of Indian Irrigation Service, in connection with looking after the Coolidge Dam, says with conviction, "No place east of the Rocky Mountains is fit to live in."

He would not have said that when in the army, across the ocean a while ago. He is sure of it now.

At Albuquerque, H. F. Pickereil is at the station. He is editor of the Albuquerque Journal, which is a success. Wants you to know that the Rio Grande conservancy project, nothing to do with Boulder Dam, will soon irrigate 120,000 acres of fertile land above and below Albuquerque, providing jobs and prosperity.

A natural gas main, on its way to Albuquerque, will secure the establishment of a big glass factory. Albuquerque "healthiest place in the world, had 17,000 population a little while ago, has 35,000 now, and will soon double that."

Such an editor as Pickereil, is a whole chamber of commerce in himself.

The value of an energetic local editor is not often fully appreciated by his community, nor is the value of his advertising columns appreciated by national advertisers, as they should be. His readers buy everything from paint on the roof to cement in the cellar floor, buy more automobiles per capita than city dwellers, have time to read about the latest products, clothes, foods, time saving devices, etc. And buy them.

Senator Capper's newspaper, "The Daily Capitol," comes out with a review of President Hoover's first year. Senator Capper describes it as "a year of blue prints." Meaning a year of preparation.

The Capitol observes that Congress has not been strongly behind the President, the "wet press is not sympathetic toward him, and eastern publications with a Wall Street complex

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BERT PERKINS MAN OF EXPERIENCE

Elbert F. Perkins of McMinnville Oregon candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket for county clerk, asks the support of the Republicans of this section of the county.

"Bert" as he is more generally called, came to McMinnville in 1889 and has made his home here since that time. He returned to his former home in Burlington, Kansas, in 1906 where he was married and returned here with his bride. He has made a success in business affairs for himself and hopes to be permitted to handle the county office in the same manner. His work in the First National Bank and with D. M. Nayberger, as Bookkeeper, Teller, clerk and manager, covering a period of over 30 years, very specially fits him for meeting the public and caring for the clerical work of the county. He is a graduate from the International Business College at Burl-



ington Iowa. He attended a Methodist College in Baldwin, Kansas, after which he followed school teaching for seven years, four of which in Yamhill county. He is always found at his post of duty attending feverently to business and always ready to meet the public in a courteous manner. If nominated and elected he says he will diligently pursue his duties to the best welfare of the county.

Mrs. Ben Evans of Grand Ronde visited in Willamina Monday, at the home of her daughter Mrs. L. A. Matocha.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Barber and daughter Arlene of Sheridan visited relatives in Willamina Sunday.

MASS MEETING IS WELL ATTENDED

Move In Right Direction Is Taken by Citizens

A mass meeting of the business men of Willamina convened at Odd Fellows hall Tuesday evening to discuss the matter of organizing a chamber of commerce. The meeting was well attended by Willamina citizens.

The house was called to order by Mr. Fundman and Kenneth Shetterly was selected for temporary chairman.

A number of talks were given calling attention to the need of a commercial organization here. All present favored organizing and the work was started. Officers were elected as follows: President, K. E. Shetterly; Vice President John Durst; Secretary, G. G. Sittser; Treasurer, James Ball.

The Work of organization was not completed at this first meeting but will be finished next Tuesday evening when the body will meet again at the hall. All citizens of Willamina and surrounding country are urged to be present.

Cold Water Thrown on That Milk Snake Story

I am reminded of a conversation that I once had in the pine barrens with an old dorky who claimed to be an expert on snakes.

I had that day caught a large specimen of a king snake—that black and white serpent which is immune to the bite of any snake in North America, and which will kill in a fair fight any rattlesnake which it may meet. The sight of the king snake started my colored friend on a line of snake stories. Among them, I remember, was one about a cow on his father's farm that suddenly went dry. When she was watched it was found that every afternoon she would go down into the far end of the pasture and low invitingly, whereupon a milk snake would creep out of the grass and milk her.

When the snake was killed several quarts of milk gushed out of its mutilated body. After its death the cow pined away and died.

It was a very sad story and quite as true as most snake stories. The stomach of the largest milk snake holds about four teaspoonfuls, and it could no more milk a cow than could a bird.—Samuel Scoville, Jr., in "Wild Honey."

She had done everything wrong. She had disregarded the signal lights, then stalled in the middle of the street, and before starting had taken out her powder puff and started to apply it to her face. An irate traffic officer rushed up:

"Say, lady, do you know anything at all about traffic rules?"

"Why, yes. What is it that you want to know?"—Chatham News.

