

### Rickreall's Ghost--A Mill



Occupied today on the first floor as an apartment, this Rickreall building, familiar to all passersby, was the second structure to house the community's old Dixie flour mill, first operated by water-power in the late 1860s. The original mill building burned in 1891, was replaced by this structure the following year.—Statesman photo



The old Dixie mill, from an old picture taken in 1900 while the mill-race was still in use. The big warehouse (right) was torn down in 1928 and its lumber used in remodeling the state flax shed that was converted in that year to a "haunted" dance hall.

## Pioneer Flour Mill Stood on Hall Site

By MARY ADAMS  
Statesman Correspondent

RICKREAL—To the passing motorist, the sign, "Haunted Mill Dance Hall" in Rickreall probably means just another dance hall. But to Rickreall residents there is more to the story and the "haunt" is only incidental.

The old Rickreall flour mill, once a flourishing institution and what inspired the founder of the dance hall here to name it "Haunted Mill," is now the residence of Ezra Hart, present proprietor of the hall.

The haunted mill legend was conceived in 1928 by Archie Legg, Southern Pacific agent at Derry station, when he decided to open a dance hall on the old mill grounds. He bought the old mill and an adjoining warehouse and flax shed—the latter built by the state to store flax that was extensively grown here for three years—and converted the shed into a dance hall. The warehouse was torn down and much of its lumber used in remodeling the shed for dance purposes.

By the time the shed remodeling job was finished, the legend of Rickreall's "haunted" mill had been well circulated on cards sent into several adjoining counties, and the dedication was a big affair. The main entrance then was a narrow hall from the highway side, and enterprising Proprietor Legg covered it with black cloth, and "decorated" it with spooky figures. He also devised faces that would appear in the mill windows and made them emit blood-curdling screeches. Legg's scheme worked and dancers flocked to his hall by the hundreds.

But the old mill, even though debunked of its present-day "haunt" legend, has a most interesting bit of history, as recalled by W. W. Rowell, Rickreall postmaster, who has lived in this community for more than half a century.

The first mention in records of a mill was on February 25, 1865, when a deed was given by J. M. Ford to Isaac Dempsey and T. C. Thorpe for a right of way for a millrace for the operation of a

Dixie mill marketed flour under the White Lily trademark and the brand became well known in many states. Large consignments also were sent to China and Japan under the Lion brand. The valley flour was popular in the Orient because of its whiteness.

In 1899 the entire wheat crop was badly damaged by a wet season, which started in early August with a bad electric storm and continued through the fall. The damaged wheat was bleached white and shipped to China and Japan, the two countries taking the entire output of the mill. Operations of the mill halted in 1907, when the machinery was moved to Bellingham, Wash., but in 1908 Mr. Rowell, the present postmaster, and Peter Crook formed a partnership, bought machinery at Dayton and operated their plant on a custom basis until 1912, when flood waters washed out their dam. The waterpower mill then gave way to steam.

A few years ago Mr. Hart had a modern apartment constructed on the main floor of the old mill building. The mill property has frequently been under litigation over the title. Of the men employed in the old milling operations here, only Thomas Dempsey of Keise, Wash., and W. W. Rowell remain. A. J. McDaniel, one of the former owners, resides in Portland. Rowell recalls how an unidentified townsman ended a bitter argument in which three prominent local men became embroiled at the time the old mill burned, in 1891. Wheat saved from the fire had been staked off in lots and sold. The argument arose over which was entitled to the biggest pile, which happened to lie above the millrace. The townsman ended the argument by opening the flood gates and sluicing the disputed pile down the creek.

### Think of It!

McCOMB, Miss.—(P)—Several women were overheard discussing their respective reducing programs. Said one proudly: "I've been on a diet all day now."

# Features

## Stayton Flower Show "the Best"

### "Mums" Show to Advantage

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

"The best amateur flower show we have seen," was the expressed opinion of judges and many of the visitors at the annual Stayton flower show held Thursday. The arrangement and the quality of bloom were both excellent. And the variety was immense.

Some of us might have been thinking that the recent rains damaged our blooms, but Stayton's display almost belied that.

Stayton women have been studying flower arrangement for the past two years, and they are carrying out their studies in their exhibits.

Mrs. Earl Miller, who took top prize in artistic arrangements had some unusual and beautiful arrangements. The perfection of the blooms was a noticeable feature. Too few of us strive for perfection in production.

While the Stayton garden club will hold a chrysanthemum show later this fall, quite a number of early "mums" were

on display Thursday. The old-time bronzy Yellow Normandy was admired by many and the little button white Korean Nibbe was also delightful. Those of you who are asking for early Chrysanthemums should notice these, which are appearing at displays now. Mrs. Joe VanCleave, who displayed both of these, said they had been in bloom for quite a spell.

Attracting considerable attention was the mallow, with its five-inch blooms, exhibited by Mrs. Raleigh Harold. I do not know which mallow this is, as I had never seen this particular one in bloom before. It resembled the single hibiscus more than it did the true mallow.

Another, not so frequently seen flower, was the arctotis, exhibited by Mrs. VanCleave, who goes in for variety. This belongs to the herbaceous division. The cultivation is said to be very simple and the foliage somewhat reminds one of the dusty miller. The one she exhibited was arctotis grandis and the flowers were a pale violet, showing to much better advantage for the day-time visitors at the show than to the night callers. The flowers are single and might slightly resemble, in form, the African daisy.

A number of forget-me-nots were also on display, both the common annual and the Chinese variety.

The rose division was exceptionally good, although not so very large. While a little mildew did show on the foliage, I was surprised how very free from disease it was. The year has been excellent for the spread of plant diseases, and only very good care could possibly have kept the foliage as clean as it appeared at the show.

Stayton's garden club certainly is to be complimented on its work—which is very noticeable when one comes into the town. Almost every Stayton resident seems to take a pride in his lawn and garden.

## Now You Tell One--

### If He Looked Like--

BANGOR, Me.—(P)—Fins Farr, author of the radio show, "Farr, District Attorney," spends much of his time seeking back-ground. He stopped in a sheriff's office near here and before he could open his mouth a deputy had wrestled him to the floor and whipped a pair of cuffs on him.

The sheriff had just captured a bank robber who looked much like Farr, and the deputy had thought the desperado had broken out some way. When he learned of his mistake, the deputy fainted.

"You see," the sheriff explained, "he had been given orders to shoot—if you'd made a false move, he might have killed an innocent man." Then Farr fainted.

### Today's Retort

WILSON, NC.—(P)—When Giles Winstead was named foreman of the Wilson county grand jury Judge Henry Stevens commented: "I'm sure you'll do—you look like a good reliable citizen."

"And you sound like a good politician, too," responded Winstead.

### Band Played On

CAMP BLANDING, Fla.—(P)—"Well, sir, I was in Jackson, Miss., ready to catch the train to camp," said Corporal Virgil W. Thomas when he was called on the carpet for being six months late for duty, "and a band came by, stopped and just before I boarded began playing the national anthem. I, of course, came to attention and stood there. Meanwhile, the train pulled out."

### Beans Burned

MEDFORD, Okla.—(P)—Two years ago neighbors saw Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schwartz leave on a trip. A few minutes later, smoke rolled from the house. The neighbors summoned firemen. A pot of beans was burning. Recently the Schwartz family again went away. A few minutes later, smoke again rolled from the house. Firemen were summoned. Yep—the beans were burning again!

### Chick in Every Pot

NEW YORK.—(P)—Cooking was done on a grand scale in Middlebury, Vermont, in the 1800's. In his "Stagecoach North," an account of Vermont's first generation, W. Storrs Lee tells that when squash pies were made, there was enough pie to last a month. At an apple bee enough greenings were pared and strung for drying to last the winter. Twenty eggs went in gingerbread. Six pounds of sugar, two of lard, three of butter, twelve of flour, and a dozen and a half eggs were the basis of loaf cake.

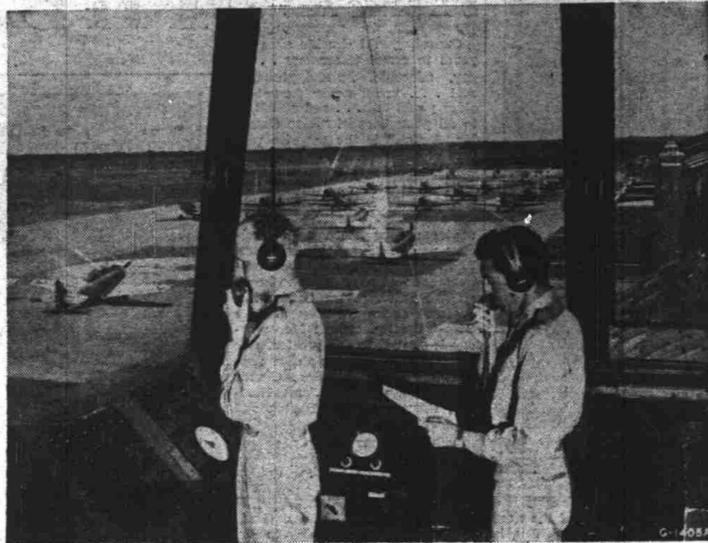
### War Babies?

SAN DIEGO, Calif.—Among the passengers to arrive from the Orient just before imposition of stringent war shipping conditions were three baby elephants, two Hindu keepers and a miscellany of Asiatic birds and animals. Mrs. Belle Benchley, secretary of the local zoo to which they were consigned, said defense priority in shipping and general war hazards made further such acquisitions doubtful.

### 2 x 2 x 2

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—(P)—Miss Beth Cowles ought to have a double portion of good luck. She found an eight-leaf clover.

## One of Uncle Sam's Flier Training Stations



"Zone Two, come in for a landing" . . . "Zone Four, taxi to the edge of the ramp" . . . and when darkness falls over the "West Point of the Air," these flying instructors and their microphones really become a babble of sounds in the night. High above the floodlights on the landing field, veteran instructors in the control tower keep paternal watch over the night flying of their students at Randolph Field, Tex., advising them on their landings and takeoffs, making assignments of students to their zones, and relaying reports from the weather ships patrol the skies watching for treacherous fog and clouds. At their fingertips in the control tower are switches controlling flood and hangar-top lights, manually operated signal lights and two-way radio equipment.

## Civilian Flying Schools Help Boost Army's Pilot Output

(Editor's Note: T. Claude Ryan, who built the plane in which Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, is participating doubly in the national defense program, both as a builder and director of a primary training school. He tells for The Statesman special news service how civilian flying schools are helping boost the army's pilot production.)

By T. CLAUDE RYAN  
President, Ryan School of Aeronautics

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Sept. 20.—(Statesman Special News Service)—In view of plans of the army air corps to increase its pilot training rate from the present goal of 12,000 pilots annually to 30,000, it is obvious that the greatest possible use of civilian contract schools must be made to accelerate the expanded program.

Already there are 28 civilian flying schools providing primary flight training to newly-enrolled flying cadets of the army air corps. There is every indication that this program will be widened further at civilian schools and there is the possibility also of turning over basic flight training to selected civilian contractors, thereby releasing army fields and instructors for more advanced military technical operations.

Only two years ago the plan of conducting primary flight training of air corps cadets in civilian flying schools was an untried experiment. Today the experiment is an unqualified success.

Again the American system of utilizing private initiative has been proved impressively efficient.

Use of civilian flying schools by the air corps has had the great advantage of utilizing the long experience and facilities of the leading commercial schools, and it has brought about a decentralized training program in a way which would permit rapid expansion, as now has been demonstrated fully.

This expansion has been carried on more rapidly and at substantially less cost than could possibly have been done if executed directly by the army. In addition, the air corps has profited greatly by the executive and organization ability of the various civilian schools.

The launching of the civilian training program is a worthy tribute to the vision, patriotism and courage of the war department and ranking air corps officers who had the decision to make, as the utilization of commercial schools was a drastic departure from anything done before.

We can consider our civilian schools as a first line of pilot training for the United States.

It was not an easy matter to undertake the air corps cadet training program in the summer of 1939. Housing facilities had to be produced for the cadets. This was done by erection near our San Diego operating base of unit-type barracks complete with mess, recreation and other related facilities as well as extensive training facilities, constituting in fact a miniature army post.

Then it was necessary to obtain additional field facilities. A final problem was to provide the required number of qualified instructors.

Originally we took in new classes of 35 cadets every six weeks for the 12-week course, but since last fall have been receiving 65 cadets every five weeks at the San Diego training detachment for the shortened 10-week course.

With one exception, our school has been typical of the other commercial flying schools now conducting the army's primary flight training program. The exception is that Ryan has served as the proving ground for adoption of the low-wing monoplane trainer.

The present army pilot training program to produce 12,000 pilots a year—calls, it is

## WISE... or Otherwise

By ETHAN GRANT

For many years now I've harbored a suspicion that intelligence tests are the bunk. I dare the wise boys to let me answer a set of their questions and then tell me precisely how smart I am. For I happen to have a very, very cockeyed I. Q.

My suspicions were aroused

back when I was trying to work my way through college. Entering law school, I made the mistake of asking the dean if in his opinion a youth of my intelligence could make the grade. He didn't know, so he got me an appointment with a professor of psychology. I was suspicious the moment I laid eyes on the prof, for he'd forgotten to put his shirt tail in, and his expression and manner indicated to the man of the world I was that he hadn't recovered from his hangover.

He gave me a written test consisting of ten questions.

The first was: "Who was Isaac Newton?" Any sap knew Isaac Newton was the guy who got credit for discovering something everybody else already knew. But you can't be facetious with a psychologist, so I told the dope who Isaac Newton was.

Number two was: "How can you cross the continent and pass through only six states?" That one got me. I'd never been very well versed in geography, and there I sat without a map. It didn't seem a very practical question, anyhow, so I just said I didn't know. The third also stumped me: "Is a lute a wind or a stringed instrument?" I made a stab at it, but got "lute" mixed with "flute," and the answer got a zero.

Number four: "Is a jaguar a weeper or an animal?" Being neither a zoologist nor a collector of relics, I couldn't say. And I was beginning not to care much. But I did sense the need of an education. My answer to number five: "Madagascar is a possession of what country?" was "Great Britain." It should have been "France." The next was: "What is a tedder?" I had the old boy there. He hadn't known I was the progeny of a line of farmers extending clear back to Noah!

But even so, he did stump me with the seventh: "How long is a furrow?" I wrote, "40 rods," but when he read it he scratched himself and grinned, so I knew it was wrong. By the time I got to the eighth: "What is a platypus?" I didn't care any more. I wrote, "A platypus is an animal that started out to be a duck and changed its mind and tried to be a beaver."

Next he wanted to know: "How much is a billion?" I asked myself what a billion had to do with Blackstone, and skipped it.

Number ten was the payoff: "Where would you be most likely to find a diver?" I didn't know. I still don't know. As I said, that was years ago. The prof looked my test paper over and gave me a rating, right in front of my eyes. But it was in Esperanto, or Latin, or dog-Latin. Anyway, I knew by the way he studied me and rubbed his chin that I had an extremely low I. Q.

I didn't mention the test to the dean, for fear he'd refuse me admittance. He didn't mention it to me. Which was a bad sign. My heart was set on becoming a lawyer. But I knew from the beginning, Contracts & Agency, that I was handicapped. I worked evenings in an automobile parts factory. I studied every spare moment; during lunch hours, going to and from work on the street car.

But that thought, that I had a low I. Q., never left me. And at the end of the first term I gave it up. Knowing what I know now, I'm convinced the world lost a renowned scholar. All because a man with a sheepskin license to dabble with that unfathomable, unpredictable

## Dr. Knopf Speaks to WU Grads

A new president, Dr. Carl Sumner Knopf, is coming to the Willamette university campus in a few days.

An idea of what may be expected of him as a speaker and thinker may be gleaned from the following excerpts from an address, "Facing the Dawn," he made Thursday night in Los Angeles before an alumni banquet held by the Willamette Club of Southern California:

"The oldest university on the Pacific coast, just entering its second century, faces the dawn. Today's shadowed world has but one possibility ahead, dawn. Education will make it brilliant or murky. War's final conflict is between human values, and within the human mind. It will be settled not between but within states.

"Dr. Grenfell of Labrador said that education was not to fill up with facts, but to light up candles for the darkness of the world. Walter Lippman has pointed out that for fifty years schools have been removing what produced modern democracy. Curriculum tinkers stopped passing on the great classical and religious cultures. Universities toyed with trade school ideas. Career minded individualists failed to cooperate in developing and saving a democratic order. Graduates too often lacked the premises, ideas, logic, method, values and deposited wisdom necessary for sane administration of freedom.

"Even a monkey making articulate noises would command investigation. The great philosophers, religionists and theistic scientists have long been making articulate noises about man, the universe, and moral implications. There are smug professors and sophomore students who miss it all!

"The modern world lacks effective moral and spiritual controls. African villages without gadgets can hold more contentment than a chromium trimmed apartment. Machinery speeds us faster and further. Few know why or where. The biblical Micah plowed with a stick. Today we have gang plows, but also gangsters. Ruth mowed with a sickle. We have improved on the mow, but not on Ruth. Twenty centuries ago the gospel was good news. Today the presses are marvelous. Is the news better?

"Three dangers threaten American education. First, organization—that mechanizes the process; makes Willie a dot on a graph; reduces the curriculum to an assembly line with standardized output, and produces a generation ripe for regimentation. Second, shortcuts—that have the surface to save all, that gain three minutes and leave the gainer unfit to use them; that attain a skill and forget a soul. Third, secularization—that bows God, Bible and church out of campus respectability and leaves just the kind of a tiger world we are now in.

"The independent college still has work to do. It is free to face the dawn, to provide a quality product and an awakened citizenship, motivated by those high religious and moral principles without which the modern machine world will destroy itself. The peace that is to come; the democracy that is to live; the comfort and beauty that will be—our demand what a high type, courageous, sane, independent university can give.

"Willamette enters her second century facing the dawn. Her alumni will carry on. Her staff will guard the sacred flame of a noble tradition. Her graduates will add to the luster of the brave new world that is bound to come."

## Teachers Gird 'Gainst War Propaganda

TULSA, Okla.—(P)—Rural school teachers will attend classes this winter to familiarize them with war propaganda.

The classes will be under the supervision of Dr. Ross Beall of the University of Tulsa.

Mrs. Esther Donovan, rural school supervisor, said the purpose will be to teach the teachers "to recognize and resist propaganda and carry the information back to their students."

"Hitler always precedes an army with propaganda and we must be on our toes," says Mrs. Donovan.

## Potatoes vs. Spuds

JOPLIN, Mo.—(P)—J. E. Rowe and John Thompson decided to test the ancient theory that the moon has something to do with the planting of potatoes and the way they thrive. So Rowe planted some in the dark of the moon and Thompson tried his on the light side. The dark won, one bushel to three-fourths.

something called "mentality" thought up a new way to harass ambitious youth; a man who couldn't remember that his shirt tail belonged inside his pants!

If one of my subterranean I. Q. may be permitted to say so, intelligence tests are the bunk. If you want to know how smart a youngster is, why not tell him right from wrong and watch to see how he reacts?