

# Silverton Acquires Famed Mill

## Property Provides Recreational Center

The city of Silverton's newest acquisition of property has formed a heated contention in Silverton homes and on Silverton streets since Monday night, almost dividing discussion space with the second World War. Prior to Monday night, it was no acquisition; it was only a heated contention.

This local battle began waging early last fall when it became known that the old Fischer Flouring Mill property would be offered for tax sale.

A group of citizens headed by Dr. P. A. Loar, who, incidentally is president of Silverton's Planning Council, decided it was "too good a proposition to pass up."

The large brick building, these citizens explained, could be used for a recreational center; the office building of concrete could house the public library now being housed in the city hall, and the huge old mill should be torn down as a fire hazard.

There were, in addition, over six acres lying along Silver Creek, reaching to the new swimming pool and across the creek from the city park. A subscription list was started quickly.

The first snag was when at a meeting of the library board composed of Mrs. H. B. Itham, Mrs. G. E. Benton, R. A. Fish and L. F. Tucker, members voted against it as a future home for the library. It gave them no more space than present quarters, the board explained, and there would be considerable expense in moving.

But other uses for the building could be found if the library didn't want it, the group, headed by Dr. Loar, contended. And then the war came, and the county arranged to let the city use the building for defense headquarters until "such a time as it was sold."

Culmination of the fight came Monday night at a special meeting of the city council when Dr. P. A. Loar appeared with a subscription gift of \$1720 to be applied on the purchase. One of the most heated arguments heard in city council chambers at Silverton for many a year, followed the offer of the money.

Councilmen L. F. Tucker, R. A. Fish and L. E. Brown voted against both gift and purchase. Their stated reasons included, too heavy a financial burden on the city already. If we have money to spare we should buy defense bonds now. The city council has no right to spend the people's money in speculation.



This old mill, while in a picturesque setting, is considered a fire hazard and now that Silverton owns the property it will be torn down.

And the purchase price is only the initial cost. Development comes next.

A. L. Coots, L. E. Starr and J. W. Jordan voted for the purchase, giving as their reasons that "the cost to the city will be but \$1330, with \$1720 of the \$4000 purchase price all ready donated, and \$950 to be returned from the county in taxes to the city. There are five years in which to pay for it, the \$1720 covers the first two years. If we let it go, we'd soon be paying rent for defense headquarters. We need not develop it now. Silverton has a future. A fire hazard will be removed. We have as much right to purchase this as we did to purchase McGinnis ball park."

Mayor Reber Allen, stating no reason, cast his vote with the affirmative. City Manager E. K. Burton took no part in the discussion.

H. B. Latham, citizen at large, appeared at the council and voiced his opinion in opposition to the purchasers.

Fischer's Flouring Mill company as such, completed its work and folded its books during the past year, and with it went one of Silverton's pioneer businesses.

The Oregon Milling company, which sold to the Fishers, headed by W. J. Burns now of San Francisco, as president; Fielding McClaire, father of Mrs. C. W. Keene, vice president, and William Dunbar as secretary, acquired the property in 1885 from Thomas Skafte and John McIntosh, who had first opened the mill.

The late George Custer, formerly city recorder, came from Portland in the spring of 1886 to buy wheat for the new firm and to take care of the books. Judge L. H. McMahan now of Salem was oilman and sweeper at the mill from 1885 to 1886.

With the decline of the export trade, the Oregon Milling company sold the plant first to Ed McKinney and then to John Wolford, before finally disposing of it to the Fishers.

In 1900, the mill was established as the Fischer Flouring Mill when Henry F. Fischer came from Corvallis and bought the plant, improved it and enlarged it. In 1908, a cereal plant of 250-barrel capacity was added and such brands as "Fischer's Oat Flakes," "Wheat Hearts," and "Silver Flakes" joined "Pride of Waldo Hills" flour.

Recently, at a party, a group of Silverton-born women remarked they had good reason to remember "The Pride of Waldo Hills," as the flour sacks in which it came had formed more than one piece of their lingerie before silk became the vogue for even little girls.

Mr. Fischer's son, Louis H. Fischer, now of Jefferson, took over the mill at the time of the former's death, and continued it successfully until 1931 when it began to fail, and in the fall of 1932 went into bankruptcy.

It was then that the stockholders organized to see what they could do to retrieve their investments. The mill was sold in 1927 to the Wallin Brothers for \$9000 plus taxes. But the deal was never entirely completed and the indebtedness remained largely unpaid. The Wallins converted the mill into a cannery and operated it for some years. During the past summer it was let go for taxes and abandoned as the Silverton Canning company moved into a new \$10,000 plant constructed by Cannery Building, Inc., composed of Silverton business men.

A total of \$190,000 worth of bonds was outstanding against the Fischer Flouring Mills at the time it was forced into bankruptcy.

In mid-October this fall, the property was put up for tax foreclosure sale at Salem. No bids were received. County appraisers, for the purposes of the tax sale, had fixed the price at \$6500. Following its failure to receive this sale price, the county court agreed to let it go for \$4000. Private offers, it was reported at the council meeting Monday, were also in for the same amount.

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# Features

Salem, Oregon, Sunday Morning, December 21, 1941

## WISE... or Otherwise

By ETHAN GRANT

If you are one of those persons who seem never able to get ahead, perhaps it's because you never learned the secret of success. Yet, as I see it, it is one of the world's simplest formulas. In an old notebook of mine I find this:

"Ah, but a man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" copied from Robert Browning's "Andrea del Sarto."

Do you know what it means? I do. It's really the key to success, if you can get it. Nor does success consist merely of an abundance of champagne and caviar. More frequently than not, champagne means a headache, and I notice that rugged Oregonians use caviar principally as fish bait.

Success is "I Can"

Browning was vague. So, lacking his profundity, perhaps I can give you the formula in another way. Success begins as a germ deep inside a man's head, where it incubates as a nebulous something you probably don't recognize and then becomes a growth I like to call "I Can." If you permit this growth to develop, you succeed; if you don't, it dies of starvation.

A young man I once knew asked the president of the firm that employed his how he could rise above his fellow workers — which was a very clever way to ask for a raise.

"By making a specialty of doing the things others say can't be done," the president said. "Can you do that?"

"I can," the youth replied.

Solves Business Problem

And he did.

For instance, the firm's officers met each week to discuss the big problems. At one of these meetings the president wanted opinions on the production of an expensive article that could be sold for less than half its price at the time, in order to increase its popularity. His minions said it just couldn't be done.

But the young man did it. He let that germ called "I Can" develop. Opportunity, of course, helped. But once he got that opportunity, he made the most of it. He practically drove the rest of us crazy. It marked his first step upward, and today he wears a crown literally studded with jewels of success.

Another man I know was 35 and a failure, when he discovered he had an "I Can." Today he's virtually the brains and work horse of a big daily newspaper. He sets the policies, dictates the editorials, writes a daily column with scarcely ever a dull line, and still finds time to do more work on a copy desk than any four of the ten hired hands who wield the blue pencil. He also writes for the magazines, gives lectures and, they say, spends about eight hours a day just sitting and hating golf and bridge.

So, you see, all you have to do is grow an enormous "I Can" and chase it until your tongue hangs out. If the formula can be of any help to you, you're welcome to it. I've kept it as a sort of pet secret for around twenty years now and am glad to be rid of it.

Meantime, will somebody please tell me how to pay off those pretty big debts that are long overdue?

## Small Books On Yuletide Are Popular

By JOHN SELBY

The publishers suddenly have broken out in a rash of little books suitable for use as Christmas greetings. Some seem more suitable than others, and the authors are, in a few cases, rather surprisingly chosen. But there will be little room for comment, so here are some of the titles—

**Fad In Australia**  
Vicki Baum has brought forth "The Christmas Car," which seems to be something they have in Australia. Or had. Edna Ferber's contribution is a modern Christmas story called "No Room at the Inn." David Grayson has produced "A Day of Pleasant Bread." Robert P. Tristram Coffin "Christmas in Maine;" Rufus M. Jones "The Shepherd Who Missed the Manger," and Frank Norris "The Joyous Miracle." These books come in transparent tissue slips and look a bit more like the usual gift book than might be expected of a Christmas greeting. (Doubleday, Doran; each \$3.50).

**Drawing Books Gay**  
There is another, and somewhat gayer, group which depends more on drawings than on text. Hans Bendix is represented here with "The Lady Who Kept Her Promise;" Hendrik Willem van Loon and his musical collaborator, Grace Castagnetta, with a few pages of Christmas music called "Good Tidings;" Jane Miller with "Lulu," who is a poodle and has adventures on Christmas. Edward Milson with poetry and illustrations combined in "Blow High Blow Low;" Manuel Komroff with "A Christmas Letter" illustrated by himself; Rockwell Kent with "A Northern Christmas," and there are other books by Russell T. Limbach, Grant Reynard, Roger Duvoisin, Ilonka Karasz, and a second book by Komroff. (American Artists Group; \$5.00).

**New Panorama Books**  
And finally, as if the little book craze had expanded horizontally into something as thin, but wider and longer, we have the first five examples of a new venture called "Panorama Books." These are survey books, each of which contains some text and some illustrations, and none of which pretends to be exhaustive, or even very thorough.

The five include, "American Bridges and Dams," by Paul Zucker; "From Covered Wagon to Streamliner," by Edward Hungerford; Henry Pratt Fairchild's "Main Street;" Myrtle B. McGraw's "The Child in Painting," and "The Rembrandt Bible," by Oswald Goetz. Very likely these just happened along at this season, but they would do nicely on the Christmas tree. (Greystone; each \$1.75).

## Best-Loved Christmas Stories: I The Legend Of Babouscka

(Adapted from the Russian) (Condensed)

It was the night the Christ Child came to Bethlehem. In a country faraway, an old, old woman named Babouscka sat in her snug little home by the fire.

"How glad I am that I can stay indoors," said Babouscka, warming her hands at the blaze.

But suddenly there was a rap at the door. She opened it and there were three old men standing in the snow. Their beards were white as the snow and reached to the ground. Their arms were full of precious things—boxes of jewels and sweet-smelling oils and ointments.

"We have travelled far, Babouscka," they said, "and we stop to tell you of the Baby Prince born this night in Bethlehem. He comes to rule the world and to teach all men to be loving and true. We carry Him gifts. Come with us, Babouscka."

But Babouscka looked at the snow and then at her cozy room and the warm fire. "It is too late

for me to go with you," she said. "And it is too cold." She went inside and shut the door and the old men journeyed on to Bethlehem without her.

But as Babouscka sat by the fire she began to think about the little Christ Child for she loved all babies.

"Tomorrow I will go to find Him," she said. "Tomorrow when it is light. And I will carry Him some toys."

So when it was morning, Babouscka put on her cloak and took her staff and filled her basket with the pretty things a baby would like—gold balls, wooden toys, and strings of silver cowbells.

But, oh, Babouscka had forgotten to ask the three old men the road to Bethlehem and they had travelled so far through the night that she could not undertake them. Up and down the road she hurried, through fields and woods and towns, saying to whomever she met, "I go to find the Christ Child. Where does He lie? I bring some pretty toys for Him."

But no one could tell her the way to go and they all said, "Farther, Babouscka, farther on." So she travelled on and on and on for years and years, but she never found the little Christ Child.

They say that old Babouscka is travelling still, looking for Him. When it comes Christmas eve and the children are asleep, Babouscka comes softly through the town, wrapped in her long cloak and carrying her basket. With her staff she raps gently on the door and goes inside and holds her candle close to the little children's faces.

"Is He here?" she asks. "Is the Christ Child here?" And then she turns sorrowfully away crying, "Farther on! Farther on!"

But before she leaves, she takes a toy from her basket and lays it beside the pillow for a Christmas gift. "For His sake," she says softly and then hurries on through the years in search of the little Christ Child.

(Next: the First Christmas Tree)

## Mr. Price Goes to Washington

### FDR's Censor Chief Real Newspaperman

By S. J. WOOLF  
NEW YORK, Dec. 20—(Wide World)—Last Tuesday President Roosevelt laid his cigarette on the edge of his desk and, smiling at the reporters who filled the executive office, told them he had news of vital interest to them. Then he went on to announce that he had appointed Byron Price director of censorship.

He did not have to tell any one who Byron Price was. Most of the newsmen knew the new appointee, many were his friends. For he had worked in Washington for twenty-two years.

He went there first as a reporter for the Associated Press, later became its news editor there and finally was made chief of its bureau. Five years ago he came to New York to become executive news editor of the entire service. I saw Mr. Price the day after he was named. He was still somewhat surprised, for he had heard of it but a day or two before the announcement was made. He posed for me in his office in Rockefeller Center.

Not a paper was on his desk. I thought that this was in preparation for his moving, but I learned later that no matter how busy he was, this was the way he always kept it. However, he would have seemed more at home surrounded by copy paper, scissors, paste pot and typewriter. For he looks like a newspaperman and he has a certain easy manner that all men who have spent years in gathering news have.

Big, heavy set, a large black cigar in his mouth, there was little formality about his appearance or manner. He took off his large steel framed glasses and told me to go ahead and shoot, but before I had gone very far with my sketch I realized that unless I were careful the man I was supposed to interview would learn more about me than I would about him.

"Censorship is nothing new to me," he said after he got settled in a large leather chair. "I ran

up against it myself forty years ago. I was ten years old at the time and I decided that my home town of Topeka, Indiana, needed another newspaper. Accordingly I made up my mind to publish one and I got out the first copy with the help of a pencil. The censor clamped down on me shortly after publication. He was my father, and he did not approve of some of the things I had written about my relatives."

The result was that young Price had to wait until he entered high school before he again could satisfy his reportorial cravings. Later he went to Washab college and while there did some work for a couple of Indiana papers. After his graduation he joined the

## Feudalism to World Power To Disaster

AP Feature Service

Doughty Commodore Matthew C. Perry sailed into Uruga harbor, Japan, in 1853, heading a large US naval squadron. He accomplished the design to frighten the Japanese into friendly trade with the United States, breaking her hostile isolation.

Perry's act also started Japan on its way from feudalism to a world power. Up to 1931, the U.S. looked on approvingly. Here's a thumbnail history:

1898—Treaty permits US advisers, teachers, missionaries to enter Japan.  
1899—Joins US in "open door" doctrine in China.  
1900—Japanese, American, European soldiers join to put down China's Boxers.  
1905—US mediates Russo-Japanese war.  
1911—A "gentlemen's agreement" remedies influx of Japanese to US Pacific coast.  
1914—Japan joins Allies.  
1922—Signs the Washington treaties to limit arms and maintain status quo in the Pacific.  
1931—Military clique rises in Japan. Seizes Manchuria (Manchoukuo).  
1937—Japan invades China. US gunboat Panay sunk. Enters axis anti-communist pact.  
1938—US denounces treaty of friendship.  
1940—Japan joins Rome-Berlin axis.  
1941—July-August, Japanese credits frozen in US. shipments of oil, metal from US banned.  
November, Japan protests US economic "strangulation." Takes control of Indo-China from Vichy, France. Speeds Special Envoy Kurosu to Washington. December 1, 1941—Japanese planes attack US Pacific bases.

He recalled the many changes that have come in the Associated Press since he first joined it; how it had kept pace with progress. "The papers themselves have changed and improved greatly," he said. "Apart from better writing and better printing and fuller news coverage they have gone in for more illustrations. The strange thing, however, is that although many more pictures are printed, the process of reproduction still lags."

Standing on a sofa, still unshing were two lithographs of Civil War battles which he had bought but a few days ago. At the time he had little idea that he would be leaving New York.

"I got them," he said, "because I thought the office needed a note of color, but it may be a long time before I shall come more by-attending at this desk and looking up at them. I'll be thinking of other battles besides those that happened 75 years ago."

And so Mr. Price goes to Washington.

## How to Say Merry Yule In Tongues

Iraq: "Mish Wa Sanah Jiddah"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.  
Argentina: "Felices Pascuas Y Felices Años Nuevos"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.  
Turkey: "Noelinh Ve Yeni Yilinh Kutlu Olsun"—May your Christmas and New Year Be Happy.  
Sweden: "God Jul & Godt Nytt Ar"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.  
Brazil: "Boas Festas e Felizes Años Nuevos"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.  
Netherlands: "Vrolijk Kerstfeest en Gelukkig Nieuw Jaar"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.  
China: "Kuang Hai Hsin Nianbing Chu Shen Tai" (Kiang New Year and Celestial Christmas).  
Norway: "God Jul og Godt Nytt Ar"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

United Press for a few months and on December 16, 1917, went with the Associated Press. This is the second time that Mr. Price has asked for a leave of absence. In 1918 he went to France as an infantry captain. Now he goes to Washington to take over his new duties.

He will not speak about what he is going to do, for he says he cannot tell until he takes over. One thing is certain, however, and that is that he will not forget that getting news is a reporter's job and publishing it a paper's function.

He fully realizes that in some ways his job is going to be a thankless one, for as President Roosevelt put it "all Americans hate censorship as much as they do war."

His chief work will be that of coordination, of seeing that the releases of one department are not cross purposes with those of another. Up to the present this has not been done. Only recently an American correspondent in one of the war areas in speaking over the radio told certain facts. Yet when he incorporated these in an article for his paper the censor cut them out.

Although Mr. Price would say little about what he was going to do, he had much to say about papers and their functions.

"I have felt strongly," he told me, "that for some time before we entered the war our papers were playing it up too much. I have never hesitated in saying this. This does not mean that I did not realize the importance or gravity of what was going on but that I felt that there were other subjects which were also of importance."

"Despite the war, the world will go on. Even now with us in it, Santa Claus must get around and there are reindeer down there in the plaza. In times such as these the paper must not forget that there are still some light things in life."

"Of course, it is to be expected that for the next few weeks the war will take up most of the space. The people are entitled to know what is happening, no matter whether the news is good or bad. I do not believe in living in a fool's paradise. The only news that should be kept secret is that which would aid our enemies."

"But I think that in a short time the papers will get back to a more normal state and play up other news besides that of the war. Sports again will take their proper place and so will a lot of other activities and happenings which for the time being are more or less neglected."

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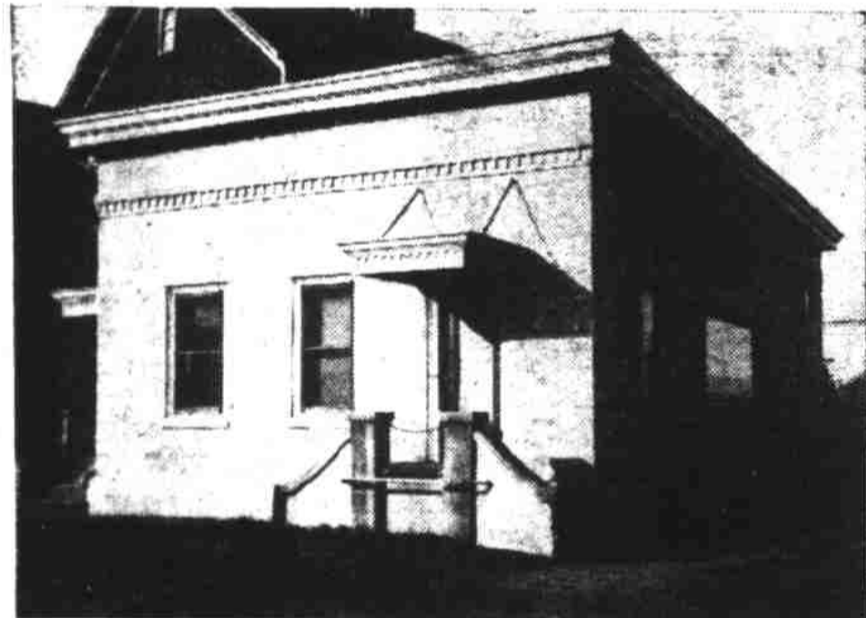
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## Grandma Says The Tax Bill

DUNKIRK, N.Y.—(AP)—A \$20 gold certificate of the 1898 issue appeared at the tax collector's office in payment of a school tax. The treasurer explained, "It is my grandmother's contribution to this year's tax. She dug it up from her private bank—an old stocking."



This building will be used as a recreational center by Silverton. The acreage purchased will probably be turned into a municipal park.

## Gardens Go Patriot

### Cacti Is Truly a Native Plant

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

You notice the slogan this year? "Buy American made—?" You know that really could apply to gardens as well—not, let me hasten to add, that we should remove anything foreign which we may now have in our garden and which we admire.

These plants, like some of our transplanted citizens, are now full-fledged Americans and are doing as much, if not more in some instances, than the plants "born" here.

But the cacti, with perhaps one or two exceptions are native only to the American continent, we are told. This is interesting right now. They are found all the way from Canada to South America, but our own midwest and southwest United States and Mexico, lead all other localities in number and variety.

There are over 1500 species and subdivision of cacti. Roots vary almost as much as the peculiar shapes of the tops. They may be fibrous, tuberous, or taprooted, but in most cases the roots do run in the fibrous. For the most part cacti are tender and susceptible to frost injury. But contrary to general belief, the cacti are not confined to tropical or even semi-tropical regions. At least two species of opuntia extend northward to British Columbia and species of some are found in Colorado.

As a rule, cacti are divided into two cultural classes (1) those that have their origin in the arid desert; and (2) those that are native to the tropics. Both have this in common: they store up any moisture obtainable

and an excess of moisture is fatal to a plant. All cacti require plenty of fresh air.

The cacti of the desert regions, which comprise by far the greater percentage grown as house plants, want a dry, warm atmosphere; exceptionally good drainage, a sweet soil, full sunlight, a minimum amount of water and a rest period.

One of the most destructive factors in the growing of cacti is due to rot caused by poor drainage or overwatering. Drainage material should be used generously in the bottom of the pot. The desert type of cacti should be watered most freely during late spring and summer, which corresponds to the rainy season in their natural habitat.

If the room, in which the plants grow, is dry and hot, the plants will need more water than if the atmosphere were cool and moist. Some growers claim success with a teaspoon of water each day during the growing season and the same amount a week during the dormant season. But the surroundings have considerable to do with the amount required.

Use lukewarm water and do not pour it over the plant. Use small pots. Do not over water newly planted cacti. Water very sparingly for the first three weeks—until they have begun to root and signs of new growth appear. Just give them sufficient to encourage them. Until they have formed roots, they are unable to take care of any excess water given them.

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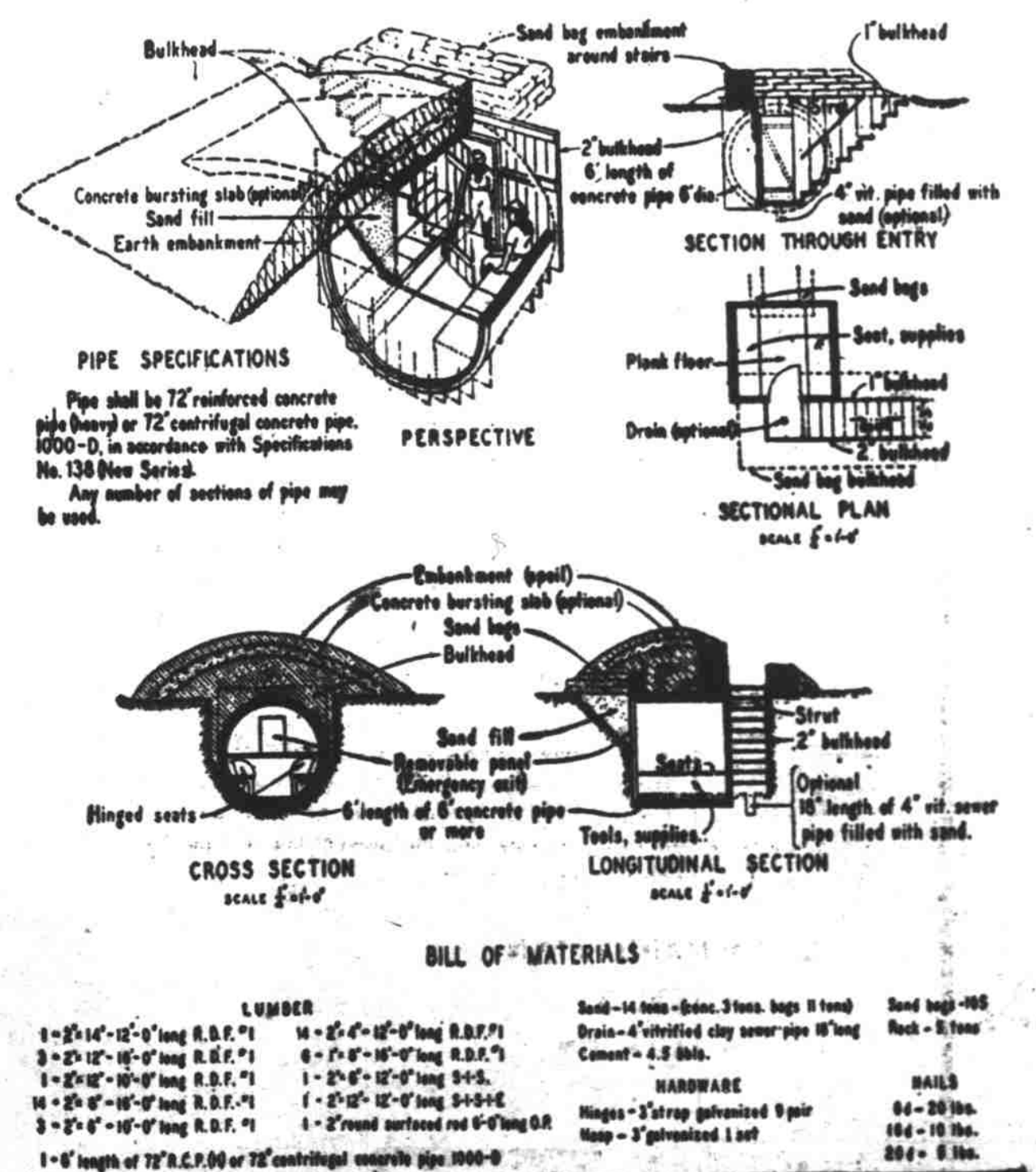
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## How to Build Small Air Raid Shelter



Here's a set of plans for a family air raid shelter which was released by the city engineers of Los Angeles. Citizens can obtain the plans by clipping them from The Statesman. The shelter, with hired labor, would cost \$150. The Civilian Defense Council has not authorized this or any other air raid shelter.