

IDEAL FARMING AND FRUIT GROWING REGION OF WESTERN OREGON

Editor Officiates at a Strawberry Fair and Boosts for Widow. Record Price for Berries.

EIGHTY MILE DRIVE THROUGH EDEN

Some Grain Crops Light, but Big Hay Crop Coming on and Plenty of Fruit—Great Speed With a Puncture-Proof, Never-Tire Hambletonian Runabout.

One day last week the writer took an eighty-mile drive in Marion and Linn counties behind a good Oregon standard-bred roadster.

Out past Salem Heights the houses are springing up like mushrooms over night. It is remarkable how the hills are being cleared and settled up. The roadside and hilltops are still picturesque with forest growths and beautiful single trees. The oaks have a glittering dark green foliage. The firs are darker and greener; still, but mottled by the lighter green of newer growth. Many of the smaller fruit farms have nice well-painted houses, and some are cultivating the luxury of lawns and hammocks. To see a pretty girl with a big head of golden hair—reddish auburn as it grows only in Oregon—stretched out on the lawn under an apple tree is enough to make a miser forget real gold. There were many fields of spring grain, where the grain was still shorter than the lupines, the larkspurs, and camas (wild hyacinth) whose blue masses of blossoms rivalled the fadeless colors of the perfect sky. Fall-sown grain is pretty foul with weeds, but after the recent rains has a good color. There are occasional patches of clover, and many, many young orchard tracts in the hills. Mr. Hilfficker's three-year-old prune orchard, just the other side of Pringle creek, is a beauty. Still there is an enormous lot of land within four miles of Salem that needs sub-dividing. Fruit Inspector Armstrong has ten acres in apples, pears and quinces just set out, one of the Grabenhorst tracts. His son was cultivating the young orchard.

J. A. Boney is farming part of the Minto farm and is doing well. He is one of the best men at a plow I ever knew. His twin boys were out by the road, bare-headed, bright lads, who immediately recognized the horse and exchanged glances. E. M. Kooney has 90 acres near Jackson's hill. He has interested himself in the improvement of Jackson's hill, an elevation of 185 feet

from the creek. By a new survey they expect to get over on a seven per cent grade, which will only take three hundred feet farther than the present road. C. L. Rodgers is the present supervisor. The present grades are 17 and 19 feet at sharp pitches, and 10 per cent the rest of the way. The old stage route was 37 per cent grade, with a 45 per cent grade in spots. There are many new settlers in the Jackson hill neighborhood. More settlers have come in here in three years than in ten years before. On the Jackson hill grade of the old stage road stands the old oak stump six feet high and two feet through, on which a Wells-Fargo stage coach was wrecked in the '60s. On top of the Jackson hill is a great golden billow of Scotch broom. Whoever brought that to the country might not have benefited agriculture, but certainly helped out the natural decoration of western Oregon. This yellow shrub is said to grow on both sides of the English channel and that the first king of the house of Plantagenet stuck a sprig of it in his crown when he took his seat on the British throne. This is a pretty fiction and whether true or not I cannot say, but I looked up the meaning of the word plantagenet and it is broom plant. As I remember history Henry Plantagenet was true to his name and made a clean sweep of the generations of office holders who had acquired hereditary privileges, just as they are doing today under the specious guise of civil service. The British people were improved and gained liberties every time they were conquered.

Going down off Jackson's hill some good road work has been done. At the last bad pitch lives my friend Abraham Walti, who has built himself a new house. His daughter was out gathering fresh eggs. Arnold Wagner was driving home A. P. Wagner's herd of Jerseys. He is a bright boy who takes great pride in his uncle's cows. Across the valley are the fine large

white farm houses of the Steiners and Looneys, with grand old fire-crowned Looney's butte to the right of the old stage station, where David Looney has his model dairy farm. One may travel a long way and see no such cattle as the Looneys have. There is no grander strain in style, size and milking quality, vigor, beauty of coloring than the Looney herd. Marion Looney, who has the Nod Looney place, is a progressive farmer and dairyman. Hon. A. C. Libby was out with a force putting the roads in order. He says the present county court is getting a great deal of volunteer work done and is not scattering county funds broadcast to do it, either. Roads are graded and graveled out of the district funds and the county treasury is barred pretty tight. Mr. Libby made a careful and conservative member of the legislature, although his nomination and election were fought by the Republican machine. He is a member of the Grange council and does not hesitate to say that if the Republicans nominate a machine man for governor a Democrat like Lane will be elected. Libby has some of the best spring wheat we saw on the road, and Mrs. Libby is a good cook.

We were just 20 minutes by the watch going from Libby's to Jefferson, about as good as any auto. At the Cottage hotel we had the bridal chamber, a fine breakfast cooked by Mrs. Frances Wied Campbell, of coffee, hot biscuit, cakes, eggs and fried pork and French fried potatoes for two of us all for \$1.00. At the livery stable it was 75 cents for one horse. But it is one of the best kept stables we ever put a horse in. He had plenty of good bedding, plenty of good hay, a bite before going to bed and well groomed in the morning. I paid it cheerfully. If any one is going to be delighted, I don't want it to be my horse. Jefferson seems to be growing some but it was pretty quiet. It was explained to me that John Aupperle was out of town. We pulled out for Scio and Lebanon at 6 o'clock. The air was cool, clear, crisp, with the tang of fir and the wind blowing off the mountains as in the evening it blows from the ocean.

We passed Idylwyde farm owned by J. T. Funk, who has some of the finest grain in the valley and is a good, practical, sensible farmer in spite of the poetic name up over his farm gate. A jack rabbit came bounding across a field to meet us. He reminded me of some of the members of the last legislature. He was all ears, hind legs and no tail. S. M. Shores, who lives at Munkers says grain and hay crops are all right in the valley—that is in the forks of the Santiam. As you go back toward the foothills it gets better—had more rain. Take it the Willamette valley over and there will be fair grain crops and a good hay crop. The rains put that dark green color on grain, which shows it has got onto its feet, and if there is not so much straw to thresh there will be just as much grain.

We were less than an hour from Jefferson to Scio. With a few live men in it that town is just beginning to wake up. It has a rose show, horse fair and carnival June 19. It is interesting to watch the evolution of a little place out of a crossroads into a pretty city. John Aupperle has been back of about all that has

"went" at Jefferson. About the only men I saw working for wages at Jefferson were working for John. Same way at Scio. Dr. Prill got them the fair, the milk condenser and the saw-mill. He is the Commercial club, the rose show and horse fair. Every enterprise, wether it's a new baby born or a new industry talked up, Prill has a hand in it. What a godsend some man like Prill or Aupperle would be to a lot of dead and sleepy places. The towns that have a live man who puts them on the road to somewhere spend about half their time kicking and throwing rocks and trying to keep on the map. But that is what is called human nature. There is certainly nothing divine about it. We met farmers driving into Scio with their wagon boxes chock full of cream cans and they were full, too. The great future industry of western Oregon is dairying. The time is past to let a dozen or twenty scrub cows roam over two hundred acres of land, grow starvation poor and thin in winter, packing the land hard as a brick yard, roaming over it in the rain trying to pick up a scant existence, and not producing enough milk to pay their own taxes. In place of this kind of suicidal land destruction, the gospel Dr. Withycombe has preached of clover, root crops, corn fodder, ensilage, the succulent milk-producing pumpkins, squash, gourds, kale, must be introduced. But right there our whole dairy farming system breaks down. As soon as a man goes to building up a big dairy herd and soiling his land he finds he can't get competent farm labor to handle his dairy farm. Available farm labor don't like to milk cows, shovel manure, handle root crops, wash milk cans, etc. Oregon needs a lot of the better class of foreign immigrants from Germany and northern Europe, the great dairy countries of the old world. We need that class of laboring people a great deal worse than we do a labor commission and bureau of labor statistics without labor enough in any one line of industry to properly develop our country. We have dairy commissioners but a declining dairy industry. We have scores of boards and commissions but no laborers. About every other man who comes to Oregon wants an office, a position or a clerkship. Nearly all other states are securing foreign immigration more or less desirable and Oregon needs an immigration bureau more than it needs forty other bureaus and commissions it now has. The labor we have will not clear land or work dairies.

On the whole trip of 80 miles I saw but one place where any land was being cleared and that was near Salem. Large parts of the Willamette valley are growing up to brush for want of common labor to clear the land. We passed nearly every rig on the road but one little freckle-faced, red-haired woman with a kind of cross between an Altamont and an Indian pony, who seemed to be going to the Grange meeting at Scio. After several attempts I gave it up and made up my mind it was impolite to pass a woman on the road. You can always tell a fellow who is taking a girl buggy riding for the first time, he wants to pass everything on the

road. After he has made a mash and is really in love with the girl he lets everybody on the road pass him. No road is long enough. The long way round is the shortest way home. No woods is too dark or too lonely. He can drive with one hand or no hand and hold the lines between his knees. I never saw one holding the lines in his teeth. After they're married they sit up straight and he has to have both hands to hold the lines.

We reached Lebanon at 10 o'clock and found the streets crowded with well-dressed farmers, who had driven in from all directions. A great many of the women and children wore white dresses. There were many girls with red dresses and low-cut tan shoes with pretty bows on them, walking around two by two with their arms around each other's waist. Country girls always look so pretty, doing that. The horse parade, with many brood mares and fine colts, was excellent. A well-dressed crowd of Oregon women, all with their big picture hats and artificial flower beds as big as dish-pans, is a fine-looking sight and the poor horses are put in the shade. A red automobile piled full of women in white and pink flounces with washbubblis of millinery and plumes a yard long sticking out of the sides is enough to make a hack team of Clydesdales want to climb the first barb-wire fence.

I met W. C. Peterson, the veteran fireman who used to do tournament work with Salem firemen in the old days. He spoke in the highest terms of the work of the Salem firemen who came up to the paper mills fire. He especially praised the fine condition their engine was in. It never missed a stroke from the time it started, when other engines gave out for want of packing and other causes. The strawberry and flower show was in one of the empty store rooms and filled it to overflowing. The roses, sweet peas and other spring flowers would have been a credit to New York city. The strawberry show was a great credit to Lebanon. A Wilson plant with a thousand berries on it, some two inches in diameter, was shown in a window. Fine displays of Marshall, Magoon, Excelsior (for canning), Brandywine, Wilson and Oregon Imperial were shown.

J. Rickels was a big exhibitor of fine berries grown on upland. On the upland soil the berries get a higher color. Mrs. Hattie Unmehof showed a crate of Marshalls that faced nine to the box that were deep red and red all the way through. She Geo. L. Allen showed eleven varieties of peonies. He grows over twenty kinds. Some of them very rare. He has grounds covering acres, and is the largest peony and dahis grower in the state.

L. P. Hubbs of the Hubbs-Stevens Co., (W. B. Stevens of Albany) is one of the men whose hand is on the ship of Progress, was a Medford booster until three years ago. The day he landed was a red letter day for Lebanon—he is a strawberry enthusiast. He wants to grow berries and dig in the dirt when he quits drygoods. Col. Montague introduced me to his uncle, Miss Lou Boulton, if all the people of Lebanon are as charming as the samples it must be a nice place to live.

A. M. Reeves, who is one of the able boosters of the town, came here in 1905 and has built up a large business. He is a native Oregonian, a graduate of Willamette, born in Yamhill county, and full of the real spirit of pluck and enterprise that builds empires.

Joel C. Mayer, the Mayor of the city, who runs the two meat markets, is one of the live men who are hustling the town of Lebanon to the front. He is a solid German-American business man whose heart is with progress.

Henry Vollandt had charge of the strawberry show and he was also chairman of a committee with Col. Montague to receive and welcome visitors and they did it in great shape.

The Marshall berry that took the first prize at Lebanon was brought to this vicinity from Yaquina Bay, where they were grown by a man named Marshall. They are not the Marshall berry of the catalogues.

The fair closed with a great street meeting which was addressed by Col. J. M. Shelley of Eugene, N. M. Newport and others, who are strawberry enthusiasts.

A green rose was exhibited by Miss Eva Blodgett, petals, buds and all, dark green.

This prize crate of strawberries was auctioned off and brought \$33, which was presented to Mrs. Unmehof, who is a hard-working young widow with two boys to look after. I added a Bryan dollar to the widow's prize sum for the honor of introducing the fair berry grower to the large audience, and in my remarks pleased the crowd by telling them that if I were a single man I would persuade her to drop the first part of her name or die trying.

It was a lovely drive across the prairie to Albany, about 20 miles, and we made it in a little more than two hours. Mountains for background in all directions, with a thin blue veil over them, the air warm, sweet with the mixture of sunshine and clover blooms.

Not into Albany in time to take a bath and a splendid supper at the Depot hotel. We put up our road machine (a Hambletonian with puncture-proof never tires, sired by Duroc Prince 2:18 1/2) at Speyer Bros., the Albany stables formerly kept by Skipton Bros. They only charged 50 cents, and the horse was well groomed.

The Vandrans are nicely settled in their new location. The old building in which they entertained the public since 1885 has been enlarged and improved and made over entirely new, with perfect sanitary arrangements; a wide porch runs clear around it and keeps the whole house cool, while the big windows let in the sea breeze when it is wanted. The Vandrans kept the Pendleton five and a half years and have the widest acquaintance and the longest continuous record in the hotel business of any in the state. Miss Mary Vandran, one of the

three proprietors, with her brothers Chris and George, are natural-born hotel people. Mary loves flowers and always kept up the flower gardens around the depot at Albany, to which people now are helping themselves in a lawless manner. But she keeps her dining room supplied and will soon have them growing at the new place, just across the railroad track from the old place. They have 26 rooms and will double their capacity and put in steam heat this fall. The Vandrans serve the best meals and has the best beds and cleanest rooms in Albany. I went to the club, which has the finest gymnasium in the state outside of Portland, and then took in the Johnson revival at the big tabernacle. Albany business men who have got any religious are not afraid to put up for it. They put up the building and paid for this man to come and hold the meetings, and in all spent about \$2500. It will all come back to them in better citizenship and prove a good investment. The same men dig for their club, have hired a new booster, put up for the big convention, for the apple show, for bitulithic pavement, new brick blocks baseball games, race meets and poultry shows.

There were a thousand people at the revival, several hundred in the choir, ministers on the platform, business men for ushers, "Albany for Christ" in big red letters, and Johnson working like a steam wood saw and rock crusher combined, to convert sinners. While I wouldn't go to 'em in the same way, I was satisfied he was doing his best and doing really good work that was worth all it cost Albany. He will probably convert 300 and what is \$2500; a single one of them taken out of the criminal class is worth more than that. It costs about \$1500 to send a man to the penitentiary on an average, and then the man is lost to society. If the Albany revival has saved one horse thief or house breaker it is worth all it has cost, and more too.

After the revival I went out and did the town. It was Saturday night and two electric theatres were crowded with people. A street preacher was holding forth to a lot of workmen on socialism. He roasted Roosevelt to a crisp, but before sailing into Teddy he cast a searching glance around to see if there wasn't some fellow close by who would land on him.

On the dance the street there was a big dance going on at the skating rink. At the opera house the comic opera "The Burgomaster" was in full blast. The American people are not going back on real religion but are going to develop a still higher capacity for amusement.

Driving out of Albany we came through by the C. Stratton place, is now farmed by his son Clarence, who married May Palmer, one of Eugene Palmer's girls. He has the finest stand of winter wheat we saw on the whole trip and was setting out a patch of kale. Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, Sr., are just home from an eight-months tour of Iowa, Indiana and Ill., the states in the union, including Texas. He said he saw no farming section equal to the Willamette valley.

At Albany I met Jas. T. Woodward, from near Omaha, who came out to visit his sister, Mrs. Jane Risley of Albany, whom he had not seen for 36 years. It was a happy reunion, and Mr. Risley had his eye cocked to coax Mr. Woodward to Oregon, where he would enjoy a green old age.

Coming down toward Buena Vista, around the Looney Butte, are had the finest view across the valley I have ever beheld in the United States, and I have been over it in summer from West Virginia to Southern California. The hillsides dotted with great oaks, here and there a majestic fir tree, groves of second growth, great blocks of grain fields, streams of water, wide pastures dotted with bands of cattle, and to the west the rise of blue mountains, and above all Mary's Peak with its ridge of snowbanks.

Mr. A. Farlow has a fine place of about 100 acres and makes a little herd of dairy cows pay him about \$7 a month each.

At the J. F. Beckwith place we found a patent gate, but like most patent gates it would not work perfectly the first time. On his home place the county commissioner has 200 acres of fine well-drained land. It slopes every way from his house. One field of 60 acres spring wheat easily beats anything we saw on the trip. It will go 25 bushels to the acre without any more rain.

The approach to the Beckwith place is under some of the most magnificent oak trees in the valley. It is a gracious act on the part of landowners to leave groves of oaks and firs, especially the monarchs of the forest that crown the high covered, slightly building places.

Coming up to the Beckwith place we passed a house on the old Anderson ranch where they seemed to be celebrating the Fourth. It proved to be a party in honor of the 37th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartley, who seemed to be welcomed in general generations of their friends and offspring to a general good time.

We went up the new survey of the Ankeny hill coming to Salem and the county court and Supervisor Whiteman have done a good job. The long, easy gradients make the drive up or down a pleasure, where it was formerly a terror. Our horse went up it a warm afternoon, with two in the buggy, and never pried a drop. This improvement is on the same plan as the Liberty road—a wide grade, well drained, a road-bed of broken rock rolled down, and then finished with fine crushed rock.

It will make an interesting directory to enumerate the tree advertisers who have gone out of business. It seems if it would be almost a graveyard of commercial enterprise. It must puzzle some people who go to Salem to trade to find all these tree advertisers. There ought to be a law requiring a man, when he goes

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CHAMPION HARVESTING MACHINERY

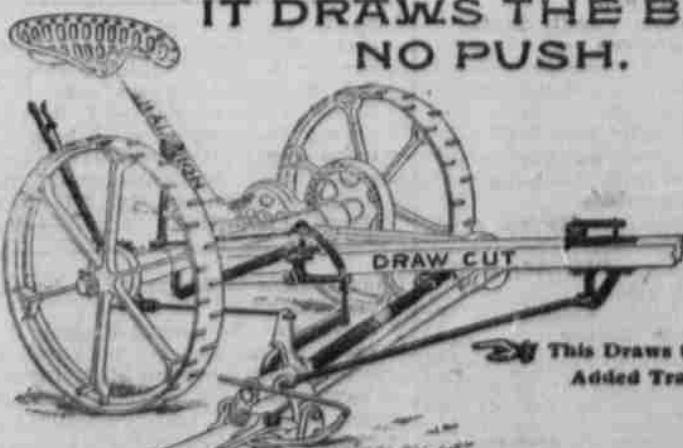
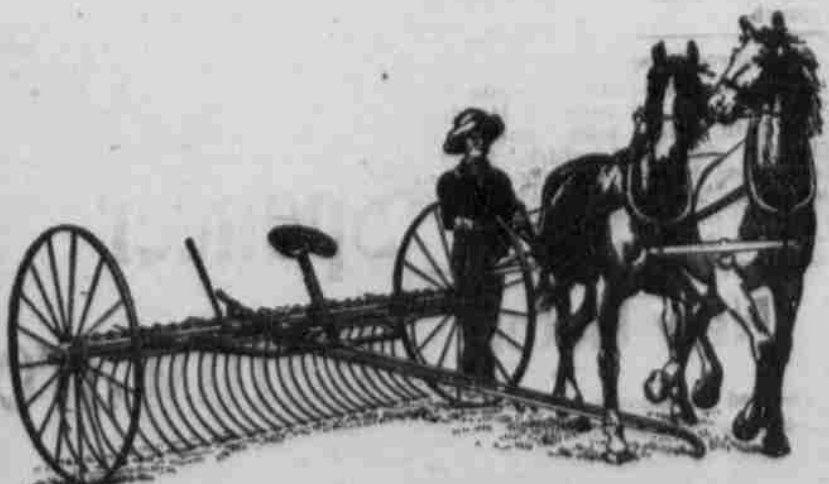
CHAMPION BINDERS, MOWERS AND RAKES

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THE WHEELS WILL NOT LIFT FROM THE GROUND.

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Such, who were in the room, leaped along.