

TABLE ROCK

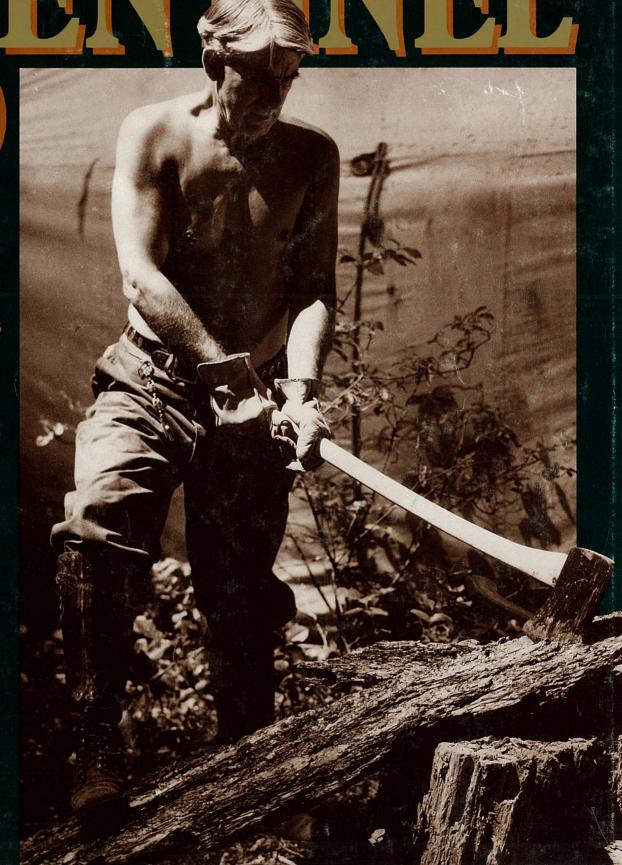
NOVEMBER DECEMBER 1992

ZANE GREY: DOMANCING THE ROGUE

HRISTMAS
ON HARDTACK
AND FLAPJACKS

THE COOD CARTH A PHOTO ESSAY

The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society



FROM THE PRESIDENT

On behalf of the Board of Trustees and the staff, I extend my sincere thanks to members and other supporters for making 1992 such a productive and exciting year for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Your ongoing commitment to the Society has been a key factor in our many achievements, some of which include:

- More than 90,000 museum visitors from throughout the nation and the world;
- More than 10,000 participants in our adult and children's education program;
- Regional sponsorship of the California/Oregon Columbus Quincentenary Chautauqua;
- Production of the award-winning Table Rock Sentinel, Oregon's only history magazine;

— Significant archaeological projects on the Illinois River in Josephine

County and at Hyatt Lake in Jackson County, shedding new light on the lifestyles of southern Oregon's first citizens;

— An exciting exhibits program covering a wide variety of subjects, ranging from painting (The Art of Regina Dorland Robinson), to textiles (The Handweavers' Craft: Handmade Textiles, 1830-1900), to fruit (What a Pear!), to clowns (Clowning Around: The Life Story of Vance DeBar "Pinto" Colvig). In addition to these, with your

invaluable support we operate five regionally significant museums and historic sites; one of the

> finest history research libraries in Oregon, including nearly 4,000 linear feet of historic documents and photographs; a collection of more than 80,000 artifacts; and a public awareness program which brings national attention to our region's heritage and the growing economic impact heritage tourism has in Jackson County and southern Oregon. None of this would be possible without you.

> Next year promises to be another exciting year for the Society. As the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail, 1993 will focus national and international attention on the history of Oregon and of southern Oregon. This will be a perfect opportunity to promote our regional heritage to new audiences while we continue to provide a useful understanding of southern Oregon's history to those who call this region home.

> Again, thank you for making 1992 one of the most successful in the Society's forty-six-year history. We look forward to 1993 and your continued support and involvement in the Society's quality programs, projects, and activities.

Archaeological dig at Hyatt Lake (top); opening of the Vance DeBar "Pinto" Colvig exhibit at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville (middle); Chautaugua program, "Columbus and After," at Hawthorne Park in Medford (bottom).

Photos by Natalie Brown and Matt Strieby

James F. Kuntz President Southern Oregon Historical Society



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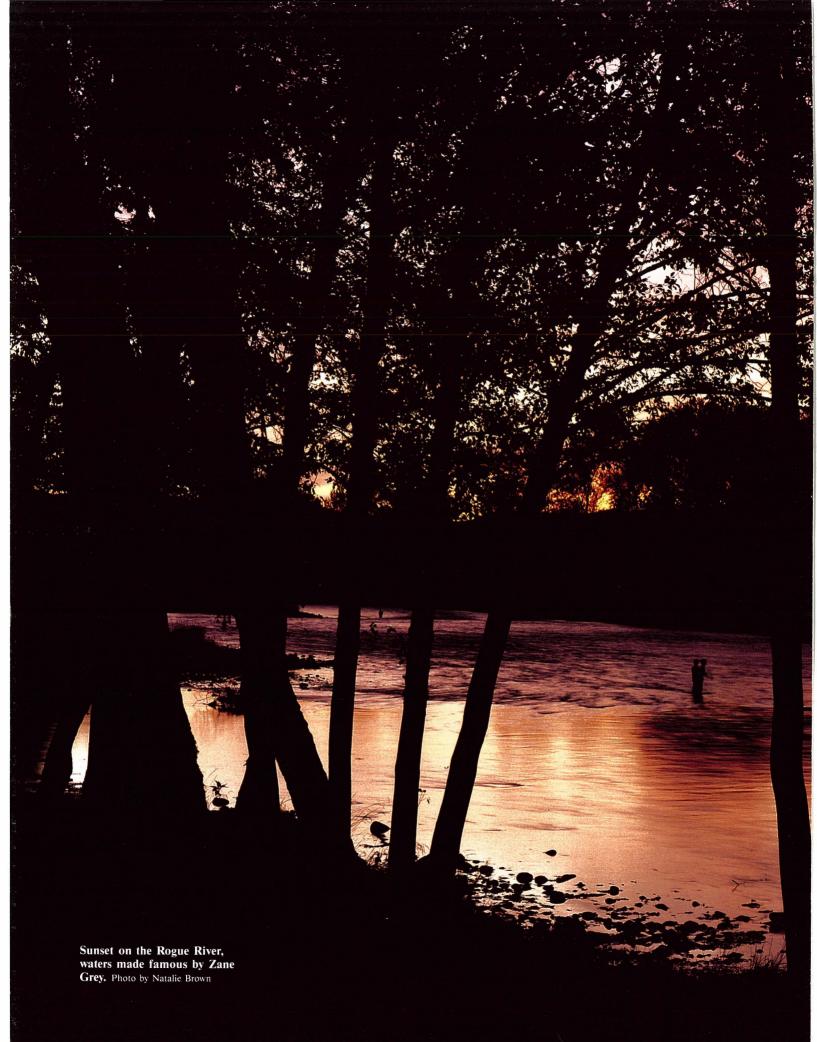
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Front cover: Zane Grey writing in front of his tent while camped in southern Oregon. Photo courtesy Loren Grey

Back cover: Nineteenth-century Christmas postcard, addressed to Glen Simpson of Ashland. Southern Oregon Historical Society #14167









Excellent fishing attracted Zane Grey to southern Oregon's rivers. Photo courtesy Loren Grey

Romancing the Roque

Zane Grey's fickle love affair with the Rogue River

by Mary Korbulic

The happiest lot of any angler would be to live somewhere along the banks of the Rogue River, most beautiful stream in Oregon.

-Zane Grey from Tales of Fresh-water Fishing

estern writer Zane Grey undoubtedly believed those words when, at the zenith of his phenomenal career, he romanced the Rogue. It was the 1920s and Grey, high on



adventure and success, made regular excursions to southern Oregon to fish for steelhead. He wrote about the trips in loving detail, sometimes in his cabin at Winkle Bar. By the end of the decade, however, Grey spurned the Rogue like a fickle lover and soon turned his attention to a more pristine stream, the North Umpqua.

While it lasted Grey's fling with the Rogue would make present-day tourism promoters quiver with joy. Although word about the Rogue already had leaked through river guide and pioneer Glen Wooldridge and some of his famous clients, and via Joe Wharton (the sporting goods store owner and later Grants Pass mayor who wrote magazine articles about the Rogue), no one commanded public attention like Zane Grey.

Between 1910 and 1924, a Zane Grey book made the bestseller list every year but one, and at one time in the United States his works ranked only behind the Bible and McGuffey's readers in sales. He was the people's author, read by the masses who gobbled up his eighty-nine novels and numerous stories and articles. Beginning in 1908 and continuing for the next half century, with the exceptions of 1954 and 1962, Grey had one to four books published annually. His works have been translated into at least twenty languages and transformed into more than 130 films.²

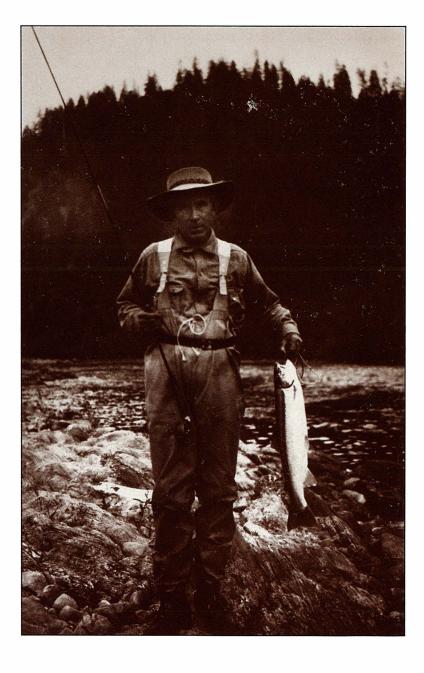
"I'm quite sure he was responsible for the popularity of the Rogue River," said Dr. Loren Grey, Zane Grey's youngest and only surviving child.³ In addition to a novel, *Rogue River Feud*, Grey penned numerous stories about his Rogue River fishing experiences, including "Where Rolls the Rogue," "Rocky Riffle," "Winkle Bar, 1926," "Loren," "September 8, 1927," and "Down River." The latter was a blow-by-blow account of his first harrowing boat trip down the Rogue in 1925 and provided the background for *Rogue River Feud*.

Grey's trips on the Rogue and his later summer stays at his place on Winkle Bar, fifteen miles below Grave Creek, were not vacations from writing. On the contrary, Grey's life as an author was a vacation by most standards. Few writers in history knew greater wealth,⁴ and Grey used his fortune to live out fantasies. He traveled almost constantly, moving around the globe in pursuit of world-class fishing, high adventure, pure outdoor experiences

and material for his writing. For a time, he found all on the Rogue.

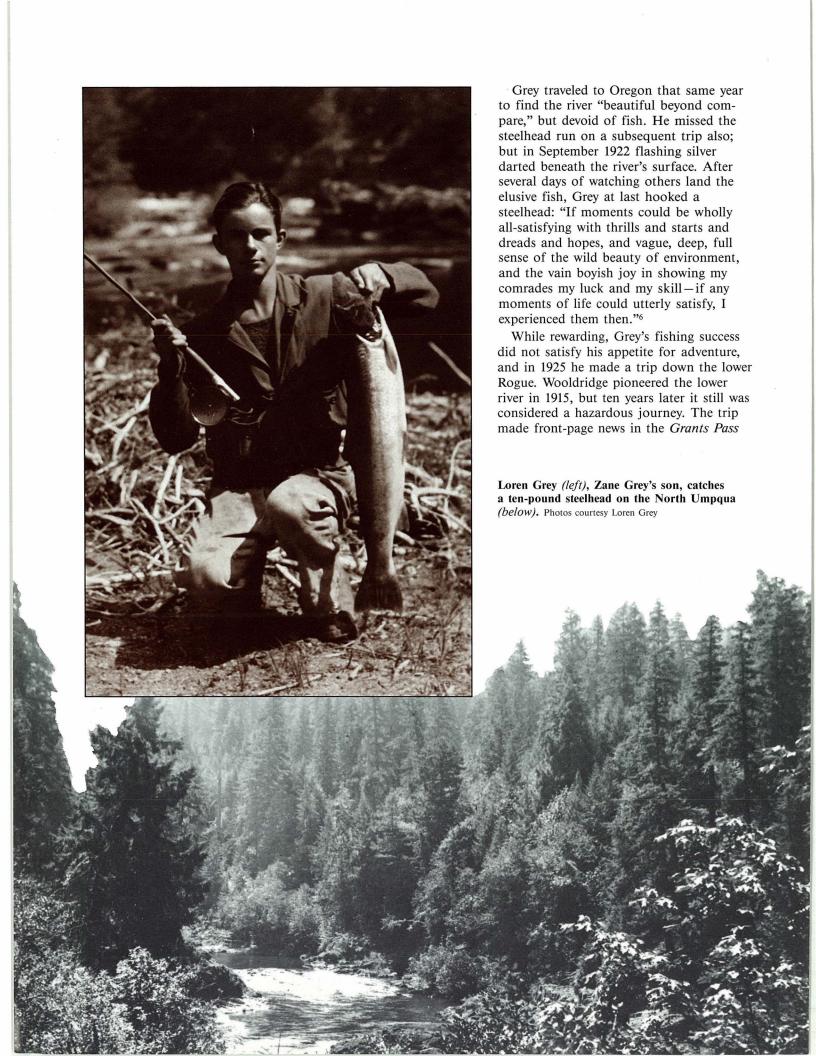
rey discovered the Rogue River through the serendipity that is the province of a world traveler. While fishing off Florida in 1916, another ardent fisherman told Grey about the wondrous Rogue River steelhead. Grey recounted in *Tales of Fresh-water Fishing*, "He said he could not hold these steelhead—that when they were hooked they began to leap downstream through the rapids and had to be followed. The big ones all got away. They smashed his tackle. Now this information from a noted salmon angler was exceedingly interesting."⁵

After catching a steelhead on the Rogue River, Grey described the experience as "wholly satisfying."



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Daily Courier. "Zane Grey's party of eight persons arrived in the city late yesterday afternoon and after outfitting here (at Wharton's sporting goods shop) for their trip to Gold Beach by boat, left for the Lewis ranch near Galice."

The newspaper reported Grey's party would stay several days at the Lewis ranch before starting down the Rogue. Seven wooden boats had been built for the trip, some of them by Claud Bardon, who served as head guide. Bardon is believed to be the person upon whom Keven Bell, hero of *Rogue River Feud*, is modeled.⁸

t was on the 1925 trip that Grey fell in love with Winkle Bar, which he purchased the following year from a prospector. Grey wrote in *Tales of Fresh-water Fishing*, "The rushing river at this point makes a deep bend round a long oval bar, with rocky banks and high level benches above, and both wooded and open land. Here it flows through a lonely valley set down amid the lofty green mountain slopes. A government forest trail winds out some twenty miles to the nearest settlement. Far indeed it is across the dark Oregon peaks to railroad or automobile road!"

Ironically, it was only two years later that Grey became disenchanted with the Rogue River and his visits abruptly ended. "He quit fishing the Rogue after Savage Rapids Dam was built," said Dr. Grey, who as a young boy made two trips to Winkle Bar with his father. "After the dam, the water was too warm. The summer steelhead stopped coming. He had a four-or five-year hiatus from Oregon before he heard about the North Umpqua and went there in 1932."

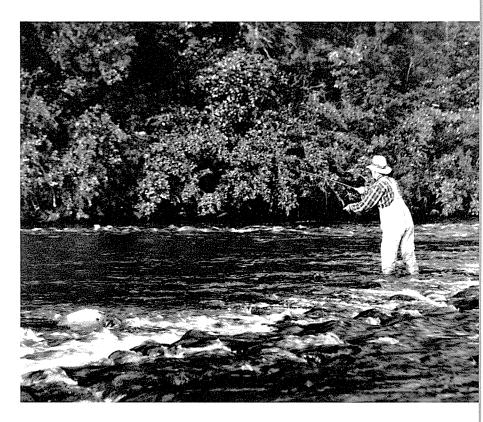
Although he was loquacious about the Rogue, Grey penned only one magazine article about fishing the North Umpqua. Dr. Grey said his father wanted to protect the North Umpqua from publicity, dams, overfishing, and anything else that might ruin the pristine stream. In the introduction to the one article Grev did write about the Umpqua, for Sports Afield in 1935, he chided Oregonians for their ignorance concerning conservation. Editors at Sports Afield refused to include the introduction, but it was published thirty-seven years later in a collection of stories edited by George Reiger titled Zane Grey, Outdoorsman. In prefacing the article Reiger wrote, "ZG's introduction was eliminated because the

magazine's editors felt it was 'too cranky' and might offend some readers."

Part of Grey's "cranky" comment read: "The people of Oregon, and more especially those who live on or near the Umpqua, are as a whole deaf and dumb and blind to the marvelous good of this river, and if they do not wake up, its virtue and beauty and health will be lost to them. . . . Unless strong measures are adopted by the people of Oregon, this grand river will go the way of the Rogue."10

Grey also railed against the Fish and Game Commission for allowing nets at the mouth of the river and for trying to replace natural fish with hatchery models. "Any scientific angler, any good naturalist, let alone an ichthyologist, could expose the blunders made in the so-called conservation of fish," Grey wrote. "U.S. fish hatcheries are mostly rackets. In very few cases do they increase the number of fish,

Zane Grey casts a line on the Rogue River in 1925. Photo courtesy Loren Grey



despite the millions of eggs hatched and the millions of young fry released in the river. But that sounds swell in the newspapers, and in the fisheries reports. It's a lot of baloney. It's just another example of Vanishing America."¹¹

Vanishing America was a major theme in Grey's writing, although he was not widely regarded as a conservationist.

Tenacity Fueled Grey's Rise to Fame

Zane Grey's dream of being a writer nearly was dispelled several times. He was discouraged from writing early in life by his father and later suffered repeated rejections from editors, but his will proved stronger than defeat.

Grey published his first story, "A Day on the Delaware," in 1902 and wrote his first novel, *Betty Zane*, during the winter of 1902–03. It was rejected first by Harper & Brothers, then by four more publishers. Grey was stunned into despair. He finally published the book himself after his future wife loaned him the money.

Grey met Lina Roth Grey when she was seventeen and he was twenty-eight, and they carried on a five-year courtship, writing almost daily letters and visiting two or three times a week. Lina, or Dolly as she later was called, excelled in subjects her future husband only had tolerated: grammar, English, and rhetoric. She was his early writing coach, editor, critic, and secretary. She copied his early novels out in longhand, and the manuscripts were in her handwriting.²

Even after publishing a novel, Grey repeatedly was rejected by magazine editors to whom he wanted to sell hunting and fishing stories. The year 1906 was bad for his writing but happy personally. He spent hours hunting and fishing and was happy in his work and marriage. The couple lived mostly on Dolly's inheritance. In 1907 Grey had sold a couple of articles to major publications.

Grey wrote *Last of the Plainsmen* after a successful writing trip to the West, but it was rejected by more than a dozen publishers. "I do not see anything in this to convince me you can write either narrative or fiction," a Harper editor told him.³ When the book finally was accepted by the Outing Publishing House, Grey agreed to no payment. He sold three magazine articles in 1908, and after six years as a writer had his first substantial sale: "The Shortstop," a long story about baseball. Editors were becoming more receptive, and when he wrote *Heritage of the Desert*, the forerunner to all his western novels, it was accepted by two publishers in the same day.⁴

Grey was on his way to the top, but editors were still shortsighted. When he completed *Riders of the Purple Sage*, described by many as the finest Western ever written, Harper & Brothers refused to publish it because it could be offensive to Mormons. Grey, believing it was his best work, refused to take no for an answer. He went over the head of the editor and found a vice president who loved it. The book was published, and *Riders of the Purple Sage* became the most successful Western novel ever published.⁵

Reiger wrote that only one out of one hundred of Grey's readers knew him as an outdoorsman and conservationist, even though Grey minced no words when describing those who would exploit rivers and other natural resources. In expressing his concerns for the care of the North Umpqua, Grey wrote: "... when they build the dams and cut the timber, with all the attendant ballyhoo about good to the people, that will be the end of the Umpqua. It will merely be history repeating itself. I never knew any company, in any one of the many national forests, to do anything but harm ..."12

'n current perspective Grey was a conservationist, but not a minimalist, and the size of his parties and bounty of his supplies did not go unnoticed. Grey's entourage drew local interest in the North Umpqua country when the author stopped for the first time at the Steamboat area en route to British Columbia in 1932. His party-composed of his son Romer and his wife, another couple, secretaries, photographers and technicians, and Grey's personal cook, Takahashi-was described as "part business enterprise, part fishing extravaganza."13 Locals marveled that it took six mules three trips each to transport all of Grey's gear to the cabins.14

This was nothing compared with Grey's September 1927 excursion into Winkle Bar from the West Fork of Cow Creek. According to stories passed along by descendents of an early packer, 132 loaded mules led by three packers and their helpers guided Zane Grey and his party over the trail to Winkle Bar. 15 That trip was the first on the Rogue to include his entire family: wife, Dolly, and their three children, Betty, Romer, and Loren. As Grey recalls the trip in *Tales of Fresh-water Fishing*, "It was not such an undertaking as I had imagined. We had never before all been in camp at once. An event!" 16

An event it seemed to young Burl Rutledge, who helped pack Grey's party in to Winkle Bar. Rutledge, then a teenager, worked for Charlie Pettinger of the Big Bend Ranch near Illahe. Pettinger kept about 150 mules and was one of three packers along the Rogue River. Ernie Rutledge, relating a secondhand account passed on from his father, Burl Rutledge, said, "That pack train must have stretched ten miles over the trail. Charlie Pettinger had the contract. Dad was on a mail run

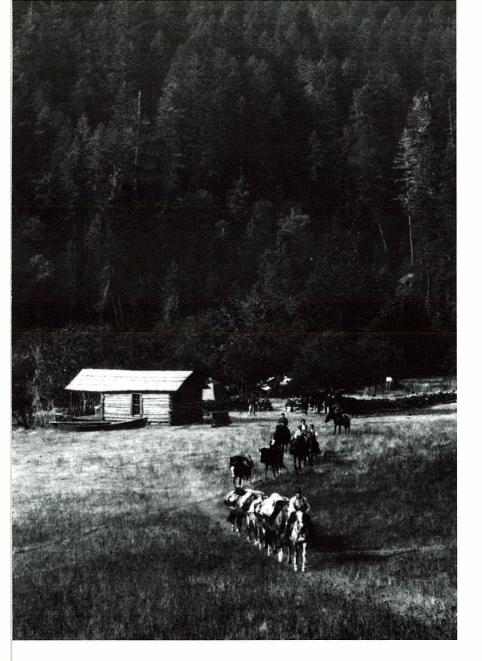
^{1.} Frank Gruber, Zane Grey, A Biography (Roslyn, N.Y.: Walter Black, 1969), 45.

^{2.} Gruber, 46.

^{3.} Gruber, 77.

^{4.} Gruber, 83.

^{5.} Gruber, 96.



Zane Grey's pack train heads out from his Winkle Bar cabin at the end of a 1926 fishing trip on the Rogue River (above). Winkle Bar still stands and is open to visitors (right). Photo courtesy Loren Grey, color photo by Natalie Brown

when Charlie sent out a train to West Fork. When Dad got off the mail run, he sent Dad's train out too. Then the more Charlie thought about it, he took another train. Each train was forty-four mules long. That's a lot of mules." There was no problem finding loads for the mules, recounted Rutledge. "They had a gob of people and the train was scheduled by weight, but there was so much oddball stuff. A bunch of wicker chairs, and light furniture. It was like hauling a load of canaries with half of them flying."

Dr. Grey said his father was building a fairly large cabin at Winkle Bar and had to pack in all of his supplies—including lumber, windows, siding, and roofing. "Obviously it would take a huge pack train."

An incident on the trip soured the Rutledge family against Grey, Ernie

Rutledge said. According to local lore, when Burl Rutledge arrived at Winkle Bar, he counted noses and discovered his favorite mule, which was loaded with flour, missing. The untethered mules were trained to follow the bell mare, but Rutledge decided his mule may have developed a mind of its own.

"Dad went back sixteen, seventeen miles to West Fork but no mule. Then he rode back to Illahe, about twenty miles, and still couldn't find the mule. He switched horses and went back to Winkle Bar. He'd been about eighty or ninety miles in the saddle in one day. At Winkle Bar he found a trail of flour and found where the mule had gone. It had been there all the time. Dad hadn't had anything to eat during this entire fiasco. He asked Grey if the cook had anything left, and Grey told him you had to be there at mealtime or you didn't eat. If only Dad had been a little older, he'd-a stretched him out. Dad had to wait for breakfast for a bite to eat. Zane Grey is not really a good name to us," Ernie Rutledge said.



Dr. Grey, who was a child on this trip, recalled nothing about Burl Rutledge's ordeal but said it did not sound like his father. "Doesn't make sense to me," he said. "Why would he ask my father and not the cook, Takahashi? I think these stories get embellished as they get passed along and take on the tone of folklore." Since all participants except Loren Grey, then a young child, are deceased, verifying details is difficult.

Ernie Rutledge and Carolyn Rutledge, Burl's widow, recalled another incident that probably occurred during the 1925 downriver trip. Again, this is a secondhand account. "Zane Grey tried to run Dad away from the river while he was watering the horses," Carolyn Rutledge said. Grey's fishing party was camped on an island near Illahe when Ernie Schneider (Carolyn Rutledge's father) brought his team of draft horses down to the river to drink. "Grey raised Cain about him watering horses by the camp," Ernie Rutledge said. "He claimed it was unsanitary and here he was camped with a bunch of people on an island with no sanitary facilities at all."

According to the Rutledges, Grey was not well-liked wherever he was, at least in southern Oregon, where negative words often are heard in recollections about Grey. Even Glen Wooldridge, who guided Grey's parties several times, could not muster a kind word and delivered what to Grey would have been the ultimate insult: "I never did think much of him as a fisherman. He just couldn't seem to get the hang of catching a steelhead."17 In Grey's defense, he was learning the fine points of fly-fishing when he visited the Rogue and later became accomplished in the art. Grev was a recognized world-class fisherman by several published accounts and held numerous fishing records.

espite his fishing and writing prowess, Grey's reputation on the North Umpqua was not much better. "While ZG (as he was known) was respected for his power and reputation as a writer, he was not well-loved by other anglers or local residents," wrote Sharon Van Loan and Patricia Lee in their book, Thyme and the River. "When Grey camped along a stretch of water, he considered the fishing pools to be his own private domain. Many old-timers on the North Umpqua still remember how ZG's assistants attempted to prevent them from fishing their favorite spots before the famous author arrived to cast his fly in the morning."18

Although no fishing spots along the North Umpqua are named for Grey, Takahashi Hole was named for his cook. And Ledges is a name Grey gave to a favorite fishing hole.

Dr. Grey admits his father was not a tactful person and "made enemies easily," but he questions the oft-repeated story that Grey paid assistants to hold fishing spots. "I was on these trips, and I defy you to find someone who actually saw this happen. It didn't to my knowledge. I never knew it if he tried to chase anyone off the river." ¹⁹



Zane Grey with companion on the Rogue River, 1925. Photo courtesy Loren Grey

Dr. Grey also pointed out a story in *Thyme and the River* that he feels demonstrates his father's kindness toward locals. Grey generously rewarded Merle Hargis, a Forest Service packer stationed at Steamboat, for hauling eighteen loads of his gear uphill during a fishing trip in 1932. "Afterwards, Zane Grey put his arm around Hargis, thanked him warmly, and gave the packer four half-dollars as a reward for his efforts."²⁰

Although not entirely surprised, Dr. Grey is nonetheless stung by unflattering stories that have been passed along about his famous father. He speculates locals probably resented his father for the outspoken conservationist remarks. Grey zealously attacked logging and road and dam building. He also was critical of locals who fished the Rogue River for fun and not the meat."²¹ "Catch and release was really not done at that time, but my father made sure no fish were wasted," Dr. Grey said.

Former Rogue River guide Bob Pruitt believes jealousy was behind the less-than-flattering local stories. "Zane Grey was not well-liked by some people who fished up at Almeda, but it didn't take very long in guiding to find there is nothing but plain old jealousy of success. He was a well-known person and they tried to bring him down."²²

There is yet another explanation for how and why Grey alienated locals. Dr. Grey, who is a psychologist, believes his father probably suffered from "mild manic-depressive psychosis." "He was a very temperamental person," Dr. Grey recalled. "He had these depression spells where he could not write. If you've ever read Darkness Visible: Memoirs of Madness by William Styron, his depressions were similar to that. He'd force himself to write just to get out of them. His temperament was volatile but very disciplined and controlled. A lot of his writing was the outlet for those tremendous feelings."

Whatever the reason, Rogue fishermen became as disenchanted with Grev as he did with their river. He wrote in Tales of Fresh-water Fishing, "I expected to find the Rogue, after we left Almeda, twenty miles below Grants Pass, to be one of the wildest, purest, and most beautiful of all rivers. It was certainly one of the most beautiful, but the other attributes failed. Miners, prospectors, half-breed Indians, and a few whites scattered down the valley, effectively kill any suggestion of utter solitude. There were wild stretches of the river, to be sure; but just when you imagined you were drifting into an untrodden wilderness then your dream would be dispelled."23

Though Grey never returned to the Rogue River, his memory lives on at Winkle Bar, where current owner Walter Haas, Jr., has preserved Grey's cabin and opened the area to visitors. Winkle Bar, on the Wild and Scenic section of the Rogue, is still accessible only by foot or boat, which would suit Grey fine. Even though fishing has declined, Grey would be pleased that the river between Grave Creek and Foster Bar is closed to development forever.

ENDNOTES

- 1. Charles G. Pfeiffer, So You Want to Read Zane Grey, 1st ed. (Columbia, S.C.: Columbia College Press), 15.
- 2. Pfeiffer, 15.
- 3. Loren Grey (Woodland Hills, CA), telephone conversation with author, July 8, 1992.
- 4. George Reiger, ed., Zane Grey: Outdoorsman, Zane Grey's Best Hunting and Fishing Tales Published in Commemoration of His Centennial Year (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1972), viii.
- 5. Zane Grey, "Where Rolls the Rogue," *Tales of Freshwater Fishing* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1928), 109.
- 6. Grey, 122.
- 7. "Zane Grey Party Taken to Galice," *Grants Pass Daily Courier*, Sept. 4, 1925.
- 8. Florence Arman with Glen Wooldridge, *The Rogue, A River to Run* (Grants Pass, OR: Wildwood Press, 1982), 63.
- 9. Grey, 257.
- 10. Reiger, 268.
- 11. Reiger, 270.

- 12. Reiger, 269.
- 13. Sharon Van Loan and Patricia Lee with Mark Hoy, *Thyme and the River, Recipes from Oregon's Steamboat Inn* (Portland, OR: Graphic Arts Center Publishing, 1988), 21.
- 14. Van Loan, Lee, and Hoy, 21.
- 15. Ernie Rutledge (Illahe, OR), telephone interview with author, Aug. 4, 1992.
- 16. Grey, 271.
- 17. Arman, 86.
- 18. Van Loan, Lee, and Hoy, 23.
- 19. Loren Grey, July 8, 1992.
- 20. Van Loan, Lee, and Hoy, 21.
- 21. Zane Grey, 154.
- 22. Bob Pruitt (Grants Pass, OR), telephone interview with author, July 7, 1992.
- 23. Grey, 211.

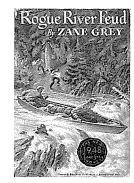
Mary Korbulic is a freelance writer and river runner living in Rogue River.

Greys that Glitter

by William Doody

Many of Zane Grey's first editions are highly prized—and often highly priced—collectors' items.

Rogue River Feud (1948) and Tales of Fresh-water Fishing (1928), of considerable interest to Oregon collectors, both have sold for prices above \$100. Some titles are worth even more. Betty Zane (1903), the author's first book, has sold at



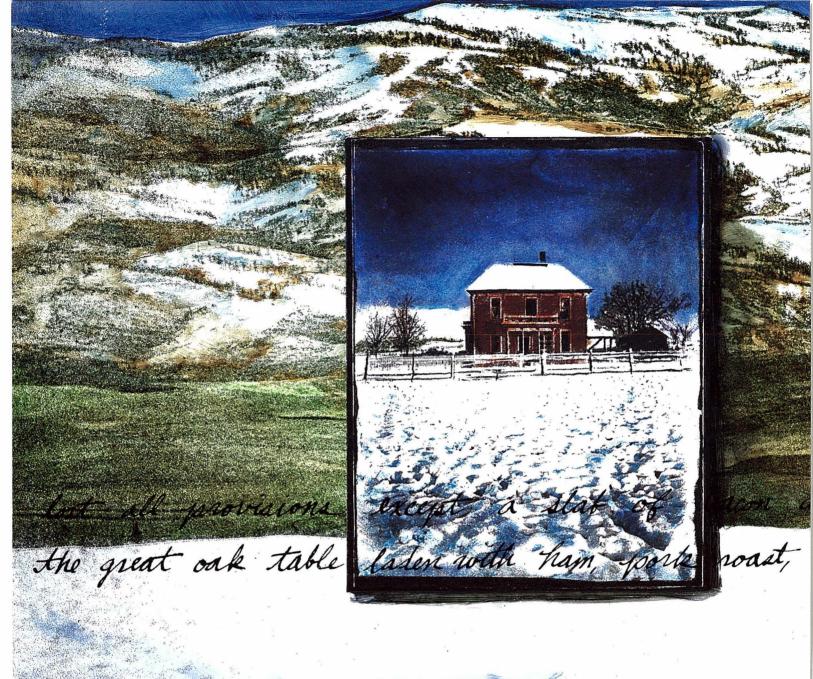
auction for more than \$400.1 American Anglers in Australia (1937), a highly obscure work in Grey's already rare series of fishing tales, has brought as much as \$275.

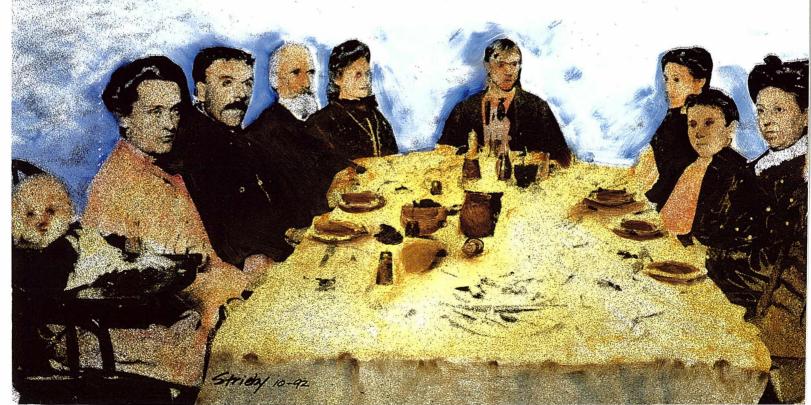
But all that's gilded is not gold. Most of the Grey titles offered to antiquarian book dealers are Grosset & Dunlap reprints worth only a fraction of the value of a true first edition. Expertise is often necessary to determine a first from later editions. Condition is another key factor in determining a book's value. The presence or absence of a dust jacket may determine a difference in value of hundreds of dollars.

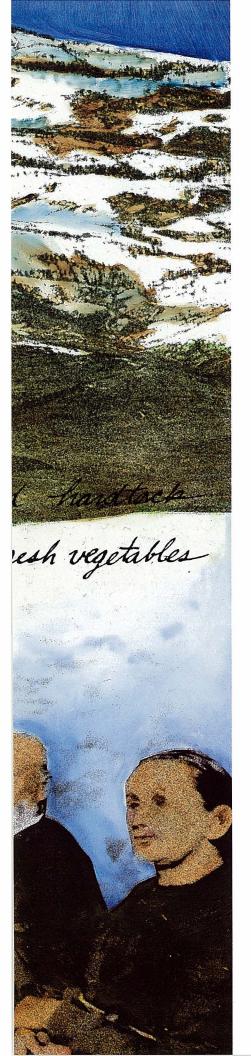
Those with a Zane Grey edition should take note: If it was published by Harper & Brothers and if it has a dust jacket, or if the word "Tales" or "Fishing" appears in the title, they may be holding a little bit of Rogue Valley history—and a little bit of gold.

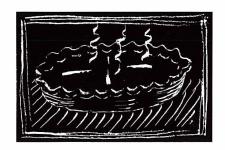
1 References used in compiling this story were American Book Prices Current and The Old Book Collectors' Guide.

Freelance writer William Doody is owner of Yellow Pages bookstore in Grants Pass.









Christmas on the Northwest Frontier

by Linda Eckhardt

hristmas for the pioneers meant one thing: food. Without money for presents or decorations, they could at least devour the delectable meats, fall vegetables, puddings, and pies they had prepared for the biggest day of the year.

Unless they were stuck in the middle of nowhere. Christmas in the mid1880s found many pioneers blazing trails or hunting for gold, and their tales
reveal that even at the leanest table during the darkest hour, the message for
Christmas shone clearly—be it through a shared slab or bacon or a rare can of
peaches.

When holiday preparations began, homemakers even then turned to women's magazines for advice. These nineteenth-century journals often made elaborate suggestions for Christmas celebrations.

Godey's Lady's Book, a magazine described as the "only lady's book in America, the cheapest, most useful, ornamental and instructive," offered detailed instructions for making not only Christmas dinner but also crafts, such as a Christmas Table Basket:

The pretty, and at the same time inexpensive, little basket . . . is particularly appropriate at this time, when so many friendly entertainments are exchanged, and the young and happy meet together. Where the refreshments consist of cold viands and confectionery, these baskets are exceedingly ornamental. They are very quickly made, only requiring a strip of thin cardboard, a little silver paper-pure white is the prettiest-and a few skeins of orange wool.

Godey's went on to suggest a menu: "Roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled fowls with celery sauce, boiled ham, goose pie, turnips, salsify, coleslaw, winter squash, beets, mince pudding, lemon pud-

ding, pumpkin pudding and plum pudding."1

lum pudding was a staple of early Christmas dinners, but women's magazine writers disagreed over its substance. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who made her reputation with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, earned her living writing for women's magazines. She and her mother, Catharine Beecher, in 1869 wrote a book called *The American Woman's Home: or, Principles of Domestic Science; Being a Guide to the Formation and Maintenance of Economical, Healthful, Beautiful, and Christian Homes, in which they expounded on plum pudding: "Take a pound of every indigestible substance you can think of, boil into a cannon-ball, and serve in flaming brandy."²*

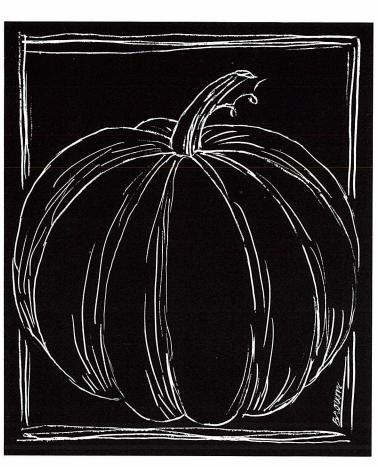
The famous Fannie Merritt Farmer, in her 1897 Boston Cooking-School Cook Book, suggested this menu for a typical Christmas dinner: consommé, bread sticks, olives, celery, salted pecans, roast goose, potato stuffing, applesauce, duchess potatoes, cream of lima beans, chicken croquettes with green peas, dressed lettuce with cheese straws, English plum pud-

ding with brandy sauce, frozen pudding, assorted cake, bonbons, crackers, cheese, and café noir.³

For those who would like to try a genuine plum pudding to see whether they agree with Stowe or Farmer, here is a historic recipe from Farmer's *Boston*

Cooking-School Cook Book of 1898:

ENGLISH



PLUM PUDDING ½ pound stale bread crumbs 1 cup scalded milk 1/4 pound sugar 2 ounces finely cut citron ½ pound suet 1/4 cup wine and brandy, mixed 4 eggs ½ pound raisins, seeded, cut in pieces and floured 1/4 pound currants 1/4 pound finely chopped figs ½ a nutmeg, grated 3/4 teaspoon cin-

3/4 teaspoon cinnamon 1/3 teaspoon clove 1/3 teaspoon mace

11/2 teaspoons salt

Soak bread crumbs in milk, let stand until cool, then add sugar, beaten yolks of eggs, raisins, currants, figs, and cit-

ron; chop suet, and cream by using the hand; combine mixtures, then add wine, brandy, nutmeg, cinnamon, clove, mace and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Turn into a buttered mold, cover and steam six hours. Serve with brandy sauce.

BRANDY SAUCE

1/4 cup butter
1 cup powdered sugar
2 tablespoons brandy
yolks of two eggs
1/2 cup milk or cream
whites of two eggs

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, then brandy very slowly, well-beaten yolks, and milk or cream. Cook over hot water until it thickens as a custard, pour onto beaten whites.⁴.

Perhaps elaborate dinners were a real possibility back in the comfortable East, where the privileged classes could look out through their lace curtains onto civilized scenes of gas-lit streets, sleighs decorated with bells and bows, and wagonloads of food being hawked on the street for Christmas dinners. Plenty of back-of-the-house help, generous kitchens, and budgets guaranteed the mythical Christmas the women's magazines have been touting for a hundred years, from Harriet Beecher Stowe, to Fannie Farmer, to Martha Stewart.

It also is possible that elaborate Christmas feasts have lived more in the imaginations of women's magazine editors and writers than they ever did in actuality, regardless of the locale. We do know from diaries that life on the frontier was a bit different. Christmas still centered around food. But in many cases, feast hardly was the appropriate word. On Lewis and Clark's first Christmas in 1805, spent near the mouth of the Columbia River, Captain Clark, who was better at exploring than spelling, recorded in his journal:

At day light this morning we we[re] awoke by the discharge of the fire arm[s] of all our party & a Selute, Shouts, and a Song which the whole party joined in under our windows, after which they retired

to their rooms were chearfull all the morning. after brackfast we divided our Tobacco which amounted to 12 carrots one half of which we gave to the men of the party who used tobacco, and to those who doe not use it we make a present of a handkerchief. The Indians leave us in the evening all the party Snugly fixed in their huts. . . .

We would have Spent this day the nativity of Christ in feasting, had we any thing either to raise our Sperits or even gratify our appetites, our Diner concisted of pore Elk, so much Spoiled that we eate it thro' mear necessity, Some spoiled pounded fish and a fiew roots."5

But by Christmas 1813, things began to look up. Twenty-year-old Ross Cox, from Dublin, had been sent into the region to establish an American Fur Company post. While camped near present Thompson Falls, Montana, Cox observed:

The Indians were much in want of ammunition &c. My appearance, or I should rather say, the goods I

brought with me, was therefore a source of great joy to both parties. The natives smoked the much-loved weed for several days successively. Our hunters killed a few mountain sheep, and I brought up a bag of flower, a bag of rice, plenty of tea and coffee, some arrow-root, and fifteen gallons of prime rum. We spent a comparatively happy Christmas, and by the side of a blazing fire in a warm room, forgot the sufferings we endured in our dreary progress through the woods.⁶

Warren Angus Ferris spent the winter of 1833 in the Kootenay Mountains in the northeastern corner of the old Oregon country with Nicholas Montour and his Native American wife and family. Montour was employed by Hudson's Bay Company. Of Christmas Day Ferris wrote:

Christmas was passed agreeably with the family of mine host, and we were rather more sumptuously entertained than on ordinary occasions. Our bill of fare consisted of buffalo tongues, dry buffalo meat, fresh

venison, wheat flour cakes, buffalo marrow (for butter), sugar, coffee, and *rum*, with which we drank a variety of appropriate toasts . . . ⁷

y 1849, gold seekers had rushed from the East to Oregon and California. Two recorded their version of Christmas dinner on that first fateful holiday away from their families. Joseph McCloskey, who had been born in Greenwich Village and came to the gold fields as a young man, recalled in a 1909 interview with the San Francisco Call that rain began on December 21 and flooded his camp at Wood's Creek in northern California. By Christmas morning the miners had lost nearly

all their provisions except a side of bacon and pound of hardtack and one rusty frying pan. Once they realized it was Christmas, the three miners felt sorry for themselves. McCloskey said:

"Look here boys," I said, "this is playing it pretty low down on each other. I'm ready to celebrate. Merry Christmas, Steve. Merry Christmas, Mat. Here, you two



kids, Santa Claus has come." They stared at me as if I'd lost my senses, but I hadn't. I took out of my belt two heavy little nuggets I'd been saving to send back to New York and gave one to each of them. It was a poor enough gift. Gold was a common commodity with us. They'd have appreciated a hot biscuit a lot more.

The party began to walk out of their washed-out camp. They were all hungry. About three in the afternoon, they heard someone singing "Adeste Fideles" ("O Come, All Ye Faithful") and found four young men from Boston who were well-supplied with provisions – flour, sugar, and bacon. They welcomed them joyfully.

You may be assured we were grateful. . . . In the evening we built a gorgeous fire, and one of the singers, who had a knack, cooked marvelous flapjacks in bacon grease. Then we had bootleg coffee, so called by its color, and the chef finally achieved his greatest triumph and our undying admiration by producing a rough sort of johnny cake, baked on a shovel.

. . . There never was a more successful Christmas dinner, and when we sat back, replenished, warm, filled with the

glow of good food and kindly company, we three strangers had thankful hearts for the cheer and shelter to which we had been led on this day of days. Grouped about the fire, we all sang the old Christmas songs again and again, the eyes of each man seeking and finding in the flames familiar scenes of home far back in the east.8

Hermann J. Sharmann, born in Germany and brought to the United States as an infant, came west for gold in 1849 as a child with his family. He remembers that Christmas near Marysville, California, when both of his parents were sick in the tent and it was up to him and his older brother Jacob to make the Christmas celebration. They rode

to town with \$10 in their pockets, hoping to find a delicacy that would break the monotony of soggy flapjacks and salt meat that had been their meals for several weeks. Jacob spied the treat: "Hermann," he cried. "Look at this. Canned peaches! Could anything be so delicious? Let us take peaches." The boys rode all night and arrived at home Christmas morning.

We sat about preparing the Christmas dinner with great secrecy and care. Jacob fried the flapjacks and made coffee. I mixed flour and water for biscuits. We had not known salt since our arrival and we used a substitute which was commonly adopted among the forty-niners, gunpowder. It gave some little savor to the food, though I should scarcely recommend it as a condiment.

When everything was in readiness we set out an empty box between the pallets on which our parents lay. This was the table. We had two pails which served well enough for chairs for Jacob and myself. We brought in the hot meal on tin plates and arranged everything neatly where father and mother could reach without getting up. We both left the tent then and ran to where we had hidden the peaches. We opened the can with a knife and Jacob, as the elder, had the honor of carrying it in. . . . Jacob placed the can on the box with great dignity and looked at father and mother for applause. And then we had our crushing disappointment. Neither of them could

touch the delicacy nor could either taste the meal which we had arranged with so much pride. We both cried a litcomforted us and

tle, but our mother told us we should eat their share for them. So we sat down and divided the peaches. . . . Our hunger and the rare treat before us made us forget the sorrow of the futile gift and we ate until not even a trace of syrup was left inside the can.9

y the time the settlers began establishing homesteads in Oregon and other parts of the West, Christmas began taking on a semblance of the mythical Christmas we like to conjure up. A

1979 article on Christmas remembrances in the Medford Mail Tribune recounts Harriet Nesmith McArthur's Christmases in the 1860s on Rickreall Creek in Polk County:



Christmas was a day set apart, to which we children looked forward with eager anticipation. There were no shining lights nor glittering ornaments, in fact they were not to be had. Neither did we have a tree, but our simple gifts gave us pleasure: a highly polished red apple, nuts, raisins, a much prized sweet of pure white sugar in the shape of fruit and animals, quite hollow, and with a splash of color on the fruit. Once I had a beautiful dog, with a few touches of green to represent grass, where he stood on a little base. Being of a miserly turn, I placed my prize in a safe place, to my thinking. My sister found it and visited the delectable sweet for delicious sugary licks. Alas, one day it was licked once too often and it collapsed. I wailed loudly. Added to the other gifts were usually a gay handkerchief, a bottle of cologne, and some little toy. 10

A Christmas dessert enjoyed from the nineteenth century to the present can be found in the flour-

spattered recipe box of Jane Watson Hopping. From her *Country Mothers Cookbook* comes:

Our mother, who loved Christmas, often told us stories of her childhood home: of decorated trees, ribbons and wreaths, and of course of the family all together, admiring the great oak table laden with ham, fresh pork roast, wintertime vegetables, mincemeat pies, apple desserts of all kinds, and pitchers of cold milk.11

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS CAKE

½ cup butter or margarine, softened at room temperature

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten to a froth
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- ½ teaspoon salt

4 cups peeled, cored and diced tart, fresh apples (Jonathan preferred)

- 1 cup golden raisins
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- sweetened whipped cream

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a $9'' \times 12''$ baking dish. Set aside. In large bowl, cream together butter, sugar and eggs. Into a medium bowl, sift flour and soda, cinnamon, ginger, and salt. Add flour mixture to the butter-egg mixture and stir hard to blend. When thoroughly mixed, fold in apples, raisins, and nuts. Turn into prepared pan.

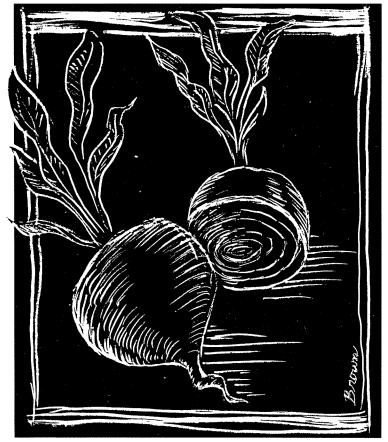
Bake until cake is well-risen, golden brown, and firm to the touch, about 50 minutes. Remove from the oven, cool in the pan on a wire rack. Serve plain or with a dollop of sweetened whipped cream.¹²

This holiday, as you are thumbing through magazines and wondering if you could ever create a feast as elaborate as the ones you see pictured, think back to those hardy pioneers who took comfort in a can of peaches or in a bit of gunpowder to salt the biscuits.

ENDNOTES

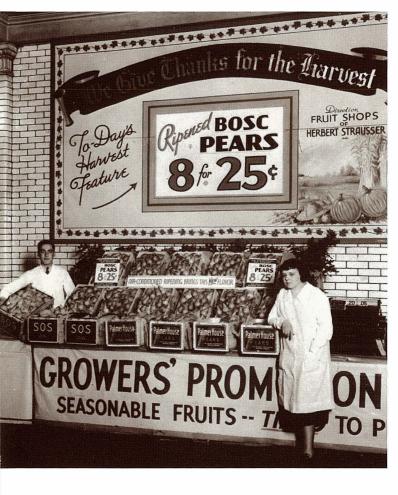
- 1. "Christmas Table Basket," *Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine*, vol. 63 (December 1861): 522.
- 2. Catharine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, The American Woman's Home: or, Principles of Domestic Science; Being a Guide to the Formation and Maintenance of Economical, Healthful, Beautiful, and Christian Homes (New York: J. B. Ford & Co., 1869), 190.
- 3. Fannie Merritt Farmer, "Menu for Christmas Dinner," *The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1897), 520.
- 4. Farmer, Boston Cooking-School (1898), 338, 343.
- 5. Ella E. Clark, "Some Christmas Holidays in the Oregon Country," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, vol. 60 (December 1959), 448.
- 6. Clark, 453.
- 7. Clark, 453-454.
- 8. Joseph J. McCloskey and Herrmann J. Sharmann, Christmas in the Goldfields, 1849: The Reminiscences of Joseph J. McCloskey and Hermann Sharmann (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1959), 12-22.
- 9. McCloskey and Sharmann, 27-33.
- 10. Ralph Friedman, "Memoirs Recall Christmas Celebrations a Century Ago," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 20 December 1979, D3.
- 11. Jane Watson Hopping, *The Country Mothers Cookbook: A Celebration of Motherhood and Old-Fashioned Cooking* (New York: Villard Books, 1991), 263.
- 12. Hopping, 269.

Ashland resident Linda Eckhardt, a food columnist for the Mail Tribune and Oregonian, is the winner of the International Association of Culinary Professionals' Cookbook of the Year 1991 for Bread in Half the Time.



The Good

by Paul Richardson

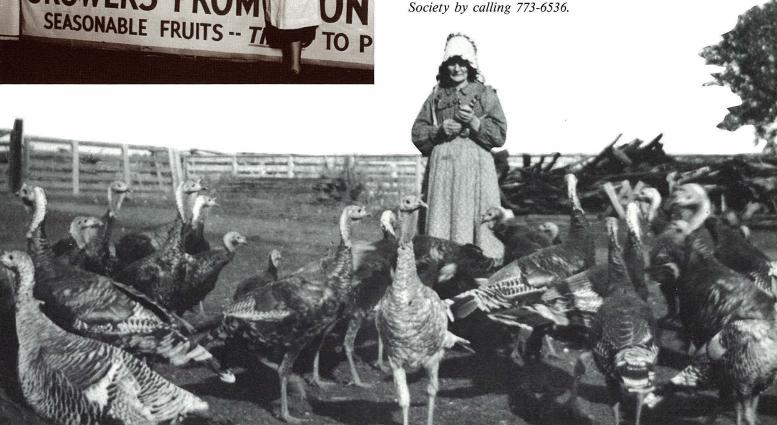


ince its inception with the cultivation of wheat to feed hungry gold miners in the 1850s, commercial agriculture has played a prominent role in Jackson County's economy.

Wheat growing, cattle ranching, and sheep raising all have been important contributors to this region's prosperity; but nothing exemplifies the significance of agriculture better than the fruit industry. The first orchards to appear in the Rogue Valley were planted by the Billings family in 1854. Their early crops of black walnuts and pears soon were followed by other orchards producing a wide assortment of pears, apples, cherries, peaches, and plums. With the access provided to worldwide markets by completion of the railroad in 1887, local orchardists were able to take advantage of southern Oregon's unique climate to produce fruit rivaling that of orchards around the world.

Jackson County has grown more diversified in the last century, but agriculture continues to play a prominent role in its economy and culture.

Paul Richardson is research historian and special projects coordinator for the Southern Oregon Historical Society. A traveling exhibit, The Good Earth, featuring these and other photographs, is available from the Society by calling 773-6536.



Earth

Cattle provided much-needed food — as well as an occasional pet — in the Rogue Valley's early days. Ann Beall (opposite below) was one of the turn-of-the-century pioneers who raised turkeys to feed her family. A promotional booth (opposite above), probably located at one of the New York City fruit markets, provided East Coast buyers the chance to sample southern Oregon pears during the 1930s and 1940s. Southern Oregon Historical Society, #11917, #14156, #12195

The hillsides around Jacksonville were the site of southern
Oregon's first vineyard (right),
planted by pioneer photographer and horticulturist Peter
Britt. Strawberries are just
one of a diverse spectrum of
crops that have been
cultivated in the Rogue Valley
(below), which is known
primarily for its pear
orchards. Southern Oregon
Historical Society #6718, #8440





Life in the Past Lane by Brad Linder

THE CATHOLIC RECTORY IN JACKSONVILLE

ost people associate historic preservation projects with old buildings. But in recent years, landscapes and plant varieties have been receiving restoration as well. In 1986 the National Park Service published a set of guidelines for nominating historic landscapes to the National Register. Previously, landscapes were included only by their association to a building or historic district.

Preserving and restoring landscapes is complicated, many times including heritage plant varieties, structures, and landforms. Natural elements of landscapes particularly are susceptible to alteration and destruction; historic varieties of flowers, trees, or vegetables can disappear in a single season of neglect and be gone forever, no longer able to contribute to the gene pool.

The Gold Diggers Guild of the Southern Oregon Historical Society recently hired Ken Guzowski, a landscape historian, to draw plans and make recommendations for landscape interpretation at the Catholic Rectory in Jacksonville. The Society approved the plans, and the Gold Diggers embarked on an ambitious project to recreate a typical historic landscape of Jacksonville in the 1870s. Guzowski recommended only historic plant species be installed and cautioned that some of the rare varieties may be hard to find. Guzowski researched early horticultural endeavors in Jacksonville, most notably through the diaries of Peter Britt.



The grounds at the Catholic Rectory in Jacksonville are being patterned after a typical 1870s landscape. Photo by Douglas Smith, illustration by Natalie Brown.

Guzowski included guidelines for maintaining the lawn. Historically, property owners may have planted perennial rve or Kentucky bluegrass: and because the lawn mower was not prevalent until after 1870. the grass was allowed to grow long and frequently contained wild flowers and unwanted plants. Lawns were cut with sickles and scythes and occasionally supplied pasture for sheep. Long grass and "weeds" often are unattractive to the contemporary visitor, so Guzowski suggested some compromises. He recommended that because of the rampant nature of dandelions they be removed, but that some small plants-such as Bellis perennis, clover, and violet-remain to give character to the lawn.

An interesting variety of plants was chosen for the project, ranging from the common to the rare. Ornamental shrubs such as Pacific dogwood and common lilac (chosen as the official city flower of Jacksonville in 1940) were easy to find, but varieties of *Euonymus Americanus* such as the bursting heart were more difficult. Samples of perennials chosen include: hollyhock, common foxglove, larkspur, English lavender, Oregon oxalis, wild sweet William, hairy phlox, and sweet-scented violet.

In his study, Guzowski summarizes the art of historic landscape preservation: "Historic



vernacular landscapes may be appreciated the least by the local people who live and work in it, but where local support for preserving landscape values has developed, it acts to enlarge the scope of historic districts. This can take the form of recognizing agricultural patterns, the associations of families, stonework, fences, and other components of the district as significant, integral elements of the entire landscape. It is hoped that this project will help to focus attention on other historic landscapes in and around the historic district of Jacksonville."

Brad Linder is historic resources director for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Reflections on the Past by Dr. Joseph Cox

HOLIDAYS PAST

ith the merciful conclusion of fall elections we can turn our attention to the holiday season, which, thankfully, is not yet politicized. No more ten-second sound bites. No more negative television advertisements from candidates who had promised us they would not stoop to such baseness. (It's enough to make us wonder about the rest of their campaign promises.)

Though free of politics, the coming holidays are bound to be trivialized once again by over-commercialization. The genius of American advertising will not be denied. Having warmed to the task of selling candidates and ballot measures with such alacrity, the advertising world now may focus full-force on selling us that electric shaver for Uncle Harry, the Cuisinart for Aunt Louise, and that outrageously expensive perfume or cologne for one's spouse.

I got to remembering a Christmas long ago, which, in retrospect, seems so ancient as to be nearly an anachronism—and a perfect subject for these meanderings. It was during World War II, and I was about seven. That Christmas was so different it might be difficult to explain it to even my own three children, who think Dad is quaint anyway.

We lived in a small town in western Maryland, a part of Appalachia hit hard by the Depression. I was lucky. My dad was past military service age and had a job, so we were together as a family. Many of my second-grade classmates were not so lucky.

One day shortly before Christmas, we packed ourselves off to the nearby, larger community of Hagerstown for our thirty-five-mile annual shopping trip. Because of



This ca. 1930 postcard gives the simple message of Christmas, which today can get overlooked amid commercialization. Southern Oregon Historical Society 64-204

gas rationing and cost, we took the train, an enormous black steam engine pulling a line of shiny green coaches and a red caboose belonging to the Western Maryland Railroad. We were there in less than forty-five minutes. We disembarked downtown, because that is where all the stores and customers were in those days. Outlying areas were exclusively for Civil War battlefields, cows, and cornfields. Both the trains and the depot are gone now.

Sufficiently bundled up in hats, coats, gloves, and galoshes, we made our rounds through the snow, the carolers, the Salvation Army kettles, and the Christmas outdoor displays which unabashedly were religious in theme. We bought a pen for my dad, an additional piece or two for my prized Erector set, and a sweater for my mother, all at different stores that are gone now as well, replaced by the new malls outside the city.

The high points of the day for a seven-year-old had to be the train ride, dinner at a real restaurant (the Green Gables, also gone), and a visit to the Antietam Street Fire Station, where the most wonderful model train extravaganza—in Maryland, such displays were called Christmas Gardens—lovingly was created each year by the firemen. The firehouse is still

there, but modern liability and safety regulations have made the Christmas Garden obsolete.

The entire day occurred on a cash basis, for there were as yet no credit cards. If we didn't have much, we weren't that much in debt, either. Christmas still was very special, even if there was only one "big" present—especially if it was a Flexible Flyer sled or a Red Ryder air rifle.

In retrospect, the olden times weren't so bad.

Dr. Joseph Cox is a historian and president of Southern Oregon State College.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #5192

Then Noah by Catherine Noah

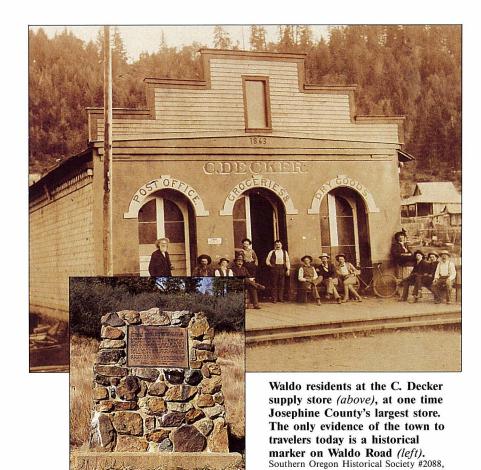
WHERE'S WALDO?

It is hard to imagine, driving along Waldo Road south of Cave Junction, that this rocky, brush-covered landscape once sprouted a town of several hundred people—complete with bowling alley and skating rink.

Waldo was a mining settlement that began with the gold rush in 1852 and faded along with the ore deposits in the late 1920s. Finding Waldo today can be as challenging as the children's picture books by the same name. A historical marker defining the town is easy enough to spot—just follow Highway 199 southwest of Grants Pass about ten miles past Cave Junction and turn left on Waldo Road. You'll see the marker in a clearing on the left several miles from the highway junction.

But locating any remains of Waldo proves more difficult, as most of the site was washed away by hydraulic mining in the 1930s. A book on the history of Waldo published in 1973 (Sailors' Diggings, by Willard and Elsie Street) said parts of the Waldo cemetery and the foundation of the town's largest supply store still can be seen; it takes a tenacious explorer, however, to find them today.

Waldo was the largest settlement in an area encompassing twenty to twenty-five square miles known as Sailors' Diggings, probably named after sailors who discovered gold there on their way from the coast to established mines in southern Oregon. The town itself was named after William Waldo, Whig party candidate for the governor



of California in 1853. (Waldo, which is near the California-Oregon border, was thought to be a part of California at the time; a year later Waldo was discovered to be in Oregon. Miners before that voted in both states and paid taxes in neither.)

Waldo sported cobbler, butcher and blacksmith shops, a brewery, stores, hotels, several saloons, a bowling alley and a ballroomskating rink. It also boasted Josephine County's first courthouse and its largest supply store. Chinese miners resided in several buildings known as Chinatown.

Like most mining towns, Waldo had its share of trouble. In the 1850s its precinct constable, George Wells, and a notorious gambler and gunman named Fred Patterson had a shoot-out in the doorway of Wells' cabin. Wells suffered nothing more than a broken arm, while Patterson had several ribs shot out and nearly died. Patterson recovered, however, and went on to shoot several more men

before he was killed by another gunman in a barbershop in Walla Walla, Washington.

photo by Catherine Noah.

In 1856 the people of Sailors' Diggings were warned of an imminent attack by a "band of two to three hundred Indians within the next 24 hours," according to a letter reprinted in the *Crescent City Herald*. "You must get together within this day and do the best you can to prepare for a vigorous defense." Other newspaper accounts tell tales of Indian assaults on saddle trains and of the settlers' retaliations. But the town of Waldo, apparently, never suffered an attack by local Indians.

After World War I, mining activity declined, and Waldo gradually died. The last store closed in 1928. Mining, which gave birth to Waldo, also washed it away, thanks to hydraulic giants looking for gold in bedrock in the 1930s.

Catherine Noah is editor of the Sentinel.



FROM THE COLLECTION

by Steve M. Wyatt

FRÖHLICHE WEINACHTEN

If this German-crafted Weinachtsmann (Santa Claus) could speak, he surely would wish us a merry Christmas. That this Santa has but one reindeer may be based on the 1820s book A New Year's Present to the Little Ones from Five to Twelve. In this work, a single reindeer was incorporated into the Santa legend for the first time. Shortly thereafter Clement Moore published A Visit from St. Nicholas. Moore gave Santa more speed to make his rounds from rooftop to rooftop when he boosted Santa's team from one to twelve reindeer. In 1939 Robert L. May added yet another reindeer to Santa's team. May, an advertising copywriter, created Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer to illustrate a Christmas pamphlet for Montgomery Ward shoppers.

This holiday figure, which dates from about 1900, features a hand-woven sleigh. The reindeer is equipped with bobbing head and a key-wound music box. When this Santa was new, he may have been considered actual size, as Santa was an elf. It was not until the 1920s, when a series of advertisements by the Coca-Cola Company featured Santa sipping his favorite soft drink, did he achieve human stature. This Santa was purchased from Earl Isaac's Store in Ashland. John L. Grubb donated this ornament to the Southern Oregon Historical Society in 1961.

Steve Wyatt is collections manager for the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Owing to limited exhibit space, the majority of the objects in the Society's collection often are not seen by visitors. "From the Collection" is our attempt to provide an informative glimpse of the scope of the Society's collection.

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