

OREGON HERITAGE

VOL. 1, NO. 1

SPRING 1994

\$5.95

**HIGH
HOPES,
SUBTLE
REALITIES**

**THE ISSEI
EXPERIENCE
IN OREGON**

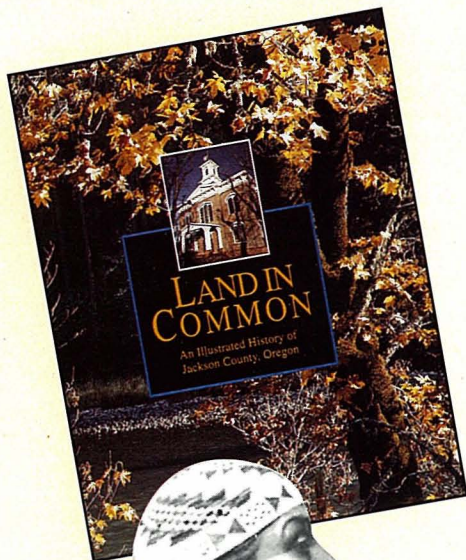
**PIONEER
PRESSING
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**OREGON'S
PROGRESSIVE
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**SELLING THE
GREAT NORTHWEST
BROCHURE BOOSTERISM
AND THE
HARRIMAN RAILROADS**

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LAND IN COMMON



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精力善甲



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Back cover, Table Rock has long greeted motorists as they traverse Blackwell Hill on U.S. Highway 99 north of Medford. Southern Oregon Historical Society #14599

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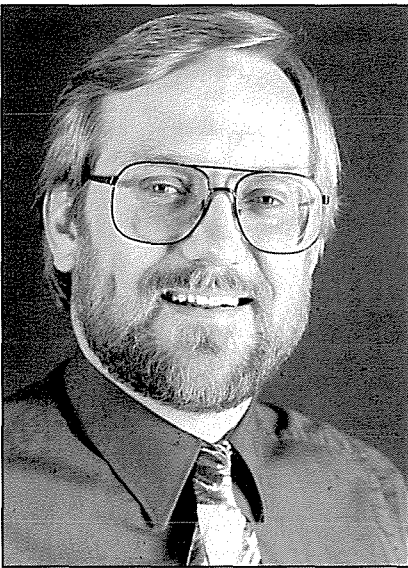
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All History is Local

by Samuel J. Wegner

Winston Churchill put it best: "All history is local." Any event, great or trivial, that impacts a local community will ripple throughout larger arenas. The process may be slow or instantaneous, but will eventually have statewide and regional effects. Southern Pacific Railroad's north-south

route was completed in Ashland, Oregon, in December 1887, changing instantly the face, and the *fate*, of such communities as Jacksonville, Medford, and Central Point (which actually relocated in order to meet the railhead). As a result, the entire United States was connected by rail, thus making Ashland an important link in the nation's economic, political, and social development.

Development of the most basic aspects of daily life—politics, technology, entertainment, education—begins at home, locally. This is the basis for the slogan, "Act locally, think globally," implying what we know instinctively: history is not comprised of isolated events and individuals, but is an endless process of connections and interconnections having either gradual or immediate effects upon lives and communities far beyond the bounds of local experience alone.

Because its community history is so kindred to the people's sense of place and purpose, southern Oregon is like few areas in the country. From the largest of our towns to the most modest of our unincorporated communities, each locality is built upon a unique past that serves as a firm foundation for civic pride and, yes, stand-pat individualism. And yet, while no two towns share identical histories, each southern Oregon community is nevertheless connected to the other. This is the essence of "local regionalism"—approaching larger histories from a local perspective and identifying the linkages, (or painting a broad, historical pic-

ture with a local brush). Recognizing this, *Oregon Heritage* will examine the role of historic people, places, and issues in defining Oregon's past, present, and future.

There is no question that *Oregon Heritage's* predecessor, the *Table Rock Sentinel*, provided enjoyable and accessible treatments of local history. Readers will recognize much of this spirit and popular-history approach in *Oregon Heritage*. The new magazine will continue to present articles that highlight southern Oregon's contributions to the state's economic, social, and cultural development. In so doing, however, it will also illustrate the innumerable ways southern Oregon is, in turn, enriched by its connections throughout the state and region.

Longtime *Sentinel* readers will also recognize such popular features as the "Then and Now" photo retrospective and "Collections Highlight," as well as articles on local people, places, and issues. New features, such as "Our Own Voices," "Signposts," "Oregon Spectator," will present new perspectives on the past through oral histories, folklore, fiction, reprints of past newspaper articles, and trips to historic places or events. Feature stories will often move beyond southern Oregon in order to trace the origin—or impact—of local, statewide, and regional history.

The magazine's mission is rooted in the linkages that bind communities together—from The Dalles to Depoe Bay, from Bend to Burns, from Portland to Paisley, from Eugene to Yachats, and from Medford to McMinnville. Historically, those connections have been built upon industry and agriculture, education and recreation, arts and sciences. Today, those connections are as varied as Oregon's pioneers—native and newcomer alike.

Regional demographics are changing dramatically and include a growing number of non-native Oregonians. Reflecting on the Society's educational mission, *Oregon Heritage* will offer newcomers a means of understanding our state's history and will serve as a guide and primer on Oregon's heritage. It will also provide opportunities for native Oregonians to reacquire themselves with the region's incredibly rich history.



Samuel J. Wegner is executive director of Southern Oregon Historical Society, Medford.

Oregon Heritage Editorial Guidelines

Feature articles should average 3,500 (pre-edited) words. Short articles, short fiction, sidebars, reviews, reports, and poetry should range from 100 to 1,000 words. Manuscripts must be typed and double spaced; word count must be provided. Avoid tab stops and excessive use of subtitles; use hard returns only at the end of paragraphs. Electronic submissions are accepted on either 5-1/2- or 3-1/4-inch disks. IBM-generated submissions must be saved as ASCII files. Provide a hard-copy and identify the software and format used.

Writing styles should be clear and direct, with variety in sentence and paragraph length. Things to avoid are: passive voice, overly casual narrative style, one-sentence paragraphs, undefined technical terms and acronyms, lengthy listings of detail not essential to the overall tone of the piece. People and their actions make history come alive for readers. Recognize the interconnected relationships between the past and the present. Cite all sources and construct endnotes and outlines that follow the *Chicago Manual of Style, 13th Edition* (consulted for all questions of style or usage). The author is responsible for verifying all facts cited in the manuscript.

A selection of professional photographs and/or line art should accompany submissions.

Images can be black-and-white or color and must be unscreened. *Oregon Heritage* reserves the right to publish Southern Oregon Historical Society images in place of submitted material. Label all materials with author's name, affiliation (if applicable), mailing address, and telephone number. Manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed envelope stamped with sufficient postage. Please include a brief (two- or three-sentence) autobiographical note.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society secures rights to full and final editing of all manuscripts, as well as one-time North American serial rights. Acceptance is determined by the manuscript's quality and the nature and extent of research involved. Authors will be notified of acceptance of manuscripts within thirty days after receiving materials. Payment will follow within thirty days of notification. *Oregon Heritage* takes great care with all materials submitted, but is not responsible for damage or loss. Only photocopies of irreplaceable original historical documents should be sent. The Southern Oregon Historical Society is not responsible for damage or loss and disclaims any responsibility for facts or opinions expressed in signed submissions.

Threads that Bind

There are threads that run through Jackson County's history—some bright and inspiring, others troubling. Such is the story of humankind. Our county, in many ways, is a microcosm of the history of the larger American West—indeed of the nation itself—in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Thus, we ought not to be surprised that the American Indian peoples, who were here first, fared as badly here as elsewhere, or that the Chinese and African Americans were welcomed, but only as cheap labor.

The Ku Klux Klan flourished in the 1920s and marched in Ashland's Fourth of July Parade, just as the national Klan marched in Washington, D.C. That thread of intolerance extends today, albeit the target minority has changed. The conclusion being, I suppose, that democracy's work never is finished.

The venues change, but we are struck by how much continuity there has been. Take the matter of transportation and communications and their centrality to the life of any western community. Jackson County was forever altered when the railroad did not make the hoped-for jog to Jacksonville, thus establishing the new "city" of Medford in the 1880s. For the geographically isolated western region, transportation will always be a life-and-death issue.

No matter how hard we try, we cannot escape the influence of the world beyond our mountain walls, which have for so long both isolated and protected us.

Just as the telegraph and telephone changed life in revolutionary ways in the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries for southern Oregonians, so today have the computer, cellular phone, and FAX machine greatly altered today's life and work patterns. New technology has also contributed to the late-twentieth century influence of yet another wave of "new Oregonians," sparking yet another evolution in the region's economic development.

One cannot but wonder what the pioneer generations might have said about late-twentieth century debates over land use, planning commissions, zoning, etc. My sense is that their generations, which after all came to Oregon because of the appeal of the quality of life, would not be at all surprised by the debate's intensity. Issues of land use and water rights versus the common good have been hotly contested ever since the Ordinance of 1787 opened the West. This thread runs throughout our history.

Another thread in Jackson County's history has to do with the alteration of our economic base, frequently by forces from outside and beyond our control. The national railroad system's extension to southern Oregon saw the basic subsistence agricul-

by Joseph W. Cox

tural economy evolve into the commercial fruit and production industries of the twentieth century. The rise of commercial-export agriculture, along with tremendous growth during and following World War II, precipitated the influx of southern Oregon's newest ethnic minorities. This occurred throughout the West as the war took thousands of young men off farms for military service.

Jackson County's growing Hispanic and its smaller Asian and African-American populations added yet another cultural ingredient to the social admixture of Euro-American and American Indian populations already in the region. The same transportation network expansions, and particularly the transcontinental highway system, dramatically expanded Jackson County's wood products industry into an integral part of the national economy, just as other late-twentieth century national events and decisions are fundamentally changing that industry today.

When one examines the region's first one hundred years, yet another thread emerges. This thread is probably our most defining characteristic: the towns and communities that make up the larger society. Each is distinct and possesses its own unique charm. Suburbanization, mercifully, has not totally homogenized them yet. These communities represent the real bedrock of Pacific Northwest culture. Each town is a story of opportunities won or lost, and of a resolute, stoic determination to adapt (in some cases, to not adapt) and survive.


One final thread that binds us together requires comment, for it may suggest the most constant force affecting how we live and continue to evolve. No matter how hard we try, we cannot escape the influence of the world beyond our mountain walls, which have for so long both isolated and protected us. Whether it is the interrelatedness or the impact of international events or economies, the outside world continues to intrude. Sometimes we welcome the effects; other times, we find it worrisome.

In the final analysis, it is history that will provide the "compass points" upon which to navigate successfully into the new century, for good history is worth repeating.



Joseph W. Cox is president of Southern Oregon State College, Ashland. This editorial is adapted from "Conclusion," Land in Common: An Illustrated History of Jackson County, Oregon (Southern Oregon Historical Society, 1993).





Selling the Great Northwest



Brochure Boosterism and the Harriman Railroads

If the Pacific Northwest had a golden age of promotion, it was between 1907 and 1911, when the railroads issued hundreds of various pamphlets to promote settlement of the region. One remarkable series united the new and sophisticated printing technology of Southern Pacific Railroad's *Sunset Magazine* with the creative talents of William Bittle Wells, giving rise to the most prolific outpouring of promotional literature in the region's history. Wells' classically Grecian and Romanesque pamphlets advertised dozens of communities as diverse as Pocatello, Idaho, to Sheridan, Oregon, and became a mainstay of municipal boosterism throughout the early 1900s.¹

William Bittle Wells (1872-1965) was born in a backwoods portion of Reconstruction-Era Virginia, one of eight children of G.M. and Lucinda Wells. With the South in ruins after the Civil War, Wells' father—a former Confederate commissary sergeant—headed north to New York City, where he earned a degree in medicine at Bellevue Medical College. In 1874, G.M. Wells again moved his family, this time west to seek his fortune in Sonoma County, California, where he practiced medicine.²

In 1881, the family finally settled in Portland, Oregon, where Wells' father and an uncle—a former Confederate naval officer—practiced medicine together. After completing the Latin course at Portland High School, young William studied

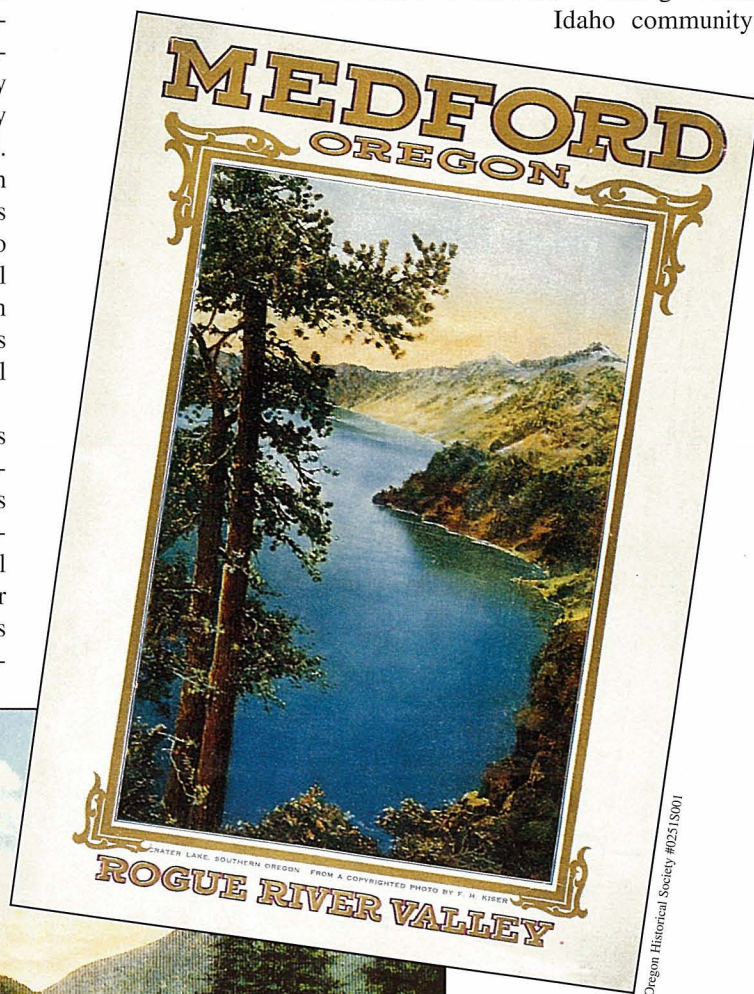
by Carlos A. Schwantes

Greek with a private tutor, and by 1897, he completed a bachelor's degree in English at California's recently established Stanford University. William Bittle Wells then returned to Portland to launch a new magazine, the *Pacific Monthly*, that would combine literary talents with regional promotion. He brashly chose the name in the expectation of making the publication a West Coast counterpart to the venerable *Atlantic Monthly*.

After the magazine's failure, Wells was hired as the primary Pacific Northwest publicist for Edward H. Harriman's sprawling railroad empire—which, in the early twentieth century, included both the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific systems and extended across the West from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Coast. Wells considered his promotional activity to be part of the ongoing rivalry between Harriman and James J. Hill, the "Empire Builder" of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines. The bitter contest between these two rail barons was the key motivator behind Harriman executives' decision to readily approve Wells' promotional program.³ Wells knew Hill was more popular with the public and the newspapers than Harriman. However, with Southern Pacific's introduction of its "Community Publicity Plan," in Wells' words, "...the Hill Lines had nothing whatsoever to compete with it."

Through the Community Publicity Plan—under the auspices of the Bureau of Community Publicity—local chambers of commerce purchased one of several standard promotional packages offered by Wells. Each contract included one or more professionally designed brochures, along with publication of a promotional article in *Sunset Magazine*. This was no small accomplishment for various communities in the region, for by 1910, the magazine was claiming a circulation of 100,000 readers and was the primary pub-

lications vehicle for extolling the beauty and riches of the exotic Pacific Northwest. During its five years in operation, the Bureau of Community Publicity created pamphlets promoting a total of seventy-five communities throughout the Pacific Northwest, including fifteen for Idaho, seventeen for Washington, and forty-three for Oregon (the bureau inaugurated its campaign with a brochure on Medford, Oregon). Like the pamphlets, articles in *Sunset* were set to optimistic themes. "Riches of an Inland Empire" was the title of one such article on Idaho Falls in October 1910. "The Secret of Success in Blackfoot," boosting another Idaho community,



Above, This Medford promotional pamphlet was published by *Sunset Magazine* and the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1909. Such pamphlets fostered tremendous interest in the Rogue Valley's commercial potential. Left, Loop tunnels 14 and 15 provided easier transport of Rogue Valley produce through the Siskiyou Mountains.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #0917.94, \$53 1916

followed a month later. Wells estimated that his bureau issued a total of twelve million pieces of promotional literature. The methods were simple: once a community signed a contract with the railroad, the entire burden of community publicity shifted onto the broad shoulders of the Harriman system. Most chambers of commerce were delighted to have experts take responsibility for advertising their communities.⁴

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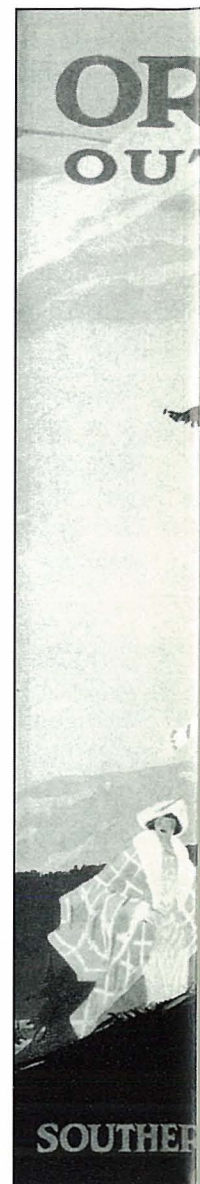


Southern Oregon Historical Society #PAM 917.9327 M43 1911 c.1

Wells was a highly organized man and provided no fewer than five types of literature from which each community could make its selection. These he labeled “community,” “conductor,” “postal folders,” “colonist,” and “special brochures.” The cover designs reflected his training in classical motifs and were rich in allegorical representations, landscape paintings, and photographic reproductions. To carry out his grand design, Wells employed numerous commercial photographers, illustrators, and writers. Using lavish artwork, the pamphlets were to represent “high-class literature” and were replete with images of prosperity and plenty. The cover of a 1910 Hood River brochure featured luscious Yellow Newtowns and Red Spitzenburg apples in full size and rich color. The brochure had a print run of thirty thousand and was widely circulated throughout the United States. Such brochures no doubt inspired the writer Stewart Holbrook to quip that the booster pamphlets he had read as a young Bostonian “... left the impression that one could have a decent living in Oregon and Washington simply by eating the gorgeous scenery.”⁵

Wells instructed his writers to model their prose after the *Saturday Evening Post*, which, in the early twentieth century, was the best selling weekly magazine in the United States. Like Wells’ promotional literature, the *Saturday Evening Post* sought to mirror the culture of a middle-class world that was hardworking, prudent, honest, and self-reliant. Wells’ additional angle was to apply consumerism to a regional landscape.⁶ Unlike promoters of an earlier era, however, Wells’ writers were instructed to avoid making unsubstantiated claims. Wells later recalled that if one of his writers used a superlative to describe the advantage of a community, it was equivalent to “handing in his resignation.” According to Wells, so much previous publicity had “indulged in the use of the superlative to such a degree that the literature lost much of its value; nobody would believe it.”⁷

In his 1911 summary of the bureau’s activities, Wells took pride in the fact that “to date no printing in connection with our community plan has been done in the East.” Wells did not iden-



The Medford Commercial Club was established in 1904 to promote Rogue Valley business interests around the country.

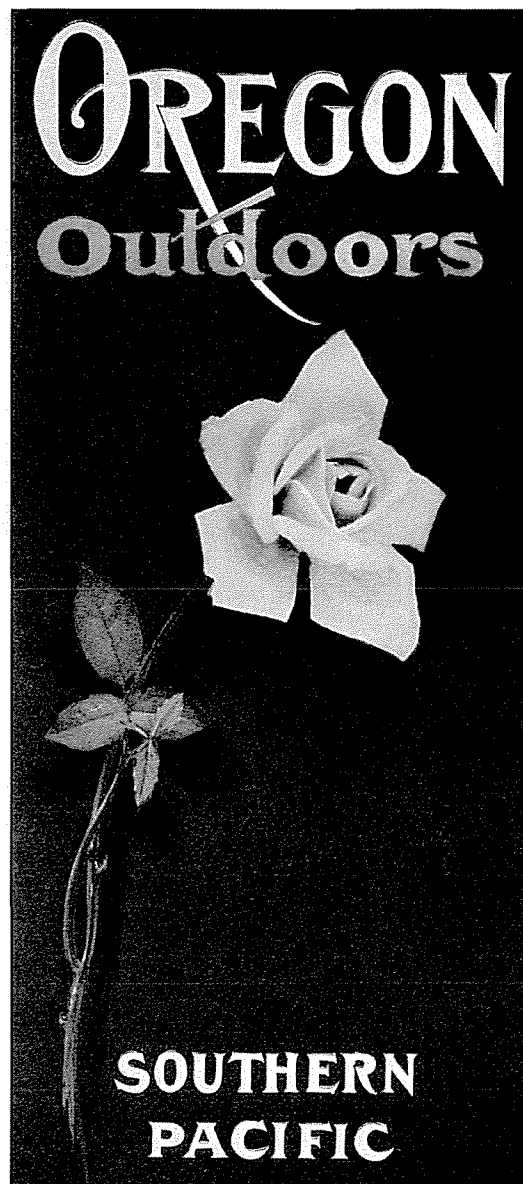
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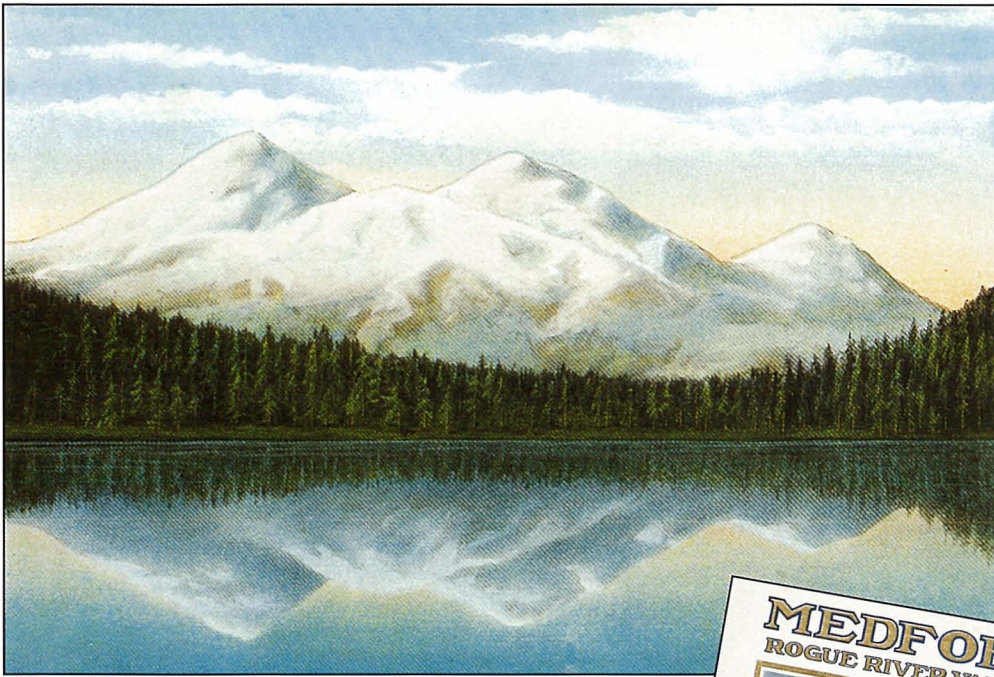
tify his printers nor, unfortunately, his illustrators, but they were most likely among the same local artists who had designed covers for *Sunset Magazine* and its Portland counterpart, the *Pacific Monthly* (or who had crafted the era's familiar and colorful apple crate labels). Wells apparently did not employ the same well-known illustrators, such as Maynard Dixon, that had been used by the railroads. Northern Pacific officials, for example, once hired artist Thomas Moran to help promote Yellowstone National Park and the Great Northern commissioned Austrian-born John Fery to paint more than three-hundred monumental promotional images—many of which were of Glacier National Park—to display in railway stations and other buildings.⁸

The outpouring of Wells' highly appealing brochures prompted Judge Robert S. Lovett, president of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems in New York City, to remark: "Such attractive publications I am afraid will make an emigrant of me." Another of Wells' superiors, E.O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco, once wrote: "I esteem it the highest plane of passenger department endeavor." Added Ivy L. Lee, one of the country's foremost publicity experts, "This is the best colonization literature

that I know of anywhere." Lee's clients included the Pennsylvania Railroad, Guggenheim mining interests, Bethlehem Steel, and John D. Rockefeller.

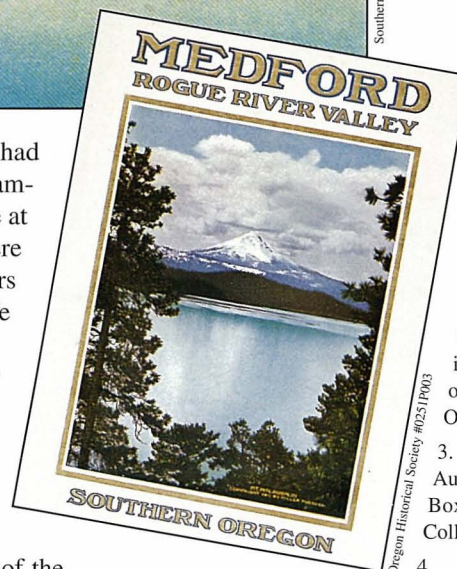
Ironically, Wells' promotional campaign proved too successful, and it eventually sparked a bureaucratic rivalry between the Harriman system's passenger and freight departments. The passenger department had received the glory while members of the freight department—which paid most of the railroad's bills—had grown increasingly jealous and eventually conspired against Wells. Anticipating trouble, Wells spent \$800 in 1911 to prepare a report defending his activities. Wells included in the document several pages of the testimonials he had received in order to illustrate the value and quality of his promotional work.⁹

Nonetheless, as a result of the jealousy and internal strife, Harriman officials "demoted" Wells, in late summer 1911, with an offer of a salaried position for \$250 a month—significantly less than what he previously earned on a commission basis. (Wells had once bragged, perhaps unwisely, that as a result of his commissions for selling the Great Northwest, he had earned more than the president of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, his employer at the time.) Wells wanted at least \$500



Southern Oregon Historical Society #0917.94.S53.1916

Left, Oregon's Three Sisters and other area mountains were popular themes for promotional materials, such as the pamphlet, below, printed in 1911.



Oregon Historical Society #0251P003

a month and appealed to those among his superiors who had so recently supported his work. His self-promotional campaign failed, however, and he quit the Harriman enterprise at age thirty-nine. The rest of his many working years were spent as an insurance agent for New York Life. Of his years at the Harriman System, Wells recalled: "It was a great life while it lasted."

William Bittle Wells was an unabashed true believer in the Pacific Northwest. For him, as for countless others, here indeed was the Land of Opportunity. One theme threading through the many booklets produced by the Publicity Bureau relates to the Pacific Northwest as synonymous with opportunity. Wells once wrote: "We believe that the West—the Pacific Coast—is the best part of the world." He approached his subject with an almost religious fervor. He blended his own family's belief in the West as a promised land with his classical training and his devotion to Presbyterian Protestantism. Religion and hope in the Lord, Wells once wrote, was "man's best Possession."

Although Wells did not author all his pamphlets, significant elements of his world view are distinctly evident in each of them. No slums, industrial ghettos, or scenes of poverty were ever seen among the countless images used in illustrating his pamphlets. Nothing marred their consistently upbeat tone. Clearly, Wells regarded the region's developing communities as the New Edens—flowing with milk and honey—and his colorful, lushly produced pamphlets painted a portrait of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest that endures to this day.



ENDNOTES

1. Paul C. Johnson, ed., *The Early Sunset Magazine 1898-1928* (San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1974). *Sunset* was published under Southern Pacific aegis from 1898 until 1914 and was originally designed to advertise the West to Easterners.
2. William McMurray to Wells, 31 Aug. 1911, in William Bittle Wells Papers, Box

19, University of Oregon Special Collections; Wells, "Autobiographical Outline," Wells Papers, Box 7; Wells, Pacific Northwest Literature (np, nd), Wells Papers, Box 2; Wells, "Autobiographical Outline," Wells Papers, Box 7. By "literature," Wells meant the promotional brochures he was responsible for issuing. Wells' diaries provide many details of his life before 1900 and are located at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

3. William Bittle Wells, "Unpublished Autobiographical Sketch," 74, Wells Papers, Box 18, University of Oregon Special Collections.

4. "Community Publicity, Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company and Southern Pacific Company (Lines in Oregon), Report for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1911," Wells Papers, Box 19, University of Oregon Special Collections.

5. Stewart H. Holbrook, *Far Corner: A Personal View of the Pacific Northwest* (New York: Macmillan, 1952), 4.

6. Jan Cohn, *Creating America: George Horace Lorimer and the Saturday Evening Post* (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989).

7. Wells to Thomas Vaughan, 11 Nov. 1957, Wells ms 894, Oregon Historical Society, Portland.

8. "Community Publicity." The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway employed or purchased the work of numerous artists beginning in the early 1890s. They painted scenes that could be used in Santa Fe advertising, and this eventually resulted in a priceless collection numbering more than six hundred images: Sandra D'Emilio and Suzan Campbell, *Visions & Visionaries: The Art & Artists of the Santa Fe Railway* (Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith Books, 1991).

9. "Community Publicity."

Carlos A. Schwantes is a professor of history at the University of Idaho, Moscow. His book Railroad Signatures Across the Pacific Northwest (1993) is available from Washington University Press.

Letter From a Stage Driver

Captain C. W. Barger

There could hardly be a better way to initiate the "Our Own Voices" feature than through Captain C.W. Barger's remarkable remembrance of his days as a stage driver. His touching narrative, reproduced below as originally typed, gives a rare, personal glimpse into the life of a true Pacific Northwest pioneer. "Our Own Voices" will present first person narratives through journals, storytelling, interviews, folklore, and letters.

you may not remember me but you being of the same class of my self i take the liberty to write to you i commenced driving stage between salem and albany oregon in 1865 a mere boy hardly 17 years old i was born in oregon in 1848 at silvertown near salem and like many others followed it up all my life till now and there is no more stageing to drive yes i have sat on the box for over fifty years and now i am 75yrs old my fingers are very stiff cant use a pen but i can runn a type writer a little i just had to learn as my fingers are in very bad shape i got to talking to walley bartle last night on the street and he told me where to write you so i take the liberty to tel you some of my life i drove in oregon idaho washington montana brittish columbia california and arizona many years in each state and often come back for a few years longer but i finally wound up in yosemite valley i was there seven years but it is all done now that you would care to look at no more drivers as what you could call drivers in fact nearly all the stage drivers have gone over the divide never to return and i guess i soon will go over to see how they are getting along they may need a releif driver in case one gets sick yes joe i have served my time as a stage driver and am still in farely good health but i am not so limber in my joints the last time i pulled up a stage team was about a year ago in san francisco calif in a parade on the streets for the express company i cant say what ever made me stick to stageing so close and so long i guess just for the love of horses and the excitement on the road but any way i have went through it all and all kinds and am here to tell the tale and look back and say why didnt we chose some other trade i am writing a book called the life of a stage driver i commenced back when i was six years old where i was born and as a came up and how i happend to get started as a driver and where and who put me to work first and where all about it just as things happened no stories just facts in montana when there was so much hanging going on and all that kind of trouble yes i use to drive between helena and butte city in early days when every thing was at it best good old cold country this book will be of some three hundred pages and will have over a hundred engraveings of all the noted drivers and shot gunn messengers and stage men of all i can get the photos of but i tell you now that i find it quite a hard job to get



Courtesy of David Ralston

photos of old time employers of the stage company as those days no body cared to have a picture taken and of course there was not but few taken and very few was preserved so as to get hold of them now i have quite a number and wells fargo and compa are going to help me all they can as they have quite a number of old time messengers photos and will loan them to me to get a copy now i would like one of yours in action if you have it and if not any one will do as i have to make it over so as to fit the book sheet i expect to get this book out this comring year cant say just when as there is lots of work on it yet but i am getting along farely well considering my stiff fingers and my poor education but if i live i will make it by and by now if you have some other stage picture that shows up a good team or some good scenery on the old stage road loan it to me to get a copy and i will return it and many thanks i was out a few days ago to see mrs carll and she loaned me a picture of billy carll which will help out quite a bit now joe if you are not feeling well enough to write tell your wife to write for you as i would like very much to hear from you in person being born here in oregon i have come back to stay and spend the rest of my days in my home country i have been here since last sept a year ago yours sincerely CAPT C W BARGER portland oregon

[Barger includes a handwritten postscript] If we were together some night I guess morning would come & find us still talking

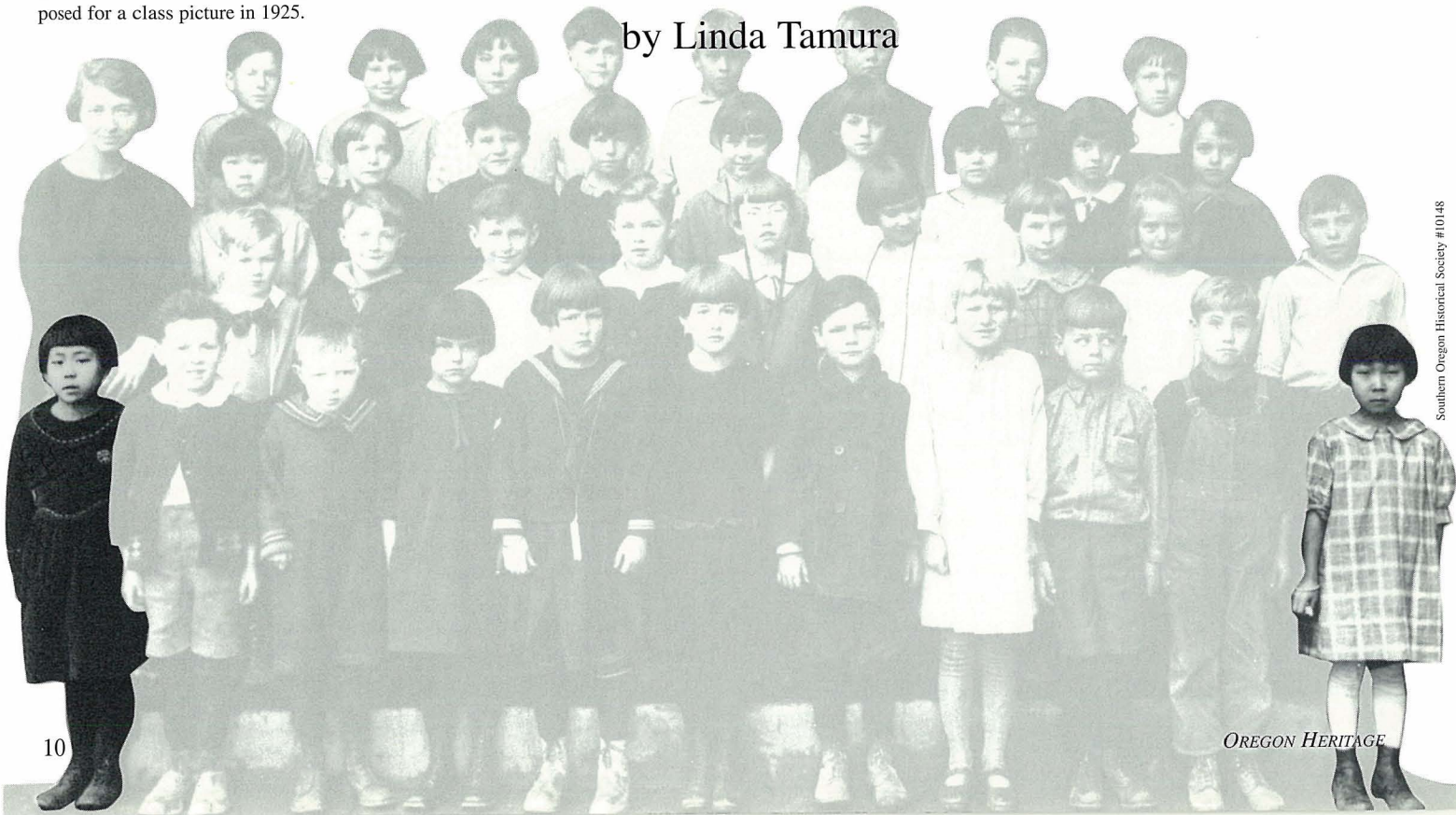
精力善用

High Hopes, Subtle Realities

The Issei Experience in Oregon

This group of second-graders at Medford's Washington School (West Main and North Oakdale), posed for a class picture in 1925.

by Linda Tamura



Southern Oregon Historical Society #10148

精神一統
何事か成るらん
白他共栄

I had wonderful visions of America! I pictured that even the flies would be different!

—Mrs. Tei Endow

I thought America was such a wealthy place that all you had to do was scoop money from the ground! When I was a child, my relatives in America sent a gift of wide ribbon with many colors and designs. They told me how grand America was and how much more money you could earn! In Japan I put in long hours from breakfast until dark, and I earned just thirty cents a day. In America I could earn two dollars a day! I was thrilled about America!

—Mrs. Itsu Akiyama

The land of opportunity! At the turn of the century, Japanese citizens viewed the United States as a country of grandeur and prosperity. Here, they envisioned, their dreams of plentiful money and ready-made fortunes would be fulfilled. Like those who trekked westward on the overland trails, the Japanese were attracted by labor opportunities in railroads, lumbering, fishing, and agriculture in the Pacific Northwest. So they became sojourners in America. Enticed by widespread success stories and fortified by their belief in the fruits of honest, hard work, they held high hopes for new lives in this country four thousand miles from their homeland. Once they arrived,



Courtesy of Frank Fukuda and the Japanese American Museum

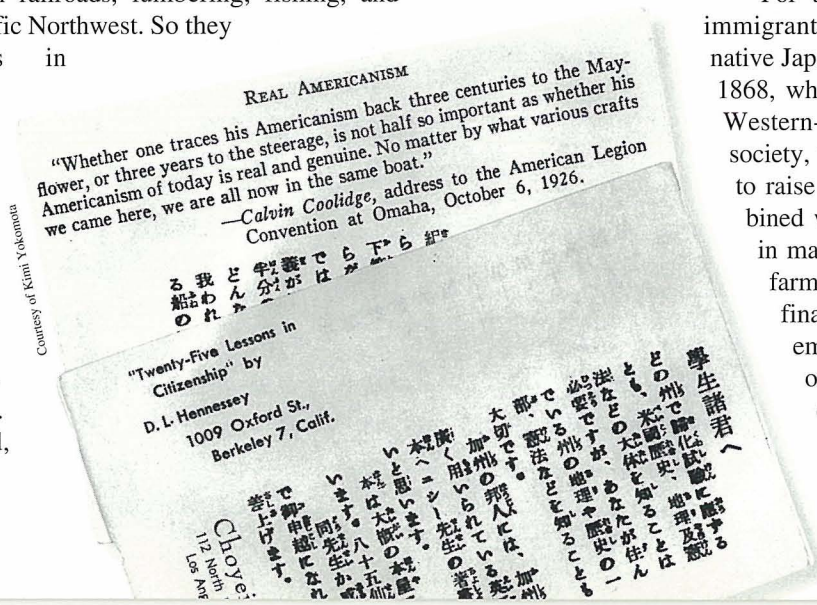


Courtesy of Linda Tamura

Above, In a posed photograph, three Japanese pioneers in Oregon pretend to take a fantasy flight over a model of Portland, circa 1914. Left, Mrs. Tei Endow. Below, Flashcards in *konji* characters helped Japanese immigrants study for their citizenship exams.

however, their optimism was quickly crushed. Instead of the ready fortunes they had anticipated, Japanese instead faced arduous physical labor, low wages, poor living conditions, and difficulties adjusting to contrasting lifestyles. Faced with the sobering realities of life in America, one Japanese immigrant agonized, "Too hard work! Never in America have I picked up a penny from the ground."

For the Issei, first-generation Japanese immigrants, economic conditions in their native Japan had been even more bleak. After 1868, when the Meiji emperor introduced a Western-style government and industrial society, the peasant farmers had been taxed to raise revenue. Those heavy taxes, combined with poor harvests and fluctuations in market prices, had seriously burdened farmers. When the Japanese government finally permitted its working class to emigrate in 1884, the lure of jobs overseas was strong. Emigration companies, newspapers, and magazines began to publicize exploits of



精力善甲

Mary (standing inside) and Charles Fujimoto operated the Diamond Cafe at 125 East 6th Street in Medford, circa 1938.



successful Japanese entrepreneurs in America and distributed publications such as *How to Succeed in America*. Younger sons in Japanese families had their own incentives, since it was their eldest brothers in Japan who inherited the family name and property. Sometimes, though, the eldest sons also sought opportunities overseas to pay off family debts. So they came

to America. "Birds of passage," they intended to earn from one- to three-thousand dollars in three to five years, then return to Japan with enough money to buy land and secure their lives. Their numbers quickly increased. From a mere twenty-five in 1890, the Japanese population in Oregon grew from 2,501 in 1900 to 4,151 in 1920.

Once they set foot on American soil, however, Issei were awakened to the sobering realities of life in this new land. Even first impressions were startling and disappointing:

When I arrived in Tacoma, I saw that all the people had white skin and hair of different colors! I thought I had landed here by mistake! And I was troubled when I could not understand them. I truly wondered, "For what purpose did I come?" I was so confused that I asked my husband, "What should I do?" He told me just to keep still—I need not say anything. That brought tears to my eyes.

—Mrs. Hisa Wakamatsu

Bearing their own cultural baggage, Issei newcomers approached life in America in a thoroughly Japanese fashion—from their attire to the foods they ate to their humble demeanors. Natives of a country insulated by its traditions and ethnic homo-

Bearing their own cultural baggage, Issei newcomers approached life in America in a thoroughly Japanese fashion—from their attire to the foods they ate to their humble demeanors.

geneity, they were therefore challenged not only by meeting those who looked so unlike them, but by the

Two years after her marriage in 1916, Mary Asa Fujimoto boarded a steamer in Yokohama to join her husband in Medford. Together, the Fujimotos ran Medford's Diamond Cafe until World War II.

Southern Oregon Historical Society loan #5,949

DECLARATION OF INTENT TO NATURALIZE

I, Asa

THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN

issued by JAPAN

Wife,

Sons and

And daughter

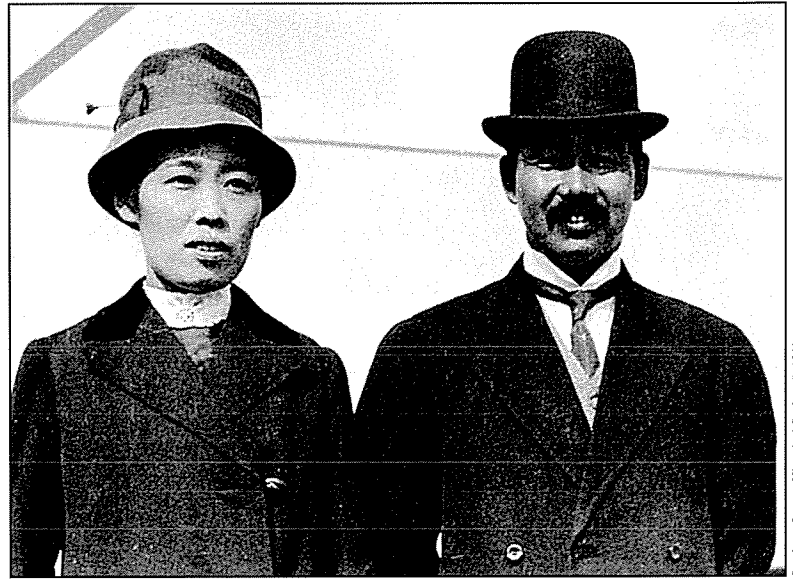
1. I was born at No.

2. My father was a citizen

race

精力善甲

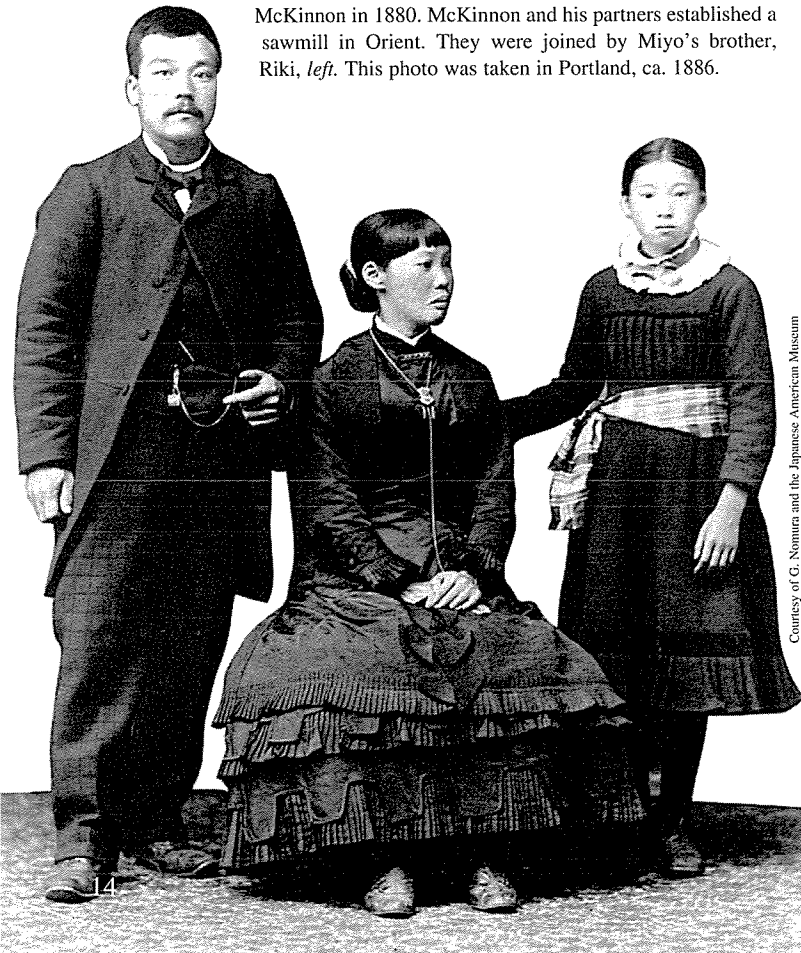
Right, Kimi and Hyosaburo Yokota on board the ship bound for America in 1916, wearing Western clothes ordered from Paris. It took twenty days for their ship to cross the Pacific and land them safely in Seattle. Far right, Hyosaburo Yokota raising turkeys on his farm near Medford in 1937. Below, Hyosaburo Yokota's photo identification pass used for "alien registration" and the tag worn when he was required to leave Medford on June 1, 1942 for an unspecified destination at an "assembly center."



Southern Oregon Historical Society #14568

Issei were disillusioned to find that their "land of plenty" was actually the site of strenuous physical labor and dismal living conditions. Despite lofty expectations of America, one Issei woman freely admitted her error as she recounted her first glimpse of America:

More than 110 years ago, Miyo Iwakoshi, center, settled in Oregon with her adopted daughter, Tama Jewell Nitobe, right, in Orient, Oregon, just east of Gresham. Iwakoshi and Tama came to Oregon from Japan with Scotsman Andrew McKinnon in 1880. McKinnon and his partners established a sawmill in Orient. They were joined by Miyo's brother, Riki, left. This photo was taken in Portland, ca. 1886.



Courtesy of G. Nomura and the Japanese American Museum

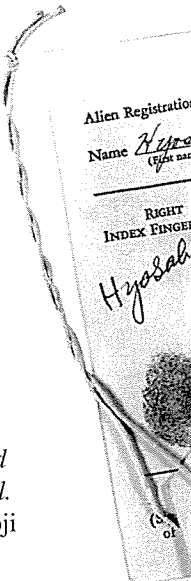
This was not what I had expected! I wondered why I had come! I had seen a picture of a pretty town in America with majestic mountains in the background. And when I arrived, I saw lovely homes along the river and thought I would be living there. In reality, we traveled a narrow road with deep ruts that was surrounded by uncleared brushland. I had left a large home in Japan for a small, dark, two-room cabin! I thought, "Did I leave Japan to come to a place like this?" It was much worse than I could possibly have imagined!

—Mrs. Misuyo Nakamura

Isolated on lonely farms or ensconced by thick timber or uncleared brushland at the end of narrow, rutted roads, their new homes were generally tiny, unpainted, wooden shacks. Once Issei stepped inside their cramped and crude, so-called "boy-houses" [camphouses], the broad differences in lifestyle became even more apparent. Furnishings, cooking and eating utensils, and toilet and bathing facilities all represented stark and regrettable changes:

I felt like crying when I entered. Inside were a table, wood stove, two or three chairs and a bed in the partitioned bedroom. I had never seen high tables and beds like that! In Japan we sat and slept on the floor—we did not have chairs. I was afraid I would fall off the bed! Even the stove and pots and pans were strange. There was no bath and the toilet was outside. Everything was so strange that, when I wrote home, I did not tell my family about the discomforts. I had never suffered anything, and I did not want them to cry over me. But there was nothing I liked about America . . . and I did not feel very well at all.

—Mrs. Asayo Noji





Southern Oregon Historical Society #14571

Stoic, young Issei women—who had spent more time in their homeland than their spouses—were also generally better educated, more familiar with Japanese traditional arts, and came from higher socioeconomic levels. They were gravely disappointed to find such awkward fixtures as kerosene lamps rather than electricity, buckets for drawing water, wash basins for bathtubs, and toilets located outdoors. Many were unaccustomed either to physical labor or household cooking chores. Even those who had gained some culinary skills in Japan found it necessary in America to learn the proper firing of a wood stove and the use of skillets and spoons. Often they learned the steps in baking biscuits or frying potatoes from their spouses.

Issei men, who generally preceded the women's arrivals in America, had often been employed on labor gangs and thus gained even more experience in primitive, communal living and experimental cooking. One Issei man, in his own words, described living on a fruit farm in 1908:

Everybody stay in one house. No bed—just straw on the floor and then put on a blanket and sleep. Each other [everyone] cooked. In the morning, miso shiru [bean paste soup]. For lunch just rice, tsukemono [pickled vegetables] and some vegetables with chopped meat, like sukiyaki. Some don't know how to cook and cook rice all black—strong fire.

—Mr. Chiho Tomita

Surprises became so numerous they were almost routine. Where were their neighbors? In populous Japan, neighbors lived close by, and extended family members gathered regularly for celebrations and festivals. Why did Japanese workers wear simple workclothes in their fields rather than the fashionable suits they had favored during their return trips to Japan? And why did Americans wear shoes in their homes, when it necessitated extensive house-cleaning? Forgoing Japanese traditions and adjusting to the strange pulse of American life required fortitude and endurance:

Life in Japan moved at a slower pace, and we observed all the festivals. When we came over here, we had to work, work, work! No time off for anniversaries and celebrations. I had no friends, and I was

No. 4341518

NAME *Yoshida* (Middle name) *Yoshida* (Last name)

Birth date *January 28* (Month) *1878* (Year)

Born in *Osaka* (City) *Japan* (Country)

Citizen or subject of *Japan* (Country)

Length of residence in United States *31* yrs.

Address of residence *Route 2, Box 97A* (Street address or rural route) *Medford* (City) *Jackson* (County) *Oregon* (State)

Height *5* ft. *1 1/2* in.

Weight *120* lb.

Color *Black*

YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO REPORT READY TO TRAVEL ON: *Monday, June 1-12:30 P.M.*

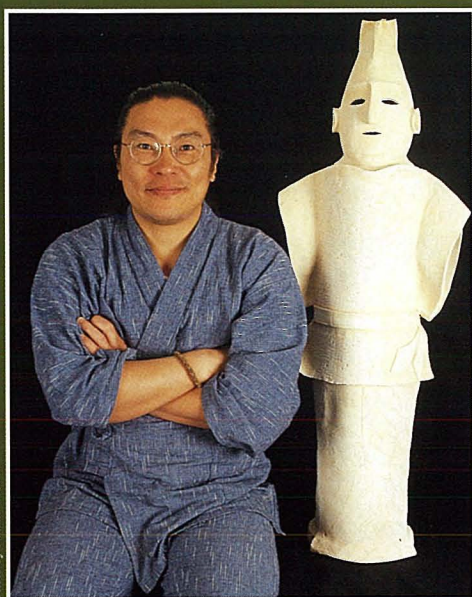
NAME *Yoshida* (Middle name) *Yoshida* (Last name)

Family No. *15783*

4-12-20 TO BE RETAINED BY PERSON TO WHOM ISSUED

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Southern Oregon Historical Society form #494.1



Wataru Sugiyama: The Art of Haniwa

In 1986, Wataru Sugiyama, a sculptor in ceramic and bronze, came to southern Oregon to learn English well enough to become an English instructor in Japan. He was born in Tokyo in 1956 and trained as a civil engineer before coming to Ashland to pursue his studies. "I was born in Tokyo, but I was born as an artist at Southern Oregon State College," Sugiyama says. While pursuing his degree as a speech communications major and working as a janitor to support himself, he took a class in ceramics. As one of his instructors comments: "Something extraordinary happened. It was as if centuries of Japanese art and history poured out of Wataru's hands when he manipulated clay." He was alleviating his homesickness by making pieces reminiscent of his culture—detailed Japanese temples, warriors, helmets, and animals.

Sugiyama works in both traditional and original forms, but he is particularly intrigued by Haniwa sculpture, a traditional form dating from fourth-century Japan and representing Shinto funeral culture. Haniwa means clay ring, derived from the ancient practice of placing such pieces around a grave to signal the dead man's status and power. As twentieth-century archaeologists increasingly unearth the terra-cotta sculptures, the pieces have become honored as Japanese national treasures.

Rarely have these pieces of ancient funeral sculpture been seen outside Japan, so Sugiyama returned in the summer of 1990 to study original Haniwa examples. "This time, I looked at the pieces with an artist's eye and apprenticed myself to Haniwa." Haniwa remain largely a mystery to the Western world, but their curious shapes and haunting gazes contain keys to understanding Japan's artistic antecedents and the roots of social and political structures as well. Sugiyama's work crosses disciplines into archaeology, history, and political science. The Haniwa figures he chooses to work with are unique representations of antiquity filled with philosophical, political, and mystical overtones.



always thinking of my parents . . . it was lonely. I wanted very much to go back to Japan, but Mother always said to shinbo [persevere] over here. It was difficult but I did.

—Mrs. Itsu Akiyama

Nevertheless, the venturesome Issei's abhorrence at the poor living conditions was overcome by their newfound labor opportunities. Manual laborers were in demand after the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 curtailed the supply of low-paid Chinese workers. By 1897, when the Alaskan gold rush drained the Northwest of manpower, Japanese workers were solicited as an inexpensive labor force. As a result, from 1890 to 1910 the Issei population in the United States increased thirty-six times, from 2,039 to 7,157. In Oregon, their numbers increased to 3,418, though that was just five percent of the state's population.

I wanted very much to go back to Japan, but Mother always said to shinbo [persevere] over here. It was difficult but I did.

Before 1908—when the volume of immigrants was greatest—the majority of Japanese who settled in rural areas were employed by railroads or in agriculture. Industrious, trained to be disciplined, and willing to endure severe conditions, Issei tended to perform the least desirable jobs at wages which were lower than those paid other workers, according to a report of the Immigration Commission. Before 1914, H.A. Millis noted that, while many Japanese laborers worked for \$1.50, \$1.60, and \$1.75 a day, workers of other ethnic backgrounds earned \$1.75, \$2.00, and \$2.25 for the same work. Issei, however, had been delighted to receive wages which were almost double the meager salaries they had earned in Japan. In 1902, for example, carpenters and roofers in Japan had earned sixty-five *sen* (less than



精神一統
何事かばらんと
向他共栄

Right, Longtime friends, left to right, Kishiro Nakaguri, Mary Asa Fujimoto, Kachiyo Nagayama, and Kimi Yokota gathered for a group photo in 1970. Since coming to the United States many years earlier, these women shared experiences common to many Issei. Left, In 1975, at the age of ninety-two, Kimi Yokota received her certificate of naturalization.

thirty-three cents) while unskilled workers received thirty-five *sen*. Yet, at the same time, Japanese workers in the United States could earn eighty cents to one dollar a day. So, despite the inequity and the drudgery of their jobs, they accepted the lower wages. Living in poverty, they saved their humble earnings with the steadfast belief that their hard work would be rewarded when they returned to Japan. As sojourners in America, they tenaciously pursued their dreams and sought employment. Opportunities that opened first for them included work on railroads and clearing land.

Beginning in 1891, young, ambitious Japanese bachelors were employed as section hands on railroads, traveling in "gangs" to build and maintain railroads. Very likely, the first railroad in the country to hire a large number of Japanese was the Oregon Short Line, which linked transcontinental lines at Baker, Oregon for transporting eastern Oregon's rich timber and ore.

Highly recruited by railroads, Japanese were also sought as an inexpensive labor force to clear timber for private landowners or for lumber companies. Working in groups of twenty to twenty-five to clear the heavy stands of fir and pine, Issei earned one dollar for a ten-to-fifteen-hour working day.

The expanding Northwest lumber industry and fruit and truck farms also attracted large numbers of Japanese. By 1905, twenty-six percent worked on the railroads and thirty-five percent in agriculture. Gradually, as they gained steady jobs, acquired their own farms and businesses, and raised their children as American citizens, Issei began to put down roots in American communities. Their rustic homes, squalid living conditions, exhausting physical labor, and dismally low wages were stark contrasts to the ready-made fortunes they had expected. No longer did they dream of lifestyles where money was so abundant it almost welled from the ground. And the longing to



Southern Oregon Historical Society #14562

"*kaeru, kaeru*" [return to Japan] became a distant memory. Yet, despite their once optimistic visions and the sobering realities they faced, the arrival of the Japanese was an important chapter in Pacific Northwest history. Through their diligent labor and their contributions to the Northwest economy and American community development, the Issei have been true pioneers, forging the Oregon Trail eastward across the Pacific Ocean.

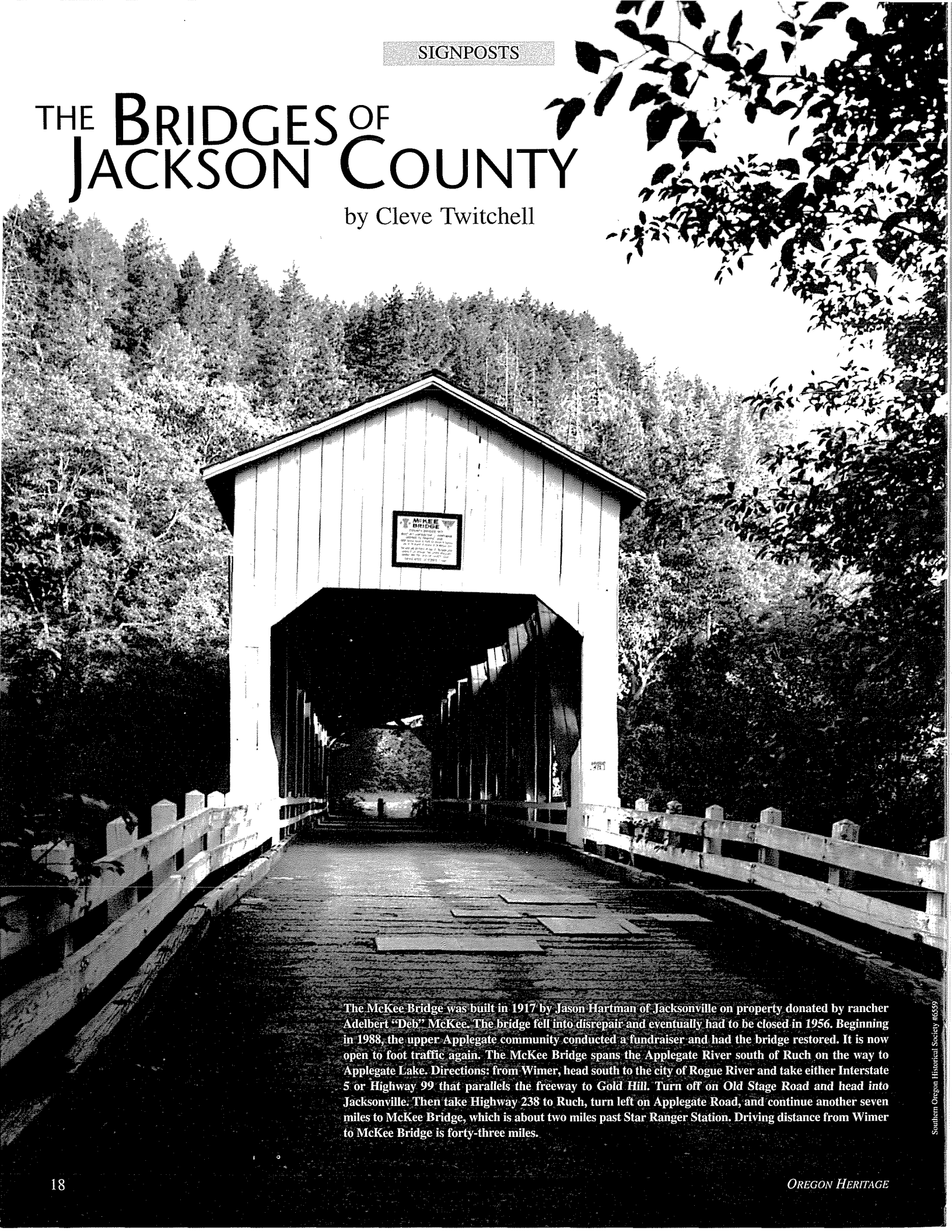


Excerpted from The Hood River Issei: An Oral History of Japanese Settlers in Oregon's Hood River Valley, University of Illinois Press, 1993. An extended version of this article will appear in Essays on Columbia River History and Culture, William L. Lang and Robert C. Carriker, editors, University of Washington Press, 1994. A similar article entitled "Never a Penny from the Ground: The Issei Experience in Oregon" appeared in the Winter 1994 issue of the Oregon Historical Society's Oregon History Magazine.

Linda Tamura is professor and chair of the Department of Education at Pacific University in Forest Grove. She is a native of Hood River and a third-generation Japanese American.

THE BRIDGES OF JACKSON COUNTY

by Cleve Twitchell



The McKee Bridge was built in 1917 by Jason Hartman of Jacksonville on property donated by rancher Adelbert "Deb" McKee. The bridge fell into disrepair and eventually had to be closed in 1956. Beginning in 1988, the upper Applegate community conducted a fundraiser and had the bridge restored. It is now open to foot traffic again. The McKee Bridge spans the Applegate River south of Ruch on the way to Applegate Lake. Directions: from Wimer, head south to the city of Rogue River and take either Interstate 5 or Highway 99 that parallels the freeway to Gold Hill. Turn off on Old Stage Road and head into Jacksonville. Then take Highway 238 to Ruch, turn left on Applegate Road, and continue another seven miles to McKee Bridge, which is about two miles past Star Ranger Station. Driving distance from Wimer to McKee Bridge is forty-three miles.

As a regular feature, "Signposts" offers a sampling of Oregon attractions, as well as some of the region's best-kept secrets. Some of these parks, museums, monuments, businesses, and natural wonders are often as close as a few-hours' car trip from most points around southern Oregon. Others, however, will require longer holidays. Among the contributors to "Signposts" will be such noted writers as Cleve Twitchell, "Lifestyles" editor for the Medford Mail Tribune and author of the popular "Daytrip" series; and Marjorie O'Harra, Ashland author and journalist. From Crater Lake to covered bridges, from historic Jacksonville to the Palmerton Arboretum in Rogue River, "Signposts" will keep readers informed as to where to go and what to see on those days when yard work and cleaning out the garage are not on the agenda.

A motor trip can take you to four of Oregon's remaining covered bridges. A visible symbol of yesteryear is the covered bridge. It looks a bit like a rectangular house spanning a body of water. Bridges of this style have been around for centuries. Covered bridges were originally erected in earlier days to provide shaded areas for sun-weary travelers. In rainier climates, these structures provided shelter from storms. The first covered bridge to be erected in Oregon came along in 1851. Close to three hundred were built in the state, but not quite sixty remain standing today.

Suggested routes are indicated for visiting the four covered bridges. These routes will take you through rolling hills, pastures, and wooded areas. Visiting all four bridges should take a little under four hours, and the route is about 137 miles in all.

ANTELOPE CREEK (EAGLE POINT) COVERED BRIDGE. Built over Antelope Creek near Eagle Point in 1922 by Wesley and Lyal Hartman, the bridge was moved to its present site in 1987. The bridge spans Little Butte Creek in downtown Eagle Point and is open to foot and bicycle traffic. Directions: from Medford, head north on Highway 62 to Eagle Point. Take old Highway 62 (Royal Avenue) into town. The bridge will be visible on the right at the center of town. The Antelope Creek Bridge is about eleven miles from Medford.

LOST CREEK COVERED BRIDGE. Records disagree as to when the Lost Creek Bridge was built, but a sign on the bridge says 1881; other reports range from 1874 to 1919. It spans Lost Creek a few miles southeast of the community of Lake Creek. This is perhaps the most remote of the four bridges. The bridge sits in a private park next to the Walsh Memorial Wayside, but is open to the public. The span can handle pedestrian traffic. Directions: from Eagle Point, continue east on Royal Avenue, which becomes Brownsboro Highway. Turn left on Highway 140. Take the Lake Creek exit, then turn right on South Fork Little Butte Creek Road. Go through the community of Lake Creek, continue to the gravel Lost Creek Road, and turn right. Lost Creek Bridge is less than a mile further. Driving distance from Eagle Point to Lost Creek Bridge is fifteen miles.

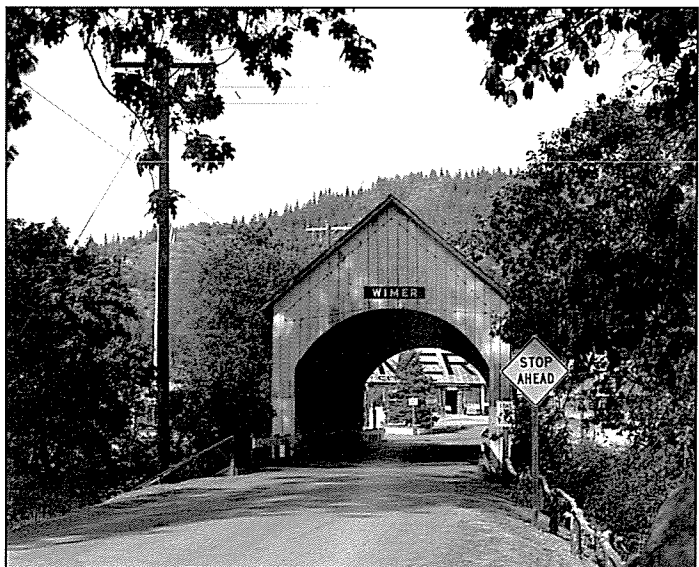
WIMER COVERED BRIDGE. The Wimer Bridge spans Evans Creek and is the only covered bridge in Jackson County still open to vehicle traffic. It was built in 1927, and replaced an earlier bridge that dated back to 1892. The present bridge was restored in the mid-1980s. Directions: there are two ways to get to Wimer from Lost Creek Bridge: 1) Take Highway 140 north to Highway 62, turn left and continue to Interstate 5, then drive north to the city of Rogue River. 2) For better scenery, however, go back through Eagle Point, turn right on Highway 62, turn left on Highway 234, turn right on Meadows Road, then left on East Evans Creek Road to Wimer. Driving distance from Lost Creek Bridge to Wimer by this route is forty-six miles. It is ten miles from Eagle Point to the intersection of Highway 234 and Meadows Road, eight miles up Meadows to East Evans Creek and thirteen miles from that intersection to Wimer.



Antelope Creek Covered Bridge, Eagle Point



Lost Creek Covered Bridge, Lake Creek



Wimer Covered Bridge, Wimer

Courtesy of Upper Rogue Independent

Photo by Natalie Brown

Southern Oregon Historical Society #6088

Gritty First Books by Oregon's Plucky Pioneers

PIONEER PRESSING

by Mary Catherine Koroloff

Without a doubt, the printed word is among the most important vehicles for social, intellectual, and cultural expression. As a means to disseminate information and transmit ideas, the book remains, in a historic sense, virtually unrivaled in importance.

Looking into Oregon's literary history gives a measure of that importance. In many ways, this state's first books identified Oregonians' unique brand of plucky individualism.

As a cornerstone of America's "frontier," Oregon has enjoyed a rich publishing heritage that is rooted in the 1830s and blossoms to this day. While none of the works published between 1839 and 1859 can honestly be called literary masterpieces, the fact that creative works were published at all is an indication of what historian Herbert B. Nelson called "the literary impulse" in early Oregonians.

Book printing in the Pacific Northwest did not start in what is today Oregon state, but rather in the Oregon Territory. In 1839, Edwin Oscar Hall brought a Ramage card press and type from a Honolulu mission—where he had been a printer—to the Lapwai mission in what is now the State of Idaho. It was there that Hall established a press which would ultimately print several books in the Nez Perce language. Hall remained at the Lapwai mission during the printing of the first three books—all Nez Perce primers—but eventually traveled to Waiilatpu in 1841 to be with his wife during the late stages of her pregnancy. The mission's fourth book was ready to be printed, but as Hall could not work on it at Lapwai, the missionaries decided to send the press to him at Waiilatpu. The idea was somewhat ill-conceived, as the pack horse carrying the press fell down a ravine on the way to Waiilatpu. Cornelius Rogers, a teacher at the mission school, managed to salvage the press, and two days later, it was back at Lapwai. Some type was missing, but Rogers managed to get the book printed nonetheless.

Unfortunately, the work at the Lapwai mission—of which the books had been meant to support and advance—was trying and ultimately unsuccessful. Hamstrung by internal strife among the missionaries and by the apathy of the American Indians they

were trying to convert, Mrs. Eells, a Lapwai missionary, wrote to her mother in 1847: "We have been here almost nine years and have not yet been permitted to hear the cries of one penitent or the songs of one redeemed soul." The mission's press dissolved in 1845. The next year, the press was sent to The Dalles, where it remained until 1848. It was then transferred to Hillsboro to Reverend John S. Griffin who used it to print the *Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist*. The press is now housed at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

The first book published in the state of Oregon was also the first book printed in English on the Pacific Coast and was actually written by Noah Webster. *The Elementary Spelling Book* was printed in Oregon City on February 1, 1847, by the Oregon Printing Association and was an abridgement of Webster's *American Spelling Book*. George W. Belknap noted the event in his invaluable history *Oregon Imprints* (1968):

The book was published on Feb. 1, 1847, and placed on sale in Oregon City stores for 25 cents (stitched) and 37½ cents (hardbound). The book was intended to provide the pioneer school children with a text for the study of English. The *Oregon Spectator* commented in its [sic] Feb. 4th issue: "The little volume reflects great credit on its printer, Mr. W.P. Hudson. Indeed, it is got up in good style and strong bound, and will be found really serviceable in the cause for which it is intended."¹

Interestingly, *The Elementary Spelling Book* was published by the Oregon Printing Association—the same group that published the *Oregon Spectator*, the first sheet to be printed on the Pacific Coast as well as Oregon's first newspaper. Eight hundred copies of the book were printed in 1847; but as there were no bookbinders in Oregon at the time, the volumes were not bound until a year later when Carlos W. Shane, a bookbinder from Cincinnati, completed the task. The number of copies that were completely printed and bound remains unclear. Evidently,

1,000 copies of Webster's *American Spelling Book* were printed, and between 720 and 800 copies were bound and finished. Currently, however, only one incomplete copy is known still to exist, and it, too, is housed at the Oregon Historical Society.

The second book published in Oregon was also pressed by the Oregon Printing Association. The association had been formed in Oregon City—Oregon's territorial capital—in 1836 with the sole purpose of putting out the *Oregon Spectator*, which was originally funded by the Methodist Mercantile Agency. As a result of the partnership, the *Spectator* strove to produce works that were "eminently useful in the promotion of temperance, morality, science and intelligence."² However, in one way or another, most of the *Spectator*'s earliest editors ran afoul of their Methodist backers' higher ideals and were summarily replaced with a clockwork regularity. Not surprisingly, the association's second book was nothing more controversial than an almanac compiled by Henry H. Everts, the protracted title of which reads: *The Oregon Almanac for the year of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, 1848: being bisextile or leap year and until July 4th the 72nd year of the independence of the United States. Calculated for Oregon City in equal or clock time.*

The title alone threatened to compromise its intended length of twenty-four pages. In addition to the normal chronographical fare, *The Oregon Almanac* offered such diverse subjects as eclipses, officers of the provisional government of the Oregon Territory, a brief account of the Mexican War, a table of important scientific discoveries and inventions, a potpourri of typical Victorian aphorisms, and two anonymous poems entitled "Charity" and "Receipts for a Wife."

The first truly literary book printed in Oregon (use of the term "literary" being a stretched point) was a political screed entitled *A Melodrame entitled "Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils" in Five Acts by Breakspear*. Written by W.L. Adams in 1852 and published by Thomas J. Dryer at *The Oregonian*, *A Melodrame* was a blank-verse satire targeting assorted political positions taken by early Oregon Democrat O.C. Pratt. It ran serially in the *Weekly Oregonian* throughout February and March 1852 and enjoyed huge popularity, inducing Dryer to issue it as a thirty-two-page booklet on April 3, 1852. Copies sold for fifty cents each, five dollars per dozen, thirty-five dollars per hundred. By April 17, the first edition had been sold out and *The Oregonian* announced the printing of the second issue. The book ran through two editions in 1852. One contemporary observer noted its popularity as crowds "...flocked to every post office to get a copy and read it, until half of the people of Oregon had committed most of it to memory."³ Added Belknap:

Both *The Oregonian* and the pamphlet printings are anonymous, but Adams' authorship was an open secret. Whig leaders are said to have been so pleased with his satire that they offered to buy the printing equipment of the *Oregon Spectator* and establish a Whig paper with Adams as editor; Adams refused the offer, but later, in 1855, founded the *Oregon Argus* with the *Spectator* equipment.⁴

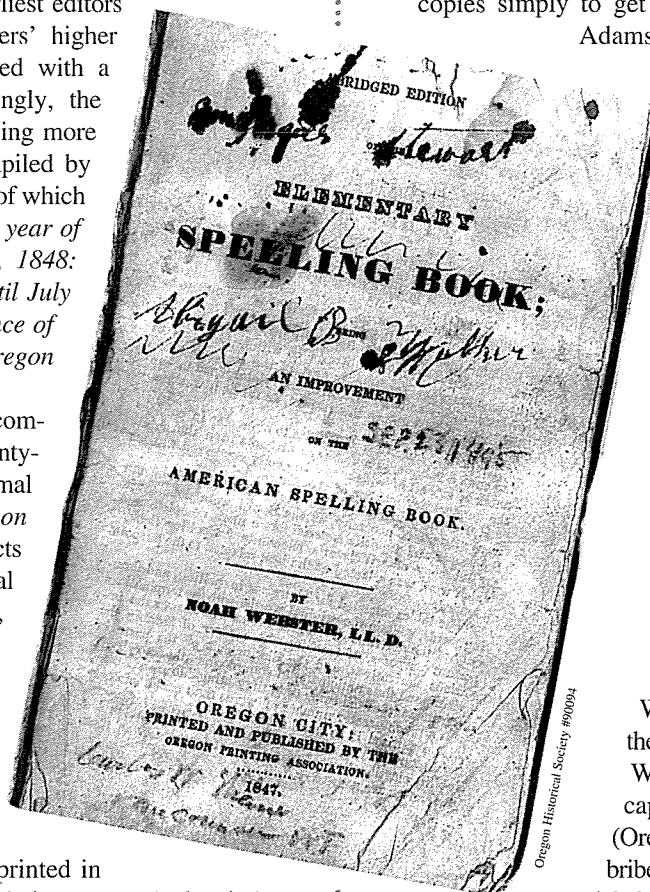
Today, the book's rarity is a function of certain bizarre machinations, as well as the natural function of time. It is rumored that, at the time, Democrats bought up many of the copies simply to get them off the streets. In later years,

Adams himself destroyed every copy he could lay his hands on. This was a gesture of gratitude to Asahel Bush, former editor of the *Oregon Statesman*—and one of the men satirized in the play—after Bush obliged Adams with financial assistance. According to Professor Belknap:

As a piece of literature, the "Melodrame" will probably hold little interest for the modern reader save as a curiosity. As a stage play, it is a biting satire—with occasionally skillful imitations of Shakespearean verse forms—which lampoons Oregon Democratic Party leader William L. Adams, a prominent Whig. Recurrent themes include: the Democrats' vicious attacks on Whig Governor John P. Gaines; the capital location controversy (Oregon City or Salem); corruption, bribery, and drunkenness in the legislative assembly; and charges of treasonous intrigue with the Mormons.⁵

As one of Oregon's most prominent Democrats, O.C. Pratt was violently reviled in the play, and he appeared—thinly disguised—in the personage of the judge. One reason for the Democrats' distaste for Pratt was his support for plans to move the state capital to distant Salem. In the play, the judge (Pratt) plotted with "Chicopee" (probably Asahel Bush, editor of the *Oregon Statesman* and Pratt's close political ally) to bamboozle the citizens of the Oregon Territory. It was against these two despots and their "Salem Clique" that Adams aimed his satirical invectives.

Of more literary interest is a work by Oregon pioneer Margaret Jewett Bailey. Entitled *The Grains, or Passages in the Life of Ruth Rover, with Occasional Pictures of Oregon Natural and Moral*, the book stands as Oregon's first published novel. Printed in 1854 by Carter & Austin of Portland, it was supposed



"Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish right or wrong,
Fools are my theme—let satire be my song."

to have been issued in monthly numbers until completed, but only two volumes are known to have been printed—likely as a result of Bailey's financial troubles in connection with her recent divorce. The first volume contained chapters one through thirteen; the second, chapters fourteen through twenty-nine. Each volume sold for \$1.50.

The book tells, with great candor, the author's own story—although Bailey discreetly uses the *nom de plume* Ruth Rover. The story is a disturbing one which tells of Ruth Rover's hardships as an early Oregon missionary, and later—after leaving the mission to marry—of her husband's drunkenness, physical attacks, and infidelities. In a 1988 review of *The Grains*, Frances B. Coggan described the author's trials as they are depicted through the character Ruth:

[Ruth] decides at eighteen to become a missionary, fights her way into teacher training against her father's wishes, and eventually joins the Jason Lee party at the Willamette Valley mission north of present-day Salem. Once there, Bailey records in outraged detail the escalating difficulties...she encounters at the hands of her mission 'family,' including ultimately the sexual harassment and, later, slander by Reverend Shepherd, as well as her resolution to leave the mission and marry Dr. Bailey....

[We] find the sanctified chicanery of daily life at the Oregon mission—life that Ruth Rover shows has more to do with self-aggrandizement than with serving God. Indian lands, for example, become the property of missionaries, such as Jason Lee, who file on them; Indian furs are the standard price charged by the missionaries for clothing shipped from back East by the faithful for relief purposes.⁶

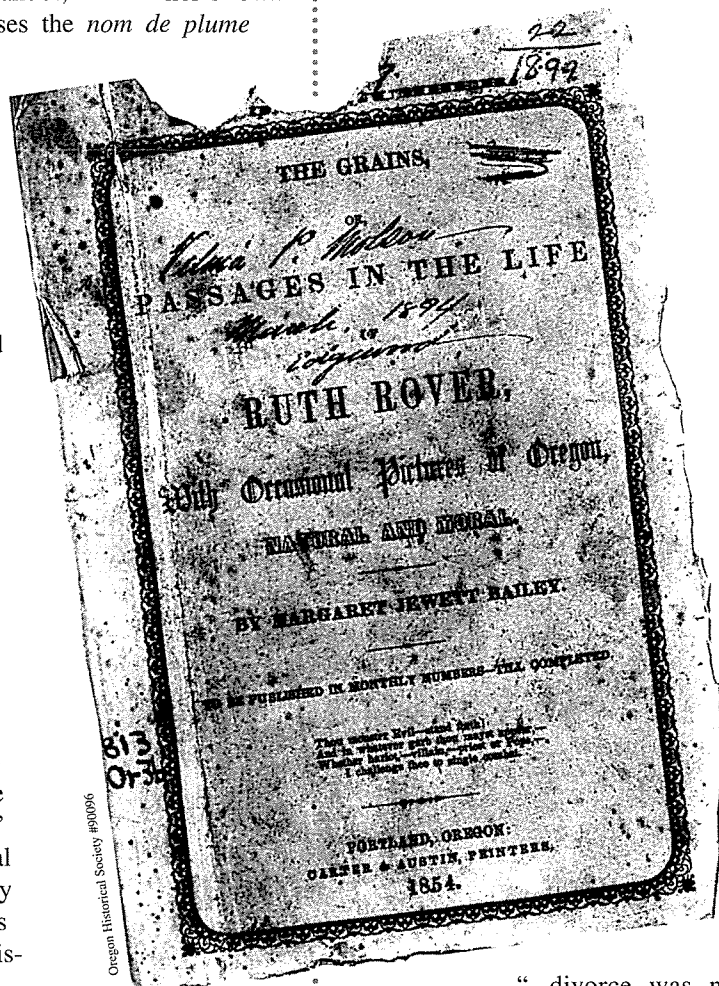
The work's second number follows Ruth as she enters into married life with Dr. Binney (a pseudonym for the author's husband Dr. Bailey). The following excerpt portrays the now familiar idyll of the "average pioneer woman":

Her life... was far from happy. She was a hard-working, religious woman; moreover, she was far more voluble than the average pioneer woman. Her marriage to Dr. Bailey was clearly unfortunate. Within three weeks after the event, "the precipitancy of his temper" caused to him to attempt to strangle her. For six years she endured his frequent drunken fits, but finally left him for a short time, only to return when he promised to reform and stay away from J. Hord's saloon at Champoege. When he broke his promise, she left him again.⁷

In real life, the Baileys wrangled for six more years, with Margaret honing her righteous indignation on the whetstone of her husband's romantic affairs with Indian women, his insane jealousy, and his constant state of inebriation, until finally she filed for divorce (Judge O.C. Pratt signed the petition). The divorce was settled unfavorably for Mrs. Bailey. As

Herbert B. Nelson remarked:

"...divorce was not lightly treated in early Oregon, and, furthermore, Dr. Bailey was a well-known man. Mrs. Bailey, finding herself a social outcast, resolved to write and publish, at her own expense, the complete, realistic story of her life."⁸ This was a move characteristic of Ruth Rover, who, according to Frances B. Coggan, "...is no gentle, pious heroine, but an angry, vindictive and self-righteous woman who...does not feel that a soft answer is the best response to injury; Ruth Rover fights back and Ruth Rover holds a grudge."⁹ Such a portrait seems aptly applied to Bailey herself, and while the author did succeed in divorcing her abusive husband, the fact that she received only one-hundred dollars out of her husband's vast estate whipped her into a indignant froth that induced her to recite to Judge Pratt from the Bible: "Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling and wrung them out."¹⁰



Bailey wrote no third volume to *The Grains*, perhaps owing to her difficult and costly divorce. Another factor may have been the local newspapers' excoriating reviews of the work. In *The Oregonian*, the reviewer "Squills" wrote:

This work does great credit to the printers, Messrs. Carter & Austin, the typography being very clear and the cover being neat and immaculate in tint.... It is bad enough to have unjust laws—poor lawyers and worse judges—taxes, and no money, with the combined evils they saddle on us, without this last visitation of Providence—an "Authoress." In the words of Homer (or his translator) we say, "and may this first invasion be the last."¹¹

True to form, Bailey rose to her own defense, and in the *The Grains*' second number, entitled *The Monster*, she commented on the review saying: "...we did not compile the 'Grains' for the special information of 'Squills,' and we advise him to lay the book aside and read 'Homer' till he shall be able to perceive the difference between him and his translator."¹² Squills parried in the second volume's review with charges of immorality, and the badinage might have continued *ad nauseam* had a third volume been successfully pressed. With the completion of the second volume, however, which chronicled Ruth Rover's life up through her divorce and attendant penury, Margaret Jewett Bailey apparently ran out of steam.

In the final analysis, Bailey and *The Grains* remain a fascinating footnote in Oregon's literary history. As Nelson related in 1948:

One may take the attitude that Margaret Jewett Bailey was a sharp-tongued school-marm who pitied her own unhappy condition, who complained endlessly without cause, and who quarreled constantly with the editor of the *Spectator*, with her husband, and with others. On the other hand, one cannot help admiring both her refusal to accept what she calls "the foul aspersions cast upon a helpless female by her enemies" and her courage in publishing in detail the story of her life. A human document written by a sensitive, energetic, pioneer woman who rebelled, this book has a definite place in the literature of early Oregon.¹³

At best, Oregon's early literature is uneven, both in quality and initial reception. Abigail Scott Duniway's *Captain Gray's Company; or Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon*, published in 1859, is generally viewed as thoroughly wretched. Plagued with grammatical errors and peppered with slang, it nonetheless stands as Oregon's first romance novel. With plot

lines too Byzantine to unravel here, the story follows a series of characters as they marry, reproduce, and die. The work was panned in the *Oregon Statesman* on May 10, 1859, as "...a silly story, comprising the usual quantity of 'yellow covered' love, expressed in bad grammar, and liberally interspersed with slang phrases."¹⁴ While the book is of little interest in a literary sense, it does define—as do each of the early works cited above—the essence of Oregon's pioneer prose. Highly personal, the state's nascent literature was generally written by poorly educated pioneers who had little time for creative flights of fancy and endless revisions. Early Oregon literature was penned by men and women who daily endured hardship and daily strengthened their fortitude to overcome it.

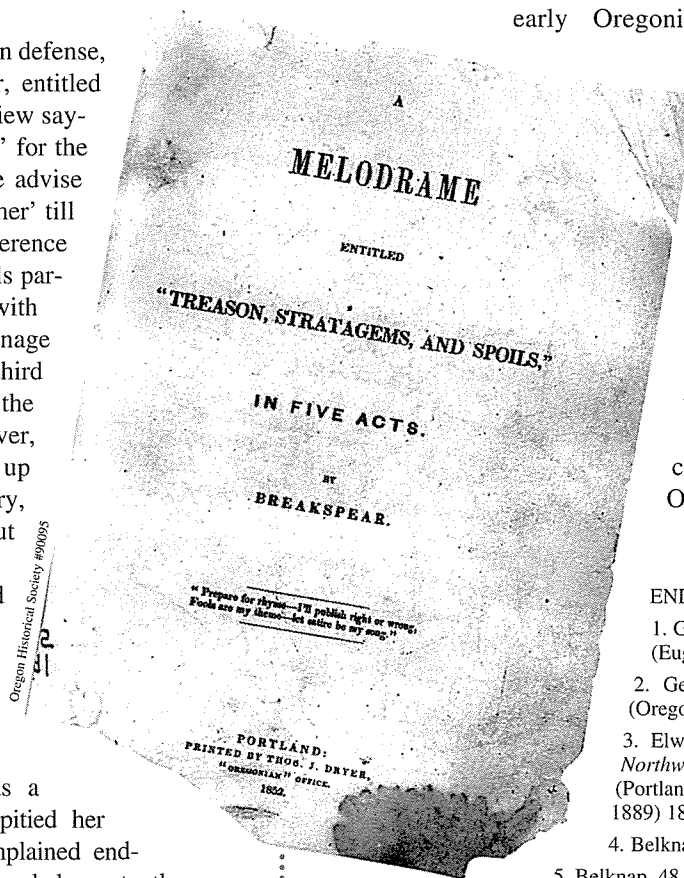
Moreover, this frontier literature offers us snapshots of early Oregonians' day-to-day thoughts, beliefs, and behaviors—the essential framework of modern studies in cultural history—and clearly identify the unique spirit of Oregonians today. These works ought not to be simply pigeon-holed as quaint historic curiosities; rather, they should be regularly re-examined as a product of the unrestrainable human desire to communicate, inform, persuade. This is Oregon's "literary impulse."



ENDNOTES

1. George W. Belknap, *Oregon Imprints* (Eugene, 1968) 33.
2. George L. Curry, *Oregon Spectator* (Oregon City, 1 Oct. 1848).
3. Elwood Evans, *History of the Pacific Northwest: Oregon and Washington*, vol. II (Portland: North Pacific History Company, 1889) 187.
4. Belknap, 49.
5. Belknap, 48.
6. Frances B. Coggan, book review, *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, vol. 89, no. 1 (Eugene: University of Oregon, Spring 1988) 92-93.
7. Margaret Jewett Bailey, *The Grains, or Passages in the Life of Ruth Rover, with Occasional Pictures of Oregon Natural and Moral* (Portland: Carter & Austin, 1854) 147.
8. Herbert B. Nelson, *The Literary Impulse in Pioneer Oregon* (Corvallis, 1948) 38.
9. Coggan, 94.
10. Bailey, 189.
11. *The Oregonian*, 5 Aug. 1854.
12. Bailey, introduction.
13. Nelson, 41.
14. *Oregon Statesman*, 10 May 1859.

Mary Catherine Koroloff is a graduate of the University of Oregon and a writer currently living and teaching in Hiroshima, Japan.



YOU HAVE NOT BEEN COUNTED IN CENSUS

The Weather

Forecast: Tonight and Saturday
clouded with rain; cooler tonight.

MEDFORD M

Twenty-Fifth Year

SIXTEEN PAGES

MEDFORD, OREGON,

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Quiet May Day.
Russia, Italy, Peace.
Workers Live Longer.
He Pays Her Way.

Copyright King Features Synd. Inc.

It is not wise to sit on the
city valve. Yesterday New
York's "patriots" had their
parade, and the "reds," or rad-
icals, had theirs, with no inter-
ference by the police. There
has been no violence when this
has been written at 4 o'clock yes-
terday.

Let men talk and print, and
they will be contented. Forbid
them to talk, and they'll do
something worse.

Very pathetic in New York's
parade were the young
children, some only 5 or 6 years
old, parading in dusty streets,
under a hot sun.

Nothing is to be gained by
prohibiting children. Well-mean-
ing fathers and mothers would
have been wiser had they sent
them to play in the parks, while
their mothers and fathers par-
aded.

Yesterday was a calm day
everywhere. In London, Duda-
st, Vienna, Berlin, big pa-
rades were all peaceful.

HOUSE FOR DUTY FREE SOFT WOOD

Vote Agreement On Senate
Amendment Placing Fir,
Spruce, Cedar, Hemlock
On Free List in Tariff Act
—Hawley Asks Vote.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—(AP)—
The house today agreed to the sen-
ate amendment placing logs of fir,
spruce, cedar and western hemlock
on the free list. These are now
dutiable at one dollar a thousand
board feet. The vote division was
290 to 105.

Approval then was given the sen-
ate amendment to retain cedar
lumber on the free list as in ex-
isting law. A rate of 25 per cent
was carried on the house bill.

The vote was 289 to 108.
The house today rejected the
senate duty of 30 cents an ounce
on silver which is on the free list
in the present law and house bill.

The proposal, defeated 200 to 72
on a division vote, still is subject
to another test in the senate.

A compromise duty of 75 cents
a thousand board feet on fir,
spruce, pine, hemlock and larch
lumber, now on the free list, then
was defeated on a division vote by
230 to 178, but Representative
Hawley, republican, Oregon, who
offered it, demanded a record vote,
and this was ordered.

The senate provided a rate of
\$1.50 a thousand on this soft wood
lumber while the house kept it

Wet Expecting No Startling Result Noble Experiment

WASHINGTON, May 2.—(AP)
— Recalling that President
Hoover had termed prohibi-
tion an "experiment," Wil-
liam H. Stayton—questioned
today by the senate lobby
committee on the activities of
the Association Against the
Prohibition Amendment said:
"A hen sitting on door
knobs, would be a noble ex-
periment, but it wouldn't
hatch chickens."

WOMEN AID HOOVER ON PACT PLEA

Resolution Urging Ratifica-
tion of Naval Limitation
Treaty Presented Before
League Women Voters—
Dry Issue Ignored.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 2.—(AP)
—A resolution throwing all the
influence of the League of Women
Voters solidly behind President
Hoover in obtaining senate ratifi-
cation of the London naval limita-
tions treaties today appeared cer-
tain of adoption by the tenth anni-

DIE IN DOUBT



Jealousy over social position is
Ritchie (left), retired stage star and
noted actor, to shoot and kill Mrs.
society woman, and then commit su-
icide in Mrs. Palmer's bungalow at Laguna

MURDER TRIAL FOR CHORE BOY NO NEW CLUES

Polk County Lad Arrested
After Exoneration By Cor-
oner's Jury in Death of
Employer's Wife.

PHONE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AT ONCE MAIL TRIBUNE

Temperature	
Highest yesterday	87
Lowest this morning	46
Precipitation:	
To 5 p. m. yesterday	.00
To 5 a. m. this morning	.00

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1930.

No. 41.

E TRAGEDY



Associated Press Photo
believed to have caused Adele
divorced wife of Guy Bates Post,
Doris Murray Palmer, artist and
homicide. Their bodies were found
on Beach, Cal.

REJECT PARKER PLEADS NORRIS BEFORE SENATE

Keeping of Supreme Court
On Higher Plane Depends
On Veto of Appointment,
Is Claim.

RED PLOTS ARE BARED BY WHALEN

New York Police Head
Makes Public Russian
Documents Seized By Se-
cret Police—Moscow Gov-
ernment Fomenting Strike

NEW YORK, May 2.—(P)—Po-
lice Commissioner Whalen today
made public photostats of Russian
documents seized by his secret
police which he declared showed
the communist international of
Moscow was directly responsible

Arson For Thrill



Associated Press Photo
Florence Jenkins, stenographer at

23 KILLED BY MIDWEST TORNADOES

Nine States in Path of De-
structive Storms—Tekamah,
Nebraska, Hard Hit
—Scores Injured—Baby
Killed in Mother's Arms.

CHICAGO, May 2.—(P)—
Tornadoes over the middle
west yesterday left in their
paths a jagged trail of destruc-
tion and death.

The known toll was 23 dead,

Oregon Spectator

Newspapers have always chronicled the life force of towns and communities, giving voice to those who live and die there. The pages of any hometown paper speak to matters of politics and government, culture and society, practices and prejudices. For citizens and spectators of Oregon—whether native or new—reading about events and issues significant to fellow Oregonians teaches us as much about ourselves as it does about our state. Whether a story was written sixty years ago or last night, we can gain a sense of continuity and change, as well as a context in which to place the contemporary issues of our lives.

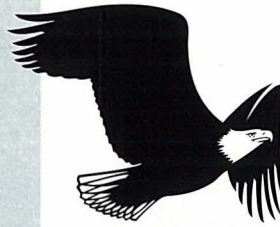
In each issue, "Oregon Spectator" will provide an opportunity to view one of Oregon's hometown newspapers from years past. For historians, it is a chance to see what appeared and when and to speculate why. For the rest of us, it is just a time to read, remember, and enjoy.

Gregory Taylor is the president and publisher of the Mail Tribune, Medford, and a member of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association.

one Belgass, whom he described as
the most dangerous of the under-
cover criminal secret police of
Moscow and one time personal
secretary to Dzerzhinsky, organizer
of the Russian cheka.

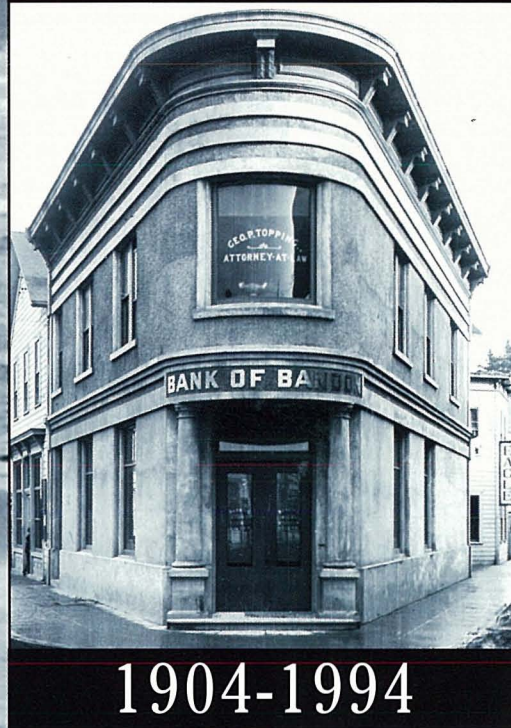
Announcement Made at Civic
Council Meet — Airport
Dedication and Golf Links

Nebr., Norborne, Mo., and Westes
Wis. In North Dakota, Minnesota
Illinois and Iowa the loss of life
and property damage was due to
electrical storms and high winds.
The storms bounded up and



EAGLES of the WEST

WESTERN BANK



With this special feature, Oregon Heritage initiates a look at selected individuals, organizations, and businesses whose Oregon roots run deep and who have made—in the pioneer tradition—important contributions to the region's cultural, economic, and social development.

During its ninety years, Western Bank's philosophy has not changed. It has always been an institution proud of its community and committed to serving community needs. Because the bank is a community bank, it is a local reflection of the nationwide field of banking, as well as the growth and development of the many communities, businesses, and individuals Western Bank has served since its founding as the Bank of Bandon in 1904.

—A.W. Sweet
Director and
Chairman of the Board Emeritus

In the history of banking in the United States, two competitive philosophies—local versus central control—have battled since the nineteenth century. The rivalry began as the young nation's first partisan political issue when Alexander Hamilton aligned the advocates of central banking against the group led by Thomas Jefferson, who were reluctant to invest too much money at the national level. The two groups reached a political compromise resulting in the formation of the First National Bank in 1791, with a twenty-year charter, and later the Second National Bank in 1816.

The National Bank, with branches throughout the twenty-six states, co-existed with state banks but severely limited their ability to circulate money. Andrew Jackson, then president of the United States, was sympathetic to settlers who wanted to finance frontier farms with notes issued by state banks. With a

Center, The Bank of Bandon building was destroyed by the 1936 conflagration that leveled most of the town of Bandon. Above, An unidentified couple strolls on Bandon Beach in the early 1900s.

Courtesy of Coos County Historical Society Museum

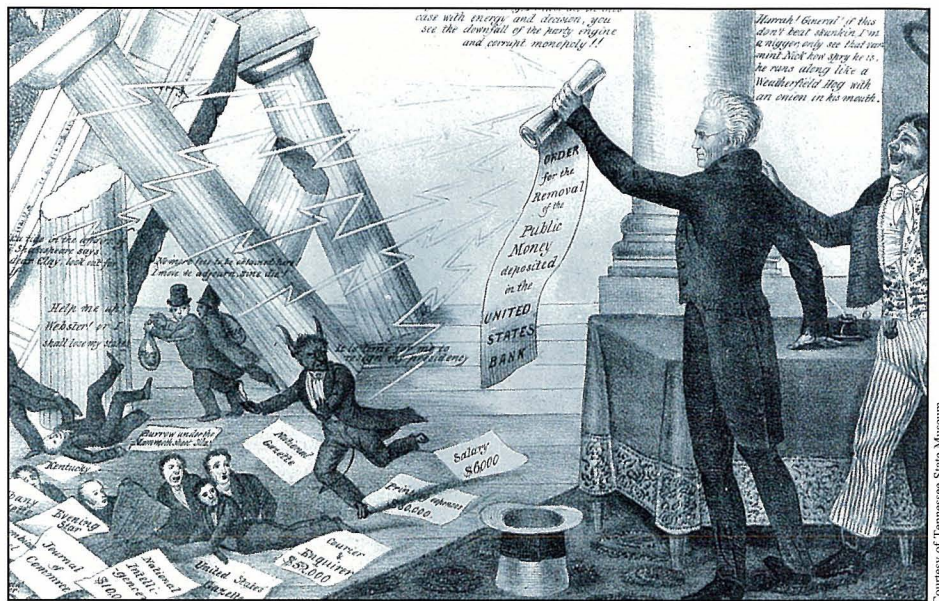
keen sense of public opinion, Jackson portrayed the central bank as an anti-democratic force that concentrated power in the hands of a distant few at the expense of the common people in their local communities. On behalf of the common people of the nation, Jackson undertook to slay "The Monster," the National Bank, whose tentacles reached into the pockets of every community.

Jackson ultimately vetoed the Second National Bank's recharter, opening the way for banks to proliferate, which they did until the Civil War. The war necessitated the 1863 National Banking Act, which chartered various national banks and established a stable and uniform national currency. The legislation, however, did not provide for a central bank. State and national banks existed side by side, and, inevitably, larger banks became more powerful. A correspondent banking system developed in which large banks provided clearinghouse services and loans to smaller banks. A new Monster threatened local banking.

President Jackson's struggle with The Monster is one example of an enduring tension in American banking, and American politics generally. Downstate and eastern Oregonians denounce the powers concentrated in the Willamette Valley. The South Coast has always resented absentee string-pullers, even while welcoming external investment in the region's development.

BANK OF BANDON

With memories of the Bandon River in his native Ireland's County Cork, Coos County immigrant George Bennett named the hamlet at the mouth of the Coquille River. Gold prospects provided an insufficient economic base, and the alluvial bottoms

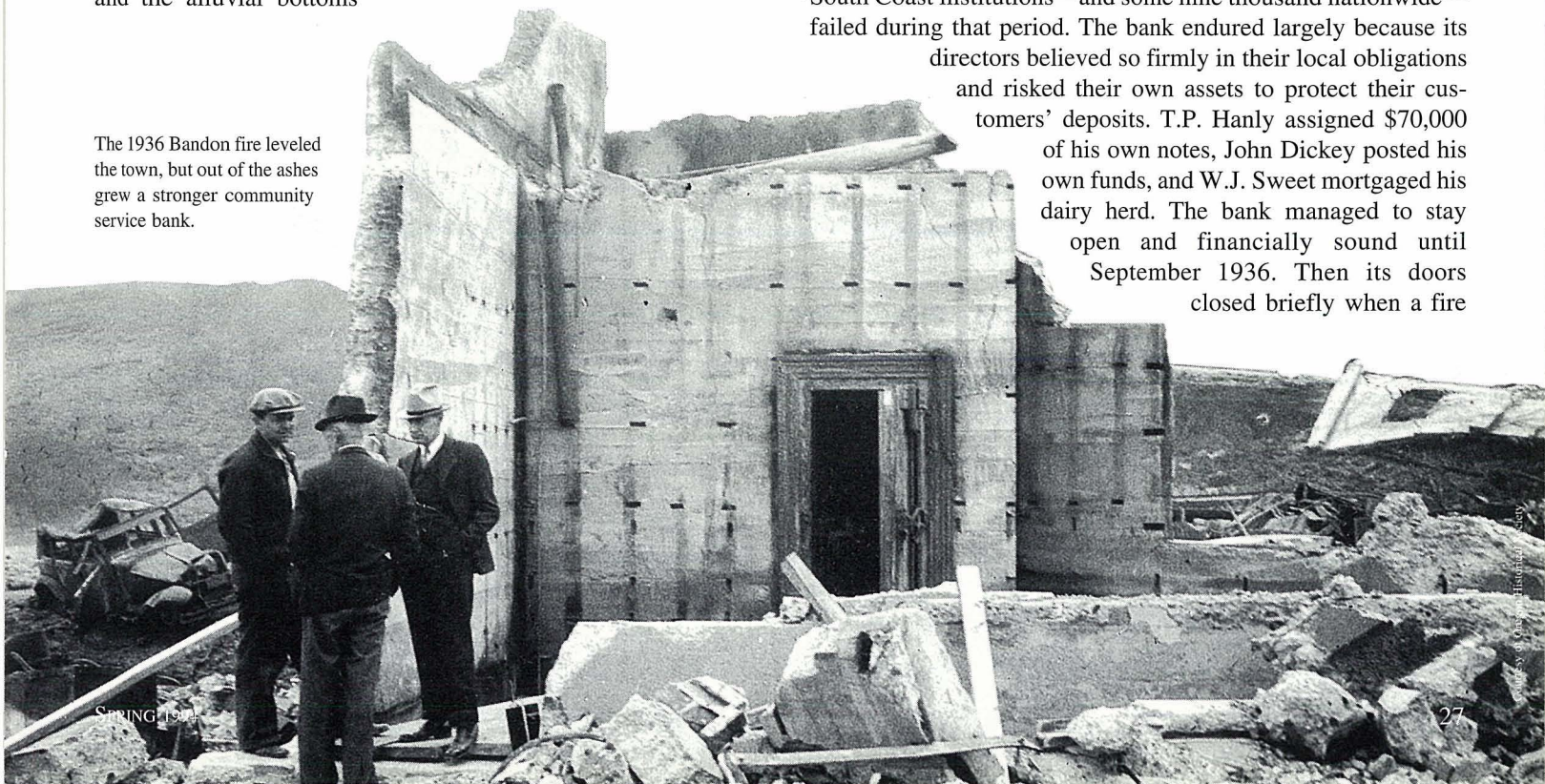


President Andrew Jackson slays "The Monster," the National Bank, in this early nineteenth-century cartoon.

tucked among the mountains were too small to sustain much agricultural development beyond homesteading. Timber, however, vitalized the community just as the Bank of Bandon's original subscribers—James Dunholm, T.P. Hanly, J.L. Kronenberg, Frank Flam, R.H. Mast, F.J. Fahy, and George Topping—had anticipated it would. With modest beginnings—its initial capital was \$7,600—the bank grew slowly, closing its doors occasionally at first, but gaining sufficient strength by 1907 to survive the bank panic of that year. Assets grew, along with local confidence and the commitment of the bank's leaders to community service.

The Bank of Bandon survived the economic conversion that followed World War I and thrived along with much of the country in the Coolidge years of the 1920s. It also survived the bank collapses of the Great Depression, although seven other South Coast institutions—and some nine thousand nationwide—failed during that period. The bank endured largely because its directors believed so firmly in their local obligations and risked their own assets to protect their customers' deposits. T.P. Hanly assigned \$70,000 of his own notes, John Dickey posted his own funds, and W.J. Sweet mortgaged his dairy herd. The bank managed to stay open and financially sound until September 1936. Then its doors closed briefly when a fire

The 1936 Bandon fire leveled the town, but out of the ashes grew a stronger community service bank.



Eagle Point rancher blocks U.S. Bank's buyout of Western Bank

By JULIE TRIPP
of The Oregonian staff

An Eagle Point cattle rancher and businessman who prized the independence of his local bank and was willing to spend \$2 million to preserve it was the catalyst behind shareholders' rejection Saturday of Western Bank's purchase by U.S. Bank of Oregon.

And George St. Laurent's high regard for the bank in which he is the largest shareholder may be reciprocated in October when the bank's board of directors is expected to consider offering him a directorship.

St. Laurent voted his stock for the deal, but he was not alone. The bank's 100,000 shareholders, executive vice president, financial officer of Western Bank's fifth largest, said Monday's special meeting "gives

us a consensus of how some of our major shareholders feel: they wanted us to remain independent."

Most of the votes opposing the merger into U.S. Bank came from the communities in which Western Bank operates. Many of the votes in favor came from stockholders who live outside Western's market area and outside the state, Sickels said.

Western Bank's chairman, A.W. Sweet, said in response to a question Saturday that the bank board would consider offering St. Laurent a seat on the board as soon as possible. The next meeting of the eight-person board is Oct. 15. St. Laurent said Monday if he were invited to serve, he would be honored to accept.

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The proposed merger would have eliminated Western Bank's independent status and a number of its 29 branches, he speculated, adding it would not have been good for customers, employees or shareholders.

The bank is worth more than the offer reflected, said St. Laurent, whose banking experience includes a directorship on the board of Sun Banks of Florida in Orlando.

St. Laurent's relationship with Western Bank goes back just a few years, but he said he feels strongly about the bank's independence. U.S. Bank of Oregon is "first rate," St. Laurent said, but "the larger banks get, the more removed they get from the community."

"A lot of us want to keep this personal

relationship with something that's been around for a long time," St. Laurent said of the 83-year-old bank.

Robert R. Mitchell, president of U.S. Bank, said Monday he had been aware of some opposition to the proposal, "but I was a little disappointed it went as strongly (against) as it did."

Mitchell said he felt and still feels the merger was in the best long-term interest of the bank. Nevertheless, there are no hard feelings, "and we wish them the best," he said, adding that it is unlikely an attempt would be made to revive the proposal.

Of U.S. Bank's future acquisition plans, Mitchell said, "This is just day one of three—we're still interested in good acquisitions."

leveled the city of Bandon. Both city and bank had survived an earlier fire in 1914, which burned the business district and caused an estimated \$200,000 in damage. This time, however, the devastation was far greater. Most of the city went up in flames, and the nearly two thousand resi-

dents were forced to flee to

the water's edge. The bank, which had occupied the same building since it was built in 1911, was virtually destroyed. But its vault, with nearly half a million dollars' worth of assets, survived intact.

With the bank's building gone, the State Banking Superintendent recommended that the Bank of Bandon be dissolved. However, the bank's directors convinced him that service was more important than a building. Ironically, the building that had once housed the defunct First National Bank was still standing. While the city started to rebuild, the Bank of Bandon moved into and refurbished the site of its former competitor and reopened to serve local needs.

WESTERN BANK

Bolstered by the deposit guarantees of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC) that the Congress established in the 1933 Banking Act, the Bank of Bandon prospered despite continuing challenges from a series of big banks with statewide branch networks. As the American postwar economy boomed between 1945 and 1960, the bank recognized a need to expand. In 1954, its golden anniversary year, it moved into a newly constructed building at 10th Street and Alabama Avenue in Bandon. The following year, it opened its first branch, in neighboring Coos Bay's Empire City section.

Within five years, this small local bank, competing with statewide, multi-service commercial banks, gained FDIC approval for a second branch in Coos Bay. Recognizing its growth and anticipating further expansion, the bank changed its name in

1959 to Western Bank. Its vision for itself was fulfilled over the following years—by 1987 Western Bank had twenty-seven branches statewide. It remained true to its South Coast roots, though, establishing corporate headquarters in Coos Bay and keeping its commitment to serve Oregon's local communities.

The year 1987 was to mark another watershed period for Western Bank. Although then Oregon's fifth largest bank, it continued its tradition of local banking with a stay-at-home investment policy that distrusted Monster-absentee control. In addition, the bank found itself in need of raising enough capital to meet FDIC requirements. Consultants advised a merger, U.S. National Bank of Oregon submitted a takeover bid, and the bank's directors concluded that merger was their best option.

For better or worse, the bank's future did not lie with its employees, neighbors, or customers, but with its stockholder-owners. Merger seemed likely. A number of stockholders were concerned, however, that a takeover would mean that decisions made in distant Portland or Los Angeles would affect credit and capital availability in Bend, Phoenix, or Baker. Andrew Jackson's Monster loomed again.

The threat was enough to mobilize one stockholder, Georges C. St. Laurent, Jr., out of a self-imposed retirement. Rallying support for Western Bank's continued independence, St. Laurent bought additional stock to vote his objection. His leadership resulted in forty-three percent of stockholders opposing the merger, enough to block the required two-thirds vote.

The bank's directors accepted that vote as one of confidence in community banking and St. Laurent was invited to join the board. Today, St. Laurent serves as chairman of the board and chief executive officer. In 1989, the bank adopted an upward-bound eagle as its logo, tying Oregon's natural heritage to the vision of the bank's new leadership. Western Bank now has thirty-nine branches—spanning the state from Tillamook to Ontario, Brookings to Beaverton—and is the largest independently owned bank in Oregon.

Together, Western Bank and Georges C. St. Laurent, Jr., represent the blending of Oregon's heritage with the visions of its newest pioneers.



Adapted from Eagles of the West: Western Bank, 1904-1994, the first volume of Southern Oregon Historical Society's Business History Series, written by Jay Mullen and Joy B. Dunn. Mullen is assistant professor of history at Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, and Dunn is the development and publications director of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, Medford.



Oregon's Architecture of Progressivism

by Leland M. Roth

Equitable Building, Portland, 1948, the nation's first glass- and metal-enclosed building. Courtesy of L.M. Roth

One hundred and fifty years ago, Americans began to migrate across the continent. A few trappers, traders, and missionaries had traversed the trail before; but by the 1840s, whole families, one after another, began their search for a new Eden. They planned on making the land they settled a better place, one where they could build new homes that improved on the models they carried in their memories. By necessity, the architecture of the new land would be lean and practical, but it would also strive towards high ideals.

With the westward-moving settlers came ideas of what the new Oregon homes would look like, retaining the familiar images of the abandoned home places in the East. And as the settlers came from various eastern homelands, so too their memories of home varied. Some recalled the broad one-room-deep houses of Kentucky and Appalachian Virginia, their fronts sheltered by expansive verandas. Other settlers, from Ohio and Indiana, recalled more square houses whose plans derived from German homesteads of Pennsylvania. But nearly all of them wanted to give their new houses some element of the current democratic flair—the Greek Revival—whose squarish proportions and heavy-edge cornices referred both to the ancient self-ruling Greeks and to the modern Greeks, who had just

thrown off their Turkish overlords in the 1830s.

Numerous houses up and down the Willamette Valley incorporated vestiges of Grecian details, as illustrated in the latest builders' pattern books of the 1840s and 1850s—such as those of Benjamin and Minard Lafever. Examples of these “modernized” homes included the Hiram Colver house in Phoenix, Oregon, *below*, and the Jacob Spores house of 1854 near Coburg, Lane County, in the southern part of the valley. In Oregon, the best example of a true classical temple-form house is that built in 1851 by John C. Ainsworth, steamboat captain, near Oregon City, *inset below*. Like many similar houses in Ohio, Ainsworth's house has its rooms gathered under a single gable roof, its pedimented end supported by four free-standing columns. From a distance, this white-painted house on a slight knoll does indeed look like a temple, but close inspection reveals that, in a land where skilled wood-carvers were rare, the builders had to resort to octagonal piers with nailed-on battens suggesting the shadow lines of fluted stone columns.

Below, Hiram Colver residence, Phoenix, Oregon, ca. 1855. *Inset*, John C. Ainsworth residence, Mount Pleasant, near Oregon City, 1851.



Historic American Buildings Survey #ORE 39-0-4-2.1, Library of Congress



Historic American Buildings Survey #ORE 39-0-41 1-1, Library of Congress



Left, Army Surgeon's residence, The Dalles, 1857, built by Louis Scholl.

Below, Jeremiah Nunan House, Jacksonville, 1892.

The architecture of the new land would also be a moral force, as advocated by the most popular architectural theorists of the day—the English writer John Ruskin and the American horticulturist Andrew Jackson Downing. Although not an architect, Downing exerted phenomenal influence using publication as a means of disseminating his persuasive ideas. His preferred American dwelling type—as illustrated in his two most popular books, *Cottage Residences* (1842) and *The Architecture of Country Houses* (1851)—did away with the low pediment gable and white Grecian portico in favor of steep roofs, pointed Gothic windows, vertical board-and-batten siding, and deep earth colors. Churches and houses based on Downing's new image also soon appeared up and down the valley, including examples such as the David McCully house in Salem of 1865. But perhaps even more remarkable was the early literal reproduction of one of Downing's models for the Army Surgeon's residence at The Dalles in 1857, *above*, built by Louis Scholl.

The influence of architectural publication in late nineteenth-century Oregon was abundant, as builders endeavored to emulate the latest and most advanced designs promoted in a flood of builders' pattern books. Among surviving examples is the A.J. Peters house, Eugene, built around 1870-72 and based directly on a plate in Henry J. Cleaveland's *Village and Farm Cottages* (New York: Appleton, 1856). While the Peters house retains a strong Downing-like character, far more elaborate is the Jeremiah Nunan house in Jacksonville, 1892, *above right*, taken directly from Plate 143 in George F. Barber's *The Cottage Souvenir, Revised and Enlarged* (Knoxville, Tennessee, 1888).

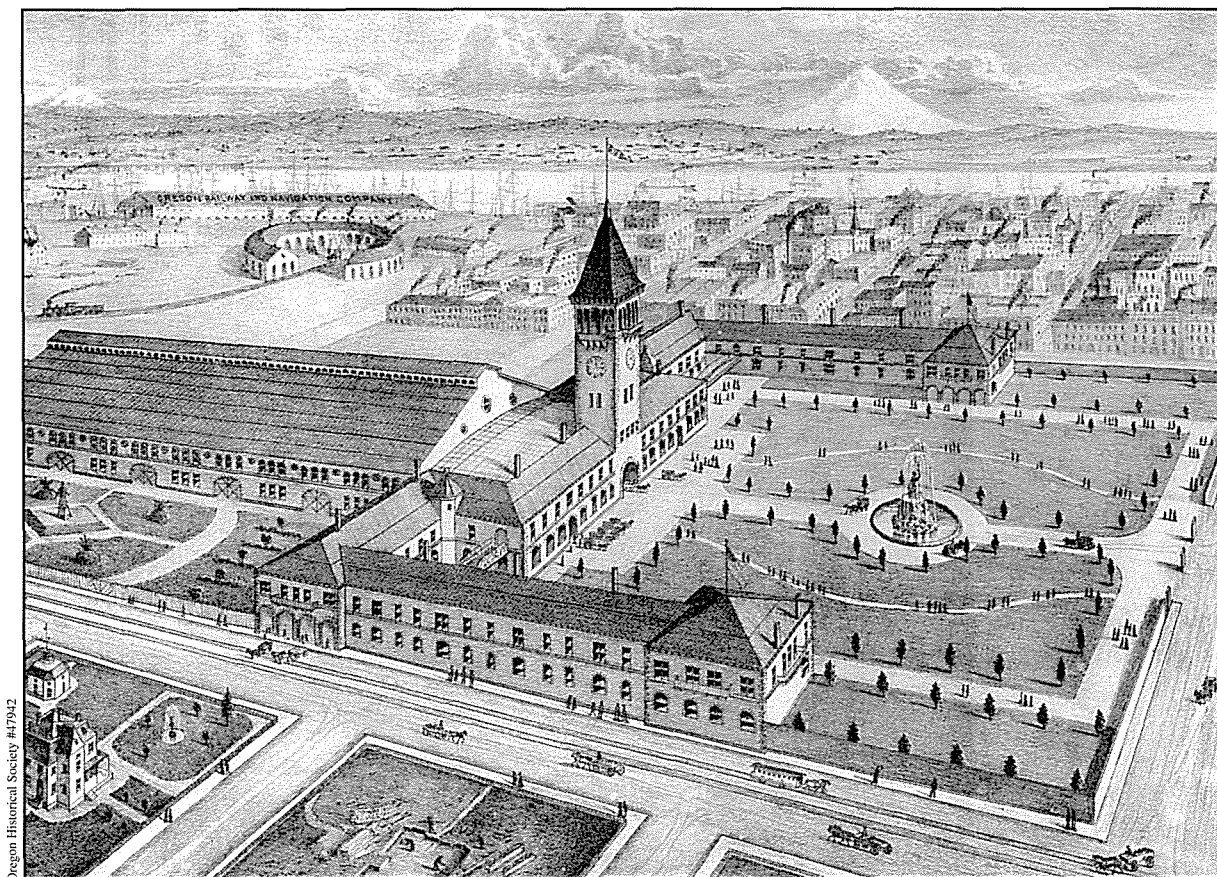


Southern Oregon Historical Society #105-46

Also from Barber's *Souvenir* is the C.D. Drain house in Drain, which was illustrated in the pattern book as Plate 37. The last two structures are good examples of what was known then—and has been called ever since—Queen Anne, a picturesque style often employing corner towers and sweeping porches.

The progressive and public-minded spirit that has periodically characterized Oregon architecture is also seen in the creation of the Skidmore Fountain in Portland, the result of a \$5,000 bequest to the city by businessman Stephen Griggs Skidmore for the purpose of erecting a fountain for the watering of "horses, men and dogs." Through the efforts of Portland writer and artist C.E.S. Wood, a member of the appointed fountain committee, two young and adventurous eastern artists were

Proposed
Northern Pacific
Railroad
Passenger
Terminal, Portland,
designed in 1882
by McKim, Mead &
White.



Oregon Historical Society #47042

commissioned to design the fountain: sculptor Olin Warner, who made the serene bronze maidens supporting the basin, and architect/designer Joseph Morrill Wells (of the architectural firm McKim, Mead & White), who designed the marble frame. Dedicated in 1888, the fountain has continued to be a focal point for the Old Town neighborhood around it.

The same desire to bring the best architectural and design influence to Portland also prompted railroad developer Henry Villard in the early 1880s to call on eastern talent. Professional, trained architects were then virtually unknown in Oregon. Villard, president of the Northern Pacific in 1882-84, aimed to make Portland the western terminus of his railroad. Ambitious that the railroad and its terminal city have the best of facilities, he endeavored—to no avail—to persuade local businessmen to build a grand hotel that would serve long-distance travelers. Finally, in 1882, he engaged the New York City firm of McKim, Mead & White to design both a spacious passenger terminal, *above*, and the Portland Hotel. Although the passenger station at the north end of the North Park Blocks was never built, the hotel was finally completed in 1888 and served with distinction until its demolition in the 1950s.

The time spent by architect Charles Follen McKim in Portland was limited, so that once the designs for the railroad were finished, he delegated authority for construction to one of his assistants, William Whidden, who was sent to Portland to handle the business. Seeing opportunity in Portland, Whidden formed a partnership with Ian Lewis, an architect trained in Boston, and they became one of the most important architectur-

al firms to practice in Portland at the turn of the century. Bringing a new level of professional expertise to the region, Whidden & Lewis designed many residences and public buildings, including Portland's new city hall, thereby influencing the architectural development of the city as a whole. One example of this influence can be seen in the Gilbert Building, Portland, 1893, attributed to Whidden & Lewis and closely emulating the best office blocks of the 1880s by McKim, Mead & White in New York City.

The practice of Whidden & Lewis was subsumed by Albert E. Doyle, who continued the high professional standards of his predecessors and who, in turn, became the preeminent architect of Portland.

Doyle gave to his work the same high public character that had governed the work of Whidden & Lewis, whether it was in the restrained Georgian classicism of the Central Public Library (1913) or the more rustic stone and shingle of the Multnomah Falls Lodge in the Columbia Gorge (1923). In 1925, there appeared in Doyle's office a young Italian engineer who, by the end of the decade, became the principle designer in the firm. In 1928, the firm name was changed to A.E. Doyle & Associate, the associate being Pietro Belluschi.

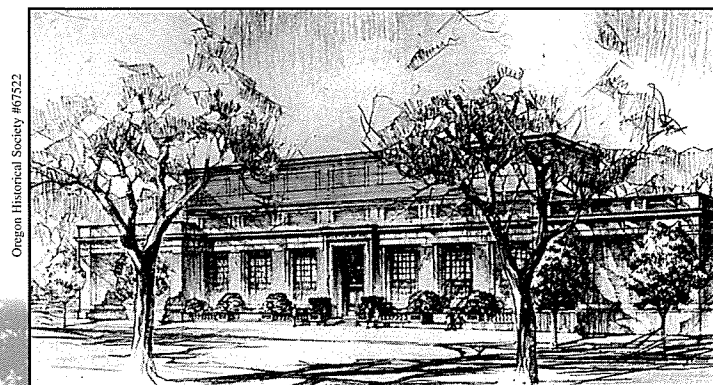
An early task that fell to Belluschi was the design of the Portland Art Museum in 1931. The first studies were in a restrained and abstracted brick-and-stone Georgian idiom; but as the plans underwent refinement and study, the historicist details were eliminated one by one, resulting in a cubic severity in form,

line, and detail that rivaled the best self-conscious modernism being experimented on the East Coast, *below*. Belluschi's so-called "modernism" grew out of his personal endeavor to achieve utmost utility and functional clarity without making reference to past architecture. It was a modernism evolved out of conviction rather than a fadish emulation of recent avant-garde European trends. The eastern, European-inspired modernists, for example, would not have used exposed brick, but would have covered it with smooth stucco. How well Belluschi succeeded in his effort to optimize function was evident in his specially designed monitor lighting, which provided excellent diffuse light for the displayed paintings. Belluschi's austere modernism, and his concern for the best lighting, was made further evident in his addition to the museum in 1937-38.

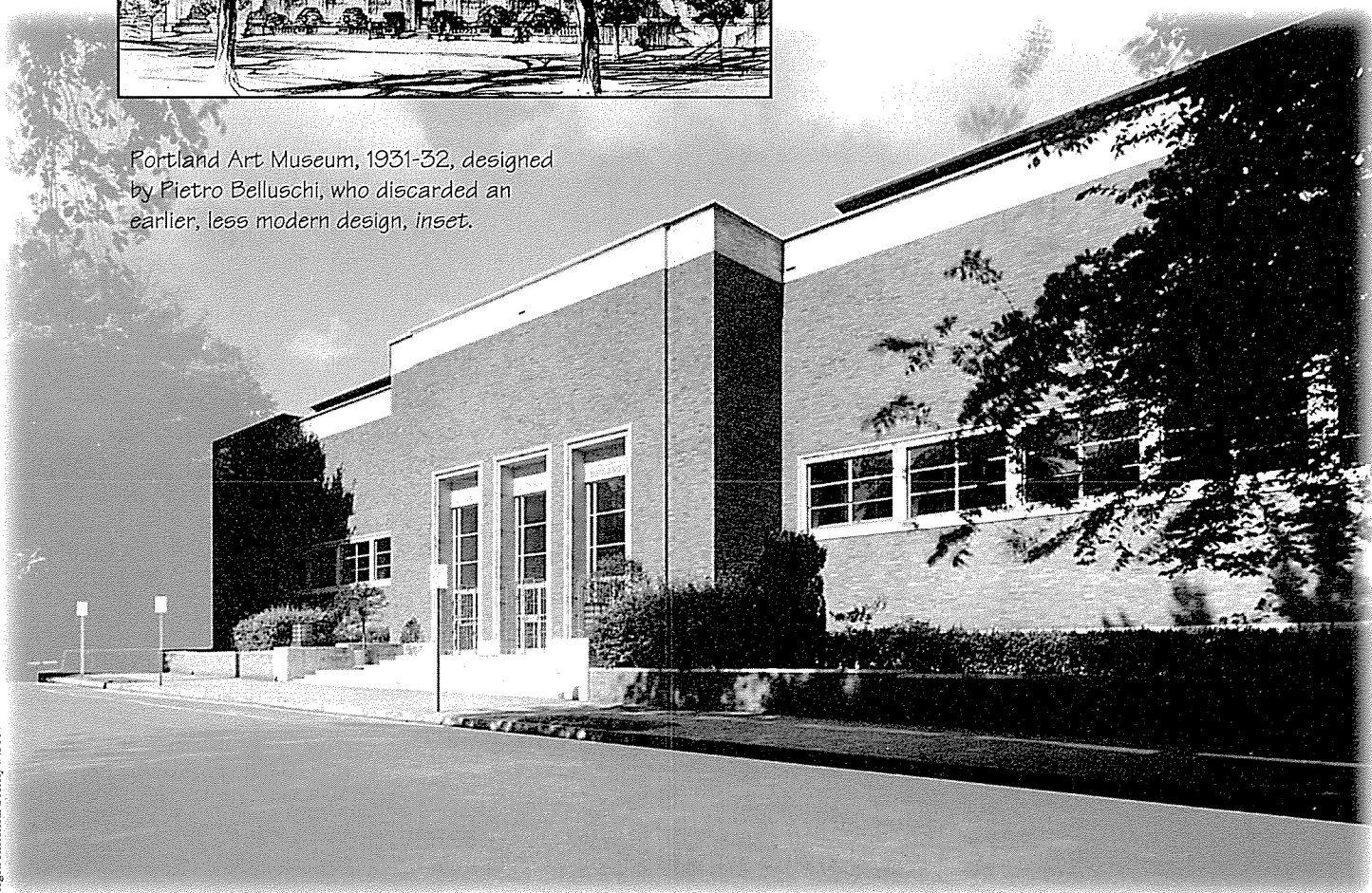
How Belluschi would use modern construction techniques and materials to design a modern office block was sketched in an article for *Architectural Forum*, published in May 1943. The actualization of this hypothetical proposal came in the construc-

tion, in Portland, of the Equitable Building (later the Commonwealth Building), which was completed in January 1948, *page 29*. In this building, too, Belluschi aimed to combine structural efficiency with practical office design, employing a reinforced concrete building frame covered with aluminum panels and glass, and incorporating a radically new method of heating and cooling using heat pumps. This was, in fact, the first of the metal- and glass-enclosed rectangular office slabs to be built anywhere, pre-dating those in Chicago and New York by three years. Although it was heralded in architectural journals for its strikingly novel design, the Equitable Building was soon eclipsed by the work of more famous eastern architects, and its pivotal role was largely forgotten.

This much of Belluschi's work was concerned with largely practical and utilitarian matters, but there was another aspect of his work—his private houses and churches—that focused more on humane and spiritual matters. The best of this early work was done in the years between the Portland Art Museum and the Equitable Building. Each of his houses—whether on the Oregon coast, in the Portland suburbs, or in the Cascades—responded to views from the site by using banks of tall windows under broad, extended eaves, with surfaces covered with plain wood siding devoid of extraneous details. A similar character in select residential designs was simultaneously being worked out by architect and designer John Yeon, a frequent visitor to Doyle's



Portland Art Museum, 1931-32, designed by Pietro Belluschi, who discarded an earlier, less modern design, inset.



Aubrey Watzek House, Portland, 1937, by John Yeon.



Oregon Historical Society #37161

office. Two houses by the two architects—similar in massing and detail—still stand on the hills above Portland, opening up to views of Mount Hood and the Cascades: Belluschi's Jennings Sutor house of 1938 and Yeon's superbly crafted Aubrey Watzek house of 1937, *right*.

The same simplicity of form, detailed in wood, was used by Belluschi in a number of churches built in Oregon and elsewhere from 1936 to 1951. The one that Belluschi himself felt turned out best is the Presbyterian Church in Cottage Grove (1949-51). Belluschi's refined rusticity and celebration of indigenous materials—derived from suggestions in earlier work by Ellis F. Lawrence and A.E. Doyle—was continued in the subsequent work of architects Van Evera Bailey, John Storrs, Saul Zaik, and others, in what has come to be called "Northwest Regional." Today, it is still a vital expression in the hands of perhaps a dozen architects.

Over the years since Skidmore bequeathed his fountain to Portlanders, Oregon patrons and builders have continued to evince a particular concern for humane architecture in many important undertakings and commissions. Besides possessing an inherent humane pedestrian scale, the city of Portland has been graced by a series of public squares and fountains that enhance that scale. The Ira C. Kellor Fountain (originally the Civic Auditorium Forecourt Fountain), 1966-70, was designed by Angela Danadjieva of the office of Lawrence Halprin and was for many years perhaps the best known of these urban embellishments, *page 36*.

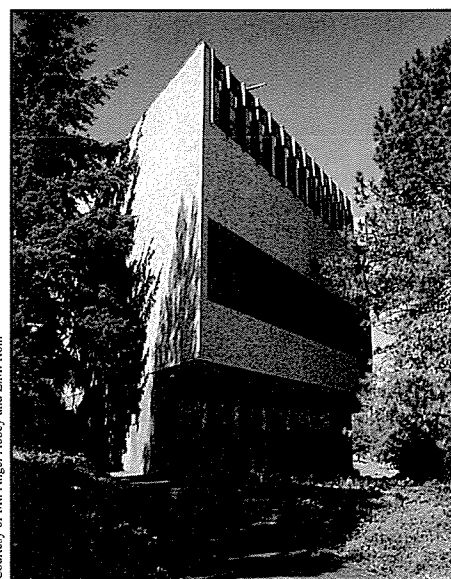
This sensitivity to site and a concern for making a building a deliberate improvement in its context was a generating principle in designing the library for the Benedictine Abbey at Mount Angel in 1963-70, *right*. Administrators at the abbey were aware that they had a special site on the edge of the butte rising above the town of Mount Angel, and they solicited aid in selecting the architect best able to use that site and to integrate the new library with the surrounding buildings.

Father Barnabas, the monk in charge of the project, wrote Finnish architect Alvar Aalto. Aalto had built his professional reputation with sensitive building placements in difficult sites and was, perhaps, unsurpassed in his handling of natural light-

ing. "We need you," Father Barnabas wrote, "We have this magnificent monastic site and we don't want to spoil it. We want you to improve our site and give us a building that will fulfill our needs in a beautiful and intelligent way." Aalto accepted the commission. The resulting library—kept to one story where it opens onto the hilltop abbey quadrangle—fans out in several levels of bookstacks descending the hillside and offers views across the valley looking toward Mount Hood. It is one of the great architectural gems of the Pacific Northwest.

The city of Portland once again sought to acquire the best for a new city building in 1979 when it drew up specifications and sponsored a competition for The Portland Building. A jury was appointed to examine the entries submitted by the three invited teams of architects represented by three major designers: Arthur Erickson of Vancouver, Romaldo Giurgola of Philadelphia, and Michael Graves of Princeton. Greatly influenced by architect Philip Johnson, who served on the jury, the

Opposite and right, Exterior and interior of the Abbey Library, Benedictine Abbey at Mount Angel, Oregon, 1963-70, by Alvar Aalto.



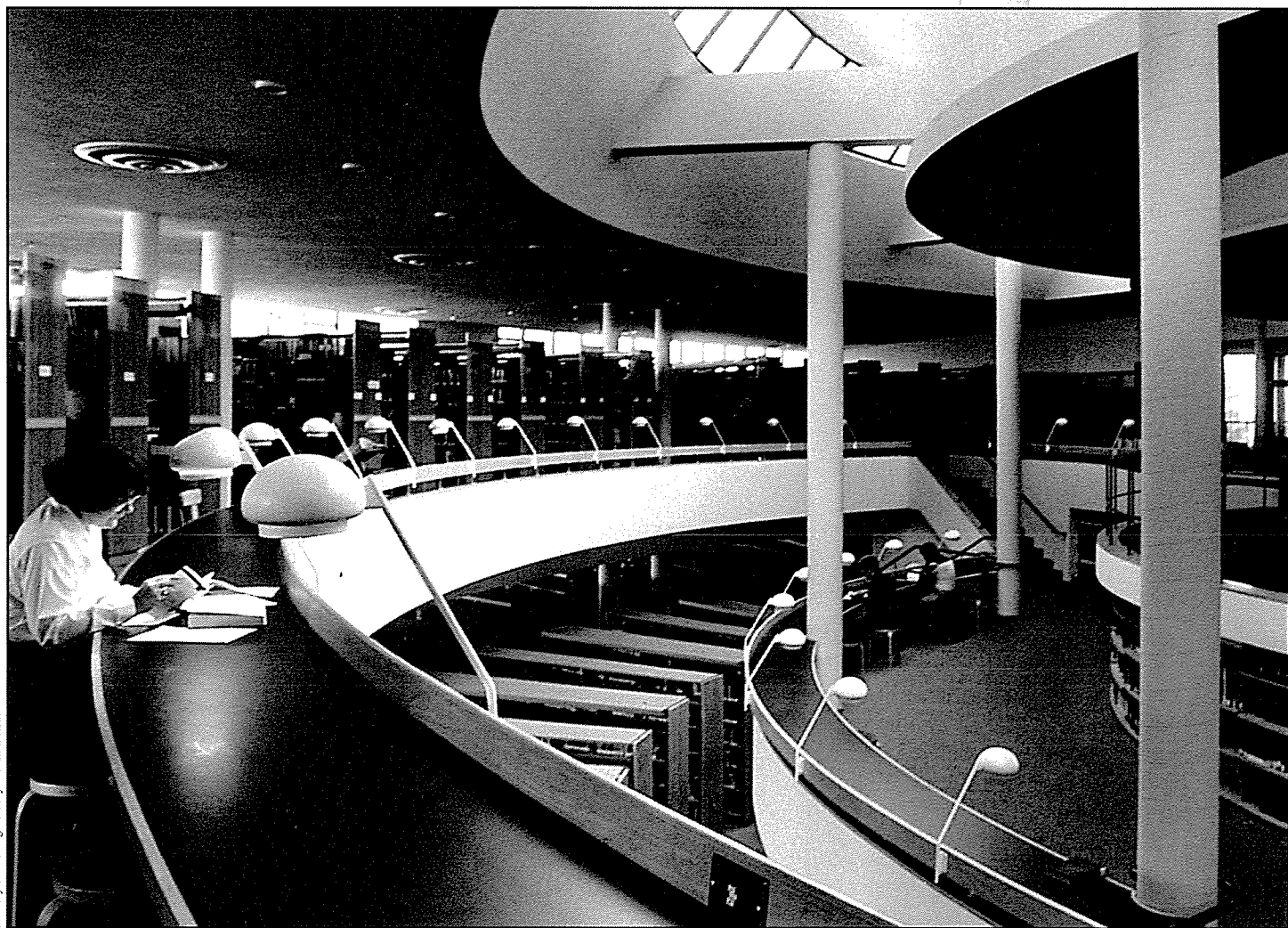
Courtesy of Mt. Angel Abbey and L.M. Roth

city selected the then-controversial Post-Modern design by Michael Graves, *page 36*, which to its supporters was “adventurous” and “innovative” because of its strong colors and references to traditional ornamental devices. To its detractors, however, the design resembled a “jukebox” and was a “turkey.” Finished in 1982 and pinched by a parsimonious budget, the building lacked the attention to detail and the elegant public spaces of Aalto’s library, but it did make Portland the owner of the first major public building to exploit the classical allusions of fashionable Post-Modernism. Whatever its faults might be said to be, without doubt the building provides a superb setting for “Portlandia,” Raymond J. Kaskey’s hammered copper sculpture of the allegorical figure of the city, which kneels and stretches a helping hand to people on the street below. Not since the Statue of Liberty was unveiled a century ago have citizens so embraced a piece of civic sculpture.

The recurrent Oregon concern for humane and communal values in architecture is present in some of the most recent work in the state.

The recurrent Oregon concern for humane and communal values in architecture is present in some of the most recent work in the state—especially in some of the last work of Pietro Belluschi, such as his Chapel for the University of Portland (1985-86), with its emphasis on a central altar and immersion baptismal pool; St. Matthew’s Lutheran Church, Beaverton (1982-84), with its open timber trusses and carefully focused light; the Murray Hills Christian Church (1987-89), similarly exploiting the textures of natural wood; and the small Trinity Lutheran Church in Sheridan (1987-90), with its four rustic, tree-trunk columns and trusses with metal embellishments. It is seen, too, in the complex design of Portland architects Donald Stastny and Bryan Burke for the Museum at Warm Springs (1991-93), incorporating not only a gallery for the exhibition of work by contemporary Native American artists, but also alluding to the three unique tribal groups that constitute the Warm Springs peoples—the Wascos, the Warm Springs, and the Northern Paiutes. In this building come together the architects’ concerns for contemporary modern form and the Native peoples’ concerns for tribal symbolism, combined so as to teach all Oregonians about their cultural memories.

Oregon, like all other states in the Union, has its share of prosaic and graceless architecture in which client and architect alike have thought little beyond getting the maximum enclosure

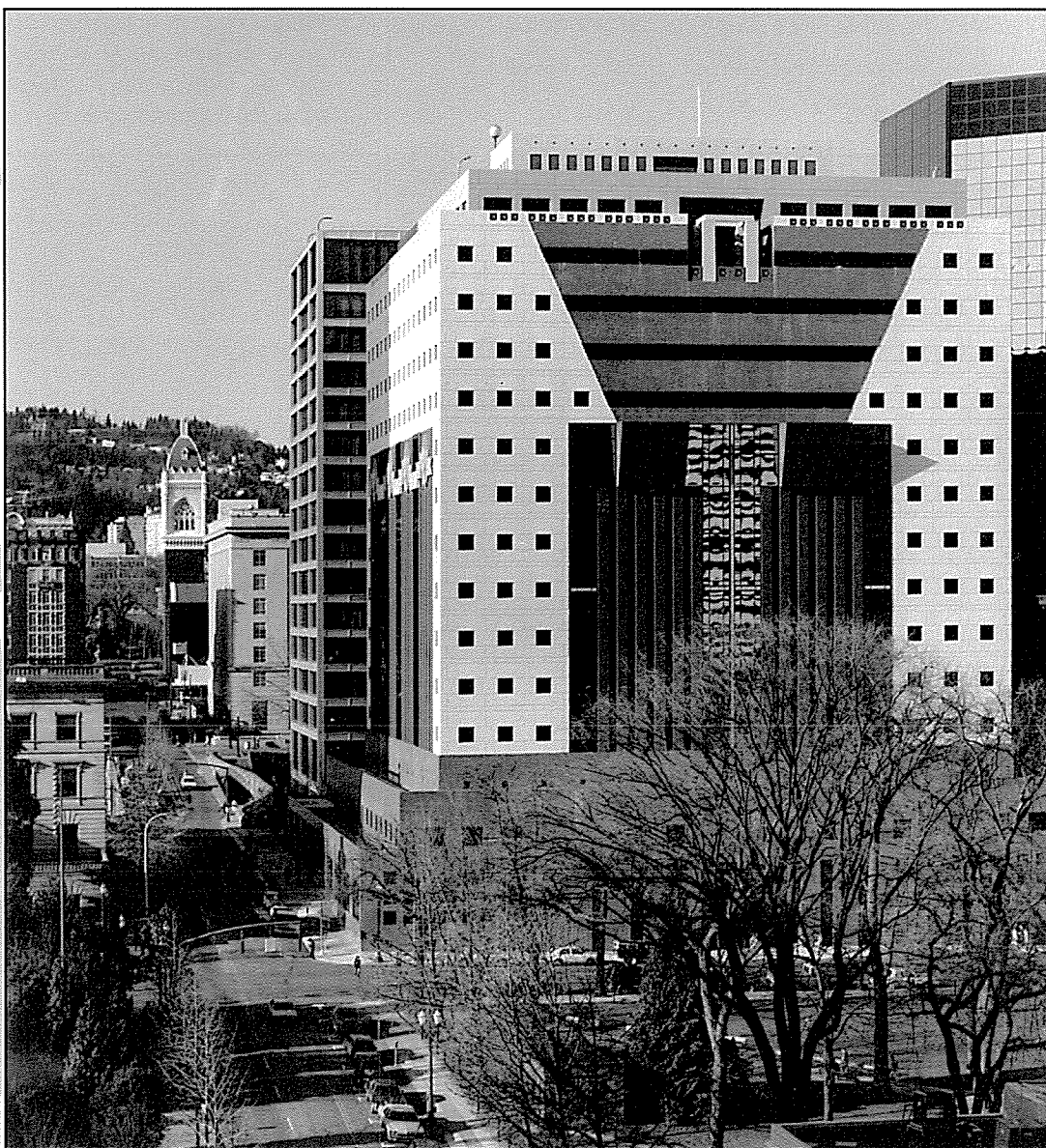


Courtesy of Mt. Angel Abbey and L.M. Roth



Above, Ira C. Kellor Fountain (Civic Auditorium Forecourt Fountain), 1966-70, designed by Angela Danadjieva of the office of Lawrence Halprin.

Right, The Portland Building, Portland, 1979-82, designed by Michael Graves with Pavarini, Hoffman and Roth.



Courtesy of City of Portland

for the fewest dollars. Yet in many ways, for critical buildings, a more enlightened conviction has inspired both patron and designer. Although few of these patrons and architects today likely read the nineteenth-century art critic Ruskin any longer, they seem inspired, nonetheless, by the credo Ruskin urged on his readers a century and a half ago when the first wagons started rolling westward. "Let us remember when we build," he cautioned, "that we build not for the present generation alone; we build for our children and our children's children. Let it be such work as will lift the eye and gladden the spirit, that when they look upon what we have left, they will say with pleasure, 'See, this our fathers did for us.'"

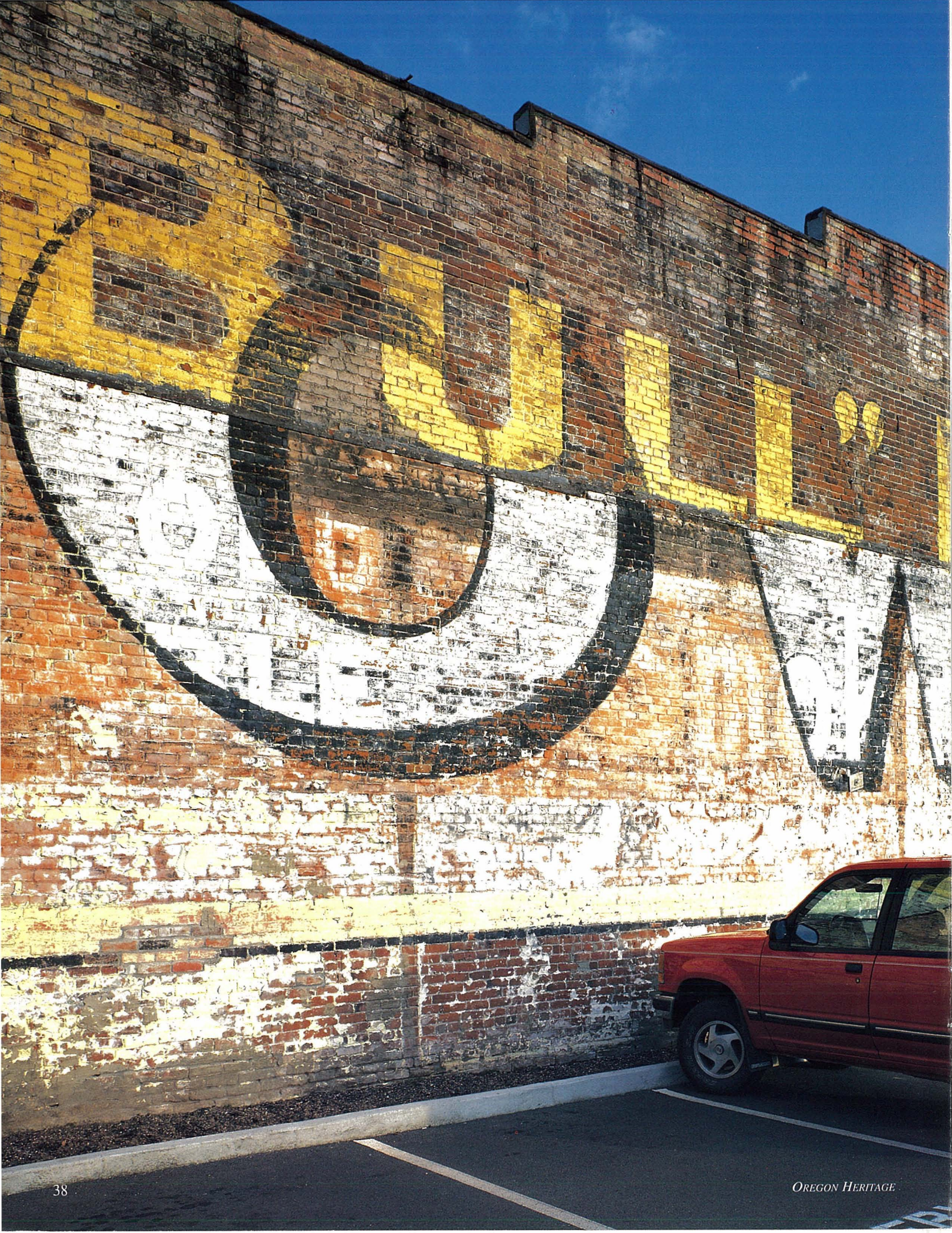


Leland M. Roth is head of the Department of Art History at the University of Oregon and is Marion Dean Ross Professor of Architectural History. He is currently working with others to assemble a guidebook on Oregon architecture. A version of this article appeared in the Winter 1993 issue of the Oregon Council on the Humanities' Oregon Humanities magazine.

Snapshots

This photograph from Mann's Department Store, circa 1940, inaugurates the "Snapshots" feature as a more detailed view of our past through the camera's eye. This section encourages readers to pause and take a more intimate glimpse into familiar, and sometimes unfamiliar, worlds. Once one of southern Oregon's most elegant retailers, Mann's no longer graces Medford's downtown. But through "Snapshots," we may recall what it was like to peer longingly into its windows...and dream.

manns



Writing

On the Wall

by George Kramer

When American advertising came of age in the last half on the nineteenth century, outdoor advertising—or “signs” to the rest of us—rose to new prominence. The improved transportation and expanded production capabilities that defined the era allowed for the creation of truly national brands, and companies turned to symbols and trademarks to reach the maximum number of customers, including the waves of recent immigrants not yet familiar with the English language. Mascot animals, corporate logos, and other graphic devices played a major role in creating brand recognition and loyalty. The Bull Durham bull, Arm and Hammer’s muscled blacksmith, the paint brush-toting Dutch Boy and the flowing script of Coca-Cola proved valuable tools in keeping products in the public mind.¹

The painted wall sign—or “wall graphics” as they are more accurately called—offered an easy, durable, advertising technique that could be used in virtually any locality and understood by everyone. Their standardized designs often incorporated a slogan (“It’s Refreshing!”) and could be easily reproduced over and over by “wall dogs,” specialized sign painters who traveled the country replicating these images.² Soon, downtown America was awash with boldly painted walls lining the upper-

This large sign covering a side of the building at 128 S.W. H Street in Grants Pass’ downtown National Register District was likely painted around 1900. In 1920, a concrete garage was built on the adjacent vacant lot and the sign was hidden from view. When the garage was destroyed by fire in December 1980, the sign was again revealed. One of the best-preserved and most-colorful wall signs in southern Oregon, the “Owl 5-Cent Cigar” sign, is now considered a local landmark.

Right. Hidden on a small building behind the Phoenix Grange, this sign is a rare local example of a wall graphic painted on wood. It likely dates from the 1930s-1940s period, when Highway 99, the Pacific Highway, was the major north-south route between Oregon and California. The former Randle’s Grocery advertised its wares to a steady stream of travelers going by. Interstate 5 ended the Pacific Highway’s glory days, and chain groceries drove most small markets like the Randle’s out of business. However, the sign survives as a testimony to a more colorful time.



Photo by Matt Strieby

Photo by Matt Strieby

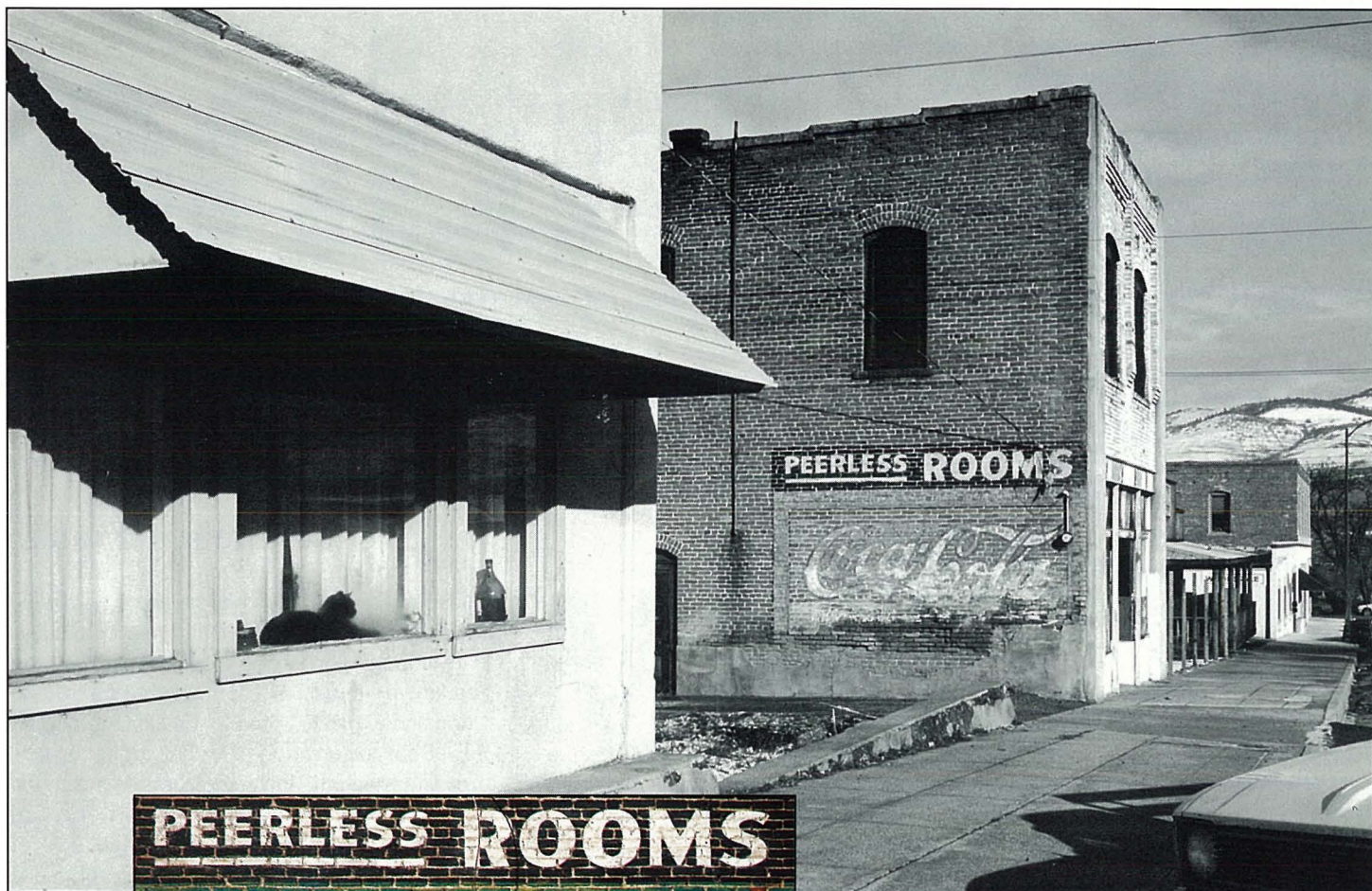


Photo by Natalie Brown



Photo by Natalie Brown

Above and left, This sign, at eye level on Fourth Street in Ashland's Railroad District, was painted around 1912 when the district was abuzz with activity as a division point of the Southern Pacific railroad. With the decline in rail travel after 1927 and the opening of the Natron Cutoff, the Peerless Rooms were closed, remaining vacant for most of the next seventy years. The sign faced direct sunlight day after day, and the soft brick began to decay from moisture and lack of maintenance. By the late 1980s, the sign was in poor condition with graffiti adding to the weather damage. Recognizing that the sign was critical to the building's history, it was restored as part of the Peerless Rooms recent renovation.

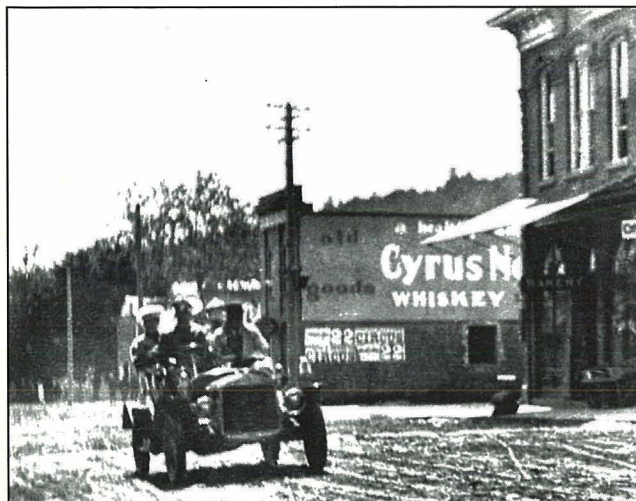
most edges of the tallest buildings or facing alleyways, vacant lots, or rail corridors. Travelers arriving at depots could see the prices of local hotel rooms—not to mention which offered a bath—in six-foot-tall letters. On the way into town, the painted sides of barns advertised tobacco, patent medicines, or other products; and taverns, restaurants, and markets all boasted of their favorite beverage, whether cola, whiskey, or beer.

By the 1920s, the automobile was beginning to overtake the train as the travel mode of choice, and most painted wall signs were giving way to billboards. New and inexpensive printing techniques meant advertising could be reproduced in a central location and then pasted onto the cheap wooden standards that quickly lined America's roadsides. Away from any visual competition, and thus more likely to be seen and remembered, billboards could also be easily modified and updated to promote a variety of different products. In urban areas, electric, and later

neon signs were installed, each better able to compete for a customer's attention than any non-illuminated message. Thus, painted wall signs fell into disfavor among advertisers and were displaced by more "modern" advertising devices.

In the early 1900s, the dramatic growth in outdoor advertising in America, particularly along highways, led to the "city beautiful" movement. These groups perceived much of America's signage as garish and worked diligently toward its restriction or removal. After World War I, wall signs proved an easy target for such groups as advertisers leaned toward other mediums. Only a few signs were maintained after the mid-1930s, and even fewer new signs were painted. By the 1950s, most of these early examples of advertising had disappeared altogether under coats of paint or behind newly constructed buildings, or were simply left to the weather's ravages.

Ghost Art: Jacksonville's Wade, Morgan & Co. Wall

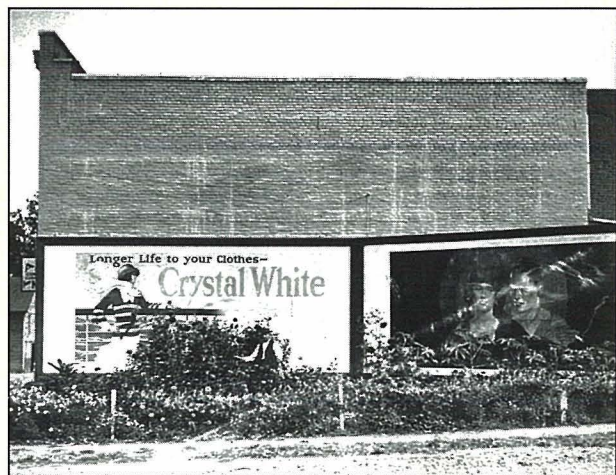


Southern Oregon Historical Society #7700



Southern Oregon Historical Society #12602

Clockwise from above, Early wall graphics were not considered works of art; they were space rented to advertise a specific product. When the lease expired, a new sign was painted over the old. As these photos of the Wade, Morgan & Co. store (also known as the Ben Drew Warehouse) in Jacksonville illustrate, a building with a desirable location was frequently repainted. In the late nineteenth century, an ad for Cyrus Noble Whiskey dominated the facade. By 1910, the privilege of the Luy & Keegan saloon had been painted above a standard ad for Bull Durham tobacco. Soon other signs, including one for Stewart Bourbon, shared the wall with the tobacco ad. In the 1920s, as Jacksonville was eclipsed by Medford as the hub of the valley, national advertisers had lost interest in wall signs and apparently Jacksonville. A local advertiser, the Wendt Dairy, took over the wall and painted its own colorful ad atop the earlier graphics. By the 1940s, the dairy had closed and the Wendt sign, along with all the others, had been covered with a coat of paint. Two wooden billboards, that era's answer to painted walls, were erected. By the 1960s, Jacksonville had rediscovered its past. The billboards had been taken down and the old wall signs began to reappear. The first to be visible was the Wendt Dairy sign. Later, with the help of local preservationist Marshall Lango—who removed flaking paint with a scrub brush—the Bull Durham sign came into view. Today, the painted wall at Third and California is an important part of Jacksonville's charm. It was included in the recently adopted Jacksonville Landmark list as a primary site.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #5883



Photo by Natalie Brown



Southern Oregon Historical Society #8787



Photo by George Kramer

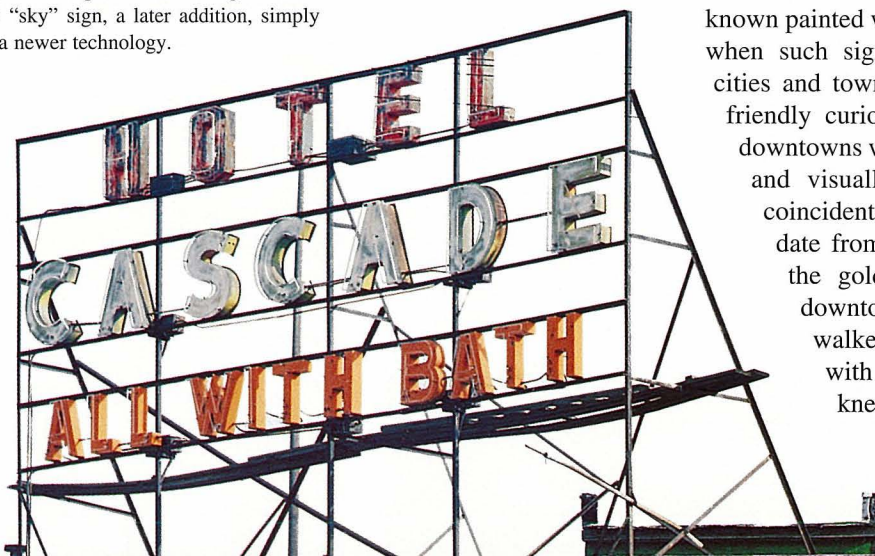
Above, Ashland's Lithia Springs Hotel billed itself as "Southern Oregon's Best" to southbound auto tourists with a series of painted signs that lined the Pacific Highway. Only two survive, including this one painted on a small barn just outside of Junction City, Oregon, in Lane County. The Lithia Hotel was renamed the Mark Antony in the 1960s, and Ashland's tourists no longer looked to barns for suggestions on where to spend the night.

Below, Hotels in railroad towns were early proponents of wall signs. Large messages aimed at the "drummer" trade (traveling salesmen) announced room rates and amenities. The city of Klamath Falls retains many such signs, including this one for the Hotel Cascade, which repeated the message "All With Bath" on each of its sides. The electric "sky" sign, a later addition, simply updated the old message with a newer technology.

However, painted as they were in an era of lead-based, hand-mixed paint, the old signs proved amazingly durable. After years of wet winters and harsh summer sun, their colorful images began to reappear, breaking out from behind the coverings of lesser quality paints like ghosts from the past. Christened with the affectionate, nostalgia-tinged moniker of "ghost signs," many were soon exempted from—or ignored by—standard sign ordinances. The successors to the city beautiful movement softened their stance toward the old painted walls and their quaint artwork and lettering. Today, many early wall graphics are appreciated as art. Local groups fight to preserve the few signs that remain and rejoice in the occasional rediscovery. Some cities have even repainted some signs deemed too ghost-like to be recognizable. As always, art is in the eye of the beholder.

The reappearance and newly gained appreciation of wall graphics adds a certain welcomed charm to our older downtowns. One of the most frequent observations made by critics of the American city is that we have regulated our environment into an incredible sameness—a boring, uniform streetscape that lacks excitement, color, and individuality. Today's cities, especially "restored" downtowns, often bear out that criticism. A casual glance at vintage photographs of most downtowns reveals a somehow glorious cacophony of shapes, styles, and patterns whose intensity shines across the decades. Today's downtowns are often sterile by comparison.

The photographs on these pages document some of southern Oregon's better-known painted walls. Most date from a time when such signs visually dominated our cities and towns. Today, they are merely friendly curiosities of an era when our downtowns were, without a doubt, garish and visually confusing. Perhaps not coincidentally, the photographs also date from what might be viewed as the golden age of the American downtown, a time when people walked the streets and chatted with shopkeepers who actually knew their names. And shop-



keepers and manufacturers boasted of their confidence in the American dream by boldly proclaiming their services or products to anyone who cared to glance toward the sky.



ENDNOTES

1. Specialized symbols, such as the barber's striped pole, had long been associated with various professions or trades. What we understand today as trademarks were not recognized or registered by the United States Patent Office until 1881. Refer to Arnold B. Brarach's *Famous American Trademarks* (Washington, D.C.: Public Affairs Press, 1971), iv.

2. The mechanics of producing a standardized image on the vertical face of a building, high above the sidewalk below, has been well documented by William Stage in *Ghost Signs*, (Cincinnati, Ohio: ST Publications, 1989). Stage's work represents the only book identified to deal exclusively with America's painted wall signs yet published.

George Kramer is a historic preservation consultant dedicated to protecting the visual complexity that once defined America's downtowns. He lives in Ashland, Oregon.



Photo by Natalie Brown and Matt Strichby



Photo by George Kramer

Above, Although early wall signs are fairly durable, the best examples are those that were protected from the elements, usually by the construction of an adjacent building. During renovation or remodeling, those long-hidden signs can again be exposed. This sign for the "Wheeler & Wilson M'f'g Co." was painted by the "Leak Adv. Co.," probably in the 1890s. It adds to the character of a downtown Medford restaurant because of its owners' efforts to preserve it.

Left, One persistent rumor surrounding early wall signs concerns the mascot that graces the lower left-hand corner of traditional Bull Durham tobacco signs. As the story goes, the original anatomically correct animal was considered a bit too explicit by Victorian standards and caused something of a stir in many towns. Not wishing to offend potential customers, the company modified the design with a strategically placed fence rail, assuring their mascot of an appropriately modest visage. Apocryphal or not, the story about the bull has entered into the lore of wall graphics.



Photo by Natalie Brown

Sin of Omission Weakens Hanford History

by Jay Mullen

On the Home Front: The Cold War Legacy of the Hanford Nuclear Site (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1992), Michele Stenehjem Gerber

July 16 of next year will mark the fiftieth anniversary of an event generally perceived as the beginning of the Atomic Age: the Trinity test at the Alamogordo Bombing and Gunnery Range in New Mexico. Subsequent Cold War reliance on the nuclear arsenal has sustained Americans' fascination with the awesome processes and weaponry of the Atomic Age. A number of books have successfully conveyed the excitement of atomic science and its early, celebrated practitioners. Michele Stenehjem Gerber's *On the Home Front: The Cold War Legacy of the Hanford Nuclear Site* recounts the development of a community focused almost exclusively on nuclear production and on the legacy of that production's environmental consequences.

These consequences have become of particular interest to Oregon residents since recent revelations that the Columbia River—as well as most of the state east of the Cascades—has been subjected, at various times, to radioactive releases from Hanford. In light of such ecological fiascoes, Gerber rightly concludes that Cold War priorities, in both the private and public sectors, valued production far above environmental concerns. Her chapters on airborne, riverborne, groundwater, and soil contamination clearly identify a history that is contradictory to previous accounts of engineering accomplishments.

As a staff historian for Hanford Westinghouse, Gerber maintains that the Hanford site "...was the first to disclose its problems openly," thus projecting her employers onto the cut-

ting edge of candor. However, environmental and citizens' groups wielding the Freedom of Information Act—rather than civic-minded Hanford personnel—forced disclosure of information revealing decades of hazardous policies. In addition, according to a report in the *Spokesman Review* (Spokane, Washington), July 16, 1993, the director of a federally funded environmental study complained last year that "secrecy" was confounding his group's efforts at Hanford.

Certain relevant, in-house Hanford documents were available for Gerber's research, and her chapters on "radiobiology" provide a survey of biomedical research at Hanford. However, available to the author, but uncited, was a public document issued in 1987 which excoriated Hanford policies. The congressional report entitled "Human Guinea Pigs" related that Hanford personnel conducted human experiments in conjunction with the University of Oregon School of Medicine and Seattle's Swedish Hospital. This is as much a part of Hanford's history as the production of plutonium for Trinity.

In writing books, authors will naturally select what information should be included or omitted. However, omitting Hanford's role in human experimentation suggests that Gerber's book can serve only as a point of departure for raising additional questions about atomic history. *On the Home Front* does present new topics in the historiography of nuclear operations. Its true value, however, is in indirectly suggesting a closer look into the darker side of the Hanford site.



Jay Mullen is associate professor of history at Southern Oregon State College, Ashland.

THEN AND NOW



Photo by Matt Strickby

The More Things Change...

Left, Medford's North Central Avenue has undergone much remodeling since the mid-1920s, or has it? Above, This contemporary photograph shows the changes over the years, as well as a few old familiar faces that survived the wrecking ball. Do you remember when Central Avenue was a two-way street?

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EXHIBITS



July 15 through November 27 • Cycling Oregon
Oregon Historical Society • Oregon History Center
Portland, OR • 503-222-1741

This exhibit presents an overview of bicycling in Oregon, from early high-wheelers to today's equipment. The photo above, circa 1910, identifies Ray Stormont and John Gordon "Traveling from Portland Ore. to New York on bicycles." Also, the exhibit *A Century of Peak Experiences: Celebrating the Mazamas Centennial* features photographs of early Mazama Club outings and runs August 16 through November 13.

Through May 13
Rogue Valley Collections
Schneider Museum

Southern Oregon State College
Ashland, OR • 503-552-6245
This exhibit features a wide range of media represented in works borrowed from private southern Oregon collections. Also, *Eugene Bennett: A Retrospective* (July 7 through September 9) is an exhibit acknowledging the achievements of a remarkable southern Oregon artist.

Opening July
Permanent Exhibit
The Changing Forest

The High Desert Museum
Bend, OR • 503-382-4754
This new permanent exhibit features High Desert ecosystems, as well as the forces of change that continually shape them. The exhibit is a cooperative project between The High Desert Museum and the United States Department of Agriculture's Forest Service.

June 3 through August 6
Hot Pots!

Benton County
Historical Museum
Philomath, OR • 503-929-6230
Ceramics has long been one of the most vital of art forms, and thirty Oregon artists exhibit their best utilitarian and innovative works, including pottery, sculpture, and wall hangings. Among the participants are Cynthia Spencer, Linda Brewer, and Hiroshi Ogawa.

Ceramics and Porcelain
New Permanent Exhibits

University of Oregon
Museum of Art
Eugene, OR • 503-346-3027
Chinese ceramics from the Han Dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.) are shown in *Chinese Ceramic Tomb Figurines*, with earthenware and figures dating to the Tang Dynasty (618 to 907 A.D.). Also, *Later Chinese Porcelain: For Kings and Commoners*, presents pieces from the twelfth to the twentieth centuries.

In This Great Land of Freedom: Japanese Pioneers of Oregon

The life of Oregon's first-generation Japanese settlers is chronicled in this traveling exhibit running through May 6 at the History Center, Medford, Oregon.

The Dead Sea Scrolls
Exhibition and Tour

This motorcoach tour to San Francisco's M.H. deYoung Memorial Museum (May 20 through 22) includes two nights lodging at Nob Hill's York Hotel, continental breakfasts, dinners, admission to the museum and *The Dead Sea Scrolls* exhibition, sightseeing at Fisherman's Wharf, and admission to the Experience Theater. Cost is \$239 per person, double occupancy.

ArchiTreasures

ArchiTreasures (May 23 through June 23) celebrates Rogue Valley architecture. The exhibit is located at the History Center and includes drawings of local historic structures by Kay Atwood. Also featured are models and drawings by local fourth-grade students as part of the *Architects in the Schools* program, coordinated by the Arts Council of Southern Oregon.

Politics of Culture

Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience examines current issues surrounding the collection of American Indian cultural remains. The exhibit opens June 17 at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History and highlights the viewpoints of private collectors, archaeologists, museum curators, and American Indians regarding the destruction of prehistoric cultural resources.

Exhibit Preview and Reception

The public is invited to preview the new exhibit *Politics of Culture* June 12 from 5:00 to 7:00 P.M. at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. Music, food, and demonstrations will highlight the event.

Annual Meeting

The Southern Oregon Historical Society's 48TH Annual Meeting will be held Sunday, June 12 from 4:00 to 4:30 P.M. at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History.

Textile Conservation Workshop

This July 16 workshop is conducted by conservator Margaret Gneiss-Mooney who will introduce quilters and collectors to the principles of conservation and will examine and answer questions about items brought by participants.

EVENTS

May 12
Montag Photography
Seaside Museum and
Historical Society

Seaside, OR • 503-738-7065
A lunch meeting from noon to 1:00 P.M. will include a slide presentation of the William Montag Glass Negative Collection. The original photographs were taken in Seaside around 1912, and John Raniero is facilitating the difficult processing of the slides from the fragile glass negatives.

July 11 through 15
Annual Rogue Valley
Writers' Conference

Ashland, OR • 503-552-6901
This annual five-day event for published and unpublished writers is sponsored by the Continuing Education Division of Southern Oregon State College. This year's featured participant is Jean M. Auel, celebrated author of the "Earth's Children" series, which included the popular works *Clan of the Cave Bear* and *The Valley of the Horses*.

May 20
Historic Preservation
Meeting

Southern Oregon
Historical Society
Medford, OR • 503-773-6536
The Southern Oregon Historical Society will host the quarterly meeting of the Oregon State Advisory Committee on Historic Preservation. An all-day Landmarks Commission workshop will also be held May 21 for preservation organizations and professionals in the field.

September 24
through October 2
Archaeology Week
Oregon State Historic
Preservation Office
503-378-6508

Many local activities and programs are being planned for this annual statewide event. Among the slated activities are: flint-knapping, artifact identification, and a hands-on archaeological dig. Volunteer opportunities during Archaeology Week include demonstrations, interpretations, and project coordination.

Through June 12
From Place to Place

Mission Mill Museum
Salem, OR • 503-585-7012
This exhibit highlights rich, nomadic textiles from Southern Russia, Turkey, Iran, and Iraq. The collection is comprised of items gathered by explorer Gail Jacobson on journeys through Asia Minor over the past twenty-three years. The exhibit is marvelously enhanced by the inclusion of Jacobson's jewel-like nineteenth-century silk and linen embroideries.

The Oregon Chautauqua
Oregon Council
for the Humanities

Portland, OR • 800-735-0543
The Oregon Chautauqua series provides a diverse array of year-round humanities programs, free of charge, to non-profit groups across the state. Last year, 195 Chautauqua events visited seventy-four Oregon communities. This year's roster of events continues to provide interaction and cultural outreach throughout many Oregon communities.

Summer Art Fairs

Umpqua Valley Arts Fair
June 24 through 26

Roseburg, OR • 503-672-2532
The Umpqua Valley Arts Fair presents food, music, arts, and crafts, making Roseburg the place to be.

Oldtown Art Fair
July 22 through 24

Reedsport, OR • 503-271-7542
This fair offers exhibits and sale of original and handmade fine arts and crafts.

"History in the Making" is a quarterly calendar of area and regional exhibits and events. Deadlines for publication are **June 7** for the summer issue and **September 7** for the fall issue. Please send all media releases and calendar listings to:

Oregon Heritage
106 N. Central Ave.
Medford, OR 97501-5926
FAX 503-776-7994

Buckskin

Short fiction by Elizabeth Woody



Illustration by Matt Strickby

Buckskin was a yellowish-tan behemoth, a '76 Galaxy 500 automobile. The family loved her. We still talk about the beast with affection. At best, she carried us all up the deeply rutted, dirt road on the mountainside to Lester's remote cabin with ease. No dragging on bottom, the springs agile and strong. At worst, her transmission linkages popped out of place, once during a manic Seattle rush hour traffic crisis. When this happened, Leslie would have to coast to a stop, jump out, hoist the hood, reach into the engine, balance on her solar plexus, skirt and legs up in the air, and pop the mechanism into its socket, check the hanger wires, then run like crazy back into the driver's seat. She was named "Buckskin" not to honor our Native American heritage, but because she was a bona-fide, temperamental, restless War Horse, and Indian car. In that legacy, she had to earn her name.

Buckskin was faithful, with a face that only a mother could love, big enough to haul four thirty-gallon garbage cans, and on occasion two or three generations of Palmers. The Palmers are big, no matter the age or gender (I am a good example of our size: six foot four inches, long black hair and round, a mountain of womanhood I have heard from my admirers—big, brown, and beautiful), but back to my love story. This is a story of love between a family and a car. Brief, true, and bittersweet, like all those sad occurrences when people meet their match and circumstances wrench them apart. Buckskin was a "spirit" car.

When one of us was blue—like Leslie, or SugarMom, or Tone, or Gladys (better known as Happy Butt)—we would plan a trip to a Pow Wow or celebration, load up all the camping gear, dance outfits, cans of oil, in the massive space in the trunk, gas up and go. Nothing but a song and prayer, and the ingenuity of our collective genius, the product of the school, "make-do." You see, when we first acquired Buckskin, we had been carless for years, Tone said, "Yeah, she's going to be a collector's item one of these days. She's a tank. A good, old-fashioned American gas-hog. God love her! Now we can go anywhere!"

Of course, he was the first to groan when her parts started to wear out and drop off. That is basically how Buckskin earned her name. Like any mechanic's staple, bread and butter, her parts wore out, or dropped off at inappropriate times. Tone and I were driving down "Sideburns"—the nickname we had for Burnside—during another typical Northwest squall, and Buckskin flipped off her wiper, driver's side. I clutched the seat, and Tone hollered as he looked at me, "Now what?"

"Pull over, Tone. We can't drive without a wiper, 'less you want to stick your head out," which was our previous solution in cars back. So we pulled over. Tone ran back and picked up the wiper, and tied it on. We weren't savvy enough to all of Buckskin's ways then, so we didn't have any hangers in the car. I had a buckskin tie holding my hair, so I offered it to Tone. He rigged up a tie for the wiper. When we related the incident to SugarMom—who was angry, waiting in the rain for us, downtown—she exclaimed in merriment, "Buckskin! Yeah, that's a

good name for her. What a gal!" SugarMom's mood changed for the better by the event of Buckskin's naming.

So Buckskin became a character, well-known, and all on her own. We learned how far we could go on the gas gauge's "E." We lovingly cleaned her carburetor so she wouldn't stall. The kids squealed with delight as she backfired, resounding in the streets like a shotgun, "Look at all the birds take off!" We offered everyone a ride who needed one, a ride they would never forget. She could go with ease down the freeway to Celilo Village at eighty, no problem, nondescript, maybe even invisible to the "smokies" (state patrol). She even had a sister car at Ace Wrecking yards to donate parts to her in financial emergencies. One of our many Indian mechanics said, "The way her vinyl top is ripped off, it looks like Buckskin has a giant skid mark on top. Ha, ha, ha!" Since he was laughing at her and not with her, we dropped him off our list of mechanics. Eventually, he just left town.

Of course, Buckskin became a celebrity. The most important trip was the trip that did her in. She came through for us, even though her front end was going out. We needed to go to Lewiston, Idaho, to rescue Leslie from out-of-state justice. We drove carefully, made it in time to hear the police chief testify to Leslie's actions that led to her arrest. It was hard not to burst into outrage as he exaggerated a description of Leslie screaming a karate yell, leaping ten feet to kick the officer in the groin, and finally slash him with her house keys. Of course, Leslie was acquitted since they had no evidence of a lethal weapon, and we rode home, triumphant, in Buckskin, laughingly teasing Leslie, calling her "Leslie Lee" after Bruce Lee.

Buckskin was with us "all the way," as they say on the rez. A true-blood, so it hurt when we realized that we couldn't keep her any longer. Too much of our energies were tied up in willing her to keep running, so we could keep on with our rescue missions when one of our clan needed help. We had to trade her off at Chevy Town. SugarMom cried. Leslie reported a resurrected Buckskin to us, her whereabouts, in which direction she was heading. Always, we could tell it was her by the radio decal on her backside. It was like a identifiable tattoo of a past lover's name. It did take years to forget her faithfulness, in spite of her temper, backfires, and flat tires.

We have a Toyota now, "White Buckskin," '89. You have to count the clicks in the automatic transmission to get in gear, tell the passengers as fast as you can, "Don't roll the window down any further than half, because the door pops open," and they could roll out. The "ejector seat," we call it. If you don't like your date, you can just ask them to roll down their window and then turn sharply to the left. When SugarMom brought her home, Tone said, "God, love 'em! Now we can go anywhere on a tank of gas!" Happy Butt said, "Oh jeeze, SugarMom, you bought a 'pop-together car'!" as she kicked the small tires and fingered the bumper. White Buckskin is an Indian car, though. We haven't had to tie her up yet. A few more years and she will be broken in, just the way we like it.



Elizabeth Woody is an author living in Portland.

A Summertime Treat



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Coming next issue:

- ▼ Guest editorial by regional pundit Russell Sadler.
- ▼ Susan Kline gives a retrospective on the life and work of noted archaeologist and anthropologist Luther Cressman.
- ▼ Olney Pat, Jr., reviews The Museum at Warm Springs, from its vital American Indian themes to its innovative design.
- ▼ Doug Foster provides an analysis of the history and controversies surrounding the termination of the Klamath Reservation.
- ▼ Polly Helm provides a visual odyssey of Pendleton Roundup's rootin' tootin' cowgirls.

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HERITAGE
It reads well

Topping it Off

Until the mid-1960s, hats had been a mainstay of women's fashion. No self-respecting woman was seen in public without a bit of straw, velvet, felt, feathers, or fur perched tastefully upon her head. Here is a sampling of one hundred years of chapeaus from the Southern Oregon Historical Society's collections:

1. 1875-1890 • BLACK STRAW TRIMMED WITH BLACK OSTRICH FEATHERS AND GREEN VELVET BOW. TAFFETA RIBBON TIE. By the 1870s, the distinction between bonnet and hat had blurred, and because younger women began to don hats as often as their more mature sisters, the ribbon tie eventually fell off the hat and out of fashion.

2. 1900-1910 • BLACK VELVET TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH FEATHERS AND RHINESTONE BUCKLE. The Edwardian Age ushered in the liberated Gibson Girl, whose elegantly piled coiffure was matched only by her oversized and elaborate chapeau. Overnight, ostrich farms became a boom industry to meet the high demand for hat trimmings. The unfortunate ostrich fared less profitably.

3. 1920s-EARLY 1930s • BLACK VELVET CLOCHE WITH GROSGRAIN RIBBON. The cloche first became popular among the daring flappers of the Roaring Twenties. This tight-fitting and deeply crowned topper drooped well over the brow, making long hair impossible. Throngs of lasses crowded barber shops for regular bobbings—the advent of the “beauty salon.”

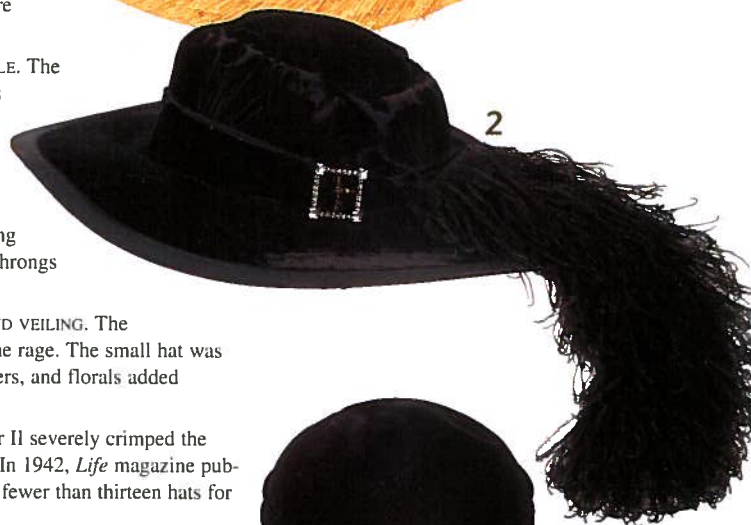
4. CIRCA 1931 • BLACK VELVET TRIMMED WITH BLUE OSTRICH FEATHERS, BLACK BOW, AND VEILING. The Empress Eugenie made a fierce debut in 1931, and soon this smart “skimmer” was all the rage. The small hat was pitched forward over one side of the face and tilted up in the back. Heavy veiling, feathers, and florals added romance to the creation.

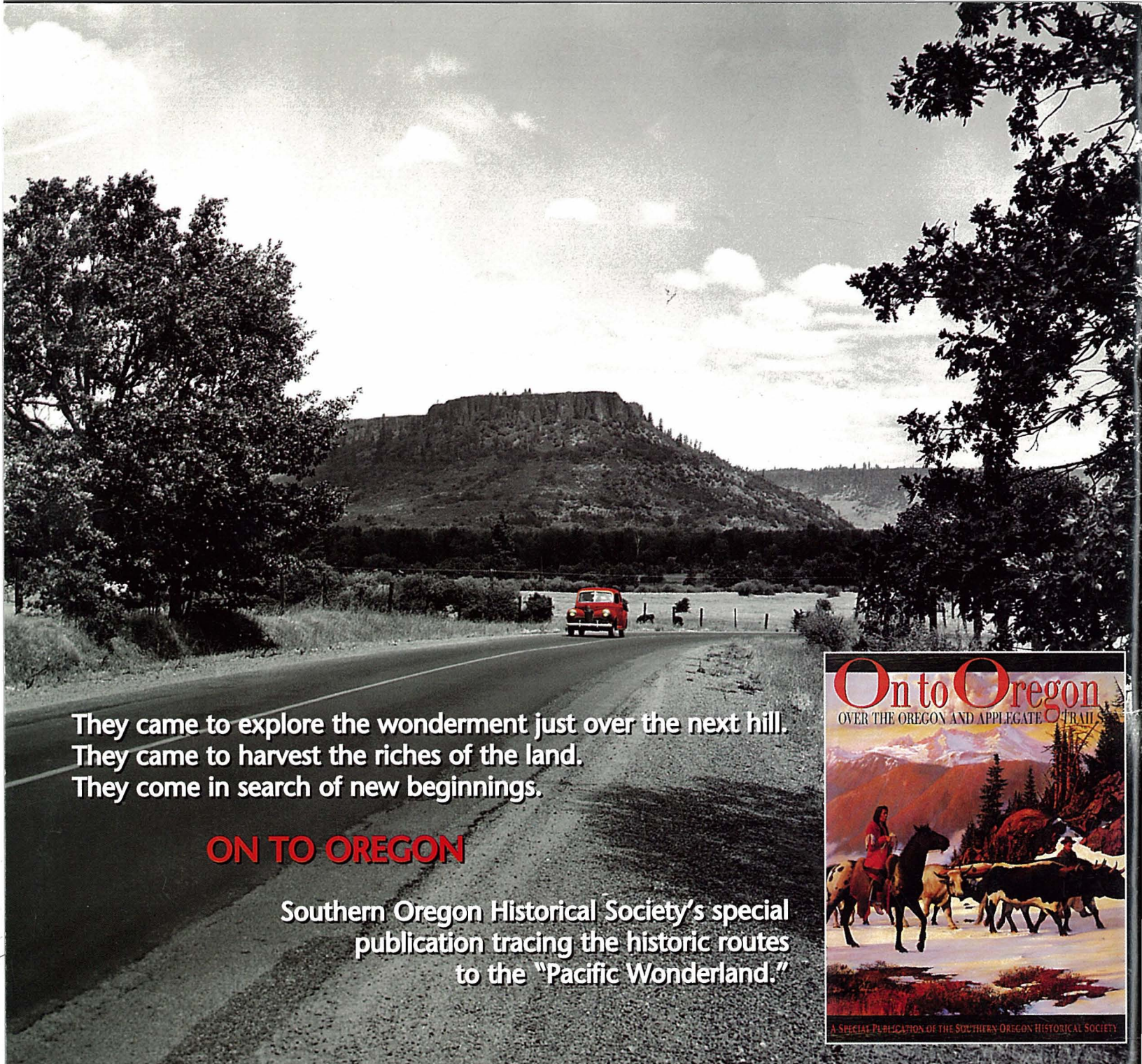
5. 1940-1950 • MESH FRAME TRIMMED WITH RED/GREEN/BLUE VELVET LEAVES. World War II severely crimped the fashion industry; wasteful pleats became unpatriotic and efficiency became the by-word. In 1942, *Life* magazine published a feature on made-at-home hats. By following the guide, a woman could create no fewer than thirteen hats for ten dollars, using buckram, flowers, and ribbon from the five-and-dime.

6. 1950-1960 • MOTTLED BLUE AND GREEN RAYON OVER BUCKRAM FORM WITH BLUE VEIL. Mass marketing during the postwar boom democratized high fashion and compelled designers to style simpler, cleaner-lined creations for the modern everywoman. Print fabrics became popular, and olive, sapphire, and turquoise were the colors *de rigueur*.

7. 1950s • BROWN FELT COVERED WITH ROOSTER FEATHERS. Plumage has long been a favorite trimming for the lady's headdress. Early in the century, the egret was hunted nearly to extinction for its prized feathers. Thankfully, fashion is fickle, and such accoutrements have been relegated to the dustbins of history.

8. DATE UNKNOWN • HALLOW-CROWNED STRAW HAT WITH STRAIGHT BRIM AND PLAIN RIBBON TRIM AROUND THE CROWN. These “sailor hats,” or “boaters,” have been worn throughout the ages and may still be spied in the warmer climes of the Atlantic southeast and abroad.

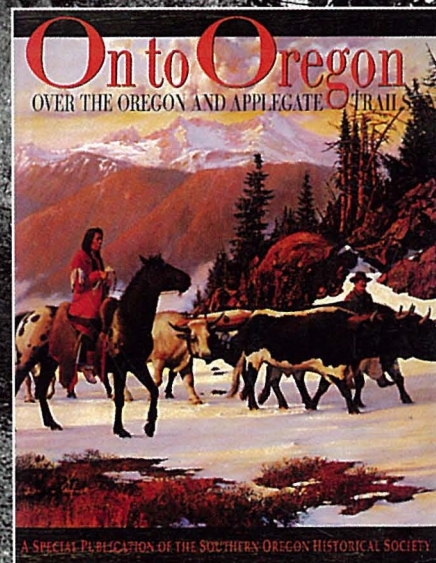




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