

OREGON HERITAGE

VOL. 1, NO. 2

SUMMER 1994

\$5.95

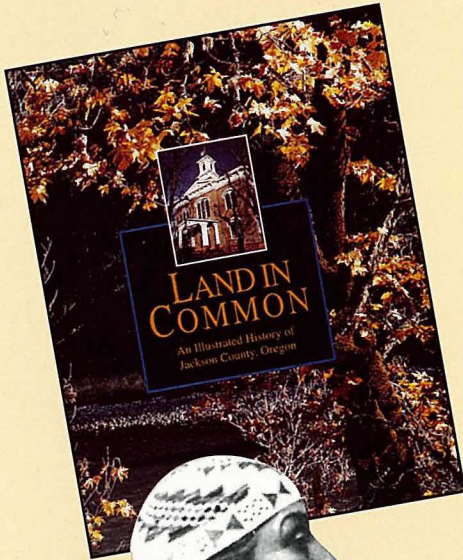
**A TIMELESS
HERITAGE**
THE MUSEUM AT
WARM SPRINGS

RAWHIDE ROUNDUP
THE PENDLETON
COWGIRLS

**THE KLAMATH
TRIBES**
LOSS OF A
RESERVATION

THE ■ ACCLAIMED ■ BOOK ■ FROM ■ THE ■ SOUTHERN ■ OREGON ■ HISTORICAL ■ SOCIETY

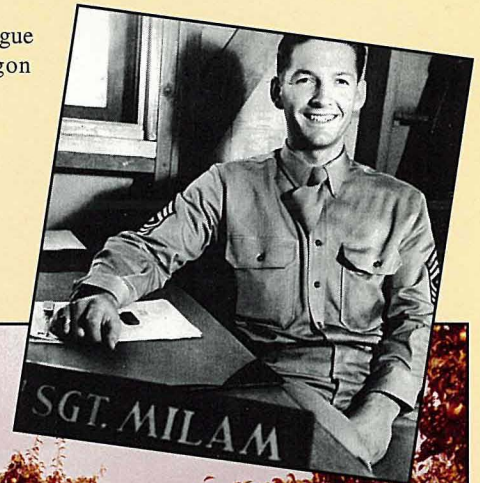
LAND IN COMMON



Lavishly illustrated with memorable photographs from a century of life in Jackson County, *LAND IN COMMON: An Illustrated History of Jackson County, Oregon* will delight young and old, newcomers and native Oregonians alike. From the American Indians who once inhabited the Rogue Valley to the orchard barons who found “gold” in the valley’s fertile earth to the World War II soldiers who turned the Agate Desert into a sprawling city, *LAND IN COMMON* will open your eyes to the women and men whose roots still run deep throughout this land.

Published in partnership by the *Mail Tribune*, Rogue Federal Credit Union, and the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

To order your copy of *LAND IN COMMON*, contact:
Southern Oregon Historical Society
106 N. Central Ave.
Medford, OR 97501-5926
503-773-6536, FAX 503-776-7994



OREGON HERITAGE

VOL 1, NO. 2 SUMMER 1994

Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees

Lana McGraw Boldt,

Ashland, *President*

Jon Deason, Medford, *First Vice President*

Mary Barker, Grants Pass, *Second Vice President*

Marjorie Nichols, Ashland, *Secretary*

Janie Stewart, Talent, *Treasurer*

Vern Arnold, Medford

Judith Barr, Medford

Anne Billeter, Medford

Gary Breeden, Medford

Cindy Faubion, Gold Hill

James Kuntz, Medford

Ann Moore, Medford

Alice Mullaly, Central Point

Samuel Whitford, Medford

Lois Wilson, Eagle Point

Administrative Staff

Samuel J. Wegner, *Executive Director*

Brad Linder, *Historic Resources Director*

Joy B. Dunn, *Development and Publications Director*

Maureen Smith, *Finance Director*

Susan Cox-Smith, *Membership Coordinator*

Stacey Williams, *Public Relations Coordinator*



SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

Oregon Heritage is published quarterly by the Southern Oregon Historical Society as a membership benefit. Other benefits include monthly newsletter *Artifacts*, discounts at the Society's History Stores, and invitations to programs and special events. Administrative, membership, and editorial offices are at the Southern Oregon History Center, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, OR 97501-5926. Copies of *Oregon Heritage* are available for \$5.95 each.

Staff: Samuel J. Wegner, *Executive Editor*; Joy B. Dunn, *Editor in Chief*; Robert C. Kenneth, *Managing Editor*; Natalie Brown, *Art Director* and *Production Manager*; and Matt Strieby, *Production Assistant*.

Thanks to: Don Barnes, Gordon Bettles, Greta Brunschwyler, Edison Chiloquin, Dibbon Cook, Susan Cox-Smith, Col. Tom Culbertson, Marjorie Edens, Carol Harbison, Janette Merriman, Paul Neevel, Lynn Parker, Brenda Rasmussen, Paul Richardson, Sabina Teshler, Margaret Watson, and Cynthia Wicklund.

Oregon Heritage is produced using Quark XPress on Macintosh computers. Electronic prepress by Digital Media, Inc., Grants Pass, Oregon. Printed by Ram Offset Lithographers, White City.

Copyright ©1994 by Southern Oregon Historical Society. ISSN #1076-1780. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be printed or electronically duplicated without the written permission of the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



Courtesy of Pendleton Cow Girl Company



Photo by Wes Chapman

- 2.....EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK • Managing Editor Robert C. Kenneth.
- 3.....GUEST EDITORIAL • Oregon journalist and lecturer Russell Sadler.
- 4....."Landless Tribes: Termination of the Klamath Reservation" by Doug Foster. In 1954, the Congress passed Public Law 587 terminating the Klamath Tribes.
- 11.....OUR OWN VOICES • Oregon's "Mr. Historic Preservation." Robertson E. Collins and Jacksonville's U.S. Hotel.
- 12.....OREGON PIONEER • "Remembering the Golden Journey" by Suzan Ruth Travis-Cline. A tribute to archaeologist and anthropologist Luther Cressman.
- 17....."And the Word shall stand forever." Wallace Wilson of Bend, Oregon, keeps watch over his 418-year-old family Bible.
- 18....."The Museum at Warm Springs: A Timeless Heritage" by Olney Patt, Jr. The present and future of the Warm Springs Tribes follow the paths of their past.
- 23....."Rawhide Round-Up: The Pendleton Cowgirls" by Polly Helm. A picture of the heroines who were part of America's western landscape.
- 26....."One Man's Revolution: The Indefatigable Floyd Ramp" by Marcus Robbins. This Roseburg farmer was committed to a cause few could understand or tolerate.
- 32....."Talking Stones: The Lessons of the Japanese American Historical Plaza" by Julie Vondracek Inada. Portland's monument to Japanese immigrants and wartime internees.
- 34.....OREGON SPECTATOR • *Grants Pass Daily Courier*, May 12, 1948.
- 36.....LANDMARKS • United States Coast Guard Station, Tillamook Bay, Garibaldi, Oregon.
- 37....."Woman in the Sky: Mary Jean Barnes" by Robin Dunn. Today's military women are heirs to what WASPs began during World War II.
- 41.....THEN AND NOW • Views of Medford's downtown.
- 42.....FICTION • "The Old Steelfaced Blues" by Dean Wesley Smith.
- 44.....SIGNPOSTS • Marjorie O'Harra visits the John Day Fossil Beds National Monument.
- 46.....REVIEW • *Railroad Signatures Across the Pacific Northwest* by Carlos A. Schwantes. Review by Jeff LaLande.
- 47.....CALENDAR • Coming this fall.

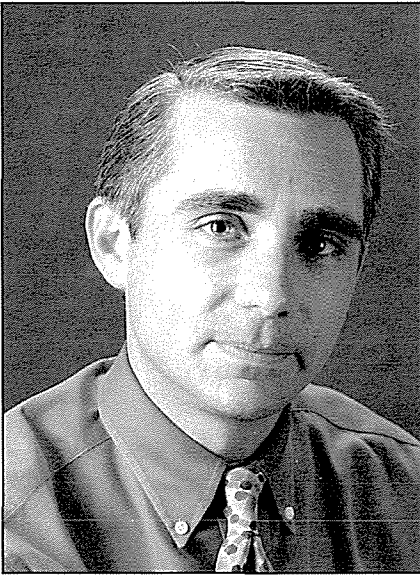
Left, Katy Wilkes personified the cowgirl's rough-and-tumble world at early Pendleton Round-Ups. *See page 23.*

Above, Edison Chiloquin refused payment for the sale of land during termination of the Klamath Tribes. The Congress later awarded him a 580-acre ancestral site, which is now used for tribal ceremonies. *See page 4.*

Front cover, The design of The Museum at Warm Springs incorporates traditional American Indian themes. *Courtesy of The Museum at Warm Springs*

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





Bravery without boundaries: Firefighting in the American West

by Robert C. Kenneth

Each year, when spring rains give way to summer's scorching sun, the American West seems to ignite into one vast inferno. Forest wildfires have become so common in this part of the country that some residents have become

complacent toward the annual devastation. July 6, however, may have changed that forever. That day, fifty-two firefighters were trapped by a blaze raging just outside Glenwood Springs, Colorado, in what may be one of the deadliest forest fires in United States history. Next morning, the bodies of twelve firefighters were found high up Storm Mountain Slope (two more bodies were later found, bringing the total to fourteen dead). Nine of them—five men and four women—were members of the

Prineville (Oregon) Hotshots, an elite corps of firefighters trained in protecting both lives and property from the blazes that regularly plague the western states.

In a statement issued July 7, Oregon's Governor Barbara Roberts echoed the feelings of people throughout the nation:

The heartfelt condolences of every Oregonian should go out to the families and loved ones of the nine brave firefighters from our state who died in Colorado.... All too often, we take for granted the work done every year by thousands of firefighters from Oregon and across western states. We seldom acknowledge the back-breaking labor and tremendous risks these dedicated men and women accept each time they step up to a fire-line to protect our

forests and our homes. They offer us a magnificent service, and sometimes, as with these nine Oregonians, they give the ultimate sacrifice—their lives. We must never forget their heroism, and we must never forget the tragedy of this loss.

Governor Roberts ordered that United States and State of Oregon flags on all state facilities be lowered to half-staff until July 16. The gesture honored the men and women who gave their lives in the service of their Colorado neighbors and was repeated on lawns and in front of businesses all over Oregon.

We have seen it before, to be sure. To most of us, the danger firefighters face every day is simply part of their job, whether it is down the street snuffing out a grease fire in a neighbor's kitchen or hundreds of miles away battling a forest fire measured in thousands of acres. Most can only guess what goes through a firefighter's mind when she faces head-on a wall of flame racing toward her with heat so intense it can knock you down and suck the oxygen out of the air around you. To go willingly, even eagerly into such danger demonstrates a sort of bravery that has not yet been named.

Throughout history, Oregon firefighters—remarkable men and women—have placed their lives at great risk to protect people and property that are familiar and dear. What is more remarkable still is that many, like the Prineville Hotshots, have done so for unfamiliar people in places far from home. After the smoke clears and the headlines move on to new disasters, the Glenwood Springs fire should be remembered because these nine women and men from Oregon gave their lives to save not a burning house or barn across town, but a vast swath of forest on a steep slope in Colorado. They did not care what state it was or who owned the land. They knew only that their neighbors needed a hand. In the end, their actions define the American West beyond traditional histories, cultural differences, and political boundaries.



Robert C. Kenneth is managing editor of Oregon Heritage.

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 cutlines 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 sub-

missions. 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. Facts, views, and opinions expressed in signed submissions are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints or opinions of *Oregon Heritage* or the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Too many discount passengers on the ship of state

by Russell Sadler

When Jesse Applegate's wagon train of nearly one thousand souls entered the Willamette Valley from the Oregon Trail in 1843, it doubled the non-native population of the territory overnight. In the 1990s, the "New Oregon Trails" (among them, the I-5 corridor) are expected to produce another 500,000 people by the year 2000. Growth is the one constant in Oregon history and will likely remain so.

Portland State University's Center for Population Research and Census predicts 70 percent of those people will settle in the state's four main metropolitan areas (Portland, Salem, Eugene, and Medford), with 50 percent settling in the four Portland-area counties (Multnomah, Washington, Clackamas, and Washington State's Clark).

Oregon has grown steadily since the end of World War II. The population grew 50 percent in the 1950s, 30 percent in the 1960s, and another 30 percent in the 1970s. Oregon's population actually declined in the 1980s; but nearly as many newcomers replaced those who left, and the demographics of those who came are not at all like the demographics of those who left.

Oregonians are realizing that previous "tax reform" was a shift, not a gift.

About 40 percent of Oregon newcomers hail from California, where the combined effects of Proposition 13 and federal defense budget cuts are reducing the standard of living. The remainder come from Washington, Arizona, Idaho, Alaska, Colorado, Nevada, Texas, and Utah, in that order. About 115,000 to 130,000 newcomers arrive every year.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, all the newcomers are not retiring "equity refugees." Research shows that most newcomers are in their twenties, thirties, and early-forties. Another large group includes "the retiring"—those who plan to retire here but arrived early and continue to work. True retirees may actually make up only about ten percent of the state's newcomers.

Some 90,000 Oregonians leave. An unprecedented one-third of Oregon's graduating high school seniors with a B+ average or better chose out-of-state colleges this year. A brain drain has begun.

Any evolving public policy must address paying the costs of growth. It must create a reformed tax system that broadens the number of taxpayers while not reducing the tax base with further exemptions. Unrestrained growth without the money to pay for it is a prescription for a declining standard of living. Californians realize this after nearly fifteen years under Proposition 13. Ballot Measure 5 was a statement that Oregonians were unwilling to pay the costs of growth, but growth continues regardless of the eventual public costs.

Many newcomers to Oregon have chosen lifestyle over employment, so the labor supply is growing faster than employment. People moving to Oregon without work are the biggest force behind Oregon's chronically high unemployment

rate—not a poor business climate, land use restrictions, the decline of the timber industry, or other perennial complaints beloved of politicians and their campaign contributors.

Most of Oregon's new employment is in service industries. With more than 12,000 employees, Fred Meyer is the state's largest private employer. There are only two manufacturers among the top ten employers—Tektronix, with 7,200 employees, and Intel, with 4,368. The rest of Oregon's top ten employers are banks, hospitals, temporary labor contractors, the phone company, and McDonald's, which employs 4,010 people.

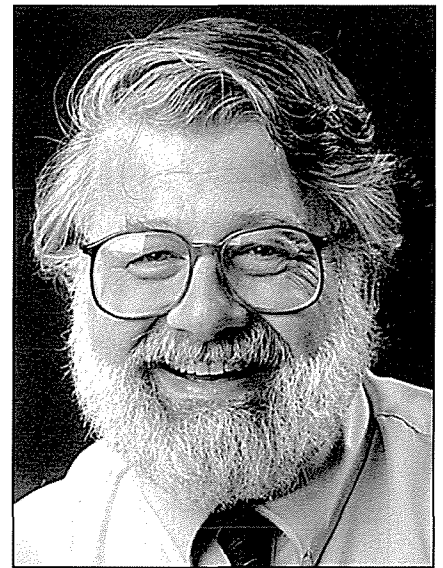
The once-potent wood-products industry is relegated to a distant second, and the trend is clear. Wood-products employment is declining. Service industry employment is growing faster than non-wood-products-related manufacturing, particularly outside Portland's metropolitan area. Most of the new jobs are created by small businesses employing less than fifty people.

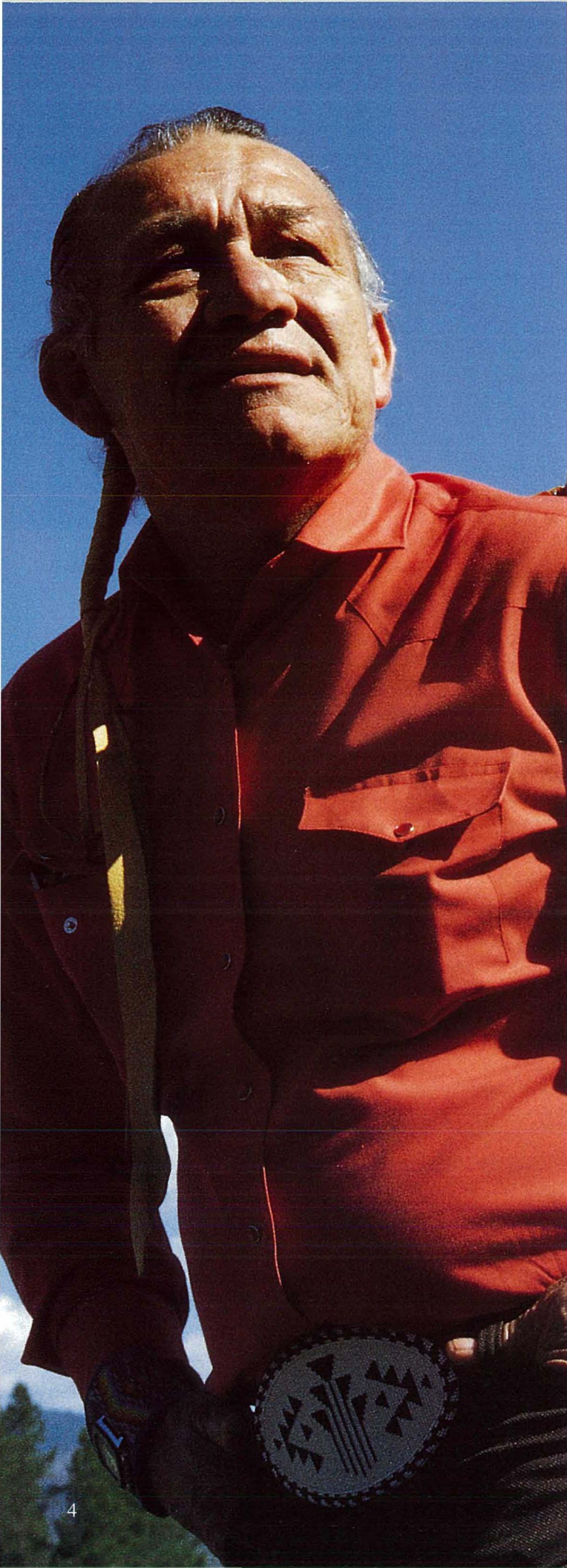
Obsessed with the narrow preoccupations of campaign contributors, the legislature continues to chant the mantra of "no new taxes." Legislators fail to make the politically painful decisions required to reform the tax system and equitably finance public education as the state's economy shifts from brawn-power to brain-power.

Following two decades of tax shifting—from business property and corporate taxes to residential property and personal income taxes—Oregonians are realizing that previous "tax reform" was a shift, not a gift. No tax reform has any chance at the polls unless it reverses that shift and broadens the number of people paying taxes. Oregon's tax system needs reform, even if Oregonians want to limit government to the funds allowed under Measure 5. Oregon has too many discount passengers on her ship of state, and the remaining full fare passengers want more people to share the bill.



Russell Sadler is an Oregon journalist and lecturer. He is also an instructor at Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, Oregon, and a regular columnist for the Medford Mail Tribune.





Landless Tribes

Termination of the Klamath Reservation

by Doug Foster

This year marks the fortieth anniversary of the federal government's final push to assimilate American Indians into mainstream society. "Termination" of selected Indian tribes, such as the Klamath, severed their trust relationship with the government; eliminated their reservations; denied them health, education, and assistance benefits given federally recognized Indians; often compelled liquidation of tribal assets; and effectively ended tribal sovereignty. Termination impacted the Klamath Indians of southern Oregon more than any other terminated tribe in the country. More than sixty percent of the 1.36 million acres of tribal land lost during the termination period belonged to the Klamath Tribes.¹

You have to have a sense of humor if you're Indian . . . All we have left is humility and humor; they took everything else," says Lynn Schonchin, history teacher at Chiloquin High School (Klamath County), master of ceremonies for Indian rodeos and pow-wows, and Klamath Tribal Council member.² Schonchin—whose great-great-grandfather, Schonchin John, was one of the war chiefs executed by the government during the Modoc Indian War of 1873—grew up on his grandparents' Sprague River Valley ranch northeast of Klamath Falls in the heart of what was once the vast Klamath Indian Reservation. At 1.1 million acres, the reservation was once the biggest in Oregon.

Schonchin's extended family and other Klamaths once owned most of the ranches in the valley. They branded cattle and hayed cooperatively. They hunted deer or gaffed "mullet", an indigenous sucker fish—the spawning runs of which were once "so thick you could walk across their backs in the river."³ Nearly all the ranches in the Sprague River Valley are now owned by non-Indians. The deer herd has dwindled to one-tenth of its former size. The mullet are now listed on the federal endangered species list.⁴

Photo by Natalie Brown

Termination cost the Klamaths 862,000 acres of tribal land.⁵ According to Charles Wilkinson, law professor at the University of Colorado, Boulder: "It was the worst termination. The Klamaths lost more than any other tribe." Wilkinson was advisor to the Klamaths during the 1970s and is the leading national expert on termination/restoration law.⁶

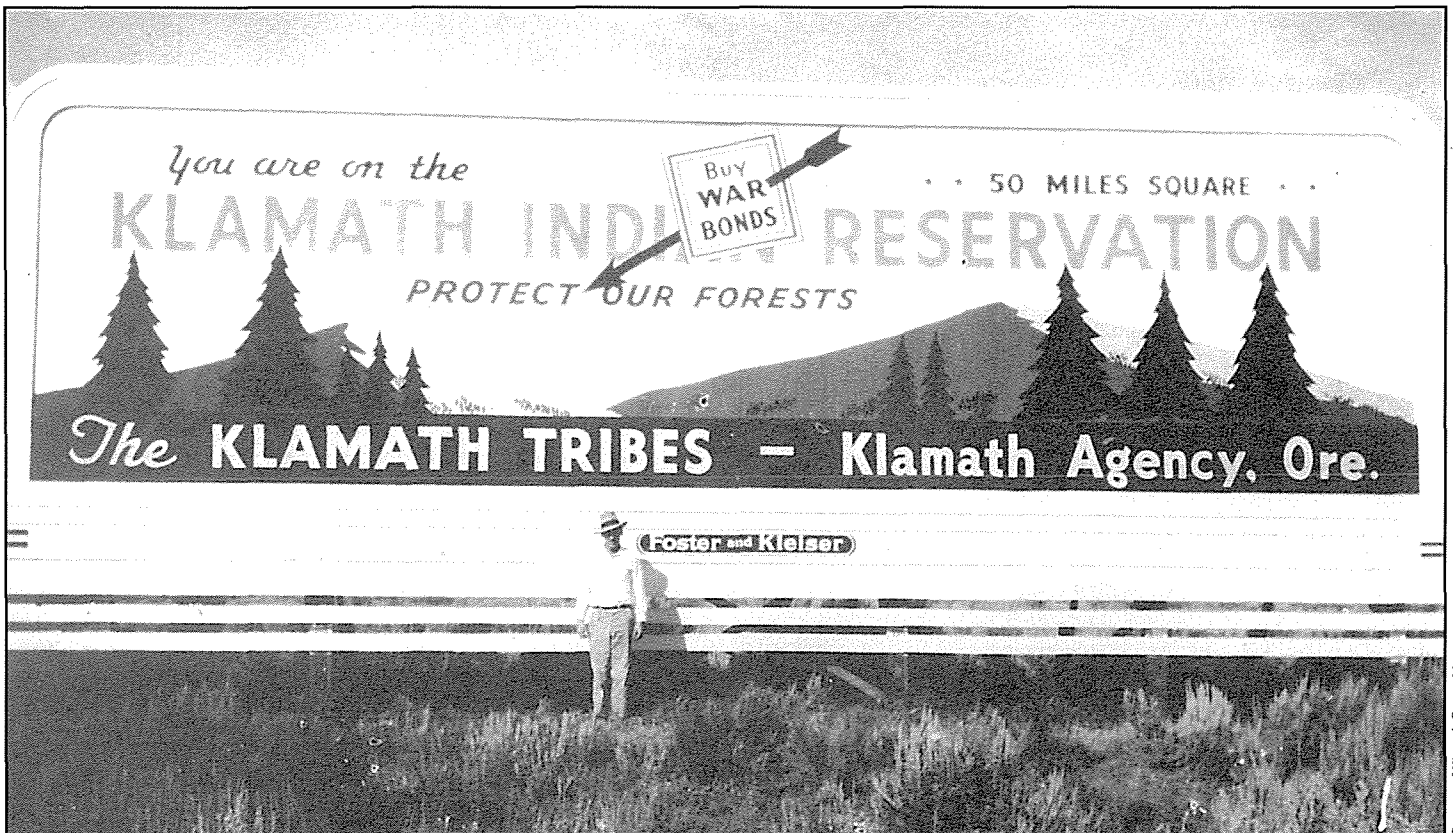
In 1864, the Klamaths—consisting of three separate tribes: Klamaths, Modocs, and the Yahooskin band of Snake Indians—signed the Treaty of Council Grove. Through the treaty, the United States assumed a trust obligation for the Klamath Tribes. The Klamaths, in turn, relinquished over twenty-million acres of their ancestral land, retaining only a million acres for a reservation.⁷ This reservation lay in the high, dry, and windy plateau east of the Cascade Range, and more than eighty percent was covered with commercial stands of Ponderosa and Sugar Pine.⁸

Commercial timber harvesting on the reservation began in 1910, and by 1926, the Klamaths were able to make per-capita payments of seven-hundred dollars to each tribal member from timber receipts.⁹ Measured in timber assets, the Klamaths were one of the richest tribes in the country.¹⁰ By the 1950s, the Klamaths were nearly self-sufficient. They established their own tribal social services program and reimbursed the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) for most reservation administration costs.¹¹ Because of their vast timber holdings, and since only ten percent of tribal members relied on government assistance, the Klamaths were deemed "progressive" and thus appropriate for termination.¹²

The Congress spoke euphemistically of termination as a program to free Indians from federal supervision. In effect, however, termination abruptly ended the special federal/tribal relationship. It was hoped withdrawal of federal services would integrate Indians into mainstream society; but this also implied the ultimate destruction of tribal cultures and lifestyles.

Although a small, vocal faction of the Klamath Tribes lobbied for termination, elected tribal representatives were opposed to the policy. In 1947, Boyd Jackson, tribal delegate to the Congress, told the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs that "the Klamath Indians want to keep the reservation as their home."¹³ In 1953, Boyd again pleaded with subcommittee members, telling them that the Klamaths did not ask for termination, and that they feared they would lose their land. Subcommittee Chairman Arthur Watkins—who oversaw the elimination of treaty-based health and education benefits—told the tribal delegate: "We are not trying to take anything away from you. We are trying to give you something you have not had in the past."¹⁴

**"It was the worst termination.
The Klamaths lost more than
any other tribe."**



Far left, Lynn Schonchin sees a bright future for the Klamaths, provided federal lands within the former reservation are returned to the tribe.

Above, This billboard during World War II announced the boundary of the Klamath Indian Reservation, then the largest in Oregon.

Courtesy of Klamath County Museum



Photo by Natalie Brown

Above, Gordon Bettles, cultural heritage specialist, carries the tribal staff and the American flag in front of the Klamath tribal headquarters—leased space in a former mill outside of Chiloquin.

Far right, Edison Chiloquin steadfastly refused to accept payment for the sale of tribal land. The Congress later awarded him, in trust, a 580-acre ancestral site, which is now used for tribal ceremonies.

In 1954, the area director for the BIA's Portland office, Morgan Pryse, told the Congress he believed the Klamaths would lose their land shortly after termination because they had not had "the experience of making a living and providing for taxes and also withstanding the pressure of people to buy their property."¹⁵ Superintendent of the Klamath Reservation Erastus Diehl confirmed that the Klamath Tribal Executive Committee had voted to reject the termination bill on September 29, 1953. Nonetheless, in 1954, the Congress passed Public Law 587 (the Klamath Termination Act), terminating the Klamath Tribes and their reservation.¹⁶

Little was done to inform or prepare the Klamaths for the calamitous changes affected by termination. In 1956, BIA Commissioner Glenn Emmons, upon meeting with the Tribal Executive Committee, was surprised to discover that only a few members realized that the law had ended tribal benefits and that there would be "no more per-capita payments."¹⁷ A 1956 Stanford Research Institute report confirmed the Klamaths were confused about termination, and that many believed they could sell their share of tribal lands and still remain in the tribes.¹⁸

Although Klamath tribal members were never allowed to vote on termination, they were permitted one vote after termination in order to determine whether they wished cash payment for their share of tribal assets or to remain and continue owning tribal land collectively. Half the tribal members at that time were

age twenty or younger,¹⁹ and the prospect of a very large lump-sum payment was popular among the younger set.²⁰ Seventy-eight percent (1,659 members) elected to withdraw and, in 1961, were paid \$43,000 each.²¹

Of the original 1,659 withdrawing tribal members, nearly 1,200 had their shares placed in trusts or guardianships—due to age or alleged incompetency—which should have alerted the Congress to reconsider its decision to terminate the Klamaths.²² For the 473 tribal members electing to remain, the government set aside 140,000 acres of the former reservation and selected the U.S. National Bank to manage the land. According to Wilkinson, the decision making a bank trustee for ancestral Indian land was completely improper.²³ By 1972, the remaining members did elect to sell the land and were paid sums of over \$100,000 each—a larger amount because of inflating land values.²⁴

A 1966 BIA report to the Congress on the effect of termination, based on a sample survey of ten percent of tribal members, concluded that lump-sum payments at termination were commonly used for "domestic needs such as . . . medical expenses, automobiles, home improvements, household furnishings and housing." The report did show, however, that within four years after the monies were paid out, nearly forty percent of those withdrawing tribal members who had received cash had none of the money left.²⁵

Many Klamaths later claimed of being cheated by merchants who sold goods at inflated prices. After 1972 hearings held in Klamath Falls, the Seattle Regional Office of the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) issued a report citing “substantial evidence” that Klamaths had been “subjected to unfair and deceptive practices” by the local non-Indian business community. The report went on to say that the Klamaths lacked necessary business and investor skills and were ill-prepared to utilize the large termination payments for long-term economic benefit.²⁶ Two economists studying the Klamath termination concluded that, generally, “individual Klamaths received few lasting economic benefits from termination.”²⁷

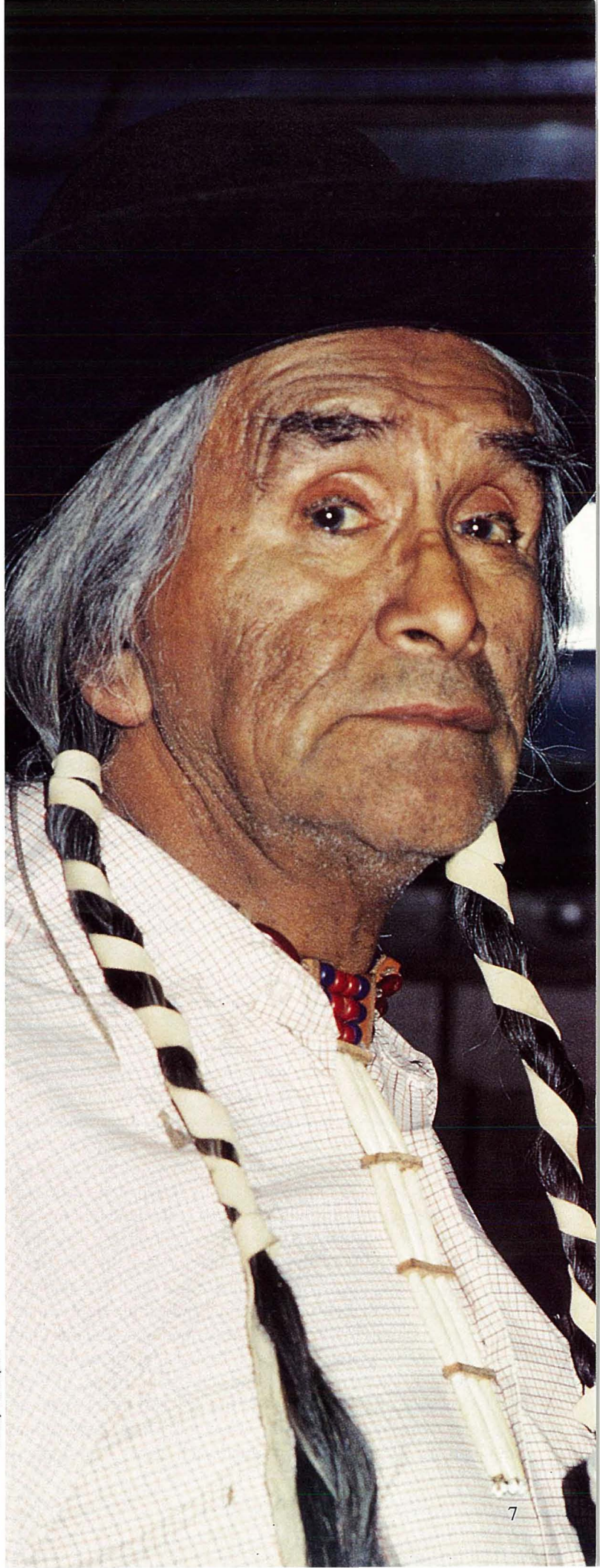
Edison Chiloquin—whose grandfather, Chil-o-que-nas, was one of the signers of the 1864 treaty—refused to accept any money. With accrued interest, the amount owed him grew to \$273,000, but he still refused, asserting that “we do not sell land.” Instead, Chiloquin asked the government to set aside the traditional Pla’ikni village site on the Sprague River for tribal ceremonial and educational use. In 1980, in lieu of money, the Congress passed the Edison Chiloquin Act, placing 580 acres of Forest Service land in trust in Chiloquin’s name.²⁸

**Little was done to
inform or prepare the
Klamaths for the
calamitous changes
affected by termination.**

Termination precipitated an exodus from the former reservation and forced many to struggle for a living in the “mainstream.” Between 1954 and 1972, seventeen percent of tribal members moved to urban areas throughout Oregon, while six percent moved out of state.²⁹ By 1989, about thirty-eight percent of tribal members lived in Oregon cities outside Klamath County—Portland, Salem, Medford, Eugene, and Bend. However, Klamaths who moved to cities often fared no better than those who stayed on the former reservation. Unemployment and poverty among Klamaths in Portland’s metropolitan area was as high as for those who had stayed on the former reservation.³⁰ Of termination, Lynn Schonchin relates:

What it did to the tribe, that was even more horrible. To see our tribe, we broke apart, we moved away, family units broke down, some folks went through the loss of identity, they didn’t feel comfortable with who they were. I can remember going to Indian rodeos...and being told at a couple of them that us Klamaths couldn’t participate in an all-Indian rodeo because we were terminated. I mean, even the [other] tribes looked at us as, “You’re not Indian any more.” And that’s basically what the Termination Act said, “They will no longer be Indians.” How do you deal with that? You can’t change who you are.³¹

Photo by Wes Chapman



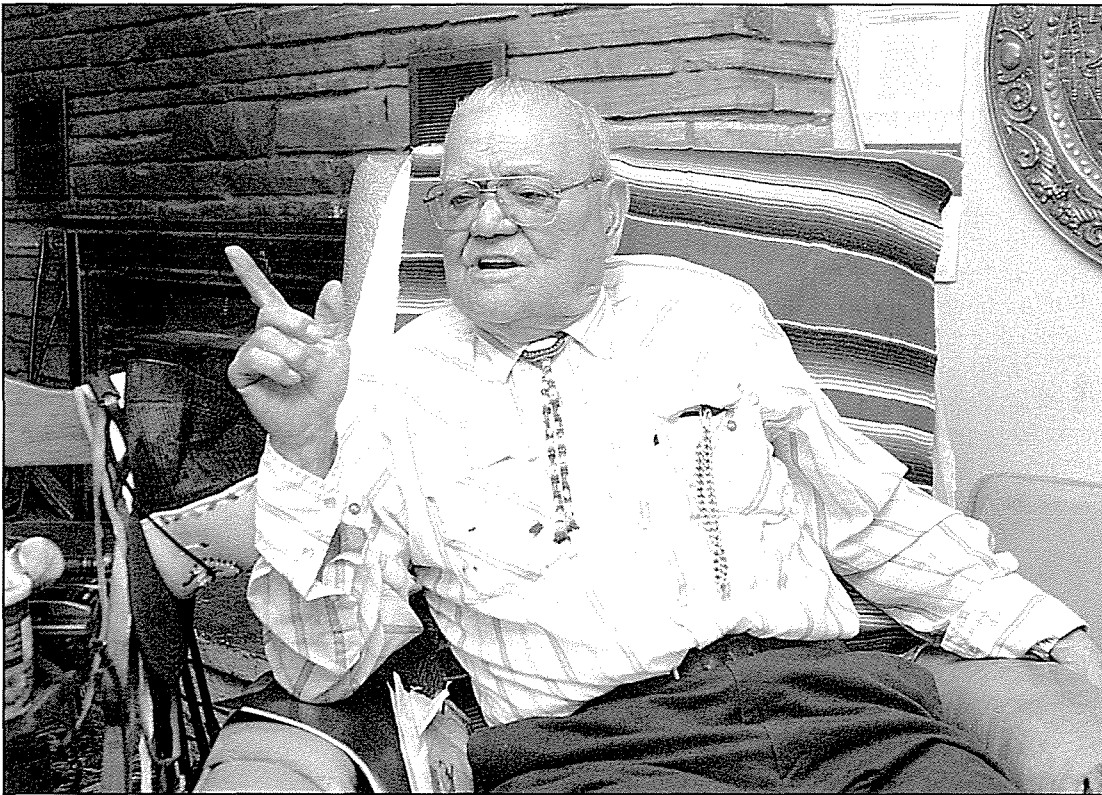


Photo by Natalie Brown

Dibbon Cook, now ninety-two, served as tribal secretary for nearly forty years. In the 1950s, he testified to the United States Congress that termination would be harmful to his people.

**To be sure,
the Klamath
Tribes have
treaty hunting
and fishing
rights, but
they still have
no reservation.**

While other American Indians called them “sell outs,” many local non-Indians believed that termination payments were “gifts” from the public or “special treatment.”³² Former Tribal Chairman Tom Ball says: “We were told by the Indians that we weren’t Indians and by the whites that we weren’t white.”³³

Thirty-five years after termination, the Klamaths are a group of people living at the lowest levels of the economic ladder. The Klamath Tribes’ well-documented, two-volume 1989 Needs Assessment found that 46.4 percent of Klamaths were unemployed (the rate for Oregon was then 8.5 percent), that 57.9 percent of Klamaths lived below the poverty line (Oregon, 10.7 percent), that the average life expectancy for Klamaths was thirty-nine years (Oregon, 78.5 years), and that 29.3 percent of all Klamath households had two to five families living in one house.³⁴

The Klamaths nonetheless maintain a strong cultural identity, and their devotion to traditional subsistence hunting and fishing has led the way to tribal reorganization. Says Schonchin: “It was the wildlife there that kept us connected to our past, connected to our culture.”³⁵ However, for many years after termination, the Oregon State Police arrested those Klamaths who still observed the traditional tribal custom of year-round hunting and fishing—even though the Klamath Termination Act expressly states that it would not “abrogate” such treaty rights.³⁶ After a long legal battle, the federal courts ruled in 1974 that the Klamaths never lost their treaty hunting and fishing rights on the former reservation. In 1979, the courts ruled that Klamaths had the legal right to as much water on former reservation lands as was needed to protect their hunting and fishing rights. In these legal test cases, the Klamaths did not seek exclusive rights to hunt and fish on federal land within the former reservation, although the 1864 treaty confirmed such rights. Non-Indians

may now hunt under Oregon law, and tribal members may hunt under tribal rules and regulations.³⁷

During the 1970s and 1980s, the Klamaths began operating the Klamath Game Commission to self-regulate their treaty hunting and fishing rights, as well as to set and enforce their own harvest regulations. It employs staff biologists to research the wildlife catastrophes that have occurred on the former reservation, including the precipitous declines in deer and mullet fish.

As the Klamaths were reorganizing to regulate their treaty hunting and fishing rights during this time, the federal government was making a major shift in its policy toward American Indians. The United States government generally vacillated in policies affecting indigenous peoples—veering from support for tribal sovereignty to pressure for assimilation, then veering back. The pendulum began to swing away from assimilation in the late 1960s.³⁸ In 1970, President Richard Nixon officially repudiated the policy of termination.³⁹ Later in the 1970s, the government even opted to “restore” tribes which had been terminated in the 1950s. In 1986, the Congress passed legislation restoring the Klamath Tribes, and once more they became “federally recognized” and eligible for BIA benefits.⁴⁰

The 2,800 members of the Klamath Tribes are now served by 115 full-time employees, including thirty-seven tribal health employees. The tribal budget has now grown to six-million dollars annually. The Klamaths own a two-story building in Klamath Falls where their tribal health service is located, as well as a fish hatchery and thirteen cemetery sites. To be sure, the Klamath Tribes have treaty hunting and fishing rights, but they still have no reservation.⁴¹ According to one tribal member, it is “oppressive” to have rights to the fish and game and the water, and not to the former reservation land itself.⁴²

In December 1993, the Klamaths announced that they would ask the Congress to return all federal lands within the former reservation—more than 650,000 acres, including one-half of the Winema National Forest. The request lies at the heart of the tribes' Economic Self-Sufficiency Plan, a planning process mandated by the Congress. Their long-term goal is to restore tribal members to an income level roughly equal to the national average, which was their status in 1954 before termination.⁴³

The primary question the Klamaths must address is: Why should the Klamaths be given back land for which they have already been paid? "What was done was morally unjust," says Tom Ball, "whether we got paid or not." He continues: "Restoration... will never pay for the lives lost, the psychological and spiritual damage to the people. It won't pay for the damage to the forest and the water and the wildlife."⁴⁴ According to Professor Charles Wilkinson, the money paid did not compensate for the loss of federal benefits or the new state property tax burdens, the loss of tribal government authority, or the psychological costs of "not being an Indian anymore." He continues: "There won't really be restoration, not in any fair sense, until the land is returned. It is the only fair result."⁴⁵

Lynn Schonchin, in describing his feelings about the former reservation, reveals reasons deeper than economics why the Klamaths want their ancestral land returned:

To go out there and just sit... it makes me feel good, just the smell of the trees or to see the water or to see wildlife... if I'm separated from that I don't feel very good. I honestly feel my whole spiritual being is centered on that land.⁴⁶



Doug Foster is an attorney, free-lance writer, and historian living in Ashland, Oregon.

ENDNOTES

1. Charles Wilkinson and Eric Biggs, "The Evolution of the Termination Policy," *American Indian Law Review* 1 (1977): 151.
2. Lynn Schonchin, interview by author, Ashland, Ore., 27 July 1993.
3. Lynn Schonchin, unpublished interview transcript, Southern Oregon Historical Society, Medford, Ore. (1993), 1-4, 17-19, 43-45.
4. *Ibid.*, 4, 17, 56, 74.
5. Wilkinson and Biggs, 151.

Right, After World War II, advocates of tribal termination ran many alluring newspaper ads promising a better life after termination. Below, In 1953, tribal leaders sat at this conference table in the Klamath Council House and voted against termination. Today this abandoned building—and everything else in the Klamath Agency, the former reservation headquarters—is privately owned by a non-Indian.



Photo by Wes Chapman

Courtesy of Dibbon Cook

★ STRAW VOTE ★

Should the Klamath Indians Receive FULL CITIZENSHIP?

The Klamath Indians have been wards of the government for eighty-two years; their property and money politically controlled.

Article 13: A Bill introduced by Senators Wayne and Charles McNary, will confer full citizenship upon the Indians of the Klamath Reservation. The proposed Indians of the Reservation and prominent citizens of Klamath County endorse the principles involved in the Bill.

The Bill carries out the recommendations of the report of House Committee 125, 75th Congress, 1st Session, and Senate Report No. 218 of the 75th Congress, 1st Session. The House Report recommends to the Congress:

"However, your committee does feel that the time has come when a procedure should be enacted for legislation whereby the individual American Indian who has the capacity and desire to move from his present status into the ranks of the full citizenship should be permitted to do so upon presentation of his request and a demonstration of his ability to free himself from the restrictions and privileges of his special status."

Senate Report No. 218 recommends to the Congress:

"For the supervision of Indian interests under the National Forest Administration.

"Eliminate federal trust over all individual Indian lands, including those in national forests. This will free the Indian owners to become responsible citizens, either within the reservation or elsewhere. It will enable them to take their place in their communities without the stigma that attaches to them in either status, and will at the same time free the communities to build up through the participation and to the advantage of all their people. This will eliminate a large item in the administration of Indian property, and save the government several millions dollars."

For the fiscal year 1916, the taxes paid by the Indians of the Klamath Reservation to the federal government for Reservation administration is \$251,000, a per capita cost of \$411.00.

Superintendent Connelley's report as of March 31, 1944, states:

"For every city near the Klamath have dressed and lived like their white neighbors. All speak, read and write English... Their children attend the public and other schools."

"Generally speaking, the Klamaths live much above the average of other Indians in the United States and, to some degree, better than their white neighbors... They dress like white people, their homes are modern, many with electric current, waterworks and sewer systems, equipped with modern labor-saving devices. They own many of the latest types of farm and ranch equipment such as tractors, trucks, radios, etc., and even the better grade of livestock."

The Klamath Indians have brought over \$100,000.00 in War Bonds they work in defense plants. They have fought for freedom and democracy in the two World Wars. They have fought and died for their country. They have served their own and other Americans. They are citizens in every respect except their property rights which in many political maneuvers are by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The location by the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the national meeting of their land and nation interests in violation of their property. The American Indians do not enjoy the rights and privileges of the American people.

Should the Indians of the Klamath Reservation receive full citizenship?

Express Your Honest Opinion, VOTE—

YES ☒ NO ☒

Mail This Ballot to The Progressive Indian Canon, Care of William Steen, Prineville, Oregon.

6. Charles Wilkinson, telephone interview by author, 2 Nov. 1993.
7. Schonchin, unpublished interview transcript, 58. See also Wilkinson telephone interview.
8. W.T. Trulove and David Bunting, "Some Experiences with Guaranteed Incomes and Lump Sum Payments: The Case of the Klamath Indians." Paper presented at the 137th meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 26 Dec. 1970. The Klamath Indians Miscellaneous Papers. Southern Oregon State College (n.d.), 4-5.
9. Theodore Stern, *The Klamath Tribe* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1965), 153.
10. Trulove and Bunting, 5.
11. W.T. Trulove and David Bunting, "The Economic Impact of Federal Indian Policy: Incentives and Response of the Klamath Indians." Paper presented at the Western Economic Association Annual Conference, 30 Aug. 1971. The Klamath Indians Miscellaneous Papers. Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, Ore. (undated), 16. See also Schonchin, unpublished interview transcript, 31.
12. Donald Fixico, *Termination and Relocation, Federal Indian Policy, 1945-1960* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1986), 17, 116.
13. U.S. Senate. 1947. Committee on Public Lands. Klamath Indians, Oregon: Hearings on S.R. 1222, part 1, 137. 80th Cong., 1st sess.
14. U.S. Congress. 1954. Subcommittees on Indian Affairs, Committees on Interior and Insular Affairs. Termination of Federal Supervision Over Certain Tribes of Indians: Joint Hearings on S.R. 2745 and H.R. 7320, part 4, 259, 267. 83d Cong., 2d sess.
15. *Ibid.*, 217.
16. U.S. Public Law 587. 25th Cong. The Klamath Termination Act of 1954, section 564.
17. Fixico, 123-124.
18. Stanford Research Institute, "Preliminary Planning for Termination of Federal Control over the Klamath Indian Tribe." Project I-1440 (Apr. 1956), 25, 28-29.
19. Charles Crane Brown, "Identification of Selected Problems of Indians Residing in Klamath County, Oregon: An Examination of Data Generated since Termination of the Klamath Reservation" (Ph.D. diss., University of Oregon, Dec. 1973), 7. See also Stern, 187.
20. Fixico, 123.
21. Trulove and Bunting, "The Economic Impact . . .," 15, 17. See also Fixico, 131.
22. Trulove and Bunting, 15. See also Stern, 254.
23. Wilkinson, telephone interview by author, 2 Nov. 1993.
24. Seattle Regional Office of the Federal Trade Commission. 1972. "Consumer Problems of the Klamath Indians—A Call for Action." Report to the Seattle Regional Office of the Federal Trade Commission. 8.
25. Trulove and Bunting, 19-21.
26. Seattle Regional Office Report, 3, 5, 6, 26. See also Schonchin, 32-33.
27. Trulove and Bunting, 17.
28. Edison Chiloquin, interview by author, Chiloquin, Ore., 30 Oct. 1993.
29. Brown, 53-54. See also Schonchin, 13.
30. Francis B. Caldwell, "Summary of Economic and Community Developments Section of the Klamath Tribes Comprehensive Needs Assessment." Unpublished report, Apr. 1989, 7, 29-31, demographic profile page in the Executive Summary.
31. Schonchin, 27.
32. Brown, 19.
33. Tom Ball, interview by author, Klamath Falls, Ore., 16 Nov. 1993.
34. Caldwell, 15, demographic profile page.
35. Schonchin, 64.
36. Chuck Kimbol, interview by author, Klamath Falls, Ore., 14 Oct. 1993.
37. *Kimball v. Callahan*, 493 F. 2d 564 (1974). See also *United States v. Adair*, 478 F. Supp. 336 (1979).
38. Wilkinson and Biggs, 139-141.
39. Fixico, 201.
40. Ball.
41. Tom Ball, interview by author, Klamath Falls, Ore., 5 Oct. 1993.
42. Elwood Miller, interview by author, Chiloquin, Ore., 8 Oct. 1993.
43. Roberta Ulrich, "Regaining Their Heritage." *The Oregonian*, 13 Dec. 1993, 1.
44. Ball interview, 5 Oct. 1993.
45. Wilkinson, telephone interview.
46. Schonchin, 72, 73.

Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience

Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History
Jacksonville, Oregon

The seemingly innocent hobby of collecting American Indian artifacts is explored in the Southern Oregon Historical Society's new permanent exhibit *Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience*, an examination of current issues surrounding collection of American Indian cultural items. Using an interactive format, the exhibit highlights artifacts from the Society's American Indian collection to illustrate the history of southern Oregon's indigenous peoples and to set the stage for a unique look at issues confronting modern-day collectors. *Politics of Culture* examines the viewpoints of private collectors, archaeologists, museum curators, and American Indians, and it focuses on concerns regarding destruction of prehistoric cultural resources.

Recent federal legislation and heightened social awareness have forced explorers and collectors to develop greater respect for the rights of America's earliest inhabitants and of their historical record. Oregon has led the way in such legislation with statutes protecting artifacts, whether located on state or private lands; but there is much more to be accomplished on national levels.

Collectors value artifacts in terms of aesthetic or monetary value, craftsmanship, uniqueness, etc. In the past, however, collecting was often done indiscriminately, without regard to context and the sacred attributes of the site or object. Are collectors socially obligated to share their visual riches with society, and are they morally obligated to return sacred artifacts to their intended burial places?

Museums value artifacts as they relate to the institution's mission, such as collecting and preserving relevant artifacts and making them available for research for future generations. However, do museums have the right to acquire and hold cultural artifacts? Can curators accurately interpret artifacts from a culture to which they do not belong? Such questions go beyond a cursory application of current, "politically correct" devices. They go to the heart of new dialogues among artifact collectors, archaeologists, curators, and American Indians.

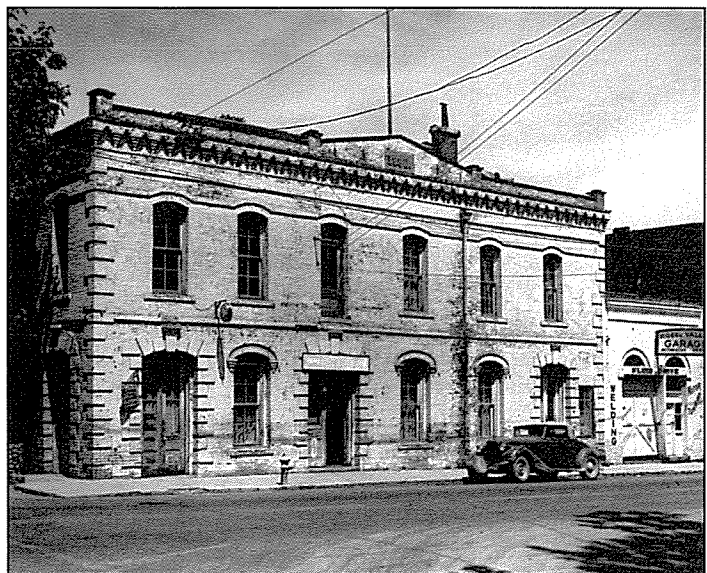
Greater understanding about this country's earliest peoples has primarily been provided by responsible archaeologists, who have valued artifacts in context and examined the relationships between artifacts and the cultural environment. By examining objects and remains *in situ*, archaeologists develop more accurate insights into the daily lives of native peoples.

Within the American Indian communities, one constant remains: respect for sacred objects and remains is of recurrent importance. Recognition and appreciation for that importance must originate from collectors, archaeologists, and curators. The goals of the exhibit *Politics of Culture*, and related discussion sessions, are to present ways explorers, both professional and amateur, can accurately and sensitively preserve artifacts of the past for the benefit of everyone's future.

Oregon's "Mr. Historic Preservation"

Interview with Robertson E. Collins

Robertson E. Collins has been a resident of Jacksonville, Oregon, since 1962 and is considered by many to be Oregon's "Mr. Historic Preservation." In a 1989 oral-history interview for the Southern Oregon Historical Society, Collins was asked about the restoration of the U.S. Hotel in Jacksonville (Jackson County) in the mid-1960s. The project became the centerpiece of the town's eventual restoration and 1966 designation as a National Historic Landmark District by the United States Department of the Interior. This issue's "Our Own Voices" features excerpts from the Collins interview.



Built in 1880, the U.S. Hotel had already become one of Jacksonville's more age-worn structures by the mid-1930s. Today, due greatly to Collins' efforts, it again graces California Street in nineteenth-century elegance.

The Department of Housing and Urban Development [HUD] was looking to do model cities in America, and they wanted to do one that was a historic town. We were picked as the model city for history. One of the key elements was the U.S. Hotel. HUD had said they would not touch it; it was too big, and it was condemned at that time. That was going to be our problem, the community's problem. I called Curly Graham one time when he was still mayor: "Curly, you call the U.S. Bank and ask for an appointment with the chairman of the board and tell him you're the mayor of Jacksonville." So he did.

We got an appointment, went to Portland, and said: "We're interested in your perhaps using the U.S. Hotel." They needed the city's approval to have their bank here any place. It finally came down that if we would fix up the floor and the walls and the roof, they would rent that space from us. I said, "That's no problem. We'll form a foundation, separate from HUD, separate from the city. Curly, would you sell the hotel to a foundation?" He said, "For a dollar." The chairman said, "Where are you going to get the money to do this?" I said, "Don't worry. We're going to borrow it from you!"

Nothing was heard for two weeks, but two important local friends were helping: Glenn Jackson was on the board of the U.S. Bank, Ray Reter was on the Northwest Federal Reserve Board, and the bank called down to them to deliver a message to us that they would prepay their rent for ten years, which meant we would get \$25,000 ahead of time. I had, in the meantime, been talking with Alfred Carpenter [local orchardist and philanthropist] who was very interested in the project and in Jacksonville, and Alfred said he would loan the foundation the necessary money. So it was \$50,000. Alfred's lawyer, George Roberts, said, "Alfred, you know this is a very bad loan, there's very little likely prospect that you're going to get your money back." And Alfred said, "I know that."

With that money, plus the bank's money, we restored the hotel. It was a very good job. Walt Pappas was the architect, and he was ingenious. Jack Batzer did the work and it turned out all the engineering problems that were going to cost \$300,000 did not materialize. Jack found a whole new engineering technique. The building used to have chimneys that went up the walls; they routed all the chimneys, filled them with iron rods, blew concrete in, so they built pillars and beams of concrete, reinforced concrete, and that's the way the building is restored. The brick is just sort of hung onto that apparatus. It is an elegant building, and the bank did a beautiful job. They spent a lot more money than their rent or our \$25,000. They also restored the ballroom and the outside hall.

Finally, it opened, and it was the biggest thing in the valley, sensational. The Jacksonville Lions Club had a stake in the hotel, too, because they and others had spent considerable funds on the building too. There were elegant parties. Mrs. Nion Tucker—who owned the *San Francisco Chronicle*—came, Ginger Rogers, all the big corporation people from Portland came, and all of Medford was involved.

The evening of the ball was also the night Frank Carter [a Jacksonville police officer] shot himself in the foot. We were coming down from the hotel, from upstairs, and some cars were racing back and forth, up and down the street; a car went by, fast, at about one o'clock in the morning, and Frank rushed out of the hotel, hollered to them to stop, pulled his gun, and shot himself in the foot. And, no, Alfred never did get his money back.

Robertson E. Collins, then vice chairman of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, presented a program on preservation issues in the restored U.S. Hotel in 1982.

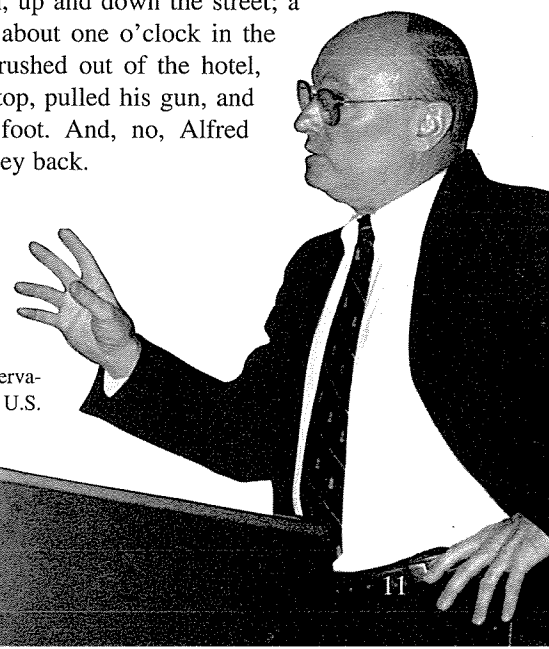


Photo by Doug Smith

Remembering the Golden Journey

by Suzan Ruth Travis-Cline

When Luther Cressman was asked to talk about his body of work in 1979, he said his work was not separable from his life; he would have to talk about both.¹ He was right. His life reflected a wholeness uncommon in the modern world, and he was magnificently successful in both his personal and professional life. After ninety-six fulfilling years, Cressman passed away at his home in Eugene on April 4, 1994. It is, therefore, in a spirit of celebration and admiration that we remember his "Golden Journey."

Cressman is best known for his 1938 discovery of ancient sandals in Fort Rock Cave in eastern Oregon's Lake County. His theory that the sandals were "thousands of years old"—later dated at 9,000 years by radiocarbon techniques—revolutionized knowledge of the first human inhabitants of the Far West. In nearby Paisley Cave—about fifty miles south of Fort Rock Caves and north of Klamath Falls—Cressman later found evidence of human occupation alongside the remains of now-extinct bison, camel, and horse species.

Until radiocarbon dating verified his research, the prevailing belief was that human occupation of the Far West went back no further than 4,000 years. At the time, the now-famous sandals were the oldest directly dated artifacts in North American history. The sandals became internationally famous; the University of Oregon later hailed them as "Oregon's Oldest Running Shoes."

Cressman's archaeological work documented the antiquity of American Indian cultures in Oregon during three decades of field work in every part of the state. At a time when the study of archaeology focused narrowly on artifacts, he brought in experts in historical geology, volcanology, paleontology, and climatology to help date sites and add a multiplicity of data to his evidence. Cressman's interdisciplinary approach has since become a mainstay of archaeological research.

Cressman's deep respect and empathy for the ancient peoples he studied became a hallmark of his work. He reflected on the fear dramatic changes in environment must have caused ancient American Indians and pointed out that even people who

confronted danger and gnawing hunger each day still valued beauty—a quality apparent in their tools and basketry. University of Oregon anthropologist Mel Aikens recalls that "Luther had an ability to empathize with the people that he was thinking about," adding "an emotive or sentimental connotation to his work."²

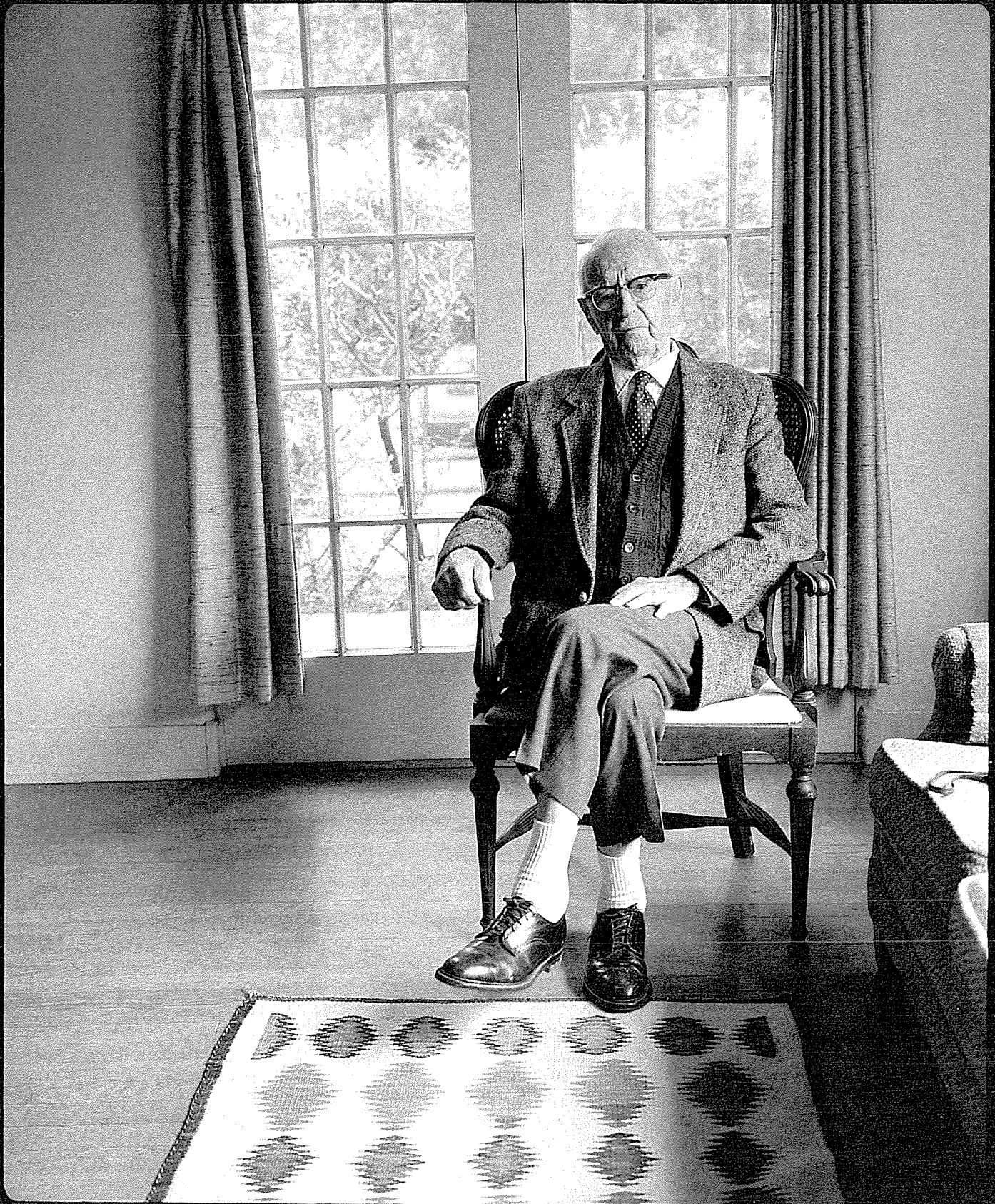
Cressman was born in 1897 to well-educated, professional parents who chose to serve the country people of rural Pennsylvania. His father was a doctor who made house calls, his mother a music teacher. On the family farm, he learned to track animals and understand the natural rhythms of life from the seasons. He later called upon these lessons as he taught himself archaeology and delved into the natural sciences. As a boy, his chance discovery of the remains of a Revolutionary War veteran in a cave foreshadowed his later career.

Cressman majored in the classics at Penn State University and minored in the English poetry he cherished. The breadth of his education was astounding by today's standards and demonstrates his place in a bygone era. Reading his memoirs, however, makes one desire to know more about everything, as he must have. In that sense, his dedication to teaching continues.

Cressman graduated in the wartime class of 1918. A thoughtful and sensitive man, he was deeply troubled by the prospect of killing others and horrified by the spectacle of an entire generation of men committing suicide on the battlefields of Europe. Faced with the horror of war, Cressman dedicated himself to becoming an Episcopalian priest. He attended General Theological Seminary in New York and ascended to the priesthood in 1923.

However, Cressman's commitment to intellectual freedom chafed the church's conformity and forced him to leave the priesthood four years later. Nonetheless, the qualities that had moved him to join the priesthood—dedication to humanity and to the fulfillment of the human potential—remained, having great impact upon his academic work.

Cressman took his master's and doctorate degrees at Columbia University in New York. He studied sociology and took a minor in anthropology. As a young man, he was engaged



Luther Cressman • 1897-1994

Photo by Paul Neveel

to the anthropologist Margaret Mead for six years and was her husband for five. The two were at the center of an exciting intellectual group at Columbia during a time when sociology and anthropology were new areas of study.

In 1925, Mead spent a year in American Samoa doing field work, while Cressman traveled in Europe on a fellowship, trying to sort out their strained marriage and his personal life. This year of travel, reflection, and study convinced him that he could not devote his life to the priesthood. In 1928, the couple divorced at Mead's request. Although Cressman was opposed to the divorce, he was proud to have been a source of support and encouragement for Mead during her formative years. In her autobiography, *Blackberry Winter*, Mead referred to Cressman as her "student husband," a term he said "really graveled me."³

With customary grace, Cressman maintained, in his words, a "comradeship" with Mead until her death in 1978. When her research came under attack in 1983, Cressman was her most convincing and steadfast defender. In a letter to the editor published in *The New York Times*, he pointed out that Mead's popularization of anthropology created the positions from which both her admirers and detractors arose.

Cressman's deep respect and empathy for the ancient peoples he studied became a hallmark of his work.

In the *Times* letter, Cressman referred to the constraints against which Mead struggled as she worked to convince first her father to let her attend college, and then her adviser to let her do field study outside North America as male students had been allowed, (at twenty-three, she was the first woman anthropologist to do so when she went to Samoa). Cressman wrote: "She had the firm conviction that she could establish and hold her place in the profession with men. Her record proves she was right and in the doing she became a pioneer in the Women's Movement. We all are indebted to her in some degree."⁴ Among the avalanche of mail that Cressman received in response to his letter, an admirer from the Bronx put it best. "My immediate response to your article," she wrote, "was how well Margaret Mead chose her first husband."⁵

Following the breakup of his first marriage in 1928, Cressman married Dorothy Cecilia Loch, a woman whom he had met during his travels in Europe. To make a new start, the couple chose the vast West as their home, settling in Eugene, Oregon. Their mutual love of poetry united them, and they engaged in a love affair that lasted nearly fifty years and raised a daughter. In 1929, Cressman began the first of thirty-four years at the University of Oregon as professor of sociology and, later, anthropology. In 1935, he formed the University's Anthropology Department, which he headed. He later founded the Museum of Natural History.

Cecilia's active interest and support was recognized by many of Cressman's colleagues as a key to his success. Among her keepsakes, she kept a letter of thanks from the eminent scientist Robert J. Oppenheimer, who had been a guest in their

home. Oppenheimer came to the University of Oregon as part of the Condon Lecture Series, which Cressman had also established.

The Cressmans often invited visitors to share the hospitality of their home, and they were as often hosts to non-academic "outsiders" as to the prominent. Bill Berry, president of the Portland chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was once invited to speak in Lane County at a time when Eugene's two hotels actively discouraged the patronage of people of color. Cressman said he and Cecilia found it odd that "there was no room at the inn" for the distinguished activist and lecturer and offered their own hospitality.⁶

Luther Cressman believed in the natural flow of life. While engaged in one project, he concentrated completely without allowing future uncertainties to cloud the present—an outlook that served him well. While planning a rare family fishing trip in 1930, Cressman received a cryptic telegram asking him to come to Gold Hill in Jackson County to "open tombs." He had no idea what the message meant, but the ever-reliable Cecilia encouraged him to take the bait.

The "tombs" turned out to be ancient burial sites in the wheat field of an observant Gold Hill farmer. Cressman found extraordinary obsidian blades, each a foot long, ceremonial stone pipes, and shell beads from clothing long since disintegrated. He began to instruct himself in archaeology that warm June day as the earth yielded the ancient treasures. He had never taken a class in archaeology, but the Gold Hill episode marked a forty-year process through which Cressman painstakingly pieced together archaeological evidence in search of the ancient artifacts' practical uses. The Gold Hill site gave birth to an extraordinary career in archaeology.

As Cressman harnessed his empathy for peoples of antiquity—as well as his vivid imagination—the results revolutionized knowledge of ancient Oregon. On the basis of empirical natural science—particularly volcanology—Cressman claimed that the sagebrush sandals he discovered at Fort Rock in 1938 were "several thousand years old," a theory that flew in the face of the predominant belief that Oregon was a mere backwater in Far West archaeological history.⁷

Throughout the country, but particularly in the East, Cressman's contention that humans had occupied Oregon thousands of years ago was met with scorn, disbelief, and attacks. Nonetheless, he stood by his research. Retired archaeologist David Cole remembers participating in an excavation in the 1940s that included graduate students from Washington and Idaho. The other students treated the Oregon contingents as "second-class citizens," Cole relates, because they studied with Luther Cressman.⁸

Despite the barbs, Dr. Theodore Stern, Cressman's colleague for more than forty years, remembers the meticulous research that had won Cressman converts, even before carbon-14 dating. "The way in which he painstakingly built up his evidence gave him a good deal of support," Stern remembers. "Luther had presented his material in such an extensive and well-documented form."⁹

When his theory regarding the antiquity of human occupation of the Pacific Northwest proved correct, Cressman became one of the region's most important historians. He did not, however, think



Cressman at University of Oregon, Eugene, 1937

in terms of the boundaries he was crossing. Cressman's work flowed with ease between the social and natural sciences—he eschewed narrow boundaries for the wholeness of the big picture.

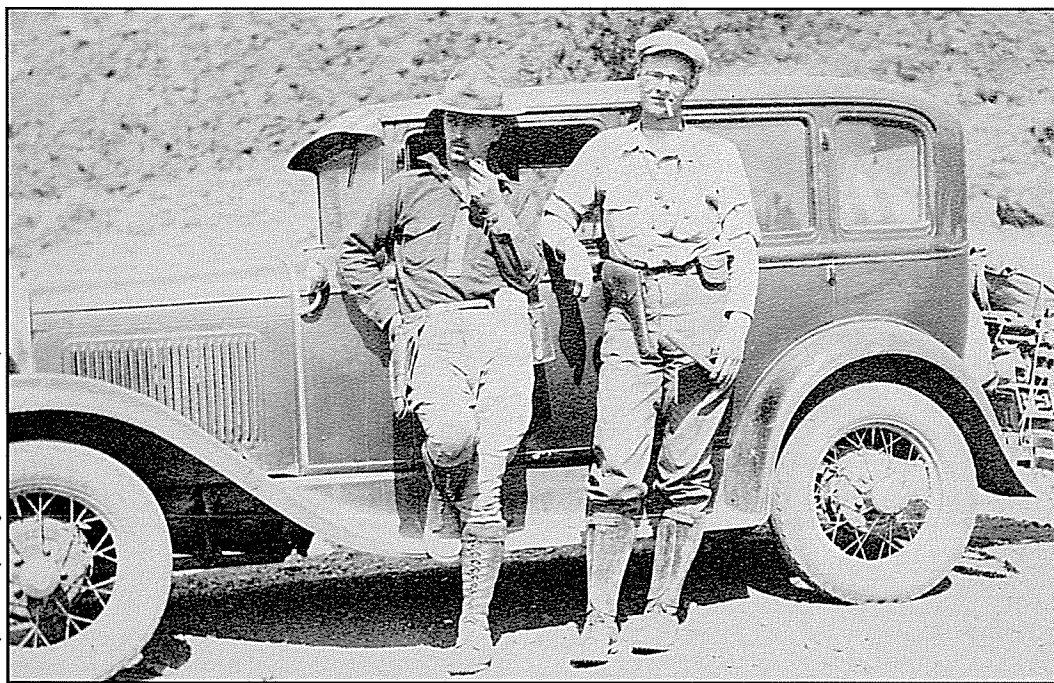
Cressman was a meticulous researcher. He was also a dedicated teacher and insisted that senior faculty members, including himself, teach beginning classes. He was often presented with opportunities to attain substantial income by writing anthropology textbooks, but he regularly declined. He feared writing texts would stifle the creativity that improved his introductory classes each year.

Early in his career, Cressman had become aware of the “minefields” dotted throughout the university. As a direct and assertive man, Cressman actively defended his reputation for outstanding teaching before a dean who regularly attempted to soil it. Cressman did not wait for others to act, and he tracked down rumors and confronted the perpetrators before they had had their full effect. In his memoirs, Cressman recalled the “dark days” at the University of Oregon under President Donald Erb when most of the science department was transferred to Oregon

State University and professors wearied of Eugene's stifling intellectual environment. Cressman was gracious, but never passive, and he unfailingly stood up for himself, his colleagues, and his beliefs. When situations warranted, he was not averse to showing temper, as his several bristly encounters with President Erb demonstrated.

Besides a full teaching and research load, Cressman worked at the Museum of Natural History and spent summers at excavation sites. He was active in several public-service projects and was instrumental in establishing the state archives in the 1940s. During World War II, he was chief observer for a volunteer group charged with monitoring the skies for enemy aircraft. Cressman and other volunteers staffed the ground observers' lookout tower twenty-four hours daily. The tower was erected atop the university library, offering less-than-luxurious accommodations during damp winter nights.

Cressman's last official act before retiring from the university in 1963 was to present a dedication address at Fort Rock, site of his famous sandal discovery. (Fort Rock has subsequently been added to the National Register of Historic Places.)



Cressman and research assistant Howard Stafford at Picture Rock Pass, Oregon, 1932

Cressman was a pioneer in the multidisciplinary approach, and his field work over three decades helped to shape many archaeological techniques and interpretations. In recognition of his accomplishments, the noted archaeologist and anthropologist was awarded a National Science Foundation grant, which Cressman applied to his retirement project—writing an ambitious prehistory of the Far West. [“Prehistory” is defined as occurring before the written word].

Initially, a regional press had agreed to publish the work, but the project faced numerous setbacks as Cressman opposed changes he thought detracted from the study. The eminent archaeologist found himself in disagreement with the publisher’s young staff academics who challenged Cressman’s qualifications in selecting scientific experts, experts charged with evaluating his archaeological evidence. Characteristically, Cressman plugged on with patience and good humor, and finally, fourteen years after the project had begun, his seminal *Prehistory of the Far West* was published in 1977 by the University of Utah Press. He dedicated the book to his wife Cecilia, who had died two months prior to the book’s publication. In one of her last lucid moments, Cecilia told her husband:

You have important things to do, to say and write; you must do them and you can. I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and if there is anything after this, I am sure we shall be together. I am going very fast now. The wind is in my hair and I must go.¹¹

Taking these words—the words of a friend and a wife—to heart, Cressman spent the next nine years in the exhausting exercise of writing his memoirs. *A Golden Journey* was published in 1988, with the final chapter offering an open love letter to his beloved wife Cecilia.

A month after Cecilia’s death, Cressman willed their Eugene home to the University of Oregon Foundation and estab-

lished a memorial fund to buy books in the humanities. The endowment was not a demonstration of Cressman’s satisfaction with the university’s past practices and leadership, but rather an illustration of an unquenchable hope for brighter futures.

Although a renowned researcher, Cressman did not approve of the narrowing of the disciplines, nor of the usurpation of solid teaching by the “publish or perish” phenomenon. Nevertheless, the university had been his intellectual center, the focal point from which he completed a life’s work. Above all, Cressman possessed a deeply rooted hope for the future, as well as faith in human potential.

With his professional life behind him, Cressman spent his final years renewing his love of

photography and enjoying the poetry he always cherished.¹² After his death this spring, Dr. Theodore Stern helped to coordinate the April memorial service in Eugene. The service included two poetry readings that Cressman had always carried with him.

Cressman left the world in the same thoughtful, dignified, and straightforward way in which he had lived and worked. His legacy is the groundbreaking work he accomplished and the artifacts of a life well and fully lived. Archaeology, and Oregon, proudly claim Luther Cressman as their own.



Suzan Travis-Cline is a historian and writer living in Vancouver, Washington. Her current project is “Redefining Veterans: An Oral History of Vietnamese-American Women in the Pacific Northwest.” She has been interested in Cressman since her husband, Marcus C. Robbins, helped to process Cressman’s papers in 1988.

ENDNOTES

1. Luther S. Cressman, *A Golden Journey* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1988), 453. Cressman was asked to speak to the Northwest Anthropological Conference, which he had started thirty-two years earlier.
2. Mel Aikens, interview with author, 23 May 1993.
3. Cressman’s memoirs won the Frances Fuller Victor Award for Creative Nonfiction from the Oregon Institute of Literary Arts.
4. “Mead’s First Husband Comes to Her Defense,” *The New York Times*, 3 May 1983, Science Times section.
5. Margaret Mead Controversy Folder, Luther S. Cressman Collection, University of Oregon Archives, Eugene, Oregon.
6. Cressman, 466.
7. Theodore Stern, interviews with author, 21, 31 May 1994.
8. David L. Cole, interview with author, 28 May 1994.
9. Theodore Stern, interview with author, 31 May 1994.
10. Publishing *Prehistory of the Far West* folder, Luther S. Cressman Collection, University of Oregon Archives, Eugene, Oregon.
11. Cressman, 480.
12. Cole interview.

"And the Word shall stand forever"

Family Bible has 418-year history

by Keith Fredrickson

All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

—Isaiah 40:6-8

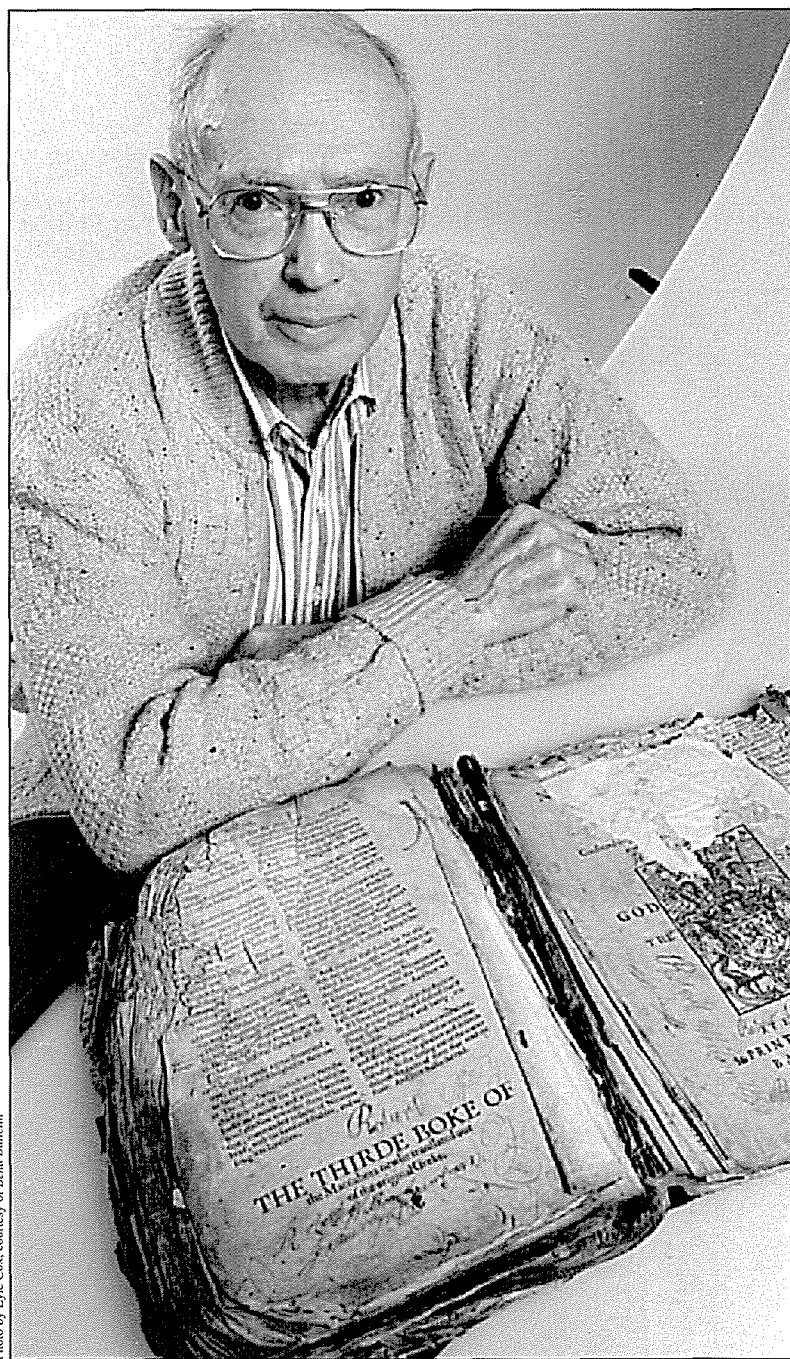
Certainly, the Word will last at least 418 years. That is the age of Wallace Wilson's beloved family Bible, which he plans to give to a long-lost heir it took the Bend man fourteen years and four trips to Scotland to find. Dog-eared and water damaged—but still held together by a chocolate-colored leather cover—the Bible was printed in 1576 by Thomas Bassandyne in Edinburgh, Scotland, and contains the "Geneva" version of the scriptures, predating the King James version by thirty-five years.

For an idea of the book's age, consider that it was published before the first English colony was established in Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, before the Spanish Armada was defeated by a fleet commanded by Sir Francis Drake, before Galileo or Newton, before Bach or Rembrandt. The first English-language Bible ever printed in Scotland, the book has been in the Wilson family since it was printed. It received some acclaim at the turn of the century when it was exhibited in a glass case during the Chicago World's Fair, and it was written up in the mid-1930s by a newspaper in Portland, according to Wilson.

Wilson, a retired Bend, Oregon, teacher, plays down the Bible's monetary worth, despite its age and history. "My great-grandfather was offered \$1,000 for it in 1890, but I doubt it's worth much more than that now," he said. "With the water damage it has sustained, it can't be restored. That, of course, affects its value." He added: "But to our family, it's priceless."

The water damage to the book occurred in the late 1600s, a period of conflict between the Presbyterian Church and the Church of England in Scotland. During that time, possession of an English-language Bible carried a heavy penalty—imprisonment, torture, even death. "But instead of getting rid of their Bible, the Wilson family chose to bury it," said Wilson. "The book was put in a wooden box and buried for sixteen years. We believe it was during this time period when the book sustained the damage. The book wasn't waterproof, and some water soaked through and got on the book."

The first signature on the Wilson family Bible, which is dated 1798, belongs to Robert Wilson, Wallace Wilson's great-great-grandfather. Since then, the book has been passed from father to son. However, Wallace Wilson and his wife, Faith, have no children. So in 1978, Wilson started tracing his



Retired teacher Wallace Wilson proudly displays his family Bible, printed in Scotland in 1575. Wilson and his wife have no children; the Bible will be passed on to a second-cousin in Pennsylvania.

roots to find an heir for the family Bible. After four trips to Scotland, where he located Robert Wilson's grave and the Wilson family's ancestral home, he finally tracked down an heir—in the United States. The heir is a second-cousin, "once removed, who lives in Pennsylvania," said Wilson. "I'm going to give him the Bible this summer. It will be a surprise."

And the Word, or at least one 418-year-old, dog-eared version of it, will endure.



Keith Fredrickson is a staff reporter for the Bend Bulletin, Bend, Oregon.

The Museum at Warm Springs

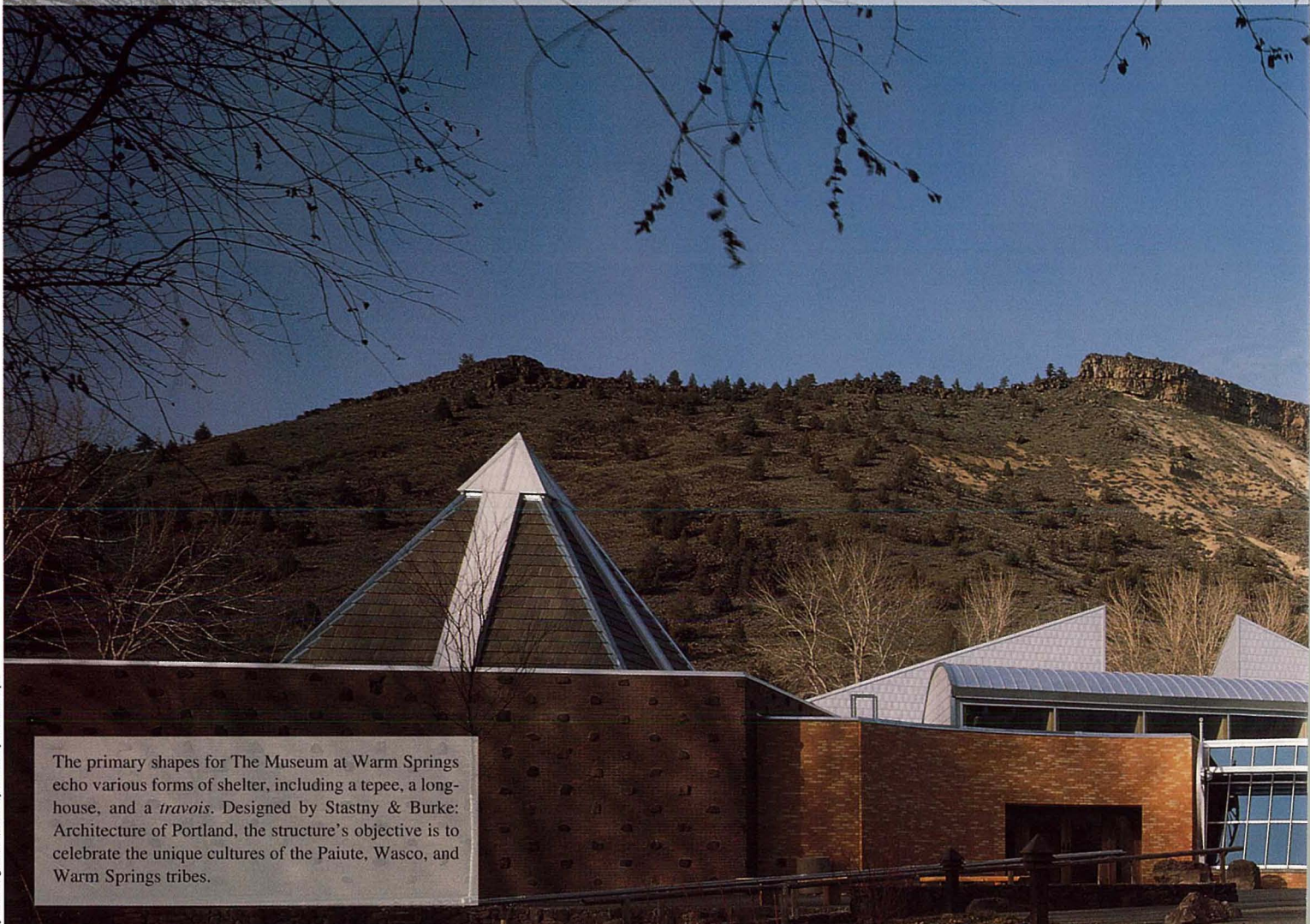
A TIMELESS HERITAGE

Engraved on square blocks of granite mounted above the entrance to The Museum at Warm Springs is the Sahaptin-language word *Twanat*, meaning “to follow.” The people of the Warm Springs Reservation in north-central Oregon—the Paiute, the Wasco, and the Warm Springs peoples—have occupied the Columbia River Gorge, the Columbia River Plateau, and the Great Basin for over ten centuries. Throughout that time, tribal lifeways have followed those of preceding generations in developing cultural traditions suited to their respective and unique environments. Completed and opened in March 1993, The Museum at Warm Springs celebrates the present and the future of the Wasco, Paiute, and Warm Springs peoples by following the roots of their past.

The Paiutes roamed much of southeastern Oregon, northern California, Nevada, and western Idaho, following the seasons closely to gather roots, hunt game, and intercept migratory

birds. Mobility and timing were key to successful hunting and harvesting and assured survival in the harsh Great Basin climate. The Paiute people developed advanced weaving techniques, using fibers from willow, sage, and tule [a spongy, porous-core reed] to fashion baskets, footwear, garments, and duck decoys. They elevated the art of basketmaking and weaving to such heights that some of their containers were, and remain, watertight.

The Wascos were fishers and traders, occupying strategic locations along the middle Columbia River near the present-day Wasco County towns of Cascade Locks and The Dalles. They lived in permanent and semi-permanent villages, constructing sturdy and weather-resistant dwellings of cedar planks. The settlements’ permanence afforded the Wascos an ability to use heavier materials for toolmaking, such as wood and stone. They made stone mortars and pestles, used millstones to grind roots into meal, and carved elaborate petroglyphs on the basalt pal-



The primary shapes for The Museum at Warm Springs echo various forms of shelter, including a tepee, a longhouse, and a *travois*. Designed by Stastny & Burke: Architecture of Portland, the structure’s objective is to celebrate the unique cultures of the Paiute, Wasco, and Warm Springs tribes.

by Olney Patt, Jr.

isades of the Columbia Gorge. In addition, the Wascos traded with other tribes from the Oregon and Washington coasts, and far inland into Idaho and Montana.

The Warm Springs people were semi-nomadic hunters/fishers/gatherers. They did not occupy villages year-round, but wintered in large encampments along the Deschutes, John Day, and Columbia rivers. They dispersed from winter camps in early spring, ranging southward and eastward to hunt game, harvest roots on the semi-arid plateaus, and gather huckleberries on the Cascades' sub-alpine slopes. In the spring and fall, they congregated at fishing sites along the riverways. To store and transport their bounty, the Warm Springs people developed a variety of containers, including cornhusk bags, cedar-root baskets, and rawhide *parfleches* [derived from French, folded containers for belongings]. Since their foods were perishable, they dried what was not consumed immediately.

A recent archaeological excavation near the museum indicates that the valley of Shi-Tike Creek—near the Jefferson County town of Warm Springs—was occupied as long ago as 4,500 years. The site is believed to have served as a temporary hunting camp since only small amounts of animal bones and tool-making refuse are in evidence. Use of the site ended approximately 2,500 years ago, possibly due to a shifting proximity to the creek, or perhaps because a vital game animal no longer roamed the valley. Archaeologists estimate that the site was used by the Sahaptin-speaking ancestors of the present-day Warm Springs people—a theory supported by the fact that much of what they gathered and hunted coincides with the practices of the Warm Springs people at the time of European contact.

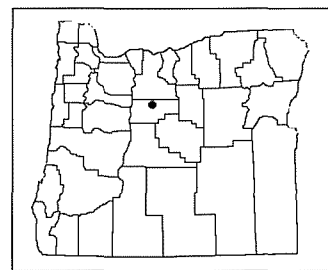
Most Paiute artifacts that date before 1900 and are displayed at the museum are on loan from The Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian Institution, located in New York, New York.





Photo by John Hughell, Jr., courtesy of Susan Architects PC

Five massive fir columns run the length of the lobby, suggesting the museum's surrounding countryside. Each column radiates branches toward the vaulted ceiling and depicts the cottonwoods lining Willow Creek. The blue ceiling represents the clear sky above north-central Oregon. Allen Houser's sculpture, *To The Great Spirit* (1992), greets museum visitors.



These include 9,000-year-old sagebrush sandals discovered by noted archaeologist Luther Cressman [see *related story*, page 12], a remnant of a rabbitskin robe, a watertight jug, and winnowing baskets.

The Warm Springs Reservation was created in 1855 and originally encompassed nearly ten million acres. Much of the land was ceded to the federal government in subsequent dealings that left the Warm Springs Reservation with 660,000 acres, located east-to-west between the Deschutes River and the crest of the Cascade Mountains, and north-to-south from Wapinitia Ridge to the Metolious River in Jefferson County.

The vision for development of The Museum at Warm Springs was conceived in the 1970s when tribal leaders and elders found that private collectors were buying large numbers of historic artifacts—mostly heirlooms and keepsakes—from tribal members, robbing younger tribal members of a priceless legacy. At the same time, it became apparent that the skills for creating the types of objects being bought up were disappearing from reservation households. The founding vision for the museum contemplated a repository for preserving not only artifacts, but lifeways and traditions as well.

In 1974, the tribal council chartered the Middle Oregon Indian Historical Society (MOIHS), which was responsible for drafting a plan for the preservation of the Warm Springs tribal cultures. That same year, the council allocated the first annual artifact-purchase budget of \$50,000. Since that time, the MOIHS has spent approximately \$875,000 on a collection of artifacts numbering up to 2,000 objects, with a complement of more than 2,500 archival photographs and documents.

The museum covers approximately six acres along U.S. Highway 26, the primary artery linking the Portland metropolitan area with central and eastern Oregon. Shi-Tike Creek, whose headwaters are at the base of Mt. Jefferson, flows along the south side of the museum and joins the Deschutes River half a mile to the east. The 25,000-square-foot museum is divided into five public and three non-public areas. Public areas include the lobby, the permanent and non-permanent exhibit galleries, the gift shop, and the education/conference room. Non-public areas are comprised of office space, maintenance area and receiving dock, and permanent collection storage.

The museum's interior design—as its exterior design [see *related story*, page 22]—pays great attention to the Warm Springs area's diverse cultural and topographic environments. As visitors approach the museum, they follow a small artificial stream that leads into a drum-like amphitheater—the small stream seeming to spring from the building itself. The stream is representative of Shi-Tike Creek, an important theme for the

Warm Springs tribes. The walls of the amphitheater are built of basalt, imitating the towering palisades of the river valley's rim. Inside the lobby, the "stream" continues its meandering route—now represented by green slate tiles against predominant gray—to the entrance of the permanent exhibit. Built to represent the surrounding countryside, the lobby is fifty feet long with five massive fir columns running its length. Each column radiates branches toward the high, vaulted ceiling. The columns depict the cottonwoods lining Willow Creek, the sky-blue ceiling represents the clear dome above north-central Oregon, and the walls are half-painted green to suggest foliage while the lower portions of ash paneling reflect the amber/beige hues of Oregon's High Desert.

The permanent exhibit is divided into ten principal areas, beginning with an eight-minute orientation program entitled *According to the Earth*. The orientation film gives an overview of the reservation, its history, its people, and their beliefs. As with all of the museum's audiovisual features, *According to the Earth* is narrated by tribal members and elders. The film recently earned a second-place award in the American Association of Museum's Muse Award Competition.

A *Timeless Heritage* incorporates an interactive exhibit where visitors can hear three words—"mother," "deer," and "water"—spoken in Wasco, Sahaptin, and Paiute. The exhibit features a copy of the Sahaptin dictionary, compiled by the tribes' Culture and Heritage Department. The section also includes replicas of a Warm Springs tule-mat tepee, or *tipi* (circa 1800), a Paiute cat-tail *wickiup* [a temporary shelter built of available material, usually over a willow frame] (circa 1800), and a Wasco plankhouse (circa 1900). Although the museum's Wasco plankhouse is constructed of milled boards, explorers Lewis and Clark noted, in 1805, Wasco dwellings along the Columbia River built of split cedar planks.

The centerpiece of the museum's interactive permanent exhibit, *Wasco Wedding Scene*, is located in the Wasco plankhouse and features the largest number of artifacts of any display, including cornhusk bags, Wasco "Sally" bags, beaded handbags, Klickitat baskets, parfleches, horse trappings, and men's and women's beaded regalia. The audio portion of the wedding scene is timed to lighting emphasizing each described item.

Following *A Timeless Heritage*, the tour examines the lives and lifestyles of the three tribes after contact with European explorers and settlers. *On the Threshold of Change* recounts the expeditions of Lewis and Clark, Nathaniel Wyeth, and Peter Skene Ogden, and pays particular attention to contacts with ancestors of the Warm Springs, Wasco, and Paiute peoples. Lewis and Clark first encountered the Wasco and Warm Springs peoples along the Columbia River at Celilo Falls. Wyeth and Ogden arrived later, exploring and trading with the native peoples while trying to establish a fur trading network and map possible railroad routes. Early drawings, paintings, and journal entries depict many reservation landmarks, including Seekseequa Creek, Indian Head Canyon, and the Warm Springs River.

Another display case is dedicated to those tribal members who served in the U.S. Armed Forces—from the Civil War of the 1860s when tribal members served as scouts, to the recent Persian Gulf War. Another exhibit, *Early Days on the Reservation*, continues with a display of photographs from the turn of the century that depict a people in the throes of difficult transition. One photograph reveals new arrivals at the agency school wearing braids and moccasins. Another photo shows many of the same children later shorn and dressed in government-issue uniforms. The photos are accompanied by the recorded remembrances of some of those who lived through the period, recalling the trauma of removal from their homes and of being punished for speaking their native languages.

The exhibit *Seeds of Conflict* recounts a clash of governments, with the sovereign American Indian nations on one side and the United States federal government on the other. The museum's exhibit designers—tribal members working together with

Formations, Inc. of Portland—chose not to dwell on this subject, opting instead to concentrate on the skilled negotiating of the tribal leaders of the day. *Seeds of Conflict* covers the changing attitude of the federal government toward American Indians, from pacification to removal, from treaty-making to assimilation and "mainstreaming." Interspersed throughout a process lasting from 1855 to the 1970s were such policies as the General Allotment Act (a legal land grab that devastated many tribes' land holdings), the Indian Reorganization Act (under which the tribes' present constitution was adopted), termination [see related story, page 4], and self-determination. The Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs slipped through many of the harmful policies relatively unscathed, and the museum pays tribute to the skill of tribal leaders in navigating through these difficult and disruptive times.

The last stage of the museum tour examines the Warm Springs Reservation today, highlighting enterprises that sustain tribal programs, including Kah-Nee-Ta Resort, Warm Springs Forest Products Industries, Warm Springs Power Enterprise (hydroelectric), Warm Springs Apparel Industries, and the tribes' two radio stations (one educational, one commercial). Visitors then enter a room to view a film that begins with Chief Nelson Wallulatum of the Wasco Tribe describing, in his language, how his people lived before the coming of the white man. Chief Delvis Heath of the Warm Springs Tribe cautions against the abandonment of the American Indian ways. Chief Vernon Henry of the Paiute Tribe urges young people to learn the ways of the white man, while maintaining the ways of their own people. Finally, tribal elder Nettie Showaway echoes the philosophy that has held the people of the Warm Springs Reservation together during more than a century of struggle and change: "We love our reservation.... I hope our grandchildren keep it the way it has always been."



Olney Patt, Jr., is a member of the Warm Springs Tribe and is communications coordinator for The Museum at Warm Springs. The museum is open daily from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. For more information, call the museum at 503-553-3331.

A Building of the Land

THE MUSEUM AT WARM SPRINGS

by Brenda Rasmussen

A mile west of the intersection of U.S. Highway 26 and the Deschutes River in central Oregon's High Desert, a sculptural monument was built to aid in preserving the cultural heritage of the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs. The Museum at Warm Springs opened its doors in March 1993 with a mission to preserve and celebrate three distinct, native cultures.

After twenty years of planning, the daunting task of designing the structure was awarded to Stastny & Burke: Architecture of Portland, with construction by S.M. Andersen Construction and exhibit design by Formations Inc.—both of Portland. Donald Stastny, Bryan Burke, and staff spent two-and-a-half years in designing a museum that would, in Stastny's words: "effectively translate the ideas, symbols, stories, and suggestions of the tribes into an appropriate structure void of architectural cliché and respectful of the surroundings."

The project also had to successfully address three unique tribes: the Wasco, Paiute, and Warm Springs. To this end, architects worked at an on-site studio soliciting daily input from tribal members and gaining greater understanding of cultural elements the design was to represent. The designers learned the importance of incorporating the surrounding environment into their design, and they listened to stories about indigenous materials that hold special, tribal significance. These elements were then woven into the design and construction.

The resulting structure can evoke a traditional American Indian encampment among the cottonwoods along Shi-Tike Creek. The museum's trademark roofline design represents the three confederated, but distinct, tribes. The forms are derived from traditional shelters and tools. The pyramid form above the temporary gallery was derived from a *tipi* (a temporary, Plains dwelling); the twin-peaked roof over the permanent gallery can represent a *travois* (a netted sledge used by nomadic tribes); and the perforated, metal screen over the administrative wing may infer a longhouse (traditionally used for tribal meetings).

The applied symbolism is expertly executed throughout the museum's design, and according to Stastny, huge, curved metal structures aligning the amphitheater's exterior can be interpreted as "feathered dance bustles" or "sacred eagle feathers." Metal stanchions capped with circles are significantly positioned along the four cardinal compass points. For Stastny and Burke, the stanchions serve to "ground the building with the land." The diamond pattern of the permanent gallery's exterior brickwork was first designed from a

basket weave, but it has since come to represent much more. Several tribal members suggested the unique brickwork implied fishing nets, reminding them of their heritage of fishing for salmon along the Columbia River.

The unique combination of art and architecture at The Museum at Warm Springs leaves visitors with an enhanced understanding of a culture rooted in the natural elements of land and sky. Characterized by simultaneous displays of drama and serenity, Oregon's High Desert provides a perfect home for The Museum at Warm Springs, a building *of* the land. Similarly, the culture and traditions of the Warm Springs Tribes are the foundation of the museum's design. As Donald Stastny explains: "What makes the museum special is the qualities given it by the members of the Confederated Tribes—their values, their pride, their spirit. Without question, the people of this community have transformed the museum into something that transcends the architecture."



Brenda Rasmussen is an English student at Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, and is an editorial intern for Oregon Heritage.

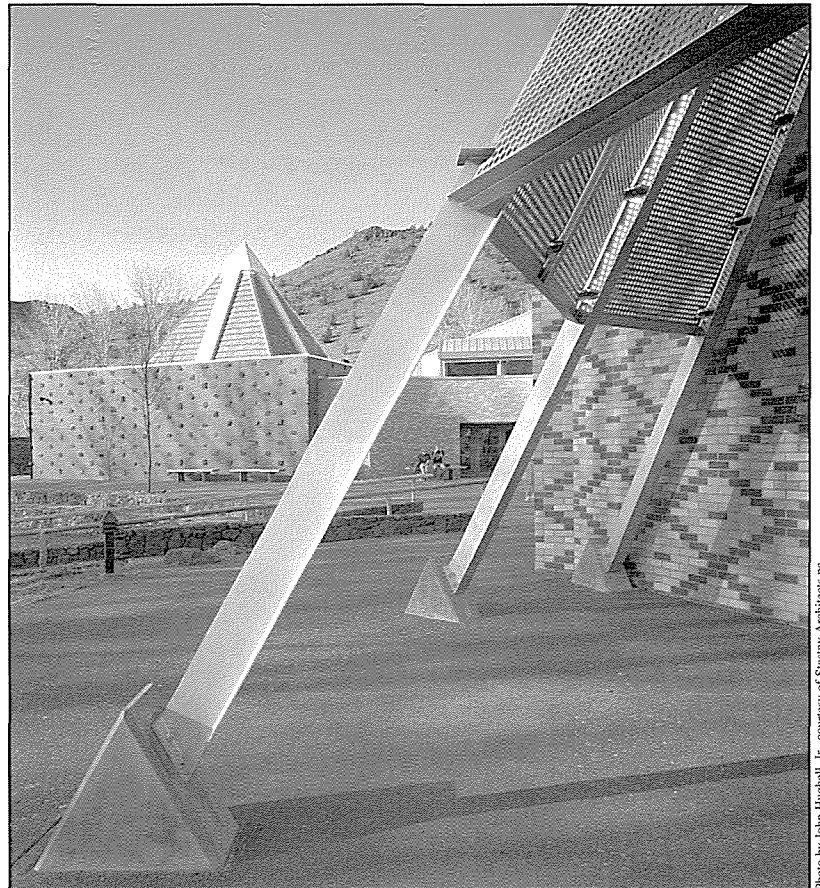


Photo by John Hughell, Jr., courtesy of Stastny Architects PC

A steel-supported metal screen suggests a longhouse and filters sunlight into the museum.

Rawhide Round-Up

The Pendleton Cowgirls



by Polly Helm

I first saw a photograph of Katy Wilkes (AKA Kitty Canutt) in 1980, taken just before the First World War. She stood all alone in a dusty rodeo arena, one hand tipping the wide brim of her hat, the other planted firmly on her waist. A quirt [long whip] dangled from her hip to the ground where her solid stance was defined by work-worn boots and spurs. Spanish-looking white piping set off her dark vest and silk shirt, and a white silk kerchief was wrapped around her neck. Completing the picture was a row of flashing silver conches cascading from the waist of her rawhide split skirt. Katy didn't look dressed for show. She looked for real.

In the bright afternoon sun, Katy faced the camera square on—no smile, barely a squint. Something about her face seemed familiar, and I realized she could be someone I know today. I explored her solitary

Mabel Strickland roared around the track at the Pendleton Round-Up, circa 1912.

image and an impression emerged: Katy stands as if she knows she has a place. Determination, pride, defiance—she thinks she's somebody.

Early in the century, photographers branded their negatives much like buckaroos brand their cattle. Scrawled handwriting on the glass plate reads: "Champion of All, Lady Buckaroo, Katy Wilkes, Round-Up Pendleton Ore 1916 Lee Moorhouse."

In 1980, Katy's photograph inspired a curiosity that would lead me to learn about a chapter in women's history—from about 1910 through 1930—when cowgirls competed in rodeo contests and exhibited their horsemanship in major arenas around the

world. As an unexpected bonus, the journey also directed me

back to my hometown of Pendleton, Oregon, and awakened me to the rich and wonderful heritage that has traditionally played a role in the celebration and preservation of the West: the Round-Up.

I learned about the era through the lenses of some of the finest rodeo photographers in the region—true pioneers in their field: Major Lee Moorhouse, W.S. Bowman, O.G. Allen, and Marcell. For nearly the first twenty years of the Round-Up, they trundled their huge cameras, tripods, and glass plates to various strategic locations in the arena. With physical and technical limitations far beyond what most can fathom in today's high-tech, miniaturized world of image-making, these photographers documented a dusty, action-filled, rawhide world that most have known only through the silver screen and dime novels.

Locating their photographic work became my hobby, a public-domain treasure hunt that took me to countless museums, halls-of-fame, libraries, historical societies, and private collectors. Scouring newspapers, periodicals, out-of-print and newly-published books, I was able to connect names to the faded and cracked faces in the aging photographs. It was important to know the names. It was important to know why their careers ended, why I grew up not knowing women as champions.

In time, I learned that for several years before Katy's 1916 victory in the Cowgirls' Bucking Contest at the Pendleton Round-Up—and for almost two decades thereafter—women competed and exhibited throughout the country wherever rodeo crowds gathered. Among them were trick riders, wild steer riders, bulldoggers, steer ropers, bronc riders, Roman racers, trick ropers, and relay racers.

As athletes, cowgirls occupied a significant place in the development of the sport, with some turning professional and traveling the circuit. In the 1920s, some women set sail with Wild West troupes to perform for enthusiastic European crowds. Cowgirls eventually won good money and handsome trophy saddles, and they became highly respected and adored as western heroines, occupying front-page headlines nationwide.

The cowgirls' visibility in the arena was cut short, however, with the death of bronc rider Bonnie McCarroll at the 1929 Pendleton Round-Up. Bonnie's death from injuries sustained in an exhibition bucking horse ride marked the beginning of the end of competition riding for women. Bonnie was not the first cowgirl to die from rough-riding injuries, but she was perhaps



Courtesy of Pendleton Cowgirl Company



Left, This portrait of Katy Wilkes inspired the author to research early Oregon rodeo women.

Courtesy of Pendleton Cowgirl Company



Courtesy of Pendleton Cowgirl Company

Mildred Douglass gripped a wild steer at a Pendleton Round-Up, circa 1911.

the most well-known. The incident was witnessed by a huge crowd, and the disturbing reality of a woman mortally wounded in the arena overshadowed the potential success she could achieve. The blaze of excitement created by cowgirls in the arena was further dampened by the economic storms of the Great Depression and expired completely by 1941.

Flames from the cowgirl legacy smoldered for a few years, and on occasion, rodeo would promote an exhibition ride by a woman. Then, in 1948, a group of ranch women in Pecos, Texas, grown tired of merely being spectators for contesting cowboys, formed the Girls' Rodeo Association. Known today as the Womens' Professional Rodeo Association, the WPRA sponsors two divisions of rodeo activity. One division of 116 members promotes a dozen rodeos in which cowgirls are able to compete in all events, riding and timed. Another division of 1,500 members sponsors women in barrel racing events at rodeos sponsored by the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

For decades, Hollywood has inundated American popular

culture with a fabricated image of The West, creating a cowboy icon that is far removed from its roots. It is important that we do not lose sight of the whole, authentic picture, which reminds us that rawhide heroines were, and still are, a valuable part of our western landscape. Early in this century, dedicated photographers recognized this importance, and it is to them—and to those with the wisdom to preserve their work—that I tip my hat.



Polly Helm's publishing business, the Pendleton Cowgirl Company, is based in Eugene, Oregon, where the author lives with her family. The author is grateful for the support of the Hamley-Helm Collection, the Howdyshell Collection, the University of Oregon Knight Library Special Collections, the Oregon Historical Society, the Wyoming State Museum, and the Wayne Low Collection.

Riding the Blue-line, Above the Rim

This road lay like an invitation, north
From the commercial highway, straight into
The high and handsome prairie's rolling gut

Where tides of grass rose and fell in pastel
Yellow swells beneath a blue beyond which
There was no cause for sky, where taut fences

With steel goat-head barbs and stout cedar posts
Kept cattle in communion, tractors out
And left the wind to wander at her will.

The sweet insinuation of this road
Was a highway cafe waitress winking
As she licked her pencil lead and asked me

What I wanted, was a rodeo queen
With a quirt in her teeth, a barrel horse
Between her legs and her saddle-slick jeans

Smoother than sweet cream, was an angel wing
Lost in the sun but circling shadows down
To the center stripe as mercy given.

Like a superstition, this road prickled
The hair on the back of my neck, made me
Sit up straight in the seat of my old van,

Made me crank the windows down and snap
The radio off, made me hold the wheel
Light like reins and let the Chevrolet

Have her head and roll like she and this road
Knew one another well in that life
Where journey and destination were the same.

—Andy Wilkinson



Above, This group shot of the Round-Up cowgirls was taken in 1911. Right, The poem was written by Andy Wilkinson, poet and songwriter of the Plains living in Lubbock, Texas. His distant uncle, Charles Goodnight, forged the famous Goodnight-Loving Trail in the late 1800s.



One Man's Revolution

Throughout its brief history, the United States has regularly inflicted upon itself various “red scares” in which communism and socialism are identified through assorted caricatures [see related story, page 30]. During the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries—particularly during and immediately following World War I—one of those caricatures was that of the bearded, wild-eyed, bolshevist bomber disrupting Edwardian (and Wilsonian) order. The stereotype altered over the years, but some Americans’ abiding fear and mistrust toward rebels generally—and socialists and communists specifically—remains a constant.

As a stereotypical subversive and socialist agitator, Floyd Ramp was not remarkable. He was an Oregon farmer who took grave risks for a cause few of his contemporaries could embrace, understand, or tolerate. As a result, the socialist movement in the United States became his community and gave his life depth and meaning from the early 1900s until his death in 1985. Ramp’s commitment to unpopular ideas was, in many ways, representative of (stereotypical) Oregonian tenacity and individualism. At the age of ninety-five, Ramp still withstood the public’s cold indifference as he handed out radical literature to passing students at the University of Oregon in Eugene (Lane County).

Ramp was born in 1883 on a small farm near Albany, Oregon (Linn County), and his parents were committed to agrarian revolt. Elma and B.F. Ramp had worked hard for the local Populist Party and became fervent socialists. Years later, Floyd wrote to his father from prison: “all that I have to be thankful for—all that I have gained in life—is due to my early schooling in radicalism, in socialism.”¹

Ramp’s commitment to the socialist cause was personal and unswerving. He moved to Chicago in 1908 as a law student, and the hard reality of grimy, turn-of-the-century city life forced encounters with the poor and unemployed whom Ramp described as “filthy and dirty men...all with anxious faces,



Floyd Ramp sat for this natty photo-portrait on February 2, 1913.

Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society

faces without hope, without any thought of tomorrow.”² Writing to his girlfriend Bess, Ramp related: “You don’t know what this cause of humanity means to me. I can hear them [the poor] calling to me to come out and save them, come out to help give us peace and rest.”³ He returned to Oregon in 1910 and began traveling from farm to farm by motorcycle on rough back-country roads dispensing socialist literature. He moved

to Roseburg (Douglas County) in 1911 and, after participating in an unsuccessful bid to elect a socialist mayor, settled down to work his farm.

With the onset of World War I, however, Ramp was again activated, promoting the socialists' antiwar program on the streets of Roseburg. In his writings, he solemnly pledged continuous and public opposition to conscription, denouncing the war as a capitalist conspiracy.

Ramp's activities included soap-box speeches, pamphlet distribution, and confrontations with participants of patriotic meetings. Not surprisingly, his political zeal made him less than popular locally, and it ran counter to the nation's martial enthusiasm at the time. It also ran against the country's new espionage and sedition acts, which outlawed criticism of the federal government and its war policies. Violation of the wartime edicts came with a stiff price. The Espionage Act set penalties of up to \$10,000 and twenty years imprisonment for speaking against the war. The Sedition Act decentralized prosecution of political radicals, giving federal prosecutors "wide discretionary authority about whom they might prosecute."

Throughout the nation, prominent radicals and war opponents—such as Eugene V. Debs, Victor Berger, Bill Haywood, and Marie Equi (who was an Oregon native)—fell victim to both acts.⁴

In 1917, Roseburg, Oregon—like most of the country's towns—was solidly galvanized behind America's entry into the war. Patriotic meetings, war news, and troop trains passing through town added to the fervor. Despite his community's support for the war, however, Floyd Ramp squandered few opportunities to criticize and agitate against the conflict. On March 27, 1917, he publicly spoke against organization of a girls' honor guard to assist in army recruitment efforts. Before a large gathering at Roseburg's armory, Ramp denounced the use of "feminine attractiveness" to lure young men overseas in order to "butcher their fellow working men of another country."⁵

Ramp condemned conscription whenever possible and once, while trying to dissuade young men from enlisting, he scuffled with a recruitment officer. In September 1917, while attending a liberty bond rally in downtown Roseburg, Ramp began distributing antiwar literature. As speakers rose to the podium to exhort the audience to patriotic purpose, he jumped up-and-down in the back denouncing the war as a bloody, capitalist campaign for profit. Spectators began shouting "throw him out" and "hang him!" and only through the rough intervention of the deputy sheriff was the radical spared the audience's wrath.⁶

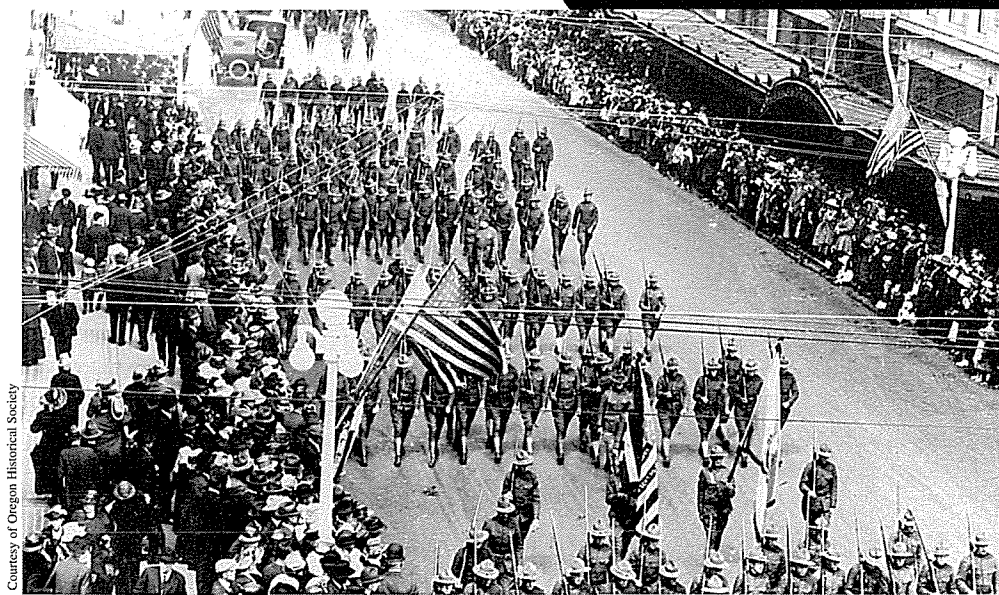
Two days later, while coming into town with a wagonload of wood, Ramp made his way past the train depot where a number of newly conscripted soldiers awaited departure for Camp Lewis, Washington. As Ramp recalled years later: "the troops were out exercising and having a little fun. They tried to have some fun with me and my wood. They unhitched my horses and tried to carry off my wood."⁷ One soldier asked if Ramp intended to enlist. "No," he replied, "I believe in letting John D. Rockefeller do his own fighting; so why don't you pick up a pick and shovel rather than a gun to fight this capitalist war?"⁸ The soldiers began harassing Ramp, shoving blocks of wood between the spokes of his wheels to prevent his escape. Roseburg Chief of Police H.B. Church intervened and promptly arrested Ramp for disturbing the peace.⁹ The chief then telegraphed the details of Ramp's arrest report to the assistant U.S. attorney in Portland, Robert Rankin.

Ramp's activities had gained the attention of federal authorities, and Rankin traveled to Roseburg to personally question the activist. Within twenty-four hours, the federal court in Eugene indicted Ramp for violation of the Espionage Act, citing the man for "willfully, knowingly, unlawfully and feloniously" attempting to cause "insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny and refusal of duty in, within, and amongst the military forces of the United States."¹⁰ The case continued north, and next day, Ramp's trial began in Portland with the accused conducting his own defense.

It was difficult, at this time, to select a fair and impartial jury for the trial. The public's fear of socialists, wobblies [members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW)], and anyone else critical of the war had reached a fevered pitch—a fact that did not escape Ramp. "For three hours," reported *The*

The Indefatigable Floyd Ramp

by Marcus C. Robbins



On April 6, 1918, these newly inducted United States troops marched through Portland before shipping off to battle "over there."

"There are thousands upon thousands of boys in the trenches over there who do not know what they are fighting for."

Oregonian, "he plied tentative jurors with questions involving almost every conceivable condition of belief." Pointing up his dilemma, Ramp queried a Mr. Bancroft of Portland as to the man's impartiality:

"Could you give a revolutionist a fair and impartial trial?"

Ramp asked.

"Do you mean to say you are a revolutionist?" Bancroft replied.

"I do."

"Then I think you ought to go to jail."¹¹

Assistant U.S. Attorney Rankin, as prosecutor, had little difficulty in finding witnesses among Ramp's Roseburg neighbors, many of whom were delighted to attest to his disloyalty and anarchism. Bert Bates, a Roseburg newspaper reporter, recalled that Ramp had once stated that "the Kaiser was much to be preferred to President [Woodrow] Wilson."¹² Mrs. Harry J. White, a Red Cross volunteer, quoted Ramp as claiming: "I have a right to criticize the government of the United States at any time, in peace or war." Mr. J. Bursik gave the most damning testimony of all, labeling Ramp a "rank Socialist."¹³

The press condemned Ramp in print, and his political beliefs and activities were universally ridiculed and attacked. *The Oregonian* derisively characterized Ramp as Oregon's only Bolshevik—"The first specimen to put himself on record"—and cited his self-defense as "bizarre."¹⁴ The Roseburg *Evening News* described Ramp's behavior during the trial as "insolently defiant and continually boastful of his radical and revolutionary ideals."¹⁵ However, despite the press' attacks, an exasperated federal agent would later report that "this man has an insane mania for newspaper notoriety and the only means open to him for such is to pretend to be an anarchist."¹⁶

Indeed, Ramp was no anarchist, but he effectively framed his defense into a platform for expounding upon socialist ideology. Much of this defense targeted the constitutional right to free speech, and Ramp continually exhorted the court to find him innocent on those grounds. "To crush and still the voice of the man who thinks he is right," Ramp insisted, "is the worst crime I can imag-

ine." He asked: "How can ideas be born, how can democracy live and prosper unless the greatest possible freedom and tolerance is extended to all the peoples of the world?" Recalling Henry David Thoreau, Ramp argued that citizens have a responsibility to disobey what are believed to be unjust and unconstitutional laws—the essence of civil disobedience.¹⁷ *The Oregonian* of February 2, 1918, criticized this argument as "a typical socialist sermon."¹⁸

Ramp reiterated his vehement opposition to the war on ideological and pacifist grounds, and he decried war's destructive use in resolving international disputes. The radical also condemned what he viewed as capitalist propaganda and suppression of the truth during wartime—a crime, he argued, that generated public support of the war through ignorance, causing the people to deny their solidarity to the international working class. "There are thousands upon thousands of boys in the trenches over there," Ramp asserted, "who do not know what they are fighting for."¹⁹

Regardless of what the court or society believed of him, Ramp insisted, "I stand for an orderly and harmonious organization of society; one in which justice is meted out to every man and woman alike and not for an unorganized, anarchistic, unjust society such as we are living in today."²⁰ He argued that capitalism's sole objective was to exploit the individual's productive capacity, and its apparent failure to provide fundamental living standards for most of humanity proved to Ramp that "the old order with its methods must pass on and give way to a new society with its new methods."²¹

Neither Assistant U.S. Attorney Rankin nor the presiding judge exhibited patience or sympathy with Ramp's defense or political pontifications. Prosecutor Rankin's closing arguments, *The Oregonian* noted triumphantly, "bristled with patriotic oratory.... In a masterful way, he flayed Ramp and severely denounced his dis-

loyal and un-American conduct.” Rankin charged that Ramp was “deeply dangerous and as insincere as hell” and reminded the jury that the primary issue at hand “was one of whether they stood for Ramp’s anarchy or the United States Government.” For his part, the judge “shuddered” at Ramp’s advocacy of civil disobedience and described the First Amendment as a “privilege” that did not grant citizens the right to incite disorder or rebellion. United States citizens, the judge allowed, may question elected officials or the constitutionality of certain laws, but they cannot engage in remarks or actions designed to obstruct the law.²²

On February 5, 1918, the jury found Ramp guilty. The decision deeply affected him, and he strongly rejected the jury’s conclusion that he was a criminal and a traitor:

I am not a traitor and I am not unpatriotic.... I love this country more than any man who spoke from the platform. I do not love it for the dollars and cents I can get out of it, but for the measure of freedom it carries with it. I love it because it is my home.²³

The presiding judge was unmoved, and he sentenced Ramp to two years imprisonment. Following a brief stay at Washington state’s McNeil Island Penitentiary, he was moved to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, on May 6, 1918, where he served his full two years.

While in prison, Ramp became fascinated with Russia’s burgeoning popular revolution, vowing to one day participate in the “great experiment.” Upon his release, Ramp returned to Oregon, but he immediately signed on as a mess mate for a ship bound to Yokohama, Japan. During the difficult and dangerous journey, he began working with the Friends of Soviet Russia, through which he eventually made it to the Soviet Union.

In Russia, Ramp encountered first-hand the devastation of famine and civil war, concluding that Russia was “a place where everybody bears a burden in the form of a dirty sack on their back.”²⁴ Throughout the vast country, small villages swarmed with desperate and down-trodden figures—what Ramp viewed as proletarian heroes and black-faced peasants worn down by years of toil on the black earth of the steppe. He was undaunted by the misery, however, and wrote in reference to capitalism and the inevitable revolution: “We will not reconstruct the old, but tear every shred of it away and destroy it, for we are building anew and working for a great new future—communism.”²⁵

Ramp lived for a time in Moscow as a contemporary of such exiled American revolutionaries as “Big” Bill Haywood and Louise Ann Bryant (whom Ramp had known as a fellow student at the University of Oregon). Ramp crowned his Russian experience by attending the Third International in Moscow. During the event, he found kinship with those “educated, talented and honest people giving their energies in the greatest cause that has ever prompted people to action.”²⁶ In Moscow, Ramp met Vladimir I. Lenin, who said to the American, in English, that he “hoped we

would be able to see each other again when we could talk longer.”²⁷ The two revolutionaries never again met, but for Ramp the experience was profound.

Ramp departed Russia in November 1922, and although he returned to his Roseburg farm, his radical activities continued unabated. As a political activist, Ramp was an optimist. He devoted his life not only in raging against injustice, but also in dreaming of and working toward a more egalitarian and peaceful world. His commitment to and identification with the socialist movement made it possible for him to endure imprisonment and the ostracizing of a society to which he never truly belonged. Through it all, Ramp waited, steadfastly longing to “have a part in the fight that must come.”

Following Ramp’s death in Eugene in 1985, the people of

Roseburg commemorated a road and a wildlife preserve to his memory. Ramp Road leads to the Ramp Canyon Interpretive Center, which offers opportunities to explore and learn about the various ecological facets of Oregon’s Umpqua Valley. Ramp Canyon is also home to one of the area’s largest Columbia white tail deer populations. That his name is linked to so civic-spirited a project testifies to Floyd Ramp’s lifelong commitment to the public cause. It also illustrates history’s healing ways.



Marcus C. Robbins is a writer and historian living in Vancouver, Washington. He is also the archivist for the City of Portland. As a University of Oregon student in 1979, he encountered an aged Floyd Ramp handing out socialist literature to passing students.



Oregon Governor James Withycombe bade farewell to conscriptors during World War I.

Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society

ENDNOTES

1. Floyd Ramp Papers (Ramp MSS), University of Oregon Special Collections, Collection 189, box 5, file 1.
2. Diary entries, Jan. 1909-May 1909, Ramp MSS, 189:1:3.
3. Diary entries, Nov. 1908-Jan. 1909, Ramp MSS, 189:1:2.
4. David M. Kennedy, *Over Here* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980), 83.
5. FBI Investigative Case Files, 1908-1922, file 3, United States National Archives.
6. Oral interview, Ramp MSS, cassette tape 8, reel 4, side 1.
7. *Ibid.*
8. Statement of questions administered by United States Assistant Attorney Robert Rankin, Ramp MSS, 189:6:1.
9. *Evening News* (Roseburg, Oregon), 25 Sep. 1917, 1.
10. Trial records, Ramp MSS, 189:6:1
11. *The Oregonian*, 29 Jan. 1918, 13.
12. *Evening News*, 30 Jan. 1918, 1.
13. FBI Case Files, file 6.
14. *The Oregonian*, 29 Jan. 1918, 13.
15. *Evening News*, 1 Feb. 1918, 1.
16. FBI Case Files (Agent Bryon) 2:5:18.
17. Trial records, Ramp MSS, 189:6:2.
18. *The Oregonian*, 2 Feb. 1918, 1.
19. *Ibid.*, 30 Jan. 1918, 6.
20. Trial records, Ramp MSS, 189:6:2.
21. *Ibid.*, 189:6:29.
22. *The Oregonian*, 2 Feb. 1918, 1.
23. Trial records, Ramp MSS, 189:6:2.
24. Diary entries, May-Aug. 1922, Ramp MSS, 189:1:4.
25. *Ibid.*
26. Letter to friend, Nov. 1922, Ramp MSS, 189:3:6.
27. Ramp MSS, 189:7:6-9.

Between the two World Wars, anxiety over a perceived communist menace permeated nearly every aspect of public life throughout the United States. The Pacific Northwest was not immune. Events at home and abroad immediately after World War I created a climate of chaos—the Russian revolution, U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's round-ups of "Reds," Portland police's notorious "Red Squad," and violence between workers and American Legionnaires in Centralia, Washington. Later in the 1930s, hard times inflamed even more agitation and reaction.

Cool heads did not always prevail during the interwar period, and officials sought ways to quell mounting labor agitation while addressing public concern over creeping communism. In February 1919, Oregon's legislature, in essence, killed two birds with one stone by enacting a syndicalism law modeled on similar legislation in Idaho and Washington State. Oregon's law criminalized advocacy of violence and included the definition of syndicalism as "doctrine" that advocated "physical violence as a means of accomplishing political ends." It was first applied amid the hysteria of the Palmer Raids and the violence in Centralia when, on that same day, the Portland police's Red Squad arrested Joseph Laundry, a member of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW). In the resulting case, *State v Laundry*, Oregon's syndicalism law was revised to criminalize even membership in an organization advocating violence.

After relative calm, tensions flared again during the Great Depression and the syndicalism law was again invoked in the case against Ben Boloff, an illiterate laborer who had emigrated from Russia in 1909. In November 1930, Boloff was arrested for vagrancy

The Red Menace and Oregon's Syndicalism Law

by Jay Mullen

as part of a "sweep" of potential troublemakers in Portland. His possession of a communist party membership card earned Boloff an indictment for criminal syndicalism, and he was quickly scheduled for trial.

Arrayed against Boloff and his advocate, Portland attorney Irvin Goodman, was a newly elected district attorney trying his first case. The presiding judge, William Ekwall, was a leader in the American Legion and had been president of Portland's Americanization Council. In *State v Boloff*, the prosecution built its case around three witnesses: the detective who arrested Boloff; M.R. Bacon, a

police officer and "expert" on communism who had served as an undercover agent; and R.P. Bonham, a United States immigration official who was also a purported expert on communism.

Attorney Goodman conceded Boloff's communist membership, but he framed the defense on the notion that Marxists believed political change was inevitable, thus rendering advocacy of violence unnecessary. To that end, Goodman invoked the materialistic interpretation of history to demonstrate that while some communists may advocate violent change, not all did—including his client. Boloff himself testified that he did not fully comprehend the party's doctrine and that he had joined simply because he believed it represented working men.

During cross examination, the prosecution witnesses likewise demonstrated their ignorance of Marxist ideology. Goodman asked Officer Bacon (the Red Squad's undercover agent who had arrested Boloff): "Do you understand 'materialism' with reference to communist party teachings?" The police officer responded:

This front page from the *Medford Mail Tribune*, dated November 13, 1919, shows how tensions flared immediately after World War I. From West Virginia to Illinois to Washington State, several workers began testing the resolve of business owners. Many Americans viewed labor unrest as proof of communist agitation and imminent revolution. It is in this climate of fear that Oregon's syndicalism law was enacted in February 1919. Over the next fourteen years, the law was invoked in the face of threats to community security—both real and imagined.

WEEKLY

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

WEEKLY

FORTY-NINTH YEAR

MEDFORD, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1919

NO. 201

I.W.W.'S KILL FOUR SERVICE MEN IN ARMISTICE PARADE, MOB HANGS ONE

VETERANS OF WAR SHOTIN GOLF BLOOD

NEW YORK WAITERS PLOT TO TAKE OVER HOTELS DECEMBER 20

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED BY GOV. FRAZIER

OFFICIAL RETURNS IN OHIO SHOW DEFEAT OF FEDERAL PROHIBITION

DRY LAW IS SCORNFUL BY TWO COURTS

FRENCH BOLSHEVIKI IN ELECTION RIOTS CRY "LONG LIVE HUN"

SEIZE ARMS DISPATCHED TO MINERS

First Shot of Class War Fired in Centralia, Washington Late Yesterday—Mob Wrecks Residence On Only One—10 I. W. W.'s in Jail Guarded by National Guard Troops

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—(Assoc. Press.)—A general strike of hotel employees, with its ultimate aim of the "taking over" of hotel properties, was discussed today at the 24th annual convention of the New York State Hotel Association. American that December 24 had been decided upon by radical leaders as the date for such a strike was made by Frank Robinson, attorney for the association.

"You men may not realize it,"

North Dakota Linette Fieldt to Be Taken Over by Governor—Strike Not Effectuated by Soft Coal Wagon—Soldiers to Take Charge of Mines and See That People Are

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 12.—(Assoc. Press.)—The federal prohibition amendment was defeated by a two-thirds vote in a referendum of 312, according to (last) official figures announced today by the secretary of state. The 275-hour session was defeated by a two-thirds vote of 23,067 to 17,484.

Official Justice in Rhode Island Grants Injunction Against Its Enforcement

Federal Justice Evans of Kentucky Firmly of Opinion War Time Prohibition Is Unconstitutional—Federal Justice in Rhode Island Grants Injunction Against Its Enforcement

PARIS, Nov. 12.—(Assoc. Press.)—The election of the "long live Lenin and the revolution," "Long live the army and the workers." The republicans were thrashed with death and looting in the lower hall by the turbulent elements. Had there been a revolution.

Military Rifles and Dum-dum Bullets Delivered to Daves, W. Va. A dressed to Coal Miner Appropriated by Local Authorities—Governor Vestalless—Operators and Mine

30

Southern Oregon Historical Society #14652

Well, they teach materialism in this way: they believe in bringing about the result, their final result, through revolution... [and] you might say abolishing of super-naturalism, for one thing, an ability to realize the realism here in place of super-naturalism, the hereafter.

"That is your understanding of the materialistic conception of history?" Goodman pressed.

"No, I didn't say of history; I was speaking of one of the beliefs of the communist party."

Goodman then asked immigration officer Ralph Bonham—another "expert" on communism—to explain historical materialism. Bonham's troubled answer was:

The most conception of things, as in contradistinction to the idealistic conception of things, and the religious conception of things—I don't know as an expert, nor as an authority. I think I have some general impression of what it's about.

The prosecution posed to Boloff only one question: was he a member of the communist party? Boloff acknowledged that he was.

The jury deliberated four hours and returned a verdict of guilty. Leniency was recommended, however, because of the immigrant's ignorance, but Ekwall sentenced Boloff to ten years in prison, declaring him guilty of treason to both the United States and Oregon, and that in wartime he would have been shot. If Boloff did not like the stars and stripes, Ekwall continued, "let him go where he can see the red flag every day." Boloff's death of tuberculosis in 1932 ended a legal appeal, and Irvin Goodman turned south to strike at the syndicalism law in a trial in Medford.

The 1930s was an active period for southern Oregon anti-communists, and 1932 marked one of the Depression's worst years. Many Medford locals were convinced a Bolshevik revolution was imminent, and that year, the sheriff appointed 240 special deputies for the expected upheaval. That summer, authorities raided the home of James Stockman of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Union and discovered a cache of communist literature and a list of local sympathizers. Justice of the Peace William R. Coleman held Stockman on a bail of \$5,000. Later, the local press roundly attacked attempts to organize local orchard labor in anticipation of the pending pear harvest, and an orchardist eventually fired five pear pickers for expressing "seditious and agitory utterances."

Many Medford organizations also turned their attentions to un-Americanism and the communist threat in 1932. The Toastmasters devoted their July 24 meeting entirely to a discussion of the nation's "labor unrest," and the local Veterans of Foreign Wars post adopted an anti-communist resolution. At Medford's First Methodist Church, a visiting Seattle clergyman delivered a sermon on looming socialism, and the Daughters of the American Revolution sponsored "Americanism" classes at city hall. Not to be left out, Jackson County officials announced they would withdraw Depression relief from all communists.

That year, the *Medford Mail Tribune* reported rumors that book vendors were selling inflammatory literature. Editors reminded readers that circulating "reading matter tending to disturb the peace" violated local laws and that the state's syndicalism law may again be invoked. However, attorney Irvin Goodman had devoted himself to legal battles that would force the law to be struck from the books. One of those battles was the defense of Kyle Pugh.

Pugh was a war veteran and news vendor plying radical publications to local farmers from the back of a donkey-drawn cart. In September 1932, Pugh was confronted by two state police officers, who found incriminating literature in the cart. The police concluded that Pugh must be a foreigner and one officer asked the native southern Oregonian: "How would you like to go back to Russia?" With a steady eye, Pugh replied: "My ancestors were in this country while a lot of your folks was looking up coconut trees for their breakfast."

At the time, this was not a rejoinder to inspire sympathy or tolerance, and the officer told Pugh: "You will get a long trip up the river then."

Next day, the front page of the *Mail Tribune* announced "Red Lit Peddler [sic] Nabbed by Police." Pugh confronted a \$1,000 bail, and his donkey and cart were impounded. Although he was found guilty, the Oregon State Supreme Court invalidated Pugh's conviction later that year, and Irvin Goodman went on to defend yet another radical in a case, *DeJonge v. Oregon*, that went before the United States Supreme Court. In the Court's eventual decision, a stake was driven through the heart of syndicalism laws throughout the United States, and free speech was finally affirmed as the law of the land.



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

"My ancestors were in this country while a lot of your folks was looking up coconut trees for their breakfast."

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS
ASHLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1934

HUGE LABOR REVOLT IS CALLED

IS GIVEN STORY; 7-A CAUSE CLEAR

Concerning Collective Bargaining Halted as Victory for AFL; Representatives of Major Agency for Bargaining.

Leaders in Textile Walkout

No Relief Food Work Monday—

The local relief canneries in the Army will suspend operations for the duration of Labor Day, according to announcements made today by Andy McCallum, local NERA official. Operations will resume on Tuesday.

HOTEL CHANGE MADE IN CITY

Hotel Ashland Sold to C. I. Reynolds of Medford; Is to Begin Saturday

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Allen who have operated the Hotel Ashland for the past two and one-half years, have sold the hotel to C. I. Reynolds of Medford.

TAKE DOCTORS ON CHARGE OF AIDING THUGS

First Attorney Arrested on Charge of Gangsterism; Is Charged With Aiding Dillinger and Van Meter in Fingerprint Operation.

New Contract — CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—(AP)—Doctors William Leary and Harold Bernard Cassidy here today pleaded guilty before Federal Commissioner Walker to charges of conspiring to shield John Dillinger from the hands of the law, but Walker instructed them that he could not receive their plea. He ordered it to be changed into a matter of expense.

No Paper for Labor Day—

There will be no issue of the daily Tidings on Labor Day. The entire staff will enjoy a full holiday. Full photograph reports of nationwide news, including latest flashes on the strike situation, will be posted in our office windows.

BOND DOCKETS ARE REVIEWED

The records of special improvement assessments now in use by the city do not provide for a complete revision.

MILLION MEN GATHER ON LABOR FRONTS TO HURL OUT CHALLENGE

United States Torn by Labor Dissension as Greatest Strike in History Prepares to Get Under Way; Oregon Textile Workers Meet to Consider New York Tense With Fear of Strike.

(By United Press)

One hundred and fifty thousand silk and rayon workers were this morning ordered to join the textile strike at 11:30 tonight, bringing to 850,000 the workers engaged in

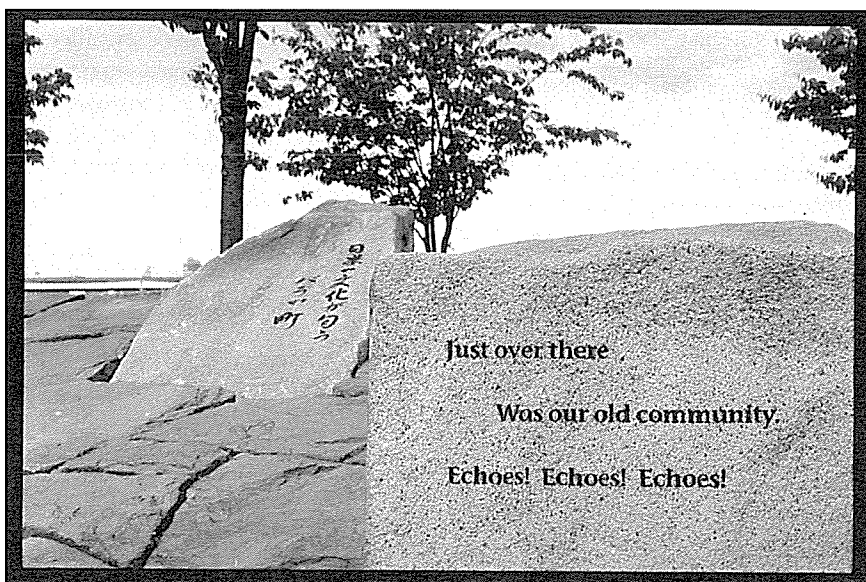
Talking Stones

By Julie Vondracek Inada

Some of life's most priceless lessons occur outside the classroom. One extraordinary example is the Japanese American Historical Plaza in the Tom McCall Waterfront Park in Portland, Oregon. Not only does it educate visitors about the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II, but its quiet beauty and strength delivers lessons beyond simple historical fact.

In 1942, the United States government issued an executive order placing over 100,000 people of Japanese-American descent in internment camps "for the duration." The internment effectively destroyed the lives and communities many Japanese Americans had struggled to create. Toward the war's end, interned Japanese Americans were gradually allowed to return to their homes. For most, many difficult years of recovering and rebuilding lay ahead. (One of the war's more ironic developments involves the 442nd Regimental Combat team. The 442nd, comprised solely of Japanese-American soldiers, became one of the war's most decorated units and played a key role in liberating Italy and France.)

Twenty years after the war, Robert Murase, a Portland landscape architect, envisioned a memorial park in remembrance of the internment tragedy. He presented his idea in 1965 to the Japanese American Citizens League in San Francisco and was met with no support. Then, in 1979, he presented the City of Portland with the concept and again found himself without support. However, concentrating on an empty stretch of land along the Willamette River just north of Portland's Burnside Bridge, Murase approached Bill Naito, an area real estate magnate, with the idea. Naito was intrigued and still refers to the "fortuitous circumstances" surrounding the plaza—a reference to the availability of the land—and the fact that Naito was willing to devote his



Words engraved on stone, in both English and Japanese, echo the experiences of Japanese American immigrants and internees.

personal time toward the project's development and, in his words, "push it through."

Fortuity aside, gaining approval and funding became a series of bureaucratic processes. The city council, Portland's Metropolitan Arts Commission, the Portland Development Commission, the Portland-Sapporo Sister City Association, and the Bureau of Parks and

Recreation each had a say in the final decision. Plans for the plaza were submitted and resubmitted, models were built and rebuilt. One of the most significant difficulties lay in the fact that the city had no official memorial policy—one had to be written.

Over and above the estimated \$500,000 needed for the memorial would be the costs involved in establishing a non-profit organization to accept donations. The solution came with establishment of the Oregon Nikkei Endowment, which collected donations from corporations, organizations, and individuals throughout the United States and overseas.

The life-breath of Murase's idea gradually emerged through the input and talent of several individuals who were particularly at home with the project's more creative aspects. According to Henry Sakamoto, president of the Oregon Nikkei Endowment, a monument such as the Japanese American Plaza "takes a lot of personal time, personal resources [and] a lot of community input and time."

Every facet of the monument's design reveals the efforts and creative voices of a variety of contributors. According to Murase, the stones of granite, jutting skyward from a wall of basalt, are "like people, standing up, speaking the history." The words the stones "speak" are presented in traditional Japanese haiku poetry, chiseled in granite and written by three Northwest poets: Lawson Inada, Hisako Saito, and the late Shizue Iwatsuke. Moving beyond his own internment during the war, Inada hoped to communicate "everybody's history" through his poetry. A

break in the monument's wall signifies the abrupt life changes Japanese Americans underwent during internment. The granite stones follow the break and bear haiku verse. The verse presents a story that threads throughout the war and after:

Black smoke rolls
Across the blue sky.
Winter chills our bones.
This is Minidoka.

With new hopes
We build new lives.
Why complain when it rains?
This is what it means to be free.

—Lawson Inada

Jim Gion, a Portland sculptor, created the two bronze cylinders that feature relief figures representing the experiences of first-generation immigrants to America and of Japanese Americans during World War II. Viewing the sculptures from afar, one is struck by the realistic images of individuals before, during, and after the war. Upon closer inspection, one is absorbed in the details, expressions, and gestures of the people represented.

Several others devoted long hours and creative energy for the plaza. Renowned stonemason Masatoshi Izumi traveled from his home on Shikoku Island, near Osaka, Japan, to supervise stoneworkers; Elizabeth Anderson, a graphic artist, designed the stones' typeface; and the Japanese Wheatgrowers Association donated one hundred cherry trees to surround the memorial.

The monument was completed in summer 1990 and was dedicated on August 5. In the dedication ceremony brochure, Robert Murase described the finished product as a living history lesson:


You will find . . . water located to the East (a direction traditionally associated with the Dragon). The water of the Willamette flows like the Dragon's long tail; and the flow of history of Japanese American people is expressed in poetry upon a basalt and granite wall that gracefully curves alongside the Willamette esplanade. Looking to the West (the Tiger), a pair of bronze columns create a gateway that opens out to the neighborhood that once was the center of Japanese American life in Portland. To the South (the Red Phoenix, a Chinese sign of peace), the Bill of Rights reminds us of the principles that, when upheld, secure the peace of all

Americans. To the North (the Tortoise), poetry and stone evoke our hopes for a peaceful future in this country, long in life like the tortoise.

In the four years since the dedication ceremony, Portland's—or rather, Oregon's—Japanese American Historical Plaza has won several local, national, and international awards. It has been featured in news programs and articles, has inspired a book, *Touching the Stones: Tracing 100 Years of Japanese History* (soon to be published), and inspired a symphonic work created by world-class composer and jazz pianist Andrew Hill. The monument is the first ever to honor Japanese American internees and has blazed a trail for similar projects benefitting community understanding and cultural growth.

The memorial is a realized dream for countless individuals. Memorials to cultural and ethnic minorities are still somewhat of a rarity, but the Japanese American Historical Plaza holds America's Asian peoples up for public recognition. According to Robert Murase, the objective was: "to make a place that expresses a message in a very simple and clear way, that could be felt in a very heartfelt way, not an intellectual way. If you understand something from the heart, it stays with you." Henry Sakamoto agrees, pointing to internment's lack of coverage in standard history texts. He says: "We wanted school kids to learn about the internment . . . we wanted it [the plaza] to be an educational force."

The Oregon Nikkei Endowment continues to raise money for the upkeep of the Japanese American Historical Plaza, enabling the monument to continue teaching tolerance and humanity.

As with most urban structures, the monument has seen its instances of vandalism. The damage is often costly; but as is also sometimes the case, there arises a sort of "urban communication" through which thoughtful notions are shared. The first instance of vandalism at the plaza was a graffito, scrawled in Spanish, which read, "This is a good place to be." 

Julie Vondracek Inada is a graduate of Oregon State University, Corvallis, and is curriculum director for Phoenix Corporation, Portland.

The carved names of ten internment camps are a lithic reminder of America's wartime treatment of its Japanese American citizens.

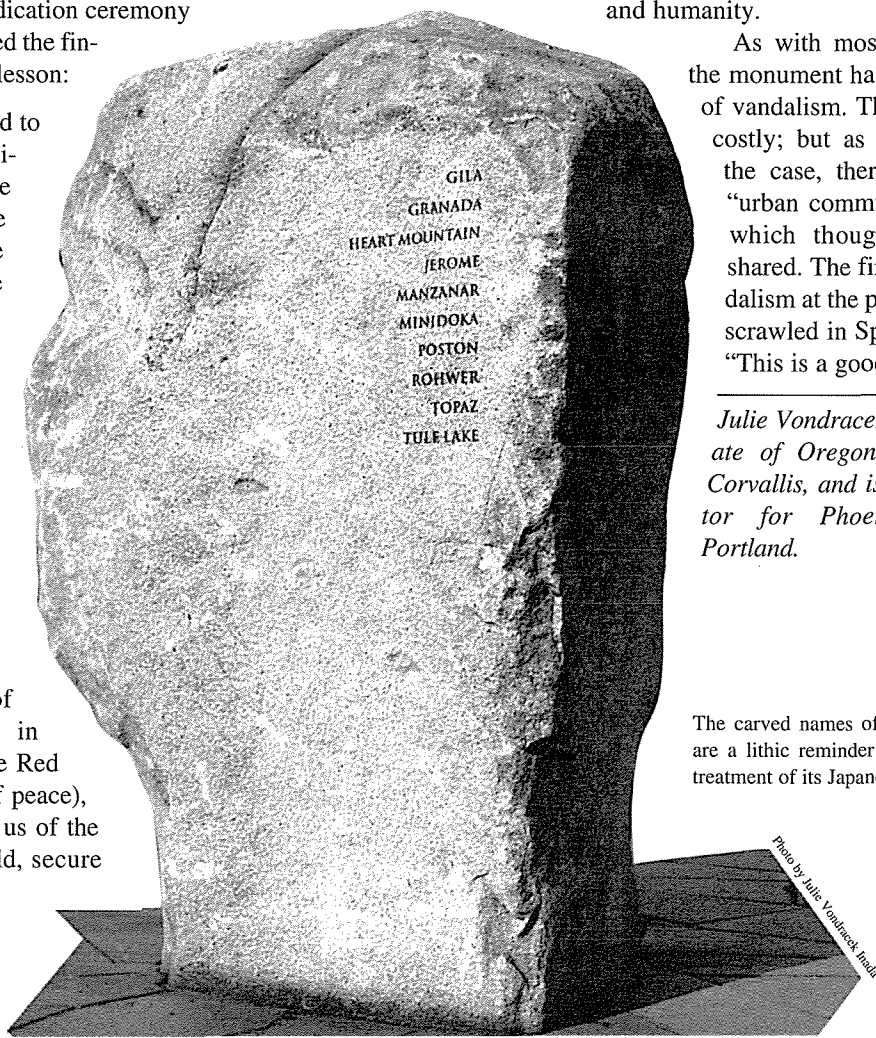


Photo by Julie Vondracek Inada

BETWEEN THE LINES

By Dewitt Mackenzie
Associated Press News Analyst

Three days from now Britain will surrender her mandate over the Holy Land and the lid will be off the Arab-Jewish war—unless a harassed United Nations can evolve a plan to prevent a catastrophe.

Three days — Just the flick of an eyelid as time goes when a fast-moving emergency like this is faced! At best, the U. N. will have to pull a rabbit out of the hat to handle the situation. At worst, this Middle East conflict could develop into another world upheaval.

And when one stops to survey the whole complicated muddle the question naturally arises whether there would be greater danger in continuation of the Palestine upheaval or in an inability of the U. N. to do anything about it. Certainly a failure of the peace organization to do something constructive would be a terrible blow to the morale of its supporters.

Anyway, England is giving up her mandate on May 15, and expects to have her troops out of Palestine by August 1. Furthermore, the British say that after the surrender of the mandate they will employ their diminishing armed forces merely defensively, to protect the completion of their withdrawal.

In short, all restraint will have been removed from the developing conflict—unless there is U. N. intervention.

Meantime the situation in Palestine is (to use the language of the British army) "seriously deteriorating." Recently the Britons announced that they were rushing troops, tanks and guns to the Holy Land from Malta and Cyprus to cope with the worsened conditions. This was to supplement a force estimated by competent observers to be about 25,000 troops.

But there was one bright spot in an otherwise dark picture.

Jews and Arabs agreed on a 48-hour truce in their battle for the Katamon quarter of Jerusalem. Sir Henry Gurney, chief secretary for the Palestine government, intervened to secure a cease-fire order. Surely this means that the position isn't hopeless from the standpoint of peace-makers.

Wallace Asks For End of 'Cold War'

NEW YORK, May 12 —(AP)—A crowd estimated at 18,000 cheered Henry A. Wallace last night as he outlined his ideas for ending the "cold war" and launching a "century of peace."

Addressing a Madison Square Garden rally, the third party presidential candidate said that there are no differences between the United States and the Soviet Union "which cannot be settled by peaceful, hopeful negotiations."

He presented his views in the form of an "open letter" addressed to Prime Minister Stalin. Wallace's running mate, Senator Glen Taylor (D-Idaho) also spoke at the rally, which was sponsored by the Wallace for President committee.

GRANTS PASS

OFFICIAL COUNTY NEWSPAPER

PUBL

EST. WEEKLY 1885, DAILY 1910 VOL. XXXVII, NO. 200

GRANTS PASS, OREGON, WEDNESDAY

MURDER SUSPECT



THREE JEWISH SOLDIERS, ONE WEARING A GAS MASK, and another holding his nose, remove an Arab corpse from the wreckage of a building in the Katamon district of Jerusalem during a 48-hour truce in the fighting between Arabs and Jews for control of the district.

GOP ASPIRANTS AND RUSSIA

Both Urge Caution with Regard to Peace Talks

Dewey Recalls Potsdam, Yalta

BAKER, Ore., May 12—(AP)—Governor Thomas E. Dewey regards with "cautious cheer" Russia's expressed readiness to discuss existing differences with the United States.

"If they mean it, it is the best news since V-J day," he said.

"If they don't mean it, well—it will be just what has happened about every six months."

As titular head of the Republican Party, the New York governor called for avoidance in new American consultations of "any repetition of the tragic mistakes" made by the administration at Yalta, Potsdam, Teheran and the Moscow conferences.

Dewey stated his position before an Oregon primary campaign rally at Ontario, Ore., yesterday. It followed a broadcast by radio Moscow that the Soviet Union was ready to pursue a "policy of peace and co-

Stassen States It's Propaganda

CHEYENNE, Wyo., May 12—(AP)—Presidential aspirant Harold Stassen was none too optimistic today about peace talks between Russia and the United States.

During a 10 minute refueling stop while en route by plane from North Carolina to Portland, Ore., the former Republican governor of Minnesota said:

"I would be inclined to discount any peace proposals made by Russia at this time. The fact that Russia claims that the proposals were made by the U. S. ambassador make it appear that it is more for a propaganda effect."

Stassen declined to say whether he favored a meeting between top officials of the two powers.

Stassen said he felt his prospects in the forthcoming Oregon primary were good. He expected that he

All But One of 4-H Scholarship Winners Named

With the selection yesterday of all but one of the 48 4-H Club members who will receive summer school scholarships from Josephine county and with several club and leaders' meetings being held today and tonight, the county program has reached a record high peak.

Assistant County Agent Cliff Jenkins announced that the scholarship committee met Tuesday and screened the nominations. The 48th selection will be the winner of the "Penney Made" contest Saturday, after which the list will be made public, he said.

The committee consisted of Alice Lindsay, county leaders' association president; Edna Cooper, Blanche Lackey, Dorothy Sabine, Susan Krauss, and Jenkins as advisor. The number of scholarships this year has been increased by ten.

Burton Hutton, assistant state

Pedestrian In Hospital

Elderly Woman Struck in Lane At Sixth and

Elizabeth Jane Kenyon of 217 West I street, is in the General hospital suffering from injuries which include a possible skull fracture resulting from a fall at the intersection of Sixth and I streets Tuesday noon.

According to the police Mrs. Kenyon was struck by a mobile driven by Mrs. Judy Doney, 20, of Cave Junction, who was traveling north on Sixth in the center lane. She was traveling north on Sixth in the center lane. She was traveling north on Sixth in the center lane. She was traveling north on Sixth in the center lane.

Neither Mrs. Doney nor Frances Eggers, her passenger, seemed anyone in the pedestrian lane until they fell. Mrs. Kenyon, according to report, was struck to the ground approximately in the center of the north pedestrian lane.

Mrs. Kenyon was carried west sidewalk by the driver of the southbound car which was the scene. Officer George called an ambulance and taken to the hospital.

Mrs. Doney was cited for violation of rule in not stopping for pedestrian and car had been tested, for vehicle with inadequate t

Wilhelmina Abdicate at Golden Jubilee

AMSTERDAM, The Netherlands, May 12—(AP)—Queen Wilhelmina's senior ruling announced tonight she will toward the end of September favor of her daughter, Crown Princess Juliana.

HELD; NO BAIL

Grand Jury Action

Miller Returned to County Jail after Hearing Battle; State's Evidence Forced

Judge Mathews Ends Hectic Session After Defense Attorney Airs Statements Of Stepfather Charged with Baby's Death

BY FRANK STREETER

Charles Wesley Miller was ordered to be held without bail for action by the grand jury on a charge of second degree murder, following a preliminary hearing in justice court which consumed most of Tuesday.

The decision of Justice of the Peace J. R. Mathews came at the close of a hectic hearing at which, in everyday parlance, "everything was tossed in but the kitchen sink."

Attorney Don Newbury of Medford, defending Miller, was successful in forcing the district attorney to produce everything the defendant had told him or the investigating officers.

The first court struggle came when Sergeant C. R. Borgman, state policeman and one of the arresting officers, was required to produce personal notes he had kept of conversations with Miller.

KICK ADMISSION

The next battle was over introduction of a statement said to have been signed by the defendant in which he admitted kicking "Buddy," his 10-months-old step son, while angry, causing a fatal skull fracture.

Finally, the district attorney was ordered to produce an unsigned 16-page question-and-answer statement recorded by a stenographer while Miller was being questioned in the district attorney's office the day of his arrest.

The state presented only two witnesses, the autopsy surgeon to show the cause of death, and the arresting officer to testify as to Miller's alleged admission that he kicked the child while angry.

The defense called Deputy Sheriffs Ed Dailey and Grover Mull and Chief of Police Carl Dallas. All were questioned as to what they heard Miller state at various times when questioned.

It was while Mull was on the stand that the matter of the unsigned Miller statement came up.

that Miller was quoted as declaring the kicking had been accidental. He was recorded as again admitting being angry at the time but qualified the admission by stating he didn't know just what he was mad about, not at the baby.

Chief Dallas testified that Miller told him, "I feel better now. I have got something off my chest."

During the frequent clashes of attorneys over the matter of disclosing the contents of the various conversations and statements alleged to have been made by the defendant, District Attorney W. F. Johnson frequently reiterated that he was being forced to disclose evidence the state was not required to reveal in a preliminary hearing.

NOT A TRIAL

"This is not a trial of the case. It merely is to determine whether a crime was committed and whether this defendant could have committed it," Johnson told the court.

The district attorney stated that the Miller case will be placed before the grand jury as soon as the Circuit Court calendar permits, probably in about two weeks. It is estimated that it will be at least six weeks before the trial can be held in Circuit Court.

In the meantime, Miller is to be held in the county jail without bail.

Handwriting Expert Testifies

Auto Union On Strike

Chrysler Employees Ask for Third Wage Increase

DETROIT, May 12—(AP)—The CIO's 75,000 Chrysler Corp. employees struck today for a third round of post-war wage increases.

Governor Sigler immediately ordered a complaint against the strikers under Michigan's new Bonine-Tripp labor law.

It requires that the state take a strike vote before workers can walk out. The CIO United Auto Workers contend it does not apply when a firm has plants outside of Michigan.

Sigler told reporters that he had asked the state labor mediation board to make a complaint to Wayne County (Detroit) Prosecutor James McNally. Under the law, McNally then could ask a court injunction.

"Either the law is good or it isn't," Sigler said. "If it's constitutional, we might as well find out now."

Meanwhile, Briggs Manufacturing Co. said 13,000 workers in its six Detroit plants would be laid off by Monday because of the strike. Briggs supplies Chrysler with bodies.

Workers streamed from the Detroit area Chrysler plants quietly. A few sang. Many joined picket lines to bear placards reading:

"We are on the picket line because we can't buy the things we need" and "my wife can't buy pork and beans on sympathy."

Food and sandwiches were awaiting pickets. Union members were preparing it two hours before the strike deadline.

Within an hour all 12 Chrysler plants in Michigan were idle. There are three more in Indiana and one in California.

Public Invited To CofC Meet

Chamber of commerce officials emphasize that the panel discussion of the proposed Rogue river water conservation program at the high school auditorium at 8 o'clock tonight was scheduled primarily to acquaint members with facts pertaining to the subject.

Oregon Spectator

In many ways, 1948 marked an end of innocence for the American people. High hopes immediately after World War II eroded into the tension and fear of the Cold War. Stalled peace talks with the Soviet Union and Middle-East violence became familiar newspaper headlines over the next forty-five years. Dennis Roler, managing editor of the Grants Pass Daily Courier, shares some of the independent paper's history.

The Grants Pass Daily Courier is one of a dying breed of independent, family-owned newspapers. For ninety-seven years, the Daily Courier has been owned by the Voorhies family, and today, John Voorhies continues to serve the Courier Publishing Company as president.

Throughout its history, the Daily Courier has played an integral role in growth and evolution in Grants Pass and Josephine County. And despite its relatively small size—current circulation is approximately 19,000—the Daily Courier has been able to stay abreast with technological changes. Today, use of computers for page layout has made linotypography and manual pasteup skills of the past.

There were no computers, however, in 1948, when this front page hit the streets. Photography was difficult to screen and print, and press constrictures limited the Daily Courier to an average of ten pages (compared to twenty-four pages today). This meant placing as many stories as possible on each page, which created some rather strange story combinations.

Today, thankfully, with technical advances and special sections, winners of 4-H competitions can be tucked away from international discord and pedestrian injuries.

Tillamook Bay Coast Guard Station

Oregon possesses a uniquely rich historical heritage and is home to historic sites, memorials, monuments, parks, natural landmarks, and historic landmarks that number well into the hundreds. In addition to spotlighting a particular historic place, the "Landmarks" feature will provide a listing of those most recently added to the National Register of Historic Places through the Oregon State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO). Oregon Heritage wishes to thank Elizabeth Walton Potter, SHPO national register nominations coordinator, for her invaluable and generous assistance.

The Tillamook Bay Coast Guard Station in Garibaldi, Tillamook County, was constructed in 1942 and began service during World War II as part of the national mobilization effort for the defense of the Pacific Coast. The original three buildings embody the Colonial-style popular during the 1930s and favored for the design of federal government buildings. The 3.3-acre Tillamook Bay Station replaced the Barview Station, which was put into operation in 1907. (The Barview Station buildings are gone and the original site is now under water.)

The Tillamook Bay Station main building, eighty feet by forty feet, is a two-and-one-half-story, wood-frame structure with flanking one-story wings. The building appears to have been built from the same plans as the main building at the Umpqua River and Newport Coast Guard stations. The Tillamook building differs, however, in having a central observation tower, or cupola.

Normally a branch of the Department of the Treasury, the United States Coast Guard came under the jurisdiction of the Navy during World War II and grew to over 240,000 personnel fighting in all theaters of the conflict. President Franklin D. Roosevelt's 1939 order for a national state of emergency had immediate impact on the day-to-day operations at all Coast Guard stations. Wartime beach patrols were initiated on February 3, 1941, and supplemented the Coast Guard's traditional role of saving lives at sea. All United States coastal areas were organized into defense divisions known as Naval Coastal Frontiers (NCFs). After February 6, 1942, the NCFs became Sea Frontiers, with Army and Navy personnel in each area to guard the coast and prevent invasion.

From December 1942 through October 1943, a patrol team from

the Rockaway Station further to the north lived at the Tillamook Bay Station and patrolled a twenty-one-mile area of beach extending from Nehalem Bay Jetty to Tillamook Bay. Two men took six hours to complete their patrol. The station also ran horse patrols. After the danger from seaborne invasion had diminished, particularly along America's East Coast, only the West Coast had active patrols. The beach patrols were discontinued later in 1944, and the defense mobilization effort ended with the closing of the Second World War in 1945.

The Tillamook Bay Coast Guard Station is owned and maintained by the United States Coast Guard. For more information, contact the Oregon State Historic Preservation Office, Parks and Recreation Department, 1115 Commercial St., N.E., Salem, Oregon 97310-1001; or call 503-378-5001.



The Oregon properties listed below by county were added to the National Register of Historic Places in January 1994, bringing the total of historic properties in Oregon to 1,356. Dates in parentheses indicate the year construction was completed.

CLACKAMAS	Clyde Hotel (1912)
R.S. Smith Motor Co. Building (1930)	Portland, Oregon
Sandy, Oregon	
Lewthwaite-Moffat House (1896)	Frances Building and Echo Theater (1911)
West Linn, Oregon	Portland, Oregon
COOS	Ernest Haycox Estate (1940)
Koski Building (1926)	Portland, Oregon
Coos Bay, Oregon	
Seelig-Byler House (1909)	E.J. O'Donnell House (1940)
Coos Bay, Oregon	Portland, Oregon
DOUGLAS	Packard Service Building (1910)
Gardiner Historic District (1870-1940)	Portland, Oregon
Gardiner, Oregon	Salerno Apartments (1930)
	Portland, Oregon
HOOD RIVER	W.S. Salmon House (1890)
Mt. Hood Hotel Annex (1912)	Portland, Oregon
Hood River, Oregon	
Mt. Hood Railroad Linear Historic District (1906-1944)	Telegram Building (1922)
Hood River, Oregon	Portland, Oregon
JACKSON	Tudor Arms Apartments (1915)
Madden-McCaskey House (1911)	Portland, Oregon
Central Point, Oregon, vicinity	U.S. Steel Corporation Office and Warehouse (1927)
Medford Geneva-Minnesota Historic District (1911-1924)	Portland, Oregon
Medford, Oregon	Yeon Building (1911)
	Portland, Oregon
LANE	UMATILLA
Cottage Grove Downtown Commercial Historic District (1880-1941)	Sarah E. Ireland Investment Property (circa 1890)
Cottage Grove, Oregon	Milton-Freewater, Oregon
Lasells Stewart House (1927)	WALLOWA
Cottage Grove, Oregon	Gotter Hotel (1927)
MARION	Enterprise, Oregon
Hinkle-Reid House (circa 1916)	WASHINGTON
Mill City, Oregon	First Church of Christ, Scientist (1916)
MULTNOMAH	Forest Grove, Oregon
Buyers Building (1928)	Harold Wass Ray House (1935)
Portland, Oregon	Hillsboro, Oregon vicinity

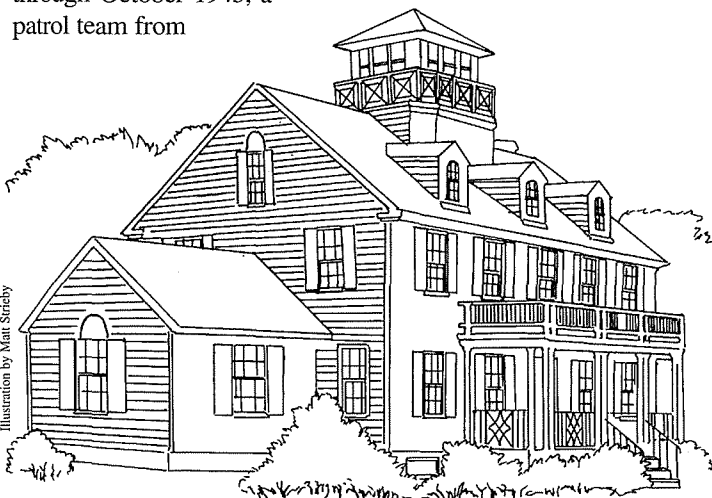


Illustration by Matt Stribby

Woman in the Sky

Mary Jean Barnes

by Robin Dunn

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt led the United States decisively into World War II in 1941, he set into motion events that would change the face of society. Few were more affected by those changes than American women—the war transformed forever their lives, status, and attitudes. Although they had played important roles in the previous war supporting men in combat,¹ World War II marked the first time large numbers of women entered the armed forces specifically in order to participate in less conventional activities.²

Immediately after America's entry into the war, several Rogue Valley women joined the military's ancillary branches, such as the Army and Navy nurse corps. Others, however, chose to serve directly in the main branches, and legions of women across the United States became Navy WAVES (Women Appointed for Voluntary Emergency Service), Army WACS (Women's Army Corps), Marine MCWRS (Marine Corps Women's Reserve), and Coast Guard SPARS (derived

"Fly Girl" Mary Jean Barnes strikes a jaunty pose in her leathers as she prepares to take to the air in this circa-1942 photograph.

Courtesy of Mary Jean Studevant



from the Guard's Latin motto "*Semper Paratus*," translated as "Always Prepared").

One of the lesser-known female forces were the WASPS (Women's Air Force Service Pilots). In 1939, while war flames spread throughout Europe, leaders like Jacqueline Cochran and Nancy Harkness Love were rallying to use women pilots in non-combat missions. There had never been much opposition to women serving the "traditional role" of tending combat wounded (nurses were often among the most active volunteers on or near the front lines of battle). However, social pressure was amassing to exclude women from any activity but nursing or clerical work.

The Army Air Force was easily influenced by public opinion and military tradition, and fought the idea of female aviators. Frustrated, Cochran took twenty-five American women to England to serve with the British Air Transport Authority. As the war escalated, however, more planes were produced while the pool of trained male pilots actually reduced. The Air Force finally capitulated and commissioned Nancy Love to establish a program using women to ferry planes to Britain as part of Roosevelt's Lend-Lease program. At the same time, the War Department summoned Cochran back from England to initiate a training program for women flyers. Cochran's and Love's programs were soon merged into the WASPS.

Reaction from women all over the country was overwhelming. More than 25,000 applied for the WASP program, and in all, 1,074 woman aviators served from 1942 until 1944. While under military tutelage, the WASPS remained a civilian organization under Cochran's forceful guidance.³

Mary Jean Barnes, a young "aviatrix" from Phenix, Oregon, with a quick mind and a dry wit, was one of those who chose to become a WASP. "We were the Army's best-kept secret," she confides. In the early years of the war, Mary Jean (preferring the informal form of address) had earned her pilot's license while attending the Civilian Pilot Training (CPT) program at Southern Oregon College of Education (SOC) in Ashland. Although Mary Jean had contributed to the

A great deal of social pressure was amassing to exclude women.



"Keep 'em flying"—During World War II, Mary Jean and other WASPS wore their own uniforms and lapel insignias.

There was some resentment because we were women and were challenging the norm.

war effort before joining the WASPS, her identification with the group remains a proud part of her past.

The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Authority had selected SOC in 1939 as one of the schools to offer the CPT program. Says Mary Jean: "The program was started to take up the slack from the shortage of pilots" during America's rearmament. "We took ground school at the college, and had flight training at the Medford Airport." Students received six hours of college credit for the primary CPT course and twelve hours for the advanced, with a minimum of 126 hours of ground school and thirty-five to fifty hours of flight training. "There were two women who had been in the class before me," Mary Jean says, "but, I was the only girl in my class. Tom Tepper and Tom Culbertson were the flight instructors, and Frank Sherwin taught the ground school."

Mary Jean and her fellow aviators apprenticed on the somewhat fragile Tandem Piper J3-Cubs. "They were little puddle jumpers," she remembers with a laugh, "not in top shape." Despite the Cubs' limitations, however, Mary Jean completed the course without a scratch. She recalls the sensation of later taking control of heavier aircraft: "I was terrified. Every pilot is, and anyone who says he isn't is lying. But I did love it. We had a saying about flying. It still applies I suppose, that flying is hours of sheer boredom, followed by hours of sheer terror."

By spring of 1941, Mary Jean graduated with seventy-five other students who had completed the CPT course. At only nineteen years, she established a ground school at Medford High School and continued what would be a life-long love affair with flying.

She was later stationed with the War Training Service Program in LaGrande, Oregon (Union County), and worked as a flight instructor at Eastern Oregon College of Education. Mary Jean then moved on to teach at Washington State College in Pullman. "I was the first woman to train pilots," Mary Jean says. "I did such a good job that they could hardly believe it was a girl teaching. They sent some government observers up to watch me train."

In 1942, Mary Jean became one of the 25,000 women nationwide who applied to the WASPS. "Mother thought it was fine," recalls Mary Jean's older brother

Courtesy of Mary Jean Sundevant

Don, stationed in the South Pacific at the time. "It was the spirit of the times. It wasn't unusual at all. We were quite pleased about [Mary Jean's] flying." Mary Jean was sent to Merced, California, for basic training and base operations. She recalls the arrangements:

We lived in barracks just like the men, in long, narrow bays [rooms] of some six to eight women, with forty or more women in a barracks. That posed quite a few problems, I'll tell you. But, we managed. We ate in the mess halls just like the men. We were paid about the same as the other male cadets too, but not much really, about fifty dollars a month.

Susan M. Hartman documented WASP exploits in her treatise on the impact of World War II on women's lives, *The Home Front and Beyond: American Women in the 1940s*. According to Hartman:

WASPs piloted virtually every type of aircraft, including transport planes, the mammoth B-29 bombers, and the newest and fastest fighter craft. Women eventually comprised half of all the Ferry Division's fighter plane pilots, and made seventy-five percent of all deliveries in the United States. WASPs also flew at air bases, towing targets for air-to-air and ground-to-air gunner trainees who often fired live ammunition. They served as test pilots and flew simulated strafing, smoke laying, radar jamming and searchlight tracking missions. Some WASPs were called upon to perform operations that male pilots found too tedious or too dangerous; and they flew the newest, riskiest aircraft to convince male pilots that these planes were easier to handle. Although the WASP accident rate was below that of male civilian pilots, thirty-eight women lost their lives.⁴

Unlike the relative freedom and respect women in the armed forces garner today, the tenor of the times placed many women in difficult positions. Mary Jean agrees:

There was some resentment because we were women and we were challenging the norm. But, we were there to do a job and so busy that we didn't pay much attention. That was the way things were and there wasn't anything we could do to change it. The training was very strict. You had to be twice as good as the men. But, that was good. We had excellent training—more than the men—because of it.

The bold and controversial WASP director, Jacqueline Cochran, left a vivid impression on the aspiring "Fly Girls." "She was a tough old gal," Mary Jean says with a chuckle. "There were all sorts of political implications for

While still a junior at Phoenix High School in 1938, Mary Jean enjoyed a relaxing moment with her pal Rex. Mary Jean recalls her mother approving of the collie's name "because he wrecked everything!"

Courtesy of Don Barnes



her because of the women in the military, but we were too busy just coping and learning our jobs to be involved.” She continues: “I will say this, she made sure that girls from all walks of life got into the program. It was not just the wealthy and influential girls. Working girls like me, who had worked hard to get their licenses, got in too.”

Due to the highly-publicized controversy over women doing traditionally male jobs in the military, Cochran’s refusal to integrate the WASPs into the Women’s Army Corps,⁵ and congressional pressure, the group was dissolved in September 1944, and the WASPs returned to civilian life with no veteran military status or compensatory benefits. “We didn’t receive any help,” recalls Mary Jean. “WASPs did not have rank either. I suppose we would have been equal in rank to a flight officer in another branch of the service.”

In 1947, Mary Jean married a career Air Force combat pilot and she flew occasionally, “but not much.” She raised a family of three children and, after moving to Tacoma in 1971 and a subsequent divorce, she began a new career. “I went back to school at the age of fifty-one, and then spent the next twelve years working in the district court for Pierce County in Tacoma.”

Today, Mary Jean (known today by her married name of Mary Sturdevant) fondly remembers several Phoenix High School and SOC classmates with whom she lost touch as the war took so many far from home. “I recall John Childers,” she says. “He was a couple of years older than me. He flew B-24s and was captured during the Ploesti Oil Field raids [in Romania]. He

escaped through the underground.” “And there was George Gates,” she continues, “who was a combat photographer.”

Although the WASP program was cut short, Mary Jean believes the role the program played had a tremendous impact: “They did prove that women could fly. We broke new ground.... I am very proud.” Mary continues seriously:

The WASPs are all very proud of women serving in the military these days. They are going ahead with what we started.... It is very hard for women to rise above [the rank of] lieutenant colonel. There are only a few [woman] generals because of this.

Mary Jean Barnes still takes an occasional plane ride with her youngest daughter, who, along with her husband, are working on their commercial pilot’s licenses. “I go up with my daughter,” Mary Jean says with a sigh and a laugh, “and, I sit there trying not to say anything.” “But,” reiterates the former WASP, “I still love to fly. I *love* to fly!”



Robin Dunn is a writer and artist living in Ashland, Oregon.

ENDNOTES

1. Sue Waldron, “Yeomanettes: Jackson County’s Blue Star Daughters,” *Table Rock Sentinel*, March/April 1990 (Southern Oregon Historical Society), 2.
2. Margaret Randolph Higonnet, ed., *Behind the Lines: Gender and the Two World Wars* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1987), 1-17.
3. Susan M. Hartman, *Home Front and Beyond: American Women in the 1940s* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1982), 31-32, 45.
4. Hartman, 45-46.
5. Mattie E. Treadwell, *United States Army in World War II, Special Studies: The Women’s Army Corps* (Washington, D.C.: Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army, 1954), 285.

Tom Culbertson, *center*, reviewed flight plans with his 1939 advanced CPT class at the Medford Airport. Culbertson went on to build a distinguished career with the United States Air Force.



Courtesy of Col. Tom Culbertson (USAF ret.)

There are many views of downtown from here

by George Kramer

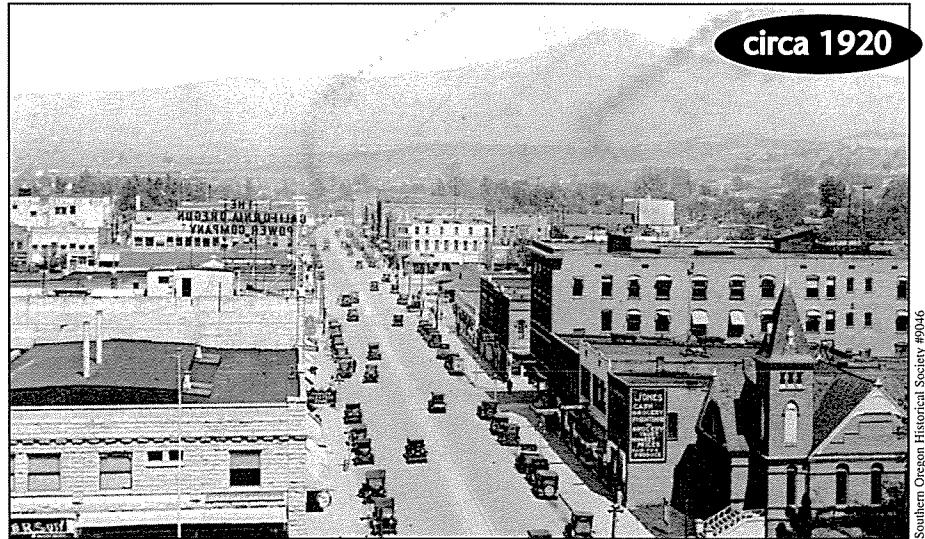
A community's downtown was once viewed as the town's "company face." The character of its buildings and stores was a manifestation not only of how a community viewed itself, but also of how it hoped to be viewed by others. Business blocks around the railroad depot—the "port of entry" for visitors—offered many enticements, making downtown an exciting and inviting place to be. It was somewhere to go after work and window shop, meet with friends, or just amble and enjoy. "Main Street, U.S.A." was downtown's primary road lined with solid, mortar-and-brick buildings that echoed the stability of the community itself.

Of course, community self-image continually changes, and buildings are often sacrificed to newer visions of "progress." These photos of Medford, Oregon, show how once-cherished landmarks were demolished and replaced with newer, less graceful structures. Other buildings were hidden behind facades or altered to new uses and tastes. Downtown Medford, it seemed, was denying its past and transforming itself into something new, often with disastrous results that left many buildings vacant or devoid of character.

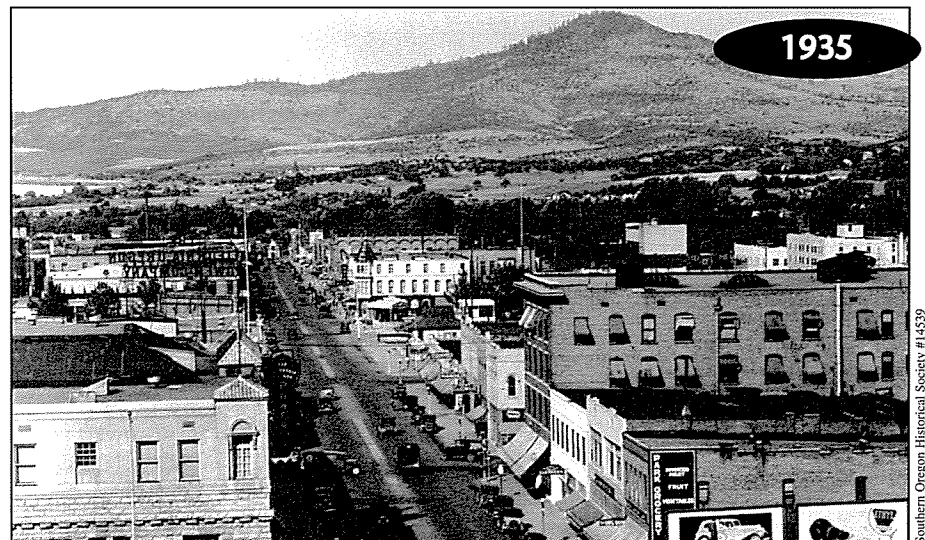
Such alteration was often a reaction to downtown's changing role. In the 1960s and 1970s, the mall—that homogenized, air-cooled, automobile-friendly enclave—overtaken downtown as a town's commercial focal point. Soon, folks went to the mall to window shop, to people-watch, or meet friends. Downtown, with its old buildings, small stores, and limited parking, languished. Some cities, like Eugene and Coos Bay, even tried to transform their downtowns into malls—with little success.

Medford's downtown, however, is now re-emerging as a community center. Property owners less frequently fight their buildings' original architecture, businesses are capitalizing on downtown's traditional role, and citizens are beginning to appreciate *all* architectural eras and styles. Downtown Medford is a strong and vital blend made up of a reasserted recognition of community character and a renewed appreciation for the role of diverse architecture. Through thoughtful urban renewal and renovation and preservation efforts, things may finally be looking up for Medford's—and America's—downtown. 🏠

George Kramer is a historic preservation consultant living in Ashland, Oregon.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #9046



Southern Oregon Historical Society #14539



Photo by Matt Strieby

The Old Steelfaced Blues

by Dean Wesley Smith

Danny watched Cynthia's face melt as he slipped the diamond engagement ring on her finger. Like so much hot butter, her pert nose, her thin eyebrows, her high cheeks, her full lips slid down her face and dripped from her chin. A pool of skin-tone liquid mixed with faint touches of pink lipstick and gray eye shadow formed in swirls on her skirt in her lap, then ran off onto the couch and down into the cracks between the cushions.

He watched what was left of her upper lip disappear before he dared glance back up at her face. Only pale blue eyes, two nostril holes, and a slit of a mouth remained on the smooth, metal surface where her face had been.

He glanced around the living room of his apartment, stared at his stereo, his VCR, his coffee table to make sure everything else was still in place. It all seemed to be, except that suddenly the place seemed much warmer, almost like a sauna. It was a warm day in Eugene, but it wasn't that warm.

He took a deep, shuddering breath and then looked again at her. Hard steel and no expression greeted his look. He had been afraid this would happen. His family had a history of being able to see the true nature of someone. But it hadn't happened to him before.

"Oh, Danny," she said, holding up her hand and admiring her new engagement ring. "It's so beautiful. You shouldn't have."

She was right. He shouldn't have. He glanced down at the tip of her nose, melting on her lap like an ice cube on a hot summer sidewalk, then forced himself to look back up at her face.

"Are... Cynthia... are you... I mean, are you feeling all right?"

"I feel wonderful." Her hand grasped his and she leaned forward to hug him. He barely moved his head aside in time to avoid the kiss and ended up feeling the cold steel of her face against his cheek. It felt like he was leaning against the side of a Lane County Transit bus on a cold morning.



Illustration by Max Strieby

She pulled back and looked at him, her once beautiful blue eyes now cold and pale. No expression marred the cold surface. Was this the true Cynthia? Why hadn't his family's vision been working before now?

"Honest," she said. "I feel great. Why?"

He shook his head and turned his gaze downward at where her hand held his. As he watched, her hand turned into a steel claw, gripping his wrist painfully, holding him from escape. He was doomed. He just knew it.

"Danny. What's wrong?" Her tone was beginning to sound panicked. He shook his head. No way he was going to tell her she lost her face. No way was he going to tell her that his family, as far back as 1845, had the secret ability to see another person's true self. His dad said their family gained the gift after their wagon train camped in eastern Oregon in a canyon littered with gold. Only those with the "gift" recognized the shiny stones as gold.

"You're having second thoughts already, aren't you? You can't even last ten seconds after asking me to marry you."

This time he kept staring at her steel-clawed hand and didn't even shake his head. No way was he going to look back up into that face. That coldness was not how he wanted to think of her. Instead he silently cursed his father for even telling him about the family pioneering days.

"Damn you, Danny Eaton," she said, yanking her hand away from his, tearing skin as it went. "I should have known better than to think you could ever get married. Here's your damn ring back. I don't know why you even gave it to me."

With a yank she tugged off his ring and threw it at him, hitting him in the chest. The ring bounced once and went down the same crack in the cushions as her upper lip had gone.

"I'm...I'm sorry. It's just that..." Her face was back. Everything in the right place. All the skin, her eyebrows, her nose. Her beautiful face was back.

She stood and glared at him, normal hands on her full hips, tears in her eyes. "Sometimes I wonder what I see in you." She turned toward the front door.

"Wait!" He stuck his hand down into the crack of the couch, searched for a long few seconds amid the crumbs and old popcorn kernels until he found the ring, then went after her. He caught her before she reached the front door, spun her around and looked deep into her blue eyes.

"I love you," he said. "I honestly do. It's not what you think."

"Then what is it?"

"Fear," he said.

"Fear of what? Marriage? Commitment? Just what the hell are you afraid of, Danny?"

He laughed. There was no way he could tell her the truth. He took a deep breath, looked her square in the eye and lied. "I'm afraid I won't be enough for you."

Her eyes glazed over for a moment, a puzzled expression on her face, then she smiled. At first a small grin, then a full, laughing smile as she pulled him close. Her soft body felt so

good against his, her kiss was warm, her lips full.

He tried not to sigh.

After a minute she broke the kiss and held him at arms length. "Damn you, Danny Eaton. How do you always know to say the right thing?"

He shrugged. He wanted to say "Old family secret" but didn't. He took her hand and slipped the ring back on her finger. Cynthia was Cynthia. He'd just have to get used to that. He loved her. From her he could put up with a lot of things.

She again held up her hand and stared longingly at the diamond. "I really do love you, you know."

He hugged her close. "And why is that?"

"Because you see me for what I truly am and still love me."

You want to spend the rest of your life with me?"

"That's right," he said. "I do." She had no idea exactly how right she was.

Slowly, her face again melted, sliding down the front of her dress and forming a pool of facial parts on the rug. He closed his eyes, leaned forward and kissed her steel-cold lips. He'd get used to it. Or he'd learn to keep his eyes closed to her faults. His dad had said Danny would have to learn to do that with a lot of people.

A moment later she pulled away, looked at him with cold eyes and said, "And I can see you for what you are, too. And I still love you."

He stopped a laugh.

She frowned. "Don't you believe that I really see you? Do you think I'm blind?" He forced a concerned expression onto his face and looked into her steelfaced eyes. "Sometimes it's better not to see."

She pulled away, glaring at him. "You really don't think I know you. Do you really think I'm stupid enough to marry someone I don't know?"

He shrugged. "I just think it takes more time than we have had to understand another person."

"Well I don't. And I'll bet you. Go ahead, tell me something about you I don't know."

"This is stupid."

"No it's not," she said. He could tell she wasn't going to drop this. Maybe now was as good a time as any to clear some things up.

"So you want to bet?" he said, smiling. "Did you know about this?" Slowly his face melted, dripped off his chin and formed a second puddle on the carpet beside her face.

"Yes," she said. "You lose."

"What?"

She laughed. "My great-grandmother was also in the Lost Blue Bucket Mine wagon train. The same wagon train your great-grandfather came to Oregon with. I have the same 'gift' you do." She pulled him tight against her, closed her eyes and kissed him hard. The sound of metal scraping against metal filled the house.

It was a sound he would never grow used to.



Dean Wesley Smith is a nationally published fiction writer living near Eugene, Oregon.

SIGNPOSTS

JOHN DAY

FOSSIL BEDS

NAT

by Marjorie Lutz O'Harra



Oregon's painted hills are part of the splendid geological formations that can be found at the John Day Fossil Beds National Monument.

ONAL MONUMENT



Courtesy of John Day Fossil Beds National Monument

Ash and pumice spewed from volcanoes to bury the forests and the creatures that lived in them, layer by layer. Underground forces lifted, tilted, and faulted the surface, and the wind and the rain cut deep canyons and molded gentle hills.

The John Day Fossil Beds National Monument encompasses more than 14,000 acres of central Oregon's high country. The Sheep Rock Unit, in Grant County, lies northwest of Dayville on U.S. Highway 26. The Painted Hills Unit is near Mitchell, in Wheeler County, on U.S. Highway 26. The Clarno Unit lies just southwest of Fossil on State Highway 218, also in Wheeler County. Each of the three widely separated areas represents a span of over fifty million years to about five million years ago. Along this broad tract, some of the most primitive, unspoiled, and scientifically significant scenery in the world is being preserved and interpreted.

During the early-1860s, Thomas Condon rode through this remote and lonely land and recognized the importance of the bones and fossils that a cavalry troop had brought to him. Condon, a pioneer minister and amateur scientist, sent a collection of the fossils to Yale University. In 1871, the university sent an expedition under the command of Othniel Marsh, the first professor of paleontology in the United States. Condon eventually became Oregon's first state geologist, as well as a professor of geology and natural history at the University of Oregon in Eugene from 1876 until his death in 1907.

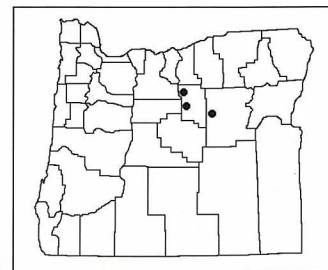
Given national monument status in 1974, this intriguing landscape holds not only one of the most complete fossil records known, but continues to tell the story of ancient life as scientists today continue discovering, unearthing, and studying the fossilized remains of prehistoric plants and animals. The main visitor and information center is at Sheep Rock where the 1917 James Cant House offers engrossing exhibits and displays. Exhibits in the house and converted farm buildings explain the history and the scientific importance of the fossil beds. Park personnel and video programs answer questions and help set the scene. Visitors may also watch museum technicians preparing fossils for display.

When exploring the vastness of central Oregon, a picnic in hand is always a good idea. Visitors who pack a lunch can enjoy a table under a tree in the shade of an old apple orchard on the Visitor Center's grounds. Plan time to walk along one of the well-engineered and well-maintained trails. The "Island In Time" trail takes visitors into Blue Basin and to the Blue Basin Overlook. Trailside exhibits tell the story of what this landscape was like twenty-five million years ago, when ancestors of rhinoceri, sabertooths, and various cat-like predators inhabited the area.

The John Day Fossil Beds National Monument is one of those rare cases in which the entire family can be truly entertained and truly educated at the same time. It should not be missed on any motortrips across the state. For information on weekly programs and ongoing exhibits, call the Visitor Center at 503-987-2333, or write John Day Fossil Beds National Monument, 420 W. Main St., John Day, OR 97845.



Marjorie Lutz O'Harra is a journalist, author, and explorer living in Ashland, Oregon, with her husband Robert.



Courtesy of John Day Fossil Beds National Monument

Visitors to the monument may observe technicians preparing fossils recovered from the area.

Weaving the rails through Pacific Northwest history

by Jeff LaLande

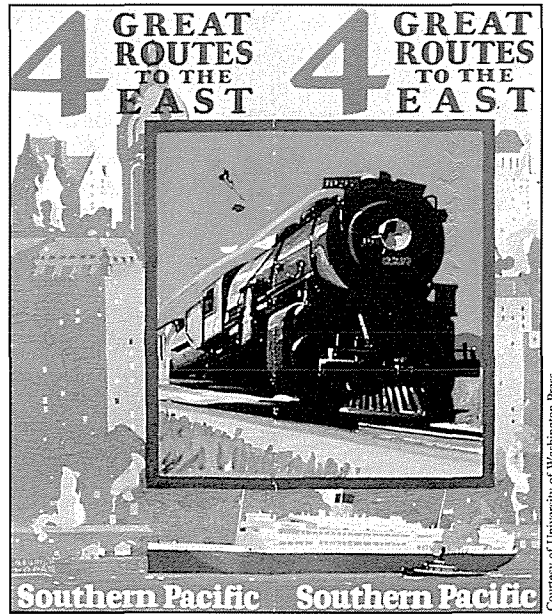
Railroad Signatures Across the Pacific Northwest (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1993, 360 pages, illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index), \$50.00, Carlos A. Schwantes

It is, perhaps, cliché to point to the crucial role railroads played from the late-nineteenth century through much of the twentieth in creating the fortunes of the Pacific Northwest. In his recent work, *Railroad Signatures Across the Pacific Northwest*, Carlos Schwantes takes this truism as his starting point and explores the richness and complexity beneath the surface. The book provides an overview of the railroad history of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana. The result is a lively, interpretive narrative that provides a deeper appreciation of the links between the Northwest's transportation development and the region's characteristic economic and social history. If the book may be likened to a railroad trip through time, it is a memorable and rewarding ride.

Schwantes begins the journey at the onset of the Northwest's "First Railway Age"—with the crude portage tramways of the Columbia Gorge and the long struggle to link the Willamette Valley with California by rail—and carries it through the transcontinental "system-building" heroics of Henry Villard, James J. Hill, and other railroad leaders during the last quarter of the 1800s. The author then proceeds into the "Second Railway Age," when the promotional activities of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and other lines "sold" the Northwest to countless investors, settlers, and especially tourists, thereby molding the region's enduring national image as a bountiful and beautiful Utopia.

Schwantes provides a fascinating tour of this golden era of passenger train travel before entering the long, hard stretch from World War I to the present. This final period is the on-going "Age of Competition," during which the railroads battled to survive in the face of government regulation, technological challenge, and a relentless drain of passengers and freight to highway and airline travel. This closing section is particularly interesting for its perceptive discussion of the Northwest's recent economic history.

Through it all, Schwantes provides intriguing glimpses of the industry's inner workings: the gritty realities of construction-camp life and hoboing, the technological transformation from steam through electric to diesel locomotives. Some old stories—such as the purported violent feuding between the Hill and Harriman construction crews in the Deschutes River canyon—are presented in mythic tones. Others—such as the passenger



Schwantes' *Railroad Signatures* features colorful promotional materials, such as this Southern Pacific brochure.

train stranded at Starvation Creek in the Columbia Gorge for three weeks during the blizzard of December 1884—are told in accurate detail.

Although comprehensive, the book by no means offers an exhaustive treatment of Northwest railroads. In an effort to "capture the impact of railroads on everyday life in one region of the United States," Schwantes leaves the story of logging railroads to other authors. His narrative touches on relatively few of the Northwest's smaller common carriers, but this is understandable given that, in the State of Washington alone, "more than five hundred railroad companies were incorporated... between 1860 and 1948."

Schwantes offers a solid discussion of the region's turn-of-the-century electric "interurban" commuter lines, and he gives a close-grained study of the diesel Streamliner era of the Great Depression and post-World War II years when railroads tried desperately to lure long-distance passengers out of automobiles and back into Pullmans.

Railroad Signatures has much to offer the rail fan, but it is as a work of synthesis and interpretation that the book holds its greatest value. Schwantes skillfully weaves railroad history into the fabric of regional history, linking the Northwest's socio-economic situation to the broader pattern of national and international trends. Evaluating the centrality of rail travel in early twentieth-century America, the author notes the symbolic importance of passenger trains as not only "... the most visible manifestation of the largest and most powerful industry in the United States," but also as "part of the common experience of Americans from many different geographic, ethnic, and social backgrounds."

Railroad Signatures is a handsome publication, very readable in style, and the text is interspersed with excellent photographs, maps, and color illustrations. Historical information about the Northwest's railroads has long been available to readers from shelves literally groaning with books on the subject. Most, however, have typically dealt with only a selected aspect of the subject. Despite some (unavoidable) limitations in topic matter, Schwantes' book will stand as a comprehensive and engaging story of the twin tracks of steel across the time and space of the Pacific Northwest.



Jeff LaLande is a historian who lives in Ashland, Oregon. One of his memorable life experiences occurred in 1971, when he hopped a Canadian National freight train and rode several hundred miles from Lake Superior to Winnipeg.

History in the Making

Enrich your historical perspective with these events and exhibits.



SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

106 N. CENTRAL AVE.
MEDFORD, OR 97501-5926
TELE. 503-773-6536
FAX 503-776-7994

"Taste of New Orleans"

The Society hosts "Taste of New Orleans" on the grounds of Ashland Vineyards, Sunday, Jul. 17, 5:30 P.M. until dark. Joining the Society to present the fundraising event are Ashland Vineyards, McCully House Inn, and Molly Reed Interiors. For tickets or more information, call 503-773-6536.

Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience

This interactive-format exhibit examines current issues surrounding collection of American Indian cultural remains. The exhibit is on display at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. For more information, call 503-773-6536.

Author Visit

Jane Boulton, author of the children's book *Only Opal*, visits the Southern Oregon History Center, in Medford, on Thursday, Jul. 28, at 2:00 P.M. Families are invited to listen as she reads her story based on the diary of a young pioneer girl. The author will autograph copies of her book which may be purchased at the History Store.

The Quilting Party

Some of the Society's many quilts are featured in the exhibit *The Quilting Party* at the History Center. The exhibit runs through Aug. 31, and in July, several events will occur with the exhibit—including hands-on activities for all ages—and a gallery talk by Janette Merriman, curator of collections.

"Time Treks"

Youngsters ages eight to twelve can experience history first-hand as they step back to a different time period each day. Participants will visit a pioneer banker's home of the 1870s, knead noodles, eat food cooked on a woodstove, make ice cream, and sleep overnight in the museum. This week-long event takes place in Jacksonville, Aug. 8-13. For more information, call 503-773-6536.

Hanley Farm Dig

The public is invited to walk through excavations with Society staff archaeologist Ted Goebel at the historic Hanley Farm near Jacksonville, Aug. 6 from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. For more information, call 503-773-2675.

WARM SPRINGS, OR

Museum at Warm Springs
The traveling exhibit *Native America: Reflecting Contemporary Realities* features contemporary American Indian artists from thirty tribes across the country and runs through Sep. 9 at the museum in the Changing Exhibit Gallery. For more information, call 503-553-3331.

ASHLAND, OR

Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History

The Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History offers many classes for children, adults, and families this summer. For more information, call 503-488-1084.

KLAMATH FALLS, OR

Applegate Trail

Rendezvous Committee
The second annual "Applegate Rendezvous," commemorating the Applegate Trail, is set for Sep. 16-17. Last year, the Applegate Wagon Train ran from eastern Nevada, through northern California, up the Applegate Trail through Klamath County, and ended by meeting the Oregon Trail Wagon Train in Independence, Oregon. This year's event features encampments, authentic demonstrations and displays, cowboy poetry, a barbecue, and dancing. For more information, call 503-884-3405.

MORO, OR

Sherman County Historical Museum

The Sherman County Historical Museum features exhibits of early medical and dental equipment, rural Oregon living, and patriotism. The society also features the popular *Oregon Trails, Rails and Roads* in Sherman County. For more information, call 503-564-3232.

WASHINGTON COUNTY

Washington County Historical Society

The Washington County Historical Society features *Fighters on the Farm Front: Oregon's Emergency Farm Labor Service 1943-1947*. The exhibition opens Jul. 29 and features historical pho-

tographs and posters marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Emergency Farm Labor Service. The traveling exhibit was assembled by the Oregon State University Archives and runs through Sep. 28 at the museum. For more information, call 503-645-5353.

ONTARIO, OR

Western Treasure Valley Cultural Center

The WTVCC and Treasure Valley Community College present *Price's of the Past: The Horace and Roa Arment Native American Collection*. The exhibit discusses American Indian lifeways using artifacts, photographs, and illustrations. The collection reflects more than seventy years of collecting. For more information, call 503-889-8191.

ASTORIA, OR

Clatsop County Historical Society

The Clatsop County Historical Society presents *Oregon Artists: The First Half of the 20th Century*. The exhibit runs through Oct. 16 and takes an in-depth look at Oregon art and artists during the transition from traditional to modern art from the turn of the century to the 1950s. For more information, call 503-325-2203.

BAKER CITY, OR

Baker County Historical Society

Baker County offers visitors several ways to rediscover eastern Oregon's past: Oregon Trail Regional Museum, 503-523-9308; Eastern Oregon Museum (Haines), 503-856-3233; Sumpter Valley Railroad trips, 503-894-2268; Kadish-Pollman House, 503-523-3006; Oregon Trail Horse or Coach Trolley, 503-856-3356; Eastern Oregon Tour, 503-523-7109; and the Oregon Trail Interpretive Center, 503-523-1843.

Publication deadlines are Sep. 1 for the fall issue and Nov. 1 for the winter issue. Send media releases and calendar listings to:

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



Courtesy of the Anne Frank Center USA

THROUGHOUT OREGON

The Anne Frank Story

Developed and produced by the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam, Holland, this community exhibit is traveling to several Oregon communities. *The Anne Frank Story* illustrates the life and legacy of Anne Frank while exploring the concepts of racism, discrimination, and anti-Semitism. The exhibit begins by describing the Frank family's German-Jewish roots and goes on to describe the Franks' flight to Amsterdam during Hitler's Nazi regime. The exhibit also looks at daily life in the "secret annex"—the Franks' hiding place—the efforts of rescuers, and the resistance movement. Exhibit panels also examine the fate of the Frank family and the devastation of the Holocaust. In the photo above, taken in 1935, Anne, right, plays with her friend, Sanne Lederman, in Amsterdam, Holland. For more information, call the Anne Frank Center USA at 212-431-7993. *The Anne Frank Story* shows in these communities this fall: Estacada, Sep. 6-26; Klamath Falls, Sep. 19-27; Noti, Sep. 30-Oct. 14; Brookings, Oct. 3-15; and Grants Pass, Oct. 18-Nov. 10.

LINCOLN COUNTY

Oregon Coast Council for the Arts

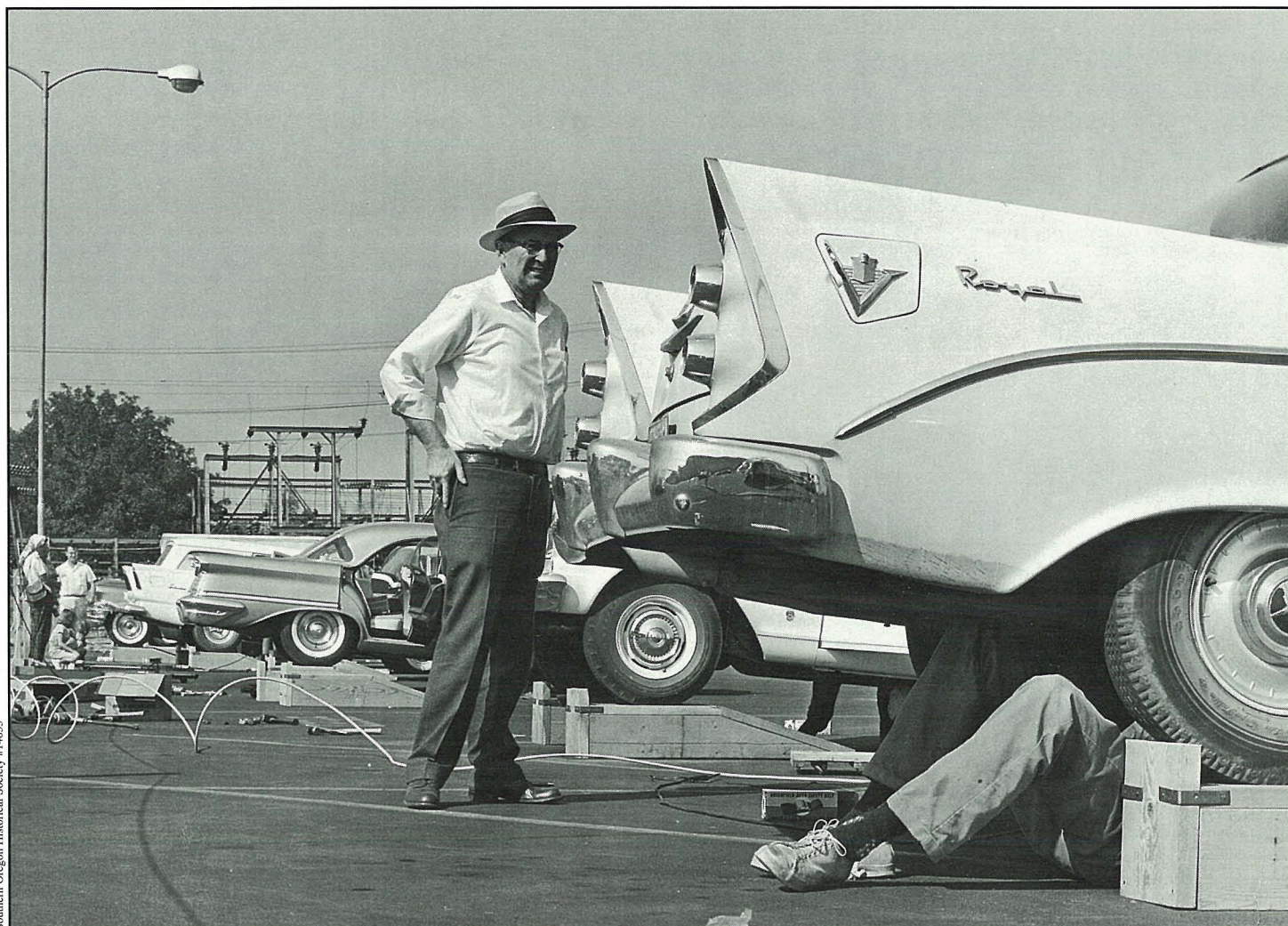
"Stories" is a two-year, oral history project of the Oregon Coast Council for the Arts, with area residents, libraries, schools, museums, and historical societies. Stories of newcomers, long-time residents, youngsters, and elders will be gathered, shared, and documented in a variety of community settings. For more information, call 503-265-2787.

WHEELER & GRANT COUNTIES

John Day Fossil Beds National Monument

Through Sep. 5, the John Day National Fossil Beds Monument offers visitors an orientation film, daily Fossil Museum talks, and a daily Sheep Rock Overlook walk. Visitors may also experience the Blue Basin Trail walks and Fossil Lab demonstrations. For more information, call 503-987-2333.

Going places this fall



Southern Oregon Historical Society #14633

AUTUMN TRAILS IN OREGON HERITAGE

Join the Southern Oregon Historical Society

Membership provides you with advanced notice of premiere events and receptions, a one-year subscription to *Oregon Heritage* magazine and the *Artifacts* monthly newsletter, many discounts, and the knowledge that you are an active participant in making southern Oregon history come alive for the state and the region.

Yes! Please send me more information on joining the Southern Oregon Historical Society

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____



SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

Please fill out this form and mail to: Susan Cox-Smith,
Membership Coordinator, Southern Oregon Historical
Society, 106 N. Central Ave. Medford, OR 97501-5926.

Coming next issue:

- ▼ Wartime boom in Jackson County—Russell Working recounts Camp White's place in World War II history.
- ▼ John Enders examines the history of Mexican migrant labor in Oregon.
- ▼ Wendy Liebreich relates the impact of *The Anne Frank Story* on several Oregon communities.
- ▼ Robert Heilman provides a detailed account of the Emmons Overland Expedition of 1841 from the Columbia Bar to "Mount Chasty," in Mexican California.
- ▼ Penny Hummel revisits Oregon's "Tuskegee Airmen" during World War II.

OREGON
HERITAGE

It reads well

OREGON HERITAGE

Today's Blue-Plate Special:

A Cross-Cultural Compote

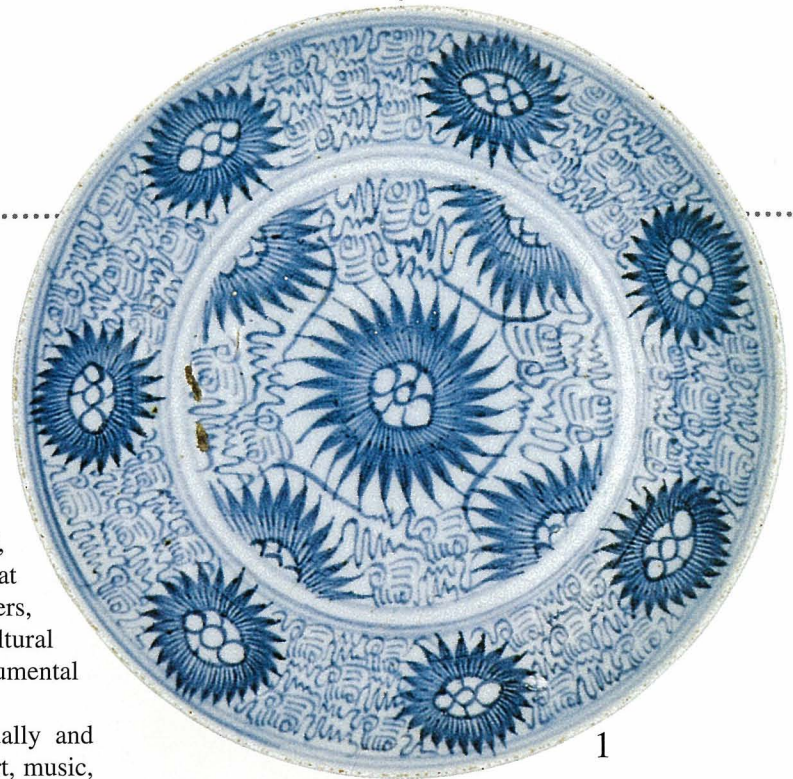
The world today is a patchwork quilt of unique and diverse cultures with no single culture existing in perfect isolation. From the mightiest continent to the puniest island, each of the earth's four corners is touched by far-flung cultures that span not only time zones, but also vast histories, language barriers, and ancient traditions. This is the phenomenon of intercultural exchange, or cultural cross-pollination, and it can manifest monumental impact upon various societies in extremely subtle ways.

Over the millennia, cultural cross-pollination has gradually and steadily created the hybrid world in which we live today. Our art, music, literature, laws, and legends have sprung from a complex admixture of peoples, places, and events. The process is never-ending and continues to produce wonderful and sometimes surprising results. In the Southern Oregon Historical Society's collection are examples of cultural cross-pollination in what appear at first glance to be little more than antique chinaware. In fact, they are the physical representations of how commerce, and curiosity, have created remarkable cultural blendings and hybrids around the world and throughout history.

1. 1820-1850 • SHALLOW, BLUE-AND-WHITE, SINO-ISLAMIC, CHINESE EXPORT PORCELAIN BOWL. Although this bowl is rooted in the conventional porcelain techniques of China, the design is of Spanish origin. In addition, the motif surrounding the central, Spanish "sunburst" identifies a Moorish influence born of centuries of Islamic occupation along the Iberian peninsula. During the twelfth century, Spanish artisans adopted such designs from their Islamic conquerors. The circle of cultural exchange was completed when, by the 1600s, Spanish colonists brought their wares to the New World. As Pacific-rim trade between China, Macao, and Spanish America flourished, Sino-Islamic wares that had been sold in China and reproduced by Chinese artisans were, in turn, sold to Spanish traders en route to the Americas. However, due to cultural interpretation, the Iberian sunburst and Arabic script had become chrysanthemums and illegible squiggles.

2. 1840-1860 • SQUARE, BLUE-AND-WHITE, ENGLISH PEARLWARE PLATE WITH INDIAN TRANSFER PRINT. The political ramifications of cultural cross-pollination are familiar to cartographers and historians. For centuries, world atlases were awash in "imperial red"—a reference to Britain and her colonies and protectorates, as indicated in red on most maps. Truly, the sun never set on the British Empire. The general design of this piece provides striking evidence of the intercultural exchange at work during the empire's apex. Although originating in Staffordshire, England, the plate is decorated with a distinctly Indian motif—testimony to British dominion over India at the time.

3. 1860-1890 • BLUE-AND-WHITE, ENGLISH PEARLWARE PLATE WITH TRANSFER PRINT. This plate speaks to an active British presence in China during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Both the British and the Americans were actively engaged in forcing open the doors of trade with China. As a British Crown Colony, Hong Kong eventually proved an effective wedge. Like India, China served as inspiration for several English (and American) objects used daily in households around the world.



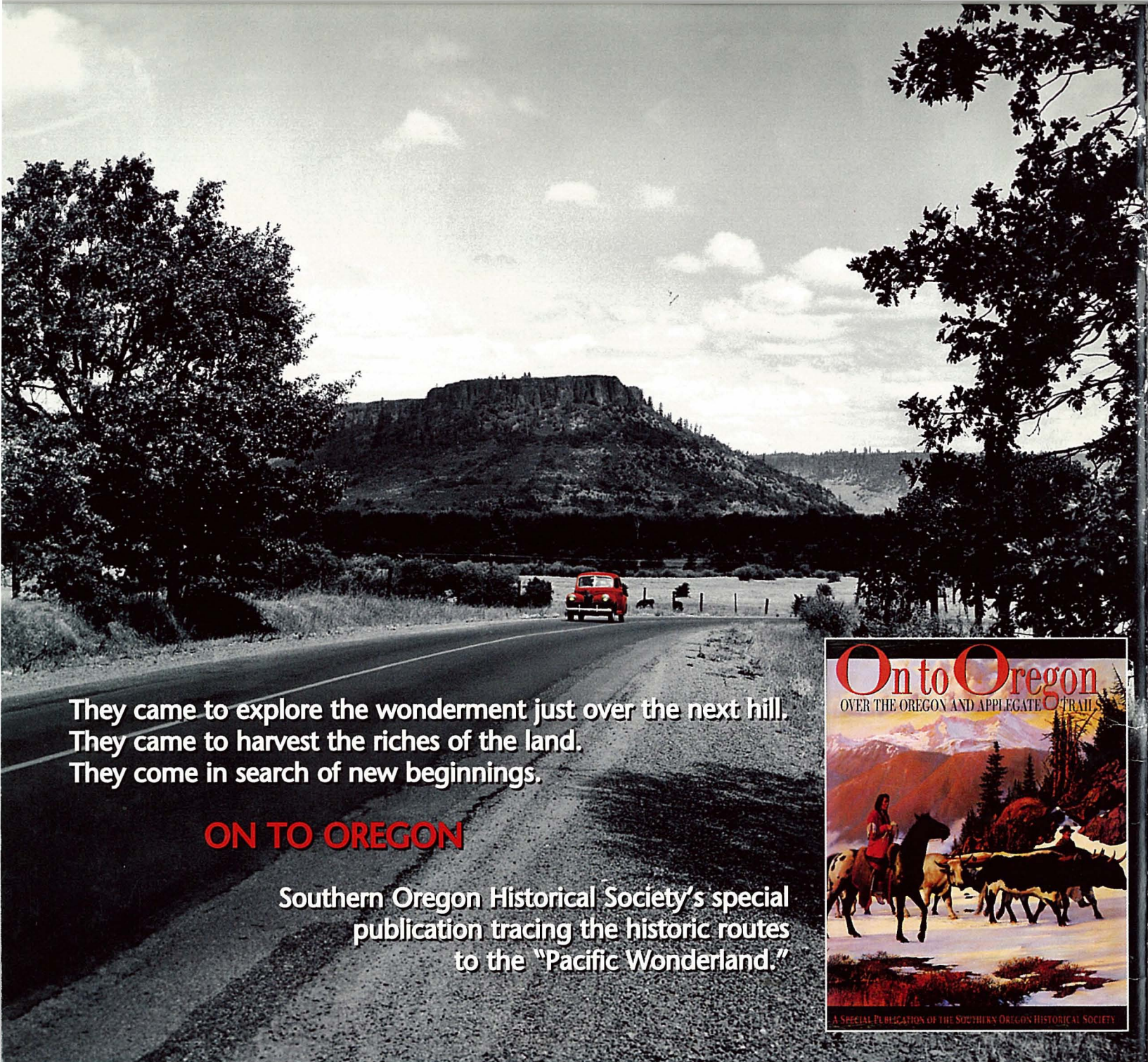
1



2



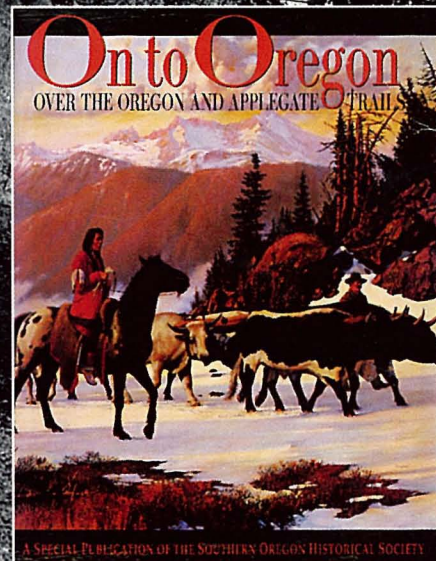
3



They came to explore the wonderment just over the next hill.
They came to harvest the riches of the land.
They come in search of new beginnings.

ON TO OREGON

Southern Oregon Historical Society's special
publication tracing the historic routes
to the "Pacific Wonderland."



SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

106 N. Central Ave.
Medford, OR 97501-5926

Non-profit Org.
US POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 164
Medford, OR