

# OREGON HERITAGE

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**COMUNIDAD EN  
TRANSICION**  
MEXICAN MIGRANTS  
IN SOUTHERN OREGON

**OREGON COMMUNITY  
AMERICAN DREAM  
IN MONROE**

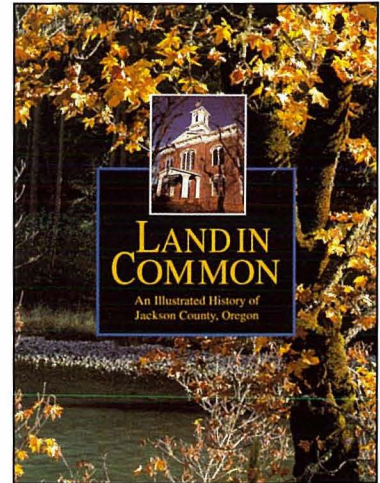
**FIGHTING THE WAR  
ON TWO FRONTS**  
THE TUSKEGEE AIRMEN  
OF WORLD WAR II



# Oregon history... we have it covered.

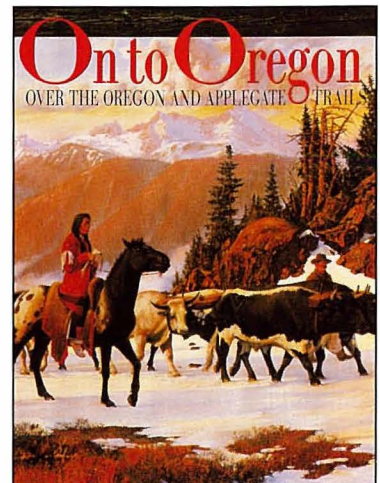
## *Land in Common: An Illustrated History of Jackson County, Oregon*

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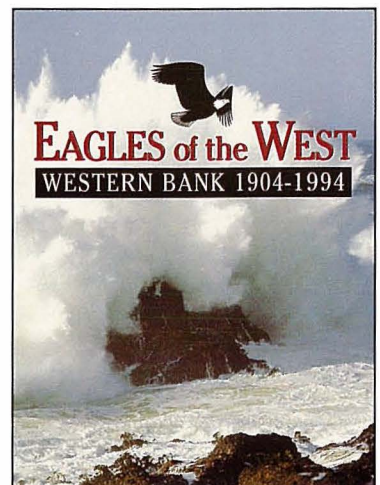
## *On to Oregon Over the Oregon and Applegate Trails*

This special publication by the Southern Oregon Historical Society celebrates the Sesquicentennial (150th anniversary) of the Oregon and Applegate trail experience. *On to Oregon* traces the history and hardships of the trails and captures the spirit and perseverance of Oregon's first settlers in a series of articles using dramatic photographs, maps, and diary passages. *On to Oregon* is a colorful and educational introduction to one of the most important periods in Western history.



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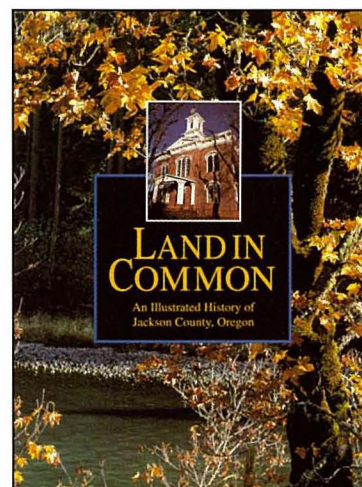
To order, please contact the Southern Oregon Historical Society, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, OR 97501-5926, TELE. 503-773-6536, FAX 503-776-7994.



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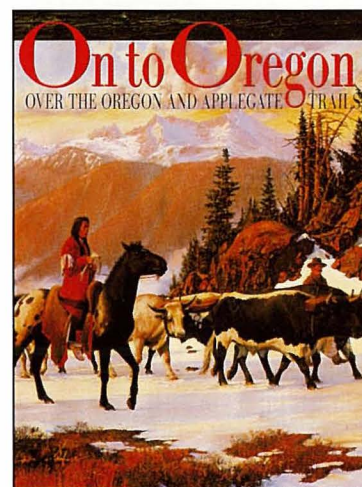
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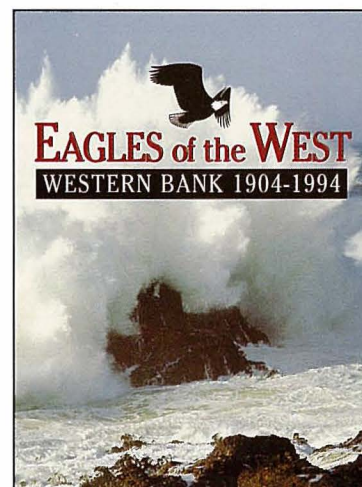
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The courtyards offer a sense of private space, but still allow public interaction with the sidewalk. They are also a place for the kids to store their bicycles and for families to grow flowers, vegetables, and medicinal herbs. The apartments stand back against the development's boundary and have no back doors—the openings were eliminated for cost, safety, and to reinforce the frontward focus on the common community.

Landscape design is integral to the project, and according to Carol Mayer-Reed, a landscape architect and principal of the

design firm Mayer/Reed of Portland. Mayer/Reed was in direct consultation with Robertson, Merryman Barnes in designing courtyards that incorporated “personal space” for each unit. For Carol Mayer-Reed, Nuevo Amanecer was an opportunity to “relax preconceived notions” about affordable housing projects and strengthen residents’ “pride of ownership” and personal connection to the development.

Within the larger development are three neighborhoods that surround a paved plaza and two parks—one triangular, the other rectangular. Each neighborhood is further demarcated by the color of the predominant trees, and all are knit together with plenty of paths for the *paseo*, or evening promenade. Mayer/Reed developed the larger social areas as “extroverted spaces” to be used and enjoyed by the residents rather than “linear, leftover space.”

The units themselves are cozy, ranging from 760 square feet for a two-bedroom apartment to only 1,200 square feet for four bedrooms. The firm, however, has taken great pains to make the apartments feel expansive. Rooms are lit by windows at both ends, and scissor-trussed roofs vault the ceilings. All the two-story units have balconies overlooking the first-floor space.

Inside the front door is a “mud closet” to store dirty boots and clothes. The carpets are made out of recycled plastics collected in the Woodburn community.

“All the small details add up to an attitude of paying attention,” says Robertson. “But what drove the idea of these apartments is that they are a community.”



*Adapted with permission from an article that ran in The Oregonian (Portland), May 25, 1993. Randy Gragg is a staff writer and arts editor for The Oregonian.*





# SAILORS ON

## 1841 Expedition

This early lithograph of the Columbia River illustrates the tumultuous rapids so hazardous to initial expeditions into the Oregon Country during the mid-nineteenth century.

*Here is one of the prettiest views we have seen in the country.  
From a nearly perpendicular height of a couple of hundred feet,  
you look down upon the limpid Umpqua winding its way gracefully among  
the mountains in deathlike silence, not a living thing to animate the beautiful  
scene, not even a canoe is skimming on its waters, the inhabitants the few  
remaining are scooted in the dells and glens, lying wait and meditating deep &  
dark vengeance against the white man, who by disease have depopulated the  
country & who they wish to make accountable for their crimes.*

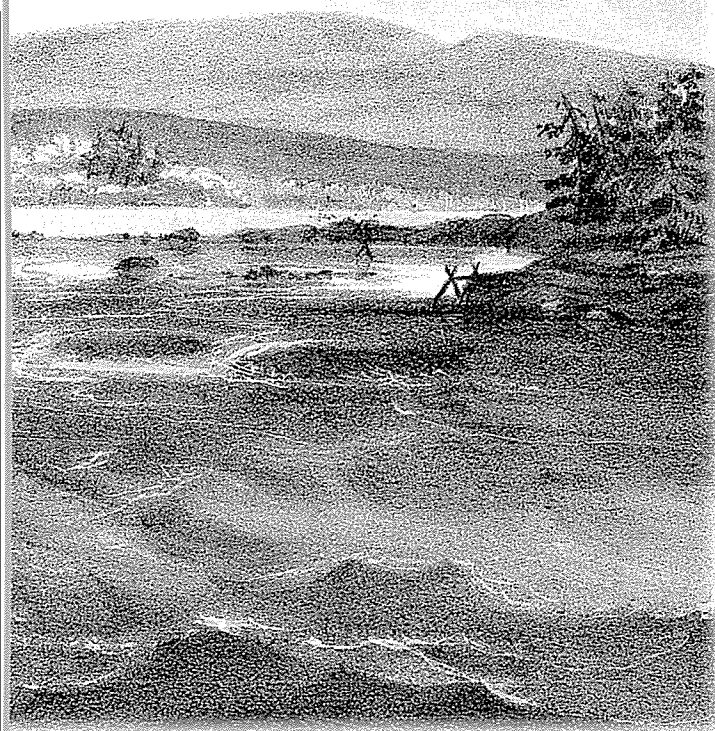
—Henry Eld, Rooster Rock, Oregon Country, 1841



# HORSEBACK

## f Southern Oregon

by Robert Heilman



Courtesy of David Rakton

On September 21, 1841, Midshipman Henry Eld had much to reflect upon as he stood atop Rooster Rock overlooking what is today Myrtle Creek, Oregon (Douglas County). His journal entries—and those of his fellow explorers—weave a vivid tapestry of an age when traversing the “Oregon Country” meant weeks or months of hardship through often dangerous, ever wondrous territory.

As a surveyor and cartographer for the United States Navy, Eld had journeyed to southern Oregon as a member of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, a broad, research program that had been hatched in the 1820s in answer to ongoing border disputes with Great Britain along America’s northwestern frontier. During the late 1830s, the federal government funded an expe-

dition project under naval auspices and eventually charged its commander, Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, with exploring Antarctica, charting the South Pacific, and surveying America’s entire Pacific Northwest.

The Wilkes Party began on August 18, 1838, with a squadron of six vessels setting sail for the Antarctic from the navy yards at Norfolk, Virginia. A total of 346 men had signed on, consisting primarily of educated young easterners, scientists, sailors, and assorted hangers-on. Wilkes was an overbearing and often brutal taskmaster, and his leadership, more than once, would bring his ships’ crews near mutiny. Nonetheless, over the next two years, the naval expeditionary group would not only contribute to the exploration of Antarctica, but would also develop the first accurate charts of the South Pacific and would chart the whole of the Pacific Northwest from the treacherous Columbia Bar to “Mount Chasty” in Mexican California. Throughout, scientists collected tens of thousands of specimens of little-known and unknown species and recorded remarkable ethnographic data on the several cultures with which the expedition had come in contact.

By summer 1840, Wilkes was ready to leave the frigid Antarctic and sailed for Honolulu, Hawaii, that August, where his fleet was to be refitted and stocked. Wilkes was determined to keep his men busy during the winter months in “Paradise” overhauling the vessels and exploring and charting the Hawaiian and other North Pacific islands. However, the crewmen still enjoyed prolonged shore leaves among Hawaii’s “Loos Ladyes of Pleasure,” and missionaries on the islands surely breathed a sigh of relief when the band finally set sail for Puget Sound in April 1841. Two of Wilkes’ smaller vessels, however, the *Peacock* and the *Flying Fish*, separated from the main squadron at Honolulu with orders to enter and survey the Columbia River.

The ships reached the Columbia Bar on the morning of July 17, and, without charts with which to negotiate the shallows, the *Peacock* soon ran aground on a sand bar. Caught between the Columbia’s strong current and the Pacific’s fierce swells, the little *Peacock* shattered against the rocks, leaving her crew huddling ashore at the aptly named Cape Disappointment. The ship’s lieutenant, George F. Emmons, had ridden the *Peacock* “down the ways” during her launching, and in his journal, the young man lamented the wreck of this vessel that had so recently skimmed Antarctic ice flows and ridden warm, South Pacific crests:

Thus I have witnessed the beginning and the end of the *Peacock*, having been launched in her at New York in 1828, and wrecked in her on the Columbia Bar in 1841.... And there is some consolation in knowing that after the many narrow risks she has run this cruise—that her fate has been prolonged until reaching her native shore.

With the help of a one-eyed Indian pilot, Emmons rowed out to the waiting *Flying Fish*, which had successfully crossed the bar and was picking up survivors to deliver them to a camp near Astoria.

That August, Emmons was finally reunited with the main Wilkes Party at Fort Vancouver, where he was immediately put in command of an overland expedition south into California. The



Emmons group represented broad talents: Henry Eld (surveyor and cartographer), Titian Ramsay Peale (naturalist), Alfred T. Agate (artist), William Brackenridge and William Rich (botanists), James Dwight Dana (geologist), John S. Whittle (surgeon), army sergeant Albert Stearns, three marines, two sailors, and two servants. Emmons purchased horses and mules for the trek from the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, and he hired six "half-breeds and Canadians" to lead them. Among the latter was an Iroquois pilot named Ignass.

News of the upcoming trip spread quickly among settlers, immigrants, and assorted restless rabble that populated the area in hope of gaining safe passage to San Francisco. Soon, three settler families and four unaccompanied men joined up, and by the time Emmons and his charges set out from Fort Vancouver on September 7, 1841, his little band had grown to thirty-nine people—including four women and eight children—packed by seventy-six horses and mules.

**T**he 1841 Emmons Expedition followed the ancient trail known in Umpqua legend as the "Money Road," a trade route shadowed by the Willamette Valley's eastern foothills. The group entered southern Oregon on September 15 and camped along Elk Creek. Emmons, however, forged on, hoping to make contact with Fort Umpqua, the Hudson's Bay Company's lonely outpost near present-day Elkton. After traveling twenty-one miles through "the worst country I have ever yet traveled, up & down a succession of steep craggy mountains," Emmons finally reached the fort. The desolate post, however, hardly presented itself as a warm and inviting sanctuary, as Emmons later observed in his journal:

Therefore leaving Mr. Eld in charge, with directions to wait my return, I continued on accompanied by Mr. Agate and taking along with me Sergt. Stearns [Stearns]... & Boileau [Hudson's Bay Company's trapper Joseph Beaulieu], the latter as guide, being the only one of the party who knew the way. After a forced & fatiguing jaunt of about 21 miles over the worst country I have ever yet traveled, up & down a succession of steep craggy mountains... we finally arrived upon N. shore of the Umpqua River about 8:30 p.m. Finding no canoes on this side of the river, fired several guns to attract the attention of those in the Fort, whose position owing to the fog, could only be determined by a light and the howling of many dogs. The flash of the first gun produced a screech from the opposite shore and those that followed appeared to add considerable to the excitement, and it was only after frequent hails that we obtained an answer. Mr. Gangere [Jean Baptiste Gangnier], the Canadian in charge, being acquainted with Boileau finally recognized his voice and dispatched two Indians with canoes in which we were finally ferried across.

Emmons and his nervous band were led inside a small stockade, staunchly defended by "5 men, 2 women and 9 dogs," and surrounded by "many Indians sculking [*sic*] about among the bushes." The Indians, Gangnier explained to Emmons, "had

lately threatened to attack him & burn his fort." The Indians' hostility arose from the losses that smallpox had visited upon the native population—the fort's residents having evidently introduced the virus among the Indians, Emmons concluded.

Over a mean supper of "a bad cup of tea sweetened with dirty sugar, with an accompaniment of coarse but wholesome bread and dirty butter," trapper Michel LaFramboise warned Emmons of the Indians, stressing that the lieutenant "could learn but little from their outward appearance." LaFramboise boasted that he alone "knew their character well & that they were 'terrible Mauvais Sauvages' [terrible savages]." Emmons later confided to his diary that the French Canadian little knew "probably that I had had intercourse with even worse people for the last 3 years." He further noted Fort Umpqua's shabby accommodations and the colorful goings-on within its walls:

Mr. G. [Gangnier] made us a bed out of blankets upon his stall & bidding us good night, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and retired to the adjoining house.... Up at daylight and were let out—fleas were troublesome during the night. A thick fog still hanging over the fort. Got an early breakfast—Mr. Agate improving the interim in sketching a group of Indians. Were made acquainted with a custom of the dogs & hogs about the fort too disgusting to mention.

**R**eturning to the main party at Elk Creek, Emmons and the others found that the camp had been visited overnight by Indians. The terrified band gave Emmons "such account of the character & intentions of the Indians to the south of us that many of the party evinced an uneasiness which I took some pains to dispel." The group set out again on September 18 for a course through the rugged wilderness of southern Oregon. Along the way, several became ill with "chills and fever," including Alfred Agate and Emmons. To make matters worse, this was the traditional field-burning season and the Indians were setting numerous grass fires to improve feeding conditions for deer and elk. The skies were perpetually and ominously overcast with smoke, and the charred ground tore at the mules' and horses' unshod feet. As a result, there was little forage left for the pack animals to eat, and several starved and perished along the way.

On September 20, 1841, just south of modern-day Roseburg, the party camped at Round Prairie. They reached Canyonville the following day and inched their way up the tough Canyon Creek Trail—a mountain pass later dubbed the "Dread Canyon of the Umpqua"—by all accounts, the worst portion of the entire Applegate Trail. Botanist William Brackenridge described the pass in his journal: "The path being narrow through masses of brush and loose rocks, so that we had to follow each other, forming a line at least one mile in length." Henry Eld concurred, describing mountains "so steep in some places that some of our animals fell backwards in attempting to climb, their loads becoming top heavy & completely losing their balance, turn heels over head."

Along the trail, the Emmons Party faced further perils:

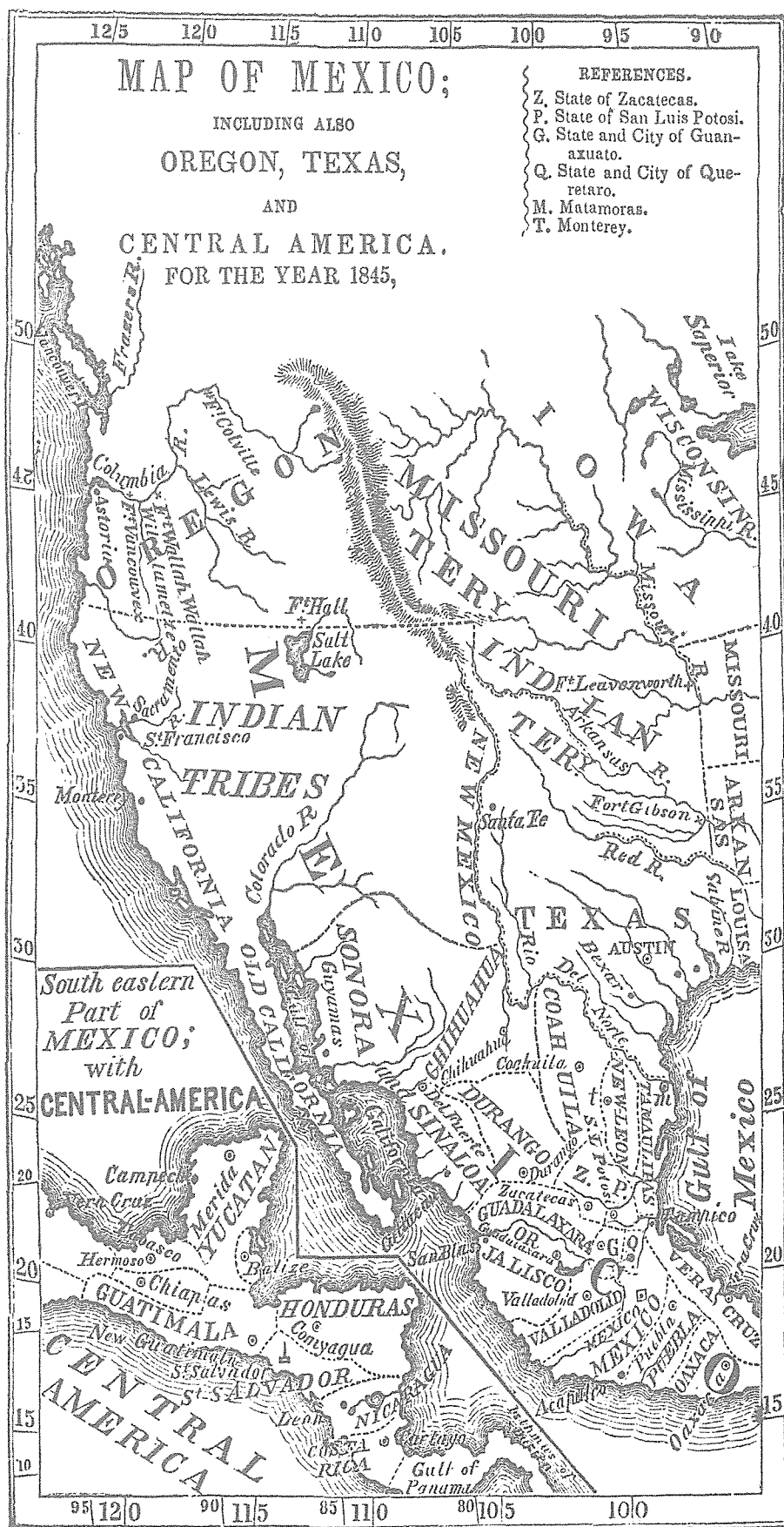


The mountain had lately been set on fire by the Indians, doubtless to obstruct us (The boughs were in many bad places artfully tied together from opposite sides of the path, so as to entrap the riders & sweep them from the horses backs, found a cutlass of considerable service to us in this particular.) and larger trees had fallen across our path so that we were in many instances obliged to cut our way through or around them. And the mountain path was always more or less obstructed by broken limbs and brush which was now tough and blackened by the fire [and] we were unable to escape many hard rubs and scratches which I fancy made us look more like a band [of] devils on horse back than any thing human.

Mishaps harassed their slow progress: three pack horses tumbled from the trail, someone's rifle fired unexpectedly when its hammer caught in the brush, and a hidden snare swept Emmons from his horse. After a smoke-darkened day of "groping my way along half blindfolded," it must have been with great relief when Emmons and his party "reached a beautiful little valley" near Azalea and nestled in for a much-deserved night's rest along Cow Creek. In his journal, an undoubtedly dozy lieutenant noted yet another incident:

During the night I was wakened by the cry of No! No! and upon looking from under my tent disc'd that one of the horses had become entangled in the adjoining tent stretchers & after kicking furiously for some time finally pulled the whole fabric down upon the marines who were the principal inmates, & who took no further trouble to extricate themselves until daylight.

Next day, while continuing their southward journey, the explorers eventually found themselves among "Rogues" or "Rascals"—Indians whose language the band had not heard before. Cresting the Canyon Creek pass, midway in their journey, the Emmons



In addition to similar charts, this 1845 map of Oregon and Mexico incorporated heretofore unknown information about the Pacific Northwest as collected by the United States Exploring Expeditions.



expedition entered what had been warned as the most perilous segment of the trip—the trail through the Rogue River Valley. Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, had earlier warned Emmons: "We rarely send parties of less than sixty armed men along that route." Emmons nervously counted a scant twenty-seven armed men in his band.

On September 25, Ignass, the Iroquois guide was attacked while away from the camp the party had set up along the Rogue River. Escaping on horseback, he answered a shower of arrows with rifle fire; but that night, camp guards chased off even more intruders. Next evening, the Emmons group put up camp just downriver from present-day Gold Hill. Earlier, at the same site, it was reported that a party of mountain men had been attacked by Takelma Indians. Emmons now spied a band of about fifty Takelma encamped across the river, and he and his explorers spent an uneasy night among human bones scattered about the site. As the lieutenant related later in his journal: "the yells of Indians close by us were constant until midnight." Emmons, however, later surmised that the murdered trappers had evidently "killed a number of Indians whose bones we found bleaching in the Sun."

Emmons set out two days later, fully expecting to be attacked before reaching Rocky Point (just west of modern-day Gold Hill), where the trail was hemmed in on one side by the river and on the other side by a rocky slope. Titian Ramsay Peale reported that the party spotted Indians "on the opposite side of the river running, apparently with the object of cutting off our passage across a rocky promontory covered with brush; the place was favorable to an ambush, and as there was no way to avoid it, we prepared for hostilities." Lieutenant Emmons led a group of fifteen skirmishers ahead on foot, leaving the other men behind to bring up the horses and guard the women and children. It was a tense few hours; but, other than hurling taunts from the opposite side of the river, the Takelma Indians left the Emmons group unmolested. "And twas well for them," William Brackenridge puffed later in his journal, "as ther [sic] were some deadly Shots among the party who wanted nothing better than to get a sight of one of the rascals."

Day by day, as the sorry band edged on, the horses were slowly starving to death due to lack of forage, the burnt fields providing "but poor provender for our horses," according to Naturalist Peale. To make matters worse, Midshipman George M. Colvocoresses became feverish with malaria and was unable to ride further. (The sailor had contracted malaria while in the South Seas.) Faced with the prospect of lingering in what Peale described as "the most dangerous part of the country—where the natives are most murderous and avowedly hostile," Emmons chose to push on, leaving Colvocoresses behind in the care of surgeon John S. Whittle.

The following day, September 29, Emmons and the others ascended the "Boundary Mountains" (the Siskiyou) leading them to Pilot Rock—which Charles Wilkes later designated "Emmons's Peak." Dr. Whittle and his patient quickly caught up with the main party, but Peale was growing increasingly worried about the expedition's fate:

Mr. Colvocoresses soon became worse as the sun gained power; which obliged us to make several halts

before reaching the bloody pass.... Country everywhere overrun by fire.... Passed the dreaded "bloody pass" without difficulty and without seeing an Indian—only a few of their tracks, and after surmounting a high mountain ridge, a view of singular granduer [sic] was spread before us; on our right the mounts were burning, and sent up immense masses of smoke; on our left was the snow summits of Mount Chasty [Shasta]—extensive plains [sic] were in front of us... we had a hot and thirsty ride of about 20 miles to the Tchasty [Shasta] river, near to which on a small branch, we halted for the night—bread and tea only for supper.

Finally, over the mountains into Mexican California, the going became easier with more forage for the horses and friendlier Indians; and by October 19, the Emmons band reached "New Helvetia," the massive empire of Captain John Sutter along the American River. Sutter welcomed the expedition, and, talking "a little largely," showed Emmons and his party around the homesteader's impressive lands. Sutter later supplied the party with a boat to carry Colvocoresses—and others—the remaining 120 miles downriver to San Francisco Bay. Midshipman Henry Eld brought the remainder of the party to San Francisco overland five days later. Lieutenant Emmons paid off his guides and sold the remainder of his poor nags for five dollars each. Emmons noted sadly the horses' "look that plainly told of their sorrows."

Despite the hardships and danger, the Emmons Party's two-week journey through southern Oregon provided much scientific and military information—maps, lists and descriptions of flora and fauna, and ethnographic notes describing Oregon's remote terra incognita—vital then to a fledgling United States and invaluable today in understanding the past.



Robert Heilman is a writer, storyteller, and radio journalist living in Douglas County, Oregon. His work has appeared in several journals, including *Seattle Weekly*, *The Congressional Record*, and *Left Bank and The Oregonian* (both of Portland).

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# The American Dream in Monroe, Oregon

by Richard J. Schulte

*The term "community" can evoke feelings of place, familiarity, kinship. Where we live often identifies who we are, where we have been, and even where we are going. Individually, Oregon's communities—from its big cities and urban neighborhoods to its small towns and rural stretches—create a unique and varied whole. While some communities seem in constant flux, others appear frozen in time. But each has its story to tell, its colorful characters, its "glorious past," and its uncertain future. This is first in a regular feature highlighting a unique Oregon community.*

A red-shouldered hawk circles lazily overhead, riding a thermal high above Monroe, Oregon (Benton County), above the mid-Willamette Valley's fertile farmland to the east and the timber-rich Coast Range to the west. Traffic is light on U.S. Highway 99 West, Monroe's main drag; and aside from signs warning of "Reduced Speed Ahead," little commands the attention of those drivers traveling north to Corvallis or south to Eugene. Only a few cars and trucks skim past the feed store, bank, post office, and Dari Mart.

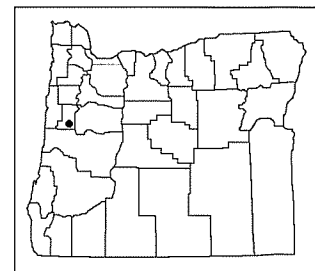
Janice Barclay recalls a time when the town was hard to miss. "In about 1940, there was a drugstore in Monroe," she tells the visiting reporter. "There was a meat

Monroe legacies: Harold McCallum, *second from left*, was in Monroe's Union High School first graduating class in 1929, and his wife Vernetta, *second from right*, graduated in 1932. Their son Rodney, *far left*, graduated in 1964, and grandson Nicholas, *far right*, entered this fall.



Photo by Seann Poston





The staff of Wilhelm & Sons, General Merchandise ("Cash Sellers of Everything") posed for this photograph, circa 1928. From left to right: Clyde Stone, Mr. Perry, Addie Wilhelm, Nica "Hewitt" McGee, Adam Wilhelm, Floyd Bristow, and Ralph McGee.

Courtesy of Harold and Vernetta McCallum

market, a big furniture store, and a couple of grocery stores. There's still a feed store, but there's always been a feed store of one sort or another." Barclay knows a lot about Monroe's history. "My husband's family were pioneers, so I just fell into it. Are you interested in the people?" she asks. "There was one very interesting man who lived here. His name was Adam Wilhelm."

By all rights, Adam Wilhelm was the "Father of Monroe." He was born in Mintz, Germany, in 1846, and at the age of twenty-seven, he emigrated to Oregon from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, to buy up land in east Portland. His friend Henry Weinhard, however, advised Wilhelm to head south instead, into the mid-Willamette Valley. The shrewd Wilhelm took the advice and was soon buying up land around what would become Monroe.

In time, Wilhelm added to the little town's population by siring eight children, and he soon became a respected community leader. He was not a man for letting sentiment interfere with business, however, and if he was liked, he was not well-liked. While some found fault, however, with the ferocious tenacity with which he engaged in business, Wilhelm's many enterprises created jobs for the townspeople and put food on their tables.

"Grandpa" Wilhelm, as he was known in his later years, died in 1929. In 1911, Monroe's first newspaper, the *Leader*—owned by Wilhelm—listed the community's assets as follows:

Monroe has 100 people, [today, about 400] a bank, the largest department store in Benton County, one of the most costly and attractive houses in the county, the county's largest flouring mill, two churches, and a railroad coming, six orchard companies, a sawmill of 50,000 square feet, two hotels, liveries and a machine shop.

That "most costly and attractive" of houses was Wilhelm's, built circa 1905—the mill and department store were his, too. It is safe to say that, in 1911, Monroe's assets and Wilhelm's were mostly one in the same. As D.D. Fagan wrote in his *History of Benton County* (1885): "Our subject [Wilhelm] has ever had

great confidence in the future of the Willamette Valley and kept purchasing land from time to time..." By the time of his death, Wilhelm's land holdings numbered in the hundreds of acres in and around Monroe.

**H**arold McCallum is Monroe's oldest continuous resident. When asked how long he has lived in this part of the country, he answers quickly, matter-of-factly:

"Eighty-three years."

Is that his entire life?

"Yep."

McCallum was born in 1911, the son of a former Kansas stockman-turned-farmer. He attended the one-room Belknap schoolhouse; then, after graduating from Union High School, he worked with his brother, a building contractor, in Corvallis. Some time later, he bought the A. Wilhelm Department Store. At that time, most of Monroe's residents worked in one of two main industries: timber or farming. "There wasn't much of anything else around here," McCallum explains. "And now there's not near as much business in town as there used to be."

Life was always a little difficult in Monroe, but never so much as during World War II. Janice Barclay graduated from Union in 1942. "Most of the boys never graduated," she says, "they all went off to war." Many of the young men who had volunteered, including the president of Barclay's senior class, never returned. Life was hard for those who stayed behind, particularly the farmers who had relied on their children's familiarity with the newer, mechanized farming equipment. "My husband's father had grown up in the horse-and-buggy era," Barclay tells, "but he went back and took over the farm when my husband volunteered, and it wasn't too easy. He was not as adept at that type of farming."

"I'd say Monroe went downhill after the war," Barclay continues. "People just went to the bigger towns. Prices were a lot better in the big chain stores and supermarkets. They had more money, better cars, more freedom, and they just went." Those who stayed in



Monroe watched as stores closed and mills went under, while nearby cities grew larger in the postwar boom. Barclay reflects for a moment. Suddenly, she asks: "Have you talked to Ralph Hull?"

Six miles west of Highway 99, the Hull-Oakes Lumber Company straddles the end of Hubbard Road. It is a steam-driven mill—one of the last in the United States—and great plumes rise above the buildings and into the warm summer sky. Trucks shuttle back-and-forth, and sounds of diesel engines compete with the hissing and puffing of the ancient steam engine.

Ralph Hull started in the mill business in the bottom of the Great Depression, in 1934. He ran several mills before founding the Hull-Oakes mill in 1939. "When we started this mill," he says, "the electricity here was just barely enough to run a light bulb—not enough to run any sizable motor. So because of that, this whole mill out here was powered with steam." He sits in his small office across the road from the sawmill. One wall is covered with photographs of missionaries whom Hull has helped financially. He reaches down and takes hold of a long, slender piece of wood, which he uses to point out the photos—tapping at each picture as he tells their story:

These fellows here are connected with the Kenya Highlands Bible School. These two gentlemen here are doctors in Kenya. They devoted their lifetime to it, and they get a very modest remuneration, very modest. In fact, I don't know that they get any more than some of the other lay people. They could come to the states and command twenty times what they're earning in the missionary work.

He continues: "These are some of the things I expect to pursue when I quit the mill business altogether, if that ever happens." Hull is 82. He looks at his hands briefly and ponders:

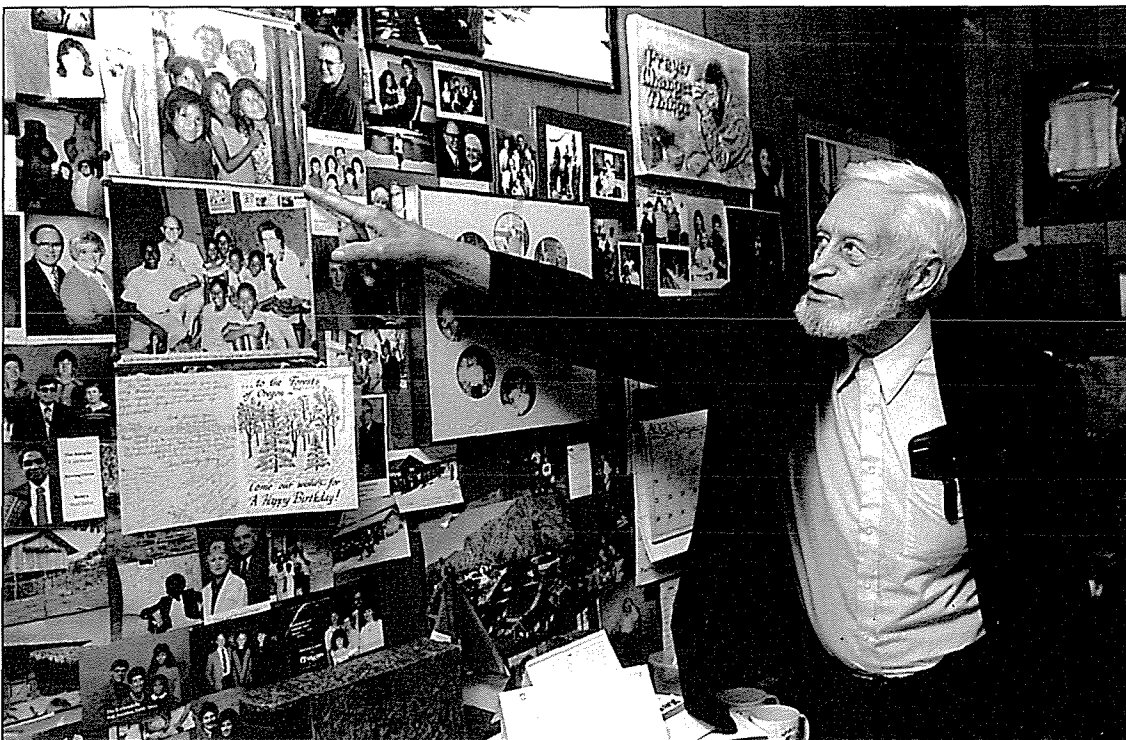
From my point of view, we have left this country in terrible condition, for your generation to try to correct.... It's hard for people your age to comprehend what it was like back years ago. You hear all these rabid, wild ideas about how bad it is to clear cut, and I can't understand it. I tell people when they moved off the farm they lost their horse sense. They want everything extra special, extra clean, extra nice, no odors, no dust or anything that might come from normal industry.... Anyway, I see lots of problems down the road.

Hull reaches behind his desk and grabs a hard-bound book. "I've read a book by Larry Burkett called *Whatever Happened to the American Dream*. I'd be happy to give you a copy of this book if you tell me you'll read it and give me a book report—nothing much, just a couple of pages." A glance at the table of contents reveals chapters like "Our Heritage," "The Litigation Lottery," "The Global Warming Myth," and "Preparing for the Worst." By all rights, Ralph Hull is the "Philosopher of Monroe." He is well-liked.

For the first time since the 1920s, Monroe is growing again. "I'm not an expert," says Janice Barclay, "but I think Monroe might become a bedroom community for Eugene to the south and Corvallis to the north." A Eugene couple recently bought the old Wilhelm house with the hope of restoring it. More new families may move in, and new houses may be built. These new residents may never know what Monroe was like

when Grandpa Wilhelm ran the place, but their dreams of a good life—the American Dream—will prove as sturdy and enduring as old Union High School. Together, residents old and new will celebrate Monroe's past as they shape the town's future.

Richard J. Schulte is an associate editor for Oakley Press, Eugene, Oregon. He has worked with the Marion County Historical Society in development of the oral-history documentation series entitled "Voices of the Valley." The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Judy Juntunen, assistant director and librarian for the Benton County Historical Society, Philomath.



Ralph Hull, 82, has been owner of Monroe's Hull-Oakes Lumber Company since 1939. He proudly displays in his office photographs of missionaries he has financially sponsored throughout the world. "These are some of the things I expect to pursue," Hull says, "when I quit the mill business altogether, if that ever happens."

Photo by Seann Poston



*Right*, A swear-by-God Ford owner, Vern "Red" Harper is justifiably proud of his 1948 Ford tractor, whose engine still purrs under Red's able care.

*Opposite*, Red's hand-built home holds a lifetime of memories, from his honeymoon night to harvesting blackberries for his wife Verta's unforgettable pies.



Photo by Natalie Brown

## AN UNCOMMON COMMON MAN

# VERN "RED" HARPER

by Roberta Kent and Carole Mercer

**H**e is ninety-one years old, and he still feeds sixty-eight head of cattle every day from the back of his 1991 Ford pickup. "I gave up my BLM [Bureau of Land Management] grazing permits," he says. "I just pasture them on my own land." Vern "Red" Harper puts up one hundred tons of hay a year, planting and fertilizing the fields himself—"but I have a crew now to cut, bale, and move." He just bought a new Limousin bull to improve his herd. "I'll get a bigger shouldered calf."

Red still looks strong, in spite of the gnarled hands and the clouded eyes. Of medium height, he walks straight and steady. The auburn hair is faded now—"there ain't as much of it as there used to be." He would laugh if you told him he was a local legend. "Nah, I just raise cattle. You can make a good living raising cattle."

He was born January 28, 1903, in John Day, Oregon (Grant County). "My oldest memory? I was about two years old and my dad would sell hay to the local Indians. I remember hiding from the Indians." Farming was tough in eastern Oregon,

and the Rogue Valley seemed to be a better place to make a living. Red's family moved there in 1909. "I remember leaving, going down to the depot in a horse and buggy."

For a while, Red's father worked in the orchards, and they lived in Griffin Creek (an unincorporated community in southern Jackson County). But his mother's family—the Luces from Lakeview (Lake County)—raised sheep. They were wealthy enough to have Basque herders working for them, and they loaned Red's dad the money to buy the "old Vincent place" near Table Rock. There were five children—four boys and a girl—and Red was the second oldest. The Harpers raised sheep, hogs, a few head of cattle, and they had a family orchard and a garden.

The Harpers ate lamb—"I always hated when Dad butchered those innocent little lambs"—and "what my dad called veal, which was a calf that weighed three hundred to four hundred pounds." They also had vegetables from the garden and two barrels of cider—one plain and one hard. "We kids used to sneak yeast into the other barrel, too." There was always extra meat butchered for the hay crew.



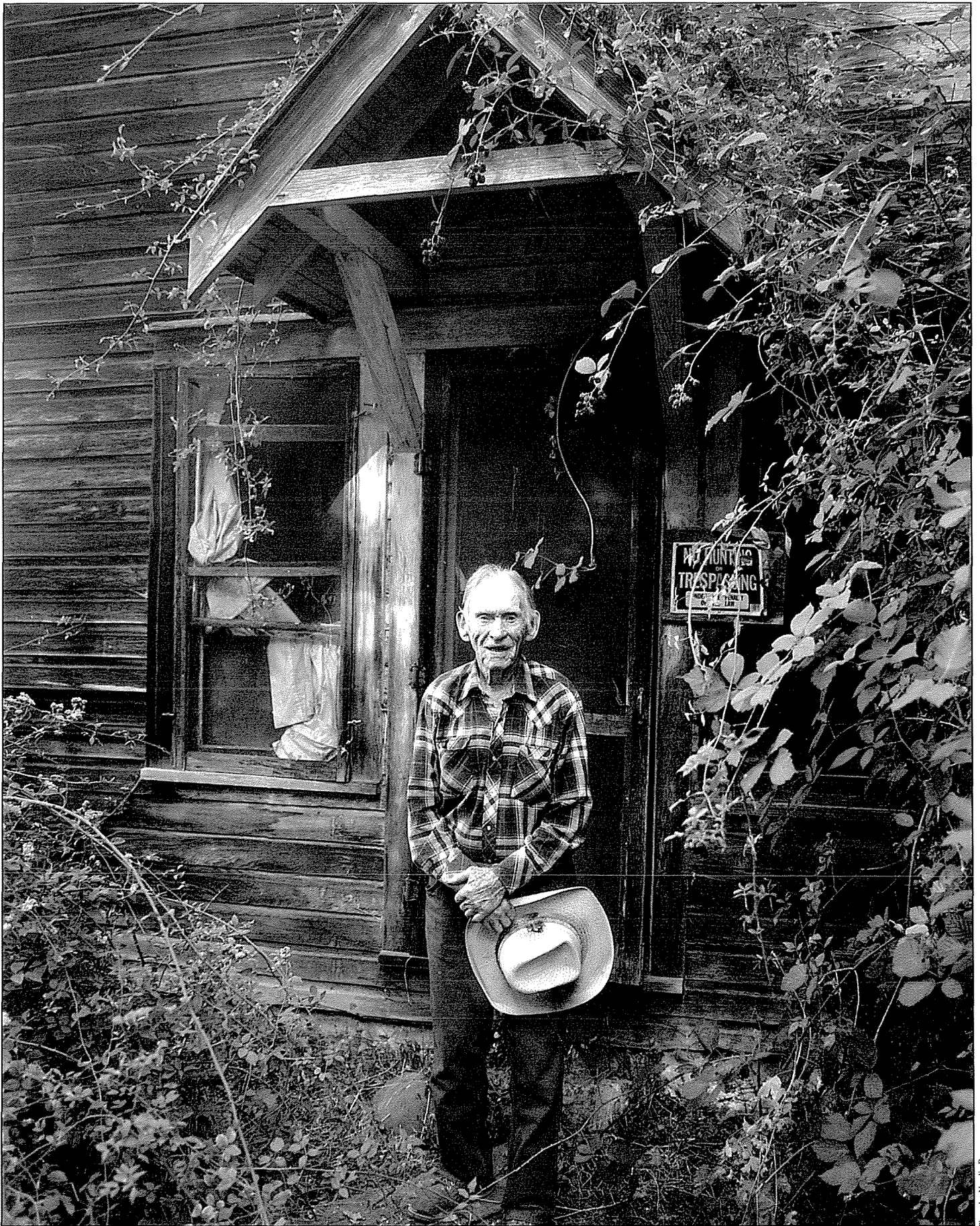


Photo by Naudie Brown



Red recalls southern Oregon early in the century: "Those days were more sociable, I believe. We didn't have no TV, no radio. Haying was a social occasion. Everyone brought food. We'd eat high on the hog." For extra money, there was work in the orchards. "My older brother, Herschel, worked for Redskin Orchards most of his life."

The area kids often played down by the Rogue River. Red remembers a special day one summer:

I was fishing with this old cane pole my dad fixed up for me. It was just cane and wire and string. This guy came up to me and watched me fish for a while. "How old are you?" he asks. I was about thirteen at that time. "Can you read?" "Sure, I can read," I said. I was real insulted. "Do you read books?" "Sure, I read books," I said. "Have you ever read a book by Zane Grey?" he asked. "Yeah, I've read him," I said. "I hear he spends a lot of time on the river." "Well, I'm Zane Grey."

The famous author became a friend of Red's and of the Harper family, stopping in whenever he was "in the neighborhood."

Red left school at fifteen. "It was just too hard to get to school. You either walked or rode horseback. I had to cross the Rogue River twice every day." But, he admits, "we were just wild kids, young wild cowboys." Red's first job? "I did then just what I'm doing now. Working cattle, feeding, castrating, branding." His first car was a second-hand 1921 Ford. "I still have a Ford. They've been pretty good to me."

The only socializing was quadrilles (dances) at the Tolo Bar. Red started working for the National Park Service in between ranching, and he also ran the Beagle Dance Hall. That is where he met his wife, Verta Opal Matthews. Her father, Vern Matthews, had money, and he offered Red a job. "But, I didn't want to work for him. I worked the orchards after we got married."

In 1938, Red finally accepted the help of his father-in-law and bought ten acres at the corner of Alta Vista and Riley Road in Eagle Point. He paid \$500 and began ranching. He also worked sixteen years as a foreman for the Eagle Point Irrigation District putting in culverts. He then spent twelve years as a night watchman for the Red Blanket Mill. "I liked being night watchman a lot more. It was more money, I didn't have to take all that crap from the bosses and I could work cattle during the day."

Red bought cattle, bred them, and sold them. He built up a herd and today owns "somewhere around a thousand acres" in parcels scattered between Eagle Point and Butte Falls. When asked about the biggest changes he has seen in ranching, Red answers: "Well, I guess it was when we put old Dobbin up and got those gas hog tractors. You talk about balky horses. I drove four abreast, dragging a spike-tooth harrow. I wasn't sorry to move to tractors."

Another big change in ranching as Red sees it has been in the control of cattle diseases. "That and the development of new breeds. I keep changing bulls to improve the herd, and I'm up on all the new stuff to keep them healthy." He describes a type of salt-lick that controls pasture-borne parasites. Red is sitting in his favorite chair and reaches down to the left to grab some literature from the piles of magazines and brochures scattered around him. "You can only use it for three days, then you got to

take it away. Otherwise, it poisons the cattle."

What about the biggest changes Red has seen in the valley? "All these shopping centers and all these housing projects—all these people who have moved here. It used to be you knew most of the people in the valley." He remembers the one doctor in the valley, Dr. Picolo. "He rode a roan horse," Red recalls. "We use to see him and yell, 'pickle 'em down, doc.'"

"Down where that shopping center is at the corner of routes 62 and 140—that's where everyone would meet to buy and sell hay." He remembers when folks would take their horse and buggy into Medford and leave them at the livery stable. Now, there are airplanes, cars, and freeways instead of dirt roads.

Red and Verta still live on those ten acres at the corner of Alta Vista and Riley, in a house surrounded by weeds and filled with memories. They had two boys and girl—Vernen, Vance, and Velda. Velda teaches school in Sams Valley. His younger son Vance died in an automobile accident shortly before he was to be married, the victim of a drunk driver. "His fiancée, she just never did get over it," Red laments. "It was pitiful." The driver came over to Red's place after the funeral and apologized. "I was so angry. But, what are you going to do?"

His oldest son works for the orchards. He has two grandchildren: seven-year-old Emily and five-year-old Matthew. The cluttered Harper living room is filled with photographs, old calendars, and religious prints.

Red has had open heart surgery and bouts with skin cancer. "I've probably had everything you can think of," he says, almost bragging. But he still ranches. He gets up every morning, loads bales of hay into the back of the pickup, and goes out to feed his cattle, pushing the bales off the back end. Neighbors come over to help buck bales during haying, making sure the bales are moved before the flood irrigation hits the fields.

Red still loves to hunt:

My son and I had permission to hunt over on Yankee Creek Ranch, the Gardner place. We finally saw a buck standing on that earthen dam 'for the lake. My son was so excited that he took aim right away. "No," I yelled, "Wait 'til he hits dirt." But my son got off a shot and, sure enough, that buck fell right over, into the water. We weren't going to lose him. We got us a boat and a noose and we pulled up that carcass . . . I guess you could say we went fishing for a buck.

Red strongly denies that he is anything special. "Nah, I just raise cattle."



*Roberta Kent has been a literary agent, representing authors, screen and television writers, directors and producers in the publishing and film industries. She moved to the Rogue Valley three-and-a-half years ago. She currently works for a Medford law firm and is a part-time consultant on entertainment industry negotiations and contracts. She writes regularly for the Ashland Gazette. Carole Mercer moved to the Rogue Valley eight years ago from the San Francisco Bay area. She formerly taught in inner-city high schools and lectured widely as a consultant on urban education. She now owns a ranch in Eagle Point, raising cattle, growing hay, and training Morgan horses.*

# "We Will Muse No Longer on the Past but Call our Thoughts to the Present."

The Journals of Amelia A. Hadley (1851) and Melvina F. Hayes (1938)

Wednesday Apr. 23 [1851]: Another beautiful day has dawned upon us, we are also enjoying a good degree of health which makes every thing seem delightful, land very uneven and inhabitants there I think the west of Iowa is bound to be wealthy, and the land productive.... Stopped at noon with quite a company for Oregon all merry and cheerful.... The eye extends over a great surface of land similar to Ill, land if any person like a new country and seclusion this is the place. Notwithstanding all the fine land I would not live here if you would give it to me.

Wednesday, May 7th:.... Our company consists of 23 wagons horse teams and some 50 men and 11 women besides a number of children passed the old Mormon burying ground, and town as the ruins where they were, there burying ground covers an acre and were just as thick as they could dig the graves. It beat anything I ever saw.... I should think there were about 2 hundred of them. They have all left the west side of the river and gone to Salt Lake, and it looks from appearance, like the ruins of Sodom.... One cannot but help drop a tear to see how providence will order every thing. True, how short & fleeting is life, we cannot but reflect what frail creatures we are. We will muse no longer on the past but call our thoughts to the present.

Friday May 9:.... We are now traveling on what is termed plains, they are beautiful... our teams look fine having plenty of good grass. The water of the platte is very good when settled which we do by throwing in a little alum, and let stand a while.... We form a currence with our waggons, and at bed time put our horses in side and tents and then have a guard stationed. We are a merry crowd, while I am journalizing one of the company is playing the violin which sounds delightful way out here. My accordion is also good, as I carry it in the carriage and play as we travel, had a very hard rain this evening, and every thing seems afloat.

Wednesday June 11: Our road has run to the river at intervals to day which as afforded water for our teams at one of these watering places there stood a large lone cotton wood tree, with an indian grave in it, which was quite a curiosity, could not think at first what it was. It was a small child from appearance, the skull was lying the ground, the crows had it all to pieces and left the bones. It was first put in a blanket and then rapt in a buffalo robe, and I should think there were about a quart of beads about it which they had ornamented it with. its skull was painted corpse was lashed to the limbs of the tree with a number of little sticks layed across under it.



During the late 1840s, Joseph Goldsborough Bruff recorded several scenes of life (and death) along the many wagon trails leading to California and the Pacific Northwest, such as this one of "A singular rock on left, 2 days to Sierra Nevada Mts. Sept. 30, '49."

Friday June 13:.... Came to a grave his name Glenette died 1849, was buried in a canoe. The wolves had made a den down in his grave. They dig up everyone that is buried on the plains as soon as they are left. It looks so cruel I should hate to have my friends or myself buried here. which all may be.

Saturday August 23: traveled 10 miles camp to night at a farm, the mans name is [Philip] Foster from state of Maine was kind and entertained us very fine I could not walk straight after not being in a house for so long when I got up to go across the floor I was like an old sailor that had not been on land for a long time, They had about 2 hundred bushels of peaches which looked delightful And now you have seen me through this great Western thorough fare and you wonder when I have settled I can from thence to O, city and from there to Portland where I now remain, This is the end of a long and tedious journey.... This is all I can tell you by pen and paper my love to you all and should providence again call us together I can tell you more in an hour than I can write in a week.

—Amelia A. Hadley, Eagle Creek, Oregon, 1851

My father and mother, Samuel B. Hadley and Amelia A. Hadley, were married at Galesville, Ill., April 10, 1851, and four days later were on their way to the Willamette Valley.... After spending a year in Portland my parents moved to Umpqua county... [later] settling at Myrtle Creek [in 1862] about 16 miles from Roseburg.... From Myrtle Creek we moved to Summer Lake, immediately after the Modoc War. Our family was one of the first in the Summer Lake country.... I have lived in Portland since 1907. I built several apartment houses, and though I am 80 years old, my friends say I am as good a business woman as I ever was, and I take pride in doing my own housework.

—Melvina F. Hayes, Portland, Oregon, 1938



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# DESERT BOOM

Camp White's Explosive Growth  
during World War II





Southern Oregon Historical Society #13973

by Russell Working

**A**long Antioch Road by Upper Table Rock in Medford, Oregon, there is an anomalous sight amid pastureland and ruminating cattle. Stretching east from the Cascade foothills is a three-foot-high hump of earth, piled up half a century ago to resemble the German tank traps of Tunisia and Northern France. Situated along a hill overlooking the trap—at intervals of a few hundred feet—are concrete pillboxes, their windows low and in-set like the battlements of a medieval fortress. The outer walls are pocked by bullets, as though the focus of a ferocious assault. The damage, however, is not the work of reckless hunters, it was done by design. This is Camp White, once one of the largest army training facilities in the United States.

In rural southern Oregon, far from any theater of battle, no single factor during the 1940s affected the area as deeply as this sprawling camp. What had been in 1941 the Agate Desert—a rangeland seven miles north of Medford where hunters shot ducks and children gathered agates—was transformed in less than a year into a military installation designed to give men a taste of what it would be like to advance while enemy guns try to blow you to bits.

At its height, Camp White's central core comprised of 1,300 buildings: barracks, mess halls, theaters, a radio station, post offices, pillboxes, barbed-wire nests, artillery ranges, a mock-up of a German village,<sup>1</sup> a 1,400-bed hospital so big—many soldiers joked—one had to check his dog tags at the door in case he got lost and never reemerged from the maze of corridors.<sup>2</sup>

With its temperate climate, its pear industry, its 772,000 acres of old-growth forests, and its key location along U.S. Highway 99 (the Pacific Highway), it was inevitable that southern Oregon would blossom once the Great Depression had run

*Left*, An aerial view of Camp White reveals the massive development of the desert during the war years.

*Above*, The Rogue River tested the mettle of General Charles Gerhardt's 91st Division.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #5778



its course. Virtually overnight, Camp White became a catalyst for a growth few rural communities had yet experienced. "Camp White put us on the map," says Otto J. Frohnmayer, an attorney who has lived in the area since 1933. "The big influx into Jackson County came right after World War II. And many of them were people who had been stationed at Camp White."<sup>3</sup>

The "cantonment," as the camp was initially called, was a testimony to the hard work of local civic leaders. Their efforts began nearly a year before the camp's construction was confirmed on December 12, 1941—five days after a Japanese attack crippled the Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor. In the words of the *Medford Mail Tribune*, it took "months and months of work, pleading, conferring, drawing up surveys, and preparing briefs" to get approval for the camp:

Almost a year ago, when hints were received here that the army was interested in studying sites for new camps, the [Medford] chamber of commerce swung into action, made a survey of available land in the Beagle-Antelope district [the Agate Desert], sent the data to the war department and invited the army to have a look.<sup>4</sup>

By May 1941, Medford managed to lure the army into drawing up plans for a massive installation—at the time, no small undertaking during one of the country's longest bouts with prewar isolationism. Army Captain Theron W. Bean established offices in the Medford Armory and oversaw a vast regiment of architects, engineers, and city planners.<sup>5</sup>

Not everyone cheered the army's arrival, however. Jerry Latham—who at that time, was circulation manager for the *Mail Tribune*—recalls that "there was quite a bit of opposition," including orchardists Harry and David (Rosenberg) Holmes, who viewed it as a shotgun wedding between the town and the army.<sup>6</sup> Ranchers were particularly stung by the arrival as the army bought up the land at twenty dollars an acre. Sybil Fish Dodge says her father built up a ranch of approximately 150 cattle, "and they were just coming into pretty good production when Camp White took over 400 acres of the best farming land on the river ranch—and that was the end of our cattle business."<sup>7</sup>

Arriving construction workers for the cantonment project—and sometimes their families—found shelter in makeshift housing, such as run-down apartments, spare rooms, or in a tent city. Garages everywhere were converted into rooms, and even schools were forced to accommodate the newcomers. "We had to have workers come in and build the camp," says Rogue Valley resident Ann Corum, "I was teaching in Central Point, and there was a big influx of children."<sup>8</sup> The impact of both the construction and the completed camp itself was felt throughout the Rogue River Valley from Ashland to Grants Pass. Marjorie O'Harra, a local historian and author, wrote:

Ashland, along with other towns in Jackson County, tried to accommodate the influx of people, first the construction workers, then the servicemen. USOs and church recreation centers fought what at times seemed a losing battle as streets were filled with

throng of young men looking for something to do on a weekend pass.<sup>9</sup>

Although the war strained the valley's facilities, it also created tremendous economic opportunities. The desert boom pulled the Medford Corporation, a major local mill, out of its post-Depression slump. The Army Corps of Engineers requisitioned much of Medford Corporation's output, as well as its rail line, for the camp. And, as historian Jeff LaLande noted, the timber firm "produced much of the lumber that was used to build many barracks, mess halls, offices, and other frame structures of Camp White."<sup>10</sup> In fact, the mill cut nearly double its prewar production volume, and the war boom helped create additional mills throughout the region:

During the boom years of World War II, scores of sawmills had mushroomed in the forests of Jackson County. In 1946, there were over 140, most of them small capacity, portable outfits in the upper Rogue basin.... It was evident that the lumber industry finally had arrived in the Rogue River Valley in a big way.<sup>11</sup>

From the beginning, city fathers recognized that once the camp was up and running, G.I.s would need places to spend money off-base, go dancing, buy a bottle of whiskey, get a platter of steak and eggs, and spend pocket change at the pictures. Medford benefited from the immediate influx of cash, and newspaper ads regularly targeted soldiers with pot-boilers like: "dance at Walker's Dreamland Hall every Saturday night.... Best Music in Town—Modern and Old Time. Gentlemen \$1.10 incl. tax, LADIES FREE, Men in Uniform Admitted for 75 cents."<sup>12</sup> A "dog face" could even buy his girl a summer dress at the July clearance sale at Mann's Department Store ("Dresses from \$2.98 to \$3.98 [reduced to] \$1").<sup>13</sup> Some entrepreneurs went beyond luring soldiers with goods already in stock, creating entirely new businesses. Calista Handweg recalls her father starting a bus company with Glenn L. Jackson—then president of the chamber of commerce—to transport soldiers between Camp White and Medford.<sup>14</sup>

**O**f all the officers that commanded Camp White over the years, one swaggering, flamboyant, former cavalryman stands out: Major General Charles Gerhardt. This wiry, bare-chested, former cavalry officer was suave enough to spend an evening at local concerts, but was bull-headed enough to permit the drowning of some soldiers by marching them through a river in full battle gear. His 91st "Wild West" Division—also known as the Fir Tree Division because it was an all-Northwest group of soldiers—was the first to train at the camp. It was during Gerhardt's regime that Camp White earned its alias "the Alcatraz of training camps"—an appellation that no doubt pleased the general.

Gerhardt drilled and marched his men ceaselessly and made sure that even the nurses knew how to fire machine guns.<sup>15</sup> He once told a reporter: "By God, when my men leave Medford, they have a chance to come back alive. Even my chaplains are tough." The general marched his men through the Rogue River

in full battle gear, and local civilians watched from bleachers on the bank.<sup>16</sup> Some men were swept away and fished out downstream by men with gaffs. Some did not make it, however, and as many as thirty drowned, wrote historian George Kramer, although others suggest the number was far fewer.<sup>17</sup> Gerhardt's regimen caught the attention of the national media:

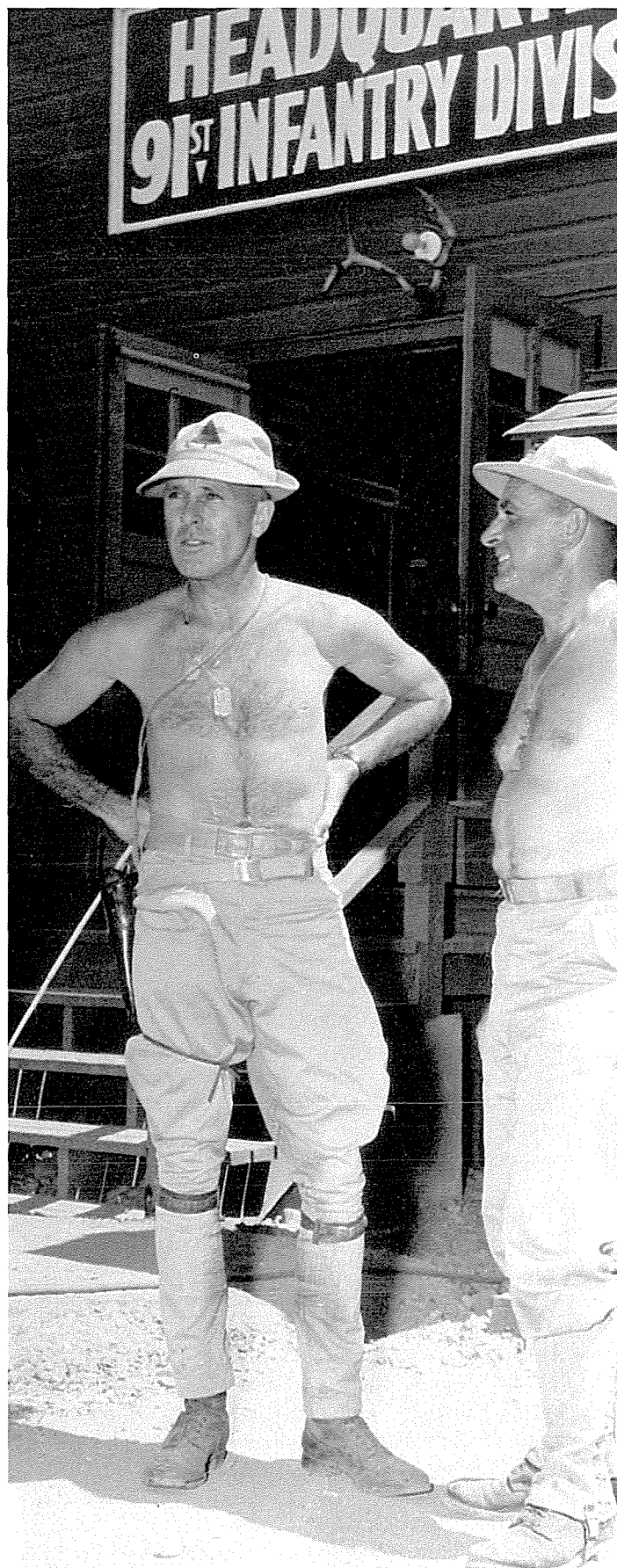
Perhaps the toughest trainer in the U.S. Army is a wiry little man who carries a full pack and rifle while marching his troops across stony Oregon desert and who expects middle-aged staff officers to be as taut-bellied as the hardest young private. Major General Charles Hunter Gerhardt breaks in the new men "gently" by sleeping them in pup tents in the rain, making them swim icy Oregon rivers . . . . [H]e himself takes raw men under the pack five miles through the rain in one hour, nine miles in two, finishes at the double, [and] insists that every officer under him be able to do the same.<sup>18</sup>

Gerhardt had an answer for critics, *Time* magazine noted: "We are trying to guarantee every man that, by God, when his platoon leader takes him into action, he'll have a chance of getting back alive."

With its limited contingent of Black soldiers, Camp White introduced to southern Oregon its first experiences with large numbers of African Americans.<sup>19</sup> In 1940, before the camp was built, only five Blacks lived in Jackson County.<sup>20</sup> During the 1940s, there were unofficial "sundown laws" in many Rogue Valley communities. And as late as 1950—when the Oregon Shakespearean Festival cast a Black actress, Patricia Norman, in *The Comedy of Errors*—"we had several actors and members of the staff that accompanied her wherever she went, just for her safety," says William Patton, later the festival's executive director.<sup>21</sup>

With Camp White, a predominantly White community was forced to face issues that most of the nation had already begun addressing—or ignoring [*see related story, page 40*]. Ann Corum, whose father owned a store near the Black USO, recalls: "There was quite a group of colored fellas, and it was really quite a thing to see so many Blacks, because Medford was known as the town where the sun didn't set on Blacks . . . . The reason I remember them is I had seen so few Blacks in my life. You didn't see them at all in southern Oregon."<sup>22</sup>

In this "Pacific Wonderland," African Americans faced many of the same humiliations Blacks faced daily in the Deep South. In places like Atlanta, Birmingham, and Biloxi, the sight of a Black was not cause for amazement. Southern Oregonians were flummoxed. On the streets of Medford, children stared in frank and dough-faced amazement, and store clerks, waiters, and barkeepers told Black soldiers their "kind" was not wanted.



Major General Charles Gerhardt, *left*, ordered the men of his 91st Division to march ninety-one miles through the rugged terrain of Jackson County in a flamboyant publicity stunt.



Finally, the segregated Black USO asked businesses serving African Americans to make themselves known, so that those who had enlisted could be spared the embarrassment of being refused a hamburger and fries while fighting Hitler and the master race. When businesses continued to refuse Black patrons, General Gerhardt tried to smash it by issuing a blistering statement that if Medford would not serve his Black soldiers, he would declare it off limits to all troops.<sup>23</sup>

Ironically, the need to build vast facilities for training men for battle was virtually obsolete by the time the United States finally had their camps running full bore. By 1944, an additional use for the camp had emerged, and the first German prisoners of war arrived April 16.<sup>24</sup> The prisoners helped fill in the manpower shortage by harvesting fruit [see related story, page 4]. Heinz Bertram, a German flight engineer from Magdeburg, was captured in North Africa by the British 8th Army in May 1942 ("I was just a punk kid").<sup>25</sup> He was one of the first POWs to arrive at Camp White.

We were scared of the British after our capture [Bertram said], for early in the war in Africa both sides often shot all prisoners rather than bother with them. We were pleased when we were transferred to America and particularly with Camp White. If we worked, we received 80 cents an hour and were allowed a bottle of beer per day. We received enough of our earnings for spending money, and the rest was banked for us.<sup>26</sup>

In fact, Bertram was so pleased with his glimpse of America that he returned to Medford twenty-one years later and ran an upholstery shop for years. Isabel Armstrong, a former mess sergeant at Camp White, recalled that one POW had actually resided in Gold Hill before the war:

His parents were over here, and before we were in the war, Hitler called all the non-residents back. And so they had to go back to Germany. And when he was taken prisoner of war, they shipped him right back here to camp. One day they missed him. So they found him up at Gold Hill. They said, "What's the idea of your running away?" He said, "I didn't run away. I went home."<sup>27</sup>

With the end of World War II, Camp White's resources were returned to civilian use, and the first sale of buildings was in January 1947.<sup>28</sup> But as early as September 1942, the camp was selling surplus construction goods.<sup>29</sup> During the postwar boom of the late-1940s, barracks and other buildings were scrapped for use in homes, churches, and schools. The Central Point and Eagle Point school districts moved whole buildings for use in the districts. In 1949, the camp hospital was converted into the domiciliary that still operates on the grounds. The rest of the straight roads and lighting and sewer systems in the former Agate Desert were perfect for the industrial development that became White City.

Rising virtually overnight like a phoenix out of the Agate

Desert, Camp White became southern Oregon's muscled response to the challenges of World War II. By war's end, the social, political, and economic impact this once-vast training facility had had on the area makes Camp White and its development among the most important places and events in southern Oregon—and Oregon—history.



*Adapted from "'Alcatraz': Camp White and Jackson County in the 1940s" in Land in Common: An Illustrated History of Jackson County, Oregon, available for purchase at the History Stores, located at 106 North Central Avenue, Medford, and the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. Russell Working is a staff writer for the Mail Tribune (Medford).*

#### ENDNOTES

1. George Kramer, *Camp White: City in the Agate Desert* (White City, Ore.: Camp White 50th Anniversary Committee, 1992).
2. Undated flier from Camp White, circa 1942, Southern Oregon Historical Society, mss 62. In contrast to the size of the training camp's hospital, Medford, in 1940, had three hospitals with a total of only 113 beds, according to *Polk's Medford and Ashland [Oregon] City Directory Vol. 1940-41* (Portland: R.L. Polk & Co.).
3. Otto J. Frohnmayer, interview by author, Jan. 1993. Medford's population nearly doubled during the 1940s, from 11,548 to 20,000. In the 1940s, the number of people in Medford's trade area—the region within a fifty-mile radius—doubled, from 50,000 to 100,000 people.
4. "Order Cantonment Construction in Medford, Corvallis, Marysville," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 12 Dec. 1942.
5. "Army Plans for Cantonment Here," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 8 May 1941.
6. Jerry Latham, unpublished interview transcript, Southern Oregon Historical Society, Medford, Ore., tape 157.
7. Sibyl Fish Dodge, unpublished interview transcript, SOHS, tape 113. Ranchers could later buy back the land at the same price, but fences and fields had usually been damaged or destroyed by target-practice shells.
8. Ann Corum, interview with author, Feb. 1993.
9. Marjorie O'Hara, *Ashland: The First 130 Years* (Jacksonville: Southern Oregon Historical Society, 1981), 141.
10. Jeff LaLande, *Medford Corporation: A History of an Oregon Logging and Lumber Corporation* (Medford: Klocker Printing Company, 1979), 86.
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 24 Jul. 1942.
13. *Ibid.*, 11 Sep. 1942.
14. Calista Handweg, interview by author, Jan. 1993.
15. Kramer, 50.
16. Bob Stewart, interview by author, Jan. 1993.
17. Kramer, 53.
18. *Time*, (14 Dec. 1942): 80.
19. Kramer, 65.
20. *Polk's Medford and Ashland City Directory Vol. 1940-41*, (Portland: R.L. Polk & Co.), 7.
21. William Patton, interview by author for the *Medford Mail Tribune*, 21 Feb. 1993.
22. Ann Corum, interview by author, Feb. 1993.
23. Kramer, 66.
24. *Ibid.*, 78.
25. Heinz Bertram, interview by author, Jan. 1993.
26. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 24 Oct. 1971.
27. Isabel Armstrong, unpublished interview, SOHS, tape 7, 4.
28. Kramer, 101.
29. The *Medford Mail Tribune*, 11 Sep. 1942, advertised the sale at Camp White of "new and used building materials." The ad offered "surplus lumber, nails and miscellaneous building materials—doors, windows, and millwork.... Whether for house, barn, cabin, or future use, you cannot afford to miss this opportunity."

# "Naught which goes is lost"

by Mary Catherine Koroloff

**S**tarkly simple photographs like these best exhibit the fluid life cycles of a city and the structures that paint its skyline. Comparing contemporary and vintage photographs reveals the transitory nature of what most architects and developers view as permanent. Here are the proud monuments erected in an age of imperial splendor and industrial promise—vast, immutable mountains of mortar, stone, and steel. Here, they are gone, demolished in an age of cold, Space-Age modernity.

Portland is no stranger to changes wrought by time. Gone are such notable landmarks as Thiele's, where rare roastbeef and high-calorie knishes were served with reckless abandon. The Journal Building, once housing Portland's *other* venerable daily newspaper, also fell to the wrecking ball. Today, scantily clad cosmopolitans sprint along Tom McCall Park where frenzied editors and grimy pressmen once scurried from one late edition to the next.

Few modern Portlanders recall the Portland Hotel (1890), that "grand old lady" that was razed in 1951 to make room for streamlined Hudsons and Packard sedans—the parking ramp was, in turn, torn down to make room for Pioneer Courthouse Square in 1984. High noon at the square finds the daughters and grandsons of downtown's first worker bees noshing on the very site where their fathers and grandmothers once ate at the Portland Hotel's lunch counter.

The top photograph, snapped circa 1897, looks down on Broadway from the west-hills mansion of Charles Henry Piggot, owner of the Consolidated Brick Company of Portland. His particular Xanadu, known as "Piggot's Folly" (1892), was vacated only a few years later when Piggot's fortunes fell victim to the Panic of 1893. The bottom picture was taken nearly one hundred years later from the same spot, from where it may seem that Portland has changed very little. Old-timers, however, would scoff at such a claim, scratching their heads in amazement at the post-modern bistro where toney urbanites delicately sip their cappuccino: "Say,

this used to be Manny and Sol Spiegel's delicatessen. I kissed my first gal here back during the war."

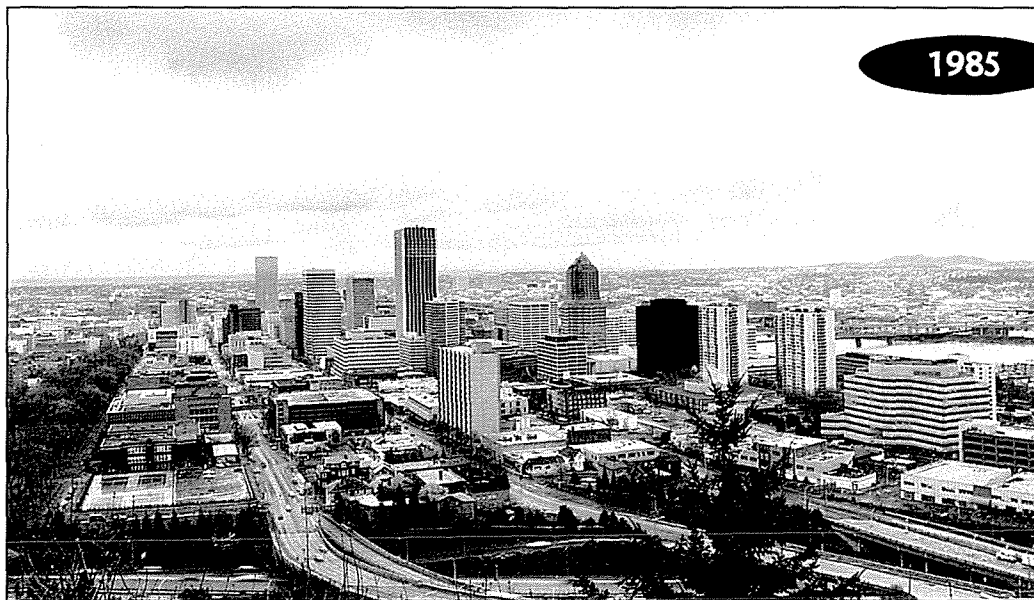
Ours is a world of constant change, and, as the nineteenth-century Russian mystic Madame Swetchine once remarked: "Naught which comes stays, and naught which goes is lost." Happily, it is through the unique magic of photography that individual moments along a city's fluid life cycle are never truly lost.



Mary Catherine Koroloff is a staff writer and editor for M.R. Communications Group in Portland, Oregon.



circa 1897



1985

Save for the Pearl and Old Town districts, very little of Portland's original architecture still stands. The 1897 photograph, *top*, reveals a town nearing its height as a vital Pacific Northwest lumber center and port. *Bottom*, In a shot taken nearly one hundred years later, the Willamette River peeks out from behind a growing skyline. The Park Blocks are visible at bottom left.



# THE HERMISTO

VOL. I.

HERMISTON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SA

## AMERICAN FLAG WAVES IN CUBA

**ISLAND FORMALLY TAKEN OVER  
BY SECRETARY TAFT WHO  
DECLARES HIMSELF  
GOVERNOR.**

**UNITED STATES TROOPS  
WILL OCCUPY ISLAND**

**PREPARATIONS FOR MOBILIZA-  
TION OF TROOPS AT NEW-  
PORT NEWS BEING RUSH-  
ED WITH ALL SPEED.**

HAVANA, Sept. 28.—With far less ostentation than accompanies the accession of a new municipal administration, the government of Cuba was formally taken over today by Secretary Taft, who in a proclamation clothed in a kindly and diplomatic tone, declared himself the provisional governor. At noon Taft and party called officially upon President Palma. The fact that the government had changed hands was received by the masses with utter indifference. The most refined and thoughtful Cubans, while they feel a sensativeness over the loss of the island's sovereignty, are inclined to hope the United States' protectorate will be brief. A Cuban returning to Havana today after a brief absence, would not have noticed any change in the form of government. Business continued the same except for the vigor exhibited by the wholesale merchants, manufacturers and railroads to regain their former trade, which has been at a standstill for six weeks.

Cuban Flag Still Flies.

this letter he takes occasion to call attention of the directors to the fact that as the schools are now opening all over the county, they must not forget to see that the buildings are in proper condition and furnished with all the necessary supplies.

He also recommends that business-like methods be employed by the boards in the transaction of the district business and suggests that the teachers be invited to attend the school board meetings. The following excerpts are taken from the letter:

"Clerks frequently write me that they would like to have the school work done in a more prompt and business-like manner, but that it is often impossible to get the directors to hold board meetings; that they often make verbal or written contracts without the knowledge of the clerk, and sometimes without consulting all of the directors, and that it is thus impossible to keep the records properly. As any contracts made, bills allowed, or other business done by the directors when not in session, is illegal, the only safe way for the clerks to do, is to refuse to pay out any of the public funds until the directors, when in session at a board meeting, have first ordered a warrant drawn for the amount, and a record of the transaction has been made in the minutes of the meeting.

"I would like to suggest that you invite your teacher, or principal, if you have more than one teacher, to meet with you in your board meetings. The teachers are as much interested in the welfare of the schools as any other school officer. They are closely connected with the work, are familiar with the school laws, and are competent to advise intelligently in these matters. In order to avoid petty complaints, I would also suggest that you make a rule at your next board meeting, to the effect that you will pay no attention to complaints against the teacher, or pupils, unless the charges are made in writing, and are signed by the complaining party. If children from your district go to some other school, or if children from other dis-

## DISTRICT FAIR IS NOW HISTORY

**WAS PLEASING SUCCESS TO MAN-  
AGEMENT AND PUBLIC—FORE-  
RUNNER OF GREATER  
YET TO COME.**

**A RECORD CROWD  
MARKS CLOSING**

**MASQUERADE BALL WITH LARGE  
CROWD OF GAY DANCERS WAS  
GRAND FINALE — PRIZES  
GIVEN.**

The first annual fair for the Third District of Morrow and Umatilla counties has passed. It has been a success, a great success, most pleasing to the management and to the people. It came, born of hope, was nurtured by effort, and passes as a promise for larger and better expositions yet to come. Those who assisted, by their exhibits, their efforts, their tireless energy, to make it what it was, deserve high praise and honor for their work.

Last night was a record breaking one in point of attendance and interest. The pavilion was crowded, the music was never better, the throng was good humored on pleasure bent. Mashers threaded their way among the jostling, confetti hurling mass, and despoiled their ridiculous antics for the general jollity of the time. Every one of the 5000 people there were out for fun, and they had it.

The day had no special feature, for everything was featured. The horse parade, the mardi grass queen Miss Anna de Letour, crowned at 2:45 on the afternoon, the crash and sway of

## CAYUSE TWIN

**GIRLS GIVEN V  
UTATION BY  
PICTURES F  
EXPO**

**QUEEN ANNA I  
REI**

**CORONATION C  
RESSED BY  
IN PAVILI  
WORE GOI**

All unknown to that thronged the day afternoon, amidst one of the exhibits to be seen nothing more nor Twins, made wor house pictures of with 76 other pu school at the re very interesting nov, nine years yesterday by Me tending the fair. Th Tox-e-lox and A are better know names of Emn These dusky ma by Major Moorho in London and ev civilized world ar famous Chief Jos The entire ban Americans forme tation at the f nown and they c minute of the ti nothing having

# HERALD

DAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

NUMBER 1

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nell of Alexandria, Virginia, and has been officially recognized on account of her record performance by the department of agriculture as entitled to the egg-laying belt. The former score, held by a Salt Lake City hen, was 267 eggs in a year. The Mormon hen is thus put into the selling platter class because of the Virginia model of poultry industry.

Starnell figures that except for the moulting season, his hen has produced an egg for every 21 hours throughout the year. She is not much for looks and could not be told at a glance from any common 90-egg-to-a-year hen, but for industry she is the world's model hen to date. May her flock increase be the benediction of the department.

## ORCHARD REPORTED CRAZY.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 28.—Advices have reached the Denver Times that say Harry Orchard, the self-confessed murderer of Governor Steunenberg, has become a maniac and is confined in the hospital ward of the Idaho penitentiary.

## Report Denied.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Sept. 28.—A special to the Associated Press from the Boise correspondent says the "Story that Harry Orchard has lost his reason is without foundation."

## Pockets for Women.

The old-fashioned pocket is to be in favor again and many women will welcome the news. Pockets both seen and unseen will be the mode; coats will be made with numerous visible pockets, but the pocket par excellence will be in the skirt and inserted with such skill by the dressmaker that there will be nothing to reveal its existence. The new wide skirts are the excuse for these handy pockets. Our grandmothers wore pockets somewhat similar, but it was necessary for them to go through all sorts of gymnastics to get to them; the new pockets have not this drawback, as they are accessible without lifting the top skirt.

The wedding of a Miller, S. D., girl has been delayed a month till a shoe factory can make her a pair of shoes.

## MANY DEAD IN SOUTHERN WIND

MISSISSIPPI SOUND SWEEPED BY  
DESTRUCTIVE WIND—MILL-  
IONS IN PROPERTY ARE  
DESTROYED.

## LIGHT-HOUSE IS SWIFT INTO RAGING SEA

FORTS AND NAVAL STATIONS  
SUFFER LOSS OF LIFE AND  
PROPERTY—LIFE SAVING  
CREW DESTITUTE.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 28.—Six persons are drowned, eight good sized sailing vessels wrecked, about 30 smaller vessels are sunk or ashore and property damage amounting to more than a million dollars is the result of the hurricane on Mississippi sound. The full extent of the damage became known today when a ship at Horn island was heard from. They are completely submerged. All loss of life and most of the wreckage occurred on the eastern end of the sound, about 50 miles from Mobile.

The worst catastrophe was at Horn island, where Lightkeeper Johnson, his wife and daughter were swept into the gulf with the light-house and drowned.

The Pascagoula lighthouse is partly demolished and Assistant Light Keeper Pertevent saved himself and family only by the greatest exertions. The quarantine station on Ship island is badly crippled.

Three men in the Klondike building on Ship island were swept to sea. A shift in the wind came when they were half a mile off shore and swept them back safely to land.

## Hermiston Herald

The impact smaller dailies and weeklies have had on the development of rural Oregon cannot be exaggerated. For its journalistic excellence, the Hermiston Herald has received awards from the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association and the Society of Professional Journalists. David B. Kennard is the Herald's editor and gives a brief account of the paper's history.

Pioneers Horace Greely Newport and William Skinner established Hermiston's first newspaper on September 29, 1906, using mostly their own money. The two men wrote the news themselves and then took the paper to the railroad station for printing at E.P. Dodd's *Morning Tribune* presses in Pendleton.

From its earliest history, the *Herald* covered Hermiston, Umatilla, and Echo in Umatilla County, and Boardman and Irrigon in Morrow County. In the 1940s, the area boomed with the construction of the Umatilla Ordnance Depot (UOD) and the McNary Dam on the Columbia River. Today, the depot holds more than 10 percent of the country's chemical weapons. As part of current military reductions, the last truckload of conventional weapons was sent to Toole, Utah, on August 29 for final processing and storage. The Oregon Legislature has set the year 2001 as a target for the complete removal of the UOD's chemical ordnance.

Today, the *Herald* provides not only local news, but also tackles national themes like health care, water issues, and military reductions. Such issues, whether local or global, relate to the daily lives of the newspaper's readers. And like the eastern Oregon communities it serves, the *Herald* continues to grow toward the future.



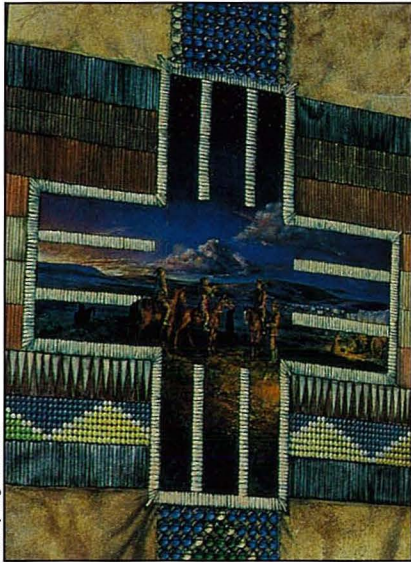


Photo by Hugh G. Barton

# History Writ Large

## Springfield Mural Tells Oregon Trail Story

by Ross West and Kaethlyn Day Nimmick

The City of Springfield (Lane County), Oregon, commissioned artist Ann Woodruff Murray to paint a mural commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Great Migration that surged westward over the Oregon Trail.

Located next to city hall, Murray's canvas measures thirty-three feet high by 120 feet long—roughly the size of the Sistine Chapel's ceiling. Dozens of onlookers visit the mural each day, craning their necks to take in its cornucopia of vivid images.

Paralleling the journey of thousands, the mural begins at the established settlement of Independence, Missouri, where "eastern" life is depicted in a number of panels stitched together to form a quilt as enormous as it is homey. Leaving that familiar world behind, a wagon train heads into unknown territory, the hopeful idealism of its passengers underscored by the gigantic American flag serving as backdrop.

In the mural's middle portion, Murray endeavored to capture images the pioneers themselves experienced as they plodded westward across plains, canyons, and mountains—from the thundering onslaught of a buffalo stampede to a peaceful encounter with a band of American Indians. Murray's mural also depicts familiar landmarks, such as Chimney Rock, Snake River Canyon, and Independence Rock. "Independence Rock is the great register of the desert;" wrote Pierre-Jean DeSmet in 1840, "the names of all the travelers who have passed by are there to be read, written in course [*sic*] character." One Independence Rock name, as portrayed on Murray's mural, is of an otherwise unknown, modern pioneer—one A.W. Murray, the artist.

"An artist's job," according to Murray, "is to explore the frontiers." The ideas for her work arose from two months of conducting library research, reading pioneer journals, and surrounding herself with images from the era. Murray credits one book, *The Eden Seekers: Settlement of Oregon 1818-1862* by Malcolm Clark, as especially eye-opening in terms of the harsh realities of travel along the trail. Many of the mural's major elements—quilt, stretched hide, beaded belt—are appropriated from the settlers' everyday lives. "I saw these textures as making up the fabric of pioneer life," Murray recently related. From the first trip to the research library, to the final brushstroke on her masterwork, the artist devoted about nine months to the project—approximately the same time pioneers spent traversing the 2,000 miles of the Oregon Trail.

The mural honors those pioneers who survived the arduous trek and bestows to the contemporary traveler the prize of Oregon's bountiful valleys, mountains, rivers, and coast. These elements are woven together in an elegant and complex painted design as timeless as the dreams both dashed and realized along the Oregon Trail. Ann Woodruff Murray's remarkable mural is visible both day and night at 5th and Main Street in Springfield and should be a rest stop for the spirit among any modern traveler's western explorations.



*Kaethlyn Day Nimmick is a linguist and free-lance writer. She is also director of the Body English Program in the Springfield-Eugene area. Ross West has been published nationally in journals related to public information and public utilities issues.*



Photo by Hugh G. Barton

*Right, Artist Ann Woodruff Murray labored nine months to research and paint a 120-foot-long Springfield mural, which commemorates the 150th anniversary of the westward migration along the Oregon Trail. Above, A detail of the mural depicts pioneers encountering American Indians.*





# Lessons in Tolerance

*In recent years, a remarkable young girl from Amsterdam has become a catalyst for awareness and tolerance throughout several of Oregon's rural areas. Based upon a larger exhibit, Anne Frank in the World 1929-1945—encompassing Anne Frank and her family, the rise of the German Nazi Party during the 1930s, the Holocaust, and the worldwide spread of neo-Nazism today—the smaller community exhibit, entitled simply The Anne Frank Story, focuses primarily on the courageous girl's life. Both exhibits were developed in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, at the Anne Frank House and are promoted in the United States by the Anne Frank Center U.S.A., located in New York City. To date, Anne Frank's story has touched the lives of countless Oregonians in twenty-five communities. By recognizing the atrocities toward Jews during World War II, Oregon communities have been able to examine discrimination and hate crimes against such groups as ethnic minorities, women, and homosexuals throughout Oregon today.*

**E**ighteen months in the planning, Portland's 1992 Anne Frank exhibit established a tone for what was to become the event's widest geographical coverage throughout any one state. The exhibit resulted from a coalition of nearly 150 sponsors drawn from the city's business, educational, multicultural, and religious sectors, social service and government agencies, and generous individuals. More than 450 volunteers served as docents, greeters, exhibit facilitators, fundraisers, and program coordinators.

Funded by the American Jewish Committee and produced by the Oregon Historical Society (OHS), the exhibit ran October 9 through November 9, 1992, at the Oregon History Center in Portland and was entitled *Differences in Discrimination*. Along with the main panels, the exhibit included a feature entitled "The Oregon Perspective," which challenged viewers to relate personally to issues of discrimination and intolerance in Oregon. The Oregon State Archives, OHS, and *The Oregonian* newspaper compiled information and material in preparation for the customized exhibit, and during its run, nearly 73,000 people attended from

## Anne Frank's Impact on Oregon

by Wendy Liebreich

Courtesy of Anne Frank House, Amsterdam and Anne Frank Center U.S.A., New York

*Left, Prior to Nazi occupation, Anne Frank played freely with her friends in the streets of Amsterdam, 1935.*



*Chella Kryszek is a Holocaust survivor. In September 1993, she gave a presentation to junior high school students in Roseburg (Douglas County). The following are some of the students' responses, reprinted as the children submitted them to their teacher.*

I think it was an honor to hear Chella speak. It got me thinking about how horrible it would be to have been a Jew in Germany at that time, and that strength is not necessarily physical. I think one of her points was love is very important and that is what forced her to survive. My generation will be the last that will be able hear her and that makes me very lucky.

Ben

I think my life has changed since Chella came and talked to our school.

Janmarie

I was surprised that she said that if we were there, that only a couple of us would survive. She made me think about how I will treat people.

Stephanie

I went out of the gym with a new perspective of the world.... What is the point of violence? Why do people in Roseburg or anywhere have to solve things with violence?

Jennifer

I will never, never forget her because this is a story I don't want to forget.

Jamie



all around the United States. Although the event was held during Portland's rainiest season, visitors stood for hours in lines winding around three blocks.

During the opening, Oregon Governor Barbara Roberts proclaimed "Anne Frank Month" in Oregon, and Mayor Bruce Hagensen of Vancouver, Washington, and Portland Mayor J.E. "Bud" Clark made similar proclamations. Attendees viewed a model of the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam and heard oral testimony from Holocaust survivors, liberators, resistance fighters, and sympathizers who gave refuge to many families throughout World War II. The film *Dear Kitty* provided a glimpse into Anne Frank's life and highlighted for younger viewers the similarities between boys and girls of the 1930s and 1940s and their counterparts today. A sculptural exhibit by Deborah Sperber, a child of a Holocaust survivor, encouraged students to participate in a children's art and writing exhibit, supported by special curricula developed by five Portland-area school districts. In addition, forty supplemental cultural and educational programs were developed throughout the Portland communities, including an interfaith church service and special events at the First United Methodist Church.

With the success of the Portland exhibit, confidence was established among volunteers and sponsors to present the exhibit in several smaller communities throughout Oregon. The first community to respond was Sweet Home (Linn County), a community of seven thousand. Claud Leinbach, a powerhouse mechanic, was eager to become the first director of the smaller exhibit after his daughters received racist material in the mail from the neo-Nazi group American Front. Sweet Home residents had been targeted by the group for a mass mailing of white supremacist pamphlets and manifestoes. Leinbach, a Vietnam veteran, had brought his family to the Portland exhibit to better understand the story of the Holocaust. After viewing the exhibit, Leinbach was anxious to share the experience with his Sweet Home neighbors.

Two weeks after the Portland exhibit, the Sweet Home school district committed to sponsoring the exhibit at the local high school, and tours were arranged for middle- and high-school classes throughout the area. Backed by a small core of volunteers, Leinbach brought in Holocaust survivors and served as host to more than 1,800 visitors to the exhibit—which Leinbach himself dismantled and reinstalled each day.

The community's primary objective was to open a dialogue with area students who had begun displaying swastikas on notebooks or as tattoos without fully realizing the ramifications and historical legacy of such acts. During the showing of *The Anne Frank Story*, several community members learned, for the first time, of the Holocaust and were able to relate the historical material to discrimination issues in their communities. Leinbach has since become a community leader and regularly alerts postal authorities to the distribution of racist hate mail. He is currently working with the school district to develop curricula that address issues of discrimination.

In January 1993, the larger exhibit, *Anne Frank in the World*, moved from Portland to Eugene (Lane County) and was housed at the First United Methodist Church. Director Norm Campbell was joined by Margot Helphand and 300 volunteers to host nearly 30,000 visitors. During the opening ceremonies in Eugene, Hannah Pick-Goslar—Anne Frank's childhood friend—gave a presentation in which she recalled seeing Anne only three weeks before she was

executed at the Bergen Belsen concentration camp.

Following exhibits in Sweet Home, Eugene, Salem, Albany, and Hood River, Marcy Westerling from the Rural Organizing Project (ROP) established what had become known as "The Anne Frank Project." As a coalition of fifty-two statewide human rights organizations, the ROP worked throughout several smaller communities to present the story of Anne Frank and communicate lessons of tolerance to areas that had been susceptible to racist literature and activities.

Prompted by the coalition's work, Douglas County hosted *The Anne Frank Story* throughout September 1993, during which it traveled to three different towns and nine schools. Co-chair Beth Brown notes that prior to the exhibit's showing in Douglas County, letters of a racist nature denying the Holocaust ever occurred were regularly published in local newspapers. For Brown, these letters indicated a need for local education. The Umpqua Coalition for Human Concerns sponsored installation of the Anne Frank exhibit with help from the local Education Service District. The event sparked broad community involvement and Roseburg High School's Honor Society and Key Club assisted in moving the exhibit from area to area. In addition to traveling to nine area schools, the exhibit was shown at the Umpqua Valley Art Center in Roseburg, the Pioneer and Indian Museum in Canyonville, and the Drain Civic Theater. Since the exhibit's run throughout Douglas County, there has been a notable decrease in the distribution of white supremacist material and newspaper editorials describing the Holocaust as a hoax.

The Anne Frank exhibit in Cottage Grove (Lane County) was co-sponsored by the city government, the school district, and the Cottage Grove Community Action Network. Co-chairs Becky Couch-Goodling, a school district employee, and Gail Hoelzle, a bookstore owner, recruited nearly one hundred volunteers who hosted 5,000 people in a town of 7,000. The opening reception highlighted two area residents who gave presentations—a liberator of the Dachau concentration camp and a man who had been hidden by the Dutch underground during the Holocaust and escaped by boat. An interfaith service blending many denominations was offered, followed by a prayer from a Tibetan Buddhist priest and a unique presentation by a member of the conservative Oregon Citizens Alliance (OCA).

The exhibit was installed at the Cottage Grove High School in a pre-war, 1930s motif, with a unique section representing Anne Frank's room in the so-called "Annex," the Frank family's secret hiding place during Nazi occupation of Amsterdam. Each student was given a badge marked with the name of a Holocaust victim and was told, at the end of the exhibit, the outcome of that person's life. Visitors and students were asked for their written thoughts after attending the exhibit or oral presentations.

Although the OCA protested involvement by the Cottage Grove Community Action Network in the exhibit, OCA members still participated, with three serving as docents. One incident, reported in the local newspaper, occurred in which a visitor had commented to one of the OCA docents on the horrible atrocities committed by the Nazis during the Holocaust. In light of Douglas County's painful legacy of racial tension, several visitors noted how the Anne Frank exhibit created opportunities for strong community bonding and heightened understanding regarding issues of tolerance.

## A Letter from Governor Roberts

Last year [1991], law enforcement agencies received 488 reports of crime in Oregon that were motivated by prejudice. Reported anti-Semitic crimes increased 150 percent. Reported crimes against persons of color increased 29 percent. And reported crimes against gays and lesbians doubled.... But like Anne Frank, I still believe that people are good at heart. We must embrace our differences instead of fearing them. We must educate people. We must teach tolerance, acceptance, and respect for diversity. We must teach the lessons of history.... And with each Oregonian who sees this moving exhibit... we have honored the spirit of Anne Frank and her family, and embraced the goodness in all of us.

—Oregon Governor Barbara Roberts  
at the opening of the Anne Frank exhibit  
October 10, 1992

In May 1994, Central Oregon Community College in Bend (Deschutes County) presented *The Anne Frank Story*, with the Bend/La Pine School District serving as the primary sponsor. More than 700 volunteers hosted nearly 10,000 visitors, including 4,500 children. Co-chairs, Ray Gertler and Deb Jones facilitated two companion exhibits: the Oregon Historical Society's *Differences in Discrimination* and the "Courage to Remember" feature originating from the Wiesenthal Foundation in Los Angeles. The Bend program also included twenty-five Holocaust witnesses participating in various speaking engagements. Two speakers had been in German labor camps during World War II, two had been Allied liberators, and one had been a member of the Dutch underground. Two thousand people attended the opening ceremony, which featured high school students performing a modern dance from the movie *Schindler's List*, a presentation by Holocaust survivor Alice Kern, and testimony from students denouncing discrimination. With an increase in reported, racially motivated hate crimes in central Oregon, participants of Bend's Anne Frank program indicate it was the single most important vehicle for coalition- and alliance-building within the community.

Programs in Sheridan and Dallas (Polk County) were among the most provocative of the Oregon exhibits. The West Valley Coalition faced significant difficulties in raising needed funds and finding an exhibit location. Several solicitation letters were sent to churches in McMinnville, Willamina, Dallas, Sheridan, and Newberg, as well as to an area veterans hall. The only responses came from St. Thomas Episcopal Church (Dallas) and Good Shepherd Catholic Church (Sheridan).

The Dallas exhibit integrated a feature on the internment of Japanese Americans during the war, drawing many questions from visitors regarding its relation to the Anne Frank exhibit. Schools had been contacted to initiate tours, but officials at Willamina High



School refused to allow student participation. District school officials, however, brought pressure upon local officials, resulting in some senior class attendance. Newberg High School provided tours to the exhibit, and McMinnville and Dallas school administrators encouraged students to attend by offering credit.

I think the hate and prejudice in her story is still happening in different forms today. Hopefully, we can all put a stop to it.  
Tiffany

If every single person today were to hear this story, our world would be more peaceful; more people would actually understand what hate can do.

David

I cannot believe how they treated people just because they were Jewish. Every time she said that she and her sister were beaten, I just hung my head and cried. I feel so much pity for Chella. I can't even tell my thoughts because they are so painful. I feel anger, sorrow, and sadness.... I just can't imagine the excruciating pain she went through. If I could, I would take her place at least one of those days she was in the camp so at least it would have been one less day of pain. I just want to say sorry so many times to all the Jews because I could have been born then and done something about it.... A lot of kids my age treat people mean because of the way they look, but they don't realize they are doing the same things the Nazi did to the Jews. It hurts me to think of getting hurt that bad.

Liz

It is almost hard to believe. It is almost like it is just a story, but when she showed her tattoo number on her arm, I knew for a fact it wasn't just a story.

Natasha

Mrs. Bentz was right when she introduced Chella. Mrs. Bentz said you won't walk out of here as the same person as you walked in here.


Misti



Many Oregon cities and towns hosting *The Anne Frank Story* integrated features and programs unique to their communities. The Astoria (Clatsop County) exhibit was held in a Presbyterian church and displayed 1940s memorabilia, including piles of shoes depicting Holocaust victims. The exhibit in St. Helens (Columbia County), installed in a Methodist church, featured a room very similar to Anne Frank's bedroom. It also displayed charred books and Nazi military paraphernalia to illustrate the hateful climate during Hitler's regime. Gresham (Multnomah County) highlighted a pile of human hair similar to such displays at the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. The exhibit's director later related that the Holocaust witnesses featured at the Gresham showing were like "flowers on a plant bringing the story to life." Salem (Marion County) installed heavy barbed wire, giving exhibit viewers the feel of a concentration camp.

Hood River (Hood River County) also added an American internment feature, and in Manzanita, individuals from the Dutch underground gave oral presentations. Ontario (Malheur County) exhibit viewers heard from eighty-five-year-old Johanna Koster, a Dutch survivor, who related a chilling tale of her survival through nine Nazi concentration camps. Prineville (Crook County) held its exhibit in May 1994, with sixty middle-school children serving as docents to guide older high-school students through the exhibit.

Oregon is exceptional in that it has presented more exposure of the international Anne Frank exhibits than any other state. By 1995, thirty-four host communities will have created their own ways of honoring the memory of Anne Frank and expressing awareness and concern regarding contemporary issues of discrimination. Each exhibit draws from the community's unique history and experiences, bringing together business, government, religious, and educational organizations in ways rarely seen. And although countless obstacles are encountered, sponsor organizations move forward to avert divisiveness and create their own brand of Oregon success stories.

Anne Frank's impact on Oregon has been to bring several thousand volunteers together in active, common purpose—although not always in common approach. And more than 200,000 Oregonians and out-of-state visitors were witness to the results of those efforts. In the end, Anne Frank's legacy teaches countless Oregonians valuable lessons in tolerance that will continue to strengthen the bonds among them, in spite of—or because of—the things that make Oregonians different from one another. 

*In 1991, Wendy Liebreich became director of Portland's Anne Frank in the World 1929-1945 exhibit. She later joined the National Advisory Council of the Anne Frank Center, USA. Portland, Eugene, and Albany have hosted the Anne Frank in the World 1929-1945 exhibit. The following cities have hosted The Anne Frank Story community exhibit: Sweet Home, Salem, Hood River, Newport, Roseburg/Canyonville/Drain, Astoria, Coos Bay, Manzanita, Tillamook/Nehalem, Ontario, Gresham, Estacada, Klamath Falls, Sheridan/Dallas, Bend, Cottage Grove, Prineville, Lakeview, and St. Helens. The following cities will be hosting The Anne Frank Story community exhibit in the future: Forest Grove/Cornelius, Brookings, Grants Pass, Canby, John Day, Burns, Baker, Noti, Hermiston, Estacada, La Grande, Medford, and Veneta.*

# The One that Didn't Get Away: Columbia Sturgeon Fishing

by Jeff Barnard

It was 1984 when I saw my first sturgeon. I was above the Bonneville Dam near Cascade Locks, Oregon (Hood River County), on a Columbia Inter-Tribal Fish Commission Patrol boat. I was hoping to speak with some of the American Indians there who were dip-netting salmon from wooden scaffolds along the riverbank.

Standing on the fore-deck of a jetboat, I hailed an old man I saw perched on one of the scaffolds. I yelled across that I was a reporter working on a story about salmon fishing. He replied by throwing a shad at me, which landed squarely on the notebook I was holding in my hands—fish slime oozing everywhere.

The pitcher's name was Percy Bingham, and somehow I managed to speak with him for about an hour. He was a member of the Umatilla Tribe, and as a young man, he had fished at Celilo Falls, where Indians had harvested salmon for countless generations. When he returned from fighting in the Korean War, Celilo was gone, flooded by The Dalles Dam.

While listening to Bingham's story, I looked down into the green Columbia and saw what looked to me like a fish from prehistoric times. It was placidly finning next to a piling, and you had to look closely to see that a light rope threaded through the gills kept it from swimming away. The beast was a white sturgeon at least four- or five-feet long—a pretty big fish, but nothing like the sturgeon that used to come out of the Columbia before it was harnessed.

After completion, The Dalles Dam helped provide electricity for much of America's power-hungry Pacific Northwest. (It is connected to the massive Bonneville Power Administration system, which today even provides electricity for portions of

California via the Intertie transmission line.) For many like Percy Bingham, however, introduction of hydroelectric power into the region at the expense of the Celilo fishing sites was the sort of progress they could have lived without.

Old-time piscatorians tell of sturgeon once so large they used horses to drag them ashore. Sturgeon do not reach maturity until they are about six-feet long and twelve to fifteen years old. Scientists can determine a fish's age by counting the rings on the leading edge of the fish's pectoral fin; Howard Horton, a retired professor from Oregon State University at Corvallis, recalls documented cases of sturgeon that were seventy-two years old. He estimates that the really big monsters from the old days would have been more than one hundred years old.

Bingham grumbled to me that day along the Columbia about those who accused him of taking sturgeon just for its valuable roe. This was an insult to the old Indian, who had valued the Columbia's gifts his whole life—and watched them rapidly disappear. The fishing platforms and scaffolds at Celilo are long gone, but

through the memories of Bingham, and those like him, one can imagine what it must have been like when the Columbia River grew fish up to twelve-feet long—and when people were proud and stubborn enough to throw a shad at a nosy reporter.

*Jeff Barnard covers southern Oregon for the Associated Press, writing stories and taking photographs on subjects ranging from salmon fishing to Ashland's Oregon Shakespeare Festival. Barnard and his wife, novelist Elizabeth Quinn, have two children and live in Grants Pass.*



Southern Oregon Historical Society #12281

*O.C. Stevin*

Columbia River Scenery.  
The Dalles, Or.

On the Line of  
**O.R.A.N.**  
... COMPANY ...

This sturgeon, snagged from the Columbia River circa 1895, weighed in at 225 pounds and measured 800 inches from stem to stern.



# The Emerald Empire



## Oregon's Mid-Willamette Valley

by Marjorie Lutz O'Harra



Courtesy of Oregon Tourism Division, Economic Development Department

*The exact location of Oregon's many regions are often topics of friendly debate. For instance, what is the demarcation point between central and eastern Oregon? Some denizens of the mid-Willamette valley insist their region begins at Woodburn (Marion County) to the north and ends at Cottage Grove (Lane County) to the south. For the purpose of this article, however, the mid-Willamette Valley is localized between Newberg and Eugene.*

A meandering journey through the bounteous "Emerald Empire" between Newberg and Eugene reveals the promise of plenty that drew early "webfoots" to Oregon's mid-Willamette Valley. Open prairies of deep, fertile soil—combined with a generous (some say more than generous) annual rainfall—have produced the rich alluvial soils that have made the area ideal for farming. This was once home to the Calapooya Indians, who, for centuries, burned the fields in order to provide fresh forage for deer and renewed soil for vegetation. Today,



field burning is a rapidly waning practice for farmers along the mid-Willamette Valley.

Autumn is an ideal season for exploring the network of back roads that lead into one of Oregon's most scenic and historic sections. The days have grown cooler and brilliant fall colors brush the countryside from Junction City to Molalla; and after pastoral wanderings, the valley's cities and towns offer much to intrigue the visitor. A leisurely ramble with a historical focus could start at the Champoeg State Park, situated in the beautiful woodlands and meadows surrounding Newberg along the Willamette River. Here is the "Birthplace of Oregon," where the area's earliest settlers gathered in 1843 to establish the first organized territorial government in the Pacific Northwest. On the park grounds are the Newell House—a replica of a home pioneer Robert Newell built in 1852—and the fully furnished Pioneer Mother's Cabin. During July and the first part of August each year, Newberg citizens present a colorful pageant of Oregon history in the park's new outdoor amphitheater on the banks of the Willamette.

South of Newberg and eight miles north of Salem is Willamette Mission State Park on the banks of the Willamette. Here, in 1834, Jason Lee established Oregon's first mission. Today, the Wheatland Ferry shuttles cars and passengers across the waters at the park's north end—one of the last three ferries in operation along this historic river.

In Salem, the Mission Mill Village—with its mill stream, shops, and restaurant—is home to the restored Thomas Kay Woolen Mill, in operation from 1889 to 1962. The village also features the Jason Lee House (1841), the oldest surviving balloon-frame house in the Northwest. A short walk from the village leads visitors to the park-like campus of Willamette University, founded by Lee in 1842, and the State Capitol complex. Guided tours of the capitol building and legislative chambers can add political charge to an otherwise bucolic experience.

A circuit through the historic mid-Willamette Valley would be incomplete without a visit to Albany and a walking tour of its three historic districts. Situated at the confluence of the Willamette and Calapooya rivers, Albany has more historic homes than any other Oregon city, with over 350 Victorians, dating from 1849 to the early-twentieth century. The Fire Museum, with its 1907 steam-driven, horse-pulled engine, is always a favorite. Visitors from all over the United States attend the annual Timber Carnival over the July 4th weekend—the annual attendance averages between thirty and forty thousand.

Further south and to the west is Corvallis, where explorers find the quintessential college town that Bernard Malamud used as a model for "Cascadia" in his novel *A New Life*. The Benton County Courthouse, with its large white clock tower, is the state's oldest functioning courthouse.

*Opposite top*, Tulip farms, like this one near Woodburn, add brilliance to the lush mid-Willamette Valley, where agriculture is as varied as the people who live and work there. Among the crops grown there are grass seed, alfalfa, grapes, and green beans. *Opposite bottom*, Salem's Mission Mill Village hosts visitors from all over the world. Like these two picnickers, museum-goers find the lovely grounds ideal for outdoor lunches. *Right*, Participants in the annual Cycle Oregon always enjoy the stretches through the mid-Willamette Valley.

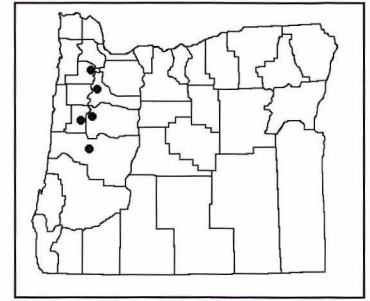
Situated where the southern border of the Emerald Empire rejoins the eastward-curving Willamette River is Oregon's second largest city, Eugene, commonly referred to as the "Berkeley of Oregon." Skinner's Butte, named after founding father Eugene Skinner, gives a wonderful panorama of Eugene and is a favorite spot for University of Oregon students. At the butte's northern base is a beautiful riverfront park, where Skinner operated a ferry service for area farmers. Nestled on the butte's southern slope is the historic Shelton McMurphey House (1888). Excursions to Eugene should include a walking tour of the university. In the fall, the campus comes alive, both with rich autumnal colors and the streams of eager collegiates. The University of Oregon campus is noted for containing the most diverse and exotic assortment of flora—and students—in the area.

Just northeast of Eugene, in Springfield, is the historic Dorris Ranch. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places, the ranch was founded in 1903 by pioneer farmer George Dorris. Today, it continues to harvest filbert nuts from groves originally planted by its founder.

Debate over just where the mid-Willamette Valley begins and ends may never be resolved, but once among the history and lush beauty of this Oregon treasure, geographical imprecision may be forgiven. There are many routes into the Emerald Empire, however, and the wise traveler never sells serendipity short. She should use a good road map as a guide.



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



Courtesy of Oregon Tourism Division, Economic Development Department




# FIGHTING THE WAR ON TWO FRONTS

## Robert Deiz and the Tuskegee Airmen

by Penelope A. Hummel

**C**APODICHINO AIR FIELD, ITALY, JANUARY 1944—America's first African American pursuit squadron was poised at this base near Naples, ready to offer support in upcoming Allied landings at Anzio. Since its activation by a reluctant Army Air Corps in 1941, the 99th had been the object of intense national scrutiny. Among its ranks was 1st Lieutenant Robert W. Deiz of Portland, one of a handful of Oregonians selected to join the elite corps of Black pilots—known as the Tuskegee Airmen, in honor of the training base at Tuskegee, Alabama. Deiz and his fellow airmen were unlike the average American G.I., for in addition to victory over the Axis Powers in Europe, they were fighting for what they called the “Double V”—an end to racial discrimination in the military and back home. Deiz's role in the 99th's remarkable combat history ultimately helped to foster greater opportunities for African Americans in the United States Armed Forces.

Born in 1919, Robert “Bob” Deiz grew up in southeast Portland at a time when the Black population in Oregon was sparse and scattered. Recalling their childhood, Deiz's younger brother Carl noted: “If you saw a Black person



Tuskegee flyer Robert Deiz, standing in a fighter's cockpit, posed for a poster commemorating African American airmen during World War II, far right.



in Portland in 1935 and didn't know them, you wondered what they were doing in town. You knew everybody." The racial segregation that was so prevalent throughout the nation at the time was very much a part of Portland life for the two boys. Not only were Blacks excluded from most restaurants and theaters, but employment opportunities were severely limited as well.

Undaunted, Deiz graduated from high school in 1937 and went on to attend the University of Oregon. Brother Carl graduated from high school a year after Deiz and, following in his father's footsteps, worked as a waiter on the Union Pacific Railroad. When the United States finally entered the war in Europe in 1941, Bob Deiz rushed to join the 99th fighting unit of Black aviators—at the Tuskegee Army Air Field—that had been established earlier that spring. Deiz had long hoped to be an aviator and had taken private flying lessons in Portland. To his delight, he was accepted at Tuskegee shortly after Pearl Harbor.

The "Tuskegee Experiment," as it was known, grew out of the U.S. military's long history of restricting opportunities for Black personnel. While other branches maintained stringently segregated units and restricted Blacks to the most menial positions, the Army Air Corps addressed the controversy through the total exclusion of Blacks. However, some in the Corps sought to change the discriminatory policies, recognizing the domestic political benefits that would be reaped if African Americans could prove their

mettle in the glamorous and skilled field of aviation. And so, despite resistance from the War Department and the Army Air Corps, the Tuskegee Air Army Field was established in Alabama to train Black fighter pilots.

Still, the Air Corps eschewed admitting Blacks into the operations mainstream, creating instead the racially designated 99th Pursuit Squadron. At the time, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) characterized the action as "a step in the right direction . . . but it is by no means the answer to the demand of colored people for full integration into all branches of the arms and services of the nation . . . we can be forced to accept it but we never agree to it." Dealt a less than optimal hand, Black airmen were nonetheless determined to

prove their acumen in the segregated skies of the U.S. military. Deiz graduated in one of the Tuskegee Field's first classes, and, with the rest of his unit, was eager for an overseas assignment. During his stint at the base, Deiz's photogenic good looks singled him out as a model for a war bonds poster by a visiting artist. Despite his reluctance to serve as the model for all African American airmen, Deiz's patriotic mien appeared below the slogan "Keep us flying"—a variation on the widely familiar "Keep them flying" posters featuring White pilots. Throughout 1943, the U.S. Treasury Department distributed the Deiz poster nationwide as one of few promotional images during World War II that high-



Photo by T. McCrea, courtesy of the Oregon Council for the Humanities

The Tuskegee Airman poster featuring Robert Deiz is part of the Smithsonian Institution Touring Exhibition Services' exhibition *Produce for Victory: Posters on the American Home Front, 1941-1945*. The exhibit will visit

five Oregon communities in the upcoming year. Organized by the Oregon Council for the Humanities, the tour is part of a nationwide pilot project seeking to link the curatorial riches of the Smithsonian with smaller museums nationwide. *Produce for Victory* features reproductions of the brilliantly colored art that proliferated in American factories, lunchrooms, offices, and grocery store windows throughout World War II. These images encouraged stateside Americans to think of themselves as "production soldiers" in the war effort, working to achieve victory in tandem with U.S. Armed Forces. At each of the

Oregon host sites, the exhibition will be complemented by a roster of public humanities programs illuminating the complexity of issues surrounding the war. *Produce for Victory* is showing through November 12 at the Benton

County Historical Museum in Philomath, Oregon, and will continue on to the Coos County Historical Society in North Bend (December 1, 1994, through February 15, 1995), the Clatsop County Historical Society in Astoria (March 3 through April 30, 1995), the Morrow County Museum in Heppner (May 13 through July 12, 1995), and the Sherman County Museum in Moro (July 28 through September 30, 1995). For more information on the exhibition, please contact the respective host institutions, or call the Oregon Council for the Humanities at 800-735-0543.



lighted minorities as participants in the conflict.

After completing advanced combat training at Selfridge Field, Michigan, the 99th Pursuit Squadron embarked for North Africa in April 1943. In July, the 99th then joined the Allies' attack on Italy. The squadron's role was to dive-bomb enemy supply centers, airfields, and communication lines, as well as to escort the invasion fleet across enemy lines. Unfortunately, the 99th had few opportunities to engage enemy aircraft. Uncertainty as to the Black fliers' abilities increased in Washington D.C., despite the fact that the 99th's performance was comparable to its White counterparts. Slogging through the muddy Italian winter of 1943, the 99th struggled to maintain hard-won skills and morale. In an October memo to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, General Henry "Hap" Arnold wrote: "It is my considered opinion that our experience with the 99th Fighter Squadron can lead only to the conclusion that the Negro is incapable of profitable employment as a fighter pilot in a forward combat zone."

By January 1944, the Tuskegee unit had moved from the eastern Italian coast to Capodichino Air Field in the west to support Allied landings at Anzio, and a serendipitous turn of military events was about to change the Black airmen's fortunes. On the morning of January 27, twelve Tuskegee pilots on patrol—among them Bob Deiz—spotted a squadron of German aircraft over the Anzio beachhead. Although obviously outnumbered, the Black flyers broke formation and engaged the Luftwaffe force. Within the hour, the jubilant members of the 99th returned to base with five downed enemy aircraft to their credit. Later that same day, the squadron shot down three additional enemy craft, and the success of the 99th continued with four more German planes shot down under sustained attack the next day. Once again, Deiz was instrumental in the victorious missions—accomplished with outmoded P-40 Warhawks against the far speedier German aircraft. The following month, national war correspondent H.R. Knickerbocker wrote: "The famous 99th Fighter Squadron has leaped, in a few days, from a position of comparative obscurity to one in leadership in pursuit and combat.... Nobody regards the Negro squadron as a curiosity any more... they know they are good."

In his thirteen months overseas, Deiz flew ninety-three missions with the 99th, and his record of downing enemy planes was bettered by few other World War II fighter pilots, Black or White, and earned him the appellation "ace fighter pilot." He returned to the States in August 1944 an Oregon war hero and

began instructing other Black pilots at the Tuskegee Army Air Field. By that time, Carl was also stationed at Tuskegee, serving as a tactical officer, and the two brothers would occasionally "borrow" a plane for weekend leave to Chicago or Philadelphia. The 99th Pursuit Squadron was eventually joined by three other Black squadrons as part of the 332nd Fighter Group, and the record established by the group before war's end proved, without a doubt, the capabilities of Black military personnel. Charged with escorting bombers to and from enemy targets, the 332nd never lost a single plane.

With the end of the war, the United States positioned itself to consolidate its gains in the international arena. At home, many Americans, too, worked to consolidate the political and social advances made during the war. In 1948, an election year, President

Harry S. Truman issued Executive Order 9981 and decisively ended sanctioned segregation in the U.S. Armed Forces. Without a doubt, the success of the Tuskegee Experiment played an integral role in hastening the steps towards racial equality.

In August 1944, Deiz returned briefly to Portland to visit his family before ultimately settling in Columbus, Ohio, with his wife Ruby. He remained in the newly renamed Air Force as a test pilot until 1961 and was among the first in the nation to pilot sophisticated jet aircraft at the height of the Space Race. Like his fellow Tuskegee Airmen, Deiz had the satisfaction of knowing that his life's accomplishments

had struck a major blow for democracy abroad and civil rights at home—the "Double V." Deiz died in Columbus in 1992 at the age of seventy-two.

In a 1944 interview with *The Oregonian* (Portland) about his experiences in Italy, Deiz described the 99th Fighter Squadron's response to finally receiving the recognition that was their due:

That made us feel very proud.... Among those in control, some wanted to see us succeed, and others wanted to see us fail. Prejudice made it a lot tougher for a black fellow to get his wings.... We couldn't get near combat, but combat came to us. Things didn't go the way they were supposed to in Italy, and we got to fight after all. After Anzio, they couldn't ignore us.



Robert Deiz, left, posed with his proud parents in front of a B-24 bomber at the Tuskegee Army Air Field. Deiz flew ninety-three successful missions in P-40 Warhawks.

Courtesy of Carl Deiz



*Penelope A. Hummel is the director of the Oregon Chautauqua Program for the Oregon Council for the Humanities. The author wishes to thank Carl Deiz for his invaluable assistance.*

# Bend Amateur Athletic Club Gymnasium

**B**end's founding in the early 1900s launched central Oregon's "industrial revolution." The setting was a raw and unsettled tract of land between Cascade Range pine forests to the west and semi-arid rangeland to the east. The High Desert town was incorporated in 1905, and the Great Northern and Union Pacific railroads soon knitted their lines into the area to gain access to wheat crops and vast timber tracts. The town soon became central Oregon's principal manufacturing and commercial hub and, in 1916, the county seat for the newly carved Deschutes County.

Isolated from the hub-bub of Lane, Marion, and Multnomah counties, Bend matured in its own fashion, and the milltown grew into a community of neighbors working together to build homes out of the rugged landscape. In 1917, workers at the Brooks-Scanlon and Shevlin-Hixon lumber mills organized a fund-raising project for a recreational and social center. The Bend Amateur Athletic Club gymnasium was born of that effort, with the enterprise financed through public subscriptions and donated land and labor. The project was part of a concentration of civic and educational buildings fronting downtown's Wall Street. Today, in addition to the gymnasium, three other buildings listed on the National Register of Historic Places occupy the street: the Reid School (1914), the old Bend High School (1925), and the Deschutes County Library (1939).

Prior to its May 30, 1919, opening, the gymnasium served as an auxiliary hospital during the 1918 influenza epidemic and as a forum for the dynamic evangelist Billy Sunday. After opening to the public, Bend's Commercial Club initiated a successful drive to retire the remaining \$35,000 debt incurred during construction. The gymnasium was then turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) and became a regular home for such organizations as the YMCA, the Percy Stevens American Legion Post, the Boy Scouts of America, the Bend Library Association, the Bend Women's Civic Club, the Lyceum, and the Oregon Chautauqua.

In June 1921, the building's title was transferred to the American Legion; but in November 1924, ownership was finally conveyed to School District No. 1 (today, the Bend-La Pine School District), and the building became the gymnasium for a proposed high school to be built the following year. Between 1938 and 1939, the building's main gymnasium-auditorium was enlarged under the auspices of the Works Projects Administration (WPA), and a

two-story, unarticulated heating plant was added to the building's rear. The school district again renovated the building in 1952.

The Bend Amateur

Athletic Club gymnasium was designed by Portland architect Lee Arden Thomas and built by contractor Guy H. Wilson. The exterior is comprised of brick masonry on a tuff (indigenous volcanic rock) foundation with concrete mortar. The building's curvilinear gables and patterned brickwork are Jacobean in style. However, Indian-figure plaques and an austere façade—together with a central, polygonal entrance inset—represent Arts and Crafts styling. (Arts and Crafts architecture is rare in Oregon. Two of the best examples are Portland's 1910 Governor Hotel and Edgar Lazarus' 1918 Vista House at Crown Point in Coos County.) The building is also unique for its roof's unusual framing system composed of clear-span, bow-string-type timber trusses with steel tension bar reinforcement.

The structure rests on a high basement, which originally contained a twenty-by-sixty-foot swimming tank, a shower and locker room, a billiards room, a bowling alley, a caretaker's quarters, and seating for one hundred spectators. (The swimming tank was filled in and the bowling alley removed during the 1952 renovation.) Offices and ticket booths were situated on either side of the main entrance, and the main gymnasium has a fully equipped stage and hardwood playing floor. (There were once reading rooms on either side of the stage.) Two suspended balconies provided seating for 1,200 spectators. The second floor contained a club-room with tuff fireplaces at each end and corner window seats. The clubroom's east end opened to the gymnasium below and provided an overhang for motion picture projection and theatrical lighting. A small, spiral staircase led to the third floor, or attic, where a heavily padded wrestling room was located.

The Bend-La Pine School District retains ownership of the Bend Amateur Athletic Club gymnasium, but the building is currently not in use. The property was added to the National Register in November 1983. In 1992, documentation was submitted for a renovation proposal that would convert the Bend Amateur Athletic Club gymnasium into a performing arts center or other civic-use structure. The plan is linked to Bend's downtown renewal program. For more information, contact the Oregon State Historic Preservation Office, Parks and Recreation Department, 1115 Commercial St., N.E., Salem, OR 97310-1001; or call 503-378-5001.

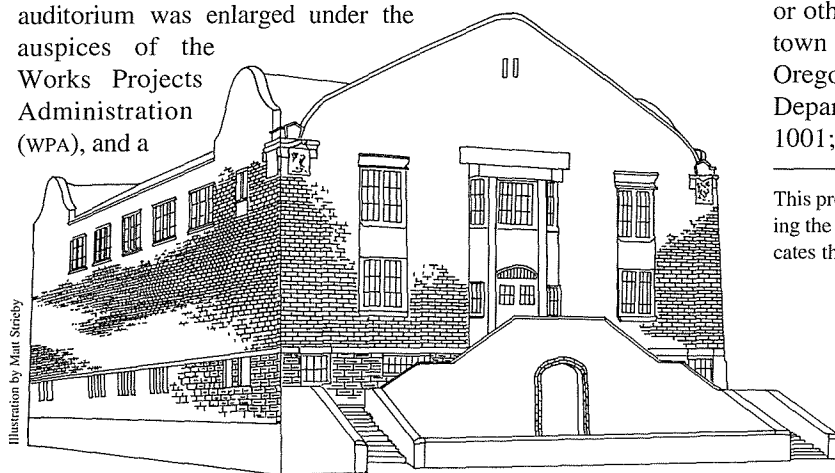
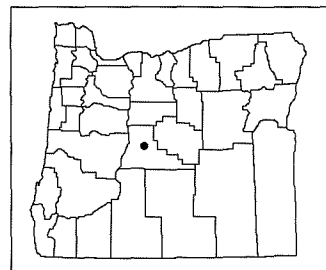


Illustration by Mari Strieby

This property was recently added to the National Register of Historic Places, bringing the total of historic properties in Oregon to 1,357. The date in parentheses indicates the year construction was completed.

MARION COUNTY  
Elsinore Theater (1926)  
170 High St., S.E.  
Salem, Oregon  
Listed: 6-17-94



Your grandmother follows the horses," Mom told me once when I'd drawn an especially good picture of one at school. "Where?" I asked Mom. "Portland Meadows," she said. Grandma's family had picked fruit all over Oregon when she was my age. So, it made perfect sense that she'd know where the meadows with horses were located in Portland, but this new side of my grandmother fascinated me. Every horse I created made me think about Grandma and her horses. I imagined her coming home from the hospital and trading her nurse's uniform for jeans and a checkered shirt with fringe, peeling off white nylons and easing thick cotton socks over her feet and up her calves. The toes of her dust-engraved boots would be pointed and scuffed. Her short gray hair would disappear into the deep shadow of a hat that hid her eyes, but not the tiny scar on her chin.

I was excited the day she told me she'd take me to see the horses. "Just let me get changed," she said as she slipped into her bedroom. I sat on the edge of the couch in my red shorts and popcycle-stained tee-shirt, wishing I had nicer clothes to wear. My bangs stuck to my forehead. Sweat pooled behind my knees as I waited. I heard both shoes drop to the floor and drawers sliding open and shut. And I waited. I put my chin in my hands and closed my eyes. "Okay, kiddo," she called from behind the door, and I knew from the light sound of her voice the transformation had taken place. My grandmother had become a rodeo queen who understood the secrets of horses.

I wasn't prepared for the green polyester pants suit or the way the toes of her reinforced nylons poked out through the front of her white patent leather sandals that almost matched the biggest purse I'd ever seen. She'd exchanged her silver-rimmed everyday glasses for a pair that had little wing-shaped extensions studded with rhine-

stones. A string of pearls swooped down her back like a miniature jump rope held between the earpieces. When she put on a straw hat with a huge pink flower perched on the brim, I gave up all hope.

"Come on, Cindy," she said. I followed her to the Pontiac, which had always smelled slightly of hay to me. On that day, it smelled like hot plastic and oil when we climbed inside. "How far is it?" I asked. "Just over the bridge," she said. I slumped down in my seat and closed my eyes so I wouldn't have to look at anything as we drove into Portland. The wind and the traffic made me sleepy. I'd drifted off and I was dreaming I'd gone to Montana to buy cowboy hats for everyone I knew, when I heard Grandma whispering my name. "We're here," she said. "Let's go see the horses."

We walked across a huge gravel parking lot, my grandmother holding my hand as tightly as if I were her good luck charm. She led me to a gate in a high cyclone fence where she bought two things that looked like comic books from a man holding a huge stack of dollar bills. "Good luck, Ma'am," he said as we pushed our way through the turnstile.

The track was surrounded by a lower fence. I trailed Grandma to the white rail that circled it. "We're just in time," she said. "Here they come." She pulled her glasses off and we watched horses enter the track in pairs. I'd never seen a horse so close-up before. I'd never seen anything so beautiful. Their muscles moved in a way that made their coats shimmer like my mother's shiny gold New Year's Eve dress. Grandma taught me the type of horses by color: bays, chestnuts, blacks, buckskins, roans, and the grays. I watched the way they moved—some were polite and stayed in line. The chestnut kept wanting to get loose and run. He jerked his head from side to side and tried to move away from the horse trotting next to him, the "pony horse," Grandma called it.

# Following the Horses





Her favorite jockey was riding in that race. She pointed him out and I waved, wondering if he ever visited at her house. She showed me the tote board, deciphering odds and bets. I understood win, place, and show right off. Then she tried to explain the exotic bets: quinella, exacta, and trifecta. I was confused. "I favor the quinella," she said, and I told her I did too. She smiled at me and turned back toward the horses. "Let's pick a winner," she whispered. I leaned against the rail and looked hard at the numbered horses.

"Which one do you like?" Grandma asked, as if I were choosing one dress over another. "I like all of them," I said. "Which one do you think will win?" she asked. "Number one, with the red blanket," I said. "Red always wins." I figured if it worked for checkers, it might work for horse racing. She glanced at her program. "You picked the favorite," she said. She touched my shoulder. "Let's bet him." We walked in under the bleachers. She showed me a red line painted across the floor. "You have to wait for me on this side of the line," she told me. "I'll be right there at that window." She pointed at a window with a line waiting and I nodded.

I leaned against a red post and kept my eyes on my grandmother. As she moved away, the voices around me seemed to grow louder, the cigarette smoke in the air grew thicker, the laughter seemed meaner. I concentrated on Grandma's back. Her hand came up as if she were about to wave at the man in the betting window, but she reached for her hat instead, turning it backwards, the pink flower facing me. I stared at the flower and the noise died away.

Grandma made several trips to the betting window. When her horse won, she gave me a dollar to stick in the pocket of my shorts. When her horse lost, she turned to the next page in the program and said, "Let's see who looks good in this race."

After the fourth race, Grandma stood up. "C'mon," she said. "I want you to see something." I followed her down the cement steps. We walked in front of the painted and numbered bleachers and off toward the track. We squeezed in close to the rail, me in front. She leaned down and whispered, "Watch number four, the gray. I've

been following her." I looked for the gray. "She's gonna do something one of these days," she said. The silken tone in her voice made me turn and look up. A blast of dusty wind blew my hair into my face. Grandma's hat took flight and tumbled away toward the gate but she didn't notice. The wind blew her hair straight back as if she were riding a race horse. I started to say something about the hat. Then I really looked at her looking at that horse, and I knew that somewhere in the back of her closet she still had her real rodeo queen clothes hidden away. She knew about horses. And I knew she knew.

"What's her name?" I asked when the gust of wind had passed. "Winsome Girl," Grandma said. "She's still a longshot, but we have to bet her."

I followed Winsome Girl with my grandmother for the next two years. Grandma picked me up on race nights when the gray was running. We always bet her, though she was never again the longshot. I was excited when the horses we bet won, but I was thrilled when Winsome Girl even showed. My grandmother would smile a certain way, like when she knew what was inside my Christmas present and I didn't, and she'd say, "That filly doesn't even know what she can do yet. She's gonna surprise herself."

After the races, we ate out at The Republic in Old Town, Grandma's favorite Chinese restaurant. I always ordered a bowl of rice with milk and cinnamon sugar. Grandma ate fried shrimp and garlic. We'd spread the racing form out across the table and discuss the races. She'd make notes and tell me to help her to remember to bet that chestnut next time or to watch for a certain jockey. I had a good memory.

I was sick with the flu one night when Grandma called to tell me our horse was running. I had to stay in bed. Grandma promised to bet Winsome Girl for me. "You'll see her run again before the season's over," she said. A few hours later, Grandma stopped by just as I was getting ready to go to sleep. I knew the races weren't over yet, and when she came into my bedroom and I saw her eyes, I knew something was wrong. "Winsome Girl went down," she said. "Her leg snapped right at the finish line." Grandma sat down on the edge of my bed, and I could tell by the pink tissues poking out of her quilted jacket pockets, she'd been crying. I climbed into her lap and hugged her. "She didn't even know what she could do yet," I said.

I was much older when Grandma told me how the sound made her sick, like watching a field burn in a drought. She'd stayed by the rail until they could get the horse off the track. Until she saw the way the leg was just hanging to bone by skin, she held onto hope for Winsome Girl. Then she left the track and drove away from the city as if she were following the crops again instead of horses. I was thirteen when we finally went back to the racetrack. I'd been getting into trouble at school, and the track was an excuse for Grandma to talk to me about it. I watched the way she studied the new horses, all but the grays. "Are you looking for a horse to follow?" I finally asked her. She gazed down at me and shook her head. "Is there one you like?" she asked.

"Not yet," I told her. "Well, keep looking," she said. "Look until you find yourself a girl who doesn't even know what she can do yet." My grandmother studied me for a moment, and I saw that same look I'd seen years before, as if I were a longshot and a sure bet, all at the same time.



*Kari Sharp hill is a writer living in Vancouver, Washington.*

by Kari Sharp hill

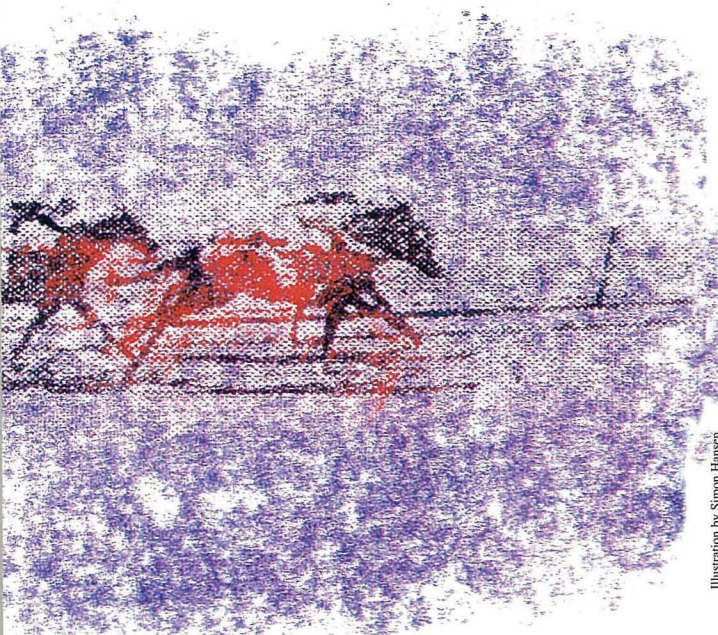


Illustration by Simon Hansen



# Gold Rush Argonauts and Egalitarians

by Laura L. Young

*Precious Dust: The American Gold Rush Experience, 1848-1900* (New York: William Morrow and Company, 1994, 448 pages, illustrations, maps, bibliography, index, acid-free paper), \$25.00, Paula Mitchell Marks.

Paula Mitchell Marks' *Precious Dust: The American Gold Rush Experience, 1848-1900* is a unique treatment of a somewhat familiar theme—the regions and individuals overcome by “gold fever” during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Marks does not rely solely on the accounts of the white, European American males. She also draws from the voices of the “Gold Rush Widows,” the cultural minorities, and even the children who entered “the diggin’s” and were forever changed by the experience.

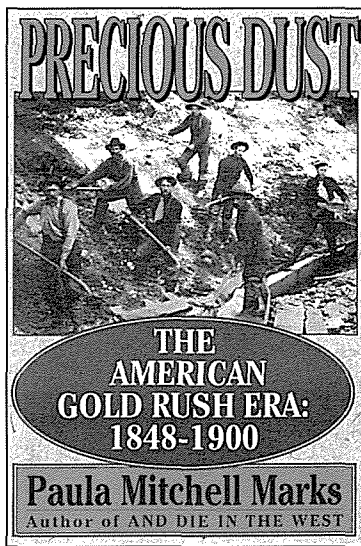
Through oral accounts, Marks provides a useful backdrop for the overland routes into the gold fields. Readers of prosaic western histories are well acquainted with the grueling trails and their accompanying perils. However, in Marks' book, the men—and later the women—reveal to themselves the wisdom they gained from their arduous treks. Such sagacity born of survival along the trails was commonly expressed as “seeing the elephant,” and as one contemporary declared:

I would not take \$10,000 for what I have learned . . . . It is a journey to learn human nature,” wrote young Lucius Fairchild upon completing the trek in 1849. Another man wrote in a similar vein, but one weighted with weariness: “You may rest assured that I have an older head on my shoulders by about 1,000 years than when I left the states.

The real gold in *Precious Gold* lies in the rich, animated voices of these westward wayfarers. The entertaining, spell-binding chorus included in Marks' narrative elevates the history of the Gold Rush from a mere accounting of life on the trail or in the camps to a panorama of individuals, each searching for the precious, yellow ore.

Marks also examines the paradoxes underlying the quest for gold. Many men, for instance, who rejected their communities and families in search of fortune, banded together in tightly knit groups or partnerships once they realized life in the mining camps could be treacherous or deadly. These “argonauts” soon became devout egalitarians, as evident in the views of one gold-rusher who noted that: “any real deprivations were shared by everyone, and so [there] became no deprivations.”

Even as these democratic stampeders defended their communal freedom to go “rambling among the mountain scenery,” however, they rarely applied the same liberties to other groups. Miners regularly discriminated against cultural minorities and women, and mining claims of American Indians, Chinese,



Hispanics, and African Americans were regularly jumped by unscrupulous Whites. Marks, however, does not limit herself to painting one side of the picture—the much-chronicled portrait of White greed and corruption so prevalent in the gold fields. She also offers plenty of accounts of Blacks who did strike it rich and came away from the experience with thousands of dollars in gold weighing down their pockets and purses.

When women joined their husbands or brothers in the gold fields, or ventured into the fields alone, many went on to make their own fortunes by running mines, boarding houses, restaurants, and even freight companies. These women placed themselves outside the Victorian norm by subverting traditional female roles. As one woman related:

I had been brought up by parents steeped in the Victorian Tradition and early in life had perhaps unconsciously inculcated in me the deadly fear of two bogies: first, a strange Man who might do dreadful things to me, and second, The Woods, where dreadful things might happen. Now here I was surrounded on all sides by vast quantities of both.

Through refreshing attention to all participants, Marks achieves a riveting tale of American democratic principles applied to a grim, exciting, painful subsistence life beside a stream, in a mine, or on the trail, where men and women followed news of the latest strike over the next hill and into the unknown.

Greed, however, was not the only motivator among the goldseekers. As the author asserts: “The gold frontier was only a slight exaggeration of the nineteenth-century American frontier in general in being a place of high hopes and dashed expectations.” Many felt ambivalence toward the very goal they sought, expressing pity for those who struck it rich and no longer enjoyed the “thrill of the hunt.” Marks argues that the quest for gold, like so many mythic journeys, was prize enough. The memories gold-rushers carried with them of the vast and unpredictable adventure became the precious stuff of ageless legends.

Marks gives the reader a rich and diverse tapestry of America's Gold Rush years, avoiding the monochromatic snapshots of a predominantly White, male West. She colors her panorama with a gleaming array of peoples, and what emerges is a more balanced view of the greed and cunning that motivated the American goldseekers—tempered by frontier self-reliance and community spirit.



Laura L. Young is a free-lance writer living in Ashland, Oregon. *Precious Dust* is available for purchase at the Society's History Stores in Medford and Jacksonville.

# History in the Making

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## THROUGHOUT OREGON

### *Produce for Victory: Posters on the American Home Front, 1941-1945*

Organized by the Oregon Council for the Humanities as part of the Smithsonian Institution's Touring Exhibition Services, this exhibit visits five Oregon communities in the coming year and is part of a project linking the Smithsonian's collections with museums nationwide. *Produce for Victory* features reproductions of the brilliantly colored art that proliferated during World War II. At each site, the exhibit is complemented by a roster of public humanities programs illuminating the complexity of issues surrounding the war. [See related story on page 41 for information, dates, and locations.]

### BEND

**The High Desert Museum**  
*Nick Eggenhofer: Images of Frontier Transportation* (through May 7, 1995). This exhibit features paintings, drawings, and memorabilia highlighting an important chapter in western history. It also combines a collection of Eggenhofer's art portraying various images of western transportation with artifacts, historic photos, and oral histories. Call 503-382-4754.

### EUGENE

**University of Oregon**  
*The World of Mrs. Otis* (Museum of Art, Gallery 1A, Oct. 9 through Dec. 11). This exhibit features humorous and satirical paintings by the fictive painter and alter-ego of twentieth-century historian Stewart Holbrook. Call 503-346-3027.

### SEASIDE

**Seaside Museum & Historical Society**  
A presentation on the Tillamook Head Lighthouse by photographer Sam Foster will be held Oct. 25 at 1:00

P.M. at the Seaside Convention Center. The presentation and dessert buffet is open to members of the Seaside and Cannon Beach Historical societies and the Arch Cape Community Association. Call 503-738-7065.

### HILLSBORO Washington County Historical Society

*Washington County Goes to War: A Home Front Look at World War II* (through June 1995). This exhibit examines wartime life in Washington County, featuring those who served overseas and at home. Photographs, posters, documents, clothing, and other artifacts will be highlighted. Call 503-645-5353.

### NORTH BEND Coos County Historical Society

*Quilts of the Past* (through Nov. 18). This exhibit features Signature and Friendship Quilts (plus others) from the society's collection. Community members are invited to include family quilts in the exhibit. Call 503-756-6320.

### ONTARIO

#### Western Treasure Valley Cultural Center

*Immigrants All: Peopling the Western Valley* (through spring 1995). This exhibit illustrates the movement of people into western Treasure Valley over the years, profiling where immigrants came from, what they were searching for, and what they finally found. Call 503-889-8191.

### PORTLAND

**Oregon Historical Society**  
*"On the Homefront: Watching the War through the Cinema"* (through fall). Sponsored by OHS, the Northwest Film Center, and *The Oregonian*, this film series is in conjunction with the OHS exhibit *Home Front: Oregon in WWII*. Call 503-221-2056.

### ASHLAND

#### Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History

*Beauty in the Beast: Exotic Wildlife in Jeopardy* (through Mar. 1995). This exhibit traces the historic roots of trade in exotic animals, emphasizing how it has jeopardized the existence of some animals. The exhibit features an early-1900s safari camp and artifacts that were confiscated by the United States Fish and Wildlife Forensics Lab. Call 503-488-1084.

### BAKER CITY

#### Oregon Trail Interpretive Center

*Forgotten Dreams* (through Nov. 30). This photographic exhibit profiles the history of mining in northeastern Oregon. Also "A View of Gold Mountain: Letters from the Kam Wah Chung Trading Party" (Oct. 29, 30). Lecture by Jodi Varon. Call 503-523-1845.

### ASHLAND

#### Rogue Valley Women's History Project

The Rogue Valley Women's History Project is an educational, non-profit committee coordinating the annual March celebration of Women's History Month. Participants are invited to share ways of honoring women's voices and experiences throughout southern Oregon's history. The project publishes and distributes a listing of diverse activities in a soon-to-be-published events calendar. Call 503-482-2247.

### BURNS

#### Harney County Historical Society

Vintage photograph collector Tom Robinson will display photos of the Harney County area at Tuning's Studio in Burns. The display will run through Dec. 31. Local artists are installing five remarkable murals, depicting the county's history, on the second-floor exterior of the Harney County Museum. Call 503-573-5022.

### KLAMATH FALLS Ross Ragland Theater

*"Voices of the West: Songs and Stories of the Land"* (Oct. 25). This program features historic cowboy, Hispanic, and Navajo performance traditions. Call 503-884-LIVE.

The deadline for the winter issue calendar is Nov. 1. Please send calendar notices to:

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

### Making Tracks

This exhibit highlighting the history and impact of the railroad in the Rogue Valley will end its six-year run at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History on Nov. 28. *Making Tracks* depicts early railroad development in southern Oregon. Removal of the exhibit facilitates the museum's renovation and installation of the Society's World War II poster collection next year. Please call 503-773-6536.

### Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience

This interactive exhibit examines current issues surrounding collection of American Indian cultural remains. The exhibit is on display at the Jacksonville Museum. Please call 503-773-6536.

### Heritage Harvest

Heritage Harvest, Oct. 29, is a day of family activities celebrating the harvest season. Events will be held from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M. at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. Please call 503-773-6536.

### Authors Party

The third annual Authors Party highlights local authors. Select authors will sign their books and give presentations of their work. The event is Nov. 19 at the Southern Oregon History Center. Please call 503-773-6536.

### 1995 Oregon National History Day

National History Day is an innovative program designed to draw junior and senior high school students into exploration of the past. Students will enter their projects in district competitions, with the highest-scoring entries competing in the state competition on May 6. State winners will go on to the national event held on the campus of the University of Maryland June 11 through 15. The theme for the 1995 competition is "Conflict and Compromise in History." Oregon National History Day is coordinated by the Society, the Oregon Department of Education, and the Oregon Historical Society. For more information, contact Carol Bruce-Fritz, state coordinator, Southern Oregon Historical Society, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, OR 97501-5926, or call 503-773-6536.



# She'll grow into it.



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### Coming next issue:

- ▼ George Kramer relates the history of the Pacific Highway in Oregon, from its development to World War II.
- ▼ David W. Sorsoli previews the first American showing of an exhibit of international AIDS awareness posters.
- ▼ Patricia Kuhn details 150 years of Catholic schools in Oregon.
- ▼ Elizabeth Hallett provides an account of the conscientious objectors internment camp at Waldport.
- ▼ From the Aurora Colony to the Rajneesh Puram, David Johnson examines Oregon's utopian tradition.
- ▼ Channing Hardy revisits the rural electrification of Oregon.

# OREGON HERITAGE

It reads well

OREGON HERITAGE



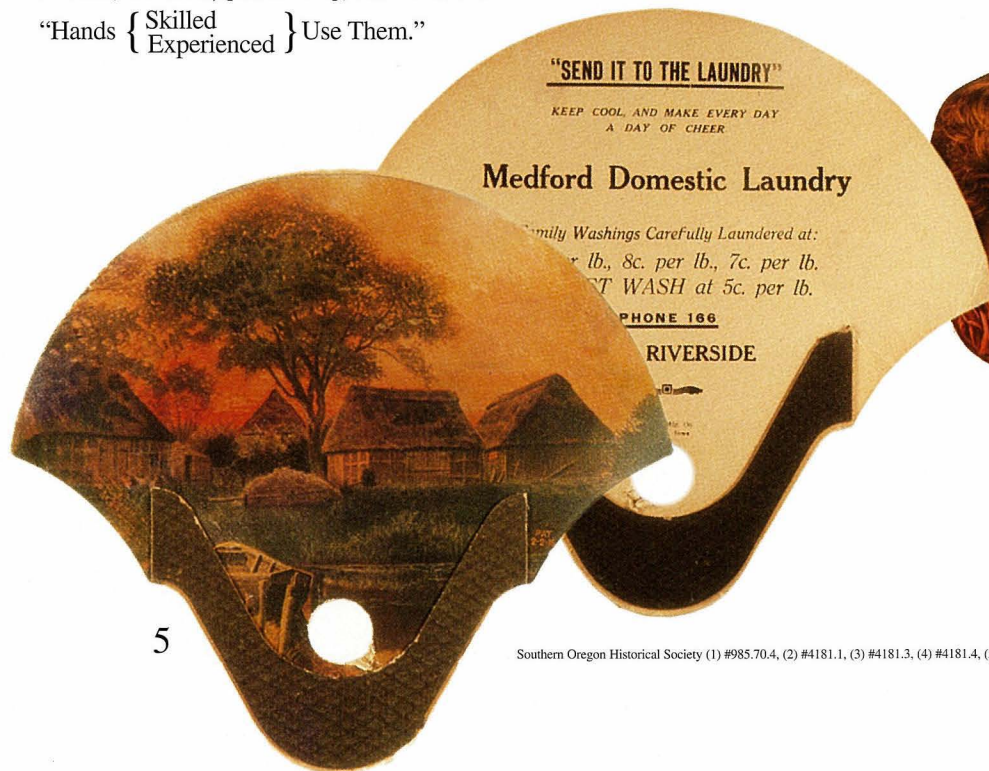


# Fan-tastic Advertising

Derby Brown, the renowned American advertising executive, had one basic principle: grab the public by the throat and force upon it familiarization of one's trade. Brown's credo was: "The business that considers itself immune to the necessity for advertising sooner or later finds itself immune to business." The message was not lost upon business owners in southern Oregon during the early 1900s; and wherever people congregated—lectures, readings, expositions, and "discourses of political import"—there would surely be seen one of the greatest advertising devices known to modern man: the hand fan. These fans were decorated with the names and slogans of various stores in the area, and the drone of flapping fans at any large gathering was, no doubt, like music to the ears of the merchants who had donated these "pocket coolers."

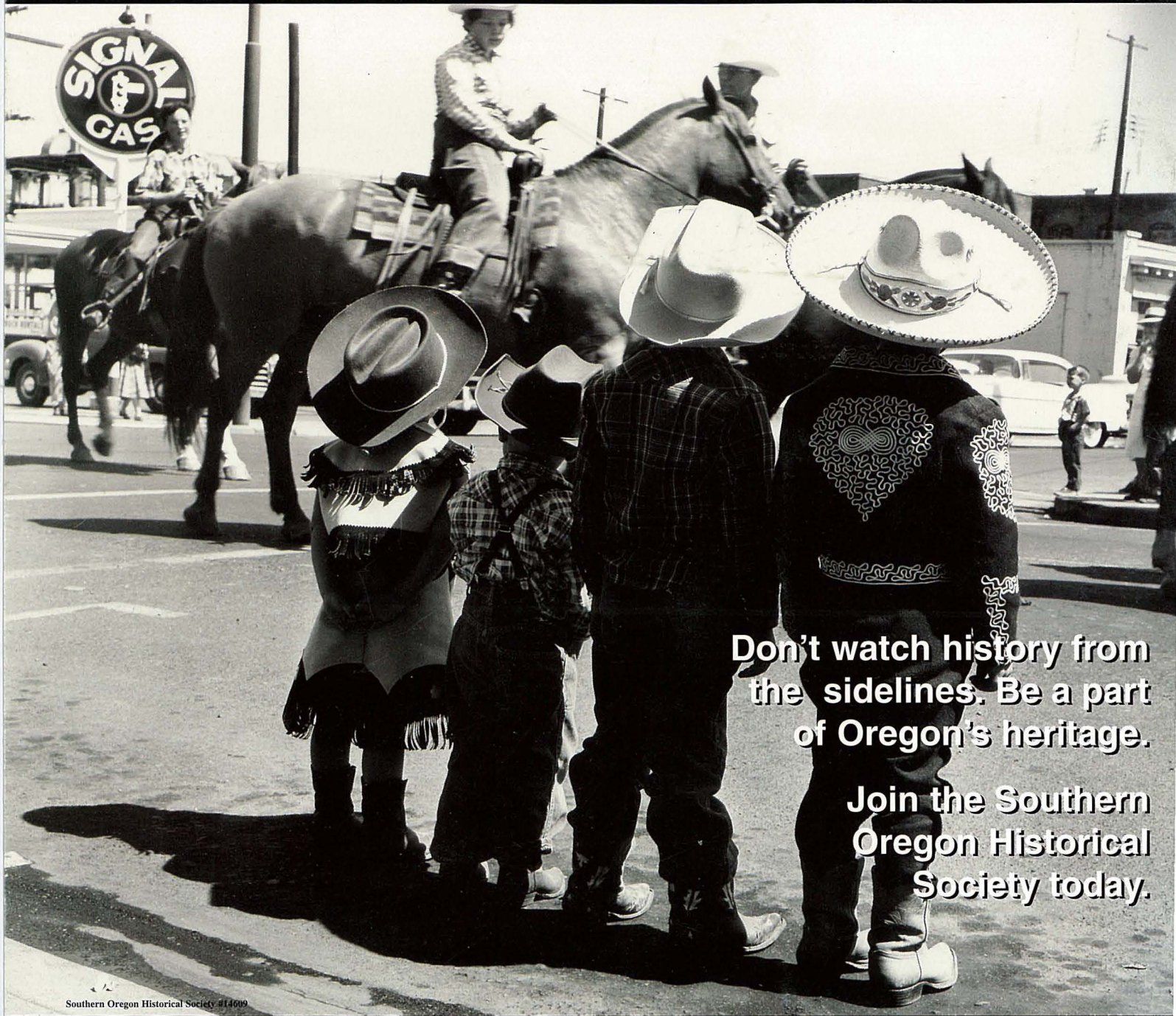
Most advertising fans were flat, circular affairs constructed of pasteboard stapled to a wood or bamboo handle. The three fans pictured at right were collected at the Ashland Chautauquas during the early 1900s. A 1911 fan [number 2] advertised C.F. Mill & Co. Cash Store, located at the time opposite Ashland's Hotel Oregon. Among the store's wares were Brown's Shoes, whose mascots became familiar icons in American advertising—"My name is Buster Brown; I live in a shoe. This is my dog Tige; he lives there too." The Lance and Company general store in Gold Hill [number 3] provided coolers illustrated with a faithful canine, while the Ashland firm of Rose Bros. Confectioners [number 4] adorned its fans with the image of a Gibson Girl—a character created by Charles Dana Gibson to personify the ideal manners and morals of Edwardian womanhood. Many other southern Oregon businesses used advertising fans to get out their messages, including: Medford Domestic Laundry (30 North Riverside, Medford, now the Main Antique Mall), who entreated customers to "SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY" [number 5]; Fouts Grocery Company (36 and 40 South Central Avenue, Medford), who was "Always Glad to Take Your Order" [not shown]; and Brown's Electric (8th and Bartlett, Medford) [number 1], who extolled:

"Hands { Skilled  
Experienced } Use Them."





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