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SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Vol. I, No. 1 • THE MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY • Summer 1995



RIDING THE ROGUE RAILS

THE LAST PASSENGER
LINE FROM ASHLAND
TO PORTLAND

THE FARMERS' FEED AND SEED

ROGUE VALLEY'S
GRANGE CO-OP

THE RIVER WILD

AN EXCURSION ALONG
THE WILD AND SCENIC
ROGUE RIVER



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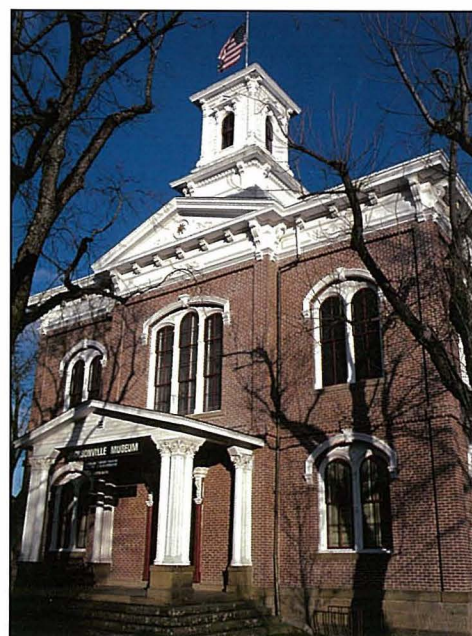


Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History
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Laurelwood and California streets

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California and Third streets

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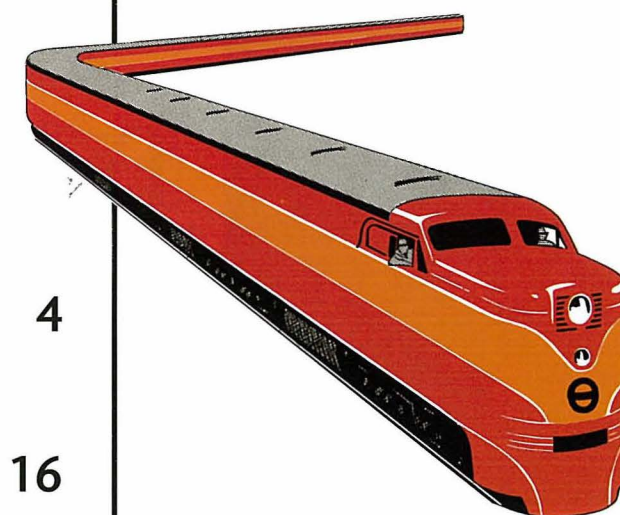
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Magazine's New Image Reflects Southern Oregon Region

by Lana McGraw Bolt

There's a new look on the front cover—again. As president of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees, I welcome this opportunity to introduce you to our revised publication image. We hope you approve. Our membership and read-

ers have spoken and their comments make sense.

When I was a child growing up in southern Oregon, I loved listening to my parents and grandparents tell stories around the dinner table. I could imagine canvas-topped wagons filled with weary settlers trudging beneath the bluffs of Table Rock, cattle rustlers sneaking up darkened river canyons, and solemn Takelma Indians watching it all. The heroes and villains of those stories were what defined where I came from, what I am.

When I left home, whether I was in a college dorm or in a far off foreign land, the history of my homeland was important; it helped to define me.

The same holds true for the Southern Oregon Historical Society on an organizational level. The history of our region defines what we are as a people and as a region; and that's what our members want to read about. Whether descendants of pioneers or American Indians, whether residents of southern Oregon or ex-patriots longing for home, our readers want to hear about the history of our unique region. Newcomers to the area want to learn regional history so they can better understand their new home. Students away at school and children who've never seen their parents' Rogue Valley birthplace want to read about their ancestral roots.

You've spoken loud and clear; what makes our magazine meaningful to our membership is that it tells stories about the southern Oregon region. It is up to us to respond. From now on, our magazine is no longer *Oregon Heritage*, but *Southern Oregon Heritage*.

The history of our region defines what we are as a people and as a region

But what will the magazine include?

Nothing happens in a vacuum. We know that many historical events outside our area affected the southern Oregon region and reporting them within that context is important. We would not be good historians if we could not see our own history within the broader historical picture.

That's why we will still report on many historical events that happened elsewhere, but the focus of the articles will be how those historical events affected southern Oregon. Just as an example: the Civil War was a momentous event in our national history, but the battles happened clear on the other side of the country. Nevertheless, we believe it is valid to have articles on such things as how that war affected southern Oregon or about southern Oregon families who fought in the Civil War.

Moreover, history is not just one era. History is as recent as yesterday and as old as the stones beneath our soil.

The Board of Trustees and staff of the Southern Oregon Historical Society have determined that the region predominately served by the Society is the Rogue Valley, but historically the southern Oregon region has included areas as far north as Roseburg, east to Lakeview, west to the Pacific Ocean, and south to California. That gives you a general idea of the geographic area our magazine will cover.

We promise to continue the same fine quality that you've come to expect from publications of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, but we're also cost-conscious. We have streamlined production by using a lighter weight cover and more efficient use of color inside. We know that the Society is its members, and we want to be responsive to the desires of that membership. Please continue writing to tell us your opinions—we value them.

In the meantime, it is our hope you will find *Southern Oregon Heritage* helps to define what we all are and that it will become a magazine you eagerly look forward to receiving in your mailbox every spring, summer, fall, and winter.

Lana McGraw Bolt is president of the Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees, and author of numerous books.

Southern Oregon Heritage Editorial Guidelines

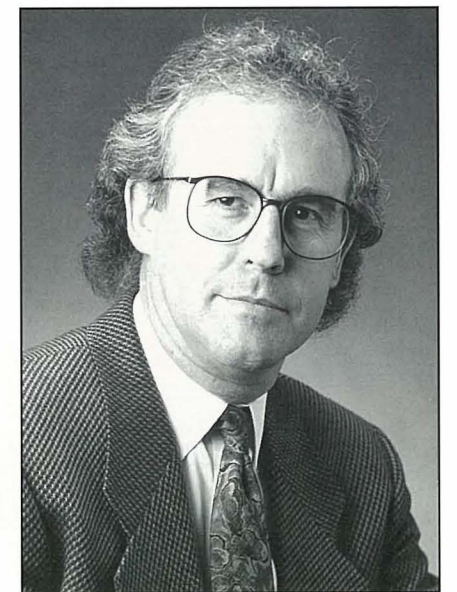
Feature articles average 2,500 to 3,000 (pre-edited) words. Standard articles range from 1,500 to 2,000 words. Other material, such as poetry, essays, reviews, and short fiction, range from 100 to 1,500 words. Electronic submissions are accepted on either 5-1/2- or 3-1/4-inch disks and should be accompanied by a hard-copy printout. Cite all sources and construct endnotes and outlines using the *Chicago Manual of Style*. The author is responsible for verification of cited facts. A selection of professional, unscreened photographs and/or line art should accompany submissions—black-and-white or color. The Southern Oregon Historical Society reserves the right to use Society images in place of submitted material. All material should be labeled with author's name, mailing address, and telephone number. Manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed envelope stamped with suffi-

cient postage. Authors should provide a brief, two- or three-sentence autobiographical note at the end of manuscripts.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society secures rights to full and final editing of all manuscripts, layout design, and one-time North American serial rights. Authors will be notified of acceptance of manuscripts within thirty days after receiving materials. In most cases, payment is upon publication. *Southern Oregon Heritage* takes great care with all submitted material, but is not responsible for damage or loss. Only photocopies of irreplaceable original historical documents should be submitted. Facts, views, and opinions expressed in signed submissions are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints or opinions of *Southern Oregon Heritage* or the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Main Streets: Our Communities' Open-air Museums

by Donald J. Stastny



Sagebrush. A trail to the lake. Perhaps a crossroads where temporary encampments occurred for commerce and trade. A meadow. Tall firs and pines. A log cabin by the river. A stake in the land.

A dirt road. A post office/grocery/hardware/dry goods/drug/community store. A wood stove. One-stop shopping—and a one-stop newspaper. Boardwalks and hitching posts. Design by carpenters. A location on the road.

Mud ruts and corduroy roads. A hotel. A bar or two. Sheriff's Office. A drug store. A grocery. A department store. A feed and seed. False fronts. Recalling other places. A town.

A brick and cobble street. Sidewalks. Lampposts. Brick storefronts. The town's living room. Painted and lighted signs. Department stores. A place of commerce. An identity: Main Street. A place.

A paved street. Stop lights and four lanes of traffic. Parking meters. Vacant shop fronts. Drive-ins. Cars, no pedestrians. Neon. Fading family ownership. Department stores move to shopping centers. Main Street in name only.

Turning lanes, bicycle routes, four lane intersections. Specialty shopping. Street beautification programs. Business owner's meetings. City planner intervention. Pedestrian friendly. Extend the business day. Attempts to re-invent downtown.

The history, evolution, and transformation of our Main Streets follows familiar patterns. Our senior citizens remember how Main Street started. The baby boomers remember "dragging Main." Our young adults' and teens' Main Street experience is limited to the central corridor of the local mall. Yet, the "spirit" of Main Street is fundamental to what makes a place—what makes a "there" there.

Having grown up outside of Malin (Klamath County), Oregon, I feel the importance of the identity of Main Street. It was, and is, the central meeting place of our small southern Oregon community, founded by Czech settlers. Yet it looks suspiciously like the mouth of a boxer that is missing a number of teeth. The texture and definition of the street created by the different businesses has been destroyed—like many small towns. Small cities like Medford and Klamath Falls have retained their building stock, but the vital retail uses that fueled maintenance and redevelopment have fled to the shopping malls. The department stores and five-and-dimes are no more. "Boutique" downtowns have evolved into tourist meccas, but the basic service retail nature of our downtowns has disappeared.

As urban designers and planners, we are repeatedly asked by bedroom communities such as Tualatin and Gresham (near

Portland) to create a central focus for them. To create a Main Street identity that makes a "there" there. Those communities have grown around a structure of cul-de-sacs, the American dream of owning a home on a quarter-acre lot, and the search for identity as a community. Residents identify with the automobile and their Main Street is "big-box" retailers, where "one-stop" shopping has become the norm. The "civic-ness" of our places of business have disappeared.

As we watch our Main Streets change, and try to recapture the vitality of "what was," we need to realize that this particular piece of our urban fabric is a prime indicator of our societal values.

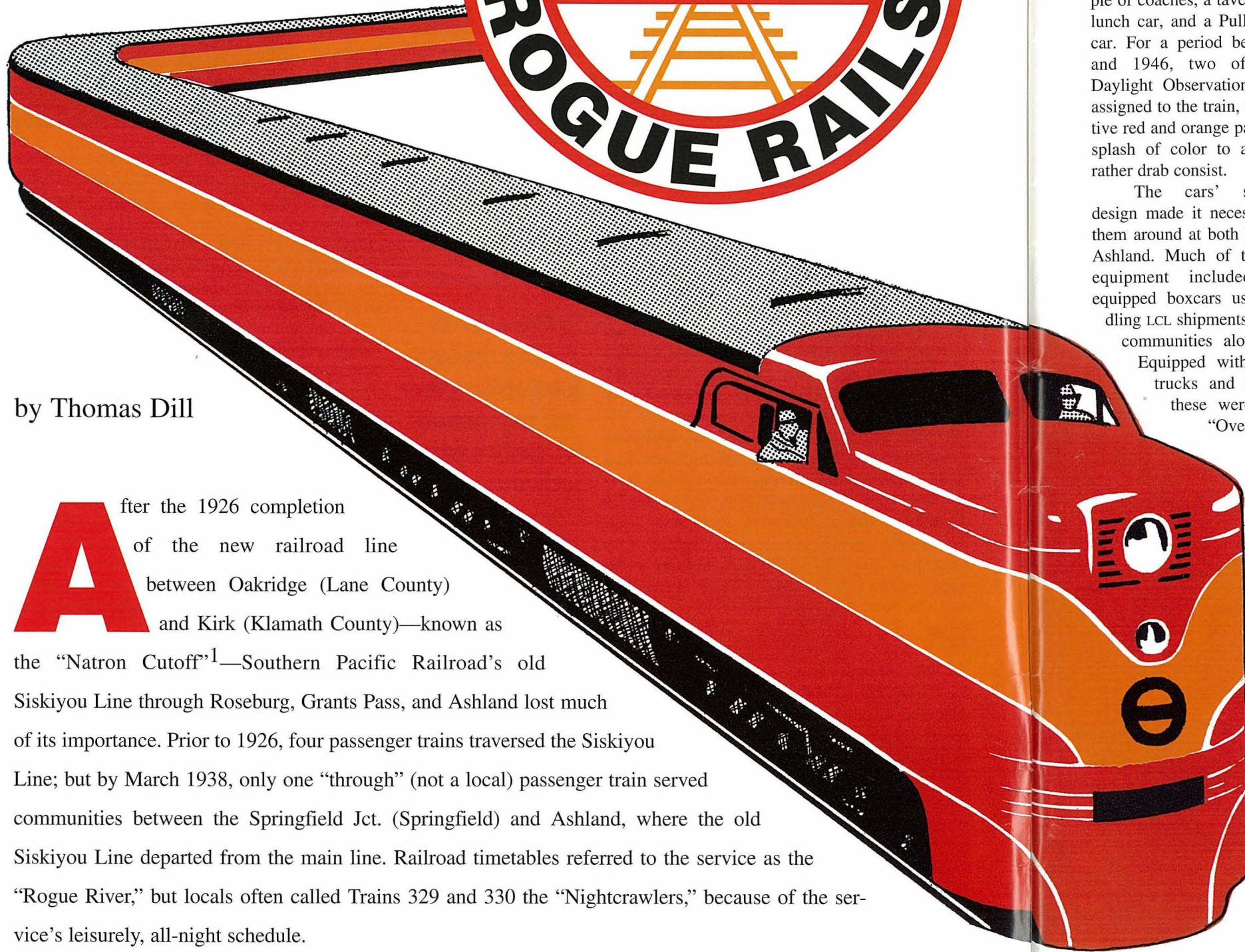
We need to realize that this particular piece of our urban fabric is a prime indicator of our societal values.

Unlike the institutions and residential neighborhoods of our towns and cities, our Main Streets wear different clothes from time to time. The current costume is one of neglect, or in the case of the "boutique-ville," an imported theme that draws tourists but doesn't serve its citizenry.

So what is so special about these places, the Main Streets of our towns and cities? These are the places of our roots, our ties to the culture and heritage of our past. While the museums of the world contain the "stuff" of civilization, the Main Street is an indication of financial and societal health for our community. They are, in fact, open-air museums that breathe with the spirits of dreamers, entrepreneurs, and the citizens who "made" our cities.

This is not a heritage to be thrown away, but is the archaeological heritage of our founding fathers. Main Streets evolve, they change, and many have disappeared. Those that survive need special care—for they represent not only a physical structure, but a heritage that should be passed to new generations. It may take subsidies, it may take concerted efforts, but we cannot allow them to fade away. They reflect our values, our traditions, and our civic identity. They are the living museums of our cities.

Donald J. Stastny is a native of southern Oregon and is principal of Stastny Architects PC, in Portland. Stastny Architects currently is planning eight "Main Street" projects in the western United States and Canada.



by Thomas Dill

After the 1926 completion of the new railroad line between Oakridge (Lane County) and Kirk (Klamath County)—known as the “Natron Cutoff”¹—Southern Pacific Railroad’s old Siskiyou Line through Roseburg, Grants Pass, and Ashland lost much of its importance. Prior to 1926, four passenger trains traversed the Siskiyou Line; but by March 1938, only one “through” (not a local) passenger train served communities between the Springfield Jct. (Springfield) and Ashland, where the old Siskiyou Line departed from the main line. Railroad timetables referred to the service as the “Rogue River,” but locals often called Trains 329 and 330 the “Nightcrawlers,” because of the service’s leisurely, all-night schedule.

While departure times varied slightly over the years, Trains 329 and 330 generally took about fourteen hours to travel the distance between Portland and Ashland, stopping virtually at every town and hamlet along the way. Its “consist” (the make-up of the train) was primarily comprised of head-end traffic (baggage, mail, and other freight creating an “LCL”—less-than-carload), a couple of coaches, a tavern or all-day lunch car, and a Pullman sleeper car. For a period between 1945 and 1946, two of the early Daylight Observation Cars were assigned to the train, their distinctive red and orange paint adding a splash of color to an otherwise rather drab consist.

The cars’ single-ended design made it necessary to turn them around at both Portland and Ashland. Much of the head-end equipment included specially equipped boxcars used for handling LCL shipments to and from communities along the line.

Equipped with high-speed trucks and steam lines,

these were painted in Southern Pacific’s unique “Overnight” paint scheme—black with red and yellow lettering. One or more of these cars often would be “set out” (left) at Salem, Albany, Eugene, Roseburg, Grants Pass, or Medford by Train 329, to be picked up the next day by No. 330. At Salem and Eugene, a switch engine did the work. At other stations, the head brakeman would don a pair of overalls and assist the engine crew in setting out or picking up head-end cars. A part of the train consisting of a number of head-end cars, a coach and a Pullman would be set out at Eugene and run to Coos Bay (Coos County) on Train 334. These would return to Eugene the following day on No. 333 and would be picked up by the “Rogue River” and run back to Portland.

Five crews handled the train: three out of Portland to Roseburg and two out of Roseburg to Ashland, with Portland and Roseburg serving as “home terminals” for the “Rogue River.” Upon inauguration of the



On August 6, 1955, Train 330 departed from Ashland for the last time, with Engineer Dos Bergess at the throttle. Although several towns along the “Rogue River” route protested the termination, the Interstate Commerce Commission granted Southern Pacific permission to end passenger service along its entire Siskiyou Line owing to excessive financial losses, which amounted to more than \$500,000 annually.

“Rogue River” in June 1937, power for the train usually was one of the larger class of P-8, 9, or 10 class of Pacifics.² During and after World War II, as train length increased, the more powerful Mountain-class locomotives generally were assigned to pull the “Rogue River.” These engines would prove ideal for the run: even with the many scheduled and “flag” (unscheduled) stops en-route, the Mountains generally kept the train on the advertised timeline. Retired engineer Bill Pirie once recalled a time when he fired on a double-header (two engines at the front) on the 329 out of Eugene:

The engineer was George McBride and the engine an old “hog” Consolidation. No. 329 didn’t need the extra power, but Roseburg needed another engine for local service. George clattered out of Eugene just like he meant business. By the time he had her up to speed that old “hog” was jumping and vibrating so badly that we had to hang on to stay on the seat boxes. The waterglass showed nothing but a column of bubbles and froth, and the hand on the steam gauge was a blur. I set the oil firing valve so I had a little smoke coming out of the stack, got the injector going, then grasped the arm rest with my left hand and the firing valve quadant with my right and held on! George got off the seat box part of the time and stood in the center of the cab. It was providential that stops occurred at frequent intervals as that was the

only time I could check up on how I was doing steam and water wise. Without a doubt that was the roughest seventy-five miles I ever traveled!

Freight engines seldom were used; and if one of the Pacific-class engines were used—or if the consist was heavier than the rating for a 4300 (Mountain class)—a helper would be needed between West Fork, near Glendale (Lane County) and Grants Pass. Due to clearance restrictions through some of the curved tunnels, Southern Pacific's GS-class 4400s³ were never assigned to the Siskiyou Line. Even the smaller Mountain-class 4300s filled the old tunnels to capacity. Fireman Dale Robinson was killed when his head struck the tunnel portal while leaning out of the cab window of his 4300 to check an injector.

Unlike several other first-class trains, the "Rogue River" lived a rather mundane existence. Two tragic accidents, however, marred its placid record—both occurring during the wartime year of 1943. The first wreck happened on May 9 near Oakland (Douglas County). Engineer John Corbett and Fireman Irving Smith were called for Train 330, on-duty at Roseburg and departing at 12:05 A.M. Mail was worked at Winchester, Wilbur, and Sutherlin (all of Douglas County). North of Sutherlin, the track descends along a curving, one-percent grade into Oakland. The speed along this track was posted at 30 MPH. Near Milepost 588, engine 4348 left the rails, rolling and sliding nearly one hundred feet down an embankment and dragging the 330 with it. Engineer Corbett later was found dead, his body covered with oil under the tender.⁴ Fireman Smith managed to survive, but was scalded by hot oil while crawling through the wreckage. Miraculously no one else was seriously injured. Later estimates indicated the 330's speed at the point of derailment was approximately 60 MPH. A later ICC investigation concluded that Corbett must have fallen asleep at the time of the accident.

The second wreck of 1943 occurred five months later on October 8. With Fred Gonier as engineer and Johnny Schroeder as fireman, Train 329 and Engine 4344 approached Junction City, at about 11:30 P.M., at a speed of approximately 25 MPH. The train slammed into the rear of the Extra West 4007, which had stopped to take on water. The locomotive knived through



On May 7, 1943, Train 330, pulled by engine 4348, failed to negotiate a curve in Douglas County, and the locomotive and several cars derailed and plunged down an embankment. Engineer J.H. Corbett was killed in the accident, and Fireman I.L. Smith was burned by hot oil as he crawled from the wreckage. The official cause for the wreck was excessive speed.

Photo by H. Burrell, courtesy of the author

the standing train, destroying the caboose and smashing through six freight cars. The "Rogue River's" tender and a baggage car were laid on their side. It is believed Schroeder perished on impact, and engineer Gonier died at Eugene's Sacred Heart Hospital some hours later. A number of passengers were injured, although none seriously, and no crew members were in the caboose at the time of impact. On his way to the hospital, Gonier stated that Train 329 had left Harrisburg (Linn County) on a yellow signal and insisted the intermediate signal approaching Junction City had shown green.

During the post-World War II period, train ridership dropped steadily—a direct result of increased automobile, bus, and airplane use. During the "Rogue River's" last years, Southern Pacific attempted to boost patronage; and early in 1952, a lounge car and an air-conditioned chair car were added to the standard

consist of Trains 329 and 330. In addition, the route's schedule was shortened by half an hour and Pullman fees were further reduced—all to little avail. By the mid-1950s, average ridership on the "Rogue River" was down to merely eighteen people, and Southern Pacific's estimated loss for the route for 1955 alone was a projected \$466,000. Early that year, and citing these hard facts, Southern Pacific announced it would discontinue the "Rogue River" passenger route.

Several towns and organizations impacted by the route protested the decision, while simultaneously criticizing the "Rogue River's" slow service. To illustrate the claim of poor service, the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce set up a race from Eugene to Roseburg, to be run by relays of horsemen and the "Rogue River." The equine relay was refreshed with new horses and rider at each mile and followed a recently improved and widened stretch of Highway 99 between the Umpqua and southern Willamette valleys—a straighter, and consequently shorter route than the "Rogue River's" route. Railroad men cried foul, insisting that the "pony express" should travel the same distance and make the same stops as the train. The spectacle



Photo by John Illman, courtesy of the author

Train 329 stopped in Grants Pass for a baggage transfer in February 1952. The "consist" included two baggage cars, a Railway Post Office, a coach, and a diner. When needed, additional baggage and express cars—along with another coach or two—would be added to the consist.



Passing the interlocking tower near Portland's Union Station, the "Rogue River" 330 arrived at its final destination, July 6, 1952. Heading up the consist is seen the Mountain 4376 engine—the last of Southern Pacific's "home-built" Mountains—which just delivered the train the full 344 miles from Ashland. Home-built engines were those built in Southern Pacific's Sacramento shops.

received a great deal of local and national media coverage; and on the night of the race, an additional coach had to be added to the consist to accommodate the several extra passengers on No. 329.

Train 329's departure out of Eugene was delayed several times, due to photographers clambering along the tracks and reporters interviewing spectators and participants—as well as the time needed to add the extra car. As a result, No. 329 was sixteen minutes late pulling out of Eugene. Despite the delays, however, the so-called "Night Crawler" still arrived in Roseburg at the advertised 2:55 A.M. Ten minutes later, the last of the relay horsemen arrived—to the groans of some 2,500 Roseburg residents waiting along the highway. As one reporter remarked, somewhat ironically: "All [the event] really proved was that more people in Douglas County were willing to stay up to watch a race than ride the train."

Despite continued protests by those seeking the continuation of passenger service between Portland and Ashland, the "Rogue River" took its final run on August 6, 1955. The train's crew consisted of Engineer Dos Burgess, Fireman James Neal, Conductor L.K. Byrd, and Brakemen A.E. Teeters and T.L. Goodman. For the first time since completion of Southern

Pacific's Siskiyou Line in 1887, there no longer would be a passenger train to serve the communities of southern Oregon.

Thomas Dill has worked as locomotive engineer/fireman for Southern Pacific since 1967. He has co-authored three books on railroad history: The Southern Pacific in Oregon, Vols. I and II, and The Red Electric.

ENDNOTES

1. The Natron Cutoff was the end of the line until 1910, when construction stretched the line to Oakridge and five miles beyond into Pryor (Lane County). Expansion was halted, however, when the federal government filed suit to separate the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads. The suit was defeated in 1923, and Southern Pacific commenced construction and grading between Pryor and Kirk (Klamath County), completing the new route—the Natron Cutoff—by 1926.
2. Pacific-class engines had a 4-6-2 wheel arrangement. The P-8-9-10 classes of Pacific locomotives were virtually identical. Southern Pacific's larger-class haulers, Mountain-class engines, had 4-8-2 wheel arrangements and were larger and more powerful than the Pacifics.
3. The GS-class 4400 was larger still than the Mountain-class 4300. The "Freedom Train" 4449 is also of this class.
4. This trailed the locomotive, which held water and oil.

Photo by John C. Illman, courtesy of the author

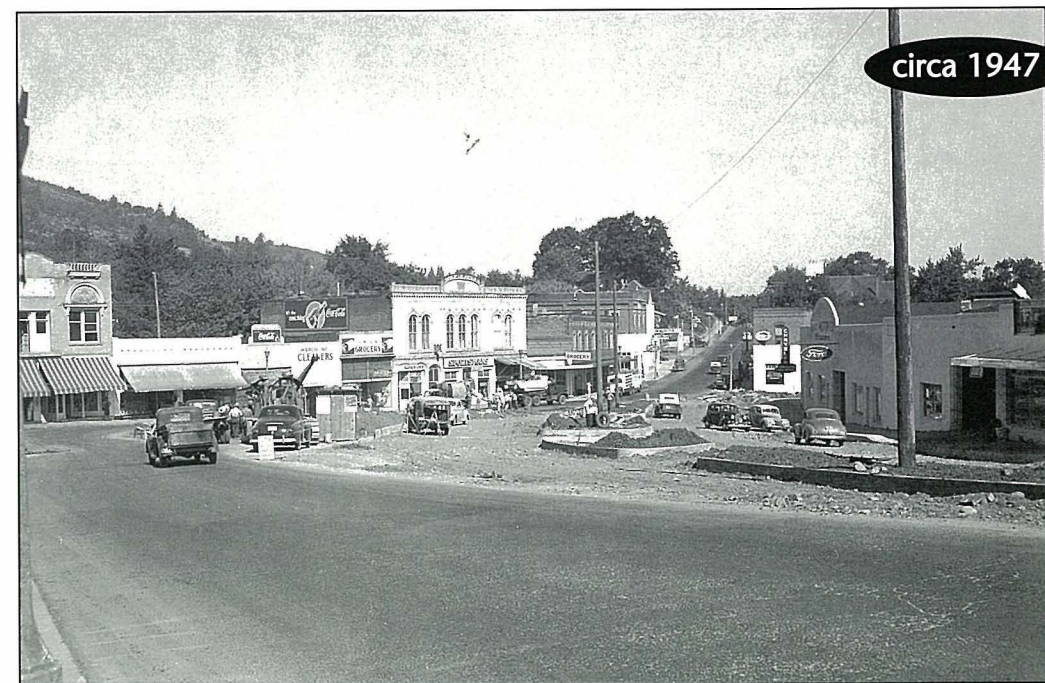
Ashland's Plaza: The Heart of the City

Traditionally, every city has its center—the heart of the town—where people come together as a community. Washington, D.C., has its mall; New York has Times Square; and Ashland has the Plaza.

Photographs of the Plaza document its importance as early as 1875; and by 1883, it was clearly the commercial and cultural center of the growing community. The newly built Masonic Lodge housed the post office and offices of Ashland Woolen Mills, with the Bank of Ashland and *Ashland Daily Tidings* office next door. The *Daily Tidings* of April 4, 1941, noted in its special "Plaza Project" supplement that "1,000 people lived in Ashland then [1883] and did their business around the Plaza. Nearly 5,000 live here now, and the Plaza still means 'home-town' to all of them."

The newspaper's October 18, 1947, edition proudly announced completion of the Plaza's renovation with the headline "Life of Ashland Centers Around Renovated Plaza District." Mayor Thornton S. Wiley's official statement is recorded on the front page:

We have great cause to rejoice over the completion of the Plaza project. It was conceived several years ago, and now the vision of this wonderful improvement has come true. It gives us a city center unique and outstanding, with traffic hazards eliminated, and beautifully landscaped islands making it a fitting entrance to Lithia Park. With our lovely boulevard entrance to Ashland and the outstanding Plaza improvement, strangers cannot but be impressed with the fact that Ashland is indeed a beautiful city. We are proud of this improvement and the



circa 1947

Southern Oregon Historical Society #6632



1995

Photo by Mike Leonard

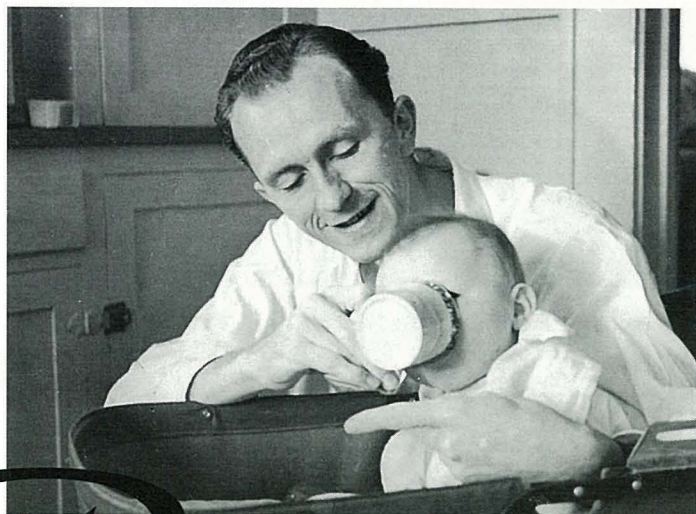
Top, Ashland Plaza paving project was a primary priority for the city during 1947. Above, The same view today, looking north up Main Street, reveals further beautification.

fine buildings in this area, with stores that are a credit to any city.

Changes in the Plaza have taken place gradually over the years, but the character of the area remains today as it was more than 120 years ago—a place for residents and visitors to stop and chat and to enjoy the beauty of southern Oregon's warm, sunny climate.

Family & Philanthropy

THE OTTO FROHNMEYER PHILOSOPHY



Courtesy of Otto Frohnmayer

In 1939, Otto Frohnmayer fed nine-month-old Mira, the first of four children.

Respect is earned, and perhaps no one in southern Oregon has done as much to earn it as Otto Frohnmayer. Talk to anyone who knows this fit, sharp, and inspirational eighty-nine-year-old, and nary a negative word will be heard. They're not being polite, simply honest. "He is so respected," Judy Barr (board of trustees member for the Southern Oregon Historical Society) says of Frohnmayer. "It's like a brand name. When you hear it, you know you're talking about the best. That is Otto Frohnmayer." Barr's description applies to the attorney, the community leader, and the family man.

Frohnmayer was born in Germany in 1906 and immigrated to the United States with his parents. Growing up in Portland during World War I, he experienced some of the racism so common at the time. Frohnmayer later observed: "I know what the Japanese must have felt during World War II."¹

The young immigrant worked hard and put himself through school as a clerk and hotel auditor for the Eugene Hotel. Frohnmayer earned his bachelor's degree in 1929 and fulfilled a short stint with Pacific Gas and Electric in San Francisco. He eventually returned to Eugene and began pursuing a career in

by John Stearns

law. Frohnmayer took a summer job at the Hotel Medford in 1929—an opportunity that brought him to an area he remembers as "the most wonderful place I had ever seen." After graduating top of his law class in 1933, Otto Frohnmayer offered to work gratis for Porter J. Neff, a noted Medford attorney. Despite his offer, the young man was paid \$40 a month.

In 1936, Otto Frohnmayer married MarAbel Braden, whom he had met during the young woman's trip to Medford to visit a college friend and investigate a possible job in Grants Pass. At the time, Braden was a high-school music and English instructor working in Merrill, Oregon. Her Medford friend lived next-door to Frohnmayer and invited the young man for dinner. Later, Frohnmayer and Braden went dancing; and despite the fact that a job prospect in Grants Pass did not materialize, MarAbel recalls her visit to Medford as a "worthwhile trip because I met Otto." MarAbel eventually accepted a teaching post in McMinnville.

Distance didn't douse the flame that had sparked that night in Medford. Recalls MarAbel: "We wrote every day" and talked on the telephone. Frohnmayer traveled north as often as he could; and after two years in McMinnville, MarAbel quit teaching in order to marry her southern Oregon swain. "She was a beautiful woman," Frohnmayer remembers. Then, smiling: "She's *still* beautiful." MarAbel Frohnmayer has been at Otto's side all along as her husband admirably and successfully balanced law, community, and family. The two have been married now for fifty-nine years.

For sixty-two years, Otto Frohnmayer has practiced law in Medford. He is senior partner in the firm Frohnmayer, Deatherage, Pratt, Jamieson & Clarke—the oldest law firm in southern Oregon. The attorney has vigorously supported his community, and he and MarAbel have raised four successful children—the best-known of whom is Dave, president of the University of Oregon School of Law, former state attorney general, and 1990 gubernatorial runner-up.



MarAbel and Otto Frohnmayer and their loyal and gentle canine companion Czar Nicholas are seen outside their stately Spring Street home in March 1995.

Photo by Michael Leonard



Courtesy of Otto Frohnmayer

Dapper five-year-old twins Otto, right, and Herman Frohnmayer pose for a picture around 1910.

Dave later pursued law, and when he learned his father's professional language, their strong relationship strengthened. The bond grew when, as a law student, he conducted valuable research for his father's work on revising Oregon's Probate Code into the model that it became. "I remember really feeling the depth of his appreciation," says the proud son. Despite his father's long hours at the office, Frohnmayer still reserved time for family. "We always had dinner together as a family," MarAbel, says. "We had lots of fun, always." Dave remembers countless family picnics up the Rogue or Applegate rivers, camping trips with the Bill Bowerman family (Bowerman was raised in southern Oregon, and went on to become University of Oregon track coach and co-founder of Nike Inc.) Dave also recalls cross-country family vacations, cutting Christmas trees

every year, Fourth-of-July picnics, and bedtime stories that he insists his father made up as he went along. Dave has especially fond memories of trips to the beach south of Brookings, where the family traveled each summer.

During one such trip—in the midst of World War II—Dave remembers hearing reports of a bomb that the U.S. had dropped on Japan (probably the Nagasaki atomic bombing of August 9, 1945). Then five years old, Dave recalls: "I remember looking out over the ocean to see if I could see the smoke."

The Frohnmayer family helped in many ways during World War II and often had soldiers from nearby Camp White over for Sunday dinners. Many soldiers' wives were housed with the Frohnmayers and exchanged room and board for baby-sitting and various household chores. Says MarAbel of those wartime years: "We had three small children at that time, so it was helpful." Son Dave also remembers how several of his father's clients paid for legal services with bushels of vegetables during those difficult war years. Otto Frohnmayer admits he once received a butchered pig as payment: "We did quite a lot of that" during the Great Depression and early war years.

Roadtrips were a Frohnmayer family favorite, and Dave particularly remembers one trip to the northern California redwoods, where he was astonished (and mildly disappointed) to find that there was something even taller than his father, who stands about six feet, two inches. Dave credits his wonderful childhood to his mother and father, who enjoyed a strong marriage and set the examples as both parents and citizens. "We just sort of assumed that that's what families were all about," says Dave.

Son John Frohnmayer has practiced law and served as chair of the National Endowment for the Arts under President George Bush. John now is a lecturer and author specializing in the First Amendment. Frohnmayer daughter Mira is

the oldest of the four and chairs the voice department at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington. Philip, the youngest, also heads a voice department, at Loyola University in New Orleans.

"If there was ever a role model, he's it," says Gerry Frank of Otto Frohnmayer. Frank is a noted columnist for *The Oregonian*, a successful businessman, and a fourth-generation member of the family that established Meier & Frank Department Stores. Frank has known Otto Frohnmayer for more than thirty years; and in a recent column, he recounted a visit to Medford in order to persuade friend Frohnmayer to head up a campaign to renovate the Oregon State Governor's Mansion in Salem. In describing the venerable Frohnmayer, Frank wrote: "Our lunchtime companions—all longtime professionals and

golf buddies—look up to him as their shining example of how one can blend family, profession, and community together, and do it all effectively with style and grace."²

Another friend, Medford's Jim Rowan, has known Frohnmayer for more than forty years. Rowan labels the attorney and community leader "an exceptional individual in the fact that he is a tremendous professional in his field—and, at the same time, he has more compassion for the community than most people I know." Rowan witnessed that compassion early as one of Frohnmayer's managers in Medford's Rogue Valley Medical Center (RVMC) fund-raising campaign. Rowan recalls daily breakfast meetings, at Medford's downtown Elks Lodge, where committee members and managers provided regular progress reports: "If you were dragging your feet, Otto would say: 'You've got to try harder, or we won't make our goal.'" Thanks to Frohnmayer's efforts, as well as those of several others, the committee managed to raise \$1.9 million for the new hospital—an amount that even today would be considered phenomenal.

Rowan and Frohnmayer are very close, and the two play nine holes of golf every Wednesday and Friday after lunch. Says Rowan: "When he's on, he's really good." Frohnmayer also keeps fit swimming in his backyard pool. "We have our swim before dinner," MarAbel says. "Otto used to wear himself out... but finally calmed down a little" and now exercises more for pleasure and relaxation. (The active eighty-nine-year-old attorney also credits his vitality to drinking at least ten glasses of water a day and to a healthy diet.)

Maintaining their sixty-seven-year-old home and expansive yard also exercises the couple—sometimes too much. Last winter, they considered selling the house. "We looked at a few places and decided to stay," MarAbel relates. It was a decision strongly influenced by the relocation of Frohnmayer's office from Medford's Cooley Theatre Building—a building that holds more than sixty-one years of professional and personal memories. That move was difficult for her husband, admits MarAbel. "I think Otto suddenly felt old. I had to tell him that he's not." Frohnmayer jokes: "My car tends to want to go down there (to the old office)"; and in his typically understated manner, Frohnmayer calls the firm's new facilities a "good setup."

"They're like the Kennedys of southern Oregon," says Judy Barr, who also is an executive assistant for corporate communications at RVMC. Frohnmayer was instrumental in establishing RVMC as chairman of a committee that raised the funds in 1954-55 for the hospital's construc-

tion. Frohnmayer also has served on countless committees and boards of directors.

Frohnmayer's list of involvements with RVMC extends back to 1937, when he and Neff turned a small private hospital on East Main Street into a non-profit facility known as "the Community Hospital." In 1941, Frohnmayer was elected to the hospital's board of directors; and when it became evident that the fifty-eight-bed facility would not meet future needs, the board sought a site on which to build a modernized facility.³

Alfred Carpenter, Medford orchardist and philanthropist, contributed \$500,000 to launch the effort; and when Frohnmayer asked Carpenter how he could afford to give so much, Carpenter responded: "It's fun."⁴ The board settled on a site southeast of town with enough acreage for future expansion. "That was the wisest move that we made," Frohnmayer admits.⁵ Construction



Courtesy of Otto Frohnmayer

Bill Bowerman, left, who later co-founded Nike Inc., and Otto hammed it up during a picnic in the snow, ca. 1937. The two remain good friends today.



Courtesy of Otto Frohnmayer

Happy, then and now, Otto and Marabel are seen here shortly after their marriage in 1936.

began in 1956, and the \$2.8 million, eighty-bed facility opened May 1, 1958, as Rogue Valley Memorial Hospital.

Frohnmayer remains an active member of the medical center's investment committee. "He really is the father of Rogue Valley Medical Center," Judy Barr relates. Frohnmayer is akin to a proud father and praises the hospital's facilities, staff, and especially its volunteers. "I can't overstate that. I think that's really one of the things that made this a great hospital," the attorney says.⁶

Otto Frohnmayer's local leadership extends throughout numerous organizations and concerns. He was a founding member of Mercy Flights, an air-ambulance service started in 1950 that eliminated long ambulance rides to Portland for specialized medical treatment. The attorney also served on the Medford School Board; the board of the Chamber of Medford/Jackson County; and the mayor's committee for downtown improvement. He also chaired the United Fund (now United Way) drive. In addition to these many involvements, Frohnmayer also was involved with the YMCA, and is a longtime member of Medford's First Presbyterian Church and chair of its board of trustees. He also chaired southern Oregon campaigns for United States senators Wayne Morse and Mark Hatfield.

Frohnmayer and his wife recently donated six acres of prime land for the establishment of Donahue-Frohnmayer Park. And in 1994, Frohnmayer, Deatherage, Pratt, Jamieson & Clarke donated its former Central Avenue office to the adjacent Craterian Theatre for the theater's conversion into a performing arts center. (At the time, the firm relocated to new offices on Barnett Road after seventy years downtown.)

Among contributions outside southern Oregon, Frohnmayer served on a board that oversaw the Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland, was trustee for Blue Cross of Oregon, aided in incorporating the University of Oregon Foundation, was director for the Oregon Community Foundation, and chaired a fund-raising campaign to raise \$1.5 million to acquire and renovate what is now the Oregon governor's mansion in 1987.

As a respected attorney, Frohnmayer has worked both civil and criminal cases—including capital, corporate, commercial, probate, and domestic-relations cases. He also has served as judge *pro-tem* in various circuit courts throughout the state. Frohnmayer's seemingly countless legal affiliations include: the American Bar Association, the Oregon Council on Crime and Delinquency, and the board of governors for the Oregon State Bar. He also is a member of the Oregon Bar and Jackson County Bar Association—the latter of which honored him in 1992. "We couldn't wait until he retired," Harry Skerry said at the event. "There might not be enough of us left." Skerry is a long-time Frohnmayer associate and friend.

In 1979, Otto Frohnmayer was named University of Oregon Alumnus of the Year and received the university's Pioneer Award in 1983.⁸ Four years later, he was named First Citizen of the Year by the Chamber of Medford/Jackson County for his remarkable contributions to both community and state.⁹ In 1990, Frohnmayer also received the University of Oregon's Distinguished Service Award—the highest honor the school conveys—and, in 1993, he received Southern Oregon State College's President's Medal, also that school's highest honor. "There is scarcely an organization in this region on which Otto Frohnmayer has not had an impact," remarks Joseph Cox, who was then president of the college.¹⁰

Firm partner Mark Clarke recalls a time during the 1990 gubernatorial race when Otto Frohnmayer's candidate-son Dave was visiting southern Oregon. The family's attention was focused on election day; but that didn't keep the elder Frohnmayer from showing consideration toward Clarke, whose wife had been out of town. Frohnmayer delivered a basket of fruit to Clarke as a welcoming-home gift for his wife—an act which, Clark states: "That just struck me. . . . That's typical Otto. That kind of thing really separates Otto from others. It was a small gesture in a lifetime of giving."

"He's probably the most generous person I've ever met in my lifetime," reflects William Deatherage, Frohnmayer's legal partner for forty-one years. "I had been interviewed by other lawyers in Portland, and they were stuffy. Otto wasn't that way." Although advised by his law school dean not to interview with the southern Oregon firm—ostensibly because it was "too picky"—Deatherage came away impressed: "I could tell they were first-class lawyers." Early on, Frohnmayer taught that



Courtesy of Judy Barr

Ceremonies marked the opening of Rogue Valley Memorial Hospital (now Rogue Valley Medical Center) on May 1, 1958—a big day for the valley and Otto Frohnmayer, seated at left, who headed the fund-raising campaign to build the facility.

"being a lawyer, you should have humility." Deatherage says of his long-time parnter: "He had it." For example, it was a common sight in downtown Medford to see Otto Frohnmayer, dressed in his suit, sweeping the sidewalk outside the firm's downtown offices.

Settled in his spacious end office, Frohnmayer does not look like someone ready to retire. He is comfortable behind his massive desk. "We'll take the future as it comes," he says preferring to get on with business rather than talk about himself. That is why Frohnmayer will be remembered "as a doer, not a talker," Rowan says, comparing his friend to the late Glenn Jackson, the influential chairman of Pacific Power & Light Company. Frohnmayer gets on with business.

Jackson served with Frohnmayer on the hospital board until 1961 and praised the attorney for giving so much to the facility. In 1977, Jackson wrote: "Many people give short-time support to community projects, but continued active participation for over twenty years is a rare performance." After stepping down, Frohnmayer wrote a letter to Rowan—then hospital board president:

The hardest letter for me to write is one of thanks. Since May 25, 1978, when you presented to me at the board meeting the resolutions adopted by the board of directors and the members of the hospital, which was signed by each of the board members, I have been walking around with a halo over my head. When I read the resolutions (which were highly complimentary of Frohnmayer and his contribution), I want to believe that what is said about me is true. . . . Please let the board know that Marabel has hung the plaque in the den off our bedroom. She didn't ask me if she could do it but when I saw it I thought it was best there. I wouldn't dare to hang it in the office for fear people would think, "how conceited!"

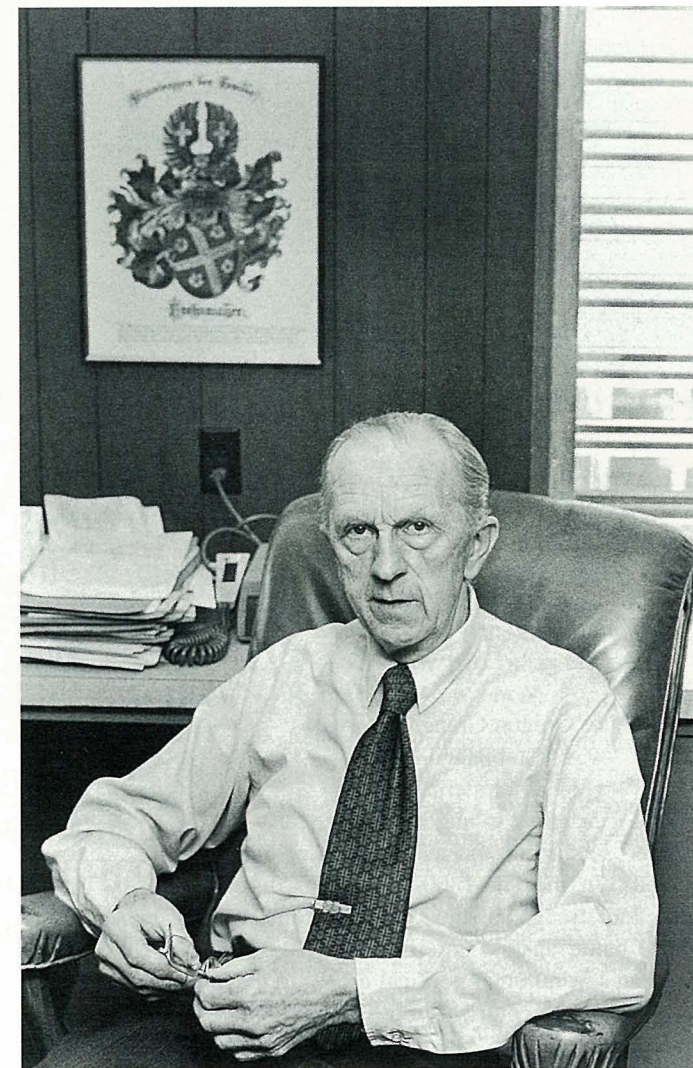
That is classic Otto Frohnmayer. He does not seek attention for his contributions, only results.

John Stearns is public relations director for Snow Communications in Medford. Before moving to Medford, he worked ten years in the newspaper business, most recently as a business reporter with the Reno, Nevada Gazette-Journal.



ENDNOTES

1. Joy B. Dunn, ed., *Land in Common: An Illustrated History of Jackson County* (Medford: Southern Oregon Historical Society, 1993).
2. *The Oregonian*, 15 Apr. 1994.
3. Video interview by Judy Barr with Otto Frohnmayer, 1993.
4. Barr interview with Frohnmayer, 1993.
5. Barr interview with Frohnmayer, 1993.
6. Barr interview with Frohnmayer, 1993.
7. *Mail Tribune*, 29 Feb. 1992.
8. *Mail Tribune*, 31 May 1990.
9. *Mail Tribune*, 11 Sep. 1987.
10. *Mail Tribune*, 2 Jun. 1993.



Courtesy of Otto Frohnmayer

Otto Frohnmayer was photographed in 1977 in his former law office, next to the Medford's Craterian Theater, where he practiced for sixty-one years. The firm moved to new offices on Barnett Road in November 1994.

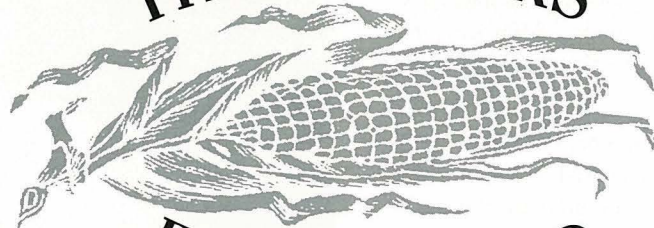
Feed warehouse at the Central Point store, ca. 1940s.



Courtesy of Grange Co-op

GRANGE CO-OP

THE FARMERS'



The Oregon Grange was established in 1867 as a fraternal order designed to augment American farmers' social life and teach advanced farming methods. In the late-1800s, Grangers discovered the value and strength of their unified group and organized a successful battle against unfair railroad freight rates. The Grange also won several other political battles in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. In the Depression years of the 1930s, Grange members in Oregon's Rogue Valley decided to join together to address a problem facing area farmers—lack of a dependable petroleum supply delivered to the farm.

Don Patterson—Grange Co-op manager from 1957 until

his retirement in 1975—was a young man at the time, and his father served on the first board of directors. Patterson has vivid memories of those early years.

"At that time, you could not get a distributor to deliver any fuel—gas or oil—to the farms," he recalls. Frequently forced to take time off from work to pick up small quantities of fuel, farmers decided there had to be a better way. That need led to the organization of southern Oregon's Grange Cooperative Supply Association. In 1934, a group of ninety-nine farmers—mostly from the Central Point area (Jackson County)—each invested ten dollars to start a fuel-delivery cooperative. They made a \$350 down payment on a piece of property at the present site of the Central Point store,

and purchased their first \$600 tank of gas. The business was limited strictly to petroleum supplies, and the first year's sales were \$13,187.

The founders established Grange Co-op on the concept of member ownership and control; and like other cooperatives throughout the United States, it operated as a benefit for members—each having one vote. "Back in those early days they really had a struggle," Patterson continues. "I can remember my dad many times going down to the bank and signing a note along with some of the other directors in order to borrow \$1,000 to buy another load of gas." What they lacked in capital, the founders of Grange Co-op made up in determination and persistence. "I doubt if there was any time that they really didn't think they'd make it," Patterson says, "not when they had people who'd be willing to put up their own note to finance it."

Minutes from the organization's first year show how Grange members could join the cooperative by paying a one-dollar fee. Non-members could pay \$2.50 and were required to join a Grange within Jackson County. Early minutes also show how the directors were the principle decision makers—from purchasing a tape measure to more substantial capital expenditures. In July 1935, for example, the board agreed "to buy or lease a truck for deliveries at a price not to exceed \$300"—a major purchase during the Great Depression.

Management was a struggle in those early years, and early records detailing the first officers are scant. For example, an individual listed only as a "Mr. Williams"—together with his wife—was hired at \$100 a month to run the plant. Williams was succeeded by an individual cited only as "C. Maust" in 1935—succeeded in 1939 by "W. Davis."

Stability finally came to the organization in 1940, when directors named Earl W. Weaver to replace Davis as general manager. (Since that time, Grange Co-op has been directed by only three succeeding managers.) Save for a brief sojourn during World War II, Weaver remained at the helm until 1957. Minutes from a November 4, 1942, meeting explain: "Due to the fact that someone has to whip the (Japanese), our manager Earl W. Weaver was drafted in the Army and Roscoe Roberts was made manager by the board of directors." Similarly, a unanimously passed motion of January 6, 1943, requested that the army release Weaver from service in order to manage the cooperative. The request was approved.

Delivering fuel was done very differently in those days. Jim Jones worked for Grange Co-op for thirty-one years, before retiring in 1977, and recalled: "They had two five-hundred-gallon tanks on this old flatbed truck, which they used for hauling feed part of the time." Jones continued:

Then they had some five-gallon cans, and they had a wire strung from one end of the bed to the other, with washers strung on that wire. When you filled two buckets of gasoline you'd reach out and flip two washers down the wire. That meant you had ten gal-



Grange employee Milt Hilkey, early 1950s.

In 1934, a group of ninety-nine farmers each invested ten dollars to start a fuel-delivery cooperative. They made a \$350 down payment on a piece of property and purchased their first \$600 tank of gas.

lons. Then you'd take that and dump it into whatever storage container the farmer had. You'd never move the washers until you got the gasoline drawn out. Then you'd come back, draw two more buckets and flip two washers.

New fuel-delivery methods made life a little simpler for valley farmers during the 1940s, and Grange Co-op began considering branching into other areas. It started by stocking assorted items area farmers commonly needed, and gradually the cooperative developed into a retail outlet offering nearly anything a farmer or rancher might need. Otto Bohnert, a

Central Point farmer, was Grange Co-op's first customer. "They had only a small retail store there," he recalls, "but one thing about it—they've always been knowledgeable as to what to plant or what to recommend to take care of a problem. They always kept

up to date and they've always had people there who could advise the customer."

During this time, the cooperative became involved in carrying feeds for stock, buying local grain crops to supply local needs. In 1941, early member L.H. Gallatin loaned funds to build a feed warehouse. Basic grinding and mixing equipment also was installed, and the cooperative was soon mixing a wide variety of feed. The total tonnage of grain produced in the valley was much less in those days, but many more farmers produced at least some grain as part of their operations.

Grange Co-op expanded in 1943 by buying the Ashland Mills. Members loaned \$6,200 toward the purchase, with the Portland First National Bank financing the remaining \$10,000. The new Ashland retail outlet provided southern Jackson County with a full line of products, and feed sales and membership grew steadily. By 1946, membership in Grange Co-op had climbed to 703, and members elected to construct a grain elevator in the area to facilitate the expansion.

The elevator was completed in summer 1947; and Paul Molloy was hired as the new office manager. Molloy's financial expertise and money management skills became instrumental in guiding the business for the next twenty-five years. Molloy recalled the challenges of those expansion years:

When I went to work for the co-op, they had eight-million problems that I could do something about. It was in a time where everything was going up in the sense that opportunity was there. There was room to grow, there was room to expand.... We had lots of problems because our growth required capital, and one of the hardest things to get in business is sufficient capital to do the things you want to do. It wasn't easy, but we managed to get it. When I first went there, they were building the grain elevator. That was



The Co-op's grain elevator in flames, October 12, 1961.

You could see all the flames coming out of the top of the building. I thought, "Gee, I hope I made that [insurance] estimate of inventory right."

—Paul Molloy

Patterson with much of the business's success during the late-1950s and early-1960s:

When you talk about the co-op, a lot of us think about Don Patterson—and Paul Molloy. Both of them were in there at the same time and came up with the business as it really went through quite a lit-

a huge step for the co-op. It had been done all on short-term money. That was one of the first big jobs, to get that transferred over into long-term money, twenty years.

As markets and farmers' needs changed during the post-war years, various product lines were added and others phased out. At one time, for example, Grange Co-op sold and serviced major farm equipment—a practice that was discontinued in the mid-1940s as too unwieldy. Similarly sales of irrigation equipment were discontinued in the late-1960s.

By 1950, the total sales reached one-million dollars. Fertilizer sales exceeded all estimates, insecticide stocks were totally sold out, and aluminum sprinkler systems sold well. A year-end report, however, noted decreases in grain and seed production; and the organization had difficulty acquiring enough grain to meet feed-production requirements. During this time, Grange Co-op bylaws were revised to change membership requirements. Membership in the national fraternal organization no longer was necessary in order to join Grange Co-op. The sole requirement for membership was that an individual, partnership, or corporation had to produce agricultural products and bear the concomitant risk of such a venture. By the mid-1980s, nearly fifty percent of the organization's sales volume was generated by non-member patrons.

A new era for Grange Co-op began in 1957, when Earl Weaver was replaced by his assistant, Don Patterson. Vernon Gebhard, director since 1965, credits

the growth in those years. Don was manager in the years when there was kind of a transition from just being a company that serves strictly the farm interest. We began to see that agriculture in this valley was kind of on the downtrend in a lot of ways. A lot of people were coming in here from other areas and buying smaller tracts of land. They were interested in back yard farming, and the garden and yard—all that kind of thing. We began to see that perhaps we should be hedging our bet a little bit, be getting in on some of those things and maybe have a strong enough business that we could still have the feed, seed and fertilizer, and fuel for the commercial farmers.

In 1958, the cooperative began handling bulk-feed sales through its elevator, allowing delivery of dairy rations and other livestock feeds to large users at better prices than bag feed. By the next year, grain storage was increased by a thousand tons; and a year later, sales reached \$1.7 million.

Grange Co-op employed thirty-five persons in 1960, and the period saw considerable expansion of the organization's facilities. A new retail store, warehouse, and gas station were built in Ashland in 1960; and after extensive study and planning, the cooperative constructed a bulk fertilizer plant in Central Point in 1964. For the first time, Rogue Valley farmers had the option of buying their fertilizer in bags or in bulk.

In 1966, the Central Point store, office, and warehouse complex was completed. At that time, the Central Point store was one of the most modern and well-stocked farm stores in Oregon. Another important event that year was the merger with Jackson County Co-op—primarily a petroleum supplier that also was member-owned. Don Minear, then a member of the Jackson County Co-op board of directors, joined the Grange Co-op board a few years after the merger and explains how the Jackson County Co-op considered erecting its own fertilizer plant at the time, but soon recognized the duplication of services provided



Grange employees Carl Hauer, left, and Russell Elmore, ca. 1965.

by the two cooperatives: "We were running the same kind of petroleum trucks up and down the county—and we were both farmer-oriented co-ops—and the Jackson County Co-op thought it would be better if we just made one co-op rather than build another fertilizer plant in the valley." Facilities acquired by Grange Co-op through the merger included a small service station and retail outlet on South Pacific Highway, as well as a petroleum tank installation located off of Stewart Avenue in Medford.

Not all of Grange Co-op news in the 1960s was positive, however; and on October 12, 1961, the Central Point grain elevator caught fire and burned. Molloy describes it as "one horrendous day I'll never forget." Molloy was at home in Gold Hill when he got the news that night:

We got a call—we'd just got to bed, at eleven o'clock at night. The elevator was on fire. I hopped up and got dressed, and when I got down to Tolo you could see all the flames coming out of the top of the building. I thought I'd turn around and go home. I just felt that was terrible. I stayed there all night, and one of the things that went through my mind.... I thought,

"Gee, I hope I made that [insurance] estimate of inventory right."

The insurance covered the building and contents, but renovation efforts that were not covered added \$70,000 to expenses for that year. Rebuilding the elevator took several months, but the job was completed in time for the summer harvest.

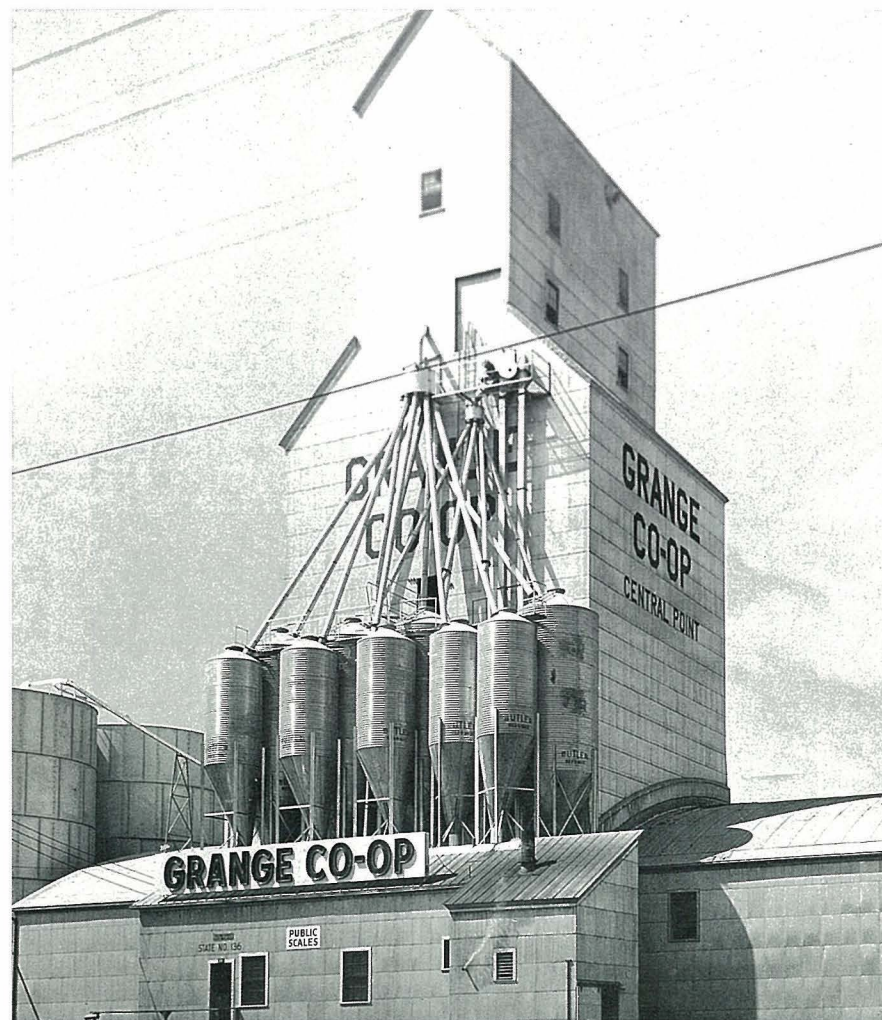
By 1970, Grange Co-op sales reached \$3.2 million. Response to the south Medford retail outlet acquired in the merger with Jackson County Co-op had been good, and in 1970 Grange Co-op decided to expand. After purchasing an adjoining parcel on South Pacific Highway, Grange Co-op tore down an existing building and built a new retail store. Although small, the new facility was stocked with a full line of Co-op products. Limited retail space and parking problems would lead to build-

ing a much larger facility by the end of the decade.

The fuel crisis and other product shortages of the early 1970s posed a real challenge. While some retailers took advantage of the shortage situation, this was a period when the cooperative way of doing business proved its value. Personnel made a concerted effort to distribute limited supplies as fairly and evenly as possible—and Grange Co-op played an important role in holding prices in line.

"I think that was the most difficult period that we've survived," notes current general manager Jim Hudson. "It was very much a seller's market, but a responsible business found it very difficult to properly and fairly serve customers without offending somebody along the way." He adds, "Overall, I feel our efforts at fair and equitable treatment of all our customers were appreciated. I think a lot of people became even more convinced of the value of a cooperative approach."

In 1975, confidence returned to the economy, business improved, and plans were made for a new Medford store. Business—especially the lawn and garden department—had outgrown the small south Medford location. Grange Co-op purchased a thirteen-acre site, sold eight acres, and began work on the new store. After looking at other facilities around the state, projecting future needs of customers, and arriving at a design, Grange Co-op began construction of the largest capital expenditure project in the cooperative's history—nearly one-million dollars. "It's really one of the finest farm,



Grange elevator, Central Point, ca. 1962.

This was a period when the cooperative way of doing business proved its value. Personnel made a concerted effort to distribute limited supplies as fairly and evenly as possible—and Grange Co-op played an important role in holding prices in line.

Portions of this article were excerpted, with permission from Grange Co-op, from the booklet Grange Co-op, the First Fifty Years (1984) by Carl and Cindy Darnell, for Grange Co-op.

home, and garden centers in the state," says Hudson.

The store opened Christmas Eve 1979, but ten months later, for the second time in its history, Grange Co-op was struck by fire. Former store manager Howard Misner remembers quite clearly the morning of October 30 when he got a call telling him the store was on fire. "At first I couldn't believe it," he says. "It's an empty feeling of disbelief. You keep thinking, 'Well, I'm going to wake up here pretty quick and the dream is going to be over and everything's going to be all right.'" But it wasn't a dream, and when Howard arrived, the store was fully involved. Although the store was rebuilt, directors and management agreed that the

fire was a setback, as some customers turned to other sources while the store was closed. Although most feed and seed customers simply switched to Ashland or Central Point locations, it took a long time to recover from the loss of business created by the fire.

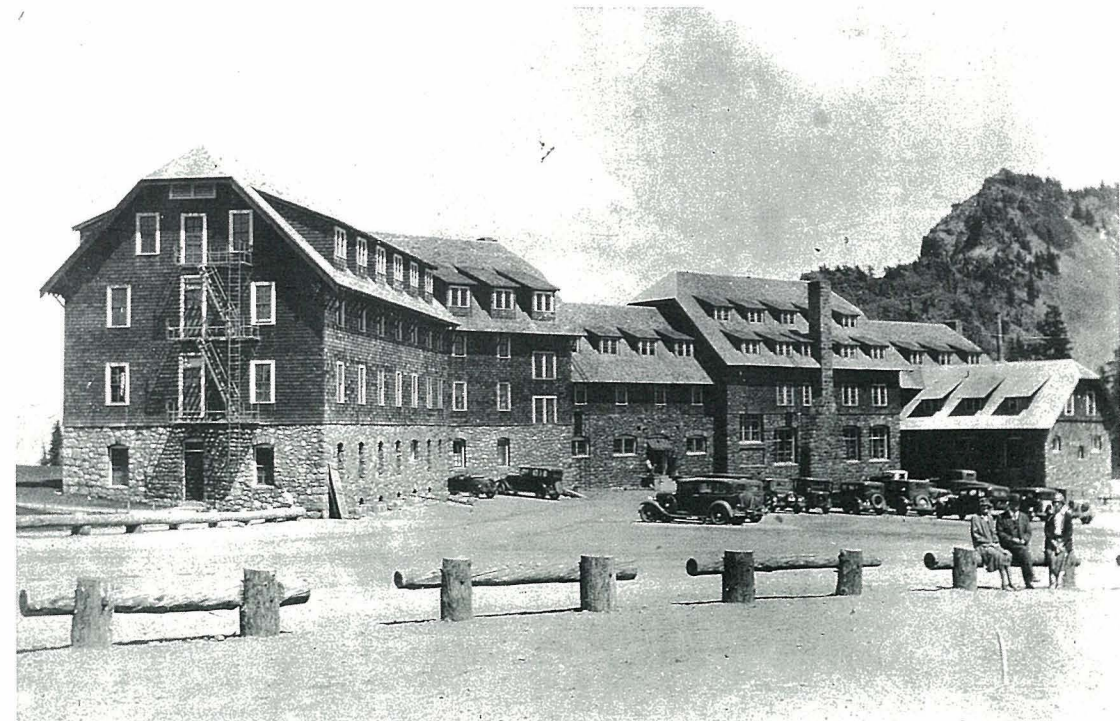
But Grange Co-op was born in a depression and nurtured by a community that valued and supported it. Setbacks like fires and sluggish economies were challenges to be met and overcome. Meeting the needs of a changing population while continuing to serve agriculture is a primary goal of the cooperative. The involvement and commitment of members, as true today as it was sixty-one years ago, will be an essential element of Grange Co-op's success in the twenty-first century.

Crater Lake Lodge: Rustic Retreat in Crater Lake National Park

When naturalist William Gladstone Steel began campaigning for Crater Lake National Park in 1885, he dreamed of preserving the wild beauty of our country's deepest lake for future generations of Americans. Steel wanted to open up the area for people to enjoy in comfort and safety, and his dream came true when the 250-square-mile Crater Lake National Park was established by Congress in 1902. In 1918 Steel was granted a license from the National Park Service to operate camps, guide services, tourist accommodations, and launches on the lake. When Steel decided to build a lodge for visitors, he faced countless challenges in attempting to operate a major resort hotel in what was one of the most scenic—yet remote—places in America.

In the early 1900s, national parks were still a relatively new concept. The federal government wanted to preserve scenic wonders and instill national pride in them, while business wanted to develop a thriving tourist trade. The parks needed funding for adequate operations and further development of roads and trails. Providing comfortable accommodations for visitors was one means of gaining public favor. The building of Crater Lake Lodge is typical of early twentieth-century development in western national parks, much of which was accomplished by private concessionaires as speculative ventures. In order to compete with Americans traveling overseas for recreation, many parks used European architectural elements—as well as their scenic splendor—as part of the package to entice tourists.

Credited to Portland architect Raymond N. Hockenberry, the original design of Crater Lake Lodge relied on deliberate, rustic architectural elements—unpeeled logs, large stone fireplaces, heavy timber framing, and rubble stone masonry—to appeal to the romanticism of the tourist. Reminiscent of a European hunting lodge, the building was opened during the 1915 season, the distinctive exterior of wooden shingles was not completed until 1922. An annex consisting of two wings, each having four floors, was added later to increase the number of guest rooms.¹ Construction was complicated by the remoteness of the area, poor roads, heavy snow, extremely short construction seasons, and short funds. At that time little was known



Crater Lake Lodge, pictured early this century, provided tourists with romantically rustic lodging while visiting Crater Lake National Park. Newly remodeled, the lodge will reopen this May.

about structural engineering techniques for extreme snow fall, and the building collapsed twice during construction.

Heavy snows—the area records between thirty to forty feet of snowfall annually—contributed to the lodge's eventual demise. By the 1980s, the National Park Service was seeking alternatives for the building, including demolition. Crater Lake Lodge was closed in 1989 because of severe damage created by years of heavy snows. In 1990 the National Park Service began plans to restore the lodge, after a ten-year effort to save the building, spearheaded by the Historic Preservation League of Oregon.

With its five-year construction make-over completed, the newly renovated Crater Lake Lodge will be open once again for guests this May. Although the exterior remains practically unchanged from the original, the restoration makes full use of modern technology. Engineers devised a structural system that can withstand 500 pounds of snow per square inch. The seventy-one guest rooms have been extensively renovated to include private baths and to reflect the atmosphere of a mountain lodge, while the stone-walled dining room is furnished with slat-back chairs with leather seats and sturdy wood tables.²

Crater Lake Lodge, slated to open May 20 for a four-month season, is located eighty miles northeast of Medford (Jackson County). For reservations, call (503) 830-8700.

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2. Mershon, Helen L., *Historic Preservation News*, February/March 1995.

World war II was at its bloodiest peak, and when two scouts were killed in an ambush one day during the advance north from Manila, a whisper could be heard coming down the line of waiting soldiers: "Send Chiloquin up." Edison Chiloquin had grown up hunting on the Klamath Indian Reservation in southern Oregon, and was a natural choice to be lead scout—scouts must walk quietly ahead, search out enemy positions, and give hand signals to the soldiers who followed behind.¹

Edison Chiloquin was drafted at age nineteen; he was then working as a ranch hand on the reservation. He was sent to the South Pacific; and at Bougainvillea—one of the Solomon Islands—Chiloquin trained for an amphibious landing on the Philippines. Chiloquin was in the first wave of assault at Lingayeno Gulf, on Luzon.²

"We landed in those boats," Chiloquin said. "They called them 'alligators,' the landing craft. They had treads on the bottom; hit the beach and then went right on up on the beach, just like a tractor . . . We'd ride through those towns sitting on top, Filipinos just lining the streets, until we hit some action. Then we left the 'alligators' and went from there on foot, real infantrymen." His division, the Thirty-Seventh (the "Battling Buckeyes") helped liberate Clark Field. His unit fought house-to-house in Manila, through the remains of bombed, burnt-out buildings, where Chiloquin was wounded in the head and hand by mortar shrapnel. Even though he heard the whistle of incoming shells, he was wounded before he could hit the ground.³

The United States Army used a tank and infantry attack against Japanese-held Baguio, the Philippines' winter capital. Chiloquin was the only American Indian in his unit and was lead scout. He recalled: "Everything was so smoky and dusty 'cause they'd just shelled it. I remember a machine gun opened up from across the valley . . . I had to walk right along side the

tank to watch for the enemy, he tried to knock the tank out." Chiloquin guarded the first tank to enter Baguio and was wounded by mortar shrapnel. Most of his platoon was "wiped out."⁴

Edison Chiloquin was awarded the silver star for valor.⁵ Fifty-one American Indians were awarded the silver star during the war.⁶ A higher percentage of American Indians fought in World War II than any other ethnic group.⁷ Thirty-eight percent of the 415 Klamath Indian men over age eighteen served in the Armed Forces during the war.⁸ Many members of the Klamath Tribes had volunteered to fight in World War I,⁹ even though American Indians could not then be drafted as they legally were not considered United States citizens until 1924.¹⁰

During World War II, Klamath Indians whole-heartedly supported the war effort. Women tribal members—in the tradition of "Rosie the Riveter"—worked at fire-lookout stations overlooking the reservation's vast timberlands.¹¹ Some men who were too old for the military served in a civilian capacity. Wade Crawford, who had been superintendent of his own reservation, worked as purchasing agent for the army at Camp White in Medford until the war ended.¹²

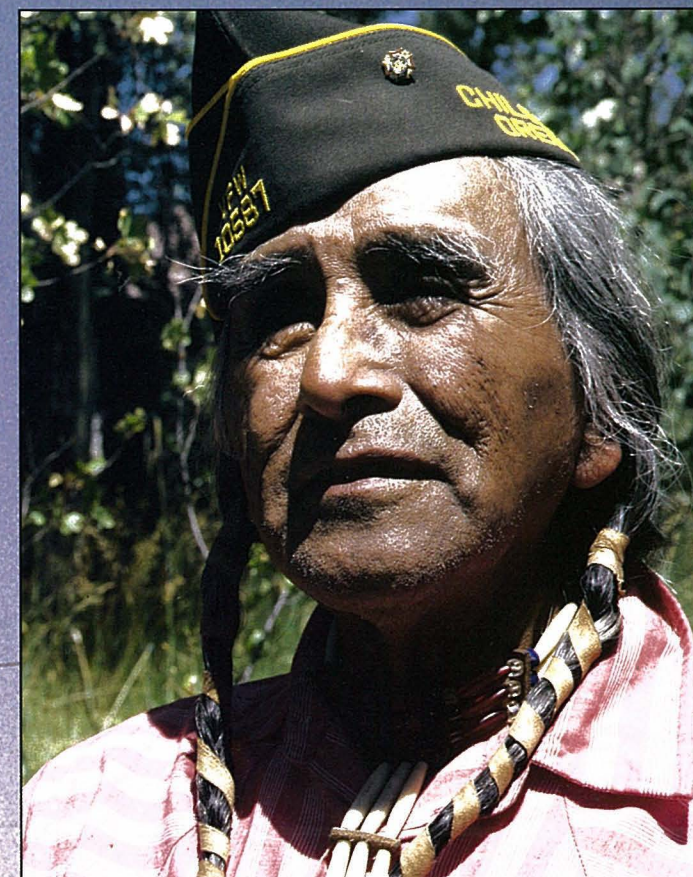
The Klamath Tribe purchased more than one-million dollars' worth of war bonds during the war;¹³ and a billboard at the entrance to the reservation urged: "Buy War Bonds." The Klamath Tribal Council passed a resolution that stated: "being true native Americans, [we] feel it our duty to our country to do everything in our humble power to assist" the war effort, and so they placed \$150,000 in tribal funds at the disposal of the government to establish "a training school for Klamath Indian youth along lines essential to defense of our country."¹⁴

American Indian support for the war was widely recognized, and on V-E Day, the 16,500-ton tanker

"Modoc Point" was launched in Portland "to mark close cooperation of all races in the American War Industry." The "Modoc Point" was built at Swan Island and was christened by Mrs. Edward Poitras, a Modoc member of the Klamath Tribes.¹⁵ After the war, President Harry Truman praised American Indians for having "valiantly served on every battle front" in the war.¹⁶

In 1945, the Klamath Tribes erected an "Honor Roll" billboard at Klamath Agency, the reservation headquarters, which listed all tribal members who had served in the armed forces during the war.¹⁷ In September 1945, the Klamaths held a ceremony to dedicate "Rayenouf Field," the new reservation airfield named in honor of Raymond Enouf, the first tribal member killed in action in World War II. Private First Class Enouf had volunteered for the Marine Corps on his seventeenth birthday and served as an ambulance driver. He later volunteered as a medic on the front lines and was killed at Iwo Jima.¹⁸

Edison Chiloquin was discharged on Christmas Day of 1945. He returned to Chiloquin—a reservation town named after his grandfather, Chil-o-que-ness, who had signed the 1864 treaty between the Klamaths and the United States. The returning veteran was twenty-two years old. Both his parents had died; and Edison, his older brother, Evelind (who had served in Germany during the war), and two younger brothers lived together in the house where they had grown up.¹⁹



Fifty years after serving his tour of duty, Edison Chiloquin, above, remembers the contributions made by American Indian servicemen during World War II. An honor guard of veterans, below, carries the American flag, Klamath tribal staff, MIA-POW flag, and other colors as part of opening ceremonies for a Klamath powwow.

"Send Chiloquin Up."

Klamath Indians and the War Effort

by Doug Foster

Edison and Evelind and the other Klamath veterans could not buy a beer when they returned from the war—either on the reservation or in town.²⁰ No American Indian legally could buy liquor in Oregon until the law was changed in 1953.²¹ There were bootleggers, however; and several veterans on the reservation “drank quite a bit after the war,”²² which “ruined a lot of families.” Chiloquin related: “Just because you can’t have something, [you] get it anyway.”²³ “I kind of fought the battle of alcohol; I finally won.”²⁴

Eighty-two percent of Klamath tribal members who served in World War II returned to the reservation. As of 1947, fifty-eight percent of Klamath veterans were unemployed, and none had utilized the education benefits available under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Although American Indians served their country in record numbers during the war, when the fighting ended, they didn’t share in opportunities generally available to veterans.²⁵

In 1954, Congress passed legislation terminating the Klamath Tribes and converted most of their million-acre reservation, the largest in Oregon, into a new National Forest.²⁶ The United States paid tribal members for their shares of the valuable timber lands, but Edison Chiloquin refused to take the money.²⁷

By the 1980s, the amount owing to Chiloquin had grown to more than a quarter-million dollars. He still refused to take it.²⁸ Instead, Chiloquin asked the federal government to set aside Pla’ikni, his grandfather’s ancestral village site, as a place for Klamath Indians to practice their traditional ceremonies. He lit a “sacred fire” at Pla’ikni and kept it burning continuously for

more than five years. Finally, in 1985, Congress set aside the 580-acre site in trust for use by the Klamaths.²⁹

The Klamaths—officially re-recognized by Congress as a tribe since 1986—honor their war veterans at tribal-sponsored powwows and gatherings, which begin and end with veterans carrying the colors.³⁰ American Indian veterans—sometimes dressed in traditional Indian regalia, sometimes in street cloths—carry many flags: the American flag, the Klamath Tribal Eagle Staff, the POW-MIA flag, the Canadian flag (with an Indian on horseback superimposed over the maple leaf), and the American flag (with an Indian on horseback superimposed over the Stars and Stripes).

In recent years, war veterans have been honored at Fourth-of-July powwows in Chiloquin, sponsored by the Southern Oregon branch of the Northwest Indian Veterans Association (SONIVA). This event is to honor veterans with a traditional Indian powwow, where food is provided free for all who attend. At the first Fourth-of-July powwow in 1992, each veteran was given an eagle feather. Last year, all veterans were invited to march together as the flags were posted.³¹ Edison Chiloquin has been honored at this powwow as well as at the Veteran’s Day Parade in Klamath Falls.³²

Although Chiloquin still carries shrapnel in his body and suffers leg pain from his war wounds, he eschewed government assistance for more than forty-five years after the war. Now in his seventies, he says: “I can’t work like I used to.” Three years ago, he asked for and was awarded an army-disability pension.³³

Today, Edison Chiloquin is known as the “conscience of the Klamaths.”³⁴ People from around the world attend tribal ceremonies at Pla’ikni village—the land he fought so long and so hard to protect. Chiloquin admits that he never got discouraged during the five-and-a-half years he kept the sacred fire burning, “’cause I had faith, I had hope . . . that’s how I made it through the war.”³⁵



Doug Foster is a free-lance writer and historian living in Ashland, Oregon. His article “Landless Tribes: Termination of the Klamath Reservation” appeared in the summer issue of Oregon Heritage.

ENDNOTES

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10. Dibbon Cook, interview by author, Sprague River, Ore., 1 Aug. 1994.



In 1945, the Klamath Tribes erected this billboard on the reservation. The “Honor Roll” listed every tribal member who served in the armed forces during World War II.

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22. Chiloquin, *ibid.*, 32.
23. *Ibid.*, 33.
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25. Office of Indian Affairs report, 30 Apr. 1947, 1.
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30. Tom Ball, interview by author, Klamath Falls, Ore., 16 Nov. 1993.
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33. Chiloquin, *ibid.*, 8; Edison Chiloquin, interview by author, Chiloquin, Ore., 7 Jul. 1994.
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Courtesy of Edison Chiloquin

Edison Chiloquin (second from the right, back row) is pictured with his platoon in the South Pacific in 1945. They are posed in a jungle clearing only two miles from enemy positions.

Willow Creek Chronicle



Courtesy of the author

Essay by Elinor Shank

Jhad a fascination for the creek that ran right through the middle of Heppner (Morrow County). Other towns had rivers and lakes, but our body of water was Willow Creek. For more than a century, it figured in the lives of my family.

In 1862, after a decade of freighting from Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River to the mining districts in the John Day Valley, Uncle Henry Heppner followed the waterways to the verdant valleys in northeastern Oregon. Here he found a straggling group of men and women feeding their cattle herds along the rich creek bottoms. These people were the nucleus for the town of Heppner.

My affair with Willow Creek began in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, where my family camped in the early 1900s. Ours was one of a dozen or more camps that were built on a strip

of land stretching from the woods to the town. In this unhurried retreat, a patient, loving father taught me about the creek and the lives that depended upon it for sustenance and support. At the water's edge, we watched the maneuvers of the beavers, minks, frogs, and crustaceans that skittered across the surface.

I learned to reach into the icy water and pry the periwinkles from the stones and fasten them to the fish hook. A few yards above us, at a wide angle in the creek, children from the nearby camps gathered daily to entice the crawfish from their watery homes with a piece of pork rind dangled at the end of a long string.

Above, The Cohn family home in Heppner ca. 1915.

Right, The author enjoyed learning about fishing along the banks of Willow Creek with her father, Phill Cohn, ca. 1914.



Courtesy of the author

Directly across from the camp, a pie-shaped pile of frozen rock that had been dumped there during an ancient age of geologic movement, jutting out over the narrow roadway. It captured the attention of travelers and became a well-known landmark. In our early years there, brother Harold climbed to the topmost point on the cliff and planted an American flag, a fragile symbol that, for many years, miraculously survived severe winter storms.

In the populated, more formal setting of the town, Willow Creek retained its characteristic charm. Its attraction remained undiminished by the bridge that spanned its waters on the walk to the schoolhouse, nor by the well-manicured lawn of a cottage, close by. My favorite time at the creek came at day's end. When the sun dropped low in the western sky, I hurried to the bridge to see the orange-painted buildings of the Tum-a-lum Lumber Company reflected in the sparkling waters.

Almost every day, my friend, Edna, and I stopped on the bridge to watch the moving water. We pushed our bodies against the safety rail, felt the cold spray on our faces, and had a close-up look at the brightly dappled dragonfly as she skimmed the water.

Directly below our place on the bridge, the creek widened to a large basin. In winter, the frozen waters hosted skaters of every style and description. Just beyond this basin, the creek meandered and slowed. Here the channel narrowed, and its banks supported stands of stunted willows that met in mid-stream. As the waters moved, their graceful branches bent, like two staid gentlemen politely bowing to one another. It was at this spot, on these sloping, velvety banks, hidden from view, that young lovers experienced the first joys of intimacy.

Spring cloudbursts are a common occurrence on the plateau of eastern Oregon, but none compare with the wrath of Willow Creek on that Sunday afternoon in June 1903. When news of the Heppner flood flashed around the world, mama and my brothers, Henry and Harold, were visiting in Boise. At home, papa was roused from a nap by a tumultuous roar. As he opened the door, a wall of water and debris lifted him on its crest and carried him to the alfalfa field on Frank Parker's farm, a mile north of town. A day and night passed before mama knew he was found, bruised and dazed, but alive.

In spring 1934, the creek went on a rampage. No human lives were lost; but the high waters took a toll of farm and domestic animals, and destroyed hundreds of acres of grain.



The Cohn family—left to right, brother Henry, Aunt Sara, brother Harold, mother Henrietta, and father Phill holding the author—paused for a picture on an outing in the Blue Mountains, south of Heppner, ca. 1912.

The home that Henry built near the creek was severely damaged. Typical of cloudbursts there was no warning, only time enough to hurry two little boys into the car and drive to higher ground.

On Memorial Day weekend in 1989, my niece, Sally, and I drove to Heppner. We carried flowers for the graves of her parents and two baby brothers. I had a second mission. Early on Sunday morning, we drove past the foreboding earth dam that now holds back Willow Creek. More than half a century had passed since I came this way; the road and surroundings were strange and unfamiliar. Beyond the dam, a heavy wire fence stood between the creek and road. As I drove nearer to the mountains, my memory unleashed a torrent of emotions—remembrances of sad and happy times, feelings of remorse and disappointments, and a frustrating, useless longing for a second chance to rectify mistakes. I drove slowly as we watched for an opening in the fence. Finally, we came to a break in the wire just wide enough for the car, and I drove through and parked. Sal and I walked down the slight rise to the water's edge.

It was here, along the banks of this stream, that Henry spent the happy days of his youth. I knelt close to the water and watched it roll over the stones—a myriad of shapes and colors, each one fit in its place to form a smooth mosaic on the creek bed. Little whiffs of coolness brushed my face and I breathed in its fragrance. I heard the song of the alder branch as it dipped with the water's movement and felt a euphoria, an awareness that all my senses were engaged.

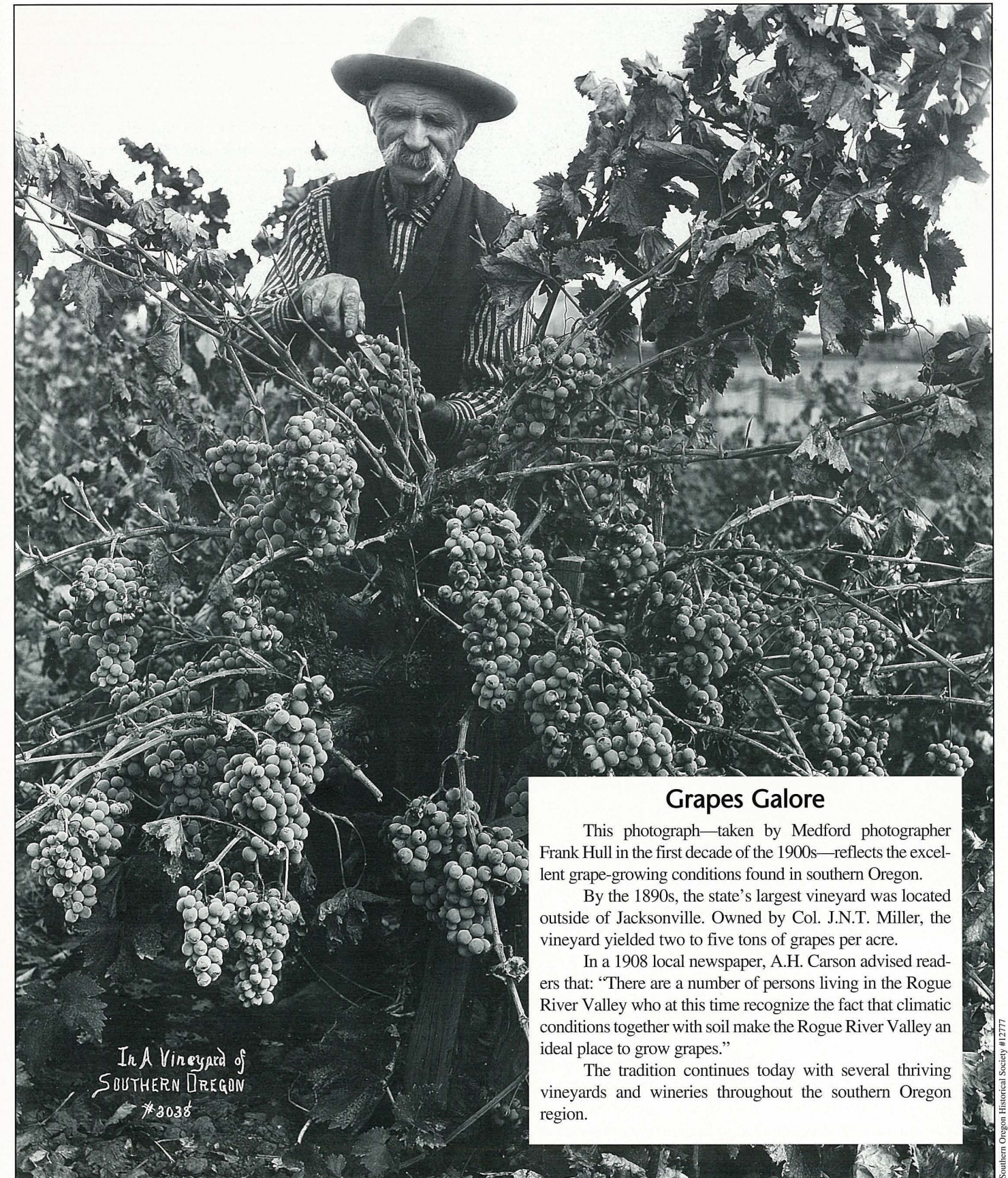
I leaned back on my haunches and opened the heavy, cardboard box that held Henry's ashes, and let them fall into the creek. I believe he would like this spot to mark the end of his journey.

As Sally and I walked up the rise toward the car, for the first time I raised my head and looked around. Just ahead, the frozen rock—the landmark of those early years—stood silhouetted against the clear sky. The site of our camp was gone, the roadbed had been moved, the course of the creek changed, but the indestructible pile of basaltic rock remained in its place. The century-old affair between my family and Willow Creek had come to an end.



Elinor Shank is a free-lance, nonfiction writer living in Portland. Her work, "Looking Back at Heppner," appeared in the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly.

Purple Harvest Longstanding Southern Oregon Tradition



Grapes Galore

This photograph—taken by Medford photographer Frank Hull in the first decade of the 1900s—reflects the excellent grape-growing conditions found in southern Oregon.

By the 1890s, the state's largest vineyard was located outside of Jacksonville. Owned by Col. J.N.T. Miller, the vineyard yielded two to five tons of grapes per acre.

In a 1908 local newspaper, A.H. Carson advised readers that: "There are a number of persons living in the Rogue River Valley who at this time recognize the fact that climatic conditions together with soil make the Rogue River Valley an ideal place to grow grapes."

The tradition continues today with several thriving vineyards and wineries throughout the southern Oregon region.

*In A Vineyard of
SOUTHERN OREGON
#3038*

THE WILD ROGUE

by Sally-Jo Bowman

The Milky Way floats across the blue-black night sky like gossamer adrift on the open sea. Campers snuggle in sleeping bags, listening to the evensong of southern Oregon's Rogue River. The Earth cradles them through their slim sleeping pads, forming her gentle river-scoured sands perfectly to their bodies. Just as they drift to sleep, a new soft song comes from the dark riverbank woods: "Whoohoo-whoohoo-whoohoo." An owl's lullaby.

The thirty-four-mile section of the Rogue River designated "wild" by the federal government offers travelers whitewater and fishing adventure, gold mining, American Indian and pioneer history, and a chance to observe bountiful wildlife. Walk part of the Bureau of Land Management's Rogue River Trail as a day hike or the whole length as a four- or five-day backpack. Rafters, driftboaters, and kayakers competent in Class IV rapids can boat on their own with United States Forest Service permits. Several river outfitters offer guided trips, with camping or lodge accommodations as options. The lower third of this section is accessible by jet boats chartered from Gold Beach (Curry County) at the river's mouth.

The Rogue's headwaters bubble from Boundary Springs near Crater Lake National Park. "Put-in" for the "wild" section is a place in Josephine County called Grave Creek landing—a name not as ominous as it sounds, although within a few hundred yards rafts rumple over Class III Grave Creek Rapids, then slither three to five feet down Grave Creek Falls. Waves and curls of whitewater splash, spatter, and spit. The wet adventure has begun!

Although named by French fur trappers for troublesome American Indians they called "Les Coquins" (the Rogues), the river itself fits the definition: mischievous, unpredictable, disobedient, destructive. It is pointless to memorize rapids—even a small change in water level can make the difference between squeaking through a slot and gashing a raft.

Rivermen of the early twentieth century tried to tame the Rogue with dynamite. Indeed, they did shatter some boulders with their charges and blasted a way around Rainie Falls and a route through Blossom Bar. Before then, the Rogue had been utterly feral, peopled by native tribes who fashioned their lives around the salmon and steelhead of the waters and the elk, deer, and berries of the forests. Then, in the mid-nineteenth century, the Rogue—like so many rivers of the West—was changed forever by the glitter of gold.

Today panners sometimes still "show color"; but river banks mostly hide crumbling ditches and flumes and miners' shacks, such as the still-standing, 1880-vintage Whiskey Creek cabin.

A few miles downstream, Black Bar Lodge nearly sits on the spot where one William Black was murdered and set adrift. And here, one of the river's many legendary names pops up: river guide Glen Wooldridge. He was nineteen in 1915 when he took up a challenge to design and build a boat and go down the Rogue. Why do it? Wooldridge answered the question sixty-two years later: "We didn't know any better."

Relics of another legend stand further on, at Winkle Bar. Western author Zane Grey filed a claim in 1926. It is easy to imagine Grey in his riverside hide-away, scratching pen over paper by kerosene lantern. The present property owners welcome visitors who want a peek at the log cabin, provided they "take only pictures and leave only footprints."

Beyond Winkle Bar, the river dances on, ripples, rapids, and falls strung like sparkling gems on a rope of still water that glides glassy green with the reflected foliage of madrone and sugar pine, fir, and cedar. Stop at the Bureau of Land Management's historic Oregon Rogue River Ranch at Big Meadows, where visitors are welcome inside the century-old farmhouse, tack shed, and barn. Here, folks from miles around danced away many a Saturday night in years gone by.

Beyond Big Meadows, the river tumbles through "The Jaws" at the top of Mule Creek Canyon, where basalt walls rise as square as brick, voices echo against the cold rock, and the cracks bloom with the orange fuses of firecracker fuschias and the yellow faces of monkeyflower.

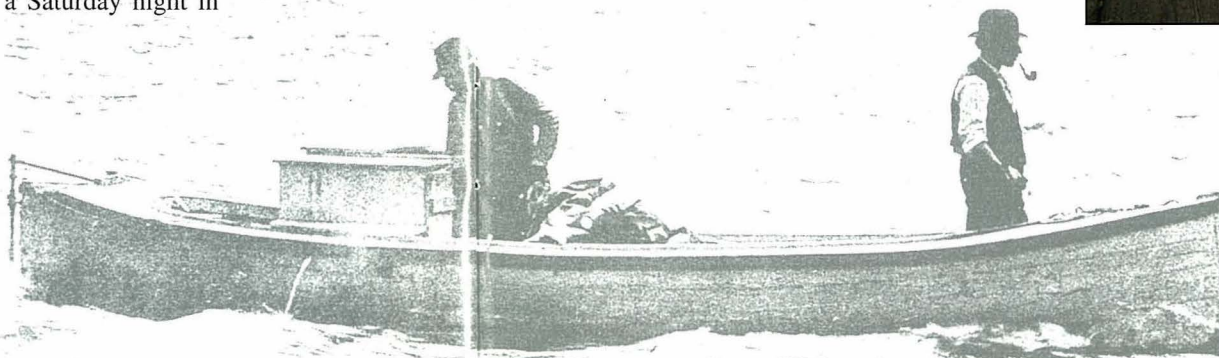
There the canyon opens, and boaters relax—until they hear the dull, even roar that is Blossom Bar. The guidebook says: "SCOUTING MANDATORY." Enormous boulders form a slalom course fueled by water hydraulics that make toothpicks of wood driftboats and rubber bands of rafts. Here it is easy to grasp the frailty of humans and the power of nature. All along the river, the beauty of the natural, dynamic Earth is paramount as she constantly moves and builds and renews, providing for the creatures that boaters and hikers often are privileged to see: black bear, blacktail deer, river otter, mink, Western pond turtles, and mergansers. In spring and fall, salmon or steelhead migrate on their way to spawn.

At the last camp the river sighs again—a sunset glow on her widening waters. Above, in the deepening shadows of evergreens, an osprey still in need of supper swoops one last time, gives it up, and flies home to a broken-topped Douglas fir.

And the river sings on and the Milky Way floats like gossamer adrift on an open sea.

Sally-Jo Bowman is a free-lance writer living in Springfield, Oregon. Her articles about travel and the environment have recently appeared in Sierra, National Wildlife, and Pacific Discovery magazines.

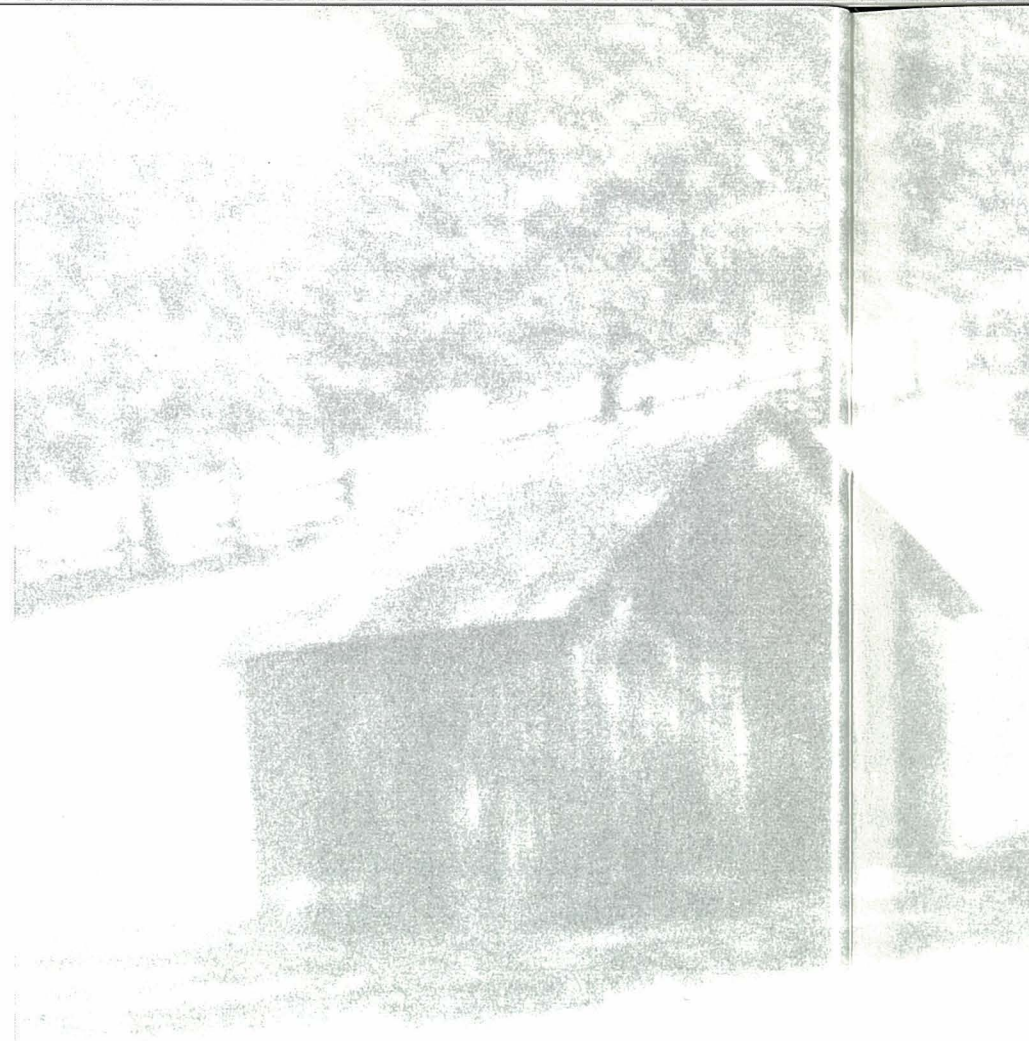
For information about boating or hiking the wild section of the Rogue River, contact the Bureau of Land Management, Rogue River Program, 3040 Biddle Road, Medford, OR 97504, 503-770-2273 or the U.S. Forest Service Rand Visitor Center, 14335 Galice Road, Merlin, OR 97532, 503-479-3735 (open May 15-October 15).



Firecracker fuschia, top, abounds in canyon crags along the Rogue River. Another river attraction, Western author Zane Grey's cabin, above, is open to careful visitors who "take only pictures and leave only footprints."

I feel that the land is a sacred trust and we should hold it dear. That we should take care of it; should protect and preserve it; should enhance its productivity and its beauty as much as we can and above all we should love the land, which I surely do."

—MILDRED KANIPE



A SHEPHERD'S TALE

by Kristine Thomas

Mildred Kanipe believed she had one misfortune in her life. She was born a girl.

While other women of her generation pursued the traditional paths of marriage and children, Kanipe dreamed of being a forest ranger.

"Yes, I think I would have made a good forest ranger but I know that they would never let me be one because you see, I had the bad misfortune of being born a girl," said Kanipe, who died July 13, 1983, at the age of seventy-five in a Roseburg nursing home. "That is a terrible handicap under which I have had to work all my life."

Kanipe didn't let her gender become an obstacle in her life-long love affair with the land. When she was old enough, Kanipe began working with her father on the family's ranch near Oakland (Douglas County), Oregon. She did everything from

Although burdened with the self-declared "bad misfortune of being born a girl," Oakland rancher Mildred Kanipe maintained her stock and 1,000 acres with strength of limb and spirit. She is pictured here with friends, in the 1940s.



Courtesy of Douglas County Museum



Mildred, left, and Leah Kanipe, ca. 1920.

“Yes, I think I would have made a good forest ranger but I know that they would never let me be one because you see, I had the bad misfortune of being born a girl,”

bucking hay to harnessing horses to operating the family's tractor.

“I was my daddy's only boy and I was needed at home,” said Kanipe, who was the youngest of two girls. “I am still needed at home.”

When her father died, the twenty-five-year-old Kanipe began managing the family's 200-acre ranch. A shrewd business woman, she slowly purchased more land until she owned more than 1,000 acres. “Ranching is my way of life; it is a lot of hard work in all kinds of weather, long hours and not much money in return,” she wrote, “but it is rich in the intangible things of life that money can never buy.”

In her later years, many people tried to persuade Kanipe to sell her land. But she was determined that her land continue to be managed so that it wasn't overgrazed or logged. When she died in 1983, she bequeathed her pioneer ranch to Douglas County, on the condition it be maintained as a park and a museum. More than a few people were astonished with her last request.

“It came as a surprise to nearly everyone,” said Maxine Bainbridge, a distant cousin who cared for Kanipe in her later years. “She didn't like people to come on her place so they thought it was very strange that she would leave her land to the county.”

“I didn't find it strange,” Bainbridge added. “I knew her a little better.”

A year before her death, Kanipe provided a clue to her last wish when she wrote her family's history for the book *Historic Douglas County, Oregon, 1982*. “I consider it a privilege and an honor to own land but it must never be worn out or destroyed and you are morally bound to protect and preserve it for future generations,” she wrote.

Jeff Powers, who is the director of the Douglas County Parks Department, said Kanipe instructed the county to preserve the park as a living history museum. Besides a small parking lot, no motorized vehicles are allowed on the park, which is open from March 15 to November 1. There are hiking and equestrian trails being built. Powers said visitors will be greeted by Kanipe's favorite guard

dogs. “She used peacocks to warn her whenever people were on her property,” he said.

Known as Oakland's recluse, Kanipe wasn't too keen on visitors. Many of the town's ladies didn't understand or approve of Kanipe's bib overalls, aviator cap, gruff personality, men's workshirts and gumboots. They also didn't understand why she worked so hard in a man's profession.

She wasn't always known as being Oakland's eccentric. In her late teens and early twenties, Kanipe was referred to as the “belle of the ball.” A few Douglas County residents speculate Kanipe swore off men because she was jilted by a suitor. “I didn't have time to marry! Didn't have time to be lonesome, either,” she said in an interview with Teresa Jordon, author of *Cowgirls: Women of the American West*.

The only things Kanipe had time for were her land and her livestock. The high-quality work she did earned her the respect of men and women as a rancher and a businesswoman. People would watch for her animals when she took them to the county auction on Saturdays. Besides managing her ranch and livestock, Kanipe also ran a grade-A dairy for seven years.

“Let me tell you, don't ever get a dairy unless you want to work yourself to death,” she told Jordon.

“Because it don't make any difference. If you died, you'd have to get up and milk those cows,” she said. “They got to be milked every morning and every night. Three hundred and sixty-five days a year. And 366 days on leap year. It wouldn't be so bad if you had two people. But I done it alone for seven years by myself.”

After she paid off her ranch, she sold the dairy and purchased an old “Cat” to use for logging. Her friends said she only took logs that had fallen on their own. “Those were long days. I'd start in the fall, soon as the haying was over,” she once said. “I'd get up in time to do all the chores and start logging by 7. I'd get home after dark and I'd move the irrigation pipe by moonlight.”

“How'd I keep going? Just tough,” she said.

Maintaining a large ranch left little

time for sleep, social activity or housework. Piles of letters, books and other stuff created a maze in her house from the bed to the kitchen sink to an old easy chair to the front door. She saved everything from her father's log books to old photographs. Mystery and Western novels created small mountains. Letters were found unopened.

Although she wasn't much of a housekeeper, Kanipe kept her family's ranch and barns in prime conditions. She received a Century Farm Certificate from Governor Tom McCall on August 24, 1974. In a thank-you letter to McCall, Kanipe said she felt both proud and humble. “I think it is a great honor, a great privilege to be able to live on, to own and to operate the same ranch as my forefathers did,” she wrote. “I feel that the land is a sacred trust and we should hold it dear. That we should take care of it; should protect and preserve it; should enhance its productivity and its beauty as much as we can and above all we should love the land, which I surely do.”

She revealed her deep passion for the land in a letter to a Mr. Simpson and Mr. Jademan, who both worked for the U.S. Forest Service, in the spring of 1968: “I love the forests, the mountains, the trees, the streams, the great Western outdoors,” she wrote. “I have always believed in the U.S. Forest Service. I could see the need for it. I had faith in it. I was often laughed at, ridiculed, for upholding it.”

In the days when timber was plentiful, people scoffed at the idea of protecting it, she wrote. “They said it would be a good thing to burn a lot of it off and get rid of it,” she wrote to Simpson and Jademan. “Many of them did have hundreds of acres of timber cut down and burned just to get rid of it.”

Although she helped burn many slash piles, she felt it was wrong and a “wanton waste.” “It always seemed sort of like a funeral to me,” she wrote. “After the burn, the hills were dotted with blackened stumps and laced with black charred poles, mute skeletons of what had once been beautiful, living trees.”

Hills once green with Douglas fir trees were left to the onslaught of scrub

trees. Then, Kanipe witnessed the boom of the timber industry when the price and demand for timber could make a sixteen-year-old high school dropout a wealthy man.

“I have seen timber stripped until it seems that every tree is doomed,” she wrote. Big timber companies started at one end and knocked down tree after tree like dominoes. “It's barren, desolate, lifeless like a mighty unhealed desert,” she wrote. “The ridges, the rocks, the streams are all exposed. The very soul of the mountain is laid bare. It makes me sick inside to see such death and destruction. What right does man have to kill and destroy? It has been man's role all down through history to cripple and kill, capture and destroy.”

Kanipe pondered whether nature could mend such terrible wounds. She had read about private tree farms and replanting trees. Although she waited patiently for a number of years, she wrote “...I haven't seen any done.” The temptation to harvest her trees crossed her mind. She knew she could earn enough money to buy a “fancy car” or modern equipment.

“I don't care about having all that stuff,” she said. “One doesn't miss what one has never had.”

Her only true desire was to travel throughout Oregon. “But if I have to sacrifice, have to kill my trees in order to do so, I could not enjoy it. It would be like blood money. So I guess I'll have to keep on working,” she wrote.

Like the trees she deeply cared about, Kanipe's roots were firmly planted in her land. She was buried at her request lying on her right side with her feet to the east in a little open space between the cedar and oak tree on her ranch.

“To a lot of people, home is nothing to them,” she once said. “They live here and they live there. But I've always been here. I'm like these old oak trees. I'm rooted down in here so deep that I don't think there is any moving me.”

Kristine Thomas is a free-lance writer who lives in Portland. She has written for numerous publications throughout Oregon.



Distant cousin Mary Ann Bainbridge, age ninety, and Mildred Kanipe, ca. 1955.

“To a lot of people, home is nothing to them. They live here and they live there. But I'm like these old oak trees. I'm rooted down in here so deep that I don't think there is any moving me.”

Taming Elk Creek with Mud and Sticks

by Joli Sandoz

William, Emily, and Shadrach Holmes owned one of the earliest water-right claims on Jackson County's Elk Creek.¹ The grassed-in trace of their 1890 legacy—the Holmes brothers' irrigation ditch—still cuts away from the old creek bed to run beside the crumbling asphalt of an abandoned road.

Traffic routes away from lower Elk Creek valley now, and the old fields lie quiet and still. In the 1970s, the federal government condemned this land and later cleared it of buildings to make way for the reservoir behind a dam built by United States Army Corps of Engineers.

Today, the half-built dam sits silent. Stream water foams through a small pipe beneath several million pounds of mixed concrete and sand, while supporters and opponents argue the dam's fate.

Elk Creek is the final phase of a three-dam project Congress approved in 1962 to store irrigation water, control flooding, and provide recreation along southern Oregon's fabled Rogue River. Dams on the Applegate River tributary and the Rogue (Lost Creek Dam) were completed in 1977 and 1980 respectively. Elk Creek dam opponents, however, citing potential harm to the Rogue's famed fish runs, argued successfully in 1988 for a court-ordered construction halt. As with earlier dams on Elk Creek, time and changing perceptions of dams' costs and benefits may render the corps' structure obsolete.

European Americans began moving into the steep-sided Elk Creek drainage during the 1870s and 1880s, as rich, level acres out on the Rogue Valley floor filled with orchards and settlers. In good years, the Elk's narrow bottom lands supported gardens, hay fields



Twins Ali and Fred Sandoz perched atop on a plank dam in Elk Creek. The dam-pooled water until it rose high enough to run into an irrigation ditch cut in the creek bank.



A dike of fir pole cribs filled with five-hundred wagon loads of rock blocked Elk Creek from running in a channel cut across the Sandoz fields. Paul Sandoz, Jr. is pictured by the structure, ca. 1927.

Courtesy of the author

and a few cattle—the latter serving as a “cash crop” that paid for salt, flour, bullets, kerosene, and shoes for the schoolchildren.²

Everything depended on water. Winter snow ran as floods in spring and as irrigation water during early summer. The Holmes and other farmer-ranchers used diversion dams in the late 1800s to pool the creek. This raised late summer water levels high enough to feed irrigation ditches dug into the stream banks. Gravity took water from the ditch mouths out into the fields.

The owner of the Holmes’ place in 1920, Paul Sandoz, described the old ditch as a half-mile long, five-feet wide at the top, three-feet at the bottom, and eighteen-inches deep.³ To direct water down the ditch each summer, Sandoz piled streambed rocks into a crude barrier two- to four-feet high, and sixty or seventy yards long. Horses named Fanny and Nellie hauled gravel and sand to seal the upstream dam face; and when the pool level dropped in late summer, area beaver worked at night to prevent water from escaping into the fields. The Holmes’ brothers ditch ran under the Sandoz house; Sandoz checked the flow each morning and sent his boys down after breakfast to take out the beaver dams across the ditch mouth.

Creek-bank geography dictated a different approach just upstream. The Sandoz’ Cliff Rock ditch watered two alfalfa fields on a bluff. To raise the water level, Sandoz and his neighbors built a removable wooden dam by anchoring six wooden, triangular trestles in the creek bed and then nailing horizontal poles across the trestles to form a framework. The plank dam face fit vertically onto the poles board by board, and the workers sealed its cracks with wooden batting. Slowly, the water rose.

Problems arose when crayfish let the water out. At night, they dug under the boards, allowing water to escape. This dropped the reservoir level below the ditch mouth. In the early years, Sandoz—

described by eldest son Paul Jr. as “always one to take advantage of available natural resources”—knew his boys were too young to wade into the creek carrying heavy buckets. So he piled some wide boards with gravel, and sent Paul Jr., Peter, and Marcel into the reservoir. The three paddled into position just above the dam face and dumped their loads down the planks. Sand and dirt followed until the leaks were plugged and the alfalfa was watered for another day.

Although its reputation was far overshadowed by that of the nearby Rogue, early residents knew Elk Creek to be full of fish. Dams on the Rogue had diminished the upstream run by his birth in 1908, but Paul, Jr. remembered talk of “great numbers” of salmon harvested upstream from the Sandoz farm. Families traveled each year by wagon to Flat Creek to catch salmon they salted, smoked, and canned.

Concern about dwindling fish numbers led to the first government dam on Elk Creek. Salmon-canning baron Robert D. Hume purchased land in 1897 at the confluence of the Elk and the Rogue—about six miles downstream from the Holmes brothers’ ditch turnout—as a site for collecting and hatching salmon eggs.⁴ An early conservationist, Hume hoped to replenish the salmon resources on which he based his business,⁵ but ill health forced him to donate his upper-Rogue hatchery to the U.S. Fish Commission before it opened.⁶

The commission’s annual report for 1897-98 noted that: “in order to raise the water in [Elk] creek to a sufficient height, a dam 10 feet high and 100 feet long was built about 1,800 feet from the hatchery, the water being conveyed in a 2-foot flume.” Creek water, warmer by twelve to fourteen degrees than that in the Rogue, supplied eight thirty-five-foot hatching troughs and a filtering tank.⁷ In November 1897, flood waters carried away thirty



Spring flooding, in the early 1930s, smashed the dike, changing the course of Elk Creek.

Courtesy of the author

feet of the dam’s top. Elk Creek’s “quinnat” (Chinook) salmon eggs, however, proved much larger than those collected at the hatchery’s parent station on northern Oregon’s Clackamas River; and by 1899, the upper Rogue site was again operating. In addition to eggs harvested from Chinook taken in the Rogue, hatchery workers captured silver salmon in the creek itself.⁸

Hatchery operations expanded again in January 1900, when workers planning to gather steelhead eggs built a “solid log dam” across Elk Creek’s west branch (now called Sugar Pine Creek).⁹ Over time, the steelhead and silver salmon egg count at the new substation ten miles above the Rogue proved disappointing. Most fish spawned before reaching the falls. A site just a mile upstream from hatchery buildings was chosen for a dam forty yards long and ten to fifteen feet wide. Rock “aprons” anchored the structure, which featured a slide at the dam’s center to direct fish into a trap placed in the four-foot channel blasted around one end of the dam. “Substantial live-pens” built above the dam held fish until hatchery workers judged them ready to spawn.¹⁰

Eighty-one years after President Theodore Roosevelt signed an Executive Order in 1904—reserving the land on which this last dam stood, for government “fish cultural purposes”¹¹—President Ronald Reagan put his own name to a bill allocating \$18 million to begin construction of a new Elk Creek dam.¹² Although the hatchery structure has long slipped from collective memory, the new dam—a concrete wall nearly half a mile long and half a football field wide—today stands only a few yards upstream from the original site.

Hand and horse built the first dams on Elk Creek. Availability of rock, wood, and energy limited their scope. But these smaller dams rested on the same philosophy as the relatively massive corps’ project, a subtle cost-benefit reckoning in which human use weighed far more heavily than effects on fish and envi-

ronment. Controversy over the most recent government dam on Elk Creek brings that philosophy into public question.



Joli Sandoz is collaborating on a history of the Elk Creek dam controversy with Northwest historian Keith Petersen. Sandoz is the granddaughter of Paul and Lydia Sandoz and daughter of Ali, the fifth Sandoz son.

ENDNOTES

1. Mining Claim and Water Rights Records, Jackson County, Oregon, vol. 5, 179.
2. Anecdotal information comes from interviews conducted 1987-1989 with three of Paul Sandoz’ sons: Paul Jr., Marcel, and Emile, and from unpublished manuscripts written 1988-89 by Paul Sandoz Jr. The Sandoz family ranched on Elk Creek from 1909 into the late 1940s. Most memories, including dam descriptions, date from the 1920s and 30s.
3. Oregon Board of Control, Water Division No. 1 Statement and Proof of Claimant, #353, 9-30-1911.
4. R.D. Hume to J.J. Brice (U.S. Fish Commission), 12 Jul. 1897, R.D. Hume papers, box 184, vol. 86, Letterbooks, University of Oregon Library Special Collections, 581.
5. In his book, *The Salmon King of Oregon: R.D. Hume and the Pacific Fisheries* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1963), Gordon Dodds points out that Hume was “among the first in the extractive industries to conclude that nature’s resources were limited,” viii.
6. R.D. Hume to J.J. Brice (U.S. Fish Commission), 21 Jun. 1897, R.D. Hume papers, box 184, vol. 86, Letterbooks, University of Oregon Library Special Collections, 571.
7. *Report of the Commissioner for the Year Ending June 30, 1898, U.S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1899), CI.
8. *Report of the Commissioner for the Year Ending June 30, 1900, U.S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1901), 92-3.
9. *Report of the Commissioner, ibid.*, 93.
10. *Report of the Commissioner for the Year Ending June 30, 1902, U.S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1904), 78.
11. Executive Order 1098, 12 Apr. 1904.
12. James C. Flanagan, “Elk Creek dam funded in bill signed by Reagan,” *The Oregonian*, 2 Nov. 1985.

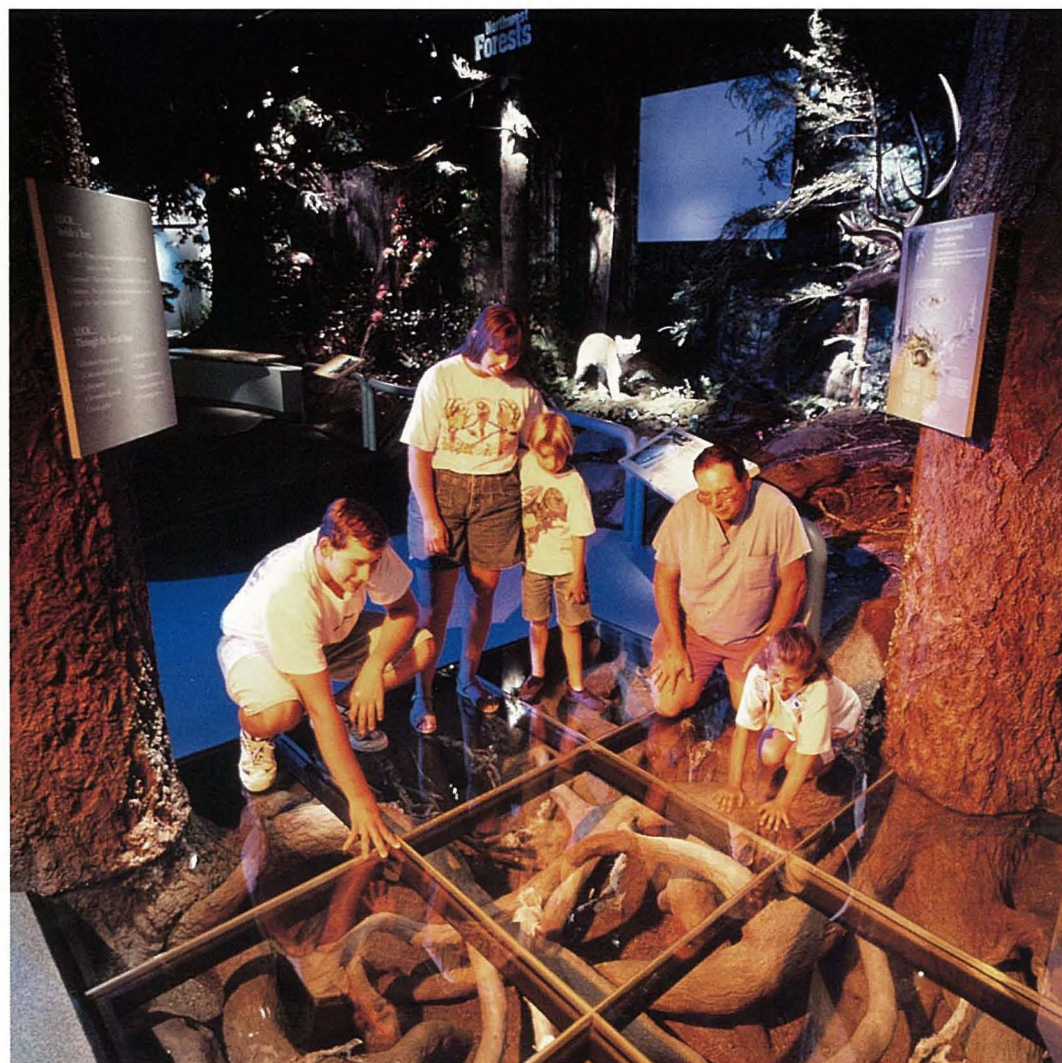


Photo by Caroline Kopp, courtesy of Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Get Your Hands On the Natural World

by Susan G. Hauser

It is fitting that visitors to the new Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History in Ashland (Jackson County) are handed passports upon their arrival. With small, blue folders in hand, they immediately disembark for the numerous lands that make up the state of Oregon: wetlands, grasslands, desert, forests—they even are transported (thanks to a bit of sensory tickling) to the Pacific Coast, complete with sights, sounds and smells.

The museum passport is the ticket to a lot of facts, mixed with a heavy dose of fun. En-route through the exhibit hall, visitors can test their growing environmental awareness at four separate computer stations, get their passports stamped at each and, finally, receive a computer printout matching their personal

interests with other tourist destinations in Oregon, Washington, and northern California.

This museum does it all: it entertains, it educates, and it also does its unselfish bit to improve the region's economy by sending tourists hither and yon. On top of all that, it serves as a partner institution to the world's only crime laboratory for animals—just across the parking lot at the United States Fish and Wildlife Forensics Laboratory, in the twenty-acre Mark O. Hatfield Environmental Sciences Complex.

The museum opened July 1, 1994, and was dedicated a few days later by Oregon's Senator Hatfield himself, who noted that museums such as this \$10-million facility help make up for recent

Left, Visitors peer through clear window under their feet at the inner secrets of a forest floor.

Right, Sandhill cranes strike a life-like pose in a diorama depicting life in the High Desert.

Below, The museum's exhibits offer eye-catching ecosystems designed to capture all the visitor's senses. Forest creatures' calls echo through this display of a riparian habitat.



Courtesy of Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History



Courtesy of Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History

cutbacks in educational funding. At the Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History, he said, "Textbook science comes alive."

Actually, what really comes alive is the visitor, meandering through more than 15,000 square feet of exhibits. Nearly every one of the senses is involved at various stops along the "Treasures of the Northwest" hall. Visitors can see dioramas so natural-looking they appear to have instantly been transplanted from the coast or the mountains. Museum-goers can touch pelts, bones, and other artifacts.

Scent machines pump out fragrances associated with the different locales portrayed; and when observing the coastal scene, visitors inadvertently take in a good strong whiff of rotten seaweed. Move on to the forest scene and the odor is less pungent, but there arises another sensory surprise: a cushioned floor, made to replicate a spongy, pine needle-strewn forest floor.

Ears get a treat, too. The ocean roars, nearly drowning out the sound of a barking sea lion. The seagulls overhead sound so realistic one is tempted to take cover. Further along the exhibit hall, a creek gurgles, accented by cheery songbirds.

Only the tastebuds are neglected at this museum. But if the executive director, Ron Lamb, had his way, he would personally dish up pizza for his visitors. Lamb is a retired college professor who was known at Ashland's Southern Oregon State College for ordering pizza when his popular introductory science class studied digestion. With pizza in one hand and a pointer in the other, Lamb would track the pepperoni's progress for a spellbound, pizza-munching class.

Two years after a kitchen-table discussion about an idea for a museum, Lamb had brought together a twenty-five-member board of directors, attracted Senator Hatfield's interest, and

arranged for six federal agencies to lend support to the plan. The museum was financed by private and public donations and grants—including \$3.3 million from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which operates the forensics lab.

In his new role as director of the museum he dreamed of ten years ago, Lamb endeavors to feed science facts to visitors in the same delectable way he enthralled thousands of students. Indeed, Lamb's former students will recognize his mark on the museum's layout, which accentuates the application of scientific principles to nature.

The entrance to the museum—a realistic lava tube, complete with bats and heat blasts—is like an engaging introduction to one of the professor's lectures. At the museum one gets a crash course on the basic concepts of ecology, which visitors can apply to scenes from eight distinct Northwest ecosystems depicted in dazzling dioramas.

The Lamb touch also is evident in the building's design. Little wonder, since it was the handiwork of Lamb's own son, Jeff, an architect at the BOORA firm in Portland. Jeff Lamb's intent in the design of the one-story, rectangular structure was to have a strong presence and blend in with its environment. The muted green echoes the trees dotting the sandy-colored slopes of the Siskiyou Mountains. The rolling roofline approximates the continuation of the low mountains.

In time, trees planted near the entrance will grow more prominent as the living exhibits they are meant to be. Transplanted from Asia, where they grow naturally, the ginkgo, sawtooth oak, dawn redwood and Katsura trees are only found in fossil form in Oregon. This "fossil forest" blends into more modern trees nearby: sequoia, western hemlock, Port Orford cedar and Douglas fir.

Back inside the museum, exhibits and dioramas—designed and built by Formations Inc. of Portland and Academy Studio of Novato, California—are constructed from casts of actual rocks, plants, and such organisms as mussels and sea anemones. To assure botanical and biological accuracy, the exhibit builders visited each ecosystem—from the coast to the high desert—during specific seasons, in order to mimic nature. Birds and mammals populating each exhibit are the work of taxidermists.

There is a liberal sprinkling of what Ron Lamb calls "ah-ha's" throughout the exhibits, such as woodland creatures almost hidden from view but visible to the attentive eye, or "fun facts" (ever wonder where is the Toothpick Capital of the World?) that spice up interpretive material accompanying the

exhibits. In his teaching days, the ah-ha's inspired students to enroll in additional science classes.

Lamb's objective at the museum is to make people linger for hours and then plan another visit. He has found, in fact, that the average time visitors take to view the Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History is a whopping two to three hours. One reason visitors to the museum stay so long is that they take the time to test their knowledge (and get their passports stamped at the four computer stations). Visitors are issued a passport upon paying admission. A personal identification number can be entered into the computer at the first station, along with a first name, so that subsequent computers recognize the number and greet visitors with a personal "Hi Susan!" or whatever.

A final exhibit offers glimpses into the work of the neighboring U.S. Fish and Wildlife Forensics Laboratory, where scientists and criminologists work side-by-side to crack domestic and international cases of illegal wildlife trapping or killing. A display case packed with a mere fraction of items confiscated by agents tells a harrowing tale: boots, belts, purses, and briefcases fashioned from endangered creatures ranging from cobras to elephants.

More pleasant visions are found at two peaceful nooks built into the museum. The "Treasures Close to Home" area looks out upon a garden graced with a brook, bird feeders, and bird baths. Visitors are welcome to sit and thumb through guides to environmentally sound gardening techniques.

The "Naturalist's Corner" offers a cushioned seat, a view of the gently sloping Siskiyou Mountains, a calming soundtrack of water and birds, and the inspirational writings of nature lovers such as Theodore Roosevelt, Henry David Thoreau, and Albert Einstein.

Ashland is also the home of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, and it is fitting that one of the framed quotations on a wall comes from the Bard himself:

*And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
sermons in stones and good in everything.*

Susan G. Hauser is a Portland writer who writes regularly about Oregon for The New York Times and The Wall Street Journal. The Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History is open every day except Thanksgiving and Christmas, from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. (April 1 to October 31), and 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., (November 1 to March 31).



A turn-of-the-century, Teddy Roosevelt-style trophy room points to the human toll on endangered species in the exhibit *Beauty in the Beast: Exotic Wildlife in Jeopardy*, which runs through August in the museum's changing exhibit gallery.

Courtesy of Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History

History Happenings Around Southern Oregon

IN THE REGION

EAGLE POINT HISTORY MAKING DAY

The wild west will live again at the History Making Day festival, Saturday, May 20, at the Eagle Point Museum (Jackson County). Displays, entertainment, and demonstrations will be supplied by a variety of historical organizations from Jackson County at this community-wide celebration of local history. Kevin Hagen of *Little House on the Prairie* will perform, along with fiddlers and mountain men.

QUILT DOCUMENTATION PROJECT

A group of people interested in quilting have formed the Oregon Heritage Quilt Project in an effort to document quilts throughout the state. Presented in cooperation with the Oregon Historical Society, the project hopes to accomplish a statewide survey of quilts and related items by training volunteers to conduct the documentation process at local sites. Those interested in learning more about the Oregon Heritage Quilt Project should write Mary Cross, 805 Skyline Crest, Portland, OR 97229.

SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

GIVE IT YOUR BEST!

At the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon

History, the Society presents *Give It Your Best!*, an exhibit of World War II posters and memorabilia. The exhibit will be featured in a special public showing and reception on Friday, May 19, from 7:00-8:30 P.M. The exhibit, which will be on display through September 15, 1995, explores the impact of propaganda campaigns and how wartime images and artifacts continue to shape contemporary impressions of the war.

CONFERENCE: WORLD WAR II REMEMBERED

The Society and Extended Campus Programs, Southern Oregon State College (sosc) presents *World War II Remembered*, the 1995 Southern Oregon History Conference, on May 20-21. The conference examines a variety of issues related to the war and provides unique perspectives. Registration fees are \$30. Academic credit is available for an additional fee. Call 503-552-6331 for registration information.

SUMMER ARCHAEOLOGY FIELD SCHOOL

The 1995 archaeological field school, presented by the Southern Oregon Historical Society, U.S. Forest Service, and Southern Oregon State College, will be held along the Upper Rogue River, near Union Creek (Jackson County). Students will participate in the excavation of an Archaic site and in the survey of other

archaeological localities in the Prospect/Butte Falls area. The field school is being co-directed by Society archaeologist Dr. Ted Goebel and Rogue River National Forest archaeologist Dr. Jeff LeLande. Participants can register as students for college credit through Extended Campus Programs at sosc, or as volunteers through the U.S. Forest Service Passport in Time (PIT) program. The field school will be held Monday through Saturday from 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. June 26 through July 15 (or June 26 through July 1 for PIT volunteers). Contact Society archaeologist Ted Goebel, 503-552-6345 for more information.

ARTS AND ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE SOUTHWEST

A special field-study tour of Native American cultures in the Four Corners region of Colorado, Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico will be offered June 14 through June 26, as a joint effort of the Southern Oregon Historical Society and Extended Campus Programs of sosc. Instruction will be provided by Society archaeologist Dr. Ted Goebel and sosc professor of English Ed Versluis. Participants will study archaeological methods and discuss examples of human creativity at a site in the heart of the great Anasazi ruins country of the Four Corners. Contact Ted Goebel, 503-552-6345, for more information.



MUSEUMS, SITES, AND EXHIBITS

• Southern Oregon History Center
106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Featuring *Behind Closed Doors: Treasures, Trinkets, and Tidbits from the Collection*; and *History: It's Closer Than You Think. Let Freedom Ring*, a centennial exhibit celebrating the United States' Bill of Rights (June 1-17). Gallery and office hours: Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. The gallery is also open on Saturday from noon to 5:00 P.M.

• Research Library
106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Open Tuesday through Saturday, 1:00 to 5:00 P.M.

• The History Store
The History Center, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; Saturday, noon to 5:00 P.M.

• The History Store
Behind the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, 206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Open Wednesday through Sunday, noon to 5:00 P.M.

• Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History
206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Featuring *Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience*; *Jacksonville: Boom Town to Home Town*; *HANNAH: Pioneer Potters on the Rogue*, and *Give It Your Best!* (through September 15). Open Sunday and Tuesday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Wednesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; closed Mondays. Summer hours begin May 28: open daily, from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

• Children's Museum
206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Hands-on history and exhibits on life as it used to be, including *Clowning Around: The Life Story of Pinto Colvig*. Open Sunday and Tuesday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Wednesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; closed Mondays. Summer hours begin May 28: open daily, from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

• C.C. Beekman House
California and Laurelwood Streets, Jacksonville.
Open May 27 through September 4, daily, from 1:00 to 5:00 P.M. Costumed interpreters tell about life in 1911 Jacksonville.

• C.C. Beekman Bank
California and 3rd Streets, Jacksonville.
Interior of this turn-of-the-century bank and Wells Fargo office can be seen from viewing porches anytime.

Corrections: We would like to correct the following factual errors and/or conceptual misrepresentations inadvertently introduced in the Winter/Spring 1995 issue of *Oregon Heritage* magazine. We sincerely apologize for the inaccuracies.

In the "Tabitha Moffett Brown" article, by Steve Dodge, Tabitha Brown was born in Brimfield, Massachusetts (not Connecticut), and the Old College Hall is listed on the National Register of Historic Places, and is not a National Historic Landmark.

In the "Then and Now" department, containing information about Grants Pass, the battle of Vicksburg was in Mississippi (not Tennessee) in 1863 (not 1865).

In the article "The Promise of French Prairie" by Patricia Parish Kuhn, the Sisters of Notre Dame did not teach at St. Joseph's College, but at their own school, known as "Ste. Marie de Wallamette." St. Mary's Academy in Jacksonville was not set up as a temporary hospital for the small pox epidemic, although sisters from the academy volun-

teered to treat the ill throughout the community. Endnotes numbers 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 refer to the *Gleanings of Fifty Years* and not O'Hara's book.

Patricia Parish Kuhn's biography should have read: Patricia Parish Kuhn is a free-lance writer living in Medford, Oregon. Her articles, essays, and poetry have appeared regularly in the *Ashland Gazette*, *Southern Oregon Currents*, *Westwind Review*, *Hesperides*, and in Jane Watson Hopping's *Many Blessings Cookbook*.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #6768

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COLLECTIONS HIGHLIGHT

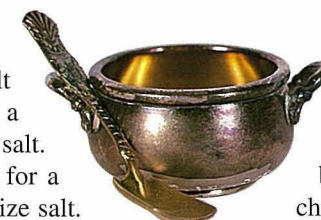
Collectors Find Kitsch Worth Its Salt



Clockwise from spoon: 71.37.8.19, 77.100.215, 71.37.4.13, 71.37.8.19, 77.37.13.22, 71.37.8.19

In the early eighteenth century, pedestal salt dishes, or cellars, were used on the table. Salt absorbed too much moisture to flow through a shaker top, and a spoon was needed to dish out the salt. In 1863, the first United States patent was issued for a mechanism in a bottle used to break up and pulverize salt. Later, a moisture-absorbing agent was added, and salt could then be placed in non-airtight containers.

All salt and pepper shakers look so different. What does yours at home look like? Is it rare or unusual? People love to collect shakers; salt-and-pepper clubs proliferated in the 1940s and



1950s, and shaker collecting introduced the novelty of advertising salt and peppers. This miniature glass beer set was a premium from Anheuser-Busch (Edward A Muth & Sons, Ind.), supplied between 1933-1963. On a trip, shakers could be purchased from each state in the country and every corner of the world. The chair shakers were Oregon souvenirs.

Shakers also come in sets. Condiment sets consist of containers for salt, pepper, and mustard. Many call them cruets. The cow set consists of a cream-and-sugar pair to accompany the salt and pepper shakers.