

OREGON

HERITAGE

VOL. 1, NO. 4 WINTER/SPRING 1995

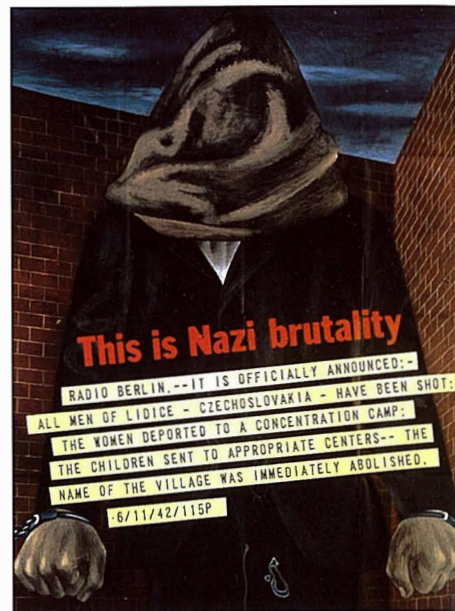
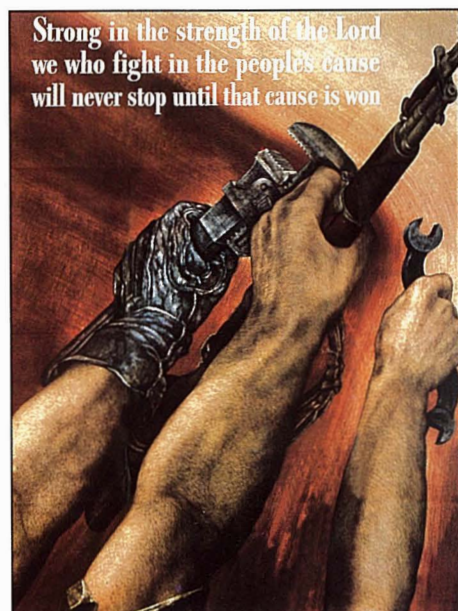
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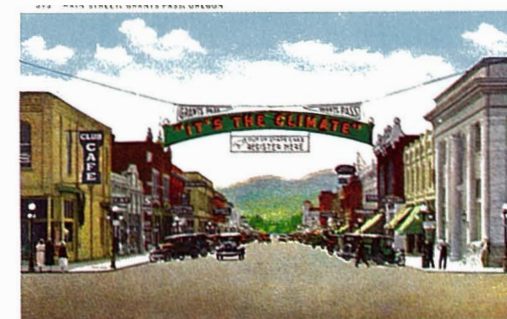
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Cover. As a maverick physician and vocal activist during the early-twentieth century, Dr. Marie Diana Equi embraced controversial causes and fought for her beliefs in the tradition of a true Oregon pioneer [see article, page 36].
 Right. Tinted postcards like these illustrated scenic wonders along the Pacific Highway in Oregon during its early years [see article, page 4].



Postcards courtesy of George Kramer

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Correction
 Some factual errors and/or conceptual misrepresentations were inadvertently introduced during the editing of “Sailors on Horseback: 1841 Expedition of Southern Oregon” by Robert Heilman (*Oregon Heritage* Fall 1994). We sincerely apologize for the inaccuracies.





Funding, Fear, and Philistines at the Gate

by Natalie Brown

Things have not been lush for federally assisted organizations in recent years, and constant belt-tightening has caused chronic bellyaches for countless arts organizations, humanities councils, public broadcasting stations, and other cultural enterprises that receive funds from

heads the Senate Finance Committee.) And while the future of local and statewide arts and humanities efforts are in no way guaranteed, Oregonians are traditionally active in voicing their opinions in matters affecting the state's quality of living.

Politicians and government officials are being barraged with letters and testimony expounding upon the merits (or drawbacks) of continued federal support for various programs and organizations. This is how it should be. Sadly, however, much of the testimony borders on the shrill. Some proponents of government funding are painting themselves as the helpless victims of tight-fisted budget bullies, while some who are opposed to the funding have engaged in demagoguery that brands many federally funded arts and humanities programs as elitist or biased.

When placed in thoughtful context, the scrutiny focused upon federal spending for the arts and humanities encourages not only a useful evaluation of affected programs, but also a more positive approach to promoting what these programs do for the communities they claim to serve. Southern Oregon, for example, reaps rich benefits from NEA-funded programs, including: the Artists in Education program, sponsoring artists' residencies in classrooms from kindergarten through high school; the Oregon Shakespeare Festival; and the classical music season of the annual Britt Festivals. Similarly, through humanities endowments, the Oregon Council for the Humanities joined with the Southern Oregon Historical Society to sponsor such local programming as "Columbus & After: Rethinking the Legacy," a Chautauqua production that drew thousands to Medford in 1993; the "Poet in the Desert" program and exhibit at the Southern Oregon History Center in 1992; "Ethnic Notions," a 1994 video-discussion on the images of African Americans in advertising; and the regional history conferences "Living with the Land" (1989) and "Common Ground" (1991).

In this Age of Information, organizations are ever more challenged to illustrate the benefits of their federally assisted programs to the tax-paying public. While it is still too early to accurately assess the impact the Republicans' "Contract With America" will have on our society's artistic, historical, educational, and cultural life, it certainly is not too early to re-assess and celebrate anew the incalculable ways the arts and humanities enrich our lives.



Natalie Brown is art director and production manager for Oregon Heritage.

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 cutlines 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. *Oregon Heritage* reserves the right to use Southern Oregon Historical 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.

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Shared and Competing Historical Visions

by Candice Goucher

The Akan-speaking peoples of Ghana associate a popular proverb with the symbol of *sankofa*, the image of a bird looking backwards. Sankofa translates literally as "reach back and take it" and refers both to the idea that it is never too late to go back and remedy a situation and, more specifically, to an admonishment to use the past. Among the Akan—as with many oral societies—the past is perceived to be not only meaningful, but also necessary in understanding one's present and anticipating any future actions. History is not the sole domain of dead men in books, but rather it is a living and breathing force in the human community.

Black History Month (February) dates back to 1926, when Dr. Carter G. Woodson, a Harvard Ph.D., initiated Negro History Week in recognition of African American contributions to the American past, as well as to the political here-and-now. Its eventual adoption—and sometimes controversial embrace—by late-twentieth-century American communities recalls the sankofa act of reaching back and taking it. Symbolically, Black History Month also represents the historical legacy of peoples of color—mostly ignored and often subordinated by Eurocentric historians. That the past of African Americans might be relegated to just a few days each year—rather than integrated into the essential historical consciousness of all Americans—remains a continuing reminder of the marginalized and "ghetto-ized" characterization of the past. Indeed, it is the enduring legacy of the African American past.

More than fifty years ago, African American writer Richard Wright argued for the re-envisioning of "black folk" as a mirror image of the American experience. He further suggested that: "if America has forgotten her past, then let her look into the mirror of our consciousness and she will see the *living* past living in the present."

There is no doubt that the domains of history have been popularly conceived as belonging to the dominant population: the victors of wars, the colonizers, the patriarchies. They have "owned" history, so to speak. Even the language of the past has been subject to appropriation and domination. Contrary to Aristotle's claim that not even God can change the past, the historian is a shaper and re-creator of history. The language of history shapes perceptions about the past and can legitimize and validate those with power in the present.

Historical models frame the historian's and society's agenda for the synthesis of evidence and the explanation of historical change. The 1992 quincentenary of the voyage of Christopher Columbus occasioned a reexamination of shared and competing historical visions. In the 1892-1893 commemorations, the individual was celebrated as an unquestionably heroic "explorer." One hundred years later, the encounter among African, American, and European worlds acquired a more ambiguous historical reality. The individual became a symbol for divergent and often diametrically opposing historical interpretations, and the meaning of the 1492 event was derived from a collision of worlds and experiences. The

collective experience of resistance, survival, and interaction was framed in relation to the dominance Europeans acquired during their voyages to a "New World."

Examples abound of history-as-politics and of history that is vulnerable to the politics of language. In 1929, the

Igbo women of colonial West Africa protested against the threat of British colonial taxation and the use of African men as agents of the state. The British called the event the "Aba Riot." The Igbo of southeastern Nigeria, however, call it the "Women's War." As represented by the British terminology, the African women became historically invisible—their actions were presented as incoherent, unorganized, irrational, and violent. The British association with a particular location—the town of Aba—masked the fact that the event was actually a series of actions over an area of approximately 6,000 square miles and involving tens of thousands of African women.

In contrast, the Igbo term "Women's War" suggests the event's social and cultural context, in which Igbo women invoked the powers of female ancestors and collectively warred against men they considered to be British colonial agents. This was the tradition of "sitting on a man," directed against a single man or group of men perceived to have injured a woman, her property, or the customary laws. The British "won" the wars of 1929; and, as a result, their historical terminology dominated.

The struggle between contending pasts is an important one. The spoken past, the danced past, the past that is sung, the past on paper—each reconstruction inevitably alters and shapes our understanding of who we are in the present. The pursuit of a truly global past seems necessary and inevitable for the global community today. The reality of an internationally interconnected economic and information network—and the nuclear and environmental future we all certainly must share—requires a *global* history. And so Black History Month—itsself a reminder that we have not yet achieved either a collective or global historical consciousness—provides an opportunity to find connections to the goal of a common past and a global future.



Adapted, with permission, from "History and International Studies," in *Revealing the World: An Interdisciplinary Reader for International Studies*, edited by Mel Gurtov and Devorah Lieberman (Kendall-Hunt, 1992). Candice Goucher is a professor of Black studies and international studies at Portland State University.





THE Pacific Highway in Oregon



by George Kramer

When President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the Interstate Highway Act in 1956, he signaled the beginning of America's modern system of automobile transportation. That act resulted in ribbons of freeways criss-crossing the United States and refashioned the very fabric of American commerce, politics, and culture. Many blame the interstate system for the demise of rail travel. Others credit the highways for spurring growth in the post-World War II economy. One casualty of the interstate that is often overlooked is the system it supplanted—the loosely knit network of highways that grew along with America's initial enchantment with the automobile. The Pacific Highway is one such highway.

During its early years, the Pacific Highway in Oregon was the longest and most travelled portion of the famed route, despite the fact that America's first "highways" were little more than glorified roads. They were narrow, poorly engineered, and built by primitive equipment—often through rough terrain. They were frequently steep, with sharp curves that continually tested the mettle of early drivers (and their under-powered cars). Despite these problems—or perhaps because of them—the early routes had character and personality that stemmed from the adventures that came at the grip of the steering wheel. Even today, the names of some of the early routes evoke an aura of excitement rarely associated with the clinical numbers of today's modern highways.

Running the length of the state from the Columbia River to California, the Oregon section of the Pacific Highway was originally 345 miles long, or twenty percent of a 1,700-mile route stretching from British Columbia to Mexico and forming the longest paved roadbed in the world. Connecting the cities of the Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River valleys, the Pacific Highway was only the latest in the series of spines that tied western Oregon together. From the Applegate Trail and subsequent stage lines to the railroad, the basic route of the highway has repeatedly adapted to changing modes of transportation. Even today's Interstate 5—the "I-5 Corridor"—from Portland to Ashland follows essentially the route first blazed by pioneers more than 150 years ago.

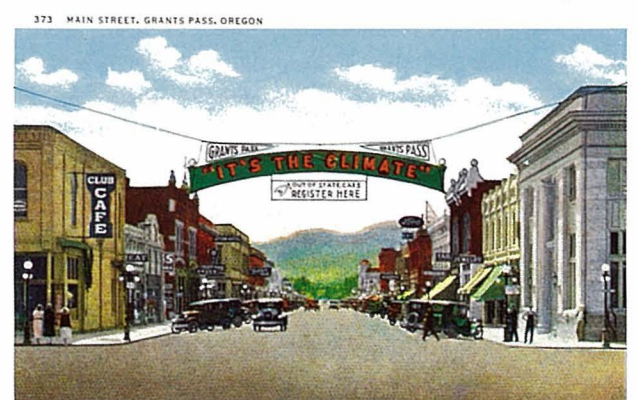
Oregon was quick to recognize the potential of the automobile. From a single car in 1899, automobile registration in the state neared 2,500 by 1910. Following the introduction of Henry Ford's Model T, registration by 1915 was 23,585, an increase of almost a thousand percent.¹ Cars needed roads, and the years between 1910 and 1920 saw great road improvement. According to a 1911 newspaper report, "There was not a single square yard of paving in the state south of Salem" as late as 1908.² Spurred by the automobile and good economic conditions, that soon changed. By 1912, Medford (Jackson County), with almost eighteen miles of improved roads, touted itself as the "best paved city of its size in the world!"³ Other communities boasted of similar improvements, but connections between individual cities remained dirt, which became quagmires of mud in the winter and dusty paths in summer.

A national system of interurban roads quickly gained support and various commercial groups promoted development of individual routes, such as the National Old Trails Road—later the famed Route 66.⁴ Most of these roads followed historic trails, and their improvement was phased, first with simple grading and then pavement. In the West, the Pacific Highway Association promoted a highway to link the three coastal states with Canada and Mexico. Various portions—those passing through cities—were paved early on, but true highways in Oregon began with the formation of the Oregon State Highway Department in February 1913.⁵

Far left, This map, circa 1925, indicates "sections most replete with scenic grandeur and nature's charms" along the Pacific Highway in Oregon.

Left, Bus tours along the Pacific Highway have always been popular ways to explore Oregon, the "Pacific Wonderland." This Oregon Stages bus crested Sexton Mountain Pass—north of Grants Pass (Josephine County)—circa 1927.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #14724 (photo by Chester Stevenson and courtesy of Lane County Historical Museum)



"Having a wonderful time... wish you were here." Tinted postcards added colorful visuals to travelogues mailed to envious friends and relatives back home. These Pacific Highway scenes, *top to bottom*, are described as: "Near the summit of the Siskiyou," "Mt. Pitt" (now Mt. McLoughlin), "Crossing the Rogue River," and "Main Street, Grants Pass."

Driven by a legislative mandate to "Get Oregon Out of the Mud," the highway Department mapped out Oregon's highway program in September 1914. Virtually identical to today's system, the plan included the Columbia River Highway and the Oregon Beach Highway (later the Roosevelt Highway, now U.S. 101) and the Dalles-California Highway (now U.S. 97). The primary north-south route was to be the Pacific Highway. F.A. Kittridge was the engineer in charge of the massive project, and in 1915, he boasted: "The Pacific Highway is the most ambitious roadway in the history of the continent and has already been traversed for a continuous length... from Hazelton, central British Columbia, to the City of Mexico."⁶

Although grand in design, most routes existed only on paper. Little of the Pacific Highway was graded, and long stretches could only charitably be called "roads." First construction of the highway outside an urban area began in 1914 near Medford. In 1915, a local newspaper reported: "Jackson County, by the passage of a half-million dollar bond issue, has the honor of being the first county in Oregon to improve its roads under the new state bonding act, [and is] the first county in the state to improve a large unit of the Pacific Highway."⁷

That unit, the 13.5-mile-long section between Ashland and the California border, was an especially scenic route known as the Siskiyou Highway and was formally opened to traffic in May 1915. It was instantly a source of much local pride, and that summer, a newspaper editorial puffed: "The Portland press devotes much space to the Columbia river highway and its scenic beauties and are silent upon the Siskiyou highway—yet in no way is the Columbia highway superior to the Siskiyou [Highway], either in grade, construction, or scenery."⁸

Early reports of travel on the Pacific Highway reveal the route to be less than its boosters claimed. The much-lauded Siskiyou Highway—although wide and gently graded—was still just a dirt road. In 1916, travel writer Thomas Dowler Murphy set out from Lake Tahoe in a Pierce 48—a car "equal to any road that any vehicle could master"—intent on traveling a portion of the Pacific Highway. As Murphy reported in his account entitled *Oregon—The Picturesque*, some considered this a dubious plan:

[W]hen we called on the well-informed Automobile Association in San Francisco... we were regarded as being afflicted with a mild species of dementia. We were assured that while it might be possible to make the round [trip] with a good car, it was certainly not worth while; we would find rough, stony roads and endless steep grades, and the trip would try any machine and driver to the limit—all of which we found to be verily true save that we can never agree that wasn't worth while.⁹

Following the roadbed's grading, the Herculean task of paving the highway began. By 1921, Jackson County was one of the first counties along the Pacific Highway offering a continuously paved surface from county line to county line.¹⁰ Two years later, in its 1922-1923 *Biennial Report*, the state highway commission gleefully reported: "The Pacific Highway, 345 miles in length, is paved or under contract for paving from the Columbia River to the California State Line." "The completion of this highway," the report continued, "gives Oregon the distinction of being the first state west of the Mississippi to have a paved highway the entire length of the state."¹¹

In Oregon, the Pacific Highway had several distinct sections, each with its own character. North of Cottage Grove (Lane County), as the route dropped into the Willamette Valley, the highway was comparatively flat, with gentle turns. Much of this portion ran parallel to the Willamette River and often flooded. One witness of such flooding, recalls: "The only way you could drive was to stay centered between the power poles where you knew the road was."¹² At Junction City (Lane County), the highway split in two—one route continuing north, while the "West Side" highway veered east. Both routes reunited in Portland, before continuing north toward Washington.¹³

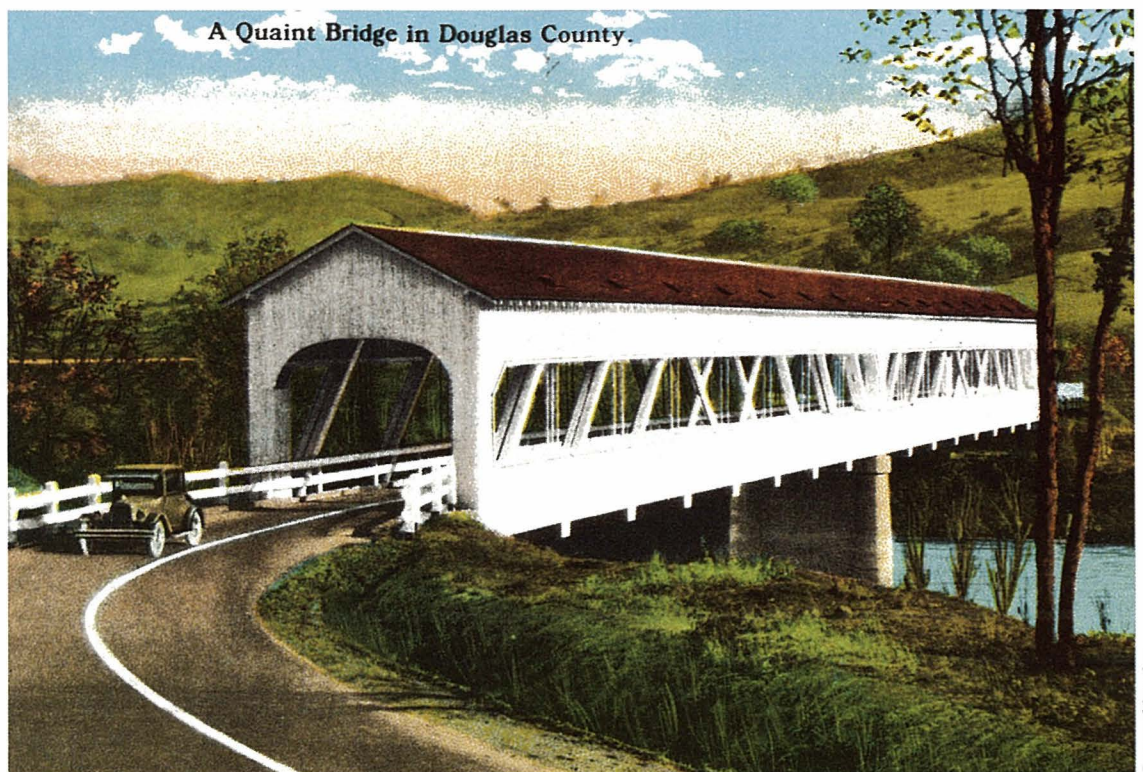
South of Cottage Grove, the Pacific Highway entered the steep mountains separating the Willamette and Umpqua valleys. Passing Roseburg (Douglas County), the route wound its way over Sexton Mountain. *Oregon Motorist* magazine, in a 1924 article entitled "The Road of Three Nations," described what it was like to drive through such perilous stretches:

The road through this canyon is undoubtedly the most fascinating stretch along the entire length of the Pacific Highway. One travels for miles through here without viewing a single human habitation. The road follows the windings of the stream, at times narrowing and hugging the cliffs... It was but a few short years ago when none but the most adventurous motorist would have dared to attempt to make the drive between Vancouver, British Columbia, south through Washington, Oregon and California to the Mexican line... Today, however, a smooth ribbon of pavement stretches from the British Columbian city as far south as the Oregon-California line and the entire distance... may be covered in comparative ease and comfort.¹⁴

Descending into Grants Pass (Josephine County), the highway continued along the floor of the Rogue Valley, passing through Gold Hill, Tolo, Central Point (all in Jackson County)—"every little hamlet and town"—into Medford, Ashland, and the Siskiyou Mountains, before winding its way into California.¹⁵

Despite its 1923 "completion," the Pacific Highway in Oregon continued to develop through the years. The state continued

to improve the route by expanding the pavement, reducing grades, and installing mileage posts and directional signage. In the north, improvements were generally simple expansion of the pavement and removal of grade crossings. South of Cottage Grove, constant realignments straightened the highway. Over the years, pressure to reduce curves grew, especially after the introduction of the Ford



Described as a "Quaint Bridge in Douglas County," this bridge over the South Umpqua River near Dillard was built in 1918 and was replaced in the 1940s. Throughout Oregon, bridges such as this presented picturesque attractions for road-weary, Pacific Highway travelers. Most covered bridges are now closed to automobile traffic to protect them from the ravages of much heavier vehicles than the little roadster viewed above.

Model A, which sported a powerful engine that could top 60 MPH and climb mountains with relative ease. One early driver recalls: "[Those first roads] had been graded by horse-drawn equipment, they weren't designed for a car like the Model A."¹⁶ Continued realignment eventually reduced the length of the Pacific Highway by ten percent, but the highway was still a "dark-to-dark road" for those traveling its full length in Oregon.¹⁷ (For an eight- to ten-hour trip, one left in the dark and arrived in the dark.)

Over time, much of the Pacific Highway was shifted outside of the many hamlets along the route. While this undoubtedly improved travel time, many communities feared economic disaster without highway frontage. In 1917, the City of Riddle (Douglas County) sued to prevent the highway commission from moving the route. In the mid-1930s, the route was to be moved east one block and, as it turned out, away from the Talent (Jackson County) business district. Town merchants initially delayed the realignment with petitions and resolutions on the impact of the proposed re-routing. In 1933, a local newspaper charged: "This change in the highway from its present location through the business area would unquestionably ruin the business interests of Talent and leave this important municipality off the Pacific Highway."¹⁸

By the late-1930s, regional booster groups began pushing for substantial improvements to the Pacific Highway to preserve it as Oregon's major north-south route.¹⁹ The Siskiyou Summit portion was realigned prior to World War II, which reduced its distance by 3.5 miles and saved thirty minutes in travel time.²⁰ The much fought-for realignment of the miserable Sexton Mountain portion did not begin until 1940. That spring, it was reported that: "Curves in the Grants Pass section of the Pacific Highway amount to more than 200 complete circles.... Sexton Mountain, where the first work will be done, has the most bewildering and car-sickening maze of curves on the entire highway."²¹

By the early 1940s, much straightened—and in many places expanded to four lanes—the Pacific Highway became increasingly known as "Highway 99."

In the north, the route to Oregon City was 99E and to Corvallis, 99W. The numbering system dates from the early 1920s and was created by the federal government as a way of coordinating the nation's highways. A "99" was first applied to the Pacific Highway on a 1926 state map. Still, the road remained the "Pacific Highway" in most reports prior to World War II. Then, although "99" gained in popularity, the name continued to be used along with the new numbers. The Pacific Highway was interchangeably known under both systems up to the development of the Interstate System. To some extent, it still is.²²

From its completion in Oregon in 1923, the Pacific Highway spawned an entirely new economy, driving development in most of the communities through which it passed. The highway was a lifeline, connecting Oregon to the rest of the Northwest and the world. It was quickly recognized as the "Gateway to the Northwest."²³ New enterprises—gas stations, garages, auto camps, and motels—emerged along the route and catered to locals and tourists alike. Auto-oriented lodging sprang up along the route and often carried such catchy handles as the WeAskU Inn, Restmore, or the DunRovInn.²⁴ As along most highways, attempts to attract motorists led to fanciful architecture designed to be seen at 50 MPH. In 1939, photographer Dorothea Lange documented a gargantuan dog poised along the highway and housing a sandwich stand.²⁵ Other fantastic structures still dot the route as a reminder of the architectural exuberance the highway inspired—from Bomber Gas (an actual B-29 airplane in Milwaukie [Multnomah County] that pumps gas from beneath its

wings) to the Li'l Brown Jug in Junction City (Lane County).

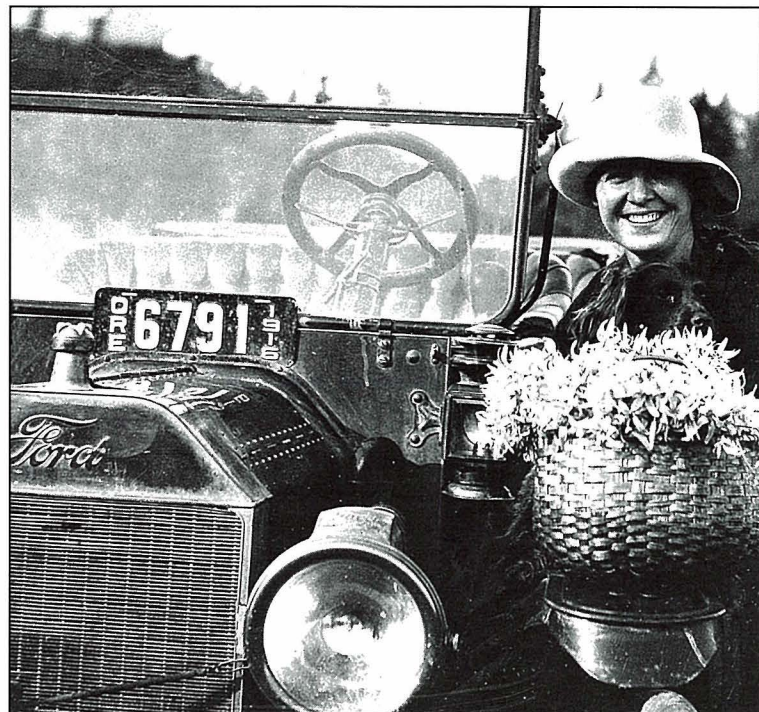
Less conspicuous businesses became an equally vital part of the Pacific Highway experience. Several towns were home to restaurants and stores that grew in fame. Such businesses became "must stops" for regular highway wayfarers, and one southern Oregon resident remembers a spot in Sutherlin that baked "the best hot cross buns!"²⁶ Merrick's Natatorium, a public swimming pool, added cabins along Medford's Bear Creek and remained a downtown fixture for nearly fifty years. Well into the 1920s, the press included reports of Merrick's guests, along with envious comments on their touring "outfits." In Rice Hill (Douglas County), a small sandwich shop and ice cream stand grew into a true Oregon institution, surviving the opening

of Interstate 5 unfazed. In Canyonville (Douglas County), Mexia's pie and sandwich shop opened in 1928 and quickly became a regular stop for drivers either resting before heading south to the passes or celebrating having made it through. Owners Loson and Mexia Winn sold pies for more than fifty years, weathering realignments and, finally, Interstate 5, which included an off-ramp just to serve the shop.²⁷ Recalls one local: "The bus with the Medford High Football team would always stop at Mexia's and we'd all get some pie. They were famous for their pies!"²⁸

The close of World War II and the construction of Interstate 5 signaled not only the end of Pacific Highway "culture," but of

America's original love affair with the automobile. The adventure of travel was replaced by a staid reliability—efficient but somewhat less colorful. Gone was the dark-to-dark drive, with a border-to-border trip now possible in five hours. With faster speeds and fewer breakdowns, the need for closely spaced gasoline and repair services declined. Fast-food chains overtook "Mom 'n Pop" restaurants like Mexia's and national motels pushed auto camps into use as weekly or monthly rentals. The interstate—bypassing "every little hamlet" for speed—clustered services in the larger towns and killed off most of the early highway culture, almost overnight. Today, the "old road"—where it survives at all—is little more than a memory, a jumbled hodgepodge of the glory days when the Pacific Highway in Oregon reigned as the "Gateway to the Northwest."

Part One in a two-part series. George Kramer is a historic preservation consultant living in Ashland, Oregon.

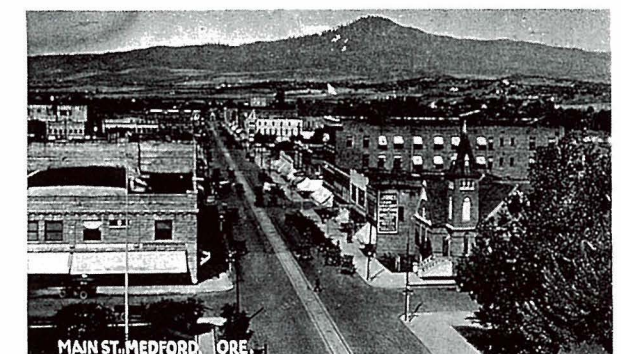
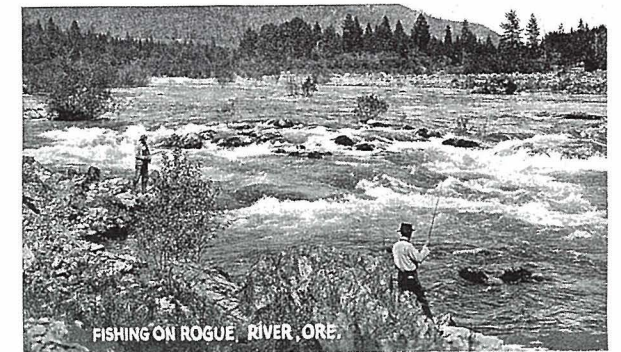
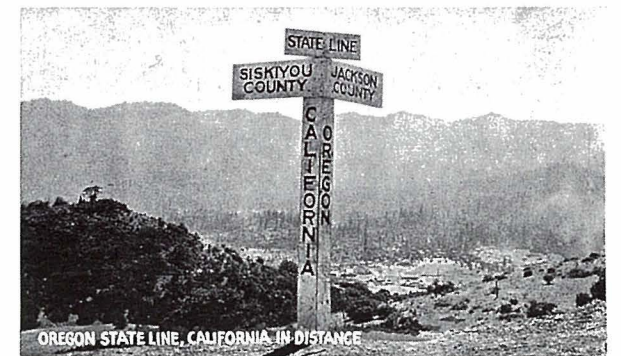


In 1916, this unidentified wayfarer and her canine companion (peering from behind a freshly picked bouquet of blossoms) took to the open road in an open coach—a common mode of travel early in the century that often resulted in "too much air" and sniffles.

ENDNOTES

1. Hal E. Hoss, *The Oregon Bluebook, 1933-1934*. (Salem: State Printing Department), 138.
2. "Making Medford the Best Paved City in America," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 18 Jun. 1911, 2nd section, 1:1-8.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Michael Wallis, *Route 66: The Mother Road*. (New York, St. Martin's Press, 1990), 4-8.
5. For example, Sixth Street in Grants Pass was paved in 1910—as were other "main streets" throughout the region—and was made part of the highway's route.
6. F.A. Kittridge, engineer in charge, "Jackson County Leads Oregon in Paved Highway," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 1 Jan. 1915, 4th section, 1:1-8. The highway was later limited to the Vancouver-Tijuana portion—a much shorter route.
7. *Ibid.* Jackson County—like its neighboring Josephine and Douglas counties—had much to gain from the improved access that the north-and-south highway promised. All three counties continued to advocate for improved highway construction throughout the prewar period. Prominent southern Oregonians, such as C.E. "Pop" Gates and F.L. TouVelle, were influential members of the state's highway commission, a pattern culminating with Glenn Jackson's twenty-year term.
8. "The Siskiyou Highway," [editorial], *Medford Mail Tribune*, 2 Jul. 1915, 4:2-3.
9. Thomas Dowler Murphy, *Oregon: The Picturesque*. (Boston: The Page Company, 1917), 3.
10. "Pacific Highway Now Completed [in] Jackson County," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 30 Jul. 1921, 5:2.
11. R.A. Booth, Chairman, Oregon State Highway Commission, *Fifth Biennial Report, 1920-1922*. (Salem: Oregon State Highway Commission, 1922), 8.
12. Archie Pierce, interview by author, 24 Aug. 1994.
13. Aptly named, Junction City was founded in 1870 and was intended as the meeting place of two competing rail lines. That junction never occurred, but reflecting the serial nature of north-west travel in western Oregon, the site lived up to its original promise forty-four years later. See also McArthur, *Oregon Geographic Names*, (Portland, Oregon Historical Society Press, 1982), 403.
14. "The Road of Three Nations," *The Oregon Motorist*, Jan.-Feb. 1924, 10.
15. "Fitz" Brewer, interview by author, 23 Aug. 1994.
16. Bud Hayes, interview by author, 23 Aug. 1994.
17. Originally, the Pacific Highway in Oregon was 345 miles long. Realignment reduced the route to 325 miles by 1926, and to 310 by the start of World War II.
18. "Merchants of Talent Okeh Road," *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 16 Jan. 1933, 1:2.
19. Most southern Oregon towns had been severely impacted by the shift of the railroad main line after the opening of the Natron Cut-off in 1927. That route was essentially replicated by the 1939 opening of the Willamette Highway, connecting California traffic to Goshen, Oregon, via Klamath Falls.
20. "Siskiyou Highway Formal Opening Attended by 500," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 27 Nov. 1940, 1:5-8.
21. "Work Will Start on Sexton Road in Present Year," *Medford Mail Tribune*, 6 Mar. 1940, 1:4.
22. Many portions of the Pacific Highway serve as city streets, such as Sixth in Grants Pass and Seventh in Eugene. Interurban portions in the north of the state keep their "99 East" names in general use. In Jackson County, South Pacific Highway is known as the route between Medford and Ashland—often called "the old road" in casual conversation.
23. Pierce, *ibid.*
24. See Steve Mark, "Save the Auto Camps!" (unpublished research paper, Southern Oregon State College, spring 1991) for a study of auto camps in southern Oregon.
25. See Chester H. Liebs, *Main Street to Miracle Mile*, (Boston, Little, Brown and Co., 1985), 49.
26. Gerald T. Latham, interview by author, 24 Aug. 1994.
27. Loson Winn, oral history interview, 10 Oct. 1978 (Douglas County Museum).
28. Brewer, *ibid.*

Along their travels, Pacific Highway motorists purchased packages of photographs depicting scenes they may—or may not have—witnessed, such as, *top to bottom*, "Oregon State Line, California in Distance"; "Fishing on Rogue River"; "Apple Trees, Bear Creek Orchard, Medford"; "Crater Lake"; and "Main St., Medford."



Grants Pass—Progress and Change

In 1865, General Ulysses S. Grant of the Union Army enjoyed a victory over Confederate forces at Vicksburg, Tennessee. When word of the rout reached southern Oregon, several men repairing a road over the low hills north of Grants Pass' present location were so moved by the event that they christened the summit "Grants Pass." Soon thereafter, the appellation was applied to a nearby stage station and post office. Upon the arrival of the Oregon & California Railroad, the post office was shuffled from the stage station to a site closer to the railhead; and it was from this location that the townspeople eventually adopted Grants Pass as the name of their young community—or so legend has it.

The actual site of the original pass has caused some friendly debate over the years. Some believe it to be located at Tenth and Savage streets, but local historian Larry McLane disagrees. He has conducted extensive research into Grants Pass history and is convinced the old pass is situated near Croxton Cemetery on a rise two blocks south of Savage Street just west of a swale where dead-end Ninth Street would have continued.

Grants Pass was incorporated on February 17, 1887, and is the Josephine County seat. During the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, Grants Pass became increasingly prominent as a commercial and real-estate boom town. Several individuals recognized the town's ideal situation along the rail line and invested considerable energy and resources into the southern Oregon town. H.B. Miller (later U.S. Ambassador to China), in particular, had much to do with the community's rapid growth during this time. Larry McLane refers to Miller as the "Father of Grants Pass."

Grants Pass is a southern Oregon "success story." Nestled along the Rogue River at the confluence of Interstate 5 and the



Between 1886 and 1904, a series of fires decimated much of downtown Grants Pass—at the time, comprised primarily of wooden structures. Brick was used in reconstruction efforts, and the result was a collection of beautiful buildings gracing many of the town's busy streets—such as Sixth Street, [top, looking north, circa 1915]. Several of the older buildings still remain throughout the town—sadly, however, few of them still line this corner of Sixth Street, where progress took its toll. The old State Bank of Southern Oregon Building [left in top photo], for example, has lost its regal clock tower; and in 1956, the town's opera house, with its proud cupola [right in top photo], was razed and is the current site of the First Interstate Bank. Gone too is the Hotel Josephine, where singers and stage performers sojourned while appearing in Grants Pass.

Pacific Highway, the city has enjoyed steady growth and prosperity over the years. Today, it is home to nearly 19,000 citizens. Annually, thousands of visitors flock to the area to enjoy its spectacular surroundings; and as any native will explain, "it's the climate" that makes Grants Pass the pass not to pass.

"She stamped down the stairs, her cape flying behind her, and chided them hard. She told them that if they were strong enough to survive the Oregon Trail, they could build a university. And they listened well."

Tabitha Moffett Brown

by Steve Dodge

Most Oregon institutions can trace their origins to such humble beginnings as a log shack or a clearing by a river. Pacific University, in Forest Grove (Washington County), is Oregon's second-oldest university—after Salem's Willamette University—and can trace, in a sense, its origins to a coin worth 6½ cents.

The coin belonged to Tabitha Moffett Brown, who, in 1846 and at the age of sixty-six, traveled from St. Louis, Missouri, to a marginally settled area in Oregon's Willamette Valley. In addition to an old, worn glove in which it was found, the coin was one of Brown's few remaining possessions after her harrowing journey west.

Only 13,000 non-natives had settled in "Oregon Country" by the time Brown arrived, and many came to know one another through shared experiences. Far and wide, the plucky pioneer woman became known as "Grandma Brown."

Born Tabitha Moffett on May 1, 1780, in Brimfield, Connecticut, she was the daughter of an established Puritan family. In 1799, she married Reverend Clark Brown—of the seafaring Browns who established Brown University—and over eighteen years, the couple had four children. When her husband died in 1817, Brown was left with three children and no property. She relocated her family to Maryland, where she returned to teaching. In 1824, Brown moved to St. Louis, where she remained for nearly twenty years.



"MOTHER OF OREGON"

After nearly four years exploring the celebrated Oregon Country, Brown's son Orus returned to Missouri to collect his family and guide them back to "the fertile soil" of Oregon. In 1846, the Brown Party—Tabitha, her aged brother-in-law Captain John Brown, Orus, daughter Pheme, son-in-law Virgil Pringle, and thirteen assorted children—joined forty wagons making the westward trek to Oregon. Of the early portion of the trip Brown later recorded:

Our journey with little exception was pleasing and prosperous until we passed Fort Hall [Idaho].... Then we were within 800 miles of Oregon City if we had kept on the old road down the Columbia River. But three or four trains of emigrants were decoyed off by a rascally fellow who

came out from the settlement in Oregon assuring us he had found a new cut-off.

Convinced that the more southerly route would save time, the impatient band went far afield of their original objective. The alternate route had only recently been discovered and was still barely passable. "Our sufferings from that time no tongue can tell," Brown wrote. And of Jesse Applegate, the "rascally fellow" who tricked the little band of emigrants:

Pacific University - Forest Grove

He said he would clear the road before us so that we would have no trouble in rolling our wagons after him. He robbed us of what he could by lying and left us to the depredations of Indians and wild beasts and to starvation. But God was with us. We had sixty miles of desert without grass or water, mountains to climb, cattle giving out, wagons breaking, emigrants sick and dying, hostile Indians to guard against by night and day, to keep from being killed, or having our horses and cattle arrowed or stolen.

Once, the matriarch and her brother-in-law John were compelled to leave the family in order to join a group that had attempted the route earlier. During the mission, John fell ill and Brown set up camp herself, not knowing if her brother-in-law would last the night. "All was solitary as death. But that same kind Providence that ever has been, was watching over me still. I committed all to Him and felt no fear." The two finally caught up with the group they sought; but as the days went by, the band was on the brink of starvation. Still, Brown's faith remained strong:

Through all my sufferings in crossing the plains, I not once sought relief by the shedding of tears, nor thought we should not live to reach the settlement. The same faith and hope that I ever had in the blessings of kind Providence strengthened in proportion to the trials I had to encounter.

On Christmas Day, 1846, Brown and her family straggled into Salem. Theirs was among the first parties to successfully traverse the "new cut-off"—later known as the Applegate Trail, a principal route south into the California gold fields and then north into southern Oregon's fertile Rogue Valley. Upon her arrival, Brown reached into an old glove and discovered a 6½-cent coin. She immediately purchased three needles and set to fashioning gloves for the settlers. She eventually cleared thirty dollars in profit.

Later, while visiting her son Orus, who had settled in West Tualatin Plains (eventually renamed Forest Grove), Brown learned of the great suffering and death that had resulted in many orphaned children during the Great Migration of 1843. Brown had met Reverend Harvey Clark, a missionary from New York, who held services in a nearby log building, while his wife instructed the children of area settlers. Brown felt for the orphaned children, and later wrote:

I said to Mr. Clark, "Why has Providence frowned on me and left me poor in this world. Had he blessed me with riches as He has many others, I know right well what I would do.... I would establish myself in a comfortable house and receive all poor children and be a mother to them."

Clark, "fixed his keen eyes upon me and asked if I was candid in what I said." "Yes, I am" was Brown's reply, and by the summer, Brown was watching over thirty children—boys and girls ranging in age from four to twenty-one. When gold was discovered

in California in 1848, still more children found shelter at Grandma Brown's after having been left behind by parents chasing riches.

As Oregon's government took shape, increased demand for schools on the "West Plains" led to the formation of an academy board, with Clark as president. The board resolved to locate the new Tualatin Academy near Brown's orphanage; and the territorial legislature incorporated the school in 1849, with construction beginning the following summer. In 1854, the legislature amended the academy's original charter to read "and Pacific University." In addition to ministering to her orphan charges, Brown cared for students at the fledgling school—no minor task, as Brown later admitted: "In '51 I had forty in my family at \$2.50 per week; mixed with my own hands 3,423 pounds of flour in less than five months."

Brown was committed to the success of the school, and in a 1987 article for *The Oregonian* newspaper, Helen Mershon related:

Like most women of her era, Brown knew her place. At least once it was upstairs in Old College Hall, where she eavesdropped on a meeting of the school's leaders—all men of course. Times were rough and they talked about giving up on the school. Finally, Brown could take it no longer. She stamped

down the stairs, her cape flying behind her, and chided them hard. She told them that if they were strong enough to survive the Oregon Trail, they could build a university. And they listened well.

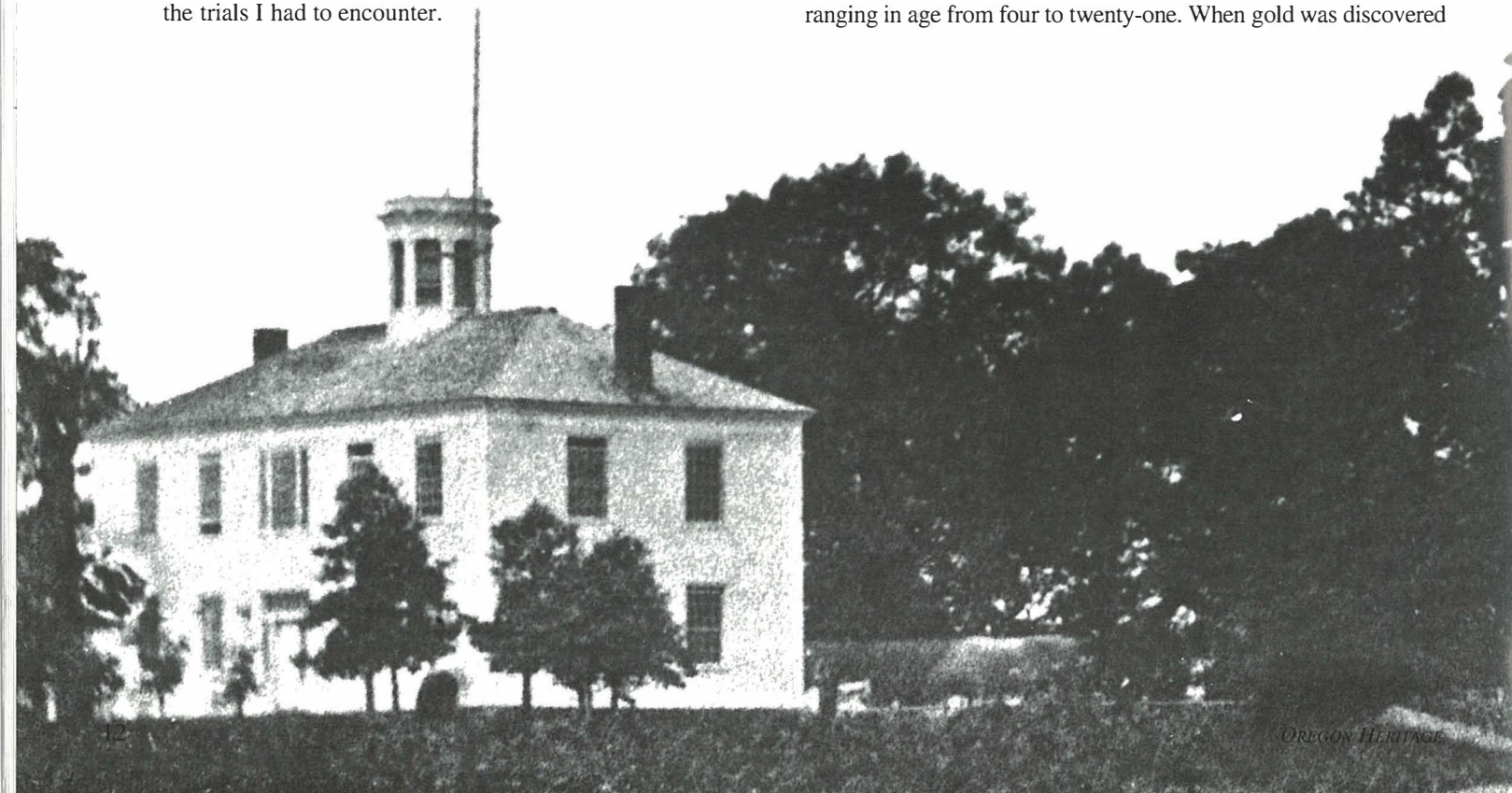
Brown wrote in 1854: "I have now quit hard work and live at my ease, independent as to worldly concerns." She retired to her white frame house in Forest Grove and kept a small herd of cattle. Until her death in 1858, at the age of seventy-eight, Brown continued making cash donations to the university, explaining: "This I have accumulated by my own industry independent of my children, since I drew 6½ cents from my glove finger."

Today, Forest Grove enjoys a population of some 13,000; and nearly 150 years after Brown's harrowing journey over the Oregon Trail, Pacific University has become one of the best small colleges in the United States. In 1987, at the request of the Oregon Retired Teachers Association, the Oregon Legislature cited Tabitha Moffett Brown "as the official symbol of Mother of Oregon."

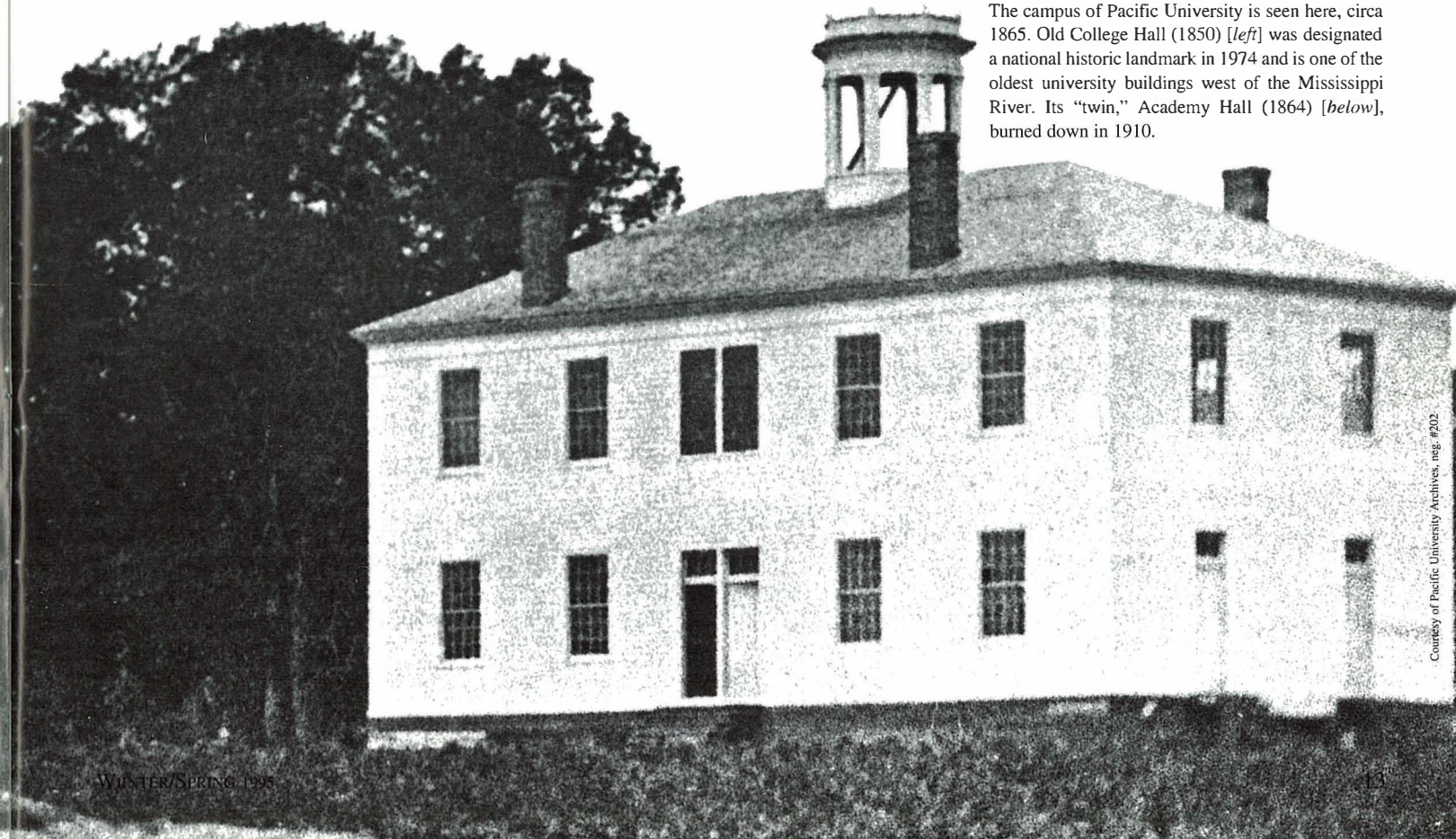


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The campus of Pacific University is seen here, circa 1865. Old College Hall (1850) [left] was designated a national historic landmark in 1974 and is one of the oldest university buildings west of the Mississippi River. Its "twin," Academy Hall (1864) [below], burned down in 1910.



OREGON HERITAGE



WINTER/SRING 1995



GREENER GRASS

A SHORT HISTORY OF OREGON'S UTOPIAN TRADITION

by David Johnson

Oregon's pioneer past is richly embroidered with women and men who came to the area in search of new freedoms and new futures. The imprint of countless immigrants is engraved upon the state's diverse, cultural map: the Finns of Astoria, the Basques of Jordan Valley, the Germans around Roseburg, the Scandinavians along the Willamette River floodplain, and the French Canadians of French Prairie. Another kind of pioneer came west as well, connected by more than blood or nationality. These "new utopians" saw in Oregon the anticipated site of Paradise Found, where followers could recreate a state of innocence and fulfill Rousseau's dictum to honor the natural world. These itinerant refugees brought to Oregon their earthly possessions (and heavenly thoughts), becoming the founding fathers and mothers of a thoughtful, sometimes scandalous utopian tradition.

PARADISE FOUND

AURORA COLONY • Oregon's most famous communal settlement, the Aurora Colony, was established in 1863 by restless members of the Bethel Colony, a Christian community occupying 5,000 acres in Missouri. Bethel patriarch William Keil—a charismatic, Prussian tailor-turned-doctor—led a group of 250 German Americans west to Walapa Bay, Washington. The site was too isolated for Keil, and he turned his flock south into Oregon, where he eventually chose an area just north of

Woodburn (Marion County). Named after Keil's daughter, the Aurora Colony prospered for two decades by marketing apples, pears, and pear butter. The colony's sawmill produced lumber, and skilled craftsmen kept Portlanders shod in the finest shoes and boots. The colony also became renowned for its hand-crafted wooden chairs and beds.

Aurora colonists worked hard, sharing the Willamette Valley's bounty according to the edict: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." They saw no contradiction between strict Christian tenets and the joyful life. The Aurora Marching Band—with its *Schellenbaum* [tree of bells] merrily jingling—was a popular part of countless festivals and ceremonies throughout the valley. Nicknamed "Dutchtown," the colony became a favorite rest-stop along the Oregon & California Railroad (and later the Southern Pacific), and engineers frequented the Aurora Hotel—legendary for its sausage-and-ham dinners. However, with William Keil's death—and no protégé to replace the patriarch—the community began to disintegrate. Today, a museum complex, restored houses, and more than fifty antique stores provide visitors with a glimpse of this hearty experiment in Christian socialism.

Opposite, Famed Oregon photographer Walter Boychuk snapped this photograph, circa 1952, at the site of the New Era Colony. Boychuk's standard directive to his subjects was "Be at ease"—an admonition particularly well-suited to the isolated New Era Catholic Church, flanked by two protecting Lombardy poplars.



Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society, neg. #42619

NEW ODESSA • Communal experiments in Oregon have typically been conducted by religious splinter groups—Methodist missionaries who came to tame a savage world, Old Believers who fled the pogroms of pre-Soviet Russia, and Amish and Mennonite farmers who found the fertile land reminiscent of the midwestern homes they left behind. One commune, however, was established in 1882 by political and ethnic refugees for whom religion was considered the opiate of the masses.

During the reign of Czar Alexander III in the late-eighteenth century, anti-Semitic pogroms were devastating Jewish communities throughout Russia, forcing many to flee to the United States. One group of young intellectuals known as *Am Olem* (Eternal People) headed for Oregon. With the help of a merchant, Solomon Abraham, the Jewish firebrands purchased 760 acres near a rambunctious tent city named Julia (now Glendale), a small mill town between Roseburg (Douglas County) and Grants Pass (Josephine County). They renamed their community New Odessa—after a Russian port on the Black Sea—and attempted to mix agriculture with Marxist philosophy. New Odessa's ultimate downfall may have been the passion of the enthusiastic farmers-to-be for free discussion. Long evening hours of political debate eventually led to slack morning hours, and the farm quickly went to seed. In 1888, it was sold back to the farmer who had originally owned it. Although their collective dream failed, several New Odessa communards embraced "decadent capitalism" and became prominent educators, lawyers, doctors, and engineers.

NEW ERA • Another spiritual community located along the Willamette River was New Era, eighteen miles southwest of Portland. Founded in the late-1800s by George Parrot, New Era was devoted to the tenets of Spiritualism, a popular religious order at the time emphasizing that "the mundane life does not terminate existence." Spiritualists held regular seances, lectures, and discussions in huge tents, and visitors were charged a dollar a day at the New Era Hotel or fifty cents to a dollar for a week's use of a private tent. Admission to Spiritualist meetings was a dime.

CORVALLIS HOLY ROLLERS • Around 1900, one religious commune made headlines with its outrageous practices. Dubbed the "Holy Rollers" by an unsympathetic Oregon press, Josuah Creffield's nomadic flock roamed throughout the mid-Willamette Valley, scandalizing local citizenry with its casual polygamy. Creffield sermonized a bombastic brand of mysticism that attracted dozens of women—many of whom left their husbands to live with the mesmerizing mystic. Finally, in May 1904, a band of outraged city fathers (and estranged husbands)

hauled Creffield out of his Corvallis (Benton County) headquarters, stripped him naked, and tar-and-feathered the self-appointed ecclesiastic. After escorting Creffield across the river to Albany, the vigilantes were appalled to find him back the next day and "married" to yet another blissed-out maiden. Creffield's career as a prolific patriarch ended, however, when he was shot dead by a young man named George Mitchell. When Mitchell was acquitted of the deed in 1906, the courtroom erupted into thunderous cheering.



George Kraus pauses at the Old Aurora Colony Museum's Stauffer-Will Farm after a day of showing local school children how residents used to make roofing shingles and shakes. Kraus is museum volunteer and a lively member of one of Aurora Colony's founding families.

WE ARE STARDUST, WE ARE GOLDEN

During the 1960s and 1970s, a second era of collective living engaged thousands of Americans, and urban and rural collectives blossomed throughout the United States. Propelled by the anti-Vietnam War movement, emboldened students, impassioned drop-outs, and skittish draft resisters cohabited in old, often dilapidated dwellings in city and farmtown alike. These radical cells were not always sterling examples of group decision-making and political maturity; and one participant recalls anti-warriors strutting about in green field jackets prophesying the coming of the Age of Aquarius, while lesser ranks—usually women—folded and stapled the group's rambling, political manifestos.

FREE ASHLAND • There were, however, worthy exceptions, such as the short-lived collective that briefly claimed moral dominion over Ashland (Jackson County) following the American bombing of Cambodia in 1970. In response to the city council's decidedly pro-war stance, several students and political roustabouts instituted a shadow government dubbed "Free Ashland." The Free Ashlanders drafted a manifesto based on the Declaration of Independence, appointed Southern Oregon State College history professor Bill Gaboury as mayor, initiated free taxi service for the elderly and poor, and held a Fourth-of-July rally against the wishes of city officials. Over time, Ashland returned to its day-to-day routine, and most Free Ashlanders blended back into more mainstream activism.

RAINBOW FARM • Free Ashland was a lively social experiment in a semi-urban setting, but most serious attempts at communal living during those turbulent times took place in more rural areas. One such utopia was the Rainbow Farm. Founded in 1971, the commune was the (organic) seed that sprouted a world-wide band of "anarcho-hippies" convening annually in the North American wilderness—usually in national forests. Originally a small group from Eugene (Lane County), the Rainbow Family relocated to a farm near Cottage Grove (Lane County); and from their

outback headquarters, these cheerful insurrectionists spread the gospel of a peaceful, loving world.

The commune is long-defunct, but the annual Rainbow gatherings continue. These three-day camp-outs are legendary for the antics of the campers, and the rigorous observance of consensus places the events firmly in the tradition of utopian communalism. Each day, a wide circle is formed as an eagle feather is passed. Whosoever holds the feather is (momentarily) in charge. During their annual romp, Rainbow People continually expand their views regarding the elusive art of living without formal leadership.

BREITENBUSH • The healing properties of Breitenbush Hot Springs—twelve miles from Detroit Reservoir (Linn County)—were a draw for a community of wellness-oriented folk, who, in 1977, went on to found a retreat center. Located on a remote mountain road, Breitenbush continues as a successful operation with a core group of thirty-five individuals offering classes in massage, yoga, and other healing arts—as well as guest workshops, retreats, and conferences. Community member Brian Betwixt likens the place to "stepping into a fully interactive fantasy some hippie dreamed up twenty years ago—a live-in theme park where healing yields livelihood."


RAJNEESH PURAM • In 1981, a communal phenomenon swept through eastern Oregon like a purple thunderstorm. One morning, the townspeople of Antelope (in the southeastern corner of Wasco County) were startled to learn that a few thousand oddly-behaving strangers—led by a bemused, bearded patriarch, the Bagwan Shree Rajneesh—had purchased and populated Big Muddy Ranch. For four years, the denizens of the Rajneeshpuram amused, angered, and eventually alarmed their neighbors; and while "Rajneeshees" pelted the Bagwan's Rolls-of-the-Day with flower petals, viewers throughout the country watching the high-jinks on the evening news were dumbfounded. Eventually, the guru's inner circle pathologically unraveled. After threats, conspiracies, and criminal mischief were revealed by authorities, the Bagwan was deported and assorted henchfolk fled the country. Dead since 1990, the Bagwan—later christened "Osho"—still enjoys a global following of 150,000, of whom very few still reside in southern Wasco County.

ALPHA FARM • One of the oldest, ongoing intentional communities in the United States, Alpha Farm is located twenty miles from Mapleton (Lane County) in the Coast Range. Here, on 280 acres of steep, wooded ridges and narrow valleys—in cabins, cottages, and a farmhouse—a collection of families keeps alive a flame lit over twenty-three years ago. Although there has been the usual turnover common to all planned communities, Alpha Farm

still prospers along a postal route of three hundred families, sustained by the Shaker tenet: "Tis a gift to be simple." Farm residents are divided into teams for work in the gardens and fields, at the Alpha-Bit cafe/bookstore, or at the Mapleton Mercantile. Area residents were apprehensive, after having witnessed for years plenty of "space-cases" tromping through the bracken in search of groovy patches for *cannabis* cultivation. These "ecotopians," however, were of a different breed; and through the years, the Alpha Farmers have impressed locals with their work ethic and commitment to the area.

Most Oregon communes evoke fond memories for those who returned to a mainstream—or at least tributary—lifestyle. However, there are plenty of collectives still thriving in Oregon, most of which prefer the term "intentional community." One of the oldest, surviving intentional communities is Mountain Grove, near Glendale in southern Douglas County. Since 1971, this small group has focused on educational research. Other contemporary collectives include Earth's Rising, a cooperative of ten adults and almost as many children living on sixty acres near Monroe (Lane County). The Aprovecho Research Institute, based at End of the Road House—a forty-acre farm six miles west

of Cottage Grove—devotes its resources to sustainable forestry, organic farming, and humane technology. Rootworks on Wolf Creek near Grants Pass (Josephine County) and Owl Farm along Day's Creek east of Canyonville (Douglas County) are linked to the Oregon Women's Land Trust, sponsoring dances, workshops, conferences, and other events that bring women together from all over the United States.

Whether rural communes run by spiritual patriarchs during the 1800s, inner-city flats jammed with hot-wired radicals during the 1960s, or ramshackle farmhouses filled with New-Age agriculturists in the 1980s and 1990s, each of Oregon's intentional communities shares an important commonality. These kindred spirits have tapped into the wellspring of western independence to create new, sometimes radical approaches to living and learning. Oregon's history possesses a long, vivid roster of women and men who took bold risks, endured bewildered censure, and found paradise—if intermittently—here in this fertile climate where ideas grow like green grasses in the rain. 

David Johnson, a free-lance writer and essayist living in Portland, Oregon, is assistant editor for the Southeast Examiner. He is also a poet, and his collaboration, Confluence, was an entry finalist for the 1993 Oregon Book Award for Poetry.



The Aurora Band performed for participants at a farm demonstration, circa 1910.

Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society, neg. #66389

PIONEER CATHOLIC EDUCATORS IN OREGON COUNTRY

THE PROMISE OF FRENCH PRAIRIE

The history of education in Oregon is a tale of colorful and courageous personalities—unlikely benefactors and visionaries, as well as devoted Catholic priests, bishops, and archbishops—each contributing a uniquely fashioned tile to the mosaic of learning. Perhaps the individuals most responsible for the shape, color, and texture of this mosaic are the nuns who established and operated the state's first schools. During the last century and a half, these courageous women endured treacherous voyages, the effects of gold fever, a virulent smallpox epidemic, tedious labor, and court challenges in order to bring education to America's western frontier. And it is during those 150 years that Catholic schools in Oregon graduated more than half a million people, due largely to the efforts of the pioneer sisters.¹

In the early-1800s, the region known simply as "Oregon Country" stretched from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, from the present northern boundaries of California and Nevada to Alaska. Catholic missions and schools were not the first in the vast area.



by Patricia Parish Kuhn

According to historian Harriet Duncan Munnick:

Jason Lee and his small advance group had established a Methodist Mission at the upper end of French Prairie, where they had been cordially welcomed by the French Canadians, for although the missionaries were not of their own faith, they were still Men of God who could marry them to their Indian mates and baptize their children.²

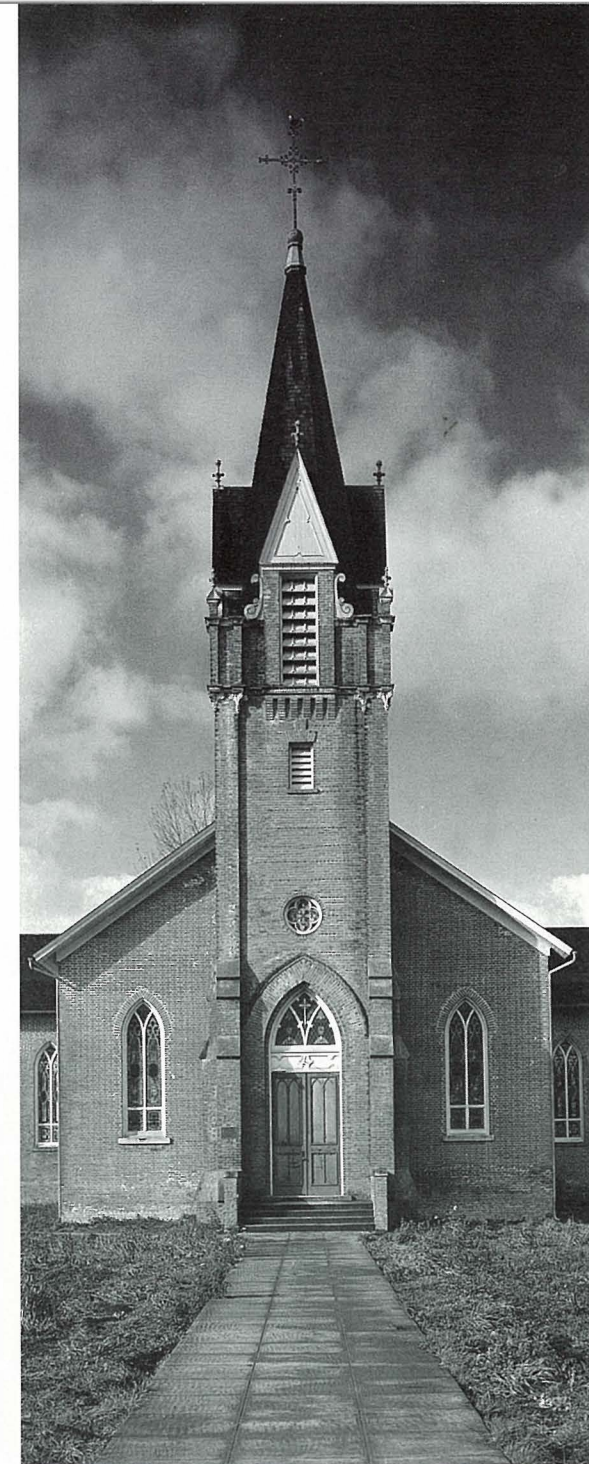
Dr. John McLoughlin, the "Father of Oregon" and chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, also played a vital role in bringing education and religious instruction to the Oregon wilderness. Prior to the establish-

Sister Veronica of the Crucifix entered the Order of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary on its founding in 1844 and went on to become its superior general (1865-73). An early founder of St. Mary's Academy in Jacksonville, she continued to visit the school during her regular "inspection tours." This photograph was taken in 1861.

ment of schools in Oregon, McLoughlin and his wife Marguerite ministered to the spiritual needs of the French Catholic fur traders, their families, and the independent settlers in the area. The Hudson's Bay Company shared McLoughlin's interest in educating the children of the families at Vancouver, as well as the needy native children in the area. In 1832, McLoughlin founded the first school west of the Rocky Mountains and prevailed upon Hudson's Bay for instructors. Through the leadership of his close friend, Bishop Francois Norbert Blanchet, teachers would soon journey to Oregon Country from all over the world.

Blanchet, a French Canadian, had been appointed in Montreal in 1838 to establish an Oregon mission; and soon after his arrival in this rugged land, he appealed to the King of France and a wealthy Parisian, Joseph Laroque, for funding assistance. As a result of the appeal—and Laroque's 4,800 francs—St. Joseph's College in St. Paul (Marion County) was opened in 1843 as an elementary and secondary school for boys. Of the thirty students enrolled in the first few months, twenty-nine were sons of farmers, with the remaining one the son of an Indian chief.³ With the opening of St. Joseph's came the realization of Blanchet's vision for bringing education to the communities of this vast wilderness. This was the "promise of French Prairie" that would radiate out from that lush and fertile region along the Willamette and Champoe rivers and enrich the entire Oregon Country from Portland to Jacksonville.

By 1844, Oregon's diverse population was growing steadily. The increasing demand for schools and teachers sent one of Blanchet's Jesuit lieutenants, Father Peter John DeSmet, to Europe in search of qualified (and willing) instructors. In Belgium, DeSmet successfully recruited six Catholic nuns to sail back to America to instruct the children of Oregon. These pioneer women, the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, Belgium, were: Sister Ignatius of Loyola, Sister Cornelia, Sister Aloysia, Sister Albine, Sister Norbertine, and Sister Catherine.⁴ Sister Aloysia's journal entries chronicle their



Archbishop Francois Norbert Blanchet dedicated St. Paul's Catholic Church on November 1, 1846. The structure was built for \$20,000 and replaced a small, log chapel built a decade earlier.

troubled voyage through icebergs, torrential storms, pirated waters, and ceaseless bouts with seasickness [see related story, page 23].

Finding the convent under construction upon their arrival, the still-groggy sisters immediately began to pitch in planing doors, glazing windows, and painting inside and out. They then enrolled the children of Canadian farmers as their first students. Many of the children, DeSmet recorded, traveled impressive distances to attend school, sleeping in the woods en route. Tuition was commonly paid in flour, meat, potatoes, eggs, salt, tea, and rice—valuable currency in Oregon Country.

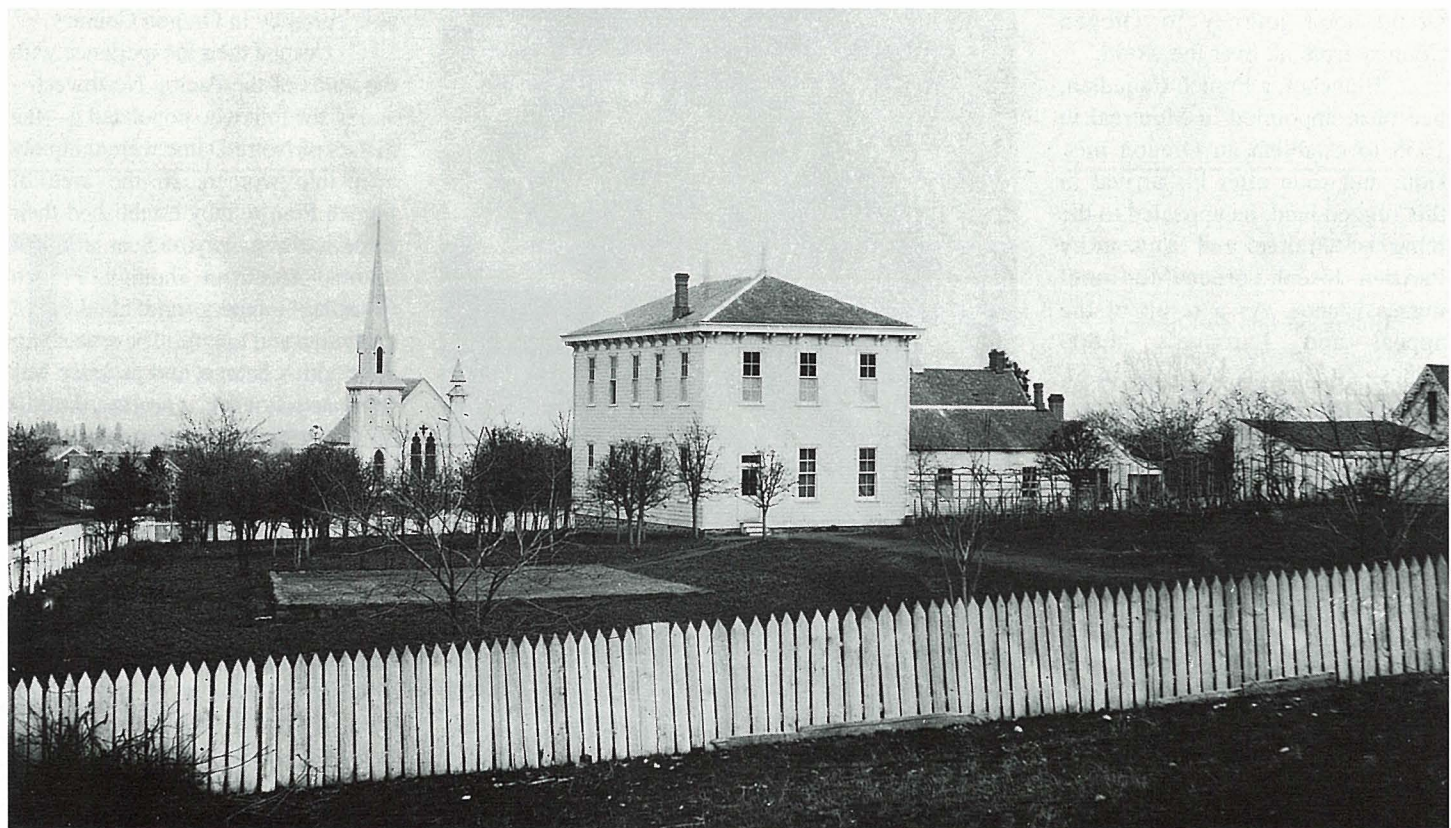
Despite their inexperience with the wilds of the Pacific Northwest—and of the folk who populated it—the Sisters of Notre Dame were uniquely adaptable women. In the area of French Prairie, they established their place in the society of Scot administrators, American Indians, French Canadian trappers, and children of every hue and tongue. The reward for their faith, courage, and patience was to create schools that became the cultural center of the community. In the process, these nuns participated in the development of Oregon from a land of bucolic landscapes and scattered outposts to a network of mining settlements and prosperous towns. As one pioneer settler described this period just prior to the Great Migration of 1843:

There was a time when French Prarie [sic] was the home spot of the Pacific Northwest, when the Americans

had not yet gone into rendezvous on the Missouri border and had not taught their prairie schooners the long way across the plains. In those ante-pioneer days the Canadian French had made their homes on the beautiful prairie and in the absence of their country-women had espoused the dusky maidens of the Calapooias, who raised for them bright-eyed groups of half-breed boys and girls. The Catholic Fathers were here to bless the union and guide the lives of these youths, and the condition of these people was one of peace and plenty. The earliest comers among the Americans took

homes among them and speak with pleasant memories of the quiet, peaceful, faraway life which the French and half-breed population enjoyed. These remember seeing the young people assemble on the Sabbath where is now the Catholic Church of St. Paul and the pictures they draw are charmingly illustrative of the idyllic period that Oregon passed through and the quiet pastoral lives these Canadians lived.⁵

All that was soon to change forever. In 1848, the Sisters of Notre Dame opened their second school—this time for girls—in Oregon City (Clackamas County). By next year, however, the “French Prairie Settlers”—families who had settled in the rich prairies in the region of the Champoege River prior to the Great Migration—were falling prey to the gold-fever “epidemic.” By



For years, the calm and stoic St. Mary's dormitory contrasted with the graceful lines of the Presbyterian Church across the street. An 1864 advertisement in the *Oregon Intelligencer* (Jacksonville) claimed that the aim of the academy “shall be to form young ladies to science and virtue, to accustom them to early habits of order and economy, and to cultivate in them qualities which render virtue both amiable and attractive.... Scrupulous attention will be paid to the personal neatness of the pupils.”

May, a massive migration from St. Paul to the California gold mines decimated the sisters' schools; and in 1852, the nuns were forced to abandon St. Joseph's College in St. Paul for lack of students. Next year, the persevering nuns from Belgium closed their remaining school in Oregon City; and that summer, the Jesuit Mission at the Falls of the Willamette also was closed. Soon the fathers withdrew from mission work in Oregon altogether, many taking up work in the California mines in order to pay mission debts owed to the Hudson's Bay Company. For more than a decade, the archdiocese in Oregon was devoid of religious and educational institutions.

The dedication and tenacity of the Catholic nuns prevailed, however; and by the late-1850s, a new group of nuns—the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary—ventured from Quebec to found another school in Oregon. The Order of the Sisters of the Holy Names was established in Canada on February 28, 1844, by three women—Sister Mary Rose, Sister Mary Agnes, and Sister Mary Madeleine—with a desire to train those in their order for teaching missions throughout the world. Bishop Ignace Bourget of Montreal trained and inspired the three founding nuns so their charges would then be properly prepared as instructors. As the sisters collectively recalled in 1909:

The ethical and industrial training now heralded as the panacea for the evils of the twentieth century were strong features in the curriculum of Bishop Bourget: “Train your pupils,” he said, “to simplicity

of life and action, to singing, to manual work, to neatness, and to polite behavior.”⁶

In 1859, Father Blanchet, who was by now Archbishop of Oregon City, went to Bourget in Montreal with the hope of obtaining teaching sisters for his Oregon schools. Early tales of Northwest missionaries generated excitement among twelve of the more adventuresome Sisters of the Holy Names, who accepted Blanchet's invitation to sail to Oregon.⁷ As their vessel, the *Star of the West*, prepared to leave harbor, however, “Every heart throbbed with a strange throb, every eye was dim with

unshed tears—the soul alone was strong with a strength that was not human. The cannon sounded, the anchor drawn—their circuitous westward voyage had begun.”⁸

After suffering sea-sickness during their Atlantic voyage, the twelve nuns crossed the Panamanian Isthmus by wagon and then boarded the *Golden Age* steamer for San Francisco. From California, they sailed the *Northern* safely through the treacherous Columbia Bar and reached Fort Vancouver. The final leg of their Pacific voyage had not been without excitement:

Once in mid-ocean, a furious storm was encountered, and the ship was tossed and lashed by the waves, and all hope of safety seemed gone. On the night of October 19th, the passengers were roused from sleep by the alarm of “Fire Aboard.” While dismay filled every heart, the heroic crew through incredible exertions, vanquished the flames.⁹

In addition, General Winfield Scott, hero of the Mexican War, feted his fellow passengers with tropical fruits and other delicacies, ruing to the nuns how he too “had a daughter who left the world for the convent.” Before daylight, on October 21, 1859, the *Northern* cast anchor at Fort Vancouver and the passengers were landed by several small boats. The nuns were greeted at the dock by a cheering throng, and as cannons boomed in salute, “... all eyes were on General Winfield Scott.” Aided by an October fog, the twelve Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary “unobservedly left” the steamer at Fort Vancouver and wended their way to Portland, a town of almost 3,000 people.

In the words of Oregon historian Edwin V. O'Hara, the nuns' arrival “inaugurated a new epoch in the history of their Congregation.”¹⁰ However, the house that Archbishop Blanchet had secured in anticipation of the women's arrival presented nearly as much challenge as their trek from Quebec. After forcing open the house's barred door, the sisters were assaulted with the vile stench of decaying garbage. The house had been built by



Sister Mary Febronia was one of twelve nuns who journeyed from Quebec to Oregon in 1859 to found St. Mary's Academy. Her pupil, Mollie Britt [above], was the daughter of southern Oregon pioneer and photographer Peter Britt. This photograph was taken circa 1876.

Daniel H. Lownsdale (1803-62), the first tanner on the Pacific Coast and one of the more colorful and enterprising of Portland's founders. Unfortunately, the house had been long untenanted and had become a refuge for town vagrants.

The nuns swept, scraped, scoured, soaked, and swabbed the hovel; and afterwards, with characteristic dispatch, converged upon the Hirsch Bros. General Merchandise store and charged “six blankets, thirty yards of cotton sheeting, one dozen each of plates, cups, saucers, forks, knives, spoons, a kitchen stove, and cooking utensils.”¹¹ And in November 1859, Portland's St. Mary's Academy for girls sprang from the enthusiasm and tenacity of these twelve remarkable women from Quebec. The first pupils consisted of three Catholics (Emma O'Brien, Annie Dielschneider, and Mary Clarke), two Jews (Josephine and Clementina Mayer), and one non-Catholic, Emma Sherlock.¹²

Through the labors of the tenacious and visionary Sisters of the Holy Names, primary and secondary education spread throughout Oregon Territory [Oregon became a state in 1859] from their humble beginnings in French Prairie. On April 23, 1860, the women established a school in Oregon City; and in St. Paul the following February, they occupied the building that had been abandoned by the Sisters of Notre Dame eight years earlier. A year later, they began a school for boys in Portland; and between 1863 and 1864, the nuns founded new schools in Salem and The Dalles. In 1865, they also opened St. Mary's Academy in the small min-

ing community of Jacksonville (Jackson County) in response to pleas from parents who no longer wished to send their children away to northern California academies in Grass Valley (Nevada County) or Benicia (Solano County).

In southern Oregon, however, the sisters would encounter one of their greatest challenges since the eventful voyage from Quebec. In 1869, a virulent smallpox epidemic raged across Oregon and struck Jacksonville with deadly force. Nearly forty of Jacksonville's nine-hundred residents perished during the epidemic; and St. Mary's was forced to close, sending resident students home to their families. The sisters directed their attention to the sick, as well as to the burying of the dead. The state's

board of health accepted the nuns' offer to set up St. Mary's Academy as a temporary hospital.

When the academy reopened, the grateful community of Jacksonville was its greatest supporter, and St. Mary's once more became a center for the town's cultural life. Appreciative of the many musical performances, lectures, and recitations the school sponsored, the townspeople regularly turned out for May Day celebrations, graduation ceremonies, and Christmas programs. Years later, when the Oregon & California Railroad surveyed its railhead four miles east of Jacksonville, the little town of Medford (Jackson County) prospered; and in 1908, a new St. Mary's Academy was relocated to that rail and orchard town.

Throughout the late-1800s and early 1900s, Catholic schools flourished around the state. Archbishops Seghers, Gross, and Christie followed Blanchet's example and encouraged other teaching orders to establish schools in Oregon. Benedictine nuns arrived in Mount Angel (Marion County) simultaneously with the founding of the Mount Angel Abbey by Benedictine monks. In the mid-1920s, however, Catholic schools again were threatened—not by gold fever or smallpox, but by the burgeoning power of the Ku Klux Klan. Subtly distinct from its precursor of the post-Civil War era, this "new" KKK was founded in Georgia in 1915 and adopted as its doctrine—among other things, including white supremacy—the suppression of Catholicism and Judaism. Flying a banner of "Americanism," the KKK's influence spread throughout the United States, taking political control in several regions, including Oregon. The Klan was especially influential in Eugene (Lane County), Bend (Deschutes County), Portland, Medford, Astoria (Clatsop County), and Hood River (Hood River County).

As a particularly effective device, the Klan often questioned the loyalties of Oregon's Catholic schools and joined with the Scottish Rite Masons to push a statewide, anti-private school law through the legislature. The 1922 law required parents to send children ages eight to sixteen to public schools, under penalty of fines and/or imprisonment. At the time, ninety percent of Oregon students not enrolled in the public-school system



During the 1920s, the Ku Klux Klan was a powerful force in Oregon and agitated for the suppression of Catholicism and Judaism. Members are seen above marching in Ashland in 1924.

were attending Catholic institutions. The Sisters of the Holy Names filed a federal district court injunction challenging the law's constitutionality. The court's ruling favored the sisters' suit; and upon Governor Walter Marcus Pierce's appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the law in 1925, stating: "The child is not the mere creature of the state."

The early history of Catholicism in Oregon is also the early history of education in Oregon. Like countless other pioneers, the founders of Catholic schools in this state faced enormous challenges. The educational standards set forth 150 years ago still enrich Oregon today. Catholic faculties throughout the state continue the sisters' legacy by fostering inquisitive intellects, instilling a passion for social justice and community service, and inspiring a love of the arts. With leadership and vision, these educators continue to prepare Oregon students to address the needs of a global economy and the realities of an increasingly diverse state population. This focus is testimony to the "promise of French Prairie."

An Ashland writer, Patricia Parish Kuhn attended Oregon's Catholic schools and currently is director of the annual Rogue Valley Writers Conference.

ENDNOTES

1. Robert J. Giacobelli, director of development, Archdiocese of Portland. News release, 5 Oct. 1993.
2. Harriet Duncan Munnick, Vancouver, *Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest*, vols. I and II. (Archives, Penrose Library, Whitman College), introduction.
3. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, *Gleanings of Fifty Years, in the Northwest: 1850-1909* (Portland: Press of Glass Prudhomme Company, 1909), 47.
4. Edwin V. O'Hara, *Pioneer Catholic History of Oregon* (Paterson, New Jersey: St. Anthony Guild Press, 1939), 118.
5. *Ibid.*
6. Sisters, *ibid.*, 23.
7. The twelve were: Sister Mary Alphonse, Sister Mary of Mercy, Sister Mary Margaret, Sister Mary of the Visitation, Sister Mary Francis Xavier, Sister Mary of Calvary, Sister Mary Febronia, Sister Mary Florentine, Sister Mary Perpetua, Sister Mary Arsenius, Sister Mary Julia, and Sister Mary Agatha.
8. O'Hara, *ibid.*, 63.
9. *Ibid.*, 69-70.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Ibid.*, 72.
12. *Ibid.*, 76.

"The future of Oregon is in the Sisters' hands."

The Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur ("and companions") penned these letters and journal entries in 1844, aboard the Infatigable, while enroute from Belgium to Oregon—or "Willamette"—via South America. For further reading, see Clarence B. Bagley, ed., Early Catholic Missions in Old Oregon (Seattle: Lowman and Hanford Company, 1932), vol. 2.

Dear Mother Constantine, The future of Oregon is in the Sisters' hands. They will instruct and form the characters of the many children who will come under their gentle sway.

—Peter DeSmet, SJ,
Lima, Peru, May 17

Dear Mother Constantine, I must not omit telling you, dear Mother, that our valises are badly damaged and that we had to discard several of them. They were falling to pieces, and what is worse, the rats had made their nests in them. The ship was overrun with these rodents and they caused much destruction. Fortunately, the captain had several valises which he kindly lent us.

—Sister Loyola and companions
Valparaiso, Chile, April 27

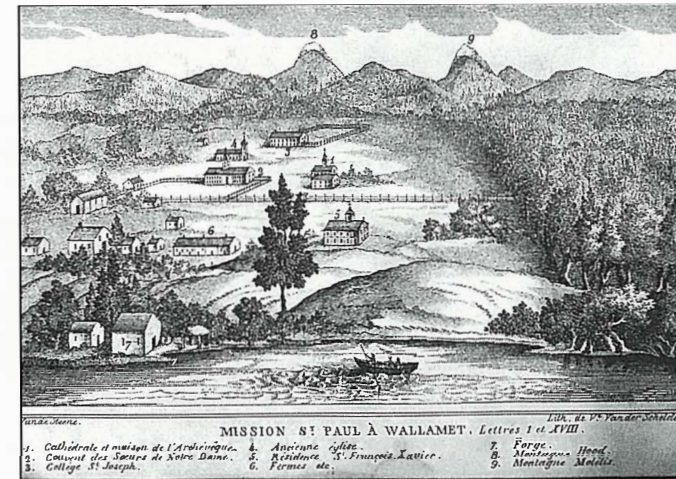
June 27: Father DeSmet spoke in such a manner as to make us fear the dangers we are to encounter in entering the Columbia River. We understood that his intention was to inspire us with courage and resignation.

July 6: Contrary winds retarded our advancing and grave fears were entertained concerning provisions; supplies were dwindling. Only salt meat and ship biscuits were given.

July 25: Contrary winds kept us at sea, and provisions were almost exhausted. The last ham had been eaten, and was in such a state of decomposition that the odor was insupportable. The provisions laid in Lima had been consumed and there was but a small quantity of water. Heaven appeared to be deaf to our supplications. "Ah," we said "prayers for us have ceased in Belgium. Our Sisters believe us to be in Oregon, and we are battling with an angry sea."

July 26: During the night we had to retrace our course to avoid being dashed upon the coast. About 9:30, the wind tore away one of our sails, and the fury of the storm lashed the sea into foaming waves from twelve to fifteen feet in height.

July 28: Finally the shores of Oregon loomed in sight. It is impossible, dear Mother, to describe our emotions as this long desired



The St. Paul Catholic Mission ("à Wallamet") was founded in 1838 by Father (later Archbishop) Francois Norbert Blanchet in Oregon's French Prairie. In 1843, St. Joseph's College was opened as an elementary and secondary school for boys. The Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur were recruited in fall 1844 to become the school's first instructors. Construction of the original St. Paul's Church was completed in November 1846.

land burst into view. This hymn of gratitude to God arose from the very depths of our souls.

July 29: A dense fog hung over the mouth of the river whose waters were dashing in uncontrolled fury into the surging sea. Enormous breakers lashed themselves into foam the whole length of the bar, and as we gazed upon them from our slam-beaten vessel with its tattered sails and broken masts, the thought uppermost in our minds was, "Will she be able to make her way?"

July 31: About four o'clock in the afternoon...we perceived a canoe coming toward our vessel. It was manned by an American and a dozen Indians

of the Clatsop tribe. They came on board...and the Captain informed us that no vessel had ever entered the river by the route we had taken.

August 13: Bishop Blanchet...informed us that the Protestant ministers had abandoned the field after having tried for several years to pervert the Catholics. He said among other things: "The good you will be called upon to do here is incalculable and you are to have full scope. The Natives look for you and are anxious to send you their children. It is a pity you are only six, for great is the amount of work to be done."

August 14: One painful parting yet remained, one touching farewell to be said (before leaving by boat to Willamette [Oregon]) and this was to the dauntless Captain of the INFATIGABLE. His vessel had been our ark of safety, our home and convent as it were, for seven long months of alternate storm and calm.

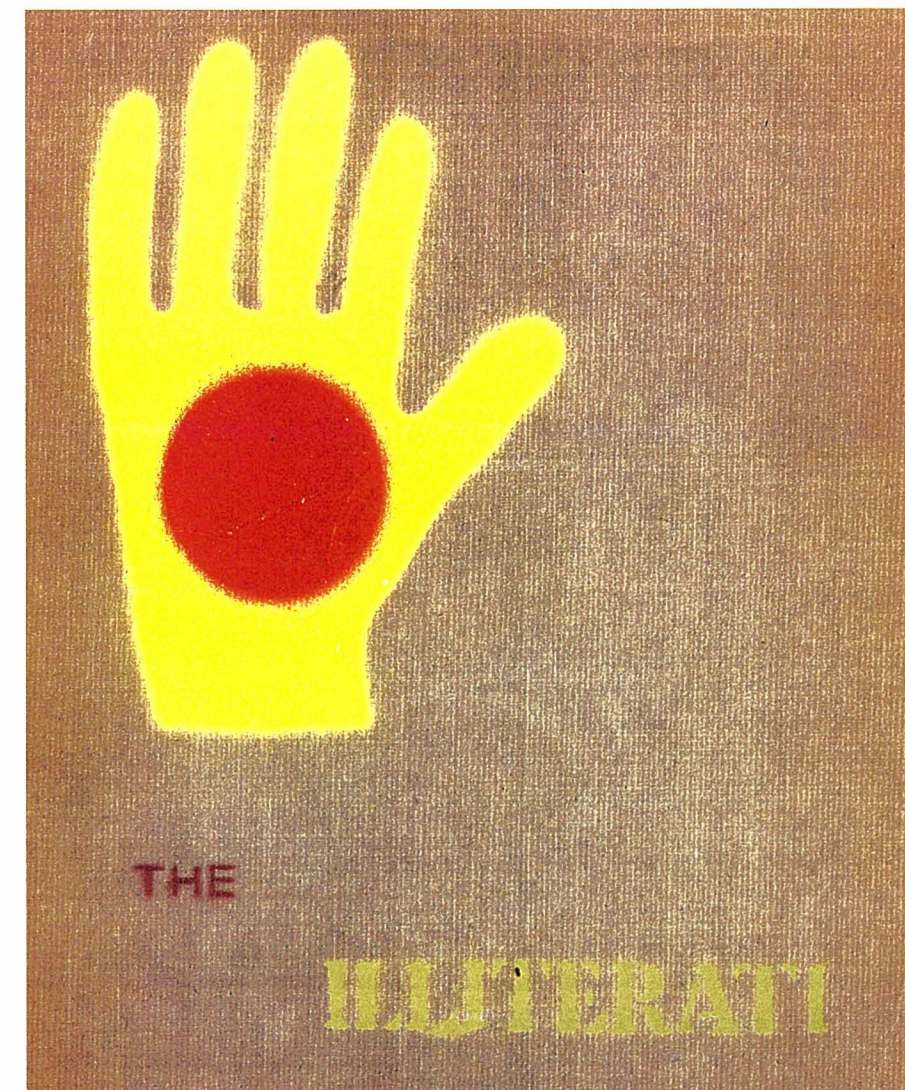
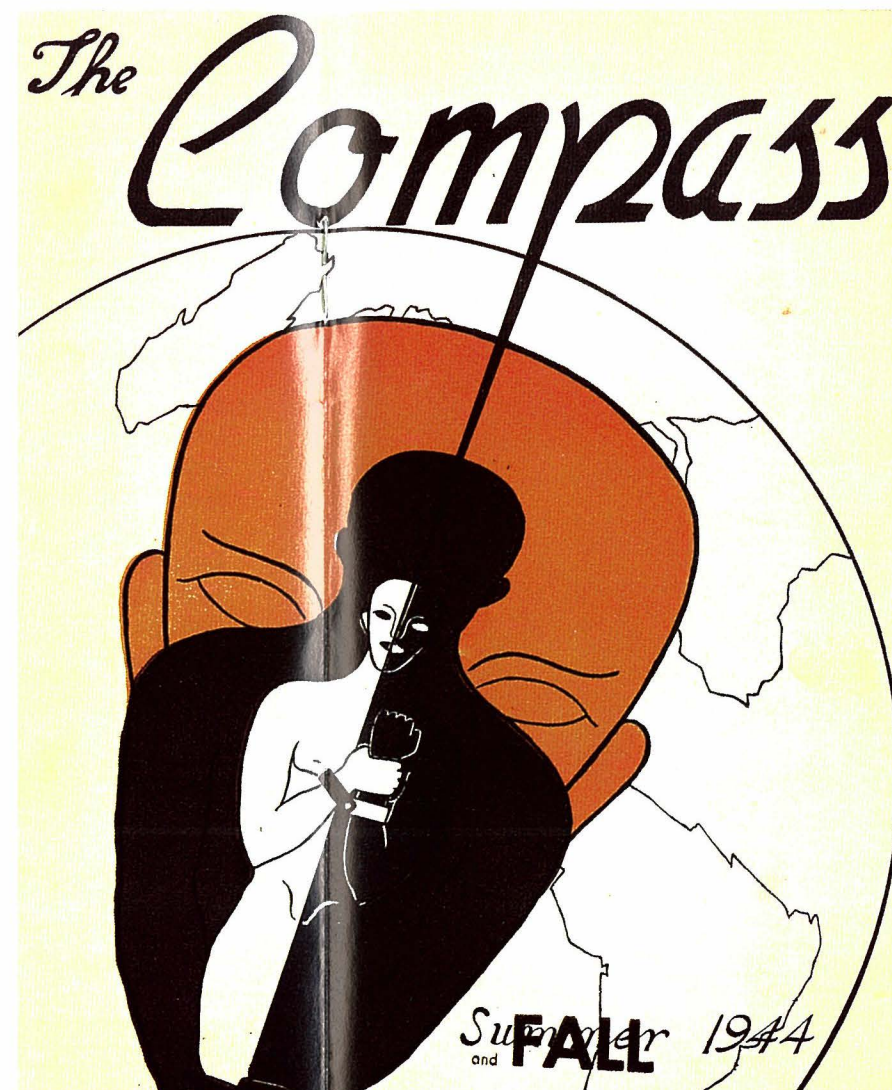
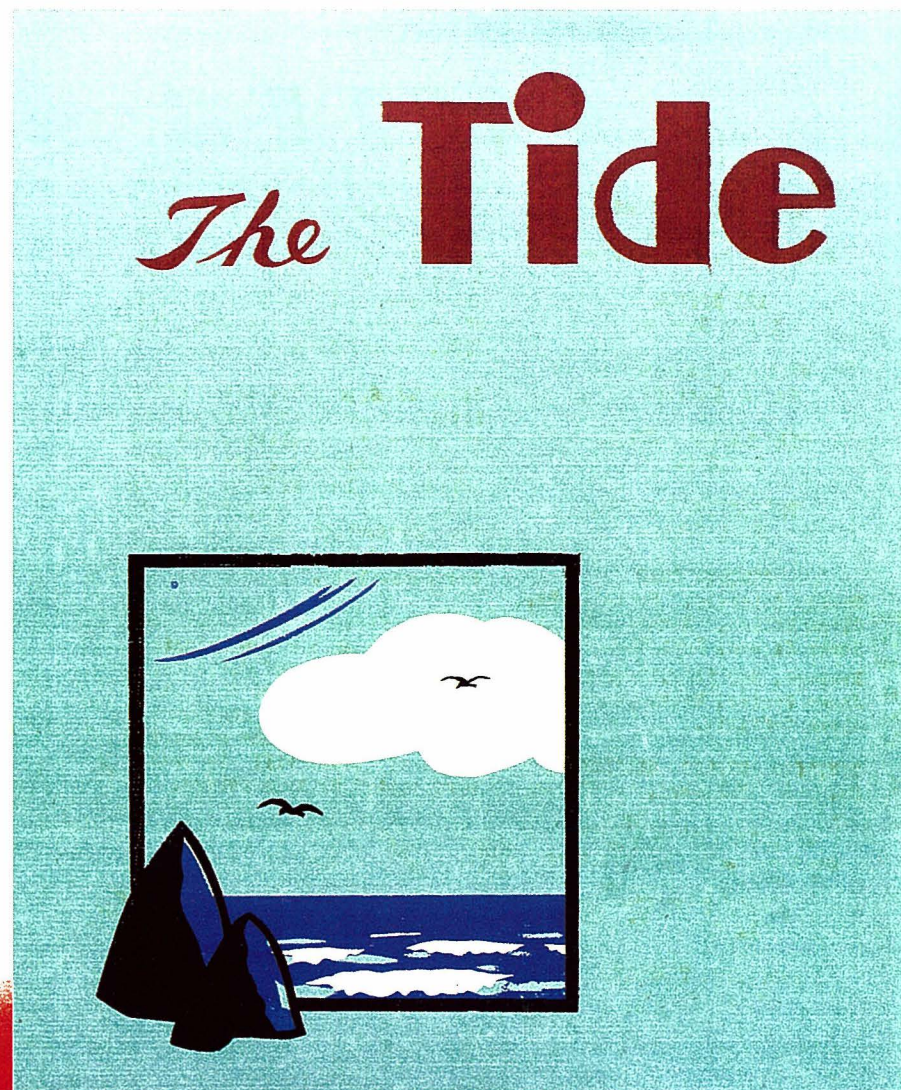
September 12: Ah! Dear Mother, if the friends of our Institute and all true friends of religion knew of the good qualities of these poor Indians, I am convinced that they would contribute towards their support. Their eagerness to learn is really touching. Women and children bring their meagre provisions with them and sleep in the woods so as to gain time for instruction.

Dear Mother Constantine:

All is ready. Eleven children admitted on first day. It is impossible to obtain cloth of any kind. A small blanket costs \$10.00. Currency is not in circulation here. The children are more intelligent than we at first thought them to be. It takes them about two weeks to learn the alphabet. I shall soon be able to send you samples of their penmanship.

Sister Mary Aloysia and companions
St. Paul, Willamette, March 3, 1845

The fine arts program established by wartime internees at Civilian Public Service Camp #56 (or Camp Angell) near Waldport, Oregon, was a catalyst for various artistic movements after World War II—particularly in the San Francisco Bay area during the 1950s and 1960s. Participants in similar programs nationwide generated several publications specifically for conscientious objectors interned during the war, including [left to right]: *The Tide*, a general news-magazine for Camp Angell internees; *The Compass*, a national periodical for conscientious objectors; and *The Illiterati*, a literary journal produced by Camp Angell poets and essayists.



CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE CAMP #56

by Elizabeth V. Hallett

These are the years of destruction. We offer against them the creative.

—William Everson, 1913-94

Waldport, Oregon, is situated midway along the coastline of Lincoln County and perhaps is best known for its expansive beaches and dense, surrounding forestlands. There is another Waldport, however, immersed in the memory of conscientious objectors, who, during World War II, lived and worked nearby at Civilian Public Service Camp #56 (or CPS #56). Like thousands of Japanese Americans forcefully relocated during the war, conscientious objectors were interned against their will. Unlike the Japanese Americans, conscientious objectors were interned because of their commitment to non-violence rather than their cultural heritage.

Located near Cape Perpetua four miles south of Waldport and four miles north of Yachats, CPS #56 was established as one of seven "side camps" scattered throughout coastal forests of Lincoln County. Named after Albert G. Angell, a U.S. Forest Service employee, the facility was constructed in 1937 for the Civilian Conservation Corps

(CCC) at the height of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal programs to provide jobs and/or training for Americans during the Great Depression. The firs and pines surrounding Camp Angell had been deeply harvested in 1918 for the construction of airplanes following the close of World War I. In 1936, however, forest fires (the so-called Blodgett Burn) heavily scarred the area, and the CCC worked to clear and reforest the area. The Camp Angell facility, however, served as a CCC camp for little more than one year. War preparations were diverting the federal government's energies.

In 1940, the United States unofficially was readying itself for war; and as European nations continued to fall under the Nazi juggernaut, Roosevelt moved closer to involving the nation and its people in the bloody conflict. The public mood at this time, however, was generally isolationist, and when the Congress passed the Selective Service Act of 1940, several young men morally committed to peace refused to don the uniform of the armed forces. The Selective Service Act accommodated these men, who "by reason of religious training and belief [were] consciously opposed to participation in war in any form."¹ These men commonly were known as conscientious objectors.

The nation officially entered World War II in 1941. The next year, Roosevelt ordered all conscientious objectors to be “contained” in 143 public service camps throughout the United States. These camps were the only alternative for war objectors who refused to participate in the conflict in any manner. As many as 50,000 conscientious objectors took part in the global conflict as medics; but 13,000 flatly refused any involvement and were either interned at public service camps or imprisoned.² Roosevelt’s Executive Order #8675 established alternative service under civilian direction and authorized the Selective Service to “designate work of national importance in cooperation with agencies of the United States . . . as well as with private organizations and individuals.”³

Camp Angell’s first wartime stint was in spring 1942, as a housing facility for civilian men working the Blodgett Burn tract. That summer—just prior to the arrival of the camp’s first internees—a fire-watch team of ten men from Cascade Locks (Hood River County) also was housed at the former CCC facility. Then, in October, Civilian Public Service Camp #56 was established as a Camp Angell “side camp” for the purpose of interning conscientious objectors; and between fall 1942 and winter 1945, an average of 120 men were held at the facility.

Civilian Public Service Camp #56 met all the criteria for a conscientious objectors internment camp. It was close to the Forest Service’s ongoing Blodgett Burn project, it was geographically isolated from all major towns and transportation links, and it contained the necessary structures for housing the internees. An additional benefit of the camp’s isolation was the safety it afforded from civilian residents in the area who were hostile to the “traitorous” war objectors.

Among the buildings of CPS #56 were dormitories or barracks, a refectory, a laundry, a library, and a director’s house. There also was a recreation building that housed a craft shop, study hall, barber shop, post office, and cooperative store. When the internees initiated a fine arts program at the camp, most activities were based in the recreation building, including: pottery, weaving, and typesetting and printing for the assorted publications that came out of Camp Angell side camps during the war.⁴

Despite the fact that the general public perceived conscientious objectors as unpatriotic, internees throughout the country generated more than eight million “man-days” of labor for the government during World War II. The labor was uncompensated, however; and according to noted poet William Everson, who was interned at CPS #56: “the draft did call for equal pay [for internees] with the armed forces, but Roosevelt feared a pacifist resistance movement and saw to it that Congress never appropriated the money.”⁵ Nonetheless, several interned war objectors were politically or morally opposed to receiving compensation from the government while the United States was engaged in a war.

In addition to their physical isolation from the rest of American society, many interned war objectors felt emotional isolation as well.⁶

THE WALDPART FINE ARTS PROGRAM

The memory of the CPS #56 is imprinted in the minds of a generation of wartime conscientious objectors—and a generation of postwar artists and writers influenced by their predecessors’ work. The Waldport Fine Arts Program built an unlikely symbiosis of diverse artistic forces. Some thirty men formed the nucleus of the project—among them writers, theater folk, silk-screen artists, printers, and musicians. William Everson (1913-94), a poet and later a priest, is credited for founding the program. When the internees were released after the war, Everson and several other Waldport comrades—such as William Eshelman, Adrian Wilson, Joyce Lancaster, Kermit Sheets, and Martin Ponch—established the Interplayers of San Francisco. Wilson and Lancaster later went on to create the Tuscany Alley press, and Eshelman became librarian for Bucknell College (Lewisburg, Pennsylvania) and president of Scarecrow Press. Kenneth Rexroth led many Waldport internees to the San Francisco area and recently remarked on the fact that several from CPS #56 became instrumental in the post-war Beat and San Francisco Renaissance movements, and development of KPFA Radio (San Francisco).

“There was a large number of concentration camps for conscientious objectors scattered through the mountains and forests of the West Coast. On their leaves these young men came to San Francisco, where they encountered the libertarian, pacifist group of intellectuals of the community. At Waldport—as isolated as possible—there was eventually established a conscientious objector’s camp of creative artists of all kinds.... After the war, possibly the majority of these people settled in the San Francisco Bay area. Out of them came a radio station, three or four theaters, several publishing enterprises, and a number of well-known musicians, painters and sculptors.”

Throughout Oregon, sentiment against conscientious objectors ran high in both civilian and military circles. One man who had been routed into the army medical corps, claimed conscientious objectors were treated “worse than coloreds or homosexuals,” which, at the time, must have been severe indeed.⁷ Another internee, Jim Hain, believed local draft boards purposely gave war objectors few alternatives other than placement in civilian public service camps:

Some of us . . . said: “Fine, we’ll go over there [as] civilian medical corps, pick up the wounded on all sides.” But they wouldn’t let us, of course. We had no choice. We had to join the army and carry a gun and we wouldn’t do it. I felt a very strong pull, duty, whatever. I might say, I never did resolve it total-

The Waldport Fine Arts Program was established at Civilian Public Service Camp #56 during the war, and—in addition to other activities—produced periodicals and literary journals. Seen here, [left to right] Vladimir DuPré, William Eshelman, and William Everson are working in the Camp Angell “press room,” circa 1945.

ly Had we been able to be active nonviolently in the situation, it would have been much easier.⁸

The camps officially were administered by the U.S. Forest Service, but actual funding for the facilities’ operation was provided by various “Peace Churches” committed to non-violence and openly supportive of the internees’ opposition to American involvement in the war. Among others, these included the Church of the Brethren, the Quakers, and the Mennonites. The estimated cost per camp internee was thirty dollars per month; and in addition to covering related expenses, the churches provided their charges with a monthly stipend of \$2.50.

During the war, CPS camps primarily were used for reforestation projects throughout the region; and according to Northwest historian Stephen Dow Beckham, the duties of conscientious objectors were divided between forestry projects and internal responsibilities in the camps:

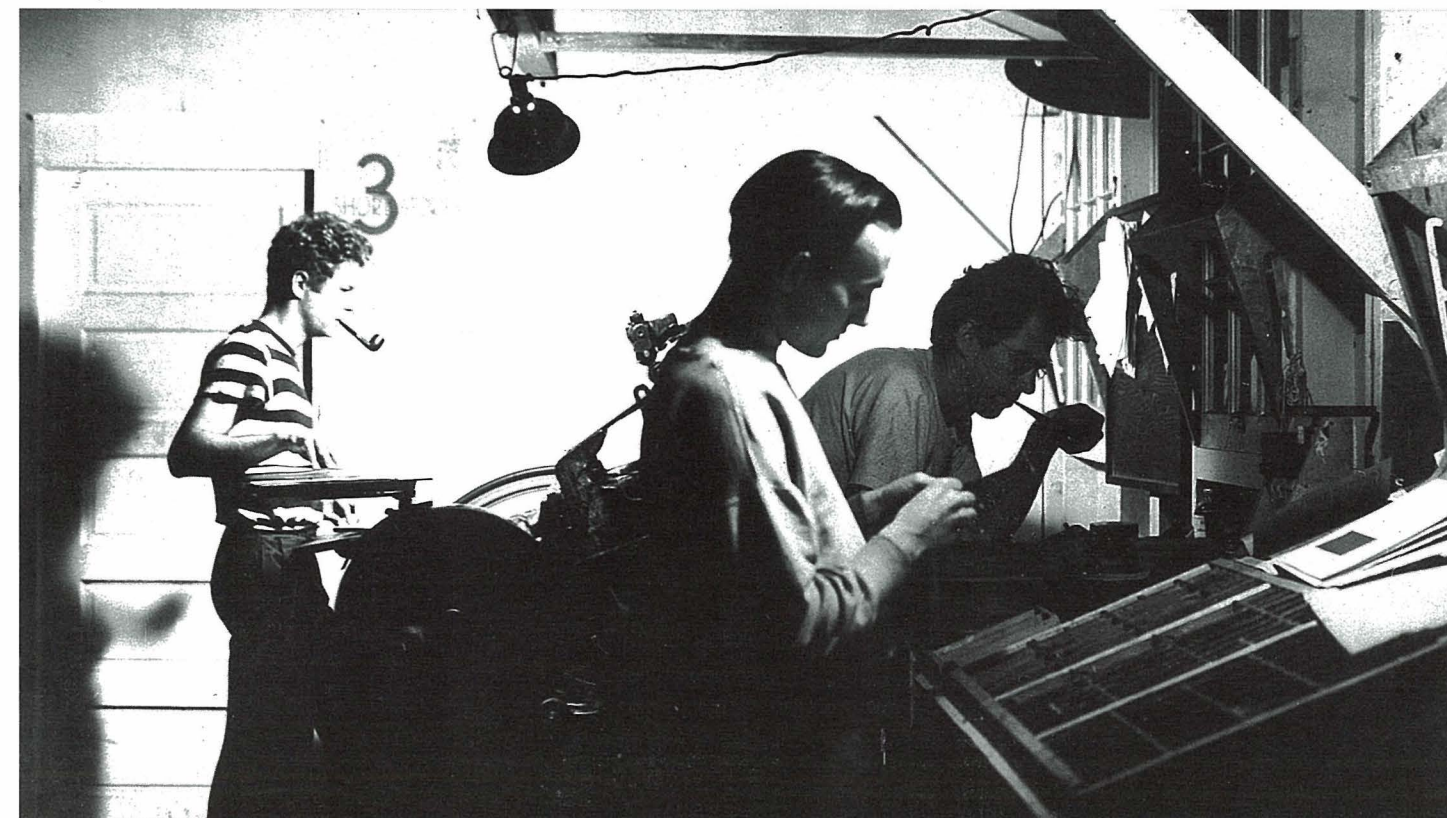
Each camp had two principal functions: “overhead” and “projects.” The former was basic camp maintenance: cooking, serving, cleaning, painting, building, equipment repair, and keeping the camp in healthy,

running order. The latter . . . was the meeting of program assignments developed by the Forest Service. In “overhead,” the COs [conscientious objectors] were under the jurisdiction of the camp administration; in the “projects,” the Forest Service—known as tough and exacting—organized the work force and directed the crews in the field. The Blodgett Burn of 1936 became a primary work area.⁹

In addition, internees established “workers committees” to govern themselves and ensure equitable distribution of labor.

Reforestation of the Blodgett Burn tract was an overwhelming assignment for Camp Angell internees. Between 1942 and 1945, the men cleared and replanted more than 9,000 acres. In 1944, camp director Richard Mills acknowledged the remarkable effort:

The first winter, over sixty men worked for eight and a half hours a day planting trees on the dreary hillsides of the Blodgett Tract. The average number of trees planted by each person was somewhere between four and five hundred each day. During the first planting season . . . the men planted over a million and a quarter



trees... The second project was the operation of a large rock crusher on the hill about five miles back of camp. This was imperative because all the roads leading from the Camp to the planting areas were impassable during the rainy period. By sheer dint of youthful effort, these men would arrive at the rock crusher each day by traveling a five-mile stretch of muddy road in a period of about two hours. Month after month the men poured tons of crushed rock onto the road leading to the planting area, only to have it disappear in the mucky ooze that was called road.¹⁰

Between 1942 and the close of the war in 1945, five internees from CPS #56 were killed, representing twenty-six percent of casualties among all CPS internees nationally. One was swept away by the tide during a rescue operation following a plane crash off the rocky coast of Cape Perpetua. Additional hazards were caused, in part, to improper training in the use of various tools and equipment, while others were caused by the wet, cold, and slippery conditions along Oregon's coast.

One of the more remarkable aspects of life at CPS #56 was the development of what came to be known as the Waldport Fine Arts Program. During an interview conducted in the late-1970s, William Everson recalled the emergence of the unique program:

Soon after the men began to enter CPS, it was proposed that, as an educational adjunct, special interest groups be brought together to study particular subjects. The government did not object, so long as our work project didn't suffer. So the NCRCO [National Council for Religious Conscientious Objectors] was able to arrange transfers from one camp to another to facilitate these special schools: things like Pacifist Living Cooperatives, Post-War Reconstruction, etc. At Waldport, we speculated as to why a special interest group could not be set up for the fine arts, and when Harold Row, head of the Brethren Service Committee, came out and visited the camp in late Spring of 1943, we approached him about it. He was dubious, but told me later that the argument I used which convinced him was the point that any culture survives by its art product, that everything else vanished with time. And I predicted that would be the way with CPS, too. This impressed him.¹¹

The program was the birthplace for many subsequent West Coast artistic movements, such as the San Francisco Renaissance and the Beat Movements of the 1950s. The Waldport Fine Arts Program generated several publications, including *The Tide* (a camp news publication) and *The Illiterati* (a literary journal). William Eshelman was a strong force in the Camp Angell art program. When recently asked about the significance of Camp Angell during World War II, Eshelman exclaimed: "Well! It was the wellspring of my life!"¹²

In addition to its importance in terms of individuals' personal histories, the story of CPS #56 is a remarkable chapter in Oregon's history as well. One of the barracks remains of the CCC-



Civilian Public Service Camp #56 was located near Cape Perpetua, four miles south of Waldport and four miles north of Yachats, and was one of seven "side camps" scattered throughout coastal forests of Lincoln County. The main facility, Camp Angell, was built in 1937 for the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and is visible in this photograph [left, center], circa 1940.

cum-internment camp and has been moved to an empty lot in Waldport. The Waldport Historical and Genealogical Society currently is restoring the structure, which will be part of a museum devoted to preserving the legacy of Civilian Public Service Camp #56 and its wartime residents.

Elizabeth V. Hallett is a childbirth educator and is executive director of Peace House in Ashland.

ENDNOTES

1. Joyce Justice, "World War II Civilian Public Service," *Civilian Conservation Corps: Forests and Forestry*, Fall 1991.
2. Norm Hesseldahl, "The New Deal on the Oregon Coast," *Oregon Coast*, May-Jun. 1990, 50.
3. Justice, *ibid*.
4. Richard C. Mills, *History of the Foundation and Organization of the Waldport Camp: C.P.S. #56* (1944), University of Oregon Special Collections, 8.
5. Guido Palandri, "Waldport: An Interview with William Everson," *Imprint: Oregon*, Fall-Spring 1978-1979, vol. 5.
6. Palandri, *ibid*.
7. Chuck Wallace, interview by author, Ashland, Ore., 16 Jun. 1994.
8. Jim Hain, interview by author, Seabeck, Wash., 2 Jul. 1994.
9. Stephen Dow Beckham, "The Resource Center, Building No. 1381, Angell Job Corps Center, Waldport, Oregon: A Historical Assessment," *USDA Report No. 3*, 1986, 8.
10. Mills, *ibid*.
11. Palandri, *ibid*.
12. William Eshelman, interview by author, Portland, Ore., Aug. 1994.

LANDMARKS

Astoria Wharf & Warehouse Co. Building (1892)

Founded in 1811 by representatives of John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company, Astoria (Clatsop County) serves as one of Oregon's most vibrant northernmost communities. Situated where the Columbia River blends with the Pacific Ocean, this city is nestled between Coxcomb Hill to the east and Youngs Bay to the west. For centuries, Astoria has been key to Oregon's strategic, cultural, and commercial heritage.

Although salmon packing began in Oregon as early as 1829, the first canning of the fish did not occur until 1866, at Eagle Cliff, Washington (Wahkiakum County), along the Columbia River's north bank. The first cannery on the south bank was constructed in 1869 in Westport, Oregon (Columbia County). By 1874, further expansion increased the number of canneries to thirteen, including several facilities in Astoria. Commercial production of salmon flourished during the late-1880s and 1890s in Oregon and became one of the state's primary industries.

The Astoria Wharf & Warehouse Co. building remains Oregon's only stone-and-brick, pre-1900 waterfront structure. It also is the only surviving masonry building in Astoria with a foundation constructed below the Columbia River waterline. Construction of the warehouse began in spring 1892—during the peak of the salmon production years—and the structure was occupied in late December. The Astoria Wharf & Warehouse Co. used the structure primarily for storing the tin plate and accessories used in the manufacture of tin cans. The building served an adjacent can manufacturing and storage complex, which, in turn, supported the then-thriving Pacific Northwest salmon industry.

Between 1892 and 1949 (when the building was last occupied) seven different can companies used the warehouse. Since its construction, it has survived three major fires that ultimately destroyed most neighboring buildings. Due to the building's thick masonry exterior walls and heavy metal-covered wall openings—combined with its below-water foundation—it commonly was known as the "Bonded Warehouse," a reference to its fire-resistance.

The exterior walls' bricks were the first of their kind fired locally and were produced by May & Thair in kilns along the Lewis and Clark River. The granite keystone over the doorway was quarried at the Chinook Quarry and was relocated from the Old Custom House in east Astoria (built in 1852 as the first federal building erected west of the Rocky Mountains). The basement walls primarily are constructed of rainbow granite, which, at that time, was only quarried in Morton, Minnesota, by the Cold Springs Granite Company. Granite ballast discarded by early sailing ships of foreign origin might also be included in the basement walls.

The first floor of the Astoria Wharf & Warehouse Co. building is structurally designed to support 3,000 tons (1,200 pounds per square foot), and the general interior consists of heavy, old-growth Douglas fir posts, girders, beams, and floor decking. The fifty-foot width is divided into three structural bays of seventeen feet each, and the floor joists are supported at the exterior walls on steel

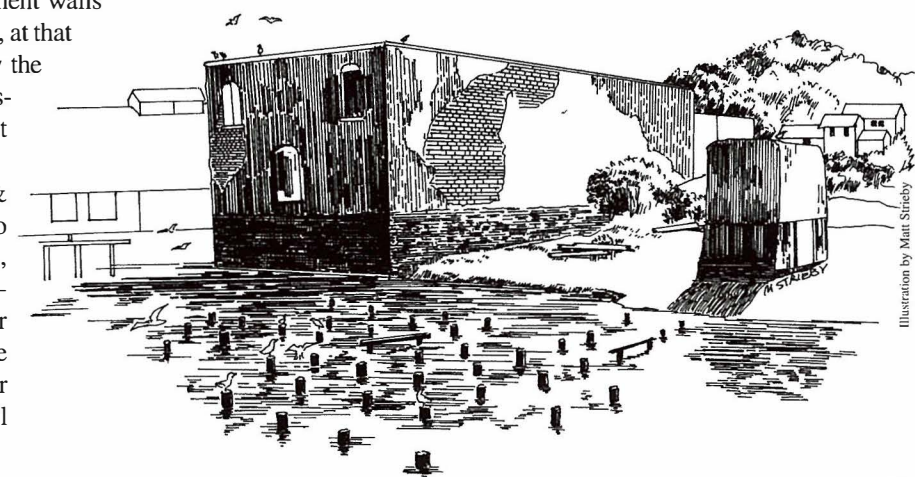
railroad rails embedded into the brick walls.

The foundation's materials vary from basalt block footings to basalt and granite walls approximately thirty-six inches thick. The walls above the foundation are brick laid in common bond—eighteen inches thick from first to second floor, and twelve inches thick from second floor to the top of the roof parapet. The window openings are arched brick at the heads with granite sills and are covered with heavy steel security shutters. The central entrance consists of a granite sill and keystone. The exterior sliding doors were used for loading and unloading tin plate and are covered with heavy sheet metal. The exterior brick surfaces were cemented over for weatherproofing. The original tin roof has been covered with numerous layers of rolled, asphalt roofing. All exterior materials are original, including doors and windows. Interior materials are original, save for several temporary partitions added later and a small balcony that was added between the first and second floors at the northeast corner of the building.

The site originally was deeded to the Astoria Wharf & Warehouse Co. by the United States government on July 17, 1868, and by the State of Oregon on September 21, 1876. All legal recordings of this site and building, 1868 to present, illustrate the ebbs and flows of the cannery industry along the Columbia River over the last century.

The Oregon properties listed below by county were added to the National Register of Historic Places in August 1994, bringing the total properties in Oregon to 1,360. Dates in parentheses indicate the year construction was completed.

LANE COUNTY	2030 N.W. Flanders
James W. Working Flats (1909)	Portland, Oregon
614 Lawrence Street	Listed: 8-26-94
Eugene, Oregon	
Listed: 8-26-94	
MULTNOMAH COUNTY	YAMHILL COUNTY
Eugene Apartments (1930)	Charles K. Spaulding House (1900)
(Flanders Apartments)	717 East Sheridan
	Newberg, Oregon
	Listed: 8-26-94



BRIGHT LIGHTS, SMALL TOWN

Rural Electrification in Oregon

by Channing C. Hardy

On May 25, 1879, the steamship *State of California* anchored at Ainsworth Dock in Portland, Oregon. Just as dusk fell, the vessel was suddenly bathed in an unearthly, bright light washing over a stunned and gasping crowd that had gathered along the riverfront. Arc lights powered by a simple, on-board generator and affixed to the masts and railings of the *California* marked the first public demonstration of electric light in Oregon. The event awed the crowd and sparked the imagination of canny entrepreneurs throughout the state. Within a decade, the world's first long-distance power line was transmitting electricity from a Willamette Falls hydroelectric generating plant in Oregon City (Clackamas County) to Portland fourteen miles away. By the early 1890s, several enterprises had been established to harness both artificial light and the profits electrical power would bring. Before long, Portland's bustling streets and office buildings were ablaze with arc lighting.¹

Cook with
Electricity

POWER CO.

Small-town Oregon, however, was another matter. Technical impediments to rural electrification—combined with relatively little profit potential for capitalists—left hundreds of towns and unincorporated hamlets dotting Oregon's mountains, valleys, coastlands, and deserts virtually in the dark. For many areas during the early-twentieth century, availability of electric power—much like access to railheads for commerce—was an issue of life-or-death economics. During the Great Depression, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt recognized this simple fact and established, in 1935, the Rural Electrification Administration (REA). The REA would make available substantial, low-interest “energy loans” to provide electric power to countless homes, farms, and businesses throughout small-town America.

Most of the REA's first recipients in Oregon never before had experienced the wonders of electricity and the conveniences (and confusions) it offered. These Oregonians lived in the more remote areas along the coast, in the Willamette Valley, and east of the Cascade Range; and prior to the rural electrification program, many had used large batteries or makeshift generator “plants” to produce electricity.² Such generators were fairly common during the 1920s and 1930s, but their first-time use still brought a sense of excitement. Freddie Johnson, who lived in Oceanlake (Lincoln County) at that time, remembers a neighbor installing lights powered by a Delco generator: “My father saw the reflection of the light, turned, and exclaimed: ‘Hey, they got electric light over there!’” The battery-powered generators seldom produced large amounts of current, and Leone Kasner remembers how, after her father had hooked up a generator to the farm's windmill, a single, drop-cord lamp in the living room was all the device could energize.³

Even electric power plants built during the 1930s and 1940s were often grossly underpowered and could only provide electricity during certain times of the day and week. Marie Aher recalls how, in the 1930s, one power plant in Lincoln City (Lincoln County) was so puny, “that once the need for electricity increased in the area, the power company would run it only for an hour south then an hour north of the city.” The practice could service more people, but “for shorter durations.” In Burns (Harney County), a waterwheel produced the town's first electricity. Such mechanism, however, were unreliable in eastern Oregon, according to Leone Kasner, “because the water used to run the waterwheel would freeze for months, thus making it impossible for electricity to be generated in the winter.” The first homes in Burns to receive electrical current were serviced only between four and ten o'clock in the evening. Francis Berdette remembers how, as a result of restrictions on electricity, her grandmother could do her ironing only at night.

With the gradual spread of electricity throughout the state, many rural denizens became amateur electricians and set out to wire their homes with home-made systems. Unfortunately, professional electricians were rare—particularly in rural Oregon. Moreover, up-to-date literature on the technology was rarer still, and many homeowners were woefully ignorant of the principles of electricity and the hazards of shoddy installation. Home-taught “electragists” often experimented with leftover telephone wire in supplying their homes with current—a practice that often reaped disastrous results. Francis Berdette recalls a wiring technique called the “knob-and-tube” method that was installed in her home in Newport (Lincoln County) in 1921: “The wiring... was thick and ran on the outside of the walls, even over the wallpaper.”⁴ This technique usually meant that exposed, often uninsulated wire would be woven throughout the home, with tragic mishaps often the unfortunate result. Another common practice among uninitiated do-it-yourself electricians was to force corn cobs into empty lighting sockets in order to prevent unused electricity from “spilling away.”

Shortly after 1935, rural electric cooperatives were formed to fill the void between technology and proper installation and use. However, despite the best efforts of the co-ops to instruct rural residents, according to E. Paul Lee of Union (Union County), many small-town citizens remained skeptical as to electricity's benefits. “Because many of the rural families were not completely sold on this new invention,” says Lee, “it took time for people to talk to their friends and family who had electricity and to be convinced that the advantages outweighed the price.” After a majority of residents in a designated area signed petitions allowing the REA to enter their land, each household was charged \$500 to cover the cost of extending current

to the site and for the wiring of the home. To save money, many homeowners chose to do their own installation. It was then up to such “independents” to read their own meters and send in the appropriate fees for the service. Early electric bills were anything but cheap, and one customer recalls that, after electric power was brought into his area in 1942, he paid an average of thirty-two dollars a month—real money during wartime.

Some Oregonians never became accustomed to the wonders of electricity and clung to more familiar ways of lighting and staying warm. Harry Griswold, of Waldport (Lincoln County), recalls how his family stuck to using kerosene lamps, even after their home had been wired for electricity. “The brightness of the electric lamp was blinding to the eyes,” Griswold explains, and his father often hung newspaper over the simple, pull-chain light to cut down on the glare.

Nevertheless, for many early, rural customers, the most memorable aspect of electricity was the marvel and convenience of “just



These two unidentified linemen were among those who helped bring electricity to Central Point from Gold Ray Dam, circa 1905.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #11821

Southern Oregon Historical Society #9550

The California Oregon Power Company OREGON DIVISIONS

DOMESTIC SERVICE

COMBINATION RESIDENCE LIGHTING, HEATING AND COOKING

COMBINATION SERVICE:

Applicable to domestic combination lighting, heating and cooking and—or domestic water heating service for individual residences or individual apartments only, where the cooking equipment consists of a standard domestic electric range.

TERRITORY:

Applicable to entire territory in Oregon served by the Company.

RATE:

For lighting, heating and cooking. The connected load in cooking and heating equipment not to exceed three kilowatts in addition to the electric range:

First 30 KWH or less per meter per month.....\$3.00
Next 200 KWH per meter per month.....2c per KWH
All excess KWH per meter per month.....1/4c per KWH

For lighting, cooking and heating as above and one horse power motor for Domestic Service:

First 37 KWH or less per meter per month.....\$3.70
Next 200 KWH per meter per month.....2c per KWH
All excess KWH per meter per month.....1/4c per KWH

For lighting, cooking and heating as above and two horse power motor for Domestic Service:

First 44 KWH or less per meter per month.....\$4.40
Next 200 KWH per meter per month.....2c per KWH
All excess KWH per meter per month.....1/4c per KWH

For lighting, cooking and heating as above and three horse power motor for Domestic Service:

First 50 KWH or less per meter per month.....\$5.00
Next 200 KWH per meter per month.....2c per KWH
All excess KWH per meter per month.....1/4c per KWH

For each kilowatt of air heating equipment in excess of three kilowatts, the first block of the above rates will be increased by five Kilowatt hours and the charge by 50c per month. This charge for air heaters will be effective covering the seven months' period, October to April inclusive of each year and will be charged for the full period. This charge will not be made during the five months' period, May to September inclusive.

ISSUED APRIL 1, 1924

Southern Oregon Historical Society #PAM 621.302 C15 1924

Early electrical service was not necessarily inexpensive, as indicated by this 1924 rate sheet from the California Oregon Power Company (COPCO).

turning on a switch" to illuminate a room. Living on an isolated farm near Lonerock (Gilliam County) in north-central Oregon, Nina Knighten's family rarely spoke of such marvels, particularly since it was "such a remote possibility for our home to ever be electrified."

For some areas in the state, like Lonerock, it was not until the 1950s—several years after the establishment of the REA—that current finally flowed their way. Despite the fact that most of post-World War II America had already been plugged into their electric can openers, electric shavers, and electric clothes washers, countless others still lived in the dark. Through a complex web of transmission lines—and an even more complex series of corporate takeovers and mergers—the streets of rural Oregon were as illuminated by the early-1950s as were those of Portland in the 1890s. And like those who witnessed, in 1879, a steamship ablaze in electric light at Ainsworth Dock, the last rural residents in Oregon to receive electrical service could finally delight in the televised antics of "Our Miss Brooks" or the marvels of a Maytag.



Channing C. Hardy is a 1994 graduate of Oregon State University (Corvallis) and is director of the Coca-Cola Bottling Museum in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. For further reading on the electrification of the American West, John Dierdorff's How Edison's Lamp Helped Light the West (Pacific Power & Light Company, 1971) and The Pacific Power Story: 75 Years of Service (Pacific Power, 1985) offer excellent historic and photographic background.

END NOTES

1. Howard McKinley Corning (ed.), *Dictionary of Oregon History* (Portland: Binford & Mort Publishing, 1989), 79-80.
2. John Davis, interview by author, 16 Jan. 1994. Davis is a noted, international enthusiast and collector of early light bulbs, electric devices and Thomas A. Edison memorabilia.
3. First use of such "elementary lighting" was during the 1880s, and some are still in use in rural areas. A cord hanging freely from a ceramic fixture was centered in a room for maximum illumination. A bare bulb would be attached to a socket, and either a pull-chain or key-switch mechanism was used for turning the light on and off.
4. Davis, *ibid.* Knob-and-tube (or "nail") wiring was widely used in office buildings and homes by 1900 and can still be found today in homes built as late as the 1930s. The "knob" was porcelain and served as an insulator secured to the wall or ceiling surface by a nail. The insulator was grooved in order to hold the strand of wire in place. A pair of insulators spaced several inches apart kept parallel wires from touching. (It is because of the relatively large gap between the wires that this technique was believed to be one of the safest methods.) Wire strung through wood, mortar, brick, or plaster was encased in a tube.

The spread of electric power throughout the "State of Jefferson" (southern Oregon and northern California) began sporadically, with construction of small plants servicing limited areas. These independents, however, were soon bought up by larger operations possessing the capital needed to speed development of statewide networks of hydroelectric dams, power plants, transfer stations, and transmission lines. This timeline reviews the early days of electrification in the region.

1888 • The Ashland Electric Power and Light Company (Jackson County, Oregon) is incorporated and initiates local service.

1895 • The State of Oregon grants its first franchise to the Klamath Falls Light and Water Company (Klamath County). Service begins a year later from a small plant on the east side of the Link River in Klamath Falls.

1898 • The Mt. Shasta Milling Company (Shasta County, California) installs a 100-kilowatt plant on the Little Shasta River. Electricity is transmitted to the mill and a limited number of domestic and commercial customers in Montague (Siskiyou County, California).

1900 • The Etna Development Company and the Kappler Brewing Company install generators in Etna (Siskiyou County). Additional electricity is provided to a few customers throughout the Scott Valley area.

1902 • The Siskiyou Electric Power Company is incorporated to develop a plant at Fall Creek (Klamath County). The Condor Water and Power Company begins construction of the Gold Ray Dam and a power station on the Rogue River (on the border between Jackson and Josephine counties).

1903 • The Fall Creek plant adds tap lines to Hornbrook and Yreka (Siskiyou County). The Shasta River plant is sold and becomes the Yreka Electric Light and Power Company. The Douglas Electric and Water Company completes Roseburg's first plant at Winchester (Douglas County, Oregon).

1904 • The Siskiyou Electric Power Company purchases the Etna Development Company and the Kappler Brewing Company plant. The Gold Ray plant begins service to Gold Hill and Medford (Jackson County). The Douglas Electric and Water

Electrifying the Jefferson Network

Company merges with the Roseburg Water Company to form the Umpqua Water, Light and Power Company. A steam-generating plant is installed in Alturas (Modoc County, California) by the newly formed Alturas Light and Power Company. The Siskiyou Electric Power Company assumes control of the Ashland Electric Power and Light Company.

1905 • The Siskiyou Electric Power Company acquires the Yreka Electric Light and Power Company (Siskiyou County). The Condor Water and Power Company purchases the New Water, Light and Power Company, adding service to Grants Pass (Josephine County), Ashland, Medford, Central Point, and Jacksonville (all in Jackson County). The Condor Company also provides service to Ashland Electric Power and Light Company.

1906 • The Ashland Electric Power and Light Company sells its power plant and water rights to the City of Ashland. Condor continues to serve the city and the Ashland plant is shut down and sold for junk.

1907 • The Condor Water and Power Company is purchased by its subsidiary, the Rogue River Electric Company. The Surprise Valley Electric Light and Power Company—near Tri City in Douglas County—constructs a line from Pine Creek to Cedarville (Modoc County).

1908 • The Siskiyou Electric Power and Light Company (SEP&L) is incorporated and assumes control of the Siskiyou Electric Power Company. SEP&L purchases the Montague distribution system from the Mt. Shasta Milling Company, as well as a hydroelectric plant south of Mt. Shasta in Dunsmuir (Siskiyou County). The Klamath Light and Power Company completes its west-side plant in Klamath Falls, extending lines to Merrill and Bonanza (Klamath County).

1909 • The Jackson County Light and Power Company receives power from the Rogue River Electric Company and begins serving the Phoenix-Talent area (Jackson County). SEP&L begins transmission from Fall Creek via Weed and Sisson (Siskiyou County) to Dunsmuir.

1910 • The Klamath Light and Power Company purchases the Klamath Falls Light

and Water Company and sells the properties to SEP&L, which also acquires the Klamath River Power Company.

1911 • SEP&L consolidates the Klamath Light and Power Company and the Klamath Falls Light and Water Company. SEP&L builds a line from Fall Creek to Ashland and Klamath Falls. The City of Ashland installs its own plant on Ashland Creek. The Rogue



In 1950, Deadwood (Lane County) was the last area in the state to receive electricity, allowing Mrs. Luther Prindle to operate a gas-powered wringer/washer.

1914 • The Keno Power Company is organized in Klamath County. (The company is later purchased by COPCO in 1920.) COPCO purchases and dismantles a steam plant at Glendale (Douglas County) and extends service to Glendale from the Greenback Mine via Grave Creek and Wolf Creek (both in Josephine County).

1916 • COPCO purchases a plant from a gold-dredging company in Carrville (Trinity County, California) and extends power throughout the Trinity Center area. COPCO also extends power southeast to McCloud, Hilt, Weed, Big Springs (all in Siskiyou County), Gold Hill (Jackson County), and Pelican City (Klamath County). COPCO leases lines from the Ashland Electric Power and Light Company to the city. (The lines are later sold to the city in 1920.)

1917 • COPCO executes a contract with the United States Department of the Interior's Reclamation Service to build the Link River Dam, in Klamath Falls, to provide water, irrigation, and power to the service's Klamath Basin Irrigation Project. (Actual work begins in 1920 and is completed in 1921.)

1918 • The 10,000-watt COPCO One plant on the Klamath River is completed. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E) receives power from Fall Creek via Dunsmuir and Castella (Shasta County). The extension is built by both COPCO and PG&E at the request of the federal government to serve the San Francisco Bay area during World War I.

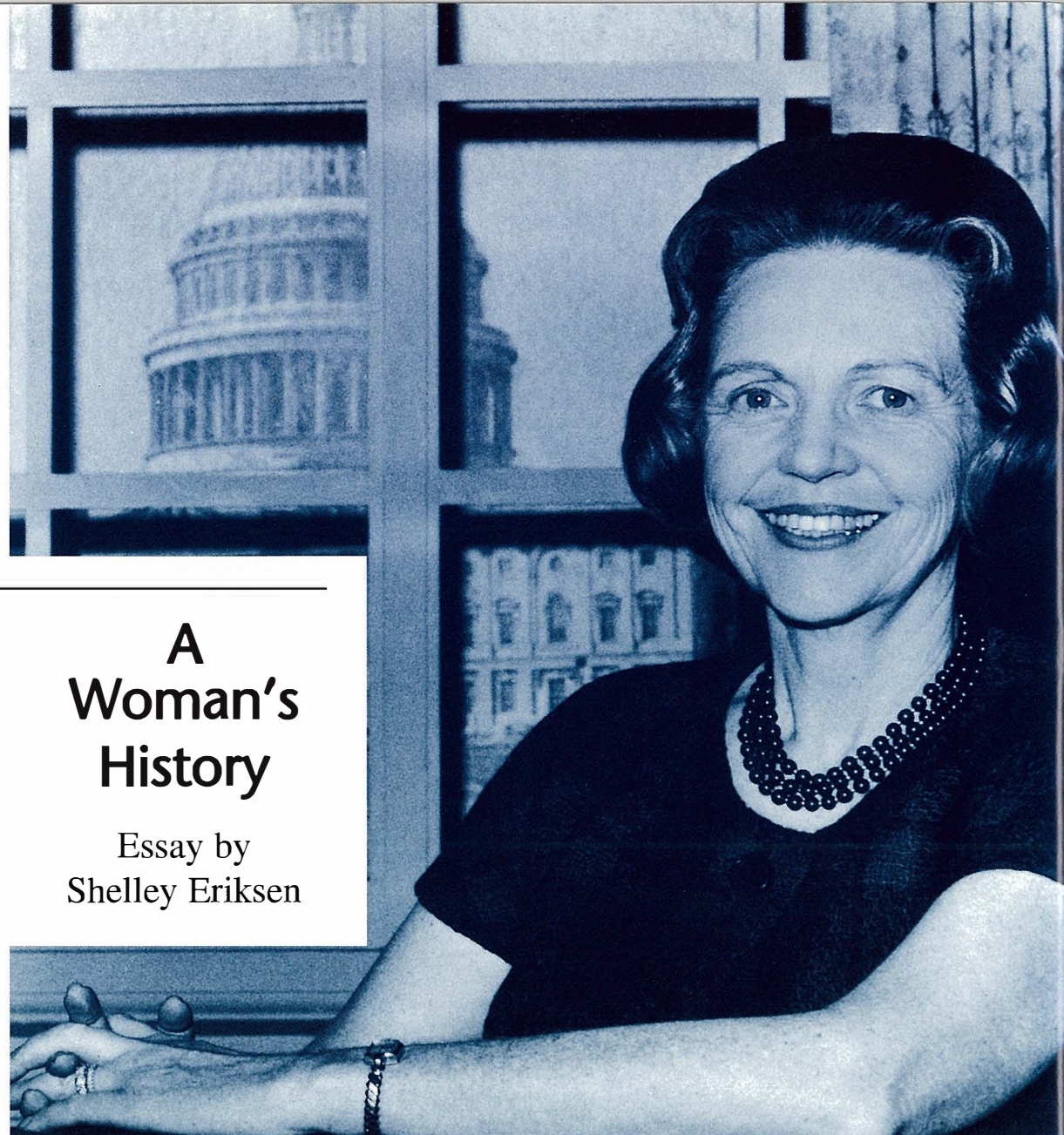
1920 • COPCO acquires the Keno Power Company, which operates as a separate utility until 1927. The City of Ashland purchases the property—within the city limits—of the Ashland Electric Power and Light Company (acquired earlier by the Siskiyou Electric Power Company in 1904).

1921 • COPCO's main office is transferred from San Francisco to Medford. Power is extended from Pelican City to Algoma (Klamath County) and from Merrill to Malin (both in Klamath County). The Prospect plant is connected to Springfield (Lane County, Oregon) with the Mountain States Power Company, extending service into the mid-Willamette Valley area. COPCO acquires the Klamath Lake Railroad to build and operate COPCO plants.

A Room of One's Own

A Woman's History

Essay by
Shelley Eriksen



Oregon schoolteacher, photographer, writer, and lecturer Maurine B. Neuberger was elected to the United States Senate in 1960 and became a tireless and influential member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. She supported bills to ease tax burdens for working mothers paying child care and to examine the war in Vietnam. She also led a successful battle to halt the marketing of cigarettes to minors and, in 1964, introduced a bill calling for warning labels to be imprinted on all packages of cigarettes. Neuberger's husband, noted author Richard L. Neuberger, held the same Senate seat from 1956 until his death in 1960. Now retired, Neuberger lives in Portland.

More than sixty years ago, Virginia Woolf was among the first to advocate a history of women. In *A Room of One's Own*, the author wrote:

What one wants, I thought—and why does not some brilliant student at Newnham or Girton supply it?—is a mass of information; at what age did she marry; how many children had she as a rule; what was her house like; had she a room to herself; did she do the cooking; would she be likely to have a servant? All these facts lie somewhere, presumably, in parish registers and account books; the life of the average Elizabethan woman must be scattered about somewhere, could one collect it and make a book of it. It would be ambitious beyond my daring to suggest to the students of those famous colleges that they should

rewrite history, though I own that it often seems a little queer as it is, unreal, lop-sided; but why should they not add a supplement to history?

From a contemporary point of view, we know it would take many more minds and hearts than those belonging to a few brilliant college students to adequately record women's contributions to the "making of history." Women's history is not at all supplemental. Rather, "our story" is a constant and richly vital part—albeit often submerged or neglected—of any culture's past.

At the time of Woolf's writing, women still were largely hidden from history. One reason for women's silence about themselves was the fact that they were rarely taught to write, thus depriving them of one of the most powerful and effective methods of record-keeping. Another cause of women's "invisibility" was the prominent conception and presentation of what was deemed

historically legitimate and valuable history. Until fairly recently, historians recounted stories that gave particular emphasis to conquerors and rulers, war and peace, and territories lost and gained. To be sure, on occasion, such renditions of history would single out a woman of extraordinary stature—Catherine the Great, Florence Nightingale, Harriet Tubman, Elizabeth Garret Anderson, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Yet the overall framework historians traditionally constructed remained unchanged over the years. As a result, women's ways of thinking and being were rarely acknowledged.

While the "great story" approach has proven broadly resonant and compelling, entire dimensions of social life are overlooked in the process. This standardized, homogenized conception of history leaves out perspectives of life as it was, and is, lived in the everyday; it ignores the grandly eloquent and steadfastly ordinary experiences of less dominant groups of women and men of myriad backgrounds. Yet it is their experiences that inextricably shape our local, regional, and national heritages. Therefore, in addition to the activities of larger political and economic systems (and those who direct them), we also must examine our homes and our communities and honor people from all walks of life, including individuals who faced great obstacles and triumphed. Their stories, too, help move history forward.

The effort behind recognizing a "woman's history" approximates the view provided by a wide-angle lens, allowing us to focus on more than simply one object. For historian Gerda Lerner, women's history represents "a new angle of vision," through which we expand the focus of history. Including the stories of women provides us with not only a wider perspective on what occurred at a given time, but also a more complete perspective on who we are as a people and a nation.

The designation of March as Women's History Month gives local communities an opportunity to uncover and recount the lives and accomplishments of innumerable women who, until recently, have been largely ignored by the

national community. However, Women's History Month is not exclusively about women. Celebrations and programs honoring women's place in history signify a larger effort to acknowledge the vitality of multiple cultures in the human experience, past and present. By celebrating a multicultural history of women, we can give voice to groups that were not—and are not now—given access to the social facilities that determine what is presented as legitimate, cultural knowledge.

Recently, a local historian friend remarked: "We did all that in the seventies," echoing the commonly held notion that the equality ethos promulgated during the late-1960s and 1970s addressed, and supposedly solved, the lack of representation of women and multicultural groups in the standard history canon. Unfortunately, thorny issues of inclusion and exclusion are not so easily remedied. For example, the National Women's Project in northern California was founded in the late-1970s in response to the systematic inattention paid to women in standard history texts assigned in K-12 curricula. While more recent editions have shown greater awareness of women's roles in history and current events, progress remains slow.

In 1982, the project reviewed high school history texts and found that women figured in only eleven percent of the historical references, with a similar fate befalling ethnic and other under-represented groups. Clearly, what my colleague assumed had been "done" back in the 1970s remains to be applied in the 1990s.

The inclusion of multiple perspectives and experiences into the learning process has profound implications for young students today. It seems a truism that students who cannot identify themselves within that process are less likely to view knowledge as useful and beneficial to them. Accordingly, much recent research demonstrates that the absence of role models in learned and lived experience has deleterious effects on a child's perception of her or his abilities.

For example, a university study conducted in the early-1980s found that the degree to which high school girls considered

Celebrations and programs honoring women's place in history signify a larger effort to acknowledge the vitality of multiple cultures in the human experience, past and present.



Left, Abigail Scott Duniway (1834-1915) was the Northwest's foremost leader in the struggle for women's suffrage. In 1912, Oregon granted women the power to vote; and an ailing, seventy-eight-year-old Duniway was the first to register. Governor Oswald West lauded Duniway's role in the law's passage and assisted the suffrage leader in the historic registration. Recalling her own role in the movement for women's equal rights, Duniway often asserted that "women did not want to rule over men, as they might imagine, but were asking only for their individual rights and liberties." After all, she continued, "a man who could be ruled by a woman would not be worth corraling after she had driven him home."



Left, A fourth-generation Oregonian, Barbara Roberts established many firsts: Oregon's first woman governor (1991-95), first Democratic secretary of state in 110 years, and first woman House majority leader. Following in the path of such women as Maurine B. Neuberger and Abigail Scott Duniway, Roberts is truly a pioneer in state politics.

Courtesy of Governor's Office

Right, As a child, Bethina Angelina Owens-Adair (1840-1926) worked the fields of Clatsop County to pay for her early schooling. After establishing her own business in Roseburg (Douglas County), Owens-Adair began studying medicine. In 1880, she became the first woman physician on the Pacific Coast and was later one of Oregon's most prominent and outspoken medical doctors.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #14720

mathematics a male domain affected their performance and how much confidence they had in their abilities to learn math. The widely circulated 1990 report by the American Association of University Women (AAUW), entitled "How Schools Shortchange Girls," found that the contribution and experience of women is still marginalized—or ignored outright—in a majority of textbooks, while schools continue to provide inadequate instruction in issues of concern to girls and young women. To no one's surprise, the AAUW report also found that girls emerge from school with alarmingly little self-confidence and self-esteem compared to their same-aged male peers.

The importance of role models in helping children envision new opportunities and new possibilities cannot be overstated. Witnessing and recounting women's place in history—in the past and today—will forge a path future generations can follow. Young women will more surely find their way in tomorrow's world if we share with them today the legacy of women's spirit and determination. Political agendas, cultural

identities, and vested interests aside, we all—women and men—have been deeply touched by the women in our lives: our mothers, partners, daughters, sisters, grandmothers, kinswomen, and friends. Women's History Month, therefore, poses a challenge to each of us to identify ways to honor the remarkable women in our personal histories and to reflect on how they helped us become who we are. In the words of novelist Alice Walker: "Guided by my heritage of a love of beauty and a respect for strength—in search of my mother's garden, I found my own."



Adapted, with permission, from "Why Women's History?" in The Lithiograph (Ashland, Oregon), March 1994. Shelley Eriksen is director of the Women's Studies Program and an adjunct professor in the Sociology and Anthropology Department at Southern Oregon State College. For more information about Women's History Month and/or the Rogue Valley Women's History Project, please contact Linda Cade at 503-482-2247.



Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society, neg. #2491

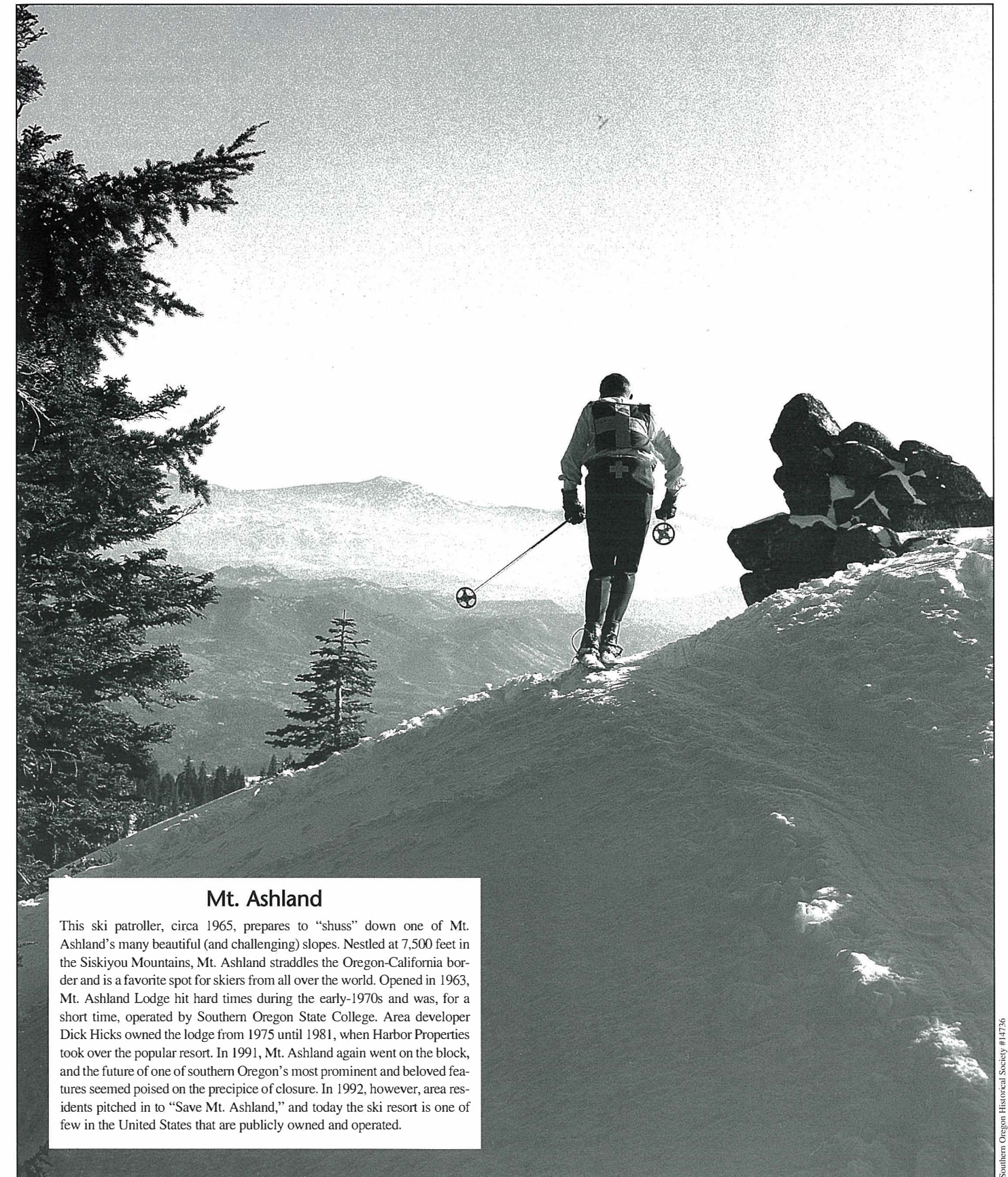
Marie Diana Equi (1872-1952)

by Ralph Friedman

To the medical establishment, she was "Dr. Equi." To her close friends, she was "Marie." But to the Indians and cowboys of eastern Oregon, where she practiced during the early-1900s, she was just "Doc." Rough-hewn men hollered "Here's Doc" when they saw her horse breaking through a cloud of dust. The men would reach for Doc's bag and help her down as they commented amongst each other how few men-doctors had Doc's guts—or her compassion. To the powerful, she was the most feared and hated woman in Oregon—championing the cause of the working class, thundering across the state for women's suffrage, opposing the First World War, espousing free speech, and struggling for abortion rights. While the plain folk adored her, the politicians and civic leaders cursed Doc's name for all the grief she gave them. Doc was despised by the mighty for her frontline work toward passage of laws limiting work hours for women and children; and she

often visited lumber camps, where she tended to the loggers and exposed the filth of the cold, leaky barracks. Julia Ruuttila, the poet and journalist, became one of Doc's many admiring friends in later years and described the maverick physician as "a dramatic and flamboyant and wonderful woman." Remembering all she had done in support of striking workers during the Great Depression, the long-shoremen of Local 8 sent Doc flowers as she lay dying at Portland's St. Vincent's Hospital in 1952. The end came on July 13—Doc was eighty. Someday, they may name something after Doc Equi—a tavern where she sipped beer and broke bread with muckers and gandy dancers; or a hall where she sat with row "wobblies," chastising them for refusing to admit women as members. Perhaps it will be a clinic that today cares for the poor, with doors open at all hours; a safe nest for the elderly impoverished; a bookstore where women bind their wounds and march out again into skirmishes ahead; or maybe a street corner dedicated to the act of free speech.

Poised on the Precipice



Mt. Ashland

This ski patroller, circa 1965, prepares to "shuss" down one of Mt. Ashland's many beautiful (and challenging) slopes. Nestled at 7,500 feet in the Siskiyou Mountains, Mt. Ashland straddles the Oregon-California border and is a favorite spot for skiers from all over the world. Opened in 1963, Mt. Ashland Lodge hit hard times during the early-1970s and was, for a short time, operated by Southern Oregon State College. Area developer Dick Hicks owned the lodge from 1975 until 1981, when Harbor Properties took over the popular resort. In 1991, Mt. Ashland again went on the block, and the future of one of southern Oregon's most prominent and beloved features seemed poised on the precipice of closure. In 1992, however, area residents pitched in to "Save Mt. Ashland," and today the ski resort is one of few in the United States that are publicly owned and operated.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #14736



Downtown Oakland has changed little since the citizenry moved it a mile to the train tracks in the 1870s. Situated along the Pacific Highway, between Roseburg and Eugene, Oakland has long been a favorite stopover for weary (and hungry) I-5 wayfarers.

Photo by Natalie Brown

OAKLAND

Town on the Move

by Molly Walker Kerr

Along the Pacific Highway, between Roseburg and Eugene—or more precisely, Sutherlin and Cottage Grove—lies a town big enough to warrant a sign on Interstate 5, but small enough to appreciate its location a mile or so off the busy highway. Oakland (Douglas County), population 850, is nestled in the northern Umpqua Valley, and Exit 138 is I-5's gateway to this "town on the move." The quiet, country road leading into town once was a primary terminus for the Wells Fargo stage line. It also was the principal freight route between Portland and San Francisco for the Oregon & California Railroad (O&C).

Today, however, visitors turning up Locust Street may think they have entered a time warp or a Hollywood-set version of "Main Street, U.S.A." Grand brick buildings adorned with high-arched windows retain the ambiance of Oakland's (sporadic) glory days during the 1800s, and echoes of thundering stagecoaches and the swish of women's skirts still echo along the peaceful streets.

Established in 1852, the community of Oakland flourished around a grist mill built by Dr. Dorsey Baker, an early settler on Calapooya Creek a mile north of town. Today, the mill's powerful waterwheel is displayed on Second Street, at the entrance to Oakland's downtown park. When E.G. Young added a store to the

mill site, the little hamlet blossomed into the area's leading trade and postal center. Hooves pounded through Oakland as riders hurried their deliveries north to Corvallis, south to Jacksonville, and westward toward the coast. The sturdy oaks standing guard over the first post office inspired the town's name, and Oakland's future looked bright—until 1865.

1865 marked the end of the Civil War and the beginning of one of the most explosive growth periods in American history. Progress descended on the contented community of Oakland with a vengeance; and as an ever-growing web of railroad tracks crisscrossed the nation, the O&C laid rails only a mile from town. As it happened, Alonzo F. Brown owned that land and donated the right of way to the railroad. In 1872, the first train puffed down the gleaming new tracks to cheering crowds.

Citizen Brown was made the new station agent and was charged with overseeing shipment of the area's resources—farm produce, ore, and timber—to regions all over the country. Eventually, however, with the railhead a mile from the town's center, increased rail freight became ever more difficult to manage. Undaunted, Oakland's resourceful citizenry took matters into their own hands, hoisting each of the town's buildings onto logs and rolling the structures downhill to the track. A drive out Old Town

Loop Road north of town reveals the magnitude of the amazing feat.

Oakland prospered after the move; but during the 1880s, a series of fires destroyed most of the new downtown's buildings. Ever unflappable, Oaklanders rebuilt the structures using brick from a nearby plant. Today, two downtown buildings that were unharmed by the fires gaze triumphantly at each other across Locust Street at Third—the Stearns & Chenoweth Hardware Store (owned and operated by the founder's grandsons) and the Page & Dimmick Building. Both buildings wear the jaunty, cast-iron facades and ornamentation that were all the rage during the Victorian 1890s.

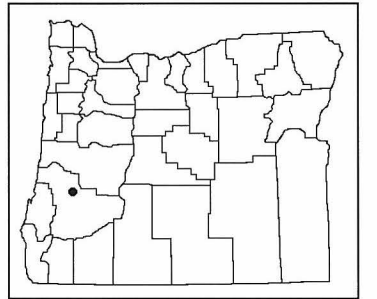
Oakland was first in Oregon to enact a historic preservation ordinance; and in 1979, the town was first to be listed by the National Register of Historic Places as a historic district. (Walking tours of the downtown and several historic homes are available.) Several tiny houses that were moved from the "old town" were placed along Second Street, between Maple and Walnut streets. In its heyday, one such home, the prim James Dearling House, was a bawdy saloon. During World War II, the Dr. Edward J. Page House (1892) served as a Red Cross center. It was later divided into apartments; and Dick and Faye McClain, the current owners of the Page House, have painstakingly restored it to its original grandeur. Several other homeowners in Oakland have breathed new life into the old houses, such as the Alonzo F. Brown House (1888), an elegant Italianate that sits queenlike at the end of Second Street.

Anyone seeking first-hand knowledge of Oakland's rich past, is duty-bound to talk with eighty-seven-year-old Walt Cota, owner of the George Hall House on Fifth Street. When the weather is kind, Cota often can be found on his favorite bench in front of the Medley Restaurant & Deli. Looking dapper in his starched shirt and suspenders, Cota recently recalled the days when horses pranced out of Oakland's tin-roofed livery stable and farm wagons lumbered through the dusty (sometimes muddy) streets. Cota owned a turkey ranch when the town was Oregon's "turkey capital"; and during the 1930s, Oakland hosted annual turkey shows that once were the largest of their kind in the world. Cota still maintains that Oakland turkey growers were responsible for the development of the popular broad-breasted bird weighing down Thanksgiving Day tables throughout America today.

Cota's late wife, Vesta Hall Cota, taught school to most of the town's older "kids." While the couple spent many years traveling the world, they always returned home. Says Cota: "I'll never

leave Oakland. I'd be lost."

The Oakland Museum is located in the heart of town, at 130 Locust Street, and is open daily from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M. The museum evokes images of early pioneer life, and spirits of early American Indians seem to live among the intricate basketry and woven blankets displayed with care. The town's library is housed in the old red brick schoolhouse at the end of Locust Street.



A favorite for both "junkers" and seasoned antique hunters, Oakland has several antique stores, each taking on the role of mini museum. And whimsical shops and restaurants complement the town's historic feel by proudly displaying old-time relics for hungry visitors to investigate while savoring cinnamon rolls fresh from the oven. One such establishment is the famed Tolly's, which has long been a favorite stopover for hungry and tired I-5 wayfarers. Savvy Oregonians have been stopping at this restaurant/candy store/soda fountain/museum since 1968.

Oakland is at it best when in the throes of one of its several annual events. The uproarious, three-day Oakland Historic Days in June offers—among other events—frog-jumping contests, a musical parade, old-time fiddlers, and (naturally) turkey races. In September, twenty Oregon wineries participate in the popular Umpqua Valley Wine, Arts,

& Jazz Festival. Oakland's Christmas celebration begins when a soft red glow from downtown holiday lighting settles over the town and festive greenery adorns the buildings. Along the sidewalks, mannequins in Victorian attire peer into store windows, and Oaklanders go from home to home singing carols, accompanied by the Oakland High School Band—a tradition since 1913.

Despite war, economic slumps, and wayward railheads, Oakland has been sustained by bountiful agriculture, ideal conditions for sheep and cattle ranching, a strong sense of community, and a sign on Interstate 5. And don't worry that the sign is too far from the center of town. Oaklanders are extremely resourceful.

Molly Walker Kerr is a free-lance writer/photographer living in Medford. Her work has appeared in several local and statewide magazines, and she currently is working on a novel on Oregon.



From where he sits, eighty-seven-year-old Walt Cota has witnessed a few changes in Oakland over the years. Says the unofficial town historian and erstwhile turkey farmer: "I'll never leave Oakland. I'd be lost."

Photo by the author



vided much-needed activity and training for area youths during hard times and prepared many young men for tasks to come during World War II.

In 1939, Glenn L. Jackson was elected as the first president of the newly renamed Jackson County Chamber of Commerce. Jackson was elected for two additional terms; and in 1941, Jackson and Manager Frank Hull obtained for southern Oregon the United States Army cantonment base. Upon completion of Camp White in August 1942, the population in Jackson County soared. In his article "Desert Boom: Camp White's Explosive Growth During World War II" [Oregon Heritage, Fall 1994], Russell Working, reporter for the *Mail Tribune* (Medford), describes Camp White during the war as follows:

In rural southern Oregon, far from any theater of battle, no single factor during the 1940s affected the area as deeply as this sprawling camp.... At its height, Camp White's central core comprised of 1,300 buildings: barracks, mess halls, theaters, a radio station, post offices, pillboxes, barbed-wire nests, artillery ranges, a mock-up of a German village, a 1,400-bed hospital that was so big (the soldiers joked) you had to check in your dog tags at the door in case you got lost in the maze and never returned.

In 1947, Jackson assembled a group of investors for the purchase of 390 acres of Camp White land. The White City industrial area was launched and expanded rapidly as the demand for lumber and plywood sky-rocketed during the post-World War II boom. Jackson's influence in community development was felt for many years; and Donel L. Lane, who became chamber manager in 1947, once stated: "When I was manager of the chamber, I often wondered whether I was working for the chamber or Glenn Jackson."

Rapid population growth in southern Oregon during the late-1940s and early-1950s convinced chamber members of the need for improved medical facilities. In November 1954, the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce and the board of the Medford Community Hospital adopted a proposal for the development of a modernized hospital facility. The chamber formed a community-wide task force, headed by Glenn Jackson, charged with raising funds for the ambitious project—the Rogue Valley Medical Center. This project—along with expansion of Providence Hospital and Medical Center—has made the Rogue Valley area exceptional in providing quality, up-to-date medical services.

Don McNeil was chamber manager from 1952 to 1964, a period of accelerated growth requiring a more activated retail-merchants association and greater emphasis on tourism and education.



In this 1909 promotional piece, the Medford Commercial Club challenged anyone to name a city or town in the United States that had "as many diversified resources" as Medford.

1964 accelerated the chamber's interest in flood control within the Rogue River Basin, culminating in the construction of the Lost Creek and Applegate dams. Jack and Dennis Hoffbuhr, Bob Lee, and Gerald T. Latham played significant roles for the chamber in development and completion of area flood-control planning.

Since the mid-1970s, the Chamber of Medford/Jackson County has become increasingly involved in issues regarding forestry, land use, and the environment. In 1975, the city passed a twenty-percent lodging tax, of which the chamber's share supports the successful Visitors and Convention Bureau. In 1980, under the leadership of William R. Haas—executive vice-president—the chamber became the second largest chamber in the state. Reflecting changes in relationships between municipalities and state and federal government, the chamber's emphasis throughout the 1980s and early-1990s has been on legislation's impact on business—particularly in terms of regulation, employment relations, taxation, and the area's overall business climate.

For seventy-five years, whatever its objective or its name, the Chamber of Medford/Jackson County has been instrumental in the development of local and regional economies and the enhancement of southern Oregon's quality of living, making this area the envy of the Northwest and an exceptional place to live and prosper.

Gerald T. Latham graduated from Medford High School (now McLoughlin Middle School) in 1931. In 1991, he retired as general manager of the *Mail Tribune*, after fifty-three years with the newspaper. Latham and his wife Lois live in Medford.

During this time, the chamber assisted the local school board in the development of a new high school. The bond measure for the needed \$3.5 million was successful, and the new Medford High School (now North Medford High School) was constructed just off Crater Lake Avenue in 1967.

In the early-1960s, the Veterans Administration opted to close Camp White Hospital. In response, the chamber formed a committee that—with the help of U.S. Senator Wayne Morse, and U.S. Representatives Bob Duncan and Edith Green—succeeded in converting the facility into the present Veterans Administration Domiciliary. Today the "Dom" is the only facility of its kind in the country housing disadvantaged veterans. Growth also created greater demands upon city and federal services, and former chamber president John Pletsch developed a plan for the construction of a civic-center complex. In 1966, with the support of Congressman Edwin R. Durno, a new Medford City Hall was built on Eighth at Oakdale, and a new federal building/post office was erected across the street.

Terrible flooding in December

GLOBAL AVENUES OF AWARENESS

WORLD AIDS POSTERS

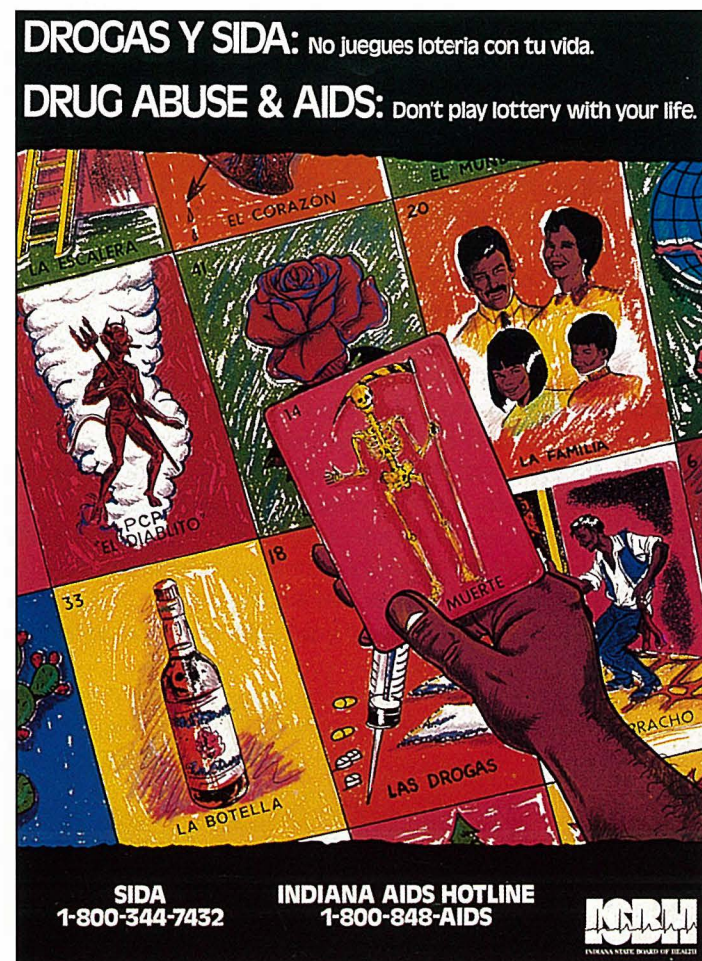
by Dave Sorsoli

Since the first recorded cases in 1981, AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) and HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus) have become one of the most devastating chapters in history. In the United States alone, the disease has claimed more than 401,000 lives; and as of November 1994, there have been 2,880 diagnosed AIDS cases in Oregon—of which 1,667 persons (or fifty-eight percent) have died. AIDS is now the number-one cause of death for young men between the ages of nineteen and forty in Oregon. AIDS has also had a historic impact throughout southern Oregon. So far, Jackson County has reported seventy-three diagnosed AIDS cases and is fifth in the state, per capita, for reported cases.

World AIDS Posters graphically details the legacy of AIDS throughout the world since first detected by puzzled physicians more than fifteen years ago. Installed at Portland's American Advertising Museum, the exhibit marks the first time the collection of international AIDS-awareness/education posters has been shown in the United States. It makes sense the exhibit should premiere in Oregon. According to Jim Sampson, Executive Director of Research Education Group in Portland—a non-profit HIV-research concern—Oregon has traditionally been on the cutting edge of publicly subsidized health education and was among the first states to activate its health divisions toward a public-awareness campaign against AIDS during the mid-1980s. Similarly, the American Advertising Museum is particularly well-suited for focusing on issues in which advertising has played a vital role.



Photo by Strode Eckert, courtesy of Thompson Vaivoda & Associates AIA



Curated by Dentsu, Inc. of Tokyo, Japan, and the Japan Foundation for AIDS Prevention, *World AIDS Posters* is a collection of more than two hundred posters painting unique portraits of a deadly disease in the social and cultural context of more than twenty-seven countries. Each avenue of awareness is addressed in order to communicate how devastating the disease has been—and, more importantly, how AIDS can be prevented. In the context of a historic and global campaign against AIDS, *World AIDS Posters* presents only a fraction of posters produced during more than a decade of awareness and education efforts. However, the sheer number of printed images brings into sharp focus the scope of the epidemic. The exhibit also conveys a much-needed sense of urgency in terms of how far the historic battle against AIDS has yet to go before it is won.

Dave Sorsoli is a marketing specialist for Microsoft Press, Bellevue, Washington. *World AIDS Posters* opens with a gala public premiere on May 2 and runs through June 25. The American Advertising Museum is located at the Metro Regional Center Building, 524 N.E. Grand Ave., Portland. Hours are Wednesday through Sunday, 1:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Call 503-226-0000.

Top, In an effort to reach the Hispanic American community using the familiar image of *lotteria* cards, this poster graphically illustrates the potential result of using intravenous drugs with dirty needles—drawing the "death card." It is one of more than two hundred such posters in the exhibit *World AIDS Posters* in Portland. Left, The Metro Regional Center Building, on Grand Avenue in Portland, is home to the American Advertising Museum. Once a Sears & Roebuck department store, the structure was the subject of substantive rehabilitation and redesign in 1992-93.

Slowly, he was nudged into awakening, and when at last he stirred, he heard a hoarse murmur of relief and happiness. Turning, he felt a paw still upon him and looked into brown eyes that had not yet lost their concern.

"O.K. O.K.," he gruffed. "I'm still alive."

In reply, a damp nose pressed against his arm, and at the other end of the contentment, the tail stroked the chilliness.

"Now, let me get dressed," he yawned. The dog sat back and watched, as it had every morning for years.

Biting his lips, he sat up, reaching with a groan for his clothes on a chair at the foot of the bed, and put them over his long johns. Every once in a while, he stopped to rub a joint and mutter, "Damn arthritis."

Shuffling into the kitchen, he almost tripped over the telephone cord and stumbled backward, stepping on a paw that had followed close in the trace of his heel. At the scratchy yelp, he turned so quickly that pain screamed through his body, and he thought he would fall over. But he caught himself against a wall and held on. "Sorry," he gasped, and reached down to pat the grizzled head. The dog arose stiffly on the third try and licked his hand.

"Don't know why in hell I got this phone anyway," he grouched. "Only time it rings it's a wrong number. Fella says I should have it for an emergency. At our age, the emergencies are behind us. Who gives a damn?"

Out of a bag in the cupboard he palmed all the kibble he could hold and dropped it into the dog's bowl. Then he made himself breakfast. It was the usual since bacon had gone beyond his income. Coffee, a couple of scrambled eggs, and a slice of toast. He gave a piece of the toast to the dog, who expected it and nibbled upon the bread as though gnawing at a bone.

"I remember," he said, talking to the dog, "when you could have ripped a whole slice of toast in two with your sharp teeth and wolfed down each half without tasting it."

"And I remember," he sighed, "when I had all my own teeth."

The house was still cold, though some sunlight had started to filter in through the front window, and he turned on the small electric heater. The dog shook itself in the crawling warmth, tremoring the chill out and curled up on its side, its eyes blankly following the man as he scraped over the furrowed linoleum floor into the bathroom.

After he had pulled up his pants, flushed the toilet, and washed his hands, he looked into the mirror that ran up to where the wallpaper had cracked. Did he ever think, he wondered, that when he first hit the road, fifty years ago, he would wind up with white hair and eyes that were deep-set, as though they had retreated from all they had seen, and lean cheeks that had been whittled away by time, leaving the cheekbones looking like knobs?

His breath was squeezed by effort as he twisted into his shoes, had a hard time lacing them because of the arthritis in his hands, worked his arms into an overcoat he had picked up at the Volunteers of America store ten years ago, and started for the door, the dog behind him. "Might

A Christmas Story

Fiction by Ralph Friedman

as well see what the world is like," he said in the mixture of boldness and sadness that had become a morning ritual.

Outside, as he always did—though he could not understand why—he put a hand in the letter box. "Silly," he reprimanded himself. "The on'y thing I get is the social security. An' that occupant stuff. Anyway, ain't no mail today."

The two of them, dog and man, inseparable travelers bound together by vacancy, lurched down the street. At the first house, half a block from where they lived, they turned the corner. Looking back, he saw several colors of lights that reflected on the window and reminded him of something. "I tell yuh," he said, "there ought to be snow. Not that we get much. But that would be right for now." The dog raised its ears briefly, as it always did when the man started speaking, and plodded on.

At the next corner, the man overcame a shiver to rasp, "Too cold." And they turned back. The rays of the sun had angled off elsewhere and a stinging, damp wind swept down from the bleak hills. The dog's tail flickered twice.

"I don't know why we stay here," the man said, looking straight forward, as though addressing an imaginary audience. "When I was a young fella, I always promised myself that when I got old I'd move to a warm place."

He stopped abruptly, turned to the dog, pulled his hands out of his pockets, as though in instinctive, primitive prayer, and said intensely, "I just hope for one more summer. Just once more to let the heat bake our bones. We'll still be able to walk around come June or July, if we last the winter out. Go to the park and lay on the grass and just stay there 'til the sun goes down. One more summer, you an' me."

In front of their home, the man coughed in laughter. "If somebody ever comes here, I'm gonna put an arm out an' give 'em my best manners. 'Welcome to my three-room castle.'" He frowned. "One of these days, they'll call this shack an eyesore and tear it down. Lowers property values, they'll say. Little they care about the likes of us. We're not progress."

He made himself a pot of beans and a cup of coffee for lunch. While he was eating, he turned on his small radio, but the music wearied him. One time, he mused, once, long ago.

Later he read, as he did every afternoon. He had accumulated a number of books, and for the past two weeks had been re-reading—for the fourth time—

Grapes of Wrath. He had been there and they had been his people. It was reliving part of his life, a hard part, but one of the best times, because there was so much love then. And among these folks, he had met his black-eyed darling. A year to the day after they were married, she died in childbirth and their babe went with her. After that, he just couldn't get interested in anyone.

The dog dozed, wheezing and snorting, as the man turned the pages.

Two hours later, he put aside his reading spectacles and prepared to stretch out on the lumpy sofa. Just then, the dog awoke and looked at him hazily, out of sleep-filmed eyes.

"Old dog," he hoarsely whispered, softly stroking the scrawny neck, "we been together a long time, ain't we? Fifteen years since you come here, a skinny little bum. Long time. All the friends gone."

"Nothin' wrong you comin' here homeless 'n' hungry," he continued, one hurting hand rubbing another. "I never did much better. Fruit tramp, whistle punk, fry cook, gandy dancer—you name it, and if it was poor-payin' I done it. Never had no good trade, just run-o'-the-mill workin' stiff."

For supper he made hamburger for both of them. "That's the best I could afford when I was young," he explained to the patient

dog. "Fella should remember his poverty, keeps him humble," and he laughed wryly at the irony of his words.

He read some more in the evening, let the dog out twice, and for a time stood at the window, staring at the fog that made a sponge ball in front of the moon.

It was still before ten when he turned in. He took off his clothes, and in his long johns ached into bed and pulled the frayed quilt over him. The dog outlined its own bed at the side of his and settled onto it with a heavy sigh.

After a few minutes, the man lifted himself up on an elbow, looked down and said, "I forgot to tell yuh... Merry Christmas."



Ralph Friedman is a prolific, free-lance writer living in Portland. His work has appeared in The Third Age (Washington State), the Senior Tribune (Portland), the Mail Tribune (Medford), and The Oregonian (Portland). Friedman's articles, histories, essays, and short stories—in addition to his book The Other Side of Oregon (1993)—paint rich portraits of the state's past and present.



Illustration by Bob Smith

"Frontierland" and Historical Hyperbole

The Frontier in American Culture: Essays by Richard White and Patricia Nelson Limerick (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994, 116 pages, illustrations), \$15.00 (paperback), edited by James R. Grossman.

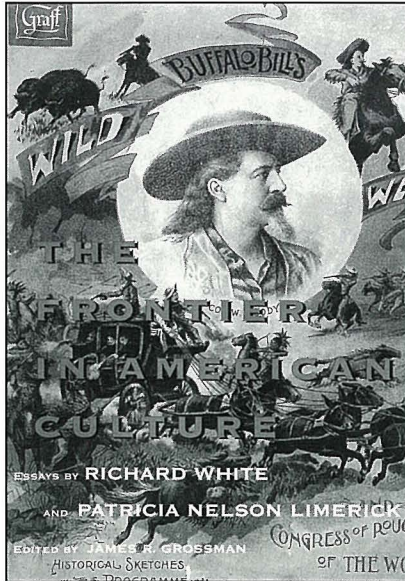
There is nothing more invigorating than academic imbroglis. In recent years, different approaches to western American history have created a fair amount of internecine strife among scholars. Typically, the traditional view of the great 1843 migration of European Americans into the West discerned a glorious romp of rugged, White men taming the landscape and carving an empire out of exploitable natural resources and a savage, Indian wilderness. Frederick Jackson Turner was the father of this rather bombastic perspective, which dominated historical texts for most of this century. An alternate approach, known as "new western history," has gained much ground in recent years among academics and writers. In addition to celebrating the remarkable achievements of America's western pioneers, this more inclusive approach views western American history during the mid-to-late-1800s as a time of conquest rife with greed, racial bigotry, and cultural short-sightedness.

In *The Frontier in American Culture*, the essays of Richard White (University of Washington) and Patricia Nelson Limerick (University of Colorado) present salient arguments in favor of new western history and give voice to the complexities of studying the American West. *The Frontier in American Culture* forthrightly challenges the myth of the cowboy and the six-shooter that, arguably, still pervades most views of western history.

In his essay, "Frederick Jackson Turner and Buffalo Bill," Richard White asserts that the historical perspectives of these two American icons have dominated the accepted presentation of the western migration. White argues that Turner—that paragon of historical hyperbole—over-played the role of farmers and pioneers, consigning American Indians to the periphery of his research and writings. And while Buffalo Bill's popular Wild West Extravanzas during the late-1800s included Indians along with the cowboys and cavalymen, these were "colorized," homogenized versions of the reality of America's westward expansion:

Turner and Buffalo Bill, in effect, divided up the existing narratives of American frontier mythology. Each erased part of the larger, and more confusing and tangled, cultural story to deliver up a clean, dramatic, and compelling narrative.

White cites the popular symbolism Turner and Buffalo Bill both used—the log cabin, the scout, the wagon train, etc.—and examines how western portrayals traditionally emphasized familiar images at the expense of others. White encourages creation of



by Laura L. Young

fresh tales from a mingling of the old and new historical approaches in order to build "a unity among us that transcends, without erasing, our differences."

Patricia Nelson Limerick's essay, "The Adventures of the Frontier in the Twentieth Century," explores the "mythic" frontier as portrayed through such varied iconography as Disneyland's "Frontierland" and John F. Kennedy's "New Frontier." For Limerick, these are symbolisms without resemblance or reference to contemporary historical scholarship. (She admits, however, that while Disneyland may reflect little of the actual West, its "cheerful and complete indifference to the work of frontier historians may, in truth, be the secret of the place's success.")

Limerick examines the knotiness of the term "frontier" and how it masks more than it reveals. For most Americans, Limerick explains, the "frontier" runs east to west; but what of the south-to-north frontier of Spanish-speaking peoples, the Pacific frontier of eastward-migrating Asians, or the fluctuations of Indians throughout the North American continent? Limerick asserts, however, that the controversy may not matter in the long-run: "The public has a very clear understanding of the word 'frontier,' and that understanding has no relation at all to the definitional struggling of contemporary historians." In popular culture, Limerick finds that:

As a mental artifact, the frontier has demonstrated an astonishing stickiness and persistence. It is virtually the flypaper of our mental world; it attaches itself to everything . . . Packed full of nonsense and goofiness, jammed with nationalistic self-congratulation and toxic ethnocentrism, the image of the frontier is nonetheless universally recognized, and laden with positive associations. Whether or not it suits my preference, the concept works as a cultural glue—a mental and emotional fastener that, in some very curious and unexpected ways, works to hold us together.

Sticky or not, cherished myths create a culture's self-perception and help guide future actions. In her examination of the American frontier mythology, Limerick predicts that Americans' awareness of the frontier might someday become increasingly accurate and decreasingly "legendary." Combined with Richard White's observations on popular symbolism, Limerick's forthright essay makes *The Frontier in American Culture* an excellent map toward academic realism—and a source, no doubt, of further contention among those scrappy scholars of western American history.

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

Society Events



Faces in Places

Christine Wallace of White City posed for this photograph in 1989. Similar images of people in their home environments are part of the exhibit *Faces in Places* at the Southern Oregon History Center, in Medford. The exhibit presents visual histories of ten Rogue Valley communities—Ashland, Butte Falls, Central Point, Eagle Point, Gold Hill, Jacksonville, Medford, Phoenix, Rogue River, and Talent—and includes perspectives from area residents. *Faces in Places* reflects a community's unique character by examining its past (and hinting at its future). The people of the Rogue Valley live within a society spread over an area of 2,801 square miles, or twenty-five percent larger than the State of Delaware. Accordingly, *Faces in Places* is an expression of place in the context of the 150,000 people who call the area home. The exhibit runs through April in conjunction with four bus tours conducted by the Southern Oregon Historical Society's oral historian Marjorie Edens. Call 503-773-6536.

1995 Oregon's National History Day
6th- through 12th-grade students will participate in this program designed to draw students into the "historical experience." District competitions are scheduled for March and April, and winners may then enter the state competition on April 29 at Portland State University. The Oregon phase of the program is jointly coordinated by the Society, the Oregon Department of Education, and the Oregon Historical Society. Contact Carol Bruce-Fritz, state coordinator, Southern Oregon Historical Society, 106 N. Central Avenue, Medford, OR 97501-5926, 503-773-6536.

World War II Conference
The Society and Southern Oregon State College will host this two-day conference, May 20-21, at the college, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the close of World War II. Topics include: War Office issuances, development of training camps, homefront activities, and the internment of Japanese Americans and conscientious objectors. The Society also will open the related exhibit *Give It Your Best* at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, featuring a collection of sixty-four posters from World War II that inspired homefront patriotism. Call 503-773-6536.



SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

Statewide Events

ASHLAND Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History

The museum is the new repository for a large collection of fossils and ancient animal bones found during construction of a natural gas pipeline from Canada to Klamath Falls. The collection contains hundreds of specimens, including the pelvic bone, skull, vertebra, and teeth of an extinct, eight-foot-tall ground sloth that lived in the Northwest more than 10,000 years ago. Call 503-488-1084.

ASTORIA Oregon Museums Association (OMA) Quarterly Meeting

Traveling exhibits and the needs of small and rural museums are the themes of the meeting (Mar. 5, 6), with Marty Sewell of the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service (SITES) as keynote speaker. Meetings and panels will be held at the Heritage Museum, 1618 Exchange St., Astoria, and OMA members can visit most area museums free-of-charge. Call 503-325-2203.

BAKER CITY National Oregon Trail Interpretive Center

With the Nez Perce: Jane Gay, Her Majesty's Cook and Photographer (May 6 - Jul. 29). This exhibit uses photographs and descriptions by Elizabeth Jane Gay, who assisted Alice Fletcher in her work as government surveyor among the Nez Perce in 1889. The center also will feature *A Photographic Portfolio of the Oregon Trail* (Aug. 2 - Oct. 30). Call 503-523-1843.

BEND
The High Desert Museum
"Annual Kids' Day" (Mar. 22). This popular event features such children's activities as: soap carving, butter churning, wool spinning, quilting, storytelling, puppet making, rug hooking, and cordage making. The museum also will demonstrate the use of its turn-of-the-century sawmill several times during the summer (May 27, 28, 29; Jun. 24, 25; Jul. 22, 23; Aug. 12, 13; and Sept. 2, 3, 4). Call 503-382-4754.

OREGON CITY
Clackamas County Historical Society
Tools in Time (through Mar. 31). This exhibit features many tools associated with various trades and occupations. Tools range from the prehistoric to the contemporary, and displayed artifacts come from the society's permanent collections and loans from area collectors. Call 503-655-5574.

PORTLAND
Oregon Maritime Center and Museum
In October, the fully restored stern-wheeler *Portland* travelled under its own power up the Willamette River to its new permanent berth at Front Avenue along Portland's Tom McCall Waterfront Park. The *Portland* was joined in its voyage by the Columbia River Maritime Museum's lightship *Columbia*. Call 503-224-7724.

Deadline for the summer calendar is Apr. 1. Send calendar items and media releases to:
Oregon Heritage
106 N. Central Ave.
Medford, OR 97501-5926
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Please fill out this form and mail to: Membership, Southern Oregon Historical Society, 106 N. Central Ave. Medford, OR 97501-5926, or call 503-773-6536.

Coming next issue:

- ▼ Doug Foster examines the World War II "honor roll" of southern Oregon American Indians.
- ▼ Tom Dill relates the history of Southern Pacific's Siskiyou Line passenger train through Roseburg, Grants Pass, and Ashland.
- ▼ Joli Sandoz provides a historical account of the dikes and dams of the Rogue River.
- ▼ Kristine Thomas profiles Mildred Kanipe, a southern Oregon pioneer rancher.
- ▼ Suzan Ruth Travis-Cline profiles noted Pacific Northwest historian Earl Pomeroy.

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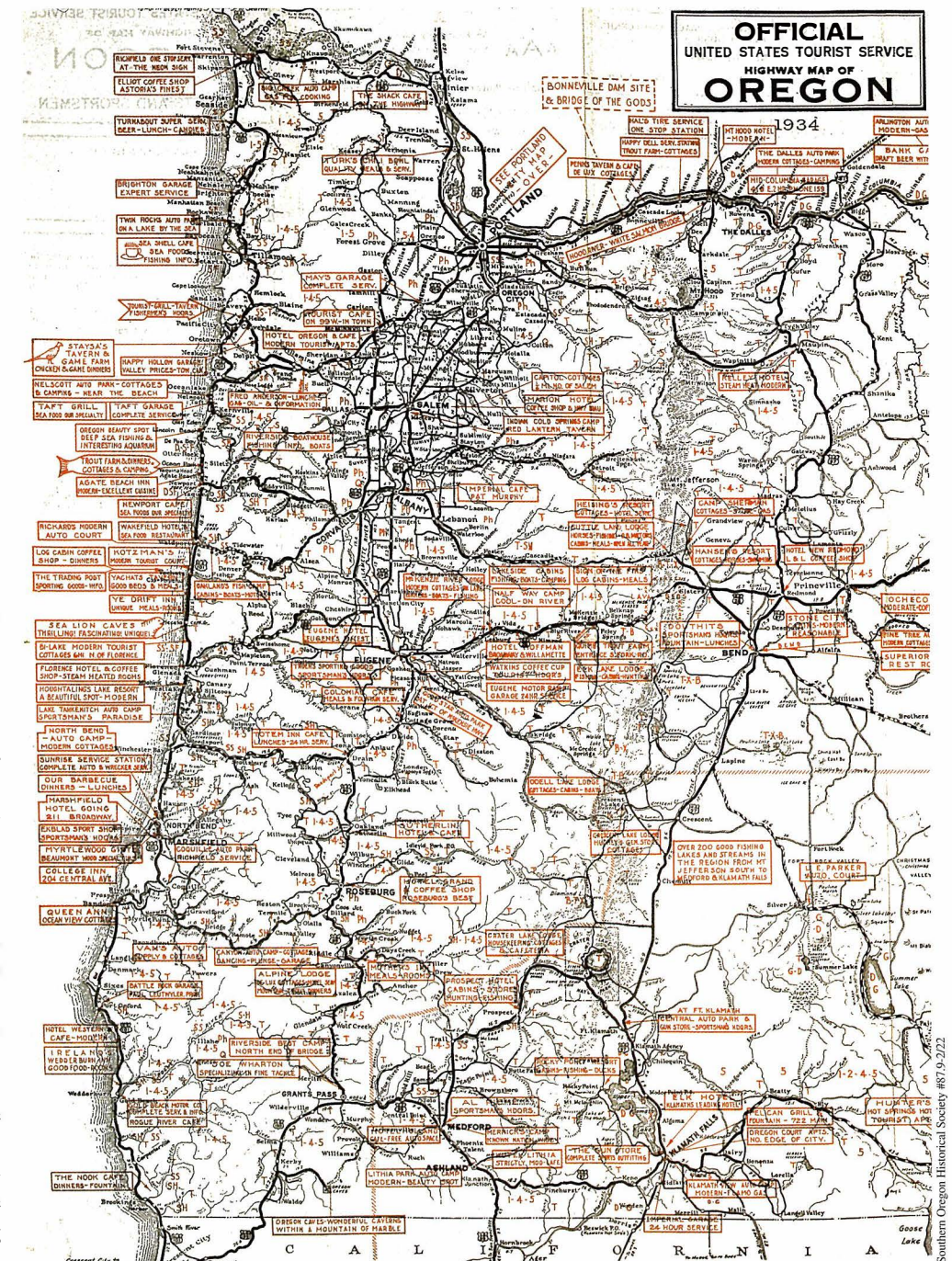
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In the 1920s and 1930s, American motorists moved at a slower clip than their counterparts today, but not always by choice. The questionable state of early automotive technology afforded several opportunities to stop along the way and take in such local color as Mabel & Patsy's Place. Before steel-belted radials, balloon tires were vulnerable to blowouts, and how far one's "shoes" could travel also depended on whether road surfaces were graveled, oiled, or macadamized.

Not only did highway tourists need to be handy with a jack and monkey wrench, drivers also needed reliable maps to guide them and indicate each state's particular regulations. In Oregon, for example, speed limits for passenger vehicles were 35 MPH outside of corporate zones, and 20 MPH inside city or town limits. Cars entering the "Pacific Wonderland" had to be registered with local police, who would give the driver a ninety-day visitor's permit. Regulations regarding motoring etiquette, such as signaling, included: "Drivers must indicate intention to stop or to turn by means of approved signalling devices or by means of approved arm signals." (Colorful variations of such signals are still employed today.)

By 1934, when this map was printed, better roads and increased automobile ownership boosted tourism among Oregonians and out-of-staters alike. To attract road-weary customers, business owners contracted with map publishers to promote everything from filling stations to motor lodges to "The best Hamburg sandwich this side of the Sierras." The United States Tourist Service of Portland published this map in partnership with businesses to highlight various services and attractions. Map-readers were invited to: "Note the Red Spots along the Highways; they represent accommodations offered by those business men [and women, no doubt] through who's [sic] co-operation and support this service is provided. They are all specializing in Service to Tourists."



The Southern Oregon Historical Society's collections include several tourism maps from the early days of automobile travel, like this "official" map, published in 1934 by the United States Map Company of Portland.

The open road has always been immersed in rich legend and cultural iconography. For many, it has become America's Last Frontier. Today, like the Oregon Trail of 150 years ago, long stretches of highway evoke flights of fancy and dreams of new beginnings. In fact, given the perils along America's highways today, one of the greatest differences between modern motorists and their counterparts of the 1850s may be that the latter never had a favorite cassette tape "eaten up" at 65 MPH.



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