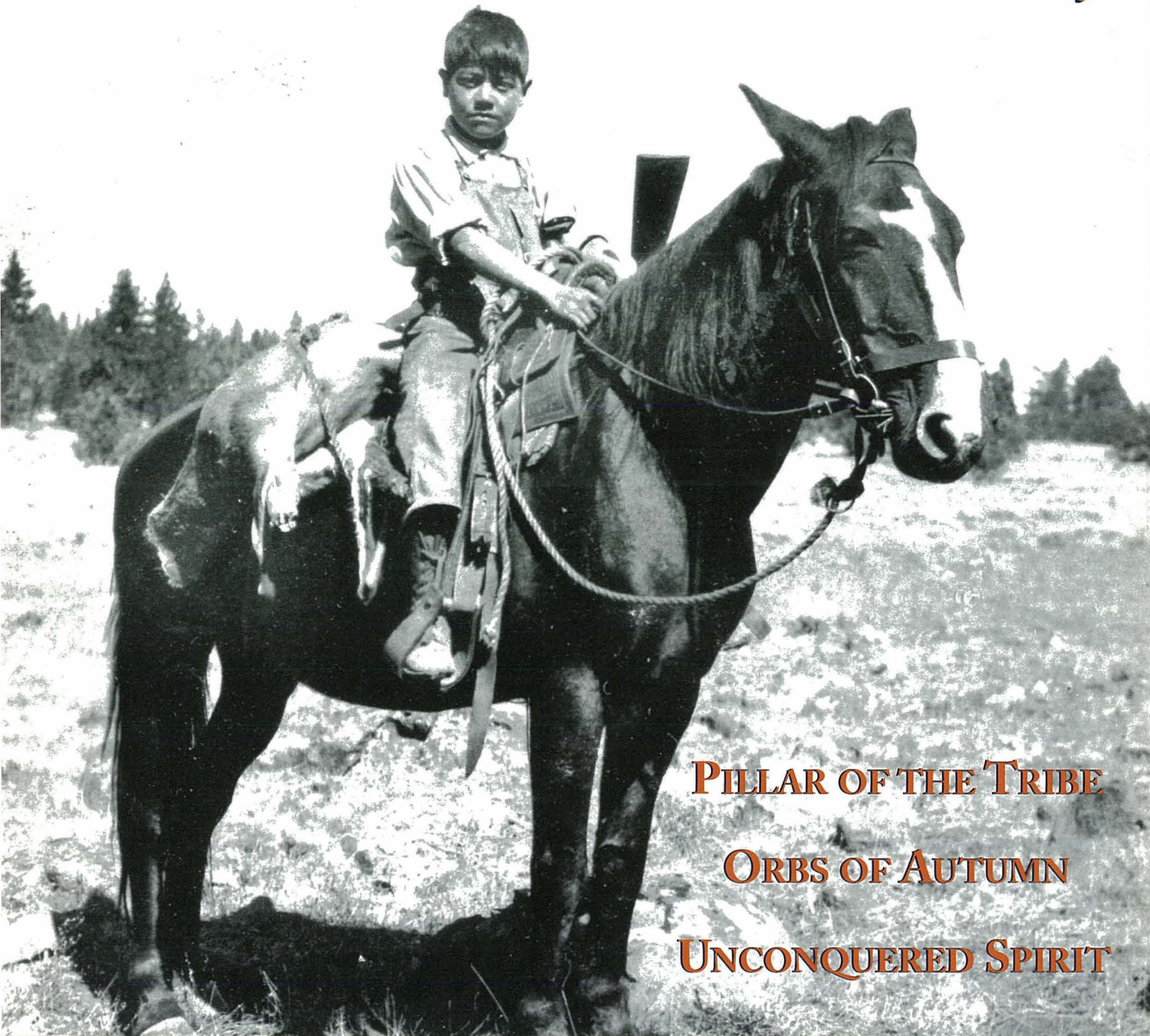


SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

October 2002 Vol. 4, No. 10

Today



PILLAR OF THE TRIBE

ORBS OF AUTUMN

UNCONQUERED SPIRIT



J. H. Reed

(1824 - 1884)

By Rodney Coleman

FROM 1856 UNTIL THE early 1860s, Southern Oregon was home to John Henry Reed, one of Oregon's most colorful, yet least celebrated historical figures. Born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1824, Reed studied law at Dickinson College and traveled throughout the United States before moving to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1850. According to family tradition, Reed "joined Col. Steptoe's command to cross the plains to the Pacific Coast" in 1854, but was "detained at Ft. Laramie" for almost a year due to a nearly fatal hunting accident.¹ After recuperating from his injuries and returning to Carlisle, Reed set out for Jacksonville in 1856, where he settled intermittently before moving to Portland in 1866.

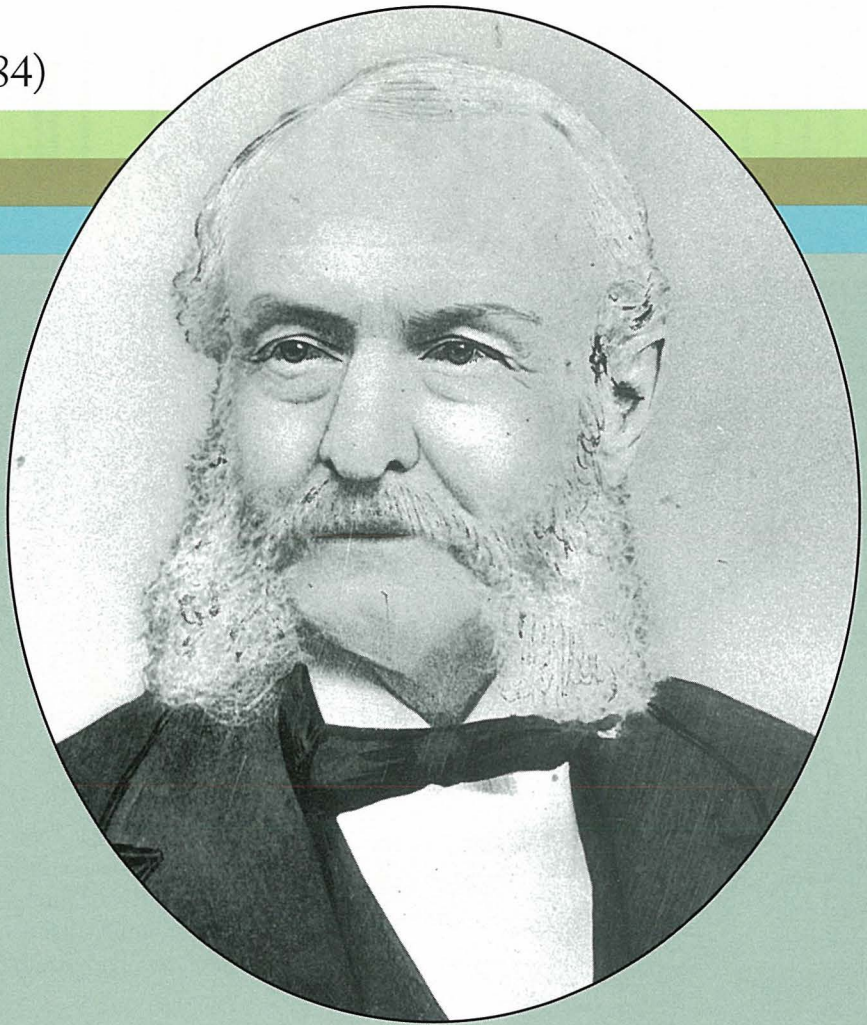
Reed, described as "inclined to the convivial side of things" and "so seldom serious that his ability was often misrated,"² played a subtle, yet significant role in state politics while living in Jacksonville and in Portland. In 1857, he was among four delegates chosen to represent Jackson County at Oregon's constitutional convention in Salem.³ Reed described his relations with local constituents as "somewhat like those of Daniel's in the lion's den, as represented in the picture ... Daniel didn't care a d--m [sic] about the lions, and the lions didn't care a d--m about Daniel."⁴ He exhibited behavior to the contrary, however, serving as secretary to Jacksonville's fair committee in 1859,⁵ and working to procure military protection in the "Klamath Lake Country" during the early 1860s.⁶

Although Reed's status as a "Breckenridge man" (disapproving of Democratic Party nominee Stephen Douglas, Southern Democrats had split away and nominated the ticket of John Breckinridge of Kentucky and Joseph Lane of Oregon to run in the 1860 presidential election) diminished his political appeal after 1860,⁷ he again left his mark on regional politics in 1876 as one of fifteen Oregon Democrats who fueled the controversy surrounding Rutherford B. Hayes's election to the presidency by formally protesting Dr. J.W. Watts's

appointment to the Electoral College.⁸ (Hayes lost the popular vote in 1876, but won the presidency by a single electoral vote.)

Reed passed away in Seattle, Washington, in 1884. He was survived by his wife of twenty-six years (the former Mary Spalding of St. Louis) and two of his four children. Although one published diary from this period⁹ alludes to problems with money, alcohol, and a less than stellar reputation that may explain Reed's effective omission from Oregon's earlier image-conscious historical works, entries in this diary and other surviving manuscripts also reveal "[t]he depth of his charm," which one historian has suggested "may be gauged by the list of those who were willing to become, temporarily, his creditors."¹⁰ ■

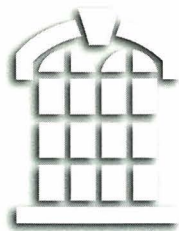
Rodney Coleman is a recent graduate of Southern Oregon University and a contributor to Southern Oregon Heritage Today.



SOHS #14635

ENDNOTES

1. Mrs. Lansing (Sally) Stout, interview by unknown author (initials A.R.R.), 24 July 1972, Reed File, Southern Oregon Historical Society, Medford, Oregon.
2. John R. McBride, "Address of Hon. John R. McBride: The Oregon Constitutional Convention, 1857," delivered before the Oregon Historical Society, 20 December 1902, reprinted in Charles Henry Carey ed., *The Oregon Constitution and Proceedings and Debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1857* (Salem, Oregon: State Printing Department, 1926), pp. 494-495.
3. The other three delegates from Jackson County were L.J.C. Duncan, P.P. Prim, and Daniel Newcomb.
4. Carey, *Oregon Constitution*, p. 202.
5. George H. Himes, "The History of the Organization of the Oregon State Agricultural Society," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 8 (December 1907): 326.
6. Alexander Piper, "Alexander Piper's Reports and Journal," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 69 (September 1968): 225, 227.
7. Charles H[enry] Carey, *A General History of Oregon Prior to 1861*, vol. 2 (Portland: Metropolitan Press, 1936), pp. 768-69, 773.
8. _____, *History of Oregon* (Chicago and Portland: The Pioneer Historical Publishing Company, 1922), p. 817.
9. See Matthew P. Deady, *The Diary of Judge Matthew P. Deady 1871-1892: Pharisee of Philistines*, edited and with an introduction by Malcolm Clark Jr., 2 vols. (Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 1975).
10. *Ibid.*, p. xxvii.



Things To Do in September

PROGRAMS: (see listings below for complete descriptions)

	DATE & TIME	LOCATION	DESCRIPTION
Craft of the Month	Museum hours	CHILDREN'S MUSEUM	Paper Bag Puppets; families; 50¢
Beekman Living History Program	Sun., Sept. 1, 1 - 5 p.m.	BEEKMAN HOUSE	Adults, \$3; ages 6-12, seniors 65+, \$2; ages 5 & under & members, free
Hanley Farm	Fri., Sat., Sun., 11 a.m. - 4 p.m.	1053 HANLEY ROAD, Central Point	Activities, programs; adults, \$5; ages 6-12 & seniors 65+, \$3; ages 5 & under and members, free
Celebrate Oregon Archaeology	Thurs., Sept. 19, 7:30 p.m. Thurs., Oct. 3, 7 p.m.	HISTORY CENTER	Archaeology Lectures, free



PROGRAM DETAILS

FOR TIMES AND LOCATIONS, SEE SCHEDULE ABOVE.

CRAFT OF THE MONTH

Paper Bag Puppets

Make a paper bag puppet and create your own puppet shows at home. Choose one of several animals including a beaver, a coyote or a frog.

BEEKMAN LIVING HISTORY PROGRAM—last day Sept. 1!

Step back in time to the year 1911 and enjoy a visit with costumed interpreters portraying Cornelius C. Beekman.

ARCHAEOLOGY LECTURES

SEPTEMBER 19, 7:30 p.m. • History Center
Artifacts from the Rogue River National Forest and the Stories They Tell presented by Forest Service Historian Jeff LaLande.

OCTOBER 3, 7 p.m. • History Center
Archaeology of the Butte Falls Area presented by Southern Oregon University Assistant Professor of Anthropology Mark Tveskov.

HANLEY FARM EVENTS

Enjoy hands-on activities and engaging programs. Tour the house and gardens.

SEPTEMBER 1 • Old-Fashioned Labor Day
Take advantage of reduced admission—only \$1 per person, ages 6 and up! Old Time fiddlers will provide foot-stomping, hand-clapping tunes from noon to 3 p.m. Sample roasted corn.

SEPTEMBER 6, 7, & 8 • Early 20th Century Farm Life
Members of the Early Days Gas Engine and Tractor Association and other tractor groups will display and demonstrate over 30 tractors and gas engines and provide tractor-pulled wagon tours of the farm Saturday and Sunday. Henry's Ladies (Southern Oregon Model A Ford Car Club) visit the farm on Sunday from noon to 2 p.m.

SEPTEMBER 13, 14, & 15 • Late 19th Century Farm Life—Harvest
Southern Oregon Draft Horse Association will demonstrate a turn-of-the-century hay baling press and provide horse-drawn wagon tours on Saturday and Sunday. **On Saturday admission to the farm reduced to \$1 per person, ages 6 and up, on this day only.** SOHS will partner with the Southern Oregon Extension and J. Herbert Stone Nursery to present Celebrate the Harvest. Activities include a threshing machine demonstration and rug-hooking by Rogue Valley Rug Hookers. Miniature horse Buddy and his owner talk horse sense for youngsters. Saturday and Sunday Klamath

Company "B" U.S. Cavalry re-enactors set up an encampment and perform drills. Saturday, 1 - 4 p.m., woodworking demos; Sunday, 1 - 4 p.m., weaving and spinning.

SEPTEMBER 20, 21 & 22 • Native American Lifeways

On Friday, noon to 3 p.m., Takelma matriarch Agnes Baker Pilgrim answers questions about the history of her people and presents a lecture at 2 p.m. Tom Smith, cultural interpreter and member of the Southern Oregon Indian Center, demonstrates traditional tool making and flintknapping Saturday and Sunday. Explore traditions and culture of the first peoples who lived here through hands-on activities.

BARN & GARDEN LECTURES

Free with admission. Fridays, 2 - 3 p.m. Preregister by calling (541) 773-6536.

SEPTEMBER 6 • Organic Farming—Past & Present

Robert McWilliams farms a 50-acre certified organic farm close to Hanley Farm.

SEPTEMBER 13 • Closets, Cupboards & Correspondence

Dark corners, hidden hallways, crammed cupboards and faded pages. Join us for an exclusive behind-the-scenes tour of the historic Hanley house.

SEPTEMBER 20 • Takelma History
Agnes Baker Pilgrim will talk about the history of her people, the Trail of Tears, and the importance of education.

EXHIBITS : *(see listings below for complete descriptions)*

	LOCATION	MUSEUM HOURS
Century of Photography: 1856-1956 The History of Southern Oregon from A to Z	HISTORY CENTER	Mon. - Fri., 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
History in the Making: Jackson County Milestones Miner, Baker, Furniture Maker Politics of Culture: Collecting the Southwest Crater Lake: Picture Perfect Ongoing 'hands on history' exhibits	JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM	Wed.- Sat., 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sunday, noon - 5 p.m.
Black/White and Sometimes Gray	CHILDREN'S MUSEUM	Wed.- Sat., 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sunday, noon - 5 p.m.
	3RD STREET ARTISANS' STUDIO	Saturdays, 11 a.m. - 4 p.m.

EXHIBIT DETAILS

FOR TIMES AND LOCATIONS, SEE SCHEDULE ABOVE.

CENTURY OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 1856-1956

Highlights the work of two area photographers, Peter Britt and James Verne Shangle. Britt's cameras and studio equipment are featured.

THE HISTORY OF SOUTHERN OREGON FROM A TO Z

Do you know your ABC's of Southern Oregon history? Even local oldtimers might learn a thing or two from the History Center windows along Sixth and Central as each letter of the alphabet tells a different story.

"HISTORY IN THE MAKING: JACKSON COUNTY MILESTONES"

Be sure to take in this exhibit of ten major milestones in Jackson County's history. An abundance of artifacts and photographs, from Chinese archaeological material to an early cellular telephone, tell the county's story. Not everything is behind glass—a working 1940s jukebox plays vintage automobile songs, and a DVD player reproduces historic film clips.

MINER, BAKER, FURNITURE MAKER

Explores the development of the Rogue Valley and the impact the industrial revolution had on the settlement of Oregon.

POLITICS OF CULTURE: *Collecting the Southwest*

In this recently added exhibit, view extraordinary examples of pottery and textiles from the American Southwest.

CRATER LAKE: PICTURE PERFECT

Can the majesty of Crater Lake be captured on film? In celebration of this national park's centennial, the Jacksonville Museum presents an

exhibit of attempts to capture its essence. Peter Britt's first 1874 photo of Crater Lake marks the beginning of this exhibit. Other sections include early colorized photos, picture postcards, and park improvements. Of special interest is the most controversial Crater Lake image, believed by many as documentation of a visit by Theodore Roosevelt. Examples of how the Crater Lake name and image have been used to sell products ranging from butter to a hospital round out this exhibit.

CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Everyone enjoys exploring the home and work settings from the 1850s to the 1930s through "hands-on-history."

BLACK/WHITE & SOMETIMES GRAY

Members of Rogue Valley Handweavers, Far Out Fibers and the Saturday Handweavers Guild will be demonstrating the traditional art forms of spinning and weaving. Black, white, and gray textiles will be on display.

HISTORIC OPEN HOUSE LISTINGS:

- State Historic Preservation Office
prd.state.or.us
- click on "publication"
PHONE: 503-378-4168
- Southern Oregon Historical Society
PHONE: 541-773-6536

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY SITES

PHONE: (541) 773-6536
unless listed otherwise

FAX: (541) 776-7994
E-MAIL: info@sohs.org
WEBSITE: sohs.org

HISTORY CENTER
106 N. Central, Medford
Mon. - Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

RESEARCH LIBRARY
106 N. Central, Medford
Tues. - Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.

**JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM &
CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**
5th and C, Jacksonville
Wed. - Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Sun., noon to 5 p.m.

HANLEY FARM
1053 Hanley Road
Fri., Sat., Sun., 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

C.C. BEEKMAN HOUSE
California & Laurelwood, Jacksonville
Sept. 1 only, 1 to 5 p.m.

C.C. BEEKMAN BANK
3rd and California, Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE HISTORY STORE
3rd and California, Jacksonville
Wed. - Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Sun., noon to 5 p.m.

**THIRD STREET ARTISANS'
STUDIO**
3rd and California, Jacksonville
(closed for the season)

U.S. HOTEL
3rd and California, Jacksonville
Upstairs room available for rent.

CATHOLIC RECTORY
4th and C streets, Jacksonville



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become a member!*

Your membership will support: preservation of Southern Oregon's rich heritage; Society exhibits and educational events; outreach to schools; workshops for adults and children; living history programs; and tours and demonstrations at historic Hanley Farm.

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For membership information, call Susan Smith at 773-6536.

MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

Lifetime ...	\$1,000	
Business ...	Two years \$200	One year \$120
Director ...	Two years \$450	One year \$250
Curator ...	Two years \$200	One year \$120
Patron ...	Two years \$110	One year \$60
Family ...	Two years \$55	One year \$30
Friend ...	Two years \$35	One year \$20

JACKSON COUNTY GOES TO THE Fair

By William Alley



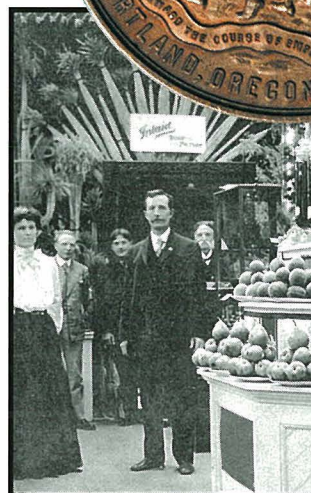
WHEN WE LOOK BACK UPON THE GRAND

expositions of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, our tendency is to view them through a lens of nostalgia, wondering at the elegance and serenity of a simpler time. In doing so, however, we fail to recognize these events for what they really were. For promoters and visitors alike, these exhibitions, forerunners of today's world's fairs, were windows on the future, highlighting the latest in invention and technology, offering a confident promise of the wonders ahead.

The first great world's fair, the Crystal Palace Exposition, was held in London in 1851. It wasn't until the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, however, that the trend took firm root in America. The ensuing years saw numerous expositions in the United States, including the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago (1893), the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo (1901), and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis (1904).

For the host cities for these and for the many smaller regional expositions, there were profound promotional and economic benefits. Even if the fairs themselves were not big money-makers, the local communities reaped enormous profits from the many visitors who stayed in local hotels, ate in local restaurants, and otherwise spent their money. Hosting an exposition also provided an unparalleled opportunity to promote the community in a time when growth was still seen as a desirable goal. The trick, of course, was to select a marketable theme.

This medal was awarded to D. H. Jackson, (in photograph below), for overseeing the Jackson County booth in the Agricultural Building.



Acc #59.762
SOHS #16915



GROUND PLAN
OF THE
Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition
PORTLAND, OREGON.
TOTAL AREA, 402 ACRES



SOHS #16870

Two motorized blimps manufactured by T.S. Baldwin thrilled the crowds with regular flights, piloted by eighteen-year-old Lincoln Beachey, seen here as he flies over the U.S. Life-saving Station building and the Government Pavilion. Beachey was unquestionably the most famous aviator of his day; he was killed during an aerial performance at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915.



These benefits were not lost on Portland's boosters, who first proposed an exposition for the Rose City to celebrate the new century in 1900. However, it was the upcoming centennial of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the opportunity to promote the great strides made in developing the West, and the promise of increased access to the Orient—exemplified by the slogan “To the East by way of the West”—that had the required appeal. With so many themes to support, the official title selected for the proposed exposition was the awkward “Lewis and Clark Centennial and American Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair.” It would be the first international exposition, subsidized in part by the federal government, west of the Rocky Mountains.¹

Several sites were considered for the exposition, and after careful consideration the Guild's Lake site just north of downtown was ultimately selected. This site not only had the required acreage (182 acres of land and 220 acres of lake water), it was also conveniently located alongside existing trolley routes. A lease was secured, and in 1903 the Lewis and Clark Exposition Commission obtained the services of John Olmstead, son of the noted landscape architect Frederick Law Olmstead, to assist in drawing up the plans. To help promote the fair, the Oregon Legislature appropriated \$50,000 for publicity in the form of an exhibit replicating Lewis and Clark's Fort Clatsop at the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.²

The main buildings included the Agricultural and Horticultural Palace, which hosted the exhibits from twenty-four Oregon counties and five northwestern states, a building for Manufacturers, Liberal Arts and varied Industries, a Machinery, Electricity and Transportation Building, a Foreign Palace for European exhibitors, and the Oriental Palace, featuring exhibits from the Far East. Many of the foreign exhibits were the same ones on display at the St. Louis fair the year before. A large peninsula across the lake from the main fairgrounds was the site of the United States Pavilion. All of these buildings were surrounded by graceful pathways and steps through manicured lawns and plazas filled with statuary.

Built out on pilings over the lakeshore was the exposition's Midway, or amusement center, named *The Trail* in honor of the Oregon Trail. Here were located the exposition's many amusements, sideshows and food stands, from the House of Mirth to the diving elk. At the



This Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition “in a nutshell,” souvenir, features miniature photographs by Portland photographer Fred Kiser.

end of The Trail was the Bridge of Nations, which connected the main grounds to the Government Pavilion on the peninsula.

The marvels of electricity were showcased throughout the exposition grounds, with every building festooned with strands of electric lights. “At night, with approaching darkness,” one guidebook noted, “the great buildings become brilliant with thousands of electrical lights, while the walks and grounds are illuminated with fairyland splendor.” Even the shallow waters of Guild's Lake were part of these displays, with thousands of colored lights under the surface, illuminating from below the gondolas and launches plying the lake.³

In spite of the fact that Lewis and Clark's Corps of Discovery came nowhere near Southern Oregon, Jackson County, basking in the early years of its orchard boom period, enthusiastically embraced the marketing opportunities the exposition offered. The Jackson County Court (now known as the board of commissioners) appointed an advisory committee to make the necessary preparations for an exhibit. This committee was made up of individuals representing most of the county's precincts, with John D. Olwell of the Rogue River Land Company serving as chairman.⁴

This committee's first step was a call for specimens of some of the best of the county's agricultural output, including grains, vegetables, and fruit. Each member of the committee was instructed to “look personally after the articles, grains, corn particularly, vegetables, grasses, mineral specimens, etc., which may be obtained in your vicinity.” Timber and mineral resources would also be on display. Given the fact that the opening of the fair was early in the growing season before many fresh agricultural products would be available, canned and dried submissions were sought to represent these items until the current season's crops were in.⁵

As exhibit materials became available, Olwell, now acting in his capacity as superintendent of the Jackson County exhibit, proceeded to the fair site to oversee the installation of the exhibit in the Agricultural Building (the Oregon Building contained no exhibits). Assisting him were other members of the advisory committee, including D. H. Jackson of Ashland, who would be in charge of the booth for the duration of the fair, and Emil Britt of Jacksonville.⁶

Jackson County's exhibit was identified with purple silk banners with gold lettering. Promotions relied heavily on

Southern Oregon's claim as the "Italy of Oregon," to underscore the region's temperate climate. Because of delays in the shipment of goods, the display was not ready for opening day, June 1. The first items to actually go on display were photographs of Southern Oregon, undoubtedly representing the work of pioneer photographer Peter Britt as well as Frank Hull, the most prolific of the region's contemporary scenic photographers. Also among the earliest items were "samples of grain and ores, and some fine specimens of growing grain and corn in the ear." Early fruits were in the process of being canned in jars for exhibit as soon as available. "With the great crop coming on," Olwell reported, "we hope the right degree of patriotism will be shown by our citizens and the very best of every production be sent forward as early in the season as it can be obtained."⁷

Some visitors from Jackson County during the first weeks of the exposition were less than impressed with Olwell's efforts, however, and some unflattering comments made their way into the pages of the local newspapers. Olwell was quick to respond with an open letter to his critics. "Practically nothing but some ear corn was available for a beginning of an exhibit," Olwell wrote, "but a beginning had to be made if we were to get into the swim. ... Today scores of our farmers are preparing grains and grasses for sending forward as soon as they mature."⁸

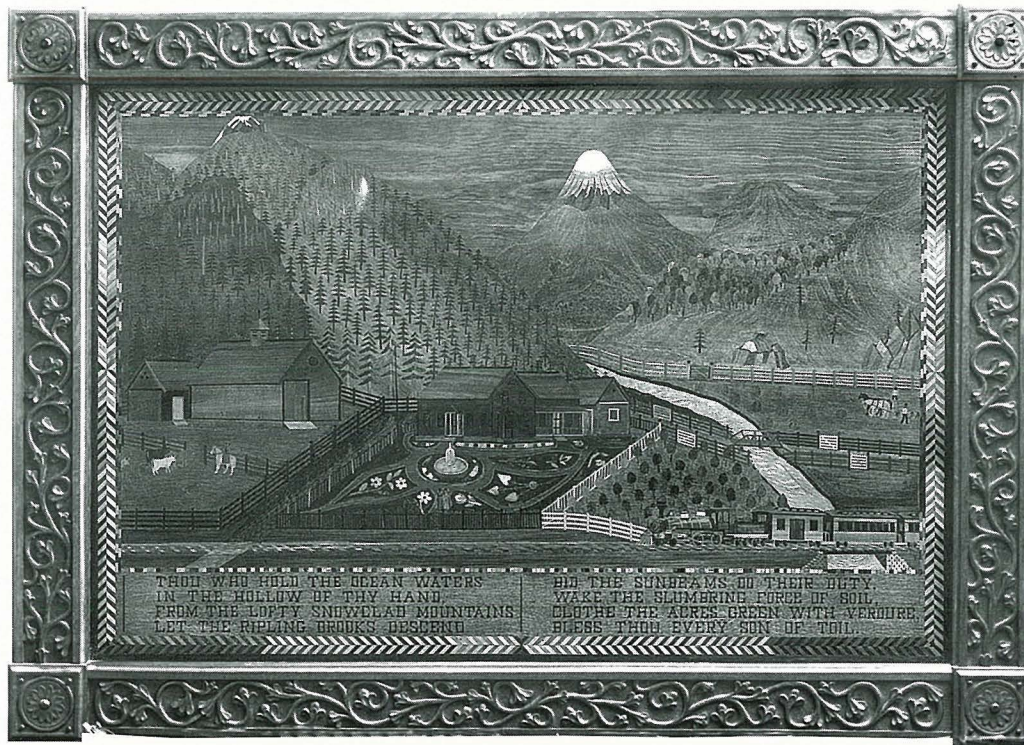
As June drew to a close, Jackson County's exhibit began to fill in. A report by an *Ashland Tidings* representative noted the continuing improvement of the exhibit as more items became available, and even went so far as to chide those who complained when he wrote: "People who have devoted their time to kicking about the incompleteness of the Jackson County exhibit would better devote their energies to encouraging growers and

everybody interested to add to the display."⁹

By mid-July the county exhibit had "assumed splendid proportions" as examples of local fruit and vegetables made their arrival. In addition to the first crop of sweet corn in the state, local potatoes and tomatoes were prominently featured along with other fruits, vegetables, and grains. Much attention was given to the reports that Jackson County's climate permitted three annual alfalfa crops exceeding seven tons an acre each. Perhaps the most striking crop on exhibit, one "without rival in the

Jackson County's mines exhibit would earn a gold medal, one of only two gold medals awarded to Oregon counties at the exposition. Southern Oregon's forest resources were also on display in the exposition's Forestry Building, where examples of the region's alder, ash, sugar pine, and Oregon maple were awarded silver medals.¹²

Perhaps Jackson County's most significant contribution to the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, however, came in the form of a freckled-faced youngster from Jacksonville named Pinto Colvig. Like most youngsters, the



O.R. Bjerregaard's inlaid wood picture, on display at the Jackson County booth, contained over 10,000 pieces of wood from sixty-five varieties of Oregon tree species. Medford photographer Frank Hull took this photograph of the original work, whose whereabouts are unknown.

SOHS #12762

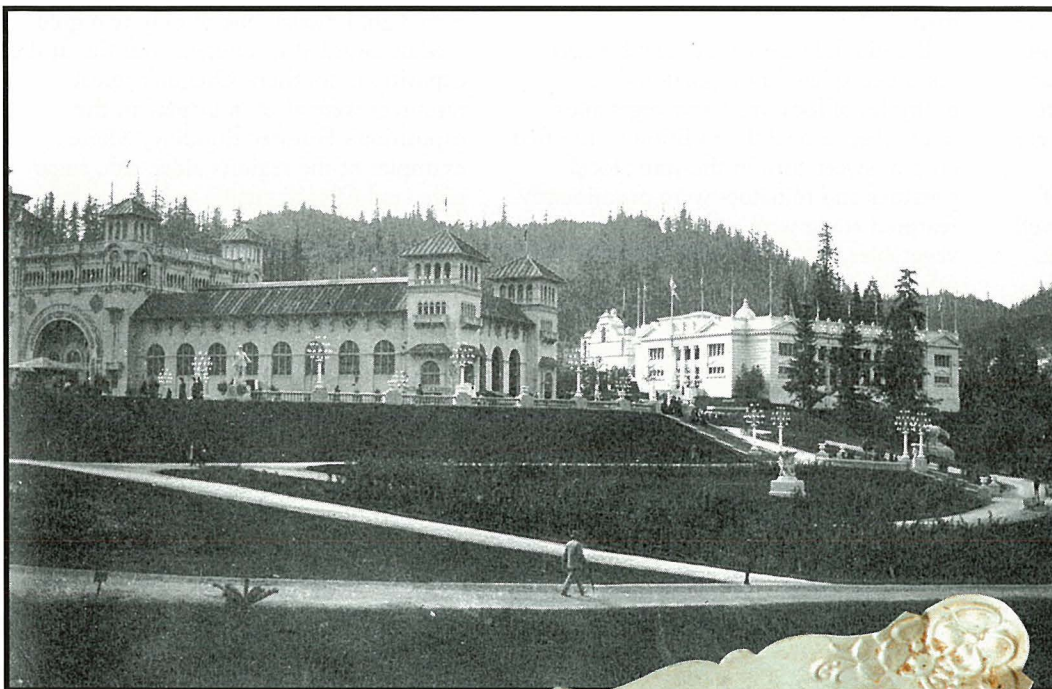
markets," was Jackson County peaches, prominently displayed with apples, cherries, pears, plums, and nectarines.¹⁰

One of the most talked about items on display in the Jackson County booth was the work of O.R. Bjerregaard, a farmer in the upper Rogue district of the county. Bjerregaard had on display a detailed scenic picture of the region made entirely out of carefully carved pieces of wood. In all, 10,000 pieces of wood representing sixty-five varieties of native Oregon species, and seven years of labor were required to complete this unique work of art.¹¹

Agricultural products were not the only items on exhibit at the fair. In the Mines and Metallurgy Building the county's mineral wealth was also on display in the form of several large gold nuggets, "jealously guarded" in a display case.

thirteen-year-old Colvig was drawn to *The Trail*, the exposition's midway. His favorite attraction was "The Crazy House," run by a showman named Harry L. Blitz. Blitz had developed a Zulu warrior routine while working for P.T. Barnum, which he turned into the "Habba Habba Man," a clown act described by Colvig as "somewhat cannibalistic." Blitz would hawk his show by beating on a brass drum and shrieking "habba habba habba!"

Colvig managed to wrangle an impromptu audition for Blitz, making a series of funny faces while blowing on a clarinet. As Colvig later described the event, "Bass drum and clarinet - two-piece band. Somehow it attracted a bigger crowd; so he [Blitz] dug down in his trunk and hung an old misfit suit on me; smeared my face with clown white grease



paint; reddened my nose; slapped a battered old derby over my head, and into a pair of size-14 shoes." It was the first time that Colvig, who would later develop the role of Bozo, performed as a clown.¹³

Compensation for his performances brought Pinto one dollar a day, a season pass for all of the sideshows and exhibits on *The Trail*, and "all the sandwiches and goop I could eat." When not playing for the "Habba Habba Man," Colvig enjoyed the "Streets of Cairo," where he would occasionally play his horn while "Little Egypt" performed her dances.¹⁴

The Lewis and Clark Exposition ran from June 1 through October 15, 1905, and attracted 1.6 million paid visitors and more than 900,000 workers, press, and other free passes. Although the fair itself made a modest profit of \$85,461, its impact on the region was immeasurable. As with most expositions, the grand buildings were never intended to be permanent. Some were sold and moved, others razed. Only the massive log Forestry Building endured, surviving for almost sixty years before being consumed by fire. Even Guild's Lake proved impermanent; within a

decade it, too, had been filled in to accommodate the industrial expansion enjoyed by Portland in the years following the fair.¹⁵

In spite of its seemingly rocky start, the Jackson County exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition proved to be an unqualified success. In addition to the gold medal awarded to the county's mining exhibits, twenty-eight gold, twelve silver, and four bronze medals were awarded to participants in the Jackson County exhibit. Although impossible to quantify or document, it should come as no surprise that the Jackson County exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition had some influence in the growth enjoyed by the county in the years to follow. 🏠

William Alley is a historian and certified archivist.



Acc #3872.1

From the top, this view shows the Grand Terrace, with the European Exhibits building "Full of Treasures From the Old World" on the left and the Washington Building on the right. Expo commemoratives include a small metal dessert tray (above), and this ruby glass from the Jackson County exhibit.



Acc #823.120



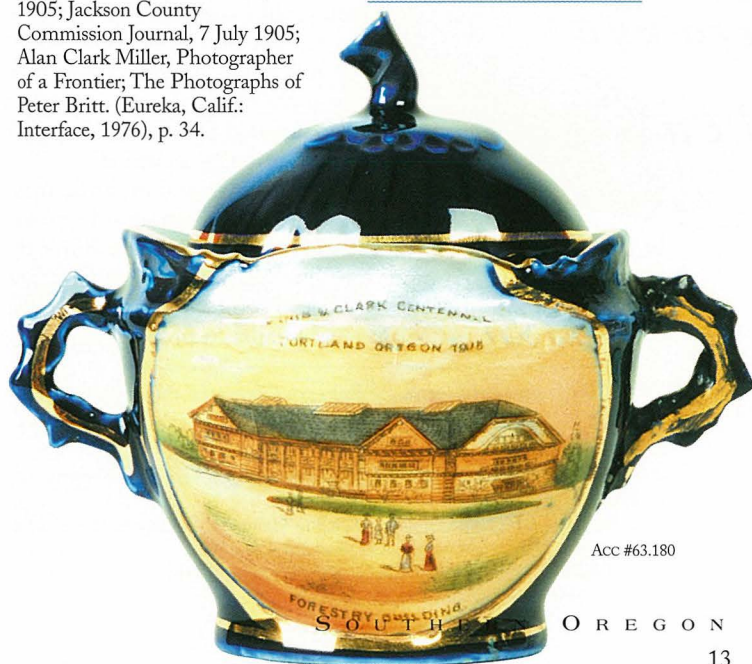
Acc #88.1.2941

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1. Robertus Love, "The Lewis and Clark Fair," *The World's Work*, August 1905, p. 6445, 6458; "A Far Western Exposition," *Literary Digest*, 17 June 1905.
2. Christopher D. Drabek, "The Lewis and Clark Exposition, 1905," *Pacific Northwest Forum* (Winter-Spring 1994), p. 60-61; Carl Abbott, *The Great Extravaganza: Portland and the Lewis and Clark Exposition* (Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 1981), p. 25.
3. *Glimpses of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon and the Golden West*, (Chicago: Laird and Lee, 1905).
4. Jackson County Commission Journal, 8 June 1905; *The Jacksonville Democratic Times*, 24 May 1905.
5. *The Democratic Times*, 24 May 1905.
6. *The Democratic Times*, 24 May 1905; Jackson County Commission Journal, 7 July 1905; Alan Clark Miller, *Photographer of a Frontier: The Photographs of Peter Britt*. (Eureka, Calif.: Interface, 1976), p. 34.

7. *The Democratic Times*, 7 June 1905; *Portland Telegram*, undated clipping.
8. *Ashland Tidings*, 19 June 1905.
9. *Ashland Tidings*, 26 June 1905.
10. *Portland Telegram*, undated clipping.
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Democratic Times*, 1 November 1905.
13. Pinto Colvig, *Clowns is People*, Unpublished Manuscript, Southern Oregon Historical Society, p. 128.
14. *Ibid.*
15. Abbott, pp. 56, 63.

Visitors to the Lewis and Clark exposition could choose from a variety of souvenirs to remember their experiences. Above is a shingle from the Forestry building. Beer steins, right, and sugar bowls also served as mementos.



Acc #63.180



Acc #3177

Post Card Baby

By Bill Miller



Four generations: Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hargrove, (center), with their daughter Mary Catherine, (top right), Mary's daughter Ellen, (top left), and Ellen's two sons, Harold and her elder boy, Glenn.

GLENN SIMPSON CRIED SO LOUDLY THAT one could easily believe he was trying to wake the entire town of Ashland. Nevertheless the city continued to sleep, and his grandma, daddy, and mama were the only ones to witness his birth. Later that day, Baby Glenn wrote a postcard to his grandfather, with a printing style suspiciously like his mother's.

"Ashland, Or. August 11, 1895.

Dear Granpa [sic],

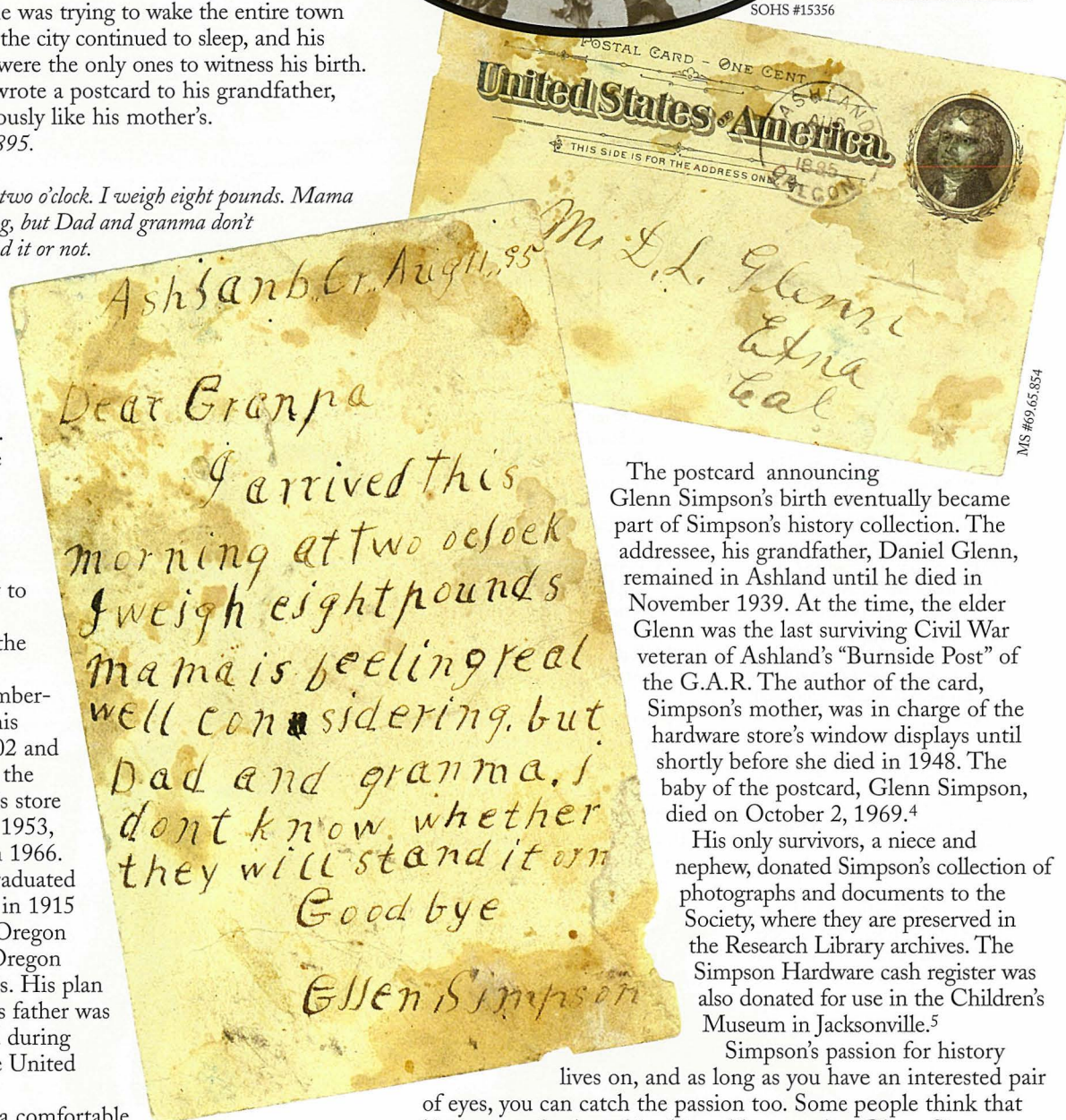
I arrived this morning at two o'clock. I weigh eight pounds. Mama is feeling real well considering, but Dad and granma don't know whether they will stand it or not.

Good bye."

The card was signed by Glenn's mother, Ellen, and addressed to Ellen's father, Daniel Glenn, a building contractor temporarily working in Etna, California. Daniel had brought his wife and daughter to Ashland in 1893. In just over a year, Ellen met and married Thomas Simpson, who had also accompanied his family to the Granite City in 1893. Thomas was part owner of the Ashland Manufacturing Company, a sawmill and lumber-retailing business. He sold his share in the company in 1902 and opened a hardware store on the Plaza. Glenn grew up in this store and, after his father died in 1953, kept it open until retiring in 1966.

Glenn Elwyn Simpson graduated from Ashland High School in 1915 and subsequently attended Oregon Agricultural College, now Oregon State University, in Corvallis. His plan to work in the store with his father was postponed when he enlisted during World War I and joined the United States forces in France.²

Simpson's Hardware was a comfortable center of friendly conversation. For a penny, visitors could weigh themselves on a scale near the front entrance, before pursuing "important" discussions just inside the door on a large, comfortable chair. Simpson began to collect early photographs and documents about Ashland and stored them in a case near the chair, proudly unveiling them whenever he could find an interested pair of eyes. As the collection grew larger, it piqued Glenn's interest in local history. Before he retired from business, he had been elected to a term as president of the Southern Oregon Historical Society's Board of Trustees and spent a number of years actively supporting the Society.³



The postcard announcing Glenn Simpson's birth eventually became part of Simpson's history collection. The addressee, his grandfather, Daniel Glenn, remained in Ashland until he died in November 1939. At the time, the elder Glenn was the last surviving Civil War veteran of Ashland's "Burnside Post" of the G.A.R. The author of the card, Simpson's mother, was in charge of the hardware store's window displays until shortly before she died in 1948. The baby of the postcard, Glenn Simpson, died on October 2, 1969.⁴

His only survivors, a niece and nephew, donated Simpson's collection of photographs and documents to the Society, where they are preserved in the Research Library archives. The Simpson Hardware cash register was also donated for use in the Children's Museum in Jacksonville.⁵

Simpson's passion for history lives on, and as long as you have an interested pair of eyes, you can catch the passion too. Some people think that history is only about big things like wars, but Glenn Simpson knew better. All history is local, and some of it starts from the smallest of things—sometimes, as small as a postcard. 📮

Bill Miller is a historian with the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

ENDNOTES

1. Simpson-DeHaven Collection, Southern Oregon Historical Society.
2. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 3 October 1969.
3. Simpson vertical file, Southern Oregon Historical Society. Glenn Simpson was Board of Trustees president from 1964 to 1965.
4. *Ashland Tidings*, 20 November 1939; 19 January 1948.
5. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 10 October 1969.



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Lake of the Woods

By Bill Miller

SITUATED AT 5,000 FEET, covering more than 1,200 acres, nestled at the foot of a mountain nearly two miles high, and ringed with a forest so thick it will shut out your work-a-day blues, Lake of the Woods is a year-round resort destination for every budget. Stay for the afternoon, or pitch a tent and camp overnight. Bring the RV or pamper yourself in the mountain lodge and cabins. Just about an hour from Ashland, Medford, or Klamath Falls, the lake offers nearly every kind of recreational activity. During the spring, summer, or fall, there really is no better place to hike, bike, fish, swim, water-ski, row a boat or just sit, relax, sunbathe, or picnic. Wintertime is less crowded and the tranquil hush of fallen snow is perfect for snowshoeing and cross-country skiing. When the lake freezes solid, skaters can try their spins and jumps in the open air, while ice fishermen bring saws, rods, and chairs to the lake.

Captain Oliver Applegate said that he discovered the lake in 1870. The trees came so close to the shoreline, they not only surrounded the lake, they seemed to own it, so Applegate named it Lake of the Woods. Over the years, some people tried to change the name to Lake O' Woods, especially in the 1920s and 1930s when the lodge and cabins were being built. Though used occasionally, and given briefly to the post

office, the name never stuck for long.¹

The lake has always been a mecca for the vacationer who had the desire to get away from it all. From early horse and wagon trips lasting an entire day to go one way, to three-hour auto trips on the "improved" roads of the mid-1920s, the journey from city to lake required endurance, patience, and a tent. By 1922, and under the supervision of the Forest Service, forty-eight families were allowed to own property on the western shore and all but eight had built cabins on their lots.

Two years later, a newly formed corporation of Medford businessmen announced plans for a resort, which featured a hotel, eight housekeeping cottages, a general store, and boat docking facilities. A Boy Scout summer campground, Camp McLoughlin, was established by 1927. Girl Scouts and church groups, who annually trekked to the lake, soon followed the boys with their own facilities, the Girl Scouts opening Camp Low Echo in 1946.²

In August 1948, the lake was the scene of a tragic Southern Oregon news story. Heine Fluhrer, a Republican candidate for state senator, had spent the weekend relaxing and discussing election strategy with three G.O.P. leaders, Oregon legislators John Snellstrom and Earl Johnson and Lincoln County House nominee H.H. Evans. Late in the afternoon, the party boarded Fluhrer's

Beechcraft Bonanza and took off from the lake's north shore airport. Less than a minute later the plane rolled over and nosed into the lake, landing upside down in fifteen feet of water. All four politicians were killed in the crash.³

The roads to Lake of the Woods remained dusty and unpaved until the late 1950s. The final paved access to the lake, Highway 140, wasn't even completed until 1964. Today it really is a perfect Sunday drive; one you shouldn't miss. Take the kids, the camera and *don't forget the dog.*⁴ 🐕

Bill Miller is a historian with the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

DIRECTIONS: From Ashland take Highway 66 east for about two miles and turn onto Dead Indian Memorial Highway. From Medford go north on Highway 62 about five miles to the junction of Highway 140 in White City and turn right. From the Klamath Falls area take Highway 140 west.

ENDNOTES:

1. Lewis A. McArthur, *Oregon Geographic Names*, sixth edition (Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 1992), pp. 487-88.
2. *Ashland Tidings*, 11 March 1922; 24 June 1926; 9 July 1927. *Medford Jackson County News*, 11 September 1925.
3. *Ashland Tidings*, 23 August 1948.
4. *Portland Oregonian*, 19 August 1962. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 23 June 1967.



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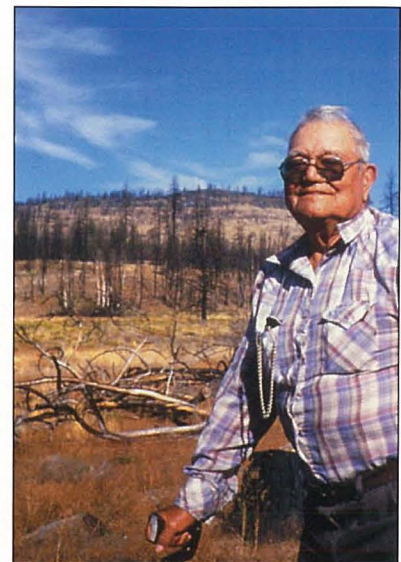
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Effie Birdseye
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Hutchinson at the
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*Things to Do*Exhibits, program updates,
and calendar

6



COURTESY OF DIBBON COOK

ON THE COVER

Dibbon Cook took his first deer
on a hunt with his father, possibly
about 1912.



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An Heirloom Coverlet

By Janette C. Merriman

IN 1859, WITH LITTLE ROOM to carry nonessentials, the Shideler family brought a coverlet to Oregon. Almost a century later, Marietta Shideler Dollarhide donated this heirloom coverlet to the Southern Oregon Historical Society, explaining that her grandmother had carded the wool and woven the coverlet. This little bit of information inspires us to look at the coverlet with a whole new set of eyes and study it in more depth.

When we train our eyes to see more details in the coverlet, we may see a seam down the middle. The width from one edge of the coverlet to the seam reveals the width of the loom used to weave the coverlet. On the Dollarhide coverlet, the seam is thirty-two inches from the edge. Careful study with a magnifying glass reveals the blue wool pattern yarns float over an off-white, plain-weave linen background. Thus, we can identify this weave as the style called "overshot," in which the pattern yarns pass over two or more warp yarns before re-entering the fabric. The pattern, with its vertical bands, is called Snail's Trail from its resemblance to nature.¹

The exact age of the coverlet is unknown. We know that coverlets made in the overshot weave were popular in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and continued in popularity until the introduction of the Jacquard loom in 1824.² The earliest coverlets had linen warps; later the warps were of off-white cotton.

The Dollarhide coverlet lacks the name or initials of Marietta's grandmother, who wove the coverlet, telling us that she was probably not a professional weaver. However, the blue wool yarn is extremely consistent and reveals that an excellent spinner spun and wove the wool.

When you finish studying a coverlet carefully, keep in mind its proper care. Do not clean the coverlet if you cannot risk losing it. Dry cleaning, machine washing, or even hand washing could be destructive to fragile fibers. Instead, remove surface dirt by placing a fiberglass window screen on the coverlet that has been edged with cotton binding. With a low-suction vacuum, go over the coverlet in a back and forth motion, 1/8 inch above the screening with the nozzle. The screen will prevent fibers and yarns that are loose from being sucked into the vacuum and allow dirt to pull through.

Be cautious about the display of your coverlet. Keep the coverlet away from sunlight, fluorescent light, food, and pets. One display method might be to gently fold the coverlet, cushioning each fold with a piece of acid-free tissue while draping it over a rack. Another would be to display the

coverlet on an unused bed for a few months. After display, remember to vacuum the quilt for surface dust using the suggested methods above. For storage, fold the coverlet with a bed sheet or acid-free tissue, cushioning the folds and protecting the coverlet from acid storage locations such as wood shelves or trunks. Place the coverlet in an environment that lacks extremes in temperature and humidity, definitely not the basement, attic, or garage.

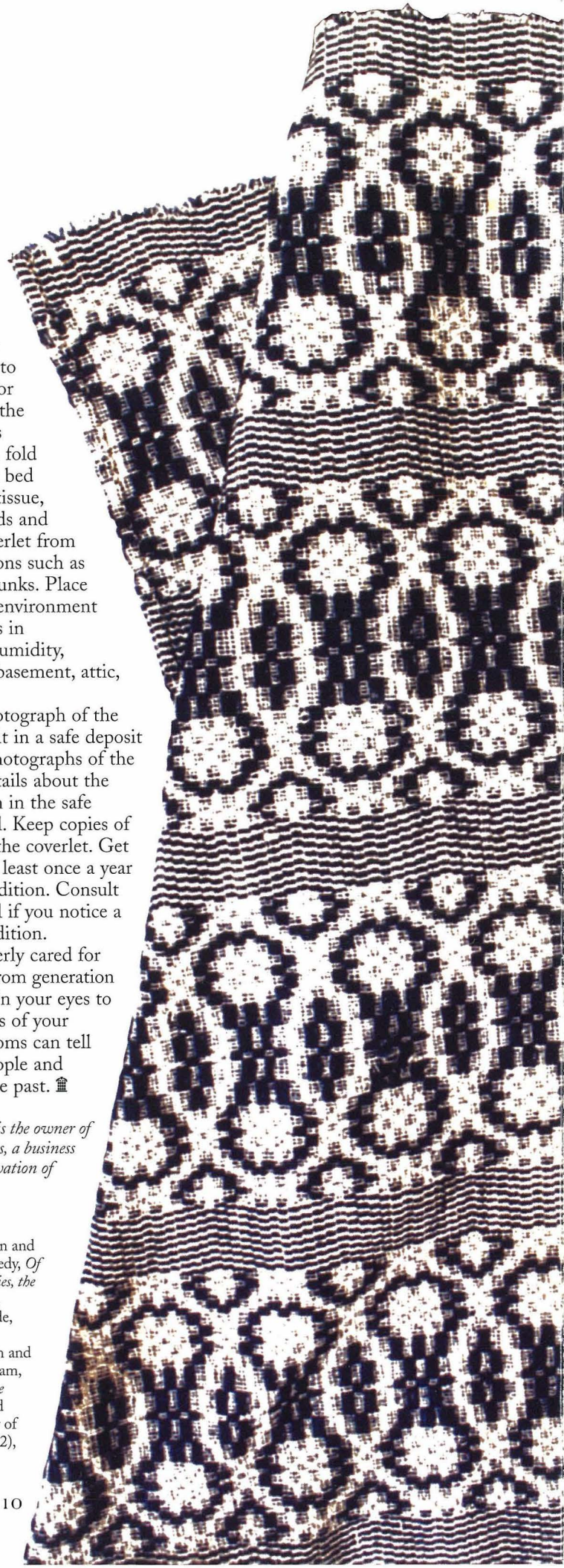
Take a good photograph of the coverlet and keep it in a safe deposit box. If you own photographs of the maker or other details about the coverlet keep them in the safe deposit box as well. Keep copies of the material with the coverlet. Get the coverlet out at least once a year and check the condition. Consult with a professional if you notice a change in the condition.

A coverlet properly cared for can be passed on from generation to generation. Train your eyes to examine the details of your heirlooms. Heirlooms can tell us much about people and communities of the past. ■

Janette C. Merriman is the owner of JCM Museum Services, a business dedicated to the preservation of historical heirlooms.

ENDNOTES

1. Sadye Tune Wilson and Doris Finch Kennedy, *Of Coverlets: the Legacies, the Weavers* (Nashville, Tennessee: Tunstede, 1983), p. 230.
2. Harld B. Burnham and Dorothy K. Burnham, *Keep Me Warm One Night* (Toronto and Buffalo: University of Toronto Press, 1972), p. 317.



Unconquerable Effie

By Bill Miller

"PEOPLE NEED THEIR MEMORIES," said Effie Birdseye. With the wisdom of an ancient philosopher, her entire life was shaped by a few homespun phrases: "If you want something ... stick with it until you get it. Don't let anybody tell you that you can't." "I know what I can do and I am going to do it."

Effie's life may have seemed rough, but to her, every hardship, every obstacle was something to defy and ultimately conquer. Her neighbors envied her pioneer courage, the way her eyes would gleam as she told a funny story, even when disaster struck. She was tough and she knew who she was. Nothing could change her, not even Hollywood glamour.¹

Soon after her birth in Hillsboro, Oregon, in August 1883, Effie Cameron became a motherless child. She rarely talked of her early life, and after her marriage in February 1901 most of her memories seemed to revolve around her husband's family. Effie had married Victor Wesley Birdseye, son of David and Clarissa, whose hewn-log home was built near Gold Hill in 1856. David had died before the marriage, and everyone said that Effie and her mother-in-law, Clarissa, could never live together in peace. Perhaps because Effie had never known her own mother, the women became the best of friends.²

Effie lived in the house the rest of her life and insisted that it be left exactly as she had found it. The interior was almost a museum. A copper kettle near the fireplace had been brought across the plains by covered wagon. Indian baskets and arrowheads shared walls with muskets, pistols, and powder horns. On the mantle stood a mold that had formed candles during the Rogue River Indian wars, when the house was called Fort Birdseye and terrified settlers found refuge there. The Chickering piano against the wall had come around the Horn from Boston to Crescent City, California, in 1860. From there, wagons and mules carried it to the Birdseye home. A favorite of Effie's husband, the piano was silenced for months after his death in August 1922. "I couldn't bear to hear it played for a long time after he was gone," she recalled.

Alone with three sons to raise, Effie went to work. Milking a seventeen-cow



SOHS #8633

herd by hand, day and night, and selling eggs, she gradually turned the farm into a moderately successful dairy. By 1927 she had paid off the mortgage, all back taxes and was making payments on an additional 300 acres added to the farm. "They called me a mere woman, and said I couldn't pay off the farm alone," she bragged. She did most of the backbreaking work herself and never complained. "I'd rather farm than cook," she joked. "You slave hours getting a big meal, the men sit down to the table without saying a word and fifteen minutes later they're out on the front porch pickin' their teeth."³

In the summer of 1947, Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard, and producer-director Cecil B. DeMille were on location in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, filming a 2 1/2-hour epic, *Unconquered*. Set in pre-Revolutionary War America, this historical spectacle featured the essential amounts of love, war, and Indians in beautiful Technicolor. Master promoter DeMille had ordered a "search" to find the twenty-one men and women who "best personify the unconquered American spirit in achieving a great victory in the face of great odds." All winners would attend the world premiere in Pittsburgh, October 3, 1947, and one of them would meet President Harry Truman.

Effie Birdseye was selected to represent Oregon and was flown from Portland to Pittsburgh. She received the full "star" treatment: breakfast in bed, new clothes,



SOHS #1746

Effie Birdseye's pluck is reflected in her bright smile, about 1965. Above, the Birdseye home in 1934 looked much as it did a half-century earlier.

orchids, limousine tours, a banquet, a ball, radio interviews, and a two-hour parade before 300,000 spectators. She met cast and crew, inviting Gary Cooper out to the Birdseye home for homemade huckleberry pie and a fishing trip on the Rogue. She placed second to a Washington state widow, and rather than meeting the president, she returned home on the newest and fastest of passenger trains. Effie was asked if she missed the glamour. "Well, maybe I did for just a minute—the day I had to clean the chicken houses," she replied.⁴

Unconquered arrived in Medford at the Holly Theater on March 28, 1948. Effie was invited to the local premiere and asked to make an appearance on stage. No one reported what Effie said or did, and apparently no one asked her to compare the two premieres. Some might think that all this attention was the highlight of her life, but Effie had a homespun phrase that would put an end to that assumption: "All you need is a ranch, and a few mortgages to pay off to find real happiness," she said. Effie Birdseye died May 31, 1966, and except for the running water she finally allowed in her kitchen, she left the old ranch house exactly as she had found it. "People need their memories."⁵ ■

Bill Miller is a historian with the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

ENDNOTES

1. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 24 September 1947.
2. *Portland Oregonian*, 4 April 1948.
3. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 31 May 1966; 5 October 1947.
4. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 28 September 1947; 5 October 1947. *The Internet Movie Database*, <<http://www.imdb.com>> (15 July 2002).
5. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 28 March 1948.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Things To Do in October

PROGRAMS : (see listings below for complete descriptions)

	<u>DATE & TIME</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>DESCRIPTION</u>
Craft of the Month	Museum hours	CHILDREN'S MUSEUM	Paper Pumpkins; free with admission
Celebrate Oregon Archaeology	Thurs., Oct. 3, 7 p.m.	HISTORY CENTER	Archaeology Lecture; free
Sons of the Oregon Trail	Sat., Oct. 19, 2 - 4 p.m.	HANLEY FARM	Songs of Harvest and Western Heritage Fee: \$8 adults; \$4 children
We Knead Bread	Wed., Oct. 23, 3 - 4 p.m.	BEEKMAN HOUSE	Breadmaking Workshop, ages 3-6 Fee: \$4 members; \$5 non-members

PROGRAM DETAILS

FOR TIMES AND LOCATIONS, SEE SCHEDULE ABOVE.

CRAFT OF THE MONTH

Paper Pumpkins

Families are invited to decorate one of the many paper pumpkins on display in the Children's Museum pumpkin patch.

ARCHAEOLOGY LECTURE

Thursday, OCTOBER 3, 7 p.m.

• History Center

Southern Oregon University Assistant Professor of Anthropology Mark Tveskov will present *Archaeology of the Butte Falls Area*.

WE KNEAD BREAD

OCTOBER 23, 3 - 4 p.m.

• Beekman House

Youngsters ages 3-6 are invited to gather at the Beekman House for a breadmaking session. There's nothing quite like the smell of fresh bread baking in the oven. Churn butter to put on fresh-baked bread from the Beekman House woodstove. Mix up your own bread dough to take home and bake in your oven.

SONS OF THE OREGON TRAIL

OCTOBER 19, 2 - 4 p.m.

• Hanley Farm

Come and enjoy cowboy music and poetry in the beautiful setting of Hanley Farm. Skip Bessonette, the Balladeer; Butch Martin, the Drifter Poet; and Marc Chaput, the Magic Cowpoke, will entertain you as they present songs of our western heritage as well as harvest time gathering tunes.

HISTORIC OPEN HOUSE LISTINGS:

• State Historic Preservation Office
prd.state.or.us
- click on "publication"
PHONE: 503-378-4168

• Southern Oregon Historical Society
PHONE: 541-773-6536

Oct. 5, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

• Chavner Family House,
12162 Blackwell Road,
CENTRAL POINT

Oct. 6, noon to 4 p.m.

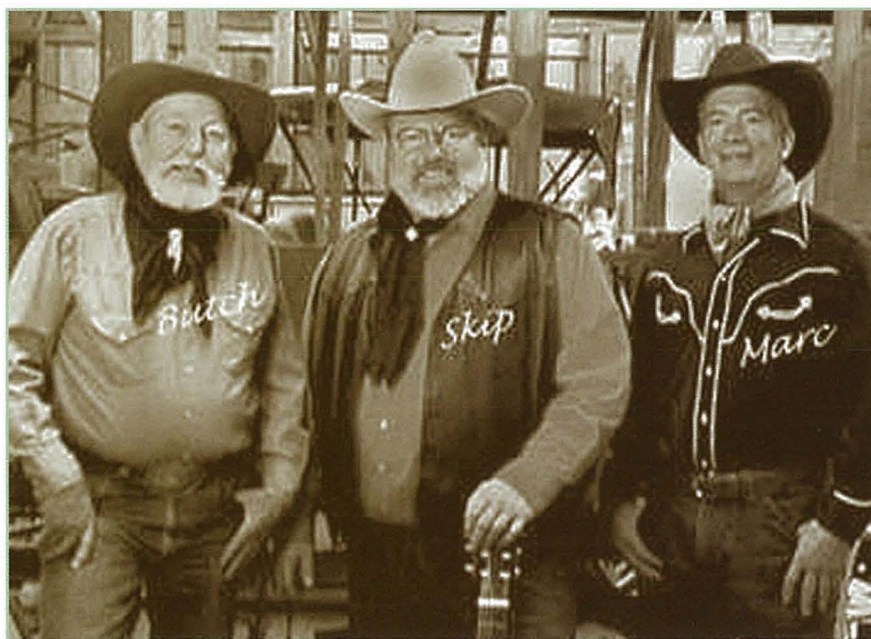
• Barber-Riddell House, 836
Minnesota, MEDFORD

Oct. 26, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

• H. Chandler & Alice B.
Egan House
2620 Foothill Rd., MEDFORD

Oct. 31, 5 to 9 p.m.

• Wagner Creek School, 8448
Wagner Creek Road, TALENT



EXHIBITS : (see listings below for complete descriptions)

	LOCATION	MUSEUM HOURS
Century of Photography: 1856-1956 The History of Southern Oregon from A to Z	HISTORY CENTER	Mon. - Fri., 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
History in the Making: Jackson County Milestones Miner, Baker, Furniture Maker Politics of Culture: Collecting the Southwest Crater Lake: Picture Perfect	JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM	Wed. - Sat., 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sunday, noon - 5 p.m.
Ongoing 'hands on history' exhibits	CHILDREN'S MUSEUM	Wed. - Sat., 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sunday, noon - 5 p.m.

EXHIBIT DETAILS

FOR TIMES AND LOCATIONS, SEE SCHEDULE ABOVE.

CENTURY OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 1856-1956

Highlights the work of two area photographers, Peter Britt and James Verne Shangle. Britt's cameras and studio equipment are featured.

THE HISTORY OF SOUTHERN OREGON FROM A TO Z

Do you know your ABC's of Southern Oregon history? Even local oldtimers might learn a thing or two from the History Center windows along Sixth and Central as each letter of the alphabet tells a different story.

"HISTORY IN THE MAKING: JACKSON COUNTY MILESTONES"

Be sure to take in this exhibit of ten major milestones in Jackson County's history. An abundance of artifacts and photographs, from Chinese archaeological material to an early cellular telephone, tell the county's story. Not everything is behind glass—a working 1940s jukebox plays vintage automobile songs, and a DVD player reproduces historic film clips.

MINER, BAKER, FURNITURE MAKER

Explores the development of the Rogue Valley and the impact the industrial revolution had on the settlement of Oregon.

POLITICS OF CULTURE:

Collecting the Southwest

In this recently added exhibit, view extraordinary examples of pottery and textiles from the American Southwest.



CRATER LAKE: PICTURE PERFECT

Can the majesty of Crater Lake be captured on film? In celebration of this national park's centennial, the Society's Jacksonville Museum presents an exhibit of attempts to capture its essence. Peter Britt's first photo in 1874 of Crater Lake marks the beginning of this exhibit. Other sections include early colorized photos, picture postcards, and park improvements. Of special interest is the most controversial Crater Lake image, believed by many as documentation of a visit by Theodore Roosevelt. Examples of how the Crater Lake name and image have been used to sell products ranging from butter to a hospital round out this exhibit.



CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Everyone enjoys exploring the home and work settings from the 1850s to the 1930s through "hands-on-history."

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY SITES

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unless listed otherwise

FAX: (541) 776-7994

E-MAIL: info@sohs.org

WEBSITE: sohs.org

HISTORY CENTER

106 N. Central, Medford
Mon. - Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

RESEARCH LIBRARY

106 N. Central, Medford
Tues. - Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.

JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM & CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

5th and C, Jacksonville
Wed. - Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Sun., noon to 5 p.m.

HANLEY FARM

1053 Hanley Road
(closed for the season)

C.C. BEEKMAN HOUSE

California & Laurelwood, Jacksonville
(closed for the season)

C.C. BEEKMAN BANK

3rd and California, Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE HISTORY STORE

3rd and California, Jacksonville
Wed. - Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Sun., noon to 5 p.m.

THIRD STREET ARTISANS' STUDIO

3rd and California, Jacksonville
(closed for the season)

U.S. HOTEL

3rd and California, Jacksonville
Upstairs room available for rent.

CATHOLIC RECTORY

4th and C streets, Jacksonville



*We invite YOU to
become a member!*

Your membership will support: preservation of Southern Oregon's rich heritage; Society exhibits and educational events; outreach to schools; workshops for adults and children; living history programs; and tours and demonstrations at historic Hanley Farm.

Members receive *Southern Oregon Heritage Today*, the Society's monthly magazine with newsletter, providing a view into the past and keeping you up-to-date on services provided by the Society.

For membership information, call Susan Smith at 773-6536.

MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

Lifetime ...	\$1,000	
Business ...	Two years \$200	One year \$120
Director ...	Two years \$450	One year \$250
Curator ...	Two years \$200	One year \$120
Patron ...	Two years \$110	One year \$60
Family ...	Two years \$55	One year \$30
Friend ...	Two years \$35	One year \$20

Tribal Elder and Diplomat: a Tribute to Dibbon Cook

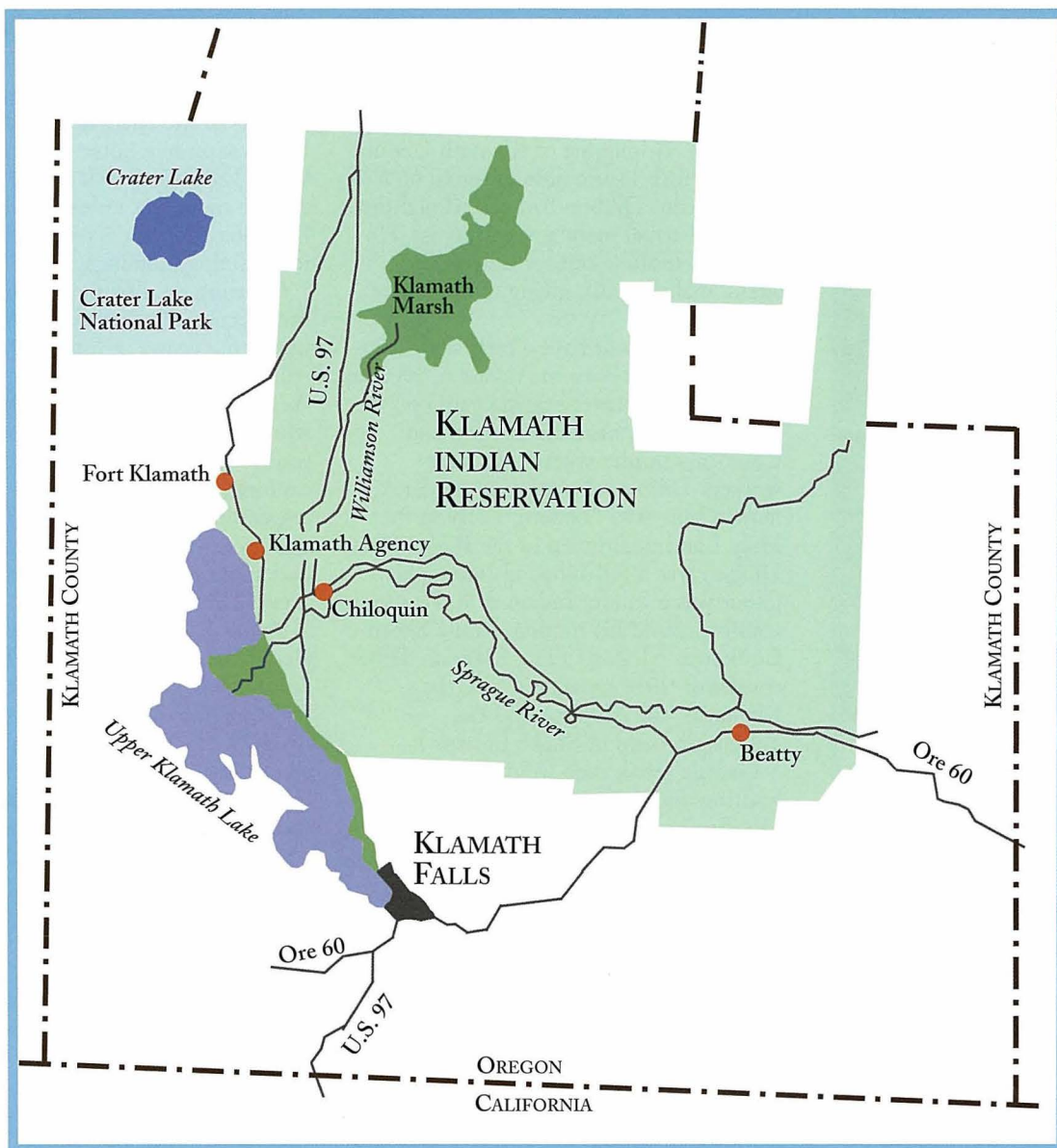
By Doug Foster



COURTESY OF LOUELLA COOK STERNBERG

A resort guest took this photo of Dibbon Cook, age eight, at Klamath Hot Springs Resort near present-day Hornbrook, just after Dibbon's mother died and before he went to live with his aunt and uncle on the Klamath Reservation.

WHEN DIBBON COOK died last year at age ninety-eight, he was the oldest member of the Klamath Tribes of Southern Oregon and one of the their most respected elders. Former tribal chairman Lynn Schonchin said that Dibbon had been his “mentor, tutor and teacher.” While Dibbon played many roles in the community, Schonchin said, “most importantly” Dibbon “loved his people.” And, he added, “I loved Dibbon’s sense of humor.” Counting Dibbon’s thirty years as tribal secretary and his tenure on tribal committees, Schonchin said that Dibbon’s service to the Klamath people totaled almost fifty years.¹



This map shows the outline of the Klamath Reservation before the federal government "terminated" the Klamaths' tribal status in 1954. Much of the reservation formed the nucleus of the present-day Winema National Forest.

In 1994, Southern Oregon Historical Society representatives traveled three times to Dibbon's home on the former Klamath Indian Reservation to record his oral history and make copies of family photos. His oral history is available at the Society's research library.²

When Dibbon gave these interviews he was ninety-two years old. He was then a short, weathered man who used one, and sometimes two, canes. "I can't hardly get around anymore," he said, "but my appetite is fine." He wore a western-cut shirt and red suspenders. On his billed cap was stitched: "First Nations and Proud." A stroke two years earlier, he said, made him "really slow down"; so he couldn't knap arrowheads anymore. Because of cataracts, he couldn't see too well and so didn't trust

himself to drive very far, but still drove his pickup to get the mail.³

He was living in Sprague River, where he'd lived since the 1930s. For years, he had been considered the town's honorary mayor. When its lumber mill closed in 1938, Sprague River "quieted down."⁴ In 1994, it was an unincorporated town of about 200 people with a small cafe, a gas station, a firehouse, a few churches, and all-purpose stores. The signs Dibbon made still stood along the highway entering and leaving town: "Slow Down, Drive Carefully. This is Indian country. The American Indians are Endangered Species."

His yard was an oasis of green: a freshly mowed lawn shaded by big willow trees. Purple and yellow daisies bloomed in big

pots by his front door. Western bluebirds flitted around a feeder he kept filled year-around. Sitting in a chair in the sun in his front yard, Dibbon offered his interviewers raw "epaws" (*Perideridia oregana*), a traditional Klamath food from the carrot family. He had a bowlful that he'd cleaned by hand, rubbing off the thin brown covering over paired white bulbs the size of hazelnuts. The epaws tasted more solid and crunchy than a potato, and nuttier. The open land around his house, Dibbon said, was covered with epaws. For two to three weeks in July the epaws bloomed; each two-foot tall green stalk bore an umbrella of tiny white flowers. "Like we put flowers on graves on Memorial Day," Dibbon said, "God decorates the whole world with flowers."



Next to the telephone in his kitchen, Dibbon kept a roll of Klamath tribal members. A long list of Klamath County pending foreclosure notices rested on a table nearby. Dibbon had underlined the names of tribal members on the list. He had been looking out for his people again, making calls, giving reminders of payments due.

Dibbon did not have a birth certificate because he was born in August 6, 1902 at Pokegama, a former logging camp on the Klamath River near the Oregon and California border where his father worked. Dibbon's father, George Cook, named him after "Dibon," a city in the Holy Land mentioned in the Bible. Dibbon was a full-blooded Indian: his father was a Shasta Indian from Northern California and his mother, Emily Skeen Cook, was Modoc.⁵ (The Klamath Tribes consist of three separate tribes: the Klamaths, the Modocs, and the Yahooskin band of Snake Indians.)

George Cook then went to work as a hunting and fishing guide at Klamath Hot Springs on the Klamath River in Northern California, a remote, luxury resort with seventy-five guest rooms where such notables as Zane Grey, Amelia Earhart, and President Herbert Hoover once stayed.⁶ While the family lived there, George taught Dibbon to track and hunt game. When Dibbon was about eight years old, his mother died; then his aunt and uncle, Dave and Lizzy Venman, took Dibbon and his younger

brother and sister from Klamath Hot Springs to the Klamath Indian Reservation in a horse-drawn wagon. Uncle Dave worked at the Yainax sub-agency about five miles east of Sprague River, feeding cattle, cutting hay and maintaining buildings.

Growing up, Dibbon's Aunt Lizzy was the biggest influence on his life. She would dig epaws in June and later pick wild plums; he helped out. In July or August they went to Huckleberry Mountain, a two-day wagon trip each way, to spend two days picking and canning. His Aunt Lizzy was very respectful of nature. "Be careful, don't destroy anything," she'd tell him. "Indians had a lot of respect for everything that grew," Dibbon said.

Yainax had no running water, no electricity, and no hospital. Dibbon's family lived in a "government building"—an old shack built with one-by-twelve lumber with paper stuck over the cracks between the boards. "A lot of times in the wintertime when it was cold, we could see the frost come through the cracks," Dibbon recalled. But "those old Indians were pretty smart without any education" because when they shot ducks and geese they saved the feathers so his aunt could make feather beds and feather pillows. When the frost came through the walls, he said, you'd "just cover up your head and go to sleep."

Dibbon remembered Toby Riddle, the Modoc War interpreter immortalized as "Winema." She lived in "Slab Town," a cluster of shanties in the forest above the Yainax store, and one of her sons ran the Yainax billiard hall. The older Indians would gather at the Yainax General Store in the winter to sit around a pot-bellied stove and tell scary ghost stories. "This was for our benefit," Dibbon said, and he and the other kids "were all eyes and ears."

Dibbon didn't learn to speak the Klamath-Modoc language because all the older tribal members would say, "No, it's against the law." His Aunt Lizzy got after him for speaking "Indian." His aunt and

Above left, Dibbon played clarinet in the band at the Haskell Institute, an all-Indian boarding school in Lawrence, Kansas. The photo was taken in 1924, after a football game at Creighton University in Nebraska. At left, that's Dibbon, the senior class president, in the first row, third from the right, in this portrait of the graduating class of 1923 at the Sherman Institute, an Indian boarding school in Southern California.



uncle didn't even speak Klamath-Modoc to each other, saying, "We didn't dare to 'cause somebody might tell the police."

As a boy, Dibbon trapped skunks and sold their pelts for a dollar each; and he shot rockchucks and sold them for fifty cents to a dollar to Indians who liked to eat fat rockchucks barbecued. Cooked chuck was especially popular on "Decoration Day"—what the Klamaths used to call Memorial Day—when they put flowers on family graves.

There were few ranches on the reservation when he was a boy, Dibbon said, and the Klamaths built houses wherever they wanted. This changed when parts of the reservation were "allotted" and individual tribal members selected up to 160-acre allotments of tribal land for themselves.

Salmon still spawned in the Sprague River when Dibbon was a boy, and they were "so thick you could pretty near walk across the river on them." He snagged big salmon with a bamboo pole and a large treble hook, recalling that "they'd just about pull you in." Just as the Klamaths caught and dried suckers for winter food, they cured salmon by hanging fish on racks over smoky fires—until 1912, when COPCO Dam No. 1 on the Klamath River in California blocked the salmon runs to the reservation.

Dibbon went to the Indian school in Yainax; and since "fourth grade's as far as they went," he repeated the fourth grade four times until he "pretty well memorized the curriculum."⁷ Then, he and about sixteen other Klamath youngsters signed up to go to the Sherman Institute, an Indian boarding school in Southern California. Dibbon spent six years there, from 1917 to 1923, studying the trade of shoe and harness making. He was president of his junior and senior class at Sherman. Given the rank of corporal, he was assigned to lead a squad of other uniformed students in military drills, carrying muskets with bayonets. To avoid marching on cold mornings, Dibbon said, he took up the clarinet because band members could stay indoors and practice.

The disciplinarian at the Sherman Institute, a large white man, had a reputation for being mean and abusing the Indian students. Once, when the disciplinarian caught Dibbon and his friends swimming during school hours, he thrashed them with a long rubber

hose and with leather harness traces. "I got beat up, with black and blue marks up and down my back," Dibbon said, "from my feet to my head."

Back on the reservation during summers, he helped his aunt and uncle with farm chores, plowing, and haying. While he was away at school, his younger brother and sister both died in smallpox epidemics on the reservation.

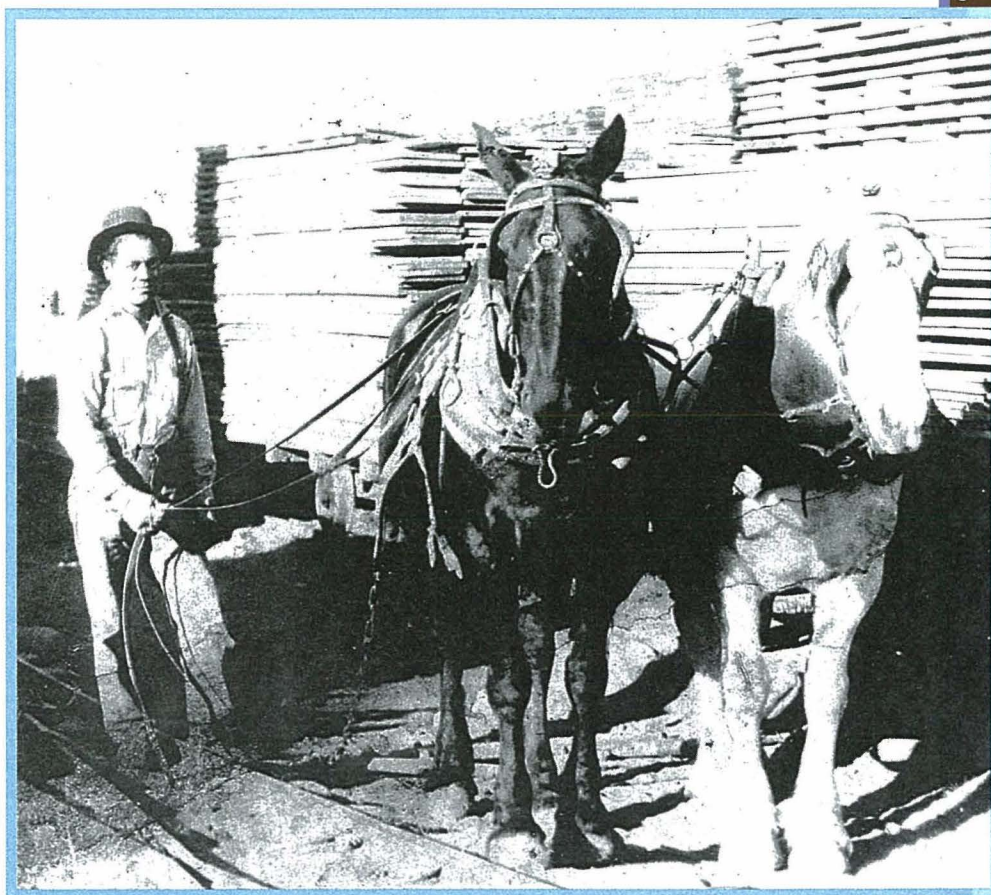
After graduating, Dibbon helped move buildings from Yainax to the new town site of Sprague River, which was then "nothing but sagebrush." Then twenty-one, he rode on top of one of the buildings being moved, lifting power lines that crossed the road on the way to the town site.⁸

Dibbon next attended the Haskell Institute, an Indian boarding school in Lawrence, Kansas. Just before the law passed in 1924 granting all American Indians citizenship and making them subject to the draft, Dibbon joined an all-Indian unit of the Kansas National Guard at Fort Riley, Kansas. For two years at Haskell he took a business course, studying bookkeeping and shorthand, then for a year he served as an instructor in the school's shoe and harness department.

In 1927, when his Aunt Lizzy became ill, Dibbon returned to the Klamath Reservation to be with her. He settled at Sprague River and tried to get work, going to the local sawmill every morning for a month until, "finally, I guess they got tired of me coming down there so they give me a job." He started out as the night shift "clean-up man." Later, he led a team of horses that pulled wagonloads of lumber from the mill to the stacking yard. He also worked in the planing mill and the box factory and "tallied lumber." He worked there for eleven years. The only way "they got rid of me," he said, was by closing the mill.

In the late 1930s, Dibbon opened a leather and shoe repair shop in Sprague River. He played the clarinet in the Fort Klamath band, and was the catcher for the Sprague River baseball team, called "the Sprague River Indians." That was the first time he ever played baseball: he finally got "got up enough nerve" to say, "I'm a catcher," even though he'd never done it before.

Dibbon leads a team of horses hauling finished lumber at the sawmill in Sprague River in the 1930s, where the timber from the Klamath Reservation was milled.



COURTESY OF DIBBON COOK



Newlyweds Dibbon and Esther Sargeant Cook enjoy each other's company soon after their marriage in 1940; their marriage spanned four decades.

His father, George Cook, made a subsistence living on the family's Indian allotments at Cook's Canyon, eight miles from Sprague River, where he hunted, trapped, cut wild hay for two-dozen head of cattle, and planted and harvested a field of rye with horse-drawn machinery. Dibbon would often visit and help out; he even made a pair of skis so he could ski to Cook's Canyon to see his father in the winter.

In 1940, when Dibbon was in his late thirties, he married tribal member Esther Sargeant, who was fond of saying she had "caught the biggest sucker in Sprague River." Dibbon would reply that he "caught the biggest sucker in the Williamson River" because Esther had been living near the Williamson in Chiloquin. That same year, he was elected to the Klamath Tribal Executive Committee. Five years later, he became tribal secretary. His duties included posting and sending notices of tribal meetings, recording what was said, and typing up transcripts. "They kept electing me," he said. "The only way I could get out was to quit."

Dibbon and Esther had a daughter, LouEllen. About twelve years later, they adopted a second daughter, Melva, a tribal member who was then two years

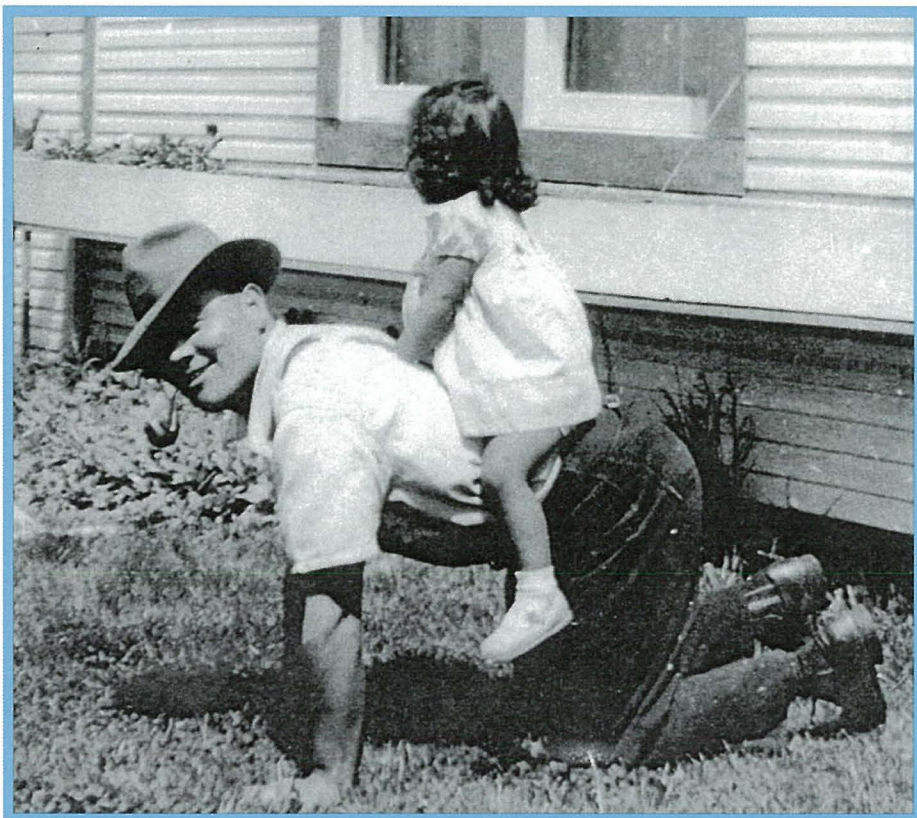
old. They also raised three nephews—Warren, Reggie, and Lanny Sargeant. Dibbon and Esther were married for more than forty years, until Esther's death. "It says a lot for my Dad," Melva Cook Fye later remembered, that "he took the three boys and me and he raised us." When he was working on the tribal minutes, Dibbon would hand one of the kids the minutes and say, "Sit down and read this." Then he'd ask, "What does it mean to you?" He never "made a judgment about what you said," according to Melva. "Only if you asked would he tell you what he thought."⁹

Those were hard times growing up in Sprague River, Dibbon and Esther's daughter LouEllen Cook Sternberg recalled, but she said she didn't realize it at the time because she was "sheltered," and her parents "immunized" her from drinking and swearing. In high school, almost all her friends were white. LouEllen said they didn't know that they were "wanting" because the family always had plenty to eat. Her mother baked bread every single day. They ate lots of fish and venison and vegetables from their big garden. Every year they spent one week camping and picking huckleberries so they'd have enough to can. They made wild plum jam, chokecherry syrup, and deer jerky.¹⁰

Dibbon said he killed deer every summer to get meat for the family table. Annabelle Bates, a family friend, remembers Dibbon's frugality. One time, when she was driving on the reservation with Dibbon and his three nephews, their car hit a deer and Dibbon and the three boys jumped out, cut the deer's throat and stuck its body in the trunk to take home, cut up, and put in the freezer.¹¹

Later, Dibbon opened a leather repair shop in Chiloquin; then, in the mid-1950s, he started doing tribal business full-time. LouEllen said he would often be up before she was and would not return until midnight or later. On other days when he was at home transcribing minutes from tribal meetings, the family had to be quiet so as not to disturb him. But, LouEllen said, "He was always there when they needed him."¹²

Dibbon plays "horsey" with his daughter, LouEllen, at their home in Sprague River.



Dibbon made many appearances at congressional hearings in Washington, D.C., as a tribal delegate during the "termination" era. In 1954, Congress passed a law terminating the Klamaths' tribal status, abruptly ending their special federal-tribal relationship, effectively denying their sovereignty, and cutting off Bureau of Indian Affairs benefits. Later, the federal government purchased almost all of the former reservation and converted it into the Winema National Forest. The Klamaths were one of the first tribes to be terminated under that now discredited policy.

"I'll never get over this termination business," Dibbon would say. "The government was the one that done it," not the Klamaths, adding that he "hated to see them being terminated." Even after the law was passed, Dibbon opposed termination; he testified before Congress that the Klamaths had held no referendum on termination and that the law would "be harmful to our people."¹³ He later explained that "termination put you on your own," when many Klamaths were not ready. All Klamaths who didn't already have title to their Indian allotments were issued patents at termination, which meant their allotments could be taxed by the state; many Klamaths subsequently lost their land to taxes.

"I felt sorry for the old people," Dibbon said. "Outsiders took advantage of 'em."

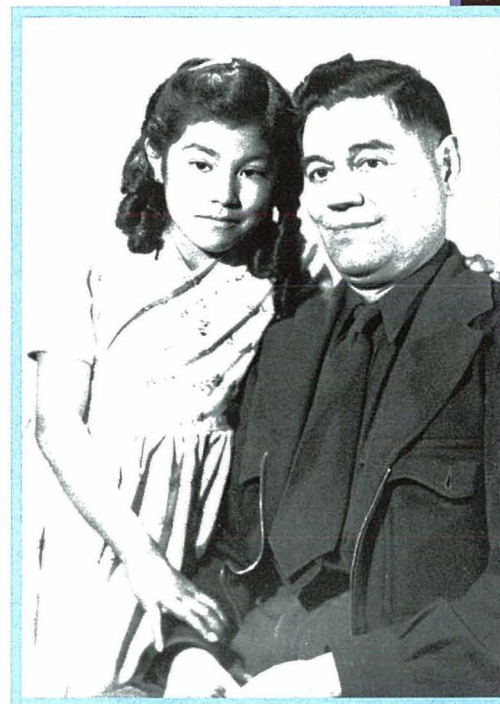
In the late 1960s, when Melva was in high school, her father was chairman of the General Council for the remaining Klamath tribal members, those who had elected not to sell their share of tribal land until nearly twenty years after the Klamath Termination Act was passed. Melva's mother would say that as Dibbon's children, they should be examples; Melva said she wasn't resentful of her responsibilities as Dibbon's daughter because she knew that, "What we did reflected on him and the Klamath people." "I was different from a lot of classmates and relatives," she said, "but I had something to be proud of." She studied classical piano for nine years, practicing two to three hours a day, and she did Indian dancing.¹⁴

According to a contemporary newspaper story, when Melva was the queen of the 1969 All-Indian basketball tournament in Chiloquin, she was also a member of the National Honor Society and the "Citizens' Ambassador to

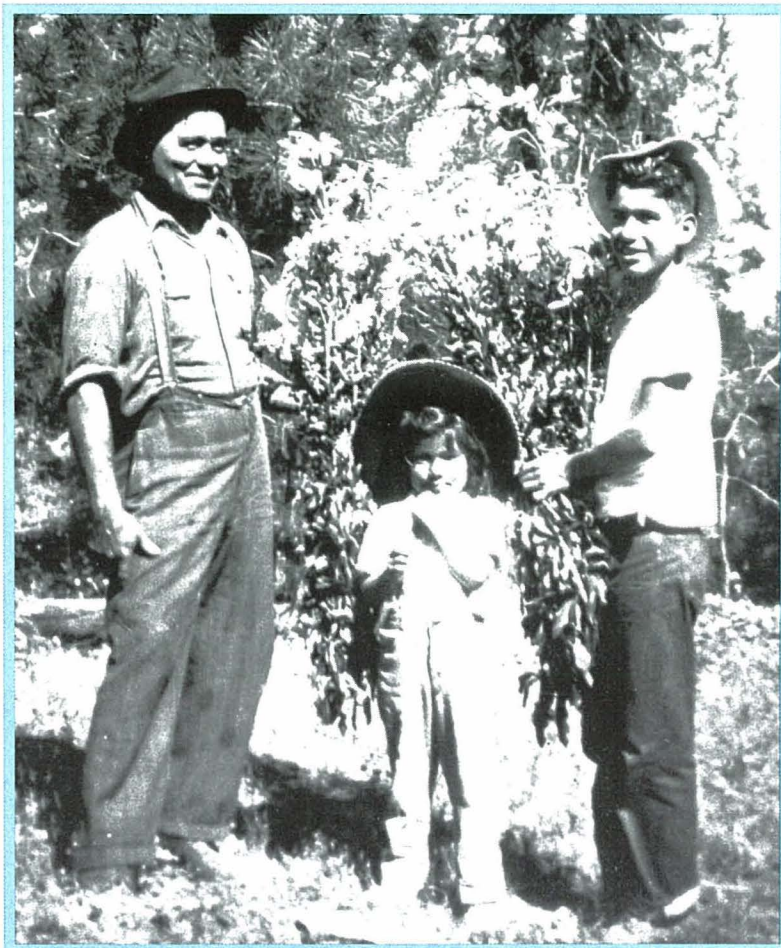
Europe" program and was "well known throughout the county for her performance of the Lord's Prayer in Indian sign language."¹⁵

When Melva was thirteen and wanted to have authentic regalia for Indian dancing, her parents learned that the Klamaths traditionally used simple decorations such as bone beads. Together, they designed and made a buckskin dress with sewn-on beads made from deer antlers.

This led to Dibbon's handicraft business.¹⁶ Using an electric grinder, Dibbon would make round beads, bolo ties, pins, buttons, and necklaces from "deer horns laying out in the woods." He also mastered the traditional craft of knapping arrowheads from obsidian; after he made an obsidian knife blade, he would mount it on an antler handle. For more than fifteen years, Dibbon sold his handicrafts at powwows, art fairs, and museums. When he learned there was a state law prohibiting the purchase or sale of wildlife parts, Dibbon spoke to his state legislator, and a special law was passed to permit the gathering of shed antlers to make handicrafts.¹⁷



Above, Dibbon and LouEllen pose for a studio portrait. Below, Dibbon, LouEllen, and a cousin, Lee Beal, gather mountain lilies for Easter.



COURTESY OF LOUELLEN COOK STERNBERG



Dibbon with a nice Eastern Oregon mule deer buck. Venison was an important part of the Cook family diet, and Dibbon was an excellent tracker, having learned his skills as a boy from his father, a professional hunting and fishing guide.

and ask myself, 'Now, if I was a buck, if I was a deer, which way would I go?'"

Jack Sternberg, who had seen Dibbon drop deer on the run at 200 yards, said that Dibbon only put one bullet in his rifle at a time. LouEllen remembered her father saying that "sitting in one place and waiting for the deer to come to you wasn't 'real hunting' because it didn't give the animal a chance." Dibbon kept hunting until after he turned eighty. When Dibbon shot a deer, LouEllen said, he'd save the liver for his cat because that's what the cat liked; and he'd go to the river to catch catfish for his cat, which lived to be twenty-one years old.²⁰

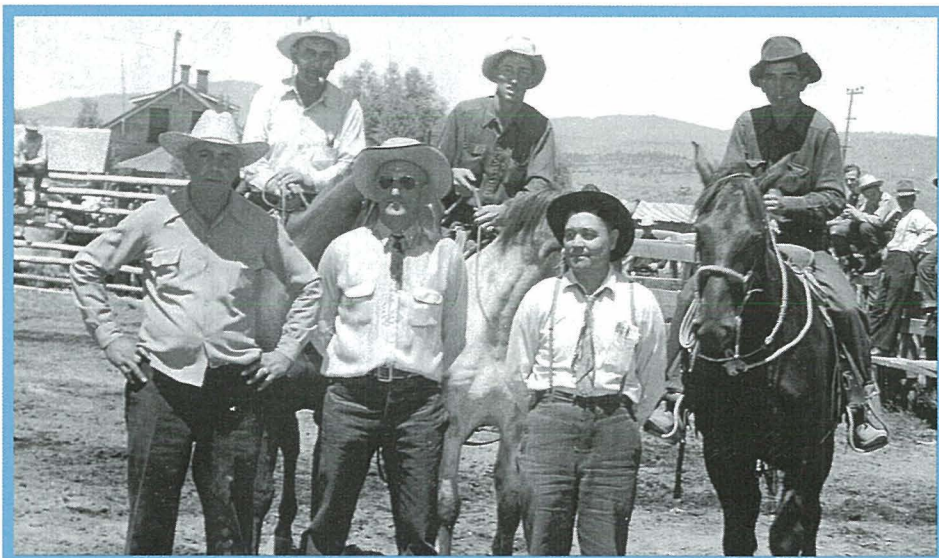
During his long public service to the tribe, Dibbon was often exposed to controversy. Melva remembered times Dibbon sat at Tribal Council meetings right "in the middle of heated arguments and name calling." Afterwards, Melva said, her mother was upset, and would say, "They had no business saying that." But Dibbon would say, "They have a right to their opinion." Sometimes, Melva said, "it would get pretty bad." And yet the next day, Dibbon could meet the people who had criticized him and "never say a word to them about what had happened in council." Melva never heard her father criticize or judge other people. Dibbon "set his own standards," she said, he was a "Christian man."

Dibbon was always involved in his community. He had served as president of Sprague River's Parent Teacher Association and fire department; for twelve years he was the official observer for the National Weather Service in Sprague River, checking a water and temperature gauge daily and, when away, arranging to have the preacher to do it for him. He served on the Chiloquin School Board, was the grand marshal for the Chiloquin Rodeo Association, and was president of the Chiloquin Chamber of Commerce in 1965 when he had a shoe store there. When a countywide Laymen's Crime Prevention Conference was started in 1962, Dibbon was selected as secretary. When the Winema Forest Advisory Council was organized the following year, Dibbon was the only Indian member.¹⁸

In 1963, Dibbon's daughter LouEllen married Jack Sternberg, who once was the supervisor of the planing mill at Chiloquin Forest Products, the biggest sawmill in Chiloquin. When he became Dibbon's new son-in-law, Jack said that Dibbon immediately accepted him and treated him "like his own son." Dibbon taught him how to fish and hunt deer. "If you respect Indian people, they'll treat you like family," Jack said, and he

has been treated "as belonging." Now, he said, "about all of my friends are Indian."

Dibbon used to can deer meat and give it to LouEllen and Jack, so they'd have plenty to eat. Jack said that Dibbon was a great tracker who could sense deer sign; he would "just pick a track and follow it" until he came across the deer. Hunting with Dibbon, Jack said, you "didn't dare cripple a deer, 'cause you knew what you were gonna have to do." LouEllen recalled that, "One time Dad tracked a deer for seven days. Each morning he'd pick up where he'd left off the night before and keep on tracking; and he got the deer."¹⁹ Dibbon said of his tracking skills, "I'd stand and look



Dibbon, front right, and other members of the Beatty rodeo committee pause for a photo circa 1946.

To fence "the place," the family's Indian allotments in Cook's Canyon, they split posts out of juniper and mountain mahogany. Melva helped her father; it took them five years. When Melva asked questions, such as "Why do we have to build this fence?" Dibbon would take the opportunity to talk about life. He might say, "we have to set boundaries" and then "talk about setting your own personal boundaries." "He never gave a yes or no answer," Melva said. "He'd let you think things through." Her father believed in "hard work, honesty, doing what you're supposed to," Melva said, but "his priority for all of us was education." When Dibbon was in his nineties, Melva said he was still her "mentor" and she still went to him for advice. Dibbon would tell her, "Don't fight. Don't argue. Listen."²¹

Dibbon "was a man of many talents," LouEllen said, and he "always wanted to be busy and never idle." He worked into his seventies, repairing upholstery and leather goods and tending to his handicraft business.²² Dibbon said, "If you try, you can always find work."

In 1975, Dibbon helped put on the Klamath "culture camp" for more than 100 Klamath kids, and he stayed involved with this tribal heritage program. Dibbon drove to the 1988 culture camp at Rocky Flat to make a presentation, even though he was then in his mid-eighties. Someone asked if Dibbon should be driving, and tribal member Joe Kirk said, "Well, he is." Once when Dibbon was having trouble driving in the dark, backing up and trying a different way, he told Kirk, "They keep changing these roads." Kirk asked, "Do you want me to follow you?" Dibbon replied, "No, that'd be silly; that way we'd both be lost."²³

Dibbon lived to witness congressional restoration of the Klamath Tribes' status: in 1986, the federal government once again recognized the tribes as sovereign and offered Bureau of Indian Affairs services to tribal members. Dibbon was then eighty-four.

At Dibbon's funeral service in Klamath Falls, the church was filled with people of various ages and races whose lives Dibbon had touched. At the front of the church, a white woman played traditional Christian songs on the piano, including "Going to a City Where the Roses Never Fade" and "Mansion in the Sky." Opposite the piano, Kirk and six young Klamath men and women sat in a drumming circle; after each Christian song, they would

chant and drum.

At the funeral service, Kirk noted that Dibbon had "opened doors for people like us" because there was a time, for example, when "Klamaths couldn't belong to the Masonic Lodge." Then Dibbon became a member of the Chiloquin Masonic Lodge, serving as secretary and, later, as master of the lodge.²⁴

Tribal chairman Allen Foreman described Dibbon's contribution to the Klamath Tribes as "incalculable."²⁵

Many other people spoke at Dibbon's funeral, without identifying themselves by name. One person said that Dibbon's "gift was his love for the people." Another said, "I felt safe with him. He encouraged me to do Indian dancing. He worried about me riding without a saddle. He was proud of us. He always made me feel like I was loved and cared for ... and that was at a difficult time in Chiloquin when there was a lot of drinking and broken homes." One person said that her father told her "Dibbon was one of the bravest men he ever knew, that Dibbon was a trail blazer." ■

Doug Foster is a writer and historian living in Ashland.

ENDNOTES

1. Lynn Schonchin speaking at Dibbon Cook's funeral in Klamath Falls, 3 April 2001.
2. Dibbon Cook interviews with the author on 23 May, 7 July, and 18 July 1994 are available at the Southern Oregon Historical Society library as oral history number 559.
3. Except as otherwise noted, this article is based on Dibbon Cook's interviews with the author on 14 October 1993; 23 May; 4, 7, 17 and 18 July; 1 August; and 8 September 1994.
4. *Klamath Falls Herald and News*, 7 August 1986.
5. Carrol Howe, *Sagebrush to Shakespeare* (Klamath Falls, private printing, 1984), p. 103; Klamath Reservation Superintendent to Commissioner of Indian Affairs on 1 March 1920, National Archives, Pacific-Alaska Region, Seattle, WA, Record Group 75 (Portland Area Office, Klamath Termination), Box 117 (Individual Case File, Dibbon Cook).
6. Alice Hessig, "The History of Klamath Hot Springs," Siskiyou County Historical Society, *Siskiyou Pioneer*, Vol. 3, No. 8 (1965), pp. 64-66.
7. Howe, *Sagebrush*, p. 104.
8. *Klamath Falls Herald and News*, 7 August and 10 October 1986.
9. Melva Cook Fye interview with author on 10 August 1994.
10. LouEllen Cook Sternberg interview with author on 18 July 1994.
11. Annabelle Bates interview with author on 30 August 1994.
12. LouEllen Cook Sternberg interview.
13. Hearings before the Subcommittee on Indian Affairs of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs regarding H.R. 650, 85th



Among Dibbon's many skills was knapping arrowheads, which he displays in this 1994 photograph taken at his Sprague River home when he was ninety-two. Dibbon worked hard to ensure that young tribal members were exposed to their rich cultural heritage.

- Cong., 1st Sess. (February 11, 1957), pp. 127-128; see, Doug Foster, "Landless Tribes - Termination of the Klamath Reservation," *Oregon Heritage* (Summer 1994), pp. 2-10.
14. Melva Cook Fye interview.
15. *Klamath Falls Herald and News*, 16 March 1969.
16. Melva Cook Fye interview.
17. *Klamath Falls Herald and News*, 15 April 1981.
18. *Klamath Falls Herald and News*, 16 April 1962, 19 April 1963, and 1 April 2001.
19. Jack and LouEllen Sternberg interview with author on 18 July 1994.
20. *Ibid.*
21. Melva Cook Fye interview.
22. LouEllen Cook Sternberg interview.
23. Joe Kirk eulogy at Dibbon Cook's funeral.
24. *Ibid.*; Howe, *Sagebrush*, p. 106.
25. Allen Foreman speaking at Dibbon Cook's funeral.



Pumpkins: An Autumn Icon

By Donn L. Todt
and Nan Hannon

I N OCTOBER THEY APPEAR

suddenly: piles of orange orbs, lining walkways and taking up parking spaces in front of grocery stores, invading farmers' markets, and dominating roadside produce stands. The autumn pumpkin pageant has begun, and millions of people who otherwise have little connection with fresh produce become intimately involved with an outsized, mostly hollow orange squash. The pumpkin is one of the first plants that children recognize, remember, and take to heart.

The uncertain, slimy adventure of carving a pumpkin into a jack-o-lantern is etched deeply into our memories of childhood and parenthood. Even in the twenty-first century, the Halloween pumpkin doesn't come prepackaged or pre-carved. In our over-processed world, to make a jack-o-lantern is still a slippery encounter with nature in the raw.

However, there are no wild pumpkins. Pumpkins, like corn and most domesticated plants, are as much artifacts as automobiles are. They require regular inputs of maintenance. They need us. Without persistent human intervention and manipulation, pumpkins would end up in the evolutionary junkyard with plesiosaurs and saber-toothed tigers.

The tinkering is long-term and ongoing. Seeds of a domesticated species of squash excavated at an archaeological site in Oaxaca, Mexico, have been recently dated

to 10,000 years ago.¹ This surprisingly early date marks squash as by far the oldest domesticated plant in the Americas. This particular species, over thousands of years of human selection, eventually became various edible squashes, including pumpkins. The name "pumpkin" generally refers to squashes that share a rounded shape; a hard, ribbed rind; and orange color. Dozens of recently developed, named varieties are currently grown by farmers to supply the Halloween market.

The jack-o-lantern is a New World take on an Irish folk custom of using a hollowed-out turnip as a lantern. The original root-lantern was supposedly used by the spirit of "Stingy Jack" to light his way in the darkness between heaven and hell. Poor Jack was accepted in neither place. People put out carved and lighted turnips and other vegetables to keep away "Stingy Jack" and other unwelcome spirits on All Souls Day, October 31. In America, the pumpkin, already nearly hollow, became the favored vegetable lantern and "scare-spirit."

We are most familiar with the jack-o-lantern type of pumpkin, but many other varieties occur as well. Most were selected for their value as food rather than as decoration. Pumpkin seeds and marrow are important in many traditional Mexican recipes, especially those of the Oaxaca region. While pumpkins are native to the

Americas, they traveled widely. They were brought to Europe in the 1500s, where additional selection occurred. The pumpkin known in France as *vif-rouge-de-temp*, the prototype for Cinderella's coach, is a deep orange, flavorful squash used for rich pies and soups.

After Halloween, pumpkins disappear as quickly as they arrived. Some are smashed by marauding guy-children; some sag slowly into compost bins; and a few, the flavorful ones, are put into cool storage to become spicy Thanksgiving pies. The connection between pumpkins and Thanksgiving extends back to the Pilgrims, who learned about pumpkins from Native American farmers.

Pumpkins are an autumn icon with a message. In a patch or on the porch, pumpkins are bold reminders of the hybrid nature of our cultural heritage: Old World folklore and customs have become attached to a New World crop with roots in the dim antiquity of the early Mesoamerican Neolithic. 🍂

Ethnobotanist Donn L. Todt and anthropologist Nan Hannon grow French pumpkins in their Ashland garden.

ENDNOTE

1. Bruce D. Smith, "The Initial Domestication of *Cucurbita pepo* in the Americas 10,000 Years Ago," *Science*, May 9, 1997, Vol. 276, pp. 932-934.



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