

SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

January 2003 Vol. 5, No. 1

Today



STRONG MOTHERS, STRONG DAUGHTERS



AS THE NEW EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, I wanted to take a moment to address myself to all the readers of *Southern Oregon Heritage Today* magazine. First, I want to say how pleased I am to be associated with such a distinguished organization. Since the 1940s, it has been collecting and preserving documents and artifacts in the county so our children and their children might see and come to better appreciate the wonders of an earlier era. And we continue to do so, because today's reality is tomorrow's history.



Meet John Enders

Since its incorporation as a nonprofit in 1949, the Southern Oregon Historical Society has worked under one guiding premise, that **"History Matters."** As our mission statement says, knowledge of the past is a guide to the future, and the Society's work is to collect, preserve, research and interpret the artifacts and documents that connect us to the past. It does so through **exhibits, historic sites, the region's premier historic research library, education programs, publications, and community outreach.**

We do all of that with the financial support of members, patrons at our museums and other sites, fees for our photography and other services, grants and the continuing support of the public through tax funds. However, because of cutbacks of tax support by the county in recent years, the Society has been forced to reduce its staff size and, in some instances, its programs and hours of service.

These are tough times in general, and for the Society in particular. As you know the Society lost the first round of a lawsuit filed against Jackson County over the tax funding issue. The case is now before the Oregon Court of Appeals. We believe that recent property tax limitation measures were meant to reduce taxes as a whole, but **not specifically to the Historical Fund.** We hope to be vindicated in that position when the courts have finally ruled on the matter.

In the meantime, we are committed to moving forward in this time of uncertain finances and economic instability. We are now **operating programs, maintaining museums and other sites, and mounting and publicizing exhibits of our own collections** and others' with fewer resources. But I believe that it is the Society's mission and duty to preserve the region's past and educate today's youth about the value of their heritage. The only way we can do so is to find innovative ways to fund our programs and services, and to partner with other organizations in the region that have complementary goals.

Our challenges at the Society clearly are many. Fortunately we have a fine and dedicated staff and a large group of loyal volunteers who make it possible to **continue planning and putting on our programs, and hosting the public at our museums, the research library and the History Store.**

In late November, we inaugurated the wonderful traveling Smithsonian exhibit, "Yesterday's Tomorrows: Past Visions of the American Future," which runs through January 4. More than two hundred people turned out for our November 22 reception, and about ninety showed up for the first series of Saturday sci-fi films at the **History Center.**

"...the Society's work is to collect, preserve, research and interpret the artifacts and documents that connect us to the past..."

For those of you who haven't been to the **History Store in Jacksonville** lately, we've got a new "look and feel" that better reflects who we are, what we do, and what we have to offer. The store is offering a wider selection of books, maps, and photo reproductions from our collection and other historically authentic items. Although we were able to make some of the changes in time for the Thanksgiving-to-New Years shopping season, others will wait until after the new year begins.

In the programs arena, planning is well underway for our **Children's Heritage Fair** in the spring, and for this summer's programs at **Hanley Farm.**

I've also formed an exhibits project team that in early December began planning for future exhibits and related programs. I intend to take advantage of **the astonishing collection of artifacts in the Society's possession, and to make a larger number of them accessible to public viewing** and appreciation. We cannot expect the public to support what we do and what we are if they have little or no idea of what those are. In addition, I hope to dramatically expand the scope and usefulness of our web site, **www.sohs.org**, so members and the public at large can use it to access some of our collections, purchase photo reproductions, etc.

Finally, to our members at large, I want to thank you for your ongoing support of the Society and its activities. We are a membership-based organization: **You are key to our continuing financial health and stability.** Please continue to give us your support. History truly does matter.

John Enders
Executive Director

SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Today
Editorial Guidelines

Feature articles average 3,000 to 4,000 (pre-edited) words. Other materials range from 500 to 1,000 words. Electronic submissions are accepted on 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 submission—black-and-white or color. The Southern Oregon Historical Society reserves the right to use Society images in place of submitted material. All material should be labeled with author's name, mailing address, and telephone number. Manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed envelope stamped with sufficient postage. Authors should provide a brief autobiographical note at the end of manuscripts.

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

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ON THE COVER

Three generations of Klamath women gather for a portrait at the tribes' restoration powwow in 1993: Clockwise from left, Tina Bates, her mother, Annabelle, and daughter Jennifer, who was chosen the Klamath Tribes' Restoration Queen.



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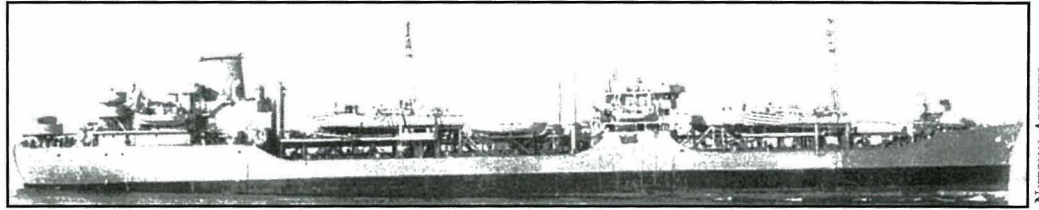
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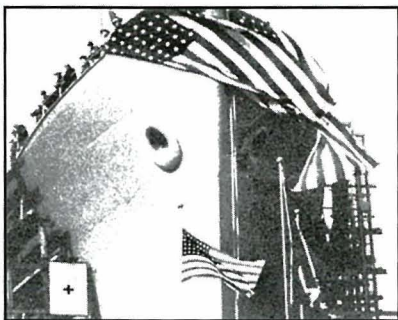
Fueling a War: JACKSONVILLE, TABLE ROCK AND WORLD WAR II

By Bill Miller

of the U. S. Maritime Commission censorship code, exact launching dates cannot be revealed until six days before the actual events take place. Without violating this code ... we suggest that those interested in early Southern Oregon history watch the columns of this paper for announcement of the first launching."

Nearly two years after Pearl Harbor, amid the secrecy of World War II, the *Medford Mail Tribune* editorial was revealing a small but critical part of the Allied invasion plan. The assault at Normandy was less than eight months away, and once a beachhead was established, tanks, trucks, and warplanes would require massive amounts of fuel to press the war into Germany. Anticipating the need for adequate petroleum reserves and their timely transfer to Europe, the United States began an emergency shipbuilding program in 1942. More than 480 oil tankers would be built from standardized plans in four shipyards scattered across the country, from Pennsylvania and Alabama to California and Oregon.

By November 1943, Kaiser's Swan Island Shipyard at Portland had already christened forty of these tankers, which were named to honor historic sites. When launched, the forty-first and forty-fifth ships would pay tribute to the Rogue River Valley's notable past, carrying the names Table Rock and Jacksonville across the Atlantic Ocean.¹



COURTESY OF RON GOUGH

Above, the S.S. *Table Rock* is launched November 28, 1943, at the Swan Island Shipyard in Portland. At right, the S.S. *Jacksonville* under way at sea. At top, a side view of a war time oil tanker; more than 480 were built to identical plans.

The birth of the tanker S.S. *Table Rock* was witnessed by a delegation from Jackson County on Sunday November 28, 1943. In the charge of County Judge Arthur Powell, the group included two representatives who had family connections with the Table Rocks. Mrs. Atlanta Parker Naffziger was selected because of her father, William Parker, who in 1846, while riding with a wagon train led by his brother-in-law, Jesse Applegate, had named the Table Rocks. Naffziger was accompanied by John E. Ross, the son of Col. John Ross, a volunteer soldier during the Rogue River Indian Wars and translator at peace negotiations in 1854. The subsequent treaty signing ceremony was held on the grasslands at the base of Lower Table Rock.²

A month after the S.S. *Table Rock* was launched, Swan Island's forty-fifth tanker, the S. S. *Jacksonville*, slid down the ways and set sail for the European theater. At ceremonies held on December 23, 1943, Claire Hanley, secretary of the Jackson County Pioneer Society, was selected to see the tanker off to battle. Michael Hanley, Claire's grandfather, was one of the earliest settlers in Jackson County and had raised his family on the farm he owned between Central Point and Jacksonville.³

The ships were part of the Merchant Marine fleet and each was manned by up to fifty sailors. Costing nearly \$3 million per tanker, they were typically constructed from keel to launch in only eighty-two days. Powered by steam generated turbo-electric engines, which generated a slow but steady fourteen knots, the tankers could easily carry 141,000 barrels of oil or gasoline for 12,000 miles without refueling.⁴



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

In the early afternoon of August 30, 1944, German U-boat 482 was tracking a convoy of Scotland-bound Allied tankers. With bearing, speed and distance calculated, Captain von Matuschka fired his torpedoes, lowered his periscope and ordered his submarine to a safe viewing location. As his scope again broke the surface of the Atlantic, he saw floating gasoline ignite into roaring waves of flame. The *Jacksonville* was split in two by a fireball, which instantly climbed hundreds of feet into the sky. Only two badly burned American crewmembers managed to dive under the blaze and, occasionally gasping for air, swim underwater to safety. Sunk without warning barely fifty miles west of Ireland, the *Jacksonville* went down with forty-eight Merchant Marine sailors and twenty-eight members of a U.S. Naval Armed Guard detachment.⁵

After surviving the war, the *Table Rock* became surplus and in 1948 was sold to a French company, which renamed her *Nivose*. Thirteen years later a Canadian company bought the ship, cut away her hull, joined the remaining pieces to a new hull and named the new ship *Lake Winnipeg*. She was the last of seven "emergency tankers" that were converted to Great Lakes service as bulk carriers of iron ore and grain. In 1985 the ship was sold to Portugal for scrap.⁶

The four wartime shipyards constructed 481 tankers, of which Swan Island workers built 147. Only two of these ships were named for Rogue Valley history and few people know their story. ■

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

ENDNOTES

1. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 12 November 1943.
2. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 28 November 1943.
3. *Ashland Tidings*, 24 December 1943.
4. Marine Historical Society of Detroit, <<http://www.mhsd.org>> (24 January 2002).
5. U.S. Merchant Marine, <<http://www.usmm.org/tankers.html>> (24 January 2002); U.S. Naval Armed Guard, <<http://www.armed-guard.com>> (24 January 2002).
6. Marine Historical Society of Detroit (24 January 2002).

Grace Andrews Fiero

By Sarah Kaip

SOHS #18355



MON DESIR INN, a restaurant in Central Point, was once famous as the site of some of the biggest, most glamorous parties in the Rogue Valley. That was nearly a century ago when the estate was known as "Woodlawn," a residence and prosperous apple orchard owned by Conro and Grace Andrews Fiero.¹

Grace Andrews grew up surrounded by performers. Her family owned the Andrews Opera Company in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and little Grace was thrilled to meet many of the entertainment celebrities of the time.² It was no surprise when she embarked on a theatrical career of her own that took her all the way to Broadway. She debuted in the play, "Beverly of Graustark," in Boston in 1908.³

Drawn by the orchard boom, the Andrews family moved their opera company to the Rogue Valley circa 1903. Grace stayed behind in New York City to continue her career but visited her parents every year. She finally settled in the Rogue Valley when she married Conro Fiero, a Chicago millionaire who also had been lured to Southern Oregon during the orchard boom.⁴

The Fieros built Woodlawn in 1910 four miles north of Medford. The following years were spent indulging in elaborate parties that included swimming, dancing, impromptu stage performances, and glorious food. However, the collapse of the apple market brought their orchard and carefree lifestyle to an end in 1917 just as United States involvement in World War I began. During the war, Conro and Grace moved to Washington, D.C., where Conro did war-related work and Grace was employed by the State Department deciphering cablegrams. Their vivacious lifestyle returned as their Washington-area home became a hub for socialites.⁵

When the war ended, Conro took various jobs representing machinery and automotive companies in Paris, South Africa, and Canada before returning to the United States to invest in a promising new invention—razor blade vending machines. Needless to say, their entrepreneurial efforts flopped. Even worse, the stock market crashed in 1929, and the Fieros had to move into a small apartment with Conro's sister in New York City. During this time, Grace worked in a shop making clothes for friends, but even then the former millionaires felt hunger pangs. When the market rebounded, Conro recovered his fortune. Unfortunately, he didn't have much time to enjoy it. He died of a heart attack in 1939 at the age of fifty-six. Remembering her husband years later, Grace recalls, "Con and I were either up or we were down, but we enjoyed every minute of every day and had a wonderful life together."⁶

Soon after Conro's death, Grace returned to Medford and worked at the Purucker's Music store while caring for her aging mother. Grace also turned her mind to inventing and eventually drew

royalty checks for a bottle guard for shaving cream to keep the lotion from spilling in luggage. However, she died in the Rogue Valley in 1974 at the age of eighty-seven without patenting any of her inventions.⁷

Grace starred in a locally produced film entitled "Grace's Visit to the Rogue River Valley" in 1914. The video is available for public viewing at the Southern Oregon Historical Society library. 📺

Sarah Kaip is a freelance writer, editor, and researcher living in Medford.

ENDNOTES

1. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 3 February 1963.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 26 May 1968.
4. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 3 February 1963.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*

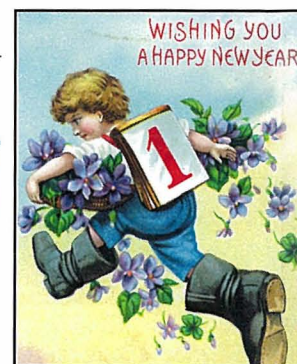
Grace Andrews Fiero, above, and her husband, Conro, built the estate they named Woodlawn west of Central Point in 1910. Once the site of lavish parties during the orchard boom before World War I, it is now a restaurant, Mon Desir.





SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Things To Do in January



PROGRAMS : (see listings below for complete descriptions)

	DATE & TIME	LOCATION	DESCRIPTION
Craft of the Month	Museum hours	CHILDREN'S MUSEUM	Paper Hats & Bonnets; free w/admission
Crochet workshop	Sat., Jan. 11; 1 - 4 p.m. Sat., Jan. 25; 1 - 4 p.m.	JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM	For ages 9-adult; fee: \$4 members; \$5 non-members
Chinese New Year	Sat., Feb. 1; 1 - 4 p.m.	JACKSONVILLE & CHILDREN'S MUSEUMS	Free with admission

PROGRAM DETAILS

For times and locations, see schedule above.

CRAFT OF THE MONTH*Paper Hats & Bonnets*

Create your own pioneer bonnet or hat to wear.

**BY HOOK OR BY CROOK
WORKSHOP**

During this two-part workshop, learn the basics of crocheting by making two potholders to take home using two different methods—single crochet and granny square. We'll explore the history of crochet and various types of yarns, crochet hooks, and crocheted items. Participants will begin their first potholdering during session 1 and will need to finish it at home before coming back for session 2 when a new project will be started. **Preregistration and prepayment are required by 5:00 p.m., Wednesday, January 8.**

Mark Your Calendar !**CHINESE NEW YEAR FAMILY
EVENT SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1**

Join us as Jacksonville celebrates Chinese New Year. We'll have lots of hands-on activities for the whole family to enjoy at the museums, including traditional Chinese games and a chance to do your own dragon dance! Be sure to visit Jacksonville's new library to see a display on the history of the Chinese people in Southern Oregon. Check with the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce for other events scheduled this day.

ARTWORK NEEDED!

The Society is preparing an exhibit of the artwork of Jacksonville artist **Dorland Robinson**. If you have a piece of Robinson's work and would consider loaning it to the Society to complement its collection, please call **Curator of Collections Steve Wyatt** at 773-6536. The exhibit will open in early February 2003. Thank You!

**LAKE CREEK HISTORICAL
SOCIETY EVENT:**

On Saturday, January 18 at 2:00 p.m., the Lake Creek Historical Society will present the program "Oregon Stories from the WPA Files." Tom Nash, from the Southern Oregon University Department of English, will give a lively and informative program of stories, anecdotes, and songs depicting Oregon from the frontier era to the 1930s.

•Lake Creek Historical Society, 1739 S. Fork Little Butte Creek Road, Lake Creek.

Phone: (541) 826-1513.

This event is made possible in part by the Oregon Council for the Humanities, an affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities.



EXHIBITS: (see listings below for complete descriptions)

	LOCATION	MUSEUM HOURS
Century of Photography: 1856-1956	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"

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; 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*

This exhibit presents 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 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."

HISTORIC OPEN HOUSE LISTINGS:

Jan. 2, 1 - 5 p.m.	Jan. 5, 1 - 5 p.m.
• Peter Steenstrup House 109 Geneva, MEDFORD	• G.L. & Florence Buhrman House 15 Geneva, MEDFORD

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, Central Point
(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

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www.sohs.org

A Tradition of Strong Women

By Doug Foster

HISTORICALLY, KLAMATH INDIAN

mothers, aunts, and grandmothers were responsible for training young girls. The mother-daughter bond continued for life, and “the importance of that link became stronger in the days of cultural stress,” according to Professor Theodore Stern, who wrote the definitive book about Klamath Indian society in the 1960s, shortly after the federal government “terminated” the Klamath Tribes. During and after termination, in the days of great cultural upheaval, “it was often the grandmother who saw to the kids while her daughter was out with other young folk,” Stern wrote. When they grew older, he wrote, “many a daughter, now become in turn a grandmother ... became a pillar of strength for her own daughter in protecting the grandkids.”¹



COURTESY OF ANNABELLE BATES

The Klamath Indian pattern of women passing tradition from one generation to the next is reflected in the lives of the women in Annabelle Bates's family. “Our spiritual lives carried on through the generations,” Annabelle said, from her grandmother to her mother and to her, then on to her daughters and granddaughters. Annabelle's daughter Tina said, “Mom was always really strong. Because Grandma was a strong woman, Mom was a strong woman.” Annabelle added, “My mother always used to say that she was very backward because she couldn't pronounce words easily, but she really was strong, like Tina was saying, because she knew how to position herself and take a stance, to just proceed onward, even if she wasn't really self-confident in things.”²

Eliza Wilson Walker, grandmother of Annabelle Bates, lived on her ranch at Kaumkan Springs on the Sprague River, and still followed many of the “old ways”; she was fluent in the Klamath language.



COURTESY OF ANNABELLE BATES

In 1994 and 1995, Southern Oregon Historical Society representatives traveled four times to the former Klamath Indian Reservation to record Annabelle's and Tina's oral histories and to make copies of family photos. Their oral histories are available at the Society's research library.

At the time of these interviews, Annabelle was in her late sixties and Tina was in her late thirties. Annabelle had a deep, rich, resonant voice, a preacher's voice; she was an earthy, powerful woman with kind eyes. Both Annabelle and Tina were frank, "telling it like it is," but with a laugh and a big smile. When interviewed on August 10, 1995, Annabelle was still tired from a powwow on the Oregon coast; she, Tina, and several of Tina's children hadn't returned from the Siletz powwow until 3:30 that morning. Annabelle's granddaughter Jennifer had won prizes in her age group—girls ages seven to eleven—including first prizes for the fancy dance and traditional dance contests.

Although Annabelle's mother, Angie Walker Summers, had passed away ten years before, she was a constant presence during the interviews. When Annabelle walked into her daughter's house for another day of interviews, she

said, "A twig broke on my face as I came in. It was my mother's spirit saying don't talk too much."

• • • • •
*First, Eliza would
 "pray and talk to the fish"
 in Klamath; then she
 tossed a baited hook in the
 water using string and an
 old bamboo pole or a
 willow stick—"nothing
 fancy like a rod and reel."*
 • • • • •

Annabelle's mother, who was full-blooded Klamath, was born in 1901 and lived to be eighty-two. Of Annabelle's four grandparents, three were full-blooded Klamaths and one was full-blooded Coquille, an Oregon coast tribe. Both of Annabelle's parents spoke Klamath fluently.

Annabelle and her husband Melburn "Bucky" Bates then lived at Dockney Flats, an isolated ranch in the middle of the former Klamath Indian Reservation. "Dockney," she said, means "paradise for horses" in the Klamath language; the ranch was named for its grassy meadows that drain to the Sprague River. To get to their ranch from Chiloquin, they had to drive twelve miles on a paved highway, then another three miles on Forest Service gravel and dirt roads that snaked through stands of second-growth pine. Their nearest neighbor, excluding Bucky's son, who had a place about a mile from their ranch house, was more than four miles away.

Bucky and Annabelle lived in a small, white house wired for electrical power, yet they had no electricity. The power company refused to build power poles and lines to their remote home until they paid \$125,000 "up-front." So instead, they had their house plumbed for gas, with gas lights, gas stove, gas refrigerator, and a gas water heater. They had a small generator to run a TV and VCR so they could watch movies, but they didn't have a telephone.

Annabelle Bate's mother, Angeline Walker, circa 1901. Angie was also fluent in Klamath, and loved to wear satin dresses to the rodeo. Her spirit is a continuing influence in Annabelle's life.

By living on the ranch, Annabelle said she had “come full circle.” She and Bucky moved to Dockney Flats in 1983, when her mother died; for Annabelle, it was a move back home. Although she had been away from Dockney for more than thirty years, she grew up there. In 1933, when Annabelle was six, her family moved there from Chiloquin because her mother had inherited a block of adjoining Indian allotments covering several hundred acres at Dockney, and her parents decided to start a ranch. Back then, Dockney was much more isolated: the only road to Chiloquin was a rutted, dirt track with fords over several streams. Their new ranch was surrounded by tribal land, and so they had no close neighbors. While the meadow grass at Dockney held promise for grazing, the land was undeveloped: no fences, no barn, and no house. At first they had no money to buy horses, so Annabelle’s father, Frank Summers, built a corral and a wing fence to catch and break wild horses for use on the ranch. Their first winter at Dockney, the family lived in a tent.

Before the Dockney Flats ranch was “put in good condition,” Annabelle stayed with her maternal grandmother, Eliza Wilson Walker. In the winter, she stayed at her grandmother’s house in Chiloquin, and in the summer, at her grandmother’s Kaumkan Springs ranch on an Indian allotment Eliza had inherited. In aboriginal times, many Klamaths lived at Kaumkan village, named for the big spring—ka’um—on the west bank of the Sprague River.³ As a youngster, Annabelle searched for and found many arrowheads in the water around the edge of the springs, just down the hill from her grandmother’s house, because Mrs. Wolf, who ran the bakery in Chiloquin, offered kids twenty-five to fifty cents apiece for arrowheads.

Annabelle used to watch her grandmother fish for trout in the springs. First, Eliza would “pray and talk to the fish” in Klamath; then she tossed a baited hook in the water using string and an old bamboo pole or a willow stick—“nothing fancy like a rod and reel.” After Eliza caught enough fish, which usually weighed four to six pounds apiece, she cleaned them and fried them for dinner. The springs were so cold, Annabelle said, “If you waded for a while, you had to go stand in the Sprague River to warm up.” The springs were so clear and deep that when Annabelle paddled there in her grandmother’s dugout canoe, she “became frightened she would fall out and keep falling down and down.”

Grandmother Eliza was then the most influential person in Annabelle’s life, and

Eliza followed many of “the old ways.” Annabelle watched her roll marsh plants on her leg, and then weave them together in her lap to construct a basket. Eliza extracted and mixed natural dyes to color her baskets. She sewed leather gloves from deerskin. She canned wild plums and huckleberries; and she processed pond lily bulbs to make *wokas* in the traditional Klamath way. Eliza talked to friends in the Klamath language; she also cursed people out in Klamath. Often, when



COURTESY OF ANNABELLE BATES

Annabelle’s father spoke Klamath with Glen Kircher, the non-Indian owner of the dry goods store in Chiloquin, Grandmother Eliza would say, “Oh, they just talk no good,” because the two men were telling “naughty stories.”

When you live on an Indian reservation, you are “shaped by your clan,” Annabelle said, and she was from “a very illustrious clan” that included both the Wilson and Walker families. Her Grandmother Eliza’s people, the Wilsons, were “accomplished”: some could play the piano and the saxophone, and, in the old days, many were blacksmiths and

Annabelle at nineteen. In the years to come, she would undertake mission work among the Navajo, preach in Chiloquin-area churches, and work on tribal education and termination issues.

carpenters and one was a tribal judge. She is related to Levi Walker, a prominent Klamath leader in the 1920s who served as a tribal delegate to Congress. There were preachers in her clan, and shamans too: “some very strong spiritual men,” “Indian medicine men.”

When Annabelle’s mother, Angie, went to the rodeo, she wore satin dresses, hose and special shoes; and when her Grandmother Eliza rode in a car, she wore a hat and a duster, a light gabardine coat that protected her dress from flying dust. Eliza wore “Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes” when she went to tribal council meetings. When Annabelle was a girl, most Klamath women “dressed high” for tribal council meetings. In those days, older Klamath women would wear hats; then, just before termination, they started wearing scarves instead. No one went to tribal council meetings dressed “like a slob,” and the Indian ladies who worked in the kitchen at the Council House wore aprons. Annabelle said this shows the influence of Southern training from the soldiers at Fort Klamath and the Indian agency people at Klamath Agency, many of whom originally came from the South.

“In my grandmother’s generation,” Annabelle said, Klamath “women were workers in the schools, matrons and cooks.” Klamath men were more active in tribal politics and took leadership positions as delegates and chairmen because “the men were able to receive an education” so they could “speak properly” and understand how the government operated. “The women were held back because they just didn’t have the education,” Annabelle said, but “as the education opportunities increased for the women, they became more aware and more involved” in tribal affairs.

Annabelle’s daughter Tina said, “I think it’s going to change. It will. At the council meetings now, there are more women there than men and a lot more younger women than younger men.”

For Annabelle, Indian boarding schools were a family tradition: her father went away to Chemawa Indian School in Salem, and her mother went away to the Riverside Indian School in Southern California. When Annabelle and her brother Calvin finished the eighth grade in Chiloquin, they were sent to Chemawa. Annabelle, who dropped out of Chemawa, said, “My school days were school daze.”

In her youth, Annabelle accompanied her mother, Angie, and her grandmother, Eliza, to church on Sunday: first to the Pentecostal Church, later to the Full Gospel Church in Chiloquin. Eliza knew things about the "old-time Indian ways"; and she was very "psychic, with ESP," although she didn't pursue that talent. Like a lot of "old-time Klamaths," Eliza was a believer and a churchgoer. When Annabelle was a girl, her grandmother talked to her more about Jesus than the old Klamath ways.

Annabelle also accompanied her mother and grandmother to camp meetings, where people from all over would set up tents around one of the churches on the reservation and stay for up to a week. "The preaching would go on for hours," she said. Often, the preachers were Indians from other reservations.⁴ Her father only went to church one time, Annabelle said, the day he came in drunk on horseback to find her mother: he rode his horse right into the church, and everyone else in the church ran outside.

When she "got saved," Annabelle said, she "grew up overnight"; before that, she said she "felt kind of without purpose." Becoming a "Christian person, that's what really changed my life." She attended a Bible school in Portland for two years. While the teachers there didn't give her "any credentials, just a little card," they suggested she go to the Indian tribes and do church work. So, in the 1950s, Annabelle went on a

mission to the Navajo Reservation in Arizona and New Mexico. She took her young daughter Corrine with her.

Working in the mission field, Annabelle said, was both interesting and rewarding. Her work there was "just undenominational, Pentecostal." In Gallup, New Mexico, "They had like an emergency care shelter for the people, battered wives, neglected kids, emergency kinds of things." She did everything: "I mean, we cleaned, cooked, took care of the little kids, taught Sunday School, taught songs, and transported people here and there."

Although Annabelle stayed ten months, she sent daughter Corrine back to the Klamath Reservation after only a few months. Back home, when Corrine wanted an outfit like Navajo women wore, with "velvet tops and broomstick skirts," Annabelle's mother proceeded to make her one, using bright orange flour sacks. Setting up Grandmother Eliza's Singer treadle machine, Angie "whipped it up," turning the flour sacks into an orange-colored skirt trimmed in white.

Annabelle Bates smiles as her children squint into the bright sun at their Chiloquin home. Clockwise from the top left are Corrine, Annabelle, Charlie, Nola, and Tina.

or not." But "I think that a lot of the speaking ability that I developed was because I became a Christian," she said.

Many years after she had dropped out of the Chemawa Indian School, Annabelle decided that she really wanted to go to college, and so she quickly earned a G.E.D, then attended Southern Oregon State College, and finally received an A.A. degree in general education from the Oregon Institute of Technology in Klamath Falls. Her education allowed her to work as an employment coordinator in Susanville, California, and on two Indian reservations, Warm Springs in Oregon and Fort Bidwell in California. During the termination era, Annabelle was involved in programs to help other Klamath Indians. She wrote grants for the Organization of the Forgotten American, helped organize an Indian education program in Klamath County, and worked for the Klamath Council on Indian Education.

When the Klamaths were terminated, Annabelle chose not to "withdraw" and be paid for her interest in tribal land. She belonged to a group called the "Committee to Save the Remaining Land," which opposed

selling the remaining tribal members' land. When this land was finally sold and the proceeds paid out, Annabelle said that she and Ramona Soto went to Salem and successfully lobbied state legislators not to tax the payments.

"Termination was just a nightmare," Annabelle said. "We had it all." But with termination, "everything ended 'cause people split and left here. It broke the continuity." There used to be "like a constant flow, a spirit flow," but "when the termination occurred, it broke it because a lot of the people left. And the unity was diversified."



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In the late 1950s, Annabelle preached at the Full Gospel Church in Chiloquin for over a year, until some church members objected that she was "living in sin" because she and Bucky, who was her second husband, had both been previously divorced. Later, she was a minister at the Sprague River Tabernacle Church. When she was a girl, Annabelle said, she would hate to get up and speak; when an adult, though, she loved to preach. Her ability to preach "could have been part from my grandmother," Annabelle said, because Eliza had encouraged her to speak out "whether it was acceptable to everybody

Tina agreed: "We used to all think of us as one body, one big family," but when termination happened, it was like "the government said, 'You have to stand by yourself.'" At one time, "all the families were around here and all close together," Tina said, "then as they started moving away and dying off, we don't have that same closeness that we once had."

"It was really a split," Annabelle said. "It was so drastic, you have no idea how terrible it was." Even other tribes "had their feelings about the Klamaths" after termination and would say, "You're not Indian." When Annabelle's family went to Warm Springs to participate in powwows, "It wasn't welcomed anymore. ... Just like 'Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer,' you couldn't join in all the Indian games." People would say, "You're terminated, you're not Indians." Annabelle said she hated this. Although the Klamaths weren't under federal supervision, she felt, "Gosh, I'm still an Indian, you know. I'm Indian."

Annabelle said the Klamath Indians really started to powwow in 1962, the year that a Klamath woman, Ramona Soto (now Mrs. Ramona Rank), was crowned Miss Indian America at a national Indian gathering in Sheridan, Wyoming. For a Klamath woman to be honored in this way was a source of great pride for the Klamaths, since their tribe had been so recently terminated. Powwowing also had special significance for the Klamaths at that time because many people, from both the neighboring white community and other tribes, questioned the identity of terminated Klamaths.

The other 1962 catalyst for powwowing, according to Annabelle, was the arrival of a new minister at the Methodist Church on the Klamath Reservation—the Reverend Lynn Pauahy, a member of the Kiowa Tribe of southwest Oklahoma—who encouraged the Klamaths to take up Indian dancing and singing.⁵ (Anthropologists describe powwowing as a "pan-Indian" phenomenon because most powwows are based on Plains Indian dances and finery).⁶ For many Klamaths, this Indian cultural revival offered an alternative to the heavy drinking that disrupted the lives of some Klamath families during the termination era.

Tina remembered that when she was in the seventh grade and Indian awareness was making a comeback, "Grandma said, 'I'll show you an old Klamath dance.' And she taught us girls how to do that. She would sing and we would dance around for her and Grandpa. And Grandpa would go, 'Yeah, that's the way they used to do it.'"

"One thing Grandma'd always tell us," Tina said, "whenever we'd go to these powwows when we were first starting out: 'Now get up there and dance.' She goes,

Below, Tina Bates and two toddlers, her daughter Jennifer, and a family friend Rhye Joseph, wear traditional clothing at the Klamaths' first Restoration Days Powwow in 1986, the year the Klamaths' tribal status was restored.

Grandma always did. My Dad would go out and catch a big fish and then Grandma would always want the heads.

She'd cut them off and she'd boil them up and us kids would eat those with her. That's what Grandma liked the best." Tina also said:

"Grandma would fix *slapsus*, which is a pan bread. And she would roll that and mix it all up and throw it in the oven and bake that *slapsus* for us. And when we were little she would tell us names of things, like *slapsus* is pan bread, *balas* is bread, *chewlaks* is meat, *umboo* is water. When we were little and wanted water, Grandma would say, 'How do you say it?' And we'd have to say *umboo*. And if we had to go to the bathroom, we'd have to say *luchka*. She was trying to teach us so some of it wouldn't be forgotten."



COURTESY OF ANNABELLE BATES

'Act like you know what you're doing, even if you don't.'"

During her late teen years, when Tina lived with her Grandmother Angie, she knew when it was time for the annual powwow at Warm Springs because "Grandma would say, 'Come on honey, dear, let's go up there. Let's go, we'll go celebrate with those Indians. We'll go be amongst the Indians. I like to be there. I like to hear them drum and sing.'"

Then, Tina said, "Me and her would load up, even as old as she was, we'd load up and get in the car, go up there and stay at the celebration until the last dog was hung, then we'd come home."

Tina shared many fond and vivid memories of her grandmother. "When we were little," Tina said, "Grandma would eat fish heads. We didn't know that people didn't eat fish heads because

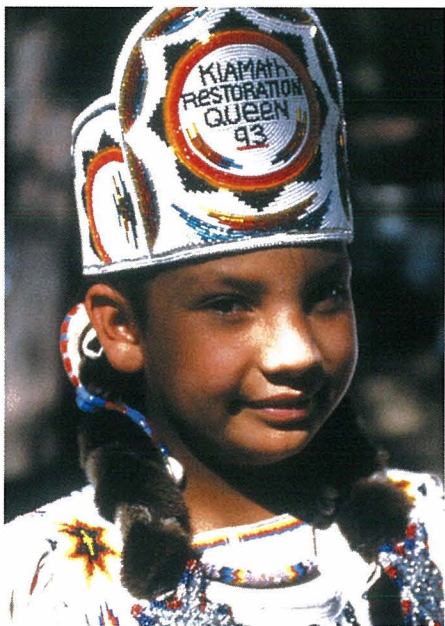
While Annabelle supported her daughters' and granddaughters' interest in Indian dancing and helped make their elaborate regalia for powwows, she didn't participate in such activities when she was growing up, in part because she hadn't been encouraged to participate. In 1979, when Annabelle was selected as one of the ten outstanding women in Klamath County, a photographer wanted to take her picture in "Native costume" so a twenty-four-inch color enlargement could be displayed in a public building. "No," she said, "I'm an Indian woman who's struggled to survive. What you see is who I am. I don't want to be hidden behind rocks, beads and baskets." Annabelle later explained, "White people in the county liked to see beads and rocks but didn't care about the Indian person."

Tina was crowned Miss Indian Northwest in 1977, when she was twenty;

Speaking of her own youth, Annabelle said, "I don't ever, ever, ever, ever remember a sucker ceremony going on." Tina said that this ancient Klamath custom had been recently revised: "They

Tina added, “We couldn’t just go follow along with the crowd. Mom would always say, Grandma, too: ‘Don’t be acting like a bunch of sheep, going along just because everybody’s going. Look at where you’re going, look way down the road, then decide if that’s the way you need to go.’ Well, that’s the same way I do with Jennifer. I always tell her, ‘Don’t be going along with the group just because they’re all going that way. Look way down the road and see if that’s where you need to be.’ So that’s something I think that one mother has handed to the other, and that will be the way with Jennifer.”

Doug Foster is a writer and historian living in Ashland.



Jennifer Bates, age nine, was the Klamath Tribes Restoration Queen in 1993-94. Her mother, Tina, marvels that Jennifer took it upon herself at such a young age to run for the position, hands reflecting the strength of character handed down by a long line of strong women.

Harvest at Hanley: Art of the Farm Report

THE FIRST

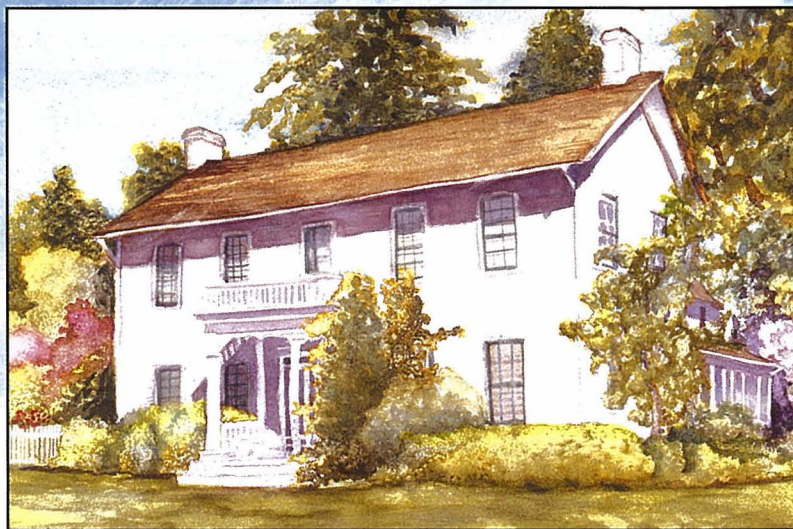
Harvest at Hanley celebration, a gala dinner and art auction, was a tremendous success. Approximately four dozen pieces of art were auctioned off, and the event raised more than \$20,000 for the Southern Oregon Historical Society Foundation. The money will go to help preserve and restore the historic Hanley Farm.

We hope to continue such events in the future. The Foundation Board of Directors has resolved that Hanley Farm should be the site of an annual event with rotating themes. Planning for the 2003 Harvest at Hanley celebration will begin early in the new year.

Thanks go to all of those who worked so hard to organize and staff the event. Thanks also to the artists and those who purchased their work.



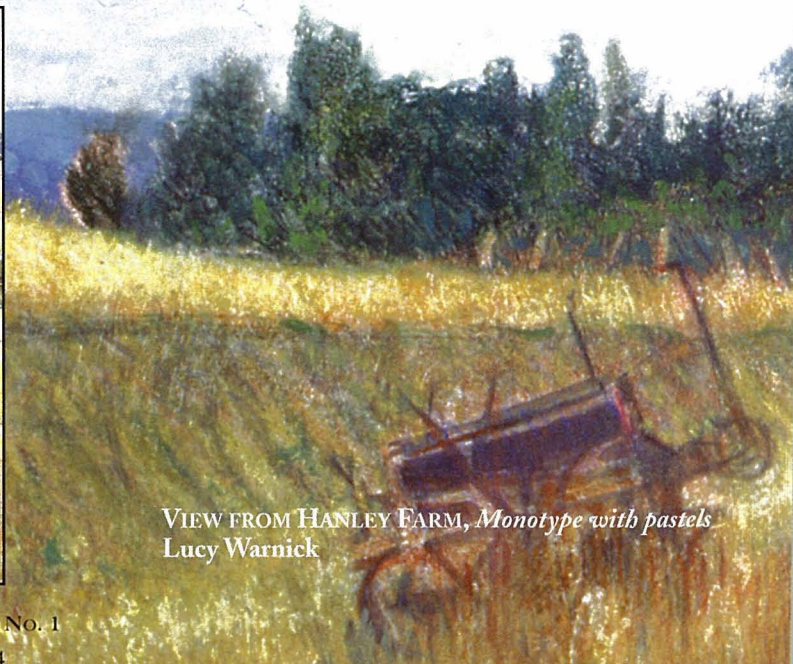
AWOL AT HANLEY FARM, *Watercolor*
Glendora "Dodie" Hamilton-Brandon



HANLEY HOUSE, *Watercolor*
Charlotte Peterson



BARN AND GRAPE VINES, HANLEY FARM, *Oil*
Charlotte Abernathy



VIEW FROM HANLEY FARM, *Monotype with pastels*
Lucy Warnick



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Sunny Valley

By Loren Pryor

COURTESY OF LARRY McLANE



James Twogood's Grave Creek Ranch, circa 1860 in what is now called Sunny Valley. The blacksmith shop at the left stands near the oak tree under which young Martha Crowley was buried in 1846.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE Sunny Valley was originally called Grave?

In 1846, Jesse Applegate wanted to find a better way to the Willamette Valley. He and his brother Lindsay both had nine-year-old sons who drowned in the Columbia River on that stretch of the Oregon Trail where wagons were loaded onto rafts and floated downstream. In search of a safer route, Jesse left the Willamette Valley area June 20, 1846, traveled south to the Rogue Valley, across the Cascades to the Klamath Basin, into Nevada and finally to Fort Hall, Idaho, arriving about August 7, 1846.

At Fort Hall, he convinced a wagon train party of more than 200 emigrants to try his new route. He had only been over it on horseback and the road needed to be cleared, but he left the emigrants with Levi Scott, the best trailblazer in the group. The men and older boys made up a crew to clear the road as needed. Another Applegate brother, Charles, was working on improving the new route from the Willamette Valley end to meet the wagon train.

Among the emigrants on that first train, Thomas Leland Crowley, his wife, Catherine, and their children had started their long journey from Illinois with fifteen persons in the party. Catherine, forty-four,² was anxious to get to what she called the "Promised Land." It was tough going. Accidents, disease, Indian skirmishes and childbirth claimed the lives of nearly 30 percent of the emigrants on this first wagon train. Of those, several were from Catherine's family, including a newborn grandchild.

One of the toughest stretches of road was over Sexton Mountain, north of present-

day Grants Pass. Here, the trail was so steep that it took up to twenty oxen to haul each wagon to the top. It was dark at the end of a very long day before the last wagon reached the summit.

Catherine's sixteen-year-old, golden-haired daughter, Martha Leland Crowley, died of typhoid the night the emigrants passed over the summit, October 18, 1846. Many in the train called her an "angel" because she unselfishly and cheerfully helped others in times of sickness during the trip. In honor of her memory the emigrants named the nearby creek, Grave Creek.

Martha had been engaged to be married to David Guthrie, twenty-two, a carpenter. A woman donated two boards from her wagon and with twenty-six more pieces of wood from boxes found throughout the train, David crafted Martha's coffin. She was buried under an oak tree, at night,³ to keep the site from being disturbed by local Indians, or so the emigrants feared. They drove their wagons over the grave to further conceal it. David waited until the train left to say his private farewell and caught up with the train later.

Catherine, heartbroken from losing so many of her family, had still more grief to bear. About six weeks later, near present-day Creswell, her husband, Thomas, died of pneumonia. For the last hundred miles of the trip she was alone, with nothing to look forward to but a piece of bare ground, no house, cold winter weather and seven young children ages twelve and under to care for. She settled in Polk County and in 1848 married James K. Fulkerson.

The first official settler to file a land claim in what would become Josephine County,⁴ James Twogood filed for claim

No. 37 on May 1, 1852, near where Martha was buried. There, Twogood built the Grave Creek Ranch and Hotel. President Rutherford B. Hayes and his wife stayed there on September 28, 1880. The total charges for the room, supper and breakfast came to three dollars.

In 1854 the Oregon Territorial Legislature renamed Grave Creek Leland Creek. The first post office, called Leland, was established there on March 28, 1855. But the people in the community never accepted the name Leland and, remembering the angel, Martha Crowley, always called it Grave. In 1928 the community name was changed to Grave Creek and in 1945 to Sunny Valley. 🏠

Loren Pryor is a Central Point writer and lifelong Rogue Valley resident.

ENDNOTES

1. Unless otherwise noted, historical data is courtesy of Betty Gaustad, Applegate Trail Interpretive Center, Sunny Valley.
2. Bert Webber, *Over the Applegate Trail to Oregon in 1846* (Medford: Webb Research Group Publishers, 1996), p. 109.
3. Ibid.
4. Larry McLane, *First there was Twogood* (Sunny Valley: Sexton Enterprises, 1995), p. 2.

TO GET THERE: Take Interstate 5 north to Exit 71, then go right to the Grave Creek covered bridge. The grave marker is north of the bridge. The Applegate Trail Interpretive Center (the original James Twogood land claim) is well worth a visit. For a scenic drive home, go through the bridge (0.2 miles), then left on Leland Road (four miles), then right on Lower Grave Creek Road (2.6 miles). Cross the railroad tracks and bridge, and go left seven miles to the bridge at the mouth of Grave Creek where it enters the Rogue River. Continue across the bridge to Galice, Indian Mary Park, and on to Merlin, where you can return to Interstate 5.



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