SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

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RIDING THE ROGUE RAILS
THE LAST PASSENGER LINE FROM ASHLAND TO PORTLAND

THE FARMERS' FEED AND SEED
ROGUE VALLEY'S GRANGE CO-OP

THE RIVER WILD
AN EXCURSION ALONG THE WILD AND SCENIC ROGUE RIVER
Savor the flavor of historic Jacksonville.

Step back to the year 1911 at the C.C. Beekman House, and sample cookies baked fresh in a wood-stove. Explore an 1890 schoolroom and 1930s kitchen at the Children's Museum. Discover local American Indian culture and Gold Rush fever at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. History comes alive in the museums, at historic sites, and on the streets in Jacksonville, a National Historic Landmark Town. Visit us, and see why the flavor of Jacksonville is not soon forgotten.

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**EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK**

**Magazine's New Image Reflects Southern Oregon Region**

by Lana McGraw Bolt

There’s a new look on the Southern Oregon Heritage Board of Trustees, and we welcome this opportunity to introduce you to our new publication image. We hope you approve. Our membership and readers have spoken and their comments make sense.

When I was a child growing up in southern Oregon, I loved listening to my parents and grandparents tell stories around the dinner table. I could imagine canoes-topped wagons filled with weary settlers nervously passing through the bluffs of Table Rock, natives sneaking up darkened river canyons, and solemn battles happened clear on the other side of the country. Nevertheless, we believe it is valid to have articles on such things as far as those events happened away from the region.

As president of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, I feel the importance of the identity of Main Street. Our Main Streets have retained their building stock, but the vital retail uses that fueled maintenance and redevelopment have fled. A little town my ancestors knew has become the norm. The Main Street has become the norm. The baby boomers remember “dragging Main.” Our young adults and teens’ Main Street experience is limited to the central corridor of the local mall. Yet, the “spirit” of Main Street is fundamental to what makes a place—what makes a “there” there.

Having grown up outside of Malin (Klamath County), Oregon, I feel the importance of the identity of Main Street. I was, and is, the central meeting place of our small southern Oregon community, founded by Czech settlers. Yet it looks suspiciously like the mouth of a box that is missing a number of teeth. The texture and definition of the street created by the different businesses has been destroyed—like many small towns. Small cities like Medford and Klamath Falls have retained their building stock, but the vital retail uses that fueled maintenance and redevelopment have fled to the shopping malls. The department stores and five-and-dimes are no more. “Boutique” downtowns have evolved into tourist meccas, but the basic retail service nature of our downtowns is gone. As urban designers and planners, we are repeatedly asked by bedroom communities such as Tualatin and Gresham (near Portland) to create a central focus for them. To create a Main Street identity that makes a “there” there. Those communities have grown around a fixed structure of cut-de-sacs, the American dream of owning a home on a quarter-acre lot, and the search for identity as a community. Residents identify with the automobile and their Main Street is “big-box” retailers, where “one-stop” shopping has become the norm. The “civic-ness” of our places of business have disappeared. As we watch our Main Streets change, and try to recapitulate the vitality of “what was,” we need to realize that this particular piece of our urban fabric is a prime indicator of our societal values. Unlike the institutions and residential neighborhoods of our towns and cities, our Main Streets wear different clothes from time to time. The current costume is one of neglect, or in the case of the “boutique-ville,” an imported theme that draws tourists but doesn’t serve its citizens.

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

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

Donald J. Stastny is a native of southern Oregon and is principal of Stastny ArchitectsPC, in Portland. Stastny Architects currently is planning eight “Main Street” projects in the western United States and Canada.
by Thomas Dill

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

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

The cars' single-ended design made it necessary to turn them around at both Portland and Ashland. Much of the head-end equipment included specially equipped boxcars used for handling LCL shipments to and from communities along the line. Equipped with high-speed trucks and steam lines, these were painted in Southern Pacific's unique "Overnight" paint scheme—black with red and yellow lettering. One or more of these cars often would be "set out" (left) at Salem, Albany, Eugene, Roseburg, Grants Pass, or Medford by Train 329, to be picked up the next day by No. 330. At Salem and Eugene, a switch engine did the work. At other stations, the head brakeman would don a pair of overalls and assist the engine crew in setting out or picking up head-end cars. A part of the train consisting of a number of head-end cars, a coach and a Pullman would be set out at Eugene and run to Coos Bay (Coos County) on Train 334. These would return to Eugene the following day on No. 333 and would be picked up by the "Rogue River" and run back to Portland.

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

The engineer was George McBride and the engine an old "hog" Consolidation. No.329 didn't need the extra power, but Roseburg needed another engine for local service. George clattered out of Eugene just like he meant business. By the time he had her up to speed that old "hog" was jumping and vibrating so badly that we had to hang on to stay on the seat boxes. The waterglass showed nothing but a column of bubbles and froth, and the hand on the steam gauge was a blur. I set the oil firing valve so I had a column of smoke corning out of the stack, got the injector going, then grasped the arm rest with my left hand and the firing valve quadrant with my right and held on! George got off the seat box part of the time and stood in the center of the cab. It was providential that stops occurred at frequent intervals as that was the
only time I could check up on how I was doing steam and water wise. Without a doubt that was the roughest seventy-five miles I ever traveled!

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

Unlike several other first-class trains, the "Rogue River" lived a rather mundane existence. Two tragic accidents, however, marred its placid record—both occurring during the wartime year of 1943. The first wreck happened on May 9 near Oakland (Douglas County). Engineer John Corbett and Fireman Irving Smith were called for Train 330, on-duty at Roseburg and departing at 12:05 a.m. Mail was worked at Winchester, Wilbur, and Sutherlin (all of Douglas County). North of Sutherlin, the track descends along a curving, one-percent grade into Oakland. The speed along this track was posted at 30 M.P.H. Near Milepost 588, engine 4348 left the rails, rolling and sliding nearly one hundred feet down an embankment and dragging the 330 with it. Engineer Corbett later was found dead, his body covered with oil under the caboose at the time of impact. Fireman I.L. Smith managed to survive, but was scalded by hot oil as he crawled from the wreckage. The official cause for the wreck was excessive speed.

The second wreck of 1943 occurred five months later on October 8. With Fred Gonier as engineer and Johnny Schroeder as fireman, Train 329 and Engine 4344 approached Junction City, at about 11:30 a.m., at a speed of approximately 25 M.P.H. The train slammed into the rear of the Extra West 4007, which had stopped to take on water. The locomotive knifed through the standing train, destroying the caboose and smashing through six freight cars. The "Rogue River's" tender and a baggage car were laid on their side. It is believed Schroeder perished on impact, and engineer Gonier died at Eugene's Sacred Heart Hospital some hours later. A number of passengers were injured, although none seriously, and no crew members were in the caboose at the time of impact. On his way to the hospital, Gonier stated that Train 329 had left Harrisburg (Linn County) on a yellow signal and insisted the intermediate signal approaching Junction City had shown green.

During the post-World War II period, train ridership dropped steadily—a direct result of increased automobile, bus, and airplane use. During the "Rogue River's" last years, Southern Pacific attempted to boost patronage; and early in 1952, a lounge car and an air-conditioned chair car were added to the standard consist of Trains 329 and 330. In addition, the route's schedule was shortened by half an hour and Pullman fees were further reduced—all to little avail. By the mid-1950s, average ridership on the "Rogue River" was down to merely eighteen people, and Southern Pacific's estimated loss for the route for 1955 alone was a projected $466,000. Early that year, and citing these hard facts, Southern Pacific announced it would discontinue the "Rogue River" passenger route.

Several towns and organizations impacted by the route protested the decision, while simultaneously criticizing the "Rogue River's" slow service. To illustrate the claim of poor service, the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce set up a race from Eugene to Roseburg, to be run by relays of horsemen and the "Rogue River." The equine relay was refreshed with new horses and rider at each mile and followed a recently improved and widened stretch of Highway 99 between the Umpqua and southern Willamette valleys—a straighter, and consequently shorter route than the "Rogue River's" route. Railroad men cried foul, insisting that the "pony express" should travel the same distance and make the same stops as the train. The spectacle
received a great deal of local and national media coverage; and on the night of the race, an additional coach had to be added to the consist to accommodate the several extra passengers on No. 329. Train 329's departure out of Eugene was delayed several times, due to photographers clambering along the tracks and reporters interviewing spectators and participants—as well as the time needed to add the extra car. As a result, No. 329 was sixteen minutes late pulling out of Eugene. Despite the delays, however, the passengers on No. 329.

Despite continued protests by those seeking the continuation of passenger service between Portland and Ashland, the "Rogue River" took its final run on August 6, 1955. The train's so-called "Night Crawler" still arrives in Roseburg at the advertised time—5:00 a.m. Ten minutes later, the last of the relay horsemen arrived—to the groans of some 2,500 Roseburg residents waiting along the highway. As one reporter remarked, somewhat ironically: "All [the event] really proved was that more people in Douglas County were willing to stay up to watch a race than ride the train."

ENDNOTES

1. The Natron Cutoff was the end of the line until 1910, when construction stretched the line to Oakridge and five miles beyond into Pryor (Lane County). Expansion was halted, however, when the federal government filed suit to separate the Comal Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads. The suit was defeated in 1923, and Southern Pacific commenced construction and grading between Pryor and Kirk (Klamath County), completing the new route—the Natron Cutoff—by 1926.

2. Pacific-class engines had a 4-6-2 wheel arrangement. The P-80-10 classes of Pacific locomotives were virtually identical. Southern Pacific's larger-class backers, Mountain-class engines, had 4-8-2 wheel arrangements and were larger and more powerful than the Pacifics.

3. The GS-class 4400 was larger still than the Mountain-class 4300. The "Freedom Train" 4449 is also of this class.

4. This thrilled the locomotive, which held water and oil.

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

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

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

Changes in the Plaza have taken place gradually over the years, but the character of the area remains today as it was more than 120 years ago—a place for residents and visitors to stop and chat and to enjoy the beauty of southern Oregon's warm, sunny climate.
In 1939, Otto Frohnmayer fed nine-month-old Mira, the first of four children.

Expect is earned, and perhaps no one in southern Oregon has done as much to earn it as Otto Frohnmayer. Talk to anyone who knows this fit, sharp, and inspirational eighty-nine-year-old, and nary a negative word will be heard. They're not being polite, simply honest.

"He is so respected," Judy Barr (board of trustees member for the Southern Oregon Historical Society) says of Frohnmayer. "It's like a brand name. When you hear it, you know you're talking about the best. That is Otto Frohnmayer."

Barr's description applies to the attorney, the community leader, and the family man.

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

The young immigrant worked hard and put himself through school as a clerk and hotel auditor for the Eugene Hotel. Frohnmayer earned his bachelor's degree in 1929 and fulfilled a short stint with Pacific Gas and Electric in San Francisco. He eventually returned to Eugene and began pursuing a career in law. Frohnmayer took a summer job at the Hotel Medford in 1929—an opportunity that brought him to an area he remembers as "the most wonderful place I had ever seen." After graduating top of his law class in 1933, Otto Frohnmayer offered to work gratis for Porter J. Neff, a noted Medford attorney. Despite his offer, the young man was paid $40 a month.

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

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

For sixty-two years, Otto Frohnmayer has practiced law in Medford. He is senior partner in the firm Frohnmayer, Deatherage, Pratt, Jamieson & Clarke—the oldest law firm in southern Oregon. The attorney has vigorously supported his community, and he and MarAbel have raised four successful children—the best-known of whom is Dave, president of the University of Oregon School of Law, former state attorney general, and 1990 gubernatorial runner-up.
Dave later pursued law, and when he learned his father’s professional language, their strong relationship strengthened. The bond grew when, as a law student, he conducted valuable research for his father’s work on revising Oregon’s Probate Code into the model that it became. “I remember really feeling the depth of his appreciation,” says the proud son. Despite his father’s long hours at the office, Frohnmayer still reserved time for family. “We always had dinner together as a family,” Mar Abel says. “We had lots of fun, always.” Dave remembers countless family picnics up the Rogue or Applegate rivers, camping trips with the Bill Bowerman family (Bowerman was raised in southern Oregon, and went on to become University of Oregon track coach and co-founder of Nike Inc.) Dave also recalls cross-country family vacations, cutting Christmas trees every year, Fourth-of-July picnics, and bedtime stories that he insists his father made up as he went along. Dave has especially fond memories of trips to the beach south of Bandon, where the family traveled each summer.

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

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

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

Son John Frohnmayer has practiced law and served as chair of the National Endowment for the Arts under President George Bush. John now is a lecturer and author specializing in the First Amendment. Frohnmayer daughter Mira is the oldest of the four and chairs the voice department at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington. Philip, the youngest, also heads a voice department, at Loyola University in New Orleans.

“If there was ever a role model, he’s it,” says Gerry Frank of Otto Frohnmayer. Frank is a noted columnist for The Oregonian, a successful businessman, and a fourth-generation member of the family that established Meier & Frank Department Stores. Frank has known Otto Frohnmayer for more than thirty years; and in a recent column, he recounted a visit to Medford in order to persuade friend Frohnmayer to head up a campaign to renovate the Oregon State Governor’s Mansion in Salem. In describing the venerable Frohnmayer, Frank wrote: “Our lunchtime companions—all longtime professionals and golf buddies—look up to him as their shining example of how one can blend family, profession, and community together, and do it all effectively with style and grace.”

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

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

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

“They’re like the Kennedys of southern Oregon,” says Judy Barr, who also is an executive assistant for corporate communications at RVMC; Frohnmayer was instrumental in establishing RVMC: as chairman of a committee that raised the funds in 1954-55 for the hospital’s construc-
In addition to these many involvements, Frohnmayer also was especially its volunteers.

County; and the mayor's committee for downtown improvement. He also chaired the school board; the board of the Chamber of Medford/Jackson

as a founding member of Medford's United Medical Center. He was a member of the Oregon State Bar and the Jackson County Bar Association—the latter of which honored him in 1992. "We couldn’t wait until he retired," Harry Skerry said at the event. "There might not be enough of us left." Skerry is a long-time Frohnmayer associate and friend.

In 1979, Otto Frohnmayer was named University of Oregon Alumnus of the Year and received the university's Pioneer Award. In 1983, four years later, he was named First Citizen of the Year by the Chamber of Medford/Jackson County for his remarkable contributions to both community and state. In 1990, Frohnmayer also received the University of Oregon's Exemplary Service Award—the highest honor the school conveys—and, in 1993, he received Southern Oregon State College's President's Medal, also that school's highest honor. "There is scarcely an organization in this region on which Otto Frohnmayer has not had an impact," remarks Joseph Cox, who was then president of the college.

Firm partner Mark Clarke recalls a time during the 1990 gubernatorial race when Otto Frohnmayer’s candidate-son Dave was visiting southern Oregon. The family’s attention was focused on election day; but that didn’t keep the elder Frohnmayer from showing consideration toward Clarke, whose wife had been out of town. Frohnmayer delivered a basket of fruit to Clarke as a welcoming-home gift for his wife—an act which, Clarke states: "That just struck me…. That’s typical Otto. That kind of thing shows up a lot from others. It was a small gesture in a lifetime of giving." "He’s probably the most generous person I’ve ever met in my lifetime," reflects William Deatherage, Frohnmayer’s legal partner for forty-one years. "I had known other lawyers in Portland, and they were stuffy. Otto wasn’t that way." Although advised by his law school dean not to interview with the southern Oregon firm—ostensibly because it was "too picky"—Deatherage came away impressed: "I could tell they were first-class lawyers." Early on, Frohnmayer taught that being a lawyer, you should have humility." Deatherage says of his long-time partner: "He had it." For example, it was a common sight in downtown Medford to see Otto Frohnmayer, dressed in his suit, sweeping the sidewalk outside the firm’s downtown offices.

Frohnmayer has not had an interest in law for years, but continued active participation in various circuit courts throughout the state.

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

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

Jackson served with Frohnmayer on the hospital board until 1961 and praised the attorney for giving so much to the community.

In 1977, Jackson wrote: "Many people give short-time support to community projects, but continued active participation for over twenty years is a rare performance." After stepping down, Frohnmayer wrote a letter to Rowan—then hospital board president:

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

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

John Stearns is public relations director for Snow Communications in Medford. Before moving to Medford, he worked ten years in the newspaper business, most recently as a business reporter with the Reno, Nevada Gazette-Journal.
The Oregon Grange was established in 1867 as a fraternal order designed to augment American farmers' social life and teach advanced farming methods. In the late-1800s, Grangers discovered the need to deliver any fuel—gas or oil—to the farms, and Grange members in Oregon's Rogue Valley decided to join together to address a problem facing area farmers—lack of a dependable petroleum supply delivered to the farm.

Don Patterson—Grange Co-op manager from 1957 until his retirement in 1975—was a young man at the time, and his father served on the first board of directors. Patterson has vivid memories of those early years. "At that time, you could not get a distributor to deliver any fuel—gas or oil—to the farms," he recalls. Frequently forced to take time off from work to pick up gas, the board agreed "to buy or lease a truck for deliveries at a price not to exceed $300"—a major purchase during the Great Depression.

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

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

In 1934, a group of ninety-nine farmers each invested ten dollars to start a fuel-delivery cooperative. They made a $350 down payment on a piece of property and purchased their first $600 tank of gas. The business was limited strictly to petroleum supplies, and the first year's sales were $13,187.

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

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

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

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

Grange employee Milt Hilkey, early 1950s.

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range Co-op expanded in 1943 by buying the Ashland Mills. Members loaned $5,200 toward the purchase, with the Portland First National Bank financing the remaining $10,000. The new Ashland retail outlet pro-
vided southern Jackson County with a full line of products, and feed sales and membership grew steadily. By 1946, membership in Grange Co-op had climbed to 703, and members elected to construct a grain eleva-
tor in the area to facilitate the expansion.

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

When I went to work for the co-op, they had eight-million dollars that I could do some-
thing about. It was in a time where everything was going up in the sense that opportuni-
ty was there. There was room to grow, there was room to expand.... We had lots of problems because our growth required capital, and one of the hardest things to get in business is sufficient capital to do the things you want to do. It was-


n’t easy, but we managed to get it. When I first went there, they were building the grain elevator. That was a huge step for the co-op. It had been done all on short-
term money. That was one of the first big jobs, to get that transferred over into long-term money, twenty years.

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

By 1950, the total sales reached one-million dollars. Fertilizer sales exceeded all estimates, insecticide stocks were totally sold out, and al-


duminum sprinkler systems sold well. A year-end report, how-


ever, noted decreases in grain and seed production; and the organization had difficulty acquiring enough grain to meet feed-production requirements. During this time, Grange Co-op bylaws were revised to change membership require-
mements. Membership in the national fra-
ternal organization no longer was neces-
sary in order to join Grange Co-op. The sole requirement for membership was that an individual, partnership, or corpo-
rations had to produce agricultural prod-
ucts and bear the concomitant risk of such a venture. By the mid-1960s, near-
ly fifty percent of the organization’s sales volume was generated by non-
members.

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


50s and early-1960s:

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

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

In 1958, the coopera-
tive began handling bulk-
feed sales through its ele-
vator, allowing delivery of diary rations and other live-
stock feeds to large users at better prices than bag feed.

By the next year, grain stor-
age was increased by a thou-
sand tons; and a year later, sales reached $1.7 million.

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

In 1966, the Central Point store, office, and warehouse complex was completed. At that time, the Central Point store was one of the most modern and well-stocked farm stores in Oregon. Another important event that year was the merger with Jackson County Co-op—primarily a pearl protein supplier that also was member-owned. Don Minear, then a member of the Jackson County Co-op board of directors, joined the Grange Co-op board a few years after the merger and explains how the Jackson County Co-op considered erecting its own fertilizer plant at the time, but soon recognized the duplication of services provided by the two cooperatives: “We were running the same kind of petroleum trucks up and down the county—and we were both farmer-oriented co-ops—and the Jackson County Co-op thought it would be better if we just made one co-op rather than build another fertilizer plant in the valley.” Facilities acquired by Grange Co-op through the merger included a small service station and retail outlet on South Pacific Highway, as well as a petroleum tank installation located off of Stewart Avenue in Medford.

Not all of Grange Co-


op news in the 1960s was positive, however; and on October 12, 1961, the Central Point grain elevator caught fire and burned. Molloy describes it as “one horrendous day I’ll never forget.” Molloy was at home in Cold Hill when he got the news that night:

We got a call—


we’d just got to bed, at eleven o’clock at night. The elevator was on fire. I hopped up and got dressed, and when I got down to Tols you could see all the flames coming out of the top of the building. I thought I’d turn around and go home. I just felt that was terrible. I stayed there all night, and one of the things that went through my mind—...I thought, “Gee, I hope I made that [insurance] estimate of inven-

tory right.”

The insurance covered the building and contents, but ren-


ovation efforts that were not covered added $70,000 to expens-
es for that year. Rebuilding the elevator took several months, but the job was completed in time for the summer harvest.

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


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

You could see all the flames coming out of the top of the building.

I thought, “Gee, I hope I made that [insurance] estimate of inventory right.”

—Paul Molloy

Patterson with much of the business’s success during the late-


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Co-op purchased a thirteen-acre site, sold eight acres, and began work on the new store. After looking at other facilities around the state, projecting future needs of customers, and arriving at a design, Grange Co-op began construction of the largest capital expenditure project in the cooperative’s history—nearly one million dollars. “It’s really one of the finest farm, home, and garden centers in the state,” says Hudson.

The store opened Christmas Eve 1979, but ten months later, for the second time in its history, Grange Co-op was struck by fire. Former store manager Howard Misner remembers quite clearly the morning of October 30 when he got a call telling him the store was on fire. “At first I couldn’t believe it,” he says. “It’s an empty feeling of disbelief. You keep thinking, ‘Well, I’m going to wake up here pretty quick and the dream is going to be over and everything’s going to be all right.’ But it wasn’t a dream, and when Howard arrived, the store was fully involved. Although the store was rebuilt, directors and management agreed that the fire was a setback, as some customers turned to other sources while the store was closed. Although more feed and seed customers simply switched to Ashland or Central location’s, it was a period when the cooperative way of doing business proved its value. Personnel made a concerted effort to distribute limited supplies as fairly and evenly as possible—and Grange Co-op played an important role in holding prices in line.

I think that was the most difficult period that we’ve survived,” notes current general manager Jim Hudson. “It was very much a seller’s market, but a responsible business found it very difficult to properly and fairly serve customers without offending somebody along the way.”

He adds, “Overall, I found our efforts at fair and equitable treatment of all our customers were appreciated. I think a lot of people became even more convinced of the value of a cooperative approach.”

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

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Portions of this article were excerpted, with permission from Grange Co-op, from the booker Grange Co-op, the First Fifty Years (1984) by Carl and Cindy Darnell, for Grange Co-op.
World War II was at its bloodiest peak, and when two scouts were killed in an ambush one day during the advance north from Manilla, a whisper could be heard coming down the line of waiting soldiers: “Send Chiloquin up.” Edison Chiloquin had grown up hunting on the Klamath Indian Reservation in southern Oregon, and was a natural choice to be lead scout—scouts must walk quietly ahead, search out enemy positions, and give hand signals to the soldiers who followed behind.1

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

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

The United States Army used a tank and infantry attack against Japanese-held Baguio, the Philippines’ winter capital. Chiloquin was the only American Indian in his unit and was lead scout. He recalled: “Everything was so smoky and dusty ‘cause they’d just shelled it. I remember a machine gun opened up from across the valley…. I had to walk right along side the tank to watch for the enemy, he tried to knock the tank out.” Chiloquin guarded the first tank to enter Baguio and was wounded by mortar shrapnel. Most of his platoon was “wiped out.”4

Edison Chiloquin was awarded the silver star for valor.5 Fifty-one American Indians were awarded the silver star during the war.6 A higher percentage of American Indians fought in World War II than any other ethnic group.7 Thirty-eight percent of the 415 Klamath Indian men over age eighteen served in the Armed Forces during the war.8 Many members of the Klamath Tribes had volunteered to fight in World War II, even though American Indians could not then be drafted as they legally were not considered United States citizens until 1924.9

During World War II, Klamath Indians whole-heartedly supported the war effort. Women tribal members—in the tradition of “Rosie the Riveter”—worked at fire-lookout stations overlooking the reservation’s vast timberlands.10 Some men who were too old for the military served in a civilian capacity. Wade Crawford, who had been superintendent of his own reservation, worked as a purchasing agent for the army at Camp White in Medford until the war ended.11

The Klamath Tribe purchased more than one-million dollars’ worth of war bonds during the war,12 and a billboard at the entrance to the reservation urged: “Buy War Bonds.” The Klamath Tribal Council passed a resolution that stated: “being true native Americans, we feel it our duty to our country to do everything in our humble power to assist” the war effort, and so they placed $150,000 in tribal funds at the disposal of the government to establish “a training school for Klamath Indian youth along lines essential to defense of our country.”13 American Indian support for the war was widely recognized, and on V-E Day, the 16,500-ton tanker “Modoc Point” was launched in Portland “to mark close cooperation of all races in the American War Industry.” The “Modoc Point” was built at Swan Island and was christened by Mrs. Edward Pinto, a Modoc member of the Klamath Tribes.14 After the war, President Harry Truman praised American Indians for having “valiantly served on every battle front” in the war.15

In 1945, the Klamath Tribes erected a “Honor Roll” billboard at Klamath Agency, the reservation headquarters, which listed all tribal members who had served in the armed forces during the war.16 In September 1945, the Klamaths held a ceremony to dedicate “Raymond Field,” the new reservation airfield named in honor of Raymond Enouf, the first tribal member killed in action in World War II. Private First Class Enouf had volunteered for the Marine Corps on his seventeenth birthday and served as an ambulance driver. He later volunteered as a medic on the front line and was killed in Iwo Jima.17

Edison Chiloquin was discharged on Christmas Day of 1945. He returned to Chiloquin—a reservation town named after his grandfather, Chill-o-que-nez, who had signed the 1864 treaty between the Klamaths and the United States. The returning veteran was twenty-two years old. Both his parents had died, and Edison, his older brother, Everil (who had served in Germany during the war), and two younger brothers lived together in the house where they had grown up.18

by Doug Foster
Edison and Evelind and the other Klamath veterans could not buy a beer when they returned from the war—either on the reservation or in town.\(^2\) American Indian legally could buy liquor in Oregon until the law was changed in 1953.\(^3\) There were bootleggers, however; and several veterans on the reservation “drank quite a bit after the war,”\(^4\) which ruined a lot of families. Chiloquin related: “Just because you can’t have something, [you] get it anyway.”\(^5\) I kind of fought the battle of alcohol; I finally won.\(^6\)

Eighty-two percent of Klamath tribal members who served in World War II returned to the reservation. As of 1947, fifty-eight percent of Klamath Indians were unemployed, and none had utilized the education benefits available under the GI Bill of Rights. Although American Indians served their county in record numbers during the war, when the fighting ended, they didn’t share in opportunities generally available to veterans.\(^7\)

In 1954, Congress passed legislation terminating the Klamath Tribes and converted most of their million-acre reservation, the largest in Oregon, into a new National Forest.\(^8\) The United States paid tribal members for their shares of the valuable timber lands, but Edison Chiloquin refused to take the money.\(^9\)

By the 1980s, the amount owing to Chiloquin had grown to quite a bit after the war, “ruined lives; I finally won.”\(^2\) Twenty-five percent of Klamath veterans were unemployed, and didn’t share in opportunities generally available to veterans.\(^2\)

At the first Fourth-of-July powwow in 1992, each veteran was given an eagle feather. Last year, all veterans were invited to march together as the flags were posted.\(^2\) Edison Chiloquin has been honored at this powwow as well as at the Veteran’s Day Parade in Klamath Falls.\(^2\)

Although Chiloquin still carries shrapnel in his body and suffers leg pain from his war wounds, he eschewed government assistance for more than forty-five years after the war. Now in his seventies, he says: “I can’t work like I used to.” Three years ago, he asked for and was awarded an army-disability pension.\(^2\)

Today, Edison Chiloquin is known as the “conscience of the Klamaths.”\(^2\) People from around the world attend tribal ceremonies at Pla’ikni village—the land he fought so long and so hard to protect. Chiloquin admits that he never got discouraged during the five-and-a-half years he kept the sacred fire burning. “I had faith. I had hope. . . . that’s how I made it through the war.”\(^3\)

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

EDNOTES
2. Ibid., 1, 29.
3. Ibid., 2, 27.
4. Ibid., 2, 14.
5. Ibid., 2.
7. Ibid., 6.
11. Fixico, ibid., 5.
13. Letter from Ronald H. Binney, superintendent, Klamath Indian Reservation, to Morgan Pryse, Bureau of Indian Affairs area director, 11 Sep. 1950, RG 75 (Klamath Indian Agency), Box 212, National Archives, Pacific Northwest Region, Seattle, Wash.
17. Letter from B.G. Courtright, superintendent, Klamath Indian Reservation, to Foster and Kleiser Co., 1 Jul. 1945, RG 75 (Klamath Indian Agency), Box 212, National Archives, Pacific Northwest Region, Seattle, Wash.
18. “Raytheon Field Dedication” brochure, 27 Sep. 1945, RG 75 (Klamath Indian Agency), Box 212, National Archives, Pacific Northwest Region, Seattle, Wash.
20. Ibid., 4, 5, 15, 32-33.
22. Chiloquin, ibid., 32.
23. Ibid., 33.
24. Ibid., 7.
32. Chiloquin, ibid., 32.
34. Herald and News, ibid.
35. Chiloquin, ibid., 47.
had a fascination for the creek that ran right through
the middle of Heppner (Morrow County). Other towns
had rivers and lakes, but our body of water was Willow
Creek. For more than a century, it figured in the lives
of my family.

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

My affair with Willow Creek began in the foothills of the
Blue Mountains, where my family camped in the early 1900s.
Ours was one of a dozen or more camps that were built on a strip
of land stretching from the woods to the town. In this unhurried
retreat, a patient, loving father taught me about the creek and the
lives that depended upon it for sustenance and support. At the
water’s edge, we watched the maneuvers of the beavers, minks,
frong, and crustaceans that skittered across the surface.

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

Above, The Cohn family home in Heppner ca. 1915.
Right, The author enjoyed learning about fishing along the banks of Willow
Creek with her father, Phil Cohn, ca. 1914.
Directly across from the camp, a pie-shaped pile of frozen rock that had been dumped there during an ancient age of geologic movement, jutted out over the narrow roadway. It captivated the attention of travelers and became a well-known landmark. In our early years there, brother Harold climbed to the topmost point on the cliff and planted an American flag, a fragile symbol that, for many years, miraculously survived severe winter storms.

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

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

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

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

In spring 1934, the creek went on a rampage. No human lives were lost; but the high waters took a toll of farm and domestic animals, and destroyed hundreds of acres of grain. The home that Henry built near the creek was severely damaged. Typical of cloudbursts there was no warning, only time enough to hurry two little boys into the car and drive to higher ground.

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

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

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

As Sally and I walked up the rise toward the car, for the first time I raised my head and looked around. Just ahead, the frozen rock—the landmark of those early years—stood silhouetted against the clear sky. The site of our camp was gone, the landscape changed, but the century-old affair between my family and Willow Creek had not been diminished by the bridge that now held back Willow Creek. More than half a century had passed since I came this way; the road and surroundings were strange and unfamiliar. Beyond the dam, a heavy wire fence stood between the creek and road. As I drove nearer to the mountains, my memory unleashed a torrent of emotions—remembrances of sad and happy times, feelings of remorse and disappointments, and a frustrating, useless longing for a second chance to rectify mistakes. I drove slowly as we watched for an opening in the fence. Finally, we came to a break in the wire just wide enough for the car, and I drove through and parked. Sal and I walked down the slight rise to the water’s edge.

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

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

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

THE WILD ROGUE

by Sally-Jo Bowman

The Millway Way floats across the blue-black night sky like gossamer adrift on the open sea. Campers snug in sleeping bags, listening to the evening mist of southern Oregon's Rogue River. The Earth cradles them through their slim sleeping pads, folding her gentle river-scented sands perfectly to their bodies. Just a day drift to sleep, a new soft song comes from the dark riverbank woods: "Who-who-who. Who? Who? Who?..." An ear tickly.

The thirty-four mile section of the Rogue River designated "wild" by the federal government offers travelers whitewater and fishing adventures, gold mining, American Indian and pioneer history, and a chance to observe beautiful wildlife. Walk part of the Bureau of Land Management's Rogue River Trail as a day hike of the whole length as a four- or five-day backpack.

There are outfitters and kayak rentals in Class IV rapids canoe boat rentals on their own with United States Forest Service permits. Several river outfitters offer guided trips, with camping or lodge accommodations as options. The lower third of this section is accessible by jet boats chartered from Gold Beach (Curry County) at the river's mouth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

For information about boating or hiking the wild section of the Rogue River, contact the Bureau of Land Management, Rogue River Program, 3040 Biddle Road, Medford, OR 97504, 503-770-2273 or the U.S. Forest Service Road Visitor Center, 14385 Galice Road, Merlin, OR 97532, 503-479-3735 (open May 15-October 15).

Flamecracker fuchsia, top, abounds in canyon crags along the Rogue River. Another river attraction, Western author Zane Grey's cabin, above, is open to careful visitors who "take only pictures and leave only footprints."
I feel that the land is a sacred trust and we should hold it dear. That we should take care of it; should protect and preserve it; should enhance its productivity and its beauty as much as we can and above all we should love the land, which I surely do.”

—MILDRED KANIFE

A SHEPHERD’S TALE

by Kristine Thomas

Mildred Kanipe believed she had one misfortune in her life. She was born a girl. While other women of her generation pursued the traditional paths of marriage and children, Kanipe dreamed of being a forest ranger.

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

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

Although burdened with the self-declared “bad misfortune of being born a girl,” Oakland rancher Mildred Kanipe maintained her stock and 1,000 acres with strength of limb and spirit. She is pictured here with friends, in the 1940s.
"Yes, I think I would have made a good forest ranger but I know that they would never let me be one because you see. I had the bad misfortune of being born a girl,"

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

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

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

In her later years, many people tried to persuade Kanipe to sell her land. She was determined that her land and her livestock. The only things Kanipe had time for were her land and her livestock. The high-quality work she did earned her the respect of men and women as a rancher and a businesswoman. People would watch for her animals when they took her to the county auction on Saturdays. Besides managing her ranch and live-stock, Kanipe also ran a grade-A dairy for seven years.

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

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

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

"How I keep going? Just touch," she said.

Maintaining a large ranch left little time for sleep, social activity or housework. Piles of letters, books and other stuff created a maze in her house from the front door to the kitchen sink to an old easy chair to the front door. She saved every-thing from her father’s log books to old photographs. Mystery and Western nov­els, maps and globe filled every corner of the barns, the parlor, the kitchen and the parlor.

Although she never had much of a housekeeper, Kanipe kept her family’s ranch in good shape. She turned in prime conditions.

"I think it is a great honor, a great privilege to be able to live out my own life on this property and a ranch as my forefathers did," she wrote. "I feel that the land is a sacred trust and we should hold it dear. That we should take care of it; should protect and pre­serve it; should enhance its productivi­ty and its beauty as much as we can and above all we should love the land, which I surely do."

She revealed her deep passion for the land in a letter to a Mr. Simpson and Mr. Jademan, who both worked for the U.S. Forest Service, in the spring of 1968: "I love the forests, the mountains, the trees, the streams, the great Western outdoors," she wrote. "I have always believed in the U.S. Forest Service. I could see the need for it. I had faith in it. I was often laughed at, ridiculed, for upholding it." In the days when timber was plentiful, people scoffed at the idea of protecting the forests. Kapi­ne wrote, "I keep going? Just touch," she said. "I have never kept anything."

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

Like the trees she deeply cared about, Kanipe’s roots were firmly planted in her land. She was buried at her request lying on her right side with her feet to the east in a little open space between the cedars and oaks. The very soul of the mountains was exposed. The very soul of the moun­tains is laid bare. It makes me sick inside to see such death and destruc­tion. What right does man have to kill and destroy? It has been man’s role all through the history of the world to cripple and kill, capture and destroy."

Kanipe pondered whether nature could mend such terrible wounds. She had read about private tree farms and replanting trees. Although she waited patiently for a number of years, she wrote, "...I haven’t seen any yet."

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

"I want to be somewhere other than here."

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

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

**SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE**

**SUMMER 1995**
William, Emily, and Shadrach Holmes owned one of the earliest water-right claims on Jackson County’s Elk Creek. The grassed-in trace of their 1890 legacy—the Holmes brothers’ irrigation ditch—still cuts away from the old creek bed to run beside the crumbling asphalt of an abandoned road.

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

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

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

European Americans began moving into the steep-sided Elk Creek drainage during the 1870s and 1880s, as rich, level acres out on the Rogue Valley floor filled with orchards and settlers. In good years, the Elk’s narrow bottom lands supported gardens, hay fields
Holmes and other farmer-ranchers used diversion dams in the late 1800s to pool the creek. This raised late summer water levels high enough to feed irrigation ditches dug into the stream banks. Gravity took water from the ditch mouths out into the fields.

The owner of the Holmes’ place in 1920, Paul Sandoz, described the old ditch as a half-mile long, five-feet wide at the top, three-feet at the bottom, and eighteen-inches deep. To direct water down the ditch each summer, Sandoz piled streambed rocks into a crude barrier two- to four-feet high, and fit vertically onto the poles board by board, and the workers and a few cattle—the latter serving as a “cash crop” that paid for salt, flour, bullets, kerosene, and shoes for the schoolchildren. Everything depended on water. Winter snow ran as floods in spring and as irrigation water during early summer. The Holmes and other farmer-ranchers used diversion dams in the late 1800s to pool the creek. This raised late summer water levels high enough to feed irrigation ditches dug into the stream banks. Gravity took water from the ditch mouths out into the fields.

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Paul, Jr. remembered talk of “great numbers” of salmon harvested upstream from the Sandoz farm. Families traveled each year by wagon to Flat Creek to catch salmon they salted, smoked, and canned.

Concern about dwindling fish numbers led to the first government dam on Elk Creek. Salmon-canning baron Robert D. Hume purchased land in 1897 at the confluence of the Elk and the Rogue—about six miles downstream from the Holmes brothers’ ditch turnout—as a site for collecting and hatching salmon eggs. An early conservationist, Hume hoped to replenish the nearby Rogue,’s stock of salmon by hatching eggs harvested from Chinook taken in the Rogue, hatchery workers captured salmon in the creek itself.

Hatchery operations expanded again in January 1900, when workers planned to gather steelhead eggs built a “solid log dam” across Elk Creek’s west branch (now called Sugar Pine Creek). Over time, the steelhead and silver salmon egg count at the new hatchery decreased, and by 1909, the Rogue proved disappointing. Most fish spawned before reaching the falls. A site just a mile upstream from hatchery buildings was chosen for a dam forty yards long and ten to fifteen feet wide. Rock “aprons” anchored the structure, which featured a slide at the dam’s center to direct fish into a trap placed in the four-foot channel blasted around one end of the dam.

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

Hand and horse built the first dams on Elk Creek. Availability of rock, wood, and energy limited their scope. But these smaller dams rested on the same philosophy as the relative­ly massive corps’ project, a subtle cost-benefit reckoning in which human use weighed far more heavily than effects on fish and environment. Controversy over the most recent government dam on Elk Creek brings that philosophy into public question.

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

ENDNOTES
1. Mining Claim and Water Rights Records, Jackson County, Oregon, vol. 5, 179.
2. Anecdotal information comes from interviews conducted 1987-1989 with three children of Paul Sandoz’ sons: Paul, Jr., Marcel, and Emile, and from unpublished manuscripts written 1988-90 by Paul Sandoz Jr. The Sandoz family searched on Elk Creek from 1899 into the late 1940s. Most memories, including dam descriptions, date from the 1920s and 30s.
3. Oregon Board of Control, Water Division No. 1 Statement and Proof of Claimant, 1853, 9-30-1911.
5. In his book, The Salmon King of Oregon: R.D. Hume and the Pacific Fisheries (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1963), Gordon Doubt points out that Hume was “among the first in the extractive industries to conclude that nature’s resources were limited.” (23).
11. Executive Order 896, 12 Apr. 1906.
It is fitting that visitors to the new Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History in Ashland (Jackson County) are handed passports upon their arrival. With small, blue folders in hand, they immediately disembark for the numerous lands that make up the state of Oregon: wetlands, grasslands, desert, forests—they even are transported (thanks to a bit of sensory tickling) to the Pacific Coast, complete with sights, sounds and smells.

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

This museum does it all: it entertains, it educates, and it also does its unselfish bit to improve the region’s economy by sending tourists hither and yon.

Two years after a kitchen-table discussion about an idea for a museum, Lamb had brought together a twenty-five-member board of directors, attracted Senator Hatfield’s interest, and cutbacks in educational funding. At the Pacific Northwest Museum of Natural History, he said, “Textbook science comes alive.” Actually, what really comes alive is the visitor, meandering through more than 15,000 square feet of exhibits. Nearly every one of the senses is involved at various stops along the “Treasures of the Northwest” hall. Visitors can see dioramas so natural-looking they appear to have instantly been transplanted from the coast or the mountains. Museum-goers can touch pelts, bones, and other artifacts.

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

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

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

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Get Your Hands On the Natural World

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

In his new role as director of the museum he dreamed of ten years ago, Lamb says, "The public will be able to see scientific facts to visitors in the same way that the many thousands of people who visit the museum many times per year associate them with their daily lives."

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

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

More pleasant visions are found in the vicinity of the Little House on the Prairie. The muted sandy-colored slopes of the Siskiyou Mountains. The rolling roofline blends into more modern trees nearby: Orford cedar and Douglas fir.

The entrance to the museum was financed by private and public donations and grants—including $3.3 million from the Oregon State Legislature—through the four computer stations. (See the accompanying "Hi Susan!"

The entrance to the museum will grow more prominent in with its environment. The muted sequoia, western hemlock, which runs through August in the average time visitors take to view the art exhibit at the museum. The computer stations should be a help to the neighboring Saturday from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. June 26 through July 15 (or June 26 through July 1 for IRT volunteers). Contact Society archaeologist Ted Goebel, 503-552-6343 for more information.

ARTS AND ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE SOUTHWEST

A special field-study tour of Native American cultures in the Four Corners region of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico will be offered June 14 through June 26, as a joint effort of the Southern Oregon Historical Society and Extended Campus Programs of the Oregon State University. Contact Ted Goebel, 503-552-6343 for registration information.

SUMMER ARCHAEOLOGY FIELD SCHOOL

The 1995 archaeological field school, presented by the Southern Oregon Historical Society, U.S. Forest Service, and Southern Oregon State College, will be held above the Upper Rogue River, near Union Creek (Jackson County). Students will participate in the excavation of an Archaic site and in the survey of other archaeological localities in the Prospect/Butte Falls area. The field school will be directed by a faculty member, with assistance by Society archaeologist Dr. Ted Goebel and Rogue River National Forest archaeologist Dr. Jeff LeLand. Participants can register as students for college credit through Extended Campus Programs at OSC, or as volunteers through the U.S. Forest Service Passport in Time (IFT) program. The field school will be held Monday through Sunday from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. June 26 through July 15 (or June 26 through July 1 for IFT volunteers). Contact Society archaeologist Ted Goebel, 503-552-6343 for more information.

THE History STORE

Featuring Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian. Saturdays: Boont Town to Home Town; HAFNER: Pioneer Fathers on the Rogue; Give It Your Best (through September 15). Open Monday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Tuesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; Sunday, 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.; Mondays, Summer hours begin May 28, open daily, from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Children's Museum

Hands-on exhibits and exhibits on life of water and waterfowl. Contact Clovis Jr. Center: The Life Story of Piano (Fri., and Sun., 1:00 to 5:00 P.M.; Tuesday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. clovisjrc.com) are open daily, from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Children's Museum.

C. C. Beckman House

Catlin and Leckey Street, Jacksonville. Open May 27 through September 4, daily, from 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Contact James C. Beckman Center, Jacksonville.

Open Monday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

The History Center, 106 N. Crest, Ashland.

Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

The Labor History Museum of Southern Oregon History

The Labor History Museum features the history of organized labor, politics, the labor movement, and modern-day labor conflict. Contact the Labor History Museum at 503-552-6343.

EAGLE POINT HISTORY MAKING DAY

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

QUIT DOCUMENTATION PROJECT

A group of people interested in quilting have formed the Oregon Heritage Quilt Project in an effort to document quilts and related items by training volunteers to conduct the documentation process at local sites. Those interested in learning more about the Oregon Heritage Quilt Project should write Mary Cross, 805 Skyline Crest, Portland, OR 97214.

GIVE IT YOUR BEST!

At the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, the Society presents Give It Your Best!, an exhibit of World War II posters and local art. The exhibit will be featured in a special public showing and reception on Friday, May 26 from 7:00 to 9:00 P.M. The exhibit, which will be on display through September 15, 1995, explores the impact of patriotic campaigns and how wartime images and artifacts continue to shape contemporary impressions of the war.

CONFERENCE: WORLD WAR II REMEMBERED

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

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Dead men do tell tales.

Listen to the voice of Winema Riddle, who told the story of the Modoc people's fight for survival. Feel the strength of three generations of Hanley women, who ran a farm and an agricultural enterprise. Touch the lives of Mexican migrants, who came with the orchard boom and stayed to start new lives in the Rogue Valley.

It's your history. 
Read all about it. 
Southern Oregon Heritage magazine

For information on how to subscribe to Southern Oregon Heritage, call 503-773-6536.

Collections Highlight

Collectors Find Kitsch Worth Its Salt

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

All salt and pepper shakers look so different. What does yours at home look like? Is it rare or unusual? People love to collect shakers; salt-and-pepper clubs proliferated in the 1940s and 1950s, and shaker collecting introduced the novelty of advertising salt and peppers. This miniature glass beer set was a premium from Anheuser-Busch (Edward A Muth & Sons, Ind.), supplied between 1933-1963. On a trip, shakers could be purchased from each state in the country and every corner of the world. The chair shakers were Oregon souvenirs. Shakers also come in sets. Condiment sets consist of containers for salt, pepper, and mustard. Many call them cruets. The cow set consists of a cream-and-sugar pair to accompany the salt and pepper shakers.