

— FALL 2017 —

# THE AGATE

JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



**2017 ECLIPSE  
DRAWS  
HISTORIC  
CROWDS**



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**N.S. 8**

## Dear friends of Jefferson County history—

**W**e present, with pride, the eighth issue of the expanded-format, wider-circulation AGATE, which marks the completion of four years of the new series. We hope you enjoy it, and find that its contents whet and dilate your interest in Jefferson County’s rich history.

Having experienced (survived?) our local moment of cosmic history with the Great American Eclipse of 2017 (as reported here by Jane Ahern in a follow-up to her “Total Solar Eclipses, 20th Century Style” in AGATE VII), it’s fitting to move on—and back—in remembering with Guy Swanson the dreams and challenges that once engaged the settlers of Grandview. Guy is a Portland-based writer and photographer whose interest in Grandview history goes back to his becoming one of the first “Three Rivers” property owners along the Metolius Arm of Lake Billy Chinook. We hope you’ll enjoy reflecting on the distinctive kind of journalism practiced long ago in the “Neighborhood News” columns of the Madras *Pioneer* and other rural weekly newspapers. And if you’ve ever indulged in second-guessing historical events, you may have some speculative fun with Jerry Ramsey’s “Some ‘What Ifs’ in Jefferson County History”—and so on through the issue.

We want to call your attention to the fact that the Historical Society now has its own much-visited Facebook page. Its keeper is JCHS Director Jennie Smith. Check it out! In addition, our JCHS website has a new manager, Maddy Breach, and you can count on it for up-to-date news and announcements of JCHS events, historical vignettes and photos, and archived back issues of THE AGATE. It’s at [jeffcohistorical.org](http://jeffcohistorical.org).

Finally, we want to highlight a new book by George Aguilar Sr., of Warm Springs, Oregon Book Award winner for his *When the River Ran Wild!* George’s new book is titled *The Shattered Civilization*, with an insightful foreword by his nephew Lonnie James. It’s available as an Amazon “Kindle” e-book. Reflecting on an imaginative narrative of Wasco leader Billy Chinook written in the early 1900s by his granddaughter Jeanette Brunoe Garcia, Aguilar explores the early encounters, mostly destructive, of his Chinookan ancestors with Anglo explorers, missionaries, soldiers, and settlers during the first half of the nineteenth century. As a sequel to *When the River Ran Wild!*, the new book combines written and oral history, Native oral tradition and mythology, and the author’s own lifelong pondering about who his people were, and are, and the cultural values that have sustained them as Indians into the twenty-first century. It’s an important contribution to what we know about those subjects, for readers “on both sides of the river.”



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The mission of the Society is to research, gather and preserve the history of Jefferson County and Central Oregon for public education through the display of artifacts and archives.

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# A History of Grandview, Oregon

*By Guy Swanson*

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story is the product of a chance meeting between its author, Guy Swanson, and one of its subjects, Hope Nance, a native of the ghost town Grandview. Guy is a longtime Three Rivers property owner who met Hope while visiting the Grandview Cemetery in 2014; she was 96 years old. Soon after, Guy began his monthly interviews with Hope. She shared many stories with Guy about her childhood in the Lower Desert, showing him the site of her family's farm, the Grandview School, the Grange Hall, the general store and the canyons where she rode Old Prince, her best friend. Hope was buried at the Grandview Cemetery in the spring of 2017 and Guy began organizing the memories she left behind for a book he plans to publish in 2018.

**I**n 1965, Round Butte Dam rose up to connect the deep canyon walls of the Deschutes River, where it was joined by the Metolius and Crooked Rivers to create Lake Billy Chinook. The new lake was named after the Wasco Indian youth who accompanied Kit Carson and Captain Fremont through the area in the mid-1800s.

Cove Palisades State Park was then relocated from its original site along the Deschutes River where it had been since 1941. Once the lake filled, two new bridges were built to connect the Cove to the ghost town of Grandview, a farming community that

had existed roughly from 1910 to 1930. Bordered on the north by the Metolius River, on the east by the Deschutes River, on the south by Squaw Creek Flats and on the west by the present-day Camp Monte campground, the tax rolls of 1917 list fifty-five families as residents of Grandview.

Until the 1960s, Grandview harbored its mysteries in the desolate, undisturbed cabins, outbuildings and barns that had once sheltered a thriving farm community. Grandview School still stood, with desks, books and a blackboard that carried messages from those who traveled through. The lonely Grange

1912 church gathering  
at Grandview School



Hall stood like a forlorn ghost, the place where once farmers gathered every other Saturday for potlucks, socials and dancing.

By the mid 1970s, all evidence of Grandview's existence disappeared as scrap dealers, souvenir hunters and collectors stripped the area clean. Nothing remains to this day except desolate rock fence lines that mark forgotten dreams and silent voices that rest in Grandview Cemetery.

The cemetery, sometimes called Geneva Cemetery, dates to the late 1800s when Nick Lambert, one of the early homesteaders, donated the land. Every year on the Sunday of Memorial Day Weekend, those with relatives and connections to Grandview hold a gathering. They invite all who are interested in learning about the history to join in a potluck. Descendants of the Nance, Glover, and other families numbering nearly one hundred attended this year.

Accessible only from the South across Squaw Creek Flats, this

part of the Lower Desert was mainly grazing land for cattlemen who brought their herds over the mountain trails from the Willamette Valley, and either returned them in the fall or drove them on to cattle markets in Idaho, Colorado, or California.

The Lower Desert is a plain in Jefferson County, Oregon, at an elevation of 2,897 feet. The primary coordinates for Lower Desert place it within the OR 97734 ZIP Code delivery area. ([www.placekeeper.com/Oregon/Lower\\_Desert-1145613.html](http://www.placekeeper.com/Oregon/Lower_Desert-1145613.html)) According to longtime resident Hope Nance, her older brother Fritz described the area as more or less a big meadow of waist-high bunch grasses. You could see wranglers and cattle herds as far as one-half mile away.

This is where the story of Grandview began, where the Cascade mountains met the sky in a land that time forgot.

David and Margaret Allingham met on a wagon train crossing to Oregon in 1852 to settle in the Lower Desert. David crossed by horseback to the Willamette Valley and returned with cattle and horses to start the Allingham Ranch along the Metolius. The Allingham House became the first Sisters Ranger Station in 1906, occupied by the new forest ranger Perry South.

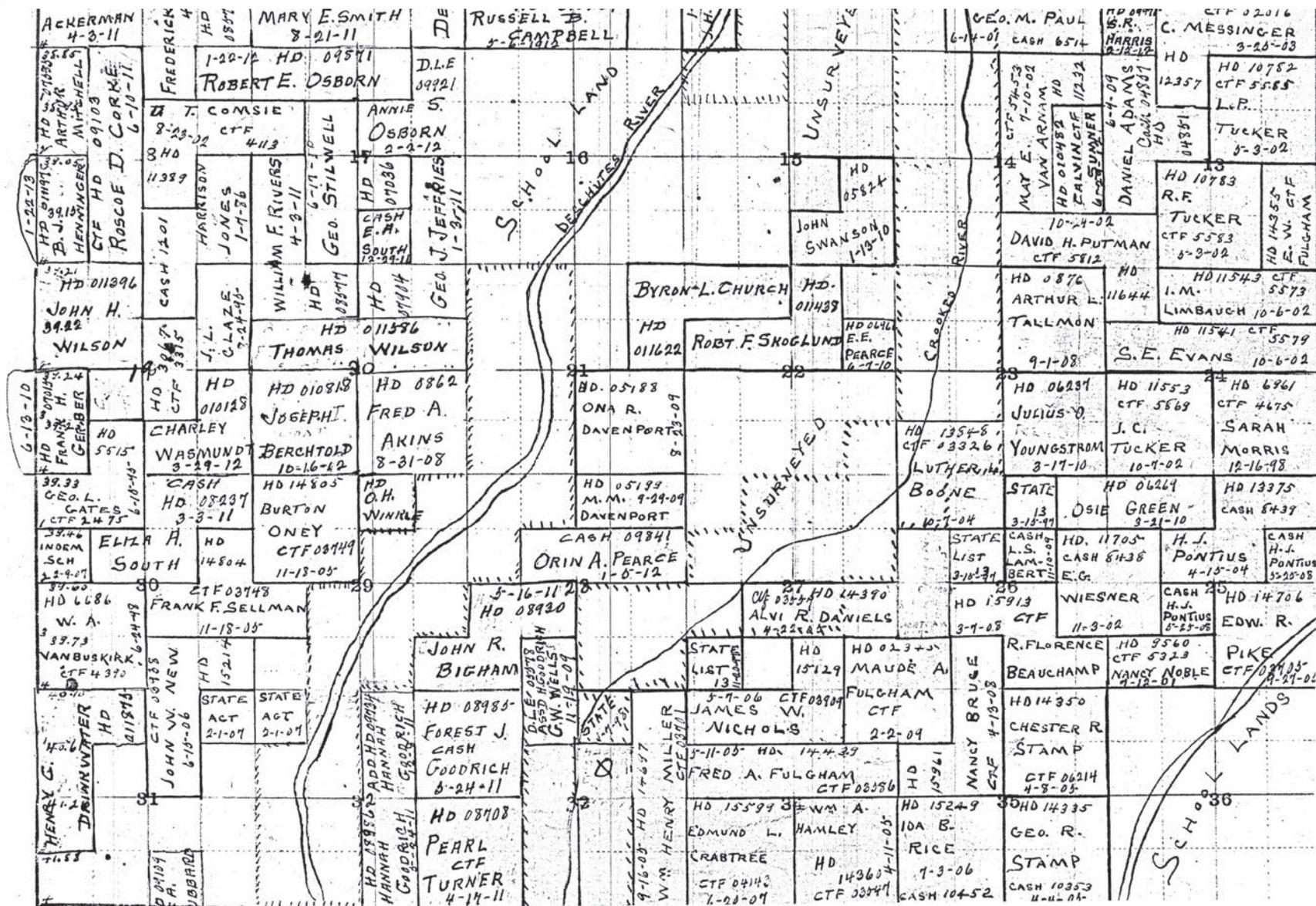
Bill and Matty Edmonson settled in Grandview in 1885 on the plateau above the confluence of the Metolius and Deschutes rivers. At that time they had to travel to The Dalles for their annual shopping trip. Because there were no bridges on the Crooked or Deschutes rivers, it took an extra day's travel to approach Grandview from the South. The Edmonsons had the first threshing machine in the settlement, brought from Salem over the old Santiam Road.



The rugged way west to Grandview (east on left), over Crooked River and Deschutes River canyons

The winter of 1886–1887, referred to as the “double winter,” was extremely harsh for much of continental North America but especially the western United States. Five-foot snows and minus-fifty-degree temperatures wiped out the cattle, horses, game animals and settlers who weren't prepared for the harsh conditions. ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Winter\\_of\\_1886%E2%80%931887](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Winter_of_1886%E2%80%931887))

After the double winter, Nick Lambert made his way to the Lower Desert and built a cabin in Allen Canyon (known today as Big Canyon), about two miles from the southern shore of the Metolius. There were seven springs on his property, and the rising canyon walls on the north and south led into a descending



1913 "homestead-locator" map of Grandview country. Townsite upper left corner.

canyon that flowed east to overlook the Deschutes River cliffs. Big Canyon was a natural corral for Lambert to begin his cattle operation.

In 1902, Lambert and two other ranchers formed the Black Butte Land and Livestock Company that included five ranches in the Grandview and Sisters area. These included the Nye Ranch at Grandview, the Allingham Ranch on the Metolius, Squaw Flat Ranch at Geneva and Swamp Ranch at Black Butte. Over the next 30 years, Lambert built his herd to a sizable number and his land holdings to 4,500 acres.

Harry Heising arrived in Bend in 1902 with his parents, Dan and Alice Heising. Dan took his son on a fishing trip up the Metolius, near where Camp Sherman is today, and fell in love with the river. Lee Cover, an earlier homesteader, was ready to sell his land along the river. Dan bought it and opened the first

resort on the Metolius.

Probably nobody is more quoted in books and articles about the area than is Harry Heising. He began his serious work-life at the age of ten, driving a freight wagon from Bend to the railhead at Shaniko. He married Vesta in 1920, started a family, and helped build the log schoolhouse in Camp Sherman where his son, Dick Heising attended first grade.

Robert (Bob) Monical was another major cattle rancher in the Grandview area, married to Letha Parkhurst. He came to Grandview as a child from Kansas in the early 1900s with five siblings and his father, John T., after his mother died of "milk leg" following childbirth. Milk leg is an extreme swelling of the leg following childbirth caused by thrombosis of the veins. (Monical Family Tree published in 1981 by Mrs. Kenneth Kuhns of Forsyth, IL)

John T. Monical remarried; his second wife was named Geneva. He petitioned for and built the first post office in the area in 1914, about 5 miles southwest of Grandview. Appointing his wife as postmistress, he called the town Geneva. (Raymond R. Hatton, *Oregon's Sisters Country*, Bend, Ore : Geographical Books, c1996 page 263).

Alonzo Lee Nance, his wife Vetra and their two boys came to Grandview from the silver mines of Idaho in 1917. Alonzo, nicknamed Zonie, found work at the feed store in Culver and Vetra birthed three more children—beginning with daughter Hope who was born shortly after they arrived— before another pregnancy took her life in 1923. Grandma Nettie, Zonie's mother, moved from North Carolina to help and brought three of her other children with her. Twenty-three members of the extended Nance family are buried at Grandview Cemetery.

According to Hope Nance, an article in the German Methodist publication *Christliche Apologete* in the spring of 1902 drew Charlie and Anna Wasmundt and their family to the area. They homesteaded a section along Graham Road, raising wheat, and were soon joined by other family members who also filed claims. Because of their numbers, they were referred to as the first family of Grandview. These are only a few of the early arrivals that formed the core of early settlers in the Lower Desert.

The Panic of 1907 was a financial crisis that began in the eastern banks and eventually spread throughout the nation when many state and local banks and businesses entered bankruptcy. Unemployment more than doubled, the stock market fell by half, and a new wave of emigrants from the East and Midwest heeded the siren call of free land and a chance at a new life in Central Oregon. According to an article in The Oregon History Project entitled "Last Land Rush and Later Boom-Bust Times: Dry-Farm Homesteading," "Between 1905 and 1920, more land in the American West was claimed under the federal homestead laws than had been claimed during the previous four decades of the Homestead Act." (<https://oregonhistoryproject.org/narratives/high-desert->

history-southeastern-oregon/a-new-century-last-land-rush-and-later-boom-bust-times/dry-farm-homesteading/ ) Changes to the homestead law in 1910 made more of the marginal lands attractive to homesteaders and over 50 families moved to this promised land in the Lower Desert.

In 1907, Bend recorded a rainfall of 25.75 inches, and crops flourished in the volcanic soil. The Madras *Pioneer* reported that settlers planted orchards and grew bountiful crops of potatoes, onions, corn and other vegetables, rye, wheat, clover and alfalfa. When World War 1 broke out, Central Oregon began shipping wheat, cattle, horses, wool, and other war needs to England.

The new Panama Canal provided a shorter route from Central Oregon to Liverpool and drove commodity prices to new heights.

In March of 1911, 85 residents and property owners of lands west of the Deschutes signed a petition asking for bridges over the Crooked and Deschutes rivers. "Some time ago cables were thrown across the rivers and communications were thus established across the rivers. . . . Since that time foot bridges have been established." (Madras *Pioneer* March 23, 1911)

The new bridges provided access to Grandview from the burgeoning new towns of Madras, Culver, and Metolius. A narrow, switchback road, called "The Grade" hugged the cliff, rising over four hundred feet to an outcropping called Canadian Bench. A portion of that road can be seen today, emerging from the lake and traversing the canyon walls up to Canadian Bench, where it makes another climb to Graham Road. Located along Graham Road were Bert Akin's (sometimes spelled Burt) general store, the Grange Hall, and nearby stood by the Grandview School.

Wannie Osborn, an early Grandview school teacher, wrote of her experiences. "We crossed the Grade to Grandview, which was by the way of two slow horses and a hack . . . the schoolhouse was new and had many fine books . . . children came on foot and horseback from many miles." (quoted from an unpublished manuscript, June 23, 1960 by Wannie Ralston Osborn from *Oregon Sisters Country* p. 265)



Hope Nance and her horse "Prince"



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The teacher lived in a small cabin behind the school, and the remains of the ice house still stand today. By 1920, the school was filled to overflowing with children during the week and on Sunday the school served as a church for a circuit minister.

Grandview chartered its first grange in 1912 and every other Saturday there was a grange meeting followed by a dance. The Kalamas were musicians from Warm Springs who sometimes played until daybreak on Sunday morning. The grange was the center of Grandview social life, with pie and box socials, card playing, and a gathering place for children and adults alike.

The project to bring water to Grandview was noted in the *Madras Pioneer* in October, 1915, when it carried the headline: "Grandview District Will Irrigate the Land." It stated that the settlers voted a \$680,000 bond by an overwhelming 64-2 vote; it would be called the Suttle Lake Irrigation District of Grandview. But the project to bring water from Suttle Lake was stymied by problems from the beginning. Postwar commodity prices dropped and the bond failed to find an underwriter. By 1923, the Suttle Lake project's water rights were lost.

From 1917-1931 Central Oregon entered a very dry period punctuated by brief wet spells. (<https://www.oregon.gov/LCD/HAZ/docs/3.ORNHMP12-Drought.pdf>) As the land got drier, water became the deciding factor in the success or failure of every farmer. Water could be found in hand-dug wells at less than twenty feet, but dried up by May of each year. In 1919, Frank Tate installed a ram pump to bring water up from the Deschutes River and began selling it to the farmers for fifty cents a barrel. Some farmers traveled down the grade and loaded their water barrels from the river.

A joke, often told in greeting, was that "We're moving away as soon as we haul another load of water."

Nick Lambert grew to be one of the three biggest ranchers in the Grandview area, and in 1930 Harry Heising bought the River Ranch from him, adding to it until he owned 6,000 acres. This was on the point between the Metolius and Deschutes rivers and he named it the Three Rivers Ranch. Bob Monical moved to Lower Bridge and then on to Bend where he ranched.

But Grandview would not be Eden, and nature has its own rules. Stands of pine that once served as windbreaks were used for fuel, and the carpets of bunch grass no longer held the dirt to the earth. The deepening drought left the soil light on the land, and nature was about to reclaim its gift.

On April 22, 1931, Grandview met its destiny. Farmers and families were up to their normal activities when a windstorm kicked up in Western Montana. It crossed the Panhandle of Idaho, through Washington state, and over the Warm Springs Reservation. As it gained speed and crossed the Metolius River it turned into a circular pattern. The storm became a cyclone.

Just as in the the Midwest Dust Bowl of this time period, effects of the drought and poor farming practices contributed to the vulnerability of the farmland. Stories about the "Big Wind"

of Central Oregon come mostly from newspapers, historical records, and the evidence it left behind. The results of the storm were devastating. The Bend *Bulletin* of April 28 reported the loss of more than 10 million board feet of timber in the Metolius River area.

Howard Turner wrote in the Madras chapter of *Jefferson County Reminiscences*: "One Tuesday morning the wind came up and blew harder until the climax that night and Wednesday morning. . . . On Wednesday afternoon the wind stopped suddenly and there seemed to be a sort of vacuum for about three or four hours, then it started to blow the other way. . . . The damage to the crops was heavy, fall grain was blown out, and the field had been swept clean of the topsoil in many places. In certain places it was possible to see to see the effects of the storm for many years." (*JCR* pages 162-163)

Nothing could withstand the wind's fury. Old-growth pines were ripped out by the roots and thrown around like saplings. Winds flattened cabins in the Metolius Valley, and ships at sea recorded in their journals the red dust that blew from the Oregon coast.

The wind stripped away years of soil to expose the bones of a broken land, leaving just enough dirt to hold the rocks together. Sagebrush grew and provided shade for the prickly juniper seedlings that took over.

Harry and Vesta Heising moved to the Portland area where they both worked in the shipyards during the war era. In 1951, after an unfruitful attempt at ranching in Grandview, Heising sold the Three Rivers Ranch, which was by then 11,000 acres, and moved to Canada. The land lay fallow and the juniper trees thrived.

Hope Nance and her husband Jack Cropley left Grandview in 1934 just after the birth of their second child, and moved to Hood River where they rented a home and worked in the orchards. Later they moved to Portland, bought a home, and had two more children. Born in 1917, Hope was the last of the Grandview children. She passed away in February of 2017 at the age of 99. She was buried next to her husband, Jack, at Grandview Cemetery on April 23, 2017.

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*Monical Family Tree* by Mrs. Kenneth Kuhns

Interviews with Hope Nance

# Some “What Ifs?” in Jefferson County

By Jerry Ramsey

Playing with hindsight is one of the rewards of studying history on any level, from global to local, and when hindsight is being indulged, who can resist looking at the past and asking “What if . . .”?

The problem with such speculation about historical outcomes, of course, is that you can never know for sure that if Action A hadn’t occurred, Consequence B wouldn’t have happened anyway—or that if Action C had happened instead of A, Consequence B would have been replaced by D. Asking “what-if” questions gives imaginative license to doing history, and can lead down a very slippery slope, on the way to fiction—but it sure can be fun!

From a moral perspective, we can speculate about Good Things That Happened, or Didn’t Happen; and on the other side of history’s moral ledger, consider Bad Happenings that came to pass, and Bad Happenings that didn’t. Either way, we irresistibly look at the people who were caught up in the events, and assign credit or blame for their actions.

It should tell us something about the premises of the historical game we’re playing, that it lets us pass such judgments much more confidently and unequivocally than we generally do when we’re trying to make sense of our own immediate patch of history, and the deeds of our contemporaries.

In the realm of local history, the What-If game has the special attraction of allowing us to speculate about circumstances that we know something about, and about people we’ve at least heard of. More often than not, such reflections on the causes of local outcomes seem to indicate that in fact people can and do substantially influence and change those outcomes, for good or for bad, whether because they actively intervened, or just stepped aside. Which tells us something we want to believe—that concerned citizens can make a difference in the march of events. The history of a place, we are reminded, is not inevitable.

With all this in mind, let’s take a brief hike through a century of “what-if” pivotal moments in Jefferson County History, and see what turns up.

## The Creation of Jefferson County

Like all heroic institutional beginnings, the historical creation of Jefferson County in 1914 invites conjectures about what could have happened. What if dedicated “separationists” like Bill Barber and William Boegli of Culver and Lewis “Turk” Irving and Howard Turner of Madras hadn’t taken up the daunting challenge of organizing a campaign to create a new county out of the northwest side of what had been, since 1882, Crook County? If not then, thanks to their dauntless efforts, just at the outbreak of what became the First World War, when would the separation have come?

A loosely-coordinated campaign to create “Deschutes County” was mounted at the same time, but failed for lack of votes: what if both efforts had been unsuccessful in 1914, and the next attempt, instead of successfully voting in Deschutes County, had sought and achieved official status for a combined Deschutes-and-Jefferson

County? Bend as our county seat?!

The issue of “county seat,” of course, reminds us that after Jefferson County got itself born, the temporary county commissioners and judge appointed by Governor Oz West ended up (after taking over 280 votes) selecting Culver as the temporary county seat, until the next general election in fall 1916. In that campaign, Culver chose not to join Madras and Metolius on the county seat ballot, apparently assuming that it didn’t need to do so, or that neither of the two official candidates would get the required 60% of the vote. As it turned out, Madras won the prize,

but only by a very squeaky margin of 61%! You have to wonder: if Culver had deigned to get itself on the ballot, would Madras have failed to get its margin of the vote? If not, by law Culver would have held the county seat for four more years, until 1920—and what then, history buffs? (For the full story of all this, see my two-part “Birth of a County” in *Sageland*, Winter 2014 and Summer 2014, and included in my *Words Marked by a Place: Local Histories in Central Oregon*, forthcoming in 2018 from Oregon State University Press.)



Howard Turner, ca. 1920

## Willow Creek and Madras

Technically, the creek does flow around Madras, on its east and north sides, and it has been known to flood big-time, generally after snow run-offs and heavy rains over its extensive upland watershed, as in the Great Flood of 1964; the city must cope with an official “flood plain” designation in its eastern section that awkwardly limits development. But in modern times, every summer the creek all but disappears in its dusty channel, owing in part to extraction of water for irrigation upstream in the Grizzly area.

After the First World War, a prominent wheat farmer named Dolph Clark built a dam for irrigation purposes on Willow Creek, roughly where the County Dump/Transfer Station is now, just south of town. Where and how Clark obtained authorization for his project is unknown, but apparently the dam was not built to very high standards; and in the heavy run-off of February 1921, it began to collapse, under pressure from the lake rising behind it. The resulting wash-out and flood would have been a disaster for Madras, but according to the *Pioneer* of Feb. 17, 1921, “a party of high-school girls who were enjoying supper nearby” (an outdoor picnic supper, in February?) reported what was about to happen to Dolph Clark, and he and his crew worked all night to keep the dam from breaching.

The subsequent history of Clark’s dam after this near-miss is unknown; probably it was torn out, with “Good Riddance!” from the growing town downstream. But what if a bona fide well-constructed flood-control dam had been somehow built on the creek early on, instead of the improvised dam that failed? It would now be impounding water in a close-in reservoir, controlling floods, serving as a convenient recreation site, and allowing Madras to enjoy a year-round creek running through it.

## The Dream of Irrigation

In the same busy decade that saw the birth of the county and the establishment of its permanent seat of government, another hugely consequential step was taken—to bring irrigation to this area. Financial and political setbacks dogged this audacious effort from the start—to say nothing of a ruinous drought, the Great Depression, and two world wars— before the “Mighty Ditch” was completed and the transforming water reached the North Unit project in 1946. One way of giving the stubborn local farmers and community leaders their due for getting the job done over thirty

difficult years, is to ask, now, what if they’d given up along the way, say during the Depression, when dry farming was all but abandoned here, and both federal and private financing for the



Irrigation water arrives on the North Unit east of Culver, 1946

project seemed impossible? What if North Unit visionaries like Harry Gard and A.D. “Dick” Anderson had shrugged wearily and given up the cause? Harry Gard, who richly deserves the title “Father of the North Unit”, eventually lost his homestead farm on Agency Plains because of his single-minded dedication to the cause of irrigation. No quitters, these folks! (For a vivid account by a well-known Portland journalist, Marshall Dana, of the challenges and

setbacks faced by Gard, Anderson, and their co-workers in the 1920s, see “A Portland Editor Visits Jefferson County in 1924,” *THE AGATE*, Fall 2014, archived on the JCHS website at [jeffcohistorical.org](http://jeffcohistorical.org).)

## Rescuing the County from the New Deal?

There’s an interesting sidebar to the North Unit saga—another “what could have happened” episode with hair-raising implications. In the early 1930s, as this area sank deeper and deeper into the Depression, still in the grip of a drought, and no irrigation in sight, farmers left their farmsteads in such numbers that the county was in dire danger of bankruptcy—taxes weren’t being paid, businesses and banks in Madras and Culver were closing. Recognizing the problem here and elsewhere, Roosevelt’s “New Deal” Interior Department under Harold Ickes determined around 1933 to “reclaim” abandoned and derelict farmland by buying as much of it as possible (and as cheaply), re-locating the farmers, if they wished, and creating huge tracts of now-federally-owned land for grazing. This was the beginning of the “Marginal Lands” program, and ultimately the “National Grasslands” we know today.

But in poor, depopulated Jefferson County, a more drastic scheme was seriously entertained to turn most of the entire county into an experimental federal grazing project! What the schemers thought would happen to Madras, say, is not clear, but assuredly it would not have been a return to business as usual on Main Street. When remaining locals were finally given the chance to express their view of the plan, they indignantly registered opposition to it, and at length the feds backed down—but still claimed over 173,000 “marginal” acres, most of it once homesteaded, in a wide swath running from Gray Butte north, and across most of the so-called “Lower Desert” in Grandview country in the west of the county. (See Guy Swanson’s feature on Grandview in this issue,

and look for Jane Ahern's in-depth essay on "Reclamation and Resettlement" in AGATE IX, due in March 2018.)

The late Bill Grant, a JCHS Director and keeper of local history, used to tell a story (as yet undocumented) that he had from Howard Turner. According to Grant, when Turner learned about the Interior Department's end-game plan for Jefferson County, he contacted his old railroad-days pal Ralph Budd, lately CEO of Great Northern, and now head of Burlington Railroad. Budd declared that this was not why he and Jim Hill had built the Oregon Trunk into Central Oregon, and told Turner to join him in St. Paul, and from there they would go in Budd's private RR car to Washington D.C., where they would confront the Interior Department planners. These worthies readily acknowledged their radical plan for the county, whereupon Turner asked them how it would be compatible with federal support for the North Unit irrigation project, which was just then being reviewed for approval? Some bureaucratic head-scratching was followed by phone calls, confirming Turner's point. So the county's future as a conventional political/economic unit was reportedly rescued from the headlong technocratic engineers of the early New Deal, and we still have, surely to our advantage, both the public grazing and recreational terrain of the Crooked River National Grasslands, and

the nearly 60,000 productive acres of the North Unit Irrigation District. Did Turner's dramatic mission with Ralph Budd really happen, as Bill Grant remembered it? If so, it would be hard to top as a pivotal "what-if" episode!

### **Madras the Air Freight Hub of the West?**

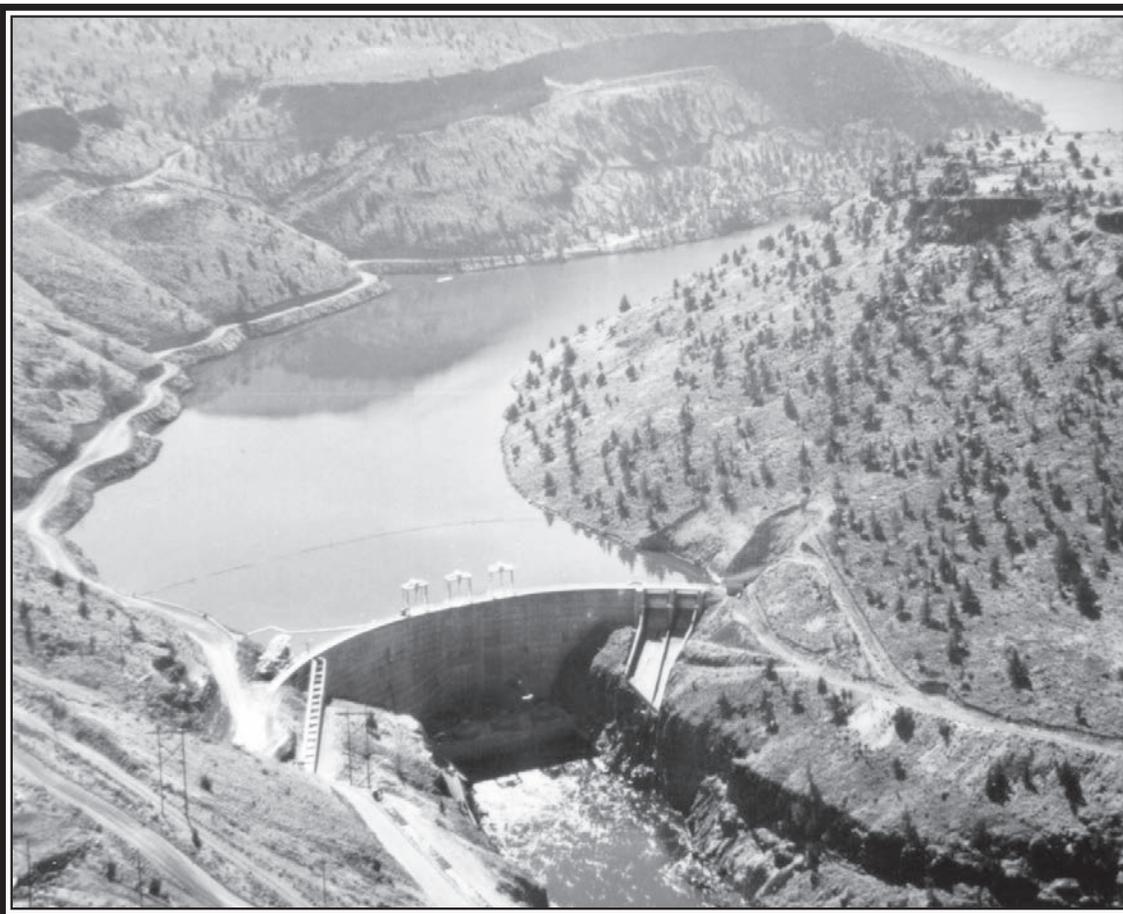
World War II brought another consequential development to the county—the rapid construction in 1942-3, of "Madras Army Air Field" on the south edge of Agency Plains. How the Army selected the site, and which locals promoted it, is not known, but there was a rudimentary "Madras Airport" there before the war. Similar "satellite" airfields were quickly built all over the country, mainly for air-crew training purposes (at Madras, B-17 bomber and P-39 fighter crews for the 2nd and 4th Air Forces respectively), but few have been as successfully reclaimed and developed for civilian aviation as ours has been.

But immediately after the war, in 1946, there was a brief "might-have-been" moment, in which our airport's future might have taken on national dimensions. The founding CO of the air field, Major Joe Arnold, had been very impressed by the site's climate, strategic location, and unusually long runways during his time here in 1943-4 and after the end of hostilities he actively promoted

its development as an "air cargo" hub for the entire West Coast! But Arnold's view of the future of commercial aviation, what we now call "air freight," was ahead of the times; air freight didn't find its wings until the 1960s and the advent of jet transports, and of course FedEx and UPS. Still, it's interesting to imagine what our spacious local skies would look and sound like in 2017, if Arnold's promotions had been taken seriously (to say nothing of the local economic impact of such a development).

### **How Our Dams Might Not Have Been Built**

In the first postwar decade, the possibility of building one or more hydroelectric dams on the Deschutes River came back into view; it had been projected as early as 1912 or so, when the would-be townsite of Vanora had advertised itself as the coming industrial and manufacturing capital of Central Oregon, because of the dam and power plant that (surely) would be built just upstream at the Pelton site. Forty years later, in the early 1950s, Portland General Electric took



Pelton Dam, newly completed, 1958

up the Pelton project in earnest—and almost immediately met with ferocious opposition, mainly from Portland interests, most of them arguing that the river was a natural treasure (especially for fly fishermen), and should not be violated by a dam.

Adding a downstream “re-regulation” dam and an elaborate east-side fish-ladder for spawning access around the dam led the Federal Power Commission to grant PGE a license to proceed, but the Oregon Hydroelectric Commission denied the project a state-level permit, and the State of Oregon successfully petitioned the U.S. Ninth Court of Appeals, by challenging the Federal Power Commission’s jurisdiction over the Deschutes, a river wholly within Oregon’s boundaries. So the battle lines were classically drawn between the State of Oregon and the Federal Government, with both of Oregon’s Senators, Wayne Morse and Richard Neuberger, sponsoring Congressional legislation to revoke PGE’s permit, and the State’s Attorney General, Robert Y. Thornton, actually suing PGE for constructing the dam without a valid state permit.

It all came due, at the highest level, with the U.S. Supreme Court deciding (on June 6, 1955) that Portland General Electric did have the right to complete and operate the dam. Against the massive and unusually well-coordinated opposition from State officials, both Portland newspapers, and anglers and conservationist groups throughout the Northwest, the Supreme Court’s ruling turned on the uncomplicated fact that the Pelton site was located between Confederated Warm Springs Tribal land on the west side, and land federally managed by the Bureau of Land Management on the east. Therefore, the State of Oregon lacked jurisdiction.

It was a very narrow, “circumstantial” victory for PGE and the strong supporters of the project in Jefferson County (including Howard Turner, near the end of his lifelong role as a champion of local advantages). So we got the Pelton Dam—and in the 1960s, Round Butte Dam. But with hindsight, over the twisty legal and political course of the project between state and federal authorities, “our dams” might not have come to pass, except for the happenstance and lucky “federal” location of the site. And if proposed today, this far into the post-dam, environmentally-sensitive era, the dams would probably not go forward at all. (See Craig Wollner, *Electrifying Eden: Portland General Electric, 1889-1965*. Portland, 1990)

### The Case of Cogentrix

Finally, let’s look briefly at an episode in our own millennium. In 2001-2, a time of extravagant energy speculation led by Enron, a feeding frenzy on the part of “merchant powerplant” corporations broke out in Oregon, attracted by the state’s then-new “open door”, market-friendly policy. Over sixty site applications were

filed around the state, including one by Cogentrix Energy LLC, of Charlotte, North Carolina, for a power plant near Grizzly Mountain. Cogentrix by all accounts wowed county and City of Madras officials with bright promises of economic advantages and long-term tax enhancements. The county gave tentative approval, and even offered a generous tax deferment, but when the public learned what was entailed—a huge facility to be built on the northeast approaches to Grizzly, with a 1000-megawatt output generated by four giant jet engines powered by natural gas from the nearby

pipelines and making superheated steam from five million gallons of water daily piped in over twenty miles from the Opal Springs aquifer and emitting plumes of vapor (including health-harmful particulate matter) 24/7—when all this was found out, opposition quickly

organized itself. There were town meetings, protest rallies, full-page signed newspaper ads pro and con, and so forth—a stir-up the likes of which probably hadn’t been seen since the months leading to the creation of the county in 1914.

The opposition, under the banner of STOP-COGENTRIX, undoubtedly slowed the applications/licensing/permissions process down considerably, until the collapse of Enron and the whole energy-commodity fever broke in 2002. On Sept. 26 of that year, Cogentrix announced that its Grizzly power-plant project had been put “on hold.” Subsequently units of the company filed for bankruptcy; it eventually reorganized and operates today as “Cogentrix Energy Power Management LLC.” As of 2016, “Cogentrix Grizzly Holdings Inc.” is still on file.

What if the company, with county support, had followed its fast local start by actually building the plant and making it operational by, say, 2004? It’s not at all clear that the electrical power it promised would have been easy to sell; incredibly, the official Oregon energy policy that drew Cogentrix, Duke Energy and other corporations to the state did not require power-plant applicants to show that viable markets existed for their power! When the whole “merchant powerplant” boom abruptly collapsed, beginning with Enron, taking Cogentrix LLC with it—how would this have impacted the Jefferson County/Madras economy just a few years before the Recession of 2008, if we had signed on? What would have been the fate of the jet engines, generators, giant exhaust stacks, water pipelines, etc. at the Grizzly site—dismantled and recycled, perhaps, or the whole operation sold to another would-be energy merchant, to limp on for a few unsuccessful years, and then close?

It’s important to notice that Oregon’s basic energy plan has not changed since the days when it was so inviting to Cogentrix and other corporate adventurers. So perhaps our “what if” examination of local historical episodes like this one should lead us to consider another question: “What then?” Or more precisely, “What now?”



# 2017 Eclipse Draws Historic Crowds

By Jane Ahern



At the fairgrounds on August 12, as the JCHS was threshing wheat with farm machines built around the time of last century's Great American Eclipse, a group of young people on the other side of the split-rail fence was setting up campsites in preparation for this century's Great American Eclipse, which would occur on August 21. As we enjoyed a serene day re-enacting history underneath the giant poplars, no doubt many of us were straining to see into the near future, the growing rows of tents a tantalizing hint of what our community would look like with an extra 100,000 people in it. Would there be chaos? Gridlock, crime, devastating fires, short-

ages of food and gas, extensive property damage?

Nobody knew what to expect because in its previous two close encounters with totality—in 1918 and 1979—Madras was just outside the path of the moon's

to pinpoint the southern boundary of the shadow, but most eclipse chasers flocked to points north such as Shaniko and the Columbia Gorge that were well inside the path of totality. (See the March 2017 issue of THE AGATE for a

story about the 1918 and 1979 eclipses)

Still, some comparison between the 1979 and 2017 eclipses is possible and one inevitable conclusion is that total solar eclipses are a much bigger deal for the general public now than they were just 38 years ago. If we needed any more illustrations of how technology

has changed everything, this was one. The ease of looking up the date of the next total eclipse and which location is likely to have the best chance at clear



ABOVE: NBC National News weekend anchor Kate Snow and her family, camping in Madras (NBC News)  
UPPER RIGHT: 2017 eclipse, 'diamond-ring effect. (photo by Amy Rathfelder)

shadow and so was not a prime destination for eclipse viewing as it was this time. The 1979 eclipse attracted a group of OSU researchers to the Agency Plains

skies, and then booking transportation, reserving accommodations and ordering eclipse glasses has enabled significantly greater numbers of people to travel—in some cases, great distances—to see a total eclipse. Then too, the current trend towards valuing experiences over objects, especially experiences that can be photographed and shared on social media, probably plays a role. It is much easier for experienced eclipse junkies to communicate to people everywhere how special a total solar eclipse is.

Luckily, it turns out that Jefferson County has plenty of space to absorb the huge numbers of people drawn by solar eclipses. The largest of our temporary campgrounds were either well outside of Madras on the Agency Plains or on the edges of town (the fairgrounds, Juniper Hills Park) and offered enough on-site amenities that most campers stayed put. Except for Sunday and Monday, when the most guests were here, city streets remained easily navigable.

In fact, the streets were eerily quiet on Friday and Saturday considering residents had been prepared for the onslaught to begin as early as Thursday. Unusual vehicles driven by obvious outsiders began appearing earlier in the week, but were mostly passing through on their way to the Symbiosis festival in Crook County. Food court vendors were nervous Friday morning about the lack of

customers, but things picked up gradually through Saturday and by Sunday downtown was hopping with pedestrians on the streets and tourists packing restaurants on

in for the airport's Solarport event. Airport officials brought in a mobile control tower to handle the unusual amount of traffic and planes continued to land about every

three minutes even after the partial eclipse began. Some of the planes brought celebrities who had probably never heard of Madras before this: Jeff Bezos, founder of Amazon.com and current owner of the Washington Post; Larry Page and Sergey Brin, founders of Google; performer Kid Rock; and actor Jeff Daniels. The three television networks—ABC, NBC and CBS—all sent teams to Madras to cover the eclipse on national television and one of the guests at the Juniper Hills Park campground was Baron Andrew Stunnell, a member of the British House of Lords.

One of the few unfortunate things to occur over the long eclipse weekend was that the pilot of a small plane was killed when he crashed in Willow Creek Canyon while approaching the airport. A condemned house on D Street was the victim of arson and a local man robbed the US Bank a few hours after the eclipse. All of those were serious incidents,

but they were few in number; the wave of crimes, fires, and medical emergencies that people feared never materialized.

All the hoopla over the crowds and



ABOVE: Small dog looking askance at eclipse shadows. BELOW: Crowd of private planes at Madras Airport for the eclipse.

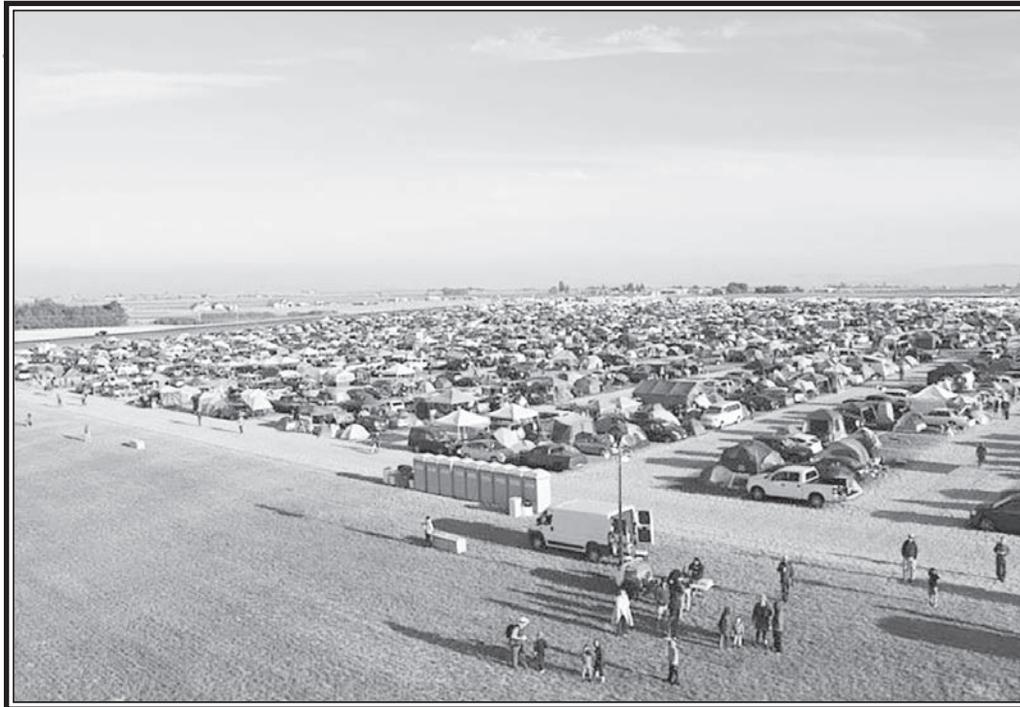


4th and 5th streets.

Some of the heaviest traffic from Friday to Monday was not on the highways but in the sky, as more than 400 airplanes flew

*“Local officials, businesses, campground hosts, and residents are to be congratulated for pulling off a feat of organization never before required of Jefferson County and for doing it with efficiency, grace and good humor.”*

festivities failed to overshadow the main event, which was as spectacular as promised. The moon began to cover the sun at 9:06 a.m. As the sun became an ever-smaller crescent, the light dimmed, the temperature fell, and all over the county excitement grew. People used colanders as pinhole viewers and discovered that sunlight shining through the trees also cast crescents on walls and decks. And then came the period of totality, a too-short two minutes from 10:19-10:21 which elicited from its viewers all possible expressions of amazement—exclaiming, cheering, crying, jumping up and down, running around. After the mind-blowing experience of totality, the remaining hour of partial eclipse, during which the sun re-emerged in a sliver of crescent and grew back into a circle, was a bit of a letdown. Seemingly seconds after totality ended, the



SolarTown encampment, from a hot-air balloon. (photo by Sophie Gemelas)

highways were clogged with thousands of drivers trying to get ahead of everyone else who needed to get home. It was not quite the mother-of-all-traffic-jams that had been predicted, but it was substantial.

Local officials, businesses, campground hosts, and residents are to be congratulated for pulling off a feat of organization never before required of Jefferson County

and for doing it with efficiency, grace and good humor. Guests from all over the world enjoyed themselves immensely; local residents loved encountering such a variety of people and were pleasantly surprised at how well-behaved the visitors were. There were few, if any, incidents of crime, violence, or vandalism and they left our community much cleaner than expected.

The experience left many local residents wanting more. There is already talk of hosting future events that will

bring in similar crowds, but it's hard to imagine any attraction that could match a total solar eclipse, so it likely will remain a unique event in Jefferson County history—at least until 2169, when Jefferson County will be once again in the path of totality.

Chronicling Jefferson County  
History since 1904

## Jefferson County in the Battle of Midway, June 1942

**W**hen the 75th anniversary of the Battle of Midway was celebrated in San Diego on June 5, Madras and Jefferson County were prominently represented

by long-time Madras resident Ellis Skidmore (Commander USN, retired)

Skidmore, 92, a career Navy veteran (1941-1962) was honored with four other survivors of the Pacific War's first decisive naval battle, on board the USS carrier "Midway" in San Diego Harbor. Having recently donated his extensive wardrobe of Navy uniforms to the Jefferson County Historical Society, he reclaimed his "dress whites" for the San Diego celebration, and was the only honoree to be wearing his dress uniform.

During the Midway fighting (carried out entirely by Navy planes: the American and Japanese ships never saw each other), Skidmore played an important role, as a crew-member on PBV "Catalina" patrol planes, keeping track of the Japanese fleet and rescuing downed American aviators. He went on to serve as a Navy patrol bomber commander in the Pacific, was stationed in the Philippines after the war, and ended his illustrious career as a missile control officer.

At least one other Jefferson County resident served at Midway, and lost his life in the action—Navy Lt. (jg) George M. Campbell.

Campbell, who grew up on the Campbell place in John Brown Canyon, and graduated from Madras High School in 1926, joined the Naval Air Corps in 1928. (His grand-nephew Dave Campbell and grand-niece Jennie Campbell Smith are JCHS Directors.)

At Midway, he was pilot of a Douglas TBD "Devastator" torpedo bomber with "Torpedo Squadron Eight," based on the carrier "Hornet." On June 4, 1942, after hours of searching, Campbell and his Torpedo-Eight mates spotted the Japanese fleet and immediately attacked the ships, but their slow, lightly-armed planes, lacking fighter-plane protection, were shot down one by one, and only one man—Ensign John Gay—was rescued, after 24 hours in the Pacific.

Walter Lord (*Incredible Victory: the Battle of Midway*) and other military historians have credited "Torpedo Eight" with distracting and slowing the advance of the Japanese fleet toward Midway, so that American SBD "Dauntless" dive bombers were able to catch it off-guard, and in one all-out attack they sank four aircraft carriers and a heavy cruiser. It was a devastating loss for the Japanese, and a major turning point for the Allies in the Pacific War.

George Campbell and his squadron mates were awarded the Navy Cross.



Ellis Skidmore—veteran of the Battle of Midway



George M. Campbell — killed at Midway (Photo courtesy Mark Horan)

George Campbell and his squadron mates were awarded the Navy Cross.

# A Threshing Bee for Jefferson County

Today's irrigated farmers in Jefferson County are still growing wheat, among many other crops—but for their forebears, wheat was the main show, and back then it was, for better or worse, dry-farmed. Before tractors and self-propelled combines, wheat harvest was a multi-phased, labor-intensive operation that usually involved reaper-binders that went into wheat-fields when the grain was still a little shy of ripe and cut it and bound it into sheaves, or shocks. Then, when the grain had ripened, the shocks were conveyed to a stationary separator or threshing machine, where the grain was winnowed out and sacked.

Seeking to keep the lore of local dry-farming alive, JCHS Director Dave Campbell and some friends—they belong to Local Branch 248 of “The Old Engine Club”—plowed and rock-picked two acres of ground on the west edge of the county fairgrounds last spring, and sowed it with “Sonora” wheat, an heirloom dry-land variety. It came up nicely in the wet weather of April and May, and although in this year's long, hot, rain-less summer it turned out to be a sparse stand, they cut it during fair week with an antique horse-drawn reaper-binder owned

and operated by Mike McIntosh; and then on August 12 set up Dave Campbell's compact 1900-era separator (driven by a belt from an ancient one-lung tractor of uncertain origins), and with a gathering of appreciative onlookers, threshed their crop. They even baled the plentiful straw with an elderly stationary baler: 2017 County Fair

Grand Marshal Gladys Grant was fittingly awarded the straw bales for use on her Willow Creek ranch.

Dave Campbell thought the crop made maybe 10 bushels per acre. That would be a low average yield for local farmers a hundred years ago, but it was at least enough for seeding next year's crop (and maybe for some whole-wheat flour?). Over a delicious old-style traditional harvest supper laid on by the Historical Society (with home-made ice cream and Dutch-oven cobblers), the strong consensus was that local agricultural history had been well served by the whole operation, and that in addition

to the sacks of Sonora wheat on hand, there was an intangible harvest: of a hands-on recovery of once-crucial farming know-how, and of the good fun of carrying out such an operation in the company of friends. Wait until next year!



Mike McIntosh cutting the “Sonora” wheat with his reaper-binder



1912 Hedlund photo of shocks on a Metolius-area wheat field; separator in distance

## — CAMPBELL'S CORNER —

# JCHS' Antique Oat Roller Restored to Working Condition

By Jennie Smith

An 'oat roller' farm implement made for R.M. Wade & Co. about 100 years ago was donated to the Jefferson County Historical Society. The identity of the donor and the roller's history are unclear. The company that sold them was founded in 1865 in Salem, Oregon. It started as a hardware and dry goods store but soon started focusing on the sale of agricultural implements, buggies and hardware to farmers. Today Wade Rain sells sprinklers and drip systems throughout the world.

The donated roller was basically a pile of old, weather-beaten boards and parts. It was heavy and sat fixed on the ground. It did not have wheels since it was most likely kept close to an area where the harvested oat shocks could be stored and, once the grain was rolled, easily fed to livestock.

The roller was restored by David Campbell, a local history enthusiast and lover of old equipment. The oat roller was located in the J.C.H.S. machine shed by the Pioneer House. David took the pile of boards, studied and cleaned them, figuring out the mechanics of the roller. All the moving parts were cleaned, oiled and made to function again. Antique wheels were installed so the roller could be moved easily for demonstration purposes. Paint was applied and a new "clean out" was added for removing grain that would fall through or the occasional 'rats nest'.

The purpose of the oat roller was to roll oats for both livestock and human consumption. Horses do especially well with the nutritional value and ease of digestion of oats. Large teams of horses were kept to do the farming.

Sometimes farmers used hand grinders to roll grains but that was arduous and time-consuming. This grain roller is driven by auxiliary power and is much faster than hand grinding. Horses were used for auxiliary power to work the roller as were steam and gas-powered engines.

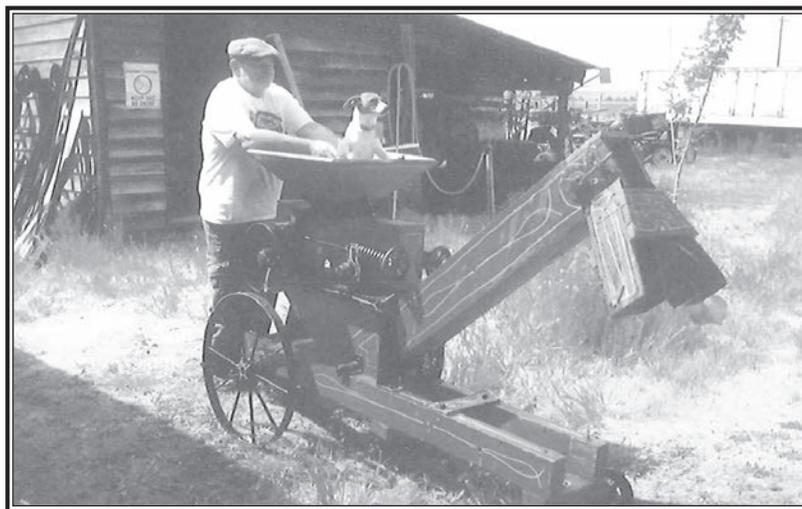
During harvest the oats would be bound into bundles, shocked and left to ripen in the field. Once ripe, the shocks would be brought to the thresher. Sometimes the bundles were stored in the barn until winter and threshed as needed for feeding livestock. Other times a custom threshing outfit would use their steam tractor and thresher and go from farm to farm threshing and putting grain into bags for small farms to sell or store and roll as needed.

Since restoration, the roller has been successfully demonstrated on David's farm and at the Threshing Bee in Dufur, Oregon. The most recent demonstration was during the Jefferson County Historical

Society Threshing Bee held August 12, 2017 at the Pioneer Home located at the county fairgrounds.



ABOVE: Oats in the hopper, being rolled (photo courtesy of Bill Vollmer)  
BELOW: Dave Campbell and faithful companion inspect the oat-rolling machine. (photo by Katherine Smith)



# “Neighborhood News”: An Appreciation

By Jerry Ramsey

For many years, from the dawn of the twentieth century through the 1950s, small-town western weeklies like the Madras *Pioneer* regularly published “neighborhood news” columns, as gathered and written primarily by local farm women. Generally their reportage was by-lined, and they were paid “by the inch”—the exact rates seem to be forgotten, but evidently generous enough to encourage persistent, even aggressive news-gathering. It may be that the work made more money than selling eggs.

I remember in the '40s and '50s my mother being called every week, a few days before the *Pioneer's* deadline, by our “Agency Plains-Mud Springs” correspondent, a dear older lady named Eva Stebbins. My mom was temperamentally not inclined to indulge in gossip about our extended family and neighbors, and this restraint must have been frustrating to Mrs. Stebbins, but still she regularly called, and on occasion would try the old newsman’s ploy of broaching a rumor she’d heard in our neighborhood, and then asking if we knew anything about it. My mom invariably declined to take the bait, and in general the reporting from our household was disappointingly tame (or so my brother and I thought)—mainly about visits from or to various relatives, or a trip to Bend or Redmond . . . which would be rendered “On Wednesday Gus and Wilma

Ramsey motored to Bend on business,” a quaint choice of verb that always seemed to hint that we might have gone to Bend in some other conveyance, but didn’t.

Mrs. Stebbins carried on for the *Pioneer* under various editors from the Depression years of the '30s through WWII, and well into the radical transformations of Agency Plains (and for that matter, Mud Springs) with the coming of irrigation. She was journalistically indefatigable, and a recent check of the *Pioneer's* archives revealed that on August 15, 1951, she may have set an all-time record for column inches in one issue: 65 ½ inches, considerably taller than she was.

Other long-term neighborhood correspondents were Erma (Mrs. George) Rufener of Grizzly (mother of JCHS Vice President Betty Fretheim), Mrs. Harvey Rhoades of Trout Creek, Bertha Symons

of Ashwood, and Mrs. Herb Keeney of Culver.

Besides the *Pioneer*, which has published continuously since 1904, our part of north Central Oregon has been newspapered at least briefly by other weeklies—the Culver *Deschutes Valley Tribune*, which ran from 1911 to 1919, the Ashwood *Prospector* (which folded around 1905), and of course the more recent (and ongoing) Warm Springs *Spilyay Tymoo*, or “Coyote News.” All at least sporadically carried accounts of neighborhood doings. In the case of the *Pioneer*, this coverage over the years has touched on just about every hamlet

or community ever to self-consciously spring up here. At one time or another, you could read about what folks were up to in the following places—



Erma Rufener, long-time “Grizzly Items” correspondent for the Madras *Pioneer*



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- Gateway
- Little Plains
- Metolius
- Culver
- Grandview /Geneva (not Camp Sherman)
- Opal City
- Trail Crossing (sometimes “Poverty Flat” or “Heelstring Nation”)
- Lamonta
- Haystack
- Grizzly

What got reported from such districts was facilitated (after WWI) by party-line telephone systems, and it depended, of course, on the newsgathering and gossiping prowess of the local reporters and the discretion (or lack of it) of their sources. It also depended, seasonally, on what was happening, work-wise, on local farms and ranches, and on the current weather. And, it always seemed to me that, underneath the commonalities of the reporting, there were subtle but distinctive differences between the columns—a different “flavor,” so to speak, for Ashwood or Grizzly (“earthy,” socially tight-knit, pinochle-prone), as compared to Culver or Agency Plains (town-oriented, farming at the center of everything). From Ashwood, for example, there might be news about someone’s bitch hound having a litter of five puppies; from Grizzly, of so-and-so plowing last week, or building fence; from Culver or Agency Plains, reports of business trips to Portland, or “irrigation” meetings.

On the other hand, reading the columns together over their many decades reveals, often dramatically, how historical changes impacted country people’s lives—in Ashwood or Grizzly just as consequentially as in Portland or Omaha. So, as soon as the railroads arrived in early 1911, there were local news stories of ranchers shipping cattle, sheep, wool, sacks of wheat to market in Portland on the Oregon Trunk, and of intrepid families traveling all the way there by rail for visits.

Once American involvement in the First World War got underway, there appeared reports of “send-offs” for local boys leaving for military training camps, and notice of scrap-metal drives to support the war effort. And by 1943, the columnists were trying to keep track of neighborhood soldiers around the U.S., and then in Europe, North Africa, and the South Pacific as WWII advanced. Furloughs home were sure to be highlighted.

The advent of automobiles here in the Teens? You could read about so-and-so’s new Ford or Velie Six, and local concerns about the bad conditions of roads (at least for autos)—signs-of-the-changing-times in the districts. The belated coming of rural electrification to back-country Jefferson County after WWII? “Ashwood News” from 1951: “Byron Friend helped Frank Wheeler unload a new deep freezer.”

The really brutal changes imposed on

our forebears here in the ’20s and ’30s by a decade-long drought and the Great Depression were rarely recorded in the local news columns, except indirectly in mention of farm-auctions and people moving elsewhere. And this seeming reticence should not surprise us—the good folks remaining on Little Plains or Horseheaven were as communities “hunkered” down in the midst of their burdens, helping each other out, more interested in surviving their mutual troubles than reporting or reading about someone who might be “making news”

beyond the work at hand. That would be one of the social rewards from hanging on and reaching prosperity again, not now!

One striking feature of our local news reporting, early and late—striking at least to privacy-conscious readers today—is the general willingness of the reporters and their sources to treat just about anything on the family and personal level (except for serious scandal) as news. In the earliest homesteading days, with a lot of young bachelors on hand, there was much editorial teasing, as if

in a high school hallway, of suspected romantic pursuits. So, in a 1904 issue from the *Pioneer’s* first year, it’s reported that “Chester Gard has his new house on his homestead [on Agency Plains] almost completed, and it appears to us that it is rather large for a bachelor. Perhaps Chester is thinking of taking in a partner?”

Likewise, later that same year, from Grizzly: “John Palmehn left yesterday



The prime carrier of neighborhood news—farmer’s wall-phone

PAGE TWO

**Warm Springs  
Tops Prineville  
18-9, Sunday**

Warm Springs won its second game of the season from Prineville, Sunday, 18-9, giving the Indians 4 wins and one loss for the year. The Juniper League game was played at Warm Springs.

Prineville led 9 to 8 when the Indians came to bat in the last half of the seventh. The hard-swinging Warm Springs team knocked out a total of seven runs in their turn at bat to sew up the game.

With the bases loaded, R. Solter, centerfielder, hit a low one which was missed by the Prineville centerfielder. Solter went all the way and cleaned the bases. Three more runs were added before the Indians were stopped. The Warm Springs team got three more in the eighth inning to ice the game.

Watkins of Prineville had a perfect day with four for four, including one home run. C. Smith was the winning pitcher and Ed Spino completed the battery. Kluchi pitched and Martin caught for the invaders. The Indians will meet the Redmond team Sunday, June 28. Apples Shawaway, manager, said.

**Warm Springs**

By Mrs. Glen Husted

**WARM SPRINGS** — Bobby Swann spent Sunday at Jantzen Beach park, the trip being sponsored for the Oregon Journal carriers.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kimler of Madras were Friday callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Sedlacek.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis A. Lovelace and four children from Drain, Oregon, visited over the weekend at the home of Mr. Lovelace's

daughter, Mrs. Paul Hanson and family. On Sunday the two families enjoyed a trip to Butte lake, Bend and Peterson's rock garden. The Lovelaces left early Monday morning to return to their home in Drain.

Mrs. Brisky left Saturday for her home in California after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bob Brown and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wyszard and son of Madras visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Husted.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Campobasso and sons were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Stenagar.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fuller and family of Maupin visited Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Earl.

Bruce Thrasher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ilo Thrasher, arrived home June 18 for a fourteen day visit with his parents. He will report back to his base in San Diego July 2.

Mr. John Fattu was a Thursday visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Wanker.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Jennerjohn were Bend visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Onan Beasley and children were Father's Day guests at the home of Mrs. Beasley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Jennerjohn and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Earl were Redmond visitors Monday.

**Police News**

Lloyd Lewis Graves, Madras, drunk on a public street, \$25 fine or 15 days. George J. Osieczanek, Madras, drunk in a public place (June 12, 1953), \$25 fine or 12 days. George J. Osieczanek, Madras, drunk on a public street (June 15, 1953), \$50 fine or 24 days in jail (total).

Claude Wilson, Madras, improper parking, \$2.50 fine. Adeline Miller, Warm Springs, drunk in a public place, lodged in Redmond city jail overnight, \$25 fine. Everett Breshears, Madras, improper parking, \$2 fine, \$1 suspended.

Harry Alonzo Wheeler, Madras, violation of basic rule—squirrels, \$10 fine, \$5 suspended. Oscar Skidmore, Metolium, vagrancy, \$100 fine and 50 days in jail. Frances Hallie Nicholes, Madras Rt. 1, expiring car license, \$5 fine.

Charles Harlon McClane, Portland, violation of basic rule, forfeit \$10 bail. Leonard Raymond Wren, Seattle, Washington, violation of basic rule, forfeit \$10 bail.

Minor, Madras, expired license, \$5 fine, suspended. Raymond E. Nelson, violation of basic rule, \$10 bail forfeit.

**Discussion of 1953  
Hunting Rules Open  
To General Public**

The Oregon State Game Commission announces the first public hearing for the purpose of setting the 1953 hunting regulations. The hearing will be held at the game commission headquarters at S.W. 17th avenue and Alder street, Portland, on July 19, 1953 at 10 a.m.

All parties with suggestions for regulations regarding seasons, bag limits, or methods of taking the game birds, game animals, or furbearers of the state are invited to attend. It is requested that all important facts and information be submitted to the commissioners in writing.

Tentative regulations will be set after the hearing and the commission will reconvene on Friday, July 24, to set the final 1953 hunting regulations.

**Ashwood News**

By Mrs. Frank Symons

**ASHWOOD**—Kae Keegan is driving a new car. It was a graduation present from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keegan.

Visiting the L. C. Swanson family during the week were Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, Joyce and Ronnie of Beaverton, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Ferris, Betty Lou and Glen of Tigard and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ferris and LeAnn of Beaverton.

Bible school is now in session in Ashwood. Teachers are Misses Loretta Slayton and Betty Carmichael.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Thornton are building a house on their ranch in Pony Butte.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Sheffield and Mr. and Mrs. Wharton were spending a while with the Gerald Thorntons. A new foundation and a basement were put under their house. Enlargement of the living room and bedroom completed the project.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Nartz and Sharon attended the McDonald-Unger wedding at Mt. Angel on Saturday. From there they journeyed to Spokane, Washington to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton visited in Dixie, Washington and attended to business in Pendleton on Saturday. They were guests at the wedding of Tom McDonald and Miss Marion Unger.

Recently Mrs. Willis Nartz was hostess to a pink and blue shower for Mrs. Harold Rogers. The ladies spent the evening playing canasta. A buffet luncheon was served. Clever decorations were varied color napkins in the shape of a sack tied with ribbons and nut cups graced by a safety pin stork. After lunch Mrs. Rogers opened her gifts. Present were Mrs. Rose Lewis, Mrs. Leone Kaser, Mrs. Roberta Symons, Mrs. Gertrude Finnell, Mrs. Marie Hale, Mrs. Edith Friend, Mrs. Luella Friend, Mrs. Virginia Swanson, Mrs. Ruth Swanson, Miss Charleen Swanson, Mrs. Lucille Thornton, Mrs. Fern Thornton, Mrs. Earl Carter and the hostess, Mrs. Evelyn Nartz and the honoree, Mrs. Helen Rogers.

Mrs. Bertha Symons is currently visiting her daughters, Mrs. Stanley May and Mrs. Pat Pegg in Spokane.

Mrs. Charley Short returned to Ashwood Monday evening after a stay at Willowdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Symons and children attended the Bend-Port-

Sweeney, Romie, Tommy and Paul. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Grader, Dorothy and Arma, spent the weekend at a family reunion at the Charles Oregon City, and visited Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Martin at West Linn and Mr. G. S. Martin at Cherryville.

In Madras on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kaser and sons Bobby and Teddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Lepp of Coos Bay are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Swanson, Charleen and Linda. Francis Johnson and his family have moved to the Lewis place while Francis farms there.

Frank Symons and Bernard Thornton went to East lake fishing Sunday evening. They each caught several nice trout.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis were in Madras shopping on Saturday. Mrs. Jona Johnson was a Madras visitor on Saturday.

Mrs. Dewey Degner visited in Ashwood on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Byron Friend went berry picking near Portland on Sunday.

Mrs. Bernard Thornton, Loren, Ray and Rene Roberts visited Mrs. Frank Symons Sunday night and Monday. Monday afternoon the ladies, including Mrs. Dewey Degner, visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton.

Joanne Wheeler is at her parent's home in Madras. She recently completed her second year of college at Oregon College of Education at La Grande. Bud Wheeler was at home for a weekend. He returned to Camp Roberts on a Tuesday with his folks driving him as far as Vancouver.

Mrs. Edith Friend has been helping Beth McDonald with spring housecleaning.

**Grizzly Events**

By Mrs. George Rufener

**GRIZZLY**—A school meeting was held at the school house Monday night to elect a member to the non-high school board. Those at the meeting were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Monroe and Mr. and Mrs. George Rufener.

The Morrow Brothers rode the marginal land pastures Sunday night and Gordon Monroe rode the pastures Monday night.

Matt Magelky was in Redmond last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rufener and family took Mrs. Katie Rufener Tuesday evening to the Floyd Evick home where they met Bill Rufener and his cousin, Eddie Grimes who arrived by bus from Portland. Bill and Mrs. Katie Rufener remained at Evick's and took the early bus Wednesday morning for Sumner, Washington. Eddie Grimes returned home with the Rufeners to spend the week while his mother, Mrs. Ralph Grimes was recuperating from an appendicitis operation. Mrs. Grimes is Mrs. Rufener's sister.

Andrew Morrow attended a PMA meeting in Madras the first of the week.

Bob Kauffman has been helping put up hay on the Agency plains. George Rufener helped Floyd Evick mow hay Wednesday.

The Morrow Brothers and Gordon Monroe attended a Wheat League meeting Friday evening. Jimmy accompanied his father and attended the show.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rufener and family and their nephew, Eddy Grimes visited at the Gordon Monroe home Friday evening.

Eddie Grimes stopped off at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sumner, where his father, Ralph Grimes, picked him up later in the evening.

Sunday at noon Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Siegman and Mrs. Mary

Clarence Siegmans past season, we neither-in-law, a some with them. Mr. and Mrs. attended a bright Richards luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. and boys called Hoffer's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kauffman called at the Grady afternoon, went home we put up hay. Norma McCoo Morrow Brother.

**FATHER KILL**

Virgil Weir, farmer and father of Miller of Madras, killed Tuesday over by a tractor. He was loading trailer when the tractor started to con ran to catch the but he missed under the tractor ran over him, a his skull. Mr. a Madras, Wednesday funeral.

**NOTICE**

In the County of Oregon

In the Matter of Guardianship of E. SNYDER

Notice is hereby given that GEORGE C. S. TRUDE E. SNYDER, the 6th day of county of Jefferson, to the higher and upon

conditions herein private sale, a tion by said Co- loring describ- ing to the com- petent per-

That portion quarter of S ship 11 South of the Will lying West-

right of way said premises the terminat- lease on said than Novembe- dian will also the incompe-

for a short visit to Cline Falls and Prineville. Rumor has it that John has a feminine attraction at the latter place, and that Judge Brooks is liable to be called into service at any time." If such romances came to fruition, this was sure to be reported in follow-up stories about surprise "shivarees" being held for the newlyweds, often with details of pranks and genial embarrassments inflicted on them before the celebratory potluck supper began.

Illness and injuries were also staple news from the districts. In March 1951, germs and viruses were apparently spreading around Grizzly: "Jimmy Monroe and Sharon Krause are both out of school with the mumps. Mrs. Clair Osborn is in bed with a sore throat. Clair took her to Redmond Saturday to see the doctor." From Grandview in 1946: David South was reported missing from school on Monday with an unidentified illness, "his first absence from school during the year." And of course notice of someone's illness might lead on to a follow-up report on their recovery. Agency Plains/Mud Springs 1946: "Mrs. Frank Stangland who has had the flu is up and around again."

Accidents happened, and became news: from Warm Springs in 1951, we are reassured that "Mr. and Mrs. George Minton have their car back, which was badly wrecked some time ago, as of Tuesday." From Ashwood/Horseheaven in 1946: "Frank Baker's saddle horse fell with him last week, dislocating an ankle"—presumably Frank's ankle, not the horse's.

Have we culturally evolved beyond wanting to share such personal details in print? Apparently—but consider what is often revealed on Facebook nowadays—albeit without any sense of a neighborhood where the revealers are located (if indeed Facebook addicts have any neighborhoods).

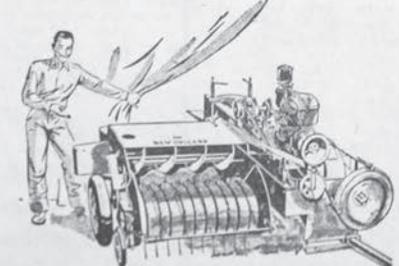
The local columns ran strong in the Pioneer and comparable weeklies into

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Typical Pioneer layout for "neighborhood news"

the early 1960s, and then seem to vanish abruptly. Why? The growing distractions of television? More “hard” news to cover locally, and thus less need, or at least less space, for such freelance contributions? Increasing mobility in the outlying communities, meaning centralized schools, school busing, more frequent “motoring” to town, and thus ever-wider social and cultural horizons and thus less time and attention for neighbors and neighborhoods per se? Explained this way, the disappearance of the columns feels like a loss, and it was, but of course there were compensations, and we live with them now, both the gains and the losses.

No need to sentimentalize it, but something endearing, something socially affirmative and shareable went out of our lives with the disappearance of those faithful, funny reports from “the outlying districts.” Consider these Pioneer items, covering fifty years in the first half of the twentieth century:

**LITTLE PLAINS, August 6, 1904:**  
Doctor Snook stopped for a few minutes at the home of Mr. Mortimore Sunday afternoon and helped devour a 20 lbs. watermelon grown on Mortimore’s farm.

**CULVER, February 20, 1913:**  
Good home made sauerkraut in larger or smaller quantities. H. Bivens, Culver, Oregon.

**OPAL CITY, October 30, 1913:**  
J.R. Mendenhall and Cliff Ralston will give a dance and basket supper at Van Tassel’s Hall Oct. 31. Everybody come and get all you can eat and all the dancing you want for four bits!

**FAIRVIEW (east of Hay Creek Ranch)  
July 7, 1914:**

As the shades of evening were falling, the roads in all directions leading to the school were lined with people in hacks, buggies, wagons, on horseback, and even two automobiles put in an appearance (for an ice-cream social at Fairview School).

**WARM SPRINGS, February 6, 1919:**  
Custer Wallulatum’s little boy died of the flu last Thursday, and we laid him away on the hillside on Friday . . . .

**ASHWOOD, February 13, 1919:**  
Clarence Short returned home from Fort Lewis and the Army last week and is on his homestead again.

**AGENCY PLAINS, February 13, 1919:**  
Bernard Ramsey, who has been in the service of Uncle Sam since May 1918, has received his discharge from the Marine Corps and returned home the latter part of the week from Quantico, Virginia, where he had been sent about two weeks before the Armistice, assigned for overseas duty as a thrower of hand grenades.

**ASHWOOD, January 18, 1923:**  
Frank Gill made a trip to Antelope Monday for groceries.

**AGENCY PLAINS, January 18, 1923:**  
Sam Mitchell and family took advantage of the rainy day and came to town Saturday to do their week’s shopping.

**WARM SPRINGS, February 8, 1923:**  
A number of employees were present at the radio program at the Mess Building Friday night. An initiation at the Hoot

Owl Club in Portland was heard. Several other radio programs have been enjoyed during the past few weeks.

**ASHWOOD, February 13, 1923:**  
Mrs. Bennie Friend and sons were visitors at Grandma’s Saturday.

**ASHWOOD, May 17, 1923:**  
Those registered at the [Ashwood] Hotel last week included Ben Taylor of Mitchell, Mr. Ward of Wasco, L. Stephens of Burnt Ranch, Jim Garrett and Arthur Kibbee, and others.

**CULVER, April 3, 1924:**  
It is reported that there is a marked chance for recovery in the condition of Ross Healey, who was operated on last Monday for appendicitis in Bend.

**GRIZZLY, May 1, 1924:**  
Morrow and Keenan announce that their lambing season will not be over for a couple of weeks yet. They expect to start shearing soon.

**GRIZZLY, May 8, 1924:**  
Smith Brothers expect to have their mill running in a few days.

**GRIZZLY, May 15, 1924:**  
Grandma Vincent departed on the eve of the 9th for California, where she thinks the climate will suit her much better.

**CULVER, October 4, 1924:**  
Hen Windom has returned from the mountains with his cattle.

**GRIZZLY, May 12, 1927:**  
A large crowd gathered last Sunday at the Elkins Place to enjoy the picnic given by the Hay Creek School, under direction of Miss Merlie Hurt, their teacher. Barnyard

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golf and numerous other sports occupied the greater part of the day.” –“A little more sunshine is what the farmers need in this section. That, with rain, would make things hum.

**ASHWOOD, October 6, 1927:**

A dance will be given the 29th of October by Ray Crocker at the old Julius Johnson Store. Basket supper.

**GATEWAY, December 5, 1929:**

Gatewayites made soup of the Thanksgiving turkey bones, and have now settled down to the business of getting ready for Christmas festivities.

**GRIZZLY, January 2, 1930:**

The Grizzly School and Grizzly Butte Grange combined to put on a nice little program Christmas Eve in the Grange Hall. The program consisted of recitations and music. A one act play called “The Human Ford” brought a good laugh from the audience. The feature of the evening was a song and dance number by six of Grizzly’s fair maidens. These young ladies did their stuff in praiseworthy style. We wouldn’t be surprised if they received a tempting offer from Flo Ziegfeld in the near future.

**GATEWAY, January 2, 1930:**

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Luelling of Agency Plains were in town Saturday with another rail shipment of dressed turkeys which they sent to Portland markets.

**WARM SPRINGS, January 23, 1930:**

At the present time the coldest temperature reported here was 33 degrees below zero Monday night. Nearly

every resident is busy nursing frozen water pipes.

**ASHWOOD, December 5, 1935:**

Due to so much illness among the school children at Pony Butte, the school has been closed for a short period of time.

**CULVER, December 12, 1935:**

Big plans are being made for a community Christmas tree to be had this year. Mrs. Willis Boegli is doing her bit by going around collecting whatever each feels he can give to help out with the treats.

**GATEWAY, July 9, 1936:**

Someone put some people to quite a great inconvenience Saturday by blotting out the sign ‘Warm Springs 20 miles’ and stating that the road to Warm Springs was practically impassable. This was a barefaced falsehood. The road from the Dalles-California [highway] via Gateway via the Vanora Grade, the new highway, never was in better condition, and is only 20 miles, while by way of Madras, as the perpetrator indicates, is nearly 30 miles. Some joke. Some road. Some liar. Somebody.”

**METOLIUS, July 9, 1936:**

Through an error last week, Mr. Moehre was reported to have 300 young turkeys, when he has only 150.

**ASHWOOD, February 4, 1937:**

Elvie Lowrey butchered hogs last week.

**CULVER, May 26, 1937:**

Mrs. W.C. Barber entertained the graduates and teachers of Culver High

School at dinner Tuesday evening. An evening of games and music followed.

**CULVER, May 26, 1937:**

Fishing on Crooked River is much improved and good catches are being made by almost everyone.

**GRANDVIEW, May 26, 1937:**

Marion South “made a record trip with his new pickup, driving from El Rancho [on the lower Metolius] to Culver in just one hour and five minutes. Previous record was made by T. Hubbard, one hour fifteen minutes, with a light model pickup. Speaking of such trips, Bill Hart made the drive from El Rancho to Madras and return with a running time of a little less than two hours. It was an emergency trip, going for supplies. The return was made after dark. A mile this side of the Montgomery Ranch, Hart made a quick turn, banged into a couple of jack pines, knocking them flat.

**GRANDVIEW, June 2, 1938:**

An account of a fir tree blowing over, narrowly missing the correspondent’s house, leading to this observation: “We warn those timid souls with weak hearts to avoid the Metolius country where bad roads, rattlesnakes, and falling trees make the game of life just a little bit more dangerous.

**WARM SPRINGS, June 9, 1938:**

Chief Frank Queahpama from Simnasho is at the hospital ill with pneumonia.

**TROUT CREEK, March 5, 1942:**

One of the most promising signs of spring in the Trout Creek section were



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the buttercups found by the Edward Bolter family earlier this week.

**CULVER, November 4, 1943:**  
A cablegram has been received by Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Barber from their son Capt. Rex Barber, that he had arrived safely on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. He recently volunteered for active duty in China or India, and it is not known here where he will be stationed.

**AGENCY PLAINS, June 8, 1944:**  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klann received a message on Saturday from the War Department telling them of the death of their son Ralph, in action somewhere in North Africa, according to his grandmother, Mrs. Cora Luelling. Ralph was home on a furlough last November. He was only 21 years of age, and was a machinist's mate 2/c on a PT boat.

**AGENCY PLAINS, August 8, 1946:**  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Green, [grandson] Morris Evick, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Toothman picked huckleberries at the

patch located near the lava beds on the McKenzie Pass. Berries were plentiful but generally small, Mrs. Green reported.

**ASHWOOD, Sept. 14, 1946:**  
Lewis Muhs of Antelope took four pigs to Roy Darby and to Elvie Crowley.

**ASHWOOD, October 16, 1946:**  
Several days ago, a number of families went up Foley Creek to cut wood for the Grange. Bill Lowrey took a wood saw, and Gerald Thornton hauled the wood out. The crowd enjoyed a picnic supper.

**TROUT CREEK, June 24, 1948:**  
Warren and Gordon Priday and Harvey Rhoades helped brand at the Bolter ranch early Thursday.

**ASHWOOD, July 8, 1948:**  
The Ashwood Store received a fresh coat of paint Sunday.

**ASHWOOD, July 22, 1948:**  
A rattlesnake bit Byron Friend on the hand Saturday forenoon. He was taken immediately to Madras to the doctor.

**ASHWOOD, August 12, 1948:**  
A nine year old milk cow belonging to Frank Wheeler recently gave birth to twin calves, a heifer and a bull.

**GRIZZLY, March 1, 1951:**  
Art Krause got some new baby chickens last Friday.

**ASHWOOD, March 1, 1951:**  
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Marston are the parents of a baby boy, born Feb. 24, around 5 am. The baby weighed 8 lbs. 11 oz., and is named John David. He's the first baby to be born in the new Madras ambulance. The place of birth was between Mileposts 7 and 8 on the Madras-Prineville Highway . . . .

Hamlet might have been thinking of such reporting (and reporters) in his remark to Polonius about the Players (Hamlet II. ii): "Let them be well used, for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."



Members of the Madras High School Class of 1962, set to tour "alma mater" (now Westside School) during their class reunion, Sept. 8-9, 2017. The tour, given by JCHS Director Jerry Ramsey, included an inspection of the JCHS Museum Collection in storage, and the future site of the museum in the library

**Recent Donations to the Museum and Archives**

FROM DAN MACY, JR.:

Five historically-valuable early maps of Oregon, including a very rare 1846 map of Texas, California, and "Oregon Territory"

FROM COUNTY ADMINISTRATOR JEFF RASMUSSEN AND THE JEFFERSON COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:

A file of letters and memos involving Jefferson County and the officials of "Rajneeshpuram" during the early 1980s (including a Bhagwan portrait mug)

**New JCHS Members since April 2017:**

GARY CLOWERS	DAVE KNIGHT/LESLIE ELLIOTT
RUTH TRAUT	MARIA McNAMEE
PAUL AND SUSAN BUCKLE	PALMER AND BONNIE GROTE
JOANNE SUTHERLAND	SUSAN STAFFORD
KEN BLACK	BILL ROBINSON

**Donations and Memorial Gifts to the Society since April 2017:**

**DONATIONS:** KATHERINE SMITH

**MEMORIAL GIFTS: IN MEMORY OF MARIE HARRIS**  
PALMER AND BONNIE GROTE

# THE AGATE

JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Box 647, Madras, Oregon 97741

## THE AGATE • JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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Membership (please check box):

- New     Renewal     Individual  
 Family     Patron     Benefactor

*(Make check out to JCHS; mail to address at left)*

- Yes, I'm interested in becoming a History Volunteer
- Yes, I would like to make a donation to the JCHS (the Society is a registered non-profit organization; donations and gifts to it are tax-deductible)
- I have artifacts, photos, written material I would like to donate to the JCHS Museum