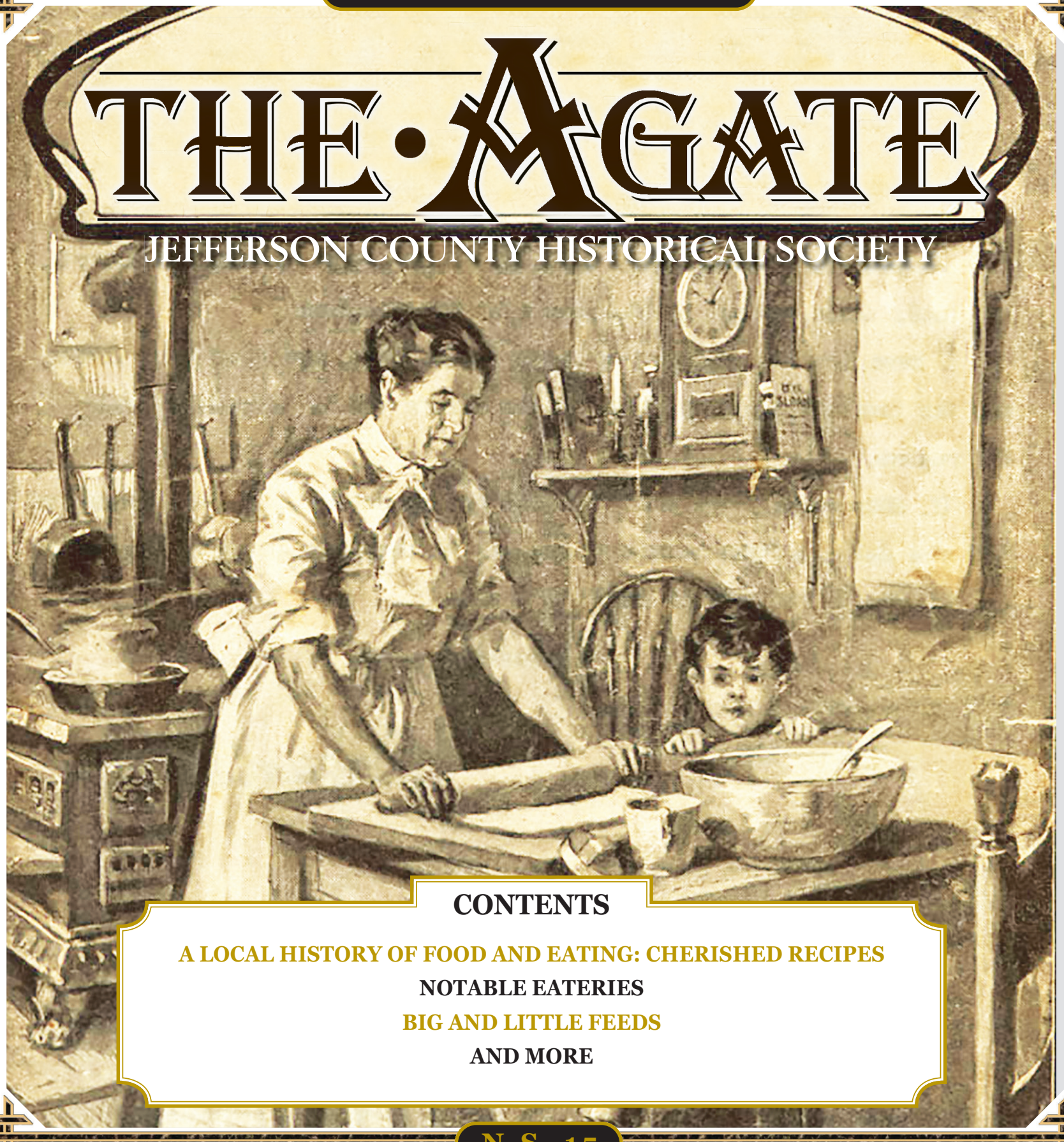
— Spring 2021 —

THE·AGATE

JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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N.S. 15

WELCOME, READERS—

to the fifteenth issue of THE AGATE: the first (and we earnestly hope the last) issue to be entirely conceived, researched, written, edited, and published under the shadow of the COVID-19 pandemic. About that shadow: we hope you'll enjoy and be cheered by our main emphasis in this issue on exploring the ways food and eating have informed our local history. We especially hope that you'll be tempted into re-creating tidbits of that history edibly by trying out some of the traditional recipes contributed by local families. Many thanks to them for their help.

Elsewhere in the issue, you'll find news about the launch of a new project, "Tell Us Your Westside Story" (about attending Westside when it was a high school, junior high, and elementary school) in support of the overall Westside Community Center campaign; also a preview of a forthcoming new edition of Madras native Alan Watts' internationally-celebrated *Rock Climbing Guide to Smith Rock State Park*; and a heartening report by Jennie Smith on new ventures with our old farmstead buildings at the county fairgrounds, and other indications that, although the historical society continues to be "socially distanced," it is still carrying on with its mission of celebrating local history, and indeed, forging ahead!

AN APPEAL FOR HISTORICAL PHOTOS, RECORDS, LETTERS AND DIARIES, MAPS

The historical society has an impressive collection of books, documents, and photos concerning Jefferson County history in its archives (now in storage in Westside School), and our aim, when at last we are able to re-open the Museum, is to house them there in a new user-friendly facility we will call, ambitiously, "The Central Oregon Archives and Research Center."

But there are, in the archival collection as it now stands, major gaps and deficits in its coverage of our history—notably in photos, documents, and maps. To be more specific:

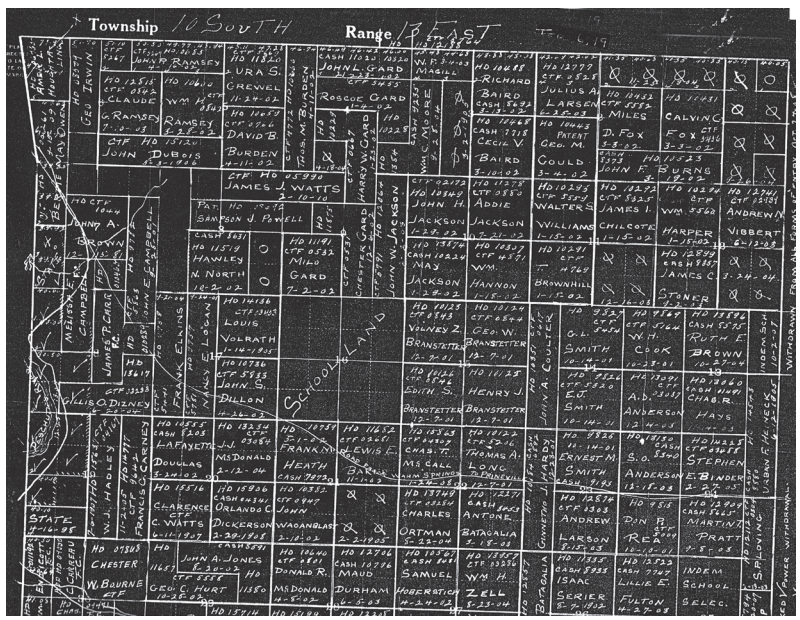
PHOTOS: We are always delighted, of course, to receive new images of the homesteading and railroad era here—but we are in fact most seriously lacking now in photos of Madras, Culver, Camp Sherman, Metolius, and other communities from 1930 to 1960; in photos of our schools, especially of Madras and Culver high schools from 1940 on; and photos of farming from 1946 and the arrival of irrigation, including home-movies of farming operations.

DOCUMENTS: Here we hope to improve our coverage of local business and governmental records, letters, journals and diaries. For an illustration of how valuable daily records can be, historically, see "The Mystery Homesteaders," *AGATE*, Fall 2015, pp. 3-11.

MAPS: older ('30s-'50s) Metsker county maps are scarce, and our few copies are in tattered condition, indicating that such maps tend to be used to extinction. But we would welcome Metskers, whatever the condition. We are especially eager to add to our file of homesteader-locator maps from the homesteading era—small, white-on-black, usually hand-drawn-and-lettered maps, each covering at most a few townships of land, and indicating property boundaries and names of owners. Most of these were published by the Hudson Land Co. of The Dalles and were used by homestead-seekers to locate as-yet-unclaimed land, and consequently many of them have gone into the deed-files of proved-up homesteaders, and so on into posterity. (For an example, see below.)

The late JCHS historian Beth Crow dreamed of gathering up such maps for all of Jefferson County, and mounting them on a museum wall . . . wouldn't that be a spectacular and informative display of our early history? In fact, thanks to collecting by Beth and others, we have maybe one-fifth of the County's homesteadable land covered by such maps, but we hope with your help to do better than that!

If you have historical materials like these, please contact Jarold Ramsey (ramseyjarold@yahoo.com; 541-475-5390), or any JCHS Director.



Homestead Locator map: Hudson homestead map of central Agency Plains ca. 1910. (Note "Warm Springs to Prineville Road" across bottom third of map.)

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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Cover Image: Sloan Cookbook, 1900's

Eating as History, History as Eating: a Local Survey

By Jerry Ramsey

It's unlikely that culinary explorers looking to discover new foodie paradises to supplant the French Quarter or Park Slope would ever land on Jefferson County and cry "Eureka!" between mouthfuls of local cookery. But short of that, good food and hearty eating have always been high priorities hereabouts— part of our ongoing collective history, in fact. What and how we eat, if you think about it, is historically significant, especially for local history, and cultural historians to come will probably take note of the fact that so many of us have lately turned to cooking, baking, pickling, and so on as welcome distractions from the stresses of the pandemic. (I myself have taken up sourdough bread-making.)

Feast at Warm Springs Long House, 1950s

Probably this turn-to-the-kitchen trend is what has inspired our notion of dedicating part of this issue of THE AGATE to a historical survey of our local foodways, which *are* distinctive, in their diversity—frybread, and chicken-fried steak and meatloaf, and enchiladas and frijoles, and apple pie—as we like it!

Railroad Day barbecue in west Madras, Feb. 15, 1911

Maybe the tendency to turn our history into eating derives from our Indian predecessors' custom of holding ceremonial feasts—in Chinook Jargon, "hyas muckamucks." A.B. Meacham, first U.S. Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, did not mention a muckamuck marking the occasion of his stay at the Warm Springs Agency, which was probably the first "official" visit (other than military) to this part of Central Oregon in December 1871, but there can be little doubt that one was given. (His reason for coming was to help local superintendent John Smith coerce tribal leaders to give up polygamy and to take Christian names (and hopefully to embrace the Christian faith). (A. B. Meacham, *The Royal Chief in Chains*, pp.171-5) A decade or so later, the Warm Springs tribal communities began their long-running and widely popular Fourth of July celebrations and feasts. [see "Big (and Little) Feeds" later in this issue.]

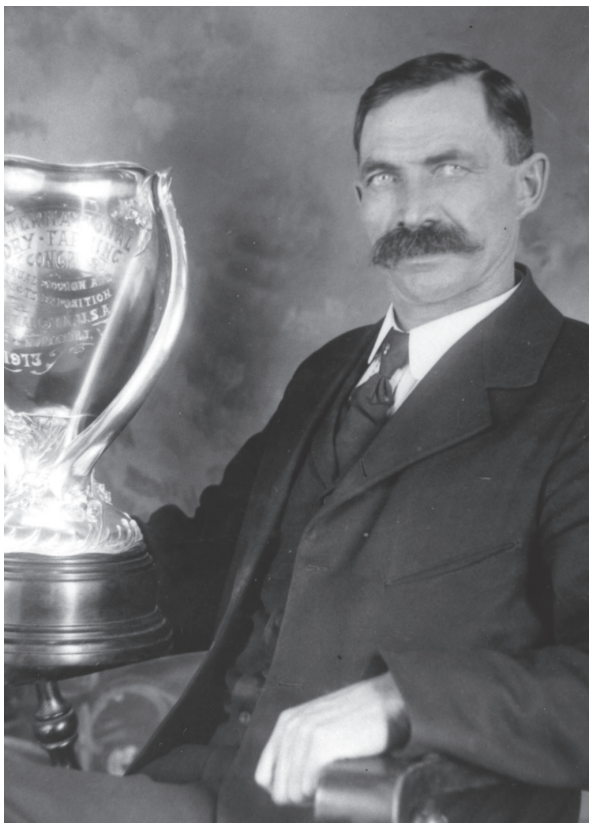
Whether in keeping with local Indian customs or not, when Jim Hill's Oregon Trunk railway reached the western outskirts of Madras on Feb. 15, 1911, the centerpiece of the day's program was a monumental barbecue feast for several thousand exuberant locals and visitors. (Some estimates of the crowd went as high as five or six thousand.) It was mounted by local tavern-keeper S.J. "Beanie" Sellars, and featured two tons of beef pit-barbecued, along with "unlimited quantities" of beans, potatoes, carrots, "barrels of salad" (whatever that was), 900 loaves of bread,

and enormous quantities of coffee. It may well have been the largest mass-meal ever in these parts—and there were no reports of food-poisoning (there were, however, complaints about a lack of sanitary facilities). (Howard Turner, "Madras," in *Jefferson County Reminiscences*, pp. 153-5)

Once their lines were built and operating in Central Oregon, the railroad companies strongly encouraged local farmers to raise vegetables on a grand scale—and in some instances offered subsidies to exhibit prize specimens of them at state and regional fairs and expositions—apparently as a way to advertise the blessings of our soil and climate, and thus to encourage more settlers to come here. A local grower named Tilman Reuter was sent with his best produce all over the West, winning many prizes, and attracting widespread attention. But this effort to re-direct our region's agricultural destiny didn't bear fruit, so to speak—no doubt because the limitations of our short growing seasons, cool summer nights, and scanty precipitation were obvious to potential produce farmers and truck-gardeners who looked into the possibilities.

But if not commercial market growing, home kitchen gardens flourished here early on, and in fact expanded during the Depression years. And during WWII, the national campaign to plant "victory gardens" was very popular in our region, in part because of the war-time food-rationing regulations imposed on buying groceries by the notorious OPA (Office of Price Administration). Patriotic support of the war effort meant raising your own veggies as much as possible, but it also entailed carrying an OPA ration-book containing rationing stamps for such war-scarce staples as sugar, candy, shortening, cigarettes, and coffee. Both the victory gardening and the food-rationing signified that families were "doing their part" to make sure that "our boys overseas" were well-fed.

By 1946, when the long-awaited North Unit irrigation project was officially opened, such considerations were already a rapidly fading memory. And so a huge crowd of celebrants gathered at the recently-decommissioned Army Airfield on the south edge of Agency Plains for a "Water Festival" parade celebrating local history and—of course—a generous all-comers "feed" in the former military mess-hall.



Tilman Reuter, prize-winning local grower, ca. 1914

WWII Victory Garden Poster

Twelve years later, on May 21, 1958, for the dedication of another long-awaited project, the Pelton Dam, the public program at the dam-site on the Deschutes River included (naturally) a post-dedication feed. Quite possibly patterned after the 1911 "Railroad Day" shindig, it featured a "beef-and-beans" barbecue production—which was abruptly delayed for two hours by a sudden, intense rain-and-hail storm that drove everyone to take cover wherever and however they could. But, if rudely delayed by the elements, it was reportedly a fine feast—as tradition and local history required.

So, clearly, our local foodways have always been responsive to the pressures of history, whether local or national. But what about our food preferences themselves? What can they tell us about our history, as it has ensued over the years?

Let's take the homesteading era (ca. 1900-1925) as a test case. Understanding homesteading here would be seriously incomplete without taking into account what the homesteading families ATE. To do the extremely hard work we know they regularly did, they must have brought big appetites to the table, and expected second helpings . . but of what? One of the most revealing glimpses of the homestead diet around here appears in the letters home (to Portland) written by a young schoolteacher, Essie Maguire, who taught at Trail Crossing School near Opal City in 1914-15, and boarded with a farm family in that neighborhood, the Isaac Martins. On Oct. 1, 1914, early in her stay with the Martins, she wrote to her mother:

"You asked me what I have to eat. Well, everything is very economical and very plain, but there is always plenty, and it tastes mighty good to me. No matter what the weather or what the day, there is always gravy! Made of bacon or ham grease and as stiff as ice-cream. We eat it with bread—or rather the rest do—I get sick of it about every third day . . . Sometimes on Sunday evenings the only thing on the table is a huge dish of gravy. However there is always something besides gravy. For breakfast we usually have bacon and fried eggs and fried apples or potatoes and gravy, and hot biscuits and syrup and jelly or applesauce, and coffee—with plenty of cream, and all the milk we want to drink. I put up my own lunch (for school-days) in a yellow tin box. I always have bread and butter and a glass of sauce, and much of the time pie or chicken—or both—and

a good-sized jar of milk. For supper we have potatoes and gravy, and bacon or chicken and macaroni or stewed tomatoes or some sort of an excuse for a vegetable. Vegetables and fruit are almost as scarce as money in this country . . . . ("Letters from Trail Crossing," THE AGATE, Spring 2020, p. 6)

Essie Maguire's adopted Trail Crossing family and their neighbors all seem to have had some sort of vegetable garden, growing the predictable staples that families still grow here—spuds, corn, beans, peas, lettuce, chard, and so on. Probably few of them raised tomatoes or peppers, judging from the record—but many of them did regularly grow (or gather) vegetable foods that might seem far-fetched to us now. Why did they grow (for example) "ground cherries," insipid-tasting husked cousins of tomatillos? Why gooseberries—great thorny bushes with juicy but impossibly sour fruit that required prodigious amounts of sugar to be cooked into edibility? Likewise, why so much rhubarb (known back then as "pie-plant," indicating its use—again, lots of sugar required, for pies and sauce!). I suspect that settlers planted such crops out here because they had grown them in the places they'd left to come to Central Oregon. In my father's family, that was northern Missouri; and so they and several other ex-Missouri families out here faithfully raised ground cherries, gooseberries, and pie-plant. Most of them also raised cabbage, so as to faithfully make big crocks of sauerkraut.

Another essential veggie in my family's garden was a red kidney bean we called "the Ramsey Bean." Its pods were dried and shelled, and the beans were used in various beany dishes. Years later my brother Jim and I were recalling how the Ramsey beans twined up the bean poles in our family garden, and got to wondering what they were, and what was so special about them, that some were saved for seeds every year. We knew they hadn't been raised for 30 years, and so the seeds must be lost—until one of us remembered that as kids we had sometimes used them as counters in bingo games. The family game-chest was found, and bingo! Some wizened little reddish beans were found—and planted. A few actually grew, and produced a fair crop of beans like what we remembered, but nothing special in appearance or taste, and we finally concluded that what had made them so special was that they had been brought out here from Missouri, in 1902, and therefore were "Ramsey Beans." They're lost now, I guess, in history's shuffle.

Jim and Hershel Read and Erwin Horney, successful deer-hunters, 1930s

My family also developed, as newcomers here, a taste for a weed, a variety of wild mustard that appeared as a vigorous intruder in local wheat fields about the time the railroads were being built, and so was called "Jim Hill Mustard." It has big hairy sawtooth leaves that grow out radially, flat to the ground, and when gathered green in late spring/early summer, are pungently delicious boiled, or even eaten raw. Give them a try either way, later this spring . . . .

As for "wild meat"—those early preferences of our forebears in this region (beginning with Native Americans) for venison, elk, trout, salmon, game birds, even rabbits and crawdads—persist today, at least for those who hunt and fish, and so belong on our local/historical food inventory.

In what follows, we will try to trace further and in more detail the interplay of our local history and the food we eat. First, we'll offer a representative gathering of actual *recipes* for dishes that local families have cherished (they tell us) over the years, from early reservation and homesteading days to the coming of irrigation, and tourism, and Latino families. The recipes—for main courses, side dishes, breads, desserts, and so on—add up, we think, to a remarkable sampling of our community's historical and cultural diversity, in terms of food and eating. Get out your measuring spoons and mixing bowls!

Then we will delve briefly into the delicious subject of notable restaurants and eateries here, over the years—where we've gone to "dine out," or catch something to eat on the go. And rounding out our culinary caravan, we'll glance at the local ways of food preservation, including—God bless them!—"grocery stores" of yore and food markets; and end by tracing the persistent history here of "feeds" like those already mentioned connected to historical events, and those whose only aim has been, year after year, the pleasure of eating good food, in good company.

Bon Appetit!

— Our Cherished Recipes —

Compiled by Jane Ahern with thanks to Kathie Olson and everybody else who contributed recipes and food lore.

Call me a nerd, but I love reading recipes of all sorts. I like perusing modern recipes to learn how to make something new, and I also get a kick out of cookbooks from the 1970s because those are the recipes served at the potlucks of my childhood and passed around by my elders. I never want to find tomato aspic on a plate in front of me again, but seeing the recipe connects me with my late grandmother in a surprisingly powerful way.

Because cooking is an integral part of any culture and eating is an everyday necessity for all humans, recipes can illuminate a lot about a community.

Obviously, old recipes tell us what food was available and in what form as well as what kind of cooking equipment people had in their homes. Interestingly, absence of recipes might indicate more cooking being done, not less, because when you do it a lot you don't need to write down instructions.

Carolyn Forman Wood, who grew up on the Roy Forman ranch in the 1940s and '50s, provided some recollections of how food was produced, preserved, prepared, and eaten in her youth.

"We had three full meals a day that started with a big breakfast of fruit—sliced, canned pineapple or canned grapefruit sections—hot cereal, biscuits or hot cakes, eggs and meat (although Dad said they would also always have potatoes for breakfast when they did a day's work before breakfast when horses had to be cared for before the workday began). The noon meal was dinner, which was a full meal of potatoes, meat, vegetable, sliced bread and jam, and a dessert. Often cake, pie, or a cookie with home canned peaches or cherries or apricots. Lunch was what we took to the field or to school: a sandwich, fruit and cookies and thermos of hot soup. Supper at night was the same as dinner. Always full meals for the hired men besides the seven of us kids and Mom and Dad."

With that volume of cooking occurring every day, it is hard to imagine that the cooks would need—or even have time for—recipes.

Sometimes recipes were written informally, without much detail. In the preface to *The Way We Ate: Pacific Northwest Cooking, 1843-1900*, Jacqueline B. Williams says of the recipes included in her book, "When quoting from original sources I have kept 'unique' spellings, punctuation, and grammatical idiosyncrasies. Recipes are written as they appeared, complete with inadequate measurements and inadequate directions. The women of yesteryear learned the art of cookery at an early age and did not require detailed recipes."

That might partially explain why the recipes we collected skew heavily towards desserts. Maybe nobody bothered to write down their potato recipes because they seemed too ordinary. Also, below you will find two beloved pie recipes that don't even mention pie crust. My guess is the authors assumed that any cook knew how to make crust.

Recipe terminology has changed over time, including the word recipe itself. "Recipe" comes from the Latin root *recipere*, meaning to take or receive, and so does the word "receipt." To modern Americans, each word has a distinct meaning, but according to merriam-webster.com, as far back as the 17th century both were used to mean instructions for cooking. It is hard to pin down when "receipt" was banished from cookbooks, but it must have been sometime in the 20th century because older people still remember its common use.

Ellen Squiemphen picking huckleberries, 1978. Photo by Cynthia Stowell, *Faces of A Reservation* (Portland: Oregon Historical Society Press, 1987), by permission.

The standard recipe format that we use today is generally credited to Fannie Merritt Farmer, author of *The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* which was published in 1896. As head of the Boston Cooking School, Farmer advocated for precise measurement of ingredients to ensure consistent results. Prior to her influence, measurements were more creative. Often recipes called for a bit of butter the size of an egg and a teacupful of sugar.

Measuring temperature was even more difficult before people had modern ovens with built-in temperature control. One fairly common heat measurement was based on how long you could keep your hand near the burner before you had to pull it back.

The following recipes were collected from past and present residents of Jefferson County and represent a variety of time periods.

They are arranged according to type of dish and within those categories in chronological order to the best of our knowledge. Many are accompanied by brief anecdotes or commentary. I have edited very lightly in order to maintain the flavor imparted by individual style and terminology.

Breakfast

Huckleberry Coffee Cake

This recipe was provided by Louisa Fuentes, an enrolled member of the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs. Louisa writes: "I have an adapted recipe for an old blueberry coffee cake recipe I found in one of my grandmother's favorite cookbooks. Huckleberries have always been an important staple food for the indigenous people of the Pacific Northwest. Since time immemorial my ancestors have camped in the mountains in the late summer months to gather huckleberries. And just like my ancestors before me, I have gone to those same places to gather huckleberries with my family."

INGREDIENTS FOR CAKE:
1 stick of butter (softened)
½ cup of sugar
1 egg
2 cups flour
½ tsp salt
1 TBS baking powder
1 cup milk
1 cup fresh or frozen Huckleberries
INGREDIENTS FOR TOPPING:
1 stick butter (softened)
½ cup sugar
½ cup flour
½ tsp. pumpkin pie spice or Cinnamon
½ cup finely chopped walnuts or pecans (optional)
DIRECTIONS:
Preheat oven to 350 degrees

First, start with the ingredients for the cake. Start by creaming together the butter, sugar, and egg in a mixing bowl.(Electric hand mixer recommended)

In separate bowl combine flour, salt, and baking powder.

Add flour mixture and milk to creamed ingredients in the mixing bowl. Add in gradually and mix until combined.

Fold in the huckleberries gently. Do not overmix.

Put the batter in a greased baking dish 9" x 11"

Mix together all ingredients for the topping until it develops a crumbly texture.

Cover the cake with an even layer of topping, use all the topping.

Bake for 45 minutes at 350.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes

Judy Simmons submitted this recipe from her mother-in-law Minnie Duling Simmons. The story that's told about her making pancakes is as follows:

"Minnie worked at the hospital late at night and was often weary as she prepared the early morning breakfast for her growing family. One morning she went to the porch for the flour and accidentally got into the calf starter, which was next to the flour. None of us recommend that substitution!"

2 C. Flour
1 tsp. Salt
½ tsp Baking Powder
2 C. milk
½ C. Sour Cream

Sift dry ingredients. Add to wet ingredients. Beat until smooth.

Spudnuts

Shannon Jordan provided this recipe from her great-grandfather Bill Moore. Moore was a well-known local cook who worked at the Madras Hotel, the Green Hotel, the Cactus Inn, and at the Resettlement Administration camp near Lamonta in the 1930s. Shannon says: "This Spudnut recipe has actual measurements – unusual, so Mom says, of Bill Moore's cooking."

1 C mashed potatoes
2 yeast cakes
3 slightly beaten eggs
½ C shortening
2 C scalded milk
1 C sugar
½ t (T) salt
Flour to make soft dough

Set yeast in 1/2 C warm water and let raise. Melt shortening into hot milk and cool. Mix all ingredients well. Let dough raise once. Roll to ½-1" thick, cut out, and let raise again. Fry in deep hot fat. Drain and dip in glaze or roll in a cinnamon-sugar mixture.

GLAZE
2 C powdered sugar (1#)
1 C boiling water
4 T butter
desired flavoring (Mom remembers orange as the most common)

Wilma Ramsey cooking breakfast on an antique cook-stove, 1980s.

"*Dad's*" *Cream Toast*

This is from Sharon Landreth Nesbit:

"This was a favorite breakfast goody into my generation (1950s), though really bad for you. I believe it came from the Landreth side of the family. Needless to say, most of them died of heart attacks."

2 eggs
½ c sugar
4 tbsp flour
4 c milk
½ tsp vanilla

Mix sugar, flour & salt together in 2 quart saucepan. Add ½ c milk & eggs, beat well. Add remaining milk.

Cook over med to low heat, stirring almost constantly as it streaks and scorches very easily. Cook until it thickens, almost to a boil, but do not let it boil since it might curdle. Add vanilla.

You are ready for the first 2-4 pieces of toast. Dip toast, both sides, in the cream sauce and serve. Should be enough for about 8-10 pieces.

Main Dishes

Frontier BBQ Sauce (and riblets)

Janet Farrell submitted this on behalf of the Farrell family. Janet says: "Many 4-H-ers through several decades selected their market lambs from the Farrell Ranch. So it was fitting when sometime in the 1970s the 4-H food booth at the Jefferson County Fair began using this frontier BBQ sauce recipe that Alys Belle used for lamb riblets."

3# lamb riblets—bring to boil, simmer riblets 1 hour

½ cup catsup
¼ c. water
2 T. Brown Sugar
2 T. Worcestershire sauce (scimp)
2 T. Vinegar
2 T. grated onion
½ t. salt (scimp)
¼ t. chili powder
⅛ t. garlic powder
Dash of Tabasco

Mix sauce ingredients and simmer 15 minutes.

Grill riblets 4" from coals, basting with sauce and turning frequently.

Or Brown under broiler.

Or Bake in casserole with sauce.

Hot Crab Souffle

Submitted by Helen Brooks, whose family came with the water in the 1940s.

8 slices white bread (can use 4 more if like—2 more on top, 2 more on bottom)
2 cups crab or shrimp or ½ & ½
½ cup mayonnaise (Miracle Whip)
1 onion chopped (tennis ball size)
1 green pepper chopped
1 cup celery chopped
3 cups milk
4 eggs beaten
1 can mushroom soup
Grated Tillamook cheese (about 5 oz. medium cheddar)
Paprika to sprinkle on top

Dice half of bread after cutting off crusts into baking dish. (I like about a 10 in. by 10 in. 2 ½ in. deep)

Mix crab, mayonnaise, onion, green pepper and celery and spread over diced bread. Trim crusts from remaining four or so slices & place trimmed slices over crab mixture. Mix eggs & milk together & pour over mixture. Place in refrigerator over night.

Bake in 325° oven for 15 min. Remove from oven and spoon soup over the top. Top with cheese and sprinkle with paprika. Bake for 1 hour longer. Serves 12.

When taken out, let set 15 min. and cut in squares and holds shape better. Or you can serve in dish, but it bubbles so dish is a little messy.

Chicken casserole

From Beulah Bicart, another cook who came with the water in the late '40s.

This recipe seems very current, but notice mention of oleo, which is what margarine was originally called. About margarine, Carolyn Forman Wood commented, "I remember making margarine yellow by squeezing the red colored dot in the bag of white margarine for her [Grandmother Dickson]." When margarine was a new product, butter producers resented their

attempts to make margarine look like butter, so laws were put in place that they could not sell margarine that had been artificially colored yellow. To get around that, the margarine producers sold a packet of red food coloring along with the margarine so that buyers could color it themselves if they liked.

Also notice the can of chicken soup in the ingredients list. That's something I always associated with 1970s casseroles, but according to a 2003 article in the *Hartford Courant*, cooks began using canned soup in recipes as far back as 1916.

2 cups chopped chicken or turkey
1 cup diced celery
1 cup cooked rice
2 TBS chopped onion
1 can cream of chicken soup
⅔ cup mayonnaise
1 cup water chestnuts
½ cup slivered almonds

Mix and place in baking dish. Cover with ½ cup melted butter or oleo and crumbled corn flakes. Mix together. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes.

Apricot glazed chicken

Susan Harris submitted this recipe for a cookbook put together by Kathie Olson for a family wedding in the 1990s. The Harris family came to Jefferson County in the 1940s.

2 TBS salad oil
2 whole large chicken breasts, each cut in half
⅓ cup apricot preserves
1 TBS chili sauce
2 tsp prepared mustard
½ tsp salt

In skillet over medium heat, cook chicken breasts in salad oil until tender and browned (approx. 20 minutes). Stir occasionally.

To skillet add preserves, chili sauce, mustard, and salt.

Heat through. Spoon sauce over chicken. Remove to warm platter.

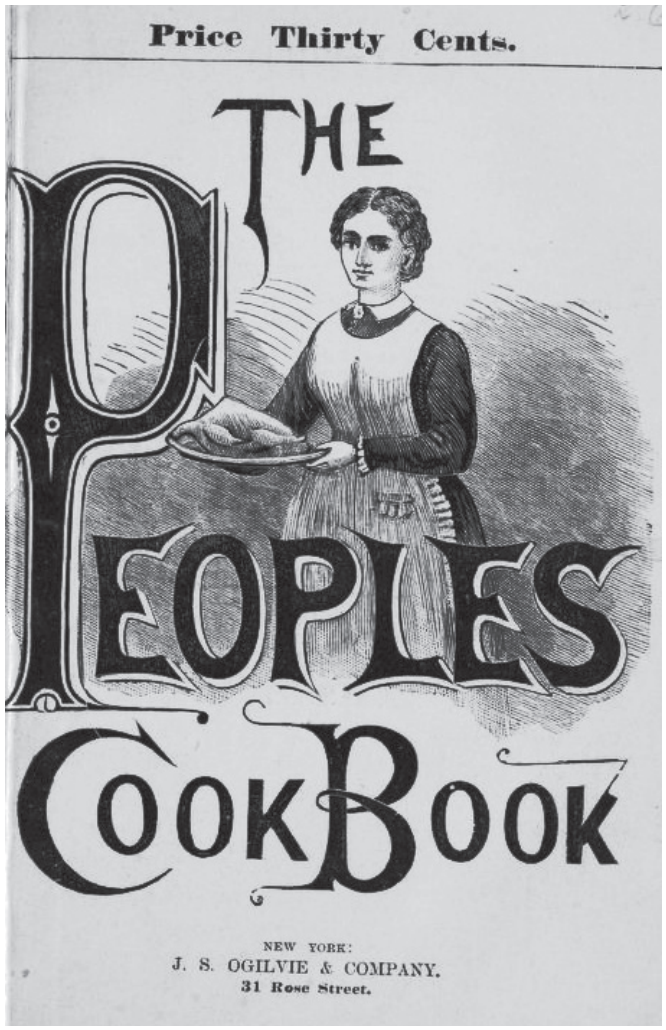
Approx. 300 calories per serving.

Cabeza de Res

I regret that this is the only recipe representing the Latino population that began moving into Jefferson County in the 1950s. This one is from the Peña family and it comes with the following family story from 1974.

Cabeza de Res is a traditional Mexican food served on special occasions. The name means head of beef and is literally the meat from a cow's head. Most of the meat comes from the cheeks and the Peñas say it is very tender and tasty. The meat is often served in tacos.

When Richard Peña, the eldest Peña child, brought his girlfriend Arlene home from college to meet his family for the first time, it was indeed a special occasion that called for a celebratory meal.



The Peñas' mother cooked for the family, but it was their father who was the food connoisseur because he had been to Europe as a soldier in World War II and gotten a taste for world cuisine. Cabeza wasn't foreign to Porfirio Peña, Sr. because he was of Mexican descent, but it was an undertaking out of the ordinary and one meant to honor his son's guest.

Arlene's family was Anglo and she was unfamiliar with cabeza de res, so her first glimpse into the Peña kitchen gave her a shock.

"I saw a head without meat on the kitchen counter!" she says. According to the Peñas, it is traditional to display the cow's head for the guests to admire, kind of like displaying the cooked turkey at Thanksgiving.

"I thought, 'Oh my gosh, what am I going to eat?'" Arlene said. She wanted to impress her boyfriend's family, "but instead I was about to insult them," because she wasn't sure she could eat the cabeza.

Arlene was troubled by thoughts of eyeballs in the meat, but she needn't have worried; some of the Peñas coveted the eyeballs for themselves. "Porfirio (Junior) has been known to fight for an eyeball," says Richard.

Despite her discomfort, Arlene somehow made it through the meal. She and Richard later got married and have enjoyed a long marriage.

The Peñas don't have a written recipe for cabeza. "We should have paid more attention to this custom, but I'm embarrassed to say we did not," says Richard.

However, Richard and his younger brother Porfirio remember basically how their father cooked it. The following is how they described it.

Cow's head—you'll probably have to order this specially from a meat seller. The butcher will have removed the skin, the tongue (which can be cooked as a separate dish), and cartilage such as the ears and nose. It will still have teeth and eyeballs.

Large pot-- You'll need a very large pot like the ones used to steam tamales. Place something in the bottom of the pot for the meat to rest on so that it steams rather than boils.

Herbs and spices: salt, pepper, oregano, cumin, cilantro, onion, chili powder, jalapenos, and more. The Penas don't know exactly what their father used, but he probably tried different combinations.

Put some water in the pot up to the level of your steamer basket. Put the seasonings in the water to flavor the meat as it steams.

Cook for several hours until the meat comes off the bone easily. Shred it with a fork, season further to taste. Serve in corn tortillas with salsa.

The Peñas say their mother made the salsa with a mortar and pestle-- a molcajete.

Side Dishes

Aunt Irene's Brown Gravy

Aunt Irene was Irene Kaser of the Shrum family of Cherry Creek. Her great niece, Jamie Wood, provided this recipe and said of the gravy, "That stuff was legendary."

Drippings from a beef roast (important to roast an onion in with the meat)
¾ cup of water
2-3 table spoons of flour
2-3 table spoons corn starch

Heat beef drippings with grease strained off. Add water off boiled potatoes into drippings. (If not brown, add Kitchen Bouquet)

Mix ¾ cup of water and a couple table spoons of flour and corn starch in jar and shake up. Add to drippings until you get the thickness you want.

Surprise Salad

This is a recipe from the late Marie Macy of Culver, from Kathie Olson's cookbook. The Macy family came to Jefferson County in the 1940s when the county finally got irrigation.

2 cups shredded cabbage
1 cup diced apple with peeling
½ cup grapes
½ cup salted peanuts

Toss all ingredients together. Cover with surprise dressing. Serves 4.

Surprise Dressing

¼ cup chunky peanut butter
¼ cup honey
1 T lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise

Stir all together over above ingredients.
Dressing is delicious over a fruit salad.

Desserts

Carrot Pie

This is homesteader Cora Luelling's recipe, submitted by her great-great granddaughter, Katie Ralls. Katie has a paper copy of the recipe written in Cora's own perfect handwriting.

1½ cups cooked carrots, mashed fine
1 cup sugar (better if use half brown sugar)
1½ cups milk
2 eggs well beaten
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
Pinch salt

Bake in an open crust, eat with whipped cream on top.

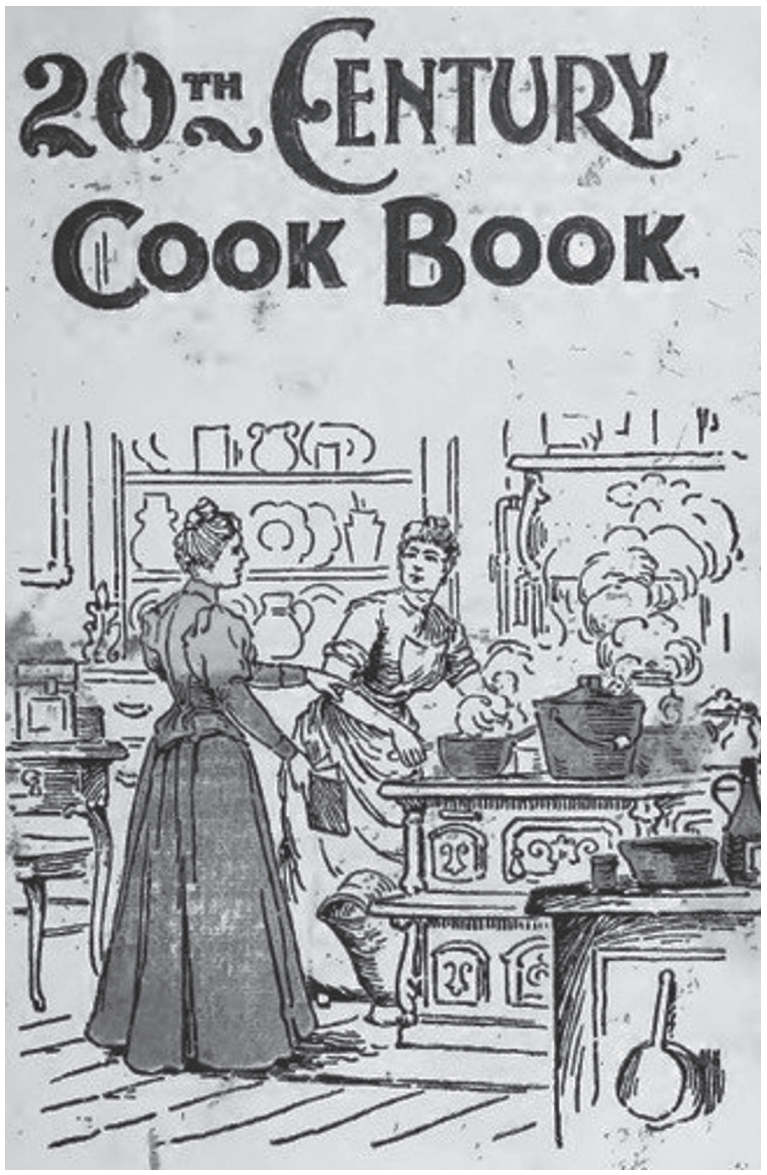
Aunt Mame's Pudding

Jerry Ramsey writes: "This wickedly sweet, irresistible bread pudding came from homestead-era visits by 'Aunt Mame' (Mary Mendenhall Lamson of Yamhill County) to her brother Joe Mendenhall and his family in Opal City. Two generations later, I recall coming home from school famished and finding a bowl of it cooling on the counter, and shamelessly spoiling my supper with one spoonful after another of it."

Pudding:
½ cup sugar
½ cup milk
½ cup raisins
1 TBS melted shortening
¼ tsp salt
2 tsps baking powder
1 ½ cups flour

Sauce:
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups boiling water
2 TBS butter

Mix pudding ingredients in order given and pour in greased 8" pan or 2-quart casserole dish. Pour sauce over pudding mix and bake at 375° for 30 minutes or until nicely browned.



Mother's Original Applesauce Cake

Gilda Endicott Greenhoot included this recipe in her homestead memoir *Rattlesnake Homestead* (Self-published, 1988)

Blend the following ingredients:
Butter 2 tbl.
Brown sugar 1 cup
Eggs 1
Applesauce 1 ½ cups
Sift together:
Soda 2 level tsp.
Cinnamon 2 level tsp.
Cloves ½ level tsp.
Allspice ½ level tsp.
Flour 2 cups
Add sifted ingredients to moist mixture. Mix thoroughly.
Then add:
Raisins 1 cup
Nuts 1 cup (if you had them)
May add citron

Mix thoroughly. Put into greased, floured pan, approx. 8" x 12" in moderate oven. Bake until top springs back to touch or it shrinks from sides of pan. Mother also tested with a clean strand from the broom.

Butter Pie

This is from the Farrell family, courtesy of Janet Farrell.

Janet writes: "Whether this butter pie recipe came with Alexandra Mable King when she immigrated to the US from Gloucestershire England in 1911 is not certain. However, we do know that it was often served after she married Henry Ward Farrell in 1914 as they settled near Gateway. 'Mummie Allie' passed on the recipe to Alys Belle when she married Phillip Ward Farrell (the oldest of Ward and Allie's four sons) and she wrote in the corner 'Phil's Favorite.' During the years when area farmers helped each other with their harvests, Alys Belle's butter pie became a favorite when the Farrell ranch hosted."

1 large tablespoon butter
⅔ cups sugar (creamed)
2 heaping tablespoons flour
1 cup plus a little more of cream
Cream butter, sugar, flour, then add warmed cream.
Bake in slow oven as for custard.
Then you let it cool and eat it. Yum!

Soft Ginger Bread

Submitted by Judy Simmons. Judy writes: "Mayme Gregg, whose husband and father-in-law built the First Christian Church in Culver, got this recipe from her mother, Laura Hodges. Mayme and her husband, George Gregg, worked and lived in the Cove. George's father, Samuel Gregg, was the pastor."

Beat Together:
½ c. sugar
½ c. molasses
½ c. butter
1 c. boiling water
Sift Together:
2 ½ c. Flour
1 Tsp. cinnamon
1 Tsp. ginger
1 Tsp cloves
2 Tsp. Soda
Add 2 well beaten eggs at last.

This recipe had no temperature as it was cooked in a woodstove. Probably 350° for 35-40 min. in a 9 x 13 pan.

Annie Freeman's Sugar Cookies

Lola Freeman Hagman, who sent in this recipe, wrote: "Grandma Freeman always had these cookies on hand for family, friends, outings, and get-togethers. Our family has fond memories of Grandma's cookies. As she neared 100, she began losing her sight; it was always interesting to see what ingredients she had substituted and how that made her cookies taste!"

1 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
3 beaten eggs
4 cups flour
4 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
2 Tbsp. milk
½ tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix. Chill dough. Roll out on floured board. Cut in shapes. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 400 degrees for 10-12 minutes.

Italian Cream Candy

This is a Fay Hagman Drake recipe submitted by Mark Hagman. Note from Mark: "When the recipe says to stir constantly, it means to STIR CONSTANTLY!"

Combine in saucepan:
2 cups sugar
2 cups cream (canned or fresh)
½ cup white karo syrup

Bring this mixture to a boil, then continue to boil slowly until it gets bubbly and brown. Stir occasionally. Add 1 more cup cream at this point; stir constantly until it reaches the soft-ball stage Take off stove and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat and add nuts if so desired.

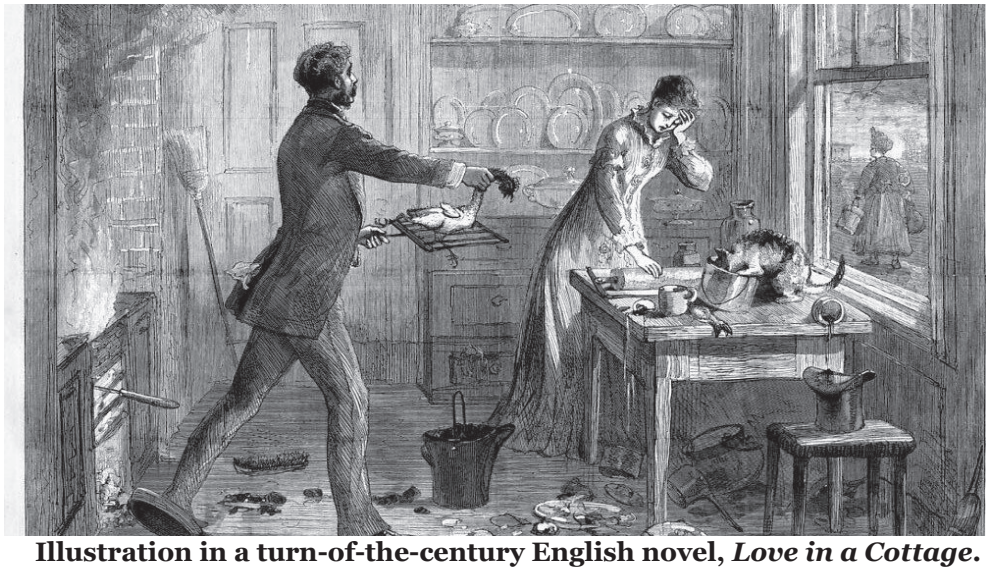


Illustration in a turn-of-the-century English novel, *Love in a Cottage*. The caption reads, 'Don't cry, pet. I'll do all the cooking.' "

War Cake

From Joyce Moore Atchison from her grandmother Lucile Thornton of Blizzard Ridge: "This war cake was baked in the '40s after the Pearl Harbor bombing when eggs, butter and milk were rationed."

2 cups water
2 cups raisins
1 cup molasses
1 cup sugar
⅔ cup shortening
3 cups flour
1 Tsp baking soda
1 TBS ground cinnamon

Preheat oven to 325°. Grease two loaf pans.

Bring water, raisins, molasses, sugar and shortening to a boil in saucepan; reduce heat and simmer until raisins are plump. Cool.

Whisk flour, baking soda and cinnamon together in a bowl. Stir flour mixture into raisin mixture until well combined; pour into prepared pans.

Bake about 1 hour.

Speaking of war rationing, Carolyn Forman Wood provided this interesting tidbit: "I remember my Grandmother Dickson explaining about sugar rationing during WWII. It was proper to take a cup of sugar if you were a guest for dinner at another home."

Soda Cracker Torte

This is another of Irene Kaser's recipes shared by her great niece, Jamie Wood.

3 egg whites
¼ tsp cream of tartar
20 soda crackers
1 cup sugar
½ tsp vanilla
½ cup chopped nuts

Beat 3 egg whites until frothy. Add ¼ tsp cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Roll 20 soda crackers (don't roll too fine.) Mix with 1 cup sugar. Fold into egg whites with ½ tsp. vanilla.

Add ½ cup chopped nuts.

Bake in 9 inch pie pan at 325' for 30 min.

Serve with Cream or ice cream and berries.

Lemon pie

This is another one from Beulah Bicart, who came to Jefferson County in the mid to late '40s.

1 c. sugar
1 ½ c. boiling water
3 TBS cornstarch
3 TBS flour
½ tsp salt
Grated rind of 1 lemon.
¼ c. lemon juice
2 egg yolks

Cook till thickens.

Beat egg whites. Add 3 TBS sugar and ½ tsp vanilla

Bake till golden brown.

Notice there's no mention of pie crust, how to assemble the pie, or cooking temp. My best guess would be to pour the lemon mixture into an already prepared and baked pie crust, top with the beaten egg whites, and then brown the meringue in the oven.

Mom's Frosted Pineapple Squares

From Fred and Pearl Henske, Metolius pioneers, by way of their daughter Rachel Henske-McIntosh. Rachel said: "I don't really have a story for this, but Mom made them a lot and it was a good treat."

Combine ½ cup sugar, 3 TBS cornstarch and ¼ t salt in a sauce pan.

Stir in 1 beaten egg yolk and 1 14-oz can pineapple. (use pineapple/apricot jam if desired)

Cook until thickened and then let cool.

Scald ⅔ cup milk. Add 1 t sugar. Cool to luke warm.

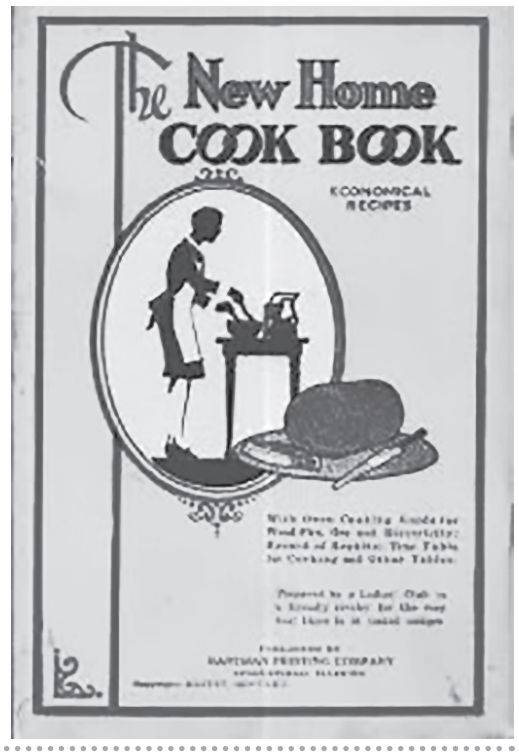
Dissolve 1 pkg yeast in ¼ cup very warm water.

Add milk . Beat in 4 egg yolks.

Cut 1 cup margarine into 4 cups flour with pastry blender. Beat in yeast mixture and divide in half.

On floured board, roll out 1/2 inch thick to fit cookie sheet. Cut in squares. Put filling on, then lift up opposite corners moisten edge and fasten. Repeat for the other half. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled. (1 hour) Bake at 375 degrees for 35 minutes.

Frost with plain icing.



Food Preservation

Preservation of home-grown foods was very important in the days when the stores were few and the roads were poor. Carolyn Forman Wood wrote, " . . . much of it was preserved by canning before we got electricity in 1950 and after by freezing by Mom with the help of her three oldest daughters as we grew up.

I remember the big production of butchering a hog with the neighbor and Dad explaining all the ways that they used all parts of the pig like making head cheese and using the stomach entrail to make casings for sausage. The hams and bacon slabs were cured in a big 50-gallon wooden barrel of salt in our basement. Before electricity our meat was kept at a frozen food locker in Kent and that was a stop on the way home from business and grocery shopping in The Dalles."

Another means of preserving vegetables was with brining and fermentation. The following is the Ramsey family's instructions for making sauerkraut.

The Real Kraut

Submitted by Jerry Ramsey

Eating real (home-made) sauerkraut can be a transformative experience if you've known only the commercial varieties—no comparison! The real kraut not only enhances any sandwich or meal, it does importantly good things for the gut, pro-biotically. The kraut-making tradition has flourished in both the Ramsey and Mendenhall branches of my family (from Missouri and Tennessee respectively), and also my wife's mother's family in Germany (Schleswig-Holstein).

Ingredients:

Fresh-harvested cabbage heads ("Brunswick" or "Dutch Ballhead" recommended)

Table salt or kosher salt

Equipment:

2-5 gal crock(s), ceramic or glass—metal containers won't work!

Cabbage-slicer or "mandolin"(with a sliding "cradle' to hold portions of the cabbage heads for slicing)

A big knife or cleaver

A kitchen scale (digital preferred)

Baseball bat

Kevlar glove (optional but strongly recommended)

Plastic tubs—kitchen sink tubs are all right—one to collect the cabbage slices under the slicer, another to hold accumulating slices, a smaller tub for weighing the slices

White plastic garbage bags (2 per crock) as "air-lock," big trash bags for cleaning up the kraut-making mess

Best to raise your own cabbage—in this climate, "Brunswick" works really well, and 8-10 plants will produce at least 30 pounds of kraut. In early-mid September (when the heads are at their prime), cut them off (I use a saw), strip off the green exterior leaves, wash in a bucket, and drain upside down over night.

Preparation: strip off any green leaves down to the white and quarter each head length-wise so that each quarter will fit in the slicing cradle of your mandolin or kraut-slicer. (Other modes of slicing are OK, but it's hard to beat an old-time two-bladed kraut-making board—if you keep your fingers and knuckles away from the blades. I've learned to use a kevlar glove on my slicing hand.) You want to produce long thin slices of the cabbage, not hunks. After doing each quarter-head, I inspect the results in the tub, and if necessary use a cleaver or big knife to chop up the bulky slices and hunks into smaller pieces.

The crucial mix of salt and sliced cabbage is: 3 tablespoons of salt to 5 lbs. of sliced cabbage. Weigh carefully and dump that much sliced cabbage in your crock, sprinkle the salt on top, and then mix thoroughly with your hands (gloves off). Then take a bat (a clean baseball bat is perfect) and firmly but gently pound the cabbage—this releases the juice, and is a crucial, often neglected step. Then go back to slicing, until you've done five more pounds, and repeat the above, until you're out of heads, or have filled your crock(s) about ⅔ full. By the time you've filled a crock to this level, the cabbage-juice should be near the surface.

Sauerkraut Equipment

Move the crock(s) to your fermentation station. Put a sheet of plastic food-wrap inside the crock over the cabbage; and then put a glass or ceramic plate inside the crock over the plastic (a loose fit between the plate and the inside of the crock is OK). Put a white plastic garbage bag inside another bag, and put in 8-10 lbs of water, then squeeze out the air and tie the doubled bags securely above the water level with a tie. Place the bags in the crock, so that they rest on the plate, on top of the cabbage. This makes an air-lock for fermentation gases to escape, and protects the kraut as it "makes."

A cellar or quiet basement area is recommended for fermentation. Ideal temperature is 60-65 F; much lower than that, and the fermentation will be slowed substantially; 70 F or higher will lead to too-rapid fermentation and spoilage. At a constant 65 F, your kraut should be ready to eat or preserve in 5-6 weeks. (It's OK to sneak in for samples after 3 weeks!)

Before refrigeration and modern canning methods, kraut was usually just left in covered crocks and taken out as needed. By late winter, the crock and its contents would become pretty gnarly. Canning in glass jars preserves

the kraut nicely, but kills most of the good digestively-beneficial microbes in the mix. An alternative is to use a "Foodsaver" vacuum-seal machine, which vacuum-seals the kraut in plastic bags, to be frozen. This method keeps most of the pro-biotic critters alive to be eaten, and preserves both flavor and crunchiness—but once thawed, kraut preserved this way won't keep well, even in a refrigerator.

Happy krauting! You've engaged a very old and illustrious tradition (Capt. Cook kept his ships' crews from scurvy on their long ocean voyages by feeding them sauerkraut!). And, while you work, be sure to say a prayer to the "angels of fermentation," who always invisibly do their part.

Miscellaneous

A Pneumonia Remedy

Do not eat this one! It was not unusual for cookbooks of yesteryear to serve as handbooks for all sorts of household tasks, including caring for the ill, so why not add this home remedy to our recipe collection?

This is another of Cora Luelling's recipes submitted by Katie Ralls.

6 cups vinegar
2 tablespoons turpentine
2 tablespoons essence of peppermint
2 level tablespoons mustard
2 level tablespoons salt

Boil and wring out Turkish cloths and apply hot every half hour for six hours, or longer if necessary.

Birthday cakes and snow ice cream

Edna Tangeman didn't submit a specific recipe, but provided an interesting recollection: "Big family, not much cash, so for many birthdays whoever baked the cake wrapped a coin in wax paper and baked it in the batter. They made sure the birthday person received it."

She also remembers eating snow: "The rule was not eating the first snow, but the second—that was the 'safe' one. Sugar on it and I think maybe a little cream."

Sugary Popcorn

From Fred and Pearle Henske by way of Rachel Henske-McIntosh

"Dad always made sugared popcorn for our Sunday afternoon or evening snack. If he would have known that kettle corn would be so popular he could have made a mint. He used an old fashioned metal corn popper, put in oil and some sugar, waited until it got hot and the sugar melted, then added the popcorn and it came out sugar coated. Then sometimes he would add a little salt after he dumped it from the popper."

DOUGH-GODS

Probably no cookery item embodies more of the pioneer life and times of our area than the legendary dough-god. On early sheep and cattle ranches, on the open range, in the woods, on freighting routes and pack-trips into the mountains, wherever and whenever meals were cooked over open campfires around here, dough-gods were essential fare—but so delicious, in old-timers' memories, they seemed like a luxury.

Where did they come from, and what about their name? Possibly from Canada, where "dough-gods" (by that name) have been part of western Canadian lore since the mid-nineteenth century. But as one form of "fry bread" among many varieties, including Native American, it's probably impossible now to pin-point either origin or source of the name.

What is clear and documentable is that the dough-god "arrived" in Central Oregon popular culture in 1947, when Agency Plains rancher and historian John L. Campbell started making them at the Deschutes County Fair's "Buckaroo Breakfast" in Redmond, assisted by Walt McCoin and other local ranchers. They were an instant and lasting success: when the Deschutes Fairgrounds were relocated to their current site southeast of Redmond, the facilities for cooking the Buckaroo Breakfast (featuring dough-gods) were expanded and modernized. And Jefferson County's central role in the tradition has persisted—since the 1970s, John Campbell's grandson David has volunteered, and now serves as Chief Dough-mixer.

The following is based on John Campbell's original recipe, as passed on by grandson Dave. Its generous scale represents only a single batch of dough out of the many batches required to feed the hungry throngs at the fair. So readers are advised that the portions given here may not be easy to scale down proportionately, to make smaller family-sized batches—say, a fourth, or an eighth. Experimentation is in order; or just go whole hog, invite the neighborhood, and make up the dough as if doing your own Buckaroo Breakfast!

--Dump one-half of a 25-lbs. sack of all-purpose flour in a very large bowl.

--Dry-mix 2 ½ lbs of sugar, two big handfuls of salt, one handful of baking powder.

--Add this mix to the flour, and dry-mix all together.

--Mix 2 eggs, one quart of milk, and one quart of melted butter.

--Make a crater in the flour-mix and pour the liquid mix in it.

--With a big spoon, mix vigorously for 3-4 minutes, working around the rim into the center of the bowl, to make a soft, "floppy" ball of dough.

--With floured hands, tear off hunks of dough and make patties 4" in diameter and ½"thick. Fry patties in a large hot fry-pan,

Advertisement for John Campbell's Madras Meat Market in *Pioneer*, 1916

Viola Kalama digging bitterroots for a Warm Springs Root Feast (1970s). Photo by Cynthia Stowell, Faces of a Reservation (Portland: Oregon Historical Society Press, 1987), by permission.

adding more melted butter on top of each.

When patties can "slide" in the pan, turn them over. If pans can be tilted at this stage, that seems to help complete the cooking.

--Top off with syrup, honey, jam, sugar-and-cinnamon . . . .

(Long ago, in camp or on the trail, the cooking usually started with the fry-pans held over the campfire; then as soon as the dough patties had cooked enough to hold their shape, the pans were shifted to the edge of the fire, and tilted at an angle, so that the dough-gods were finished with reflected rather than direct heat, giving them a lighter crust.)

Warm Springs Fry Bread

This recipe has been in the Ramsey family collection for many years—source is unknown, but a good guess is that it came from a family friend, Wesley Smith, or possibly from the Jackson family.

3 cups all-purpose flour
2 tbsp baking powder
1 tbsp sugar
1 tsp salt
1 tsp lard
2 cups cold water

Mix all dry ingredients. Cut in lard and add water to make thick dough. Knead well, Break off handfuls and fry in deep fat until golden brown.

The Golden Age of Local Eateries, 1950s-1970s"

By Dan Chamness,

--with input from Gary Clowers, Wally Chamness, Sharon Clowers, Evan Albright, Marla Rae Watson, Sharon Nesbit, and others) and further notes on eateries by Jerry Ramsey

The 1950s are something of a mystery to me as I was in grade school and our family did not often eat in restaurants. I received input from some of the above people about their remembrances of the 1950s to fill in my memory gaps.

Teens in the 1950s had a different experience growing up here than the adolescents a decade later. They were youngsters during World War Two, and possibly they had a father in the war. My father was gone three years fighting in the South Pacific. My older brother Wally was born before the war, and I was the first family baby born after the war. The first post-war "baby boomers" graduated from high school in 1964.

Agriculture in Jefferson County was more affluent in the 1960s as grass seed and mint were better cash crops than grain and ladino clover and the affluence was felt throughout the county. The construction of Pelton Dam in the late 1950s and the Round Butte Dam in the early 1960s brought kids of engineers and construction workers to join the local population of teens for a few years. Music was different and the influence of the Beatles and hippies replaced Bill Haley and the beat generation.

Evan Albright, now a successful writer living on Cape Cod, is the son of Warren Albright, who served as district attorney from 1956 to 1966. Evan offered his experiences with Madras eateries while growing up here. "First, my father squeezed the nickel until the buffalo farted. We rarely ate out as a family and that was probably true for most families I knew. Eating out was a treat, hence why I have such powerful memories of Madras restaurants." More of Evan's memories follow. Eating out was also a rare treat in our family.

Cactus Inn

The Cactus Inn was situated on the same block as Madras Main Street Garage (Conroy's) and was a favorite hangout after high school games, school dances, and on Saturday nights after Airbase dances. The Cactus Inn served breakfast all day as well as lunch and dinner, and had jukeboxes. I'm not sure if I ever ate a full meal at the Cactus Inn, but I had French fries and sodas at the diner. By the time I was old enough to drive and had my own car, it had closed. A recent article by Steve Lent in the Madras *Pioneer* (Feb. 17, 2021) says that the Cactus Inn was founded by William (Bill) and Edith Moore in the 1930s; in the 1950s, it was operated by Vance McDermott.

When I asked friends and family about eateries in Madras fifty years ago, the Cactus Inn was the first restaurant mentioned by all I asked. When Jerry Ramsey and the late Gail Clowers were in a high school play in 1955 (Jerry played the villain, Gail was the Sheriff), at dress rehearsal Gail put a pair of real handcuffs (borrowed from Madras Police) on Jerry, and then realized (he said) that he didn't have the key. So Gail drove the two of them all over Madras that night, trying to intercept the Police Chief, Everett Breshears, finally running him down, predictably, at the Cactus Inn, where he regularly stopped for coffee. (He had the key.)

Stone's Café/Lee's Café/Pelton Grill/The Towne House

This restaurant had several names over the years and was located in the building now occupied by Art Adventure at 185 SW 5th Street. I don't know if I have the correct order for the names of the eatery. The Stones arrived in Madras sometime after the war and were operating the place in 1950 when my family moved to Madras. "Stone's" served breakfast and lunch. Wally Chamness recalled that they were also open for dinner. Larry, the son, was in the MUHS Class of 1955. The Stones left Madras in 1954.

Bill and Edith Moore at their 'Cactus Inn,' 1930s.

Gary Clowers recalled a time when some young guys captured jackrabbits unharmed and opened the front door to the eatery and released the rabbits. The culprits then ran away. Gary also recalled that the back door to the restaurant led to an alley where some disagreements were settled with fisticuffs.

Evan Albright's memory of the place later, when it was the Towne House: "When Mom would go out of town and leave Dad behind, he'd take us to the Towne House. That was where I developed my love for what I consider diner food, served on that heavy china (the most common brand, I learned later, was called 'White Buffalo'). I always got a hamburger, one of my siblings would get the grilled cheese sandwich and Dad would have the Special."

Mason House

The Mason House was an historic boarding house located on the SE corner of 5th and E Streets. All that remains today is a bare lot. There was a restaurant below the main floor that was popular for hamburgers, French fries, and hot soup. Wally Chamness remembers Mason House in the 1950s as popular for affluent students (those with a dollar) and with members of the junior and senior classes.

Kids hanging out at Pelton Grill, 1958

Lon's Café

Lon's Café was located on the NE corner of 5th and A Streets across 5th from Harry Michael's Kaiser-Frazer auto dealership. The dealership is long gone but the restaurant survives as the Hunan Chinese Restaurant.

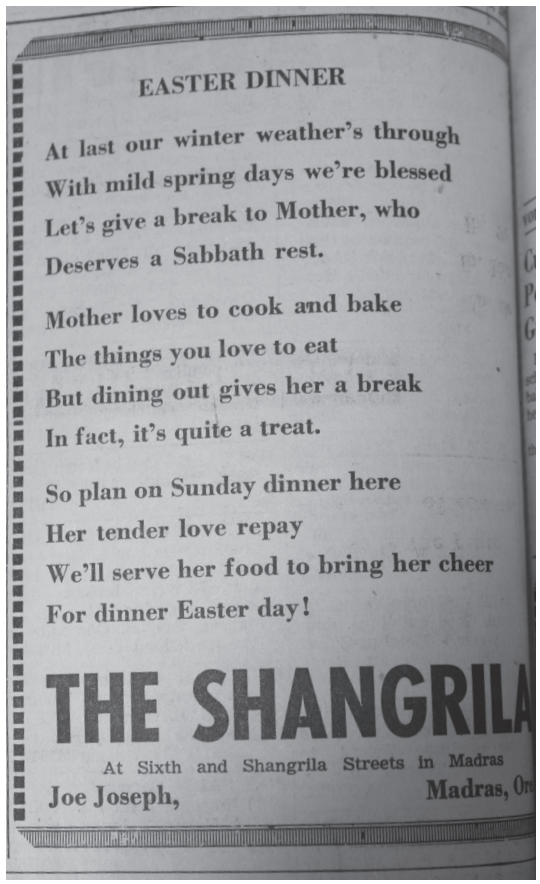
The Ground Cow

The Ground Cow was in the Jefferson Hotel on the SW corner of 5th and D Streets. The hotel was destroyed in a fire in 1958. My brother, Wally, was working at the Standard gas station on the corner of 5th and B Streets the night of the fire and called the fire department to report it. The hotel and gas station are long gone.

The Ground Cow was a favorite spot of my youth. My mother took my brother Mike and me to the fountain there for flavored cola drinks on her many trips to McCaulou's and Mode O'Day. The fountain was popular with high school kids after school. The restaurant served hamburgers and more. Ballplayers stopped by after practice for flavored cokes and milkshakes and listened to the juke boxes. Gary Clowers started school at the New Era School on Agency Plains for his first two grades. Then the school was closed, and he started third grade at Madras Grade School. He recalls leaving school at lunch time and walking clear to the Ground Cow for a sundae with his quarter's allowance, until the owner notified the school.

The Shangri-La/Shanghai Joe's

Evan Albright's recollection of the Shangri-La: "Every so often I'd wander downtown and drop in at Dad's law office, which he shared with Sumner Rodriguez. I would check with Juanita Hawkins, who was front secretary. If she reported that Dad wasn't there or wasn't in court, I always walked over to the Shangri-La. More than likely Dad would be lounging in one of the booths, cup of coffee in front of him, shooting the breeze with Joe Joseph (the proprietor). I would guilt Dad into buying me a 'Shirley Temple' which Joe would produce from the dark scary bar in the back. It always came with the wonderful maraschino cherry floating on the top."



EASTER DINNER

At last our winter weather's through
With mild spring days we're blessed
Let's give a break to Mother, who
Deserves a Sabbath rest.

Mother loves to cook and bake
The things you love to eat
But dining out gives her a break
In fact, it's quite a treat.

So plan on Sunday dinner here
Her tender love repay
We'll serve her food to bring her cheer
For dinner Easter day!

THE SHANGRILA

At Sixth and Shangrila Streets in Madras

Joe Joseph, Madras, Or

***Pioneer* ad for The Shangri-la, early 1950s.**

In this era, when the old county courthouse across the street was still in use and prisoners were held in the old jail in back, they were sometimes escorted over to the Shangri-La for meals—generally for breakfast—then back to the lock-up. The restaurant is gone, but the building, at the SW corner of 6th and D Streets, still stands.

Wren's Drive-in/Roger's Drive-in

The drive-in restaurant next to the K and D outdoor movie theater on the east side of Highway 97 south of Madras was known as Wren's in the 1950s, and later as Roger's. It no longer exists, but it was apparently the first drive-in in town.

Sonny's Steakhouse

Sonny's was originally a steakhouse with a fully functioning bar. The restaurant was famous for a 72-ounce steak that was free if the patron could eat it with all the trimmings. While the Walt Disney movie "Tonka" was being filmed on the Reservation, the movie crew stayed at Sonny's Motel, and a stuntman became the first person to devour the steak—for free. While "Tonka" was being filmed, cavalry in uniform and Indians in full regalia could be seen in the lounge. Sonny Enders also sponsored boxing matches in the lounge and brought in fighters from around the Northwest. Some local boxers who fought there included Jazzy Wewa and Johnny Patchen.

Later Sonny's added Chinese cuisine. The cooks lived in the motel, and Sonny's would close on Wednesdays so that he could take the cooks to Gresham to the dog-races. Sonny's was the restaurant of choice for Cinderella Ball or Prom dates. Evan Albright's recollection of Sonny's: "After we moved away from Madras in 1974, I made it a point to go back to the one restaurant we never patronized, Sonny's up on the hill south of town. After eating there, I couldn't figure out why we never went—it wasn't expensive, the food was okay. I now suspect it was that there was alcohol served, something my mother did not approve of. This may also have played into why we didn't frequent The Stag".

The Stag

The Stag started in the mid-1950s when the

McClaskeys opened the restaurant and lounge on 5th. It served breakfast, lunch, and dinner into the 21st century. At one time funeral notices were posted in the Post Office window, and Madras folks joked that if their name was not on the Post Office window, they went to The Stag for coffee. Civic organizations like the Kiwanis held their regular lunch-meetings there until about 2004, when the head of the county health department, a Kiwanis member, convinced the club to get a new meeting place because of the second-hand smoke that wafted into the meeting room from the bar.

Evan Albright's recollection of The Stag: "We probably ate there once as a family, and that was when one of Mom's relatives from Kansas came to visit. I remember nothing about the food but complained that it was too dark, and I couldn't see what I was eating."

The Stag was the meeting place for Babe Moore, Oscar Lange, Larry Fivecoat, Loren Corwin, Joe Hall, my father (Art Chamness), and many other people who are no longer with us. And now The Stag is no longer with us.

The Dairy Queen

The Madras Dairy Queen has been owned by the Millard family for seven decades. Located on Highway 97 a block east of Madras High School (now Westside School), it has been a teen favorite for its entire time as a local eatery. In the 1950s the DQ had 25-cent milkshakes and 50-cent foot-long hot dogs to go along with burgers and soft ice-cream in many forms. Early on, there was no inside seating, with a walk-up window. Mr. Millard gave winning varsity teams free milk shakes after every win. The 1957 basketball team went undefeated, which may have changed that offer.

The original Madras Dairy Queen, 1958.

Sharon Landreth Nesbit recalls that her grandfather, Roy Warren, drove a Madras school bus for many years, and after the DQ opened, on the last day of school each year he would drive his busload of kids to the Dairy Queen and treat all of them to whatever ice cream delight they wanted. Jerry Ramsey and others recall that when Ed Millard opened the DQ for business, so many MUHS students walked over to it for lunch that the school cafeteria (where the food was pretty awful) shut down temporarily!

The Dairy Queen is now a very popular sit-down restaurant with drive-up window service.

Charlie's

Charlie Hohonshelt built a restaurant along the west side of Highway 97 in South Madras in the late 1950s or early 1960s. The location is now occupied by Madras Marine, and Charlie's (Pizza) now operates further south. Mike Hohonshelt, son of Charlie, operates the restaurant. Evan Albright's recollection of the original Charlie's: "This was the one restaurant we ate at with some regularity (like twice a year). Not the pizza place, but the restaurant closer to town run by his dad. 'How are you, Charlie?' Charlie would shout to every new customer. I loved that restaurant, especially the fry bread served after you sat down (and that Mom would warn us not to fill up on)."

A&W Drive-in

This drive-in opened in the late 1950s. My LDS cousins could not drink colas, but they could drink A&W root beer because it doesn't contain caffeine. I didn't know why root beer was acceptable and cola wasn't, but I did know that I liked root beer. A&W was the only eatery in Madras with car-window trays and outside waitresses. It was popular with teens with cars. The original A&W Drive-in is now Ding Ho Chinese Restaurant located between 4th and 5th Streets near the South "Y."

Evan Albright's memory of the "A and Dub": "In my years away from Madras only one restaurant ever came up among my non-Madras friends—the A&W Drive-in. Several friends mentioned to me that it was a must-stop from Portland on the way to Mt. Bachelor or Sunriver and the reason was the fries. Their fry-machine was a Play-Doh press contraption that fed mashed potatoes into hot oil."

Auction Yard and Drag Strip

Evan Albright's recollection of the Auction Yard (owned and operated by the Crandall family): "I mention the Auction Yard and the Drag Strip because they were the only food places I ever worked in Madras. Both places would let non-profit organizations run the food services to raise money. I really liked going to the Auction Yard because I could see Mom, who worked there for many years, and because my pal Curtis Ryun's mom, Lucille, would bring a giant batch of the most delicious turkey salad sandwich fixings I ever ate."

I was raised eight miles from town, had a great cook for a mother and rarely spent my own money eating in town. I was saving my money then for a sports car instead of eating in restaurants, so I owe many thanks to the people quoted above for their generous input.

Further Notes

The earliest commercial eateries in this area were informal waystations—farm dwellings in most instances—located along freighting and stage routes and offering overnight lodging and meals. "Keeping travel," as it was called, provided a decent side-income for ranchers, if their places were strategically located, as was the case with the Bolter Ranch, at the foot of Cow Canyon (the post office here was appropriately named Cross Keys, after the old English symbol for hospitality). Likewise, the Parrish Place on Hay Creek north of Hay Creek Ranch; the Ranch itself; the Jim Clark ranch on the well-traveled road from Ashwood to Hay Creek; and various stopping points on the road around Grizzly Butte and so on to Prineville, including the Cleek Ranch on Willow Creek (later the HQ of the Morrow and Keenan Land and Livestock Company).

The quality of food and lodging that these keepers of travel offered their guests apparently ranged from dreadful to delightful. The Clark place on Blizzard Ridge became locally renowned in early homesteading days for its hospitality and especially for its meals:

"Mrs. Clark's skill with sourdough became known far and wide. Her biscuits

were the kind that melted in the mouth and always kept a hunger for just one more. To late comers [along old Ashwood Road, over Blizzard Ridge] with their one-and-two-room cabins, the Clark homestead with its wall-to-wall rag carpets, three bedrooms and hospitable board seemed like an oasis in the desert. Many a weary traveler made it a point to stop at the Clark place at mealtime, finding replenishment of body and spirit." [Evada Power, "Hay Creek," *Jefferson County Reminiscences*, p. 47]

The advent of railroads and horseless carriages after 1911 pretty much ended the era of keeping travel here—but already in improvised settlements like Ashwood, Culver, and "Palmain" (soon to be re-named Madras), eateries had appeared. On what may have been his first visit to Palmain/Madras after he ventured west from Upstate New York in 1904, Howard Turner rode into town from Hay Creek Ranch, where he was working, for an all-night dance at Hahn's Hotel (the downstairs was unfinished, but the upstairs ballroom was ready for action). After the dancing ended, Turner and his mates decided they wanted breakfast before heading back to Hay Creek. So they went down the street to Maloy's Place, evidently an eatery: "Mrs. Maloy fixed us up the following: Coffee that would hold up an egg, sour biscuits that were really sour, cold side pork and cold potatoes, with butter that had seen better days. But I guess we did not complain. I think we paid 35 cents for the experience." [Howard Turner, "Madras," *Jefferson County Reminiscences*, p. 156]

By the peak of the railroad excitement in Madras less than a decade later (1911-12), there were reportedly thirteen saloons in town, most of them probably offering meals of some sort—including the tavern of E.S. "Beanie" Sellars, who on Feb. 15, 1911, gained local culinary immortality for mounting a monumental beef-and-beans barbecue that fed thousands. [See "Eating as History, History as Eating" above] The "Madras" and Green" Hotels also provided meals for their guests, with William "Bill" Moore the presiding chef of the latter.

As Madras quieted down into the 1920s, other cafes and diners were opened along or near Main Street, notably by a colorful man-about-town, Charlie Hobson, famous in his time for moving a vacant hotel originally built along the Oregon Trunk rails in southwest Madras, across town to a new location along 4th Street between "C" and "B" Streets and re-opening it as the Madras Commercial Hotel and Café. (It was later converted into apartments, and burned down a few years ago.)

Without adequate refrigeration and regular availability of fresh produce, how did these early eateries manage to provide decent meals for their customers? Howard Turner's memory of "sour biscuits" and rancid butter suggests what a challenge it must have been, for cooks and eaters alike,

Cow Canyon/Willowdale Service Station and Café, late 1930s.

Near-Beer Saloon and Restaurant, Madras ca. 1910.

until the coming of electrical refrigeration and regular produce delivery by truck. *Canned* vegetables, fruit, and meat must have been a crucial (if limiting) basis of local menus, with oyster stew (in many varieties, but made from canned oysters) an "if-nothing-else" regular item on the daily menus. This was especially true, in those days, for out-of-the-way places like the fondly remembered Cow Canyon/Willowdale Café, where the Cross Keys tradition of hospitality along Trout Creek was perpetuated until the 1970s, and its equivalents in Antelope and so on, out in the Great Elsewhere of our region.

Ice cream parlors, soda fountains, confectionaries? Madras had its Sugar Bowl in the 1920s, and in the 1940s, McCaulou's Drug Store had a soda fountain—both frequented by teenagers, as popular culture then demanded (think of the Archie comics).

In the late '30s and through WWII, Dick's Café (proprietor: Dick Doty) prospered on Main Street in Madras, as did the meal services of the two main taverns nearby, The Rialto and The Club. With the opening of irrigation and dam-building after the war, and an influx of newcomers, what might be (very loosely) called "A Golden Age of Local Eateries" ensued, with a new trend for these parts of dining out, especially after church on Sundays.

This phase was notable for the establishment of The Stag on Main, and Joe Joseph's Shangri-La on D Street—and it soon led on to the first fast-food and drive-in operations in the 1950s: Ed Millard's beloved Dairy Queen and the A & W, and Beetle Bailey's in Culver; and then our prize-winning McDonalds, and of course the distinctive treasury here of Mexican food establishments, notably Rio's, and our cherished Great Earth deli, and—probably the most popular sit-down family restaurant ever to hold forth in Madras (and one of the first in its chain), the Black Bear Diner.

Anybody who cares about the possibilities of "eating out" (and about the welfare of local businesses) will hope for a decisive end to the current pandemic soon and the re-opening of our hard-pressed local eateries. As this hasty historical sketch suggests, they are the heirs of a long colorful lineage. What will the post-COVID near future bring here for the pleasant prospects of sitting down in a booth or at a table with family and friends, opening a menu, and indulging yourself? And what about, maybe, a few *new* kinds of cuisine here—Thai? German? East Indian? Japanese? Basque? Why not?

Food Preservation and Groceries

By Jerry Ramsey

Part of our family's Memorial Day itinerary when I was a boy was a visit to the Gray Butte Cemetery, where my maternal grandmother, Ella McCoin Mendenhall, and other relatives were buried. Gray Butte Cemetery, along with being very beautiful, is a place where the tombstones can tell interesting stories. One story I absorbed from my mom, as we stood before a tall monument marking the joint burial of a mother and her daughter, with the same death dates. My mother explained: "They both died of botulism, after eating home-canned vegetables." She didn't remember which vegetables, but my interest—and anxieties—were aroused about the yearly canning sessions over the stove in our household, and all those jars waiting in our cellar. "Well, we have to be very careful when we can produce," is all she said.

Canning jars

How to safely preserve food from spoiling—or worse—has challenged people here since prehistoric times. In my family, there is a well-worn saying, "Eat the best food first!" We say it jokingly at the outset of long-term camping trips, but maybe it originated in early struggles with the challenge of food-preservation. Native Americans, long before they were settled on the Warm Springs Reservation, regularly dried roots, berries, and fish for long-term storage, and used acidic ingredients like cranberries and other tart berries to help preserve meat concoctions like pemmican.

Old jars, often with bubbles and the glass turned blue from years in the sun, are commonplace relics in pioneers' trash piles, reminding us that home canning was carried on by early families here from the 1880s. Before the railroads came in 1911, canning of vegetables, fruit, and even meat was a household necessity, despite the risks if the jar-lids failed to seal. Those risks were reduced with the advent of pressure cookers, but still, seasonal canning over a hot wood-fired range was an arduous and nerve-wracking procedure. My mother regularly canned peas, corn, and tomatoes, but refused to can green beans, because they were not acidic enough, and therefore spoiled too easily. She also declined to can chicken or beef, probably for the same reason. Branches of our family also regularly made sauerkraut, which doesn't so much preserve cabbage, as *transform* it into another food altogether!

What to do about preserving meat? Canning, at least on the

scale required by large families and frequent butchering, was not a practical solution. Early in the last century, on two large neighboring stock ranches in the Trout Creek country, an ingenious solution was worked out for the meat-keeping problem. The Crams and Pridays, both with large families and numerous hired hands, agreed to butcher a beef on alternating weeks, and each would take half of the meat. That must have been a lot of steaks, roasts, and hamburger: probably the arrangement was in effect only during the "active" months of the year. ["Priday Family," *History of Jefferson County, Oregon*, p. 133]

modern smokehouse

Others tried to keep their beef, venison, and pork by salting it down, or "brining" it. The limits of this approach are vividly recalled by the late C.S. Luelling from his boyhood on an Agency Plains homestead:

"The meat would be put in brine in a large earthen crock. The brined meat was similar to corned beef. After several months in the brine, the meat turned somewhat dark, and the flavor didn't much resemble meat. The brine had a tendency to develop mold on top and get stringy. Then it was drained off the meat and re-boiled to kill the bacteria. When it was cool it was poured back over the meat." [*Saga of the Sagebrush Country*, p. 26]

Salting worked better with pork, and smoking and salting ham and bacon was in pre-refrigeration days nearly universal on local farms. Most used smokehouses, amusingly similar in appearance to outhouses that were situated elsewhere in the backyard. A typical smokehouse had a tunnel leading from one side of it to an enclosed firepit maybe 25 feet away, where a fire of aromatic hard wood (fruitwood if you could get it) would be lit, sending smoke down the tunnel, cooling as it went, into the closed smokehouse, where salted hams and slabs of bacon were hanging. The aroma inside was delicious but a little overpowering, like a hundred pans of bacon frying at once. Once my older brother Jim dared me to crawl through the smoke-tunnel into our smokehouse, which I did—but was then denied access to our house until I had stripped off all my clothes and bathed at length in some awful fake-flower-scented soap. Even then, my dad threatened to hang me up with the other hams in the smokehouse . . . .

Some early ranchers up in the hills (and possibly even in town, but I'm not sure) had *icehouses* for keeping meat and dairy products preservingly cool. Most of these were at least partly set into the ground, like root cellars, with double walls and roofs filled with sawdust for insulation. Where the ice came from is uncertain—probably harvested from local ponds and creeks in the depths of winter and buried in sawdust to keep as long as possible. If the ice lasted long enough to make ice cream for the 4th of July, that was probably counted as a success.

With the coming of electrification—in our towns before 1920, on most farms not until after WWII, through the Rural Electrification Act-- short-term and long-term preservation of our perishable foods was quickly and gratefully turned over to refrigerators and later, "deep –freezers" as they were called. When the Van Wert brothers, Everett and Ralph, opened their Madras Meat Market on Main St. in the '30s, they featured rentable "deep-freeze" lockers and most farm families signed up, entrusting butcher-paper-wrapped parcels of homegrown meat (including venison) to the Van Werts' custody. They and other local grocery stores like Jeffway, Southside Market, Aherns, the Van Werts' successor Howard Conlee in Madras Market, and of course Safeway and Erickson's all featured refrigerated commercial meats and produce. Likewise, Osborn's store in Culver, and later The Store. (They all served the local public faithfully and well, but I was always sorry that somehow there was never a Piggly Wiggly's grocery in these parts. There WAS one in Redmond . . . .)

Between these modern services and their own fridges and home freezers, homemakers here soon cut back on canning and gave up brining and smoking, and there were probably few regrets around the dinner table. To be sure, some folks still produce smoked meats, jerky, and so on—but not because they *have* to do it. Call it progress.

Hams hanging in a smokehouse

Big (and Little) Feeds

As noted above, the momentous events in this county have more often than not been celebrated with public feasts— "big muckamucks" in Chinook Jargon—like the epic barbecue that marked Railroad Day in Madras in 1911. Nothing surprising about that—when history-making episodes are welcomed by their communities, it's not crazy to say that they find great satisfaction in *eating* the history they are witnessing.

But the impulse to organize and share "big feeds" together doesn't necessarily depend, in rural populations like ours, on connecting with momentous happenings. That impulse has a long lineage here of expressing itself in more casual pretexts—holidays, local school athletic triumphs, birthdays, church and fraternal gatherings, the return of spring, a bountiful harvest. Early on, the social-feasting impulse seems to have been especially strong here. Maybe in those under-populated, socially "raw," frontier times, people were intuitively trying to weave as best they could a social fabric for their new homeland. But if so, the persistence of this meeting-and-eating urge into our present-day life means that we know that our social and cultural cloth is still very much a work in progress.

1915 Elkins Ranch Picnic

Undoubtedly the longest-running feasting tradition in these parts is the annual celebration at Warm Springs, once centering on the Fourth of July but in recent years commemorating "Treaty Days" and the establishment of the Warm Springs Reservation through the treaties of 1855. For many years, back to when settlers were first arriving "on the other side of the river," the "Warm Springs Fourth" was one of the most popular and entertaining Independence Day events in Central Oregon, featuring colorful parades, tribal dancing, "stick-game" gambling, and rodeos, drawing regular visitors from as far away as Portland, especially after Highway 26 was opened in 1952.

But observing our nation's birthday was from the earliest days of Anglo settlement here a duty patriotically welcomed by every community across the wide expanse of what became Jefferson County, from Camp Sherman to Donnybrook. In the homesteading era, some of these shindigs, like the ones sponsored by the Elkins family on their ranch south of Hay Creek Ranch, were expansive two-day sleep-over affairs, featuring footraces, a baseball game, an impromptu rodeo, and enormous free-form picnics featuring (if ice could be found) unlimited ice cream. (Study the photo on this page of the multi-generational crowd assembled for the 1915 Elkins picnic, and imagine yourself in that scene!) The Fourth of July spirit was so keen in 1915 that a settler named Brewer advertised (in the *Pioneer*) that he was hosting a potluck picnic on the summit of Sheep Rock, about four miles east of the Elkins place. Sheep Rock offers a magnificent over-view of the country, but it has a jagged summit and no road up—did he have any guests for his picnic up there?

In terms of sheer longevity and persistence, there is the Gateway "Fourth" Celebration, dating back to the founding of Gateway in early railroad days, and nowadays featuring a linear picnic and all-comers parade along "Main Street," which is short enough that paraders can make one pass along the course, and then turn around and parade again!

The self-improvement organization for farmers known as "The Grange" had chapters throughout what became Jefferson County, and played a very important role in creating a sense of community here. Prominent on the Grange agenda were "suppers" for members and their families, usually in connection with meetings, but often, it seems, as their own reason for happening. When Essie Maguire was teaching at Trail Crossing School (near Opal City) in 1914-5, she enthusiastically joined the Opal City Grange, and regularly attended their suppers, often contributing to the potluck meals. Her letters to her family in Portland

often report on these doings, which included "pie socials" and on Nov. 15, 1914, a "Bachelors Supper":

"I wish you could have been [there]. The bachelors simply blew themselves [out], with all the whipped cream cakes and salad and fried chicken and pieces you ever saw . . . We had simply quarts of pure cream for the coffee and – everything just grand! Some of these fellows are grand cooks, and they just tried to out-do themselves. Edna [a fellow teacher] and I got right beside an immense whipped cream cake in a large sized milk pan, and a fruit salad with pure whipped cream for dressing. It was the best I ever ate.

Metolius River family picnic, about 1912.

Two of the fellows decided to play a joke on everybody, and they made some juniper-berry pies. Juniper berries are little blue berries that grow on juniper trees, and no one on earth can describe the taste of them . . . it is something awful. When cooked they look exactly like huckleberries, and they make a delicious-looking pie. . . . but Oh! The taste! We laughed until I thought I would never recover." ("Letters from Trail Crossing," THE AGATE, Spring 2020, p. 4)

Young unmarried schoolmarms like Essie Maguire discovered (if they didn't know in advance) that their homesteading communities were crowded with wife-seeking bachelors—and "bachelor suppers" like this one may have given them—if they had the skills—a chance to show off their eligibility, even in the kitchen. Essie clearly approved of their showcase dishes—but her year in Central Oregon did not lead to matrimony.

Such communal dining entertainments served to enliven the cold-weather months, and once winter had given way to spring and summer, they were followed on the social calendar of communities across the county by open-air picnics put on by churches, clubs, and schools, the latter often celebrating the end of school. At Trail Crossing, the fried chicken and potato salad were laid out and eaten on the rocky banks of Crooked River, by the Trail Crossing Bridge, and were often followed by baptisms in the river. In the Culver area, picknickers went down to The Cove on Crooked River, or even to Opal Springs; at Grizzly, to the mill pond on the south of Grizzly Butte; around Ashwood, along Trout Creek or Foley Creek. In later years, before and after WWII, the Madras High School Alumni Association annually picnicked and "reuned" at Suttle Lake. On Agency Plains and thereabouts, the favorite picnic spot for schools, churches, and other groups was Cowles Orchard on the Deschutes, just upriver from the present-day Highway 26 bridge.

Cowles Orchard was also the site for what became (between the Teens of the last century and the late 20s) probably the largest "picnic" in Central Oregon—the famous Fish Fry, instigated by local sportsman and personality "Turk" Irving and a gang of his fishing pals, usually held on a Sunday in May, and apparently premised on celebrating the extraordinary trout population of the Deschutes River by eating them, pan-fried, *en masse*. Throngs of people came from all over—even by train up the Deschutes from Portland—and brought their picnic lunches, but the main course was pan-fried trout unlimited. Inevitably, this extravagant show of fishing prowess and mass-camp-cooking undid itself, when its sponsors found their angling turning into work, and (more to the point) realized that their efforts to feed the masses was seriously depopulating the fish for miles along the Deschutes! So, with universal regret, the Fish Fry was suspended. Today, Oregon fishing regulations specify catch-and-release on that stretch of the river, and the enticing aroma of frying fillets of trout is long gone from those waters, probably never to be revived.

With the passage of years, and decades, marked by a Depression and global wars, the local urge to come together for a big meal persisted and found such occasions as it could find, large and historic, and small and casual. With the coming of irrigation in 1946 and the influx of newcomers, many from farming communities in western Idaho and eager to establish social roots in their new homeland, the picnicking and dinner-going grew, including new organizations like the Farm Bureau and Farmers Union, the "Idaho Club", and the 4-H. Following its predecessor, the Jefferson County Pioneer Association, the Jefferson County Historical Society tries to honor the traditional communal spirit every spring with its Annual Dinner, now grown too big for "potlucking," but consciously trying in its menu and program to keep faith with our long legacy of eating good food together and "visiting."

The COVID-19 Pandemic has brutally interrupted all such gatherings (as the Spanish Flu epidemic of 1918-9 did here in its awful turn). But this being Jefferson County, we will certainly rediscover ways of indulging our love of big (and little) feeds, indoors and out. What should we be planning even now, to make sure we're ready, when the time is finally right, to gather with other folks around a sumptuous meal?

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— Update on Westside School —

Launching "Tell Us Your Westside Story"

by Lori Gleichman

It was exactly this time last year that you were reading about plans to launch the fundraising campaign to restore and renovate the Westside School. Then, Gov. Kate Brown ordered a statewide shut down, expecting it to last four-to-six weeks. Instead, here we are months later again updating the historical society community about plans for Westside School.

To clarify, the Bean Foundation does not own the property; it has an option to buy it from the Jefferson County School District 509J. In early 2020 it had received a proposal from an architect to assess the building's infrastructure and functionality, and to develop some conceptual design plans, including a new home for the Jefferson County Historical Society Museum. However, the foundation did not proceed with the assessment when Covid became a pandemic, explained George Neilson, president.

"When the Bean Foundation board evaluated the amount of funding needed from local, state and national resources to address the Covid crisis and how foundations and other potential funding sources were realigning their giving to meet that need, it concluded that starting an active Westside School fundraising campaign would be difficult. While it also made significant contributions to local needs, the Bean Foundation decided to invest in developing the fundraising website (for a future campaign) and to launch the Tell Us Your Westside Story project as a way to capture the history of the Westside School and to engage the community in potentially restoring and renovating it," Neilson said.

Main entry, Westside School.

Tell Us Your Westside Story

Since 1938, Westside School (formerly Madras Union High School and Madras Junior High) has seen thousands of students in its classrooms and playing on the grounds; teachers have stood in front of the chalk boards and coaches have supervised practices and games. Even more parents, family, community members, and visitors have attended conferences, plays and concerts, and FFA and FHA activities. Administrators have spent whole careers managing the educations of generations, and staff have quietly kept the buildings safe, comfortable and welcoming for more than 80 years.

In these interactions and activities are thousands of untold stories about people, places, events and experiences that are meaningful to generations of Jefferson County (and beyond) residents who consider Westside School part of their personal history.

The Bean Foundation, Jefferson County Historical Society and Jefferson County Library District are partnering to capture those memories in the forms of written stories, oral histories, photographs, and memorabilia.

You can contribute your memories of Westside School three ways:

- Go to www.westsidecampaign.com and complete the online story form or download the PDF form and write down your memories. Links are also available on www.jeffcohistorical.org and www.jcld.org.
- Visit the Jefferson County Library and request a paper form. Paper forms can be returned to the library and will be transcribed into the digital record.
- Schedule an appointment to record an Oral History by calling 541-350-3106. Sessions will be held at the Jefferson County Library on April 22, April 24, May 20 and May 22.

The Tell Us Your Westside Story campaign is also accepting any Madras Union High/Madras Junior High/Westside Elementary memorabilia, including photos, yearbooks, letter jackets, trophies, etc. Memorabilia may be donated at the Jefferson County Library during open hours. Please see guidelines and a release form online at www.westsidecampaign.com or paper copies can be picked up at the library.

Westside Stories will be posted on the www.westsidecampaign.com website and shared on various other media. Memorabilia will be curated by the Jefferson County Historical Society and become part of its collection.

"We are excited to share this project with the community," said Lori Gleichman, consultant working with the Bean Foundation. "We really encourage everyone to share their memories and memorabilia," she continued. "But we ask that you do it with respect and sensitivity in mind."

— Campbell's Corner —

Hopes and Dreams at the Homestead site

By Jennie Campbell Smith

Even in the wake of Covid – 19 there are still many hopes and dreams that the Jefferson County Historical Society wants to realize in 2021 for the homestead site located at the Jefferson County Fairgrounds.

David Campbell and his brother John will soon be working and planting the threshing bee fields with Sonora wheat. The Jefferson County Historical Society has held the threshing bee for the last 4 years, although last year was not a sanctioned event due to Covid-19. The fields were still harvested with horse and binder, bundles of wheat brought in from the field, the wheat threshed with a vintage thresher and the grain bagged and stored for this year's planting.

Dreams abound for the pioneer homestead house and grounds. During 2020 a pole barn that was donated by the Jefferson County Fairgrounds was taken down, moved and rebuilt on the pioneer homestead grounds. David Campbell spearheaded the project and he and others have more ideas brewing. This year siding will be put up on three sides of the (new) old pole barn. Vintage farming equipment that needs to be under a roof will be placed there with plaques that explain what it is and who donated it.

Other projects include new sheet metal roofing for the homestead house and for the schoolhouse. Currently, while standing in the old Farrell homestead one can see daylight peeping through some of the areaswhere the old roofing has begun to deteriorate, making it obvious it is time to replace the old with new.

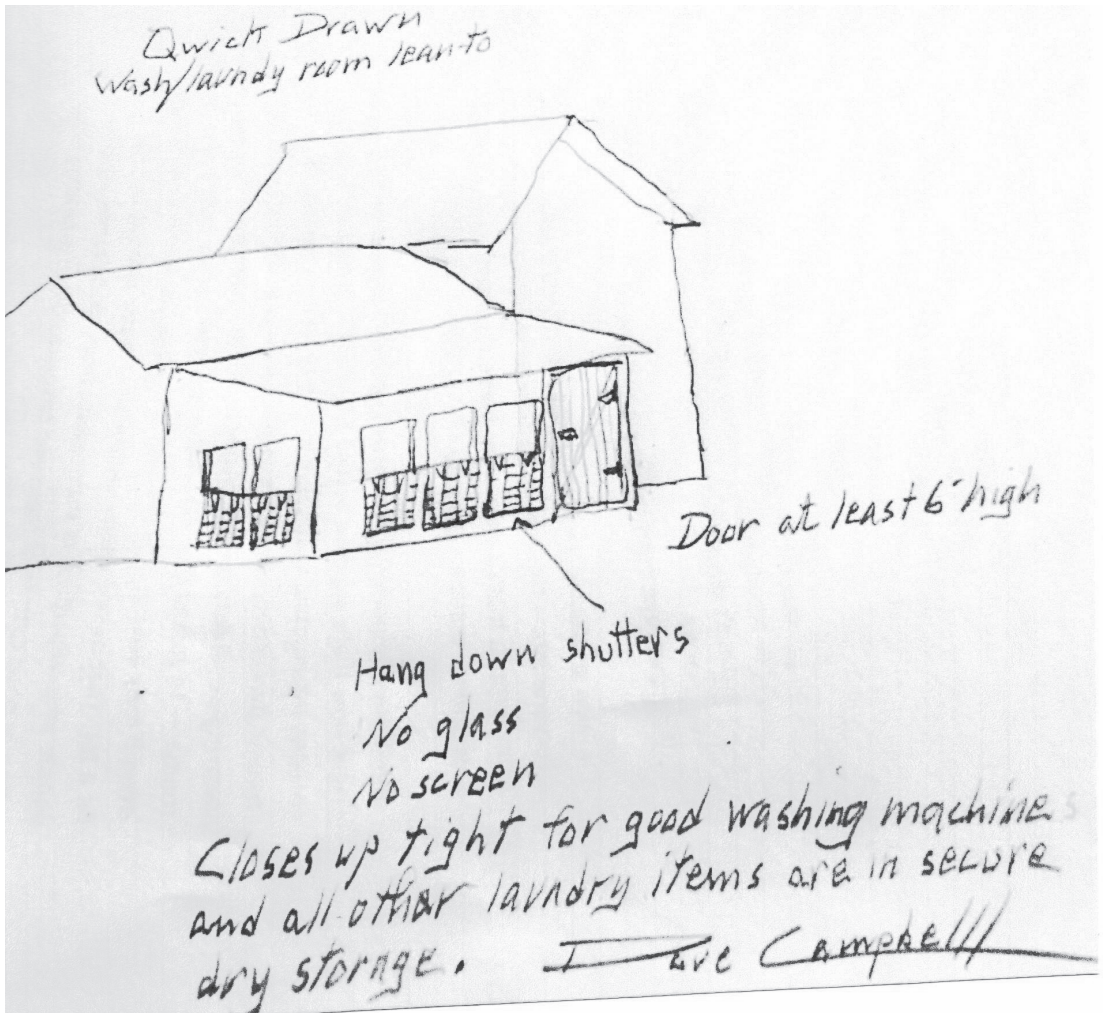
Blacksmithing was very important in the early farming days. One day there will be a working blacksmith shop possibly located in the original pole barn. It will have a line shaft which is used to drive grinders, a drill press and various other tools. It will also have a forge and all the tools needed for working on horseshoes, wagon wheels and much more. Many times, the blacksmith shop had a machine shop attached as part of the business, so maybe our blacksmith shop will have one as well, with a vintage auto or two.

A back porch is being designed for the Farrell house. It was typical of old homesteads to have a back porch where laundry and other chores were done. The one on the homestead will house some of the donated antique washing machines and an old pitcher pump. The plan is to screen the porch in just as it was done in days gone by. The Farrell family has commented that the house originally had a back porch.

Iris bulbs from Alys Belle Farrell have been planted around the house and other wildflowers are being planted on the grounds including around the old threshing machine which stands out in the southwest corner of one of the fields.

Farming equipment from the past has been donated by many local farmers. Some of the equipment can be shown out around the fields where people can walk through and look at the equipment. A row of combines from when irrigation first came to Jefferson County will be lined up for display as well. Other items such as an oat roller, thresher, a bundle wagon and grain cleaners will be stored in the pole barns.

These are just a few updates, ideas and dreams that the JCHS is working on while maintaining Covid precautions. Maybe, just maybe, we will be able to hold a sanctioned threshing bee this August of 2021.



Sketch of planned porch addition to homestead house.

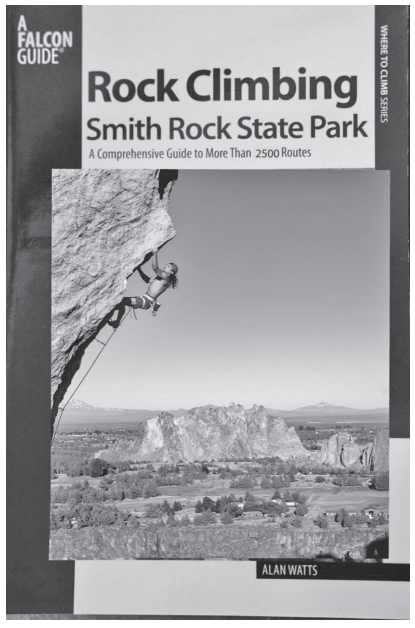
BOOK PREVIEW and REVIEW

Rock Climbing Guide to Smith Rock State Park
by Alan Watts. (Falcon Guides, publication late 2021, 600 pages, $45)

Central Oregon's internationally-famous rock-climbing destination at Smith Rock State Park is just across Crooked River in Deschutes County—but much of the early exploring and mapping of climbs in the area was done by climbers from Jefferson County back in the 1950s and 1960s. So, it's fitting that a Madras native (now residing in Bend), Alan Watts, created the first comprehensive climbing guide to "Smith" (as climbers call it), back in 1992.

Later this year, the *third* edition of Watts' book will be published, further consolidating its reputation as the finest guidebook of its kind available anywhere, a pattern for others.

The new edition will include entries on over 250 newly established climbing routes (new, that is, since the second edition in 2010) at Smith, with photos and maps. Watts has thus updated and expanded his excellent "running history" of climbing in this area; and non-climbers will be especially interested in his attention to its human history, including newly available information on early Native American occupations here, referencing Wilson Wewa's 2018 book, *Northern Paiute Legends* (Oregon State University Press).



The Paiutes called the Smith Rock formation "Animal Village," because of the abundant game it offered them—fish, deer, wildfowl, rabbits, and so on. And it turns out that one of Smith's most iconic landmarks and climbing challenges, "Monkey Face" (irresistibly visible from Highway 97 to the west) has had a Paiute name for centuries—*Nuwuzoho*, "the Swallowing Monster," memorialized in a rousing story in Wewa's collection, about how Coyote fooled and vanquished the monster, and turned him into a conspicuous rocky spire.

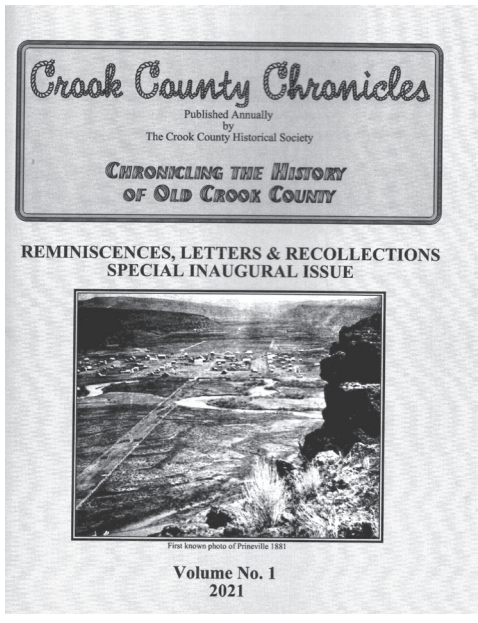
Likewise, it's gratifying to learn that the prominent monolith on the high skyline northeast of Smith, locally called "Squaw Rock" and popular with climbers, was known to the Paiutes as *Peawabe*, "old woman," looking east from where she sits on the high ridge because her two sons once went hunting to the east and have never returned.

To call Watts' latest version of his guidebook a labor of love—on behalf of rock-climbing, Smith Rock, and the history of this area—would be an understatement, but also well-founded praise, for the meticulous research and adroit editing that it embodies. If you're even an occasional visitor to Smith Rock, whether or not you go wearing climbing shoes and carrying ropes and pitons, this is a must-have book for your Central Oregon library, to enhance your visits, and show your visitors!

Crook County Chronicles, Vol. 1 (2021)

Congratulations to the Crook County Historical Society for the recent publication of the first volume of their new series of annual historical gatherings of Crook County history, edited by Steve Lent. The new volume, titled "Reminiscences, Letters, and Recollections," brings together informal historical writings and interviews dealing with the earliest explorations and settlements in Old Crook County, including material originally published in Prineville and Redmond newspapers in the 1920s and 1930s. Of particular interest to students of Jefferson County history: interviews with James and Mary Keenan (James' sister) about the life and times of the famous "Morrow and Keenan" sheep operations based near Grizzly; and an interview with Lyn Nichols about his years of work for Hay Creek Ranch, notably during the momentous ownership of "Jack" Edwards at the turn of the last century.

Crook County Chronicles is available at the Bowman Museum in Prineville and is a benefit of membership in the Crook County Historical Society. Its advent is good news for Central Oregon historians—and is further evidence of the vitality of local interest in the history of our region.



President's Message

Dear Agate Readers,

It is with great sadness that I report that the Jefferson County Historical Society Board has made the difficult decision to cancel the Annual Dinner again this year. We feel strongly that although we may be close to the end of this pandemic, we are just not close enough to make sure of the safety of our guests. But the good news is that we are nearing the end of the long tunnel that we have all been traveling through over the past year, and hope that the society can once again put on all the events and programs that we have worked so hard on over the past few years.

JCHS President Lottie Holcomb

We want to share with you what we have done over the past year, and what we are working on:

History Pubs:

On Feb. 27th, 2020, we held a "Pub" at Mecca Grade Estate Malt. The program was about the celebration in 1946 of the irrigation water coming to Jefferson County. It was very well attended. George Klos is making DVD packages of the program entitled "First Water," which we plan to have available for sale.

Willow Creek Trail:

Jerry Ramsey and Cindy Stanfield are working with Jeff Hurd and the City of Madras on plans for new signage and a revised "Willow Creek Trail Handbook," and also on the City's plans for a new trail parking lot and a "Welcome Arch" historic monument at the 1911 Railroad Day site along Glass Drive.

Pole Structure:

A pole structure to serve as a second shed to house antique farm equipment at the fairgrounds. A group of historical society volunteers led by Dave Campbell disassembled the old "beef barn" at the Fairgrounds and moved it to the homestead area. We hired a professional to drill the holes for the pier pads and helped with the concrete. The volunteer labor and free lumber saved us a lot of money.

THE AGATE:

Jerry Ramsey and Jane Ahern have continued to publish THE AGATE for us twice a year. Plans are to mail copies of the Spring 2021 issue to members by the first of April.

4th Annual Threshing Bee:

We had to cancel, officially—but the harvest happened anyway! We were able to cut, bind, and thresh with a few volunteers. Plans are to sow the wheat again this spring, and we are looking forward to holding the 5th Annual Threshing Bee this summer.

School House and Homestead:

Bids were received to put metal roofs on both buildings. This will be done this spring. Plans are being considered to build an enclosed porch on the north side of the homestead house to display the antique washing machines and get them out of the kitchen.

City of Madras Grant Application:

We are applying for a grant to help pay for the cost of siding for the three sides on the new pole structure. Cost will be approximately $2000; labor will be volunteer.

Thank you for your steadfast support of the Historical Society—and enjoy THE AGATE!

Thank You,

Lottie Holcomb
President
Jefferson County Historical Society

New JCHS Members since September 1, 2020:

George Hawes

Wally Chamness

Andrew J. Morrow, Jr.

Amy Berg Pickett and Joe Pickett

Donations and Memorial Gifts to the Society since September 1, 2020:

Money Donations:

Judson and Barbara Hyatt

Mark and Lola Hagman

Charles Cunningham

Marilyn Fivecoat

Memorial Gifts:

In Memory of Daniel Roark Abrams:
Linda Smeltzer

In Memory of Gay Priday:
Irene Conroy

In Memory of Mel Ashwill:
Irene Conroy
Jerry and Dorothy Ramsey
Jennie, Katherine and Patricia Smith

In Memory of Don Henderson:
Marilyn Brown for Macy Family Ranch
Jerry and Dorothy Ramsey
Jennie, Katherine, and Patricia Smith

THE•AGATE

JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Box 647, Madras, Oregon 97741

THE AGATE • JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PLEASE JOIN US!

Jefferson County Historical Society
Box 647, Madras, Oregon 97741
541-475-5390 • Website: www.jeffcohistorical.org

MEMBERSHIP DUES 2021:
(Individual: $25 Family: $50 Patron: $150 Benefactor: $500)

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

Phone:_____

Email:_____

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