OREGON
A Program for Observance
of May 2
The State Flag of Oregon

By H. E. Hoss, Secretary of State

The State of Oregon, thirty-third in the Union, displays proudly its rank in admission to statehood with thirty-three gold stars on its state emblem. The official flag adopted in 1925 bears also the same escutcheon which forms the major part of the state seal, as well as the words "State of Oregon" and the figures "1859," all of which appear in gold upon a background of navy blue. On the reverse side of the standard, a beaver in gold is shown, significant of the nickname of the commonwealth.

Prior to the adoption of the state flag, the military code of the state carried a provision for a regimental flag of blue silk with the arms of the state embroidered or painted in the center. In addition the number and arm of service of the regiment was shown in a scroll. The section describing this early banner was included in the portion of the military code which has been repealed and the present code prescribes the use of national regimental emblems for army units within the state.

In 1925, following the suggestion of various organizations for a state flag which could be used on formal occasions, particularly by groups representing the state in national conventions, and upon a more urgent request made by Mr. J. M. Jones, Portland postmaster, who wished to see a flag presented to the federal department at Washington, D. C. to hang with those exhibited from other states, Senators Milton R. Klepper and J. O. Bailey introduced a measure in the state senate providing for an especially designed standard for Oregon. The bill passed both the senate and the house and was signed by Governor Walter M. Pierce on February 26, 1925.

In designing the style of the emblem, some semblance of the ensign described in the military code was retained, although the use of the escutcheon alone rather than the entire state seal was a new feature, and one which the designers believed would be more effective, with the escutcheon and its symbolical decorations properly shown in gold upon a navy blue background.

Among the first two flags prepared following the adoption of a definite design were those made by a Portland retail store on special orders. The general staff of the Oregon National Guard purchased one of these standards to present to Governor Pierce, who wished the state to be represented by its official emblem at the program celebrating the 150th anniversary of the battle of Lexington. Following its display at Lexington, Massachusetts, it was returned to the possession of the governor. The other state banner was made under the direction of the employes of the Portland postoffice, who sent it to the federal department at Washington, D. C. to complete the display of state ensigns exhibited there.

The act which created the official flag states that it is "to be used on all occasions when the state is officially and publicly represented, with the privilege of use by all citizens upon such occasions as may be fitting and appropriate." That the state flag is too little known is the belief of many who have urged its display more frequently. It is to be hoped that more standards of the official pattern will be made for general use as provided by the statutes.
OREGON

A PROGRAM
with Suggested Material for Observance of
May 2

Issued by
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
C. A. Howard
Superintendent of Public Instruction

Prepared by
WINIFRED GRAHAM
Secretary

Salem, Oregon:
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Foreword

THE education of a child is not a thing of steady, measured progress. At times it moves forward with extreme deliberation while at other times, as a result of stimulated interest, it advances with vigorous strides. It is for the purpose of providing special impetus to the learning process in connection with certain phases of the educational program that provision is made for the recognition of special days. This booklet is designed to aid teachers in developing in the children of Oregon a vital and abiding interest in the state in which they live, an interest not altogether devoid of becoming pride.

The material here presented has been selected with the utmost care with the desire that nothing may be included that is not historically accurate. A wide range of selections is offered so that there may be suitable material for every grade in the preparation of an Oregon Day program.

The state flag has been used as the cover design in order that a pattern may be at hand from which schools may have flags made for their own use. Great care has been exercised in having this design prepared to conform in every detail with the specifications provided in the law. The state flag should become a familiar emblem to the children of the schools.

Superintendent of Public Instruction
State Flag

Description: On one side on a navy blue field the state escutcheon in gold, supported by thirty-three gold stars and bearing above said escutcheon the words “State of Oregon” in gold and below such escutcheon the figures “1859” in gold, and on the other side on a navy blue field a representation of the beaver in gold.—Chapter 227, General Laws of Oregon, 1925.

State Bird

By popular vote of the school children of every county of the state of Oregon in an election held throughout the schools in the spring of 1927 and sponsored by the Oregon Audubon society, and by proclamation of Governor I. L. Patterson in July, 1927, the Western meadowlark has been chosen the “State Bird of Oregon.” The Western meadowlark (Sturnella neglecta), a bird of beautiful plumage and sweet voice, typically western, is native of every section of Oregon.

A kiss of God!
The moist, and mellow air;
A smile of God!
The sun’s sad, tender gaze;
A voice of God, that, ravishing and rare,
In limpid fluting, fills the meadow ways.

So short! So rich
With earth’s deep, spicy breath;
So sweet! So brief!
From matted fragrance drawn;
Springing, like youth, to sink again in death;
Pressing, persistent, at the door of dawn.

A note, or two,
Makes all earth’s liquid joy;
A word, a prayer,
Lifts high her matin song;
Yet mighty craftsmen modest tools employ,
And wings unfledged, by meadow flight, grow strong.

So bright! So true!
The song that is to be!
Nor death, nor pain
Have place within its notes;
A joyous chant, that through Eternity,
Unceasing, toward a full perfection floats
—Mary Alethea Woodward.
The description of the Seal of the State of Oregon shall be an escutcheon, supported by 33 stars, and divided by an ordinary, with the inscription, "The Union." In chief—mountains, an elk with branching antlers, a wagon, the Pacific ocean, on which a British man-of-war departing, an American steamer arriving. The Second—quartering with a sheaf, plow, and pickax. Crest—The American eagle. Legend—State of Oregon, 1859.

State Flower

THE OREGON GRAPE

"This little sprig of it,
So trim and so trig of it,
Makes the heart of me hunger for home."

The Oregon grape (Berberis aquifolium) or Oregon holly, as it is sometimes called, with its bright, glossy leaves, its blossoms of gold and its berries of blue, was designated as the Oregon state flower by the Oregon legislature in 1899.

State Motto

Alis Volat Propriis—"She flies with her own wings."

Suggested Program

1. OREGON—Her History; brief talks by various students.
   Discovery and exploration.
   Settlement
   Colonists.
   Provisional government.
   Territorial government.
   Oregon as a state.

2. OREGON—Her Local History; the county, or the community.
   Suggested outline: The early settlement; the early leaders; later leaders, and prominent or original characters; turning point in history of the locality; emigration and immigration; present conditions and prospects.—Joseph Schafer.
   Reminiscence of pioneer days. (By a pioneer or student who has interviewed a pioneer.)
   Origin of names of county or town (see McArthur: Oregon Geographic Names).
   Collection by school children of objects of interest historically, for purpose of illustration.

3. OREGON—Her Geography and Resources.
   Location; surface; soil; climate; drainage; minerals; transportation facilities; people; products.

4. OREGON—Achievements of Her Sons and Daughters.
   Brief sketch to be selected from such topics as the following: (It is suggested that the school substitute names of local interest. Space permits the listing of but a few names.)
An Oregon Creed

Oregon Is My Home.

¶ I believe in the brightness of her sunshine, the warmth of her showers and the greenness of her trees, for they bring comfort to those who dwell among her hills.

¶ I believe in the beauty of her streams, the majesty of her mountains and the glory of her sunsets, for they cause the soul of man to expand.

¶ I believe in her history, for it is the stirring epic of an heroic people.

¶ I believe in her men and women, for they have the courage of the pioneer and fear not to try new things.

¶ I believe in her children, for they are the sons and daughters of those who followed the rugged westward trail to the land of their dreams.

¶ I believe in her schools, for they are not dead with tradition but are close to the life of the people.

¶ I believe in the courage and fortitude of her pioneers, and in the ultimate fulfillment of the destiny that they visioned.

Oregon Is My Home.

Charles A. Howard.
Oregon: "Land of the Empire Builders"

KNOW YOUR OREGON—I would suggest that all citizens of the state familiarize themselves with Oregon. Know more about its glorious pioneer traditions—its natural resources—its beauties of nature—its industries and the many wonderful opportunities for her future development. In other words learn about the state and help make Oregon the front door of the United States. A. W. NORBLAD, Governor, State of Oregon, Salem.

OREGON IS SO RICH in both legendary and factual history that it should not be difficult to interest its citizens in the study of early days. Unwinding like a novel from a master pen, the history of the Oregon Country unfolds a veritable panorama of romance, tragedy, heroism, privation—elements which go into the blood and sinew of men and women to make good citizens. This generation of Oregonians has a rich heritage—let us each individually cherish and nurture it that posterity may not suffer for our custodianship. HAL E. HOSS, Secretary of State, Salem.

TINKERING WITH TAXATION—The unfortunate financial condition of Chicago proves that, because of the many factors affecting taxation and the difficulty of foreseeing the effect of modifications of tax laws, tampering with such laws should be done only by experts. The less tax tinkering we do, the less civic embarrassment we shall have. THOS. B. KAY, State Treasurer, Salem.

THE PIONEERS who came over the Oregon Trail in the covered wagon, by their heroism, industry, imagination, and courage, made possible the splendid commonwealth which they have bequeathed to succeeding generations. We are the heirs and successors. As a result of their heroism, labor and sacrifice we live in this commonwealth of incomparable beauty, of magnificent resources, and bountiful future. With this heritage there comes a challenge to the full development of these splendid resources. I sometimes feel that we have been recreant to this trust, but if the new generation can emulate those qualities of imagination, courage and perseverance which we so highly honor in the pioneers and apply them to the magnificent task of developing the commonwealth they gave us, we will not only have a gloriously abundant future, but we will perhaps prove worthy of an illustrious and heroic past. ARNOLD BENNETT HALL, President, University of Oregon, Eugene.

THE HISTORY OF OREGON, with its clash of national claims to the territory, its background of the great migrations and the heroic adventures of the pioneers, is not surpassed in epic grandeur by that of any other state. It is well that our children know this history; for to know it is to love Oregon. W. J. KERR, President, Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis.

EVERY OREGONIAN and every forward-looking, progressive-thinking person truly loves Oregon. Its appealing resourcefulness lies on the very forefront of the wave of advancing civilization, the essence of whose spirit began its outreaching with the awakening of the movement accompanying the advent of the Renaissance. The life of Oregon exemplifies the spirit of the preaching of Peter the Hermit, the voyage of Columbus, the meaning of Horace Greeley’s advice, “Go west, young man.” Oregon is verily the land of promise, the “land where dreams come true.” It is a privilege to live in Oregon. The story of heroic deeds of her founders is characterized by the devotion of the pioneer purpose. What more valuable or stirring lesson can we, who enjoy the delights of this land of showers and sunshine, give this generation of childhood and youth than the inspiring heritage of adventure and achievement left by her early heroes? J. S. LANDERS, President, Oregon Normal School, Monmouth.
OREGON'S PROGRESS in education during the past 20 years is a most gratifying one. The standards of the institutions of higher education have been gradually raised, the curricula for both the elementary and secondary schools have been enriched, and the organization for all educational work has been strengthened.

J. A. CHURCHILL,  
President, Southern Oregon Normal School, Ashland.

EVERY LOYAL CITIZEN of Oregon can justly be proud of this great state, of its many and varied resources, the beauty and grandeur of its natural features, its significant history, its effective civic institutions—it's future.

H. E. INLOW,  
President, Eastern Oregon Normal School, La Grande.

PIONEERS, HOME BUILDERS, EDUCATORS—those who blazed the trail in early Oregon were all three, and they planted the outposts of learning in the West. Some of the institutions they founded are still carrying on, monuments to their founders and sources of intellectual growth to each new generation. Around them as a nucleus and an inspiration, the state has built up its splendid system of elementary, secondary and higher education, which bears witness that so long as the pioneer spirit shall prevail, Oregonians will support and cherish educational institutions as our most precious heritage, our most important public enterprise and the surest guaranty of the progress and stability of our commonwealth.

C. L. STARR,  
President, State Board of Higher Education, Portland.

I WONDER if we fully appreciate our wonderful state: our educational facilities; opportunities of all kinds at our hands; the highest type of neighbors; fishing; hunting; out-of-door sports of all kinds; everything that makes life worth living. Isn't it really a privilege to live in Oregon?

F. E. CALLISTER,  
State Board of Higher Education, Albany.

INFINITE VARIETY is an outstanding characteristic of Oregon—variety in climate, in topography, in resources, in natural beauty. It is this that gives zest to living in this commonwealth. There is no monotony of sameness here.

C. C. COLT,  
State Board of Higher Education, Portland.

THROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the past, a vision of the future can best be obtained. Eighty-seven years ago—within memory of father and son—Oregon was won for the Union at historical Champoeg. Our state was then a wilderness. In the interim, the equivalent of but a day in the history of older countries, see what progress has been made! Vision, then, by past accomplishments, future opportunities and prepare for them through education.

E. C. SAMMONS,  
State Board of Higher Education, Portland.

AGRICULTURE is rightly the foundation of all industries, and parents engaged in this occupation should put forth special effort during the grade school days to encourage their boys and girls to take active interest in this vocation. This interest, followed by college training, will make men and women who will carry on this line of work in a more progressive way. It is the duty of parents to help their children look into the future and choose a life work fitted to their individual needs.

HERMAN OLIVER,  
State Board of Higher Education, John Day.

THE BRAVE MEN and glorious women who came to the last West in the covered wagons are a goodly company to be pictured in the education of Oregon youth and Oregon maturity. The nobility of their aims, the loftiness of their ideals, the fine moral, spiritual and civic standards that they set up around their firesides are models to study, are examples to emulate, are ideals to cherish and exalt. They and their lives and acts are a great romance of history and their influence for education a pledge and a poem. B. F. IRVINE,  
State Board of Higher Education, Portland.
Higher Education in Oregon—Oregon offers to its young people an opportunity to secure at reasonable cost thorough courses in teacher training and an excellent education in the arts, science, agriculture, engineering, medicine, law and home economics. Each year an increasing number of students takes advantage of this opportunity.

A. R. Watzek,
Secretary, Board of Higher Education, Portland.

The Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs has as one of its many departments, that of "Education" with many divisions, all of value and interest. Among them we find "Education of the Adult Citizen," which we feel is outstanding as a factor in reducing illiteracy. Added to this we have our Scholarship Loan Fund, started in 1905 with $23.65. This amount remained after all bills were paid for the Sacajawea monument, which was a part of the Lewis and Clark fair. At the suggestion of Sarah A. Evans of Portland this was the beginning of our work which was permanently organized in 1908. Since that time we have assisted 969 girls to a higher education, which means not only a higher education but a preparation for better womanhood, better motherhood, and better citizenship.

Mrs. G. J. Frankel,
President, Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs, Portland.

The Summer Round-up of the Children—By studying the objects of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, it is made very clear that the welfare of the whole child, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, is the objective of all Parent-Teacher workers. The Summer Round-up of the Children, one of the various activities, is a campaign inaugurated by the National Congress of Parents and Teachers for the purpose of sending to school a class of beginners as near physically perfect as possible. This health activity is worthy of every one's encouragement and assistance.

Mrs. William T. Brice,
President, Oregon State Congress of Parents and Teachers, Portland.

Education in Oregon should in some manner include the education of adult Oregonians about Oregon. The development of a state depends first of all upon the confidence of its people in their state. Knowledge of the resources and the possibilities of Oregon inspires that confidence and creates desire to develop and expand.

L. D. Felsheim,
President, Oregon Newspaper Conference, Bandon.

It has been said that if a person is born in Virginia he never quite gets over it. I am proud of my native state, Virginia, but I take greater pride in the state of my adoption, Oregon, with its wonderful resources, and the alert and forward-looking spirit that dominates its citizenry.

R. R. Turner,
President, Oregon State Teachers' Association, Dallas.

Before I was born my state gave to my parents ideals of life and love that made my home a place of strength and beauty. In helpless infancy my state joined my parents in protecting me and endowed me with that priceless heritage of citizenship. My state enriched my childhood with the romance and love of nature and the lessons of life that have been woven into the texture of my soul. In the stress and storm of adolescence my state guided my footsteps by lifting my eyes toward the stars in the canopy of her blue heavens. My state through her educational institutions offered me the opportunity of gaining wisdom and taught me the ideals of useful citizenship. My state legalized my marriage and afforded me the opportunity and protection of a home. When my heart was seamed with sorrow, and I thought the sun could never shine again, my state gave me the inspiration to labor and hope for the bright tomorrow. When my steps have slipped and I have known the bitterness of lost friendships, my state has believed in me and wooingly she has called me back to live within the heights of myself. Now have come the children dearer to me than life itself and my state is helping me to train them in clean, healthy citizenship. My state calls me her son. She asks my service and my loyalty. She has a right to ask it.

Irwin S. George,
Commander, Department of Oregon, American Legion, Eugene.
“Oregon Is Going Ahead”

By E. G. Harlan, Oregon State Chamber of Commerce

The 1929 salmon pack was 422,117 cases, worth $5,905,024. The total ocean and river catch was 15,569,040 pounds.

The 1929 walnut and filbert acreage was 4,000; 1,200 tons production, worth $465,000.

Oregon has 4.5 per cent of the country’s strawberry acreage and produces 6.8 per cent of the entire crop. The largest strawberry patch in the world, as far as known, is near Lacomb, and consists of 140 acres.

Eighty per cent of the bosc pears, highest priced commercial pears, are grown in Oregon.

The 1929 production of cranberries was 6,000 barrels on about 50 acres. Coos county produced about 2,200 bushels in 1929—the original home of cranberries in Oregon. Clatsop county produced the remainder. Oregon produces about 150 bushels per acre, against 75-80 bushels in Cape Cod districts of New England. In 1926 J. S. Dellinger produced 750 bushels per acre near Astoria, returning $2,200 per acre.

Oregon celery has repeatedly won first prizes for quality. In 1922-23-24 it won first award at national contests in competition with celery from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Oregon has one-fifth of the standing timber of the United States. Oregon leads the United States in fibre flax, acreage and quality.

There are 3,489 miles of paved, oiled and rocked highways in Oregon.

In 1928, 440 mills cut 4,371,924,000 feet of lumber. (Latest United States census.)

There were 4,342,837 cases of canned fruits and vegetables packed in 1929.

Two hundred and twenty thousand dairy animals produced $25,500,000 in new wealth.

Oregon developed the first hen to lay 300 eggs in a year.

Oregon produces over 50 per cent of the nation’s hops, 17,606 acres, 18,445,000 pounds, worth $2,213,000 in 1929.

In 1924 the value of turkeys raised in Douglas county was $90,000; in 1929 the value was $330,000.

Rogue River valley is the fastest growing part of Oregon, and has doubled in the last eight years. Over 12,000 carloads of agricultural and industrial products were shipped in 1929.

Forty cars of high-priced bulbs were shipped out of Grants Pass last season. One-half of the Ladino clover seed of the nation is produced near Grants Pass.

For the last two years Deschutes county shipped one car per month of dairy animals to California.

Alsike clover won first and sixth prizes at the 1929 International Livestock Show, Chicago.

The average apple crop at Hood River is 3,700 cars, and is worth $4,500,000. The average pear shipment is 900 cars, worth $800,000.

There were 1,058,000 acres of wheat in Oregon in 1929.

There are 2,501,000 head of sheep in Oregon in 1930 worth $22,531,000.

There are 480,000 head of beef cattle worth $20,927,000.

Total livestock sales in 1929 were about $30,000,000.

The total agricultural production in 1929 in Oregon was $179,895,000.

Oregon has 18,000,000 potential farm acres, less than 3,000,000 under plow in 1929.

Oregon has 60,000 farm families, the number increasing at the rate of 1,000 new families yearly.

Records show that Oregon is bringing in approximately 75 new families every month, that 5,000 acres of land are being purchased, and that $250,000 of new wealth is being brought in.

During the last six years 4,359 families have located in Oregon; 180,487 acres of land have been purchased; $18,127,878.50 represents new money invested in land, equipment, and household effects.
Know Your Oregon

The commander of the boat’s crew that sounded the approach to the Columbia river in advance of the ship which made the formal discovery was John Boit, fifth mate of the vessel. He was 17 years old.

John Ledyard was a Connecticut Yankee who sailed the northwest coast in 1778 with Captain Cook on a British scientific expedition, and whose enthusiasm for the country so interested Thomas Jefferson, in Paris in 1785 on diplomatic business for the young republic, that this may be said to have been among the first events which culminated in Jefferson’s decision to organize the enterprise which, almost 20 years later, was led by Lewis and Clark.

A probably controlling influence in fixing the name Oregon, and also its present spelling and pronunciation, was the publication of “Thanatopsis.” In the first form of the poem, as printed in the North American Review in 1817, the meter required the accent on the second syllable, and Bryant also used the “a” in the last syllable, making it “O-re’gan”. The poet’s revision, now the accepted version, scans with the pronunciation we now use — “Or’-e-gon”. “Thanatopsis” was widely popular in the period when these matters were uncertain and was plausibly a deciding factor in determining the present status of the name.

The first party of white men to arrive in Oregon overland from the south was led by Jedediah Strong Smith in 1828.

The first ship to carry the American flag around the world was the Columbia, and her commander was Robert Gray.

A great English botanist, who explored the Oregon country in the decade 1825-34 in the interests of science, was David Douglas, for whom our Douglas fir is named.

The original Oregon real estate boomer was Hall J. Kelley, of Boston, who came here by way of Mexico in 1834. He had platted on paper a townsite at the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers. His monographs, petitions to congress and other writings laudatory of Oregon constituted an extensive literature.

Indians of the lower Columbia did not have names for rivers as such, but only for localities through which rivers flowed. To them a river no more needed a name than the air over a region would to us.

The first white man to cross our continent in northern latitudes was Alexander Mackenzie, who in July, 1793, reached the Pacific coast of what is now British Columbia.

William A. Slacum was a United States navy paymaster who came to Oregon in 1836 as a confidential representative of President Jackson, and whose influence was far-reaching in that he aided the first movement to introduce cattle to make the settlers independent of the Hudson’s Bay company.

The first steamship to sail on the Pacific ocean was the Beaver, brought to the Columbia by the Hudson’s Bay company in 1836.

The first effective local civil government on the Pacific coast was organized at Champoeg, May 2, 1843.

Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., who made a reconnaissance of the Oregon country in 1841 commanded an official exploring expedition which, on the same voyage, found the Antarctic continent.

An idea of the lack of public knowledge of western geography as recently as 1843 can be obtained from the fact that Lieutenant John C. Fremont in that year crossed Oregon from north to south, east of the Cascade range, in full belief that his expedition would find winter quarters on a river supposed to rise in Great Salt Lake and flow into San Francisco bay.

The first National Guard organization to debark in the Philippines in support of Admiral Dewey was the Second Oregon regiment.
A plague which destroyed four-fifths of the Indian inhabitants of the Oregon country, eliminated entire villages and in some instances extinguished whole tribes, occurred between 1829 and the early 1840's.

The leader in a noteworthy effort to break the early Hudson's Bay company trade monopoly was Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who came to Oregon in 1832 and again in 1834. He built Fort Hall, in what is now Idaho, and Fort William, on Sauvie island.

The first man to traverse the entire length of the Columbia river was also perhaps the greatest geographer associated with western history—David Thompson.

A pioneer, though not permanent, American establishment on the Columbia river was founded by Captain Nathan Winship at Oak Point in 1810, a year before Astoria was founded. It was discouraged by spring floods and by Indian hostility, was abandoned the same year and never resumed.

An event, occurring outside of Oregon yet which profoundly affected the social and economic life of the territory, was the discovery of gold in California in January, 1848. This not only stimulated export trade by furnishing markets at good prices for Oregon produce, but gave impetus to home enterprise by supplying a convenient, copious, and trustworthy medium of exchange as a substitute for the Arcadian simplicity of barter and trade.

The men who opened a road for immigrants across the mountains, around the south side of Mount Hood, were Joel Palmer, Samuel K. Barlow, and William Rector.

The Columbia river was discovered and named by Captain Gray, whose ship bore the name "Columbia."

By the Nootka convention of 1790, the country that gave up its exclusive claim to the north Pacific coast was Spain.

The ship that brought settlement to Astoria and was later mysteriously destroyed in Clayquot harbor was the Tonquin.

In 1813 Astoria passed from the hands of the Americans into the hands of the British, and Gabrielle Franchère tells how the American colors were hauled down from the factory and the British colors run up, to the no small chagrin and mortification of those who were American citizens.

Much of the recent growth and development of eastern and central Oregon has been due to the introduction and development of irrigation.

Fort Vancouver was built by Dr. McLoughlin.

The first successful Methodist mission, founded by Jason Lee, in Oregon was situated near present site of the city of Salem.

Champoeg is situated about 30 miles north of the present city of Salem.

The United States in 1818 entered into a joint occupation treaty with Great Britain for the Oregon country, which was renewed for an indefinite period in 1827.

The first white women to cross the plains were Mrs. Narcissa Whitman and Mrs. Eliza Spalding, wives of missionaries, in 1836.

The chief factor of the Hudson's Bay company in Oregon from 1824 to 1845 was Dr. McLoughlin. He is known as "The Father of Oregon."

The principal competitor of the Hudson's Bay company prior to 1821 was the North West company.

In 1842 the population of what is now Oregon was doubled by the arrival of a little company led by Elijah White.

A popular Oregon senator, killed at Ball's Bluff in the Civil War, was Col. E. D. Baker.

The most noted leader of the Modoc Indians was Captain Jack.

A noted Indian chief who in 1877 resisted the settlement of the Wallowa country by the white people was Chief Joseph.

The first school in the Oregon country was taught in 1832-33, at Vancouver, by John Ball.
The first bill proposing to admit Oregon as a state was presented by Joseph Lane. The man who financed the building of the railroad from Portland to Roseburg was Ben Holladay.

An early railroad builder in Oregon was Henry Villard.

A noted Oregon author, who wrote "The Man With the Hoe," was Edwin Markham.

A state highway extending north and south through the state, just east of the Cascade range, is The Dalles-California.

The number of counties in Oregon now (1930) is 36.

The author of the "History of the Pacific Northwest" is Joseph Schafer.

Sacajawea was an Indian woman who aided Lewis and Clark.

The river named the "Lewis" by Captain Clark is now called the Snake.

When Astoria was taken over by the North West company its name was changed to Fort George.

The headquarters of the Hudson's Bay company after 1825 were at Vancouver.

A government training school for Indians is situated at Chemawa, Oregon.

In 1824 the southern boundary of Russia's possessions on the Pacific coast was fixed at 54 degrees 40 minutes (N. L.).

The first territorial governor of Oregon was Joseph Lane, appointed by President Polk.

The first newspaper published in Oregon was the Oregon Spectator, February 5, 1846.

The first capital of Oregon was at Oregon City.

Oregon became an organized territory March 3, 1849, when Governor Lane formally took office. The act of Congress authorizing this was approved August 14, 1848.

The legendary "Bridge of the Gods" spanned the river now known as Columbia.

Oregon was admitted to the Union as a state February 14, 1859, with 53,000 population.

The first state governor of Oregon was John Whiteaker.

A famous highway along part of the northern boundary of Oregon is the Columbia River highway.

The most noted highway running north and south through the state of Oregon is the Pacific highway.

The Oregon official who negotiated the treaty with the Indians at Table Rock in September, 1853, was Joseph Lane, who had been governor of the territory but had resigned.

Oregon is bounded on the north by Washington, on the east by Idaho, on the south by California and Nevada, and on the west by the Pacific ocean.

Oregon contains 96,699 square miles and ranks ninth in size.

Oregon initiated the national movement for direct primaries, the initiative and referendum and the recall, and adopted prohibition independently of national amendment.

Oregon was the thirty-third state admitted to the Union.

Oregon ranks first in the amount of standing timber, and in timber cut ranks second.

The principal farm crop is wheat.

School census of persons over 4 and under 20 years of age in October, 1929, was 260,393, of which 132,253 were male and 128,140 were female.

In 1929 there were 279 standard high schools in Oregon.

In 1929 there were 7,214 students graduated from Oregon high schools, of which 3,137 were boys and 4,077 girls.

The paper-making industry is prominent in Oregon because spruce and white fir are plentiful.

The earliest road east and west across the plains into Oregon is called the Oregon Trail.

The Oregon normal school is situated at Monmouth, the Southern Oregon normal school at Ashland, and the Eastern Oregon normal school at La Grande.

In illiteracy Oregon ranks with Iowa, Nebraska and Idaho as the lowest in the country, the percentage being 1.5; that of native-born .4 of 1 per cent.
Celebrating the Covered Wagon Centennial

(From the Journal of the National Education Association, March, 1930)

What the Schools Can Do

1. Commemoration Day program—Covered Wagon Centennial; preferably May 2, or some other significant date. This program should be given in the auditorium, outdoors, or in classes. Its purpose is to honor our pioneers.

   It should involve the following:
   (a) The Oregon Trail, its geography and history.
   (b) Stories of the pathfinders and pioneers—Indians, explorers, fur-traders, missionaries, homebuilding settlers, and ranchmen. To be presented through narration or dramatization.
   (c) Songs and other music of the Covered Wagon days.
   (d) Introduction of living Oregon Trail pioneers resident in your community.
   (e) Address: A tribute to the pioneer builders of the west.

2. Follow-up studies—In connection with the history, geography, English, art, and music departments, cast on the following activities:
   (a) Gather from living pioneers their stories, preserve relics, documents of pioneer days.
   (b) Make collections for libraries of reliable books, pamphlets, and articles that tell the story of the Oregon Trail and our western home.
   (c) Express in art, music, drama, and creative language the choice stories and the spirit of the western pioneer.
   (d) Essay contest.

Prepare to participate in the state essay contest for the Oregon Trail Memorial Association medals, which will be awarded, in each state, one to a boy and one to a girl and one to their school for the best essays on the theme: The past my state has played in the opening and building of the West. After the study of the history of the great west, as a part of our national expansion and achievement, students of junior and senior high schools will be ready to deal in a concrete and truthful way with this inviting theme.

Details of the essay contest may be secured from Oregon Trail Memorial Association, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, Howard R. Driggs, president.

President and Old Pioneer

Calvin Coolidge and Ezra Meeker, two stalwart Americans—the president a New Englander, and Mr. Meeker a native of Ohio, though for nearly all his adult life a resident of the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Meeker was born in 1836, the son of a pioneer, and from Washington state to the city of Washington.

Precious few of these pioneers yet live to tell us their stories. Hundreds of them lie in unmarked graves along the old trails shown in the above sketch made for us by a covered wagon pioneer. Others are at rest in cemeteries in every part of our land. One tender tribute planned is the making of a roster of these honored dead; another is to search out those who yet live and pay them the honor due. This cause offers a challenging opportunity for all to give definite help in preserving our national traditions and promoting our national unity.

For references for study of the Oregon Trail, see list of books and periodicals, compiled by the Oregon State Library, and printed on the last page of this program.
"Lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing."

BRYANT: Thanatopsis.

The woods, the deep
Primeval woods,
The incense-laden
Oregon woods—
Where limpid streams and sunlit
bowers
Abound in varied leaves and flowers
And censers swung in Nature's
shrine
Exhale a fragrant breath divine.
The woods, the vast
Resounding woods,
The wind-swept, vibrant
Oregon woods—
The zephyr's pianissimo,
The cascade's deep fortissimo,
The litany of happy birds—
Are hallelujahs without words.

The woods, the dense
Imposing woods,
The towering, templed
Oregon woods—
A sermon ev'ry leaf reveals,
Rare symphonies the woodland peals
And columned aisles mid sylvan
lyres
Tower skyward like cathedral spires.
The woods, the quaint
Enchanted woods,
The elfin-haunted
Oregon woods—
The sighing bough and hermit owl,
The sprite at prayer and nymph
in cowl,
The phantom note of mourning
dove—
All tell the rosary of love.

By permission of the Oregon Daily Journal.
In Oregon
In February

Swales are hued
Pale gold and cherry,
In Oregon,
In February
Green that was green
Is greener still,
Water furrows
Every hill.
Roan starts
From pine and fir,
Hazel are
A lowly blur.
Catkins don
New velvet coats,
Frogs awake
And clear their throats.
The first lark sings
And spring's begun
In Oregon,
In Oregon.

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon
Breaking through the gopher holes, lurching wide and free,
Crawling up the mountain pass, jolting, rumbling on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling to the sea.
From East and South and North they flock, to muster, row on row,
A fleet of ten-score prairie ships beside Missouri's flow.
The bullwhips crack, the oxen strain, the canvas-hooded files
Are off upon the long, long trail of sixteen hundred miles.
The women hold the guiding-lines; beside the roving steers
With goad and ready rifle walk the bearded pioneers.
Through clouds of dust beneath the sun, through floods of sweeping rain
Across the Kansas prairie land, across Nebraska's plain.
Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon
Curved around the campfire flame at halt when day is done,
Rest awhile beneath the stars, yoke again and lumber on,
Two hundred wagons, rolling with the sun.
Among the barren buttes they wind beneath the jealous view
Of Blackfoot, Pawnee, Omaha, Arapahoe and Sioux.
No savage threat may check their course, no river deep and wide;
They swim the Platte, they ford the Snake, they cross the Great Divide.
They march as once from India's vales through Asia's mountain door
With shield and spear on Europe's plain their fathers marched before.
They march where leap the antelope and storm the buffalo
Still Westward as their fathers marched ten thousand years ago.
OREGON: A Program for Observance of May 2

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon
Creeping down the dark defile below the mountain crest,
Surging through the brawling stream, lunging, plunging, forging on,
West.
Two hundred wagons, rolling toward the
Now toils the dusty caravan with swinging wagon-poles
Where Walla Walla pours along, where broad Columbia rolls.
The long-haired trapper’s face grows dark and scowls the painted brave;
Where now the beaver builds his dam the wheat and rye shall wave.
The British trader shakes his head and weighs his nation’s loss,
For where those hardy settlers come the Stars and Stripes will toss.
Then block the wheels, unyoke the steers; the prize is his who dares;
The cabins rise, the fields are sown, and Oregon is theirs!
They will take, they will hold,
By the spade in the mold,
By the seed in the soil,
By the sweat and the toil,
By the plow in the loam,
By the School and the Home!

Two hundred wagons, rolling out to Oregon,
Two hundred wagons, ranging free and far,
Two hundred wagons, rumbling, grumbling, rolling on,
Two hundred wagons, following a Star!

In thy crystal depths, inverted,
Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aidenn
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance ‘round today.
Love would wander
Here and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream;
Life’s old questions—
Sad suggestions—
"Whence and whither?" throng thy stream.
On the roaring wastes of ocean,
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;
Mid the surge’s rhythmic thunder,
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness Mocks this turbid life of mine—
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down the slopes of Time.
Onward ever, lovely river—
Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and marts us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

—SAM L. SIMPSON.

The Beautiful Willamette

From the Cascade’s frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away.
Onward ever, lovely river—
Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and marts us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

Spring’s green witchery is weaving Braid and border for thy side; Grace forever haunts thy journey, Beauty dimples on thy side; Through the purple gates of morning, Now thy roseate ripples dance, Golden, then, when day, departing, On thy waters trails his lance. Waltzing, flashing, Tinkling, splashing. Limpid, volatile and free— Always hurried To be buried In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

God tramps on through the scourging rains,
God vaults into the saddle;
Rides alone past the dusty plains;
God’s back bends to the paddle.
Cedar branches and sunlight through, And on, still on, speeds the lone canoe!

God rides out on his ancient quest, Healing, saving, commanding. Here in the savage unknown west, Settlement, cabin, landing— Well they know the steady beat, In the stillness, of God’s horse’s feet.

God leads to grace the pioneers Who walk each hour with danger; Knows these grim men for his peers; Gives his bread to the stranger— Doing all that a neighbor can, God rides still—a weary man.

God rides out—and founds three states; Their scourger, their defender; Guides their loves and tones their hates, Leads them into splendor! God—in the Circuit Rider’s breast— Once more God built a world—our west.

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.
OREGON: A Program for Observance of May 2

Oregon in 1834
An historical pageant by R. J. Hendricks

In 1934* the centenary celebration of the coming of Jason Lee and his four companions will be held in and around Salem, Oregon. Lee, 6 feet 4, a giant in strength and endurance (the height of Abraham Lincoln), light hair and fair complexion, blue eyes (Bashford says he resembled Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes), kingly in bearing (as much so as Dr. John McLoughlin), kindly and companionable in disposition, and sincerely devout in spirit, came as a missionary to the Flathead Indians, responding to the call of the four tribesmen who had been sent by their people to the then village of St. Louis, Mo., searching for the white man's God and the white man's Book of Heaven. He had stepped over the crest of the Rockies and camped in the old Oregon country June 15, 1834. Twelve years later, to a day, the international boundary agreement was signed. Had he not come, and had he not been a statesman in vision as well as a Christian in character and outlook, that event might not have transpired—indeed, had he not come when he did, and had he not been the kind of man he was, the British flag might now fly over all the country west of the Rockies. It is freely argued that the influences that radiated from the unhewn log house 18 by 22 feet extended the arc of the republic to the Pacific.

The little party arrived at the mission site on the east bank of the Willamette 10 miles below what is now Salem, October 6, 1834, and began building that rude historic small house.

CHARACTERS
JASON LEE, head of the mission.

DANIEL LEE, his nephew, Methodist missionary.

CYRUS SHEPARD, missionary teacher. Organized in 1835 the first Sunday school of the old Oregon country, still going as the First Methodist Sunday school of Salem, Oregon. Letters of his and his wife's led Methodists of Lynn, Mass., to organize the Oregon Provisional Emigration society in August, 1838. The society published a monthly magazine called "The Oregonian," and secured 3,000 members who were subscribers.

ALANSON BEERS, missionary blacksmith.

J. L. WHITCOMB, missionary worker, (who with 35 others signed the memorial to congress which in 1838 Jason Lee took with him to Senator Linn, who presented it to the upper house January 28, 1839; Whitcomb married Cyrus Shepard's widow after the death of her first husband).

DR. ELIJAH WHITE, missionary physician. He led to the Oregon country in 1842 the first large party of people coming for actual settlement.

W. H. WILLSON, missionary carpenter. Became a physician. Platted the original townsite of Salem. Donated Oregon state capitol site.

MRS. ALANSON BEERS and MRS. ELIJAH WHITE.

SUSAN Downing, missionary teacher, betrothed to Cyrus Shepard.

ELVIRA JOHNSON, missionary teacher.

ANNA MARIA PITMAN, missionary teacher.

Canadian Frenchmen and their wives and half-caste children.

A few white men, including trappers from the mountains and stragglers from the sea, and Charles J. Roe.

Indian children and students of the mission, to the number of 30 to 40, with neighboring tribesmen.

SCENE
A grove of firs by the river side near the mission.

TIME
Sunday, July 16, 1837

(As the company disperses of itself on rude improvised seats, most of the Indians standing or sitting on the ground, Jason Lee reads the lines, beginning, and the company sings:)

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love and praise."

(Jason Lee continues, and the company takes up the words:)

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew."

(Jason Lee leads in prayer. An old chronicler says, "He fervently addressed the throne of
OREGON: A Program for Observance of May 2

grace, while every knee bent in the attitude of supplication, and many prayers went up as a memorial before God.

MISS JOHNSON

(Speaking to Mrs. Beers.)

"Have you heard that there is to be a double wedding?"

MRS. BEERS

"No. Who else? I have heard nothing. Who can it be?"

MISS JOHNSON

"They say Mr. Roe is to wed the half-breed daughter of Captain McKay, the Jean Baptiste Deportes McKay who came with the Astor party in 1812. But we must be quiet, for Mr. Lee is beginning to speak."

JASON LEE

"My beloved friends and neighbors: More than two years have passed since God, in His providence, cast my lot among you. During this period I have addressed you many times and on various subjects, and I trust that you bear me witness this day that I have never, in any one instance, advised you to do that which is wrong, but that I have, on all occasions, urged you to 'Cease to do evil and learn to do well.'

I have frequently spoken to you, in no measured terms, upon the subject of the holy institution of marriage, and endeavored to impress you with the importance of that duty. It is an old saying, and a true one, that example speaks louder than precept, and I have long been convinced that if we would have others practice what we recommend, circumstances being equal, we must set the example. And now, my friends, I intend to give you unequivocal proof that I am willing in this respect to practice what I have so often commended to you."

MISS DOWNING

"And she even kept it from me, and from Cyrus, too. We have had no secret. Our vows were made and known in Massachusetts before Mr. Shepard went with the Lees in 1834. I gladly came to him half around the world to this wilderness, and counted it my duty as well as my joy and happiness."

MRS. WHITE

"And Mr. Lee and Miss Pitman have known each other only two short months. It is whispered, though, that Miss Pitman was chosen by the good ladies of the missionary board as a suitable person to become the bride of Mr. Lee, and with her knowledge and consent, though he knew nothing of this cunning plan of the doting matchmakers in New York. And all of us have sensed that with both it was a case of love at first sight. Why not? They are peculiarly fitted for each other, if ever mortal man and woman were. But they have been wonderfully adroit in keeping the secret of their intended surprise for us today."

MRS. BEERS

"I am not resentful for being denied the sweet sharing of their secret. It adds to the zest and interest of this high day among us. And there are only five white women west of the Missouri who might share it; the five of us here at the mission; excepting Narcissa Whitman at Wallatpu and Mrs. Spalding at Lapwai 200 to 300 miles away."

MRS. WHITE

"See, Daniel Lee stands ready to tie the nuptial knot. It is a pretty ceremony, and a historical one. It is the first marriage of a white man to a white woman west of the Rockies and north of the California line."

MRS. BEERS

"Now comes the turn of Cyrus Shepard, erect and stately, and Susan Downing. Surely one good turn deserves another, and it is proper that the first white groom should perform the ceremony for the second, turn about being fair play. They make a fine appearance, as fresh as the beautiful flowers in the mission garden of Cyrus. Though Cyrus himself is said to deny himself proper clothes for most occasions, because he wishes to curb his natural pride. It is one of his many ways of mortifying the flesh; like the hair shirt of some religious orders."

MISS JOHNSON

"And now comes the second surprise in this day of romance, which is no surprise, Mr. Lee is calling for Mr. Roe, who is to marry the half-breed daughter of Captain McKay."

JASON LEE

"Let us add our voices to the music of the birds in the trees overhead on this thrice blessed day, devoted to the ceremonial that hark our memories back to that memorable scene in Cana of Galilee that was hallowed by the help and
participation of the Master who performed his first miracle that the wedding feast might not lack for anything, as we sing together:

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain height,
See that glory beaming star."

DANIEL LEE

"On this blessed day a stake has been driven:
three stakes, marking the dividing line between
the old and the new.

"There is a glory beaming star in the night
of moral and spiritual darkness, herald of the
coming day.

"In potential value this house on the Wil-
lamette is greater than the fort on the Columbia
yonder at Vancouver. Here we have the evan-
gels of the higher life; here is the first center
of Christianity. and culture in the Oregon
country.

"The wedding ceremonies we have witnessed
are the sacraments of the home and that family
that set apart a people from the savagery of the
wilderness. They mean organized society;
schools, colleges, the state, the nation."

JASON LEE

"Come thou to us, and we will do thee
good, for the Lord has spoken good concerning
Israel." These words from Numbers 10:29
spoken by Moses in another wilderness, shall be
the text of my sermon on this blessed Sabbath
day." (There followed a sermon that made history,
There were two converts and two baptisms,
Webley Hauxhurst was one, and he became a
leading man and charter member of the First
Methodist church of Salem. He built the first
gristmill in the Willamette valley. He was the
first white person converted in Oregon. He be-
came a trustee of the Oregon Institute and
Willamette University. Charles I. Roe was the
other.)

DANIEL LEE

"Many tears bear testimony that no hearer is
past feeling. I have heard great sermons that
moved men, but not another in such a setting as
this, nor one with a like sincere effect upon
those who heard, even though part of you have
little understanding of the spoken language.
But all have felt the unspoken moving of the
spirit.

"Now we will have the sacrament of the
Lord's Supper, and a love feast will follow. The
institution of marriage stands forth a sacred
thing now in this wilderness, sanctified by the
rites of religion and sanctioned by the tenets of
of the law of organized society."

MR. BEERS

(At he with Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Willson,
Dr. White and Cyrus Shepard pass the impro-
vised communion cups:) "This is the unfer-
mented fruit of the vine, such as was the water
turned to wine by the Master at the wedding
feast of Cana. When the miracle of water
turned to wine can again be performed, no one
will hesitate to drink, nor be harmed thereby.

(No one refused the cup, neither the white
men and women nor the Indians and half-
castes. There followed the love feast, in which
every Methodist spoke.)

* The general committee, representing all the coun-
try of this coast west of the Rocky mountains, to have
oversight concerning the forthcoming centenary cele-
bration (for 1934), will soon be organized.
† Mrs. Dye in her "McLoughlin and Old Oregon"
says of Jason Lee and Miss Pitman: "They had met
before in New York City, but his recollection had been.
'She is not a lady that I should fancy for a wife'."

An Oregon Sun Knows
Where to Set

By ANTHONY EUWER

SAY—have you halted on the trail
Just as the day was done.
And glimpsed through fretted firs enlaced
The dying of the sun?
Or come upon an open space
And fairly held your breath,
As down a score of canyons there
You watched its scarlet death?
And did it strike you somehow that
No matter where you get,
In Oregon—old Oregon,
The sun knows where to set?

AND have you stood upon the bridge
At homing time of day
And seen a freighter anchored there
All dingy, battered, gray—
Until the sun bejewelled her decks
With colors manifold,
Transfusing masts and rigging to
A maze of tangled gold?
And did it strike you somehow that
No matter where you get,
In Oregon—old Oregon,
The sun knows where to set?

OR have you through an autumn haze
Watched that red disk descend
To meet the level harvest fields,
Just at his journey's end?
And have you ever marveled how
It always seemed to find
Some quaint old barn or stack of hay
To settle down behind?
And did it strike you somehow that
No matter where you get,
In Oregon—old Oregon,
The sun knows where to set?
A Day with the Cow Column in 1843

By Jesse Applegate

(Read before the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1876; reprinted from transactions of that society.)

The migration of a large body of men, women and children across the continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment; not only in respect to the members, but to the outfit of the migrating party. Before that date, two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them, three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake river, but it was the honest opinion of the most of those who had traveled the route down Snake river, that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a country so rugged and mountainous.

The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably resist it on account of the emigrants' destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which were then diminishing in numbers.

The migrating body numbered over 1,000 souls, with about 120 wagons, drawn by 6-ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as yet so adverse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the "Big Blue" it divided into two columns, which traveled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock on the Sweetwater.

From this point, all danger from Indians being over, the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front.

Before the division on the Blue river there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition, which must share the pasture and be guarded and driven by the whole body. This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue. Those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column; those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and much encumbered with its large herds, had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort. It is with the cow column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.

It is four o'clock A. M.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over—and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away in the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that make a semicircle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails led beyond the outside animals in sight, and by 5 o'clock the herders begin to contract the great, moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly towards camp, clipping here and there a thistle or a tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour 5,000 animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the corral to be yoked. The corral is a circle 100 yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other, the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox can not break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux would be no contemptible intrenchment.

From 6 to 7 o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at 7 o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.
There are 60 wagons. They have been divided into 15 divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon today will be the rear one tomorrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within 10 minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The women and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization and has been chosen to the post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes), stands ready, in the midst of his pioneers and aids, to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not today on duty, form another column. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted and well armed, as they need be, for the unfriendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride 15 or 20 miles to reach them. The cow drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rush to and fro, the cracking of whips, the loud command to move, the trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading divisions of the wagons move out of the encampment, and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clock work, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude. No haze or fog obscures the view; the murky air of the seaboard, no correct judgment of distance can be formed by sight, and objects which they think can reach in a two hours' walk may be a day's travel away; and though the evening air is a better conductor of sound, on the high plain during the day the report of the loudest rifle sounds little louder than the bursting of a cap; and while the report can be heard but a few hundred yards, the smoke of the discharge may be seen for miles. So extended is the view from the bluff on which the hunters stand, that the broad river glowing under the morning sun like a sheet of silver, and the broader emerald valley that borders it, stretch away in the distance until they narrow at almost two points in the horizon, and when first seen, the vast pile of the Wind River Mountains, though hundreds of miles away, looks clear and distinct as a white cottage on the plain.

We are full six miles away from the line of march; though everything is dwarfed by distance, it is seen distinctly. The caravan has been about two hours in motion and is now as widely extended as a prudent regard for safety will permit. First, near the bank of the shining river is a company of horsemen; they seem to have found an obstruction, for the main body has halted while three or four ride rapidly along the bank of the creek or slough. They are hunting a favorable crossing for the wagons; while we look they have succeeded; it has apparently required no work to make it passable, for all but one of the party have passed on, and he has raised a flag, no doubt a signal to the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading teamster sees him, though he is yet two miles off, and steers his course directly towards him, all the wagons following in his track. They (the wagons) form a line three-quarters of a mile in length; some of the teamsters ride upon the front of their wagons. Some march beside their teams; scattered along the line companies of women are taking exercise on foot; they gather bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers that line the way; near them stalks a stately greyhound, or an Irish wolf dog, apparently proud of keeping watch and ward over his master's wife and children. Next comes a band of horses, two or three men or boys follow them, the docile and sagacious animals scarce needing this attention, for they have learned to follow in the rear of the wagons, and know that at noon they will be allowed to graze and rest. Their knowledge of time seems as accurate as of the place they are to occupy in the line, and even a full-blown thistle will scarce tempt them to stray or halt until the dinner hour has arrived. Not so with the large herd of horned beasts that bring up the rear; lazy, selfish and unsocial, it has been a task to get them in motion, the strong always ready to domineer over the weak, halt in the front and forbid the weak to pass them. They seem to move only in the fear of the driver's whip; though in the morning, full of repletion, they have not been driven an hour before their hunger and thirst seem to indicate a fast of days'
duration. Through all the long day their greed is never satisfied, not their thirst quenched, not is there a moment of relaxation of the tedious and vexatious labors of their drivers, although to all others the march furnishes some seasons of relaxation or enjoyment. For the cow-drivers there is none.

But from the standpoint of the hunters, the vexations are not apparent; the crack of the whips and loud objurgation are lost in the distance. Nothing of the moving panorama, smooth and orderly as it appears, has more attractions for the eye than that vast square column in which all colors are mingled, moving here slowly and there briskly, as impelled by horsemen riding furiously in front and rear.

But the picture in its grandeur, its wonderful mingling of colors and distinctness of detail, is forgotten in contemplation of the singular people who give it life and animation. No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a journey, none save these could successfully perform it, with no previous preparation, relying only on the fertility of their own invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose. They have undertaken to perform with slow-moving oxen a journey of 2,000 miles. The way lies over trackless wastes, wide and deep rivers, ragged and lofty mountains, and is beset with hostile savages. Yet, whether it were a deep river with no tree upon its banks, a rugged defile too steep for him to climb, or a threatened attack of an enemy, they are always found ready and equal to the occasion, and always conquerors. May we not call them men of destiny? They are people changed in no essential particulars from their ancestors, who have followed closely on the footsteps of the receding savage, from the Atlantic seaboard to the great Valley of the Mississippi.

But while we have been gazing at the picture in the valley, the hunters have been examining the high plains in the other direction. Some dark moving objects have been discovered in the distance, and all are closely watching them to discover what they are, for in the atmosphere of the plains a flock of crows marching miles away, or a band of buffaloes or Indians at 10 times the distance, look alike, and many ludicrous mistakes occur. But these are buffaloes, for two have struck their heads together and are, alternately, pushing each other back. The hunters mount and away in pursuit, and I, a poor cow-driver, must hurry back to my daily toil, and take a scolding from my fellow herdsmen for so long playing truant.

The pilot, by measuring the ground and timing the speed of the wagons and the walk of his horses, has determined the rate of each, so as to enable him to select the nooning place, as nearly as the requisite grass and water can be had at the end of five hours' travel of the wagons. Today, the ground being favorable, little time has been lost in preparing the road, so that he and his pioneers are at the nooning place an hour in advance of the wagons, which time is spent in preparing convenient watering places for the animals, and digging little wells near the bank of the Platte. As the teams are not unyoked, but simply turned loose from the wagons, a corral is not formed at noon, but the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left, the platoons being formed with that in view. This brings friends together at noon as well as at night.

Today an extra session of the council is being held, to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such engagements exist, and much interest is taken in the manner in which this high court, from which there is no appeal, will define the rights of each party in such engagements. The council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers, and its laws and decisions proved it equal and worthy of the high trust reposed in it. Its sessions were usually held on days when the caravan was not moving. It first took the state of the little commonwealth into consideration; revised or repealed rules defective or obsolete, and enacted such others as the exigencies seemed to require. The common weal being cared for, it next resolved itself into a court to hear and settle private disputes and grievances. The offender and the aggrieved appeared before it; witnesses were examined, and the parties were heard by themselves and sometimes by counsel. The judges being thus made fully acquainted with the case, and being in no way influenced or cramped by technicalities, decided all cases according to their merits. There was but little use for lawyers before this court, for no plea was entertained which was calculated to hinder or defeat the ends of justice. Many of these judges have since won honors in higher spheres. They have aided to establish on the broad basis of right and universal liberty two pillars of our great Republic in the Occident. Some of the young men who appeared before them as advocates have themselves sat upon the highest judicial tribunals, commanded armies, been governors of states, and taken high position in the senate of the nation.

It is now 1 o'clock; the bugle has sounded and the caravan has resumed its westward journey. It is in the same order, but the evening is far less animated than the morning march; a drowsiness has fallen apparently on man and beast; teamsters drop asleep on their perches and even when walking by their teams, and the
words of command are now addressed to the slowly creeping oxen in the soft tenor of women or the piping treble of children, while the sones of the teamsters make a droning accompaniment.

But a little distance breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife, whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind. And we too must leave it, hasten to the front and note the proceedings for the sun is now getting low in the west and at length the painstaking pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly around the circle that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the tear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox-chains will perfectly reach from one to the other and so accurate the measure and perfect the practice that the hindmost wagon on the train always precisely closes the gateway, as each wagon is brought into position. It is dropped from its team (the team being inside the circle), the team unyoked and the yokes and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front. Within 10 minutes from the time the leading wagon halted, the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture. Everyone is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over; and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable. I would fain now and here lay a passing tribute to that noble and devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtude no other name upon the reader, nor would I have were he of our party or even living, but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did was permanent, and he has long since died at his post.

In another quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which, as they float away over the quiet river, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than 20 miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; all able to bear arms in the party have been formed into three companies, and each of these into four watches; every third night it is the duty of one of these companies to keep watch and ward over the camp; and so arranged that each watch takes its turn of guard duty through the different watches of the night. Those forming the first watch tonight will be second on duty, then third and fourth, which brings them through all the watches of the night. They begin at 8 o'clock p.m. and end at 4 o'clock a.m.

It is not yet 8 o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over, and the corral now free from the intrusion of cattle or horses, groups of children are scattered over it. The larger are taking a game of romps; "the wee toddling things" are being taught the great achievement that distinguishes man from the lower animals. Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths and maidens have improvised a dance upon the green; in another quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which, as they float away over the quiet river, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than 20 miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; one of the causes that threaten much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of that "good angel" of the emigrants, Dr. Whitman, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these are assembled around the good doctor at the tent of the pilot (which is his home for the time being), and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The care-worn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave doctor is "strengthening his hands."

But time passes; the watch is set for the night; the council of old men has broken up, and each has returned to his own quarter; the flute has whispered its last lament to the deepening night; the violin is silent and the dancers have dispersed; enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ear of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here, as elsewhere, has been busy bringing together congenial hearts, and among these simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigues of the day, save the vigilant guard, and the wakeful leader, who still has cares upon his mind that...
forbid sleep. He hears the 10 o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returned guard; the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurry out in the direction in which it was seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been a rule that all extraordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column, or of so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy. Tonight he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they have met with success, and he only waits until some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he too seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine tomorrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction

Article VIII, paragraph 1, of the Oregon Constitution, adopted on February 14, 1859 reads in connection with the superintendent of public instruction as follows:

Superintendent of Public Instruction. The governor shall be superintendent of public instruction, and his powers and duties in that capacity shall be such as may be prescribed by law; but after the term of five years from the adoption of this constitution, it shall be competent for the legislative assembly to provide by law for the election of a superintendent, to provide for his compensation, and prescribe his powers and duties.

A careful check up of the records of early legislatures, however, indicates that the legislature of 1864 did not provide for the election of a state superintendent of public instruction; nor was further provision made for this office until the 7th regular session of the legislature, that of 1872, at which session the office was detached from that of the governor. At this same session it was provided that the state superintendent was to be elected at the general election of 1872, at an annual salary of $1,500, and that in the first instance he was to be elected by joint ballot of the legislature of 1872. The law was approved by the house and senate October 22, 1872, and by the governor on October 29, 1872. The legislature adjourning, October 23, 1872, before a joint ballot was had, the first superintendent served, beginning October 29, 1873, by appointment of Governor Grover.

Governors of Oregon who by authority of the constitution acted in the capacity of state superintendent of schools were:

Whiteaker, John (Dem.), Mar. 3, 1859-Sept. 10, 1862; elected 1858.
Gibbs, A. C. (Rep.), Sept. 10, 1862-Sept. 12, 1866; elected 1862.
Woods, George L. (Rep.), Sept. 12, 1866-Sept. 14, 1870; elected 1866.
Grover, LaFayette (Dem.), Sept. 14, 1870-Feb. 1, 1877; elected 1870.

Superintendents of public instruction acting after the detachment of the office from the office of the governor by the ruling of the legislature of 1872 were:

Simpson, Sylvester C. (Dem.), Jan. 30, 1873-Sept. 14, 1874; appointed by the governor.
Rowland, L. L. (Rep.), Sept. 14, 1874-Sept. 9, 1878; elected 1874.
Powell, J. L. (Rep.), Sept. 9, 1878-Sept. 11, 1882; elected 1878.
Ackerman, J. H. (Rep.), Jan. 9, 1899-Jan. 3, 1911; elected 1898; reelected 1902; reelected 1906.
Alderman, L. R. (Rep.), Jan. 4, 1911-June 28, 1913; elected 1910.
Churchill, J. A. (Rep.), July 1, 1913-Jan. 10, 1927; appointed to succeed L. R. Alderman, resigned; elected 1914; reelected 1918; reelected 1922.
The Wedding of Duncan M'Dougal to a Chinook Princess

We have hitherto had so much to relate of a gloomy and disastrous nature, that it is with a feeling of momentary relief we turn to something of a more pleasing complexion, and record the first, and indeed only, nuptials in high life that took place in the infant settlement of Astoria.

M'Dougal, who appears to have been a man of a thousand projects, and of great, though somewhat irregular, ambition, suddenly conceived the idea of seeking the hand of one of the native princesses, a daughter of the one-eyed potentate Comcomly, who held sway over the fishing tribe of the Chinooks, and had long supplied the factory with smelts and sturgeons.

Some accounts give rather a romantic origin to this affair, tracing it to the stormy night when M'Dougal, in the course of an exploring expedition, was driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in the royal abode of Comcomly. Then and there he was first struck with the charms of the piscatory princess, as she exerted herself to entertain her father's guest.

The "journal of Astoria," however, which was kept under his own eye, records this union as a high state alliance, and great stroke of policy. The factory had to depend, in a great measure, on the Chinooks for provisions. They were at present friendly, but it was to be feared they would prove otherwise, should they discover the weakness and the exigencies of the post, and the intention to leave the country. This alliance, therefore, would infallibly rivet Comcomly to the interests of the Astorians, and with him the powerful tribe of the Chinooks.

The Chinooks, though not a very refined nation, have notions of matrimonial arrangements that would not disgrace the most refined sticklers for settlements and pin-money. The suitor repairs not to the bower of his mistress, but to her father's lodge, and throws down a present at his feet. His wishes are then disclosed by some discreet friend employed by him for the purpose. If the suitor and his present find favor in the eyes of the father, he breaks the matter to his daughter, and inquires into the state of her inclinations. Should her answer be favorable, the suit is accepted and the lover has to make further presents to the father, of horses, canoes, and other valuables, according to the beauty and merits of the bride; looking forward to a return in kind whenever they shall go to housekeeping.

We have more than once had occasion to speak of the shrewdness of Comcomly; but never was it exerted more adroitly than on this occasion. He was a great friend of M'Dougal, and pleased with the idea of having so distinguished a son-in-law; but so favorable an opportunity of benefiting his own fortune was not likely to occur a second time, and he determined to make the most of it. Accordingly, the negotiation was protracted with true diplomatic skill. Conference after conference was held with the two ambassadors. Comcomly was extravagant in his terms; rating the charms of his daughter at the highest price, and indeed she is represented as having one of the flattest and most aristocratical heads in the tribe. At length the preliminaries were all happily adjusted. On the twentieth of July, early in the afternoon, a squadron of canoes crossed over from the village of the Chinooks, bearing the royal family of Comcomly, and all his court.

That worthy sachem landed in princely state, arrayed in a bright blue blanket and red breech clout, with an extra quantity of paint and feathers, attended by a train of half-naked warriors and nobles. A horse was in waiting to receive the princess, who was mounted behind one of the clerks, and thus conveyed, coy but compliant, to the fortress. Here she was received with devout, though decent, joy by her expecting bridegroom.

Her bridal adornments, it is true, at first caused some little dismay, having painted and anointed herself for the occasion according to the Chinook toilet; by dint, however, of copious ablutions, she was freed from all adventitious tint and fragrance, and entered into the nuptial state, the cleanest princess that had ever been known, of the somewhat unctuous tribe of the Chinooks.

From that time forward, Comcomly was a daily visitor at the fort, and was admitted into the most intimate councils of his son-in-law. He took an interest in everything that was going forward, but was particularly frequent in his visits to the blacksmith's shop; tasking the labors
of the artificer in iron for every kind of weapon and implement suited to the savage state, inso-
much that the necessary business of the factory was often postponed to attend to his requisitions.

The honeymoon had scarce passed away, and M'Dougal was seated with his bride in the for-
tress of Astoria, when, about noon of the twen-
tieth of August, Gassacop, the son of Comcomly, hurried into his presence with great agitation, and announced a ship at the mouth of the river. The news produced a vast sensation. Was it a ship of peace or war? Was it American or British? Was it the Beaver or the Isaac Todd? M'Dougal hurried to the water side, threw himself into a boat, and ordered the hands to pull with all speed for the mouth of the harbor. Those in the fort remained watching the entrance of the river, anxious to know whether they were to prepare for greeting a friend or fighting an enemy. At length the ship was described crossing the bar, and bending her course towards Astoria.

Every gaze was fixed upon her in silent scrutiny, until the American flag was recognized. A general shout was the first expression of joy, and next a salutation was thundered from the cannon of the fort.

The vessel came to anchor on the opposite side of the river and returned the salute. The boat of Mr. M'Dougal went on board, and was seen returning late in the afternoon. The As-
torians watched her with straining eyes, to dis-
cover who were on board, but the sun went down, and the evening closed in, before she was sufficiently near. At length she reached the land, and Mr. Hunt stepped on shore. He was hailed as one risen from the dead, and his return was a signal for merriment almost equal to that which prevailed at the nuptials of M'Dougal.

We must now explain the cause of this gen-
tleman's long absence, which had given rise to	such gloomy and dispiriting surmises.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

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Beekman Essay Contest Sponsored by the Oregon Historical Society

At the opening of each school year the Oregon Historical Society announces for school children rules covering an Oregon history essay contest for that school year. Rules governing the contest may be secured from the Oregon Historical Society, Public Auditorium, Portland. The subjects for these contests are closely allied with Ore-
gon history, the subjects for the 1928, 1929, 1930 contests having been respec-

Considerable interest has been displayed by the school children of the state in these contests. In 1928 there were 64 entrants; in 1929 there were 90 entrants; 1930 en-
trants to the contest number 46.

The winners of the 1930 contest, which closed March 15, 1930, have not yet been announced. The winners of the 1929 con-
test were:

First prize—Margaret Frances Wakefield, Franklin High School, Portland.
Second prize—Mary B. Lueddemann, St. Helens Hall, Portland.
Third prize—Thornton Call, Franklin High School, Portland.
Fourth prize—Bonnie Short, Henley High School, Klamath Falls.

The prizes received by these students ranged from $60 to $30 and included bronze medals. Honorable mention, for which each person received a copy of "History of the Oregon Con-
itution," by Charles Henry Carey, included:

Doris Ekstrand, Albany high school, Albany.
Marie Kerr, Franklin high school, Portland.
Maxine Virginia Mieth, St. Helens hall, Portland.
Ida Carson, Yachats high school, Yachats.
Beaver Money

The industrial prosperity of a community is inseparately connected with the question of a medium of exchange and standard of value. In the early days of the fur trade exchanges were made in terms of the skin of the beaver, the animal most numerous in the valley of the Columbia. When the agricultural resources were utilized, a bushel of wheat took its place beside the beaver skin as a standard of value. Metal and metallic money was scarce at first, but the discovery of gold in California made its dust abundant; although it was not able to command as much in exchange as the same amount of gold in the form of a coin. A suitable and convenient medium of exchange was badly needed, and in 1849 an act of the Provisional legislature was passed authorizing the coinage of gold. Before it was carried into effect the Provisional government was supplanted by the Territorial government and the coinage act declared unconstitutional. Thus denied help by the Federal government, eight prominent citizens formed the Oregon Exchange company, K M T A W R G S. The initial G was a mistake, and should have been C for Campbell; in the center is a beaver on a log. Below is T. O. (Territory of Oregon) and below that, 1849, flanked by two branches. On the reverse around the edge is "Oregon Exchange Company," and in the center the inscription, "150 G Native Gold, 5D."

The ten-dollar dies were made later by Victor Wallace, an expert machinist and are finer than the five-dollar dies, although similar in design. The error made in the initial of Campbell is corrected and the abbreviation for Oregon Territory is O. T. instead of T. O. Another variation is the omission of the initials of Abernethy and Willson.

Both the five-dollar and ten-dollar dies and a coin are in the possession of the Oregon Historical Society. Barbara C. Elliott, Secretary, Oregon Historical Society.

(The museum of the Oregon Historical Society, under the direction of George H. Himes, curator, is situated in the Public Auditorium at Third and Market streets, Portland. The above are only several of the many articles that may be viewed by school children interested in Oregon history.)
Read About Oregon
(Compiled by the Oregon State Library)

GEOLOGY

ANIMAL LIFE

PLANT LIFE

BIOGRAPHY AND PIONEER LIFE

A GROUP OF OREGON POETS

FICTION

OREGON HISTORY

SCENERY OF OREGON. LEGENDS.

ESSAYS

REFERENCES
Clark Down and Blue. History of Oregon. (State adoption list, 6th grade.) Oregon Historical Quarterly. History of Oregon, issued by the state department of education, free as long as copies last. May also be obtained at the Oregon state library. The Oregon Blue Book. distributed free of charge by the secretary of state. Salem.

NOTE—Many of the early histories, which have long been out of print, are not mentioned here but are available for reference in many libraries.