Text and Notes on

THE FACE OF OREGON

LP Album recorded April 23, 1959
OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENTS OF MUSIC AND EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES
PRESENT EXCERPTS FROM
The Face of Oregon
Recorded in concert, April 23, 1959
A concert of original music and script written, composed, and conducted by members of the teaching staff of Oregon State University in honor of the 100th anniversary of the state of Oregon.
Produced under the general supervision of Professor Robert Walls, Director, Department of Music, Oregon State University. LP recording distributed by the Oregon State University Press, 10 Commerce Hall, Corvallis, Oregon.

The Names of Oregon
Written and narrated by Robert Walls
Music composed and conducted by Ted Mesang

From the time of the beginnings of the Oregon Trail in Independence, Missouri, more than a hundred years ago, the land of Oregon has beckoned to men with dreams of a promising future. They came then by the hundreds—and they are still coming by the thousands, so that today the cold figures of national population statistics proclaim that Oregon has been one of the fastest growing of all the states of the nation.

We have as our heritage a commonwealth founded by that host of courageous adventurers who braved the hazards of the long trek across the unknown into the promised land—the land where one's fondest dreams would come to reality—that heaven beyond the far horizons—the magic land of Oregon.

They came by wagon-train, they came on foot, they came on horseback, and they came by water—from the thriving Atlantic ports of Boston and New York, around the stormy Horn and into the blue waters of the Pacific. And the names they gave to the towns they settled, and to the mountains, rivers, buttes and creeks, tell us now what kind of people they were. Tell us now of their wit and humor, their love of the beautiful, and their rough and ready fondness for getting immediately to the heart of things.

It is human nature to ignore that which is immediate—that with which we live, day in and day out.

For example, have you Oregonians really heard the names of Oregon? Do you know the
poetry, the drama, the humor, the magnificence of her names?

You sons and daughters of the pioneers—and you transplanted Easterners too—listen! Here is Oregon!

First, the names of the mountain ranges that stride across the state—the Cascades, the Coast Range, the Blue Mountains, the Wallowas, and the Indian name for a bob-tailed horse—the Siskiyous . . . The names of the great peaks imperiously thrusting their hoary crowns into the high mists that hover above the land over which they brood—Mt. Washington, Mt. Jefferson, and Three-fingered Jack. Mt. Hood, Mt. Thielsen and old Broken Top—the cozy little family of the Husband, The Wife, Little Brother, and their overgrown daughters—The Three Sisters.

The names of the mighty rivers and their myriad little brethren engaged forever in a furious and raging race to the sea—the names of lesser mountains—of buttes, of prairies and capes named for persons and episodes all but forgotten in the inexorable march of history. The names of the mighty rivers and their little brethren—the names of Santiam, Siletz, and Salmonberry—the Molalla, the Mohawk, and the musical name—Metolius. The Umatilla, the Clackamas, the Snake, the Umpqua, the Willamette, and the powerful name—Columbia . . . The names of Nehalem, Yaquina, and Bull Run. The Collawash, the Siuslaw, and Bloody Run.

Fourbit Creek and Democrat Gulch, Follyfarm, and Sugar Pine Springs, Dutchman Flat and Irish Bend, Lizard Ridge and Quitter’s Point, Bucksnort Creek and Bloody Point . . . The gloomy portent of Tombstone Prairie, Graveyard Point, Cemetery Ridge, and Coffin Rock—Deadman’s Gulch, and the Creeks and Falls of Murder, Poison, and Starvation.

The names of the lesser mountains and their miniature imitations—the names of Wagonire Mountain, Wanderer’s Peak, Wickiup Butte and Roman Nose. The names of Sentinel Hills and Woodpecker Ridge, Cathedral Rocks, Hardscrabble Hill, the names of Eight-Dollar Mountain, Trapper’s Butte and Bull of the Woods. And the mountain named for a good chaw of tobacco—Battle Ax.

Pierre Bonneville, the Frenchman, came to the Oregon territory and left his name forever on its map. His countrymen gave Latourelle, and La Grande, Cachebox, The Dalles, the names of the Grande Ronde, the Rogue, Deschutes, Sauvie, Malheur, and Lafayette to its cities, streams, hills, and valleys.


Across the upland prairies and in the lush mountain valleys the Red-man stalked his deer, pitched his tepee, caught fish, fought, and trapped furs for the white man. Early settler and first Oregonian, he left his mark even unto this day in names the white man now trips so lightly from his tongue—the colorful names of Calapooya, Klamath and Kloochman. Clatskanie, Chinchalo, Oswego and Scappoose. Chemawa and Chiloquin, Nacanicum and Nes-kowin, Tillamook and Tahkenitch, Waluga and Pataha—and the real name of the mythical chief, Multnomah. Nowhere are there names of greater beauty than the names Sahalie, Kaleetan, Neahkahnie, Melakwa and Wahkeena.

Shirttail Gulch and Killamucue Creek, Arkansas Hollow, and Billy Meadows, Whale Cove and Cape Foulweather, Cape Arago, and Periwinkle Creek. Jacknife Canyon and Horse Heaven, Packer’s Gulch and Smuggler’s Cove, Table Rock and Thunder Creek, Rhododendron Ridge and Fadeaway Springs. . . . These are but a few of the colorful names of a fabled land. This is Oregon! This is the Land of Romance—the Land of the Empire Builders!
OREGON, MY OREGON

State song

Land of the Empire Builders,
Land of the Golden West!
Conquered and held by freemen,
Fairest and the best.
Onward and upward ever,
Forward and on and on!
Hail to thee, land of heroes,
My Oregon!

THE TRAVELER’S SONG

Words by Roy Freeburg

I’ve traveled the mountains all over,
And down to the valleys I’ll go
And live like a pig in the clover
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

I’ll marry a rich farmer’s daughter,
And live on a farm near the bay.
We’ll build us a home by the water,
Where sun sets at close of day.

DOWN THE STREAM

Indian Song

Down the stream, down the stream,
All the leaves go.
Who can say, who can know
Where the leaves go?

TIMBER SONG

Words by Roy Freeburg

Wallace Wade is a timber boss.
Woe the day when he gets cross.
He tries his best his men to kill,
Saying, “Come down heavy on
the old chuck-bill.”

Roll, you timbers, roll!
Roll, you timbers, roll!
Roll you here, O, roll, roll all day.
No sugar in your tea
While workin’ on the Wade Boys’
roll-way.

THE GIRLS OF OREGON

Words and music by Joseph Brye

Solo:
I’m in love with a wonderful girl in Oregon;
I’m in love, so in love, deeply in love!
To be in love with this wonderful girl in Oregon
Makes me sigh, makes me weep, and makes me cry.

Chorus: Why?
Solo:
I’ve forgotten what they call her,
I can’t remember the color of her hair,
Or even if she’s short or taller,
Or the type of clothes she’d wear.

I’m in love with a wonderful girl in Oregon;
Won’t somebody help me find my girl?

Chorus: We’ll help you out!
Is she Rosie from Roseburg,
Minnie from McMinnville,
Alice from Corvallis,
Or Tillamook Tillie?

Is she Bonneville Bonnie,
Manzanita Nita,
The Scappoose papoose,
Or Willamina Willie?

Solo: I’m in love etc. . . .

The Oregon State University Glee Club, Madrigal Club, Choralaires

Charles Charmtan and Elverne Bennett, pianists

Dave Smith, soloist
**Expedition (Lewis and Clark)**

*Composed and conducted by Ted Mesang*

The serious mood of PREPARATION for the long journey dominates the first movement. The exuberant and optimistic turning of FACES WEST gives way before hardship which, in turn, is lightened by the appearance of Sacajawea, as portrayed by the solo cornet theme. Captain Lewis, suggested by a counter theme in the baritone horn, engages the services of the Bird Woman, and the party resumes its air of confidence, triumphantly achieving their goal—THE LAND OF OREGON.

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**Oregonia**

*Choral Suite*

1. **PERSONALITIES**

Oregon, Oregon! A new name of liquid sound and romantic significance.
Oregon, Oregon! A prize of the United States.

She became a part of our nation, not by purchase or bloodshed or war,
But through sacrifice, toil, and ambition of the people who live here no more.

These were strong and devoted people who were drawn to our land from afar.
May we honor them now, our heroes, who gave Old Glory our star.

Lewis and Clark and Doctor John McLoughlin,  
Etienne Lecier and Jason Lee,  
Joe Meek, and Governor Joseph Lane,  
These men turned out to be a few of the great men who founded our land.

These were strong and devoted people who were drawn to our land from afar,  
May we honor them now, our heroes, who gave Old Glory our star,  
Who founded our beautiful Oregon.

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2. **JASON LEE**

A man of God and a man of vision,  
Jason Lee served his people well.  
He was the first missionary to this region,  
And settled at French Prairie, so they tell.

The first protestant sermon in the West  
Was preached by Lee, who then went out  
And cared for Indians and settlers too,  
And brought them in from miles about.

Soon he started a mission school  
Which later was moved to a new location.  
There Salem now stands, and the school became  
The first university in the west of the nation.

To Jason Lee, a great man of the past,  
Who was leader, preacher and statesman too,  
We are grateful for all that you did in your time,  
For our land is greater because of you.
3. THE WIFE HUNTERS

An Oregon woman of by-gone days
was worth her weight in gold.

There was gold in them hills, but not enough
women for all the men, we’re told.

The Land Law of “Fifty” was the big problem
for the married man got a square mile.
The poor bachelor got just half that much,
and was lonely most of the while.

BACHELORS:

I want to marry, I want to marry a girl
who’ll be by my side,
I want to marry a girl who’s pretty, or ugly,
tall, short, or wide!
I don’t care for women, I’d rather not have one,
but I have a problem, that’s plain!
I’d rather be married to any old woman than
lose the half of my claim!

MAIDENS:

I want to marry, I want to marry a man
who’ll be by my side,
I want to marry a man who’s handsome,
who’ll make me beam with pride!
I don’t want a man just to have a man,
so please let me explain.
I’d rather be a spinster than give him
half of his claim!

4. JOE MEEK

Refrain:
Joe Meek, the mountain man;
Everybody’s friend and a colorful guy,
He made things happen in Oregon,
This hero who will never die.

The first American government in the west was auth-
orized by some men
Who met at Champoeg, in Oregon, to act on the report
of the committee.
When they could not decide which way to vote, “aye”
for the government and “nay” for none,
Up stepped our hero, Joe Meek, and cried:
“Who’s for a divide? All in favor of the report and
of an organization, follow me.”
In the dirt he drew a line; those in favor went right and
followed Joe.
Those against went left and kept on going, ‘cause the
“rights” won out!

Refrain:
He was sent by Oregon to Washington to ask for pro-	ection and aid.
The trouble with the Indians was getting worse, and
their own defense was poor.
In Washington he announced himself as—
“ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER
PLENI-POTENTIARY FROM THE REPUBLIC
OF OREGON TO THE COURT OF THE
UNITED STATES.”
And that was what he was!

By the time his business was finished there, the Presi-
dent had signed an act
Organizing Oregon as a territory of the United States!

Refrain:

The Oregon State University Choralaires

ROBERT WALLS, director
JOSEPH BRYE, pianist
JEAN WOOD, narrator
MIKE DOHERTY as Joe Meek

The Oregon State University Concert Band

The Oregon Trail

Concert March

Composed and conducted by Ted Mesang

Dedicated to all Oregonians, many of whom are descendants of those enterprising thousands
who risked their lives and their fortunes on the most famous of all paths across the continent
—the OREGON TRAIL!
Beautiful Oregon

Poem by E. T. Reed

Dear land of cedars singing
And somber marching pines,
Of rhythmic surges swinging
From far horizon lines,
How well has beauty crowned you
From peak to snowy peak,
And wound soft arms around you
Where winds and waves are bleak.

Who would not love you?
Beautiful Oregon!
Wonderland of wilderness
Of wilderness and lea,
The heavens above you
Have set their hearts upon
The glory of your mountains
And your sea.

The Oregon State University Glee Club and Madrigal Club
Karl Moltmann, director       Ed Charman, pianist

Sing of Oregon

Words and music by Betty O'Connor

Sing, sing of Oregon!
Her glory recall.
Now, as in days of old,
Her hopes and dreams enthrall.
Beside a mighty western sea
Her bounty flows unending;
Sing, sing of Oregon!
Fairest of all!

The Oregon State University Choruses and Concert Band
Ted Mesang, director

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