BUCHANAN FAMILY FARM: THE HISTORY OF A HUMAN LANDSCAPE

by

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A THESIS

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Carol Savonen

Once the center of American culture, family farms and small farming practices have dwindled to a point near extinction. It is important for remaining farmers to know their history and to understand and further the unique and intimate knowledge of environment, ecology and landscape gained from generations spent working and living in one place. This thesis is a historical compilation composed in journal, creative writing style intended to promote simple communication and a bit of entertainment in this flood-of-information era. In the hopes of deepening understandings and igniting broader life implications, this project is an in-depth, personal and historical account of one family's farm and the interactions of people with the landscape over time.

INTRODUCTION

In 1996, I decided to go home, back to the farm. It was an obvious decision, like the ringing of a gong, or from my tradition: the clang of a rusty steel triangular dinner bell. Realization hit with overwhelming clarity and resonation. Land-based traditions called me home, to be a farmer, the fifth generation on our family farm.

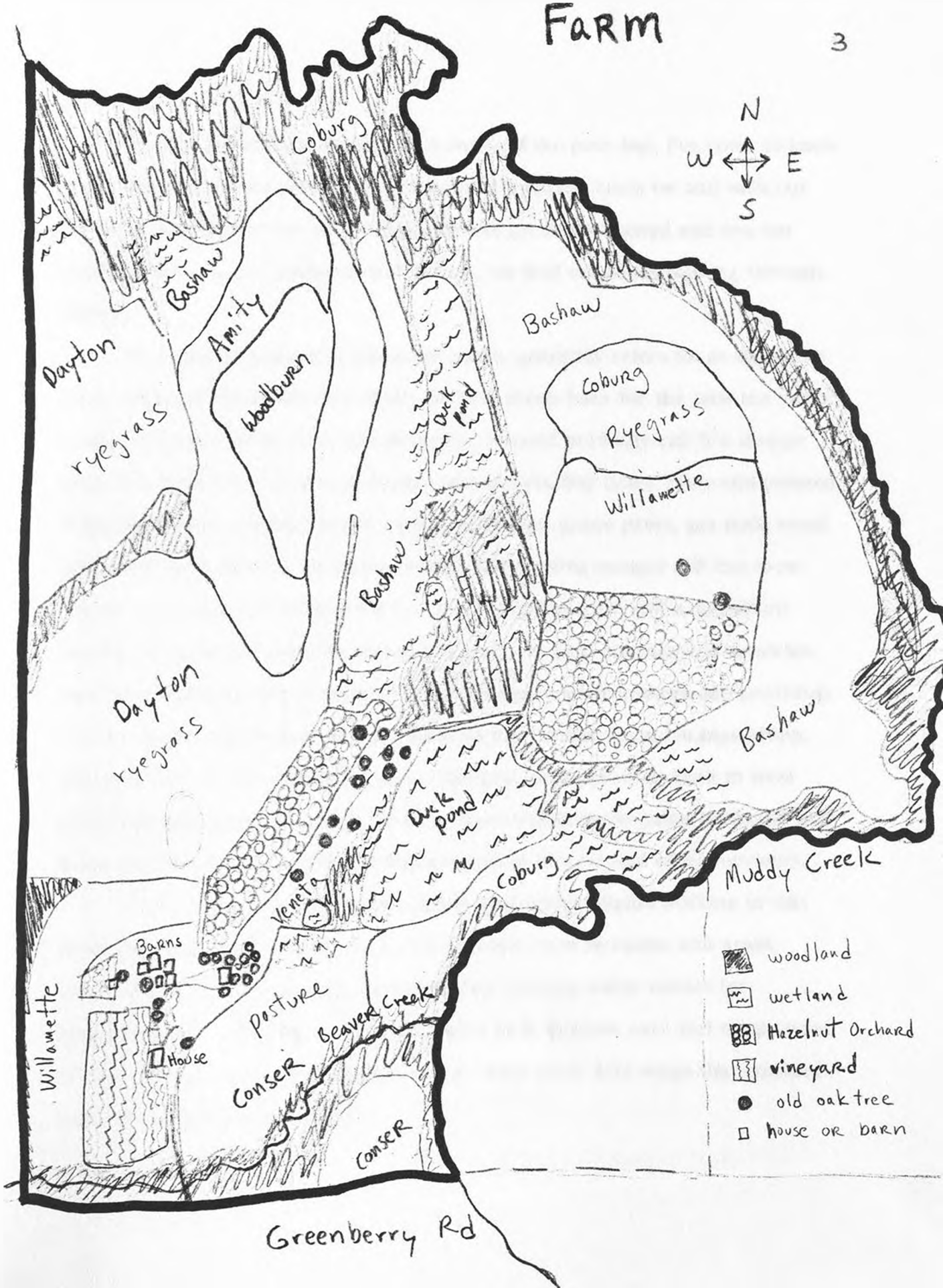
During the past two years, I have designed my own curriculum: a project to further educate myself in the realities of decision. I have returned to the farm for several seasons to live, work and learn. Following my parents around with questions, I took on some of those tasks that I missed out on in my earlier years. I have been spending obsessive amounts of time discussing sustainable agriculture and land management issues with friends and relatives, people in our local community, at both Oregon state universities, watershed meetings, future planning sessions, around Oregon and the Northwest, at pubs and other places, where people tend to congregate and philosophize. I have been gathering information, walking, talking, taking photographs, reading, writing: here, at my family's farm, and on other farms throughout the state. As a seasonal employee with the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife, I have had the opportunity to walk landscapes and visit with managers all over Oregon: on farms and ranches, private and public timberlands, in residential or urban areas, anywhere that water flows.

This thesis is just a chapter one in a whole catalog of information I hope to some day filter through and organize into a legible fashion. To gain a better understanding of the present and to aid in the speculation and direction of the future, I have chosen to begin with a study of the past. Therefore, the

following is a history of our farm, of human interaction, and of land management over time, to the best of my knowledge and imagination.

Path Between Oaks

Buchanan Farm



Journal Entry 3-17-97

History is generally defined as a study of the past, but, I've come to know history as the present and also the future. If I put my boots on and walk out my front door and across a field, my dog will get really excited and run out ahead of me. In five minutes time or less, we find ourselves walking through history.

We come to pause in a place my family generally refers to as the sheep barn, although it has not technically been a sheep barn for the past ten years. Today, if I were seeing it for the first time, I would probably call it a storage shed. It is dusty and layered with old wine barrels, hay bales, rusty and painted farm equipment, a filbert picker, a three wheeler, grape press, gas tank, wood pile, some extra boards, some extra tools. The feeding manger still has loose hay in it as if the last sheep forgot to eat it and there are still a significant number of squirrels and mice living under it. In fact, squeaks and scratches seem more pronounced these days, perhaps the resident rodents are providing a better meal for the barn owl that lives in the rafters, or our orange kitten, who also likes to frequent this place. The grass has grown up high in most places, including the deserted corral. It has overtaken the same barnyard that sheep hooves once rendered a continuous cover of mud and other nutrients.

When I was a kid, my family spent cold winter nights working in this warm, bustling barn, feeding expectant mother ewes molasses and grain, watching the miracles of birth or death, and holding warm bottles for confused newborn lambs, for spotted lambs with airplane ears and nappy wool. My brother and I still know every word to those early 80's songs that crackled over the AM while we worked.

Of course, both the sheep and the barn were here long before my brother and I. Grandpa raised sheep here, and dairy cows, and the occasional horse or pig. My dad and his brother like to recount those hot mid-summer afternoons spent bucking bales, stacking the barn high with fresh hay, joking, sweating, and shaking loose raw chaff from under shirt collars and waistbands.

The barn was originally built by great grandfather in the early 1900's and was later repaired and re-roofed by other family members. Great grandpa also utilized this space for the care and maintenance of animals. He had an all purpose farm, with chickens, pigs, horses, cows, sheep, hay, and wheat. His eldest daughter, my great aunt, remembers looking out her window in the night to see the faint glow of his lantern as he moved about checking the herd.

The barn was built near the original homestead of the first white settlers who claimed this land as theirs in 1852, the first to farm the land and call this particular place home. Their remains are buried in close proximity, just below the hill from their house, just below the hill from our barn, blanketed with discretion in what is now an overgrown brier patch and 150 year old oak grove.

These century wise, slow growing oaks that hide the pioneer graves and represent history in their own right, are youngsters, mere acorns, compared to their parent oaks, the majestic gnarled giants near the peak of the hill. These ancient 400 year old oaks surround the barn in a half moon and are the powerful relics of another cultural landscape. They are the hardy survivors of generations of annual fires set by the native Kalapuya to clear brush and maintain an abundance of wild prairie foods such as camas and

tarweed. High on this terrace, safe from the river's seasonal floodplain, perhaps this barnyard is also the site of a tribe's winter dwelling. The answer will remain a mystery, but we can surmise that they passed through here years ago, perhaps stopping to collect acorns, or appreciate the view of a sunset and the seasons changing. Their history is hidden in a speculative study of the past.

The future of this particular spot, I suppose, depends somewhat on me, although who am I to redefine it? It already exists, has already determined itself as a storage shed, a shelter for animals, a home for people, a shady oak grove, a safe, elevated hillside in close proximity to a winding creek, a resting place with a beautiful view, a stop along the way to a long walk or rejuvenating adventure.

Particularly, I think, for the dog, who is now ready to move on, having failed in her old age to catch herself a squirrel, she runs on ahead to roll in a field of clover and chase up some teal ducks from the pond. I'll follow in my own time, continuing with my own, equally important, agenda.

A VERY BRIEF GEOLOGIC HISTORY

Prior to human habitation, the Willamette Valley was more a seascape than a landscape. In flux between various glacial periods, the valley was not covered by glacier itself. It formed as a massive flood zone, a large bathtub to contain the glacial melting and run-off. Scoured by tremendous floods, the valley alternated between an inland sea and a deposit bed of immense silt loads dotted with the occasional large boulder. For a farmer in these parts today, the most noticeable remnant of these ancient dramas is, of course, the soil itself, the deep, rich, river silt, clay and loam. Now and then, we also come across some very large rocks that don't seem to belong, rocks carried thousand of miles by the breaking and wrenching of the glacier, and, if we're lucky, we might know of a place, a hillside where a bit of sediment has been blasted away to expose the sea shell fossils and diatomaceous earth of our original seascape.

Somewhere in the hills, eight to ten thousand years ago, the humans watched the progress of the Willamette Valley, watched as the seas and swamps dried up, watched as the last of the dirty bath water drained, leaving its nutrient rich residues, and, when they were finally happy with the progress, when the valley became good human habitat, bands of people moved off the hills and into the new landscape. This was probably about six thousand years ago (Boag 1992). These people and their descendants ranged, lived, and survived in this landscape for a mind-boggling five thousand, eight hundred and forty years, give or take a few.

KALAPUYA

Prior to Euro-American settlement, our farm, like the rest of the Willamette Valley, was sparsely and intermittently inhabited by small bands of Native American hunter-gatherers. When the first European explorers and trappers came through the valley in the early 1800s, they encountered these native peoples and called them the Kalapuya. The term, "kalapuya" was originally used by the natives to describe the tall, chest-high, prairie grasses of the Willamette valley, grasses that thrived in an oak-savanna landscape, a landscape created and maintained by Native American burning practices.

In the age of the Kalapuya, the valley was a habitat of open oak-savanna grassland, with lowland marshes, wide floodplains, and small tributaries lined with gallery forests of alder, ash, willow, and maple, which meandered through the valley, and eventually emptied into the wide Willamette basin. The hillsides and foothills of the Coast Range and Western Cascades offered a dense surrounding of Douglas fir dominated forest.

Without the influence of man, without the influence of fire, the valley too, would have been forested; oak canopies would close and develop the thick and brushy understories common to areas without patterns of reoccurring fire. Instead, the valley was predominantly, open grasslands, made up of tall, perennial grasses, such as tufted hairgrass, sloughgrass, and meadow barley (Boag 1992). These grasslands were interspersed with oak stands, usually in areas of slightly higher elevation. The oaks grew together in groves, but without a significant understory. Since oaks are fairly resistant to fire, they were able to survive the annual burns set by the Kalapuya.

Specific information on Kalapuya burning practices was not gathered by early European settlers and no surviving natives remember aboriginal

burning practices (Boyd 1986). Subsequent information has been almost entirely pieced together from journal observations of early traders and homesteaders, from a knowledge of the effects of fire on the landscape, and from studies of the primary food provisions of the Kalapuya. The journals kept by European travelers are particularly interesting because they document the dates of native burning (usually in the last months of summer). Some of the journal entries merely complain of fire and smoke, while others describe vast, wide-sweeping fires or calculated native hunts with fire.

There were many reasons why the Kalapuya burned the land, both short term and long term. Fire was of direct use in the gathering of foods such as acorns, grasshoppers, and the seeds of tarweed. Indirectly, fire was beneficial to just about all of their primary food sources, including their mainstay of camas roots, and the hunting and habitat management of browsing mammals. The following excerpt from the 1844 writings of Jesse Applegate describes a tarweed harvest from an observer's viewpoint:

> It was custom of these Indians late in autumn, after the wild wheat was fairly ripe, to burn off the whole country. The grass would burn away and leave the sappolil standing, with the pods dried and bursting. Then the squaws, both young and old, would go with their baskets and bats and gather in the grain. The sappolil we now know is tar weed. (Boyd 1986).

The seed pods of tarweed were so thick with resin that burning helped to melt the residue of pod away from the seed and make them easier to gather. The women picked tarweed seeds after the pods were burned off and dried them over a fire. The seeds were then put aside for winter storage, or mashed into a pulp for immediate consumption. The Kalapuya used a mortar and pestle (cooking utensils made of stone) to mash the seeds, and often mixed them with hazelnuts, acorns, and roasted camas. Tarweed was very important to the

Kalapuya and because it required burning and was not easy to come by, "plots of wild tarweed, unlike other food plants, might be considered family or personal property" (Boyd 1986).

Fire was also used by the Kalapuya to facilitate the gathering of grasshoppers and acorns. A 1945 testimony of a native Kalapuya at the Grand Ronde Reservation states that, "when it was summertime they burned over the land, when they wanted to eat grasshoppers. When they burned the land, they burned the grasshoppers too, and they gathered up the grasshoppers, and they ate those grasshoppers, it is said" (Jacobs 1945). The ground under oak trees was burned to remove brush and grass in order to make gathering acorns easier. The preparation of acorns, however, was not easy. First they were roasted in earth ovens until they cracked. Then, they were shelled and the meaty part was put on woven mats in the sun to dry. Before eating, the acorns had to be leached to remove the bitter taste. This was done by soaking them in a basket of water or by burying them in clay for a long period of time. Finally, the acorns were mashed with mortar and pestle and deemed edible.

"One of the most profound effects of annual burning in the Willamette Valley was to encourage the regrowth and consequent year-round availability of grasses used for forage by deer and elk" (Boyd 1986). Deer and elk require a habitat of mixed forest and grazing land. They often browse at the edges of forests near meadows, and seek shelter and protection in the wooded areas. Burning, therefore, was crucial in making the Willamette Valley of the Kalapuya an optimal deer habitat. The Kalapuya communal deer hunt took place in the fall in order to provide large quantities of meat for winter storage. This was also the time of year when the deer were "fattest, having gorged themselves on newly fallen acorns in the oak openings" (Boyd 1986). The

deer hunt is described as a surround hunt where hunters gather in a circle around a herd of deer and start fires on all sides of the herd. The deer flee the burning brush and end up trapped in a ring of fire. As the fire burns down, the hunters surround the deer in a closed circle, killing them with obsidian tipped spears or bows and arrows. In addition to deer, the Kalapuya also hunted Roosevelt elk, and a variety of smaller game such as beaver, rabbit, duck, and geese. They also caught freshwater fish and eels, however, according to ethnographic data and early historical accounts, their primary diet consisted of vegetable foods such as roots, seeds, nuts, and berries.

Fire management played a part in the cultivation of hazelnuts, berries, and camas. Hazel is well known today as a fast growing tree or shrub and is an early colonizer species after disturbances such as fire. Hazel trees were used by the women for basketry and hazelnuts were dried and stored for winter. Berries are also colonizing species and produce more fruit without added competition. Strawberries, blackberries, salal berries, and huckleberries were eaten fresh or placed on flat logs or slabs of bark to dry near a fire. The camas root, a crucial source of carbohydrate in the Kalapuyan diet, was more productive with a schedule of regular burning because burning limits competition by removing woody plants. The bulbs themselves would survive a relatively cool and patchy burn.

Camas (*Camassia*) is generally thought to be the most important food plant for the Kalapuya. It is a purple flowering plant that, today, grows mostly in moist, shady areas near streams or marshes and often under the canopy of deciduous trees such as oak and ash. In Kalapuyan times, it was plentiful throughout the valley. The bulbs of the camas, which resemble onions but do not taste like them, were a year round mainstay for the Kalapuya. The camas

was first harvested in March or April as new green shoots. The bulbs reach maturity in June and were harvested in large quantities during the summer months and stored for the winter months. In order to store the camas, the roots had to be roasted. The Kalapuya built large underground ovens and cooked the camas for up to four days. The ovens were made by digging holes in the earth for the camas bulbs and filling them with wood, leaves, and stones. They were covered up and a fire was built on top. After the earth and stones were sufficiently heated, the fire was taken off, new earth was layered over the area, and the fire was restarted nearby. The roasted camas bulbs were then eaten or left in the sun to dry further in order to be stored.

The Kalapuya had a widespread knowledge of fire management in accordance with the seasons and their hunter-gather lifestyle dictated that they move camp frequently. In the spring, they concentrated on gathering camas, moving their camps to the moist and shady areas where the purple flowers were the most plentiful. There was probably little or no intentional burning of the landscape at this time. As the summer progressed and the grasses grew drier and the seed became ready to harvest, they moved to dry prairie camps. Most of the burning of the open prairie was done in late summer for the harvest of tarweed seeds. In October, to satisfy the increased need to gather nuts and acorns for winter storage, the understory of the forests were burned. Fall was also the time of the communal deer hunts that used fire to encircle herds of deer. In winter the Kalapuya ceased moving from site to site and settled in a more permanent type of winter dwelling. Their winter homes were partially dug out, roofed, and kept warm with a burning fire. Following these seasonal patterns, the Kalapuya consistently

burned the Willamette Valley, changing the landscape to meet their subsistence needs.

Camas

NATIVE FARM

With a little imagination, it is quite easy to envision the landscape of our family farm the way it must have looked in presettlement times when the Kalapuya used it for seasonal hunting and gathering. The farm would have been a diverse landscape, as it is today, a mix of wetland marshes with deciduous riparian of ash, alder, and willow, following the banks of a winding creek. In the winter months, these lowlands were often flooded, providing habitat for migratory waterfowl. In spring, they bloomed the ethereal purple-blue of the camas flower. Higher elevations were part of a flowing tall grass prairie interspersed with spreading oak groves. We can surmise, from the giant fire-resistant old oaks still standing, that the natives had been managing this farm with fire since at least the 1600s. Perhaps in late summer, areas of the farm were burned over by the native peoples to facilitate the gathering of tarweed and suppression of brushy new growth. A few of the highest elevated sites probably had small stands of old growth Douglas fir and Western red cedar. Perhaps a permanent winter dwelling or native sweat lodge existed here at one time, in close proximity to the stream, with a view of Mary's Peak, the highest point in the Coast Range, known to the natives as, "Tcha Teemanwi," a sacred place. Perhaps, somewhere in a hidden burial site, tribal ancestors still rest here. Whatever the case may be, we do know that they passed through this land, lived off this land, hunted and gathered wild plants and animals from this farm, prepared food, ate, and slept here, during particular seasons, over the centuries. We know this from what they left behind: some lost or unfinished arrowheads, a cracked pestle and mortar, a chipped digging tool, and a human landscape worthy of admiration, reverence, and respect.

INVASION

The traditional Kalapuyan way of life began to degrade, not surprisingly, as increasing numbers of white explorers, trappers, and settlers came to the valley. This onslaught of newcomers, somewhat unknowingly, caused a complete cultural collapse for the Kalapuya in a short period of time. The Euro-Americans brought in new diseases which were devastating to the natives because they had no immunities built up and they could not fall back on traditional methods of healing. The Kalapuya were first hit with smallpox carried by pioneers from the mid-west, then venereal diseases spread from explorer's ships near the mouth of the Columbia River. However, it was malaria, transported to America by European ships that had stopped to visit the Hawaiian islands, that struck the hardest. Thousands of Kalapuyan people died of malaria between 1830 and 1833 (Boag 1992). They were particularly susceptible to this disease because the likelihood of coming into contact with infected mosquitoes was great due to the wet, marshy habitat of the valley. To make matters worse, the Kalapuya's traditional method of warring off disease by sweating in a sweat lodge and then plunging into cold creek water only served to perpetuate the disease or cause pneumonia in their already weakened condition.

With such high casualties from disease, native culture quickly broke down. Soon there were not enough tribal members to perform the traditional life-sustaining tasks of hunting, burning, and food gathering. As more settlers came to the valley bringing with them their domestic livestock, native food sources became scarcer and more difficult to maintain, particularly the camas which was a mainstay of the natives and also a favorite of the root foraging livestock. Tribal members not already defeated by disease began to

suffer from malnutrition and starvation. As it goes, during the last quarter of the 18th century, there were around 13,500 native Kalapuya in the Willamette Valley but by 1844, only 300 remained (Boag 1992).

Extensive white settlement didn't really happen in the valley until the late 1840s and early 1850s so encounters between natives and settlers were infrequent and nonviolent, for the most part. Not to say that there wasn't a cultural clash, there was, and of a cruel kind, as one culture consumed another. Some journals of white settlers in the Willamette Valley recount tales of Indians showing up at mealtime and asking for food (Boag 1992). They portray the natives as wanderers of a lost civilization, alone and starving. Some of the remaining Kalapuya were found by the government and moved to reservations. Others remained in the valley and kept to themselves, perhaps retreating to the hills to avoid contact with newcomers. An old woman I know, who tells me her grandmother was a homesteader just southwest of our farm, speaks of a red-headed uncle who "ran away with the Indians because they revered the color of his hair." She also tells me that she saw them herself (the Kalapuya?) in the woods, once, when she was a child. Hmmm...

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THE KENDOLLS

Assuming that the Native Americans who lived within this landscape were extinct or at least significantly displaced by 1840, this particular farm would have been left solely to nature for about twelve years, a small time within the scope of history, yet, significantly, the only time in a long history when human inhabitants did not have a direct impact on the land. Even so, it is probably safe to assume that when the first homesteaders came to this place in 1852, the land looked much as it had for hundreds of years, with a few patches of brushy new growth.

Somewhere in Illinois in the early 1850s, John and Fanny Kendoll loaded their family and belongings into a covered wagon and set out for the Oregon Territory. They traveled west, over bumpy packed dirt trails through a flat monotonous landscape riddled with children's graves and failed homesteads. They proceeded over steep switchback trails that narrowed to negotiate high mountain passes. They forded the swift and dangerous waters of wild untamed rivers: persevering through all of this, to settle here, on our farm.

It is hard to imagine why early homesteaders chose this particular ordeal, especially John and Fanny Kendoll, being later on in years, in their sixties with young adult children. Maybe they had nothing back home to keep them sentimental about growing old. Maybe they wanted to provide a different life for their children. Perhaps they were just curious, or adventurous, couldn't pass up the gamble of gettin' free land. In any case, they made it to Oregon, just as the last of the desirable farmland was being taken up in federal donation land claims. They were fortunate to find a sizable

tract of land, 326 acres for themselves, plus 161 acres for their son, William, wedged between several previously claimed sections.

This particular piece of land was the last to be claimed in our area. The settlers to the north, south and east seemed to prefer flat featured farms with wide open, and at the time, very marshy prairies, while the homesteader to the west chose the wooded hills. What was left for the Kendolls, who were latecomers to the southern Willamette Valley, (even though they were only an average of two years behind the rest,) was the transitional zone, a claim near a creek, at the end of the hills and the beginning of the prairie.

So the Kendolls came thousands of miles across the county in a covered wagon and settled on our farm. They were the first people to claim private ownership to this particular piece of land, to define its boundary, build a permanent dwelling and settle. They were the first to live through the season's changes and finish the course of their lives in this one place, to call it home and farm. On a grassy hillside between old oaks, they erected a house and a barn made from the trees that grew here, with main structures of large fir timbers, hand drilled and hooked together by carved oak pegs in a tongue and groove fashion. These early homesteaders planted a waxen apple tree and some hedge roses, possibly planted some wheat, raised livestock, cleared some land, gardened, and dug a few drainage ditches.

In this way, they began a new process of altering the environment to meet their subsistence needs. Instead of managing the native plants and animals with a regimen of fire, these early Euro-American settlers, being unfamiliar with the area and coming from an agricultural tradition, began to clear the land and plow the earth to plant their own introduced food crops. They brought in livestock to assist them in their work and as an additional food

source. The domestic livestock, in turn, altered the native oak-savanna landscape by feeding off the plant resources of the valley. The settlers also hunted, fished, and trapped wild animals to suit their needs, and they cut down trees for building materials and firewood. The settlers stayed in one place and used a small plot of land to sustain themselves, leaving large areas, what they couldn't maintain by hand or by horse, to the wild. The Kendolls' impact on the farm was significant because it represented a changing of the guards, a new regime of land management; however, their overall impact on the land was rather meager. As small, relatively poor subsistence farmers, they built sturdy, modest structures and lived off only a fraction of the land they owned.

It is difficult to trace those who lived at the Kendoll household over the years. John and Fanny Kendoll arrived in 1852 with their three sons and one daughter. By 1860, their oldest, a son and a daughter, had left the farm. By 1870, only their youngest son, William Oscar Kendoll, lived at home with his young wife and newborn son. Another young girl who was not related to the family also lived there. Perhaps she was an orphan or a school teacher. In 1875 John Kendoll died and was buried on the farm next to his wife, Fanny, who had previously passed away. They were buried on a hillside just below their home. In 1880, William Kendoll, known to his friends as Oscar, was farming the place with his wife, Margaret, and their son, George.

I wish I could know more about Oscar Kendoll, as I'm sure that I have walked in his footsteps, stood near his family's unmarked grave, and even made a little cider from their apple tree. I do know that Oscar was a neighborly man. He was a founder and builder of our community Grange Hall. However, he must not have been a farmer in love with his land, or maybe his only son was not interested in keeping the farm. Perhaps the wildlands of

western Oregon seemed so vast to Oscar Kendoll that they were not inherently valuable to him. Whatever the case, Oscar sold the farm to his neighbors, the Buchanans, my family, in 1885 at the age of 53. Ten years later, he died suddenly and rather dramatically, though by a cause of death common in his time. He died leaving his wife, son, daughter-in-law, and an obituary which speaks for itself.

from The Corvallis Gazette Fri, May 5 1893

FATAL ACCIDENT.

The news of a fatal accident to Oscar Kendoll was received in this city on Monday in the manner common to all such occurrences. He met death on the farm of Jacob Modi about 12 miles south-west of Corvallis on May 1, 1893, under circumstances as follows: He was assisting Mr. Modi fall a large tree. When the tree began crackling to fall Mr. Kendoll undertook to rescue his coat and watch which had been cast aside where the tree would fall upon them. In endeavoring to reach these articles he fell and was unable to regain his feet before the tree crashed upon him. When the tree had fallen the lower part sprung up and remained some distance from the ground. Mr. Kendoll was thus easily extricated, but life was extinct. It was found that his chest had been crushed, and one leg broken in a number of places. The remains were enterred in Bellfountain cemetery on Tuesday.

Oscar Kendoll, at the time of his death, was aged 63 years. In company with his parents, two brothers and a sister, he came to Benton county in the year 1852. The parents secured a donation claim which now embraces the farms belonging to Mr. Buchanan and J. L. Eglin at the junction of Beaver creek and Muddy. They died years ago and are buried upon the farm, leaving the land to Oscar and John. The former married and lived upon the east half of the section until a few years since, when he disposed of it to Mr. Buchanan. Deceased had not been a thrifty person as regards accumulating wealth, nor has he retained what fell to him by inheritance. But this does not detract from his reputation as a kind and generous-hearted man and good neighbor. He leaves many friends to regret his death.

Transcription

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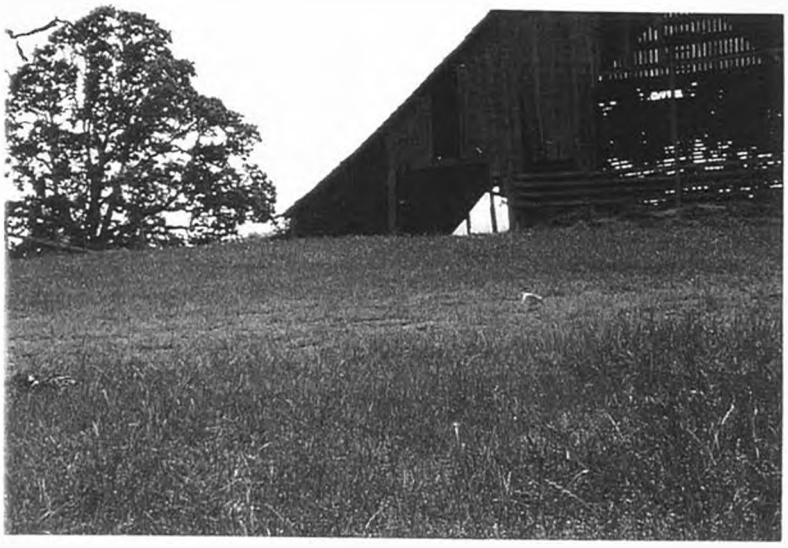


Kendoll Barn

Apple Blossoms

THE FIRST BUCHANANS

In 1853, the first of my father's family came to the Willamette Valley, south of Corvallis, where we still live and farm today. Her name was Jane Buchanan, a young Scottish woman who met her husband, John Harris, in Liverpool, England. They got married in 1848, and he left for the Oregon Territory in 1850 to stake a donation land claim. Part of the claim that Harris took encompasses a section of the lower end of our farm today. After receiving word from her husband, Jane left Liverpool in October of 1852 and sailed around the Horn to San Francisco. She then traveled overland from San Francisco to the Willamette Valley, arriving at the farm to join her husband in January of 1853. Jane soon wrote home to her family in England, encouraging all of them to come to Oregon. They packed their belongings and immigrated to America, arriving a year later by the same route; her parents, Andrew and Mary L. Buchanan, her sisters, Aliza and Helena Buchanan, and her two brothers, Robert and John Buchanan. My family descends from the youngest brother, John A. Buchanan. He was only 14 years old when his family came to Oregon in 1854. Three years later, he and his older brother, Robert, left to seek their fortune in the Idaho gold mines.

From a distant perspective, I feel sorry for these young boys who set out to excavate the earth in search of gold, sacrificing their youth to drudgery and hard labor, but perhaps this is an outsider's view, a young girl's view, or what their Scottish Protestant mother must have felt as the recipient of lonesome letters describing life far from home, among the outlaws of western wilderness. Perhaps gold mining was great fun, a revelry of adventure and excitement, a bacchus of gambling, boasting, drinking, fighting, and storytelling camaraderie. Did the Buchanan brothers seek these vices, or were

they careful and thrifty with their money? Maybe they were serious prospectors, determined to save for a future in farming. Regardless, I suppose gold mining, like most adventures, was a subjective experience, a mixture of joy and loneliness.

Through this the Buchanan brothers persevered, and after nine years at the mines, they returned to the Willamette Valley to purchase neighboring farms with their hard earned money. Their older sisters had since married into several local farming families, so the brothers bought out claims in the surrounding area, many of them adjacent to those of other family members.

Some old maps still refer to this area south of Corvallis as "Buchanan," although, generally, it is called "Greenberry" after a Mr. Green Berry Smith who purchased land in this area in the latter years of his life. Green Berry, in his youth, had gained some fame as a member of the Meek party (an 1846 wagon train of immigrants from Missouri whose guide, a man by the name of Stephen Meek, got hopelessly lost in the Eastern Oregon desert and deserted his party after they threatened to hang him). Nevertheless, after some further bumblings and mishaps, the immigrants reached the Willamette.

Upon his return to Oregon, John Buchanan set about establishing himself on his newly purchased farm, building a house and barn, clearing land, plowing, and planting wheat. He ran a general subsistence farm, and planted wheat as a cash crop, selling the grain to local flour mills. He also raised a few milk cows, some chickens, horses for plowing, and possibly some goats for clearing brush.

In 1873, John married Ruth Gardner, a young woman whose family had settled in Drain, Oregon after coming across the plains in 1853, with Ruth as a baby, in a covered wagon pulled by oxen. Great great grandmother Ruth had

nine children in these early years, bearing them at home, without modern medicine. When their oldest son, my great grandpa J. Fred, was eleven years old, John purchased a second farm. This second farm, the only farm that remains in the Buchanan family today, was purchased from nearby neighbor, William Oscar Kendoll. On October 31 of 1885 John Buchanan paid Oscar Kendoll $7,939 in gold coin for 528 acres of land, more or less within the boundaries defined by the Kendoll claim and encompassing small sections of the John Harris and Jesse Owenby claims, outlined by the meanderings of both Beaver and Muddy Creek.

In the latter part of his life, John Buchanan raised wheat on the uplands of our farm, and seeded several wetland meadows with timothy for pasture. He also made repairs on the Kendoll barn, replacing some of the old-fashioned oak pegs with more modern, square nails. John was elected to the office of Benton County Commissioner in 1896, and served until his death on May 3 of the year 1900. Hopefully, he paused from work in the fields, in his latter years, to feel accomplished, to reminisce on his beginnings in Scotland, the voyage to America, mining, and his newfound prosperity on the farm. At the time of his death, John Buchanan owned 840 acres of Willamette Valley farmland, after giving nearly 500 acres to his first born son, J. Fred Buchanan, as was the custom of their time.

The remaining land he willed to his wife, Ruth. She sold a small piece in order to move to Corvallis and left the rest of the farm to her younger sons, Ernest and Claude Buchanan. Ruth bought two houses in town, one which she lived in and another which she rented out. Her rental house is still standing today, on fourth street in downtown Corvallis. It is said that Ruth oriented herself quite well to small town society, making sure that her children

received the best in education and services. The only practice from the farm that she refused to relinquish was the raising of chickens. She built chicken coops and tended chickens in the back yards of both of her Corvallis homes. Great great grandmother Ruth Buchanan lived to be ninety-two years old.

SECOND GENERATION BUCHANANS

Early 1900s at the Buchanan farm ... a time I wish I could have lived through. A time when families worked together in the fields to grow their own food, when little brother and sister with blond curls and red braids rode two at a time on docile, sweet natured old workhorse companions, along country horse'n buggy trails lined with wild flowers and strawberries. Carrying sack lunches of home grown meat and vegetables, they rode to one room neighborhood schoolhouses for the studies of reading, writing, music and arithmetic. A time when Mama and Papa would walk to the neighbor's house, a mile or two away, to share a supper, offer some help with the shearing, shoeing and mending, care for a sick animal, or deliver a baby. When fresh milk and eggs where right out the back door. When chores were done by hand. When it took three hours by horse and buggy to get to the nearest town. When people lived and worked in the same place at the same time. When they rose and set with the sun and seasons, because lamp oil was too precious to burn all night long. When American families still gathered around the fire to talk or sit together and sing. When little boys caught fresh trout in the evening to fry, and little girls picked berries for wild berry pie.

Born on St. Paddy's Day of 1874, my great grandfather, J. Fred Buchanan, grew up on his father's farm. When he was a young adult he studied at Philomath College (now Philomath Museum) for two years, then went to Oregon Agricultural College (which later became Oregon State University) for another two years. After a short stint in a Portland business school and work in Corvallis, he decided that he wanted to be a farmer. Upon completion of his school work, his father gave him first choice of a plot of Buchanan farmland, since he was the oldest son. J. Fred chose the old Kendoll homestead, the site of the only Buchanan farm that remains today, roughly 500 acres, about half a mile northwest of his father's home place. Around this same time, J. Fred proposed to his sweetheart, my great grandmother, Gertrude Cauthorn. They had met a few years back at Oregon Agricultural College, of which her father, Thomas Cauthorn, was a founder. It is said that J. Fred and Gertrude were true lovers. He built a nine room house for her at the farm, ready on their wedding date, October 9, 1898.

Most of what I know about these early Buchanans and their life at the farm comes from my great-aunt Ruth, J. Fred and Gertrude's oldest daughter, who grew up at the farm and loved to tell stories about her childhood. I remember her in her later years when she was nearly 80. One time in particular, when she came to visit the farm, I remember her leaning against an old oak tree, in a flowered dress, telling the story of some boy who used to follow her around before she met her husband. "He always wanted to go out on a date, but you have to understand, I just couldn't bring myself to do it," she'd say, starting to giggle, "because he looked just like a salmon! No really, he did!" She was a cute, rather direct, old woman with bright eyes and a grand laugh.

And lucky for those of us who live here today, she wrote down some memoirs of life at the farm.

Ruth characterizes her father, J. Fred, as an "honorable man with a devout faith in God and the laws of our country," which is no surprise, as these were the words used to characterize most men in that time, unless they were complete scoundrels. More personally, she writes, "He taught his children worthwhile things by example, and in quiet words, as we worked together on the farm. He taught us to choose the good and try to be kind to others, to respect our elders, and to accept those that were different than we were in race, color, or creed." He had a reputation by most as a hard worker, and a rather stern man. One old farmer in our community, chuckling to himself, remembers great grandpa as, "an old school task master, one who gave rigid orders." These words from a man I've occasionally heard referred to as "a hard ass" himself.

In great grandpa's time, our farming community was close knit and interactive. Everyone took care of his or her own family and livelihood but also had an active role serving the community. J. Fred had a special talent for and interest in taking care of animals. He was our community's early day veterinarian so the neighbors would call on him when their animals were hurt or sick or dying. Ruth writes, "our neighbors all knew that if a horse or cow was in distress, Papa would go day or night to help them."

Great Grandma Gertrude was also called upon by the neighbors. Her assistance, however, was usually requested for people. I'm not sure whether she knew the properties of medicinal herbs, or if she was simply well acquainted with the labor of midwifery, but she is said to have served the community as an amateur nurse. Great Aunt Ruth describes her as a warm,

loving, woman who put the welfare of others above that of her own. She had a great love for music and played the piano, the organ and the mandolin. Family and neighbors called on her to sing at weddings, church gatherings, and funerals. Ruth writes that her mother always cooked up extra good chicken dinners on Sundays and, quite often, guests were invited to share them. "One time as we stood on the front porch watching the guests leave, Mamma said, 'I am never happier than when we have people come for dinner.'"

Together J. Fred and Gertrude Buchanan had four children who were born and raised at the farm, Ruth, her brother Maurice, sister Alice Leah, and youngest brother Vardyn, my grandpa. In the early years, they were self sufficient, traditional small American family farmers, producing all of their own food with extra to sell for income. They practiced general farming, gardening and animal husbandry, living off a primarily livestock based farm. They used horses for cultivation, transportation, and heavy farmwork, switching to a diesel John Deere tractor in later years. They also raised chickens, pigs, cows, and sheep for milk, butter, eggs, meat, and wool and they grew wheat to make their own bread. In later years, J. Fred became interested in breeding horses, and there was a time when he kept 50 race horses on the farm, complete with a full sized sulky track in the field below our barn. Running water was available inside the house in 1907, but the farm was managed without electricity until 1926.

Here are some of my great Aunt Ruth's own words about growing up at the farm:

> Mamma made all of our bread usually. She would bake six loaves at a time. She also baked rolls and muffins that we called 'Gems' from our whole wheat, and waffles, pancakes, biscuits, cookies, cakes and pies. We churned our own butter, had our own lard, meat, poultry, ham, bacon, and fish. Sugar, salt, and such staples were about all that we went to town for.
>
> In the spring the whole family helped plant and weed our family garden near the house. My father made long rows with a hand cultivator drawn by one horse. Then the rest of us would help plant the seeds. The potatoes had to be cut first and then placed in the row and stepped on to keep them in position when the cultivator covered them with loose soil later. We learned just how many peas, bunch and pole beans and corn seeds to plant as well as lettuce, carrots, radishes, parsnips, spinach, chard, turnips, squash, and melons. We set out cabbage, tomatoes, and cauliflower plants and put water in each hole so they would have enough moisture to root.
>
> We all helped canning and storing these good vegetables and also the fruits that we raised: raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, goose berries, currants, and ground cherries. Tree fruits were apples, pears, cherries, and nuts. Grandma Cauthorn came for a long summer visit each year and helped peel fruit, cut corn off the cob and can. In the winter we were very glad that we had worked to have all of these good things to eat.
>
> When school was out in the summer, everyone worked on our farm when we were old enough. I really enjoyed using farm machinery. One job was raking hay. I drove one horse on the rake during hay season. I would rake the hay up into long rows to dry out, and later the men would use pitch forks to throw it on the hay wagon. I can still smell the fragrant hay; hear the buzzing of bees that flew by; see small insects and fluttery butterflies; twittering scurrying birds; baby rabbits; or a stray gray mouse come out now and then from the hay itself; see the sweating horse; and hear the clanging rake as it rose and fell with its load of hay when I released it. While doing this work I was as happy and free as a bird on our farm. Mamma told me that she could sometimes hear me whistle or sing as I rode along through the hay field which was at least a mile away.

> In the fall my father had a threshing machine to harvest the grain. We raised wheat, oats, barley, rye and clover seed. I really enjoyed being part of the threshing crew. The hired help forked the bundles into the thresher, and Papa would catch the grain in big burlap wheat sacks as it came out. He would sew the sacks shut and stack them in large piles to be hauled away to be sold, or to take wheat to a flour mill to exchange it for the ground flour. We had both dark and white flour. We children got to go with Papa sometimes to take a load of wheat to the mill and ride home with the flour. When Papa went alone he would stop at Bruce Store and get us the best lemon drops I have ever eaten.
>
> In my grade school days each winter brought snow, usually several feet of it, and ice enough to make it safe to ice skate on the creeks and ponds. A pond on our farm became a regular ice rink. Sometimes we had skating parties. Mamma would give taffy pulls, make fudge, popcorn balls, have sing alongs, small neighborhood orchestra-like gatherings. Our whole family played games together on winter evenings, such as Old Maid, Checkers, and Dominoes. Since radio and TV had not been invented, we had to entertain ourselves. One special enjoyment came in the evening when after supper, Mamma would read a good book to us in continued story style, a few chapters a day.

After college, Ruth got married to her husband, Ralph Clark and moved to Eastern Oregon. They returned to the farm for a short two-year stint during the depression. Ralph had lost his job in La Grande, and he and Ruth had two small children, so J. Fred and Gertrude offered to let them stay at the farm and gave them use of some equipment. Ruth and Ralph ran a successful truck farm business off the farm during this time, planting annual vegetables in the floodplain next to the creek. Ruth speaks of the depression years as a time when, "local grocery stores welcomed good fresh vegetables and canned preserves."

It was around this same time, the depression years, that my grandpa, Vardyn Buchanan was just out of high school and anxious to start college but the family couldn't afford to pay his tuition, even though it was just over fifty dollars. So Vardyn, with the help of his first cousin and friend, Linwood Beir, set about scheming to make some quick money. Linwood, a feisty senior citizen who is in his eighties today, tells the story somewhat like this:

Well ya see, me and Buck, yer grandpa, found ourselves in a situation where we needed some extra spendin money and right fast. Him fer college and me fer general reasons, on the way to figurin out what we was gonna do with our lives. Anyway, we put the word out in the neighborhood that we were ready to do extra work, but since nobody in the neighborhood had any extra money at the time, being the depression and all, we was left to scheme on our own.

So the first thing we did was take to planting potatoes around old stumps and such, clearin out brush here and there for patches, wherever we could plant without disruptin the flow a things. And we'd dig these taters up and put em in yer grandpa's fathers' old gunny bags and haul em into town. I guess we did that fer two seasons, on the side of our regular work, and we was startin to save up a little money, but it was slow goin, if you know what I mean. Then, a neighbor, ol' Jim up on the hill, whose place we called "the hillplace" an sometimes walked to fer helpin tend goats, well, he'd start calling whenever one of his goats'd die on him, for natural causes and such. So I'd go up there whenever he said there was a dead goat, and I'd shave it! Yep. Some was fresher than others. Big Hearty Belly Laugh. That's another way we made money.

So in the couple years we'd saved up some, and Vardyn's father gave him a little too fer his college, but school was s'posed ta start that fall and he was still a bit short. Then one day, when we was down on the lower end of the place, huntin deer and such, I got myself all caught up in some brush, an as I'm muckin around, sure enough if I don't flush a slinky 'ol coyote right out of those woods down there. Well, I'd flushed him out in front of yer grandpa, and I tell you, he leveled his gun at that thing real careful, and he got himself that coyote. Ya see, coyotes where on bounty in those days, an they was worth, together with the pelt, nearly ten dollars, so after that coyote, yer grandpa went to college.

In 1937, great grandma Gertrude died from breast cancer. Her death was devastating to J. Fred. He became disheartened and anxious to leave the farm, so he asked his son, Vardyn, to take over. Maurice, the oldest son, had since fallen out of favor with his father for refusing his traditional inheritance rights to the farm. But this worked out well for Vardyn, as he was the son in the family who really wanted to farm. Great grandpa J. Fred moved up to Forest Grove where he took a job as an orderly in the hospital section of the Masonic Home. He did this for about five years, then he flew out to Ohio (his first trip on an airplane) to visit his sister who had married a Proctor and Gamble executive.

While visiting Ohio, he decided to purchase his sister's old Cadillac and drive it home. He made it back to Oregon, touring the American countryside on the way, but later, in this same automobile, he took a turn on an icy road near Maupin, Oregon and ended up in a head-on collision. He died from accident-related injuries at a hospital in Bend in 1943.

Buchanan Kids

J. Fred & Gertrude

Vardun

THIRD GENERATION BUCHANANS

My grandpa, Vardyn, took over the farm in 1937, after taking classes at Oregon State College and marrying my grandma, Mary Brownson. Grandma and Grandpa had two surviving boys: my dad, David Buchanan and his older brother, Tom. Their little daughter, Janet, died from appendicitis at the age of four.

When grandpa took over the farm, he converted it to a grade A dairy. He raised about forty five Jersey milking cows, pasturing them at the farm and also growing alfalfa, hay, oats and clover for feed. Besides the cows, Vardyn raised sheep and made a little money off an annual grass seed crop. He also set up a diking system of ponds and seeded them with duck feed to provide habitat for migratory waterfowl. He and the boys hunted ducks, geese, and deer from the farm, fished, and butchered an occasional sheep or cow for meat. Fresh milk and cream were readily available from their dairy, which sold milk at Corvallis and Eugene to Darigold. This third generation of Buchanans also grew and canned most of their own fruits and vegetables.

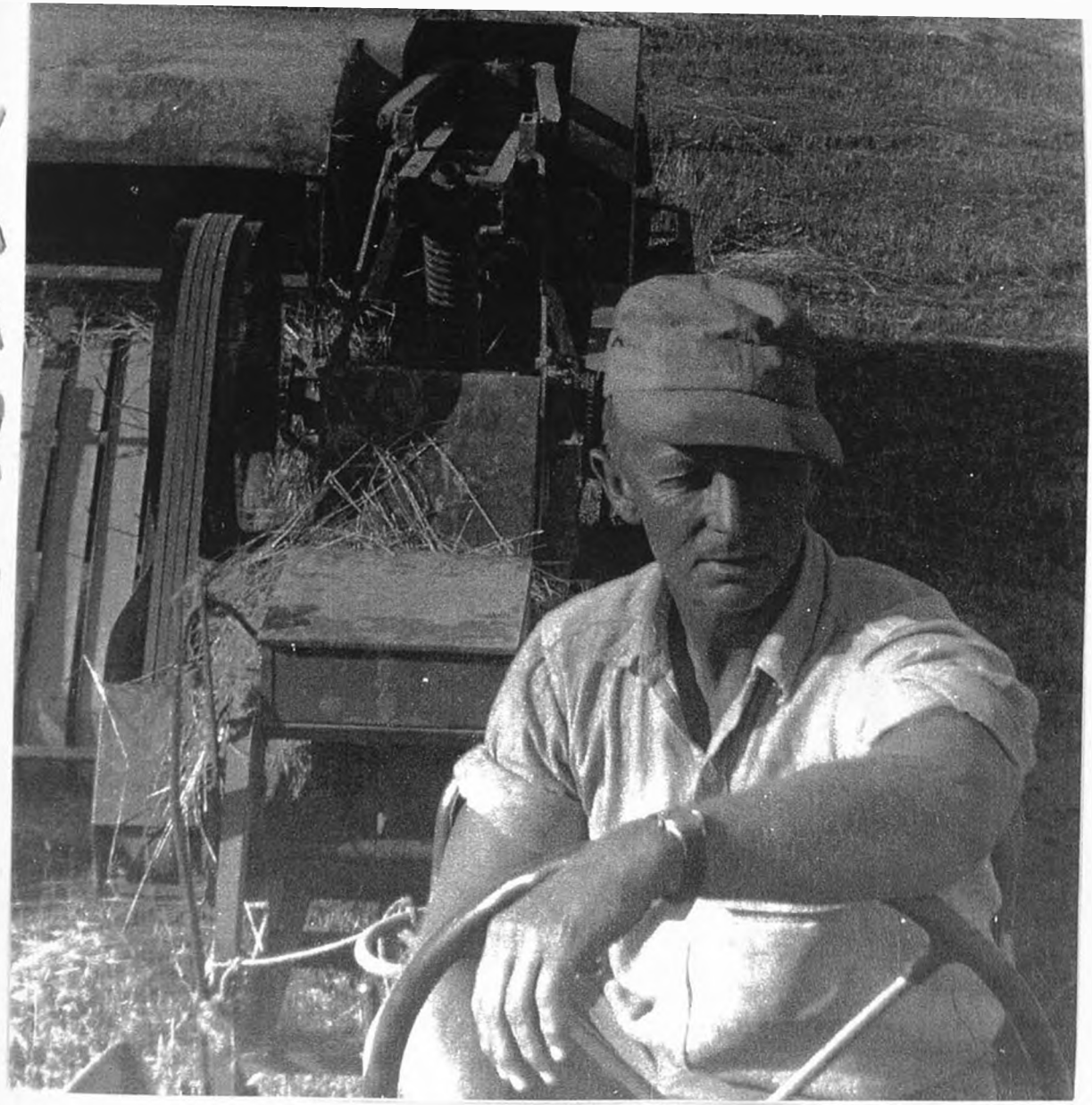
Managing the dairy was hard work. Dad describes a typical day at the farm as getting up at 5:30 in the morning to milk the cows, which usually took about three hours, coming in for breakfast, going back out and working an eight hour shift, tending to the sheep, fixing fences, hauling hay or irrigation pipe, plowing, disking, planting crops, making silage, building barns, whatever chores needed to be done, and there were always chores. Workers usually returned to the house some time during the day to grab a quick lunch before going back out. At 5:30 each evening, the cows had to be milked for a second time, which took another three hours. The men came home for a late supper, and a bit of reading, radio, or black and white television before going

to bed. Dad estimates that he and his father and brother worked fourteen hour days at the farm almost every day, especially in the summer. In the winter and other short periods of time, the workload would lull at the farm. These days were usually spent fishing and hunting, or attending neighborhood potlucks and gatherings. Despite the hard work, Grandpa, Dad, and Tom enjoyed their daily life at the farm. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for Grandma. She was a bit of an independent feminist, ahead of her time, and although she loved her family, she was not particularly interested in the traditional female roles of taking care of plants and animals, cooking, housekeeping or raising children.

I didn't get to meet my grandfather because he died before I was born, but, from what other community members and relatives have to say, I would describe him as a tough, hardworking man with a quiet, wry sense of humor; a lover of nature, he had a softer, philosophical side. He was a true humanist and loved to talk with people. He believed in always helping friends and neighbors within the community and he had many friends and neighbors. In Grandpa's time, our local farming community was very close. Both Greenberry Store and Tavern and the Willamette Grange thrived in his day as active community centers and places where farmers gathered to discuss things. It is said that Vardyn was a well known participant in these discussions.

On the following two pages, are some of my father's words about his father.

VARDYN



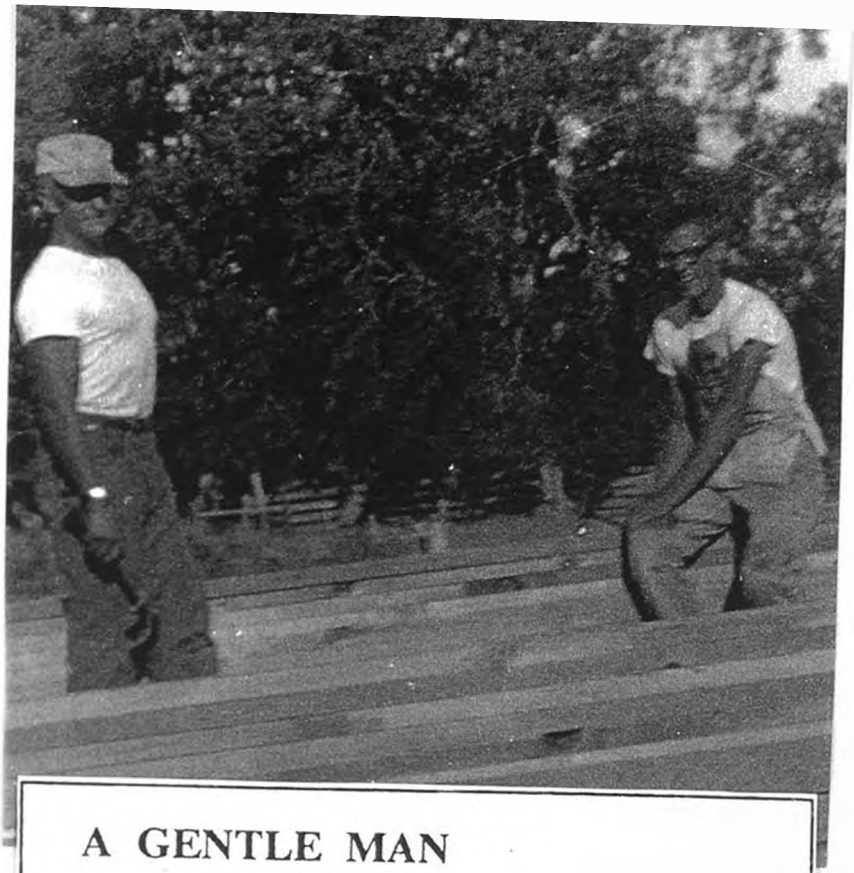
Bucking Bales and Banking Memories

An oven hot wind dries the sweat
Eyes red and swollen from hay dust
Chaff rough and scratchy down the neck
Knees raw and worn from bucking bales
Arms stretched and heavy like wet lumber
We kids proving our worth

Time for a shady oak tree
Sip from a jar of icewater and lemons
Lie back with empty minds
Dad begins another story
About kindly neighbors or old friends that died
Of field mice and owls or spring daffodils

We figure he is weary and needs a rest
He doesn't see those thunder clouds, promising rain
Listening and learning sure beat bucking bales
He figures a say on life and compassion
When a youth's mind is empty and available
A far better investment than dry hay

D.V. Buchanan
2/4/82



Grandpa & Dad

A GENTLE MAN

Farmer, father, friend
Barrel-chested with arms like rock
Strength of character gained from milking cows
And pulling lambs into this world

Always finding quiet humor
He optimized the understatement:
An outright liar was "a little windy"
A plain fool just wasn't discussed.

Leaping from the tractor
He would carefully transfer turtles,
Killdeer hatchlings and meadowlark nests
Far from the plowline or cruel sickle.
He left wide fencerows.

He visited equally and endlessly
With town bankers, bums, and old-timers.
As a small boy, I would tag along,
Fidgety and bored, dragging and tugging
At his legs.

A true test is when neighbors
And the very old and bent
Look to the sky and smile
Twenty-five years after his death,
"Oh yes, I remember your dad,
"A wonderful man, what a gentleman."

—Dave Buchanan

Occasionally, when I'm walking the farm, I'll come across one of Grandpa's old glass beer bottles. Not really an article of litter per se, more an item of interest, even a rare treasure. Not so much the bottles themselves, but what they represent. It's all in the placement.

The bottles aren't just lying here and there, and they are never in piles. I'll find one solitary bottle in a secluded, quiet, relaxing place. In a hidden moss covered woodland, way down on the lower end where it seems that no one has gone before, on the edge of a small meadow opening, in the crotch of a tree next to the creek, near a spongy old nurse log, or lying amidst exquisite wetland wild flowers. These bottles were not discarded, but rather placed. A modest monument to a man's existence.

As I reach down to pick one up, turning and weighing it in my hands, I know that Grandpa Buchanan was here. That he sat and rested in this very spot, listened to the birds, the passage of time and running water, or the sound of wind rustling through trees. Perhaps he paused in this place to watch a fox's den, or a bandit-eyed coon up a tree. Perhaps he snuck up to watch a great blue heron dipping for frogs. Then again, maybe he just paused for a moment, to lie on his back in the tall grass, with his face to the sun, to think, and to breathe.

I think Grandpa was a true naturalist, an introspective observer of life's cycles. He knew this landscape, our farm, perhaps better than anyone else. Having grown up in this place, living and working here his whole life, he took the time to develop an intimate relationship with the land and its variety of critters, growing wise from these observations and unique perspectives.

Grandpa led a good life, but it was short, and he witnessed the struggle of his farm and surrounding farming community. It's the same old story: farmers taking out loans to buy newer, more efficient farm machinery and equipment, crop and livestock prices fluctuating drastically, and small time farmers not able to make loan payments, banks foreclosing, the development of big business farming taking over markets, outcompeting local farmers with cheaper goods. Competitive big businessmen entered the arena, men without regard for aesthetics or environmental ethic: men willing to extract and push the limits of the land, abusing, overharvesting, clearing, cutting and plowing every possible acreage for a higher profit. Then the pesticides and herbicides came in: by-products of the petroleum industry, aggressively marketed as new magic catch-all solutions for any pest or problem. Many of the farms were bought out in our area in the 1950s and 1960s, broken up into smaller parcels or taken under rental contract by the fast growing, heavily mechanized grass seed monoculture industry. In the sixties, the hillside above and to the west of our farm became a residential area, part of Oregon's helter skelter, unplanned growth of rural housing developments. In the meantime, prior to land use planning and property tax restructuring of the seventies, Grandpa was paying taxes that were equal on all acreage, with no breaks for farming land use. He was losing out to larger dairies which kept more cows, often at the expense of healthy riparian vegetation and beneficial crop rotations. Sadly, around this same time, 1960, Claude Buchanan (J. Fred's younger brother, Vardyn's uncle) died. He had been managing the other remaining Buchanan property, just southeast of grandpa's farm. When Claude passed away, no children of his own were still alive to inherit, so he willed the farm to his twelve nieces and nephews. This stretched the farm too thin, over too many interests, and

parties sold out, one by one, some to other neighbors, most to big business agriculture.

Despite all of this, Grandpa managed to pay the taxes, get both boys through college and maintain the integrity of our farm. He left 130 acres in natural woodland and wetland, kept the cows out of the creek, at least for most of the year, and stopped the U. S. government Soil Conservation Service from rechannelizing his sections of Muddy Creek. (They straightened and channelized parts of Beaver Creek before he thought to stop them.) Grandpa did experiment with pesticides, spraying 2,4,5-T, which is now illegal, to kill brush and thistles, and rubbing down the cows with DDT for a fly treatment. Both of these applications were done by hand rather than a tractor spray rig, so some of the worst harm may have been to himself.

Grandpa continued to work hard and with pride, but he knew the small dairy business was faltering. He was probably considering alternatives when he died suddenly and unexpectedly of an aneurysm in March of 1968. It may have been that Grandpa was pushing himself too hard in those last years, worrying about the changing state of the world. The fact that he smoked two packs of Camels a day most of his life could have also contributed to his early death.

After Grandpa died, Grandma stayed out at the farm, living in the newer ranch-style house that Grandpa had built for her in the 1950s after selling 40 farm acres on the other side of the creek to finance construction. Grandma had previously taken a job in town as a reference librarian in order to help with the farm's income, and she continued working at the library, renting the farm to a friend and neighbor, Gyland Mulkey. Mulkey began to struggle as a small ryegrass farmer, so he subleased to the Venells, big business grass seed

farmers to the northeast of our property. Grandma had sold the cows right away, and had another man renting the old farmhouse and some property. After a while, things went badly with this second renter. (He was very messy, disrespectful enough to let his goats inside the house, and the roof had started to leak.) Grandma evicted him and then got scared that he would retaliate. Her fear prompted her to burn down the old farm house that J. Fred built. Grandma stayed at the farm four years after Grandpa died, but in 1971, she decided that she couldn't take it any more. She called my Dad, who was working as a marine biologist in Petersburg, Alaska at the time, and he and my Mom packed their belongings and moved back to Oregon and the farm.

OLD FARM HOUSE — early 1950s

Tom Buchanan 1969 Buffalo, New York

Vardyn & Mary Buchanan's oldest son, my Dad's brother, grew up on Buchanan Farm.

Left farm to pursue outside interests including, but not limited to;

- Undergraduate English, Masters in Political Science
- Worked a summer with the clinically insane
- Hit over head by Mayor Daley's police for protesting at Chicago Democratic Convention
- Move to New York, taught English and GED night classes
- TV repair
- Became a Communist, cut cane for Castro in Cuba
- Established halfway house during Vietnam War to direct draft dodgers to Canada. Published underground newspaper around same time.
- FBI under Nixon administration opens mail and tails around New York, eventually burning down halfway house and printing press.
- Aided supply lines during Native American protest at Wounded Knee hit over head, assaulted by police, thrown in jail.
- Black belt Karate
- Married, moved to Seattle
- Northwest leader of Greenpeace demonstration against nuclear power plants, hit over head, thrown in jail, fired from Greenpeace for being "too radical."
- Gay rights and neighborhood watch advocacy in Seattle
- Current electronic work at Boeing, union advisor
- Short stint in Madagascar and Amsterdam to work on planes
- Mountain climbing, hang gliding
- Jogging, gardening, bee keeping

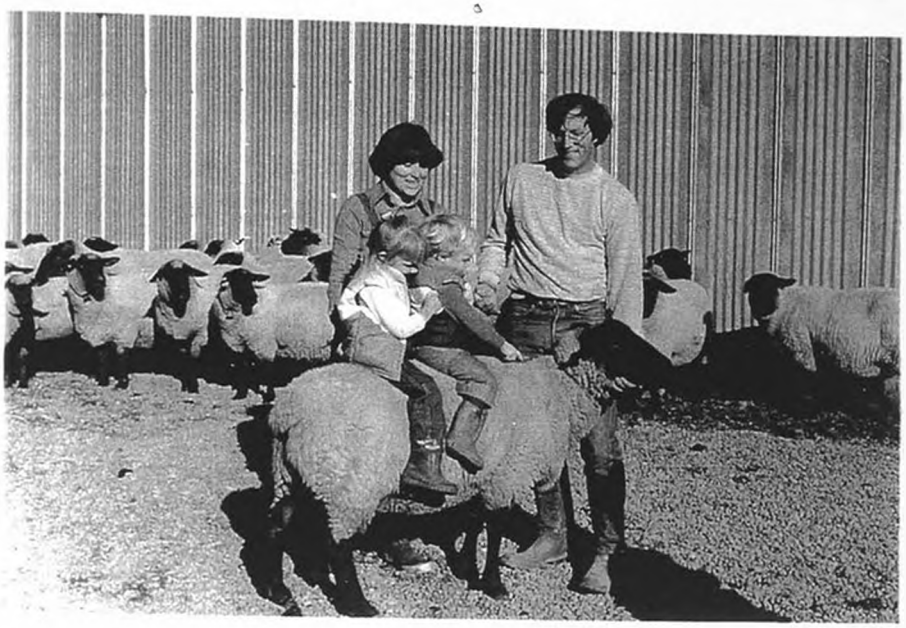
FOURTH GENERATION BUCHANANS (THE SIMPLIFIED VERSION)

My parents, Dave and Margy Buchanan, faced a huge responsibility when they came to the farm in 1974, the kind of responsibility I still can't quite fathom in my current young and idealistic state. But maybe they were young and idealistic too at the time. Maybe their youth gave them the hope and strength that was needed to save the farm. They were just 30 years old in 1974. Dad was working as a marine biologist and Mom was a school teacher. They both quit their jobs to move to the farm and began making house and farm payments to my Grandma as soon as they arrived. Luckily, Dad was able to get a job as a freshwater biologist with the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. He worked full time doing research for the department and set about renovating the farm, putting in yet another set of hours, to work full time again. In 1974, Dad and Mom, while she was pregnant with me, started planting wine grapes along the south facing slopes of our farm. After I was born in July of 1974, they strapped me on their backs and continued planting: this time, a filbert orchard of ten acres on a north-facing slope near the barn. For added farm income, they leased acreage to neighbors in the grass seed business. They also bought a small herd (about 35 head) of sheep from the Dunns, our neighbors to the west. Their first lambing season was in the winter of 1975. In March of 1976, when my brother, Paul, was born, my parents strapped him on their backs and planted another twenty acres of filbert trees in a field on the lower east end. I helped this time, or at least toddled around after them.

In the 1980s, my family increased the sheep herd to around 120 head and planted six acres of wine grapes, continuing to harvest hazelnuts (we went from u-pick harvesting to machine harvesting in 1983) and continued to

lease out land for ryegrass. We pastured our sheep on the ryegrass in the spring, and baled hay off of our front pastures for winter feed. Most of our income came from my Dad's full-time job and the sheep. Profits from the filbert orchards kicked in during the late eighties and the rye grass was always a steady, constant minimum. In 1985, my parents decided to convert grandpa's old milking parlor into a small winery. They formed a partnership with Barney Watson, an enologist and winemaker at Oregon State University, and launched the new business. The tasting room was officially open to the public in 1987 and we became Benton County's fourth winery.

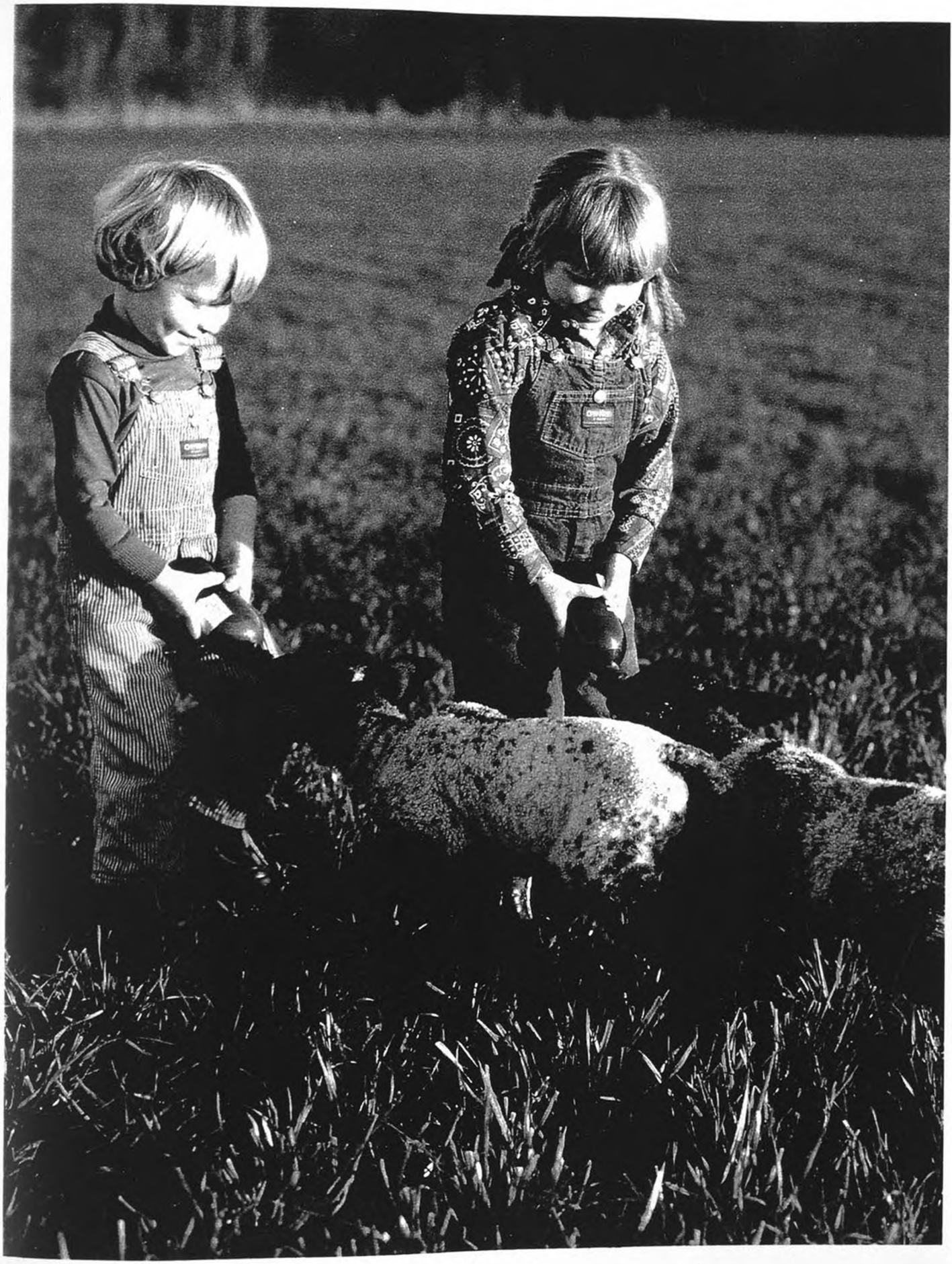
In 1990, my parents sold the sheep, which eased their workload a bit; however, the winery was demanding more time and we started having more public events here at the farm: winetastings, weddings, concerts, banquets. I graduated from high school and left the farm in 1992 to move to Eugene and the University of Oregon. My brother Paul followed, two years later. Life changed pretty drastically here at the farm in the last half of the 90's with the winery bringing in the public, an open or closed sign at the end of our gravel lane, Mom and Dad remodeling our house and winery buildings, and me in college, growing nostalgic.



My Family

Mom & Me

Helping Dad



Paul & Me, feeding lambs

Journal Entry 9-10-96

Living in the city can separate a person from the true sense of harvest. When I am in the city, I notice the leaves on the trees along the bike paths changing color, and I see the pumpkins piled up outside the supermarket. I feel the weather getting colder and notice that, even on sunny days, there is a sharp briskness in the air. These observations alert me to the fact that the season is changing, but I miss the robust excitement of a harvest season at the farm.

When I am in the country, and especially in wine country, the harvest season captivates and consumes me. The closing of summer season signals a fruit gathering frenzy for animals, birds, insects, and us vineyard growers and winemakers. It begins with anticipation as the grapes slowly ripen in the warm days of late summer, and builds to a crescendo of urgency in October when the grapes are ready to be picked from the vines and crushed into juice. September is spent watching, waiting, worrying. The clusters begin to bulge and brighten, some turning purple, others a golden hue of green. Then the birds get interested, and we farmers must defend our bounty with nets and noises and other scare tactics. As the days to harvest begin counting down, we are caught in the fragile balance of waiting out ideal sugar levels and foreboding rainstorms. We succumb to the higher power of climate, celebrating the sunshine that increases sugar and mourning the rain that brings mildew. We wait, sometimes patiently, often impatiently, as nature creates the complexity of her fruit.

Then, suddenly, it is time and someone commences shouting and the frenzy of harvest begins. Immediately, the vineyard is filled with people picking and talking all at once in different languages and accents. Shears are

snipping clusters from the vines, buckets are thumping the ground, the tractor is running totes from the vineyard to the winery, the press is whirring, the siphons are pumping, and the yellow jackets are coming in droves to sample the fresh raw juice of a season's harvest. Plump, full grape clusters are plucked from the vines, piled in heaps, and poured into the press which slowly but surely squeezes and separates out the juice. The winemakers fret and frown and laugh as they hustle about, testing this and adjusting that. The weather alternately threatens with rain clouds and teases with breaks of sunshine. We work long hard days and collapse from exhaustion into our beds at night.

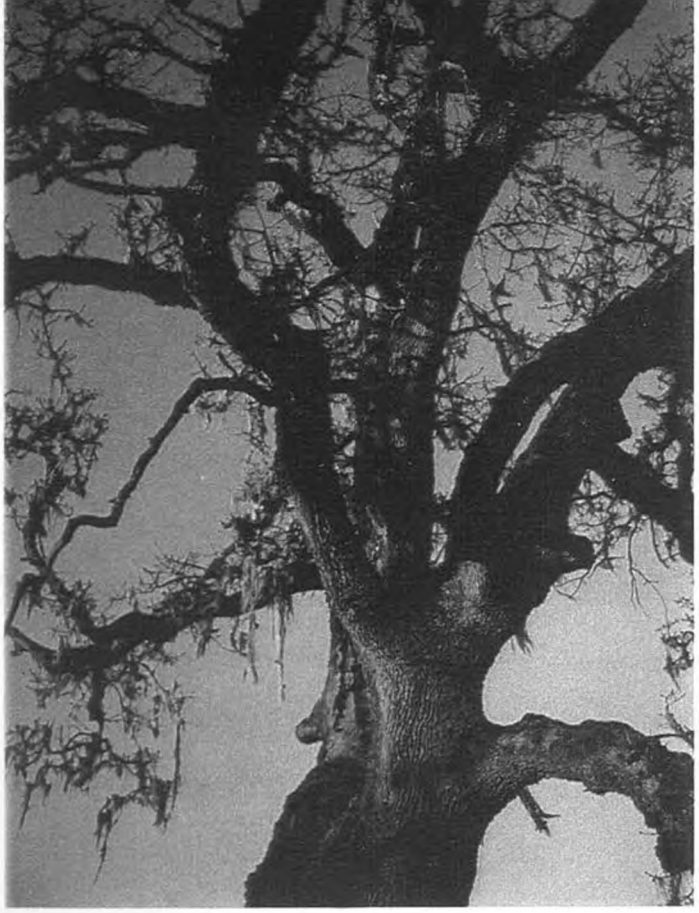
From this anticipation and hard work comes the beginnings of a new year of wines, wines that will capture the essence of a harvest and allow us to celebrate the bounty of another fruitful season. Nature provides the ever changing complexity that renders each varietal year different and the winemaker directs this creation of nature into an expression of quality and excellence. Wine allows us to relive the passion and vigor of harvest, whether it be around the warmth of our hearths in the winter, or during back porch salmon BBQs in the summer. With each uncorking, wine offers a chance to appreciate the complex flavors and aromas of a harvest season. In this way, a glass of wine can serve as the preservation and celebration of a life cycle.

Journal Entry 12-12-97

I know a young couple from New England who moved out here about three years ago. He is working on his master's degree and she works in the field of historical preservation. She is anxious to leave Oregon because, "There aren't many historical things here to preserve."

I can only assume that, coming from New England, she means that there aren't many historical buildings in our towns and small cities out west. That is because our history is not in the cities, it's in the countryside. What about 400 year old oak and fir trees, 150 year old trees, barns and farm houses, grange halls? Deep rich fields of prime farmland soil? Historical old growth forests, wetlands, orchards, pioneer grave sites, farm machinery, 100 year old flax processors, graineries, flour mills, one room school houses, historical fish runs, horse and wagon trails, wildflowers, barn owls, pond turtles ... all of these could use some preservation.

J. Fred's Plow



OAK

FRITILLARIA

Journal Entry 4-21-98

Maybe I'm just weird or crazy or something because I love doing hard physical labor, pushing myself 'till I'm bent over with sweat, and even pain. I like to accomplish tasks with my strength. Maybe it's because I'm a girl and physical labor is not usually expected from me. I'm not called upon often to physically exert myself, so it seems like fun rather than work. Maybe I shouldn't tell people these things.

Right now I'm sitting on the back deck trying to write, but recently I've been interrupted by two sixteen year old boys who, begrudgedly, have been assigned to dig blackberries out of the vineyard. They are probably equally interrupted by me sitting here watching them, but because I'm already distracted, I decide to eavesdrop on their conversation which goes something like this;

"We should get a tractor for this," sound of a luggie being hawked and spit.

"Hey ... ya got to get the roots and everything." The wind and songbirds fill in for conversation lull, along with their shovels chunking the earth, and then,

"It's hot out here, do we have to do this whole fuckin thing?"

"Yeah. I guess."

"So what time's your Mom coming back?"

I think to myself, "Shouldn't these boys be playing video games or something?"

And me, what I wouldn't give to make a living with my body, a shovel, and my shirt off in the warm spring sun, which is why I've decided to be a farmer, well, one of the simpler reasons.

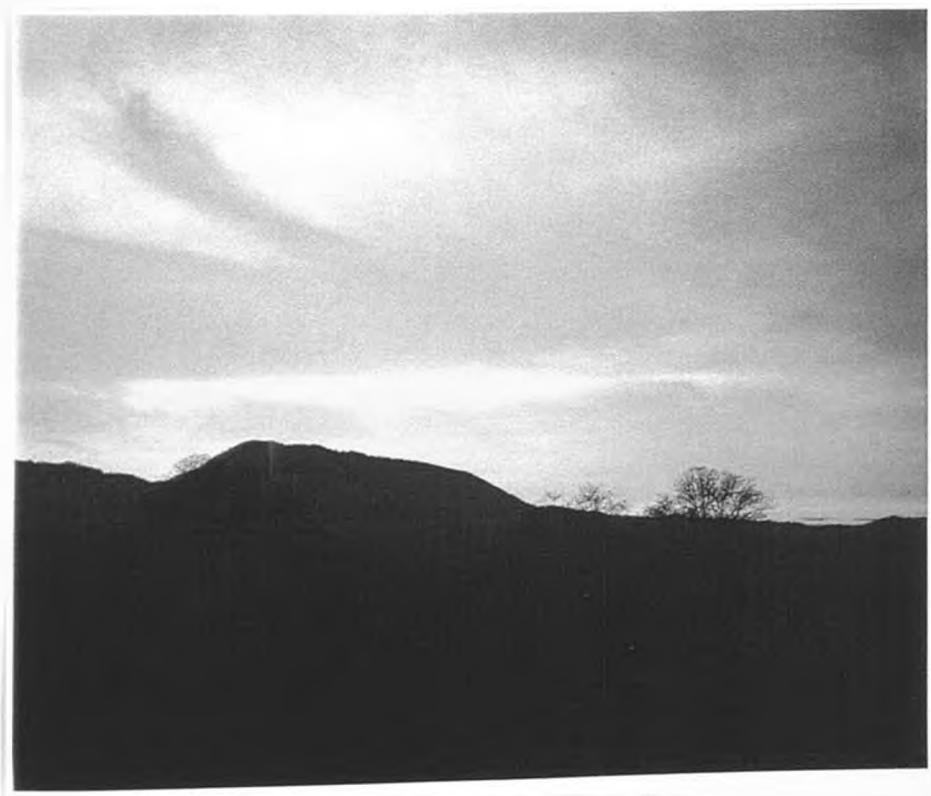
Journal Entry 4-30-98

At this time. I am just a commentator. I would like to know the answers, be able to make sweeping philosophical generalizations and have them be accurate. I do know that we have pulled it off so far. We have sustained ourselves, this farm and much of its natural habitat over the generations. We have succeeded. I can speculate as to why, name the relations in the past that have made this possible, and pull out certain gems, certain rules of thumb to dictate the future.

I think change is good as long as it is planned, well thought out, gradual. Experimentation is good; life and learning are a struggle. We can adapt with our minds, learn from the past, but we can never live in the past. We exist in the present. We can speculate a future. I'm traditional. My father is a farmer, my father's father was a farmer and his before him and again, and I will be a farmer. But that doesn't mean that I have to grow the same crops that my father grew. Good land gives you the freedom to choose your occupation. As the generations of my family have taken turns as caretakers, so have the crops rotated, the livestock come and gone, various financial situations emerged, then faded ... and yet none of us have made those irreversible changes, the changes that destroy our freedom. We have not altered the environment so that it is uninhabitable, not squelched our diversity or adaptability. We have not cut down all the woods, drained all the wetlands, paved, built. We have left future cycles possible.

Some people seek a formula for sustainability. They search to find a repeat set of patterns, actions, equations that they can do each day, week or year, such as grow a garden or recycle, patterns they believe will sustain them, will sustain humans in general. And things like this could sustain us for

now, for the time being, but sustainability is meant to cross boundaries of time; to ensure a future, a positive future. The future, of course, is actually out of our control. Time is always changing, and circumstances with it. Therefore, the key to sustainability is adaptability, adaptability within a mind frame that incorporates sustainability. We need to adapt our habits and lifestyles as we learn more about the future and discover better, more efficient, more satisfying, more furthering ways to live. The key to adaptability is diversity, an environment that allows possibility, those unheard of, unknown cures and climates, the hidden sanctuaries that could save us. I like to think of the farm as a sanctuary, a place which holds the key to survival, a place collaborating diversity of landscape, adaptability of the inhabitants of the landscape, and the sustainability of us all over time.



Sunset Behind Peak