

# MAD AS THE MIST AND SNOW

---

## Exploring Oregon Through Its Cemeteries

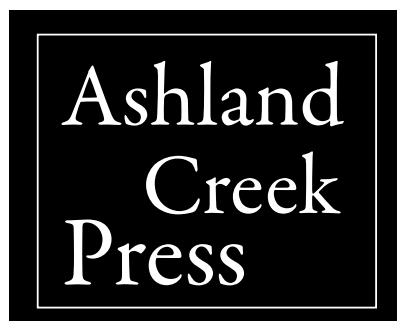


Johan Mathiesen

# MAD AS THE MIST AND SNOW

Exploring Oregon Through Its Cemeteries

Johan Mathiesen



[www.AshlandCreekPress.com](http://www.AshlandCreekPress.com)

Mad as the Mist and Snow: Exploring Oregon Through Its Cemeteries  
Johan Mathiesen

Published by Ashland Creek Press

[www.ashlandcreekpress.com](http://www.ashlandcreekpress.com)

© 2011 Johan Mathiesen

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without written permission of the publisher.

ISBN 978-0-9796475-5-0

Library of Congress Control Number: 2011932007

All maps and directions in this book were created with information available at the time of writing and are subject to change.

Excerpts on pages 260-261 are from the Center for Columbia River History ([www.ccrh.org](http://www.ccrh.org)) and are used with permission.

Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper. All paper products used to create this book are Sustainable Forestry Initiative (SFI) Certified Sourcing.

Cover photo and all interior photos by Johan Mathiesen.

Cover and book design by John Yunker.

# CONTENTS

A Word Before We Begin .....	1
<b>Explorations and Observations .....</b>	<b>5</b>
A Little History .....	7
Sacred Ground and Digital Archaeology .....	12
Finding Graveyards.....	16
The Odd Fellows and the Masons.....	19
Woodmen of the World.....	24
The Lord Is My Cowboy.....	28
<b>Epitaphs .....</b>	<b>33</b>
A Word Before You Go .....	35
Die Laughing .....	39
Say Again.....	48
The Full Measure.....	55
Old Soldiers Do Die.....	66
Borrowed Memories .....	70
The Bible Told Me So .....	79
Curtain Call: Going Out with the Bard .....	87
Parting Wisdom .....	90
Long Day's Journey Into Night.....	99
Death Is Always Out of Season .....	103

<b>Best Cemeteries of Oregon.....</b>	<b>107</b>
The Best Cemeteries of Oregon.....	109
<b>Guide to Oregon Cemeteries.....</b>	<b>119</b>
How To Use This Guide .....	121
Basin & Range .....	125
Central Prairies .....	137
Clackamas & the Highlands .....	159
Columbia Plateau .....	169
Columbia River .....	181
Far East .....	199
Grande Ronde & Wallowa Valleys .....	209
John Day Country .....	219
North Coast.....	227
Pine Belt.....	247
Portland Metro .....	253
Santiam Basin .....	281
Siskiyou .....	293
South Coast .....	301
Tualatin River Valley .....	307
Umpqua Drainage.....	319
Upper Willamette .....	325
Yamhill Valley .....	345

# A WORD BEFORE WE BEGIN

It started with two shepherds stopping to eat lunch. It's thought that they picked some local watercress to augment their sandwiches, not knowing the cress was poisonous. When the bodies were found, they hadn't been robbed or attacked. Just dead. No one claimed the bodies and, because they'd been dead some days before discovery, no one wanted to truck them anywhere distant.

Why not just bury them where they are? someone suggested.

Done.

And that's how the International Order of Odd Fellows (IOOF) Cemetery in Lakeview began.

Which is more or less how many cemeteries began. Someone died, and they needed a place to bury him/her. Once governments formed, burial sites were selected more formally, but initially most cemeteries were carved out of someone's Donation Land Claim (DLC). Once one person had been buried on the back forty, it made sense to bury one's neighbors there when they died, too. Propitious plots tended to become cemeteries for the general public and were often donated to the IOOF, Masons, or local authorities.

The beauty of this system is that, as a consequence, countless pioneer cemeteries are secreted away on back roads that rarely, if ever, see a tourist. These remain places known only to local teenagers, the sheriff, and the UPS driver. Tracking them down becomes an exercise in geo-sleuthing and

an excuse to visit nooks and crannies that one would never have reason to visit otherwise.

I hope you'll be entertained by the stories here, but I hope even more that your interest will be piqued to visit some of these sanctuaries yourself—the more obscure, the better because the real reason to head into the bush after cemeteries is simply to head into the bush; the cemeteries are merely an excuse. We have but one chance to see the show before we return to dust.

## **ABOUT THE BOOK**

The book is divided into four sections. The first is a collection of explorations and observations, most of which originally appeared in *Blogging a Dead Horse* (<http://bloggingadeadhorse-dmt.blogspot.com>). The next section is a selection of epitaphs from my database of some 1,700 epitaphs, arranged into eleven themes. Following this section is a listing of what I have found to be the best cemeteries of Oregon, across fourteen categories.

The final and largest section is a gathering of vignettes and profiles of these 200-plus Oregon cemeteries, arranged into eighteen regions. There is no attempt to be definitive or exhaustive; it is meant to whet the appetite.

## **DEAD MAN TALKING**

Once your appetite is thoroughly whetted and you want to hear about more cemeteries, visit my Flickr site: *Dead Man Talking* (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/deadmantalking>). Once you're at the site, click on "collections"; from there it's obvious.

Oregon is one of five states for which I maintain collections, but only the Oregon and Washington collections are of any size, and Washington is limited and regional in scope. There are some 14,000 (and counting) cemetery photos posted. Each region in this book is mirrored in the Oregon Collection of *Dead Man Talking*. All the photos for every cemetery in this book, plus those for the hundreds of other cemeteries in the collection, are

available for online viewing. Furthermore, each photo is “geo-located” and accompanied by a map/aerial-photo display. I strongly suggest you visit the Flickr site before heading out to look for the cemeteries in this book if you have any questions about the written directions. It will eliminate the guesswork and vastly increase the number of cemeteries available to you.

~

Exactly why we should care about a body after a person’s dead is somewhat of a mystery, but we do, as do other animals. Whatever the reason, disposing of dead people involves solemn ritual in every society. Cemeteries are common but by no means universal. They excel at providing a locus for rituals surrounding death. In our society, this usually includes burial of the body, erection of some form of memorial, and often subsequent visitation and embellishment of the grave site. That being said, there’s a considerable range of practices within that general format. Many cemeteries restrict the kind of memorials allowed and/or prohibit embellishments, so the use of cemeteries varies considerably as well. Sometimes restrictions are made on economic grounds, other times for cultural reasons. There is no uniform code of behavior for cemeteries, despite an overarching cultural similarity.

The cemeteries themselves are the core of this book. It is not a book about the people buried in the cemeteries, though we’ll meet many of them along the way. It is not a history book, though there’s a lot of history within these pages. It’s not a travel book, despite descriptions of many places to visit. It’s a book about cemeteries: how to find them, what to expect when you do, and glimpses of how they’re used. If this book has a message, it’s that a cemetery is not a place to bury bones but rather a place to celebrate the memory of those who have forged on ahead. It is an art gallery of grief through the lens of time. It reflects the hopes and aspirations of a community. It’s a last breath, quivering for eternity.

These people in the graveyard—they’re not dead. They’re just half-dead. You still go there. I still go there. Together we read their stones. We squint at their kiln-fired portraits. Who are those people? How did they get here? We still think about them, if only in the slightest of whispers. Their bodies and their souls have long since slipped into starlight, but their memories



linger like fog around their names. Cemeteries are not where people go when they die. It's where they go to stay alive.

## ABOUT THE BOOK'S TITLE

W. B. Yeats wrote the poem *Mad as the Mist and Snow* in 1929, when he was sixty-three years old. I found it as the epitaph on the grave of John McArthur (1945–1998) in the diminutive, reclusive Jones Pioneer Cemetery. As with all good poetry, I've never quite understood what it meant, but it seemed to sum up life perfectly. It must have felt that way to Mr. McArthur, too.

*And I seem to know  
That everything outside us is  
Mad as the mist and snow.*

# WOODMEN OF THE WORLD



*IOOF Cemetery, The Dalles*

No one forgets their first Woodmen of the World (WOW) faux stump headstone. A cemetery novice tells you in an excited voice of an incredible find he or she made in a small cemetery near home. Yep, WOW. The stump—fallen tree and all that—is a traditional symbol of death and has been used informally both here and in Europe for a long time, but the Woodmen of the World, in its program of providing tombstones for its members, kicked the image into high gear.



*Granite Hill Cemetery, Grants Pass*

Information on WOW headstones is hard to come by; I don't think there's been a book about them yet (authors take note). Faux stumps were not the only motif the WOW used, but they were definitely the most notable. What's particularly notable is that, despite their popularity and ubiquity, as far as I can tell each one is unique.

My understanding is that orders and drawings were sent to local craftsmen to execute the monuments, who in turn interpreted the drawings as they saw fit. Whatever the cause, the result has been a windfall of unique monuments across the entire country.



*Lone Fir Cemetery, Portland*

The Woodmen of the World still exist—they'd be happy to sell you some insurance—but their policies, alas, no longer come with a tombstone. It's a pity, but we'll just have to suffer through. Carve your own.

# EPITAPHS

# A WORD BEFORE YOU GO

## *Le der nier cri de coeur*

Who wrote the epitaph? It's not always easy to tell. Tombstones and epitaphs are not unlike historical markers alongside the highway. The chosen few words are tantalizing, as if you're given a snapshot of someone but only allowed to see a lock of hair and some buttons. You're to fill in the rest with your imagination. You can be sure that, whatever is written on a tombstone, it's not about that person. No matter who wrote it, it's a fictionalized sketch of how that person wanted to be presented or how someone wanted him or her remembered. It's not them.

It's about dreams.

The crushing paradox is that life is given meaning through death. In eternity, all things are meaningless; the inexorable mill of time grinds everything to a fine powder. There is no good or evil, no beginning or end. There are only infinite monkeys on infinite typewriters typing infinite Shakespeares. But we are not given infinity. We are given but one opportunity to be here now. That's why it's so very important to not blow it. We have only one chance. This is it.

We may hope, and we may sincerely believe, that somehow we continue on, but in our heart of hearts, when it's time to go, we want one last word with the people we're leaving because, no matter what we wish for, we

know that, if nothing else, we were here. We had our life. It was good or bad by itself. There may or may not be an afterlife to judge us, but life will continue on. People will read our tombstones. If judgment is to be made, it will be made here.

Which is why the epitaph is chosen with such care. Because in the end, the person to whom one is speaking is not his or her best friend or lover or mother but rather the stranger a hundred years hence. For that, we invented cemeteries.

Cemeteries are not just places to store dead bodies. If that's all we wanted, volcanoes would do just fine. Not every society has cemeteries, but all societies have ways of honoring their dead, even if that means bringing the bones home and storing them on a shelf. One doesn't have to believe in an afterlife to want to communicate with the departed, and it seems to work best if we set aside a special place for it. It's not a power inherent in a place but one we give it—Descartes writ large: To think a place sanctified makes it so.

Cemeteries are those places in our society where we visit with the past. When we go there, we conjure the spirits to wander the gravestones with us. We are never alone. One by one, the dead rise before us and speak in voices half-shredded by moonlight. Voices so soft we have to bend close to the grave and read what they say. Epitaphs. A hundred years later, they're still talking to us. The last whisper.

There is no guarantee that cemeteries will be with us forever. Like the Postal Service—something one can't imagine life without—their time may be passing. Despite the recent flowering of funerary arts, cremation threatens to send this ancient tradition up in smoke. We may end up being one of those societies that forgoes cemeteries. They may become too expensive to maintain. Already in many European countries, one only rents cemetery space. After one's lease is up, the bones are dumped in a common ossuary.

Cremation does not necessarily mean no burial, no cemetery. Cemeteries are frantically trying to provide proper space for cremains, but the economics of keeping them at home or scattering them are compelling. Furthermore, there's a strong emotional compulsion to have one's ashes

scattered at a particularly meaningful place. Both forces operate to the detriment of cemeteries. Little wonder that cemeteries such as Portland's Lone Fir have sold off major land holdings. On the other hand, many small rural cemeteries are reaching capacity. Maintaining them will always be a community expense. Unless, of course, they're allowed to disappear.

Perhaps there will always be cultural pressures to maintain cemeteries. Some groupings, some ethos, don't allow for cremation. They hold to standards that may not be relaxed for a long time. Others may eschew cremation for aesthetic principles. But what is already the case, and becoming more so, is that fewer and fewer people, both proportionally and in real numbers, are choosing traditional burial with headstones. The art of the epitaph is wilting.

Will it be replaced by the Internet? No memorial site on the Internet will convey the same message that an epitaph chiseled into rock can. The medium is definitely part of the message, if for no other reason than an epitaph, somewhat like a haiku, is constrained in how long it can be. The longest never run more than a paragraph or a stanza or two. One has to distill one's essence into an epitaph. It's a delicate art. Sites on the web have no space limitations. They can go on forever. Furthermore, they are usually interactive, so the site can continue growing, theoretically, forever. Or until the electronic shock wave from some future war wipes the Internet from the face of the earth. Once that happens, the old-fashioned, chiseled-in-stone epitaphs will be all that are left.

~

I once attended an international bakers' convention in Las Vegas. It's a quadrennial event that attracts vendors and customers from around the world. It was held in a cavernous hall the size of many football fields, inside which purveyors had built gigantic oven systems four stories high. The salesmen—and they were usually men—flitted from language to language like warblers in a berry bush. They would run off a list of facts in English, make a quick aside to a customer in Japanese, and schedule a meeting in Arabic, all without taking a breath. But when it came to counting money, they invariably reverted to their native language. Some things are too



important to leave to simple error.

Likewise epitaphs. Take a stroll through almost any American cemetery—pioneer cemeteries tend to work well—and read the epitaphs. Chances are pretty good that soon you’ll run into ones written in German or Norwegian or French. In some places they’ll be in Chinese or Japanese or Russian. Chances are that most of those people lived in and dealt with America for years and years before passing, that they have children and grandchildren who still live in America. Yet their epitaphs are in foreign tongues. Because the heart only speaks in one’s native language, an epitaph is too important to leave to simple error.

#### GENERAL NOTES:

[ ] Brackets: Brackets mean I said it, not the stone.

Punctuation and spelling: I leave them as I see them. I correct nothing. The temptation is to “clean up” the epitaphs, insert those errant apostrophes, but who am I to tamper with folk art? While it’s customary to point out uncorrected errors by following them in brackets with the word *sic*, meaning as written, I have elected to not follow that practice and let the epitaphs come through unadorned. The bereaved don’t need English teachers.

Where famous quotations are recognizable, I’ve noted their original sources [in brackets] if the epitaph does not.

The epitaphs are drawn from the entire Oregon Territory database, not just Oregon cemeteries.

# DIE LAUGHING

Who knew that dying could be so much fun? My wife won't let me, but my choice of epitaph would be, "Your name here."

Anon

LONE FIR CEMETERY

*This wasn't in my schedule book*

Anon

CONDON CEMETERY

*Do not disturb  
Taking a nap*

Anon

COLES VALLEY CEMETERY

*Blessed are those who clean up*

Anon

LONG CREEK CEMETERY

*Here lies a town girl who became  
a ranchers wife and right hand  
A passionate mother. A lover of  
family  
A promoter of womens education  
and a shopper  
Knew I would be asked  
Yes Honey I will get the gate*

Fred Barnard (1918–1993)

RIDGEFIELD CEMETERY

*I have made many trades in my life,  
But I think I went in the hole on this one.*

Theodore (1931–2008) & Nedine (1932–1997) Barnhouse

MITCHELL CEMETERY

*Raised four beautiful daughters  
with only one bathroom and  
still there was love*

Herman (d. 1986) & Agnes (d. 1992) Baxter

MT CALVARY CATHOLIC CEMETERY

[his] *On the highway to heaven*  
[hers] *Drive like hell and you'll get there*

Mathew Beecher (1952–2001)

TUALATIN PLAINS PRESBYTERIAN CEMETERY

*Always go to other people's funerals. Otherwise they  
won't go to yours.*

*Yogi Berra*

Robin Boon (1913–2004)

AUMSVILLE CEMETERY

*With the Lord, enjoying a good cup of Yuban*

Gertie Bunnell (1912–1983)

ESTACADA IOOF CEMETERY

*Who should live so long?*

Rachael Burchard (1921–2004)

SOUTH YAMHIL CEMETERY

*I wouldn't miss my only chance  
For omnipotent enlightenment*

Charlo Dick (1953–2006)

BRAINARD CEMETERY

*All dressed up and no place to go*

Richard (1940–2005) & Colleen (b. 1941) Dohrn  
OCEAN VIEW CEMETERY

*Life is uncertain. Eat dessert first.*  
[Original quote from the writer Ernestine Ulmer]

Jim Everts (1940–1999)  
AUMSVILLE CEMETERY

*Tree hugger*  
*“left town” 1999*

Claude (b. 1922) & Frances (1923–1998) Friend  
SCOTTSBURG CEMETERY

*Tried to leave the woodpile a little higher than we found it.*

Eino Kangas (1932–1994)  
UNION CEMETERY (UNION)

*Plop plop*  
*fizz fizz*  
*Oh what a relief it is*

# THE BEST CEMETERIES OF OREGON

This guide includes profiles of more than 200 cemeteries, out of which I have selected some of the cemeteries I believe are most deserving of a visit. I've organized these cemeteries into a number of categories, ranging from cemeteries with the best view to the "most ghoulish" cemeteries. Included after each cemetery description is the name of the region that it can be found within. In the next section, you'll find a more in-depth profile of the cemetery, along with driving directions.

## BEST PIONEER CEMETERIES

### **Clatsop Plains Cemetery**

Built on rolling links land, sandwiched between Highway 101 and a military base, this cemetery nevertheless exudes antiquity. It hasn't been used in ages but is still maintained and worth a visit for the grave of Celiast, princess-daughter of Coboway, Chief of the Clatsops. (Region: North Coast)

### **Svensen Pioneer Cemetery**

As sweet a little graveyard one could hope for, sheltered behind hedges and

robustly cared for by a volunteer crew, nothing sets this cemetery apart so much as the care with which it's managed. (Region: Columbia River)

## **BEST CATHOLIC CEMETERIES**

### **Calvary Catholic Cemetery (Portland)**

The largest Catholic cemetery in the state, its older sections follow the “garden” cemetery ideal of curving roads, impressive monuments, and opulent serenity. A large, fairly new Celtic cross guards the entrance. Sport your Irish colors when you visit. (Region: Portland)

### **Saint Mary's Cemetery (Corvallis)**

Steep, hard to walk around, and thickly planted, this cemetery is a garden of much more than just gravestones. If you're lucky, the resident deer will accompany your tour. (Region: Upper Willamette)

## **BEST JEWISH CEMETERIES**

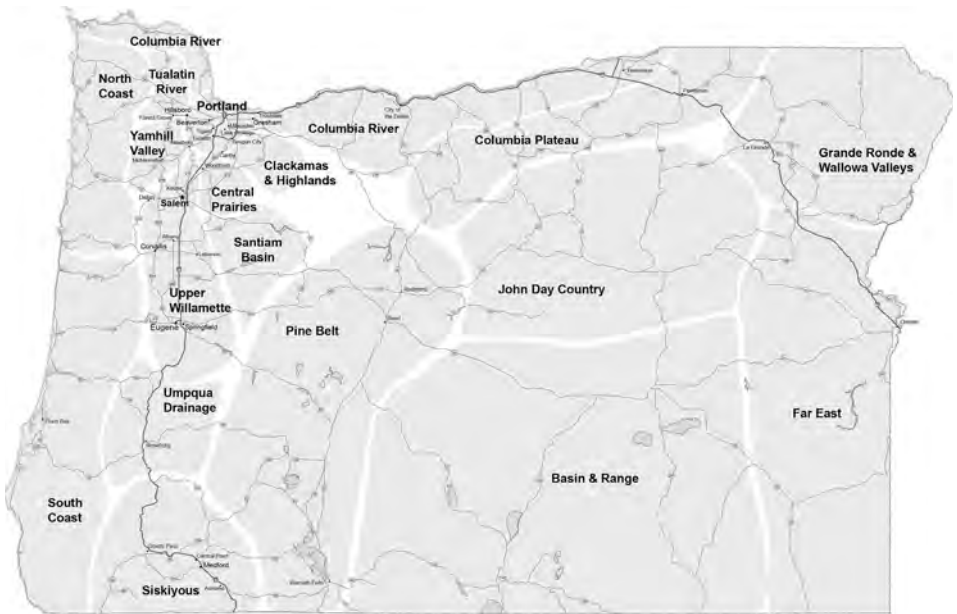
### **Havurah Shalom Cemetery**

This cemetery takes some sleuthing to find, but it's a little gem once you locate it. Enfolded within Metro's Jones Pioneer Cemetery, the light here is especially graceful and the community of activists is uncommon. (Region: Portland)

### **Kesser Israel Cemetery**

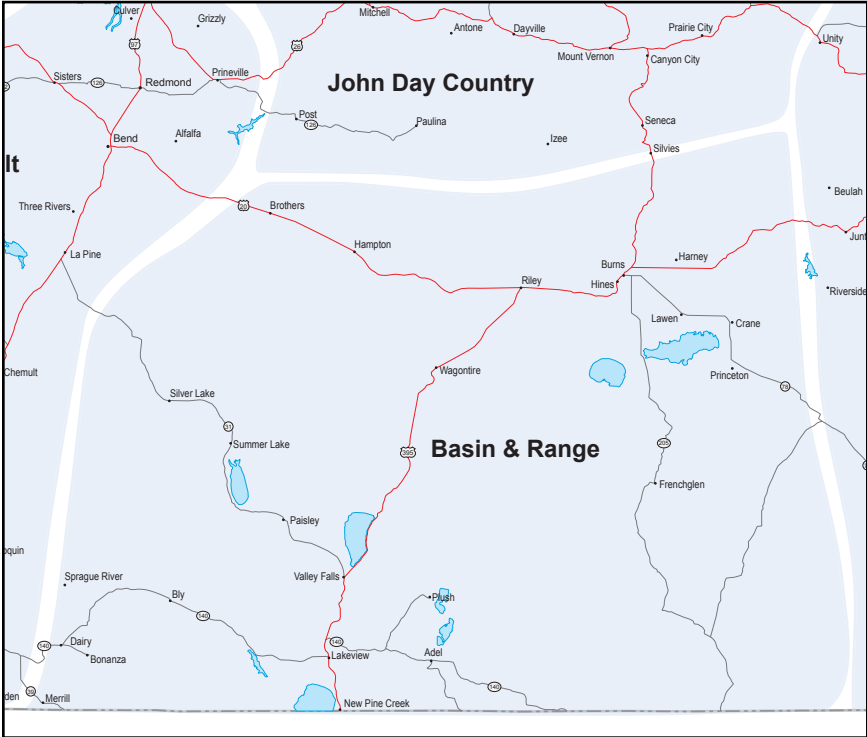
Unlike any other Jewish cemetery, this feels as if it could be in Eastern Europe. It sits cheek-by-jowl with a conventional Jewish cemetery; together, they are a cultural education. (Region: Portland)

# GUIDE TO OREGON CEMETERIES





# BASIN & RANGE



## BEATTY

### Brown Cemetery

*From Highway 140 in downtown Beatty, take Godowa Springs Road north about 2.5 miles. Turn right on Sycan Road. At the fork, take Ferguson Road and keep bearing right at the subsequent intersection as the road turns to a one-lane track. At the crest of a ridge before the road drops down to the Sprague River, there is another fork; this time take the left-hand track to the cemetery.*



Every source I find calls this cemetery the Masekesket Cemetery. Every source except the name on the arch over the cemetery entrance; that says “Brown.”

Brown it is, then.

Nonetheless, it’s still a Native-American cemetery, one of the many reasons to visit this small, out-of-the-way, and unusual graveyard. Getting there is half the fun. Except for power lines overhead, it’s a good place for a cemetery, overlooking the river bottom and forested hills beyond. A cluster of statuary atop white pillars is very dramatic and surprising in a countryside not known for its wealth. Being small, there’s not a lot of room here

for self-expression, although the marker for Zetta John (1923–1959) in the shape of a four-foot-high arrowhead is distinctive.

An ominous epitaph is chiseled into Merlin Chocktoot's (1920–1941) granite: "Assassinated Dec. 6, 1941." "Murdered" shows up on tombstones infrequently, but this is the first time I've seen "assassinated."

## **Chief Schonchin Cemetery**

*North of Klamath Falls, get yourself to the Intersection of Highway 140 and Sprague River Road, then head west. The cemetery is east of Sprague River Road about a mile west of the junction.*

Chief Schonchin, also called Old Schonchin to distinguish him from his brother, Schonchin John, was the titular chief of the Modocs during their war with the U.S. in 1872–73 (there was some debate as to his legitimacy). Unlike John, the Chief didn't participate in the war and has hence been a favorite of the Americans ever since.

This is Klamath Indian country, and they were historical enemies of the Modocs (Chief Schonchin was born at Tule Lake, California), but the two tribes were pushed together after the war, as often happened.

Aside from the memorial for Chief Schonchin, two other participants in the war are honored here with plaques. I didn't see headstones for either Schonchin or the others, so they could be buried elsewhere, but there's an implication they're laid to rest here.

The other two were a couple that went as interpreters to a council meeting between the Modocs and representatives from the U.S. government. Although it was supposedly an unarmed meeting between the two sides, the Modocs came armed and ambushed the council party (in fairness, two soldiers also smuggled in arms, but they were outdrawn), killing a number of them, though sparing the interpreters probably because the woman in the couple was a Modoc herself.

In any event, that couple, Frank Riddle and his wife, Winema, are honored today in this three-plus-acre cemetery under the ponderosas at the edge of a meadow. A cluster of pines greets the visitor at the cemetery gate.

You might note that the plaques for Schonchin and Winema were erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1932, while Frank Riddle wasn't honored until 1985 by the Klamath County Historical Society.

## DREWSEY

### Drewsey Cemetery

*As Drewsey Road heads north out of Drewsey, it meets Drewsey Market Road coming from the west. Take that, and the cemetery will appear on the north side of the road within a few blocks.*



Wikipedia claims there were eighteen people in Drewsey at last count. When I passed by the grade school, it was out having its picture taken. I counted six students.

Drewsey is an excellent case in point of the power the post office used to wield in the days when people wrote letters. The original choice of the town name was, reputedly, Drusy; but the P.O. decided its spelling was better and hence that became the name of the town. Drewsey's greatest claim to fame, perhaps, is the name of an early saloon predating the founding of

the town: the Gouge Eye Saloon. There is a faction that wished the town would've been named that too.

There are only two incorporated towns in Harney County, neither of them Drewsey. Despite that, Drewsey has a cemetery of some girth set on two levels along a hillside. There's not much in the way of cover, and the grasses are wild imports; still, the majestic setting and the delightful quiriness of the place give it a distinctive charm. The era of gouging eyes out appears to have long passed.

The most distinctive feature of the cemetery is a plethora of animal profiles cut out of steel above the equally hand-cut steel word: "Unknown." Somebody went to a lot of trouble, and it was surely a labor of love.

## FORT ROCK

### Fort Rock Cemetery

*This cemetery is located on the right hand side of the road just prior to the entrance to Fort Rock Park.*

Fort Rock is protected by a state park but should probably be a national monument, being the location where the arguably oldest shoes in the world were found by University of Oregon anthropologist Luther Cressman, also known as Margaret Mead's "student husband."

Fort Rock is a tuff ring, a circle of rocks pushed up by a volcanic explosion in an area with lots of water, which is somewhat hard to imagine given Fort Rock's current high desert location. Riddled with caves and originally an island, it was a popular dwelling place for Oregonians as early as 14,000 years ago. The human necessity to live near water drew people to this region in those moister times. Today it draws outdoor enthusiasts and tourists.

It also draws the dead. Or the would-be dead. There are hardly enough people in the region to warrant a cemetery, and most of the people from the area who die are probably buried elsewhere, as this is a lightly used

# MAD AS THE MIST AND SNOW

Exploring Oregon Through Its Cemeteries

**Purchase it today at:**

Amazon

Barnes & Noble

Your local bookstore

Copies are also available from our

online store at [www.AshlandCreekPress.com](http://www.AshlandCreekPress.com)





**“CEMETERIES ARE NOT WHERE PEOPLE GO WHEN THEY DIE. IT’S WHERE THEY GO TO STAY ALIVE.”**

Providing profiles that highlight historical events, famous residents, and the evolution of headstone designs, Johan Mathiesen is your guide through this journey to Oregon’s most celebrated and unique cemeteries.

Organized into 18 regions and including detailed driving directions, *Mad as the Mist and Snow* profiles more than 200 cemeteries, including such legendary cemeteries as Lone Fir, Jacksonville, and Willamette National. For anyone interested in history and Pacific Northwest culture, this book is the perfect guide for day trips as well as extended explorations of Oregon’s eclectic and historic cemeteries.

[www.AshlandCreekPress.com](http://www.AshlandCreekPress.com)

**Ashland  
Creek  
Press**

US \$22.50

ISBN 978-0-9796475-5-0



9 780979 647550