

Roy Craft dies Christmas day

Roy at Centennial Ball Nov. 11.

by Ed McLarney
former Editor/Publisher,
Skamania County Pioneer

Funeral services for Roy Dale Craft, 81, of Stevenson, were conducted at the Stevenson High School Gymnasium, Friday, Dec. 29. Roy Craft died Christmas day, Monday, Dec. 25, 1989, at Hood River Memorial Hospital, in the presence of his wife of 55 years, Gracie, who was at his bedside.

Craft and his wife owned the *Skamania County Pioneer* newspaper in Stevenson from 1958 to 1974.

He had been in ill health for more than a year because of respiratory problems, but the editor emeritus continued an active interest in life and pursued his journalistic endeavors, including a weekly column for the *Skamania County Pioneer*, until his passing.

The Friday service was a testimony to his work in the community and elsewhere. Friends and family gathered to offer their condolences to Gracie and to say a last farewell to a man who had

helped them all.

Roy Craft was born November 12, 1908, to Alpha Miranda (Roberts) and Kenneth Dale Craft. He was an identical twin. His brother, Ray, preceded him in death, in December, 1945, as the result of a military aircraft crash in a snowstorm near Billings, Mont., on his way home from the European Theater.

The twin sons were born in McCleary, Wash. where their father owned a shingle mill.

His early years were filled with the sorts of adventure boys enjoy in a small-town and country environment. He was precocious, and at an early age could recite long lines of poetry and was an avid reader. He had an ability to write with mature competence about his observations while just a boy.

This exceptional ability and an ability to work with people resulted in Roy, Ray, and a friend, Bob Cooper, starting a newspaper in McCleary when they were only 16 years old. The *McCleary Stimulator* was a

legitimate newspaper, a positive addition to the small town.

The paper was passed along when the boys went off to college.

Craft enrolled at the University of Oregon and was promptly hired by the local newspaper, the *Eugene Register-Guard*, as assistant sports editor. Shortly thereafter, he was promoted to editor of the sports section, much to the delight of his Sigma Chi fraternity brothers. Working at the newspaper helped pay his way through college and provided additional journalistic background.

After college, he married Gracie Taylor of Beaverton, Ore., moved to San Francisco with his bride and took a job with the *San Francisco Examiner* newspaper.

In 1932 Craft received a commission in the U. S. Army as a Second Lieutenant in Military Intelligence.

Major General Charles Corlett chose Craft to be his aide when Corlett assumed command of the Army post in

Kodiak, Alaska.

Craft assisted in the planning for the Kiska campaign (Alaska), Marshall Islands invasion (Pacific Theatre), including the very successful Kwajalein operation; the Normandy invasion and the battle against Nazi Germany in Europe.

In recognition of Craft's success with the small newspapers, his journalistic background and assistance to the military and civilian press, Craft was named Editor of *Stars and Stripes* in Europe after the German defeat.

Following discharge from active service in 1945, Lieutenant Colonel Craft moved to Hollywood, Calif., where he was a correspondent for *Life* magazine. Later he was a publicist for several motion picture studios, among them 20th Century Fox where, for five years, he was in charge of publicity for Marilyn Monroe.

After some 12 years of "life in the fast lane," Craft sought a return to the Pacific Northwest, and, after considerable searching, he and Gracie purchased the *Skamania*

County Pioneer in 1958.

In 1974 they decided to return and sold the publication to Ed and Peggy McLarney.

Craft's accomplishments were many. Although his anecdotes about his war time experiences were humorous, he had been through it all and was a highly decorated veteran.

He received the Legion of Merit, the French Croix de Guerre with V for valor, two Bronze Stars, the American Defense ribbon with medal, and an Asiatic Pacific Campaign ribbon.

Along with wife Gracie, Craft pursued a wide variety of projects and other worthwhile endeavors. He recently received the Skamania County Chamber of Commerce Lifetime Achievement Award in recognition of his outstanding contribution to the community.

He and Gracie were charter members of the Skamania County Chamber of Commerce. He was a member of many other organizations. Among them were the

American Legion, Professional Journalism Society, Washington State Newspaper Association, the National Newspaper Association, Publicists Guild, Clark County Retired Officers Association, Sigma Chi, Oregon-California Trails and Associate Member, Oregon Historical Society.

He was an active member of the Skamania County Historical Society and an avid supporter of the Skamania County Interpretive Center. The Don Brown Rosary Collection was obtained for the Skamania County Museum because of Craft's interest. He and Skamania County Commissioner Ed Callahan worked together to obtain the Emory and Ruth Strong Collection for the Interpretive Center.

Craft was a past chairman of the Washington State Lewis and Clark Trail Committee and Past Director of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation.

In 1987, Craft received the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Inc., Distinguished Service Award for

"outstanding contributions toward furthering the purpose and objective of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Inc."

Craft had life-long interest in the outdoors and took great pleasure in observing and feeding birds and wildlife. He enjoyed the comradeship of hunting and fishing. The wild whistling swan, which each winter migrate to Franz Lake near Skamania, were an especial delight, as was the spring Canada goose hatch in Hegewald Pond in Stevenson.

Roy is survived by his wife, Gracie, of Stevenson; brothers Carroll M. Craft and Harry J. Craft, Tacoma; and sisters Doris Taylor, Sequim; and Margaret Carswell, Tacoma.

There are numerous nieces and nephews.

His godchildren are Edward L. McLarney, Michael A. McLarney, and Margaret K. McLarney, Stevenson.

Services were conducted by former Stevenson Methodist Church pastor, Rev. Carol Davis, and the present pastor,

Rev. Leah Mikel. A friend of 25 years, Edward McLarney, provided the eulogy.

Organist was Luella Reh-fuss. Singers were Margaret K. McLarney, Bethany Joseph, Rudd Turner, and Jeff, Erik and Greg Aalvik.

Active casket bearers were Harry J. Craft, Gust Mann, Tim Todd, Robert K. Leick, Marvin Morash, George DeGroote, Jim Joseph and Richard Mezejewski.

Honorary casket bearers were Tonnie Lundy, Ed Callahan, Fred Eldridge, Robert D. Cooper, Rudy Hegewald, Rich Curran, Carroll M. Craft, Robert Talent, Eran Howell, Ron DeWilde and Tom Jermann.

Roy Craft was buried with military honors at Willamette National Cemetery, Portland, Ore.

Memorials may be made to the Skamania County Interpretive Center or the Don Leer Memorial Scholarship Fund, both of Stevenson.

Card of Thanks

One of the comforts during times of sorrow is to know that one is not alone. My deepest thanks to those who attended Roy's service, to Roy's young friends who rallied to the occasion, to those who helped so generously with the luncheon, sent flowers, cards, memorials and other remembrances. A special thanks to the staff of Stevenson High School for their hospitality and to my special friends who have showed their love and care these past few weeks.

Gracie Craft

Remembering Roy

(The following is the majority of the text of Ed McLarney's eulogy for Roy Craft.)

We are here today to remember Roy Craft.

There are those who make a difference. Unique men and women whose interest in humanity and all that surround them makes them partakers of life in the truest sense. People such as these are capable of absorbing all that life holds in such a way that their enrichment ultimately enriches the lives of others.

Such a man was my best friend, Roy Craft. His legacy to us all is a richer life in having known him, and a richer life because by his example and through his writing, our own eyes were opened. We moved closer to life in having known Roy, and the delight we found in that nearness, that focus, that increased ability to see, is his legacy to us.

Roy was a champion of the underdog, the mistreated. He hated pomposity, he had no use for unfairness, he was a champion of the right of all to be treated with dignity. He believed in United States of America and the ideals which formed the framework of our

Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Roy spent most of his life as either a journalist or in fields associated with journalism. But he was also a soldier, a highly decorated battle veteran of World War II, and a retired Lieutenant Colonel. It always impressed me that Roy concentrated only on humorous aspects of his war experience. He had seen it all, in both the Pacific and European theatres, but he did not concentrate on the misery or the suffering or the death, but concentrated instead on the warm and humorous things that happened along the way. He, however, spoke from time-to-time about the sadness and tragedy of war. He said no soldier wants war — no decent soldier wants war — for it is the soldier who must pay the price.

When I said goodbye to Roy, it was 4 in the morning, December 18th, as I was on my way to Portland International Airport. I was headed for Fort Belvoir, Va., to get together with our son Ed. I gave Gracie and Roy each a big hug and later Roy and I shook hands. "A lot of water has gone

under the bridge in the last 25 years, hasn't it" he said. "It has been a wonderful adventure," I replied.

Adventure was the name of the game for Roy. His long career encompassed many, many adventures and experiences, just one of which would have been a memorable and sufficient accomplishment in anyone's lifetime.

Roy started his first newspaper, along with his twin brother, Ray, at the age of 16 in McCleary, Wash., where his father, Dale Craft, owned a shingle mill. Ever inventive and enterprising, the two boys, along with their friend, Bob Cooper, set up their publication in a building there in McCleary. There was a barber shop on the first floor, at street level, and upstairs a house of ill-repute. The boys named their newspaper the *McCleary Stimulator*.

He continued with the paper until entering college at the University of Oregon, where he was put to work as an assistant sports editor and later sports editor at the *Eugene Register-Guard*, the town paper, when only a

freshman. Craft was proudly accepted by the men at *Sigma Chi* fraternity as "our sports editor at the *Guard*."

Following his schooling, he went with the *San Francisco Examiner*, married his gal, Gracie (55 years ago), and, prior to World War II, joined the U. S. Army Intelligence Service as an officer. He became an aide to Major General Charles Corlett and with the general served in the Aleutian campaign, the invasion of Kwajalein (in the Pacific), the Normandy invasion, and the war in Europe.

While in Alaska, he started another newspaper this time for the armed forces, and called it the *Kodiak Bear*.

Other newspapers were also begun by Roy throughout the war years in the Pacific and in Europe. At the close of the war in Europe, he was named Editor in Charge for *Stars and Stripes* in Europe.

Following his military career, the then Colonel Lieutenant joined the staff of *Life* magazine and later joined 20th Century Fox Studios in Hollywood. He worked with and knew many famous stars,



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including Elvis Presley and Pat Boone, but Roy is especially recognized for his work as publicist in charge of Marilyn Monroe, and was instrumental in her publicity build-up over a period of some five years.

He and Gracie left Hollywood in 1958 and purchased the *Skamania County Pioneer* newspaper, where he continued on as an active Editor Emeritus after he and Gracie sold the paper upon his "so-called" retirement in 1974.

Roy, even in failing health, continued to write his column and news stories. He was a very active member of the

Skamania County Historical Society. Through his efforts, the Don Brown Rosary Collection, which is housed in the Skamania County Museum, was obtained. He was also instrumental, along with County Commissioner Ed Callahan, in obtaining the Emory and Ruth Strong Collection, for inclusion in the Skamania County Interpretive Center.

Roy served as chairman of the Washington State Lewis & Clark Trail Committee and was a past director of the Lewis & Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. He was a charter member of the Skamania

County Chamber of Commerce. He belonged to numerous professional and service organizations. Among them, the American Legion, Professional Journalism Society, Washington State Newspaper Association, the National Newspaper Publishers Association and the Publicists Guild.

Roy's inspiration and active interest in Skamania County community will be missed by all of us.

Gracie will miss Roy.

I will miss my best friend. Our children will miss their Godfather, Peggy, my wife,

will miss her great friend and confidant. Roy's family will miss him.

But, for us all, there is and will be a great solace in our memory of Roy Craft.

When I walk the hills of a fall morning, I will remember his being there in the father's waiting room, pacing the floor with me awaiting the birth of Ed and Mike and Margaret. I will remember his great interest in them and all those many things he taught them.

I will remember Roy Craft. always. He was my best friend.

In his memory

The staff of the Pioneer would like to
dedicate all 1990 issues of the
newspapers to the memory of

Roy Craft

The Columbian, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1989

Roy D. Craft

STEVENSON — A funeral for former Skamania County Pioneer newspaper publisher Roy D. Craft will take place at 11 a.m. Friday at the Stevenson High School gymnasium. Burial with military honors will be in the Willamette National Cemetery in Portland at 2:30 p.m. Friday.

Mr. Craft, who lived at 109 School St., Stevenson, died Christmas Day afternoon at Hood River Memorial Hospital at the age of 81. He had been battling with emphysema and pulmonary edema.

Mr. Craft was publisher and editor of the Skamania County Pioneer from 1958 to 1974, when he sold the paper to Ed and Peg McLarney. He continued to write his column, "Talking It Over," until his death.

Mr. Craft was an outspoken proponent of local control of the Columbia River Gorge. Longtime friend Bob Leick said Craft discontinued his opposition after Congress passed legislation creating a national scenic area in the gorge.

"He wanted to give it (the new law) a chance. I don't think he felt we were wrong," Leick said.

Mr. Craft started his journalism career while attending the University of Oregon in Eugene. He worked for the San Francisco Examiner in the late 1930s to 1940 when he entered active Army service to work as an aide for Maj. General Charles H. Corlett, and helped him plan south Pacific and European campaigns during World War II.

After the war, Mr. Craft and his wife, Gracie, moved to Hollywood, where he worked as a correspondent for Life magazine, then as a publicist for Howard Hughes' film studio. Eventually Mr. Craft became the publicist for Marilyn Monroe, and worked to get her career rolling with films like "The Seven-Year Itch" and "Bus Stop." He also promoted Elvis Presley's first film, "Love Me Tender."

THE OREGONIAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1989

Roy Craft, ex-publisher, Hollywood publicist dies

The Associated Press

STEVENSON, Wash. — Roy D. Craft, former publisher of the Skamania County Pioneer and a former publicist for Marilyn Monroe, is dead at the age of 81.

Craft of Stevenson died at Hood River Memorial Hospital in Hood River, Ore., on Christmas day. He had suffered from emphysema and pulmonary edema.

Craft will be buried with military honors Friday in the Willamette National Cemetery in Portland.

From 1958 to 1974, Craft served as the publisher and editor of the Skamania County Pioneer. After selling the paper, he continued to write his column "Talking It Over" until

his death, although he was no longer on the newspaper's payroll.

Craft joined the Army during World War II and served as an aide for Maj. General Charles H. Corlett, and helped him plan South Pacific and European campaigns.

After the war, Craft and his wife, Gracie, moved to Hollywood, where he worked as a correspondent for Life magazine, then as a publicist for Howard Hughes' film studio.

He then became a publicist for Marilyn Monroe.

Craft also promoted Elvis Presley's first film, "Love Me Tender."

Craft is survived by his wife.

Craft made the grade at last

Former press agent finds small-town “characters” are genuine

(Story which ran in the Washington Newspaper Publishers Assn. Paper, circa 1959.)

Roy Craft is the editor and publisher of the Skamania County Pioneer in Stevenson, and the only publisher in the state of Washington who owns a five-legged frog.

The frog, says Craft, has become a valuable member of the Pioneer's staff. The critter was given to Roy last summer, and kept in a cardboard box underneath the front counter. But during the night he would jump out, and all hands would have to search for him the next morning. This turned out to be quite a waste of time, so Roy got a big aquarium and another bullfrog “so the first one wouldn't get lonesome.” Roy says some people around town have decided that the frog is setting the Pioneer's editorial policy.

A government biologist drops in every day to feed the amphibious critters. This biologist is a fisheries expert, and is particularly interested in sturgeon. He told Roy some interesting things about the “rings” in a sturgeon's fins; Roy wrote about it in the Pioneer, and now whenever someone catches a sturgeon in the nearby Columbia, they bring it to the Pioneer. “This biologist is a character, too,” Roy says. “He plays the bagpipes. That's not so bad, but he's teaching his kid to play them, too.”

The five-legged frog and the bagpipe-playing biologist are only two of the many

“characters” in Stevenson. “This place is full of them,” Roy says. “But one thing I want to make clear: these people are all genuine characters — they're not putting on an act. They mean it.”

Roy is in a position to know. He has been:

1. Marilyn Monroe's press agent.

2. Press agent for other stars including Jayne Mansfield and Elvis Presley.

3. Life Magazine correspondent in Hollywood.

4. Staffer on the San Francisco Chronicle.

“But I had a yen to get back to my roots,” he says. “I was born and brought up over in McCleary, and always wanted to get back up here where things are cool and green.” Last spring Roy scouted the Northwest for several weeks searching for a small newspaper. When the Stevenson paper went on the block, Roy grabbed it.

One might think that coming to a small weekly from Hollywood press agent work might take some “decompression.” But Roy finds the people in Stevenson and Skamania County as interesting — and a lot more natural — than some of his former employers. A lot of his former work, Roy says, was in dreaming up artificial publicity situations. Remember the shot of Marilyn Monroe standing above the Manhattan subway vent? That was one of Roy's stunts. Remember the time

Marilyn went to the Atlantic City Miss America contest, to be grand marshal of the parade? Marilyn appeared in a low-cut dress and it took 75 cops to control the crowd. That was another of Roy's publicity stunts. Marilyn will never be invited again, but it got plenty of national publicity, which was what Craft was paid to do. Another time, Roy gave a pair of Elvis Presley's pants to a mob of Presley fans and the kids tore up a studio cafe in their excitement. The result was more headlines, pictures, comments in columns, and valuable publicity.

During the war, Craft put out a mimeographed paper “Le Tomahawk” with the Army in Europe (sample head: “Siegfried Line Kaput”), and by injecting his zany personal ideas into legitimate news situations, managed to make Life Magazine not once, but twice, and a feature article about Craft himself in the Saturday Evening Post.

“But this life in Stevenson is different,” Roy says. “Everyone in this county is a genuine character, and they all agree that everybody else is a character but themselves. People in this county are mostly old, old family people, Anglo-Saxon with some Indian, and everybody seems to be related to everyone else. What do I mean by characters? Well, let's list a few:

“First, the fellow who brought in that frog shoots carp

with bows and arrows. Nothing wrong with that, I guess, but he does it.

"Second, We have a fellow who makes a lifelong profession as a volunteer fire-watcher. He goes to bed real early, wakes up about midnight, and then does nothing but walk around, looking for fires. Saved a couple of men's lives earlier this spring.

"Third character, let's see: Well, we have a businessman in town who won't advertise the price of eggs because it wouldn't be fair to his competition. There are only two large stores, and this fellow handles eggs to help out a pal of his who raises eggs. He sells 'em without a profit.

"Then, there are two little boys here who are some really great bear-hunters. And another old-timer up in the mountains who is 80 years old, and announced last year that he had shot his last cougar. Was going to retire.

"There are some character situations, too. If I get snowed under, I can usually go next door at meal time when the prisoners are taken down there to eat. They're always glad to give me a hand. Some of them are pretty interesting people. I send them papers, free, at the jail.

"Then take my foreman. Archie Maus, Archie was an electronics expert for the government, and got into printing nine years ago to print some of his own handbills for a theatre of which he was part-owner. Now he has his own home print shop. Got a linotype

machine and other printing equipment right in his own home. His kid tours around the country printing letterheads while-you-wait on a hand-press. Half the equipment in this shop is Archie's stuff.

(Later, it turned out that Archie, too, did some job printing on his own, in his home.)

"Oh, we've got scores of characters. We have in town one of the world's great collections of Catholic rosaries and religious objects. There are three men in town — the barber, banker and bartender — who send flowering plants as congratulation wishes to open houses, and anniversaries. People say if you've got those three on your side, you're in."

"But I want to emphasize that I like these characters because they are on the level — not putting on an act. People come in and tell me their troubles. If I write something about someone, he'll be around the next day to comment on it. This continuing warmth with people is great — it isn't like big-city journalism, where you have no contact with people at all."

Roy says that he has deliberately taken a posture of light humor in *The Pioneer* to ". . . let people know that the newspaper — the only one in the county — is not taking sides with any faction, but will be wide open to any stories. There are only about 5,000 people in the county, and most of them, as I said, are related. It's one big family, that's the way I look at it,

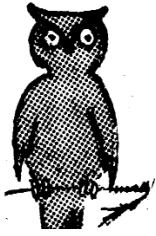
and it's the way I'm running the paper."

Craft seems to have the people of the county pulling with him on one project: construction of a modern highway along the north bank of the Columbia. When legislators at Olympia looked over their mail Monday, they saw a concrete result of Roy's leadership: a special edition of the *Pioneer*, complete with maps, editorials, and lots of outspoken comment from the community, all devoted to the subject of roads.

I talked to Roy last summer when working on the WNPA-School of Communications Comprehensive Weekly Survey, and jotted many of his comments down in the course of the interview. At just about the time we finished, the five-legged frog jumped out of his box, and when I last saw Roy he was on his back, trying to reach the frog which had taken refuge under the counter. On the way out the door I noticed one of the *Pioneer's* country correspondents approaching the *Pioneer* office. Roy had told me about her. She rides a horse to deliver her copy. I thought, "By golly, there do seem to be a lot of characters around here." And then: "I'll bet the biggest character around town is Roy himself. Maybe some weekly people could learn a lesson from him. He seems to begetting a lot of fun out of life."

—RMS

TALKING



IT
OVER
WITH
THE EDITOR

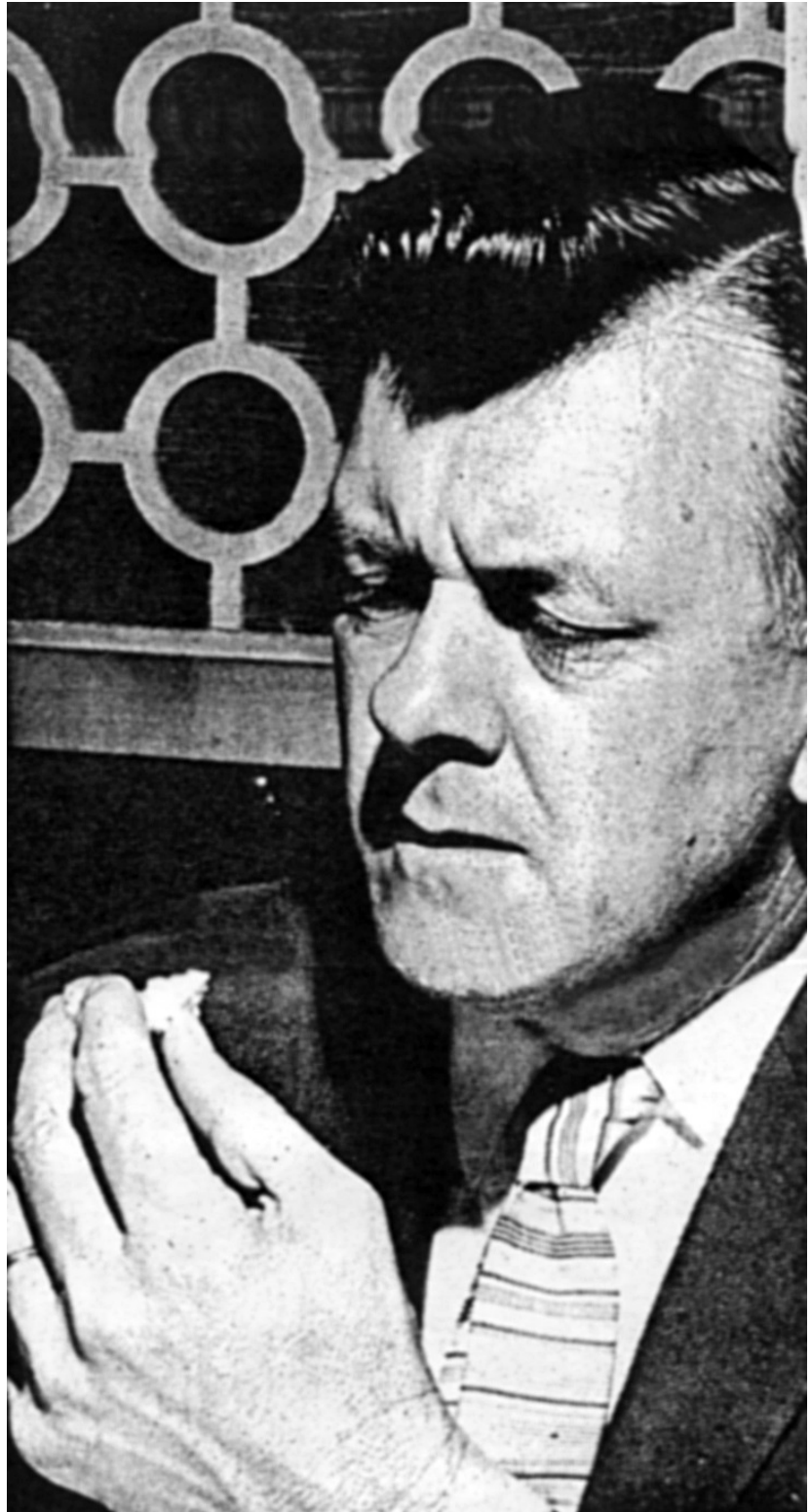
Last week I told of making caviar from the roe of a Columbia River sturgeon; of my hope that steps can be taken to build up this potentially important fishery, and of having invited Doug Baker, newspaper-radio-TV personality and recognized epicure, to arrange a taste test of our product in comparison with the imported Russian caviar which is sold at food specialty shops under the Romanoff trademark.

Doug cooperated in the test and, not to keep you in suspense, I can report that our fresh roe came off very well indeed.

First, however, I'll tell you how we made it — using a recipe that has been in my family since two weeks ago.

You will recall that George Munson caught a 67-inch white sturgeon and gave the roe (about five gallons and weighing 28 to 30 pounds) to Corps of Engineers fish biologist Ivan Donaldson. Ivan, in turn, gave most of it, or about 24 pounds, to me.

I enlisted the aid of Ed and Peggy McLarney in converting it to caviar. I confess I knew nothing about making caviar, but I knew how it should taste. The only problem was how to



DOUG BAKER, newspaper-radio-TV personality, studies texture of Skamania county caviar preparatory to taste test in comparison with imported Russian variety. Baker, recognized epicure, had invited Bill Moe of Bill's Gold Coin, Portland, to join in sampling of product. (See Editor Talks).

arrive at that happy conclusion.

I called Arch Sams, whose brother Will is an old caviar hand but was unavailable, and Arch said as he remembered, the eggs should be separated from the matrix, uniodized salt added at the ratio of about 1 lb. to 8 lbs. of roe; and the mixture allowed to stand for about 30 minutes before being drained. (Frank and Helen Brooks who have made lots of caviar, have since confirmed the recipe but I didn't know they were experts at the time.)

The roe comes in two long skeins, in the case of Munson's 67-inch sturgeon about three feet long. The eggs are black, firm and about the size of buckshot. They are not to be compared, for instance, with salmon eggs which are large, translucent and mushy.

Armed with a recipe, I found a big, coarse colander at Joseph's Dept. Store, and a fin-meshed strainer, such as is used in making jellies, at Columbia Hardware. I proceeded with the bucket of roe to the McLarney place on Wind River where we set up shop.

We first worked the eggs carefully through the colander, taking care not to bruise them but separating them from the membrane. We then added the salt, mixed well and let the brine permeate the little black pellets until we felt the flavor was right. This took about 30 minutes, as recommended.

We processed about four pounds at a time and after about four hours of work, finished with 33 nearly-filled 7½-ounce jars (we left room for expansion



BILL MOE, right, host at Bill's Gold Coin, outstanding Portland restaurant specializing in Mandarin dishes as well as occidental cuisine, joins Baker in taste-test of caviar made from Columbia River sturgeon roe and Russian caviar made from roe of Caspian white sturgeon. Fresh Skamania caviar was found to be superior. (McLarney Photos)

as we planned to freeze the product.) I figured we had about 14 pounds of the stuff.

It tasted about right to me, and the McLarneys thought it was fine, but I wanted to confirm our judgement so I bought a 2-oz. glass container of Romanoff's at a Portland delicatessen for \$2.45 for comparison.

Ivan Donaldson thought I'd hit the formula about right, although he lays no claim to being a connoisseur, and Jean Ash, experienced in these matters, pronounced our caviar superior to the Russian. Her husband, Col. Bob Ash, won't eat fish eggs, period, so was no help.

By now I had sufficient confi-

dence in the product to call Doug Baker and he, in turn, invited Bill Moe of Bill's Gold Coin, one of Portland's top restaurants, to join him in the test.

Doug respects Bill's palate as well as his cuisine and the McLarneys and I agreed to abide by the Baker-Moe decision, regardless of the outcome.

(I admit that my own confidence was bolstered by the fact that, as a rule of thumb, fresh caviar is superior to the commercial kind which must of necessity be processed in a manner to ensure its keeping qualities.)

Ed and I drove into Portland late Friday afternoon for our

rendevouz with Baker and Moe at Gold Coin. We carried our own jars of caviar in a bucket of ice and picked up a 4-oz. container of Romanoff's for \$3.70 at the Harris Wine Cellars.

In fairness, we allowed the import to be chilled to the same degree as our own, and Moe caused to be prepared the proper ingredients for an honest test.

He supplied tiny bits of thin toast for the straight, unadorned sampling; plain soda crackers to cleanse the tastebuds between bites; and finely minced onion, the chopped white and yolk of hard boiled eggs and **Moet et Chandon Champagne Cuvee**

Dom Perignon 1961 for our subsequent enjoyment of the pound or so of beautiful caviar after the verdict was in.

The champagne was a tasteful touch of tradition, in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

I am authorized to report that both Baker and Moe found our Skamania County product superior. In fairness to the Russian beluga, however, I must repeat that ours was strictly fresh and the import may have suffered from packaging and traveling.

I try to be a gracious winner, and I would be the last to kick a Caspian Sea white sturgeon, or its roe, when it's down.

As I remarked earlier, I hope something can be done to build up the sturgeon fishery in the Columbia.

Not just for the roe, or caviar, any more than deer are propagated just for the liver. The bulk of the deer makes excellent venison, and the flesh of the sturgeon, either fresh or smoked, is what most people enjoy and would be the prime reason for the fishery.

I'll have some thoughts on this subject in next week's installment but meantime you must agree that our great caviar adventure, while perhaps bordering on the frivolous, had made a point and has been fun.

Fort Greeley sics "Bear" on the Japs

The first printed newspaper to be published at Fort Greeley, Kodiak, Alaska, arrived here simultaneously with announcement today by the navy department that Japanese vessels are suspected of being in that vicinity.

Kodiak is an island in the gulf of Alaska off the Aleutian group of the Alaskan peninsula. In its communicate the navy did not disclose whether the enemy ships were surface or submarine, but the spirit of the little newspaper, issued December 15, indicates the Greeley boys are set for battle.

A letter from Lieu. Roy D. Craft, public relations officer, accompanied the Fort Greeley "Kodiak Bear."

"The publishers of the Kodiak Mirror, 6-month-old downtown weekly, had ordered a linotype machine and other new equipment to handle the job but the machine is still on the docks in Seattle, so we hand-set it," wrote Lieutenant Craft.

"Two soldier - printers worked on a 26 hour straight schedule to get the little paper up in type. Man and boy, I never thought I'd live to print a paper by hand, but

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"Two soldier-printers worked through on a 26 hour straight schedule to get the little paper up in type. Man and boy, I never thought I'd live to print a paper by hand, but here it is."

Typical is this headline:

JAPS CLAIM THEY HAVE DEVASTATED KODIAK; ECHO ANSWERS NUTS

The last paragraph in the story has this to say:

"Advice to mothers, worried or stolid: If you hear a report that Kodiak has been blown off the map and you don't hear substantiating reports from army headquarters, you can just discount the whole story."

Describing conditions at Kodiak where Fort Greeley and the naval air station are posted, one story says:

"The attitude here is neither grim nor gay—but somewhere in between: Earnest, expectant, good natured, ready, joking and joshing continues among soldiers, marines and civilians, but all are ready for any contingency."

"Civilian workers are on a 10 hour day. Normal work continues. But guns are at ready. War has come to Kodiak."

message to the "men of Fort Greeley" from the commanding officer, Gen. Charles H. Corlett, said:

"While we must be ever watchful, we want to live as nearly normal as we can. We must ever remain proud that we are soldiers and we must wear our uniform in a way that marks a good soldier."

"It is desirable that all of us in turn have some relaxation. Some of us must watch while the remainder obtain the necessary rest, but all of us must be ready on short notice to accomplish

KODIAK BEAR

VOLUME 1 FORT GREELEY, NAVAL AIR STATION, KODIAK, ALASKA, DECEMBER 15, 1941 NUMBER 1

Kodiak Forces On Alert As War Rages

Talking It Over With The Editor

Well, you see, here it is, the first printed newspaper to be published at Fort Greeley, Kodiak, Alaska, arrived here simultaneously with announcement today by the navy department that Japanese vessels are suspected of being in that vicinity.

Kodiak is an island in the gulf of Alaska off the Aleutian group of the Alaskan peninsula. In its communicate the navy did not disclose whether the enemy ships were surface or submarine, but the spirit of the little newspaper, issued December 15, indicates the Greeley boys are set for battle.

A letter from Lieu. Roy D. Craft, public relations officer, accompanied the Fort Greeley "Kodiak Bear."

"The publishers of the Kodiak Mirror, 6-month-old downtown weekly, had ordered a linotype machine and other new equipment to handle the job but the machine is still on the docks in Seattle, so we hand-set it," wrote Lieutenant Craft.

"Two soldier-printers worked through on a 26 hour straight schedule to get the little paper up in type. Man and boy, I never thought I'd live to print a paper by hand, but here it is."

Typical is this headline:

JAPS CLAIM THEY HAVE DEVASTATED KODIAK; ECHO ANSWERS NUTS

The last paragraph in the story has this to say:

"Advice to mothers, worried or stolid: If you hear a report that Kodiak has been blown off the map and you don't hear substantiating reports from army headquarters, you can just discount the whole story."

Describing conditions at Kodiak where Fort Greeley and the naval air station are posted, one story says:

"The attitude here is neither grim nor gay—but somewhere in between: Earnest, expectant, good natured, ready, joking and joshing continues among soldiers, marines and civilians, but all are ready for any contingency."

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"It is desirable that all of us in turn have some relaxation. Some of us must watch while the remainder obtain the necessary rest, but all of us must be ready on short notice to accomplish

Soldiers' Club Opens Saturday

The new Soldiers' Club in Fort Greeley, Alaska, opened its doors Saturday morning for business.

The building was formerly the old post office, and was converted into a club by the navy department. It is a two-story building, with a large hall, a kitchen, a dining room, a bar, and a lounge.

The club is open to all soldiers and sailors in the fort. It is a place where they can relax, eat, and drink. It is a place where they can meet their friends and have a good time.

The club is a very nice place. It is a place where the soldiers and sailors can feel at home. It is a place where they can enjoy the fruits of the war.

The club is a very nice place. It is a place where the soldiers and sailors can feel at home. It is a place where they can enjoy the fruits of the war.

Greeley Soldiers Set For Battle

The Japanese attack on the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, has set the soldiers of Fort Greeley on edge.

The soldiers are now on a 24-hour alert. They are ready to fight at any moment.

The soldiers are now on a 24-hour alert. They are ready to fight at any moment.



These are three soldiers who were made to be soldiers. They are standing in front of the building that was formerly the old post office. They are now the Soldiers' Club.

Christmas Will Be Christmas At Kodiak Just the Same

A group of soldiers from Alaska, West Virginia, California, Minnesota, and most of the states between, will celebrate Christmas at Kodiak just the same.

The soldiers are now on a 24-hour alert. They are ready to fight at any moment.

Alaska Chief

The Alaska Chief is a very nice man. He is a very nice man. He is a very nice man.



This is a portrait of a man in a military uniform. He is a very nice man. He is a very nice man. He is a very nice man.

Japs Claim They Have Devastated Kodiak; Echo Answers "Nuts"

Someone proposed a pick-up on the radio. It is a very nice man. He is a very nice man. He is a very nice man.

Santa Claus Unlaid To Kodiak Postmen

Master SERGEY CHRISTMAS is one of the 12 members of the Santa Claus Postmen. He is a very nice man. He is a very nice man. He is a very nice man.

ALASKA SOLDIERS PUBLISH HANDSET PAPER
They rib the enemy, laugh off Jap claims of Kodiak devastation

Soldiers Must Have News; Get

Kodiak Bear Gets Out First Edition

here it is.”

Typical is this headline:

**JAPS CLAIM THEY HAVE
DEVASTATED KODIAK:
ECHO ANSWERS NUTS**

The last paragraph in the story has this to say:

“Advice to mothers, worried or stoic: If you hear a report that Kodiak has been blown off the map and you don’t hear substantiating reports from army headquarters, you can just discount the whole story.”

“The attitude here is neither grim nor gay — but somewhere in between: Earnest, expectant, good natured, ready. Joking and joshing continues among soldiers, marines and civilians, but all are ready for any contingency.

“Civilian workers are on a 10 hour day. Normal work continues. But guns are at ready. War has come to Kodiak.”

A message to the “men at Fort Greeley” from the commanding

officer, Gen. Charles H. Corlett, said:

“While we must be ever watchful, we want to live as nearly normal as we can. We must ever remain proud that we are soldiers and we must wear our uniform in a way that marks a good soldier.

“It is desirable that all of us in turn have some relaxation. Some of us must watch while the remainder obtain the necessary rest, but all of us must be ready on short notice to accomplish any task assigned.”

He closed with the statement:

“We are NOT going to let the Japs get us down. We will proceed with our many tasks confident in the assurance that ultimate victory will be ours.”

Needless to say, Christmas went on as usual, for even in a threatened outpost, there’ll always be an America.

The four pages of the paper

are filled with sly digs at the enemy and examples of that humor typical of the American soldier. Among the little needling paragraphs are such items as:

“A patient at the hospital has jaundice, feels okey but scared to leave. Skin has turned so yellow somebody might shoot him for a Jap.”

And:

“Tech Sgt. _____, fastidious to the last, declares he’ll try to capture his Jap alive, put him to work as private laundry boy and valet.”

And:

“There’s nothing as soothing as the soft patter of rain on a tin helmet.”

But the attitude of Kodiak is best summed up in a paragraph appearing in a story called “Talking It Over”:

“It’s one for all and all for one now, and God help the first Jap who tries to set foot on our tight little island.”

Copy of the Kodiak, Alaska, Mirror on Dec. 7, 1941.

EXTRA!!

Kodiak Mirror

"News of America's Last Frontier"

VOL. 1

KODIAK ALASKA, DECEMBER 7 1941

NO. 40

U. S. Declares War

Pearl Harbor Bombed

Official information has been received by General Corlett, commander Fort Greely, that Pearl Harbor was bombed Sunday morning. No mention was made in the wire of Manila.

No word has been received from the Associated Press on the bombing. The Alaska Communications system reported wires were being held up at Anchorage by poor reception.

General Corlett met with the business men of town at the city hall today. Plans were formulated for steps necessary in case of air raids here. A second meeting was called in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Via Radio — A direct hit at Pearl Harbor was said to have killed 250 men. Last reports say Guam was bombed also.

Boy Scouts and taxis are cooperating in distributing this extra edition. Lt. Craft announced the blackout at the theatre.

Blackout Regulations

Regulations concerning evacuation of women and children, and preparations for fire protection, and further notices will be issued later.

MEETING

Another public meeting will be held Tuesday night at 8:00 at the city hall.

Blackout Tonight

called for 8:00 tonight (Sunday) and will last 15 minutes. All lights must be extinguished, including cars. Power will be shut off at power house. Names will be taken of anyone not complying.

BLACKOUT SIGNAL

One long blast fire siren.

ALL CLEAR SIGNAL

Short blast fire siren.

Local Situation Tense

Military authorities say bombing of the town of Kodiak is a remote possibility, but preparations must be made for the eventuality. The two main concerns are danger from fire, and the fact that the lights of the town might locate the naval air station for the enemy.

Tonight's blackout will demonstrate what steps must be taken.

Late Bulletins

Japan is reported to have occupied Wake Island, U. S. possession, and to have taken over the American settlement in Shanghai. It is also reported Japan has taken the American gunboat Wake.

All military and naval forces on the island are on a war footing.

3:45 Radio bulletin states U. S. has made formal declaration of war, and that South American countries have followed suit.

As we go to press no further confirmation was had on first reports that U. S. had declared war. Congress has been called to meet tomorrow, and it is said President Roosevelt would ask for a declaration.

Defense workers at the naval air station will start on a 16-hour day tomorrow.

Censorship has been placed on all communications between the U. S. and its possessions. No A. P. bulletins have come through.

Flash — At 4:25 a London dispatch via NBC said a state of war exists between the Netherlands and Japan.

Flash (P) — London — The British Sunday formally went to war against Finland, Hungary, Rumania today because they are fighting Germany's side against Russia.

NOTICE

Right of way must be given army trucks, equipment and men. Any violation will bring full prosecution.

Signed, Charles Cook
Chief of Police

Life Magazine

LIFE'S REPORTS

ALASKA "KODIAK"

BEAR" IS BREEZY ARMY PAPER

Marshall field's huge metropolitan daily the Chicago "Sun", was not the only American newspaper to be born the week of Pearl Harbor. A few days later, with infinitely less fanfare but tremendous enthusiasm, a handful of high-spirited U. S. soldiers in Alaska got out Vol. 1, No. 1, of the weekly four-page "Kodiak Bear." Its principal, and originally its only readers, are the thousands of soldiers, sailors and contractors' workmen stationed at Fort Greely and the Naval Air Station on Kodiak Island, in the Gulf of Alaska. Despite small beginnings, the "Bear" soon showed by its breezy exuberance that it was not just another Army camp paper. Besides the usual fortbright humor of the Army, it has a rough frontier air all its own. U. S. newspapermen, who attend all journalistic births with sentimental interest, have taken to quoting the "Bear" in their columns as the voice of the Army in Alaska.

Prime movers behind the "Bear" are a ex-newspaperman, Lieutenant Roy D. Craft, who until recently published the fancy, slick-paper "Panorama" at Fort Ord, Calif., and the editor, Gene Newhall. The latter, a private in the masthead of the third issue, blossomed forth as a corporal in the fourth. The first two issues in tabloid size were set by hand the old-fashioned way in Kodiak with the help of two Aleut Indian printers' devils, but ambitious Craft and Newhall soon perfected a system whereby a full-sized paper could be composed by linotype machines on the mainland. Copy and dummy are air-mailed ashore. The pictures for the first issue used up all the photo-engraving zinc in the Territory and cuts are now made in Seattle. This remote-control system naturally

makes for irregularities in delivery, but as Craft observes philosophically, "The customers don't bother us much with stop-orders."

Despite the fact that the biggest story of the century was dumped in their laps as their first issue went to press, the editors of the Kodiak Bear were not abashed. "KODIAK FORCES ON ALERT AS WAR RAGES," a streamer headline announced.

The Bear concerns itself with little except local news but the concern is intimate. Items run from commiseration: "Yes w have to do something for Sergeant Harry A Riley Jr. His girl, who he was so in love with, got married;" to friendly name-calling: "While helping to unload a boat recently, Private Lane suffered the loss of some teeth as he fell from 'sea dog' into the sea, the Old Sea Dog!"

The Bear has its own gossip columnist, R. H. Parker, who writes under the heading "4,000



BRENDA JOYCE

If you think any other information is necessary," says *Kodiak Bear*, "why don't you go back where you came from?"

MILES FROM WINCHELL, PARKER REPORTS ON THE NAVY." Weather reports are ruled out by wartime regulation, but the

Bear noted anyway in the regular weather box that "Man, this ain't Pebble Beach."

The know what their soldier readers like and run all available girlie pictures, with appropriate captions, like those of Betty Grable and Brenda Joyce reproduced here. A Bear item along this line:

"LIFE Magazine ran an article recently urging the women of America to knit 1,000,000 sweaters for the armed forces. Listen, girls, the best way you can help morale in this war is to knit the sweaters all right — but wear them yourselves. If you don't know what we mean, you can get the idea by studying publicity shots of Lana Turner before Will Hays took of his dark glasses and saw the possibilities."

A soldier's love affairs at Kodiak are public property. Take the case of Private First Class Gordon Morpew, who hits the Bear's front page under the headline: LOVELY CHORUS GIRL WRITES GREELY DOGFACE." The chorus girl was Charlene Kimberlin of Earl Carroll's Vanities, whom Morpew had met at a show given at a California Army camp. He wrote her hopefully months later from Kodiak, received a reply and the Bear told all about it:

"She penned a four-page letter in a dainty feminine hand that dots its i's with tiny circles. 'My dear friend Gordon,' she effulged. She told of seeing a newsreel of Kodiak, and of how her spine chilled for her dear soldier friends. 'Keep your spirits up,' pleaded this one-woman morale office, 'because people like me are depending on people like you.' She requested a picture of Morpew in return. 'And do you suppose a few of the boys would mind signing their names on the back for me?'"

"A few of the boys,' down to the lost mother's son in the outfit, didn't mind in the slightest."

The Bear cautions soldiers on game wardens thus: "UNLICENSED HUNTERS ARE WARNED NOT TO SHOOT UNLESS BEAR ATTACKS." Underneath the headline "PLEASE MEN, LET'S NOT HECKLE CENSORS," one story advised:

"Personal notes and jibes, addressed to dear censor, have enlivened many a long evening of

dull reading for the men with the black paint brushed But the sudden out-cropping of whole letters in vile high-school Spanish, French and German is a hindrance to the censor's work. Unless a man can't write English, he is requested not to write Choctaw."

Yes, you can mail home your copy of the Kodiak Bear," soldiers are informed. "It contains no information of value to the enemy other than that we're on our toes up here and will kick their little b—s in the tail if they try to set foot on our right little, tight little isle."

"Don't be duped, men," said an item in the Christmas issue, "If a plane comes over from the direction of the North Pole, and writes in smoke, 'So Solly, please, this Santa Claus!' let the slant-eyed old charlatan have a full magazine. It won't be teddy bears he is dropping down your chimney."

In a discussion of the peace to come, Editor Newhall decided that Kodiak's bears, as full-fledged dictator haters, were now allies of the United Nations, and would have to be represented at the



BETTY GRABLE

"Betty Grable, that's enough," says the Bear's picture caption. Sometimes the Bear will run a favorite picture twice.

peace conference. “The bears will get Kodiak, Afognak, Spruce, Raspberry and Sitkalidak Islands, in perpetuity. The sheep would like to have Sitkalidak, of course, but their contribution to the war is not expected to warrant such a post-war grant of territory, although perhaps a mandate can be worked out. Sheep aren't really ready for self-government. Bears are.”

Recently the *Bear*, which goes in heavily for verse, published an answer received allegedly from a group of “Vassar Girls” to an invitation to come and complete their Masters’ theses studying the sociological conditions prevailing among the Alaska personnel. It

went in part:

*Vassar Girls look forward
With great anticipation
To advancement of their studies
At the Kodiak Air Station . . .*

*We specialize in problems
Of human and social relations,
For foredom, we're skilled
In the art of recreation.*

*For sadness, we're masters
Of the science of consolation
Even flirtation.*

*We consider our vocation
To promote the edification
Of the Station
Our intellectual emancipation . . .*

*(We were tempted to consider our
vocation
To increase the population
Of the future generation
Of the Station
But resisted the temptation.)*

The prize *Bear* lyric to date, however, was contributed by Newhall himself (who recently proposed editorially a medal for the first soldier to pass three months in Kodiak without writing a poem). It was entitled: *Valentine Verses To A Geisha Girl*.

*“Geisha Girl of far Japan
Get aboard an old sampan;
Paddle to some isle Pacific . . .*

Kodiak, to be specific.

*Slip your dainty feet in sandals,
Leave the land of slant-eyed
vandals;
Turn your back on Fujiyama,
Come and be my red-hot momma.*

*Please don't dally on the way
At islands further out the bay;
Consider, dear, the sad pollution
If you should visit each Aleutian!*

*Come straight to us, my Lotus
Flower,
Come to our bear-infested bower;
Bring your sisters, brothers too . . .
Bring your whole damn fleet of
two-girl subs,
But be ready for one hellava battle*

(From the *Alaska Life*, Dec. 1942)

Alaska's No. 1 War Song

FIGHTING MEN OF KODIAK

by Captain Roy D. Craft

*We're the fighting men of Kodiak,
We'll stand when others fall,
We're brothers to the eagle
And the wolf cry is our call.
The mighty bear's our ally
And the mountains and the sea
Stand with us in our vigil
To keep our country free.*

*Oh, rally 'round, my comrades,
Let your voices chant the strain.
We're the fighting men of Kodiak
In snow or run or rain.
We'll swing along, unflinchingly,
On Alaska's wild terrain,
And when the job is over,
We'll be sailing home again.*

*We're waiting like Old Katmai,
When the foe rears up his head
He'll find us in eruption —
He'll be met with fire and lead.
For our claws are sharp as needles,
We're a rugged, reckless band
We're the fighting men of Kodiak
And together we will stand.*

OUR APOLOGIES TO CAPTAIN CRAFT!

In the August issue of *Alaska Life* the poem "Fightin' Men of Alaska" was published under the name of Corporal (now Lieutenant) Newhall. Since then we have learned that the poem was written by Capt. Roy D. Craft, public relations officer at Kodiak. It is our desire and that of Lieutenant Newhall to give the proper credit for the exceptionally fine poem to its rightful author. We think it is so good that we are again publishing it.

Carmel Pine Cone

Lt. Roy Craft Goes to Alaska As General's Aide

Lt. and Mrs. Roy Craft are leaving Carmel and they hate to go. Lt. Craft, editor of *Panorama*, and Public Relations Officer at Ft. Ord, left yesterday, heading straight for Alaska where he will serve as an aide to Brig. Gen. Charles H. Corlett. Formerly a newspaperman on the San Francisco *Examiner*, Craft has worked hard building up *Panorama* until it turned out to be one of the best army papers in the country.

In going to Alaska, he is moving on to a more important post. General Corlett chose this 7th Division officer because of the outstanding work he has been doing at Ford Ord.

At Kodiak, Lt. Craft will be a Public Relations officer but his work will have especially to do with morale and recreation. He will probably start a post newspaper right away. But, difference from his Fort Ord paper, the Alaska publication will not circulate outside the post — for obvious reasons. When the officers quarters have been completed at Kodiak, Grace Craft, his wife, will join him there. Until then, she is going to live with her mother in Portland after closing her home here in Carmel.

The young couple, popular both among civilians as well as army people, will be very much missed. And their peninsula friends are genuinely sorry to lose them.

Major Dorn, aide to Major General Charles H. White, gave a farewell cocktail party for the Crafts Monday afternoon.

Carmel Cymal

Lt. Roy Craft Goes to Alaska As General's Aide

First Lt. Roy Craft, formerly of the 7th Division Public Relations, and editor of the Fort Ord *Panorama*, left Wednesday for Kodiak, Alaska, as aide to Brigadier General Charles H. Corlett, in command of Fort Greeley.

Lt. Craft will remain in his new post for an indefinite period. Mrs. Craft will stay in Carmel until she hears from him about future plans.

Roy will be sincerely missed by his many friends on the Peninsula, who nevertheless are pleased that his new duties offer such interesting possibilities.

Taking Lt. Craft's place as editor of *Panorama*, is Lt. Ward Redmond.

Fort Ord Panorama, 10-14-1941

Polar Regions Lure Lt. Craft; He'll Be General Corlett Aide

By Lt. Fred Eldridge

"Little Chum" has left.

Lt. Roy Craft, former editor of The Panorama, the oil on the troubled waters, father confessor to all he ruled, and, in short, a courteous and kindly little gent, has departed for Kodiak, Alaska, as the aide de camp to Brigadier General Charles H. Corlett.

Craft has been selected by Major General Joseph W. Stilwell, then 7th Division commander, to edit a paper for Fort Ord. The lieutenant, a former newspaperman, started the sheet in October, 1940, and continued as editor until his transfer last week.

To his intimates Craft was never known by any designation other than "Little Chum." He was a little guy whose grey (non-regulation) shirt was always pencil streaked, whose shoes were never shined, whose skin usually needed a razor and whose hair was always rumpled. When General Corlett asked him to become his aide Carft remarked with his customary irony:

"I'm sure the general picked me for my appearance and military bearing."

The lieutenant not only put out one of the best post papers in the country but he built up a public relations staff that made two layouts in Life Magazine, picture layouts in metropolitan papers all over the country and generally publicized the 7th Division to a

greater extent than any division in the country with the possible exception of the Armored Force.

He was known and admired by every city editor in San Francisco and Monterey in addition to the bureau managers of the national picture syndicates. It became an axiom in both San Francisco and Los Angeles that when one of the papers wanted an army story Ord was called, because the papers knew that Craft would fix them up. He had the newspaperman's attitude, and at the same time was constantly loyal to and looking out for the best interests of the army.

Major Frank Dorn, aide to General Stilwell, was the public relations officer for the division during most of the Craft regime and he constantly relied on the lieutenant for advice in technical matters and other things pertaining to the field of public relations. Both Major Dorn and General Stilwell looked upon Craft's departure with deep regret.

It was felt by all concerned that it would be many months before Craft's well-scuffed shoes could be properly filled.

We haven't heard much about Kodiak around here, but we can all rest assured that, regulations permitting, Kodiak will soon be on the map. Craft is to handle public relations in addition to his duties as aide.

Fort Ord Panorama

Lt. Craft Edits Fort Greeley Paper

Kodiak, Alaska — It took more than the war and lack of mechanical equipment to keep Fort Greeley from printing its own newspaper, The Kodiak Bear.

Two soldier-printers worked 26 hours without stop to hand-set the first issue of the paper in the shop of the Kodiak Mirror the local weekly. A linotype and other new equipment, meanwhile, reposed on a dock in Seattle.

The four page, five column edition was edited by Lt. Roy D. Craft, public relations officer, who is in a former sports editor of the Eugene, Oregon, Register-Guard, reporter for the San Francisco Examiner, and until recently was the editor of the Fort Ord Panorama.

Love's Labor

KODIAK, Alaska, (AP) — Soldiers of the Kodiak Bear, Ft. Greely publication scanned

Alaska Weekly

Soldiers Must Have News; Gets Out Own Paper

Kodiak, Alaska — Fort Greeley's officers and men didn't let the war or a lack of mechanical equipment keep them from printing their own newspaper, even if they did have to set all its four-page, five-column issue by hand.

Published under wartime difficulties, a copy of Volume 1, No. 1, of the Kodiak Bear, printed by Uncle Sam's soldiers at Fort Greely, Kodiak, Alaska, arrived in Seattle this week.

The edition was scheduled to come off the press on December 15, and the editors made it right on the deadline, according to a note from the fort's public relations officer received with the copy.

Lieut. Roy D. Craft, public relations officer who got his newspaper start as sports editor of the Eugene, Ore., Register-Guard, directed publication of the paper, The Kodiak Bear, with the approval of Brig. Gen. Charles H. Corlett, commander of the fort.

A masthead and cuts for the paper were made by The San Francisco Examiner.

Two soldier printers worked 28 hours without a stop to hand-set the paper, which was printed by The Kodiak Mirror, the local weekly. A linotype and other equipment meanwhile reposed on a dock in Seattle.

News columns report that the fort has been on a 24-hour alert since outbreak of the war.

Seattle PI.

Kodiak Bear Gets Out First Edition

Published under wartime difficulties, a copy of Volume 1, No. 1, of the Kodiak Bear, printed by Uncle Sam's soldiers at Fort Greely, Alaska, arrived in Seattle yesterday.

The edition was scheduled to come off the press on December 15, and the editors made it right on the deadline, according to a note from the Fort's public relations officer received with the copy.

Because a linotype ordered for Kodiak is still waiting shipment in Seattle, the soldier-printers set the newsy Bear by hand, working twenty-six hours continuously.

News columns report that the fort has been on a twenty-four-hour alert since outbreak of the war.

Charlotte Observer, Nov. 10

Soldiers May Knit For War Zone People

KODIAK, Alaska, Jan. 9 (AP) — Soldier editors of The Kodiak Bear, Fort Greely publication, scanned stories for Pacific coast air raid scares and commented:

"Guess we'd better all pitch in and knit socks and sweaters for the folks back in the war zone."

Kodiak Paper Set by Hand

KODIAK, Alaska, Dec. 30 (AP) — Officers and men of Fort Greely, Alaska, lacked the mechanical equipment, but that didn't stop them from printing their own newspaper.

Two soldier-printers worked 26 hours without a stop to hand-set the paper which was printed by a Kodiak weekly.



BY PRESCOTT SULLIVAN

If our fish and game nut, Mr. Jules P. Cuenin, will pardon us this little infringement on his territorial rights we'll devote part of our allotted space today to a discussion of the Kodiak bear which, as every school boy knows, is the largest plantigrade (see dictionary) on earth.

Mind you, we don't have to talk about the Kodiak bear today. What with the cancellation of the Santa Anita horse races, and the suspension of all football activity on this coast, were literally swamped with things to write about.

However, we have chosen the Kodiak bear as our subject of the moment because (1) we deem it timely, and (2) we have received from Lieut. Roy Craft a paper on the Kodiak bear which so simplifies our chore that we have only to mark it "first add Low Down column" and be off with the boys to Breen's.

Lieutenant Craft, a former Examiner reporter, writes from Fort Greely, Kodiak Island, Alaska, where he is on duty as a public relations officer, and after the usual salutations such as "what's cooking?" and "how are the folks?" he gets down to business, to wit and as follows:

"I want to report on the Kodiak bear situation here on Kodiak Island. As you know, the Kodiak bear grows to tremendous size and, by contrast, the highly publicized Grizzly is just a woolly lamb following Mary off to school.

"The biggest Kodiak on record measured fourteen feet, if my figures are accurate, and weighed something like a ton. The boys have been bringing in little ones here that measured nine and ten feet and weighed 1,500 pounds or so.

"A Kodiak bear is something like a sports writer: He has his good days and his bad, and when he has a bad day he attacks people without provocation. He loves the taste of blood. You will understand.

"There are really bears on Kodiak Island. Matter of fact, they are so thick nowadays that the few hardy ranchers who have tried to raise cattle and sheep here have been practically driven out of business. One small dairy herd is located near the village of Kodiak and, between the bears and the price of hay, milk is 35 cents a quart.

"I doubt, however, that this will worry you, except as an item of academic interest.

"Soldiers at Fort Greely, this new Alaskan outpost, have encountered more than one bear on their reconnaissance trips into the mountains. Several officers and enlisted men who hold big game licenses have brought in fine trophies.

"But Alaska is taking no chances on having a flock of soldiers kill off its game. A man in the military service is classed as a nonresident, no matter how long he has lived here, and must pay \$50 for a big game license. He can get a little game license (ducks, geese, small animals) for \$10.

"Any one, licensed or not, may shoot a bear in self-defense, but must immediately report it to the game warden, who takes the hide. This is rigidly enforced to prevent an epidemic of 'self-defense' shootings.

San Francisco Chronicle

Soldiers in Alaska Have Weekly Paper

From Alaska's frozen Northwest yesterday came to The Chronicle a copy of the "Kodiak Bear," the army's only handset, four-page weekly newspaper for Uncle Sam's defenders of Alaskan shores.

"I enclose another copy of my little 'Kodiak Bear' — a poor excuse for a newspaper, but better, I think, than nothing. As you know, every piece of type in the thing is hand-set, a most tedious job."

Former San Francisco newspaperman, Lieutenant Roy D. Craft, who pioneered the "Panorama," Fort Ord weekly, penned this modest comment on the "Kodiak Bear" margin. Craft, at a meeting of all army public relations officers in Washington last fall, won special commendation for his editorship of the "Panorama," one of the first camp newspapers in America's army expansion.

The "Panorama" was produced with modern lithograph methods.

Today war has taken Craft, like hundreds of other newsmen all over the country, from modern high-speed newspaper offices into the "somewhere" of America's defense.

A promised linotype, that would minimize handsetting and modernize the Alaska newspaper plant, still sits on a Seattle dock, delivery delayed because of "war conditions." For the same reason, a newsprint shortage threatens.

Craft hopes to overcome these difficulties by printing his soldier paper "by remote control" at his army base. That would mean sending weekly newspaper copy by whatever transportation facilities available, then getting back the completed paper in the same way.

"If this doesn't work and we do run out of newsprint" wrote Craft. "We can always resort to the army's tactics during the Civil war at the Battle of Vicksburg — print our paper on wallpaper — that is, if they have any of that here."

"One of our sergeants and a corporal were out a couple of miles from camp the other day. A big bear reared up in the trail ahead and charged. Fortunately, they were on a reconnaissance trip and not just out for a walk and they had their service rifles along. They hit the bear a couple of times, but he kept coming and they had to climb a tree. From that precarious vantage point they managed to dispatch him.

"Incidentally, you can always tell when the boys come back . . . (missing info).

Following are copies of one of Roy Craft's Pioneer Editorial which shows his corrections and markings after his initial write-up.

By ~~Ray~~ Roy Craft

Speaking before a group of ~~newspaper~~ editors some years back, I remarked that
~~my first newspaper office was~~

I had gone full circle in the newspaper business. My first office was in a barber shop downstairs from a house of ill ~~repute~~ fame in McCleary, ~~Washington~~ Washington, ^{POPULATION} 1,666. Some ~~60~~ 60 years later my office was in a ~~one-story~~ one-story building in Stevenson, Washington, ~~population~~ population 927. I had retrogressed population-wise but had improved socially.

In between McCleary and Stevenson I had ~~worked~~ worked on a small-city daily, the Eugene (Oregon) Register-Guard; ~~a big city daily, the San Francisco Examiner, and a national magazine, LIFE, as well as on military newspapers including the Kodiak Bear, Alaska, and Stars & Stripes, the army's chain of newspapers in General Eisenhower's ETO.~~

~~Actually, I was fudging a little when I said my first paper was downstairs from a house of ill repute. When my twin brother Ray Craft and a friend Robert Cooper graduated from Elma High School in 1925, we came up with the idea of starting a paper in McCleary. We knew nothing about printing but were talked into buying a big old platen press capable of printing an 11x15 tabloid size paper, one page at a time. Also fonts of type, line rules, spacers etc. for hand-setting our copy.~~
Actually, it was my second.

Our mentor was Earnest Teagle, who did know something about printing, and we set up shop in a musty, ~~vacant building~~ vacant ~~building~~ building which we called the Old Oaken Bucket because it was moss-covered. We published our first edition October 30, 1925 and it had no name. Question marks took the place of the ~~conventional~~ conventional masthead and we announced a prize of a 3-pound box of chocolates, donated by Charlie Baisch, our local druggist, for the best name. In all likelihood we would have chosen a name like the McClearian, or the McCleary News, but several contestants submitted each of the more acceptable names and we had only one box of candy. Besides,

we thought The Stimulator had a nice ring to it.

It was after we had ~~made~~ hand-set the type for several weeks that we realized ~~we were printers~~ farmed out the ~~printing~~ we were editors and not printers and we ~~had to learn~~ ^{years it was printed} printing. ~~During the next several~~ During the next several ~~years~~ variously at the Elma Chronicle, the Montesano Vidette, and a paper in Olympia and Oakville. In each case the editors and publishers were very helpful in teaching us our trade.

Over the years I have regarded the Stimulator as my first newspaper venture but in truth both my brother Ray and I had been "stringers" for the Aberdeen World while in high school. A stringer was one who submitted local items ~~which were~~ and pasted them together at the end of ~~the~~ month. We were paid by the inch for our string.

My brother was later to work for the Aberdeen World and I believe intended to return there after World War II, but he died in an air crash at the end of the war and this was not to be. I have always had a special fondness for the World. ~~Newspapers~~ Newspapers, like people, have their own personas and the World was ~~an~~ and still is ~~an energetic journal which has been a reflection of the community~~ energetic journal reflecting the vigor of a world port and a fishing and timber economy.

But back to McCleary. Quite obviously three of us couldn't make a living on the little Stimulator so our friend Cooper went into other ventures. He is now retired after a successful career in, among other things, real estate, and makes his home in Tumwater.

Ray was offered ^{Arkansas} a job in El Dorado, ~~Arkansas~~ by an old family friend and I carried on with the Stimulator. ~~It was then I~~ It was then I ~~set up my desk in the barber shop below the Liberty Rooms,~~ set up my desk in the barber shop below the Liberty Rooms, and had my first encounter with censorship.

~~The~~ The Stimulator was carrying a 2-column by two-inch ad, "Liberty Rooms -- Soft Drinks, Cigarettes, Cigars." The Postmaster noticed it and called me in.

more

outhouses right over the stream, providing an inexpensive flushing system. The result was that our creek was an open sewer. ~~Franklin D. Roosevelt's investigation~~ I wrote an editorial demanding that the state health people do something about it. The state health people did. They sent a man down to check on my allegations.

Henry McCleary, who ~~owned~~ owned the town and who was also one of the top Republicans in the state, did not complain to me. He respected my right to free speech. But the state health guy had ~~been in town~~ barely arrived in town ~~when Henry McCleary sent for him.~~ when Henry McCleary sent for him.

"You have exactly 10 minutes, to get out of town," McCleary told him, looking at his watch. That ended my crusade.

McCleary has changed over the years, for the better, of course, ^{BUT} looking back I realize what a rare experience it was for a youngster learning the newspaper trade.

~~The newspaper was sold to the University of Oregon in Eugene.~~ I sold the Stimulator for just a few dollars in 1929 and enrolled at the University of Oregon in Eugene. Thanks to my Stimulator experience, I landed a job on ~~the~~ the Eugene Guard, ^{MORNING} which later bought out the Eugene ~~Register~~ Register to form the Register-Guard, and I worked as sports ~~and~~ and theatre editor while attending college.

The Army was at that time commissioning newspaper people in the Public Relations Branch, Military Intelligence Reserve and I filled out some papers and became a second ~~lieutenant~~ lieutenant. My brother Ray received a reserve commission about the same time.

When the Civilian Conservation Corps was activated in 1933 and the Army was placed in charge of administering the program, I was offered active duty and served for five years. Back in civil life, I went with the San Francisco Examiner, a Hearst paper, and during World War II served in both the Pacific and European Theatres and ended up as officer in editorial charge of Stars & Stripes in the ETO.

~~Editorial~~ I had been profiled in the Saturday Evening Post

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as "The Army's Screwiest Editor" and had a job waiting for me with LIFE Magazine when the war was over. I was assigned to the Hollywood bureau doing what we called "lighter than air" stories, ~~about pretty girls~~ ^{about pretty girls} mostly, and this led me to work with the film studios. I was with ~~then~~ RKO and then 20th Century-Fox ~~for some time~~ and worked with many personalities, among them

Marilyn Monroe whom I helped build from a minor starlet to a world figure. I also handled Elvis Presley's first picture.

In ¹⁹⁵⁴ ~~1954~~ tired of the rat race, my wife and I purchased the Skamania County Pioneer. We sold the Pioneer in 1974 and ~~I am long since retired~~ ^{which means retired but} still hanging around. I have one reader, ~~who introduces me as Editor Enormous.~~ ^{who introduces me as Editor Enormous.} I can live with that.

So much for my journalistic career, ~~which started as a stringer for the Aberdeen World~~ ^W My twin brother, after returning from Arkansas, enrolled at Bellingham Normal (now Western Washington State), ~~and~~ and worked on the Bellingham paper. When the highway was cut through from Aberdeen to Raymond and South Bend, the Aberdeen World established a bureau there and Ray was hired to run the office and work as reporter.

During World War II he was called to active duty as I was, ~~and we went through~~ ^{with} He was stationed at Camp San Luis Obispo when I was at Fort Ord and we had occasion to get together occasionally.

~~Being identical twins we sometimes confused people~~ ^{On one} major exercise which brought our units from California to Western Washington, we were able to see a lot of each other.

After serving in ~~the~~ Alaska and the Pacific, I went to ~~the~~ England with ~~my general~~ ^{my general}, Charles H. Corlett, who commanded the XIX Corps of Bradley's 12th Army, and Ray was there with a Psychological Warfare unit assigned to Patton's Third Army. We both had the same rank of major and being identical twins we frequently confused ~~our~~ friends who ran into us in London, ~~and later, Paris.~~ or later, Paris.

Ray's job was deceptive propaganda, an example of which was a ~~report~~ purported underground radio station he operated in Luxemburg. In his company were many young Jewish men who had escaped the Nazis and who spoke ~~thru~~ many regional dialects.

~~Ray had access to our war rooms and would prepare news broadcasts for the pretended German radio giving the positions of allied troops. Perhaps ninety percent of the information was accurate, since the Germans knew it anyway, but ten percent was advanced armor with well back from their~~

Among their broadcasts were ~~made~~ "patriotic" appeals to fight on to the death even though all hope was lost, and recounting the ~~many mistakes of Hitler and his leaders which had led Germany to the brink of doom. Even so, we must all fight on and give our lives for the fatherland.~~

It was reminiscent of Sister Belle and her "Dear Lord, thou knowest" assaults on the Town Marshal. They were in effect praying for Hitler even though he was a madman and a skunk. It was very discouraging and very effective.

When the war was over, Ray was asked to stay on and write the official report of the Psychological Warfare unit for the archives but he asked for a 45-day leave ~~ago~~ before undertaking the assignment. He died in a plane crash in Billings, Montana on the way home.

The original ~~S. McCleary~~ Stimulator folded shortly after I left for college but it was revived years later by Norman "Pop" Porter, ~~xxx~~ another school chum, who ran it for several years. He and I engaged in a friendly debate over the merits of Grays Harbor bears as compared to Skamania County bears and this was the genesis of the McCleary bear festival.

It has been a long time since I and my brother Ray were stringers for the Aberdeen World but it was ~~our~~ "our" Aberdeen World and I wish it well on its 100th birthday.

xxx

Copy of Roy and Ray Craft's first newspaper in McCleary Washington

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VOL. 1. No. 1.

OCTOBER 30, 1925

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

M'CLEARY TO BE HOST TO PYTHIAN SESSION

Entire Southwest Will Be Represented At Annual District Convention

MCCLEARY, Wash., Oct. 30.—November 4 will be an important day in the fraternal affairs of McCleary, when the Knights of Pythias of district No. 6, comprising Hoquiam, Aberdeen, Montesano, Elma, McCleary, Olympia, Tenino, Centralia, Chehalis, Onalaska and Raymond, meet for their semi-annual district convention.

Local Knights are arranging for the event and have secured the theater to assure seating capacity. Their own hall will be used for a banquet room, and the dinner will be supplied by the Pythian Sisters, who will apply the proceeds towards their quota on the Children's building at the Pythian Home at Vancouver.

A musical and dramatic program is being provided, and a feature of the evening will be the regatta contests between the various lodges for cash prizes. Clark V. Savidge, land commissioner of Olympia, is scheduled for an address. A ten-piece orchestra from the Capitol lodge, Olympia, will add to the harmony features.

Hallowe'en Ball Saturday

Are you going to win the prize for the best costume at the big masquerade dance here at McCleary Saturday evening? If not, why not? There will be a "keen" crowd there and every one will have a good time. Nelson and Fuller are in charge and they turn out some good dances. The "Masqueraders" will furnish the peppy music. Better get into that old tramp costume, or that flashy Devil costume, or perhaps that pretty Pierret costume you have been dying to wear, and come out. And if you haven't a costume, you can rent one at Fuller the Tailor's and get masks at the Standard Pharmacy. You can win just as well as not, and anyway, you will have a wonderful time.

All of which tends to lead also up to the fact that the Veterans of Foreign Wars are giving a big Armistice dance on the fourteenth of November. This is also to be a real affair and the public may rest assured that whenever the Vet's do anything they do it right. The music is to be furnished by the 6th Engineers Snappy Dance Orchestra from Camp Lewis. Be ready for it. More will be said of it in forthcoming issues.

Name Wanted!

We are very much in need of a name. We cannot long exist as an institution unless we have one, something to do business under, to function with, and to accommodate our patrons who would find it inconvenient to name us individually when they go to swear at us.

Therefore, we appeal to our readers to christen us, and to stimulate interest and enthusiasm, we are offering a handsome box of candy as an award to whoever shall submit a name that seems most suitable.

We will place the candy on display in some public and conspicuous place, in order that you may have the inspirational stimulus necessary for your greatest efforts, and a container to receive your contributions whenever you are ready to bring them to our attention. The drug store being a suitable place, you may expect to find some form of receptacle there.

We want a peppy name, with lots of snap to it. Something distinctive and unusual, if you please. But almost anything is liable to appeal to us, so don't let modesty prevent your entering. Send in as many suggestions as you like, and as wide and diverse a scope of ideas as you can conceive.

In the event of a tie over the winning name, the tying contestants will draw for the prize.

Now, don't all jump at once and don't crowd, but get your entries in by Wednesday night, in time for our next issue.

For convenience, use this coupon.

My suggestion for a title to your new McCleary weekly is

Name

Work Starts On New Church

Last Monday morning work was begun on the new church. This is the beginning of a new era for the people of McCleary. In addition to the church building, there will be a constantly growing Sunday school, and a work room and kitchen for the Ladies' Aid, the building will have a large community hall, which can be used as a banquet hall.

The church as an institution is a valuable asset to any community. Sometimes we hear a man say, "I have no time for the church." We may be sure that he has not carefully and accurately appraised all his advantages and privileges. If from such a man could be subtracted all that the Church of Christ has meant to him through heredity in property valuation in stabilized governmental machinery and in restraining moral

influences, poverty stricken indeed, would be he.

The church furnishes the highest ideals to inspire the young to use the public schools in preparation for useful vocation. The findings of the past in the laboratory of experience proves that every type of apparently hopeless youth can be aroused to action by a vision of the guiding star of aspiration. The commercial or boy a great ambition, but in the years of manhood when failure comes, they have nothing to offer him. The church gives a boy aspiration which, when failure or sickness comes, does not diminish.

The church is a powerful force for the betterment of economic conditions. It constantly holds before the people that the best guarantee of the establishment of proper economic conditions is the cultivation of habits of industry, frugality and sobriety. The church inspires honor and carefulness in men who are intrusted with the business of another, and makes employees more considerate of the welfare of the workman.

SKAGGS UNITED STORES OPEN McCLEARY BRANCH

The opening of a new Skaggs grocery store in McCleary is another indication of the growth and prosperity of the town. The new store, which opens next Saturday, October 31, has a location in the McCleary block in the building recently vacated by Mr. Fondrey, the jeweler. The interior of the place has been remodeled and redecorated by the Dayley Construction company of Olympia, and the clean, artistically arranged stock with its white back-

ground and blue front, is indeed a credit to the business section of the town.

This is one of a chain of over 300 grocery stores operating in ten of the Western states and because of their large buying power and systematic business methods, they are able to make their selling prices within the reach of everybody. George Brandt, the local manager, is enthusiastic over the future prospects of McCleary and vicinity.

Here is Our Extraordinary Offer

To the first 12 men
bringing in this ad
we will give a

**\$1.00 Gem de
Luxe Safety
Razor**

and a

**\$1.00 Star
Shaving Brush**

a \$2.00 value for \$1.01

Standard Pharmacy

There Are Times Best Places to Eat at Home and at Pilot Cafe

Fresh chicken Tamales
Fresh oysters any style

We use the best the market affords. We serve you quick. We serve you with a smile. We fill the man but never empty his pocketbook.

If it's good to eat you can get it here.

FARROS BROS.
Proprietors



Craft spent time as a publicist for Century Fox and Marilyn Monroe was one of his most famous clients.



Craft was the publicist when Marilyn Monroe posed for her famous photo.



More photos of Roy's collection of Marilyn Monroe.



Another of Craft's clients was Elvis Presley.



Here Marilyn Monroe in provocative photo in her lingerie.



Craft was in the XIX Corps during World War II as an aide to Major General Charles Corlett. Map shows part of their battles.



A box with Japanese printing was brought home by Craft after World War II.



Roy Craft's army box.



In 1936 Roy Craft was a journalist and was assigned to the Olympic Games in Berlin. Here is a couple of mementoes.



Many of Roy Craft's journalist awards are depicted here.



Here are some of Roy Craft's World War II medals and pictures.



Roy and Cracie Craft were avid collectors of fine China as these plates attest.

Grace Taylor Craft Obituary

Gracie Craft, journalist, lover of words, saver of remembrances of special people and places, conversationalist, counselor, and friend died at home June 3, 2005 in Aloha, OR at the age of 98. A service will be held Monday, June 13, at 10:30 in the Stevenson United Methodist Church. Visitation will take place from 9:00-10:15.

Grace Agnes Taylor was born November 24, 1906 to John Thomas and Anna Bergstrand Taylor in Gem, Idaho. Her father died of gangrene in the mines when she was a baby, and her mother returned with her children Mabel, Harold, and Gracie to

Reedville, OR, where in 1909 she built a home on the family farm on Baseline Road known as Taylor House on the country registry of historic homes. It still remains in the family.

As a child, Gracie was close to her grandfather, Carl Frederick Bergstrand, who had settled in Reedville after having come from Sweden in the 1890's with his wife and family of three (Anna being the oldest). They first lived in Cascade Locks during the building of the locks and ran a boarding house. A fourth child, Ida, was born in Cascade Locks.

On the farm in Reedville, Gracie played with kittens and fed the chickens. She attended Reedville School, excelling in her studies, especially spelling and graduating from the eighth grade in 1919. The family moved to Eugene, where Anna managed Hotel Eugene. Gracie graduated from Eugene High School in 1923 and the University of Oregon in 1928, majoring in journalism.

She worked at the Eugene Register-Guard, where her auburn hair, pixie face, and infectious giggle attracted the attention of the young sports editor, Roy Craft. They were married October 11, 1934 in Portland. In 1936, they traveled on the Queen Mary to the Olympics in Berlin, where Roy had a press pass. Gracie filled scrapbooks with mementos of that trip and other events of their lives.

Gracie and Roy started out in Medford, OR, where he was an officer in the Civilian Conservation Corps. They moved to San Francisco where Roy worked for the San Francisco Examiner. Gracie stayed in Carmel, CA, during World War II while Roy was an aide to Gen. Corlett in the Pacific and Europe. Later he was assigned to edit "Stars and Stripes." Following the war, they moved to Los Angeles where he was Hollywood liaison for Time-Life and then publicist for 20th Century Fox. Gracie entertained stars in her home, attended the Academy Awards, shopped elite stores, and played bridge. She was among the first in line on the opening day of Disneyland in 1955.

In 1958, they purchased the Skamania County Pioneer weekly in Stevenson, WA. Gracie was bookkeeper, society editor and proofreader. The Crafts became an integral part of the community and made many friends. They were members of the Lewis and Clark Historical Society. They promoted the establishment of the Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center, and Gracie had the honor of cutting the ribbon at the opening ceremony. She attended Stevenson United Methodist Church.

Gracie was fond of trilliums in the spring, cats, reading, wearing bright clothes and clunky jewelry, bottle collecting, driving her SuperSport, and beachcombing at their Klipsan Beach cabin. She read the newspaper every day. Since 1999, she had lived with cousins Jack and Phyllis Kirkwood in Aloha, OR.

She is survived by sister-in-law Margaret Carswell of Tacoma, nephews Robert Taylor of Richland, Don Craft of Bremerton, WA, Ray Myhre of Arbor Vitae, WI, and Kenneth; nieces, Marit Gustin, of Tacoma; Karen Craft of Seattle, Sydney Rozen of Kingston, WA and Rebecca Myhre, of Longview, WA; cousins Olive Scholfield of Mesa, AZ, Jack Kirkwood of Beaverton, OR, Lawrence Kirkwood of Scappoose, OR, and Dorothy Mooney of St. Clairsville, OH., their spouses and children, her many devoted friends and her calico cat, Sunshine.

Memorials may be given to the Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center Museum, PO Box 396, WA 98648.

Arrangements are in charge of Gardner Funeral Home in White Salmon, with interment in Willamette National Cemetery.

2217 SW 200th Court
Beaverton, OR 97006
July 15, 2005

Sharon Tiffany
Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center
P.O. Box 396
Stevenson, WA 98648

Dear Sharon:

Thank you for your letter and the new pages for Roy's book. We appreciate the inclusion of Roy's support of the museum and the Lewis and Clark trail. I have been going through a lot of Roy's and Gracie's papers, and there is so much relating to Lewis and Clark activities and friends. Roy really had a knack for keeping an open mind and letting all voices be heard; consequently, he was everyone's friend. He turned potential conflict to humor.

I'm sorry about not having the PO Box for the museum on Gracie's obituary, but I am letting most people know, and am changing it on her folders that are going out to those who weren't at the service. The Stevenson people probably knew it had to be a P.O. Box, and the family mostly ordered the books. I'm slow getting all this done because of sorting the things to send to people and because I have had my own health problems.

I came to a special card that Gary E. Moulton sent dedicating the Journals to the memory of Roy. I also found that the museum had returned part of the set to Gracie. I was there when she gave some things to George de Groot, and after checking with him, I learned that the atlas is in the museum and he has volumes 2-7. Since the atlas is already autographed, I will send George the card to keep with that part of the set.

I also found a letter in which you explained to Gracie all of the waipin which Roy was recognized in the museum, which said to me that Gracie must have not been happy at some point. I know that our family is very proud of Roy's displays there. Our daughter came with her school group and pointed Roy out to her teacher. Some other relatives were visiting the museum on the day of Gracie's service. The sound of Roy's voice was very moving to them. Jack and I will visit soon.

When Merna sent the draft of Roy's book, we had time to read maybe ten pages to her (Gracie). In doing so, we found a couple of misspellings. I asked her if they should be left as Roy's spellings or changed, and she said

they should be changed. You see, for the first three months, Gracie was not there to proof read! She did appreciate the dedication page. I noticed that Roy was very stingy about using commas, but may have thought he could get more news in the paper by leaving them out! and I think he spelled "syringa" "ceringo." But this is the kind of conversation Roy would have loved. I gave Merna (or was it you) a picture of Roy as "country editor" which might be good to use if anyone gets interested in doing a second volume.

Years ago, Roy got an advance from Houghton Mifflin to write a book, and Gracie was always on his case. Gracie didn't think he had done anything, but in his footlocker we found a half-written book and an outline. Gracie decided Bernadette, who loved Roy dearly and had a desk next to his at the Pioneer, should be the one to put it together. Her work is publishing travel brochures, so Roy's book would be an extension of what she already does, and she has the heart for it. She is hampered only

Museum Musings

by

Merna DeBolt

February 2000

February is the month dedicated to Valentine sentiments. So, I began thing about special couples whose love and devotion touched many of us. There were several who came to mind, but I decided to focus on Roy and Gracie Craft.

Their love story began in the early 1930's. They met while both were working at the *Eugene Guard* (later called the *Eugene Register Guard*.) Gracie Taylor was a proof reader and the assistant society editor. Roy was in charge of the theater section and the sports editor.

Roy was attracted to this cute little red-head with a freckled pixie face. Their first date was lunch at a local Chinese restaurant. Roy enjoyed her company, and when she laughed at his jokes well, that didn't hurt a bit. He said she had an infectious giggle, and, I might add, she still does.

In June of 1933, Roy accepted a position with the Civilian Conservation Corps at \$150 a month. He was now a second lieutenant. It was hard to leave the newspaper business, but due to the Depression, his salary there had been cut to \$18 a week.

All went well until the CCC headquarters in Eugene closed and Roy was transferred to Medford, Oregon. Absence seemed to make his heart grow fonder. He missed the red-headed, good natured girl who loved Chinese food. So, Roy proposed to Gracie and they were married on October 11, 1934.

In 1936, he took Gracie to Europe where he covered the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin. From then on, Gracie's life was anything but dull. World War II separated them and Roy worked as the editor of *The Stars & Stripes* of the European theater. His war record earned him many medals as he served under Major General Charles H. Corlett in the South Pacific and European theater.

After the War, Roy worked for a short time for *Life Magazine*. Then he and Gracie were in Hollywood for a few years where they touched the lives of Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe and Pat Boone. But, growing weary of the movie scene, they eventually settled here in Skamania County.

Roy felt he had come full circle. He began his newspaper career in McCleary, Washington and it seemed he would continue and complete his career in a similar small town.

Gracie settled into life in this logging community, making many friends. Her warm and positive outlook has always been her trademark.

Roy bought the *Skamania County Pioneer* in 1958. He owned it for sixteen years and on his

retirement he continued to write his column, "Talking it Over With the Editor." For thirty some years we opened the weekly paper to read what Roy had to say. His column was often controversial and caustic, but full of wit and wisdom.

His act of love and respect for Skamania County's pioneers was evident in the fact that he personally wrote all the obituary columns including historical family photographs whenever possible. This endeared him to his readers.

I think Roy loved our county because it has produced so many unique characters. Someone said, characters define themselves by the things they do, the things they say and in the way they view the world. I suppose the phrase, 'it takes one to know one,' applied to Roy. He was written up in The Columbian as one of the area's "characters," and it was a delightful tribute to our Roy Craft. He said it would be boring to be just like everybody else, and he was anything but boring.

Roy loved his Gracie. Their union lasted fifty-five years until Roy's death on Christmas Day in 1989. He once wrote a tribute to Gracie. He said, "Gracie is the best traveling companion in the world. She enjoys most everything I do, barring sports, and she is a sharing and caring person. So, today, October 11, 1989, I can say 'Happy Anniversary, Gracie! I love you!'" The Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center was a dream for many and one of those who dared to dream of such a facility was Roy Craft. He and Gracie worked to get the Don Brown Rosary Collection housed in our county museum. He also encouraged Ruth Strong to donate Emory's prestigious archaeology collection to the county, a popular exhibit in the Center today. Roy was an early Lewis and Clark fan. He was deeply involved in the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation and was appointed by the governor to serve on the Washington State Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Committee. He'd love to be here now spearheading the preparations for the Bicentennial Celebration of the Corps of Discovery.

Roy and Gracie were a team. They lived among us and inspired us to reach out, to learn and accept change and go on to greater things.

In his November 1988 column Roy wrote, "At the age of 80, I do not expend my energies worrying about what will happen in the year 2000. I am content to live my life one decade at a time."

In February, the month of loving sentiments, I'd like to close with one of Roy's favorite quotations. It's from a Chinese Proverb.

"Three sounds there be most pleasant to the ears of man: bird songs, the sound of running water and the voice of the woman he loves."

Happy Valentine's Day, Gracie, from your friends in Skamania County.

IN MEMORY OF ROY CRAFT

By Pastor Carol Davis

December 29, 1989

Roy Craft was my friend. As one of my favorite authors, Frederick Buechner, writes: “Friends are people you make part of your life just because you feel like it . . . Basically your friends are not your friends for any particular reason. They are your friends for no particular reason. The job you do, the family you have, the way you vote, the major achievements and blunders of your life, your religious convictions or lack of them, are all somehow set off to one side when the two of you get together. . . The usual distinctions of older-younger, richer-poorer, smarter-dumber, male-female even, cease to matter. You meet on equal terms. Anything may come of it or nothing may. That doesn’t matter either. only the meeting matters.” That’s the way it was with Roy and me and that probably was the way it was with you, if you called Roy, friend.

It might come as a surprise to some of you that Roy and I were friends. On the surface it would appear that Roy wouldn’t have much in common with some Methodist preacher, but I wasn’t in Stevenson very long before we called each other friends.

It took a little while, though. Roy had to check me out. After all I was 47 years younger than he and due to our differences in gender he had to find out what kind of a women’s “liber” I was and if I used the King James Version of the Bible exclusively (all others were suspect), and if I was bent on changing the English language from its true and correct male bias. He was curious to see my reaction to the following statement: “Well, Carol, you won’t be seeing me very often. Gracie and I have a modern marriage. We’ve divided up the household responsibilities between the two of us and the religious dimension belongs on Gracie’s side of the list so she goes to church and does the praying for both of us.”

Apparently, I passed the test and it wasn’t long before Roy would stop me on the street and say, “I don’t believe I’ve hugged my pastor today.” (That was a long time before the “Have you hugged your pastor today?” bumper sticker appeared on the back of my car. In fact, it was Roy’s comment that caused me to get the bumper sticker.)

Roy enjoyed people, all kinds of people and the more extreme, unique, or just plain different they were, so much the better. Roy was selected by a jury at the Columbian newspaper as one of the top characters in S.W. Washington. The jury in trying to come up with a definition of character finally said, “Characters don’t need a definition. They define themselves by the things they do, the things they say, and the way they see the world.” In being given this honor, Roy responded, “No, I don’t object to being called a character. For one thing, I think it’d be pretty boring to be like everybody else.” Roy was different and so was everyone else that he called friend. There were so many dimensions, facets to Roy Craft’s personality, to his very being. He was a wonderful character!

The scripture lessons were selected for today because they were two passages that meant a lot to Roy. One night, it was in February of 1988, Roy called me and asked if I could come over and see him and if I could bring my Bible and any tools of the trade I might have to help him find a particular passage of scripture. He was preparing for Gertrude Jensen's memorial service and since no minister was going to be involved, Roy felt that it was important to include some words from the Good Book in his remarks. He had a couple of passages in mind but he couldn't put his finger on the exact location. I found them for him: Ecclesiastes 3 and Isaiah 55: 12-13.

Ecclesiastes chapter 3 says that for everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven. Roy found the harmony of the universe in that passage. It gave him permission to enjoy all of life because there was a time and a place for everything. Life was not meant to be one dimensional. There was a time for birth and death, laughter and tears, mourning and dancing, finding and losing, silence and speaking, loving and hating, war and peace.

The Isaiah passage captured his experience of nature and especially the Columbia River Gorge. Roy went through the hills and valleys of this area in joy and the mountains and hills did break forth into singing and he heard on more than one occasion, the trees of the field clap their hands and Roy knew God when he saw the fir tree appear.

This was the Roy Craft that I knew and enjoyed. I knew parts of the other Roy Craft, as we all did, but I loved the philosopher, poet, and world-lover Roy Craft.

Roy felt that something was missing in my life because the Methodist parsonage didn't have a wood burning stove. He told me that sometimes you just need to sit by a fire and do your thinking and talking. So he said that if I was ever in the mood to sit in front of a nice, crackling fire, just to look up the street and if there was smoke coming from the Craft chimney, I was always welcome to come and sit for a while by the fire.

I came over to the Crafts' every now and then and Roy and Gracie and I would have wonderful visits. We'd laugh and tease each other, exchanging verbal volleys back and forth. Occasionally one of us would really spike the ball over the net much to the other's enjoyment. It was such a good feeling to out-wit Roy Craft, and it was no easy task. He got a lot of pleasure when I returned a good serve and the three of us would look at each other with great big grins on our faces and then we'd laugh out loud.

After I was sufficiently warmed up, not only by the warmth of the fire but from the company of two good friends, Roy would simply pull out one of his dictionaries and would open the great book and read to me. (Have any of you ever had someone read you the dictionary? It is a wonderful experience.) Sometimes he would read to me from his collection of favorite poems and witticisms. The quotes in the service bulletin are from Roy's notebook. We had such good times together and then after a while Roy would say, "Gracie, don't you think this is cause for celebration? Let's open the champagne."

Our last visit was on December 1. It was a rich and full visit, complete with readings from Webster's, a few jokes, the local gossip, and of course, a little church talk. I told him how much I missed him and how I hadn't found anyone to take his place in Seattle. Roy was weak and in so

much pain that day. Each time I would start to leave he'd say, "No, don't go; you can stay a little longer." Gracie came home and we visited some more and then Roy said, "I think before you go, we'd better open the champagne and toast each other." He handed me the bottle. He didn't have the strength to open it and he asked me to do the honors. He returned with the glasses, took the bottle from my hand, and slowly poured the champagne. Roy and Gracie and I raised our glasses, looked into each others' eyes, smiled, and toasted our friendship.

Roy died on Christmas Day. At first I wondered why it had to be that day of all the days in the year and then it occurred to me that the greatest Christmas present we can ever receive is the gift of friendship. Roy Craft was a great present to us all and even though his physical presence will not be with us, we still have Roy with us as we re-live all, the good times we had together. As we move on into a new year, a new decade, nothing can take away our memories and our time together.

Let me close with Roy's last words to us: "Whenever a new calendar arrives to herald the approach of a new year, the first thing I do is open the clean pages and contemplate the times that lie ahead. The new calendar is a tabula rasa, an erased tablet, a clean slate. What a wonderful way to start a new year . . . Good things lie ahead. Bad things will, happen. Old friends will die. Babies will be born. New friends will enter our lives, But good things as always will outnumber the bad. Let the writing begin."

Roy has entered a new year, a new stage in his life. His slate is clean and for him and for us, in our own unique and special ways, let the writing begin.

The following story was feature in the "Smithsonian." Later Col. Barney Oldfield wrote this letter to the editor to them:

I MET EVELYN NESBIT WHEN HER LIFE and times were to be made into *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*. The movie studio hired her as a technical adviser, and **Roy Craft** was assigned as her publicist to keep her happy and not troublesome about the script. . He invited me to join them for lunch at the original Brown Derby.

Roy had told me that Evelyn was extremely loyal, and that it would soon show. She was by now a relaxed, pudgy little old lady, who chatted amiably about "back when." It had been a half century since architect Stanford White had lechered her, the mercurial Harry K. Thaw of Pittsburgh married her and artist Charles Dana Gibson sketched her as *The Eternal Question*. When the waiter asked her drink order, Evelyn said: "Make mine a Gibson!" **Roy** nudged me and whispered: "Egad, that's loyalty — and she does it every day!"

—Col. Barney Oldfield, USAF (Ret.) Beverly Hills, California.

THE OBJECT



AT HAND

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IS OUR OBJECT — not in person (regrettably), but in 31 remarkable photographs taken at the very beginning of this soon-to-pass century by celebrated portrait photographer Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr. Appropriately, she is a model and what used to be called a shopgirl. Appropriately, too, though she deserves to be famous for her beauty, like Helen of Troy she is famous for a scandal, and ensuing tragedy. The scandal rocked old New York society to its foundations, and like all such scandals, even today, its story is a morality tale.

The year was 1901. Lovely Evelyn Nesbit, a Pittsburgh lass of 16, along with her widowed mother and younger brother, had come to New York to seek her fortune. With her beauty, the best way to start was by getting a job as an artists model. Soon she was posing for Frederick S. Church, a prominent magazine illustrator. She found him to be a dear, fatherly old man who used red wine instead of vinegar to prepare the luncheon salad he served her a deux in his studio. Next, Charles Dana Gibson, famed for his "Gibson Girl," sketched Evelyn with her hair streaming down to form a question mark. He called it *The Eternal Question*.

And so success found Evelyn Nesbit. She opened on Broadway as one of the "Florodora" girls. The eponymous musical was famous for a sextet of beautiful women, serenaded by frock-coated choristers: "Prithee

Pictures of a Tragedy

IN 1901 RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR., PHOTOGRAPHED EVELYN NESBIT; SCANDAL AND MURDER WERE HER BEAUTY'S PRICE

BY EDWARDS PARK



Exhausted from posing for Eickemeyer, Evelyn Nesbit subsided on a bearskin rug. The resulting image, *Tired Butterfly*, became his most famous photograph.

tell me pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" There followed a properly coquettish reply from the maidens: maidens: "There are a few, kind sir, but simple girls and proper, too." Top-hatted stage-door Johnnies took note of the new girl, who was picked up by her mother every evening after the show. The stage-door Johnny who got to see more and more of her was Stanford "Stanny" White, architect not only of many important New York buildings but also of the city's attitude toward unabashed free-living for those who were rich enough to afford it. White, a tall man with short red hair and

wide red mustache, was as much a New York landmark as the splendid sports garden he designed at Madison Square. His reputation as a charming roue was equally a city fixture. One of Miss Nesbit's elderly and wealthy admirers was shocked by her interest in White. "A voluptuary!" he snorted. Nevertheless, the innocent Evelyn went along with Stanny to one of his convenient hideaways, where champagne flowed and the curtains were always drawn. She rode high in a red velvet swing he had installed. He plied her with drink, and she passed out. After Evelyn came to,

White is supposed to have gloated, "Now you belong to me!"

Being the girlfriend of Stanford White lifted Evelyn from modest fame to rib-nudging notoriety, from barely genteel poverty to spend thrift affluence. And the Nesbits suddenly moved to a plush hotel. Brother Howard was hustled off to a military academy. But White, who had an insatiable yen for adolescent girls, also had a limited attention span. When he left on a trip, stage-door Johnnies jostled for the chance to escort Evelyn home. For a time, the lucky guy was a young man named John Barrymore.

But (*hiss, groan*) enter Harry K. Thaw of Pittsburgh. That's how this mad millionaire always introduced himself to the New York showgirls whom he relentlessly pursued. Harry K.'s Pittsburgh had little in common with the Nesbits'. Harry's father was a coal and railroad baron and dwelt in a hillside castle far from the hellish clamor of the great mills that had been neighbors to the Nesbits. As a child, Evelyn was doubtless hustled out of the way of a gleaming coach with matched horses, whispering wheels, dim figures behind drawn curtains — "Look out, dear! Here come the Thaws!" And now she found herself going out with one of them.

An odd one he was, too. Harry K. was known for wide swings of personality, from kind and gentle to beastly cruel. Showgirls whispered about colleagues whom he was supposed to have lashed with a dog whip. But he was rich beyond imagining, and he kept begging Evelyn ("The Kid" to fellow chorus girls) to give up her faltering liaison with Stanford White, who had a wife, for heavens sake, and marry a man who had nothing but millions of dollars.

For a while Evelyn held Harry at bay. White, meanwhile, arranged her entree into a New Jersey boarding school, where she studied music and literature. The school was run by Mrs. Mathilda De Mille, whose own son, 20-odd-year-old Cecil B., was off



to try his hand in motion pictures. But Thaw deluged her with flowers, gifts and marriage proposals. After only eight months at the school, Evelyn had to undergo an operation for "appendicitis." Both White and Thaw visited her every day of her recuperation but, despising each other, managed not to meet.

Afterward it was Thaw who took Evelyn and her mother abroad, where he spent a great deal of money on Evelyn. Alas, she soon found that the nasty rumors about him were all too true. He was very sweet a lot of the time, but suddenly would grow tense, with his prominent eyes blazing wildly. If a restaurant waiter displeased him, he sometimes snatched off the tablecloth, sending everything on it crashing to the floor, or even turned the table upside down. Mrs. Nesbit, feeling that even the Thaw millions didn't excuse such behavior, headed home, leaving Evelyn to cope with Harry K. He was an ardent lover. After fits of rage he would coo extravagant apologies to "her boofuls," but if she became "impudent," she later said, he whipped her, impervious to her screams and sobs.

Finally Thaw got out of Evelyn the full story of her affair with White. He raged, pacing and fuming as he made her repeat again and again the details of her "seduction" by "that beast." When they returned to America he approached the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and persuaded its president, the celebrated moralist Anthony Comstock, to put a tail on White.

In June 1904, Evelyn, now 19, went off to Europe again, again with Harry K. Thaw. In early 1905, after their return, she was smitten by a medical anomaly — a second attack of appendicitis. After six weeks in the hospital, where Harry smothered her with attention, she felt well enough to marry him. This astonishing decision seems to have been mostly the work of Harry's mother, who had decided that his settling down with Evelyn was the

only way to keep him out of trouble. They married on April 4, 1905. Mrs. Nesbit got a wedding gift of \$100,000. On pain of being cut off without a penny by his mother, Harry behaved himself for a while.

Thaw, whose outrage at White grew constantly, had begun carrying a pistol. On the evening of June 25, 1906, Evelyn and Harry spotted him in a restaurant, and Harry's fury broke out anew. Later that evening, he and Evelyn went to Madison Square Garden's roof theater to see Mamzelle Champagne, and by mischance White was also in the audience. Despite the warm June night, Thaw had on a black overcoat. As he was leaving the show, and while the chorus girls were in their finale — burlesqued dueling number — he suddenly turned back, approached White's table, drew the pistol from under his coat and, at a range of about a yard, aimed between White's eyes. While the music played on, and the girls pranced about with fake epees, and the smiling crowd

was about to applaud, Harry K. Thaw of Pittsburgh fired three times. Thinking it all part of the show, someone laughed. Then the screams started, among them Evelyn's: "My God! He's shot him!"

Trial of the century? Well, one of them, anyway. Two trials, really; the I first ended in a deadlocked jury. At the end of the second, Harry K. went off to the Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan, not far from Poughkeepsie, where, according to Evelyn, "he enjoyed virtual freedom." His lawyers battled for new hearings, gaining little but huge fees from Harry's mother. In 1913 he simply walked out of the asylum gates, climbed into a waiting car and was driven over the border to Sherbrooke, Quebec, where crowds lined the streets to cheer him. Extradited, he got similar adulation as he passed through Concord, New Hampshire.

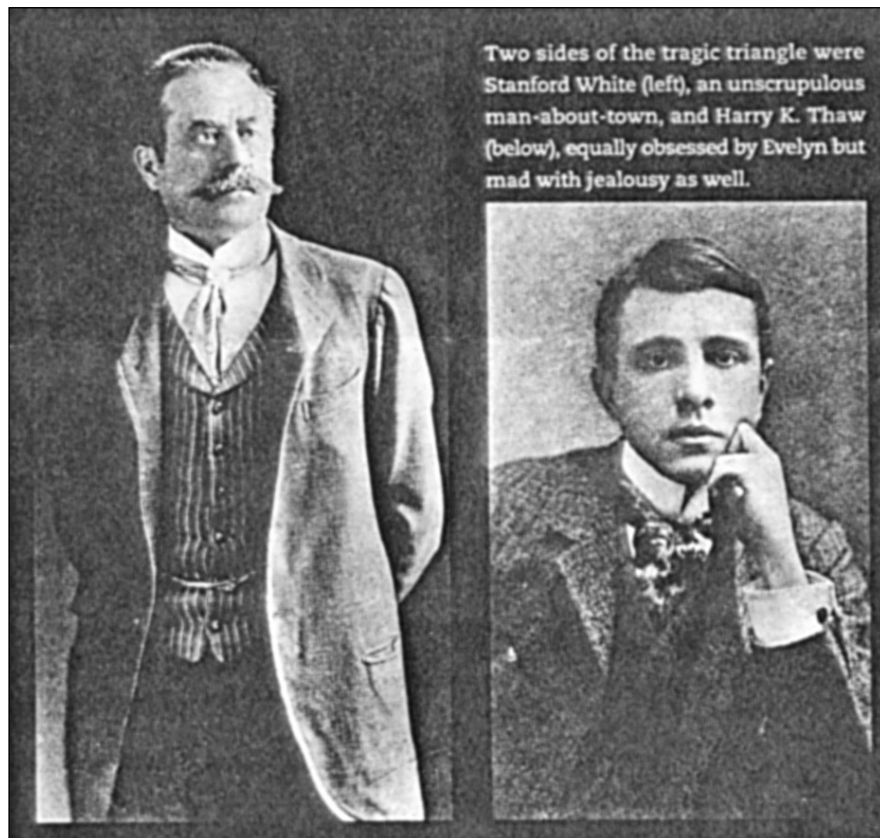
Two years later, another trial found him sane. Instantly, he divorced Evelyn and moved back to

Pittsburgh. He continued his wastrel life — a series of nightclub brawls, outrageous affairs, lawsuits and expensive settlements — until his death in 1947 from a heart attack.

Thaw's mother had promised Evelyn a million dollars if she would divorce Harry after beefing up his initial defense by adding testimony about his irrational behavior. Evelyn complied. Whenever she entered the courthouse, adoring crowds gathered to see her. Irvin S. Cobb, whose writings remained popular through the 1930s, covered the New York trials for his paper and described her as "the most exquisitely lovely human being I ever looked at." But she never got that million-dollar payoff:

The photographs that let us see what Thaw and White were fighting over are among the best known ever made by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., who as a photographer was remarkable at landscapes as well as portraits. He took these in 1901-02 at the behest of Stanford White. At one point in a long photo session, Evelyn wearily flung herself onto a polar bear rug. "Hold that!" cried Eickemeyer and he made his most famous picture, *Tired Butterfly*.

After the Thaw scandal, the tired butterfly had to live by her wits again, taking stage and film parts, struggling out of a maze of drugs and alcohol. She died in 1967 in a Hollywood nursing home, having lived long enough to see the film *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing* (1955), starring Joan Collins as Evelyn, Ray Miland as Stanford White, and Farley Granger in the role of madly jealous Harry K. Thaw. In his will, Eickemeyer left many of his pictures to the Smithsonian. They are on display from time to time and are kept in the Photographic History Collection of the National Museum of American History. Using a number of different processes in the printing of his film, he noted that the pictures should "be of real educational value." They certainly are, but not entirely in the way Eickemeyer intended.



Two sides of the tragic triangle were Stanford White (left), an unscrupulous man-about-town, and Harry K. Thaw (below), equally obsessed by Evelyn but mad with jealousy as well.