

# BLACK HISTORY

The Portland Observer

## History Of Blacks In Oregon

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in India and was brought to the United States as a servant. His mother was Irish and worked as a maid. Bush married a white woman in 1832 and raised a family of five boys. He first arrived in The Dalles in the fall of 1844.

**1846**

James D. Saules was arrested and charged with causing the death of his Indian wife. A news article reported:

A negro man named James D. Saules was brought to this city recently from the mouth of the river, charged with having caused the death of his wife, and Indian woman. He was examined before Justice Hood, the result of which examination we have never been able to ascertain, but the accused is at large and likely to remain so we suppose.

**1850**

According to the census taken in Oregon, 207 people were identified as black or mulatto. Of this number, three quarters were actually Hawaiians or half-breed Indians, as the census takers tended to pull all non-whites in the same category. There were actually only fifty-four black people included in the census of 1850.

**1851**

A black man named Jacob Vanderpool, who owned a saloon, restaurant and boarding house across the street from the offices of the Oregon Statesman in Salem, was arrested and jailed. His crime was living illegally in Oregon because he was black. Theophilus Magruder had filed a complaint against him, saying that his residence in Oregon was illegal because of an exclusion law passed by the Territorial government in 1849. Five days later, Vanderpool was brought to trial.

His defense lawyer argued that the law was unconstitutional, since it had not been legally approved by the legislature. A verdict was rendered the following day, and Judge Thomas Nelson order Jacob Vanderpool to leave Oregon:

"I being satisfied that the same Jacob Vanderpool is a mulatto, and that he is remaining in the territory of Oregon contrary to the Statutes and laws of the territory, do therefore order that the said Jacob Vanderpool remove from said territory within 30 days from and upon the service of this order - the said order to be served by showing to the said Jacob Vanderpool this original and at the same time delivering to him a true copy of the same."

The decision was delivered to him the same day by the sheriff of Clackamas County. The Oregon Spectator commented:

There is a statute prohibiting the introduction of negroes into Oregon. A misdemeanor committed by one Vanderpool was cause of bringing this individual before his Honor Judge Nelson, and a decision was called for respecting the enforcement of that law; who decided that the statute should be immediately enforced and that the negro shall be banished forth with from the Territory.

George Winslow's name was also mentioned in the same article.

A notorious villain, who calls himself Winslow, has cursed this community with his presence for a number of years. All manner of crimes have been laid to his charge. We shall rejoice at his removal.

Although Winslow could not have been expelled from Oregon legally, his name vanished from the public record, and nothing is known of his fate.

James Vanderpool was the first and only black person of record to be expelled from Oregon because of his race.

## A Salute To My Father

Dr. Marshall Opens Williams Avenue Office

By PAUL MARSHALL

Thanks to the many people over the years who have shared kind words about Dr. John D. Marshall, my father. Though he retired 15 years ago and passed away in 1990 still a week does not go by where we haven't met someone who tells us a story about how my father helped them in a special way.

As a son I remember him first as the man who mowed the lawn on weekends, cooked BBQ all summer and would play BB King tapes every chance he could.

But as a physician I remember him as a man of patience and dedication. When he and my mother Viola, come to Portland in 1947 and lived in Vanport, medical care for African Americans was scarce. Because hospitals often would not admit his patients many times he would put a blanket or a sheet on our kitchen table and examine patients in our home. He would often say how even if black patients were admitted many white doctors would not care enough to fully understand the cause of the symptoms and therefore misdiagnose the problem. As a result often the medicine they would prescribe made the problem worse. It was ironic to him that he often had to

*(Editor's Note: The following was written in a news article from the late 1940s on the late Dr. John Marshall of Portland.)*

Dr. John Marshall, formerly associated with Dr. D.N. Unthank, has established offices at 1415 N. Williams Ave.

Dr. Marshall occupies the space which was built for Dr. R. Joyner. Dr. Joyner recently surrendered his practice in Portland and moved to Seattle.

Dr. Marshall, a resident of Chicago, is a graduate of Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tennessee and served his internship at Harlem Hospital, in New York, and General Hospital No. 2 in Kansas City, Missouri.

He is a member of the Congregational Church and has been a resident of Portland for 19 months.



Dr. John D. Marshall

All Portland prays for the success of Dr. Marshall who is beloved by all who know him.

undo the harm other doctors has caused before he could prescribe the correct treatment to heal people of their original problem.

For many years Dr. Unthank and my father were two of only a few black physicians in Oregon. He

would often see sixty patients a day with only a fifteen minute break and still come home and make house calls in the evening. When he left the house he'd say how someone is sick tonight and he has to go and make them feel better because there is no

## Vessels Boutique Celebrates Black History

Vessels, a boutique at 2605 N.E. Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., is celebrating Black History Month with a series of programs highlighting African and African-American culture.

Saturday, Dr. Darrell Millner will speak on "Black Memorabilia, Domestic Images of Blacks in Stereotype," contrasting the images of the past with the present. A professor of Black Studies at Portland State University, Millner will display household items from his personal collection of black memorabilia, in-

cluding plates, cups, spice holders and salt and pepper shakers.

Next Saturday, Feb. 25 will feature "Baskets from the Motherland," with Sherrian Haggard talking about baskets from Nigeria and other countries. Haggard will explain the history, function and designs of these unique items. Both presentations will run from 1-3 p.m.

The store will also feature wooden vessels for sale from the Turkana region of Kenya, which were used in village households for de-

cadec. The food bowls were used for mixing and serving. The coffee bowls were some of the first coffee grinders, used with a stone to grind grains and beans. These unusual wooden bowls were once strictly functional but are now considered highly decorative.

## "Freedom" Plays Thursday

The highly acclaimed 1994 documentary "Freedom On My Mind," returns to Portland Thursday for a NAACP benefit showing at

Vessels, "Tableware With Meaning," specializes in ethnic and Afro-centric items for the dining room, bath and kitchen. The boutique is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. For more information call 249-1952.

7:30 p.m. at Cinema 21, 616 N.W. 21st St. The film recounts the heroes and horrors of the Freedom Summer of 1964.

## Rev. John Jackson: Humanitarian, Friend And Pastor

*(Editor's note: This article is a page out of Portland's own Black History. The Rev. John Jackson and the author of this article Mattie Ann Callier-Spears were both great activists for human rights, in our north and northeast community. Mattie Ann also wrote the Religion page for the Portland Observer. Mattie Ann passed away on Dec. 23, 1994. They both will be greatly missed.)*

BY MATTIE ANN CALLIER-SPEARS

In an era when it seems like everything and everybody is running aimlessly up a blind alley, you encounter a personality like a John Hiram Jackson, III, who appears to thrive on pointing the way for others.

It is not everyday or even every year that we can meet or sit in the very presence of such a man as John Hiram Jackson, III.

John H. Jackson lived through eighty-one of the toughest years in our nation's history. He witnessed and participated in many of the meat and potato' struggles in the history of the African American.

One of the events he frequently cited was the fact that his grand father was cornered, holed-up and burned up in his barn by the Klu Klux Klan when he was just a little boy. All that he knew was that he, if it was in his power, would never allow anything like that to happen again.

Jackson believed that education was a powerful vehicle. He believed that education was a powerful vehicle. He believed that it would become the master key' to unlock many of the century-long locks and shackles. So--he strove to attain excellence in the very area of study he pursued. Jackson fought hard and long until the fear within him had subsided. You see--he no longer felt threatened; but rather, he became the threat.

Jackson persevered. He was bold and relentless. Single-focused. His

strong unwavering spirit was felt by countless, thousands-upon-thousands, individuals.

If anyone decided to select a label that would ultimately define who this man really was, it would have to be 'humanitarian'. As I tracked his life, all of his achievements were tied-up in people involved projects and undertakings, such as: restructuring of the State Welfare system, the Housing Authority of Oregon, After Care programs for small children (working mothers) -- 4-C and Albina Ministerial Alliance Child Care Program, Founder of POIC, Mayor's Commission, Governor's Commission, Law Enforcement Counsel and so many other organizations in the state and outside of the state of Oregon.

Foremost and above all, he was a man of God. Yes! Reverend Jackson was driven, or should I say compelled, to defend, life and encourage a fledgling community which suddenly found itself involved, up to its neck in social change.

Before coming to Portland, Jackson was an administrative director over the American Baptist Churches of the Pacific Northwest which was based in Seattle, Washington. He had ten to twelve secretaries under his command. He had also been offered the presidency of a large, well-known university; however, he forfeited any personal ambitions to fulfill what was his chosen destiny.

A church member approached him one day and asked, "Rev. Jackson. Why did you take this small church when you were a such a big-wig in Seattle? And I understand that you handled millions of dollars because you were a loan officer for the American Baptist Convention."

"God told me to preach", he said one day "I had to come from behind that desk because that was not where God wanted me to be I have to be about my heavenly Father's business." gation like a dotting father.

Jackson arrived in Portland in 1963 to accept the pastoral responsibilities of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church. Upon his arrival, he began to calculate, discuss and resolve long term perplexities. Through his vast knowledge, he was able to bring about social and spiritual change and justice for all who were willing to listen and take heed.

Several governors and mayors sat under his tutelage; and many, many heads of state will attest to his authenticity and his blunt wisdom.

"To me", says Tony Hopson, Director of Self Enhancement Inc., "Rev. Jackson represented hope."

Rev. Jackson guided his congre-



Mattie Ann Callier-Spears

gation like a dotting father. Mount Olivet Baptist Church had in its possession, for twenty-seven years, a priceless gem. Many programs were born under his leadership and are still in place. These programs were created to evoke a greater willingness for fellowship among the saints and to kindle a climate, within the church, that would cater to the youth.

The church was losing its young people and no one knew the how or the with what to make the repairs until Rev. Jackson began to implement his spirit-led strategies.

Soon -- Mount Olivet became a household word and a frequently visited place of worship for all who wished to come.

The love that God had planted deep in his breast had soon spilled over into the Portland community.

In the 1960s, when Union Avenue was burning, it was Rev. John H. Jackson and Rev. Thomas Strayhand, deceased paster of Allen Temple CME Church, who bravely and prayerfully went among the rioters; pleaded with them to stop burning and looting; gave them a different focal point and a change in venue.

Leading the group were angry, intelligent black men. Rev. Jackson



Rev. John Jackson

appealed to their intelligence by asking, "what kind of sense does this make to burn down your own neighborhood?" Form this action, many productive community organizations were born; War on Poverty Commission, Black United Front, more blacks in local and state-level politics.

At one of his many gatherings, I heard him admonish the group with these words, "You live here too. You must take part in the decisions that are being made about you. If you just sit here and say nothing, don't get all upset when things don't go the way

you want them to go. It's like a man yelling into a big black hole. Nobody can hear him and he can't get mad at no one but himself. you have to get up and do something about your situation; but, do it intelligently. Don't go in there unprepared."

Rev., Jackson tutored and coddled many grateful recipients. He was a pastor's pastor. Rev. Jackson assembled the local pastors and told them, "It's no wonder the flock is divided... when you are divided. You should all be working together with a common purpose."

Rev. Jackson assisted many small, store-front churches in becoming established in conferences and he also assisted them in the facts of lending, spending and purchasing property. He was a shepherd, a counselor, a missionary, a mentor, a mediator, an arbitrator... Rev. John H. Jackson, III was a champion for the people.

As late as 1984, Rev. Jackson was arrested while demonstrating against social injustice. He received many threats on his life. The family telephone number had to be changed several times.

Jackson went to white corporate America and negotiated jobs for blacks. While negotiating for blacks, all oppressed people benefitted from his lobbying.

On February fourteenth, nineteen hundred ninety-four, a day set aside to demonstrate love (latin: amo - I love; amas - you love; amamus - we love), the God of love, himself, came down and gave Rev. Jackson his last directive, "come on home Jack! You have been faithful over much and you have endured to the very end. Come on up and take a rest from your labor. Well done! My good and faithful servant."

Since the day of John Hiram Jackson, III's birth on November 16, 1912, God had predestined his life, its order and the events. The many awards, plaques, certificates, degrees,

one else for them to call. In the middle of the night when the phone rang we always knew he would be leaving the house to go deliver a baby. As a kid we couldn't figure out why babies always came in the middle of the night.

On weekends patients would come over and bring fish or vegetables from their garden. I didn't know it at the time but they were paying him. He would invite them in and tell them they didn't owe him any money. I remember him telling my mother that they would never see half the money he earned because people could not afford to pay. He viewed himself as a country doctor working in the city and he would tell us it was a tradition to accept form people whatever they had as payment.

His one regret was that he was not able to motivate any of this young patients to pursue medicine. He tried very hard to encourage others to go to medical school. As far as he could tell none of his patients did.

I have many stories I could tell you about him (many you have told me). But I'll close with this. If you knew my father and he ever touched your life or helped to heal you, after you read this would you do him a favor and tell a young person about Dr. Marshall and that our community needs healers now more than ever. Dad would appreciate that.