



Nestucca Spit Press (nestuccaspitpress.com)

Introduction to the E-book

The 2000-copy print edition of *The Far Out Story of Vortex I* was published by Nestucca Spit Press in 2004 and sold out a couple years later. It is now a rare and expensive book and inaccessible to most people interested in the festival. To commemorate Vortex I's 50th anniversary in 2020, I decided to produce an inexpensive E-book version of the book. This version does not include the hundreds of photographs from the original because of their incompatibility with reading on devices and securing permission from the photographers to reprint them in digital form. It does include the special insert (now digitized) I tucked inside the original because new critical information surfaced after the book went to print. Footnotes in the E-book appear in bold and are marked with an asterisk.

I have not made any changes to the manuscript although much has happened with the story in the 16 years since the book was released. Indeed, the story has become even more far out. I came into possession of hundreds of more photographs, including Dr. Bangs' lost slides. The mysterious Bobby Wehe resurfaced in fantastic mercurial fashion. I met the Blue Bell potato chip heiress and learned a lot more about why she gave \$10,0000 to the People's Army Jamboree, and that it might have all been a setup cajoled by a mole.

There is more, much more, and perhaps one day I can bring out a proper sequel. Or someone else will.

To view a Vortex I sideshow go to nestuccaspitpress.com

You cannot get to the bottom of the subject; but all that you tell us will be new to us. Give as many anecdotes as you can.

Samuel Johnson

Biography is a means of expression when the author has chosen his subject in order to respond to a secret need in his own nature.

Andre´ Maurois

Oregon is the citadel of the spirit.

Ken Kesey

Sucked into a Vortex

In June of 1982 I cut class for the first and only time of my Oregon City High School career to participate in “senior skip day.” A cell had organized it for Milo McIver State Park, a 30-minute drive from Oregon City. Seventy-five dissidents showed up.

As a few of us drank beer and kicked a foot bag around, I overheard someone say that during the Vietnam War, McIver Park had hosted a free rock concert where thousands of naked hippies took a lot of drugs and the cops did nothing. Apparently Oregon’s governor put it on. It was called Vortex.

Naturally I'd never heard of it. My American history course ended with a television movie about the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Vietnam War was never studied. Neither was Oregon history.

For some reason, the casual mention of the rock concert at McIver Park intrigued me. I considered investigating when the county cops arrived and wrote a few minor-in-possession tickets. I didn't get one.

Four years later, I sat in US Cultural History as Portland State University Professor David Horowitz summed up various counterculture movements to prepare us for the upcoming final. At some point Professor Horowitz digressed and riffed on a story about Vortex, a wild state-sponsored rock festival staged near Estacada in 1970. He became visibly excited pointing towards Mt. Hood, the direction of McIver Park, and said that Governor Tom McCall had put on the festival during an American Legion convention to forestall a riot in Portland. Something like 50,000 people attended the party. I got it all down. It wasn't on the final

One winter day in 1999, as I browsed a used bookstore on the Oregon Coast, I came across a slim white volume with a fat black title: *Vortex I*.

It was a 50-page booklet of black and white photographs taken at the festival by Ron Cooper and Gerry Lewin. The booklet billed itself as “a photo documentary of events at McIver State Park September, 1970” and contained no

captions or accompanying text, just a one-page introduction with one passage that read: "Vortex I, a rock festival...has been alternately described as a hip Camelot or Sodom and Gomorrah incarnate. When the rhetoric is stripped from the event the fact that Vortex was held at all is a little short of remarkable and circumstances surrounding the organization and support of the festival border on the bizarre." I also learned there was slightly more to the event's title: Vortex I: A Biodegradable Festival of Life. I paid one dollar for the booklet. It cost \$2 in 1970.

On September 18, 2002 the sun had just set on a Portland area park. Twenty-five people had assembled there to experience my first Vortex I presentation, part of the Oregon Council for Humanities' Chautauqua lecture series program.

During the show, I noticed a man sitting in the front row. He was alone. A small yellow box and a plastic CD container rested on his table.

After the presentation I received congratulations from friends and family. I could see the man waiting for me until I finished.

He introduced himself as Lee Meier. Previously, I had interviewed Lee by telephone about his role in Vortex I and invited him to the gig. I never expected him to appear.

He came bearing gifts. "These are for you. You're doing a great job with the story and you can use these anyway you want," Lee said.

Inside the box were 50 color slides of Vortex I shot by Lee. They had never been seen before. He had also burned the images on a CD. "Just keep going for it," he said as we shook hands. Then he vanished.

A year later I sat in a Portland Dairy Queen before another Vortex I show, my twelfth. It was in an Oregon City Dairy Queen in 1975 that my fifth grade teacher, Doug Bansch, treated me to a milkshake as a reward for winning the classroom grammar game. He encouraged me to write on my own outside of class.

My mouth felt impotent courtesy of an anesthetic administered by Dr. Paul J. Puffer of Molalla, who had volunteered at Vortex I in his professional capacity as a dentist and taken care of my teeth since the summer of 1970.

I fought a losing battle to force down a chocolate milkshake. Drool ran. I felt dizzy. Something vertiginous that W. G. Sebald described in his book *Vertigo* that I interpreted as arriving at an intersection of personal history, memory, longing and clarification had seized control of me. In another Sebald book, *Austerlitz*, a character experiences a similar “vertigo,” but in this context, the author calls it a “vortex of past time.”

In that milkshake moment, it occurred to me that I would have to reshape my entire personality if I expected to write a book about Vortex I, let alone see it published.

To that point:

I had unsuccessfully pitched Vortex I to every book publisher in the Pacific Northwest, several in the Bay Area, and a few back East. The Oregon Historical Society Press wrote me that Vortex I was worthy of a “monograph.” Oregon State University Press wrote me that Vortex I would be right for a “magazine article.”

I had sent Vortex I queries to a dozen national magazines and never received even a standard rejection.

In combination, the Oregon Historical Society and Oregon Literary Arts had turned down all four of my Vortex I research/writing grant applications.

I had spent approximately \$15,000 out of pocket researching Vortex I and there was still more to do.

If this reshaping didn’t occur the book was stillborn and I knew I would quit the only dream I’ve ever had, which was to become a professional writer. I first considered fulfilling this dream in 1982 when Doug Winn, my high school creative writing teacher and Vortex I participant, said I possessed the necessary talent, and gave me Henry Miller’s *Sexus*, *Nexus* and *Plexus* and a homemade candle for graduation.

I tasted the milkshake again.

It occurred to me that I had learned something from researching and presenting the Vortex I story. It occurred to me that I had never believed in any personal endeavor requiring faith, let alone following through with that faith. It occurred to me that my mind was on fire for life and writing for the first time.

I thought: make the book happen. Even if it means quitting your job and spending another 15 grand, this time on a credit card, to give publishing birth.

Six months later I took a two-month leave of absence from my job to write the book. I did not finish it. Upon my return, I quit a few days back in the office. In the interim between the vertiginous milkshake and self-induced unemployment, I had entirely remade my personality and another \$10,000 had been sucked into the Vortex.

I made a pledge at the end of the milkshake moment to stay in this newfound Vortex. I am still there, that's why this book is in your hands, and that's why I published it myself. What else can a poor boy do except play the tale of the most far out story in American history?

On Words

In his introduction to *The Age of Revolution: 1789-1848*, English historian Eric Hobsbawm wrote, “Words are witnesses which often speak louder than documents. Let us consider a few English words which were invented, or gained their modern meanings, substantially in the period of sixty years with which this volume deals.” His list includes: industry, industrialist, factory, middle class, working class, capitalism, socialism, aristocracy, railway, liberal, conservative, proletariat, scientist, engineer, statistics, utilitarian, sociology, ideology, strike and journalism.

The period of which this volume deals with is approximately six Oregon months in 1970. Let us consider a few American words which were invented, or gained special meaning in that era, but have a different meaning or virtually no utility in America today (e.g., the almost vanished use of employing “peace” in the imperative). This list includes: uptight, head, freak, far out, pig, dig, The Man, The Establishment, rock, thing, groovy, hippie, narcotic, grass, drop out, hang up, cop out, co-opt, collaboration, do, turn on, soul, straight, peace, rap, brother, sister, trip, gone, heavy, bumme, burned, downer, love.

Occasionally these words will appear in this volume. I like that because I like these words. They are fun and instructive to hear people say them. They create and also capture the mood of the possible and the unacceptable that was part of this period.

For the record, I use “freak,” “head,” “long hair” and “hippie” (not hippy) interchangeably because I wanted variety, and because in my research, I never determined a significant difference between their use as nouns. Some of the era’s participants may object to this. I say, “peace brother.”

Matt Love

Oregon Coast May, 2004

Governor Tom McCall

State Capitol

Salem, Oregon

October 12, 1970

Dear Governor McCall:

It is with trepidation that I view the results of your decision to allow Vortex at McIver Park. This was another error in judgment but could have been held to a minimum by allowing enforcement to perform its proper function.

The results of drug and sex abuse will have serious repercussions, not to mention loss of morale to the police which were stationed at this dope and sex orgy, otherwise known as Vortex. Mr. Governor, have you looked to the dictionary for the proper definition of Vortex? Well, it means "a mass of fluid, having a whirling or circular motion tending to form a cavity or vacuum in the center of the circle, and to draw toward this cavity or vacuum bodies subject to its action, a whirlpool." Well, Mr. Governor, that is exactly what your little dream did to hundreds and hundreds of Oregon youngsters, but they weren't good enough swimmers, sir, and they drowned in the whirlpool. They drowned in the whirlpool of filth, foul language, narcotics and sex. If I had been a parent of one of these lost kids, and had my business located in Portland, I would have rather lost the business than my child. Financially, we can start over, physically we cannot.

If your method for preventing violence is continued, then we really have become decadent and the conspiracy has reached its goal. I urge you to reaffirm the Christian standards that have kept America great by never submitting to a perverted mob.

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Max F. Hiltscher
Box 156, Umpqua, Oregon 97486

Mt. Angel College
Mt. Angel, Oregon 97362
(code 503) 845-2234
September 3, 1970

Dear Governor McCall,

You may recall that I wrote to you in support of your decision to open McIver Park to Vortex I and to offer my services in a counseling capacity to the youngsters attending the festival.

It is, I suppose reflective of my academic background to feel a compulsion to make a "report" of my experiences there.

I would like to tell you about . . .

Don, the ex-convict medic who went four days without sleep attending the emergency first aid needs of all who came;

Kim, the veterinarian's assistant who set a broken toe and mothered three little boys who appeared late one night;

Stu, the medical student who slept for a few hours and then only because of his 102 fever;

Whitey, the motorcycle gang leader who ran escort for emergency vehicles night and day;

Mark, who walked the rounds of the park each day bandaging cuts;

The endless round of people who came to offer their help at the first-aid center.

I would like to tell you about the absolute absence of litter in the park; of the cleanliness of the outdoor toilets; of the care taken with the campfires.

I would like to tell you of the pride in the voices of the Oregon youths as they told out-of-staters that their state and their governor were in support of the festival.

I suppose, too, that I would tell you about the drugs and the bad experiences many suffered from them. I might even have to mention a certain degree of informality in dress on the part of many.

Some bad things did happen, but by and large, it was a good experience for most. It might be best summed up by a remark I overheard as I made the rounds early one morning; a young man said to another, "I think you did that on purpose, brother; but I'm here to love everyone, so I won't kick the shit out of you." And indeed there was a good spirit of love, of sharing, of friendliness, and of good times in the park.

The people there did not feel that they had sold out but rather that their way of love and kindness was more appealing and more genuine than the spirit of confrontation and violence suggested by some.

In future I would suggest that more careful consideration be given to the scheduled staffing of the first-aid center—there might be an R.N. on duty all the time, and to the staffing of the psychological services.

As far as I know, I was the only one there in the latter capacity. The drug overdoses were given over to my care which of necessity was minimal. I would suggest in future events one might solicit volunteer hours from counselors, social workers, psychiatric interns, etc. to help with this aspect of the work.

Traffic control, food service, camp cleanliness, and water safety were all taken care of by volunteer staff. The state police were of great assistance in the traffic control and were well thought of by those who worked with them.

I think that your decision to open the park to the festival and to lend it your official support was a wise one. I am sure that you will receive an endless amount of criticism in this regard, and would suggest that you not let it bother you. Vortex was a good thing.

I deeply appreciate your acceptance of my offer of help. If another such festival is ever in the works I would like to be a part of it again.

In the meantime, if there is anything that I can do to lend you support in your work with the youth of the state, I hope that you will feel free to call upon me.

Sincerely,

Thomas P. Sullivan, Ph.D.
Dean of Students

***Oregonian*, September 2, 1970**

A Rock Music Glossary

A partial glossary of terms may prove helpful to those reading or hearing of rock music "happenings."

Rock Music: shortened term from original rock and roll. It signifies the subculture more than the music which has several tangents. (acid rock: loud, very heavy; country rock: tinged with country-western idiom, etc.)

Straights: establishment-type persons. Word formerly was "square" but it has fallen into disuse. The antithesis of long hairs.

Long hairs: one of the words used by long haired youths when speaking of each other.

Freaks: same as long hairs. Word usually displaces establishment usage of word "hippie." Hippie is seldom heard except when used in derision by straights.

Family of Freaks: not the same as straight family. This type of family is a group of long hairs which lives communally or travels that way.

Burned: a term used to define being cheated, either out of money, goods or drugs. A person burned by a drug dealer (salesman) has purchased bad dope, or drugs that do not give the desired effect to the user, and those that could be termed as dangerous.

Synonyms for Vortex I: A Biodegradable Festival of Life encountered in the research for this book

People's Stockade
Co-optation I
Governor's Ball
Governor's Orgy
Governor's Pot Party
Governor's Rock Festival
Drop Out Sex Orgy
Uncle Tom's Rock Festival
Sodom and Gomorrah Incarnate
Pig Festival
Prison

Flower Power Rock and Roll Show
Real Protest Rock Concert
Whirlpool of Filth, Foul Language, Narcotics and Sex
Bloodletting
Sell Out I
Satan I
Satan's Rock Festival
New America
Benign Manipulation
Voice Our Resistance Through Executives
Non-commercial Gathering
Legalized Pot Festival
Public Pot Party
Golden Opportunity
Promotion of Juvenile Delinquency
New Nation
Bobby Wehe Story
Matt's Obsession
Preventative Operation
Groovy Musical Concentration Camp
Pleasant Detention Camp
Bullshit I
Free Zone
Hump Jumping
Velvet Glove
Double Standard
Dilution
Overnight Bivouac and Disco Party
Experience in Anthropology
Brilliant Tactic
Bread and Circuses
Detour
Diabolically Clever Gambit
Cultural and Political Affirmation of Our Common Humanity
Defusing Mechanism
Vortex of Iniquity
Clackamas Youth Camp
Keep Portland Kool Rock Festival
Hip Camelot
Siphon
Party
Safety Valve
Your Little Dream
Peaceful Diversionary Event
Sin
Antidote

Counter Attraction
Countermeasure
McCall Freakout

The Protest Plan March 1970

As of spring 1970, 41,274 Americans had been killed in the Vietnam War. The Vietnamese dead were uncouncted. Oregon averaged about 120 men a month inducted into the armed forces and virtually every day a photograph and obituary of a young Oregonian killed in action would appear in some rural newspaper. What did not accompany these stories were editorials and letters to the editor asking or demanding an end to the dying.

In 1968's campaign for the presidency, Richard Nixon presented himself as the best candidate to strike the best bargain for peace. He had edged Hubert Humphery in the popular vote but pounded him in the Electoral College. Almost immediately after assuming office, Nixon proceeded to escalate the war and turn loose the nation's internal security apparatus to discredit and undermine those people and organizations opposed to the war.

On April 30, 1970 President Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia to a national television audience. He also stated a need to draft 150,000 more soldiers to expand the Vietnam War. Overnight, campuses across the country erupted in protest, including Kent State University in Ohio. There, protesters staged demonstrations that gradually turned unruly and led the governor to call out the state's National Guard. On May 4 National Guardsmen fired into a crowd of Kent State students, killing four and wounding nine.

Nationwide, student reaction to the news of the Kent State shootings was swift and intense. Over 500 campuses experienced disruption, including demonstrations, teach-ins and student strikes. One such disruption took place on and around the downtown campus of Portland State University.

Student demonstrators and representatives from disparate local anti-war groups initially gathered in the campus park blocks to protest the Cambodian invasion and Kent State and use the ground as a staging area to march on City

Hall. A general student strike was announced and a slow haphazard occupation of the park blocks began as demonstrators threw up barricades that blocked vehicular traffic into the area. Barricades were manned overnight and effectively shut the university down.

On May 11, the seventh day of the demonstrations, a riot control unit of the Portland Police Department called the Tactical Squad, marched in a phalanx with orders from Mayor Terry Schrunk and Parks Commissioner Frank Ivancie to clear the demonstrators. The Tactical Squad did exactly that in a baton-wielding display of unprovoked ferocity later to be known as “Bloody Sunday” that left 32 protesters and bystanders injured. The sheer wanton brutality of the incident shocked many of Portland’s Establishment leaders. Nothing like this had happened in the Rose City in recent memory. It was not good for business, especially convention business, and later that summer Portland would play host to the annual convention of the American Legion. President Nixon was scheduled to speak and 25,000 veterans were expected to attend and party imbued by the convention’s theme—“Victory in Vietnam.”

Doug Weiskopf, People’s Army Jamboree

There was a loosely knit group of us, perhaps a dozen in all who had lived in the same general neighborhood in Goose Hollow. We were at the heart of everything that happened that school year of 1969-70, which included 10 protest marches through Portland and countless protest activities on campus at Portland State University. We had met during the political campaigns of Gene McCarthy, Bob Kennedy and Wayne Morse, and after the election of Richard Nixon, dedicated ourselves to peacefully protesting the war in Vietnam, as well as other issues.

We had learned as early as August of 1969 of the Legion convention, with Nixon as their keynote speaker, and we threw around all kinds of ideas as to what we should do to confront it.

It was during a spring break camping trip in 1970 that we made to the strip of beach just across the bay from Tillamook. We sat around the fire in the sand looking up at the stars and pledged to put on a “Festival of Life” to counteract the Legion and Nixon. From the camping trip on we talked about it, mostly in the abstract. When the invasion of Cambodia-Kent State happened, the People’s Army Jamboree was shelved until after the Portland State University strike.

Michael McCusker, People's Army Jamboree, *North Coast Times Eagle* (*In the August-September 1994 edition of the *North Coast Times Eagle*, the publication's publisher and editor, Michael McCusker, printed a memoir of his experiences with the People's Army Jamboree.

I spent most of 1966 and a few months of 1967 as a USMC combat correspondent in Vietnam. My job was to travel with infantry and sometimes reconnaissance patrols and record with words and camera our experiences in conflict with Viet Cong guerrillas and North Vietnamese Army.

I was an early member of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War and organized chapters of disaffected Vietnam veterans all over the country, diminishing my responsibility with successful geographical recruitings until finally I was only a state coordinator for Oregon.

The first time I heard about the American Legion's plans for a convention in Portland the summer of 1970 was the previous December following a speech I made at the third of the Moratoriums held nationwide in the autumn of 1969. A reporter from the *Oregon Journal*, a Vietnam veteran, told me the Legion was coming and suggested something ought to be done to confront their unconditional support of the Vietnam War.

The most logical opposition would be Vietnam veterans, he said. As it turned out, Vietnam Veterans Against the War spearheaded the protest but were only a small part of an amalgamation of NW antiwar organizations; a hodgepodge of angst-crazed freaks mirthfully named the "People's Army Jamboree."

The idea of doing something about the presence of the American Legion in Portland was thought about through the winter and spring of 1970. More immediate matters took precedence, but after the PSU strike in May organizing to protest the Legion convention was frontburner priority.

It was unfortunate we had so long to wait, almost three months. By then the devil of factionalism had subdivided us almost to the point of dissolution. People who had been recognized as leaders of the local anti-war movement resisted relinquishing stature and power to the newcomers, who had evolved into practical leadership during the strike in May.

Sally Driver

I left home in 1969 right after high school. It was one of those out the window notes on the pillow. "Dear Mom and Dad, gone to join the beautiful people, don't worry about me." I was supposed to go to college in Bellingham and instead I took the money and I split to go off and be a hippie with my boyfriend Roger.

We ended up in Brightwood and we were living in a house that was going to be a student commune. We used to do a lot of acid and go up to Boulder Creek and

spend the day up there and then spend a lot of time in the house's bathtub. It was huge.

After that I went to Canada to live with my friends Ken and Beverly who had gone up there so Ken could escape the draft. Things were getting boring with Roger, this is early 1970, and I was up there for a few months. Then I wanted to make a run down to Portland to bring Roger back his guitar and I told them I'd be back in about a week. I hitched down to Portland. I used to hitch out of town at the off ramp by Portland State University and so I was heading back to Canada, and as I went by Portland State University, the strike was happening. Kent State had just happened. And so I got involved in the strike. I just walked right into it.

I got tear gassed. I was on a Nixon barricade and of course the bombing in Cambodia was what it was all about so we got chased around the park blocks by the SWAT team. They attacked the hospital tents. A lot of people got hurt. I was lucky I didn't.

I met a guy during the strike and kind of ended up moving in with him for a while and it was more of a relationship of convenience than anything else. We didn't have a whole lot in common. His name was Bob and he was in the People's Army Jamboree.

I kind of knew the People's Army Jamboree was going to do something when Nixon was going to show up. I was politically very naïve and I didn't have a lot of facts at my disposal but I was certainly anti war. I felt like, "I am for the protest," but I wasn't exactly sure what I was going to do or what would be happening. I envisioned it would be much like the Portland State University strike, but bigger.

Lee Meier

I went to a Franciscan Seminary for three years. I was going to be a Catholic priest and then hormones set in. I graduated from Central Catholic High in Portland in 1967 and was one of three out of 700 who smoked pot. I wrote about a one-page statement of my beliefs and concerns and they granted me a Conscientious Objector status. I immediately went down to San Francisco for the Summer of Love. I had my Merchant Marine papers so I was going to ship out. This was all highly influenced by Jack Kerouac. I caught a ship to Japan and then to Vietnam carrying barbed wire, tinsel Christmas trees, beer and peanuts.

I came back and enrolled at Portland State University. I lasted two months. I wanted to be a poet. I hitchhiked down to San Francisco and then down to a commune over in New Mexico called Drop City South. I spent about a month there. Then I went to Tulsa, Oklahoma with a girl and got busted and spent a week in jail as a vagrant. I had bare feet, long hair and a shirt that was kind of gold with bright pink roses all over it, and that's what I wore for a week in jail. The guys in jail were some really mean people. They wanted to put an earring on me, wrap toilet paper around me, and burn me. I said, "Fine, go ahead." I just peaced

out and nobody bothered me. And they were really impressed that I could put cigarettes out with my bare feet because I'd been hitchhiking around barefooted.

I came back to Portland and was drafted in late 1969. I had to do two years in the service, volunteer CO stuff, and I was working for the Portland Youth Advocate's Contact Center, a runaway program, out of the basement of the Koinonia House, the Portland State campus ministry. I also worked as a short order cook for the Agora Café near the campus and was making cheese sandwiches when the Portland State University strike hit.

The cafe had a little grill going so I thought that we should we should organize some food for the people who were running the barricades on the street. I can't remember where we got the food, but we hit up some people for donations. I made up these gigantic pots of rice and big pots of gruel of some sort. And I'd bring the pot around with a bunch of bowls and plastic utensils and I'd go up and start feeding people on the lines. I thought that was a pretty good mission, supporting the anti war movement.

Two weeks after Bloody Sunday, Portland State University's newspaper, the *Vanguard* published the first reference to a "People's Army Jamboree," describing it as "a series of anti-war demonstrations in connection with the American Legion convention in Portland in August."

On June 5 another mention of the People's Army Jamboree appeared in the *Vanguard*. One of the event's organizers, Peter Fornara, boasted, "If President Nixon attends, the People's Army Jamboree will accept his surrender."

Three days after Fornara's bravado, a two-column, non-bylined story on page eight in Portland's *Oregon Journal* was buried right after a two-page spread on the city's upcoming and renowned Rose Festival. The headline read, "Yippies Plan Jamboree as Legion Convenes." One of the yippies, 24-year old Mike Sheppard, told a reporter the activities for the jamboree had not yet been planned but would not try to provoke a clash with the veterans. "Far be it from us to do that. We don't have to. We can always count on them to start it," said Sheppard.

Around the same time, news surfaced in Portland's New Left communities of an extraordinary gift from an heiress to the Blue Bell Potato Chip Company fortune. The state's biggest newspaper, the *Oregonian*, would later report:

Patricia Sabin is a beautiful redhead who at 25 is an idealistic, generous believer. In people. In causes...she has contributed \$10,000 to the People's Army Jamboree in Portland. Without any strings. "I believe that it can give voice to the political protest of all of us today. And do it in a non-violent way. I'm against violence myself."

Doug Weiskopf

The heiress made one quick visit to one of our earlier meetings, wrote out a check to us, and I never saw her again.

I gained control of the money and used some of it to rent the storefront, get leaflets printed, hook us up with a phone and general things like that. There was also a crowd of local activists who came around with their hands out for what they considered their rightful share for such programs as women's support networks, daycare for kids etc. I gave a good deal of it out to a steering committee to be in charge of doling out the money to these people, which got me out of the hot seat.

Michael McCusker, *North Coast Times Eagle*

We were bequeathed \$10,000 by a local potato chip heiress and we rushed to waste the money as rapidly as we could. Some very sophisticated radio equipment was purchased, ostensibly to monitor police and national guard movements during our days of rage. \$1000 was given to a local hippie lawyer as a retainer for a possibly heavy caseload in the near future. Another grand was used to purchase an offset printing press from a state auction, which printed small poetry books for years afterward. An uncounted and unattributed amount of the \$10,000 disappeared into throats, noses, lungs and bellies: wine, food and drugs.

Probably the worst that can be done with a fringe group is give it money. Fights break out immediately as to where the money will go and to whom. Entire movements have been torn up arguing about money donated by sympathetic sponsors. That \$10,000 almost disintegrated the People's Army Jamboree and by the time we were able to regroup half the money had been spent with little accounting of where it disappeared.

Doug Weiskopf,

The protest movement peaked with the Kent State shootings and all hell broke loose for about a month afterwards. But by June, it all went quiet. To try and jump start things I went to LA and got hold of a friend on the *LA Free Press* and together we wrote a series of articles. We threw around predicted numbers of people coming to Portland just to rile things up and get people excited. Not only that, we put it on the Liberation News Service sending press kits and paste ups of our articles so that they could reprint them. The articles hit the *LA Free Press* in June and in every underground paper in the country, in cities coast to coast.

Doug Weiskopf, *LA Free Press*, June 1970

Radical action in Portland, Oregon? Nixon doesn't think it can happen; neither does the American Legion. That's why the American Legion National Convention complete with a Nixon address and a march to victory in Viet Nam, will be held in Portland, August 28-September 8. At the same time, however, Portland radicals of all factions are uniting to present Nixon and the Legionnaires with a political surprise party, tentatively named "The Revolutionary Festival of Life." Plans include anti-war GIs, and radical contingents joining the parade and outnumbering them, radicals joining their bugle contest, radicals joining their parties, and mass action in conjunction with the Nixon address. Also planned are rock concerts, speakers from the Chicago Conspiracy and lots of people grooving on beautiful Oregon.

People's Army Jamboree press release, June or July 1970

Portland, Oregon
August 28 – Sept. 3

Be Prepared!

August 28 through September 3 people along the West Coast and across the country will be coming together in Portland to kick off a new offensive against U.S. Imperialism. The offensive, the Peoples Army Jamboree, is to be held simultaneously with the National American Legion Convention at which Nixon is billed as a guest speaker.

Six Points –

1. Bobby Seals, Erica Huggins, and the New Haven Panthers face the electric chair as leading examples of the systematic repression of racial minorities rising up against the exploitation of their brothers and sisters.
2. The people of Indochina are fighting a struggle for self-determination against U.S. Imperialism. This struggle is carried on throughout the underdeveloped world.
3. Working people in this country find their living standards attacked in the form of lower wages, speed-ups, higher taxes, and unemployment as a result of the government's imperialist policies. Working class youths are being forced to fight in wars of oppression.
4. Women suffer under a capitalist system which exploits them economically and socially, and perpetuates the male supremacy which creates artificial division within our ranks.
5. Those seeking political or cultural change in America find themselves continually repressed by the Pig power structure.
6. Men drafted into the Army find themselves stripped of their constitutional rights and trapped in an openly fascist system where they are forced to comply with a racist and imperialist power structure.

The Peoples Army Jamboree is rallying around these six points.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS –

Sat. August 29--General orientation: form affinity groups, get out legal and medical info, rally, music, and theater.

Sun. August 30—Workshops on the six points, education around local pig institutions, music, theater.

Mon. August 31—Victory to the Vietnamese celebration and march led by Vets. This is the day of the Legion's Victory in Vietnam march. Workshops in the morning.

Tues. Sept. 1—Actions at local pig places coming out of workshops. Free Bobby Seale, Erica Huggins and all political prisoners torchlight march at night,

Wed. Sept. 2—Workshop actions, cleanup.

The Jamboree is under discipline for the mass marches to initiate no violence, but we will defend ourselves if attacked. We do not condone apolitical violence, random or indiscriminate trashing.

Soon after the Liberation News Service circulated the first Weiskopf article (more came later) other forms of dissent connected to the impending American Legion convention manifested:

1) A drawing of a man wearing a beret on a big afro, armed with a shotgun and bandolier, stomping an army boot on a pig with an unmistakable visage of Richard Nixon appeared in several West Coast underground newspapers. The headline read "Do it to Nixon August 28-Sept. 3" and the advertisement failed to mention the name of the sponsoring group.

2) ***Who Died?* July newsletter of the Northwest Nihilist League**

Art of Sniping Tactics instructional guide. A need for rides to Portland in late August. If you're going to risk your ass by shooting at armed pigs, you might as well hit the fuckers. ***(The writer believes that an internal White House memo written to the FBI in September 1970 by President Nixon's Legal Counsel John Dean referred to this newsletter. The memo, much of it later blacked out by FBI censors, stated that a staff member, Donald Rumsfeld, had alerted the U. S. Secret Service about a possible assassination threat if Nixon had visited Portland during the American Legion convention and urged the agency to investigate.)**

3) **Howard Weiner, Free People's Pop Festival**

Portland State galvanized us. We were politically charged and had just got the crap beat out of us. A bunch of us were living in a house owned by Reed College. One guy was living in a tent in the back yard. There were people coming

and going, kind of like a commune. We just started talking and we cooked up a scheme to figure out how to put on a free rock festival, make a little money from setting up the food booths, do our political shtick, and get people to come to the city and hear great big-name bands and protest the Legion and the war. We called it the Free People's Pop Festival.

4) News leaked out that the Seattle Liberation Front planned to hold a two-week rock festival near Portland, concurrent to the American Legion convention. Word was that perhaps 100,000 freaks might attend.

The Governor

Oregon's thirtieth governor was a 57-year old Republican named Thomas Lawson McCall and he took pride in being a scion from a famous political family in Massachusetts

Tom McCall grew up on a Central Oregon ranch but also spent part of his boyhood with family in Massachusetts. He graduated from the University of Oregon in 1936 with a degree in journalism and landed a job as a sports reporter for an Idaho newspaper. In 1939 he married Audrey Owen and the couple moved to Portland in 1942. McCall became a radio news announcer, and in 1944 enlisted in the Navy, the same year his first son Tad was born.

McCall served as a war correspondent in the Pacific Theater and returned to Portland in 1946. He quickly found work in radio again, hosted a nightly talk show, and became active in the Young Republicans. Three years later he joined the staff of Governor Douglas McKay as an assistant, the couple's second child, Sam, was born.

McCall harbored political ambitions most likely by the time he was sentient. He made no secret of this, but still, it chafed some in the Republican old guard when, in 1954 McCall decided on a primary challenge to an incumbent Republican, U.S. Representative Homer Angell. He beat the elder Angell in the race and seemed poised to pack his bags for Washington D. C. until he was upset by his Democratic opponent, Edith Green.

Defeated and dispirited, McCall returned to journalism after the election and found work in the burgeoning medium of television. He was a natural on the air, with his tall, angular appearance, quick wit, clipped delivery and smooth gravitas that made every issue feel important to the viewers.

McCall hosted a political talk show and then branched into investigative reporting. His documentary, "Pollution in Paradise" aired in 1962 and called dramatic attention to the industrial poisoning of Oregon. The piece single-handedly established McCall's credentials as an advocate for protecting Oregon's environment and gave him an issue that he would fight for the rest of his life.

McCall liked the celebrity of broadcast journalism, but politics preoccupied him. In 1964, with years of free television exposure bolstering his profile, McCall won the office of Secretary of State. With the victory, he immediately established himself as the leading Republican contender for governor and in 1966 McCall beat Democrat Bob Straub to become Oregon's chief executive.

Even though McCall had climbed to the top of the Oregon political ladder, a problem dogged him and his wife and it delivered constant embarrassment and increasing political liability. His name was Sam McCall.

Tom and Audrey's eldest son Tad was the model offspring. He graduated with honors from the University of Oregon's ROTC program, went to Vietnam, and served as a Navy PT boat captain. The younger son was a very different story.

At the age of 13, Sam McCall entered the hospital for stomach pain. Doctors couldn't pinpoint anything medically wrong with him but prescribed medication to ease the pain. When McCall checked out he was hooked on painkillers. In a few years he emerged as an unreserved addict who lied, stole from his parents, and frequently ran with a group of Salem-area miscreants involved in petty thievery and low-level drug dealing, mostly prescription painkillers.

By the time Tom McCall became governor, the Salem Police and Oregon State Police routinely picked Sam McCall up for various infractions or associations, deposited him back at his parents' home, and kept the mess out of the papers.

In the spring of 1967, Sam McCall's addiction was out of control and his parents put him in a drug treatment center. Upon his return to the Capitol, Sam McCall began doing the same unsavory things he had done before. The word about the governor's son began to leak out, and in desperation, Tom McCall and Audrey had their son committed to the state mental hospital. He escaped twice, and after the second attempt, in March of 1970, a full account of Sam McCall's addiction and troubles with the law landed in the media. After the ensuing exposure, he entered an experimental methadone program. The story caught the attention of NBC newsman Sander Vanocur and he asked the governor and his son to come on television and share their experience with a national audience. The program aired in July 1970. ***(This account of Sam McCall's drug problem comes from *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and The Oregon Story* by Brent Walth.)** After the appearance, Sam McCall continued to struggle with his addiction. He often found himself in Portland in need of Outside In, a downtown street clinic specializing in providing medical care to "alienated youth" run by Dr. Charles Spray.

A small staff served Governor McCall and Ed Westerdahl led a team that included press and political man Ron Schmidt and Legal Counsel Bob Oliver.

A Portland native, Westerdahl graduated from Franklin High School and went on to Portland State University where he was elected student body president and then gradually entered the world of Oregon Republican Party politics in his capacity as a campus leader.

In 1964, Westerdahl found himself as the default campaign manager for McCall's successful run at becoming Secretary of State. After the election, he became a lobbyist for Portland General Electric, but reentered Oregon politics in the fall of 1966, late in McCall's bid for governor. He was married and had four children.

Ed Westerdahl, Executive Assistant to Governor McCall

I was 26 in the first campaign a number of things happened. We went down when Tad was at the University of Oregon and Tom bought him some beer. We

were driving over to the Oregon Coast and I said, "Tom your son is 19 years old that is illegal. You're running for Secretary of State you can't break the law." We had a series of things like that where he wanted to stop the car and get out and duke it out. I'd say, "Son, you're five inches taller than me and your arms are longer than mine and I'm not gonna' stop the car, but if you want to hit me when I am driving, hit me." And he cooled off but we developed a very unique relationship.

I didn't come on until the last two weeks of his campaign for governor. Ron Schmidt called me in. We reported that he was ill in Klamath Falls and I had him in a hotel room for two weeks. It wasn't a breakdown but he just knew he was going to lose and he wanted to debate Straub and we knew he wasn't going to lose. We were in the Congress Hotel across from the Hilton in Portland. We had a small suite up there and I basically kept him in prison for two weeks. It was a white lie. On the night he was elected he asked me to become his executive assistant.

Tom said it best. I'm the youngest father he ever had.

The Straights' Reaction to the Protest Plan June and July 1970

The Portland Police Bureau:

CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY
BUREAU OF POLICE

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

TO: Lt. Melvin E. Hulett DATE: February 10, 1972

FROM: C. F. Trimble

Subject: Intelligence planning, functions and critique of American Legion and People's Army Jamboree activities.

DETAILS:

The Intelligence Division functions prior to and during the American Legion convention and People's Army Jamboree activities in August and September 1970 were varied and unique from the normal duties. The following paragraphs are methods used by the Intelligence Division during their function prior and during the dissident activities.

The background concerning the possible confrontation between the American Legion and the People's Army Jamboree was initiated by dissident elements at Portland State University after a confrontation with the Portland police bureau

which occurred after 5 days of strikes, sit-downs and general disruptions of the university and traffic in downtown Portland. Shortly after the confrontation members announced that they would have a national convention at the same time of the American Legion convention which had been planned for approximately 4 years.

After initial information concerning the PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE plans, it was initiated that infiltration of their group would be made by regular commissioned personnel. Careful selection was to be made of undercover personnel and briefings as to their duties, conduct, communications and contacts to be made with dissident elements.

Portland Police Bureau was the coordinating agency for the entire activities due to the fact that the activities planned were in its jurisdiction. A conference was conducted with various Federal, State, County, and local agencies and requests were made for their assistance in the oncoming activities. Initially a weekly intelligence briefing was conducted, as the date of the proposed activities neared, bi-weekly meetings were held. These were verbal intelligence briefings and nothing was published which could possibly be misused or construed as being official. Secrecy of all information was vital so as to prevent rumors from being initiated and expounded.

The following are activities performed by the intelligence unit.

1. Infiltration of various dissident groups by both commissioned and former sources, sources used in other Police activities such as narcotics, vice and criminal.
2. Kept the uniformed units informed of dissident elements, vehicles used, and other information vital to intelligence gathering.
3. Increased the Intelligence Division with attached personnel from Vice, Narcotics, and other divisions familiar with the dissident elements.
4. Set up a receiving desk and checked all information out to the maximum and in a direct manner.
5. Maintained a vehicle license file on suspected vehicles used by dissidents to be able to watch the contacts made by these unidentified drivers and also learned new locations of dissident elements.
6. Learned the telephone numbers of all dissident elements. After learning these there were subterfuge and pretext calls made to plant seeds of suspicion among the dissident elements.
7. The dissidents had numerous means of communications, radio equipment, scanners, base set and mobile stations. Their frequencies were monitored and disruptions were made whenever possible. Their telephones were tied up through devious means.
8. Identified leaders names and addresses, vehicles and extend open and close surveillance. This creates fear and suspicion.
9. Advised informants of special methods to communicate and evaluate information.

10. Used photographers freely and photographed buildings, individuals on the street that looked suspicious and on some occasions make yourself obvious.

When making pretext of subterfuge calls brief thoroughly and use female as the callers. It appeared that their information was more accepted than male callers.

Checked out thoroughly new employees within the Police Bureau and other agencies that are concerned with dissident activities.

When making outside inquiries it is expeditious to use long distance calling as teletypes are treated routinely and very slow in response.

Police radio transmissions frequency should be maintained possibly using the scrambler system at base command and field command.

Have well trained personnel to evaluate intelligence information.

Jamming equipment should be available to hinder dissident's communications at vital times. Locate their base station and attempt to render useless.

Arrange a conference with the top management of the news media including the publisher, editors and request reporters assigned to be unbiased and not sympathetic with the dissident element.

During a massive demonstration by dissident elements infiltrate the crowd as heavily as possible with plain clothes dressed in the same manner as the dissidents. Portland PD utilized teams of a photographer and recorder to observe possible violations of the law. Also in the crowd would be teams that would observe the violations, stay close to the violators and at an opportune time, away from the crowd, effect an arrest.

Weeks and days prior to the activities make as many arrests of the dissident element as possible on warrants or observe violations. (Explain the felony arrest of fugitives made in this area.)

Maintain secrecy in the activities of the entire Police Bureau. ***(This document originates from the Portland Police Bureau's 1965-85 surveillance operation into Portland's New Left groups and personalities. The operation surfaced in 2002 after 871 files formerly in the possession of a retired Portland Police detective were discovered in a barn and handed over to the *Portland Tribune*. Apparently the detective was supposed to have destroyed the files but died before doing so. This archive proved to be an invaluable research find for the writer and is especially revealing because unlike declassified FBI material, all names are not blacked out. As for the investigation into the People's Army Jamboree and other dissident groups**

circa 1970, the Portland Police Bureau's operation is nothing short of astonishing in its scope, intricacy, penetration and absurdity. To cite just one example, the Bureau established a network of 175 students from Portland area high schools to report on anti-war groups active on campuses.)

The FBI:

Ed Westerdahl

We were told it would be the biggest disturbance the country had ever seen. We were told by all the federal agencies that it was going to be worse than Chicago. This was pre-Kent State.

Bob Oliver, Legal Counsel to Governor McCall

We got some calls saying Oregon could be another Kent State and what the country *needed* was another Kent State.

FBI Portland Special Agent in Charge (SAC) report to FBI Director, July 27, 1970

As referenced communications will show, all current information indicates that thousands of dissidents, hippies, anti-Vietnam and anti-military protesters, and other individuals generally bent on bringing down society, the government, and all its representatives, will be gathering in Portland for the American Legion national Convention, August 28-September 3. Volatile conditions could exist throughout the city during the entire period." ***(The declassified FBI file on the People's Army Jamboree/American Legion convention runs to 3000 pages and clearly relies heavily on the Portland Police Bureau's intelligence gathering operation. The FBI file contents include mainstream and underground press clippings, field agent reports, internal memos and miscellaneous printed media.)**

The state:

Letter to People's Army Jamboree from Governor McCall

July 6, 1970

Gentlemen:

It has come to my attention that...plans have been formulated for a People's Army Jamboree to be held in Portland at the same time as the National American Legion Convention. An item under the byline of Doug Weiskopf in a recent issue of the *LA Free Press* states, "Plans include anti-war GIs, and radical contingents joining the parade and outnumbering them, radicals joining their bugle contest, radicals joining their parties, and mass action in conjunction with the Nixon

address. Also planned are rock concerts, speakers from the Chicago Conspiracy and lots of people grooving on beautiful Oregon.”

I am flattered that so many people believe Oregon to be a beautiful state. Everyone is entitled to groove on its beauty. However, the City of Portland has limited facilities for the holding mass conventions, and I am informed that these that these facilities cannot accommodate two major conventions being held simultaneously.

Because your group reached a decision to hold a convocation much more recently than the American Legion did, and planning for that specific week has not progressed as far as that of the Legion, I urge you to reschedule the People’s Army Jamboree. If you truly are interested in winning public support for your ideals, you could give no clearer indication of your sincerity than by taking this action—which would demonstrate your respect and concern for the citizens of Portland.

Sincerely,
Governor

The American Legion:

American Legion press conference, Vice Commander Earl Norgard, Portland, July 1970

We are, of course, aware of the fact that certain groups plan on a jamboree during the period the American Legion will be in Portland. We have been told that the expressed purpose of these gathering will be to attempt a confrontation with the American Legion. I assure the people of Portland that the American Legion comes to you city again this year, at your invitation, with only peaceful intentions to transact the business I have described. We seek no confrontation with dissident groups. Predictions of trouble or possible violence have not come from the Legion.

Portland’s private sector:

Craig Berkman, *People for Portland* *(Berkman’s recollection here comes from his written summary about his organization’s role in the American Legion convention/Vortex I story. It was produced a month after Vortex I.)

On June 23 a young friend, Michael Ragsdale and I met to discuss our impressions of the violent action at Portland State University during the wave of student strikes last spring. Mike, a political professional, in that he has run a number of political campaigns and is knowledgeable about state government in Oregon, was concerned about the possible repressive legislation that might come from the 1971 session of the Oregon Legislature. My orientation came from

six years residence in Berkley, California; four years a graduate student and a member of the Dean of Students Staff of the University of California; and two years as Aide-De-Camp to the Commanding General and operations officer at the Oakland Army Base. During those years my colleagues and I were faced with a number of antiwar protests which involved us in attempting to understand the tactics and message of the new left. The experiences of Mike and I along with careful reading of the book entitled "Do It" by one of the Chicago Seven, Jerry Rubin, reinforced by the ominous press release of the People's Army Jamboree calling for a confrontation during the National American Legion Convention scheduled for August 28, convinced us that Portland would face a crisis of major proportions.

On July 1 a group of people met at the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church. The sponsors of that initial gathering were: former State Senator Phillip Hancock; Mrs. Robert Warren, a prominent civic and society figure; Mr. Bob Newell, a 23 year old Harvard graduate employed by Fish incorporated; Mr. Tom Withycombe, a member of the legal staff of the Georgia Pacific Corporation; Mrs. Robert Wack, active PTA and League of Women Voters leader; Mike Ragsdale and myself. Each of us invited friends and people who might be interested to meet with us. Our purpose was modest—to learn if others shared our concern. We were as much surprised by the numbers that came to the meeting as we were surprised by the composition of the audience. In attendance were members of the Governor's staff; law enforcement personnel from the city, county and state; the US Attorney for Oregon; the District Attorney of Multnomah County; interested businessmen, housewives and clergymen. Frankly, we did not know what the reaction of the audience would be to our analysis. But we were soon to find out, when during the discussion that followed our presentation one Steven Kosokoff, Professor of Communications at Portland State University, told the group about some of the plans of the People's Army Jamboree. From that moment on, the business and government "establishment" were alerted to the fact that Portland faced the possibility of a confrontation during the National American Legion Convention. After the meeting some of us stayed behind to begin organizing the group which became the People For Portland. The next day Tom Withycombe volunteered to draft a Statement of Purpose.

July 15, 1970

Statement of Purpose

We the People for Portland:

1. That Portland is a beautiful place to live and that all have a right to come to Portland to enjoy that beauty in peace.
2. That democracy will continue to work in Portland this summer and that supporters of and dissenters to government policy may peaceably assemble to present their views to the public.

We recognize that both the American Legion and dissenters to government policy plan to hold their meetings independently and free from violence.

We abhor violence and maintain that neither visitors nor residents have any right to engage in any unlawful or destructive acts. We support the efforts of all state, county, and city officials to protect the rights of all persons and to keep the peace.

If you can follow these suggestions, Portland will remain a peaceful city:

1. Expect the best from everyone.
2. Treat each visitor as you would wish to be treated.
3. Make "Keep it Cool" your theme.

We call upon each person to act responsibility and to join with us in respecting our visitors' and residents' rights to maintain the peace and beauty of Portland.

People for Portland
Craig Berkman, Co-Chairman
Mike Ragsdale, Co-Chairman

A meeting was held on July 23 in the Board Room of the US National Bank. In attendance were four or five of Portland's key business leaders, the US Attorney for Oregon, a representative of the Community Relations Section of the Federal Department of Justice, the President of Lewis and Clark College, the Executive Director of Portland Action Committees Together, Mrs. Warren and myself. In preparations for that meeting a position paper was drafted which suggested some options for those in leadership positions at the government and citizen level. Upon reflection and pursuant to conversation with the governor and other governmental personnel this document appears to have been the model for much of the government's planning.

People for Portland's position paper, *Portland Summer 1970*, issued to various civic and government leaders July 28, 1970

2) Upon request of government officials volunteer citizen marshals would be utilized to be with the young to engage in conversation designed to create a calm climate. The clergy, "straights" and the "hip" could serve in this united capacity. A similar activity is now underway. Teams of "street workers" and clergymen are being trained in mob psychology techniques to prevent the professional agitator from inciting a crowd to unlawful action.

3) A group of citizens could serve as a catalytic agent by attending the series of seminars offered by the People's Army Jamboree. The idea here, is to provide the young people with someone to interact with, while at the same time, forcing the Jamboree leadership to coordinate their activities—thereby making them more visible which makes the task of law enforcement agencies easier.

Ed Westerdahl

I have never heard of any white paper circulated by People for Portland.

Oregon Journal

What is believed to be the first large-scale planning for non-violence in US political demonstrations is happening behind the scenes in Portland.

City of Portland:

***Portland, Peace Has Its Price*, brochure produced and disseminated by City of Portland in summer of 1970 to counterculture businesses and New Left community organizations**

SO YOU HAVE TIME on your hands and all kinds of ideas what to do with it. And where. Which is why you're here in Portland. And that's fine by us. There's plenty of all the good Portland things to go around. We hope your stay here is as great as you want it to be. The thing is, though, that we have rules and regulations just like any other place. Not because we want to lean on you, but because the only way a whole lot of people in a town this size can make it together, is to keep the other guy in mind.

What's more, sometimes you can run into trouble because of some law or something you didn't even know about. We don't want that to happen. We don't think you do, either.

So. This is what you should know about us. The rules that keep the peace in Portland.

NEED A PLACE TO SLEEP? Overnights are not allowed in any City park. Vehicles found in any park between 12:01 a.m. and 5 a.m. will be towed. Cooking and overnight camping in vehicles, trailers, or campers is not allowed in any City street. So arrange for a place to stay before you come, and you won't be left out in the cold (or the streets or parks).

CURFEW IS ALIVE and well in Portland. During the summer, it's midnight for under 18-ers and 10:15 p.m. for under 14-ers.

YOU PROBABLY KNOW that possession of alcoholic beverages is unlawful for anyone under 21 years of age. What you may not know is that no matter how young, old or in-between you are, consumption of alcoholic beverages is restricted on streets and in parks. (City Code §§14.56.150 and 20.12.040)

SPEAKING OF PARKS, we would appreciate your cooperation keeping them free from litter. City Code §20.12.050 makes littering a violation. That's why we put garbage cans in the picnic areas.

LITTERING THE STREETS is a violation, too. You have probably seen the signs along Oregon's highways.

WE HAVE THE USUAL vehicle, parking, and pedestrian regulations. But they're no good to anyone if they're not enforced. So we enforce them.

HITCHHIKING in the roadway is strictly prohibited.

IF YOU'RE STOPPED FOR A TRAFFIC VIOLATION and you're from out of town, expect to go down to the Police Station and post bail. It's standard procedure for nonresidents.

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE TO KNOW that it is a separate offense to resist or interfere with a policeman when he's trying to do his job. So if you run afoul of one, go along peacefully and you'll bail out cheaper.

GAMBLING is against the law. And if you're under 18, so is tobacco.

WHAT'S FUN FOR YOU may be a kick in the head for your neighbors. Which is why we get pretty firm about noisy parties and disturbances late at night.

"MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR" is a popular call, but better done in private. A public display is offensive, and we consider it a violation.

WE DON'T LIKE UNPLEASANTENESS. And City Code §14.28.010 spells that out. Fighting, threatening, obscene and abusive language is in violation. So we suggest that you take any threatening behavior and unreasonable loud noises somewhere else. Like the wide open spaces.

WANT TO PARADE? You need a permit. Apply at City Hall.

ORGANIZED ACTIVITIES (entertainments, demonstrations, assemblies and speeches) also need a permit if a park is to be used. To avoid problems apply at City Hall.

WHEN 3 OR MORE of you are getting a mite more factious or disorderly than necessary, you will probably be told by a police officer to disperse. He is not doing that just to hear his good, rich baritone; nor yours.

BY THE WAY, if you are poking around somewhere and a police officer thinks you look suspicious, he might stop and ask you a few questions. It's all right, the law says he can. (City Code §14.92-045)

YOU BELIEVE in your own personal rights and freedom, right? So do we. Strongly enough to pass City Code Chapter 14.40 against party-crashing and trespassing.

IF YOU WANT TO SHOOT OFF YOUR MOUTH, that's your business. If you want to shoot off guns, that's ours. City Code §14.32.020 prohibits firing any firearm in the City. It's also a violation to have a firearm on your person or in a vehicle if it isn't unloaded and disassembled. (City Code §14.32.020) Carrying any dangerous weapon in a concealed manner is illegal. That includes knives, razors, brass knuckles and saps. (City code §14.32.040) So play it cool! Be safe and legal! Leave your weapons at home!

THIS SHOULD GO ALMOST WITHOUT SAYING: We strictly enforce all narcotics and drug laws. We figure you can get high enough on our gorgeous scenery and northwest breezes without using anything artificial for it.

JUVENILES (under 18 years of age) who get into trouble, with us or someone else, will naturally be taken into custody. Parents or guardians may be summoned if a juvenile's condition appears to endanger his welfare; even if he hasn't gotten into trouble yet. (Oregon Revised Statutes 419.569)

WE KNOW YOU ARE HERE TO TAKE IT EASY and all that, but when you loiter in such a way that you are obstructing traffic (pedestrian, vehicular, or whatever), we think that's overdoing it. Matter of fact, we consider it a violation.

THE U.S. FLAG is a symbol of our nation (our home), not of persons, ideologies or policies. We respect our flag, and ask you to, also. Desecration of it is prohibited. (ORS 162.720)

SO THERE THEY ARE. The rules and regulations that keep people and things comfortable in Portland. Nothing unreasonable, really. Just common sense. Just thinking about the other guy as well as yourself. You keep them in mind; you'll enjoy your stay here a lot more. And so will we.

Rural Oregon:

Memo to the Portland Police Bureau from the Tillamook County Sheriff's Office *(The writer deleted the names, addresses and birth dates of the young men and women listed in this memo for several reasons: 1) Marijuana is not a narcotic; 2) The Tillamook County Sheriff's Office perpetrated a vicious slander and civil rights violation against these people; 3) Many of these people still live in Tillamook County; 3) The writer has lived in Tillamook County since 1997 and has a passing familiarity with the political ideology of some of these people (vastly rightward of a typical 1970 Legionnaire); 4) Some people on this list have taken umbrage with the

writer's recent journalism and activism on behalf of protecting the Oregon Coast's ecology from grotesque private development and public agency rapine; 5) Some people in Tillamook County like to screw progressive residents to inflict professional ruin; 6) When news of this list leaks out in Tillamook County, it should create quite a buzz. This development should be fantastic for book sales and bring the love, flower power and peace story of Vortex I to an uptight audience that otherwise would have never come into contact with it. And they need to.)

Delbert H. Walpole, Sheriff & Tax Collector
Box 33, Tillamook, Oregon 97141 Phone 842-2561

Date: 8-14-70

Subject: list of possible attendance during American Legion convention
Attn Detective Glen Griffith

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a list of people from our county that may be interested in coming to Portland during the convention. Most of them are narcotic users. Some are classed as followers, a few, such as ____ are radical leaders. The likelihood of most of these people attending convention is not great, but possible.

Please advise if we can be of any further assistance.

Very truly yours,
DELBERT H. WALPOLE SHERIFF

By Lyle Way Deputy

____ 5'11" 160 brn. & brn. Narcotic user No known vehicle

____ 5'10" 140 brn. & blue Tillamook, Oregon

____ Tillamook, Oregon Numerous Juvenile Charges

____ Nehalem, Oregon 5'10" 140 brn. & hazel

____ Wheeler, Oregon Op. A 1964 Honda M/c Narcotic user

____ Tillamook Operates 1963 chev. 2 dr. blue

____ 6'2" 200 brn & brn

____ Garibaldi, Oregon WFJ Operates 1969 Pont. LeMans 2 dr. Lic. Narcotic seller and user

___ Garibaldi, Oregon WFJ Narcotic seller & user

___ has previously participated in handing out anti war literature in Tillamook

___ Tillamook, Oregon Drives a yellow Datsun. Has passed out anti war literature in Tillamook, trouble maker, definite radical. Likely to attend your convention latter part of August

___ Tillamook, Oregon Chased out of the Tillamook fair on 8-13-70 for peddling *Willamette Bridge* paper by Veterans Booth on fairgrounds. Hippie, radical, very likely to attend convention

___ approx 20 yrs Tillamook, Oregon Narcotics seller

___ 15 yrs Rockaway, Oregon Narcotic seller

___ 16 yrs Rockaway, Oregon Narcotic seller

___ 18yrs Garibaldi, Oregon pusher, user, hippie possible radical, drives 1953 Pontiac green in color with black hood or fender

___ 1960 Falcon 2R user and pusher of narcotics. Hippie type

___ Rockaway, Oregon Hippie, narcotic user. Good follower, would go to convention in a minute if someone suggests it to him. no vehicle

___ Tillamook, Oregon Hippie, pot user, seller, would attend convention

___ sells narcotics, usually has them on or in his vehicle at any time. Would go to convention if anyone wanted to go. Good follower. Drives a 1955 Lt Blue Ford. Will probably have ___, and ___ with him.

___ 18 yrs seller of narcotics, hippie type, mild radical will be with ___ if go to Portland

___ Tillamook, Oregon, early 60's model blue Chevrolet station wagon. User of narcotics, Seller, hippie type. Good follower. Has case pending now on narcotics

___ Green Camaro with black racing stripes. Narcotics suspect would attend convention if asked, courage not certain

___ Oceanside, Oregon Hippie type, seller, user

___ Garibaldi, Oregon hippie, very radical, heavy narcotic user 1968 Honda 450 model

___ approx 19 or 20 years hippie, narcotics user and pusher, good follower

___ Twin Rocks, Oregon driving either green 1956 Pontiac or 1954 Yellow Buick.
User Seller radical

Concerned citizens:

Letter to Governor McCall, July 1970

Dear Governor:

I would like to suggest that you look into the feasibility of intercepting the hippies into the Portland area by city, county and state law enforcement agencies. When the hippies are found within the state hitchhiking with signs indicating Portland as their destination, they should be picked up in groups of twos and threes and then transported back out of the state to various other state lines, thereupon being picked up by that other state's city, county or state law enforcement agency and transferred even further to another state, etc., keeping these people dispersed throughout the several midwestern states during the American Legion Convention.

Hopeful that this suggestion has some merit and might assist us in avoiding any violence as has been experienced by other cities.

Very truly yours,

THE WACKENHUT CORPORATION

Darrell G. Swezey
Area Manager

Citizen testimony to Portland City Council, July 1970

Mr. David: You must enforce the law. I'm telling you that's a good place to put them, right on the *Oregon Journal* building, because you can get them from all over the bridges.

City official: Mr. David, are you suggesting that we use machine guns now?

Mr. David: Yes, I suggest the United States Army be called and shut down all the state's borders. I believe that's what a majority of the people want. I think it is necessary to keep down the bloodshed.

The People's Army Jamboree Meetings and the Rock Festival Idea July 1970

The People's Army Jamboree rejected Governor McCall's request to reschedule its "convocation." In July it staged public meetings at the Centenary Wilbur Church, a building located in inner southeast Portland. **(The writer has considerable familiarity with the building and it still stands at SE 9th and Pine. The twisting, timbered interior layout consists of a large hall, small rooms, alcoves, dark hallways, darker stairwells and darkest balcony. The architecture fuses in funky angles and one can imagine that in 1970 the interior formed what had to be a divine setting to conduct a Jesus Christ Superstar ministry, revolutionary politics and covert counterculture transactions. In the late 1980s, after being shuttered for some time, the church resurrected itself as the city's most happening alternative rock venue. First called Pine Street Theater and later La Luna, the writer saw such acts as Lenny Kravitz, Social Distortion, Everclear, Screaming Trees and Cracker, among others. Today, the building is apparently an apartment complex and exudes a definite hippie feel.)**

Doug Weiskopf

There was kind of a schism between the activists on the east side of Portland versus the westsiders centered around PSU. It was kind of a control battle which had burst open. We had worked together fairly well for most of the previous couple of years, but I think the People's Army Jamboree had just become too much of a contentious issue, especially when the \$10,000 was tossed into the pot. Typically, an antiwar meeting of several attending factions back then tended to be raucous affairs where people of strong convictions would fight for their own political agenda. There were a couple of large meetings at the Centenary Wilbur Church meeting hall in SE Portland where a lot of heated debate took place. No violent protest was advocated by anyone, however.

M.G. Zaharkis, *The Stranger*, Portland underground newspaper

One of the early impressions on the Jamboree for me was one of a clique running an action which I, the paper, and the collective that published The Strike Newsletter; THE BARRICADE were barred from. This impression came from a conversation in which I was told, "We've decided to keep a pretty tight control over this...so we'd rather not have outsiders in on it."

This was the old committee or whatever which originally had control of the fabled \$10,000 donated by some unnamed person or persons. This committee fell. July 14, after having previously talked to Cynthia Raley who was part of a group which had decided to give the Jamboree idea one more try. Connie Cadrecha

(co-editor of the *Stranger*) and I attended the 8 p.m. meeting at Centenary Wilbur Church (Home of many shattered Liberal-New Left dreams).

The meeting resembled a theological dissertation on how many angels could dance on the head of a Marxist pin. I won't use names in most of the accounts as I didn't know everybody there, and legal hassles might get some others in trouble for being where they could be found.

We waded into the political shit right-off. I think most of us realized it was going to be a rough night from the start.

"We need good politics," said one gentleman, "...not peace-nik politics. A thing we should relate to is getting the GIs to turn their guns around."

Cynthia replied that there had been a pretty much previous consensus to let the Vets talk to the Legion . . . that this would be better understood by the straights who were coming to Portland.

A lot of Marxist rhetoric floated about for a bit from the segments of the semi-theological monologues merged into a mish mash of something I did not really understand.

At this point I seriously considered leaving...but then...getting behind the bombasts and correct verbiage, I saw one thing...many of us wished a lot of the same things...perhaps not for the same reasons, but for a goal that might be common.

What cooled things down was the fact that someone suggested the committee vote to give Don Chambers (a long-suffering lawyer doing his thing in court, often without pay for movement and head type people) a thousand dollars. Somebody suggested \$500 and then he was awarded money, although I was never clear how much the final sum was.

This break in the politics slowed things down quite a bit.

I suggested that we get the collectives organized...things to support the action. This was shot down as "not-workable."

People from CONTACT, a street work programs, mentioned that they had applied for a permit for Delta Park...and had the chance of getting the GRATEFUL DEAD TO PLAY. ***(The writer believes it is extremely doubtful that anyone from the Contact Center ever contacted the Grateful Dead about playing a free concert in Portland. Lee Meier worked at the Contact Center, but when the writer asked him if he remembered actually calling the Grateful Dead, he said, "Probably not, but hey, you get caught up in those meetings." Had someone actually called the Grateful Dead's manager and**

asked if the band would play a free concert, the manager would have undoubtedly slammed down the phone considering what happened to the band at Altamont Speedway seven months earlier. For any reader who has seen *Gimme Shelter*, the film documentary of that Rolling Stones' narcissistic and deadly free concert fiasco, it might help to recall the scene where the Dead touch down in a helicopter, emerge, and hear that the Hell's Angels have punched out Jefferson Airplane's Marty Balin while he was on stage. The Dead turn around, get back on the helicopter, and leave.)

The meeting broke up with the appointing of a committee to decide on a tentative proposal of Jamboree aims which would be hashed over at the next meeting...that idea was approved. Much of the controversy of that night centered about whether or not we should confront the Legion or Nixon, or what. (Obviously everyone had his or her own particular axe to grind).

Bob Yaple, Deputy Minister of Information, White Panther Party, Serena-Lynn Brown, Portland Liberation Front, Holley Preuss, *Willamette Bridge*, Portland underground newspaper, July 1970

Brothers and sisters,

Four of us from the Portland Liberation Front attended a meeting of the People's Army Jamboree Steering Committee on Monday, the sixth.

We thought it was fucked.

The room was filled with vibrations of megalomania and paranoia, with everybody questioning the right of their own committee to make decisions while at the same time effectively denying that right to anyone else by their absolute control of the People's Army Jamboree funds.

Plans for August were delayed pending the results of the second meeting of the Women's Caucus, a group of radical women who feel that the Jamboree will not fulfill the needs of radical women as a group, and is not relevant to the Portland Movement as a whole. This is fine--it is about time that women had some say in the running of the Jamboree--but why delay much-needed preparations for August pending decisions of another group that still is not representative of the Movement as a whole?

We feel that an action this important to the Movement, publicized nationally, should have a broader base of support than the self-appointed steering committee and/or the Women's Caucus. Anarchy will not work here, but neither will elitist leadership--this has to be a people's action--the roll of a "steering committee" should be that of planning and organizing important matters such as housing, food, medical facilities, etc., all of which are of paramount importance to a mass action of this nature, rather than dictating to the people what will happen.

We want specifically to request some of the ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) donated to the Jamboree, for use in renting a "People's Office," similar to the one in Berkeley. We explained our intentions and mentioned the "relevancy to the Portland Movement" of such an office. We were told that no money was available for a "People's Office," only to find out that the same day, members of the same committee had rented the old Bridge office for use by the Jamboree Committee!

Is this honest? Is this Revolutionary Solidarity? Or is this petty grubbing and elitist bullshit?

Right now in Portland, we don't have any central clearing place. Collectives duplicate work, and people don't have any idea of work being done by their brothers and sisters. No large group action comes off really well, because people are working with strangers. Sure, we go to each other's demonstrations and yell, "Right On!" and say that we have to "get it together," and then we go home and wonder if anyone else in town is doing anything. When we have a People's Office, all revolutionary groups in town can meet each other and work together. Phones will be available, as will desks (especially good for groups needing office space.) We will COME TOGETHER, and begin to be a Movement, not fragments eyeing each other with distrust.

We WILL have an office. We need the support of the people, because the "people's money" isn't available except to a select group, for select reasons (among them, a \$1500 press, a bunch of radios, walkie-talkies, and crystals). People or collectives interested can call 233-2384 for information. YOU need an office and only the PEOPLE can get it...not just a few with a lot of money, but a lot of people with a little money. PEOPLE'S CONTROL OF THE PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE! POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

M.G. Zaharkis, *The Stranger*, July 1970

I'm writing this fresh from the July 16 meeting. It lasted a bit over 4 hours and provided much of the same political rhetoric as before. It also provided a general consensus of what we're after...or what the Jamboree is finding itself doing, or whatever.

It boiled down to this after much hassle:

- (1) Anti-Racist
- (2) Anti-Imperialistic
- (3) Anti-War (Almost the same as imperialism)
- (4) Pro-Working Class
- (5) Pro-Veterans and GI struggle
- (6) Pro-revolutionary culture
- (7) Pro women's liberation

The points were a bit vague...but vague enough for those of us there from the Strangers, Connie, David Jensen (high school chairman), and myself plus Steve

Lester and two other underground paper dealers from a Dealer's Collective of about 30 to be able to accept...for now.

There was also a lot of money dispensed. \$1,000 to the SE Day Care Center (Not really enough considering the situation here in SE) and \$700 to the People's Fund which represents several of the "Movement" groups here in Portland...I think.

I had several reservations about the money going to this group as I was unfamiliar with it and (perhaps one could attribute this to *Stranger* chauvinism). It seemed to suddenly be doing many of the same things we had been trying to set up and the group, while knowing of some of the Society projects (such as the one night crash house mentioned-elsewhere in this issue) did not inform or invite us to the initial meeting.

Neither were the head shops or businesses invited to attend. Jon Moscow said that this was an error and oversight. I was later informed that the next full meeting would be open...if this is so, call CONTACT at 222-4000 after Monday, July 20...they should know when and where it is and if the meeting is open, all interested groups and persons should be allowed in.

In all, the Thursday meetings got things moving again, although the Saturday meeting (July 18), which we hope to include in this issue, may show even more progress as we physically work together to clean out the office.

The most important points made at the meeting were that we were "pro" some things. The Anti's bothered me in that by being "Pro-Human...Pro-Peace." I am naturally against certain things. However, if people in the Jamboree need certain verbiage to keep their dialectic consciences clear, the Anti's are something I can work with.

By being pro-working class, pro-GI/Vet struggle, pro-revolutionary culture we are taking the assumption of the initiative away from the forces that now destroy the world. We no longer react to whatever thing is heaped upon us but rather have the alternative ready to roll.

As far as revolutionary culture goes, a good guess would be that this paper defines it slightly differently (i.e. A PRIMER FOR NON-VIOLENT REVOLUTION). Likewise (although I am thinking of workers as people, not a class) I am pro-worker and for a decent job situation for both men and women.

I also hope that each group in the Jamboree will present their case well as I believe the people who show up will ultimately decide what gives.

All the people at the Jamboree should decide what happens there...that's anarchy...that's also "Power To The People"...all the People.

It is, I think, up to the Portland Movement to assure that that happens...our whole world is watching for the best to happen-or the world. That is in our power.

Lori, *The Stranger*, July 1970

The People's Army Jamboree has achieved a temporary 'coalition of necessity': it was finally battered into a few heads Monday night last that when you have 5 weeks to plan a five-day action for 10,000 PLUS people you can't spend all meeting times arguing your own ego-trip...god knows, everyone tried. PLP said let's change the points to put workers in the leadership and then everything will be groovy and power to the revolution. The revolutionary socialist faction echoed this last statement and insisted that we should endorse socialism. Women's Lib people screamed "Male Chauvinism" and "Macho" all evening. Incidentally, all power to the women, baby...most all of the action voted on and accepted by People's Army Jamboree came from a super-together chick who seemed one of the only people there really geared to action instead of talk...and who had suggestions for such. There's one necessity for any revolution, and that's a leader. As far as People's Army Jamboree goes, and the whole movement in the country at the moment, there ain't none around! The whole Jamboree attitude is of a 'coalition of necessity' in between screaming at the guy next to you who doesn't see things your way...you occasionally vote on something-It's a far cry from raki's concept of creative anarchy, which is kind of "Ego-trippers of the World/Disunite!" concept that you'll hear more about later on.

shalom,

Glen Swift, *The Family*

I came to Oregon in 1968 from New York City, the East Village. I was thinking of going to Canada and so I caught a ride to San Francisco, spent three there, and then a friend of mine I knew in New York had just moved to Portland. I stayed a week at her place and decided to stay here. Within six months, I started selling newspapers on the streets, the *Willamette Bridge*. I was working or hanging out at the *Bridge* office one day when Dawn Dawson came in and asked if anyone wanted a pottery store. She was leaving town and wanted to shut it down or give it to somebody. I decided, "OK. I'll do it." So suddenly within a matter of minutes I suddenly had a retail business, the Isis Gallery.

I knew this guy who said could get me Jerry Rubin to speak in Portland. And so we arranged that over the phone. So I got a permit for the archery range in Washington Park for one day for Rubin to come up. Well, I never knew for sure whether the guy actually was legit or not because when the time finally came it was a drizzly day and he told me at the last minute that Jerry cancelled out because he didn't think enough people would show up and they wouldn't raise enough money from donations to pay his airfare.

In the meantime, I had done a little article in the *Bridge* announcing this event. This created a backlash amongst people in the New Left. Their attitude was,

"Who is this Glen Swift bringing on Jerry Rubin? You know, he's not part of our group. What's he doing? He's out there in left field." And also the other part of it was, they wanted to talk to Jerry Rubin. This is well before Kent State. This is where undercurrents started coming into my consciousness about things going on behind the scenes, and it turns out they wanted to talk about what eventually became the People's Army Jamboree demonstrations against the war and such and it seemed like they wanted to line him up Rubin for this demonstration months, months later.

I don't know if I went to the first or the second or both, but there were two public meetings that PAJ had in the big meeting room, dining room, whatever you want to call it, of the church, the Centenary Wilbur in southeast Portland that later became Pine Street Theater and La Luna. Harper Richardson was the minister, there was actually a church still happening there. But as the church, I guess he was so leftist and supported all these anti-war things his congregation changed and got smaller and eventually couldn't support the building, his fuel prices went up, and it was impossible to heat the building

There was no public outreach as far as I knew. People who were on the in crowd knew about them, but I was not, so I didn't know what was going on. The room was packed. I mean this is a big room. I'd say 25 square, something like that. There were tables and chairs. I know I was over by the wall near the piano and that was about the only place I could find to sit. At least 150 were there. A woman named Marcia Williams was the chair. She was pregnant at the time She had the gavel, she was chairing it from the middle of the room.

The idea I guess of the meeting was to hear from anyone that wanted to say anything, you know. In some kind of fairly orderly fashion. And so different people spoke, and argued different points perhaps. Said what they wanted. So one of the issues that I have a vague recollection, I don't have specifics of who said what or anything like that, or what was said, but my impression was that one of the issues that was discussed then was the question of: "Will The People's Army Jamboree take a stand for non-violence?" And, again my memory is that, that there was no agreement on that, but they wanted for people to have the freedom for people to do whatever they wanted, and the organization was not going to advocate non-violence. It wasn't going to advocate violence either, but it was not going to be a specifically non-violent demonstration as had been done in previous years in other cities where that was the rule of the day.

I spoke up because someone had circulated a list of 10 things that they objected to. I said, "Okay, this is fine, but if you want to reach the general public, we should have a list of 10 things that we are in favor of, what we want to see happen." She banged down the gavel and yelled at me that I was out of order.

I think that it may have been at that very same meeting that I then went upstairs, and found this other meeting of people who were organizing, talking about

organizing something else. I found people who were not satisfied with what was going on at the People's Army Jamboree meeting. And so that's when I started to connect with people that eventually became the Vortex crew.

Michael Carr, The Family

I was a 22-year old intern United Methodist minister at the Portland State University campus-based ministry, the Koinonia House, or more popularly known as the K-House. Before coming to Portland, I lived in New York City and attended the Union Theological Seminary and helped organize buses to demonstrations in Washington D.C. I was driving a 1959 Chrysler Windsor. With a push button transmission, pink, swivel out front seats, huge tail fins, got it for \$150 after I sold the motorcycle. I had shoulder length hair, a moustache, and wore my clerical collar as I deemed appropriate. We were all a little weird back then and the campus ministry was an exciting place to be. It was also exciting because of a woman I was with.

There was some very heavy political shit coming down. The People's Army Jamboree meetings at the church were lots of raised voices with some of the more cultural folks being driven to this side or out and the more strident hard core being more in the driver's seat. I thought they were out of control, total amateurs. If I get into your face and yell at the top of my lungs and get beet red, am I about peace? The disaffected cultural types provided a fertile ground for the Vortex idea but I do not think the idea for Vortex came out of any People's Army Jamboree meeting but elsewhere. The festival grew out of the small Portland State University campus-based ministry, the K-House. I have this impression. I think it was my idea, that a rock festival might be nice.

Lee Meier, The Family

Mike Carr and I went to a meeting. It was at one of those big alternative churches. They had the space. It was called Centenary Wilbur. They did, I know they had Loaves and Fishes going on there, and they had a bunch of those community service programs.

We went to the meeting. It was down in the basement. I got the feeling, at that meeting, and Mike and I both looked at each other and commented that it felt like there were more than just anti-war people there, that there were also, there was also a federal presence. And I felt like the federal agents, you know, my take on it was that, they were trying to inspire violence.

The meeting was raucous and packed. The basement was full and there was a lot of shouting going on and, and a lot of anger. And, and it was, it was incitement to violence is what it was. You know, I don't care how kind a face everybody wants to put on it today. I was there. It was an angry, boisterous, incitement to violence.

Mike and I just looked at each other and shook our heads and said, "This isn't going to work. This isn't going to teach anybody anything. This isn't what anti-war is. This is becoming what your enemy is." You know, it's like, that old Lao Tsu stuff. You meet them head on but you're becoming just like your enemy. And so we thought that it would be best, and we were talking there at the meeting, Mike and I said, 'Well, we think that it would be really best if we put together something that was a positive cultural statement and would demonstrate what our principles, our counter-cultural principles were. This was at the People's Army Jamboree, we just both looked at each other and said, "We've got to something different. We should have an alternative, an alternative event that expresses positively our new found, whatever, counter-culture beliefs.

Garrick Beck, The Family

I traveled from New York City to Portland in the spring of 1967 to attend Reed College. I grew up in a beatnik family and was there at the 1963 Civil Rights March on Washington D.C. that culminated with Martin Luther King's "I have a dream speech."

During my first year at Reed I was arrested for chaining myself to the doors of Portland's military induction center. I knew my draft lottery number was almost sure to come up, so I filed for Conscientious Objector status. During the application process, the military declared me "mentally unfit for service." I dropped out of Reed in 70' and moved into a big house near the campus with friends. We put this house together as a craft workshop and people from Outside In called us. We had an arrangement with them--they would send to us people passing through town obviously wanting medical support or a little social/cultural support. They would steer people to us. These people would come to the house on and there were others that were referred. We called ourselves Temple House and then people started calling us the Temple Tribe. During this time we used to around rural Oregon searching for land to buy in hope of establishing a commune.

We were on to festival concept before we got to the church meeting. I remember distinctly over the July 4th weekend talking about something like this. We went up to the Buffalo Party in Washington (Eatonville), it was a rock festival in the guise of a political convention to get around the law. I distinctly recall being there and talking with some of those who helped organize the event about our plan for a festival when the Legion was in the Portland area. I was asking them for advice. And they were a little bit like, "Look, if you're asking for advice, you're in over your head." And then we went down to Portland to the People's Army Jamboree meeting with our idea. Well, sort of an idea.

Garrick Beck, *True Stories and Untold Tales* *(This account is from an unpublished memoir by Beck.)

There's a meeting to be held to discuss apportioning the money for the demonstration and its plans. Word of mouth is spreading the news. We show up.

The Black Panthers show up. Dozens of groups and individuals: groups from Portland State, Lewis and Clark, the other colleges, Goose Hollow people, Marxists and clergy.

There were tables arranged in a big rectangle and people were invited to sit. We preferred to stand. There were a lot of people there and the basement was crowded. There were a lot of people there I didn't know. At one side of the table a group of four people sitting side by side began with remarks, one after the other, enthusiastically describing the strength the community here united against the war, and of the need to bring people together here from all over the country to express our beliefs in unison.

As the talk wore on, there was another strain of ideas coming from these four and their friends. One was describing how Portland was seen by a lot of radicals in other parts of the country as just too an easygoing kind of a place. In other parts of the country people are seizing the streets, putting themselves in front of the cops. Not letting them pass! A woman to his right proclaimed, "We need to make Portland the next Chicago..."

Another fellow went on about how long it had already been since Chicago, and how we could mobilize that kind of action. "We can tell the country that there isn't going to be Business As Usual for the Capitalist class while this war is on. We can close the downtown of this city."

A few people spoke about the need to demonstrate in a non-violent way, and the folks at the front answered that that stuff had been tried already and again and again and "Look, things are only worse today. The war is more enormous than ever."

I was speaking, explaining that what was developing already here in Portland was a set of tactics that was really the solution. And that we needed to demonstrate those. We needed to bring together and demonstrate the positive alternatives that we as a culture were in the midst of developing. And bring these together in a demonstration, like the pancake breakfasts the Panthers do, like the free schools and universities that are forming from the dropped out students and teachers from Reed and Portland State, like the yoga and spiritual groups, and their meditations, like the whole healthy foods we're eating, like our free-wheeling music and the songs that really have a message. We need a festival that brings all of these together and demonstrates what kind of a whole, healthy community we are moving towards.

"But that isn't going to end the war," said one guy. I paused and said, "We need to show something more than our anger and our rage. We need to create something beautiful if we're going to win over the rest of our generation."

A clergyman spoke about the need to keep in the tradition of non-violence. One guy called out, "Just burn the banks and get it over with!" Several young women spoke about how the dialectic of imperialism was making this violence happen and the response to it was inevitable.

A Black Panther, in uniform supported the idea of a demonstration that showed our best stuff, our best community stuff. "You don't get it," he said. "You go downtown, breaking glass and burning and you are going to get beat. Not just beaten. Beat. They will take you apart."

Kaushal spoke up, his arms dancing in front of him. "Sure, let's bring people in from all over the country. Let's make that happen. It wants to happen. The time is ripe for that, and there's a lot going on here and a lot out there that wants to spiral in around us. And we should help that happen, but what the world needs right now is a dose of light and beauty, not just more hatred and destruction."

Karen was speaking now. 'I think some of these things you're talking about are just plain scary. Closing businesses or burning banks isn't going to change anything. Riots and firebombs aren't going to make them go away. If we want to show people that the money system isn't the answer then we need to show that: Have a Free Festival, a demonstration where we show how if people get along in peace and share resources, teach and share our talents, we can get along outside the money system. That would really demonstrate something."

I wanted to know what was the story with the money supposed to be earmarked for supporting this event. Who had it? Was it real? Who's deciding how it gets used. The next thing I know several people are telling me where to get off.

There was nowhere else to go but up the stairs and out the door and onto the green grass of the church's lawn. As we left there were jeers behind us.

But there were a fair number of people who exited up those stairs after us. And out on the lawn in the next few moments standing in the slanted rays of the evening sun, we all said to each other we were going to make that positive demonstration happen. One guy said he would talk it up among the hip and organic restaurants in town to get support for the food provision. Richard said he knew most of the local rock and roll bands and he would round up musicians. Big name stars he didn't know, but local talent he was sure of and he would start talking it up and getting the bands together. We were talking in a hubbub and exchanging phone numbers and names.

Brent Walth, *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story*, 1994

During one July meeting, many of the one hundred or so people gathered to hear Jamboree left in frustration and disgust. Several people retreated to a coffee shop to talk, and the talk turned to creating an alternative event that would take place outside of Portland. Someone suggested a rock festival, like Woodstock.

Gary Ewing

Bobby Wehe was sitting on my porch when we decided to do something different than the People's Army Jamboree. I think it started on our porch. We didn't want to get our fucking heads beat in. The idea surfaced—let's have a party. It is interesting how magic just happens, how an ethos just happens and people jump onto it. ***(It is believed Bobby Wehe came to Portland from New York City with a friend named Seth Booky. Wehe perhaps ran an import-export shop called the Good Earth and certainly dabbled in promoting rock shows. By many accounts, Wehe presented himself as Portland's main counterculture impresario and entrepreneur. In July 2002, a "Seth Booky" posted a one-sentence message on a Jack Bruce tribute web site. The sentence read: "I am looking for my friend Bobby Wehe." The writer emailed Booky at snitch@dea.gov but the letter bounced back.**

Ed Westerdahl

Bobby Wehe was the reason there was Vortex. Bobby Wehe came to meet with me in the governor's office. He had some kind of shop in Portland and was living in a commune down out of Grants Pass. Anyway he and maybe some others came and said basically they were afraid they were gonna' get trashed. He's the one that came up with the concept.

Leas Averill, Outside In

The first time I recall any discussion of a possible "event" was shortly after the Portland State protests. The first mention of the subject was from Sam McCall, Tom McCall's son, who was a regular visitor to Outside-In and knew many of the people there (I knew him quite well and kept in touch with him up until his death). He indicated to me personally that there had been some discussion about holding an event somewhere for those people who wished to protest or show their opposition, but didn't want to be involved in any violence. As I recall, in my discussion with him the thought was to have it at someplace like Mount Tabor. At the time Sam gave the clear impression that his father would at least open to the idea.

Shortly thereafter, Sam mentioned to me that there had been some concerns about any location like Mount Tabor due to both the local residents and the fact that Mount Tabor was too close to the "action." As I recall, I said that if they were concerned about moving as many people from the area as possible to deter them from being involved in the protests, then they shouldn't worry. Those who were most radical would NOT go to "hell and gone" where they'd be isolated from the important events in Portland. The people most likely to go would be people who were not interested in a violent confrontation with the Legionnaires. After some discussion we (Sam and I) decided that it might still be a good idea to move it further away from downtown so that those "true" hippies would be less likely to stumble into something. Sam said something to the effect that he'd put a "bug in" his father's ear and that ended the discussion of an "alternative" event.

Within a week, Chuck (Charles Spray, MD) approached me to discuss a phone call he said he'd received from Tom McCall or his office asking him what he thought about holding an event outside of town somewhere, most likely in the (Columbia) Gorge, for those people not interested in confrontation. I told him that I'd been discussing such an idea with Sam but was a little surprised at the suggestion of holding it in the Gorge as there was no location suitable for such a potentially large gathering. As I recall, Chuck responded that it seem a little "flaky" to him too and said that he'd talk to the Governor's office (or Governor McCall, I don't recall which) and get some more information on it. I believe that Chuck did make a few phone calls, but he and I didn't connect for at least a couple of weeks because I was busy setting up the Socio-Medical Aides program.

The next time I had any discussion with anybody was towards the end or middle of June (?), but before July. Sam asked me if I knew of any places outside of town that might be a good location for a "rock concert." I'd just recently been to McIver Park and knew that the roads were two-lane and that anybody who went there would have a "hell" of a time getting out again. So I jokingly said that if someone wanted to isolate them, McIver Park was a good place. It was more a joke than a suggestion, but I think that Sam, at least, took it seriously, as he acted surprised, or like he'd heard that somewhere else.

The next thing I recall regarding Vortex was Chuck telling me that he and Tom McCall had agreed that Outside In should be responsible for Emergency Medical care both at Vortex I and in downtown Portland.

Dr. Spray, Outside In

I treated Sam McCall but I never talked to McCall about a rock festival. I would think I remember that.

Michael McCusker

Sam McCall was the final arbiter. He made it happen. He talked to us about it. He talked to his dad and convinced him to go ahead with Vortex.

Ed Westerdahl

Sam didn't convince the Governor of anything and Vortex I was not about reaching out to youth. It was a political problem to be solved.

Kris Millegan:

I picked up Sam hitchhiking a few times around this time. He ran with some speed freaks. What a nice guy.

Craig Berkman, People for Portland's *Portland Summer 1970*

5) An alternative event, specifically a rock concert to be held during the Legion Convention, would draw most of the young who may be coming to Portland, but

who are not politically motivated. McIver State Park near Estacada is a location that is acceptable, and two county commissioners, Mr. Shoemaker and Mr. Steffani have indicated, that as hazardous as rock concerts are, they are willing to work out a private understanding...”

Craig Berkman

Vortex came from yours truly.

Ed Westerdahl

Berkman took credit from the first week he and Mike Ragsdale co-chaired at my request so we could have things donated and other things come in that the state wasn't in the position to do. He's taken credit ever since for all kinds of stuff he didn't do.

The Freaks' Pitch

July 1970

During a July meeting of the People's Army Jamboree a few people left the Centenary Wilbur Church in disgust, met somewhere, and conceived an idea for a free rock festival away from downtown Portland to present a peaceful alternative during the American Legion convention.

A core group of 20 young people began meeting at the Koinonia House to plan the festival because Michael Carr offered the free use of office space there. The core group represented a broad but not comprehensive coalition of Portland's New Left communities: small shop owners offering counterculture wares, street-level social service providers, burgeoning commune members and progressive ecumenical Christians. At some point a name for the group and the event emerged: Clear Creek Life and the Clear Creek Life Festival.

Willamette Bridge, July 1970

Another group is trying to do about the same thing and talking about getting Delta Park. It's called the Clear Creek Life Festival. Free People's Festival spoke disdainfully of the Clear Creek group, saying they hoped Clear Creek would cooperate with them, that they would not cooperate with Clear Creek in getting its idea together.

Letter to *Willamette Bridge* from Lee Meier, July 1970

Dear Bridge:

Concerning the events that will inevitably transpire at the end of August (i.e. the convention week), let's try to be realistically oriented. If we are going to begin to understand and relate to each other in any sort of a functional manner then we are going to have to remove ourselves from our one sided mentalities. Let's begin by facing some basic facts: first there are going to be lot of people in the Portland area during the week of August 28th – September 3rd (anywhere from 50 to 100 thousand New Left people and between 15 and 20 thousand Legionnaires); second, the people of the left are going to be needing places to sleep, to convent, to eat, to shit, and to orient themselves; and third, most of these people will be here to express, in one form or another, the need to change and to build a new and better lifestyle.

What is proposed and what is presently being sought is a piece of land (which from present data will have to be private) within 10 to 20 miles of the city that will be used as a cultural, political, artistic, and ecological focal point for showing the American Legion that we do indeed have a different outlook on the world and how it should be used. At the same time, we propose that those who feel the need to relate directly to the American Legion in the city do so. To manifest one's feelings is essential. Many feel that making a positive statement and nurturing its reality is truly a political stance; while others feel the need to relate to the negative forces. Both of these positions are essential and real. Our concern is that the Legion not be met on their own gross level of ignorance and violence.

Relating to the convention week, many misunderstanding have been propagated through the opinionated use of the news media (i.e., the *Oregonian* and the *Bridge*) about the differences in purposes between the People's Army Jamboree, the Pop Festival people and Clear Creek Life people. In the end, each of us does what is there to do.

Let's get it together, brothers and sisters, and begin working to face some of the realities that will present themselves at the end of August. By concerting our efforts, we can make this the most positive and creative statement ever to be made from the left.

Approximately two weeks into the planning, the freaks had not determined a site for the Clear Creek Life Festival. They scouted two nearby Portland parks, Forest and Delta Parks, and then dropped the idea of holding the event in Portland after watching the city's Parks Commissioner Frank Ivancie repeatedly refuse to grant parade and park use permits to the People's Army Jamboree.

The freaks also scouted and rejected a farm in Gladstone to the southeast of Portland as a possible venue. It soon dawned on them, however, that staging the festival on private land was unworkable because recent similar events in rural areas near Portland had enraged local citizens and authorities. These paid events directly led to ordinances against such gatherings in many Oregon counties and the bans fit the nationwide trend of “Woodstock laws” preempting rock festivals on private rural land.

Sometime during mid July, Clear Creek Life hit upon the idea of asking the state for a place to hold the festival. That meant going to see the governor. The group may have designated Lee Meier, Jeff Moscow, Kristen Hansen and Michael Carr to make the initial contact. It is also possible these four acted on their own. They may have telephoned ahead for an appointment with a member of the governor’s staff. What is known is that this shaggy quartet represented the first contact between Portland’s heads and The Oregon Establishment on the matter of staging a rock festival concurrent to the American Legion convention. To facilitate the contact, the quartet piled into Hansen’s 2-door Opel Kadett. They took a back route to Salem, Highway 213.

Lee Meier

On the way down we stopped off at a bar, or a tavern on the other side of Mulino or something. I can’t remember to well, but we walked in there and it was a very hostile attitude. We played a game of pool. We had a little bantering with the locals and had a beer each and then drove on down to meet with the state. We didn’t talk about what we were going to say. We had an outline, that’s all. It was kind of goofy.

Michael Carr

We went down to see the governor and asked for a park. We kind of just stumbled in. After the first meeting with Ed, I said to myself, ‘The governor is into *this*? I think we’ve got a shot.’ On the drive home I thought, “the doors are open, let’s go through.”

The first meeting lasted about 30 minutes. There were two more before we met McCall. Bobby Wehe was not at the first one but he did go to the later ones and it is possible he initiated contact with the McCall on his own. That would be like him. I remember being in Ed’s office and he said, “Let’s go across the hall to the governor and do this thing.” The meeting with McCall lasted eight minutes.

Brent Walth, *Fire at Eden's Gate*, Tom McCall and the Oregon Story

Two of the group's members, Robert Wehe and Glen Swift, took the plan to city officials and found no one was willing to listen to them. They then visited the governor's office, where they were referred to Ed Westerdahl. Westerdahl had spent weeks grappling with the Jamboree problem. He was not sure what the hippies could offer him, and at first he refused to meet with them. After they returned twice over the next week, Westerdahl relented and agreed to listen.

Glen Swift

I never visited Salem with Bobby Wehe or even went to Salem at all or met Ed Westerdahl there and when the book came out, I told this to Walth.

Lee Meier

This was early on. I remember we were discussing the need to have a place, and I don't recall who all was involved in those discussions, but I know Bobby Wehe wasn't because I remember running down the street, running down 9th street, as he was driving down the street, it's like in the Park Blocks, and I said, "Bobby! Bobby!" I went running down the street and he stops his car and I said, "Bobby, we've got this thing going on and I know you have some experience setting up rock festivals and I'd like you to get involved. Come on over to the K-House and talk to me." That's how he got involved. He was not there in the beginning at all. Bobby is full of shit. The story in McCall's biography about who met Ed first is wrong. That what Brent Walth said is wrong. When I called him on it I said, "That's not exactly how things went down." He said, "I corroborated all my facts and this is the story Ed Westerdahl said, and this'll be the story," and blah, blah, blah.

Interview with Ron Schmidt, Governor McCall's press secretary

Tom was in his office, and there were about four or five of us sitting there. He looked at us, we gave him our recommendation, which was a go. He turned to me, and said, "Okay, you're the political man. If I make the decision to do this, what happens?" I said, "Governor, it's very likely you're going to lose the election." He had a swivel chair and he turned around with his back to us, and kept his back to us. We were all waiting for his response. Then he swiveled back to us and said, "I have just made my decision. I have just committed political suicide. We are going to have Vortex."

Ed Westerdahl

Hosting an official pot festival would probably cost him the election. Tom knew that. I told him that's the likely outcome. I also told him it was the only responsible thing to do. We cannot have hordes of people running around Portland.

Doris Penwell, secretary in Governor McCall's office during the Vortex I era

It all came together very fast. Ed was willing to listen. He just wasn't the usual kind of guy. He had sort of lived on the edge earlier, and he would listen to people who were smart. And the people he met from The Family were smart.

Bob Oliver

Westerdahl was intrigued and he was the moving force. The staff was divided and then the state officials like the adjunct to the National Guard balked. We finally told them it would *not* draw out the hardcore troublemaker, but get the casual bystander off the street, inducing them, entertaining them, and we would facilitate it. It was an acceptable risk so it was taken. It was the lesser of two evils.

Ed Westerdahl

We talked it over and figured if we could cut down on the numbers we had a better chance of controlling things. I'd seen the campus situation, the demonstration at University of Oregon where the local sheriff came on with a pepper fog machine. I sent state police to escort him off the campus. From that point forward every campus disturbance the state took over. We would not allow local law enforcement in. This was very atypical in the country at the time. The one at Portland State University happened when I was out of state and the city police caused the problem. What I learned at the University of Oregon is if we didn't overreact there were very few troublemakers. It's when government overreacted that you got mobs. And so the whole theory behind Vortex was to cut down on the numbers in Portland in addition to that we basically flew all over the Portland area we considered having it at Delta Park and a lot of other places. We ruled them all out because it would be too easy to ignite a crowd. And so McIver was very specifically selected because the containment there was absolute.

I took Tom out to McIver Park before the decision was made to look things over. McIver Park was chosen because there was one way in and one way out. We could control everything and shut it down immediately and keep everyone there if necessary.

Handwritten memo by Ed Westerdahl, July 1970

Forest Park—too dry
Delta option open
Near Troutdale—old ranch
McIver Park--ideal

Lee Meier

We met Ed and the next thing we know we're getting a call that McIver was ours.

Garrick Beck

The name for Vortex came from Kaushal, also known as Memphis Chuck. He said, "We will create a vortex of positive energies."

Ed Westerdahl

The name came from Tom, he was quite a wordsmith.

Lee Meier

I recall that there were a bunch of us sitting around the K-House throwing things around and somebody came up with "Vortex" and everybody said. "That's great."

Ed Westerdahl

Ron Schmidt probably came up with the term biodegradable. That sounds like him.

Gary Ewing

I had a house on 9th and Sandy and some kid was staying there while I was in Florida negotiating to get an after hours club together. I was talking to some guys there and they told me NASA used Cape Kennedy to launch moon shots because there was some kind of magnetic vortex there that reduced the gravity of something. The word used was vortex. The area code there was 305, so you know 305-503 (Oregon's statewide area code at the time). I had this idea of the vortex taking away the energy away. I called my house in Portland and had a conversation with the kid, I forget his name, about a way of taking negative energy out of Portland, of everybody getting somewhere else, to create positive energy. I communicated this to him and he took it from there.

Garrick Beck, *True Stories and Untold Tales*

In Portland we tended the craft store, and met with so many folks about Vortex. Glen from the pottery shop next to The Wayfarer Restaurant gave us intros to many of downtown's alternate culture merchants along with sage advice on how the intensity of putting together this festival needed to come from an inner place of serenity and sureness of doing what is right and good. The Wayfarer eatery was an outpost for the teachings of Meher Baba, a Hindu avatar, which is where we met Ben who guided us to many of the other counterculture restaurant owners and cooks. These people would be the Vortex chefs. We met up with Bobbie and Seth, merchants of Nepalese and Tibetan and Indian textiles and art and incense--and organizers extraordinaire, and Dan who was living part time in the basement of a church (another temple janitor) who brought us in touch with some amazing mystic Christians from Koinonia House, wholly against the war, and wholly in favor of a peaceful expression of human community. They gave us use of office space - at least for address and phone, and most crucial, use of their meeting hall.

Posted flyers announced a Vortex community meeting at Koinonia House and their hall was packed. Some of the pacifist Christians chaired the meeting, and speaker after speaker from the floor offered support: the restaurants would provide cooks and servers; Richard had lined up (it seemed) every active band in the city and came with a long list of groups who'd participate for free: rock n' roll

mostly, but folk too, and R and B and fiddle-playing mountain bands. Some people said they'd work to attract a couple of big-name bands--maybe bands whose tours brought them near--who could be persuaded to play. Carpenters spoke up about plans to build temporary facilities and a stage. Electricians spoke up about wiring. The Beaver Hall people had sound equipment. An Explorer Scout group had Native American style lodges we could use.

Someone spoke up about the American Legion and the envisioned conflicts with that group. I responded by suggesting that we communicate with them about the nature of the event we were producing, and invite them to come visit Vortex, and see that not all the counterculture, not all the protestors were hateful, angry and destructive. I volunteered to write letters and communicate with the American Legion on a friendly positive note. And to communicate this intention and invitation to the press as well.

As the meeting wound down we talked about where, where exactly, to place this Vortex on the ground. What was the location to be? There were several suggestions and one group of friends volunteered to check out suggested sites and return with opinions. Later we found out that Bobbie and Seth and Glen, having determined that McIver State Park, twenty minutes east of Portland along the Clackamas River, was an ideal place to land Vortex, had gone to Salem and spoken with Governor Tom McCall about using the park for the festival. He approved the plan.

It was a most unusual task facing the governor's staff: how to facilitate a rock festival and give the public the appearance that the governor's staff and taxpayers weren't facilitating a rock festival. Of course Westerdahl would lead the effort, but he had many other duties to perform as the right hand man to the state's chief executive.

A division of labor was established. Dr. Spray and Outside In were asked to provide medical care at the festival. Westerdahl would coordinate other event logistics with The Family. He also required support from various state agencies and the private sector. To do that, he needed Glenn Jackson.

Chairman of the Board of Pacific Power and Light and the State Highway Commission (the agency then in charge of Oregon's state parks) and connected like no other Oregonian of his era, Glenn Jackson was indisputably the most powerful unelected man in the state, a fixer's fixer. He was ardently pro-business and pro-Oregon. When Westerdahl called, Jackson came on board to lend his

typical off-the-record support, as he had earlier by raising private funds to help McCall pay for his son's expensive drug treatment.

In addition to Jackson and his slew of money contacts, Westerdahl later enlisted People for Portland to get money and food for the festival. He also convinced McCall to ask Superintendent of the Oregon State Police Holly Holcomb to assign one of his lieutenants to assist with the event, a man named Gene Doherty.

Gene Doherty, Oregon State Police

One day Superintendent Holcomb came into my office and asked me to make time to meet the governor after lunch. We walked over to the Capitol and as we were going over there I asked him if there was anything I should be prepared for. "No, I'll let him tell you what's up."

We walked in and the governor and Ed Westerdahl were waiting. We all sat down and the governor asked, "What do you know about rock festivals?"

"What do you mean, like Woodstock?"

"Something like that."

"Only what I've read governor."

"I think you'll have a chance to learn some more." Westerdahl explained the situation to me and then McCall said, "I think putting on the rock festival might be the answer, and we have a place in mind out in Clackamas County near Estacada."

We then discussed the plan, which included keeping the police out of the park as agreed, and having them turn their backs on such things as nudity and drug use.

McCall said, "I asked Holly to supply someone to do the job of putting this together. You've been elected." I looked at the governor and said, "What you're asking me to do is condone a lot of unlawful activities inside the park. I'm a sworn officer. I don't know if I can do that."

"Well, Holly has already assigned you to the governor's staff. You're now my aide. It's that simple." ***(Doherty's anecdote is derived from his 1987 interview with Brent Walth.)**

The Entrepreneur

Email replies from Bobby Wehe received by the writer, July 2001

Matt,

The famous Vortex, almost famous would better define Vortex. Sorry it took so long to respond but I have been out of the country since the 28th. I am the person who was responsible for the Vortex festival. It would make a great story if the real story was ever told. Is Mr. Lenny Beacon from the *Oregonian* still alive? He saved my butt more than once during the take over of the town square in St. Helens that resulted in the Bullfrog Festival. I would be curious to hear what you have in mind. After Vortex a few people came by and gave me a photo book they put together. But I felt it failed to capture what Vortex was really all about. I never even saw the news articles or TV coverage of the festival while I was in the middle of pulling it off. Hope all is well.

Bobby Wehe

Matt,

Sounds like you have done your homework. I think very highly of Ed also. They put a lot on the line when they trusted me. I testified in two grand juries to protect governor Tom from impeachment. Have you talked to Bob Oliver, the state attorney or Gene Doughty the head of the Oregon State Police at the time? I forget the name of the man who ran the state park system but he was also a wonderful man. I had always thought I would write about Vortex someday. It was a profound event that had never or will never happen again. I will have to think about the interview.

Bobby

Matt,

If I agree and we can work something out I can assist you in getting the story published. I have some great contacts one being Brian Rohan who secured Grace Slick's and many other rock stars book deals. At this point there are only two people who know exactly what happened to bring about Vortex. With the other being deceased, I am now free to reveal the whole truth. I had always wanted this remarkable event and story to be told in its proper light. Yes, it would help me if you would send me some of your stories. The one you did on Vortex and others. You have peaked my interest and maybe we can work a deal that will be in both our best interests. I would love to have copies of the *Oregonian* articles concerning Vortex. Have you tried to get any of the film coverage or my press conference at the Benson Hotel with Ed. Thanks for bringing such a wonderful memory back into my life. I'm smiling just thinking about Vortex.

Bobby Wehe

Matt,

I am sure the Justice Department was very interested in Vortex. I had never heard about that. I'm smiling again. I was interviewed so many times I could not keep track of who or when. I was in the middle of dealing with everyone from the state government to drugged out hippies. There was one guy who was a big wheel, I knew he was a fed but we hit it off well. I look forward to reading your work and who knows what the future holds. If you are good I may have an even better story for you to write about. A best seller.

Take care,

Matt,

I read your story on Vortex. Close but no cigar. Your facts are way off but we were shying away from the press and the true story could have hurt many powerful people. You are correct about the energy of this concert. It was amazing. It had a profound effect on people of all ages. The true story needs to be told but must be done right. The Family never went to the meeting with Tom. It was me with two social workers from Portland and when I tell you what happened at that meeting you will see what a maverick Tom really was. Once Tom and I had a deal I asked The Family and other close friends to assist me with all aspects of putting on this monster. We had nothing and within days and lots of magic it started taking shape. Bob Sterns did the sound and it was pretty good. He did sound for Joni Mitchell and many other artists in the sixties. Arnold Zidell was a friend and he supplied the cooking vats not the army. On Sunday I had ministers from many churches attend and preach. What balls I had. You have aroused a sleeping giant. What a story, what a remarkable event in history. It has never really been understood except for those who were there. It was magic. My conversation and dealings with the leader of the Gypsy Jokers is another story that shows the power of the Vortex. I'll read the rest of what you sent me soon.

Bobby

Matt,

The Gypsy Jokers were a problem until I went down right in front of the stage and spoke with the leader. What happened even amazed me. I did not know what to expect and realized these people were unstable, not love and peace but the power of the Vortex ruled supreme and even the lead Joker fell into its magic. Its a great story. My meeting with Tom is even better. I'm smiling again. I have often thought about Vortex and just how few people ever really knew what happened to bring it about. No one really understood the reality of the event. Only Tom and I knew all the details. Do you know about the Bullfrog concert when we

demonstrated in St Helens and had a band plugged into the insurance office power in Main Street? A friend who lives in St. Helens just called me last week and told me someone wrote an article about this event. I'll send you a copy.

Bobby

Matt,

Think about me, photo enclosed of how I looked when I walked into Tom's office, high on pot I might add, and what magic would bring me together with Tom and as Ed told you he thought well of me. That's the real story. The impact of two cultures and the love that overcame the fear. It changed my life forever.

Bobby

Matt,

Are you aware of the meeting I had with the mayor of Portland? When I tell you the story of my meeting with Tom you will understand why the story must be told.

Bobby

Matt,

I have thought about nothing but Vortex since I received your email. I am very serious about working with you to be certain the real true story is told. I feel this could be a wonderful and profitable venture for both of us. My only problem is I have always felt this story would be a part of my book. Seeing as I am not a author and have never put pencil to paper, you seem to have a really great feel for Vortex and a strong desire to be published. I propose we work together and tell this story. I want 25% of the deal, I will work with you, tell you the story as it really happened in detail, will assist you in getting this book published, will work with you to market this story and do interviews with you if we ever get to that point. If this proposal interests you let me know.

Bobby

Matt,

The Vortex festival, what happened between Tom McCall and me, the effect of this Vortex and all these people you speak about was my life. I quote you, "I can't believe I actually found you! It's what every writer searching for a big story dreams about." Maybe it's not an accident or luck we are in touch, Maybe its the power of the Vortex as silly as that may sound. You have heard stories about what so many people experienced. Is it so hard to understand? I have always wanted to write a book about certain aspects of my life, Vortex being one of

those aspects. I want you to understand that I have a strong emotional attachment to Vortex. It was my concept, my life experience, I lived it, I was in the room with Tom, Ed, built the stage, was the driving force behind making it a reality and tamed the Gypsy Jokers, etc. You have felt the energy and it has touched you but I was a part of creating it. I saw it, felt it, lived it and I am the only living person who knows what really happened. You are thinking too small. You really do not know how incredible this story is. I felt maybe you were the one to work with on this project. I had hoped you were. I disagree with your concept but respect your opinion. You are the writer and I would allow you to write the book as you feel it should be written. Unless you know the true story how can you even make an intelligent decision on how this story should be told? I do not want it to be the Bobby Wehe story but I am entwined throughout this story. I have to follow my path also and be true to myself, Tom and Vortex. If you are going to benefit as an author from my life experience, be paid for your efforts and want me to reveal what I have held in secret for 31 years, why is it wrong for me to be compensated for my efforts? I humbly disagree with your stance but am open to future discussions in the hope we may come to terms and make this story come to life. If you change your mind I will meet with you, try to work out any differences we may have, prepare a contract to lay out each of our positions clearly, to protect both our interests, have you write a basic text to present to an agent, get you an agent and a publisher, prepare the movie rights to the story and assist you in making this all it could and should be. I have enjoyed talking with you. You have made me smile and brought me to a place of joy. For this I thank you. I wish you the best of luck. Send me a copy of your book when you write it.

Bobby

The Announcement

August 6, 1970

At 10 a.m. a small group of Oregon reporters assembled in Portland's Benson Hotel for a press conference that had been billed as a briefing on the state's "security arrangements" for the American Legion convention. On the rostrum stood four men: Ed Westerdahl, Craig Berkman from People for Portland, Glen Swift and Bobby Wehe. When the news release went out inviting the media to attend, the state seemed to have the situation under control. In the last 72 hours, however, things had changed.

On August 3, a musician named Ron Abel declared in an *Oregon Journal* article headlined "Softer Confrontation Aim of Rock Festival" that he had formally asked the Portland City Council for use of nearby Delta Park to hold the Free People's Pop Festival. Abel said he originally planned to stage the event in May but city officials asked him to move the date to coincide with the American Legion convention. Even though Abel had no permit and apparently no one in Portland's city government knew what he was talking about, the festival's "front man" boasted, "We've got rock bands coming from all over." Abel projected at least 50,000 people would attend his free event. Furthermore, the story's last sentence read, "A Seattle-based festival group, Sky River, is talking of holding a rock-meet at a site 50 miles from Portland when the Free People's Pop Festival occurs." Nineteen sixty nine's Sky River attracted some 30,000 young people and led many Washington counties to ban outdoor rock festivals.

On August 4 came news from Salem that on August 14-16, that promoter Bruce Moquin's Bullfrog III rock festival, originally scheduled for a rural town 15 miles south of Portland called Wilsonville, then seemingly scrubbed, was now back on and set to unfold somewhere in rural Yamhill County, southeast of the city. Bullfrog II had been staged in rural Clackamas County and numerous complaints led the Clackamas County Commissioners to enact a ban on paid rock festivals on private land.

That same day, in addition to reports about the resurrected Bullfrog III, Salem newspapers reported two Tacoma-based bar owners planned to stage a rock

festival billed as “America” in Marion County, near Salem, sometime during the first week of September. Promoters “hoped” Eric Burdon and War and the Steve Miller Blues Band would play. Ticket sales would be limited to 20,000.

Finally, on August 5, at a press conference held by the People’s Army Jamboree, spokesman Michael McCusker announced that his group had a plan to confront the American Legion and their “immense capacity for senseless violence” with a concurrent program of anti-war activities. Speaking in front of a painting of a cannon protruding flowers, McCusker told the press, “We’ll try to do it without getting clobbered, but we’ll use bodies if necessary.”

People’s Army Jamboree schedule

This schedule is tentative and subject to additions or corrections. Speakers are contingent upon raising the necessary funds for plane fare and final confirmations.

Saturday August 29, 1970--Orientation at DELTA PARK, the People’s Army Jamboree will distribute information on legal defense, medical precautions, schedules etc. at this time. Tables will be set up by various groups to distribute their particular information. Women’s Liberation and Gay Liberation will be holding regional get togethers. Morris Knight will be speaking for Gay Liberation. Ecology Workshop.

Sunday August 30, 1970--10:00 a.m. Laird Hill-Duniway, Imperialism Workshop; 1:00 p.m. Victory to the Vietnamese People Rally, possible speakers; David Horowitz, Frank Joyce, Blaize Pompane, Martin Nicholas, Reese Ehrlich; 2:30 p.m. Victory to the Vietnamese march, beginning Laird Hill park. Following march return to Delta Park for music

Monday August 31, 1970--Racism Rally at Powell Park (S.E. 24th & Powell). From there to McDonald’s to picket in support of boycott. 2:00--4:30 p.m. High School workshops Powell Park; also 2:00--4:30 Ecology Workshops; possible speakers; Barry Weissberg, Cliff Humpherys, Paul Kangas. Delta Park location.

Tuesday September 1, 1970--6:00 a.m. Vets Rally at Induction Center S.W. 4th & 5th on Salmon. 8:00 a.m. Vets Rally Pioneer Post Office Recruiting Station, 11:00 a.m. Women’s Liberation rally and march to Planned Parenthood--meet at Women’s Park Blocks across from Courthouse. Also at that time, Delta Park, Factory organizers workshop with Bruce Franklin, Mary Lou Greenberg, Reese Ehrlich, League of Revolutionary Black Workers. 3:00 p.m. Free all political prisoners rally with representatives from the defense committees of Los Siete, Soledad Brothers, and the New Haven Panthers. March following rally supporting

Bobby Seale, Erica Huggins, and all political prisoners, beginning and dispersing from Duniway. 8:30 p.m. Back to Delta for Racism workshops involving other a national speakers.

Wednesday September 2, 1970--12:00 noon Workshops on the conditions of the working class at Laird-Duniway. 2:00 p.m. Rally at same location leading to support action of local 159 (Theatrical and stage employees) at Broadway and Off-Broadway theatres. Picketing and leafleting will continue into the night to support projectionists locked-out at the following theatres: Broadway, Off-Broadway, Eastgate, Westgate, Family Drive-in, Foster Drive-in, 104th Street, Powell, and Division. Please boycott these theatres and McDonald's while you are in Portland.

Veterans Against the War will be recruiting at Delta Park on Saturday and at Laird and Duniway during the rest of the week. Planned Veterans workshops are as follows: Chemical-Biological Warfare, Military Injustice, How to FTA the Army, and Draft Resistance. Times and places will be announced.

Important Phone Numbers: People's Army Jamboree 224-2636 or 224-2637, People's Defense 224-2897, Day Care 223-5082 or 235-6154. If you are arrested call People's Defense. They have very little money for bail, but they can secure bail if you give them a source, and they can arrange legal aid for you.

Note: Please remember that the Jamboree does not wish to initiate violence. Those who do so in a potentially dangerous situation may bring down some heavy shit on their brothers and sisters, and may be viewed as Pig provocateurs trying to cause an excuse for the Pigs to come down on us. So please use your head. ***(This was an ambitious agenda and the writer has determined that with the exception of two rallies that led to permitted marches, almost none of these activities actually happened. The writer makes this determination based on the following: there are *no* mainstream or underground press accounts of these activities, the Portland Police's clandestine surveillance makes virtually no mention of them, and former People People's Army Jamboree members frankly concede they lacked follow-through initiative and that some of the these agenda items were total bullshit. For example, the *Willamette Bridge* reported a People's Army Jamboree claim they had arranged for Jane Fonda to speak. Jane Fonda was not in Portland in the summer of 1970.)**

Statement from the governor's office read by Ed Westerdahl at the press conference

A community group has requested land so that people coming to Oregon will have a place to go and things to do other than being swept into confrontation and violence. In this context, and based upon the recommendation of many responsible groups that have been working together, use of site a will be allowed for this purpose.

Those coming to Oregon, no matter what, are being encouraged by every means at our disposals to avoid a situation of potential violence and to set an example by showing their respect for the rights of others. McIver Park in Clackamas County will be available for their use. Vortex I maintains that they can show by living example that they believe in peaceful expression of their views through a non-commercial gathering.

Those people who are coming to Oregon for purposes of disruption are once again urged to change their plans because Oregon will not allow mob rule.

In a conflict situation, it is impossible to distinguish between participants and spectators, and it is for this reason that McIver Park has been selected as a gathering spot for those who are not seeking disruption. **(*It is worth noting here that no county or state agency ever issued any permit for Vortex I. The state also never required liability insurance of the festival organizers. One of the many odd documents that surfaced in connection to Vortex I is a letter from Bob Oliver to an attorney representing a client injured at the festival who apparently sought damages of one sort or the other. Oliver suggests the attorney contact People for Portland since the festival was their "responsibility." Oliver even had the courtesy to provide an address in what amounted to an extraordinary passing of the buck.)**

Glen Swift

I took questions because what happened was at, in our meetings with the so-called Family, everyone loved Bobby Wehe because he was a good talker, he was super hip guy, and he was appointed the spokesperson. After we had drafted our statement they said, "Bobby, why don't you read the statement?" and I'm saying, "I had been playing reporter, I'd gotten us press passes for the *Willamette Bridge*, I'd been playing reporter around town, I was kind of in that milieu." I said, "Bobby can't really relate to the people, the general public. Let me go up there and answer questions, even if I can't read the statement, let me answer questions." So everyone agreed. Bobby will read the statement and Glen will answer.

Statement from The Family read by Bobby Wehe read at the press conference

We, The Family, are putting together Vortex I because we believe in it. As a non-violent group of people we believe Vortex to be a cultural and political affirmation of our common humanity and an alternative to negation and violence. We feel that by making a positive statement of new thought forms and new life styles, and by nurturing the reality of that statement, we are taking a political stance. This is a new kind of politics, the politics of affirmation and living example. Vortex I is an attempt to concert our efforts in expanding our life styles beyond superficial horizons. Our vision is of four days of example; an example of sharing this planet

in a spirit of harmony and purity, where brothers and sisters from all over the world can begin the self-education and self-discipline necessary to turn our isolated attempts at new-culture into a movement.

This is a free festival. It is free because this is the only way that is consistent with a new cultural movement in America. Vortex I will be completely organic and biodegradable: no concessions, no litter, and no pollution. Artists, philosophers, teachers, musicians, communes, and brothers and sisters from everywhere are invited to come, to teach, to engage, to speak and to participate in a cultural regeneration in America. Together, in workshops, in dialogues, in creative harmony with the environment, we will begin: culturally, politically, ecologically, humanly...we will begin.

Vortex I is not something you merely come to, Vortex I is something you are. We are inviting each of you from everywhere who is interested in participating in such an effort, to bring the best of what you have to share with your brothers and sisters."

Poem distributed at the press conference by The Family

. . . a rainbow is curved air
terry riley

and then all wars ended
arms of every kind were outlawed
and the masses gladly contributed them to giant foundries
in which they were melted down
and the metal poured back into the earth
the pentagon was turned on its side
and painted purple, yellow, and green
all boundaries were dissolved
the slaughter of animals was forbidden
the whole of lower Manhattan became a meadow
in which unfortunates from the bowery were allowed
to live out their fantasies in the sunshine
and were cured
people swam in the sparkling rivers
under blue skies streaked only with incense
pouring from the new factories
the energy from dismantled nuclear weapons
provided free heat and light
world health was restored
an abundance of organic vegetables and fruits and grains
were growing wild along the discarded highways
national flags were sewn together

into brightly colored circus tents
under which politicians were allowed
to perform harmless theatrical games.
the concept of work was forgotten

When a reporter asked if the decision to sponsor a rock festival put the state in a “compromising position, ” Westerdahl gave a one-word answer--“yes.” Berkman said the decision “showed the governor’s office was aware of the situation and are taking responsible action to meet it.” Westerdahl remarked that McCall had requested the People’s Army Jamboree to postpone their gathering until after the American Legion convention, and in response, the group “accelerated its efforts.” The governor’s aide also mentioned that the prohibition against camping at McIver Park would be waived during the festival. Swift said in no way did his group “relate” to the People’s Army Jamboree or their aims for Portland. When asked to speculate how many people he expected to attend the festival, he said, “We’ll know more in September after they’ve come.”

Glen Swift

The part that I remember about the conference was the question about security. The agreement with the state was that the state would have Oregon State Police and National Guard outside of McIver Park. They would not come into McIver Park. And so people, someone from the press said, “So what about security inside the park?” And I answered that, “We will maintain security within the park, that I will take responsibility.” I probably said, “We will” but I ended up establishing a system within the park for traffic control and for every other thing that we considered having to do with security. We all pretty much knew that the state wouldn’t be going inside the park to make drug arrests.

The press conference ended. The media filed out to craft the stories soon to appear in print and on the airwaves. In the coming days, Oregonians learned that the state had established a partnership with Portland’s hippie community to stage and promote an event that would coincide with the American Legion convention to provide an official alternative to probable violent confrontation with the Legionnaires. That alternative was to be a five-day rock festival, to begin in 22

days, in a state park approximately 25 miles southeast of Portland. It was to be called Vortex I: A Biodegradable Festival of Life, and as of this date, as far as anyone knew, it was to be the first state-sanctioned, state-sponsored rock festival in American history. A concrete time and place had been established. Plans to attend could begin in earnest. The setting was groovy and quintessential Oregon. People were encouraged to camp out. It would be free to get in while the other rock festivals would charge admission. Hippies would be in charge. It had an imprimatur that was almost beyond comprehension.

Editorial, *Capitol Journal*

If things go wrong either place, McCall is terribly vulnerable to the wrath of voters who will blame him for everything.

John Terry, *Capitol Journal*

There is, in Gov. McCall's decision to endorse a rock music festival, an admirable brand of political reality. It's the kind of wisdom which all too seldom seeps upward to political seats of power. Too many believe that the way to kill new ideas is do just that, with as much force as you can muster.

Letter to Governor McCall

I am sure that the past two weeks will go down in history as the darkest in moments of our nation, state and specifically Clackamas County.

***Fed Up!* newsletter from "Fort Lewis GI's who can no longer stand the oppression of the US military."**

The Vortex is an obvious pig-sponsored festival.

Letter to *Oregonian*

The hippies at least profess peace and love for their brothers. Nowhere else do I see a people that even try to say such a thing. The hippies have made a start that most of us are afraid to take.

Editor Russ Hill, *Enterprise Courier News*

Let's pray a little that the Family will prove deserving of the Governor's faith.

Estacada resident as quoted in the *Oregonian*

The Governor should get the chair for doing this.

Editorial, *Oregonian*

No one even knows how many young people from all over the nation will come to Portland that week in response to calls in "underground" papers and other publicity. A base estimate is 40,000. This may be far wide of the mark- either

way. But one thing is certain. A large number of young people will be in this area that week, whether or not any preparations are made by officials responsible for law enforcement, health and sanitation.

The city of Portland properly has denied an application for the massing of thousands night and day for a week or more in Washington Park. This park is unsuited for the abuse it would receive. So is Forest Park where there are no sanitary facilities and the danger of forest fire is extreme.

It is more likely that the hard-core promoters of an "anti-war" confrontation with the American Legion will try to occupy one of the city parks without a permit. This can be handled as a police matter if the numbers of the invaders are not too great.

And that is the reason for the state's offer of the use of McIver State Park near Estacada, on the Clackamas River, for a young peoples festival Aug. 28 through Sept. 2. A group of Portland youths calling itself The Family, has obtained use of the park for a rock music festival called Vortex I. This group is said not to be connected in any way with the promoters of the People's Army Jamboree.

The thought behind this maneuver is that at least 80 percent of the youngsters attracted to gatherings which have the potential for violence are more interested in music and festival "togetherness" than violence.

Oregon's plan will be a definitive test of this theory. If the plan works and there is no violence at the Legion convention there will be great relief among the citizens of Portland. It is certainly worth a try.

Public officials in Oregon are making intelligent and responsible plans to reduce the public hazards of a nationally inspired mass movement into Portland to "confront" men who have fought for America. They deserve public support, not criticism--either politically or ideologically motivated. And lots of luck.

Howard Weiner

We were on top of the world getting ready for the Free People's Pop Festival. Then came the announcement for Vortex and it sucked us dry. That was it. It was sheer genius by McCall. People who were helping us switched over to Vortex and I think the same thing happened to the People's Army Jamboree.

Doug Weiskopf

We roared with laughter when we heard the announcement. The entire overreaction McCall organized, and yes announcing a free rock festival where (gasp!) drugs and nudity would be permitted was the single catalyst which turned our protest plans from a sure dismal failure to a rousing success of which we had never dreamed possible.

Interview with Frank Ivancie, Portland City Commissioner

Well, this business, that we have to avoid violence at all costs, that the only way to do that is to accommodate some of these people so we hopefully defuse some of their violent activities at the same time. We're saying we're not going to worry about the laws too much. This is between the lines. My point is, just from the standpoint of logic, where do you end up with that type of policy? How can this survive in our society—the society as we know it—a society of laws? How can we survive these inconsistencies in our society? It's a philosophical question here which has to be answered.

Television commentary by Floyd McKay

Vortex I cannot be viewed as a panacea for the problems surrounding the American Legion convention. It won't divert the militants who seek a confrontation with the Legion. Nor, for that matter, will it divert those Legionnaires who arrive in Portland looking for an excuse to get a hippie. Only firm and fair police action can keep these groups apart.

But Vortex One does provide a safety valve for thousands of young people who otherwise would be on the streets of Portland during the Legion convention. Some will be from outside Oregon, lured here by a promise of meeting other young people and having a good weekend before going back to school. But most will be our own sons and daughters, easily attracted to the action in downtown Portland.

Diverting these young people from the convention area will deny the militants some of the body of sympathetic bystanders needed for major confrontation. It will also spare injury to the young people in the event violence does erupt.

Governor McCall and the Clackamas County officials who are cooperating with Vortex One will be subjected to partisan criticism for their actions. They will be accused of pandering to hippies and dissenters. And if there is trouble at the rock festival, the criticism will double.

Majority sentiment in the State probably runs against rock festivals in any form. And particularly against free ones backed by the State. So the easy political route is to do nothing about the upcoming convention. And have lots of police and National Guardsmen on hand.

There's plenty of precedent for that approach. Mayor Daley used it in 1968 in Chicago. His standing with the voters improved as a result.

But those who call for a strong hand and criticize the Governor and others for backing the rock festival need to be reminded of the alternative. The alternative to planning to avoid chaos is often chaos itself.

The Informant

Portland Police Bureau report

City of Portland, Oregon
Department of Public Safety
Bureau of Police
Officer's Report

Subject: Info Rock Festival

Time: 7:35 a.m.

Captain: Lt Myron Warren 8/12, 1970

NARRATIVE:

Sir: On Monday, 8/10/70, at approx 6 a.m. writer received a phone call at his home from BRUCE BYRON MOQUIN, who expressed disagreement with the state officials sanctioning the proposed rock festival at Mclver Park in Clackamas County. It should be noted that writer became acquainted with MOQUIN following a successful investigation of the burglary of his home in 1969.

MOQUIN agreed to meet the writer on the following day and contact was made, after using the current identification code, in which the caller dials MOQUIN's phone number (288-4182) and identifies himself as SAM, FRIEND OF JOHN FROM SEATTLE. MOQUIN was then picked up at his home, 1630 N Ross, and driven a short distance north to a parking area.

Writer then interviewed MOQUIN relative to 1. location of his proposed rock festival, 2. his motives, 3. any information he had concerning the militant groups arriving in the city in opposition to the American Legion convention. He refused to reveal the location of the festival, because writer would not agree to keep the information confidential.

He was obviously very disturbed with state officials in the governor's office, who sanctioned use of Mclver State Park for a rock festival. He insisted that this feeling is not prompted by the competition it presents, but rather by the background of the individuals selected to manage this show. He identified them as RALPH OWENS, ROBERT BOB WEHE, DAVE SALMON, HOWARD WEINER, GLEN SWIFT and others, whom he described as narcotics pushers with police records. He claimed none in his organization is a user, however, he himself is an admitted marijuana smoker.

In regard to his own rock festival, MOQUIN indicated that staging and other facilities had been completed during hours of darkness and professionally camouflaged by a hired group from Seattle. The location was roughly given as 17 miles south of Portland on the Salem freeway.

Four exits in the vicinity of Wilsonville will be used to nearby respective parking lots. Transportation will be provided by Raz Transportation Company and the Suburban Blue Bus Company (under contract) from the parking lots to the festival site. Windows on each side of these buses will be covered by a large canvas sign, bearing the words United Council of Churches, all of which is designed to maintain secrecy of location.

Festival tickets will be issued in colors of red, white, blue and green. Each color will specifically designate the proper exit to use from the freeway and each exit will be identified by its color scheme only on the first day of the festival, as ticket holders will be expected to stay for the three-day period.

Outdoor promotional advertising is under contract with Foster and Klieser and depicted in the colors and form of the American flag psychedelically. A sample was shown to the writer. Holcom (ph sp) oil Company will furnish oil for dirt roads in the area and the entire operation is under the guidance of retired Army Colonel Rockney Percy. MOQUIN stated that additional publicity relative to this festival is being broadcast by an underground radio station, located across the border in Mexico and also one in Chicago, Ill. The underground press will also devote space to this promotion.

Writer was then taken to MOQUIN'S business office, situation in an older type home at 1630 N Ross and was introduced as a helicopter pilot to approx 12 hippie type teenagers, manning several telephones and carrying out his general orders. In his private office, writer was shown numerous completed contracts with rock music groups and also many telegrams of confirmation.

While thumbing through these telegrams, writer noted one outlined a confirmation for the use of Bull Frog Park on Redlon Rd in Clackamas County. This was also noticed by MOQUIN, who suggested the writer forget what he saw. It was then recalled that MOQUIN had previously jokingly advised the writer to check the *Oregonian* of 7/9/69 for the location of the current festival. This was researched and found to be the Bull Frog location. He stated that Clackamas County was chosen, because liability and other restrictive measures are less severe than in Multnomah, Washington and Marion Counties.

MOQUIN was then questioned relative to militant groups arriving for the American Legion convention and he expressed grave concern, indicating that violence will result, if his festival is unsuccessful. He believes that the festival will attract approx 200,000 teenagers, locally, statewide and out of state during the three-day period, removing this vast number from the violent influence of such incoming groups he described as communist fronts and identified as 1. HYDRO-SKY RIVER OF SEATTLE, 2. SEATTLE LIBERATION FRONT, 3. ROLAND ASSOCIATES (LOCAL FILTER QUEEN DISTRIBUTOR). He refused to give detailed pertinent information relative to these groups, as he claimed his life would be in jeopardy. However, writer will continue to pursue this line of

questioning in future meetings with MOQUIN, as it is believed the information will be forthcoming.

MOQUIN warned the writer that militant groups will encounter no difficulty in aligning themselves with promoters of the McIver festival, because of their criminal background and suggested the following individuals all between the ages 21 to 30 be checked for police records. 1) JAMES FLYNN, 2) FRANK REYNOLDS, 3) BEN WRIGHT (PEOPLES ARMY JAMBOREE), 4) RUSS BOYLE, 5) JAMES BAKER, 6) CAL SCOTT (THE GOOD EARTH), 7) RICHARD DICK JEFFERIES, 8) CHARLES VESLEY, (lives on Canal Circle, Lake Oswego), 9) RON ABLE (NBC) (MIXED BLOOD), 10) BENNETT MORGAN AGENCY OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN, phone, area code 215-EV2-5896 (involved in heavy narcotics sales).

MOQUIN was visibly disturbed over two problems in his own organization, 1. difficulty in obtaining adequate financing, 2. a leak amongst his highly secretly pledged members. He refused to identify his financial backers, but requested assistance in determining the identity of the informer, whom he believes to be MICHAEL C NEELEY, @MICHAEL NYE, approx 23yrs, white. He further suggested checking the registered owners of the following vehicles, 1. a light Cadillac, Ore RDF 088 (equipped with a transmitter), 2. a blue Ford, Ore LFV 271, 3. a red Fiat, Ore CDT 967.

MOQUIN was questioned briefly regarding the burglary of a stereo shop at 212 SW Alder, case 70-29951, in which he was the suspect. He denied being involved, but admitted being acquainted with owner, ROBERT R HALES who he stated he met during the course of his gay life.

The forgoing information was given to the writer in strictest confidence and should be treated as such. Future meetings will be held with MOQUIN and additional information outline in future reports.

Resp.

John J Skoko, Det.
Burglary/ day

ke
8/12/70 9:10 a.m.

(*This report is littered with errors of fact made by both the officer and the informant. It seems almost gratuitous here to note the preposterousness of some of Moquin's schemes. predictions and accusations. He is a mysterious but fascinating figure in the Vortex I story, who might have the distinction of being *the* person responsible for duping local and state and federal law enforcement agencies into believing a violent confrontation was inevitable in Portland. The writer was unable to track Moquin down or learn

his fate. Howard Weiner and Glen Swift told the writer they had no idea who Moquin was in 1970. The writer speculates that because of Moquin's financial stake in Bullfrog IV, that when he heard the state was sponsoring a free rock festival, he freaked out (a 6:00 a.m. call!), and used his cop connections to try and undermine it, including the tactic of blackening the names of real and imagined Vortex I organizers.)

The County

Summary of Clackamas County Sheriff's Operations During Vortex I by Bill Brooks, Chief Deputy Sheriff, September 1970

Toward the middle of July, 1970, several announcements were made by a rock festival promoter, Bruce Moquin, that a rock festival named "Bull Frog IV" and produced by Bull Frog Productions would be held in the vicinity of Wilsonville, Oregon starting August 14, 1970. It would appear from the press releases made by Moquin that such a rock festival might be held in Clackamas County and in violation of the Clackamas County ordinance prohibiting rock festivals without permit. Because of the need to develop adequate and current information concerning movements of dissident groups within the County and those who would promote a rock festival within this County, a new position in the Detective Division was created for the purposes of gathering intelligence. This position was filled on July 17, 1970.

On July 21, 1970, it was learned through the Clackamas County Board of Commissioners that a request had been made to the L & M Chemical Toilet Company, Clackamas, Oregon, for the donation of 1,000 chemical toilets to be delivered to McIver State Park near Estacada which would provide required facilities for sanitation for a forthcoming rock festival. The Park Superintendent at McIver State Park was contacted relative to this information and he appeared to be at a loss for information relating to such a planned activity. Further contacts were made at the Parks & Recreation Division of the Oregon State Highway Department at Salem in which they further appeared to be at a loss related to this activity.

During the time period between July 22 and July 30, 1970, intelligence reports from all metropolitan area police agencies gave a strong indication that Moquin's Bull Frog Festival would probably be held in Washington County rather than Clackamas County. This was a difficult time for the Department in running down the many rumors created by Moquin's press releases. Most rumors seemed to point towards an almost 800 acre farm named "Corral Creek Ranch", which is located almost on the Washington County-Clackamas County line as the site for the Bull Frog Rock Festival. The citizens of Wilsonville, Oregon has also planned Boones Ferry Day Festival to be scheduled August 21, 22, & 23, 1970. There was a great deal of apprehension on the part of the Wilsonville area residents concerning the proposed rock festival by Moquin for the 14, 15 & 16th.

On Friday, July 31, 1970, the Clackamas County Sheriff's Department, along with Washington County Sheriff's Department, was invited to attend the meeting of the Steering Committee held at the Military Department at Salem, Oregon and composed of representatives of the Portland Police Department, Multnomah County Sheriff's Department, the Governor's staff, and the Military Department. It was at this meeting that the Sheriff's Department first learned that the State of Oregon, through Governor McCall's Office, was considering having a State-sanctioned rock festival located at Mclver Park in Clackamas County. Officials from the Portland Police Department referred to this rock festival occurrence as a certainty to happen while representatives from the Governor's Office denied that it had been discussed. It would, however, appear that a considerable amount of discussion relating to the use of Mclver State Park had been made prior to this meeting of the Steering Committee.

On Monday, August 3, 1970, at 4 o'clock p.m., there was a meeting in the Clackamas County Board of Commissioner's Office between the Board of Commissioners, the Sheriff, the Military Department, the State Police, and representative of the Governor's office. Mr. Edward G. Westerdahl II, Executive Assistant to Governor McCall, advised the Board of Commissioners and the Sheriff that their Department had proposed the use of Mclver State Park for a rock festival which would be sponsored by an organization called "The Family."

The Conspiracy

Flyer distributed in Portland area, August 1970 *(This document was discovered in the Clackamas County Sheriff's Office's Vortex I archive. The writer has no idea what it is.)

Rock Festival Information-During American Legion National Convention August 28 to September 2, 1970.

Also see the *Oregonian* Wednesday Aug. 5, 1970, edition 4M page 7. Mclver Park in Clackamas Co. probable site of huge rock festival. Information is that Mclver Park will be used only as a meeting place so that it will not be used at the night time. Nor they won't be breaking any rules because it will only be a meeting place from where they will disperse to four other parks. One of which is Eagle Creek Park and will be used for a political rally and then to "Congress" (code name) State Park. Another possible meeting place is allegedly to be Coral Creek Ranch, off of Ladd Hill in Clackamas County. It was formally owned and or is still owned by Baha'I. This is a religious organization with headquarters in Haifa, Israel. It has a national American headquarters in Illinois. Allegedly a Tom Murphy is connected with this Baha'I. His brother Don Murphy is allegedly the one that had the rock festival at Eatonville at Buffalo Park in the state Washington. Allegedly his father Don. E Murphy is now living in Arizona. This Coral Ranch is listed at the tax office under Realty Growth Limited, which is a Canadian firm part of Baha'I. The name is Jim Frank and/or R.J. Frank allegedly

owns it and it seems to be connected in together. Among the names with the Baha'I is a Sally Spiro now she evidently runs the Portland office of Baha'I and her phone number is 253-6466. Rumor has it that her husband was one that was going to open the outdoor theater out in Washington County in Oregon. Head of Baha'I in Portland is a Mrs. Henderson phone number 292-0613 and she is chairman of the assembly. Most of this information came from an informant, who tangled with Tom Murphy during the time when he wanted Mexicans to use the above ranch to organize them as strawberry pickers in conjunction with the Chavez of the grape boycott of California. However the Mexicans were smarter than he thought and they did not organize at that time. The informant says if you need any information you should go to the film room of the tax office of Clackamas County and you can get a photostatic copy of this not downstairs but in the film room and know that the proof is there that Tom Murphy with the Baha'I owns this property in a round-about way. Also Baha'I has just been admitted to the United Nations. And they sit on the council to make decisions. This all connected together and Baha'I is a world religion. It sends state delegates, elected annually, to meet at the national headquarters in the beautiful temple on the shores of Lake Michigan to elect the national spiritual assembly of nine. Ultimately all the countries of the world will send delegates to elect an international body with headquarters in Haifa which will administer the world affairs of the faith. In small print, in 1963 brochure stated that the Baha'I World Congress was held in London with 7000 representatives from most countries, significant territories and island groups of the world. The first universal house of justice supreme administrative body of the faith was elected in April of 1963, with its headquarters at the Baha'I world center in Haifa, Israel. For further information contact Baha'I Center 536 Sheridan Rd. Willamette, Illinois. In last weeks issue of the *Tigard Times* and the *Valley Times*, Tigard, Oregon, there was an ad in the paper asking for 500 acres to rent for the week of the convention Aug. 28 to Sept. 2. The phone number in the ad was that of East Cap and World Council of Churches with Ira Blalock, Unitarian minister.

For PEACE Reproduce and pass on to as many as you can. Printing to be 99,909.

The Doctor

Dr. Cameron Bangs

I came from New England and graduated from the University of Vermont Medical School. I came to Oregon to intern in 1964. I went into practice in internal medicine in Oregon City in 1968 and joined a very conservative, staid clinic. ***(The writer received medical care at this clinic as a child in the 1970s and remembers receiving Dum-Dum suckers as a present for cooperation. The writer also vaguely remembers a younger physician with longish hair around the premises.)**

I was 31 years old in 1970 and wouldn't have classified myself as a hippie but I grew my hair long and had worked some with the counterculture. I was not in support of the war. I had no experience with the recreational drugs at the time.

Dr. Bangs' diary: *(A few days after the festival ended, Dr. Bangs, dictated his Vortex I experiences into a recorder. Later they were transcribed into a 23-page document. The writer considers Dr. Bangs' diary to be the best neutral eyewitness account of the 1960s-70s counterculture in action that exists in American history. The diary's beginning section is excerpted here and the rest will appear throughout the rest of the book. Quite simply, when Vortex I was over, Dr. Bangs became the world's leading authority on providing medical services to a large rock festival crowd.)

I first learned about Vortex by reading an article in the *Enterprise Courier*. At that time it seemed as if the whole county was up in arms because we were going to have a Rock Festival. I talked with Fred Schmidt about it that night and he came to the house and we had several beers and decided that if such an event were to take place that medical care would be necessary and that why not provide it. We spent several hours discussing the mechanics and concluded that we would pitch our own tents if necessary and perhaps hire an ambulance. He felt that we would probably get some cooperation from other physicians. The following morning I talked with several members of the executive committee of the Medical Society as well as my partners and found that the Medical Society should endorse it. With that encouragement I contacted Bob Zimmer of the *Enterprise Courier* to find out who was running the rock festival. He referred me to the Outside In as they had already been contacted to provide medical care. I contacted Charlie Spray, M.D. of the Outside In and at that point decided we would provide manpower if he could set up a mechanical facility.

We agreed on a meeting approximately a week later to be held at Oregon City Hospital, to talk with officials regarding details. We met with Gene Doherty, Lt. from the State Police, the Fire Chief, Sheriff Joe Shobe and numerous others to outline our program. Charlie Spray came and outlined what they had done, which at that point was rather loosely established. I talked with Charlie after the meeting

and found that nothing had really been done and that if we were to have adequate medical facilities I could see that it would have to be done from Clackamas County. At this point we undertook to establish facilities.

During the two weeks preceding the Vortex it is fair to say that the entire Clackamas County was uptight, Scared spitless for fear that hippies would be over-running the community. There was no opposition to anything we could do to keep Vortex at McIver Park. Through the numerous meetings we had, nobody voiced objection to what we were doing and everyone cooperated to the fullest.

During the next week my two nurses, Pat and Mitzi and myself spent hours on the telephone contacting drug companies, surgical supply companies, Red Cross communications and Civil Defense units and State and National Guard etc. trying to put together a respectable medical center. We contacted Don Ellis at Tektronix and he offered the use of his helicopter to shuttle physicians back and forth. We started contacting physicians to work with us, nurses were contacted because of their possible need in town so we were somewhat strapped here. The Oregon Nurses Association sent newsletters to all members and volunteers were obtained through Norma Morrell on this basis. I felt that we would need in addition to doctors and nurses, many aides capable of assisting the nurses and doctors. I sent letters to my fellow ski patrolmen through the Clackamas County Medical Society to obtain aides.

We had a meeting at the City Hall with all the local politicians from Clackamas County attending, nearly 60 strong. There we met Ed Westerdahl who initially felt that I was a member of a rock band. After this was straightened out we explained what we had set up during the past week and what further materials we needed to obtain. General Anderson of the National Guard offered three National Guard tents, no one in the crowd suggested a means of communication and no one suggested what medical supplies the state had available, therefore we continued to procure our equipment on a scrounging private basis.

Following the meeting at the City Hall we met at Oregon City Hospital I had several too many drinks and then met with Charlie Spray and we adjourned to McIver to determine a site for medical center. We felt that the site should be near the action but definitely at the periphery, as we did not want to get swallowed up by the crowd. A site was selected approximately half way between the stage area and the proposed camping area. I became extremely upset that afternoon at the Vortex group, for what in my opinion was lack of concrete planning. We were trying to get electricity and there were no plans made and it was difficult to determine what had been done.

Throughout this whole two-week period I felt that I had an impossible task of trying to provide medical care for approximately 50,000 people on two-week notice with minimal cooperation from others. I was extremely anxious, used at least 4 oz of Paregoric a day and found it was becoming hard to stay awake.

Things became a little hectic around the office in that we were placing 20 to 30 phone calls a day in addition to seeing a large load of patients. It was rare that I could see a patient without one or two phone calls interrupting me.

Response from the other physicians was generally favorable to the idea and in some places it went beyond this and they were extremely cooperative Leigh Campbell in particular was very encouraging as well as all of my own partners. There were a few who felt the whole thing was ridiculous and a waste of time and made a point to state that they would be out of town and not available on that particular weekend.

I went down to Surgical Sales Company and met with my friend Bob Hulme who owns and runs it and told him of our problem. He had already been contacted by several Portland groups for donations to equip their first aid stations, nevertheless he sat down with me for about an hour and I gave him a list of supplies that I needed. He made several additions to this list and promised to supply what he could. It turned out that he completely filled the list and it exceeded any expectation and supplied us with thousands and thousands useful items. Both hospitals, Willamette Falls and Oregon City were extremely cooperative and provided additional supplies not obtainable by other donations. We went through the basement and tombs of Oregon City Hospital and blew the dust off of many retired articles which we acquired. Both hospitals felt that what we took care of at McIver would stay out of their emergency room and this was an added incentive for cooperation. Willamette Falls Hospital offered to fill whatever supplies we needed and I sat down with Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Elkins and made a long list which they filled including suture materials, flashlights, toilet paper, paper towels etc. For every item I thought of and tried to scrounge, someone thought of three or four items which would be needed. Flashlights for example were completely overlooked by myself, suggested by Mr. Elkins, and were an absolute necessity after the festival started.

I talked with Bill Newhouse at his pharmacy to go over a list of drugs. We contacted various detail men from the pharmaceutical houses and obtained a list. Outstanding were Parke-Davis whom we contacted for one or two drugs and they came across with cases and cases of drugs and particularly dressings etc. Also outstanding was Roche which provided us with three bottles of 500 Valium tablets in addition to adequate supplies of injectable Valium. Squibb was also extremely cooperative as was Wyeth. Smith Kline & French offered Thorazine which arrived a little late but nevertheless the effort was there.

Denny Marsh of Willamette Falls Ambulance also was an extremely cooperative provider and offered his oxygen and bag and numerous splints etc. as well as cooperation and encouragement.

During this whole period I had little cooperation from the state and in fact no actual supplies arrived from them. I understood at a later date that they had

contacted Charlie Spray and offered him supplies but this information was never relayed to me until a week following the festival.

Physicians were contacted throughout Clackamas County. A letter was sent to each and they were encouraged to sign up on a list placed at Willamette Falls Hospital. It turns out that only one physician signed up on the list, which meant that I had to contact each one personally. Dr. Chitty did this and acquired an adequate number. We originally planned to have about three at all times, working 8-hour shifts. Shift would run from noon to eight, 4:00 p.m. until midnight and from 8:00 p.m. until the following noontime. It turns out that this division of labor was entirely wrong and 24-hour shifts should have been insisted upon from the very beginning.

I felt that some in park mobility would be necessary and I did not know what the traffic or road situation would be I therefore contacted the All-Terrain Vehicle and they generously offered to provide us with a 6 wheel, amphibious vehicle. On the night prior to the rock festival I took my children to Clackamette Park where we had great fun learning how to drive this vehicle by charging throughout the park.

Enterprise Courier was contacted to run a story on our activities and to assure the public that medical care would be provided at the rock festival. Medical care, it was pointed out, would be free. We had only one response to this article when an irate lady called the clinic saying "would we provide free care to hard working people also?" This I believe was our only pre festival complaint or outspoken individual and this I feel is important point particularly in view of the numerous complaints we had following the festival.

The Speech **August 25, 1970**

The trip from the Salem to Portland's KOIN-TV studio took less than an hour. This allowed time for McCall to polish a speech he had written himself that would soon earn the distinction as the first statewide television and radio address by an Oregon governor in an emergency situation.

Eighteen hours earlier, responding to a "threat to peace," Portland Mayor Terry Schrunk had issued an unprecedented executive order and seized control of all city departments. He now ran Portland. Furthermore, an emergency ad-hoc committee comprised of city, county and state officials had been formed to coordinate security in and around the city.

In the studio, decorating a wall, rested a three foot by three foot peace sign either inexplicably or pointedly still hanging from a previous set. The red light flashed. It was 6:00 p.m., Tuesday night. There was no Tele-prompter. The broadcast would air on 67 radio and television stations. ***(A stunning photograph of McCall with the peace sign in the background appeared in many Oregon newspapers. The odd, perhaps unprecedented visual combination of the ultimate hippie symbol and a Republican governor also hit the wires and in the next few days found its way into newspapers across the county. McCall received nearly two-dozen letters from mortified Americans as far away as Florida informing him that the peace sign had satanic origins or was the “mark of the traitor.” A few letters even insinuated McCall had quite possibly associated himself with the Anti-Christ. McCall wrote back explaining the sign was a prop from a previous show.)**

Speech by Governor McCall *(At this point, the writer recommends the reader listen to Governor McCall’s speech on CD included at the back of the book. Considering how “oratory” by prominent government leaders today is the unpleasant product of focus group-tried messaging, hearing this speech might serve the reader as a quick-acting purgative of cynicism and allow for increased enjoyment of this story.)

Monday Mayor Schrunk outlined the action being taken by the city of Portland to avoid violence in the Portland area. He spoke to the fact that the county and state governments are working very closely with the city. I must re-emphasize his words.

Three days from now Portland will host two groups.

They could not be more dissimilar. Their simultaneous presence here has already generated tension--and could trigger violence. We will be tested to the ultimate.

It is my responsibility as your governor to inform you of the background of this situation, the planning accomplished to meet it, the standard of individual conduct expected, and the certain consequences of failure--by anyone--to observe that standard.

The American Legion needs little description. Its history spans a half-century. As an organization, the Legion is dedicated to preservation of the nation’s

established political system and traditions. It is strongly oriented toward military strength and preparedness as an essential element of national policy.

At the opposite pole is the People's Army Jamboree. It is, by its open statements and publications, antiestablishment and antimilitary. Its motto is "World Revolution." Its supporters seek a broad spectrum of goals ranging from peaceful protest to bloody violence.

That the American Legion convention and the Jamboree are occurring at the same time is no coincidence. The Legion members are here as invited guests of the city of Portland to conduct their annual convention. The Jamboree is here to confront the Legion--and for no other purpose.

The Jamboree--first called "The Revolutionary Festival of Life"--was spawned last spring. It was activated and publicized originally through chapters of the SDS--the Students for a Democratic Society--on college campuses all over the country.

Planning by this group for a massive confrontation with the Legion in Portland continued throughout the spring and early summer. Concerted recruitment of persons to join the Jamboree--primarily through the underground press--began nationwide in May and still continues.

On July 6, I asked the Jamboree not to hold their gathering simultaneously with the Legion. I warned of the possible violence, saying, in part: "I urge you to reschedule the People's Army Jamboree."

My request was summarily rejected.

I have kept the Jamboree under close surveillance since its inception.

Periodic intelligence reports, evaluations and briefings have involved the Portland police, sheriff's units of Multnomah, Clackamas and Washington Counties, the Oregon State Police, the FBI, the Secret Service, the Postal Inspection Service, the National Guard, and the Department of the Army.

Their conclusions were clear--large numbers of young people were coming to Portland to confront the American Legion. The question was, how should we deal with the situation?

Federal intelligence indicated early in the summer that upwards of 50,000 young people would be coming.

While the Jamboree's planning is directed toward confrontation, great numbers of the young people attracted to Portland are not coming to riot, burn or kill. They are coming to peacefully exercise their constitutional rights.

Our reports were, however, that some would seek to manipulate the others as pawns to trigger serious and possibly violent confrontation.

This was the setting for polarization facing Oregon earlier this summer.

By then it was obvious that, should the anticipated numbers arrive, Portland could not deal with the situation.

In consultation with civic, church and local government leaders, and with the advice and counsel of the FBI, I committed our resources. As governor, I agreed to do all I could to prevent tragedy from breaking out in Portland.

Out of those discussions over many weeks there has emerged a comprehensive plan. It's a positive, effective and responsible approach to protecting the lives and property of all in Oregon. That, I believe, is what government is all about.

In this situation we have prepared for the worst while hoping for the best.

If the objective of averting conflict is not achieved, we are prepared to put down any violence that occurs. You may be assured that we are well prepared.

True, intelligence sources do report that we may be dealing with fewer people than our estimates a month ago indicated. But, law enforcement officials--state, federal and local--agree that a strong likelihood still exists for violence in Portland.

Based upon their recommendations, I am activating units of the Oregon National Guard in sufficient strength to safeguard life and property. It is my hope that this will be an insurance policy--that this action, along with others already taken, will dissuade those who would come to Portland to incite violence. If they come in spite of our preparedness, we have the ability to act quickly and decisively to uphold the laws of our state. We cannot afford the risk of after-the-fact activation.

Our commitment to law and order has not tempted us to infringe upon the constitutional rights of Americans to peaceful assembly, freedom of movement and nonviolent dissent. That, too, is what government is all about.

While we are prepared to deal with violence, keep it clear that our first priority is to avoid violence.

It is within this framework--avoiding violence--and upon the strong urging of local, state and federal law enforcement officers that Vortex I emerged.

Vortex is an activity planned and sponsored by a group of responsible young people, financially supported by People for Portland. This financial support has been committed from literally every major business in the Portland area.

Law enforcement officials agreed that such an activity was needed. Upon their recommendation we surveyed the entire four-county area and granted the use of McIver State Park.

Law enforcement officials advise me of the danger of thousands of young people roaming in bands through the residential areas of Portland at all hours of the day and night--restless, without a home base, without planned activity.

Vortex was a conscious and direct response to the problem of suddenly trying to absorb these thousands of young people into the City of Portland--young people without a place to stay.

There will still be some who want to thwart authority. With many of these, reason and option are of little or no value. To these people I say:

The State of Oregon, the city of Portland and the surrounding counties do not want violence but we are fully prepared to protect our citizens. We have prepared the resources necessary to fulfill this commitment. This is not the rattling of swords, this is a statement of fact. The laws of this state and this community will be upheld.

To those who understand this statement, alternatives are available. To those who choose to ignore this statement, less peaceful alternatives are in store.

Vortex was authorized as a safety valve--as a defusing mechanism for reducing the numbers we may have to deal with in Portland.

We can say to those young who are truly dedicated to peaceful disagreement: Go to McIver Park or Delta Park, which the city of Portland has approved for overnight occupancy.

These are your alternatives to milling madness.

People for Portland, made up of major business leaders, members of the clergy, concerned volunteers of all types, is working in a variety of ways to avert confrontation.

One of its activities is a rumor control center. The telephone No. is 233-2531. If you have any questions now or during the next week, I strongly urge that you contact this center. Rumors running wild can do more to harm our communities than anything short of violence itself.

People for Portland is also training people to stop trouble before it starts. So far, it has trained in excess of 500 citizens from this area, but it may need more, depending upon the numbers coming into the city. I strongly urge interested

citizens to join in this effort. Additional training sessions will be held at Lincoln High School Wednesday and Thursday beginning at 7:30 p.m.

The primary responsibility professionally belongs to local law enforcement agencies, the officers and men of the Portland police and sheriff's deputies of Multnomah, Clackamas and Washington Counties.

In immediate support will be a substantial contingent of Oregon State Police.

In further support will be contingents of the Oregon Army and Air National Guard, deployed in and around the city. Some units will be assigned to crowd control, others to protection of vital public facilities.

The crowd control groups have been carefully selected and thoroughly trained. Each Guardsman will be armed in a manner appropriate to his specific assignment.

The poise, attitude and effectiveness of these citizen soldiers should be reassuring to all of us. Significant of their attitude, our Oregon Guardsmen chose to code name this assignment "Operation Tranquility."

It is extremely doubtful that anything will occur that can't be adequately controlled by the units mentioned. Nevertheless, substantial numbers of federal troops are prepared to respond to my call for assistance.

Detailed operational, logistical and communications plans have been developed for all units.

Similarly, detailed plans have been developed for medical evacuation and treatment; for the jailing of large numbers of persons if it should become necessary; and for prompt judicial proceedings for any arrested persons.

Our planning seeks to avoid violence, our planning will also respond to violence if it occurs. I hope it does not occur. Whether it does or does not depends on you.

Let me speak first to you, the Legionnaire:

As avowed targets of political confrontation, it is only reasonable to expect that some of you will become objects of taunting, of verbal abuse, of inflammatory gestures, or obnoxious provocation. The purpose of such acts is precisely to evoke your reaction; even, possibly, in the hope you will react violently. Those who seek violent confrontation measure their success in resulting violence.

Don't give them a victory. Don't let them use you. Don't be the tool of the radicals.

Let me speak now to you, the resident of Oregon:

Just as the Legion may be a precise target for confrontation, the community at large is a general target. Many of you, too, will be subjected to the same provocations by those who seek to disrupt. Don't give the provocateurs a score. Just as I asked the Legion, I also ask you to resist the temptation to let fly. I also ask you not to let yourselves be used.

Let me speak now to you, the young person:

Much of what I've said, by implication, casts on you the long and dark shadows of those who seek violent confrontation and world revolution.

I know that most of you are just as opposed to violence as I am. I know that many of you are visiting here just to have a good time, or just to be where the action is, or just because you are curious. But let me point out that you, too, can be used by those amongst you who seek bloodshed. It is a deadly game. Don't be a pawn in that kind of game.

Your presence in large numbers creates physical problems, housing problems, health problems, sanitation problems, and perhaps more significant of all your presence contributes further to an already tense situation.

I ask that you respect the human rights and the property rights of others, that you show that you respect yourselves by your own conduct.

I also ask that you stay at home, or, if you do make the scene, that you participate in peaceful activities.

Now, you of the People's Army Jamboree have repeatedly stated that your objective and purpose is a peaceful protest.

You asked for the opportunity to publicly protest. You will have it.

You asked for a place to assemble. You have been granted it.

You have repeatedly insisted you will not provoke violence. Now prove it.

To each of you, I want to be sure I am not misunderstood in asking for patience and understanding. Most certainly I am relying on your good will to maintain tranquility during a time of tension.

While I ask these things with sincerity, it should be made clear that actions to the contrary will not be tolerated.

Violence, no matter who perpetrates it, will be put down, vigorously, promptly and with absolute certainty.

Speaking for the citizens of Oregon, and with the solemn resolve to maintain the peace, I want you to know we are willing to accept honest dissent and peaceful demonstrations.

I am just as firmly resolved that we will not tolerate violence to any person, harm to any property.

Now let me end on an encouraging note.

Very recently intelligence sources have advised me that the tide of young people coming to Portland for confrontation may be waning. I say, "may be" because the reports are too scattered to be conclusive.

The reasoning for this wane in the tide is that the word has gone out: Oregon's preparedness has dampened the fires of enthusiasm of those who would create chaos in our communities.

I know that you--as I--fervently hope this is so.

All of us hope that the decision on McIver Park and Vortex I, for example, will prove to be as it was described by Interior Secretary Walter Hickel in Portland Monday.

Secretary Hickel, keeper of the Federal Park System, told newsmen it is "both a wise and responsible decision." And in Portland Tuesday, a mayor who has been tormented by crowd problems, New York's John Lindsay, said, "It's the only thing to do."

City government in Portland has supported the decision, both directly and by its own resolution declaring Delta Park available for overnight use during this convention period.

In his moving public statement Monday, Mayor Schrunk made this analysis:

"In making available such a facility, we know it does not guarantee that there will not be illegal activities or even violence, but it does provide a relief valve and a location where those that desire can gather, hold workshops, debate and fraternize."

Mayor Schrunk might very well have added that such relief valves as McIver and Delta could spell the difference between order and major violence on the streets of Portland.

Whatever the future has to say about our preparations, it cannot fault the fact that we have built with painstaking care against the imponderables of this fortnight.

Nor can it say that city, county, and state officials – and leaders of the business, professional and religious communities--failed the test of cooperative teamsmanship.

For weeks now we have been doing those things best calculated to serve the public interest...perhaps not flawlessly, but to serve it so as to minimize to the greatest degree possible risk to life and property, and to Oregon's image as a hospitable and law-abiding state.

Hopefully this will be the Columbus Day Storm that never came. But if it comes, Oregon is prepared.

The speech lasted 15 minutes. In the next 48 hours the governor's office would be avalanched by telephone calls, telegrams, postcards and letters. Many citizens felt compelled to write personal letters to McCall. Many began by saying that they had never written an elected official before.

The superlatives describing the speech poured in: "stern, forthright, forceful, magnificent, brilliant, point blank." One Arizona couple camped in Devil's Lake State Park on the Oregon Coast tuned in on the radio and wrote McCall congratulating his actions as an "example." Dozens of letters from corporate executives praised the address. One voter ranked it alongside the best of "Churchill, FDR and Abraham Lincoln." The governor's office received a phone call from a witness to the Russian Revolution who commended McCall on his speech and wished someone had acted similarly strong against the Bolsheviks in 1917. One woman wrote in, "...perhaps your actions will be just a first in reincorporating America's young into a complete American fabric."

McCall heard praise from almost every walk of Oregon life: law firms, rural folks, city slickers, timber companies, construction contractors, farmers, housewives, doctors, Democrats, Republicans, state legislators from both parties, teachers, high school and college students, cops, long hairs, crew cuts, seniors, liberals, conservatives.

A common response to the speech was thanking McCall for cracking down on the hippies and preserving law and order. To these listeners, it apparently didn't register that most of the speech explained why the state was sponsoring a rock festival in collaboration with the freaks.

Letter to Governor McCall

Dear General:

Last night I listened to your declaration of war on the young people and it was a great comfort to me to know that you have marshaled our military forces to protect property.

Yet many citizens also heard in McCall, four months Kent State bloodshed, something new: a willingness to reach out to the younger generation, avoid violence no matter what the political costs, and collaborate to find solutions.

The speech was also a most unusual invitation to attend a "safety valve" for the purpose to party. For some, the invitation to be part of "defusing mechanism," to avoid the "milling madness," was too enticing to pass up. Indeed, there were already 4000 vanguard heads grooving in McIver Park.

It was a speech by a politician and McCall played deft and sublime politics with it. When he said Vortex I was. "...financially supported by People for Portland. This financial support has been committed from literally every major business in the Portland area," the statement was true, but it left out a lot, such as how the taxpayers were also financially supporting the festival, and at a tab considerably higher than the private funds being raised. And when the governor said, "Law enforcement officials agreed that such an activity was needed. Upon their recommendation we surveyed the entire four-county area and granted the use of McIver State Park," he was outright lying.

Not everyone favored the speech.

The People's Army Jamboree called it a "vicious and unfounded attack" that "condoned vigilante groups." They also wrote three Portland television stations demanding 15 minutes of equal time under the FCC's Fairness Doctrine. Michael

McCusker told a reporter, "I can imagine Hitler trying to make that kind of speech, the first preparing the people for the extermination of the Jews."

Critics from the other end of the political spectrum complained too. One reactionary ripped McCall for his, "...cringing submission to a group of degenerates." Another lamented a lost opportunity to send a stronger message, "...what's a Kent State or two? I'm sure everyone will understand." A few citizens compared McCall "appeasement" efforts to those of Neville Chamberlain's at Munich. One telegram sent to the Capitol read: "Protect taxpayers and children. Revoke law breaking dope infested rockfestivalers license." One complainer got personal, "Damn you Governor! Your son is a hop head."

As for the media's reaction to the speech, newspaper editors and television commentators almost unanimously praised it.

Editorial, *Capitol Journal*

Gov. Tom McCall has stuck his neck out a mile endorsing a youth festival. We admire McCall's courage. Keeping peace in the state is of more concern to him than political considerations, and that's what a state's citizens have a right to expect but rarely get.

Dean Smith, *Oregon Journal*

Shorn and unshorn, hip and not-so-hip, dressed and undressed, a vanguard force of 3,000 people camped together amicably Sunday night (August 23) at McIver Park, marking the unscheduled start of the Vortex I rock festival.

Governor McCall in a television interview

I know it costs money, it shouldn't be done, but the whole alternative is the possibility of bloodshed. Which I suppose it costs money to call the National Guard. I know it's going to cost them. I know all the costs. But this is the only courageous, right thing to do. I could just say, as one woman said, I have her name down, she said, "Governor, stand up and shoot em'!" I said, "there might be a thousand or ten-thousand of the children of your neighbors there and your friends there." She said, "Governor, just stand up and shoot em'!" Well, I said, "I'll take your name and your quote and you take mine and we'll go to the state and see whether our people are reasonable or not." I think they're reasonable enough to say, "Governor we don't want you to subscribe to mass murder." And this is the answer, very carefully worked, with all sorts of authorities. And believe me the authorities who talk against it even, say, "Governor, off the record, in your shoes, you haven't any other place to go."

Max Lerner, syndicated columnist

It seems a smart move—if it works.

The Shadow, *Willamette Bridge*

A good name for either festival (FPPF and Vortex I) would be Bullshit I, as the people are being asked to repress themselves, put themselves into a temporary detention camp well away from the city so the Legionnaires can have the run of that. It might be a pleasant detention camp and a voluntary one, in a way. You get your choice between risking a broken head and going out with up to thirty thousand people to dig the music in a sanitized setting approved by the proper authorities and cleared through proper channels.

An anonymous man attending a Eugene, Oregon Chautauqua presentation

I was in the park that night and you could hear the governor's speech on transistor radios. I recalled hearing the phrase "right on!" echoing throughout the grounds.

Lee Meier

We needed to express our highly romantic notions of the cultural revolution.

The Run-up

(The special insert into the print edition appeared at this point.

Dear Reader:

This is a most unusual insert to appear in a book, but then Vortex I is a most unusual story.

The day this book went to press, the writer received an unexpected package from the FBI. Imagine the writer's reaction upon discovering the package contained 500 pages of declassified documents of the FBI's intelligence gathering operation pertaining to the American Legion convention/People's Army Jamboree circa 1970. In 2002, the writer filed a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request on the subject, but had long since given up hope of seeing any material because of tightened, Ashcroftian restrictions on release of government documents. Fortunately, in 2003, Brent Walth graciously turned over to the writer his FOIA documents on the same subject (received by Walth in 1987). Thus, the writer felt confident he possessed all there was to obtain of the FBI file on the American Legion convention/People's Army Jamboree.

It took the writer all of five minutes reading the new pages to realize he was quite wrong. Inexplicably, the FBI has released many, many documents that Walth never received. Some of these new documents are sensational and slightly alter the Vortex I story in its formative stages as the writer has conveyed it to this point in the book.

Naturally, the writer almost experienced an apoplexy when realizing the book was being printed, and he suddenly held new material that was essential to include, and that several short stretches in the beginning part of the book needed to be rewritten. What was the writer going to do?

This insert was the answer. What follows is a brief summary of the new findings and three important FBI reports the writer simply had to reproduce in their original appearance.

New findings:

1) The best new material consists of memos written by unnamed Portland FBI agents to the city's Special Agent in Charge (SAC), J. L. Mattson, reporting on the intelligence collected from a network of placed and volunteer informants. Apparently, Walth never received any of these memos. What he received were SAC digests of these field memos that were sent to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover in Washington D. C.

The informants' penetration burrowed quite deep, much deeper than the writer originally thought, and combined with the Portland Police Bureau's clandestine efforts, created a formidable spy network of the People's Army Jamboree, and later, The Family.

Just how deep? Try Portland State University students and faculty. Try relatives of Portland Legionnaires moled inside local anti-war groups. Try an employee of the LA Free Press. Try average Portlanders compelled to drive around to monitor long hairs and report back on their "suspicious" activities and anti-war literature. Try Portland's postal inspector informing the FBI of the contents of the People's Army Jamboree P.O. box. Try

the memos in this insert.

2) There would have been no grave threat to civil order in Portland in the summer of 1970 if everyone involved hadn't believed President Nixon intended to visit and address the convention. The writer has always assumed that it was a given that Nixon would attend. The new FBI material clearly indicates the American Legion invited Nixon to speak, but that he never provided a confirmation. It seems no one actually bothered to pin Nixon down on a commitment. Former members of the People's Army Jamboree like to claim their efforts forced Nixon to cancel his appearance. He may have never got the invite!

3) The FBI gathered intelligence that suggested prominent anti-war individuals and organizations other than the People's Army Jamboree planned to descend upon Portland when the convention took place. The FBI surmised that national representatives of the White Panther Party, the American Patriots, the Institute of Mountain West, Nation of Islam, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman all intended to visit the Rose City. This story might have had a much different outcome had they all shown up.

4) Memo #1 nails the date (June 22, 1970) when certain freaks left a meeting of the People's Army Jamboree and conceived an idea for an alternative event.

5) If the reader has practiced excellent scrutiny up to this point in the book, she should be able to connect the dots in memo #3 and discern the identity of the informant.

TO : SAC, PORTLAND (100-11705) DATE: 7/13/70
FROM : SA [redacted]
SUBJECT: PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE
IS - MISC.

Source	Received	Agent	Location
[redacted]	6/26/70	SA [redacted]	[redacted]

On Monday, 6/22/70, [redacted] attended a meeting billed as the People's Army Jamboree at Centenary-Wilbur Church in Portland. The meeting started about 8:10 p.m. and lasted until about 10:15 p.m. About 80 people attended, mostly college age. The meeting was led by a short plump (possibly pregnant) pretty girl about 20 years old referred to by some as [redacted] and [redacted]. Others present known to [redacted] were [redacted] and [redacted].

The meeting consisted of discussion concerning a demonstration for President NIXON when he attends the American Legion Convention in Portland in August; and politics for a planned seven-day Jamboree held during August when NIXON is in Portland. It was mentioned by [redacted] that a woman had pledged \$10,000 toward this Jamboree and the group voted to donate \$500 of it to help defend [redacted] if the woman donor agreed. Indications were made that the group planned to use Washington Park in Portland for the seven-day Jamboree in August.

TO : SAC, PORTLAND (100-11705) DATE: 7/16/70

FROM : SA [redacted]

SUBJECT: PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE
IS - MISC.

On 7/15/70, [redacted] for the American Legion Convention, with offices in the Masonic Temple, Portland, advised SA [redacted] that [redacted] American Legion, Portland, has had contacts recently with one [redacted] a free lance writer who is a member of the inner circle of those who are planning the People's Army Jamboree, coincident with the American Legion Convention in August, 1970. [redacted] is believed to be sincerely opposed to planned activities of the People's Army Jamboree (PAJ), but is maintaining his relationship with the PAJ organizers in order to learn what they are doing. [redacted] has furnished some of this information to [redacted] and [redacted] informed [redacted] that he is apprehensive of these plans. [redacted] suggested that [redacted] be contacted.

On 7/15/70, [redacted] telephone [redacted] (private line) was telephonically contacted by SA [redacted]. It is noted that [redacted] has been a personal acquaintance of SA [redacted] since about 1951, and [redacted] is known to be a person of excellent character and reputation. He has held other high positions in the American Legion in addition to his present position as [redacted]

[redacted] advised that about latter June, 1970, through one [redacted]

[redacted] a local American Legion publication, he became acquainted with [redacted] described at the end of this memorandum. [redacted] at that time was doing writing for "The Legionnaire" working under [redacted] asked [redacted] about some of the activities of the Legion and after a discussion said he was impressed by the Legion and its principles, adding that the Legion was not a regressive organization as he had been led to believe. [redacted] advised

[redacted] that he had been in touch with some of the individuals at Portland State University (PSU) who had led the strike there during the spring, 1970, and particularly with [redacted] who is an organizer of the PAJ and Festival of Life programs planned for August, 1970, in Portland. [redacted] arranged for a subsequent meeting with [redacted] at the [redacted] residence. [redacted] said that after considerable conversation he believed [redacted] to be a sincere responsible individual who is opposed to the planned disruptive activities of the PAJ against the Legion. [redacted] said that he wishes to cover the Convention, both its official activities and also those activities of the PAJ against the Legion so that following the convention he will be in a position to write an authoritative article on the entire situation -- indicating he intends to expose the plotters. [redacted] said he believes [redacted] is sincere in this and is not a "plant."

About 7/17/70, [redacted] said [redacted] that about 6/29/70, he was in touch with [redacted] regarding the convention. [redacted] said that during the convention, Portland was going to have one of the bloodiest weeks it has ever known. [redacted] continued that "they" had a plan whereby they could nullify the effectiveness of the Portland Police Department but he gave no details. In earlier conversation, [redacted] told [redacted] that "they" were trying to get [redacted] nationally known yippie, to come to the convention.

[redacted] said that he appears to be completely accepted by the PAJ promoters and that he also gets along well with other dissident groups at PSU and in the "Vanguard." He hopes to be well informed on coming activities.

TO : SAC, PORTLAND (100-11705) (P) DATE: 7/22/70

FROM : SA [redacted]

SUBJECT: PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE (PAJ)
IS - MISC.
OO: Portland

On 7/21/70, [redacted]

[redacted] (protect identity), advised that between 1:00 and 3:30 p.m. on 7/21/70 an informal meeting of persons interested in avoiding violence during the American Legion Convention, Portland, August, 1970, was held at the Centenary Wilbur Methodist Church. [redacted] said that among those attending this meeting was one [redacted] (no relation to [redacted] who is a [redacted] for PAJ). Others present were [redacted] also of PAJ, [redacted] (first name unknown) [redacted] Koinonia House [redacted] (first name unknown, possibly [redacted] and (first name unknown) (first name unknown) connection unknown, [redacted] connection unknown. (First name unknown)

This group has met previously with [redacted] of the mayor's committee on human relations. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss ways to avoid a violent confrontation between the followers of the People's Army Jamboree (PAJ) and the American Legion when the two groups meet in Portland in latter August. After considerable discussion a decision was made to advocate a "culture festival" at Melvor State Park, Estacada, Oregon (about 25 miles from Portland) during the period August 28-31, 1970, approximately. The purpose of this "culture festival," precise festival activities not defined, would be to syphon PAJ sympathizers away from the Portland area during the American Legion Convention to lessen violence potential.

[redacted] advised that he, in his role as [redacted] which carries with it responsibility for maintaining peaceful community relations, is in favor of the "culture festival" and is attempting to secure state permission to use Melvor Park, and he is also attempting to raise necessary funds to put on such a festival. [redacted] named Friday, 7/25/70, as a possible deadline in obtaining authority for the park.

[redacted] said that he is ready to assist this office in any way that he can in keeping abreast of PAJ-American Legion developments in Portland.

What follows in this section is what the writer believes is the literary equivalent of the first record of one of those sprawling double live rock albums from the 1970s that seemed to be released ad nauseam in this era. In this section there will be riffs, hits, wanking guitar and drum solos, filler, inane banter from the lead singer, audience noise, jams, experimentation, feedback and more. The writer felt there was simply no better way to cohere all the disparate material related to how Vortex I was put together and what happened before it officially began. To try and understand the festival's logistical process, the writer suggests the reader discard every preconceived notion of how to organize a large public event, such as how it is probably a good idea to have at least one meeting with all the players before the event begins where people delegate and receive assignments. The Vortex I logistical process (and the festival's operation as well) was nothing like that, and the only trace of its being linear was that everyone knew when the festival began, well almost everyone.)

August 7-28, 1970

Frank Styles, McIver Park supervisor

I watched the "Woodstock" movie to learn how to manage a rock festival crowd and build a stage so it couldn't be commandeered. That's why it was so high off the ground and there was only one way up.

Vortex I equipment list compiled by The Family and published in the *Willamette Bridge*:

VEHICLES

- 4 Van type trucks
- 3 ambulances / with drivers if possible
- Semi-truck refrigerated
- 6 Carry-alls
- 2 Flat bed trucks
- Pick-up trucks
- Buses, Golf carts or bicycles

FOOD

- Bulk food of any kind
- Milk--preferably raw and fresh
- Brown rice
- Organic food--if you have it

Honey--need large quantity
Fruit and vegetable gardens that can be picked--corn fields (Pickers)

UTENSILS AND MISC.

Kitchen cleaners--bio-degradable
Knives--bread knives, vegetable knives (for chopping) (Be sure and label your borrowed utensils)
Cutting boards
Serving bowls--extra bowls (no paper plates)
Chop sticks--4,000's and 1,000's
Large wooden spoons
Bio-degradable soap
Dishwashing equipment--cloth dish towels
Steel scouring pads
Buckets
10-20 Butane cook stoves
20-50 gal. cooking pots--no aluminum
12 wood burning cook stoves and chimneys
500 gunnysacks for storage
2 doz. shovels and mat axes--and your Smokey the Bear signs
Large tents and mobile buildings (any size)
Flowers--every variety
Tarps
Extra sleeping bags and blankets
2 row-boats

BUILDING MATERIALS (STAGE)

48 sheets (4x8) 3/4 in. sheeting
30 " " 1/2 in. "
4500 ft. 2x6's
400 ft. 4/12's
35 4x4 posts 6' long
80 ft. (high) of steel for scaffolding for light tower
5,000 ft. of extension cord
10 portable power sources
25 stage lights and 5,000 ft. of string lights
10,000 ft. of 3/4 in. rope
Many lbs. of assorted large nails and spikes
Carpenters with their knowledge and tools

DOMES AND STRUCTURES

24 pieces 4'x7'x3/8" duraply or HDO plywood
48 pieces 4'x8'x3/8" " " " plywood
12 pieces 4'x8'x3/8" " " " plywood
1500 linear ft. 2" by 3" kiln dried Douglas fir (with out large knots – 8' and 10' lengths)

40' – 3 1/2" steel pipe
4500 3 1/2" lag bolts
40 lbs. 4D or 6D hot dip galvanized nails
28 pieces 4' by 8' XL 1/8" plywood, exterior for flooring
500 linear ft. 4"x8" Douglas fir
500 ft. 4 gage 3 wire cable
500 ft. 10 gage cable
10,000 sq. ft. of 8 mill. Polyethylene
1500 ft. polyethylene tape – 4" wide
Heat sealer
20 household type 1800 watt wall dimmers
4,000 sq. ft. canvas
4,100 mill. CB transceivers
1500 ft. of 3" thinwalled structural steel tubing
120 bales of straw
2,000 ft. of 1 foot wide polyethylene tubing – 8 mill.
1500 ft. 3/8" exterior grade plywood

WE HAVE

Musicians, philosophers, poets, spiritual teachers, love, artists, craftsmen
Free organic foods
871 acres
Medical care
Sanitation facilities
More love
Sufficient firewood
Ample fresh drinking water
A swimming river--not to be polluted
Room to park within one mile of park
(roadside parking will not be available)

PERSONAL THINGS PEOPLE WILL NEED

Warm sleeping gear
Your own musical instruments
Matches
Warm clothing
Craftsmen bring your tools
Peacepipes and feathers
Herbs and other natural medicines
Positive energy
Toiletries
Enough dog and cat food for your animals
Mess kits

THINGS FOR PEOPLE NOT TO BRING

City trips--speed, etc.

Negative energies
Excess waste paper
Bottles and pull tab cans (because they cut bare feet)
Other non-organic products
Things to be sold

Michael Carr

If I recall, virtually nothing from the list came from the counterculture types. It just got to the park by other means.

Lee Meier

The Koinonia house gave us the top floor and it became the headquarters for organizing. And that room filled up with a bunch of tables and a bunch of telephones. There were a lot of revisions as it went along and it was just going fast. Really fast. There were meetings we pulled together and some organization came out of those meetings. Then people started taking care of business. There were people going out to McIver to do things but...well, it was loose. The stuff about the Portland businesses donating stuff, I didn't know that until you brought it up at your presentation. I mean, I had no idea they were involved at that level.

Before it all happened I went out to the park with a friend and we were shooting a bunch of pictures and we just kind of wandered around the park.

The Family's Vortex I logistical team

Coordinators:

Food – Ben Wright (Wayfarer) 228-9063
James Flynn (Sunshine Nat. Foods Co.) 227-8719
Frank Reynolds (Frank & Thelma's Cat. Serv.)

Sanitation

Water Mike Carr (liaison for various groups concerned with life support – Koinonia House) 226-7807

Housing

Medical - Dr. Spray (Outside-In) 223-4121

Publicity- Lee Meier (Portland Youth Advocates) 226-7807
Mike Zaharakis (The Stranger) 232-8409
Dave Poulshock 636-6575

Talent- Bob Wehe (Good Earth) 222-3022
Cal Scott (Contact Center) 222-4000
Russ Boyle 222-3022

Stage- Jim Baker 228-9715
Dave Cox 233-6466

Money
(contributors) Glen Swift (ISIS Gallery) 228-9063

Community

relations- Jeff Moscow (PACT) 226-7807

Glen Swift

I was in charge of cash contributions from the hippie community. There were no cash contributions from the hippie community.

Sally Driver

Before Vortex, I didn't really have a permanent address. I was kind of living out of my backpack so I was kind bouncing around or maybe living with Bob. I don't have any memory of me being involved with People's Army Jamboree at the beginning. He'd tell me what was going on. It was like he went out and did that stuff and I was sitting at home doing whatever I did and I used to make bead necklaces and sell them at the Psychedelic Supermarket. Then at some point, I have no idea when, there came this idea for a daycare during the marches.

Summary of Clackamas County Sheriff's Operations During Vortex I, Bill Brooks, Chief Deputy Sheriff

On August 10, 1970, a Departmental Order was issued that all personnel would go on an alert status that would require their response to their predetermined assignment within one hour after being notified. All vacations were cancelled. However, on August 12, Mr. Moquin announced that Bull Frog IV Festival for 1970 in the Wilsonville area would be set up one week to more closely coincide with the American Legion National Convention and Vortex I. Moquin rescheduled Bull Frog IV for August 21 through September 3, 1970. The alert status of the Department was then moved to August 21, 1970. But prior to August 21st, an announcement was made by an individual identifying himself as McWeinstein, that he and his colleagues were sponsoring a rock festival which would be located in Marion County and would run through Labor Day. Marion County has no ordinance regulating or licensing rock festivals. Mr. McWeinstein related that he was prepared to have a rock festival in which he believed he would have an attendance figure of 20,000 persons with tickets going for \$8.00 each.

The Yamhill County Sheriff's Office reported that Mr. Moquin had contacted them about August 17, and pointed out that Bull Frog IV Rock Festival would be held 5 miles west of Yamhill, which is geographically located near the center of Yamhill County, and that Moquin had arranged for top-name bands, for food, for sanitation facilities, and for water and other necessities of life. These, however, were checked out and found to be negative response on all inquiries. It was on Thursday, August 20, when Bruce Moquin announced there would be no Bull Frog IV Rock Festival as he was concerned about poison oak and the fire danger at the site which he had selected. Moquin notified the press at 2:00 p.m. on Thursday August 20, that the Bull Frog IV Rock Festival was off.

On August 21, the Wilsonville Boones Ferry Day Festival started and no problems were encountered until approximately 7 o'clock in the evening when a contingency of hippies arrived to attend the Bull Frog IV Rock Festival. Quick arrangements were made with the State to escort these people to the Vortex I site located at Mclver State Park. These people were also permitted to start camping overnight, although the official of opening Mclver State Park was not until the 25th of August, some 4 days later. Also on August 21, it would be noteworthy to report that a group representing the National Liberation Front of Seattle, Washington announced the Third Annual Sky River Rock Festival and related that it would be near Portland, Oregon but in the State of Washington.

Clackamas County Sheriff's Office
Joe Shobe
Sheriff and Tax Collector
Oregon City, Oregon 97045
Phone (503) 655-3311

Clackamas County Sheriff's Department Vortex I Operational Order

CONFIDENTIAL

This Operational Order is meant to be brief as possible. To explicitly detail all phases would require voluminous material. Each phase of operations has been considered in this text. These plans are meant to be flexible to meet the unforeseen situation.
Joe Shobe, Sheriff

CLACKAMAS COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT OPERATIONAL ORDER

SUBJECT: VORTEX ONE

LOCATION: OREGON STATE PARK MILO MCIVER
SOUTH SPRINGWATER HIGHWAY, NEAR JUBB ROAD,
CLACKAMAS COUNTY

DATES: FRIDAY AUGUST 28, 1970 TO
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 3, 1970

SITUATION: Mclver Park has been designated by the Governor as the site for a Rock Festival sponsored by "The Family" and named VORTEX ONE. The purpose of the use of this park is to "relieve pressure" from the City of Portland, during the American Legion National convention, therefore, the dates of this festival are the same as the Legion convention.

Mclver Park will be host to an estimated 40,000 persons, who for the most part will probably not be drawn out of Portland, but brought in from other areas in and out of this state. In order to meet maximum demands for service, these orders are made consistent to plans made by the State Police and the Military Department. Because of the nature of these plans, you are directed not to discuss them outside of this department.

PARK SECURITY: State Police Detachment 25 men
Oregon Army National Guard Detachment (Number Unknown)

OTHER AREA
SECURITY:

Adjoining property owners to Mclver Park--State Police and National Guard. River Mill Dam--National Guard. A detachment, probably company strength will be billeted at Estacada High School. (Under negotiation at this report.)

FIRE SECURITY: Pumper truck stationed at Maintenance Compound in Mclver Park, owned and manned by the Oregon Sate Forestry Department. Park monitors, provided by VORTEX ONE committee.

SANITATION-FOOD-

MEDICAL-PARKING: Will be provided jointly by The State (Sanitation), the VORTEX ONE Committee (Food and Parking) and the Committee and local physicians (Medical).

EMEGENCY SERVICES

INSIDE THE PARK: Will be provided by Oregon State Police. Commercial ambulances have indicated they will not enter the park unless summoned by a police officer.

DEPARTMENTAL
OPERATIONS:

Subject to change, this department will assume an alert status on Friday, August 21, 1970. This alert status is imposed to require departmental members to report within one hour after call, ready for assignment.

Upon notification on or after that date that the department is on a twelve-hour schedule, temporary assignment and patrol schedule will become effective.

PATROL

SCHEDULE: Implementation of this schedule will require designated members to report as assigned in the attached patrol schedule. SEE ANNEX "A"

Regular Districts will be maintained by two man cars, operating on a staggered 24 hour basis. Central District (1) (2), Mt. Hood (4), East (6), South (8), West (10).

Special District (McIver-Vortex) will be assigned and subdivided as follows: Sergeant in Charge of Special District, County 60, Sub-district cars County 61 (Area A) Clackamas to Eagle Creek Junction, Highway 224; County 62 (Area B) Sandy to Estacada, Highway 211; County 63 (Area C) South Springwater Highway, Carver to Highway 211 and County 64 Estacada to Molalla, Highway 211.

Regular District Patrols County 6 East will cover routine East District calls. County 8 South will cover routine South District calls, and supplement, when possible, a patrol on Highway 211 south to the Marion County Line.

Army guard aircraft has been tentatively scheduled to fly traffic patrol over routes advertised by the VORTEX committee, to McIver Park. (SEE MAP)

This aircraft is scheduled to be two (2) O-1A Bird dog and will be based at Camp Withycombe.

COMMUNICATIONS: One outside telephone land line with an unlisted number will terminate in the Sheriff's Office. This line will bypass the switchboard. This number will be used on emergencies only basis. The number will be provided to all personnel.

A Sergeant on each shift will be assigned to Radio-Desk area, to supervise all calls that require a police decision.

A communications van will be stationed at the command post (Scheduled at this report to be in building 200 Camp Withycombe). This van will be manned by personnel from the Communications Department. The commo van will have transmit and receive capabilities on the following nets: Sheriff, Fire, State Police, National Guard, Civilian Aircraft and Army Aviation, PGE, miscellaneous local government channel (Station 20), and County Road Department. Monitors for Multnomah County Portland PD will be in operation. Frequency lists will be posted in area of commo centers.

A second communications post will be at the Governor's Command Post, 20th floor of the Hilton Hotel, Portland. This command post will have direct radio contact with the Commo Van at Withycombe.

A second communications van, operated by the State, will be kept in reserve.

In the event of a State of Emergency, County Switchboard operators will be called to 24 hour duty. They have been provided with routing directories to meet Judicial Emergencies (Mass Arrests), copies of which are attached. SEE ANNEX B.

MAPS: Copies of Clackamas County Maps (1) Northwest Section (2) Clackamas County Map (3) McIver Park vicinity, have been distributed to Military Department, Oregon State Police, Communications Van, and Patrol Office. Aerial photos of McIver Park, showing detail, will be forwarded. All county maps described above are identical and will be used as reference for locations.

RECORDS: The Records Section will be staffed on an 8 hour shift basis except that vacancies on the first shift shall be filled, on a temporary basis from existing personnel. In the event a State of Emergency exists, all Records personnel shall report as scheduled by the Records Supervisor. SEE ANNEX C

It is anticipated that routine record checks by teletype net will meet with long delays. Information that requires status of warrant information must be entitled "WARRANT CHECK" to receive priority.

JAIL: Until a large number of arrests are being made, the Jail staff shall maintain an alert status, but not a 12-hour schedule. A 12-hour relief schedule would come from a State of Emergency being declared, or by a Judicial emergency (Mass Arrests). When a temporary schedule calling for 12-hour relief has been established, the Jail staff shall follow the assignment schedule prepared by the Jail Commander. SEE ANNEX D.

Additional paddy wagons may be available through Sandy PD and Lake Oswego PD, dependant upon conditions in their areas at the time of requests.

Temporary holding facilities may be established at Sandy PD, Molalla Pd and Canby PD, but only by direction of a commander.

In the even of Mass Arrests, the day room (utility room) at the County Jail will be used as a court for arraignments and pleas. The Judicial Plan is administered by District Judge W.E. Frazier, and includes directives to District Attorney, County Clerk, Prosecutor teams, and defense attorney teams. Certain portions of the Judicial Plan include the Sheriff and his responsibilities. Prisoner identification, prisoner booking procedures, at the Jail and in the field. These memorandums are contained in ANNEX "E" to this order.

CIVIL: All personnel of the Civil Division shall be under the alert status, and upon notification shall report as assigned in the Patrol Schedule. In order to maintain Civil Division Operations, Clerks are excluded from this order. Part time personnel shall be temporarily assigned to relieve regular personnel for Patrol assignment.

Civil Division patrol cars shall be transferred as required, to establish additional patrols and for spares.

TAX: With the exception of Uniform personnel, the Tax Division shall carry out routine daily business. In the event of a State of Emergency, certain clerical personnel may be temporarily transferred for special assignments as required.

SHERIFF'S RESERVE: Alert status includes Sheriff's Reserve. See Assignment Schedule made as ANNEX "F" to this order. The Sheriff's Reserve has been assigned in three categories. (1) Patrol Car Operators (2) Internal Security (3) Field Security. If a State of Emergency is declared, all Reserve Deputies shall be called and report for predetermined assignments. If a State of Emergency is not declared, selected individual Reserve Deputies will be temporarily employed for specific assignments.

If a State of Emergency was declared (1) Patrol Car Operators would relieve regular deputies working district patrols except in the district directly effected. (2) Internal Security would establish security of Sheriff's Patrol Office,

County Jail, Communications Building, and provide a road block on Kaen Road at Warner Milne Road. (3) Field Security will provide security as directed as a command post forward booking area, Sheriff's repeater station on Mount Scott, or other field security assignments.

SUPPLY REPAIR: The Board of Commissioners have been requested to have available on 24-hour call, automotive mechanics, radio technicians and switchboard operators.

Fuel and oil will normally be obtained at the County Shops. Since all patrols will be extended 4 hours longer than usual, it is doubtful that one tank of fuel will be ample. When it is necessary to accomplish the police mission without leaving your assignment to fuel, use a credit card within your district.

Spare patrol units will be assigned. All patrol cars have priority for repair at County Shops and Radio Repair.

Unless a State of Emergency exists, all purchases will be made through routine channels. If a State of Emergency exists, all purchases not made through routine channels will have prior approval of a commander. Purchase orders will follow an emergency purchase, as soon as time permits. All receipts shall be retained for purchase order records.

RIOT CONTROL: In the event of Civil Disorder, the Sheriff's Riot Control Squads would be committed. This would constitute a State of Emergency. The Sheriff's Reserve would be assigned to take over District Patrols, provide Internal Security and Field Security as preplanned. SEE ANNEX G.

All members assigned to a Riot Control Squad will report to a staging area (To Be Announced). The staging area will be used to form up squads and issue special weapons and equipment; ammo, helmet covers, face shields, riot batons, and to arrange for transportation.

Those regular Deputies not assigned to Riot Control Squads shall be assigned to transport and security of equipment at the scene.

NEWS MEDIA: Bona fide members of the recognized news media shall be provided facilities at the Patrol Office. Field inquiries made by news media shall be referred to Command unless otherwise directed. Telephone inquiries shall be directed to

Command if time permits. Prepared news release will be utilized for general release, whenever possible.

UNIFORMS: All personnel will conform to the designated uniform (summer). However, since a twelve-hour tour will be the minimum time in the field, it is recommended that both shifts carry flashlights, tuffy jackets and gloves. Helmets are required to be used in accordance with standing procedures. All personnel assigned to patrol shall carry the short baton.

Report from Oregon Liquor Control Commission
STATE OF OREGON.
OREGON LIQUOR CONTROL COMMISSION
INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

County: Clackamas August 26, 1970.

Subject: Information.

To Chief Deputy Brooks: The below listed licensed premises are the ones that you requested the names and telephone numbers of, to be called in the event that an emergency should occur. Re: Vortex 1. These premises shall be called from the OLCC office at your request, and notified to close their doors, until they are notified to reopen.

Viewpoint Rest., Maxine Bethel 631-3357. Mumpy's, Bob Smith 658-3412. Rock Garden Tavern, Lloyd Rosenbaum 631-2793. Logan Store, Billie Kirk 631-3259. Springwater Store, Perry Koontz 630-6830. Echo Inn, Malcolm Trisler No phone. Mumpy's will notify.

Robert C. Hutton, Robert C. Hutton, Insp.

Internal Memo to Clackamas County Sheriff's Deputies
CRIMINAL DEPARTMENT
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
CLACKAMAS COUNTY
SPECIAL REPORT

Date: 21 August 70.

DEPUTY: Werth, Det.

SUBJECT: INTEROFFICE MEMO.

TO: CHIEF BROOKS, CAPT. THOMAS, LT. WHITE. SUBJECT: OVEN CLEANER SPRAYS (Caustic) The writer conducted a quick check of grocery distributors and was advised that the stores are selling large amounts of oven cleaner sprays, possibly for use by radicals in confrontations with law enforcement agencies. The writer contacted DR. WALTER ENDERS of the Oregon City Eye Clinic with reference to an antidote that could be used for the

field in the event that personnel are sprayed with the oven cleaner. DR. ENDERS advised that for the skin or mucous membranes of the mouth and nose could best be treated in the field by covering the affected area with skim milk or olive oil. The possibility arises that if the use of oven spray is to be anticipated, the exposed skin could be covered with olive oil prior to contact with the confrontation. Also flooding the affected area with water, such as in a stream, would also be effective in removing the oven spray from the skin. For the eyes, a mixture of 10 parts water to 1 part vinegar would be effective as an eye wash on a temporary measure. This could be followed with the use of "MURINE EYE DROPS" in the eyes, The affected individual should then be transported to a doctor for further treatment. Oven cleaner generally comes in a spray can and a suggestion would be to have the wind at your back to limit the carrying power of the spray. DR.ENDERS strongly urged the use of eyeglasses and plastic face shields to limit the effectiveness of the spray to the face. The vinegar is described as white wine vinegar.

Durwood Thomas, Clackamas County Sheriff's Deputy

We were told not to enter the park and we drove around watching through field glasses. We saw a lot of things of the "holy cow variety!" and the glasses were always fogging up so we had to get a new pair. We were equipped with eyewash because we had heard all the oven cleaner in the area had been sold, also M-1s, sawed-off shotguns, bandoliers. We were prepared for the worst and were told in face-to-face confrontations to "control yourself."

Oregon National Guard's "Operation Tranquility" After Action Reports

OREGON ARMY NATIONAL GUARD
EMERGENCY OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS
Post Office Box 20085
Portland, Oregon 97220

EOHCS

16 September 1970

SUBJECT: After Action Reports, Operation Tranquility

Military Department
State of Oregon
ATTN: AGOT
Salem, Oregon, 97310

2. MISSION: The mission of Task Force COX as prescribed in State of Oregon Military Department, OPLAN 2-70, 30080 July 70 amended by oral orders was to:

c. Assist Oregon State Police and Clackamas County Sheriff in protections of residents, public and private property vicinity of McIver State Park.

4. OPERATIONS:

e. On 28 August, at times enumerated in paragraph 3, above, EOH, elements of Co D(-), 141st Spt Bn and elements of Aviation Section, 249th Arty Gp (AD) assembled at Camp Withycombe in a MUTA status. Troop K, 3d Sqdn 163d Armd Cav and staff support elements of HHT, 3d Sqdn 163d Armd Cav were called to State Active Duty and moved to Estacada Grade School closing at 1115 hours.

h. The Aviation Section (-), 249th Arty Gp (AD) became operational at 281800 August and furnished air support with two H-23 helicopters and one O1 aircraft. Prior to 281800 August and after 301800 August this same support was provided by aviators from 141st Avn Co. During the operation these aircraft were utilized for frequent reconnaissance of the area, route reconnaissance and traffic control of road nets leading to McIver State Park and the transportation of high priority personnel, supplies and equipment. An H-34 helicopter, from Idaho National Guard, augmented this aviation support beginning 29 August with a dual mission of providing fire protection and med-a-vac. No fire fighting missions were flown, however two civilian med-a-vac missions were requested and accomplished. Aviation support was adequate, however three problem areas were encountered. A large number of civilian aircraft flying at low altitudes over and in the vicinity of McIver State Park resulted in air traffic congestion which created a hazard. Another problem area was the initial lack of definite information on exact locations and capacity of heliports at civilian hospitals. The third was the flight of Army Aircraft from other organizations into the Task Force area of operations without prior coordination.

i. Trp K, 3d Sqdn 163d Armd Cav was billeted in Estacada Grade School. The portion of the school utilized by the National Guard with the exception of the cafeteria consisted of areas which would not have been essential for operation of the school in the event the situation extended beyond the opening of the school year. Plans were formulated to open a field kitchen on the school grounds if required. Soon after arrival and before any commitment of troops, the unit was assembled and Task Force Commander and G3 conducted a thorough orientation on the current situation, mission, expected attitude, actions and conduct of the troops. Following the orientation, the troop commander was issued oral orders to supplement the written OPLAN. His mission was to assist the State Police in protecting private and public property, and residents in the vicinity of McIver State Park. To accomplish this mission, observation posts, motorized patrols and stationary guards were utilized. Each post and patrol was equipped with radio and was instructed to request State Police intervention in the event that force might be required. These posts and patrols were maintained on a 24-hour basis from the entire operation. Personnel were armed with riot batons for self-protection, these were not openly displayed. At no time was force used by National Guard personnel and no untoward incidents occurred. The NCS for the

unit was established in the utility yard at McIver State Park adjacent to a State Police installation and radio station. This resulted in rapid response by the State Police to any reported incidents. The staff support elements from HHT 3d Sqdn 163d Armd Cav furnished medical, logistical and communications support to the troop. In addition, the senior officer functioned in the capacity of personal representative to Task Force COX Commander. At 021500 September, Task Force Cochenour was ordered to return to home stations, upon arrival to be released from Task Force COX control.

7. RECOMMENDATIONS:

b. That proper authority designate the air space over an area of potential civil disturbance as a restricted area for civilian aircraft and that all military aircraft operating in or flying into the area be under the control of the Task Force Commander involved.

A few weeks prior to the American Legion convention, nearly 4000 men of the Oregon National Guard's 41st Infantry Brigade participated in Operation Tranquility's riot control training at Ft. Lewis, Washington. In response, Michael McCusker was quoted as saying the state was preparing for another "Mi Lai."

In a statement to the press regarding security provisions, Ed Westerdahl said, "...he didn't foresee a need for bayonets and loaded rifles, but if the situation calls for them, we are prepared."

A command post for the, "purpose of joint coordination between the Oregon State Police, Clackamas County Sheriff's Department, and the Oregon National Guard," was established at the Oregon National Guard's Camp Withycomb. Located approximately 15 miles from Estacada, the camp remained in constant radio communication with law enforcement officials near McIver Park and could dispatch an armed force to the festival in an emergency.

In the event of an imminent civil disturbance in Portland or McIver Park, one security detail of Operation Tranquility known as "Project 3," called for a helicopter to sweep low over potential rioters. First pass: taped message to disperse. Second pass: different taped message to disperse. Third pass: drop rose petals as last message to disperse or tear gas was next. ***(Hands down, this is the writer's favorite Vortex I story.)**

Oregonian

Each riot platoon contains a four-man chemical squad armed with devices similar to flame throwers that throw tear gas over a wide area. Platoons also have four-man sniper teams armed with M14 rifles. Shotguns, using only birdshot, would be issued to National Guardsmen if a situation developed in which their lives could be endangered.

Dennis Bonney, National Guardsman

I was a Platoon Sergeant of the First Platoon, Troop K, 3rd Squadron, 163rd Armored Cavalry Regiment, a combined unit based in Hood River and The Dalles. We were alerted to the possible civil problems early enough that our August drill was all about riot control. What I remember most about that drill was an older cook (over-ranked) that just found out that he too was a Platoon Sergeant and kept seeking my advice about how to do his job.

My Platoon Leader, Lt. Richard Cowan, his wife, my wife (who was due to deliver our first child about mid September) and I toured McIver Park and the area as civilians on the weekend just prior to the great event. It was good scouting!

On the 28th of August, Troop K left Hood River in the morning on a MUTA5 (multiple unit training assembly 5), meaning that we would be credited with a five-day drill by working on Friday (straight time), Saturday, and Sunday (both double time). We were to travel in convoy using only military vehicles. We set up operations in an Estacada school building when we arrived. Soon after our arrival we started scouting missions to the area of McIver Park to familiarize ourselves with the situation.

Ronald Bray

I was living on a commune called Sunny Valley in Southern Oregon, north of Grants Pass, with my family. We had made the cover of *Life Magazine* in 1969. One day the Oregon State Police showed up with Bobby Wehe. He came in a limo. They asked us if we would help out at a rock festival. Bobby Wehe was not a member of the commune but a young woman there, Pamela Jane, was his girlfriend. She had been on the cover of the magazine too. Wehe had visited us a few times and was mysterious. He said he knew the governor and the mayor. He had a lot of smoke. He was more of a businessman than a hippie. We brought tepees and about 40 of us showed up at the park a few days early. It wasn't going that great until all of a sudden things started being delivered. It was then I realized that we were dealing with forces way over our heads. They just turned us loose.

Welcomehome.org (unofficial Rainbow Family web site)

Some of the Marble Mount Outlaws went down to the Renaissance Fair in Eugene, Oregon, in the fall of 1969. At the fair, they met up with the Temple Tribe, a group of craftspeople which also had the dream of some kind of

counterculture get-together. In May 1970, people from the Temple Tribe came up to Washington State and camped with the Marble Mount Outlaws. They began making definite plans to put on a gathering. As a practice for their own gathering, the two groups did the coordination for Vortex.

From The Family's list of commune members expected to volunteer at Vortex I:

100 Marble Mountain
65 Family of Mystic Arts
35 Sunny Ridge"

Bob Oliver

I wasn't always sure of Wehe's credibility. He was very opportunistic. As I recall, I heard he wanted some kind of job as a state employee, as counterculture advisor to the state.

Michael Carr

Bobby Wehe had incredible connections. All of sudden, when he came on board, stuff like chemical toilets started showing up. It was always my impression that he was sort of on the state's payroll.

Jerry Smith

Bobby Wehe was pretty slick for an Oregon hippie.

Kris Millegan

I never trusted Bobby Wehe and I knew him and Seth Booky. He was shady and another word I would use to describe him would be "mercenary."

Youth International Party (Yippie) press release, August 1970

Oregon Governor Tom McCall is a Yippie organizer. The Governor's office and Youth International Party have kept this fact a secret for the last year because of the fear of jeopardizing the upcoming Vortex rock festival, hereafter known as the Governor's Rock Festival.

The word Vortex stands for Voice Our Resistance Through Executives and this exactly what the Yippies intend to do through Governor Tom McCall's office.

The Governor's Rock Festival, formerly Vortex I, will provide a public forum for the Youth International Party and other political groups who agree with the Yippie platform to present our political views and to bring the participants of the Governor's Rock Festival into Portland for the mass actions of the People's Army Jamboree, which the National Yippie office has endorsed.

We feel that the Governor's Rock Festival will bring thousands of people to Portland during the week of August 28 thru September who otherwise would not have attended.

I have recently returned from a Northwest Yippie organizers meeting and it was decided there that the Youth International Party of Oregon will give full campaign support to Governor Tom McCall in the upcoming gubernatorial election. Tom McCall's election will bring legalization of marijuana one step closer and Oregon will become a needed political haven for Yippies from all parts of the country.

Marie Walzack

I lived near McIver Park at the time of the festival and I remember a neighbor who was nearly hysterical that hippies would poach trout from his pond.

Ed Westerdahl

The biggest problem I had was the disarming state policemen from the southern states. The southern states for Legion conventions would send state policemen with their state's delegations. So we had about a dozen state policemen here, I can't remember the states, Georgia, Alabama, whatever, in their uniforms, wearing side-arms, coming in and out of the Hilton Hotel and there were demonstrators but everything was under control. I disarmed them. Their reaction was very pissed off. I said you will give the weapons to these officers or we will escort you to the border. Any one of them could have started a riot. We locked their guns in the hotel safe.

Reggie DeSoto

We were tearing down local barns to build the stage, using wood salvaged from the 1962 Columbus Day storm. It was not going well. One day a helicopter landed and a bunch of suits come out. We thought it was the FBI, but it turned out to be timber executives. I remember taking off my gloves so I could hold hands. We formed a circle, said a silent prayer, and then one of them said, "Let's get down to business. What do you need?" The next day a crane, pro crews and beautiful, old growth lumber showed up.

Kris Millegan

I had previously met this guy on my birthday. He put on a Country Joe and the Fish show in Eugene. We became friends. His name was Albert Jennings and he was the legislative aide for Bob Smith, the House Speaker, the Republican. I was out at Vortex trying to get the stage built. We didn't have much to work with. So I said, "Hey, I'll call Albert and see what he can do." I called him from the National Guard radio telephone in McIver Park and he answered. I told him what I needed and he said, "Well, it just so happens that I have Glenn Jackson right here in my office. Here, you talk to him." Fifteen minutes later a helicopter showed up with power poles for the stage.

Ronald Bray

We cut down a few cedar trees on site to build the stage and reps from the local lumber mill helped out with some wood.

People for Portland conducted workshops in non-violence techniques for nearly 1000 of its “volunteer citizen marshals.” Among the techniques taught were escorting sailors from the street to the nearest bar when the People’s Army Jamboree held their demonstrations. One of the workshops was filmed and broadcast on Oregon’s public television station.

People for Portland opened its Portland Rumor Control Center several days before the American Legion convention began and ran it to the end of the event. The Center was staffed around the clock with people answering telephone calls from nervous citizens, trying to dispel rumors such as the Hell’s Angels were rallying to Oregon. Many of the 125 “volunteers” who worked at the Center were in fact secretarial employees assigned by Portland businesses.

From August 21 to September 2, room 2020 of Portland’s downtown Hilton Hotel served as the 24-hour command center for security operations. A special phone bank and radio equipment were installed and utilized by the governor, other elected officials, the governor’s staff, the military and nearly a dozen local, state and federal law enforcement agencies involved in maintaining order in and around Portland.

In the weeks before Vortex I, Clackamas County hardware stores reported selling out of “NO TRESPASSING” signs and about a dozen municipalities in Clackamas, Marion and Yamhill Counties enacted emergency bans against camping and/or loitering in city parks. It was also during this time period that a New York lyrical composer named J. Maloy Roach, responsible for patriotic anthems such as “With Uncle Sam in South Viet Nam” and “Thank God for America”: wrote Governor McCall suggesting some of his songs be performed at Vortex I. Roach included sheet music.

On August 23 Multnomah County officials transferred over 200 inmates from Portland’s Rocky Butte Jail to make way for the expected wave of arrests. Additionally, a makeshift court was constructed in the jail’s garage. The same day, ten ten-lawyer teams were organized by Multnomah County to handle the expected large caseload.

To accommodate the large number of vehicles, state officials leased land from landowners near McIver Park to serve as emergency parking lots. The going rate was \$150. Fields near McIver Park were also burned off by the Forest Service to provide more parking and a few farmers ripped down fences and charged \$1 a day to park.

The week before Vortex I, state officials cut and bulldozed a fire trail around McIver Park, including parcels of private property, and apparently didn't inform any of the landowners.

Tom Cherry

Every round of ammunition in Estacada was sold that week and I know because my parents owned a hardware store then.

Rod Geier, *Enterprise Courier*

A few days ago we lunched in one of the local restaurants and one of our friends noted there had been a tremendous amount of sales in shotgun shells and handgun sales. This tidbit of information followed some coffee talk about the coming Vortex I at McIver Park.

"Hmmm, I thought, "maybe there will be an old fashioned shootout in the park, after all."

In another diner the next day, the old rumor was back in full swing again. Guns and ammo were really on the move, said the coffee talkers.

Something my old journalism prof. crammed in a long time ago still dug into the claw: Check it out before you use it. We telephoned and talked with the operators of seven sporting goods and hardware stores and guess what: sales of ammunition and guns not only were normal, but in a couple of stores below average. One store owner mentioned a slight pickup in sales, but said this is in connection with antelope season just getting underway.

Letter to *Oregonian*

I live next to McIver Park. I am a very angry mother and if it takes a shotgun to keep the hippies off my back porch, that is what I will use.

Letters to Governor McCall

My home is on Clear Creek not far from McIver Park. I am in construction work and am not able to be with my family as much as I would like. If in my absence something should happen due to your stupidity in bringing the hippies in my area, I will hold you personally responsible. I demand extra police protection.

I fear that some residents of the area might strengthen themselves with alcohol and try to give forcible haircuts to long-haired men and boys at Vortex.

I have heard a group of vigilantes are forming in the vicinity.

Missing persons report

MULTNOMAH COUNTY OREGON
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY
MISSING PERSONS REPORT.

RUNAWAY, JUVENILE, CASE FILE NO: 70-15212.
NAME LAST: WISKOFF. FIRST: GUNNER. MIDDLE: JOHN.
DATE AND TIME OF ABSENCE: 8-24-70, midnight to 6 a.m.
STREET ADDRESS: 11103 N.E Fremont.
EMPLOYER-GRADE & SCHOOL: Parkrose-Fremont.
PREV.MISS: Yes.
SEX: M. RACE: M. AGE: 15. DOB: 6-22-55. HT: 5'8". WT: 160. HAIR: Lt. Brn.
EYES: Blue. IDENTIFYING MARKS: Large scar on forehead.
INFORMANT: WISKOFF @ 11103 N.E. Fremont 252-8177.
FATHER Wiskoff, Robert. ADDRESS: same. RES. PHONE: same. BUS.
PHONE: 226-7501 Ext.33070.
MOTHER SAME
MENTAL CONDITION: good. PHYSICAL CONDITION: good.
CLOTHING DESCRIPTION AND COLOR: SHIRT: white. TROUSERS: white.
LUGGAGE: gray pack.
CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE MISSING: Mrs. Wiskoff stated sometime during the night her son departed from home and was last seen this morning at 7:15 a.m. in Clackamas, ORE by officer Blume of PPD. She was in route to work at the time. Mrs. Wiskoff stated her son apparently is enroute to McIver Park and has a guitar in his possession.

Leas Averill

I was 19 years old and Dr. Spray asked me to go down to Salem and pick up a Civil Defense Medical Station Truck. I was to bring it up to Portland where some of the equipment was to be off loaded and put in the basement of the First Unitarian Church next to Outside In (the church was also Outside In's landlord) where an emergency aid station was to be set up. The remainder of the equipment was then driven (I did all the driving as I had a commercial license at the time) out to McIver Park and left for the National Guard to set up.

It had been decided that the National Guard should set up the facility since they knew "how to do such things" (at least the tent). They were also responsible for re-packing the equipment in the truck. I was given the responsibility of going out to the park with supplies and reporting back how things were going. Unfortunately, the very first thing we discovered was that all the medicine, or at least most of it, had expired ten years before and, of course, there were no

antibiotics as they must be stored in a cool place. (Injectables needed to be refrigerated at that time.) So I had to bring the medicines out the day the event started. My joke of some weeks earlier came back to haunt me. The roads were jammed with cars and it took me a couple of hours to travel two miles. When I finally got up to the gate I was informed that I had to turn around and go back down the road to find a parking place. I informed them that I was from Outside In and had perishable medical supplies which could not be allowed to get too hot as it was rather warm that day. They let me through and I took the supplies down to the medical tent.

Garrick Beck, *True Stories and Untold Tales*

When someone questioned, "What about medical needs?" doctors and nurses, (and even a couple of medics recently returned from Vietnam) stood up volunteering services. A further question arose about drug problems, especially the bad trips that everyone had seen portrayed in the press from other festivals and in many of the images surrounding the rock party scene.

And Kaushal was speaking up, telling how he'd just come back from the Atlanta Pop Festival which had drawn over 300,000 people, and where there'd been lots of problems with that. He's explaining to everyone that they had tried alternative as well as standard medical treatment (which meant treating these people as temporarily insane, restraining them, shooting them up with Thorazine or some kind of come-down pills) which resulted in several medical tents looking like casualty zones, full of screaming, hysterical people and doctors at a loss about how to control the scene; instead they also had a place where people could come and get some gentle reassurance and hand holding, and soft words of advice.

"And that's what we should do here," he concluded. "Use a couple of those tepees for Rainbow Tepees where if someone's having a hard time or is spaced out on hallucinogens they can be brought to us and we can softly guide them through it."

Report from Mclver Park Supervisor Frank Styles

Wednesday, August 12. Worked in office part of a.m. To Mclver Park making arrangements for water standpipes and other facilities for Rock Festival. Lined out Gordon on fire guards.

Thursday, August 13. Worked in office. Mostly on phone making arrangements for sanitary facilities at Mclver Park.

Friday, August 14. Worked in office part of a.m. Met Ed Westerdahl and Ron Schmidt and members from the Vortex I Rock Festival at Mclver Park. Looked over the proposed power service with representatives from P.G.E. office in Oregon City. Also looked over the possibility of 4 Mercury Vapor lights in service yard.

Monday, August 17. Worked in office during a.m. Met with Doug Pike and representatives from State Board of Health. Looked over potential health problems and locations to place sanity facilities at Mclver Park.

Tuesday, August 18. Worked in office part of a.m. Went to Champoeg Park. Gave a speech to Polk County Senior Citizens club. About 55 people present. Returned to office.

Wednesday, August 19. Went up the Columbia. Looked over Rooster Rock, Benson and Ainsworth. All parks are pretty fair condition.

Thursday, August 20. Worked in office part of a.m. Went to Mary S. Young. Looked at the proposed right of way for West Linn Sewer lines. On to Mclver Park. Lined out Gordon on placing long runs of water faucets for coming Rock Festival. Also lined him out on digging trenches filled with gravel for wasted water.

Friday, August 21. Supervisors meeting in Salem. Discussed camp reservation system and problems concerning park management. Returned via Mclver Park. The hippies started moving into Mclver Park today. Approximately 1000 people in the park this evening.

Saturday, August 22. To Mclver Park. Crowds have started moving into Park. Have about 4,000 tonight.

Sunday, August 23. To Mclver Park. Lower parking in field by Mclver Memorial was about 2/3 filled.

Monday, August 24. To Mclver Park. Worked on temporary facilities, chemical toilets, and electric service. Lined up Park Lumber Co. for wood to try to keep hippies from cutting down trees and brush. Also lined up Clarence Mathews to remove Mclver plaque. Crowds started building up at about 7:30 this evening.

Tuesday, August 25. At Mclver Park. Putting up wire cribs for waste and preparing park for bulk of people. Campers are moving in at a rapid rate. Parking is getting to be quite a problem. Highway Department making arrangements to lease land for parking.

Wednesday, August 26. At Mclver. First aid tents were set up, prior to this time people from Vortex I were handling this themselves. We have depleted all first aid supplies at Mclver and from the District A office. Approximately 15,000 people have moved in.

Thursday, August 27. At Mclver. Large crowds of people have moved in to camp and plan to stay the duration of the rock festival. Moved portable generators from

Highway Division into the stage are. Set poles in the middle of the field for spotlighting on stage. P.P. & L. people worked very late that night. Gene Doherty and I worked almost all night. Estimated 15,000 to 20,000 people in the field where festival is being held. ***(The writer just smiles when he reads this report. It comes down to this: Frank Styles and Gene Doherty were the only taxpayer-paid roadies in American history!)**

Leonard Bacon, *Oregonian* reporter

I talked to Bill Brooks and a member of The Family. I set up a meeting between them out in Oregon City. It wasn't for a story. I said, "Look, both of you are scared as heck on this thing. Now start talking." I left. Why did I do it? I thought it might solve some problems before Vortex started and I didn't feel like getting myself into a middle of a fiasco.

Bill Brooks

I can't recall that happening.

Garrick Beck

The coalition was truly ad-hoc. People helped out then went back to what they were doing. We were simply so sure of Vortex. I went into it with faith in the times.

Craig Berkman

I remember going into the Arlington Club, explaining what the city faced, trying to raise money for Vortex, and the wallets coming out.

Glen Swift

You want to know who really put Vortex I together? It was all the little shop owners around Old Town who didn't want Portland torn down. We had nothing on the material plane that showed that it could happen, that it was physically possible. We didn't have a site. We didn't have any money. There was no real organization. But we had this belief that it was going to happen. That's all.

Bob Oliver

The Family was idealistic, not quite out of touch with reality but a little whiffy. I can remember one time when a few of them said, "Wow, look how this all came together, it's beautiful, it just happened." Ed and just looked at each other and sort of rolled our eyes. We knew what had gone on to make Vortex happen.

David, *Willamette Bridge*

It is next to impossible to find out anything concrete about the Vortex festival. In the office a general attitude of even stonedness prevails--nothing is at all sinister, whether it be the National Guard's presence, the support of the usually conservative Portland establishment, or the fact that in only one week Legionnaires are likely to be beating up those young people who have the guts to stay in Portland.

Vortex is unique in that it is the first government supported rock festival in the U.S. (The Vancouver, B.C. city council sponsored a rock festival to try to sabotage one being held by the Vancouver Liberation Front.) ***(The writer conducted some cursory research into this festival and believes it occurred in mid-July 1970 in connection to an event called the Sea Festival held near English Bay.)**

Governor McCall has openly supported it because it will draw people away from protesting against the Legion. Vortex people are working closely with the Governor's assistant, Westerdahl, and it seems likely that portions of the food will be coming from the Federal Government's surplus foods.

Vortex people have consistently refused to give specific answers to me. Because of the lack of information, I cannot present a complete picture of the festival. Since I have had to rely upon my sources, including hearsay, some of my information may conceivably be inaccurate. I can only regret that more complete and accurate information was not forthcoming.

This is what I have learned.

The National Guard will be stationed across the river from the Vortex site. This is not standard procedure for rock festivals. In fact, so far as I know, this is the first rock festival which will be held together with the National Guard. Vortex people are not concerned though. Why is the Guard coming? They give different answers. One suggested that, after all, they are people too. They like good music. Another said that the Guard is protecting a power station, also keeping people from going on to farmers' land. Couldn't the security people take care of that? "Well, everybody's on their own power trip" (meaning the state government).

Are groups going to play at Vortex? Maybe. Vortex has not released the names of any groups coming. At first I was told that they did not know, and were afraid of advertising, so people would not be disappointed if the groups did not show. Then they claimed that "national" groups would be there, but that all of them asked to have their names withheld because people should come for the lifestyle rather than the music. In fact nobody in the office seemed to know of any specific group.

The food itself is a puzzling phenomenon. Vortex people claim that they will have enough food to feed 300,000 people, including 25 tons of brown rice, most of it bought. That's a lot of food--and a lot of money to buy it. Where's it coming from? How much is there?

On this question, even more than on others the Vortex people are vague and evasive. It is obvious that most of the people involved in Vortex do not know, and

never bothered to find out. The attitude is usually one of willful naivety. "It'll be beautiful, man, everything free--even free food. Who cares where it came from?" Those who know are reluctant to tell. "Shit, man, contributions. You know--somebody has some bread and lays it on us."

\$20,000 has been committed to Vortex from all sources. By contrast, the Emergency coalition, an organization to help save lives here in Portland has still received nothing. Reasons for this are open to interpretation, but one thing seems clear: the people with the money are contributing to Vortex instead. (People who want to help or contribute should go to Koinonia House. They need it badly.) Who are the people who contribute to Vortex?

When you finally get down to who contributes the bread, the answer is interesting. Of course, money is coming from People for Portland, a liberal group which is afraid of "violence in the streets." Head shops are contributing. More interesting, though, money is coming from Portland Action Committees Together (PACT). PACT gets its money from the Office of Equal Opportunity, the Federal poverty program. In other words, money is being siphoned out of poverty areas into Vortex. One wonders why the Federal Government might allow its money to be use this way.

It is thought provoking that there are several "wealthy businessmen" who support Vortex, but the most interesting source of money is the Republican Party. It is not usual for the GOP, bastion of the establishment, to fund rock festivals. One cannot help but speculate as to whether the Republicans have realized the error of their ways, or whether they have intentionally decided that Vortex serves their interests...It is hard to avoid speculation, however, when an event takes place under such inauspicious circumstances. A government-sponsored, Guard-watched festival with one access road and no announced groups that take place in competition with a protest against a fascistic organization can hardly be free from suspicion.

Raki, *The Stranger*

There is a current attitude within the Underground and those who would seek to lead it in their own directions that dissent is wrong and that it is dangerous to attempt alternative life styles during such things as the Jamboree. This is the endorsement of the very system of repression that our people have sought to throw off. This is also a dangerous move toward fascism within the underground community.

An honest examination of the present situation concerning the Jamboree will show certain things which have aided in the alienation of underground and movement people in the past few weeks.

The Jamboree has made consistent attacks of varying degree on Vortex and claimed that Vortex and other persons who did not support Jamboree were

dividing the Movement. The same idea is being promoted by others through various media.

The only divisive comments we have heard have come from the Jamboree and other Movement people...not from Vortex or the Liberals. (The liberal appellation has been placed on anyone who supports Vortex.)

Vortex has been criticized for not renouncing the support of Gov. McCall...

The Jamboree and other Movement individuals and groups have pushed stay and help theme theorizing in some foggy manner that is difficult to comprehend that non-violent people should support something they have no voice in. The theory is that anyone is allowed a systematic campaign against dissenters who attempted to operate within the People's Army Jamboree.

The Jamboree has tactical sense in that it is committed to not provoking violence by violent actions. It cannot be referred to as non-violent, however, in that it deliberately seeks to create barriers through the uses of rhetoric, charges against brothers and sisters in the underground culture, and a new kind of racism for those whose political viewpoints are, "not correct." These barriers are violence against human beings.

Furthermore, the Jamboree advocates a victory for the NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT in Vietnam. This victory is a military victory as a Jamboree spokesman at the Hiroshima Day Picnic admitted to over 100 people when questioned on that stand. This stand was justified by saying that it was necessary to counter U.S. violence. It can be seen, then, that the stance of the Jamboree is violent rather than non-violent in this context.

The money being spent for Vortex has been brought into question. It is equally legitimate to ask how the Jamboree squandered \$10,000 to arrive at its "broke" state. The answer lies in the corruption brought by people seeking the money for their individual power trips...and getting it. The Jamboree has an obligation to make a full financial statement to the community explaining what happened to the money.

The Jamboree has used much of its time to attack alternatives to Jamboree methods. It supports military victory to the NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT. It has systematically eliminated those it disagrees with from any say-so in policy or action. It has squandered its money, or at the very least, not been honest with the people. It has also turned off many Vietnam Veterans who cannot, in good conscience, support the National Liberation Front but do support a peaceful alternative because they are sick of war.

The People's Army Jamboree should re-examine their own points and do something about the following.

- (1) End the racism created by the doctrine Left against our brothers and sisters.
- (2) End the imperialism of the fascist doctrine of; "If you don't agree with me, you're a fascist lackey."
- (3) End Leftist chauvinism and establish communication rather than barriers.
- (4) End the verbal ripoff of brothers and sisters who choose alternatives to Jamboree and direct that energy against Mayor Schrunk and Commissar Ivancie. **** (Even though Ivancie possessed a scurrilous reputation amongst many Portland residents, he later became the city's mayor. In the most stunning political upset in Portland's history, Ivancie was defeated for a second term in 1984 by a maverick, bearded, tavern owner, Bud Clark, whose means to retire his campaign debt—holding a paid rock festival called the Mayor's Ball—hinted at some very Vortex I sensibilities. The writer attended several of the balls and each time was thrown out for some very Vortex I-behavior.)**
- (5) Find ways to relate to Veterans who are peace oriented and relate to GLs who are the most oppressed individuals in the United States.

This accounting is quite overdue and it is the fault of the STRANGER that we have not brought it out before. We felt that the Jamboree would leave its negative course to a more positive statement about war. It has not. If a few hide the sickness within the Underground it will soon become the cancer that destroys us.

Document distributed by The Family in and around Estacada several days before Vortex I officially opened

VORTEX I: A Political Vision

The radical left political movement in America has been, for the most part, one sided. Its primary focus has been the negation of existing political and economic structures. This focus is extremely necessary but not sufficient. To each negation there is an affirmation. Each time one says no one says yes to something else. The radical political movement in America has concentrated on the political negation but ignored the necessary cultural affirmation. The radical left, through the politics of negation, has taken the very important first step. Now we, the family of Vortex, have a vision of adding the second element to radical left politics: the cultural affirmation of new life styles.

Vortex sees itself as a catalyst for cultural genesis. We wish to bring together people from all over the world who are beginning attempts at new culture and, through our solidarity and reciprocal exchange of vision and ideas, turn our isolated attempts into a movement. For too long new culture in America has lacked the vision or seriousness to force itself past its early superficialities Vortex intends to initiate the self education, spirit of community, and self discipline necessary to create a positive cultural movement; a cultural movement which can provide the necessary affirmation coincident with the necessary negation of radical left politics.

Vortex will coincide with the American Legion convention and the Peoples Army Jamboree for two reasons. First, Vortex must coincide with the Legion convention in order that we make a political point by example and by comparison. While the Legion is in town reliving militant memories, drunkenly destroying private property, and perpetuating a reactionary and militant image of America, we will live in the country, harmoniously, ecologically, peacefully, joining our visions of a new America and beginning the realization of those visions. Secondly, Vortex must coincide with the People's Army Jamboree because for many of us the People's Army Jamboree does not provide a viable method of protesting the Legion. The People's Army Jamboree does not and has never intended that their confrontation with the Legion be violent. Indeed, they are making concrete efforts to avoid violent confrontation. However, the violent nature of the Legion, the support and sympathy police forces have usually given the Legion, and also the vast number of people coming to Portland for which the Jamboree cannot be held responsible, make violence a likely possibility. Even if the vast majority of persons in Portland intended to protest peacefully, the nature of the Legion and the dynamics of police--crowd interaction make violence very likely. Thus, while many of us support the goals of the People's Army Jamboree and wish to make a sincere political statement against the Legion, we cannot focus our energies behind any "in town" activity. The People's Army Jamboree deserves our help in terms of life support, etc., but for the most part we must focus our energies on Vortex.

Enterprise Courier, August 21, 1970

Clackamas County sheriff's deputies turned into an escort service Thursday night and helped transfer some 150 rock festival fans from Wilsonville to McIver Park.

Two county patrol cars assisted the 150 young persons ready to camp out in Wilsonville, leading a 45-car parade through West Linn, over the new bridge to Park Place, down the Cascade Freeway to Clackamas River Drive, on to Carver before heading for McIver Park, site of a state-sanctioned rock festival due to start next week.

Both state and county officers said the escort went off without a hitch...there was much merriment.

David Dumas

We showed up at Wilsonville on the 20th for Bullfrog III. It had been shut down but we didn't know that. I still have the ticket! A bunch of cars were milling around. We were cool. The mayor of Wilsonville came forward and said that the Pioneer Wilsonville Days were tomorrow. Then he said, "We're going to take you boys to Vortex." This was a week before it was supposed to start! Then the State Police showed up to escort us to McIver Park. We had a 100-car convoy. They were flashing their lights. I was in the back of pickup drinking jug wine and

smoking a joint in broad daylight. We had to be first in the park. We got a fire going. What a party!

Enterprise Courier, August 24, 1970

With the Vortex I festival at McIver Park not scheduled to start until Friday, it was learned (Monday) that three young men, all believed to be local residents of Clackamas County, were arrested last night by Oregon State Police. Those arrested were John Darrell Sutherland, 22, no address available, Roger Everett Becker, 24, Rt. 2, Box 41, Molalla, and Raymond Emery Layman, 22, PO Box 272, Canby. All three were arrested on charges of drunk in a public place and disorderly conduct charges. Bail was placed at \$500.

John Sutherland

It was during the event. We drove up there to see what was going on. Two of us were loggers and the other worked in a sawmill. We had been drinking some beer and drove into the park. It was in the late afternoon and into the evening and we'd been drinking quite a bit of beer. We didn't fit in and we talked to a group and a little altercation happened. We were pretty young and we roughed up a couple of guys. A cop came up and said, "you need to get out of the park." We said, "okay, if you want us out, show us the way." We followed him out of the park and then he pulled us over and said from the car, "You're under arrest." We were just three guys drinking beer and we're the only ones being arrested? There were people smoking dope and naked. I was irritated. The cop got out of the car and I popped him. A fight ensued. There were thirty or so cops and some Guardsman and I just was flat on the ground with everyone on top. They handcuffed me and put me in a car. Then he pulled over, threw me out of the car and beat the hell out of me. Two of us pled not guilty. It went to trial and a few cops and Guardsman showed up with a broken arm, broken nose, limping around. They kept bringing them in one after another. We had a lawyer who made the point that we were the only ones arrested at Vortex. The jury was out five minutes—not guilty.

Intelligence report from Portland Police Bureau, August 24, 1970

No unusual increase sales of bow and arrows and had no sales to any hippie type individuals the past week.

Promoters of a rock festival called "America" set for Labor Day weekend at some undetermined place in Marion County cancelled the event on August 21 citing the likelihood of limited "financial success" because of the free rock festival being offered by the state the following weekend.

Reports appearing in the press from August 22-24 quoted public officials asking people to stay away from McIver Park until Vortex I officially opened.

These curious early arrivers were getting in the way. In fact, an Oregon State Parks spokesman declared the park was closed. The governor's office immediately sent out a press release saying the park was open and all people were welcome.

After sparring all August with the Portland City Council over park-use and parade permits, the People's Army Jamboree finally gained approval in the final days before Vortex I, for day use of one park, overnight use of another far from downtown, and permission to hold two parades.

Larry Klinger

A couple of days before the festival was to start, we went to Portland to get some supplies. Our route happened to take us by the Memorial Coliseum. As we drove by in traffic, a voice on a bullhorn boomed out for us to pull to the curb. We did and were quickly surrounded by plain clothes and uniformed officers. After checking us for weapons, they told us not to drive by the Coliseum again. The next day we went to Lake Oswego to get some camping gear from a friend's parent's garage. After picking up the gear we stopped by a local watering hole for a cold one. There were Legionnaires at the table inside. After a while I went to their table and introduced myself. I told them I had served with the First Marine Air Wing outside of Da Nang and asked about their service. They were all WWII vets and great guys. All they wanted was to get away from their jobs and wives for a while, and have a good time. Before I left they warned me to stay out of Portland during the convention. They claimed that some of their number had armed themselves and were itching for a fight. I assured them I would be going to Vortex I and they seemed relieved. The next day we avoided the traffic jam by leaving early in the morning.

In the days before Vortex I officially opened, state workers erected twelve new white-on-green signs pointing the way to McIver Park.

The day before Vortex I officially opened, the Democratically-controlled US Senate voted 52-35 to not end the draft and replace it with an all-volunteer service.

Oregon's public broadcasting station aired a live two-hour program the evening Vortex I officially opened. A moderator discussed Portland's unfolding imbroglio with representatives from People for Portland, The Family and the People's Army Jamboree. The American Legion sent a taped message to be

played. ***(Glen Swift told the writer he was the representative from The Family and fell asleep during the show.)**

Beset by lack of water, food, organization, ticket sales and a known site, and suffering an abundance of uncooperative law enforcement officials who threatened a legal injunction to stop the event, the Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair, tentatively planned to unfold on private land near Washougal, Washington, verged on fiasco as Vortex I was set to open.

On Wednesday evening August 26, several thousand young people attended the unofficial opening of the Free People's Pop Festival in Delta Park on the north edge of Portland. A few bands played acoustic sets. The next morning, city officials ordered the removal of a 30,000-watt speaker system brought in for upcoming performances. Festival organizers "vowed" they would continue with bands such as Grizzly, Mixed Blood and Crystal Garden. The next day, Vortex I's official opening, the Free People's Pop Festival organizer folded the event and told the few people hanging around to head to McIver Park.

Howard Weiner

We were helping the city get people out to the park, but clearly the word came down, we got shut down, and Vortex was the reason. Bob Stearn was doing sound for the Free People's Pop Festival. I think he knew Bobby Wehe. Then he yanked his equipment and goes out to Vortex and a number of bands went too. We were done.

On August 27: 1) the Chairman of the Multnomah County Board of Commissioners issued "an emergency proclamation to protect "19 key areas in event of violence."; 2) The Josephine County Sheriff's Department alerted the Portland Police Bureau that "7000" hippies had passed through Cave Junction on Highway 99 enroute to Portland; 3) A bomb threat was called in about the upcoming American Legion parade; 4) The Portland Police Bureau monitored the downtown Western Union office to see if hippies in the Portland area were being wired large amounts of money; 5) The Portland Police Bureau called area stores to determine if any hippie-type people had made purchases of aerosol oven

cleaner, and asked store owners to remove the cleaner and sell the product to only straight-looking people upon request.

Clackamas County Sheriff's 24-hour incident Vortex I report log for August 27, 1970

Criminal Department
Sheriff's Office
Clackamas County
Special Report

27 Aug 70

Deputy: Chief Brooks
Subject: Command Post – Camp Withycombe

1203 PM

Remarks: 57 acres of Parking off South Springwater Road has been obtained by OSP. Will be activated and ready to use 28 Aug 1970.

1:00 PM

Marion Co S.O. reports fifty (50) cars of hippies enroute North of Interstate I-5. Corrected report. 50 hippies on a flat bed Truck. Relayed to CCSO

1:40 P Truck observed by 62.

2:15 P

Info 230 Molalla PD 6 motorcycles identified as "Hells Angels" type traveling east on Highway 211 towards McIver Park, CCSO and OSP Notified.

252P

OSP reports no contact with motorcycles.

7:30 PM

Info from MCP

Monitored news broadcast 5:30PM KYXI in substance told of new organization called the Black Berets. These 1000 persons were mobilized to meet any influx of National Guardsmen in the Albina District of Portland with resistance. R.L. Anderson, spokesman of the Black Berets, denounced Governor McCall as a racist, and said his power ended at Albina.

8:00 PM

Radio report from Co 46 7 Motorcycle choppers enroute toward Oregon City, from McIver Park, Hells Angels Style.

8:15

Co 60 contacting choppers, which stopped at Logan Store.

8:30 PM

Medical Command Post has base station (Ham Radio) installed at Center.

6:21 AM Casualty, bad trip, picked up by Unit#64 turned over to Unit#6 transported to Dammasch for commitment. Picked up on Springwater Rd. near Hayden Cut-off.

Dr. Bangs' diary

Thursday August 27, 1970

This is the day that we had decided to set up our medical center. As it turned out there were between 500 and 1000 people who had moved into McIver during the week prior to this date and their medical problems were cared for primarily by Allen Price, a general practitioner at Estacada. He stated that he cared for approximately 200 people free of charge prior to this time, certainly a commendable task. There was a first aid facility set up in the park which handled minor problems. My initial intentions were to take a truckload of equipment out to the park on this day early so we could start setting up. We had arranged a training session with Charlie Spray at Willamette Falls Hospital, a noon luncheon meeting, to discuss drug problems and what we were planning to treat at McIver. As it turns out by the time I got Chitty's pickup loaded with equipment it was nearly noon and we did not make an early morning run.

Incidentally on the preceding day, Chitty and I had been picked up by Don Ellis' helicopter at Willamette Falls at noon, flown into McIver and instructed the group working there as to where the medical tents should be placed.

Early in the morning I started loading the pickup, first with the supplies I had in my office and those from Willamette Falls Hospital, Oregon City Hospital and the two food stores, Danielson' Thriftway and Safeway. These stores provided us with food enough to feed the medical personnel for a day or so. This was a generous donation and certainly proved to be a variable adjunct. Dr. Billmeyer, acting health chief Dr. Stolte's vacation time absence had arranged for Tetanus Toxoid at the County Health Office. I went to obtain this and was met with hostilities and told they had no Tetanus Toxoid for me. As it turns out Dr. Billmeyer had moved it to his office, this however does not excuse the hostility of the ladies in the health office.

The pickup truck was entirely loaded including my large filing cabinet from my own garage as well as a smaller filing cabinet from Willamette Falls. It was loaded to the brim and had to be tied on. We then went to Willamette Falls where I met my dear friends Al and Ina Papp for lunch and to attend this meeting. Charlie Spray gave a good presentation of the drug problem, the current

treatment advised. There were approximately 30 physicians in attendance all interested and attentive.

We then arrived at McIver to begin setting up our facilities. We had obtained 3 20 by 20 pole tents from the National Guards. These had been set up with two communicating with each other and a third to be used as a personnel tent approximately 40 feet away. The state had provided a mobile generator and two pole lamps to provide us with electricity for lighting and radio communications. Radio communications incidentally was obtained at a last minute through the Portland Amateur Radio Emergency Club.

At the park we met two of the "Family" and Kevin White, an LPN, who was to assist us throughout the entire festival. With these 4 or 5 people, plus Al & Ina and myself, we unpacked the truck. Civil Defense had provided us with a van with equipment. In this were stretchers and cots, a mobile autoclave, a dental chair and a large audiovisual display board which was obviously useless to us. There was also a portable generator in the van which subsequently was stolen.

Leigh Campbell M.D. and Ned Davies, D.O. were on hand the first day to assist. Leigh had missed our medical tents and had gone down to the tepee first aid center and worked there 2-3 hours, cursing me for my inadequate facilities which I had set up. He subsequently found the proper equipment, drugs, etc were unloaded but we ultimately got these packed away in my filing cabinet. I bought a marker and made name tags for each drawer designating which drugs were in this drawer, so the 25 drawer filing cabinet proved just barely adequate, although extremely valuable. As we unpacked thousands and thousands of band-aids etc it seemed as though we had an overwhelming amount of equipment and possibly we could never use it all. As it turned out we fell short on some items. The medications were placed in a large wooden filing cabinet and the dressing in a small metal cabinet. Spare supplies were placed on a cot or under it, set next to the filing cabinets. We had six cots set up in the tent as well as two higher cots to be used as surgical tables. We did have a surgical lamp from the Civil Defense van which proved very valuable for sewing up lacerations.

It was while unloading and setting up that I had my first experience with nudity. I was talking with Al Papp outside the tent when approximately one hundred feet away I noticed an entirely nude girl washing her hair at one of the water fountains. Initially it was extremely hard to maintain equanimity and keep my eyes from the nude thing. Al had the same problem and we found ourselves circling each other as we talked so that the other fellow would have his back to the view. Shortly after this a completely nude and bearded young man walked through our tent. He apparently had dropped some acid and was acting a little different than the usual person. He had a grasshopper cupped in his hands. He approached me and opened his hands and said "this is life." I apparently showed some reaction to this as he stated, "What's the matter haven't you ever seen anyone on a trip before?" As it turned out I had seen few people on a trip but

none previously nude. Following this incident, which was only my second exposure to nudity, I had no further feelings toward nudity, found it neither vulgar nor stimulating and accepted it in my stride. This is true of everyone else exposed to the same problem.

After several hours of working in the tent things were reasonably well under control and we ventured down to the lower tepee area where people were camped. We used my ATV vehicle for the first time. This proved to be extremely noisy, attracted some attention but no one felt hostile towards it.

At the tepee center, which was a circular area of about 10 tepees, we met Al Weise and Bill Conkennon 2 ski patrolmen who had come to help us and also had gotten confused between the first aid center and our medical center.

Two tepees had been designated for first aid and were being run by volunteers. It never did become clear to me who actually was running the center and I am sure it was not clear to those who were working there. They had been set up for a week and were quite jealous of their domain. I am sure there was some resentment towards us. Two or three times a day someone would come up and complain that people down there were doing things they shouldn't or expressing hostilities towards us. No one expressed any hostility directly to me however.

We provided the tepees with all their medical dressings, bandages etc. There were two frustrated physicians, I believe one perhaps a medical student working here, and they desperately wanted to get a hold of prescription medication. I held fast and refused to provide this for them and insisted that they refer anyone who required medication to our medical center.

The tepees, as it turned out, did a fantastic job and treated probably as many as we did, although they treated simpler things. I feel that a periphery first aid station in such a festival is extremely valuable, handling the small cuts, bruises, blisters etc. They also made the initial contact on many drug reactions and bad trips.

On Thursday most of the activity was taking place in the tepees, there was a drum band and numerous people dancing. Some impressed me as probably being high on speed, as they were quite hyperactive. There was also a commune sitting in a circle holding hands, issuing the usual chant of "ooommm ooommm." We watched them for a while and it was my feeling that these people were somewhat in a trance, although I initially thought they were probably putting some of this on. I subsequently feel that many of these people were probably tripped out or somewhat sedate from perhaps marijuana.

From the tepees we ventured on to the river bank and then downstream to the area of sauna baths and mud baths which turned out to be the center of nude swimming. A large plastic tent had been set up with a fire to provide heat and a type of sauna bath was thus produced. Next to this tent was a similar tent with

mud on the bottom on which people would slide and then into the river. This was after my initial exposure to nudity (approximately 2 hours) and I was surprised at my lack of interest in the bare bodies. There were certainly no outward displays of sexuality and in fact this was never seen in the park. There was less physical contact here than one would see at a beach or any youth picnic. It was at this point that we noted two rather short haired "straights" sitting on the bank overlooking the nudes. They were somewhat corpulent and obviously enjoying the view. These two men were observed in the same location on several other occasions and on subsequent days. I feel they enjoyed the nudity more than those partaking in it. There were several reported incidents of the so called straights observing the nudity for a period then shedding their own clothes and joining in the exposure. There was also a reported incident where a black individual walking around with a helium balloon tied to the end of his penis. This was not confirmed by myself but certainly I heard much mention of it. More power to him.

After returning to our medical center we had our first casualty which was a 1 cm laceration, secondary to a monkey bite on the lip. The young girl was sharing a peanut with the monkey, when the monkey bit her. This was closed with steristrips. While down at the tepee area on Thursday afternoon, we were called to the first aid tent to see a girl who was quite sedate with irrational and definitely slurred speech, occasionally she had episodes of violence. We loaded her into the back of our ATV vehicle and transported her to the medical center. It was my impression because of the slurred speech that she had taken an overdose of barbiturates. This was confirmed subsequently by her friends who visited the tent. We checked to see that she was stable, and talked with her at length, quieting her down, and she became quite peaceful. At this point her so called husband arrived with several others and wanted to take her away. He stated they had both been heroin addicts and he could handle her better than we could. A slight bit of hostility arose here between Ned Davies and the husband. Ned felt that the patient should stay with us. He subsequently decided in the name of peace that they could take her. They moved her outside the tent where her husband slapped her around a little bit.

This was our first experience with drug problems and we learned to respect the opinion of the friends of the overdosed individuals. Our other initial case was a young fellow in a semistuporous state who waxed and waned from this state. He denied taking drugs and in fact denied any other disease. He was with us for about 2 hours and made no appreciable improvement. It was the impression of Dr. Davies that he should be evacuated.

Our radio communication had been set up by this time, which was evening, and we decided to test it. I called Colonel Jones at Oregon City Hospital and told him that we had a patient to evacuate. Dr. Davies felt the boy might have diabetes and for lack of a better diagnosis this was the diagnosis transmitted over the radio. Herein starts a classical example of confusion.

Just prior to evacuating the boy we had had an individual with epilepsy who had forgotten his Dilantin. We called for some Dilantin to be brought out to us. The Dilantin transmission got confused with Demerol, the diagnosis of diabetes on the patient became confused with Demerol and it became established in town that we were sending a narcotics addict by ambulance. Someone in town felt that if we were transmitting a narcotic addict that it should be authorized by the State Police and the ambulance was delayed an hour or so because of this. We sent our own car ambulance to Carver where they were to meet with the Oregon City Ambulance. Our ambulance had to wait an hour for this. At this point I became somewhat irritated with the people in town for not carrying out our orders as directed. This was not to be my last episode of irritation with our radio communications center.

The first night was relatively quiet as no activity had started at the stage area where we were located. There were many drug reactions down in the living part of the park and these were all handled by tepees down there. We did have one interesting experience which was repeated throughout the festival. Approximately a 19-year old boy came in in a coma with his friends stating he was a diabetic and took Dilantin Mebrol. He remained in this comatose state with stable vital signs and responsive only to deep stimulation. He remained this way during the night and the following morning was sleepy but responsive. By noon he was wide awake got up and became one of our more responsible ambulance drivers. He stayed with us for the subsequent 6 days. Much of our help was acquired in this way, in that they were initially drug reactions, seen by us because of violent reactions or a coma and they became impressed with the medical center and stayed on to assist.

Ambulance system--we developed an inpark ambulance system during the first 2-3 days which was something to behold. We had approximately 8-10 for the most part junky old cars or busses which were set up with mattresses in the back for transporting the ill. These were stationed throughout the park, at the main gate, at the barricade, at our medical center and down below the tepee area and at the stage area. They were manned by hippies from within the park who proved to be an extraordinary group of responsible, dependable, reliable and altruistic group. I am sure many of them were dropping acid and were partially stoned from marijuana throughout their stay. They were on the job for the entire festival sleeping on the tailgates of their ambulances in cat naps. As the festival proceeded they became more integrated with the medical center and became stretcher bearers, ultimately washed wounds, and perhaps would have replaced the physicians if we had let them. They did numerous odd and messy jobs. Cooked food, etc.

One in particular by the name of Whitey deserves mention. He arrived on his Honda 450 and became chief courier, rumor squelcher, procurer of information and subsequently chief of the ambulance system. He was beyond belief in his

availability and reliability. Whitey was there to do whatever task was necessary. He did what was asked of him and was intelligent enough to see where he was needed. When the tent became crowded he utilized his freight train personality and cleared the tent of unwanted people. He also acted as security officer although this task required little attention.

Thursday night as stated before was relatively quiet. Both Ned and I slept several hours with only an occasional patient being seen. The following morning the activities picked up and we started seeing some hung over drug reactions, a few colds, a few cut feet, blisters and general run of the mill first aid problems. By afternoon the tempo of the park had increased. The bandstand was being finished with music moving in and activity around the tent and the bandstand generally increasing.

By nightfall things were moving at a rapid pace and by 11:00 p.m. we got hit with numerous drug reactions.

The Stranger

Not that it matters anyway, because we expect intelligent people with any free will at all choose on their own anyway, but we have decided to support the Vortex I effort instead of the Jamboree. We are doing this because it is our belief that the aims of the Vortex are more in keeping with our theory that it is imperative to create a life-style that is life-oriented rather than suicidal like that of the American Legion or the Violent Revolutionaries. We wish the Jamboree luck, because they will need it.

Statements from the August 27, 1970 Portland City Club meeting where Michael McCusker of the People's Army Jamboree and James Flynn of Vortex I "appeared before a standing-room-only audience" in the Benson Hotel.

McCusker: If we came to Portland after the Legion had gone home, we might not have been listed to. People all over the country have been saying Portland is the place to be because the Legion is here. The American Legion is here to have a festival of death, a celebration of war. We have come to celebrate life.

Flynn: We (Vortex I) have been trying to feed the roots. Michael has been trying to be a tree surgeon. Vortex is a celebration of changes among people because the people are brought together with their individual egos, purposes and hang-ups and aligned with a common purpose. It's just beautiful. It's great to see what people can do when they're in alignment.

McCusker: Our souls are screaming with horror at the genocide done in Vietnam in the name of America. Are we, in our brutal slaughter of millions of Asians, any better than the Communists we are so afraid of? There are violent people within the movement. They are the true sons of their fathers, who said, "Kill niggers!" and although the son might not want to kill black people because he likes them,

he goes on to kill. We are trying our damndest to control the people who are coming in. We are telling them that whatever their philosophies about violence, in this time and place it's suicide.

Flynn: Vortex I has a lot of fun activities. Some young people are constructing geodesic domes. If any of you are carpenters or with the FHA, you might get a little freaked out.

Good Times, San Francisco underground newspaper, mid-August 1970

What would happen if the culture and politics of the youth of the 70's come face to face with the American Legion?

Portland, Ore., is about to find out. A confrontation is shaping up there which may portend a new phenomena for the new decade. Some say 25,000, 50,000, maybe even 100,000 assorted heads, freaks, hippies, groupies, revolutionaries and other people are expected in Portland this weekend for rock festivals and political activities. The political action is directed at the American Legion which will be holding its annual convention in Portland while the rock concerts are going on.

Last week official Portland was in a panic. Prominent potbellied citizens were scurrying around with their heads yelling, "what to do, what to do?" The sight of the first trickle of long haired travelers arriving in their beautiful city set them in a frenzy. But now that their mayor has assumed dictatorial powers (only temporarily mind you, only to assure the great flag waving public that no long haired communists are going to interfere with Portland's red, white, blue and \$green\$ welcome to the American Legion) they have calmed down.

Yes, Portland is calmer now than it was but it is still uneasy. It isn't just the fact that three rock concerts are going on simultaneously with the Legion's convention. Nor is it merely the knowledge, along with this, that at the Legion convention in New Orleans in 1968, drunken Legionnaires went on a rampage in the hip community busting up head shops and heads. What is really bothering official Portland is a group calling itself the Peoples Army Jamboree which is planning to counter the Legion's 100% Americanism convention with a 'Victory to the Vietnamese' celebration. And, to make matters worse, the music freaks are cooperating with the political freaks. So that what you have in effect is a Charlie Manson-Jerry Rubin-Angela Davis-Johnathan Jackson-Bernadette Dohrn-Huey Newton-Timothy Leary-Rolling Stone-monster heading directly for downtown Portland where the American Legion is planning this year's Victory in Vietnam Parade.

Needless to say the city of Portland is freaked. It has published a pamphlet titled "Peace Has Its Price In Portland." One excerpt from the pamphlet reads: "When 3 or more of you are getting a mite more fractious or disorderly than necessary, you will probably be told by a police officer to disperse. He is not doing that just

to hear his good, rich baritone; not yours. By the way, if you are poking round somewhere and a police officer thinks you look suspicious, he might stop and ask you a few questions. It's all right, the law says he can." The pamphlet also states that "over-nighters are not allowed in any park" and the city has promised to enforce all curfews. All this in addition to the fact that under its mayor's dictatorial direction Portland has set up a committee of four to supervise next week's events. The committee of four consists of one representative each from the Mayor's office, the Governor's office and the County Supervisor's office.

Governor Tom McCall on his part has organized a rock concert of his own which he hopes will draw some of the young people away from downtown Portland. He has also called out the National Guard and Tuesday he held the first state-wide, radio-television broadcast ever by an Oregon governor. He said, in effect, that he hopes all of the freaks will make it out to McIver State Park 25 miles south of Portland for the Vortex I festival he arranged . . . but if they don't, well, the National Guard is ready.

Bill Keller, *Oregonian*

In the secluded backwoods of a farm near the Clackamas River, a dozen young people from random parts of the country were hard at work, clearing ground lashing saplings to trees to frame huts, digging fire pits and latrines. They have 10 acres of overgrown privacy and trucks to transport the crowds they say are already beginning to pour in for the events in the last week of August.

A 19-year-old girl who sat in a small clearing whittling a walking stick said she read about Vortex I rock festival in an underground newspaper in Detroit and hitchhiked out. She wants no part of any violence. "Yes I think it will be bloody," she said. "I'm not going into town, no way. The Legion's looking for trouble. There's a lot of people looking for trouble. Rusty, 22, from North Carolina, was sitting with two friends at a table in the Agora Café in Southeast Portland. He heard about the Vortex festival on a rock music station in San Jose', Calif., and plans to stay out at the Clackamas River farm until it starts. He did not come up to see the American Legion, and won't be anywhere near it, "not if I can help it."

An anonymous man attending a Yachats, Oregon Chautauqua presentation

I was a community college student living in Orange County and heard about Vortex I through from some friends. I convinced a local FM station to air announcements about the event. I did a little public service announcement for it! ***(For several years the writer wondered why the state would advertise Vortex I in California if it wanted to dissuade hippies from traveling to Portland. After hearing this anecdote, the reason became obvious: the state didn't pay for any advertising. The news simply spread by word of mouth and through the burgeoning reach of FM rock stations all over the West, and perhaps the country, since there are reports of radio spots airing in the Northeast.)**

Ron J.

I was a street artist in Old Town Los Gatos when I heard about the concert from the local rock and roll station, some other artist and I decided this might be cool. We had heard that this was going to be the West Coast Woodstock and we wanted to be part of it.

Press conference of J. Milton Patrick, National Commander, American Legion, Portland, late August 1970

Let's just keep it cool here. In all this is the 52nd national convention--not any different from the first. All we are for is to seek better ways, things that we do for our country, and the respect of our God. Let's keep it cool. Let the hippies go their way and let's go about our way.

The Vortex

This is the second record of the double live album. For some cultural context, the reader might want to know that the week that Vortex I went down, Edwin Starr's Motown hit "War" knocked the Carpenters "Close to You" off the top of the Billboard Singles Chart, "Patton" and "Woodstock" reigned as the two most popular movies in Portland, Lawrence Welk and George Carlin appeared regularly on network television, "Hair" burned up Broadway while President Nixon preferred "Oklahoma," the 105th Oregon State Fair opened with entertainments like "Puffets and Marionettes," and Senator George McGovern, D-S.D. ripped his colleagues on their crushing defeat of his bill (co-sponsored by Senator Mark Hatfield, R-OR) to set a deadline for an American pullout of Vietnam, by declaring, "in one sense this chamber literally reeks of blood. The reader might also be interested to learn that the extremely bad-vibed Isle of Wight rock festival off the north coast of Scotland unfolded the same weekend as Vortex I. This commercial fiasco marked the last public performances by Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison. Later dubbed "The Last Great Event," Isle of Wight attracted some 600,000 people, most of whom didn't bother buying a ticket. It is chiefly remembered for its corrugated metal fence erected to keep freeloaders out, incessant cynical talk about "money for the artists," and young promoters way over their heads. The writer recommends viewing the updated 1997 DVD of the 1970 film "Isle of Wight: Message to Love." Also recommended is the updated 2002 DVD of "Gimme Shelter." These two documentaries offer a perfect and total visual antithesis of Vortex I, especially the scene at Isle of Wight when Leonard Cohen looks out to a half million people and says, "It's a large nation but it's still weak."

August 28-September 2, 1970**A Vortexer as quoted in the *Oregonian***

This place is holy. In the future this place will be regarded with the same adoration as Jerusalem, Gethsemane. The tribes have been lost in the

wilderness too long. Only this time nobody is looking for a Moses, we don't need him to lead us out. Nobody is going to lay down any heavy laws on this tribe's trip. Nobody is running around digging for any tablets.

A Vortexer as quoted in the *Oregonian*

I wish God would destroy this park and all in it right now--I would gladly go with them.

Leonard Bacon, *Oregonian*

In the dark, dogs are everywhere running loose. They are also the only ones that sleep during the night.

David Little as quoted in the *Oregon Journal*

It's more than just another Woodstock. Here at Vortex you don't have a lot of people getting loaded. You've got people getting their lives together, learning how to live out of the cities and in the woods if they want to.

FBI Portland SAC report to Bureau, August 28, 1970

As the American Legion national convention opened in Portland on August twentyeight, nineteen seventy, the accent, as far as protesters were concerned, appeared to be on rock festivals. Portland streets were noticeably almost devoid of hippie-type young people. The exodus was to the free state-approved festival known as Vortex one, east of Portland, and to the Sky River Rock Festival, near Washougal, Washington.

Rolla J. Crick, *Oregon Journal*

A noticeable reduction in the number of long-haired youth on Portland streets was apparent Friday as the 52nd National Convention of the American Legion opened seven days of meetings and pageantry.

How many people attended Vortex I: A Biodegradable Festival of Life? Press estimates varied widely and never took into account the several thousands who came to McIver Park before the festival officially opened on Friday, August 28, or the various thousands coming or leaving at any given moment. Moreover, the press didn't have helicopter reconnaissance at their disposal.

But the Clackamas County Sheriff's Office did, as well as a stream of around-the-clock reports from inside the park and patrol cars in the vicinity. According to official estimates, based on twice-daily counts, approximately 85,000 people attended from Thursday to Tuesday. Throw in the early arrivals, partiers in transit, the stragglers who stayed past Tuesday, and it's possible the figure reached 100,000.

The festival hit its peak Saturday, August 29, when the numbers approached 40,000. At one point, a newspaper reported 11,000 cars packed the fields near the entrance to McIver Park and that traffic stretched from the front gate to 82nd Avenue in southeast Portland, a distance of approximately 18 miles.

A late Friday evening count put the park population at around 5,000, but when the morning arrived, some 25,000 people were camped out. That night was the wildest Vortex I night of all. Workers finally completed the stage and the first band came on at 10:30 p.m. A barrel of wine laced with LSD sporting a ladle was within easy reach. The music stopped at 4:30 a.m. A fog rolled in and enveloped everything. The music then started up at 9:00 a.m. after organizers cleared tents and casualties from the field in front of the stage.

Rumors of big-name performers *guaranteed* to play flew around the festival: the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Cream, Deep Purple, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Janis, Jimi and the ubiquitous apparition known as Santana. ***(Santana is by far most frequently cited. His web site lists every gig he's ever played and Vortex I was not among them. Santana did play a Bullfrog Festival staged in rural Clackamas County so this might explain the confusion. The writer's rule for confirming a band's existence at Vortex I is any combination of three eyewitness or published reports and even this standard is highly suspect.)**

The Family refused to announce the hinted-at lineup of rock superstars in advance or during the festival because there were no superstar acts scheduled. The Family also didn't want the word getting out that primarily local bands dominated the bill lest the disappointed leave McIver Park and head to Portland.

Positively confirmed as playing are: Notary Sojack, Tu-Tu, Jacob's Ladder, Portland Zoo, Mother Smucker's Jam, Children of Moo, Good Clean Fun, Gene Redding and Funk, Charlie Musselwhite and Brown Sugar. Not so positively confirmed as playing are the James Cotton Blues Band, U.S. Cadenza and Lothar and The Hand People. ***(Two people absolutely swear that Lothar and the Hand People performed. This bizarre band's sound featured a Theremin, an equally bizarre contraption named for its inventor, Russian**

physicist Leon Theremin. “Musicians” play this boxy “instrument” by moving two hands between antennas. The Beach Boys used the Theremin’s high-pitched noise to classic effect in “Good Vibrations.”

The distance from the front gate to the stage area clocked exactly one mile. The paved road was steep, switch backed, and lined with young Douglas firs, hemlocks, cedars and alders. If a visitor didn’t like the scene around the stage, it was another half mile downhill to the area near the tepees, food, saunas and easy river access. Tents and makeshift shelters went up everywhere.

Sign at the entrance to McIver Park

Admission Charge: Love. (It may enlighten the reader here to know that in 1970 there existed a religiosity among many in the counterculture that admittance to rock festivals should be free, since rock was the “people’s music,” and festivals were believed to be changing the world. Of course, the ethereal notion of free music was crushed by a variety of entrepreneurial forces, including musicians, and thought to be dead for all time. The writer finds it highly interesting that in an era where corporate octopi gouge fans and control most radio stations and concert venues, that the belief in free music resurrected itself in the form of CD burning and digital file sharing. It is also highly interesting to the writer that the one high profile band that heroically tries to slay the octopi, Pearl Jam, comes from the Pacific Northwest.)

Ron J.

There were many shacks on the path between the lower park area and the upper park area. This is where you could buy all the different kinds of acid you wanted--price .25 cents a hit—and a price war started towards the end of the concert. If one of those dealers sold a drug that got people sick they would announce it and the next thing you knew the guy was gone and his shack taken down. If a drug was giving people a great high they would also announce this to the audience, tell you the color and name of the acid and where to get it.

Deep Throat

The scene at the gate and then down to the field just blew my fucking mind. You talk about a gauntlet! I was in the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) at University of Oregon and knew we couldn’t compete with this. ***(Deep Throat is a person the writer met in an Oregon Coast tavern who attended Vortex I as a student at the University of Oregon. More importantly, later in life he knew several key former McCall associates, true insiders. One afternoon in the tavern, Deep Throat overheard the writer discuss Vortex I and shouted across the room, “I was fucking there!” A lengthy talk ensued, and after the writer promised not to use his real name, Deep Throat started telling**

stories about McCall in the Vortex I era. Deep Throat blew away the writer with his candor, cynicism, insights, leads and explosive editorial charge as he bolted from the tavern: "I reject your premise that Vortex is a major story--but don't fuck it up!")

Kirk Hamilton

I had seen the Woodstock movie at the Tillamook theater and had circulated a petition around school to end the war. I had been drafted but filed for CO status but it wasn't granted. The feds showed up to warn me a couple of times about showing up. I hitchhiked from the coast to McIver Park and passed the bus in Tillamook that I was supposed to be on. About a half dozen of us from Nestucca High School went to Vortex. I took nothing but a sleeping bag and no change of clothes. Later I got a 4-f on a morals clause.

Jan Mattson

I had graduated from high school in Minnesota that spring and traveled with two of my cousins in a 57' Chevy Wagon to Estacada before starting college in September. I remember a horse ridden to death by some speed freak and seeing a naked guy with a sandwich board advertising drugs. Some guy ran up and down the road with a jug full of mescaline giving hits to workers. We shared a tent with a guy from Maine who had some genuine Owsley acid, complete with batwings on the tablets. The whole time I was there I subsisted on peanut butter M & M's and acid. I don't think I ever slept. I know my reality had been permanently altered. Six months later I dropped out of college.

Dave Cammack

I was 12 years old and living in southeast Portland when I heard about the Vortex event. A couple of buddies and me hitchhiked out to McIver Park. (We were) walking in 20 feet and two naked women walked by us. We all looked at each other with shock and excitement and I don't think I have been that shocked since. I remember we were down at the mud bath down by the river in our underwear. We were a little young to partake in the doings of what seemed to be going on in most tents, (but) we did smoke some pot and drank wine and whatever else was passed around. It was a sharing time and I remember standing in line to get a corn on the cob, which seemed to be always available, and hearing for the first time, "I'm going to crash," which meant sleeping, and thinking how cool that sounded. We hitchhiked out there every day.

Jeffrey Falkenstein

I was a 15-year old runaway and somehow got a ride with some older people heading to Vortex. There was so much incredible energy and color there. It made me want to become an artist.

Brad Smith

I was in Oregon City High School and we drove out to Vortex I, and when I saw a naked woman walking down the road, I turned around and went home. ***(The**

student body president in 1970, Brad Smith later became Oregon City High School's campus supervisor and a social studies teacher. According to what a Clackamas County Sheriff's Deputy told the writer in 1982, Smith had a role in busting senior skip day. The writer visited Smith's U.S. History class at Oregon City High School on one of the last days of the school year in 2002 to talk with him about Vortex I. His students were just wrapping up their study of World War II, specifically the battle of Anzio.)

Harold Wilson

I woke up one morning and the spirit said "you've got a job to do—do it!" I was working my gold mine in the Siskiyous and had to walk the seven miles into town for supplies. I met a man on broken-down motorcycle and he said, "You're going to Vortex." I ended up in a state park 300 miles away. Some kind of festival I had never heard of was about to take place and I got drafted to help run the stage. I met John Lennon down in front for about ten seconds, and he was a really nice guy, and wanted to talk, but I had to do a job.

Vaughn Brown

I have always had this strange memory of when I was a little kid. I was five in 1970. I remember being with my mother and one of her friends and her son, who was my age. We were at a place that looked like the fairgrounds but my memory has an elevated stage with a rock band playing and a naked guy walking by with his nutsac flopping back and forth. For a five year old it was both very funny and a little shocking. I remember walking a little farther and looking down towards a lake or river and seeing a lot of people swimming. I remember telling Mom I wanted to go swimming but she said no because there were naked people all over down there. It seems like the water was down a hill or something from where we were. I do remember seeing people from a distance down there that looked like they could be naked. ***(Vaughn Brown's mother took him to Vortex I but never told him about it. In fact, she later tried to dismiss or obscure his memories. He was unsure he had attended the festival until viewing an online photograph of the stage accompanying an article by the writer. Upon seeing the photograph, it all rushed back to Brown. It was his Proustian moment.)**

A dozen Vortexers

I remember a very tall black man walking around naked with a large red balloon over his penis.

Ron J.

When we got there we had to walk for about one hour to get to the park that's how far away we had to park. My 51' panel was my home and I did not like leaving it behind. After being at the concert for a day I observed other vehicles coming in and out when we were at the entrance trying to panhandle some money to buy whatever we might need in the way of food or high, since all we had was in our backpacks and that would last maybe two days. We figured

panhandling during this time was at its height it was trendy to give a hippie some change. Straight people thought this was neat, and three of us in four hours had panhandled over \$100. Several people paid \$5 to have their children sit on our laps for a picture.

Dr. Bangs' diary

Friday August 28, 1970

By Friday evening there were 3 physicians, an older fellow from McMinnville, a lady, Dr. Price, and myself. It was Friday evening that we had our real initiation to drug problems. We started getting hit with 3-4 at a time of bad trips. The first one of consequence was a fellow who reportedly had taken acid laced with strychnine. He was quite out of contact with reality and quite uncomfortable because of stomach cramping and muscle aches. After 1/2 hour of continual reassurance and talking down, primarily by Ina Papp, it was clear that he wasn't going to quiet down on his own. We gave him 20 mg of oral Valium and Pro-Banthine to ease the abdominal cramps. He remained in this state for 2 hours somewhat out of contact with reality, sometimes waking enough to have a cigarette. At times he would sit up and try to get up and have to be restrained and he would be coaxed up back to the cot where he would remain moaning because of the abdominal cramps. He subsequently quieted down enough to be moved to the OD tent.

General approach to drug reactions

None of us had had real experience with drug reactions and it was learn as you go. Our tent was set up subsequently in the following manner. We felt that as a medical center it was our obligation to see that nobody got into serious trouble or expired from drug reactions. All cases of overdose (referred hereafter as OD) were therefore screened through the medical center for life threatening situations. If it was deemed safe they were then transferred to either a talk down tent or our OD tent.

Talk down tents were set up as tepees about 100 yards behind our tents. These were manned by a family called the Rainbows. The Rainbows were excellent at talking down drug reactions, many of these kids had obviously experienced bad drug reactions themselves. They were an extremely religious group and used their religion in their talk downs. The only fault I had with them was their complete disrespect for medication. They became extremely upset with us if we used so-called "downers" (e.g. Valium) on these people. It was 2-3 times a day of them complaining that we had used downers for bad reactions. When someone ingests acid and has a bad trip it is usually because of too strong a dose or that the environment is not conducive to a good trip. They become panicked, alarmed that they are losing their mind or disoriented. It requires much physical contact. Holding them closely and tightly and repeatedly telling them where they are, what they are doing, that they are on a bad trip, that they are not losing their mind, that

they will be all right within an hour or so. This procedure worked in approximately 80% of the bad trips and by half an hour things seemed to be relatively in good control. Rainbow tent was ideal for this. It was a very peaceful place with a fire in the middle. People sitting around meditating in a rather quiet manner. There occasionally is a guitar playing or a harmonica. People speaking in a very benevolent friendly way. On one occasion at a later date in the festival I myself became rather flustered due to the long hours and extreme activity and took a short break in the Rainbow tent. I went back to the Rainbow tent with Rudy Stevens and sat down and found an immediate inner security and peace which I had not had for some time. I am not sure whether this is due to the Rainbow tent or the presence of Rudy whom I also find security in. In any event my 20-30 minutes spent there has certainly been thought of many times since then as a very peaceful experience.

Those drug reactions not brought down by reassurance must be treated with medication. If they are not brought down by half an hour, we felt that medication was indicated. For the most part we could get them to take oral medication and we used 30 to 60 mg of Valium. On some occasions they would not take oral medication. If they were extremely violent 10-20 mg of IV Valium would bring them down immediately, at the same time we would give them 75 mg of Sparine and as the Valium wore off the Sparine took effect and they remained calm until their bad trip ended.

The OD was treated somewhat differently. These were people who were in somewhat of a comatose state, sometimes responding to deep stimuli and sometimes not. Our primary concern was that they had not overdosed to a lethal state. We observed respirations, pulses, BP papillary response. When we felt they were stable we transferred them to the OD tent which was another 20' x 20' pole tent about 30 feet from the two main tents. We had two or three aides here at all times taking blood pressures and observing. For the most part these people simply slept it off, sometimes for 4-5 hours sometimes for the whole night, occasionally even longer. We had no incidences of near fatality in spite of the large numbers of real heavy trips that were seen.

We had two or three incidents of extremely violent reactions the first coming on Friday afternoon. This was a skinny nude blonde long haired individual who was on what is called an Ego trip. He thought himself God stood in the sunshine looking at the sun in the position of Christ on the Cross. He tried to swim twice. He was quite disturbing to the people in the tepee area and it was felt that he might do harm to himself. Word was sent to us and we went down in an ambulance with 3 or 4 individuals and initially pinned him down and I gave him 10 mg of IV Valium. This had little effect on him although we were able to load him in the ambulance and bring him back to the medical center and transfer to Rainbow tepee. He was in the tepee about 5 minutes when he bolted out and stood between the tepee and our medical tent in his Christ on the Cross position. He said he was heading back for the water so we pinned him again and gave him

another 10 mg of IV Valium. This had little effect after 5 minutes and he was again back on the cross. I had considerable problem with other people around as some felt that he should be sedated and some felt that he should be left alone. One of the more vocal people that felt he should be left alone was advised that if this is the treatment recommended, that he stay with him and see that no harm come to himself or others. It was agreed upon and off they went back to the tepee area. I had no further information on this individual until the following day when he returned doing the same thing.

We had one girl who was approximately 17 years old, who was on a rather bad trip, extremely hyperactive and frightened, scared of fire and therefore not allowed in Rainbow tent. She was quite hysterical, was given a little Valium, I am not sure of the exact amount. Subsequently she quieted down and was taken to the OD tent. She spent several hours there and then appeared to be entirely normal. The following morning she was again seen in a frightened condition, apparently from a bad trip and was again treated by us for several hours. It was learned that she felt evacuation was necessary. She was dedicated with IM Valium and placed in one of our own ambulances and transferred to the crisis center at the University of Oregon.

We had only one other individual who was transferred because of a bad trip. This was a young boy by the name of Paul who came in an extremely frightened and violent condition. This was on a Sunday afternoon. By this time I considered myself reasonably experienced in handling drug reactions, was quite pleased with my rapport that I established with him, and as long as I stayed, I was able to keep him quiet. Unfortunately I had other tasks. I would leave him and he would become violent again. We tried Sparine and Valium both without appreciable effect. It was learned after about 2 hours that he was a mental patient who had escaped and we felt that he should be evacuated. The state, now that the festival was nearly over, at this time offered helicopter evacuation to the crisis center. We arranged for this and the helicopter arrived. I sedated him heavily for the ride and he went off with Julie McKim, a nurse, to the crisis center. It was learned subsequently that he was transferred to Dammasch Hospital where he immediately escaped and has not been seen or heard from since. I think it is of interest that we had to evacuate only two people on the basis of bad trips and both of these had previously been mentally ill and hospitalized. Considering the 150 bad trips that we have records on, and probably 300 bad trips that were treated by us, this is a significant observations.

Friday evening

We started getting bad trips about 6:00 p.m. and were extremely busy from that point on through most of the night. I was getting a little weary about 10:00 p.m. and retired for a half hour to Al and Ina's personal tent. I found that half an hour away from the noise and confusion was extremely relaxing and following this I was able to carry on for the rest of the night.

Friday night we had a situation occur which resulted in a rather indignant resignation of one of our physicians. We were having our first real experiences with multitudes of drug problems and had probably 10 in the tent. One in particular was quite severe and had been around for 2-3 hours. His pulse was a little rapid, about 110, and his BP was stable although the systolic was down as low as 100 to 110. One of our somewhat older physicians had been attending him and we moved the patient to the OD tent. The physician became quite concerned that the patient had been in this state as long as he had and he felt he should be evacuated. What ultimately led to his decision for evacuation was tetanic-like contractions of the hand. Many of the people in the tent who were experienced with bad drug reactions felt that this was commonly associated with bad trips, but the physician felt this was a convulsion. He therefore ordered evacuation. He therefore ordered an ambulance to come for evacuation through the radio. I felt that we had at least 9 other patients in a similar situation, and if we were to evacuate one, we should evacuate all. I felt that that this was really no more severe drug reaction than any of the others. This feeling was confirmed by several other people who were used to working with drug reactions. These people felt that it would do the patient harm to evacuate him I therefore canceled the ambulance. The physician thereupon quit in disgust saying that he was an adequate physician who could make decisions better than these kids who were caring for the people and if I were going to cancel his orders he would quit, which he did. I tried to smooth him over, and tried to explain the situation to him but he would have nothing to do with any explanation.

I think he was also involved in an earlier evacuation which I similarly canceled and this may have compounded his feeling. The earlier problem was one of a possible femoral fracture who came in obviously on a bad trip but complaining of extreme pain of his upper leg. A pneumatic splint was applied. He was placed in an ambulance for evacuation for x-rays. I checked him prior to evacuation and he had changed as far as his mental outlook was concerned and by this time he was no longer hyperactive and could completely bend his leg bear weight and claimed it didn't hurt him at all. I felt that this was obviously not a fracture and he did not need to be evacuated for x-rays. This last case represents difficulty in trying to evaluate someone who is freaked out on a trip. They are hyper-responsive to stimuli including pain and therefore have a tendency to hyper react. This fact must be born in mind in dealing with these people with the combination of bad trip and a physical injury. We found it best to observe the patient over a period of time, 1/2 hour to an hour, and make your decisions at that time. This same situation was repeated throughout the festival and saved us considerable problem.

The whole incident points out the problem of selecting the proper physician to work under such circumstances. It must be a man or a woman who is willing to accept the fact that he is not omnipotent, that there are some things involving people that he does not fully understand, that the drug scene is probably one of

them. It must be someone who is adaptable enough to recognize that the hippies may know more about caring for drug reactions than themselves. If someone cannot accept this attitude then he has no place caring for drug reactions at a rock festival. I also feel that for a physician to do an adequate job under such circumstances he must have some empathy with the hippie movement, must certainly not be antagonistic toward it and must not be too quick to condemn those involved in the movement. This is no place to try to correct youth attitude towards society. On the other hand adequate personnel can do considerable good in working with these youths even at a rock festival. We certainly tried not to give the impression that we felt that drugs were entirely acceptable and we did not overly condone them. We tried asking, when someone came in on a mild trip, stating that they were starting on a bad trip, a question, "Why did you take the drug if you didn't intend to go on a trip?" We explained to them that this was what happened on a trip and if they didn't want it then they shouldn't take the drug. We also at the time tried to explain to them the worse that could happen, and that they should be careful with the drugs that they did take. I feel that this attitude differs from one of complete condemnation.

Another problem brought out on Friday night was the overall panic situation which can be aroused when a group of kids are taking acid and the environment alarms them. About 11:00 p.m. on Friday we were overwhelmed suddenly with 12-15 perhaps more bad trips. These hit all of the sudden. What apparently had happened was that an announcement had come over the loud speaker that there was fighting and rioting at the gate and that people should stay away from the gate and various other false rumors. This caused considerable alarm and people within the park, particularly those who were borderline freaked out because of acid. I believe that this event turned any people from a normal trip to a bad trip. On this premise we made it known throughout the medical tent to all personnel that we would definitely try to subdue all rumors. I felt we should establish ourselves as a rumor center and try to quiet all possible bad information. We therefore spread word among all personnel that people we treated and the information gathered at the tent should be treated as medically classified and not to be released for public within the park. For example we had at a later date a knife wound and everyone was sworn to secrecy as to the condition of the patient and we made it known that this was self inflicted and not the result of violence. When people stopped by the tent to ask us what kind of problems we saw, we made an effort to tell them that things were running smoothly and there were no serious injuries, no deaths, etc., and tried to squelch any rumors.

Rumors were rampant throughout the park and spread like wildfire. There we also made an effort to quiet down.

On Friday evening we had the first one of our four cliff rescues. We were quite busy within the tent when some three or four people came running panicked into the tent saying, "quickly come there is someone over the cliff." As it turned out we had about a 100-foot cliff about 200 yards behind our tent. This was on the

periphery of the bandstand area and quite close to the crowds. The tent extended approximately a thousand feet along this area. It was extremely fortunate that I had working with me at that time two of Oregon's better mountain climbers, Al Wiese and Bill Concannon, who had volunteered from the Ski Patrol to work as aides. We quickly looked around for some rope, and used the rope that we had set up to rope off our helicopter landing area. They took this, a stretcher, and two other people to help, and went off the cliff. The cliff was not a sheer drop as there were some overhanging rocks and dirt piles. It was steep enough that it was necessary for them to rappel down which was done only with a rope without other adequate equipment and they received many blisters on their hands doing this. When they got to the bottom they found a girl completely unharmed, quite surprised that people had come down. She apparently had dropped some acid, was somewhat freaked out and amazed at the whole situation. She immediately scrambled up the cliff unassisted.

Within a few hours we had a second similar problem. Again my mountain climbers dropped down to assist them and again the patient was quite unhurt and scrambled to the top. I decided at this point that this area should be fenced off. Concannon and Wiese paced off the area and decided that 800 feet of fence would cover it. This information was radioed to the state and 2 days later on Sunday afternoon, they arrived with 160 feet of fence. When the problem was pointed out to the State Highway Department they returned later with more fence and did fence off this area.

We had two other cliff problems during the festival. One at a different cliff which resulted in a probably fractured right shoulder. There were no other injuries. The other one was one of our more serious injuries. This involved a young fellow who denied the use of alcohol or drugs although I suspect after looking at him that he had at least ingested some alcohol, probably some wine. He fell or dove from a cliff and landed on his face on the rocks below. He was brought to the medical tent after retrieval and IV's were started and he was transferred by National Guard Helicopter to Willamette Falls Hospital. X-rays here later showed that he had fractured both zygoma, the maxilla and both mandibles. Tracheostomy was necessary and he was eventually transferred to the Medical School. I feel that a rapid rescue, treatment and evacuation of this boy probably saved his life as he certainly would have expired of asphyxiation had the tracheostomy not been done within an hour or so of the injury.

Friday evening after our one physician had quit, left myself and a lady doctor, Dr. Price, to cover the problems for the remainder of the night. Dr. Price deserves special commendation for her ability to adapt to the situation. She had not practiced for some time and was just getting back into the swing of things and did a fantastic job. I had several embarrassing moments with her as I kept confusing her for a nurse and interrupted her treatment on several occasions until I realized it was her. Several times I am sure I interfered with her treating a patient only because I didn't recognize her. She was extremely charitable toward me and at

the end it became a rather humorous situation. I am extremely grateful to her for her help on Friday night both through some moral support and ability to care for the injured.

Things quieted down about 4:00 a.m. on Friday and we spent several hours around the fire being interrupted only occasionally to care for people coming in. Another physician arrived about 6:00 a.m. and I briefed him on the problems and was hoping that he could take over for a few hours on Saturday morning. I wanted to contact Dr. Chitty in the morning about 7:00 a.m. so I went for a walk at about 6:00 a.m.

Several of us walked to the bandstand area. Rock music had gone on all night and it was indeed a strange scene the following morning. It was foggy, with visibility limited to about 100 feet. Through the fog, in the still of the morning, with a little dew on the ground we could hear the loud and somewhat lonely twangs of the guitars on the stage, playing rather erratically, definitely not together, sort of the dying embers of previous night's loud music. There were a few voices coming up through the fog, a few from the stage as if people were making an effort to continue some sort of activity. As we walked towards the stage, sleeping bags became so thick that you were continually stepping over or around them. With the visibility of about 100 feet it appeared as if bodies extended forever on into eternity. People were sleeping as if they had obviously been drugged the night before. People huddling on top of sleeping bags shivering rather than getting inside. People sleeping with their heads bent over logs and in obviously uncomfortable positions. Here and there were a boy and girl cuddled together in a sleeping bag oblivious to the numerous people around them. Wine bottles were extremely common, it appeared as if there were a thousand of them, mostly the half gallon green variety of the cheap wine being sold in the park. There were many people awake, stirring, a few fires going, people trying to keep warm. It had gotten quite cold during the night. A few small groups were playing guitars by themselves. A few just waking up and sitting up wondering what the hell had gone on the night before. The whole scene reminded us the morning after a battle. It also reminded me of my days back on the East Coast when we had hurricanes, violent weather, wind, floods, during the night when we were all huddled together and frightened, and by morning it would be calm and the damage and destruction laying around. At this point, I can recall, perhaps through the sleeplessness and fatigue, the excitement of such a new experience. I became quite reflective on the whole scene and wondered if it was worth it all and what were these people doing here freezing on the ground, obviously hung over from drugs or alcohol? Why couldn't they be home in clean sheets with mother cooking bacon or coffee for them and lead some sort of normal existence? What drove these kids to this masochistic self harming existence? At this time several of us discussed what we as individuals could possibly do to correct this situation. Could it be corrected? Why should we get swallowed up and involved in this, what seemed to be, an overwhelming situation?

Leonard Bacon, *Oregonian*

Vortex by day is an unbelievable mass of people. By night, it is a fantasy that defies reality. Thousands of campfires break the blackness of the campground. The scene is tranquil, with small groups gathering low voices to the accompaniment of guitars. Long hairs and straights sing for the love of people. The night air is also split by sudden "Cherokee" screams of a "freak-out" in terror of his self-induced hallucinatory nightmares. Commune families gather in close circles, holding hands in the dark, singing their mysterious "om" chant calling on an inner spirit. On roads and paths throughout the park, a flowing river of humanity moves continuously, seeming to never stop or to be going anywhere.

Glenn Davis, *Statesman* *(The writer had the distinct pleasure of teaching Glenn Davis' two children at Hillsboro High School in Hillsboro, Oregon. This was almost ten years before the writer knew Davis covered Vortex I as a young reporter and turned in some of the best reporting and photography on the subject.)

You can join in a mystical spiritual chant around a tent where marijuana fumes escape invisible clouds, or sing along on current songs to guitar accompaniment. You can doff part of your clothes or wear them all in any style you want and be sure of company. You can swim the river, wash your hair at the water faucet, throw a Frisbee around; buy and smoke marijuana; sleep, or even work.

Sally Driver

We were going to do the day care center thing for the People's Army Jamboree. We were going to take care of the kids of the parents who were demonstrating. I was supposed to do this thing but the allure of a good time at Vortex was more than I could bear. It didn't take me very long because responsibility has never been my strong suit. It was kind of a gathering of the tribes feel and there was a buzz around town. The festival seemed a little more earnest and I thought, "Screw it, the sun's out, it's summer, music, yeah! Go stick your thumb out."

It was obvious that something was happening out there and it was the place to be and Portland was not. And when I got there, it was a private island.

I just remember walking around and talking to people and somebody offers you a joint or something so you sit down and get involved in conversing and hang out for a while and whether you see someone else you know or not and it was all very fluid moveable feast kind of thing,

I was out there for a week, I think I went on Monday, and I do remember the feeling that during the week it was a much different scene than the weekend--the comfort and ease that I felt and I guess the freedom that comes from the feeling of acceptance.

On the weekend it started feeling like the gawkers at a nude beach or that kind of thing. All of the sudden it was like the freak show and you didn't feel real

comfortable being on display anymore. I remember being struck by the difference between the stoners and the drinkers and how rowdy and loud and annoying the drinkers were and sloppy and how they'd get to a certain level and start throwing cans and bottles around. They left such a wake. They were not the peaceful people. There was a real difference. (***Capitol Journal** photographer **Gerry Lewin immortalized Sally Driver and her pet Clancy the Wonder Dog in a photograph of her nude that appeared in his 1970 photo booklet *Vortex* / that Lewin co-published with Ron Cooper.)**)

Lee Meier

I found a nice place to camp, further out from where I thought the crowd would be, and actually it turned out to be pretty nice. Kind of down by the river.

My parents came out to the park and my mother told me the story about a black guy with the helium balloon tied to his dick. I never even saw them. They never found me. But they were there. They wanted to come out and see what was going on. It was hilarious. And they were up in the rock and roll section by the stage, but I never hung out there.

When *Vortex* was happening I was the media contact and talked a lot with the press. I never remember being at a meeting in the park to discuss how to run the event. Were there meetings? There were things happening I didn't know anything about. That was *Vortex*.

I spent quite a bit of the festival in the drug overdose tepee because I thought I had a pretty good handle on talking people down, making them feel better. I'd been there myself, understanding those processes, and also understanding that it's not the end of the world.

In one tepee there was just a bunch of people that would hang around. There'd be a big pot of tea and tea leaves hanging down. I got a picture of it.

The rest of the time we just spent playing like going down to the mud baths and hanging around with friends. Looking at the girls with tops off. That was always fun. I didn't spend hardly any time up at the stage. I remember I went up to the stage made an announcement that I wanted everybody to know that there was a tepee for drug overdoses. It was the first time I ever experienced the negative reaction of a crowd. Everybody went "boooooo!"

Mike Esquire, Mother Smucker's Jam

Yeah, I was there man, in a band called Mother Smucker's Jam. It was wild, insane. That summer my old lady banged Don Henley in a van in front of the Meier and Frank building in Portland. We were all living in a bunch of old houses. We met some old guy from the country who came downtown to meet people or pick up chicks, I don't know. He invited us out to his place. It was out by McIver

Park. We moved out there. I was 21 years old living with two horny chicks in a chicken shack near Estacada on this old freak's land. I might have been the first person at the festival. Vortex man, it was my first gig! ***(Mike Esquire later formed a legendary Portland bar band called the Batz. Between the mid 1980s and early 1990s, the writer saw the Batz perform at least 30 times. The Batz can perhaps claim the distinction of being the only rock band to ever cover the Rolling Stones' "Too Tough," an obscure nugget off 1983's *Undercover*, that when played by the Batz, drove the writer and his friends temporarily insane.)**

Don McFadden, Jacob's Ladder

I was 19 and the band all lived on a 175-acre farm near Beavercreek. We had played Bullfrog I and II and played with the Dead near Oregon City. We got word of Vortex and wanted to play. We took our bus out there and I think were the first band there. The stage wasn't even built yet. We plugged a couple of 200-watt Marshall stacks and a PA into a stove or an outlet in a restroom. I'll never forget walking from the area where we were set up, over to the edge of a hill sloping down to the Clackamas River. As we peered over the edge, we were shocked and delighted to observe around a dozen young girls naked in and around the water. Needless to say, four guys fresh out of high school, went absolutely wild. Later we came on the main stage, about three or four in the morning. It was foggy, awesome, out in the middle of nowhere, Bob Stearn was in a semi-truck running the console. I couldn't see him. The sound was awesome. Fifty thousand lighters lit the place up. Prime time. ***(Jacob's Ladder nearly hit the big time back in the Vortex I era. The writer implores the reader to listen to the CD of the band's music (in mono!) included at the back of the book. Track ten, "Time and Eternity," is the ten-minute sonic reincarnation of the festival, and features lead guitarist Frank Dardano, who turns in what has to be considered one the great rock guitar solos of all time. The writer suggests that when the reader is listening to the CD, the act should be accompanied by inhaling grass deeply or spilling jug wine. Other advice: just let go.)**

Lloyd Jones, Brown Sugar

We didn't know any of the politics, we just wanted to play outdoors. We didn't even know where the gig was. We just followed the cars. Paul (DeLay) was playing out of a little 12-watt Sears Roebuck amp that went through the sound system. As soon as he started in, it felt like the sound was coming out of the mountains, and the sky. It was dark and we couldn't see anyone's faces, just a lot of lighters.

Clackamas County Sheriff's Office 24-hour incident Vortex I report log for August 28-31, 1970

28 Aug 70

10:10 A

Info MCP intercept news broadcast relating to SKY RIVER rock fest 2 mi NE of Washougal, Wn. Clark Co. is seeking a Court Injunction to turn away spectators. News broadcast related the spectators would be sent to VORTEX I.

1250 P

Information from OSP Lt. Doherty: 3-Rock Bands now in Park, 1-San Francisco, 2-Seattle. The Band from San Francisco had arrived at the Portland Area to play in the People Free Pop Festival, but were told it was closed.

1605

Air recon mission completed. Report of nearly full parking lots and congested traffic on South Springwater Hwy.

1922

Info Co 60 a small group of loggers 6-8-10 with beer and logging boots entered park.

1930

4 motorcycles ran barricade at Park entrance and entered park. OSP sent three cars in after them.

850 PM

Report from Army Copter:

Traffic Heavy o Hwy 212/224, backed up to Haberlach Rd. Report from 500 that McIver Park is "full of motorcycles" that have jumped the barricades.

11:20PM

Information from Dr. Bangs via Medical Co-Ordinating Center, need an officer at the medical tent, subject with serious overdose should be committed to Dammasch, OSP advised and are sending a car.

11:37 PM

Medical Co-Ordinating Center reports that Dr. Bangs requested cancel police to Medical Tent.

11:45PM

Medical Co-Ordinating Center reports that in the middle of the radio call from the McIver Medical Tent "we are in the middle of a bunch of wild hippies" their radio went dead, request of OSP to check Medical tent facility.

12MID.

Rumor of rumble in the park, advised there was a helicopter enroute, check with Capt. Darby OSP who advised helicopter was merely going to pick up an item and was not to be considered a mission.

12:30AM Advised by Medical Co-Ordinating Center that incomplete transmission was due to technical difficulties, no problem.

8-29-70

1:20AM

Report of motorcycle gangs roaming the parking lots

2:15AM

Fatal accident near Logan Saddle shop, three county and one OSP car covering.

2:35AM

Accident at 2:15AM, Three dead, six injured, neg. hom. case.

7:50AM

Confirmed report from a member of the "FAMILY" VORTEX I that members of the People's Army Jamboree were in the Park attempting to get a group to attend demonstrations in the Portland City area, they were turned down.

8:10AM

Request from Dr. Bangs through Medical Co-Ordinating Center as follows. 100 blankets from Ore. State Health Officer. 100 Feet of snow fence from state hwy. dept. to prevent his patients from falling over the cliff behind his medical facilities, a number have been missed and found in this area. He further requested that Dr. Stotle Clackamas County Health Officer come out and empty the chemical toilets (ha ha) Dr. Stotle it is understood is on vacation. Due to the magnitude of these request OSP is handling.

9:15

Information MCP:

As of 9:00 AM

Population 35,000

Vehicles 11,000

Injuries 156 last 24 hrs

Injuries 316 To Date

Fatals 4

1600

Info from OSP. 300 Hells Angels enroute from California. Relayed to CCSO Lt. Olsen via phone.

1605

Info from park via agents. Word has been passed, "Since they have treated us so well we are going to make this an annual event." Info passed to OSP Captain Darby.

1655

Report from MCP. Drug situation getting worse in McIver Park. One patient (freakout) to Willamette Falls Hosp. by chopper. One (1) girl completely gone on a trip to U of O Medical School--body but no mind, psycho case. More are expected, drug situation is getting worse in the park. U of O medical school Crisis Unit reported that they can handle most anything sent to them, they apparently have unlimited resources.

1705

Army radio reports a large gathering at Logan Store, Not doing anything. Info only. Info relayed to County 60.

1830

Park Report:

The following information has been received thru sources including County 8, MCP, and agents operating in the park.

Vortex I is starting to fall apart. Small groups of dissidents are starting to gather into small groups and are getting ugly. Reports of groups seizing the PA system microphones and making inflammatory speeches County 8 stopped a Hippie car in Molalla Area. They said they were some of the original hippies that help set up VORTEX. They said they were leaving the Park because it was getting rough and was going to get worse. Information from McIver Medical facilities that in the last 24 hours 60 bad trippers have been treated. Dr. Bangs predicts more very hard cases in the next 24 hours. Report that hippies are bad tripping on a mixture of LSD and Strychnine. 3 bad trippers are now in U. of O. Medical crisis care center.

1920

Report from Medical Center in McIver Park to OSP and County CP. Madman loose in McIver Park; considered dangerous especially to uniformed officers; may try to leave park; no description at this time. All patrols in McIver Park area notified by station 50.

1927

Report from Medical Center in McIver Park to OSP and County CP. Description of madman in McIver Park: 5-9, 160, long long hair, brn hair, cutoff jeans, blue denim shirt. All patrols in McIver Park area notified by station 50.

1955

Information from air recon.
Park population 28,000

2040

Info Detective Upham: His agent just came out of park and reports contrary to info received 1830 that everything in park is in good shape. Bands playing, people getting along. Only problem developed when motorcycle groups threw organic food on ground when offered by hippies. No report by this agent of any contact with People's Army Jamboree, but did contact (1) old white panther, and took picture of him. Info relayed to OSP and EOH.

2120

Report from McIver that there is a property owner, Guard Post #7 area, first Rd., south of main gate, threatening hippies with a shotgun, office advised, OSP handling.

2210

10-21 from Lt. White, Det Sgt Rotrock stopped a couple on a Motorcycle who told him that the People's Army Jamboree had been to the park 8-28-70 and had passed out a considerable amount of small grey pills, those who took them are deathly ill, states that they were full of strychnine. Advised to have Det Sgt Rotrock 10-21 command post Camp Withycombe.

2213

Information from OSP, PPD kicked 25 Sky River people out of Delta Park and advised them to go to McIver Park. Known communist "BUSSEY" phoenetic spl. is reported to be at McIver telling the people that they are going to be locked in 8-30-70. He is attempting to get them to return to Delta Park and Portland as soon as possible to demonstrate.

2255

Aprx. 100 people at Delta Park training in guerilla tactics and Oven-Off as well as other disruptive means. Target areas not at this time known.

2350

10-21 From Sgt. Rotrock, re entry at 2210. Information imparted by the couple contact indicates that the People's Army Jamboree representatives were talking riot but no one was paying attention to them and that they had passed out considerable amount of bad drugs containing strychnine.

8-30-70

0245

Nastasia EPD advises that he has contacted aprx. 75 people who left McIver stating that it is a bad scene, un-organized, bad drugs and too many people sick.

1025

Info 60 two (2) persons standing outside Park Entrance (Straights) passing out "socialistic literature" to persons leaving the park.

1400

National Guard Detachment departing Estacada enroute to home station at Woodburn.

1421

Info from Upham via Sgt. Nichols. Peoples Army Jamboree parade has started in Portland; 500 participants carrying axe handles and shovel handles. Participation in the parade is growing as it progresses.

1515

Info from Commo Van. People's Army Jamboree parade progressing quietly. 700 to 1000 participants. Everything is orderly. Very few spectators.

1720

Info from air recon traffic, traffic increasing outbound toward Carver from McIver.

Other causes for people leaving park has been reported by CCSO agents as: Less dope for sale, big name bands did not show up, too much "bad drugs", sickness, etc.

2215

Medical Co-Ordinating Center reports Dr. Billmeyer is headed for McIver with the additional supplies, will be operating at 1968 Tan Chrysler SW Ore. KFB 214 McIver notified.

8-31-70

0950

Info from NG. Two Negro subjects in vicinity of Estacada Big Chief Store wearing semblance of military uniforms. One wearing Major leaves and the other wearing Lieutenant's bars.

1255

Info Sergt. Butler (From Deputy Reed) Hippies observed buying large quantities of flares from auto parts store in Oak Grove. Report will follow, OSP advised.

1:10 P

Info PPD Intelligence. About 100 persons forming at Burnside and Broadway St. Portland, Carrying chains and clubs. Relayed to CCSO

0805

Received info from Sgt. Baird to the effect that the Chev. Pick-up Calif. Lic#E69623 Blk in color with home made camper is parked in the parking lot at McIver Park. This vehicle reportedly is carrying a large number of arms.

Jim Landles, Clackamas County Sheriff's Deputy

I remember seeing a woman directing traffic topless and she wasn't using her hands. It was quite a treat.

In mid-afternoon there had been enough requests for some sort of protection from property owners adjacent to the park area that Troop K was placed on State Active Duty and asked to provide some level of security for them. We scurried about creating a duty roster for guard-duty, sergeants of the guard, and the posts that were to be manned. As I recall, we decided to make six-hour shifts for the guards and eight-hour shifts for myself and the one other available Platoon Sergeant, John Dorris, as sergeants of the guard. I took the first shift that was to end at midnight.

Dennis Bonney, National Guardsman

When I got off just after midnight and returned to the Estacada Grade School for some rest, there were several other units that had arrived and were being quartered at the school. I was also notified that a call had come through the State that my wife was in labor and on the way to the hospital. The only transportation available was a military sedan from some source outside of our unit, but it was offered to get me back home. I roused my tank driver, Bruce Lewis, and we returned to Hood River where I got my rig, went to the hospital and found that my daughter was quicker than I was about getting there.

Everyone was doing fine and I made all of the needed phone calls to notify the relatives, got some sleep, revisited the hospital to see my wife and new kid, and then drove back to duty in the early afternoon of Saturday the 29th. PSG Dorris' eight-hour stint had turned into about fourteen hours, and he pretended to be miffed when I relieved him.

Our work as guards was generally a very peaceful effort of offering directions, helping with the parking, pushing or pulling vehicles out of ditches, and just standing by the properties of the folks that were concerned. The only people that caused any problems were the "day trippers," as I call them, that came out to the event after work or on the weekend. They weren't always good chemists or pharmacists, nor were they aware of their solar vulnerability, and they were sometimes a little surly.

There were also several encounters with "organizers" of the downtown situation where they were handing out information and actively trying to recruit additional people for their efforts. But nobody really seemed to care. They were having a good enough time at the park.

We had some problems supplying enough batteries for our radios because the State's supply was old and the batteries simply didn't last very long. We were changing the batteries at every change of the guard. I think it was Sunday

afternoon that I offered new batteries to one of the guard posts near the main entrance to the park, and they had no radio! "Where's your radio?"

"We gave it to the guy that needed to call the helicopter."

"Where did he go?"

"Over there."

"Where?"

"Uhh, he's gone." Egads! How do I call in to report a missing radio when the other side has one of ours?"

Against orders, a couple of the unit's people had brought along civilian clothing. I had returned from my daughter's birth with a civilian vehicle. This combination allowed the aforementioned folks to drive into the park and look for the missing radio. The radio was soon found just sitting under a tree. "Deke" and "Buzz" will forever be remembered for their gullibility.

Eventually, we were relieved from duty and returned home. Screwed! Our State active duty did not count as drill status, did not pay at the normal double time for the weekend work, and we had to make up the scheduled drill. All of the other units that were deployed for that weekend got their federal drill status satisfied, and were paid for lollygagging around wherever they landed.

For the next couple of years our Troop's sign included a hot-dog bun with a "green weenie" in it to show our appreciation for the recognition of our work.

Unidentified woman in McIver Park

I was in the Rumor Control Center and my husband was in the National Guard at the time and spent Vortex in a helicopter over the park. He was stoned the whole time.

Garrick Beck, *True Stories and Untold Tales*

A small packet arrived by courier by an India-print-shirted bell-bottom-trouserred courier at the Alder Street house. It contained an invitation and a map to The Emerald Lakes Gathering, located in The Three Sisters Wilderness Area, and scheduled for the third weekend of August.

Periodically, we'd meet someone who had also gotten an invitation to the Emerald Lakes Gathering. We looked at maps and found no such Emerald Lakes, but a small cluster of mountain ponds whose printed name was Green Lakes. That was the place. They were snuggled at the base of the Three Sisters mountain peaks inside a true wilderness zone. The route in by either a north or

south trail was a seven or nine-mile hike. The south way was longer but the northern trail led over a pass. Either way was a long way from a parked car.

We had heard also that folks from Marblemount were on their way down there too. What? They were supposed to be enroute into the deep woods to make wintercamp. But as the weeks had worn on and August began to turn the season's face toward winter, and still no Harold, and no horses, the clan decided to head south to Emerald Lakes instead.

Garrick Beck

At the last minute, right before Vortex I was ready to begin, about two hundred hippies caravanned from Green Lakes straight to the gate of Mclver Park and helped put on the festival.

Robert Losli

I do remember that I went there after I got off work at Tektronix on Friday. A friend that I worked with picked up two cases of beer and we left for Vortex. We did not leave until late Sunday afternoon. I was going back up to car for some more beer when someone wanted to know if I wanted something to drink. He sold me a gallon of what I thought was wine, but it turned out to be electric Kool-Aid. My friend and I drank the whole thing that Friday night and early Saturday. When I got back to work on Monday my boss said he thought that I would show up at the medical center while I was there. He was at the park!

Douglas Cochrane

(We were) living on a commune called "The Cooper Mountain Forest Church," a rather eclectic group with three permanent couples that kept the scene together. We formed a faintly evangelical jug band, ("Take a toke for Jesus!") that played in coffee houses around Portland to raise a little cash money. I was working at my first job as a welder's helper at Forest Grove Iron Works in 1970 when the word came down that the American Legion was going to host their national convention in Portland. Tom McCall agreed to turn Mclver Park into a "free zone" for a few days to lure the crazy hippies away from the downtown area. So the big day came. I called in sick to work. My pregnant wife and I loaded the baby into our 1953 GMC truck house and headed to Mclver Park--wherever that was. The closer we got the easier it was to find. The quiet countryside of Clackamas County had been overrun by crazy hippies in everything from buses to bicycles. When we got to the entrance of the park, there was a typical officious (if bare-chested) hippie chick trying to boss everyone around. She told us we couldn't take our truck house into the park. But when we explained we had a baby she let us through and we found a nice parking place on the flat meadows near the river amongst a huge caravan of imaginative vehicles, including a two-ton flatbed truck with an enormous home mounted on it, and the "Lazy Dog" bus bearing the logo of a Greyhound smoking a joint. At the end of the weekend we packed up the truck and went back to the commune. A person can only stand so much sun,

smoke and lunacy. When I returned to my day job, the boss asked where I'd been. I soon found myself in my natural state--unemployed.

Ted Veremonte

I was the first private car into Vortex, a new Dodge Yellow Charger with seven miles on the odometer. I was working in Portland during the day and heading out to the park at night bringing in supplies before they closed car traffic in. I drove a bunch of hippies back and forth to Salem to meet with McCall. I just waited in front of the Capitol until they came back.

I remember running a mile at full speed down to the river, on mescaline, and not even being winded. I had been drafted but didn't know it and ended up serving six months in jail for refusing to enlist. ***(No member of The Family interviewed by the writer visited McCall during the festival. It seems likely that one of the hippies Veremonte taxied to Salem was Bobby Wehe.)**

High temperatures during the festival ranged from 91 to 66 degrees. Low temperatures averaged 45 degrees. It briefly rained on two days.

Youth Adventures donated about a dozen tepees. Arranged in a semi-circle, they served as the Family's festival administrative headquarters.

Every morning, Ed Westerdahl and commune members would meet in a large, semi-clad, (50-person) circle near the tepees. They would hold hands, chant "oms" and then get down to the business of running Vortex I.

Dean Smith, *Oregon Journal*

Westerdahl is on a first-name basis with the youthful festival planners, and was invited to share a vegetarian dinner with part of the Southern Oregon clan helping to direct the event. At one point the governor's right-hand man was photographed with a young woman who was helping cook huge vats of steamy rice and vegetables. "Oooh, I don't know if I like that," she cooed as the strobe light flashed. "Associating with a government official, huh!" Westerdahl chided with a grin..."

Frank Styles

During Vortex I spent nine days at the park and usually slept in my Datsun pickup. The state rented a trailer and I think I slept there one night. One night I decided to sleep in one of the Rainbow Commune tepees. I think I took one shower. I drove into Estacada and showered at the fire hall.

Report from McIver Park Supervisor Frank Styles

Friday, August 28. At McIver Park. Today was the official opening of Vortex I. The stage was completed and power poles for lighting were in use. Approximately 30,000 people.

Saturday, August 29. At McIver. Crowds were about the same. Lots of weekend hippies and local people sight seeing. A tremendous amount of wine flowing and lots of drunks. Spent quite a bit of time around the hospital tent. Some of what appeared to be drugs was a result of hot weather and cheap wine. There were lots of cut feet, blistered feet and minor cuts and scrapes. About 7:30 p.m. parking became quite a problem and all the land that had been leased appeared to be full. Parking wasn't organized as well as it could have been and areas were not utilized to fullest due to poor parking patterns.

Sunday, August 30. At McIver. Crowds about the same as Saturday. Lots of weekend hippies and sight-seers. Parking is a problem and all lands appear to be full. Hospital tent doing a big business. Weather is still hot and dry. Approximately 30,000 people.

Monday, August 31. At McIver. Crowd still holding up to about 15,000. Wasn't too bad all day. Rained intermittently in the evening.

Tuesday, September 1. At McIver Park. Crowds were leaving. Had a crowd of about 8,000 left tonight. Music played from about 6:00 p.m. until midnight. Weather was bad--cloudy and cool with showers. A group of colored men from the Albina district in Portland were out trying to make trouble.

Wednesday, September 2. At McIver Park. Vortex I served breakfast. Told all hippies this was the last meal and they would have to be out of the park tonight. They started cleaning up and removing their facilities today. Ended up with about 20 camps of people tonight.

Jack Mills

I was president of Portland Red Cross and a US Bank vice president. John Doran was with me at the Red Cross. We decided to hire some hippies, two or three young men and two three young women, give them illegal drugs, and instruct them to infiltrate Vortex, make friends, and give away the drugs to someone who appeared ready to foment violence. The idea was to defuse, to have them say, "Hey, let's take these and stay here and not got to Portland." We thought it worked so well that Doran wrote a report to the National Red Cross in DC and recommended it as national policy. We also put Red Cross stickers on our cars and went out there to check out the action. ***(Mills assisted the writer in trying to locate Doran's report at various levels of American Red Cross bureaucracy, but the document was never found.)**

Kris Millegan

I think the chief of the Oregon State Police (Superintendent Holly Holcomb) took some of the peyote tea. It was being handed out everywhere.

Garrick Beck, *True Stories and Untold Tales*

We designate two of the tepee rainbow tepees—one on each side near the center of the crescent; one tepee for Lost Children or childcare needs. One becomes a Volunteer Center. We carefully dig a fire pit in the center of the horseshoe, preserving the sod in a shady spot, keeping it moist for replacement later. After dark and dinner, Tom brings out his congas to the fire and sets up a beat, a couple of other drummers join him, then more. The stage-building crew comes trooping down the hill, weary from a long day's work in the sun, and they see the glow from the village, people dancing under the stars, the fire illuminating the circle of lodges.

Dr. Bangs' diary

Saturday morning: August 29, 1970

It seemed to me early Saturday morning, after an extremely hectic Friday night that perhaps we were to be in for more of a problem than we anticipated. I felt that an inventory was necessary to be sure that we had the supplies on hand, therefore we took an inventory between 7:00 a.m. and 8:00 a.m. of what we had used, what we felt we would need, and what we could anticipate. These supplies were radioed to Oregon City about 8:00 a.m. Saturday. We also sent them a disaster report of the number of patients we had treated, the number we had kept out of Oregon City, and the number that we kept from disturbing the sleep of the people who were later to condemn us so. I recall at this point being quite irritable and upset, probably due to lack of sleep, but I am sure in part due to the observations I had made and the scene I had been exposed to. On Saturday morning after I had radioed for supplies, I tried to get some sleep but found it quite impossible to do so. I was still concerned that we weren't adequately prepared, still worried about some of the help, and still reflecting on the entire drug scene. I found that in spite of the fact that I laid down for an hour or so, I was unable to sleep. I then got up and continued to treat people and to survey the scene in general. We went down below to the first aid tepees to see what they needed for supplies and how it was going with them. We found that Friday night for them had been very quiet as compared with Thursday when they had had many drug reactions. Apparently the action had shifted toward us and we were taking the brunt of the drug reactions. They were treating the usual amounts of blisters, etc. down there. About noon we walked back up the path toward the medical tent and we encountered a group of 4 tourists who were condemning a group of hippies for what they were doing to the straight society. These people were obviously intoxicated with alcohol and shouting loudly, saying the trite clichés that I had heard over and over since the hippie movement began. It was at this point that I first became somewhat disgusted with intoxicated people and began to feel a little more empathy for the hippie movement.

By Saturday evening we had a new contingent of physicians and help, including my friend Rudy Stevens who arrived as indeed a welcome sight. An interesting and quite comical thing happened to Rudy on his arrival. He came by helicopter and was met by a sweet young bare-breasted thing who went out to the helicopter and greeted him with, "Hello brother, welcome to Vortex." She then offered him bread, which Rudy proceeded to eat until he got to the periphery of the helipad where I was waiting for him. I told him in no uncertain terms that he must be careful with any bread that you eat at McIver as its exact contents were known only to the person who had baked it. He then spit out what was left in his mouth but had obviously ingested a fair amount. Rudy had apparently gotten a hold of some marijuana and for the next hours was quite mellow, euphoric and somewhat plastered. I observed him walking outside the tent looking around at considerable length even when there was considerable activity within the tent. There were lots of medical problems which could have used his attention but he was quite relaxed and out enjoying the scene.

Sometime during that evening we had one of our ambulances arrive in their usual hurried condition carrying a thin black fellow in a comatose state. He had a knife wound in the anterior chest. His respirations were very slow and weak pulse and a palpable systolic pressure of only 40 to 50. We started an IV of saline immediately loaded him into the back of a pickup which was our most available ambulance. We used the tailgate to elevate his feet and sent him off to Willamette Falls hospital. We notified Dr. Cleland (Don) that he would be coming and he was awaiting him in readiness. ***(In high school, the writer had a monster crush on one of Dr. Cleland's daughters that went unreciprocated.)** At the time of arrival his blood pressure had improved. He was taken to surgery and had indeed a stab wound involving the left ventricle, approaching but not severing the anterior descending coronary artery. It was subsequently learned that this had been a self inflicted wound. He had taken a high dose of acid, had come into a group of people around the fire asking them to cut off his head. When this was refused he grabbed a steak knife and thrust it into his precordium. The fact that this was self inflicted was immediately spread throughout the park to avoid the rumor that there was violence. It came back over the radio that they needed an exact description of the knife and I radioed back to them that my only knowledge was that it was indeed sharp. This information was apparently picked up by the *Oregon Journal* as I read it later in their paper.

Saturday night was even more hectic than Sunday and we were busy all night long with numerous and quite violent drug reactions, in addition to the usual first aid problems. Things were really quite hectic until about 1:00 a.m. when all the physicians retired except for Rudy and myself. Rudy tried to get some sleep about 2:00 a.m.

They couldn't find me and routed Rudy out of bed and he made the diagnosis of pregnancy and labor, early. and she was a primip. She was evacuated by ambulance to Silverton Hospital where she had previously been seen. This one

was one of our 4 pregnant ladies seen in labor all of which were evacuated. Rumor did spread through out the park that the baby had been born in the park but this was not so. Three of the ladies were overdue when they arrived at the park obviously must have known that they might have their baby in the park. A couple of them were even resistant to evacuation until we convinced them that we would not be able to adequately care for the child under these circumstances.

Another problem that seemed not to bother the girls was the fact that many arrived at the park either having their period (menstrual) or due for it, without bringing adequate sanitary paraphernalia. We had anticipated this and had a large case of Kotex available. We used the entire case and had to send for more. The inhibitions of these people was pointed out when several of the girls had no qualms about dropping their panties and putting their Kotex on right in the center of our very busy medical tent.

Along the same lines, there was a girl dancing up on the stage entirely nude Saturday night with at least 30,000 people in the audience watching her. Nudity itself was not surprising, but this tender young thing was having her menstrual period clearly in evidence down the inside of both her legs.

I was becoming more concerned with the value of individual personnel the longer they were with us. We had several people who stayed with us for most of the duration of the park, Kevin White an LPN, Sonny Larson working as an aide, Mark Castle, a boy named Myach, a couple of medical students, one by the name of Gary. Some consistent help, such as Brownie and RN and J. Van Neese, all spent many hours with us. The scene was so different that people were of little value for the first 3-4 hours there and continuity of help became extremely important. In the future I would certainly insist on 24-hour or longer shifts and hope that most of the crew would stay with us for the entire duration.

On Saturday morning Denny Marsh and Barry arrived from Willamette Falls Ambulance. They had generously stationed their own orthodox ambulance at the park entrance to assist us. Just knowing it was there provided considerable security. They arrived, and we got Rudy Stevens and went for a walk and tour around the park about 5:00 a.m. Rudy became cold and we got a blanket for him to wrap around his shoulders and we continued our tour. Again we walked toward the bandstand over the thousands and thousands of bodies. We walked then down to the tepee area and around here and on back up. On this second tour my reflections were somewhat different than my initial impressions and I began to understand a little more of why some of these kids were here, flicking in society, and living among themselves.

When we returned to the tent, we got something to eat, as I recall canned corned beef hash sandwiches, and tried to get more sleep. Again I was unable to sleep but for a few minutes and finally decided I might just as well get up and continue working.

Sunday was one of my more traumatic days, probably due both to fatigue, and perhaps some mild depression. The previous evening I had been struck on the chest by an addict and there were several other minor problems.

The addict was a young fellow who came to the tent wanting a fix I had nothing for him but offered all that we had as for as tranquilization. He became mad struck me on the chest, leaped out on his horse and drove it into the ropes of the tent and then went off into the crowd.

We had another experience with addicts, I believe on Saturday night. Three young fellows came into the tent and wanted to use our light to "shoot up" by. After my experience previously, I decided to give them anything they wanted. They were welcome to use the light, our needles etc. Our needles were too big as they wanted 25 gauge and they were able to obtain this outside the tent from the crowd. We then experienced what to me was a very educational situation. These were 3 young fellows from Medford, quite pleasant and quite clean cut, certainly nothing outward to suspect that they were all hooked on heroin. We asked them if they minded if we took pictures, and they not only didn't mind, they were quite delighted I am sure. They actually were quite showmen and delighted in the crowd that observed them. The one who did the most talking claimed that he was not an addict, that he only shot up 3-4 X a day for 3-4 days a week only to keep company with his friends. He was convinced that he would never become an addict. He was the first to shoot and he took his small packet of heroin from his pocket, unwrapped it, put it in a teaspoon and added some tap water, heated it over 3-4 matches. He then drew it up into the syringe, through a piece of cotton, which was in the package of heroin. This apparently strains out any lumps left. A friend of his then surrounded his arm with a strap tourniquet and held it tight while he shot himself just about the elbow, into the vein. He had no trouble hitting the vein. He shot half the heroin in and then withdrew blood and repeated this process in and out. This is know as "jacking off" and apparently adds to the thrill of the shot. I talked with him right afterwards and he described his feelings, stating that he was beginning to get drowsy, feel quite good. He was on, he said, "the nod." His eyes rolled somewhat back into his head. He talked more slowly and described this to me. He said, "As you see I am now talking more slowly and my whole body has slowed down and my heart is going more slowly. I feel good all over and I am quite relaxed and comfortable." This lasted about 10 minutes and he then appeared to me to return to normal, at least in his speech and his eyes.

The second person to "shoot up" was a tall thin fellow who was definitely an addict. He spent \$300 per day satisfying his hobby, most of the money obtained through petty thievery, although some through drug wholesaling. He shot up every 2-3 hours at about \$20 a hit. He repeated the process of melting it within the spoon. He was quite shaky and obviously in need of a fix and was irritated slightly, although still quite friendly, and was no problem. He dissolved 2 of the

packages of heroin in the spoon and shot them both. He became even more on the “nod.” His eyes rolled way back and he had trouble being understood as he spoke. He described a similar experience as the first fellow.

The third fellow to shoot up was new to the game but had also shot quite a bit. He had a little trouble hitting his vein, again just above the elbow, with a friend holding the tourniquet. After he hit the vein he played around considerable time with the needle, I inquired why, and they stated that this is simply playing games. The addicts obviously enjoy the needle as well as the heroin. After the third fellow had “shot up,” the fellow with the worst habit in the crowd decided to shoot up once more as it was 4:00 a.m. and he wanted to be able to sleep until morning. He then repeated his previous process. They allowed us to take pictures and we have some very good prints of this. We told them we would not shoot their faces, and this we insisted on not doing. ***(Quite unfortunately, Dr. Bangs has misplaced a carousel of Vortex I slides that he told the writer, “were my best.” Among the slides lost are the ones of the young men shooting up heroin. The search for the “lost carousel” was still going on as this book went to press.)**

These were three of six addicts which I personally met. The other two came in for a fix as they had nothing of their own. We did obtain Methadone and provided them with that. One was a tall black fellow, the other shorter and white. They similarly were desperately in need of a fix but were quite cooperative. One took his Methadone by mouth the other dissolved it and shot it into his vein. These two came by twice and were given Methadone each time and did not return.

Enterprise Courier, August 31, 1970

Three young people enroute to the Vortex I festival early Saturday morning died when their small, foreign-made bus was involved in a head-on collision between McIver Park.

The three California youth died after their vehicle was struck head-on by a 1964 Ford sedan driven by Michael Clements, 24. Clements was reportedly charged with negligent homicide.

Sheriff's deputies said nine persons were in the Volkswagen bus at the time of the accident. They reported three apparently died immediately, and unofficial reports indicated that all nine were apparently thrown from the bus.

Kent Pember, 16, of California (was) taken to Willamette Fall Hospital and listed in fair condition.

Kent Pember

I was 16, and a junior in high school in Walnut Creek, California. We heard about Vortex and said, “Let's go to the festival.” We were making every scene we could

and Oregon was a very romantic place to us, backwoods. Our parents were pretty conservative so we probably lied to them or they were out of town.

We started out on magic mushrooms. Dave had a bus. We picked up a couple of hitchhikers. I drove most of the way. We didn't have directions and we were trying to follow a map. About an hour away from the park, we pulled into a drive-in to ask directions. I cruised in the parking lot and scraped a 57' Caddy with huge fins. I got out of the bus and told the old guy I would pay for it. He was pretty understanding about it.

At that point Dave wanted to drive. He was the kind of guy with coke bottle glasses and mustard all over his face. We weren't high anymore, just tired. I went to the back of the bus to sleep. It was pitch fucking black. I saw lights coming too big and too fast. He hit us head on. I heard neighbors yelling in the dark, "sounds like a bad accident." I was on top of bodies and then I wasn't. The cops showed up and I walked up and said, "These are my friends. I survived." I walked away from the accident.

Traffic got held up and the first guy in line was in the Naval Reserve or something, in uniform, with his girlfriend in some 64' car. He started cussing and said to me, "Get those fucking bodies off the road." I kicked in his car door. He got out of the car and decked me right there.

I didn't know the full effect until the next day. My parents came up and said everything was "not fine." I had a couple compression fractures in my back that still bother me today. The next day, my parents took me out to the wrecking yard to see the bus. I can't figure out why they took me there. I should probably ask them. One of the mothers of the guys that died confronted me. She was quite aggressive, screaming, "Why couldn't it have been you?" She had to be pulled off me. I think about it. I consider myself fortunate. I think the driver, he was drunk, did a few years. We later heard he ran over a pedestrian and was drunk then too.

Flauren Ricketts

I spent the spring of 1970 working as Assistant Clinic Coordinator at Outside In. We'd been seeing cracked skulls after the Cambodian invasion. I got fired in a blaze of glory in June. When the call went out for volunteer medics to go in to Vortex, it seemed an obvious thing for us to do. We met on a rooftop of Good Samaritan Hospital, I think, and boarded a helicopter. The helicopter lifted through the clouds and the pilot said that we would fly east. We were in the air for at least a half hour, maybe an hour. Apparently some miscalculation occurred, because when we descended through the clouds, we were just about where we started. So, we got in a car and drove in. The major medical crises were sunburned places that hadn't previously received much sunshine. Everybody was pretty well naked and eating raw corn.

Arlene Kraft

I was a Psychiatric Aide at Dammasch State Hospital in Wilsonville at the time. I remember well the great anticipation (and apprehension) that the staff had. Since the park was in our "catchment" area, any psychiatric emergencies would have been directed to our hospital. We had triage plans in place, and as I recall, additional bed spaces available as well as enhanced staffing. There were a couple of admissions related to drug overdoses and drug-induced psychosis—but the mass admissions did not, thankfully, happen.

Miscellaneous reports from Clackamas County Sheriff's Office in the vicinity of McIver Park, August 27-30, 1970

REASON FOR INTERROGATION: Vortex. DEPUTY: Reed/Bradshaw. UNIFORM DIVISION: Criminal. DISTRICT: 64D. MAKE OF CAR: chev. YEAR:1963. LICENSE NO:5V6686. TYPE:20R. COLOR: Wht. LAST NAME FIRST: Vice, Pamula Jeanne. SEX: F. DISTRICT OF OCCUR: 64D. ADDRESS: 630 Catterlin Salem. INT.LOCATION: 211 Hight Rd. DATE: 8-27-70. TIME: 10:15AM. AGE: 3-19-54. HEIGHT: 5'4. WEIGHT: 95. BUILD: Med. COMPLEXION: Med. RACE: WF. EYES: Blu. HAIR: Bld. OPERATOR'S LICENSE NUMBER: no I.D. WEARING APPAREL-DESCRIBE: Levis, Red/wht striped shirt, hippie.

Criminal Department
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
Clackamas County
SPECIAL REPORT

File No: 70 8312. Date: 8/27/70.

DEPUTY: RW Baker 127.

SUBJECT: Assistance Rendered.

VICTIM: Anderson, Reed Michell

ADD LINK 3/20/54 WMJ 6', 150 Lbs, Blond, Blue.

WHAT: Reported possible "bad trip" from drugs.

WHEN: Received initial report at 10:45 pm 8/27/70.

WHAT: Victim located on mrk rd. 20 near Viola.

NARRATIVE: Writer and Deputy Landles responded to a call for assistance regarding a possible drug "bad trip" case on mrk rd 20 at mrk rd 28. Upon arrival at the intersection Writer was advised to proceed to Viola in order to make contact. 11:03 PM contact made, the above victim was located in the back of a black 56 Studebaker station wagon ORE. Lic. KCR 996. The victim lay flat on his back covered by a military blanket. Anderson showed certain symptoms; (1) Pulse irregular-rate 72; (2) Continued shivers; (3) Dizziness; (4) Very dry mouth; (5) Difficult breathing, and (6) Contracted pupils which failed to react to bright lights. The victim was removed to Oregon City Hospital by Oregon City ambulance at 11:20 PM- Relatives were notified at the hospital.

SUSPECTS: 9 Hippies 6 male and 3 female. SUSPECT VEH: White late model car. Make and license unknown.

WHEN: Approx. 2:45 PM. Date 8-28.

WHERE: Alongside and behind store.

NARRATIVE: Complainant has rest rooms closed due to being out of order. Two of male suspects urinated on the east wall of the building and four of the male suspects urinated on north wall of the store. One of the females had urinated on a concrete walkway behind store. Suspects and vehicle had left prior to Writers arrival. Complainant also advised that she has had problems with shoplifters believed to be hippies. Coates/Burnum.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY

SHERIFF'S DEPT

OREGON CITY, OREGON 97045

MENTAL COMMITTED. CASE NO: 70 8311

NAME OF PERSON ARRESTED: Wyrick, Larry Ronald. ALIAS OR NICKNAME: Ron.

DATE: 8-28-70. ADDRESS: 2921 W. Cyaress St. Phoenix, ARZ.

TIME: 6:20 AM.

STATE: ARZ. NO: E165945. TYPE: Classes Restricted. EXPIRES: 6-8-71.

AGE: 21. RACE: Cauc. SEX: M. EYES: Blu. HAIR: Brn. HEIGHT: 150.

DATE OF BIRTH: 6-8-49. PLACE OF BIRTH: Unable to state.

EMPLOYER: Unemployed. OCCUPATION: Hippie.

CHARGE: Alleged mental

DATE OF OFFENSE COMMITTED: 8-28-70. TIME: 6:20 AM.

WHERE ARRESTED: RT 3 BX 394 Estacada.

NAME OF COMPLAINANT: Deputy Roy Pireed 113.

OTHER INFORMATION: 6:38 PM, BAD TRIP.

NARRATIVE: Subject flagged patrol car down. Upon talking to subject Writer observed that the subject was on a bad trip and was a danger to himself and therefore was committed to Dammasch Hosp. Subject stated he was on LSD from McIver Park. Transported by Balzer and Shepard, witnessed by Bradshaw.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY, SHERIFF'S DEPT.

OREGON CITY, OREGON 97405. ARREST REPORT

CASE NO: 70 8431

NAME OF PERSON ARRESTED: Martiro, William Pernal.

DATE: 8/28/70.

ADDRESS: 1811 Shore Rd, Linwood, Idaho.

TIME: 11:40 PM.

AGE: 24. RACE: Wht. SEX: Male. EYES: Brn. HEIGHT: 5-11. WEIGHT: 150.

DATE OF BIRTH: 3/29/46.

CHARGE: Illegal Possession Narcotics-Marijuana.

DISPOSITION: Lodged-\$3000.00 bail.
DATE OF OFFENSE COMMITTED: 8/28/70. TIME: 11:40 PM.
WHERE ARRESTED: O. S. 211-Rt.2 Bx 693, Estacada.
VEHICLE YEAR: 1964. MAKE: Pontiac. MODEL: convert. License: Idaho IL-16259. IMPOUNDED: YES. DISPOSITION OF VEHICLE: stored ccso.
NAME OF COMPLAINANT: W.R. Bradshaw; R.P. Reed; L.R. Miller.
ADDRESS OF COMPLAINANT: ccso.
OTHER INFORMATION: While on routine patrol on O.S. 211 south of Estacada at 11:40 PM, 8-28-770, the above described vehicle was observed traveling south on O.S. 211. Writer and Dep. Reed stopped the vehicle near Rt.2 Box 693, Estacada. When the emergency lights were first turned on, writer observed a plastic bag, and another object being thrown from the right side window of the vehicle. Writer saw the plastic bag fall to the ground. Writer stopped the patrol vehicle so the right front tire was next to the bag. After first confronting the driver, Writer picked up the bag and noticed inside a quantity of vegetable matter resembling marijuana. A radio call was placed to Det. Miller who came to the scene and identified the material as being marijuana. Martin, the owner and driver of the vehicle, was placed under arrest. Also arrested was Lusk, David Russell, the passenger seated next to the right window in the front seat. Both subjects were advised of their rights by Det. Miller.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY
SHERIFF'S DEPT
OREGON CITY, OREGON 97045
ARREST REPORT
CASE NO: 70-8261
NAME OF PERSON ARRESTED: Hutchinson, Thomas Raymond. ALIAS OR NICKNAME: Tom.
DATE: 8/28/70. ADDRESS: 1740 SE 148th Portland Ore. TIME: 12: 55 AM.
AGE: 19. RACE: Cauc. SEX: M. EYES: Blu. HAIR: brn. HEIGHT: 5'8". WEIGHT: 160. DATE OF BIRTH: 4/12/51. PLACE OF BIRTH: Oregon.
EMPLOYER: US Army. OCCUPATION: Military.
CHARGE: AWOL.
DISPOSITION: Lodged for Fort Lewis. DATE OFFENSE COMMITTED: 8/28/70. TIME: 12:55 AM. WHERE ARRESTED: Springwater Hwy @ Logan School.
VEHICLE YEAR: 1960. MAKE: Plymouth. MODEL: Valiant. LICENSE: 2T-2930. IMPOUNDED: NO DISPOSITION OF VEHICLE: Released to driver. OTHER INFORMATION: Subject arrested after routine check showed him to be AWOL from Ft. Lewis since 7/21/70.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE
Clackamas County
MISSING PERSON'S REPORT

SUBJECT INFORMATION: LAST NAME: DAVENPORT. FIRST: Randy.
MIDDLE: Alan.
COMPLETE ADDRESS: P.O. Box 509, Molalla, Ore.
RES. PHONE: 829-8195. BUS PHONE: 829-2061.
OCCUPATION-STUDENT EMPLOYER-SCHOOL AND GRADE IF JUV: Molalla
Hi.
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: COLOR: W. SEX. M. AGE: 16.
DATE OF BIRTH: 10-12-53. HT: 5'10. WT: 165. HAIR: Dk. Brn. EYES: Haz.
COMPL: Med. PHYSICAL CONDITION: Good. MENTAL CONDITION: Good.
WEARING: SHIRT: Black T Shirt. COAT: Blue Jean Jackt. TROUSERS: Bell
Bottom Blue Jeans. SHOES: Brn Boots. LUGGAGE: Poss. 2 guitars and
sleeping bag. 1 elec., 1 Spanish.
MISSING FROM: P.O. BOX 508 Molalla.
DATE AND TME/MISSING OR LOCATED: 8-28-70 2:00 PM.
NAME AND ADDRESS AND RELATIONSHIP TO SUBJECT OF PERSON
REPOTING INCIDENT (INFORMANT): DAVENPORT, Richard M. same address
(father).
CAUSE OF ABSENCE?: Unable to conform at home.
POSSIBLE DESTINATION: McIver Park.
WHAT ACTION HAS BEEN TAKEN BY PARTY REPORTING INCIDENT RE:
ATTEMPTING TO LOCATE SUBJECT? Followed subject to McIver Park.
WHAT ACTION HAS BEEN TAKEN BY OFCR. RE ATTEMPTING TO LOCATE
SUBJECT

Criminal Department
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
Clackamas County
SPECIAL REPORT

File No: 70 8517 Date: 8-30-70.

Deputy: Rotrock and Riggs. Subject: B.N.I.A.D. Colton Store.

NARRATIVE: At 4:21AM this date Writers arrived at the Colton Store. At that time Sgt. Ryan and several other officers from this Dept. were inside the store. The front door glass was broken out and appeared as if it had been kicked in from outside the building. Sgt. Ryan advised that the Suspect was being transported to Jail by Deputy Balzer and Deputy Shepherd and when they passed the Store the suspect told them he observed the broken glass and someone standing inside the store. Ryan stated that when they searched the store no one was inside. It should be noted that the person inside the store would have had to leave by the same way he entered. It is apparent that the Suspect was lying and probably was trying to cover up. At the time the Suspect was arrested he had in his poss. A half gallon of pink Gallo Chablis wine and some Blitz Weinhard beer, this being the only articles found missing by the store owner Eugene Jackson. It was observed that the cash drawer was open and \$50.00 in change was left untouched. In the rear room of the store an old empty safe had been opened by the Burglar and will be pressed for prints later. Nothing else

appeared to have been touched. At the time the Suspect was booked at the jail the soles of his shoes appeared to contain particles of glass these shoes are in the Poss. of Writer. Records show that the Suspect broke into the same store prior to this and would be familiar with the area of the safe.

Dr. Bangs

We sent in a kid that got run over by a car and broke his pelvis. So we put him on a pickup truck and elevated him on a door in the shocked position with his head down and called the hospital with the ham radio. We told them one thing and they interpreted it as another. A few minutes later the pickup came in with kids loaded in the back and the hospital called and said, "We've lost the kids. He's not here." The pickup came in and the kid had stowed away in the pickup. He didn't want to leave! And then Tom McCall called on the ham radio said, "You are doing a wonderful job. Anything the state can do for you, let us know." I said, "We may need a helicopter evacuation."

We had a girl come in on a bad trip. We calmed her down and she came in the next day and she was worse. I said, "We gotta' number one, get her outta' here, and number two, test the system." I called and said we had medivac and they had a big helicopter from Idaho and the helicopter came and hovered over us. We got word that it would spend 20 seconds on the ground, no longer. All these naked hippies were standing around and the pilot dropped down. He gave them the peace sign and picked the girl up and took off. This was the first emergency medical evacuation by helicopter in Oregon history. ***(Another of the lost slides.)**

Leas Averill

My impression of Dr. Bangs was that he was a good "field" doctor, but knew little about drug overdoses. I had to inform Chuck (Dr. Spray) of this and that they weren't handling drug overdoses very well. He flew out to McIver in a helicopter to discuss the proper handling of such matters with Dr. Bangs and the nurses. (There was at least one nurse from Outside-In, although I don't recall who.) I was there at the time he flew in, at night, with the hospital tent lit up like an army field hospital. It had quite a visual effect, which I still recall today.

I was to pick up the truck after it had been loaded by the National Guard, take it back to Outside-In and pack the equipment in the basement of the church back in the truck. Then I was to drive the truck back down to Salem. When I arrived at the park, I found that all of the equipment had been packed into the truck, and that the field generator was not in its proper location right next to the rear door. I asked those there if they'd packed the generator, and all present stated that they didn't recall a generator. Since they were all from the Lake Oswego National Guard Armory, and the generator had been in use up until an hour or so of packing the truck, I was suspicious that they had "liberated" (a counterculture term for taking or stealing) the generator for their own use. This upset me because I had signed the equipment out in Salem and was responsible for its

return. I was also informed by the commanding officer (I don't recall his name or rank) that the truck was to be returned to the armory in Lake Oswego. I told him that we had supplies at Outside In that had to be loaded in, and that I had to take the truck back down to Salem since I had signed it out. I had to ride in the truck with the commanding officer from the park to Lake Oswego. After the officer "made a phone call," I was allowed to take the truck back to Outside In, repack the equipment, and return the truck to Salem. I never heard anything about the generator or other equipment and was glad I didn't.

Dr. Spray

I never flew out to McIver Park.

Report from Oregon State Police

GREINIA, RONALD EDWARD – Injured Person

DOB 7-02-48

Subject was injured severely about the head and face while attending the rock festival at Milo McIver State Park on August 31, 1970.

Grenia stated that he left Portland about 3:00 p.m. accompanied by Joe Walsh and that they drove to McIver State Park in Joe Walsh's vehicle. He stated they parked the car at the top of the hill and began walking down the road towards the rock festival when a man and two middle-aged women asked him and Walsh if they would direct him to the area of the rock festival. These five persons then started walking down the hill, the man and two women had a full gallon of wine. Grenia stated that he only drank one drink of wine and when they arrived at the bottom of the hill near the stage, a young fellow offered him a cigarette wrapped in brown paper. He refused, and advised that shortly after he had to relieve himself, started to walk towards the restrooms, and this was the last he remembered until he woke up in the hospital. He advised that he did not know what had happened, whether he had fallen or had been beaten up. He stated that he thought possibly there was something in the wine that would make him forget the circumstances up to the time he was injured.

Dr. Jack Chitty who is a partner with Cameron Bangs, 406 7th Street, Oregon City, McLean Clinic, was contacted and advised that he was the doctor on duty at the time the patient was brought into the medical station at McIver Park. Dr. Chitty advised that the patient was brought in by several of the hippies who were acting as corpsmen for the medical team but that he did not know their names. He was told at the time when the subject was brought into the medical tent, that he had been found at the base of a cliff in the park. It was Dr. Chitty's opinion that the serious injuries of the face were caused by a fall rather than having been beaten up. Dr. Chitty immediately called for the helicopter, the subject was given an oral airway in his throat and was transferred by helicopter to Willamette Falls Hospital where he was then transferred to Multnomah County Hospital by ambulance.

Joseph Sean Walsh, DOB 11-02-51...was contacted and related somewhat the same story as Grenia had given with the exception that Walsh stated that he and Grenia arrived at the park about 5:00 p.m., that they met the middle-aged man and two women on top of the hill and walked down the hill with them. He advised they had drank one beer while driving to McIver Park, that they parked their car at the top of the hill, and the man and two women they walked down to the stage with had a full gallon of wine. Walsh stated that they consumed most of the gallon of wine by the time they had gotten down to the stage area, and that Grenia had had several drinks and appeared to be quite intoxicated when he left the staging area and headed towards the restroom. He stated this was the last time he has seen Grenia and advised he left about 6:00 p.m. as he had a prior engagement.

Number of births in McIver Park during Vortex I reported by newspapers

One

Two

Three

Four

Announcement from the stage as reported by Keith Tillstrom in the *Oregon Journal*

"You better get up here brother, you're gonna be a father soon. Your old lady's in convulsions, she's gonna pop soon. Hey everybody—we've got a new life coming.

Dr. Bangs

It never happened and I would have known.

Sherry Casper

I helped deliver a baby in a tent. The father was high on LSD. It was a boy. We cleaned him up in the Clackamas River.

Frank Styles

There was some University of Oregon Medical School PHD student I met conducting a study of people under the influence of drugs at outdoor music festivals.

Letter to *Enterprise Courier*

The *Oregon Journal* carried a story saying there were less drugs at the Vortex I festival than usual. Well, I don't see how they possibly could have had more! When a guy goes around the park with a bottle on his head with all types of pills in it and all you have to do is point at him and get your choice for a small price, I'd say the drugs are pretty thick.

Ron J.

It was at night when I saw the flat bed trucks slowly drive into the crowd. I remember seeing at least three at different points in the crowd. The one nearest me, had I would say, about ten or so huge gunnysacks like you would see full of cotton. I could see they were throwing something out from these bags. I yelled out "over here!" and sure enough one of the guys on the back of this truck threw one at me. I missed the first toss but caught the second one. I later found out the one I missed was caught by one of the people with me. Well guess what? It was a good quarter pound, maybe more, of pot, and it looked like it was compressed into a block. With my friend catching one, we had a lot of pot for five people, and the next day everyone around us was lighting up all day long.

Tom Cherry

Have you heard about the lockers? Yeah, the drug lockers. All the law enforcement agencies in the area took all their confiscated drugs and gave them away at Vortex. The sandwich board guy was giving it away. He was probably a narc. All the different pots were blended together, it was incredible! They probably emptied every drug locker in the state inside McIver Park.

Bill Brooks, Clackamas County Deputy Sheriff

That is total bullshit.

Reverend Walter Huss

I was out there almost every day. I talked to many of the state police officers. They weren't happy about being there. Several of them told me that drugs confiscated from the state's lockers were being given away at McIver to keep people there. It was immoral! They didn't tell me how it all worked, but it was so obvious, people were giving drugs away.

Carli Clawson

I was almost nine the summer I was at Vortex. We traveled from campfire to campfire listening to their stories and jokes while remaining completely mute. It was pregnant Carol's idea to introduce ourselves with warm smiles and pantomiming gestures. Within seconds, each gathering would catch on to our game playing, along with the magic the night offered. In the morning we were awakened by the drumming of huge upturned cans, banging out news of breakfast being offered. Scrambled eggs, watermelon and corn on the cob were handed out freely to sleepy long hairs.

My parents were the "long hairs," a term they warmed to rather than hippie which didn't appeal to my slender and pretty mom. My parents showed up at Vortex with friends who drove a psychedelic bus with big flowers on the sides. This couple had eight free-spirited children, all of whom I called friends. One hot summer afternoon a handful of us displayed our creative side with brightly colored felt tip pens by drawing all over a passed-out adult. Upon awakening to find himself completely covered in graffiti, he didn't seem to get our joke. My 12-

year old brother spent the afternoon playing on the log pilings behind the concert stage. Periodically, a sound system would announce the request of a doctor, "We need a doctor at the tent to the left of the stage we have a young lady here really tripping." Meanwhile behind the stage, in front of which peace, love and brotherhood were being celebrated, my brother played pretend war with invisible guns. Later on, an adult we didn't know gave my brother a mayonnaise jar full of white pills and instructed him to "hand them out." This my brother did as requested until my mom put an abrupt stop to it.

Tim Arnold

I didn't have a clue about the American Legion or their convention. All I was thinking about was gettin' high and gettin' laid. My older brother told me not to get involved in any of that shit cause it wasn't cool and I'd end up getting my head busted by "The Man." He told me I should come out to Estacada and go to Vortex, and by the way, there was a bunch of his friends who needed a ride too. So, you know, if my big brother said it was cool, it was the cool thing to do. So we hopped in to my 64' Ford Galaxie, about 10 of us. What I really remember is it was really hot and dusty on the shuttle and I was so thirsty from smoking pot with my brother's friends. One of the hippie guys on the bus said he had some "electric water" and I could have some if I wanted. I remember clearly that I hated drinking after people I didn't know, but what the hell, I was dying of thirst. "By the way," I asked, after I had drank about a quart of the water, "what's electric water?" He said, "Oh man, we put a quantity of acid in it--enjoy the trip!" Well that was the last clear thought I probably had that day, and the next actually.

Paulette Coles

As the sun began to set, the musicians were beginning to set up on the stage. We had heard all kinds of rumors about the bands that were going to be there including Santana. At one point during the evening our group and a few others sat around our little campsite and it was either a bong or a joint of marijuana that was being passed. When the drug got to me I politely refused and then everyone started laughing and teasing me. It was not so much the drug I feared as it was the spreading of germs from people I did not know. I brought along several baggies filled with dampened washcloths. As a child, my mother always took along the same whenever we would travel, go on picnics. Anyhow, there was a lot of laughter that evening when Marian and I dug our washcloths out and wiped our hands and faces. The next morning, however, all the guys were asking for one of these washcloths and there was no more making fun of me!

Harold Wilson

There were good drugs and bad drugs coming through the gates and we tried them all.

Ron J.

A friend and I saw a large number of people sitting in a large circle passing gallon wine jugs around. I asked if we could sit in and we were welcomed. We took

advantage of the wine drinking because we wanted to get a buzz so we would take double and even triple gulps to get a good buzz. After about our fifth or sixth time we had the wine jugs in our hands, a person next to me said, "Brother you should slow down on what you are doing." I told him I was sorry, but I was just trying to get a buzz and apologized for being a glutton. He told me, "Brother I just want you to know you shouldn't drink electric wine too fast or too much."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What is electric wine?" He said, "Each gallon you see here has from 10 to 15 hits of acid in it." Boy you talk about freaking out! I asked this guy what's it like to get high on acid and he said it could be the greatest thing you ever experienced or it could be the worst experience you ever had, it all depends on where your head's at. We went back to our camp to wait it out and our friends said they would watch over us. Well when we started to experience this trip I went into a very vivid color and texture trip. How long I can't remember, and other areas of the trip are still to this day being analyzed. I can't explain it, but I left this planet.

Frank Styles

I tried to ignore the undercover agents so I could have a good rapport with the communes. Bobby Wehe gave me a lot of help and he kind of coordinated the communes. I remember he found some group from Vancouver dealing bad drugs, I think it was "Purple Pentagon" LSD, and he got some people together and went over with 2 x 4's and told the drug pushers to get out. If we had a policing problem, the communes came together and solved it.

Garrick Beck

I remember when the word got out that someone was dealing bad drugs. He was rounded up and passed overhead out of the park. I also heard one drug pusher who was selling bad LSD was forced to ingest his product.

An anonymous man attending a Eugene, Oregon Chautauqua presentation

I was on acid run from Wisconsin to California in an old Frito's truck. I heard about the festival and detoured to McIver Park and spent one night. Then I went back to work.

David Ousele

I was a 17, freshman at Reed College. I had never seen trees like they had at McIver. It was the first time I was in the woods. The music was notably bad, just local talent. Amplified is how I would describe it.

Patty White

I was 21 years old. My husband and I went to the festival on Friday and stayed through Monday. We went to the park with another couple in their white VW camper bus. We were armed with a couple bottles of wine, a bag of chips, a carton of cigarettes and the necessary recreational drugs required for such an event. We parked in a burned hayfield and hiked into the park. I remember

seeing an old friend from high school, and as we were talking about good old high school days, his girlfriend was standing next to him stark ass naked. Despite the fact that the mescaline I had taken was starting to kick in, it still seemed a little strange. However, as the weekend progressed, I realized that naked, covered-in-mud, was the preferred dress code for many festival-goers. At night we went up to the meadow where the music stage was to listen to the bands. It was quite late when things got rolling and I don't really remember what bands we heard. There were rumors that Cream was going to play but the sound system was so crappy. After the concert, we were walking back down to the bus in the dark and we could hear voices coming from the bushes...ever so softly..."lids for sale, mescaline, acid..." We never actually saw the sellers.

Michael Finley, *A Helpful Pointer*, 1998

I was a hippie, but not an especially optimistic one. It was already 1970, and most of the things I assumed would come to pass--the collapse of the military-industrial era and the ushering in of Aquarian one--had not come true.

And instead of being a part of some exploding plastic communal geodesic utopia, I was 20 years old, living alone, working alone on the graveyard shift as an autoclave operator at the University hospital, making the goo-splattered instruments and linen of each day's surgeries sterile again for the next.

I had one friend, Worth. I had had a girlfriend, but she told me to get lost, so I did. But we broke up on the last day of the 60s. Now it was six months later, and I felt depressed and lonely almost all the time. I remember one night I had a pain deep in my back, and I just lay on my mattress, on the floor, and I cried.

However. One day Worth showed up in his Volvo and invited me to take a car trip through the western states with him and his new dog Girl, a doleful-eyed Humane Society foundling. The plan was to drive to Colorado, visit a commune some college friends had started, and then make a trip up the West Coast and back to Minnesota through Canada, stopping at a rock festival in Oregon called The Vortex.

Sounded good to me. I threw my duffel bag in back with Girl, who was just coming into her first heat, and Worth and I were off.

It was a remarkable trip. We picked up hitchhikers, crashed along roadsides, camped out, and held a powwow with a busload of Mormon teenagers. We even beheld the spectacle of Spiro Agnew alighting from a whirring helicopter in the middle of an acid-drenched rock festival, thinking it was a good place to meet today's kids. ***(It is quite possible that Vice President Spiro Agnew took a pass over McIver Park since he was in Portland near the end of Vortex I to deliver the keynote speech to the Legionnaires. Finley's account of Agnew's presence is the only report of its kind the writer came across.)**

Sally Driver

There were two saunas, a hay sauna and mud sauna. They each had a pipe so you've got fire and smoke venting and inside there were rocks and tent or tarp-like structure like a sweat lodge. In the mud sauna, I remember it was full of a lot of horny guys, and so you'd come into the mud sauna and it was, "Oh, mud brother!" or "oh, mud sister!" and they would start smearing you with mud with all these hands.

David Dumas

Some old guy, had to be a local, was having a picnic. He watched us for a while. We invited him over and he took all of his clothes and got into the mud sauna. We were all applauding.

Leverett Richards, *Oregonian*

There was more traffic in the air over McIver Park and the Sky River Festival site Saturday afternoon than highway traffic. In fact, the aerial traffic jams were so great that the Federal Aviation Administration issued an official warning.

The hazard arises principally from private pilots eager to ogle the skinnydippers along the rivers that run through the two sites. "We're afraid they won't watch where they are going and fly into the trees or into other aircraft," Fred Vanderwark, supervising inspector for the Portland general aviation district of the FAA, explained. And he's right. Flying a helicopter under and around the aircraft that swarmed like bees around the two sites was highly hazardous Saturday.

A pilot for Columbia Construction Helicopters on Swan Island Saturday flew television crews in and out of both festivals, but refused to fly a group of youths who said they planned to drop leaflets over McIver Park.

Jim Greer

I remember getting a bee sting at the end of my penis.

Tim Arnold

I remember walking behind a naked guy who was singing the blues, some Paul Butterfield song I think. I couldn't help but notice all the dirt up the middle of his ass. He had a thick layer of dust everywhere. He was sweating in the heat and it was just gross. But by god could this guy sing!

Frank Styles

I picked up a girl in my pickup and lectured her about how she should put some clothes on. I said, "It's okay to go skinny-dipping but don't go around the park naked. It doesn't look good."

Glen Swift

It's easy to go naked once you do it for the first time.

Oregonian

A young woman who had been in the park less than an hour when she shed everything said, "I never thought I could do it. I never have before. Now it feels perfectly natural—but I don't think my parents will understand. Yes, I will do it again."

Walli Schneider, *Oregon Journal*

What's a housewife at Vortex I got that you and I haven't? For one thing, few clothes on. That's something the feminine eye can't help batting over as you slowly zig-zag your way down into the giant riverbowl park. "It's beautiful out here sister, absolutely beautiful," a trim little miss in granny exudes. With which she shucks all her clothes. Adding we presumed, an exclamation point to a naked statement. But the flowing-haired "housewives" shuffling sooty kettles over tiny campfires, draping what little laundry they have over tent stakes and tree limbs "have got more—so much more than women outside" they assert. Such as: Fewer dishes.

Lee Meier

Part of my Conscientious Objector duty was feeding the people on the barricade lines and working with that whole big thing at Portland State. And another part was putting on Vortex. Can you believe that? I thought it was kind of ironic, I thought it was great too.

Gerson Robboy

In 1970 I was living on a rural commune a short distance northwest of Portland. Our commune was part of a thing called the Traveling Tranquility Circus, which was a sort of lame imitation of the Merry Pranksters. The main players in the Circus were not members of the commune to which I belonged. John Ward and John Hendricks were musicians, formerly of the P.H. Phactor Jug Band and Melodious Funk. Gary Ewing did light shows. The brothers Charles and Gary Bickford had inherited the equipment from their deceased father's construction company, and they built polyethylene balloons in which we performed, and stages inside the balloons made from construction scaffolding. When Vortex was announced, the Circus debated whether to go. No one proposed participating in the anti-war demonstrations in Portland, because to us, the way to counter the narrow mental box of the Movement vs. the Establishment was to get outside the scripts written by both of them.

I don't think there was ever any discussion of staying in Portland and doing a performance for the Legionnaires (which might have been a more interesting thing to do). One reason not to go to Vortex was that we knew it would be surrounded by the National Guard, and was potentially a prison rather than a party. Also, we suspected the organizers (the "Family") of being a CIA front, and the whole thing of being orchestrated by the government, which in a sense it was. I don't remember any of us arguing that for the state to attract thousands of people with the enticement of getting naked and blissed out on drugs was a lame

and stupid idea, and not worthy of our dignity. At the time, it seemed to us that if the Governor of Oregon was willing to buy into such a countercultural event, that in itself was a significant change in the status quo. There may have been a sense that Vortex was a place where history was happening. Or maybe it was just that if you're a psychedelic circus, then a massive rock festival is the obvious place to find your audience. I don't remember whether our circus made any formal arrangement to participate in Vortex as a performing group, or whether we just showed up and did it. We arrived early and drove into the park in trucks with our equipment, before they closed the park to vehicles. We set up our balloon and did performances and hung out all week.

Joe Goodrich

I remember a man on stage, an older man, performing. He had a paunch and wore very tight jeans. He was rocking pretty hard but the crowd didn't seem to be getting into it. He noticed this. His fly was open and he wasn't wearing any underwear. You could sense the entire crowd recognizing this. It swept over the crowd.

A 94-year old woman, Mrs. Mary Neely, attended the festival. "She was quoted as saying, "I should be old enough to know better."

On the way back to Portland, a vehicle stopped at an Estacada filling station. A young couple, nude, emerged from the VW bug. As an attendant pumped their gas, they walked over to the water hose. They sprayed each other down, paid the bill, and drove away without saying a word.

The Clackamas County Sheriff's Office accused a local tow truck operator of price gouging hippies.

A Portland landscape architect shut his office for several days to witness Vortex I and its young people. He wrote to Governor McCall, "I came away believing in their sincerity towards love for people and the world."

Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters were reported seen in McIver Park.***(The writer heard this claimed confidently by several Vortexers and decided to call famed Prankster Ken Babbs for confirmation. "That one sort of slipped by us without us knowing," he said. "We weren't really into that scene anyway.")**

Several Vortexers who knew Sam McCall reported seeing the governor's son at Vortex I.

A foreign exchange student from South America defied her host parents and went to Vortex I. She never came back. It was rumored she later surfaced as part of a federal drug investigation.

As a safety measure, Vortex I organizers made sure upriver dams on the Clackamas River didn't release water.

Governor McCall received about a dozen letters from "straight" people who wrote they felt compelled to visit the festival and judge for themselves.

The Gypsy Jokers motorcycle gang showed up. Or was it the Free Souls?*(There are many eyewitness, undercover agent, newspaper and Clackamas County Sheriff's Office reports of menacing motorcycles in and around the park. Bobby Wehe claims he defused a potentially violent situation involving bikers near the stage with his unique hippie aplomb. As to determining whether the gang at McIver Park was the Gypsy Jokers or the Free Souls, one Vortexer told the writer he recently ran into a senior member of the Free Souls at an Oregon rally. The biker said it was most definitely his gang at Vortex I and that he would kick anyone's ass who said otherwise.)

Carol Jefferson

There were some gypsies in the park, and they brought their caravans. I also remember some group brought all these peyote buttons and sent over 9000 to the tepee circle. ***(After interviews with many of the freaks responsible for carrying out festival duties, the writer concludes that Vortex I was almost totally administered under the influence of peyote and that the few county and state employees like Frank Styles who collaborated with these worker freaks, were usually dealing with young people either partially or totally hallucinating.)**

An anonymous man attending a Eugene, Oregon Chautauqua presentation

I knew of several freaks who went to the Portland airport and greeted the Legionnaires when they arrived and invited them to Vortex I.

Harold Wilson

I remember meeting a group of 20 or 30 Legionnaires and asking them what they were doing here. They said, "The hell with Portland, we're coming to Vortex!"

Garrick Beck

A bunch of Legionnaires showed up at the gate swigging from bottles of Jack Daniel's. They had come directly from the airport. It was headed for violence when a blonde surfer dude with nothing on but boxer shorts jumped up on the barricade. "I just got back from Vietnam 17 days ago and I was shooting people, man. Inside, here, that's what you fought for man, so we could Rock and Roll!" They all embraced and went inside Vortex together.

Ronald Bray

It was during Vortex that four or five of us were invited by the Legionnaires to speak at the convention. Somebody went.

David Dumas

A bunch of American Legion guys came out and asked if the girls put out if they were high on pot. One of them said, "I might have to try some myself."

Barry Adams

We were taking a sweat and there was a National Guardsman, some kid, stationed on the other side of the Clackamas River. He piled his gear and then took off his uniform. Went totally naked. He folded his clothes neatly. Then he started walking across the river. Hundreds of people went out to surround him, and put clothes on him. We gave him some ID and he made it out of the park.

Report from Clackamas County Sheriff's Office

Criminal Department

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Clackamas County

SPECIAL REPORT. NOT FOR PUBLICITY.

File No: 70 8588. Date: 8-31-70.

DEPUTY: C.G. Thomas, Captain.

SUBJECT: Bomb threat.

INFORMANT #1: KNIGHT, Daniel, West Linn Police Officer, West Linn, Oregon.

INFORMANT #2: Unknown Female.

SUSPECT: Male American, Wounded Vietnam Veteran, Ordnance Expert.

Aprx. 5:45PM date writer received a phone call from officer Knight West Linn PD which relayed the following.

This date he received a phone call from an unidentified female. This female refused to identify herself or the subject whom she was calling about. She stated that she was well acquainted with a Vietnam veteran who had been wounded in action. Since his return to the United States he has shown great concern over cases of flag burning and Un-American activities by various groups. She further stated that he is an ordnance expert and as such has manufactured two BOMBS which he took to McIver Park this AM and left. She was not able to furnish any description of the ordnance, size, type or where they had been planted. Writer contacted McIver Command Post OSP Officer Lattin and advised him of the above information with the request that it be relayed to OSP Lt. Doherty, the OSP

command Post at Camp Withycombe. Writer also advised our narcotic officers and requested if possible that they contact our under-cover people at the park.

Frank Styles

I found a half case of dynamite near the stage, but didn't report it to law enforcement authorities because I didn't want to hurt McCall or the event.

An anonymous man attending a North Bend, Oregon Chautauqua presentation

I had just graduated from Coos Bay High School and had joined the Marines. I was pretty straight. I hitchhiked to the park. It took a couple of days. I never told my parents.

What I remember is some hippie digging in the garbage and I thought to myself, "Just look at that guy, no money. No job." Then he pulled out a corn husk, turned to me, and said how great corn husks were as a substitute for a plate, which many of us didn't have to eat the food on. He left and I went to the garbage and fished out a corn husk. It worked perfectly.

An anonymous man attending a Madras, Oregon Chautauqua presentation

My wife dropped me off at McIver Park. I was supposed to meet her at the gate in a few hours while she and our infant son ran errands together. I got home three days later.

Joan Shiple

Everyone wondered how and if they could pull it off and felt we couldn't miss out on such a potentially explosive and historical event.

What better thing to do on a hot sultry summer day than head out to McIver Park, joining the long cavalcade of cars snaking its way along the road, to a real protest rock concert? In my polyester red and white sundress with three small children in tow, (the youngest in an infant seat) and a picnic basket in hand, we headed to the festivities. My husband John was smoking his pipe, wearing black socks with his sandals, as we tentatively explored the park in search of a suitable family picnic spot. Ten minutes in, we realized how absurd we looked, how old. As we were trying to respond to our kids queries as to what those people were doing, a very polite young man, half naked, bearded, beautiful and smoking a joint, approached with a smile, and suggested that it certainly was a nice day for a picnic wasn't it, sir? These young kids had taken over.

Walter Jeffries

I was working at the Hilton Hotel at the time and the American Legion was scheduled to be there. A lot of extra security people started showing up, cops, undercover cops, and men in black started showing up and doing what they do. I experienced some of the security. I was walking into the employee entrance one day, when I was rushed by a couple Portland police officers up against a wall,

pummeled with a night stick. And I think it would have been much worse if Bill Eng, some Chinese guy, my boss, who just happened to be walking out of the building and stopped them, saying I was an employee. When they let go of me, somebody walking on the street said something about pigs, the two cops rushed him, beat him to the ground, kicked the dog snot out of him. I felt very fortunate to have chosen to remain silent at that time. The following day, all of the younger employees in the hotel were sent home due to lack of work, which seemed odd to me. I think the cops didn't want any young people around during the convention, period. It was really weird. So, what else could I do, but go to the Vortex? Listen to music, dance with naked women, and frolic in the river.

Oregon State Police and the Clackamas County Sheriff's Department posted an approximate combined total of 30 undercover agents inside McIver Park to "gather intelligence" on suspected drug dealers. A few posed as hippies but most as members of the media.***(The writer determined this number from a document in McCall's Vortex I papers that contained statements in a revealing joint affidavit by Ed Westerdahl, Holly Holcomb and Bob Oliver involving a Clackamas County prosecution of an alleged LSD dealer, Frank Hangin, arrested during Vortex I in the vicinity of McIver Park. The dealer's defense attorney had subpoenaed the three officials on behalf of his client. This bizarre case is explored in further detail in "The Historical Legacy" section, drawing upon a April 12, 1971 article appearing in the *Enterprise Courier*, headlined, "Vortex Trial Dies Quietly.")**

The Clackamas County Sheriff's deputies took many photographs at the festival, many of naked people, apparently with the intent of providing salacious evidence to prosecutors. ***(Ed Westerdahl told the writer he recalls undercover agents taking photographs of him holding hands with naked men and women in an "om" circle. Westerdahl claims the Clackamas County District Attorney (Roger Rook) intended to mount an "obscenity case" against him. No such indictment was ever handed down.)**

A 25-man Oregon State Police tactical squad, most likely unknown to The Family organizers, stationed itself near the McIver Park office and remained on 24-hour alert status.

Enterprise Courier

Maxine Bethel has changed her views and become a “sister” to the thousands of hippies now encamped at McIver State Park near Estacada.

Mrs. Bethel, who operates the Viewpoint Restaurant and Lounge situated on Country Road 28 about a half mile from the park entrance said yesterday she has just about reversed her opinion of the young people. She said she was deeply concerned and apprehensive about trouble when she first learned about the rock festival coming to the area. While holding a liquor license for her business she does not have a license to sell beer to go, and was concerned that the hippies would insist that she sell to them, or tear her place apart.

Since the young people started arriving about a week ago Mrs. Bethel has talked with many of them and now holds a prized pass to visit the park whenever she chooses. “I haven’t a single complaint about any one of them. Many have stopped in and all have been most courteous,” she said.

She said some people have just stopped by and asked her if she had a place to dispose of a piece of paper they were carrying, apparently picked up along the roadway. “I haven’t had that happen before in all the years I’ve been running my business,” she said. Mrs. Bethel said she had not heard one of the festival-goers swear or use any filthy language while they have been at her place of business or when she has been at the park.

After gaining relief from her earlier “up-tight” attitude, Mrs. Bethel applied earlier this week for a five-day permit to the Oregon Liquor Control Commission to sell her beer. “They turned me down flat, but it really doesn’t matter,” she said philosophically.

After the OLCC’s denial of the permit, Mrs. Bethel added another sign to her window. It says, “No Go License.” The signs are punctuated with one of artistic flowers prevalent in the hippie subculture.

Mrs. Bethel said she is really beginning to enjoy the chats with the young people. “This is really an experience,” she said. “It is probably the only time something like this will happen to me so I really want to remember it,” she commented. **(If a reader plans on visiting McIver Park, the writer enthusiastically recommends stopping in at the Viewpoint Lounge for a belt. The lounge’s décor doesn’t rate very memorable, but man, the clientele. Whether there is one person drinking a can of Pacific Northwest lager formerly brewed in the Pacific Northwest, or a packed house swimming in a Black Velvet**

special, there will always be a customer present eager to share a Vortex I story. It may also be of interest to the reader that one of the Viewpoint's bartenders told the writer about how as a teenager she used to break into Bill Walton's home in the area when he was a Portland Trail Blazer. Bill Walton also happens to be named in a Portland Police Bureau intelligence report in the mid 1970s in connection to his support of a radical professor suspected of criminal activity. The writer envisions a book titled *Bill Walton in Oregon*, to complete his Beaver State Trilogy.)

Statesmen

The stocker for Clackamas Distributors reported 50 cases of Gallo wine alone have been sold since Tuesday—about a 100-percent increase in sales.

Keith Tillstron, *Oregon Journal*

At night, Vortex I is a genuine coming together. The tourists have gone. The hard-core hippies camped near the churning Clackamas River with elaborate gypsy-style traveling gear are countered by day trippers from Portland, who take action with a sleeping bag and a paper sack full of groceries. And wine.

There is as much wine as there is pot. Two common silhouettes in the chilly night at McIver are those of groups huddled, passing glowing joints of marijuana, and of gallon jugs of cheap wine being hoisted eagerly, with their embossed grapes glinting in the stagelights.

Oregonian

Robert Warren found himself driving a truckload of rice and licorice to Vortex I. (*Licorice?)

Letter from Glenn Jackson to Governor McCall

Dear Tom:

I don't know whether you know it or not, but Nan and Bob Warren ***(In 1970, Robert Warren, CEO of the Cascade Corporation, was one of the most powerful and influential corporate executives in the Pacific Northwest.)** really did a great job in coordinating the fund raising efforts to support the rumor center and the training program for the people who mixed with the crowds to keep everything cool. A great many reports have come in that these people did a whale of a job.

They also were very active in the program to provide additional food at McIver. In fact, Bob actually drove a truck with about six tons of food to McIver and made delivery. Can you imagine a member of the Swigert clan making a 60-mile round trip in a truck to feed a flock of hippies? That's one for the books.

Since I know that both of them participated because of their personal loyalty to you, I think a letter of appreciation would be in order.

Respectfully
Glen

Jack Mills

Glenn Jackson and Don Frisbee drove out to the park with by their wives to deliver supplies. While driving, Frisbee spotted a naked woman, slammed on the brakes, and nearly launched all them through the windshield. The woman smiled, waved and walked away.

Gene Doherty

I called the command center at the Hilton Hotel. In about an hour I picked up the phone and the voice on the other end said, "This is Glenn Jackson, what is it you need?" I explained to him we were running out of food. He said not to worry about it and keep my eyes open for a truck. Within three hours, a flatbed truck came rolling into the park, loaded with bag after bag of 100-pound bags of rice and hundreds of cases of canned food. ***(This anecdote is taken from Brent Walth's 1987 interview with Doherty.)**

Garrick Beck

Someone drove up in a van near me in the dark. I could hear the fumbling around so I went out with a flashlight to see what was going on. There were about four or five people and I saw cardboard boxes in the back of the van. I said, "How can I help you?" One of them, he seemed nervous, said, "This is food for your kitchen." It was frozen and he was very concerned about its storage. I told him I could get a tarp. I then asked him what it was. "Hamburgers," he said. "But we're vegetarians man!" I responded. There were thousands of frozen burgers. "We're going to try and get you some rolls too," he added. I said, "great!" I have no idea who they were.

Jerry Smith

I remember people constantly moving heavy things in groups of ten or more. We had no construction equipment.

Inga DuBay I designed the Vortex logo and took a silkscreen kit out to the park. It's not easy to screen a logo on 3-d objects. ***(Inga DuBay later became a noted calligrapher and perhaps the world's leading authority on how to improve doctors' handwriting on medical charts and prescriptions.)**

Vortex I observer as quoted by the *Willamette Bridge*

They can't make a revolution with all this camping gear.

Carol Jefferson

When a little need sprung up, like no matches, then it was filled. Someone set up something and sold them. It was not commercial at all like souvenirs. It was about meeting the need.

Police officer as quoted in *Oregon Journal*

It seems as if about as many go out for supplies every few minutes as there are truckloads of people coming in. But they are, literally coming in by the tons. We have had absolutely no trouble whatsoever—and we don't expect any. These kids are peaceful, every one of them.

Large spotlights hung from the stage's power poles rotated and flashed during the nights.

Rice, oatmeal, carrots, corn and possibly bananas, were cooked in huge 250-gallon kettles steam-heated by a huge diesel-powered boiler, salvaged from a battleship and donated by Zidell Explorations Inc. Volunteers stirred the contents (mush) with shovels and canoe paddles. Zidell also donated cots.

At one point, cooking for 30,000 people was temporarily suspended until a strobe light could be properly positioned to flash on a topless woman stirring rice with a shovel.

Someone played a bugle during the nights.

Photographers from “dozens” of men's magazines took pictures of naked women for upcoming pictorials. ***(The writer did not pursue this lead. A reader with access to early 1970s American pornography is encouraged to investigate and report back if pictorials appeared.)**

Several European film crews shot footage for Vortex I documentaries. ***(One odd man in attendance at the writer's Astoria Chautauqua presentation, claimed that years ago he had viewed an avant-garde European documentary on Vortex I. He told the writer he would locate the film by “putting my best Belgian contacts onto it.” The writer never heard from him again.)**

All three national television networks sent reporters and broadcast trucks to Vortex I. ***(All attempts by this writer to find and view nationally-televised reports of the festival failed.)**

A Soviet Union newspaper called *Isvestria* dispatched a correspondent to cover the American Legion convention and Vortex I.

As the festival unfolded, Governor McCall received a letter of support from The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America.

A musician with the band Tu-Tu debuted an instrumental contraption called the Vacu-sax. While wearing a gas mask, he played saxophone through a backpack-mounted vacuum cleaner.

Children of Moo played naked.

Water samples taken above and below McIver Park by the Oregon Department of Health revealed an mpn (most probable number of coliform bacteria) of fewer than 240, the standard for water contact recreation.

An estimated 250,000 pounds of sewage were hauled away from McIver Park during the festival.

Volunteers for People for Portland dressed up like hippies and visited Vortex I to “monitor.” The organization also established a bus shuttle system to transport people from downtown Portland to McIver Park.

A 21-year old cub reporter named Bill Keller covered Vortex I for the *Oregonian*. ***(Keller is currently Executive Editor of the *New York Times*. The writer contacted Keller and was promised an email interview. Keller never followed up.)**

Bill Keller, *Oregonian*

It is a large, clean, friendly camp-out. Nobody would mistake it for a Boy Scout jamboree, but inner tubes and fishing rods were almost as plentiful as the marijuana and wine and yoga sessions.

Willamette Bridge

The following is a conversation between us, a youngish executive from Zidell Explorations Inc. and a young woman from The Family and a commune in Sunny Valley. The man from Zidell and the young woman were riding in a grey Cadillac, pulling a trailer.

Q: Did your company donate this car?

A: They donated various supplies, kitchen equipment, and they donated my services and the car goes along with me. (Zidell)

Q: What do you think of the Festival?

A: It's a nice happening. (Zidell)

Q: Would you have come if the company hadn't asked you to?

A: Yes. I was instrumental in getting the company to do it. I felt it was a chance for a good happening and why not assist it?

Q: Do you think it's good to have a Festival that takes people away from the city when a demonstration is planned?

A: For sure it's good. I was up on the stage last night and I just flashed I saw all the people down in the audience and it just got me so my heart just started thumping. I just felt it was so good to get all the people out of the city so in case there was violence that the people wouldn't be there because people are no good if they were hurt. It's good they were here so they could be turned on to something better, like love, which is much better than violence. (Sunny Valley) (helicopter noise)

Q: Do you think Festivals like this are changing people's heads about freaks?

A: Sure. They have to. I know that that's how I grew and that's how most people grow is they see what other people are doing. The more they see the easier it is for them. At each festival, people get just a little bit freer. People who don't know what it is are questioning it, and those who wish to ask will ask, and those who aren't ready to know yet, like won't know until they're ready. (Sunny Valley)

Q: Have you seen the National Guardsmen?

A: Sure. I've gone around and I've talked to them. I've gone around and shared with most all the National Guardsmen, with the people on the Highway Patrol, and the State Police. The Guardsmen are beautiful. They love us, they're here to help us, and the State Police are here to help us and they love us. Like if you put out a good vibration, if you put on a good thing, people are going to see it and that comes back to you. If we were doing something that was bad, it would put people uptight and they wouldn't like it. But we're doing something that is getting them high too and it's getting the Guardsmen high too. (Sunny Valley)

Q: What do you think about the war in Vietnam?

A: Why are you asking? I'm not interested in talking about politics. I want to talk about the beautiful sky. You're asking me loaded questions about politics. (Zidell)

Q: It's not loaded, that's a really clear question.

A: Well, I shouldn't say loaded. I don't want to talk about the war in Vietnam. Let's talk about Sam's nice blue eyes. I think that's a groovier subject. (Zidell)

Q: Why do you think people have come to the festival instead of going to the demonstrations?

A: War is just not happening. As long as it does all we can do is just keep getting people high.

(Sunny Valley) I think a point in case would be I've always been a rather straight hawkish character and since being associated with The Family over just the last couple of days I tend to draw my claws in a little bit. (Zidell)

Q: Then Vortex has changed your life?

A: No, I've always felt this way.

Q: Are you going to quit your job?

A: Oh, no. I'm a product of the establishment, and I have no real qualms with it. I kinda groove on it. But I like both worlds. I like to take the best out of both. I do dig the philosophy of the Family and the way they live, but I also enjoy sleeping on freshly laundered sheets every night.

Glenn Davis

I wanted to take photos of the people making love. Some of the naked bodies were just fantastic and fornicating out in the open. Unfortunately, my wife...

Leonard Bacon

I was there all four days and spent one night in a tent. Vortex was really the first time I ever let myself go as a writer. And the paper went with it until the Legionnaires came in and complained about all the Vortex press coverage. They were buried in the back. I got reeled in.

Fifty-year old Portland man visiting Vortex I as quoted by the *Statesman*

I figured this was some kind of a phenomena that might never be repeated in my lifetime.

Matt Groening, interview in a London newspaper

My only other rock festival was in 1971 at the Vortex in Oregon, at the height of the Vietnam War. The state lured thousands of young people away from an anti-war demonstration by sanctioning a rock festival. I remember desperately wanting the bands to stop playing at three in the morning, sleeping under the stars, and watching a drunken hippie trip up on his hair and puke all over me. ***(The writer heard from several Vortexers that Matt Groening's father, Homer, attended the festival and shot hours of film. In fact, one Vortexer claims he has seen the footage and that some of it appeared in a clip of a program that appeared on Oregon Public Broadcasting.)***

Oregon State Parks Superintendent Dave Talbot

I hacked through some blackberries and climbed over a fence near the back of the park. I couldn't stand not going. I had to see it. It was like someone throwing a party in your house.

Harold Wilson

Barry and I were on the stage for a few minutes doing an invocation. People stood up and we chanted, "I am love." It totally blew me away. It was my first demonstration of mass love.

Oregonian

"The People's Army Jamboree were giving off real bad vibrations," a Vortex spokesman said. "They accused us of being tricked by the governor, and of being stooges for the establishment. They threatened to blow up the stage if we didn't let them make an appeal."

Ed Westerdahl

We got reports the People's Army Jamboree might try to take over the stage. I decided we better beef up security at the park. We were meeting with Bobby and some of the other people each morning and basically Bobby said, "Don't, we'll take care of them." I said, "Bobby, I can't run the risk if they get this whole group moving, 50,000 or 20,000 or however many people. That's going to be a hell of a problem. You cannot allow the stage to be taken." He said, "I guarantee it. It won't be a problem. You've trusted me so far, so trust me on this."

Next night I saw why he knew it wouldn't be a problem. A wedge comes for the stairs, about 20 people from the People's Army Jamboree, and they got about 20 feet from the stage. As they get close to the bottom of the stage, all around them, all of a sudden, ladies all around them dropped their clothes. It was lovely, lovely. Every one of these men had two ladies on him saying, "peace brother, love brother." It just broke the tip of the spear real quick. It was the most effective technique in non-violence I've ever seen in my life.

Bob Sterne, Vortex I sound board engineer *(Vortex I was one of Sterne's first gigs. He later became one of the premier sound men in rock and roll, working with Neil Young and the Rolling Stones among others.)

Ed Westerdahl cut me a check. I was a pro and this wasn't a benefit. It was just another gig, not that big of deal.

Christian hippies baked unleavened bread and gave it away at Vortex I with the invocation: "But man does not live by bread alone."

Several Christian teenager girls camped out for a week at McIver Park during Vortex I to share their faith with non-believers.

A minister took to the stage and preached on how to find inner peace through Jesus, not drugs. Moments later, he baptized several people in the Clackamas River.

Craig Wakefield

I was a Christian minister at the time and sent to Vortex to save souls. As I recall, I didn't do much of that, but I did talk down people from a lot of bad highs.

Don Hannula, *Seattle Times*

While young men and women frolicked in the nude in the Clackamas River, a self-styled evangelist stood on a nearby grassy knoll warning of the dangers of sin.

In between were two makeshift saunas--one for festival-goers who have plastered themselves with mud and one for clean bathers. About 60 naked young men and women would cluster in each sauna at a time, linking arms around shoulders and waists and compressing themselves into one lump of humanity.

They would all give off what sounded like a loud hum. It would drone on for about 10 minutes. Then all would erupt with "Yippee" and yells, file out and jump into the Clackamas, making room for 60 more.

The self-styled evangelist, named Hubert--first names are all you need here--proclaimed to about 100 predominantly long-haired youths gathered around him: "Any man who lives with a woman without marriage destroys his soul. Sex without marriage is sex without respect."

Back from the audience came groans, hoots of derision and a shout: "Hey, Jesus freak, you don't need respect, all you need is love!" A passerby broke in with a shout: "Hash for sale." Another called out: "Where can I buy a lid (marijuana)?"

Janice Hoffman

In the afternoon, as I sat on a bank overlooking the Clackamas River, two men, one with a large movie camera, asked to interview me for a TV program, "The World Tomorrow." It was a syndicated show, which ran in Portland on Sundays. They represented a Christian ministry headed by Garner Ted Armstrong.

I was asked what I thought about what was going on around us at the park, the drugs, the nudity, etc. I answered something like, "If it feels good and nobody gets hurt, it was okay with me," which was the rationalization in those days for "anything goes." Just at the moment I was asked where my husband was, he came walking out of the Clackamas River wearing nothing more than any of the other swimmers that day. As I remember it, that pretty much ended the interview after introductions were made. I forgot all about the interview, until a few weeks later when my parents called questioning why they had just seen their daughter on TV advocating "free sex and drugs." It was somewhat difficult explaining what I couldn't exactly recall having said.

Larry Klinger

A woman stepped up to the microphone and announced, "Do not take the brown double domes of acid!" That night Steve freaked out. He was hallucinating that he was in Hell, chained to a huge wheel that he had to turn for eternity. Before anyone could talk him down, he threw his pot and hash on the fire and denounced all sin. A heroic effort and some singed fingers salvaged most of the pot, but Steve was a different matter. We were able to calm him down but he's been a drug-free church going man ever since that night.

Howard Weiner

I went to check out Vortex as Free People's Pop Festival had just lost our permit at Delta Park. My best friend David and I drove to McIver Park, and as it was a hot day, we decided to hang by the river. We crossed in shallow water and walked along the bank for a while catching some rays. When we decided to cross back, the river was much deeper but not far, so we waded out and started swimming. Soon both David and I started to feel the effects of hypothermia and then I began to sink.

I knew we were in trouble and began yelling for help. As I was going under for the second or third time, I began to see a light and felt the warmth as I was entering into this light. I knew I had more to do on this Earth and how bummed my parents would be. At about this time, one, then three, people came to our rescue, and although my body tingled for quite some time, I was all right. When I shared my experience with David all he could do was to smile.

Russ Hill, *Enterprise Courier*

One fallacy worth mentioning about the rock children is their assertion that it makes them "free." No such thing at McIver Park. Oregon State is paying the bills for most everything, so it is merely a gathering of welfare people. Also, becoming a slave to a drug is surely no way of being free. The rock festivals are a phenomena of our time. It is obvious that the young people of today are in a state of revolt and rebellion that few, if any understand. We pray that it will somewhere become constructive and prove to have some merit.

Dick Harris (lived a tenth of a mile from McIver Park) as quoted in the *Oregon Journal*

I sat down for about 15 minutes, and in that time about 15 men went by selling dope at \$5 a lid. It was like selling hot dogs at a ball game.

Dr. Bangs

I remember a farmer-looking guy came up to me and said he lived next door, and that anything we needed--wheelbarrow, rope--just let him know.

Oregon Journal

(Jean Carnes) told of a teenage boy under the influence of drugs who walked in the front door of the home in which she lives with her father and mother late one night. She challenged him, he left and lay down on the gravel driveway. She asked whether she could call his father and mother to help, and he answered, "I'm in heaven. They aren't ready."

Estacada resident quoted in the *Statesman*

We're trying very hard to have a Christian attitude.

Millie Kiggins

I overheard some hippies say they were going set a forest fire outside of Estacada to start a panic. I called the state arson squad and reported this. The town set up some lookouts from the top of the city's downtown buildings to watch what was going in when the hippies were coming through.

Karl Love

We had just moved back from missionary service in Brazil and moved to Molalla in the summer of 1970. I took a teaching job at Molalla Grade School while also preaching at the Oregon City Church of Christ. Matt was six years old and about ready to enter first grade. Vortex happened the weekend before school started, just a few miles down the road from where we lived. Despite this, I don't remember a single mention of Vortex in the faculty room or at school, although I knew two teachers who had gone out there. ***(Karl Love is the writer's father. The *Molalla Pioneer*, a weekly newspaper, makes no mention of Vortex I in the summer of 1970. The Estacada newspaper, the *Clackamas County News*, makes exactly one.)**

Bills sent to Governor McCall

\$120.99 for damage to Estacada area man's automobile "done by a hippie."

\$10,000 reimbursement for Quick Service Sand and Gravel Corporation located near the entrance to McIver Park due to loss of business because festival traffic blocked company's truck access.

Estacada Mayor David Horner, as quoted in the *Oregon Journal*.

Some of our strait-laced citizens could take lessons in manners from these people.

Television interview with an Estacada-area woman

Q: What did you think of Vortex I

A: I think it was great.

Q: Why?

A: Because I think it sort of gave me insight on the hippies. I think they're great people. They did things for us without us asking. They came up and cleaned the parking lot up for us. They came up and filled gas because my husband wasn't here and we didn't have time. They were great.

Q: What about all the fears of some of the residents around McIver Park? Do you ever see any of that materialize? They were a little upset that the hippies were on their way.

A: When they were on their way, but once they got here and found out everything was all right, I think that they thought it was okay. I know they did. In fact, a lot of the people that complained about the hippies coming went down to the park when they were there, and sat around at night and talked to them and really found out what they were like.

Q: Did you gain some insights into the culture? What kind of things did you learn?

A: For one thing I think we could learn a lot from them, such as living. We all live in such a rat race. It's work, work, work all the time and you have to enjoy yourself and they do. I don't believe in the drugs though.

David Dumas

A local guy in his late 60s/early 70s dressed like Gene Autry in silver and sequins came riding up on a horse. I had a joint and he had a pint of whiskey. I traded him a couple of swigs of the pint for a hit off my joint. Then he rode off into the sunset. Later a dump truck brought in some reject presto logs, back then they burned in different colors. The driver asked, "What color logs you want?" I said, "We're already seeing colors."

A local farmer drove his dump truck up to a circle of us. He unloaded hundreds of ears of corn and drove away without getting out of the truck or saying a word. I also remember some Estacada resident donated hundreds of jars of canned zucchini.

Barry Adams

There was a teacher with his students, down by the river. They were all lying naked and in between hippies and rednecks.

The day Vortex I officially opened, August 28, 1970, President Nixon cancelled his visit to Portland.

On Sunday, August 30, the FBI received intelligence reports that a large number of people were leaving McIver Park as the festival was apparently winding down.

The same day, the first of two People's Army Jamboree marches in downtown Portland occurred. Observers estimated about 1,000 demonstrators participated in the Sunday afternoon march. A Salem newspaper reported, "protesters chanted the current, stock epithets of their set," and, "a group of radicals burned an American flag." A People's Army Jamboree representative described the latter incident as "regrettable" and said the perpetrators of this "untoward act" were not affiliated with the organization.

Approximately 10,000 Legionnaires and their pro-Vietnam War associates paraded for four hours through downtown Portland on Monday, August 31. Some 7,000 people watched the parade, including an estimated 1,000 "citizen marshals" from People for Portland, (most dressed like hippies) 400 Oregon

National Guardsmen, and scores of uniformed and undercover city and state police officers. Despite several incidents of verbal confrontations between Legionnaires and long hairs, no violence was reported and no arrests were made

The People's Army Jamboree staged its second march on early Tuesday evening, September 1. About 3,000-4,000 marchers joined the parade, with perhaps a quarter of those volunteers from People for Portland and undercover police agents. The press and police reported several incidents where non-Jamboree affiliated radicals, armed with a weird variety of studded weapons and clubs, (including curtain rods and ax handles) unsuccessfully tried to redirect marchers in an attempt at fomenting mayhem. ***(Two people told the writer they witnessed Michael McCusker physically intervene to thwart this takeover.)** That evening at the Memorial Coliseum, comedian Red Skeleton received a special patriot award from the American Legion. He joked about his wife, "That wherever she spits, grass never grows."

Doug Weiskopf

There were two People's Army Jamboree marches, separated by a day in between, both getting about 1200 marchers each, many of those being undercover police agents, and some of those unsuccessfully attempting to foment violence. Before each march there were a couple of carloads of People's Army Jamboree people (I was not one of them) who drove out to both McIver Park and Sky River to hand out leaflets and invite anyone who opposed the war to come to Portland and march for peace. But the 80,000 attendees of the twin rock festivals mostly had no interest in leaving the party. Maybe that's why the Vietnam War lasted for over a decade.

Portland Police Officer's report

Subject: People's Army Jamboree

Time: 8:30 p.m.

Captain: Sgt. Schwartz

August 29, 1970

Re: Activities of the People's Army Jamboree & Other Dissident Groups in Portland.

On 8-28-70, while on special assignment, made contact with PAUL KANGUS at East Delta Park while observing the activities of the PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE. PAUL KANGUS has been asked to head one of the discussion groups for the People's Army Jamboree. He is an extremely violent Communist and is very persistent and vehement in his beliefs. He stated that he has been in

Cuba many times and that is just recently returned from a harvesting trip where he was in charge of a group of people from the United States who were down there assisting in harvesting the sugar cane. He has many violent ideas and does believe that this country should definitely be run in a communistic fashion.

There was not a great deal of activity in the city of Portland on 8-28-70, there were no people at Lair Hill or Duniway Park, and none of the cars on which we did registrations came back listed to any activities, any known activists.

On 8-29-70, also observed that the city of Portland was extremely quiet, there were very few people at any of the known hippie areas. There were more subjects present at Forecourt Fountain, however none of them were activists. At East Delta Park had occasion to talk with DON CHAMBERS and ROBERT WOLLHEIM who state that they will attempt to get the people from VORTEX I, at McIver Park, interested in their protest. This will be done by use of affinity groups and theatrical groups who will take the bus out to VORTEX I and stage talk sessions and theatrical skits designed to stimulate interest and a desire for activity. If enough people are interested they will be bussed into Portland tonight or tomorrow and will be present for a march which will begin gathering at Duniway Park around 10 a.m. or around noon and will proceed from there.

While in down town Portland around 2 p.m. this date observed a small group of subjects on SW 4th between Alder and Washington. They were next observed walking west on Stark between 5th and 6th. They were later seen at Duniway Park and were observed leaving in two vehicles, the first vehicle was a brand new Falcon club wagon, medium blue in color, no license plates, front or rear. The second vehicle was a '58 Carmen Ghia, Oregon plate AAA 126, which is registered to a DAVID N. JININGS, 3220 SE 56TH. Information from our files indicates that this car has been seen at 215 SE 9th, which is a possible White Panther headquarters. These subjects were later seen heading some of the affinity groups at East Delta Park. Also at East Delta Park had contact with a young female subject, name unknown, approximately 5-6 or 5-7, medium length dark hair, medium build. She was carrying a large movie camera and stated she belonged to Portland State Newsreel and was taking pictures of possible undercover "pigs."

On 8-28-70 there was very little activity at any of the known hippie areas of Portland. Lair Hill was clear, Duniway Park had no occupants, Forecourt Fountain had very few people and Delta Park had approximately 100 to 150 people. On 8-29-70, there were still no subjects at Lair Hill Park, at one time there were approximately 20 to 30 subjects at Duniway Park, there were numerous people at Forecourt Fountain and approximately 200 to 300 subjects at Delta Park. In checking registration on some of the many license plates, out of state plates and Oregon plates that have been observed in the area of the PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE headquarters, Lair Hill Park, Duniway Park, and East Delta Park we find none listed to any known activists.

On 8-28-70 observed a 1970, Opal 2 door, registered to KRISTIN HANSEN of 1927 NE 10th, Portland. KEVIN MULLIGAN and ANTHONY BARSOTTI were seen arriving at Delta Park in this vehicle.

Resp:
Mel Walker, Det.
Larceny Detail,
Mariane Stites, #133, WPD, days

Dr. Bangs' diary

Sunday Morning

Sunday proves to be one of the most difficult days for me from being tired. I was extremely fatigued as I had been quite active in working since Thursday morning with merely a snatch or two of sleep and found that an occasional beer helped to wash the dust out of our throats. When people returned from previous visits to work with us realized the value of beer, cold beer arrived in 6 packs or cases periodically. In the future I would try to get more of this as it was a morale booster as well as a thirst quencher.

We had many physicians and much more help than we needed on Sunday and at times we had 20 or 30 aides, nurses as well as a half dozen physicians. This was considerably more than we needed and we tried to use people in shifts and asked some of them to walk around the park and then come back at a later time. Most people were understanding and although they wanted to help realized the problem of too much help and cooperated fully.

Took four-mile walk. I looked up and saw Dr. Billmeyer's car driving around. I cannot recall several of the people who came through.

I left the park about 6:00 p.m. by helicopter and at this point cannot really recall the helicopter ride back to Willamette Falls Hospital. I do recall at Willamette Falls Hospital I felt too tired to drive home and Dr. Cleland obligingly drove me home. I had been very concerned about leaving Chitty and a psychiatrist as the only doctors out there, and so when I arrived at Willamette Falls, I contacted Joe Emmerich and George Sotterwhite to go out and help them. As we left the park the traffic situation was bad and I felt they would be several hours going out by car. The governor had offered us the use of the National Guard Helicopter and I felt that this was a necessary time for its use. I called the National Guard headquarters and they refused its use as it had been authorized only for evacuation of personnel. I became very irate at this point, talked with Bill Brooks, the Deputy Sheriff in charge of the operation, and got no cooperation from him. They then made some excuse about the weather and stated the traffic situation had not been bad. I felt that this was a complete let down on the part of the state and that they were offering pure tokenism now that the festival was running

smoothly. Emmerich and Satterwhite were forced to go out by car and never did arrive until 9:00 p.m., a delay of 3 hours during which time Chitty was there virtually alone.

I became so irate that I called Ed Westerdahl, the governor's executive assistant and in charge of the Legion convention, on the phone. I became extremely irate with him. I am sure I was somewhat irrational and called him considerable names. I told him that if they state was going to cooperate with us, they would cooperate fully otherwise they could leave us completely alone. We would not tolerate any more tokenism when you were dealing with medical facilities. At this point, he became more cooperative and offered us anything they could provide. He offered us the use of a helicopter to be stationed at Willamette Falls Hospital the following day for our use.

This helicopter was placed at our use. However, on Monday it was not used as things were returning to normal. On Tuesday morning the situation changed and we needed it, but it had been withdrawn without telling us and we had to get along again without it, or any further support from the state.

Monday

Monday ran relatively smoothly at Vortex with only 150 to 200 patients coming through the tent. I returned Monday evening after work in the Clinic. Monday night we had many physicians and I primarily relaxed out there. I took a bottle of Beefeater Gin with us and we all enjoyed martinis.

Tuesday

Tuesday the situation had changed somewhat. Weather had gotten bad, it was raining, overcast and we were starting to see numerous sore throats colds, viral pneumonias, as well as continuation of the cuts, blisters, etc. I was the only physician there until evening. We had planned on treating many colds and had lots of decongestants etc., but quickly ran out. I tried to get further supplies from town, but as mentioned above, the helicopter had been withdrawn and no supplies were forthcoming. We therefore treated as best we could but would have very much liked to have had more support on this day. Activities in the park were slowing down. People were leaving because of the weather and the end of the festival, but still we had no definite word as to when the festival was to close.

Rumors were spread that they had planned entertainment through Thursday and that the festival would go on. As it turned out, by Tuesday night, things had petered out to the point that it seemed to no advantage to carry on, and we elected to close up our medical facility on Wednesday morning.

Dr. Bangs

One time we had no doctors out there and we needed them. The traffic was so bad they couldn't get in. So I called in and made a request for the helicopter and they said, "We're sorry, we're not authorized to do that." I said, "Would you please get Westerdahl on the radio?" and they did. I said, "You pig fucker, you said you would do anything for us!" He couldn't do anything that night, but the next morning they came through but not at the right time.

Keith Tillstrom, *Oregon Journal*

Across the hills, 35 miles away, Legionnaires are still snoring in their hotel rooms. The dogged leaders of the People's Army Jamboree, the real reason for the coming of Vortex, lay plans almost unnoticed. National Guardsmen, bored, shuffle at their posts. Vortex Nation begins a new day.

Report from Mclver Park Supervisor Frank Styles

Wednesday, September 2. At Mclver Park. Vortex I served breakfast. Told all hippies this was the last meal and they would have to be out of the park tonight. They started cleaning up and removing their facilities today. Ended up with about 20 camps of people tonight.

Thursday, September 3. To Mclver Park. Engaged in cleaning up Park. Had Highway crews working from various maintenance sections. Started tearing down stage and poles for temporary lighting. Crews removed wire cribs for litter and hauled debris to our dump. Hauled approximately 200 yards of litter today.

Friday, September 4. To Mclver Park. Had street highway crews in from maintenance. Crews from Salem left early without being dismissed. I personally asked each crew to assemble at the service yard and the Salem crew took off without assembling. All other Highway crews worked hard helping to clean up, especially the Estacada, Banfield and Milwaukie crews.

Saturday September 5. To Mclver Park. Supervised clean up and restoration of park.

Sunday, September 6. Opened Mclver to the public today at 8:00 a.m.

Report from Oregon State Parks Superintendent David G. Talbot to Chairman of Parks and Recreation Advisory Committee on the "...daily actions of our District Parks Supervisor covering the preparation and handling of the Vortex I Rock Festival."

For: Loran Stewart, Chairman
Parks and Recreation Advisory Committee

By: David G. Talbot
State Parks Superintendent

Considering all aspects of the situation, the outcome of the festival was not too alarming and was without any critical damage materially.

We might add the following comments:

1. The excellent handling of the entire affair by the Governor's office and the close coordination and working relations with Parks people proved most effective.
2. Applied understanding and psychology were exercised at all times.
3. Meeting with the Vortex leaders and gaining mutual understanding as to responsibilities and guidelines was good.
4. The Vortex-appointed "Monitors," some 500 of them, identified by special armbands of their own, constantly reminded their people of their responsibilities and need for good conduct. This type of policing was very effective and helped keep to a minimum the number of professional drug pushers and bad mixtures.
5. First group of "people" began coming in earlier than expected, 1,000 on Friday August 21. Approximately 30,000 were settled by opening day, Friday, the 28th. The weekend brought extra "weekend hippies" and sightseers and crowds increased to 30,000-40,000.
6. The majority of the first-aid and hospital cases were reportedly the result of foot cuts, burns, inferior wine and hot weather. Not as many bad trip victims as anticipated. Two doctors were on duty 24 hours per day.
7. There were no deliberate acts of vandalism reported.
8. There was no damage to the trees and shrubs in the park; ample firewood was provided.
9. The chemical toilet firm reported Vortex I to be the most damage-free rock festival they had contracted.
10. Campfires were a constant threat, with as many as 800 counted at one time, but were kept under control.
11. Some fights were reported on the final day when some outside agitators attempted to take over the stage and P.A. system.
12. Threats of dynamite were rumored, but none was exploded.

13. The park utility buildings were used mainly for kitchen supplies and storage, at one time held 5 tons of carrots and 20 tons of rice.
14. People stayed completely away from the park headquarters and manager's quarters.
15. Final Vortex breakfast was served on Wednesday September 2, and all "people" were told by "Vortex" that the event was over. They started final cleanup and moving out. Vortex people offered to return next day to help clean up, but park officials thanked them kindly and said they would take care of it.
16. The existing park employees arranged their hours so it was not necessary to hire extra help.

Park was closed September 3, 4, 5 for cleanup and restoration, and opened to the general public at 8 a.m. Sunday, September 6.

The Apotheosis September 2, 1970

Vortex I wasn't officially over until tomorrow, but almost all of the revelers were gone.

A hippie cleanup crew coordinating out of a tepee called Rainbow remained behind. They were assisting Frank Styles heal the grounds in hope that McIver Park would be ready for the upcoming Labor Day weekend. After breakfast, work proceeded until a rumor surfaced: the Oregon National Guard was set to move in and confront any freaks still left in the park.

Word spread that Governor McCall was in the park. He had landed by helicopter. This was an unscheduled appearance, at least to the hippies. Curious, several of them decided to hike to the upper level to meet him.

As the hippies walked to the helicopter, McCall conferred with Styles. The governor insisted the park be put right and suggested that, "All it needs is some grass seed and fertilizer," horticulture advice that later one of his aides joked in a handwritten memo should be changed to "Acapulco Gold."

Styles told McCall he would plant Oregon fescue and assured the park would be restored in no time. Styles also mentioned how hard and how well the hippies

had worked in collaboration with parks' employees. With this last comment, Styles returned to work.

The hippies arrived and there the 6'5" McCall stood, wearing a dark sport coat, dark slacks, dark turtleneck, dark loafers and dark glasses.

McCall had wanted to attend the festival earlier at its peak, but Ed Westerdahl and Ron Schmidt vetoed that idea. Still, the governor felt compelled to visit because, as he later wrote, "...if my administration was going to be voted out...I wanted to be a witness to the scene that was responsible."

One might have expected a big media showcase. But there were no reporters, film crews or photographers. Accompanied only by a state police officer, McCall walked over when he saw the long hairs approaching. They hugged.

McCall thanked them for their effort and assured the National Guard would not accost or harm them in any way. He gave his word. Then Oregon's Republican governor and the hippies joined hands and formed a circle. They chanted "oms" for a few minutes, recited the Lord's Prayer, and concluded with several other literary verses, including one by William Blake.

One of the hippies said, "Governor, I'd like to stay in touch."

"I'll do that," McCall said.

The Aftermath

Letters to Governor McCall, September 1970

What a blessing it would be for Oregon if you would drop dead!

Dear Tom:

Congratulations, you wise old bastard. Uncle Tom's rock festival won.

Letter to Governor McCall from Ellen L. Brown, Portland General Electric nurse

My Dear Governor:

Vortex I is over!! I am one of the many registered nurses that worked in the Medical Aid Tent to assist in meeting the needs of the people coming into the park. I was there because your commitment as my Governor was also my commitment as a registered nurse. While I am very sorry you were forced to

make this commitment, I feel that you had no other choice. It is now over and I would hope we would never face a similar situation.

Through the years, I have worked with alcohol and drug dependent persons; however, the experiences at Vortex I were a revelation to me. I feel compelled to tell you that I have never worked with a finer, more polite and appreciative group in my thirty years of nursing. They met the challenge of keeping their litter, and the visiting public's litter, cleaned up. The toilets were kept clean and usable. The public messed things up and the kids cleaned up. They showed a compassion for their own sick and injured in a manner that would put others to shame. However, their empathy for all persons with problems was duly noted by those that received their consideration.

Full-well, I realize that all this does not remove the facts that we have a great number of young people who are sick, sick. In talking to them, you find that their "way of life" is just as real and vital to them as is our "way of life." How to effect change within this group is a problem that appears to have no viable solution at this time. Money was abundant within this group. There was evidence of malnutrition. Wine and drugs flourished, but time for "bread" was not found. Many cooked meals went uneaten because of nausea, half-sick minds and depression.

My feelings were deep for this group, but for the week-end hippie and members of the public, I felt disgust and contempt. Somehow, I had never associated my fellow workers, employees at our plant, nurses, neighbors and friends as a part of this deteriorating generation. I was appalled to see these people camping at Vortex doing their thing. Others of this particular group with their pornographic minds, evidencing desire over the nudes and sensuous sex acts. The establishment in these instances reflected a far sicker era than that of the younger generation.

Society really is demanding solid solutions for a sick group of people. Surely, we must prayerfully search for answers to this demand. Again, my thanks to you for your appropriate action at a time of crisis.

Letter from Governor McCall to constituent

One suspects that never in the history of Oregon have so many lost souls been gathered in one place. It is unfortunate that more ministers and other people of God did not take advantage of the golden opportunity to bring the word to those most in need of it.

On Vortex I's last official night, McCall delivered a speech to 10,000 Legionnaires at the Memorial Coliseum. "You do not win the mind of man by clubbing his head," he said. "Lasting love and friendship come from acts of decency and intelligence, committed in an atmosphere of human trust." The governor also

quoted William James: "Men think they are thinking when they are only rearranging their prejudices." ***(The reader may be interested to learn that on the day of this speech, Governor McCall visited the set of "Sometimes a Great Notion," then filming in and around Newport, Oregon on the Oregon Coast. Paul Newman starred in and directed the adaptation of this far out and classic novel by Ken Kesey. *Capitol Journal* photographer Gerry Lewin accompanied the governor and took some memorable pictures, one of which is in the writer's possession. It also may interest the reader that during this film shoot, the greatest drinking story in Oregon history went down in a tavern in the coastal logging town of Toledo. It involved Paul Newman. Ask the writer about it you ever meet him. He loves telling the story.)**

Clackamas County Sheriff's Department Summary of Arrests and Activities for August 27, 1970--September 2, 1970

The following is a summary of activities relating to arrests and criminal complaints reported by this Department. It should be pointed out that any crimes or arrests committed in McIver Park or parking lots leased by the State of Oregon were covered by Oregon State Police and are not reflected in this report. ***(The writer searched for the Oregon State Police archive of Vortex I. It was never found. It's out there.)**

Traffic citations issued: 31

Criminal arrests, other than traffic: 19

Recovered stolen autos: 3

Automobile accidents: 7

Crimes against property: 8

Reported stolen autos: 4

Reported runaway juveniles: 5

Vortex I information reports: 5

Field Interrogation Reports: 117

Assistance Rendered Reports: 1

Found Property Reports: 1

Runaway Clearance Reports: 1

Attached to and made a part of this final report are copies of incidents taken from Vortex I.

Bill Brooks, Chief Deputy

McCall feared a backlash over crime associated with Vortex I and he made statements in the press and letters to constituents that more arrests were imminent, especially of drug offenders. Legal counsel Bob Oliver told the *Enterprise Courier*, "...that as a result of police work in the park a number of drug pushers had been identified and arrests were expected within the next few days."

During Vortex I, either 31, 49 or 56 people were arrested on a variety of charges in the vicinity of McIver Park, with a majority of the arrests involving locals on outstanding warrants. In the days after the festival, considerable discrepancy and confusion existed in the official arrest count as compiled by the Clackamas County Sheriff's Department and Oregon State Police. The governor's office released one number, then shortly updated it. Newspapers printed contradictory figures and then contradicted those. In McCall's letters to concerned constituents, different arrest totals appear. The lower number was better for Governor McCall because it proved things didn't get out of hand. The higher number was better for Governor McCall because it proved law enforcement was cracking down on the freaks. Whatever the accurate arrest total, only eight were considered "narcotics" cases and as far as can be determined, only one ever went to trial.

Back in early August, shortly after the announcement of Vortex I, McCall dispatched Gene Doherty and Ed Westerdahl to brief his opponent Bob Straub on the need for the festival. "I don't think I'd do it that way," Straub said at the time. "This isn't the way it should be handled."

Despite his negative attitude, Straub kept his mouth shut before and during the festival. "I wanted my conduct not to add to the stress," he told a Portland newspaper.

The party was over now and the masses barely gone from McIver Park when the Democratic challenger went on the offensive. Straub attacked the festival's premise on all fronts--stump speeches, radio shows, newspaper interviews, letters to the editor—with an enthusiasm and sanctimony that led McCall to refer to him in a letter as, "a male whore if there ever was one."

Letter from Bob Straub to *Capitol Journal*

I opposed the Vortex festival where open use of drugs and other flouting of laws were condoned.

Editorial writers justify the expediency by saying that “no damage was done.” One said “the end justified the means.”

What end? We haven’t seen the end...no damage done? What can parents tell their children now about drug use? What can teachers and drug control officers tell students? That it’s all right at one time but not at another time? What does a police officer or a judge do now about enforcing any law that was openly broken at Vortex?

Is it all right now for mobs of people to do what no one person can do? Do we reason with adults and require compliance with the laws, then resort to trickery and bribery with young people (an insult to most young people, by the way)?

These are the double standards at Vortex. These are the enduring damages we’ll all pay for in countless ways. We’re paying for them already. ***(In this letter Straub makes a glancing reference about a judge not enforcing the law. He was, in fact, referring to Salem-area judge Val Sloper. A few weeks after the festival, Sloper suspended the sentences of two drug offenders facing 90-day jail terms saying he couldn’t punish them after the “sanctioned narcotics use at McIver Park” put him in a “most difficult and awkward position.”)**

Editor Russ Hill, *Enterprise Courier*

In a way we admire the Governor for his courage and innovative action in avoiding strife in Portland. He played “flinch” with the rock folks and won, though at considerable cost of public funds and political position yet to be ascertained for, though he was quiet through it all, the Governor’s opponent for re-election is going all out second-guessing in hindsight.

Reverend Walter Huss

I was out at the park almost every day and I got some people with cameras to film what was going on. I made a film called the “Pornography of Vortex” and showed it all over the state before the election. It was about 30 minutes long.

I took it to Lincoln City to show it in a grade school. It was packed. Half was hippie and half was straight. One of the kids cocked his finger at me like a gun. It was loud before the film began, a lot of hooting and hollering. The district superintendent said we couldn’t show it. I told him, “I’ve done this before.” God was my strength. I knew no fear. He was with me everywhere I went. They called out the Lincoln County Sheriff’s Deputies. We played the film. I wanted to expose McCall, his promotion of juvenile delinquency. It was a shock when people saw

what a governor would allow. Vortex I was a sin. ***(The writer spoke to Reverend Huss five times by telephone trying to persuade him to look for the film. Finally, the writer went unannounced to Reverend Huss' home in Portland. He was graciously invited in and a quiet 45-minute conversation between political, cultural and spiritual polar opposites ensued. Much of it was about Vortex I and Governor McCall, but the Reverend did orchestrate several segues on the impending end of the world and how it was a matter of extreme urgency that the writer "receive Jesus Christ." With a promise from the writer, an implicit semi-bargain was struck: the Reverend would find the film and turn it over; the former preacher/missionary kid would review his relationship with the purported savior. The writer kept his end of the deal. Reverend Huss did not.)**

Citizens wrote letters to newspapers and McCall condemning what they perceived to be the immorality on display at Vortex I. But none of Vortex I's detractors refuted the emerging conventional wisdom--the festival kept the peace.

Moral criticism failed to gain traction in the weeks after the festival with the majority of the Oregon public. How could it when Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel, the national news media, hundreds of American Legion posts across the country, the CEOs of *all* major Oregon corporations, virtually every editorial page of the state's major newspapers, a special prayer offered by the Jesuit Seminary Association, and even McCall's arch-rival, Senator Bob Packwood (R-OR), all offered the incumbent praise and/or congratulations? Moreover, the Republican leader of the Oregon House of Representatives and the Democratic leader of the Oregon Senate issued a joint statement hailing McCall that in part read: "For the imaginative steps you chose to take after the alternatives were considered, because you were successful in avoiding problems, Oregon will most certainly be a model for other states which find themselves in comparable situations."

There was also the matter of hundreds if not thousands of registered Democrats instantly swinging their support to a Republican, including one Democratic family whose patriarch left a phone message with the governor's office pledging ten votes from a family that had never voted for a Republican. ***(In reading the copies of the many letters McCall wrote Oregonians in response to their letters about Vortex I, the writer was struck by the very**

personal nature of the governor's replies. These are no form letters. With the exception of a few canned sentences about festival logistics that routinely appear, all the letters are different and ring with one resounding writer's voice--Tom McCall's. The letters also stand out because they demonstrate the novelty of a politician forthrightly answering tough questions and giving as good as he got. In one letter to a critic he wrote, "Thank God you're not governor or dog catcher, or anything in between."

In addition to criminal activity, what might have undermined public support for Vortex I and irreparably damaged McCall's reelection bid, was the question of how much the festival cost the taxpayers. Many letters to McCall and newspapers raised this sensitive issue.

Letter to *Oregonian*

Now that I stayed home from my vacation and worked so I can pay taxes so the governor can throw an orgy for all the punks at McIver Park, I am interested in a little breakdown of the costs.

The breakdown was simple to explain. Thirty-two hundred dollars. About \$3200 a day for a four-day, Friday through Monday total of \$12,886. This modest sum was the figure the governor's office released a few days after the festival as the final cost to Oregon taxpayers to fund the nation's first state-sponsored rock festival. The figure appeared in the press and McCall's letters to concerned citizens.

It was a figure of pure political manipulation bordering on fiction. For starters, Vortex I lasted considerably longer than four days, not to mention the weeks of paid preparation by state employees.

The figure represented the governor's request to the state's Emergency Funding Board. The state "paid" for its share of Vortex I by allocating existing money from the various state entities that helped stage and police the festival. What that meant is that funds previously budgeted for routine purposes, such as park operations, were shifted to pay for Vortex I. The \$12,886 figure represented

what the various agencies spent on items that couldn't be rolled into an expense category, a spotlight for example. If \$12,886 is divided by four the amount is \$3221.50.

The governor's accounting tactic became clear on September 13 when Willamette Valley newspapers reported on McCall's request to Senate President E. D. Potts, chairman of the Emergency Funding Board. McCall informed Potts that the state spent \$276,785 in "providing security and avoiding violence during the American Legion National convention." Of that total, \$140,000 "does not need to be reimbursed because the personnel involved would have been on duty in other parts of the state." Exactly \$84,839 went to fund Vortex I, which tallied considerably more than \$3200 a day.

The \$84,839 and \$3200-a day totals dually and confusingly represented what the state allegedly spent on Vortex I. It did not represent what local government entities in Clackamas County spent on the festival for everything from towing vehicles to burning off fields for extra parking.

On September 15, a front-page story appearing in the *Enterprise Courier* ran with a headline of "Festival Costly for County." According to a meticulous accounting by Clackamas County law enforcement officials, Vortex I cost the area's taxpayers \$14,871.74. The number might have even been higher, said Sheriff Joe Shobe, if not for the shrewd deployment of police manpower. Shobe also said he was sending Governor McCall the bill. ***(It is unclear if any Clackamas County governmental entity ever received reimbursements related to Vortex I, either total or partial. The governor's office received many claims, public (and private), but the record suggests it did very little to actually pay them, although there is reference in one document that the Oregon Legislature refused to pay a couple of private claims.)**

That story saw limited play in the Clackamas County environs served by the *Enterprise Courier*. On September 20, a six-column story by Leonard Bacon splashed across the *Oregonian* with a headline that read, "Vortex I Rock Festival Total Cost Estimate Exceeds \$150,000 With More To Come." This story, appearing in the newspaper with the largest readership in Oregon, was packed

with numbers and based on an obvious assumption that easily contradicted the official figure--the governor either cannot or will not ad.

In the probing article, Bacon added all known public and private Vortex I expenditures *and costs* to arrive at a then-total of \$151,439, or as he broke it down, "\$1.25 per day per youth in the park." He counted previously uncounted categories like pending prosecutorial expenses and loss due to theft and damage of private property. He tried to estimate the expenses of Dr. Bangs' operation. He also tried to pin down the dollar value of items donated by Portland businesses but met with resistance. Bacon reported, "Contacted about the size of the donation, the official said his firm did not want the publicity--citing the political nature of Vortex, and the debate whether Vortex was needed to draw youths out of Portland, or had it merely attracted thousands of others to Portland for the sake of a rock festival."

Bacon did nail one thing down in his article, in the first sentence, "What Vortex I cost—the exact total—will never be known." ***(Dr. Bangs told the writer that he estimated the value of medical supplies donated for use at Vortex I came to around \$20,000 at 1970 prices. He estimated the dollar value of doctors, nurses, and medical assistants volunteering their services at also \$20,000 (including overtime). In 1970, however, no estimate of the total Vortex I cost took into account the dollar value of the thousands of hours volunteers donated to plan, manage and support the festival. The writer, having recently worked in the non-profit sector, where volunteer hours on most projects are routinely tracked and assigned a dollar value to provide "match" funding from other grant sources, decided to make an estimate of volunteer time and corresponding total value with the intent of trying to calculate a ballpark figure of what Vortex I cost in 1970. Using the Consumer Price Index to assign \$2.50 as the 1970 cost for an hour of manual labor, and estimating the total amount of Vortex I volunteers and their donated hours, the writer speculates approximately 150 people formed a core group of Vortex I workers who performed multiple blue collar tasks. If each member of the hippie core group donated an average of 100**

hours each, the total value of donated time amounts to \$37,500 in 1970 dollars, and for comparison, just over \$177,000 in 2004. Taking Bacon's \$150,000, Dr. Bangs \$40,000, and the \$37,500 in volunteer time, and *not* adding the unknowable costs of what the Portland Police Bureau and FBI spent in the time period, *or* the exact value of all the donated items of Portland's business elite, *or* People for Portland's volunteer time contribution, the writer comes up with a total estimate of \$227,500 in cash and in-kind donations to stage Vortex I in 1970. The figure may be off, but if so, it's certainly on the low side. Adjusting the cost for inflation, staging Vortex I in 2004 would cost close to \$1,100,000.)

McCall and his staff addressed the issues of cost, crime and punishment connected to Vortex I but they also went on a media offensive to frame the festival in another light.

In one interview with the Associated Press, McCall described the festival as, "a great piece of daring on the part of government...this might be national model with some changes." The governor also hit the campaign trail in Oregon's conservative hinterlands. Naturally he talked about Vortex I since the rest of the vicariously curious state had seen the outrageous images on television, read the sordid accounts, or heard the tales of wickedness relayed by their ministers. On a Klamath Falls radio talk show, McCall said, "This was a model to decide whether we will be able to hold peaceful conventions in the United States. It appeared we were on a collision course between two ideologies that might make the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago look like a tea party."

The governor's staff also issued a press release:

Press release from Office of the Governor

Contact: Ron Schmidt, Assistant to the Governor
Office: 378-3121

MONDAY 9/12/70

A PARALLEL CHRONOLOGY NATIONALLY, DURING THE WEEK OF
VORTEX I

Portland had been established as having the “highest risk of violence in the nation this summer” by the United States Department of Justice.

During the 11-days of what Oregon government leaders called “Operation Tranquility”--the 11 peak days (August 24 through September 3) of the American Legion’s National Convention and the People’s Army Jamboree--Oregon was poised and ready for any manner of or extent of violence. The effort was coordinated into one working unity, combining the powers of federal, state, county, and city authority, under the guidance of Governor Tom McCall from Command Central in the Portland Hilton.

Mounting a preventive operation such as the combined strategy created in Portland cost time and money.

Establishing the Vortex I rock festival at McIver Park--as a peaceful diversionary event to siphon off the thousands of young people from the Portland tension also cost money. The total for Vortex has been announced at \$12,886. The Portland protective action was tabbed at \$76,811. Total incurred costs for “Operation Tranquility”: \$89,697. But to give this cost dramatic perspective, here are some national insurance cost figures for damage done in 23 previous riots in the United States--riots triggered by some of the same abrasions and dissensions which existed at the time of the Portland period.

August, 1965 – Watts District, Los Angeles

This area generally involved in the riot was 50 square miles. There were 22,312 commercial and retail risks in the area, only some of which were damaged. The total insured losses amounted to \$38,000,000.

August 1, 1967--Detroit, Michigan

Dead	41
Injured	1,000
Homeless	3,000
Businesses looted	1,500
Businesses destroyed	538
Businesses damaged	549
Fires	1,250
Total insured losses	\$85,000,000

1968 – Martin Luther King Riots (Reverend King was assassinated in Early April. The following losses took place between April 4 and 15, 1968, and the examples are chosen from 20 major American cities.)

Washington, D.C.	\$19,000,000
Baltimore, Maryland	12,000,000

Chicago, Illinois	8,500,000
New York City	4,200,000
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	2,000,000
Newark, New Jersey	1,500,000
Memphis, Tennessee	900,000
Trenton, New Jersey	600,000
Hartford, Connecticut	595,000
St. Louis, Missouri	500,000
Kansas City, Missouri	500,000
Wilmington, Delaware	500,000
Joliet, Illinois	500,000
Detroit, Michigan	500,000
Durham, North Carolina	400,000
Cincinnati, Ohio	350,000
Savannah, Georgia	300,275
Pine Bluff, Arkansas	275,000
High Point, North Carolina	250,000
Richmond, Virginia	250,000
Total--20 cities	\$53,870,275

Now, examine the rest of the United States during the recent Portland confrontation. In the same time period--August 24 through September 3--here are instances of violence which typified the national picture:

MADISON, WISCONSIN, 24 August: a plastic bomb rocked the University of Wisconsin's Mathematics Research Center (a frequent target of anti-war protests), killing a post graduate student, injuring four others, and damaging the building and a six-block area. A few minutes before the blast, the Madison Police Department received a call from a man who said, "Hey, pig--there's a bomb in the Math Research Center."

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, 24 August: a rookie patrolman was assassinated and left dying in a downtown alley, the third murdered policeman in Berkeley this summer.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, 25 August: a bomb blast seriously damaged the Old Federal Office Building, home of the Army induction center.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, 26 August: an Omaha policeman had his head blown off by a bomb.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 26 August: following an anonymous call, two policemen drove to a south side ghetto, into an ambush of sniper fire. The driver was struck by a bullet that ripped through the trunk and into his body, tearing his liver in half.

After three days of intense care, the ex-Marine died--bringing Chicago's police deaths to seven this year, three in the past month.

BURLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 27 August: a fire bomb hurled through a window gutted police headquarters.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, 27 August: a tense confrontation between police and demonstrators occurred in front of the courthouse after a Superior Court Jury wound up its second day of deliberations without a verdict in the trial of Black Panther Lonnie McLucas. State police took several into custody on the courthouse steps when scuffles broke out. With city police help, they drove back a mob of 100. It had become a daily occurrence for the demonstrators to gather and chant "free Lonnie" and "off the pigs."

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, 28 August: at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, an employee was able to summon police quickly enough to dismantle a timed bomb before it could go off in a kitchen.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, 28 August: an underground group (calling itself the "New Year's Gang") claimed credit for the University of Wisconsin bombing and vowed that if its demands weren't met by October 30 it would take "revolutionary measures of an intensity never before seen in this country . . . open warfare . . . kidnapping of important officials and even assassination." The statement--which appeared in a special edition of the underground publication, Kaleidoscope--said the lethal campus blast was "part of a worldwide struggle to defeat American imperialism."

RADFORD, VIRGINIA, 28 August: the Radford Army Arsenal was rocked by an explosion that killed two employees, injured four other persons, destroyed a 25-by-60 building, and tallied \$20,000 in damage. Cause of the detonation: unknown; under investigation.

ROCKY MOUNT, NORTH CAROLINA, 28 August: two bombs went off outside a Rocky Mount school --two days before the formerly all-black facility was to be integrated for the first time. Extensive damage was done by the two blasts, only seconds apart.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, 28 August: a bomb explosion caused approximately \$3000 damages to a building formerly occupied by the American Legion. No injuries. Damage limited to \$500.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA, 29 August: a District Judge was seriously injured when a bomb wired to the ignition of his station wagon detonated.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, August & continuing: parts of this city are virtually isolated and can be called guerilla battlefields. Sniper attacks, terrorist bombings,

shootouts, and rising assaults against policemen have caused deep concern. "You think twice before answering a call," one patrolman said. "The guys on the patrol think that it might be their turn. When you do go in, you wait for another car to back you up." The patrolman had his right thumb torn off by a sniper bullet in July.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 30, August: An east Los Angeles Chicano anti-war rally erupted into a four-hour riot. A Mexican-American newspaperman and television newsman were killed. There were reports of other deaths, but the police could not verify them. 60 others were injured; 185 jailed; 178 businesses vandalized and looted; property damage estimated at a conservative \$1-million. Rioters were estimated to be from 7,000 to 20,000 in number,

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, 30 August: four policemen were shot in an ambush during a search of a Mexican-American neighborhood for persons suspected of throwing firebombs earlier in the day. Injuries were not serious.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, 30 August: in a weekend bloodbath, two highway patrolmen were shot in an exchange of gunfire with men in a stolen car. One of the fugitives was also wounded. Just five blocks away and 24-hours earlier, a city police sergeant had been shot to death at his desk and another patrolman was seriously wounded by two bullets in the face. All shootings are attributed to "The Black Unity Council and Revolutionaries" of the Cobb's Creek Park district.

MOUNT SHASTA, CALIFORNIA, 30 August: a firebomb was hurled into a policeman's house in Mount Shasta. And, in an apparently unrelated incident, a sheriff's deputy's car was blown up 90 miles away in Crescent City. The firebomb did not ignite. It just missed the policeman's sleeping one-year-old daughter and spilled some of its fluid on her crib. In the auto bombing, the driver was not injured; the card had been professionally bomb-wired.

MIAMI, FLORIDA, 30 August: a man entered Allapattah Elementary School shortly after the building had opened. He began to fire with a rifle, wounding a Cuban father who was escorting his son to school. The halls were not yet crowded, or there would have been many serious injuries and deaths.

PHILADELPHIA, 30 August: three more Philadelphia policemen were wounded Monday, this time in gun battles with militants barricaded in Black Panther centers. The shootings brought the Philadelphia toll for the weekend to one policeman dead and six other wounded. Police Chief Rizzo called the situation "Anarchy."

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, 31 August: police had several skirmishes with blacks in ghetto neighborhoods; condition of city considered to be extremely tense.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, August 31: one policeman shot and wounded in the Bronx, New York police have gone on the "Buddy system" for all foot-patrols: two officers at a time--never one alone.

PHILADELPHIA, 31 August: teams of 50 heavily-armed policemen were sent by Chief Rizzo to check out suspected Black Panther headquarters. The teams encountered shotgun blasts and rifle fire in two locations. The police seized rifles, shotguns, pistols, and more than 1,000 rounds of ammunition.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, 31 August: a band of armed blacks raided a Navy arsenal, taking 161 guns and ammunition. Their motive may have been to gain marketable items rather than to build a private arsenal.

ADD-INS FOR PARALLEL

NEW YORK, 1 September: Dr. Joseph J. Smith, director of obstetrics for Lincoln Hospital in The Bronx, was held hostage for six hours, climaxing continuing harassment by militant radical groups calling themselves "The Young Lords," "The Health Revolutionary Movement," and the "Think Lincoln Committee." On threat of life, Dr. Smith and his entire staff was forced to resign. Lincoln Hospital now has no obstetrical service.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, 2 September: three explosions within a six-block area rocked downtown St. Paul; and another blast, two miles away, shattered electrical conduits at a petroleum facility. Three persons were injured. Numerous bombings and bomb threats have occurred in this region in recent weeks.

AND IN PORTLAND, OREGON, 24 August through 2 September:

One broken window. ***(It was and is an article of faith in the Vortex I story from every quarter that the extent of property damage in Portland during the American Legion convention amounted to one broken window in the downtown Meier and Frank department store that cost \$12 to replace. McCall based his entire Vortex I defense on this "fact." In researching this book, the writer was unable to locate a single eyewitness or a published source claiming that anyone actually saw or reported the window being broken. There is no mention of the incident in the Portland Police Bureau files and literally dozens of informants and undercover officers dogged every movement of the People's Army Jamboree and reported on every bit of their activities.)**

In November. Tom McCall beat Bob Straub with 56 percent of the vote to win a second term. Much later Straub would say, "After Vortex, I was through."

The Analysis

Willamette Bridge

Attendance was largely from four groups--older straight people who came to gawk; ex-freaks--people who had done a Ht.-Asbury thing once, were non-political or indifferent and came to see if it still felt like the old days; lifestyle freaks--people who live on country communes, some of the Vortex organizers, who think Vortex is making the 'real' revolution; and weekend hippies--high school and college kids with longish hair, vaguely hip working-class (beautician, boutique salesmen). This last was by far the largest group that came to Vortex.

Summary of Clackamas County Sheriff's Operations During Vortex I, Bill Brooks, Chief Deputy Sheriff

The most serious situations that appeared to be encountered by Vortex I was the roving band of outlaw motorcycles which were apparently admitted into the park by the Vortex Committee rather than to have a confrontation outside the park. The motorcyclist had little or no regard for the acts and thoughts of brotherly love within the park and made continual harassment of the hippies, but apparently left the straights or short hairs alone. It was also noted that on August 29th that it was reported that many of the hippies inside the park were getting deathly ill on what were considered as bad drugs, which was a combination of LSD mixed with strychnine. Narcotics agents advised that the strychnine was believed by some drug users to give them an extra kick. However, most of the kick appeared to be coming back in the form of vomiting. Also, it should be reported that at this time that the introduction of a narcotic termed as "Angel Dust" had been introduced into the Park. Angel Dust is reported to be an animal tranquilizer available from veterinary supply stores without a prescription. The users of Angel Dust claim a glorious three-day trip, better than using LSD, however side effects are vomiting and diarrhea. There is evidence that many people inside the Park were having these side effects. It was reported from the Medical tent that on the 29th of August, they treated approximately 60 bad trips.

There is no question that the Field Hospital set up by Dr. Bangs and his associates from the Clackamas County Medical Society contributed a great deal towards the welfare and safety of the community by being able to treat those afflicted and in need of medical attention at the Park rather than to crowd these people into already inadequate facilities in local hospitals and clinics.

During the Vortex I Festival another primary concern was that of fire protection. Clackamas County Fire Defense Chief Dwayne O'Brien should be commended for every effort that he and his staff maintained to insure adequate apparatus and manpower on hand in the various adjoining fire districts. Several fires were encountered and were dealt with promptly. Chief O'Brien also had the foresight to request and receive the services of an Army Aviation helicopter (Idaho Army National Guard) and a water bucket which could be used by the aircraft to dip into the river and extinguish fires. Traffic congestion, of course, was of primary

importance to Chief O'Brien: he kept in constant contact with the Command Post for advice on traffic conditions throughout the McIver Park area. The H-34 helicopter and water bucket were not used in actually putting out a fire. Those fires that were dealt with, used fire department engines and pumpers.

Close coordination with Army Aviation of the Oregon National Guard allowed two primary missions to be flown from Camp Withycomb with Sheriff's Department personnel as observers for both traffic and fire patrols. Without the aid of the aerial reconnaissance, solutions to heavily congested areas probably could not have been reached in the amount of time required to relieve a bad traffic situation. In one instance the helicopter reported that 2 1/2 miles West of the Park entrance on the South Springwater Road, all traffic was at a standstill with traffic proceeding three and four abreast towards the Park in two lanes of traffic. This of course, presents a situation which requires immediate action to clear the roadway for emergency equipment. Both day and night missions were flown by Army Aviation. Missions of this nature were invaluable to the Command Post to determine traffic requirements as well as providing fire patrol reconnaissance.

By Sunday afternoon, August 30, it appeared a definite trend was developing in which the participants of Vortex I Festival were leaving the grounds. Instructions from the Command Post were given to District and special patrol units to interrogate spectators as to the cause of their leaving the Park.

All reports seemed to indicate that most were leaving because they had to return to their regular jobs the following day. These type of persons were classified as weekend hippies. Other causes for leaving were attributed to the motorcycle groups within the Park, to lack of food, to an overwhelming use of bad drugs, and also included unsuitable entertainment.

Ronald Bray

I was drinking peyote tea when Vortex went down and it was all very clear and very surreal. I knew we were being manipulated but we held a perfect protest. We fed everyone.

Anne Hopkins, *Great Speckled Bird*, Atlanta underground newspaper, September 21, 1970

Get it together! That's what we keep telling ourselves, and the Portland People's Army Jamboree found out what happens when we don't. The idea to hold some kind of mass anti-war activity during the August 28-September 3 American Legion convention in Portland came down last winter. Nobody really got behind the idea until Portland State demonstrators were attacked by police May 11 after Nixon's Cambodia invasion. And not till three months later, three weeks before the Jamboree, did the Portland movement manage to get solidly together on their plan of action. Regional publicity was so poor that Seattle, which should have been with the Jamboree, held a conflicting rock festival. National publicity was

practically non-existent. Meanwhile, the Man in Portland was getting it together. The result was massive cooptation and police-state tactics.

Most of the expected Jamboree crowd was drained off by a state-sponsored rock festival. Vortex I was the perfect festival--free music, no hassles about sex, dope or hitching in. Paranoia generated about the Jamboree was used to draw people to Vortex. It worked. An estimated 1,500-2,000 people out of a possible 50,000 who went to Vortex showed up for Jamboree marches. Other activities attracted no more than a handful of people. Everybody else was safe at Vortex--as long as they stayed. Hitchhiking in was cool, but people trying to hitch from Vortex I to Portland were busted.

Back in Portland, away from the "groovy" musical concentration camp, the police state reigned supreme. Between 4,000 and 8,000 National Guardsmen were called up for riot duty. Normal city government was suspended and Portland was placed under virtual martial law. Mayor Terry Schrunk, acting with a four-man committee, including a personal representative of Gov. Tom McCall, set up special command posts in the Hilton Hotel, convention headquarters. The Sheriff of Portland's Multnomah County prohibited people's entering or leaving certain sections of the city. Police were given leave to "enter private property...in order to prevent or minimize danger to lives or property." The police were quiet during the marches, but isolated long-hairs were busted continuously for bullshit like jaywalking. Dope busts went up an estimated 70%. All bail was set at the maximum legal limits. Hints were dropped that Jamboree organizers would face conspiracy charges. Compromises, cooptation and harassment.

What held up the action in Portland? We've marched before--on Washington, on Berkeley, in Chicago--against odds at least as formidable as those in Portland. Cooptation is part of the answer, but only a part. It isn't enough to express our disgust at the Man's tactics of using our own music against us. Six months should have been long enough to hold an effective protest against the racist, imperialist death machine the American Legion represents. Because three months was enough time for state and city officials to organize to all but wipe out the Portland Jamboree. Two things are apparent: our music must remain our own: accept it from the pigs and lose it. The other is about getting together. The Portland people, like so many of us so much of the time, allowed schisms and factions to divide them to the point where it made the Man's job easier. Yet there was certainly enough people power at the two festivals to carry out a powerful action. If we can't pull ourselves together when time gets short, we lose. The Portland People's Army Jamboree lost. And time is getting short.

Life Magazine, September 12, 1970

For a while it looked like Armageddon in the making. Besides 12,000 Legionnaires bent on holding their 52nd annual national convention, an antiwar group calling itself the People's Army Jamboree arrived in Portland with every intention of staging a face-to-face confrontation. A diabolically clever gambit on

the part of Oregon officials defused the situation. Sponsoring a free rock festival at a state park 30 miles out of town, they sidetracked 30,000 potential young activists. When the time came to demonstrate in Portland, the dissidents could only muster about a thousand to march, shout obscenities and burn flags.

Editorials, Willamette Bridge, September 1970

At Vortex, the small freedoms of being able to go naked and smoke dope were won while the larger freedoms like the right to live in a humane society where people have control over their lives were lost.

After the climate of fear and suspicion had been well created and everyone, including the People's Army Jamboree, was filled with paranoia and fear of destruction, the iron fist was carefully hidden close by and the velvet glove was extended to caress all concerned into cooperative and placid tranquility.

Vortex did not draw people away from the People's Army Jamboree events. Most of the people we talked to would have avoided any political demonstrations even if they stayed in town. Most of the people weren't willing to risk anything for their beliefs—e.g., they lied to their parents about being at Vortex rather than face disapproval; their comments indicated that they didn't think issues like Vietnam were worth risking arrest over.

Speech by Vice President Spiro Agnew to the American Legion convention the day Vortex I ended

Confronted with a choice, the American people would choose the policeman's truncheon over the anarchist's bomb.

Michael Carr

Of all the things I've accomplished, Vortex is not high on my list...but ohhhhhh what a nice time.

Joe Goodrich

I had hitchhiked up from Lake Tahoe and intended to demonstrate against the Legion. I had been involved in several anti-war protests and when I got to town I heard about Vortex. So yes, you might say I was one of the those who was siphoned off.

Joan Miller Olson, Northwest Magazine, Oregonian, September 13, 1970

It's over—it's gone. The rain is healing the trampled grass. But I know when I go out there again I'll hear the echoes of that weekend. Because the feeling that was at Vortex will here and there be carried out into the everyday world.

For this is just a little part of the spiritual revolution that's going on. We've got to look beyond the drugs--look beyond that long hair--beyond the nudity. They're only saying, "See me for what I really am--see the real me!" We've got to see that it's a spiritual revolution, the likes of which this old Earth has never seen before.

This Armageddon. This is a revolution to reveal the whole man. Not just the three dimensional man that we see when we look at our brother--brain cells and all--but the fourth dimensional indestructible man who is divinity expressed in all his glory. Praise the Lord and Hallelujah, the day is dawning! And if you don't think the young feel it, you've got your head buried in the sand.

I say have faith in our youth. They'll make it. The dross will fall off and out of the reconstruction will emerge a world of brotherhood, honesty, simplicity and love--if we let it. Vortex was no ordinary rock festival. And these are no ordinary times. Thank God.

Vortex visitor as quoted in the *Oregonian*

At first it was really beautiful, the sharing, brotherhood, the beautiful people down there. I wanted to sit down and communicate ideas with them, that is why I went. But you can't communicate with anyone who is stoned on drugs. The conversations were all drug oriented--about trips they had taken. Tripping out is not brotherhood--it is the most selfish thing an individual can do--hide in a personal world of fantasy he can't share.

Leonard Bacon, *Oregonian*

A young social worker, who would not give her name or where she worked, dressed only in a bikini bottom and an unbuttoned leather vest, said she "took the trip" to better understand the youths she had to work with. "It was an experience in anthropology--of living in a stone age society--like cavemen. There was nothing cultural about it. The level of their education is unbelievable. Mostly they can't separate the fantasy world, can't think, they can't react. They are almost like children who have sat in front of a TV set too long.

Doug Weiskopf

It still makes my stomach turn to see all the Vortex people so happily stoned and dancing in the mud. They were every bit as self-indulgent and uncaring about the war as their parents.

Nick Hougen, *Northwest Magazine, Oregonian, September 13, 1970*

The drawbacks and partial failures of the peaceful confrontation approach has led to emergence of a new/political group (Vortex) in the hip community. This group believes the hip movement is now large enough that it can build a society based on the concept of love.

Oregon is where it's happening today. Vortex proved that. I am not the first to say it. The old Haight-Ashbury hippies split to come here. They, together with the heads that have always lived here, and the new people coming into the movement all the time, are getting it together. Today the highways are full of young heads, hitchhiking to Oregon. San Francisco and the rest of the country are looking here for the next surge in this movement toward a newer, more

positive way of life. This year will move even faster. It moves faster every day. And it's going to be beautiful.

David Ousele

We went looking for a party. The original intent was magic but when I got there it was not very compelling. It was a letdown. I wasn't entertained sufficiently, but I was loaded the whole time.

Sally Driver

I went by and listened to the music a couple of times but it was really shitty. Very lackluster.

Doug Winn

I was struck by how mediocre the music was.

Garrick Beck

Vortex is a valuable example because it wasn't part of the vocabulary or on a list of genres. Its real effect was a community function that diffused the power of an idea. Vortex showed me the good side of government, of the commonwealth, of public service. It also was *for* something. It wasn't about record companies and their promotions, trying to sell. It was about people getting together, sharing and making something beautiful out of this grand coalition of the counterculture.

Barry Adams

It was one of the greatest events in the history of the world. People who were not at Vortex cannot conceive what it meant. It was a moment to say "peace."

Doug Weiskopf

McCall should have invited us to his election victory party that November, as we turned around his campaign.

Dr. Spray

After Vortex I was on a plane coming back from a D. C. drug conference. I sat next to a woman who had close friends who had attended a barbecue weeks before Vortex where Tom McCall and his wife had been present. The story her friends told her was, that McCall received a call and left the room to take it. He came back angry and said, "That was the FBI. They're furious with me for Vortex. They said they wanted to take care of it."

Kris Millegan

After Kent State, the riots in the cities, the assassinations, Vortex broke the cycle of violence in the country.

Michael McCusker, *North Coast Times Eagle*, 1994

I presented an idea at the final hysteria-pitched meeting of the People's Army Jamboree crowd before the Legion Week which I thought was a radical departure from standard radical practice:

A young girl walks through the city's deserted streets. She is about 8 years old. Her hair is long. She wears a dress. She carries a flower in one hand and a sign in her other hand. "End the War" is printed in bright paint on the sign, which is a plank of wood nailed to a stake. She walks down the middle of several streets. On each side of every street, against buildings or grouped in open spaces, are armed policemen and state National Guardsmen. They watch the girl menacingly. She sings only one song: "We Shall Overcome."

The girl would have to be 8 or 9, not much older she risked rape. It would be a feast for television I argued. Just a lone little girl (virginal; anyone's daughter or little sister) marching past the assembled might of the government. Look at the contrasts: focus on the little girl in the empty streets; close-ups of snarling cops rapping their palms with nightsticks, national guardsmen with bayoneted rifles waiting, various forms of paralyzing gases in handheld canisters. Newscasters' self important voices edged with contempt at the uniformed brutes clustered in sinister ambush to molest the little girl. Perhaps split screen the girl with marching American Legionnaires.

No chance. The crowd wanted to march enmasse, do the usual hippie demonstration shtick.

Editorial, *Capitol Journal*

Bluntly stated, the kids preferred the drugs and sex and the music of McIver to confrontation with the American Legion in Portland. The alternatives were clear: Let the kids do their thing at McIver. Or enforce the law rigidly, and drive them all into the waiting arms of those who manipulate them to protest in Portland, perhaps violently.

It is a very thin point, but worth noting that the state's position constituted a recognition of hard realities and not an endorsement of a lifestyle that is substantially illegal and generally repugnant to most people. Kids who smoke pot at McIver are smart enough to know the situation which simply is that the old rules and ways are back with the closing of Vortex I.

Arthur Hoppe, syndicated columnist

In a brilliant tactic reminiscent of Clausewitz at his finest, Governor McCall announced a free rock concert 30 miles out of town--where, as accurate rumor had it, the grass would flow like wine. Naturally, the young joyously gamboled off to the woods, took off their clothes and got stoned. The city was abandoned to our bottle-scarred, liver-hardened veterans, who presumably behaved with the propriety and decorum traditional at Legion conventions.

History tells us that no man has ever overthrown the establishment without his trousers on. And to get them stoned at the same time! Have you ever seen a young person stoned on marijuana? Revolution is the last thing on his dreamily-addled mind. Some will say officials have no business encouraging people to imbibe euphoria-inducing chemicals, engage in destructive orgies and perform who-knows-what lascivious acts. But as one who has covered many an American Legion convention in my time, I say that's no way to talk about these veterans of our country's wars.

Dr. Bangs' diary

It is interesting to reflect on the change that comes over one's self after living with this group for many days. The feelings that I have are shared by all others who were out there. The initial opinion is that this is an entirely dreadful situation that these kids allowed freedom of nudity, drugs, etc., and that nothing good can come of this movement and it is an overall bad situation.

The people exposed to it, including myself, became much more tolerant of the group and movement as time went on. There may be several reasons for this. A strong influencing factor is that this is an absolutely delightful group to work with. I have never worked with a more appreciative group of people or a more polite, respectful group. They referred to myself and the other doctors as "Doctor" or "sir" and respected our opinions and judgment. This is a tremendously sharing group. Whatever people had, whether it be food, drugs, marijuana, etc., they were willing to share even when they were in short supply. Blankets and clothing were shared and I saw several examples of people being cold because they had given their coats to someone else. This group takes care of one another, particularly with the bad drug reactions, and they stay with the problem until the problem is solved. There is no tokenism or superficial offering of care as is frequently seen. No one would say, "Call me if you need me," and then disappear. They would stay with the problem three or four hours or all night if necessary. Very few people came to the tent by themselves, but were frequently accompanied by others who stayed and saw that they were well cared for. On several occasions people were brought to the tent by people they had casually met would inform the others that the person should stay with us during the night for observation, and they stated they would be back in the morning to pick them up. In all cases they were. They were there bright and early to check on them and pick them up for any further care needed.

The openness, honesty and lack of inhibitions of this group is impressive. They say what they feel, using any language that they feel expresses the situation. This is an easy group to deal with medically because you know where they stand. If they do not understand your opinion, they ask. If they do not agree they say so and allow you to explain it to them in a different way. Many of these people are obviously lost souls, being very unhappy with their environment. This is perhaps why they turn to drugs. They do not necessarily like the situation they are in, but it seems better than to accept society as it currently is existing. They

feel helpless that they cannot solve problems the Vietnam War, the pollution problem, the overcrowded state of the country. I am sure many of them feel they are not helping the situation by escaping from it, but by staying with the situation, they also feel helpless and unable to improve the world. Many of them admit openly that they are not paying their own way, that they are receiving help from home or from the government, but on the other hand, they feel that so are many of the so-called straights in our society.

The communal form of living is a form of security to many of them. It allows them to give love which they can't otherwise give and it allows them to feel that someone loves and cares for them, apparently something they have not previously received. They are very open in talking about this and the delight in having older people from the straight society discuss this with them. They are more than willing to express their philosophy and to explain why they are the way they are.

Reverend Huss

Do you know Proverbs 29:2? "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked rule, the people groan." And Psalms 11:3? "If the foundations are destroyed, what can the righteous do?" That was Vortex.

Ed Westerdahl

It worked, it absolutely worked. There was one broken window.

Doris Penwell

All of the staff believed it worked. There were no doubts. If the Legislature had been in session in 1970, Vortex would have been a different story. There was no one around the Capitol that summer. People didn't feel the fear they do now about something like a Vortex. McCall pulled it off because the event sort of fit his personality...unconventional. When it was all over (1974) you sort of tick off the things you do right. This was one of those things.

Bob Oliver

It was always about getting the casual observer off the street...not the hardcore troublemaker.

Craig Berkman

I think Vortex went better than planned and bled off a lot of folks.

Editorial, *Oregonian*

Bluntly stated, bread and circuses outdrew political dissent hands down—this time. Vortex I diverted many potential dissenters who might have marched and camped in Portland.

Michael Carr

I feel I inadvertently participated in a sellout. The state redirected the energy of people like me and it worked, absolutely.

Jerry Smith

That was the big question, the selling out. But the Legion convention was not the most important thing in the universe to be against at the time.

Stephen Lefler

Vortex for me was an awakening to the feeling that, as usual, real idealism belongs to a few. And although I wasn't political, I kept thinking: this Vortex thing is, like drugs and sex, drawing us all away from the real festival of the future--where "tanks were turning into butterflies," as Joni Mitchell sang. Worse than arguments with parents and confrontations with cops, I saw my own generation selling out. Vortex really discouraged me. That weekend, I went back to see the veterans in town. They were having a wonderful time. It was nice that everyone was so happy. But it wasn't because of any larger understanding of the human need to share the planet or even share feelings. I found myself torn and in a personal crisis. There arose a dark and ironic twist to expressions like Neil Young's words, "How can you run when you know?" I couldn't run with my young ideals anymore. I saw the small mindedness, the prejudices and indulgences appear as an essential part of humanity. I began to realize that this was the colorful richness of human life: that confusion and misunderstanding were desired as much as love and understanding. For me, it was the end of the Enlightenment--and the beginning of opera.

Strangely, Vortex helped to kill my idealism and develop my more realistic insight and compassion. I am still a hippie in many ways. But I can now see the color and diversity of this planet as it rocks and rolls into tomorrow. And many of the ideals of that time have been woven into the fabric of a consumer world; they may be commercialized, but I'm glad they're there. The party rolls on, the tanks roll in, and "all you need is love"...our message, at the end, lingers.

Lee Meier

In 1970, considering what was going on in this country and Vietnam, just having fun was a positive cultural statement. We did it a different way and thought we were invincible.

Ronald Bray

It's the only time I realized what can happen if the state and the progressive movement work together, how nice it was and what we could accomplish. Look at the stage. It was a gift to the park. It was gorgeous and they tore it down. In retrospect, though, I think we were part of the sellout.

Garrick Beck

The People's Army Jamboree said we sold out the real revolution for dope and music. I said, "I didn't sell anything. I did something beautiful and free."

Sally Driver

I don't understand the people who say, "Oh I did acid once" or "I used to be a hippie." It changed my life and I have to say that a lot of stuff I did was not very well thought out, and yet the core values haven't left, like non-violence, the interdependence of all things, the divinity that we all share. ***(Sally Driver attended the writer's Oregon City Chautauqua presentation and upon seeing Gerry Lewin's photograph of her nude displayed prominently, she exclaimed, "That's me!" Driver later told the writer: "When I heard about your presentation, I thought this is so weird. This is like a second of my life when I was 19 and how much relationship does that have to who I am today? Well, it was part of my formative experience and I'm not ashamed of it. I wanted to see what your shtick would be and what your tone would be. I thought there were so many directions you could have come to Vortex from, but I thought the direction you came at it from was not the direction I was expecting. To explain, I can only give you an analogy I've always made as a differentiation between people who took acid to get fucked up and people who took acid to get high. You could have done this story either to get fucked up or to get high. You did it to get high.)**

FBI Portland SAC report to the Washington D. C. bureau, September 2, 1970

As the People's Army Jamboree draws to a close, it is the consensus of the entire intelligence and law enforcement community in the four-county Portland metropolitan area, as well as responsible officials on state, county and local levels, that the extremely thorough preparation prior to the Jamboree and the unparalleled cooperation among all agencies during its day by day progress led directly to the complete lack of violence or of any major disruptive incident throughout the entire six-day period. Information gathered by all intelligence agencies for weeks before the People's Army Jamboree showed that Portland and the American Legion national convention were faced with a major threat; yet the intelligence penetration and the heavy concentration of enforcement manpower created a pressure that cut the protest numbers from thousands to hundreds.

FBI Portland SAC report to the Washington D. C. bureau, September 10, 1970

Various factors played a part in the maintenance of peace during the convention period. The two nearby rock festivals occupied a great number of peoples who otherwise would have filled the streets of Portland.

Report from the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University, *Confrontation or Accommodation? The American Legion and the People's Army Jamboree, 1972*

The Vortex I Festival at McIver Park represented the main effort to provide an alternative to political confrontation within Portland. Government officials hoped that this Festival would serve as a "safety valve" to draw dissenters from Portland during the Legion convention. It seems reasonable to conclude that the Festival had this effect for at least some dissenters. It should be pointed out, however, that it probably attracted others who never would have come to the Portland area to participate in political activities. A number of circumstances could have made the crowd at McIver Park a law enforcement problem. For instance, had it rained during the Festival, people have left the Park and come to the City. Had it been known that there were undercover law enforcement agents at McIver Park, some might have left the park and come to Portland. Furthermore, the technique could not be expected to divert individuals who were truly politically motivated.

Press conference of People's Army Jamboree's Bob Wollheim, September 4, 1970

W: The Jamboree never really desired a confrontation with the Legion, we desired to raise some issues which we felt were critical to the country and we felt we did raise those issues.

Q: What effect did McIver Vortex I have on your organization?

W: I would say that most of the people who went there were drawn up by the Jamboree but there were cases of very overt acts by the government to draw people there, such as state Highway men picking up hitchhikers, offering you can either go to jail or go to Vortex. Also free dope is rough to compete with when it's the governor's.

Q: Well, there was a comment made, I think you were one of the ones that spoke, saying in effect, at Delta Park one night that you thought the Governor was pretty smart in having this.

W: I'm not quite sure if I said that, I don't even know who did. I wouldn't say it was smart, I would say he was very short sighted. People in this country are not going to be bought up by those things. People were in Portland, were here to change this country. And the people at Vortex I said there were agents at Vortex. They were on duty to delay arrests. Those people are going to be in for a big surprise when they all get busted for smoking marijuana.

Q: Now, what did you mean when you said the free dope as supplied by the government?

W: From all reports that I heard, a lot of marijuana and other drugs came from the governor's office.

Q: Can you believe that?

W: You know, these are just the things that I've gotten from people out there, I didn't go to Vortex.

Q: Do you think the People's Army Jamboree besides yourself, would rather have a 1,000 firm supporters that 10,000 less dedicated?

W: Yes, it was said in the statement that people were in Portland who knew what the situation was and it was almost a comedy, these people are going to be out working for change in this country. I believe other people will involve them, as we

talked about the issues further. But those people are working for change in this country now and they have been.

Q: Bob, what is your immediate plan?

W: I'm not quite sure what the Jamboree organized as a structure will do. I really don't know. There will be a meeting of the coordinating council probably right after Labor Day to talk about that.

Q: You said that the people who work for this organization will continue to work in Portland, and will continue to work with them. Will student activities in today's universities, political jamborees, and things like that?

W: Ah, personally I would probably be working on the fall offensive of the anti-war movement, although I'm not a student.

Q: How do you personally feel working for the Jamboree?

W: Yeah, I would continue, I'm not sure if I'll then go to school, so, but you know, I'll continue on those issues and others.

Q: Bob, you partially answered the question. Have you given serious thought that a lot of people that you thought were coming to the Jamboree went to Vortex because they are not politically involved with the revolution?

W: I'm not quite sure about that, but I'll accept totally that distinction between politics and culture. Certainly for me and for others involved, there is no distinction. But I would, you know, there was a lot of confusion as to where activities were. And with the government spent about \$40,000 or so, I don't know how much money. ***(Bob Wollheim graduated from Portland State University in 1979, earned a law degree in 1983, and in 1998, became a nonpartisan judge on the Oregon Court of Appeals. The writer called Judge Wollheim in the spring of 2004 to request a brief interview. His secretary took the call and she told the writer that the judge told her that he was too busy with his reelection campaign to grant an interview. The judge was supposed to have called the writer back after the election, which he won. No return call was ever made.)**

Clackamas County Sheriff's Vortex I--Summary of Operations, Deputy Sheriff Bill Brooks

The side effects from the Vortex I Rock Festival are predicted to include a dissatisfaction among law enforcement officers who have had a double set of standards of enforcement imposed upon them. It is felt by many officers interviewed that Vortex I will create a stigma for Clackamas County which will not only be extremely offensive to the law abiding persons but may well effect the public support of law enforcement relating to the double standards of enforcement.

In conclusion, Vortex I probably did not serve any useful purpose relating to attracting persons out of Portland bent on revolution and rioting, but rather served as a sanctuary to bring people into this area where they could be immune from prosecution and be allowed to violate the drug laws as well as those laws relating to morality and decency, while those outside the Park breaking the same laws would be subject to arrest. Mechanically speaking, the Sheriff's

Departments Operations in Vortex I can be considered as a complete and total success in the amount of loss to personal property, to injuries and damages to persons and property. In the total picture it should be considered that the entire operation, including the National Guard, the Oregon State Police, Portland Police, Multnomah County, and other law enforcement agencies, all contributed to a successful conclusion of the American Legion National convention which went off without significant problems.

Eventually the delegates of the American Legion National convention will leave. The hippies and commune members will leave; and the outlaw motorcycle clubs will leave and will leave behind them irate disillusioned taxpayers of this County who do not believe in two sets of standards for law enforcement and who probably will not support law enforcement in their endeavors.

Ron Cooper, *Vortex I*, 1970

Tom McCall is not an ardent rock music fan and it unlikely that a state-sanctioned rock festival will occur in Oregon in the near future. Officials in other states, however, confronted with similar threats of violence from the growing ranks of political activists, have kept a close eye on the textbook smoothness of Vortex I and the incident-free Legion convention. Vortex II may never occur in Oregon but the strategy of employing one aspect of youth culture to dilute political disruptions will undoubtedly be attempted again. If the tactic proves effective, rock music fans may well remember 1972 as the year of the great Republican and Democratic free rock festivals”

Nicholas von Hoffman, *Washington Post*, August 31, 1970

Portland could come to be regarded as a model for other places and situations. That would be a mistake. Tough talk and procrastination with parade permits doesn't always cut down the size of the crowd as the Washington moratorium last fall showed; an alternative rock festival wouldn't have averted Chicago; finagling with dope enforcement is too transparent and ineffective because people in large numbers can safely smoke it anywhere and are as likely to at a demonstration as at a rock festival.

The mood here is wrong for massive manifestations. The country is too beautiful, the Oregonians too polite and civilized, the Legionnaires too well behaved to irritate their would-be opponents. Excluding a few incidents, there will be peace in Portland. First Amendment rights will be protected. Thanks to some benign manipulation by public officials and a happy conjunction of the stars, we will have gotten over another hump, but hump jumping isn't the same as problem solving.

***(Imagine a free festival 30 miles outside of Chicago concurrent with the 1968 Democratic convention. Imagine the Beatles debut new material there and John Lee Hooker and Buddy Guy play sets. Now try to convince the writer that the useless orgasm of street violence that was the Democratic convention would have happened had such a festival taken place. Nixon beat Humphrey because of that televised debacle, and it doesn't take even**

a mediocre student of American history to trace the beginning of George Bush I's real political career as completely dependent on Nixon becoming President. Just look at Bush's 1970s resume and see how Nixon made him. Following this line, without Nixon, there would have been no politically or financially connected Bush I to grease the way for a certain inconsequential and wastrel son. This greasing allowed the son to escape his real destiny, that of being a mediocre regional manager for a service corporation. A free rock festival in Chicago could have changed everything.)

The Historical Legacy

Frank Styles

After Vortex I went to Bobby's shop. He wanted to keep in touch. One time I contacted one of the Rainbow folks for help to solve a problem at Tryon State Park with a bunch of hippie people who were camping out there and camping wasn't allowed. A few days later one of them came into my office and said, "Frank, you won't have anymore problems." And I didn't.

Glen Swift

I got along well with Bob Oliver and formed a little friendship. After the festival, I would drop in on him at the Capitol for little chats. He later invited me to his home to stay overnight and meet his family.

Ed Westerdahl

Some time after Vortex, I don't remember how long, we heard from some of the hippies in the Grants Pass area about a problem they were having. The sheriff's deputies would come in and roust them in the middle of the night and the ladies had no clothes on and things like that and because the hippies word would not have worked, we had a couple of state police go down and spend some time with them. We put undercover state policemen down with the hippies. And once the state police were there they advised the sheriff they were going to turn it over to the FBI. The harassment stopped.

Ronald Bray

After Vortex, a state senator or representative from Grants Pass sent a letter to us saying if we needed anything to let him know. Later we needed help when the Josephine County Sheriff kept hassling hippies around Cave Junction. I'm not sure what happened but the hassling stopped.

Lee Meier

After Vortex I, the United Ministries in Higher Education appointed me as its "Counterculture Representative." I was flown from Oregon to conferences in Philadelphia, New York City, St. Louis and Colorado to share my insights on

youth. One time I was in Mexico traveling and they flew me out of Oaxaca to a particularly important meeting. I used to talk a lot about love and figured out an equation for it. I called this the "Concept of Love as a Scientific Reality" and read it at the presentations.

Lee Meier, *Concept of Love as a Scientific Reality*

- a. man's consciousness leading toward awareness that his identity lies not in the object-material plane of existence but rather in the spirit. getting down to the atom, he is not the protons and neutrons that spin around the nucleus, but rather the energy that gives these forms their animation.
- b. spirit of brotherhood is not just a good feeling, but a reality that permeates our every essence.
- c. the purpose of love is to strengthen our brothers and sisters, not to satisfy ourselves first. this follows in as much as one gets back what he throws out--following the law "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction" following the yin yan circle symbolizing unity, that holds together all apparent contradictions. dylan "no matter what you do, it all comes back on you."
- d. worship as the cultivation of awareness of realities beyond emotional interpretations.

Dr. Bangs

Channel six came to my house with cameras and they interviewed me for an hour and a half and I told them what went on there. Somewhere in the course of the conversation someone asked, "Well did you use marijuana?" I said, "Yes tried it and I found it not wanting." I guess they put it on the 11:00 p.m. news that I was admitting that I'd smoked marijuana and liked it. The next night we had the county medical society meeting and Don Cleland got up and said, "I make a motion that we give Cameron Bangs the highest award we can give." Another doctor stood up and said, "I make a motion that we kick the son-of-a-bitch out of the society. I don't want to wear the same hat as that sob. We should kick him out. He's ruined our reputation." Fortunately I got the medal but that's how split it was.

I also received a certificate of appreciation from McCall. Years after Vortex, he came into my office, looked around, and said, "Cam, where's that I award I gave you?" What a memory!

For about 10 years after Vortex, I gave about a hundred slide presentations about the festival to school and civic groups in the Portland area. I wanted to help older adults gain a better understanding of why many young people used illegal drugs. They loved the slides. I also formed a small "hippie" private school called Little Milk Creek School.

Enterprise Courier, "Vortex Trial Dies Quietly," April 12, 1971

A trial which last fall appeared to contain all the elements for a full-blown discussion of the Vortex I festival ended quietly in a near empty courtroom last week.

Frank Hangin, a 22-year-old resident of Phoenix, Ariz. pleaded guilty Wednesday to a charge of giving away dangerous drugs at the festival. After waiving the 48-hour waiting period before sentencing, Hangin received a five-month, 29-day sentence in the county jail.

Circuit Court Judge Winston Bradshaw suspended the sentence, and placed Hangin on bench probation. Hangin said he planned to immediately return to Phoenix.

Earlier in the day he had flown in for the court appearance. The young, smartly attired defendant was represented by Emerson Sims, Portland attorney. Thomas Odell, chief criminal deputy for the Oregon State Attorney General's office was the prosecutor.

The case became prominent last October when Gordon Hyde, a well-known Salt Lake City attorney, arrived in Oregon City to take over the defense of Hangin. Hyde at the time took depositions from the undercover state police agent, and from Ed Westerdahl, then executive assistant to Gov. Tom McCall. Hyde had said he would argue the entire philosophy of Vortex I even if it meant calling Gov. McCall as a witness.

Hangin was arrested by the Oregon State Police Sept. 1, 1970 as he drove from McIver State Park, near the end of the controversial festival.

Following his arrest Hangin spent 38 days in the Clackamas County jail. Dale Harlan, Milwaukie attorney, was court appointed to defend Hangin, a Chinese-American. A preliminary hearing was held in early September and Hangin was bound over to the grand jury and indicted on a charge of selling narcotic drugs.

Hyde, a flamboyant Harvard Law School graduate, then learned of Hangin's problem through the boy's father-in-law. He phoned Hyde who got Hangin released on \$1,000 bail.

Hyde, during his October visit, said he considered the arrest of anyone attending the festival after state authorities made it appear that the use of drugs and other illegal acts were being condoned "a travesty of justice." Following Hyde's visit, Attorney General (Lee Johnson) stepped into the case and assigned it to Odell. Battle lines appeared drawn.

During the court appearance last week, the charge appeared to have been changed from selling narcotic drugs to giving them away. Judge Bradshaw advised Hangin he had the legal right to have the charges taken before a grand

jury. Hangin, speaking in a loud, clear voice, said he wished to waive his right. He also waived the reading of the charges.

But Bradshaw read the charges and asked Hangin if he had consulted with his attorney. Hangin replied he had, and entered the plea of guilty.

Specifically charged with giving LSD to an undercover police officer, Judge Bradshaw stumbled over the pronunciation of the technical name of lysergic acid diethylamide. He spelled it out.

He then asked Odell for any statement regarding this case. In giving his brief explanation, Odell indicated that lysergic acid diethylamide was LSD. "I may not be able to pronounce it, Mr. Odell, but I know what it is," Bradshaw told Odell. ***(One curious document in McCall's Vortex I papers is a December 16, 1970 memo by Bob Oliver to the governor. In it, Oliver expresses concern that the Clackamas County District Attorney's Office intended to prosecute Vortex I-related drug cases. Oliver also informs McCall that Attorney General Lee Johnson sent a representative to observe at least one of the cases. Considering the outcome of the Hangin trial, apparently Johnson's office did a lot more than "observe.")**

Albert Schwartz, KBOO radio documentary, "Suppose They Gave a Riot and Nobody Came?" 1971

Vortex became the first state-sponsored rock festival in history. Drugs were openly sold and public nudity was common. Whether any of the people at Vortex would have been among the demonstrators without it, can't be known.

From Governor Tom McCall's Statement before the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, U.S. Federal Office Building, San Francisco, California, June 14, 1971

Chairman Shafer, Members of the Commission, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

We stand in danger of drowning in a sea of old testimony and strangling on the meager gruel of bland cliché.

We cannot go on saying the same things in the same way. It is not possible to talk about the drug scene with experienced young people, as self-proclaimed, omnisciently aware diagnosticians.

One might as well assure a terminal cancer patient, during a hospital visit, that "we're working on it right now, and you'll be out of here in no time." We can, perhaps, extend this analogy.

For years, a single cure for cancer was sought in vain. Now headway is being made, because we have conceded there are many varieties of the ailment and

many possible cures. There is, to complete the analogy, no one “drug abuse problem” and no one cure for it.

I say this not as a specialist--or a scientist--or a wizard. I am here as a father who has personally faced the problem--and as a governor who has been an anguished audience to a parade of despair, witness to eyes and voices of those who with diminishing energy cry for help--those who have been called “the living dead.”

Will this Commission be able to be completely definitive, within two years, in its recommendations to Congress on the status of marijuana?

You could be, if research would let you--but is there enough zip behind the various examinations into finding the when, and the how, and the if of re-legalizing marijuana?

In my Open House rapping with thousands of young people at the Oregon State Capitol, I encountered many delegations urging reduction or elimination of legal controls of marijuana.

The burden of their argument ran that “pot” is a safer, more joyful relaxant than alcohol; the prohibition against it invokes unduly harsh legal penalties, raises prices a hundred-fold, and reduces quality; and has produced alienation between peer-group friends.

Several families contended that the mere presence of pot in their apartments caused embarrassing ruptures in relationships with intimates. One cherry little wife suggested that it was as disruptive as if “we had an alligator under the sofa.”

Let me, to conclude this opportunity to enjoy an important forum, express my view that we should not with light consideration, or in haste, legalize the use of marijuana.

We just aren’t ready for that drastic move, not on the information so far available to us.

It may be true that it is no more harmful than the drug alcohol--or it may even be not as dangerous.

We don’t know--and it depends on what strength of marijuana we’re talking about--Acapulco Gold or Topeka Trash.

Alcohol, most assuredly, is an extremely dangerous drug. But that does not mean we are bound to admit into legal another dangerous drug.

To balance this, our lack of information on the long-term effects of marijuana, also does not excuse those who would, in simplistic stubbornness, dismiss any future thought of legalization. Both positions are based on ignorance.

Those whose minds are made up, and who will accept no facts and no discussion on legalization remind me of the scholars who refused to look into Galileo's telescope, fearing the Devil might lead them into the error of believing the earth was round.

And those who would rush headlong into legalization immediately cannot claim to be any better informed.

The studies we need now should have begun in 1938 when marijuana was first banned. We suffer from that long and trouble-breeding gap. Let us suffer no longer. Let us study.

Just as methadone has taken heroin addiction into the laboratories and minds of scientific study, discovering there are roads back through medical means from hopelessness to usefulness, so may we find such roads in the question of marijuana.

Let's get the best scientific and medical heads in America into this issue. Let's find out what the facts are. Let's reason with this question. Let's act from wisdom and examination--not from prejudice or panic.

And, gentlemen, make no mistake about this aspect of the problem: the legalization of marijuana, as a thesis, is and must remain a political issue. It will have to involve a political decision when and if that time of change comes.

As of June 14, 1971, I have yet to hear one political leader who is willing to stand and say to his local or national constituency: "Let's legalize marijuana."

The sum of it all is that...

We need to unite our concerns but "keep our cool." We need to educate the older citizens. We need to readjust the national character and sense of honor. We need to put our action where our words are. We need to rely a lot less on decals, and a lot more on deeds.

If this sounds like we need a super-human, all-out, doomsday effort--then I have made my point.

From the second draft of a medical journal article about Vortex I, Dr. Bangs, 1971

The drugs, particularly LSD and marijuana, were readily available and quite openly used. There was no formal selling of the drugs in booths as experienced

at some rock festivals, and many of the drugs were either exchanged or given away free. The impression was that anyone who had more than one pill in his pocket was a "pusher" of sorts. A joint (hand rolled cigarette) of marijuana could be obtained in exchange for a candy bar, and a full ounce, or "lid," bought for \$8.00 to \$10.00. Hashish was similarly available for about \$4.00 a gram and a "tab of acid," which represented about 25 micrograms of LSD, could be bought for \$2.00 and upwards.

It appeared that drugs were being used by nearly all of the active participants of the rock festival, an estimated 30 to 40 thousand. Many people using LSD, used it daily and perhaps more frequently, and this represents an enormous number of LSD "trips."

A survey team of four people from the medical center circulated through the park inquiring as to the use of marijuana. 125 people were queried and 120 answered in the affirmative, or approximately 95 percent of the participants. This roughly represents a marijuana usage, over a six-day period, of some 25 to 35 thousand individuals.

Many of the experienced drug users were quite proud of their knowledge and identification of the illegal drugs, and felt that they could predict the effect that one would obtain from any given drug. We utilized their knowledge to identify any drugs which we obtained. Drugs were identified as containing LSD, Mescaline, Strychnine, Belladonna, Amphetamines and various combinations of these. The drugs were carefully marked as to the presumed contents and were later analyzed at the Oregon State Crime Lab for the correct identification.

When the actual contents were compared to the presumed contents, it was found that the experienced drug users were nearly 100% incorrect in their identification. Mescaline was neither available at Vortex I nor has it ever been identified by the Oregon State Crime Lab as an illicit drug. This fact has been confirmed by personal communication with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drug National Laboratory. Strychnine similarly is not a contaminant of these drugs as was felt by many. Apparently the marked gastrointestinal effect of LSD is a direct result of the acid itself.

There was a tremendous variation in quantity of LSD per tablet. This ranged from 25 micrograms to 325 micrograms, which could cause a tremendous difference in the effect of the drug.

The bad LSD trips were also quite frequent and varied in their nature. The most common bad trip encountered was that of panic reaction or hysteria, in which the youth would be hysterical, frightened and disoriented, afraid that he had lost his mind, quite fearful of where he was and what would happen to him. There was sometimes physical violence, running about the tent, tripping over the ropes and having to be restrained. Generally these people were easy to restrain and there

was no risk to the personnel handling them. Occasionally a more severe reaction would occur, in which a person would have hallucinations that he was Christ or some other such historic figure.

Only two of 200 drug reactions treated at the medical center required evacuation to psychiatric facilities. Both of these had previous records of mental illness and one had recently escaped from a mental hospital. The one young girl was treated by us on three occasions for bad trips, the last one an uncontrollable hysteria which resulted in her evacuation.

The majority of bad LSD reactions were seen on the first day that the rock festival was in full activity. This was felt to be due to the fact that there were many unknown preparations of drug available and that many people were taking the so-called "bad acid." It was later determined by drug analysis that "bad acid" is simply a larger dose of LSD. The usual hallucinogenic dose of LSD ranges around 25 micrograms and some tablets were found to contain up to 300 micrograms. After several days it was learned which "acid" was "good and which was bad," and the number of bad trips started to diminish.

Several people were accused of peddling bad drugs and violence to them was threatened. The medical center served to identify the drugs they were peddling as no worse than the other drugs being used and therefore the individual was released unharmed.

Early in the rock festival it was common practice to add LSD to wine, watermelon or Kool-Aid, the so-called electric wine. This was passed out quite freely. Numerous extremely violent reactions were seen because of this means of overdosing. A few of our medical staff, including one radio operator, found himself slightly "freaked out" because of eating unknown food.

The medical center served as a rumor control center, an extremely important function at a rock festival where rumors are rampant. Without such dampening of the numerous rumors, violence possibly could have erupted at the rock festival or in town. Rumors circulating that people had been killed at the rock festival, that children had been born, and that violence had erupted were all squelched by the medical center, leading to a more peaceful existence.

Medical records were kept on 1308 patient visits to the medical tent at Vortex I. Of this number 857 (66.5%) were male and 416 (31.8%) were females, and 35 (2.7%) were unreported sex. The largest percentage of patients, male or female, were within the age group of 15-24 years, as shown in Table I. The age ranges from male and female were similar; 8 months to 47 years for males and 2 months to 48 years for females. The median age for females was 19.47 years and for males 20.4 years, or approximately one year difference.

Approximately 3/4 of the patients were from the three Pacific states, Oregon, Washington, and California. Oregon had the largest number of patients with 539 (41.2%), followed by California with 302 (23.1%), and Washington with 108 (8.3%). Non-western states and foreign countries accounted for 136 (10.4%) and those of unreported or unknown address accounted for 223 patients (17.0).

Looking at the age and sex distribution of the different states, the largest percentages of males and females were in the 15-19 and 20-24 age groups regardless of state of residence. Males from Washington and non-western states and foreign countries tend to be older than males from California. From Washington, 48.3% were between the ages of 20-24, 31.7% between the ages of 15-19. In contrast, the percentage distribution of males from Oregon was 43.6% between 15-19 years and 36.2% between 20-24 years. The percentages of males from California in these two age groups are identical with 43.5% and 43.0%. On the other hand, females from Washington and from the non-western states and foreign countries tended to be younger than those from Oregon or California. Female patients from Washington between the ages of 15-19 were 66% and 25% between the ages of 20-24. Similarly 66.7% of females from non-western states and foreign countries were 15-19 years of age and 29.6% were 20-24 years of age. Oregon female patients--55.3% were 15-19 years of age and 33% were 20-24. Percentages of females from California--15-19 and 20-24 years of age were 48.9 and 39.8 respectively.

Sunburn represented the highest percentage of the burns and was a relatively common problem, being seen 54 times. This was treated with topical anesthetic agents such as Solarcaine and represented no major problems. This is a surprisingly small number of cases in view of the relatively warm sunlight days and large number of nude freshly exposed areas.

Animal bites have been reported at other rock festivals. Eighteen were seen at Vortex I, several of these being from monkeys. The majority were from dogs which were common throughout the area. Incidentally, many dogs were treated at the medical center for lacerations and skeletal injuries, and four cases of presumed distemper were seen. Data from the animal care is not included in this report.

The most serious fracture was one resulting when a boy, under the influence of drugs, felt he could fly and landed 100 feet below on his face. He fractured both zygoma, both mandibles and complete maxillary fracture. He was evacuated by helicopter and required tracheostomy due to edema. Another serious fracture resulted when a 17-year old boy, directing traffic, was run over by an automobile, separating his pubic bones and fracturing his ileum. He was evacuated by an in-park ambulance, and following x-rays, stowed away in the ambulance to return to the park to continue taking part in the rock festival. The medical center was contacted by radio that he had left the hospital, and on his arrival back at the park, was again returned to the hospital, much against his wishes.

Painful hemorrhoids were seen five times and were treated with the only means available, which was a bland ointment.

Complaints of possible VD were seen equally between males and females, being 7 in each category. No diagnostic means were available and there were referred to the venereal disease clinic in Multnomah County, and cards were given to individuals with the hours of the clinic, address and phone number. It has been subsequently learned that no increase over the usual number of VD cases were seen by the local VD clinic during the weeks following Vortex I. ***(The writer loves learning this post-Vortex I tidbit. Consider the doctor at this point in the story. Vortex I is over and he has just spent practically a week in the park without sleep supervising a medical center for a rock festival attended by 100,000 people. He subsisted on corned beef sandwiches and ran out of beer. He was punched by a crazed heroin addict. At times it seemed like he was verging on emotional collapse and a complete philosophical overhaul of everything he believed about life and medicine. He has been ostracized by many of his colleagues and dropped by some of his patients for admitting smoking marijuana and liking it. So what does the doctor do in the event's aftermath? He calls around to local venereal disease clinics on a fact-finding mission! What you have here is nothing less than Dr. Cameron Bangs in indefatigable and far out pursuit of Vortex I truths and consequences.)**

Complaints of dysuria were seen in 15 individuals and these were started empirically on Gantanol with instructions for follow up care. A surprising number of girls arrived at the rock festival unprepared for their menstrual period and several cases of sanitary napkins were dispensed.

Four girls were seen in early labor and were evacuated to local hospitals. One girl did not wish to be evacuated and wanted to have her baby at the rock festival. She was told that no means were available to care for her child and that it might die, thereafter she agreed to be evacuated. Rumors circulated that babies were being born in the park, but these were not confirmed, and to our knowledge there were no childbirths. Without the medical center to convince and evacuate these individuals, it seems that there would have been some childbirths taking place.

Four diabetics were treated in the park, primarily because they had forgotten to bring their own Insulin or paraphernalia for administration. These were provided and in general they took care of themselves. No incidences of Insulin reaction were seen but IV Glucose was available in the event one occurred.

One individual was brought to us in a post ictal state and stated he had forgotten his Mebaral and this was obtained for him. He remained in the medical center for

one day in a rather dazed state, and upon awakening became one of our reliable ambulance drivers.

From a session conducted by Dr. Bangs, April 4, 1971: *(Dr. Bangs provided the transcript to the writer on the condition the patient's name be removed. The patient is deceased.)

Dr. Bangs: Let me review just a little bit. Some of this we have talked about before. You first took acid?

Patient: About a year and a half ago.

Dr. Bangs: What made you get onto acid, or what started you?

Patient: Mostly because I wanted to myself. I identified with people taking it, kind of a symbolic thing. They were doing something against, kind of like, society. I took blotter acid and liked it and I have always wanted to go back to that same trip. I went to psychedelic drugs. I have taken straight STP. I have taken a lot of STP, speed, LSD. One time I was walking down the street and this pig stopped me and I got really paranoid and I took all 12 tabs at once. I have had a recurrence of that and it was like, you know, when the TV goes off the air. I put my hand up and I could see through my hand and my skin was crawling like the ocean and waves, everything was acting in my mind. When I would open and close my hand, I could feel every muscle in my arm. My heart was skipping beats.

Dr. Bangs: Was it enjoyable?

Patient: In a way it was. I built up a tolerance so I could take that much. Most people who took that much would freak out. I am the only person I know who has taken that much. I built up a tolerance to that. One thing when I was on acid, I couldn't stand people staring at me, it really gets to you.

Dr. Bangs: What happens when they would stare at you?

Patient: Simple, paranoid like, it is kind of a mind fuck, drives you up a wall.

Dr. Bangs: But I am still curious as to what pleasurable effect there was on it. Obviously there was some pleasure or you wouldn't go back and use it again.

Patient: Like, it makes you super happy. It makes you so happy you can identify with one certain thing, especially when you are tripping with someone you can get closer than when you are straight. Like me and this chick had three gallons of Kool-Aid that we shared back and forth in the same cup. It was kind of a togetherness, sharing this Kool-Aid.

Dr. Bangs: Do these acquaintances last after you come off the trip?

Patient: The close togetherness is not the same. The only bad thing about acid is really two things: that it fucks up your mind and when you come down, you really stay spaced out and can't think at all; and you can't sleep and you are really super tired but you are not sleepy, you are in a daze. The only bad thing about taking acid is what it does to your mind. If you take a lot of it, it takes a long time to get rid of it.

Dr. Bangs: You started about a year and a half ago, how much were you taking when you started?

Patient: It is kind of hard to say, my mind is so fogged up I can't think.

Dr. Bangs: Did you start off big or did you just try it once or what?

Patient: The first time I took it, I took a half tab of it, and then I took a half tab the next day, and another one two weeks later.

Dr. Bangs: Were you at school at the time?

Patient: No, it was in the summer. Like, most people start from grass. I started from acid, then I went to hash, then speed, then grass.

Dr. Bangs: How old were you when you started?

Patient: I think almost 15.

Dr. Bangs: You are 16 now?

Patient: Yes. And then I went to school after Vortex, at Lake Oswego High school, and across the road we would have dope parties all day long. I only went to one class and that was art. I really blew the teacher's mind.

Dr. Bangs: What did you do?

Patient: I would make really funky pictures. On acid you see things, and so I would take this piece of paper and try to draw them as if you are drawing your trip. Some people write poetry, it's really funky like, "See the yellow car, see the yellow car." The whole page is about the yellow car and after a whole page of this, the yellow car is green. It really fucks people's heads up.

Dr. Bangs: You kept taking this in school then?

Patient: I was still all fucked up from Vortex and nobody knew it.

Dr. Bangs: You took it a lot out there?

Patient: Yeah, I'd say about two times a day, plus some other stuff like peyote, whatever I could get I would take. I sold everything I owned, like my ring, for mescaline. All I own now is this hat and my blanket and that is all that belongs to me. The rest of it isn't mine. The only thing I can really get into now is, like, sculpturing. It is the only thing I can get interested in.

Dr. Bangs: You had mentioned that before, carving stone, etc.

Patient: I like clay. What I really get into is making hands and fists. I made this head with eyes that glowed in the dark, like when people come over to the house and they are on acid, I would bring this head out and really fuck up everyone's mind.

Dr. Bangs: Was this your house?

Patient: No, it wasn't my house. It was when I was living in Oregon City.

Dr. Bangs: You have been clean how long now?

Patient: Two months.

Dr. Bangs: To go back to Vortex last September, you were using it the four-five days at Vortex, two times a day, enough so you were completely freaked out all the time.

Patient: Right. I went to the stage once. I was in the OD tepee six days. I would go in there on acid, stay there, trip on the people, then I would go the next day, drop some more acid, and come back.

Dr. Bangs: Did you have bad trips?

Patient: I have only had one bad trip all the time I have been taking it and that was the last time I took it. Everyone was happy and I thought they were against me. I tried to kill myself about three times.

Dr. Bangs: It is important for you to realize that, in spite of the fact that not too many doctors have taken LSD, we do know a lot about it.

Patient: Wow, you were at Vortex doctor, and you saw a lot of people freaking out. And you helped them medically. I helped a lot of people at Vortex by talking them down, like everything is cool. One guy says, "I am in hell." I say. "No man, you are in heaven and everything is cool. We are all together." Things like this.

Dr. Bangs: How would you talk a person down?

Patient: Like this one 12-year old kid was always coming and saying, "acid, acid, acid, acid," and really be freaking out. I'd say, "What kind of acid did you take?" beginning to talk him down, making him really mellow and all this, and you begin rapping.

Dr. Bangs: About what?

Patient: Like once you take acid, you can tell what kind of a trip a person is on. You can identify with them, and they can identify with you. Like, if you were freaking out you could identify with me because I had been where you are at and we could talk about it. Otherwise as a straight person, he can't really talk about it. Like they would freak out because you were freaking out. A lot of professional people do that--like he's freaking out--shoot him with some Thorazine right away. And that freaks a person out a lot if the person freaks out with him. Like one guy, at Vortex, was in a daze and he was walking down to the river, and they picked him up and took him in this ambulance, and he was so pissed off you know, because that wasn't what he wanted. He didn't want to be sent to the hospital. He just wanted someone to talk to. Some people try to help in the wrong way. It all depends on the circumstances. If someone was OD, then I think the medical person could help a lot. Like with me. Like if he takes a half tab and starts freaking out, you can usually talk him down. If he thinks he's an orange or something.

Dr. Bangs: He thinks he's an orange?

Patient: Right. "Don't touch me I'm an orange." Oh yeah man, like, "If you were an orange, you wouldn't be able to talk to me and you wouldn't be able to see," and a person usually can get out of it.

Dr. Bangs: Did you ever think you were an orange?

Patient: No, I've never thought I was anything.

Dr. Bangs: We saw one guy out there at Vortex who thought he was Christ.

Patient: Did you really? Didn't (another patient he knew) think she was the bride of Christ or something?

Abbie Hoffman, *Steal This Book*, 1971

Amerika is just another Latin dictatorship. Those who have doubts, should try the minimal experience of organizing a large rock festival in their state*, sleeping on some beach in the summer or wearing a flag shirt. Ask the blacks what it's been like living under racism and you'll get a taste of the future we face. As the repression increases so will the underground-deadly groups of stoned revolutionaries sneaking around at night and balling all day. As deadly as their southern comrades the Tupamaros. Political trials will only occur when the heavy folks are caught. Too many sisters and brothers have been locked

up for long stretches having maintained a false faith in the good will of the court system. Instead, increased numbers have chosen to become fugitives from injustice: Bernadine Dohrn, Rap Brown, Mark Rudd, hundreds of others. Some including Angela Davis, Father Berrigan and Pun Plamondon have been apprehended and locked in cages, but most roam freely and actively inside the intestines of the system. Their growth leads to persistent indigestion for those who sit at the tables of power. As they form into active isolated cells they make apprehension difficult. Soon the FBI will have a Thousand Most Wanted List. Our heroes will be hunted like beasts in the jungle. Anyone who provides information leading to the arrest of a fugitive is a traitor.

*Unless you want to use our music to attack our politics as the governor of Oregon did to drain support away from demonstrations against the AmeriKKKan Legion. In such a situation the concert should be sabotaged along with political education as to why such an action has been taken. Don't let the pigs separate our culture from our politics.

Approximately a week after Vortex I, an Oregon state senator promised to introduce a bill in the next legislative session that would “prohibit the possibility a Vortex II” and “provide for the removal from office of any official who condones this kind of lawlessness.” In 1971 the Oregon Legislature passed a bill that regulated “Outdoor Mass Gatherings.” McCall signed it into law. The law effectively ended any opportunity for another large outdoor rock festival not within the confines of a stadium or racetrack, particularly any grassroots free event. The law, later amended in 1985 and 1993, established a lengthy and expensive public permitting process and complex criteria by which a festival could be allowed. The law placed all power to approve outdoor mass gatherings in the hands of Oregon counties and removed the state from any role outside of health inspection.

In August of 1971 a 25-cent magazine called the *Stoneygonian* landed on Portland's streets. Inspired by Vortex I, the editor explained the reason for the publication's title:

Oregon gets people stoned. Oregonians are stoney people; the mountains and the valleys and the rivers and the lakes and the streams and the high country and the sand dunes and the ocean and the clean air and the pretty towns get Oregonians high. An Oregonian is anybody who wakes up one morning and digs

how lucky he is to be waking up here, and says, "That's it; I am an Oregonian." We like that. Hence the name.

In 1971 *Liberty Magazine: A Magazine of Religion Freedom* published an article titled, "How to Cool a Hot Summer." In a four-page article, the writer, *Oregon Journal* Religion Editor Watford Reed, made the case that progressive, ecumenical Christianity as embodied by People for Portland, had been the deciding factor in avoiding violence in Portland during the summer of 1970. Reed reported how much praying and ministering went on at McIver Park, and that "churchwomen baked bread called the bread of life" and gave it away at Vortex I.

Doug Weiskopf

When I heard that John Kerry was to address the graduating class of Portland State University at the Memorial Coliseum I decided that I would attend, though not wearing a cap and gown or walking up to accept my diploma. I felt far too jaded at that time, as many young people of my generation also felt then, and decided to simply attend the ceremony as an observer.

He repeated for us the question he posed to the U.S. Senators earlier that spring, "How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?" When he finished his speech that day in Portland he received a long, standing ovation from cheering PSU grads. We had, at long last, found our hero. As we, the class of 1971, departed from the ceremonies of that day, I discussed with many of my fellow grads what we had heard John Kerry say to us and everyone I spoke with agreed that we may have just witnessed a future American President!

In 1971 Congress proposed, and by 1972 the requisite three-fourths of states had ratified, the 26th Amendment to the Constitution, establishing the "right of citizens of the United States, who are eighteen years of age or older, to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of age." **(It was the fastest adoption of a Constitutional amendment in history and many old pundits and young idealists believed it would revolutionize electoral politics. As it turned out, the 26th Amendment has become slightly less inconsequential than the 3rd Amendment.)**

In 1972 the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University published *Confrontation or Accommodation? The American Legion and the People's Army Jamboree*. Sponsored by the U. S. Department of Justice's National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, the study included several impressions of Vortex I:

Would the Vortex I festival have been such an attraction to youth if the presence of undercover agents had been known beforehand? A related question concerns the effective use of such a technique again: Would a rock festival such as Vortex I remain peaceful now that youth know delayed arrest techniques can be employed? The Family planned the Vortex I festival as an experiment in life-styles and as a protest against traditional American values.

Ken Knabb, "On the Poverty of Hip Life," essay from *Public Secrets: Collected Skirmishes of Ken Knabb, 1972*

Abstractly breaking with his past, the hippie lives a shallow version of an eternal present. Dissociated from both past and future, the succession of moments in his life is a disconnected series of diversions ("trips"). Travel is his mode of change, a drifting consumption of false adventures. He crosses the country continually in search of that "beautiful scene" which always evades him. His is a boredom always on the move. He hungrily devours every experience on sale in order to keep his head in the same good place. Wherever the hippie gathers with his fellows it is a space of unresolved tensions, of uncharged particles meandering around some spectacular nucleus or other. Hip urbanism--always trying to carve out a homey space where its false community could flourish--never failed to create for itself one more reservation where the natives stare blankly at each other because they're also the tourists. The Haight-Ashbury, the rock festival, the hip pad were supposed to be free spaces where separations broke down; but hip space became the space of passivity, of leisure consumption--of separations at another level. The rock concert in Oregon organized by the state to divert people from a demonstration--where the state gave out free grass and inspected the psychedelics before they were dispensed--is only the limiting case of the general tendency: space organized benevolently for tourists of dead time.

Towards the end of Vortex I, Barry Adams announced from the stage that a "Vortex II" and the formation of a new commune called Rainbow Farm, was happening the following summer on some land (owned by Garrick Beck) outside of Drain, Oregon. In 1972 the first Rainbow Family Gathering took place in the

Roosevelt National Forest in Colorado. It was free and no one applied for a permit.

Welcomehome.org

Vortex was the genesis of the American pagan festival movement.

The Rainbow Family of Living Light (aka Rainbow Gathering of the Tribes, etc.) didn't really begin at any specific time, and has never really existed as a formal organization. In many ways, it is a fundamental human expression, the tendency of people to gather together in a natural place and express themselves in ways that come naturally to them, to live and let live, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

In the U.S. in the late 1960's and early 70's, a kind of critical mass of consciousness developed. Beyond the media hype of "fading movement," those who were serious in the hippie and anti-war movements were learning what political life was really about, and, most importantly, were learning basic economics and to take care of their own. After some hard lessons at the many mega-events of the time, many were becoming skilled at coping with the care and feeding of tens of thousands of people at a time, and organized themselves into tribes dedicated to that purpose. A diverse and decentralized social fabric began to weave itself from threads of hippie culture, back-to-the-landers, american indian spiritual teachings, pacifist-anarchist traditions, eastern mysticism, and the legacy of depression era hobo street wisdom.

Although this fabric included visionaries, gurus, and people with strong organizing skills, it has not produced a leader/follower decision-making process or hierarchy. Instead, all decision making power is held in a main council, open to all, with all individuals holding equal power, and all decisions made only by unanimous consensus. Although it is frequently a difficult process, it has stood the test of time, and has served the whole quite well. This process makes it essentially impossible for authorities, power-trippers, or hostile elements to intimidate or manipulate individuals to the detriment of the group.

Some say we're the largest non-organization of non-members in the world. We have no leaders, and no organization. To be honest, the Rainbow Family means different things to different people. I think it's safe to say we're into intentional community building, non-violence, and alternative lifestyles. We also believe that Peace and Love are a great thing, and there isn't enough of that in this world. Many of our traditions are based on Native American traditions, and we have a strong orientation to take care of the Earth. We gather in the National Forests yearly to pray for peace on this planet.

In 1973 Oregon became the first state in the nation to decriminalize marijuana. ***(In 1997 the Oregon Legislature passed a bill, which Democratic Governor John Kitzhaber signed, that recriminalized possession of small amounts of marijuana. Opponents gathered enough petition signatures to require a statewide referendum on the new law. In the general election of 1998, Oregon voters rejected it by a 2 to 1 margin.)**

Dawn Engel

It was my first year of teaching, 1974, and they had placed me in a three-room school out in the country on the road to McIver Park. I fell in love with that community, especially their children. In my first and second grade class I had less than twenty children; and while all of them were very special, one little girl stood out. She was a natural born leader, very accomplished, with a winning smile, magical eyes, and a zest for life and learning. After we got acquainted, however, there were times I saw her retreat within herself and those eyes got a far-away look in them and she would appear melancholy. I thought, perhaps, she was having a hard time adjusting, because her dad had remarried and there was a new baby; but the people I asked suggested that she might be missing her real mother. The rumor was that her mother was working in the family corner store on that same road to McIver Park, and that she vanished with someone from the Vortex rock concert who had stopped by the store. I never took the time to check out this rumor; I wasn't comfortable asking the father or stepmother and much too busy with all the aspects of teaching my class to do any research to satisfy my curiosity. Later they closed down the school to save money and bussed all the students to the city. I also transferred to the city to teach, but I never forgot that lovely community or its little brick building with a view of Mt Hood that would take your breath away, and cows that came up to playground, nor that sweet little girl with the mysterious past. ***(Dawn Engel is the writer's mother and gave \$10,000 to help her son publish this book. After attending the writer's November 2002 Chautauqua presentation in front of a packed and joyfully raucous crowd at Estacada City Hall, Engel said, "Well, I think you found your story.")**

In 1974 the *New Yorker* published a laudatory profile on McCall. An excerpt from "Letter from Oregon" by E. J. Kahn Jr reads:

Toward the end of his first four-year term, two months before he stood for reelection, the American Legion was about to descend, twenty thousand strong, on Portland for its annual national convention. From what seemed at the time to be reasonably reliable sources—among them Attorney General John Mitchell--Governor McCall heard that fifty thousand countercultural delegates were

planning to attend a concurrent People's Army Jamboree in the same city. A conceivably nasty confrontation appeared imminent. To avert it, the Governor took some of the usual steps. He called out the National Guard. He had a helicopter revved up for crowd dispersal. He insisted, however, that the Guardsmen be unarmed and that the helicopter be loaded not with tear gas but--Portland being the City of Roses--with rose petals. There was no confrontation, chiefly because of another highly unorthodox step that McCall took. He announced that during the American Legion convention, the state of Oregon would put on a ten-day Woodstock-like rock festival at McIver State Park, thirty miles outside of Portland. The festival was gratefully attended by some thirty-five thousand young people. It was the first public pot party any governor had given. (Since then, Oregon has decreed that the possession of marijuana is a trifling offense; anyone caught with it is liable merely to a fine, and does not get saddled with a criminal record.) "I gave the party because I wanted to save the most lives and the most property, and, in fact, the only damage of any kind was one busted four-by-six-inch windowpane at Portland State University," McCall told me. "The weather was warm, and at McIver there was a good deal of nude bathing and so forth. As a result, I figured that I'd get torn to pieces politically and would certainly lose the election. What I didn't know was that my opponent had just taken a poll and learned that people thought my Achilles' heel was indecisiveness. So when I went on radio and television, statewide, and proclaimed firmly that nobody was to be hassled in Oregon because he was young and bearded, on the one hand, or because he had fought for his country, on the other, people concluded, to my astonishment, that I could be very decisive after all, and they admired me for that—if not for my acceptance of grass-smoking and skinny-dipping—and I won."

McCall's second term ended in 1975. Political commentators often tossed his name around as a potential candidate for President.

The FBI closed the American Legion-People's Army Jamboree file in 1977, the same year Portland's Binford and Mort published the autobiography, *Tom McCall: Maverick*. One of the book's chapters, "Vortex: The Governor's Rock Festival," contains mostly a long excerpt from McCall's historic statewide address. One sentence, however, reads, "The whole episode was a great contribution to an understanding between the ages and generations."

McCall failed in his comeback bid to win the 1978 Republican gubernatorial nomination. He might have won an unprecedented third term as governor had he run as an independent.

For nearly a decade after the festival, Oregon State Park and Mt Hood National Forest officials fought to eradicate wild marijuana plants in the vicinity of

Mclver State Park. ***(An Estacada resident present at a Chautauqua lecture told the writer this was once common knowledge in rural Clackamas County although officials have denied it.)**

In 1980 Studs Terkel interviewed McCall for *American Dreams: Lost and Found*. McCall said:

There have been some satisfying moments. There was the confrontation between the People's Army Jamboree and the American Legion convention, fifty-eight thousand people. The people's army, thirty-five thousand, haters of the Vietnam War, the most emotional ones were gonna confront the Legion in downtown Portland. It was the damndest confrontation you'll ever see.

We took a park, twenty miles south of Portland, and turned it into an overnight bivouac and disco party. That's where the kids stopped. I warned both sides. I went on the air and said: "Legionnaires, you're not gonna shoot kids because they're bearded. And kids, you're not gonna tear down these people because they saved the world for democracy. Let's get our perspectives straight." The Legion gave me a medal. The kids cheered.

I was told by the political wise men: "You crucified yourself. You'll never be elected dogcatcher." There was lot of pot smoking and skinny-dipping, but nobody was killed. They said it would be known far into the future as the Governor's Pot Party, 1970. I was reelected by a bigger margin than before.

In 1980 Garrick Beck and associates tried to stage Vortex II at Willamette Mission State Park outside of Salem. Frank Styles supervised the park. The intent of Vortex II was to present ideas for alternative energy at a weekend festival with music and food in a groovy Oregon setting. Organizers complied with the Byzantine rules of the "Mass Outdoor Gathering" statute, including taking out an insurance policy from the Portland branch of Lloyd's of London. At the last minute the state threw up another expensive legal hurdle and Vortex II was stillborn.

McCall died of cancer in January 1983.

In all the hundreds of thousands of pages of biographies and memoirs produced by historians, Richard Nixon, and his aides in the 1970s, 1980s, and 1990s, there is not one mention of the 1970 American Legion convention, People's Army Jamboree or Vortex I.

In 1994 the Oregon Historical Society published *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story* by Brent Walth. In his chapter on Vortex I, Walth writes:

Tom McCall had wagered his political career believing the predictions of violence. His decision to hold Vortex was one of the boldest ever made by an Oregon governor. The Vortex crowds were not bought off protestors. They were local kids who had no interest in political marches, but were interested in a party. In that sense, Vortex had its intended effect. But the myth that Vortex drained off thousands of people who would have rampaged through downtown still lingers.

In 1995 rock festivals returned to the Estacada area. **(Called “The Big Stink,” roughly 10,000 people attended this one-day outdoor concert staged at the Estacada Timber Bowl. Tickets cost \$22.50 each. Bands such as Everclear, No Doubt, Prodigy and Space Hog performed in front of pierced, tattooed young men and women in baggy jeans slamming into one another.)**

Published in 2003 by Oregon State University Press, *Oregon’s Promise: An Interpretative History* by David Peterson del Mar, contains a brief passage on Vortex I, but the word “vortex” is not listed in the index. From page 241:

He (McCall) became a bold politician who helped to heal or at least obscure the political, social, and cultural divisions that were driving most of the rest of the nation into separate corners. When, for example, in 1970 radical Portland activists planned a rock concert at McIver Park near Estacada, McCall’s administration both sponsored it and agreed to tolerate drug use and nudity. McCall’s motive for this tolerance was political: the rock concert would draw thousands of potential protesters out of downtown Portland, where twenty-five thousand members of the American Legion were meeting. Vortex, the rock concert, probably played only a minor role in helping Portland avoid violence and riot that weekend. Yet the episode burnished McCall’s reputation as a different kind of politician, one who did not simply react punitively to youthful protest.

Published in 2003 by Oregon State University Press, *Portland: People, Politics, and Power, 1851-2001* by Jewel Lansing contains several paragraphs on Vortex I. Lansing writes:

The conventional wisdom was that Governor McCall had averted “certain violence” for Portland through Vortex I. But McCall biographer Brent Walth concludes that the FBI forecasts were faulty from the beginning and that the impact of Vortex was greatly exaggerated.

In 2003 a monthly Portland music magazine, *Two Louies*, ran the first installment of a two-part story about Vortex I. The magazine didn’t run the second. When contacted with a complaint, the editor said about the festival, “No one gives a shit about the story, it’s the music they remember.” ***(The first installment did attract some attention. The writer received word from the magazine’s editor that a manager of a Portland “rocker” with alleged important connections in the industry, (David Bowie likes his music) read the piece and thought it might be a creative idea to hold a Vortex II and feature his client. The writer called the manager, and in the one and only time the writer has ever lost his professional decorum, harangued the manager at length and promised to “fuck over” his client by every means possible. This “rocker” shall remain nameless here only out of respect for his fabulous younger sister, whom the writer dated years ago, and still retains very fond memories of their time together.)**

There's no plaque at Mclver Park commemorating Vortex I. ***(The writer will rectify this.)**

The one Vortex I photograph in residence at the Mclver Park administrative office is not on display. Its caption lists the festival’s date as 1971.

Mclver Park has an equestrian trail named “Vortex.”

Today Mclver Park hosts an annual Civil War battle reenactment. It also boasts a popular Frisbee golf course and is the site where the Fun Flyers club meets to fly their model airplanes. ***(The golf course’s layout is in the area of the tepee semi-circle and the runway is in the field where the stage once stood.)**

At the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial at Washington Park in Portland, an inscription on the 1970 portion of the wall reads:

Then there were the anti-war protests, many of them centered at Oregon colleges and universities. Demonstrations at the national convention of the American Legion in Portland were avoided when thirty thousand people attended Vortex, a massive music festival on the banks of the Clackamas River, thus separating those who supported the war from those who did not.

Bob Sterne threw out Vortex I's soundboard tapes.

Fodor's *Rock and Roll Traveler USA* contains an Oregon chapter with no mention of Vortex I. The Rough Guide's *Music USA* index lists three citations for "Veruca Salt" and zero for Vortex I.

KOYI K UTHO website, 2003

KOYI K UTHO, a Colombian band that plays since 1999, belongs to the genre Cyber Core or Industrial Metal, influenced by bands like Prong, Cubanate, Fear Factory, Front Line Assambley, Pantera, Sex Pistols, D.R.I, Static X, among others. The term virtual noise also plays an important role in this band, because it is used in artificial intelligence to test the adaptability and survaivence of robots.

Ecuador Tour 2003

June 12, 2003. **Vortex Rock Festival**, Gilmar Parq. With De2, No Silence, Revez, Pr1mal, among other bands of Bogota. ***(The reader may find it interesting to learn that the idea of free and state-sponsored rock festivals flourishes in South America, particularly in Columbia, where the mayor of Bogotá puts on an annual rock festival for problem youth.)**

In 2004 Vortex I doesn't rate a citation in over 500 reference books on Rock and Roll, including the *Encyclopedia of Northwest Music*. It also isn't mentioned in *A Pop Culture Encyclopedia of the Pacific Northwest*.

In 2004 Vortex I doesn't rate a citation in over 100 books about the Vietnam War protest and counterculture movements.

In 2004, Michael McCusker wrote in the March-April edition of the *North Coast Times Eagle*:

I didn't serve with John Kerry in Vietnam, but I was with him when Vietnam Veterans Against the War hurled their war medals at Congress in Washington D. C. in the spring of 1971. He spoke to the Senate about why Vietnam veterans from all over the United States were in Washington to oppose the war while I said similar things to the House of Representatives. He had been a Navy officer, I was a USMC sergeant, but the VVAW traversed military rank and thousands of the war's veterans hoped the American people would heed our protest because nobody knows about a war better than those who have been in it.

Thirty-four years after Vortex I, McIver Park still receives an occasional phone call asking if the park is safe for families.

About once a month, a McIver Park ranger meets a Vortexer visiting the park.

The Etiology for Peace

Peace triumphed in the Rose City and Oregon country. Why did it all go down that way?

A roundup of theories:

1) A coordinated, highly visible and highly intimidating police and National Guard presence in the Portland area virtually eliminated any chance that significant disruption could occur. Law enforcement and military officials prepared for every contingency including the Sgt. Pepper-like strategy of dropping rose petals on potential rioters as called for by Project Three.

2) Ed Westerdahl put the Legionnaires under his thumb, especially when he disarmed the many sheriffs from all over the country who typically accompanied Post Commanders to national conventions to provide security and drinking companions. From Westerdahl's perspective, the Legionnaires were always the greater threat to civil order. They had a recent history of drunken mayhem and roughing up long hairs.

3) The American Legion wasn't such a big deal anymore. Or just hopelessly out of touch. Archie Bunker was about to be funny, not Red Skeleton. World War II was almost three decades old. Many anti-war types just couldn't generate much enmity towards the old men who had served with distinction.

4) Portland Mayor Terry Shunk muzzled Parks Commissioner Frank Ivancie and didn't allow the Portland Police to repeat their violent ineptitude showcased four months earlier at Portland State University.

5) McCall's masterful speech vacuumed up all the potential angst out of Portland and put all the players on notice. Behave! This is Oregon! "We don't do milling madness!"

6) Plain luck.

7) Nixon stayed away when he realized that there was no political capital to be gained if he showed up in Portland and nothing happened.

8) God wouldn't allow violence. All the praying and pro-active peacemaking efforts by Portlanders of many faiths worked.

9) All the illegal drugs given away at Vortex I had their intended effect.

10) Simply not enough anti-war demonstrators showed up to force the issue. Many saw the ads in the underground newspapers, heard about the People's Army Jamboree through the grapevine, but only a few made the trek to Portland, and even some of those ended up going to Vortex I.

11) The inherent grooviness of Oregon. As one freak said in an interview after Vortex I that appeared in the *Stoneygonian*, "This state is too stoney. We sort of came up for the hassle, but we don't want to do that crap in Oregon. You can dig difference when you cross the line; just blowing our minds on the trees and the people and the peace."

12) A group that later became known as The Rainbow Gathering of Tribes put their peace and love philosophy into high profile practice in McIver Park and it worked.

13) After the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy, Chicago 68, Kent State, the emergence of the Weathermen psychotics, and the menacing Black Panthers, the desire for fighting in the streets ended forever in many protesting pros and almost every protesting dilettante.

14) Vortex I simply partied young people out. The party was that good. By the time People's Army Jamboree and the American Legion staged their parades, many who might have participated in demonstrations, even merely as

onlookers, suffered from exhaustion, hunger, hangovers and flower power overload. Some even had to go back to work.

15) Vortex I unfolded as a brilliant strategy employed by Oregon's highest official of The Man. The strategy induced a mass sell out, a weekend frenzy of youthful hedonism, a tidal wave of cooptation, a gift of vegetarian mush and carnivals...maybe even pot.

16) The Family's collaboration with state officials was so entirely novel, practical and free of cant, that the festival sucked in many casual observers, turned them on, if only for a few days, and diluted, if not dehydrated their possible interest in confronting the American Legion. That The Family worked alongside public officials and "straights" to do a job and acted as if the effort was perfectly normal, was a very compelling and reassuring reality. It certainly impressed McCall's staff and the mainstream media. The partnership also totally mystified and irritated many in the local hard-core anti-war movement who had nothing positive to offer young people.

17) The People's Army Jamboree was thoroughly incompetent. The mainstream and underground press as well as many eyewitnesses characterized the organization as a hapless, disorganized, loud, inconsistent, and ruinously ideological group. Michael Carr remembers their membership as "total amateurs." They squandered the \$10,000 donated by the potato chip heiress; they couldn't run a meeting; they couldn't outfox the Portland City Council; they couldn't reach Oregon's anti-war youth; they made dumb statements to the media; they staged a parade with a theme of "Victory for the Vietnamese People." Furthermore, when McCall threw the People's Army Jamboree a new pitch--an official, libertine and stoney rock festival--a pitch never before thrown in political hardball, the group simply fanned.

18) The People's Army Jamboree was thoroughly competent. Their street monitors kept their people in line and thwarted the more radical *local* elements like the Portland Liberation Front and *outside* agitators (on some agency's payroll?) that did try at several points to commandeer the anti-war parade and degenerate it into violence.

19) The Portland Police Bureau's infiltration and sabotage of the People's Army Jamboree disrupted the organization's protest goals and effectively neutered it.

20) People for Portland's strategy of "engaging" the People's Army Jamboree worked. Straight "monitors" dressed up like freaks and became the semi-cool babysitter who lets you stay up late but not dip into the liquor cabinet. As Craig Berkman wrote in a report about his organization's activities circulated later that fall, "...because some of our citizen monitors were dressed in hip clothing they were able to participate in the activities of the People's Army Jamboree without standing out in the crowd..."

21) Portland's business elite's financial and material support for Vortex I provided the necessary edge to ensure the festival's success, which in turn drew many long hairs out of the city. Corporations like Portland General Electric and Georgia Pacific and chief executives like Robert Warren and Glenn Jackson were simply not going to allow Portland to be torn apart. The Rose City's Republican movers and shakers knew how to get things done and Vortex I got done right. They established a veritable supply line to keep the troops fortified to party. Later they would barely comment to the press, much less take credit. Some even refused to identify themselves and told their employees to do likewise.

22) The FBI intelligence in the spring and summer of 1970, fed primarily by the Portland Police Bureau, grossly inflated the threat of violent confrontation. After Vortex I, McCall and his aides told the press and various civic groups that the crisis was real. Publicly they said they were convinced of this by federal authorities, thus action had to be taken. In retrospect, upon examination of the Portland Police Bureau reports on the People's Army Jamboree and the declassified FBI intelligence in the Vortex I run-up period, there apparently was no credible evidence to indicate that seasoned anti-war movement operatives planned on coming to Portland to organize mass demonstrations, or that unruly masses would show up to participate. It was all talk and talk by some very shaky dudes. That and a few 5" x 7" ads in underground newspapers.

The Updates

After a long career as a carpenter in the Portland area, Lee Meier recently reinvented himself in the field of digital photography and opened a business. Check out monographisstudio.com. His brilliant Vortex I photographs are there. Hang one on your wall and tell people the story.

Glen Swift lives in Drain, Oregon and plans to homestead on some property he owns in the area.

For many years Sally Driver lived on a boat in the Gulf of California. She recently returned to Oregon City and is transitioning into a career in medical services.

Ronald Bray now lives in San Francisco and drives a cab.

Sam McCall died in the late 1980s due to complications from long-term drug abuse.

Ed Westerdahl left Governor McCall's service at the end of the first term and went on to become a successful businessman. He's retired and living in Palm Springs. He detests current Oregon politics.

Michael McCusker lives in Astoria, Oregon, works in a bookstore, and publishes the *North Coast Times Eagle*. Several years ago he ran for a seat in Astoria's government and lost.

Dr. Bangs still practices medicine in Oregon City and runs his own clinic in an old Radio Shack building he renovated. He sits on the board of an alternative high school adjacent to the clinic and is recognized as a leading authority on

emergency care for victims of hypothermia. He takes two-hour lunches and works a half-day on Friday.

A resident of New Mexico, Garrick Beck has been a part of every Rainbow Gathering since they began in 1972. Not too long ago, he served prison time for his belief that Americans don't need a federal permit to interact with their public land. He remains a thorn in the side of The Man.

Michael Carr is the executive director of SAY, a large non-profit social service organization in San Diego, that serves 29,000 people a year and has 500 employees.

Frank Styles retired from Oregon State Parks and lives in Corbett, Oregon.

Craig Berkman ran for Oregon State Treasurer in 1972 but lost in the general election to the man, Democrat Jim Redden, who sent Governor McCall the "Make Love, Not War" card. Berkman also lost the race to win the Republican Party's nomination for governor in 1994. He currently heads a venture capital firm with an office in downtown Portland.

Doug Weiskopf is an independent businessman living in the Midwest.

Howard Weiner owns and operates one of the oldest skate shops in the country, in downtown Portland. He recently managed the campaign of a Portland mayoral candidate, former Portland Police Bureau Chief Tom Potter, who was a city cop when the events of summer 1970 in Portland went down. Weiner might be the last freak from the Vortex I era still involved in Portland politics.

Bobby Wehe remains at large. **(*The writer expects Wehe to surface once this book comes out and is looking forward to a meeting.)**

The Biodegraded Material

If Vortex I is to be remembered for more than just a novelty, or a footnote, or a legend, or an incredible party, or a daring act of political expediency, perhaps it worth assaying what did biodegrade from that event, and that fertile counterculture era. What did grow from the festival to become a small or large part of today's prevailing American culture? Or some day might grow?

1) Marijuana is everywhere and not that a big deal except for the police, judicial system, prison, political, pharmaceutical industries that live off the carcass of the drug's prohibition at the hungry rate of 800,000 arrests for possession a year. Oregon once led the way in decriminalizing this utterly benign drug, and for a brief time, it seemed as if sanity would prevail and people could use marijuana in peace. Legalization will happen one day but it will need its Nixon to go to China.

2) Many of the Eastern ideas of medicine, meditation and counseling on display at Vortex I flourish today, although insurance companies generally refuse to pay for them.

3) McIver Park's volunteer clean-up crew exhibited a near fanaticism for restoring the party ground--Mother Earth. That sort of awareness and sensitivity for how humans can impact and destroy ecological balance quickly manifested nationwide, entered the mainstream political process, gained an unprecedented momentum, and culminated with President Nixon signing landmark laws like the Clean Water Act (1972) and the Endangered Species Act (1973) among others. The "Be Kind to Mother Earth" philosophy can further be observed today when state and local government agencies promote the "Leave-No-Trace" camping ethic and every time a Rainbow Family Gathering takes place.

4) The idea of going to live in the country remains. It's currently in historical hibernation. After Vortex I, some members of The Family and others who

believed in creating a non-corporate, sustainable lifestyle, made a determined effort to join the somewhat national Back-to-the-Land movement. This involved flight from the cities, establishing or joining rural communes, or homesteading rural properties. The commune trend faded, but many of the 1970s hippies who moved to the country are still there. This Back-to-the-Land trend faded too for a variety of cultural and economic reasons, but any student of American cultural history could easily predict yet another Back-to-the-Land movement. They've cycled through this country's history ever since mass industrialization, and considering the technological changes in American society the past decade, ranging from transgenic organ transplanting to instantaneous communications, it makes me wonder why the next one isn't already underway. Many people are ready. I am. The Midwest's abandoned rural farms and small towns stand ready to absorb the next cycle's pioneers. And the Internet goes there.

5) In light of the phenomenal growth of organic food and drink consumption in the United States the last five years, the preference of eating organic food preached and practiced like a religion at Vortex I, was prescient. What Americans eat and drink, how these products are produced, who produces them, if and how they receive subsidies and political protection, and where they are produced, could be major issues in the coming decades. Just like The Family wanted it to be! Perhaps the freaks, organic farmers, fishermen and distillers will unite and cause a significant revolution in the country's food and drink supply and consumption.

The Writer's Thoughts

I've been inside Vortex I for many years now and changed my mind many times about what I make of it. What follows are a few observations, a few opinions.

The question to ask about the spectacular claims and eyewitness reports of law enforcement officers giving away illegal drugs at Vortex I is this: why not? Surely

an excellent strategy for undercover agents would have been to give certain freaks illegal drugs to establish identities and gain their confidences for future investigatory use. Portland Red Cross had a different motivation for their distribution, but is it so implausible that some undercover agents, either acting under orders or on their own volition, dipped into the contraband, and headed out to McIver Park hoping to make something happen?

I cannot impress enough upon the reader how incredible it was for Ed Westerdahl, arguably the second most powerful man in Oregon, to sit down with four freaks and entertain, much less approve, the idea of the state supporting a rock festival as a strategy to keep the peace with his Republican boss' reelection bid five months away.

By the summer of 1970, with the Woodstock movie playing across the country to packed audiences, The Man had counterattacked against rock festivals on private land. For a promoter to consider asking officials for permission to stage a rock festival on public land would have suggested the promoter was insane. Most states and hundreds of counties and municipalities had either outlawed rock festivals or thrown up so many expensive and Byzantine logistical obstacles that obtaining a permit was impossible. Many entrepreneurs remained undaunted, however, and kept scheduling festivals, often in outright defiance of ordinances. To read *Rolling Stone* in the spring and summer of 1970 is to follow the drama of one legal action after another as The Man tried to crush rock festivals all over North America scheduled for that summer--almost 30 as counted by the magazine. (Vortex I was not among them.)

Ed Westerdahl knew all this and he also knew that the free concert sponsored and headlined by the Rolling Stones at Altamont in December of 1969 had been marred by thuggery, murder, rape and flagrant logistical incompetence. If any state had been associated with that disaster, a voter revolt would have subsequently held some official responsible.

Westerdahl was unconcerned. He was a fixer and fixed Oregon problems. He entered into a relationship with the freaks. They placed mutual faith in each

other. They both delivered. It was a unique relationship in American history, perhaps the only one of its kind.

In examining the nearly 400 Vortex I photographs and the few minutes of festival film footage in my possession, I was struck by how many young American men used to wear Levi's without shirts. I was further struck how they almost all appear 30-40 pounds lighter than a typical young American man in 2004. The once common, lean, cross-country runner look of this country's young males is seemingly gone forever and reveals an obvious cultural metaphor.

It seems clear that a majority of the 1970 Oregon public perceived Vortex I as a success and this perception helped reelect Tom McCall. In his second term, McCall championed a series of progressive conservation initiatives that put Oregon on the national map and made him a legend. The initiatives included: land use planning, forest practices, draconian energy conservation, cleaning up the polluted Willamette River, and the nation's first law requiring a returnable deposit for beer and pop containers.

In 1973 McCall told the Oregon Legislature in a speech opening a legislative session, "The interests of Oregon for today and in the future must be protected from the grasping wastrels of the land." He told an elected official from California that the state would get Oregon's water when it learned how to "blow or suck." And most famously in a nationally televised interview, he said, "Come visit us again and again...but for heaven's sake, don't come here to live." ***(The total and pathetic reversal of this once-sacrosanct McCall belief occurred in May 2004 when Oregon Governor Ted Kulongoski, a Democrat, donned a shower cap and rolled burritos with the owner of a natural foods processing company who was considering expanding his business and bringing 200 jobs to Oregon...from...California!)**

I have been all over the state the past couple of years sharing the Vortex I story and the affection many long-term Oregonians feel for Tom McCall is astonishing. They crave someone like him to lead the state again and recapture

the coolness, to reinvent the Beaver State magic that once defined Oregon. Now, we're just like the rest of the states. The sad last word on this came about in 2003, in a nearly \$500,000 taxpayer-financed "rebranding" of Oregon, when the hip advertising firm of Weiden and Kennedy created a new slogan for the state: "We love dreamers."

From what I learned and experienced, Bobby Wehe is a hard man to trust. But there is no doubt he played a major role in pulling off Vortex I, maybe even the crucial one. He was given a chance to tell his story and is the only person to refuse my request for an interview, much less ask for a cut in this project's profits. Wehe claims a special relationship with the governor and that something extraordinary went down in McCall's office, and because so many people who have read his emails to me have asked what I think happened, I serve up this far out speculation--I think they got high.

In researching this rocking historical era, I have come to see Vortex I as the great lost event of the great psychedelic movement that thrived in Pacific Northwest from the late 1960s to mid-1970s, a movement that included, among others developments, Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, the founding of Washington's Evergreen College, hundreds of communes, thousands of long haired vagabonds making pilgrimages to every rock festival from the Bay Area to Vancouver B.C., a pony-tailed and vegetarian Bill Walton as a Portland Trail Blazer, Steve Prefontaine's earthy celebrity, Oregon decriminalizing marijuana, and the professional soccer fanaticism that gripped the region.

In my more analytical moments, I view Vortex I as a representation of a groovy and essentially American form of pragmatism--think Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Henry James and John Dewey lightly stoned--that meshed fringe cultural practices with crew cut political realities to avoid violence.

Twice in the course of my Vortex I Chautauqua presentations, and once at a party, I was confronted by surly former members of the People's Army Jamboree who expressed their disgust with the festival. To them, Vortex I was a sell out. People were being killed and wounded by the tens of thousands in an immoral war. When a perfect opportunity to take a high profile stand in Portland presented itself, self-indulgent and woefully naïve hippies preferred to smoke pot, drop acid, fuck, rap incoherently about brotherhood and practice paganism. The freak show seduced many, many young people who might have otherwise turned out in protest. And the partying tainted them.

I do not reduce Vortex I this way. What unfolded in McIver Park was a lot more than choosing a party over participating in stopping a political obscenity. In the summer of 1970, a few Portland area young people were imbued with ideals and ideas that were somewhat concomitant with the aims of the anti-war movement. But the young people also offered something else, something they freely discussed, something they proselytized for but without relying on ancient texts and didacticism. That something else was love--stone Oregon love. That my last name is Love, that the Vortex I story found me, that I have been around it the way I have for three decades, does not feel like a coincidence to me at all.

After seeing one of my presentations, a friend without any prior knowledge of Vortex I, remarked, simply, that she was stunned to realize how the freaks (excepting Bobby Wehe) pulled off this miracle festival without any hidden agenda or trace of irony. That's love. Bob Dylan has sung many true words, but when he sang, *we live in political world/where love don't have any place*, Bob Dylan was wrong.

A friend also suggested this theory and I believe it has merit: that many serious Vortexers, not the weekend voyeurs, acted out inside McIver Park, a subconscious, yet fully imagined and executed ideal of their idea of Native American tradition. There were tepees, meetings in tepees, tribes, feathers, peyote, peace pipes, visions, loincloths, corn, fires, face paint, long hair, headbands, nomadic tendencies, disdain of private property, animal metaphors

and rejection of a judgmental sky-god authority. There was even dispute over land, government agents inclined to eliminate the “native” culture, neutral anthropological observers and problem with the natives’ use of alcohol!

I have also come to believe, after reading the biographies of our current Masters of War, that the kind of scared young straight people who were (are) clueless to what it means to honorably serve one’s country, abused a legal drug (alcohol), loathed Vortex I ideals in 1970, and voluntarily benched themselves in one of the most dynamic periods in American history, today, by illegality, cultivated backlash, privilege and cronyism, occupy most of the powerful positions in Congress, control the executive branch and dominate radio and cable television talk shows. The 1970 benchwarmers’ vision has triumphed for most of America in recent years and is being enforced in Iraq as I write this. Now dream this: what if Vortex I’s first string had retained the festival’s ideals into political maturity, went on to enter politics, win, and then run the Pacific Northwest? If you want see how it would have turned out, read the utopian novel *Ecotopia* by Ernest Callenbach.

Finally, the writer’s last thought:: once Oregon was a really cool place.

The End

Garrick Beck

There was a lot of hate everywhere in Portland then. We responded with love. It’s still the only way.

Michael McCusker, *North Coast Times Eagle*

Fewer of us protested the presence of the American Legion than attended Vortex. The national media were disappointed we did not provide a bloody spectacle as were several members of law enforcement. Proof that the confrontation was overblown from the beginning was apparent when President Nixon, who had planned to make a war speech to the Legion sent in his place Vice President Spirococcus T. Agnuts, a Greek-American who referred to everybody else as Dagos, Fat Japs, etc. Some say Nixon was frightened of being attacked, possibly assassinated. I think he realized the political insignificance of appearing in a substantially diminished public melodrama. The pre-convention display of hysteria had a sobering effect and in the end no one wanted to be

responsible for the violence almost everyone feared or claimed to fear. Portland's residents did not wish a reputation for bloody civil war. That determined pressure to avoid violence was powerful enough to prevent it.

Doug Weiskopf

I hopped a plane to my hometown of Los Angeles and spent a week surfing in the ocean by day and walking on the beach at night under the stars, thanking God that there had been no violence in Portland during People's Army Jamboree and hoping that the damned war in Vietnam might end someday soon.

Bob Oliver

We all had a dinner in the Hilton. A quiet celebration.

Frank Styles

I sighed a breath of relief and I was glad it was over. I didn't get any overtime.

Ronald Bray

I sent the family back to the commune. I stuck around to clean up the park. Then I hitchhiked back. It took me two days.

Sally Driver

What came to mind at the end was this feeling like, Oh wow! This is really cool. This is how it should be. This is so right on. It was just like a utopia. And all because McCall wanted us out of town.

Lee Meier

I thought that we were on to something. It's youth. You think you've got the next big vision of how the world is going to work. I really, really, really believed that we were going to be this countercultural dimension of how to live American life. That would last.

Lillie Madsen, *Statesmen*, September 21, 1970

Whatever else Vortex accomplished, it made McIver Park famous. Thousands of cars drive through the place these fall weekends just to see where the rock festival happened.

McIver Park will never be the same again. It will never have the anonymity.

Letter from Governor McCall to constituent

I'm not apologizing for Vortex--but once in a lifetime is enough for me!

Ed Westerdahl

After Vortex we got a couple of calls from around the country about putting on a rock festival. I went to Washington (state) and delivered a talk about staging one. I'm not sure if anything ever happened.

Reverend Huss

Repent son, the end is coming. The book is unimportant.

Dr. Bangs' diary

On Tuesday evening we went for a walk in the lower park with our chief ambulance Whitey, Nichols and our nurse Pat Shuetz. As we walked along Whitey offered us a martini and in a scene reminiscent of M.A.S.H. produced a bottle of Beefeater gin from one pocket and removed from another some Vermouth and olives from a third. Whitey has had considerable experience at bartending and turned out some excellent martinis for us.

For the Vortex I Junkies***Medications Used at Vortex I, appendix to proposed medical journal article by Dr. Bangs***

Syringes used included the small half or lcc syringes for Tetanus Toxoid this was the majority used, also a few Insulin syringes and the same size syringes used for Epinephrine. Larger syringes 10-20cc for occasional Aminophyllin IV administration was used and a 20cc syringe used to irrigate the wax from an ear.

Valium 1-2cc was given intravenously at times, as was the same volume of Thorazine or Stellazine.

50cc syringes were available for gastric lavage but were not used.

Needles--23 and 25 gauge for Intramuscular injection. A few heroin addicts requested 25 gauge needles.

Antibiotics included Penicillin in rather large numbers, including 250 mg. of Pen Vee for the strep pharyngitis. We had 2 bottles of a thousand of these and went through one and a good part of the other bottle. Tetracycline was also used to treat the pneumonitis presumed due to mycoplasma. An alternative to Penicillin should be available, e.g., Ilosone. Gantanol was used rather frequently for urinary tract infections. We treated about fourteen with this problem. Pyridium was occasionally of value in the symptomatic treatment of urinary tract infection.

Antihistamines are of great value both for the colds and for the drug reactions. Also are valuable if a sleeping medication is needed. Benadryl was effective both in 25 and 50 mg size, 100 or 200 or so being required. Vistaril also available and doubles as an antinauseant. The anti cold tablets including Coricidin Ornade or whatever were in large demand and perhaps 500 to 1000 were used. We ran out of this drug more frequently than others, and had to continually send for more.

Antispasmodics, ProBanthine and Belladonna type drugs are of great value, particularly with the overdoses of LSD, which causes GI upset. ProBanthine 15 mg tablets proved to be of great value and we used probably 200 to 1000 of

these. Also of value here is an intramuscular antinauseant e.g., Compazine or Phenergan, although we had little indication for it.

Antacids--both liquid and tablet form, were in great demand and we handed out handfuls of Gelusil tablets, and several thousand of these were probably dispensed.

Topical skin medications including Caladryl for itching and poison oak and Solarcaine for sunburn also was used in great quantities. Numerous cans of Solarcaine dispensed, these people were treated only in the tent. The cans were not released, but these were used in large volumes, approximately 20 large cans of spray Solarcaine used. Topical steroids occasionally of value as numerous rashes were seen.

By far the major medication used was Valium as a "downer," at least 500, 10 mg tablets were dispensed, usually in 30 to 50 mg doses by mouth. Also this should be available by parenteral route as some people on drug reactions will not take the oral medication as they fear a conspiracy against them. Sparine and Thorazine similarly should be available although it is used to a much lesser degree. IV Valium also used in 3 individuals, particularly one that I recall, before an acute quieting effect primarily for evacuation. Interesting to note that one individual took 30 mg Valium IV and still remained hyperactive.

Ophthalmic medication included Sulfacetamide, for treating of conjunctivitis, Pontocaine for removal of foreign bodies, and Fluorescein dye for detection of corneal abrasions.

Analgesics used were Ponstel, again probably a thousand were dispensed in two tablet dosages and these proved to be extremely valuable and apparently were effective, although follow up was somewhat minimal. Aspirin of course were also dispensed, and we had two bottles of 1000 both of which were used. A stronger analgesic e.g., Morphine was available, although we never had any indication to use it. Empirin #3's would also be valuable, although we did not have these and did not use them, primarily because they were not available by donation.

Diarrhea was a common problem and was treated with Lomotil. Any diarrhea medication should be available in abundance.

Ipecac was available for overdose but never used. Gastric lavage material was available, but again was never used.

Hemorrhoids were a common problem and we were somewhat unprepared for these, although we did have some patent hemorrhoid medication. I would recommend some Wyanoide Suppositories, Zinc Oxide ointment, Anusol or something to this effect for hemorrhoids.

Ethyl Chloride available in spray form to remove foreign bodies, but again, never used.

Antiepileptic medication was used rather frequently as people forgot to bring their own. Mebrol, specifically was in demand, as was Dilantin. Both of these were available but used in relatively small quantities.

Sedatives e.g., barbiturates, Nembutal could be available, although not absolutely necessary if one would be satisfied with antihistamines. Phenobarb will double as an antiepileptic.

Epinephrine used rather frequently to treat asthmatics and occasional insect bite and should be readily available, of course, as an emergency medication. I would estimate 10 doses were administered.

Asthma was a common problem and IV Aminophyllin used on five or six occasions, 500 mg at a time. Tedral or some such bronchodilator also of value as asthma was a common problem.

50% Dextrose available to treat the Insulin reactions but not used.

Xylocaine for anesthesia was used to sew up the several lacerations and available for cardiac problems which did not occur.

Cough syrup extremely valuable, particularly later in the festival when cold became prevalent. Approximately 2 quarts of this were used as dispensed on the premises.

Alcohol swabs and tourniquets of course available for IM injection, again used in rather large quantities.

Aromatic ammonia available for those who faint but not used.

Tetanus toxoid, approximately 200 doses were administered and should be available.

Flashlights--about 20 should be available with replacements for batteries. They have a tendency to disappear although not to the degree that I expected. These are very indispensable at night when the lighting is poor and of value to look at throats and other dark areas.

A more elaborate system of keeping records would have been valuable rather than sticking them in a drawer as we did, although this turned out fairly well. Future records should have the time on them. It requires constant vigilance to keep people filling out records, and a single individual assigned to this task would

be of value. None of us were completely aware of the value that the records would have at a future date, and in the future, this problem may solve itself.

A means of marking drugs in the file drawer is definitely of value and one of the plastic marking systems worked out very well.

Insulin was frequently forgotten by diabetics and this had to be supplied both in NPH and regular.

Other equipment of value is blood pressure cuff, should be about six available, along with stethoscopes. These need to be kept in a conspicuous place. Otoscopes, about 3 would be valuable as numerous cases of ear pain and cerumen were seen. Ophthalmoscopic head should be available. Tongue blades in abundance are needed for looking at throats, mouths and as finger splints.

DRESSINGS: Most frequently used of course was bandaids, and several thousand of these were dispensed or used. 4X4 both sterile and unsterile also used. Tape--merely one inch although 1/2 inch and 3 inch also used occasionally and many many rolls of 1-inch tape should be available as they get lost or used up.

Wound cleansing is a common problem and basins and means of heating warm water are needed as well as soap e.g., pHisoHex, or just plain hand soap. A few slings were used for arm, wrist or shoulder problems. Paper towels proved valuable but some Turkish towels would also be important.

Blankets were dispensed by the medical center, approx. 500 in all. These are definitely necessary around a medical tent and tend to disappear. We also dispensed them to the park in general, which is reason for the large number used. We had paper blankets which were better than nothing, but definitely not as valuable as the wool bound blankets provided by the Red Cross.

Sanitary napkins were dispensed, approximately 2 large cases, probably a gross in each case, and sanitary belts were not available but would have been valuable.

Large dressing, e.g., ABD pads and 4X8's etc., were used for larger wounds.

Thermometers were used in abundance and probably 2-dozen would be required as well as a means of sterilizing these. The oral was the only one utilized.

Rags--to clean up spilled things and dry things, also proved to be of value.

Some paper envelopes to dispense pills and to keep collected drugs were used and cups to dispense liquid medications e.g., cough syrup are needed.

Lacerations--a surgical table or elevated cot is valuable to handle lacerations. A surgical lamp simplifies the problem. Paper drapes seem to work well and a hole can be cut in the center to be worked through. Xylocaine and needles and syringes as well as suture material are definitely needed. Laceration packs are the simplest means but equipment can be kept in a pan of alcohol, and then cleansed, and put back in following their use. A few hemostats, needle holders pick-ups, with and without teeth, assortment of suture sizes and sterile gloves are required.

Kling or other forms of wrap around dressings were used in large numbers. Ace wraps 3, 4, 5 & 6 inches are needed occasionally. Splints were used occasionally, either pneumatic type or disposable cardboard ones.

Stretchers are used frequently. About 30 were used. These also have a small tendency to disappear. These worked very well as emergency cots. Also 8-10 cots were needed in the medical tent and perhaps a few more could have been used.

A filing cabinet for keeping medications readily available is absolutely indispensable and this should be well marked, approximately 30 individual drawers available. We had two cabinets, one for medications and the other for dressing, and this seemed to work very well.

The End?

Michael McCusker, *North Coast Times Eagle*

Reuben's 5 was at its peak that summer, featured in local and national media as the colorful headquarters of the baby boomer rebels. Hunter Thompson commanded several tables throughout the Legion convention, a blond woman and a dark haired woman on either side as bookends.

Hunter S. Thompson? Did he go out to McIver Park?

The Thanks

Lee Meier, Garrick Beck, Ed Westerdahl, Michael Carr, Glen Swift and Sally Driver for the fascinating interviews that changed my life. Dr. Cameron Bangs for the interviews, photographs and personal papers. His meticulous documentation of Vortex I helped infused this book with a special far out quality I never imagined for it when I first started researching. All the Vortexers for sharing stories and photographs.

Gerry Lewin and Ron Cooper for allowing me to use their Vortex I photographs. Ron Cooper for finding the boxes of *Vortex I* booklets and allowing me to sell them. Inga DuBay for the use of her Vortex I logo. Don McFadden for use of Jacob Ladder's music.

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The Oregon Council for the Humanities, especially Chautauqua Program Director Carol "Rocker" Hickman and the board member who attend Vortex I. Without OCH's belief and support, this project was dead. The hundreds of Oregonians who attended my Chautauqua presentations. I especially appreciate those people present at the 2003 Eugene show. They passed up the opportunity to watch the state's highest paid employee lead his football team against the fourth-ranked Michigan Wolverines.

The outstanding civil servants in charge of the public facilities that hosted my presentations. Tillamook County librarians who fulfilled all my research requests with alacrity and enthusiasm. The Nestucca-Neskowin Watersheds Council Board of Directors for allowing me to take a leave of absence to write the book and then not becoming upset when I quit upon my return.

Dory Hilton for her materials on the People's Party Jamboree. Michael McCusker for passing along the *North Coast Times Eagle*. Brent Walth for graciously allowing me access to his Vortex I files. Glenn Davis for keeping his Vortex I clippings and photographs and turning them over to me. Tim Calvert for helping me obtain an audio copy of McCall's statewide radio and television address after I had given up hope it existed. Sherry Casper for tracking down the *Stoneygonian*. Sarah Jeffries for turning around the story of her dad's Vortex I experience in mind-blowing and bullet-speed fashion.

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Matthew Stadler for many excellent editorial ideas and Rich Jensen for his enthusiasm for the project. I wish it would have worked out for all of us.

Cindy Popp for the glorious cover and the long years of trying to inculcate optimism in me. My three dogs Sonny, Jo and Ray for the way they love running on the beach.

The Booknotes and Sources

I apologize for the lack of an index.

I footnoted where there was a debt, need for clarification, a personal connection or it was far out.

In several places I quote “anonymous” people who attended my Chautauqua presentations. This wasn’t because they refused to give their names. I would always be overwhelmed at these shows by former Vortexers who wanted to share their stories. I wrote down everything they said as fast as I could, but sometimes I didn’t get their names...and then they were gone.

I edited documents, articles and narratives for typos and spelling errors but generally left the grammar alone unless a change was absolutely needed for clarity. For consistency, I imposed standardization on some terms like “tepee,” “hippie,” and “a.m.” that appeared many times. I tried to retain the “look” of certain official documents by retyping them in their original textual format. I eliminated ellipsis in excerpts unless they were present in the original document or article.

I included the date of a newspaper or magazine article or letter if it was critical to the context of the chapter. In other places where I did not include the date, the reader can easily infer the time frame the article appeared. Furthermore, many articles found in the FBI file did not have dates.

During the course of my research, I was presented with many contradictory facts and impressions about the political and party sides of Vortex I. Sometimes I was able to resolve a contradiction. Usually I was not. In deciding what contradictions to try to resolve, what eyewitness claims to try to verify, what “facts” in newspapers and letters to try to confirm, I simply went on intuition. It was an incomplete and eccentric process and perhaps not proper history, but it felt right. There’s still more work to do on this story, but it was time for me to grab the groovy ephemeral nature of Vortex I and put it on paper. I was adding freshly discovered material as this book went to press and it’s certain that new material, certainly contradictory, will surface once more Vortexers read the book and comment. I hope it does.

I researched Vortex I for four years and interviewed approximately 300 people connected to the event. It was the intellectual trip of a lifetime for me and I loved every minute of it. The interviewees were all sober when we talked (except two in

Estacada-area bars), but obviously that wasn't the case in 1970 when most of them experienced Vortex I. People readily confessed this to me and were easily able to distinguish the differences between what they knew they observed in the flesh, and what they imagined under the influence of psychedelics. In any event, in my mind, their festival testimonies are definitely more reliable than what the current Masters of War say (or said) in press conferences, speeches and committee hearings.

In 2002 it was my great fortune to become part of the Chautauqua Lecture Series sponsored by the Oregon Council for Humanities. I presented my multimedia program, "When Oregon Rocked: The Far Out Story of Vortex I," 17 times around the state and met close to 300 people who had a Vortex I association, typically at the festival, but also in other capacities. These meetings precipitated lead after lead after lead. Most panned out, and a few, like former Clackamas County Sheriff's Deputy Durwood Thomas attending my Oregon City gig, led to a Sutter's Mill strike. In Durwood's case, it meant his directing me to Bill Brooks, who unearthed the Clackamas County Sheriff's Department's "lost" Vortex I archive. Someone else in the audience with Durwood that night whose name I never recorded, put me on to Dr. Cameron Bangs. And I met Sally Driver there too.

At the presentations I heard many wild festival stories and most of them found their way into this book. I encouraged people to send me their narratives to an e-mail account I established: vortexstories@yahoo.com. About 40 people followed up and some of the submissions exceeded 2000 words. Most are quoted in this book. I urge readers with their own Vortex I tales to write them up and send them along. I will never stop researching this story and if this book makes it to a second edition, these new narratives will be invaluable.

What follows is a list of the best sources I drew upon for the book.

Key Interviews:

Garrick Beck, Lee Meier, Michael Carr, Ed Westerdahl, Bill Brooks, Sally Driver, Dr. Cameron Bangs, Frank Styles, Ronald Bray, Craig Berkman, Doug Weiskopf, Leonard Bacon, Bobby Wehe (for what he wouldn't tell me), Bob Oliver, Doris Penfeld, Reverend Walter Huss, Howard Weiner, Dr. Charles Spray, Leas Averill, Deep Throat.

Newspapers:

Oregonian (Portland), Oregon Journal (Portland), Enterprise Courier (Clackamas County), Statesman (Salem), Capitol Journal (Salem), Clackamas County News (Estacada), Willamette Bridge (Portland), The Stranger (Portland), North Coast Times Eagle (Astoria)

Books:

Tom McCall: Maverick, by Tom McCall, with Steve Neal, (Portland, Binford and Mort Publishers, 1977)

Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story, by Brent Walth, (Portland, Oregon Historical Society, 1994)

Studies:

Confrontation or Accommodation? The American Legion and the People's Army Jamboree in Portland, by Jerome R. Corsi and Ralph G. Lewis, Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence, Brandeis University, Waltham, Massachusetts, sponsored by the US Department of Justice, National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, published 1972

Archives:

Oregon Historical Society Research Library, Thomas Lawson McCall Papers, MSS 625, Portland, OR

Clackamas County Sheriff's Department, Oregon City, OR

Oregon Parks and Recreation Department, Salem, OR

Portland Tribune's "The Secret Watchers" archives of Portland Police Bureau's surveillance operation of dissident groups during the Vortex I era. Now housed at City of Portland archives.

Federal Bureau of Investigation's file on People's Army Jamboree-American Legion convention, 1970-77

Personal papers:

Glen Swift, Lee Meier, Dr. Cameron Bangs, Craig Berkman, Glenn Davis, Dory Hilton's research on the People's Army Jamboree, Brent Walth's research on Vortex I for *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story*

Unpublished Manuscripts:

True Stories and Untold Tales, by Garrick Beck

Film Documentary:

"The Seventh Day," Portland State University student documentary, May 1970.

Radio Documentary:

"Suppose They Gave a Riot and Nobody Came?" KBOO radio documentary, produced and narrated by Albert Schwartz, aired March 13, 1971.