

6/82

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



EARLY MEDFORD STREET SCENE

# Director's Corner

The Southern Oregon Historical Society maintains an active oral history program which began when Genevieve Pisarski Sage became a member of the staff in June 1976. Her organizational abilities assured a successful beginning to the program. Although many recordings, on reel-to-reel tapes and 78 rpm records, pre-dated Genevieve's employment at SOHS, none of them had been transcribed for a permanent collection. She worked diligently in cooperation with Richard Engeman, SOHS librarian, to ensure that the transcripts were appropriately cataloged, the tapes and transcripts were numbered and stored systematically, and the necessary forms were prepared and included with each transcript.

When Genevieve became curator of exhibits in July 1977, Alan Schut was hired to continue the oral history program. He took advantage of the CETA program and hired a transcriber, Vonnice Chapman. Their efforts included two major tape projects: the First Annual Governor's Conference on Historic Preservation held in Jacksonville in November 1977, and the history of Medford Corporation. Many of the transcripts from the MEDCO project were used by Jeff LaLande for his book, Medford Corporation: a history of an Oregon Logging and Lumber Company, published in 1979.

In May 1978 Marjorie Edens became oral historian and did most of her own transcribing with the help of Betty Hoover, a volunteer. In June 1981 Betty Grizzell, a Green Thumb employee, became part-time transcriber for Marjorie and the oral history program has boomed. There are presently four volunteers working with Marjorie collecting oral history tapes, and their projects are quite diverse: Rich Morgan is collecting tapes on the history of Medford; Donna Reiner-Fecundus is collecting tapes on the history of Girl Scouting in southern Oregon; Theola Wolff is collecting tapes on the history of the Willow Springs school; and Jerrie Bird is involved in a very lengthy project with Mr. Fred Inlow of Eagle Point.

The oral history collection now contains two 78 rpm records and 25 reel-to-reel recordings. Many of these were interviews conducted in the 1960s by Seth Bullis and they have since been re-recorded onto cassette. There is a total collection of 408 tapes with 7,472 pages of transcript. Many of the transcripts of these tapes contain biographical information and several of them contain photographs. All of these materials are fully cataloged and available to the public in the SOHS research library.

I hope everyone is as impressed with this as I am. To those who might question the value of the oral history program, we say: think how valuable it would have been to have the recorded voices and transcripts of the reminiscences of Britt, Carter, Howard, Whitman, Ross, Colver, Dunn, Hathaway Jones, the Applegate brothers, your grandmother, your grandfather or your parents.

Bill Burk

## THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## JOHN ENGLAND ROSS

### Indian Fighter

#### Part Two

*The May issue of the Newsletter featured John E. Ross as a young man, leading a wagon train across the plains and making his first stand against aggressive, hostile Indians. Part II continues his experiences as a prospector and an Indian fighter.*

**J**OHN ROSS was just one of many Willamette Valley residents who, upon learning that gold had been discovered in California, hastily packed supplies and headed for Sutter's Mill. Starting out on foot with a pair of mules, he soon found himself traveling with a group of thirty-six other men all with the idea of getting there while the getting was good. Some of the men had outfitted covered wagons and this party of prospectors made up an impromptu train, one of the first to bring conestoga wagons from Oregon to

*The model in the photograph by Jane Cory-Van Dyke is wearing a buckskin suit made by John Ross. The outfit is in the museum collection, a gift of Mrs. Edith Skyrman, a daughter of John Ross. It has a hole in the thigh, a memento of a time when he was struck with an arrow.*



California. Though a lone man traveling at his own speed would not be delayed by a caravan of slow-moving wagons, journeying together was the only sensible arrangement. Throughout the western territory, Indians frequently attacked lone individuals and small groups from ambush, and those who ventured forth without strong defenses and a sizable company of companions might face violent death in the wilderness.

Following the existing paths and sometimes blazing new trails, the group forged ahead with few delays. Making their way up Canyon Creek, just beyond Canyonville, they were surprised by a small band of Indians, hiding behind trees and boulders, who began shooting at the little party. The men, on a bee-line to sudden and sure wealth, had no desire to waste time in an extended sniping match. Shouting like demons in a frenzy, they fired volley after volley at the Indians, who, upon discovering they had unearthed a nest of hornets, rapidly headed for the tall timber without looking back.

The party met no further confrontations with unfriendly Indians; at least no additional skirmishes are included in the reports of the trip. At their destination in the California minefields, the men separated, each going his own way. John Ross stopped at Bidwell Bar on the Feather River. Bidwell, in operation with three or four other prospectors, had set up a primitive production line. Having hired a couple of Indians to do the heavy pick and shovel work, and a runner to fetch and carry, the men panned for pay dirt using crude, hollowed-out wooden bowls. Ross, an amateur in the art of prospecting, was given lessons on how to carve a mining pan and use it to wash out gold dust--and nuggets.

With his new knowledge and a couple of do-it-yourself bowls, he made a visit to Sutter's Fort to buy supplies and complete his rig. Prompted by the tantalizing success stories of the rich veins found at Dry Diggings, he tried his luck there. The site of his initial efforts at prospecting was later called Hangtown and eventually became Placerville. Although he wandered up and down the Feather River, and tested countless sites, all of which promised rewards, he met with indifferent success. One day he might find a few colors; the next day, none. Even though he could have realized more income from the threshing machine which he had abandoned in the fields of the Willamette Valley, he doggedly persisted in his prospecting efforts.

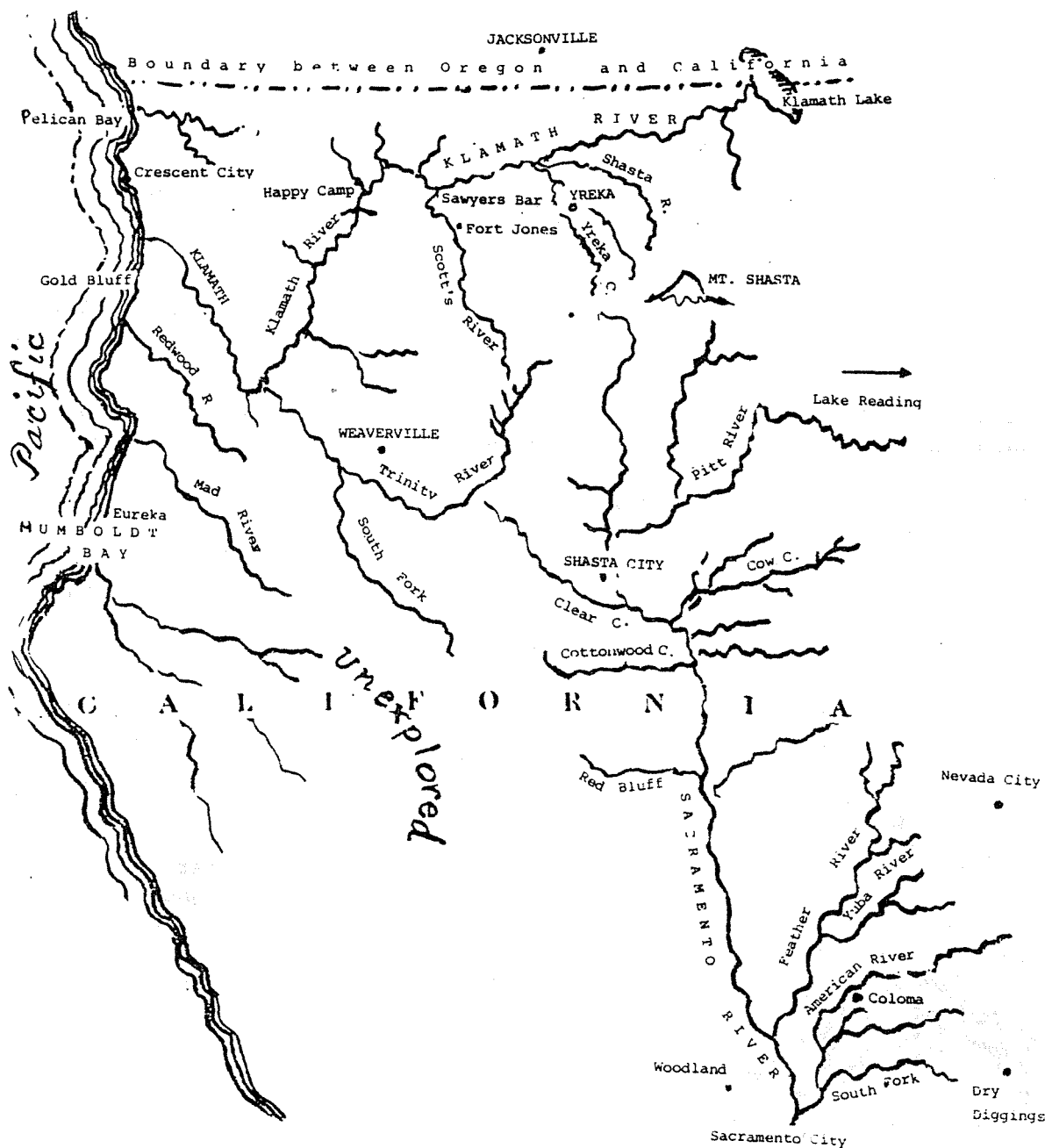
**T**hroughout the West there were widespread encounters with Indians, and the area Ross chose to work in was no exception. Shortly after his arrival, four Indians waylaid and robbed a party of six miners. Three of the group were French, two were Spanish and one was Chilean. Although the victims were foreigners, the other prospectors were outraged. They formed a search party, tracked down the Indians and beat them with leather whips. As the fourth Indian was being dragged to the whipping post, one of the miners discovered, attached to the Indian's belt, a white man's scalp which had been creased by a bullet. The shouting mob, intent on instant justice, prepared four nooses and the four men were summarily hanged from a tree. That bit of violence alleviated the anger somewhat and certainly taught a sharp lesson to other murderers.

If John Ross participated in this episode, his role is not recorded. He was however certainly destined to take a leading part in many other contests between the Indians and the whites. One such example occurred when he was prospecting with some men at an area known as "The Mill." Ross and several of his friends, leaving a few men behind to guard their diggings, went into the town of Coloma for a night out. Upon their return to the creek, they discovered that in their absence Indians had raided their camp. Some of the men had escaped by hiding in the dark woods, but the attackers had killed five of Ross' companions and had taken gold worth at least \$6,000. The grim lesson presented by the earlier hanging of the four murderers apparently had yet to take effect on these Indians.

Ross quickly organized a party of twenty men--mostly Oregonians--and, under

his command, they set out to trace the outlaw band and make certain the renegades were given their day of reckoning. The gang of miners rode directly to an Indian village at Green Springs, about 20 miles from Coloma and, taking the settlement by surprise, easily captured 130 Indians. The murderers were not among them, and the captives insisted that they knew nothing of the affair. With no place to deposit 130 prisoners, all of whom were loudly declaring their innocence, the self-appointed posse gave the intimidated offenders a severe warning and released them to go on about their business.

Joined by a small group of Spanish prospectors who had also suffered losses by marauding Indians, the troop continued searching for the attackers. After several days they came upon the Indians camp. It was deserted but campfires were still burning and food, recently prepared, had been left behind as the



Indians made their hasty departure. One of the warriors who was wounded in the raid on the Ross camp had died and his body was still burning on the funeral pyre. The angry miners, yearning for revenge, burned everything and utterly destroyed the camp.

Following the path made by the retreating Indians, the volunteers, a few days later, came upon their camp in early morning. The avengers were able to approach so stealthily that guards at the camp were unaware of their presence and failed to give an alarm. This is an unusual situation. Indians, completely at home in the wilderness, are always considered to have been super-alert and capable of out-distancing and out-maneuvering the early settlers. The fact that Ross and his men could take them by surprise is evidence that the white man had also acquired hunting and tracking skills and had become a more formidable enemy than these Indians realized.

On command, the men fired upon the astonished Indians and in the first attack fourteen of them and their chief were killed. The others, who could only surrender, were quickly given their swift and inexorable punishment. Sometime earlier Lanceford Hastings, who served as guide for at least two wagon trains and had prepared an "Emigrant Guide," had written a pass in which he declared these Indians were good, true and friendly. This pass was discovered on the dead chief. It had enabled them to get into the camp at the Coloma diggings. John Ross angrily asserted that Hastings was as much a criminal as the murderers, and that if he distributed any more such passes, Ross might eliminate him as well.

Upon their return to Coloma the victors were told that they hadn't yet made a perfect score. Some of the guilty were still at large. Once again the hunters fanned their desire for vengeance and set out on the search. One of the fugitives escaped his retribution by hiding at the house of a white woman, Miss Werimar, who had shockingly fallen in love with him and concealed him from the angry townspeople. When that staggering fact was revealed, it's certain that her fellow citizens wasted no time in presenting the tender-hearted Miss Werimar with a complimentary one-way ticket on the next stage.

Five more Indians were caught, given a speedy trial and sentenced to be shot. As they were being taken from the jail to the place of execution, one of them broke away and, dodging and turning as he ran, made it to the river and escaped. The other four were killed on the spot which has since become

known as Murderers Bar. It isn't quite clear whether the term, "Murderers," was bestowed upon it by the white men or the Indians. It must have been frustrating to the well-armed and determined troop that two of the Indians had escaped, but they had brought the others to justice and no doubt the remaining savages would be more respectful in the future.

But just four days later a prospector from Oregon, known as Daugherty, was found dead at his diggings. He had been killed by Indians. The miners again organized and this time they killed sixty Indians in retaliation. There seemed to be no other way to prevent the senseless killings by the bloodthirsty savages.



**W**hile the Indians were lying low or recovering from the disastrous retaliatory raids, the miners

were no less belligerent and quarrelsome. Prospectors were, generally speaking, a rowdy bunch who thrived on fighting and bloodshed. Today they'd be into black leather and ride motorcycles. The California miners were resentful of men from the Oregon territory and felt they were trespassers. When an Oregon prospector struck paydirt the Californians became envious and aggressive. There was constant bickering which occasionally resulted in gang fights. The Oregonians banded together for protection from other miners as well as from Indians. Once John Ross, reacting just in time, struck the gun from the hand of an angry Californian and saved the life of his friend, John Marshall.

Working with F.R.Hill, Ross made a strike at a place called Yankee Jim's Diggings. Their find was considerably less than a legendary lode but it was sufficient to keep them excited and persistent. He also joined up with John Pool and worked as his partner in the area around the North Yuba River and the south fork of the Yuba.

In the fall of 1849 Ross returned to Oregon City. He decided he had devoted enough time and effort in the search for gold and concluded that it was time to occupy himself with something more permanent and less of a gamble. The lure of the goldfields, however, was too persuasive and he soon returned to the south.

**I**n 1850 he joined several other Oregonians who were trying their luck at Cache Creek where Woodland is now located. They met with no success, and Ross with eleven others set out for the north fork of the Trinity River. They worked their way along Cottonwood Creek and the Redwood River towards Humboldt and finally arrived at the mouth of the Klamath River.

On their way upstream along the tributaries of the river, they struck a rich vein at Sawyer's Bar. Success was long overdue. It was time their endeavors paid off. They had straggled around prospecting as they went, from the area around Placerville to the northern part of the California coast and they had unearthed no bonanzas along the way.

Now, jubilant at their discovery, they made camp and set to work at the new promising spot. At the end of the day, elated with their good fortune, they returned to their camp. Indians had raided it! Their supplies of food, blankets and utensils were gone. Even worse, all of their horses had been stolen. There was but one thing to do: they must make an effort to recover their horses and as much of their equipment as they could find.

At daylight they set out to follow the trail of the Indians. It was not difficult to trace them; they had made few efforts to conceal their tracks. Towards late afternoon the miners came upon their camp, not far from the Scott river. It was actually a small village and contained several solidly constructed wickiups. A number of women and children were moving around the tepees and the campfires. Ross could see the stolen horses in a fenced area with some other livestock, but several Indians on guard squatted around the fence. A tiny army of only eleven men couldn't surround that big settlement and demand its surrender. Their only hope was to surprise the inhabitants by a sudden rush, firing their guns as they ran and making as much racket as possible to give the



illusion of a larger number of attackers. Indians had respect for guns, and the men would discharge a fusilade of bullets as they made the onslaught. That would get speedy results. At a given signal, they noisily charged, running toward the center of the camp. Astonishingly, a volley of gunfire burst forth from the wickiups, each of which appeared to be a well-fortified arsenal. The Indians had acquired a supply of guns and knew how to use them. At the unexpected return fire from the Indians, who now took the offensive, the men could only turn and retreat as fast as possible to the protection of the trees.

Ross, running as rapidly as he could, was hit in the thigh with an arrow. One of the men, Hank Brown, seeing him stumble and fall, rushed to him, helped him up and supported him as they ran on into the woods. Two other men, running from the scene, were shot, but they were struck in the shoulders and, although they were in great pain, they kept up with the others. With the well-armed enemy preparing to follow, there was no time to remove an arrow and tend to the wounded. Ross grabbed up a stick and hobbled after his fleeing companions.

At the river's edge they came upon four or five canoes pulled up on the bank. Grabbing paddles, with two or three men to a boat, they quickly shoved them out into the current. As they pulled into midstream, the shouting Indians appeared at the edge of the forest. Firing back at them, the miners kept them at a distance. The Indians, aware that they couldn't follow the rapidly moving canoes along the rough and rocky river banks and having several wounded men of their own to see to, gave up the chase and the little fleet of canoes was soon out of firing range.

The daring effort to recover their stolen property had been a complete fiasco. Instead of exhibiting their superiority, teaching the thieving Indians a lesson in manners, and riding triumphantly away, they found themselves ingloriously beaten by a treacherous enemy and rowing down stream in full retreat to an unknown destination. They had no food, blankets or utensils and very little ammunition for the few guns they had not lost during their headlong rout. They were grateful just to be alive but had they know the ordeal ahead of them they might not have been so thankful for that.

Ross' wound throbbed painfully. The arrow had been removed and he had bled profusely. He was fortunate to have been hit by an arrow rather than a bullet. He didn't have to face the torture of a primitive operation by an amateur surgeon, probing for a bullet with a hunting knife. Like the two other wounded men he had no extra clothing to tear into bandages and he received only sympathy from the others.

After the effects of the sudden surprise and shock had somewhat abated, the men realized they were hungry. It had been a long time since they had eaten, but their fear that Indians might be following prevented them from stopping and searching for food. At nightfall they reached the spot where the Scott River flows into the Klamath and, rowing to shore, they struggled up the bank to the protection of some trees and bushes and fell to the ground exhausted. Huddled together for warmth they slept through the cold June night.

Awakening in the morning of the next day, the men realized they must find food. Leaving the canoes, they wandered into the mountainous region, keeping together as a group. It was too early in the season to find berries and nuts and they saw no game. They ate some icknish, the Indians' wild celery, but it was far from sufficient food for hungry men. Searching for other roots or anything else that was edible, they drifted around with no thought of direction. By nightfall, still hungry and even more weary, they became aware that they were lost.

The succeeding days were much like the first. Survival was the main objective. Sometimes they snared a rabbit, a grouse or a quail and they found mushrooms, but they were hungry all the time. Each one was afraid to venture



far from the others. With nothing to use for defense, they would be easy prey to hostile Indians, and they couldn't risk using any of their tiny store of ammunition on a possible miss. Always alert to danger, they made no particular progress in any direction, but wandered around the mountains in search of food. Once John Ross carried a dead crow around for three days thinking he might have to eat it if he found nothing else.

The three wounded men, in addition to their fatigue and hunger, had to endure considerable pain. At that early time, people were familiar with discomfort. It was something one had to submit to because he couldn't do much about it anyway. At first the injured men kept pace with the others but this manner of existence was far from beneficial for anyone who suffered with an unattended wound and who was already weak from loss of blood. Although John Ross, large of stature and powerfully built, began a slow recovery, the other two men were in a sorry state. Their wounds refused to heal and they suffered from high fever. Eventually both men went out of their minds with delirium. It must have been their inability to travel that kept the other members of the group stranded in the mountains for over a month. These men were experienced woodsmen and it is unreasonable to believe they could have been lost for that length of time even under such deplorable conditions.

At last the two men weathered it through their fever and their wounds began to heal. When they were able to travel, the party stumbled out of the forest and at last found their way back to the river. After several days of slowly plodding downstream, they came upon a small party of miners under the leadership of a man named Scott. While they ate their first satisfactory meal after a month of near starvation, they told the men about their experiences. John Ross, feeling well-fed and mellow for the first time since he had been shot, extracted a pledge of secrecy from Scott and told him about the rich strike he and his companions had made. He also revealed its location to him.

In a day or two Ross and his men continued on to the settlement at Weaver-ville where they set to work to acquire new outfits, buy new horses and mules, and replace their mining equipment. They didn't move rapidly. Time was required for them to recover fully from their ordeal and to stock up their supplies. They took a month for their preparations. It was not until early September that they returned to the scene of their lucky strike on the Scott River. When they reached Sawyer's Bar, they found hundreds of miners crowding the area. There was no spot left for them. Scott, not surprisingly, had been unable to keep the secret and, as frequently happened, the discoverers were cheated out of their returns by trusted friends.

John Ross decided that he could recover some part of his loss by packing goods to the miners who were far from a source of supply. Leaving money with his friend, Hank Brown, to buy a six-mule pack train, he returned to the Sacramento Valley to acquire the staples and utensils the miners would need. In a couple of days Brown appeared in the valley--with no mule train. He had lost the money to a monte sharp. You can't take revenge or demand bloodmoney from a man who has saved your life so Ross, having insufficient gold to make up the loss, gave up the pack train enterprise and returned to prospecting.

Mining tracts around the Sacramento Valley were pretty much depleted by 1851. Ross, joined by Hank Brown, went to Shasta City and worked the Clear Creek area until April when they pulled up stakes and headed north to try their chances in the area around the present site of Yreka.

#### *End of Part II*

The story of John England Ross will be concluded in the July issue of the *Sentinel*.



Mabel Wilson      Ruth Merrick      Faye Burchell      Blanche Wood      Earl Minear  
 Fred Strang      Treve Lumdsen      Herbert Kentner      Darragh Earhart

## MEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL GF



These comely young ladies and gentlemen are the members of the Medford High School Class of 1908. Like today's graduates, who are a little timid about the future but eagerly anticipating its wonders, these seventeen seniors have it all ahead of them. The photographer has trapped them at the summit of their dew-bedabbled youth, the very instant of its tiptop enchantment. They are forever fixed at that brief interval of charm--a year or two--when they aren't aware they have it and won't catch on to the fact they had it until it's irretrievably behind them. Today they are all gone. One can only trust that while it lasted they had a ball.

Twelve years earlier, scrubbed and important in their freshly starched and ironed brand-spanking new school clothes, they were taken in hand by their mothers and enrolled in the first grade at the shiny new brick building, the Washington school, which stood where the Jackson county courthouse now stands. It had just been built to replace a wooden building destroyed by fire.



Alice Streets      Gladys Curry      Clara Wines      Fannie Whitman  
 Cecil Bosworth      Myrtle Riley      Percy Cochran      Anna Hauser

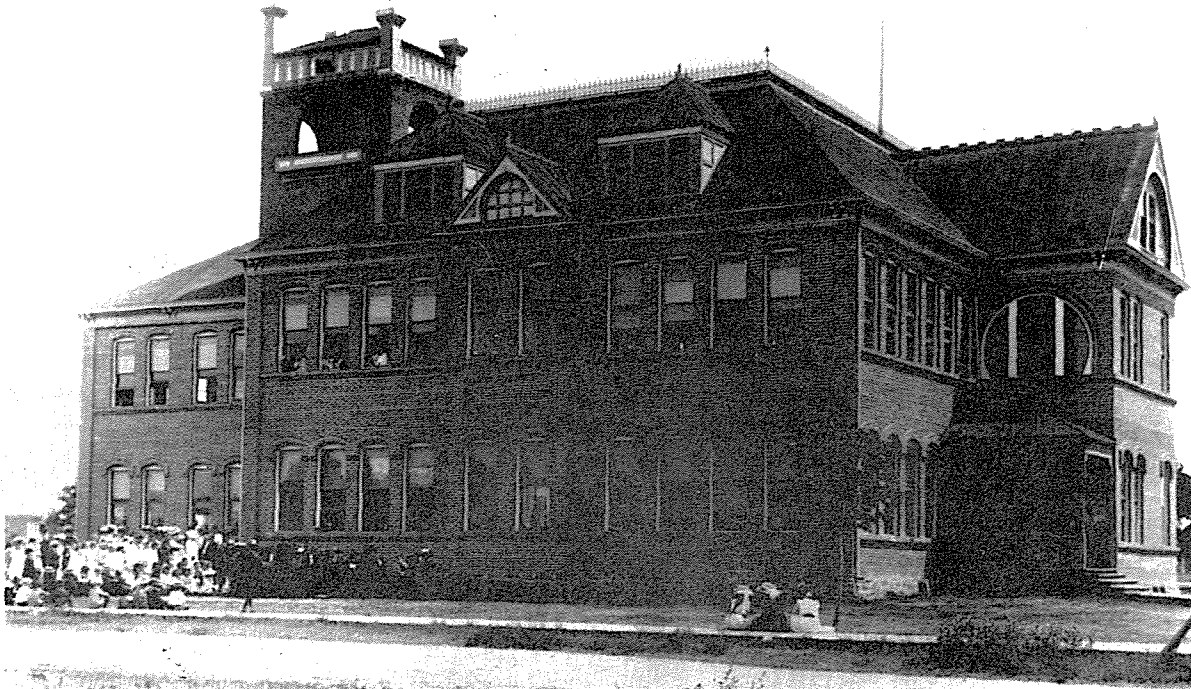
## GRADUATING CLASS OF 1908

Medford was growing so rapidly that during the summer it became evident the new school would be over-crowded. In fact the population increased in such numbers that the school board rented space on the Washington school grounds for a tent city and used the rentals to pay the salary of an additional teacher. The handsome new woodshed was remodded to serve as a classroom for the new first graders. Now in 1908, the same kids, scrubbed and important because it's their last day at school, are the final class to graduate from that school. The following year Medford high school students had a new \$40,000 building of their own on North Bartlett between Fifth and Sixth Streets.



The Baccalaureate Sermon for the Class of '08 was preached by the Reverend Williams on Sunday, May 24, at the Medford Opera House. This was the first of the graduation exercises and the entire class attended. On the following Wednesday, May 27, at 8:45 P.M. in the same audi-





*The Washington School, designed by W.J.Bennett, was built in 1896. It was located at the corner of Oakdale and Main Streets and was the third school building erected on this site. The Class of 1908 was the first group of first graders to be enrolled and the last group of seniors to graduate from this school.*





*The Medford High School, completed in 1909, was built on the site of the present Dodge Agency Repair shop on Bartlett Street across the street from the telephone complex. The school was justly proud of its modern domestic science classes, its band and its girls' volley ball team.*








and moved to Portland. After that important step, we lose track of her until the class holds its fiftieth anniversary reunion in 1958.


econd girl, top row, is Ruth Merrick. Her father was a Vice-president of the Medford National Bank. Like Mabel Wilson, she did all right in the matrimony department. After her graduation she became Mrs. Raymond Caufield and left Medford for Oregon City.


aye Burchfield is third in the top row. She is not listed in any early Medford City Directory and it seems she must have lived outside the city limits. She became Mrs. Magerle and also moved away from southern Oregon. She was unable to attend the reunion.

ourth is Blanche Wood. Her parents came to Medford in 1888 when it was a small village. Her father and brother Burnie operated a harness shop on West Tenth Street. Medford's progressive high school offered a sprinkling of elective subjects including bookkeeping, type-writing and shorthand. Graduates could leave the school, fully qualified to enter an office. After graduation Blanche became a stenographer with the Jackson County Abstract Company, moving later, in 1912, to the City Recorder's office. She married Herman D. Powell who was a civil engineer with an office at 12 North Bartlett. The Powells had three children and lived on Valley View Drive.

arl Minear, fifth in the top row, is the man of mystery. His brother, a long time Medford resident, reports that Earl left southern Oregon years ago and never again made contact with his family. Another more romantic rumor is that Earl was an amnesia victim, last heard of in San Francisco. A *Mail Tribune* reporter, in a 1958 story which is doubtless the most authentic source, lists him as deceased.

ixth, top row, is Alice Streets who lived on West Eleventh. Her father, Frank W. Streets, was an orchardist. In 1910 she married Herbert Kentner who was her classmate. After living a number of years in Medford, where Herbert was employed in his father's department store, the Kentners moved from southern Oregon. They did not attend the reunion.

ladys Curry, seventh, was born in Medford in 1890 and lived on East Tenth Street. After leaving school she became a stenographer with the Jackson County Abstract Company, working with her schoolmate, Blanche Wood. During World War I Gladys served as a yeoman in the navy. In 1918 she married Henry A. Stanley in Baltimore. After the war they moved to Medford. For 33 years, until his death, they lived on Crater Lake Avenue. They had two sons, Harry and Donald, who completed their schooling in Medford. At the fiftieth reunion, Gladys wore her class pin and a locket and a lapel watch which she had received in 1908 as graduation gifts.

lara Wines, eighth, top row, lived on North Bartlett Street. Her father, Abijah Wines, was affiliated with a mining company. In 1911, after two years at normal school, Clara became a teacher at the Washington School. She married Carvel D. Thornton who was parts manager for the Pierce-Allen Motor Company. The Thorntons later left southern Oregon. She was unable to attend the reunion.





ine: Fannie Whitman. Fannie was the oldest daughter of Olin T. Whitman, a baggageman with the Southern Pacific Company. Her sister, Sadie Wilson Nichols, still lives in Medford. After her graduation Fannie became a bookkeeper at the Medford Ice and Storage Plant, changing positions a year later to the Garnett-Corey Hardward Company. In 1916 she became a secretary and receptionist for Dr. J.J. Emmens, continuing on as secretary for Dr. Charles Lemery. She was the only girl of the class who never married. At her retirement she had worked in the same building and in the same office for 59 years. She was known for her lifetime hobby and interest in collecting dolls, and she modeled, fired and painted doll heads. Pictured above is her graduation dress which was recently donated to the Jacksonville Museum by her sister. It is all white, elaborately detailed with embroidered netting. The dress was worn only on the occasion of Fannie's graduation. Fannie died in 1977.



ottom row, left, number one: Fred Strang. Fred was a member of an early southern Oregon family. His father, Charles, who came to Medford when the town had fewer than 200 inhabitants, opened a drug store in 1884. In 1886 Charles married Mary Beall at her home on Beall Lane. Fred, the oldest of five children was born in 1887.

When a successful second attempt to organize a school band was made in 1910, Fred, who had early displayed an enthusiasm for music, joined the group. It soon

became a lively organization, described in the *Southern Oregon Times* as "bidding fair to be the best in the state." How could it fail? The newspaper reporter revealed that the "members can all read music." Fred, tooting his horn with a variety of local bands, made many public appearances. The Charles D. Hazelrigg band of 1907, of which Fred was a member, appeared in concert at the Medford Opera House. With another group, he provided dinner music for the English Chop House which served only "the best eastern oysters," and he also helped provide music for dancing at several of Medford's private clubs such as the Swastica Club and Ugo Igo, the Art Club.

After graduation from high school Fred worked briefly as bookkeeper with the Oregon-California Fast Freight but soon decided to enter the University of Oregon and embark on a legal career. His doctor decreed differently. Fred had weak eyes and lawyers always had to read a lot of books. Law was not for him. Since John Philip Sousa wasn't exactly beating the bushes in southern Oregon for a baritone player, Fred decided on the next best thing--horticulture. He enrolled in the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, and, as an outlet for his aesthetic yearnings, joined the Cadet Military Band which gave an occasional concert at Villard Hall. He was graduated, a full-fledged horticulturist, in 1913.

After a stretch with the horticultural bureau in British Columbia, Fred took a position in Roseburg. In 1917 the society section of the *Evening Review* listed him as one of Roseburg's "Twelve Most Eligible Bachelors"--a pretty exhilarating appendage for our young man about town. The Class of '08 may not have produced a Miss America, but Fred Strang made it pretty big in Roseburg.

At the outbreak of World War I he moved to Washington, D.C., where he was employed in the Department of Agriculture. In 1918 he was quartermaster sergeant at Camp Dix. Moving to Newton, New Jersey, he became county agent, connected with Rutgers University. While in the east he met his future wife, Elsie Carleton Small. She was a budding vocalist, appearing frequently in programs at military posts, and their mutual interest in music was the magnet. They were married in 1919 in Washington, D.C.

After the war, Fred brought his bride to Medford where she became a prominent vocal teacher and choir director. They had two children, a boy and a girl. During the years Fred was occupied in a great variety of professions: he was pharmacist at the Western Thrift Store, office manager at the Groceteria Super Food Market, and reception clerk at the Holland Hotel.

At the Strangs' golden wedding celebration in 1969, the Shrine Band, directed by I.A.Mirick, appeared as part of the program. Fred, the senior member of the group, joined in with his horn, playing "When the Saints Go Marching In." The Strangs were greatly loved and honored members of the community. Elsie Carleton Strang died in 1978, and Fred, the last member of the Class of '08, died in 1980.



Second, bottom row; Treve Lumsden. Trevarian Berlin Lumsden, the son of Bessie and Harold Lumsden, was born in 1890 in Medford. The family had come to Medford in 1887 and, in partnership with the Hutchinson family, had opened one of the first general department stores in the city. It was first located near the Nash Hotel but later was moved across the street and a block away to the present site of Miller's. Hutchinson and Lumsden remained in operation until 1927--when their era disappeared.

There must be some citizens who remember that store. It was a depressing place to a little kid, propelled by his mother out of the sunlight into the gloom. The interior was painted a dark color, the fixtures were deep mahogany, and the clerks were dressed in mourning. They stood at attention in the aisles in front of their departments, facing the door, their hands clasped behind them. At the approach of a customer a clerk would step forward, at once extremely solicitous and polite. One shopped there because the store had quality merchandise and there was a great variety of items. The salesman might have to move trays of neatly stacked home-



fudge or baskets of walnuts out of the way to unroll a bolt of high-grade greenish-black wool or heavy battleship-gray suiting. Those who know only today's bright shops with their racks of colorful garments and their tempting displays to snare the impulse buyer cannot visualize Hutchinson and Lumsden's Department Store. The customer asked to be shown merchandise which was kept, neatly stacked in boxes on the shelves or under the counter. The boxes were tied with black cords and were labeled Gloves Black or Gloves White or Gloves Novelty or Garters Men or Armbands or Shirt Studs, etc., etc. Overlooking the entire operation, perched high on her stool, safely tucked away behind an iron fence, sat the black clad priestess-cashier who saw to it that no one got more change than he had coming to him.

Several years before his graduation Treve Lumsden worked in this store as a clerk--Saturdays, after school and during the summer vacation. After he completed high school he continued as a full time employee until 1910. In that year he became a clerk at the Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank. There is a dearth of information for a few years until World War I. He may have attended college or he might have remained in Medford. In 1917 he enlisted and served overseas. The war over, he returned to Medford and in 1920 married Evelyn Lucile Messner. Their son, Treve Berlin Lumsden, Jr., was born in Los Angeles in 1925.

In 1930 the City Directory lists Treve as a second Vice-president of the Jackson County Bank. After that year recorded facts about him are hidden. One undocumented source asserts that he died prior to 1934. In any case, he didn't make it to the 1958 reunion. His son, Treve, Jr., became a physician in LaGrande, Oregon.



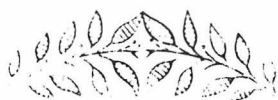
Herbert Kentner, number three: Herbert lived with his family at the southeast corner of East Fourth Street. His father, like Treve's father, owned and operated a large store. Kentner's Big Department Store was in the Deuel and Kentner Building. Gates Furniture Store is located there now. During his high school years, Herbert worked in his father's business, and after his graduation, he and his brother Walter and his sister Ida continued working there. It was a family enterprise: Herbert-senior was the president; Herbert-junior, general manager; and Walter, secretary-treasurer. In 1910 Herbert married Alice Streets, his classmate, and they lived at 613 West 10th Street. Sometime after 1915 Alice and Herbert moved away from Medford. They did not attend the reunion.



Bottom row, number four: Darragh Earhart. The Earhart family settled in Medford in 1886. The father was a farmer, and the family, which included Darragh, his brothers William and Frank, and his sister June, lived on South Riverside.

June Earhart became one of Medford's most beloved citizens. She was a nurse who worked with the army in France during the war, and after she returned to Medford, she became an anaesthetist. Over the years, until her death in 1937, she worked for nearly every Medford physician, including Drs. L.D. Inskeep, W.G. Bishop, Walter Kresse, D.I. Drummond, C.W. Lemery and B.L. Lageson. Her funeral cortege, made up of family and friends and active and honorary pall-bearers, included practically all of Medford's medical personnel.

Before leaving high school, Darragh decided to become a doctor, and after his graduation, he spent several years in medical school. As Dr. Samuel D. Earhart he brought his wife Florence back to Medford where he established a practice. They lived at 1000 West Main Street. In 1956 he is listed as a physician at the Veterans Administration Hospital. Shortly after he attended the reunion he died, and the 1960 City Directory lists only his wife Florence.



**C**ecil Boswell, number five. Cecil and her brother Harry lived with their parents at 714 West 10th Street. The father was a concrete contractor and Harry worked as his assistant. Shortly after she finished school, Cecil became Mrs. R.O. Horning and moved away. She did not return for the reunion.

**M**yrrtle Riley, number six. Myrtle Riley is not included at any time in the Medford Directory. She apparently had no address within the city limits, but she must have lived in southern Oregon because around 1910 she married Elmer E. Wilson who was the Treasurer of the Medford Furniture and Hardware Store. He was also active in the IOOF lodge and is warmly remembered by many people. In 1942 the Wilsons lived at 422 Beatty Street and he had become Secretary-treasurer of the Central Point Mutual Telephone Company. Myrtle Riley Wilson attended the reunion alone so Elmer may have died before 1958. Neither of them was included in the 1960 issue.

**P**ercy Cochran, number seven. Percy lived with his family, including a brother Harold and two sisters Ina and Lucinda, at 246 Riverside. His father was manager of the Medford branch of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Percy is not listed in the directories after 1912. It's possible he died shortly after his graduation.

**A**нна Hauser, last picture. Reference material at the SOHS library reveals only that Anna became Mrs. Lawrence Horton and moved from Medford to Klamath Falls. She attended the 1958 reunion.

The fiftieth anniversary reunion of the Class of '08 was held on May 24, 1958 at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Earhart at 11 North Peach Street in Medford. Treve Lumsden, Percy Cochran and Earl Minear had died. Five members of the class were unable to attend and of the nine who celebrated the occasion six were still living in Medford. Those six were Fannie Whitman, Myrtle Riley Wilson, Blanche Wood Powell, Gladys Curry Stanley, Fred Strang and Dr. Earhart. Those from out of town were Ruth Merrick Caufield, Anna Hanson Horton and Mabel Wilson Morrow.



(Standing) Darragh Earhart, Anna Hauser, Fred Strang, Myrtle Riley, Gladys Curry. (Seated) Mabel Wilson, Ruth Merrick, Blanche Wood, and Fannie Whitman. Honorary guests (see picture on page 20) included Miss Beulah Warner, high school principal in 1908, Frederick and Jane Snedcor, teachers, and "Aunt Bessie" Lumsden, Treve Lumsden's mother.



## Jerry Champagne Maintenance Department

PERIPATETIC is the word for Jerry Champagne. His father, who was employed by the North American Airways, was frequently transferred and he moved his family all over America. As a little kid, Jerry bounced around like an India rubber Ball. Born in Augusta, Maine, by the time he graduated from Spaulding High School in Rochester, New Hampshire, he had attended a variety of schools. "Who knows how many?" asks Jerry.

In 1966 he enlisted in the army and was sent to Fort Campbell in Kentucky where he almost froze his tushie. He next went to AIT in Fort Gordon, Georgia, and became a communications expert. After that he was entered in jump school at Fort Benning and became a paratrooper. His next move was to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where he was assigned to duty with the 82nd Airborne Division. All of this led to Vietnam. He reported there in February, 1969, and was wounded in June. He returned to the states for his final year of enlistment and, after mustering out, he entered San Bernardino Valley College and majored in marine biology.

His next transfer was to Santa Rosa College. Around that time he met Janice Linn Benevedes and they were married in 1971.

In 1974, after his last final test, they moved to Medford where, after a temporary job or two, he went on the production line at Harry and David's. Just when his fingers gave out from tying bows on Christmas packages, he was given his honorary one-pound box of candy and laid off.

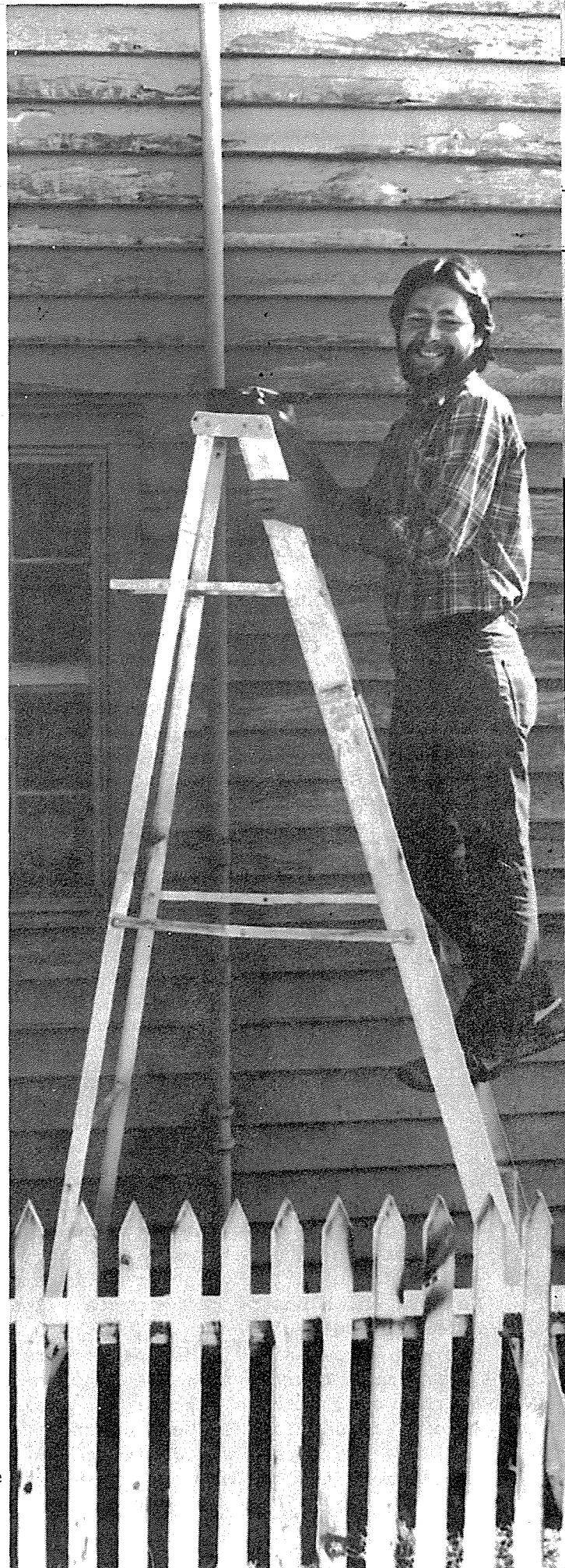
After that he changed his scholastic major to physical education and entered Southern Oregon College. When he was informed that P.E. jobs were mighty rare and hard to come by, he quit school and became a surgical attendant at Providence Hospital.

He and Janice both wanted to acquire some land and get into the dirt, but that dream keeps drifting farther away. Instead of land they got children: Eli 6 and Melika 2.

Eventually through CETA Jerry was hired to work at the museum. After a short stint in Collections, he went to work for Maintenance, those wonderful folk who provide neatly clipped lawns and freshly painted bippies. Just look at those well-kept grounds; it's evident that Jerry's a gem.

Photography by Jane Cory-Van Dyke

JUNE 1982

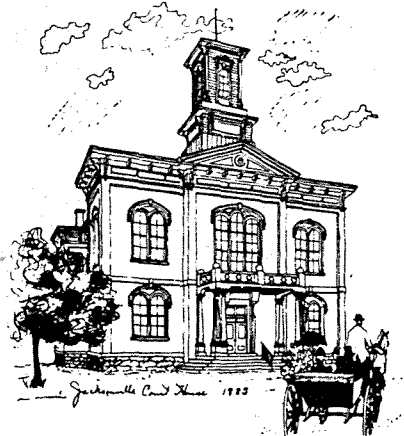




## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## HONOR GUESTS AT MHS FIFTIETH REUNION

Pictured above are three of the four guests of honor at the fiftieth reunion of the Class of 1908. First is Miss Beulah Warner, principal of the school at that time. She graduated from Stanford University and came to Medford in 1894. She died in 1974, a year short of her hundredth birthday. Middle: Frederick Snedikor who taught science. Right: Jane Snedikor, Frederick's sister, who was supervisor of art and taught various other subjects. She wrote a history of Medford which has since become a valuable reference work for the researcher. A fourth guest of honor was Mrs. H.U. Lumsden, "Aunt Bessie," Treve's mother. She was accompanied by her niece, Mrs. James (Irene) Grigsby.

One must regret the lapses and the inaccuracies which creep into a story such as this one, with so much of the available information being only hearsay and rumor. It should have been written ten years before, but, in that event, the *Table Rock Sentinel* would have given you more than you really wanted to know about the Class of '08.