

7/82

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

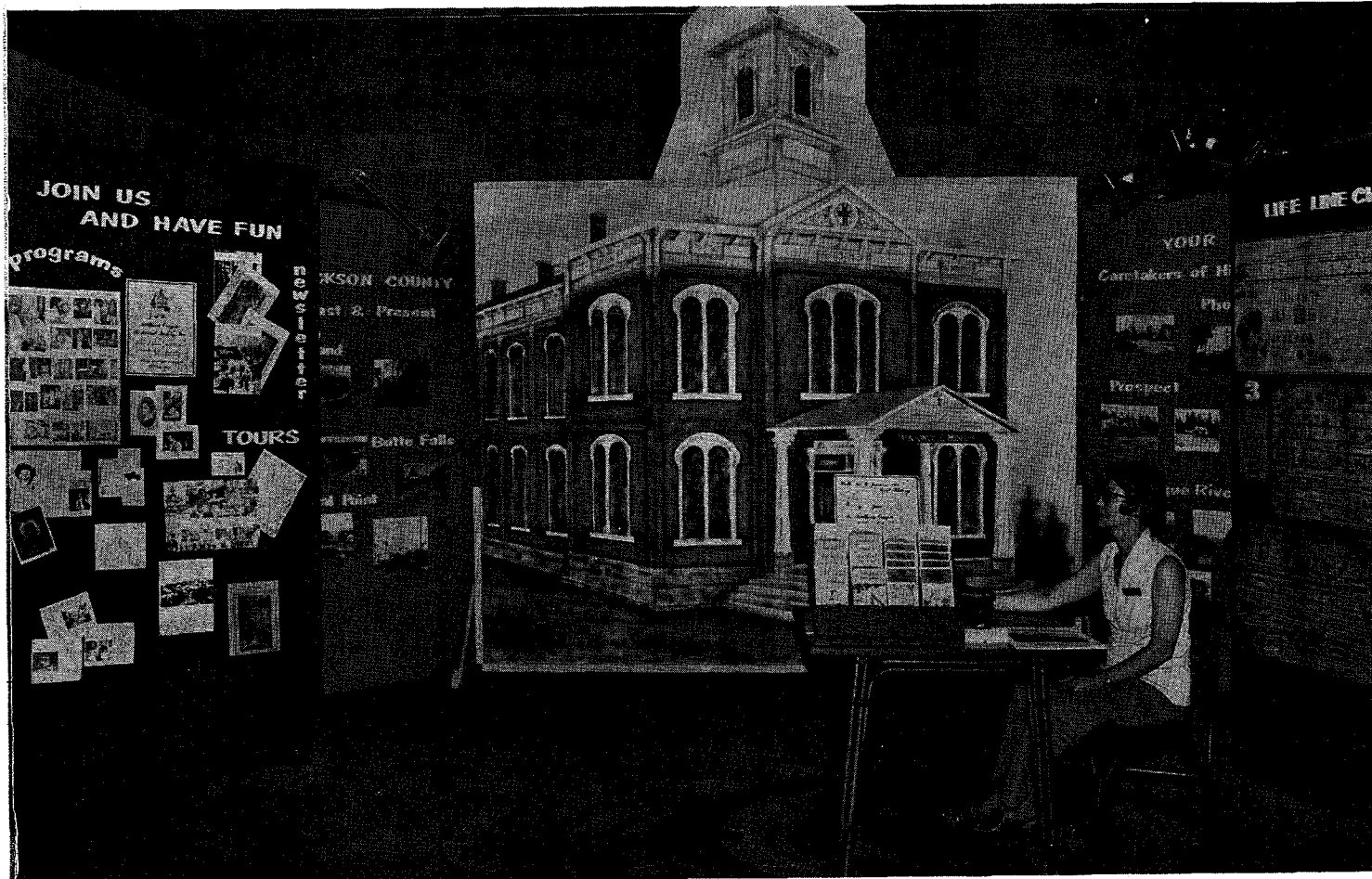
NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



FARM RESIDENCE OF COL. JOHN E. ROSS, 3 MILES N.E. OF JACKSONVILLE, JACKSON CO.

Director's Corner

Having determined that SOHS should be better known by the public, the Trustees, during the past year, have sponsored several promotional efforts. The Society has sponsored programs on public television, advertised in local newspapers, participated in radio broadcasts and placed material in the journals and publications of local organizations. In addition, the Society was represented in parades in several communities and has sponsored information booths in Ashland for Heritage Sunday. Most recently we placed a booth in the 1982 Expo in Central Point. Our exhibit was awarded the trophy for "Best Display." It was designed and set up by Dottie Bailey, assisted by Maureen Smith. (See photo below)



At this time we are not certain what effect, if any, our efforts have provided. If you have any suggestions for increasing the public awareness of our organization, please send them to us. The SOHS has nearly 1300 members but should have many more. How do we reach a greater audience?

Bill Burk

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JOHN ENGLAND ROSS

INDIAN FIGHTER

Part Three

AS A PROSPECTOR, John Ross had a comparatively minor case of gold fever. He was less obsessed with getting into the middle of the action than were many of his contemporaries. When most miners got wind of a rich strike, they didn't wait around to be invited to join the party; they crashed it, elbowing their way into the thick of the operation. With a little luck a claim jumper could fill his poke and be far away before the legal claimant got his rocker loaded onto the mule. It is a wonder that there wasn't more violence although there was plenty of it, as it was. But one who has been cheated of his share of the take can get little satisfaction out of the hide of a freebooter, who has already paid for a couple of rounds

Photograph: Jane Cory-Van Dyke

of drinks for the house and had lost the rest of the boodle at Twenty-one or Chuck-a-luck. With Ross the minefields weren't the be-all and end-all. It seems that to him the anticipation of the find was more exciting than the actual discovery of the gold. He could be persuaded to delay the search if something else promised to be rewarding or diverting or important.

At Yreka, shortly before the arrival of Ross and his partner, Hank Brown, a band of Indians had stolen a horse right on Miner Street. It was brass-bold thievery in broad daylight, and the daring Indians raced out of town in a cloud of dust and a blast of gunfire. In the exchange of bullets one of the Indians was killed. One dead Indian was certainly not sufficient payment for the insolent theft, and Ross and Brown found the miners already gathering in a mob, greedy for further retaliation. If John Ross had held any love for the Indians when he left St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1847, his subsequent experiences with them had surely done little to sustain his affection and respect.

Having earlier learned to follow obscure trails through the wilderness, he volunteered to lead the band. Among the group was Ben Wright, who later played a significant part in battles with the Indians and who eventually became Indian Agent for the Oregon coast region. Wright, who had a formidable reputation as an Indian killer, received his initial training in cruelty in the Cayuse War. He was known to mutilate the bodies of his victims and the Indians hated and

feared him. In a later era he would have been regarded as a cold-blooded hood, but, at that time, on the side of the law, he was greatly respected as a paladin, an honorable and brave champion of the defenseless. Some of the men called for him to be their leader in the raid, but, because of his youth, he modestly deferred the honor to John Ross.

Following the trail eastward to Butte Valley, about sixty miles from Yreka, the men came upon the guilty ones hiding in a small village. Making a sudden attack, they were met with return fire, and during the fighting fifteen Indians and four miners were killed. After the brief but furious battle the victors occupied the camp and ransacked it. In the search they discovered an Indian cap and scalp hanging by a tepee. These were Modoc Indians. Not long before they had killed the chief of another tribe who had been prominent in a parley and had advocated peace. If they were so ruthless and brutal to another Indian, it is not surprising that they became relentless enemies of the immigrants. This was John Ross' first encounter with the Modocs, and he harbored no illusions that these Indians would seek an early settlement of hostilities and agree to live in harmony with the settlers.



Ben Wright

He was very pretty and wore his hair in long curls which fell gracefully over his shoulders in the manner of the cavaliers at an earlier time—or Mary Pickford at a later time. His appearance belied his sadistic nature. He is included in the Ross story to illustrate the difference between an Indian fighter and an Indian killer. The Indians ultimately gave him a violent coup de grâce.

Ben Wright had found it profitable to question captured Indian women. By cajoling them with his charm or intimidating them with threats, he had often discovered useful information. Finding an interpreter, he called the women together to interrogate them. Startled at seeing a scalp hanging from Wright's belt, the man acting as interpreter, turned in fear and bolted away. Wright, on impulse, shot him as he ran. Although the women were terrified of this casual killer, they divulged no information and the miners, having had their revenge, loaded up their casualties and returned to Yreka where they were welcomed as heroes. John Ross and Hank Brown returned to the minefields.

They must have had at least a smidgen of success in and around Yreka, for they acquired enough gold to buy a stock of merchandise and open a supply store to serve the miners. Hank Brown operated the business while Ross continued looking for the big one which would make them comfortably rich forever.

Always on the quest for a spot which hadn't been worked over by others, John Ross ranged around the border between California and Oregon. He finally went as far north as Josephine Creek. By this time the Rogues had become keenly disturbed at the continual intrusion of the newcomers. There were many attacks made by both sides, followed by retaliatory action, and even those Indians who professed friendship with the settlers, often proved to be slyly treacherous.

After an unproductive month in which he faced the constant threat of foul play from the Rogues, he gave away his mining equipment and moved back to the Willamette Valley. There, in Douglas County, he took out a land claim on the Umpqua River. In a short time Hank Brown sold their miners' supply house in Yreka and joined him in Oregon. There had been enough aimless wandering around the southwest with no notable successes. It was the spring of 1852--time to settle in and become a solid citizen. But when James Cluggage and Ross' old partner, John Pool, discovered gold on Jackson Creek, Ross sold his Willamette Valley claim, bought a herd of beef cattle, drove them to southern Oregon and went into the butchering business. Michael Hanley, whom he had first met in Chicago many years before, became his partner. Even though he no longer joined the miners in their activity, he needed to be part of the scene, and Jacksonville was prominently fixed in the foreground of the picture.

There is no record of any Indian attack on the early settlement at Jacksonville although people have often designated the brick Bruner Building as the place where the women and children holed-up for safety when the Indians besieged the town. They have even pointed to the pits in the worn bricks as evidence that the arrows struck the building. It apparently hadn't occurred to them that the Indians, adept with their bows and arrows, would hardly waste their weapons shooting at a brick wall. This does not mean, however, that there weren't threats of such assaults.

One night, shortly after John Ross arrived in Jacksonville, he became aware that the Indians planned a sudden charge on the little settlement. How he obtained such information is not recorded, but Jane McCully reported the story in a memorial to Ross which she prepared for the Southern Oregon Pioneer Society in 1890. She wrote: "One night, and one never to be forgotten, [John Ross] ran from cabin to cabin and from tent to tent, exclaiming in his clear and loud voice, 'Indians, Indians--we are surrounded by Indians. Put out the lanterns, put out the lights--darkness is our safety! Boys, get guns, get clubs, get axes. Get anything you can lay your hands on and defend yourselves--keep cool and keep out of sight'" He followed this Paul Revere-like alarm with some ear-piercing Indian yells and called out, "Charco, charco, Nika Tika, Mem-a-loose Siwash!" (Freely: "Come on, come on, if you want to be killed!")

Mrs. McCully continued her report with: "The hills around us seemed swarming with murderous yelling fiends that night...Women gathered their babes to their

bosoms and prayed their shortest prayer...All the rest of the night of terror men fired their guns at intervals." The shooting and the yelling were effective. The warriors gave up and departed long before dawn.

The Pioneer Society paper also includes the information that many times John Ross ventured out alone "into the shades of night, to the unprotected settlements, and gathered the sick and the helpless, bringing them over the trackless wilds...to places of safety, and at the time when every waving bush took the shape of a Painted Warrior."

For some time the settlers had been aware that finding a shorter and easier route from Fort Hall, Idaho, to Oregon was highly desirable. Most immigrants arrived at the last lap, the difficult and dangerous trail through the Blue Mountains and along the Columbia Gorge, in the late summer or early autumn, a time when their equipment had almost given out and their animals were weakened and spent from the long trek across the plains. A level route, offering an adequate supply of water and grazing land, would be a godsend to the travelers. In 1846 Lindsay and Jesse Applegate were chosen to explore the southern wilderness to discover, if they could, just such an easier route. They led an expedition of fifteen men and worked their way in reverse down the Willamette to the Rogue River Valley, over the Cascade Mountains and on into Idaho through the Klamath lakes area, the dangerous Modoc country. This route became known as the South Emigrant Road or the Applegate Trail and wagon trains began taking it from Fort Hall as early as 1847.

Although travelers might well have anticipated encounters with these waspish Indians, there was little trouble between 1847 and 1849 because a small pox epidemic had struck the Klamath lake region and had almost wiped out the Modocs. After 1849, however, they had recovered sufficiently to become a frightening and constant threat to the immigrant trains. When miners by the thousands began using the South Immigrant Road, there were few travelers who escaped injury from these Modocs, who were seeking plunder as well as an eye for an eye.

At the same time the tribes in southern Oregon were extremely restless and many settlers feared war. After years of considerable confusion, surprise attacks and bloodshed, a treaty had been accepted by the Rogues, under their chief, Rogue River Sam, and an uneasy truce was in force. Most of the pioneers of 1852 were moving in larger trains, well-equipped and strongly armed, and, aside from the theft of livestock and the usual pilfering by the Indians, the settlers considered the old route safe enough.

But the southern route was perilous. Travelers had to use extreme care along the way, and the pass, now known as Bloody Point, was often the scene of ambush and murder. The Indians were so brazen and contemptuous they attacked troops of heavily armed volunteers sent to meet the wagon trains and convoy them to safety. In 1852 the Modocs killed between sixty and a hundred men, women and children. Something had to be done to stop these tragic deaths and the destruction of property. One wonders why the road wasn't declared out of bounds and closed.

In September John Ross organized a company of 22 men and crossed the Cascades to the lake country. The group joined forces with a Yreka group led by Ben Wright. The volunteers were appalled by the evidence of carnage which they discovered. They buried the remains of fourteen immigrants who had been murdered and left where they had fallen. The charred ruins of wagons lay along the trail. Several times the men attacked and routed Indians just as they surrounded hapless wagon trains.

With the approach of winter the travel on the road stopped, and by the end of October most of the men had returned to their homes. Ben Wright remained in the Modoc country, apparently hoping to add some more notches to his score. A story is told that he invited the Indians to a feast and prepared to serve roast oxen

which he had liberally larded with strychnine. The Indians, becoming suspicious, ignored the party. One of Wright's men declared he had bought the poison in Yreka at Wright's orders; others emphatically denied the entire episode, asserting that Wright would not have done anything so dishonorable. The allegation has never been proved. After he and his men made a surprise attack on a village and killed and mutilated all but five of the 46 inhabitants, they returned to Yreka, waving scalps in great triumph. The citizens, who advocated *Extermination!* held a week long binge to celebrate the success of the intrepid volunteers.

John Ross had cause to return to Jacksonville as soon as he could. He had met a young lady, Elizabeth Hopwood, and had become more than a little attentive. Elizabeth, with her family, had come to the Willamette Valley in 1851 from Hopwood, Pennsylvania. Her father, Thomas Hopwood, following other gold seekers, moved his family to the Rogue River Valley in 1852, and they were living at Willow Springs in the cabin of Nat C. Dean.

In October of that year Nat Dean and Ann Houston announced they were to be married. This was an event that called for a special celebration; they would be the first couple to married in Jackson County. A festive bachelor supper was held for Dean, with food supplied by the Jacksonville ladies. No doubt liquid spirits were generously passed around the table and the men became a little boisterous. John Ross, in a playful mood, pulled an iron kettle down on his head. When he decided he had produced enough commotion and good humor, he discovered he couldn't get his head out of the pot. After some experimental failures to extricate him

from the heavy black cooking kettle, someone fetched the blacksmith who did the trick. Everyone was amused except poor John Ross who had to make the best of an embarrassing situation. He should have learned long before that when a big man gets kittenish, the trick usually backfires.* The next day, John Ross and Elizabeth Hopwood "stood up" for the Deans at the Willow Springs wedding.

The truce with the Rogue River Indians was maintained throughout the fall and winter of 1852, and this gave John Ross opportunity for courting. The wedding, the second in Jackson County and the first in Jacksonville, was performed in January 1853. The town was a year old and all the inhabitants were invited to attend.

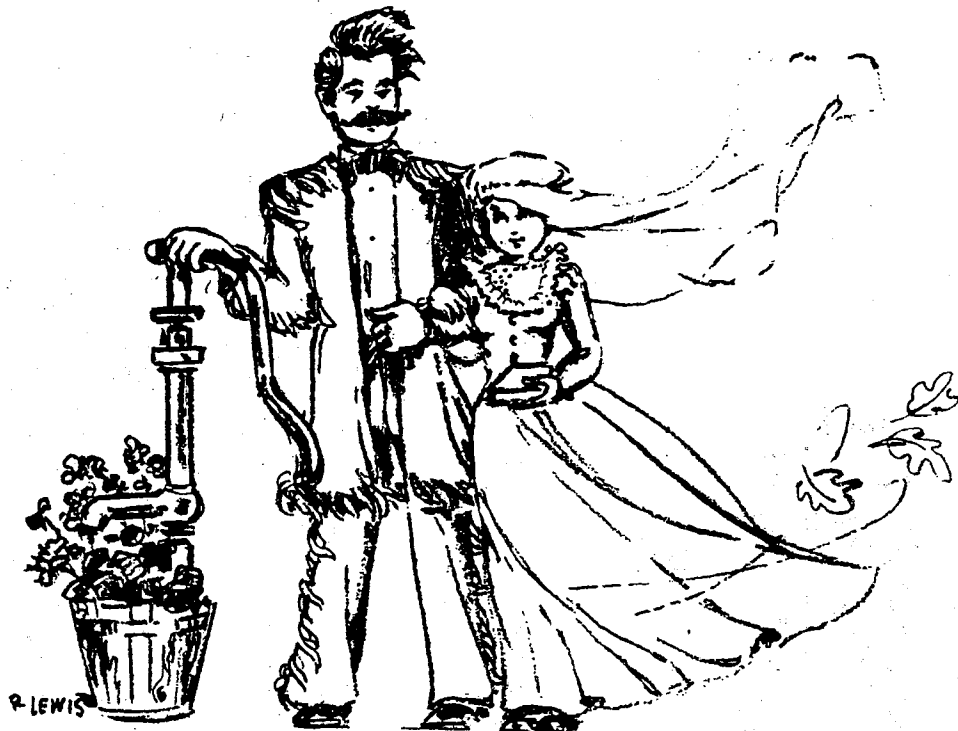
Elizabeth had a special wedding dress made for the occasion, but John Ross had only his buckskin suit to wear. Some of the ladies fretted over his improper attire and Jane McCully produced a white shirt which belonged to her husband. Dr. McCully was a short man,

considerably smaller than John Ross, but the shirt was put on and buttoned precariously across his sturdy chest. All would have gone well but the groom-to-be was nervous and, in his exuberance, he joined a jumping contest which the men were holding while they waited for the ceremony to begin. He probably won the contest

* Several researchers of early Jacksonvilliana write that it was William Green T'Vault, later editor of the *Table Rock Sentinel*, who stuck his head in the kettle. John Ross' granddaughter, Mrs. James M. Cantrall, in a 1956 *Tribune* story reported that it was indeed Colonel Ross who did it. Maybe they both did it. Who knows what was considered a popular party game at the frontier in 1852?

with no great effort, but while doing so, he split the shirt down the back. Not to worry. Jane McCully was resourceful. She poked holes down both sides of the split, grabbed a string and laced the shirt up the back. It was more comfortable that way, and it still sparked up his custom made original.

In order to accommodate all the guests, the wedding was performed out of doors even though the winter of 1852-1853 was a harsh one. The fact that it was the early part of January should remove any doubt that the citizens were a bunch of softies. The happy couple stood by the town pump on the street corner. Preacher Gilbert of the Methodist church declared them Man and Wife. The bride was 18; the groom, 35.



The folk in Jacksonville seldom passed up an opportunity for a celebration, and on this occasion they held a jubilee. Festivities began with a progressive supper which went from house to house and led up to a spectacular wedding cake at the Chapman home on Main Street, somewhere near the present site of the Orth house. The cake was made with duck eggs, the sweetening was brown sugar and the shortening was rendered from bear suet, but the cooks decorated it with as much elegance as they could manage. The celebration supper was followed by a grand ball in honor of the happy couple. A 1904 newspaper article, which recalls the events and gives some of the details, fails to mention the location of the ball room, but there were several saloons in town and perhaps one of them was tidied-up and made respectable for the evening.

After the last dance John Ross and Elizabeth retired to their honeymoon cabin. It was located handily in the center of town and without a doubt their noisy friends gave them a shivaree until dawn.

In 1853 Thomas Hopwood took a Donation Land Claim in what is now the Central Point area and became the first farmer in that region. A little later John Ross and Elizabeth acquired their own land grant near her father's claim. In October, after the birth of Mary Louise, the first baby, John Ross began building a cabin at the present site of the Ross Lane--Hanley Road corner. They moved into

their own home in December, and the new husband and father settled down to become a farmer and a solid citizen. Unfortunately the cards were dealt from a stacked deck.

Less than a year after the wedding, the self-appointed volunteers again began making punishing raids on the Takelmas.* The truce was ignored by both sides and southern Oregon was again in an undeclared war. The chief, Rogue River Sam, did what he could to keep the peace, but a sub-chief and his followers in the Graves Creek area murdered a group of miners and that was the spark. The settlers in Jacksonville, as well as in all other places throughout the West, were truly convinced that their only recourse was the complete elimination of the Indians. In a mob action, citizens of the town lynched a nine year old boy whose crime was that he might grow up to be a killer. There was no Indian Agent for southern Oregon at that time and the Rogues had no one to authorize peace talks or mediation. The Indians, as well, were certain that a policy of extermination was their only way out, and they increased their attacks. The settlers retreated to the stockades for protection.

An urgent appeal for help was sent to Captain Alden at Fort Jones, and he came to southern Oregon with a party of volunteers. Arms and ammunition were sent from the Willamette Valley and over two hundred men were enrolled in the fighting force. Once again John Ross was called to military duty.

General Joseph Lane was at Roseburg when news of the outbreak reached him, and he left at once for Jackson County where he assumed command of the men. He was in charge of one battalion; John Ross led another. Learning that the Indians were at the headwaters of Evans Creek, the army proceeded to that region. They discovered the Takelmas hiding in a wooded stretch which provided natural protection. When the troops fired at them, they were primed and ready, and the battle began with heavy gunfire. After several hours of violent fighting, the Indians discovered that Joe Lane, whom they respected, was leader of the enemy, and they at once requested a cease-fire and a parley. Lane agreed, and, concealing his wounded shoulder, he and his officers, including John Ross, met with the chiefs in a little clearing on the hillside. The chiefs, Jo, Sam and their brother Jim, assured General Lane that they were sick of war and were eager for a truce. A meeting was scheduled for a few days later on the slope below Table Rock.

The peace talk was held on September 10, 1853. An interpreter was appointed but the Takelmas refused to accept him. They demanded John Ross because they knew he was fair, they trusted him, and they would communicate only through him. An agreement was not easily reached. The demands of each side were unreasonable, and had the Indians not been out-numbered and out-armed, they would not have consented to the terms. The timely arrival of additional troops and a howitzer from Fort Orford were also persuasive factors. The Takelmas pledged they would make no more attacks on the white man and would accept confinement on a reservation along the slopes of Table Rock.

The settlers rejoiced in the Truce of 1853, but it was effective on paper only. People who advocated the policy of *Extermination!* hadn't changed their stand, and the unprovoked murders continued, followed by the usual vindictive action by the Indians. There were few who dared to speak in defense of the Takelmas. General Wool, Commander of the Division of the Pacific, sent reinforcements to General Lane, but announced that these soldiers were expected to defend the Indians from the volunteers. Although the statement infuriated the Indian-haters, it became increasingly justifiable during the next two years as the drastic assaults on the Takelmas were increased.

* The Rogue Indians were made up of several tribes, one of which was the Takelmas who settled in southern Oregon. They occupied the Rogue River Valley from the Illinois River south to the Siskiyou Mountain range. (*The Sentinel*, Vol.I-No.10)

The aggression against the Indians, the burning of their villages, and the murder of their women and children could only lead to another war. Again the oppressed Takelmas struck back. Their path of destruction was appalling. In their pent-up rage they murdered families, miners and townspeople without mercy. Again the settlers were in panic.

John Ross was at home developing his farm while he and Elizabeth awaited the birth of their second daughter, Jane Elizabeth (1855). He was at once called to duty. Earlier he had been commissioned colonel of the ninth regiment of the Oregon militia, and, as new commander of the army, he set up his headquarters at Camp Stewart. There were seven companies of volunteers which soon increased to twenty companies. The governor of the Oregon Territory, upon Ross' request, sent additional troops, arms and ammunition.

Even with this display of strength, the wily Takelmas were usually the victors in the daily battles between small bands of Indians and scouting parties. The Indian army was in hiding in the wilderness, and small groups of well-armed warriors waged guerilla warfare and raided the settlements.

After weeks of these minor skirmishes, army scouts discovered the hideout of the Indians, and the troops set out for the big offensive at Hungry Hill near Graves Creek. Not waiting for orders, the men threw their gear into the bushes and charged up the steep hillside, directly into an unexpected volley of rifle fire. They could only retreat in confusion. After a couple of days of futile defensive fighting, they gave up and returned to Camp Stewart. Reorganizing the companies and demanding a little tighter discipline, John Ross and his co-officers deployed troops throughout the region. A little over a month after the onset of hostilities, the new Indian stronghold was found at Little Meadows. An attack was ordered, but again the Indians took the offensive, and the troops retreated even though they greatly outnumbered the small band of Indians.

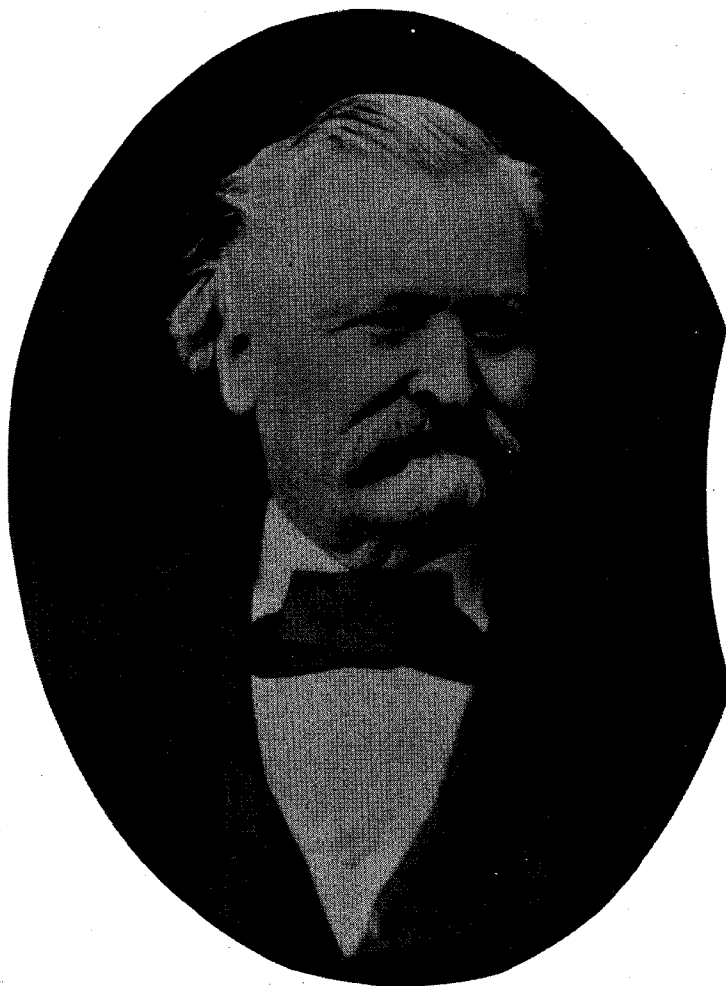
With the coming of winter, however, the situation changed abruptly. The Takelmas hid wherever they could find food and shelter. They were no longer a powerful army, but broke into small groups of families and became easy prey for the volunteers. Eventually most of the survivors, hungry, ill and cold, made their way back to the forts or the preserve at Table Rock. They had made a defiant and valiant stand, but it was their last one. The war, which started out for them with an uproar trickled down to abject defeat. They were forced to go to the Siletz reservation where they didn't last long. *Extermination!* of the Takelmas at last was accomplished.

In December, 1855, near the end of the final struggle with the Indians, at a special election, John Ross was chosen to represent Jackson County in the Territorial Council. He held this position of honor for a number of years during which his next five children were born: Abarilla (1857), Lewis G. (1858), Adelaide R. (1861), George Brown (1862) and Thomas (1864). It is unnecessary to plow through historical reference to determine how Elizabeth Ross managed to keep busy. With seven little kids to look after, and with her husband gone half of the time, she may have had to cut down on quilting bees and taffy pulls.

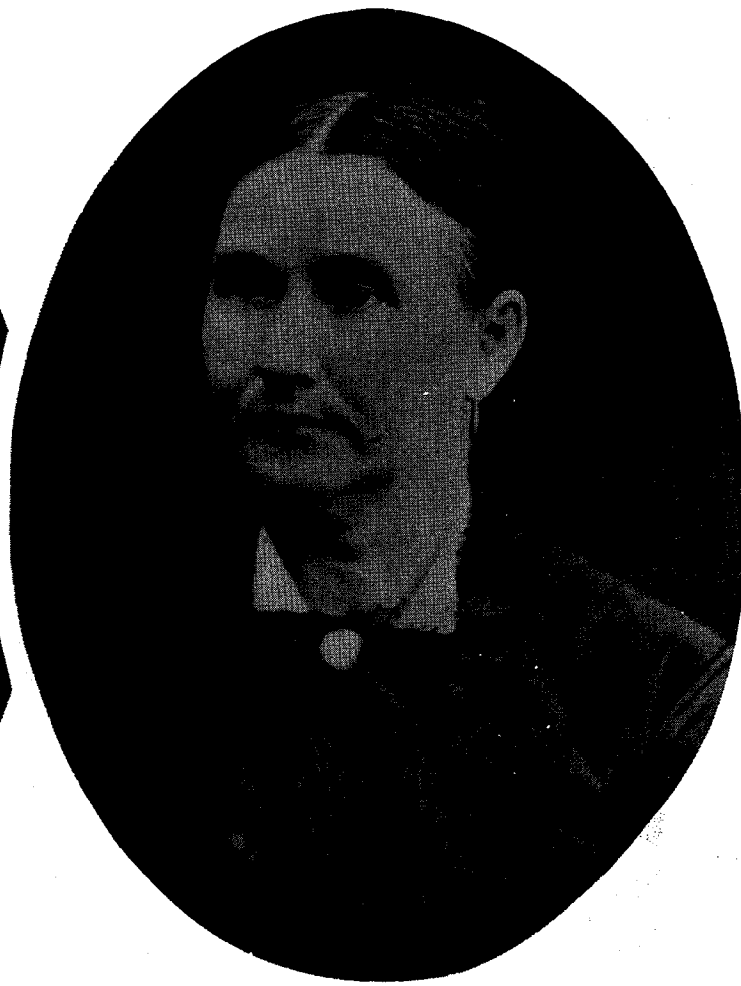
In 1866 Colonel John Ross was elected a member of the legislature, a position he held for four years. During this time the last three of his ten children were born: Margaret, who lived only a year (1867), Minnie (1869) and John Edgar (1872).

When the California and Oregon Railroad Company was formed, John Ross was elected one of its directors. In 1872 he was appointed brigadier-general of the first brigade of the Oregon militia by the governor.

In that year, in northern California, he performed his last military action. The Modocs, after years of trying to adjust to the whims of agents and to the confusion of the federal Indian policy, made their final bloody rebellion, just as the Takelmas had done. The war came many years after the resolution of the conflict in southern Oregon because it took that long for the white man to



John England Ross



Elizabeth Hopwood Ross

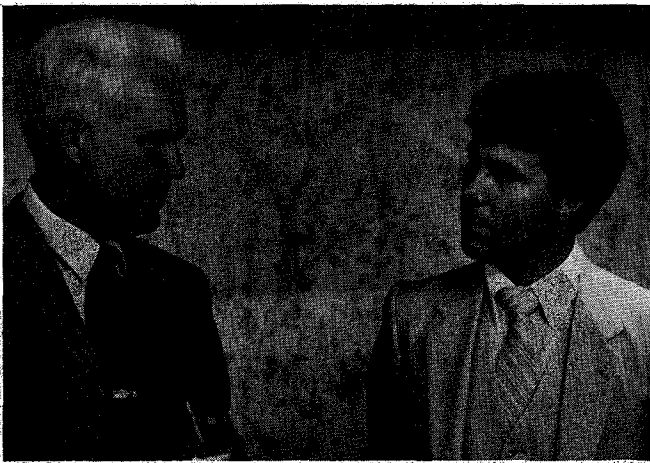
discover the Modoc land was valuable and to start the big rip-off. In this war Captain Jack and his followers made their famous last stand in the lava beds, as a handful of Indians held off a multitude of soldiers for many months. John Ross served briskly and efficiently, but the younger officers called him "Old John Ross," and regarded him as an honorary figurehead.

At the close of the war, when he was told to select the guilty Indians and take them to Jacksonville for trial, he refused. Perhaps he was weary with war and had had enough killing. After the defeat of the Modocs, he returned to his home.

In 1878 he was elected state senator from Jackson County and was appointed chairman of the military committee. At the conclusion of his term he had served his fellow citizens for almost fifty years as a soldier, a neighbor and a politician. He retired to his farm on Ross Lane and built a handsome house for his family. In February, 1890, he died. He was 72.

He had been an adventurer, a trail blazer, a defender, a friend, a lover, a man to adore, respect and honor. But anyone could have written a better closing scene. He should have gone out with an ecstasy of northern lights and the sounds of a celestial choir and a million strings. No way. He ended his gamut "old and frail and with a clouded mind."

Where in hell were the Kismet-makers when that coin was flipped?

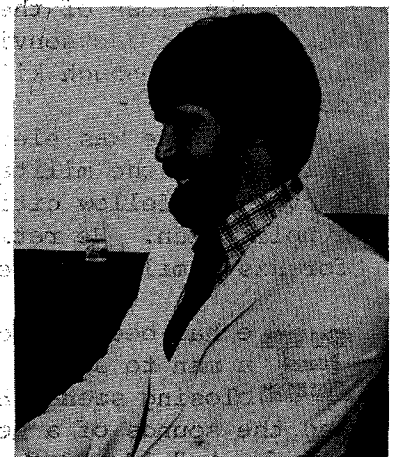
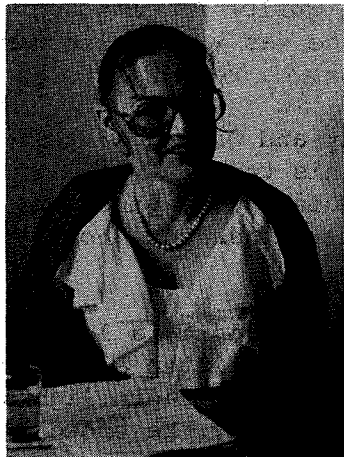
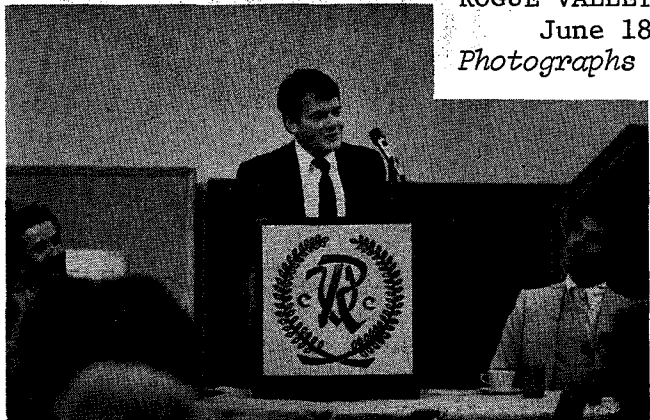


SOHS Annual Dinner

ROGUE VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB

June 18, 1982

Photographs by Doug Smith



Where in hell were the Klatsop-landers when that coin was flipped?
 his "game" old and listed and with a clouded mind.

Jack Stater

MAINTENANCE PERSON

JACK STATER, the trouble shooter of the maintenance department, has made it in a lot of different occupations, and, in his case, "of-all-trades" can honestly be applied to his first name. Although he has gathered no moss over the years, he has acquired considerable expertise and skills which are in constant demand at the museum and the historical society's properties. He keeps a low profile but sometimes he's indispensable.

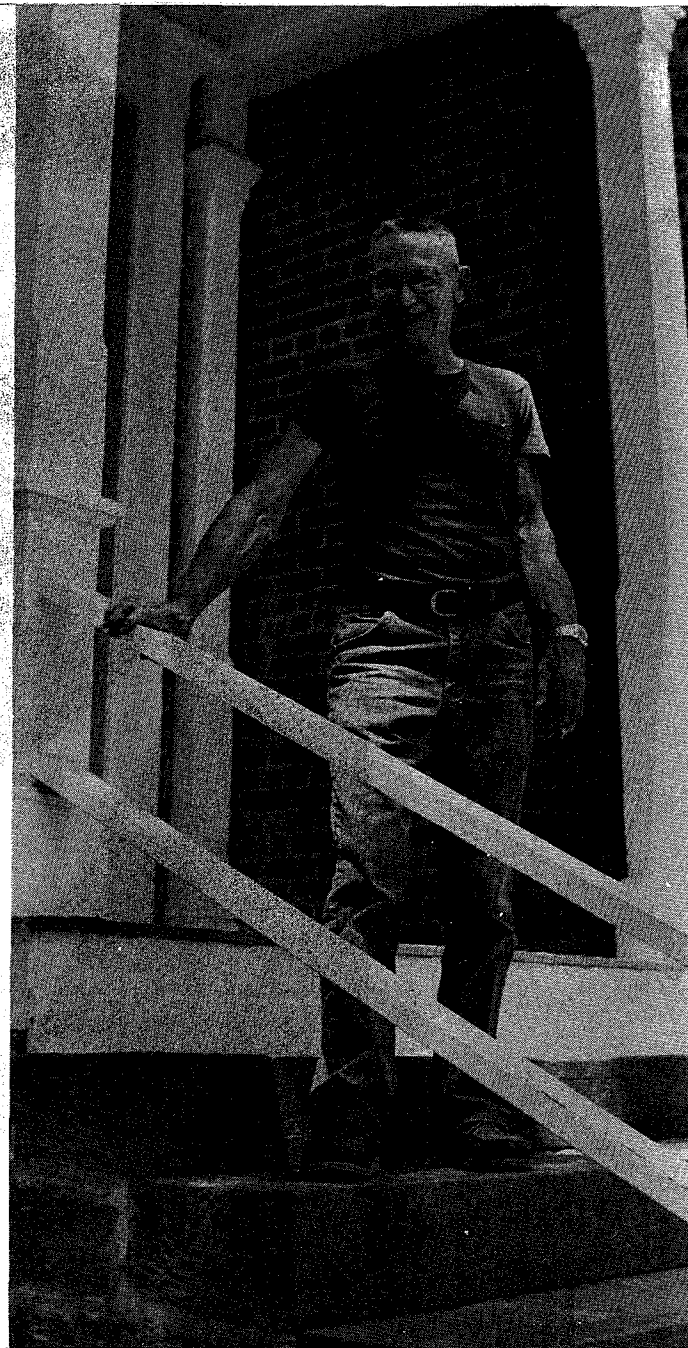
He was born in Portland but he didn't stay there long. His father, over the years, was a distributor for Ford and Lincoln and Hudson cars, and frequently moved his family around the West. By the time Jack had completed grade school he had lived in many cities in Oregon and California.

After his graduation from high school at Burlingame, he attended business college in San Francisco for a year, and then went to work for his dad selling cars. He met his first wife, Ruth, in San Mateo and they lived in that city for several years. Their three children were born there. When his father retired and closed up shop, Jack, Ruth, and the kids went to Newport Beach. There, he and Ruth split up, and she went to Hawaii, taking the kids with her.

After being a carefree bachelor for a couple of years, Jack married a second time. He and his new bride, Thelma, went into real estate. They bought and sold motels, and during their nine year marriage, they owned motels in Corona del Mar, Laguna Beach, Palm Desert and Palm Springs and a trailer park in Oceanside. Jack reports that motel management, which requires close attention for twenty-four hours a day, is not exactly the ideal life. Although the second marriage broke up, he learned the fundamentals of maintenance from the cellar to the attic.

After another year as a swinging bachelor, he married Peggy in 1966. They settled down in Newport Beach, but, when his kids moved to Oregon, Jack thought he should get re-acquainted with them. He and Peggy moved to southern Oregon in 1972 because they both loved the area. They bought property on the Sterling Creek Road and moved there, opening the Family Bike Shop on California Street in Jacksonville. In 1976 they moved into town, gave the shop to Jack's youngest son, and Jack joined the museum staff.

Peggy and Jack are hooked on their new 1976 Winnebago, and if you run and look out the front window just about now, you can wave them off to Arizona.





PRINK CALLISON AND THE MEDFORD TIGERS

It has been said that America was ripe and ready for a national hero when Charles Lindberg came along. The country had been without a public idol for a long time, and the Lone Eagle, as the man of the hour, made an opportune entrance on the scene. Not so in southern Oregon. The natives of course adored Lindy, but in this part of the country he was Hero, Junior-Grade. *Numero uno* was Prince 'Prink' Callison, athletic coach at the Medford High School. For a decade at least, he was the local demigod, and if you had a quarter for every time he was extolled in a barber shop and at the clubs, you could have a fleet of yachts in Beautiful Bear Creek and your own stable of thoroughbreds at Main and Central.

Once in awhile a personnel officer

gets lucky and hires someone who packs such clout, he makes the rest of the staff look classy. So it was with the Medford School Board in 1923. They offered the unknown Prink Callison a contract and then spent the next six years endorsing themselves for being such inspired judges of character. Hiring him did entail considerable risk; he had not coached before and his teaching career began in Medford.

Prink's principal interest had always been football, and he began playing in Eugene High School, where he turned out for the team as a freshman. His ability was recognized, and he made four letters while he attended high school. As a student at the University of Oregon, he became a member of the freshman team, and the next year he filled in as center on

the Varsity. While he was a sophomore, he won the honorary 'O'. Following this, he played two seasons, '19 and '20, for the Olympic Club at San Francisco, but in 1921 he returned to the university to continue his education, and again put on the emerald green uniform. During his last two years at the university he gained the reputation of being one of the best pivot men in the history of the school. In 1923 he came to Medford and stayed for six years, after which he returned to his alma mater, the University of Oregon, as an athletic coach.

At Medford he made a stunning record. Three times his football teams were winners of the Western Oregon Championship, and each time they were picked by the leading sports critics as the strongest in the league. Three times his basketball players placed third in the state, once his squad was runner-up for top place, and once, in 1924, his hoopsters entered the national tournament in Chicago. His teams won nearly all of the campaigns in the four major sports in the Southern Oregon Conference. He was recognized as the leading high school coach on the Pacific coast, if not in all the West. Everyone was astonished at his ability to take a bunch of green, untrained young men and turn them, in a short time, into a tight, unified group who played with precision, teamwork and skill.

He must have had great rapport with teen-aged athletes and an instinctive awareness of the exact psychological time to batter them down when they got a little cocky and to praise them to the skies when they were a little flattened out. *Overconfidence* was the dirty word, and Prink fought it unceasingly. There must be something in the theory that if you call someone a

*The excerpts are taken from the files of the *Tribune* and the 1929 high school yearbook. Some of the items have been paraphrased by way of explanation or interpretation. Stories containing duplicate material have been omitted. For the sake of continuity, quotation marks and ellipses have not been used.

loser often enough, he'll take the bait and become the winner. It worked in this case.

Now, almost fifty-five years later, it is fascinating to follow the step-by-step progress of the Medford High School team of 1928-1929, as they go from an inauspicious beginning to the championship of the state. Consecutive headlines from the files of the *Medford Mail Tribune** take the players from their first practice when the critics--and Callison himself--put them down as a bunch of awkward bummers to the final game in which everyone, including members of the opposing team declared them to be the greatest players in the state. At the beginning of the season the downtown linebackers had little interest in the football squad. The bleachers at the opening game were about one-fourth full, and those who attended were, for the most part, students who had nothing



The charming photograph of DeeDee Orth, Junior Carnival Queen for 1929, demonstrates that the emphasis at Medford High was not entirely on macho athletes. Appreciation of beauty was alive and well.

better to do. At the close of the season hundreds of fans, who couldn't manage to go five or six blocks to the first game, drove over the bumps of the narrow and winding two-lane highways to The Dalles and Portland to cheer their heroes.

FIRST HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TURNOUT TODAY

SEPTEMBER 5, 1928. The first practice of the season for the Medford High squad under the direction of Coach Prince G. Callison, will be held this afternoon. It is expected 50 youths will turn out, including a number of huskies.

Among the candidates will be Harold Anderson, Ben Harrell and Jack Walker, halfbacks; Orbin Cooksey, fullback; Al Melvin, quarterback; Bill Bowerman and Red McDonald, ends; Jack and Bernie Hughes, linesmen; Roan Green, Al Stoehr, Mete and Bill Morgan, tackles; Mason, center; and J. Sprague, left guard. Bill Morgan, left tackle, and Cliff Garnett, quarterback, will not report until next Monday as they are picking pears.

Coach Callison indicated yesterday that any player with a Chaplin mustache would have to do better than Ernie Nevers of Stanford fame to make his team. He was referring to Cliff Garnett and Al Stoehr, both of whom were sporting neat mustaches. It's certain the two of them fancied they looked more like Rudolph Valentino, the sheik, than Charlie Chaplin, the comedian. At the end of the season they were still wearing their adornments, so they obviously out-played the great Ernie Nevers.

ALUMNI APT TO GIVE VARSITY STIFF FIGHT TOMORROW

SEPTEMBER 21. Coach Callison's proteges will go against a tough proposition, and will have a struggle on their hands as their opponents are a rugged lot and are *not full of confidence*. (A pointed remark from the reporter to help the coach put down those young punks who already think they're football heroes. He continues in the same chiding manner, perhaps quoting Callison:) A number of the high school squad is not up to previous form, owing to putting too much credence in the flattery handed them by

girl friends about their gridiron prowess, and consequently they have not got down to business. (In the good old days the football players were apparently a bunch of introverts whose girl friends, dedicated to the cause of snagging that title, continually belittled them to keep them tractable.)

The alumni team will include Virgil Swanson, Harley Dressler, Archie Laing, Eddie Demmer, Prock, the Singlers and the Dunns, Stanley Biden, Cliff Moore, Gilbert Knips and others who have won their spurs and have forgotten nothing. (Prognostication: It's gonna be a black day for the Varsity. *Overconfidence is the curse of the amateur!*)

VARSITY WINS FROM ALUMNI 12 - 7 IN SLOW CONTEST

SEPTEMBER 24. The high school team lucked out. No doubt about it. The game was actually dull, but, then the mercury climbed to 90 degrees, and even the fearless and modest alumni felt the heat. No thrills. Well, maybe one. After a beautiful catch of a long forward pass from Melvin, McDonald dropped the ball. How about that? He did redeem himself later when he caught another pass from Melvin and raced 30 yards for a touchdown. The high school scored another goal when Harold Anderson went through the tackles with three alumni players hanging to the seat of his pants. No big deal or special skill. He could have dragged along four or five more and still have crossed the goal line; Anderson is a moose of a kid. He brought the final score 12 to 7 just before the gun. It was luck. How else could those overconfident, sorry specimens beat last year's powerful machine? The reporter concludes: The high school team is not the finished and polished team of former years by a long shot.

FOOTBALL TEAM STARTS PRACTICE FOR THE INDIANS

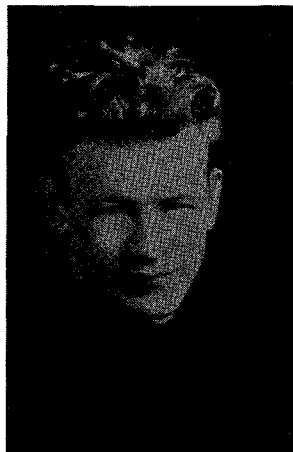
SEPTEMBER 25. The high school football team this afternoon started strenuous practice for the game next Saturday with the Chemawa Indians and it will be a crucial game. Defeat for the locals will eliminate them as contenders for the



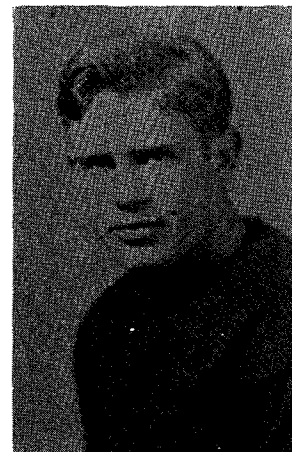
Cooksey



Melvin



Anderson



Harrell

state title.

Their showing against the alumni was anything but impressive. It was evident that several players had been paying more attention to other matters than to the coach. Their repartee was snappy but their execution of plays was not. Coach Callison threatens to eradicate several of his stars for lesser lights unless there is some improvement. (The fellows are still getting praise from some source. They're hooked on it.)

The word from Klamath Falls is that this year will bring the championship to Klamath Union High School. There is no lack of spirit or overconfidence in that team. They are certain to beat Medford. *This is Klamath's year!*

RALLY TO BE FRIDAY EVENING FOR FOOTBALL TEAM

SEPTEMBER 26. The team has shaken off some of its lethargy in the drive of Coach Callison to get the players in shape. After delivering a cold-facts, straight-from-the-shoulder lecture, he took the crew out for scrimmage and worked them until their tails sagged. They'll get more work-outs every day, and the second squad, which is the best second squad in the history of the school, will help pummel them into shape.

A spirited rally was held downtown last evening with shouting students marching up Main Street to the Library Park where they gave yells and sang *On, Medford*

a dozen times. That peppy yell leader, Stanley Wilcox, can surely work his rooters into an enthusiastic frenzy.

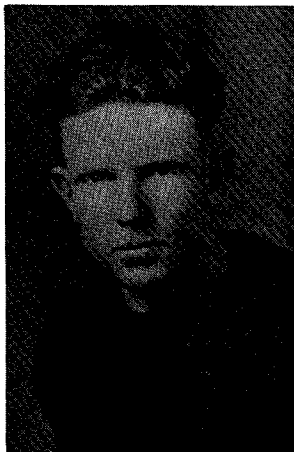
MEDFORD HIGH MEETS INDIANS CHEMAWA 7. - MEDFORD 39

SEPTEMBER 30. The Chemawa Indian team was severely beaten in the first interscholastic game of the season--to the surprised delight of the Medford fans. The visitors proved superior in the kicking department, but the Tigers were fortunate in the scoring side. Of the six Medford touchdowns, Harrel and Bowerman scored two each and McDonald and Cooksey made one apiece. The game was broadcast over KMED, but there was a pretty fair crowd at the game anyway. Officials were Earl Davis and Fred Scheffel.

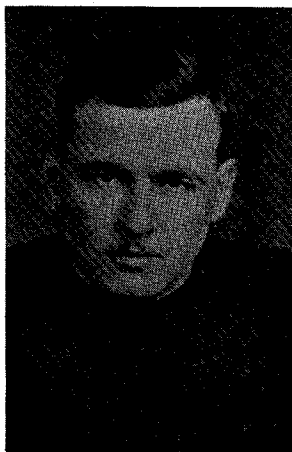
VARSITY BEGINS PRACTICE FOR GAME WITH MARSHFIELD

OCTOBER 1. The Tigers started practice this afternoon for the only game scheduled away from home. All players in the Chemawa game came out unscathed with the exception of Bernie Hughes who was kicked in the nose. Although he is still in considerable pain, he will not be kept out of the game.

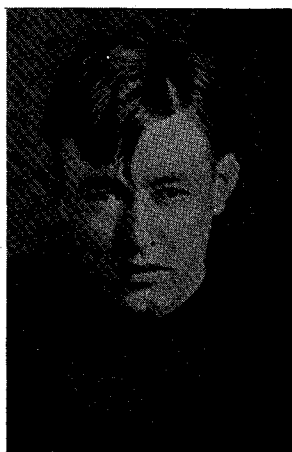
(The team has been humbled enough for awhile; a little praise is due.) The fans have declared the Medford team is better than last year, but (a counter-balance,



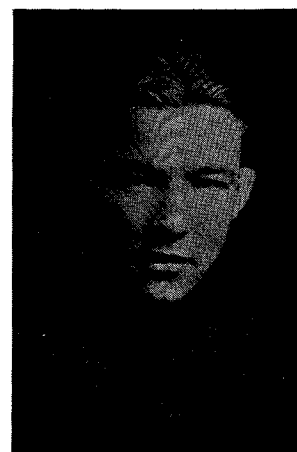
McDonald



Stoehr



J. Hughes



B. Hughes

just in case that statement is too exhilarating.) Coach Callison says the boys have power and great possibilities, but it will take a lot of hard work to develop the polish and efficiency of last year's team.

TIGERS MEET MARSHFIELD

MARSHFIELD 6 - MEDFORD 44

OCTOBER 6. The game was noticeably tame and one-sided. Medford made the first score just one and one-eighth minutes after the game began. The subs were sent in during the last quarter and even they scored against the foe.

The Medford team will start hard practice Monday for the game with the Salem eleven, who promise to be a greater threat than Marshfield. The Salem team is heavier than the Tigers and they boast five lettermen. The locals will face a strong challenge.

CHAMPIONSHIP PREDICTIONS:

West Linn won its game with Eugene and has started to preen for the title.

The Dalles is charging right ahead in its push for the championship.

Klamath Falls declares the top state honors are already in the bag.

Washington High School of Portland is the leading contender for the championship of Portland, but has been painfully silent since Medford defeated the Chemawa Indians by double their own score.

OCTOBER 16

FOOTBALL CROWD EXPECTED

SMASH ATTENDANCE MARK

OCTOBER 17

TOUGHEST GAME COMES SATURDAY ON LOCAL GRIDIRON

Considerable intersectional interest is attached to the contest with Salem. A victory for the local team by a decisive score would hush all upstate talk that they are not equal to the hard plunging, ever watchful, aggressive teams that have represented this city on the gridiron the last five years.

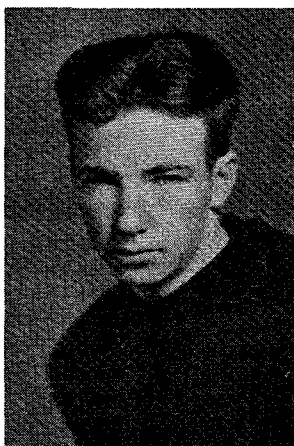
The Salem team is coming with blood in its eye and they're reported to have plenty of speed in the backfield and a heavy line. The Medford team is practicing strenuously from the time school is dismissed until dark every night.

HIGH SCHOOL TEAM MEETS SALEM

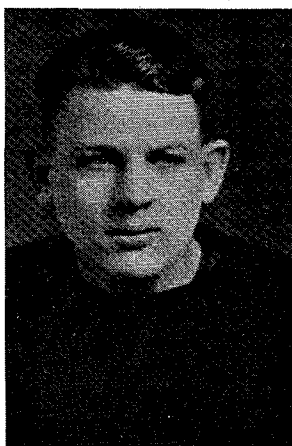
SALEM 6 - MEDFORD 42

The Salem High School eleven was severely beaten by the Callison fighting crew. The visitors were a hefty team but were too slow getting started. Excitement was at high tension before the game because of Salem's reputed strength and the contest was replete with thrills.

Local exuberance turned to anguish in the second quarter when, in the act of breaking up a Salem pass, Anderson



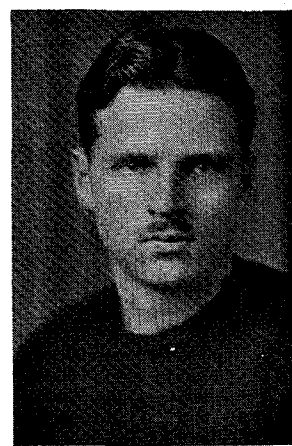
Sprague



Morgan



Bowerman



Garnett

(How keenly embarrassed he must have been) slapped the ball into a foeman's hands which gave the visitors their only score. Cooksey was the great offensive thrust, making five touchdowns. Harrell and Melvin also crossed the goal for scores.

All the Medford players came out of the game in good condition while their foe was badly battered. There was no love lost between the two old rivals. Medford repeatedly ripped through center and the tackles, and the Tigers had a pleasant afternoon telling the opponents where the plays were going and how many yards they would make. (That sounds like a little touch of over-you-know-what.)

KLAMATH FALLS ELEVEN NEXT FOR LOCAL GRID

OCTOBER 22. This will be a game against the biggest and best team in Klamath's history. They have one fixed idea: *To beat Medford!* They have pointed in that direction all season and have won all their games to date.

Coach Callison figures Klamath Falls is one of the dangerous teams, owing to his players being over-confident. Even while training for the Salem game, he was endeavoring to knock this notion out of their heads, but he reports he has had little luck.

The Klamath players are primed for the game of their lives and the outcome will be no laughing matter. The loser will be permanently knocked out of the running.

MEDFORD DOWNS KLAMATH - 31-0 - IN SLOW BATTLE

OCTOBER 29. Using second and third string players most of the way, the Tigers defeated Klamath Falls 31 to 0. The Medford team was nervous at first and fumbled considerably, but at last the members settled down and introduced an unusual number of tricky plays. Cooksey and Harrell were the big guns until the second half when Coach Callison sent in his scrubs.

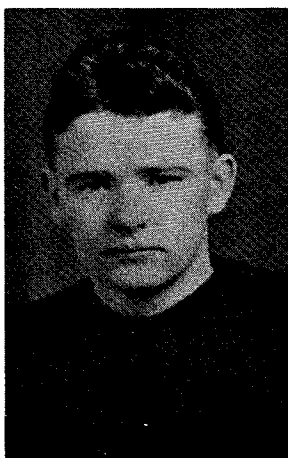
The large delegation from Klamath Falls High School gave a fine exhibition of sportsmanship and school spirit; with this defeat they were left out in back field.

FOOTBALL TEAM RESTED MONDAY; NURSED INJURIES

OCTOBER 31. Coach Callison wanted his charges to rest and nurse bumps and bruises. Bernie Hughes was kicked in the ear and Anderson took a severe bump in the game with Klamath. Melvin is getting over a hard smash in practice and Morgan, J. Hughes and McDonald have mean bruises.

The squad is also suffering from the deadliest enemy of all--overconfidence. *Ho hum.*

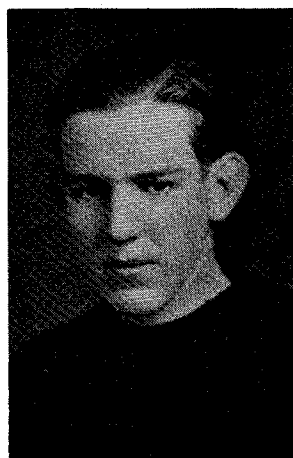
FINAL WORKOUT FOR MEDFORD BEFORE CORVALLIS GAME SATURDAY



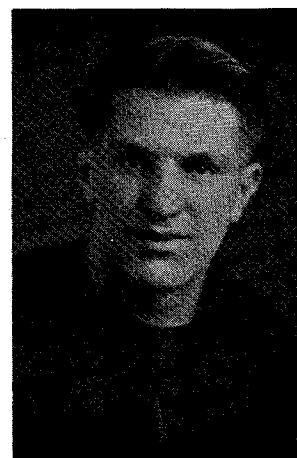
Green



Walker



Mason



Mete

NOVEMBER 1. The Corvallis team has always furnished the local squad with a struggle for victory. This bunch is an especially husky looking lot. The field is in fine condition after the rain, and, with bright sunshine, one of the biggest crowds of the year is expected.

CORVALLIS 7 - MEDFORD 50 IN SATURDAY GAME

NOVEMBER 4. The Corvallis team seemed to have tremendous power when they got angry, and they got that way once and netted a touchdown. The rest of the time they were running around in a daze from Medford's deceptive plays. The Tigers won by 43 points.

RIVALRY IN ARMISTICE TILT STRONG AS EVER

NOVEMBER 10. The Medford and Ashland high school football teams clash Monday in their annual Armistice Day game and the fires of rivalry burn as fiercely as of yore in both camps.

Last evening students of both schools held rallies, and Medford students burned a fiery 'M' on the slope of Roxy Ann. Prink Callison announced, (for a switch) "There will be no overconfidence in the local squad. *Eureka!* They are all grimly determined to win."

MEDFORD BEATS ASHLAND TEAM
ARMISTICE DAY - 25 - 7
ANNUAL CONTEST VICTORY FOR LOCALS

FIRST SQUAD TAKES GAME EASY SECOND STRING GOES IN

MONDAY'S BATTLE FILLS THE DALLES WITH EXCITEMENT

NOVEMBER 15. The Dalles *Chronicle* editorializes that "overconfidence will dethrone Medford." The *Tribune* replies that "Mr. P.G. Callison will have it all knocked out of his proteges by the end of the week." The *Chronicle* comes back with "Where does Medford get all its players? Is football the chief industry of the Medford High School?"

The sports reporter of the *Chronicle* has decided that all the teams Medford has played to date have been suffering from "an inferiority complex." It's not so with The Dalles. Ashland *almost* beat Medford, and The Dalles *will do it*. The *Tribune* reporter snaps back that the Tigers will pull out all stops and use a brand new bag of tricks on The Dalles.

Featured also on the sports page of this issue of the *Tribune* is Norma Talmadge, who, like The Dalles' team, is destined to hit the skids--The Dalles vanquished by the Tigers; Norma, by the talkies. She proclaims that she has taken the blindfold test and out of four unmarked brands of cigarettes, she has chosen Old Golds, and --how wonderful--there's not a cough in a carload!

MONSTER RALLY IN SEND OFF

NOVEMBER 17. Under the direction of Earl Davis, assisted by the cheer leader, Curley Wilcox, the students of Medford High School held a titanic pep rally at the Craterian Theater.

Between enthusiastic yells and songs, Earl Davis made appropriate and witty comments as he introduced the galaxy of dignitaries. Ted Baker, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, assured the team that they had a hard fight ahead of them but they could be certain that all of Medford and most of southern Oregon would be right there at their loud speakers, cheering them on to victory. Several other orators were each given a few minutes for their confident words of encouragement: Jerry Jerome, Paul McDonald, Pop Gates and Judge Kelly.

Coach Callison was called upon and he made one of the longest speeches of his career. He praised the spirit of the team, said there was no sign of overconfidence and emphasized that they were determined to win. But if they lost, he didn't want anyone to meet them at the train on their return. "I always get nervous before a game," said Prink, "and I am nervous now. I can't eat much, and won't until the game is over. But when it is over, if we win, we will all have a banquet. If we lose, we won't eat anything but beans."

After Prink was given a thunderous cheer, Earl Davis declared that any talk about Prink Callison having no appetite was applesauce, as he had paid for his dinner and he knew better.

Davis then added that Callison's big fault was that he was too afraid of overconfidence. "Prink," he said, "is not afraid of losing to The Dalles, he is only afraid of beating them by such a big score that he can't get any team to play Medford on Thanksgiving. "I know this team," he continued, "and I want to say it is not only the strongest high school football team on the coast, it is, in my opinion, the strongest in the United States." Big cheers. Of course no one disagreed.

The Craterian was SRO with students and parents, and the rally was broadcast by The Voice of the Rogue River Valley.

TEAM ENTRAINS FOR THE BIG GAME

NOVEMBER 18. With the encouraging yells of the student body and the shouts of good luck from the citizens, the squad departed in a special sleeper attached to Train 14, *The Oregonian*, for Portland.

The team was in fine spirits and they oozed confidence. They had received best wishes telegrams from Ashland, Salem and Corvallis, each of whom may have sent the same messages to The Dalles. Coach Callison assured the parents he'd get the boys into their berths at an early hour and they'd get a good night's sleep. (On that jerky milk-train? Oh, brother.) When they reached Portland they'd have a big breakfast and then transfer to another train for The Dalles.

From the way football enthusiasts of Medford and other valley points were leaving by auto, the Tigers would be assured of a large rooting section. Many fans left a day early so they could stay over a night in Corvallis and catch the Oregon State Agricultural College - University of Oregon game. After all, three former Medford High School men were playing on the Aggies' team: Archie Laing, John Day and Stanford C. Biden. Medfordites had a special interest in the outcome of that game as well.

The Dalles set aside 200 grandstand seats for Medford fans and later added 400 more. The local paper reported that as the game time approached, rooters for The Dalles became "less windy." They had boasted that their goal line was inviolate and no team could touch it. Now they conceded that Medford might score a point or two.

The special Southern Pacific excursion train--tickets \$19.90 per round trip--was given up because too many were going by auto. Several high school students got out on the highway and exercised their thumbs. They were committing hookey, but the school board agreed in this case it was for a good cause.

ARTHUR PERRY REVIEWS GAME MEDFORD SCORES 42 TO 0

NOVEMBER 18. "The Happy Warriors" rode to victory today because they thought three-fifths of a second faster than The Dalles who fought gallantly to the bitter end--and had their fondest hopes trampled

in the green turf of the home field.

Taking every advantage of the breaks and showing the finest working high school offensive ever seen in this part of the state, the Medford Tigers rolled up a total of 24 points in the first half. Out of it all stand two youths, inconspicuous but mighty: Bernie Hughes and Bill Morgan. Their coach gave them his heartiest slap on the back. Such is fame in high school.

The Medford line did it today--made it possible for Melvin, Harrell, the slippery Garnett, the flashy Dick Applegate to make long gains...helped the plodding hard-hitting Anderson in his short snappy drives, knocked tacklers out of the road for the wriggling Cooksey. The winning line. They did their stuff today. It was the strongest Medford ever put out.

Your correspondent talked to many of The Dalles men: "We *thought* we had a football team. We were beaten fairly. Medford can beat them all." Never was there so gracious a loser as The Dalles. They are all for Medford now.

CONQUERING TEAM WELCOMED TODAY HUGE CROWD WAITS AT SP DEPOT

NOVEMBER 21. Welcomed by the high school band in their jaunty red and black uniforms and a crowd of approximately 1500 cheering residents and fellow students, the conquering eleven stepped from Train 13 this noon into Medford's hearty embrace.

Prink Callison and his men were strangely silent. The coach almost escaped into the crowd. The boys, instead of allowing themselves to be carried, went down a side street where they greeted relatives, sweethearts and friends. (In losing their overconfidence, they seem to have gained a modesty complex.) But they were soon tackled and surrounded by the crowd who would not be cheated out of the chance to honor their heroes.

The team members will be guests at a forum luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce at the Hotel Medford tomorrow noon.

THANKSGIVING GAME SCHEDULED MEDFORD TIGERS TO MEET BENSON TECH

NOVEMBER 22. It was agreed this afternoon between the Benson Polytechnic High School and the Medford High School to play a Thanksgiving Day game in Portland. The terms of the Medford school for \$1000 expenses and 37 per cent of the gate receipts were granted. (Medford had earlier demanded 50 per cent.)

The negotiations are being conducted by James Richardson, manager of the Multnomah Stadium where the game will be played.

'BLACK TORNADO' TAKES BENSON 39-0 BRILLIANCE DISPLAYED BY LOCALS WHO POUND OUT VICTORY UNQUESTIONED SUPREMACY HS FOOTBALL

BANDS IMPRESS PORTLAND PEOPLE
THANKSGIVING DAY. The Medford high school football machine rose in their might and brilliancy before 12,000 people in the Multnomah Stadium and pounded out a 39-0 victory over the Benson Tech squad, champions of Portland. Thus they won the state championship, and there are none to deny their overwhelming superiority.

The Medford team ripped off its plays with clock-like regularity and a zest that brought shouts of admiration from the throng. A triple lateral pass in the fourth quarter, executed with dazzling speed, sent Fullback Cooksey across the goal line for a touchdown, but was called back by the officials, who throughout the contest were looking for mistakes by Medford and imposed heavy penalties. Callison and crew accepted them smilingly and, on the next play, regained lost ground.

Benson is big and burly and renowned for their roughness. They love to crush and crunch. They figured their ponderous size would batter down the locals. In the first half they specialized in neck tackles. Before the second quarter was over, they had received enough of roughness, and in the third quarter their defense had crumbled. So ferocious was the battle, that Benson substituted three centers, in an effort to hold Bernie Hughes.

The victory, glorious to fans of Medford, was an hour of triumph for Bill Morgan, tackle, who in the final minutes of his high school football career,

scooped up a punt and attained one of his ambitions--the scoring of a touchdown as Coach Callison threw his cap into the air. The Medford squad, now known in Portland as The Black Tornado, was lustily cheered.

The Tigers played their best game before a metropolitan crowd. They had color and confidence and manliness. The favorite sport in the grandstand was to find who had the ball when a dazzling play was set in motion. The Benson players were sadly baffled and befuddled.

Everyone who attended had a glorious time, and the Southern Pacific Railway outdid itself in service and consideration. Nearly everybody from Medford

found lower berths. All in all, Thanksgiving, 1928, from every angle, was one of the happiest periods of time in the history of Medford and the Rogue River Valley--the home of those high school champions, The Black Tornado.

HI GRID SQUAD TURNS IN SUITS

The Medford High School football team, undisputed state champions and undefeated for six years, will turn in its suits Monday and will play no more games this season. Those who graduate are Bernie Hughes, Jack Hughes, Al Stoeher, Bill Morgan, Fred McDonald, Bill Bowerman, Al Melvin, Clifford Garnett, Bernie Harrell and Orbin Cooksey.

Contributions Help Finance SOHS Publications

We wish to give special thanks to those who have contributed to the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Their gifts enable us to maintain the standards of excellence in our publications.

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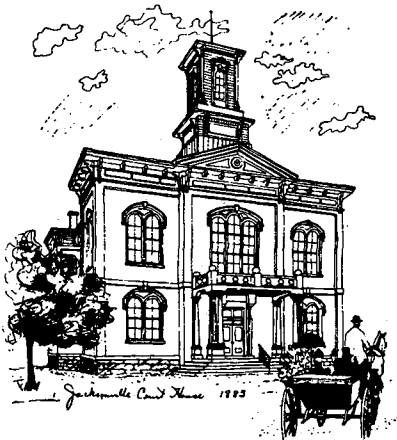
DORA SCHEIDECKER of the Museum Quilters is dedicated, among other things, to keeping the quilting bee from becoming extinct. To accomplish this she has recently launched a campaign, (KQBH - Keep Quilting Bees Healthy), which will start quilters quilting at an earlier age when they're more susceptible to learning new tricks.

Classes for Junior Quilters, aged ten years or older, started on June 21, at the Quilters' room, upstairs in the U.S. hotel. Each Monday session lasts from 9:30-11:00, and classes will continue until mid-August. Kids who are interested are cordially invited to attend. Students are expected to provide their own basic sewing materials: pins, needles, cotton fabrics, a thimble and a pair of scissors. For additional information call Dorothy Herberg, 582-2562, or Dora Scheidecker, 899-7009.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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THE MUSEUM BOOK STORE is featuring two new books: *Pensamientos*, poems by Peg Bowen, and *Mount Shasta Or Bust*, a family travelogue in the 1890s, by Helen Gilman Bowen, Peg's mother. These two writers have recently become citizens of Jacksonville. *Pensamientos* is a small volume of delightful verses which reveal a great love for the wonders of nature. The poems, written in an elfin, enchanted style, will captivate poetry lovers. *Mount Shasta Or Bust* is the narration of a family's trek from Placentia northward along the California coast. They travel in a wooden wagon pulled by horses, and the author writes fascinating descriptions of the familiar places which they visit along the way. Historians and nature lovers will be thrilled with it.

These are quality books, beautifully bound and attractively designed. They will make cherished gifts.

ALMA RUTH KLINGLE
(1898 - 1982)

RUTH KLINGLE, a retired teacher, was a dedicated volunteer at the Museum, having devoted more time to serving the historical society than any other volunteer. We will miss her.