

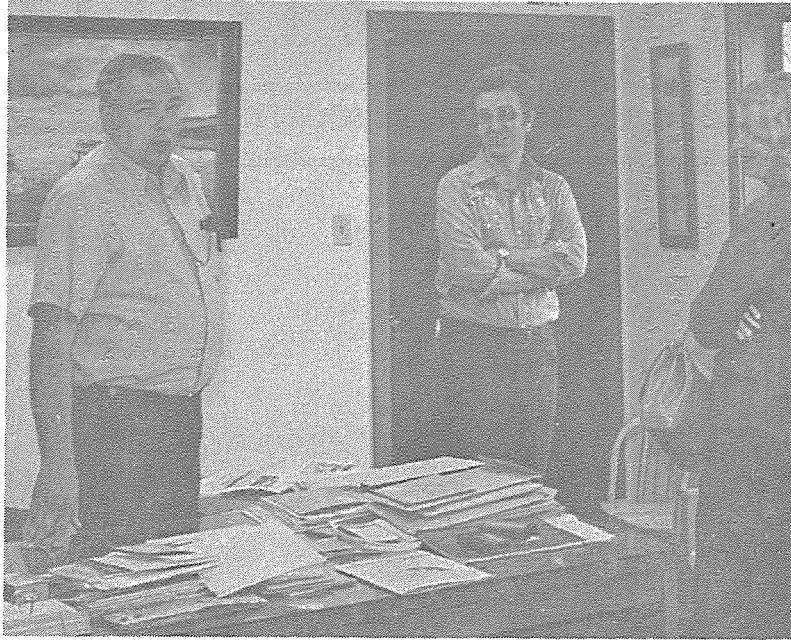
11/82

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Director's Corner



George Abdill, Bill Burk and Joy Sergi

As a director, George Abdill of the Douglas County Museum in Roseburg, was unique. For many years he had been a fireman and engineer for the Southern Pacific, and during that time he wrote at least five books on railroad history. At the conclusion of his association with the SP, he was persuaded to accept the position as the first director of the Douglas County Museum and was given a small office at the county fairgrounds. His duties were to "collect some historical things" and establish a museum. One has only to visit that museum today to realize that George accomplished his assignment with the unparalleled dedication and complete originality not learned in school. "There are many things you can't learn from books," George said. "You have to

experience them even if you don't want to."

Among his important acquisitions is the large donkey engine that now guards the entrance to the museum grounds. For years George had tried to locate this old engine, and finally he succeeded, not only in finding it but in acquiring it for the museum as a donation. Surprised that he had accomplished this transaction, I asked him how he had managed to do it. "Well," George said, "I talked a lot, I listened a lot, I chewed a lot of rough tobacco and drank a lot of the rawest whiskey I have ever tasted. After I had done that, the guy decided I was okay." I suspect not many museum directors would go that far to get a prized artifact but persistence was also characteristic of George.

Generosity was not the least of George's qualities. He frequently shared his "finds." Many times he has called me and has begun his conversation with, "How would you like to have...?" He would have turned up an old photograph, a diary or some other item which had more significance in some other part of the state. He was pleased to pass them on to other museums.

George had reason to be proud of his contributions to the preservation of Oregon's history: for many years he edited the Umpqua Trapper, a small quarterly; he gave lectures at colleges and service clubs; and, of course, he steered the development of the Douglas County Museum since its beginnings in 1969.

George Abdill died on October 11, 1982. But his fine qualities, his friendliness and his singular personality are indestructible.

May he always find clear tracks ahead and have a full head of steam.

Bill Burk

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Bob Kingleyside, Roland Hubbard, Jim Vance and Earl Hubbard pose for a photographer at the start of the trip,

In an oral history interview taped in March, 1982, Earl F. Hubbard recalled some of his experiences in 1913 when he and three other high school boys made a pack trip from Medford to Crescent City. His companions were Jim Vance, Robert Kinleyside and Roland Hubbard. They took back trails, starting from McKee's Bridge on the Applegate river, along Beaver creek into the Siskiyou mountains and on to the California coast. At that time the route was far more primitive and untraveled than it is today, and Mr. Hubbard's reminiscences of the trip are interesting and unique. This version has been shortened.

A 1913 WILDERNESS TRIP

We started our trip from my Uncle Deb McKee's place on the Applegate, which was located up the river from where the McKee bridge is today, and we followed Beaver Creek from his place up into the Siskiyou's. The mules were taken up to Deb McKee's place by my younger brother, Ferdie Hubbard, the day before.

These three mules were entirely different. One we called Blacky was an excellent pack mule; he was difficult to catch when he got loose, but when you got a pack on him, why, he would follow you just like a dog. And he would never

run into a tree or get caught between anything with his pack. Another mule was lazy but a good pack mule and followed Blacky in good order. But the third mule was too fat and just wouldn't go unless someone was behind him with a switch. We had difficulty putting our packs on that first day because we couldn't get the mules to stand still.

My Uncle Silas, who was a forest ranger, he had taught me how to put a pack on a horse. And he taught me two different hitches: one was

called a squaw hitch that was used if there were two people putting the pack on--it uses an extra saddle cinch under the animal--and one on each side of the animal would pull the rope and cinch it tight; the other hitch was called a diamond hitch and it was only used when the pack was being made by one person that he could cinch up from just one side of the animal, but it wasn't as good or as safe as this old squaw hitch. We used the squaw hitch entirely on the trip. We had difficulty with [too many] spectators, and our mules not standing still, that we didn't get our packs on good and as a result we hadn't gone more than a mile or two and we had to stop and pick up things and repack and so forth. And so we only got about three or four miles that first day. We found a grassy meadow along Beaver creek where we stopped and made camp.

The first night we learned something about burros: they were like goats; they preferred browsing on brush rather than grass. And we also found out that if we were going to keep our burrows with us it was going to be necessary to tether them out at night.

The second day we were more successful in getting our packs tied on securely and expected to make it to the Cinnabar springs on the top of the Siskiyou by night. But late in the afternoon we were too tired to continue on and we found where a spring came out of the side of the hills [so we camped overnight on a steep hillside.]

We arrived at Cinnabar springs early the next morning and there was evidence of people living there, but no one was at home. We looked around and sampled the mineral waters and looked over the road that came up from the Klamath river but decided to continue west on the top of the Siskiyou, which we did. And then when we got above the Blue Ledge copper mine, why, we found a trail that followed the hogback down to the Klamath river. I don't know how long it took us to go from Cinnabar springs to a point above the Blue Ledge mine, but I imagine at least a day or so.

As we were going down this trail to

the Klamath river, we were strung out on the trail quite a distance between each one of us, and it was my turn to follow this fat mule with a switch to keep it going. And Roland was ahead of me. The other two boys were in the lead. We had Army rifles but Roland was the only one that was carrying his rifle. The rest of us had our rifles in the packs on the burros. And I heard something come out of the bush above me and looked up and here was a deer and it came right between Roland and I on the trail. And I shouted to him and he raised his gun and I said, "Oh, my goodness, I hope you don't shoot this direction." But he held it at his hip until the deer got between us. And as it started down this steep hillside, taking about thirty or forty feet to each jump, he threw the gun up to his shoulder and shot. And that one shot struck the deer in the back of the head and it rolled over and over clear to the bottom of the canyon. We left Bob Kinleyside with the mules and the three of us hiked down and dressed out the deer and packed the meat up and put it on our mules. That night we struck the road that runs between Yreka and Happy Camp on Klamath river, and following that road we came to a nice sandbar on the river that we thought would make a good camping place. We figured we could put our bedding on the sand and wouldn't have to cut cedar bows or fir bows for beds, which we did. But in the middle of the night we found that this sand was filled with sand fleas, and did they give us a bad time! That was the last time we attempted to sleep on the sand on that trip.

The reason we left Bob Kinleyside up with the mules while we went down to recover the deer meat was because his feet hurt after the first day on our trip until he left us before the trip was over. But the three of us were wearing Army shoes and we had been very careful in selecting them so that they were a good fit. But Bob Kinleyside, he wore logging boots that I think belonged to his father. He complained about his feet so much that



Jim Vance made up a song that said, "Oh, my feet hurt; oh, my feet hurt; I wish I was home and dad was here."

The next day we made it to Happy Camp and we made camp on the west end of town. And just as we arrived there it started to rain and it rained hard for several days. we put up our tent and I think it was the only time on the whole trip that we did use our tent.

While we were there, we sent mail home and replenished our supplies, it being the only place that we could replenish our supplies between Medford and Crescent City.

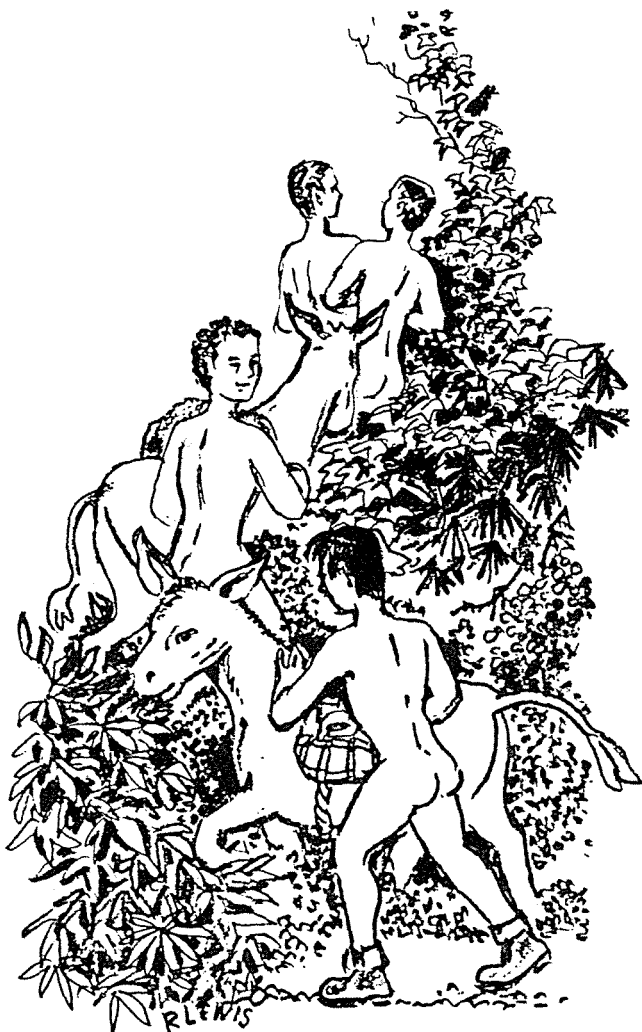
We had originally intended to follow the Klamath river to its mouth just north of Eureka. But in Happy Camp we found that the trail following the river went way south into California and then made a U-turn back north and that we could save time by taking an old packer's trail between Crescent City and Happy Camp that was used back during the early fifties and sixties.

So after the rain stopped we decided to take that trail over the mountains into Crescent City.

The next day we followed quite a plain trail that took us up onto the top of the Siskiyou again. And we followed a hogback west. And I remember we found a small lake that was right on the top of the mountain and we made camp at this lake and stayed a day or so. And Jim Vance had an Army bugle and he was a good musician. He played a violin well and had a good tenor voice, but he kept this bugle, and we could see north into Oregon and south into California and couldn't see any habitation of any kind, but in the evening Jim would play this bugle. And I've often wondered if anyone within hearing distance of that wondered what was going on.

Following this ridge we lost the old pack trail and when we came to the point where it was necessary to get off the ridge, why, we stopped and hesitated whether to go back and hunt the trail or go on. And looking down ahead of us we could see the South Fork of the Smith river and also in the valley below us we could see the beginning of the redwoods. We knew that if you followed a river that it would eventually take you to the ocean so we decided to go down and follow the river, which we did. We had quite a time getting down to it, but when we got to the river...why, we could follow the bank quite easily. But we'd come to a high cliff and we'd have to take off our clothes and put them on top of our packs and shove the mules in and swim across the river; then put our clothes on and go on a few miles and when we run into another cliff, we'd have to repeat the performance. We done that so many times that we finally took off our clothes and left them on our packs permanently and just put on our shoes and wore shoes. And I don't know how many times we swam that river but I'm sure ten or twelve times.

Then one of the boys said he heard a rooster crow and we stopped and listened. And finally we heard a cow moo, so we knew we were getting close



to some sort of settlement. So we put on our clothes and followed the river and came out to a place where there was a black man living. He had a white beard and was a very congenial old fellow. And he had chickens and a cow and a horse or so. And he was settled in there very comfortable. We purchased some eggs and milk from him and we were all hungry for milk and eggs and we surely did feed up.

The redwoods are very difficult to penetrate, there was so much growth and the ground was swampy. After leaving the black man's place, why, we tried to find a camping spot and the only one we could find was a grassy meadow between a great big redwood log and the river bank. We went over the log, made camp and stayed all night. And the next day, before we got to the Grants Pass-Crescent City road, we could hear a noise like thunder. And then we knew

it was automobiles or wagons crossing this bridge that crossed the river. And when we arrived down there, why, we were down in the canyon and the bridge was way up above us. We had to go quite a distance before we could find a place to get out of that canyon and up on to the road. But we finally made it and on into Crescent City.

When we arrived in Crescent City we found a nice grassy place to camp in the redwoods on the north end of town. We unpacked our mules and tethered them and went into the post office and got our mail. And each of us had a check there waiting for us from home. And Roland and I knew a man that worked as a mechanic in a garage there. We looked him up to take us up to the bank to identify us. And while we were up there we told him that as soon as we got our money we were going to buy a good square meal. And he said, "Oh, don't go to a restaurant." He said, "I'll call my landlady and she'll prepare you a meal and it'll really be something and it'll be reasonable." So we agreed to it. And he called her on the telephone and said he had four hungry boys that had just arrived in town with some pack mules and they were hungry for some home cooking.

And he said, "I'm sure they're hungry enough to eat the amount you would normally feed eight." Well, when we arrived, why, the table was set for eight people. We thought that she had misunderstood him, but, anyway, the meal was set out family style and we sure cleaned it up. Then when we got back to this good camping place, we saw a man walking back and forth around our pack and our mules.

When he saw us, he said, "Does this outfit belong to you boys?"

And we said, "Yes."

And he said, "What in the world are you doing camping in our city park?"

He made us pack up and advised us to go to the beach to a place called Agate beach and camp, which we did. We found it quite an interesting place, watching the ocean waves roll in, and a place where we could hunt

for agates. And I think we stayed there a day or so. And while we were there, why, we learned that our original plan to go up the beach to Gold Beach and then follow the Rogue river to Grants Pass, that that route was very rough and rugged. So we decided that instead of that to go over to the North Fork of the Smith river--my father had a friend, an old bachelor friend, living there, and my father said, "If you get anywhere near him, why, drop in and see him." His name was Jim Edgerton. So we just inquired how to get out to his place.

When we arrived there, his buildings were across the river from where we approached and he had a dugout log canoe. And we shouted over and he came over to us with this log canoe and told us where we could go down the stream and ford it with our mules, which we did. We found him to be quite a character. I remember that he had taken a large redwood stump and burned out the center of it and put a roof over it and used it for a shop. He was about as dirty an old bachelor as I ever met. I remember he was mixing up some sourdough on the backstep and talking to we boys when a rooster kept coming up and pecking dough off of the side of this granite bowl. And finally the rooster flew up and landed its feet right in his sourdough, and old Jim reached over and grabbed the rooster and there was a lot of sourdough sticking to the rooster's feet. And he took one hand and pulled that sourdough off of the rooster's foot right into the sourdough and kept right on mixing it. I don't think we were very hungry that night.

Old Jim told us how we could find our way from his place to the old stage coach road that ran from Crescent City to Grants Pass and cross the North Fork of the Smith river. My grandfather's bachelor brother, Silas McKee, was living at the old stage stopping place where it crossed the river. In the 1860s there was a stage coach company built a road from Grants Pass to Crescent City that crossed the North Fork of the Smith river. There was a hotel, blacksmith shop, and all the facilities to take care of changing horses and taking care of passengers. My grand-

father's brother, Silas McKee, got a job driving a four horse team and stagecoach from Grants Pass to Crescent City. He drove that stage for a number of years. Then when the company built a new road from Grants Pass to Crescent City it went down and crossed the South Fork of the Smith river and through the redwoods, why, they just left all of the facilities where it crossed the North Fork. And he quit them and started living there permantly and lived there until he died. He done a little mining around and some trapping. When we arrived at Silas McKee's place, why, it was in August and the salmon were running and spawning. And the trout were following the salmon for their eggs. And he was smoking salmon for the winter. And we stayed and we enjoyed the smoked salmon and the stories that he told us. And we were there for several days.

After leaving his place we crossed Chrome Hill and before we arrived at the new Grants Pass-Crescent City road we met some people who were from Medford who were camping. Their name was Carpenter. They had two boys that were a little older than us. Their sister was one of my high school teachers. Anyway, we camped near them. And our boy, Kinleyside, his feet were still hurting and when he met them, why, he asked to go back with them to Medford. And one of the Carpenter boys said that he would like to continue the rest of the trip with us, so we changed boys. Kinleyside left us and went back to Medford and one of the Carpenter boys finished the trip with us.

We went from there to the Oregon caves and at that time there was no road into the Oregon caves. just pack trails. And the government had one man there. I don't know whether it was considered a government monument or what the status of it was, but there was a government employee. And when he found that we wanted to go through the caves, he said, "Well, I think you boys can go any place I can, so we'll take an extra trip, too." And that was before the days of flash-

lights and he gave us some extra candles and string and we went into those caves. We spent an entire day in there. It was really an interesting thing. And there was a lot of places where we had to climb ladders down into other places. And years afterward, Roland told me that he went up there and the old gentleman was still there. This was after a road had been built in and you could drive a car in there. And this old gentleman recognized Roland, and said they were four of the dirtiest boys he had ever

met in his life.

From there we went on down to the Applegate road that runs north into Ruch. And we had previously made arrangements for my brother Ferdie to meet us on that road and take our mules home and a car would take us back to Medford. And before we got into Ruch we met my brother and our driver and so we stopped and put our packs in the car and my brother took the mules on home.

EXHIBITS DEPARTMENT SEEKS KITCHEN STOVE

THE KITCHEN RANGE WHICH HAS BEEN ON DISPLAY IN THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM IS SLATED TO BE RETURNED TO THE BEEKMAN SUMMER PORCH. THIS LEAVES THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM STOVELESS. JIMI MATOUSH, CURATOR OF EXHIBITS, IS EAGER TO REPLACE THE STOVE AND IS LOOKING FOR A KITCHEN RANGE, CIRCA 1890. SHE WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS ITS PURCHASE OR DONATIONS OF A SUITABLE COOKING RANGE.

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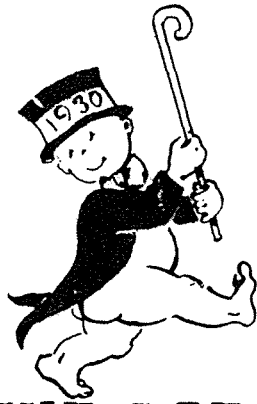
The Museum Book Store, in the spirit of the holiday season, is featuring a number of attractive items suitable for Christmas gifts. Inexpensive but charming unbreakable Christmas ornaments--Santa's Helpers and Merry Mice--are on sale. Esther Hinger, the sales manager, is also enthusiastic about packets of stationery and envelopes decorated with a line drawing of the museum.

In stock also are many books of western history. New titles include *Ten Years on the Pacific Coast* by Francis Xavier Blanchet. Retail \$10.95; SOHS \$9.30. *Dix ans sur la Cote du Pacifique* was originally written in French and pub-

lished in Quebec in 1873. The book reflects Fr. Blanchet's Experience from 1863-1873 though he was "Pastor of Jacksonville" from 1863-1888. This book has always been considered of great value to the literature of the Pacific Northwest. It is a narrative of Father Blanchet's memories of the people of Oregon.

\$2 *At The Door*--Folk Ethnic and Bluegrass Music in the Northwest -- Wilma Brand Chalmers. Retail \$10.50; SOHS \$9.30. The author shares her personal glimpses of the folk phenomenon as observed in the Northwest from Folk Sampling, Pub Concept, Unpubs with Charisma to Celtic Contributions of Erin Encounters and Scotch Broth and Bluegrass. Delightful!





THE AGE OF INNOCENCE REVISITED

1930

A.D. will not go down through the coming decades as America's --or, more narrowly, the Rogue River Valley's--finest epoch. Looking back at it from this far away--a little over half a century--the year appears sadly wraggled and brown around the edges, like last week's daisies. There were some bright spots: before the year was over the teen agers, for instance, may have hit their all-time zenith in the face of hard times, and the citizens eventually displayed the courage to try to win a game where the cards were stacked against them.

A run through the first weeks of the year as presented by the yellowing files of the *Medford Mail Tribune* produces mixed feelings: sympathy for those who would face a collapsing economy and pride for those who would persist in spite of the odds. Today the pages of the newspapers seem to slant toward optimism in spite of threatening current affairs. The national scene is diligently and ably presented, but there is still a lot of space devoted to house beautiful and people beautiful and life beautiful. But journalistic policy in 1930 appears to have been based on a dogged determination to divulge as much sensational crime as possible. There was certainly no lack of lurid potential.

At this time gangsters were up to their dirty necks in almost every business which produced a profit, and professional assassins were industriously and creatively eliminating their rivals. The tipling of bathtub gin and home-made booze provided the news media with

continual fatalities, both plain and fancy. Those who couldn't find a reliable supplier drank almost anything at hand. Celebrants at one festive party finished up their mortal careers by drinking juice of ginger root liberally laced with sheep dip. In Des Moines bay rum was declared an intoxicating beverage and withdrawn from the shelves at Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent Stores. There were, by police count, at least 32,000 speakeasies in New York City and none of them suffered from lack of business.

There was no shortage of bottled goods even though law enforcers were busily wielding sledge hammers, bashing in the stills and pouring out the merchandise. Making moonshine required some caution and the snooping of the feds wasn't the only risk. An AP dispatch carried the headlines, **HENHOUSE STILL BLOWS UP CHICKS** and reported the sad story that in Portland "peacefully clucking chickens were blown to bits and many roasted early today when a cleverly concealed still exploded in a chicken house near the outskirts of this city. Police and firemen, responding to the call, found no trace of the owners of the still, which occupied an underground room, entrance to which was gained through the chicken house." The enterprising bootleggers had to abandon their investment and take to their heels without waiting to sample either their explosive brew or their scrambled eggs.

There sprang up also an abundance of illicit love nests, and nearly all of them were furnished with a well-armed

and determined betrayee, bent on vengeance. The *dramatis personae* ranged from sugar daddies and blond cuties to overly emotional preachers and alto choir singers. All this was accompanied with a profusion of breach of promise suits in each of which the forsaken little woman was seeking a fat wad of money to sooth her broken heart. The men, as well, sometimes came in for a share of unrequited passion. The AP announced that a claim was filed in Los Angeles by an 86 year old civil war veteran, bringing suit against a middle aged widow who had jilted him after he gave her a diamond ring, an automobile and his real estate.

Not all of the problems were unique to 1930. Some of them of course are with us still. T.A. Sammis, Jr., of the State Horticultural board, announced that if an extermination campaign could be maintained for two years, by 1932 there would be no Mediterranean fruit flies left to plague the orchardists. But most of the year's grim stories are now ancient history. Fortunately few folk today spend sleepless nights tensed-up because they fear they may fall under the curse of King Tut.

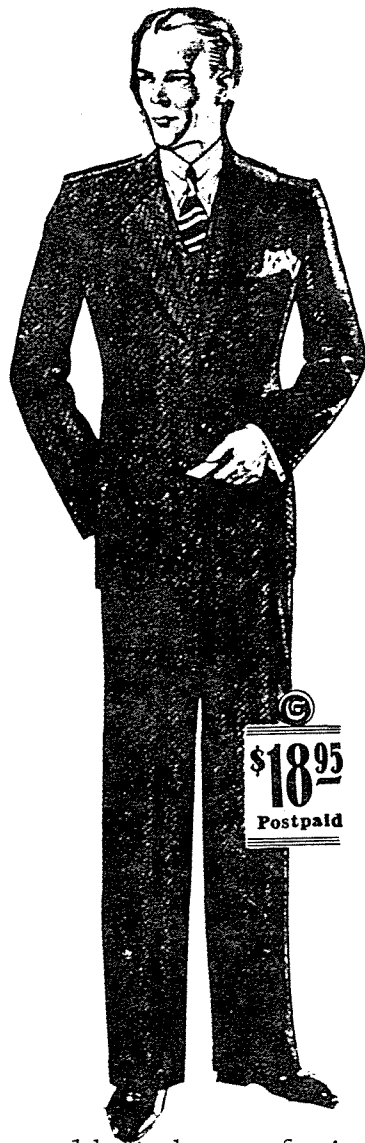
The bulk of this tasteless activity took place in cities far from the Rogue River Valley. The towns in southern Oregon were smaller then, the citizens knew their neighbors, and only a real bummer would victimize his friends. Although the overall picture produced by the papers was an ugly one, local events, sifted out of the seamy news stories from the rest of the country, were conventional enough. Compared with today's restless pace, life in southern Oregon at the very beginning of the 30s appears far more subdued and tranquil. Even recreation was less hectic.

Everyone was fascinated by the radio which was a novel and entertaining toy for adults. At first, of course, the things were awkward with those heavy batteries, or whatever, which sometimes leaked black acid onto the rug or the hardwood floor, and the invention really seemed a little profane.

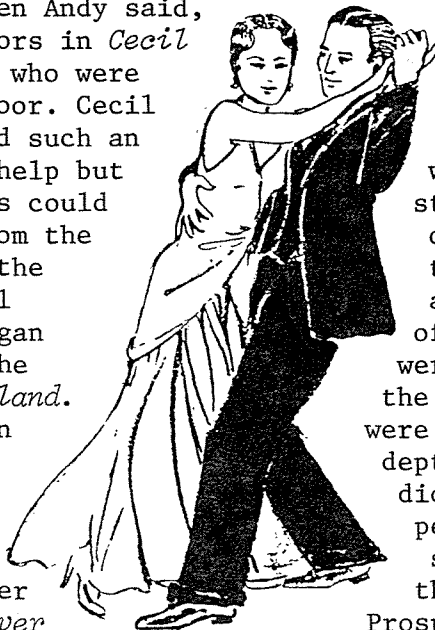


If God had wanted us to listen in on people so far away, He'd have made it easier to operate His listening machine. It was a real nuisance to dinkle with three dials to get a satisfactory sound, but by 1930 the sets had improved considerably and were more compact and manageable. They even added a nice decorative touch to the front room. The cabinets were made of polished wood in Gothic shapes and the speaker boxes were hidden behind little squares of tapestry. Anyone who could afford to buy a stylish new radio was fortunate indeed, and he might even get the fact printed in the Local and Personals.

A few months before this time, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll had started their nightly seven o'clock radio show, *Amos and Andy*, and



people wouldn't dream of missing that. It was always so funny when Andy said, "I've regusted." The actors in *Cecil and Sally* were Oregonians who were just like the kids next door. Cecil was so naive and Sally had such an adorable lisp, who could help but love them? Late listeners could tune in to dance music from the Hotel St. Francis or get the lush mellow tones, in full vibrato, of the mighty organ played by Paul Carson as he built his *Bridge to Dreamland*. And local talent was often featured: Mrs. E.E. Gore frequently presented some of her piano pupils, and young singers were always eager to render a solo over the *Voice of the Rogue River*



Valley. Radio was an important entertainment medium and not just background noise as it is today. It took its place alongside movies, dances and miniature golf. Some doubts about it persisted, however. Pigeon fanciers in Great Britain concluded that racing and homing pigeons which functioned by the electrical quality in their brains, were going haywire because of the interference by radio broadcasting. Perhaps it wasn't right to send all that mysterious power into space. But, then, if sound waves returned like comets, perhaps one afternoon we'd get to hear a re-broadcast of the Sermon on the Mount.

Public ballrooms were extremely popular. Dreamland and the Oriental Gardens in Medford were on the elegant side, but every town boasted a dance hall, from the U.S. Hotel in Jacksonville and the grange halls throughout the valley, to an especially constructed floor on springs in Eagle Point. Some of the ballrooms were attractive with colorful but subdued lights, the orchestras were sort of professional and smooth, the floor was nice and slippery with lavish applications of Spangles and the couples, dressed in their Saturday night best, were certainly fetching as they waltzed or foxtrotted around the big circle under the grand mirrored ball which subtly reflected the changing lights. It was an enchanting scene. Rock music took care of all that in short order.

The stock market crash--Black Tuesday--occurred on October 29, 1929. Although billions of dollars worth of profits almost instantly disappeared, throngs of rich and poor alike lost their capital over night, and investors who had dreamed of retiring with huge fortunes were now deep in debt, most of the people in the Rogue Valley were blissfully unaware of the depth of the disaster. They didn't quite know what had happened, and they blithely sailed into 1930 assuming that the Coolidge-Hoover Prosperity was alive and well.

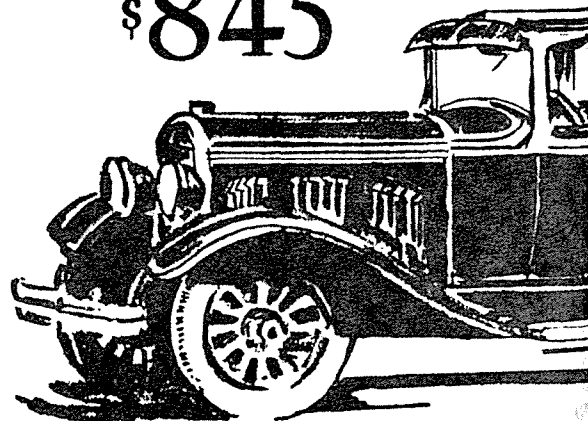
It was not until several months later that they awoke to the knowledge that they were in the middle of a catastrophic depression.

January started out auspiciously. The college kids went back to school, the natives, after their holiday parties, settled down to business as usual, and an observant reporter announced that pussy willows were popping out in Climax. The Fox Craterian was showing *Romance of the Rio Grande*, a tale of fiery passion starring those hot-blooded caballeros, Warner Baxter and Antonia Moreno. The Fox Rialty proudly proclaimed its feature attraction, *Untamed*, and its star, the adorable Joan Crawford as a wild untamed Tropic Beauty thrust into the upper crust of Long Island Society. Admission at the Rialto at 35¢ for an adult was far more reasonable than that outrageous 50¢ which the Craterian people had the nerve to ask. The Isis, down by the bridge, sold their tickets for 10¢ and 15¢ but that theater showed only silent pictures because the management couldn't afford all the expensive sound equipment. The Isis, however, was showing a really spectacular Drama--the Great \$2,000,000 *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with a cast of thousands and during the entire picture not one of them uttered a single audible word.

Elsewhere things weren't so cosy: a bunch of Bolsheviks sent bombs wrapped as Christmas presents through the mail, a number of celebrants died from drinking poison rotgut, and several convicted killers were sent to the gallows, but southern Oregon was favored with bright winter sunshine.

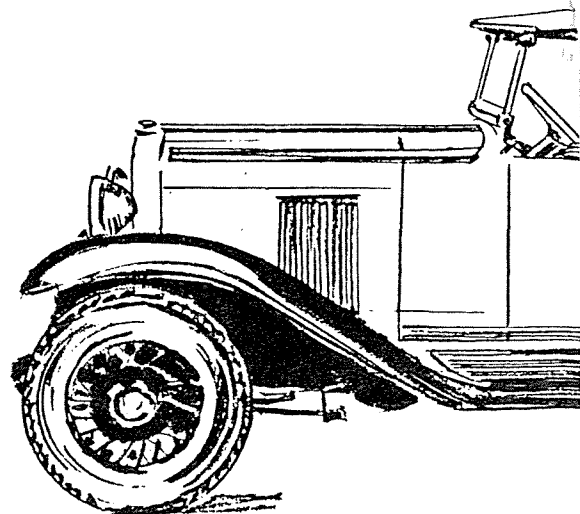
Suddenly an icy blast struck the west coast all the way from Seattle to San Diego. Snow fell in the citrus belts of California and on the Mohave desert. On January 5 the Rogue River Valley was covered with a heavy blanket of snow. Twenty inches fell in Medford, Gold Hill had 31½ inches and Prospect had over four feet. In Sams Valley, Williams Creek and Rogue River telephone lines were down and business came to a halt. The Medford city hall hired twenty extra men to shovel the snow in the downtown area and make paths across the streets.

Announcin NEW CHRYS \$845



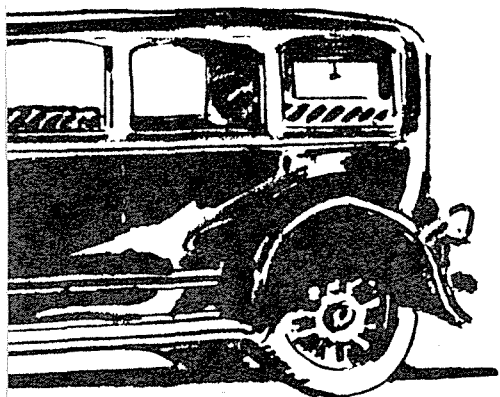
Scrapers and road crews worked day and night. The *Tribune* reported: The unexpected sub-zero weather last night created havoc in many homes throughout the city because of water pipes freezing or bursting; also scurrying around for more fuel. The wood and coal dealers were deluged with emergency rush orders. There was also an overwhelming demand for plumbers. Emigrant dam and the Talent Irrigation district were frozen over with four inches of ice.

As the snowfall continued, people adjusted. There were sledding parties and bonfires on the hills, and the storm wasn't altogether unpleasant. County Agent R.G. Fowler announced that the snow had kept fall-sown grain from freezing and had foiled the hungry



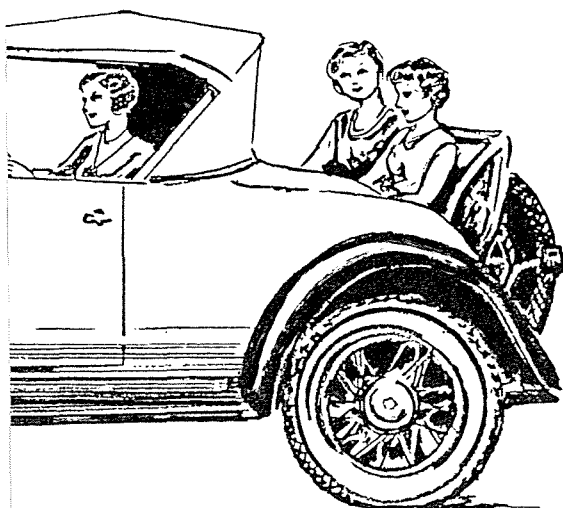
THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

g the LER SIX



birds; spring wheat was going to be at its best. Stockmen were a little less enthusiastic. Game warden Roy Parr dipped into the Emergency Fund and bought grain to feed the birds in Eagle Point. He suggested that all the natives should do the same. Old timers, remembering the winter of 1889-90 when the snow was four feet on the valley floor, laughed at the softies who called this one a real snowfall.

During the preceding year, just after Christmas there had been a slackening of luxury-item sales. Un-sold radios filled the storerooms and shiny new automobiles stood in the lots waiting for buyers. This led to layoffs and a general sagging



in the economy, but the manufacturers shrugged it away as only temporary. It would soon clear up and customers would start buying again. Who could resist the elegant new cars? Snowfall or not, there had to be annual auto shows, and car business would start rolling as never before.

In Medford 1930 models were on display at Deefil Incorporated (Auburn), C.E. Gates Auto Company (Ford), O.V. Myers (Erskine) and the Pierce Allen (Chevrolet).

NEW CAR MODELS ATTRACT CROWDS

Slim as a greyhound is the new aristocrat of the highway, long of body and low. To sit in one of these cars is almost like sitting in an old-fashioned bob sled. The floor is hardly two-feet from the ground...And there has been developed a new kind of enamel that won't fade, with the result that it is now practical to have one's car painted baby blue or rose color or jade green. There is even a roadster done in checkers outlined in tan on a brown background.

Metal trimmings, dashboard fixtures, cigar lighters, cigarette boxes, and other trinkets are more elaborate than ever before. In closed cars, a new kind of lighting fixture has been introduced. It has a tiny parchment shade and is pulled on and off by a little chain.

FORD	
ROADSTER...\$435	
PHAETON...440	TUDOR SEDAN...500
COUPE...500	SPORTS COUPE...530
~*~*~	
TWO WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN...625	
THREE WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN..625	
CABRIOLET...645	TOWN SEDAN.670
GATES AUTO COMPANY	

New CHEVROLET	
New Six Cylinder Smoothness	
SEDAN.....854	CLUB SEDAN...804
COUPE.....744	COACH...744
SPORT COUPE.804	PHAETON...674
ROADSTER....647	ROADSTER...704

Social notes and local news items from the *Tribune* provide a picture of the citizens on their last fling before they gradually discovered that prosperity had somehow slyly slipped away and a depression was well advanced. It was the end of the joyride and the passengers were just catching on.

GRANTS PASS JAIL TOO COLD:

INMATES BURN BATH DOOR

Grants Pass, Jan. 2 (AP) It was so cold during the night that prisoners in the city jail made a fire out of the bathroom door. The thermometer registered 20 above.

GRANTS PASS PARTY HELD AT CAVES BY HEAVY SNOW

Grants Pass (AP) A party of business men headed by Samuel Baker, president of the Chamber of Commerce, today awaited an opportunity to return here from Oregon caves where they were marooned by the heavy snow storms the last two days.

Another party, headed by Earle Voorhies, managing editor of the Grants Pass *Courier*, is snowbound in an old mine near Holland, a few miles from here. The snow is four feet deep.

MORE SNOW FOR VALLEY PREDICTION

TELEPHONE LINES DOWN; GOLD HILL CLOSES SCHOOL

Work at the Del Rio orchard has come to a halt because of the heavy snow fall.

Mrs. Joe Blair of Gold Hill is improving from cold and fever and will soon be up and around.

MERCURY HITS THREE BELOW AT EARLY HOUR

Vera Kershaw of Climax had a bunch of her cows driven to Jacksonville where they are being fed.

PHOENIX

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Stacy, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stancliff, Arthur Hardesty, Eldred Colver, Pete Montgomery and Woody Turpin spent Sunday afternoon skiing at Siskiyou.

CENTRAL POINT

Central Point (Special) Oliver Obenchain who sustained an injury to his back in an accident last week while riding on a sled attached to an automobile is getting along favorably.

Obe Pankey is sick and unable to be on duty at the telephone office. His daughter, Mrs. Esther Simmington, is expected to be with him until he improves.

E.R. Gleason has installed an electric clock in his barber shop.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marine, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Richardson and Bertha May Stevens enjoyed a sleigh ride to Jacksonville Sunday night.

W.M. Lethrow recently installed an Atwater Kent radio in his home.

Parent-Teachers association presented two very interesting talks: one by Everett Faber and citizenship and one on thrift by Alvin Tollefson.

Patrons of the Central Point post office are gratified to know that Guy Tex has been reappointed to the office.

TALENT

At the January meeting of the Grange in Sams Valley Everett Boone gave a violin solo, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," with Mrs. Boone at the piano.

Talent Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Charles Holbridge. Dainty refreshments were served.

The Rebecca Club will meet with Mrs. Nida Oatman.

At a meeting of the Talent Fruit Growers the following officers were elected: President, A.W. Shepherd; Vice-president, M.J. Norris; secretary-treasurer, Thomas V. Williams; directors, S.A. Nye, Dr. J.E. Spatz, N.N. Glime and R.M. Wilcox.

PROSPECT

John Grieve, the well known octogenarian and county assessor, brought his son Jim and his grandson Jim, Jr., and Dewey Hill, his valet, down to the city to the Craterian theater.

As they were leaving home, John heard a hot water faucet in one of the tent houses hissing, so they had to hurry back to fix it before it flooded town.

LOCAL STATION IS REACHING DISTANT RADIO LISTENERS

The Voice of the Rogue River Valley, KMED, is reaching great distances. Floyd Rush, at 2:00 a.m. broadcast "I'll Always Be In Love With You" and "Utah Trail." He received several letters from distant places who heard the broadcast: Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Kamloops, B.C.

With the installation of their new rectifier, KMED is expected to reach even further.



Toggerly Bill

TOGGERY BILL HALF HOUR PLEASES

A real treat is in store for those who listen on the Toggerly Bill half hour over KMED. Mrs. Roberta Ward Bebb, one of Medford's most popular musicians, will assist Toggerly Bill Isaacs in entertaining radio fans.

Mrs. Bebb will sing "Wake Up, Spring Flowers" and Toggerly Bill will render "I Love Life."

EAGLE POINT

Clarence Greb had a telephone installed recently.

EAGLE POINT GRANGE

The Grange was organized on March 25, 1925, by 36 charter members, including H.W. Ward, Master; Charlie Givan, secretary, and Mrs. Maud Ditsworth, lecturer.

Officers for 1926-1929 were: I.R. Kline, Master, Charlie Givan, secretary, and Gertrude Haak, lecturer.

During the terms of these officers, a fine new Grange hall was built, conveniently located between the high school and the church. It was one of the most beautiful and appointed Grange halls in the state, but, to our great sorrow, it was destroyed by fire in February, 1929.

The new hall was dedicated in August.

FLORENCE MAY SEVERENCE WINS JACKSONVILLE POPULARITY VOTE

Winner of the girls' popularity contest carried on by the JV American Legion club, by a big majority, Miss Florence May Severence, is the most popular girl in Jacksonville out of a big field of entrants. The contest closed New Year's Eve.



Florence Severence

Complete list of winners is as follows: Florence May Severence, first place, 32,100 votes received, \$75 merchandise from the Ethelwyn B. Hoffman ladies' shop; Emerance Norris, second, 22,900, electric toaster from the Medford Furniture and Hardware Company; Ruth Applegate, 11,800, manicure set from Magill's Drug Store; Leora Culy, 8620, perfume set, Montgomery Ward; Geneva Dorothy, 5510, 100 calling cards by Marshall Printing Company; Wilma Roetzel, 1950, box chocolates Whitelaw's; Juanita Corum, 1180, prize to be selected; Virginia Negard, 610, \$5 beauty treatment by the Medford Beauty Shop.

SOCIAL NOTES

Jacksonville ladies who attended the bi-monthly county health meeting held at the home of Miss Helen Bullis in Medford were Mrs. Fred Fick, Mrs. Herbert Hanna, Mrs. E.S. Severence, Mrs. Alice Ulrich and Miss Mollie Britt.

At the January meeting of the Sams Valley Grange the Jacksonville Grange male quartet sang "The Golden Sun Is Sinking" with a catchy encore. Members are Charles Hoover, George Wendt, Henry Niedermeyer and Chester Wendt, with Mrs. Catherine Wendt at the piano.

Mrs. Nettie Jones had electric lights installed in her home last week.

The I.O.O.F. lodge installed John Norris as noble grand, Dan Shuss as vice grand, Wesley Hartman as secretary and Geo. Lewis as right supporter.

INSTALL OFFICERS IN JACKSONVILLE

Jacksonville (Special) The Jacksonville Royal Neighbors of America lodge held installation with Luella Dunnington as installing officer and Hazel White as ceremonial marshall. The folowing were installed: Thelma McIntyre, oracle; Catherine Wendt, past oracle; Lottie Bowman, vice oracle; Alpha Hartman, chancellor; Anna Broad, recorder; Violet Wilson, receiver; Sadie Adams, assistant marshall; Anna Coleman, inner sentinel; Nelle Finney, manager; Bessie Miller, musician; Myrtle Merrifield, Faith; Ardena Stevenson, Courage; Luella Dunnington, Modesty; Nelle Finney, Unselfishness; Daisy Lewis, Endurance; Dorothy Hackert, flag bearer.

TABLE ROCK

S.M. Tuttle and son Shelby returned Saturday from a three weeks trip to the middle west and New York City, and Mrs. Tuttle and younger children returned the same day from Oakland. Mr. Tuttle reports a nice trip except at his old home in Ohio where it was below zero.

The Frank Preston cattle that have been on feed here during the storm were taken to pasture lands near Gold Key.

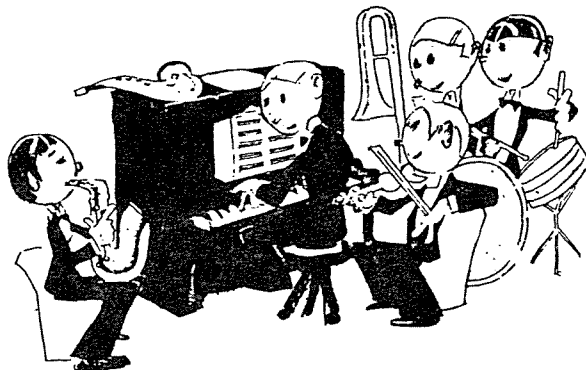
We still have plenty of snow here on the lowlands and in the shady places. Everyone is getting tired of the snow and hoping for a warm rain to thaw the ground.

MEDFORD

ODD FELLOWS, REBEKAS
HOLD SATURDAY DANCE

One of the enjoyable affairs that climaxed the social calendar of last week was the joint dance held last Saturday night. A large crowd attended.

Music was furnished by the popular Melody Boys orchestra, consisting of Charles Whillock, Delos Gilbert, Peb Stone, Berl Thornton and Bob Emmens. The group has been working up some splendid harmony lately, and have already won themselves a place in the hearts of local dance enthusiasts.



WASHINGTON SCHOOL
IS COURT HOUSE SITE
WEST MAIN CORNER OF OAKDALE
NEW BUILDING WILL COST \$260,000

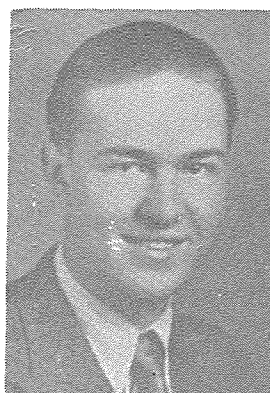
SOCIAL NOTES

Raymond Reter is now in New York City visiting all the leading fruit centers and investigating conditions in order to gather valuable data for local use.

On the Willamette University debating team, which will meet the debate of Hawaii's university is Frank Van Dyke. The subject is "Resolved, nations should adopt a plan of complete disarmament."



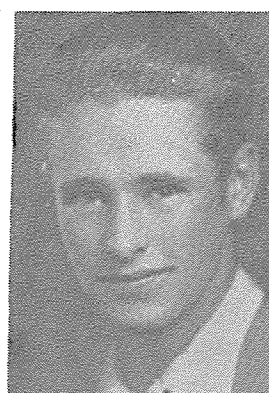
Charles Willock



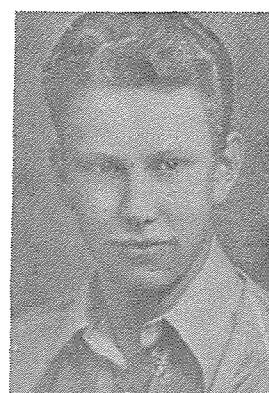
Delos Gilbert



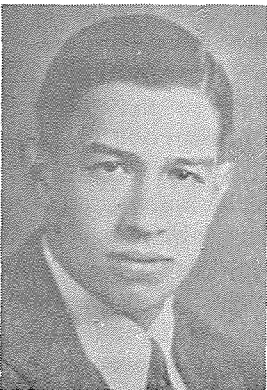
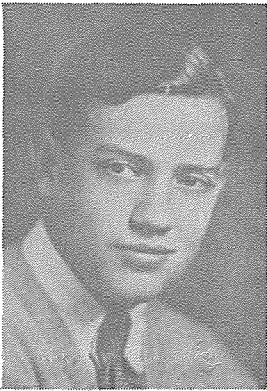
Peb Stone



Berl Thornton



Bob Emmens



Robert Christner
George Winne
George Bennett
Norris Porter

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carpenter sailed for France and expect to be gone for several months.

James Stevens, popular baritone, plans to make his farewell appearance at St. Mary's auditorium. He is keeping his program a secret.

Miss Aileen Crawford, who is studying music at Bush Conservatory, Chicago, and living at the Y.W.C.A., spends each week end with the G.A. Jewel family, former residents of Medford. Miss Crawford is advancing rapidly in her chosen art.

SIX HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

LEAVE FOR CONFERENCE

Six high school students will leave by train tomorrow morning for Eugene where they will represent Medford in the annual conference.

They are: Robert Spaulding, editor of the Medford *Hi-Times*; Curtis Barnes, editor of the *Crater*; Laura Drury, president of the Girls' League; Ed Reams, Robert Christner and Evelyn Snyder, student body officers. Miss Maurene Carol and Miss Mary Gilbert are acting as chaperones.

George Winne, Laura Bailey, George Bennett and William Daugherty will represent Medford high school in debate.

MEDFORD JUNIOR HIGH NEWS

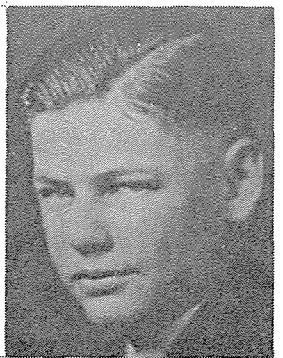
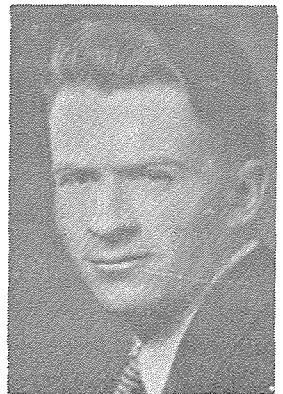
by Harold Swank

The football boys received their letters Friday at an assembly. They included: David Lowry, Clyde Fichtner, Pat Shaw, Donald Greave, Maurice Putney, Tommy White, Maurice Sheel, George Slagle, Bob Thurman, Max Gilinsky, Cloyd Smith, Victor Goble, Billy Knips and Conway Latham.

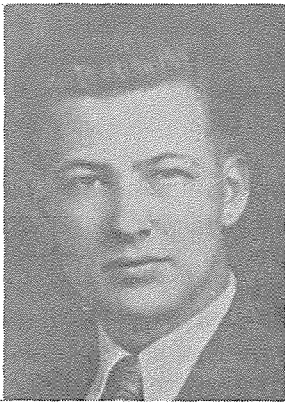
New officers of the student body are: Agatha Buchanan, president; Theda Moore, girls' vice-president; Cyril Sanders, pianist; George Watson, boys' vice president; Betty Thorndike, secretary, and Katheryn Robinson, song leader.

William Dougherty, Jr., representing Medford high school won the state oratory championship before a large crowd. He received a check for \$125 and a handsome gold watch.

Norris Porter won first place in the preliminaries for extemporaneous speaking. He will go on to the finals.



Laura Drury
Robert Spaulding
Ed Reams
Curtis Barnes



NEW AUDITORIUM UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT VALLEY SCHOOL HAS 50 PUPILS

Mrs. Alfred Carpenter, aboard the ship, the *Leviathan*, en route to France, called her sister, Mrs. H. Chandler Egan, from mid-Atlantic. Mrs. Carpenter was 1,000 miles out to sea and called from a telephone booth on the great ocean liner. It is one of the marvels of this miracle working age.

SAMS VALLEY

Dick Strauss, one of the largest dairy-men in the valley, attended the dairy meeting in Medford.

Dr. Chisholm of Gold Hill was summoned to the Davis home to attend little Olive who is suffering from swollen glands in the neck.

ROGUE RIVER

Mrs. Baker entertained a few of her friends Monday. The ladies spent the afternoon assisting Mrs. Baker tie a comforter. Those enjoying the afternoon were Mrs. Rusho, Mrs. Swacker, Mrs. McLaren and Mrs. McIlvain.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nixon are moving into the house belonging to Mrs. Effie Blackburn. Mr. Nixon is our local barber.

WILLIAMS CREEK

Turkey thieves are still infesting the district. Herman Messenger had three stolen Sunday night. Hearing a disturbance in the roosts, he went out with a flashlight, thinking to find an owl, but as he approached a car rushed off down the road, taking the turkeys.

EAGLE POINT

W.W. Thiede has located by the Rogue River bridge and intends to go into the fur business, specializing in silver fox. He thinks this climate is just right for his business. Mr. Thiede was shopping in town Tuesday at the Faber and Chergwin store.

FOR RENT: 5 room and sleeping porch furnished; 2 blocks from post office on North Oakdale. \$42.50.
See Carl Y. Tengwald

FOR SALE; 2½ acres, good soil, 4 room new house, close to town. Price \$1600. Take car as first payment.
H.O. Parkhurst, 15 N. Fir Street

FOR EXCHANGE: TRADE FOR FORD TRUCK. Large city lot, corner; pavement, sidewalks. Will trade for late model Ford or Chevrolet truck. E.C. Corn.

FOR SALE: Chevrolet, 1925, good condition; \$40, new battery. Tel.1273-J.

FOUND: Money in Medford. Send particulars to Box 353, Central Point.



That's about it.

There was nothing particularly threatening in the local day-to-day news, and it is obvious that few folks in southern Oregon expected a prolonged slump or recession or depression. There were threats and indications coming from the east but, in 1930, that was remote and distance lent an air of improbability to the certainty.

By April, however, there was great uneasiness in the land and people were obliged to put aside their rose-colored glasses. President Hoover and the economists kept up a false front and insisted the country was fundamentally sound, but in the face of unemployment figures at 4,500,000 and steadily rising, it was pretty difficult to believe their assurances.

The depression brought the ending to a wild and whacky age, but it also signaled the conclusion of a time of innocence and simplicity. It produced, along with its tragedy and suffering, some valuable lessons, but the grief far, far outweighed any advantages, and there is no one who would wish to repeat it for its educational benefits.

One can take consolation in the fact today's experts have a deep perception of economics, and with this knowledge and dedicated leaders, it can't happen again..it just *can't* happen again.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS

The Southern Oregon Historical Society wishes to welcome the following people and organizations who became members during the last six months:

Patricia Acklin, Ashland	Dr. William Keizur, Livermore CA
Howard and Lu Arant, Medford	Peggy Klett, Glendale CA
David L. Bagley, Jacksonville	Mrs. Floyd Koch, Walla Walla WA
Deb Barker, Ashland	William and Lucille Kocsis, Rogue River
Willard L. Bennett, Central Point	Al & Jan Kozeliski, Klamath Falls
Michael and Donna Bladek, Medford	Mr. & Mrs. Richard A. Krueger, Medford
Jean Blair, Ashland	Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Lang, Portland
Margaret E. Bowen, Jacksonville	Richard E. Lohr, Ashland
Audrey E. Bradshaw, Ashland	Todd & Shannon Maddox, Talent
Paulette Bridges, Ashland	Craig & Juanita Mayfield, Medford
Pat Brinson, Medford	A.C. Maple, Medford
Jerry and Delva Brock, Medford	Juanita Moll, Medford
Martin Burke, Jacksonville	Mr. & Mrs. James Monroe, Ashland
Robert L. Butler, Medford	Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Nye, Medford
Claudia Canter, Grants Pass	Leon J. Osborne, Oakridge
Mr. C. Wayne Chase, Medford	William & Shirley Patton, Ashland
Wendell and Margaret Clausen, Cambridge	Thomas Peacock, Crescent City CA
Richard M. Colvig, Oakland, Ca.	Vance A. Pearce, Jacksonville
Carla Conrad-Vawter, West Sacramento, CA	Kerry Colvig Penberthy, Yreka CA
Mrs. Wilma Cook, Grants Pass	Mrs. Frank Perl, Medford
Caterina Creswell, Medford	Doreen Peterson, Medford
E. Francis Cronin, Medford	Gertrude Piper, Redding CA
Mrs. Paul Culbertson, Medford	Mrs. Mildred Phillips, Medford
Lorry Juteau Davis, Eagle Point	Edgar & Ruby Pleasant, Central Point
Mr. & Mrs. Billy W. Dean, Mechanicsburg	Margaret G. Ramsay, Ashland
Mrs. J.L. DeArmond, Central Point	Paul & Claire Reinhardt, Austin, Texas
Cindy Domnitz, Jackson, Montana (the two-millionth visitor)	Roger & Nancy Roberts, Central Point
Dolores Duncan, Medford	Lola Merne Roth, Medford
Randy Eek Family, Phoenix	John Ryan, Coquille
Joan E. Ellis, Medford	Judith Schwartzman, Scarsdale NY
Elmer & Isabelle Evans, Blue Lake, CA	Mrs. Blanche Sellards, Grants Pass
Dr. and Mrs. John Farquhar, Medford	LeRoy & Lucretia Shipman, Reno, Nevada
Gene Flory, Ashland	Neil & Beverly Smith, Medford
Lloyd Garner, Eagle Point	Boyd Stone, Coquille
Mr. & Mrs. John Gettle, Rogue River	Eugene Thompson, San Francisco CA
Dennis Gray, Ashland	University of California, Berkeley Bancroft Library, Berkeley
Ruth Anne Greene, Medford	Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Von Wyrzen, Medford
Michael Gualtieri, Portland	Mrs. Jack T. Walker, Medford
Janet Guches, Medford	Roberta & Marguerite Wall, Medford
Dorothy Hadfield, Cupertino, CA	Roberta Warford, Spokane, WN
Renee Hardin, Jacksonville	Pat Watson, Medford
Mrs. Anne Hill, W. Vancouver, B.C.	Mr. and Mrs. Robert Webb, Ashland
Mrs. E.G. Hogan, Jacksonville	Mr. & Mrs. Orville Wilson, Elko, Nevada
Marshall Holman, Jacksonville	Verna E. Wilson, Canyonville
Dianna Hunt, Central Point	Robert & Kathryn Winthrop, Ashland
Ruth Igo, Medford	Mrs. George Witter, Medford
Alma J. Jefferson, Ashland	C.W. Woodcock, Medford
Linda L. Johnson, Medford	Lorin Woodcock, Gold Hill
Mrs. Ruth Jorgensen, Medford	Mrs. Clyde B. Young, Santa Rosa CA



AN AMENDMENT TO THE PRINK CALLISON STORY



Dr. Edwin Durno

In the feature story, "Prink Callison and the Medford Tigers," which appeared in the *Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol 2, No. 7, July 1982, Coach Callison was inadvertently given complete credit for producing the award-winning high school football team. His predecessor, Coach Eddie Durno, was in no small way responsible for initiating the athletic program which ultimately led to the triumphs of the Medford Tornado in 1929. A November, 1976, article in the *Medford Mail Tribune*, written by Sports Editor Dick Jewett, carried the headlines, DURNO CREDITED WITH LAUNCHING MEDFORD PROGRAM. Jewett writes:

In the book, "Sixty Years of Medford High Football," under the year "1922," is this excerpt from the 1923 high school yearbook, *The Crater*, "Shy" Huntington, University of Oregon coach, and several experienced football men of California and Oregon said the Medford High had, without a doubt, the strongest high school football team of the Pacific Coast.

"Durno, a graduate of the University of Oregon where he was a physical education major, was the coach of the Medford team that fall--the only year he coached here.

"The Tigers were unbeaten in seven games against high school rivals, 101-0 over Roseburg and 74-0 and 80-0 against Grants Pass, and lost only to the Oregon Agricultural College (now OSU) Rooks. Claim was laid to the Oregon prep title.

"More than that, Durno's Medford basketball team (he was an All-American for U of O) came close to the official 1923 state crown and his coaching sowed the seeds for the state mantle won by the Tigers the following year under Coach Prink Callison."

A.C. "Jimmy" Allen, interviewed for the story, said, "I think Durno started the Medford High School athletic program really going because he instilled the spirit of winning in the kids. He had the ability to inspire or demand--whatever you might call it. He was a great coach and I learned a great deal from him."

"We fellows had a lot of respect for him," reported W.H. "Ricky" Reichstein, another of Durno's athletes. "He was a very good instructor and an excellent athlete."

"We all thought he was just super," said Frank Perl, a gridder for Durno. "He was such a nice guy [and he] made us toe the line."

Mervyn Chastain, a Tiger basketball all-stater in 1924, said, "He had a lot to do with that championship team the next year. He started us."

Dick Jewett does not discredit Prink Callison. He merely acknowledges that Mr. Durno was, quite clearly, the initial force behind the program which produced the champions of 1929.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM OUR MEMBERS

For some time it has been our intention to publish some of the interesting letters we have received from readers, but the garrulous feature writer has become so involved with characters and historical data, he has left little space for correspondence. In this issue we proudly present some of the comments from members and offer our regrets that we have allowed several months to pass without acknowledgements.



The Holly Theater story (Vol 2, No 4) brought several interesting communications, principally because many of our contemporaries were at the opening and remembered the gala night first hand.

The first from Austin, Texas:

ZOE DELL LANTIS, WHERE ARE YOU?

May 15

This is a fan letter for the story that is on the surface about the Holly theatre but is also about a specific confluence of historic time, size of Medford's population, general American interests, planets in their courses and probably other elements.

Alas, I was considered too young to attend the Grand Opening of the Holly, but the theatre became part of my life for many years and sometimes a highlight when we heard Marian Anderson sing here about 1940.

Wilson Wait's picture brought many recollections, but three top the list:

1) holding my father's hand as we paced towards the Sousa already sounding from the bandstand in the Medford park; 2) concert at Medford High when the band first wore new uniforms (skirts on the girls); and (3) singing *Land of Hope and Glory* in the school chorus with band accompaniment.

But back to Zoe Dell. I think she was theirate Girl or perhaps even Pirate Queen. What a night that was when a girl from our own town returned triumphantly in the circus.

Your stories are endearing. I'd like to request that they be signed so that we may give credit appropriately.

Clare Reinhardt
Austin, TX

Note: What a super letter! Thank you, Clare. The stories are written by Raymond Lewis, who is absolutely delighted with your exquisite taste in literature.)

A second one came from California:

The last *Table Rock Sentinel* has got to be a real winner. I am especially referring to the article about the Holly Theater. [The story] really sparkles. No relative of mine is mentioned but Wilson Wait was my dad's best friend when they were young. He and my dad were "sparking" the Marshall girls, but Wilson and my Aunt Lucile never made it, as Don and Star did. Wilson was best man at their wedding. The bridal bouquet that my mother carried was made of lilies of the valley that grew in Wait's yard. For more years than I can remember every May the 8th my folks would receive a package of lilies of the valley.

Art, my husband, was just crazy about the article about medical gimmicks. Keep up the good work.

Donna Colvig Tuttle Straight
Iowa Hill CA

A letter which makes an interesting addition to the William F. Bybee story (Vol 1, No 7):

I've always felt there was much more to the Bybee story than has ever been written. I can remember when Uncle Billy [Bybee] could get on his horse at the family home just north of Jacksonville, ride out across the valley, beyond Roxy Ann, through the Eagle Point country and on to Brownsboro and Dead Indian Soda springs without getting off the Bybee property. All a man had to do in early days, if he were ambitious, was to spit on a piece of land and then claim it.

And then came taxes!

I can remember when Uncle Billy was forced to sell the Red Wing orchard on the Rogue river for \$12,000 in order

to get some cash for taxes.

Paul Luy
Palm Springs CA

Mr. Luy, who lived in southern Oregon as a boy, is a great natural resource for the history of the region. Someone should follow him around with a tape recorder.

This correspondent knew personally the family of one of our featured pioneers, John E. Ross.

It is with great interest that I am following your story of John Ross. As a youth I played marbles with John--only unconventionally--he used a sling shot and always won.

Dr. William Keizur
Livermore CA

Dr. Keizur must be referring to John E. Ross 11, the number one son of the original John E.

This letter also comes from California.

I was pleasantly surprised when I received the Newsletter, Vol 2, No 9).

Both my mother and aunt appear on the cover as 2/5 of the Class of '97.

My mother, Ollie Hoffer, is seated and my aunt, Daisy Hoffer, is standing. You simply had the names reversed.

I possess one of the original photos and am most pleased to learn that both my mother and aunt are finally "cover girls," albeit, posthumously.

William W. Regan
Buena Park CA

The five members of the class were unidentified; it's good to get the record straight. My aunt, Nettie, is seated on the left. This just about makes Mr. Reagan and me second cousins. R.L.)

This letter is from southern Oregon.

I enclose my check for 2 years of subscription to the society and I compliment you and your staff on a most extraordinary publication, the *Table Rock Sentinel*. It is strictly unique and I love it. To subscribe is one of the most worthwhile things I do.

Ora. B. Alcorn
Ashland OR

Bless your heart!

JOSEPHINE OWINGS, SOHS HOUSEKEEPER



JOSEPHINE OWINGS came to work at the museum in June 1979. Her duties range from ordering supplies to piloting a vacuum cleaner around the society's properties. She is one whose efforts and services are taken for granted but who is, in fact, indispensable. Jo Owings has lived in southern Oregon for forty years and has put down her roots; like a D'Anjou pear, she can almost be considered a native. But her journey to Oregon was not as straight as a crow's flight, and she met up with some rough spots before she dismounted in Jacksonville, Oregon.

Born in Binghamton, New York, Jo was raised in St. Mary's Orphanage. She completed her elementary school there and attended high school at St. Patrick's Academy, also a part of the orphanage. Upon her graduation, she went to stay with a private family as a domestic. She soon discovered that this line of work was not her cup of tea, and, finding a place as a waitress in a small restaurant, she left the approved position. When the orphanage personnel, who had jurisdiction over her until she was 21, discovered she was working on Sundays and unable to attend church, they declared the situation unsuitable, and started steps to place her with another family. Jo decided on flight. She packed her bags and departed abruptly for New York City. There's no better place to hide.

She had only enough money for a few days so she took the first job she could get: waitress at the Waldorf Hotel. She soon concluded that waiting table, even in an elegant, distinguished dining room, was not much more satisfying than being live-in help. She happily left the Waldorf when she was offered a clerical position at DePinna's, the large and famous department store on Fifth Avenue. She stayed there for three years.

Robert Theiral, who managed a grocery department and was a frequent customer of DePinna's, thereupon made his entrance on the scene. He was smitten with our



Photography by Doug Smith

heroine and before long they were dating. When they decided to marry, Jo quit her job and the happy couple moved into a honeymoon apartment on the East side in the eighties. While living there, she had a son, Richard, who is now, incidentally, teaching in the Riddle (Oregon) junior high school.

Shortly after World War II was declared, Robert was drafted into the army. He did not go overseas, but was sent to Fort Ord in California as an M.P. Jo, who had resolved she wouldn't raise her baby in New York City, was happy to join Robert in the west. Eventually, when Richard was three, Robert was transferred to Camp White and Jo and her young son arrived at last in southern Oregon.

At the end of the war Robert, whose family was in the east, made plans to return to New York. Jo couldn't endure the thought of leaving Oregon and returning to the hectic life in New York. She refused to go with him and they separated; he went to the east coast, she stayed in the west. That distance between a man and wife doesn't particularly strengthen marriage ties, and they were divorced. Jo went to work for the Medford Telephone Company as an operator.

It became her custom to take lunch at a smart little cafe, the What-Not, and she soon realized that, sitting at the counter next to her each day, was the same young man--Mister Andrew Owings, a Medford native. They "hit it off just fine" and in 1957 they were married. Jo quit work.

In 1948 they bought Andy's grandpa's old barn and four acres in Jacksonville. At that time there were no other houses available so the Owings moved into the barn and began redoing it to make it livable. In 1951 they had Tom, Jo's second son. (He lives in Medford and owns an advertising agency.) In the meantime the repairs on the barn continued. For some time Jo remained at home and helped drive nails, but she appears to have a thing about staying home. After she worked for awhile at Timber Products and the Rogue Valley Hospital, she decided it was again time to retire. But, true to form, boredom soon set in, and she joined SOHS.

She declares that Jacksonville is her adopted hometown. She is very happy with her job and her habitat. You can't get much luckier than that.

COVER PICTURE

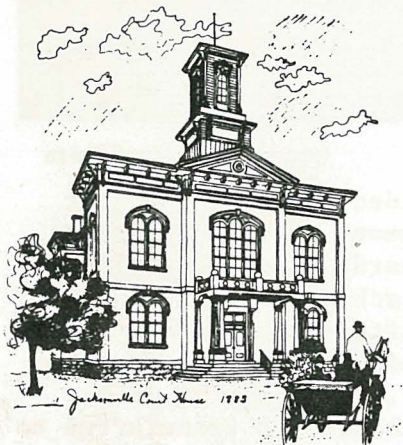
The photograph on the cover of this issue shows a section of Riddleburg, Oregon. The information written in pencil on the back of the picture states that Riddleburg was a small settlement on the north side of the tunnel in the Siskiyou mountains. It may have been located on the hillside just above Tunnel 13, not far from the present site of Calahan's Restaurant. This information could be inaccurate. The little settlement might as well be the Riddle in Douglas county, a town on the Siskiyou line of the Southern Pacific, just south of Roseburg. The viewer gets to take his choice.

In order to give the cover photograph a seasonal flavor, we have decided to call it "Home for Thanksgiving." It lends a nice, nostalgic touch. You can almost smell the roasting turkey--or is that freshly rendered bear tallow?

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Gentlemen, Have You Overworked Your Wife?

Farmers Almanac

1866

Husbands, be mindful of your wives. Dutiful wives need watching as much as any. Not because they are liable to all sorts of improprieties which characterize miserable or indifferent wives, but because they have frequently one fault, which brings their ruin. They are liable to work too hard. Women are impulsive. Whatever their hearts lead them to do, they do with all their might, and without knowing it, many work themselves to death. Perhaps your farm is mortgaged. Your wife is quite as anxious about the debt as yourself and is willing to work early and late and to endure privations from which you would shrink again and again. If you are not mindful she will one day fall in the midst of her work, like an over-spirited horse that has just been driven to death. Study to ease her burden. Above all, don't underrate a woman's work. You must take care of her, for she will not take care of herself.