

11/84

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



*A wedding photograph of Dr. and Mrs. Swedenburg taken in Minnesota  
the year before they settled in Ashland.*

## THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The cover photograph of the Swedenburg house is by Doug Smith.



Photograph by Doug Smith

# *The* **Chappell-Swedenburg** *house*

**I**n the last day of July 1905 Charles C. Chappell died from a heart attack at his home on the boulevard in Ashland. He was 56 years old. He had been plagued with an unpredictable pulse for some time, but his condition wasn't considered serious until three months earlier when he entered a hospital in

San Francisco and the doctors diagnosed his case as critical.

For three weeks preceding his death he was confined to his home most of the time and the worried Mrs. Chappell had sent a telegraphic wire to his brother, A.B. Chappell, of Independence, Iowa, who came as soon as possible. His arrival

cheered the patient considerably and he seemed to rally. On the evening of his death the men were chatting about old times when the ill man suddenly exclaimed, "I feel so curious," and died at that instant.

C. C. Chappell was a native of Jacksonville, Illinois. Before he was of age he made a trip to the West, spending some time in Idaho. After his return to Illinois, he went to New York City where he became a broker and pursued the brokerage business there for twenty-five years, accumulating considerable wealth. He was married in New York in 1892 to Miss Lucy Kline who was only 34 at the time of his death. They had three daughters, Helen, Charlotte and Ruth. He was buried in the Mountain View Cemetery in Ashland.

With his death the city of Ashland lost an ardent admirer and substantial citizen. Four years earlier, when he came to Ashland, he had traveled all over the coast looking for the spot which suited him for a permanent home, and upon his arrival in southern Oregon, in 1901, he knew at once that Ashland was his choice. He wrote his brother, "I have found the ideal spot which I have been seeking," and set about at once to establish a home. In 1902 he purchased lots and acreage along the boulevard southeast of Ashland and at the time of his death he held six valuable pieces of land and residence property, two of them being 18 acre tracts. All are now included within the corporate limits of the city.

The Ashland *Daily Tidings* stated, "He built for himself the handsomest residence building, without doubt, in southern Oregon. It has a pretty site at the corner of the Boulevard and Mountain Avenue and was completed and occupied by the family last spring. [1904]" Chappell had commissioned architect Frank C. Clark to make plans for a formal, spacious residence, set back in a broad expanse of grounds. The lawns and landscaping in front of the house and at the sides created a park-like setting. Planning included a carriage house and outbuildings which housed the equipment necessary for the operation of a gracious, elegant home. Building expenses amounted to an astronomical \$7,500 at a time when the cost of most houses ran between \$1000 and

\$2,500.

Anticipating a pleasant social season after they had suitably furnished their spacious rooms, they moved into the new house. Mrs. Chappell acquired a pony cart much to the admiration of the neighbors and took her girls on daily trips to the post office on the Plaza. The attractive couple soon began accepting invitations issued by Ashland's elite.

Unfortunately the house had scarcely been completed and was probably not fully furnished when C.C. Chappell died. Society pages in the *Tidings* do not report that the Chappells had done any extensive entertaining although he had been appointed a member of the City Council and was active in civic affairs during that year. They young Mrs. Chappell, following the dictates of good taste, went into deep mourning.

She didn't remain a widow for long. After three years, on April 30, 1908, she married George F. Wilson, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office in Ashland. Social columns in the *Tidings* then began reporting parties and outings and dinners which were given at the house, and frequent mention was made of celebrations for the children. For example:-

A small number of young people drove to Smith's Tuesday morning and enjoyed an all-day picnic, returning home in the cool of the afternoon. Those in the party were Mrs. Chappell, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Young, Misses Ruth, Helen and Charlotte Chappell, Ethelyn Sanford, Victoria Tavenor and Rose Tavenor, Messrs. Mills and Martin.

Miss Charlotte Chappell entertained the FOB Club at a "slumber party" Friday evening at the home of her mother, Mrs. George F. Wilson, 990 Boulevard. The lawn and verandas were beautifully decorated with flags, pennants, Chinese and Japanese lanterns. The evening was spent with games and other amusements, ice cream and cake being served. Then came the "slumber," as to the quality and quantity of which the participants refuse to relate.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wilson entertained the members of the choir of Trinity Episcopal church on New Year's eve at their house on the boulevard and in a fashion that spoke volumes for the urbanity and loving kindness of these two well known residents of Ashland. Preceding a bounteous supper, music, cards and legerdemain of a fascinating character in which the Rev. S.M. Dorrance, Mr. H.G. Gilmore and Miss N. Swigart were the chief actors, furnished endless amusement to the assembled company...The company did not disperse until the wee hours of New Year's morn, sorry to part, but ready to meet again.

Mrs. G. F. Wilson and Miss Helen Chappell, with sisters, Charlotte and Ruth, left

yesterday for Newport for a couple of weeks at the oceanside.

At the same time financial reports in the *Tidings* occasionally presented announcements of the sale of real estate which the new Mrs. Wilson had made. She was apparently selling the extra boulevard property in order to clear the estate or she may have sold the lots because she needed money for household expenses which at the Chappell house were not small. Financial affairs of the family were complicated because Mr. Chappell had died intestate and Lucy discovered there was very little money available.

By May 1912 she began referring to herself as Mrs. Lucy Wilson rather than as Mrs. George F. A short time later *Tidings* items about the Western Union office revealed that Mr. Wilson was no longer manager. Rumors persisted that Lucy had married George Wilson, expecting him to provide money to run the estate and keep the family in comfortable circumstances. When it became evident that his limited salary wouldn't stretch so far, she felt he had failed her.

There were naturally disagreements over finances and Lucy, who had never been required to economize, probably felt she had made an unsuitable choice. By 1913 George Wilson no longer lived in the handsome house on the Boulevard. He was reported to be in San Francisco but his whereabouts remain a mystery. He appears to have become no longer worthy of newspaper coverage and permanently disappeared from the Ashland scene.

The *Tidings* continued to report occasional parties given by Lucy for her daughters. Helen Chappell had graduated from Ashland High School in 1912 and she was active in Ashland society. In 1915 social notes report Charlotte performed at a May pole dance, the girls were included in taffy pulls and picnics and Lucy Wilson entertained her church group. In 1916 Charlotte, in her last year at high school, was much in the news. In May she participated in the "Spirit of Spring" dance, in the same month she was elected secretary of the student body, in September she joined the basketball team and in December she went on a hiking party--it must have been a mild winter.

Sometime during these years Lucy Wilson established a second home in San

Francisco although she also maintained the Chappell house in Ashland. There is no record that she was blissfully reunited with George F. Wilson although he may have been the motive for her move.

Charlotte, after completing her senior year at Ashland, did not remain for graduation exercises, and, after an extended stay in the east, entered nurses' training at St. Luke's in San Francisco.

In 1919 Helen married in Wisconsin the Very Reverend Charles Lathrop, Dean of All Saints Cathedral in Milwaukee. She had gone from San Francisco to Kenosha, Wisconsin, to engage in church educational work and their participation in war activities had brought them together.

By this time Ruth, the youngest who was born in 1900, was nearing twenty. She must have had interests away from home, and Lucy Wilson realized there was little cause left to maintain the Chappell house in Ashland.

It had doubtlessly become a burden, empty most of the time except for a housekeeper, but requiring a full temporary staff even to put it back into limited occupancy. Maintenance had been neglected and, like any house, it soon suffered from disuse. Lucy may have deeded it to her oldest daughter, Helen Chappell Lathrop. In 1919 when it was sold to Dr. F. G. Swedenburg, Helen's name appeared on the bill of sale. Members of the Chappell family, like swallows, seem to have had no thought of returning to the nest. After 1920 there is little mention of them in the local newspapers.

**F**rancis Gustavus Swedenburg was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, in 1868, the son of John Henry Steelhammer Swedenburg. He came to this country with his family when he was six months old. In 1872 they settled in Maiden Rock, Wisconsin. The father, who had been the manager and superintendent of a large estate in Sweden, took up farming and followed that occupation for the rest of his life.

After attending common schools in Maiden Rock, young Swedenburg enrolled at Beeman's Business and Normal School in Red Wing, Minnesota. He took a degree in pharmacy in 1897 at Valparaiso University in Indiana and received his M.D. degree in 1900 from Rush Medical College in Chicago after attending the University of Minnesota for three years.



*Mrs. Olive Swedenburg and Genevieve*

His post graduate work included study in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and abroad. His list of credits is impressive and he acquired a diversified background in medicine before the end of the century. In 1906 he married Olive Ester Eggleston in Red Wing. He practiced in Minnesota for a year or two before he headed west, looking for a location that appealed to him.

On his way to Portland from San Francisco, he found the train made a brief stop in Ashland. He got off to stretch his legs for a few minutes. As he walked about the platform he became aware of the atmosphere, the nearness of the thickly timbered hills and the rural feeling of the area. He quickly decided that Ashland deserved more investigation and when the train left--with his luggage still aboard--Swedenburg remained behind.

Even under closer inspection, Ashland lost none of its appeal, and just as C.C. Chappell had done, he wasted no

time in making his move. By 1907 he was well established in Ashland with Mrs. Swedenburg and their baby daughter, Genevieve Marie. Seeming to have no end of money or credit, he purchased a home in the southern part of the city. The house must have been quite grand as the selling price was \$2,500. In the same year he took charge of the Ashland Sanitarium, was elected to membership in the Commercial Club, and established a substantial practice. In addition he began construction of the Swedenburg block, a two story brick building on Main Street, designed by Frank C. Clark. The ground floor contained a drug store--the East Side Pharmacy--and Dr. Swedenburg's brother, C.J. Swedenburg, served as pharmacist; Biegel and Fleet Hardware and Plumbing occupied the west section. The upstairs was rented by the Ashland Commercial College and an area was set aside for spacious offices for Dr. Swedenburg where he installed his "fine new X-ray machine and many other up-to-date appliances."

The Ashland Sanitarium was a large wooden frame building located near the chautauqua grounds. It was inconveniently arranged and primitively built and shortly after Dr. Swedenburg became administrator, two registered nurses, Rosie Arnold and Josie Benson, secured the large Kuper residence on the south side of Main Street and converted it into the Southern Oregon Hospital. The large building previously in use as the sanitarium became a rooming house.

Yet people in Ashland were keenly aware that a new, modern plant was needed, and in 1909, when the converted hospital was heavily damaged by fire, the need became urgent. The Women's Civic Club and the Commercial Club took up the issue. R.P. Neil was elected president of the new hospital committee, E.V. Carter was treasurer, Rev. E.F. Green was secretary, and Dr. Swedenburg, H.G. Enders, T.H. Simpson and Louis Dodge were named as directors. A tract of six acres far out on the Boulevard, which was owned by the Commercial Club, was selected as the site and Frank Clark submitted plans for "the most convenient and up-to-date small hospital in Oregon." Henry Enders, on the finance committee, set a goal of \$15,000 and secured \$4,500 in subscriptions in one day. Ashland citizens were quick to realize the business advantages

of a hospital whose monthly expenses for maintenance would run from \$500 to \$600, nearly all of which was to be spent in Ashland.

At the time of the hospital construction, the Swedenburg brothers set out twenty-four acres of pears on their sixty acre tract about two miles north of Talent. The remainder of their acreage was put into wheat until it also could be planted to pear trees. In January Dr. Swedenburg bought a building lot on the Boulevard not far from the new hospital and an additional lot on Gresham Street.

In May, 1910, the hospital opened. Visitors noted its remarkable emphasis on sanitation, its practicality and convenience. To keep up with the very latest developments in medicine, the trustees had authorized builders to spend almost \$20,000 and the modern, stark, sanitary interior was a model of efficiency. The thousands of visitors were certain it would stand for all time as a monument to the architectural ingenuity of Frank C. Clark.

Although it was a public hospital and all physicians were solicited to bring their patients there, it was closely identified with Dr. Swedenburg as the major stockholder, and throughout the county it became known as Dr. Swedenburg's hospital.

A second daughter, Marjorie Eleanor, was born to the Swedenburgs in October 1910. Becoming even more prominent in civic and social affairs the Swedenburgs maintained their positions as leaders in church and lodge affairs. He was appointed Medical Director of the Elks and as Alchemist in the Shrine. He also was an enthusiastic member of the Woodmen of the World. She was Associate Conductress in the Eastern Star.



*Mrs. Swedenburg and Eleanor*

In March, 1911, Dr Swedenburg purchased an Oakland automobile, the latest model with 30 horsepower. He had a new canvas top installed, a glass windshield set in and even a new-fangled speedometer attached to the dash board. Driven about town by Kenneth McWilliams, "foremost in the ranks of amateur chauffeurs," he was an enviable sight to behold. On April 3 the *Tidings* reported:

While Dr. and Mrs. Swedenburg were driving their new auto into the hospital grounds Friday evening, with Mrs. Swedenburg at the wheel, the machine collided with a telegraph post and was put out of commission. Fortunately it was going slowly at the time and neither the doctor nor Mrs. Swedenburg was injured.

Lady driver.

In 1911 Dr. Swedenburg was elected president of the Southern Oregon Medical Association, and a convention of doctors met in the Elks Temple on May 8. The new president welcomed the delegates and gave the opening address. A Portland



*Granite City Hospital, Ashland, Oregon.*

doctor addressed the group on the House Fly as a Menace to Health. His lecture included amazing stereoptican views of the stages in the development of the insidious pest. A second Portland speaker presented "The Importance of Intestinal Rest." Other physicians read papers on the latest medical developments and the public was invited to attend. The Medical profession, under Dr. Swedenburg's direction, clearly aimed to make Ashland the center of medical progress in the state.

He enthusiastically joined almost every project to advance Ashland and at the same time continued his practice. During 1911 *The Tidings* noted that he was called by another doctor as a specialist to treat a little girl in Talent who was a victim of ptomaine poisoning, he was summoned to Eugene to perform a difficult appendectomy, and he skillfully chiseled out Mrs. Frank Strickfaden's wisdom teeth; there was no end to his accomplishments. During the course of his activities, he frequently attended medical conventions as far away as Los Angeles. An expert physician and surgeon, he was no doubt a sincere, dedicated doctor who kept up on the latest advancements in medicine and was a true credit to his profession.

**S**hortly after his arrival in Ashland, he and Mrs. Swedenburg began entertaining in a lavish manner.

They hosted receptions, dinners, card and mah jongg parties, automobile excursions, church socials, holiday celebrations, lodge affairs, garden fetes, children's parties (the Chappell children were often included) and theater box parties--the Vining Brothers Theater opened in 1914 with a brilliant presentation of the grand opera, *Faust*, reason enough for the social bash of the year.

To demonstrate that their interests weren't all social, in 1911 they celebrated their "wooden honeymoon," and after a traditional dinner and dance, they motored to Mount Shasta, climbed to the summit, and triumphantly returned home after their "delightful hike." Dr. Swedenburg was an enthusiastic sportsman and habitually opened hunting and fishing seasons with an excursion into the wilderness.



*Genevieve*

Mrs. Swedenburg was a painstaking quilter and proudly displayed examples of her work in the bedrooms of the house. She also did intricate needlepoint on a valuable collection of imported chairs.

Among the civic projects that Dr. Swedenburg became interested in were the establishment of the Blair Granite Company, the construction of the new Lithia Springs Hotel, the Ashland Reservoir development, efforts to acquire a community ambulance, establishment of a cannery, and the organization of the Delphian Club. He was closely associated with Jesse Winburn, the millionaire from New York who, for a limited time, became enthusiastic about Ashland's future as a spa, and the two men collaborated on many projects, both municipal and social.



Jesse Winburn, who had been lionized by southern Oregon social and business interests, was given permission by his good friend Dr. Swedenburg to build an addition in the rear of the Swedenburg house. Mr. Winburn called it his town house. With the doctor often away from home, a little murmuring soon arose about a possible romance between Olive Swedenburg and her tenant. It was quickly discredited. Mr. Winburn's interests were centered on considerably younger ladies with musical or artistic talents which he could advance, and, more important, no one could have visualized him a romantic satyr. A small man, he was almost completely bald, and in no way offered Dr. Swedenburg any

competition.

In October, 1919, Swedenburg bought the Chappell house. Lucy Chappell, limited financially, had let the gracious home run down and although it was still a magnificent structure, it had become a little seedy around the edges. Dr. Swedenburg began a remodeling project and had it redecorated throughout. Repairs and renovations were extensive. The rooms were handsomely furnished with oriental rugs, red velvet upholstered rosewood chairs and mirrored walls. In June, 1920, after nine months of diligent work to return the Chappell house to splendor, the Swedenburgs left their home on Gresham Street and moved into the house on the Boulevard. From then on it became the Swedenburg house. Parties were even more elegant and frequent.

The Swedenburgs and their daughters made their first trip to Europe in August, 1924. Their departure was occasion for a *bon voyage* affair and a big thing was made of giving Mrs. Swedenburg a copy of a novel by James Oliver Curwood, one of the most admired authors of the twenties. Upon their return in November another round of social affairs was launched to welcome them home. Both of the Swedenburgs gave lectures of their travels and happily settled down for a round of winter festivities.

In 1925 the cannery expanded its operations, the City Council named Dr. Swedenburg to the Street Improvement Committee, the Swedenburg block was remodeled and refinished, the Lithia Springs Hotel had its grand opening, Dr. Swedenburg served as president of the Jackson County Medical Society, and Jesse Winburn, considerably disillusioned with the citizens of Ashland, sold his holdings at a great loss and returned to the east.

Through the next decade, 1926 to 1936, the Swedenburgs and Ashland made it through the twenties and into the depression of the thirties. The good doctor continued with his practice--people don't stop getting ailments just because their pockets are flat--and the *Tidings* put down the soft pedal on Olive Swedenburg's social activities--extravagant parties aren't exactly front page news when people are having a struggle to keep food in the pantry.

In July, 1937, the family again left



Eleanor

Ashland for a visit to Sweden, but this time the voyage had an unhappy ending.

On July 31, 1937, the *Ashland Tidings* bore the headlines:

## SUDDEN DEATH OCCURS ON TRIP TO GOTHENBURG

**Prominent Physician and  
Member of City Council  
Stricken; Death Told In  
Cablegram To Nephew.**

Dr. Francis Gustavus Swedenburg, dean of Ashland's medical profession and one of this community's first citizens, died suddenly at Gothenburg, Sweden...

Dr. Swedenburg passed away in the town where he was born nearly 69 years ago. He and Mrs. Swedenburg left Ashland July 2 for the European trip and sailed from New York July 10, accompanied by their two daughters, Genevieve and Eleanor, who planned to study for a year in Sweden.

A second story was headed "Friends Mourn Dr. Swedenburg."

Many were the expressions of shocked regret...Mayor Wiley, who had appointed Dr. Swedenburg to the city council a year and a half ago, said: "I have always considered Dr. Swedenburg one of my best friends...There was no finer man in the community." Dr. Gordon MacCracken said, "I have always considered Dr. Swedenburg to be a man very much interested in his profession...He was considered the dean of doctors in Ashland. His co-workers find his death to be a great loss, both to themselves and to the community." Dr. E.A. Woods said, "...He has done more for Ashland and southern Oregon than anyone realizes. In his death an excellent surgeon is lost and an uncommonly good citizen.

"His business activities were wide. In addition to owning and operating the building that bears his name, he owned two large pear orchards, one in Fern Valley and the other near Phoenix. He was a director of the Blair Granite company and had investments in many other Ashland projects, including Bagley Canning Company.

"The Swedenburg residence at 990 Siskiyou boulevard is one of the show places of southern Oregon."

"...The physician was a tower of civic influence and activity, and his support aided in the promotion of many progressive projects, one of the most important of which was the construction of the Reeder dam."

Years later, William (Billy) Briggs, a local attorney, said in a personal history interview, in answer to the statement: [Marjorie Edens, oral historian] "Tell me about the Swedenburgs."

Briggs: Well, Dr. Swedenburg originally came from Sweden. We were very close to that family, dined back and forth. He never charged our family anything and we never charged him anything. We defended him in two malpractice suits and won both of them. And he was a darn good doctor...He was a regular dynamo of activity. And his fees were very reasonable but he still made money.

M.Edens: And his family?

Briggs: He died on a trip back to Sweden. He got a fish...ah...a chicken bone caught in his neck in New York before they boarded the liner. And the doctors urged him to have it attended to then and, no, he wanted to get on the boat and go. It punctured his epiglottis, got stuck in there.

Mrs. Swedenburg continued to live in Ashland after his death. Genevieve became a physician and surgeon and continued her father's practice. Eleanor became a public registered nurse and eventually left Ashland, moving to Aumsville, Oregon, after she married Mr. Kenneth Purdy.

In December, 1964, Dr. Genevieve M. Swedenburg died at the age of 57. Her obituary listed her educational credits: Ashland public schools, a girls school in Hindos, Sweden, the University of Oregon, the University of Washington, medical school in St. Louis and post-graduate work in Chicago. After an internship in Pittsburgh, she practiced in Ashland until ill health forced her to retire some years before her death.

In August, 1965, the following year, Mrs. Olive Swedenburg died. With her death the Swedenburg house was closed.

The house had been the center of Ashland's social life, had sheltered with elegance and charm the two families who had become a significant part of Ashland's heritage, and had stood as an example of the grace and taste of an earlier, more genteel period. It had had its day in the sun. The rooms were closed and the doors locked securely, but overnight it became vulnerable to the attacks of the Philistines.





*Dr. and Mrs. Francis G. Swedenburg*

From the year 1926 Southern Oregon Normal had occupied only one building, Churchill Hall, which contained an administration office, class rooms, a laboratory or two, a library and an assembly hall. There was a staff of a couple of dozen instructors, a registrar and a president, all congenial and proficient in their assignments. The curriculum emphasized two years of preparation for a teaching certificate, and also offered the first couple of years of college for those college-bound students who wanted to economize. SONS posed no competitive threat to the ivy league, but it did offer a limited set of required basics to young men and young women who could live at home and keep expenses at a minimum.

There was no urgent need for a larger

faculty or a new building. The depression doggedly dragged on, and foreign languages, advanced psychology and classic philosophy were unnecessary frills. The administration saw to it that the teacher-to-be completed courses in primary methods and secondary education, learned some skills like reading music notes and sight singing, practiced their handwriting and covered the Spaulding Book of Rules for Basketball Coaches. Graduates were awarded a teaching certificate to "enter the field," and a placement center helped them apply for the few available teaching positions.

But at last, with a snail-like languor, the economy began to improve and a little tax money began to trickle into the till at the offices of the Board of Higher Education. The normal school administration began to think of getting the word,

college, added to its title, and of branching out into a more impressive campus: a gymnasium would be nice; some cheap dorms for the growing student body would add a practical touch and a new library would provide some space for the ever-growing collection of technical tomes. The gymnasium--Britt--was built in 1935.

It was awarded no prizes for spectacular construction, but it eased the crowded conditions in the administration building and gave the students room to socialize and study. But money had to be doled out sparingly and wisely, and it was over ten years before the college began the big expansion. War production had finally alleviated the deadlock of the depression and money was available. Suzanne Holmes Dorm was finished in 1946, followed by Pine Hall in 1947. In 1949 Central Hall (the original library) was completed and in 1950 the Board purchased an Ashland home to serve as the President's residence. In 1955 a new gymnasium (McNeil Hall) was built.

The year 1958 saw the appearance of a central heating plant, a science building, Siskiyou commons, and Siskiyou Hall Dorm. Cascade Dorms, completed in 1960, had wings added every year until 1965. A Health Services Building and Taylor Hall (social science) buildings were underway in 1966, and a new library and more new dorms (the Chicken Coops) were in the planning stage.

Even before the death of Dr. Genevieve Swedenburg and her mother, the college administration had cast an avid eye on the Swedenburg property. The campus had sprawled across the hillside and wiped out several residences along Palm Street, a Methodist church, and the Granite City Hospital --the monument for all time to the genius of Frank C. Clark--and at last the boundary approached the Swedenburg estate. Mrs. Eleanor Purdy has said that some years earlier college officials had revealed



*Genevieve and Eleanor*

their intentions to expand onto her land and, after Mrs. Swedenburg's death, they informed her they were condemning the property and requesting an appraisal. In 1966 the Board of Higher Education bought the house and lot for \$95,000. Mrs. Purdy initially was not too unhappy with the disposal of her cherished family home. She had certainly been taken

down the garden path and given the impression that the college intended to preserve it. Their refusal to buy the furniture was a bitter disappointment, but she felt at least the exterior of the house and the gardens would be maintained. She sold many of the furnishings at auction before the college took possession.

**B**oards and committees and study groups move slowly. In 1966 there was no mad rush to start the wrecking ball swinging immediately.

President Elmo Stephenson and his able lieutenant, Don Lewis, Dean of Administration, certainly had in mind the eventual removal of the house, but it was judicious to move thoughtfully. There would probably be some bleeding hearts who would start a fuss if demolition of the Swedenburg White Elephant began too precipitously. In the meantime it could be put to use as an art gallery or a student center until the time to raze it was more apropos. Perhaps those in favor of destruction ultimately came to regret this delay. Had they secured a wrecking crew as soon as possible and attacked the house with crowbars and sledge hammers, the objectors could have wailed only over the ashes. In the meantime a little propaganda campaign might not be amiss.

The word was circulated that the new Educational-Psychology building, which was to be a large concrete structure facing the Boulevard -- the first college construction to be seen as one approached from the northern side of the campus -- would clash aesthetically with the outmoded, practically useless Swedenburg buildings -- the house, the barn, and

the carriage house -- and their removal was the only practical solution.

The frequently expressed opinion that preserving the Swedenburg house would leave an eyesore on a stately campus can be at once dismissed. SOC, as an architecturally unified whole, fell far short of any aesthetic aim. The school suffered from growing pains, little thought was given to making new structures compatible with earlier buildings, and few of them could be classified as significant or handsome.

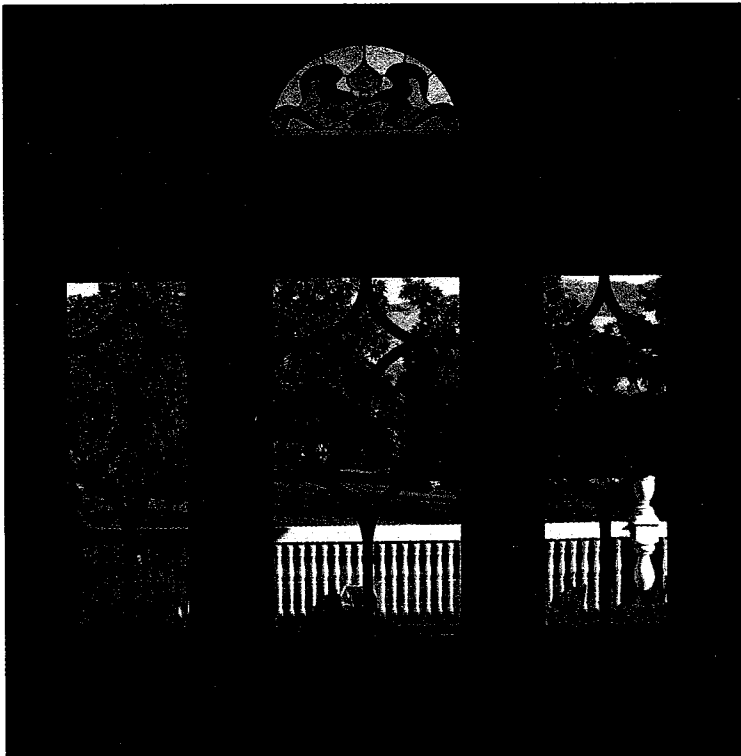
pus architecturally.

"The new library and science buildings are both extremely handsome buildings but they make everything else on the campus look dowdy and ready for demolition.

"[Nothing is as bad as] the new set of dormitories below the boulevard. [It might have] been worse though; originally they planned to build four more of them.

Other northwest writers, as well, agreed that the campus had no claim to charm or harmony of design. But hodgepodge or not, the officials waved the banner of *Progress!* and persevered, and eventually the building schedule caught up with itself and the campus planners zeroed in on the Swedenburg estate.

The college administration and board decided that the guessing games of what'll-we-do-with-the-Swedenburg-house had finally been played out, and there was no longer any point in dissimulating. The matter must be faced. Down would come the Swedenburg buildings and up would rise an Educational-Psychology building, designed in spectacular concrete tiers to introduce the southbound traveler to the glories of the southern Oregon campus. The headlines announcing the dissolution of the outmoded and practically useless house appeared in February 1969.



*View of the second floor balcony and the front lawn as seen from Mrs. Swedenburg's bedroom.*  
Photographs by Doug Smith

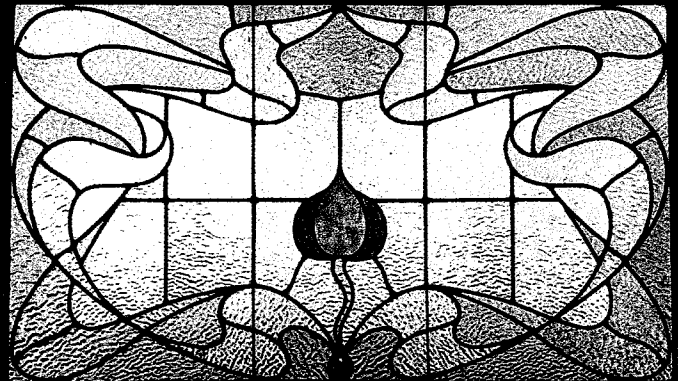
A columnist in the *Ashland Tidings*, who advocated eliminating the Swedenburg house, confessed:

"At present the SOC campus looks as though it was designed by a computer with a blown fuse.

"...Our overall SOC pattern is so fantastically awful that it would appear to be a conglomerate of architectural rejects.

"I wonder why a master plan cannot be adopted so the SOC campus [will not look as if someone] bought it at a rummage sale and moved it in.

"...Take the new health building as an example. It's a thoroughly lovely building but it does not fit the cam-



But the planners did not anticipate the magnitude of the opposition. With Mrs. John Cotton, a member of the Ashland Economic Development Commission, acting as the spearhead and flagbearer, the defenders prepared their stand.

*The story of their resistance will appear in the next issue of the Table Rock Sentinel.*



## NEW VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR HIRED

Mrs. Marge Herman has joined the S.O.H.S. staff as a full-time volunteer coordinator.

The society now has over 200 active volunteers and we need someone who can devote their full attention to recruiting, scheduling and training our volunteers.

A new organization will be formed called The Society Friends and will consist of any person who would like to provide some volunteer service to the society.

Within The Society Friends, there will be a number of different groups,

each interested in one or two particular tasks within the society. These include The Jacksonville Museum Greeters, The Swedenburg Museum Greeters, The Living History Docents, The Collections Department Docents, The Library/Archives Docents, The Children's Museum Docents, the Hanley Farm Docents and many others.

We encourage each of you to become more active in our society by offering whatever amount of time you may have available. We'll welcome one shift (four hours) per month, per week or per day. No amount of time is too little!

We know that you'll find Marge Herman a very friendly, helpful person. Marge has been active in the Medford community for many years and has served area organizations such as the American Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters and the Juvenile Offenders Program. Marge has taught school and we think that you'll find her a good teacher for our volunteer training sessions.

Give Marge a call today and she'll find a place for you in the society. Her number is 899-1847. We'll be very pleased to have you on board!

## SWEDENBURG CURATOR JOINS STAFF

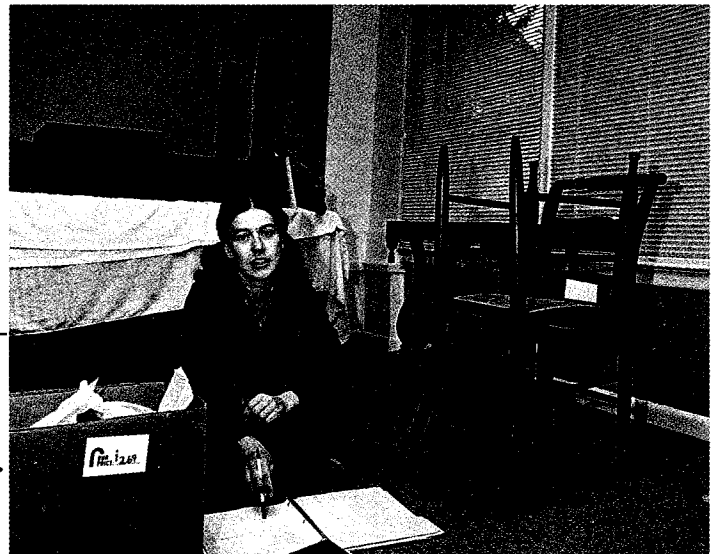
Nancy Hannon has joined the S.O.H.S. staff as curator of the new Swedenburg Branch Museum in Ashland. Nancy began her responsibilities on October 15 and has been very busy since, working with other staff members in making the museum ready for opening October 27.

The hours for the new museum will be 1:00PM to 5:00PM, Tuesday through Saturday. The museum will be closed on Sunday and Monday.

We are all very excited about the beautiful new exhibits in Swedenburg House featuring the history of southern Jackson County and the Ashland area. We hope you'll stop by soon and see for yourself.

Nancy will be organizing The Swedenburg Museum Greeters and will begin training sessions soon. If you have time to offer, please call her at 488-1341 or Marge Herman at 899-1847.

Welcome Nancy!



Photographs by Doug Smith



*Victorine Lee*

VICTORINE ANNETTE SCHMITZ was born in Washington, D.C., in 1897. In 1909 she moved with her family to Santa Monica, California, and graduated from Leland Stanford University in 1918.

She married Harold H. Lee in 1922 and during their years together the Lees lived in various places. But their home on Fish Hatchery Road, six miles from Grants Pass towards Wilderville, where they lived during the fifties, has held a lingering charm for her through the years.

Because of the precarious health of her husband, they ultimately gave up their rustic location and returned to North Hollywood, where a short time later Mr. Lee died. At present Mrs. Lee lives in San Clemente, California. She has written some of her memories of the Fitch Hatchery Road home for her two children, her two grandchildren, and her two great grandchildren. The TABLE ROCK SENTINEL is happy to publish her manuscript.

## My Love Affair with Nature

**I**n one's lifetime, there are some precious and dear moments to be cherished and remembered. The years which my husband and I spent in our log house in the Oregon woods were indeed filled with treasured and beautiful memories of Nature's wonders and wildlife.

Being lovers of the outdoors, we found that each tree, wildflower or shrub, as well as a wee mouse, a shrew, a frog, a gorgeous oriole, even a skunk was a never

ending source of interest.

Our dream home was a roomy, comfortable log house, with five acres of woods. A small canyon with two little streams formed the floor of the woods, with gentle slopes, ferns and wildflowers, rising to a height of twelve hundred feet. We called it "Our Garden of Eden."

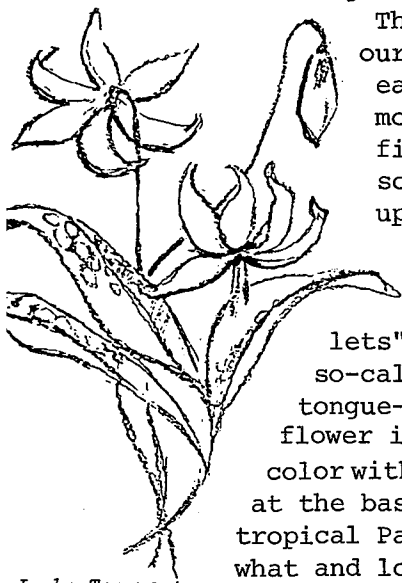
My husband, an avid fisherman as well as an ardent Nature lover, dug out and fashioned a small lake, with rock walls and



a rustic bridge, at the conversion of two streams. He also made trails and resting benches, and a shady picnic nook nestling in the trees. There were several waterfalls and pools, two of which we named "The Pool of the Pet Frog" and the "Pool of the Wood Nymphs."

## The Pageant of the Wild Flowers

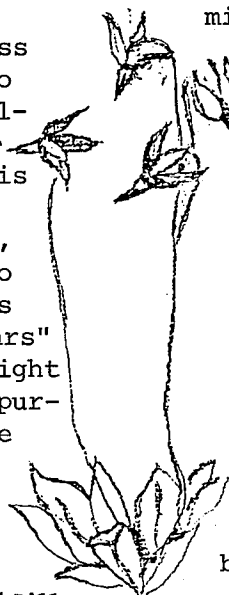
Part of each day during the good weather I lived in our woods. As the seasons changed, so did the Plant and Animal Life. In fact I could see changes from week to week.



The wildflowers of our woods were a pageant of color from month to month. The first ones on the scene started peeping up in the latter part of March. They were the beautiful giant "dog-toothed violets" or "lambs' tongues," so-called because of the tongue-shaped leaves. The flower is a pink or lavender color with a mottled green leaf at the base. It resembles the tropical Passion Flower somewhat and loves a cool shady place. Several of these dainty flowers hung over the "Pool of the Wood Nymphs." These wild flowers bloomed all during April and May. The roots of the lambs' tongue were eaten by the Oregon Indians who inhabited this country years ago. The roots were either baked under hot stones or boiled or stewed in the tightly woven reed baskets made by the Indians. After they were cooked, the roots were stirred into a plastic mass with liberal portions of fish oil, no doubt from the famous Rogue River salmon or steelhead. On a hot day, these roots were eaten raw, as the inside is cooling with a milky taste.

One day, as we walked up our trail, we spotted a new wildflower, and in no time the whole hillside was a gorgeous purple from these lovely "shooting-stars" or "bird bills." The stem is about eight to ten inches long with a flower of purple petals and a yellow center in the form of a bird's beak. The contrast of the purple and yellow with a green background is very striking.

The next delight of the flower



Bird Bill

pageant was the appearance of the "kitten's ear" or mariposa lily, a small dainty bloom. Sometimes it has white petals but ours had a distinctly purple tint, with the most velvety petals, furred inside with tiny soft hairs, like a kitten's ear. Roots of these flowers were also eaten by the Indians, who called it "Sego Lily" because of its starch-like root.

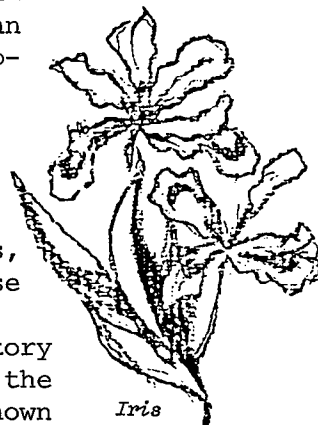
As the weather warmed, the wild Iris appeared. It almost seemed as if they popped up over night. The colors and daintiness of these baby orchids is beyond description. There were hundreds of them, cream colored, yellow, lavender and pink tinted. The woods began to look like a beautiful tapestry.

In April we noticed tall reedy stems growing around the pools. Soon buds appeared, and these opened up into beautiful blue clusters, similar to a hyacinth. These were the famous "Camas," so well known to the early history of the Northwest. They were the most important and widely known food plant of the Western Indians.

The flowers grow on a stem from ten to twenty inches tall. There are more adventure and romance about the Camas in the early days than about any other plant or root. Tracts of land, sometimes miles in extent, were covered with the striking blue clustered flowers. Years ago these Camas fields were the private property of an Indian tribe, jealously guarded from rival clans. Later, as the white man came, the Indians could never understand why he was allowed to usurp these possessions and destroy the Camas fields with his plow. The root of the Camas, so cherished by the Indian as food, is a smooth onion-like bulb, plump and nutritious,



Cat Ear

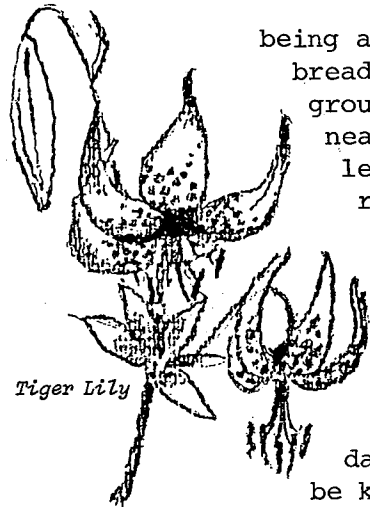


Iris



Camas





Tiger Lily

being a near-substitute for bread. It was baked in the ground, covered both underneath and on top with damp leaves. Stones were heated red-hot, then removed, and the Camas roots and damp grasses were added. Then dirt was put on as a top layer, and a huge fire was kept burning on the surface for two nights and a day. The roots could then be kept for future use after this preparation. As the Camas grows in wet places, many times the squaws had to stand up in waist-deep water and dig the roots out with their toes.

During the late spring months, each time we would stroll up in our Park, another wildflower would surprise us, as the tiger or leopard lily, or the yellow monkey flower, colorful and gay on its long stem. Of course the red columbines were everywhere.

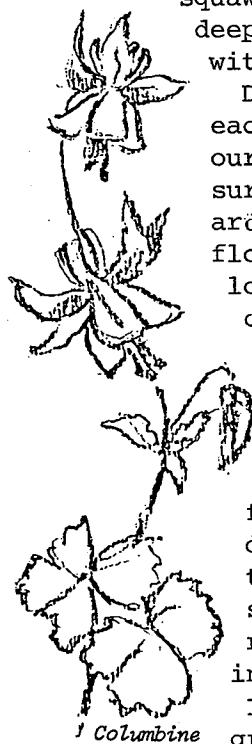
Soon the red Indian Paint Brush appeared, dotting the hillsides to enhance the pageant with its vivid coloring.

One entrancing little wildflower I cannot forget is the dainty "Blue Eye." It is a type of grass on a reed-like stem, and its pretty blossoms resemble a deep blue eye peering at you as you pass by.

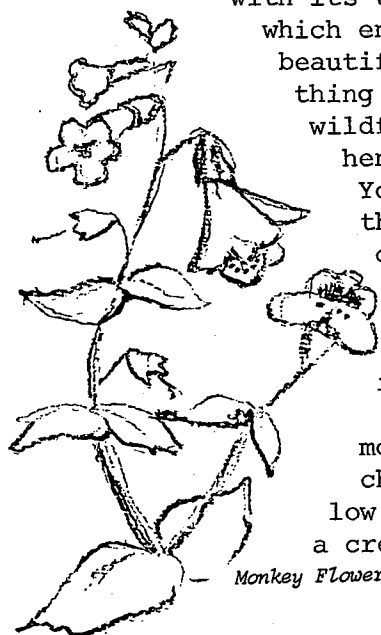
In the lush part of our woods grows the waxy creamy Trillium with its tri-leaved foliage which encloses the large beautiful blossom. Everything in relation to this wildflower is triplicate, hence the name Trillium.

You can imagine what a thrill this wildflower display would be to a Nature lover. Each week, it seemed, a new wonder would reveal itself and surprise us.

About June the wild moss pinks showed their cheery faces, creeping low on the ground. It is a creeper-type plant with



Columbine



Monkey Flower

a soft grayish-green foliage, and the bright pink petals appear to have been cut with pinking shears.

After all this pageantry, we felt the display was over, when the whole hillside in back of our log house turned a rich purple again. It was the "Ookow," an Indian name for the tall, violet clusters. The root was also used by the Indians for food. These flowers made lovely bouquets and lasted a good while in the house. They bloomed well into September.

Besides all these wildflowers from March to September, the Oregon grape flooded the woods with its bright glossy dark leaves with thorny ends like the Eastern Holly. It grows in bush form and its roots spread underground. The yellow flowers bear a bluish-purple berry, which makes a delicious jelly to accompany meat dishes. The Indians also made a yellow dye from the Oregon Grape, by steeping the twigs and bark in water. The root is used as well by the white man for medicine. It is fun to brush the base of the styles with a straw or pin when the blooms are open and see the stamens snap shut like a mousetrap, thus distributing the pollen on every bee that alights.

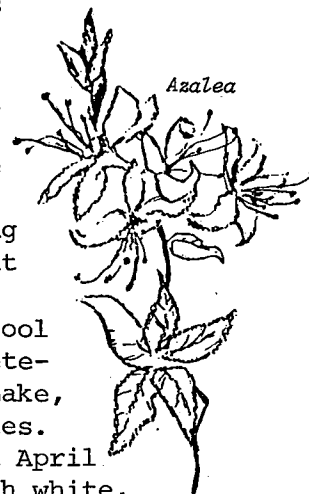
Along our trail to the "Pool of the Pet Frog," and completely surrounding our little Lake, were large wild Azalea bushes. These started blossoming in April and the place was aglow with white, pink and yellow Azaleas. The fragrance was so redolent that it permeated the whole woods. These plants love water so they are clustered along the little streams that gurgled through our woods.

The sword ferns and bracken covered the floor and hillsides of our "Garden of Eden," as we sometimes called it. We could always be on the lookout for the fragile maidenhair fern found in dark and shaded places.

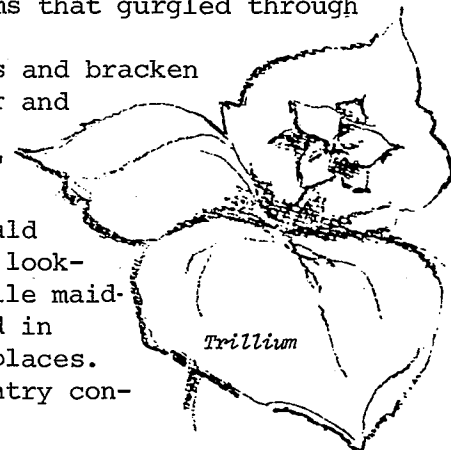
All this pageantry con-



Oregon Grape

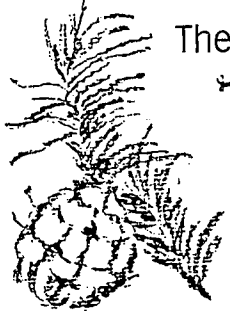


Azalea

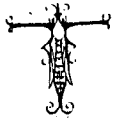


Trillium

tinued from March to October. When the wildflowers finished their act, the trees started their pageantry of colors.



## The Trees in Our Woods



here were many trees in our Woods. The Ponderosa Pine being the most majestic, then the Bull Pine with its long shiny needles, the full and graceful Cedar with its many tiny cones, the Alder, the Locust loaded with white or pink blossoms in the Spring.

The stately Oak, popular with the squirrels for its acorns, and the clown of the bunch, the Laurel. Our Laurels were always putting on an act, that is, it seemed so to me. They were always so busy losing their leaves, shedding their bark, getting new blossoms, or putting out their colorful berries. I could hear them shedding their bark, as this was a continual crackling sound, and I loved to listen to it in the silence of the woods. So often, as I sat or passed under one of the Laurel trees, I would be pelted with a leaf or a piece of bark, or even a red berry. Of course I was glad that it was not Mr. Bull Pine or the majestic Sugar Pine bouncing one of their large cones on my head.

The latter bears large, long pine cones every three years. The squirrels love to eat the little pine nuts deep inside the sharp hard petals of these pretty cones. It is amazing to watch a squirrel tear these petals off with its tiny feet and teeth. I tried to pull some of them from the cone, but could hardly budge them, and my hands and fingers were sticky with pitch. How do the squirrels rid their little feet of this sticky substance?



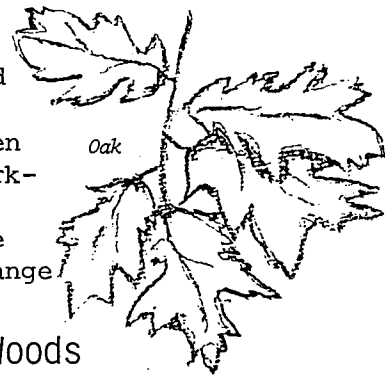
Sugar Pine

I could never find that out. These large cones make beautiful Christmas decorations. We sprayed and painted some with gold and silver or sparklets to present to friends.

In the autumn, the pageant of leaves would appear in all its glory, with the golds, reds, oranges, yellows and even purples interspersed all over the mountains, hills and river banks.

When the snow fell, the countryside resembled a Christmas Card. Many trees,

Pines, Cedars, Firs and Laurels, retained their foliage and formed a green background for the sparkling white snow. All through the year Nature put on a continuous change of scenery and beauty.



Oak

## Wildlife in Our Woods



We soon discovered that we had resident visitors in our Woods. As I walked up one of the Trails one lovely day, I saw a pretty young Doe with a reddish tint to her fur, ears erect, standing among the trees, peering at me with her large, lustrous eyes. I stood absolutely quiet when she snorted at me and gracefully bounded away. The next day I saw her again. This time, she did not snort, so I decided that she and I must become accustomed to each other. I began taking apples along and placing them in the same spot each time. They would always be gone the next day. Deer are so timid, so I wore tennis shoes and moved slowly and quietly hoping to get close to her and give her the assurance that she was safe in our woods. It really worked wonders as she finally ceased to snort or run when we saw each other. I would sit on one of our rustic benches or on the ground while she nibbled on the young tree shoots. She had a favorite spot to bed down during the day. As the brooks and pools were filled with cool clear water most of the time, she could always slake her thirst.

One day I came upon "Bambi," as I now called her, lying under a tree near the trail. She did not move so I just sat down near her and the two of us rested. After awhile she rose quietly and sauntered away. I felt that she knew me now, and I was so thrilled to have our very own Deer in the Park.

All spring and summer Bambi was around and she finally became so tame that she would feed on our cherries, strawberries, lettuce and peppers, right beside our house. One day she peeked right into our bedroom window. Of course we could not chase her away, she could eat all that she wished in our garden as the novelty and pleasure of having a tame deer around our home was too great a joy to worry about a garden. My husband remarked that he would not be surprised to

find Bambi reclining in our hammock under the trees someday. Our farmer neighbors thought we were completely out of our heads, but to us Bambi could do no wrong. Sometimes we would see her come sauntering through the front gate on her way up to our Woods from the river which flowed just below our place.

Once in awhile we would see other Does in the Park, and one day I met a young forked-horn Buck on the trail. During the fall and winter we did not see Bambi often as she bedded down higher up in the woods, but her footprints were evident, and the alfalfa and apples that I put out were always gone.

The following spring after I met Bambi, I really got the thrill of my life. I was sitting in our Picnic Grounds, and hearing a slight movement, I looked up to see our Bambi and another gray Doe walking beside her. Trotting along were two little spotted Fawns. Bambi had brought a friend back with her to our Woods. It was very evident that the Fawns belonged to the gray Doe, as they followed her everywhere, and one of them would go up to be nuzzled every now and then. The new Doe had a black streak on her throat and belonged to the family of the Columbian Black-Tailed Deer. I just sat there enthralled and watched the two Does and twin Fawns, feeding and nibbling as they walked along the trail. Oh, yes, they preferred to use our trails although there were Deer



*Nancy*

trails also, but ours were easier and smoother. The Fawns scampered hither and thither, so right then and there I named them "Nixie" and "Pixie," and their mother "Nancy." These Columbian Deer are found only on the Pacific Coast and British Columbia. They were discovered by the explorers Lewis and Clark in 1805, when they were in the region of the Columbia River. The Columbia Deer is generally smaller than the other types of Deer. Its ears are large and its eyes are the most beautiful of all the Deer family, being large and a brilliant, liquid black. The antlers on the Buck are not so handsome as the ones on the Mule Deer, and are shed annually in the spring. When the new antlers start to grow, they are soft and furry, and are called "in velvet." They are very sensitive and Deer stay away from combat at this time. In the winter the Deer is a beautiful gray to blend with the forest at that time, and in the summertime, their coat is a reddish brown. They have a dark streak on the throat, the underside is white, the tail is round and a dull black, except for the underside, which is white. The Does have their Fawns in the spring, and they are beautifully spotted for about four or five months. While not strictly nocturnal, this Deer is a night rover and loves bright moonlight nights. During the day it beds down and rests. It loves tender twigs, buds, leaves and evergreen foliage, and it also raids orchards, vegetable and flower gardens, especially rose bushes. The male Deer is very suspicious of humans and keeps in the background and beds down at higher elevations. When a Buck is with several Does, he is always in the rear, with the Does leading.

So now we had four Deer living in our Park. They would always be together and they bedded down near each other. As I observed the Fawns from day to day, I noticed that one was more adventurous as it would scamper off into the bushes while the other one stayed near its mother. One day I discovered two black spots appearing on the forehead of one of the Fawns, and so Nixie was a little Buck. It was fun to watch them grow, and pretty soon Nancy started to wean her Fawns, and would move away and kick at them if they came for dinner.

One day I took my camera along to get a picture of this darling family. I had a long wait for an opportune moment to

snap such a scene. Finally the chance came while they were at the salt lick which I had put out for them. The sun was shining on the spot so I quickly grabbed my camera and approached slowly to take the picture. Mama Nancy looked at the little black Brownie, seemed alarmed at it and proceeded to take several menacing steps toward me, her ears perked forward. I was not certain about its being mere curiosity, so I ducked under the picnic table. A Doe is very brave and on the defensive when she has Fawns. At first Nancy would snort at me when she espied me anywhere but gradually she realized that she was safe and would just look and watch.

When one is in the Woods a great deal, each noise and sound has a meaning, and the ear becomes trained to the slightest movement of a leaf or twig. I learned the songs of the various birds, the scolding cry of the squirrel, the warning of the bluejay, the call of the quail, and the loud and noisy pecking or the large and beautiful Pileated Woodpecker.

Our Deer family lived in the Park all summer, then in the fall Bambi disappeared. We still would meet Nancy and her fine growing twins on the trails. During the winter we saw the four of them one time and we were so glad to see Bambi again. But what a surprise was in store for us. One spring morning, as I made my daily tour, I saw our dear Bambi, with her reddish-tinted fur, and after rejoicing at the reunion I nearly shouted with delight as a darling spotted Fawn suddenly loomed up beside her. It could have been only a few days old. Our Bambi had brought her baby back to our safe Woods. We figured she had borne it nearby, and that our Park with its streams, pools and tidbits which we put out, was a safe haven for her Fawn.

Nancy and her twins, which were good sized now, stayed all that winter. We could see other Deer now and then on their way down to the Applegate River just below our place.

One early evening as we sat in the Picnic Grounds with our two pet cats, there was a great clatter from the path toward the "Pool of the Wood Nymphs." The cats spit, growled and ran, for coming down the Trail was a herd of Deer. Among them were our

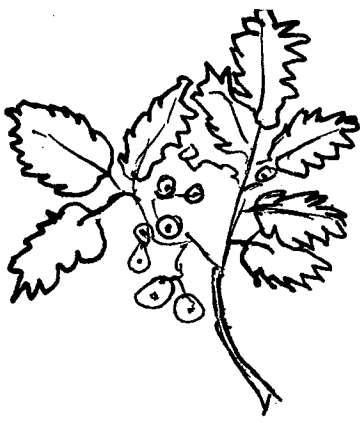
regular residents and several strange Does, and bringing up the rear, a large and handsome Buck with a beautiful antler spread. We sat perfectly quiet, but our nervous cats startled the strange Deer and they cut off to a higher Trail.



*Above: Mr. Harold Lee  
Below: the house on Fish Hatchery Road*



*Mrs. Lee's memories of the wildlife which surrounded her home on the Applegate will be continued in the next issue of the newsletter.*



# The Spirit Of Christmas Past



AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

November 23, 24, 25, 1984

December 1, 2, 1984

Pay a visit to Christmas of long ago as you visit some of Jacksonville's most historic structures, all decorated for Christmas.

Buildings Included are:

1. The Jacksonville Museum - Fifth and "C" Streets
2. The Children's Museum - Fifth and "D" Streets
3. The First Presbyterian Church - Sixth and California
4. The C. C. Beekman Home - 470 East California
5. The U. S. Hotel - Third and California
6. The Judge TouVelle House - Oregon and "E" Street
7. The Livingston Mansion - 4132 Livingston Road

Each of the buildings will have a different theme and will be decorated by area garden clubs, florists and community groups.

The Jacksonville Museum will be decorated by the Jacksonville Garden Club. Enjoy the beauty of a Victorian Christmas in the museum's Britt Parlor. Ascend the beautiful curved staircase to the second floor and behold the 20' Christmas Tree decorated by the children of Jacksonville Elementary. An exhibit of antique children's toys will also be featured.

Museum staff will decorate a special tree in the Jacksonville Children's Museum. Nana Claus will also be on hand to visit with children and find out what their Christmas needs might be. Enjoy the hands-on exhibits and the beautiful doll collection.

## "The Spirit Of Christmas Past"

The First Presbyterian Church, built in 1881, will exhibit a Presbyterian Christmas of the Victorian Era. Decorations will be made by the youth of the church. The decor of the sanctuary will be as it was during the late 1800's, while a second tree in the Fellowship Hall will show modern handmade ornaments. Area choral groups will perform in the sanctuary and a schedule may be obtained by calling the museum, 899-1847, after November 16.

The C. C. Beekman House will be decorated by "Flowers By Susie" a Medford florist. This 1873 house was the home of Jacksonville banker, C. C. Beekman and will bustle with activity. You'll love the smell of fresh baked goods coming from the wood range!

The American Business Women will host a "Christmas Bazaar" in the ballroom of the U. S. Hotel. The bazaar will be held on Friday and Saturday, November 23, 24, 1984 only.

The Judge TouVelle House is a combination of two homes, one built by the Hoffman family in 1855 and the other by Judge Frank TouVelle in 1916. The Medford Garden Club will show a World War I Christmas in the house as it would have looked shortly after the TouVelles moved in.

The Applegate Garden Club will present "T'was The Night Before Christmas" in the Livingston Mansion. This beautiful Craftsman style home is situated high above the Rogue River Valley just outside Jacksonville and we know that you're going to appreciate the many lovely furnishings and decorations.

Festival Hours: Friday, November 23 - 12 Noon to 5:00PM  
Sat., November 24 - 12 Noon to 8:00PM  
Sun., November 25 - 12 Noon to 5:00PM  
Sat., December 1 - 12 Noon to 8:00PM  
Sun., December 2 - 12 Noon to 5:00PM

Admission: \$1.00 for adults (12 and over)  
.50 for children (11 and under)

Sponsoring Organizations: The Museum Gold Diggers Guild; The Jacksonville Garden Club; The Medford Garden Club; The First Presbyterian Youth; The Jacksonville Boosters Club and the Applegate Garden Club. All proceeds to civic projects.

Begin this special Holiday Season by attending "The Spirit Of Christmas Past." It'll be a trip you won't soon forget!





# Southern Celebration Vacations

Travel back in time as the Southern Oregon Historical Society sponsors a cruise aboard the magnificent Mississippi Queen. We'll fly from Medford to New Orleans where we'll spend three days and nights drinking in the sites of this old French city. Then we'll board the "Queen" and spend seven days on the Mississippi, stopping at St. Francisville, Vicksburg, Natchez and Baton Rouge. We'll disembark to visit many beautiful plantations and enjoy the many beautiful azalea gardens. There'll be lots of wonderful food and entertainment aboard the Queen. You'll never forget this "living historical" experience.

The tour departs Medford March 12, 1985 and returns from New Orleans, March 22, 1985. The fee includes all transportation and lodging, as well as all meals aboard the River Queen. The fee also includes a three hour guided tour of New Orleans but does not include meals while we are in the hotel in New Orleans. All transfers, taxes and luggage handling fees are included.

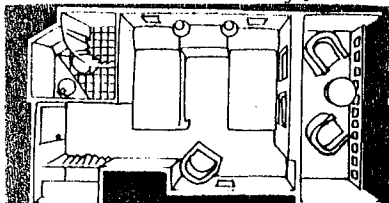
There are two prices for the trip. The more expensive price is for an outside veranda stateroom while the less expensive price is for inside staterooms. The inside staterooms do not have windows for outside views while the veranda staterooms do.

1. The entire trip based on Inside Staterooms, including twin beds and private bath is \$1,950.00 per person.
2. The entire trip based on Veranda Staterooms, including twin beds, river view and private bath is \$2,375.00 per person.

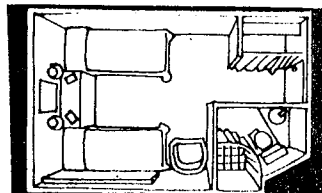
The price is based on Medford departure. If you wish to depart from other cities there may be additional air fees.

Deadline for registering for this trip is December 15, 1984. A \$200.00 deposit will be required with registration. Please indicate cabin choice. Make checks payable to the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

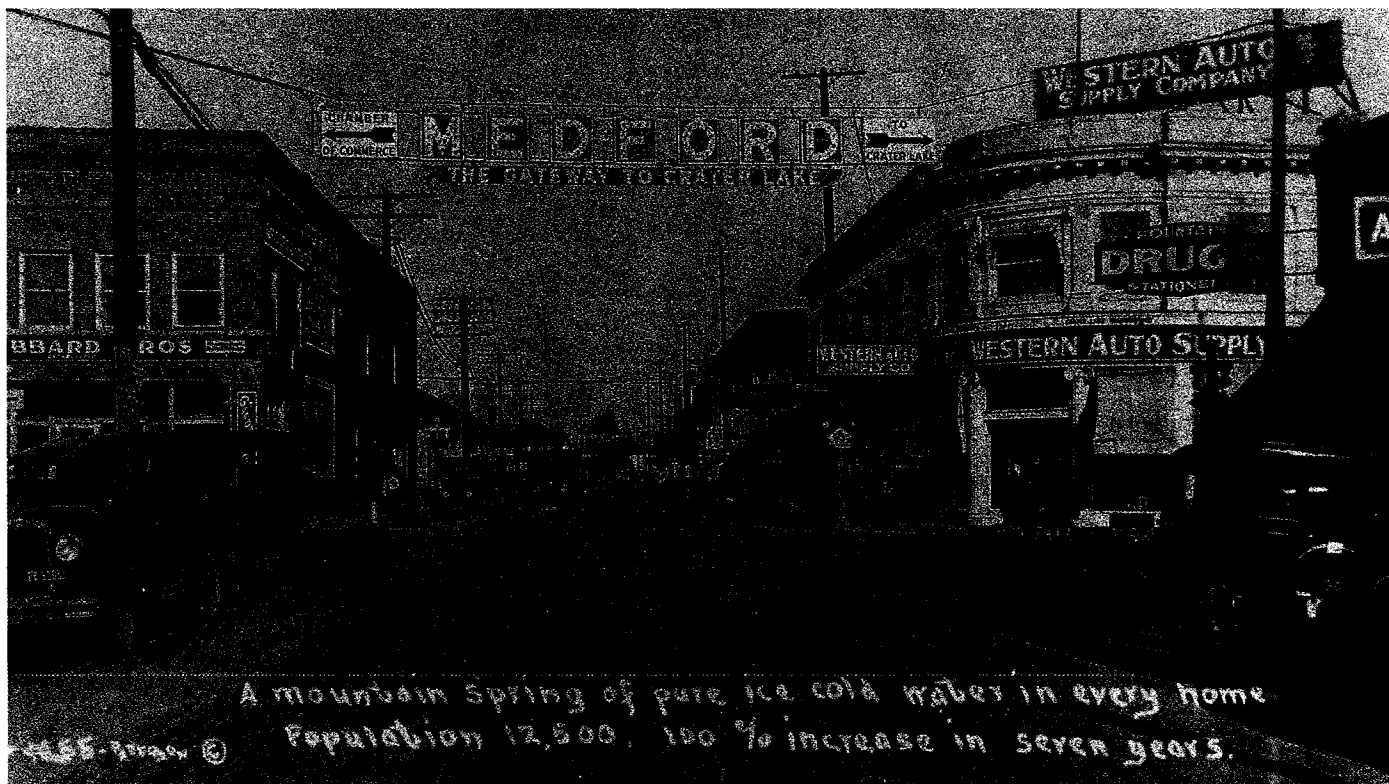
Nick Clark and Paul Inserra will be your travel hosts for this trip. You may call Paul at 899-7905 or Nick at 899-1847. Send your checks to Southern Oregon Historical Society, P. O. Box 480, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Come on along!!!



Veranda Stateroom  
Outside View



Inside Stateroom  
No outside view.



WE NEED YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS  
FOR A MEDFORD CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT

The Southern Oregon Historical Society is joining the Medford Centennial Committee and the Rogue Valley Art Association's "Medford Exhibit" Committee in preparing a pictorial exhibit of the changes that have occurred over the past 100 years.

We're searching for photographs taken in Medford before 1960. We'll have our photographic copy equipment at the Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett Street, Medford, on Tuesday, November 20, 1984 from 10:00 to 4:30. If you bring your photo in, we'll copy it while you wait, making a negative for our files and returning the original to you.

Please write information about the photo on a separate sheet of paper, along with your name and address (don't write it on the photo). We'll collect the information when you bring the photo in.

Tell your friends and neighbors to "come on down" to the Rogue Gallery and bring their Medford photos. We need hundreds for this exhibit and yours will be a great addition to the collection.

Thanks for your cooperation.



We wish to express our grateful appreciation to Mrs. Eleanor Swedenburg Purdy for the pictures of the family used in this issue -- a handsome quartet, indeed.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE  
SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Jacksonville, Oregon 97530 (503) 899-1847

Volume 4, No. 11, November 1984  
ISSN: 0732-0523



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