

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

Cover

The dapper young man on the cover is Vivian Beach, a descendent of J.N.T. Miller who came to Oregon in 1845. Many will remember 'Viv' as a jeweler with Larry Schade in Medford before he opened his own shop in Jacksonville.

The Beach family has recently been recognized as the donors of the flagstones used in the decorative and practical walls and walkways which grace the Britt grounds and the stones which were used in the reconstruction of the Jacksonville City Hall. Over \$60,000 worth of stone--100 tons--was given in memory of V.J. Beach and his wife, Stella W. Beach, long time residents of southern Oregon.

On the occasion of a ceremony, held in the Britt grounds, Joe Beach, in speaking for himself and his brother Robert, made the following statement.

Jackson County Commissioners, Members of the Peter Britt Festival Association and friends,

We are gathered to dedicate some rocks that became a part of the property of my great grandparents 130 years ago.

JNT and Betsy Ann Miller took up a Donation Land Claim just north of and adjoining Jacksonville in 1854. The move to southern Oregon was from Sauvie's Island where Robert Miller, JNT's father, had settled his family after their move from Iowa in 1845.

It is said, in the records of the Jacksonville Museum Library, that JNT and Betsy had a wonderful large farm, with an attractive and comfortable home in an elevated location facing east and overlooking much of his farm. His farm buildings were ample and kept in good condition.

He had a modest vineyard from which he made fine wines and vinegar. Across the road was a wonderful orchard of mixed fruits, of about ten or twelve acres, which was surrounded by fields of sixty or more acres for producing hay crops for winter feed for the stock.

Early after Mr. Miller acquired these properties, he donated to Jacksonville a tract of 32 acres nicely located on the brow of the hill, just west of and adjoining the city, to be used as a cemetery, and it became the pioneer cemetery of the valley and the resting place for many of these heroic souls.

The rock, which has been used here to decorate and commemorate these grounds was quarried from that hill side, wooded tract, west of the residence.

I feel very proud, and I am sure the other members of Bob's and my family share this feeling, of the opportunity to pass along a portion of this heritage and tradition to the Britt Festival Association, the city of Jacksonville, and all of the people who come from near and far to see and enjoy the wonderful activities that take place here.

I wish my parents, whom we are honoring with this plaque, could be here to share this moment with us. It was Dad's home town too, of which he was very proud.

I would like to close with this thought. These were not just "ordinary rocks." They were special; full of history of the past and promise of the future.

November 1984



This portrait of Colonel William Green T'Vault was recently discovered, quite by accident, by Linda Wiesen, assistant librarian, while she was searching through a collection of unidentified photographs. This is the first time it has appeared in over 100 years.

THE END OF THE T'VAULT LINE

William Green T'Vault and Rhoda Boone Burns* T'Vault had five children; two of them did not survive infancy, a son, George Lysurgis, died at the age of seventeen, and a daughter, St. Marion, "Sainty," died not long after her father. Her death occurred while she was living in Port-

*Rhoda T'Vault had not only descended from the family of Daniel Boone, she also claimed to be a direct descendent of Robert Burns, the poet.

land, and she was not, as was William T'Vault, a victim of smallpox. Rhoda T'Vault lived to become a sanctified pioneer widow, venerated by her admiring friends and family--or so it was reported. Had she been a waspish tyrant who scolded her neighbors and brooked no foolishness from her family, the truth would not have appeared in her obituary. Visualizing her as wise and gentle in her counsel and conduct is a little more gracious and she

had no doubt been trained to bow to the tyranny of her famous--or infamous--husband. She died in 1886, seventeen years after Colonel T'Vault had made his last one-way trip up the hill. Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, thus was left to carry on the worthy name and preserve the less than glittering family traditions of Colonel William Green Harrison T'Vault.

She was a young thing of thirteen when she crossed the plains to Fort Boise and with her family followed Stephen Meek along the disastrous Meek Cutoff to arrive in Oregon City a month and a half behind those who took the slow route. Somewhere along the trail she learned to speak the Chinook Indian tongue because she was able to serve as interpreter during the peace talks between the Rogues and the settlers in 1853. Her descendants claimed that she had been kidnapped by Indians, had lived for awhile with

them and had eventually escaped. The story is probably fiction because there are no other reports of her abduction. Learning Chinook presented no great challenge; various settlers spoke it fluently, and Elizabeth T'Vault had many opportunities to communicate with the Indians. No doubt she was chosen to act as interpreter because of her father's long friendship with General Lane, the man who offered the peace terms to the Takelmas on the slopes of Table Rock.

She must have completed her education in Oregon City because she was twenty when her family settled in the Dardanelles. After their move to Jacksonville, Elizabeth married Daniel Moe Kenney in 1855. It was a good marriage; he was a native of Louisiana, a lawyer and a pioneer of 1849. Unfortunately he died in 1860, five years after the marriage, leaving his young wife with two little boys and a baby girl to raise.



Thomas G. Kenney



Rose Ulrich Kenney

The older boy, Thomas Joseph, was born in 1856; a second son, William Green, was a year younger, and the daughter, Rhoda A., was born in 1859. How Elizabeth T'Vault Kenney supported her young ones has not been disclosed. Perhaps William T'Vault left her and her mother well supplied with property and cash. He was certainly a successful lawyer although his newspapers failed to make much money. Elizabeth was greatly respected in Jacksonville as a wise and loving mother. Fletcher Linn, the Jacksonville historian, called her Mother Kenney and compared her to the Sister Kenney who was famous for her polio therapy.

The children attended the Jacksonville school -- the first wooden two story school house on Bingham's Knoll. After graduation, Thomas J. opened a hardware store and became a saddler and harness maker. He was also an insurance agent. In 1878 he married Rosa Ulrich, a seamstress. They had six children. Three of them, Eva, Katie and Daniel Moe, died while they were still children. Emma, Christian and Frances grew to maturity and married.

William Green, Elizabeth's second son, was a common laborer, a stagecoach driver and a man who did odd jobs about town when the fancy struck him. When he was 27 years old, he married Mollie Snider, but the marriage was an unhappy one and soon ended in divorce. There were no children.

Rhoda A. married C. D. Cardwell who owned a great expanse of acreage out of town in the area which is now occupied by the Heuners family.

Christian Kenney, born in Jacksonville in 1883, married Anna Irene Lyden in 1907. Her father, John Lyden, from Michigan, brought the property at the corner of Oregon and California where the Lyden House stood. In 1903 he was joined by his family: his wife, Mary Foster Lyden and his two daughters, Helen and Anna. Helen became Mrs. J.B. Abernathy and moved to Detroit, Michigan. Anna, her sister, returned to the east with her. Chris Kenney, who had been keeping company with her, and was certain he could not live without the "rose of his life," soon went to Detroit and captured his prize. The *Southern Oregonian* announced:

CHRIS J. KENNEY WEDS MISS LYDEN IN THE EAST

Married--In Detroit, Mich., September 26, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J.B. Abernathy, Chris J. Kenney, son of T.J. Kenney, the merchant of Jacksonville, and Miss Nan Lyden, daughter of John Lyden. The couple are expected home soon to take up their residence on Fifth street.

People may have thought the marriage came a little precipitously, only six months after her mother's death, but John Lyden had discovered that operating a hotel and restaurant was not a continual round of pleasure, and he probably encouraged the union so the dutiful Nan could return to Jacksonville and take over the management of the Lyden House.

A Jacksonville citizen who was a little girl when the Lyden House was still in operation, vividly recalls John Lyden's visits to her parents' confectionary store for his daily glass of Whistle. She remembers he was conservative to a fault. After polishing off the orange drink, he carefully licked each end of the straw and politely put it back in the container with the others. The soda clerk had to be on his toes to retrieve the used straw before the next customer came in.

The Lyden House was certainly not the most elegant and sanitary boardinghouse in southern Oregon, but it had its day. There were eleven bedrooms, each with a window, and each furnished with a wash stand, a pitcher of water and wash bowl for the more fastidious customers. Each room contained a porcelain commode and a towel rack. During the last years of its operation, when rooms rented for 35 cents a night, the transients and prospectors who stayed there were given a complimentary can of "Buhac," a flea powder, to discourage unwanted bed-mates.

Meals at the Hooligan Restaurant were served family style for 65 cents each, although special delicacies might be ordered in season. As well as a boarding house, the restaurant also offered a supply of second hand and new items such as pots and pans, frying pans, can-tees and other tinware in demand by the miners.

John Lyden died in the early thirties



The photograph above of the Lyden House must have been taken in its palmiest days. The presence of the ladies indicate that at the time it was still considered respectable. J. C. Whip, the dealer in granite monuments, had a display store in the back of the building, but it is not visible in this picture. There is a fragment showing of a banner of Welcome stretched across California street so the picture was taken to commemorate a town celebration of some kind.

but the building remained standing until 1962 when it was laid to rest by a considerate wrecking crew.

Chris remained in southern Oregon most of his life. Among other occupations he worked in his father's hardware, operated several second-hand stores, clerked at Montgomery Ward, was a bookkeeper and assisted his wife Nan in many of her real estate transactions. Having little formal education, she was nonetheless a shrewd investor and bought and sold several houses and building plots throughout the city and invested in extensive acreage in the rural areas.

They had two children, Donald and Fosma, both of whom received their elementary education in Jacksonville. Don first married Millie Witter and as his second wife took Peggy Prock. There was one "adopted" son, Bobby -- no doubt sired by Donald -- who was raised principally by Chris and Nan. Fosma attended university and became a teacher. She taught in the Yukon territory and married Mr. J.

Sidney Rood of Alaska. The Roods prospered but there were no children.

Chris Kenny had a sense of history. He was keenly aware of his lineage and of the significance of Jacksonville in the history of the west. While his contemporaries showed little interest in yesterday, he made an effort to preserve the stories and incidents of his lifetime. Some of his manuscripts have been donated to the historical society and they tell day to day events. He recorded memories rather than history, but his notes reveal considerable local color and characterize some of the people featured in earlier issues of the *Table Rock Sentinel*. Much has been cut, but nothing has been added and the spelling, for the most part, has not been changed.

The pictures of Nan reproduced in this story show a comely young lady with some style and refinement. These characteristics didn't go far beneath the surface. Nan Kenny was uncon-

cerned with fripperies such as foundation garments and garters. In later life she gained considerable weight, paid little attention to tailoring and allowed her hosiery to sag around her ankles. For comfort she usually shuf-

fled around in a pair of Chris' well-worn shoes. She was, however, a good cook, and Chris was so deeply in love with her, he never realized she had changed from the slender, stylish young lady he had married so many years before.

MEMOIRS OF CHRIS KENNEY

Born 1883, corner Elm and Third streets
written in 1966

Viet Shutz was visited reasonably often by me at the Brewery which was torn down and should not have been. It was one of the buildings that could have been roofed and have fitted in with many old buildings to have been visited by many tourists who come every year to visit old Jacksonville. My mission to the brewery was to get hop yeast for my mother, Rosa Ulrich Kenney, to make bread with. The vessel I had to procure it was a plain tin bucket with a lid holding about a quart. Veit was a small short man with a handlebar mustache. The location of the brewery was just west of 1st street on the south side of California street across from Charley Shulse home.

The Charley Shulse House is still standing on property bought from Anna L. Kenney and Chris J. Kenney. My late wife Anna the rose of my life was taken from me the 18th of October 1965.

The steep roofed house that adjoined the Brewery property was formerly owned by E.C. Brooks who had an apothecary shop in the Masonic building on California street. Mr. Brooks was a small man and nearly always had a carnation in his mouth. He also owned a gray stallion, kept in a barn adjoining City Hall, and led the prancing animal to the water trough at the public well on the corner of Oregon and California streets to drink. He was full of life, naturally being so as he made no services, and one day he grabbed Mr. Brooks by the arm and lifted him off the ground for a couple of feet. The old gent soon made disposal of the critter.

Jeremiah (Jerry) Nunan, grandfather of Donald Russel, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad first lived in the house at the corner of Oregon and C streets (across from the Plymale house). Charles Nickell, Editor of the *Democratic Times* of Jacksonville occupied his build-

ing on the north side of C Street, corner of Third and C. It was known as the Times office, a 2 story building with an open stairway on the west side. In the 1930s it was mined under and I Chris Kenney saw \$150 in gold in one gold pan taken out of there.

The well-known Lyden House occupied the southeast corner of California and Oregon Streets. It was a building occupied by J.C. Whipp as the Jacksonville Marble Works, being purchased by John Lyden at the turn of the century, built on and operated as a rooming house and restaurant known as the Hooligan Restaurant, by John Lyden and Mary Lyden, parents of the late Nan L. Kenney, operated it some years, after their passing, Nan L. Kenney settled the estate as will appointed Executrix. She bought the property and owned it as also all of block 1 except one lot on the Northwest corner of said block. We Nan and I had a second hand store therein for years.

A blacksmith shop graced the corner opposite the Odd Fellows Hall and Augustine Schmidling, "Snuffer," operated it, now the property of Chris Kenney, husband of the late Anna L. Kenney. Before the fire years ago a livery stable held forth there, and before the livery stable the Franco-American Hotel blessed the spot.

Madam De Roboam who run the Franco-American Hotel met Holt, a brick mason, and they became man and wife and built the U.S. Hotel. She was the sister of Jean De Roboam. "Kino" he was always known by all. Knew very little English and would say, "Kino stan." Therefore the name stuck.

Where the library is today was used as a warehouse for years, nearly twice as long as it is now, rented for \$8 per mo by "Tom" T.J. Kenney for years.

This warehouse stored at one time a load of dynamite, overnight, and was shipped by team the following day to the then developing Blue Ledge Mine above Copper, Calif.

We, Tom Kenney and Son, had near a dozen teams hauling to the Blue Ledge mine supplies and freight of all descriptions. Considerable more than 300 men worked there. John Collins operated a diamond drill at the mine for 2½ years.

Some people, especially the French, not all, however, love garlic as well as all us Americans, except they might not make use of it to a large extent. But one Frenchman I knew very well derived the name of "Snuffer" on account of having a catarrhic ailment and at times it was quite difficult for him to breathe. At these times the opening of one's face for the admission of the necessities of life, would emit, if too close, an abominable odor which was not pleasant for one to take. A very popular U.S. Postmaster that held the postmastership for a good many years, and also had the honor bestowed on him for keeping a very well kept and beautiful office, with hanging plants + etc., told me he had great difficulty in keeping the last meal he had partaken of *down* when Snuffer came in to have his mail handed to him. Given names are not mentioned.

Woo Hop operated an oriental store carrying imported nuts, candies, games, real firecrackers, syrups, tobacco and etc., too numerous to mention at the northeast corner of First and Main streets, west from today's City Hall.

The old double fire hand-pumper at the museum was purchased the year I Chris Kenney was born, 1883.

Occupant of the third house East of the Presbyterian Church over 50 years ago was Mrs. Kate Limburger, Circuit Court stenographer for the very honorable and beloved judge, H.K. Hanna, Sr. She had a small white Fox Terrier dog with enough crook at the end of his tail to signify the figure 9, and not too far away a portion of his body could be denoted as an 0, therefore he was always known as Number 90. The 0 portion was painted an ultramarine blue and retained that color for many moons. A very popular young man who operated a butcher shop in this town was the person who wielded the brush to apply the aforesaid paint.

Dick Chappell, a painter and paper-hanger, and, last but not least, a tin horn gambler and booze hound more

crooked than a corkscrew, for he never paid his just debts if he could crawl out of it, was papering a house where Mary Wetterer lived, a very fine person who had been for years a seamstress on South Oregon. He had slacked off to take on some more of old John Barleycorn and Mary came in and when she looked at the ceiling, then the walls, she exclaimed, "Dick Chappell, what on earth are you doing?" He had put side wall paper on the ceiling and ceiling on the side walls. He was quite crosseyed. If he cried the tears would have run down the back of his neck.

The original street lights consisted of a post on various corners with 4 sided glass frame metal top to shed the weather and a metal fount and glass chimney with burner and wick burning coal oil. The City Marshall carried a small stepladder and a coal oil can to fill the fount. He went around every evening to light them and then another trip to blow them out. One of the old glass cases adorns the corner of the Odd Fellows Hall today electrified.

It's always been a mystery in later years why Thomas G Reames has never been mentioned as a partner of C.C.(Beek) Beekman which he most assuredly was. A.E. Reames, who was appointed to fill out the remainder of Senator McNary's term of office, was one of the most able attorneys that ever practiced Law. His brothers, Clarence and Charles, were also lawyers.

A.E. Reames, Evan, he always was very familiarly known as, had law offices in the Redman's Building, corner of California and Third streets, upstairs, for many years. After three elections in which he took before the Courthouse was to be established in Medford--the very simple plea was it was too far for lawyers to go--Evan of course moved there and established his law office in the Garnett-Corey building and maintained it until he passed on.

Marian Cardwell and Chris Kenney, when kids, crossed a plank across old Jackson Creek on D street (by the Grapevine Gallery). Elizabeth T'Vault Kenney's St. Bernard dog, Bruno, paddled around as wet as a rat. When they decided to go home, Chris made it OK across the unsteady plank but Marion slipped off and into the raging stream. Her long lovely light hair was the portion of her that

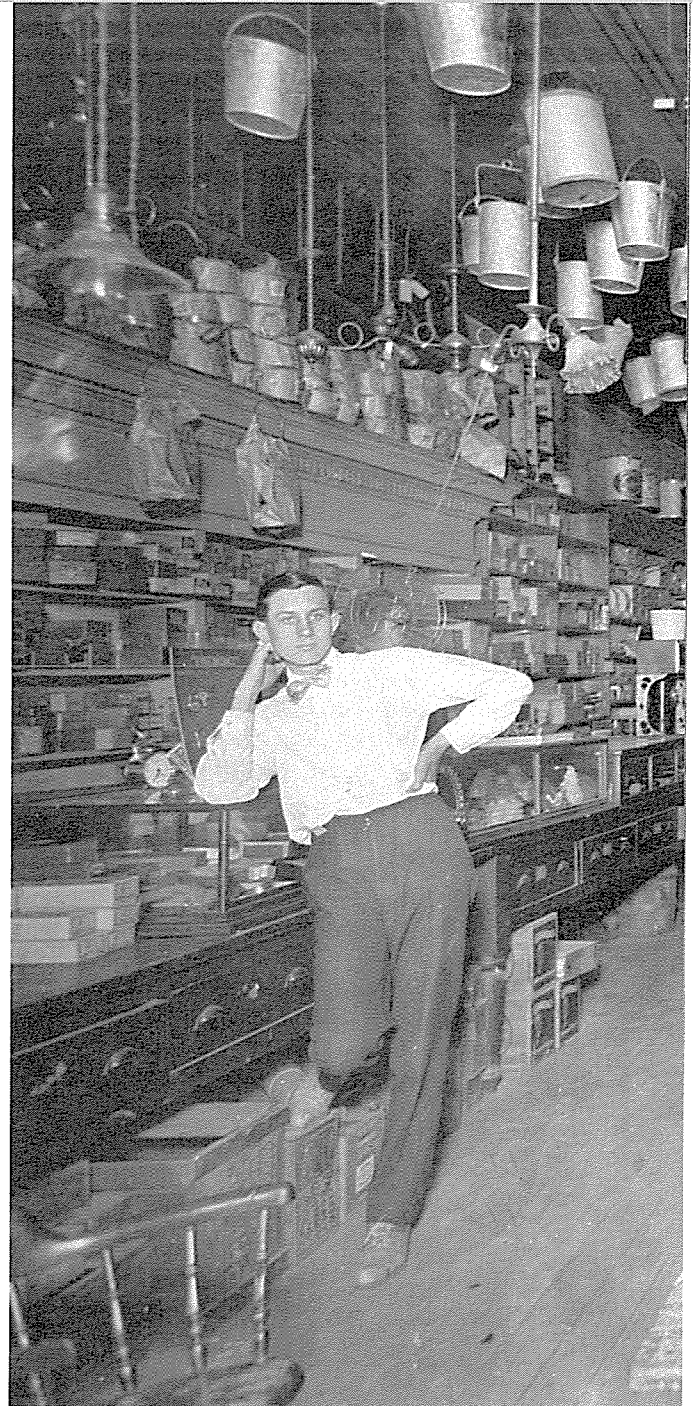
was grabbed by faithful old Bruno as he leaped into the stream and brought her safely to the bank where yours truly was crying and almost frightened to death. Well and faithful work by man's best friend.

Professor Van Scoy was a teacher at the old lap-sided four room frame building schoolhouse on the natural little mound where the brick building now stands, and Charley Ogelsby sat just ahead of Chris Kenney. Chas. had brought two mice from home in a cigar box. After quite a long time I induced Chas. to let me see them, promising not to let them loose, but I opened the box and of course out they jumped. How the girls screamed and several--Inez Kitchen, Bertha Orme, Isa Cook, and Bertha Prim--all climbed on top of the desks. Prof. Van Scoy came down on the run from his desk on the rostrum and said, "Get into your seats!" His long grey beard was flowing as he started to drive the mice to the side door. They run up the wall a bit and the girls screamed. He tried to open the side door but Monk Thrasher had locked it and threw the key out the window. The Prof. was white in the face with rage; he tried to find out who did it but all were loyal to me. No one knew. He said, "If I knew who did this, I'd creek his heels against the ceiling." During the melee the mice got out another door and there was no more bedlam.

He was an extremely kind Prof. and we should have been thrashed.

Narcissa Calvin, an old maid who lived with the Joe Shepherd family, owned the Sergeant R.S. Dunlap ranch on the Old Stage Road North out of town. The late Nan L. Kenney, then Nan I. Lyden, inquired into the possibility of purchasing it, but her father did not think to much about it and discouraged her. The owner only wanted \$2,500 I contend she had wonderful foresight.

After concentrating on the subject, where did my Great Grandfather have the location for the *Table Rock Sentinel*, [I find through] old Court-House records, the location was near the corner of California and Fourth, where the Donegans had the Blacksmith Shop, and that was the *Table Rock Sentinel* office around the middle of the 1850s. The T'Vaults--Elizabeth, Sainty and George



Chris Kenney is shown above looking pensive in a hardware store. He was apparently the clerk in a well-stocked bucket department.

Lycurgus--lived in a log cabin, with stockade around for protection from the Redskins.

My Grandmother, Elizabeth T'Vault, was taken captive by the Indians several times, but was never molested in any way. She could ride a spotted Indian pony (Pinto they were called) bareback, putting her hands on his back and springing to it and she could run off that jargon just like I murder English.

She interpreted for Gen. Joseph Lane many times in his meetings with the Indians. She tried to teach me, but all I

remember was clutchman and cladawaw.

My father, Tom Kenney, was born on the 23rd day of December, 1855. When 6 weeks old, the Indians were driving for an attack on the little town and the men gathered together all women and children, which were few children, and took they in the Bruner Building. It is now the library. It had iron doors and brick walls that were the safest in town and the men with their muskets kept guard. My grandmother, Elizabeth T'Vault Kenney, told me many times, "Don't never let anyone tell you the Indians shot flaming arrows for they never did here."

This Bruner Building, erected in 1855, never had loop holes for the men to shoot out of.

The Redlinger family, Father and Mother and sons George and Frank, lived on the North side of California street opposite the Thomas G. Reames home, and they had on the east side of their house a cherry tree, Royal Anns, very fine eating. One evening at dusk Dick Donegan, Monk Thrasher and the said writer, Chris Kenney, decided to partake of some of those mouth-watering berries with stems. We heard footsteps approaching not to far around, and did we skedaddle, I'd say! The other boys outdistanced me for some uncalled for reason and I could run but to the nearest place of refuge was a deep ditch by the roadside into which I flopped and lo and behold I laid there for an indefinite spell, still as a mouse, thinking they would discover me for I was sure they could hear my heart beat. I just know I was scared out of six weeks growth. Finally after getting nearly numb with cold I crawled very carefully north and soon was up and galloping back towards home. Didn't care about any more Redlinger cherries. My Anna owned this property years after. The old house burned down.

Miles Cantrall (father of Harlan Cantrall who owned the old Chapell-Devlin ranch on Big Applegate west of Ruch left to him by his father) was a school teacher at the first school on the hill in Jacksonville, and the writer, Chris Kenney, was one of his pupils. Miles had made a rule there was to be no whispering and he stepped up unbeknowance to me and grabbed me by the back of the coat and shoulders and, being quite a husky man, deliberately jerked me free of the

seat and my long legs swung to the clear then he gave me a deliberate thrust ahead of him down the aisle. My hands and the position one sits down on were full of slivers from that old worn floor, and I don't mean maybe. I rather forgot, don't think I told it at home, I was mum, seems like I didn't whisper for a spell anyway.

George Hiller Merritt whose home was with his Aunt Issie McCully and Jane Mason McCully, her mother, until her passing, and Issie lived there for years after, was one of my dearest boy friends. George and I were inseparable. He was great for parties and they were so enjoyable. His Uncle James McCully was forest ranger in Klamath County, at Pelican Bay, owned by E.H. Harriman, the Railroad Tycoon. He (George) was put on the end of a Whip-Cracker line at school and he had a broken wrist--so he got a lot of cake and cookies.

J.M. Horton from N.Y. State was Principle at the old lap-sided frame school on the hill where my Father, Tom Kenney, and Mother, Rosa Ulrich Kenney, went to school, but during *my* time at school I also attended this school and our children attended school on the hill but to the 2nd building which was Brick; the 3rd building, still standing, was built up from the gutted first brick.

Prof. Horton became acquainted with one of the Bells of the town, Carrie Crone-miller, whose home was on the property now the Rasmussen Service Station. Courtship finally developed into Marriage. They went to live in the old DeRobam home (across the street from the Armstrong House). He done the wrong thing, we went to Chivaree him and they had slipped out the back door and he and Carrie went to Crescent City for a honeymoon. When he came back he had a house to fumigate for the entire house, up the stairs and where not, was smeared with Limburger cheese. I loved pranks and various kinds of devilment, folks, but this I refused to have a hand in.

Opposite the school grounds was located the Jackson County Shops and Jack Thrasher lived adjoining, a roadbuilder. It was during Prohibition days and August Petard, who had a vineyard in Rich Gulch, made much wine and had many barrels stored in tunnels they had driven in the hill. The authorities confiscated this wine and much of it was

dumped in Daisy Creek that flowed by the Thrasher home. Ida was her given name. She had a number of ducks and of course ducks like water and they were shuffling with their bills here and there and they always drink a lot in no time flat, these ducks became inebriated, it was so amusing they tried to walk and quack-quacked, rolling about similar to a ball. I saw this with my own eyes, never before or since, but it was an interesting sight.

Edward Nunan, son of pioneer Jerry of the General Mdse. store here, rode through town on California to Fifth until in front of the Jackson County Court House, now Jacksonville Museum, when the cynch of the saddle loosed and the saddle turned, Edward Nunan going under the horse. And he got concussion of the brain and lived only a short time.

William Puhl, a barber in the masonic Building lived on Oregon street in the house adjoining Paul Godward's new home; the original residence on that property burned years ago. He kept a cow and us boys decided on Halloween Eve we'd get Bill Puhl's cow and take her to the barber shop. After his family were all fast asleep, we very carefully got Bossy and led her to said shop and after the use of a skeleton key on the lock, the way was clear. We had a bit of difficulty in getting Bossy in such a queer place, but with a bit of bran she was coaxed in her new parlor and we all skedaddled, I'd say! In the morning when Bill came to his shop and saw what was in front of his eyes, he was white with rage. For she had tipped over the barber chair and had newly painted the large mirror, floor and what not. By all rights we all should have been black-snaked, but the gang would not tell on each other so what could be done? Nothing.

Gus Newbury (lawyer) came down town one morning and discovered his law office was located in a different spot. A privy was setting in the intersection at third and California with his sign thereon.



Anna Irene Lyden poses in her graduation dress.

One Halloween, the boys decided to use a bit of soft soap on the tracks of the jerkwater (Rogue River Railway Company) down by the school yards., and I can hear to this day the snorting and puffing with the engine wheels so hot from the friction on the sand let down for traction till there was no use. It just could not make one bit of headway. The train crew had to use gunny sacks to wipe that soft soap off the tracks for 50 yards, the smearing was done in a lasting way. Mr. W.S. Barnum was an angry Gent.

Bum Neuber, owner of the Banquet Saloon, and Marve Taylor, clerk for Jerry Nunan, built a grandstand and bleachers of regulation size on Fifth

street with a high tight board fence completely around it, and had many ball games, foot as well as base. Pat Donegan (blacksmith) and Henry Orth (butcher) were local pitchers as was Bill McIntyre too.

The property occupied by the Rasmussen Garage belonged to Dave Crone-miller who had a blacksmith shop there. Years later Van Galder and Green mined this property and it has always been properly known that \$40,000 was taken in gold from it.

When I was in my early teens, to keep me out of mischief (my grandmother said I was the biggest devil she ever saw, but let anyone else say that and she was ready to give a tongue lashing that would set you in right order) my father gave me some things to do. One in particular was to go after the cow; cows ran at large and they usually was twelve to fifteen that run together. Many people had a cow. The favorite place was Kanacka Flat, sometimes Lillie Prairie. The flat was about 2 miles up Jackson creek on the left side up the sandstone back bone on high ground, and the prairie was several miles up the right hand fork of Jackson creek. Once the Iowa Lumber Company had a sawmill there and the Rogue River Valley Railroad was extended there to haul the cut lumber out. I would get my cow, and of course bring the whole herd as it was next to impossible to just bring one.

Pat Ryan who owned a number of houses and the owner of the two story brick (Jacksonville Inn) was a great believer of taking sun baths, stitchless. His favorite spots was a tree on the premises below the school grounds or on the roof of his brick building.

Us boys often saw him on a very hot summers day with an overcoat on, carrying a lighted lantern.

We would say, "Pat, what you dressed like that and got a lantern lighted for?"

His reply was, "Did you ever hear of the man who got rich attending to his own business?"

He had plenty of money; he was just an odd character.

The Iowa Lumber and Box Company were people from Council Bluffs, Iowa (Hafers and Harts). The Perl Funeral Home in Medford was built for Edgar Hafer

as a home. The I.L. & B. Co. set their planing mill and box factory on property on the west side of North Oregon Street south of the road going to Jacksonville cemetery. It was moved to Medford later to the spot where the Big Pines Lumber Company is today.

Iowa Lumber and Box Co. had a sawmill to produce lumber up Walker creek, west of Jacksonville, and brought cut lumber down by cars on a long tramway to the foot of the road to a flat by the side of Walker Creek to the Fletcher Linn ranch.

Bert Thieroff's son is Owner of the Big Pines Lumber Company. His father came to the valley with the I.L. and B. Co.'s other employees. John Lyden of the old Lyden House was a saw filer and mill right there. Lyden bought the corner property at Oregon and California streets from Tom Kahler, brother of Wes Kahler, a lawyer for the Chinese that mined on Little Applegate. The Wes Kahler law office, a brick, was owned by the late Nan L. Kenney and sold to Murial Painter Enselman [mural painter Henselman). It is owned today by Robertson Collins.

Judge Silas J. Day had an abstract office for years in a small building on the corner of the block built by Jane Mason McCully [and owned land] at the west end of California street across from the Scotch broom on Britt hill. He was coming home one bright moonlight night eve with a lighted lantern, long cape, and heard voices and stopped. My darling Anna and I had taken a walk and sat down in the moonlight to enjoy it. He said, "Is that somebody up there?"

I replied, "Yes, Judge, it's Chris Kenney and wife, enjoying the lovely evening."

"All right," he said and on he went.

Gus Newbury, a very shrewd criminal lawyer, had an office (after teaching in the Jacksonville school), on the west side of the McCully property that matched the Judge Day one. As the saying goes, he was a self-made man, had a son who became a lawyer and was a very promising man in the profession, who was found dead on the slope of Roxy Ann a few years ago in his car. It seemed to be a mystery and was never solved.

Many a time, when a small boy, have I went down one side of California

street with a hand bell, ringing and then calling, "Meeting tonight at the City Hall! Everyone come." Then back up the other side, my pay was fifty cents and that was big pay then.

I have at home a bell just like that one. I really prize this bell for it was used at the famous Lyden House by the mother and father of the Rose of my Life Anna Lyden Kenney to let the public know meals were ready.

James Drum operated a grocery store on California street, and I went in one day to get some gum. I gave him a ten cent piece and he was rather near-sighted and gave me a sun-burnt nickle in change. I said, "Jimmy, this ain't a nickle." It was a \$5 gold piece.

"Here, Chrissie," he always called me, "another piece of gum for being an honest boy."

His head had not a hair on it; it was just like a billiard ball.

A few years after the turn of the century, Anna I. Lyden sought to teach school and was chosen to teach at Applegate school. She had a room at the Benedict home which burned years after. Every week end a young fellow by the name of Chris Kenney, who was seeking the affections of said teacher was Johnny-on-the-spot with a rubber-tired buggy and bay horse, drawing this stick seat buggy, shipped from the Elkart Carriage Company, Elkhart, Indiana, was a fancy rig and we made many happy trips to various places in Jackson county within 20-25 miles. Picnics to Rogue River (the former name was Woodville, now Rogue River) was a very favorite spot, when a hot day was on. The upper Peter Britt ditch was a very popular place for young couples to spend a few hours in each others company. It was shaded by trees of various kinds, grown in old Mother Nature's woods. Peter Britt would not allow any wood to be taken from his lands. Scotch broom grew from his planting and covered quite a space of ground above the Brewery.

Peter Bushey, a Civil War veteran, lived just north of the Fire Hall on North Third. The old Soldiers and Sailors had a reunion and encampment in the Chris Ulrich park, and Bushey with other vets, decided to bring our old brass cannon into use in the old town. Powder was wanted so Tom Johnson, clerk at the Tom Kenney Hard-

ware and Grocery store was contacted at his sleeping quarters in the city brewery of Veit Shutz, and all the Kentucky rifle powder in 1½ pound cans was brought. Richard Donegan, clerk at Jerry Nunan's, brought workmans' sox, then the powder was put in the old brass field piece. The wet sox were rammed down until the rod jumped out of the muzzle and it was pointed, first, at the curb in front of the Banquet Saloon where many men were drinking. It would have been a means of quite a loss of life, but the Vets were persuaded to move it to the intersection of California and Third streets over a fire cystron. A rod was heated to ignite the loose powder at the rear end of the cannon and what a jump that old field piece did make. The roar it did cause. The concussion was so great down Third street that nearly every window pane in the U.S. Hotel was shattered, and even some of the window frames were splintered. Bum Neuber, owner of the Banquet Saloon, footed the bills to replace the glass and frames in the hotel; he also paid for those broken in Beek's bank.

When living on the 4K ranch, we walked down to the Combest place, a mile north of our place. Fred and his mother, Milissa, were there and we visited. All at once a 30-30 carbine barked right in the house and Fred had seen a mouse on the flour barrel. It was mince-meat for he had hit it center. I once saw him shoot the ashes off a cigarette in his brother's mouth.

Mollie Britt baked many a pie in the Lyden House kitchen for they always had a fire there. One day Mollie came down the hill and said, "Oh, Nan, Nan Lyden (the late Anna Lyden Kenney) do come up to my house and hear our Victorola. They had just bought one and had a big assortment of records. Nan and her were very close friends.

G.W. Conklin operated an undertaking parlor in the Orth building for the Medford Furniture and Hardware Furniture Company, living in the Dobbin house. He was overcome by embalming fluid, and his life was saved by the late Anna Lyden Kenney reviving him by smelling salts which she rushed to him.

My grandfather, Daniel Moe Kenney, son of John Kenney of New Orleans, (from a record traced by our daughter, Mrs. J.S. Rood of Brooks Brook, Mile 820, Yukon Territory). Father John

Kenney she was unable to trace [or find] the year he came to Jacksonville, but he was here in time and then departed for Oakland, California, where he remarried and spent the remainder of his days living there. He attained the ripe old age of four score years. My grandfather Daniel Moe Kenney established the first general merchandise and grocery store in a clapboard building on the corner of California and Oregon streets in the year 1855.

It was quite amusing to see Wm. Bybee, Sr., stop at the corner of Oregon and California streets when Cap Caton had the saloon there to wash his false teeth in the horse trough at the pump on that corner.

Oliver Harbaugh lived in a two story house on the north side of Academy street across from the school house and when he was 91 years old, he came up town in the middle of the winter without a coat on and stepped along like a young bird as light footed as you please to get to a place of refreshment and there were ½ dozen of them to get the first Cyrus Noble. It was free, and I've heard him say, "Yes, by God, Chrissie--he always called me that--I've drank 40 barrels of whiskey in my lifetime." I never saw him inebriated; he was just pickled.

John F. Miller had a sister, Tillie. Her husband was Dr. J.W. Robinson, and his other sister Mollie was the wife of K.K. Kubli, Jr. Kubli was a great baseball player, a catcher, who took the ball before it got to the batter when that was permissible.

Philip Miller, brother to John Miller, Jr., committed suicide at the Miller ranch on Miller gulch a few miles west of Jacksonville. They had a hydraulic mine there. He leaped off a high bank on the rocks below and had concussion of the brain.

J.W. Wilkerson's father Edward owned and operated a butcher shop on the northside of Main Street in Medford, Swems Gift and Book store has operated there for years. His mother was Flora Orth. John W. was born in the north room of the John Orth two-story brick, built in the year 1868 on the corner of Main and Third streets. The late Nan L. Kenney bought this brick house in the early 1940s from Russel Guillion.

She owned at one time all the balance of the block, but 50x100, which belonged to W.S. Sparks and his sister, Marguerite Fields.

William G. T'Vault was born on the hi seas and my grandmother told me many times it was a man's privilege if born as said to name his own country. He took the grand old USA as the land of his birth. Many incidents that have happened in old Jacksonville were related to me by my very dear old Grandmother, Elizabeth T'Vault Kenney, when I was in my teens but I did not realize the fact. If I had only jotted down in a diary a lot they would have been very valuable to posterity.

Elizabeth T'Vault Kenney had two sons, Thomas Joseph and William Green, and one daughter, Rhoda, who married Dan Cardwell. The Cardwell home was 7½ acres east and adjoining the Jacksonville school on the hill and the Heuner's new ranch on the east side of Jacksonville. Heuner Lane, the road leading to it, was named from the last owners of this farm. A son of the Cardwells, William, was a very prominent lawyer in Roseburg until passing on. He had on the side as a hobby a very noted race horse, "King Cole," by name and a fine prune orchard.

The Rose of my life, Anna Lyden Kenney, when we lived in the house that was burned by an arsonist, had some Toulouse geese, better than watch dogs. Ralph Jennings, Sheriff, lived in the adjoining house and said more than once, coming home late, he could never sneak in but those dam geese let out their blood-curdling noise that would wake the dead. Ida, wife of Jack Thrasher, a Jackson County road master, was to see my darling one day and decided to go through the back yard gate. Darling warned her of the ugly old gander, and she said, "Oh, I'm not afraid of him." He grabbed her by the calf of the leg and she yelled for mercy. My dear said her leg was black and blue where the old devil bit her.

Mary Foster Lyden, mother of the Rose of my life, Anna Lyden Kenney, passed on in April of 1907. Soon thereafter Anna went east to visit her sister, Elizabeth Abernathy (Helen?) in Detroit, Michigan. The first of September, 1907, Chris Kenney, after four years of her company, journeyed there and on September 25, 1907, we were married by

Rev. Locke of the Episcopalian church at her sister's house.

After 58 years of happy married life, I have met sorrow and must learn to live with it.

We Kenneys, Nan, Donald, Fosma and I, Chris Kenney, lived on 35 acres of land, filed on as a homestead in 1914, and proved up with a patent, signed by President Wilson. Our transportation was a white mule, Becky, with a small one-animal wagon. The distance to Jacksonville was 20 miles and we made it in 7 hours so there was no speeding.

Yale creek ran through the place and fishing was usually good, wood pheasant and an occasional greysquirrel were cooked to a Q.T. by an excellent cook, the rose of my life Anna. She could use a 30-30 carbine, and several mavricks (illegal deer) were brought down by her with that firearm.

And what I mean my darling could cure hams and bacon with brown sugar rubbed in the meat. Did she know how to make bread? No Chinaman's dream either. One thing I nearly overlooked was chickens and we had a nice flock, a sow had a litter of 11 pigs once, but we had to butcher her for she got to picking up baby chicks and eating them like chocolate drops.

Our (the Kenney) homestead we called the 4K ranch. Don, Fosma, Nan and Chris. One day Nan and I took a stroll up to the deer lick and there stood a six pt. buck. I was quite a ways off, but pumped a shot broadside at him. Down he went but up and off. We looked and looked, and I remarked, "Guess I didn't get him."

Nan said, "Let's look. I'm sure you killed him."

He was so fat the small holes the shot made closed up. My honey waited and I went back to the ranch and brought our faithful horse Babe and we loaded it on the saddle with her not one bit frightened and then I hung it from a cross log in the Barn to skin and dress. The chickens got the head and the hogs cared for offalls.

A sheriff of Jackson county once was at our table when we had fried mavrick.

Guy Lawton, once a deputy game warden I knew well, was up to the ranch pretending to be prospecting. I said, "Hell, Guy, miners don't prospect in



Frances Kenney Vilas, sister of Chris Kenney winter. If you can find any mavrick, hop to it." We had some but I knew he could never find it. I had it hung up a tree in the gulch.

The first plane that ever flew over the ranch frightened Babe so she stood stiff legged and her tail straight up.

Father dwelt in furs, hides and pelts, and had a room on the main floor of the Masonic Bldg in Jacksonville on Oregon street, rented, where the kitchen now is and I've seen it full to the ceiling with hides and etc. as of above.

T.J. "Tom" Kenney had his home built on Third street, across the street from the St. Joseph's Catholic Church, by Art Nichalson, architect Fred Weeks, of Weeks and Orr, Medford. The contract price was \$1320, the year 1898.

Silas J. Day, abstractor and legal adviser, who had an office at the McCully house yard, had a home at the bridge west of town. A freshet in old Jackson creek went in his back door and out the front door, even though he had a breakwater built, so he hit for high ground to live on the corner of Main and First streets.

Silas had a son Elmer and his father wouldn't allow him to go to the circus so he rigged a shot gun to pull the trigger and blew the top of his head off.



The late Nan L. Kenney

Silas also had a daughter Mame who assisted her father in his office for many years. She married Henry Dox, C.C. Beekman's accountant, and a daughter, Pearl, was born. [She was Myrtle Pearl Lee, the first curator of the Jacksonville Museum.]

Frank Zell operated the city museum and sold articles and pocketed the cash. He was little use to the public and that's no Chinaman's dream.

The favorite spot to dump confiscated liquor during Prohibition was a city cistern on the courthouse grounds. A lot of choice liquor was however dumped down the alimentary canals of city officials and their friends.

Earnest Foreman, a remittance man from England, had a team and buggy and while living at Buncom made many trips to Jacksonville, and he never failed to load up on Scotch whiskey. He was often picked up by farmers going home as he looped the lines of his team over the dash board and when he got out of the buggy, the team went right on home without him.

Chris Kenney died in April 1971, six years after the death of Nan, the rose of his life. Five years before she died, Nan lost her mind and Chris tended her faithfully, devoting all his time to her care. Fosma, the daughter, recently donated family memorabilia to SOHS. She lives in a rest home. The W.G. T'Vault strain didn't last very long, but the literary outpourings from Chris will keep the name from fading.

Notice



The Medford Centennial Corporation

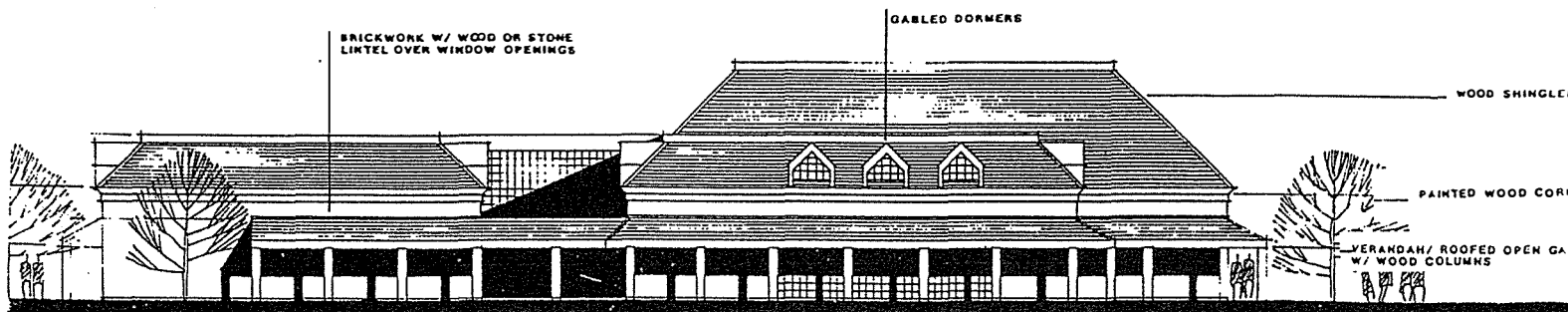
is proud to announce the publication of the
MEDFORD CENTENNIAL HISTORICAL BOOK

by Kay Atwood and Marjorie O'Harra

This is a paperback book of 112 pages and contains 90 historical pictures of early Medford. It is available at all book stores or can be obtained by calling the Medford Centennial Office (Suite One, Medford 97501) 779-0353

It is priced at \$9.95.





**SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MULTI-PURPOSE BUILDING**

AFSETH, JACOBS & SCHMITZ ARCHITECTS

A Dream Come True!

After years of planning, your society has announced plans for the construction of a new multi-purpose facility in Jacksonville. A model was unveiled at the society's 30th Annual Meeting on May 17 at Nendel's Inn, Medford.

The plans were made public by the society's retiring president, Richard Orr. "We've been planning and working for the past ten years and our plans are at last becoming a reality," said Orr. "Our society has established public education as its top priority for the future and this new facility will enable us to do the best possible job in meeting that objective," Mr. Orr said.

Nick Clark, the society's executive director, said that the new facility would serve three main purposes:

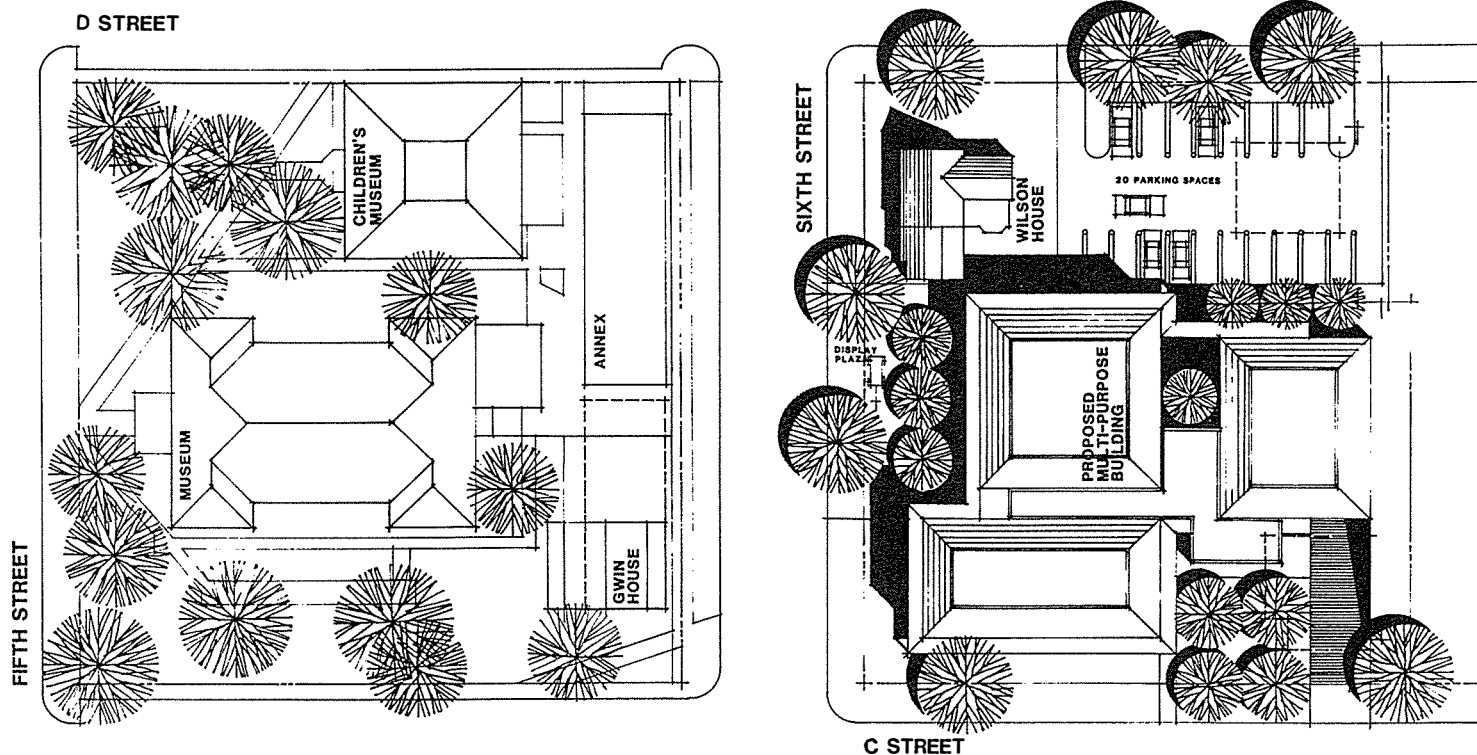
1. New exhibit space.
2. Consolidation of staff offices.
3. A much enlarged research facility.

"Exhibit space in the new building will double the amount of area available to tell the story of Jackson County's development. We will redesign the Jacksonville Museum exhibit spaces at the same time we design the new exhibit spaces. That will enable visitors to walk through our county's history learning of the Native Americans who were here, the Gold Rush Era, pioneer farming, transportation, the orchard industry and lumbering," said Clark. The society also plans to include an orientation theatre in the Jacksonville Museum. Visitors will enter the theatre and see a 10 to 12 minute slide presentation on the history of Jackson County before visiting museum exhibits. "The orientation will

set the stage for our visitors," according to Clark.

From the theatre, visitors will go to the office's of the Circuit Court Judge where they will meet a living history character representing Judge Hiero K. Hanna, who presided over the Jackson County Court during the late 1800's. The actor/interpreter will tell visitors the history of the courthouse and about the county officers and functions that were a part of life in the courthouse. "We think visitors will enjoy having that portion of our past brought to life," said Clark.

For the past several years, the society's research library has continued to collect important photographs, family histories, diaries, books, letters and commercial records. "Our collection has far outgrown the three tiny rooms that have been assigned to the research library," said Orr. "We now have a huge collection of glass plate negatives, photographs on paper, thousands of books and boxes and boxes of documents. Our collection is stored in a number of different buildings and is not in climate controlled conditions," Mr. Orr said. "During the past year we have experienced a three-fold increase in patron use and there are currently only four work stations in the library. We cannot serve the public without larger quarters," said Orr. In planning the new building, the society allowed enough space for 20 persons in a public reading room. There will also be about 4,500 sq. ft. of stack storage area. "We're set for another 25 to 50 years with this new facility," said Orr.



Site plan showing current museum buildings and proposed additions.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MULTI-PURPOSE BUILDING
AFSETH, JACOBS & SCHMITZ - ARCHITECTS

Clark said that the new library would have climate control to insure that objects would last the maximum amount of time. "We're also going to install the best fire protection equipment to preserve our irreplaceable heritage," according to Clark.

At the present time, Clark said that staff members were scattered over a three block area in eight different structures. "This makes for very poor communication and a lot of wasted time in driving and walking from building to building on business matters," said Clark. We feel that the society can save a lot of time and increase productivity by putting the staff in one location," according to Clark. The society does not presently own any of the historic houses it occupies but it is responsible for maintaining the buildings, as well as heating and cooling. Clark said that some of the properties would probably be turned over to the county which has agreed to either rent the properties to private businesses or individuals or sell them with historic facade easements. With the easement in effect, new owners could never change the exterior of the house but could remodel the interiors for business or residential use.

"In that way, Jacksonville and the county would both receive new revenue from taxes. County ownership of much of the property in Jacksonville has placed an extra burden on townsfolks and we're hopeful that this solution will help," Clark said.

Afseth, Jacobs and Schmitz, Architects, of Medford were chosen to design the new facility. The primary architect for the new building will be Lorin Jacobs. Jacobs and his partners spent a considerable amount of time in Jacksonville studying the architectural characteristics of historical buildings before proposing the design. The firm's concept was chosen from three submitted by local and state architects.

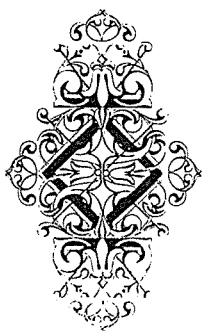
"We feel that we have incorporated many of Jacksonville's strongest architectural concepts in this building," said Jacobs. The porch which surrounds the entire structure is quite common on California Avenue. It will protect visitors from the hot summer sun and the cold winter rain. It will also prevent any direct sunlight from coming into the building which is a main concern. We wanted lots of windows so visitors could



L to R Lorin Jacobs, architect, Nick Clark, executive director, and Dick Orr retiring president of the S.O.H.S. reveal model to those attending the Annual Dinner.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD BERNINGHAUSEN

Society members look over the model of the proposed new facility in Jacksonville.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD BERNINGHAUSEN



walk along the building at night and see into the exhibit galleries. "I've seen people looking into our other buildings at 8:00 or 9:00PM during the summer and it's a way of serving the public without providing a staff person," said Orr.

In the basement of the structure, the society will locate a conservation laboratory for the repair of wood, metal and glass objects (the paper conservatory is located in the new archive facility at White City.) In addition, the society's maintenance and preservation department will have a complete workshop in the basement of the building, which will have a sloping ramp to allow vehicle access.

Plans also call for a parking lot that will accommodate about 20 cars on the south side of the structure. In the front, and at both sides, there will be landscaped areas which will be available for out-of-door exhibits and shows in the summer.

"We will spend the next two months in the design phase, with presentations to the Jacksonville Historical and Architectural Review Committee and the Jacksonville Planning Commission during the month of July. In August, we'll write the specifications and call for bids and hopefully begin construction in September or October," said Orr.

"We are very pleased that we will not have to ask for an increase in the society's one-quarter of one mill historical tax," said Orr. For the past 10 years, the society has been systematically saving for the construction of a new facility and it currently has about \$1 million to spend on construction. Clark said that the society would be going to the community in the fall to ask for financial assistance with the new exhibits and with furnishings. "We will mount a community effort to raise about \$350,000 for the project," according to Clark.

Everyone in attendance agreed that the new facility was "A Dream Come True!"



Society News



Executive Director's Report Nick Clark

May 17 was full of wonderful experiences for those who attended the Annual Meeting. In addition to the announcement about our new building, we were also pleased to honor Bert Stancliff on his 100th birthday!

Bert was presented with a cake on which 100 lighted candles gleamed. With one big "blow" Bert extinguished the blaze before the fire department was called. We were so pleased to be a part of this happy celebration.

In honor of the occasion, Bert was made an honorary Trustee of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Many more happy birthdays Bert!

Speaking of birthdays, Miss Mary Hanley celebrated her 93rd birthday on May 3. When I asked Mary what flavor birthday cake she wanted, she said she'd been having cake long enough. "How about lemon pie?" she asked. And lemon pie it was! Many more happy birthdays Mary!

+++++

During the summer we hope to have "Greeters" stationed on the first and second floor of the museum during operational hours. These volunteers will answer questions posed by visitors and provide them with a friendly smile of welcome. If you can give any amount of time to this project, please call Marge Herman, 899-1847 and offer your services. I know you'll want to join me in making our visitors feel very much "at home."

Bert Stancliff prepares to blow out the 100 candles on his birthday cake as his wife Katheryn looks on.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD BERNINGHAUSEN



YOU'RE INVITED TO HELP BERT CELEBRATE!

Bert and Kathryn Stancliff take pleasure in asking all of their friends to attend Bert's 100th Birthday Party on Saturday, June 29, 1985. The celebration will be held in the Phoenix High School Auditorium from 1:00 until 5:00PM.

Bert is a remarkable individual having been born and lived most of his life right in Phoenix. We hope you'll join us in helping Bert rejoice in these 100 years of life in the Rogue Valley.

+++++

VOLUNTEERS HONORED AT LUNCHEON

The Southern Oregon Historical Society honored its volunteers at a luncheon held May 23 at Nendel's Inn. There were 103 present. Marge Herman, volunteer coordinator, announced that society volunteers had given nearly 17,000 hours during the year and thanked those present for their service. Barbara Carey, Assistant for Special Projects in Governor Atiyeh spoke to volunteers on the importance of their role in today's busy society.

Following the luncheon, Nick Clark, executive director, announced special awards for those attaining 100, 250, 500, 750, and over 1,000 hours of service. Dick Orr, junior past president of the society and Robert Butler, new society president, presented the awards.

Marge Herman proudly announced that during the past four months, more than 80 persons had taken training to become new members of the Friends Of The Museum and that that group had already given several hundred hours of service.

There were volunteers present representing each department in the society, a fine achievement, indeed. The Southern Oregon Historical Society is very proud of its volunteers. We couldn't exist without your assistance. With plans for more educational programs and a new museum building, it will become more and more essential that we have a great volunteer group. We'll look forward to adding lots of new members to Friends Of The Museum.

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, VOLUNTEERS!

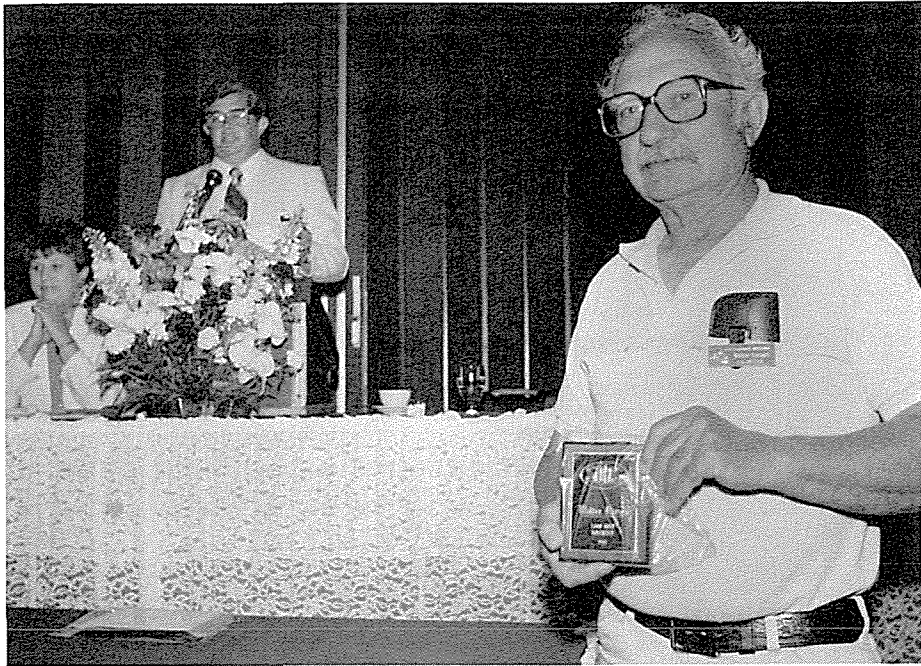
PHOTOGRAPH BY NATALIE GEIGER

LtoR - Marcie Nickerson, Nan Hannon and Jeanne Fowden enjoy recounting their service to the society during the annual volunteer appreciation luncheon.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NATALIE GEIGER

Nick Clark, executive director, announces to those assembled at the volunteer luncheon that Walt Larsen has given more than 1,000 hours of volunteer service to the society. Walt works with the exhibit and collections department.



SOCIETY TO TOUR COVERED BRIDGES

Members and friends of the Southern Oregon Historical Society are invited to take a tour of Jackson County covered bridges on Saturday, June 22, 1985. An air-conditioned bus will leave from the parking lot behind the Jacksonville Museum at 9:00AM.

From the museum, we'll travel the Old Stage Road to Rogue River and then up Evans Creek to Wimer. We'll then back track a little and head for the Antelope Creek Covered Bridge and the Lost Creek Covered Bridge. From Lost Creek we'll travel into the Apple-gate Valley and visit the McKee Covered Bridge.

Scott Clay, a member of the society's Historic Preservation Committee, will accompany the group and provide historical information. At one time, there were more than 100 covered bridges in Jackson County. The four bridges the group will visit are the only ones remaining today.

The tour will cost \$10 per person and those taking the trip should wear comfortable walking shoes and bring a sack lunch. Reservations are limited to 40 people and must be in by Wednesday, June 19. You may call 899-1847 to reserve a seat on the bus.

THE WILLOWS SOCIAL TO BE HELD JULY 28

The second annual social at The Willows (Hanley Farm) will be held on Sunday, July 28, 1985 from 11:00AM until 5:00PM. Last year more than 900 people toured the grounds and enjoyed exhibits including steam engines, old-time fiddlers, weavers and spinners.

We'll announce the full schedule of events in next month's newsletter but keep July 28, clear on your calendar!

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- June 23 - Sunday Social Band Concert. Music by the Ashland Silver Cornet Band on the porch of Chappell-Swedenberg House Museum, corner of Mountain and Siskiyou, Ashland. 2:00pm until 3:00pm. Reception and tour of museum following concert.
- June 27 - S.O.H.S. Bus Tour To Astoria. Tour will visit the Captain Flavel House, The Columbia River Maritime Museum and Fort Clatsop National Memorial. Deadline for reservation is June 21. Cost is \$115.00 double room, \$145.00 private room.
- June 29
- July 4 - Ashland Fourth of July Celebration. Parade at 10:00AM. Includes a run and events in Lithia Park following the parade. Fireworks in the evening.
- July 6 - "A Century Of Sitting" an exhibit of chairs showing style changes and trends from the 1850's thru the early 20th Century. Pinto Theatre in the Children's Museum, Jacksonville.
- July 13 Jacksonville Quilters Quilt Show in the U. S. Hotel Ballroom, Jacksonville.
to For more information, call Dora Scheidecker at 899-7009.
- July 21



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THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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