
THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



Cover

Children are natural photographic stars. For the camera they display a naturalness and grace seldom found in pictures of adults. This issue of the *Table Rock Sentinel* features a collection (pages 18, 19, 20) from the library files. Many of them will be familiar to you from previous issues. The serious model on the cover is Regina Dorland Robinson; the little girl above is Ruth Luy who grew up in southern Oregon, graduated from high school in Medford and was director of a dancing school for many years.



THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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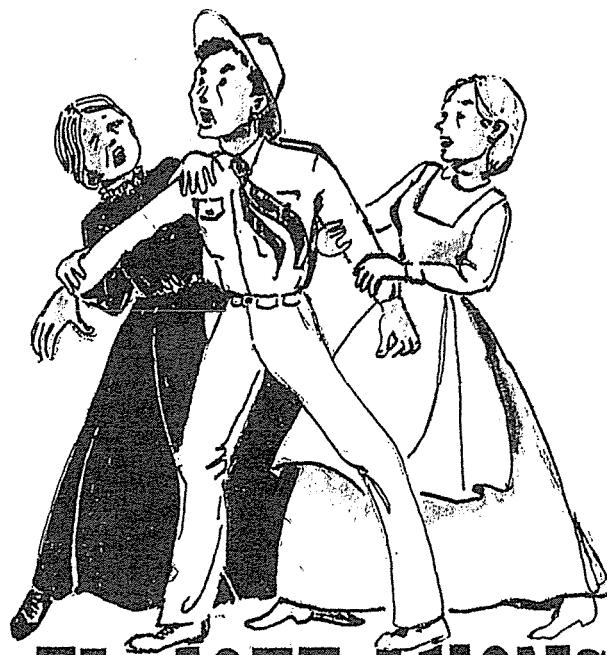
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THE CASE OF EDWARD ELLIOTT LYONS

Although this murder took place in Lane County, the previous petty crimes committed by Edward Elliott Lyons had occurred in southern Oregon, and the murderer was well known in Jackson and Josephine counties. The case was given full coverage by the local newspapers and gave Chas. Nickell, Editor of the *Jacksonville Democratic Times*, full opportunity to exercise his style of subjective journalism.

It'd be a dam'good thing if Jackson County crooks stayed in southern Oregon. Lane County already had its quota. But let a southern Oregon lawbreaker escape and he headed for the Willamette valley. Of course, it worked both ways. This Lyons fellow had been a deputy sheriff in Eugene when he had first been nabbed for embezzlement in 1901 and after he'd served a year in the pen he high-tailed it for the southern part of the state.

Lyons was just naturally crooked; he couldn't keep his nose clean. He committed petty robberies and made crooked deals in Central Point, Grants Pass and Jacksonville, but he always seemed able to keep a jump ahead of the authorities.

Not this time. This time he stole horses in Central Point and tried to sell them to a farmer in the same neighborhood. He was bound to be caught.

And caught he was. The sheriff of Jackson county, Joe Rader, was a livewire

and he ran him down and arrested him and took him to the hoosegow in Jacksonville. But Lyons was a slick one, and he didn't have to be very tricky to get away from Constable Cronemiller. He pulled one of his shenanigans, locked the constable in a back cell, and hit out for Eugene where he'd left his wife and his mother a year or so earlier.

When Sheriff W.W. Withers was notified that Lyons was once again in Lane County, he knew where to look. He got a warrant for Lyon's arrest, saddled up his horse and headed out for the Siuslaw River where Lyons had a cabin about thirty miles from Eugene. He figured Lyons had never been considered really dangerous and was just a small-time crook, but it always pays to be careful so he took along a couple of deputies.

Once they arrived at Lyon's shack, Withers tied up his horse, reached for the warrant and banged on the door. There was a lot of scurrying around in-

side and considerable whispering, but after a moment the door opened and Mrs. Lyons, a nice enough looking lady, appeared at the door. Withers explained his duty and showed her the warrant. She backed up to the kitchen table and the sheriff followed her into the room where Lyon's mother stood by the kitchen range.

Withers was apologizing for his unannounced visit when suddenly both women started crying and wailing and rushed him. They grabbed his arms and the older lady hollered, "Don't take my son! Don't take my son," as Mrs. Lyons wailed, "He didn't do anything!"

Withers, with both arms pinioned to his sides, could not make use of his revolver, and he started to say, "Edward Lyons, you are under arrest for..." when Lyons drew a 44 calibre pistol from his belt, took aim, and deliberately shot the defenseless officer.

The ball entered the throat and lodged in the spine as Withers slumped to the floor between the two women. Lyons then turned and walked out the front door and made his escape into the woods before the two stunned deputies had time to get off their horses.

The next day posters were up announcing one thousand dollars had been placed on the murderer's head, and most of Eugene and a lot of citizens from southern Oregon armed themselves, packed some grub and set out in pursuit. It didn't take long to find the fugitive. Charles Nickell, editor of the *Jacksonville Democratic Times*, took his usual biased stand, staunchly on the side of law and order, and reported the capture:

HOW CAPTURE WAS MADE

Murderer Lyons is cowering in a cell in the jail at Eugene, and the town is quieting down after days of such excitement as that county has never known.

Lyons was caught Monday morning on a freight train going south, near Creswell. This is 12 miles south of Eugene.

The people of Creswell and vicinity were on the lookout for any suspicious-looking man who might prove to be the hunted outlaw. About 3:30 Monday morning a posse of men consisting of Ed. Parsons, James Staub, James Law, Wm. Buoy, James Neland, Bill Veach and Wm. Miller, were near the Southern Pacific railroad station just as a southbound freight was pulling out. Someone noticed a man, who at once proved to be Lyons, running down the track. The posse got into Mr. Veach's wagon, drove with great haste to where the train was pulling out and motioned the engineer to stop the train. The engineer seemed to

know what was wanted and stopped instantly. The men then clambered out of the wagon, rushed toward Lyons, who was just then in the act of climbing into an empty freight car, and ordered him to throw up his hands. The order was quickly complied with, as there was nothing else to do.

Lyons had discarded his weapons and was trying to pass himself off for a hobo. He was at once securely bound, placed in a carriage and started to Eugene. Care was taken to avoid the news of the capture from reaching that city. In case this was done the party no doubt would have been met by an infuriated crowd of citizens and the prisoner promptly lynched. On arriving at the outskirts of the city one of the rigs containing the party, drove ahead to notify Sheriff Fisk, while the one containing Lyons was driven slowly.

The large crowd on the streets, whose sole topic of conversation was the probable capture of the fugitive by the posse, upon the receipt of the news rushed to the jail; but the man they wished to get hold of had been securely locked behind strong iron bars and men with double-barreled shotguns and rifles guarded the door of the jail.

ADMITTED HIS GUILT

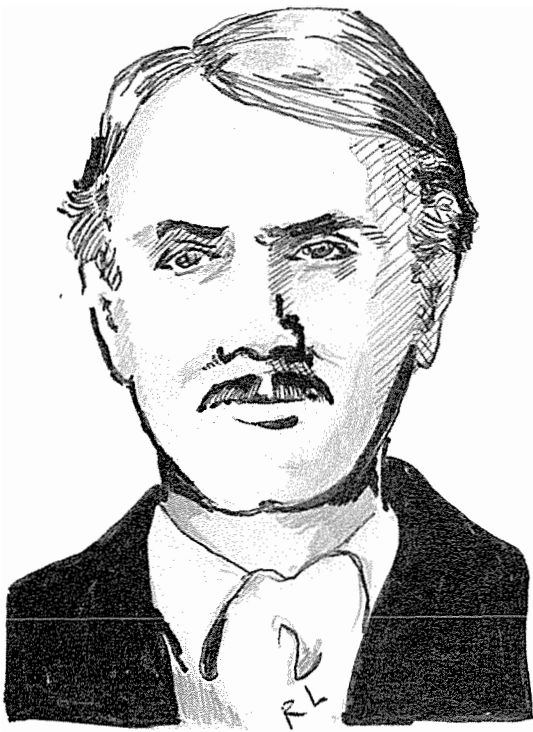
When the posse covered Lyons with their guns and he was secured he exclaimed: "Well, it's all up; I am done for; I am your man." On the way down to Eugene he talked to his captors about the shooting. He said he had made up his mind that the first man who drew his gun on him was going to get shot. "And Withers was the man," said Lyons. He stated that his wife did not have hold of the sheriff when he was shot, but that she was holding him (Lyons).

MRS. LYONS IN JAIL

Mrs. Lyons, wife of the murderer, was brought into Eugene Saturday night and turned over to Constable Smith. She was at once taken before Justice of the Peace Wintermeier, and charged with being "an accessory to a felony," the charge having been made out previous to the sheriff's death. No doubt after the coroner's jury returns a verdict the charge will be murder in the second degree made against her. Mrs. Lyons was taken to the county jail and placed in the women's cell, where she now remains. As she was being taken there she loudly protested and her shrieks and moans attracted a large crowd.

"I didn't know my husband would shoot," she wailed, "and I only wanted to protect him from being shot by the sheriff. I was excited and didn't know what I was doing."

It's odd how an observer suddenly sees changes in a person's characteristics and facial features once he has become a criminal. The felon appears to develop a shifty eye, an animal-like slope to his forehead and a characterless chin. He may have been around town the day before and looked no more treacherous than anyone else, but today he's developed a criminal expression and a guilty



Edward Elliott Lyons

shuffle. Sheriff Story of Multnomah County looked in on the outlaw and told reporters, "I can say that he does not look like a criminal, but instead, more like an idiot. His cheek-bones are high and his chin comes to a point; there does not seem to be the firmness about him that you usually find in a criminal. He does not seem capable of weighing things as keenly as many men you would meet...I rather unceremoniously remarked to him that he had got himself into a pretty bad mess, and made it as strong as possible, in order to make him feel bad, and he replied that he could not help it now.

"What did you shoot a sheriff for, when you ought to have known the result?" I asked him, and he replied that he did not know himself.

On the evening of March 2, Lyons was brought into court and arraigned. He was nervous and had lost his pretense at bravado and his sandy complexion had turned sallow during his time in jail. The officers were careful to shield him from the onlookers who were still angry, sullen and ready to turn into a mob at the least opportunity. For this reason the hour of Lyons' appearance was kept from the general public, and the men standing around in groups did not know for certain who he was.

When it became known that Lyons was to

appear, the courtroom filled rapidly. He was unshackled at the door and led to a seat. When the judge called the case, the prisoner had to be half dragged to the bar where the District Attorney read the indictment of murder. The *Times* reported eloquently:

MURDERER LYONS WAS CONVICTED

HIS SPEEDY EXECUTION IS QUITE PROBABLE
AS HE HAS NO DEFENSE.

The prisoner had tears in his eyes when he answered to his name, and during the reading of the indictment scalding tears coursed down his face, and but for the deputies who stood beside him Lyons would have fallen to the floor. He wept silently as he was taken out and put in the jail again. The court appointed Geo. B. Dorris* to appear for the prisoner.

The most exciting and dramatic event of the entire trial was occasioned by the appearance of the aged and helpless mother and father of Elliott Lyons. The former was carried into court on pillows and was attended by several ladies. (She had been in considerably better health a month before when she had scuffled with Sheriff Withers and held his arm to keep him from reaching his gun.) Tears came to the prisoner's eyes when he saw his mother. She testified somewhat differently concerning the events in the house. She said she never touched him, but pleaded with him to know the reason for the arrest. Lyons testified to the same tidings.

The case was argued briefly and submitted to the jury. The trial had begun in the evening and the hour was already late, so the members of the panel wasted little time. They were back with a verdict of guilty in less than half an hour.

"Mr. Lyons, come forward," commanded the judge. The prisoner waited until the sheriff put his hand on his shoulder, then he stood up with his hat in his hand. His chin trembled with the repressed desire to sob.

"Mr. Lyons," said Judge Hamilton, "have you anything to say why the court should not pass sentence upon you in accordance with the law and the verdict of the jury which has found you guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree?"

The prisoner shifted his weight, and then threw back his head. He began making grimaces and facial contortions and managed to speak in a low voice with great difficulty. "I don't know why I fired the shot," he said. "I hesitated a long time and he ought to have seen my

* George Dorris was the husband of Emma Arilia Hoffman of Jacksonville, one of Squire Hoffman's six daughters.

gun. The deputies should have come in and I wouldn't have fired. It was their fault. I--I didn't mean to do it."

With his last words his voice sank to a murmur and he lowered his head and stared at the floor. The reporter wrote, "He was a despicable specimen of humanity. It is too bad Mr. Withers had to be killed by such a weak coward."

As soon as the prisoner had uttered his last words, the judge spoke out in a clear tone, his voice ringing in the courtroom. "Mr. Lyons, you wantonly took the life of a good and faithful man, a life you could not replace, and which has gone to eternity as a result of your proven act."

The *Times* continued:

"The life belonged to an officer of the law, who, at the time, was in the faithful performance of his duty. What has been done is past, and you have been found guilty by a jury of your peers of the crime of murder."

"The verdict handed in by the jury was fully warranted by the evidence brought in. You are, beyond a shadow of a doubt, guilty of this murder. It will not do to say that the crime was the fault of any other person. You said, 'Any person attempting to get the drop on me does not value his life.' You took life under this circumstance, and you alone are responsible. You have come to the end to which all criminals of your kind eventually come -- to the commission of some crime which effectually removes you from the pale of society."

"It is now but a short time until you will be no more on this earth as a living being. I therefore abjure you to see to your mental preparation for your death."

"This court has an unpleasant duty to perform. The sentence of this court is that on Friday, April 17th, between the hours of 9 AM and 4 PM in the court yard of the jail, witnessed by at least 12 bona-fide citizens, you hang by the neck until dead. May God have mercy on your soul."

The prisoner did not exhibit any emotion. He stood still until the sheriff turned him around to take him back to jail. He then gave a great sigh as if his last hope was gone.

There must be times in a death cell when the entire drama seems to be a pernicious dream and the dreamer must struggle to awaken. As a victim of his own misdeeds he must go through a gamut of emotions--anger, fear, regret and despair. Resentment must be uppermost in his mind. He will show them; he will take his own life and fool them. Probably his acceptance of the clergy who hasten to offer him salvation springs from his fear of burning forever in hell. Usually, though, dumb resignation takes over, the reporters call it courage

and the doomed actor leaves the scene with some respect.

THREATENED TO SUICIDE

To some he said that the gallows would never be the cause of his death. He said that on the morning which would be his last he would not have to go up the little stairs to the hangman's knot. But Lyons was too closely watched by the death watch who stayed by his side for several days. He never made the attempt to commit suicide, as he knew it was probably useless to do so.

THE LAST NIGHT

During the last night of the prisoner's life he slept soundly the whole night long. He retired early and was soon asleep and rested as one having no reason to think that the morrow would be the date for the end of his earthly life. The death watch eyed him continuously; but he gave them no reason to think he had designs to cheat the rope of the sentence of the law.

He arose at 5:30 o'clock, and then without any sign of nervousness chatted with his guards and stretched himself with a possible attempt to appear at ease.

His breakfast consisted of a generous supply of ham and eggs which he ate without the least diminished appetite. Every morsel of food was consumed and the coffee of which he was quite fond went the same way.

He asked for no drugs of any kind, but accepted the consolation of religion as ministered by several pastors.

LYONS PRAYED

In the cell a few minutes before the time of death Lyons was on his knees by the side of three ministers of the gospel. They were praying fervently and the officers respectfully awaited with bowed heads for the "Amen," before proceeding to strap the prisoner.

When the minister had finished, Lyons' voice was raised in prayer. He offered a really splendid petition, remembering his wife, his children, his parents and all his friends, in words which were uttered on trembling lips. It was the only time he showed signs of breaking down. He wept bitterly as he prayed and bowed his head upon the bed, and as he finished and uttered his "amen" the keys of the deputy rattled in the lock.

The guards assisted him to don his coat and vest. A pretty rose adorned his coat lapel. The tears were dried away, and he sat straight and resigned as the straps were placed about his limbs. His eyes were closed and his breath came and went rapidly, his knees trembling as he supported himself by holding to the iron bars of the door.

At 9 o'clock Sheriff Fred Fisk entered the jail and the cell where Lyons had been confined and read to him the death warrant issued by the circuit court. As he read, the prisoner paid close attention to the reading. Rev. Green and Rev. Handsaker were in the cell with the prisoner, and the latter lay stretched upon his bed in his shirt sleeves, clean shaven but for his well-groomed mustache, and with little nervousness.



Sheriff Fred Fisk

He was asked to sit up to listen to the warrant read. At first he did not understand but was assisted by the guards at his side to sit on the edge of the bed. The toll of the clock on the courthouse striking nine o'clock was the death knell to the doomed prisoner, and as its sounds entered the gloom of the cell he bowed his head slightly while the men of the gospel prayed in silence by his side upon their knees.

As the reading was finished he made some inaudible remark and again sank back upon his couch, and the bars closed before him to be opened again in a few moments to let him breathe the air of partial freedom on his short walk to the scaffold.

The thirteen little steps led up to a little room just like a play house. There was a roof to keep the rain off the heads of the actors and in the floor there was a neat trap door which looked harmless. The stage wasn't very far above the ground but it was high enough for the featured players to look down at the faces of all the people who had come to see the comedy played out. In 1903 there were few who questioned the justice of demanding an eye for an eye. The antagonist could repent his deed and shed tears aplenty, but he had blood on his hands and he had to make his forfeit. It would be a good lesson. String up a bunch

of these killers and the others would think twice. In a generation or two we wouldn't have any more senseless murders.

He bade goodbye to the guards and his other friends by shaking hands. He spoke his farewell words without a tremor and looked his friends squarely in the eyes. Then he was told all was ready. He said that he was, too, and fell into the procession headed by Sheriff Fisk and composed of Deputy Bowen, Wallace Chamberlain, Shelton Jenkins, J.J. Elwood, John Jones and Revs. H.A. Green and F.E. Billington, all of whom were with him on the scaffold. He walked bravely to the foot of the scaffold and mounted the steps without assistance. A prepared board was ready to lash him to if he gave away, but there was no need of it. He took his place determined to display no nervousness.

"YOU KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO"

"Elliott Lyons, have you anything to say before the execution?"

"No--only this. I thank every one who has been kind to me. May God forgive you people, for you know not what you do. That is all."

The victim heaved a sigh as he cast a last glance at the upturned faces of the crowd, and closed his eyes as the black cap was adjusted.

"Mr. Lyons wishes to thank all his friends who have been so kind as to call upon him during his imprisonment; all relatives for their sympathy, and the officials who have showed him kind consideration. He has confessed his crime, and may God receive his soul as it leaves this earth," Rev. H.Green spoke thus.

At 9:31 the trap was sprung by Sheriff Fish, and the body shot to the end of the rope--a drop of six feet--and to instant death.

The neck was broken. The body doubled convulsively once and then straightened out and hung in stillness until fourteen minutes had passed, when Drs. F.M. Day and D.A. Payne pronounced him dead.

The crowd dispersed, having seen the criminal pay the price for his bloody deed. For awhile they talked in hush-hush tones because the spectacle had been more shocking than they had anticipated, and seeing justice done isn't really a popular spectator sport for just everyone. When the courtyard was empty, Mrs. Elliott Lyons, heavily veiled and dressed in black, and Beaton Lyons, a brother of the hanged man drove a wagon into the arena. Mrs. Lyons signed a receipt for the body of her husband as the undertakers lay his remains in the wagon bed. Someone followed them to the double gates which were pulled shut like a final curtain after the wagon had awkwardly passed through and lumbered down the road, away from the prison grounds.



James Sullivan Howard

James S. Howard



An interview headed "It's Never Too Late to Begin," featuring James S. Howard, who has been called the "Father of Medford," appeared in the *Medford Mail Tribune* on May 9, 1913. In the feature Mr. Howard was reminiscing about his first days in Rabbitville, a name given Medford by the citizens of Jacksonville who saw no future in the mud flats of Bear Creek and the desolate fields of chaparral bushes, where the powers-that-be had decided to run the railroad line.

Thirty years earlier, in January 1883, when Howard was 51 years old and considered to be at the doorstep of old age, his store, established in Jacksonville in 1878, had been totally destroyed by

fire. The conflagration originated in the New State Saloon located in the corner of a large and highly inflammable building on California street. Noland and Ulrich who were operators of the saloon were of the opinion that the fire was the work of some spiteful incendiary. But whatever the cause, in an instant the entire building was engulfed in flames which rapidly scuttled across the roof to J.S. Howard's building. The wind was blowing from the southeast and for awhile the greater portion of the town was in peril. The Eagle Sample Rooms, east of the New State were badly scorched and ablaze several times. C.C. Beekman's banking office was once also on fire, and that side of the street was in extreme danger when the wind fortunately shifted to the south. The flames



Martha Smuggs Howard

City Father

were not long in reaching Ryan's building and raced on to the post office.

The citizens had formed themselves into a bucket brigade, and the hook and ladder company was effective for a time but some inexperienced person forgot to attach the strainer to the suction hose of the engine, and rocks and other rubbish accumulated in the valves and rendered the fire fighting pumps useless.

The *Oregon Sentinel* declared there were many good for nothing spectators. "The ladies could hardly be expected to do much; still some of them were vastly more benefit than a number of lazy men who stood leisurely by with hands in their pockets, toasting their shins. The Chinese proved good spectators but poor workers. A number of them were pressed

into service at the point of a boot, however."

The blaze was stopped finally after it had burned a dozen buildings, including the post office. J.S. Howard, Max Muller, C.W. Savage, Baruch Fisher, Nolan and Ulrich, H.M. Rice, L. Solomon, P.J. Ryan, and T.T. McKenzie all suffered complete loss of their stores and merchandise. The unchecked flames had consumed at least \$50,000 worth of property. Howard, who had a \$13,000 inventory was insured for only \$4,500 and even lost all his account books. He was ruined. The well-intentioned town ladies decided they would hold a benefit for him. It was a pity. How could a man at his advanced age start over?

He informed them curtly that he was as

able as the next man to make a living and he would use the opportunity to move to Medford and make a new start, in a new store, in a new location. Jacksonville citizens found the idea hilarious. Who would patronize a general merchandise store in the godforsaken bottomland of Mudville?

There was an empty tract of about twenty acres out there, owned by C. C. Beekman, C. Mingus, C.W. Brobeck and Ira Phipps, and they had conveyed it to the Oregon and California Railroad Company for a depot and yards. There were always a few men hanging around the roadbed and there were some farmers -- few and far between -- but that wouldn't account for more than a handful of customers.

The road from Jacksonville -- really not much more than a cow path -- ran north nearly two miles before crossing the valley and then skirted along Bear creek. Nobody in his right mind would take that road to patronize a store far out in the sticks.

But James Howard was not discouraged. At the end of 1883 he and his two sons, Horace and George, opened a store in a tent in the center of the block on F (Front) street between Seventh (now Main) and Eighth streets. It was Medford's first business house.

Soon he hired a rig, bought a load of lumber and hauled it onto the lot. Before he could start his new building, he had to grub out the chaparral bushes and a bunch of stumps, but eventually he completed his new rustic emporium--all 16 by 24 feet of it. When the new floor was laid a fiddler was brought in from Big Sticky and an impromptu all-night dance was held. Martha Howard scrounged up a tasty little midnight supper of sardines and soda crackers, and this was Medford's first grand social affair.

"Soon after I got my store in operation," said George Howard, "I started to work on getting a direct road from Jackson-

ville." There was considerable controversy over the plan. Everyone had good reasons to advocate a different route, and no one wanted a quagmire of black mud.

"It's foolish to even attempt to lay a roadbed through that sticky," said some people, but the county court appointed a board, W.B. Kincaid, Fred Barneburg and M. Peterson, who came up with the suggestion for a roadbed which would be satisfactory in winter and would make the trip between the two places as short as possible. The new road was a passable -- bumpy but passable -- six mile stretch, which is the basis for the road in use today, and soon it was opened to wagons, buggies and pedestrians between Jacksonville and Chaparral City.

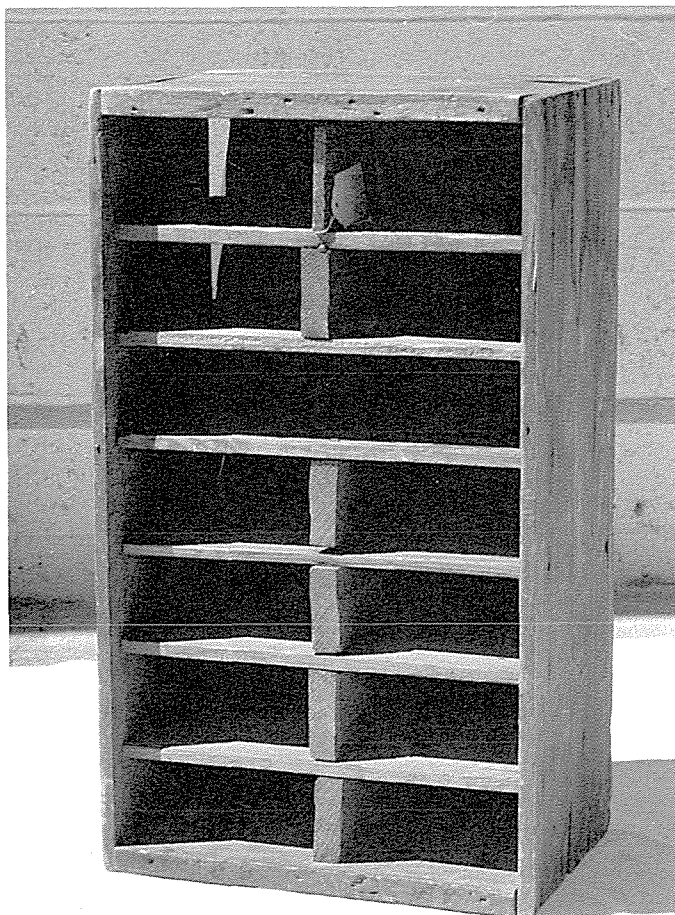
"When the railroad came along," Howard said, "I had the four donors give land for a church and a park, and then I had C.C. Beekman donate the site for the Washington school. In the meantime other people were busy and soon we had quite a town. I secured the express agency and the postoffice. For ten years I never missed a train and they came through at night. I could tell you a lot about Medford and its history. The town was started by a broken down old man without a penny and aged 51. But it's never too late to begin."

According to Miss Jane Snedecor, who



Medford's first postoffice.

"At first a cigar box served as postoffice, but was soon discarded for a soapbox." *Jane Snedecor*



Above is the second Medford postoffice, constructed after the volume of mail had outgrown the cigar box.

"The soapbox was 12" wide, 22" high and 9" deep, divided into compartments."

Miss Snedicoor

The original equipment was donated to SOHS by J.S. Howard's daughter, Mrs. J.E. Roberts. The first letter was addressed to Miss Nettie Howard and dated April 1884.

wrote a brief History of Medford, the town of Jacksonville, as county seat, was naturally supposed to be a station on the railroad. But the railroad company's request for a \$25,000 bonus, was refused by the city fathers, and the surveyors were instructed to work five miles east of that town, through the key center of the Rogue River Valley.

In addition to the acreage given by the four land owners, each alternate block, even numbered, in the new town-site was given to the railroad. Charles Prim was named trustee, J.S. Howard was appointed agent to dispose of the railroad blocks and P.P. Prim served as trustee for the railroad. Mr. Phipps and Mr. Broback each reserved a few blocks for their homes.

As soon as the railroad reached Medford, the government established a post

office and J.S. Howard was named postmaster; he held this appointment for ten years, and afterwards, for six years more. Upon the resignation of A.L. Johnson, he was delegated as Medford agent for the Wells Fargo Express and held this position for ten years. Martha Howard and her daughters tended the store, post-office and express office while Howard and his son were kept busy on surveying jobs.

In no time at all Medford began experiencing growing pains. For just about every business that bobbed up in a crude new wooden building, another saloon appeared on the scene. Some of them even set up shop in tents. Noisy scraps were frequent and occasionally a visitor, completely juiced, boisterously shot up the town. Even the founding fathers were not above a bit of lawlessness. Mr. C.W. Brobeck, one of the quartet, shot and killed William Caldwell who had roughed up Brobeck's lame son in a squabble over an unpaid debt. A coroner's jury fully exonerated Brobeck and declared he had acted in self defense, but a little later Mr. Brobeck attempted to kill J.S. Howard when Howard posted in his window a telegram from Salem announcing the incorporation of Medford. Brobeck's aim this time was fortunately less deadly.

The good people of Jacksonville, smug in their dignity and pre-eminence, considered the peccadillos of Medford's riffraff beneath their notice. But rowdy and hell-raising deportment doesn't stop progress; indeed, it seems to keep company with it. High-nosed censorship couldn't put a lid on Medford's development. The town was bound to grow and become king of the hill.

In 1885 the Board of Trustees met at the office of J.S. Howard and elected the following officers: J.S. Howard, President; R.T. Lawton, Recorder; J.H. Redfield, Marshall; Charles Strang, Treasurer; E.B. Hurt, Street Commissioner; I.J. Phipps, A. Childers, E.P. Geary and W.H. Barr, Trustees.

The rules and by-laws of Jacksonville were adopted, and the first ordinance passed was designed to punish disorderly conduct; the second was to clear out the minors who were "loitering around the depot," and a third was designed to prevent hogs from cluttering up the streets. Medford was not only certain to be a

city, it was going to be a classy one.*



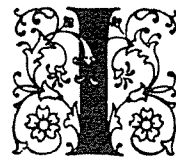
As the name indicates and history records," wrote an early biographer (*Portrait and Biographical Record*), the Howards are first heard of in England and those bearing the name have attained to distinction in affairs of church and state...becoming prominent also in literary, professional and commercial life, the tendency being towards brilliancy and versatility." This glib author is going back a dozen generations and what does he know about "brilliancy and versatility" that long ago? The tribe probably included a few rogues, scamps and highwaymen who gave a little spice to the genes but didn't leave permanent accounts of their transgressions for posterity. Ancestors with careers a little on the *sub rosa* side usually get swept under the rug.

At least four generations of Howards have been identified with Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, where the first James Sullivan Howard settled upon coming from England long before the Revolutionary War. His son Samuel spent his life at Temple, Hillsboro County, where he served for many years as a selectman, a member of the board of officials chosen to handle local public business. Samuel reared a large family of children -- the third generation -- among whom was Captain Sullivan Howard.

Captain Howard was head of the state militia at Mason and, keeping up the family tradition for brilliancy and versatility, he was brilliant and versatile as a politician and business man. In 1808 he married Elizabeth B. Little and in 1836 they moved to Kewanee, Illinois, where they settled on a farm in the wilderness. He in time became one of the city founders and rose from a humble carpenter and mechanic to become vice-president of the First National Bank of Kewanee. He also held many political offices, was a member of the Board of Trade

*This ordinance was not especially effective. Until 1910 it was necessary for owners of property to fence their lots. Grocymen were hard pressed to keep pigs and cows from polishing off their green vegetables which were displayed at the front and rear doors. Finally the Trustees paid W.T. Crane fifty cents a day to drive the stock out of town.

of Chicago and was recognized as a solid businessman. There were three sons and four daughters in the family. The captain died in 1887; Elizabeth B. Little Howard survived him until 1892.



In direct descent, James Sullivan Howard, representative of the fourth generation, was born in Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, in 1832. There is little record of his early boyhood but it's safe to assume he was a precocious, ambitious youth, who demonstrated the aptitude and skills of the generations who had preceded him. After graduating from high school at Kewanee, he attended an academy in Chicago where he acquired his surveying and engineering skills.

At the age of twenty-one, he embarked upon an independent career as a furniture dealer in Kewanee, and in 1855, when he was twenty-three, his fancy lightly turned to thoughts of libido, and he wooed and won Martha Bridget Snuggs, a native of England.



Martha Bridget Snuggs



Medford's first store after the tent. The postoffice was located here.

In 1859 James S. packed Martha, the first three of an eventual six children --Charles James 4, George Sullivan 1, and Martha, a baby in arms--and his surveying tools into a couple of ox drawn wagons and started for Pike's Peak. Somewhere along the way, he changed his mind and joined a train heading for Oregon. His route was via the Platte River, Salt Lake and the Humboldt to southern Oregon.

Stories of crossing the plains have told of the months of preparations required for the trip, the careful packing and storing of family treasures, and the accumulation of sufficient money to pay for the continual expenses along the trail. In spite of having done none of this preliminary work, the Howards arrived in Jacksonville late in the fall. The autumn rains were just starting and James S. had a total of fifty cents in his pocket. Prospects were pretty dismal, particularly after he had spent his four bits to get supper for his family, but the Howards were a sturdy bunch and everyone was in good health and when you're in the pink, it's easy to be optimistic.

An empty pocketbook and an unpredictable future seldom deterred pioneer folk from putting down roots. Martha traded

her prized gold watch for a lot and J.S. soon built a cabin to shelter the family from the winter. Between odd jobs he found time and money to erect the first planing mill in Jacksonville, near where the McCully house stands today. His cabin and mill were undeniable evidence that J.S. Howard was a skilled and speedy carpenter and he had no difficulty acquiring work building houses.

In 1862 Horace was born. He was not a robust child and was unable to enter strenuous games with other children. Martha and J.S. were concerned parents but a rheumatic heart was beyond the doctors' skill in those years. A second daughter, Nettie, was born in 1866, and she was a healthy, precocious little girl. Horace died two years later at the age of six and was buried in the Jacksonville cemetery. A few years later, 1872, Eliza, the Howards' last child, was born.

During the early years in Jacksonville, J.S. had little opportunity to use his surveying instruments which were his prized possessions. Long before, he had decided that his success hinged upon his surveying, and at last as southern Oregon continued to be settled, opportunities came his way. In time he devoted his entire energy to surveying and engineering

and was given important commissions such as the preliminary survey of the Southern Pacific railway, from the Rogue to the Klamath rivers, the Sterling mining ditch from Little Applegate to the Sterling mine, a distance of 24 miles, and the Oregon mountain road from Waldo to Crescent City. In 1872 he became a member of the U.S. Mineral Survey and for many years thereafter he served as special agent for examining surveys of the U.S. Land Office, operating in Oregon and Arizona.

Southern Oregon, with its uncharted forest land, its miners and its mining camps, was the natural habitat for surveyors. They were much in demand. Few issues of the local papers failed to mention J.S. or his son Charles are reported their activities from week to week. Items picked at random from the Jacksonville *Democratic Times* give a sample of the unceasing industry displayed by the Howards:

- Aug. 9, 1878: J.S. Howard was in Josephine County in the interests of Messrs Turner, Hughes and Watts who have a mining claim not far from Kerbyville.
 - Aug. 30, 1878: Charles J. Howard has been making a plot of Eagle Point. The place will be regularly laid out in lots and streets.
 - Sept. 20, 1878: Charles J. Howard and Miss Callie Briggs of Josephine County were joined in matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents at Sucker Creek.
 - Sept. 27, 1878: J.S. Howard took altitudes of various points one day this week, aided by a fine barometer belonging to Frank Ennis.
- The divide between Jacksonville and Sterling was found to be 1350 feet higher
Uniontown, 75 feet lower
Poormans Creek, 625 higher
- Charles Howard went down this week to survey a ditch that will be from 8 to 12 miles long.
- Oct. 11, 1878: Chas. J. Howard and Isaac Constant returned from Josephine County Wednesday. From the former we learn that seven miles of Magruder, Constant and Co.'s proposed ditch has been preliminarily surveyed and that it is liable to extend many miles further ere the survey is completed,
- Same issue: J.S. Howard has been in Butte Creek recently surveying lands for various parties. On one occasion, hands being scarce, a pretty miss of 19 volunteered to carry one end of the chain, and continued in this capacity for several days. It is needless to say that there were plenty of applications to carry the other end of the chain.
- Nov. 8, 1878: Charley Howard went down to Josephine County this week to resume the survey of Magruder, Owens and Co.'s ditch.

○ Dec. 6, 1878: Wm. M. Turner and J.S. Howard came in from Slate Creek. They report the survey of the proposed ditch from Slate Creek to Rogue River progressing slowly but steadily and expect that it will be finished in the course of a few weeks. It is now estimated to be 25 miles in length.

Same issue: The survey of Magruder, Owen and Co.'s proposed ditch was this week completed by Charles J. Howard. The ditch commences about a mile below the bridge across Applegate, near Benedict's, and ends near the mouth of the stream, 36 miles distant.

○ J.S. Howard has been awarded a contract for surveying a portion of a township of timberland in the neighborhood of Applegate. He will commence before long.

○ Feb. 14, 1879: Chas. J. Howard was appointed County surveyor.

○ Feb. 21, 1879: Charles Howard, County surveyor, the other day made a survey of the proposed change in the road leading from Jacksonville to Phoenix via G. Naylor's farm.

○ March 14, 1879: C.J. Howard, County surveyor, leaves for Foot's Creek today to survey a road in that vicinity.

○ May 22, 1891: Charles Howard left Medford last week on his customary summer jaunt through the mountains, appraising lands for the C and O Railroad Company. He took out a surveying party of seven, with George Webb as foreman and will be gone until fall, working through the state line. After the land is viewed and appraised the company will offer it for sale.

○ June 19, 1891: Surveyor Howard, who completed the survey for the extension of the RRVR to Eagle Point a short time ago, made the distance over the proposed route from Medford a trifle over 11½ miles. All the railroad company will ask the people of Medford for is a bonus of \$12,000 payable in installments of \$4,000 each year for three successive years after the completion of the road, and for the right of way through the town as well as for terminal facilities.

His surveying projects required long absences from his home and family, and he was dedicated and absorbed with his commissions, but he still found time to establish the general merchandise store in Jacksonville which burned in 1883, as described in the first of this story. The store, however, didn't spring up overnight. Eighteen years of work and careful saving were required to enable him to purchase the building and the stock and open it for business in 1878.

Advertisements for J.S. Howard's General Merchandise Emporium appear in the Jacksonville papers regularly. The *Democratic Times* wrote of it: "Next to the New State Hotel, we find Mr. Howard with his beautiful Bazaar. Really he has worked

wonders. One can hardly imagine he could make such a change out of the old butcher and baker shop, but he has done it at a cost, we judge, of \$800. Operated wisely by Martha and her daughters, it was well patronized by Jacksonville citizens, and it served the public when the town was in its heyday. The fire, as disastrous as it was, came in good time. Medford's inevitable growth meant Jacksonville's inevitable downfall, and J.S. Howard, by necessity, thus became Medford's first citizen, in on the ground floor.

Charles Nickell, the editor of the *Times* repeatedly told his readers, Medford's development would have no adverse affect on Jacksonville, but he was pretending. As the Jewish merchants, who clearly saw the end of the Midas touch, sold out and left town for palmier pastures, the editor consoled his readers with items such as:

Feb. 1, 1884: Some people think Jacksonville will decay, but \$1,500 is asked for the lot on which the New State hotel used to stand, and it will no doubt be paid by someone.

March 7, 1884: Since the railroad commenced making regular trips, there seems to be more travel between Jacksonville and other places than ever. So far this town has gained instead of lost in importance.

March 14, 1884: The U.S. Hotel has put a free hack on the road to connect with the railroad trains and bring visitors to the county seat [It made only one trip].

July 25, 1884: J.S. Howard of Medford has sold his lot in Jacksonville, 25 x 100 feet in size, to K. Kubli for \$850. A brick store building will in all probability be built there in the near future. Those who look for the decadence of this place are not encouraged any, for property continues to change hands here at fancy prices.

By 1884 Jacksonville was only thirty years old, just in her prime, and the little city had developed a healthy pride and confidence. For a short time she had been the largest metropolis in Oregon and boasted many elegant and gracious homes and several blocks of brick buildings which housed stores and shops well-stocked with luxury items. St. Mary's served as a finishing school for the daughters of the leading citizens and they reached a degree of appreciation for fine art and music. The leading families often visited San Fran-

cisco and brought back new notions and sophistication. It was unbelievable that an upstart town would spring up in the chaparral bushes and not only challenge the lady but destroy her. Now that's sad.



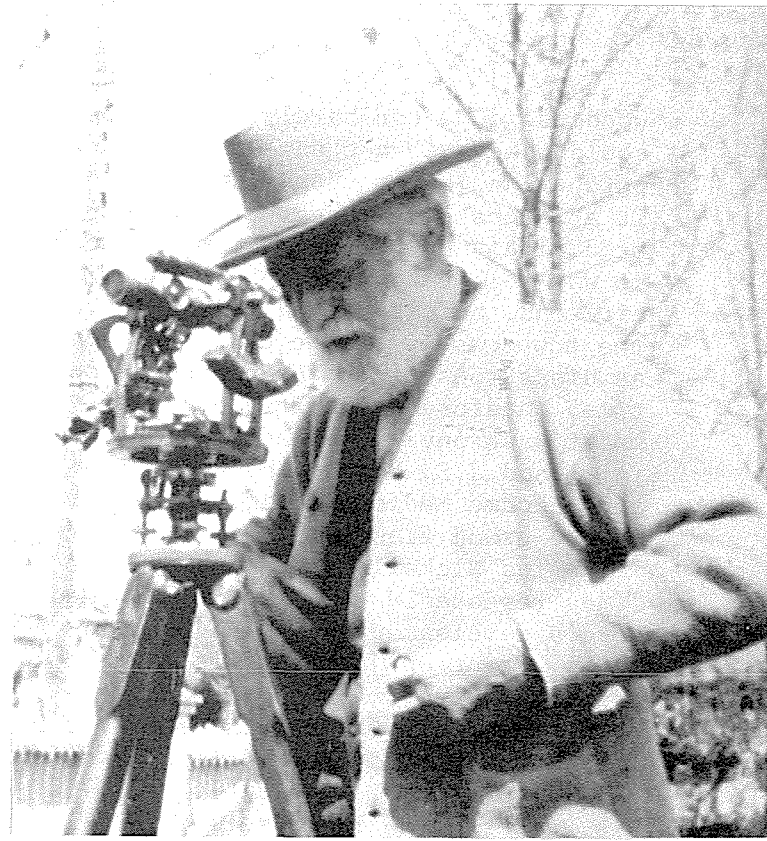
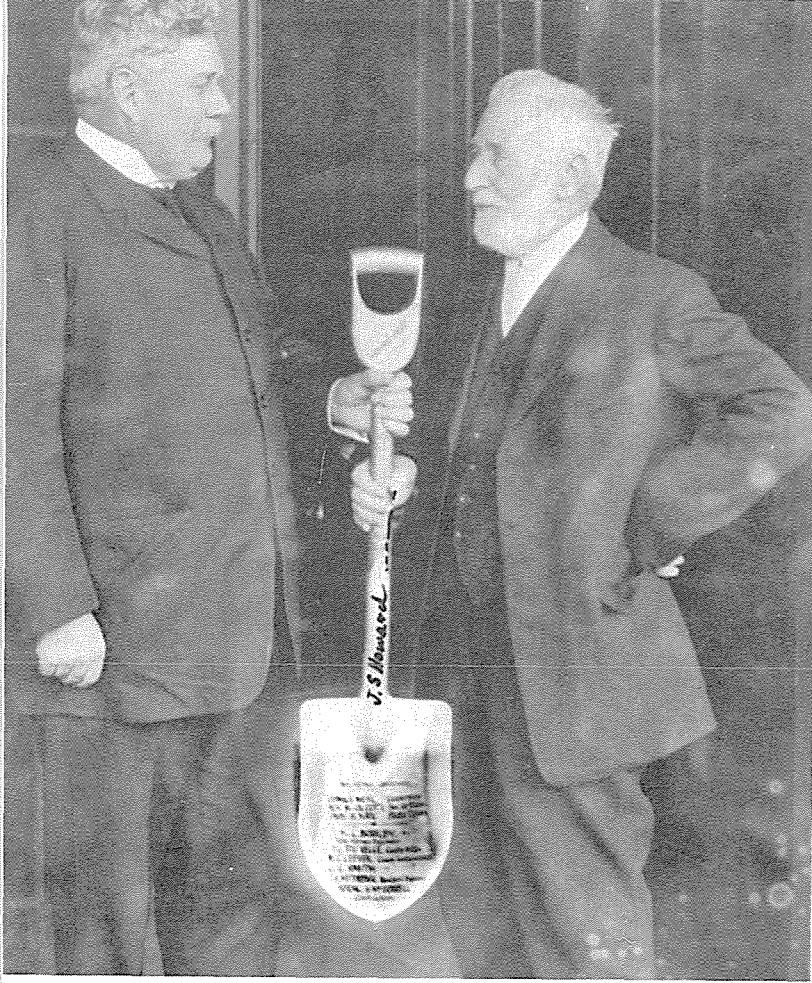
While J.S. and his son took care of their surveying chores, George S., another son, a printer by trade, assumed the management of the Medford store on Front Street. As they had done in Jacksonville, Martha and the girls helped out. A beautiful and productive flower and vegetable garden thrived behind the store, protected from the errant pigs by four walls of winter cord wood, piled high to fill the pot-bellied stove.

Ignoring his advanced age of 51, James Howard started over with no obvious regrets. In spite of his loss in the Jacksonville fire, he had money coming in from surveying chores, the store in Medford served a growing number of customers and the future looked rosy. The death, early in 1883, of a second child, the ten year old Eliza, from scarlet fever again saddened the family, but at that time the death of children was commonplace and the Howards were not alone in their grief.

Howard was not the only Jacksonville citizen who decided that prosperity lay along the railroad tracks in Medford. By the second year Chris Ulrich, William Mensor, J.C. Birdsey, George S. Howard and Adam Schmidt were appointed a committee to make arrangements for a big Fourth of July celebration in the new town. That same summer Medford's first circus set up its big tent, and families camped along Bear Creek the night before to be first in line for the display of clowns, acrobats, exotic animals and gorgeous riders in satin, feathers and glitter.

In May, 1884, the first brick building was built. It had two rooms and one was rented to William A. Kenney and Ham Walters for a saloon. The other room was used as a public hall for meetings and dances. On February 24, 1885, the governor signed the Articles of Incorporation, and the Board of Trustees adopted them in March of the same year. Medford was there, and paying no mind to it wouldn't make it go away.

With his family tending the store, J.S.



1. A representative from the State Highway department awards J.S. Howard a shovel in recognition for his survey of the highway over the Siskiyoues.
 2. Howard and his surveying equipment.
 3. Howard's third store in Medford (lower right hand space).



Howard found time to serve as president of the first board of the town, and took an active interest in maintaining municipal order. During the next ten years he bought and sold large tracts of farming and mining lands and was an officer in the Jackson County Land Association and a company agent in Medford.

As agent for the railroad, he secured free building lots for several of the churches and encouraged the railroad to give the block on West Main for a public park. (The block where the library now stands was sold to the city by C.C. Beekman for \$250.) He became the first notary public and made out all legal papers for the city and was legal adviser for the entire community. By 1886 he was signing documents as Mayor of Medford.

In that year Howard's General Mercantile store moved into a two story brick building on Seventh Street, while J.S. and Charles Howard continued their surveying activities which continued for the next decade.

In 1898 he resigned from the U.S. Land Office to take charge of the survey of the Gold Hill highlineditch. This ditch, 145 miles long, took a long time for completion. He was engineer for the Condor Dam (Gold Ray) on Rogue River, which was used for generating electric power for lighting, railroad, mining and manufacturing purposes. The *Biographical Record* states, "He surveyed nearly all the mining claims in southern Oregon," and added, "No man in the country has more modern appliances for carrying on his work. Among these is a solar compass which has tested the ingenuity of the foremost manufacturers in the world."

There is no item in the papers announcing the retirement of James S. Howard. After the turn of the century he and his son Charles received far less attention in the daily press. Charles had moved to Josephine County and his surveying chores were of less interest to citizens of Jackson County. J.S. received fewer commissions to survey mining property because mining activities slowed to a standstill. In 1907 J.S. Howard became City Engineer in Medford and Charles was appointed rural mail carrier between Kerbyville and Hol-

land, an appointment he stayed with for twenty-two years.

Martha Howard died in 1917. The *Mail Tribune*, in her obituary, reported; "Mrs. Howard was prominent in the social and religious life of the early days. Her home was the meeting place of all the ministers and she always kept a spare room for their use before there were hotels and school houses in Medford." She was 86 years old, and the death certificate, signed by Dr. R.W. Stearns of Medford, gives the cause of death as shock following a fall in which she fractured "the neck of the femur." She was buried in the Jacksonville cemetery.

J.S. Howard died in November of 1919. The *Tribune* wrote: "J.S. Howard, founder and first mayor of Medford, familiarly and affectionately known as the 'Father of Medford' passed away at the Sacred Heart hospital this morning after a lingering illness induced by old age. A familiar figure on the streets of the city for a generation, with a particular fondness for the Nash hotel as his headquarters, Mr. Howard's death will come as a genuine bereavement to every resident and his cheerful counsel, kindly face and poignant humor will be sadly missed by young and old..."

"Notwithstanding his great and absorbing undertakings as a civil engineer, Mr. Howard ran the first general merchandise store in Medford. He was one of the first residents of Medford, first mayor and first postmaster.

"He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and a member of the Methodist church ...He had the faculty of disseminating enthusiasm and inspiring others to do their best."

Dr. Stearns, who attended him, wrote on his death certificate, "His death at the age of 87 followed a fall to the floor in which he fractured his femur." He was buried in the Jacksonville cemetery beside Martha.



Note: There has been some controversy about James S. Howard's being honored by the title, "Father of Medford." The opinion has been expressed that many of his claims are suspect and will not withstand close scrutiny. But basing the J.S. Howard story on published statements which appeared in newspapers during his life time, his claims to the honorific are hard to deny.

SOME ILLUSTRIOUS CHILDREN



Above, Left: This is William Boy Ray. And that's all the information we have on this little boy with the strange suit and the smart derby.

Above, Right: Clara Mary Daniels (Reinhardt) grew up in Medford and graduated from high school in 1942. She was in the Shakespearean Festival early on and was one of the Lithia players. She now lives in Austin.

Right: George Hiller Merritt in his high top boots. He has been featured in the *Sentinel* several times: Jane McCully's grandson, Grace Wick's husband, Christian Kenney's best friend.

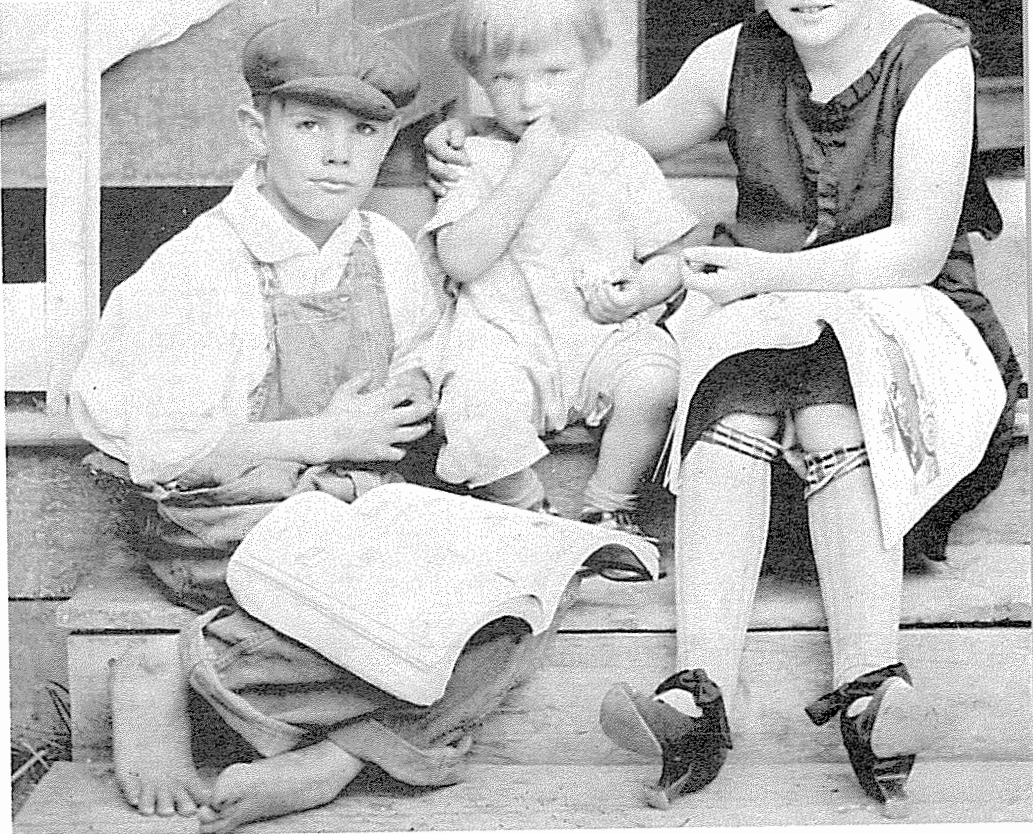




Left: Eugene Bennett grins for the camera even though his socks are a little saggy.

Bottom, Left: The 2,000,00 visitor to the Museum.

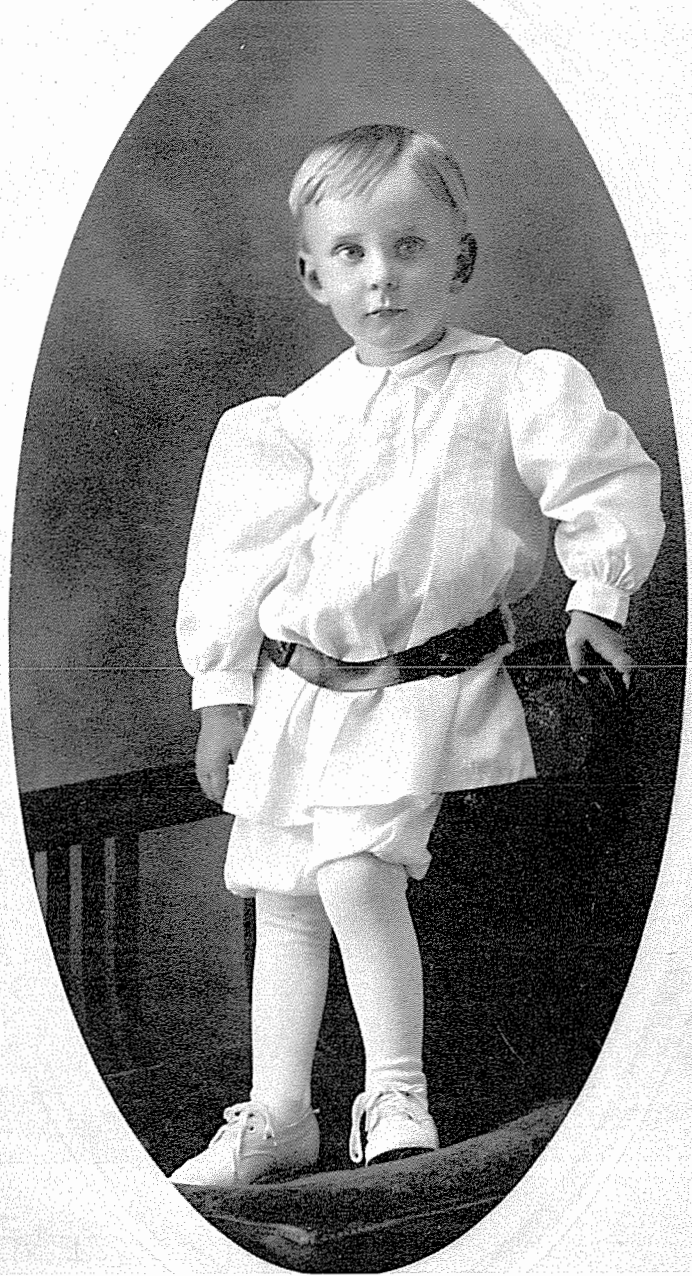
Bottom, Right: The barefoot boy on the left is Freddie Coffman, in the middle is Charles Coffman, and on the right is Geneva Dorothy (Davies) smartly dressed in her sister's dress, hosiery and dancing pumps.





Right: Paul Luy, brother of Ruth Luy who is pictured on page 2. He attended school in southern Oregon and has become an interesting historian, recalling many events and people from earlier days. He now lives in Palm Springs.

Below: Mr. A.H. Miller is pictured with daughters, Justine and Peggy. For many years Mr. M. operated the Medford Book Store on Central Ave. He was on the school board during the turbulent times of the construction of the high school in 1925-26. Justine and Peggy Miller are members of SOHS. Their mother, Dolly Ankeny Miller, was from Sterlingville.



Society News



Nick Clark What's New?

THANK YOU!

Perhaps you have noticed the Public Service Announcements for the Society that have appeared on KTVL Channel 10. We certainly appreciate the cooperation of Russ Jamison and the station management in producing these 30 second reminders!

WIMER BRIDGE REDEDICATION

The Wimer Covered Bridge has been newly restored by Jackson County, the School District 35 Beautification, Inc. and community volunteers. Built in 1892 by J. W. Osborne, the bridge was partially washed out in 1927 and repaired by Jackson County. The county has just spent over \$40,000 in restoring the bridge a third time and a rededication will be held on Sunday, July 14 at 6:30 in the evening.

The event is sponsored by School District 35 Beautification, Inc. a civic group from the Wimer/Rogue River Community. The public is welcome to attend. Just take the Interstate to Rogue River, and then take East Pine Street through town continuing on the same road 8 miles to Covered Bridge Road (there'll be signs.)

Of over 100 covered bridges built in Jackson County before 1920, there are only 4 left of which Wimer is one. We urge you to enjoy your heritage and attend this special occasion.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE

The Rogue Valley can be proud of the Medford Centennial Committee and its director, Diane Youngs! What a wonderful celebration we all enjoyed. The many events were all special and I won't single out any particular one as extraordinary for they were all spectacular.

Since such events are rare, we should all take every opportunity to show our appreciation. Incidentally, the Wednesday noon concerts in Park de Alba (formerly Library Park) are continuing throughout the summer. They're a lot of fun and I urge you all to attend. The little gazebo has been put to very good use and we can thank Herb Gifford for his wonderful contribution in building this charming addition to Medford's city center.

DON'T FORGET THE HANLEY FARM OPEN HOUSE, SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1985!



Photograph by Doug Smith

SUNDAY SOCIAL AT "THE WILLOWS"

The Southern Oregon Historical Society will hold its annual open house at "The Willows" (Hanley Farm) on Sunday, July 28, 1985 from 11:00AM until 5:00PM. Last year over 900 visitors toured the grounds and enjoyed the exhibits and we're hoping for an even larger crowd this year! Here's some of what you can expect:

GUIDED TOURS OF THE GROUNDS AND OUTBUILDINGS - SOHS volunteers will show you the wonders of "The Willows."

THE OLD-TIME FIDDLERS - You'll enjoy these "pickers and fiddlers" on the lawn of Hanley Farm.

STEAM ENGINE DEMONSTRATIONS - Don Mentzer of the Rogue Valley Live Steamers Club will be on hand with his steam engine to remind visitors of this power source of yore.

THE ROGUE VALLEY HANDWEAVER'S GUILD - Will have their spinning wheels and looms at the farm to demonstrate how cloth was produced during the 1800's.

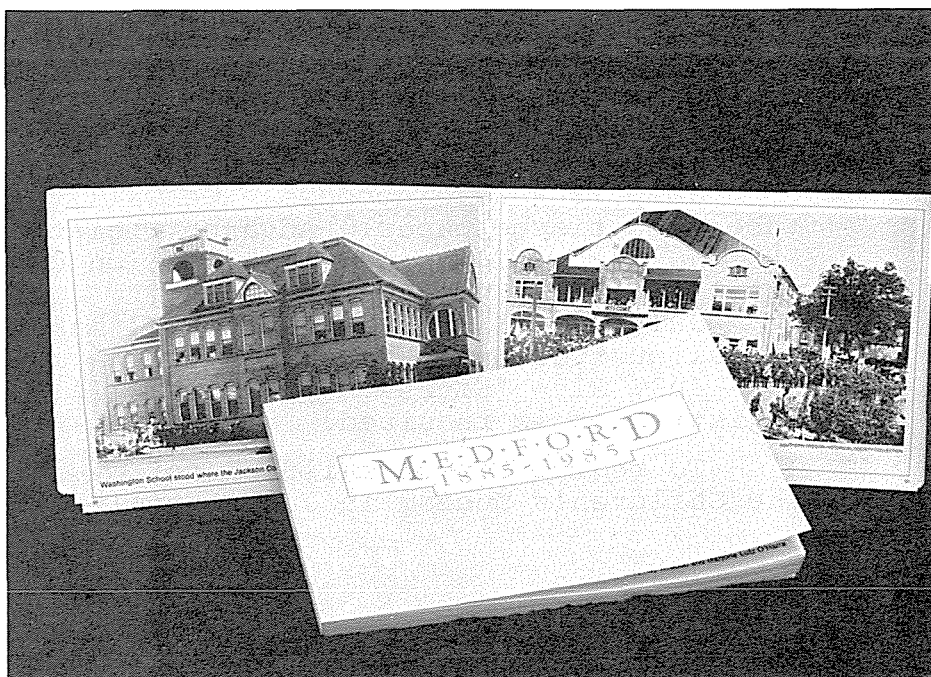
HORSEDRAWN FARMING DEMONSTRATION - There will be draft horses working in the front field to demonstrate farming techniques of by-gone days.

THE ROGUE VALLEY COWBELLES will be serving grilled hamburgers, baked beans, a relish and drink for \$2.50 from 11:00AM until 4:00PM for your convenience.

REMEMBER, there's no parking at the farm!!!! Visitors should park at the Britt Parking Lot, at the corner of "D" and North Oregon Streets in Jacksonville and we will provide buses to take you to the farm.

COME OUT AND ENJOY THIS OLD-FASTIONED FUNFILLED DAY!!!! It's all free except the lunch!!!!

"MEDFORD 1885-1985" is a new pictorial history of Medford, prepared for the city's centennial.



MEDFORD CENTENNIAL BOOK NEARLY GONE!

Our society's own Marjorie O'Harra and Kay Attwood have just compiled a new pictorial history of Medford for the city's 100th birthday entitled, "Medford 1885-1985." Sales have been so brisk that only 250 of these books remain and we wanted our members who wish to have a copy to get it while it is still in print. The cost is \$10.00.

The books may be purchased at The Bookworm, 940 Biddle Road; J. K. Gill, 517 Medford Shopping Center; Bookland's Crown and Quill at 214 East Main St. and in the Harry and David Gift Shop on South Pacific Highway.

With hundreds of pictures of Medford, this book is a must for every history buff!

+++++

SOCIETY TRIP TO VISIT BEND

The Southern Oregon Historical Society will sponsor a two day trip visiting sites of interest near Bend. Travelers will leave the society's parking lot at 8:00AM on Thursday, July 25 and return on Friday, July 26, 1985. The cost is \$65.00 for two per room or \$90.00 for private room.

We'll stop at Natural Bridge on the Rogue near Union Creek and then have coffee at Becky's. We'll travel on to Sun River Lodge for lunch in their beautiful dining room. Our group will visit the High Desert Museum near Bend at 1:30PM and spend about two hours enjoying their fine formal museum and outdoor village museum. We'll stay at the River House Motor Inn, one of Bend's best. On Friday, we'll return to Medford via McKenzie Pass with lunch at the Coburg Inn. There are wonderful antique shops near this century old establishment. Then its on home via Interstate 5, with a stop at Wolf Creek Tavern for refreshments.

The deadline for receipt of full payment is Friday, July 19, 1985.



SUMMER FUN AT THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Stacey Williams, coordinator of the Children's Museum, has a full schedule of summer fun activities for children. Here is a partial listing of events:

July 18 - Kaleidoscope - we will make colorful Kaleidoscopes from tubes and tissue paper. Advance registration required.

July 25 - Spinning demonstration on the front lawn from 10:00AM until 2:00PM. Open to the public.

July 27 - Sun Photos - We will make photos using blueprint paper and silouettes. Advance registration is required.

July 31 - "Kites" - Children will make and fly kites. Advance registration is required.

To register your children for these event, call Stacey Williams at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville. The number is 899-1847.

SOCIETY SPONSORS TRIPS

Our society is sponsoring two interesting trips during August and September. From August 21 to 23, we will tour north central Oregon, stopping overnight at Kah-Nee-Ta Lodge and beautiful Timberline Lodge. We will also visit Maryhill Museum on the Columbia. Cost is \$153.00 for two per room or \$195.00 for single rooms.

On September 6 to 8, we will travel to Reno, Nevada where we will visit the largest antique show on the West Coast and pay visits to the Nevada State Historical Society Museum and historic Virginia City. Cost is \$90.00 for two per room or \$120.00 for single rooms.

While meals are not included, lodging and transportation costs are included.

If you're interested, please call us as soon as possible to insure that you will have a reservation. The number is 899-1847.

Nick Clark, the society's executive director, will accompany both of these tours.



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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