

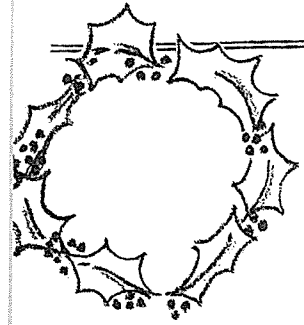
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# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

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NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Grace Moody



*Grace Noble  
At back door  
of J'ville Club*

We are beholden to Evelyn Hamaker James for the background material and the pictures used in this story of her mother. Coming to southern Oregon in 1932, Grace Noble lived in Jack-sonville for forty-five years, and when one spends that much time in a place, she becomes a person of consequence. She was a sensi-tive idealist who dreamed a life of enchantment, but nonetheless met affliction with courage and optimism. She helped make Jack-sonville in its drab days a brighter place and in its renaissance a more interesting place. We have therefore devoted an entire issue to her biography.

## THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## SEASON'S GREETINGS

*From The Ashland Tidings, 1915*

*This article was taken from a scrapbook kept by Mrs. Fred Wagner. It was contributed to the newsletter by Sue Waldron, research assistant for Jime Matoush.*

### PIONEER TELLS OF CHRISTMAS HERE IN 1865

MRS. A.H. RUSSELL RECOUNTS HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES IN ASHLAND  
THE YEAR FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

Christmas in Ashland fifty years ago! What memories the words awaken in many an aged heart! Most of those who lived here in the 60s had but lately come from the East, leaving behind loved ones from whom they were separated by the width of a continent. More than one heart was sore over the loss of friend or relative, killed by the savage foe who still lurked in the surrounding hills with arrows and cruel tomahawk.

But the little company of pioneers was brave and cheerful, determined to make the best of the hard conditions in their new home. And all conditions were not hard. Ashland weather was just as pleasant then as now, the trees and mountains as beautiful, the water as pure and sparkling. Wild game was plentiful, while clothing, groceries and other things needful were hauled or packed over the mountains from Crescent City and Portland.

"Well do I recall the Christmas of 1865, the next year after the Civil War," relates Mrs. A.H. Russell, eighty-three years old Ashland pioneer living at 117 North Main Street, to a Tidings representative. "I was twenty-seven years old and living with my husband right here where I have resided ever since. We had a community Christmas tree in the town hall, which stood on the site

of the present Odd Fellows' building.

"There were sixteen business and professional men in Ashland at that time. They were: Charley Klum, school clerk; Bob Hargadine, store keeper; Jim Thornton, woolen manufacturer; Jake Wagner, flour mill; Jim Russell, marble works; Mike Nickleson, blacksmith; Bill Kentner, wagon maker; Ebe Emery, tavern keeper; John McCall, merchant; A.V. Gillette, sawmill man and justice of the peace; Ed Depeal, lawyer; Abe Helman, carpenter; Abe Giddings, stage driver; Oliver Applegate, teacher; Ivan Applegate, telegrapher; Albert Rockefeller, whose business I cannot recall...

"A mass meeting was called to arrange for a tree and presents and a program. In order to avoid being given something to do, I stayed away but was appointed on the committee to solicit money and buy gifts for the children. I rebelled, saying it was not fair to place someone who was absent on the most responsible of all the committees.

"A Methodist South minister, Rev. Johnson, who used to stay with us, persuaded me to consider the appointment favorably, so I finally consented to serve, provided Mrs. James Thornton would help. We collected \$40 and obtained the names of all the children in town. A bag of candy and

some small gift was provided for every child. The costliest presents we bought were a hat for an orphan boy and a silver thimble for a girl whose mother we feared would be displeased with a cheaper present. These two articles cost one dollar each.

"The tree committee did not have to go so far to get a fine young fir as they do now, because the forest then came right down to our back yards. The tree was decorated with strings of popcorn, bits of colored paper and tallow candles. Candle lanterns lighted the room, this being before we had kerosene lamps.

"People were great practical jokers in those days, and everybody poked good-natured fun at their neighbors. The women thought it would be a good joke to give the men neckties made of bright colored calico--red, blue or green--tied in a bow with ends a yard long, and fastened with a big brass button.

"The men got an inkling of what we were doing and more than paid us back by giving us aprons made of the brightest colors and tied with strings three yards long. Oh, the calicoa wasted in those strings! The men themselves made the aprons, which were sewed with long, clumsy stitches.

"Bill Kentner was Santa Claus and A.V. Gillette led the music with his flute which at that time was the only musical instrument in Ashland. John McCall sang bass, Charley Klum tenor, and Mrs. Helman soprano.

"Even in those days we appreciated our wonderful sword ferns, Oregon grape, mistletoe and other Christmas greenery and used

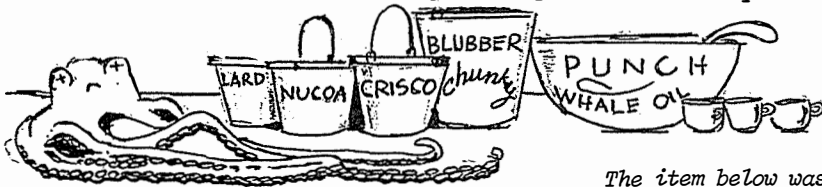
them in decorating the room where we had our Christmas tree. In addition to the game which we have now, there were antelope and mountail sheep, which have since been exterminated.

"Someone made me a present of a whole bolt of calicoa, which at that time was a very valuable gift. I was very curious to know who had brought that bolt for me and determined to find out. So I made a big sunbonnet and dress with very full skirts out of part of the cloth and wore them down town one day, walking in the middle of the street spreading my skirts out with both hands to make as much of a show as possible.

"My sister, Mrs. Gillette, who lived where Holmes' store is now, saw me and threw a stick at me, calling out that I was making a fool of myself. But I thought I'd find out who bought that bolt of calicoa. Arriving at Hargadine's store, I accused the clerk of putting the calicoa on the tree for me and threatened to use part of it in making a vest for him so long it would reach to the floor.

Ten yards of the cloth was given to the wife of a Methodist minister from Roseburg. Long afterward I learned that the one who gave me the calicoa was Rev. Johnson, to whom I had talked about the gift, and told how much fun I was having with it.

"Our community tree was a great success. We all felt the Christmas spirit and spent the evening together in a happy, friendly love-everybody fashion, hoping for better days to come. They are here."



The item below was taken from a 1930 Medford Mail Tribune  
The words in italics are more recent comments.

#### ESKIMOS FROLIC AT ICY OUTPOST CHRISTMAS WEEK

Point Barrow, Alaska, December 20, 1930.

*[A gentle reminder: This is 55 years ago; how does that grab you?]*

Perhaps the world's most novel Christmas celebration is held in this most northerly settlement of North America. More than 300 Eskimos, who are guests of half a dozen white residents here, will arrive on dog sleds for the fete.

*[300 Eskimos? Those six party-givers will be able to hear them mushing at least five miles away. Will their barking scare off Prancer and Dancer and Donner and Blitzen?]*

The party will last a week --through the "midnight week" of the three months Arctic night. There are to be football games--with goals three or four miles apart.

*[Can't you just picture the Defensive team chasing the Eskimo with the ball across the icefields into the distance as they disappear over Siberia?]*

There will be feasts of reindeer and whale meat, topped by frozen fish from the Arctic *[a la tartare?]* and a Christmas tree of two-by-fours and colored paper.

Few of these Eskimos have ever seen a real tree for the nearest one grows 400

miles away *[tough on dogs]*. Next to a community at Spitzbergen, this is the world's most northernmost settlement.

The week's program here is followed haphazardly. The Eskimos sing, eat and play when they want. Candles burn all the time *[Unless the guests eat them]*. The sun sets November 17, its reflection disappears November 24 and its light will not creep over the frozen wastes again until January. *[When it's always dark, how does one know when to take off his black tie and slip into his morning suit?]*

Most important of all mail deliveries of course is the Christmas mail, brought overland by a dog team that leaves Katzebeu in November--as late as possible, yet early enough so Christmas deliveries won't be late. *[Don't let that chocolate covered suet from Auntie Nanook get stale.]*

Hosts at this celebration are the missionary, trader, school teacher, radio operator and a few women and children, and their guests' feasts and running and kicking games of football last four hours at a stretch. *[Ye gods, when the goal post is four miles away, it takes a week to get to an end zone]*





Grace Moody Hamaker at the Newcastle farm in 1924 with her children, Evelyn, Bette, Vernon and Jack.

## GRACE HAMAKER NOBLE

**G**RACE VIRGINIA MOODY was the first white child born\* in Virginia City, Washington, and you can't get much farther into the wilderness than that. Virginia City, now called Brewster, is situated in the central part of the state somewhere around Fort Okanogan which is somewhere around the headwaters of the Columbia, and with all the fuss made over Grand Coulee Dam as well as all the water over the bridge, Grace's birthday kind of got lost in the confusion.

In 1887 Grace's Grandpa and Grandma Carlton left the state of Maine to come west, eager to move to the frontier and get in on the promised wealth and prosperity. Unfortunately they didn't live  
 \* April 22, 1894

to reach the Big Rock Candy Mountains. Somewhere along that perilous trail they both succumbed to smallpox, leaving two daughters and perhaps a son or two behind them.

A cluster of homeless orphans may attract immediate sympathy, but in a wagon train no one is likely to adopt the bunch of them and keep them together as a family. The waifs were apparently divided up and taken by compassionate folk who didn't mind another mouth to feed and who could squeeze an additional body into the covered wagon. We have lost track of the children with the exception of Helen, an appealing little girl who attracted attention because of her startling beauty and her wealth of titian hair.



*Grace Virginia Moody  
Not long after her move to Auburn*

She was taken by a family who saw to it that she was fed and clothed, but any other refinement in the process of rearing a child was beyond their wits or their pocket books or their comprehension. Her education was no concern to them; reading genteel novels and writing a delicate script weren't requirements of frontier living. By the time she reached her teens she was as skittery as an unbroken colt, uneducated and ungoverned. Her affection was lavished on horses and her happiest moments were spent on horseback, tearing at breakneck speed through the forests.

Once, on a wild tear through unknown territory in the woods, she came upon a carefully hidden still. The time was well before prohibition but since prehistoric times mountaineers have made an effort to beat the government out of taxes and undersell legitimate distilleries. She pulled on the reins and stopped the horse to look over the fascinating coils and tanks and suddenly found herself staring at two rifles pointed directly at her head as a moonshiner commanded her to "git off that hoss." When it comes to hiding places for an illicit bootery, you

can't trust nobody, much less a pretty red-headed snip of a young'un, and how to get this one off the premises without her leaking the location to the revenuers was a problem. Eventually they blindfolded her, put her back on her horse and led her around the mountain, backwards and forwards in circles, until she was thoroughly lost, then they removed her blinders, slapped her horse on the rear and sent her off to find her way home as best she could. This episode is not exactly earth-shaking in importance, but as one of the few incidents we know about Helen, it merits the telling.

When she was fourteen her custodian gave her to Walter Moody to whom he owed a good deal of money. The fact that Helen strenuously objected to the bargain and had no love for Moody made little difference to the man. It was time the youngster paid him back for her raising, and what would be a better way to cancel his debt than for her to marry Walt Moody, who was a good earner and gentle enough, and had certainly taken a fancy to her. He was 27 and nicely settled and any girl should be pleased to be his wife.

The records don't reveal if the rocky romance began in Brewster or if the bride and groom moved there after the wedding. That part of the west seems to be a very obscure spot to be picked as the destination of a wagon train and it's therefore likely that Walter Moody had already established a spread there and brought the reluctant Helen home to his farm.

Housekeeping and domestic management were certainly not Helen's favorite pastimes, and she performed her tasks under protest. When, in a short time, she found herself pregnant she longed even more for the freedom that had been taken from her. Hopeful that domesticity and maturity would be side benefits to the joys of motherhood, Walter Moody looked forward to the time when he would become a father. But when the baby was born -- a daughter, Grace Virginia -- Helen went through no spiritual metamorphosis. Her tasks -- cooking, mopping, milking, churning, washing and ironing -- took on no aura of glamor, and feeding and diapering a baby added no rapture to a life of drudgery.

No one can say she didn't try, but after a couple of years of motherhood, she found life getting no easier. Tasks had to be repeated monotonously day by day, and she could see no let up in the

future. She was only sixteen, little more than a child, with an unwanted husband and an unwanted baby, and if she was to find any happiness, she would have to seek it for herself.

On occasion Walter must have gone on trips for several days, perhaps to market, perhaps to visit his mother; who knows for what reason? He was not at home when the following incidents occurred and was surely unaware of the events when they took place. On a sunny day pregnant with promise, a river boat captain happened to pass by the farm and noticed little Grace Virginia playing in the yard. Impressed by the blond beauty of the child, he very likely made some complimentary statement to the effect that he'd like to have a pretty child like that for his own. Without hesitation Helen picked up the toddler and handed her over to the Captain with the announcement that he was welcome to her.

At the moment the gentleman was apparently serious about keeping the baby because he made his way back to the boat with Grace Virginia in tow, and Helen, free from an unwanted encumbrance at last, took off in another direction, never to return.

In a short time, possibly before nightfall, the fact that a two-year old child requires considerably more attention and care than appears on the surface became plainly apparent to the Captain, and he concluded that home was the best place for Gracie. But at the farm he found only a couple of unmilked cows bawling in the front yard and the house deserted. He couldn't leave Gracie alone so he took her back to his riverboat, wondering what in the world he would do with his charge.

The matter was settled to his satisfaction when a couple of Indians from the nearby Colville Indian Reservation happened along, spotted Gracie, and decided a golden haired papoose, playing around the tepee would be just the thing. They dickered with the Captain a little and when they offered him forty mules--*forty* mules?--in trade, the Captain, who recognized a bargain when he saw one, passed her over with no reluctance.

In a day or two Walter returned and was appalled by what he discovered. He immediately began searching for his missing family. Of course Helen had no intention of leaving a traceable trail;

her dainty footsteps were carefully concealed and she made a complete disappearance into the mists for the next fifty years.

Finding Grace Virginia didn't require a Pinkerton Agency. Walter soon discovered her at the Colville Reservation, dirtier than any white child should ever be, but no worse for the wear. Some time earlier, during the smallpox epidemic, Walter had appeared at the reservation and nursed many of the Indians through the disease. He had fortunately been immune to the plague, and had helped where he could. The Indians were grateful for his ministrations and regarded him as a good friend. When they discovered he was Gracie's father, they gave her up with no protest. Unfortunately we don't know for a fact if these friendly Indians got their forty mules back, but we assume the Captain did his part and kept the peace.

Walter's mother, Grandma Keeler, who was widowed from her second husband, and who lived in Auburn, California, was sent for. She came and got Grace Virginia and took her back with her because rearing a child is women's work. Auburn



*Gracie, aged 7, at the farm*

is a few miles northeast of Sacramento at the head of the mother lode country, not vastly different from Brewster, Washington, and Grandma Keeler certainly demonstrated more affection than Grace had ever known before, so the little girl had no difficulty adjusting to the changes in her environment. If Grace's unconventional babyhood resulted in psychological damage to her id, it was never apparent; as a child and as a teenager she seems to have been apple-pie normal with no more traumas than are faced by any typical, garden variety adolescent.

**W**HEN SHE WAS SIX she entered Auburn Elementary School and continued each year in the Auburn school system until 1911 when she graduated from high school. The year following she attended a business college in Sacramento and became an expert in shorthand and secretarial skills. She had grown into a slender young thing, graceful in her movements and modest in her manner. Her blond hair and fair complexion brought her many admirers, and her school grades and strong references insured her of ready employment. She returned to Auburn to be with her grandmother and her friends and became a court reporter. Her speed and accuracy soon impressed the jurors, attorneys and judges.

Her decorous, ladylike attitude, however, had distinct drawbacks. The judge decided that the rough characters and raunchy language of the courtroom were too purple for such a proper and innocent young lady, and he discharged her, abruptly ending her career as court reporter.

She became a Linotype operator with the *Auburn Journal*, a popular local news publication. In 1912 newspapers featured some pretty lurid stories, all of course morally condemning the sinners, but if the type-setter blushed rosily in private, it was no concern to the editor, so Grace held the position for several years.

About this time she met young John Hamaker, a friend of the beau of Grace's best friend. They double dated and soon Grace fell in love. John Hamaker was a worthy fellow; he was personable, fun to be with, and in association with his mother -- his father had died when John

was sixteen -- he owned a prosperous farm in Newcastle, about eight miles from Auburn.

The years before World War One were good years, fruit was in demand and crops brought satisfactory returns. John sensibly converted his profits into additional acreage and farm machinery and everyone was warranted in being optimistic about the future.

**D**ON NOVEMBER 8, 1914, Gracie and John Hamaker were married. Except for the war, the time was a happy period and shortages and deprivations brought about by wartime demands were minimized on the farm. They lived in a spacious two-story house, and as John was an excellent carpenter, he made sure there was plenty of room for a growing family. The difficult times faced by the rest of the world seemed remote to the young Hamakers.

In 1915 a daughter, Evelyn Virginia, was born. Grace, unlike her whimsical mother, was an adoring parent and gave her children infinite affection. Two years later in 1917 Bette Frances arrived. In the aftermath of the emotional celebration at the war's end, in 1919, the first son, Jesse Vernon, was born, and the last child, John (Jack) Robert, came along in 1921.

The Hamaker children were all spaced two years apart and sometime during those years, from 1914 to 1921, Grandma Keeler died. She was the only mother Grace had ever known and her funeral was cause for deep sorrow although Evelyn is the only grandchild who can remember her grandmother, and her recollections of the old lady are vague.

The years following the birth of the children were innocent and carefree. The Hamaker family continued to thrive and lived on the sunny side of the hedge. John extended his property until he owned three farms and acres of fruit trees and hired a large staff of workers. Agricultural produce was in demand and could be sent FOB with the purchaser paying the tab for freight. The good life would certainly go on forever. But, as everyone knows, those years were the closing exercises for the era of a chicken in every pot and a car in every garage.

In 1927 when the second daughter Bette was ten years old, disaster struck. Newcastle had a Chinatown and boasted a



sizeable population of Chinese workers, Asiatics frequently moved in and out of the area, and one day a full boatload of Chinese children and adults arrived in town to overcrowd the already overcrowded rooms and make sanitary conditions even more undesirable. The children were enrolled in school and the adults were absorbed in the Chinese section. A short time later Bette was stricken by polio, then called infantile paralysis. This was the first case in Placer County and the doctors were perplexed about how to treat her. They assumed the dread disease had been imported by one of the recent Chinese arrivals who had not developed symptoms but was nevertheless a carrier. There was no vaccine and no protection for the other children; there was only quarantine. The entire family was isolated as the doctor consulted with other doctors in other cities. The terrible disease affected Bette's lungs and her breathing almost stopped. At that time there was no iron lung, and the doctor, with no hope that the stricken child could survive, instructed Grace to massage Bette's chest to pump air into her lungs and keep her alive. For twenty-four hours at a time Grace worked over the child, pushing on the wasted ribcage at regular intervals to keep her breathing. Grace finally performed the miracle that other mothers accomplished in those early years of poliomyelitis; Bette lived through the torment. But the ordeal continued for weeks and months before she was pronounced out of danger, and her frail body remained twisted and one leg was shorter than the other from then on.

**T**HE TIME OF MILK AND HONEY had lasted about fifteen years for Grace and John, but the reverse of their fortune was upon them almost overnight. Everyone prophesied that prices were having only a temporary set back and the disastrous doings on Wall Street could have little effect far away in Placer County.

But prices continued their descent, and cheaper fruit from foreign markets, which paid practically no labor costs, was imported and filled the demand. In addition FOB shipments were no longer allowed and the hard-pressed farmer found himself responsible for freight costs which he was unable to meet.



*Walter Moody, Grace's father*

Hired help was unnecessary and the valley overswarmed with idle men who couldn't find work.

About this time the PG & E decided to run a canal through the land owned by John and his mother. The farm had been in the family for generations and Grandma Hamaker, deeply resenting the aggressive action of the giant concern, decided to fight it in the courts. Of course she lost the decision and the huge canal was constructed and devoured acres and acres of the farm. In addition to losing the land in the unsuccessful suit, she spent her life's savings which would have helped tide them over hard times.

The only paying produce came from an orchard of persimmon trees. John had introduced this rare fruit in the valley and his crop of persimmons was the only one in the state so the fruit was in demand as a rarity and a delicacy. The orchard unfortunately was not large enough to support the family.

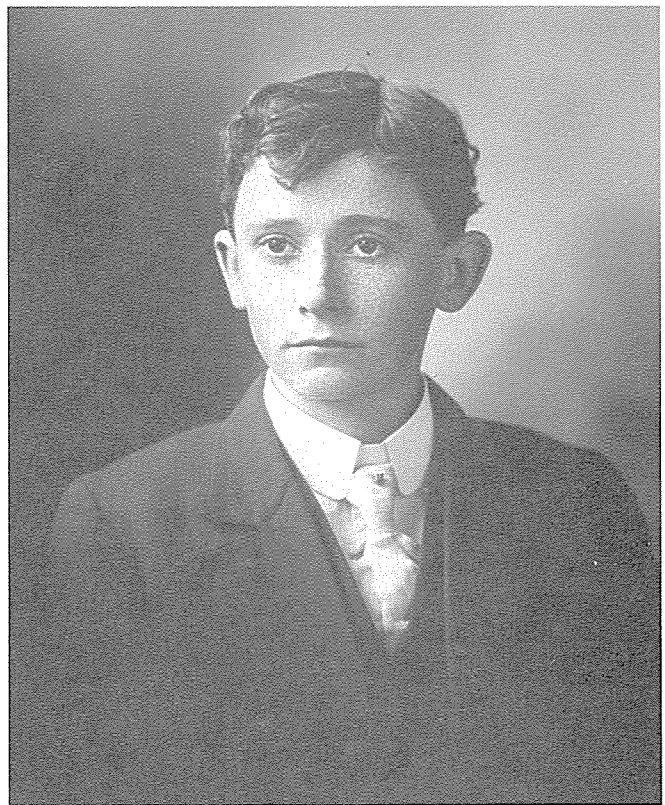
In 1929 a stranger arrived on the scene. He was from England and made a sharp appearance, impressing everyone with his oratory and his visionary schemes. He introduced "The Association," a union-

like cooperative club, of which everyone would become a member and help other members meet their financial difficulties. John, who now found he had over-extended himself in his purchases of land, could see only the grand possibilities of such a Utopian plan and he hastened to become a member. His land was free and clear of debt and he assumed the members would voluntarily help him carry on until prices and sales returned to normal. Unfortunately it did not work that way. His membership made him responsible for others whose backs were against the wall and the pledges which he had foolishly made stood up in a court of law. To meet the demands of The Association he had to mortgage his property. As the depression dragged on for years, he eventually lost his farms and helplessly stood by as Portugese immigrants, fresh off the boat from foreign shores, bid for his land and became its occupants.

As the new owners prepared to move into the farmhouses and the land, which had belonged to the family for at least a century, was signed over to strangers, John and Grace packed two decades of their lives into boxes and crates, pulled up their roots and prepared to leave Placer County. Giving it all up seemed most difficult for John. Grace had a natural resilience and an ability to put on a bright mask to cover despondency, probably a camouflage to give the children a bit of security. Evelyn was sixteen and Bette fifteen, both of them old enough to feel the poignancy of leaving their childhood behind them, but to the boys the move was something of an adventure. Where they ended up would be decided by their parents.

A few days before the family exodus, Grace and John had taken a trip into northern California and southern Oregon to look for someplace to settle. Grace demanded that the new home would be in an area where there was no foreign element. The fact that Bette's life had been threatened by germs transmitted to her by a Chinese person, the taking of the farm by aggressive people from Portugal, which seemed to her an act of betrayal, and the overwhelming population of idle immigrants had colored her opinions of neighbors and races.

The meandering route northward during those few days brought Grace and John to Jacksonville. In 1932 much of



The photograph above is John Hamaker as a boy. On one occasion, deciding to visit an aunt in Sacramento, he hopped a freight as a lark. Getting into the empty car, he injured his eye, which became infected. At the time, when there were no miracle drugs, the eye had to be removed. The picture below was taken some time after the surgery.

southern Oregon was a lily-white pocket. A tour through the town's economically depressed business district and a junket through the run-down residential blocks revealed only white Americans of Western European descent. Grace and John drove up the hill to the schoolhouse and at recess saw the children, town kids and farm kids, a bit shabby at the knees and elbows, but obviously pure American young ones.

Checking in at a real estate office, they were offered a two-story brick house several blocks up Third Street from the center of town.\*

A Mr. Toft who had earlier acquired the house by paying the delinquent taxes on it, had moved to the John F. Miller house closer to town and had put the brick on the market for \$1500. There was a large lot behind the house, extending along the side and across the creek, and the house was big enough for the family. Grace could spot many disadvantages and saw at once that it was a far cry from the spacious farm house they had left, but she also realized it was just about all they could manage. She contacted her father, borrowed the \$1500 from him, and bought the house on the spot.\*\*

The Hamakers would no longer live like landed gentry, but they had a roof overhead, a doorsill, and a small living room where Bette could display her growing collection of elephants. Grace returned briefly to Newcastle to pick up her family. She brought the boys to Jacksonville in the family Dodge; John brought the girls in his car.

\* The house at 710 South Third Street has quite a history. It was built in 1868 by Patrick Fehely who came to Jacksonville in 1859. He owned the brick kiln and brickyard which was just across the street and he built the house of his own bricks. It was owned by Peter Applegate from 1902 to 1922. It has its fair share of ghosts and things which go bump in the night.

\*\* Mystery and intrigue cloud the final hours of Mr. Toft. The discovery of just what part is rumor and what part is fact will face the patient researcher. After Grace handed him the \$1500 (check? currency?) he returned to the Miller house, and, as the story has it, attached one end of a piano wire to the bed post, twisted the other end around his neck and gave a melodramatic leap out a second story window. If he wanted to end it all, he couldn't have chosen a more effective garrotte than a piano wire. It worked nicely and he was in the bowers of bliss long before the local constabulary dragged him back up to the bedroom and untwisted his wire choker. Several answered questions remain (eg.) What happened to his collection of valuable antiques and, indeed, what happened to the \$1500 Grace had given him? This is of course another story and will have to wait for the telling.



*The Fehely House*

They arrived in December 1932. Southern Oregon was having one of its unique cold snaps; the weather was below zero and the house was damp and clammy. John and the boys scrounged around the yard looking for wood to burn and found an armload or two, but it was wet and resisted all attempts to light it. As the girls and Grace huddled in quilts, John unsuccessfully fanned the fast dying embers. A neighbor at last appeared carrying a load of pitch kindling and finally they had the comfort of a little heat. The next day they set to work to make the house habitable.

There was no plumbing. The only running water came through a pump which stood along side a strangely constructed wooden sink which had been lined with rough tin. The water from the pump ran into the sink, drained into a pipe stuck through the wall and poured into a muddy pool beside the kitchen. When the family became strangely ill, particularly Evelyn who had a history of diarrhea, John had the water tested by the County. The test revealed the water was polluted and contained a strange substance which had seeped into it from another sewerage system. Grace called a family conference: "It's Christmas time. Do you want presents or plumbing?" The unanimous decision was for plumbing.

They had brought with them a handsome bathtub and, with the new pipes, they no longer had to heat water on the stove for baths, the rickety backyard privy could be hauled away, and the pump by the sink was ready for the city dump. When the city fathers sent out the message that they would welcome historic artifacts, John donated the pump which still stands as a bit of history on the



**FOUR GENERATIONS:**

*Sarah Keeler, grandmother of Grace  
Grace Moody Hamaker, Evelyn Hamaker,  
Walter V. Moody, father of Grace.*

corner by the Beekman bank.

Walter Vernon Moody, Grace's father had much earlier moved from Washington to be nearer his mother and his grandchildren. He had built a little house in Newcastle where he spent his last years. In 1934 he died and left his property to Grace. Grandma Hamaker, homeless but unwilling to leave the familiar valley, moved into his tiny house, not far from the big farms she had once owned. Until her death she managed to make her living by babysitting. Like her son John, she was an expert with growing things and always had a pretty garden to supply her with fresh vegetables and a chicken yard for fat layers and a rooster or two.

**E**VEN BEFORE THE MOVE from Newcastle John Hamaker's health had become a worry to the family. His stomach ached frequently and he tired easily. Having worked on the farm all his life, he naturally applied for a job in the orchards around southern Oregon, but he found picking the fruit and carrying the heavy boxes to be increasingly burdensome tasks. When the

orchard workers were laid off, he accepted a job on the bridge crew which required even more effort and grit. At the close of each day he returned home almost too ill to eat and fell into his bed, bone weary. It was not much longer until he admitted to himself he would have to forego such physical exertion.

The Willock's Golden Rule Market was in the brick Ryan Building, where today the Jacksonville Inn's wine-tasting store and its next door neighbor, a gift shop, are located. Mr. Willock had died only a short time earlier and Mrs. Willock advertised the store as a rental property. John had salvaged a few hundred dollars from the foreclosure and decided to invest it in a less strenuous line of work. He purchased the Golden Rule stock, paid the first month's rent and opened the doors of Hamaker's Market. Grace worked in the store when she found time and bought a little wholesale stock of notions, sewing supplies and household gadgets to put on the shelves. Duke Lewis, swamped by the depression, had recently given up his Basket Grocery, and he joined the staff as an extra clerk. But even with his helpers John found himself at the end of each day in a state of deep fatigue and was plagued by the pain in his stomach which had now become continual.

Jacksonville proved to meet Grace's expectations. The neighbors were friendly and the citizens were social minded. When nobody can afford to take dinner out and have a night on the town, people develop a spirit of camaraderie and sharing. In the thirties there were pie socials around town, chicken and dumpling suppers

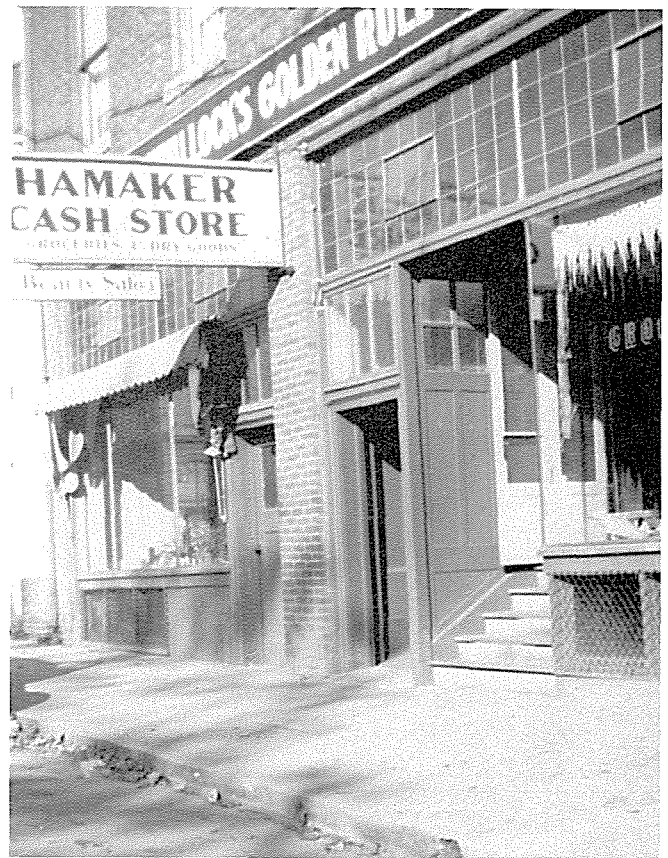


*Evelyn and Bette*



in the IOOF hall, French bread and red bean feeds, and Can-You-Top-This Dish?-banquets at the Grange. A party was a success if Nelle Finney showed up with her famous berry pie, Anna Langley made her round steak roll-ups, Lou Dunnington produced a Waldorf and Anna Coleman arrived with her gooseberry tarts. Grace joined the Garden Club and transferred her Charter membership in the Ruth Rebecca Lodge from Newcastle to Jacksonville. John sponsored the Boy Scouts and was on hand when they patched the rock wall which climbs up the cemetery hill and when they starred at the annual jamboree. The Hamakers became a part of the town pattern. Evelyn graduated from high school, took a course at beauty college and opened a shop in the back of the store.

During his continuing illness, however, John Hamaker did not see a doctor. There was none in Jacksonville. Old Dr. Robinson, who had tended everybody that needed attention had retired and moved to Medford. A doctor would charge seven or eight dollars for a house call and probably couldn't tell what was wrong anyway, much less offer a treatment. At a time when a family of four could live on a dollar a day and many of them managed on less, a doctor's visit was out of the question. The year 1936, which seems like only yesterday, was in many respects still in the dark ages. With the constant hope that his condition was surely only a temporary complaint and would eventually improve, John continued his super-heavy smoking and frequently joined the city fathers in a

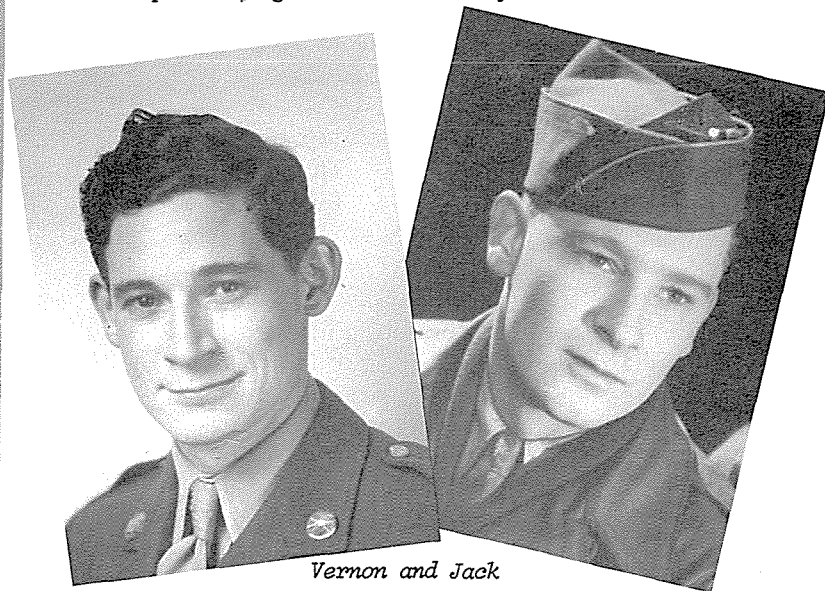


friendly bottle or two.

Eventually when his health became so precarious he could no longer spend a full day at the store, he called in a doctor. The man was well past his prime, had probably failed to keep up with medical progress, and should have retired years earlier, but John seemed to have faith in his opinions. The doctor noticed his swollen and distended stomach and arrived at a diagnosis by tapping his finger across the abdomen. There was no thought of an X-ray or tests at a Medford hospital. He prescribed some drugs for gastritis, announced, "We'll have to get rid of that dispepsia, and you'll be right as rain," and ordered John to bed for a rest.

After Vernon had graduated from high school and had reached the age of eighteen, he enlisted in the prartroopers in 1931. He was the only young man from Jacksonville to join this branch of the service, and Grace was proud of him in his distinctive uniform. Although there was rumblings of unrest in Europe and that little comedian, Adolph Hitler, strutted around and made fiery speeches, everyone was convinced that Franklin Roosevelt would keep us out of any foreign fuss.

Jack, not to be outdone, enlisted in



*Vernon and Jack*



*Grace Moody Hamaker*

the army in 1939. Trouble beyond the Atlantic had intensified and one couldn't be certain America would stay neutral. Jack was so young and vulnerable, it was difficult to see him off to military camp, but practically every boy in town had joined some branch of the service and what could a mother do but accept her son's decision?

In 1940 Evelyn married Walter Hubbard and he built her a little house on the side lot and, as a bride, she moved into it with her beauty shop equipment.

**I**FOR GENERATIONS grocery and supply houses, as well as department stores, had offered credit to their customers.

It was a great convenience to the shopper, and accounts were debts of honor to be paid at the first of the month. In the depression, however, people who had run up large credit balances, found themselves unable or unwilling to meet them and the store owners, with no money coming in, could not keep stock on their shelves. Cash and carry stores which were invariably part of a giant chain offered inducements in cheaper goods. John Hamaker, realizing he couldn't feed, for free, two-thirds of Jacksonville and

Ruch and Applegate, closed his credit accounts. With the usual display of human nature, his customers, when they had some change in their pockets, revved up the Model T and bucketed into Medford to spend their money at the cash stores. John, who already had his prices at rock bottom, couldn't meet the competition and his business flickered out abruptly. Account ledgers saved since those times make interesting reading today. He had held out through the worst of times and, unable to predict any change in the future or foresee any reason for an upswing in the economy, he gave up. Carting home his remaining stock, he returned the key to the empty Hamaker's Cash Grocery to Mrs. Willock.

By this time John was almost completely bedridden and could not think of working. Grace realized she would have to become breadwinner of the family which had now dwindled to three, John, Grace and Bette.

Jobs for untrained and unspecialized middle aged women weren't to be found in southern Oregon or in any other part of the country for that matter. But this situation was about to change. The ten years that started with the failure of the stockmarket and brought unemployment and panic ended with the boom and crash of the guns and bombs of war. Mills, factories, shipyards and aircraft plants began working full time to supply food and clothing and equipment to our fighting men and our allies. Camp White was authorized in January 1942 and the first concrete was poured on March 11. Officially opened and dedicated in September, it supplied jobs to hundreds of unemployed people and workers were still desperately needed. Thousands of green recruits, officers, medicos and maintenance men were stationed there.

But the rally back to recovery came too late for John Hamaker. In May 1942, at the age of 50, he died. During the last stages of his sickness, he was unable to eat and he virtually starved to death. For almost ten years he had patiently suffered from an undiagnosed illness which may have been cancer of the liver or the stomach. From a brawny man with a powerful physique he had gradually shrunk to a frail invalid with a bad heart and other malfunctioning organs. With proper medical care he might have overcome his illness, but John Hamaker was not the only man in those

times who died because he had no money for reputable doctors and expensive surgery.

**N**OW ONLY GRACE AND BETTE were at home. The family had always considered Bette too frail physically to work, and Grace, with no money coming in, unpaid funeral expenses and monthly bills piling up, went job hunting. She was physically strong, less than fifty, and full of courage. She applied for a position as cook at Camp White and was accepted at once; she joined a car pool and reported for duty daily, and once again the Hamaker family --as depleted as it was--became solvent.

Evelyn's first baby Pat (Walter Vernon Hubbard) was born in 1941; a daughter, Virginia Leigh, came along a year later. In 1943 her mother-in-law, who lived in the state of Washington, decided that a visit to her grandchildren was overdue and she made the trip to Jacksonville. During the conversation which ensued, Evelyn casually mentioned the name of Helen Carlton, her errant fly-by-night grandma who had willfully disappeared so many years earlier. The name was vaguely familiar to the lady, and, in traditional it's-a-small-world style, a phone call or two revealed that her Helen Carlton was indeed Grace's mother. An invitation to visit her family was extended, and, to everyone's surprise, it was accepted. No one knew what to expect, but when the lady appeared on the scene, she proved to be very presentable. She was a tall, attractive, stately woman but Grace, who had always been an openly affectionate and emotional person, found her strangely stand-offish. The lady was delighted to meet her descendants, but she demonstrated no ecstatic rapture over the reunion. She was reticent to reveal much about where she had been and what she had done for the last forty-five years, but no doubt the decades which took her from an undisciplined child to her present sedate spinsterhood or widowhood contained some provocative events. She confessed to supporting herself by sewing, an occupation she had first begun many, many years earlier when she had started making sequin and beaded satin gowns for ladies of the evening who frequented the dance halls and saloons of mining towns.



*FOUR GENERATIONS: Helen Carlton Moody, Grace Moody Hamaker Noble, Evelyn Hamaker James, Pat Hubbard.*

She treasured her independence for in the ensuing years she made no demands on the family. The moral here is that even the most superficial scatterbrained flapper, without a serious thought in her bubblehead, will eventually mature into a responsible adult and conform to standards of decorum. One might wish that Helen had remained forever an independent pretty child, running away from responsibility, but every butterfly has a battering and a buffeting to face.

Somewhere along the way she had come across a brother who had years earlier been taken by another family in the wagon train when he was orphaned by the death of his parents, and he and Helen had developed a close relationship. Apparently he and his children were family enough for Helen because after she had returned to Washington, aside from a perfunctory correspondence, she made no attempt to become part of the lives of her discarded relatives.

In some ways Grace found the position

at Camp White rewarding. She made friends rapidly and soon had a following of boys who were separated from their families by the draft or enlistment. Her age, 48, put her in a category with their mothers and they responded quickly to her pleasant greeting and her ready response to their banter. She enjoyed working for these homesick young men with unpredictable futures, and keeping her hearth and home together and doing a stint for the armed services at the same time were her responsibilities although Bette was the only chick at home to hover over--and she was independent and her needs were few.

The car pool bunch was quite another kettle of fish. The people with whom she shared a ride morning and night were rowdy and footloose. Some folks become featherbrained in war time. Home becomes a place to be avoided as long as possible and it is expedient to shun reality. Hitting the bottle helps maintain the illusion that life is a riot. When their shift was over, Grace's fellow-passengers piled into the car and headed for the neighborhood tavern where each glass made the struggle seem more hilarious. The party, of which Grace was an unwilling member, usually dragged into Jacksonville in the small hours, leaving precious little time for household tasks and sleep.

When an acquaintance, Dwight Hartman, bought the bar and equipment at the J'Ville Club on the corner of Third and California Streets and offered Grace the post of manager, director, dietitian, fry cook, dishwasher and scrubber-upper, she saw a way out of the distasteful car pool relationship, and an opportunity to spend more time at home, and she accepted the position gratefully. Hartman had a lunch counter installed in the back of the bar room and Grace featured sandwiches, soups and the usual choice of quick foods. Hiring Grace was a profitable move; she brought many of her customers with her. Whenever the young soldiers had leave, they headed for the J'Ville Tavern, which featured beer on tap, pinball games, pool and Grace. She called the boys her CampWhiters and welcomed them to the Jacksonville landmark.

Grace had always indulged Bette and favored her because of her physical frailty. She worried that romance would pass her by and that her life would be

unfulfilled. The doctors had prophesied that the child could be expected to have a short life and Grace was determined that her younger daughter would have as many opportunities as she could give her. She encouraged her to write poetry and take piano lessons and collect her elephants. When Bette volunteered to help at the lunch counter, Grace thought it might be an interesting diversion for her and allowed her to help out.

In her concern over Bette's lack of physical beauty, she did not take into consideration the girl's attractive face, her beautiful hair or, most importantly, her wit. She was adept at turning a funny phrase, responding to a remark with a humorous quip, and carrying on an ad lib conversation with strangers until the entire room was laughing with genuine amusement. Some of the young service men who appreciated her spark asked her out on dates and she accepted. Grace, who had fussed over the fact that Bette didn't date, now began fretting over the fact that she did. Would she know how to protect herself from unwanted advances? Would these young men defend her rather than harm her? Should Grace withdraw her permission to allow her to go out with these irresponsible boys? Many of the Jacksonville ladies were astonished that Grace Hamaker would work in a tavern and wait on those unsavory customers in the first place and -- can you believe it? -- even permit that little Bette to work along with her and to out with those fresh service men? But as time went on Bette appeared to blossom under masculine admiration, and seemed certainly no worse for the attention she received.

The Jacksonville postoffice had always been a political plum and the appointment of a postmaster or postmistress depended upon what party was installed in the Whi House. Early in Franklin Roosevelt's term Mary Christean became postmistress and as Roosevelt's stay extended into the third term, she held the appointment for almost a decade. An allowance was made to pay an assistant and Grace was offered the position. The decision to give up her lunch counter for a less demanding job with a steady and certain income took little deliberation, and she gratefully accepted the position. Her stay at the postoffice lasted for a couple of years.

A little less than a year after John



Hamaker's death, Jim Noble began paying court to Grace. He was a pure-blooded Irishman, with typical Irish charm. He sang folk songs in a pleasant tenor voice, played the piano and the harmonica and had a complete repertoire of funny stories. He also drank a little too much, but that is sort of typical with the Irish and is to be tolerated. When a couple is keeping company, the one who imbibes too heavily is amusingly tight; after marriage, the same condition will bring the label, a disgusting drunk. Jim Noble was not exactly an enchanting inebriate, but that problem remained to be seen. When they first met, he was pleasant and attentive. A widower, he had no particular occupation; he'd been a cook, a policeman, a bar tender, a farm hand, a general roustabout, *et cetera*, *et cetera*.

And Grace was lonely. She was terrified at the thought of being alone. The house, which had once been crowded and noisy, now was hushed and scary with only Bette at home. She hoped Jim Noble could provide a little stability and pay the bills and look after her, and when he proposed, she accepted. On April 14, 1943, they were married and she became Grace Noble.

IN THAT YEAR ALSO Evelyn's little girl, Virginia Leigh, suffered a ruptured appendix. Flu was rampant in town, and the child was unable to describe her symptoms. A doctor was called in, but he didn't recognize the warning signs, and no one dreamed a two year old would suffer appendix pains. Without surgery she lapsed into pneumonia. Penicillin was not available and she was too tiny and frail to fight off the ravages of a burst appendix. She died at the age of 2½. The little girl had looked a great deal like Walter's sister whom he had loved deeply, and he was strangely affected by her death. He seemed to relish being difficult, was hard to get along with and picked fights at home. At best the marriage was a rocky one and Evelyn was relieved when he found jobs away from home.

Among the fellows with whom Bette became acquainted was a serviceman who told her he had a brother, Carl Hoskins, a lonesome shepherd who lived by himself in the mountains. Out of curiosity or sympathy she wrote to him, and he soon

replied with a grateful letter back to her. The correspondence continued and so did the interest in each other and they exchanged photographs. Eventually he wrote, proposing marriage although they had never met. She did not reject him but suggested that he come to Jacksonville so they could see each other. When he arrived she found him appealing and entertaining, and on December 12, 1945, they were married. War was over, the boys were on their way home and there was cause for rejoicing.

THE TOWN gradually returned to the slower pace of peace time, and Grace, along with many others, assumed that life must revert to normal; that is, the boys would be home and the girls, though married, would come around to visit. The old house would ring with laughter -- and occasional fights -- and she would once again be the center of her adoring family. But that was an idle dream. Everything was changed forever. There would be no going backwards. On May 17, 1946, Vernon married Bertha "Tige" Morgan and in June of the same year Jack married Betty Rock. Grace found herself alone with Jim Noble, who neither worked nor worried about his failure to bring home a paycheck.

FOR YEARS many southern Oregon citizens had been intrigued with the thought of a city museum to display the objects they had treasured for a lifetime and to show historic items saved by the pioneer families. Members of the Pioneer Association had considered possibilities to erect a building for this purpose, and, as early as 1915, they had presented plans at an annual meeting with the suggestion that such a repository be constructed in Lithia Park. In 1928 E.R. White, President of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce, Fred Fick and Duke Lewis, council members, appeared before the county court with a petition asking for money to establish a museum in the U.S. Hotel. The miscellaneous presentations were all "taken under advisement" but nothing ever came of them. The simple fact was that the suggestions were sound enough, but no one ever had any spare money lying around waiting to be spent on such non-essentials as museums.

In the thirties a little independent treasure house of junk and a handful of historic artifacts were set up in Jackson-



*Helen Carlton Moody  
The Hamaker family reports that there is  
a family connection to E.W. Carlton, an  
orchardist, who lived for many years on  
the Old Stage Road with his sisters, Jen,  
Mildred and Mary.*

ville at the present site of the Bella Union. It was open to the public who occasionally dropped a dime into a saucer to show a little appreciation to the man who pointed out the attractions. A collection of some value, "The Cabinet," had many, many years earlier been on display at the Table Rock Saloon, and it was added to the show, and historically-minded folk, who had grown weary of keeping grandpa's old blunderbuss in shape or dusting grandma's antique candel mold, contributed their accumulation. When the instigator of this little enterprise decided to give it up and depart the scene, Frank Zell stepped in. He had a valuable collection of his own which he had gathered in only a few years, and he had an eye for history. When the crowded exhibits threatened to crash through the floor to the cellar below, he approached the city council and asked for permission to move his items to the larger derelict dining room in the U.S. Hotel. None of the council could see any reason to object to the move, and accordingly Frank Zell's collection, transferred to the old hotel, became the Jacksonville Museum. Visitors sometimes

contributed a quarter to the kitty, Frank Zell made enough change to buy groceries and the city acquired its first tourist attraction.

In time Frank Zell was gathered to his Fathers, and left untended his contribution to society. Not everybody was of a mind to spend his days amid a bunch of dusty relics of bygone ages but the idea appealed to Grace, who had always been a fancier of antiques. In 1947, giving up her job with the postoffice, she became caretaker of the then Jacksonville Museum.

She took her duties seriously and made a detailed study of the history of the region and learned the backgrounds of many of the artifacts on display. She listened to visitors recite their family trees and encouraged them to continue their research. Accepting valuable gifts and loans to be added to the displays, she kept the collection as interesting and uncluttered as she could. Under her direction the museum grew and became the nucleus of today's great acquisition.

She was still the breadwinner of the Noble family, and had to take the responsibility of paying the monthly bills. Jim Noble was no award winner as a wage-earner but he did provide Grace with companionship and she didn't have to rattle around the big old house alone.

In February, 1946, the Southern Oregon Historical Society was formally organized and the establishment of a museum at the old Courthouse was its top priority. The news which appeared in the local papers excited Grace. She began to dream of how attractive the objects could be, displayed in a series of big rooms rather than crowded into a shabby dining room which should have been condemned years earlier.

But the plans of the new historical society moved slowly. The Museum/Courthouse remained at the discussion stage for a long time, although members at last agreed that action should be taken at once to accomplish the project. It was apparent to Grace that her collection, much of which now overflowed the display space and had to be stored in a back room, would soon be unmanageable and she hoped for speedy action.

The *Mail Tribune* of April, 1949, announced "Museum Curator Is Appointed On Temporary Basis" and revealed that a committee was selected by SOHS President

Claire Hanley to consider applications for the post of curator. In the meantime, according to the story, E.E. Patterson of Portland, would act as a temporary curator. Grace was shocked. She had heard rumors that the big new society wouldn't consider her as a qualified applicant, but what, she wondered, constituted qualifications? Outside of an appreciation of historical objects, a knowledge of their significance, a stay of many years in southern Oregon, and the gift of pleasing the public, what more was needed?

Neither the members of the society nor the members of the Jacksonville city council seriously considered her for any post with the new establishment. In 1950, thirty five years ago, the public was considerably less into tracing family trees and studying historic doodads. Few universities presented degrees in museology and most history professors limited their curriculum to the textbooks. As a matter of fact the first two or three curators of the Jacksonville Museum had no more background than Grace, but they did have strong recommendations. A crew of workers soon removed the collection to its new partly refurbished home, and Grace, disappointed and hurt, gave up with no protest.

In that year, Dwight Hartman, her longtime friend from her lunch counter days, died. He had suffered with a lingering illness, and a friend, Cappie Rhoten Pence, who had spent much of her time in the J'Ville Club, and had long been fond of Hartman, had acted as his nurse and had tended him faithfully. He lived alone. His wife--or longtime roommate, Birdie--who was far ahead of her era and had apparently discovered some exotic drug which kept her out on a tall tree limb, had some years earlier decamped for unknown parts. Cappie moved in and played the role of Good Samaritan.

Dwight Hartman was aware of the significance of leaving a firmly written will. He was determined that his money and property would go to his loyal friends and he tried to designate their disposition in a hand-written list of bequests. Unfortunately he was no lawyer and parts of the document were not legally sound. Making his living as a

successful chef before he became a tavern keeper, he left a sizeable estate. He had long been interested in Indian and African culture and his collection of treasures was impressive. The bulk of his property, including his *objets d'art*, was left to Cappie Rhoten. Among the items she inherited were two molded cement elephants which were delivered to her house on the hill on the outskirts of town. They have been on display at that property ever since, and for a time they were painted shocking pink. They were lately in the news when an enterprising hoodlum with a chain hoist attempted to heist one of them. Fortunately for tradition's sake, he was caught red-handed and both elephants still staunchly guard the hillside.

To show his appreciation for their loyal patronage at the bar, Hartman left a sum of money to the city fathers on the council. An equal amount was left to Grace along with the tavern and its furnishings. She was permitted to enjoy the experience of being a well-heeled heiress for only a few days. A quick check by an agent of the IRS revealed that Hartman had failed to file complete returns for a couple of years, and the revenue service, thank you, would gladly take the amount in arrears plus the penalties from the inheritance. The city fathers immediately decided that they would keep their share, and the amount due could be taken from Grace's settlement.

She contacted a lawyer and he studied Hartman's final word and came to the conclusion that the city council's action was legitimate. The bulk of Grace's inherited boodle went to the government and the rest went to the lawyer, but she still held the tavern building and its contents.

THE J'VILLE CLUB is a fixture. If it is closed for any length of time, a group of habitués will begin floating about California Street with no mooring and no purpose. A berth at that bar, with the knees under the overhang, the toes stuck into the stool braces and the elbows firmly planted on the counter, is security. Naturally there were people waiting to buy it, and two local gentlemen, McBeth and Hewlitt, met the terms. The payments gave Grace and Jim Nobel a breather from the renewed problem of



*Jim Noble and Grace Hamaker Noble  
and Grace's grandson, Henry James*

where was the cold cash to satisfy the utilities and the grocer. The payments --and the accompanying financial security --continued for several years until the purchase price was paid in full.

Eventually the property was again put on the market, and John DeMamby, the present owner, appeared on the scene. At long last Jim Noble decided to enter the labor force and he began tending bar at the Club. Grace was delighted to see him assume a little responsibility and life would have been rosy had he not concluded that his cut was to be five dollars per diem for a fifth of Mother's Ruin. Every month the bank statements showed thirty cancelled checks, each one made out in the amount of five dollars. Grace fumed and agonized about the cost of the bottle and the vice-like grip of the habit, but, as everyone knows who's been there, her voice was wasted on the wind.

FROM 1950 GRACE'S LIFE slowed down. That was a mercy because events had been pretty heavy for several decades. The children had been a comfort to her but their lives had not been entirely happy and she had suffered with

their mistakes and problems. In 1949 Evelyn divorced Walter Hubbard and that same year married Milton James who made her life more agreeable. Vernon had had some traumatic experiences in the service which were difficult to deal with in civilian life and Jack's unsuccessful marriage lasted only a short time. Bette appeared happy with a husband who adored her. In his youth, however, he had suffered from rheumatic fever, and was never afterwards very strong. Hard physical labor was beyond him and occasionally they had trouble making ends meet.\* Bette, who cleverly read the cards, was occasionally given a little money as a gift for "telling fortunes." To bolster the family income she also wrote timely articles for the *Mail Tribune*.

In February 1948 Bette gave birth to a premature daughter, Carla Evelyn. She was a perfectly formed child but was only a seven months baby. There were no incubators and Carla lasted only six weeks. Bette was unable to talk about the baby for the rest of her life.

Grace was involved with the Garden Club and became an expert on tuberous begonias. Her garden display of these beautiful plants was a show stopper on the annual tour. She became interested in old buttons and had a large collection. She kept a display of military buttons, paper weights, ivory, glass, semi-precious stones and every other type under the sun. She maintained her interest in the Ruth Rebeccas and was awarded her fifty year pin. She entered civic projects proposed by local ladies' clubs with enthusiasm and had many friends who called for afternoon chats.

And so life went on--not startlingly eventful, but not exactly serenely--through the sixties and into the seventies.

In 1970 Carl Hoskins, while working in an orchard, had a heart attack and died. Bette, who appreciated her own home filled with birds, fish and ailing things

\*Bette's husband, Carl, for awhile became sexton at the Jacksonville Cemetery, following Ike Coffman who had retired. Ike was a popular character about town, but he wasn't much of an account keeper, and the records of burials were sadly confused. As a spare time activity Bette checked and recorded obituaries, inscriptions on stones and accounts with funeral directors. She brought the cemetery ledger up to date and corrected errors in the bookkeeping. Thanks to her efforts we now have an approved and accurate document in our files.



she struggled to keep alive, chose to remain there instead of returning to the old family place. During the year following Carl's death, she became ill. After a few days of trying to shake her trouble, she confessed to Grace that she was really in pain and Grace at once put her in the hospital. Her old trouble with breathing had returned and her lungs were filled with water. The doctors worked day and night but could devise no effective way to drain the liquid. Eventually she lapsed into a coma and the doctors put her on a support system. After three weeks they confessed they were keeping her alive with their instruments. Grace and the family greatly disapproved of this and requested that the support system be removed. After this was done, she lasted

no more than thirty minutes. Delicate throughout her entire life and often subject to pain, she had nevertheless outlived the prophesy that she could not last past her girlhood. She was 54 years old and had experienced just about all the emotions there are to experience and had lived a comparatively full life.

Grace was deeply grieved. Bette had required more attention than the other three and had been with her mother for a longer time than they. Even after she married she remained close to Grace and throughout her entire life she was never more than a few blocks away. She had a captivating manner and was irresistibly appealing to everyone who knew her. Her death left a great void in Grace's life.

In 1976 Jim Noble died. He had been



*This photograph may have been taken on a Goldrush Jubilee day or the ladies may have dressed up as extras in a movie that was being filmed on Oregon Street. The ladies are Grace Noble, Mrs. Janowski, Mrs. Paul, Pearl Whitney, Anna Langley and Mrs. Clinton Smith.*

in distress for some time and when his condition became alarming, Grace had him taken to the Rogue Valley Hospital. His condition was diagnosed as cancer and his stay at the hospital lasted thirty days. In that time he exhausted his medicare allowance and when he had used up his credit he expired. He was one week short of his eighty-fourth birthday.

Now Grace was alone. She had been married to Jim Noble for 33 years, five years longer than she had known John Hamaker. Evelyn lived right next door but Grace had to contend with shadows and memories and finally she prevailed upon Jack to come home to stay with her. She remained in good health and kept house for the two of them, and on the day before her death she went shopping. But the next morning, on



Grace Noble

she played a memorable role in Jacksonville at a time which has already passed into history.

We should cherish her memory.

March 11, 1977, Jack found her in an unconscious state. He rushed her to Providence Hospital, but she had had a cerebral hemorrhage. Before the day ended, her heart gave out.

She was one of our great ladies. Had she lived and died a century earlier she would have been honored as an indomitable pioneer, and her name would have been carved indelibly in our history. Today, in this more advanced age, we send our dead on their way with less fanfare and little eloquence because unalloyed grief hurts so much it seems unwise to prolong it.

Grace Hamaker Noble is important because

**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU**

**1930**

May the day be sunny, your hearts merry... and may you not forget our good wishes are with you!

**FRANKLIN'S CAFE**

May You All Have

**A Merry Christmas**

and a

**Happy New Year**

**1919**

**DANIELS FOR DUDS**

**Christmas Greetings**

**1925**

**Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank**

**Christmas Tidings**

**SAVINGS BANK BOOK**

**DANCE!**

**AMERICAN LEGION AND CO. B DANCE**

AT ARELAND HALL

Music by

**Launsbach's 7-Piece Orchestra**

**1919**

**1924**

**We Wish You All**

**A Merry Christmas**

**Trowbridge Cabinet Works**

Exclusive Agents for Gorham Silver, Virgin Diamonds, Longline Watches

**LAWRENCE'S**

**1932**

**\$1 CHRISTMAS DINNER \$1**

Fruit Cocktail

Refishes

Ripe Olives

Young Celery

Soup

Chicken Cream

Entrées

Roast Young Oregon Turkey

Cranberry Sauce

Roast Chicken with Oyster Dressing

Vegetables

Mashed Potatoes

Green Pears

Dessert

Christmas Pudding with Wine Sauce

Apple Mince Orange Cream Pie

Ple-a-la Mode

Ice Cream and Cake

Drinks

Coffee

Tea

Milk

From 11:30 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.

**THE SHASTA**

**1923**

**Only 2 More Days**

**Mary Pickford**

In

**"Daddy Longlegs"**

Breaking all records for attendance. **1919**

Kiddies .....15c.

Adults .....35c.

Loges .....50c.

**Christmas Again**

Holly and mistletoe and glittering trees — and our heartiest greeting with a wish for your happiness and success for

**1931**

**Hotel Holland**



Photograph by Doug Smith

L-R Byron Ferrell, Jerry Champagne and Marc Pence, all employees of S.O.H.S., look over items purchased at the Pioneer Village Auction in October. Several horsedrawn farm implements were purchased for future use at "The Willows" the society's living historical Farm.



### COMING SPECIAL EVENTS

During the next several months, your Society will be sponsoring several special events. We hope that you'll take note of this listing and plan to attend.

December - The special exhibits of Christmas related items will continue through the month of December in the Jacksonville Museum and the Children's Museum.

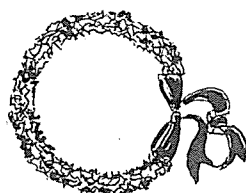
January 2 "Children's Clothing and Toys" and "Murals of Children"  
to will be on exhibit at the Chappell-Swedenburg Museum in  
March 11 Ashland, Oregon

January 14 "Alice Applegate Peil" an exhibit of artifacts and photographs from one of our valley's most historic families.  
Chappell-Swedenburg House, Ashland, Oregon

January 26 Sunday Social "Historic Film Festival" U. S. Hotel, Jacksonville, Oregon. The Society will bring out a number of historic films showing the Rogue Valley during the early 1900s. 2:00PM. No admission---bring friends!!

February 23 Sunday Social "Anniversary Tea Dance" U. S. Hotel, Jacksonville, Oregon. This will be the "kick off" event for our Society's 40th anniversary year. Bring a friend and enjoy the music of the Big Band Era.

Our very best wishes for a wonderful Holiday Season and a most prosperous 1986 from the staff of the Southern Oregon Historical Society!







Photographs by Natalie Brown



Helen and Novus Webb are shown leaving the Catholic Rectory, one of the homes on tour for Christmas. The Rectory was decorated by Sid's Flowers of Medford.

## CHRISTMAS FEST - 1985

Visitation for the 1985 "Spirit of Christmas Past" has already exceeded that of 1984 and it's little wonder! The homes, a church and our museum buildings never looked so beautiful. Our visitors have remarked about how wonderful it is to recall the memories of Christmas through the exhibits---and isn't that what it's all about? At left, Sherri Brown-Worth sits in the parlor of the Helms House, owned by her parents, Hugh and Cathy Brown

## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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