

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

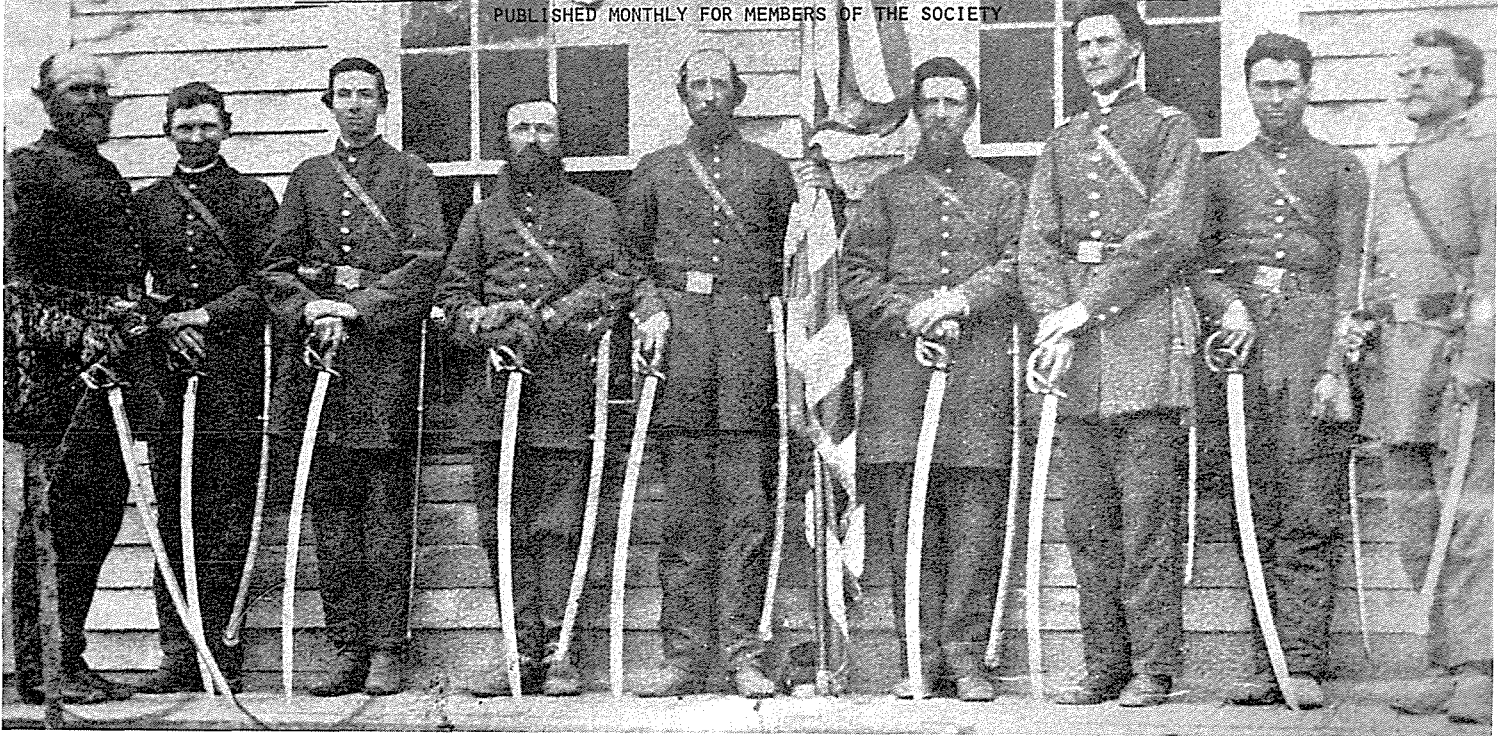
NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



The men pictured are members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a post-Civil War association of Union soldiers who united after the war in a sort of primitive American Legion. These men were willing to serve and fight for the Union cause, but were, for the most part, sent to west coast forts where they took the place of regular army soldiers who were then sent to the battlefield.

Most of the men are unidentified, but the man on the far right is Welborn Beeson, whose father, John Beeson, was famous for his sympathetic stand on behalf of the slaves and the American Indians. Eventually John Beeson, threatened by a Jacksonville lynch mob, escaped in the dark of night, and fled to the east where he continued his campaign. His story has been researched and written for this issue by Mr. Charles Sweet, a volunteer at the historical society.

We are grateful for Chuck Sweet's contribution as well as for the contribution by Mr. Leslie Pete, who sent us the feature story about the Big 1928 Foot Race.

## THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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# Society News

Director's Report . . . . . Nick Clark

This is going to be the most exciting year in our Society's history! We're 40 years old and celebrating!

April and May have three very important events which you won't want to miss: the opening of The Willows Farm Museum on April 19 and 20; the "Life Begins At 40" exhibit of our Society's history on April 27 from 2-4PM; and the SOHS Birthday Party and Heritage Fair from 10AM-3PM on May 3. You'll read more about it elsewhere in the "Sentinel."

On behalf of the Board of Trustees and staff, we invite each and every one of you to attend and participate---and bring a friend along!

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Our Society has lost one of its best friends, Miss Mary Hanley. We extend our condolences to her family and friends. An obituary will be found elsewhere in this issue of the "Sentinel" and a memorial fund has been established for The Willows Farm Museum, c/o Southern Oregon Historical Society, P. O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530.

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We have good news to report concerning the building of our new Southern Oregon History Center. At its last meeting, the Jacksonville Historical and Architectural Review Committee approved the exterior design of the building which allowed the project to move on to the Jacksonville Planning Commission. The Planning Commission will meet on March 31 to consider the appropriateness of the site and the adequacy of parking provided. We are very hopeful that final approvals can be obtained in April and the building let for bids in June---and maybe---at last---ground breaking in August! We have all waited a very long time for this badly needed facility and we'll be sure to keep you informed about its progress.

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DON'T FORGET THE ANNUAL MEETING ON MAY 16!! This year's meeting will be held at the Medford Red Lion Inn and our very special guest will be Peggy Rubin of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival who will present "Shakespeare and History." Your invitation will be coming in mid-April. There are only 300 seats so return them as soon as possible!



# Mary Love Hanley

## 1893 - 1986

**T**he beginning of the final chapter in the life of Mary Love Hanley was written on March 10, 1986. Mary's life was one of quiet service to others and in its latter half, to preserving the history of her native Rogue Valley.

Mary Love Hanley was born in Medford, May 3, 1893, to John Andrew and Mary Harris (Love) Hanley. She spent her early life in Medford, Jacksonville and at The Willows, the Hanley family farm.

I once asked Mary what event in her life had been the most important. "Losing my mother and father before I was ten," she said. John Hanley died in 1901 only to be followed by Mary H. Hanley in 1904, leaving Mary, her two sisters and a brother to be cared for by aunts and uncles.

Michael Hanley II took his niece to live with him on the Butte Creek ranch. Mary often told me those were the happiest days of her life. She loved the beautiful tree-covered hills, the cattle and the quietude of her surroundings. She also told me that she never worked harder than when she lived on the ranch. Eventually she was responsible for cooking three meals a day for as many as 25 men during busy times on the ranch. Mary knew what hard work was.

Later she returned to Medford where she took a job in the laboratory at what is today Providence Hospital. Her sister, Martha M. Hanley, had received nurses training in Portland, and Mary told me she always admired Martha's work and the fact that she was registered nurse #10 in Oregon. They shared a house and enjoyed their careers.

In 1940 their aunt, Alice Hanley, died, leaving The Willows to her three nieces, Claire, whom Alice had taken in at age 6, Martha, and Mary. At that time Martha and Mary moved to the farm where they were to spend the remainder of their lives.

The three sisters had a great attachment to their family farm and worked very hard to preserve it and make it a place of beauty. They all enjoyed gardening and were active in garden clubs, but Mary's special interest was orchids. In 1945 she bought a greenhouse in Grants Pass and had it moved, piece by piece, to the farm. From that time on, Mary filled the greenhouse with beautiful orchids which she cared for tenderly.

The first time I met Mary, she was sitting in the greenhouse on her little blue chair, putting bark into orchid pots. Although she was practically blind and had broken hips which made it uncomfortable to stand, she made every effort to make certain her orchids were properly cared for. Our volunteers and I had lots of good times in the greenhouse, listening to Mary talk about her orchids and tell stories of her past life.

Mary Hanley joined her sister Claire at the very first meeting held to organize the Southern Oregon Historical Society in 1946. Martha joined in May of 1950. From that time on, the Society was a very important part of their lives and consumed much of their energy and time. Claire became president in 1950 and served until her death in 1963. Mary became curator of the Society's Jacksonville Museum in 1955 and served until her retirement in 1967.

During those twelve years the museum made significant improvements and Mary quietly and persistently worked to make certain that what should remain in the Valley, did. Soon, what had begun as a few artifacts in borrowed glass cases evolved into one of the finest museums on the West Coast.

After retirement, Mary turned her attention to enjoying her remaining years with family and The Willows. Mary decided that The Willows should be left to the Southern Oregon Historical Society as a museum of pioneer heritage. To that end, Mary donated the farm, along with its priceless collection of artifacts, in 1982.

We are all thankful for the life of Mary Hanley. In her quiet, unassuming way, she was able to impress upon us how important history is and particularly the history of the Rogue Valley in the development of the West. Over the past thirty years, she was able to provide that same dedication to thousands who visited our Society's museums, and through her gift of The Willows, the future generations of visitors will be able to enjoy that history--so that the final chapter in the life of Mary Hanley will never end.

*Nicholas Clark*





Photo by Doug Smith

### The Willows Farm Museum

Built in 1875, this beautiful home will be the focal point for visitors at The Willows.

### THE WILLOWS TO OPEN APRIL 19 - 20!

The Willows Farm Museum will open to the public on the third weekend of each month during 1986. The opening weekend in April 19 and 20, and the hours are from 1PM to 5PM both days.

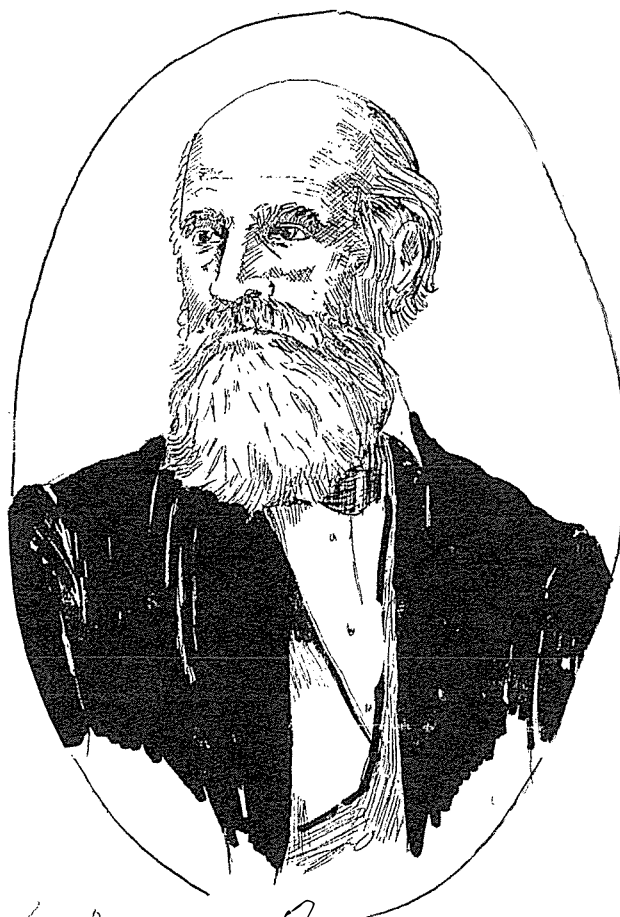
Your Society will be developing The Willows in phases which will eventually see living history programs in the home, mule-drawn farming programs in the field and various interpretive programs.

For the first time, the stately 10 room home of the Hanley family will be open for tours. Visitors will be amazed at the historical collections begun by Miss Alice Hanley and continued by her nieces, Mary, Martha and Claire Hanley. In a 1930's newspaper interview, Alice Hanley states that she was "consumed" with collecting history and tried to purchase something at every pioneer estate auction or when an old family moved away.

The house is testimony to those words and is filled with beautiful old mahogany, myrtlewood and walnut pieces. Steeped in history, the Hanley ladies could not bear to wallpaper over the original coverings, paint the beautiful grained woodwork or replace beautiful ingrain carpets. All are still in place including the original parlor paint and stenciling.

Our Gold Diggers Guild will be furnishing hostesses at The Willows during 1986. They are eager to welcome you and your friends. Parking is limited to 20 cars at the farm. If the lot is full, try again in 15 or 20 minutes. Admission is \$1 for adults and .50¢ for children under 12. We'll look forward to seeing you at The Willows, 1053 Hanley Road, Central Point.





*John Beeson*

## THE JOHN BEESON STORY

*by Charles Sweet*

### *Foreword*

A student of Indian lore today may find a great deal of reference material on the Rogues. All of the recent coverage is deeply sympathetic to these put-upon natives and deplores their step-by-step extermination by the settlers, the miners and the citizens of the area. *Extinction!* was the battle cry, and it was accomplished ruthlessly and heartlessly.

Yet during the tragic years of the wars -- 1853 and 1855-1856 -- Indians were responsible for some unfortunate acts of retaliation, and these shocking deeds were recorded by contemporary authors who used them as propaganda to enflame the volunteers. Among these writers was Major Charles S. Drew, who presented his version of the story in a paper, "Origin of Indian Wars in Oregon."

But even at the time when many of the

pioneers became victims of the desperate Indians, there were voices raised in defense of the Rogues and there were U.S. generals stationed in the west who sent military troops to protect them from the revengeful settlers and the volunteer armies. Naturally these "arch traitors" were few in number and were never held in high esteem by their neighbors. In fact, one such defender, John Beeson, who lived in the Talent area, had to flee for his life because he dared to reproach the volunteers for their brutality.

The researcher cannot help but be swayed by the presentations made by either side. Excerpts of the writing by both Drew and Beeson reveal their opposing stands on the tragedy.

Commander Drew carefully listed the settlers who were killed by Indians, and presented some graphic blow-by-blow descriptions of the treachery.





Major Charles S. Drew

"The killing of Gibbs [one of the original owners of Mountain House], Hudgins, Whittier and others (August 17)...was an outright murder, because it was committed by a tribe of Indians who were professedly friendly, and were, at the time, being wholly subsisted at the private expense of Mr. Gibbs and some of his neighbors, and provided with comfortable quarters within a stockade which the settlers of the vicinity had built for their mutual protection. [*"Comfortable quarters" may have been interpreted differently by the Rogues.*]

The Indians, being thus comfortably situated were enabled to choose their own time and mode of attack, an advantage they soon availed themselves of by murdering their immediate benefactor and four others persons who had just arrived overland from the east, and had stopped at this place to remain a few days to avoid the dangers of the war that was raging further on. [*The untimely death of men who had just spent their final months trudging across the plains to find a haven in the wilder-*

*ness was particularly poignant.*]

Mr. Gibbs was shot with his own rifle by an Indian whom he had often employed, oftener fed, and sometimes clothed gratuitously, and in whom he had the utmost confidence...A considerable amount of property, belonging to Mr. Dunn, on whose property it was built, and to other parties, was destroyed. No loss whatever occurred on the part of the Indians.

...The murder of eleven men, July 28, on Klamath River, was also participated in by the Indians of Table Rock reservation, to which they were traced by volunteers. Property [stolen from the victims] was found among these Indians..but the murderers were not surrendered even upon an executive requisition...Nor did the depredations of the Indians cease with the murders just cited, but, on the contrary, they became more frequent, and were committed in a more defiant and daring manner.

The massacre near Evan's ferry (Rogue River) October 9, was a premeditated affair...All the chiefs (except "Sam") with their respective tribes were absent from the Table Rock reserve at the time. .."Sam" remained upon the reserve to play the spy upon the regular troops, into whose confidence he had succeeded in ingratiating himself to the fullest extent, and to direct the movements of those tribes who were openly prosecuting the war accordingly.

The military and Indian departments had ceased to have any controlling influence over these reserve Indians, or any others, and so far as either of these departments were concerned, the Indians were the absolute masters of the country --going when and where they pleased, murdering and plundering whom they pleased, and returning to claim and receive the protection of the authorities [from the] citizens whom they had outraged far beyond endurance...At different times and places...these Indians had murdered in cold blood, not less than nineteen unsuspecting citizens, wounded many more and destroyed a no small amount of property.

...In the execution of their bloody work, the Indians divided their force into several parties, and made their attacks at different points in the neighborhood almost simultaneous. The chiefs, "George" and "Limpy," commanded in per-



son along the road; but the leadership of the several parties designated to murder the families were delegated to such warriors as had been in the employ of their intended victims until they had learned where and how to deal the surest and most fatal blow. Those who were foremost in the attack at Wagoner's, Jones's, Haines's, and Harris's, were well known to those families, had been in their service from time to time and had often received favors and kindness from them when out of it.

In the attack upon Jones's house, he was killed at the onset, and Mrs. Jones was mortally wounded, thought not utterly disabled for the moment. Seeing her husband dying, and the Indians cutting him to pieces, she fled towards some brush which was near by, whither she was immediately followed by an Indian who had been in the employ of her husband, and in whom she had placed the greatest confidence. Seeing none but this Indian following her, and thinking that perhaps he might still be her friend, she awaited his approach, and then implored his protection.

His reply was, "You damned b---h, I'll kill you," and thereupon fired at her with his revolver. The shot took effect only in her arm, but she fell as if dead; and he, supposing his shot had been fatal, left her and returned to his companions. Mrs. Jones escaped to Vanoy's ferry, where she died the next day. At Wagoner's no one escaped to tell the particulars of the attack there; but the Indians themselves, even now, boast of the affair, and do not hesitate to say who were engaged in it.

It seems that the house was first set on fire, and Mrs. Wagoner and her daughter were then compelled to remain in it until burned to death. Their nearly consumed remains were found in the smouldering ruins of the house on the following day. The Indians were equally successful at Haines's. At Harris's, however, they were suspected before they could get possession of the house, and consequently succeeded in killing only three of the five they intended. Mr. Harris received a fatal wound at the first fire; but falling partially into the house, he was drawn inside by his wife and daughter, the latter severely wounded, and they succeeded in keeping the Indians

without. While dying, Mr. Harris instructed his wife how to load and use the rifle, and bade her defend herself to the last; an order that she most heroically obeyed. For nearly twenty-four hours she defended herself against the besiegers, and was then rescued by some volunteers from Jacksonville.\* Master Harris and Mr. Reed were in a field close by when the attack was made, and both fell a prey to the enemy. //

Drew's continuation for 48 pages of examples and bloody episodes such as these does very little--even between the lines--to picture the Indians as an oppressed and victimized people. The men, women and children of southern Oregon had no doubts about their enemy and could see no victory short of complete and utter defeat of the Rogues.

**J**ohn Beeson's approach to the problem, therefore, met with undisguised hostility. The fact that he did not advocate *Extermination!* but instead sympathized with the enemy was undisguised treason and called for quick retribution of hanging from a nearby tree limb.

Selected passages from his book, *A Plea for the Indians*, reveal his daring stand.

**W**hen gold was discovered in California, in 1850-1851, large companies of men started [for Sutter's Fort]. Whenever they saw a straggling Indian, they made a point of shooting him.

On one occasion they came to a high bluff, overhanging a running brook, and seeing an aged Indian and a boy catching fish, they fired, and the bleeding victims hid themselves in the brush. One of the men remonstrated, saying, that men who could do so, would not hesitate to shoot *babies*; upon which, great anger was aroused, and the individual was threatened to be shot, if such a sentiment was repeated in their presence.

On arriving at the Ravines [they found] some of their horses missing; and a party went in search of them. Coming across a band of Indians, they

\* There is considerable variation in the number of hours Mary Ann Harris fought off the enemy. The stories vary from 5 hours to 24 hours.

charged them with the theft; and without the least evidence, eleven of them were shot down on the spot. But as the animals were not found, some Indians were offered a large reward on condition that they would return their horses, with the scalps of the thieves. The Indians, several in number, got on the trail, and afterward returned with the horses, and two scalps, reported that the thieves were three White Men, one of whom made his escape. Upon enquiring, it was found that three White Men, answering to the descriptions, had left the neighborhood; but the promised reward was not given.

On another occasion, a White Man being found dead, was supposed to have been killed by Indians. A company was made up forthwith, an Indian Rancho was surrounded, and all the inmates were put to death -- about forty souls -- including men, women and children. The domineering spirit grew by what it fed on, until excited to madness by these oft-recurring scenes of blood, men became utterly regardless of justice, even toward those of their own Race...On one occasion, an aged White Man, who had persistently continued his mining, and utterly refused to take part against the Indians, was visited by twenty men and forced to mount his pony and go in pursuit. After resting on the mountains, they shot him, cut off his head, leaving it on the limb of a tree, and divided his property among themselves.

From Fort Laramie to Oregon we saw very few Indians; those who did visit us were very shy, and fearful of approach. I could not regard them as enemies, and often, with pleasure, I watched them as they passed from tent to tent, and saw the grateful emotions play over their countenance, as one or another of the Emigrants would offer a few crackers, a piece of bread, or even a friendly smile. The promptness with which they reciprocated every overture of kindness, made an indelible impression on my mind, that they richly deserve the sympathy and protection of our People and Government.

A company of emigrants having a sick cow, which was unable to travel further, abandoned the poor animal, and left her by the way-side. The Indians, seeing she was given up, killed her for their own use. The emigrants, hearing of this

reported at Fort Laramie that the Indians had stolen and killed some of their cattle, upon which, an officer, with a detachment of thirty men, was sent to demand the thief. The Indians--knowing the certainty and severity of impending punishment, for there was the hide, and even the beef in visible possession--refused, or hesitated to give up any of their number as the criminal; for they well knew that nothing which they could plead would have the least weight with their accusers.

The military order was peremptorily insisted on; and to enforce obedience, a volley was fired over their camp; and, either by design or accident, the chief fell dead in their midst. Nothing was more natural than that the Indians should, in their turn, attack the assailants. Every principle of right or honor recognized among them demanded this; and twenty-eight of the white men fell dead beneath the force of their justly-excited resentment.

In consequence of this the Indians were charged with massacre, as well as robbery although they had done all they could to express their desire for peace and friendship. General Harney, with a glittering array of armed men, both horse and foot, marched onto the Plains, and was met by the Chief, who nobly came forward in advance, and plead with the officer for peace and justice, in behalf of his people.

The General held him in parley, while, in accordance with a preconcerted arrangement, the Dragoons, by a circuitous route, got in the rear of the Indians, and, at the word of command, opened a promiscuous slaughter of these comparatively defenseless people. Is not such a procedure as this an outrage against every principle of humanity and justice? Is there any thing, in all the usages and laws of war, recognized among civilized Nations, that could save that officer; and all who willingly assisted in the work, from the charge, and from the guilt, of wholesale murder? And yet acts like this, involving a greater or less amount of wrong, are of almost daily occurrence.

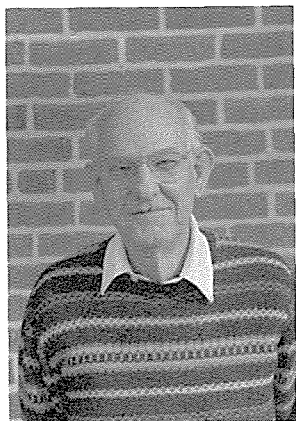
The *Oregon Argus* says that a band of seventy Indians were induced to put themselves under the care of the sub Agent, by his offer to protect them on

their way to the reservation, but instead of doing so he engaged a number of armed men to place themselves on the opposite side of a river which they had to ford, and while the Indians were crossing it, the command was given to fire, by which all the men, to the number of thirty, were either shot dead or drowned. The writer adds that it was heart-rending to see the misery and wretchedness of these forty women and children, thus cruelly made to witness the massacre of their husbands and fathers.

When those claiming a Christian civilization and calling themselves American citizens can thus designate MEN as "bucks" and treat them worse than brutes, it is time to stop speaking of Indians as *the savages*. //

## THE JOHN BEESON STORY

Embracing the case of minorities and speaking up for their rights have become an in-thing today, but 130 years ago there was only one voice in the Rogue Valley pleading for the Indians. This voice belonged to John Beeson who settled here in 1853 and lies buried in the Stearns Cemetery west of Talent. Although he resided in southern Oregon a short three years of his active life, he has become one of the more colorful pioneers of this area and is remembered



CHUCK SWEET, who wrote THE JOHN BEESON STORY, came to southern Oregon in 1981 from Walnut Creek, California. He retired in 1966 from the State Water Quality Control Board. Interested in history since his early school days, he first became actively associated with historical restoration when he joined the Terwilliger Family Association in New Paltz, New York, an affiliation which is

restoring an original homestead constructed in 1738. He has worked as a SOHS volunteer for Marge Herman and Dawna Curler and has recently completed a map of the early trails and stagecoach routes in southern Oregon. He is presently at work on a map of the residences and business establishments in Jacksonville from 1910-1920, a project that will provide authentic background material for the living history program.

Photograph by Natalie Brown

as a truly memorable character.

Beeson was born on September 15, 1803, at Stoke Rockford, Nottinghamshire, England. In 1827 he married Ann Welborn, born in Leicestershire, England. Three years later they emigrated to the United States and lived in Ithaca, New York, for a short time. About 1834 or '35 they settled on a farm near Vermillion, LaSalle County, Illinois, where their son Welborn was born on July 22, 1836. Ann Welborn Beeson could never get used to the windy prairie or the treeless plains of Illinois; she missed the rolling hills and the green slopes of Leicestershire.

The Beesons had a deep and abiding religious faith and attended church regularly. Apparently John was well liked by his neighbors and was frequently called upon to arbitrate disputes which invariably arose from time to time. In a diary\* begun in 1851, when he was fifteen and which he maintained until his death forty-two years later, Welborn mentioned his father's activities in helping run-away slaves on the underground railroad in Illinois. According to Baldwin's 1880 *History of LaSalle County* John Beeson was "a radical abolitionist who lectured upon anti-slavery, temperance, and other reforms...He is an honest, true, but an over-zealous, friend of humanity."

That assessment of John's character was written many years after he left Illinois, and there is no evidence in Wellborn's diary that his espousal of causes resulted in much concern among the citizens of LaSalle County.

Apparently he was a restless spirit because, on March 16, 1853, the Beesons departed for the Oregon Territory in a wagon train accompanied by several of their neighbors. Welborn bid a tearful goodbye to all the material things he had been associated with throughout infancy and boyhood. The diary records that he had shot his good old cat Socrates..."to keep him from fretting when I am gone."

John and Ann usually rode their two wagons, but the boy spent his time in the saddle or walking. On the first day out they drove their wagons and stock to

\* A copy of the diary was given to the Jacksonville Museum and has been invaluable in piecing together the story of this family.



Grandville, Illinois. By then there were eleven wagons in the party. That night the emigrants were entertained by the Grandville Brass Band playing for the last time (three of their members were joining the emigrant train.)

Young Beeson's daily account of the trip west makes touching reading, although one can sense that, like any lively teenager, he was somewhat disappointed when the wagon train had very few encounters with the Indians. Welborn described many of the prominent landmarks they passed on the Oregon Trail and reported seeing his first buffalo along the Platte River. Much to his chagrin, he never got a chance to shoot one of the beasts. He was old enough to be sent out hunting for game and to stand guard duty over the livestock two or three nights each week. Along with his fellow guards, he joined in frightening off small bands of Indians as they attempted a couple of times to stampede the horses and cattle.

According to Welborn's daily records the wagon train probably averaged about twenty miles a day. By mid-June they had reached the Rocky Mountains. On the Fourth of July he wrote, "We are now 1500 miles from home." Some of their party continued along the Oregon Trail to the Snake and Columbia Rivers, but the Beesons and four others decided to travel on the Humboldt. The wagon train split at the forks in the Bear River Valley near Soda Springs, and only six wagons started on the Humboldt Trail through the desert country. Along the way other wagons joined their company and afforded a little more protection from marauding Indians.

Upon leaving the Oregon Trail, the Beesons followed the route taken by the John Bidwell party in 1841 and reached present-day Winnemucca. Here they left the Humboldt and veered north and west toward Goose Lake along the route pioneered by Jesse Applegate in 1846. Although they had suffered considerable hardship crossing the deserts, all members made it into Oregon. Some of their stock, however, was lost due to lack of potable water on a few stretches of desert. On August 30, 1853, after five and one-half months on the trail, they came into the Rogue River Valley.

After passing the Barron Mountain House

and Isaac Hill's cabin, the Beesons made camp near Albert Rockfellow's house. Albert Rockfellow, whose brother William was in the wagon train, had ridden out to Klamath County to meet the travelers and lead them to his land claim. He warned them that the Indians were on the warpath, murdering the settlers and burning their homes. Welborn relates that they had passed several farms on the way but found them all deserted. Everyone had fled to Wagner's Fort for protection. That first day in the valley Welborn had turned their cattle out to graze along Bear Creek and had come across an abandoned tomato and melon patch. Starved for fresh fruit and vegetables, he helped himself to as many as he could eat.

Jacob Wagner, who lived next to Rockfellow's farm on land which became known as Wagner Creek, had fortified his house earlier that year. (In 1880 this area became part of Talent.)

Two days after arriving in the Rogue Valley, John Beeson found a Donation Land Claim farm in the Wagner Creek area that was for sale, and he decided to buy it from a Mr. Walton for \$1500. On the 320 acres was a two-room log house and one-third acre planted with potatoes, cabbages, pumpkins, beets, onions and other garden vegetables. The family spent the next two weeks recuperating from the journey and then got busy at all the chores faced by the pioneer farmer. Over the ensuing months Welborn and his father performed almost super-human labors. Their first task was to make the cabin livable. They began by making clapboards to roof the stable, building fences, repairing tools and equipment, splitting and hauling fence rails, clearing timber, plowing (Welborn called it "breaking prairie"), sowing wheat and planting vegetables, shelling corn and taking it to the mill in Ashland, harvesting their crops, and selling the produce in Jacksonville. The diary reports that they harvested 361 pails of large potatoes plus almost as many pails of smaller ones which had been planted by Mr. Walton.

The Beesons did halt their labors long enough to attend church on Sundays, and occasionally Welborn took time off to hunt game and to catch salmon in

Bear Creek either by shooting or clubbing the plentiful fish. Along with some of his young friends he even tried gold mining in nearby streams but never found much color.

**M**ost of what is known of John Beeson's life in the Rogue Valley we owe to the daily record penned by his son. On Welborn's eighteenth birthday (July 22, 1854) he wrote that he would keep his diary for one more year "...if I am spared." Apparently he recognized that life on the frontier, among hostile Indians, could be short in duration. Historians and the Beeson descendants can be grateful that he was spared and continued to keep the diary for another 39 years.

There is but scant indication in the diary that his father took an active role in the Indian cause the first year in Oregon. His later stand on this issue, however, was probably influenced by the events taking place in 1853 and '54. There was no question that the Indian situation had become extremely serious by the time the Beesons settled in the Rogue Valley, and the horror tales of both Indian and white atrocities were rife by then. Young Welborn wrote of a few incidents that occurred in 1853-'54 and expressed repugnance at the behavior of some of the settlers and miners -- undoubtedly reflecting his father's views on the "evils perpetuated upon the Indians."

Manifestations of Indian hostility in the Oregon Territory had been infrequent prior to the arrival of the first settlers in the late 1940s. What collisions did occur were usually traceable to wrongs committed by the fur traders. It wasn't until the Indians realized the determination of the settlers to possess Indian tribal lands that conflicts between the two cultures turned into the Indian wars of 1848-58. Much of the misunderstanding between the races could be attributable to the Donation Land Act passed by the Congress in 1850 under which settlers were granted 320 acres (640 acres to man and wife).

The first large-scale warfare occurred along the Columbia River and in the Willamette Valley, but in 1852 signs of war began developing in the Rogue Valley. During the earliest com-

bats, the pioneer settlers and miners formed their own volunteer armies to fight the Redman. Early military campaigns were, for the most part, carried out by these volunteers rather than by federal or territorial troops.

The Rogue Indians were considered to be the most intelligent, cunning and war-like tribe in the Oregon Territory, although their allies to the south, the Shastas, were more hostile and aggressive. Army officers, upon meeting the Rogues in combat, were amazed at their ability to perform military maneuvers unexpected of "uncivilized savages." Although the Rogues and related white tribes constituted a total population of about 9,000 when the white man came to southwest Oregon, there were fewer than 1200 living in the Rogue Valley in 1852, according to an estimate by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. These Indians lived in villages of 30 to 150 individuals.

A company of Jacksonville volunteers (mostly miners) had been formed in 1852 to fight the Indians. They were joined by volunteers from Yreka and had their first skirmishes with the Rogues that summer. The volunteers didn't distinguish themselves for bravery and committed more atrocities than the enemy, murdering friendly Indians and massacring women and children. Finally peace was restored through the efforts of Indian Agent Alonzo Skinner, who reported to his superiors that the acts of the volunteers were unjustified.

The following year, when the Beesons settled on Wagner Creek, small bands of Indians again began attacking isolated farms. This resulted in Territorial Governor George Curry's commissioning Joseph Lane as commanding general of the volunteer regiments in southern Oregon. Lane took charge of the military engagements in the Rogue Valley. Following a battle in August, 1853, the Rogue Indians asked for a treaty council. The council was held at Table Rock, and the subsequent peace treaty was ratified by the U.S. Congress on April 12, 1854. The following year, the Jacksonville volunteers were paid off and discharged.

Except for a few intermittent incidents 1854 was a relatively peaceful year in the Rogue Valley. This wasn't the case in the Illinois Valley, the lower Rogue

River, and along the coast. In those areas gun-happy miners were determined to exterminate the Indians and succeeded in murdering large numbers of them.

Soon after the Beesons arrived in Oregon, they began hearing tales of wrongs inflicted upon the Indians. It wasn't surprising that John concluded the natives were being grossly mistreated. He now had another crusade to add to his outspoken stand on temperance and slavery. He firmly believed that the two races could live together in peace if the white man would only recognize the legitimate rights of the Indians and treat them fairly. In his opinion the tribal leaders were intelligent men who should be dealt with in an intelligent and diplomatic manner.

It was early in 1855 that John Beeson started writing letters to newspapers and speaking out at public meetings in defense of the Indians. His sentiments did not sit well with the settlers. The few who did sympathize with him were afraid to speak publicly for fear of private revenge by the rabble rousers. Most of the settlers, many of whom had friends or family killed or harmed by the natives, believed that the only good Indian was a dead one.

The winter of 1854-55 had been a particularly severe one, and much of Welborn's diary during these months was devoted to describing the hardships the settlers endured. One day he wrote that the snow was a foot deep on the farm and that water froze in the buckets inside the house. That spring John and his son went into Jacksonville to hear a political speech by General Lane, who was running for Congress. Welborn described the General as "red-faced with Wiskey (sic) roses on his nose."

By summer, 1855, hostilities had broken out again in Rogue Valley. The diary in September reported that Indians (probably Shastas) had killed two friends of the Beesons as they were driving stock across the Siskiyou. Volunteers had gone out immediately to hunt the culprits but, knowing the reputation of the ferocious Shastas, the volunteers probably didn't try very hard to find them. Instead they moseyed over to the Rogue River and engaged the more docile Rogues in a fight. Before it was over, twenty natives, including some

women and children, and two white men were killed.

This occurrence caused Welborn to surmise that the valley was in for more war, although he wrote that he thought the Indians on the river were probably more frightened than were the whites. Most of the Beeson's neighbors now began fortifying their homes in anticipation of attacks. No further major hostilities, however, took place that year. One event did occur and it would prove to have significant implications in the Beeson family. On November 14, 1855, a newspaper, the *Table Rock Sentinel*, was started in Jacksonville. Its first editor, and soon to become the sole owner, was William T'Vault (a notorious gentleman featured last year in this newsletter.)

During the winter of 1855-56 John Beeson wrote numerous letters to papers in Oregon, California and New York in which he recited instances of injustice to the Indians. At least in the west, not one of his letters was published. In some of them, John described the events leading up to the massacre of Indians in several villages along the Rogue River by a volunteer force of settlers. At first Governor Curry denounced the massacres but later, under pressure from people in the valley, he authorized war against the natives. A government-sponsored volunteer militia was activated and took to the field. According to Beeson, the volunteers were more dreaded than the Indians that winter by some of the settlers.

In January, 1856, citizens living along Bear Creek called for a meeting to be held in Jacksonville to consider the propriety of negotiating a peace with the Indians. This resulted in T'Vault's publishing an editorial in the *Sentinel* claiming that he knew of no man in Jacksonville who desired such a meeting. The meeting was held anyway, but the only person speaking for peace was John Beeson. Meanwhile the war intensified, and many whites were killed around Vannoy's Ferry (Grants Pass), in the gold fields of the Illinois Valley, and at the mouth of the Rogue River.

Not long after the January meeting, Beeson wrote a long letter to the *Sentinel*, but the editor refused to publish it. T'Vault argued that publication



would put Beeson's life in jeopardy. It was becoming increasingly apparent that John Beeson's stand on slavery and the rights of the American Indian was alienating him from even his close friends. He wrote that he never stepped from his door without realizing the possibility of a rifle being fired at him from the thick brush that fringed the creek a few rods from his house. He knew that the Indians would be blamed--or credited--for silencing him.

Finally articles or letters that had been published in the *New York Tribune* were quoted in the *San Francisco Herald*. When this came to the attention of the people in the Rogue Valley, a committee of citizens called for a public meeting in Jacksonville to pronounce judgment on what John had written. He attended the meeting, but the chairman refused to let him speak and he left. Welborn wrote in his diary:

Friday, May 23, 1856. Indignation meeting at schoolhouse against Father on account of his being opposed and writing and talking against the present Indian War. They passed several resolutions which will be published in the *Sentinel*. I am afraid Father will have to leave this country. Public opinion is so strong against him some would about as leave kill him as an Indian just because he has spoken the truth out boldly against the rascality of this Indian War, or rather butchery of the Indians.

At the meeting, the committee passed a series of resolutions to the effect that Beeson's published articles were the product of a "low and depraved intellect" and that it was the duty of every good citizen to stop their circulation. The following day Welborn went into Jacksonville and heard a great deal of talk about what the volunteers would do to his father. Upon his return home, Welborn found John preparing to start for the Willamette Valley--leaving family, home and farm. It would be 30 years before he returned.

A year later John was to write about this last day with Ann and Welborn. It had occurred to him that he had work to do on behalf of the Indians and that he

could accomplish more alive than dead at the hands of some trigger-happy volunteer. Consequently, he packed a few possessions and wrote out a will that afternoon. Then,

...before daylight passed away I went into the grove, and with something of a sad heart looked over lots and fences which, during the last three years, I had labored so hard to arrange, and to take a last look at my cows and cattle, and favorite mare, which had brought me from Illinois to Oregon, and ever since had served me so faithfully. None but my wife and son knew of the project. We spent the evening in as pleasant and cheerful conversation as circumstances would admit. My affectionate dog, Towser, seemed to be possessed with a kind of instinctive sympathy in our feelings; for instead of lying in his usual place under the stoop, he was not satisfied but to be in the house and by my side.

The diary records that father and son left the farm at 11 o'clock that evening and, after riding in the rain all night, arrived at Fort Lane about 7:30. A.M. At the fort, a Lt. Underwood furnished John with a military escort through the Rogue River Canyon to Vannoy's Ferry. Welborn said goodbye to his father and returned home. His touching account of that sad day reads as follows:

I parted with Father at the Lt's headquarters at Fort Lane about 9 o'clock for the last time--ah--I hope not. I came home. It rained on me all the way...Ah, how lonesome it seems without Dear, Dear Father. There is nobody but Mother and I at home. I have the whole management of the Farm resting on my shoulders. Nobody around here knows that Father is gone yet. It still rains.



Welborn was not yet 20 years of age when he assumed the responsibilities of running the farm and facing the hardships that confronted the pioneer settlers of the wild Oregon Territory. In the succeeding days his diary recounts all the work that he did about the farm.

Welborn's schooling ended when the family left Illinois but, in January,



*Abel Helman, Linus Walker and Welborn Beeson  
The picture must have been taken during the Civil War; the men are wearing uniforms  
of the Grand Army of the Republic.*

1856, he started school again. He attended the Eden Schoolhouse where there were thirteen scholars under the tutelage of Mr. McCauley, who boarded with the Beesons. Upon becoming the man of the family, Welborn ended his formal education.

Although John Beeson, as noted in his son's diary, wrote frequent letters home, there is very little in the diary covering John's life after he left Oregon. Instead we must go to a book that he had published in 1857, *A Plea for the Indians with Facts and Features of the Late War*

*in Oregon*. As he described it, the book was a narrative of what he saw, and heard, and thought in reference to the injustice and abuse to which the Indians were subject during Beeson's sojourn in the Oregon Territory.

After leaving the Rogue River and his military escort, John traveled alone for seven days until he reached Salem, the territorial capital. He was resolved to call upon newspaper editors, the governor, and other leading men in the Territory for the purpose of advancing his cause. Having no success in

the capital, he went on to Oregon City and Portland, where Governor Curry happened to be at the time. He attempted to get an appointment with the governor but was unsuccessful. He also tried to get articles placed in several papers (including the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, which he thought would surely be sympathetic to his views), but only one paper, the *Argus*, was willing to publish an article pleading the Indian cause. On the other hand, he discovered that at least two Portland papers had printed the *Table Rock Sentinel's* version of the indignation meeting that led to his departure from the south.

During his stay in Portland he saw a steamer come in from Port Orford with 600 Indians on their way to the Siletz and Grande Ronde reservations. By the end of the year, there were very few Indians remaining in the Rogue Valley. Those that weren't killed were moved to reservations. Failing to gain any followers in Oregon, John boarded a steamer, *Columbia*, for San Francisco, where he again attempted to get newspaper coverage for his writing. He was rejected by the editors of the major publications.

Finally, three small papers published some of his articles and editorials, with the result that some of the larger papers then opened their columns to Beeson. By this time his funds were exhausted. His son's diary mentions that John had written home and asked for money. Welborn wrote that he and his mother would find it difficult to send money. Apparently they didn't have to do so because help suddenly came through the generosity and kindness of several San Franciscans who were sympathetic to Beeson's crusade. Using this windfall, he booked passage for New York by way of Panama. He arrived in New York City on September 27, 1856, 26 years after landing there from Liverpool.

Shortly after he arrived in the east he published his book. Apparently it was a popular seller because it went into a third printing. This, along with lectures that he was giving, gained him followers in New York, Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia. As a lecturer he appeared for awhile with a guest performer, an "Indian princess," Larooqua, who sang; the press called her an "aboriginal

Jenny Lind." She and John Beeson even had an audience in the White House with the Lincolns, and Larooqua sang for the President.

For a short time John Beeson studied in New York City to be a doctor, but he failed to complete the course. He continued to read medical books, however, and even considered himself a "practical doctor." While in Oregon Territory he had become interested in hydrotherapy as practised by the Indians, and strongly believed in the use of water for treatment of various ailments.

Beeson was active in the American Indian Aid Association, which held meetings at the Cooper Institute in New York, and he gave some of his lectures there. The meetings were held in the Great Hall at the Cooper Union. Many famous people, including President Lincoln, spoke there and many national agencies for social uplift and welfare were founded at the Institute. John became a member of its Board of Directors.

About this time he embraced the losing cause of the Modoc Indians. He carried a petition to President Grant, produced by the Quakers, asking the President to commute the sentence of death for Captain Jack. As a result President Grant commuted the sentences of most of the Modocs, but three of them did hang finally. At home, Welborn Beeson had walked across the Dead Indian country to Fort Klamath to see the hanging. In his diary he wrote, "The wailing of the squaws was awful." John Beeson, in New York, began publication of an Indian Rights Journal, the *Calumet*, in which he opposed placing American natives in reservations.

Following a lecture which John Beeson gave at the Institute in 1873, members of his audience held a public meeting to protest the lawless aggression upon the Indians and to try to secure justice for them. John was appointed to a six-man committee with authority to employ lecturers, collect funds, distribute documents, visit Indian tribes, and invite representatives to a national mass meeting of Indians in the fall. He attempted to get an appointment as Indian Commissioner, but the move was strongly opposed by Oregon senators. In 1885, along with Mrs. John Jacob



Astor and other prominent New York women, Beeson sent petitions to Congress seeking appropriations for Indian education.

Somewhere along the way, John Beeson became interested in spiritualism. He was convinced that the dead could communicate with the living, but there is no record that he ever was successful in contacting the departed. He also took an interest in phrenology, a pseudoscience which attempts to read character from the shape of a person's head.

A few years before his death, John Beeson finally returned to Oregon to live with Welborn's family on the Wagner Creek farm. He died April 21, 1889, and was buried in the Stearns Cemetery on Anderson Creek Road alongside his wife, Ann, who had died in 1866. Vandals have knocked his gravestone over, and it lies partly hidden by weeds and fallen leaves.

If you scrape away the leaves, you can still read "A Pioneer and Man of Peace." John's funeral service was conducted by the Southern Oregon Spiritualism Association.

The Beeson family continued to grow and prosper. Welborn married and had eight children. When his health broke down, his 15-year old son, Emmett, had to assume the responsibility of operating the farm. Welborn died in 1893. When Emmett was 25, the Beeson family, consisting of Emmett's mother and seven brothers and sisters, was now entirely dependent on young Emmett's exertions. In this he was as successful as his father had been and ultimately farmed 775 acres in Jackson County.

*Charles Sweet*

## New Members, 1985

Daryl Ackley, Eagle Point  
 Dessie Adair, Central Point  
 Joan H. Adkins, Central Point  
 Marilyn Alansky, Medford  
 Thomas Anderson, Medford  
 Mary L. Arnold, Medford  
 Mrs. Regina Banick, Oak Ridge, TN  
 Mrs. Marian M. Beebe, Berkeley, CA  
 Mrs. Beth Bernheisel, Coquille  
 Jane Bessonette, Ashland  
 Marybelle Bessonette, Medford  
 Leeda Bishop, Ashland  
 Dorothy Boverini, Chicago, IL  
 Howard & Ora Boyd, Talent  
 Charles Boyden, Prineville  
 Mrs. Albert J. Brown, Carmichael, CA  
 Mrs. Mildred Burcham, Salem  
 Gloria Butler, Medford  
 Mrs. Ken Callison, Oceanside, CA  
 Kena & Jan Chapman, Applegate  
 Nina Chapman, Shady Cove  
 John & Lida Childers, Talent  
 Lillian J. Christ, Phoenix  
 Joseph & Irene Clark, Medford  
 Maxine Emery Colwell, Ashland  
 Marguerite Conrad, Medford  
 Major & Mrs. Stephen K. Cook, West Point, NY  
 John P. Cooney, Medford  
 Stephen Cooney, Los Angeles, CA  
 Jackie Cooper, Medford  
 Mrs. Frank A. Cooper, Carmichael, CA  
 Gail Coutts, Huntington Beach, CA  
 Sidney M. Crystal, Van Nuys, CA  
 Bernice Curler, Fair Oaks, CA

Mrs. Bengt Dahlberg, Klamath Falls  
 Frank Davis, Phoenix  
 Miss Eunice Davis, Portland  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Davis, Monrovia, CA  
 Jeane Del Curto, Eugene  
 Joseph Doblmeir, Coram, NY  
 June Doyle, Healdsburg, CA  
 Judith A. Drais, Medford  
 Betty Vilm Duffield, Green Valley, AZ  
 Dennis J. Dugan, Sweet Home  
 Dr. Jane W. Duncan, Napa, CA  
 Marie Dunn, San Diego, CA  
 Robert & May Dunn, Ashland  
 Pam & Jon Edens, Beaverton  
 Sandra Elbert, Medford  
 Dorathea Ensrud, Ashland  
 Sarah Jo Epstein, Medford  
 Clair Ewart, Phoenix  
 Wanda A. Fairchild, Poway, CA  
 Mary Fleming, Bend  
 Jeanne B. Fowden, Ashland  
 Philip J. Frazee, Eagle Point  
 Jane A. Gillaspie, Medford  
 A.E. Graham, Medford  
 Donnell & Emma Jane Graham, Medford  
 Rosemary Graham, Ashland  
 Elizabeth N. Gray, Portland  
 Walter P. Gray III, Sacramento, CA  
 Dave Greene, Ashland  
 Mrs. Irene Grover, Ashland  
 Harley H. Hall, Jacksonville  
 Laurie M. Halsey, Orinda, CA  
 Carol A. Harbison, Medford  
 Elizabeth L. Harris, Ashland

Mrs. Lester D. Harris, Medford  
 Reed Harris, Klamath Falls  
 Sam Harvey, Ashland  
 Pat Haven, Medford  
 Susan Pilkington Hayes, Gresham  
 Mrs. C.L. Hays, Medford  
 Frank P. Hensley, Medford  
 Gladys Higgins, Ashland  
 Phyllis M. Holderness, Pendleton  
 Mrs. C.R. Holmgren, Estes Park, CO  
 Marjorie Hommer, Grants Pass  
 Pete & Margaret Jackson, Eagle Point  
 Marilyn Johnson, Wasilla, AK  
 Mrs. Robert A. Johnson, Medford  
 Ann Esta Johnston, Ashland  
 Josephine Co. Extension  
 Homemakers Advisory Comm. Grants Pass  
 Mrs. Evelyn Julien, Turlock, CA  
 Sidney Kastner, Los Angeles, CA  
 Mr. & Mrs. John E. Keller, Jacksonville  
 Mrs. Mary P. Kerr, Medford  
 Nelda Kerr, Eagle Point  
 Samir Edward Khouri, Jacksonville  
 Miss Agnes F. Kielling, Ashland  
 Bette Jo Kinard, Mission Viejo, CA  
 Col. J. F. King, Spokane, WA  
 Michael Klein, Grants Pass  
 Virgil & Ruby Lacy, Ashland  
 Lynn Lango, Kailua-Kona, HI  
 Mrs. Kathryn Larison, Medford  
 Carolyn S. Lawrence, Burke, VA  
 Kathleen F. Leary, Ashland  
 Mr. & Mrs. N. Nelson Leonard, Eagle Point  
 Dave Lewton, Newark, CA  
 Jon H. Lilligren, Eugene  
 Mr. & Mrs. Earl E. Lininger, Ashland  
 Bessie Livingston, Medford  
 Nova Longtain, Medford  
 Donald Lorenz, Stayton  
 Joanne Loutocky, Medford  
 Vern Loy, Medford  
 Leonard & Marge Lukens, Phoenix  
 Guss & Janet Mackelprang, Medford  
 Margaret & Forrie Madison, Yucaipa, CA  
 Mrs. Charlotte R. Malbourn, Medford  
 Donald & Mildred Marshall, Medford  
 Joe Martin, Sun City, CA  
 H.T. & Marianne Mason, Ashland  
 Dorland Matheny, Jacksonville  
 Edith M. Mattson, Ashland  
 Michael D. McGinty, Jacksonville  
 Hazel McKillop, Medford  
 Donald McLaughlin, Medford  
 Elliott Meyerdling, Medford  
 Margaret E. Miles, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Henry Miller, Central Point  
 Mrs. Robby Miller, Talent  
 Robert S. Miller, Ashland  
 Richard Morgan, Medford  
 Alice & Larry Mullaly, Central Point  
 Candace Nelson-Kircher, Ashland  
 Jane A. Nervo, Healdsburg, CA  
 Charlotte Nesbitt, Ashland  
 Marcella Nickerson, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark Niedermeyer, Medford  
 Gail Orell, Ashland  
 Albert & Margaret Meyer, Ashland  
 Beulah Vogel Osborn, Medford  
 Andy Owings, Jacksonville

Harrell & Patricia Oxner, Jacksonville  
 Carole Painter, Ashland  
 Agnes Potter, Tracy, CA  
 Quarter Century Club, Medford  
 Mary Louise Reed, Medford  
 Lois Miller Roderick, Medford  
 Gene Rowell, Shady Cove  
 Mrs. Walter D. Sainsbury, Novato, CA  
 Levon Sargent, Prospect  
 Jerry Scherzinger, Central Point  
 Ruth Schulz, Gold Hill  
 Cecelia M. Seubert, Ashland  
 Gary Shaff, Medford  
 Ruth A. Sherman, Woodburn  
 Mrs. Alyce Short, La Mesa, CA  
 Bob Simpkins, Portland  
 Trudy Slowey, Ashland  
 L. Dale Smith, Seattle, WA  
 Nancy Lee Beal Smith, Lynwood, WA  
 Fr. Gerald Snapp, Pasco, WA  
 Zelda Snapp, Oakley, UT  
 Sybyl V. Squire, Ashland  
 Mr. & Mrs. Fred H. Stabler, Ashland  
 Thomas Stacer, Olympia, WA  
 Mrs. Alice M. Stevens, Jacksonville  
 Lloyd Stevenson, Nevada City, CA  
 Mr. & Mrs. John Stewart, Talent  
 Ben Stinson, Ben Lomond, CA  
 Carl & Jean Strand, Ashland  
 Clifford & Beatrice Sullivan, Medford  
 Maybelle Swanson, Medford  
 Shirley & Hershel Tanzer, Portland  
 Jay W. Taylor, Medford  
 Alfred & Belinda Theurer, Burns  
 David E. Thomas, Ashland  
 Irene Thomas, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Steven Thomas, Medford  
 Arthur & Audrey Jane Sturgess, Walnut Creek, CA  
 Bill & Pat Terpening, Medford  
 Maryrae Evans Thomson, Rogue River  
 Victoria Anne Tilbury, Medford  
 Walter Tilley, Jacksonville  
 Lois Tokar, Medford  
 G. Alene Tolle, Medford  
 Marvin F. Trautman, Medford  
 A.E. Turnbow, Olympia, WA  
 Elizabeth Udall, Gold Hill  
 Donna Mary Ulrich, Huntington, CT  
 Charles & Jeanne Venning, Jacksonville  
 Mr. & Mrs. Ray Vogel, Central Point  
 Don & Jean Vondracek, Ashland  
 Dale & Evelyn Wagner, Reno, NV  
 Jeanne F. Walker, Prescott, AZ  
 Charles R. Watson, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Wegner, Medford  
 Charlotte White, Woodburn  
 Anne A. Whited, Medford  
 Alice Wiley, Huntington Beach, CA  
 Charlotte Wiley, Medford  
 Paul & Elsie Williams, Medford  
 Kathleen Wilson, Medford  
 Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Wilson, Medford  
 Carol & Gene Wolf, Medford  
 Dorothy Wolf, Medford  
 Mary M. Wolff, Ashland  
 Erma M. Woods, Ashland  
 Marlene Worden, Central Point  
 Ralph O. Wyant, Eagle Point  
 Sid Yarnell, Medford



# THE BIG 1928 FOOT RACE



June 28 will be the 58th anniversary of the Redwood Empire Race from San Francisco to Grants Pass.

The following is an eye-witness account of the event by Harold Prestel of Grants Pass, given in an interview with Henry and Leslie Pete in 1978. Henry Pete served as Superintendent of Schools in Phoenix for several years and is the retired first president of Rogue Community College; Leslie Pete is retired from the sporting goods business and lives in Talent.

We admire and respect the Olympic athletes who run 26 gruelling miles in the Marathon. What a whale of a difference that is compared to the mile run, the 5,000 and the 10,000 meter race.

But how would you like to set off at the crack of the starter's gun on a race where the finish line was 480 miles away?

The course was San Francisco to Grants Pass, the date was June, 1928, and the contestants were fifteen Indians, all selected for outdistance running ability. In those days it was generally believed that only Indians were capable of running long distances. The prize was a bucket containing one-thousand dollars.



The race gained international fame, and an old pro in the traditional 32-Day European Bicycle race, said, "It is the greatest feat of human endurance that I have ever known."

The race was originated and promoted by the newly-formed "Redwood Empire Association," a tourist-centered organization, promoted by the Grants Pass Chamber of Commerce. The famous and colorful Grants Pass Cavemen acted as the



front men.

Their objective was to promote tourism on the Redwood Highway which ran up the California coast to Crescent City and then veered inland to Grants Pass.

The campaign was wildly successful and the cause was taken up by the State, national and international news services. The race began officially on Market Street in San Francisco and the Mayor of Crescent City, the Ex-Train Robber,\* was the official starter.

Because no one could race from San Francisco to the California Coastal Highway--no bridges in those days--the race was formally begun, after transporting the contestants by boat, at Sausalito on the coast at 11:45 A.M. on June 14.

Each one of the fifteen runners was sponsored by some city on the Redwood route but because this stretch of California was sparsely settled in 1928--and still is even to this day--the Grants Pass Chamber of Commerce ended up sponsoring most of the runners.

The rules were simple:

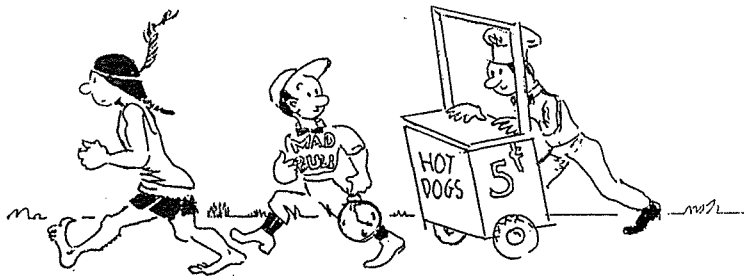
1. Run when you want.
2. Stop when you want.
3. Whoever gets to Grants Pass first gets the bucket of dollars.

Each contestant was accompanied by one official observer, whose job it was to make sure his man ran or walked every inch of the way, and by two attendants who saw to his food, lodging and general welfare, the latter of which loomed larger as the days went by.

The datelines reporting the progress of the race, after San Francisco and Sausalito, came from Santa Rosa, Healds-

*\*No explanation was given for his honorary title. There's no telling how far he may have gone in today's politics.*





burg, Geyserville, Ukiah, Willets, Fortuna, Eureka, Wilderville, and Grants Pass

The race was won in 167 hours and 51 minutes--an average of about 70 miles a day--and what it took to do this is best described by Harold Prestel, a young man then, who later became an auto dealer and postmaster in Grants Pass.

Prestel was one of two attendants accompanying Mad Bull, a tough little Karok Indian who had been trained, along with Flying Cloud (another Karok), by Bill Hayward, the legendary track coach at the University of Oregon. The Karoks were a band of the Urok Indian tribe and lived in the area of Happy Camp on the Klamath River in northern California.

Other entrants included Melika, a 52-year old Zuni Indian, and Red Robin, a handsome 20-year old Navajo who played a ukelele on the way and was always wanting to stray from his handlers and join local entertainment groups.

"It's hard to convey to people just how tough this race was," says Prestel. "You see, most anyone in pretty good shape might manage to run and walk 70 miles in one day. He might even do it two days in succession. An exceptional runner could keep it up three or even four days, but he'd be only half way by then."

The feet were the first to give way and Bill Hayward, knowing that this would happen, had Mad Bull and Flying Cloud, after each training stint up the McKenzie River Road out of Eugene, soak their feet in brine. "The bottoms of their feet were like horses' hooves," Prestel recalls.

The official observers and attendants traveled in cars, of course, and whenever a runner decided to call it a day, or night, he was hauled to the closest town for food and lodging and returned to the same spot once he was ready to resume.

Mad Bull took an early lead out of

Sausalito but only by a few miles because the hot asphalt and the June heat had not had time to get to the others.

At Ukiah, some 150 miles from the start, he had a 40-mile lead and was going strong when he was hit by stomach cramps. Prestel and Bull's other attendant--Burt Tuttich, Hayward's assistant trainer at Oregon--after a seemingly fruitless search, located a doctor. The doctor, after a quick examination, had Bull's stomach pumped, but decreed an overnight bed rest.

Bill Hayward, who was cruising up and down the course, keeping tabs on the race, appeared on the scene a few hours later and exploded. "The race ain't going to be won here," he said. "It's going to be won in Grants Pass, and that's 300 miles from here."

But the doctor was adamant and Bull set off the next morning in fine shape. It took him only two days to pass all but the front runners--Flying Cloud and Melika--but then he was stricken again, this time by lower abdominal pains.

Prestel and Tuttich, after a brief huddle, diagnosed his affliction as constipation, and, knowing that laxatives would be too debilitating, decided the Bull should have an enema. But, from Prestel's description of his reactions, Mad Bull had never heard of one of these, and by the time his handlers, aided by several volunteers, had the deed done, the story quickly spread that his Indian name was bestowed at that time. But, Prestel says, there was not a word of truth to the story.

Four hours after his ministrations, Bull was rarin' to go, and though Tuttich advised against it, he took off on a brisk run and continued well into the night, passing a dozen weary, foot-sore contestants.

Prestel and Tuttich tried to restrain Bull's new-found energy and enthusiasm because they thought--as it turned out--that he might burn himself out. Tuttich, following Hayward's advice, told the Bull never to run uphill, but to no avail.

Whenever Bull came into a town on the route, he broke into a sprint with local youths keeping pace and crowds cheering,



and when he reached northern California near the mouth of the Klamath River and found a visiting delegation of hometown Karoks who had trekked down from Happy Camp, he went all out, sprinting both uphill and down while his attendants followed in their 1924 Star touring car.

Near Requa, some 50 miles north of Eureka and 25 miles south of Crescent City, Mad Bull heard that Flying Cloud --now the only runner ahead of him-- was near the California line with only 80 miles to go to Grants Pass, and, though he was already traveling at a faster speed than recommended, he sped up his pace.

He had made up a 52-mile deficit in two days, but suddenly he pulled up limping, then stopped and fell to his knees. Prestel and Tuttich were at his side in a flash. After a few minutes' probing and questioning, they detected the injury, a pulled thigh muscle.

Bull was hustled into the car, the speedometer mileage reading was registered by the official observer, and the stricken runner was hauled into Crescent City and taken to a doctor.

"No use," was the verdict. "This is not a minor thing. A tendon has been pulled loose. It's a wound. No more running, even walking will aggravate it. Complete rest. Maybe crutches after three or four weeks."

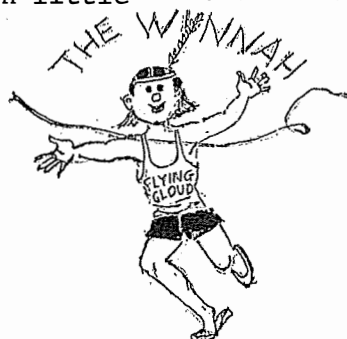
So ended the superman efforts of super-runner Mad Bull, the tough little Karok.

Meantime Flying Cloud, cruising easily, was crossing the Oregon border, with Grants Pass 70 miles ahead, and the aged Melika in second place, 35 miles behind. Flying Cloud could have reached Grants Pass late at night of the sixth day of the race, but the Redwood Empire Association people didn't want to pass up a daytime finish, so they stashed the No. 1 man in Wilderville, 10 miles out, for the night.

At noon the next day, with thousands lining the main street of Grants Pass, Flying Cloud came sailing in--and he did it in grand style, running the last mile in five minutes, 12 seconds, and the 480 mile foot race was over.

Oh, yes, Red Robin, the ukelele-playing blithe spirit, passed up his chance for third place because he elected to go to a dance at Wilderville that night and over-slept in the morning. He didn't get to Grants Pass until late afternoon.

News of his capers had preceded him, however, and a second crowd of noisy welcomers was on hand to cheer him. They presented him with a hastily gathered purse of \$300, fifty dollars more than he would have received if he had forsaken the dance and finished third.



SOHS has planned a one-day trip to Henley-Hornbrook and Copco Lake. The tour will leave Jacksonville at 8 A.M. on April 29, 1986, for Henley-Hornbrook Cemetery where members will learn the fine art of tombstone rubbing. The cemetery is much like an arboretum and is filled with history. The tour will continue to the Irongate Fish Hatchery, then travel the north shore of the reservoir and the north edge of Copco Lake to the Copco Lake Store where the group will find picnic tables and grassy lawns. There will be a surprise for tour participants in the afternoon. Price: \$15.00. Contact Marjorie Edens for reservations, 899-1847



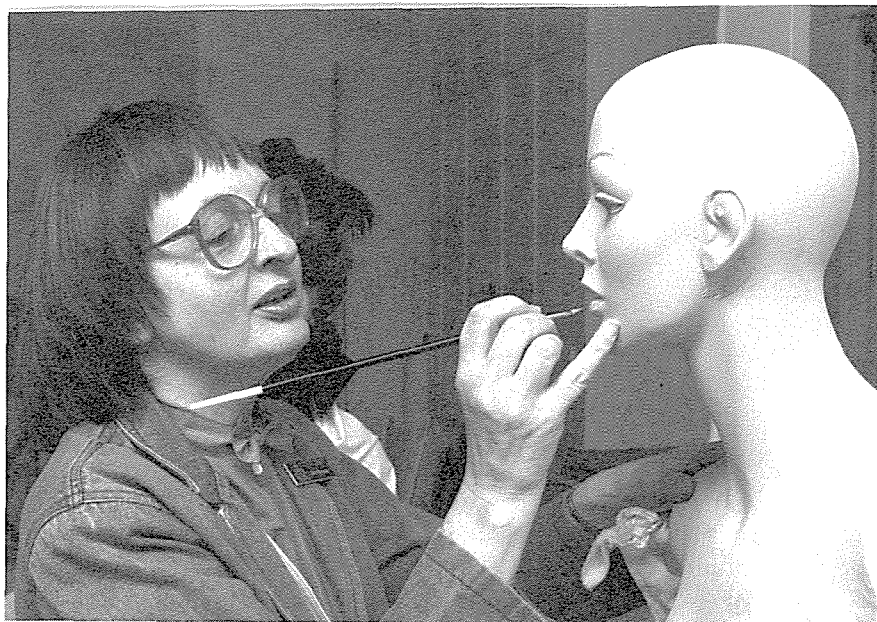
"Mother, Mom, Mama, Ma," an exhibit on motherhood, opened with a special reception on March 1, 1986, in the U.S. Hotel Ballroom. The exhibit continued through March 9, when it was moved to the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland. It may be seen from 1-5 P.M., Tuesday through Saturday, until May 6.

The exhibit is made up of nine vignettes, created by Jime Matoush, Curator of Exhibits, and her staff, Nancy and Walter Larson, Sue Waldron and others.

The tableaux show mothers from the past, seen nurturing, nursing, teaching and disciplining their children. Clothing and artifacts are from the SOHS collection.

Photographs of several of these vignettes appear in this issue. They were taken by Doug Smith and Natalie Brown. The captions were written by the Exhibits Department.

*Photographs by Doug Smith*







### BATHING & DRESSING

Early pioneer families tended to be large. Each new baby would grow into another pair of helping hands on the farm or in the family business. Bathing, not an everyday activity, was often in cold water in the hope that it would be 'bracing to the constitution.' Children's clothing styles through the 19th century were scaled-down versions of adult clothing, with no consideration given to health or comfort. 24





Grandma



#### GRANDMA

In addition to many children, families usually consisted of several other relatives: grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Grandparents took charge of teaching the children about God. They read the Bible to the smaller children and listened to the older children recite Scriptures. Grandma was often the healer in the family. She knew all about herbs and could make helpful tonics. Everybody respected grandparents.

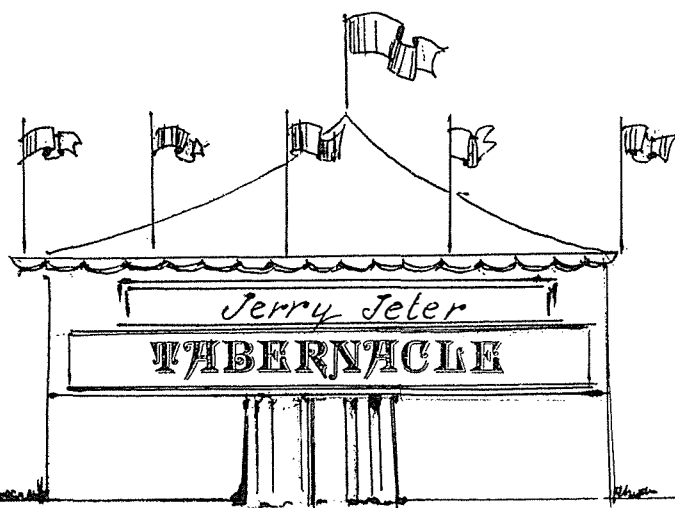


# Discipline



## DISCIPLINE

Ma and Pa took their duties as parents seriously. They wanted their children to be well-behaved, quiet and obedient. They believed when children misbehaved they should be punished immediately and harshly. Children learned right from wrong at a very early age.



## REVIVAL 1920

**D**uring a pleasant hot spell in July, 1920, Jerry Jeter and his missus came to Medford to put a spark under the complacent citizens of southern

Oregon. Jerry Jeter and Mrs. J. were evangelists of some note and a great deal of inspiration, and they were so charged by the Word that the competition offered by summer vacations and excursions did not deter them for a moment. Even though advance publicity for the Ashland chautauqua promised such eye-openers as the Julius Caesar Nayphe Oriental Pageant with gorgeous costumes of the Syrians, the Greeks and the Armenians, and the Rialto and the Liberty theaters were featuring such stars as Jack Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart and J. Warren Kerrigan, the Jeters, well aware of their own magnetism, didn't falter.

Up went the big tabernacle tent across the street from the *Mail Tribune* offices and the evening paper of July 3 appeared with a half-page announcement of Jerry Jeter's Evangelistic Campaign. In his portrait Jerry Jeter gazes intently at his left knee and you can see at once that this crusade is going to be big, big, up-town all the way. Sponsored by the Southern Methodists, the new Bishop, W.O. Shepard, will make an appearance, and Bishop Horace M. DuBose of San Francisco will be a guest speaker. Mrs. Jeter will give Bible readings, lectures and play her slide trombone, and Jerry Jeter,

of course, will be the star attraction as speaker, singer, cartoonist and oil painter.

**T**he campaign lived up to its promises. Evangelist Jeter captured the jaded attention of the newspaper reporters, and they dogged his steps and presented his most pithy statements word-for-word in daily reports. The local citizens, eager for salvation packaged in a sugar coated pill, arrived in droves and the super-crusade seldom had less than standing room only. In fact when the Reverend Jeter led the choir and when Mrs. J. tooted her slide trombone, the overflow crowd sat in their cars and thrilled to the musical message.

Evangelist Jeter's sermons were delivered with great wit and wisdom, and no doubt he whacked a lot of backsliders smartly over the head and brought them back in good order from the road to ruin. We present some of his statements, not in derision but with deep respect for his sincere--although often hilarious--approach.

His first sermons were somewhat conventional, but as the hot July days passed by, he warmed to his subject, and with some well-drawn and rapidly sketched cartoons he began peppering his talks with his sharp comments.

Let's consider some excerpts from his talk on marriage:

# TONIGHT AT THE TABERNACLE

## "PERSONALITY of the DEVIL"

Jerry Will Be Full of His Subject  
Come and Hear Him

The Tabernacle Is Comfortable. Good Seats

Jouett P. Bray, Pastor

Some women say, "I will marry him to reform him." He would not marry you to reform you. Many a woman would be better off in No Man's Land.

When Rebekah saw Isaac walking in the field the evening she met him the first time, she asked, "What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?" She had a right to know all that is possible about a man before she marries him. No farmer will buy hogs that have the cholera.

Many parents think, "Just so he stands well and has money---"

Listen, young woman, when John comes over and falls down on his knees to propose and says, "Wilt thou?" Don't you wait.

Just say, "Get up, John, I want to ask you some questions. John, when you came over here tonight to ask me to marry you, did you believe me to be a virtuous woman?"

John will reply, "Oh, yes, honey. I believed you to be as pure as a distilled dewdrop."

Then you ask him, "John, have you lived your life as a young man that you demand that I live as a young woman?"

Perhaps he may be looking around for his hat, and as he rises to leave, ask him one more question: "John, if I had lived as a young woman the life you have lived as a young man, and you knew it, would you have asked me to become your wife?" Perhaps, by this time, he has reached the front gate.

### OR THE DANCE:

Many an unmarried woman who has passed the struggling age is now wearing short

skirts and going to the dance. I have seen high-brows dancing the "jack knife glide" to the sacred tune of "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."

The dance had its origin among the ancient people of Egypt. Men and women danced as a religious ceremony to their gods, but never, *never* did they dance together.

Cicero died in the year 43 B.C. That old Roman once said: "No one dances until he is drunk or crazy." Well, if that old boy were to hit this town, he would think the whole town ready for the bughouse.

There is a Latin inscription on a well-known monument which says: "It is disgraceful to dance, or for a virgin to enter a ball-room." I wonder what those old Romans would think if they could look into one of our high school or church dances--look in on some of our *Cubanola Glides*, *Mobile Bucks*, *Bunny Hugs*, *Kangaroo Wiggles*, *Turkey Trots*, *Jelly Wobbles*, *Jack-knife Clamps*, and *Shimmy Shakes*.

These dances were invented by panderers in human virtue. Last year there were 60,000 girls ruined in this country. That means there was one blighted every nine minutes.

Three-fourth of these girls, by their own testimony, were ruined by the dance. The dance not only ruins girls and women, but, mothers, your boys may be called lilies of purity, but the dance may transform them into libertines, with a lustful gleam in their eyes, who will look upon girls only as helpless victims.

### DOUBTERS:

"If I could begin again," is the cry of the man who has made a failure in business; it's the cry of the man behind the bars; the cry of the man in the electric chair, and it's no doubt the cry of Kaiser Bill. It is the wail of Cain, of David and King Saul. No doubt but that Jonah said, time and again, "If I could begin again, I would not take the submarine route to Ninevah."

There are many people who have doubted the story of Jonah and the fish, but it's true, for Jesus set His divine seal upon it.

You may doubt that a fish was ever large enough to swallow a man, but if we could see ourselves as some others see



us, a minnow would have but little trouble swallowing us if our ears were pinned back.

I will give you the dimensions of a fish I saw at Miami. It was caught on June 1, 1912. It took five harpoons and 150 bullets to subdue the monster. It was then towed to Miami and pulled upon a wharf. The wharf crashed under the weight.

Do you, Mr. Skeptic, think that a fish like this baby fish would have any trouble swallowing a little, lean, lank, knock-kneed, back-slidden fella like Jonah? It might have had some trouble getting some of you big sisters by, but he had no trouble with Jonah. I think Jonah never liked fish after that experience, and as for canned salmon--good night.

I suspect that Jonah had some trouble making his wife believe that fish story when he got back home.

#### THE DEVIL:

The devil is the chief of flim-flammers. I know there is a personal devil because I have had the gloves on with him. If there is no personal devil, who is doing the dirty work the devil used to do?

He's no joke. I know we call him "Old Harry" and "Old Lucifer-Foot" and treat him a great joke, but just stop a moment and pick up any daily newspaper. You'll see he's busy at work. He's a spy who finds out the strength of his opposing army and its weakest points and gives his information to his commander. He's not only a spy but a hinderer and disputer and confidence man. But *you* have to do *your* part.

The devil must have something to live in if it is nothing but a hog. I'd rather live in a hog than in some people I know.

Now take John, poor fellow. He became demon-possessed. They had no place to care for him, so they put him out in the tombs to live with the dead. One night of that would be more than any of us would want.

John's mind was all to the bad. Yet from the standpoint of psychology, no one is crazy. You call central and ask for number 4-2, and 1-1-0 answers, and after you've said, "Hello, is this 4-2?" about five times, you proceed to

tell central what you think of her, and that she can come down and take out the phone for all you care; that you haven't got it on your wall for a decoration, and that if you can't get the number you want, central and the telephone company can go over the hill.

Then central says, "I beg your pardon, sir, but a storm wrecked our line last night and the wires are crossed."

Now, the storm that started back in Eden wrecked the lines, and crossed the wires, so that all of us--and some of us more than the rest of us--have our wires crossed.

The storm hit John hard. One day he saw Jesus and ran to Him. Jesus is God's lineman. He knew John's trouble and commanded the devils to come out of him. They did that and went into the swine and the hogs; but John went home to tell his friends.

By telling the people what had happened to him, he set the town on fire. I think his wife must have said, "What happened to you? You are like a new husband." I think the poor thing had been wanting a new husband for some time.

#### MISCELLANEOUS:

*(Statements picked at random)*

One per cent of the people own 99 per cent of our wealth. Look at our multi-millionaires today. When this country started business, George Washington was our nearest millionaire, and his wealth was mostly in lands.

If Adam had made \$10,000 the first year he was cast out of Eden, and granting that he made a like amount every succeeding year, and assuming it was 6,000 years ago, his wealth now would stagger the human mind.

One woman gives a cat supper costing \$25,000, and another buys a diamond-studded collar for her poodle dog. Yet within a few blocks of them, children are dying for a little milk and bread.

I will put Mrs. Jeter on a wheelbarrow and roll her out of town before I will let my campaigns be run on a monetary basis.

The old world is lost and God alone can save it. God helped Noah to build the ark, but Noah had to rustle the lumber and furnish the elbow grease. God protected little Moses from the 'gators, but Moses' mother had to build the basket

and little Moses had to do his crying act.

Some folk go to church and look so pious that you would think angels' wings were growing on their shoulders. And then they go home and make a kid think they will slap his head over into the back-yard.

I can tell whether a father is religious or not by the piece of chicken he gives the boys. I was old enough to wear shoes and go with the girls before I knew a chicken grew anything but wings and necks.

You say you will not believe anything that you cannot understand. Do you understand how a red cow can eat green grass and give white milk and yellow butter?

A man once said to me, "I've been through the Bible twice, but I can't believe it."

"Then," said I, "let the Bible go through you once."

Some people are so denominationally narrow between the eyes that a fly can sit on their nose and scratch one eye with its front feet, while it kicks the other eye with its hind feet. Some of you have been singing *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and you're not even out of the depot brigade yet.

I say little about the dresses some women are wearing. It is too thin a subject for me to talk about.

The women are so rapidly cutting off their dresses at both ends that I wonder where they will stop.

I heard of a woman who had seven husbands and lost them all. That's the most careless woman I ever heard of.

A mother was putting a large number of children on the train, when a drummer asked her if the children were all hers, or was it a picnic?

"They're all mine, and, believe me, it's no picnic."

Having a sad expression on your face is not religion; the trouble may be with your liver. The good book says: "Preserve me, O Lord!" That is, make me sweet. Some of you have not been preserved, you have been pickled.

**E**very darling of the people should be ready to move along when he senses he has hit the crest of his popularity. There are only so many sinners who will come to the mercy seat, and when

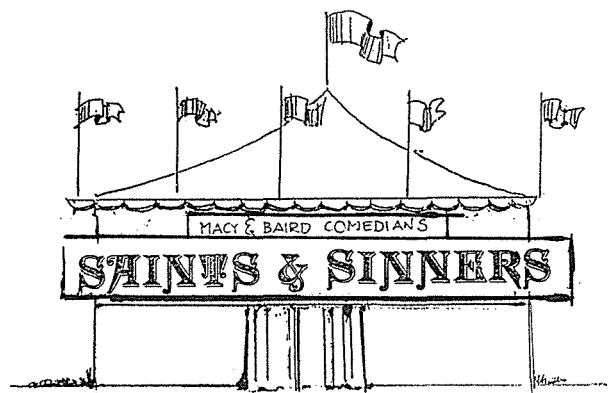
a few of them start slipping in for the third or fourth run-through, it's time to close the gate. For local congregations a Michaelangelo can hold his audience for a limited time only, no matter how potent his cartoons, a self-trained oil painter can slap out an instant canvas of "Crossing the Bar" only once, and no matter how mellow her low notes, a lady-slide-trombonist can play her repertoire only one time through.

By the end of July the Reverend Jeter must have sensed he had gone a little past the Olympian heights. The *Tribune* reporter occasionally missed a meeting and fewer of the good evangelist's one-liners were quoted in the paper.

On July 27 the Macy and Baird Comedians, with their mammoth water-proof tent, came to town. Advance publicity announced a series of high class comedies and dramas with a change of play nightly. On opening night a comedy, *Saints and Sinners*, was the offering. The clever promoters knew how to insure an audience; they let the ladies in free the first performance. Medford's theater lovers were soon hooked, and the Joneses had to keep up with their neighbors.

Mrs. Jeter met with the young people for the last time, and Jerry Jeter made his last exhortation. After the final call to the faithful, the tent posts were pulled up, and the auditorium was folded and packed away into freight boxes. The road company boarded the Southern Pacific and the Reverend Jeter and his Missus happily departed, supremely pleased that they had enticed most of the black sheep in Medford back to the fold.

Waving farewell to the super-faithful who had come to bid them tearful farewell, they headed south, eager to meet the challenge of the next stop on the sawdust trail.



## WE'RE HAVING A PARTY AND YOU'RE INVITED!!

The Southern Oregon Historical Society is 40 years old and we're going to celebrate by inviting our membership to two BIG parties!

Our staff has collaborated to bring you "Life Begins At 40" an exciting review of SOHS's 40 years of preserving history. We will hold a special reception for our members from 2PM-4PM on Sunday April 27 at the Jacksonville Museum.

We have brought together bits and pieces of our exciting history for you to enjoy. Jime Matoush, Curator of Exhibits; Marc Pence, Curator of Collections; and Doug Smith, Curator of Photography have been working for months to make certain that just the right artifacts are on display. We hope you'll join us in this very special celebration!

The SOHS Birthday Party on May 3 will be one of the largest events in Jacksonville history. The Society has brought together many area groups and organizations to make the day one you and your family will never forget.

The party will be staged on the Jacksonville Courthouse Grounds and will begin with a "Run For Art" staged by the Rogue Valley Art Association. Family runners from all over the Rogue Valley will gather at the museum to raise funds for the association by running several miles for sponsors. Awards will be given at 12:00 noon on the museum grounds.

Stacey Williams, Children's Museum Curator, has arranged a Heritage Fair for the occasion which will feature children's activities and craft demonstrations. You'll be able to see the May Pole being wound, weaving and spinning and a great deal more.

The Oregon Sheriff's Association will have their mobile museum parked near the museum so visitors can enjoy more than 125 years of legal heritage from Oregon. This museum is free and was arranged for by Jackson Sheriff, C. W. Smith.

The Rogue Valley Cow Belles will be serving a hot beef lunch on the grounds and soft drinks will be available. Of course, the "Life Begins At 40" exhibit and all the other wonderful treasures of your Society will be on view in the Jacksonville Museum. We'll be giving away balloons and having a grand time so bring your friends and neighbors and enjoy your heritage.

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## "ASHLAND RESIDENCES" TO OPEN MAY 6

"Ashland Residences" a wonderful pictorial review of Ashland architectural history, will open at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland on Tuesday, May 6 and continue through September 30.

We have drawn from our best photographs and borrowed others from home owners or past owners to make certain that you'll enjoy these great pictures. The museum is open Tuesday through Saturday from 1-5PM. There will be a special reception on May 8 at 7:00PM for members and friends. We'll hope to see you there.

## SOCIETY RECEIVES SUPPORT OF LOCAL BUSINESSES!

During the past month, your Society has been involved in a campaign to solicit support from Rogue Valley Businesses. We're very pleased to report that more than 30 area firms and one national organization have responded to our appeal by becoming Business and Professional Members of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. A complete listing will be furnished in our Annual Report, published in May.

Business members have contributed between \$50 and \$5,000 to our campaign and we are very pleased to have their support. A big thank you to all our new business and professional members!!!

### PACIFIC SOUTHWEST AIRLINES DECLARES MAY "SOHS MONTH"

We're pleased to announce that Pacific Southwest Airlines has declared May "Southern Oregon Historical Society Month." PSA will contribute \$1 to the Society for every passenger boarding at the Medford Airport, which could amount to from \$5,000 to \$7,000 according to Bill Hastings, Public Relations Director for PSA.

If you're going to be flying during May, make certain that it is on PSA! Thank you Pacific States Airlines!!!

### MEDFORD SHOPPING CENTER SUPPORTS SOHS

Medford Shopping Center will support the Southern Oregon Historical Society during Pear Blossom Week April 7 through 13.

The Center is setting up a beautiful SOHS booth, where a commemorative Orchard Lable Plate will be sold. This will be an on-going project and a different lable will be featured each year. All of the proceeds over cost will be returned to our Society.

Our volunteers will be operating the booth so be sure and stop by during Pear Blossom Week and see these beautiful plates! The booth will be open from 12:00 noon until 5PM daily.

### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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