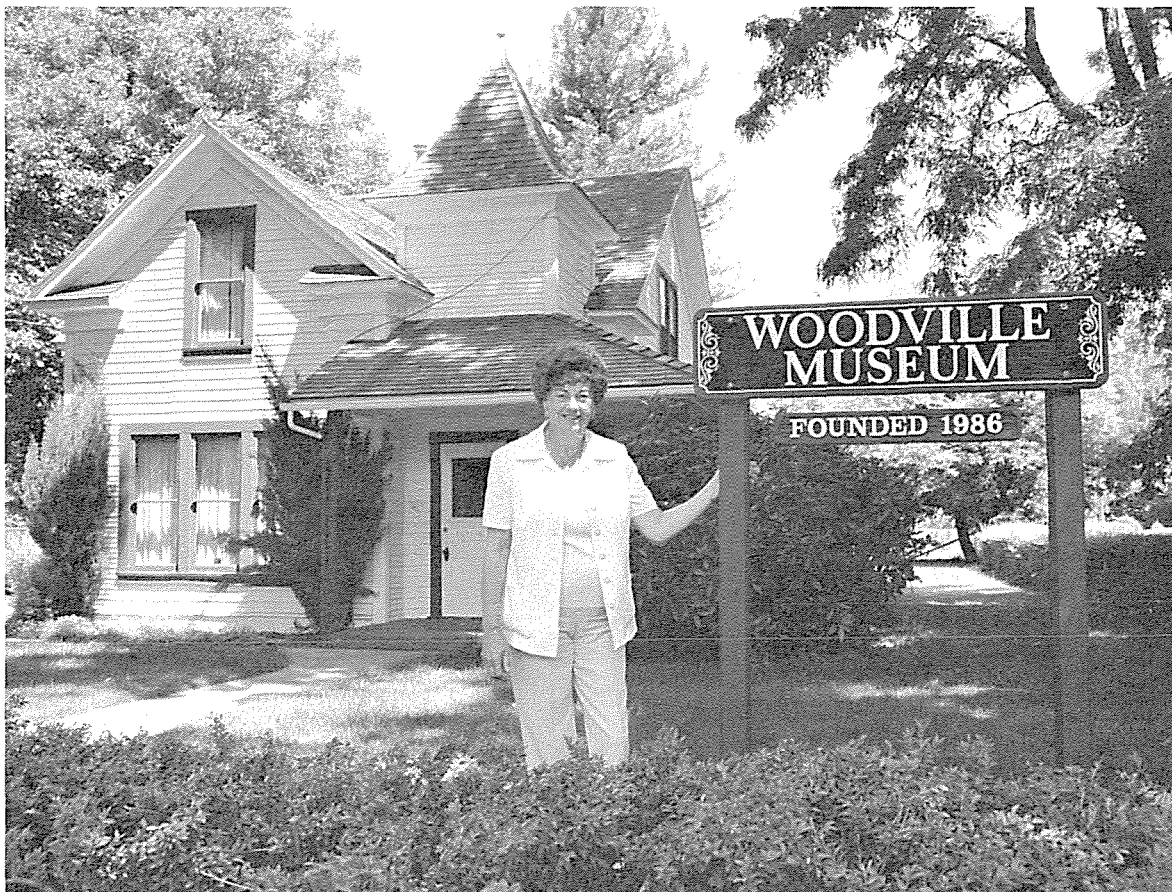


THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



AUGUST 1987



In the photograph above, Colista Moore, chairman of the Woodville Historical Society, is standing by the new sign, which was dedicated on the opening day of the museum, May 2, 1987. The attractive sign was made by Brian Schram of Rogue River.

The house, on the corner of First and Oak Streets, contains many attractive displays of old photographs and other historic artifacts. It was built in 1909 by Charles and Elizabeth Hatch. Even though it has changed hands several times, it is still known as the Hatch House. Dale Hatch, a grandson, is on the Board of Trustees of the Woodville Society.

Woodville Museum is open Tuesdays through Sundays from 10:00 to 4:00. These are the summer hours. A winter schedule will be announced at a later date. The photograph was taken by Natalie Brown.

Cover

The cover, a detail of a larger photograph, was taken at an earlier time when Rogue Valley pears were becoming a booming industry. The photograph was selected because of its seasonal interest. On the back is the legend: *Phipps' Orchard on Vilas Road. David E. Phipps is the man in the coat.* Donor: Dolph Phipps. #8151

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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THE BEEKMAN STORY

part 2

The last issue of the Sentinel recounted the story of Cornelius Beekman but barely touched upon the lives of the other three members of this illustrious Jacksonville family. We now give equal time to Julia, Ben, and Carrie Beekman.

Julia Elizabeth Hoffman, like her future husband, had come west during the gold-rush days. The second of six children--all girls-- she was born in Attica, Indiana, on October 1, 1839. Her parents were William and Caroline Hoffman. William had become a successful businessman and office holder when he decided to make the long, arduous journey to Oregon in 1853. Julia was fourteen as the eight Hoffmans headed westward. The story of their rather uneventful journey was told in the July 1984 issue of the *Sentinel* (in an article about the early life of Julia's oldest sister, Mary).

The Hoffman wagon train entered the Rogue Valley on the last day of October 1853, and on the following day the family made camp on the site where Ashland later would be located. As winter approached, the Hoffmans found that living in their covered wagons was far from comfortable. At the time the valley boasted only one frame dwelling, located on a forty-acre piece of property near present-day Phoenix. When this property became available, William Hoffman bought it to house his family, his two unmarried sisters, and a third sister and her husband, Dr. William McKinnell. The dwelling, known locally as the "White House" because it had been painted white, proved to be considerably crowded with

twelve occupants. However, the emigrants solved this by placing their Conestoga Wagons at the sides of the house for use as bedrooms. Julia and her sisters slept in the attic, which they reached by way of a ladder.

For two years Julia's father operated a dairy and chicken farm at this location. One night soon after settling into the White House the Hoffmans were warned that the Rogue Indians were on the warpath, and the family had to flee to the nearby Gore-Van Dyke log-cabin fort along with many of their neighbors. Upon cessation of these hostilities, William resumed his farming operations. Then, in 1855, he was elected county auditor under the territorial government and moved his family into a log cabin he had built on north Oregon Street below the Jacksonville cemetery.*

The Hoffman home, with six eligible daughters, was a popular place for Jacksonville's bachelors to hang out. One swain who came courting the young ladies was the town's up-and-coming young banker, Cornelius Beekman. Beek had an eye for Julia, and the couple exchanged vows on January 29, 1861. The bride was 21 and the groom was

*The Hoffman's first Jacksonville home was replaced ten years later by a more substantial Gothic Revival house on the same property. In 1916 Judge Frank Tou Velle built his house on the site of the two earlier Hoffman houses.



Julia Hoffman Beekman
#11172

33. As reported in the story about Cornelius, the newly-weds set up housekeeping in what is now known as the Armstrong House. Their first child, Benjamin, was born there on August 3, 1863. Two years later, on December 11, 1865, daughter Caroline (Carrie) arrived. A second daughter, Lydia, who lived only six years, was born in 1867. Sometime between 1870 and 1876 the family moved into the two-story Gothic Revival house that Cornelius had built on the south side of California Street.

Julia Beekman, from all accounts, was devoted to her children. Following the loss of little Lydia she was to write, "I still have two children and a kind, loving husband, who need my constant care and watchfulness. I must try to do my duty caring and helping them." She was deeply religious and became an active member of Jacksonville's Presbyterian Church, which her husband had been instrumental in building and had contributed heavily to the church's building fund. (It was Julia's brother-in-law, David Linn, who constructed the church.) Mrs. Beekman was seen by the community as a lady of culture and refinement. Until her declining years, when she became somewhat of a recluse, she appeared to be

fairly active in community and social affairs. She was a life member of the American Bible Society and, along with Carrie, was active in the Jacksonville Reading Circle for a number of years.

Although considered a devoted mother, Julia did not give the impression of being overly affectionate with the children, particularly with her daughter. Bessie Smith Johnston, who as a teenager in 1916 did light housekeeping for the Beekmans, later would recall that Julia was "...quiet but pleasant...very formal...very Victorian." Bessie also observed that both mother and daughter were very sedate, and she did not sense that there was a warm, loving relationship between them. She remembered both ladies in "...their dark dresses and high laced collars held up by whalebone insets...old style dresses...out of style even then..." Julia, however seemed quite close to her sisters, especially to the youngest (Kate) who remained at home taking care of the elder Hoffmans. The only other Hoffman sister who continued to live in Jacksonville was Ann, the wife of David Linn.

Throughout the years all of the family traveled extensively, returning a number of times to visit Cornelius' relatives in Dundee, New York, and visiting vacation spots in the west. Carrie made at least one trip to Europe. Before the railroad came to the Rogue Valley, Julia frequently took the stage to San Francisco. Following her husband's death, she continued to travel with the children and often went to Portland to visit Ben. She died at her home in Jacksonville on July 27, 1931, at age 92. She bequeathed the family home and twenty-one acres in Jacksonville to Carrie. The remainder of her estate, approximately \$160,000 was divided equally between Carrie and Ben.

There is very little on record of the Beekman children's school days in Jacksonville, although we do know that they attended the schoolhouse on Bigham's Knoll and that their father was on the school board. We also know that Caroline reigned as "Queen of May" the year she was 13 or 14. In 1883 she enrolled at Mills Seminary at Oakland, California, and for two years studied French, history, English literature, and instrumental music. She received excellent grades in these subjects. Although her formal education ended after the second year at Mills, she continued her interests in literature and music for the rest of her life. Carrie played the organ on Sundays at the Presbyterian Church. She had purchased this organ for the church in the early days and had it shipped from Vermont. In later years she taught

piano lessons at the Beekman home.

Carrie got along well with the young people in town and at one time taught the teenage girls' class in Sunday school. She became well known for her benevolent acts in the community. For example, she cared for and clothed many less-fortunate children and she continued to look after former employees at the Beekman house long after their services had ended. When Carrie was away from Jacksonville following her mother's death, she continued to send money to their church. Despite her involvement in the life of the community, her mother's letters indicate that Carrie was lonely in the Rogue Valley. This may have accounted in part for her extensive travels and long absences from home. In addition to her many trips in this country, she traveled once to Alaska, and spent a year and a half in Europe during 1895-96.

The Beekman's daughter never married, and we do not know whether there were any romances in her life. One unverified story has it that she fell in love with a minister but that her parents disapproved of the match. We do have evidence that she carried on friendships with men and was well-liked in her association with the opposite sex. A good example of this was reflected in the diary kept by her cousin, Fletcher Linn of a 22-day trip made to Crater Lake in 1889.* Accompanying Linn and 24-year old Carrie on this adventure were Carrie's cousin Nina Beekman from Dundee, Miss Anna Breyman of Salem, Oregon, G.H. Watt (Jacksonville school principal), Everett Mingus of Medford, and K.K. Kubli of Jacksonville.

After her father's death Carrie continued to call the house on California Street home but she began to spend more time away from Jacksonville traveling or staying at the Hotel Portland, where her brother resided. Then, after her mother died in 1931, she made the Hotel Portland her official residence for many years. We do not know where she lived in Portland after the Hotel Portland was torn down in 1950. However, she kept up the Beekman house in Jacksonville for the next 28 years, retaining a caretaker, Fred Hosely, to live in the house. Carrie seems to have returned to Jacksonville some summers to spend a few days in the house, but the last time that she spent her summer there was in 1936. We have almost no record of her activities during the final 25 years of her life. Some of this record may be contained in the Beekman papers that are filed with the University of Oregon and the Oregon Historical

*Fletcher Linn's diary of this trip appeared in the July 1984 issue of the *Sentinel*.



Caroline (Carrie) Beekman
#10373

Society.

The biographical record on Benjamin Beekman is somewhat better documented because he became a prominent attorney and civic leader in Portland. Ben's childhood in the Rogue Valley seems to have been that of the average youngster of the time and place. When he started school in 1869, Mrs. Jane McCully was his teacher. The following year Mrs. McCully opened a private school, and Ben was one of her pupils for several years. Later he was taught by Professors W.J. Stanley and Banford Robb. In the fall of 1875 he became a student under Professor Merritt for five years and was always grateful to this instructor for his kindness and inspiring influence. During these school years Ben's constant companion and classmate was Frank A. Huffer, whose father was a business associate of Cornelius Beekman. Jacksonville had no high school, but the boys obtained special permission of the school board to take advanced studies. Through the interest and zeal of Professor Merritt, they received instruction in high-school-level subjects such as Latin, Greek, and higher mathematics. This enabled the two young men to



Ben Beekman when he was a boy
#11171

enroll as freshman at the University of Oregon in the fall of 1880.

Ben graduated from the university in 1884, but his friend, because of financial difficulties, didn't graduate for another two years (Huffer later became a well-known attorney in Seattle). Upon receiving his B.A. degree, Ben taught Latin, Greek, algebra and geometry at the university for one year. The president of the university and members of the faculty urged him to continue teaching, but Beekman had decided that he wanted to become a lawyer. Before entering law school, however, he took some courses at Heald's Business College in San Francisco--probably at the urging of his banker father, who had even tried to get Carrie to take some business courses. Ben entered Harvard in September, 1886, but within a month decided to switch to Yale Law School, where he received his M.A. degree. A year later he was granted with a Bachelor of Law degree. Ben also was chosen as the Townsend Prize speaker at Yale that year.

Following graduation Attorney Beekman was

admitted to the Connecticut bar, and, upon his return to Oregon in 1889, the Oregon Supreme Court admitted him to practice in this state. Ben took up residence in the Hotel Portland and would reside there until his death 56 years later. During his first three years in Portland he was associated with Judge R.G. Morrow. Then, in 1893, he became a full partner in the firm of Watson, Beekman & Watson. When Judge J.F. Watson died in 1897, the firm name was changed to Watson & Beekman. This partnership continued until the death of Judge E.B. Watson in 1915. From 1907 to 1915 Ben also was on the faculty of the University of Oregon Law School in Portland. Upon his father's death in 1915, he returned to his birthplace to take charge of settling Cornelius' business affairs and to close the Beekman Bank. Two years later Ben also closed out the firm of Watson & Beekman and retired from active law practice to devote more time to his other interests. He was then 54 years of age and for over 20 years had occupied a position of prominence in legal circles of Portland.

Benjamin Beekman's other interests were many and varied. He was a great joiner. While still at Yale he had become a charter member of the Waite Chapter of the Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity and later would become affiliated with the Multnomah, the Oregon and the American Bar associations. Soon after moving to the City of Roses, he joined the Oregon National Guard and for several years was a member of Company K in the First Regiment. Ben was a charter member of the University Club of Portland and served as its president in 1909-10. He was also a charter member and officer of the Oregon Historical Society, an early member of the Oregon Society of the Sons of the American Revolution (serving as president from 1921 to 1926), and was a life member of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club. He was a Knight Templar, a Scottish Rite Mason, a life member of Al Kadar Temple of the Mystic Shrine, and on two separate occasions served two years as grand orator in the Grand Lodge. He was one of the best known Masons in the state.

The year 1920 saw Ben donating a fund to the Oregon Historical Society in memory of his pioneer father. The income from this fund was used to provide four annual prizes and medals to Oregon high school students for essays relating to Oregon and United States history. When the Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was installed at the University of Oregon in 1923, he was invited as an alumnus member. For a number of years Ben was active in promoting the observance of



A recent photograph of the Beekman House which has become one of SOHS's most popular attractions. #1740

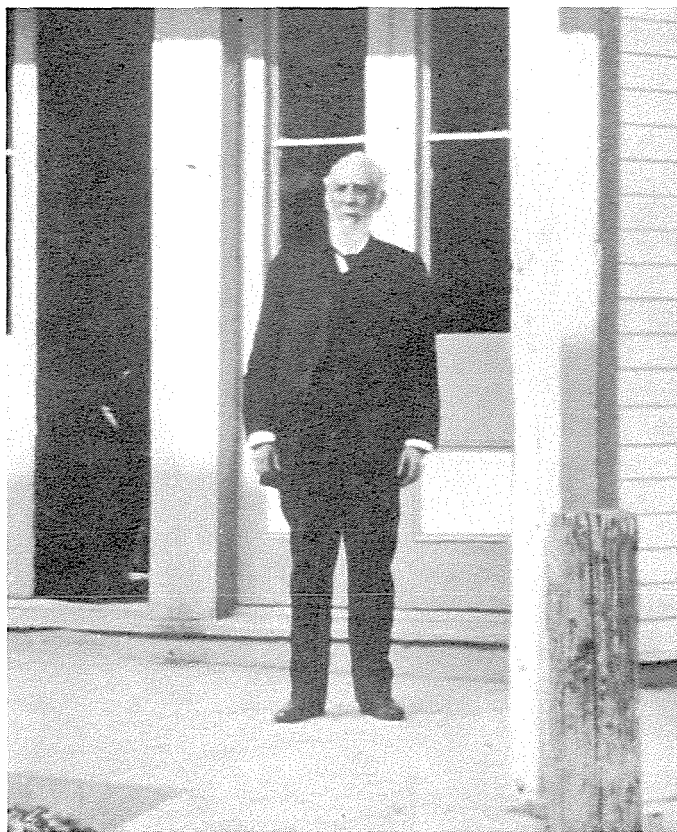
Constitution Day and in the work of the Portland Americanization Council. Although a staunch Republican, he never aspired to public office although he once tried to get his father to run for governor.

Like his sister, Ben never married but he was not adverse to looking favorably upon the fairer sex. He and his mother kept up a voluminous correspondence after he left home, and many of their letters may be found in the Beekman archives. In one letter that Ben sent to Julia in July 1900, he wrote:

...undoubtedly you will hear things before long and it is just as well to forestall the gossip. For several months I have been calling on and in fact, rather attentive to a very attractive widow, Mrs. Mulford, and it is now rumored that we are engaged. I will say right now that whatever you may hear--there is no truth in the report. There is nothing of that nature existing between us nor have I the faintest intention of matrimony in that direction or elsewhere so far as I now know. She is an inestimable woman but as she has three children and is a trifle older than I that serves to quell any tumultuous emotions on my part.

The Beekman's son died in Portland on February 23, 1945. The *Morning Oregonian* wrote in his obituary: "The death of Benjamin B. Beekman at 81 removes from among us one of Portland's most notable figures. Tall, very erect, he had a distinguished bearing that marked him for the observation of every stranger, and it was a bearing that did not belie his inner attainments." In the legal profession he had the reputation of having been not only skilled in practice but also with being exceptional in his profound knowledge of the law and its applications.

Carrie Beekman continued to reside at the Hotel Portland after her brother's death but, like her mother before her, she seems to have become somewhat of a recluse as she grew older. There were some indications that she may have been an embittered and lonely woman towards the end. Fletcher Linn wrote in his *Reminiscences* that Carrie, at age 87, was in poor health and for two years had been confined either in a Portland hospital or the Guard Sanitarium in that city.



C.C. Beekman stands before his bank building.
#697

Death came to the last of Jacksonville's Beekman family on July 12, 1959, in Portland. Carrie was then 93 years old. Her memorial services were held at the Presbyterian church across the street from the house where she and Ben had been born, and internment was in the Jacksonville Cemetery alongside the rest of her family. In her will Carrie left \$2,500 to the church, \$75,000 to various individuals, and over \$100,000 to perpetuate the teachings of northwest history at the University of Oregon. The Beekman Bank building and its furnishings were bequeathed to the Oregon Historical Society. The balance of the estate, including the 1870s house and furnishings, was left to the university in memory of her father and brother to establish the Beekman professorship of Northwest and Pacific history.

Jackson County eventually acquired possession of the Beekman house and bank properties. Both properties are administered by the Southern Oregon Historical Society and are now open in the summertime under the Society's living-history program, thus keeping alive the story of this illustrious pioneer family who have given so much toward preservation of western history.

Charles Sweet

SOURCE MATERIAL:

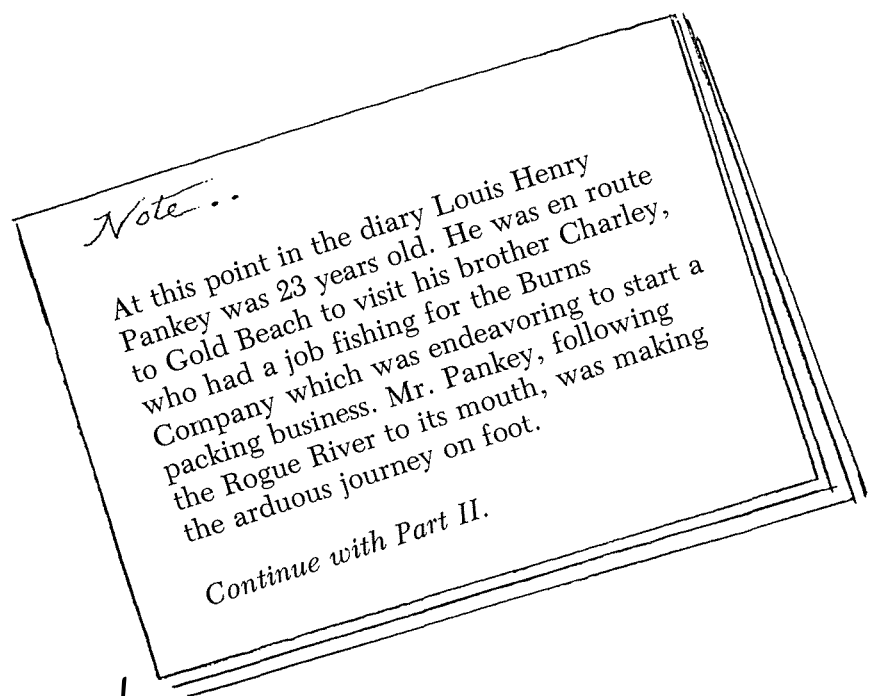
1. Training Manual for Living-History Program, prepared by SOHS Curator of Interpretations, Dawna Curler.
2. Richard H. Engeman, *Cornelius C. Beekman*, Seminar paper prepared for History 407.

3. Beekman papers in collection of the Oregon Historical Society and the University of Oregon.
4. Fletcher Linn, "Reminiscences" (SOHS MS).
5. History of the Columbia River Valley, Vol. 11, pp 343-47.

Volunteer Wanted

Marge Herman, Coordinator of Volunteers, announces an opening opportunity in the Museum Gift Shop. The position is open from 12:00-3:00, Saturdays and Sundays. The volunteer may select one day.

- Assist customers in the Gift Shop
- Learn about the Society's publications
- Develop skills with cash register
- Keep Gift Shop neat and organize shelves.



Autobiography

Louis Henry Pankey

I went on down the trail until it got so dark I couldn't tell when I got off the trail. I began to be afraid I would fall down over the grade or that I might pass the mail-box so I built a fire and slept by it. I would have to get up and re-build my fire several times, but it finally came daylight and I started to go on down the trail. I soon found the mail-box and went down to the river and hallooed across and a boy got into a boat and came after me. They were ready to sit down to breakfast so I ate with them. They were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Masurvey. Their house was built on a big rock just above the river.

After breakfast the boy and I got into the boat and started down the river and picked up fish along the way. The R.D. Hume Fish Canning Company owned most all the land in this part of the country and they would lease the land to people to farm and catch fish. The company would supply set nets and a boat and pay twenty cents for each fish, but they had to weigh ten pounds or more.

We picked up fish till we came to the Saw Mill eight miles down the river and then they transferred the fish and myself (the passenger) to another boat for the last twelve miles to the cannery. Every place we stopped they talked about the fish being so scarce although they picked up over a hundred along the way. They made the trip every day. Besides, there were

seven or eight drift nets and a seine. They made two hauls a day. They told me their record haul was five thousand two hundred and eighty at one haul. That is what became of the fish in the Rogue River. The man with the boat let me out on the Gold Beach side of the river and I had no trouble locating where my brother lived. I stayed with them for two months. They had four small boys and two girls.

I had a good time while I was there. I went to several dances on the Wedderburn side and once at Euchre Creek on the Fourth of July.

At one time when we were on the floor for a Square Dance, one of the girls happened to notice that all four of the girls in the set were named Pearl and three of the boys were named Alf. I was the odd one. If there had been another Alf in the house I would have traded place with him.

I learned more about the Indian I met on the trail. His name was Ned Harding and he was the only full-blooded Indian Man on the Rogue River at that time. There were several full-blooded Indian women and lots of half-breeds. Old Indian Ned, as everyone called him, had been wounded in the Indian War and one half of his upper lip was missing and the lower lip would fit up in the vacant place.

Then there was Jimmy Hayes - his body was normal but his legs were very short and he had a long black beard. He had been a sailor all his life

and could out-swear anyone I ever knew.

I received word that my Grandmother had passed away so I decided to go back home the way I came. Charley borrowed a boat and took me across the river and I started up the trail toward home. I lay by a fire the first night and I stayed at Mule Creek the second. The next day a young fellow by the name of Dick Pew and I met. He had a saddle horse leading another horse with a saddle pack horse with no pack. He told me I could ride the pack horse if I wanted to but I decided I did not want to ride a pack saddle and then he told me to put my pack on him and so I did this. That helped.

Then there was a crooked trail down the mountain for a long way to a place called West Fork. It was on Cow Creek and also on the railroad. I learned I had a hour until train time, so I went up the creek a short way and took off my clothes and I received the shock of my life for I was black all over. I had been on the trail for three days in the dust and I sweat a lot. I jumped in the creek and took a little swim and I looked and felt a lot better after I got some clean clothes on.

Then I hurried back to the depot and got there just as the train pulled in. I got home late in the night and the next day we all went to Gold Ray Dam. It was just about finished and as it was Sunday, there were several people there.

The Conder Water and Power Company built their dam without making a fish ladder and the salmon could go no further and they collected below the dam by the thousands and most everyone in the valley was concerned about it. Someone or some group threatened to blow the dam if they did not do something about it. They hired six or seven men to catch and carry the fish over the dam. I worked at that for several days. We would put over a thousand or more a day. A man could not last very long on account of the water gall caused by being wet all day. There were two men catching with a large dip net and four or five men carrying over the dam. The fish were in gunny sacks. It was a very wet job but it was very hot in July. Every night a watchman would take his gun and go to the ridge and watch to see if anyone tried to blow the dam out.

1905 - Father and I put in a crop of corn on the Scott place. It was about a mile and a half west of town and then we went to our old camp at the big rock above the Bybee Bridge. We made another net and did pretty well fishing. One night we heard something screaming in the river. I took

the boat and went out to see what it was and found a little baby coon. I picked it up and brought it to shore and put a collar on it and tied it with a heavy cord and the next time I went to town I bought a small dog chain for it. We kept it about four years. We would take it home during the winter and then back to the camp at the river for the summer until finally it got away and raided an old man's chicken house and he killed it.

Early that winter Father and I camped near the same place and trapped. After we got our traps out, we would go tend them and then go home and stay at the camp that night. We caught mink, coon, skunks and beaver.

1906 - Father and I were cutting wood at Willow Springs and as we were coming home on April 18th, we met a man and he said, "Don't you know San Francisco is burning?" They had a big earthquake and everyone thought the city was doomed. Then for several weeks after that there were many trainloads of people going north just to get away from the city.

Later on, we went back to our old fishing camp and Dewey and I made the catch that beat all catches I ever heard of. It was in September and the salmon were in the riffles pretty thick and it was so smokey. The sun was just a red spot in the sky all day long. Dewey and I took the boat and went up the river to the slick bed rock hole just above where the Elks picnic grounds are now. When we got back to camp, we had one hundred and forty-one fish. We figured they would average about two and a half pounds. Sometimes we would catch only a few, so we salted them down in five gallon cans and would sell them later on. We preserved the salmon eggs with brown sugar and salt and sold them for fish bait. We sold a baking powder can full for fifteen cents.

1907 - We bought another horse and wagon so we had a team of our own to put in our crop with.

We made a new fishing camp just above the back-water of the dam. Then we put our camp outfit in the boat and took it up the river across from the high banks and fished down to our first camp. The next morning I did the rowing and Father did the fishing and we landed forty salmon that trip. We had more than five gallons of eggs. A few days later, Charley joined us and we three caught forty-seven over the same water.

In the fall, we all went to the hop yard below Grants Pass. We camped and picked hops for



The Pankey Family (#11125)

Back row: Minnie Rachel Pankey, Louis Henry (author), Rose Ellen, Charles Allen, Eva Lillian, Mary Etta. Front row: Grandma Cowan Pankey, Ethel Nora, Obediah, Fay Alice (hands in lap), Della Anne, Grandma Candace, (Baby) Willis Cowan.

three or four weeks. We had a good time but did not make much money.

Later I went camping with two of the Kelso boys, Will and Wes. They lived near the Butte Creek Bridge on the old road. Mr. Kelso, the boy's father went along to bring the team back. We passed Butte Falls and it was only a few tents at that time.

We were headed for Four Mile Lake but we learned that some other trappers were in the cabin there, so we stopped at the foot of Cat Hill on the old Military Road and also at the foot of Mount Pitt. We had to go on skis.

We found the snow was three feet deep. We carried our camp outfit to a little gulch a short way from the road and cleared enough snow away to make camp. We did not even have a tent so we started in the next morning to build us a house. We only had an ax, a pair of pliers, and some hay wire to use for tools. We selected three trees about eight inches through and cut them off about eight feet high and put two poles on the top of them in the shape of a letter T. Then we leaned poles against the top pole and covered it all over with fir boughs. Then we made a fire place between two trees at the top of the T.

When we moved in, Will looked at his watch and it was three in the morning. We put our trap line to the south along the foot hills, three or four miles. We caught two marten and a bobcat. It was so fat that we melted the fat and poured it in a pan to cool. It made a hard chunk like beef tallow and we used it to grease our skis. We melted snow for water for the first few days. Then we found a little spring about a hundred yards from our camp.

Several times we heard a timber wolf howl but we could never find its tracks. We finally ran low on eats except venison so we decided to to home. We made a sled out of a pair of skis and put all our camp goods on it. We got down the road about a mile and decided it was too much hard work so we piled the whole lot against a tree and took a light pack of food and went on. We walked all day and most of the night until we came across a cabin. We went in and made ourselves at home. We built a fire and slept until morning and then we had coffee and more venison. We got to the Kelso home that evening and Mr. Kelso and another son went back later and brought back our camp outfit.

1908 - We did not do much fishing on our own

this year. The fish were getting scarce and we had to pay a license to sell our fish. One year the three of us had to have ten licenses, one for the boat, one for the drift net, one for the set net, one for each of us to use the nets and one each for the hook and line and one to peddle our fish.

I hired out to row my boat for the Sportsmen. I worked for Mr. Walker, Baker, and Hamilton, Colonel Beebe from San Francisco, Honeyman and McBride from Portland, General Greenleaf from Los Gatos (I have his picture framed and hanging on my wall), Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer from Chicago, owners of Modoc Orchards, and also Mr. and Mrs. Conner - local.

In November, 1908, Fred Cornutt and I hired out to Mr. John Grieve to work on the road near Prospect. We camped in an old house about a half mile below where the powder plant is now. I was the cook and I got my meals for doing the cooking.

We finished our job the last of April and we walked up the river and crossed at the log drive camp (in my boat, for John Pankey, my cousin, had borrowed it for the log drive).

Then we went on up to the McAndrews barn where they had a big dance that night. We danced all night then and walked to Eagle Point the next day. We caught a ride in a car to Central Point. That was the first time I ever rode in a car. That night I went to Agate with the Band boys and did not get to bed until midnight.

A group of us decided to go to Crater Lake. There was (Dutch) George Pankey, his wife, his father (my father's twin brother), Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tex and Earl Stanley. There were thirteen in all.

We had two wagons, two horses and two mules. We stayed at Crater Lake several days and we really saw *Critter Lake*. We tried to cook beans but they would not cook. We boiled them all day and they would still rattle on a plate. Then we took them down to Whiskey Creek. There they cooked in a few minutes.

Dutch killed a deer so we had fresh meat. Then we went to the Backes Meadows and I killed a deer there. Then we moved to the natural bridge and Guy Tex and I took the horses and went over to the Woodruff Meadows and Guy killed another deer.

We were glad to get home again but we were soon ready to go again. Father, Uncle Jobe and I went trapping. We left our wagon at Uncle Jim Pankey's place and put the packs on the horses and went over the Sams Creek Hill to the head of Evans Creek. We caught a coon, some skunks and some foxes. We did not stay long but came back

to the Rogue River and camped at the old Currey Place across the river from where the Elks Picnic ground is now. We caught several mink and coons. Then one evening we were out in the boat shooting ducks when it started to rain. We tied the boat up and went to the camp. It sure did rain that night. It came down in great splashes like you might throw water out of a bucket. We couldn't get within twenty feet of the boat next morning. Our traps were all under water then and the river kept rising and spread all over the lowland and the approach to the Bybee Bridge was washed out so we had to go around by Gold Hill to get home. It was a long hard day's trip. After the water went down, we found most of our traps and we had to dig our boat out for it was buried in the sand.

1909 - I worked with hay baling crews around Central Point, Gold Hill, and Woodville(now Rogue River). Later on Fred Cornutt and I took another trip. We drove my old sway backed horse to a single rig. First we went to the hop yard below Grants Pass and then on to the Illinois Valley and the Caves. We had to find our own way around the Caves. We punched a hole in the side of a can and put a candle in it for there was a strong wind in some places. We camped at the Gimmet Ranch and walked seven miles to the cave for there was only a trail then. We hid our guns and lunch in the brush. We went in where Sucker Creek comes out, about a hundred feet in we came to a place where we had to climb a ladder. Fred's big yellow dog could not follow us so he stayed there and waited for us to come back that way. We did not come back that way so after wandering around for about five or six hours, we came out at a different place away up the hill from where we went in. While we were in the cave, two men and a woman came in on the Jacksonville Trail with saddle and pack horses. They started in the cave up the creek and found Fred's big dog and they thought it was some kind of a wild animal, and it scared them out. They wouldn't try it again until Fred called the dog out.

1910 - Nothing much happened that winter but in the spring our old swaybacked horse died and then we bought an old mare. We called her Dobbin.

In May, Mr. Hanley wanted me to come to his cattle ranch on Little Butte Creek above Lake Creek. He wanted me to cook for the men when his regular cook took a vacation. I had six men working on a ditch and eight buckaroos. They would all eat breakfast together and the ditch men would come in at noon but the riders would

come in one or two at a time. They were always hungry.

I picked some gooseberries and decided to make some pies. I thought they needed a little moisture so I poured water in them. The pies were not too bad but I had to wipe the oven out with a gunny sack.

In September, I made another trip to the Coast with my Sister Eva and family. There was Si Conly (her husband) and two children, Pansy and Cecil, my sister and brother, Ethel and Archie--there were seven in all.

We camped at Crescent City two or three days and then on to the mouth of the Smith River. I shot a deer right in the road. There was a school of herring in the river then and as far as one could see there were millions of them. The fish-hawks were working on them pretty heavy. We saw an Indian who said he would catch me some after night with a net. I asked him how much and he said half a dollar a gallon. We went down the next morning and he had a gallon ready for me. We dried some of them and also some of the venison and some salmon over the campfire. We borrowed a boat from an Indian and fished in the mouth of the river one morning and the Indian said we better not take the boat - "Him blow" -and pointed out toward the ocean and sure enough it did blow and the waves rolled high and the caps rolled in bunches as big as barrels.

We still had to go over the old high road and we had to camp several places close to the road. The stage would come along (always late at night). The driver would pass the camp and call out in a loud voice "Wake up and turn over."

1911 - Willis (my brother) and Cecil Conley came to stay with me and we batched. I worked on the ranch and the boys went to school.

On Easter Sunday we went up on the swamp to hunt goose eggs. We rode horseback and the water was about knee deep to a horse. We found two nests. There were eleven eggs all told. We put them under two hens and hatched seven geese. They were big honkers. We kept them three or four years until they started flying around. Then I clipped their wings and the coyotes began to pick them up so we killed and ate the rest of them.

It was not long until they wanted me to come out to the Frank Grohs Ranch to cook for the Rodeo hands. There were almost eighteen men. The cooking was simple. I would boil potatoes (with the jackets on) and leave them in the pot. Also, there was beans and coffee. Every fellow would take a plate and a cup and help himself to a slice of bacon, a potato, some beans and a

chunk of dough-gob and sit down and eat. Of course, I had to wash the dishes but I had a lot of time.

1918 - In the spring, we worked at the Horse-Fly ranch for awhile and then went to Prospect for the summer.

I asked for a job at the power plant while I was there and they said they would consider it. We had not been home very long when I got a telegram saying the plant position was ready, come at once. We had to sell our winter's provisions and I had to have another horse. It took several hard day's riding to find the one I wanted and when I finally did, we started back to Prospect.

By the time we got to Fort Klamath, it was storming pretty bad. It took us two days to go from the Fort to the West Entrance of the park (I have a picture of our outfit in the snow with a cow tied on behind at Annie Springs). We got to Prospect on the eighteenth of November and I got my name on the payroll that night.

1919 - This was the same routine except I got my two weeks vacation in September and I went back to Klamath to prove up my homestead which I sold to Cecil Conley later and also my stock that I had left there.

1920 - I sold my team and wagon and bought a car. It was a baby Overland. On my vacation in 1921, we went to Council, Idaho, to visit my wife's mother, brother and sister who lived there.

1922 - We went to Diamond Lake for my vacation.

1923 - We went to Oakland and camped at the East Bay Campground. Then we would eat breakfast in camp, go to San Francisco to the Cliff House or to the park and go to two shows and then back to camp. I had two weeks with pay, so we always made the best of it.

1924 - We went to Klamath Company, then to the Dalles and down the river to Seaside (this was the Columbia River). I have a picture of the flag at half mast the next day after President Harding died. From there we went to Netarts and then on home.

1924 - At Newport, I caught a lot of Tom Cod and dug Rock Oysters. They live in solid rock and I had to use a bar and hammer to get them but they were good.

We went down the Klamath River by Happy Camp and Orick on the coast and then on to San Francisco and then home.

1925 - We went to Placerville and then on to the Yosemite Valley and by Walnut Creek to Oakland.

1926 - In June, I dived into the bottom of a dirt

bottom swimming hole and almost scalped myself. I still have a dent in my skull and I picked gravel out of my head up to fifteen years after that. We also went to Portland on my vacation that year and camped at the Municipal campground. The Power Company tore our old house down and built a new one for us.

1927 - I asked for and received an extra two weeks vacation (without pay) and we drove to Riverside, California, to visit my sister, Ethel McKinzie and family. We stayed with them for several days and then we loafed along the coast all the way to Brookings. The first night we stopped at Santa Barbara, then Pismo Beach, Monterey, Oakland, Calistoga, Steamgisers and Trinidad. We watched some men cut up a whale. It was forty-four feet long and they said it was a small cow. They had one to work on that afternoon that was about ninety feet long but everything smelled so bad we did not stay to see it. We went on to Clam Beach and there was the worst fog I ever saw. The next morning it was gone. We went on to Brookings and up the Chetco River to visit some friends for a few days and then on home.

I bought an Essex that fall.

1928 - We took another trip to Portland and camped at Eighty Second Street and went to town by bus. We went to Oregon City on the train one day and we went through the Woolen Mill.

1929 - On February 15, I quit the Power Company and moved to Ashland. We bought five acres from Oscar Low and built a house on it. It was just across the road from Walker School. I planted some trees, and some of them are still there. It belongs to the college now. I bought me four bushels of Gladiola bulbs at thirty-five and forty dollars a bushel. They did pretty well that year but there were not many saleable ones.

1930 - I planted most of them again but the irrigation water played out in May. I had two hundred thousand bulbs. I sold eight thousand No. 1's (one and a half inches in diameter) at five dollars a thousand and an equal amount of No. 2's (one and a quarter inches across) at three dollars per thousand. I sold one hundred dollars worth to someone in Seattle and did not get even a nickel for them. We also joined the Grange that year.

1931 - This was another dry year and I dug a well and did some irrigating that way. I worked on the road part of the winter and that helped some.

1932 - This was very much the same only there was more irrigation water.

1933 - I had a bad sick spell in the spring and was in bed for five weeks. When I got up I had to

learn to walk again. Soon after that I got called on the Jury. It was one of those ballot theft cases and we were kept under guard for a whole week. Then it took all night to arrive at a verdict.

1934 - I raised a lot of garlic that year and in the fall, I took a load and sold garlic mostly to the small stores, all the way up to Albany and then over to Newport and down the coast to Bandon. There I got a letter saying that someone wanted to buy our place. I saw a group of people on the wharf and I stopped to see what the excitement was about. I found out someone had caught a sturgeon in the river, they caught it with a salmon net. It was twelve feet long and weighed four hundred and twenty-five pounds.

I started home that evening and drove until I got sleepy and then I pulled over to the side of the road and tried to sleep but there were so many trucks I could not sleep so I drove on and got home about eight o'clock next morning. We sold out the next day and after looking around a week or two, we bought six acres from George Andrews on East Main Road. It had a small house and a nice little spring on it. There were some strawberries on it (about an acre) but they were about played out.

1935 - The strawberries did not do very well, so I plowed them all up and planted some vine berries. I made some nets and trapped turtles that summer in Bear Creek. I shipped them to San Francisco and some to Portland.

1936 - I trapped turtles from Talent to the dam and in the two years I took out eighteen hundred turtles. I still have some of the nets.

1937 - 1940 - It was the same old thing. I put the berry vines up on the wires in the winter, made garden in the spring and harvested the berries in the summer. I hired mostly girls to pick the berries. I had as many as eighteen pickers at one time but usually about seven or eight. I also developed a good trade for pickling cucumbers, garlic and dill.

In 1940 I was chosen Chairman of the Fair Committee for the Grange that year. Clara Kincaid and my wife were the other two. It was a hard job but I enjoyed it. We had a nice little fair if I do say so myself.

1941-1946 - These were very much the same, times got better and we got a better price for our berries. They got down as low as forty cents a crate before this so I put an ad in the paper, twenty-five cents a crate, U pick - I cleaned up my patch that way. In 1946 I bought a new Chevrolet pick-up and I still have it.

In November we went to Portland and joined the seventh degree of the Grange. In the whole

United States over five thousand took the seventh degree. Then we bought five acres of land joining with a small house on it.

1947 - I drove to Crescent City and back the same day. We also sold the small house and part of the ground.

1948 - We took a trip to Crescent City, then on to Bandon and back home by way of Roseburg. We also went to the Lava Beds, then Bly and back home by way of Crater Lake.

In the fall, we sold out and took a house and lot at 112 Pine Street. We made a trip to Clear Lake, California to visit Milt Neeley and wife and then came back by the way of Crescent City.

1949 - On March 12, I received the shock of my life. I was out in the back, trimming rose bushes, when my wife came to the back door and called to me and said she was all on fire. I rushed her to the hospital and she passed away that night. She must have gotten too close to the fireplace and her clothes caught on fire. Then she ran through the house to the kitchen sink and threw a lot of water on herself but it proved to be too late. It would be needless to say I was very much broken up, but I tried to make the best of it.

1950 - Anna Stockstell and I were married in February. We went to Sacramento and Clear Lake and then up the coast to Crescent City and back to Ashland. We were gone eleven days.

In the fall, we sold the house on Pine Street and took a trip on a bus to Oakland and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Neeley for twelve days. We sure took in the town. We spent one day at the park, one at the zoo, one at Sutro Bath, Cliff House, Fisherman's Wharf, the Cow Palace and also saw the big round-up.

On November 1, we boarded the Fairile, a ten thousand ton boat bound for Seattle. The first night it was quite rough. We had to climb a ladder to the bunk. You had to get hold of the side and when it started towards you, you made a leap, head first and hoped you landed O.K. The pots and pans slid back and forth all night. It made an awful racket. In the morning I had an awful time to get my pants on, the floor would not stand still. It was hard to balance myself on one foot while the floor was moving around.

At breakfast we ordered hot cakes and just as we sat down the boat gave a lurch and my wife slid across the room in the chair. Then she got back in a corner and that was fine. It was pretty rough all day and part of the night. We could just see the shore line part of the time. Sometime in the night, they got outside of Coos Bay and when daylight came, a pilot from shore came aboard

and guided the boat into Coos Bay. We stayed there all day loading paper pulp. I heard the Captain say, "I don't see why they sent us in here for only five hundred tons." We pulled out in the high tide at six o'clock in the evening and got to Seattle about nine next night. It was a pretty sight with all the lights of the city reflecting on the water. We stayed on the boat that night and took the train for Portland the next day. We stayed at a hotel that night and then on to Klamath Falls on the stream-liner.

1951-1953 - We made several trips to the coast and the huckleberry patch and other places.

1954 - We attended the State Grange at Albany, Oregon. We went as delegates.

1955 - We made a trip to the Lava Beds, Bly and Prospect.

1956 - We went to Ontario, California, by bus (for a visit) and stopped at San Bernadino, Artisia, Knotts Berry Farm, Visalia and Sacramento.

1957 - We attended the State Grange at Klamath Falls and at Eugene in 1958.

1959-1960 - We stayed home most of the time, just took walks, did a little garden work each day and then sat and watched television.

"MEMORIES"

The idea to write the things I remember the most about my life began about 1940 when the editor of the Central Point Newspaper printed some letters written by some old-timers that I went to school with. I wrote some of my experiences down and sent them to him and he printed them in his newspaper. I was surprised to learn how many names I could remember.

Then about two years ago, I told our grandson about my trip down the Rogue River and he wrote a story about it at school.

I got the notion of writing down the words to old-time songs. I got busy and wrote almost two hundred of them and I also knew just the titles and tunes to a great many old songs - fifty years old and older. There is a list of two hundred and sixty-five of them altogether.

Then the idea to write about the events of my life came to me - there is nothing outstanding about it. It is all the truth and I thought someone might be interested in reading it. Everything is just as I remember it. Perhaps some of the dates are not exactly right but most of them are correct. There would be only a year or two difference.

Louis H. Pankey

Louis Pankey died 1962 in Ashland. He was 83.



Madame Jeanne DeRoboam Holt
#1671

MADAME HOLT AND THE PRESIDENT

When President Rutherford B. Hayes, with his wife 'Lemonade Lucy,' and a traveling party of five, decided to pass through Jacksonville on their swing through the west in September 1880, there was no hotel accommodation in the city grand enough for such celebrities. Madame Jeanne DeRoboam Holt had been overseeing the construction of her splendid U.S. Hotel since 1878, but it was still in an unfinished state.

The Madame could see at once what a feather in her bonnet it would be if the President of the United States stopped at her hotel, so she resolved to make a superhuman effort to ready several rooms for the presidential party and to prepare a special room with elegant furnishings for President Hayes and his lady.

She sent to Portland for a luxurious Brussels carpet, bought a set of handsome rosewood bedroom furniture from Alexander Miller who had just had it shipped in from San Francisco for his own use, ordered rare and exotic delicacies for

the table and hired a staff to serve temporarily.

Although the citizens of Jacksonville, predominantly Democrats, remained a little apathetic about the president's visit, Madame Holt came through brilliantly. "She lighted the new chandeliers in her new hall, invited a crowd, summoned the Jacksonville Silver Cornet Band and arranged for C.C. Beekman to introduce the honored guests and serve as host.

"The President spoke informally and shook hands with all the people. General Sherman, a member of the party, declared that this spontaneous meeting was far more pleasing than a formal ceremony would have been."* Supper was served in the new dining room with temporary help from the Franco-American Hotel, Madame Holt's first establishment in Jacksonville at the corner of Main and California Streets. The members of the party retired to their freshly

**The Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. 3, No. 1, January 1883, "Madame Holt, the Lady and the Hotel.

painted and newly furnished rooms, having been treated like royalty.

The next morning Madame Holt, behind her desk, smiling sweetly, presented her bill to the president's secretary. He was stunned. She had charged each member of the party fifteen dollars for food and lodging. It was an outrageous fee. The most elegant room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, the bridal chamber, rented for six dollars a night. The secretary reportedly said, as he reluctantly paid the bill, "My dear Madame, we wished only to stay the night, not to buy the hotel."

The news of Madame Holt's stiff fees soon spread up and down the coast. The *Yreka Journal* announced:

The most aristocratic hotel on this coast is Madame Holt's, at Jacksonville...The highest price at the Palace...is only \$6 a day. The high-toned cods, who boast of paying high prices, will certainly all go to Jacksonville to board, in preference to stopping at such cheap houses as the Palace...

Researchers and historians have delighted in retelling the story and when one thinks of Madame Holt he generally thinks also of her overcharging the president's party for one night's lodging. But additional facts about the episode have turned up in a recent researching binge through the *Oregon Sentinel* of January 15, 1881.

For some unknown reason the Oregon and California Stage Company, which had included Madame Holt's hotel as a stopover point on its route to Seattle, switched its patronage to another Jacksonville hotel, probably the Taylor House. Madame Holt was crushed by this change and

concluded it had been brought about by a directive given by President Hayes who was getting back at her for her exorbitant charges. She remembered a gentleman, Sprague, formerly of Jacksonville, who was a great supporter and close acquaintance of the president, and she decided to seek his help. He had returned to Ohio where he had become Judge of Delaware County, and the Madame wrote him, entreating him to contact Mr. Hayes, give him a letter which she had enclosed, and beg him to reconsider his actions.

Mr. Hayes replied:

EXECUTIVE MANSION
Washington, Dec. 30, 1880

My dear Colonel:

I received Mrs. Holt's letter. Nothing to injure her was ever done by me or any of the party. We enjoyed our trip very much, and retain no unpleasant recollections of Jacksonville.

I trust the patriotic old lady will regain what she has lost.

Sincerely,
R.B. Hayes

The newspaper story does not reveal whether or not the good lady was successful in getting reinstated to the O. and C. Stage Line, but it does put to rest the tales of the president's objections to her charges. No doubt he gave little thought to the event and found her fees not too unreasonable for an evening's successful political rally and a night in a princely rosewood bed with the smell of fresh paint and wallpaper paste competing with Jacksonville's night air.

LAST OF THE TAKELMAS?

This paragraph appeared in the (Jacksonville) *Oregon Sentinel* of September 6, 1884. There were two or three Indian ladies who remained behind and continued to live in Jacksonville after the other Takelmas had been sent to the reservations. Perhaps they had become such helpful laundresses or housekeepers, someone had interceded and prevented their leaving the area. On the other hand, they may have been members of another tribe. The item is included for its interest:

"Old Mary, an Indian woman, who has been living here since the first settlement of the country is seriously sick and no longer able to maintain herself. She has for the last 30 years been washing and doing light work around Jacksonville and has always earned her living

and now that she is no longer able to work she should be properly cared for in her old age and sickness; she has been in the habit of going around regularly among our charitably disposed people who have generously supplied her wants, when she was unable to work, and now that she can scarcely walk around the streets our authorities should see that she is put in the county hospital where she could be comfortably cared for. From what she is able to tell of her age she must be past 80 and is really no longer able to work if she were well. The Indians have all gone from here and there is no one to care for the poor old destitute Indian woman unless our people do something for her and as she has succeeded in taking care of herself through all these years we think she deserves some consideration at our hands."



CHAMPIONS OF 1924

At the end of the basketball season, 1924, these triumphant young things and their coach, Chester Cook, who was also principal of Jacksonville High school, District Number One, won the Southern Oregon Girls Basketball championship. The glittering trophy, shown on the footstool in the foreground, may now be seen in the trophy case at the school among many other celebrated awards.

The first girl in the front row is Rita Varney. She was the youngest member of the team, and at the time of the picture she was a freshman. She was little sister to Ona Varney, the fourth girl in the front row. Rita graduated from high school in 1928. She married William Finley and for a time they lived in Butte Falls and

Jacksonville. "Oh," she said, "I've lived just about everywhere." The Finleys had a daughter, Marion, who lives in Brookings. Rita's second husband was Jesse Long, who died two and a half years ago. Today, as Mrs. Evans, she lives on Jacksonville Highway 238.

The second young lady, helping hold the basketball, is Cora Long. At the time of the picture, she was a junior. After school Cora worked in the fruit. In 1926 she married Frank Shaw who owned a service station and a ranch. Their children are Betty Ann Eppinger of Medford, Janet Gleason of Albany, Anita Clark of Phoenix and Dale Shaw of Vancouver.

The third player in the front row is Claire Coleman. Her father was a county judge. After



graduation Claire worked in the Medford Courthouse in the County Assessor's office. In 1929 she married Aubrey Norris in Medford. Their children were John Coleman Norris, who owns the Norris Family Shoe Store in downtown Medford and two other stores, and Linda Caldwell who lives on a farm in White City.

Again, the fourth girl is Ona Varney. After her graduation she married Otis Wilsey of Griffin Creek. They had a son, Otis, Jr., and a daughter, Arla. Ona died in 1985.

First in the back row is Marguerite Sparks. She had the inspiration to bring the members of the team together after 63 years had slipped by. The project took over a year of encouraging telephone calls, occasional reminders and nudges. It is not always a snap to get five busy ladies together at the same time. Marguerite was a senior when the first photograph was taken and after graduation she went to work in the courthouse in the

Assessor's Office. In 1924 she married Melvin Fields. They had four children: Doreen Glenn of Yreka, Roger Fields of southern California, Glenda Cossette of Jacksonville and Russell Dean of Visalia.

After forty-five years of marriage, Melvin Fields died. Marguerite was a widow for fifteen years, after which she married Mr. Vane Wilder. Today, again a widow, she lives in Medford.

The middle girl in the back row is Mildred Whitter. She was a peppy, athletic girl, a little indifferent to the curriculum. But she had a ready wit and a pleasant personality. After her graduation she married Don Kenney, a classmate. They had no children and the marriage didn't take. Some time later Millie married Gene Gray of California. She died several years ago.

Last girl in the back row is Bernice Reeter. Jack Reeter, who was well-known in southern

Oregon, was her step-father. Bernice's mother, Barbara, was also married to Ralph Jennings, the county sheriff for several years.

Bernice also worked in the county courthouse. In 1925 she married Louis Jennings and they had two children, Gary, who now lives in Cottage Grove, and Polley of Veneta. Her second husband was Everett Miller. They had a son,

Mike, who also lives in Cottage Grove. Bernice recently moved from Medford to Eugene.

In the photograph on page 22, by Natalie Brown, the ladies pose again in the same positions they had taken 63 years earlier. Front row: Rita Evans, Cora Long, Claire Norris; back row: Marguerite Wilder and Bernice Miller.

HISTORIC TREE PROJECT

The International Society of Arboriculture, in conjunction with the National Arborist Association, has developed a Bicentennial Tree Recognition Program for historically significant trees in the southern Oregon area. This society has asked that anyone with knowledge of trees that are 200 years old or older contact them

concerning the placement of a bronze plaque on the trees. The plaques will be provided at cost. For more information contact Michael Oxman, 322 Sleepy Hollow, Grants Pass, OR 97527 (474-0677). This project is officially recognized by the Commission on the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution in Washington, D.C.



Pages in the local papers feature Back-to-School clothing, and vacation days grow perilously short. In keeping with the season, we zero in on some Central Point students. Although we know little about them-- a) is it only one class or is it a club? b) what is the year? c) why did they line up for the photograph? -- we do know their

names. Any additional information would be gratefully accepted. They are: (front row) Gertrude Wiley, Irma Hamrick, Miss Clausen (teacher), Edith Ross, and Arlene Hay (?); (back row) Bert Rostel (?), Veri Walker and Louis Lyons. #11170

Society News

Special Events

- August 11 - January 1988 "Ashland's Railroad Centennial" exhibit. Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland. 1 - 5 P.M., Tuesday through Saturday.
- August 15-30 The Wonderful Word of Southern Oregon. Watercolor exhibit by the Artist's Workshop. U.S. Hotel Ballroom, Third & California Streets, Jacksonville. 11 A.M. - 4:30 P.M.
- August 29 Children's Workshop at the Children's Museum, 206 N. Fifth Street, Jacksonville. Topic: "Railroading." Participants will be recreating a train engine and railroad cars. Hours: 10 A.M. - 1 P.M. (Preregistration is required; not recommended for children under 6 years of age.)

Election of New Board Officers

At the July 28 meeting of the Society's Board of Trustees, new officers were elected for the coming year. Don McLaughlin was re-elected President; Isabel Sickels was re-elected 1st Vice President; James Sours was elected 2nd Vice President; Marjorie O'Harra was elected Secretary, and William Bagley was re-elected Treasurer. President McLaughlin thanked all Board members for their help and cooperation during the past year.

Society Staff Reorganization

In the past few years the Society staff has grown substantially to meet an increased workload. The present organization structure is inadequate to properly supervise the staff. Therefore, effective August 1 the staff will be reorganized into three divisions: Administration, Operations, and History. With this reorganization three staff members will receive promotions and new titles to reflect their increased responsibilities.

Maureen Smith, formerly Finance Manager, will be appointed to the position of Assistant Director for Operations & Finance and will be responsible for the day-to-day operation of the Society including finances, membership, Gift Shop and repair and maintenance of

Society properties.

Marjorie Edens, formerly Historian, will be appointed to the position of Assistant Director for History and will be responsible for the management of the Society's collections, research library and all public programming and services.

Natalie Brown, formerly Coordinator of Photographic Services, will be appointed to the position of Coordinator of Photography and Publications and will be responsible for all Society publications and management of the Photography Department.

New Society Publications

The response has been most favorable to the Society's new brochure, "Historic Jackson County." The brochure lists 23 different sites within Jackson County to visit or view. Each site has a fact sheet which gives more detailed information and the site's history. The brochure contains a tear-off sheet for requesting fact sheets desired. If you have not had a chance to see the brochure and obtain the tear-off sheet, write or call the Society and request the sheets you would like. The sites are: (1) Union Creek, (2) Mill Creek Falls, (3) Cole Rivers Hatchery, (4) Ralph Bunyan Statue, (5) Lost Creek Covered Bridge, (6) Butte Creek Mill, (7) Camp White, (8) Rock Point Bridge, (9) The Birdseye House, (10) Palmerton Arboretum Park, (11) Wimer Covered Bridge, (12) Upper and Lower Table Rock, (13) Crater Rock Museum, (14) Jacksonville Cemetery, (15) The Gin Lin Trail, (16) Medford Railroad Park, (17) Bear Creek Corporation, (18) The Colver Home, (19) Stearns Cemetery, (20) Chappel-Swedenburg House, (21) Lily Glen Barn, (22) Tubbs Springs, and (23) Lincoln on the Greensprings. It would be best to ask for the fact sheets by their corresponding number.

The Society's new membership brochure is hot off the presses and will soon be distributed throughout the county. The brochure describes the many services and programs the Society provides as well as information on membership benefits and volunteering.

In order to assist the many teachers who schedule class tours of the Society museums and then proceed to show their students the town of Jacksonville, the Society has published a "Guide to Jacksonville: Discovery Walk." Containing a

map of downtown Jacksonville and information on 14 separate locations, the brochure will increase student awareness of Jacksonville's interesting history and help illustrate the "then and now" concept of the town. Dawna Curler, Curator of Interpretation, compiled the information for the brochure.

Harvest Festival to be October 3

The Society's Harvest Festival is scheduled for Saturday, October 3. The event will be held at the C.C. Beekman House, California & Laurelwood Streets. Tours of the home will be available as well as craft demonstrations, music and food on the grounds of the property. Hours for the festival will be 12-4 P.M. There will be no admission charge and everyone is invited to attend.

Tulelake Basin Bus Tour

On July 23, 42 adventuresome folk departed Jacksonville for the Society's bus tour to the Tulelake Basin. Visits to the Tulelake Horseradish Company, the Tulegoose Pillow Company, and Country Sweets Bakery were the highlight of the

morning stop in the California community of Tule Lake. Mary Liptak was the hostess and tour guide for visitors to the Tulegoose Pillow Company, while Frank Sikes gave tours of the Tulelake Horseradish Company while his wife, Billie, provided taste treats of their unique products.

A short drive south of the community of Tule Lake is a California State Historic Marker designating the site of a Japanese relocation center of the Second World War.

In south-central Klamath County, Oregon, is the community of Malin that was settled on land formerly at the bottom of Tule or Rhett Lake. The lake bed has been almost entirely reclaimed. On September 30, 1909, 65 Bohemian families settled at the site and renamed the place for a town in Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, their former home. The picnic lunch in the Malin park was followed by a tour of the Malin Library where Amy Kolkow, the librarian, maintains exhibits about this Czech community.

The Society's next bus tour is the only overnight trip planned for 1987 and includes a visit to the Joss House in Weaverville, California, two nights at the Eureka Inn, and tours of the environs. For more information call Marjorie Edens, 899-1847.

From Our Readers

Attn: Raymond Lewis, re: The account of Professor Irving E. Vining. See page 9, *Table Rock Sentinel*, June 1987, 2nd paragraph: You stated that he turned the managing of the Vining Theater over to his sister Emma's husband, Ray Minkler. Wasn't that Ray Minkler? I do recall Ray Minkler, in fact, he owned the building next door to the J.P. Dodge Furniture building.

No mention was made of the many years Vining spent at his interesting home at Lake of the Woods. He often invited us to come to his home there, and we were fascinated by his talks to us. I recall that he gave us bottles of pop to drink. He was full of the accounts of Indian activities. On the wall he had an interesting piece of wood that had been Captain Jack's scaffolding. He was always very helpful to young men who stayed with him at the Lake. I recall that it was considered a great honor to work with him. Sonny Leedom lived for a long time with him, and as I recall was the recipient of his estate.

He did love to hold parties and one time he sent into town an order for several gallons of ice cream. My father, Louis Dodge, was asked to

bring it as he was coming to visit us at the Lake. In those days it was a rugged ride up the Dead Indian road, five hours from Ashland to the Lake.

As Dad drove in, he hit a pot hole which broke the axle of the car. He had to send to Ashland to get a new axle which took a day or two to accomplish. Dad had to walk into the Lake and there was no way to get that ice cream to Professor Vining for his party. So Dad had a party for himself -- all the ice cream he could eat.

We were told that at one time Professor Vining was at a carnival with the son of a wealthy eastern lumberman. At the time Professor Vining was acting as his tutor. At a nearby concession, a gun was used. Professor Vining somehow turned out to be the recipient of a bullet from that gun. He is supposed to have settled on \$10,000 as damages. With the interest received he augmented his income for years.

Professor Vining was involved in so many activities of significance that his influence may be seen in almost all of southern Oregon since the 1900s.

(Dr.) Robert E. Dodge, Portland





SOHS photographs
by Nan Hannon



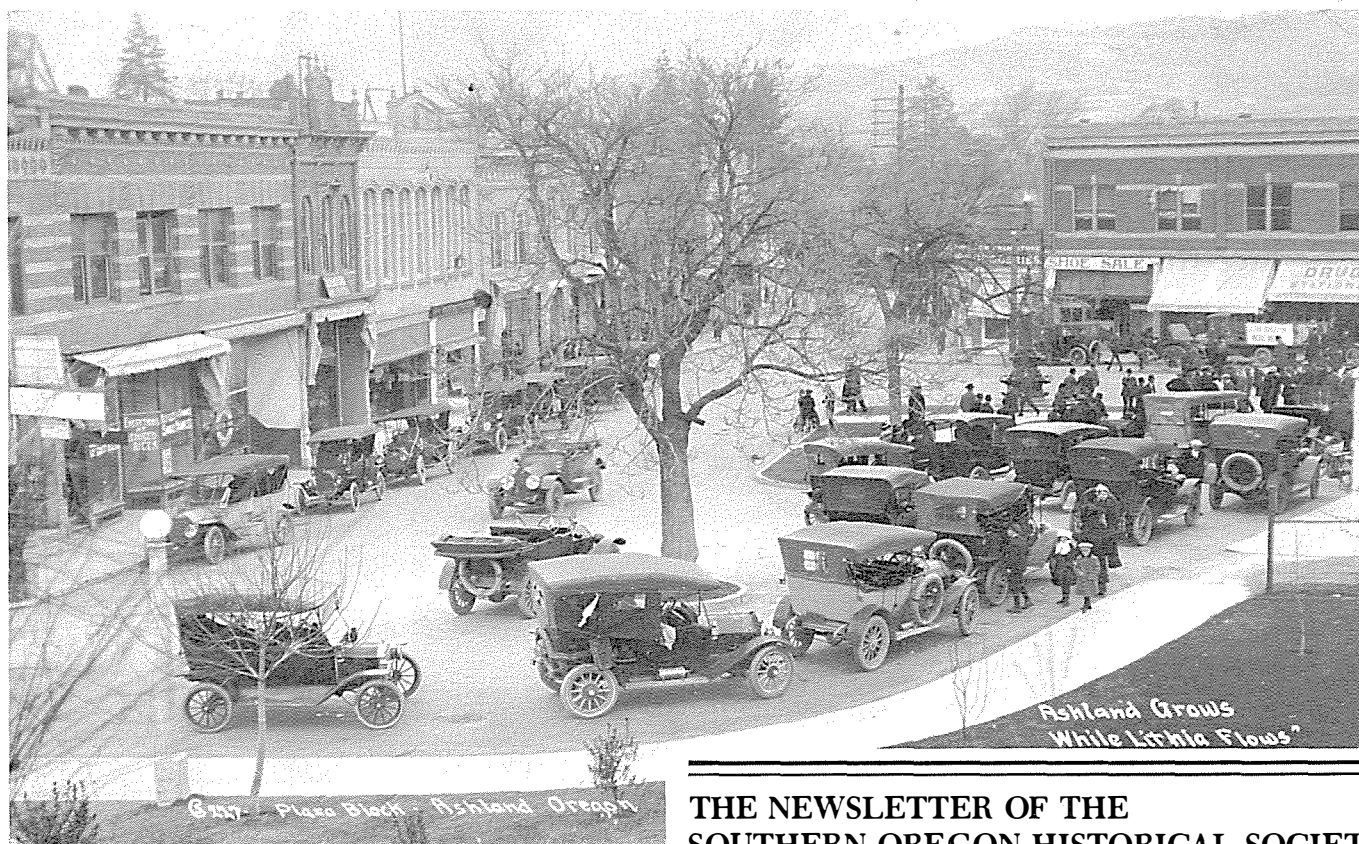
Docent Bus Tour

This tour was designed to acquaint the docents with other museums and historical points of interest in the county as part of their on-going training.

Top: Milly Fleet examines an exhibit as several docents talk to Colista Moore of the Woodville Museum in Rogue River.

Right: Docents, who have completed a tour of the General Store Museum, are preparing to visit the Eagle Point Mill, adjacent to the museum.

Left: Docent Barbara Oakes leaves the bus with assistance from Sam Khouri, staff person, and the bus driver. The docents are on their way to hike the Gin Lin Trail.



The photograph which appears on a 1915 picture postcard shows the Ashland Plaza at a busy time of day. A large covey of black touring cars is bunched together at the right, apparently waiting in line for a right turn. There are a couple of buggies in the background over by the shoe sale.

In 1915 Ashland was extremely aware of the significance Lithia water would have on the future growth of the city and the city fathers had come up with the slogan, "Ashland Grows While Lithia Flows." A grand celebration for the opening of Lithia Park would be held the following year.

The picture is through the courtesy of Verna Forncrook Wilson.



Marge Herman, Volunteer Coordinator, has recently received the following letter from the American Language Academy at Southern Oregon State College:

Dear Ms. Herman,

Thank you for so cheerily assisting in our ALA special program. The students from Tokyo International University appreciate such exposure to our local history. Your time and efforts have contributed to a better understanding of U.S. life for our students. Thank you!

Debbie Beck

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