

TABLE ROCK

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SENTINEL

JULY 1988



The
Magazine
of the
Southern
Oregon
Historical
Society

Commentary

The Society's four decades as steward of our region's cultural heritage have ensured history of a prominent role in the exceptional quality of life we enjoy in southern Oregon. And yet, this work has gone largely unnoticed by the general public.

When talking with people throughout the region about the Society, I find the majority of residents have little or no idea how many services and programs the Society offers, how many museums and historic sites it manages, how many history-related programs and projects it supports, or that membership is available and open to all.

We have our work cut out for us. All of us—Society members, trustees, and staff—must join together to raise public awareness of what the Society mission is and how that mission is being accomplished.

As it is true that the most effective means of getting the word out is by word of mouth, I ask you to assist us. I ask that you seek opportunities to tell friends and acquaintances about the Society; about its mission to preserve, interpret, and promote the region's history; and about the benefits and opportunities of membership.

If you have any questions before or after you talk with people, please let us know so we can provide you with answers. The better informed you are, the more effective you can be to explain the Society and extol its virtues to someone else.

I also would welcome any comments and suggestions you receive from those with whom you talk. All public input is valued and appreciated.

The Society will be doing more in the future to provide greater public understanding of itself and its mission, as well as offering more activities and benefits to members and the general public alike. Together, we can foster a better understanding of the Southern Oregon Historical Society and, at the same time, a deeper appreciation of our region's heritage.



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p. 4



p. 14

Features

4 Trouble with Healing Waters: The Turbulent History of Buckhorn Springs *by Roger Love*

A place of idyllic beauty and vitalizing vapors, Buckhorn Springs has served as a site of spiritual renewal, resort, and chiropractic clinic. Now it awaits restoration and an appreciation for its part in the diversity of local endeavor.

14 The Birdseye Family of Jackson County *by Chuck Sweet*

In this second and final part of the Birdseye story, two strong and courageous women stand as testimonies to the survival of a family and personification of the Oregon pioneer spirit.

Departments

19 Society Update

23 Regional Digest

24 Calendar of Events



cover: Buckhorn Lodge once served as a resort retreat for visitors wishing to enjoy the magnificent scenery and vitalizing vapors.
Photo courtesy of Lawrence Powell



Photo courtesy of Terry Skibby

Trouble with HEALING WATERS

The Turbulent History of Buckhorn Springs

by Roger Love

Nestled among trees along the creek (*opposite*), the vapor baths still offer visitors the vitalizing sensations once thought to provide spiritual or medicinal benefits. Buckhorn Lodge (*above*) served social, residential and commercial functions during its long history. Today it awaits restoration.

For what ails you, you can still seek a cure at Buckhorn Mineral Springs. The owners might even let you make your way across the fragile wooden bridge to the mineral water gazebo where you may grab a paper cup and draw a drink of the water from the old hand pump. You might even want to take a carbon dioxide “vapor bath” in the bathhouse next to the well.

More than 150 years ago the Klamath and the Rogue River Indians did just this to cure their sick, although without such “modern” conveniences as hand pumps and bathhouses. And 100 years ago, white Rogue Valley residents also discovered the curative properties of the springs. Even as late as 1962, a local chiropractor maintained a sanitarium at Buckhorn Springs for patients perhaps not entirely convinced of the value of more modern medical treatment.

Today, Buckhorn’s reputation as a health spa may be as decayed as the buildings which once housed the sanitarium, but it remains a centerpiece of sorts in the history of southern Oregon’s soda and mineral water springs. We see in Buckhorn the development and use of the springs. We see a story about ourselves.



CARBON DIOXIDE
VAPOR BATHS

No one knows when or how the Indians found the springs. Maybe it was all the dead insects and animals bunched around a depression in the ground next to the creek. Or maybe it was the bubbles rising mysteriously from the creek bottom. We do know that the Indians in southern Oregon considered Buckhorn Springs more than any other mineral springs in the area to be sacred for its water's medicinal properties.¹

Buckhorn Springs, located about ten miles southeast of Ashland on Emigrant Creek, is one of many soda or mineral springs in Oregon. At these springs, naturally occurring carbon dioxide gas escapes from the ground, mingling at varying degrees of concentration with spring water

Today, Buckhorn's reputation as a health spa may be as decayed as the buildings which once housed the sanitarium, but it remains a centerpiece of sorts in the history of southern Oregon's soda and mineral water springs.

to create natural carbonation. The water at Buckhorn, though, is not highly carbonated like that at nearby Wagner's Soda Springs. As a result, Buckhorn's mineral water was prized less for its taste and more for its therapeutic value as a bathing water. The source of the carbon dioxide at Buckhorn is thought to be volcanic, as it is with most mineral springs. Two major faults intersect near the springs area.²

The free gas discharge at Buckhorn is constant and often is more vigorous than at any other known site in the state.³ Carbon dioxide is a colorless, inert, tasteless, nonflammable gas. Commonly used in fire extinguishers and refrigeration systems, carbon dioxide in its solid state, forms dry ice. In fact, at several spots near Buckhorn Springs, a company called Gas-Ice produced dry ice from the gas coming from within the earth. There was an attempt to do the same at Buckhorn, but when the well reached 300 feet and struck a good pocket of carbon dioxide, the drillers decided to go a bit deeper to achieve an even greater volume of carbon dioxide. Instead they hit water, dooming the project.

Being heavier than air, carbon dioxide tends to collect in depressions in the ground and displaces all the oxygen if it is not dissipated into the atmosphere by a breeze. Thus, when an animal or insect encounters such a pocket of gas, it cannot breathe and will die quickly unless it is able to escape.

This phenomenon probably explains how the Indians discovered the spot we know as Buckhorn Mineral Springs today. Insects and animals would blunder into these pockets

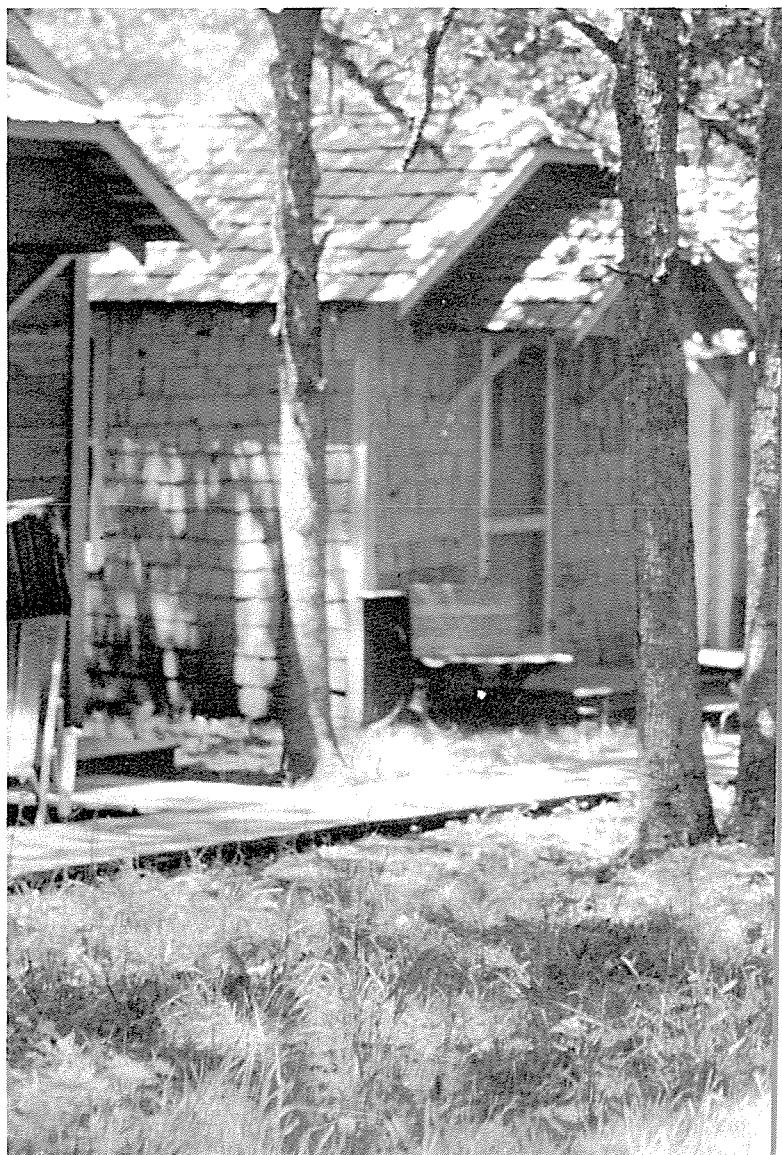


Photo courtesy of Terry Skibby

of carbon dioxide. Most would react quickly enough to escape the dense, unbreathable gas, but some would die by asphyxiation. Even today, one can find dead birds and motionless butterflies next to the vapor baths along the bank of Emigrant Creek. Certainly, hundreds of years ago, passing Indians noticed this too. Following the creeks, white trappers came across the remains of these unfortunate birds, rabbits and squirrels. But they wrongly assumed the animals had stopped for a drink and had been poisoned by something in the water. As a result, many mineral and soda springs, especially Buckhorn, came to be known as "poison waters" to the whites.⁴

The Indians reacted differently. Perhaps because their culture tended to explain nature in mystical terms rather than scientific terms, the Indians did not immediately assume the animals they saw sprawled in the carbon dioxide had been poisoned. They saw this, instead, as a manifestation of the "Great Spirit," and thus assigned to these places a great healing power.⁵



Cabins at -
Buckhorn Mineral Spring
Near Ashland Ore.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries found several tribes of Indians living in southern Oregon, among them the Rogue or Dagelima Indians, in whose territory most of the mineral springs lay, Buckhorn included. East of the Cascade Range, in the country known as the "Land of Many Lakes," lived the Klamath and Modoc tribes. All three tribes were often in conflict with each other, at least until the mid-nineteenth century when the Rogue Indian Wars greatly depleted that tribe's numbers. Despite their history of intertribal conflict, however, the tribes did agree on one thing: the use of the mineral springs.

It is not known just how much use the Rogues made of the springs, but we do know quite a bit about the Klamath tribe's reverence for Buckhorn. A man named C. B. Watson, writing in a 1914 edition of the *Ashland Tidings*, seems to be the source for nearly all the material written about the Indians' use of Buckhorn Springs. Upon hearing stories about their belief in the springs' healing powers, he visited them in 1870.

Settlers soon displaced the Native Americans and also discovered the natural rewards of Buckhorn Springs. Through the 1930s and '40s, southern Oregonians enjoyed camping at the site in woody surroundings or in later-erected cabins.

The Indians prized the escaping gas as "Hi-U-Skookum Medicine," or the breath of the "Great Spirit." This medicine, they felt, was a guarantee of a sure cure if the patient had lived a worthy life. If the patient died, it was obvious he or she did not deserve to live. Why the Klamaths and Modocs exclusively used Buckhorn Springs is not really clear, although Frank Riddle, a white man who lived with the Klamath tribe, told Watson their right to use Buckhorn and no other had been granted by treaty.⁶

There is no question the Indians considered Buckhorn to be sacred—and effective. It was not unusual for them to strap an ailing tribal member to a pony and haul him or her across the Cascade Mountains from their home in the Klamath Basin, a trip that was more dangerous than

it might appear. Even though the Modocs, the Klamaths and the Rogues agreed to the sacredness of the springs, and by treaty would not attack each other during their stay at the springs, the pilgrims, as they were called, remained fair game for surprise attack while traveling to and from the locality.

Once safely at Buckhorn, the first phase of treatment was simple. The medicine man who supervised the springs would find a place where the gas escaped, dig out a depression large enough to accommodate a person, spread out

And even though many whites may have scoffed at much of what the Indians held sacred, they did take pragmatic notice of any practices that might improve either their health or their pocketbooks.

some tree boughs for a bed, then place the patient on the boughs, submerging him or her in the carbon dioxide. The patient would remain there, watched carefully, until he or she passed out.

Thus, under the influence of the "Great Spirit," the person would be removed from the hollowed-out ground and taken to a "wickiup," a structure made of skins and boughs, where, according to Watson, the patient would undergo a "course of manipulation" until regaining consciousness. A spell in the sweat house followed, while the patient listened to the medicine man's incantations, drank mineral water and breathed its steam in the primitive sauna. This treatment would continue until the patient was either cured or declared incurable.

If performed properly, the Indians insisted this seemingly harsh treatment seldom failed to cure even the most serious cases of rheumatism, asthma, kidney disease and stomach trouble—if, of course, the patient was worthy of the cure. In essence, the Indian would be confronting his or her fate with the Great Spirit.

Of course, the curative powers of Oregon's mineral springs among the Indians did not go unnoticed by the white population, which increased sharply over the last half of the nineteenth century. And even though many whites may have scoffed at much of what the Indians held sacred, they did take pragmatic notice of any practices that might improve either their health or their pocketbooks. The mineral springs scattered about Oregon seemed to be among those items. In 1910, the Southern Pacific Railroad crudely echoed this sentiment in a brochure,

Many of the medicinal springs of Oregon have a record of centuries of healing among the Indians, who, like the lower animals, instinctively discover true nature remedies for the ills that overtake them.

Putting the fears of "poison waters" aside, it was not long before white entrepreneurs began offering their own brand of "Hi-U-Skookum Medicine" to those settlers who could find no relief for their ailments elsewhere, medical science being what it was at that time.

Up the road just a couple miles from Buckhorn Springs is Wagner Soda Springs. An old hunter who had learned of the springs' healing value from the Indians claimed the springs in the 1860s. Several whites visited the site, among them Samuel Whitmore, one of Ashland's early schoolteachers. Whitmore, himself afflicted by some ailment, apparently found relief too, and bought the springs when the old hunter decided to move on. In turn, he sold his interests to a Dr. Caldwell, who ultimately



owned more than 800 acres surrounding the soda springs and what would become Buckhorn Mineral Springs. The doctor lived on the property, and by 1871 had built a comfortable house where he offered accommodations for travelers and others visiting the springs for their health. Knowing of the therapeutic reputation of the mineral springs, the doctor later opened a modest sanitarium.⁷

These springs came to be known as Wagner Soda Springs in 1885 when Jacob Wagner of Ashland bought the ranch and hotel. Directly across from the springs stood a "pretentious" twenty-four room hotel where the elite of Ashland as well as long-distance travelers gathered to socialize. In addition, Wagner also developed a plant to bottle the fizzy water, which he distributed for use as a mixer with alcoholic and fruit-flavored beverages. But as successful as the

resort and soda water became, the success was short-lived. When Highway 66 was built, the chosen route bypassed the soda springs development, leading to its demise. The bottling works followed, being abandoned when Prohibition dropped the bottom out of the mineral water market.⁸

Meanwhile down in Ashland, people were beginning to discover other area mineral springs. The spot that eventually became the Helman Sulphur Baths also had been used by the Indians for many years. The first known white man to test the curative powers of these baths was James Russell. Suffering from the pain of rheumatism, he burrowed into the sand and allowed the mineral water to flow over his joints, immediately declaring himself cured. Not too much later Abel Helman, on whose land the springs lay, tried the same therapy and found relief. The word spread about the magical waters, and the Helmans found their cow

pasture crowded with sufferers. Helman's son Grant decided the visitors might appreciate some privacy as they wallowed in the mud, so he built a small bathhouse with tubs in three separate rooms, thus creating what we know as the Helman Baths.⁹



A footbridge across Emigrant Creek (left) still provides access to the vapor baths. Members of the C. W. Fraley and W. M. Barber families (above) enjoy a picnic at Buckhorn, ca. 1923.

Photo by Natalie Brown

Photo courtesy of Glenn Northcross

Around this time, speculation has it that someone, perhaps Dr. Caldwell, built a cabin next to the springs at Buckhorn. This two-story structure may have formed the basis for the lodge built several years later by James Clarke Tolman. We do know that in the late 1880s, Dr. Caldwell sold a parcel of land surrounding Buckhorn Springs to a man named Blackwood, who in turn sold it to James Tolman in 1890. Tolman immediately began the first real development of the springs that same year by starting construction of a hotel supposedly built around the original cabin.

Today we are reminded often of James Clarke Tolman, his name living on in Tolman Creek and Tolman Creek Road in Ashland, less than eight miles from the springs he first popularized by the turn of the century. Tolman was one of early Ashland's more respected citizens. Born in Ohio in 1813, he dabbled in farming, leather manufacture and politics before coming to Oregon in 1849 in the midst of the gold boom. He returned to Iowa shortly thereafter, only to turn up just south of the Oregon border in Yreka in 1852. By 1853 he was raising stock in the Rogue Valley, but soon returned to politics, winning election to a Jackson County judgeship in 1858. After an unsuccessful run for governor in 1874, he was given the post of surveyor general of Oregon in 1878.¹⁰ By the time the as-yet-unnamed mineral springs outside of Ashland became available for purchase, he had the political and financial clout to strike out in yet another direction.

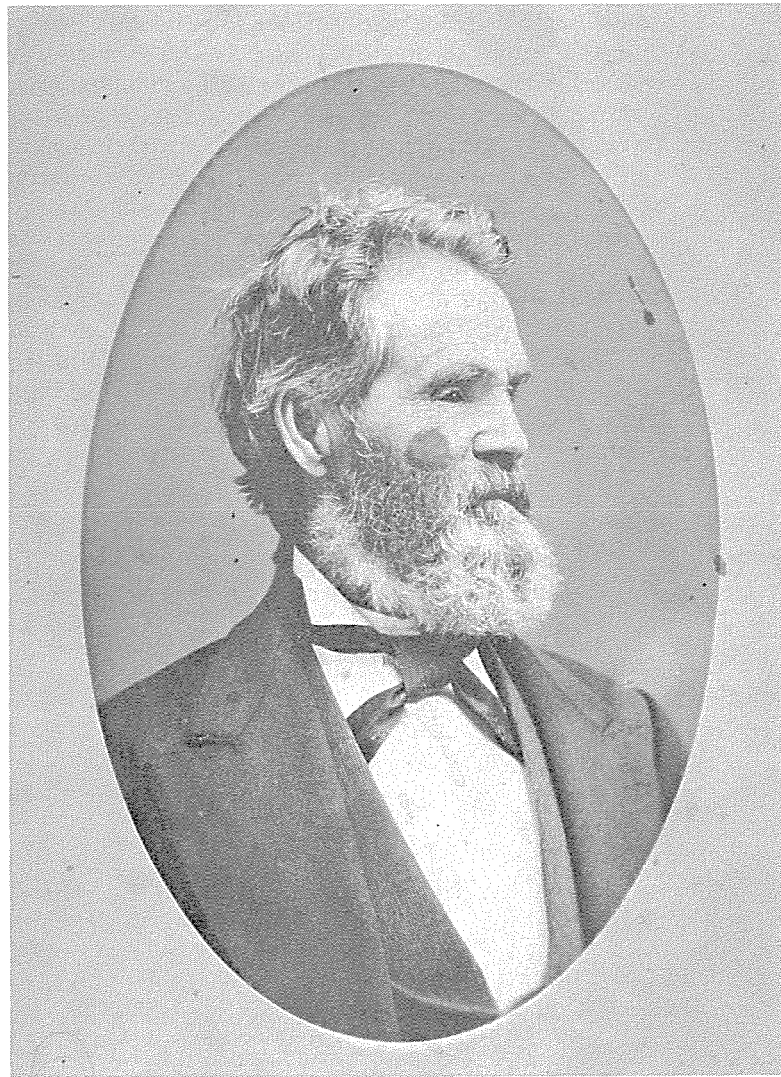
One of Tolman's first acts as the springs' new owner was to give it a name: Tolman Springs, aptly enough. No one knows for sure whether his prime plan for the springs' use was benevolent, mercenary or both. We do know he opened his pocketbook and spent both time and money developing Tolman Springs into a health resort of wide reputation. By 1900 the springs included a hotel, cottages and facilities for visitors to bathe in mud, mineral water or vapor.

The word spread about the magical waters, and the Helmans found their cow pasture crowded with sufferers.

A turn-of-the-century brochure published by the Southern Pacific Railroad made special mention of Tolman Springs:

These springs are mentioned under "Ashland" but it may be further stated that for curative powers they perhaps have no superior, though they are little known. The Indians brought their great chiefs here from long distances, when all other remedies failed.

At this time Tolman's resort was accessible only by stage on a road that wound from Ashland over the Siskiyou past Pilot Rock, then into California. The path of this stage road was most likely influenced by the



Judge Tolman vastly improved the spring's resort potential.
SOHS #11916

locations of Tolman Springs and Wagner Soda Springs and others along Emigrant Creek. Oddly enough, Southern Pacific, which earlier helped promote Tolman Springs, later contributed to its demise when the railroad chose to route its tracks on a more western route through Coolest. The road to Tolman Springs was virtually abandoned when north-south traffic followed the railroad, and when the new road to Klamath Falls bypassed the springs.

Ironically, the fall in the fortunes of the Emigrant Creek resorts coincided with a new fervor in Ashland to promote itself as a spa paradise. Ashland residents voted in 1914 to pipe the renowned "Lithia Water" from Emigrant Creek to several downtown locations, a decision that ultimately helped lead to the creation of Lithia Park. By 1920, even the national craze for mineral water spas was waning, Southern Pacific Railroad touted Ashland as an established health resort.¹²

Upon Tolman's death, his heirs sold Tolman Springs in 1912, and the property languished as a private residence for nearly a decade until a woman named Lillian Gearing

purchased it in 1919. Gearing and her soon-to-be husband, C. W. McGrew, had visions of rekindling the popularity of Tolman Springs even though it was off the beaten path. It was most likely the McGrews who for some reason renamed the springs Buckhorn Mineral Springs, perhaps basing the new name on nearby Buck Rock. They began expanding upon Tolman's developments, adding on to the hotel, drilling an artesian well to tap the mineral water and constructing a crude, roofed-over bathing area on the spot the Indians once used to partake of the "Hi-U-Skookum Medicine." The McGrews enjoyed moderate success for more than fifteen years until they decided to sell out.

Visitors would lower themselves into the warmed, enriched mud for a good soak, followed by a massage by the resident masseur or perhaps a vapor bath.

It was not until the Buckhorn Mineral Springs Corporation bought the property in 1936 that the springs enjoyed its most prosperous times, and oddly enough, it was not totally as a health spa that the resort saw its success. With Amelia Toft as a principal partner and manager, Buckhorn began an ambitious building program, remodeling the inside of the hotel and replacing the old carbon dioxide bath facilities with a masonry building complete with enclosed tubs for the bathers. They shored up the creek-side with a rock wall, built a new bridge and added boardwalks from the creek to the lodge and to the newly constructed physio-therapy clinic. To top all that off, they even added an electrical generator on nearby Baldy Creek, making the springs the only property to have electrical power in the area.

Richard Howell, who has lived down Buckhorn Road from the springs for more than half a century, helped with the new construction in the 1930s. Howell says he knew there was something strange about the carbon dioxide pits when he watched another worker set a gasoline-soaked rag on fire and dropped it into the pit where they would later build the "Vapor House." "It went out like you had tossed it into water," Howell recalls. And although he never had the notion to take a mud bath, Howell says he did partake of the vapor baths on several occasions, remembering that they made his skin feel warm and tingly.

According to Howell, the mineral water mud baths were a successful attraction at Buckhorn in the late 1930s. Workers would scoop up dirt or mud from a spot near the vapor bath house where carbon dioxide escaped from the ground, and haul it to the clinic on the other side of the creek. Here it would be added to bath tubs in several private rooms where it was mixed with mineral water that had been heated by two large, wood-fired boilers. Visitors would lower them-

selves into the warmed enriched mud for a good soak, followed by a massage by the resident masseur or perhaps a vapor bath.

It was during this time that Amelia Toft married the masseur, a man named Yarrington. And in a move clouded with mystery, the Yarringtons managed an apparent 1930s version of the hostile takeover when Amelia purchased Buckhorn Mineral Springs at a sheriff's sale on the steps of the Jackson County Courthouse. Speculation has it that as the manager of Buckhorn, she had allowed the taxes to lapse, then bought the title as the sole bidder.¹³

But this did not seem to affect the operation of the resort. Richard Howell recalls that Buckhorn was very popular at this time. The cabins and the hotel were generally filled, and people often camped out in tents. The resort atmosphere actually took on a life of its own, beyond the health spa. The Yarringtons held dances every Saturday night which became immensely popular with overnight visitors and locals. Howell helped form a band that played for the dances.

"We had a lot of fun in that place," Howell says. "Young kids were interested in each other. It was a social occasion. That's what it was all about."

The social occasions were not to last forever, though. The Yarringtons decided in the early 1940s it was time to move on to Seattle to open a funeral parlor, of all things. Too, the public's interest in mineral water spas had almost vanished compared to its high water mark earlier in the century.

In 1942 Buckhorn Springs changed its focus almost overnight when Herman Wexler, an expatriate doctor from Germany via Portland, appeared in Ashland and decided that Buckhorn would be the ideal spot to open a sanitarium. He had convinced a friend, Hollys Richardson, to accompany him in his new business venture, so she left her home in Lakeview and took up residence at Buckhorn that same year. At that time, Wexler had agreed to purchase Buckhorn Springs, although no money or title changed hands until 1950, after the sanitarium had been open for eight years.

Buckhorn may have been a natural for Wexler's practice, but it would no longer host the dances and good times the Yarringtons had encouraged. Within weeks of taking over the resort, Wexler let it be known that the dancers and musicians did not exactly project the image he had in mind for his sanitarium.¹⁴ That was probably his first mistake.

Not too much is known about Dr. Wexler's background. He claimed he was a Vienna-trained physician but could not practice medicine in America because of certification problems, a common-enough occurrence at that time. A tide of German doctors immigrated to the United States in the 1930s and 1940s, so many in fact that the American Medical Association took action to protect American doctors by making it tougher for foreign-trained physicians to practice medicine in the United States. On the other hand, Wexler's office walls showed no evidence of degrees from any university or medical school, and he never offered to produce any proof of his training.¹⁵

Herman Wexler's brochure lists a diversity of diseases he treated at Buckhorn Springs. Dr. Wexler (*opposite*) was a controversial physician during his tenure in Ashland.

The treatment offered at Buckhorn Mineral Springs Sanitarium was based on the idea of "vitalization," which is the "sufficient flow of intelligence and energy to every cell" in the body. The prime cause of sickness or disease was said to be "cell destruction," where "excess waste and foreign substance in the body called Poison or Toxemia" attacked the otherwise healthy cells. Dr. Wexler's treatment consisted of placing the patient on a regimen meant to eliminate the poison from the body. This included colonic enemas with Buckhorn's mineral water, bathing in the carbon dioxide vapor in the vapor baths, and drinking the mineral water from the artesian well. Wexler did not believe in using drugs to treat patients, stating that drugs would further poison an already polluted body.¹⁶ The physio-therapy clinic also contained an array of electronic equipment Dr. Wexler apparently used to diagnose his patients' ailments. By modern standards even in the 1950s, the equipment was mostly "bells and buzzers," the real purpose of which was to get the patient's attention. Worse, the X-ray machine was potentially dangerous, ironically poisoning the body with doses of radiation that could not be controlled by the operator. The picture, though, was likely most impressive to the patient.

Most of Dr. Wexler's colleagues seemed to take a "tongue in cheek" attitude toward his practice. They perceived the sanitarium's therapy as a kind of placebo treatment; medicine has long known that many patients tend to recover if they think they are being cured. One patient, well known to local physicians of the time, insisted his periodic impotence was reversed by bathing in the vapor baths.

But the public, for the most part, seemed to agree that medical science had bypassed Wexler's brand of treatment. His plan to turn Buckhorn Springs into a thriving and profitable health spa never panned out. He was forced to maintain an office in Ashland on Siskiyou Boulevard just to make ends meet, and apparently there was never enough cash to pay his nurse and companion Hollys Richardson

be health or disease. Health is developed and so is disease developed.

CHRONIC DISEASES TREATED

Anemia
Asthma
Articular Rheumatism
Arthritis
Blood Diseases
Bone Diseases
Bronchial Affections
Bronchial Diseases
Kidney Diseases
Kidney Blood Pressure
Liver Complaints
Liver Disorders
Neuralgia
Nervous Disorders
Neuritis
Nephritis
Nephroses
Constipation
Bladder Trouble
Colon Trouble
Colitis
Ductless Gland Disease
Eye Trouble
Ear Complaints
Ear and other chronic conditions
and strictly surgical, medical
So why not
by Phone for

MINERAL

Enjoy . . .

HEALTH
REST
COMFORT
and
HOSPITALITY

AT THE

Buckhorn

MINERAL SPRINGS SANITARIUM
ROUTE 1 - ASHLAND, OREGON



"YOUR HEALTH IS OUR BUSINESS"

DR. HERMAN WEXLER
Director

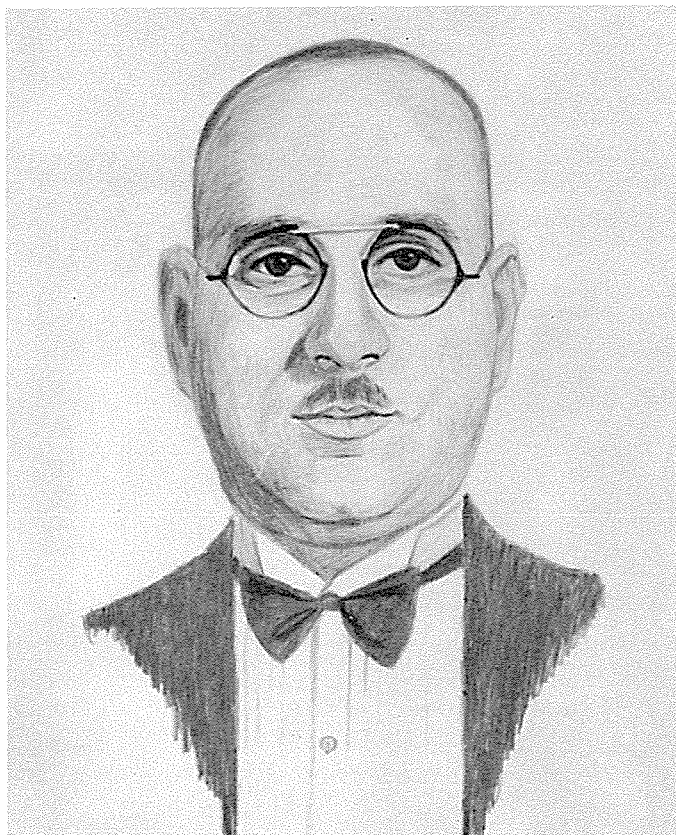
235
ASHLAND, OREGON
OFFICE PHONE 2
DR. HERMAN WEXLER, D.C.
CHIROPRACTIC PHYSICIAN

Courtesy of Bruce Sargent

the agreed-upon amount of \$300 a month for her services. In fact, she often was forced to lend the business money out of her own pocket.

By the mid-1950s, circumstances had deteriorated to the point where Wexler never worked at Buckhorn; instead, he treated what patients he could attract at his Ashland office. With his stocky build and brusque manner, Wexler cut a rather intimidating figure as a doctor, hardly the ideal bedside companion. To make things worse, at some point he and Richardson had a major dispute, so she stayed at Buckhorn, supposedly managing the sanitarium. The few people who sought treatment at the vapor house were often met by a gruff and abrupt Miss Richardson, and tended to proceed directly to the baths or the mineral water pump in hopes of avoiding a confrontation with her.

With little money coming in, Buckhorn continued to deteriorate. Maintenance on the buildings and grounds went



Courtesy of Bruce Sargent

unperformed. The cabins sagged and what plumbing there was proved insufficient, even unhealthy. By the time Wexler died in late 1962, time had seemingly passed him and Buckhorn by. The public had little use for either.

Now out of the public's view, Buckhorn Mineral Springs entered a period of benign neglect. In 1966, Lucy Harrell and her family purchased the property from Herman Wexler's estate, and proceeded to move in over the objections of Hollis Richardson who still occupied the hotel, thinking the property should still belong to her. Richardson may well have had a good point. Because she shared a household with Wexler for years, she could have been considered his common-law wife, with a claim upon his property after his death. However, even though she was the executor of Wexler's estate, apparently no suggestion was ever made that she might have rights to the property. Regardless, the Harrells moved in and proceeded to make Buckhorn Mineral Springs their private residence for the next twenty-one years.

The physio-therapy clinic became a shop for the Harrells. The cabins became storage sheds. The bridge over Emigrant Creek sagged and tilted. The weeds grew. While Lucy Harrell enjoyed having the mineral water to drink occasionally, she did not perceive Buckhorn Springs to be any kind of a historic monument meant to be preserved. Instead, to the Harrells, Buckhorn was home, a place to live and to use, a ranch in an idyllic setting away from the bustle of a big city.

Harrell's husband died within a few years of their moving to Buckhorn, and that may have muted any enthusiasm she felt toward improving the resort. Her main loves seemed to be her animals and her friends, to which she devoted most of her energy. By the time she left for Alaska in 1987, the grounds had become overgrown not just with weeds, but with hulks of old cars and rusting machinery. weeds,

By the time the present owners, Leslie and Bruce Sargent, took title to the property in October 1987, it was hard to see many of the buildings through the brush. The old clinic had been burglarized and vandalized. Even so, the carbon dioxide gas still bubbled up through Emigrant Creek, the old artesian well still pumped cool mineral water and the vapor baths would still put out a match. The feeling was still there.

The Sargents plan to move into the hotel this fall and begin, as others have before them, to revitalize the resort. They were quick to realize that restoring the health spa would be unrealistic, so the Sargents now say they only hope to preserve the past rather than to recreate it. They would like to open Buckhorn to the public again in the future, but in a different way than in the past. Where patients took mineral baths in the 1930s and received hydrotherapy from Dr. Wexler in the 1950s, tomorrow's visitors will find in the old physio-therapy clinic a museum, a sampling of what Buckhorn Mineral Springs has meant to the Rogue Valley's history.

The beautiful scenery, the clean air, the sound of Emigrant Creek running over the rocks; so many of the features that attract visitors to Buckhorn a hundred years ago may well draw people to the resort once again.



ENDNOTES

1. Watson, C. B., "Indian Legends of the Springs," *Ashland Tidings*, Dec. 14, 1914.
2. Wagner, Norman S. *Natural Sources of Carbon Dioxide in Oregon*, The Ore-Bin, Portland, Oregon: State of Oregon, Nov., 1959, p. 109.
3. *ibid*, p. 103.
4. Watson, C. B., "Indian Legends of the Springs."
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Roger Love enjoys writing and photography. His last article for the *Sentinel* was "The Rebirth of Oregon's Wine Industry" in the May, 1988 issue.



Clara Birdseye (left) stands in front of the family home near Rogue River. SOHS #3987

THE BIRDSEYE FAMILY of Jackson County

by Chuck Sweet

This is the second and final part of the history of the Birdseye family—a history and celebration of two strong-willed and courageous pioneer women. In the first part, Clara Fleming Birdseye struggles to keep her home and raise her family despite the hardships of farming and the errant ways of her husband, David. The story continues when Clara's youngest son, Victor Wesley, meets a pretty and vivacious Effie Cameron at a Woodville dance.

Effie Belle Cameron was born near Hillsboro, Oregon, on August 28, 1883. Her parents were Danmer and Evelyn Cameron, and at that time her father was part-owner of a sawmill. As Effie grew up, she had two brothers slightly older than herself and a sister, Queene, who was two years younger. Mr. Cameron was a British subject, having been born on an English ship. A long-time admirer of Queen Victoria, he had named his youngest daughter after her majesty. Evelyn Cameron died when Effie was five. Danmer tried to care for his motherless children but the sawmill venture failed and there were years when the four youngsters had to live with relatives. Often they were on farms, where Effie learned to love farm life. Unlike her sis-

ter Queene, who was headstrong and quite a flirt, Effie was well-behaved and a good worker.

One day a friend of a cousin with whom the children were living made improper advances at Effie. Packing her few clothes, she left the cousin's home and made her way to the home of a doctor. When she asked the doctor if she could live there and work for her keep, the doctor's family took her in. Effie continued to attend school while at the same time she earned a small amount of spending money by delivering messages for the local telephone company. When she was eleven, her father sent her by train to live with another cousin who lived in Dunsmuir, California. The cousin had a contract processing railroad ties for the Southern Pacific but was soon transferred to Cottage Grove, Oregon, taking his family and Effie with him.

When he gambled away the farm's work horses, Clara and Effie finally persuaded him to go to Roseburg and 'take the cure.'

About this same time Danmer thought that he would try his hand mining in southern Oregon. He was living in a tent along the Rogue River near Woodville when he decided to send for his four children. He soon found a small cabin for the family to live in. Effie was now a young lady of fifteen and was attending the Saturday night dances in Woodville. In the meantime her father had become interested in a widow, and it wasn't long before he was married. Following the marriage, Danmer and his new wife took over management of a small hotel in Woodville. Both Cameron girls had jobs at the hotel.

Besides going to the weekly dances, Effie took an active interest in the local literary society and belonged to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She had joined the Temperance Union while living in the Willamette Valley. At the dances she found herself falling in love with Wesley Birdseye. Her father had reservations about the relationship because of the young man's reputation as somewhat of a playboy. Danmer also suspected that Wesley liked to drink with the boys. Wesley's mother had become acquainted with Effie and, observing that the girl was a good worker, hired her to work a few hours a day when she wasn't needed at the hotel. It wasn't long before Effie became involved in the many chores that farm women faced in those days.

The romance blossomed and on February 6, 1901, Effie Belle Cameron and Victor Wesley Birdseye were married in Woodville. The newlyweds came to live with Clara in the old Birdseye farmhouse. At sixty-seven, Clara was still in fairly good health but she turned over much of the work to her seventeen-year-old daughter-in-law. Effie found her-

self taking care of the house, doing the washing and ironing, hand-milking the cows, making butter and soap, canning, sewing and when necessary helping to take care of the sick. With the passing of years, she handled more strenuous farm chores such as pitching hay and caring for the cattle. Clara spent much of her time in the garden or sitting before the fire knitting and smoking her pipe. Years before, she had discovered the pleasure of smoking a cigar or a pipeful of tobacco.

Soon after the marriage, Effie discovered that Clara and her son were often at cross purposes. Wesley tried to convince his young wife that she shouldn't be too distressed over the friction between him and his mother. On February 5, 1902 Effie gave birth to their first son. They named him Victor Frederick after Wesley's brother Fred. By this time Effie had no doubt about her husband's serious drinking problem. He had begun leaving home after supper and would return in the small hours of the morning with liquor on his breath. Sometimes when he was drinking heavily, he would become abusive to his wife or young son, which led Effie to decide not to have another child unless he quit his drinking. Matters grew even worse after Wes-



courtesy of Nita Birdseye

Victor Wesley Birdseye, ca. 1895

took to gambling when drunk. When he gambled away the farm's work horses, Clara and Effie finally persuaded him to go to Roseburg and "take the cure." Effie went up there with him and they came home in high spirits, thinking that he had licked his affair with John Barleycorn.

Soon Effie was pregnant again. Unfortunately her husband had fallen off the wagon before the baby arrived. Their second son, Glenn Cameron Birdseye, was born on July 19, 1911. Shortly thereafter, Wes repeated the cure in Roseburg. This time the treatments seemed to be successful and the family had never been so happy. It happened to be a good crop year and the Birdseye farm showed a profit. Wes was an excellent farmer and a good businessman if he put his mind to it. The only thing to dampen Effie's spirits at this period was the condition of her ailing father. Danmer was getting very forgetful and probably suffering from what is known today as Alzheimer's Disease. After his wife left him, he came to live on the farm with the Birdseyes.

Meanwhile, Wesley was doing quite well. He purchased a hay-baler and contracted with farmers all over the valley, often taking young Victor along to work with the men. He also started up a movie theater in Woodville. One day his mother had a surprise visitor when her girlhood sweetheart Wesley Hobbs showed up and sought her hand in marriage. Clara told Hobbs that too much water had passed under the bridge and sent the poor man packing. Not too long after this incident, Clara suffered her first small stroke. This did not leave her paralyzed, but it did seem to change her personality. She now became quite agreeable and was no longer contentious. Wesley had succeeded in staying away from the bottle for several years following that second trip to Roseburg, but eventually went back to heavy drinking. He did go back for a third try at curing the problem, but again it failed to work.

Wesley's mother continued to experience small strokes and on April 6, 1915, she died in her youngest son's arms. She was buried in the Rock Point Cemetery located across the river from the farm. The community turned out in large numbers at the funeral for this pioneer woman who had taken an active part during the Indian wars and was so well acquainted with all the terrors and tribulations of frontier life. Clarissa Stein Fleming Birdseye had seen the Rogue Valley develop out of a wilderness and had played a role in that change.

Now it was up to her daughter-in-law, Effie, to carry on. It was not an easy task, but she proved equal to it. Wes was drinking heavily and losing interest in the farm. Their oldest boy, Victor Frederick, had reached age thirteen and was helping his mother run the farm when his grandmother died. In 1917, Effie was shocked to discover that she was in a family way for the third time and on February 20, 1918, gave birth to a chubby, blond boy named David Nelson Birdseye, after his pioneer grandfather. Four years later, on February 11, 1922, David's father died during one of his frequent absences from home. Although saddened by the death of Wesley, Effie and her three boys couldn't help but feel a sense of relief that the long ordeal was over. Now the major problem confronting the family was that of meeting the yearly tax payments and paying off the debt they owed the bank.

By 1923 Victor was ready for college, but the family could see no way of financing his education until Effie's sister

Queene and her husband, James Hutcheson, came to the rescue. Hutcheson was then a Southern Pacific vice president and had become a fairly wealthy man. Kind and generous, he had a great admiration for Effie. James and Queene happened to be visiting the Birdseyes the summer they were wrestling with the problem of furthering Vic's education. The Hutchesons offered to pay for two years of college provided that Effie and Glenn (now twelve-years-old) could



Sisters Effie Birdseye, left, and Queene Hutchinson, right, smile for a camera in front of the family home.
SOHS #3982

get along without Vic's services on the farm. That September, Victor registered in the school of dairy husbandry at Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis.

After two years of college, Vic had to stay out of school for a couple of years to assist on the farm but he later returned and graduated from Oregon State College in 1928. Following graduation, he worked for a short time as a logger in eastern Oregon and earned enough to help with the finances at home. The late 1920s were bad years for the Birdseye farm. One year a fire destroyed the grain crop; the next year an outbreak of cholera killed all of their hogs; then came the 1929 stock market crash, which sent farm

prices plummeting. After Victor returned home from working as a logger, the family decided to supplement their meager farm income by taking over a milk-delivery route that had become available in the town of Rogue River (formerly called Woodville). David was now old enough to have a driver's license and worked part-time as a deliveryman.

Victor was married on June 15, 1930, to the girl he had met in college, Anita (Nita) Armilda Blakeway. The young couple lived on the farm and Nita was able to take some of the pressure off Vic's mother, allowing Effie to get away from the farm chores and take part in activities that she previously hadn't found time to do. She served on the Foothills Creek School Board, was a member of the Jackson County Home Extension Committee and later became head of the Oregon Home Economics Council. Effie's greatest interests involved projects designed to improve living conditions and cultural opportunities for farm families.

During the depression of the 1930s, the milk route helped somewhat, but it and the farm operations still were not making a living for the family. Then, when Victor had the chance to acquire a dairy farm near Medford, he and Nita took it over as a Birdseye family enterprise, which in time became a successful venture. Glenn and his mother con-

Effie met Gary Cooper and invited him to go salmon fishing on the Rogue River and try some of her homemade huckleberry pie and ice cream.

tinued to operate the farm on the river. As World War II started and the depression came to an end, the Birdseye farm began to show a profit. Glenn was able to make a number of improvements on the farm and finally repaid the loan advanced by the Hutchesons. By then, Uncle James had passed away, but Aunt Queene was still living.

The big year in Effie's eventful life came in 1947 when she had reached age sixty-four. That year a Grants Pass friend, Mrs. Tom Knox, entered Effie's name in a nationwide contest. Mrs. Knox had read that Cecil B. DeMille was seeking an Oregon man or woman who "best personifies the unconquered American spirit in achieving a great victory in the face of great odds." The film pro-

David Nelson Birdseye had no desire to become a farmer, but he showed considerable mechanical ability. This aptitude eventually led him to attend a technical college and move away from the farm. He married Claretta Hansen Snellstrom on August 26, 1943, and now lives in Marcola, Oregon. David and Claretta have two children: Harvey (adopted in March 1944) and Deniece Janet (born July 14, 1945). Harvey Birdseye married Julie Marie Connott on November 7, 1939, and Deniece married Kaye Jann Won on January 25, 1969.

ducer was planning a promotional scheme aimed at advertising his movie titled, "The Unconquered," a story of pre-Revolutionary days and the western migration across the Allegheny Mountains. The Oregon Historical Society selected Effie Birdseye to represent the "Unconquered Spirit of Oregon" and sent her to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where she competed against contestants from other states and attended the movie's premiere. The contestants went to filming sessions, dinners, luncheons and radio interviews (including one with Bert Parks).

As one of six finalists, Effie appeared on Vox Pop, the most popular talk show of that day. She was named first runner-up and was presented with a gold wristwatch, \$50 in travelers checks, and a gleaming white deluxe electric stove. Oregon's representative was slightly overcome with the magnitude of this last award but brought down the house when she said to Master of Ceremonies Warren Hull, ". . . I would much prefer a wood stove. That way, if the electricity goes off, I can go right on baking my bread." Attending the movie premiere were eight governors and the mayors of twenty Ohio River Valley cities. Effie met Gary Cooper and invited him to go salmon fishing on the Rogue River and try some of her homemade huckleberry pie and ice cream. During those two weeks in that glamorous world, Effie had a ball, but when she got home she told Mrs. Knox (in a newspaper interview) that the women she saw back East ". . . had too much money, too many jewels, too many furs, too many cocktails, and too little of the worthwhile things in life." She voiced the opinion that to find real happiness all these women needed was a ranch and a few mortgages to pay off.

By the late 1950s, Victor and Glenn had consolidated their dairy interests and were limiting operations of the farm on Birdseye Creek to growing hay and grain. Their mother, no longer burdened with many of the chores around the farm, had started writing down the history of the family and farm. As the years rolled by, Effie had to slow down. She now suffered from phlebitis brought on by surgery on the leg that she had injured many years before. Although she was still living at the farm with Glenn, she occasionally visited Vic, Nita and their two children, Victor Theodore and Mary Anne at the dairy.*

At the time of the Oregon Centennial in 1959, the Birdseye farm received recognition for having been operated for over 100 years by the same family. If it hadn't been for Clara's and Effie's dogged determination and willingness to live lives of self-denial in order to keep intact their treasured house, the farm no doubt would have been sold little by little as the years went by. Both ladies would be proud and pleased to see the house as it stands today, restored and listed on the National Register of Historic Places. It

*Victor Theodore Birdseye was born March 15, 1931, and married Beverly Ann Abbott in 1952. Their son, Victor Theodore II, was born January 2, 1953, and married Sharon (Sheri) Dawn Larsen in 1973. They are the present occupants of the 1856 Birdseye house, and their son, Victor Theodore III, the great-great-great-grandson of the first occupant, will one day inherit the farm. Mary Ann Birdseye was born June 4, 1934, and married Dan Wayne Doty in 1955. The Dotys now live in Sandy, Oregon.

is regrettable that the recognition and restoration didn't precede Effie's death in May 1966, when she was eighty-three.

Glenn Cameron Birdseye and Mrs. Mary Jane Finley of Anaheim, California, were married on October 1, 1972, in the Birdseye home on Hanley Road. Glenn's brother Victor was best man at the wedding and Nita was matron of honor. A rancher all his life, Glenn was a member of the Cattleman's Association and the Grange Co-op. He died March 14, 1988, as this story was being written, and was buried in the Rock Point Cemetery.

Effie's oldest son, Victor Frederick, died four years earlier on May 19, 1984, and his widow Nita now resides at Medford's Rogue Valley Manor. In addition to operating a successful dairy, Vic was very active in civic and governmental affairs. From 1960 to 1974 he served on the Jackson County Planning Commission. Oregon State University honored him for "significant contributions to Oregon agriculture." Vic also served on the boards of several dairy organizations and was a director of Mayflower Farms when that company merged with Medford's Jorgensen's Dairy about 1972. He served two years as Oregon's voting delegate with the National Milk Producers Federation and was a director of the Oregon Dairy Herd Improvement Association.

When the Birdseye dairy was sold in 1975, money became available to help pay for restoration of the 1856 house. The building had been placed on the National Register of Historic Places the previous year, thereby becoming eligible for a matching grant from the National Historic Preservation Fund. The State Historic Preservation Office administered the grant, and Professor Philip Dole of the University of Oregon School of Architecture prepared the plans for the restoration. At Dole's suggestion, a former student, Gregg Olson, supervised the project and restored damaged logs. Except for the southeast corner of the house, the original logs were found to be remarkably well preserved. To obtain suitable replacement timber, the surrounding hills were searched for pine trees that matched those felled in 1856. Restoration specialist Olson used a broad axe to shape the logs.

A major portion of the restoration involved the repair and shoring-up of the old fireplace. At least twice during its lifetime the fireplace had sagged when floodwaters from the river reached the foundations of the building. Most of the furniture in the house had been used by generations of Birdseyes and consequently showed the ravages of time. It was here that Sheri Birdseye's parents, Nancy and Walter Larsen, came to the rescue. Their skill and expertise in restoration of antiques was used in restoring and refinishing the furniture. The only other task in the restoration was to replace the flooring in the heavily-used kitchen. The entire project took nearly three years. Under the terms of the national grant, the Birdseye House was open to the public for five years. It is now closed to public viewing but the historic house is visible from the road.

It is well worth an afternoon's drive to pass by the old homestead, where time stands still and history is palpable.

She milked a 17-cow dairy herd, by hand, morning and night. She sold the milk and she sold eggs. In five years she had done what she had to do to save the farm.

During Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration Mrs. Birds-



NO 'MERE' WOMAN

eye was honored as Oregon's Unconquered Spirit. She traveled to Pittsburg, where she met the President, but throughout all the excitement she said she kept "looking back toward home."

The Medford Mail Tribune featured Effie Birdseye after she was honored as Oregon's Unconquered Spirit. SOHS #8848

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Table Rock Sentinel. Southern Oregon Historical Society, 8-9.

Chuck Sweet is a Medford resident who has found numerous outlets for his interest in history. In addition to writing articles for the Table Rock Sentinel, he has participated as researcher and greeter for the Society's living history program and currently volunteers as docent in the Jacksonville Museum.

Society Update

Election Results

Seven hundred and ninety-nine members voted in the Society's annual board of trustees election this spring. The ballots were tallied on June 9 with Board Secretary Marjorie O'Harra presiding over the count.

Re-elected were Mark Wolfe, of Medford; William Bagley of Medford; and Dr. James Sours, of Medford. Newly-elected board members are Jean Smith, of Central Point, and William Faubion, of Gold Hill.

Pear Exhibit Graces Museum Hall

Visitors to the Jacksonville Museum this summer will find a new exhibit on a topic that is historically relevant to the Rogue Valley. "Pear Packing: A Season of Women's Work" is on display now through September in the museum's central hallway.

Susan Reid, an Ashland City Council member and business owner, produced the exhibit early this spring. In 1984 Reid became a pear packer as part of her graduate studies in sociology at SOSOC. Her experiences with women who have spent years as packers are detailed in the photographs—some from the Society's historical collection—and poetry contained in the exhibit.

Historically, women have dominated the local pear-packing labor force. Over 500 mothers, sisters, grandmothers, and aunts carefully prepare each year's harvest for shipment at the area's 13 packing houses. Many return year after year. "Pear Packing: A Season of Women's Work" tells their special story.

Where Next?

There is still time for members to reserve space on the Society's tour of the Crescent City area on Thursday, August 11. Focusing on both the historical and natural features of the redwood and coastal environments, this trip is certain to be unique.



Don Rowlett and the Box R Ranch treated Society members to a hay ride during the recent mystery history tour.

Mystery (Tour) Solved

The destination of this year's Society mystery bus tour was the Box R Ranch on the Greensprings. Owner Don Rowlett and his staff provided Society members with a delicious barbecue picnic lunch and a fascinating tour of the working ranch. Highlights

of the day included a horse-drawn hay wagon ride and a sneak-preview of the exhibit building where Rowlett's vast collection of ranch artifacts are displayed. Thanks to Rowlett and his entire staff for showing the forty-four participants a terrific time!

The bus will leave the Jacksonville Museum at 8:00 a.m. After a "coffee stop" at the Junction Inn in Cave Junction, the group will proceed to Endert Beach, south of Crescent City, where National Park rangers will lead a one-hour interpretive hike. Participants will have opportunities to observe birds, sea life, and native coastal plants as they walk along the beach.

Following lunch at the Grotto in Crescent City, the group will visit the Crescent Harbor (Art) Gallery. On the trip home, a stop at Hiouchi Visitor Center in the Redwood National

Park will allow time for a tree walk/talk by park rangers. Expected return time will be between 5:00-6:00 p.m.

Participants should wear comfortable clothing and walking shoes. Cost for the tour will be \$21 for Society members (which does not include lunch); \$36 for non-members. Call Susan Cox, membership coordinator, at 899-1847, for more information.

The final bus tour of the 1988 season will be an overnight trip to the Oregon Caves on September 8 and 9. Mark those calendars now for this one!

Tours Not For Tourists Only

Since Memorial Day weekend, 147 people have taken advantage of the Society's guided walking tours of Jacksonville and Ashland. Many are visiting the area and enjoy the opportunity to explore the historic districts in such fashion. Local residents, however, shouldn't overlook these tours as a way to refresh their own memories of the area's history.

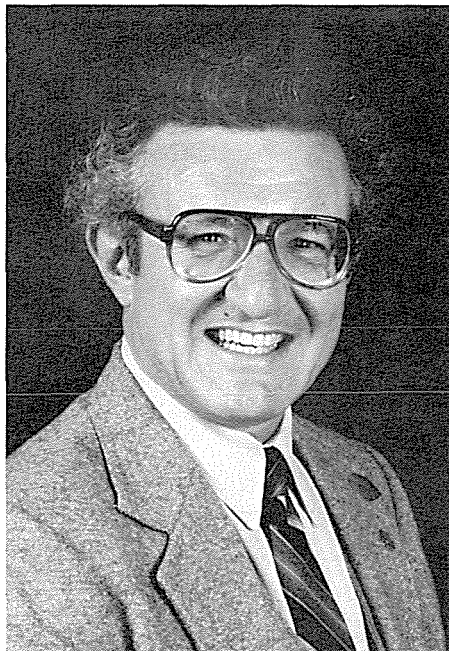
Costumed interpreters lead tours of Jacksonville beginning at 11:00 a.m. daily at Courthouse Square. Tours of Ashland's downtown historic district begin at 10:00 a.m. on Thursdays and Saturdays beginning at the water fountain on the Plaza. On Fridays, also at 10:00 a.m., the Society offers an hour look of Ashland's railroad district starting on the corner of 4th and A Streets.

Labor Day weekend ends the summer walking tour season. Although guided tours may be available for groups throughout the year, why not join us now for an unusual look at southern Oregon history? After all, members may participate at no cost if they present their membership cards; non-members may purchase tickets for \$1 per adult and children 14 and up. That's a true summer bargain!

Fantastic Attendance as Summer Begins

The Society's Memorial Day weekend opening of two of its Jacksonville historic sites proved very successful. At the Beekman House, 248 guests met and chatted with costumed actors portraying the family, friends, and employees of pioneer banker C. C. Beekman. Downtown at the Beekman Bank, over 1025 curious individuals inquired about banking privileges, with 422 visitors on Sunday, May 29 alone. That broke a record of 405 set in 1986!

Since then, approximately 1900 visitors toured the Beekman House in June, while nearly 4700 stopped in the Beekman Bank.



Fund Raiser Joins Staff

Last month Society Executive Director Sam Wegner announced the appointment of Ted E. Lawson to the position of development director. As of July 1, Ted became responsible for planning and managing the Society's marketing and public relations programs, fund-raising activities, and membership development.

A native Oregonian and graduate of Medford Senior High School, Ted most recently worked as a development associate at KSOR-FM Public Radio in Ashland. He has an undergraduate degree from the University of Kansas and a masters degree from Portland State University in business management. He is a Certified Association Executive with previous experience in medical and dental association management, property management, and public and community relations in the U. S. Air Force.

Ted lives in Medford and is active in many area organizations. He serves on several boards, including the Britt Musical Festivals, Ashland Community Hospital Foundation, the Rogue Valley Symphony Orchestra, and the Southern Oregon Repertory Singers, and is chairman for the March of

Dimes/Jackson County campaign.

Ted also has a "flare for the dramatics"; he is playing "Mike Rooney" in the Rogue Music Theatre's production of "Paint Your Wagon" in Grants Pass and currently can be seen on stage as the Master of Ceremonies for the melodrama "Daisy, the Gold Miner's Daughter" at the Minshall Theatre in Talent.

A welcome addition to the staff, Ted arrives at a challenging time as the Society looks forward to its move into new headquarters and a future where membership development, public relations, and fund-raising will play a vital role in the organization's operations.

Summer Fun at Children's Museum

Daily visitors to the Children's Museum may find a variety of activities and demonstrations going on during their visits in July and August. Programs, such as "Woodcarving," "Prairie Dolls and Fishing Poles," and films are scheduled throughout the weeks of summer.

Mondays are "Spinning and Weaving" days when youngsters can learn how wool eventually can be turned into cloth. Fridays are reserved for "Quilting Bees." These two activities are offered twice, from 10:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m. and 2:00-4:00 p.m., on their respective days.

Call (503) 889-1847, ext. 227, for information on what activity may be scheduled for the days you plan to visit the museum.

Setting the Record Straight

Shortly after we published the April 1988 issue of the *Table Rock Sentinel*, Mrs. Ray Lennox called to inform us of an error in the article, "Saving the Street, Saving the Stories: Medford's South Oakdale Historic District." On page seven, the text should read that William S. Warner, not his father, L. B. Warner, was the director of Jackson County Federal Savings and Loan. William S. lived at 519 S. Oakdale Avenue.



Members Gather Together

The Society held its 1988 Annual Membership Meeting on Saturday, June 25 with over 150 members attending. Festive Fourth of July decorations and the swingin' dixie-land sounds of the Dixie Dudes made this year's event—under the shade trees on the grounds of the Jacksonville Museum—much like the old-fashioned pioneer picnics once held on the same site.

During the business meeting, Board Trustee Jessie McGraw presented the Society's annual historic preservation awards. Recipients were the community of Eagle Point for the relocation and restoration of the Antelope Creek Covered Bridge, the First Presbyterian Church of Jacksonville for the renovation of the church's exterior, and Pam Burkholder and Gary Turner for the restoration of their c. 1918 Craftsman-style bungalow in Ashland.

Secretary of State Barbara Roberts, a fourth generation Oregonian, enchanted the audience with accounts of her ancestors' early arrival in Oregon Territory. Last summer she traveled extensively throughout the state, visiting most of the eastern counties and retracing the steps of her family's trek across the Oregon Trail.

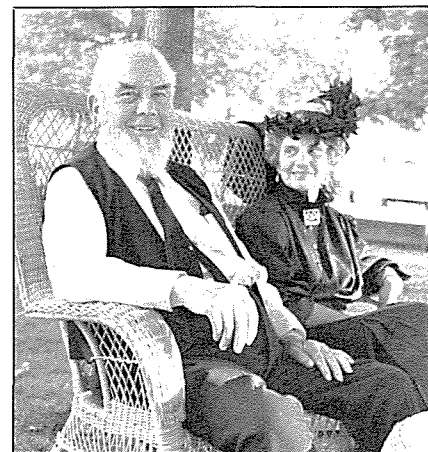
As part of her role as Secretary of State, Mrs. Roberts oversees the state archive. Her interest in Oregon's



"paper heritage," as she calls it, has drawn her into the effort to secure state funding for a badly-needed new state archive building in Salem. In closing, Mrs. Roberts asked members to support this project when the Oregon Legislature meets again in January 1989.

As the sun sank below the horizon and cool evening breezes stirred, the meeting ended. The response to the setting and picnic atmosphere was so positive that the annual meeting very well may be held in the same location next year!

This event was made possible with the assistance of several area businesses: Valley View Vineyards and the Jacksonville Inn generously supplied a variety of wines for the members to enjoy before and during dinner, Steiner's Corp. (linen supply), Vintage Floral of Jacksonville, and Soup to Nuts Catering of Ashland.



Society members (top) enjoy a picnic in the grand old tradition under the trees on the courthouse lawn. Secretary of State Barbara Roberts and Executive Director Sam Wegner (center) exchange Oregon memories. C. C. and Julia Beekman (below) arrived from 1911 to enjoy the festivities.

Welcome New Members

SENIOR

Thomas G. Burns, Sr., *Central Point*
 Walter Chalton, *Medford*
 Bill Darracott, *Medford*
 Irwin Doty, *Coos Bay*
 Jeanette Fertig, *Phoenix*
 Olive Glasscock, *Medford*
 Mrs. O. B. Harrison, *Medford*
 Helen E. Lilja, *Eugene*
 Dorothy Nichols, *Medford*
 Marie Prescott, *Ashland*
 Chester N. Smith, *Medford*
 Mrs. Lucile VanDyke, *Eugene*
 Robert M. Vote, *Jacksonville*
 Charles A. White, *Ashland*
 Mrs. Lois Willis, *Rogue River*

INDIVIDUAL

Jerry A. Abbott, *Phoenix*
 Marla Cates, *Talent*
 Gail Covey, *Medford*
 Ken Frame, *Ashland*
 Dorothy Parke, *Medford*
 Frances Robertson, *Portland*
 Tom Sloan, *Portland*
 Lois Manley Thomas, *Ashland*
 Larry Wendt, *Spring, TX*
 Howard A. White, *Redwood City, CA*

FAMILY

Charles S. Chappell, *Kansas City, MO*
 Dale & Dorothy Childress, *Medford*
 Glenn Doney, *Chico, CA*
 Jeffrey & Cathy Golden, *Ashland*

Mr. & Mrs. Lee Neidermeyer, *Medford*
 Bob & Judy Smith, *Phoenix*
 Richard & Marilyn Tuffs, *Ashland*

CONTRIBUTOR

Dr. & Mrs. Earl Lawson, *Ashland*
 Ted Lawson, *Ashland*

BUSINESS

Wagner Environmental Service,
Portland

DONOR

Wesley & Mona Hartman, *Medford*

SPONSOR

Robert C. Bullwinkel, *Talent*

Renewing Members

SENIOR

Mrs. Grace Armstrong, *Eagle Point*
 Mrs. Bill Askwith, *Medford*
 Elmer G. Bailey, *Jacksonville*
 Catherine Barnett, *Medford*
 Norman M. Barrett, *Eagle Point*
 Kenneth Beebe, *Central Point*
 Inez Blymer, *Ashland*
 Walter R. Bolz, *Medford*
 Edna Book, *Medford*
 Eugene Bray, *Medford*
 Helen Bray, *Medford*
 Clarice A. Britton, *Milwaukie*
 Rene Bryant, *Medford*
 Mr. Jim Busch, *Ashland*
 Mrs. Jim Busch, *Ashland*
 Maria Carnegie, *Medford*
 Mrs. Leland Charley, *Medford*
 Helen Christian, *Medford*
 John Coke, *Cayacos, CA*
 Richard Colvig, *Oakland, CA*
 Vance Colvig, *Hollywood, CA*
 Sidney Crystal, *Van Nuys, CA*
 E. J. DeVoe, *Medford*
 Ruby Downing, *Jacksonville*
 Mrs. R. G. Emmens, *Medford*
 Mr. Ted Engeman, *Silverton*
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Regional Digest

Oakdale Tour a Smash

The Medford Historic Commission's first public event to promote historic preservation proved to be an overwhelming success. Officials estimated that over 1600 individuals attended the South Oakdale Home Tour on Sunday, May 15.

Fifteen residences, dating from 1910 to 1947, were open to the public in the historic district. Helping to create an appropriate atmosphere, members of the Horseless Carriage Car Club of America and the Rogue Valley Old Timers Car Club dressed in costume and lined the avenue with their vintage vehicles.

Southern Oregon Historical Society members who presented their

membership cards received a discount off the ticket price. In the future, there will be more opportunities for members to obtain free or discounted admission to events if they show proof of their membership, so be sure to carry those cards!

History Magazine Available

Before 1987, no single publication has served as a national information network for heritage education instructors. Today, *Heritage Education Quarterly* provides teachers, planners, preservationists, educators, museums, and civic groups who lead community heritage projects a forum for sharing ideas and information on

heritage education programs throughout the country.

Heritage education transforms communities into learning laboratories for students of all ages. Children and adults exploring their local heritage use a wide range of disciplines (architecture, archaeology, environmental and museum studies) and techniques (oral history, photograph, artifact and archival document research) in their learning activities.

Heritage Education Quarterly describes programs for children and adults, providing case studies and lesson plans that have been field-tested. Annual subscriptions are available for \$12 from: Heritage Education Quarterly, 498 South Main Street, Madison, Georgia 30650, (404) 342-0770.

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Calendar of Events

Through 1990

Making Tracks: The Impact of Railroad in the Rogue Valley: The Society's newest exhibit at the Jacksonville Museum traces the coming and going of the railroad, how it changed people's lives and the Valley economy, its local role in the nation's battles overseas, and the introduction of the railroad worker as an important part of the Valley's communities. Admission is free. Hours listed below.

Through March 1989

Home Entertainment: 1852-1988 An exhibit that looks at the variety of pastime activities families and individuals have pursued during their leisure hours at home. Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum. Free.

July 16-24

Tenth Annual Quilt Show: The Jacksonville Museum Quilters will display over 40 handmade quilts in the ballroom of the U.S. Hotel in downtown Jacksonville. See "Society Update" inside for details.

July 20

Quilting Bee for Preschoolers: An opportunity for the little ones ages 3-5, to design their own paper quilt blocks! Times: 10-10:30 a.m. and 1-1:30 p.m. in the Children's Museum. No registration required. Free

July 26

The Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees will hold its monthly meeting in the conference room of the Jackson Education Service District building, 101 N. Grape, Medford, at 7:30 p.m. Members and the general public are invited.

Can You See What I See? In conjunction with the "Home Entertainment" exhibit at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, this program features a look at old-fashioned optical toys: kaleidoscopes, stereoscopes, and magic mirrors. Children, ages 7-12, even will learn to cast "hand shadows" on the wall and make their own kaleidoscopes! 1-4 p.m. at Chappell-Swedenburg in Ashland. Limited to 15; to register, call (503) 889-1847, ext. 227. Admission is free.

August 11

Yarn to Cloth A three-hour workshop to introduce children, ages 8 and up, to three early methods of weaving. Participants will create their own masterpiece on a frame loom, 4-harness table loom, and by card or tablet weaving. Time: 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. (children should bring a sack lunch) at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville. Admission is \$2.50 for members, \$3.50 for non-members. To register, call (503) 889-1847, ext. 227.

All offices and department of the **Southern Oregon Historical Society**, except the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, may be reached by calling (503) 899-1847. The Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum's phone number is (503) 488-1341.

Jacksonville Museum, P.O. Box 480, 205 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Research Library in the Jacksonville Museum, P.O. Box 480, 205 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Tues.-Fri., 1-5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Children's Museum, P.O. Box 480, 205 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, 990 Siskiyou Boulevard, Ashland, OR 97520. Open Tues.-Sat., 1-5 p.m.

Administration Offices, Armstrong House, 375 East California Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Mon.-Fri., 8 a.m.-5 p.m.



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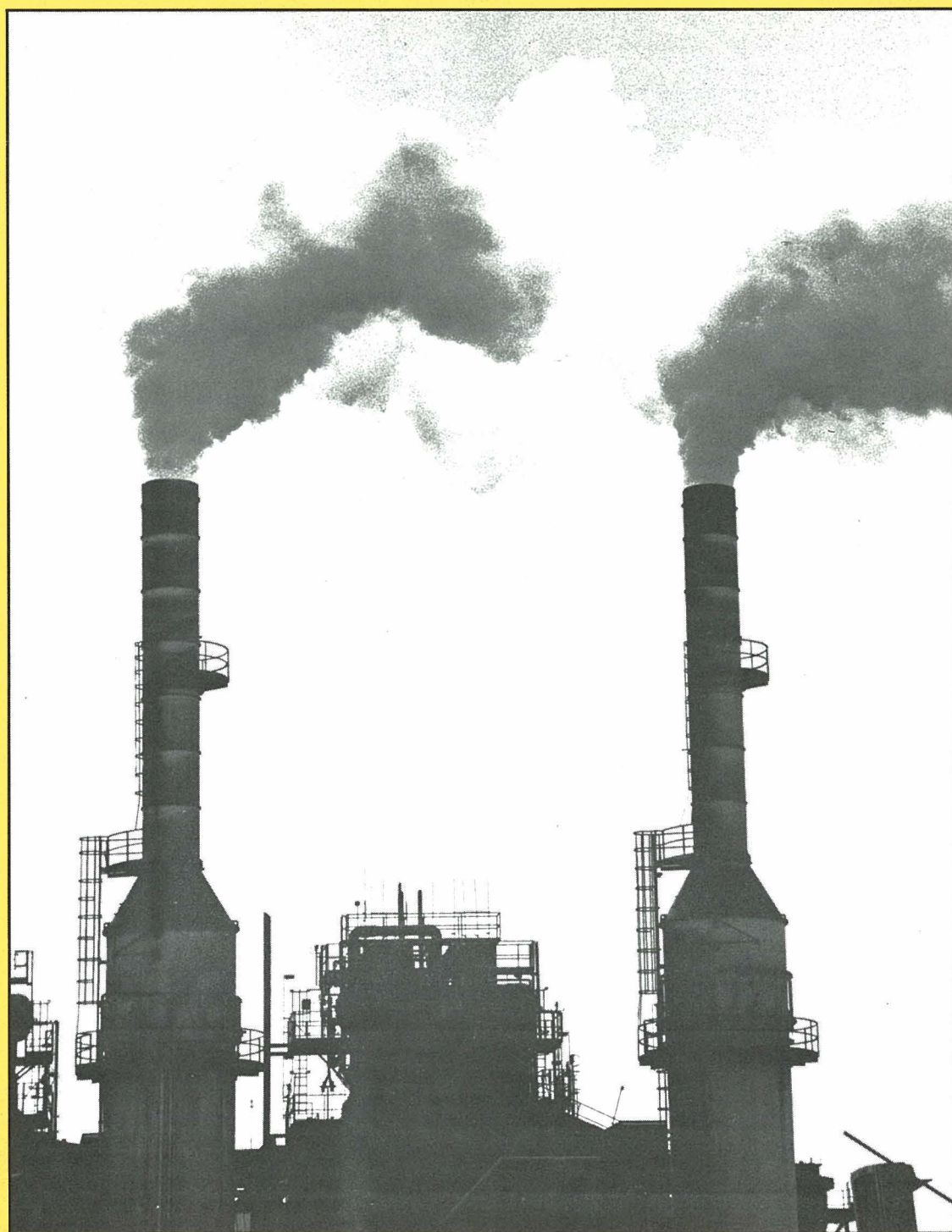
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SENTINEL

AUGUST 1988



The
Magazine
of the
Southern
Oregon
Historical
Society

Commentary

Several long-time county residents as well as staff members have labeled 1988-1989 as a year of new beginnings. The excitement of opening a new History Center and the implementation and continued work on our long-range plan are, I'm sure, major factors for this positive feeling.

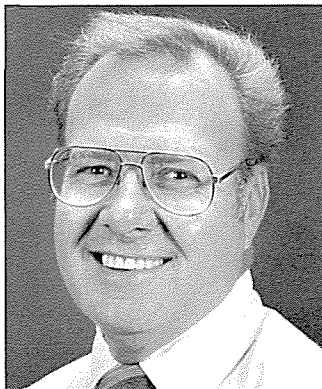
The efforts of area communities and the Board of Trustees working together have produced many accomplishments this past year. It is my hope that we use these accomplishments as stepping stones and continue to improve and preserve the historical elements of our area for future generations.

It is important to remember that the Board of Trustees is made up of very dedicated people who give a great deal of their time and energy to the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Without this dedication the Society would falter. It has been a wonderful experience working with the Board and staff. As the new president, I am looking forward to a year in which the Society can implement its long range plan and bring its goals to fruition.

An organization is only as strong as its membership, and one of our primary goals is to expand ours. Every effort will be made to improve communications and bring the Society into the communities we serve. Indeed, 1988-1989 is a year of new beginnings and one I hope will be the start of a new era in which the Society will be able to better serve the residents of Jackson County.



Dr. Carl Shaff
President, Southern Oregon
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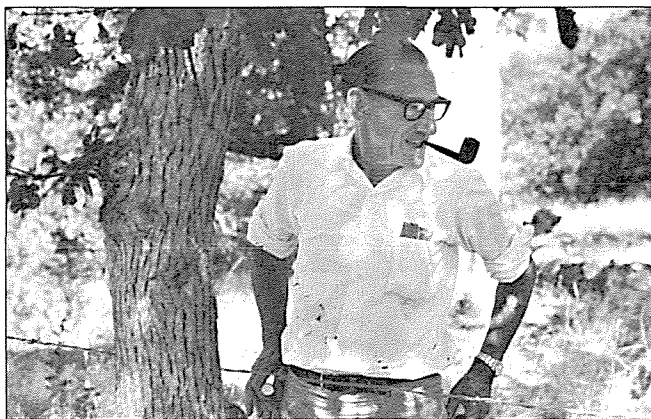
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p. 4



p. 14

Features

4 City of Industry, City of Dreams *by Roger Love*

Utilizing resources invested by the government in the former Army camp, entrepreneur Glenn Jackson's vision of an industrial and residential community in the Agate Desert came to fruition as White City. Today industry thrives, while the residential community seeks an identity.

14 Remembering History, Preserving History, Making History *by Barbara Roberts*

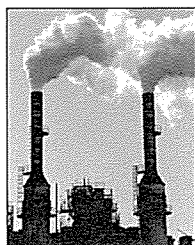
Fourth generation Oregonian and Secretary of State Barbara Roberts addressed the membership of Southern Oregon Historical Society at its recent annual meeting. A transcript of her speech is offered in this issue.

Departments

19 Society Update

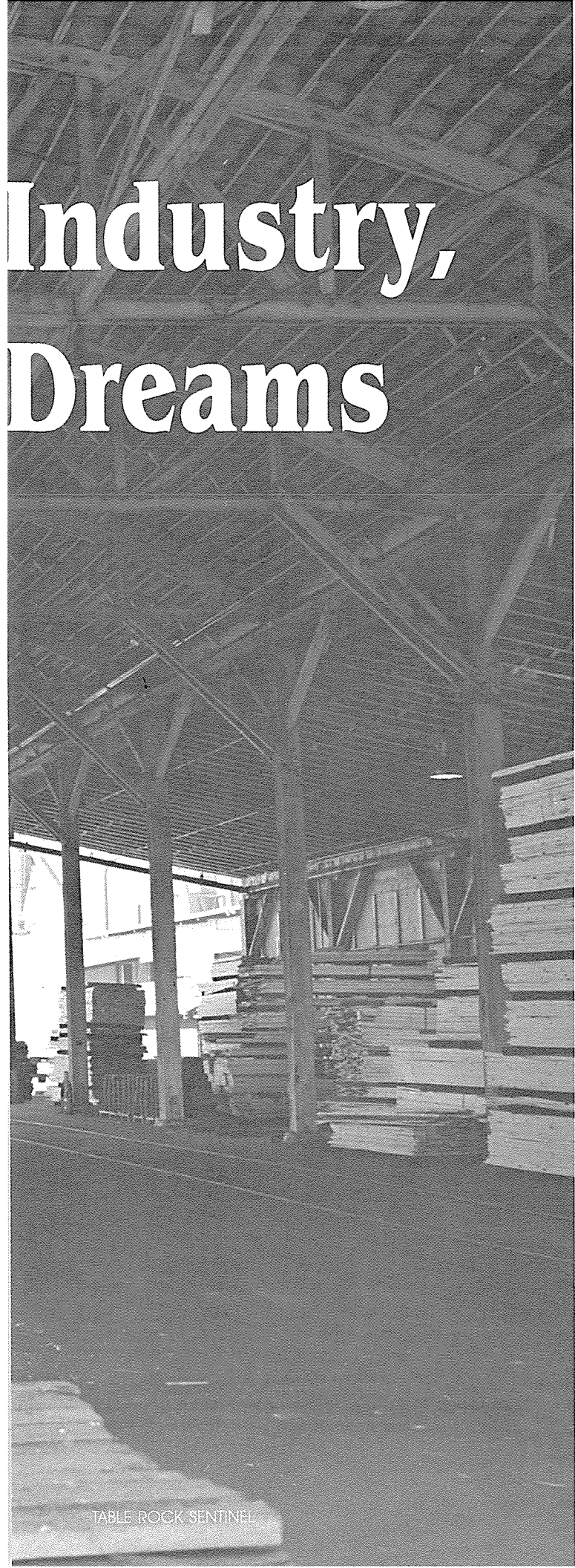
23 From the Collections

24 Calendar of Events



cover: Formerly Camp White, White City now supports a wide variety of industry.
Photo by Roger Love.

City of City of



Industry, Dreams

Boise Cascade's White City operation combines lumber, veneer and plywood mills. In 1976 Boise Cascade purchased the former Olson-Lawyer Lumber Company site, which had moved to White City from Prospect following the second world war.

Photo by Natalie Brown

by Roger Love

You won't find White City on some road maps, but it's there. Seven miles north of Medford, out on an arid plain, Crater Lake Highway splits White City in half. To the west, you'll find a shopping center, lumber mills, smoke stacks, log trucks and enormous metal buildings throbbing with machinery. To the east, across a sun-browned field, where one might expect more mills, you notice instead a cluster of homes, as if a subdivision from some nearby town had been picked up and dropped in the middle of a desert. Some of the houses boast well-tended gardens and two-car garages; others offer the sight of dried-out lawns and peeling paint. Mobile home parks checker the fringes of the village. And near the highway, gas stations, a pizza parlor, and convenience markets share the flat landscape with a church or two.

While the tourist dollar help lend permanence to many Rogue Valley communities, White City seems to remain a place most people pass through on their way to somewhere else, perhaps to Crater Lake or to their homes in Eagle Point or Prospect. To others, White City is where they go to work. But to more than 5,000 people, White City is home.

Yet why would anyone choose to live in the middle of a desert? What possible reason could there be to locate a community in a spot where, until the 1940s, a lone rancher's cabin and some outbuildings cast the only shadows. And with all the surrounding open space available, why is White City just across the highway from the hustle and bustle of an industrial center?

White City sits in the middle of what we call the Agate Desert, which spans the area between Antelope Creek and Whetstone Creek and pinches off at the foot of Lower Table Rock at the western edge of the Rogue Valley. It is not a true desert, but it certainly takes on that appearance. The shallow, rocky soil and the lack of any natural water source supports little more than scrubby trees, hardy grasses, wildflowers and thistles that quickly turn brown once the spring rains cease.

Even before white settlers moved in, Indians living in the Rogue Valley apparently had little use for the Agate Desert. Even though much of southern Oregon is dry during the summer, the scattered bands of Takelma Indians had no problem finding lush spots near the Rogue River and its many tributaries. The Takelma were a hunting and gathering people, depending on small and large game, fish, berries, acorns and roots, little of which was found on the Agate Desert.¹

White trappers entering the valley as early as 1827 noted the existence of Indians near the Agate Desert, but it was not until 1852, after gold was discovered in the Rogue Valley, that violent skirmishes broke out around the Table Rocks. The Indians, believing they were being pushed off of their lands, became more and more hostile—to the point where the U.S. Army felt compelled to build Fort Lane on a knoll facing the Table Rocks across the river. And although the Table Rock Treaty was signed in 1853, the violence continued to cost both white and Indian lives until 1856, when the remaining Rogue Indians were removed to a reservation in Siletz.²

But even with more and more white settlers moving into the Rogue Valley in the last half of the 19th century, the Agate Desert remained uninhabited. Large donation land claims soon tied up most of the available tillable land, including prime sites along Bear Creek and in the area where Eagle Point would be settled. To the farmers, though, the Agate Desert's poor soil and lack of water seemed a stretch of land to be endured while traveling to other more inviting areas of the valley floor.

To farmers, though, the Agate Desert's poor soil and lack of water seemed a stretch of land to be endured while traveling other more inviting areas of the valley floor.

It was not until 1905, when most of the Rogue Valley was either populated or fenced off in orchards or farms, that the Welshes, a Seattle family, gambled on the Agate Desert, purchasing a huge piece of land encompassing most of the desert.³ Realizing that the weather in southern Oregon was ideal for growing pear trees, they hired workers to begin planting orchards. Other hopeful orchardists purchased land from the Welshes and began planting trees of their own. The rocky soil was too shallow to properly plant a tree, so holes had to be blasted just to get the trees in the ground. Unfortunately, the underlying hardpan prevented the water the orchardists imported from soaking in and the trees eventually drowned.

Their noses smelling a quick buck, several unscrupulous



speculators sold stock in a corporation that was to plant 400 acres in pears on the Agate Desert. The unsuspecting buyers, mostly living in the North Central and Eastern states, were assured of two harvests a year due to the rocky soil's ability to retain heat, thus preventing frost damage. Naturally, the trees soon died and the stock became worthless.⁴

Dolph Phillips, a local orchardist, remembers:

You know, any place they had a little dirt, somebody would speculate on it and plant trees. Maybe they'd have to cut the oak trees down and put the trees in, and sell it to the people back East. . . . Where Camp White is now, the trees just died, the soil is just gravel. . . . The investors lost all their money.⁵

Out in the Agate Desert, what trees did survive were later cut down after developing blight or other diseases. Today, the only remaining orchards are on the periphery of the Agate Desert where the soil is better.

The Welsh family representatives finally decided the best way to use the land was to run cattle on it. Desolate as it was, the land was open and flat, and there certainly was enough space to maintain thousands of head. The only problem was how to keep the herds fed when the sparse grass ran out.

Very Brophy, hired by the Welsh family to manage the property, had the answer. At that time, Brophy lived in the only residence in the Agate Desert, a house and out-buildings where decades later White City would be located. He hired workers to dig a ditch from Fish Lake to some acreage near Central Point where he then was able to grow hay to feed the thousands of cattle roaming the desert.



Undaunted by the opposing industry, Christine Wallace (above) stands justifiably proud of her thriving flower garden. In the six months since she moved from Shady Cove to White City, Christine has turned a barren, brown yard into an extravagant display of roses, gladioli, delphiniums, lilies and sweet williams. She and her husband Kenneth invested hours of tilling, fertilizing and landscaping to bring forth the floral harvest. Cinematography student Dave Azevedo (opposite) pays for his schooling through mill work during the summer.

Dean Owens, who worked for Brophy in the 1930s and 1940s, remembers the huge, 200-foot-long stacks of hay bales the field hands assembled where there is now a truck shop in White City. Four or five teams of horses and wagons constantly traversed the desert loading and unloading the hay during harvest. These stacks would serve through the spring to fatten up the steers Brophy brought down each year from Canada. When the snow melted enough up in the mountains, Owens and the rest of the ranch hands would drive the herd over to Fort Klamath. Even then the snow would be three feet deep, requiring the men to forge a trail by dragging logs over the snow behind a team of horses. The drive would take an arduous five days.⁶

If nothing else, life must have been tranquil on the Agate Desert. That all changed in a hurry when World War II broke out. The Army decided the Agate Desert was an ideal training camp location, and the men from the General Services Administration negotiated with the Welsh family, Dean Owens and other minor landowners to purchase more than 90,000 acres on which to build Camp White. The sellers were promised they would be able to purchase their land back after the war for a reasonable price.

Almost immediately, the government hired contractors to begin the massive building project. Carpenters, plumbers, electricians and other workers descended on the desert, building roads, hundreds of buildings and a prisoner of war camp, and creating utility systems. They would hardly lose money because the government had promised they would make \$1.10 for every \$1.00 expended; so when a road was to be built that could handle tank traffic, the result was a concrete structure three feet deep. (Years later, county workers would, to their dismay, rediscover this fact when they tried to dig a trench across Avenue G to put in a water line.) A massive hospital, which today serves as the Veteran's Administration Domiciliary, was assembled in short order.

Camp White, named after Major General George White, adjunct general for Oregon, was dedicated on August 15, 1942, and quickly gained a reputation as the "Alcatraz of Training Camps." The camp commander, Major General Charles Gerhard, wanted to train his troops so "they would have a chance to come back alive." Over the course of the war, more than 200,000 men swam the Rogue River in full combat dress, took 90-mile hikes, and hunkered down in pill boxes in the middle of tank battles using live ammunition.

The war ended in 1945, and almost as suddenly, the army began pulling up stakes. The guns, silent now, were crated up to be used elsewhere. Nearly everything that was

When he looked over the expanse of the Agate Desert and the remains of Camp White, Jackson did not see the past or the present; he saw the future.

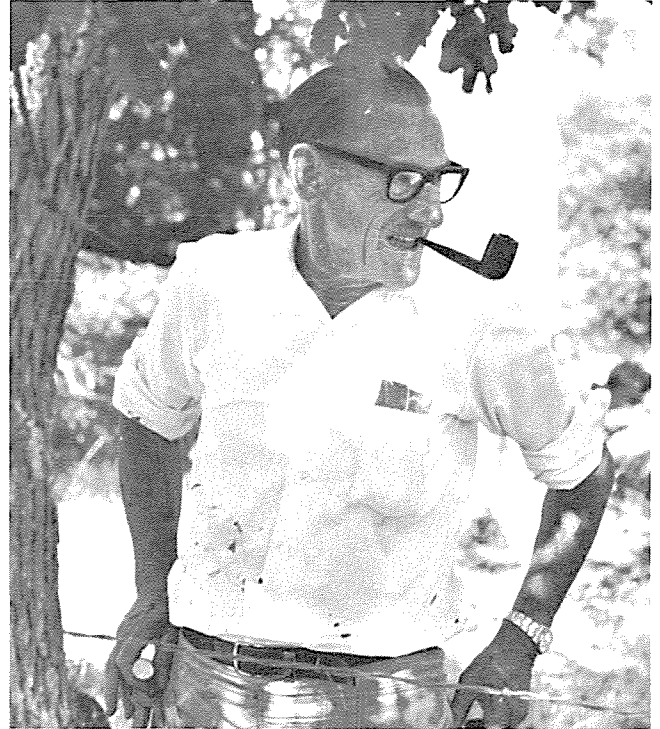
not permanently installed was removed, torn down, or moved elsewhere. When the government declared Camp White to be surplus in 1946, even many of the buildings came down. Some were actually moved: the camp's gymnasium was hauled to the junior high school in Eagle Point, and other structures ended up as far away as Southern Oregon College and the University of Oregon. By the time the last truck left the desert, all that remained were the roads, the utilities, some empty barracks buildings and the hospital.

Even before the echoes died down, however, it became apparent that the disappearance of Camp White, almost a boomtown in its own right, had left a gaping hole in the Rogue Valley's economy. Medford, especially, had become accustomed to the life-giving flow of the huge Army payroll.

The Army, meanwhile, was busy selling the bits and pieces of the Agate Desert back to most of the original owners, with the major exceptions the 1,300-acre plot that comprised the core of Camp White, and the property where the hospital stood. Thus, the spot where today White City and the Medford Industrial Park are located was a dream waiting to be dreamed.

Glenn Jackson was the dreamer.

Jackson came from a family of newspaper publishers in the Willamette Valley, a family accustomed to power. After attending the University of Oregon, he owned several newspapers on the Oregon coast. Just prior to his ventures in the Rogue Valley, he worked for California-Oregon Power Company in Roseburg—a company for which he would later be a director. In fact, Glenn Jackson would become one the Rogue Valley's most powerful men. It was Jackson, as the perennial chairman



Glenn Jackson (above) repairs barbed wire fence on his Lake Creek ranch, ca. 1975. Jackson's dreams for White City included a prosperous industrial center and model planned community. The government's investments of buildings and services in Camp White (opposite) provided the springboard for the rapid growth of White City. SOHS #7716, 5778

of the state Highway Commission, who made sure the Interstate 5 went through the heart of Medford. It was Glenn Jackson who was reputed to have sat on the boards of directors of more companies than any other man in the United States. But it was in the Air Force during World War II where he made acquaintances that would later pay off when he hatched the plan to create White City.

When he looked over the expanse of the Agate Desert and the remains of Camp White, Jackson did not see the past or the present; he saw the future. He knew that if he played his cards properly, the Agate Desert could again provide a great economic boost for the Rogue Valley—maybe even more so than in the war years. What Jackson saw was this: a great industrial center, making use of the flat land in the desert and the utilities the Army had installed. He understood the value of the Southern Pacific Railroad which ran almost next door to the site,



stretching as it did from southern California to Seattle. And the land certainly could not be too expensive. The next step in Jackson's plan was to create a built-in labor pool in the form of Oregon's first planned community. Even though there were certain to be employees available from the valley, he felt they should have a place to live close to where they worked; in other words, in White City. The final phase of the plan called for construction of all the necessary amenities for a thriving community.

The question was how to acquire the land. To find the answer, Jackson went to Washington, D.C., and looked up some of his Air Force acquaintances. During the war, Jackson was a colonel attached to a staff of the Air Force's elite power-brokers. They obviously thought well of him because, in the end, the gears were greased and Jackson found himself ready to buy 1,300 acres in the middle of the Agate Desert.⁸ Once he was able to purchase the rights

from the Welsh family estate, the property was his.

Glenn Jackson was not the only person interested in developing the Agate Desert. The Hoover family had owned land in the desert before the war and, having purchased it back from the government, also set out to make some money. In an area they once used to feed their hogs reject pears, the Hoovers began subdividing the land into five-acre parcels and selling it through the classified section of the Medford Mail Tribune with an ad that read, "5 acres for sale with well. \$3,000. \$50 down, \$30 a month."⁹ Over the years, they sold 7,000 acres to what might be called the pioneers of White City. In a classic twist on the bartering principle, the Hoovers traded plots of land with a well-driller for wells on the remaining lots. By not improving the lots beyond drilling wells, the Hoovers were able to avoid putting any more money into the land.¹⁰



Meanwhile, Jackson shifted his development into high gear. First he gave his newborn a name, White City, basing it on the old Camp White. Next to be formed was White City Realty, an umbrella company under which White City would begin to take shape. The first industry to operate in the industrial park, Southern Oregon Sugar Pine, belonged to Jackson. Knowing that White City would need rail service in order to survive, he formed the White City Terminal Company, based on the old military rail system. He still had to connect to the main line, though, so he convinced Southern Pacific to run a track out to the fledgling industrial center. Southern Pacific required

ing cheap rents and often the loan of capital to start up, he enticed even more tenants. The \$100,000 deposit that Southern Pacific had required? Jackson earned that back within a year.

By the early 1960s, with more than thirty companies established in the industrial park, there was still no city in White City, unless one were to count the mini-community of the Veteran's Domiciliary, which at that time housed the only post office in the Agate Desert. Until this time the domiciliary was White City. After the Veteran's Administration began taking it seriously in 1957, the Dom became a community within itself, not a hospital, but a place for troubled veterans to live. And although

White City industries (left) provide an economic link between southern Oregon and the nation. Developers still seek to attract residents with affordable housing (right).



Photo by Roger Love

that he put up \$100,000 in front money, which the railroad would pay back at \$15 a car until the money was paid off. "They figured I would get my money back in four or five years. Only I fooled them," he said.¹¹

In order to expand the industrial park, though, Jackson needed more cash. The new lumber mill was doing well, but not that well, so Jackson applied for a million-dollar loan from the Small Business Administration. The government representatives never knew what hit them. They were wine and dined in fine fashion before seeing the mill. Then, as they toured the facility, Jackson had his men move equipment, lumber, and logs around so as to make it appear the mill was larger and busier than it really was. It worked. Jackson got his money, opening the door to White City's future (and he paid back the money by the due date).¹²

With working capital and an established mill, White City was really open for business. By offering sewers, streets, water and "no city taxes" to business, he drew seven mills to the site almost immediately. Further, by promis-

civic organizations throughout the Rogue Valley volunteered their services there, there was never much contact between the Dom and the people of White City.

With industry up and running, the next step in the White City plan was to create a ready labor pool for industry. So in 1961, Jackson's White City Realty began the development of what the company called Oregon's first planned community on 100 acres on the east side of Highway 62. Named Cascade Village, the subdivision was located within easy walking distance of the industrial park's mills and factories. Where there had been mostly open fields and ready-made drag strips for Medford teenagers, seemingly overnight the frames of houses sprouted. By the end of 1963, fifty-seven homes had been erected — forty-six of which had been sold, mostly due to a massive promotion campaign which saw more than 30,000 people tour the model homes. Prices were certainly reasonable for the time, ranging from \$10,000 to \$14,500.

Successful as this instant community seemed to be on the surface, there were indications that White City, in the

minds of the powerful, was industry, not people. This would later come back to haunt those who chose to make their home there. Even though the sign on Crater Lake Highway that once announced "An area geared to industry" was changed to "An area geared to progress," the manager of White City Realty, John Laden, made it clear that industry still came first, that the only reason the realty helped develop Cascade Village was to attract a labor pool. In fact, Laden said, the realty would do its best to avoid any situation such as incorporation that might give residents the power to restrict industry in any way.¹³

Regardless, the realty continued to develop the new community by promoting the third step: providing services to the new residents. The most significant of those was the Cascade Shopping Center, one of the few shopping centers in southern Oregon at that time. The grand opening attracted 18,000 shoppers from around the Rogue Valley in June 1963.

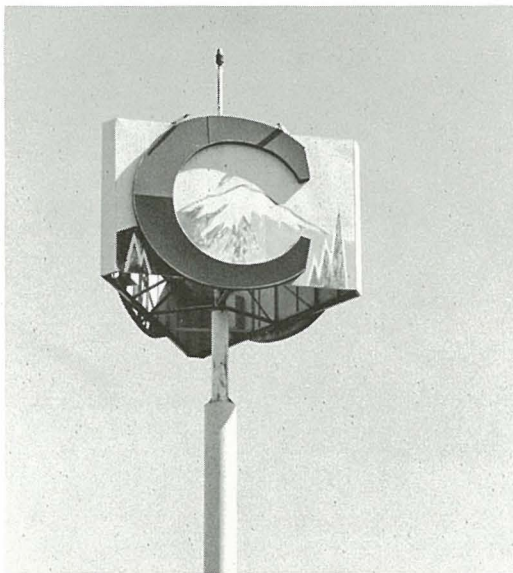


Photo by Roger Love

The Cascade Shopping Center opened in June of 1963.

Suddenly, what had seemed an albatross to others, Glenn Jackson had turned into a completed puzzle. Industry was booming, people were moving into the planned community, and businesses were opening up their doors. By 1964, White City Realty had dedicated a new swimming pool for the exclusive use of White City residents. And as the number of residents increased, the Eagle Point school district realized the need for a new school, which was built in the heart of Cascade Village. There were people with enough civic energy to start organizations such as a women's association, baseball teams, and Brownie troops. Community parties at Halloween and Thanksgiving were well attended. The petition drive to create a local post office got enough support that White City gained its own postmark; the office was based at the hardware store in the shopping center. There was something to be proud about in White City; it was like a new car one wanted to keep washed and polished.

But White City's development took a left turn in the mid-1960s when Glenn Jackson decided to sell his interest to a Portland firm, Commonwealth, Inc. Even though Jackson retained his title as president of White City Realty and sat on the board of directors of Commonwealth, it seemed that his force had disappeared. Regardless of the fact that one goal had always been to make money, Jackson at least had a feeling for the community of White City. The same could not be said for Commonwealth, an out-of-area company specializing in industrial parks.

The community spirit began to change. Talk of banding together and incorporating White City, even building a town hall, faltered for lack of interest. To many people, there was little financial motivation to incorporate; most of the services an incorporated city could provide, such as utilities, police and fire protection, were already available. The bottom line in most residents' minds was money, not civic pride.¹⁴

It was already true that most people who are typically community leaders—the business owners and plant managers who commanded higher salaries—never lived in White City. They chose instead to reside in what they considered to be more desirable locations in the Rogue Valley. And as industry boomed and the factory workers who did live in White City began making more money, they, too, moved on to other locations.

Worse, support for community services waned. "People just didn't want to participate," said one former resident. The swimming pool association disbanded.



Photo by Natalie Brown

Stephanie and Elicia McFadden skateboard their way through summer in White City.



Photo by Roger Love

White City still offers residents pool facilities.

Membership eroded in the other civic organizations. And even though White City continued to grow in population, its identity as a planned community continued to wane through the 1970s. Development continued, but in a haphazard way, with fewer houses and more mobile home parks being established.

In 1978, a ripple of civic energy was loosed when a group of people revived the incorporation movement, pointing out that if White City were in fact a city, the people would have a voice in their own and their community's destiny. The group ran a house-to-house campaign and actually managed to collect enough signatures to forward the proposal to the county commissioners. But fate proved no kinder to the proponents of "local control" than it had a decade before. The buzz word "taxes" had attracted enough opposition that the movement finally died, although not before an almost comic event occurred at one of the last meetings when the sheriff's department was called out after a woman opposing incorporation bit the hand of one of the proponents.¹⁵ Opponents also were quick to point out that the movement's leader was in fact a resident of Medford. Once he resigned, no one ever came forward to take over. The call for "local control" has not been heard since.

Not that the Jackson County Commissioners would not like to see White City incorporate. The community remains a disproportionate drain on county services, especially in law enforcement and planning, county officials say. However, officials are not about to force the issue, believing that any incorporation movement should come from the people of White City. Unfortunately, they also realize that most of the residents of the community are among the least able to afford an additional tax base. White City, therefore, is grossly underserved, especially in the areas of streets and community services.

Some say, too, that the last decade has been most cruel to White City. The average income of its residents is significantly lower than the rest of the county. The population, while ballooning toward 5,000, is made up of more single-parent households, more transient families and more renters than other local communities.¹⁶ The crime rate in White City, according to the Jackson County Sheriff's Department, has grown to about twenty-five percent of the department's total. Half of the county's domestic violence calls and a high percentage of drug offenses originate in White City, deputies say. One former resident, now living in Eagle Point, felt squeezed out by the noise and the crime.

But the "largest unincorporated, uninhabited city in southern Oregon" is not without its supporters. One retired mobile home resident stated, "I like it because it's inexpensive and built to stay that way!" Others, mostly those who live on the fringes of town where the lots are larger, say they enjoy the conveniences of a city while not feeling hemmed in.

So, whether White City is the community Glenn Jackson envisioned in the 1940s is doubtful. Certainly the Medford Industrial Park is a success, providing jobs for thousands of Rogue Valley residents and contributing millions of dollars to the tax rolls. That is the irony of White City: the highway that splits it in half separates the two sides of Glenn Jackson's dream, one side prosperous and sure of itself, the other unsure of its direction and still searching for an identity.



ENDNOTES

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2. Heckert, *People and the River*, p. 202.
3. Personal interview with Dean Owens, July 16, 1988.
4. Atwood, Kay, *Blossoms and Branches*, Gande Printing, Medford, Oregon, 1980, p. 37.
5. Atwood, *Blossoms and Branches*, p. 143.
6. Personal interview with Dean Owens.
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8. Personal interview with Roger Leonard, July 13, 1988.
9. Trippett, Marlys, *Historical Overview for Area of White City, Oregon*, June, 1986, p. 5.
10. Personal interview with Roger Leonard.
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12. Personal interview with Roger Leonard.
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14. Personal interview with Roger Leonard.
15. "Incorporation Fracas Prompts Call to Sheriff," *Medford Mail Tribune*, Mar. 14, 1980.
16. Personal interview with Richard Soderburg, July 19, 1988.

Ashland writer and photographer Roger Love is a frequent contributor to the **Table Rock Sentinel**. Included among his recent articles are the history of southern Oregon winemaking and Ashland's Buckhorn Springs.

Oregon Secretary of State Barbara Roberts (right) spoke at the Society's annual membership meeting (far right) Saturday, June 25, 1988 on the grounds of the Jacksonville Museum. The following is a transcript of her speech concerning the preservation of Oregon's history.



Remembering History, Preserving History, Making History

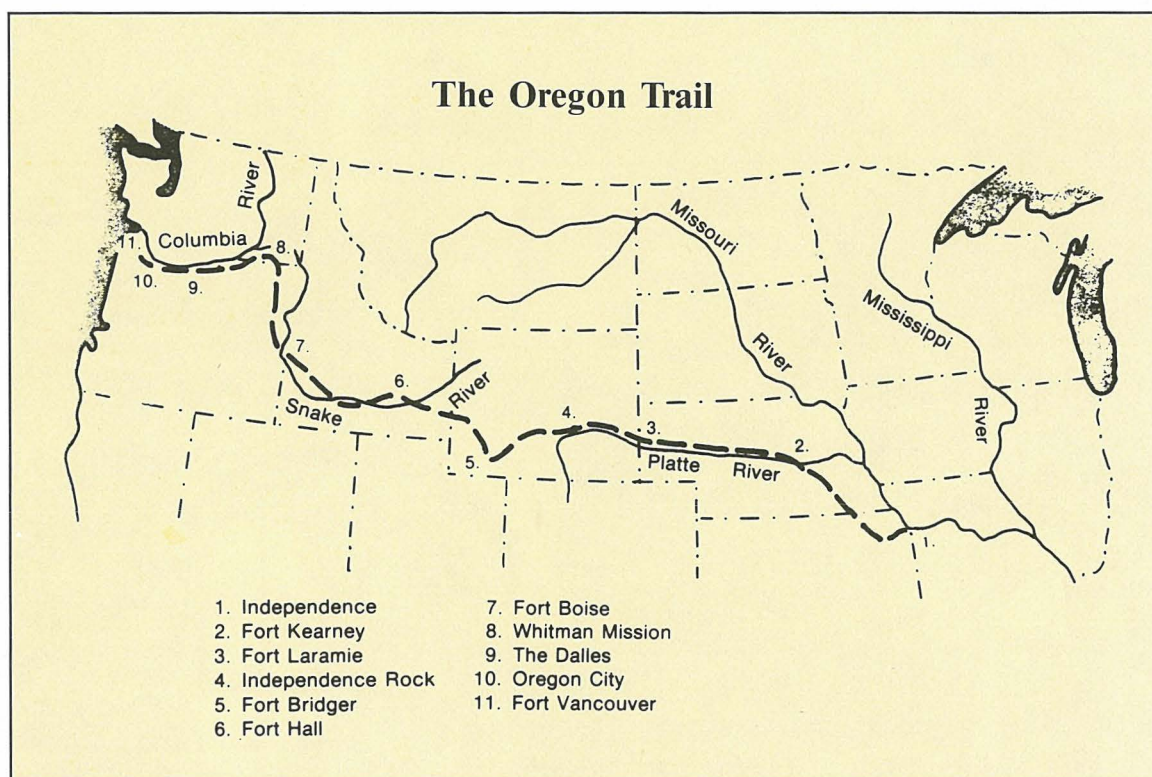
by Barbara Roberts

The first of my family arrived in Oregon City in 1853. My great-great-grandparents on my father's side, James and Almeda Boggs, left Iowa and traveled overland by ox train, burying a daughter beside the trail but never burying their dream of reaching Oregon. In 1854, they settled on a donation land claim on Salt Creek in Polk County where my great-grandmother, Anna, was born. In the year of Oregon's statehood, 1859, the family moved to Roseburg and, in 1873, Anna married Francis Stephens. I remember so clearly the day I found the certificate of that marriage in the basement of the Douglas County Courthouse. I copied it on a modern Xerox machine and presented the copy to my Dad as if it were a million-dollar check. And he felt the same way!

Following their marriage, my great-grandparents then settled in Umatilla County where my grandmother was born in Pilot Rock in 1878. My grandmother bore ten children, eight of whom survived, each child born behind the



Deep ruts left by pioneer wagons can still be seen on parts of the Oregon Trail which stretched from Independence, Missouri to Fort Vancouver in Oregon.



Map courtesy of Edwin Bingham

closed door of her bedroom, without help, assistance or comfort. One of the youngest of her brood is my father, born in Philomath in 1912. I was born in Corvallis in 1936 and my youngest son, Mike, my only Oregonian, was born in McMinnville in 1958. Mark turned thirty in March and I am hopeful, as mothers sometimes are, to one day soon see the sixth generation of my family born in the Beaver State.

My other set of paternal great-great-grandparents arrived from Kansas to Forest Grove, but not until 1870, and they and the next two generations managed to move back and forth between Oregon and Washington so frequently that I didn't manage to actually get an Oregonian out of that branch of the family until my Dad was born in 1912.

But you can see the advantage I have as a statewide Oregon politician. When I'm in Eastern Oregon, I can talk about my Pilot Rock grandmother; when I'm in Southern Oregon, I can talk about my Douglas County roots, and when I'm in my hometown of Sheridan, I can mention the donation land claim on Salt Creek or my McMinnville son. More than a 100 years span the family history in the Polk-Yamhill County area.

And I do mention those things when I travel and speak around Oregon but not because there might be some political advantage but because I'm very proud of my family history in Oregon. I'm very proud to be a fourth-generation Oregonian and I'm also proud to link my personal history with the history of this unique and wonderful state.

In August of last year, my oldest son and I took a week's vacation to Eastern Oregon. We visited Lake County, Harney County, Malheur and Baker Counties before crossing back home through Grant, Crook, Wheeler, Gilliam, and Sherman Counties. We saw lots of great open country, stopped at a number of museums and landmarks, took some fun back roads and just got to know that part of Oregon a little better. But, without a doubt, the highlight of that trip was a side trip we took that gave us the opportunity to stand on one of the sites of the Oregon Trail. To stand there on that hot August afternoon, looking at the deep ruts left by wagon after wagon following their dream, to feel the lack of water in that summer heat, and to also sense the bitter cold of the winter season, the weariness, the death, the pain, the hardship. It was all around me as I knelt and touched my fingertips to the ground where our ancestors left their mark on the Oregon land.

It was still and hot that afternoon and a tiny breeze moved the brown grass and weeds almost as if something—or someone—was passing. As I stood and looked where the trail disappeared over the horizon, it was as if those ruts had been carved in the ground only last winter rather than by people like my great-great-grandparents—135 years ago.

That is the heritage that each of us understands and feels.

As an Oregonian, one of my greatest honors will always be the opportunity I have had to serve as your Secretary of State. The privilege Oregonians have afforded me in

electing me as one of this state's statewide constitutional officeholders is one that has never been anything less than thrilling, even after almost four years in my position.

But I must tell you that there is another special bonus in being Secretary of State. That bonus is having the State Archives Division as one of my responsibilities.

Our Archives Division houses Oregon's historical records—our “paper heritage.” We have the records of our provisional and territorial government, the state's constitution, our legislative records, Supreme Court records, most of our governor's records, birth records, death records, immigration and naturalization records, county records, and so much more.

When I arrived in January of 1985, that historical fortune was housed in a fifty-year-old hops warehouse, with no fire alarm, and the other side of the warehouse was a discount carpet operation. The roof leaked, there were no protections for burglary or vandalism on any door or window; there was a huge, antique paper pulper being used that belched steam and heat and moisture throughout the building; we had no inventory of our holdings, and we were refusing new records from state agencies and local government because we were full. We were understaffed, under-equipped, our collection of legislative audio tapes was rapidly deteriorating, we had no volunteers and no active advocates for our program. And there were no plans for improvement on the drawing board or in the budget.

Today—three and one-half years later—we have just secured the second of two federal grants, for the first time in division history, and we will soon finish the complete inventory of our records with those grant funds. The legislature budgeted \$50,000 to retape the legislative tapes that go back to 1959. We will do half the project in this biennium and the remaining work is planned for the 1989-91 budget. We have a fire alarm system, a vandalism alarm system, and we scrapped that old pulp machine monstrosity!

We have a small volunteer group working in the division and a real group of supporters who believe in preserving and sharing the historical documents in our care. We now publish a newsletter three times a year called “Historical Perspectives” that tells our readers what's happening in our program. The mailing list grows with every new edition.

We published a wonderful classroom teaching supplement for Oregon high school students called “Echoes of Oregon” that shares replicas of documents from our territorial period. It has been very well received and we hope to do a second version covering another period of Oregon history next year. Our first version went to every high school in Oregon without charge. I want younger Oregonians to understand and care about the history of our state and its people.

The documents we used for “Echoes of Oregon” are not about famous Oregonians but, rather, about early settlers and pioneers and what their life was like in that territorial period. I want our young people to understand

that history is something each of us is part of, every day. The history of a people is not just a history of prominent figures and government leaders.

And history is not just a reflection of the things we did right and feel pride in. It is also the record of the things we did wrong and hope not to repeat. “Echoes of Oregon” gives young Oregonians a balanced picture of the real Oregon in territorial days.

I am excited about the work we have been able to do to preserve and share Oregon history.

But our most exciting accomplishment of the past three and one-half years for Archives has been our successful effort to convince the legislature of the importance of designing a new building to house and preserve our entire historical collection. On March 31, 1987, the governor signed the budget bill that contained \$122,000 for the architectural design of a state archives building. In January, the contract was awarded for the design, and only two weeks ago, the site was approved by the Capitol Planning Commission.

In January of 1989, I will return to the legislature with a building design, the cost figures, and a dream—the dream of a wonderful new Archives Building to protect this large part of Oregon history, to restore what we are losing daily, as documents deteriorate in inappropriate temperature and climate, and to have a small display gallery in the new building where Oregonians of all ages can view out past in the documents and letters and maps and photographs now dangerously housed and somewhat hidden in a 1935 hops warehouse.

That's my dream and I hope it's one that you can share and support.

**The history of a people
is not just a history of
prominent figures and
government leaders.**

We have so much that we want to share and show off to visitors when the Archives Building is finished. Just as your Historical Society shares your collection, we look forward to sharing ours.

For instance—our state constitution. Our constitution is in a lovely leather-bound book. It was found rolled and standing in the corner of the secretary of state's storage room in 1880. In March of 1880, it was properly bound for preservation and protection. It is now kept in a heavy metal box, in a locked cabinet inside the huge safe in my office. I imagine I am one of the few Oregonians who have both seen and held that great document.

Last year—under careful security—we allowed our state constitution to travel to Eugene and Jacksonville as part

of the Oregon Historical Society's Magna Carta display. I hope you saw it then. In a few years, I hope thousands of Oregonians will see it every year, just as the National Archives in Washington, D.C. displays our U.S. Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and our Declaration of Independence.

The first time I opened that metal box and took out the contents, holding in my hands our own constitution, I felt somewhat as I did standing on the Oregon Trail last summer.

A special bond—a link with the past.

And I looked at those long-ago written words that formed the Preamble to Oregon's Constitution, "We the people of the State of Oregon to the end that justice be established, order maintained, and liberty perpetuated, do ordain this constitution."

A special bond, a link with our past. For me, it grows stronger every day—partly because of my job, my office in our Capitol Building, my constitutional responsibilities. I feel surrounded with history, every day. But, also, I know more clearly every day that the accuracy with which we record state history, the dedication we commit to preserving state history, the resources Oregon allocates to protecting and restoring state history are at this time, to a large degree, resting on my shoulders.

I would not want history to record that some other priority, some stronger political issue, some sexier "press getter" caused me to set aside my bond with the past, causing Oregon's "paper heritage" to be lost to the future.

I will continue to work hard on my responsibilities for Elections, Audits, Corporations, the Land Board and all my other agency duties, but my job for Oregon's Archives will hold a place in my heart that will reflect my special bond with Oregon's past.

I hope you will continue to see that bond demonstrated in many ways.

When you visit the State Capitol, please stop and see the original manuscript of our state song, "Oregon, My Oregon." I worked with Sandy Union High School in my role as Chair of the Oregon Historical Properties Commission to secure that original sheet music and to have it put on display in the Capitol gallery.

When you received your Voters' Pamphlets in 1986, you hopefully noticed the historical photographs that were used on the cover and as divider pages. They each represented an Oregon "first." We had such positive response to the photos, that we are again using historical photographs in the 1988 Voters' Pamphlets. Most of those photographs have been furnished by the Oregon Historical Society in Portland. But I have just talked the staff of Southern Oregon Historical Society into sending photos from their fine collection to use in our November 1988 Voters' Pamphlet.

In the two Oregon Blue Books published since I became Secretary of State, we have had a new, beautifully written Oregon history included, as well as a number of historical photos.

There are so many stories to tell.

In 1985, in some old county records and papers from Clackamas County awaiting destruction, we found a letter written by Dr. John McLoughlin asking the Clackamas County judge for permission to vote in the election of 1850. The Father of Oregon was refused that right! That badly damaged letter is being specially protected and will receive careful restoration work very soon.

Last year in papers from a long-ago-deceased Oregon judge that were given to the State Library by his family, the State Librarian found a document that was kindly and properly returned to the State Archives. It was an original bill passed by the Territorial Legislature that said negroes could not live in Oregon. Everyone knew such legislation had passed but the actual bill had disappeared decades ago. It is almost a miracle that that infamous but important piece of history is now back in safekeeping. Think how easily it could have been lost forever. The document is in beautiful condition with the hand-cut territorial seal attached with small blue ribbons.

I hope when our new building is done that we are able to secure more such "lost" pieces of the state's history. Certainly it will be very clear, then, that such documents are safe and protected for future generations of Oregonians.

Sometimes, when I look up from my desk and look around my office, or I'm conferring with the Governor, or when I'm introduced as Secretary of State, or when I'm attending the national Lieutenant Governor's conference, I stop and think about the early women who made it possible for me to be in my position—the pioneer women, the suffragettes, the early elected women. They were real path breakers.

But I also think about the pioneers who walked across this continent, pioneers like my great-great-grandparents, who gave so much, and gave up so much that they might reach this beautiful state where I was fortunate enough to be born.

And it is for me a double obligation I feel, to both those pioneers and those women path breakers, to make my time and service as Secretary of State a record worthy of the standard they have set. I don't want to fall short and not reach my goals for Oregon any more than James and Almeda Boggs would have stopped short of their dream to reach the end of the Oregon Trail.

I'm very proud to be an Oregonian, very proud to be your Secretary of State, and I'm honored to join one of Oregon's most respected and successful Historical Societies as your annual meeting speaker. Thank you for letting me share this special evening.



Barbara Roberts served two terms in Oregon as a state representative and in 1983 was the first woman majority leader of the House of Representatives. In 1984 she was elected secretary of state.

Society Update



Visitors on the next Society bus tour may have the chance to view such wonders as this 80,000-year-old mammoth column. SOHS #2453

Bus Tour to be an Overnight Success

The last Society bus tour of the 1988 summer season will be an overnight trip to the Oregon Caves National Monument on Thursday and Friday, September 8-9. Discovered by pioneer Elijah Davidson while hunting in the autumn of 1874, the cave's long corridors tell a story covering 200 million years of geological history.

Buses will leave the parking lot behind the Jacksonville Museum at

10:00 a.m. Lunch will be in Cave Junction at the Junction Inn.

Arriving at the Oregon Caves around 1:30 p.m., participants may explore the caves on a 75-minute guided tour. Approximately 6/10 of a mile in length, the tour climbs a vertical distance of 218 feet and includes 550 stairs. Walking shoes with non-skid soles and jackets are necessary in the passageways which may be slippery, damp and cool.

Overnight accommodations and dinner will be at the Chateau, a lodge located near the entrance of the cave. After the evening meal, a program on the history of the national monument will be presented to the group.

Friday morning is set aside for time to discover the plant and animal life on some of the many trails within the park or a leisurely breakfast. The return trip will begin at noon with a scheduled arrival in Jacksonville around 2:00 p.m.

The cost of the trip for members is \$48.25 per person for double occupancy, \$68.75 for single occupancy which includes lodging and transportation. Meals are extra. **Reservations and payment are required and must be made no later than 5:00 p.m. Wednesday, August 24.** Cancellations after this date are non-refundable. A minimum number of 30 is necessary for the trip to take place. For information, contact Susan Cox, membership coordinator, at (503) 899-1847.

Society Offers Grants Assistance

Each year the Society sets aside monies for its Grants-in-Aid Program to help local non-profit organizations preserve, interpret, and promote history in southwestern Oregon. In FY88/89, \$30,000 is available to help support history-related activities and projects throughout Jackson County.

To be eligible for funding, a project must be accessible to the public in its final form and be non-commercial in nature. The applicant must be established as a non-profit organization prior to making application under the Grants-in-Aid Program.

Additional information and application forms are available by contacting the Society's administrative offices at (503) 899-1847. Completed applications must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1988. Grants will be awarded shortly after January 1, 1989.



Stacey Williams demonstrates hand plowing at The Willows during Farm Days, proving once again that a woman's work is never done.

Photo by Natalie Brown

Farm Day Brings Out Crowds

Bus after bus transported 427 "time travelers" from Jacksonville to The Willows on Sunday, July 17 to celebrate the Society's fifth annual "Farm Day." Visitors to this historic farm toured the house and grounds, viewing demonstrations of mule and horse plowing, blacksmithing, soapmaking, butter churning and other nineteenth- and early twentieth-century farming techniques.

The Rogue Valley Live Steamers returned again this year to operate the 1911 Case steam-powered tractor—surely a highlight of the afternoon for many farm and ranch veterans! And the afternoon heat did not seem to reduce the enthusiasm of the crowds as they tapped their feet (and occasionally swung their partners) to traditional tunes performed by the

local chapter of the Oregon Old-Time Fiddlers.

Ticket stubs indicated that 281 individuals took advantage of the guided tours of the Hanley home, just missing the record of 284 set the previous year for the greatest number to tour the house in a single day.

Tours will be offered again Saturday and Sunday, August 20–21, 1–5 p.m., which will be the final weekend The Willows will be open for the 1988 season. Members are invited to take advantage of this opportunity to see one of the most significant historic sites in southern Oregon!

Board Adopts Revised Membership Program

Following considerable rework by the Development Committee and incorporating much input from the general membership, *Sentinel* readership, and staff, the Board of Trustees adopted a revised membership benefits program and dues structure at its meeting July 26th.

The new dues structure (see accompanying chart) takes into consideration comments from *Sentinel* readers, especially those regarding the **Senior** (age 65 & over) category and the importance of the *Sentinel* subscription. Instead of the proposed \$8 per year increase, the Trustees adopted a \$5 per year increase for Senior members, so the dues go from \$12 to \$17 per year. The other most often mentioned benefit was the annual calendar. While the recommendation did include the calendar as a benefit of the **Applegate Club** (\$100 to \$249 dues) and above, it was pointed out that with the 15% membership discount, the calendar *could* actually cost less than \$3, depending upon the actual cost of each year's edition.

The new dues structure and categorization begins September 1st, however, it will not take effect until your renewal date. Therefore, if you just recently renewed, you will not pay any additional dues until your next renewal date. Due to the elimination of the Family/membership category, all former Family members will now be **Active** members. Since there was no real change in the benefits of

Revised Membership Benefits & Dues Structure

LEVELS OF SUPPORT					
Senior (Age 65 & Over) \$17 <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Bimonthly <i>Sentinel</i> & newsletter • Vote for Society Trustees • Attend annual meeting • 20% discount on Oregon Historical Society membership • 15% discount in gift shop, plus purchases of historic photo reprints, Society publications, and annual calendar • Invitation to special events • Reduced admission to events and activities • Discount on bus trips 					
Active \$30-49 SAME as above					
Patron's Club \$50-99 SAME as above PLUS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • One free historic photo reprint • Special members-only workshops • 15% discount on research assistance in research library 					
Applegate Club \$100-249 SAME as above PLUS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • One free annual calendar • Additional 10% discount on Society book purchases incl. gift shop, annual calendar, historic photo reprints, and publications 					
Siskiyou Club \$250-499 SAME as above PLUS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Public recognition in history center • Membership wall plaque • "Behind-the-scenes" tour 					
Peter Britt Club \$500-999 SAME as above PLUS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Two free admissions to all events • Invitation to exclusive special events 					
President's Club \$1,000 and above SAME as above PLUS <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Invitation to President's Dinner • One free U. S. Hotel room rental • Free Society bus trip for two 					

See below for additional categories

membership in that category, families are still welcome to attend all facilities, activities and events. Simply use your old membership card until it expires. The former Individual and Contributor member categories will also be considered **Active** members under the new program. We will not have any special mailing to all members on the new structure because everyone will receive all necessary information in the renewal notice.

Finally, the intention of the Board and the Committee which worked and reworked the program was and is to provide the most attractive membership package to the largest number of people possible. We know that in order to grow, some things have to change; and any time things are changed there is the possibility that someone, somewhere might not fully agree with those changes. The Board believes that the adopted changes will be attractive to prospective new members and renewing members and help form a solid financial basis for the Society's future. If you have any questions or further comments, please don't hesitate to write to the Board or staff at any time.

Additional Membership Categories

Additional categories include **Junior Historian**, which has dues of \$5 per year and benefits include: Junior Historian badge, for admission to events; the Junior Historian *Tell-A-Gram*, and invitations to special events.

The new business membership categories include: **Business Contributor**, with dues from \$100 to \$499, and has the same benefits as the Siskiyou Club; and the **Business Benefactor** category, with dues of \$500 and over, with the same benefits as the **President's Club**, except for up to *Sentinel* subscriptions instead of the free bus trips.

There are also three categories for nonprofit organizations to join the Society based upon budget: Budgets from \$1 to \$49,999 pay dues of \$30; budgets from \$50,000 to \$499,999 pay \$50; and nonprofits with budgets above \$500,000 pay \$100.

Pottery Exhibit Scheduled

The Society has planned the opening of a new exhibit, "Hannah Pottery," for October 8, 1988, in the Jacksonville Museum. Since last summer, a regional search for additional Hannah wares has identified approximately thirty pots in the Society's and private collections as products of the nineteenth-century pottery near Shady Cove.

These sturdy utilitarian crocks, jugs, churns, bowls, and irrigation pipe may lie in unused corners around southern Oregon. It's not too late to find out if that ceramic pot on the shelf at home is a "Hannah" or not. For assistance with identification or more information, contact Jim Robinson, 535-4281; Nancy Ingram, 535-1416, both members of Clayfolk, a local organization of potters; or Coordinator of Exhibits Jime Matoush, (503) 899-1847.

A Living Memorial

Last month several families made living memorial contributions to the Southern Oregon Historical Society to commemorate family members who recently passed away. The Society wishes to extend its sincere gratitude to the family and friends of Fred Middlebush, George and Annie Burg, and Docia Stokes for their generous and thoughtful gifts to the Society.

Mr. Middlebush's gift came from the E. Homer Edgecombs in Redding, California, because of an article that appeared in the November 1987 issue of the *Sentinel* including a photograph of Fred Middlebush in the story on "The Game Warden and the Poacher."

The gift in memory of the Burgs came from their nephew Charles Fosterling of Portland because his aunt and uncle had lived in Jackson County most of their lives.

The memorial to Docia Stokes came from a distant relative in far off East Bloomfield, New York, and was accompanied by a most interesting letter on this fascinating pioneer

woman who died at the age of 104 in Portland last spring.

Ms. Elle's grandmother was a southern Oregonian born in Medford, and she fondly recalls visiting her great-grandmother in Medford when she was but a small child. She still claims Oregon as her home even though she lives in New York.

Contributions and outright bequests of this type are lasting benefits to the Society in its pursuit of the goals to preserve, promote and interpret the rich history of this region to all citizens. With the recent changes in the tax laws, you may wish to consider a living memorial gift or bequest to the Society in your will. In that manner you may help unlock the door of history to the future for generations to come.

History Center Update

Ronald Slusarenko, principal, and Rick Heiserman, representing the W. E. Group architectural and planning firm from Portland, presented revised plans for the History Center to the Board at its meeting July 12th.

Following significant input from the Society's Development Committee and staff, the Board authorized the architects to prepare construction bid documents for Phase I of the project. Current plans call for bidding the project in September with a six-month construction period to begin in October. The plans will allow the Society to open this new facility, with a minimum of extra interior remodeling, for the amount currently in the building fund. The Society will undertake Phase II of the project as development funding is secured.

The Society really owes a debt of gratitude to members of the Roxy Ann Gem and Mineral Society, who operate the Crater Rock Museum in Central Point, for helping remove shelving and miscellaneous building materials from the interior of the building. The volunteer crews worked tirelessly for many long hours saving building materials of all types for reuse in their museum and storage area. These dedicated senior citizens literally saved the Society several thousand dollars in demolition costs.

Society Officers Elected, New Board Members Announced

Dr. Carl Shaff, superintendent of the Rogue River School District, was elected president of the Southern Oregon Historical Society for the 1988/89 Society year by the Board of Trustees at its meeting July 12th in the Jackson County E.S.D. offices, Medford.

Dr. Shaff is in his second year on the Board and has been an active participant in determining the policy direction for the Society.

Joining Dr. Shaff as officers for 1988/89 are: Donald McLaughlin, immediate past president from Medford who was elected 1st vice president and will remain on the Board's Executive Committee; Dan Hull, second year Board member from Jacksonville, elected 2nd vice president; Mary Foster, also in her second year on the Board and from Medford, elected secretary; and William Bagley, re-elected to a second three-year term on the Board in June also re-elected for a second term as treasurer.

Two long-standing, hard-working contributing members went off the Board in June. Vicki Bryden, Medford, and Laurel Prairie-Kuntz, also Medford, had completed two full three-year terms on the Board.

Mark Wolfe, recently elected to a three-year term, resigned to attend a museum studies graduate program in Vermont. Mark was replaced by Thomas Parks, Jacksonville, by appointment at the July 12th meeting.

Tom Parks is a Jacksonville attorney and former mayor of the city. He has been a teacher, computer programmer, and forklift driver, not necessarily in that order. He received his bachelor's degree from Stanford University, a masters degree from the University of Illinois, and his law degree from Duke University. Tom has been very active in community affairs including serving as president of the Cascade Community Hospital Community Board and working with the Britt Festivals.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

SENIOR

Joe E. Barrette, *Medford*
Mrs. Grace Berg, *Medford*
Marie Fernandez, *Medford*
Mary Fuller, *Medford*
Esther Hobbs, *Medford*
Eula Kroepsch, *Ft. Bragg, CA*
James Melton, *Medford*
Mrs. Carl E. Milliken, Jr., *Medford*
Mrs. Bob Norris, *Grants Pass*
Sylvia Smith, *Medford*

INDIVIDUAL

Ashland Historic Commision, *Ashland*
Peggy Kirk, *Bellevue, WA*
Susan Vilas Manuel, *Balboa, CA*
Margo Mitchell, *Jacksonville*
Jill L. Pruett, *Portland*
Mr. W. W. Ruiter, *Eugene*
Jeanette A. Savage, *Citronelle, AL*
Charlotte Spanler, *Medford*
Baird K. Smith, *Sacramento, CA*

FAMILY

George & Betty Chamberlin, Jr., *Medford*
John & Lois Studebaker, *Medford*
Jerry & Bobbie Vawter, *Medford*

BUSINESS

Medford Computer Instruction, *Medford*
Stanford Historical Society, *Stanford, CA*

BENEFACTOR

Lithia Motors, Inc.

RENEWING MEMBERS

SENIOR

LeOna Bestul, *Medford*
A. Gayle Caldwell, *Ventura, CA*
Lillian Connolly, *Medford*
Richard G. Eastin, *Phoenix*
Mayme Frank, *Medford*
Iris D. Glanzman, *Medford*
Joseph King, *Spokane, WA*
Mrs. Richard Krumhansl, *Medford*
Henrietta Leon, *Medford*
Vern Voss, *Medford*
Mrs. Eleanor S. Williams, *Medford*

*Nedra B. Belloc, *Medford*
Phyllis Courtney, *Ashland*
*Wendell Clausen, *Cambridge, MA*
Theresa Fisher, *Eagle Point*
Calista Handweg, *Medford*
Mrs. Maxine Kinkade, *Ashland*
Sharon Linford, *Medford*
Lillian Mallut, *Central Point*

FAMILY

Willard & Joan Bennett, *Medford*
Kent & Marilyn Balckhurst, *Medford*
Raymond Colvig, *Berkeley, CA*
Mr. & Mrs. Dan Hull, *Jacksonville*
Craig & Juanita Mayfield, *Medford*

William & Diane Gravatt-Meyer, *Medford*
Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Reavis *Jacksonville*
Rogers & Nancy Roberts, *Central Point*
Mr. & Mrs. Mike Russell, *Medford*
*Ben Stinson, *Ben Lomond, CA*

CONTRIBUTOR

Margaret Frakes, *Medford*

*Indicates upgraded membership category or monetary contribution in addition to membership dues to further support Society programs.

INDIVIDUAL

Bancroft Library, *Berkeley, CA*

From the Collections



Eva Demmer, collections assistant, inventories petticoat collection.

Forty years of collecting artifacts relating to the history of area have given the Southern Oregon Historical Society a wide range of objects—from armadillos to yoyos—to preserve and interpret. This collection is far too large and varied to exhibit all at once; for every item on display, there are approximately ten in storage. The Society changes exhibits often to try to show as many of these artifacts as possible.

Most of the objects not on exhibit are housed in a storage building located in White City. Built in 1980, the 11,400 square foot, two-story structure is monitored for correct temperature and humidity levels to help preserve the items stored there.

Curator of Collections Marc Pence is in charge of managing the building and its contents. The process of keeping track of all these items—cataloging, researching, conserving and storing them—is handled by the Collection Department staff, consisting of Marc, Rosemary Bevel, Tiffany Mayo, Roy Bailey, and Eva Demmer.

For the past two and one-half years most of the staff has spent two days a week at the facility conducting the first true inventory of the artifact collection in the Society's history. This inventory should be completed in about two years and will enable the Society's Collections, Exhibits, and Interpretation departments to work more efficiently in identifying and locating appropriate artifacts for future exhibits and programs.

Calendar of Events

Through 1990 The Society's newest exhibit, **Making Tracks: The Impact of Railroading in the Rogue Valley** at the Jacksonville Museum traces the coming and going of the railroad, how it changed people's lives and the valley economy, its local role in the nation's battles overseas, and the introduction of the railroad worker as an important part of the valley's communities. Admission is free. Hours listed below.

Through March 1989 **Home Entertainment: 1852-1988** exhibit that looks at the variety of pastime activities that families and individuals have pursued during their leisure hours at home. Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum. Free.

August 23 The Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees will hold its monthly meeting in the Education Service District building, 101 N. Grape, Medford, at 7:30 p.m. Members and the general public are invited.

August 24 & 26 **Piece by Piece:** This children's workshop will introduce and explore the art, history, and traditions of quilt making. Both old and contemporary examples will be available for study. During the two days, participants, age 9-14, will piece and quilt their own block for a pillow cover or pot holder. Pre-registration is required and limited to 15. A fee of \$5.50 (\$4.50 for members) covers the cost of materials. Call (503) 889-1847, ext. 227.

September 3 Southern Oregon Historical Society Research Library will be closed to the public.

September 5 Final Opening Day for the Beekman House.

October 8 Harvest Festival: An afternoon of traditional craft demonstrations and activities at the Beekman House.

Opening of the Hannah Pottery Exhibit At the Jacksonville Museum. (See "Society Update" inside for more information.)

All offices and department of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, except the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, may be reached by calling (503) 889-1847. The Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum's telephone number is (503) 488-1341.

Jacksonville Museum, P.O. Box 480, 206 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Research Library in the Jacksonville Museum, P.O. Box 480, 206 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Mon.-Sun., 1-5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Children's Museum, P.O. Box 480, 206 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, 990 Siskiyou Boulevard, Ashland, OR 97920. Open Tues.-Sat., 1-5 p.m.

Administration Offices, Armstrong House, 375 East California Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Mon.-Fri., 8 a.m.-5 p.m.

October 15 **Concert:** Bob Bovee, a musician from St. Paul, Minnesota, will perform a variety of traditional railroad tunes at the U. S. Hotel in conjunction with the exhibit "Making Tracks: The Impact of Railroading in the Rogue Valley" on display at the Jacksonville Museum.



P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530-0480

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