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Commentary

I just finished reading a report from the State Historic Preservation Office titled *Oregon Covered Bridges: A Study for the 1989-90 Legislature*. Considering the successful campaign of relocating the Antelope Creek Covered Bridge in Eagle Point, and current efforts to raise funds to repair McKee Covered Bridge on the Applegate River, this report is timely and welcome.

From an estimated 450 covered bridges statewide in the 1920s, only forty-nine remain standing. This collection is the sixth largest in the United States following Pennsylvania (220), Ohio (150), Vermont (100), Indiana (92), and New Hampshire (55). Of the forty-nine left in Oregon, nearly a quarter of them are in southern Oregon: Douglas County (6), Jackson County (4), and Josephine County (1).

The report re-emphasizes what has been apparent for quite some time: covered bridges and other historic sites are significant historic and economic resources. The report states that covered bridges "are landmarks of engineering technology and can provoke nostalgic feelings of times past. The large numbers who regularly visit the covered bridges testify to their value to Oregon's economy." The economic significance of these and other historic sites is borne out by tourism research. Again quoting from the report: "Tourism research by Oregon State University reveals that covered bridges, while not a 'final destination' tourist attraction, are a component that contributes to Oregon's total tourist package. They also found that visits to historic and cultural sites are the second most important reason for vacation trips to Oregon. The tourism professionals interviewed for this study agree that covered bridges are a major component of Oregon's historic and cultural landscape.

This report will be presented to the next legislative session for consideration as to what it will take to preserve Oregon's covered bridge collection, and maintain these significant historic landmarks on an on-going basis. Following are some of the proposed recommendations:

- The Oregon Covered Bridge Advisory Committee concludes that efforts can and should be taken to preserve all of Oregon's forty-nine remaining covered bridges;
- The committee recommends establishment of a covered bridge rehabilitation program based on the appropriation of \$1,000,000 of lottery funds as 50% match to local support by the bridge owner;
- The committee recommends establishment of a covered bridge maintenance program based on an allocation of \$116,250 of highway funds and donations through tax credit and tax check-off plans as a 50% state match program.

It will be interesting to see what may come of these recommendations. The relocation of Antelope Creek Covered Bridge and the efforts to repair McKee Bridge have heightened public awareness in this region to the necessity of saving and caring for these significant structures. Hopefully this opportunity to ensure the long-term preservation of these historic sites, which so clearly contribute to the economic well-being of our region and state, will receive all the care and consideration it warrants and deserves.



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Southern Oregonian George Tweed was the only American who refused to surrender to Japanese forces on the island of Guam during World War II and lived to tell about it. Hiding in the jungle, depending on the generosity of the local people, Tweed survived for thirty months before being rescued.

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cover: An unidentified couple pose for a wedding portrait. SOHS #12215



back cover: A result of love and marriage is captured by pioneer photographer Peter Britt. SOHS #12208

George Tweed

Missing in Action

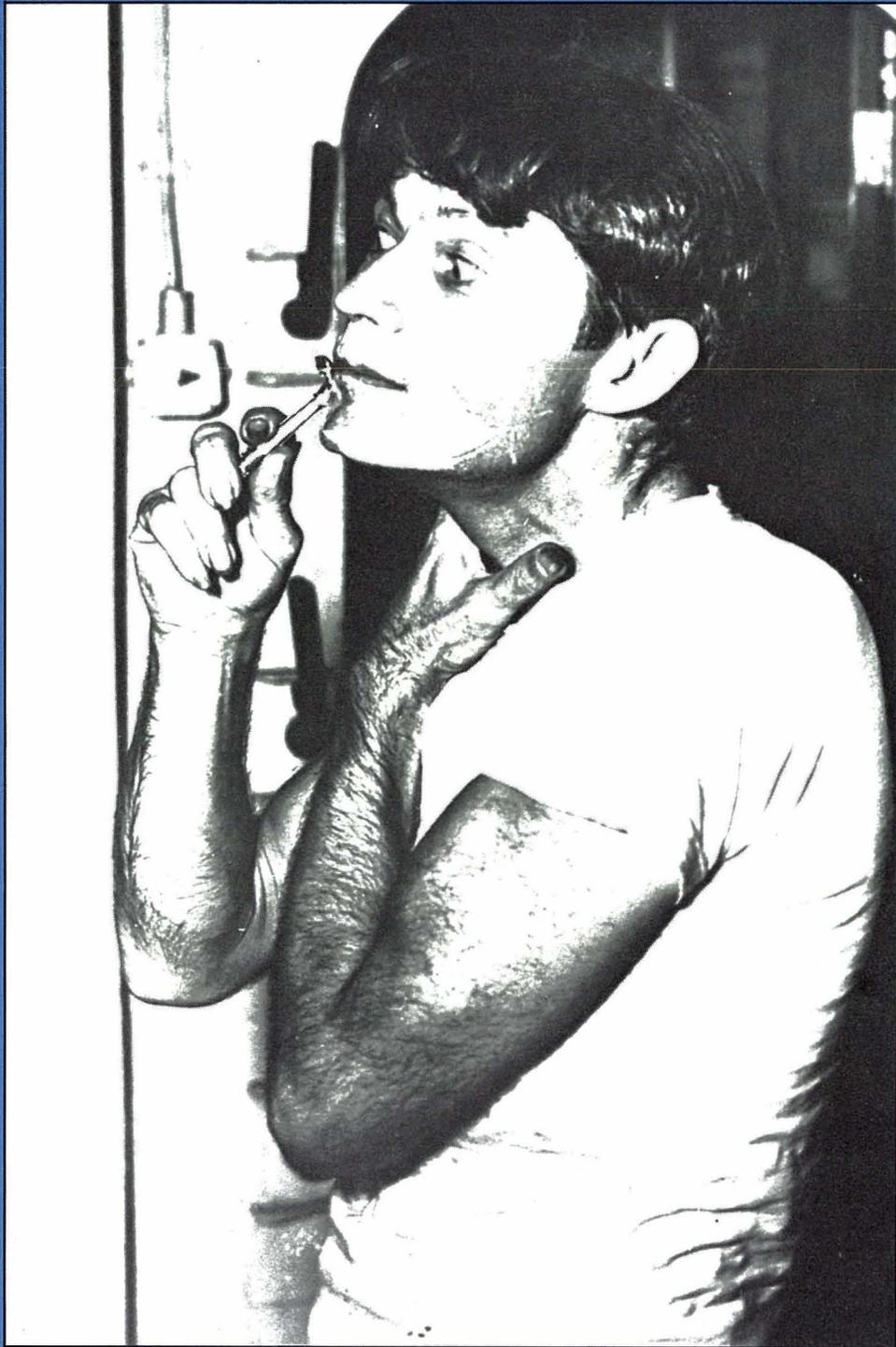


by James Kelly

The first bomb Japanese forces dropped on Agana, Guam, December 8, 1941, scored a direct hit and demolished Josephine County resident George Ray Tweed's house. Then a radioman first class in the U.S. Navy and on his second tour of duty on Guam when World War II descended on the island U.S. territory, Tweed apparently took it personally. For the next three years in silence, exile and cunning and with the help of the people of Guam, Tweed would remain in the jungle and become the only American serviceman not to surrender on that island and survive the war.

The retired Navy man, now 86, lives with his wife Dolores in Grants Pass, Oregon, where George operated his own radio and television repair shop. When asked recently if he knew the people of Guam still regard him as a hero, Tweed grinned shyly and said, "Well, you know all I ever thought was that I was real lucky."

A career Navy man, Tweed went to Guam in August 1939 and worked in the Naval communications office in the city of Agana, the territory's capitol. The tropical climate, island life and the Chamorro people of Guam



Rescued July 13, 1944 by a Pacific fleet warship, George Tweed shaves for the first time in thirty months.
U.S. Navy photo courtesy of George Tweed



After relying on Guam's local people for food during the two-and-a-half years he hid on the island, George Tweed's first Navy meal is sweetened with satisfaction and relief.

U.S. Navy photo courtesy of George Tweed

seemed to agree with Tweed and he applied for a two-year extension of his tour of duty. The Navy granted him a one-year extension instead of the two he'd requested, under the belief that tropical climates were too harsh on Americans over a long period of time. Had his request for extended duty been refused, Tweed would have shipped out of Guam four months before the Japanese invasion occurred.

But Tweed got his wish for an extended tour on Guam in a manner he hadn't counted on:

"Around 2:00 a.m., the morning of the eleventh of August, 1941, I was awakened by field guns shelling the Governor's Palace," Tweed recalls. "They'd been bombing and strafing us for three days. Then they landed their troops. They landed 8,000 Japanese troops and we had 155 Marines to fight them off with."

On awakening to the sound of Japanese fire, Tweed knew that a landing had been made and immediately headed for the Governor's Palace, the island's seat of U.S. government, which was under attack by Japanese artillery at almost point-blank range. Tweed managed to sneak in the back door of the capitol building and contacted a Navy commander who was an aide to the governor, asking what he should do.

"Well," the commander replied, "there's not much we can do. Do you have a gun?"

"No sir, I don't," responded the radioman, "Where can I get one?" "Well," the chagrined officer replied, "we don't have any more guns. And we have very little ammunition for the ones we do have. You have your choice. You can either stay here with us and surrender—we're going to have

to surrender in a very short time—or you can head for the jungle."

Tweed then made a decision that would put his life in constant jeopardy for the next three years.

"Thank you, sir," Tweed replied, "I'll take the jungle."

Tweed recalled that his expectations of Japanese treatment and the idea of incarceration had made his mind up for him. Getting out of the palace at that point, however, was not going to be as easy as getting in. Japanese troops by then had surrounded the building and were intensifying their fire.

In the backyard of the palace, Tweed found a hedge he could conceal himself in that bordered a road running past the facility. From there he could see a Japanese machine gun emplacement that controlled access to the palace as well as any escape from it. Tweed took a deep breath and leaped across the road with the machine gun opening fire on him as he did. Making it to the other side of the road unscathed and out of the line of fire, Tweed proceeded to his house, or what was left of it after the Japanese bomb had exploded three days earlier.

Gathering together some clothes, food and other provisions, Tweed began loading them into his 1926 Reo *Flying Cloud*, which with Guam's constant humid and salt-laden breezes was in quite a state of deterioration with rusted fenders and a long since departed muffler.

In the process of loading the car, Tweed was visited by one Al Tyson, another Navy man who came to Tweed wondering what he was supposed to do.

"He was as scared as I was," Tweed remembers. George told Tyson of his plan to head for the jungle rather than

surrendering and that if he wanted to, he could come with the radioman in his attempt to escape from the Japanese. Tyson decided to take his chances in the jungle with Tweed, jumped into the Reo and the two drove into the streets of Agana.

In order to get out of Agana the two sailors had to pass by the same Japanese machine gunner Tweed had eluded earlier. Stopping around the corner from the machine gun nest, Tweed and Tyson considered the long hill they would have to climb before the road curved out of the machine gun's line of fire.

Tweed thought it over and put the Reo in second gear, knowing that if he had to shift down in the old non-synchronesh transmission, missing a gear as they rounded the corner could cost him and Tyson their lives.

The Reo gained speed and roared around the corner almost on two wheels as it skidded onto the road leading out of town.

Goerge still chuckles at the recollection of that high-speed getaway:

"It sounded like a plane taking off because it had no muffler on it . . . and soon as I got out on the road this Jap opened fire on me with his machine gun. And bullets flashed on the road all around us and on the back of the car. But I made it up to the top of the hill and as soon as I'd made it up to the top of the hill, then the road made a turn and I got out of his line of fire."

The two Navy men made their way a short distance out of the city before ditching the car, then with little more than the clothes they were wearing, set out to survive in Guam's jungle, while the remaining American military presence surrendered to the Japanese.

Twweed maintains that growing up in southern Oregon and learning at an early age to live off the land and find his way through the woods while hunting played a large role in his ability to survive the ensuing ordeal. He and Tyson initially kept on the move, spending little time in any place other than the most inaccessible parts of the jungle. It soon became apparent, however, that they would have to rely upon local people for food, as constant foraging to survive would put them in great danger of being discovered by the Japanese.

After about a month Tyson found he could not agree with Tweed's strategy of keeping on the go and decided to strike out on his own and rendezvous with Tweed intermittently. Tweed's plan was that if he stayed in one place too long and let local people bring him food, it would be just a matter of time before Japanese intelligence would find out where he was.

Tweed's intuition was right. In the course of the next seven months, Tweed learned of four other Americans who were in hiding on the island. After the first thirty days of the Japanese occupation of Guam, the military government made an announcement that no other prisoners would be taken and that all captured Americans would be executed. By this time Tyson had teamed

up with one of the other four Americans who had established themselves in hiding. Nine months after the invasion, there were still three groups of American servicemen trying to evade capture by Japanese troops, scouring the jungle for the last survivors. A group of three, a group of two (including Tyson), and George Tweed on his own and on the go were holding out on the first U.S. soil to be invaded by foreign troops since the War of 1812.

Then disaster struck.

"We were in the jungle about nine months when the Japs found out the group of three Americans were hiding near Mananggon," Tweed recalled, "They went up

"You can either stay here with us and surrender—we're going to have to surrender in a very short time—or you can head for the jungle."

there with fifty troops and around two in the morning caught these guys asleep and surrounded them. The Americans woke up and found they had Jap bayonets and rifles all around them. Then they took them into town where they tortured the hell out of them and then they kept them up for two days. And at the end of that time they took them out and made them dig their own graves, then they tied their hands behind their backs and chopped their heads off."

About six weeks after this incident, according to Tweed, the Japanese found out where the other two Americans, including Tyson, were and used the same tactics. But this time they did not catch the Americans off guard. Although the Japanese invaders overwhelmingly outnumbered them, the G.I.s put up a fight, yet were ultimately killed beside the fire by which they were warming themselves.

These two incidents redoubled Tweed's resolve not to be captured and by this time he had secured a government-issue semi-automatic Colt .45 from a Chamorro who had been given it by a Marine lieutenant just before he surrendered.

"Those Chamorros saved my life," Tweed recalls. Every contact with local people brought food, help and support for the lone American resister.

With that support, however, came another problem. Japanese forces had collaborators throughout the local communities and Tweed knew they were the reason the other Americans had lost their lives.

Though Tweed would caution every Chamorro not to tell anyone of his whereabouts, invariably, because Tweed was considered a hero and the sole symbol of resistance

to the harsh Japanese rule, everyone wanted to help. Although he received promises of silence, a cousin, or a brother-in-law would always come back anxious to assist the serviceman in his survival. Tweed knew that each time this happened it cut down the odds of his whereabouts remaining secret from the Japanese, who by this time considered his freedom an embarrassment.

So Tweed's standard operating procedure would be to remain the shortest time possible in any one place and as soon as more than one person knew of his location, Tweed would without notice pack up his belongings and head out at night often having no idea where he would end up.

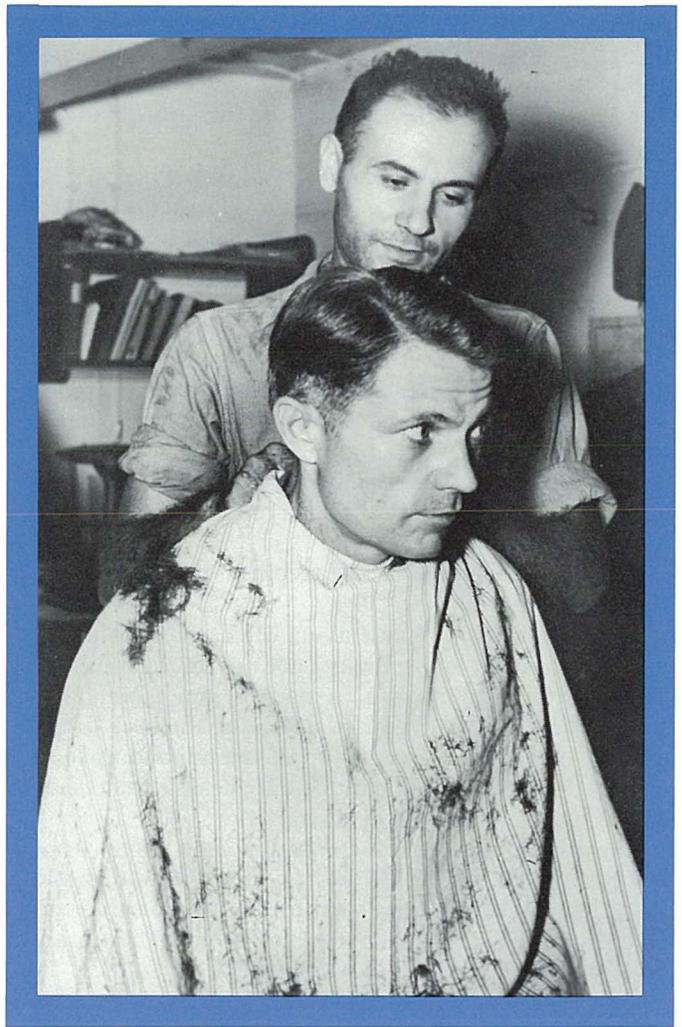
Tweed was under no illusion that his situation was desperate and that remaining on the go would be haphazard at best. Food was in short supply and he knew that most every mouthful of food given to him would be taking away from a family.

George realized he would have to find someone who could both afford to support him and also keep his whereabouts a strict secret. The first nine months of Tweed's arduous experience made him somewhat of a phantom. Appearing out of the jungle from nowhere to seek help from people at random had surrounded Tweed with the aura of a legend. His story is still told, embellished with accounts of him appearing at local public fiestas in open defiance of the Japanese. Today Tweed smiles at such assertions. Of the fiesta incidents he says, "Well, that only happened once."

Many people assisted him but the man most responsible for Tweed's survival was one Antonio Artero. Artero owned a large ranch in the Yona area of Guam, and after meeting Tweed, agreed to find a safe hiding place and to keep his location secret. Artero scoured his ranch and found a remote hiding place that became Tweed's home for the next two years.

Appearing out of the jungle from nowhere to seek help from people at random had surrounded Tweed with the aura of a legend.

"In order to get to it," Tweed recalls, "you had to climb a steep cliff and it was pretty hard for anybody to get up there. Once you got up there, there were two rocks at the top of this cliff, two big rocks. One was about thirty feet high on the ocean side, and the other was about forty feet high on the island side. And in between these two rocks there was a crevice six feet wide and thirty feet long and that was my hide-out, in this crevice."



Tweed settled into his new home, making a water catchment from some tin roofing Artero brought him and figuring a way to build a cooking fire in just the right place where a draft would take the smoke away from being visible from anywhere save the ocean side of the rocks.

Every Wednesday, Artero would bring Tweed food, hiking up the cliff by himself. The rancher was Tweed's only friend and contact for the next two years, years Tweed spent collecting information from Artero and finding out where Japanese gun emplacements were and other pertinent military information. Tweed knew American forces could someday retake the island and that this information would be useful.

Tweed was deeply grateful for Artero's friendship and thought after the war he would repay the rancher for his kindness and help. He repeatedly asked Artero what he could send him from the states. Artero would always modestly decline any future favors and wanted no compensation for the help he gave Tweed.

"I told him, I'm going to buy you something, a gift, a present of some kind," Tweed recalls, and "everything I mentioned, like washing machines, refrigerators, anything like that, why he wasn't interested. He already had them or some darn thing."

“So, okay, I dropped the subject until the next week and when he came up I sat down and started talking, started telling him that if I lived to get back to the States, I was going to draw a lot of back pay, for all the time I’ve been out here and gee, I’ll be wealthy, I’ll be running around going here and there buying this and that, and boy I was throwing money around far, wide, and handsome. And I got him snowed under. And then I threw a question at him.

“Antonio, if you had all the money that you wanted, what would be the first thing that you’d buy? Without any hesitation he says, ‘A four-door Chevrolet sedan.’ I didn’t say anything to him but to myself I thought, okay pal, that’s what you’re going to get if I live to get out of this jam and get back to the States, why you’re going to get your Chevy.”

Midway through Tweed’s stay in his secure crevice, the Japanese became fed up with the legend of Tweed eluding capture and obviously being helped by local people. They issued an island-wide edict that let it be known that any Chamorro found harboring or helping Tweed in any way would be killed and that family members would be killed as well.

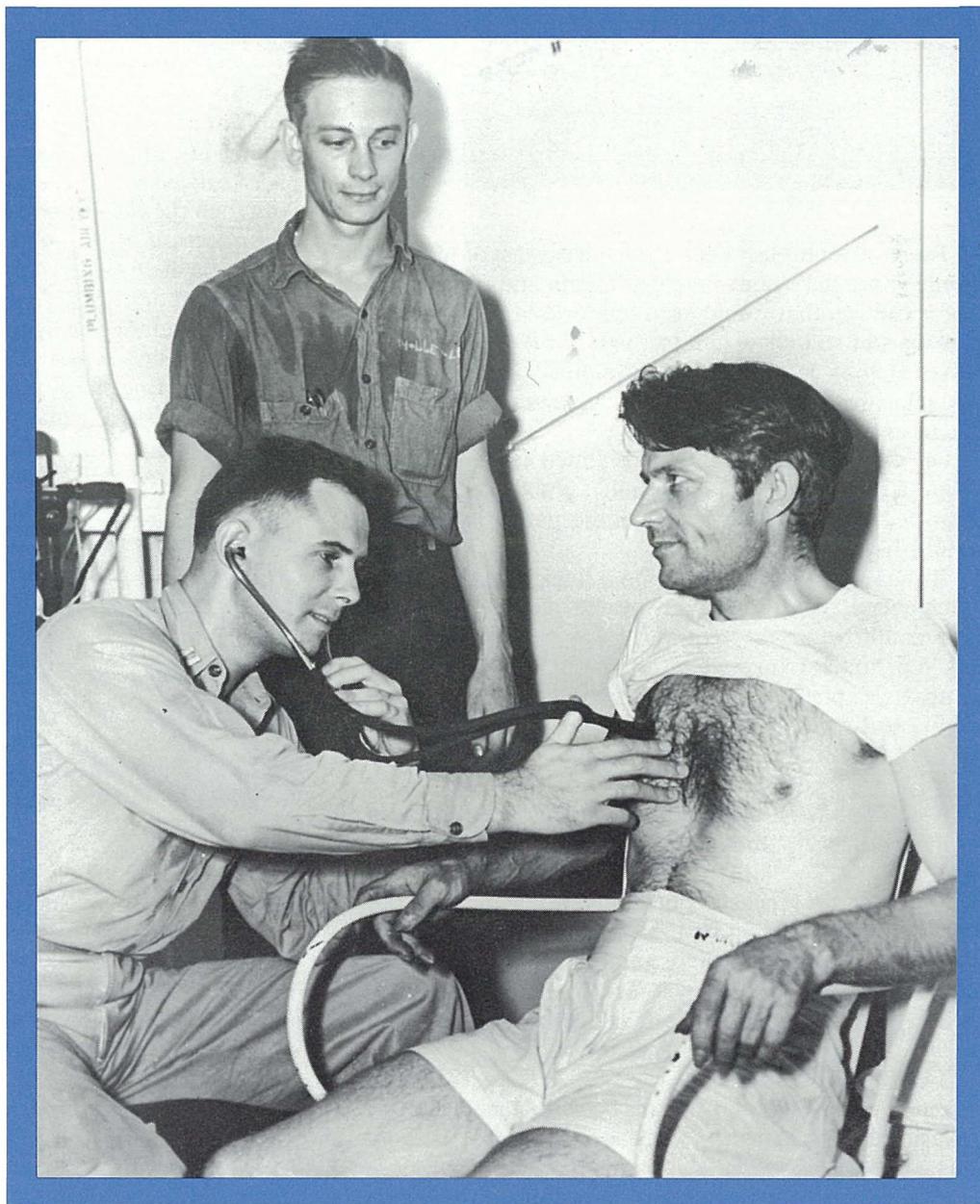
Following the edict, Artero appeared on his normal Wednesday visit to bring food and Tweed could see that something was obviously wrong.

Artero’s fear for his family and concern for Tweed’s safety had shaken the rancher up so much that he could hardly talk.

“Well, Artero,” George told the rancher, “I’ve been here a long time, you’ve fed me for a long time and you’ve done

For over two years the Navy listed George Tweed as missing in action and his family and friends believed him dead. Instead, he was rescued in reasonable health thanks to his own canniness and the kindness of the people of Guam.

U.S. Navy photo
courtesy of George Tweed



more for me than anyone else on this island. I don't want to see you and your family killed. I'm gonna leave here."

"If you leave here," the shaken Artero replied, "the Japs are going to catch you and kill you sure as the devil."

"It's better for one man to be killed," Tweed said, "than for another man and his wife and his family to die."

Tweed's adamantness convinced Artero and he agreed George should leave and try to evade capture the best he could by keeping on the go again. The two friends parted sadly that day, expecting never to see one another again. Tweed cautioned Artero to avoid the crevice and said that by the next week he would be gone.

Tweed was considered a hero and the sole symbol of resistance to the harsh Japanese rule.

Tweed spent his last week enjoying the last of his small home above the steamy jungle of Guam and contemplating a strategy that would keep him away from Japanese patrols and still allow him to rustle some food and stay alive. Having lost thirty-eight pounds during his long ordeal, Tweed figured he'd take it slow, move at night again and hope for the best.

On the afternoon before he planned to leave, Tweed heard a rustling coming up the cliff, grabbed his .45 and expected the worst: that a Japanese patrol had finally found him.

"I figured that if I ever ran into a flock of Japs," Tweed remembers, "that I would grab my gun and I'd get as many as I could before they got me. I was never going to be taken prisoner. I knew what they did to the other Americans. I was pretty sure that this was it; and the end had come, so I ran over to the edge of the cliff about ready to open fire on Japs. And instead Antonio stuck his head up!"

"Antonio! What are you doing here?" Tweed shouted at him with relief. "You're not supposed to come back here again."

"I know," the rancher replied as he climbed up into the crevice, "My wife and I have been talking it over and feel that if you leave here you're going to be killed, and we couldn't live with that. So you just stay here like you have been and we'll keep bringing food to you. We'll just have to be a little more careful, that's all."

Tweed's daily routine in the rock crevice continued much as usual until the war came back to Guam. The pre-invasion bombardment by American forces in the summer of 1944 went on for thirty days prior to the invasion itself. Tweed's two years and seven months of hiding on the island were about to end.

"I dodged more American shells than I ever did Japanese," Tweed recalled of the American assault, "We bombed Guam by air and shelled Japanese positions from battleships and cruisers in the daytime and then in the evening they would disappear and there would be these two destroyers left behind and they would circle the island just throwing slugs over on the beach to let the Japs know that the war was still on. These two destroyers were the ones I was trying to attract the attention of."

Tweed had made a pair of semaphore flags and stood on a cliff every evening for almost thirty days trying to signal the destroyers in their patrols around the island, but to no avail.

Ten days before the invasion, however, Tweed got a different idea. "It was pretty late in the day and the sun was pretty low in the sky right over these two destroyers," he remembered, "I reached down and picked up this small mirror I used for shaving and caught the reflection of the sun and reflected it onto the bridge of the leading destroyer. When the destroyers were a couple of miles south of me, a Jap anti-aircraft gun opened fire on them. So they just took their range and bearing and threw a couple of salvos over there and blasted them out of existence. And then they came up to me, to where I was and caught the reflection of the sun again and quivered the mirror so that the light flickered back and forth across the bridge of that lead destroyer. They told me later that they looked up at me and saw the light flashing and it looked exactly like gun flashes so they thought, "Aha, there's another Jap gun getting smart on us."

"And I saw every gun on that destroyer turn around and look me right in the eye," Tweed recalls, "And boy that tickled me pink, Oh boy! They see me, they see me!"

With his notes Tweed was able to pinpoint every coast gun the Japanese had mounted around the island.

So, then I dropped my mirror and picked up my white semaphore flags and started waving them just in time for them to hold their fire."

Having tried to attract their attention for a month, Tweed had put a lot of thought into what he'd tell a Navy ship if he ever did get one's attention. Knowing it was war and that anyone, including the Japanese, could send messages by semaphore, he knew he'd have to come up with something that the Navy would know for sure that the Japanese would never signal to them. The first thing Tweed signaled was that the Japanese had a battery of coast guns on Guadalupe Point. The destroyer acknowledged that piece of information.

“Then,” he said, “I told them the Japs are killing all American pilots who are shot down on this island. Well that was true and I knew that the Japs wouldn’t tell them that.”

After the destroyer *U.S.S. McCall* acknowledged the two pieces of information, Tweed signaled again asking if he could be taken aboard. At first, the Naval vessel was notably silent. “Then I stood and watched them and by gosh,” he recalled, “I saw them load a boat in the water. I grabbed some gear and went down that cliff so fast that I about broke my neck. I walked along the edge of the water until I found a big flat rock where the water was plenty deep right along side and I figured this was a good place for a boat to land. I stood there waiting and then they came about half way in and stopped.”

Tweed was in shouting distance of the launch and yelled at them that they had enough water to come right in and pick him up.

But the small boat answered back from a megaphone that he should swim out to them. This put Tweed in a

Tweed was transferred to the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Hornet where he related to Rear Admiral Clark (far left) positions of Japanese gunners and estimates of their defenses. Such information assisted Admiral Clark in directing the American assault on the island.

U.S. Navy photo courtesy of George Tweed



dilemma. He had with him a machete, his Colt .45 and most importantly, over two years worth of notes that he'd been keeping about Japanese military operations on Guam; information that would help in the upcoming invasion that no one else could supply.

Tweed told them that he had too much gear to swim. The small boat answered back that he should swim out

"Well, how did you get over there then?" the now irritated captain demanded to know.

"I went to Guam on an American transport," Tweed replied.

"We haven't sent an American transport to Guam since long before the war," the exasperated officer blurted.

"You're telling me!" Tweed said.



George Tweed was awarded the Legion of Merit by Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States."

U.S. Navy photo courtesy of George Tweed

and if he was okay, then they would come back and get his gear. Tweed began to take his clothes off. His hesitation lay with the fact that in surviving the last three years, he was now in poor physical shape. But the Navy launch was wary of being set up for any ambush.

Tweed knew he was a strong swimmer, however, having spent every summer of his youth in southern Oregon swimming in the treacherous currents of the Rogue River. He dove in and started the half-mile swim, hoping the boat would relent and come in and get him.

"They wouldn't budge an inch toward me . . . they made me swim right up to that boat and they reached down and helped me aboard."

Aboard a U.S. Navy vessel for the first time in years, Tweed was taken immediately to the officers' mess and fed as quite a crowd of officers gathered around, including the captain of the *McCall*.

After letting Tweed have his first Navy food in years, the captain quite naturally wanted to ask Tweed some questions.

"What squadron were you in?" asked the captain.

"Squadron?" Tweed asked. "I was never in any squadron"

"Weren't you in an aircraft squadron that was shot down over there?" the captain asked.

"No sir," George told the officer. "I was never in any aircraft squadron."

The crew of the *McCall* all thought they had rescued a downed American pilot. The fact that they had rescued the only American serviceman to resist capture after the Japanese invasion in 1941 was hard to believe. But a radio dispatch to Washington with Tweed's service number and his mother's maiden name verified officially his status and in less than an hour George Ray Tweed was no longer missing in action, which had been his official status with the Department of the Navy since December 1941. Family and friends had by this time given Tweed up for dead.

The war, however, was not quite over for Tweed. The information he possessed about the Japanese-held island was invaluable to the American forces. Early the next morning Tweed was transferred to the *U.S.S. Hornet*, an aircraft carrier and the flagship of Admiral Clark, who was in command of the aerial bombardment of Guam. With his notes, Tweed was able to pinpoint every coast gun the Japanese had mounted around the island. The rest would be up to Navy bombers. After the session with Tweed at the map in his cabin, Clark summarily promoted the radioman first class to chief petty officer. That afternoon Tweed was catapulted off the flight deck of the *Hornet* in a RVF bomber and flown to the island of Saipan, from there to Hawaii, and finally home to Oregon for a much needed thirty-day leave. Tweed remained in the Navy and retired as a warrant officer in 1948.

George Tweed did not forget his friend Antonio Artero. In 1946 Tweed escorted a new Chevrolet sedan to Guam, where it was presented with much ceremony to Artero.

Photos courtesy of George Tweed

For the two years and seven months that Tweed was missing in action, he never gave up hope that he would be rescued; nor did Tweed forget the help Antonio Artero gave by concealing him in a remote crevice of his ranch for twenty-two months. Tweed had vowed that if he survived he would repay Artero in some way and decided to buy Artero a new car and ship it to Guam at his own expense. But because automobile production had ceased in the United States during the war, Tweed found it impossible to buy a new car.

It was 1946 before Tweed could deliver on his promise. While working at the Naval Research Laboratory in Arlington, Virginia, Tweed picked up the paper one morning and read that Chevrolet had resumed production and had just turned out the first hundred cars.

“One hundred cars is just a drop in the bucket for a car-hungry nation,” Tweed recalled, “So I sat down and wrote a letter to the president of General Motors and told him what I wanted a new car for.”

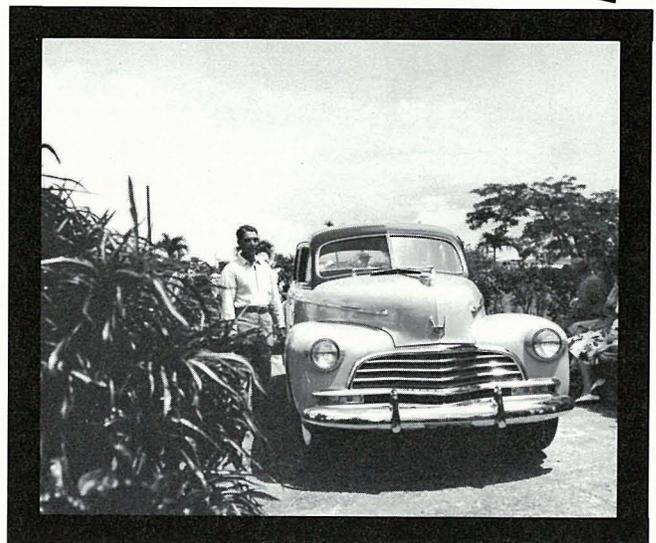
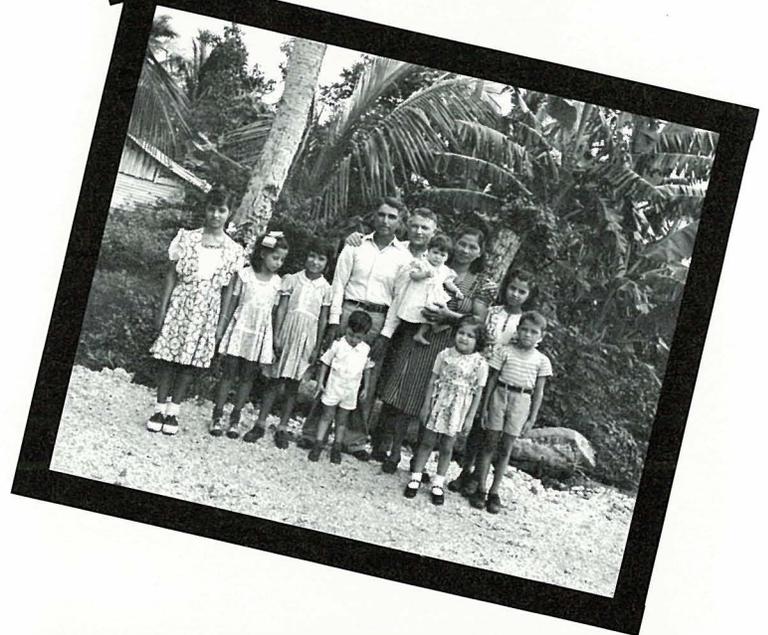
Tweed never received a reply but a week later a man appeared and befriended Tweed and spent three days making his acquaintance, and at the end of this time told him that he worked for the president of General Motors and that he'd been sent there to find out whether Tweed was sincere, or if he just wanted a new car for himself. He also told Tweed that he was authorized to tell him that they would sell him the car which GM would deliver to San Francisco, if Tweed could secure transportation of the Chevrolet from there to Guam. Tweed talked with some of the Navy brass that he knew by this time and the rest turned into a media event complete with Tweed being flown to Guam to present the four-door Chevrolet sedan to Artero. Upon Tweed's recommendation, Artero had already been awarded the Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian honor there is.

For saving thousands of American lives in the invasion of Guam, George Tweed was awarded the Legion of Merit.



James Kelly has been a reporter for the Pacific Daily News, Saipan, and former editor of the Siskiyou Journal. At present he is a free-lance writer living in the Rogue Valley.

Editor's Note: George Tweed's heroic actions have been the subject of a film starring Jeffrey Hunter called No Man is an Island and a book titled Robinson Crusoe, USN by Blake Clark.

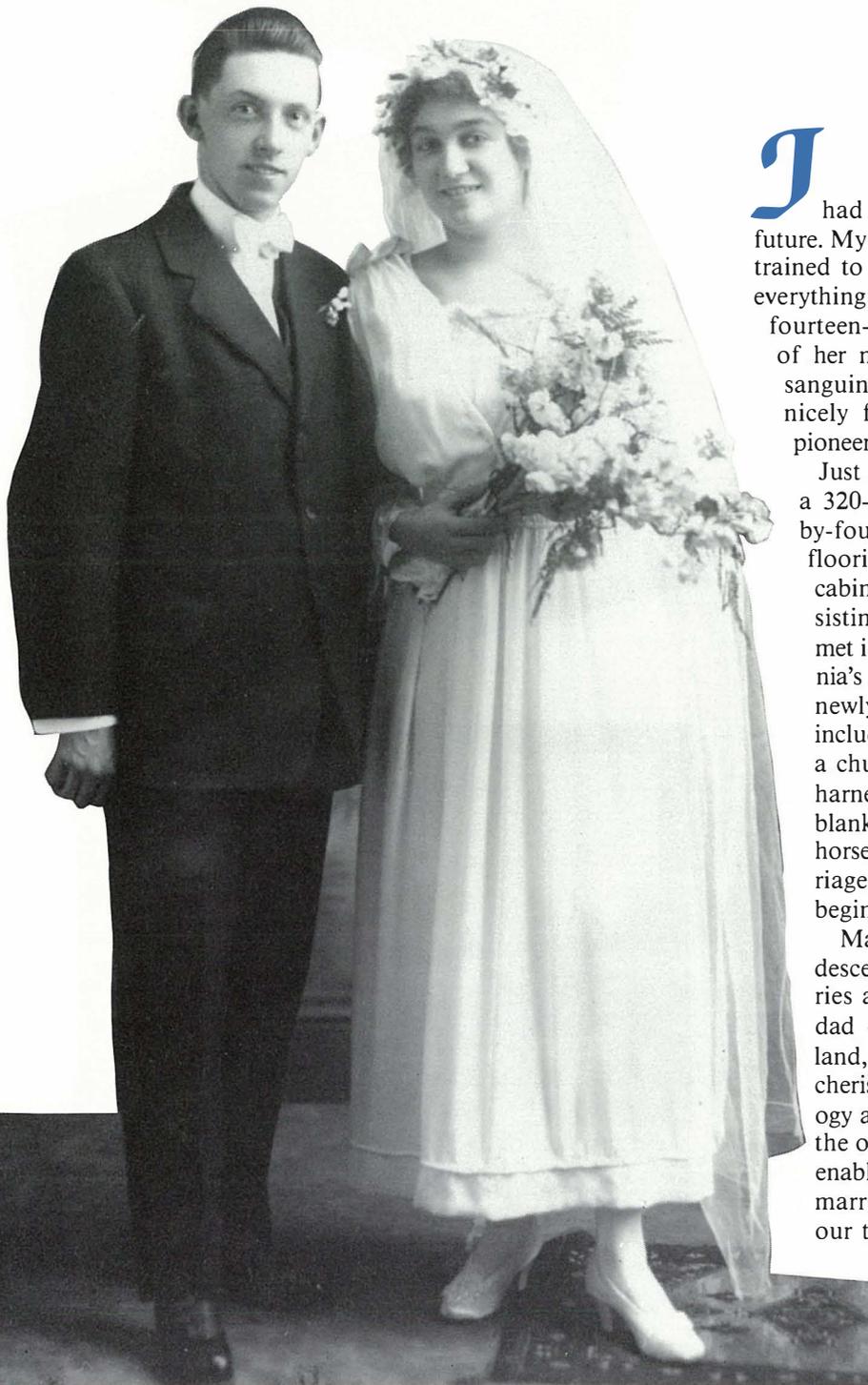


For Better or for Worse

Courtship and Marriage Among Early Rogue Valley Settlers

Charley and
Anna Dahack,
1916 SOHS #3811

By Richard Hacker



J had high hopes and great expectations for the future. My husband was a strong, healthy man; I had been trained to work, and bred to thrift and economy, and everything looked bright and beautiful to me.”¹ So spoke fourteen-year-old Bethenia Owens in 1855 on the eve of her marriage to Le Grand Hill of Ashland. Her sanguine attitude, her willingness and determination nicely fit our contemporary image of the Oregon pioneer women who helped settle the Rogue Valley.

Just prior to their marriage, Mr. Hill had purchased a 320-acre farm on credit and had built a twelve-by-fourteen-foot log cabin. It had no chimney or flooring. The rough-hewn logs were uncaulked. The cabin’s only furniture was a simple pioneer bed consisting of holes bored into the log walls where they met in a corner with the bed rails pounded in. Bethenia’s father had been extremely generous to the newlyweds. He had given them cooking utensils including a tea kettle, a bake oven, a frying pan, and a churn; two cows and a heifer; and a wagon with harness. Her mother gave her a feather bed, pillows, blankets and quilts. Bethenia’s husband brought his horse, a saddle and about twenty dollars to the marriage. The young couple was ready to make a brave beginning.

Many of today’s Rogue Valley residents are descended from such pioneers and remember stories about the old days when grandma and granddad or great grandparents struggled to clear the land, build homes and raise families. Over time these cherished family stories have helped build a mythology around the early pioneers. But how accurate are the old stories? Just what qualities of the pioneers enabled them to tame the land? What were pioneer marriages really like? And how well do the facts fit our treasured images of the past?

Let us leave Bethenia for a time on the eve of her wedding and venture back into the last century in search of some answers about Rogue Valley pioneers and their attitudes about courtship and marriage.

It is safe to offer some generalities about the character of the emigrants who began to populate the Rogue Valley in the 1850s. They were, as a group, a curious, restless lot. Some were drifters, adventurers or criminals. Many had left everything to follow a dream, whether it was of gold, new beginnings, or rich farmland. Some just had to leave town. But they all had the confidence and strength to follow their hopes out West and the determination to face adversities and hardships and keep going. They became experts at surviving, successfully blending the qualities of the dreamer and the pragmatist.

Bryce Johnson, professor of sociology at Southern Oregon State College, describes the pioneers as:

... deviants from the mainstream culture. They were black sheep, spinsters, religious outcasts, criminals, drifters, alcoholics, visionaries, and missionaries . . . and the survivors among the pioneers (after the arduous journey west), were smart, resourceful, independent and slightly contentious.²

Colleen Graham, a Unity minister in Ashland who is descended from early Oregon pioneers on both sides of her family, said of her forbears in a recent interview:

... they had the willingness to let go of the past. They had left Scotland; then they left Kentucky. They were willing to let go of material things and strike out anew. They had confidence in themselves and believed that they could make their dreams come true, if they were willing to work hard. They drew upon their deepest resources to survive. And they knew that hardship was part of the process. . . .³

Much has been written about the epic covered wagon migrations across the Great Plains. The difficult journey winnowed the flow of emigrants down to the hardest survivors with the grit to see it through. But the struggle wasn't over once they arrived in the promised land.

Hard work characterized early pioneer life in southern Oregon. Here the settlers had to fell trees, clear land, plow virgin soil, fight Indians, endure the weather, and build everything necessary for survival with simple tools. Work was done by hand, and there wasn't much spare time. Women worked beside their men, sharing the toil equally. Most of them knew how to use a gun.

Professor Johnson notes that these pioneer couples truly shared their lives more fully than many of their contemporaries in the eastern part of the United States simply because their life required it. Most of these settlers homesteaded small farms within the Rogue Valley that were isolated from neighbors. Thus, the farm couple not only shared the work, but because of the isolation shared a great deal of each other's company as well. He describes these early couples as a co-dependent production team that produced children, who grew up to be valued workers, and who produced farm products and homecraft items for sale or barter. Both the man and the woman had necessary, complementary skills that were mutually recognized and valued. Rogue Valley settlers had more of an equitable, shared existence than would have been com-



Bethenia Owens-Adair Photo courtesy of Oregon Historical Society

mon in the rest of the country during those Victorian times.

Contrast this type of marriage relationship with the prevalent nineteenth-century model of marriage much extolled in the Victorian era, which compared the husband-wife relationship to that of an owner and his

Bethenia's husband brought his horse, a saddle and about twenty dollars to the marriage.

property. In it, the woman was subordinate and dependent:

Women were legally considered perpetual minors; if unmarried, the wards of male relatives. If married, a part of their husband's chattels. . . . A married woman and all she possessed were legally considered to belong to the husband.⁴

In Oregon, under the Donation Land Act, any single white man over the age of eighteen who had entered the territory between 1850 and 1853 could homestead 160 acres of land. If he married he could claim 320 acres of land, but half of it was deeded to his wife in her own name.⁵

Courtship was simple and brief among the early Rogue Valley pioneers. Women were in short supply, suitors were many, and there was much work to be done. Many marriages were arranged by families. Regrettably, we have only a few glimpses of how young people courted and the early customs of marriage in the Rogue Valley.

Mary Hill Dunn and her two sisters arrived in Jackson County overland in the spring of 1853 with their parents, Issac and Elizabeth Hill. They were the first single white women to reach southern Oregon, and they soon drew the attention of the local bachelors. All three girls married within a few years and their reminiscences provide the earliest available information about courtship and marriage in the Rogue Valley. Mary wrote:

... on many Sunday mornings we would awake to find the fence in front of the cabin lined with those who had come, some for many miles, to see 'The Hill Girls'. . .⁶

These men, most of them miners and all far from homes and families, were starved for the sight of white women and for home cooking. Several of the miners soon offered to pay handsomely for a home-cooked Sunday meal, so Issac Hill built a large table with benches under the oak trees outside their cabin and the girls and their mother cooked and served meals, sometimes all day long, to the appreciative miners. During afternoon breaks the girls would go on walks with their beaus of the day.

The girls worked hard that first summer, but they found time for fun, too. They were invited to a grand Fourth of July celebration in Yreka. But an aunt who lived there felt the Fourth might be too rowdy and advised them to come the following week. So the sisters happily rode with escort forty miles over the Siskiyou Mountains to visit Yreka.

Courtship was simple and brief among the early Rogue Valley pioneers. Women were in short supply, suitors were many, and there was much work to be done.

Two miles outside of the town they were met by a hay-rack wagon fully equipped with a brass band. As they rode into town, the predominantly male population lined the streets to cheer them in. Martha Hill Gillette, Mary's older sister, notes in her autobiography, *Overland to Oregon*, that they danced that night until 4:00 a.m. and weren't tired.

That fall, serious fighting broke out with the Rogue River Indians and the Hill family along with other settlers sought refuge in the fortified cabin of Peter Dunn, at twenty-nine one of the original settlers in the Ashland area. Dunn was wounded in the fighting. Perhaps it was



Mary Hill Dunn, ca. 1854 SOHS #42889

Mary who nursed him. At any rate they were married the following February. Theirs was the first wedding celebrated in Jackson County, which at that time included all of present-day Jackson County as well as Josephine, Klamath and Lake counties. The couple had a simple marriage ceremony at Mary's parents' cabin. She was seventeen.

Mary Hill described her wedding in her memoirs:

Mother had a cook down from the Mountain House for three days preparing for the feast. Father killed a beef. The fruits and flour were from South America packed over from Crescent City. Mr. Burns of Yreka baked a large fruitcake for the occasion, and Aunt Kelly carried it in a bucket in her lap as she rode over the Siskiyou horseback. There was a big dinner for everybody.⁷

She goes on to note that many of the local settlers turned out and brought practical wedding gifts, such as glasses, a water pitcher, a chopping knife and a potato masher. Her parents gave her three cows.

Mary's next observation about her marriage reveals her sense of purpose about her life:

"My new home was about two miles from father's, a log cabin with beds built onto the wall, rough, unplanned floors without rugs or carpet, a few chairs, a home-made table, and an immense fireplace built across the end of the room which served as heater and cook stove. Not a very pleasing picture to the girl of today, but to us who had trained our minds and hearts to the thought of the future home, it was just the beginning of a hard fight to make of the valley a garden spot where church bells and school bells would soon be ringing . . . where the apple, the peach and the pear would take the place of the mighty oak and fir."⁸

Mary and Peter Dunn went on to have six children and a full and prosperous life together until his death. She lived well into this century and was revered as a pioneer mother.

Rev. Graham has reflected deeply on the values of her parents and grandparents upon entering into matrimony:

[In those days] . . . marriage meant a commitment to love and support one another no matter what. They made the decision to be happy despite outer circumstances. Marriage was a commitment to partnership, to take what comes. They knew that marriage wouldn't fulfill all of their expectations.⁹

Rogue Valley pioneers deeply impressed their values upon their descendents. Claude Hoover of Medford, descended from pioneer Dr. Elmer Hoover who came to southern Oregon in 1853, reminisced about the courtship and marriage of his parents, C.C. and Elsie Hoover, in a recent interview. Although they were married in 1910, several decades after the pioneer era, they clearly reflect the same staunch values:

They [Hoover's parents] met in the Baptist Church. Both of them sang in the choir. Most of their courting was done through family or church functions, such as picnics. They courted for two years and then married in Jacksonville. . . . They went to work. They didn't fight. They were a team. They took care of each other. They had a job to do and they did it.¹⁰

Hoover also noted that the concept of divorce didn't exist for his parents. He feels they had a good marriage because they had the same interests, the same values and the same religion. They worked and played together. They were too busy to conjecture about life.

So a clear model emerges for marriage among the Rogue Valley's early settlers. A man and a woman married with a deep commitment to share their lives in partnership while doing the basic job that had to be done: taming and populating the land. Probably few thought about it in such abstract terms. If they did at all it would have been more like, "We're working together to survive and build something for our children." But the impor-

*Women worked beside their men,
sharing the toil equally.*

tant thing is they were doing it together. Marriage was indeed for better or for worse.

How happy were these marriages? How would they measure up to today's standards with such a heavy emphasis on relationship and communication? We can't really know. But for the most part they lasted. Of course it must be said that women had few options if trapped in an unhappy marriage. Remember that Rogue Valley pioneer women came from midwestern and eastern origins and had been heavily indoctrinated with the idea that they belonged to their husbands. Divorce was almost unthinkable. In fact, in territorial Oregon it required sufficient grounds plus the approval of the state legislature to obtain a divorce prior to statehood, when authority to grant divorces was vested in the county courts by the new state constitution.

Women worked hard as homemakers and, for the most part, raised large families. Further, education for women was not encouraged and opportunities to work outside of the home were few. By 1900, only 6 percent of married women in the United States worked outside of the home. This rose to 14 percent by 1940, and was well over 50 percent by 1980.¹¹

Demographic studies have yielded some statistics that undermine the generally accepted belief that nineteenth-century marriages lasted for many years. Before the twentieth century, the average lifespan in the United States was forty-eight years and the average length of a marriage, which ended with the death of one of the partners, was only twelve years, a significantly shorter period than the average marriage of today.¹²

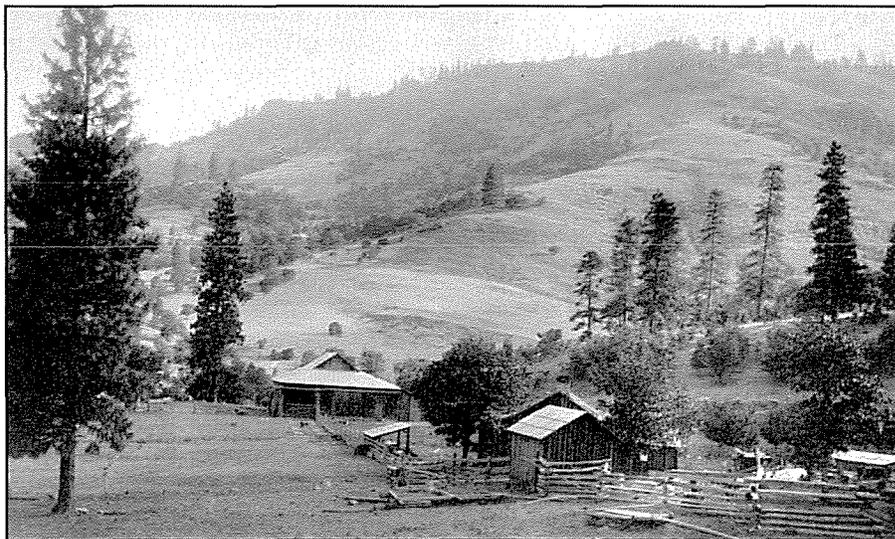


Unidentified couple SOHS #12234

Jt is time to return to Bethenia Owens, the bright, expectant bride-to-be whose high hopes began our story. Bethenia was just fourteen when she married Le Grand Hill, the brother the Hill girls profited earlier. Her family had moved down from Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia River to Roseburg in 1854, and Le Grand came to board with them over that

But she had paid a high price:

. . . at eighteen years of age, I found myself broken in spirit and health, again in my father's house, from which, only four short years before, I had gone with such a happy heart, and such bright hopes for the future . . . surrounded by difficulties seemingly insurmountable; a husband for whom I had lost all love and respect, and a divorce, the stigma of which would cling to me all of my future life.¹⁵



Early pioneer couples shared the enormous toil and isolation of building a home and raising a family in a sparsely populated area. Many marriages were strengthened by the couple's mutual dependence.

SOHS #11520

first winter. Bethenia notes that it was arranged that they should be married the next spring, but she seemed content with the arrangement and busied herself through the winter preparing for her marriage.

However, her hopes were soon dashed. Le Grand was a great adventurer who had spent time in the gold fields of northern California and who loved to hunt, but he had a hard time settling down to the more mundane work of building a home and planting crops. He never finished the house they began their married life in; her father did. He lost the farm and they drifted from one relative to another, for a time living under most trying circumstances. Bethenia observed that Le Grand loved to hunt but didn't like to work and went on to say:

I was not yet fifteen, but girl that I was, I could but realize that this condition was due not only to poor management, but to want of industry and perseverance.¹³

Bethenia's father rescued them time and again and finally invited them to come back to Roseburg where he would give them a one-acre parcel in town and materials to build a house. But he insisted that the deed be recorded in the name of Bethenia and her infant son. Le Grand objected violently and tried to sell the property. Finally, Bethenia left him and returned to her parents. Her father wept and begged her to try again, because there had never been a divorce in their family, but reconciliation proved impossible. Her father retained a lawyer and she sued for divorce. It was granted in 1859 and she wrote: ". . . I was given custody of my child and my father's name, which I have never since discarded and never will. I felt like a free woman."¹⁴

As soon as she recovered her health, Bethenia set about to improve her lot. She drew upon the pioneer qualities of self reliance and determination and began by taking in washing and doing sewing. She then studied and began to educate herself, and soon was teaching school. It was her custom to rise at 4:00 a.m. for study. Later she opened a millinery shop and operated it successfully. She sent her son on to college and then medical school. She later attended medical school in Philadelphia herself and became Oregon's first woman physician. Although she encountered much resentment in this male-dominated profession, she persevered and built up a successful medical practice.

In later years, Bethenia became a lobbyist for the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She finally married a second time when in her forties, but true to her word, she kept her father's name and became Bethenia Owens-Adair.

Bethenia was proud of the fact that she had kept the respect of the Hill family through her difficult transition:

I can say with pride that I have retained the respect and confidence of all of Mr. Hill's family, who are, and have been, among the most respected and esteemed pioneers of Jackson County, Oregon.¹⁶

Bethenia Owens-Adair's life and marriage certainly didn't fit the model for pioneer women. Her rare strength of will and independence come through quite strongly:

The regret of my life up to the age of thirty-five was that I had not been born a boy, for I realized very early in life that a girl was hampered and hemmed in on all sides simply by the accident of sex.¹⁷

Yet she drew upon the same pioneer self-reliance and grit to pull herself through the hard times and to build a successful life.

We have briefly looked at the lives of two pioneer women, Mary Hill Dunn and Bethenia Owens-Adair. One nicely fits the model of an enduring pioneer marriage and one doesn't. But both women exhibited the true pioneer traits of self-reliance and determination to see the job through. Are these traits still alive and influencing marriage customs today? Yes, very much so.

Evelyn Williams, a lifelong resident of the Applegate Valley and a descendant of Rogue Valley pioneers shared her reflections about her forty-one-year marriage and her mother's fifty-six-year union in a recent interview:

We all loved one another; we agreed together. There were few arguments. The family came first. We had confidence in ourselves and didn't require much.¹⁵

Do these comments sound familiar?

From her unique perspective of being a descendant of pioneers and from years of counseling young couples, Rev. Graham offers the encouraging belief that our society is rebuilding a modified ethic about marriage after a long period of growing separation and conflict between the sexes that has lasted through much of this century. She sees among young couples today a strong commitment to true relationship, with the essential ingredients of partnership, communication, shared work and mutual respect—a model that shares many similarities with the marriages of Rogue Valley pioneers. Perhaps the phrase,

“for better or for worse” is meant to endure and take on renewed vitality.



ENDNOTES

1. Luchetti & Olwell, *Women of the West* (St. George: Antelope Island Press, 1982), p. 176.
2. Bryce Johnson interview, November 29, 1988.
3. Colleen Graham interview, November 28, 1988.
4. Letha & John Scanzoni, *Men, Women and Change* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1981), p. 311.
5. *Oregon Donation Land Claims*, Vol. I, 1957. p. 53.
6. Mary Hill Dunn, *Undaunted Pioneers, Ever Moving Onward, Westward and Homeward* (Eugene: 1929), p. 32.
7. Dunn, *Undaunted Pioneers*, p. 38.
8. Dunn, *Ibid*, p. 39.
9. Colleen Graham interview.
10. Claude Hoover interview, November 23, 1988.
11. Scanzoni, *Men, Women and Change*, p. 321.
12. Johnson interview.
13. Owens-Adair, Bethenia, *Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences* (Portland: Mann & Beach, 1922), p. 32.
14. Luchetti, *Women of the West*, p. 179.
15. Luchetti, *Ibid*, p. 179.
16. Owens-Adair, *Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences*, p. 43.
17. Luchetti, *Ibid*, p. 174.
18. Evelyn Williams interview, November 29, 1988.

A former English teacher and journalist, Ashland resident Richard Hacker has an abiding interest in courtship and marriage.

Young men and women commonly socialized at group outings such as picnics and church events.

SOHS #12211



From the Collections

Valentine's Day and the tradition of sending greetings to "that special someone" is among the oldest holidays we celebrate. Like many other "holy days," the early Christian church hoped to eliminate the pagan celebration of Lupercalia by recognizing St. Valentine, martyred in A.D. 470. Few people today know the story of the saint who became the patron of lovers, while Cupid (a modern version of Eros, the Greek god of love) frequently makes his appearance on greeting cards.

Although not the focus of celebration named in his honor, St. Valentine may have been the originator of the tradition of sending greetings to loved ones. According to legend, Valentinus was imprisoned by the Roman Emperor Claudius II, sentenced to death for helping persecuted Christians. While in prison, St. Valentine plucked some heart-shaped violet leaves from near his cell window, pierced them with the words "From Your Valentine," and sent them to his jailer's daughter, who had been blind until he was able to restore her sight.

The latter 17th and 18th centuries saw the advent of handmade valentines in a format similar to those we know today with lacy decorations and poetically expressed sentiments of affection. In the late 1840s, Esther A. Howland discovered the great demand for ready-made valentines and was soon in charge of a small assembly line where several of her friends helped produce elaborate cards of lace and colored paper. By the end of the century, Howland's operation (which had grown to become the New England Valentine Company) was joined by countless other printers to produce millions of greeting cards, such as these taken from the collections of the Society's Library/Archives Department.

The ready availability of inexpensive, mass-produced valentine greetings is largely responsible for the popularity the holiday currently holds. Homespun versions (sometimes with verse taken from copy books of romantic poetry) were probably more typical of pioneer courtship in southern Oregon. A good example is this 1874 valentine from Robert A. Miller to Ella Prim. Sad to say, Robert's efforts were fruitless; Ella chose another beau, whom she married in 1881.

VALENTINE

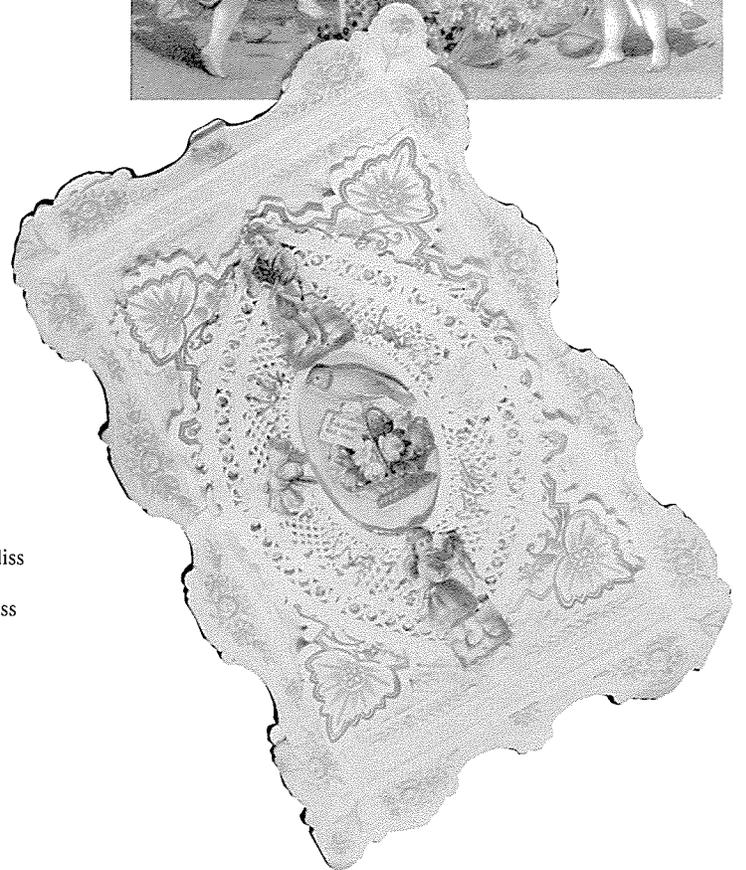
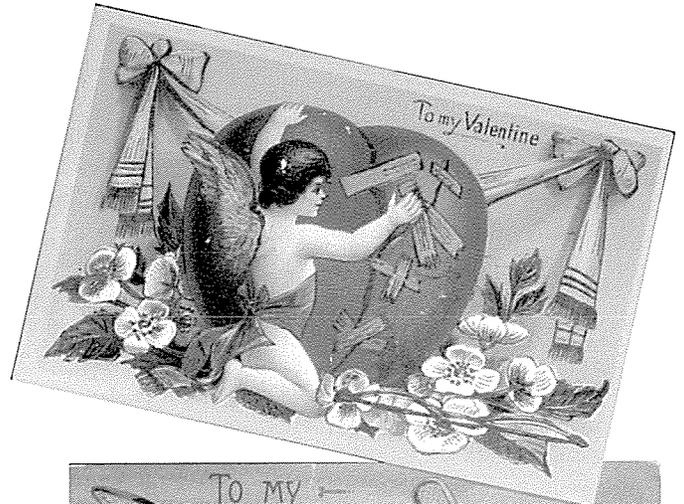
Come live with me my lady
Lovely lady o'er the way,
We'll seek some nook so shady
And such loving words will say.

We'll talk of joys securing
Of times so long gone by,
We'll always be concurring
In every thing we try.

Then come live with me my lady
And be my loving darling bride,
And we'll seek some nook so shady
Where we can watch the evening tide.

Our lives we'll forever speed in bliss
By trying always to do right,
The lapse of time we'll hardly miss
From the dawn unto the night.

Then lovely lady say not nay
When I ask a question of thee,
I'll be happy when you say
That so willingly you'll have me.





ANNUAL REPORT

YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1988

Report on Financial Statements



YERGEN AND MEYER CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

36 HAWTHORNE STREET
P.O. BOX 879
MEDFORD, OREGON 97501
(503) 773-8488

Audit Committee
SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
206 North Fifth Street
Jacksonville, OR 97530

We have examined the statement of assets and liabilities arising from cash transactions of the various funds and account groups of Southern Oregon Historical Society as of June 30, 1988, and the related statements of activity for the year then ended. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and, accordingly, included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

As described in Note 1, the Historical Society prepares its financial statements on the basis of cash receipts and disbursements; consequently, certain revenue and the related assets are recognized when received rather than when earned, and certain expenses are recognized when paid rather than when the obligation is incurred. Accordingly, the accompanying financial statements are not intended to present financial position and results of operations in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles.

Also, as described in Note 1, the Historical Society does not maintain adequate fixed assets records to determine historical cost. Because we are unable to satisfy ourselves by appropriate audit tests, or by other means, as a result of incomplete records, we are unable to express an opinion of the General Fixed Asset Group of Accounts.

In our opinion, the 1988 financial statements referred to above, other than the General Fixed Assets Group of Accounts, present fairly the assets and liabilities arising from cash transactions of Southern Oregon Historical Society, as of June 30, 1988, and its revenue collected and expenditures paid, and changes in fund balances for the year then ended, on the basis of accounting described in Note 1, which basis has been applied on a consistent manner.

Yergen and Meyer

Medford, Oregon
September 21, 1988

Statement of Assets & Liabilities

June 30, 1988
Cash Basis

ASSETS

	Operating Fund	Acquisition & Building Reserve Fund	General Fixed Assets Group	Total (Memorandum Only)
Current assets:				
Cash	\$236,033	\$758,484		\$994,517
Inventory	23,745			23,745
Total current assets	<u>259,778</u>	<u>758,484</u>		<u>1,018,262</u>
Cash held for investment	50,000			50,000
Fixed assets— Note 1			\$1,598,266	1,598,266
	<u>50,000</u>		<u>1,598,266</u>	<u>1,648,266</u>
	<u>\$309,778</u>	<u>\$758,484</u>	<u>\$1,598,266</u>	<u>\$2,666,528</u>

LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCES

Commitments—Note 3

Fund balances:

Land, building and
equipment:

Assets from:				
Operating fund			1,018,266	1,018,266
Contribution			580,000	580,000
Reserved for— inventory	23,745			23,745
Reserved for Wells Fargo Foundation		385		385
Reserved for Willows Memorial Fund		4,456		4,456
Reserved for Building Fund		753,643		753,643
Unreserved	<u>286,033</u>			<u>286,033</u>
	<u>\$309,778</u>	<u>\$758,484</u>	<u>\$1,598,266</u>	<u>\$2,666,528</u>

The accompanying notes are an integral part of these financial statements.

Statement of Activity

For the Year Ended June 30, 1988
Cash Basis

	Operating Fund	Acquisition and Building Reserve Fund	Total (Memorandum Only)
Support and revenue:			
Taxes	\$996,835		\$996,835
Interest	23,830	\$52,119	75,949
Grants	593		593
Donations	24,053	4,500	285,553
Membership dues	30,188		30,188
Sales shop net loss	(5,667)		(5,667)
Revenues—auxiliary activities	12,993		12,993
	<u>1,082,825</u>	<u>56,619</u>	<u>1,139,444</u>
Expenses:			
Division expenses:			
History	361,977		361,977
Administration	251,793		251,793
Operations	400,246		400,246
	<u>1,014,016</u>		<u>1,014,016</u>
Support Services:			
Contingency	<u>23,357</u>		<u>23,357</u>
	<u>1,037,373</u>		<u>1,037,373</u>
Support and revenue over expenses, before capital additions	45,452	56,619	102,071
Capital addition:			
Real property donation		<u>225,000</u>	<u>225,000</u>
Support and revenue over expenses, before capital outlay	45,452	281,619	327,071
Capital outlay—Note 1		<u>528,390</u>	<u>528,390</u>
Support and revenue over (under) expenses	45,452	(246,771)	(201,319)
Fund balances, beginning of year	<u>240,581</u>	<u>1,005,255</u>	<u>1,245,836</u>
Fund balances, end of year	<u>\$286,033</u>	<u>\$758,484</u>	<u>\$1,044,517</u>

The accompanying notes are an integral part of these financial statements.

Operating Fund

STATEMENT OF ACTIVITY—BUDGET AND ACTUAL—CASH BASIS

For the Year Ended June 30, 1988

Cash Basis

	Budget	Actual	Variance Favorable (Unfavorable)
Support and revenue:			
Taxes	\$1,052,241	\$996,835	\$(55,406)
Interest	35,000	23,830	(11,170)
Grants	200	593	393
Donations	40,000	24,053	(15,947)
Membership	50,000	30,188	(19,812)
Sales shop net loss	2,299	(5,667)	(7,966)
Revenues—Auxiliary activities	8,500	12,993	4,493
	<u>1,188,240</u>	<u>1,082,825</u>	<u>(105,415)</u>
Expenses:			
Division expenses:			
History	406,070	361,977	44,093
Administration	310,906	251,793	59,113
Operations	455,924	400,246	55,678
	<u>1,172,900</u>	<u>1,014,016</u>	<u>158,884</u>
Support services:			
Contingency	81,010	23,357	57,538
	<u>1,253,910</u>	<u>1,037,373</u>	<u>216,537</u>
Support and revenue (under) expenses	(65,670)	45,452	111,122
Cash and fund balance, beginning of year	<u>360,000</u>	<u>240,581</u>	<u>(119,419)</u>
Cash and fund balance, end of year	<u>\$294,330</u>	<u>\$286,033</u>	<u>\$(8,297)</u>

The accompanying notes are an integral part of these financial statements.

Acquisition & Building Reserve Fund

STATEMENT OF ACTIVITY—BUDGET AND ACTUAL

For the Year Ended June 30, 1988

	Budget	Actual	Variance Favorable (Unfavorable)
Support and revenue:			
Interest		\$52,119	\$ 52,119
Grants	\$100,000		\$(100,000)
Donations		4,500	4,500
	<u>100,000</u>	<u>56,619</u>	<u>(43,381)</u>
Capital addition:			
Real property donation		225,000	225,000
Capital outlay	<u>1,150,000</u>	<u>528,390</u>	<u>(621,610)</u>
Excess of support and revenue over capital outlay	(1,050,000)	(246,771)	803,229
Cash and fund balance, beginning of year	<u>1,055,670</u>	<u>1,005,255</u>	<u>50,415</u>
Cash fund balance, end of year	<u><u>\$5,670</u></u>	<u><u>\$758,484</u></u>	<u><u>\$752,814</u></u>

The accompanying notes are an integral part of these financial statements.

NOTES TO FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

Note 1—Summary of Significant Account Policies

NATURE OF OPERATIONS—The Society is a tax-exempt organization established in the State of Oregon under the provision of the Oregon Non-Profit Corporation Act for the purpose of acquisition by gift, purchase or other means, of real and personal property, for use in connection with the preservation of historical objects.

METHOD OF ACCOUNTING—The accounting records of the Society are maintained on the cash basis, whereby revenue is recorded when cash is received and expenses are recorded when paid. Effect is not given to accounts receivable, accounts payable, or other accrued items.

FUND ACCOUNT—The accounts of the Society are organized on the basis of funds and account groups, each of which is considered a separate accounting entity. The Society utilizes the following funds and account groups in carrying out the financial affairs of the Society:

Operating Fund—Accounts for the resources related to the daily operation of the Society. Principal sources are revenue property tax receipts, membership dues, donations and earnings on investments.

Acquisition and Building Fund—Accounts for resources reserved and resources budgeted and expended for the acquisition and/or repair of real property to be used for the furtherance of the Society's purpose. Principal source of revenue is the earnings on investments.

General Fixed Assets Group—Accounts for assets owned by the Society, whether purchased (cost) or donated (fair market value). However, adequate records are not available to the historical cost of these assets.

INVENTORY—Inventory of Sales Shop is priced at cost. Inventory shown consists of items held for resale. The cost is recorded as an expenditure at the time the inventory items were purchased. Reported inventory is recorded for informational purposes only and is offset by a reserve of an equal amount.

FIXED ASSETS—Adequate records are not available to establish the historical cost of fixed assets. Depreciation is not recorded on fixed assets.

Historical objects, non-historical equipment and donated real property, specifically donated to the Society, are included in fixed assets. The cost of these

items purchased in the current year are included in the various departments as an expense and are also added to the balance of fixed assets as shown in the financial statements for the prior fiscal year. In addition, the cost and donated value of the building located in Medford is owned by the Society and included in capital outlay and fixed assets.

The costs of other real properties purchased by the Society are owned by Jackson County. Consequently, the costs of such properties are not included in the General Fixed Assets Group.

CONTRIBUTED SERVICES—The Society has chosen not to record the value of services for volunteers who have assisted in the development of the Society's programs, since it is not susceptible to objective measurement.

Note 2—Retirement Program

The Society participates in a retirement annuity program. Under this program, 4% of participating employees' salaries is withheld and the Society contributes an additional 8%. The Society's policy is to fully fund each year's expense, and no unfunded liability exists. Society contributions to this program for the fiscal year were \$32,498.

Note 3—Lease Commitments

The Society leased land from Jackson County for a period of 50 years beginning October 1, 1984. Consideration for the lease was construction and maintenance of an archives building. All improvements are part of the real property and revert to the lessor upon termination of the lease.

The Society leased the first floor and basement of the Swedenburg House from the State Board of Higher Education for the period of 25 years beginning August 30, 1984. Consideration for the lease was \$100,000, which was paid in 1983.

The Society leased the museum complex and other buildings from Jackson County for a period of one year, with annual renewal beginning March 1, 1985. Consideration for the lease is maintenance and preservation of all land and buildings.

Calendar of Events

Through 1990

Making Tracks: The Impact of Railroading in the Rogue Valley The Society's major exhibit at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History 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.

Through September 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.

Through 1990

New Exhibit: HANNAH: Pioneer Potters on the Rogue features the wares and techniques of the 19th-century pottery (once locate near present-day Shady Cove) and focuses on pioneer methods of food preservation and preparation. Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History.

December 31

The Southern Oregon Historical Society **Research Library** will be closed until 1:00 p.m. Tuesday, January 3. All Society museums, however, will be open their regular Saturday hours.

January 1

All Southern Oregon Historical Society museums will be closed for New Year's Day.

January 10

The Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees will hold its monthly meeting (for December) 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.

January 14 and 21

Children are invited to "seek cover" at **Piece by Piece**, a two-day quilting workshop for ages 9-14 at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville. From 1-4 p.m. both days, participants will explore the art, history, and techniques of American quilt making, and create their own quilted block for use as a pot holder or pillow cover. Pre-registration is required by 5 p.m., January 12, and limited to 15 children. A \$4.50 fee (\$5.50 for non-members) will cover material costs. Call (503) 899-1847 to register.



January 18

Preschoolers can join in January's quilting activities as **Busy Quilting Bees!** at the Children's Museum—an opportunity for youngsters ages 3-5 to design their own quilt blocks out of paper. Time: 10-11 a.m. Pre-registration is required by 5 p.m., January 17, and limited to 25 children. Call (503) 899-1847. Free.

January 21-29

The Jacksonville Museum Quilters will host their annual mid-winter quilt show at the U.S. Hotel in Jacksonville as a gift to the Rogue Valley community. Personal works by individual group members will be displayed. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Free.

January 28

SOSC practicum student Linda Thirlwall will offer a quilting workshop titled **A Stitch in Time** for adults and children over age 8 at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland. Participants will discover the parts that make up this traditional American coverlet, and will mark and quilt a small sample suitable for a pillow top or wall hanging. Pre-registration is required and may be obtained by calling (503) 488-1341. Fee: \$1.50.

January 31

The Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees will hold its monthly (January) 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.

February 15 and 18

Plans are underway for two special programs—one for children ages 7-12 and one for preschoolers—to celebrate Oregon's 130th birthday! Details will be forthcoming, so stay tuned.

All offices and departments 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 telephone number is (503) 488-1341.

Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, P.O. Box 480, 206 North 5th Street, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Research Library in the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, P.O. Box 480, 206 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, 206 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.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SINCE 1946

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

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