

Five Years Ago



The view on Main Street looking west has changed quite a bit since 1938. Note the two way traffic and the Crater Lake billboard. And, who was Jack Holt? SOHS #8937

About five years ago a diverse group of people, including representatives from the American Institute of Architects, Rogue Valley Art Association and the Southern Oregon Historical Society planned and presented an exhibit titled *Medford Renaissance Exhibition*. Featuring photographs of the downtown Medford area and visions of a future Medford by several local architects, the exhibit acted as a catalyst for the downtown revitalization movement and the formation of the Medford Urban Renewal Agency. New structures, such as the Western Bank building, and renovations such as the Society's History Center, have led the way in economic development and growth, changing the face of the downtown area.

Medford Renaissance Too, a new exhibit by the Southern Oregon Historical Society, will incorporate portions of the 1985 exhibit, while highlighting the progress made in downtown Medford in the past few years. Using photographs and artifacts, the exhibit will reflect the cognitive changes the city has survived, as well as exploring Medford's past legacy and foundation for the future.

The exhibit opening coincides with the Society's History Center opening in February. Members and special guests are welcome to view *Medford Renaissance Too* beginning February 9. The exhibit will be open to the general public on February 10 at the History Center, 106 Central Avenue in Medford.



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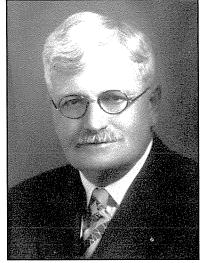
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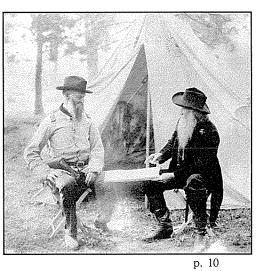
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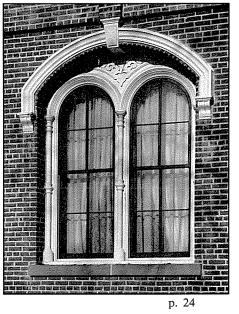
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In 1918 people were not only immersed in the war to end all wars, they also battled a flu epidemic which attacked thousands world-wide. The Rogue Valley fought influenza with bans on public gatherings, masks, potions and patent medicines, yet many lost their lives to the "Spanish Lady."

10 Words To Live By: Poetry of Southern Oregon

The written word has long been the expression many Rogue Valley residents have used to tell the story of their lives, loves, and passions. The natural beauty of southern Oregon and the spirit of its people have left a literary legacy that continues to grow.

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Back cover: A young couple celebrates Valentine's Day in a traditional manner in 1907. SOHS #12639

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IN-FLU-ENZA



The Epidemic of 1918 by Sue Waldron

I opened the window

And in-flu-Enza.¹

The Spanish influenza "flew" into the Rogue Valley in October of 1918. It came swiftly and suddenly, stayed three devastating months and disappeared. While it was here the flu incapacitated whole families and closed towns. It changed the county's intense preoccupation with the distant world war to almost paranoia about the life-threatening disease next door. When "Enza" left the valley in 1919 there had been 28,651 reported cases of Spanish influenza in Oregon and 2,105 deaths.

The "Spanish Lady," as the epidemic was also known, reached the Puget Sound area in late September on a troop train traveling west from Boston where the epidemic was killing 200 people a day. The disease spread down the west coast as rapidly as the nearest means of transportation. Authorities claimed its spread was "due to its great infectivity, the short period of incubation, usually two days or less, the number of mild or missed cases, and the absence of proper precaution procedures."² On October 5 Seattle had twenty cases, a week later Vancouver had sixty and Portland fifty cases of flu reported. There seemed to be no way of stopping the rapid spread of Spanish influenza.

The first cases of the flu in the Rogue Valley were diagnosed in Ashland the week of October 7, 1918. As a railroad division headquarters with a thirty-minute stop to change engines and crews, Ashland was easy prey to an influenza invasion. The *Ashland Tidings*, attempting to ease panic, reported "every precaution is being taken by the physicians and local board of health to check any spread of the disease."³ The October 12 issue of the *Medford Mail Tribune* quoted Mayor C. G. Gates; "Notice to the Public:"

On account of the epidemic sweeping over the country, and after consulting with the physicians of the city, we have decided beginning next Monday, October 14th, to close all places of entertainment, theatres, moving picture shows, etc., churches, lodges, schools and all public meetings of every description where people congregate – same to be in effect until said epidemic has subsided. Believing that this disease is easier prevented than cured, we respectfully request the people of this city to cheerfully abide by this order and hereby assist not only our city, but the entire country in stamping out this dreaded epidemic.4 By October 16, Ashland, Jacksonville and Grants Pass had also closed all schools and placed bans on public gatherings. There were no cases of influenza in Grants Pass but twelve were reported in Kerby, three in Gold Hill and two in Rogue River.

Four cases of the flu were diagnosed in Medford by October 20. Worried about the probable escalation of the disease and the inability of community resources to care for the poor, Mayor Gates requested space in a local hospital to treat flu victims. The sixyear old Sacred Heart Hospital agreed to make an entire upper floor available if the city would purchase pillows and other bedding. The sisters at Sacred Heart cared for twenty-five flu victims from among Medford's poor during the next seven weeks. In all they helped over 150 influenza patients, losing only twelve to death.

As a railroad division headquarters with a thirty-minute stop to change engines and crews, Ashland was easy prey to an influenza invasion.

Spanish influenza was often confused with grippe (regular influenza) and pneumonia but there were differences, primarily in the speed with which symptoms appeared. The most consistent symptoms of the flu were "chills and fever, sharp pains in the back and legs; often a flaming red throat, sometimes proxysms of coughing; labored breathing; profuse sweating."⁵ Lung congestion was a constant worry and epistaxis (bleeding from the nose) affected up to half of all influenza patients.

All the local newspapers printed procedures to avoid catching the flu. Each list warned people to stay out of crowds and avoid persons with colds, coughs and sneezes. Families were warned to be careful of the utensils they used when eating and drinking and advised people not to take patent medicines if they thought they had the flu. Other lists recommended that people "Stop Shaving!" "Don't circulate books!" "Wear fresh pajamas!" "Take castor oil!" "Don't take castor oil!" "Don't shake hands!" "Exercise!" "Rest!" But, most newspapers

Influenza

At the Medford depot in 1918, (left) crowds of family and friends bid farewell to boys off to war. Public gatherings like this facilitated the spread of the flu. SOHS #12636

Singapore Fever

Trancazo

One young man's funeral was held in front of the Methodist church (below) in Ashland due to the ban on all public gatherings during the influenza epidemic. Pregnant women were not allowed to attend the service. SOHS #6816 advised, "Don't worry, and keep your feet warm!"⁶ One businessman counted the number of times in an average day he could be exposed to flu germs and found 119 opportunities between the time he arose in the morning until he went to bed at night. This led him to conclude that during an influenza epidemic the only safe course a man could pursue was to stay in bed.⁷

Thomas Stevens of Central Point didn't feel staying in bed to avoid the flu was practical but he was determined to protect his family from the bug. After the ban was passed Stevens decided that only one member of the family would go into town. The near-term pregnancy of his daughter Josie was an important element in his decision since the death rate among pregnant influenza patients was very high. Stevens made all trips into town and on his return home he would change clothes before entering the house, hopefully leaving all flu bugs outside. The family was joyful when Josie delivered her new daughter on October 25 but the surrounding epidemic was on everyone's mind. No one that had any association with a flu victim came in the house to see the new baby. None of those living in Stevens home caught the flu.8

Others devised their own preventatives to combat the flu bug. One man recommended, "Rinse the mouth with lime water and inhale hot water and turpentine fumes."⁹ Marie Prescott of Ashland was advised to gargle with a soda and salt solution.¹⁰ Poley's Drug Store in Ashland advertised, "Keep nose, mouth and throat sprayed frequently, and rendered antiseptic by using our influenza Gargle and Spray."¹¹



Many people believed in the power of asafetida to ward off influenza. Asafetida is a gum made from the juice of the Ferula foetida plant. The gum was worn in a cloth bag around the neck. From Central Point Mary Kell's grandmother sent an asafetida bag to her husband William Force in the army at Camp Meade, Maryland.¹² After their father came down with the influenza. Ailene Inlow and her brother wore asafetida bags and never caught the flu.¹³ Annie Briggs of Eagle Point will attest that asafetida's medicinal power was probably external; she chewed on the bag around her neck and says that asafetida tasted awful.¹⁴ Perhaps asafetida's medicinal power was in its aroma; it is reported to have smelled like dirty socks. As people tended to keep some distance from a person wearing asafetida, it might have kept the flu bug at a distance too.

Most newspapers advised, "Don't worry, and keep your feet warm!"

Doctors disagreed about the treatment of Spanish influenza. They gave turpin hydrate capsules for coughing paroxysms and dried up sinuses with atropine. Doctors dispensed morphine, aspirin and quinine and recommended masks, screens, hot water bottles and pneumonia jackets.¹⁵ Many doctors also prescribed whiskey (the only way you could get alcohol legally at the time) to relieve flu discomfort. Locally Dr. Swedenburg in Ashland was a supporter of the restorative powers of whiskey, prescribing it to Ailene Inlow's father during a house call at their home on Mountain Avenue.¹⁶

The onset of Spanish influenza symptoms was so swift it sometimes caught people unaware. Mr. and Mrs. William L. Bezold of Endicott, Washington and their two children were moving to Arizona. While on the road the family was stricken with influenza. Very ill, they stopped in Ashland seeking admittance to the hospital. Mr. Bezold died of influenza the morning of October 23, 1918; his infant son died the next day. Three days later Mrs. Bezold also passed away. The family was buried together in the Mt. View cemetery in Ashland. When their other, four-year old son recovered from the flu he went to live with his grandmother in Yakima, Washington. Funerals took place almost every day at the height of the epidemic. Sergeant Forest Wolcott, a well-known Ashland boy stationed at Fort Stevens, died there November 15 and was brought to Ashland for burial. In compliance with the ban on public gatherings, the funeral was held in the open in front of the Methodist Church. The coffin was sealed and no pregnant women were allowed to attend the service.

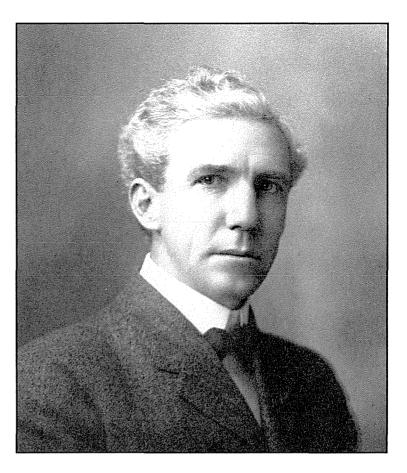
One man concluded that during an influenza epidemic the only safe course a man could pursue was to stay in bed.

On November 20, Ashland lifted the ban on public gatherings and opened its schools. Medford removed its ban on November 24. Most people were recovering from the influenza and no new cases were being reported. On November 11, 1918 an Armistice had been declared in Europe. The war was over and the flu was leaving. Life could return to normal.

But the "Spanish Lady" was still in the valley. As people became less cautious, gathering to celebrate the end of the war, influenza reappeared. By December 9, 1918, there were eighty-one new cases in Medford in addition to the 100 already diagnosed. There were seventy new cases on the 10th, and sixty-nine on the 11th, with nine deaths reported. At a special session on December 9, the Medford City Council restored the ban on public gatherings and closed the schools. In addition the council passed an ordinance requiring that masks be worn in town. All persons employed in businesses in the city of Medford, or any person walking or riding on the "streets, sidewalks or thoroughfares of the city of Medford,"17 was ordered to wear a mask.18

The Medford Red Cross ladies volunteered to make gauze masks for the public. Mrs. F. W. Mears led the ladies in a sewing marathon and two days later the exhausted women had produced enough masks to meet immediate demands. Woolworths also offered gauze masks for fifteen cents each.

Miss Rosetta McGrail, the public health nurse, issued instructions on the wearing and



cleaning of the masks. She recommended that each individual have two masks and that they be changed frequently during the day. When removed, the mask should be cleaned by placing it in a pan of water where it must be boiled for several minutes. Miss McGrail suggested that cleaning be done at lunch time as the masks dried very quickly. If it was not possible to clean the masks often, care should be taken to insure that the mask was replaced the same way it had been worn before.

Ashland also restored the ban on meetings and closed the schools but decided against requiring masks. Just before the ban was reinstituted, the Masonic Lodge of Ashland held a Shrine ceremony at the Masonic Hall. With the resurgence of influenza the Masonic trustees decided it would be prudent to fumigate the hall. After consulting with medical personnel at the Armory, the trustees prepared a mixture of "formaldehyde, hydrocyanic acid, bichloride of mercury, evanide of potassium with an arsenic base in a wash tub and then boiled it in a cauldron till all the premises were well done . . . as a result this pot of incense drove the germs out of the temple."19

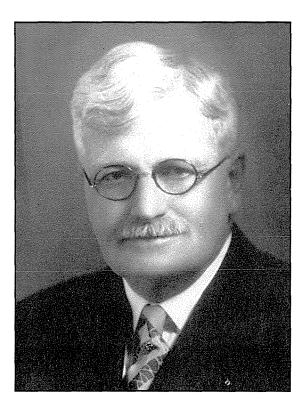
Dr. E. B. Pickel (*above*) was the City Health Officer in Medford in 1918. SOHS #5140

Kai Wat Yai

Department store owner John C. Mann (right) was arrested in his store when he refused to wear a gauze flu mask. Photo courtesy Janet Crawford

Blitz Katarrh

Wrestler's Fever



The day after the mask ordinance was passed in Medford, the *Mail Tribune* reported that downtown streets looked ". . . like a fancy dress ball with a highwayman atmosphere. Great varieties of masks were in evidence ranging all the way from women's veils to handkerchiefs. One courageous citizen waltzed down the main stream at noon with what appeared to be a white bridal veil strung around his derby hat."²⁰ Another man believed in obeying the letter of the law, as he work a mask and so did his horse.

On December 12, Medford's City Council modified the mask ordinance, saying that masks must cover the nose and mouth and they must be worn in hotel lobbies. Resistance to the ordinance was strong. Five arrests were made by the chief of police on December 11 for non-compliance. All parties were found guilty and fined five dollars. "J. A. Westerlund who was arrested for carrying his mask on his chin while smoking . . . gave notice that he would engage a lawver and fight the question in the courts."21 It was rumored that some businessmen in town were circulating a petition to have the mask ordinance repealed. City Health Officer, Dr. E. B. Pickel, appealed to Medford's citizens to comply with the ordinance and reminded businessmen that if people wore masks they would be able to shop safely in town.

If everyone continued to wear masks, the Medford City Council decided that the ban on attending churches, theatres and moving picture shows could be lifted on December 16. Public and private dances were still prohibited and it was recommended that schools remain closed until after the holidays.

A. D. Barrell and Kenneth Jerome were arrested by police chief Timothy on December 16 for not wearing a masks in their place of business. Chief Timothy also arrested John C. Mann in his department store after three women, who were wearing masks, complained to Mayor Gates that Mann had been maskless while waiting on them on Saturday.

The police chief was sent by Mayor Gates to investigate and finding the proprietor maskless, promptly placed him under arrest. Mr. Mann was very much incensed and said he doubted the right of the police to invade his store. He also said the flu mask ordinance was foolish, did more harm than good, and two of his clerks were now suffering from sore throats caused by wearing the masks.²²

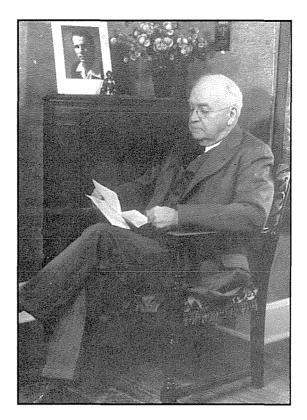
Mann was taken before Justice Taylor where he pleaded guilty and fined five dollars. Another nine people were arrested for flu mask ordinance violations in hotel lobbies and in a Front Street pool and billard room on December 17. Most of those arrested were wearing masks but the masks were not in place over the nose and mouth.

Lampkin felt the "splendid record was due to our pure mountain water, fine climate and the fact the 99% of our people are right living Americans not given to the use of intoxicating liquors or impure lives."

Enough was enough; about forty opponents of the mask ordinance invaded the Medford City Council meeting that evening. The anti-mask people were represented by attorneys Gus Newbury and Porter J. Neff. Heated remarks were contributed by John C. Mann and Dr. James M. Keene, anti-mask opponents, and pro-maskers Mayor Gates and Councilman John Carkins. W. F. Isaacs, H. U. Lumsden, Dr. F. C. Page, E. M. McKeany, Bert Thierolf and G. L. Theichler were among the group strongly supporting a repeal of the ordinance.

After the council agreed to listen to all arguments respectfully, Gus Newbury spoke for about twenty minutes. "The burden of his remarks was that the wearing of masks was unsanitary and filthy, do no good at all, injured business irreparably and unnecessarily. He cited medical and legal authorities, and stated that no other city and town in the country wore flu masks except Medford. His argument was loud and thorough."²³

Following Newbury's remarks, John Mann again mentioned employees who had become ill while wearing the masks. Mayor Gates disputed the statement and asked Mann to be fair. Councilman Emmens then asked that opponents give the masks a fair trial before condemning them. To which Dr.



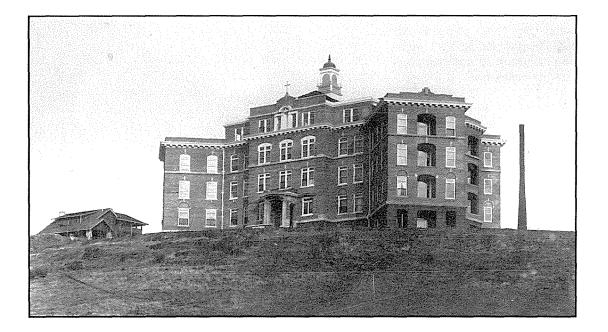
What is Asafoetida?

Asafoetida, a gum-resin obtained chiefly from an umbelliferous plant (*Ferula foetida*), allied to the giant fennel (q.v.), native to Persia and Afghanistan. It grows to five or six feet, and when four years old is ready for yielding asafoetida. The stems are cut down close to the root, and a milky juice flows out which quickly sets into a solid resinous mass. A freshly exposed surface of asafoetida has a translucent, pearly-white appearance, but it soon darkens in the air, becoming first pink and finally reddish-brown. In taste it is acrid and bitter and emits a strong onion-like odour, due to the presence of organic sulphur compounds.

Asafoetida is found in commerce in "lump" or "tear" the latter being the purer form. Medicinally, given in doses of five to fifteen grains, it stimulates the intestinal and respiratory tracts and the nervous system, and is sometimes useful in hysteria and malingering. The gum resin is relished as a condiment in India and Persia, and is in demand in France for use in cookery. In the regions of its growth the whole plant is used as a fresh vegetable, the inner portion of the full-grown stem being regarded as a luxury.

– Encyclopedia Britannica, Volume II The University of Chicago, 1943 C. E. "Pop" Gates (above) was the mayor of Medford during the flu epidemic. A vehement "pro-masker," he became embroiled in a heated debate with prominent community members who felt that flu masks were ineffective at preventing the spread of the disease. Photo courtesy Jo Williams

Disease of the Wind



The sisters of Sacred Heart Hospital (above) nursed over 150 victims of the flu over a sevenweek period. SOHS #12650

The Black Whip

Keene stated that the council was a Bolshevik body and the ordinance a high handed outrage. Mayor Gates responded that the incidence of influenza cases was decreasing since the ordinance and there were two classes of people opposing the masks "those who were too dignified to wear them and those who placed the almighty dollar above the saving of human lives."24 When he announced that the board of health would make any final decision about continuing the mask ordinance, the crowd responded with hoots and jeers. Outraged, Councilman Carkins called the crowd "bullheads who were in the minority of the citizenship and were trying to force and stampede the council, which was doing its best to save human lives. He pointed out that the council's task at a time like this was a difficult one and that its efforts were worthy of commendation and called for cooperation instead of senseless opposition."25 The meeting ended with no action taken on the ordinance but many feelings aired. It was also noted that everyone at the meeting was wearing a mask.

On December 20, Mayor Gates reported the number of new cases of influenza was decreasing; there had been only four new cases on December 18. He appealed to the public to continue wearing their masks for a few days longer, then reminded everyone of the new state law that made it illegal for anyone to leave a structure under quarantine for influenza. Dr. Pickel, the public health officer, announced on December 23 that masks were no longer required on the streets of Medford. On the 26th he removed the requirement for masks in stores but felt they were still necessary at public gatherings. There were no new cases of influenza reported in Medford on Christmas Day, and bans on gatherings had been in nearly all the towns in the valley.

As people became less cautious, gathering to celebrate the end of the war, influenza reappeared.

Miss McGrail reported that during the epidemic she cared for 132 cases of influenza. During five days in Butte Falls she had visited forty cases giving bedside nursing and preparing meals when she was unable to arrange for food to be brought to the door.

Mayor C. B. Lampkin of Ashland reported to his citizens in January 1919 that the city had passed through the epidemic better than any community in the state. Ashland had only ten deaths attributed directly to influenza, seven among Ashland residents and three who came to town with

the disease. Lampkin felt the "splendid record was due to our pure mountain water, fine climate and the fact the 99% of our people are right living Americans not given to the use of intoxicating liquors or impure lives."²⁶

That rumor sometimes conflicted with the one that had the Germans landing from submarines at night on the east coast of the United States and scattering the flu bug in dark theatres.

Many pointed to Spain as the source of the influenza epidemic, hence the name Spanish influenza, or "Spanish Lady." But in Hungary it was the "Black Whip;" to the Swiss it was the "coquette" giving its favors to everyone. The Siamese called it *Kai Wat Yai*, the "Great Cold Fever," and in the Philippines it was *trancazo*, a blow from a heavy stick. In Hong Kong the influenza was known as "too-muchee-hot-inside sickness." It was "wrestler's fever" to the Japanese and the "disease of the wind" to the Persians.²⁷

Even today, no one is sure of the source of Spanish influenza. Since it appeared in the fifth year of the World War I there were rumors that a secret German laboratory in Chevy Chase, Maryland was manufacturing the bug and planting it around the world. That rumor sometimes conflicted with the one that had Germans landing from submarines at night on the east coast of the United States and scattering the flu bug in dark theatres. Others blamed volcanic ash from the eruptions of Krakatoa (though that had happened in 1883) saying that the bug lurked in cosmic dust in the heavens.

No one knows where the flu came from or where it went, but eventually the epidemic ended. Over one billion people world-wide had been infected with Spanish influenza and twenty-one million people died from it. Over 500,000 people lost their lives to influenza in the United States. Yet today there are not many people that recall the epidemic. In the Rogue Valley the fear and pain of the last three months of 1918 are almost a folk memory—as remote as the Black Death is in Europe.

ENDNOTES

1. A. A. Hoehlin, *The Great Epidemic* (Boston: Little Brown and Company, 1961), p. 32.

2. Ibid., p. 28.

- 3. Ashland Tidings, October 7, 1918, p. 1.
- 4. Medford Mail Tribune, October 12, 1918, 1:6.

Hoehlin, The Great Epidemic, p. 25.
Medford Mail Tribune, October 12, 1918, p. 1.
Richard Collier, The Plague of the Spanish Lady

(Forge Village: The Murray Printing Company, 1974), p. 140.

8. Telephone interview with Mary Kell, November 8, 1989.

9. Hoehlin, The Great Epidemic, p. 51.

10. Southern Oregon Historical Society Oral History 378C, February 15, 1988, Marie Prescott, untranscribed.

11. Ashland Tidings, October 29, 1918, p. 5.

12. Telephone interview with Mary Kell, November 8, 1989.

13. Telephone interview with Ailene Inlow, November 7, 1989.

14. Telephone interview with Annie Briggs, November 8, 1989.

15. Pneumonia jackets, made of gauze covered cotton batting were used to protect a patient's chest and back preventing chills and reducing fever. The jackets were popular in the early decades of the 20th century.16. Telephone interview with Ailene Inlow, November 7, 1989.

17. *Medford Mail Tribune*, December 9, 1918, p. 1. 18. In 1988 a gauze mask was donated to Southern Oregon Historical Society. The mask, from the estate of Mary Elliott Parker who grew up in Central Point, is said to have been worn during the influenza epidemic.

19. Medford Mail Tribune, December 13, 1918, p. 5.

- 20. Ibid., December 10, 1918, p. 2.
- 20. Ibid., December 11, 1918, p. 4.
- 22. Ibid., December 16, 1918, p. 1.
- 23. Ibid., December 18, 1918, p. 4.
- 24. Ibid.
- 25. Ibid.

26. Ashland Tidings, January 14, 1919, p. 1.

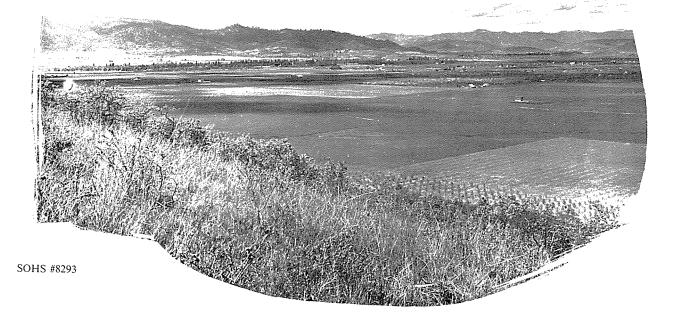
27. Collier, *The Plague of the Spanish Lady*, p. 10 and 82.

Sue Waldron is a researcher and writer for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

The Spanish Lady

Flanders Grippe

The Coquette



Words to Live By Poetry of Southern Oregon

To exalt one's surroundings, rant over a lost love or grieve for a world gone astray through the written word has been a tradition in Oregon for generations. Poetry was a particularly popular form of expression at the turn of the century. Verse, running the gamut from sublime to maudlin, was a common feature in newspapers, periodicals and diaries. Poetry offers insight into the values and moral questions of a time. A poet's legacy is often an honest and emotionally revealing wellspring of information not found in the work of the more guarded writers of prose.

Verdant valleys, wildly beautiful rivers and the majestic landscape of southern Oregon seems to have inspired and nurtured numerous writers. And, while talk radio, music videos and tabloid television seem to have replaced poetry as the primary mode of emotional communication in the contemporary cultural mind, poets are still alive and well, and writing, in southern Oregon. Born into the pioneering Applegate family in the Willamette Valley in 1845, Oliver Applegate is generally remembered for his distinguished military career, constructive relationship with the Klamath Indians and somewhat flamboyant character. However, Applegate was also a newspaperman for several years, acting as editor of the *Ashland Daily Tidings* in the 1870s, and an accomplished writer of both prose and poetry.¹ Using urgent images in his work, O.C. Applegate conveyed his love of southern Oregon and concepts of the masculine mind of the late nineteenth century. Written as the railroads were creeping into the Rogue Valley, Applegate's epic story of the hunter Arnold Bray and his faithful pack of dogs seems familiar. He voices an almost universal lament of the price of progress and man's displacement in a quickly changing world.

Arnold Bray

(An Oregon Epic illustrating the wild life of a representative man in an Umpqua canyon, and his decampment on the construction of the railroad through his hunting grounds. Dedicated to Sam L. Simpson.)

Here's the old log cabin standing Where the scattering fir-trees grow There's a spring of crystal water, Pure and cold as molton snow, With a pathway leading to it, Which the grasses almost hide, Where the fir-trees sway and whisper On the mountain's rugged side.

Come inside and view the parlor With its mouldy puncheon floor, And that flimsy clap-board frame-work That once answered for a door. Long it's been since on those hinges Swung that flimsy door around; Long since through that old stick chimney Smoke a devious outlet found.

Once that framework in the corner Semblance of a bedstead bore. But, that worn and splintered bedstead Shall our hero press no more Never to that fragile table, Standing like a thing in pain, Shall the hunter, tired and hungry, Bread and Venison bring again.

A potato vine is climbing From the cellar through the floor, Pale and slender; yet still crawling Onward toward the open door, To the chimney's broken stone-work Still another finds its way, Clinging to the rusty pot-hook, Struggling upward toward the day. Plants that outside, growing thicker, Form a net-work to the eave, Round the canvas covered window Varied forms of beauty weave. On the wall so damp and mouldy 'Neath the creeping, climbing plants, Hang in token of his calling Arnold's well-worn buckskin pants.

Do you see that pile of bear-skins In a corner of the hall, And, that mighty stack of antlers By the stable's ruined wall? Trophies of the chase heroic When our hero, at the front; Went with Tige and Vic and Major In the warmest of the hunt.

He was tall and lank and brawny And his name was Arnold Bray, One who never feared a mortal And would always have his way. On the border as a hunter He has long been known to roam Till, within this roaring canyon Arnold came to make his home.

Years he spent in this dark forest, Living ever by the chase, 'Mid these tall and swaying fir-trees Like an exile from the race, With his dogs, the hungry hunters, That depended on his skill, And the long Kentucky rifle That was always sure to kill.

Often in the blush of morning, Ere the gleaming dew-drops dried, Loud the chorus of the canines Swept along the mountain side; While above the angry chorus Rang the voice of Arnold Bray, And the crack of "Old Kentucky" Woke the echoes far away. Oft the grizzly or the cougar Met our hero in the fight, Or the grey wolves, lank and hungry, Howled along his trail at night; But the grizzly, wolf or cougar Oft he vanquished in the fray, For no "varmaint," howe'er savage, Had a stouter heart than Bray.

But "the iron arm of progress" Reaching from Willamette's plain, Into Umpqua's dark old forests Brought the "compass and the chain," Then a thousand brawny workmen With the pick-axe and the spade, Came to traverse hill and canyon With a splendid railroad grade.

Many weary months they labored Ere the mountain range was spanned, And the solid bands of iron Crossed the gloomy forest land. Then the iron charger thundered Down the mountain's timbered side, With his ringing scream of triumph And his flaming nostrils wide.

Worn and heartsick Arnold traversed Miles and miles of wood in vain – Not one antlered beauty bounded Where a thousand he had slain. Homeward then he turned his footsteps With his useless gun in hand, Through the reaches of the forest With his lean and hungry band.

Then he sat down by the fire-side Like a picture of despair, With his elbows on the table And his fingers in his hair. "Somethin' must be done, that's certain," Thus the hunter spoke at last, "There's no meat upon the ridge-pole And the dogs are failin' fast."

"O, it's rough to see the starvin' Dogs a trailin' through the land, When there's not a single bear-track Nor a deer track in the sand. I have ransacked glade and thicket, Hunted faithful all the fall, But the game is skeered to thunder And the railroad's done it all."

"Skeered them by its screamin' whistle, And the cars now, every day, Bring the hunters from the city All prepared to hunt and slay— Yes, I'll have to leave the cabin And the green old woods around, For the only chance they've left me Is a change of hunting ground."



"When I hunted out this canyon For the cabin years ago, Little thought I then the railroad Ever through this pass could go. Now I know the mighty dollar With the aid of hand and brain, Can smooth out the deepest canyon In the roughest mountain chain.

"And I find myself a sayin' As the cars scream by the door; As the salmon eat the minnows So the rich men grind the poor. But I know, though I must travel With my faithful dogs and gun, This 'ere railroad helps a thousand Where it only ruins one."

In the fragrant hush of morning With his rifle in on his arm, Arnold crossed the highest summit Followed by his hungry swarm— Bent on searching out a forest Filled with elk and "bar" and deer, All alone to spend life's evening, Hunting on the wild frontier.

Let the moss grow on the house top And the vines cling to the wall— Let the old log cabin molder Till its time shall come to fall' 'Tis a monument to Arnold, And the men who lead the way, For the tidal wave of progress Brings worse men than Arnold Bray. -O.C. Applegate² O. C. Applegate (above left) visits with fellow scribe Joaquin Miller at Crater Lake in 1903. SOHS #2630

Abigail Scott Duniway

Abigail Scott Duniway was born in 1834 on an Illinois farm. In 1852, at the age of seventeen, she traveled with her family across the Overland Trail to Oregon Territory. Her special task on the journey was to keep a diary. In Oregon she married and settled in the Willamette Valley.³

Known best as a leader in the suffrage movement and the first woman in Oregon to vote, Duniway was also a prolific writer. Though she authored novels and nonfiction and founded *The New Northwest*, a newspaper promoting woman's suffrage, she also was an avid writer of poetry. Her passionate crusade for women's rights and freedoms was a primary theme in her poetry as well as her prose. Her novel in verse, *David and Anna Matson*, tells the tale of Anna Matson, a submissive young widow, who struggles to overcome the loss of her husband to support her children and herself.

After Twenty Years, a verse that concludes the David and Anna Matson volume, is a letter across time to Duniway's mother Anne Roelofson Scott who died on the trip from Illinois to Oregon and was buried on the plains.⁴

After Twenty Years

Written on the great plains opposite my mother's grave, near Fort Laramie, May 5th, 1872.

Adown the dead and distant years My memory treads the sands of time, And blighted hope a vision rears, Enriched by solitudes sublime.

And down the mystic, dreamy past In chastened mood I wander now, As o'er these prairies, old and vast, Move lines of oxen, tired and slow. Their rough ribbed sides and hollow eyes And listless gaze and lazy tread, As under cloudless, burning skies Our way o'er trackless wastes they led, But visions are of long ago.

To-day, an iron horse, "The Storm," All panting rushes o'er the plain; His breath with steam is quick and warm, As on he thunders with our train.

Afar the Rocky Mountains rise, Their rugged steeps adorned with snow, While o'er the hill the antelope hies, And Indians wander to and fro. The buffalo gazes from afar.

Where erst he trust secure and fed, Ere man upon him had made war, And he was wont at will to tread Anear our oxen, sure and slow.

Fort Laramie, across away, Beyond yon hills that intervene, My memory sees as on that day, Just twenty years ago, 'twas seen.

There, in the echoing hills, hard by, Surnamed "The Black," adorned by woods, My mother laid her down to die, In those grand, awful solitudes. The wide coyote yet roams at will, The timid hare and buffalo, The antelope and serpent still In freedom range, and come and go, While Indians gaze in scornful moods. Gone are the oxen, patient brutes, And drivers, with the song and jest. Of ruder days they were the fruits, and toiling well, they did their best.

Their day is past, and now, at ease, We glide along at rapid pace,

Gazing abroad, while thoughts of these, The days of yore, take present place.

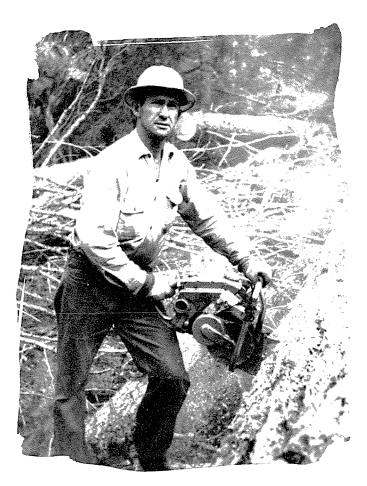
And I am self-forgetful, too, For through the long, eventful past, Since last I dreamed beneath the blue, Arced dome above thee plains so vast I find of twenty years no trace.

My mother sleeps, dear God, as slept, Her peaceful form when we that day, Laid her to rest, marched on and wept, Too sad to talk, too dumb to pray.

Was it the breath of angel's wing That fanned, erewhile, my fevered brow? Did I hear heavenly seraphs sing, When eyes and ears were closed just now? O, mother, memory, God, and truth, While yet I tarry here below, Guide oft thy faltering, trembling one. May I regret not years, nor youth, Nor that my life thus far is done, As through these wilds once more I go. -Abigail Scott Duniway^s

Writer and activist, Abigail Scott Duniway registers to vote. SOHS #8286 (Photo courtesy Oregon Historical Society)





SOHS #2457

James Ross Kelly

James Ross Kelly was born in Kansas forty-one years ago and came west to live near Eagle Point at the age of nine. After graduation from Eagle Point High School, he joined the Army and began his world travels in Ethiopia. Kelly followed his service career with college in Massachusetts and at Southern Oregon State College. He edited the *Pacific Daily News* in Saipan and the now defunct *Siskiyou Journal*, in Ashland.

It was during a college seminar on poetry that Kelly discovered Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Charles Olson and Charles Bukowski whom he refers to as "the four great horsemen of poetry."⁶ While he is a journalist as well as a writer of prose, Kelly's poetry is vital and poignant. His voice is that of a southern Oregon outdoorsman with a passionate love of the land and an uneasy distrust of the hustles and hassles of contemporary technologies and philosophies.

After his introduction to poetry, Kelly said it took many years before he had a feel for what he was doing. His poem, *The Forester*, took about three years to complete. It sprang from an actual experience Kelly had while tree planting, while *Stumbling Bear's brief history of South Oregon, or how the land got that way*, is a piece that reflects Kelly's great love and intimate knowledge of the Rogue Valley.

The Forester

He twisted his head his blond hair and blue eyes underneath the tin hat with the rain dripping off the back, then peered down at me and with a shovel in his hand I got my answer:

"The clearcutting of Douglas Fir in this particular coastal range is better for the trees we plant, better for the soil we plant them in, better for the animals that live here"

I shut him off for it was a company answer, much like a telephone recording that repeats itself, if you haven't anything better to do but go in listening.

I finished planting a tree, his answer didn't bother me, even when I raised up and saw off to my left, a mud slide that had been the side of a mountain and now, was at the bottom of a ravine, making good time to the Pacific.

The trees that had been there were of no consequence either, for as far as you can see they had been all cut down.

I know a logger that would give away his chain saw to be able to confront a Sierra Club member while standing on a stump in that exact spot, and with a gleam in his eye he'd say: "Yep, that's the way to do a logging operation. You cut 'em all down! Look man! Now you can see!"

His answer meant full bellies for three children and land payments, the company man was answering for people that shuffled lives and papers, ate in fine restaurants whenever they want, drove expensive german cars and shipped logs to Japan.

I have learned to reconcile all of this, it's the way things have been for a long time. What I could not reconcile was that later the same day I heard an Elk bugle, twenty minutes later a cable screamed dragging a log uphill to a high lead show

and they were in the same key. –James Ross Kelly⁷

Stumbling Bear's brief history of South Oregon, or, how the land got that way

The Cascades are the upstarts coming out of the east sunlined with Shasta and the one they now call McLaughlin after an old Hudson Bay Company man's locks of white hair. & to the North is old Theilson, growing wiser on its way toward Three Sisters & brother Hood. But the Cascades are the upstarts for everything else had been here before when the world began, between the coital creation fulcrum, which was when the two Table Rocks, were left as lava flow, for the dust has long since washed away from a volcano more distant in time than that giant fat Mazama newcomer, which got too big for its britches & came in & spewed up over three states and two provinces before there were any straight lines drawn in nature to denote such things, there were men here, even then, hunting Wapati, big Blacktail Deer, & fishing for the Tyee.

The Siskiyous were the moving mountains, here long before their eastern newcoming brothers joined the scene, & that old long gone nameless mountain, that filled up this Valley even before Hesiod, for sweet rain to wash away, the beginning, which was not even a vague memory for the ghosts of pre-Mazama men whose live forms made Quartz knives and spears to hunt Wapati, big Blacktail Deer, & fish for the tyee.

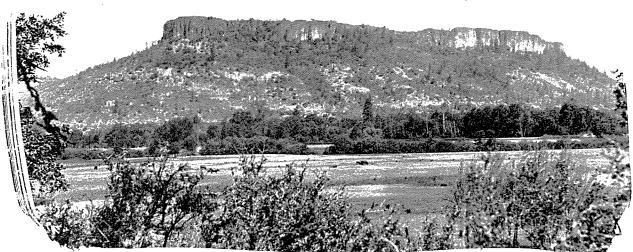
was, before it washed away then this world began as we know it. when these flat mesa tops were once this valley's floor, & knowing this subliminally, the first post-mazama man, called them both sacred, as he continued, hunting Wapiti, big Blacktail Deer, & fishing for the tyee. The white man came not out of the east, as he did in other places, but from the North & then the South, bringing evil and innocence in the same wagon, not knowing, he too, was post-Mazama man, not knowing what was sacred, & after killing all the men before him, like them all, he too continued, hunting Wapiti, big Blacktail Deer & fishing for the tyee. They say now McLaughlin's most like its sister

& this Valley's form where the soft volcanic soil

What is left are two Table Rocks,

They say how McLaughin's most like its sister upstart St. Helens, way up Warshington way & Mazama's just a tourist trap called Crater Lake, but should old John's namesake blow-up likewise, I'll wish everyone a fare-thee-well, when he starts to grumble, for the land's been here before us all, & my hope would only be, that we really know what's sacred, & that might we could continue, hunting Wapati, big Blacktail Deer, & fishing for the Tyee. -James Ross Kelly⁸





SOHS #9456

Nan Hannon

A third generation southern Oregonian, Nan Hannon has been writing poetry for thirty years.⁹ Hannon, who was raised in Medford and is curator of the Swedenburg Cultural Resource Center, has a deep interest in history and archaeology. Her poems often reflect both passions.

Hannon's full-length volume of poetry, Sky River, which will be published by Boise State University in 1990, is a direct result of her impressions and feelings during archaeological digs in southern Oregon and the Rogue Valley. As *Petroglyph Lake* and *Ghost Rock* attest, Hannon uses poetry to view the practical constraints of scientific fieldwork with imagination and objectivity.

Petroglyph Lake

In this deflation, out of the wind, a scatter of obsidian. A scoured millingstone faces the old lake bed. Kneeling at the slab to see the old view with new eyes, we watch antelope bound upslope into the arms of juniper, gracile. Their white rumps flash like smiles.

On the basalt walls the petroglyphs are faint. Fingers trace dots and mazes. Heat waves. The glad dance of hunter and prey. Fat antelope caper across the rock face.

What changes? Lizards run in the desert pavement. Stones rattle in the creekbed. Deer mice scuttle through our tent. In the dry camp, desert friends share water and the welcome warmth of the campfire. As the embers die, the stars brighten. White herd. One by one they cross the ridge out of this world.

-Nan Hannon





SOHS #749



SOHS #10987

Ghost Rock

You point them out in the road cut: xenoliths. Unmelted older rock cemented in new flow. Black shadows. Ghost rocks, you call them, though *xenos* means both stranger and guest.

Here in the Siskiyous even the young rocks have ghosts: the whitehusks of ancient mollusks. *Trigonia*. Twenty million years dead. Exposed by blasts and graders, by bulldozers, the white shells scar the raw face.

The Shasta knew a spirit rock moved from its place brought rain. Or worse. They knew the weight of rock. Gave that weight to acts. So one seeking wisdom climbed to this ridge and gathered stone. Built a cairn to call the spirits, and sat. Listening.

Here we build our cairn of one rock cracked apart by frost into a hundred heart-sized spalls. Nothing cements them but care, the eye that judges shape and weight, the light hand fitting face to face. We sit beside it. Wait.

The work is the wisdom we carry away. The remembered weight of stone. The delight of balancing. Wisdom is in eyes, and in hands. Sheltered by walls of granite, we descend, our shapes moving over the rocks like hawkshadows, a short interruption of sun.

Coming down, we pass the ghost rocks. Touch them for luck. For blessing. Xenos. Strangers learning to be guests. -Nan Hannon

Lawson Fusao Inada

Lawson Inada was born in Fresno, California. He has been a lecturer and educational consultant at college campuses across the United States. Currently serving on the Commission on Racism and Bias in Education, Inada is also a professor of English at Southern Oregon State College.

A respected poet and editor,¹⁰ Inada's work offers an emotional spectrum – from rage and apathy to romance and passion – often drawing on his Japanese-American heritage for experience and expression. Inada's book *Before the War*, the first volume of poetry by an Asian-American to be published by a major firm, explores his feelings about World War II on a journey through America, jazz and love. With spare, direct language and gentle humor, Inada recreates and introduces his world view.

Making History

I. Prologue

According to my frame of reference – my "time-frame," my sense of things – the event I mentioned happened in about 1985. Maybe 1984. Or maybe even as far back as the "early 80s." Whatever, as I'm sure we would all agree, it was "recent history."

Except that one of my smooth-cheeked students jarred me with his ragged response – "Boy-that was a long time ago!" – as the rest of the class nodded in unison.

They were, of course, responding naturally. Essentially they were saying: "That's how it is." and, the more I think about it, I have to agree with them:

Some events are not worth remembering. Rather, they are worth forgetting – for getting relegated to "a long time ago" and gradually fading from our present memory.

You all know what I mean. Thus, despite what the world does, the news becomes, the media makes of it, many events from last week, even yesterday, are worth becoming "a long time ago";

whereas those that are worth something stay fresh, stay alive in a kind of present and future memory not only worth remembering but also repeating from time to time.

Therefore, the best history is worth repeating.

Moreover, better yet, it can even be worth eating.



II. The Actual Process Actually, better yet, you can even take it for granted. You just *know* that it's going to happen, so you can *trust* in it, *count* on it looking forward to participating in it: *history*.

And so it happens that a bunch of us gather on the banks of the Applegate in December. At about the right time-not too early or lateand though I suppose there might be "An air of mystery" to what we're all about, let me assure you (if you're among the "uninitiated")

that we're just a bunch of basic folks engaged in the simplest of activities and you're certainly welcome to join us.

Actually, the only "mystery" is in the air that is, what the sky decides to do this time of year. So, carry "traction devices" to make sure you get there. (Or, stay cozy at home: "We deliver.")

So a bunch of us folks get together. And for what it's worth, for historical value, we tend to have historical names 'ending in, say, "ada" or "ori" or "eda" or "awa" or "uchi"—

which makes sense I guess (why quarrel with history?) because we're all engaged in the process

of making historical mochi.



Which is really one and the same. Mochi: History. History: Mochi. Combined: Contained. Contained: Combined. The same as, say: Moon: Night. No separation: Simply together: One.

Meanwhile, several of us have gone hither and yon to gather the grain together –

thousands, millions of ancient, historical grains which are known as "rice" which is simply an "Offshoot" of grass nurtured and cultivated by thousands, millions of ancient, historical hands—

while others have brought historical utensils for cooking and processing including "new age" historical appliances.

The mochi, however, always stays the same: "That's how it is." Otherwise, it wouldn't be mochi.

Thus, despite the wonderful waters of the Applegate River, despite the fine sky, the mountains of the Applegate Valley, despite these great ingredients,

the mochi is simply "mochi-mochi" which is how it should be. Has to be.

Because these simple little moon-colored, moon-shaped, moon-flavored cakes contain the same

essential ingredients, the essence of love, labor, tradition, history, as the first mochi ever made –

made, and then offered, given, to the family, the village, and so on out to the community of wherever we may be.

SOHS #6564



SOHS #868

And, as one does not "improve" the moon, one does not "improve" mochi and one's ancestors.

"That's how it is." Elemental, basic, essential. The center of things. Something so simple, from such simple things elemental, basic, essential—

so common, so special an act of grace, a gift of gratitude—

that it has been, and will be, shared in celebration for fellowship, for renewal, since time immemorial.

Mochi, yes, is from "a long time ago."

Mochi, yes is for tomorrow.

– Lawson Fusao Inada¹¹ December, 1989

ENDNOTES

1. S.C. Kirk, *Biography of Captain O.C. Applegate*, (Klamath Tribal Business Committee, 1938).

2. *Ashland Daily Tidings* between 1878 to 1880. Information about other work by O.C. Applegate is available in the archives at the University of Oregon.

3. Dorothy Nafus Morrison, *Ladies Were Not Expected, Abigail Scott Duniway and Women's Rights* (Western Imprints, 1977). 4. Morrison.

5. Abigail Scott Duniway, *David and Anna Matson* (S.R. Wells & Co., Publishers, 1876), pp. 191-194.

6. Personal interview with James Ross Kelly, November 29, 1989.7. James Ross Kelly, *The Red Gate and Other Poetry* (Cowan & Tetley, Vancouver, B.C., 1985).

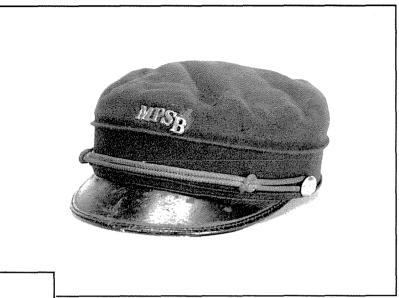
8. Written for the *Table Rock Sentinel*, January/February 1990 (Volume 10, Number 1).

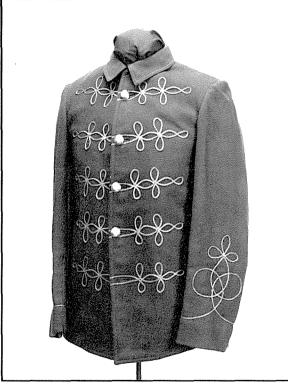
9. Hannon's poetry and short stories have appeared in *Northwest Magazine, The Minnesota Review, The Portland Review, The Archer,* and *The Anthology of Native Poetry.* She has also been an annual winner in the Oregon State Poetry Association competition since 1984.

10. Inada's poetry has appeared in collections by Avon, Bantam, Crowell Dell, Doubleday, Gove, Harcourt, Houghton Mifflin, Macmillan, New Directions, Random House, Scott, Foresman, and is part of the Encyclopaedia Britannica filmstrip series on American literature. He is an editor of the Asian-American anthology *Aiiieeeee!*, Doubleday, 1976 and *The Big Aiiieeeee!*, Howard University Press, forthcoming.

11. Written for the *Table Rock Sentinel*, January/February 1990 (Volume 10, Number 1).

From the Collections______by Janette Meek





In 1958, Frederick Strang donated a cap he wore in the Medford Public School Band to the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Mr. Strang attended Washington School at Main and Laurel where the Jackson County Courthouse is located today. He began playing in the band in 1901. The gold letters MPSB are centered over the cap's leather brim.

The cap matches a band uniform which was donated by Ralph Wilson also in 1958. Both items are made of green wool with matching silver buttons. Each button is embossed with gold trefoil trim. Gold trim oulines the pant seam as well.

More Medford-related artifacts will be exhibited when the Society History Center opens in February 1990. The Medford Renaissance, Too exhibit will be displayed there from February 9 through March 24 and will include all kinds of advertising material from several businesses. Items used by architect Frank Clark and a dress worn by Gracie Andrews Fiero will also be exhibited.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society houses numerous objects that, owing to limited exhibit space, are not often seen by visitors. We hope that featuring items in each issue of the Table Rock Sentinel will provide an enjoyable and educational view of the scope of the Society's collections.

Janette Meek is the curator of collections for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



Medford's public library stands on a site formerly occupied by a water tower. The land was originally owned by the Beekman family of Jacksonville. They sold the property to the town of Medford in the late 1800s for \$275 and the tower was constructed and used as a water system until 1908.

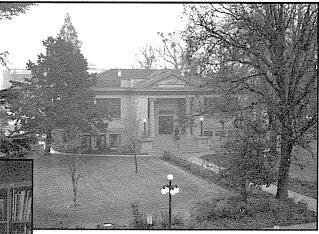
Meanwhile, a representative of the Oregon State Library lit a fire under the prominent ladies of the Greater Medford Club. She suggested that Medford needed a public library. The club members responded enthusiastically to the suggestion and promptly garnered the support of the Medford Council. Their council room held the first public library in Medford. In 1908 Mayor W. H. Cannon appointed the first Library Board, to raise funds to erect a library building.

Coincidentally, the richest man of the time, steel magnate Andrew Carnegie, was diligently searching for worthy projects on which to spend his money. Carnegie held the belief that rich men were merely "trustees" of wealth and should use it for the betterment of mankind. He began soliciting applications for money to build public libraries from different communities around the country.

In 1910 Medford citizens made their application for a Carnegie Library and an appropriation of \$20,000 was approved in 1911. These moneys, along with funds raised by the Library Board, went toward completing the new structure on the site of the old water tower on West Main Street. The Medford Public Library opened its doors February 8, 1912 to much fanfare.

Even with both Medford and Ashland libraries opening in 1912, much of the Rogue Valley was without library service. In 1919 the county began paying the city of Medford to provide library service to the surrounding communities. Between 1919 and 1989, sixteen library branches and information centers from Talent to Prospect established operation.

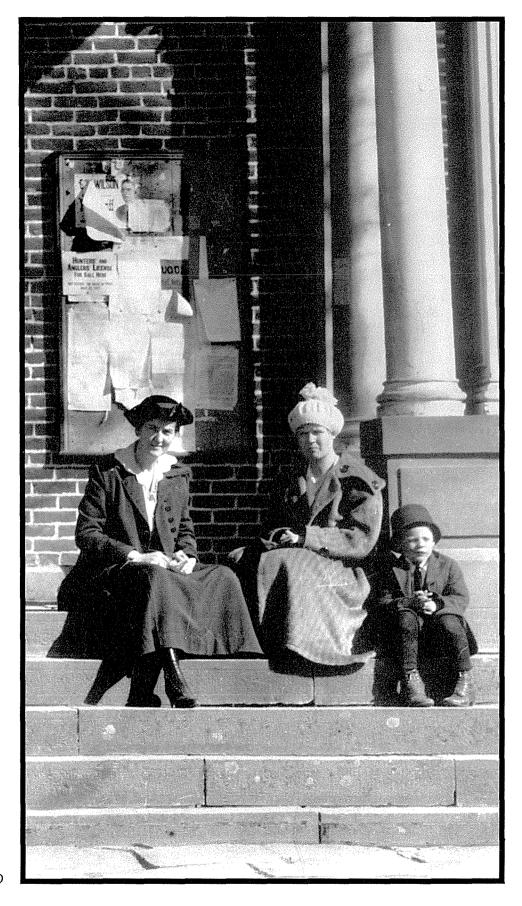
The Medford library building and grounds were deeded to Jackson County in 1979. Today the Medford Public Library is the headquarters of the Jackson County Library System and extends its service to more than 500 visitors a day.



This water tower on West Main Street in Medford (top left) was built on land originally owned by the Beekman family. The Medford Public Library (above) serves an estimated 500 people a day. SOHS #5980,

Youngsters enjoy the world of reading in the children's section at Medford Public Library's 75th anniversary in 1987.





Annual Report

Year Ending June 30, 1989



Independent Auditor's Report

Board of Directors SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY 206 North Fifth Street Jacksonville, OR 97530

We have audited the accompanying statement of assets, liabilities and fund balances — cash basis of Southern Oregon Historical Society as of June 30, 1989 and the related statement of activity — cash basis for year then ended. These financial statements are the responsibility of the Society's management. Our responsibility is to express an opinion on these financial statements based on our audit.

Except as discussed in the following paragraph, we conducted our audit in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards. Those standards require that we plan and perform the audit to obtain reasonable assurance about whether the financial statements are free of material misstatement. An audit includes examining, on a test basis, evidence supporting the amounts and disclosures in the financial statements. An audit also includes assessing the accounting principles used and significant estimates made by management, as well as evaluating the overall financial statement presentation. We believe that our audit provides a reasonable basis for our opinion.

As described in Note 1, the Society does not maintain adequate evidence supporting the historical cost of property and equipment acquired in the General Fixed Asset Group of Accounts. The Society's records do not permit the application of other auditing procedures to fixed assets.

As described in Note 1, the Society prepares its financial statements on the basis of cash receipts and disbursements. Accordingly, the financial statements referred to above are not intended to be presented in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles.

In our opinion, except for the effects of such adjustment, if any, as might have been determined to be necessary had we been able to account for the General Fixed Asset Group of Accounts, the financial statements referred to above present fairly, in all material respects, the assets, liabilities and fund balances of Southern Oregon Historical Society as of June 30, 1989, and its support, revenue and expenses and changes in fund balances for the year then ended, in conformity with the basis of accounting described in Note 1.

Yuga and Meyer

Medford, Oregon September 26, 1989

MEMBERS AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS, THE CONTINENTAL ASSOCIATION OF CPA FIRMS, INC., OREGON SOCIETY OF CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

36 HAWTHORNE STREET 🗆 P.O. BOX 879 🗆 MEDFORD, OREGON 97501 🗆 (503) 773-8488 🗆 FAX (503) 779-9601

OFFICES PORTLAND, MEDFORD, ASTORIA, PENDLETON, COOS BAY, EUGENE/SPRINGFIELD, CHEHALIS, BELLEVUE

Statement of Assets and Liabilities

June 30, 1989

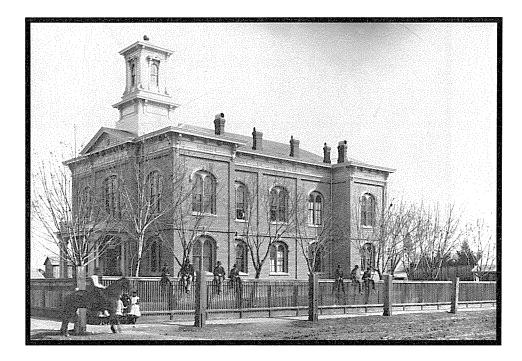
Assets

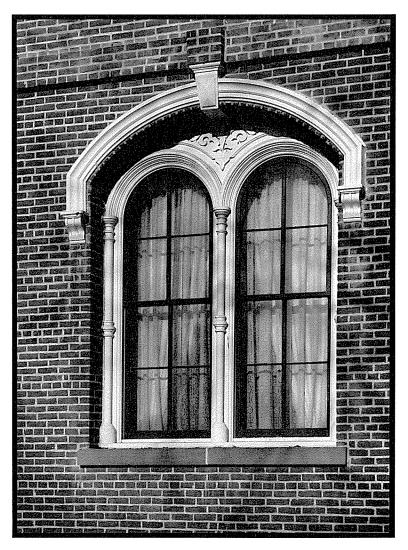
	Operating Fund	Acquisition and Building Reserve Fund	General Fixed Assets Group	Building Equipment Fund
Current Assets:				
Cash	\$ 199,636	\$ 83,971		
Inventory	27,165			
Total current assets	226,801	83,971		
Cash held for investments Fixed assets-Note 1	85,395		\$ 2,368,530	\$ 65,689
Tixed assets—Note 1	05.005			
	85,395		2,368,530	65,689
	312,196	83,971	2,368,530	65,689

Liabilities and Fund Balances

Commitments-Note 3

Fund balances: Land, building and equipment: Assets from:				
Operating fund			714,051	
Building fund			1,043,171	
Contribution			611,308	
Reserved for inventory	27,165		,	
Reserved for collections	1,500			
Reserved for Wells Fargo Foundation		327		
Reserved for Willows Memorial Fund		6,276		
Reserved		77,368		65,689
Unreserved	283,531			-
	\$ 312,196	\$ 83,971	\$ 2,368,530	\$ 65,689





Thomas Trust Property Fund	Endowment Fund	Total (Memorandum Only)
		\$ 283,607 27,165
		310,772
\$59,740	\$ 31,442	242,266 2,368,530
59,740	31,442	2,610,796
59,740	31,442	2,921,568

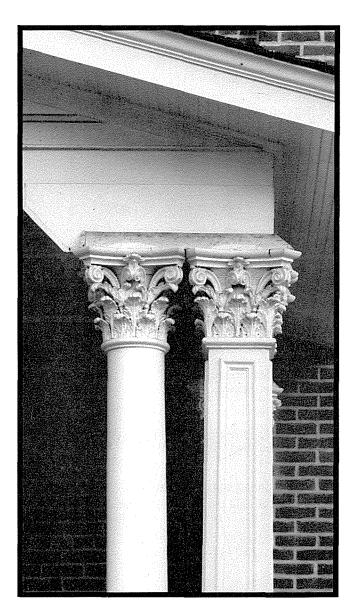
		714,051
		1,043,171
		611,308
		27,165
		1,500
		327
		6,276
59,740	31,442	234,239
		283,531
\$ 59,740	\$ 31,442	\$ 2,921,568

Statement of Activity Cash Basis

Year Ended June 30, 1989

	Operating Fund	Acquisition and Building Reserve Fund	Building Equipment Fund
Support and revenue: Historical fund receipts Interest Grants Donations Membership dues Sales shop net loss Revenues—auxiliary activities	\$1,027,893 32,154 6,663 28,317 39,032 (9,015) <u>11,334</u> 1,136,378	\$ 48,197	\$ 827 30,862 31,689
Expenses: Division expenses: History Unrestricted grants Administration Operations	356,105 400 342,941 401,199 1,100,645		
Support services: Contingency	<u>2,735</u> 1,103,380		
Support and revenue over expenses, before capital addition	32,998	48,197	31,689
Capital addition: Building in-kind donations		33,070	
Support and revenue over expenses, before capital outlay Capital outlay-Note 1	32,998	81,267 	31,689
Support and revenue over (under) expenses	32,998	(674,513)	31,689
Fund balances, beginning of year Transfers:	286,033	758,484	
To Building Equipment Fund Fund balances, end of year	<u>(34,000)</u> <u>\$ 285,031</u>	\$ 83,971	<u>34,000</u> <u>\$65,689</u>





Thomas Trust Property Fund	Endowment Fund	Total (Memorandum Only)
\$ 2,712	\$ 1,073	\$1,027,893 84,963 6,663
57,028	30,369	146,576 39,032 (9,015) 11,334
59,740	31,442	1,307,446
		356,105400342,941401,1991,100,645
		2,735
59,740	31,442	204,066
		33,070
59,740	31,442	237,136
59,740	31,442	(518,644) 1,044,517
\$ 59,740	\$ 31,442	\$ 525,873

Operating Fund

Statement of Activity Budget and Actual—Cash Basis Year Ended June 30, 1989

	Budget	Actual	Variance Favorable (Unfavorable)
Support and revenue:			
Historical fund receipts	\$ 1,044,248	\$ 1,027,856	\$(16,392)
Interest	30,000	32,191	2,191
Grants	60,500	6,663	(53,837)
Donations	70,537	28,317	(42,220)
Membership	70,000	39,032	(30,968)
Sales shop net loss	14,141	(9,015)	(23,156)
Revenue – auxiliary activities	17,000	11,334	(5,666)
	1,306,426	1,136,378	(170,048)
Expenses: Division expenses: History Unrestricted grants Administration Operations	358,588 50,000 384,888 <u>477,742</u> 1,271,218	356,105 400 342,941 401,199 1,100,645	2,483 49,600 41,947 <u>76,543</u> 170,573
Support services:			
Contingency	55,208	2,735	52,473
	1,326,426	1,103,380	223,046
Support and revenue over (under) expenses Cash and fund balance, beginning	(20,000)	32,998	52,998
of year Transfers:	300,000	286,033	(13,967)
To Building Equipment Fund		(34,000)	(34,000)
Cash and fund balance, end of year	\$ 280,000	\$ 285,031	\$ 5,031

Acquisition and Building Reserve Fund

Statement of Activity Budget and Actual For the Year Ended June 30, 1989

	Budget	Actual	Variance Favorable (Unfavorable)
Support and revenue: Interest Grants Donations	\$ 30,000 100,000 4,500	\$ 48,197	\$ 18,197 (100,000) (4,500)
	134,500	48,197	(86,303)
Grant expenditures	100,000		100,000
Support and revenue over expense, before capital addition	34,500	48,197	13,697
Capital addition: Building in-kind donations		33,070	33,070
Support and revenue over expenses before capital outlay	34,500	81,267	46,767
Capital outlay	814,500	755,780	58,720
Excess of support and revenue over (under) capital outlay	(780,000)	(674,513)	105,487
Cash and fund balance, beginning of year Cash and fund balance, end of year	780,000 \$ -0-	758,484 \$ 83,971	(21,516) \$ 83,971

Notes to Financial Statements

Note 1-Summary of Significant Accounting 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 ACCOUNTING-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 relating to the daily operation of the Society. Principal sources of revenue are historical fund property tax receipts, membership dues, donations and earnings on investments.

Acquisition and Building Reserve 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 establish the historical cost of these assets.

Thomas Trust Property Fund-Accounts for funds received from the estate of W. E. Thomas. The fund is restricted and is to be used for the repair and maintenance of historic buildings in Jacksonville excluding the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History.

Building Equipment Fund – Accounts for all except \$30,000 of the funds received from the estate of Margaret Ann Burroughs Thomas and additional funds provided from a transfer from the Operating Fund. The fund is to be used to purchase additional services and assets needed to complete the new History Center.

Endowment Fund – Accounts for the \$30,000 of the funds received from the Estate of Margaret Ann Burroughs Thomas. The fund is to be used to account for invested funds, and the income earned thereon is to be used to contribute to the long-term support of the Society.

No expenditures have accrued from the three previously mentioned new funds since their inception in this fiscal year ended June 30, 1989.

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 future Society headquarters and museum building located in Medford is owned by the Society. The cost and donated value of the building and improvements to the building are included in fixed assets. Current additions are included in capital outlay.

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, all full time employees with one year full time service are eligible to participate. 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 \$35,835.

Notes 3-Commitments

The Society leased land from Jackson County for a period of fifty 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 twentyfive 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.

Approximately \$75,000 is required to fulfill the financial requirements for the construction contract on the Society headquarters and Museum building.



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 Rogue Valley economy, its local role in the nation's battles overseas, and the introduction of the railroad worker as an important member of the valley's communities.

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

January 1990

The Society will be moving its headquarters to the History Center in Medford and administrative offices and the research library will be closed. The Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History and the Children's Museum in Jacksonville will be open Tuesday through Sunday, 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

January 17, 1990

The Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the conference room of the History Center, 106 N. Central, Medford. Members and the general public are invited to attend.

January 20, 1990

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, fourharness table loom, and by card or tablet weaving. Time: 1:00–4:00 p.m. at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville. Admission is \$2.50 for members; \$3.50 for non-members. The workshop is limited to 15 participants and preregistration is required. To register, call (503) 773-6536.

January 24, 1990

Preschoolers ages 3–6 explore southern Oregon's gold rush during **Discovery of Gold**, a puppet show about the two mule packers who discovered gold in Jacksonville. After the show, youngsters will try their hand at panning "brass" nuggets and making a cloth pouch to carry their nuggets home. Time: 10:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville. Admission is \$1.00 for members; \$1.50 for non-members. To register, call (503) 773-6536.



February 9, 1990

Special Preview Opening of the History Center. Reception for members and contributors to the completion of the project. Time: 7:00–10:00 p.m. Medford Renaissance Too exhibit opening: shows architectural renderings of the revitalization of downtown Medford, adding what has been done recently, including the renovation of the History Center. Highlighting the exhibit will be selected artifacts from shops and landmarks of 19th and early 20th century Medford.

February 10, 1990

Grand Opening of the History Center for the general public. Time: 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. with special programming to be announced.

February 21, 1990

Pioneer Preschoolers will introduce youngsters, ages 3–6, to the daily activities of southern Oregon's early settlers. Participants will discover how early pioneers washed clothes, churned butter and made bread. Then they'll take a break for "work" for a special craft activity. Preregistration is required by 5:00 p.m. February 16. Call (503) 773-6536, ext. 227. The workshop will be at the Children's Museum from 10:00–11:00 a.m. and again from 3:00–4:00 p.m. Admission: \$1.50 for Jr. Historians, \$2.00 for non-members.

February 24, 1990

ABC's and 1, 2, 3's is a workship for youngsters ages 7–14, to learn the early craft of counted cross-stitch. Like pioneer children, workshop participants will make a "sampler" of numbers and letters to practice different stitches. Preregistration is required by 3:00 p.m. February 20. Call (503) 773-6536, ext. 227. The workshop is from 10:00 a.m.–2:00 p.m. at the Children's Museum. Youngsters need to bring a sack lunch; beverages will be provided. Admission: \$3.50 for Jr. Historians, \$4.50 for non-members.

February 28, 1990

The Southern Oregon Historical Society Board of Trustees will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the conference room of the History Center, 106 N. Central, Medford. Members and the general public are invited to attend.

All offices, departments and museums of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, except the Swedenburg Cultural Resource Center (see below), may be reached by writing to The History Center, 106 N. Central Avenue, Medford, OR 97501-5926, or calling (503) 773-6536.

Research Library: Located in The History Center, 106 N. Central Avenue, Medford, OR. Open Tues.-Sat. 1-5 p.m.

Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, 206 North Fifth St., Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Tues.–Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m. Children's Museum, 206 North Fifth St., Jacksonville, OR 97530. Open Tues.–Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.

Swedenburg Cultural Resource Center, 990 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland, OR 97520. Phone: (503) 488-1341. Open Tues.-Sat. 1-5 p.m. Mailing address: Box 86, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, OR 97520.

Administrative Offices, History Center, 106 North Central Avenue, Medford, OR 97501-5926.

Other Jackson County organizations associated with the Southern Oregon Historical Society are:

Woodville Museum, First and Oak Streets, P.O. Box 1288, Rogue River, OR 97537. Phone: (503) 582-3088. Open Tues.-Sun. 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

Eagle Point Historical Society Museum, North Royal Ave. (near the Antelope Creek Covered Bridge), P.O. Box 201, Eagle Point, OR 97524. Open Sat. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Gold Hill Historical Society. P.O. Box 26.

Gold Hill Historical Society, P.O. Box 26, Gold Hill, OR 97525



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