

TABLE ROCK

\$2.50

SENTINEL

MARCH
APRIL
1990



The
Magazine
of the
Southern
Oregon
Historical
Society

Nine Years Ago_____



SOHS #6094

Nine years ago, the JC Penney Company operated its Medford department store in the distinctive Art Moderne-style building on the corner of Sixth and Central. Building its reputation on durable quality merchandise, the store offered clothing, shoes, accessories and a wide variety of catalog items at reasonable prices to Rogue Valley families. In the photo taken from the mezzanine in 1981, the ground floor contained women's wear, men's attire, shoes, lingerie and accessories.

In 1986 the building was left vacant when JC Penney moved to the new Rogue Valley Mall. With a generous donation from the JC Penney Company, the Southern Oregon Historical Society purchased the building and began extensive remodeling. WEGroup of Portland provided design services for the project which has received two architectural rehabilitation awards. Officially named the History Center, the 29,000 square foot structure now houses all of the Society's administrative offices as well as the research library, collections, interpretation, maintenance and photography/publications departments, plus conference rooms and exhibit spaces on two levels.

In April, the ground floor exhibit area will house the exhibit *Living With the Land: The Indians of Southwest Oregon*. The building is open to the public 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 10 a.m.-5 p.m. on Saturday.



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p. 2



p. 11



p. 22

Features

2 Yeomanettes: Jackson County's Blue Star Daughters *by Sue Waldron*

In 1917, the Navy first enlisted women to perform clerical duties and free able-bodied men for fighting. Young and old, married and single, Jackson County females jumped at the opportunity to become Yeoman (F), U.S. Navy.

11 The Remote and Magical Colestin Valley *By Richard Hacker*

Drawn by its natural beauty and rich timber, Native Americans, immigrants and settlers all vied in turn for a place in the serene Colestin Valley. Today's pioneers are rediscovering the rare quality of life in a place where "you play by nature's rules."

22 Snowbound for a Day *By Susan Ray*

Battling ill health, fifty-two year old John Stewart Day ambitiously took up cross-country skiing, later winning gold medals in this vigorous sport. Through his efforts, nordic skiing in southern Oregon has become a popular competitive and recreational activity.

Departments

Nine Years Ago (inside front cover)

27 From the Collections

23 Then and Now

Calendar of Events (inside back cover)

Front cover: An unidentified woman knits a sweater, perhaps for a beloved friend or family member caught in the cold trenches during WWI. As part of the war effort, girls and grannies contributed innumerable socks and sweaters to the fighting men overseas. SOHS #11528

Back cover: Straw boaters were the height of had fashion in the early decades of this century.
SOHS #12639

★
**Jackson County's
sixteen Blue Star
Daughters were among
the first one hundred
women in the
United States to join
the Naval Reserve.**
★

**Yeoman (F) Josephine Clark
posed for her 1917 Naval
photograph in Bremerton,
Washington.**
Photo courtesy Jeraldyn Jerome

Yeomanettes

Jackson County's Blue Star Daughters

By
Sue Waldron

The United States Department of the Navy made an historic announcement in March 1917: women could join the Naval Reserve as yeomen to perform clerical duties and free able-bodied men to join the fighting. Now the service flag, symbol of family pride and patriotism during war years, had new meaning for families with daughters. A son or a daughter in the military entitled a family to fly a service flag with a blue star.

Late in March 1917, the Naval Reserve recruiting office opened temporary offices in Medford on the north side of Main Street between Central and Front. Across Main Street the Army recruiting office also vied for men to help "save the world for democracy." On March 19 a Lt. Frazier, the Naval recruiting officer, received orders to begin recruiting women.

Word reached young women quickly and many hurried in to learn the facts and sign up. During the next day and a half, seventeen women came into Lt. Frazier's office to be interviewed. The women filled out applications and stenographers and typists were given a short test of their abilities. Dr. Davis, the Naval medical officer, gave each woman a modified physical examination then each returned to the recruiter to have her papers re-examined and her service record prepared. Once applicants took the Naval oath, Lt. Frazier gave each recruit an identification card and sent her home to await orders.

Bertha Loftus, the first woman to enlist in Jackson County and perhaps the first woman on the West Coast, joined the formerly all-male ranks of the Navy on March 29. She was followed by Florence Whetsel, Mildred Bliton,



Evelyn Taylor, Gladys Curry, Ada Evans, Mrs. Maude Edwards, Edna Barrell, Marian Towne, Josephine Clark, Ruby Burke, Mrs. Helen Minkler, Gretchen Puhl, Pauline Greaves, Ruby Bailey, Iona Caughthran and Mabel Evans.

The Yeomanettes, more properly Yeomen (F), hadn't long to wait. Two weeks after enlistment, Marian Towne received a telegram ordering six of the recruits to report to the Puget Sound Navy Yard. The following day

Their ages ranged from seventeen to thirty-six and several of them were married. Eight of the recruits, Bertha Loftus, Florence Whetsel, Mildred Bliton, Ada and Mabel Evans, Edna Barrell, Ruby Bailey and Iona Caughthran, were telephone operators for the Home Telephone and Telegraph Company of Southern Oregon, located on West Sixth Street. Ruby Bailey worked in the office in Jacksonville. On April 16, A. J. Vance, the manager of Home Telephone, placed a notice in the *Mail Tribune* asking that

... the telephone-using public ... be as patient as possible and try and keep its temper within the next week or ten days as the local exchange will probably be more or less inefficient due to the fact that one-half of the operating force was gone to Naval Reserve duty at the Puget Sound navy yard. Their places have been filled, but it will be some time before the usual efficiency of service will be regained.¹

Among the other recruits, Mrs. Helen Minkler worked in the telephone business office, Gladys Curry worked in the Jackson County Abstract office and Mrs. Maude Edwards was a public stenographer. Iona Caughthran's name became familiar to many people in town when she won a Ford automobile a month earlier. Josephine Clark and Mildred Blinton were remembered as champion high school basketball players.

When Gretchen Puhl of Jacksonville enlisted in the Naval Reserve on March 30 she joined her brothers K. W. and F. C., who were accepted into the regular Navy in January. Her eighty-year-old grandmother, Mrs. L. Coulter, took Gretchen to the recruiting office where she asked if there was any capacity in which she herself could enlist. Mrs. Coulter's age prevented her from joining the service but placed no restriction on her efforts to make supplies for the Red Cross.

continued page 7

★
**Word reached
 local young women
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 seventeen came into
 Lt. Frazier's office
 to be interviewed.**
 ★

the rest of the women also received orders to proceed north. On April 13 the recruits met to decide on a time for their departure and chose Sunday evening, April 15. A large crowd of Medford and Jacksonville citizens gathered at the train depot to wish them well. A sudden attack of appendicitis requiring surgery kept Josephine Clark from going with the group. She traveled alone to Portland several weeks later.

Most of the local women joining the Naval Reserve already worked outside the home.

**The first
 Yeomanettes
 learned their mili-
 tary basics at the
 Bremerton,
 Washington,
 Naval base.**
 Photo courtesy
 Jeraldyn Jerome



Marian B. Towne

Oregon's First Woman Legislator

By
Sue Waldron

Two years after Oregon women received the vote in 1912, Jackson County elected Miss Marian B. Towne to the state legislature. She was the first woman elected to the Oregon Legislature and the second woman elected to a state legislative office in the United States.

Marian was the youngest daughter of William F. and Mary Ellen Stockberger Towne of Phoenix. The three girls were born in the mining camp at Sterling, where their father searched for gold. While the girls were quite young, William moved to Phoenix where he operated the Phoenix Mercantile Company on the corner of Sixth and Highway 99. For many years William was the Phoenix postmaster.

The three girls attended Phoenix schools and the eldest, Nell, graduated from Ashland Normal School. Nell married fellow student Edward F. Grisez in 1901 and taught her first school on South Wagner Creek. Anna, Marian's second sister, stayed at home with her parents until she was forty-four, when she married Clard M. Smith. Clard operated a small poultry farm and was Phoenix watermaster.

When Marian finished high school she went to work as assistant to W. G. Coleman, clerk for Jackson County. For the next five years she was considered one of the most efficient employees in the courthouse. One of her duties in the clerk's office was to read and file copies of bills passed by the state legislature. Familiarity with the bills led her to the conclusion that many of them were poorly written and that she could do better.

In 1914 Marian ran for election to the legislature. Her campaign would today be considered very contemporary. In an interview about her campaign she said: "... I didn't make a speech because speeches do nothing but please the supporters you have. They never, or almost never, make votes. I spent my time in a house-to-house canvass, meeting the women who keep the houses and sometimes the men and trying to get their points of view and opinions. ... "I let them know who I was and what I wanted, but I never asked bluntly for votes. I simply increased my acquaintance and trusted to the fact that the more people I had as friends the more votes I would get."¹ Her strategy was very effective; local newspapers reported that her name was written in on the ballots of all three parties for numerous offices and that she received 348 ballots for the office of state legislator.

Elected in 1914, Marian began her term in Salem in December where one of her first activities was an inter-

view with a reporter from the *Oregonian*. She is quoted as saying: "There would be no use for women to enter politics if we were to do just the same as men. There would be no use in sacrificing our beauty by worry and work unless something worthwhile is gained."²

Marian B. Towne
photographed as a
young woman

Photo courtesy
Mr. and Mrs. H. Boyd
and Kathryn Stancliffe



Marian did not enter with specific goals. Rather, she said: "I have not outlined my plan to work at Salem and have let no one outline it for me. I am particularly interested in Juvenile Court reform, social betterment and economy. By economy I don't mean so much penuriousness as better methods and more efficient organization, getting a higher value for the money we expend. It is not that we have spent so much money as we have wasted so much."³

In an effort to increase the legislature's efficiency, Marian proposed a resolution on February 16, 1915, to change the method of filing official legislative documents. The *Oregonian* reported that Miss Towne's "... resolution mildly criticizes the present cumbersome, untidy and insanitary system of pasting the bills onto gummed edges and authorizes the Secretary of State to install the loose leaf system in time for the 1917 session and to continue it for all future sessions. The proposed system, it is pointed out, will be no more expensive than the present one."⁴

Marian did not run for a second term. She set her goal to become a prosecuting attorney or a juvenile court judge and left for Ann Arbor to attend law school at the University of Michigan. After one year of study, poor health forced her to return home. When the Naval Reserve office in Medford announced it was accepting applications for women recruits, Marian applied. Assigned the rank of chief yeoman, Marian led the Jackson County Yeomanettes to Bremerton and there worked in the paymaster's office. After a time she decided to apply for a commission in the Navy. Astonished and very displeased, naval officers declared "... no woman would ever be an officer in the Navy."⁵

Released from active duty August 7, 1919, Marian was discharged from the Naval Reserve on June 30, 1920. For a time she worked for the state commissioner of health in Olympia, Washington. Then she moved to San Francisco where she worked for the California Bar Association and during the Depression for the Women's Division of the San Francisco Public Welfare Department.

Returning to Phoenix in 1957, Marian lived with her sister Anna in the family home on Second Street and died February 16, 1966. Oregon's first female legislator was remembered by a reporter as having a bright mind, "... a very womanly woman, with not the least hint of mannishness which she couldn't have with her barely five feet of stature and fascinating smile."⁶

ENDNOTES

1. *Oregonian*, December 21, 1941.
2. *Oregonian*, December 13, 1975.
3. *Oregonian*, December 21, 1914.
4. *Oregonian*, February 17, 1915.
5. *Medford Mail Tribune*, February 22, 1959.
6. *Oregonian*, December 13, 1975.

Marian B. Towne, Yeoman (F), ca. 1918
Photo courtesy Mr. and Mrs. H. Boyd



continued from page 4

Of the new Yeomanettes from Jackson County, Marian B. Towne was probably the best known. She worked five years in the County Clerk's office and in 1915 completed a term as an Oregon state legislator. Towne was thirty-six when she enlisted.

When the women reached Portland they received their job assignments. Edwards worked in the department of justice; Minkler in the captain of the yard's office; Towne in the paymaster department; Taylor and Burke in the navy yard telephone exchange; Curry in the planning department; Bliton and Loftus in the drafting department; and the two Evanses, Whetsel, Bailey, Barrell and Caughthran in other offices placing and answering telephone calls. When Clark arrived later she was assigned to the supply department, where she was in charge of building materials and became known as one of the "beam girls."

Since the Navy had no housing prepared for the women they lived in private homes or boarding houses. For \$60 a month, eight

★
**Mrs. L. Coulter,
an eighty-year-old
grandmother
asked if there was
any capacity in which
she herself
could enlist**
★

Yeomanettes shared two attic rooms. The other item the Navy Department forgot when it made its historic announcement was uniforms. The women wore their own civilian clothes until May 14, 1918, when the Navy announced "... a contract had been let to make uniforms; the blue suits of Navy serge

Dressed in their
"civies," southern
Oregon Yeoman-
ettes enjoy a meal
at a Bremerton
cafe.
SOHS # 635



would be available for \$7.50, white bleached drill suits at \$6.75, extra skirts at \$1.75. Long dark blue winter capes were available for \$25.”² The Yeomanettes wore black hose with high-topped laced shoes; skirts were eight inches from the floor. On the left arm of the uniform the Yeoman (F) wore a patch depicting two crossed quills; as her rank increased she added a “buzzard” or rank insignia. It was not until September 1918 that Yeomen (F) were required to wear their uniforms during office hours.

In 1917, Yeomen (F) received \$28.75 in base pay, from which \$.20 was deducted for hospitalization and \$1.25 per day added to cover quarters and rations. When a woman advanced in rank to Yeoman third class, she received \$33 a month. A Yeoman second class got \$38.50 and a Yeoman first class \$44. A chief Yeoman received \$66 per month—good wages compared to the \$6.60 a week that telephone operators were receiving in 1917.

Though occasionally homesick, the Jackson County women were soon busy studying. One Yeomanette wrote home that she was reading Navy rules and regulations. “This is my favorite novel just at this time, with laws on navigation and the bluejackets’ manual running a close second. Gee, but this sea-going conversation and terms gets my goat. A material report or a trial balance would just seem perfectly heavenly at this time.”³

Responding to the unique nature of their position as the first women in the U.S. Navy, the Yeomanettes of Bremerton formed a special marching unit and participated in all the liberty bond drive parades, often carrying heavy rifles. They were also invited on an all-expense-paid trip to the state fair in Washington. Others of the group joined rowing crews and competed against Yeomanette crews from the University of Washington.



Ruby Jewell Bailey

(above) Photo courtesy

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rians

Jospehine Clark's first

Navy paycheck for

seven cents

Photo courtesy Jeraldyn Jerome

NAVY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Treasurer of the United States
15-51

6136
May 14, 1917

PAY $\frac{07}{100}$ DOLLARS

TO THE ORDER OF Josephine Clark,
226 W. Front St., Medford, Oregon.

Clark, J. 4-NCOR

OBJECT FOR WHICH DRAWN
RESERVE FORCE
RETAINER PAY

6411

CORRECT NAME
Josephine Clark

PAY INSPECTOR, U. S. N.

[Signature]
PAY INSPECTOR, U. S. N. 59013

★
**In 1917,
 Yeomen (F) received
 \$28.75 in base pay,
 from which \$.20 was
 deducted for
 hospitalization and
 \$1.25 per day added
 to cover quarters
 and rations.**
 ★

**Uniformed
 Yeomanettes and
 commanding officer
 pause on
 parade in
 Portland.**

Photo courtesy
 Jeraldyn Jerome

The Yeomanettes were given four-year provisional enlistments when they were recruited, with the length of service dependent on the duration of the war. Most of the women were released from active service when the armistice was signed November 11, 1918, with their final discharges coming about six months later. They were offered the opportunity of transferring to civil service after the war, but most of the Jackson County women preferred to return home to private life.

The return of war in 1942 reminded some of the Yeomanettes of the part they played in World War I. The *Medford Mail Tribune* ran a story about their lives in the twenty-six years since they left the Naval Reserve. Mrs. Maude Edwards remembered the time during her service when she accompanied "... a naval group on an inspection trip to Anchorage, where the Navy owned coal fields. The group visited Kodiak Island and experienced travel by dog team. 'We were shown every courtesy in the world,' Mrs. Edwards said."⁴ Mrs. Edwards was the wife of Herbert Newton Edwards and




she worked as a public stenographer. She spent most of her life in Medford, much of it living at 315 North Peach Street.

Pauline Greaves worked with Rear Admiral R. E. Coontz and was one of two Yeomanettes chosen for recruiting duty in Oregon. When she returned to Jackson County she worked as a bookkeeper-stenographer for Big Pine Lumber Company. Then in 1930 she became assistant manager at the Southern Oregon Clinic. Later she married T. R. Limbocher and the couple settled in Seattle.

By 1942 Mabel Evans had become Mabel Stuart and lived in Bremerton. Ada Evans Schelf and Evelyn Taylor Johnson lived in Portland. Ruby Burke was in San Diego, Iona Caughthran in Washington, and Edna Barrell in Seattle. The whereabouts of Gretchen Puhl, Florence Whetsel, Mildred Bliton Dodge and Bertha Loftus were unknown in 1942 but Marian Towne and Gladys Curry Stanley were in San Francisco. Gladys married Captain H. A. Stanley and her two sons were serving in the Navy during World War II.

Ruby Jewel Bailey met her future husband, Marine Reuel K. Rians, while at Bremerton. They married and after a time in Peoria, Illinois, returned to Medford where she raised her daughter and two sons. Mrs. Helen Minkler also returned to Medford. By 1927 her husband Lew had passed away and she was working as a stenographer for the California Oregon Power Company. Helen lived in an apartment at 405 North Central for many years. She worked for Copco for twenty-two years then became the office manager for the Medford Red Cross office.

Jackson County's sixteen Blue Star Daughters were among the first one hundred women

in the United States to join the Naval Reserve and serve their country in a military unit. Before the armistice was signed, more than 11,000 women enlisted. In November 1943 there were still 112 Yeomen (F) serving in the Navy's Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. During World War II, women were again asked to join the military and today they are a permanent part of America's fighting forces. 

Yeoman (F)
Josephine Clark
(bottom left) and
unidentified Navy
buddies

Photo courtesy
Jeraldyn Jerome

★
**Most of the
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from active service
when the armistice was
signed November 11, 1918.**
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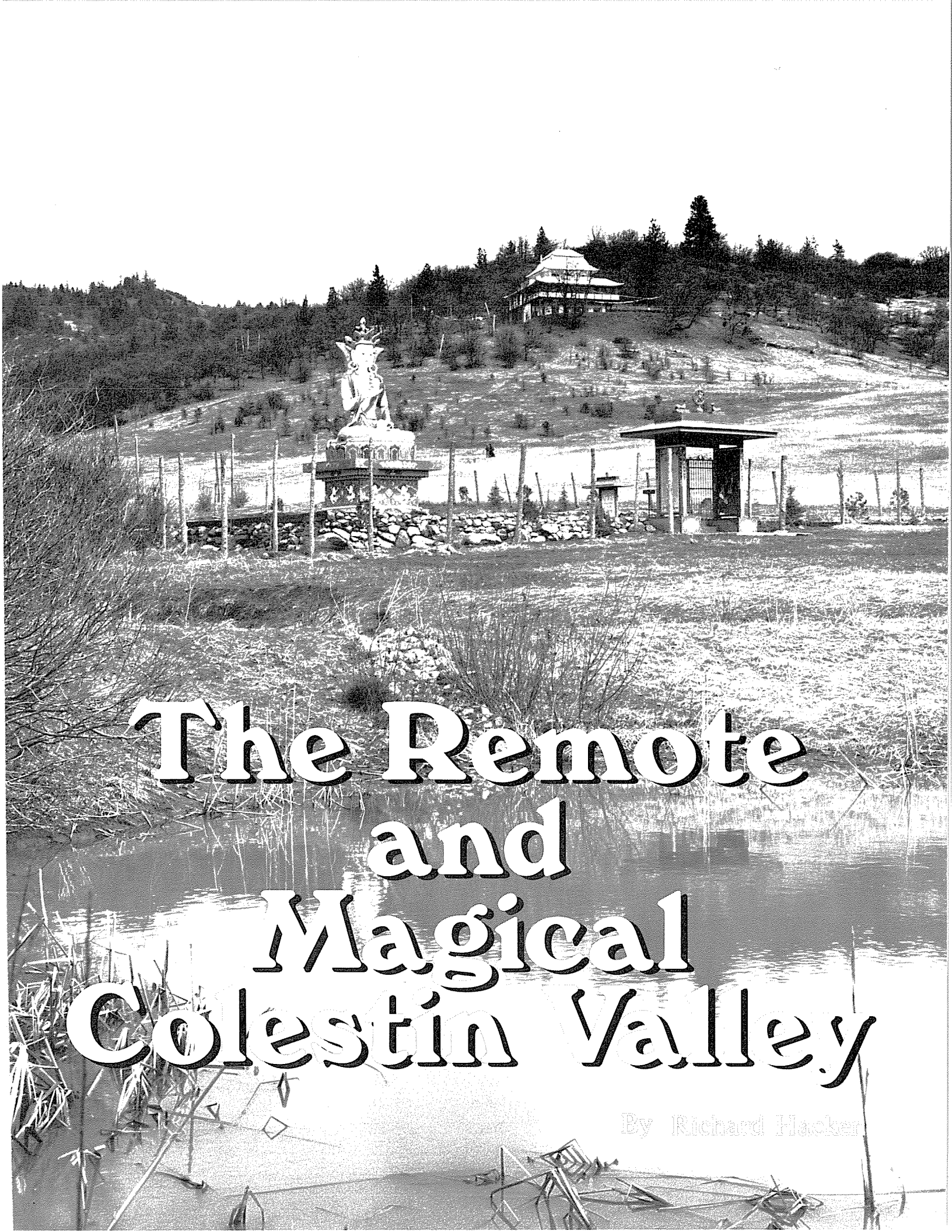
ENDNOTES

1. *Medford Mail Tribune*, April 16, 1971.
2. Eunice C. Dessez, *The First Enlisted Women 1917-1918*, (Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co., 1955) p. 44.
3. *Medford Mail Tribune*, May 9, 1917.
4. *Medford Mail Tribune*, December 8, 1942.

Long interested in women's history, Sue Waldron is a researcher for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

A Women in Military Service Memorial was ordered by Congress in 1986 to honor forgotten women veterans. The memorial is to be constructed at the main entrance to Arlington National Cemetery. In the center of the memorial will be a computer data bank which will store the histories and photographs of women who served in the military. For additional information about registering or contributing to the memorial fund, contact: Women in Military Service Memorial, Dept. 560, Washington, D. C. 20042-0560.

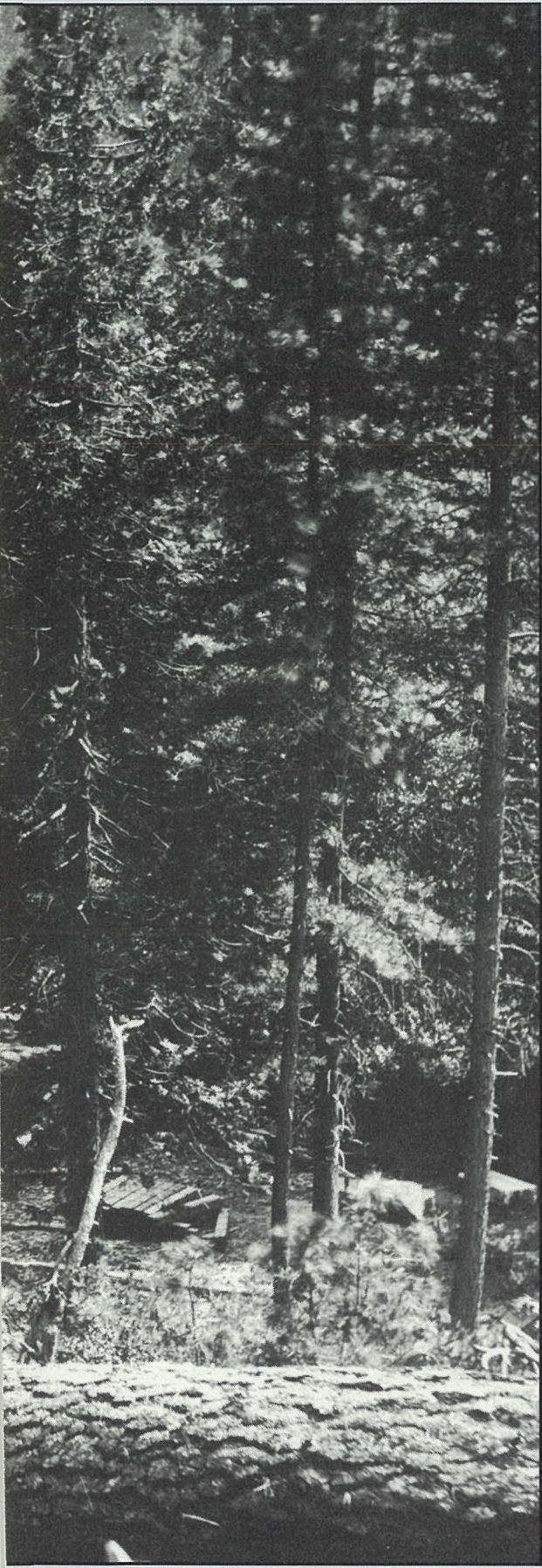




The Remote and Magical Colestin Valley

By Richard Hacker





Byron Cole's lovely wooded ranch and mineral springs near the railroad line offered opportunities for development. Peter Britt photographed the construction of Cole's resort during the late 1880s.
SOHS #1138

The history of the Colestin Valley mirrors the larger epic of the exploration and settling of the West

Few motorists crossing the California-Oregon border on Interstate 5 realize that just to the west lies a small, half-hidden valley that is rich in history. Today this remote area—the Colestin or Cottonwood Valley, as it was known throughout most of its history—is a backwater, unnoticed by busy freeway travelers. Yet it contains what was historically the major route over the Siskiyou Mountains, one used for countless centuries by the Indians, and in turn by trappers, miners, loggers and settlers. In fact, the history of the Colestin Valley mirrors the larger epic of the exploration and settling of the West.

Once heavily exploited, then abandoned, today the Colestin Valley is a quiet, peaceful place. But a new wave of educated and environmentally concerned “settlers” is moving back to the land attempting to recapture the simplicity and quality of life associated with earlier times.

The Colestin Valley lies nestled in the heart of the Siskiyou Mountains, bisected by the Oregon-California border. Massive Mount Ashland and its adjacent ridges loom over the upper end of the valley. From near the top of the old stage road that winds up to Siskiyou Pass, one can look south through the valley toward the serene, majestic form of Mount Shasta nearly one hundred miles away. Burn scars and debris from logging activity mark the hills to the west. The valley floor below shows more burned patches mixed with scrub oak, brush and pine trees. Prominent and somewhat incongruous, a gold-roofed Buddhist temple stands atop one high point.

The valley is drained by Cottonwood Creek and its tributaries. About halfway down its eight-mile length the creek tumbles through a narrow cut that strains to accommodate the creekbed, the Southern Pacific railroad tracks and a gravel road. Below, it again opens into meadowland. At the southern end of the valley a few buildings and an empty school are all that remain of the once bustling lumber town of Hilt. Beyond, the creek flows through another narrow gorge before emptying into the Klamath River.

One can drive the length of the Colestin Valley and see few signs of habitation.

At the time of first contact with the whites, Shasta Indians inhabited the Colestin Valley—a small part of their vast territory. Their range extended north from Mount Shasta, throughout the Scott Valley and Yreka area, east and west along the middle reaches of the Klamath River and north over the Siskiyou Divide well into the Rogue Valley. The nation may have numbered as many as 10,000 individuals during aboriginal times.¹

The Shasta's land was rich land—salmon and steelhead teemed in the rivers and creeks. Herds of deer and antelope grazed the open lands, and acorn-bearing oaks dotted the landscape. The Shastas lacked for little. They used the upper end of the Cottonwood Creek drainage, what is now the Colestin Valley, for hunting and for cooler summer camps. The main Indian trail over the Siskiyou and into the Rogue Valley passed through it. A large, permanent village was located at the mouth of Cottonwood Creek and others dotted the stretch near where the town of Hornbrook is today.

Peter Skene Ogden, an explorer and trapper working for the Hudson Bay Company, was almost certainly the first white man to visit the Colestin Valley. He led a party of some forty trappers and their Indian women through northern California and Oregon, along the Klamath River, and then over the Siskiyou into the Rogue River Valley and north. Historian Jeff LaLande completed a brilliant piece of detective work in following Ogden's original journals to retrace his trip. LaLande concluded that this explorer crossed the Siskiyou via the Colestin Valley, not some miles further west as previously believed:

Ogden's route across the Siskiyou almost certainly paralleled the East fork of Cottonwood Creek to its head (north along the same general route as the subsequent California-Oregon stage road) . . .²

At the time, the Siskiyou were a part of that unknown land between the beaver-rich valleys of the Sacramento to the south and the Willamette to the north. Ogden blazed a trail through this "terra incognita" that would be followed by trappers for years and then by miners and the settlers after them.

The lure of gold abruptly brought thousands of miners into northern California and southern Oregon in the early 1850s. By 1852 the town of Yreka had a population of 5,000, and thousands more thronged the creeks and canyons in the nearby mountains. Shasta City became the southern supply base for the Siskiyou mines and Jacksonville the northern base. The well-worn trail between these two centers ran through the Colestin Valley.

The gold rush had an immediate and devastating effect upon the Shasta Indians. Conflict with the miners was inevitable. The Shastas lived along the streams and creeks that bore the richest deposits of gold, which the miners wanted. Mining activity soon clogged and fouled the streams. The salmon disappeared, and the activity drove away the game. As a result of the ensuing conflict, the Indians were driven away from favorite fishing sites and from their villages. They retaliated by ambushing lone

Ogden blazed a trail through this "terra incognita" that would be followed by trappers for years and then by miners and the settlers after them.

miners and stealing horses for food, not transport. Once an entire pack train was wiped out at the top of Siskiyou Pass. The miners responded with swift, bloody reprisals. Villages were burned; men, women and children were killed or driven away. Often it was the innocents among both the whites and the Indians who suffered most.

According to tribal tradition, the power of the Shasta nation was broken by a mass poisoning that occurred at Fort Jones in 1851. Ashland anthropologist Rob Winthrop relates the Shastas' official version of this incident in his paper, "Survival and Adaptation Among the Shasta Indians":

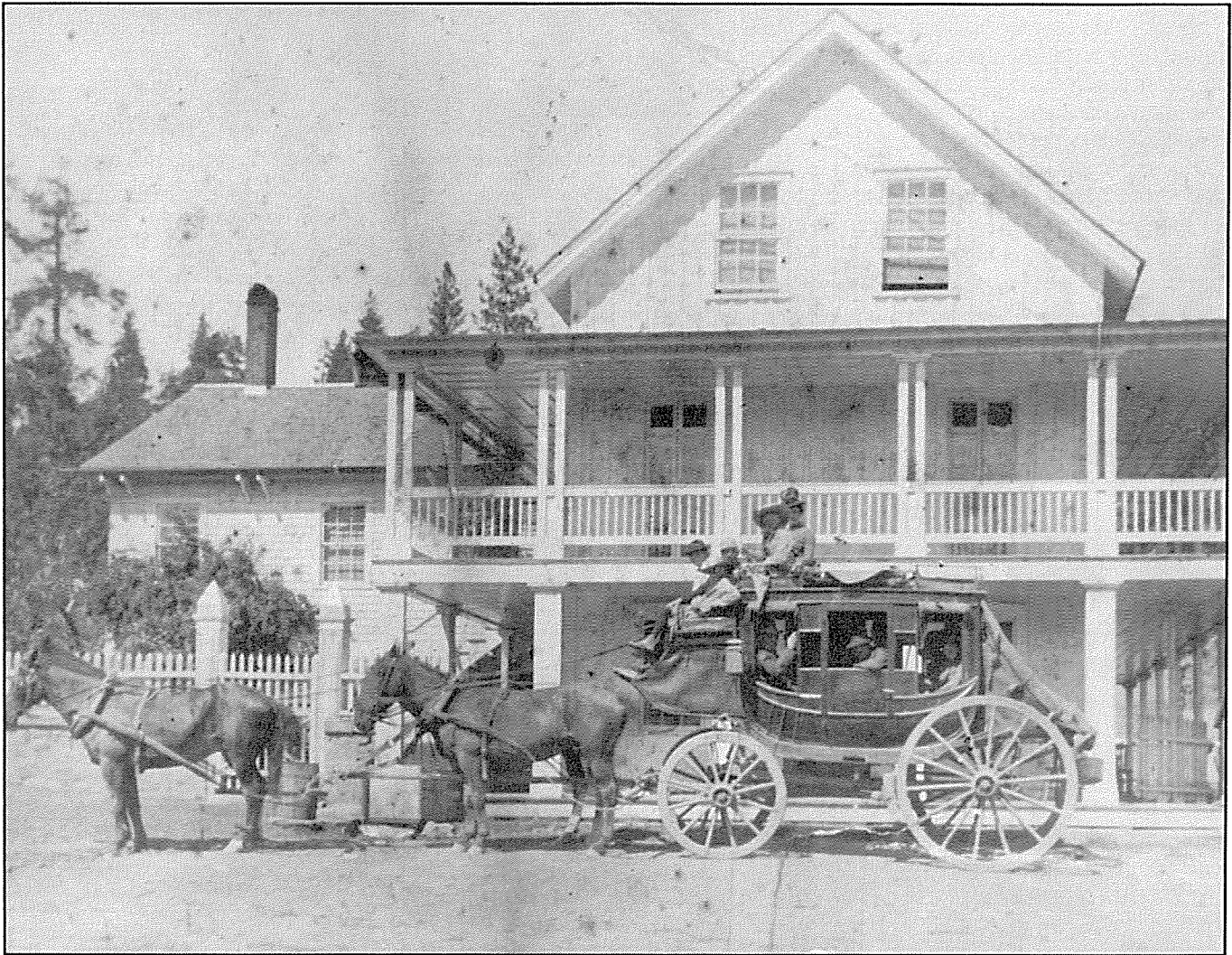
The Shasta people were invited to Fort Jones, California, to sign the treaty of 1851 and have a feast. The beef used for the feast was laced with strychnine and thousands of the Shasta people died on the trails leading out of Fort Jones. Tyee Jim with other members surviving the poisoning spent two or more weeks burying people along the trails out of Fort Jones and in a mass grave where many people died together.³

Their oral history also relates that after the mass poisoning, vigilante groups of miners swept through the remaining villages, burning and killing. The survivors of mass poisoning, mostly women and children, fled to the mountains, where many died of exposure and lack of food.⁴

A contemporary Shasta medicine woman, Nancy Vanderploeg, has noted that the poisoning was foreseen in Shasta prophecy and prepared the way for a subsequent cultural rebirth.⁵ After the poisoning, the surviving Shasta adapted to the dominant white culture, squatting on land where they were tolerated and working where they could. The women intermarried with white men. Remnant groups lingered around Yreka and Hornbrook and wandered up into the Colestin Valley into this century.

The gold rush brought several of the Colestin Valley's most prominent early settlers into the region. Two brothers, Byron and Rufus Cole, left their native New York state in 1851 to come west to the gold fields. Apparently they found supplying more congenial than mining. For a decade, they ran pack trains over the Siskiyou to supply miners strung out through the mountains.

As the brothers prospered they both homesteaded ranches under the Donation Land Claim Act in the Colestin Valley and settled down to raising beef cattle. Rufus Cole established upper Coles ranch about 1852 right at the Oregon-California border. The ranch house he built in 1859 still stands. It became known as Cole's Station



Built in 1859, Rufus Cole's ranch house served as the stagecoach stop for passengers crossing the arduous Siskiyou Pass. The stage line ceased following completion of the railroad in 1887. SOHS #9853

and served as a stage stop for almost thirty years. It housed the first telegraph in the area and also served as the northern terminus for the Southern Pacific Railroad until railroad crews pushed the tracks up over Siskiyou Pass. Until 1887 travelers switched there from rail to stage for the arduous trip over the Siskiyou Summit.

Byron Cole settled on adjacent property to the south of his brother's ranch. He sold out in 1859 and his brother acquired the property. Rufus Cole's ranch became the core of what was later known as the SS Bar Ranch, which still exists, although the northern half was subdivided and sold beginning in the 1960s.

Byron went east to claim a bride. Upon returning he took up ranching again on land just north of this brother's ranch. He also bought 320 acres at the head of Cottonwood Creek, which contained a mineral springs. As the railroad approached from the south, he decided to develop a resort at the springs and use the drawing power of the healthful water to bring customers.

The other prominent early settler in the Cottonwood Creek Valley was John Hilt, who had left Illinois for the gold fields in 1851. Arriving in old Hangtown (today's Placerville) he teamed up with William Smith. The two shouldered their mining equipment and walked up the Sacramento Valley to the northern mines, arriving in Yreka in the spring of 1852 and quickly passing through the rowdy town to go on to the little hamlet of Cottonwood (Henley) at the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. There the men began mining and were moderately successful. Together they earned about \$150,000. Hilt allegedly pulled out \$2,800 in one pan.⁶

Hilt and Smith used their wealth to underwrite other enterprises. Smith built a sawmill on the west fork of Cottonwood Creek during the 1860s. Hilt bought the mill from him in 1877, moved it further upstream, and for many years made and sold lumber to the local population. He ran the mill until the 1890s, finally selling out in 1901.

The first wagon road over Siskiyou Pass was built in 1852. The Oregon Territorial Legislature authorized the building of a toll road over the pass in the late 1850s. It was completed in 1859. Lindsay Applegate bought the road and operated it until 1871. According to toll records now housed at the Southern Oregon Historical Society, it cost a single horseman \$.25, a horse and buggy \$1.25, and a pack train \$2.25 to go over the pass.⁷ The last owner of the toll road, Dudley Dollarhide, petitioned the Oregon Legislature for redress when the Pacific Highway over the mountains was being completed in 1914, obviating the need for the old toll road.

The stagecoach era in the Cottonwood Valley began in 1860 and continued until the railroad was completed over

**4,000 Chinese laborers
camped near Hornbrook,
swarming over the hills and
mountains to the north as
they built the grade
up the Siskiyou.**



the Siskiyou, linking Oregon and California in 1887. The Rufus Cole family “kept travel” at Cole’s Station, providing lodging and meals for travelers and fresh mounts for the stage. It took a jolting fifty-four hours to ride from Redding to Roseburg by stage in the 1880s. In warm weather, ladies and traveling salesmen wore full-length dusters to protect their clothing. The rainy season turned the roads into muddy mires and passengers often had to get out and walk to rest the horses. The last stagecoach pulled out of Cole’s Station on December 17, 1887, the day the golden spike was driven at Ashland linking Oregon and California by rail.

During the late 1880s the Southern Pacific Railroad had steadily pushed its line toward the Oregon border. At one

time, 4,000 Chinese laborers camped near Hornbrook⁸ swarming over the hills and mountains to the north as they built the grade up the Siskiyou. These tireless laborers worked six days a week from sunrise to sunset for about a dollar a day. By June 29, 1887, the railroad had reached Cole’s Station. Six saloons were built along a one-mile stretch of tracks just north of where the town of Hilt would stand to serve the thirsty workers. Several long tunnels were part of this project. It took a year and a half to complete the 3,000-foot Tunnel 13 near the summit of the Siskiyou. During its construction, small towns grew up at either end to accommodate the needs of the railroad crews. When it was finally completed and Charles Crocker of Southern Pacific drove the gold spike at Ashland, the era of the stagecoach had ended.

Byron Cole began building a resort hotel at the upper end of the Colestin Valley in the early 1880s. The little White Point post office there was renamed Colestin (for Cole’s Mountain). The hotel was a two-story frame building built with lumber from old-growth trees. The boards were hand pegged with hardwood pins. The foundation underpinnings were cut from red cedar heartwood and surface charred before use. A large stone fireplace occupied one end of the dining room. The hotel could accommodate twenty-five guests at one time and soon became the main gathering place for visitors to the area. When the rail link to Ashland was finally completed, Southern Pacific began promoting the Colestin Mineral Springs in its *Sunset Magazine* and ran excursion trains to it. Activities at Colestin Mineral Springs were lively during its heyday:

Around the turn of the century, excursion trains carried people who were enthusiastic over healthful living to Colestin and its mineral waters of “superior medicinal properties.” Leland Stanford said the water was so refreshing it was “slightly intoxicating.”

Trains would chug to a stop while passengers, tents, bags, and baggage were unloaded on the small wooden platform. Families could tent—as many as one-hundred at a time under the tall fir, pine and cedar trees—or stay in the hotel which could accommodate twenty-five.

Everyone drank the mineral water—first thing in the morning, all day long, last thing at night. It was described as “having considerable iron content and heavily charged with carbonic acid.”

After Cole died in 1894, his widow rented out the property in 1900, then moved to Ashland. The hotel resort continued to do well until the Pacific Highway opened several miles to the east in 1915, making automobile travel across the Siskiyou much easier. Soon the old resort fell into decline.

Cole family members sold the heavily mortgaged resort property to two immigrant Greeks, George and Gus Avgeris, in 1923. George Avgeris had come to Oregon in 1910 and knew the Cole family from his years of working on the railroad as a water boy. According to his son Steve, George Avgeris was originally attracted to the property because he was fascinated by the mineral springs.¹⁰

The Avgerises went into lumbering and hard rock mining. At one time they operated a lumber mill and a stamp mill for crushing ore on their property. Gus ran the general

Chinese, Italian, Indian and Greek immigrants found employment opportunities during construction of the North-South transcontinental railroad. Camps sprung up at major construction sites, like this one at the south end of Siskiyou Tunnel. SOHS #1567

store and lived above it. He also ran the small Colestin Post Office. Steve Avgeris describes his father and uncle as entrepreneurs who went from one business to another during their forty years at Colestin, trying to keep abreast of trends. During the 1930s they built a small bottling works on the property and became the first to sell bottled Colestin Mineral Water. The bottled water was sold throughout California and the United States.

A third brother, Theo, came over from Greece and bought land adjacent to George and Gus. At one time the three Avgerises owned 3,000 acres in the Colestin Valley. Theo ran cattle and goats. He made premium goat cheese that was loaded aboard trains at the little station and taken to markets across the country.

The Avgeris brothers never ran the Colestin Hotel as a commercial establishment, but they continued the tradition of hosting celebrations there. The hotel usually had a full complement of guests. The Avgerises were grateful to their adopted country and expressed their gratitude by throwing huge, Greek-style Fourth of July parties. They would barbecue three or four goats and prepare Greek dishes. George did all of the cooking. Wine flowed and there was music and dancing. These parties lasted for days and drew people from all over the area. Later each year, in September, the Avgerises hosted a gathering for members of the Greek Orthodox Church and their guests. Members of the Greek community would come from as far away as San Francisco and Modesto for the barbecue celebration.

First Gus, in 1949, and then George, in 1950, briefly returned to Greece to marry. They returned to the Colestin Valley and continued living and working on their land. During the 1960s, they grew Christmas trees. But Theo's Greek wife became homesick, and he sold out and returned to Greece in 1966. Today, George's son Steve lives on the Avgeris property near the mineral springs. The old hotel has fallen down. This second generation of Avgerises is busy restoring their remaining acreage, much of which has either been logged or burned.



Colestin became a popular destination resort. SOHS #1115

John Hilt sold his lumber mill to four Grants Pass loggers who moved the mill to a new site near to Southern Pacific railroad and built a few buildings which began the town of Hilt. By 1911 the lumber operation was owned by the Fruit Growers Supply Company (FGS), a subsidiary of Sunkist. FGS's primary goal was to make wooden fruit boxes for citrus growers throughout California and the Southwest. They operated the mill for sixty-three years until it was shut down in 1974.

Hilt was a one-industry town. FGS expanded operations, adding a sawmill and a lumberyard. In 1914 a laborer at the mill made twenty cents an hour and a carpenter thirty cents.¹² Almost half of the first workers were Italian, and they began the distinctive, colorful Italian community called West Side, across the railroad tracks from the main part of town.

The company eventually acquired 90,000 acres of prime forest land in the mountains to the west and built an extensive railroad to facilitate logging operations. More than twenty logging camps were established to house the summer crews of loggers.

People who were raised in Hilt reminisce fondly about life in the small, isolated community. Most of the men hunted and fished. Dances were held every other Saturday at the Community Hall. Catholics and Protestants shared the one church building. Community picnics were common during the summertime, and FGS hosted a grand Fourth of July celebration each year. Hilt was very baseball-minded. At one time there were five locations in town where teams could play baseball. The teams played as far away as Portland and Sacramento. Several players went on to the major leagues.

The Italian community added a particular color to Hilt. First the men arrived to work. When they had saved up passage money, they sent for their wives or sweethearts. During prohibition, the Italian families were allowed to make wine for personal use. They would arrange for three or four railroad carloads of wine grapes to come up from the Napa Valley. Company wagons would haul the grapes to various homes and the children would crush the grapes barefooted in the early years. The crush yielded two batches of wine and a powerful, distilled rappa.

Many of the Italians had good voices and often in the summers they would sit on their front porches and sing opera, entertaining the townsfolk. They also formed the West Side Dance Band and entertained at Hornbrook and at Colestin. The Italian families kept their old customs at Christmas, serving roasted chestnuts and mulled wine.

The only building that the company didn't own in Hilt, besides the Southern Pacific depot, was Victor E. "Slim" Warrens' famed Diamond Saloon. The saloon had a beautiful oak bar. Slim was known for his large diamond stick pin and his two diamond rings. At the Diamond Saloon after Prohibition was repealed, people from still-dry Oregon would ride the train down to Hilt or Hornbrook to buy their liquor in California. Some made the trip by automobile. Warrens lent money to the Siskiyou County



The railroad provided commercial transport and passenger service to the growing lumber milling and resort area.
 Photo courtesy Terry Skibby

Board of Supervisors to build a road to facilitate the Oregon trade.

During the peak production years of the 1940s, the population of Hilt was some 700 employees and their families. However, during the mid-1950s, wooden packing crates were replaced by cardboard boxes and the mill had to switch over to producing commercial lumber. As the mill became more antiquated and devastating forest fires destroyed valuable timber in the area, FGS decided to phase out the mill and drop back to cutting logs for other mills on a sustained yield basis. Beginning in 1972, company employees were relocated or retired and operations slowed down. By 1973 the mill was closed and the company began to tear down the ninety houses that once comprised the bustling community of Hilt. Today only a few houses, the church and the school remain. The town of

Hilt ceased to exist and things became quiet in the Colestin Valley. A few families hung on, but there was no work available and times were hard.

Gradually, a new migration of people began to trickle into the Colestin Valley. This new breed for the most part included well-educated refugees from urban centers. They enjoyed the remoteness of the valley and wanted to preserve the natural qualities of the land.

In 1979 members of the Ashland Buddhist community bought sixty-five acres in the Colestin Valley to build a retreat center. During the construction of the temple, members of the group made contact with Nancy Vanderploeg, the local Shasta Indian medicine woman. She participated in their dedication ceremony, blessing the land and sharing at that time that the Buddhists coming partially fulfilled a Shasta prophecy which stated that the

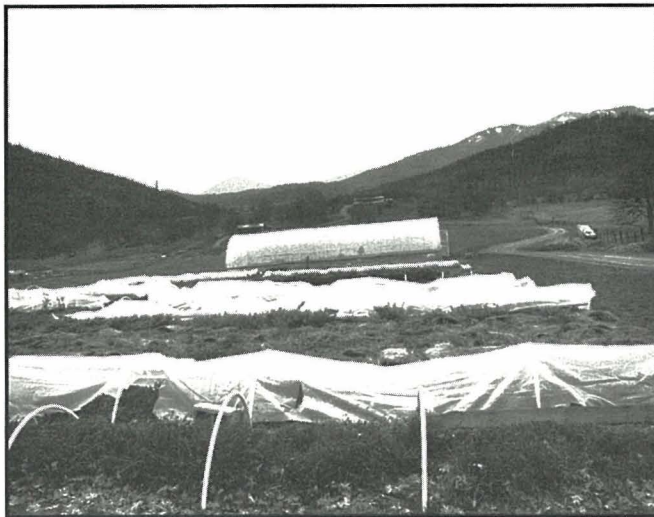
Indian spirit would return to the land seven generations after the time of the mass poisoning, when the spiritual climate was more accepting of Indian values. It stated that after 132 years the Shasta people would regain the voice of their drum (their spiritual power).¹³ She saw kindred spirits in the coming of the Tibetan lama and his followers to the Colestin Valley.

Colestin Valley resident Charles Selberg first came to the valley in 1982. He remembers that almost every house along the road up to the Avgeris place was for sale. In love with the remoteness of the valley, he and his wife immediately bought property and moved in. A former physical education professor at the University of California at Santa Cruz and a master fencer, Selberg runs his own fencing school in the valley. He has seen an influx of bright, educated, environmentally conscious younger people moving into Colestin who want to live close to the land.

The Avgerises have seen a lot of people come and go over the past twenty years. They share with the newcomers a love of the rugged beauty of the land, the isolation and the peace and freedom that the valley affords. Steve Avgeris remembers something his father told him years ago: "You play by nature's rules up here." They like it that way.

The Avgerises also have a sense of stewardship for the land. Since much of their acreage has been logged or burned, they are reforesting about thirty acres a year. They are also talking about reopening the bottling works and marketing Colestin mineral water again. And they are concerned with the effect of further development on the fragile environment.

"My roots are here," says Steve. "I was born and raised here. I'll never leave."



Former sailor Richard Fugas (right) traded his life on the seas for an organic specialty herb product business in the Colestin Valley. Rising Sun greenhouses produce savory herbs under the watchful eye of Mount Shasta.
Photos by Natalie Brown

People who were raised in Hilt reminisce fondly about life in the small, isolated community.

A new consciousness is emerging in the Colestin Valley, one that is gradually bonding the residents more closely together. They tend to be highly individualistic, yet they share common concerns and desire to preserve the quality of the environment. For example, residents joined together to take on the phone company in the early 1980s and got telephone service extended into the valley.

People help one another out in the Colestin. When cars get stuck or break down, the neighbors turn out. Last fall the tiny community organized a fund raiser to raise money for a school building. A new business, Rising Sun Farms, is thriving, growing and packaging fine gourmet food items such as pesto and dried tomatoes. Rising Sun, incidentally, was one of the few Shasta Indian chiefs to escape the great poisoning.

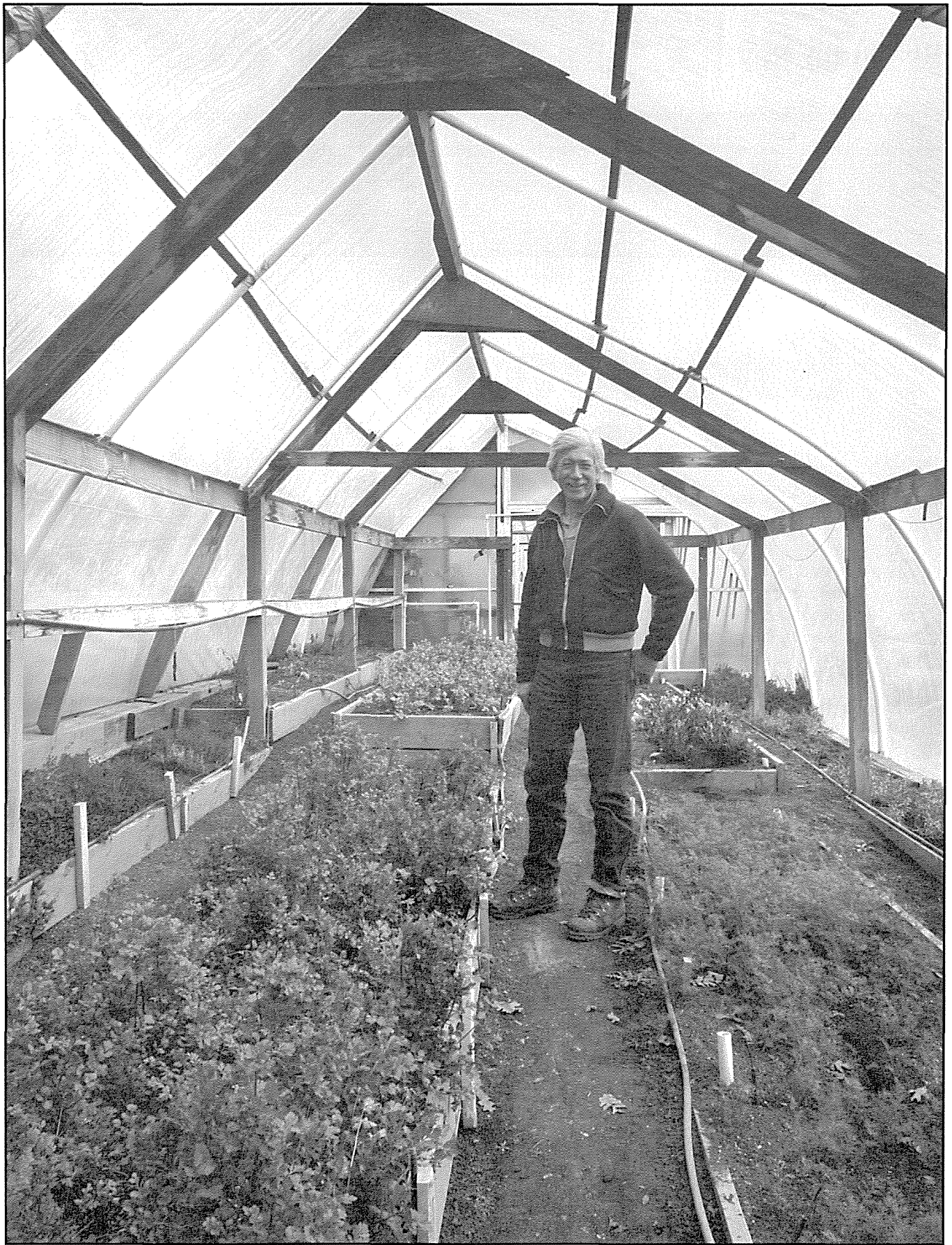
Today, people are living in teepees, yurts and trailers in the Colestin Valley, close to the land. They like living there and are willing to make sacrifices to remain. Perhaps the spirit of the ancient ones is returning to the Colestin Valley. Perhaps it never left.



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1. Robert Winthrop, "Survival and Adaptation Among the Shasta Indians" (paper prepared for the U.S. Forest Service, 1986), p. 34.
2. Jeff LaLande, *First Over the Siskiyou*, (Oregon Historical Society Press, 1987), p. 55.
3. Winthrop, "Survival and Adaptation," p. 39.
4. Oral interviews with Donald Boat, Jan. 26, 1989; Betty Hall, Jan. 27, 1989; Caraway George, Jan. 28, 1989.
5. Videotape interview with Shasta medicine woman Nancy Vanderploeg, replayed by her father, Caraway George, on Jan. 28, 1989.
6. Melvin Wallace, "Early History of Hilt" (masters thesis, Southern Oregon State College, 1961).
7. Wallace, "Early History of Hilt," p. 23.
8. J. Roy Jones, *The Land of Remember* (Naturegraph Publications, Inc., 1971), p. 85.
9. *Ashland Daily Tidings*, January 24, 1964.
10. Oral interview, Steve Avgeris, Jan. 14, 1989.
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12. From paraphernalia displayed at the Hilt Station Cafe, recorded Jan. 21, 1989.
13. See notes 4 and 5.

Richard Hacker is a free-lance writer and journalist who recently moved from Oregon's Rogue Valley to Mount Shasta, California.



By Susan Ray



Snowbound for a Day

Schussing and sliding, cross-country skiers are challenging the winter elements of southern Oregon's higher elevations. A sport imported from Europe to North America, nordic skiing is gaining popularity as a competitive and recreational sport.

As the evolution of the art of gliding over snow-covered terrain unfolded, one man in particular was responsible for the revival and progression of the sport in southern Oregon, as well as throughout the nation. The late John Stewart Day, often referred to as the "Johnny Appleseed" of cross-country skiing, was an extraordinary individual, a true sporting legend, who convinced a large number of people to get off their derrieres and onto skis.

Day initially spread the seeds of interest in the winter of 1965 by rambling about the Snow Belt states in his old station wagon distributing copies of a popular Norwegian ski manual. Writer Michael Brady translated the short training booklet to English, and Day, at his own expense, published 2,000 copies.¹

Forming the now thriving Oregon Nordic Club was another important element of Day's crusade. Along with

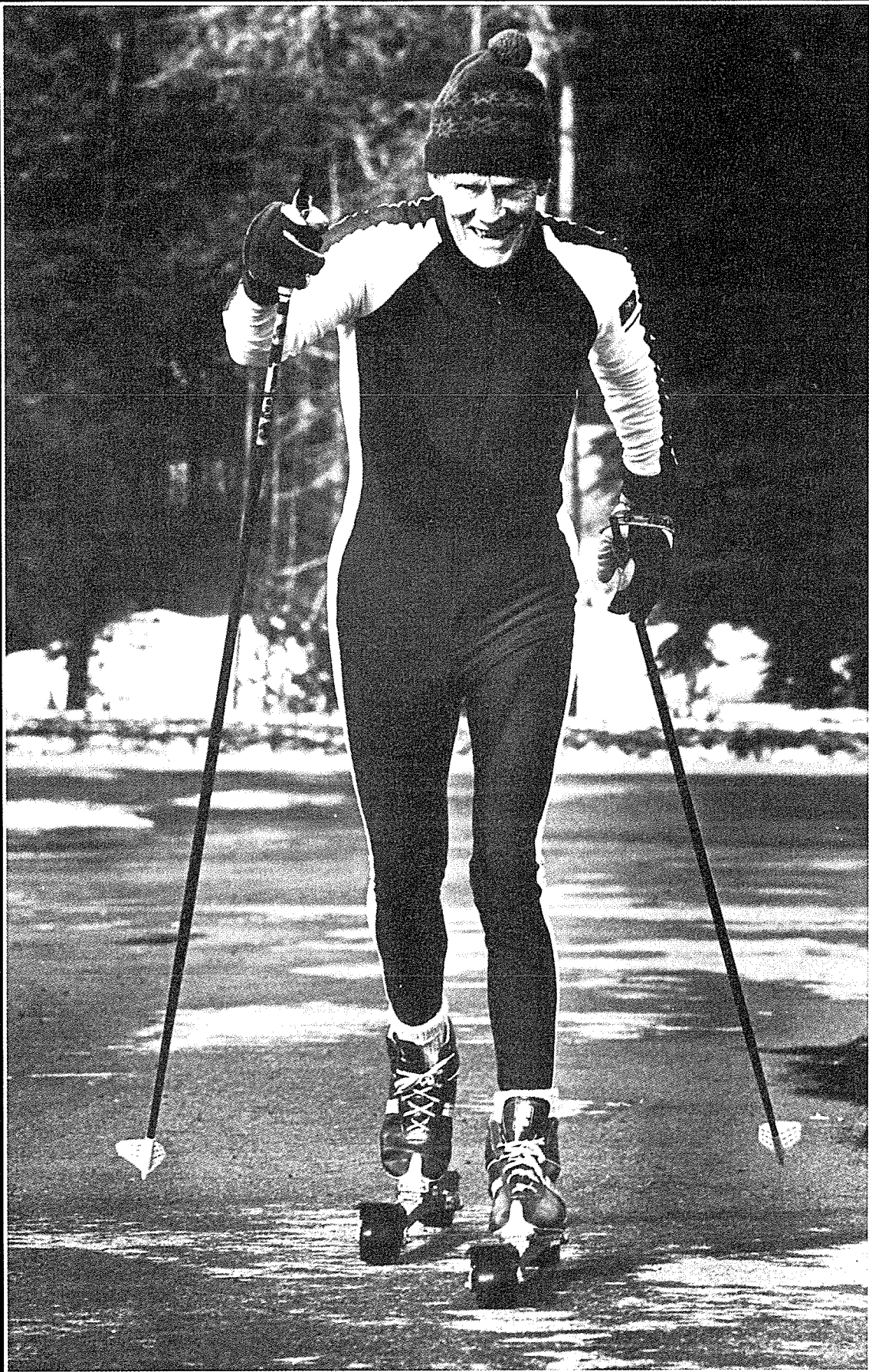
his two friends Bill Pruitt and Dan Buckley, he started the club in his home near Central Point in 1966. Now the club has grown from these three visionaries to include nearly 1,000 members representing the interests of cross-country skiers throughout the state. The club's primary responsibilities and programs include ski tours, ski clinics, the Bill Koch Youth Ski League, trail clearing, maintenance, and expansion, environmental awareness and political action. The club is now comprised of seven chapters, with the southern Oregon chapter representing skiers in the Medford-Ashland area.



But let's get back to our Johnny Appleseed. Shortly after his birth in 1909 in Aberdeen, Washington, Day's family moved to Albany, Oregon, where he spent his younger years. The family then moved to Sam's Valley

where he grew up in a vigorous atmosphere. Day arose at the crack of dawn to bring in firewood, feed 200 head of steers, clean the stables and feed and harness up to eight head of horses, milk and feed two cows, have his own breakfast and walk three miles to school. After school he'd walk home and repeat the sequence. Somewhere in between all the chores he would work out for an hour with dumbbells that were pipes filled with sand and plugged with wooden corks.² He graduated from Medford High School and on August 17, 1935, at Hillcrest Orchards in Medford, married the former Mary "Nan" Parsons.³ He and his wife lived on their 4,000-acre Gold Rey Buffalo Ranch overlooking the Rogue River near Central Point.⁴ Aside from raising buffalo, the exclusive ranch was home to llamas, cheetahs and other exotic game. The big-time rancher also

Racers kick off to a speedy start (above) at the fourth annual John Day race held at Diamond Lake on February 18, 1990. Photos by Susan Ray. Always in tip-top shape, Day works out on roller skis. (opposite). Photo by Bob Pennell, courtesy *Medford Mail Tribune*





Members of the 1968 Oregon Nordic club receive their awards for participating in a Crater Lake race (left). Day warms up with a cup of hot chocolate (right) after finishing yet another ski competition in 1927. Dave Lund, John Day and John Lund (far right) pose at a 1977 Crater Lake race. Photos courtesy John Lund and Klamath County Museum.

managed a successful land development company and obtained a formidable reputation as an international hunter with trophy listings in the Boone and Crockett Club's *Records of North American Big Game*.⁵

For the next thirty years, Day led an active life. But it wasn't until 1961 when he first strapped his feet to long, skinny skis. Unfortunately, for some people it takes a traumatic experience to force them to make a positive turn-about. Such was Day's case. He had given up his vigorous lifestyle, chained himself to his work and "smoked eighty cigarettes a day, slept four hours a night and ran three or four businesses."⁶ At the age of forty his back gave out on him. The diagnosis was advanced arthritis. Doctors feared he might never walk upright again. The reality that he was ruining his health hit him like a slap in the face. But there was no way a man of Day's character would succumb to a doctor's diagnosis of arthritis and ulcers and a prognosis of early demise. Instead, he decided to put time back on his side.

So Day's true saga begins as his walls fill with medals denoting his athletic accomplishments. The list started with mountain climbing: 300 major ascents to be exact, including North America's tallest, Mount McKinley. His mountain climbing ended in May 1960 after a near-disastrous 600-foot fall. He and three

other climbing partners successfully reached McKinley's top in an unprecedented two-and-a-half days. As they inched their way down the ominous slope, the lead man fell and dragged the rest with him. The four men slid to a stop just short of a 300-foot drop that would have killed them all.⁷ In a 1966 issue of *SKI* magazine, Day described this harrowing experience: "... I reared back as hard as I could to stop the rest of them. In just a matter of a split second, 800 pounds of men and equipment hit the other end of the rope and broke one of my legs and one of my ankles."

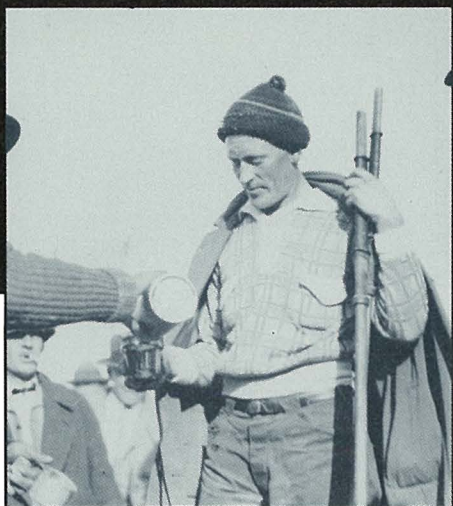


Following a helicopter rescue at 17,200 feet, Day underwent a series of surgeries to mend his snapped tendons and broken bones. "I told the doctors before they gave me the needle that I wanted them to remember one thing ... that I wanted to become a good cross-country runner on skis and if they kept that in mind while they were sewing me up, why I figured they might do a little better job than if they didn't have this information," Day said.⁸

The doctors did an excellent job of patching him up apparently, as his request was fulfilled. After seeing the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley, Day embarked upon a program to learn the fundamentals of cross-country skiing. He went to Norway to learn technique as only a few instructors existed in the United States at that time. He mastered the Norwegian techniques and later entered the grueling sixty-mile Hardanger Katjulen ski race, finishing it in seventeen hours.⁹ At the age of fifty-five, his primary aspiration was to be a member of the 1964 U.S. Nordic ski team. The U.S. Olympic committee found him ineligible because he lacked a competitive background.¹⁰

Undaunted, he became chairman of the United States Ski Association, in which his job of promoting nordic skiing officially began. He set up an office in Medford and four secretaries stood by to assist with the impending mail campaign. He had a chain of directors across the country who in turn had their own sub-committees. Two assistants spent all their time putting on clinics and talking to clubs. Day did considerable public speaking on cross-country skiing. The major thrust, however, was the mail contact with universities, clubs, resorts and the media.¹¹

Seizing the opportunity to promote cross-country skiing in the West, where virtually nothing was happening, he travelled to Oslo and took the



chance of sending over \$1,000 worth of equipment to a ski shop in Medford owned by a friend.¹² The gear sold out immediately. Cross-country skiing was taking hold and residents of Jackson County began to find ways of making winter a season to enjoy rather than merely endure.

In 1973 Day estimated there were up to 6,000 cross-country skiers in the state. Today, with the advent of the waxless pattern on the bases of the skis eliminating the need to bother with wax, that figure has easily tripled—all a result of the catalytic effect Day's torch-carrying had on the sport.

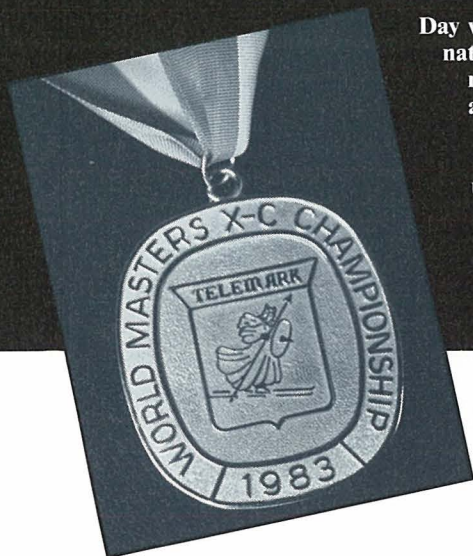
The tall, slender man with the imposing demeanor wanted to make an impression during his time on this earth, and he certainly did. Day died May 23, 1986. Since then, the southern Oregon chapter of the Nordic Club, along with the Diamond Lake Nordic Center, sponsors an annual John Day Memorial Race to commemorate Day's efforts. Two races, a nine-kilometer and an 18 kilometer, are run on groomed tracks along the east side of the lake, attracting an average of seventy to seventy-five participants. Part of the proceeds go toward the Special Olympics, an event for the physically and mentally handicapped put on at Diamond Lake.¹³

"Yes, John never did anything half way," says Dan Buckley, long-time friend and co-founder of the Oregon Nordic Club. "He would do any sort

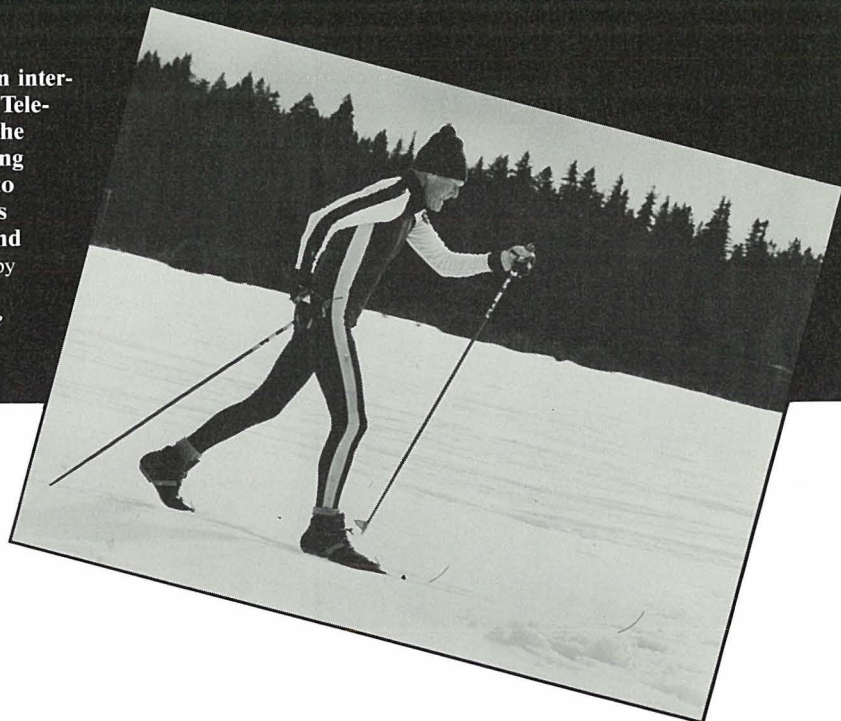
"... I reared back as hard as I could to stop the rest of them.

In just a matter of a split second, 800 pounds of men and equipment hit the other end of the rope and broke one of my legs and one of my ankles."

"I told the doctors before they gave me the needle that I wanted them to remember one thing . . . that I wanted to become a good cross-country runner on skis and if they kept that in mind while they were sewing me up, why I figured they might do a little better job than if they didn't have this information."



Day won this gold medal in international competition at Telemark, Wisconsin, at the age of 73 (left). Kicking and gliding his way to longevity, Day works up a sweat at Diamond Lake (right). Photos by Bob Pennell, courtesy Medford Mail Tribune



of a physical challenge; how many miles he could bike in twenty-four hours, how many mountains he could climb in a day."

Early in his skiing career, Day managed to ski around the entire thirty-three mile rim of Crater Lake in six-and-a-half hours, accompanied by two top skiers from Italy.¹⁴ In 1983, Day won a gold medal in international cross-country competition in Telemark, Wisconsin. When he wasn't setting records in skiing, he was accomplishing other major feats such as a 400-mile bike marathon. Amazingly, he was quoted in *Oregon Cycling*, August 1985, as "not feeling tired" after completing 403 miles! He was also very much into karate, and was partly responsible for getting canoeing into the Olympics.

Day was sort of an anomaly in southern Oregon, and anywhere for that matter. Day once said, "I think the days are gone when old granny and grandpappy sit around and knit or chew tobacco. They're going to be out doing things with their bodies and enjoying the outdoors. You get wrinkles, you get arthritis, you get older and you're not as good looking as you used to be, but still, if you keep yourself active, you can live right on. It's a lot better than just sitting around waiting to die."¹⁵

Young or old, there's something mystically satisfying about Day's beloved sport. There are no age limits, no speed limits. You can shuffle

**You get wrinkles, you get
arthritis, you get older
and you're not as good looking
as you used to be, but still, if
you keep yourself active,
you can live right on.**

Neither Wind nor Rain nor Snow . . .

Before the twentieth century, skiing over hill and dale was reserved for the hearty individual, and primarily done out of necessity, rather than for recreational purposes. John Templeton Craig was responsible for delivering mail year-round between the Willamette Valley settlements and the isolated ranch country on the high plateau east of the Cascades. He sported ten-foot long skis with leather thongs for bindings and a stout staff for braking, balancing and poling. In the winter of 1877 he made his last mail run over the Oregon Cascades via McKenzie Pass; Craig perished in a blizzard. His efforts are memorialized during the annual John Craig Memorial Race sponsored by the Oregon Nordic Club. The public gets to participate by having their letters carried by cross-country skiers and postmarked with a special commemorative stamp.

slowly along or kick and glide at a faster pace. Cross-country skiing offers a degree of freedom downhillers don't have. The only boundaries are the limit of the skier's expertise. The winter wilderness becomes a life-long teacher and friend, beckoning us to live life to the fullest as John Day did.



ENDNOTES

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Next," (Bend, Oregon: Nordic West Publishing, inc., 1983), p. 2.

3. *Medford Mail Tribune*, May 23, 1986.

4. Dave Prokop, "Effort and Heroic Goals," in *Nordic World*, November 1973, p. 26.

5. Woodward, p. 18. The Boone & Crockett Club was started by Theodore Roosevelt in 1887, with a membership limited to 100 worldwide.

6. Morten Lund, "There's a Great Day Comin'," in *Ski Magazine*, (New York: Universal, December 1966), p. 57.

7. Morten Lund, p. 58.

8. Morten Lund, p. 58.

9. John W. Lund, *Southern Oregon Cross-Country Ski Trails*, (Klamath Falls, Oregon: Lund, 1987), p. 218.

10. Prokop, p. 28.

11. Prokop, p. 28.

12. *Nordic West*, p. 2.

13. Personal interview with Dan Buckley, co-founder of Nordic Club and director of John Day Memorial Race, January 29, 1990.

14. John W. Lund, p. 218.

15. *Nordic West*, p. 3.

Susan Ray, photography/publications specialist for the Southern Oregon Historical Society, graduated from Southern Oregon State College in journalism and photography. Also a cross-country skier, she has planted poles and crossed tips throughout Oregon and Colorado.

From the Collections

By Janette Meek



For many people, spring means a time for cleaning closets, drawers and attics. What have you found and what memories does it trigger in your mind? Package labels and original tags are fun to inspect and gather the details which tell a story. At the Southern Oregon Historical Society, the Collections Department closely examines artifacts to determine more clues to add to what a donor has told us about their artifacts.

By studying this artifact donated in 1988, we determine it was used as a floating bath toy and soap dish. Still in its original package, the toy is made of rubber and was manufactured by the Bonnytex Company, New York. In addition to the name "Wash a Babe," the label also tells us that the toy was packaged in 1956 and purchased for \$1.25. The advertiser claimed, "Wash a Babe makes bath-

time . . . fun time!"

We have other items in the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society that are still in their original packages. Other information that may be obtained from a product package is the location of purchase, if it was on sale and how often the price was slashed prior to the final sale. Every detail about an artifact contributes to an understanding of the cultural history of southern Oregon.

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

Then and Now



Photo courtesy Amy Tiger

The uniforms are not all that has changed in women's basketball. In early years, women played "split team" where some positions were designated offensive and others defensive. These designated players were required to stay within their respective half courts. The number of consecutive dribbles was also limited. In today's high schools, women play by the same rules as men.

This Medford High School's girls' basketball team earned state championship honors in 1914. Pictured left to right are (front row) Mildred Bliton and Ersul Stuart, (back row) Helen Purucker, Nellie Corum and Laurine Lawton, and coach Don Rader. (Three years later, Mildred Bliton enlisted as Yeoman (F) in the U.S. Navy. She served her country during wartime as a draftsperson. See article page 2 of this issue.)

Continuing the tradition of excellence in women's athletics is the 1990 South Medford High School women's varsity basketball team. Pictured left to right are (front row) Jana Pierce, Jennifer Byerly, Niesha Graves, Heather Snow; (back row) assistant coach John Thomas, Jessica Brost, Karale Hammer, Kim Soldan, Marcie Knips, Kacy Davis, Tracy Scheuneman, Tina Giles, head coach Amy Tiger.

Medford High School and Medford Mid-High became North Medford High School and South Medford High School in 1985. Both schools offer encouragement and extensive programs in women's sports. The trophies of past high school heroes reside at North Medford.



SOHS #4103

Tiger is enthusiastic about the opportunities for women in athletics today. "Women in basketball are receiving a lot more exposure. People have more respect for what they've done. Now women can make a living in athletics—as a team member, coach or trainer."

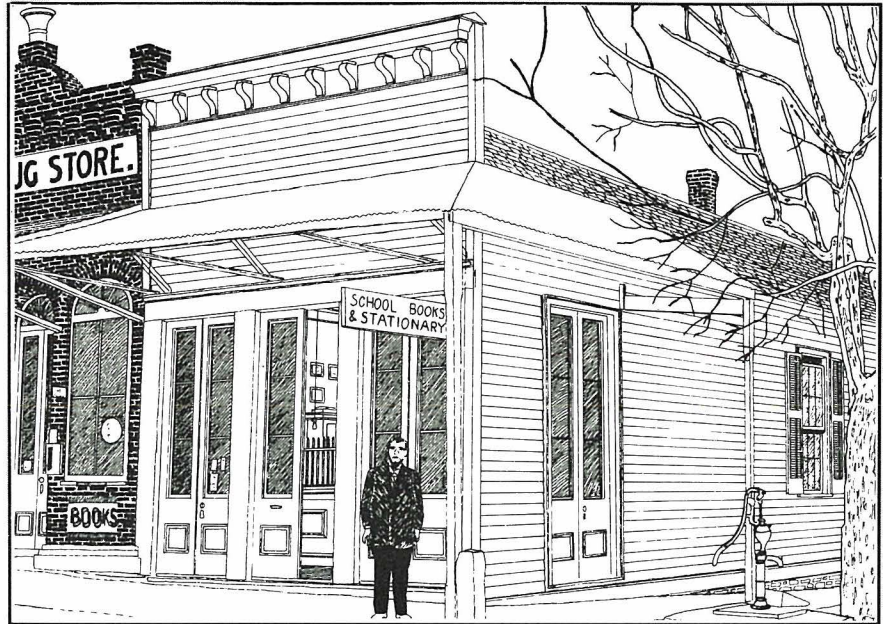
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Through March 24, 1990

Medford Renaissance Too Exhibit featuring architectural renderings of the revitalization of downtown Medford including the renovation of The History Center. Highlighting the exhibit will be selected artifacts from businesses and landmarks of 19th and early 20th century Medford. The History Center, 106 N. Central Avenue, Medford, is open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturday.

March 28

Singer, guitar player and Society staff member Karol Blessing will introduce youngsters ages 3-6 to favorite children's songs of long ago at the workshop Old Time Music Makers. Before the sing-along concert begins at the Children's Museum, participants will make simple instruments to play. Fees are \$1.50 for Jr. Historian members; \$2.50 for non-members. Each workshop is limited to 25 participants and pre-registration is required by March 26. To register, call 773-6536, ext. 304.



March 28

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.

April 7, 1990- March 30, 1991

Living with the Land: The Indians of Southwest Oregon. A major exhibit exploring the prehistory, history and lifeways of the Native Americans of southwest Oregon. Living with the Land will appear in The History Center, 106 N. Central, Medford. The building is open to the public 9-5 Monday-Friday; 10-5 Saturday.

April 25

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

April 25, 27 and May 1, 2 & 4

Children's Heritage Fair offers area fourth graders a unique opportunity

to experience southern Oregon's past. Students enjoy re-creating traditional skills such as gold panning, and churning butter. Activities this year will include visiting the Beekman Bank, exploring pioneer methods of preparing and preserving food, and discovering early fire-fighting techniques during a "bucket brigade" relay race! Area schools will receive details soon.

May 26-Sept. 3

Summer hours at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History and the Children's Museum, 206 N. Fifth, Jacksonville, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. Summer also brings the return of the Living History Program at the Beekman House and Beekman Bank. The bank will remain open through the month of September on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 1-5 p.m. Interpreters will be at both sites 1-5 p.m., seven days a week.

June 16 & 17

"The Willows" will be open for tours of the historic Hanley farm and grounds.

June 23

Annual Membership Meeting. Time and location to be announced.

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.

Administrative Offices, History Center, 106 North Central Avenue, Medford, OR 97501-5926, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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.

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, OR 97525



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