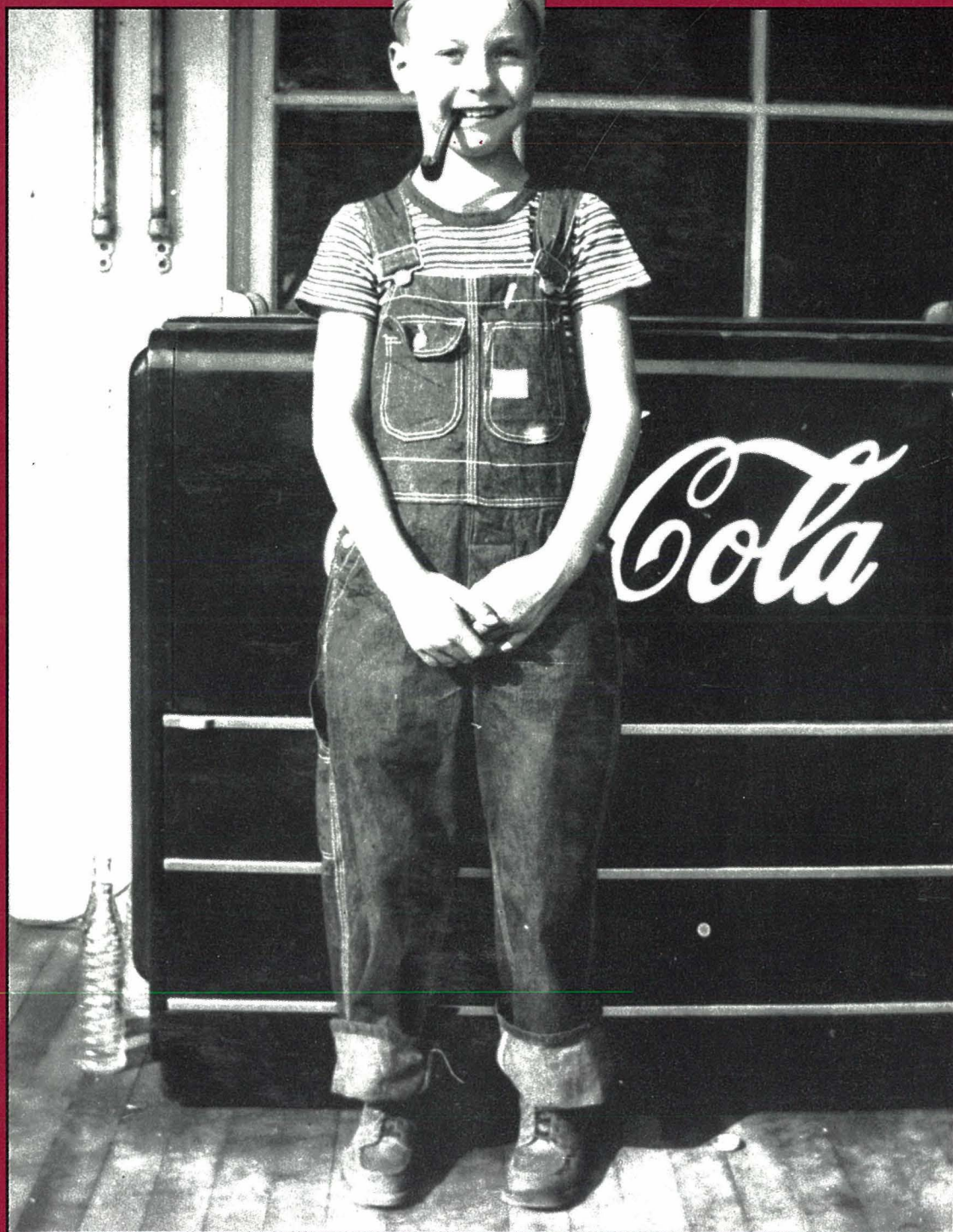


TABLE ROCK

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# SENTINEL

NOVEMBER  
DECEMBER  
1990



The  
Magazine  
of the  
Southern  
Oregon  
Historical  
Society



# Seventy-eight Years Ago



In 1912, seventy-eight-year-old suffragette Abigail Jane Scott Duniway became the first registered woman voter in Oregon and the first to cast her vote. Confined to her home owing to old age and ill health, Duniway signed the registration documents in her residence in the presence of Oregon Governor Oswald West. He credited her with having done more to obtain the vote for women in Oregon than anyone else. In her triumphant struggle to bring the western woman the privilege of the ballot, Abigail Duniway's fierce faith and courage became a source of inspiration for many women.

In her crusade for the emancipation of women she often emphasized that "women did not want to rule over men, as they might imagine, but were asking only for their individual rights and liberties. A man who could be ruled by a woman would not be worth corraling after she had driven him home."

Best known for her leadership in the suffragette movement, she also succeeded as a novelist, newspaper editor, businesswoman, lecturer, housewife, and mother. Unwavering and determined, she fought for what she believed and did what she set out to do.

She died in 1915 at the age of 81. SOHS #8286



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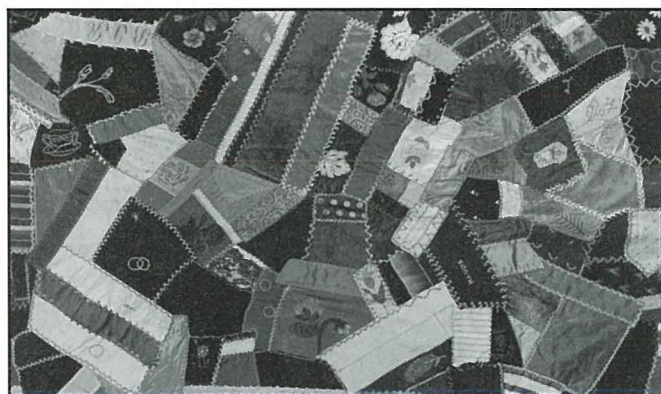
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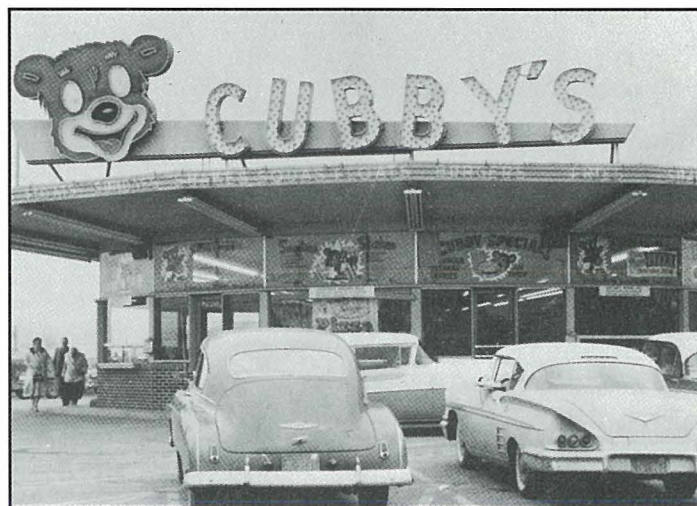
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## Features

### 2 Piecing the Past: Two Centuries of American Quilts *by Sue Waldron*

From a plain and utilitarian European past, American quilts have blossomed into a textural display of art and opinion. Through two centuries, women stitched their political persuasions, religious faith, records of daily life and artistic inclinations on their quilt covers. Quilts from the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society trace the efforts of these industrious seamstresses.

### 14 Cubby's Dayze *by Tommie Smith*

Cruisin', curly dogs and car hops—Cubby's was not just a restaurant in the 1960s, it was the place to be. Many southern Oregonians reflect fondly on the days when, in true American Graffiti-style, teens in flashy cars would congregate at Cubby's to order cheese burgers and see and be seen.

## Departments

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From the Collections (inside back cover)

**Front cover:** Young Jerry McGrew seems quite pleased with his licorice pipe purchased at Al and Dora Smith's produce stand and soda fountain near Jackson Hot Springs, ca. 1938 SOHS #3433

**Back cover:** Following a late 1800s fashion, Peter Britt printed his portrait of Mary and Emmaline Plymale in a decorative scroll SOHS #454.





# Piecing the Past: Two Centuries of American Quilts

by Sue Waldron

**Lovely plume quilting binds the colorful appliquéd cover to the batting and backing of this 1840s quilt.**  
From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.

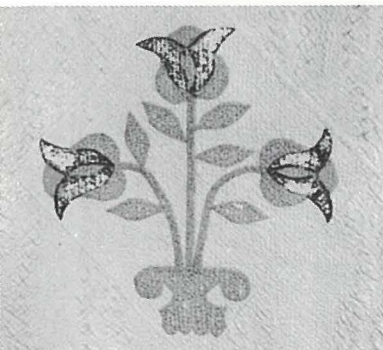
**Q**uilting, the stitching together of layers of cloth, had its earliest beginning as a source of warm clothing in ancient China. Over the intervening centuries, the idea of quilting fabric moved ever westward around the globe, changing to meet the demands of each new region and culture. Today, quilting has evolved to the point that intricately pieced and elaborately stitched wall hangings are considered important works of art. Many of the more than one hundred quilts in the Southern Oregon Historical Society's collection exemplify aspects of quilting's history.

The history of quilting dates to ancient China; the Chinese found that quilted cloth kept them warmer. Several centuries later, the knights who participated in the Crusades in the Holy Lands discovered that quilted shirts worn beneath chain mail worked effectively to prevent chafing. When the knights returned to Europe, they

asked their seamstresses for new quilted shirts and the idea spread to other items of clothing. About this time, the ninth century, a change in the Gulf Stream airflow brought two bitter cold winters to Europe. Even the mighty Rhine and Danube rivers froze solid. Remembering the extra warmth of quilted cloth, European women applied the idea to bed coverings and the familiar quilt was born.

The quilts made in Europe came to be part of bed furniture, which included curtains, canopies and dust ruffles, all of the same fabric. The stitching that stabilized the layers of cloth was shaped into detailed patterns. A feather design, taken from the Prince of Wales' coat of arms in 1307, is still in use today. An 1840s appliquéd quilt with excellent plum quilting from the Society's collection is a good example of the design's continuity.

From China to the Middle East and on to Europe, the idea of quilting fabric





moved westward, finally arriving in North America with the Mayflower in 1620. During the pilgrims' sixty-six day voyage and subsequent long residence on the ship before homes could be built, they used quilts as both bed covers and curtains between shelves that served as beds on the ship. After a year of hard usage the quilts became worn and torn. Back in England the quilts would have been replaced, but here in the young colony new cloth was not available, so the quilts were patched. "The Forefather's Song," a poem written in 1630, includes a verse on patching or clouting:

And now our garments begin to grow thin,  
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin.  
If we can get a garment to cover without,  
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout.  
Our cloths we brought with us are apt to be torn,  
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn,  
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,  
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.<sup>1</sup>

American colonists were expected to abide by an English law prohibiting the colonial manufacture of any produce in competition with goods made in England, thus forbidding the making of fabric in America. But distance made enforcement of the law ineffective and by 1640 the New England colonies were passing various local laws to encourage the textile industry. Even with encouragement, the manufacture of cloth lagged behind the demands of the growing colonies. Available fabric was made into clothing with very little left to make European style quilts. Women used the small remnants to patch old quilts and some even sewed the bits of fabric together into a covering resembling our crazy quilts. With the passage of time and better availability of cloth, American women began to give the scraps a definite shape. Instead of using all available scraps, they selected only those in harmonious colors. Designs for putting the scraps together became more complex. By the mid-1700s "the American patchwork quilt had been born and became a definite branch of quilt-making. It was one of the first new arts of the New World which contributed to the culture of the Old World. It is truly an American craft, deeply imbedded in American customs."<sup>2</sup>

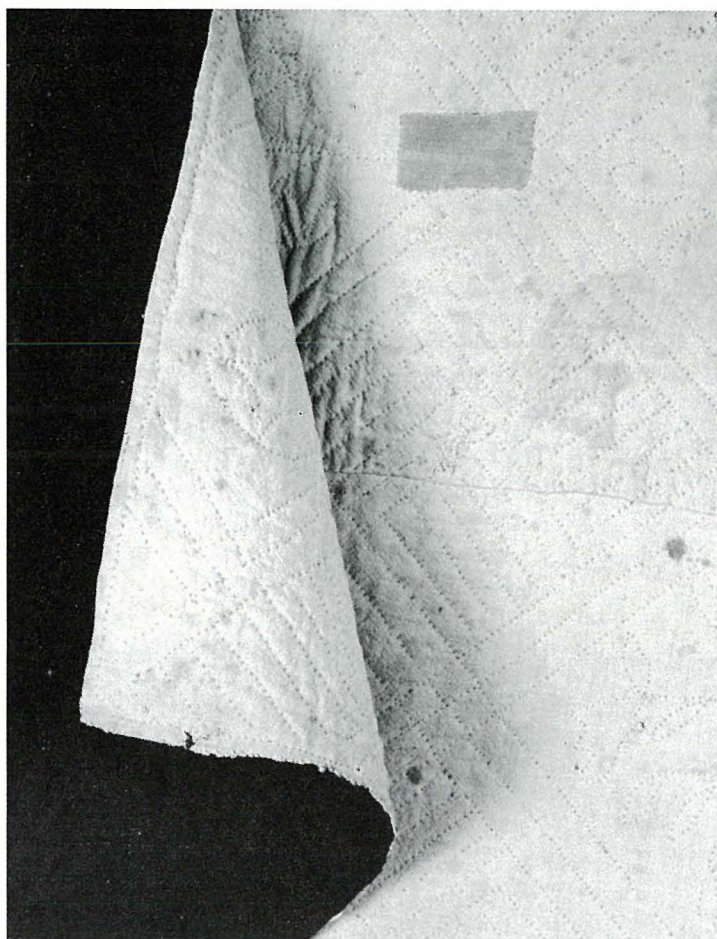
**E**uropean style or whole-cloth quilts dominated quilt making until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many tiny stitches arranged in detailed designs distinguished these quilts. The Southern Oregon Historical

Society collection includes a whole-cloth quilt made by Ann Batchelor James about 1835 in Vermont. She carded the wool and it was spun, then woven into cloth. Ann dyed the fabric then made a quilt of it. Dark brown on one side and tan on the reverse, the wool quilt has rows of stitching in a log cabin pattern alternating with areas of quilted floral designs.

Perhaps the pilgrims also started the tradition of appliquéing quilts when some of the patches applied to the worn quilts were motifs of flowers and birds snipped from chintz fabrics imported from India. With fabric more readily available in the 1700s, particularly in the Eastern and Southern states, appliquéed quilts gained in popularity. It was no longer necessary to use every piece of fabric and curved shapes could be easily incorporated. The introduction of a

**Ann Batchelor James made this whole-cloth quilt from scratch about 1835.**

From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.



one-step dying process for bright green in 1817, followed in 1829 by the arrival of a color-fast Turkey red, gave quilters dependable colors. Red and green fabrics appliquéed to white would predominate for many years in the fancy "marriage quilts" made by young women in America.



The pattern of the quilting stitches can be as complex as the pattern of cover blocks. This ornate cable stitching bound the layers of one of Martha Washington's quilts. The simple nine-patch pattern (below) is an easy block to piece for a novice seamstress. From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.

In the 1700s and 1800s every young girl was expected to make a "baker's dozen" quilts before her marriage. The first of these quilts was often made in the nine-patch pattern which required simple cutting and straight stitching, and used a pre-determined arrangement. As the young seamstress became more proficient, the quilt patterns became more difficult. It was considered inappropriate for an unengaged young woman to use love symbols such as Cupids, doves, love knots or hearts on any of her quilts. Until her engagement it was also considered bad luck to even begin a marriage quilt. The marriage quilt was usually the last and most elaborate of the thirteen quilts that made up a young woman's dowry. In the 1700s there was a fad for cut-paper pictures. Young ladies would ask their future husbands to cut out a pattern to be used in making the marriage quilt. By the 1840s marriage quilts were often appliquéd in red and green fabric on a white background.

As the population of the Eastern colonies began to move West, the patchwork quilt grew in popularity. Fabric once again became scarce and each scrap became more important. In addition to scraps, the least-worn parts of cast-off clothing and tired linens were also painstakingly cut into geometric shapes. The quilt was built a block at a time as there was often little room to set up a large quilting frame in a new homestead. An additional advantage to working on one block at a time was that the sewing could be done in a wagon on the road. Elizabeth Ann Courier was fourteen when her family left Cooper County, Missouri, for Oregon. She pieced the blocks for a simple *Pinwheel* pattern quilt in an ox cart in 1854 using strands from a ball of twine for thread.

Books and paper also became rare as the American population moved westward. This created a problem for pioneer quilt makers—how to record new quilt patterns. The memory can fade or distort a pattern. With no paper available to record dimension and shapes, the quilt maker constructed an actual block made of fabrics from the scrap bag. Years later, a collection of these pattern blocks might be made into a sampler quilt, thus keeping the blocks handy but also making them useful.

Until the westward march began, the women of Pennsylvania and the New England and Southern states made quilts with regional characteristics. Picture quilts were very popular in New England, exquisite needlework distinguished Southern quilts and Pennsylvania Dutch designs were intricate with very bold colors. But as years passed the designs became mixed across the United States. Today, only Pennsylvania Dutch and Hawaiian quilts have retained a definite regional style.







Quilting hopped across the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii almost before it reached the West Coast of the continent. In the spring of 1820, missionaries brought quilting to Hawaii. The promotion of useful industry was part of the missionaries' program and included sewing and quilting. Utilitarian patchwork quilts made from barrels of fabric scraps sent to the missionaries were the first American-style bedcovers made in Hawaii. Possibly the first Hawaiian-style appliqué quilt to appear was a red and gold quilt created to celebrate the birth of a royal prince in 1858. Originally, warmth was the primary function of a quilt and decoration secondary,



By the mid-1800s, red and green shapes appliquéd on a white background were popular. This quilt (*above*) features an adaptation of the Oak Leaf, Tulip and Reel designs. Another historic pattern is called Pinwheel (*left*). Fourteen-year-old Elizabeth Ann Courier pieced many such blocks in an ox cart on the trail to Oregon in 1854, using strands from a ball of twine for thread. From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.

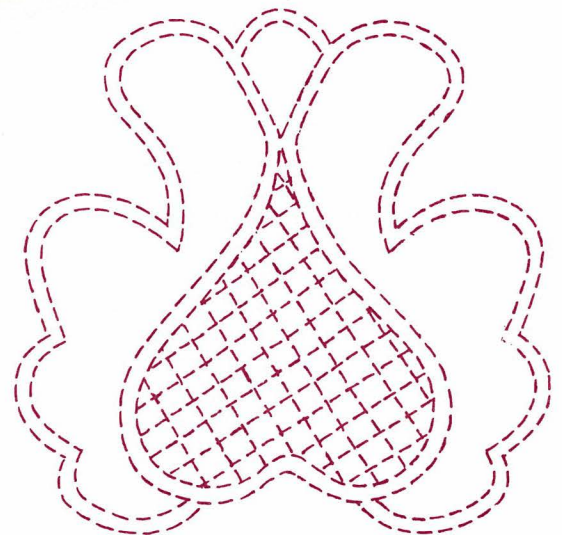




**The Log Cabin quilt has earned a place in American folklore. During the Civil War era, a quilt containing a block with a black center identified an anti-slavery home and safe haven for run-away slaves. From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.**

but in Hawaii's warm climate, the priorities were reversed: decoration and creativity became primary. Hawaiian quilts are usually made of two plain, bold colors with a design cut from one folded piece of fabric, like a child's paper snowflake cutout. The design created is very individualistic and its meaning is often kept secret. For many years it was forbidden to borrow another person's design.

Every quilt pattern has a name and many have several. Blocks can have regional names and sometimes names change with the colors used. Many patterns were designed to commemorate great events, or political parties and their candidates as in the blocks named *Burgoyne's Surrender*, *Lincoln's Platform*, or *Whig's*





*Defeat*. (There are stories of early unenfranchised women who spoke their minds and hearts through their patchwork while a Whig husband slept unknowingly under this design.) *Lobster*, developed along the Eastern seacoast, became very popular during the War of 1812 when the British soldier was known as a "lobster-back." Biblical names occur often too: *Star of Bethlehem*, *Jacob's Ladder*, *Star and Cross*, *Joseph's Coat* and *Rose of Sharon*. Some blocks have trade and occupational names like *Carpenter's Wheel*, *Monkey Wrench*, *Anvil*, *Churn Dash*, and the *Reel*; others have romantic names such as *Cupid's Arrow*, *Bridal Stairway*, and *Double Wedding Ring*. Still others are named for foreign countries: *Dutch Mill*, *Chinese Puzzle*, and *Arabian Star*. Quilts were also named for a favorite heroine such as *Barbara Britchie*, *Dolly Madison's Star*, *Martha Washington's Star*, and the *Lady of the Lake*. There are Indian influences in quilt patterns such as the *Saw Tooth*, *Hatchet*, *Indian Trails* and *Swastika* designs.

African slaves thought evil followed a straight line, so their patterns would display crooked or wavy lines. Inspiration for patterns came from everyday things: moun-

tains and ocean waves, stencils on tinwear, broken dishes, furniture, wallpaper and stoves; no objects (even tombstones) were passed by. The once-secret symbols of the myriad fraternal organization, the trowel, pick and shovel and the All-Seeing Eye of the Odd Fellows, were all incorporated into quilt patterns.

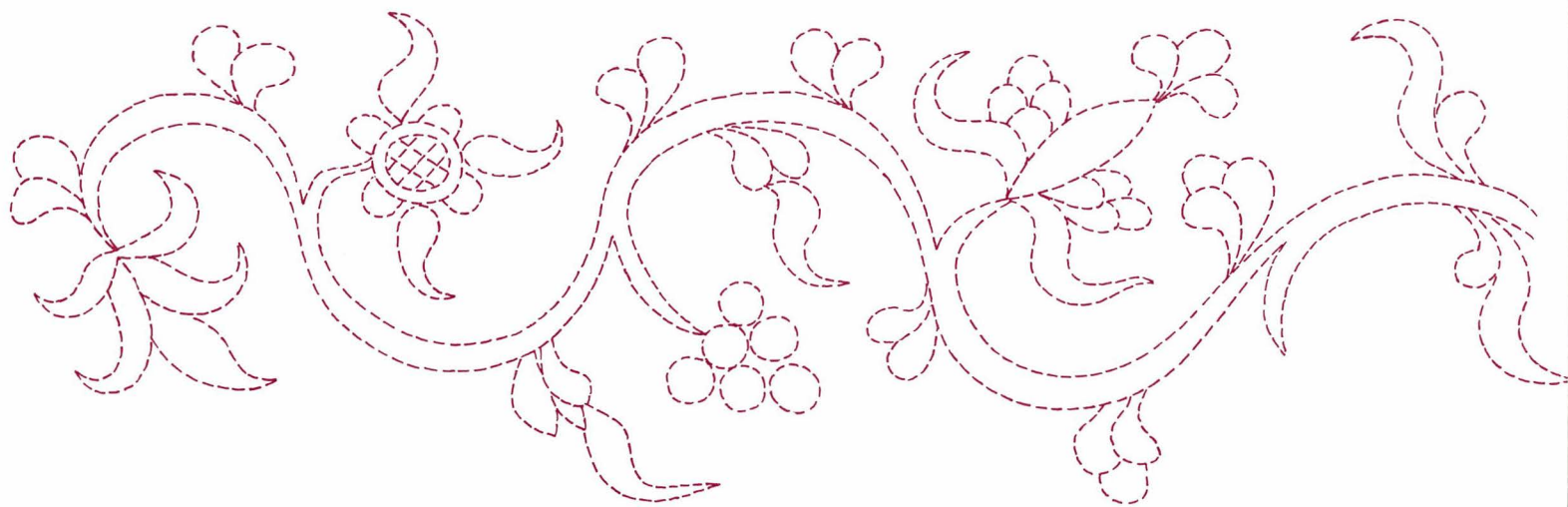
One of America's all-time favorite quilt patterns is the *Log Cabin*. Variations of the design go back centuries, but the pattern was probably used first on a bed quilt in England in the early 1800s. Since then it has become strongly associated with American quilt making. Historians today say that "the *Log Cabin Quilt* is a symbol and a celebration of the determination of the settler to create a home out of the wilderness. The strips represent the logs and the resourcefulness of the pioneer in meeting his needs with what materials were available to him. The center square symbolizes the heart of the home, a red center representing the chimney, the source of warmth and sustenance, a yellow center symbolizing a lantern placed in the window to guide the menfolk safely home or to welcome the weary traveler."<sup>3</sup> Legends say that in pre-Civil War America, anti-slavery families hung a quilt outside their home as a signal to runaway slaves. If the center of one of the log cabin blocks was black, it was safe for slaves to approach the house and help would be provided to continue their flight.

One of the most popular social events in a woman's life in the second half of the nineteenth century was the quilting bee. Quilt tops often were made during the winter months. When the weather warmed in the spring the huge quilt frame could be set up on a porch or in the shade and an invitation issued to neighbors and friends to attend a quilting bee. The bees have long been the occasion, often infrequent, when neighbors took time from busy schedules to enjoy each other's company.

**Quilting patterns are endlessly varied; included among popular designs are the sawtooth border (above) and Tulip (opposite). The pieced pattern Ocean Waves (left) uses contrasting triangles to create feelings of motion.** From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.







Vines are one of the more elaborate quilting designs (above). A detail from a 1855 friendship quilt (right) shows names intricately cross-stitched in the center of each block. From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.

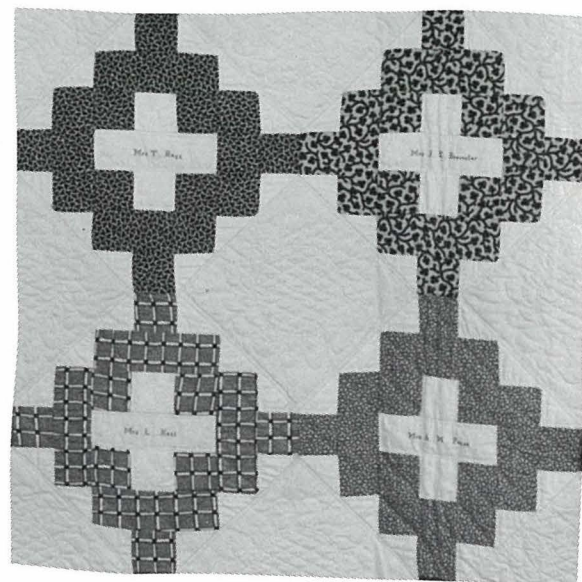
Quilting bees allowed gossip to be updated, news reported, and pain and joy shared. The bee generally ended with the men invited to join the ladies for a hearty evening meal.

**T**here is much symbolism in quilt design. The pineapple meant hospitality, the pomegranate promised abundance and the swastika stood for good luck. Triangles symbolized birds in flight, and the *Dove* pattern denoted femininity and a happy marriage. The pattern *Wandering Foot* was surrounded by superstition. It was believed that any male sleeping under a quilt made in this pattern would develop wanderlust and soon leave home. The curse was supposedly rendered ineffective by renaming the pattern *Turkey Tracks*. There is another superstition that goes back several hundred years to the Orient. It was believed that only God could create a perfect thing. If a man-made item did not contain some flaw, the Devil would come and misfortune would follow. Many quilts made in the early 1800s have a blue leaf or a turned block to offset the Devil.

Women made quilts for many reasons. Obviously quilts are made to cover beds for additional warmth, but they also have been made to use up fabric scraps and satisfy the "waste not, want not" philosophy that helped pioneer wives and Depression-era mothers survive. Quilts have been made to mark an individual's passage through life; a crib quilt for a new child, marriage quilts for young women, freedom quilts for twenty-one year old males, and coffin quilts to mark the final resting places of loved ones.

Women also made quilts to satisfy a need and desire for color in their homes. A raw log cabin or a dark sod dugout could be greatly improved and brightened by the addition of a multi-colored patchwork quilt. In the summer a woman could have flowers from the carefully protected seeds she carried west to add color to her world, but winter could be cold and drab. A lady in Iowa said of her mother: "I can remember her quilts. They were made in reds, blues, yellows, greens, or any variations that were bright and cheerful. She was always working on a new one and I cannot remember a single one that was dark or plain or pastel. She wanted them bright."<sup>4</sup>

When family, chores, and weather placed powerful restraints on a woman's life, making a quilt, where decisions about color, design and size were all within her control, must have been satisfying. One wonders how many women may have used quilt







making, a useful occupation, to gain some personal time when the family might not place demands on mom.

Quilts were made as reminders too. A quilt made of fabric cut from the clothing of a deceased child or family member could be a comforting memorial. Friendship quilts were a way of remembering departed friends. In the last half of the nineteenth century in many Eastern states, it was popular to make a quilt with the names of family and friends for the young man headed west. In 1855 Mrs. S. E. Russell made a friendship quilt of alternating plain white blocks and blocks in the Chimney Sweep pattern. This pattern was often

used for album quilts since it left such a convenient space for filling in individual names. There are fifty-six ladies names on her quilt, all worked in a single-thread cross stitch.

Church members often made a quilt for a departing minister. One quilt, now in the Southern Oregon Historical Society's collection, was made by members of the Baptist Church in Medford between 1887 and 1890. They embroidered designs and signatures on fifty-two pieces of muslin stitched around a center block. Mr. and Mrs. R. Meyer of Creve Coeur, Missouri, bought it at an estate auction in southeastern Iowa. Sometimes for a ten-cent fee, a person

**It was believed that any man sleeping under a Wandering Foot quilt would develop wanderlust and soon leave home. The curse was supposedly rendered ineffective by renaming the pattern Turkey Tracks.**  
From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photo by Natalie Brown.

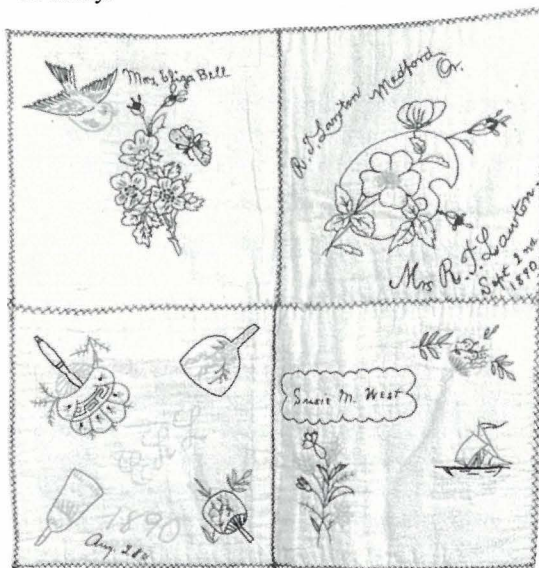




**The patternless Crazy Quilts** were often sewn of lush velvet and brocade fabrics adorned with spontaneous bursts of embroidery. Members of Medford's Baptist Church from 1887-1890 embroidered individual blocks (right) for a quilt that eventually graced homes in the Midwest. Mr. and Mrs. R. Meyer purchased the quilt around 1979 from an antique dealer in Missouri who had bought it at an estate auction in Iowa. From the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, photos by Natalie Brown.

could have his or her name embroidered or written in ink on a quilt block. During both world wars, regional Red Cross chapters made red-and-white quilts to help raise funds to buy war bonds.

As quilt making moved westward, patterns from England gave way to new and more vigorous images taken from the new country establishing its identity. Patterns with names like *Rocky Road to California*, *Bucking Horse*, and *Straight Furrows* replaced popular older patterns like *Whig's Defeat* and *Lobster*. Today we are beginning to realize that the quilts were more than just bed coverings. Women were sewing into these textile journals everyday elements of their lives and the history of a country.



Today quilts are made for the same reasons they were made in the past, for warmth, as a memorial and a record, to use fabric remnants, and to add color and brightness to our lives. But with the wide range of colors and fabrics now available, quilt makers can create non-traditional quilts that tell today's stories. "Women continue to quilt, and to teach the art to their children, stitching into their work those threads of purpose and pleasure that are perhaps the most enduring legacy of quilt making in America."<sup>5</sup>

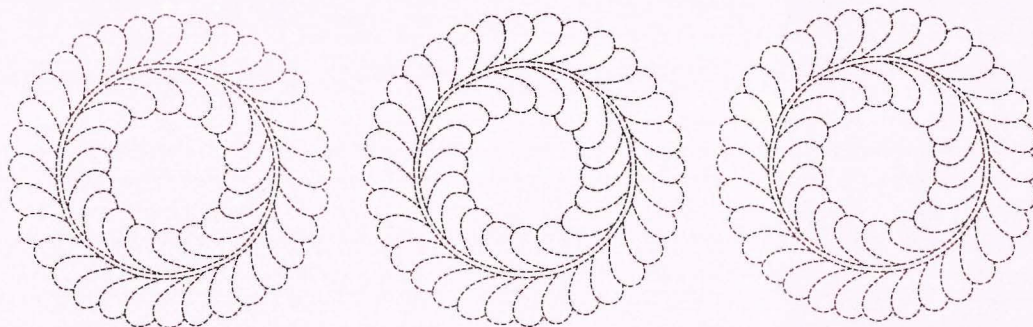


#### ENDNOTES

1. Dolores A. Hinson, *Quilting Manual: New! Designer's Boutique* (New York: Hearthsides Press, 1970), p. 17.
2. Hinson, *Quilting Manual: New! Designer's Boutique*, p. 25.
3. Bonnie Leman and Judy Martin, *Log Cabin Quilts* (Denver: Moon Over the Mountain Publishing Co., 1980) p. 3.
4. Hinson, *Quilting Manual: New! Designer's Boutique*, p. 139.
5. Sandi Fox, "Comments from the Quilt," in *Modern Maturity Magazine*, August-September 1990, p. 63.

*Sue Waldron is a researcher and writer for the Southern Oregon Historical Society. A long-time seamstress, she has pieced more than sixty quilts in the last fifteen years.*





# The Tradition Continues

"Quilters are a link to past generations and a link to future generations. They are statements of quality, they are statements of beauty, they are something that lives after you," said Karey Bresenhan in an article in the *Wall Street Journal*. There are many local groups that want to forge another link in the long chain of quilting history. Seven of these groups are members of the Mountain Star Quilters' Guild, and all welcome beginning as well as experienced quilters. As Betty Enez of Piecemakers says, "Everywhere I go, I've never met a quilter I didn't like."



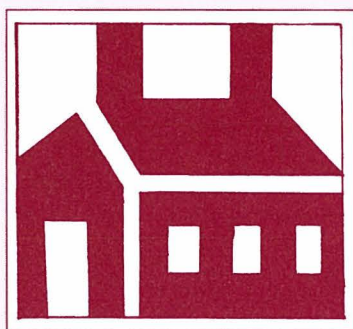
## Silver Threads Quilters

Formed just a year ago, Silver Thread Quilters is still a small group with about eight members. Working on individual projects now, they are making

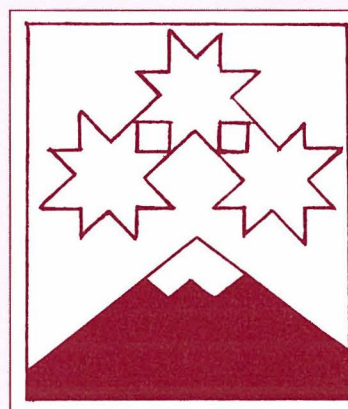
plans for special projects in the near future. The group meets every Thursday from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. at 2661 Upper Drive, Medford. For more information, give Jay Ritter a call at 779-4150.

## Hugo Ladies Club

Many years ago the Sexton family of Hugo gave the community property that included an old school house. Used first by a men's club and then by the local Grange, the Ladies Club took it over in the late 1940s. Meeting monthly at



first, in 1975 the group changed to a weekly meeting and took up quilting. The twenty to twenty-five active members constitute an informal friendship group; members quilt for themselves and for others. The group meets every Friday from 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the Hugo Ladies Club, 6050 Hugo Road. For more information call Mug Miller at 476-6041.



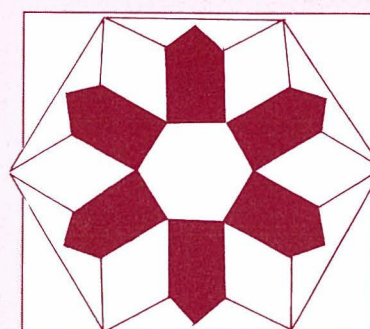
## Mountain Star Quilters' Guild

The Mountain Star Quilters' Guild was founded in June 1983 and the reason for organizing is stated in the bylaws "... to foster the art of quilting

and to encourage a high standard of design and technique in all its various forms. The Guild shall also encourage the preservation and conservation of fine quilts, antique and contemporary, for posterity." The Guild meets every three months in various locations around the Rogue Valley. For more information about the group contact Guild President Rachel Razzolini at 474-2100 in Grants Pass.

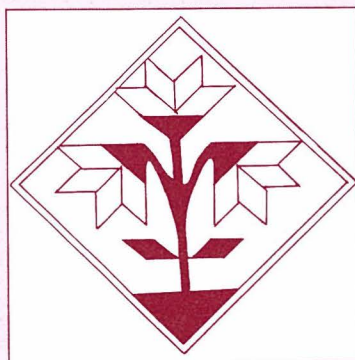
## Piecemakers

The Piecemakers of Rogue River were organized about ten years ago by quilting instructor Helen Earhart. Member Betty Enez calls the group "a sisterhood of sharing" where women can get together, meet new people and share joy and pain. Usually twenty-five or thirty of the more than





fifty active members gather to work on their own projects or on the small quilts the group donates to nine crisis centers for battered children. Each year during Rogue River's Rooster Crow celebration, the group hosts a quilt show and raffles a quilt, the proceeds of which go to local charities chosen by the quilters. The quilters meet the first and third Mondays of each month from 9 a.m. to noon at the Civic Club at 135 Oak St., Rogue River. For more information, call Betty Enez at 476-9964 in Grants Pass or Tommie Daly at 582-2701 in Rogue River.



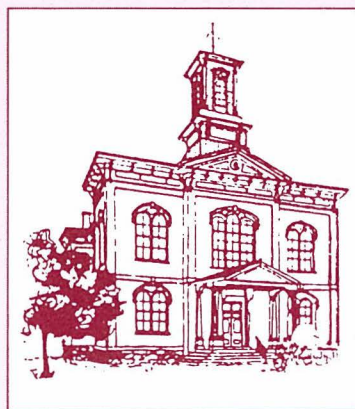
## Azalea Quilters' Guild

When Martha Arrell moved to Brookings she missed her former quilting friends and decided to form another group. In September 1982, the

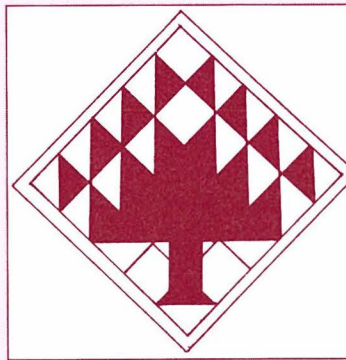
Azalea Quilters' Guild had its first meeting and now has over sixty members in the Brookings area. The group provides an opportunity to meet new people and encourages quilting with workshops and classes. Every May during the Azalea Festival, the Guild hosts a quilt show. The money raised provides a scholarship for a high school student. Additional funds are donated to sponsor local organizations and provide books on quilting for the library. The Guild meets the first and fourth Mondays of each month at the Harbor Water District office, 98069 West Benham Drive. Guild president June Hopkins at 469-330 in Brookings will provide more information on the group's activities.

## Jacksonville Museum Quilters

Dora Scheidecker started the Jacksonville Museum Quilters in 1976. Each year they give a quilt show and make a quilt having historical significance. These historical quilts are generally designed and the tops made by Scheidecker. Themes have been: early Hawaiian and Chinese prospectors, Native Americans, pioneer Rogue Valley



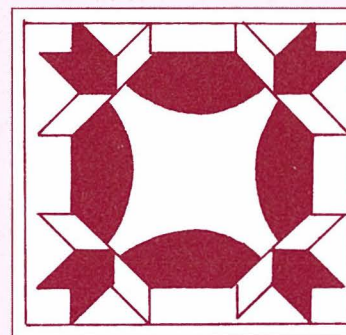
families, and centennials. The Quilters repair quilts from the Southern Oregon Historical Society's collection and lend the Society group-made quilts with historical significance for displays and exhibits. Member Quilters travel locally to teach, lecture and exhibit quilts in schools and museums. Starting with just two ladies, the Quilters now number near thirty and meet on Wednesdays and Thursdays from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. at the U.S. Hotel in Jacksonville. Dora Scheidecker at 899-7009 in Jacksonville would be happy to provide more information.



## Pine Tree Quilt Guild

Organized in the fall of 1989, the Pine Tree Quilt Guild has about ten members. They gather to learn new quilting techniques and to make quilt blocks. Group members normally work on

individual projects, but they do help each other with the large job of stretching and mounting a quilt. In October they helped with a Quilt Fest, making quilts for the homeless. The quilters meet the second Monday of each month from 9:30 a.m. to noon in members' homes. Give Emily Koeppel a call at 479-8737 in Grants Pass for directions to the next meeting place.



## Hands-All-Around Quilt Group

Soon after Naida McDermitt opened her fabric store in Ashland seven years ago, a group of women

expressed an interest in quilting, so Naida started the Hands-All-Around Quilt Group. There are about twenty active members in the group. At the fourth meeting each month they work on special projects, often making quilts for the women and children at Dunn House. Soon the Ashland Police Department will be receiving quilts for use in patrol cars. The quilters meet every Wednesday from 10:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. in Wesley Hall at the United Methodist Church in Ashland. Naida McDermitt at 482-4401 in Ashland would be pleased to share more information about the group.



# Then and Now



The building at 111 N. Central housed the Pay'n Takit grocery store for only a few years in the 1930s. Later, the building housed a series of music stores. Purucker's sold pianos and band instruments there for more than two decades following WWII, and later became Music West. Present owner Russ Grimm appreciates the musical history of the building where today he operates Mountain Music. SOHS #8612, photo by Susan Ray

In 1931, the Pay'n Takit grocery advertised reasonable prices and a fine selection of meats and produce at its location at 111 N. Central in Medford across from the present-day History Center. The store apparently met with some early success—by 1932, a Pay'n Takit had opened in Grants Pass, and by 1934, one opened in the Enders block in Ashland.

But such optimism proved ill-fated during the Depression years; by 1936 no Pay'n Takits were listed in those cities' telephone directories.

Another grocery soon moved next door on the north Medford block. Long-time southern Oregon residents will remember the Reliable Cash Grocery leasing the space at 117 N. Central during the late 1930s and early 1940s.

Soon after World War II, Lilla Purucker moved her music store to the site formerly occupied by the Pay'n Takit. (Lilla had sold pianos for years from a store on West Main, until a fire and the war intervened.) From the North Main location, Lilla and her nephew Jack Stong expanded their piano and organ inventory to include band instruments, electronics, records and sheet music. Actress



Grace Fiero worked there many years. Following Lilla's retirement, Jack continued to run Purucker's and later Music West until the early 1970s. In 1974, Duane Hess moved his Medford Music Center into the structure and stayed there for nearly seven years. Continuing the site's musical tradition, Russ Grimm purchased the building in 1983 and operates Mountain Music today.

Next door, Jack still owns the Magnavox store at 117 N. Central.

The apartments above Jack's Magnavox store are the former

Pruitt apartments, where numerous Medford artists and professionals lived over the years. Dorothy Pruitt and her husband Almus lived there during the '30s and '40s while running their Pruitt Music Center on West Main. Also in those rooms, noted piano teacher John Reisacher gave music lessons to such students as Eugene Bennett and Merlin Dow. The apartments are still in use.

Thanks to Dorothy Pruitt, Jack and Olive Stong, Russ Grimm and Duane Hess for their help compiling information.





Diane Medcalf and Mike Barnes

# Cubby's

*Ah, Cubby's!!*

*What wonderful memories—the friendliest “hellos” from Stan and Tommie, their family, employees and friends . . .*

*Stan’s yummy “soup du jour,” the hamburgers and fries (remember the dip), and the great menu with all those fantastic selections . . . no pre-prepares here!*

*Cubby’s? Unique!—great food, a wonderful place and a wonderful time.*

—Lillian M. Dorrell

**T**ime does have a way of dimming one’s memory. But recently while ninety-year-old Marshall Bessonette was visiting us, we drove up the south end of Medford, where little remains today of the old landmark Cubby’s Drive-In, built in the fifties by Bessonette Construction Company and leased by my husband and I, Stan and Tommie Smith, from 1961 through 1970.

A fire in the late seventies had rendered the building unsafe for public use, but as Marshall and I got out of the car we could follow the outline of what used to be. Gone was everything structural, but patches of the terrazo floor in the once-busy banquet room can still be seen.

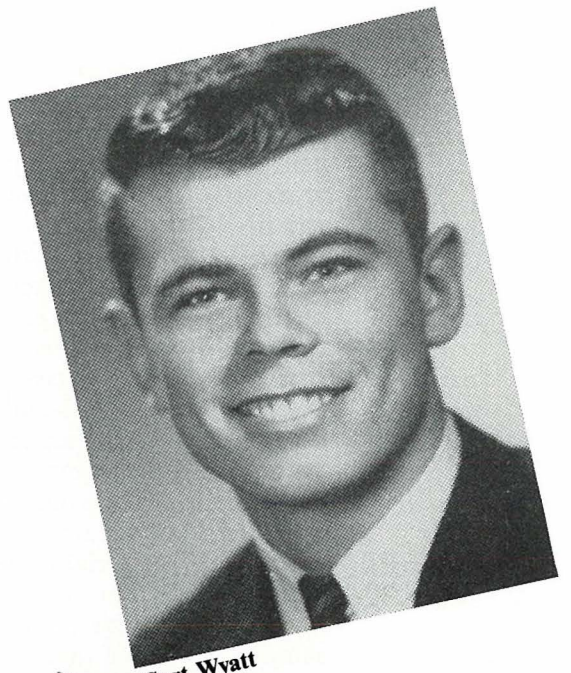
Tears clouded our eyes, he probably envisioning his construction crew busy building, and me feeling the presence of the many people we had served there. My gosh! Was that terrazo floor actually rumbling under me with those dancing feet of the sixties, or was I just trembling with excitement—as I could see Bud Clark “zig-



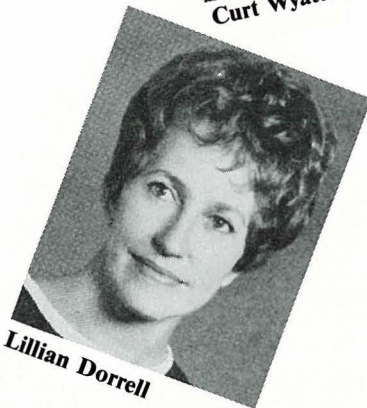


# oy's Dayze

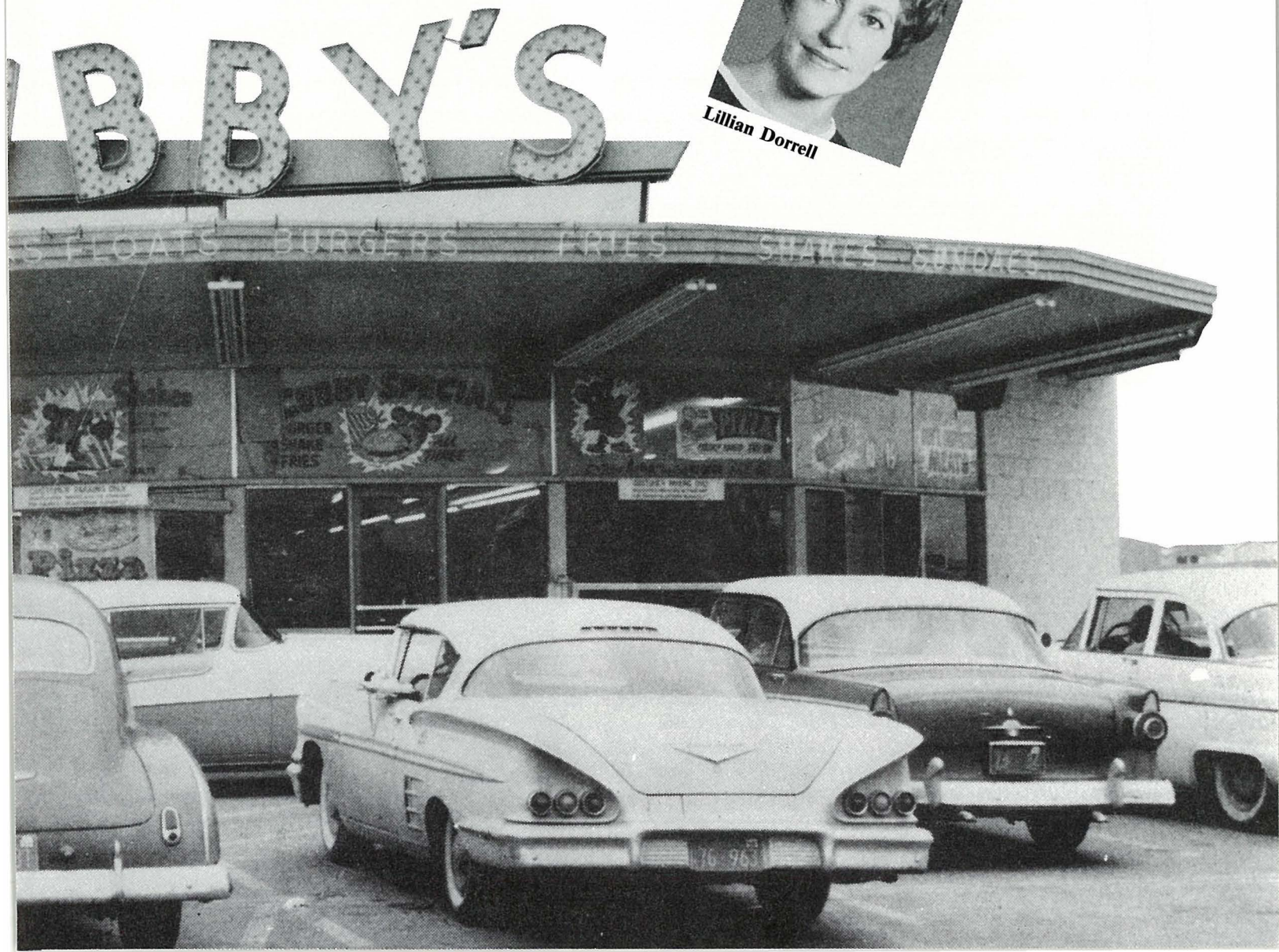
by Tommie Smith



Curt Wyatt



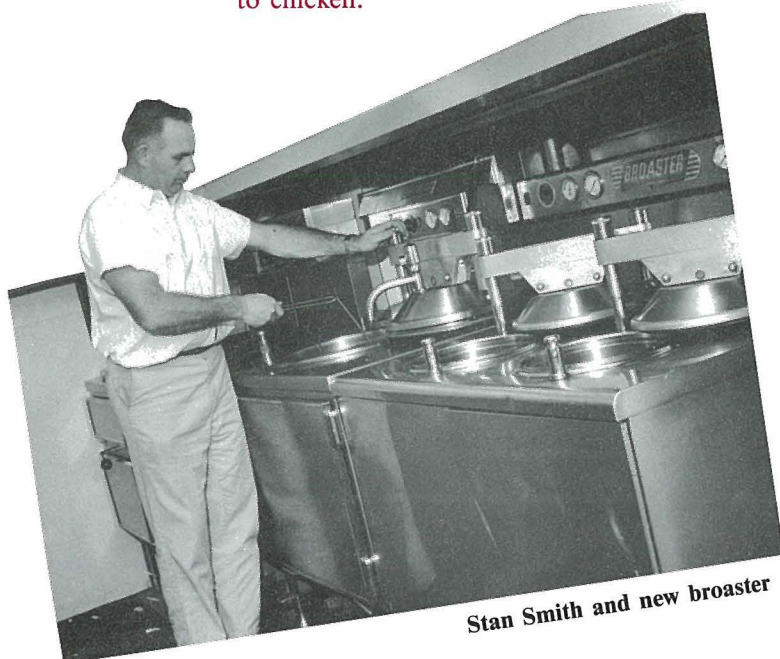
Lillian Dorrell





ging” and “zagging” through all the other dancers while his partner patiently swayed to the tune of the time, waiting for his return.

Sleep would not come that night. My mind had started reminiscing to the tune of “Moon River” while envisioning those cute kids of the sixties eating thirty-five-cent curly dogs, forty-cent French fried onion rings, thirty-five-cent Cubby burgers and pie (baked from scratch in our kitchen) for thirty cents with a mound of ice cream on top for only five cents extra. It was at that same time that we introduced our special recipe for broasted chicken prepared in our new state-of-the-art equipment. How proud we were of that shiny stainless steel that gave a new flavor to chicken.

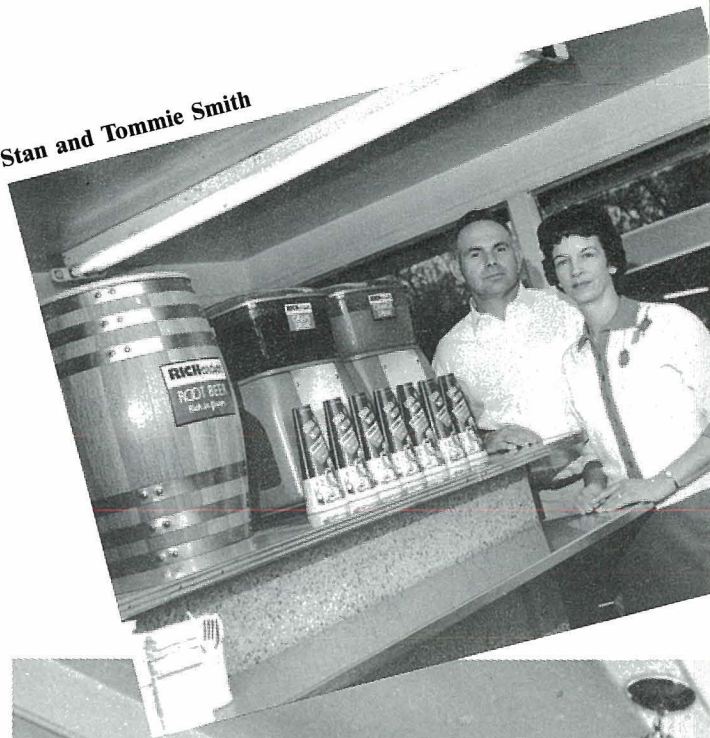


Stan Smith and new broaster

I'll never forget the Mother's Day in 1964 when our son Dane came in expecting breakfast. We put him on the broasters and I'm not too sure that he ever got the meal he came for, but I do know that was a record-breaking day at Cubby's. To this day I'm sure Dane will swear that everyone ordered broasted chicken.

That same day one of the carhops hung seven tickets all at once. When Stan asked him, “What's this all about? No stall number? Behind the restrooms?” The carhop quickly responded (as he exited with a full tray) “What could I do? There are no speakers out back, and no room inside, and they wanted service.” What a great bunch of kids; they had learned how to “make something happen.”

Stan and Tommie Smith





**B**ack in 1961, Cubby's owner Marshall Bessonette approached us with the possibility of leasing the drive-in located on the northeast corner of Stewart Avenue and Riverside.

This was a big decision for us as Marshall warned that the chain gang fights and rowdiness on the lot had taken its toll on the former operator; his last day open showed only eighty-seven dollars in trade. But Marshall seemed to have confidence that we could turn it around.

Marshall knew our family had a long history in the food service business. In the 1870s, Stan's great-grandfather, Arthur Pool, built and operated the Pool Hotel in

Eagle Point; his great-grandmother, Ella Pool Saltmarsh, won first place for her sour cream pear pie in 1900 in a contest sponsored by the Oregon Pear Grower's Association. Grandfather William H. Venable owned the Surprise Saloon (which had a kitchen), on the corner of Oregon and California Streets in Jacksonville at the turn of the century.

Stan's father, Ralph Smith, was chef in country clubs and hotels across the United States from San Francisco to Pennsylvania and in later years learned that Al Capone paid his salary at one of the Chicago jobs. He was chef steward at Crater Lake Lodge in its heyday during the early 1920s; then



# C U B B Y / S

**COFFEE SHOP**



**MEDFORD,  
OREGON**



in his slowing-down years he returned to Medford and had large followings at The Chateau (located north of Ashland near Jackson Hot Springs), The Pine Cone Bar-B-Q (south of Medford where the Big Y is now located), and The Shack in downtown Medford, present site of Arty's Shirts on Main Street.

Stan was basically born and raised in the food service business and gained an early knowledge of what he likes doing the best, serving people good food! And me? As a schoolgirl I worked the fountain at Groceteria No. 2 and was one of the first fountain girls hired by Henry and Edith Byers when they opened Henry's on North Riverside in Medford. I truthfully feel that my training in those early years was an asset when Stan, then a football coach, decided to jump from "gridiron to griddle."

Taking on Cubby's was a big decision. It meant leaving our A&W Drive-in in Ashland in the hands of a manager, but that was no problem because we had the very capable Judy Scholer. Sports had been our life. Five years of education had gone into that profession and Stan would have to resign from his coaching position at Ashland High School.

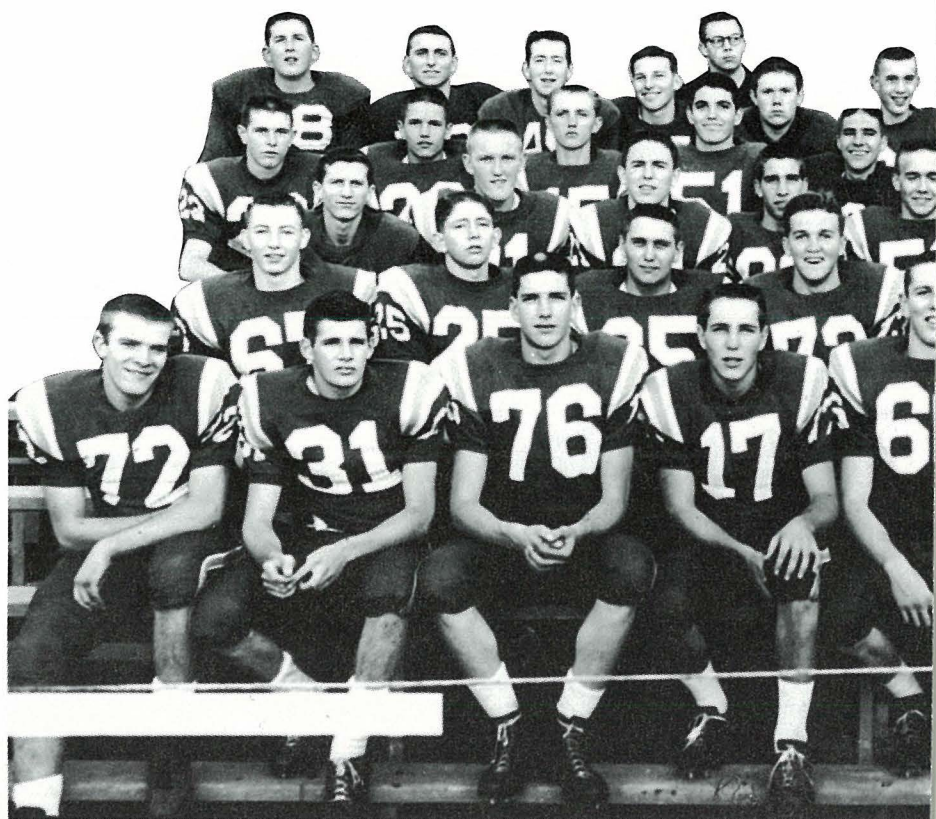
But accepting the Cubby's challenge was too big a temptation to turn down. So we ventured forth, Stan conducting his business in about the same manner as he had

his football during ten years of coaching. Using the same philosophy: "Life is just a ball game . . . put your all into it and the rewards come from there," and having me beside him to support and cheer wherever needed seemed to work.

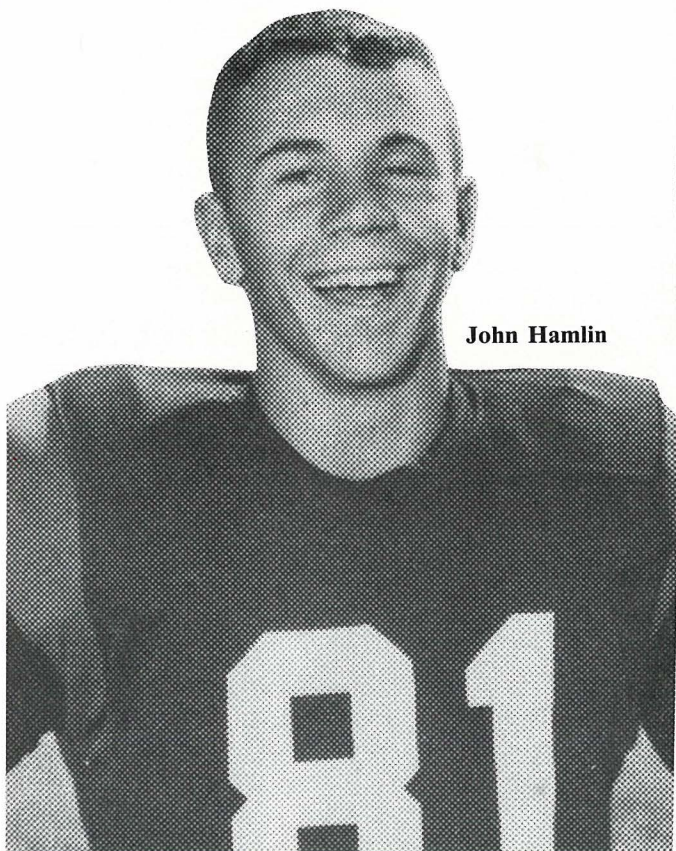
The kids learned to respect our strict but fair ways of operating and Cubby's soon became a landmark. To substantiate this, a letter from Leonard B. Mayfield of the Medford public schools congratulated us on our success in cleaning up and eliminating a mess that had gotten out of control. He said that from the conversations in the hallways of Medford High School, the young people felt the same way and were happy to have a place that old and young alike could enjoy and be proud of.



Jonni Six



Ashland High School  
1960 Grizzlies



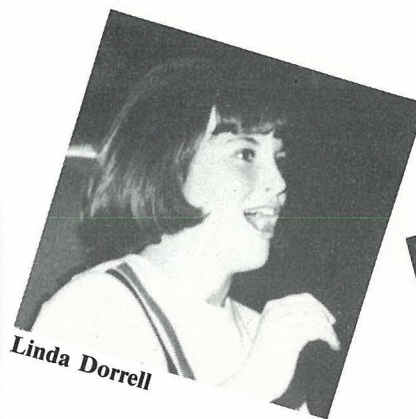
John Hamlin

When we first came to Cubby's, the little round building with the Cubby Bear on top had four front doors, each leading inside to individual counter service. This was quite unique, but it had its drawbacks. I well remember after closing at night how we would have to go outside with mop and bucket and enter each door to do our cleanup. Yes, Stan and I did a lot of that also. This didn't last long, though, because

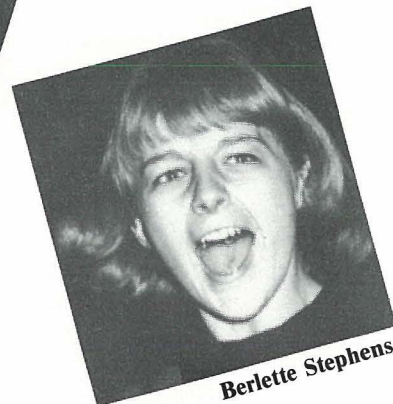




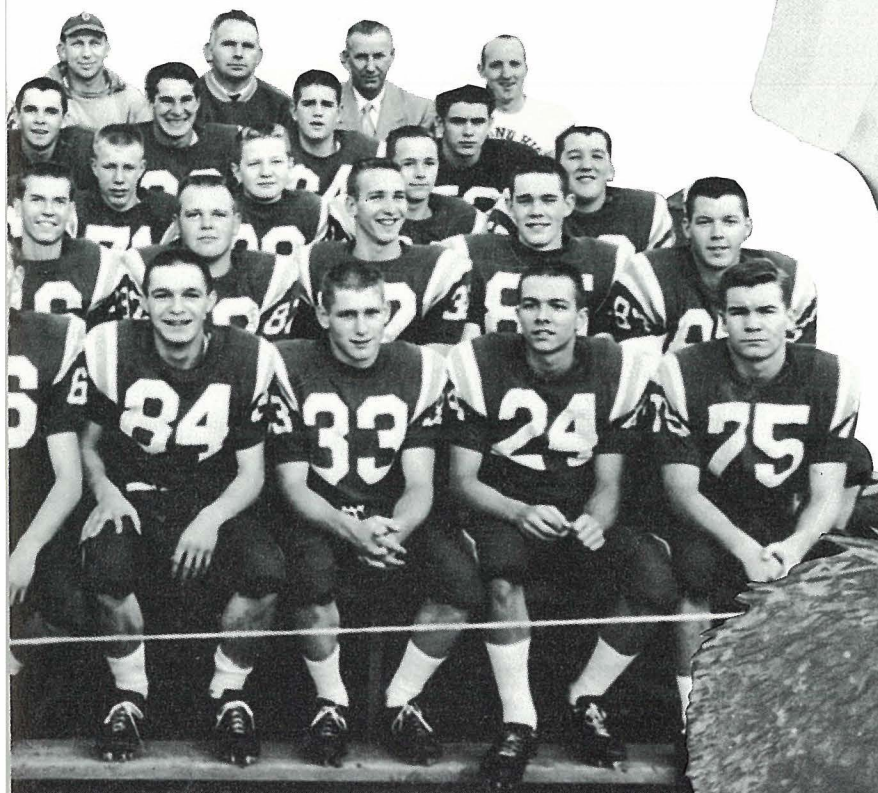
Les Bush, David Doolen and Dale Durkee



Linda Dorrell



Berlette Stephens

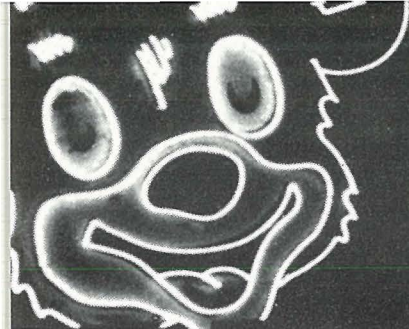


Lynne Eilers

it soon became evident that the building had to be modernized and expanded.

The Bessonette Construction crew moved in and in no time at all, and with us not missing a day of being open, the concrete flew, saws buzzed, hammers pounded and business was booming. Maybe everyone was curious to see how we could manage to operate with all that building activity going on.





# CUBBY'S

After the dust settled, a new Cubby's appeared. A carport was installed accommodating thirty-two cars, a remodeled coffee shop now seated approximately sixty people, and a banquet room was added that allowed seating for about one hundred. Each carport stall was equipped with a speaker, which speeded up incoming orders, and the efficiency of our crew allowed us to serve between 225 to 280 orders during a normal lunch hour. I might mention that we didn't serve one single item that was prepackaged, and fast, courteous service was our motto. Usually the big game of the day was to see who could outdo the other in numbers served, clean-up work or whatever we were about at the time. Another fun thing was to see which one could guess closest to the number of people served that day. Yes, we had fun working.

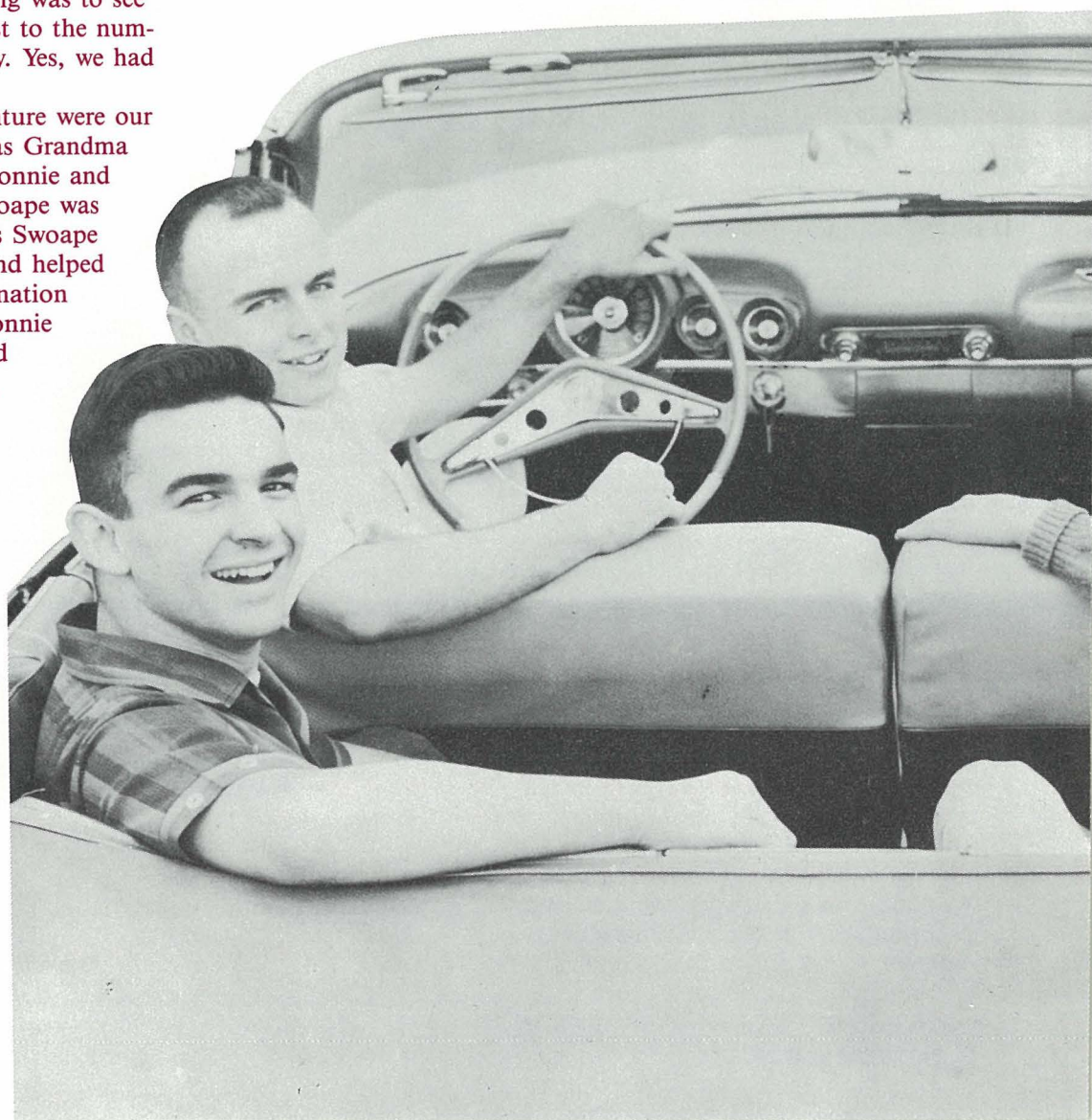
Helping us in this new venture were our parents, known by the kids as Grandma and Grandpa Swoape and Nonnie and Grandpa Jack. Grandma Swoape was in the coffee shop, Grandpas Swoape and Jack did maintenance and helped in preparation (chicken marination being their specialty) and Nonnie baked the pies and concocted a delicious soup for the day.

When we purchased the Mon Desir Dining Inn near Central Point in December of 1965 we again left our drive-in business in the hands of good managers, this time our daughter and son-in-law, Sandy and Bill Trott. Sandy had previously worked with us at Cubby's and knew the ropes. Fortunately that coupled with the fact that Bill was also a dedicated worker and was well-liked by all. They carried on in true tradition until the day we sold in 1970.

A series of different restaurants came and went thereafter until a fire sealed the building's fate. The site was demolished in the 1970s.

Looking back over the years, I take great pride in the relationships we have had with all those who worked with us. We had the best! But why? Who knows? Maybe it's because we worked side by side with them making us all equal, or maybe it was because Stan still thought of himself as a coach instead of a boss; while the game was being played he was a demon on wheels, but when the game was over and the dish towel was hung to dry he became friend, father, or whatever the need was on

(clockwise from top left) Dan Miles, Sue Jahn, Jack Lowery, Bill Buettner





any given day. We still consider these hundreds and hundreds of associates through the years as our friends and welcome them to our home at any time.

Christmas parties at Cubby's always included our crews from the Medford and Ashland A&Ws along with their dates. This gave us a warm feeling as kids from these two southern Oregon towns came together in friendship on the dance floor, if not on the football field or basketball court. We'd hire a band and the kids would show up, the boys in tie and jacket and the girls in their Sunday best and were they ever cute! Between the Twist and some other little jiggle (never did get the name of that one), they'd dance up a storm. I still have my 8mm movies of those fun times and would love to have the opportunity to share them with those kids some day.

In all our ventures we have been able to give young people the opportunity to work and this we're proud of. Just recently, as

Stan was being introduced as a member of the Southern Oregon State College Sports Hall of Fame by Ron Williams, and sitting on that same platform was charter member Danny Miles, nostalgia overcame me. Both of these young men had worked with us during our Cubby days and Ron attended Southern Oregon College on our George Moses Memorial Scholarship. Ron is now principal at Hedrick Junior High School and Danny is an outstanding basketball coach at Oregon Institute of Technology.

And when "CUBBY DAYZE" comes to mind, how could I not remember the "Hey Look Me Over," "By the Sea" days with my "Marching M's," the group of girls I organized (with the help of both my daughters) to march at ball games, parades, and any other gathering that wanted pep added to the agenda. What a thrill remembering the sweet, neat, fresh girls of that era. I'll never forget any of them. They've all grown to adulthood now and have watched or are watching their own children going through the phase of growing up. Hopefully, these offspring will be able to look back on their school days with cherished memories

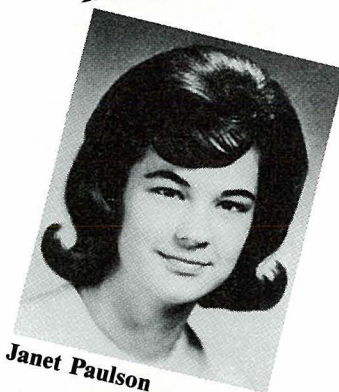
In recalling good memories of these past years, I can't forget the day we could not open because we were all so grief-stricken. George Moses, one of our cooks who had also worked with us at the Ashland A&W, was killed on his way to work. In his memory we set up a George Moses Memorial Scholarship at Southern Oregon College, Stan's alma mater, where George was also making himself known as an outstanding wrestler and football great. From the first George Moses Scholarship awarded to Ron Williams to this day, we have never quit giving to Southern Oregon State College to help support an athlete. Ron Williams, then Medford's Ron Schwinler and many more are our lasting tribute to George.

It wasn't there long, this southern Oregon landmark of the late fifties and sixties, but Cubby's left its mark on many southern Oregonians, young and old alike, and what better way to preserve its impact on the community than by the following letters of reminiscence.

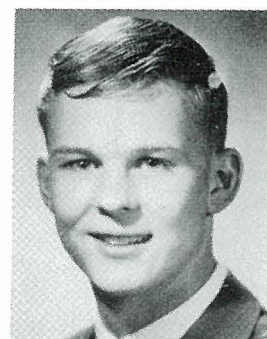
In requesting these letters I simply asked: "When one says Cubby's, what comes to your mind?" After receiving the letters, I borrowed annuals from the Med-



Terry Anderson



Janet Paulson



Scott Taylor



JoAnn Weinhold



Gibb Mitchell







Shireen Prough

ford, Phoenix, Ashland and St. Mary's high schools and the Hedrick and McLoughlin junior high school libraries for picture copying to further enhance the memories of those fun years.

I just wonder what would happen if we set up a portable Coke machine on the now vacant lot south of town and sent out work: "Meet me at Cubby's for a Coke." See you at Cubby's!

• • •

### Dr. and Monie Bartels

It seems most happy memories are associated with food. When one thinks of delicious food, Tommie and Stan Smith come to mind.

In the "good old days," the in place for good food was Cubby's—for young and old and those in between.

"Meet you at Cubby's" was the usual rejoinder to "Let's have lunch." (Let's *do* lunch would have elicited raised eyebrows.)

For teenagers, Cubby's was the meeting place, and parents knew that it was a safe, clean place where quality food was served. There were no worries about drugs or alcohol or rowdiness—Stan and Tommie saw to that.

Somehow, the Smiths managed to make Cubby's the place where teens tolerated the old folks and still had a good time after the movies or games, or after school.

Perhaps it was the times, but it must have been that Tommie and Stan have a special quality that made Cubby's everyone's favorite place.

When our daughters come home for a visit, and drive past where Cubby's used to be, they ask: "How could they tear Cubby's down?"

One thinks of Cubby's when remembering happy days and I'd venture that there are hundreds of baby-boomers and their parents who remember Cubby's with fondness and nostalgia.

• • •

### Keith Wright

I only wish that time had not dimmed my memory when trying to recall my favorite restaurant, Cubby's. However, I will give it a shot.

Cubby's was in a class by itself in those days. I cannot recall a single place that provided such a full service, and especially since all three meals were wonderful.

I remember the raven-haired Stan running the kitchen like a Marine top sergeant while he served the best hamburgers,

French fries and shakes in all of southern Oregon.

Cubby's was a friendly place where I could come for lunch alone and know at least half of the people there. You [Tommie], of course, were the ever-present smiling front lady that kept things running smoothly and graciously. The waitresses were friendly, courteous and also smiling people. Your meal, whether breakfast, lunch or dinner, was always fresh and wonderfully prepared, and each meal looked like it might belong in a page from *Sunset* magazine.

I remember having lunch with the late Bob Taylor several times at his service club (I can't remember if it was Lions or Kiwanis) at the beautiful loooooong table provided for such occasions. For Cubby's to serve seventy-five meals at one of those affairs seemed routine. Everything came out hot, fresh and good. That had to be no mean feat!

• • •



Laurie Hayes



Macki Bismark

### Macki Bismark Grafton

Twenty-eight years ago, our daily rendezvous point on those hot summer days was Cubby's restaurant. I'd hop on my bike, she would hop on hers, one coming from the east, the other from the west, pedaling to our favorite meeting place, Cubby's. Curly dogs, cherry Cokes and endless conversations about "boys." Best of friends, we would sit in "our" booth and laugh and plan.

Things haven't changed much for my best friend, Laurie Hayes Dallas, and me today. We still meet daily, as we are now business partners owning McGee on Main in downtown Medford. Riding bikes, eating, drinking and endless conversations about "men" are still among our favorite pastimes. And as we begin to reminisce about our friendship, we always remember the many great times we shared, sitting in "our" booth at Cubby's.

• • •



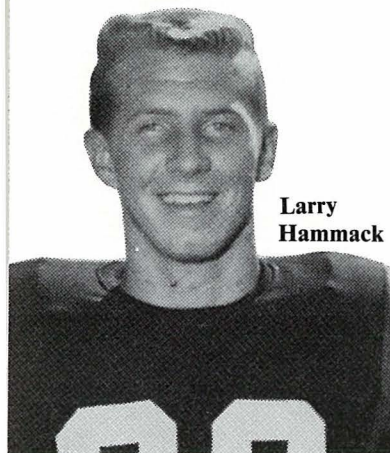
Sandy Roberts



Dean Hansen



Alice Peterson



Larry Hammack



### Dana Smith Tuley

Cubby's . . . memories . . . many memories! In 1961 Cubby's was where the "hoods" hung out and it was known for a place to have a good fight.

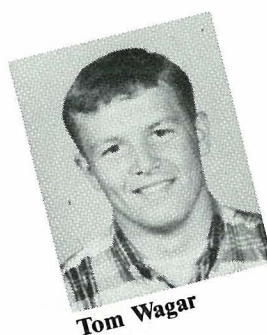
That didn't last long when my father started cleaning the place up and I mean that in more ways than one. The restaurant took on an altogether different look and Dad "cleaned up" the parking lot as well!! It didn't take long for the word to get around that the hoods weren't in charge anymore. A few of them challenged Dad's word but found out he was tougher than they were! Before long, it was a fun place for everyone to hang out. The food was great, of course, and being at the south end of town, a great place to congregate before heading to Jack's at the other end of Medford.

In the early sixties, rock bands were just coming into their own. In fact, there were only one or two in Medford. Somehow, being that I loved to dance, I knew everyone in the bands and if we didn't have a practice at our house, there usually ended up being a dance out behind Cubby's in the parking lot. It was such good, clean fun. Everyone would "drag" town and if you didn't get out to dance, at least everyone could see you in your sharp Chevy!

One summer night while my parents were working their behinds off in Cubby's, I got to take Mom's brand new 1962 Chrysler two-door out for a "tool" around town. Well, the boys in the band were also into cars, and Mike Nelson told me that the new Chrysler had some sort of a nut or bolt or something that he could screw down and it would lower the front end of this car and it would really look "bitchin'." So of course I trusted the family car to him and off we went! We were really cool, but at the end of the night when we girls had to be back at Cubby's so Mom and Dad could go home (or so Dad wouldn't know I had the car!) I could not find Mike! He finally showed up and fixed it back for me. My parents never really heard this story until now, but I'm sure they are glad I had such a good time . . .

Cubby's . . . good food, good friends, good times. There's no end to the great memories. It was a special time and a special place: American Graffiti, Medford style!

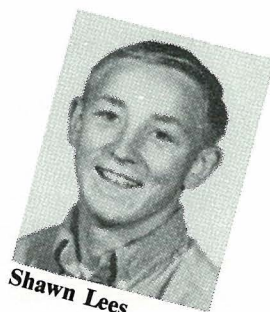
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Tom Wagar



Dana Smith



Shawn Lees



C.J. Porter



### Ron Williams

Since my high school years were in the early sixties and I lived in the Medford area (Phoenix), Cubby's was a major focus in my life. It was understood by all that if we communicated with our friends to "see you in town Friday night" or "we will meet you in town before we go," it meant we would meet at Cubby's. If you were looking for someone, you would always start at Cubby's. It was the hub of activity on weekends.

Cubby's was always the corner of the cruising scene. We would start at Cubby's, proceed down Riverside through town to Jack's (currently where Golden Spike Pizza is located), across to Central, and back to Cubby's. This would make a nice circle, which included the majority of Medford. Most of the girls would either follow this path or park at Cubby's (Cubby's had the biggest parking lot), so you did not have any problem checking out all the girls, either by following the route or parking at Cubby's.

Cubby's also offered the opportunity that maybe Stan would come out and talk to the kids. Everybody knew Stan Smith. He was that tough guy who owned Cubby's. You didn't fool around with Stan Smith. But Stan also knew most of the jocks and was always interested in what was going on. He was very special to a lot of us kids.

Cubby's was also special to me in another mode. It was a place to work. Stan and Tommie Smith gave me a scholarship to go to college, and a job. I was so grateful, because by then I was married and had a child to support, that I reported to work the day I was released from the hospital following an appendec-

tomy. I don't think I ever told Stan or Tommie that I started washing dishes and carrying those plastic tubs of dirty dishes with stitches in my abdomen.

Cubby's will always touch a soft spot in my heart, both as a place of entertainment, and also as a source for money to help provide for my family.

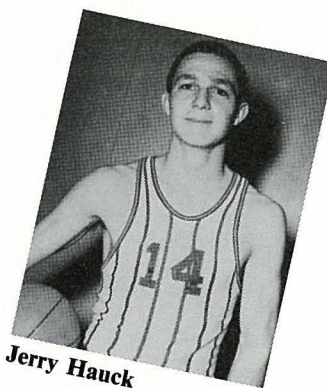
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### Dan Miles

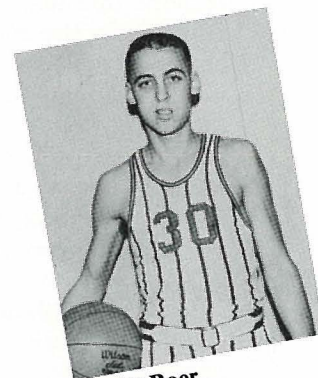
I was employed as a sixteen-year-old carhop back in the early 1960s. I was one of about a half-dozen guys who were employed by Stan and Tommie Smith.

The restaurant was a prototype of the one that was in the film "American Graffiti." It was a meeting place for young people in southern Oregon after games, etc. It also featured broasted chicken, which was a real hit back at that time.

The working conditions at \$1 an hour were very good as your work mates included many friends and athletes from surrounding high schools.

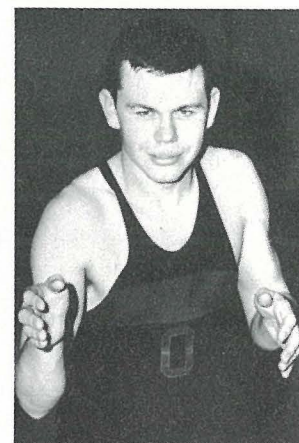


Jerry Hauck



Sid DeBoer

Coach Jack Woodward



George Moses





Dane Smith

Stan and Tommie were a lot of fun to work for and made the job interesting.

Cubby's is a topic that always comes up as the class reunions come and go. Mike Barnes, Mike Neathamer, George Moses, Earl Clark, Fred Cuozzo, and many others who were close friends worked there.

I have very fond memories of the restaurant and especially the people.

• • •

#### Steve Swartsley

1962 and 1963 Fond Memories/fun times/special people:.

Working 'til 2:00 a.m. then getting off and going "pool hopping" at the motels during the summer.

Organizing the carhops to increase wages from \$.90 to \$1.10 per hour. Those who showed for the meeting Stan gave \$1.10 per hour—made me stay late after all had left and gave me \$1.25 per hour for organizing it.

The first \$1,000 day, then a \$2,000 day all within eighteen months.

Prior to the freeway between Medford and Ashland opening, all the cars for the 1962 World's Fair went by, and the business was great.

The pretty girls, "hot" cars and all the other action, as it was the turn-around on the south end of town.

Having learned the meaning of "work" from you and Stan. You weren't unreasonable

in your demands, and it was a good and lasting experience for a sixteen-year-old.

Your help twenty-seven years ago when my parents were killed—thanks, it meant a great deal then and still does.

Having been able to have known you, Stan and all the kids all these years and being able to call all of you friends.

• • •

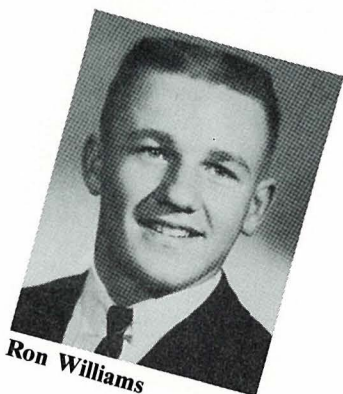
#### Jim Cox

I think of Cubby's with fond memories. It was a place we would frequent after a baseball, football, or basketball game.

In reflecting back on our high school days, I guess we were not a whole lot different than today's kids. The names of the hangouts have changed, the cars the kids drive are different, but they still cruise and hang out.

Cubby's was the turn-around at the south end of town with Sully's (by Mia Ranchia) and Jack's Drive Up at the other end of town. I can remember the guys meeting at Cubby's then cruising through town to Jack's then back through town again.

The "curly dog," "pink lady," "cherry Cokes," all bring back memories of Cubby's. Drive up to the speakers and call your order in or have the carhop come out to take your order then bring it out and hang the tray on your window. Brings back



Ron Williams







Steve Swartzley

a lot of memories of the late fifties and early sixties.

Cubby's was an institution in our day. I can remember going there with my parents before I was old enough to drive. You would see the older kids there and wish you were not with your parents, but you knew that day would come when you would have your own car and meet the guys and gals there.

• • •

### Lynn Parsons Taylor

When Tommie Smith asked me if I would like to write a letter about Cubby's and the impact it had on my life, a big smile spread across my face, and a flood of images appeared.

I remember:

... one of my favorite meals, French fries and a chocolate shake.

... the Catholic kids could not eat meat on Friday so we would wait until five minutes 'til midnight then order our hamburgers. By the time we got them it was Saturday and we could enjoy.

... Brent and Gibb Mitchell and the Purple Metal Flake "Vicky."

... one of the best parts were the cute boys who were the carhops.

... Cubby's must have been one of the first places anywhere where you pushed a button to order.

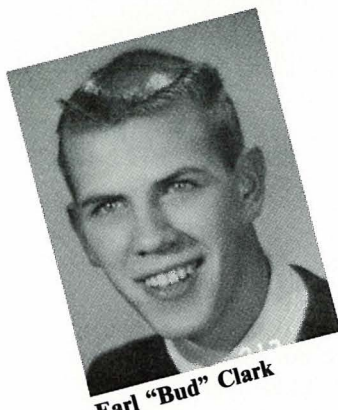
... the music, the friends, the constant movement and anticipation of great fun, laughter, giggles, whispers, tears and the best French fries in the world.

What a place to meet, see and be seen. You always had to check it out no matter what other plans you had. "Cruising" also ended there because Stan fixed it so you couldn't go around, so we ate! Very smart, Stan!

• • •



Carol Hjorten



Earl "Bud" Clark

### Kate Mitchell Smith Ludwig

My most memorable moments of growing up in the Rogue Valley were certainly highlighted by the "home away from home" atmosphere of Cubby's Drive-In.

It was a place with an extended family atmosphere and Stan and Tommie made everyone feel that comfortable "living-room" aura that only a warm home could engender.

We girls would stop for the thickest-sliced, batter-dipped, scrumptious, delectable onion rings that were to be found nowhere else. A fountain Coke added, and it all seemed as natural as our daily routine of home and school.

Eventually it did become my "home" as I ended up "working" my way into the family and I'm happy and proud that my children, Tracy and Tommy, can call them Grandma and Grandpa.

• • •

### Linda Dorrell Kruesi

All memories of my high school days revolve around Cubby's

Everyone who was anyone (and even those who weren't) went to Cubby's. You could always count on meeting someone you knew at Cubby's. We pulled up at the outdoor ordering machines as many times a day as we could afford.

Checking out who was riding with whom in what car was a real priority. After filling up on the really great food (my personal favorite was the cheese burger basket), we'd "tool" down to the other end of town and drive through Jack's Drive-Up (now where Golden Spike Pizza is) to check out who was there. We usually didn't stop unless someone we just had to see was parked there. Then back up Central all the way to Cubby's, through the parking lot, and of course, you'd have to pull in to get a Coke or something because someone you had missed the last time around was there.

When I see "American Graffiti," it reminds me a lot of those days. We just kept tooling around, never stopping except at Cubby's or Jack's. Of course, gas wasn't \$1.25 a gallon then.

My other best memory of Cubby's is the time I spent there with my Mom, Lil Dorrell. We went to dinner there several times a month. It was so great to have a place that we both wanted to go. We usually ate





inside instead of out in the car, but still, I could see everything going on and Mom enjoyed seeing the kids too. It was always a treat to eat there 'cause the food was always super.

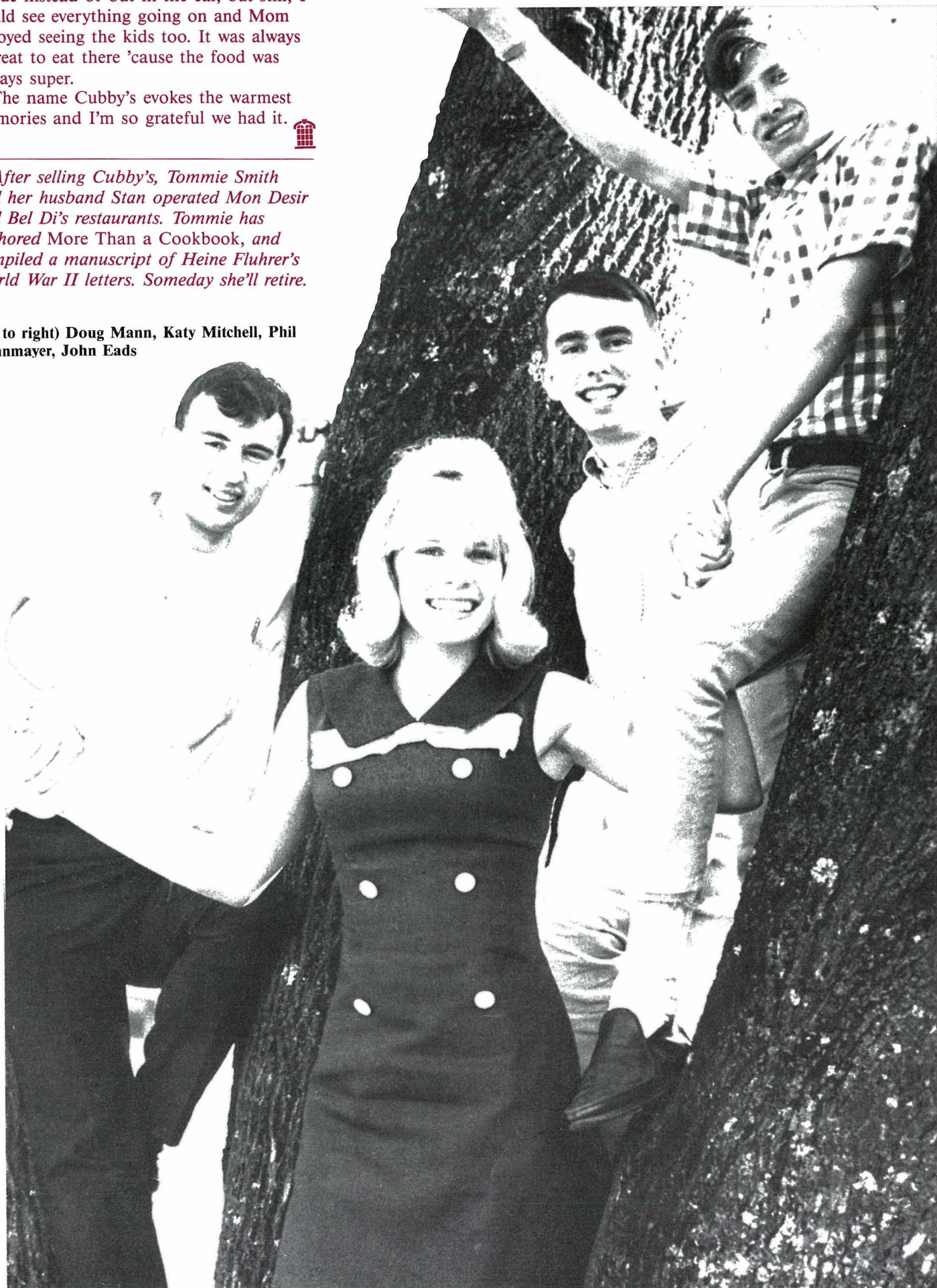
The name Cubby's evokes the warmest memories and I'm so grateful we had it.



---

*After selling Cubby's, Tommie Smith and her husband Stan operated Mon Desir and Bel Di's restaurants. Tommie has authored More Than a Cookbook, and compiled a manuscript of Heine Fluhner's World War II letters. Someday she'll retire.*

(left to right) Doug Mann, Katy Mitchell, Phil Frohnmayer, John Eads





New and renewing members  
from August 1-September 30, 1990

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

## Welcome New Members

### JR. HISTORIAN

Alyssa Adams, *Central Point*  
Jordan Hassell, *Jacksonville*  
Danny Holden, *Jacksonville*  
Timothy Holden,  
*Jacksonville*

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Susan Kerlinger, *Medford*  
Erich Klinker, *Jacksonville*  
Richard Louie, *Medford*  
Courtney Moore, *Jacksonville*

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Marian Dresden, *Ashland*  
Romona Guches Elrod,  
*Medford*  
Charlotte Fogelquist,  
*Jacksonville*

Ann Hamilton, *Medford*  
Evalyn T. Hutzler, *Medford*  
Louise Jackson, *Eagle Point*  
Ted Keller, *Ashland*

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*River*

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Noah Hogue, *Ashland*  
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*Point*

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## From the Collections

By Janette Meek



In 1928 on Icel Collins Beal's ninth birthday, her grandmother sent a note saying she was sending a "singer." Beal thought she was getting a canary. Imagine her surprise when she opened a package containing a Singer sewing machine. "My mother insisted that I use the thing to show grandmother that I loved her gift!" explained Beal. Disappointed, Beal painfully executed simple cotton quilt blocks on the machine and had the ordeal photographed for her grandmother.

The sewing machine is only 6½ by 7 inches and weighs 2½ lbs. and is designed to be clamped to a worktable. The needle is moved up and down by manually turning the handle connected to the flywheel, creating a chain stitch with the single spool of thread on the top. The flywheel was repaired by Beal's cousin after she threw the machine across the room in a fit of frustration while sewing.

The Singer and the photograph sent to her grandmother were donated to the Southern Oregon Historical Society in 1978. Many years later, Beal's mother put the machine-stitched blocks together to make a full-sized quilt. The quilt was given to Beal as a Christmas present in the late 1950s. In 1986 the quilt, probably never used, was also donated to the Society.

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.





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