

TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

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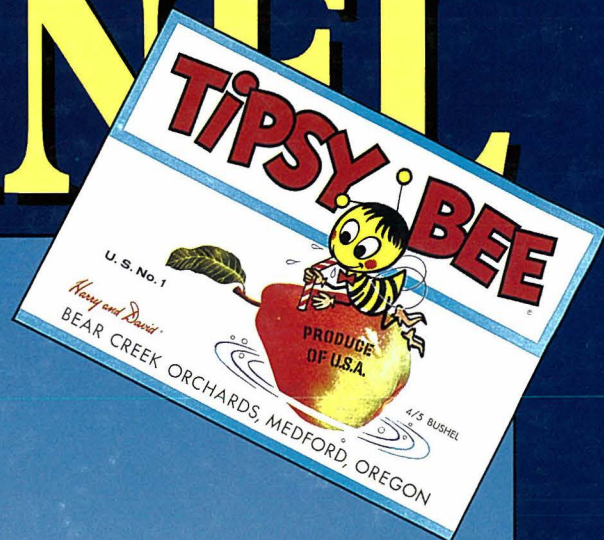
JANUARY
FEBRUARY 1992

**FANCY
FRUIT**
COLORFUL
PEAR LABELS

**POET &
PIONEER**
C.E.S. WOOD &
BILL HANLEY

**WHY DIDN'T WE
CELEBRATE
STATEHOOD?**

The
Magazine
of the
Southern
Oregon
Historical
Society



Eighty-seven Years Ago



Mrs. A. A. Davis of Medford turns the first shovel of earth at the ground-breaking ceremony for the Medford and Crater Lake Railroad. SOHS #13917

When officials from the newly formed Medford and Crater Lake Railroad drafted plans for a Medford-to-Eagle Point line, hopes ran high that it might eventually carry tourists to the wilderness of Crater Lake. The new railroad, it was thought, would help Medford live up to its impressive title as the "gateway to Crater Lake." City businesses closed and school children took a holiday as thousands gathered to witness the festive ground-breaking ceremony for the new line on April 4, 1905.

Construction began almost immediately as crews composed largely of Hindu and Chinese laborers laid the first twelve miles of track, connecting Medford and Eagle Point by 1907. Soon, the new line had its own Medford depot, located on the east side of Bear Creek Bridge, where Hawthorne Park is today. Pacific and Eastern Railroad tycoon James J. Hill purchased the line and pushed construction as far as Butte Falls, where the first locomotive thundered into town in November 1910. By the spring of 1911, passenger trains carrying eager sightseers chugged their way up the steep grades and across the spectacular trestles of the route's second leg.

A slumping economy, however, soon threw cold water on Hill's ambitions to build a railroad that stretched farther to the east, and it became apparent to P&E officials that the line was going to be a bust. Although crews surveyed areas of wilderness beyond Butte Falls, the onset of World War I permanently halted further construction on the route. The Pacific and Eastern ceased operations on the line in 1919, and a series of private logging companies used it thereafter. In 1932, Medco purchased the line and continued transporting logs by locomotive until 1961.

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Medford, Oregon



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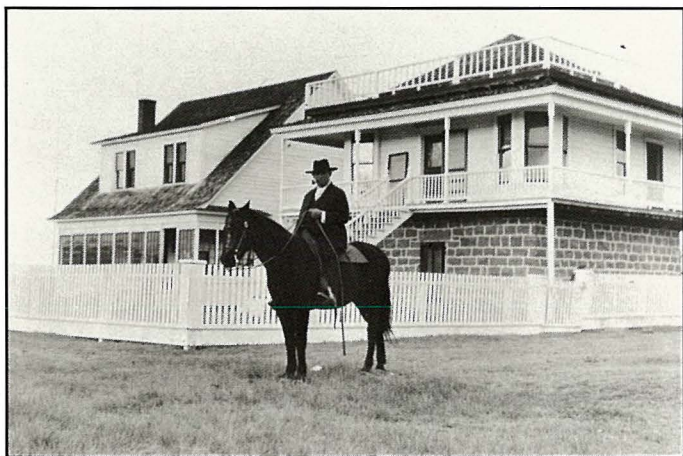
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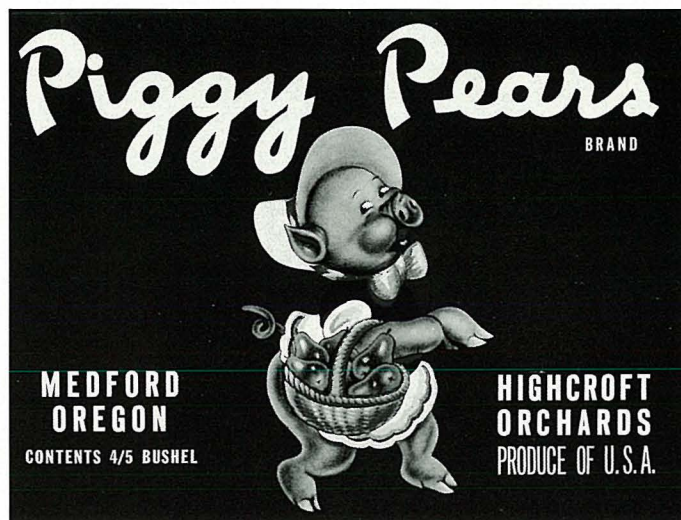
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Back cover: One of the several pear labels used by orchardist Charles Armstrong Wing. Courtesy Sue Naumes

Poet & Pioneer

by Maria Novak-Cronin

Sunset over the Alvord Desert. Photo by Ron Cronin

C.E.S. Wood and Bill Hanley in the Oregon Desert

*Have you not heard the utterance of the guardian rocks
And the low psalming of the mountains,
The bare hills, flashing skies and clouds?
The hushed communion of the brotherhood
Under the snow?*

—C.E.S. Wood, *Poet in the Desert*

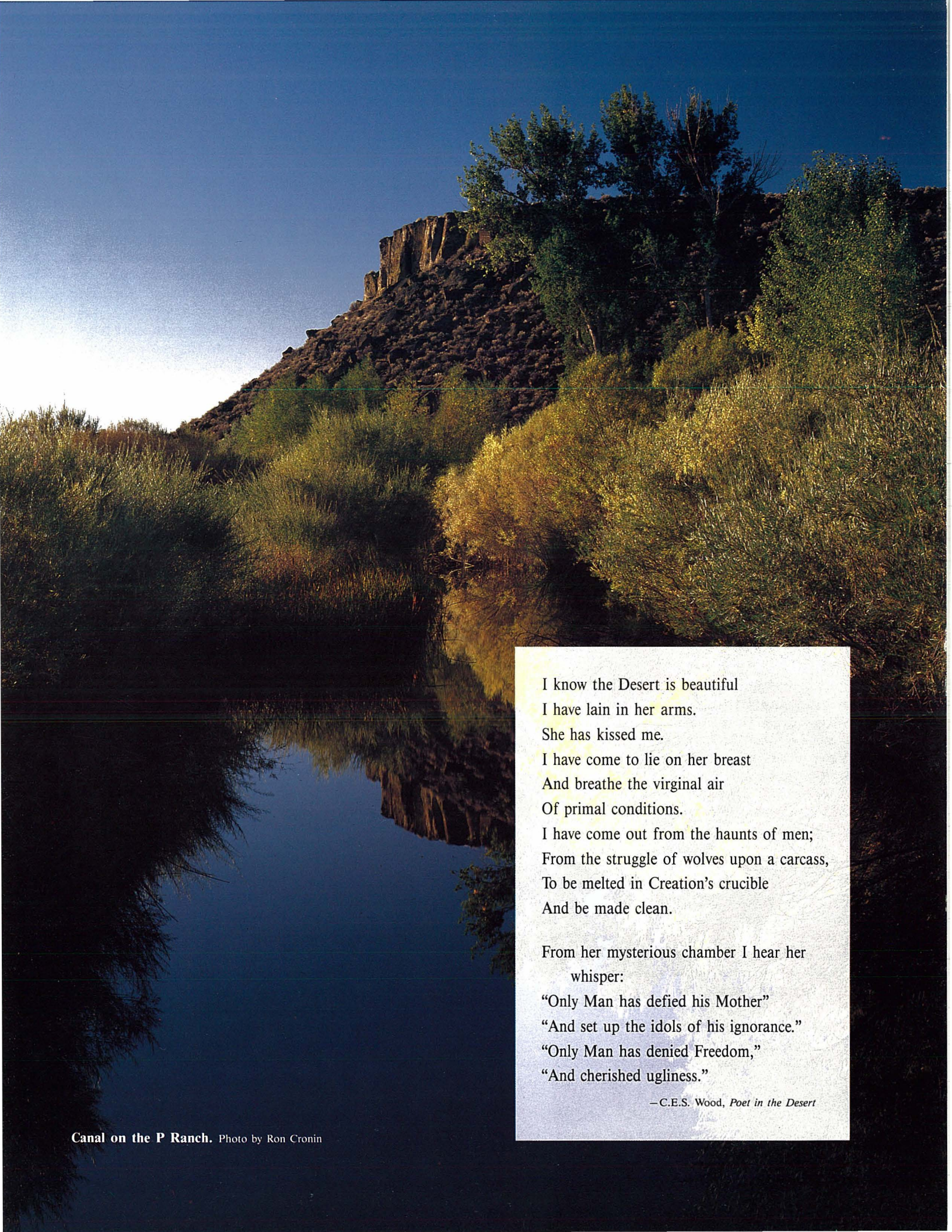
Those who seek to take the measure of the Oregon desert—to plumb her sage-scented secret places and harness her resources—must come armed with patience and wisdom; a dose of wit and humor tucked under a hat also helps, for the desert guards her austere beauty fiercely.

Two who came to know and love the Oregon desert were unlikely companions. Colorful William Danfort “Bill” Hanley, cattleman, developer, and sagebrush philosopher, was born to pioneer parents in the Rogue Valley. To his future, he brought little more than ambition, determination, a father’s sound advice, and a nimble mind. It was enough.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood enjoyed the advantages of a well-bred, well-connected, well-educated



C.E.S. Wood. Photo courtesy Ecola Educational Associates



I know the Desert is beautiful
I have lain in her arms.
She has kissed me.
I have come to lie on her breast
And breathe the virginal air
Of primal conditions.
I have come out from the haunts of men;
From the struggle of wolves upon a carcass,
To be melted in Creation's crucible
And be made clean.

From her mysterious chamber I hear her
whisper:

"Only Man has defied his Mother"
"And set up the idols of his ignorance."
"Only Man has denied Freedom,"
"And cherished ugliness."

—C.E.S. Wood, *Poet in the Desert*

easterner. Son of the surgeon general, West Point graduate, chronicler of Indian wars and lawyer, Wood brought to the desert a rich store of world-wise and war-tempered sophistication wrapped around the restless soul of a poet.

Although the two first met on a business footing, Hanley's lifetime of practical experience in the Oregon desert, coupled with his natural gift for storytelling, recommended him to Wood, whose need to interpret an intensely personal meaning of the desert was a major focus of his later years.

Their shared passion for the Oregon desert made them fast friends.

Hanley and Wood forged their friendship at the turn of the century—a time when the pioneering period of Oregon history was drawing to a close. Both men were visionaries in their own way, first-hand witnesses to forces that gobbled up whole cultures and imposed the order of barbed-wire grids and paper contracts over what had been vast wilderness.

Although Hanley was born a few days' ride to the west, it was Wood—then a lieutenant in the U.S. Army—who first encountered the “glittering death spaces” and seductive beauty of the Harney Basin. Four years before, teenaged Hanley sought his fortune driving a herd of Rogue Valley cattle toward the “big” country to the east, Wood followed his orders of transfer north from Camp Bidwell, California, to Vancouver Barracks, Department of the Columbia, Washington Territory.

The trek, in 1875, took Wood through a stark and startlingly beautiful topography whose effect upon his soul proved profound and persistent. Years later as Harney County's most powerful cattleman, Hanley would welcome Wood first as guest and soon as good friend on business and pleasure trips to the desert ranches he owned or managed, giving Wood the chance to work out on paper and canvas what the landscape meant to his artist's heart.

Hanley knew the land like few other men, having grown up with it literally and figuratively.

Born in 1861 at his father Michael's farm, “The Willows,” just northeast of Jacksonville, Hanley at an early age showed the kind of ranching ambition that would guarantee him success. Impatient to make his mark, Hanley quit school at age nine and went to work cowboying for his father, who owned extensive spreads on Butte Creek, in the Applegate Valley and in the Klamath Basin. As a boy, Hanley flung himself into ranch work, and at the tender age of twelve his father made him foreman of the Butte Creek ranch.¹

He worked another five years for his father, adding to his store of experience managing cattle, range, and men before setting off at age seventeen with a handful of young companions and a gift herd of 200 seed cattle to find rangeland of his own. His father accompanied the young men to the crest of the Cas-

cades and bade Hanley farewell with the following charge: “Go till you find a big country, for you will never get any bigger than the country you are in.”²

The advice summed up Michael Hanley's legacy to his son. He gave Hanley “a chance to get seasoned man-wisdom—the most wonderful influence in my whole life,” Hanley later recalled. “When I look back, I always feel there was something super in his knowledge of natural things and how to handle them. . . . Always had humor. . . . Solution to a problem always comes out of humor. Those that have it are fortunate.”³

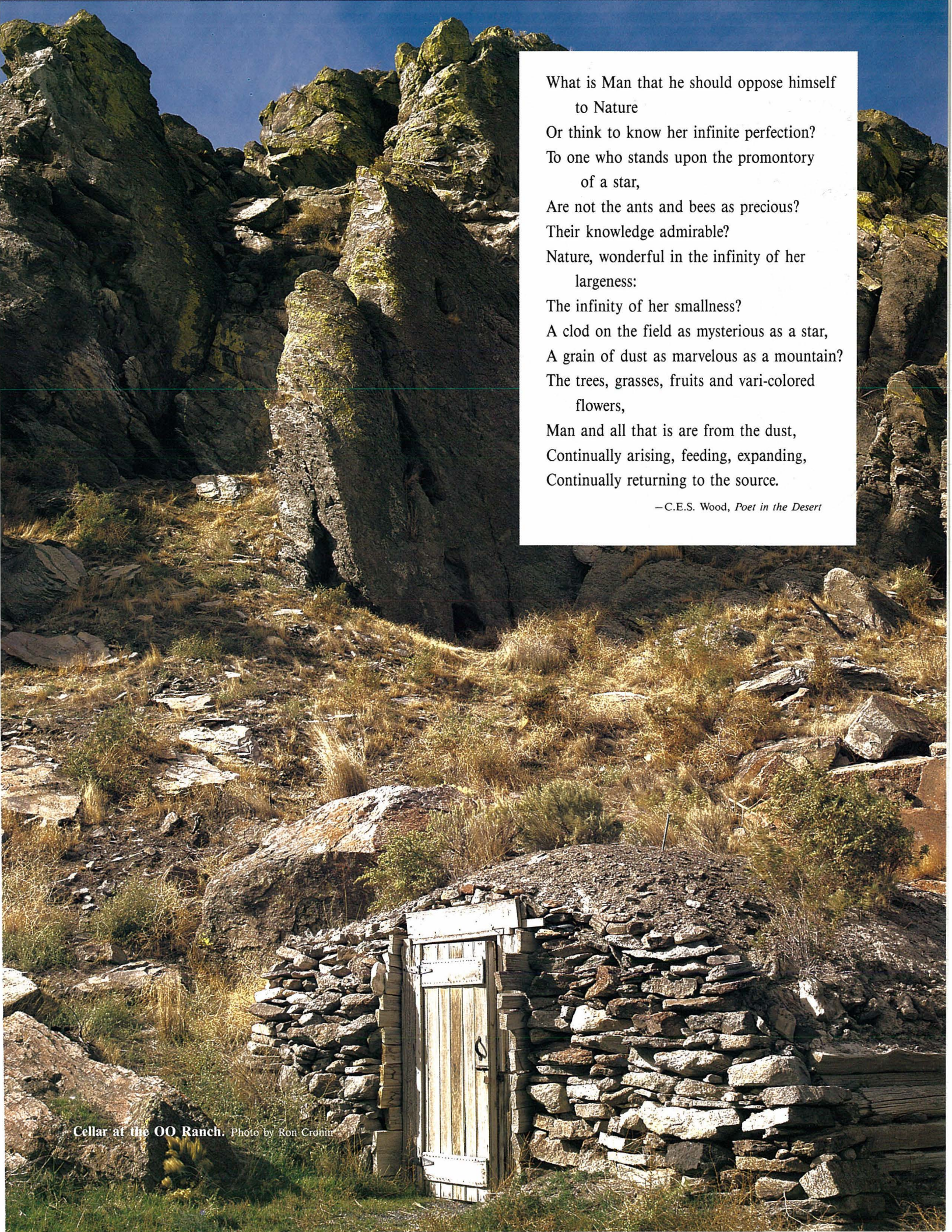
His father's words planted in his mind and a grub-stake of cattle under his care, Hanley followed the path of his older brother Ed into the endless open spaces of the Harney country, where he would meet Peter French, John Devine, and other California cattle barons who had driven vast herds north in search of good range and elbow room.



Bill Hanley. Photo courtesy Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

At the end of his first cattle drive to the Silvies and Blitzen River valleys in the Harney country, Hanley met some of the legendary Californians. “They were all well-dressed, showy men, wearing bright colors—all roamers of space in light countries love color—and there was I, riding up to them, a boy tramp, all ragged and dusty, in his shrunk shirt, with a straggly bunch of desert-worn cattle.” These aristocrats welcomed the weary Hanley and sat him down to a good meal. “It was just sympathy,” he recalled, “for I was on the last edge of being protected by clothes, was sunburned, my lips cracked and sore and my mount as wore down as I was.”⁴

Hanley never forgot this welcome by the lords of the range.



What is Man that he should oppose himself
to Nature
Or think to know her infinite perfection?
To one who stands upon the promontory
of a star,
Are not the ants and bees as precious?
Their knowledge admirable?
Nature, wonderful in the infinity of her
largeness:
The infinity of her smallness?
A clod on the field as mysterious as a star,
A grain of dust as marvelous as a mountain?
The trees, grasses, fruits and vari-colored
flowers,
Man and all that is are from the dust,
Continually arising, feeding, expanding,
Continually returning to the source.

—C.E.S. Wood, *Poet in the Desert*

A strange and marshy hot springs along Silver Creek near Harney Lake, long a stopping place for aboriginal peoples, attracted Wood in 1875 on his way to Vancouver Barracks, and again in 1878 during the Paiute-Bannock War. On his first visit, Wood found this oasis with its teeming waterfowl and luxurious grasses enchanting. On his return, however, the horrors of warfare with the Indians checked his enthusiasm. In a journal entry dated June 24, 1878, he wrote: "I visit Bernard's battle ground alone. Debris of the camp. Graves of the men . . . I found an old squaw crouching under the fierce sun and motionless as if dead . . . What weary days they must have been."⁵

The place still held its enchantment, however. The next year, Hanley laid his bedroll at this same site as the lives of Wood and Hanley intersected geographically at OO Springs, later Hanley's OO Ranch.

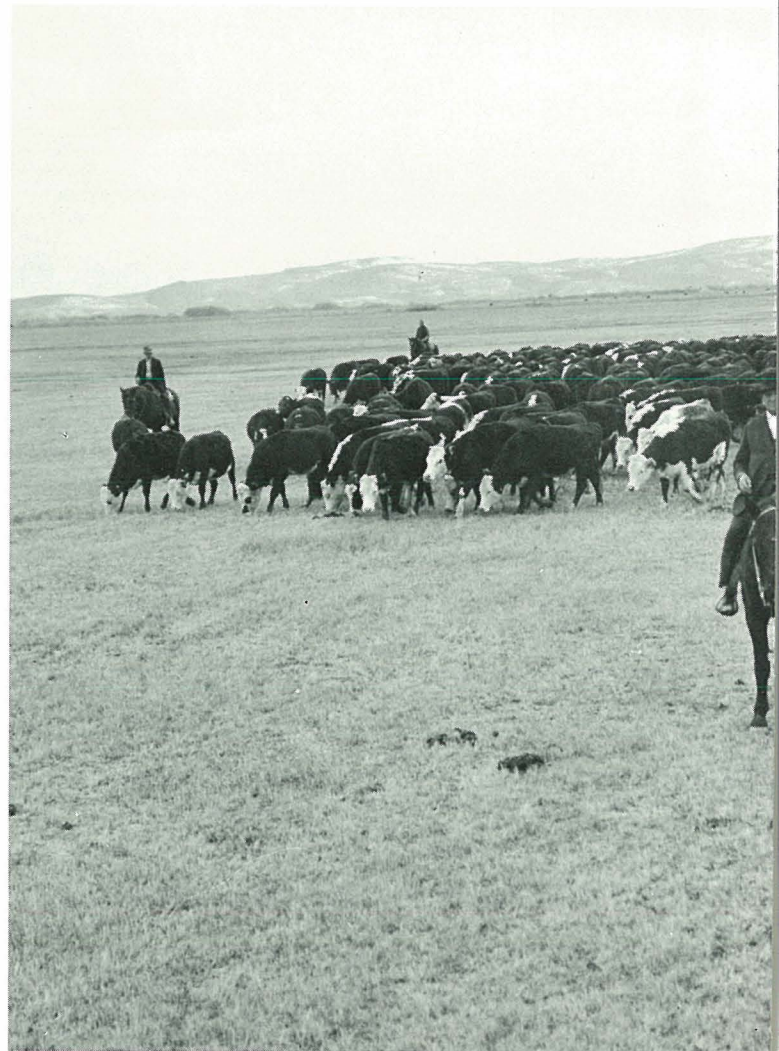
The young cattleman had been gathering strays all by himself for two weeks in the lonesome country to the west and south when he descended to the abandoned ranch site at the springs. "Slept that night for the first time at the OO," he recalled. "Nothing there. The Paiutes . . . had burned down the buildings, but there was water! It came out from under the mountain in great quantities, clear and warm. . . . Woke in time to see the sun come straight up out of the desert—the most wonderful sight. . . . I said then, lying there, 'I'll have this for mine someday.' And so he did, and swapped stories with Wood years later about the days when Indians still inhabited that part of the country."⁶

If Hanley seemed bred for the role he would play in the wide-open Harney Basin country, Wood, nine years his senior, came to his more circuitously. His stiff-necked, authoritarian father used his position as the Navy's surgeon general to get his son C.E.S. into West Point for a military career. But the young Wood seemed to have enjoyed the bright social life that swirled around the young officers at the academy at least as much as the soldiering.

And Wood's experiences as an officer during the Indian campaigns in the West caused him in later years to question the military values he had been taught, reinforcing instead Wood's own evolving credo of philosophical anarchism and personal freedom gleaned from the writings of Thoreau and other American thinkers.

His contacts with Native Americans also left an impression upon Wood that led during his reflective later years to a stronger appreciation of their cultural achievements, some of which he compiled in an ethnographic study called *A Book of Tales*, published in 1891, and in related magazine articles.⁷

Indeed, it had been Wood who transcribed the immortal "I will fight no more forever" speech of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce upon his surrender in the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana.



Bill Hanley leads a cattle drive. Photo courtesy Ecola Educational Associates

But Wood left the West in 1880 to accompany his commander back to West Point and the stimulation of urban life. Not so Bill Hanley, who was just getting down to his life's work on the Oregon desert.

The teenaged Hanley's first cattle drive from the Rogue Valley ended when he and his partners let the herd stop on a long, grassy stretch of the Silvies River just south of the present community of Burns. Here, the young pioneers put up wild hay for the winter and settled down to the business of making their herd prosper. Hanley returned to Jacksonville the following spring and brought a hay mower and rake—among the first in Central Oregon—with him when he returned to the Silvies spread that would become the Bell A Ranch.⁸

Owning such useful equipment made Hanley an important figure among the sparse ranching commu-



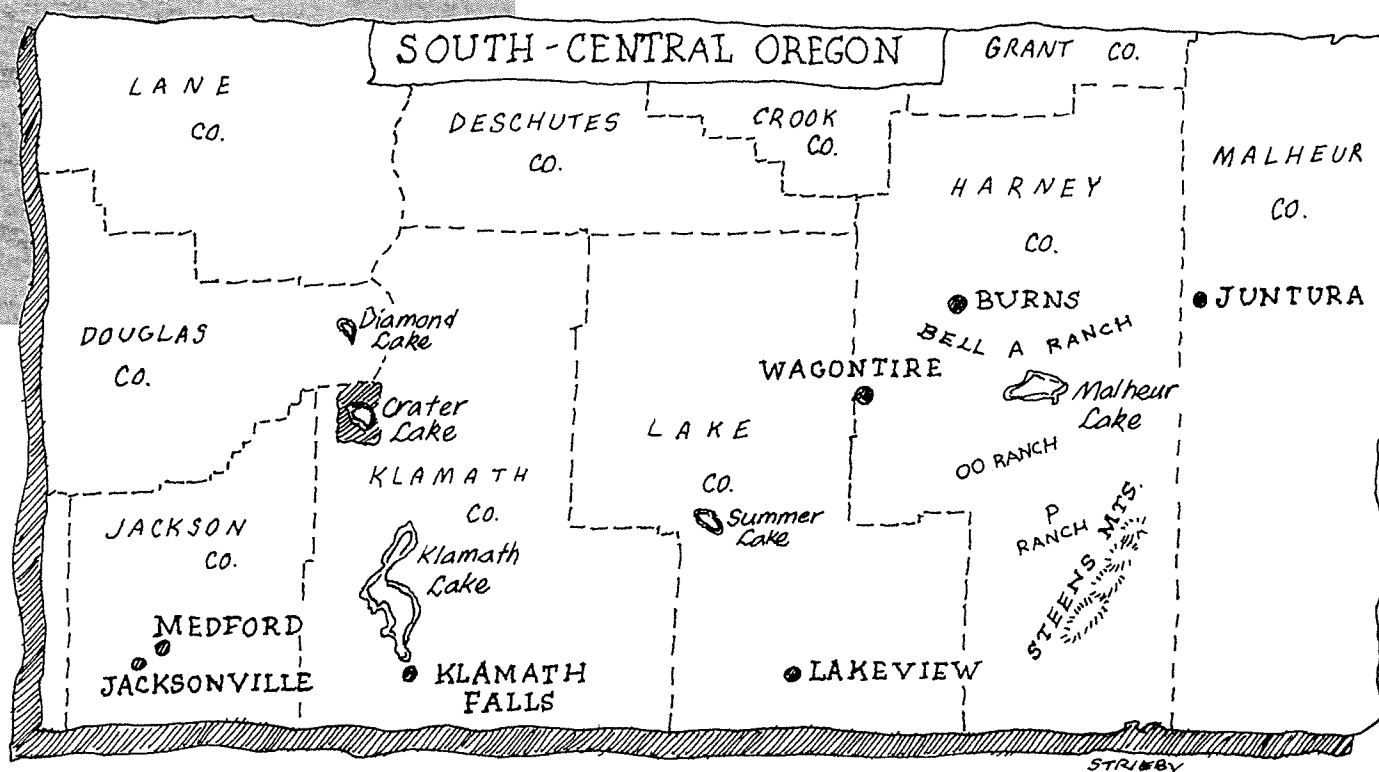
nity. Many of the ranchers suffered severe stock losses in the winter of 1879, putting the carrying capacity of the Harney rangelands in question and giving Hanley's ranching genius a chance to work.⁹

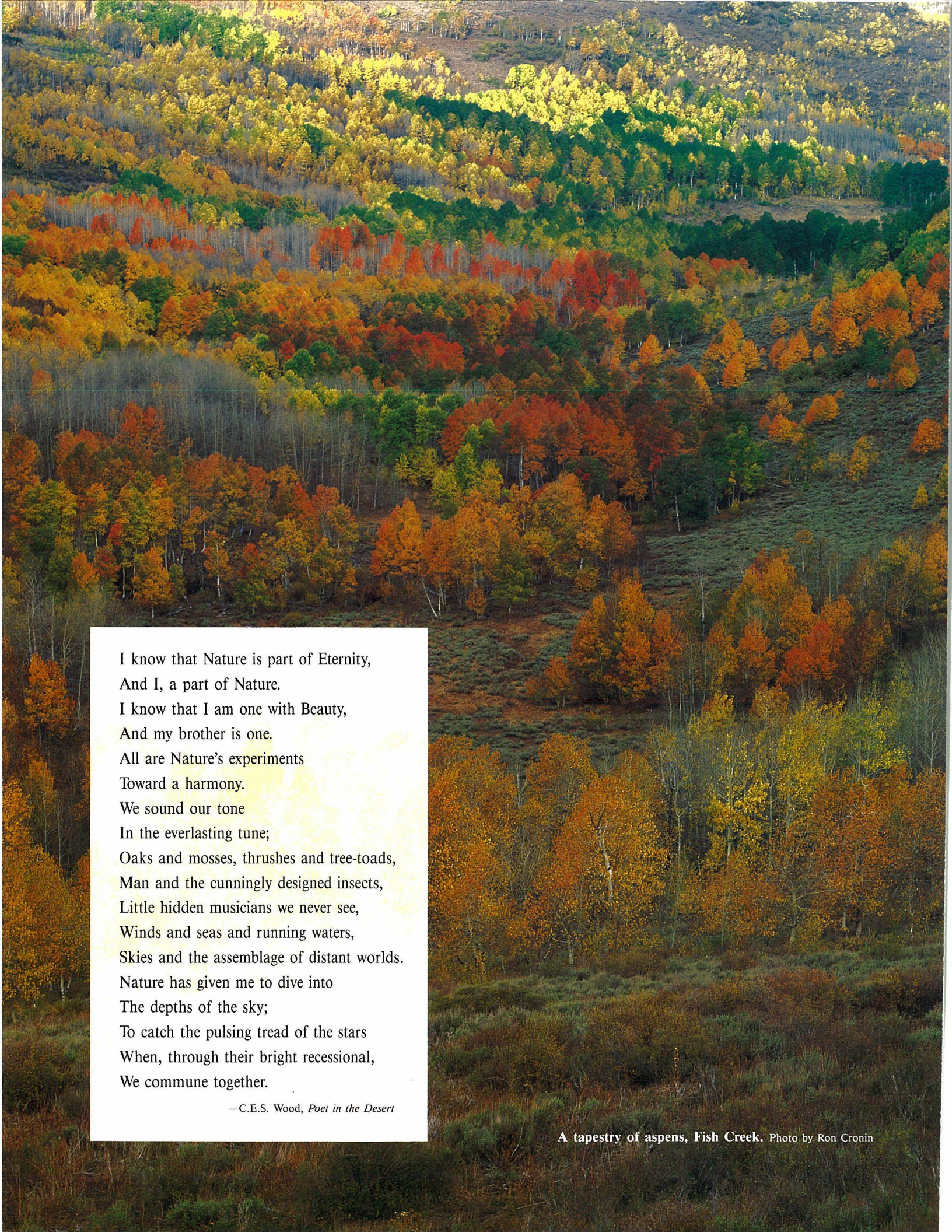
Hanley knew how to cut and cure hay, having learned much from his father's early experiments with hay and alfalfa production. Not only had Hanley cut hay for many of his neighbors, he also understood the importance of advance planning and progressive management, in addition to "cow sense," in making a success of beef production.

With his brothers Ed and John already established in the Harney country, the Hanley boys were in a position to buy lands from other discouraged settlers during the hard times and consolidate their holdings.

In 1882, Hanley sold most of his cattle interests to John Devine, the Californian, and returned to the Rogue Valley a young man with a lot of money in his pocket. Just as he prepared to set out for the desert again with a fresh herd of cattle, however, his father fell ill, and Hanley remained in the Rogue Valley tending the family farms and ranches until his father died in 1889.¹⁰

Freed of his obligation to his father, Hanley made plans to return to the desert and did so in 1892 in a buggy with his new wife, Applegate native Clara Cameron Hanley, at his side. They returned for good





I know that Nature is part of Eternity,
And I, a part of Nature.
I know that I am one with Beauty,
And my brother is one.
All are Nature's experiments
Toward a harmony.
We sound our tone
In the everlasting tune;
Oaks and mosses, thrushes and tree-toads,
Man and the cunningly designed insects,
Little hidden musicians we never see,
Winds and seas and running waters,
Skies and the assemblage of distant worlds.
Nature has given me to dive into
The depths of the sky;
To catch the pulsing tread of the stars
When, through their bright recessional,
We commune together.

—C.E.S. Wood, *Poet in the Desert*

A tapestry of aspens, Fish Creek. Photo by Ron Cronin

Aspens in Whorehouse Meadows, Steens Mountain (below); Round barn at the P Ranch (right). Photos by Ron Cronin



in 1893, driving a herd of cattle and settling on the Bell A ranch on the Silvies River.¹¹

At first the Hanleys added small bits and pieces to their land holdings. But Hanley was anxious to grow. Owing to ties Hanley cultivated among the wealthy and powerful who were interested in cattle and land in the Harney country, he soon got a tremendous career boost. Shortly after Peter French was murdered by a settler in 1897, Chico attorney F. C. Lusk asked Hanley to assume management of the huge P Ranch for the French Glenn Corporation.¹²

And in his first large purchase transaction in 1903, Hanley was to “buy the OO Ranch from Riley and Hardin. He paid six dollars an acre for 16,000 acres.”¹³ When his brothers pulled out—Ed taking a herd of beef to sell in the Alaska goldfields—he ended up with both the OO and the Bell A with its 4,000 acres. The Hanley herd numbered in the many thousands, and Hanley soon felt keenly the economic threat facing all ranchers in the Harney country: how to get the beef cheaply and efficiently to the markets of the Midwest.

Somewhere in the midst of the politicking, the dickering and the land dealing, Hanley met a Portland attorney named Wood, and the two were soon comparing notes.

Wood hadn't been idle in the years following the Paiute wars. Besides raising a family, Wood took advantage of his assignment to West Point to pursue degrees in political science and law at Columbia University in New York.

While there, the powerful lure of intellectual and artistic freedom also worked on Wood's heart. His



circle of friends included painters, sculptors, and writers, and even that giant of nineteenth-century American letters, Mark Twain, whom the Wood family hosted while he lectured at West Point.

In 1884, Wood left the Army and moved the family he and his wife had started at Vancouver Barracks back to Portland, where he established a lucrative law practice he would maintain until 1919.¹⁴

Because of the clients he represented in his practice, Wood kept returning to that special country of south-eastern Oregon for both business and pleasure, and often as Hanley's guest.

Besides owning the OO Ranch, with the battle-ground Wood described in his 1878 journal, Hanley continued to manage the P Ranch headquartered in the Blitzen Valley at French Glenn, nestled at the foot of Steens Mountain, whose beauty worked such a hypnotic effect on Wood's artistic sensibilities.

With the help of Wood, Portland investor and Hanley friend H. L. Corbett bought out the French

Glenn Corporation interests in the Blitzen Valley in 1907.¹⁵

The P Ranch wasn't the only endeavor in which Wood and Hanley found themselves mutually interested. The Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road Company, ostensibly set up to build a road from Albany to Burns, controlled vast amounts of land along the proposed route. The land was managed for speculative purposes by Charles Atschul, agent for the French-based investment firm of Lazard Freres, whose attorney in Portland was none other than Wood.

In order to promote better transportation routes in the Harney country, Hanley had formed his own Harney Valley Improvement Company, with the initial purpose of developing (and thus gaining title to) irrigable public lands under the Carey Desert Land Act of 1895. But when other ranch interests thwarted some of Hanley's plans, he rearranged the company's lands by exchanging up to 16,000 acres with the Cascade Mountain Road Company between 1903 and 1906.¹⁶

The settlements reached with the Cascade Mountain Road Company and the eventual sale in 1910 of the lands it controlled brought Wood considerable wealth.

Wood's motives throughout the land dealings are difficult to pin down. Like all those of his generation, he was caught between the horns of frontier prag-

matism and intellectual ideals. Financial survival in those days often lurked in that murky middle ground between enterprise and exploitation. His Army experience had made Wood sensitive to what could happen when a government exploited native peoples, for example. But he also had a family to care for, and representing wealthy clients, utilities, and land speculators gave him financial security as well as the means to indulge in other social causes closer to his heart.

Patronage of the arts was one of Wood's abiding passions. Wood founded a library and an art museum in Portland and commissioned public and private works from such artists as sculptor Olin Warner, who later designed the doors of the Library of Congress.

But Wood also assisted his friend Hanley in his schemes for developing the Central Oregon desert country. Ranchers, farmers, merchants, and investors throughout the area knew that only cheap and reliable transportation could link resources with the outside markets critical to establishing a strong and stable regional economy.

The railroad offered the surest means for transporting cattle, lumber, and other local products. Trouble was, neither of the two men who controlled the Northwest's railroad empires—E. H. Harriman of the Union and Southern Pacific and James J. Hill of the Great Northern—felt a pressing need to invest in rail lines into the sparsely settled lands of eastern Oregon, much less the sage and juniper hills of Harney County.



Bill Hanley on horseback. SOHS #4681

Hanley and Wood set out to change that, Hanley proposing an amendment to the Oregon Constitution that would permit the state to sell bonds for the purpose of financing railroad construction. "We arranged for a joint session of the House and Senate, and Mr. Wood presented the situation of our state with its rim of transportation and no road through the center—the heart-breaking disappointment of the long-waiting, long-suffering settlers," Hanley recalled.¹⁷

But other factors helped induce Hill and Harriman to start their famous track-laying duel up the Deschutes River to Bend, with the result that the Oregon Trunk into the heart of the state opened in 1911, making the bond scheme moot. Nevertheless, at the celebration, Hill acknowledged Hanley's role when he told him, "I was building a road to come and see you," and reportedly slipped the golden spike into Hanley's pocket.¹⁸

More projects—highways, irrigation schemes, land deals—lay ahead for Hanley, who traveled the nation and the world pursuing the cattle business, telling stories, and making friends. He died in 1935, and his wife followed him in 1954 after selling most of the OO Ranch to the government as part of the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge.¹⁹

Wood was able to retire on the money he made from the Willamette—Cascade road sale, some of which he even used to establish trusts for his children.²⁰

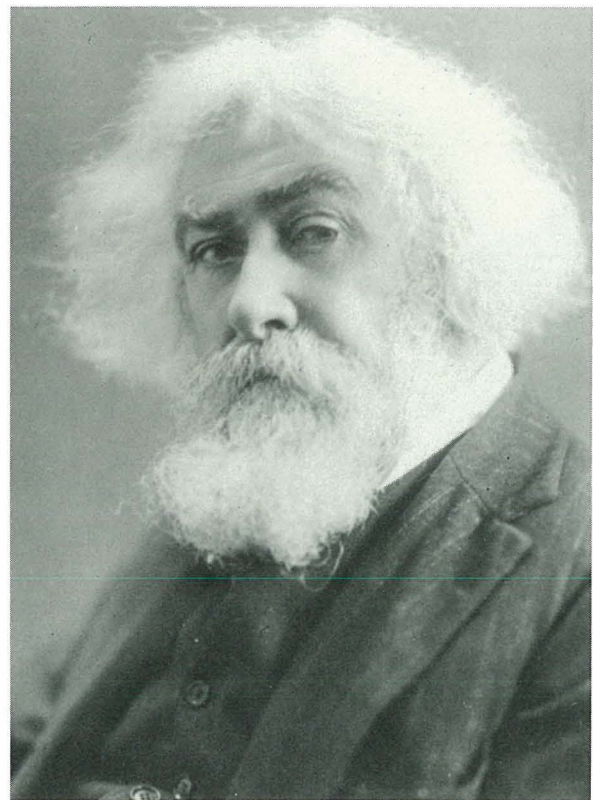
Wood's friendship, contacts, and advice had served Hanley well in his later years. In return, Hanley's convivial hospitality in the Harney sagebrush country helped feed Wood's desire to immerse himself in the landscape that had haunted his reveries since the days of the Paiute campaigns.

Wood was always welcome on the broad porch at the OO headquarters, and his sons found work on Hanley's spreads when they wanted it.

It was in the intoxicating lushness of the Blitzen Oasis at the P Ranch that Wood worked up the first draft of his classic *Poet in the Desert*, which Wood first published in 1915. He also painted and sketched what he saw of the Steens rims and valleys.

Even after he left Portland for California with the poet Sara Bard Field, the influence of the desert still called to him, as in these lines from *Poems from the Ranges*, published in 1929:

*Lay me on the hilltop, close to the sky;
Among the lava rocks let me lie,
Where I've lain in my blanket on the ground;
The big, brown empty desert all around,
And heard the coyotes' crazy howl and cry.
There is the place I want to lie.
I shall not see the slow and lonesome moon;
But still there will be moonlight; still there will be moon.
I shall not hear the furious hoofs, the neigh
Of the wild stallions in their play.
Asleep on the hilltop, next to the sky.
There is the place I want to lie.*



C.E.S. Wood in later years. Photo courtesy Ecola Educational Associates

ENDNOTES

1. Raymond Lewis, "The Remarkable Bill Hanley," *Table Rock Sentinel* (June 1984): 4.
2. Anne Shannon Monroe, *Feelin' Fine* Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1930), 63.
3. *Ibid.*, 62–63.
4. *Ibid.*, 72–73.
5. C.E.S. Wood, *Oregon Historical Quarterly* (transcribed from private journal of 1878) Vol LXX, No. 1:539.
6. Monroe, pp. 69–70.
7. Alfred Powers, *History of Oregon Literature* (Portland: Metropolitan Press, Publishers, 1935), 444.
8. Monroe, 83, 86.
9. George Francis Brimlow, *Harney County, Oregon, and its Rangeland Bend*: Harney County Historical Society, 1980, reprint, Maverick Publications), 161.
10. Monroe, 124.
11. Lewis, 11.
12. Peter K. Simpson, *The Community of Cattlemen, A Social History of the Cattle Industry in Southern Oregon, 1869–1912*, (Moscow, Idaho: University of Idaho Press, 1987), 119.
13. E. R. Jackman and John Scharff, *Steens Mountain in Oregon's High Desert Country* (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 1967), 164.
14. Powers, 444.
15. Simpson, 119–120.
16. *Ibid.*, 107.
17. Monroe, 158.
18. *Ibid.*, 167.
19. Lewis, 17.

Maria Novak-Cronin is creative director at Ecola Educational Associates, a Portland nonprofit organization specializing in producing exhibits, publications and multimedia programming. Among Ecola's recent exhibit efforts is Poet in the Desert, currently on display at the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



Why Didn't

Southern Oregon

February 14 not only marks the annual arrival of Valentine's Day, it is also the anniversary of Oregon's admission to the Union as the thirty-third state. When present-day residents of southern Oregon consider ways to celebrate their statehood, it often comes as something of a surprise that early citizens of the region seem to have spent little effort commemorating their newly acquired status. Understanding how national events in the late 1850s affected both Oregon's admission and local concerns helps explain not only the events of the mid-

We Celebrate?

and the Coming of Statehood

by Paul Richardson

nineteenth century, but also defines forces which continue to shape the southwestern region of the state.

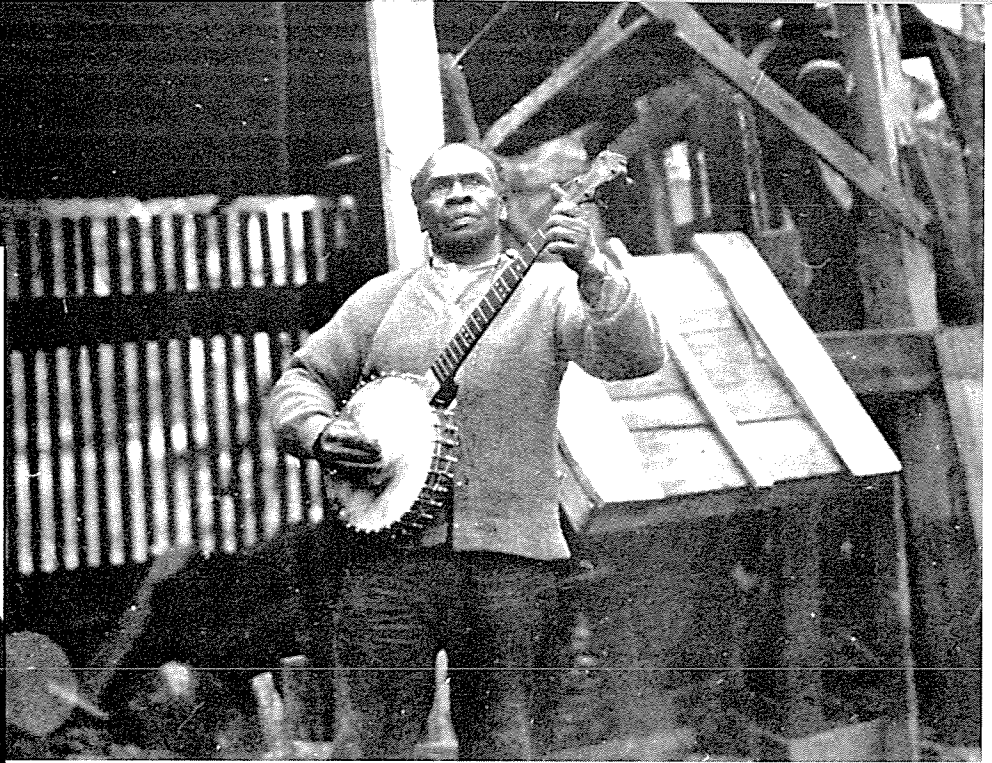
At the time Oregon was admitted to the Union in 1859, the United States was on the brink of civil war to be fought largely over the issue of slavery's extension into the new territories of the West. The Supreme Court's Dred Scott decision of March 6, 1857 had nullified the Missouri Compromise and greatly exacerbated debate over the slavery question.¹ In this political environment three positions emerged: the recently formed Republican Party opposed the extension of slavery beyond the confines of the Old South; southern Democrats held that the Constitution prohibited government interference with slavery as a property issue; and the northern Democrats, led by

Stephen A. Douglas, favored popular sovereignty—the rights of local citizens to decide the question for themselves.²

Although many residents of Jackson County were from slave states, most were not, and at least a few residents of the territory held strong views in opposition to slavery.³ This did not, however, make the citizens of Oregon compatriots with those in the northeastern United States who would ultimately have slavery abolished. In fact, the pioneers of Oregon sought to legally disassociate themselves from the matter. Early pre-territorial meetings in 1844 produced documents prohibiting both slaves and black freedmen from coming to the area. While clearly not abolitionist in tendency, such provisions met with

Elected to the presidency in 1860, Abraham Lincoln faced a country divided over the issue of slavery.
SOHS # 13927





Oregonians remained ambivalent about slavery, but many sought to exclude blacks—both ex-slaves and free men and women—from the new state. SOHS #732, 1643

stern opposition in the U.S. Senate from southern forces worried about any limitations on their “peculiar institution.” Oregon became a territory in 1848 only after all references to the issue of human bondage were dropped.⁴

After years of debate, in 1857 Oregonians were at last ready to obtain for themselves the benefits of statehood and in August of that year drafted a constitution. While the constitution itself did not address the issue of slavery, three questions were placed before the voters as part of the ratification process: “Do you vote for the constitution?” “Do you vote for slavery in Oregon?” and “Do you vote for Negroes in Oregon?” Oregonians employed the principles of popular sovereignty and, in keeping with territorial formulas of the preceding decade, voted to exclude both slaves and freedmen from their new state.⁵

Partly in response to the noncommittal stance on slavery demonstrated in the wording of Oregon’s constitution, statehood was some time in coming. Republicans opposed Oregon’s admittance due to its strong ties to the Democratic Party, while some Democrats were disenchanted with the potential state’s clear position against slavery.⁶ It was not until a year and a half after the constitution’s approval in the territory that a coalition of northern Democrats and fifteen Republicans finally passed the statehood legislation signed into law by President James Buchanan in Washington, D. C., on February 14, 1859.⁷

Word of Oregon’s admission left St. Louis on February 14 and was carried into San Francisco by a rider of the Pony Express on March 10.⁸ Two days later, in what was probably the first published account of the story in Oregon, Jacksonville’s *Oregon Sentinel* declared “All Hail the New State of Ore-

gon!”⁹ Two separate accounts revealed what was known of the momentous event in a grand total of four paragraphs relegated to page 3. A similarly subdued response occurred in the northern part of the new state.¹⁰ Although a lack of information seems at least partly to blame for the less-than-spectacular reaction (the first dispatches were composed before the President had signed the bill into law), even as more details were available few seem to have cared—with the possible exception of territorial officials suddenly imbued with more substantial power as state officers.¹¹ Having waited eleven years for admission to the Union, southern Oregonians found themselves too caught up in national politics to pay much attention when the longed-for day finally arrived.

The issue that captured people’s attention in early 1859 was the same which had drawn out the process of becoming part of the United States for so many years—whether or not slavery should exist outside of the South. The presidential election of 1860 was soon to decide the fate of the nation, and Oregonians were actively involved in choosing delegates to state political conventions, which were to send representatives to the national conventions the following year.¹² (We often think of political campaigns being too drawn out today, but communication and travel obstacles in the mid-nineteenth century meant that the process of electing a new president took almost two years!) Decades of debate were about to end in a civil war sparked by the election of Abraham Lincoln, and although few recognized the full ramifications of contemporary events, newfound statehood was overshadowed by the impending national crisis.

In part, southern Oregon’s reaction to events in 1859 reflects concern over national issues felt through-

out the state. There are, however, indications that such interest resulted at least in part from a strong regional sympathy for the South. While most of Oregon was almost evenly split in the election of 1860 between Republican and Democratic candidates, Jackson County voted strongly for the pro-slavery southern Democrats.¹³ During the war itself, some in the area proposed secession and the formation of a new republic, with Joseph Lane in charge.¹⁴ Local legend in Jacksonville includes the tale of Zany Ganung, who awoke one morning to find a Confederate flag flying over the town. She promptly got her hands on a hatchet and chopped down the offensive emblem.¹⁵ Southern Oregon clearly included more Confederate sympathizers than was common in other parts of the state.

Today, as international celebrations are planned to mark the quincentennial of the Columbian expeditions, it seems remarkable that such little attention was paid to the dawn of statehood in Oregon. At the time, however, the issue of Oregon's political status was inextricably linked with those greater national issues steadily drawing the country to the field of battle. In particular, many residents of southern Oregon manifested opinions aligning themselves with what was to become the Confederate cause (vestiges of these views remain to this day in the form of a Confederate flag displayed in a Jacksonville bank and the recurring secession movement to form the "State of Jefferson"). Considered in light of contemporaneous events, the lack of a statehood celebration in 1859 becomes less mysterious, for Oregonians were already finding their lives overshadowed by the lowering clouds of a great civil war.



ENDNOTES

1. Bruce Catton, "Dred Scott vs. Sandford: Black Pawn on a Field of Peril," *American Heritage* Vol. XV, No. 1 (December 1963), 71.
2. Catton, 1:68.
3. *United States of Jackson County, Oregon* (1860) [Southern Oregon Historical Society clipping file—typescript copy]; Shannon Applegate, *Skookum: An Oregon Pioneer Family's History and Lore* (New York: Beech Tree Books, 1988) 125, 143-144.
4. Dorothy O. Johansen, *Empire of the Columbia: A History of the Pacific Northwest* 2nd Edition (New York: Harper & Row, 1967), 260-261.
5. Johansen, 262.

Constitutional Vote of 1857

	Yes	No
Do you vote for the constitution?	7,195 (70%)	3,125 (30%)
Do you vote for slavery in Oregon?	2,645 (26%)	7,727 (74%)
Do you vote for Negroes in Oregon?	1,081 (11%)	8,640 (89%)

6. Joseph Lane, the territorial representative, was a close friend of many Southerners and ran against Lincoln in the 1860 election as the southern Democratic vice-presidential nominee.
7. Johansen, 2:263.
8. Charles H. Carey, "The Creation of Oregon as a State," *The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society* Vol. XXVII, No. 1. (March 1926), 37.
9. *The Oregon Sentinel* Vol. IV, No. 8, (March 12, 1859) 3.
10. Harvey W. Scott, "The Pioneer Character of Oregon Progress," *The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*; Vol. XVIII, No. 4 (December 1917), 255; Carey, 1:37-39.
11. The Reverend Moses Williams, a Presbyterian minister who



Zany Ganung was outraged to find a Confederate flag flying over Jacksonville. SOHS #397

scrupulously maintained a daily diary, never made mention of Oregon's political transition.

12. An article of greater length than that pertaining to statehood appeared in the March 12, 1859 issue of *The Oregon Sentinel* regarding local meetings to select Democratic convention representatives.

13. Burton W. Onstine, *Oregon Votes: 1858-1972* (Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 1973) 6, 40.

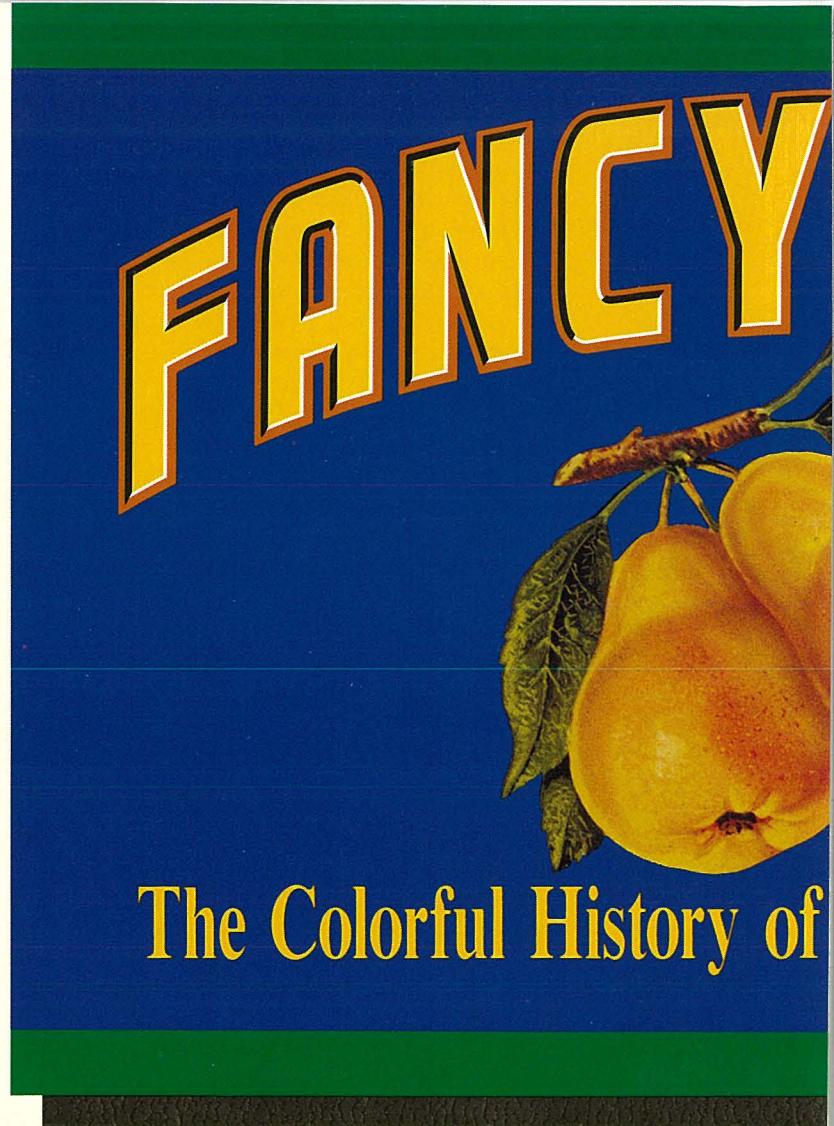
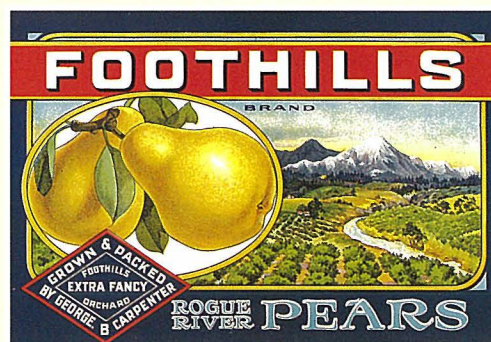
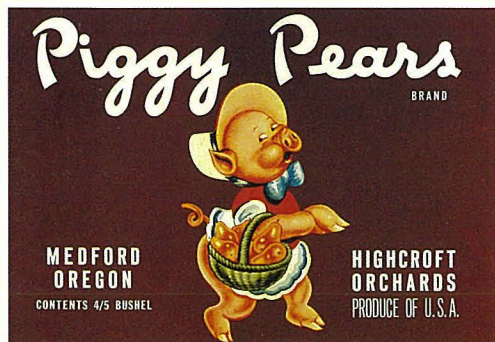
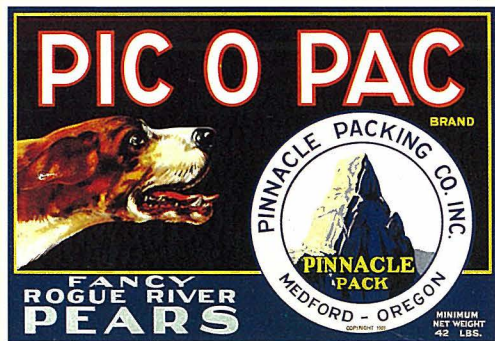
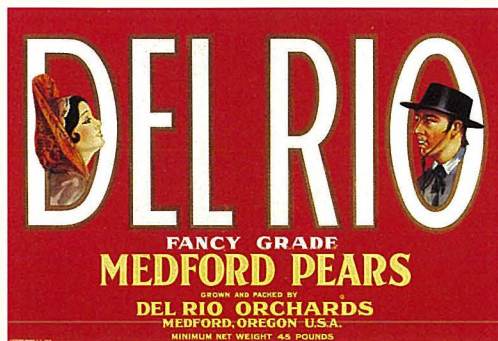
1860 Presidential Election Results

	Yes	No
Republicans (Lincoln)	394 (25%)	5,344 (36%)
Democrats (Douglas)	407 (26%)	4,131 (28%)
Southern Democrats (Breckenridge)	675 (43%)	5,074 (34%)
Constitutional Union (Bell)	88 (6%)	212 (1%)

14. Johansen, p. 260.

15. Richard H. Engeman, *The Jacksonville Story* (Jacksonville: Southern Oregon Historical Society, 1980) 17.

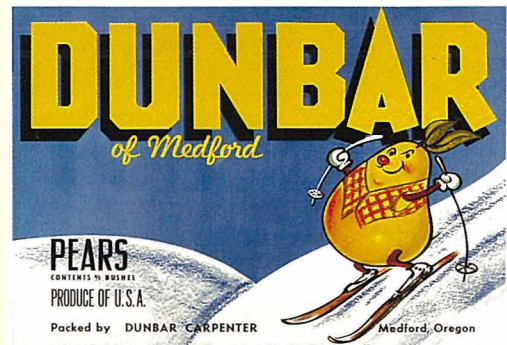
Paul Richardson is the curator of history for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



FRUIT

Rogue Valley Pear Labels

An assortment of pear labels from the collections of Sue Naumes and the Southern Oregon Historical Society reveals the brilliant colors and the bold designs characteristic of this industry-born art form.



by Cathy Noah

As Sue Naumes flips through her extensive fruit label collection, images jump from the pages as loudly and as quickly as a Diet Coke commercial: a speeding train, a friendly polar bear, a stick figure made of candy canes, a bee tipsy from poor nectar, a snow-capped Table Rock, a mischievous pear taking his skis for a spin.

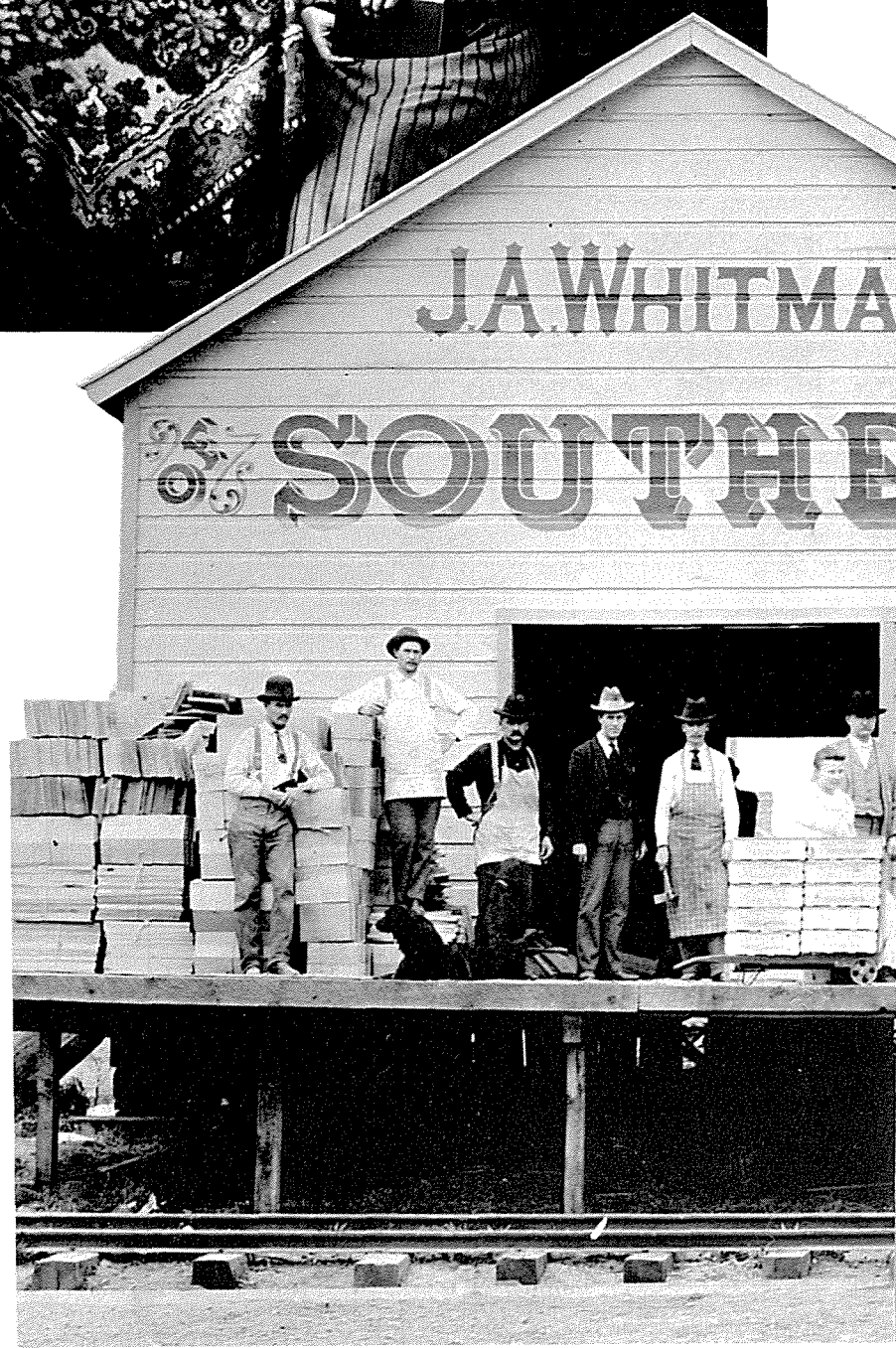
It's no wonder these colorful, whimsical wooden crate labels, now obsolete thanks to cardboard boxes, have attracted the attention of collectors like Naumes for the past two decades: they're fun. And each has its own story to tell, adding another



chapter to the history of the fruit industry in the Rogue Valley and beyond.

Fruit growing blossomed locally in the late 1800s with the arrival of the railroad, which could ship Rogue Valley produce to the lucrative markets in the East. The first commercial orchards were established by J. H. Stewart, a nurseryman from Missouri, and J. D. Whitman, a friend, in 1885. By the turn of the century there were 200 orchardists growing pears, apples, peaches, prunes and other fruits; the number doubled by 1930.¹ It's not difficult to see why. In 1907 a carload of Comice pears from Bear Creek Orchards sold for \$4,623 at a New York auction.² Fruit growing was big business.

As the industry grew, labels became necessary to advertise the benefits of the West Coast's fresh agricultural produce to eastern buyers. Since the fruit was individually wrapped in tissue and packed in a wooden crate, wholesale buyers had only the labels with the most vivid and colorful images attracted the most buyers.



J. A. Stewart, shown with his family, and J. Whitman (below) started some of the area's earliest commercial fruit orchards. SOHS #13978, #1371

This was the era of middle-middlemen who weren't always honest, says Naumes, co-owner with brother Mike of Naumes, Inc., a fruit-growing and packing business established in 1946.

"The people in the industry were characters," she says. "Some were honest, but other were speculators, manipulators, and connivers. It was a tough industry to make it in."

Middlemen would purchase carloads of produce from Rogue Valley orchardists before they had buyers lined up back East. If they didn't find buyers, the local orchardists wouldn't get their money.

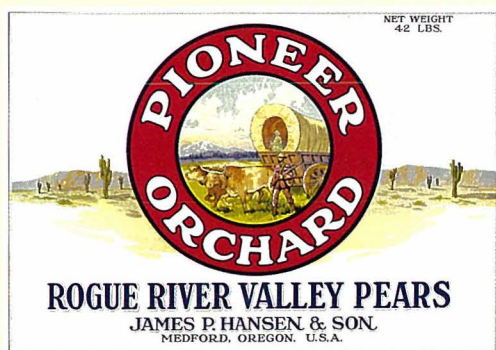
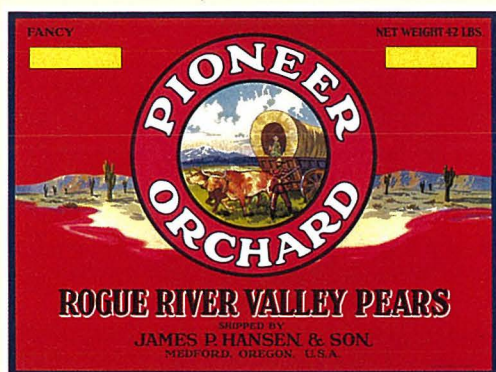
Developing with the fruit industry were the lithography business and label art. San Francisco emerged as a center for lithography with the arrival in the 1880s of German immigrant Max Schmidt, whose litho stones

were imported from Bavaria and weighed 50 to 300 pounds.

According to research done by Carol Connors, who sells labels at Manning and Morgan Antiques in Ashland, labels were created from etchings on limestone. The paper was coated with clay and casein (a phosphoprotein used in glues) and hung for twenty-four hours in a warm room. The lithographer then ran the paper through presses one color at a time. After printing, it was often varnished, embossed, and bronzed for a golden effect. Colors and inks were carefully guarded secrets of the trade.

Litho houses sent salesmen into the orchards to act as artists-on-location to design original labels for growers. In 1889 stock labels were designed and printed by the thousands without brand names; a grower could choose a particular style, get his name printed on it, and have a handy supply within a few days.





Metal replaced stone in the 1930s. During World War II, these plates were sacrificed to scrap metal drives for use in manufacturing airplanes. Rogue Valley orchardists converted to the less expensive cardboard box in the early 1950s, which proved to be the multicolored label's demise: a two-color stamp replaced the label on crate ends.

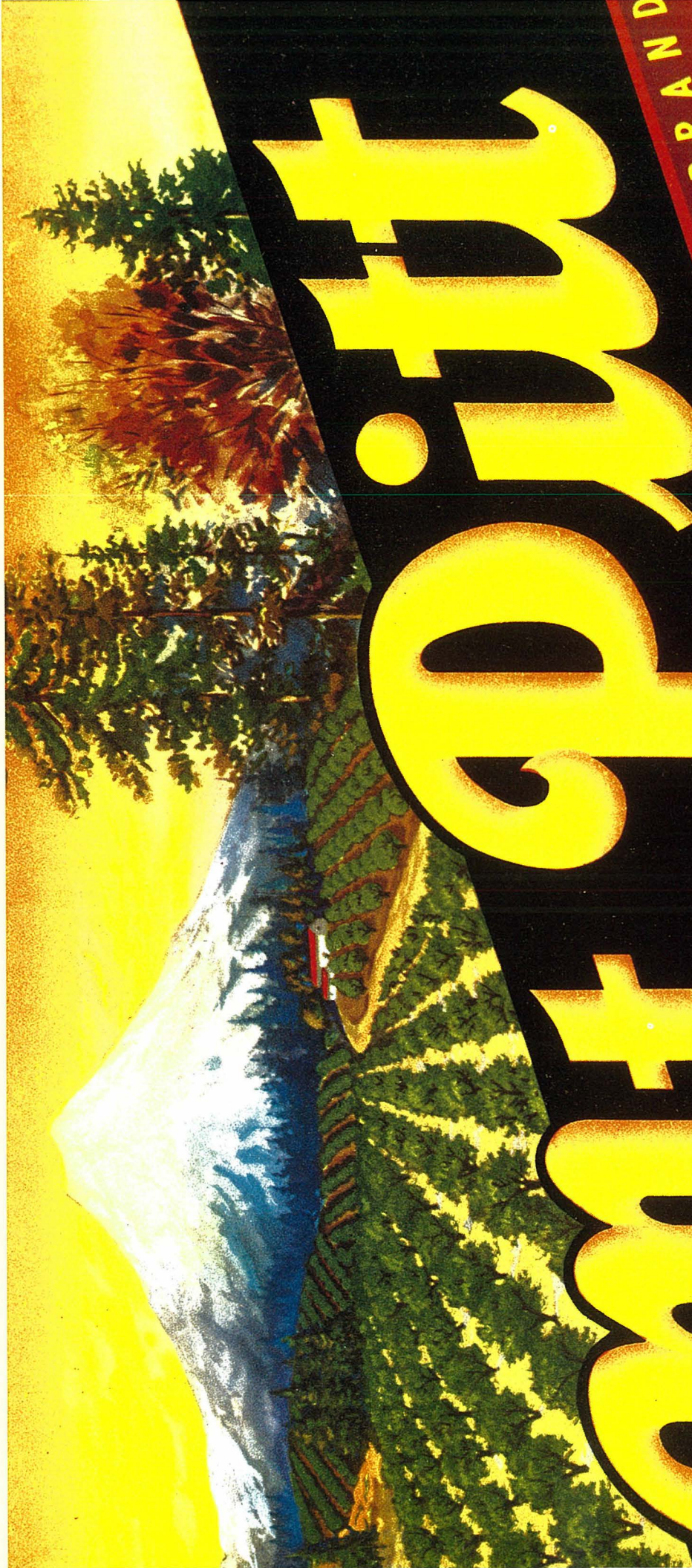
Now a lost American art, labels are attracting collectors by the hundreds. Naumes says she started collecting several years ago after the manager of her Washington orchards gave her a few labels he'd found. With a collection now 3,000 strong, Naumes says she doesn't do much buying or selling. "I try to trade, beg or whatever to get the labels," she says. "It's more fun that way. It's a challenge." She also has dug up floor boards, sifted through boxes of dirt, and called on strangers in her quest for apple, pear, and citrus labels to build up her collection, which she has shown at On the Wall gallery in Medford and Western Bank in Ashland. (Those with labels or information about them may contact Naumes at (503) 772-6268.)

"One of the things [collecting labels] has done for me is taught me a lot about the history of my industry," says Naumes,

Appliance store owner Mel Younger sold pears under the Mt. Pitt label, until his orchards were bought by Joe Naumes in 1946.

Picking crews pluck pears in an 1895 orchard. SOHS #51





Wilt.

BRAND

MEDFORD
PEARS

CONTENTS $\frac{4}{5}$ BUSHEL

GROWN BY
M. V. YOUNGER
MEDFORD, OREGON

PRODUCE OF U.S.A.



Elmer Hull (*left*), manager at Modoc Orchard, stands beneath a productive tree during the 1924 harvest. Before WWII, orchardist E. J. Newbry packed under the Nuf Sed label (*above*) at his plant in Phoenix, later moving to a facility in Ashland. SOHS #13566

whose grandfather entered the local orchard business in 1929 after moving here from Hood River.

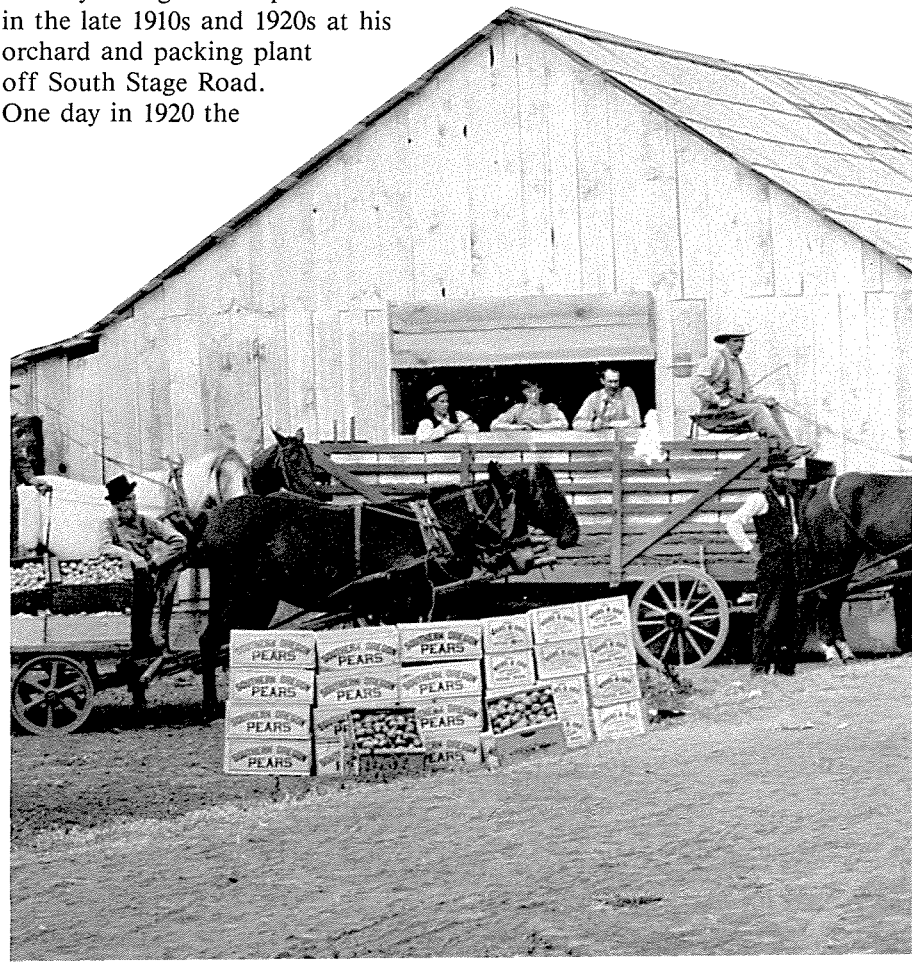
Story after story emerges from Naumes' collection, like baseball legends from an Iowa corn field: tales of hardship, tragedy, scandal, ingenuity, and success. The following are some of those stories.³

Bear Creek: The Bear Creek Corp. label originally began as a friendly baby bear hanging on a fence for the Cub brand of fancy pears. However, the cub grew up—into the more respectable, ferocious brown bear used today. Its owners were two brothers, Harry and David Rosenberg, who became famous for their introduction of the Royal Riviera Gift Pack (Comice pears) and the Fruit of the Month Club in the 1930s. They changed their Jewish name to Holmes at the outset of World War II and developed Bear Creek into the world's leading shipper of the fine food and fruit gifts.

Easy Valley and Nuf Sed: These were used by E. J. Newbry, who served as Oregon's secretary of state, and his sons, one of whom, Lyn Newbry, was a respected state senator for many years. They owned a plant in Phoenix (about where Associated Fruit stands today) that moved to Ashland after World War II, but the

company stopped packing twenty years ago.

Foothills: One of the oldest known existing labels, Foothills was developed and used by George B. Carpenter in the late 1910s and 1920s at his orchard and packing plant off South Stage Road. One day in 1920 the



Carpenters packed their bags and left—everything. Dishes remained on the table, framed pictures still adorned their Steinway piano, glasses sat on the kitchen counter as if the Carpenters had just had a drink.

One story has it that Mrs. Carpenter was so disappointed at not being invited to a society function that she left the valley and refused to rent or lease her home again—even to high-ranking military officers during the war. The house remained untouched until George Carpenter's death forty years later.

Another story has it that the Carpenters held a dry party—they had recently given up alcohol—and their guests either got soused beforehand or brought a little pick-me-up with them to spike the punch. This may have made the Carpenters angry enough to leave the house—and their soused guests—behind.

And what a sacrifice to save face: the home was furnished with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century pieces and included a swimming pool, tennis court, and Japanese gardens. Some of the Japanese lanterns were found in later years just below the terrace and were restored. The rest of the Carpenters' belongings were sold at auction or donated to the Jacksonville Museum, which acquired Mrs. Carpenter's gowns and a set of Spanish furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl.⁴

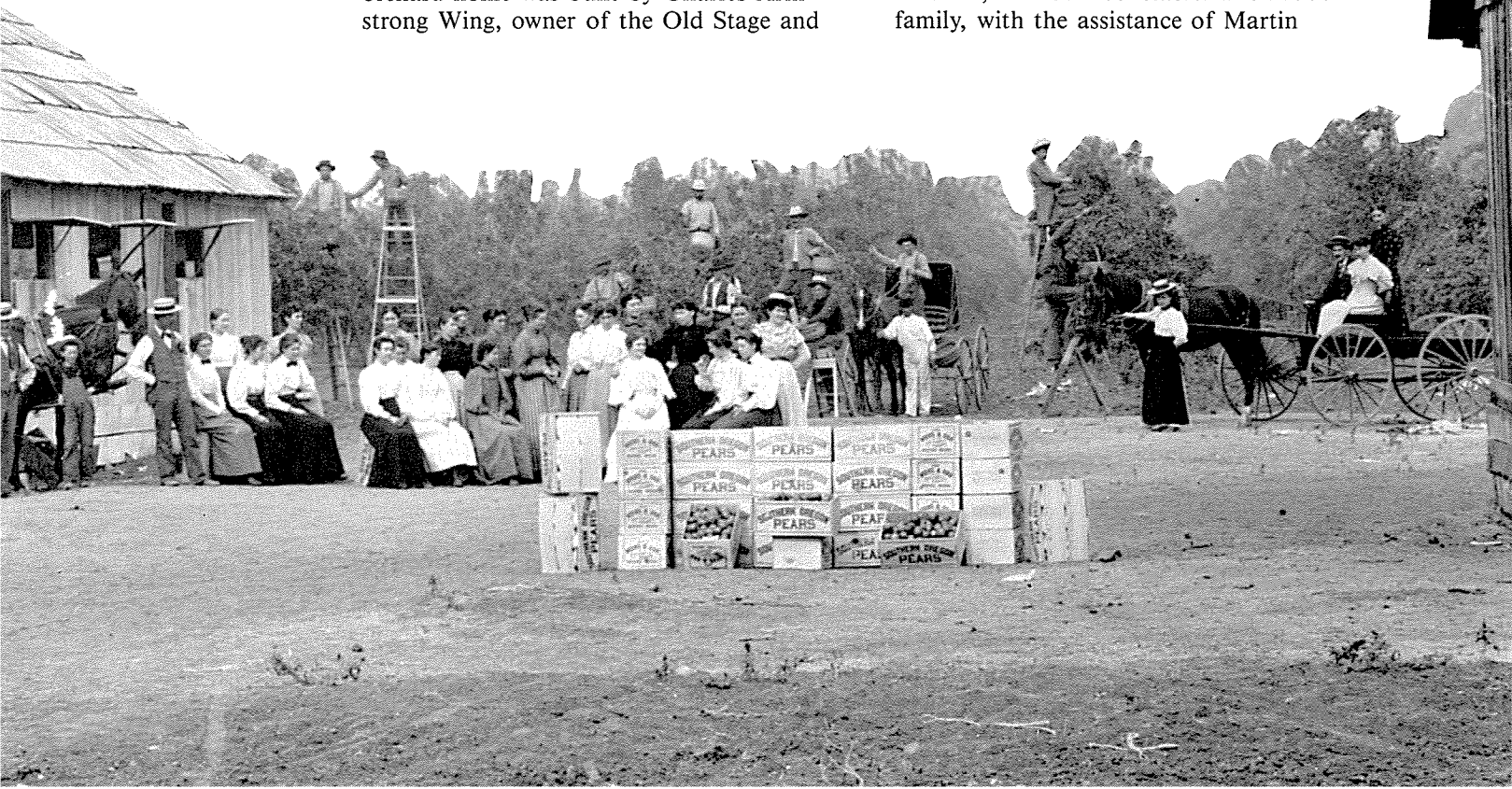
Old Stage and Wing: Another beautiful orchard home was built by Charles Armstrong Wing, owner of the Old Stage and

Wing labels, who converted Jacksonville's turn-of-the-century poor farm into a mansion with outbuildings and a packing shed. In the early 1940s, the orchard was sold to Gordon Green and his brother George S., who continued to pack fruit there under the Stage Coach label until a fire destroyed the packing house. A trailer park now sits on the site of the original Wing ranch.



Rogue: This label was used by the Rogue River Orchard Company, which in the 1940s broke from the Southern Oregon Sales Growers' Cooperative and began packing on its own. According to old documents, RROC was preceded by the Rogue River Company, a California corporation headquartered in Los Angeles. At some point in time, L. A. Banks was involved in the business, before it sold to the Mudd family in the early 1930s. Banks was later convicted of murdering George Prescott, the local constable. The Mudd family, with the assistance of Martin

Rogue River Orchard Company developed its own label (right) after breaking away from Southern Oregon Sales in the 1940s. Weeks and Orr growers (below) packed plenty of pears in the mid-1890s. SOHS #54

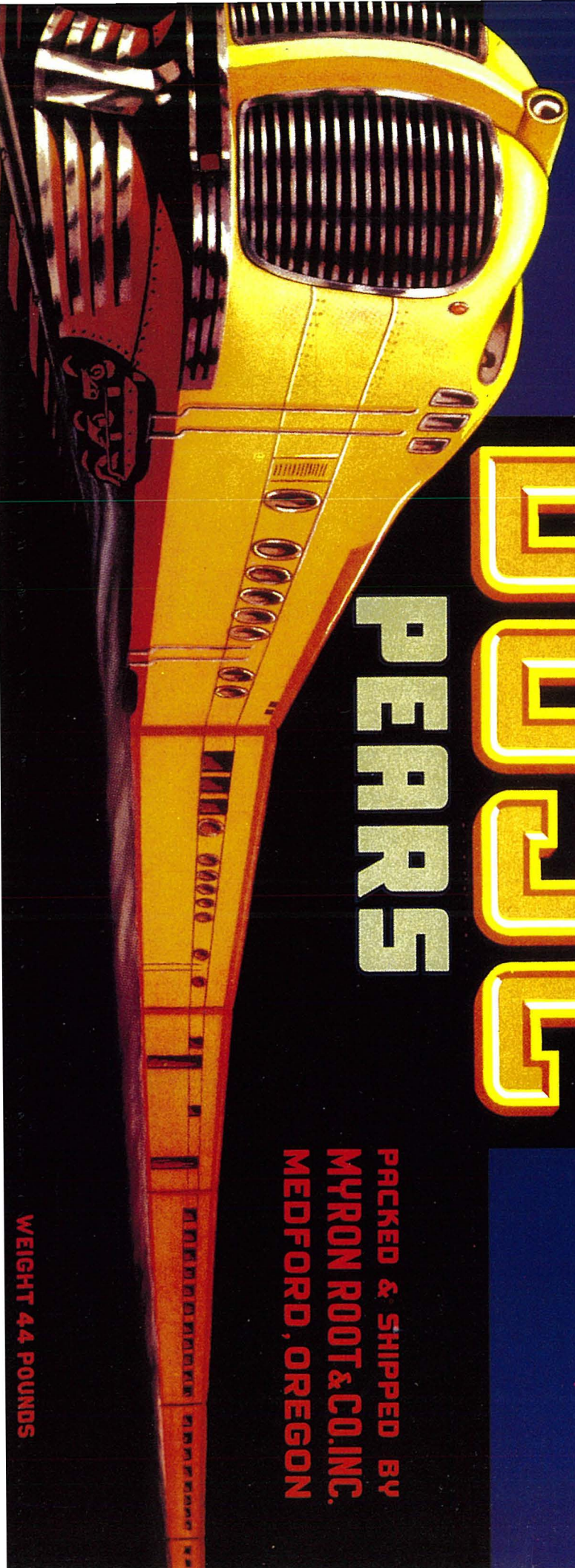


GOLDFEN BOSS LIMITED BRAND

PEARS

PACKED & SHIPPED BY
MYRON ROOT & CO. INC.
MEDFORD, OREGON

WEIGHT 4.4 POUNDS



By choosing a transportation theme for its Golden Limited label, Myron Root & Company may have been hinting that its pears were speedily shipped.

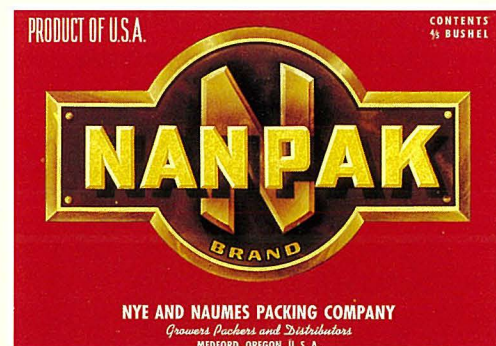
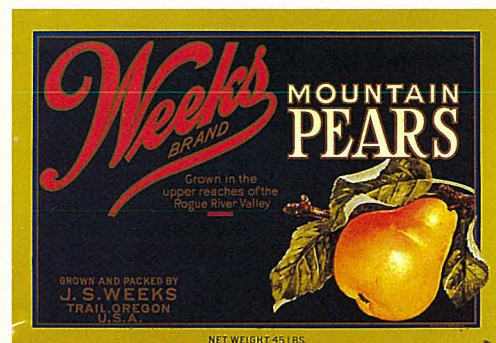
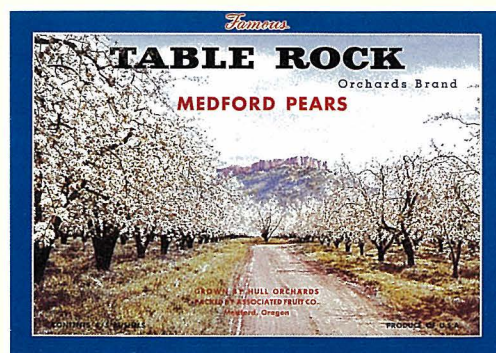
Luther Sr. and Jr., operated the company until 1985 when it was purchased by Naumes.

Table Rock: The Hull family used this label for fruit grown on their land, which was situated below the Table Rock pictured in the label. Owner Larry Hull was killed one day when a logging truck's load accidentally broke free and crushed him when he went to pick up his mail.

Weeks: J. S. Weeks, who operated a pear orchard on the upper Rogue after the first World War, didn't seem to care much about money. Buyers of his harvest "used to have to write him letters to ask him to cash the check for his pear crop. He'd get a check and he might have it lying on a pile of papers, and he might get to it the next year," Jack Hollenbeak remembers in Robert Weiss' historical book, *Laurelhurst: Lost Community of the Upper Rogue*.⁵ Some of Weeks' old labels were discovered when a barn on his property was torn down to make way for the Lost Creek Dam project.

Nanpak: Sue Naumes' own labels carry interesting stories. Nanpak, which developed from the 1946 association of Steve Nye and Joe Naumes (Sue's father), was the first in the industry to use a forklift. Naumes had learned about the handy machine during World War II, when he loaded ships in Hawaii and San Francisco.

Crews collect Eden Valley Orchard's sizable crop around the turn of the century.
SOHS #13566





After WWII, rapidly developing technologies forever changed the pear packing industry. SOHS #8697, #11579

Sue Naumes' father and grandfather both owned packing houses at one time, competing against each other for customers. "They were always very friendly," she says with a smile, "There was never any cutthroat competition."

Sue and her brother Mike entered their father's business in the early 1970s and have continued on every since. For about forty years their operation was housed in an old skating rink (allowing an easy conversion to a cold-storage plant) at 619 South Grape Street. The business office was in the rental shop. Naumes moved to its present location at 2 Barnett Road in 1986.

Fruit labels declined rapidly in the 1950s as the entire industry switched to stamped cardboard boxes, which were much cheaper and easier to handle than the older wooden crates. As packing houses were torn down to make way for new industries, the old labels surfaced and a new avocation began: collecting fruit labels.

Thomas Patrick Jacobsen, a writer and avid fruit label collector from Pleasant Hill, California, says his avocation serves two purposes:⁶ "Fruit crate art as a collectible preserves the history not only of American agriculture, but culture in general," he says. "Crate labels also preserve and exemplify the lithographic process at its best."



ENDNOTES

1. "Picking and Packing: With the Railroad's Arrival, Southern Oregon Discovers Fruit as a Cash Crop," *Medford Mail Tribune*, March 23, 1989, pp. 7 and 10A.
2. "Medford, Oregon: Rogue River Valley," published by the Medford Commercial Club, Medford, Oregon, 1909, p. 35.
3. Taken from information gathered by Sue Naumes for her collection.
4. Taken from the Carpenters' file at the Southern Oregon Historical Society.
5. "Laurelhurst, Lost Community of the Upper Rogue," by Robert M. Weiss, 1991, Laurelhurst Publications, Eagle Point, Oregon, pp. 104-110.
6. "History of Farming Can be Traced with Fruit Label Study," by Thomas Patrick Jacobsen, "Farm and Rice Edition" of the Willows Journal and Orland Press-Register, March 28, 1989.

Ashland resident Cathy Noah is features editor at the Grants Pass Daily Courier. A voracious reader, she consumes everything from Tolstoy novels to canned fruit cocktail labels.

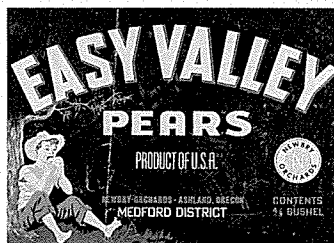
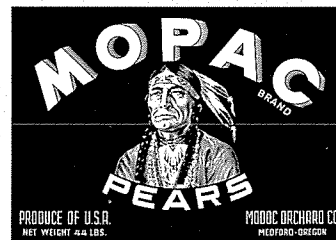
Pear Labels Demystified

You might not be able to tell a book by its cover, but you can tell an era by its label.

Fruit labeling underwent several stages as changes occurred in the fruit industry. When cold storage was developed, for example, labels often carried letters with "frost" on them to show the product was kept cold and therefore would last longer. Block letters and geometric designs reflected the commercial art concepts of the day.

Label design concepts are divided into three groups:

Naturalistic: From the 1880s to the 1920s, nature scenes prevailed. Flowers, landscapes, Indians, animals, children and famous landmarks were popular images.



Health-conscious. In the 1930s and 1940s, local growers hoped to convince Eastern buyers of the healthfulness of eating fresh produce from the West Coast. In this period you'll find

labels with rosy-cheeked women or children savoring fresh fruit, or a doctor feeding a child a juicy red apple.

Commercial. From the mid-1930s to the late 1950s, labels took on the bold, block lettering popular in graphic design of that period.



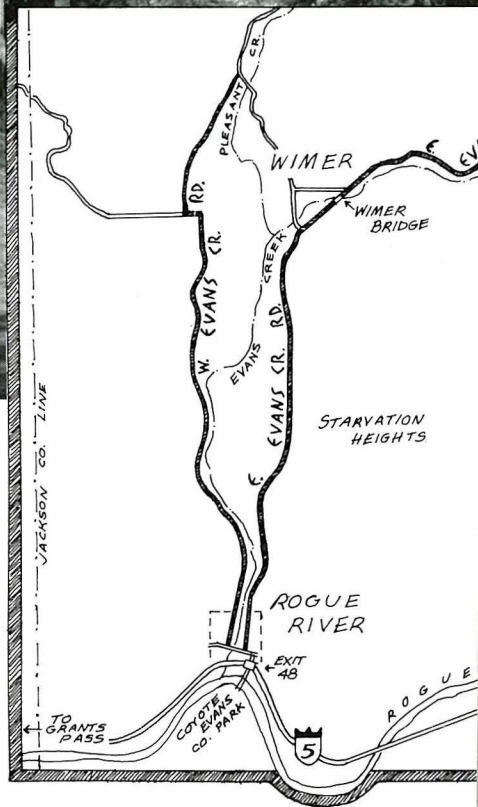
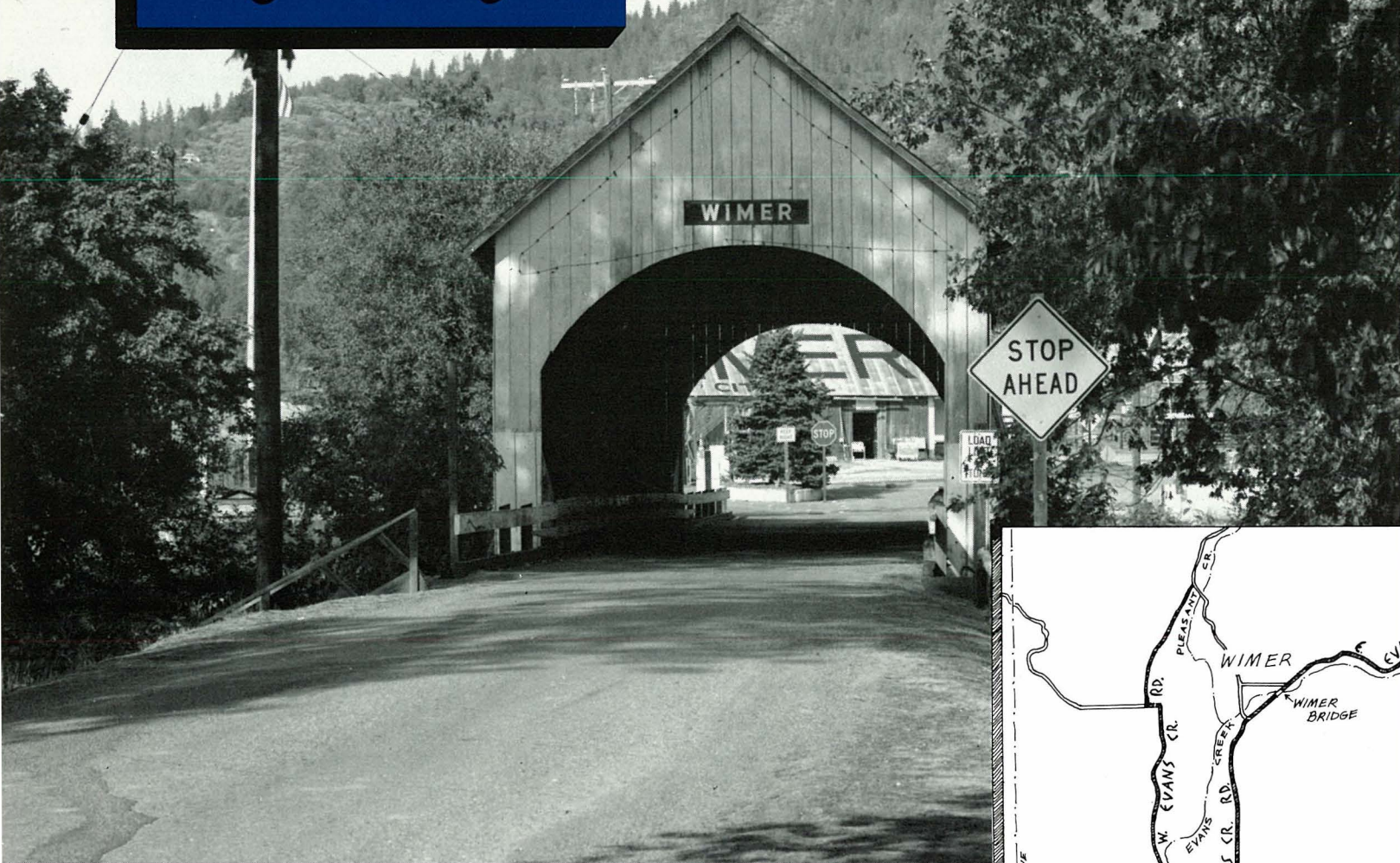
Different colors of the same label showed different grades of product. On the Crystal Springs label, for example, black was extra-fancy, red was fancy, and green was third-grade.

There are other ways you can identify the age of a label. Those with no weight were made somewhere between 1880 and 1920. Those that advertised forty-two pounds date from 1917 to the 1930s; with forty-four pounds from 1944; with forty-five pounds from 1925 to 1935; with forty-eight pounds from 1936 to 1942; and with four-fifths bushel from 1948 to the present. Those that say "Produce of the U.S.A." date after 1945, and those with zip codes from 1969 on.

You can also tell the date of a label by the quality of paper: the better the quality, the older the label.

Labels sell for anywhere from a couple of dollars to several hundred dollars, depending on their quality and rarity.

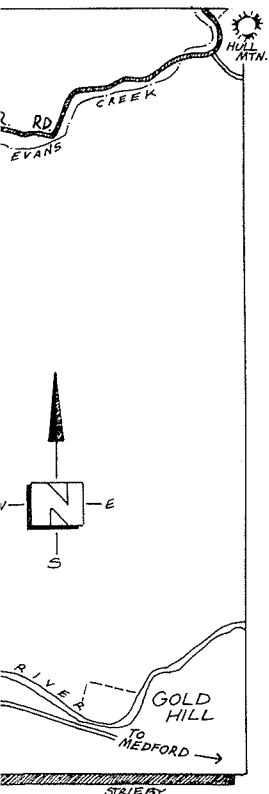
by Sue Waldron County Byways



The use of general words like "Stage" and "Military" for road names diminished as the number of roads in Jackson County increased. The naming of a road for the person whose land bordered the byway was a satisfactory solution to the problem of naming multiplying roads in settled areas of the valley. In more remote sections of the county, roads were often given the name of a nearby geographic feature, such as Table Rock Road or the Rogue River

Highway. All of the Evans Creek roads were named for the creek whose banks they follow. And Evans Creek was named for Davis Evans.

Evans is recognized as one of the first settlers in the Rogue Valley. It is not known if he came in early 1851 as a gold miner with the rush from California or whether he came for the land promised by the 1850 Donation Land Act. But by the spring of 1851 he had two cabins built at the



The covered bridge at Wimer (left) crosses East Evans Creek, which was named for gold miner Davis "Coyote" Evans. SOHS #6068, photo courtesy Woodville Museum

mouth of the creek that bears his name. There he ran one of the first ferries on the Rogue River. "A cable was fastened to an oak tree just west of the mouth of Evans Creek. The other end of the cable was fastened to rocks built up on a gravel bar. A double pulley and winch were used to pull the boat back and forth. The boat was built of three hewn logs (the ends rounded), 30 inches in diameter . . . covered with two-inch planks. The deck measured eight feet by 45 feet and the bottom and ends were caulked with pitch."¹

Evans ran the ferry at the mouth of Evans Creek until 1853, when he sold it to the Jewett brothers then moved down river about two miles. Evans was granted a ferry license for this location on October 12, 1854. He also built a hotel at this site that was known as the "Twenty-Three Mile House" because of its distance from Jacksonville. About two years later, Evans sold this second ferry to Albert Bethel.

On August 5, 1857, Evans married Mary E. Brown² and on August 14 he purchased the George Ambrose claim. The Ambrose property, about two miles upriver from Rock Point, included land on both sides of the river. Evans considered it an ideal site for his third ferry—and for a town. He began selling plots of land and within four weeks the town, modestly christened "Evansville," boasted of a doctor's office, blacksmith shop, grocery stores, a horse stable, and several private homes.³ Evans took over management of the two-story Dardanelles or Adams House and added a ballroom. He became a justice of the peace, performed marriage ceremonies, and helped organize a company to build a bridge across the Rogue River. In the winter of 1860–61, a great flood swept down the Rogue River, destroying most of the town of Evansville and wiping out every bridge and ferry crossing on the river down to Vannoy's Ferry below Grants Pass. Evans received mail in Jacksonville until July 1863 and then disappeared.

East Evans Creek Road, which begins as Pine Street on West Main in the town of Rogue River, follows (as one might expect) the east bank of Evans Creek. Several miles outside of town the road passes Starvation Heights, where on August 17, 1853, volunteer militia troops were attacked by Indians. Six of the militia were killed, four were wounded and the Indians captured 18 mules loaded with blankets, guns and ammunition.⁴ The road continues along the bank of the creek passing near the Wimer covered bridge. Probably one hundred years ago the road crossed the bridge. At the north end of Ramsey Canyon, Evans Creek forks and the road also divides, taking on the name of the creek it continues to follow.

West Evans Creek Road follows the west bank of Evans Creek from just above the mouth of the creek on Foothills Boulevard in Rogue River. West Evans Creek Road stops when it meets Pleasant Creek Road; the creek was named for Pleasant Armstrong, who was killed during the Rogue Indian War of 1853.⁵

Davis Evans, called "Coyote" for some unknown reason, is remembered in Jackson County by the creek that bears his name. He is also remembered at the Coyote Evans Wayside, which was built on property Evans once owned on the south side of the river across from the town of Rogue River.



ENDNOTES

1. Charles Lester Bornamann, "A Brief History of the City of Rogue River, Oregon," 1960, unpublished paper, Woodville Museum collection.
2. Davis Evans and Mary E. Brown marriage certificate, Manuscript 271, SOHS collection.
3. Dottie M. Burkett, "History of Rogue River," 1982, unpublished paper, Woodville Museum collection.
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Columnist and historic researcher Sue Waldron finds stories and memories along the highways and byways of Jackson County.

C from the Collections _____ by Janette Meek

A BEVY OF BUTTONS

Button, button who has the button? The Southern Oregon Historical Society has a collection of over 3,000 buttons, representing the styles and stories of life in southern Oregon.

The Ruether girls, Mollie Reams and Emma Helms from Jacksonville, collected 1,836 buttons from friends and strung them on cords to make three charm strings—a popular turn-of-the-century pastime for young women.

A member of the Columbus Club in Jacksonville glued one $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch, two-hole bone button to paper and painted a girl with pig-tails and a wand with a clover tip to use as an invitation to a social at the Rectory in Jacksonville on Wednesday, March 17, 1915.

Another button in the collection has a tag attached stating that it was given to Mrs. Gruelle in the 1920s in “home of the Raggedy Ann doll, Ashland.” The first Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls manufactured by the Gruelle family on the East Coast had button eyes. The $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch glass kaleidoscope button with a metal ring shank plate, shown at right attached to a piece of white string, may have been intended to serve as an eye for a doll.

A collection of fifty-one buttons was donated to the society by Dr. Mirium Luten in 1978. The square and round buttons vary in size from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches and materials range from mother-of-pearl to pastes resembling precious stones, carved wood and metal with floral motifs. This button collection reflects Dr. Luten’s life—growing up on the Pacific Coast, attending Oregon Medical School



in the 1930s and practicing dermatology in Klamath Falls.

The Society houses numerous objects, which, 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 glimpse of the scope of the Society’s collection.



Life in the Past Lane

by Brad Linder

In the last issue of the *Sentinel*, I introduced you to an ambitious historic rehabilitation project on the not-always-so-fashionable west side of town: the former Sacred Heart rectory. We visited the rec-



Ashland investor Russel Dale (above) delves into restoration of the Sparta Building. The remodeled rectory stands on the site of the former L. B. Warner House. Photos by Natalie Brown, SOHS #4988



tory on a gray December day. Charlie Lewis, a co-owner, showed me around. There was quite a bit of progress since my last visit a few weeks ago. Kitchen cabinets were being installed, door and window molding had been replaced, painters were rolling latex on the walls and workers were looking forward to the arrival of electricity and natural gas in the near future.

Although rehabilitating the 3,400-square-foot former rectory is an enormous effort, Charlie and his business partner, Pat Hopker, have had plenty of big projects to consider—everything from building reproduction Victorians in Ashland to moving a number of condemned Medford Craftsman-style homes to a more appreciative audience in the south end of the Rogue Valley.

Moving historic buildings is usually about the last option considered, short of demolition. If a building is on the National Register of Historic Places it must be renominated after it has been moved from its original setting. Many times the surrounding neighborhood plays an important role, imparting a strong sense of place to a historic site. The rectory project fits in well with the South Oakdale Historic District, replacing a large residence that stood on the lot a few years earlier, but was damaged in a fire and eventually razed.

Charlie feels the home will attract families with a strong sense of history and an eye for a good deal.

Another highly visible local rehabilitation project is speedily

progressing in Medford.

Three months ago, Ashland investment advisor Russel Dale purchased the Sparta Building on the corner of Main and Riverside. Dale is nominating the building for inclusion on the National Register.

The Sparta Building covers about 14,000 feet on two levels. The downstairs had been leased out to individuals operating a restaurant and Dale plans to rehabilitate the second story as residential space. In the eighteen years that Dale has lived in the Rogue Valley, he has been involved with fifty-six property development projects of which he estimates that thirty percent have been historic rehabilitation/restoration ventures.

The eighty-year-old building has seen better days and is in real need of some respectful restoration. Dale hopes to incorporate a \$227,000 state development grant to develop eight urban apartments on the second floor. He feels that more people living in downtown Medford will improve the overall quality of life and business in the critical stretch of space between Bear Creek and the courthouse—similar to the successful use of the downtown Ashland area. Combining historic rehabilitation with a real need for quality, affordable housing in the Rogue Valley is a good example of history for humanity.



Then & Now

— by Natalie Brown

SOUTHERN OREGON SALES

By the early 1900s, the spectacular success of pioneer orchardists started another “rush” in the Rogue Valley—not for gold, but for pears. Easterners lured west by the hope of big profits scooped up vast tracts throughout the area, paying prices as high as \$2,000 per acre for orchards with mature, productive trees. Novices often succumbed to speculators, purchasing marginal tracts passed off as prime orchard land.

Dismal failures and storybook successes marked the beginning of the fruit industry.

Even among those blessed with good land and good business heads, prosperity hinged on a few short weeks of harvest—and interminable marketing. Large growers with considerable cash flow built giant packing houses and managed the monumental tasks of packing and storing the crop, shipping fruit to auctions in the East, and handling endless paper transactions. Small growers frequently stumbled under the staggering overhead.

Recognizing the need to band together, Leonard and Alfred Carpenter, Colonel Gordon Voorhies, Chandler Egan, and Corning Kenly organized Southern Oregon Sales in 1926. Officially declared a cooperative a few years later, SOS sought to reduce the high costs of processing,

packing, storing, and shipping.

Each participating grower brought his fruit to the SOS packing plant—conveniently located near the railroad tracks—where crews washed, sorted, graded, packed, and recorded the yield. SOS staff then handled all phases of marketing and shipping, from monitoring bull and bear produce markets and scheduling cold cars for transport to disbursing payments to growers proportional to their crops. With a relatively stable cash flow, the cooperative could afford to purchase expensive equipment such as tractors and pipe for the benefit of members.

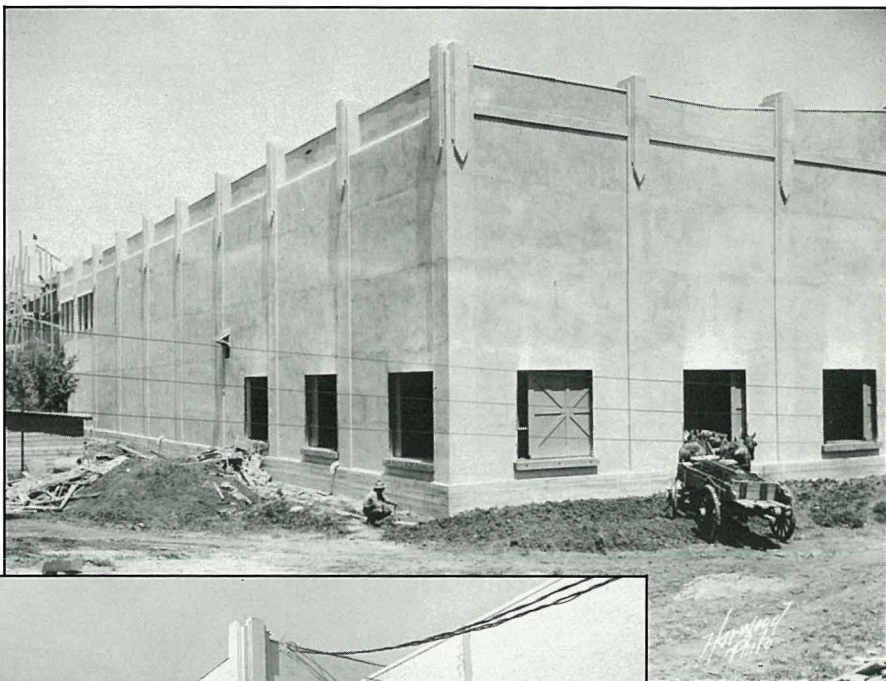
Thanks to the stability and wise management of SOS, many growers survived the disastrous agricultural economies of the '30s and early '40s.

SOS has embraced numerous changes in fruit processing technol-

ogy during the past three decades. Although fruit is still manually sorted for defects, most physical handling has been eliminated through computerized sizing, a conversion from fifty-pound lugs to 1,000-pound totes, and installation of flotation systems to carry pears through portions of processing.

Other changes include a shift from shipping by rail to transport by trucks, and a switch from packing fruit in pear crates emblazoned with colorful pear labels to using plain, preprinted cardboard boxes.

Composed today of around seventeen active members including Hillcrest, Del Rio, and Northwest orchards, SOS still provides the cooperative spirit and the economics that mean survival for participating growers.



Once surrounded by orchards, the newly completed SOS packing plant promised cost-efficient cooperative processing in 1929 (above). Today, the packing house at Stewart and Riverside is one of the oldest operating packing houses in the area (below). SOHS #13933, photo by Matt Strieby

ODDS AND ENDS OF HISTORY

That's fairly interesting...

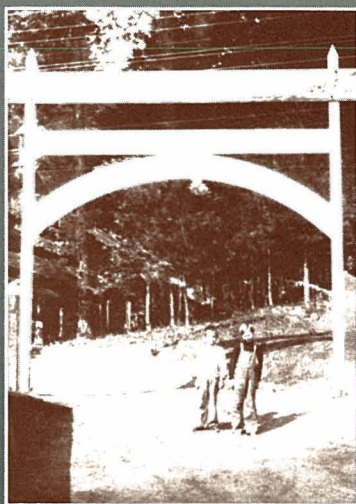
Compiled by Samuel J. Wegner

History is as much the bits and pieces as it is the great events of the past that shaped the present. Some historical events are noteworthy for being the first, the last, the biggest, the best, or the worst. Others go relatively unnoticed as the strange, the funny, the quirky, or even just the fairly interesting. So here you have a sampling of the great and the obscure, the strange and the typical—the odds and ends of history.

The term "O.K." first appeared in print March 23, 1839, in the *Boston Morning Post*.¹

"Wise, indeed, is the foresight of the people of Jackson County, Oregon, in having a bond issue of \$5,000,000 to connect this California section of the California highway. It is impossible to conceive of the benefits that will accrue to the Rogue River Valley through the opening of a hard-surfaced modern highway from Jackson County to southern California. Thousands of tourists will annually visit the Rogue River and its wonderful beauty spots. Another Los Angeles will grow in this fertile valley. Its climate is of untold value."²

In 1877 at his cannery in Gold Beach, R. D. Hume begins the first private effort to propagate salmon on the West Coast.³



Leland Stanford, railroad builder and founder of Stanford University, was quoted as saying that the mineral waters at Coléstin were so refreshing as to be "slightly intoxicating."⁴

In 1849 President Zachary Taylor appoints Abraham Lincoln of Illinois as governor of Oregon Territory. Lincoln declines, partly because Mrs. Lincoln objects to moving to such a remote location.⁵

Before he comes to Oregon, Sam Colver, builder of the Colver House in Phoenix, leaves his native Iowa for Texas. He joins the Texas Rangers under Sam Houston and fights in the Battle of San Jacinto during the war for Texas independence.⁶

"I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flat-boat—just what might happen to any poor man's son!"

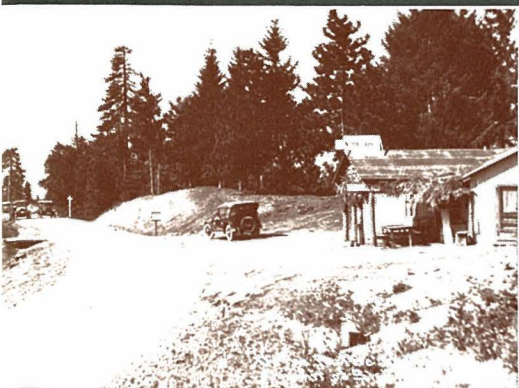
—Abraham Lincoln,
1862 speech in New Haven,
Connecticut⁷

He is "the single-minded son of the working class . . . As the American War of Independence initiated a new era of ascendancy for the middle class, so the American anti-slavery war will do the same for the working classes."

—Karl Marx, writing about
Abraham Lincoln and the
Civil War⁸

ENDNOTES

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