

SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Vol. 2, No. 2 • THE MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY • Fall 1996



VICTORIAN MOURNING • SCHOOLHOUSE SOUVENIRS • MESSAGES IN STONE



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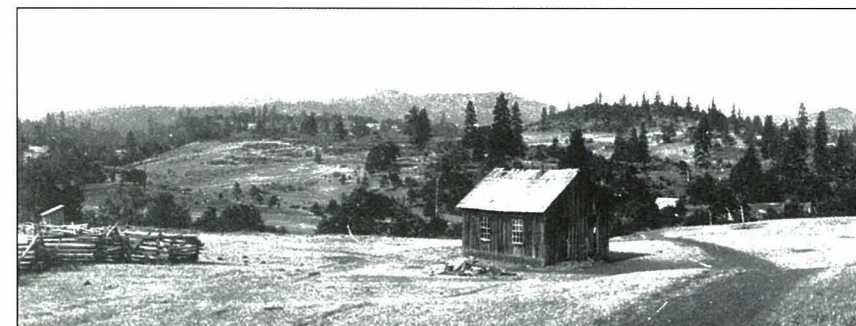
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SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #14839



Above: Ernest W. Smith, whose home is now the site of the Bill Edmondson Memorial Museum in Butte Falls.
Below: Lake Creek School, outside of Eagle Point circa 1888.

Cover: Lela Hoskins and Juanita Peyton, in front of the Laurelhurst School in 1931 (now beneath the waters of Lost Creek Lake).

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Southern Oregon Heritage is published quarterly by the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Other benefits include monthly newsletter *Artifacts*, discounts at the Society's History Stores, and invitations to programs and

special events. Administrative, membership, and editorial offices are at the Southern Oregon History Center, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, OR 97501-5926. Back issues of *Southern Oregon Heritage* and *Oregon Heritage* are available for \$5.95 each.

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Thanks to

Jacque Sundstrand, Mary Ames Sheret and Carol Harbison-Samuelsen.

Southern Oregon Heritage is produced using Quark XPress on Macintosh computers and is printed by IPCO, Ashland.

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"How Will We Know It Is Us?"

by Brad Linder, Executive Director

The Southern Oregon Historical Society collects and preserves objects relating to the scope and diversity of human experience in Jackson County and the southern Oregon region. Through its interpretive programs, collections, and publications, the Society strives to generate an appreciation of regional history for present and future generations.

— Mission statement, adopted 1992

The Society collects all manner and size of objects ranging from a small brooch worn by Amalia Britt to a sixteen room farmhouse lived in by three generations of the Hanley family. The Society has over 80,000 artifacts in its collections (not counting the tens of thousands of photographs, books, and documents in the library).

Donors continue to offer us their family treasures and the Society carefully evaluates their historic significance and acquires them if they are deemed relevant to southern Oregon and appropriate for the collections. Even though this process has become very selective, we still gratefully accept hundreds of items every year. With each acquisition comes the responsibility to care for and preserve that object in perpetuity—conserving that artifact for the benefit of future generations. This is a major responsibility that is clearly emphasized in our mission statement. Yet, preservation is easily deferred as deterioration is generally so slow that visible changes take years, or even decades to appear. More pressing immediate needs always seem to take precedence.

So why do we go through all these efforts? Because preservation makes common sense—be it the careful cleaning and conservation of a glass plate negative, or the full-blown restoration of a historic structure. In some respects it is a simple activity that all of us engage in every day—hanging on to something because it is good to look at, because it works, because it links us to a past that we want to remember and then have the good sense to take care of. When we preserve we strengthen the partnership between the past, present, and future.

John Steinbeck illustrates this same concept in the following excerpt from *The Grapes of Wrath*:

"The women sat among doomed things, turning them over and looking past them and back. 'This book, my father had it. He liked a book. Pilgrims Progress. Used to read it. Got his name in it, right here. Why, here's his pipe — it still smells rank. And this picture . . . an angel. I looked at it before the first three children were born. Didn't seem to do much good. Think we could get this china dog in? Aunt Sadie brought it from the St. Louis fair. See . . . it says right on it. No, I guess we can't take that. Here is a letter my brother wrote the day before he died. Here's an old time hat. These feathers . . . I never got to use them. No, there isn't room. . . How can we live without our lives? How will we know it is us without our past?' "

Collecting our past helps maintain respect and understanding between the generations. It will give a sense of perspective to our children when they sit back and consider what we have given them as an inheritance. Collecting historic objects, preserving them for the future, and using them to educate the public is truly a worthy mission for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



Southern Oregon Heritage Editorial Guidelines

Feature articles average 2,500 to 3,000 (pre-edited) words. Standard articles range from 1,500 to 2,000 words. Other material, such as poetry, essays, reviews, and short fiction, range from 100 to 1,500 words. Electronic submissions are accepted on 3-1/4-inch disks and should be accompanied by a hard-copy printout. Cite all sources and construct endnotes and outlines using the *Chicago Manual of Style*. The author is responsible for verification of cited facts. A selection of professional, unscreened photographs and/or line art should accompany submissions—black-and-white or color. The Southern Oregon Historical Society reserves the right to use Society images in place of submitted material. All material should be labeled with author's name, mailing address, and telephone number. Manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed envelope stamped with suffi-

cient postage. Authors should provide a brief autobiographical note at the end of manuscripts.

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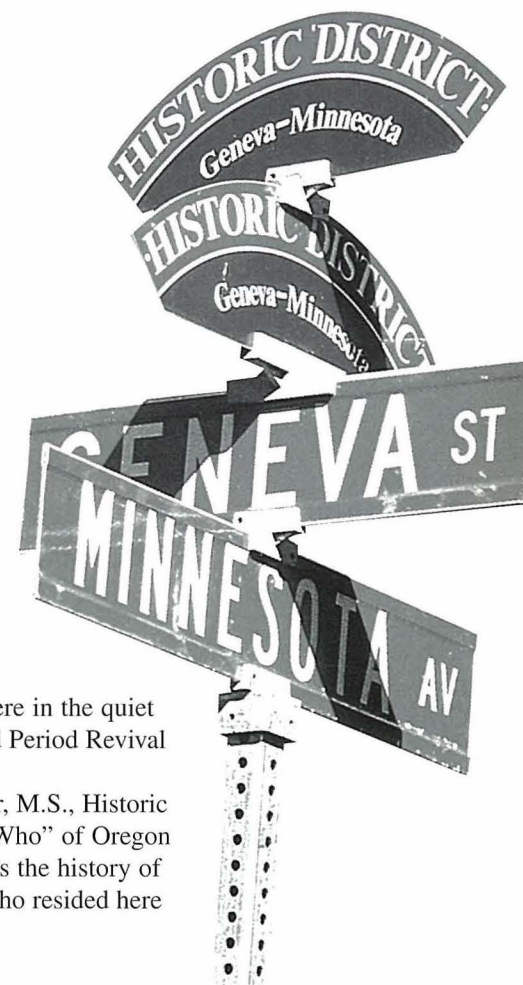


by Patricia Parish Kuhn

The late afternoon September sun glints off a carved oak door on Geneva Street, then spotlights a lone bicyclist rounding the corner of Minnesota Street dodging mammoth tree trunks along the sidewalk on his way home following the first day of school.

It could have been the first decade of the twentieth century instead of the last one here in the quiet east Medford neighborhood of historically significant American Bungalow, Craftsman, and Period Revival homes recently entered into the National Register of Historic Places.

The detailed and voluminous research compiled in 1993 by historian George Kramer, M.S., Historic Preservation Consultant for the Geneva-Minnesota property owners, reads like a "Who's Who" of Oregon business, professional, and political leaders. Spanning almost a century, Kramer documents the history of Medford's development, specifically this historically rich neighborhood and the families who resided here just east of Bear Creek, off East Main Street.





"The two streets share common developers and many of the houses, first built on speculation, were constructed by the same individuals from common or similar plans . . . They collectively represent one of southern Oregon's most intact early 20th century residential areas," the documentation states.

Some houses share the vision and design preferences of noted local architect, Frank Chamberlain

Clark; most reflect the work of local contractor B.F. Fifer, resulting in a unified, unique, cohesive neighborhood within the greater city of Medford. The styles of the homes are thought to be from "planbook" designs, altered and reused with modifications during the first development phase.

Properties developed during the second phase within the district, most facing Minnesota Street, were said to represent a more sophisticated design approach. Many of these properties were designed by Medford architect Frank Chamberlain Clark.

Typically Clark preferred Colonial architecture utilizing Doric columns, arched-top windows with delicate muntin patterns, grand symmetrical entranceways with large doors and flanking sidelights. Two original buildings, lost to fire or demolition, are the only variations from the original pattern, one being the modern office building fronting on East Main at Geneva.

The newly registered historic district continues to attract and retain those residents whose professions and leadership in the community and state parallel those who initially built the residences. This unseen characteristic is as responsible for the neighborhood's character, continuity and integrity as are the preserved structures themselves.

Presently, as rural lands and orchards surrounding Medford, Ashland, and Jacksonville succumb to the demand for newly constructed houses, former southern Oregon residents, upon their return to the area, reiterate similar phrases: "I hardly recognize Medford. It's changing so." They need only return to the Geneva-Minnesota District for solace and they will find all is as it was. It's a haven for those who appreciate the preservation of the best of the past blended with the present.

Beginning in 1911, Medford underwent a population explosion due to the fast growing orchard industry, and what was once rich agricultural land adjacent to Bear Creek gave way to pressures for development.

The nearness of the neighborhood to the downtown businesses owned by many of the residents of the district enticed many to walk to work and return home for lunch.



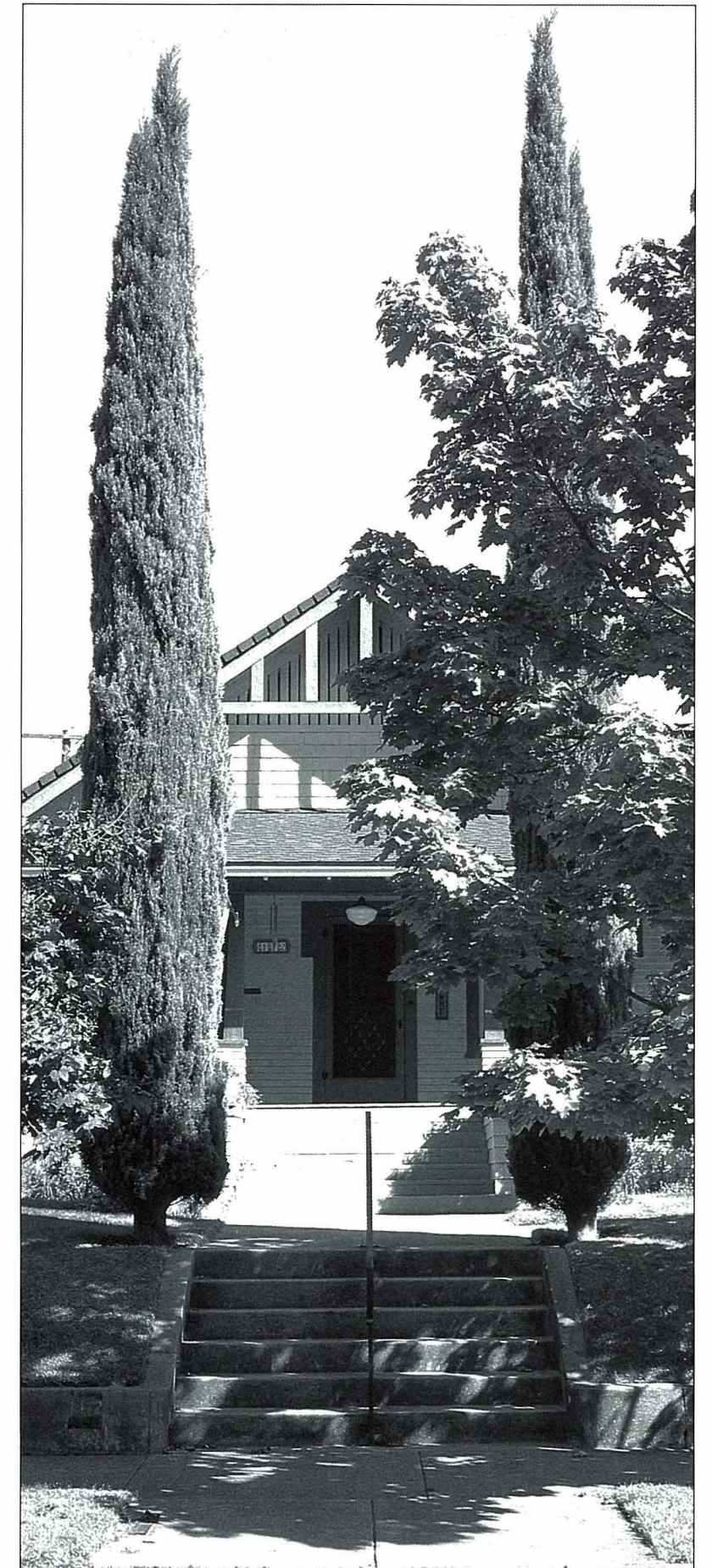
These ancient redwoods have shared the Geneva-Minnesota District with some of the most prominent residents of early Medford since 1911.

An old wooden bridge across Bear Creek, the only connection then between the East Side and downtown, was replaced with "a modern concrete span" paving the way for east side expansion. An advertisement in the local paper in April, 1911, sponsored by a coalition of developers and real estate interests called the "East Side Improvement Association," lauded the area just east of Bear Creek in their campaign:

"MEDFORD HAS FOUND HER STRIDE. Her phenomenal growth of the past two years will be eclipsed by that of the coming year . . . Yours is the opportunity to play a man's part NOW in the laying down of a skeleton plan about which shall be built the CITY BEAUTIFUL! The first strong line of that plan must be the marking out of a definite RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT as district [sic] [distinct] from the business district...into which may be attracted those who are essentially HOME BUILDERS—those for who HOME shall mean atmosphere and environment as well as mere housing . . . For such characterization as to the future RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT OF MEDFORD the BEAUTIFUL, we believe the EAST SIDE TO BE PRE-EMINENTLY fitted. . . "



Right: The District was the first of its kind to be distinctly planned as a solely residential area removed from the downtown businesses.





Thus the Geneva-Minnesota neighborhood-to-be, formerly just open country, was defined as the first distinctly planned residential district. The enthusiasm and vision of the group not only materialized into two building phases, 1911-1914 and 1922-1924, but has prevailed. The affinity for this special neighborhood of thirty-five homes is ongoing.

House by house, Medford's business and social history unfolds in a fascinating portrayal of early twentieth century family activities, business ventures, and political history. The nearness of the neighborhood to the downtown businesses owned by many of the residents of the district enticed many to walk to work and return home for lunch. They were the principals behind Mann's Department Store, the Medford Book Company, the Monarch Seed Company, Gates and Lydiard's Groceteria, C.E. Gates Ford, Hubbard Brothers Hardware, Heath Drug Store, Porter Lumber and Big



The many terraced lawns in the Geneva-Minnesota District, the result of deeply cut roads, offset the beauty of the area's architecture. Pictured here is an example of American Bungalow style.

Pines Lumber, all influential local firms.

Many of the residents remained well into the 1960s, such as George Porter, Kenneth Denman, and Roland Beach, among others. It would take a book to do justice to those who formed this early influential district of Medford at the beginning of the twentieth century. Their influence and community activities made Medford what it is today.

As the next century approaches, this tiny community within a larger one is confident and intact, unaffected by the extensive changes both within and without Medford City limits since its origin.

In the middle of the block an empty wooden porch swing on one two-and-a-half story Geneva residence evokes images of visits to a fairy tale grandmother. The orange cat poised like a golden sphinx on the front door mat dissuades any unbidden visitor from climbing the wide steps to the grand front porch. Great elm trees rise high above two-and-three story houses while also gently uprooting small sections of the sidewalk which parallel grassy parking strips along Geneva's uniquely "cobbled" street.

The street itself claims the distinction of an entry in the National Register as "Geneva Street Roadbed." The unusual surface was chosen by the developers of this Humphrey-Knight Addition in 1911 when a rare paving process was used by the Bise and Foss Paving Company, usually referred to as "Brickolithic" paving. The cast concrete panels about ten feet square are composed of a mixture of cement slurry and crushed rock called "Hassam."

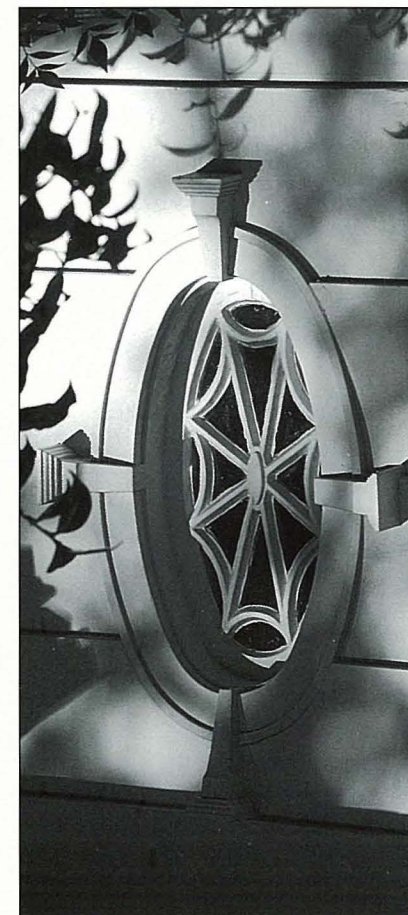
The surface was then scored in a brick-like pattern creating the semi-cobblestone appearance of Geneva Street still in good form today, some eighty-five years later. Described in the *Medford Sun* edition of April 1, 1911:

"...[the process] gives a surface as hard as iron, or harder, and is supposed to last as long as the Egyptian Pyramids...Horses will have a sure footing on this pavement as a result of criss-cross lines or checks. Vehicles will roll over it with ease, though it is not adapted to comfortable speeding as a tremor will result to passengers in horse-drawn vehicles or autos."

"The roadbed's unique construction also contributed to this neighborhood's incomparable landscaping design.

"Because of the fact that both Geneva Avenue [sic] and Minnesota Street were deep cut before being paved gives the lawns an excellent chance to be terraced and thus beauty is added not only to the lawns but as well to the bungalows built on the surrounding lots. A cement retaining wall, one-and-a-half feet high, will be put in at the sidewalk level and from that a four-foot terraced lawn will be built. B.F. Fifer has the contract for all the Humphrey bungalows."

All of the original retaining walls stand, with one exception, contributing to the ongoing uniqueness of the neighborhood. Today, towering catalpa trees (pods of which Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer smoked behind the barn), evoke a sense of continuity, of well-being, of a connection to other times.



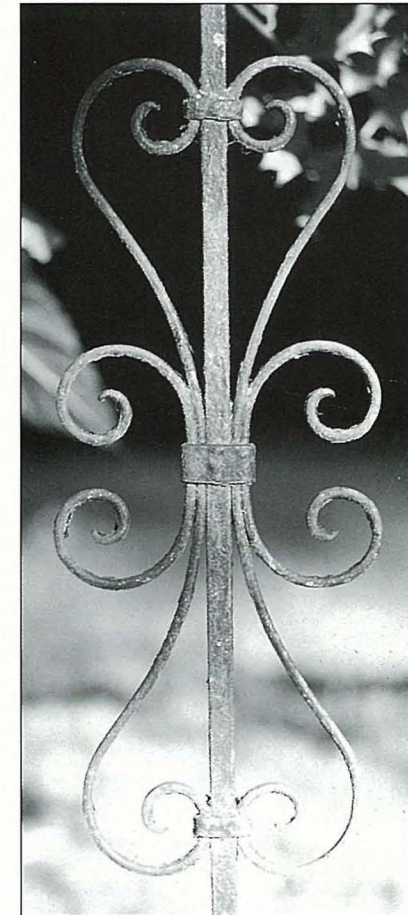
Many of the 35 homes in this neighborhood reflect the sophisticated vision of architect Frank Clark. American Bungalow, Craftsman and Period Revival styles are all present.

A colorful bed of carefully tended red and orange nasturtiums cascades from the terraced lawn to the sidewalk. Across the street in the September warmth, green wicker porch furniture faces the quiet street in wait for the family's return from its day's activities.

Ellen Goodman, a nationally syndicated columnist for the *Boston Globe*, in a recent commentary reflected on the national trend of loss of community and its consequences. She noted how lack of community leads to anonymity and then to a lack of accountability and loss of civility: "As a nation we suffer more from a lack of cohesion than a lack of independence. If the center isn't holding, it's because there simply aren't enough stakeholders."

Families who choose to remain in or move to the Geneva-Minnesota district may be responding more to a need for cohesiveness, community, and civility than to any other factor. Thus, they are stakeholders in the truest sense as they carry the dream and vision of the neighborhood's founding fathers into another century. Their center is definitely holding.

Patricia Parish Kuhn has lived in Medford since 1959. A frequent contributor to *Southern Oregon Heritage*, her articles and essays have appeared regularly in the *Ashland Gazette* and *Southern Oregon Currents*. She is currently publishing a book of poems.



Windows to the Past

by K. Gabrielle

Cemeteries provide a record of some of the rich pioneer history of southern Oregon. Some families are now remembered only by their grave markers, all details of their lives having faded into the past. Visiting cemeteries can increase knowledge of and interest in local history, as well as provide insight into the origin of names of area roads and geographical features. Even newcomers to Oregon can appreciate learning about the settlers who tilled fields, planted orchards, felled trees, and began our communities. In contrast to larger, more urban cemeteries, sites in outlying areas tend to look much like they did when they were first platted. While more modern cemeteries have the carefully maintained and manicured lawns and landscaping that many have come to expect from a final resting place, these smaller or lesser known gravesites have a natural grace enhanced by native vegetation and personal remembrances. Large "specimen" trees, protected from ever-encroaching development, survive there, standing guard over rows of headstones.

The following is a guide to a handful of little-known cemeteries that will lure you out into the countryside and to the outskirts of town. It is by no means all-inclusive; the Research Library at the History Center would be happy to direct you toward others of interest. We encourage you to venture out and discover these poignant testaments to our past.

ANTELOPE CEMETERY:

"Father and Mother at rest."

Nature is kept at bay at the Antelope Cemetery on Riley Road off Highway 140. Although there is no sign at this plot, a new wrought iron gate welcomes visitors. A pile of oak branches stacked like firewood and a rake leaning against the fence are evidence of ongoing care. Francis M. Thompson, 1834-1910, and his wife Lucinda, 1846-1922, homesteaders in the Climax area, are buried here beneath the oak trees. The headstone of Glen J. Brown, 1899-1937, speaks not only of the deceased, but of the loss to the family and of a very common and domestic view of heaven that emerged in the early 1800s. "A precious one from us is gone, a voice we love is still, a place is vacant in our home, which never can be filled, God in his wisdom has recalled the boon his love has given although his body slumbers here, his soul is safe in heaven." Monuments to pioneer families, the Kershaws, Whetstones, Linkswilers, and Howletts, join smaller gravesites such as the infant Dessie Lou Miller, 1930. The Swingle family monument, adorned with a relief of sunflowers in an urn, states "Father and Mother at rest, pioneers of 1854."

Michael Leonard



BROWNSBORO CEMETERY:

The Hearts of the afflicted.

Henry R. Brown, 1829-1891, the namesake for Brownsboro, is buried, along with his wife, Martha M. Brown, 1840-1913, in the Brownsboro Cemetery on Obenchain Road. The inscription on his stone relates, "Amiable and beloved father farewell, not on this perishing stone but in the book of thine and in the hearts of thy afflicted friends is thy worth recorded." Old Glory proudly flies above benches and colorful, synthetic flowers. Mabel R. Brown, the wife of Henry Brown's son George, was a young mother of twenty-three when she lost a baby, as the infant's marker dated 1907 attests. A tall headstone topped with a marble sphere resting on claw feet marks the plot for members of the Charley family who originally operated a mill at Climax. "Gone but not forgotten" is the epitaph for Cassius C. Charley, 1860-1916, a man who divided his time between Oregon and Montana, making a living by mining, operating a sawmill, and farming. The carving of a stump with an ax in it and a maul leaning against the stump graces the stone of Gustaf Nygren, 1855-1917, as well as the inscription, "Here lies the woodman of the world." Directions: From Medford, take Hwy 62 to Hwy 140. Turn left on Riley Road. Travel approximately 1.2 miles. Cemetery is on the right.



K. Gabrielle

CLIMAX GRAVES:

Questions From Antiquity.

The Climax Graves, up Antelope Creek Road off Highway 140 in an old mining area, are difficult to find. Over time, shrubs and trees have grown up, obscuring the handiwork of men. Red Rock Canyon, the final resting place of thirteen soldiers, is shrouded in legend and mystery. Were they pursuing marauding Indians? How did the soldiers perish? The grave markers originally erected, if there were any, have long since crumbled back into the earth. An eight mile hike in dry, rattlesnake country begins at Cascade Gorge and ends at the burial site across the canyon from a high inaccessible cave that might have once held clues to Indians living in the area as well as to the fate of these soldiers. Directions: From Hwy. 140, take Antelope Creek Rd. Sign for old community of Climax is between milemarkers 17 and 18. Could not find graves. Red Rock Canyon Graves: Hike through difficult terrain from Cascade Gorge on the Rogue River. Across canyon from high inaccessible cave. In the 1940s small flags were said to mark the site. Caution rattlesnake territory.

STEARNS CEMETERY:

Irises, roses, periwinkle and grapevine.

Land for the Stearns Cemetery, on Anderson Creek Road just past Allen Lane in Talent, was donated by David E. Stearns, who "... with the family crossed the plains from Illinois to Oregon by ox team in 1853. He was one of the first to locate on Wagner Creek and he donated this hilltop for public cemetery." The first burial was that of Judge Avery Stearns in 1857. Other pioneer families buried their kin on this dry, gentle slope adjacent to pear orchards. The headstone of John Beeson, 1803-1889, "a pioneer and man of peace," and a newer bench in memory of Anna Beeson Carter pay homage to these early southern Oregon families.

Volunteers from the Naval Reserve, the Talent Garden Club, and members of the Wagner Creek Cemetery Association, such as Eva Taylor and Lida Childers, began caring for and cleaning up the Stearns Cemetery in 1975. This peaceful place, where the quiet of a summer day is occasionally broken by a crowing rooster, welcomes visitors and mourners to sit a while at the picnic table beneath the flag pole. Irises, roses, and periwinkle vines afford perennial blooms, while roses in a Victorian motif on the shared headstone of grandmother and granddaughter Sabrina Jane Thatcher, 1852-1935 and 1916-1937, bloom even in winter's drear. Flowers are thought to symbolize the impermanence of the flesh while grapevines, such as those on the headstone of Will A. Thatcher, 1875-1955, indicate the holy wine and the harvest of the ripe grapes. The rustle of the wind in the oaks and madrones creates a gentle breeze as the summer sun ripens the rosehips on the bushes planted long ago in remembrance of the departed. Directions: From Wagner Creek Rd. in Talent, turn right on Anderson Creek Rd. Pass Allen Lane. Cemetery is on left on Anderson Creek Road.



Dana Hedrick

PHOENIX PIONEER CEMETERY:

"God can all our sorrows heal."

On South Church Street, near West Sixth Street in Phoenix, is the Phoenix Pioneer Cemetery, maintained by the Phoenix Cemetery Association. Tall pines and madrones shade the resting place of pioneer families who gave their names to nearby roads: Holt, Colver, Payne, Bolz. Wind southing in the trees muffles the roar of the Interstate's traffic. Religious faith often plays a part in comforting those left behind as the stone of James W. Collins, 1825-1887, attests: "Dearest father, thou hast left us here, thy loss we deeply feel but 'tis God that hast bereft us, he can all our sorrows heal." Parents whose children died often had the resources to leave a more grandiose marker for their offspring than would be left for themselves. The large, double headstone of Elizabeth F. Morrison, 1883, "age 4 years, 4 months, 12 days," and her brother Charles, 1883, "age 1 year, 5 months," is guarded by a madrone with a trunk thick enough that two people can barely touch hands around its girth. Crown motifs on headstones such as that of Albert L. Anderson, 1867-1890, and his wife Josephine, 1869-1890, signify glory and righteousness. A central square with a flagpole is brightened by flower boxes filled with impatiens donated by the Phoenix Garden Club in memory of Americans fallen in combat. The American Legion veterans' memorial plaque also serves to honor the memory of our veterans. Directions: From Hwy. 99 in Phoenix, take Fourth Street to Church Street. The cemetery is on Church Street.

HARGADINE CEMETERY:

Passing through the house of the dead.

Inside the Ashland city limits, at the top of Sheridan Street, perches Hargadine Cemetery, which dates from the late 1800s and is still in use. Junipers and lilacs add fragrance to the air throughout the seasons. The quiet of this spot, now surrounded by homes, can be interrupted by the squawking of jays and the yips of neighborhood dogs. While most grave markers here are marble, the memorial to "Mamma" Susan E. Cunningham, 1835-1902, is made of cast metal that has achieved a patina, creating a look similar to marble. The monument for the Farnhams has an architectural motif that symbolizes the passage of the soul through the house of the dead on its way to immortality. The quotations on either side of this gravestone reinforce such symbolism. From S.A. Farnham, 1838-1898, "She has entered through the gates of pearl into the city" (Rev. 22.14) and from A.F. Farnham, 1822-1876, "Come unto God, come to the Father in the house to dwell, beloved it is well." Directions: From North Main Street in Ashland, take Hargadine to top of hill.



K. Gabrielle

Cemeteries such as these can tell us much about the social status, wealth, religious beliefs and organizations important to the first settlers, and how those values and rituals changed or remained the same over time. Visitors can ponder epitaphs and tombstones and wonder about the lives briefly recorded in marble. How did it feel to be a pioneer during a small pox epidemic, sadly saying good-bye to children, grandparents and neighbors? What about couples married for sixty years, joined now in death in one plot with one headstone? Sometimes we can only imagine and interpret the visual information. Many people's histories, letters, diaries, ledgers, and effects, however, may be housed in local historical or genealogical societies.

As our culture moves further away from the family unit that cared for elders and elders' memories, our pioneer cemeteries risk being forgotten. In a society that values youth and mobility, in which children scatter far from their parents' homes, many gravesites have no one to remember the people interred there. The stories these silent markers tell belong to all of us, whether we are descendants of early settlers who traveled by ox team across the plains or newcomers towing U-hauls from other states. We are all Americans, and this is our heritage. Cemeteries, windows to the past, are all around us. We have only to drive down a country road and take a look.

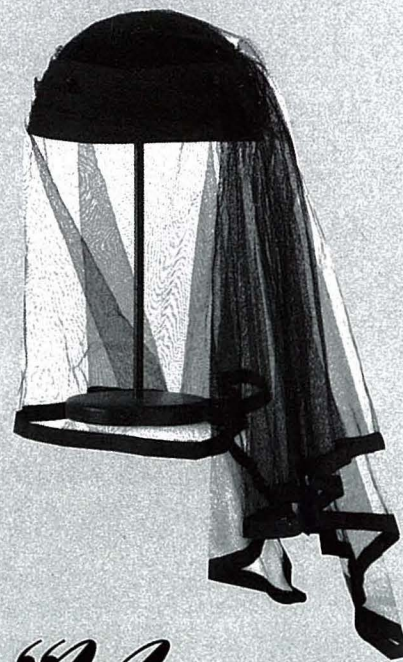
K. Gabrielle is a writer living in Ashland. Her articles "The Restoration of the U.S. Hotel" and "The Rogue Basin Association" were recently printed in Southern Oregon Heritage.

Widow's Weeds

Victorian Mourning in Early Jackson County



Francis Logg, the namesake of Logtown, in a formal mourning portrait beside his wife's grave. Taken years after his wife's death, (note growth inside plot, fencing and brickwork) he wears mourning clothes, showing great respect for his wife's memory, maintaining social status, and fulfilling the formal codes of the time. It is an unusual portrait. More often than not, it was women who carried out the traditions of mourning. This portrait may have been sent to Mrs. Logg's relatives to insure them proper respect was being given.



Mourning Etiquette was a subject of great anxiety which weighed most heavily on women, then seen as the guardians of morality and respectability. A card with a black border too narrow, a colored bonnet worn too soon, a theater visit made too early—all could be interpreted as disrespect for the dead."

—*Final Respects: Dealing with Death in the Victorian Era*, on display at the History Center through December 21, 1996.

The modes of mourning in the Victorian Era were as prevalent in southern Oregon as elsewhere in the United States. The communal and familial obligations of mourning were not to be denied. Women like banker C.C. Beekman's wife Julia of Jacksonville dressed in mourning from the day her daughter Lydia died of complications of measles in 1873 until her own death in 1931. Portraits show her in black from head to toe, relieved only by a hint of white trim at the cuff or neck. Jet black earrings (real jet was very rare, and very expensive) and a brooch at the neck were considered appropriate, as were her black-bordered handkerchiefs, one of which is featured on page 13.

SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Although a rigid code of mourning etiquette appeared with the dawn of the nineteenth century, it was Queen Victoria of England who brought mourning into fashion. In 1850 she ordered black-bordered handkerchiefs to grieve for her mother. She also ordered that court mourning jewelry be of native Whitby Jet. With the death of her consort, Prince Albert, in 1880, she dressed in full mourning until her own death in 1901.

Mourning etiquette became more complex as the years passed. Childbirth, epidemics, poor medical care, and a lack of understanding regarding filth and disease brought death knocking on every family's door. Those doors were hung with black crepe to announce the passing of a family member. Women shook out their thick black crepe and dull silk dresses. Men added a twist of crepe to their hats, put on a black armband, and added black buttons to their shirts. The family began the long, costly and formal process of official mourning.

There were degrees of mourning that could be measured in fractions: half, full, second, and deepest mourning. Depending upon the decade, the time period for each stage varied. The color of one's clothing indicated to the world the level of grief, the relationship to the deceased, and how long one had been bereaved. Black was for deepest mourning, grey for the second stages, and violet for the third; shades and variations marked the subtle transitions of each stage. Companies sprang up to provide fabrics of the proper shade and quality. Cashmere, merino wool, silk, chiffon and tulle were all acceptable fabrics.¹

For the first three months of deepest mourning a widow kept her face veiled. The first veils were of heavy crepe and caused eye strain. When women rubbed the fabric, dye would irritate the eye, often resulting in permanent damage.² A veil made of netting edged with crepe soon became acceptable. During this first stage women were encouraged to stay at home, venturing forth only as far as church. Any form of gaiety or pleasure would have been scandalous and disrespectful.

In speaking of a particularly well laden hat she was hawking, Mrs. Jackson, a New York proprietress of fine mourning goods, said, "It is certainly to reflect



Left: The proper mourning costume included fans, hats and parasols—all black. Below: Mollie Bilger Krause in mourning for her husband Frank, who died in 1886.



Left: Mourning even required the right accessories, such as this black parasol. Below: First and second stage mourning bonnets that belonged to Mrs. William M. Mathes of Phoenix.



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that the words 'deep mourning' no longer involve the necessity of actually looking repulsive, as in times past, when the hideous bombazine with its stiff crepe folds were de rigueur."³

Indeed, once a widow was out of deep mourning, her fashions could mirror the latest trends, and often became heavily laden with jet passementerie (braiding), jet beads, jet fringe, fine lace, and exotic hair ornaments. Even flowers could be worn, as long as they were white roses, jasmine, or violets. Foliage was to be removed and replaced with black velvet leaves. During the latter decades of the nineteenth century an outcry was raised against the expense and frivolity of the poofs, puffs, and adornments of these outfits. One objector outraged by the transition from gloomy and heavily shrouded widow's weeds into flashy fashionable couture called the new trend a "ghastly anomaly of wearing these garments as if they were festal raiment."⁴ Along with ornate gowns came shoes, gloves, parasols, fans, jewels, capes, and hats. Such mourning accessories, taken from the Society's collections, are featured on the mezzanine at the History Center.

Residents of Jacksonville and Ashland also followed the Victorian practice of sending out black-bordered funeral notices as an invitation to the services, usually held in the parlor of the family's home. The example on this page was culled from the hundreds of such notices in manuscript collection number 100 in the Society's Research Library.

The funeral notice was also a signal for mourners to bring food to the family and sit in state with the body laid out in the parlor. A whole retinue of proper stationery was necessary for the grieving family. Black-edged calling cards as well as memorial cards had to be designed.

Memorial cards were printed on a heavy card stock with a poem or verse chosen from the hundreds of companies had on hand. The deceased's name, date of birth and death, as well as cause of death (some quite



Judge Hiero K. Hanna had this photograph taken of the floral tribute at his wife's gravesite in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

JOHN RUSSELL & COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Box 896.

DEAR FRIEND:

The custom of sending Memorial Cards to friends upon the death of a relative has become firmly established in this country, and as the business cannot be conducted through the regular channels of trade, we are reluctantly forced to intrude ourselves upon you at this, the time of your great bereavement, and respectfully ask your inspection of the enclosed specimen of our manufacture. It is designed especially for an album standing on an easel or framing, and no pains have been spared to make it the neatest and most appropriate memento.

We take the liberty of enclosing an Order Blank, and submitting our Price List and such information as will assist you in making an order and respectfully ask that you favor us.

PRICES of White cards like sample, or Black cards printed in Gold, with your choice of any verse printed on back of this letter:

1 Copy, - - -	15 cts.	15 Copies, - - -	\$1.25.
4 Copies, - - -	50 cts.	20 Copies, - - -	1.50.
5 Copies, - - -	60 cts.	25 Copies, - - -	2.00.
7 Copies, - - -	75 cts.	50 Copies, - - -	3.40.
12 Copies, - - -	\$1.00.	100 Copies, - - -	5.30.

We hold ourselves responsible for any money mailed to us and will make good any losses.

Send money either by Postal Note, 1 and 2 cent Postage Stamps, Registered Letter, or Express Money Order.

A Postal Money Order for any amount under \$5.00 can be obtained for 5 cents, and is the cheapest and safest way to send money.

All our orders are printed the same day as received by us. If cards do not arrive in what you think proper time, write to us and we will at once ascertain the cause.

Remember, this Memorial Card is sent to you for inspection; you are under no obligations whatever to keep it. All we ask is that you either kindly return the Card, or send us 15 cents in payment of same.

Trusting that you will accept this letter in the spirit in which it is written, and again asking that you pardon the intrusion at this time, we are,

Yours very truly,

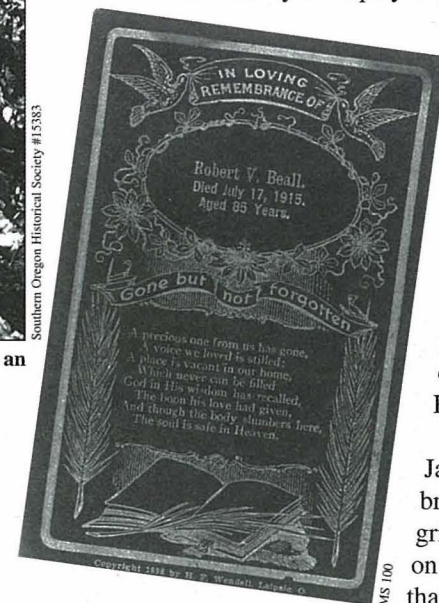
JOHN RUSSELL & CO.

Above: Expenses mounted easily, as illustrated by this run down of the costs of memorial cards.

Below: A business suit worn by John A. Perl, founder of Perl's Funeral Home in Medford, circa 1910.



This Jacksonville Cemetery monument displays an artistry typical of the Victorian era.



Scene in the Jacksonville Cemetery, Jacksonville, Ogn

graphically described) were usually listed. Often special memorial portraits were taken of the floral tributes, the deceased's relatives in their mourning attire, or even the deceased in state. These were mounted along with the memorial card and hung in a place of prominence.

Rules for formal mourning were created by and for royalty. Eventually these rules were taken up by the general public, who were in no way prepared for the tremendous expense of sending a loved one off to their reward in traditional Victorian fashion. The pressure to provide a plot, monument and coffin, as well as stationery and mourning clothes for years to come left many families bankrupt. Funeral notices in the Society's collection often thank the assistance of a fraternal organization. These organizations offered a kind of funeral insurance as a benefit of membership.

The pomp and circumstance of the funerals of this era, which stretched from around 1850 to 1907, amplified "the importance of the individual and the significance of his or her loss to family and community. The funeral provided an ideal opportunity for a family to display its wealth and position."⁴

From the statements of Martha and Mary Hanley in an October, 1965, *Mail Tribune* article, one can see how crucial proper mourning was for families. Their grandmother, Mrs. John Love, died in the small pox epidemic of 1869, a disease that devastated the town of Jacksonville. Despite being a prominent pioneer she went to her grave without respect for her position in the community. "The body was borne to the cemetery in a rough lumber wagon without a single follower so great was the fear [of contagion]." It is obvious that regardless of the passing years, the Hanley sisters regretted this lack of formality.

A stroll among the monuments in the Jacksonville, I.O.O.F., and Ashland cemeteries can bring home just how important it was to display one's grief in fabulously carved tombstones. Symbols used on local stones represent a kinder, gentler heaven than that of puritanical England and colonial America. The

Victorians preferred roses and lambs to the skulls and crossbones favored by the English and Americans. Through-out area cemeteries one may find a rose with a broken stem (symbolizing a life taken too soon), urns depicting those that led a full life, and stone columns with capstones symbolizing the entrance of the departed into the gates of heaven. It was believed that one was not mourning for the loved one "gone on ahead," but for those poor souls left behind.

What started as a sideline for livery men, furniture makers, and blacksmiths became a true profession in the 1800s. By 1870 undertakers had their first professional trade journal, *The Casket*.⁵

The undertaker came to the home and prepared the body for viewing and burial. After days of lying in state, a lengthy service was held at the residence and the cortege was led to the cemetery. People lined the streets to tip their hats and pay respects. The body was buried with a simple prayer.

As the century began, undertakers were called "funeral directors" and business establishments were named "funeral parlors." It was believed this would make the place seem more like home. Death had moved out of the living room in order for the professionals to better provide for their clients. No one wanted to call the room a parlor anymore, for it reminded them too much of the funeral home.

By the 1920s mourning stationery was no longer used. Mourning clothes were starting to be criticized for their excessiveness, morbidity and expense. The duty of caring for the dead no longer fell to the family. The funeral director took control, separating people further from the process. With the advent of World War II it was considered selfish and self-pitying to openly mourn and grieve. So many were dying, and so much was lost. Mourning was not encouraged on a national level, because so much sorrow would not engender jingoism.

Today's rituals of mourning are far different from those practiced during the Victorian Era. Victorians did not hide from grief; in fact they embraced it, perhaps to our modern tastes a tad wholeheartedly. It was easy, however, during that time period to be compassionate, patient, and respectful of the bereaved. It was obvious who was in mourning, and obvious how long they had been about it. One thing the Victorians knew, in all their baroque grandiosity, was that the grieving process takes time, and lots of it.

ENDNOTES

1. Swenson, Evelyn. *Victoriana Americana*, p. 95.
2. *Final Respects: Dealing with Death in the Victorian Era*, exhibit text, Rogers Historical Museum, Rogers Arizona, currently at the History Center in Medford.
3. Swenson, p. 100.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 103.
5. *Final Respects* exhibit.

Special thanks to Mary Ames Sheret, curator of collections; Amelia Chamberlain, programs director; and Greta Brunschwyler, curator of exhibits for their research and assistance. -M.S.

THE DODGE CHEMICAL COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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Market covers that fit snugly over the entire basket. Made of heavy rubber or leatherette. All are moisture-proof and will protect the body at all times.

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De-Ce-Co baskets are quality class through. Made of the very best grade BULL, BOUND REED. Thoroughly reinforced with iron wire, insuring rigidity and strength. SOLID WOOD bottom with strong canvas giving continuous hand grip. Strong handles. Top held to body by leather straps at each end. Together with two 19-inch wide straps around the whole basket. Furnished in either coffin or casket shape: in Natural or Mahogany Finish. Rubber-covered Pillow supplied with each basket.

No. 5514 Casket Shape, Natural Finish \$41.50
No. 5516 Casket Shape, Mahogany Finish 43.50
No. 5518 Coffin Shape, Natural Finish 40.00
No. 5512 Coffin Shape, Mahogany Finish 42.00
Child's Size—Casket Shape, Natural Finish
No. 5522 4-6 Size \$28.00
No. 5520 4-6 Size 29.00
No. 5518 5-6 Size 30.50

For metallic linings, rendering basket absolutely sanitary, add \$12.00 to price of adult's size; \$10.00 to price of child's size.

COMPOUNDING EMBALMING CHEMICALS SINCE 1893



Left: A wicker "removal" basket used by the L. B. Hall Funeral Home in Grants Pass from 1905 to 1930.



Not all could afford to be carried to the Jacksonville Cemetery in elegant glass hearses such as this one, led by black horses and a long train of mourners.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #164

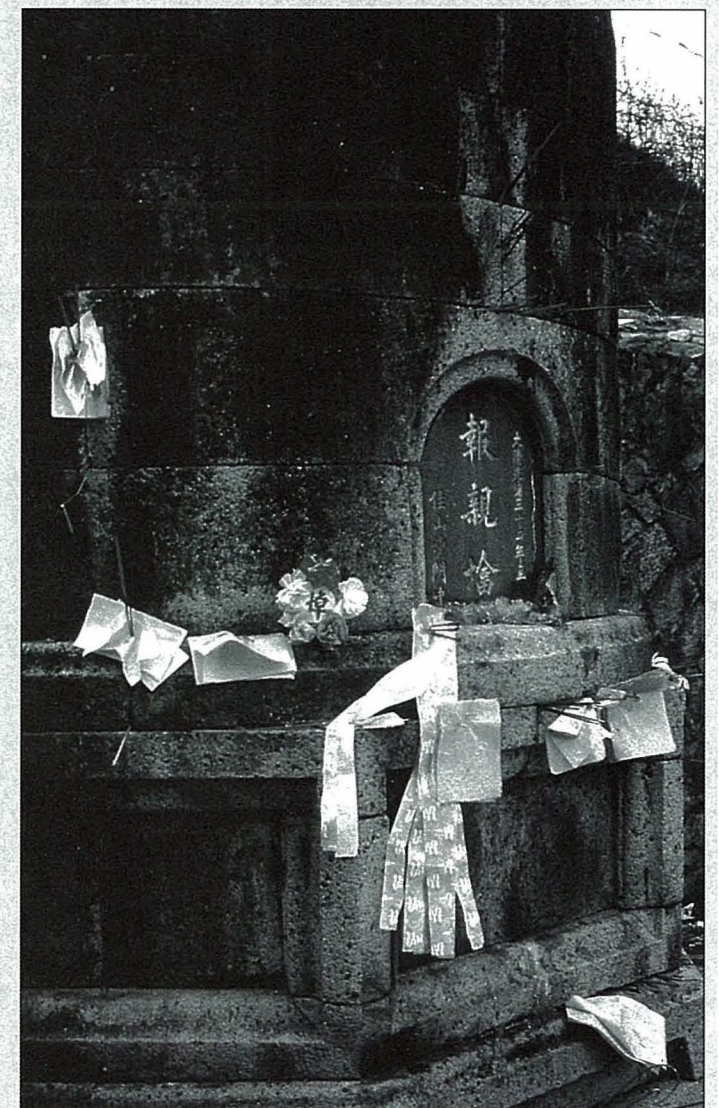
餓鬼 Hungry Ghosts

Chinese Mourning in Early Jacksonville

Story and photos by Karen Gernant

The Oregon Sentinel, in 1867, wrote of a Chinese funeral: The body of the deceased was enclosed in a very handsome coffin, in which a number of offerings were thrown by his intimate friends, intended, perhaps to pay the passage of the spirit across the dark river. The funeral procession was preceded by two Chinamen who strewed the road with small slips of paper, on which the name of the deceased was printed in Chinese characters. Then followed the corpse in a wagon, and immediately after were twelve female mourners, dressed in the highth [sic] of Chinese fashion, and apparently not overwhelmed with grief. Next came the members of the [Chinese Masonic] order, sixty-four in number, walking two and two, and distinguished by scarfs [sic] made of red and white muslin. . . On arriving at the grave. . . ten or twelve bunches of Chinese torches were stuck in the ground. . . and lighted. Then a collation of boiled pork, rice, and a chicken roasted with the head on, together with chop-sticks, a bottle of gin and drinking cups, was spread for the use of the spirit, if it should happen to rise hungry from the grave. A mat being spread directly in front of the collation, the friends of the deceased advanced in couples, bowed their heads three times to the setting sun, and while in a kneeling posture they sprinkled a small quantity of liquor on the ground. Rising to their feet, they repeated the obeseance [sic] three times more and then retired. This ceremony was performed by all the males, each one, on retiring, leaving his scarf on a bush as a final offering. The same ritual was observed by the females, and then by the common Chinamen, or those who did not appear to be Masons.

. . . The coffin was then lowered into the grave, the dirt piled up, and a fire made at each corner, on one of which a large quantity of Chinese paper and some green boughs were burned. . . After burning the bedding, and



By 1870 there were 634 Chinese immigrants listed in the Jackson County census. One of their mourning rituals was the carving of ancestral tablets, such as the one pictured above.

other personal effects of the deceased, the mourners retired, and left 'John' to rest until his bones are in a fit condition for shipment to China. There was no exhibition of grief, whatever, but the ceremonies were conducted with great silence and decorum, and showed that after all our boasted civilization, the communications of the 'Pagans' with the Invisible were strangely like those of Christian people.¹

This is a remarkable document, reflecting both careful observation and an apparently genuine desire to understand the practices and beliefs of a people alien to the writer—and to other whites in Oregon. This article also raises questions: it seems odd that there would have been a Chinese Masonic Lodge. How did this arise? Why? Where? Was it the same as other Masonic lodges? Or is this a misunderstanding on the part of the writer? Why were the female mourners dressed in the height of Chinese fashion? Why was no grief exhibited? In China, typically all mourners dressed in coarse, white sackcloth or hemp—and open, ritualized expressions of grief were an integral part of the ceremony. Did our 19th century observer miss something, or did the Chinese try to adapt to the customs of the land they came to? Or was our 19th century observer being facetious in his reference to "high fashion"?

Still, the struggle to understand rings through the line, "after all our boasted civilization, the communications of the 'Pagans' with the Invisible were strangely like those of Christian people." It is striking that the writer uses the word "invisible," rather than the more Eurocentric "God," and striking as well that the writer implicitly accepts the view that different spiritual values are equally valid.

Regional variations marked mortuary practices in China and went through further changes here in southern Oregon. Common to all, however, were practices associated with the strong belief that the family comprised not just its living members, but also the deceased ancestors. Linked to this view was the belief that continuity existed between the mortal world and the world after death. Thus, the living and the dead continued to touch each other through mutually beneficial exchanges. The survivors burned a wide variety of paper goods for the deceased to use in the next life; these goods included clothing, shoes, furniture, money, houses, servants, horses, and sedan-chairs, and today may include automobiles and appliances, such as television sets and refrigerators.

It was believed that the smoke of these paper possessions carried the essence of these goods to the next world, where the

祖先

deceased was then surrounded by everything he or she had in this life. Food was also sacrificed. The deceased was given time to partake of its "essence," after which the living members of the family, along with invited guests, consumed the actual food.

In 1863 there were three hundred Chinese immigrants listed by name on the Jackson County census. By 1870 that number had increased to 634. Approximately one in eight men was Asian. Father Francis Xavier Blanchet, a French Canadian Jesuit and one of the first missionaries in Jacksonville, described how the Chinese in Jacksonville in the 1800s carried out their traditions.

"When the Chinese die they put them in a coffin according to their rank and bury him with pompous ceremonies. At the head of a funeral cortege, many Chinese walk throwing before them many small pieces of paper of different colors (yellow and red predominate) on which are written Chinese characters. . . they light little sticks of bamboo. They pour out some liquid on the personal effects of the deceased on top of the grave but they were stolen so they always burn them nowadays. Then they bow three times touching the earth nine times

with their forehead . . ."²

It is unclear whether the Chinese of Jacksonville were burning the actual possessions, as it appears from Blanchet's description, or whether they were burning paper representations. Food offerings of rice and pork were considered essential. Depending partly upon family circumstances, a wide variety of other foods were also presented. Ceremonies included lighting both incense (probably the "Chinese torches" referred to in the *Sentinel* article) and candles.

The Chinese believed that persons have two souls—one, an earthly soul; the other, a heavenly soul. At death, the heavenly soul went to the underworld, where it was thought to need a lot of earthly goods very quickly. In particular, it needed money to bribe its way through the after-life. (The *Oregon Sentinel* writer was correct in surmising that offerings were "intended . . . to pay the passage of the spirit across the dark river.") The earthly soul remained with the corpse, and particularly needed placating by the survivors so that it would not join the ranks of "hungry ghosts" bringing bad luck to the family. Sacrifices made by the living were thought to aid the heavenly soul in a speedy journey to paradise



Although in China all mourners dressed in coarse white sackcloth or hemp, Jacksonville's Chinese women reportedly dressed in the height of fashion. Pictured here is a Muslim funeral procession in Quanzhou, Fujian province.

家

from the depths of the Underworld. These offerings were thought to satisfy the earthly soul so that it would not cause trouble for the surviving family members. More than that: if they sacrificed to the deceased, the family members would reap good fortune and benefits—such as wealth and the birth of children. Thus, a very real sense of reciprocity existed. If the dead were cared for, they continued to lavish care upon their surviving family.

Caring properly for the dead also required choosing—usually with the help of a geomancer or a diviner—an auspicious grave site. A favorite spot for graves was hilly terrain. This was a tradition carried on locally. Documentation bears out that the Jacksonville Chinese also chose hillsides for burial. "The ground designated for burial in Jacksonville," Blanchet wrote, "is on the side of a hill, and they take great care to place the bodies so that the head is the lowest."³

Proper care of the deceased did not end with the funeral rituals, which could continue for months and sometimes years, especially if the family waited for a particularly auspicious burial location. Chinese in 19th century Jacksonville came predominantly from southern China, where tradition dictated a corpse be buried for several years and the flesh allowed to rot away. The remains were then disinterred, the bones cleaned, and placed in earthenware jars for reburial. All of the Chinese graves in the Jacksonville cemetery were so exhumed by family or close friends, and the remains returned to China. According to Father Blanchet, it was believed souls could not attain paradise if not buried on native soil. The bones, as yang (the male principle), were considered to belong to the lineage. The flesh, as yin (the female principle), was not considered vital.

Beyond this, and occurring in all regions of China in the past, was the practice of placing ancestral tablets in the

home. Offerings of incense, candles, food, and drink were set before these tablets. When the altar had become crowded with such tablets, those of the more distant ancestors were removed, sometimes to a large, imposing ancestral hall. There, too, offerings were made to the departed. Each year at Qingming time (occurring in early April and meaning "clear and bright"), the Chinese visited the graves of their ancestors to spruce up the grounds, to repaint the characters on the tombs, and to offer incense, flowers, candles, food and drink. Again, after giving the ancestors time to consume the essence of the food and drink, the family themselves consumed the actual offerings as a kind of picnic.

It is possible that Father Blanchet unknowingly observed the celebration of Qingming time while in Oregon. "They have three or four feasts for the dead during the year. All Chinese who have friends resting in the cemetery hire many wagons, take them to the cemetery loaded with small pigs roasted whole, fowls, biscuits, cakes and little barrels of liquor and bamboo sticks. When they arrive at the grave all the ceremonies of interment are repeated . . . They offer all the provisions to the dead and dispose of them by burning them on the graves, as the whites or the Indians would otherwise steal them."⁴

At Qingming time one can still see hundreds of visitors at the graveyards in Hong Kong and Macau. In China itself, some continue these rituals, but many do not.

As for the Chinese in southern Oregon, hostility in the late 19th century and early 20th century

forced them to leave. Between 1882 and 1924 nine local ordinances were enacted in an effort to make it unprofitable for the minority population to operate mining claims, laundries, or shops in the valley. Some of these regulations included a tax of up to five dollars a month for Chinese miners and a "trading tax" of fifty dollars every January and March for minority businesses such as the Chinese laundries. Nor could minorities own property or vote. Given this hostile environment, the great number of industrious Chinese in the area had dwindled down to five by 1930.⁵ They took what they had toiled hard for, and they left. Having very little in the way of material goods to start with, burning much of it at death, and sending exhumed remains to China left only the faintest trace behind for those trying to piece together



Incense is present in many of the mourning rituals of the Chinese. Here incense graces an ancestral altar in a home in Fujian province of China.

清明

the impact and culture of the Chinese in southern Oregon.

Today, their descendants in China—along with the descendants of those who never left China—are likely to practice cremation. When Buddhists introduced this practice to China centuries ago, many Chinese objected to it, for Chinese filial piety dictated that one returned one's body to the ancestors in the same form that one's parents had given it to one. Today, pressure for land dictates that cremation be utilized as much as possible. Funerary urns are generally placed in Buddhist temples or other, more public repositories.

Ancestor worship in China dates back to the Shang dynasty, 1766-1122 B.C. In one form or another, as well as in various places, it continues to the present day. Ancestor worship is tied very closely to the centrality of the family in Chinese society, as well as to the Confucian emphasis upon filial piety. Whether these days the emphasis is more on practice or belief is a subject about which scholars disagree. What is unarguable is that, in one form or another, the practices continue, and help to shape a culture that, while distinct from ours, is not wholly unfamiliar—nor was it to our 19th century observers.

Karen Gernant is a Professor of History at Southern Oregon State College specializing in Asian Studies. In conjunction with the Final Respects exhibit, Karen assisted the Society with a small exhibit on Chinese rituals of mourning, now on the Mezzanine at the History Center.

ENDNOTES

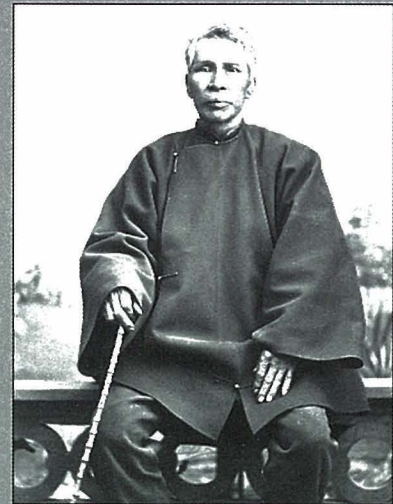
1. *Oregon Sentinel*, 15 June 1867.
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Fletcher Linn, Gin Lin and Chinese Burial Ceremonies

A most curious friendship was born in December of 1887 when Fletcher Linn accompanied his father on a visit to the impressive hydraulic mines rooting for gold in the Applegate Valley. There Fletcher met the Chinese mining boss Gin Lin, an odd but friendly fellow who would eventually unearth enough gold to deposit more than a million dollars in a Jacksonville bank.



Gin Lin was one of the thousands of Chinese fortune hunters who inundated the West during the 1850s, '60s and '70s. Unlike white settlers, these Asian immigrants had no intention of staying for very long, nor were they made welcome. After seeking their fortune, most returned to native China. Gin Lin's use of hydraulic mining allowed him to excavate the dozens of dry stream beds in the Applegate Valley untouched by previous pan and pick miners. By digging a canal, he was able to harness the force of the Applegate River to do his mining for him.

This friendship between Fletcher and Gin Lin introduced the young white man to many foreign Chinese customs. Fletcher, who was born in Jacksonville in 1866 and worked as a furniture manufacturer and industrial developer, spent much of his adult life working to preserve the history of southern Oregon. He described some of the Chinese customs he witnessed in his autobiography *Reminiscences of Fletcher Linn*. He was most impressed by the burial ceremonies, one of which he described at length:

"As the procession reached the cemetery for this ceremony, a beautifully roasted hog, nicely browned, would be placed amid the graves with proper ceremony, and tea, their favorite drink, sprinkled on all the graves, together with a liberal scattering of cigarettes. But the hog, as I remember, was taken with them after the ceremony, leaving only the tempting aroma with the dead.

"It was a dignified and reverential ceremony, just as we pay respect to our departed on our decoration day."

Eventually all Chinese remains in the Jacksonville Cemetery were excavated and returned to their homeland. Gin Lin's final fate, however, is unknown. But the Gin Lin Trail, at Flumet Flat Campground off Palmer Creek Road, allows modern visitors to explore his now deserted but once prosperous mining operation, just as Fletcher Linn did in 1887. —J.P.

Parallel Passages

OUR COMMUNITY

A Visit to the Valley School

by Bill Alley

The Valley School had its beginnings in 1916, when a group of three parents, sensing the need for a different academic environment for their children, hired a part-time instructor and rented a room in the Medford Hotel. Soon the fledgling institution outgrew its hotel room and moved to new quarters on Rose Street. A year later the school again relocated to a house at 1103 West 10th Street.

At 10th Street the school was run by Kathryn Dunham, assisted by Helen and Sue Lydiard. In addition to the basic school subjects, the children raised vegetables in a small garden patch behind the house. At lunchtime the older students would walk down to a neighbor's house, where lunch was served. Enrollment remained strong at the Valley School, and by 1927 had acquired a new principal and instructor, Mrs. Edith Thompson, who began her teaching career in 1912 as a charter teacher at the Roosevelt School, and Mrs. Edward Schockley.

"In 1927," reported the *Medford Mail Tribune*, "the school had grown so in numbers under the excellent direction of Mrs. Edith Thompson and Mrs. Edward Schockley as teachers, that a number of parents felt that to make the school available to a greater number of children, a new school house would be necessary."

The school's board of governors purchased a four acre tract at the end of Groveland Avenue, on Siskiyou Heights. Based on a design provided by Charles Voorhies, R.H. Livingston Construction Company built a modern five room school building. The driving force behind this ambitious expansion of the school was board member Alfred Carpenter.

After her first year at the Valley School, Mrs. Thompson updated her education and training by attending what would today be called continuing education classes at the University of California at Berkeley. In the fall of 1928, when the Valley School opened up in its new location, it accommodated students ranging

in age from pre-primary through the seventh grade. The staff was also enlarged. In addition to Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Schockley as teachers, Mrs. Isabel Mosher was brought in from the Ojai Valley School to assume the administrative duties. Tom Swem worked part-time as an art instructor.



Mrs. W.A. Thompson among her schoolchildren in 1928: (top row, left to right) Spencer Weills, Wheldon Biddle, Emily Sherer; (middle row) Martha Sherer, Alicia Ruhl, Jean Salade, Ruth Mosher; (bottom row) Bud Dodge, Billy Vawter, Gerry Vawter

In addition to the basic courses offered at the new school, the curriculum also included French, nature study, art, music, dramatics and folk dancing. The following year an additional studio was built to serve as an auditorium, complete with a small stage. In order to allow the children to enjoy physical activities regardless of the weather, the school also boasted a covered recreational shelter.

The 1930-1931 school year saw some dramatic changes at the Valley School. Enrollment had swelled to forty-five students and new staff was hired. Mrs. W. L. Van Loan was brought in from the Jackson School as the new principal, assisted by Miss Marie Foss, Miss Katherine Starr, and Miss Naomi Hohman. Edith Thompson had accepted a position at the Phoenix School and resigned from the Valley School.

The decade of the 1930s proved difficult ones for the Valley School. Mrs. Van Loan was unable to carry the school through the difficult years brought on by the Great Depression, and the Valley School closed its doors circa 1936. The modern new school building in Siskiyou heights was later purchased and converted into a home.



Built on a four acre tract of land at the end of Groveland Avenue, the new Valley School and recreational shelter, pictured here in 1928, provided a unique alternative to public schooling.



Lake Creek School, circa 1888.
Southern Oregon Historical Society #14839



WISDOM IS
THE OLIVE
THAT SPRINGETH
FROM THE HEART,
BLOOMETH ON
THE TONGUE AND
BEARETH FRUIT
IN THE ACTIONS.

MS 686



St. Mary's Academy in Jacksonville, circa 1901. When the school opened in 1865, local women reportedly remarked that "culture, too, came to southern Oregon that day."

Southern Oregon Historical Society #15373

Not bellied stoves and lunch in a tin pail. Pranks in the privy and taking the dipper to the well. The young teacher who stands in the door, hair in a bun, demure in her high necked blouse and long skirts. Whether it's too many reruns of *Little House on the Prairie* or just the tales we've heard passed down through the generations, the one room schoolhouse has its hold on the American heart.

Despite the whistling of the wind through the walls of the first log schoolhouses and the barefoot poverty of some of the first students, early Americans were not ignorant of educational and cultural trends. By 1837, a German named Friedrich Froebel had already coined the term "kindergarten"; the same year Horace Mann was named the first Secretary of the first State Board of Education in Massachusetts. He was a champion for the rights of public elementary school education for all. Today Americans take their educations for grant-

ed, but there was a time when learning was a luxury reserved for royalty, the affluent and the clergy.

Southern Oregonians believed it was a sign of good citizenship to have a school. Rev. Fletcher Royal, one of the first pioneers to cross the Applegate Trail, was the first Superintendent of Schools. His sister Mary Royal set about getting her certification and began teaching a "subscription" (private instruction) school in the front room of their log cabin. She used "whatever books came across the plains."²

Fletcher Royal was responsible for designating the first school districts. Many of these were based on the needs and relationships of the families living there. The communities built the schools. Crude one-room log cabins sprang up in pastures and valleys throughout the region.³ It was not uncommon for a falling-out to occur among the school children's families and for a new school and a new district to spring up. In the 1800s in southern Oregon the schoolhouse

served as a center for the entire community, often acting as church, meeting hall, and social gathering place.

Education was not mandatory. Oliver Applegate started teaching school in Ashland in 1864. Out of fifty-six children registered in the county between the ages of four and twenty, thirty-three were enrolled, but the daily average attendance was seventeen.⁴

In 1874 the State Superintendent of Public Instruction complained about the rickety structures serving as schools. "Many barns are in better construction than schools," he remarked.⁵ New schoolhouses, however, were expensive to build. Invoices and bills in Society archives show the Heber Grove School cost \$167 to build, while the Oak Grove School was considering buying a kit from the Sears Catalog for \$300.⁶

On the following pages, we have gathered a collection of quotations, memorabilia and photographs depicting the whimsical experiences of the educators and students in southern Oregon's early schools.

TEACHERS WORLD

“According to the District Clerk’s Annual Report of March, 1893, the value of the schoolhouse, including grounds, was \$400 and furniture and supplies \$20. Male teachers were paid \$40 a month and females \$25.”⁷



The Steamboat School derived its name either from the nearby Steamboat Mine or from the common presence of a small steamboat on the Applegate River.

“In 1875 a resolution was drawn to heartily denounce the employment of those who indulged in intoxicating drinks ‘of any kind whatever.’ They would disfavor the employment of those who frequented saloons or who indulged in games of chance. Forfeiture of a certain amount of salary was originally considered as a punishment, but the severity of said infractions was changed to the imposition of immediate dismissal.”⁸

State of Oregon.

No. 229

TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE

Office of County Superintendent.

Jamhill County, May 27 1881

This Certifies That Miss Addie Mins is of good moral character, and that she has passed an examination in the following branches, with the following results:

Orthography.....	80. per cent	English Grammar.....	75. per cent
Reading.....	85. " "	Arithmetic.....	80. " "
Mental Arithmetic.....	80. " "	Modern History.....	85. " "
Writing.....	70. " "	Teaching.....	80. " "



Classmates at Medford High School, circa 1912.

(DUPLICATE) To be Filled, Detached, and handed to the Teacher. This Contract Must be Signed by at Least Two Directors.

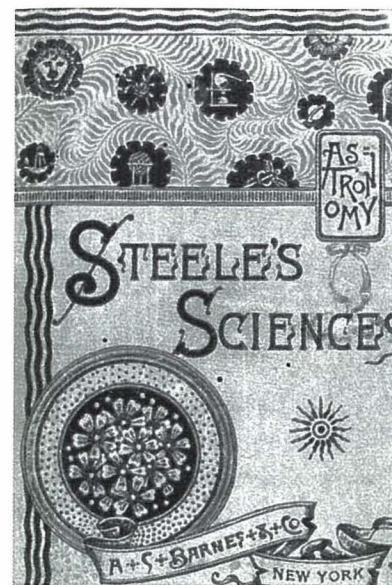
TEACHER'S CONTRACT District No. 49

IT IS HEREBY AGREED between the directors of School District No. 49, of Jackson County and State of Oregon, and Bertha H. Welch, who holds a valid certificate or diploma to teach in said County and State, described as follows: Name of certificate or diploma Special, when issued Sept. 16, 1911, where issued Salem, Oregon, for whom issued State Sup't., when expires Life in Jackson County, and that the said Bertha H. Welch is to teach the PUBLIC SCHOOL OF DISTRICT NO. 49 for the time of 9 months for the sum of \$111.10 Dollars per month, commencing on the 1 day of September, 1913 and for such services lawfully and properly rendered, the directors of said district are to pay to said Bertha H. Welch the amount that may be due according to this Contract, on or before the 1 day of July, 1914.

Dated this 7 day of April, 1913.

Bertha H. Welch Teacher
806 N. Riverside Address

J. H. Marshall
Director of School District No. 49
Jackson County, Oregon



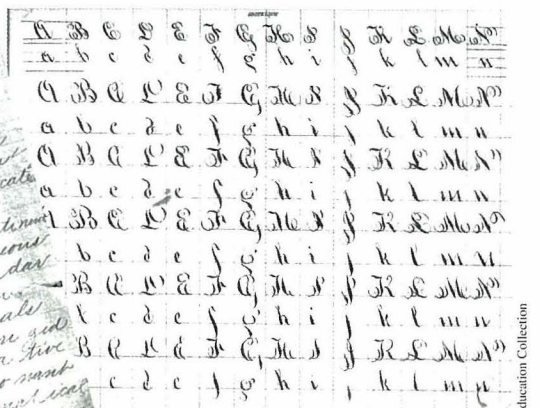
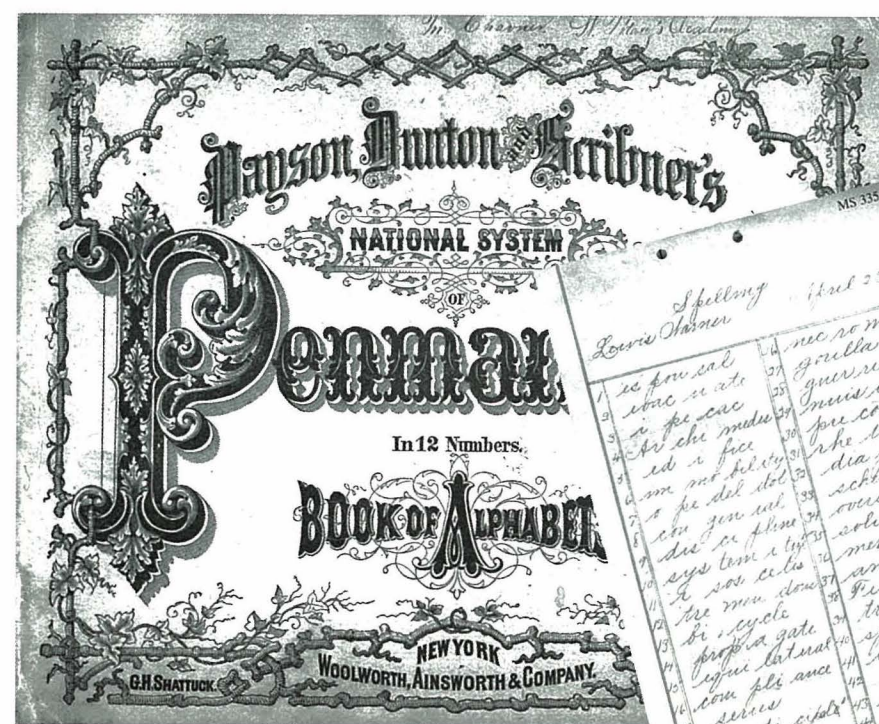
“Boys of the school rejoiced at the conversion of the heating system to oil because no longer would their misconduct require the hauling of four-foot cord wood to the school house basement to be used to fire the furnace.”¹⁰

“With so many students, discipline had become a problem and so the school directors had especially wanted a man to take over. During the first week Mr. Frederick whipped ten youngsters with a leather harness tug. After that he never needed to resort to such measures during the five years he taught at Oak Grove.”⁹



Applegate School, circa 1902. The school's first name was Bridge Point and it only held classes three months a year.

“Much of the discipline problems arose from the lack of indoor sanitary facilities. When the girls would go to the ‘privy,’ the boys would gather large stores of acorns and keep up a steady barrage so the girls couldn’t get out.”¹¹



The eighth grade graduating class of 1910 at Dewey School included the Vilas brothers, George and Ned. "On our visiting day, the teacher, Lottie Wiley, made us feel so welcome that there was no doubt as to our choice of schools," recalled George Vilas years later. "Having only twenty-five children in all eight grades was a novelty to us, and we loved our teacher. Miss Wiley rode her pony two miles in the mud to get to a barn from where she walked up the hill a quarter of a mile in the mud and rain to reach the schoolhouse." Soon their beloved Lottie left to further her education at the Ashland State Normal School and the Dewey School kids were saddled with a new teacher, Lucille Marshall, who had recently graduated from an Indiana college. "She couldn't have weighed over a hundred and three pounds soaking wet, but she was determined to make good in that first teaching job," recalled George. "She had trouble handling the bigger boys, including us."¹²



Many of the Dewey School kids, including the Vilas brothers, spent much of their childhoods at the school. Above right: [left to right] Carrie Hansen, Dolph Phipps, teacher Lottie Wiley, Ned Vilas, George Vilas in 1910. Can you find them in the above left group picture of all the Dewey School kids?



"It was a one-room schoolhouse with a boy's and girl's cloak room, a small barn and a wood shed. There was no play equipment of any kind, no electricity or running water. We got our drinking water from a small and often muddy creek. The school was heated by a large pot-bellied stove. We were driven to school by our family when the road permitted or walked or went in a buggy." —Rose Mansfield Varni, Laurelhurst resident. Pictured here is a similar one-room schoolhouse in the Eagle Point area.

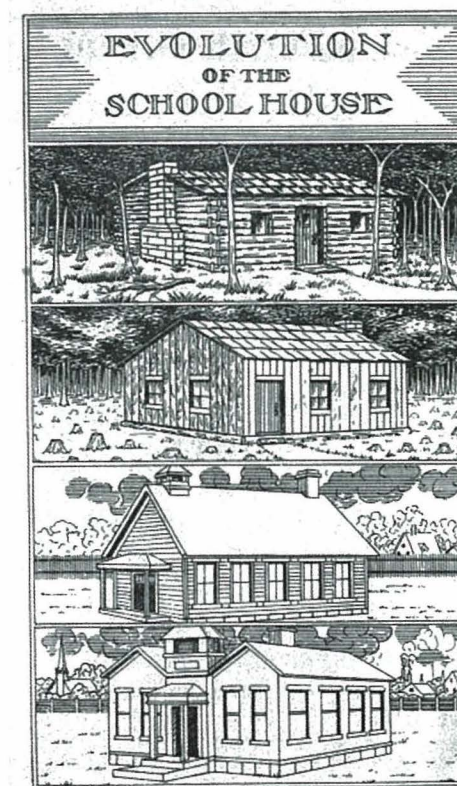


"The kids had poked out knotholes in the floor and put a rope through the holes. During the day when things got a bit dull, the boys would pull on the rope. The teacher would think there were pigs under the schoolhouse and send the boys to drive the pigs away. The boys thought this was a great joke."¹³



The Agate School was originally located in the Agate Desert near White City but was cut into two pieces and moved to Central Point in 1947, where the two halves were reconnected.

"Supplies were inexpensive, but expenses increased during the cold weather when the cost of wood was added to that of erasers and chalk. Expenses totaled \$7.70 in 1897 plus teachers' salaries. The children, of course, paid for their own books and supplies. Even so, finances seemed to be a problem because several times teachers were not paid because of lack of funds. Teacher turnover was great. Sometimes there were as many as five teachers listed in a short year."¹⁴



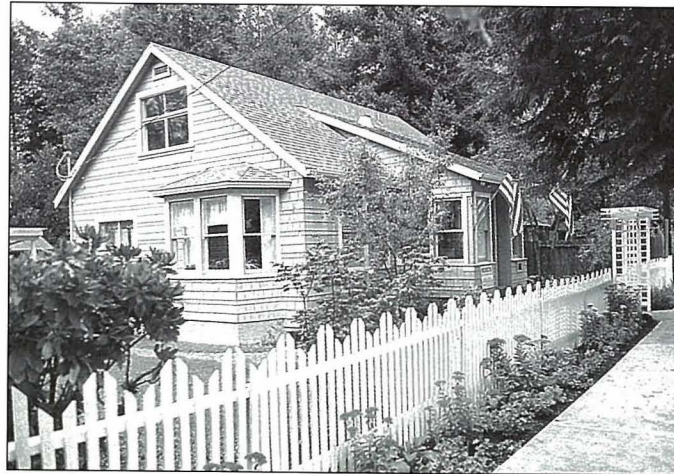
Teachers often produced souvenir booklets for their students. Here is an illustration from one such booklet in SOHS MS #617.

"The belief was expressed by many that schools were getting too fancy and that the toilet facilities provided in the Grove were more than adequate. However, after much heated discussion, inside plumbing was provided."¹⁵

"Miss Mildred Applegate, in the Pine Grove School, secured a second-hand football. The cost was very slight. Her pupils do not play football, but they can use it in playing circle ball and German bat ball. And it helps to get a star on the standard."¹⁶

ENDNOTES

1. Encyclopedia Britannica.
2. Nesheim, Margaret. *123 Year's Search For Community*. Gandee Printing Center, 1977.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. A *Brief History of the Oak Grove School*. Medford, Oregon, 1966. SOHS PAM #372 B853.
7. Ibid.
8. Nesheim, p. 46.
9. *Oak Grove*.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
12. Vilas, George W. *Tales of a Rogue Valley Rogue*. SOHS #920 V54, p. 18.
13. Weiss, Robert M. *Laurelhurst: Lost Community of the Upper Rogue*. SOHS #979.528 W43, p. 10.
14. *Oak Grove*.
15. Ibid.
16. SOHS MS 567, p. 1.



Dana Hedrick

Butte Falls, Oregon may boast the lowest resident-to-museum ratio of any city in the country. The incorporated hamlet thirty miles northeast of Medford has a population of 480, yet it has three separate museum buildings, all run by the six-year-old Big Butte Historical Society (BBHS). The Bill Edmondson Memorial Museum, the latest addition to the community's historical scene, was dedicated on August 11, 1996. It is situated in the house of the late Ernest W. Smith at 432 Pine Street, located to the left on the first city street as you enter town coming from Highway 62 on the Butte Falls Highway.

Entering the new museum is not at all like walking into an institutional building. It is like stepping into the past. Though built in the 1930s, the house has been restored to how it might have appeared in the 1950s when Ernest lived there with his second wife, Lucy. Its original appearance was easy to reconstruct due to the fact that Ernest was an avid and highly capable photographer.

Ernest Smith was the first child of pioneer parents Edgar and Ella Smith. Ill health forced his father, who was the first mayor of Butte Falls, to abandon a teaching career. This gave the elder Smith time to attend to the education of his own children. Ernest spent his life as a schoolteacher, surveyor, shipyard worker, chiropractor and lookout for the U.S. Forest Service. He built one of the watchtowers at Mt. McLaughlin when it was still known as Mt. Pitt. He died in 1977 at the age of 89, and his obituary in the *Eagle Point Independent* called him a "quiet, shy man of few words, but . . . a gold mine of knowledge."

At the time of its purchase by the BBHS, the Smith house was being used as a rental unit. It had fallen into disrepair . . . and despair. The house and property were purchased for \$40,000. It took another \$20,000 in cash and in-kind services to restore the building. The money came from the Jackson County Historical Fund.

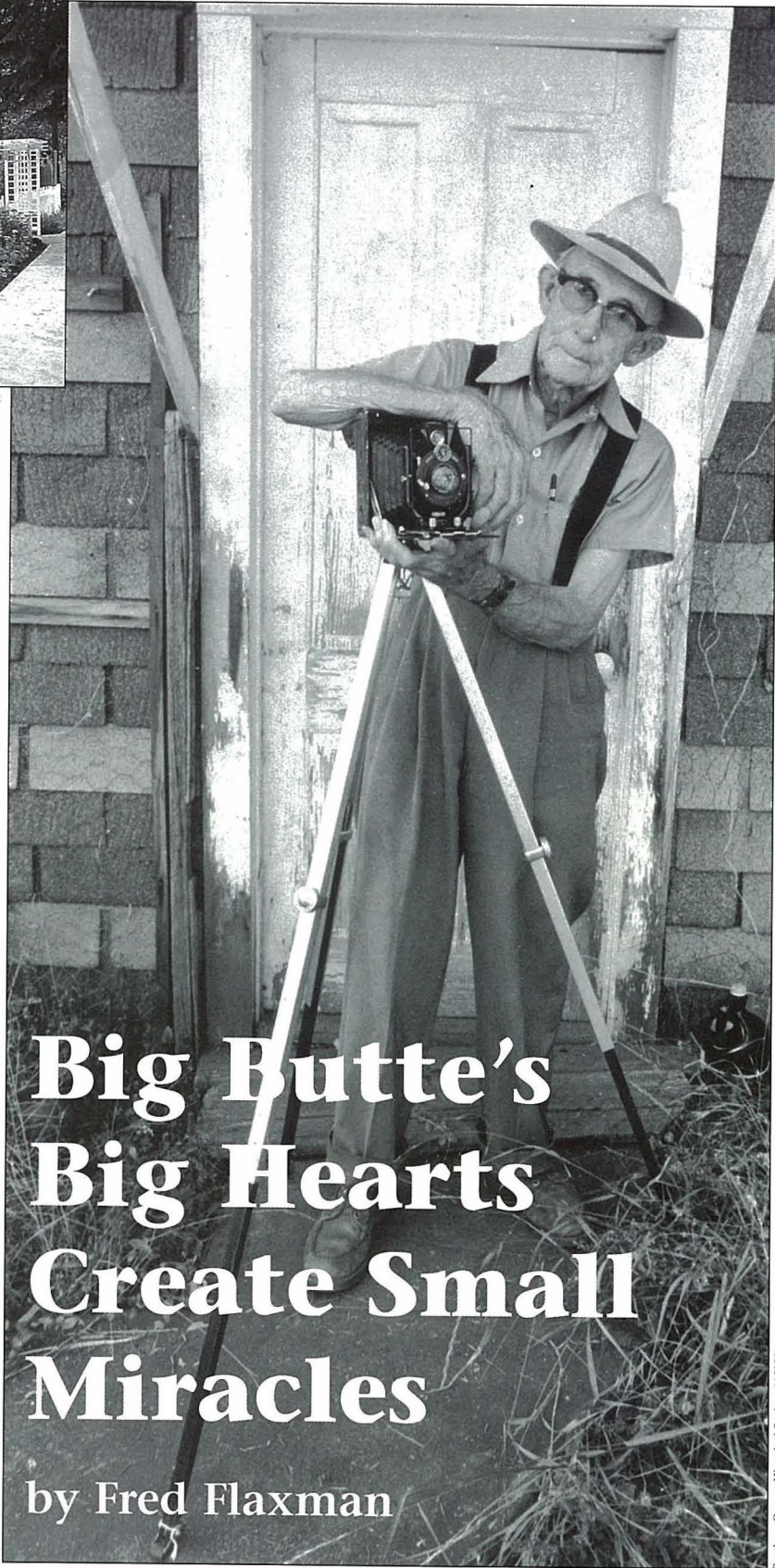
"Our idea was to bring back the ambiance of a home of the '50s," BBHS chairperson Joyce Hailicka said. "We envisioned music and radio of the period playing in the background, the smell of cookies baking, '50s

Big Butte's Big Hearts Create Small Miracles

by Fred Flaxman

Top Left: The former home of Ernest Smith gets a new life as the Bill Edmondson Memorial Museum in Butte Falls.

Above: Ernest W. Smith's photographs, dating back to the early 1900s, serve as an important tool in documenting Butte Falls' history.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #15278

magazines lying around. We wanted the house itself to be an interpretive center where anyone could walk in and immediately get a sense of a bygone era."

And that is exactly what happens, from the small vestibule in front to Lucy's sewing room in the back. In between there is the restored white kitchen with red-trimmed glass-door cabinets; a dining room with a small table set for two as if waiting for Ernest and Lucy to return; and Smith's office, filled with artifacts from the period including his surveyor's tools, which were donated by his heirs.

What was once the parlor now has adopted the duties of a gallery to display several of Smith's fine photographs of the area. What used to be a small bedroom is now the Bill Edmondson Memorial Room, dedicated to the logger/wood-carver whose realistic, detailed, multi-wood, bas-relief artwork was once displayed at the Smithsonian in Washington. They can now be seen in this room and in the railroad caboose museum, located next to Butte Falls' picturesque town square.

"Edmondson carved the history of the community in wood, which is fitting for a lumber town," Hailicka observes. He died a year before the museum opened that now bears his name.

Smith's old home was renovated by Troy and Kathlene Marley, local subcontractors who continued as volunteers once the limited funds ran out, and who brought other volunteers in to work on the project. The new museum was decorated by Hailicka and sister Butte Falls resident Linda Matthews. The two searched the Rogue Valley's antique shops and Goodwill stores for 1950s items that would be just right for the house. Additional items were contributed by Smith family members and area residents.

Asked what her favorite finds were, Matthews first mentioned the office desk. "It was the perfect size for the room and had an inkwell, too." She was also excited about the dining room table and chairs, which were found in different locations but work very well together, and the sewing machine in Lucy's sewing room, which was originally from Butte Falls, although Matthews and Hailicka located it in Medford.

BBHS member Gloria Karches worked with Chalene Owings of Americorp and the children of the community to restore the Smith house's gardens, which were an important part of the Smiths' life. Now these same school kids can tour the museum "to learn their history and their place in it," Hailicka points out.

The Big Butte Historical Society was founded in 1990 by a

group of Butte Falls residents who were interested in preserving the history of their area. Joyce Hailicka has been one of its driving forces. She was involved in the capture of the 1890s caboose. It was her idea to purchase Casey's Depot Restaurant, which she first saw



Dana Hedrick

The Museum has been fashioned into a 1950s interpretive center and gallery. Ernest Smith's office features artifacts of the period including his surveyor's tools.

sitting on cinder blocks in the back of a lot on Highway 62 in Medford. It was also her idea to buy the Smith house when she saw the "For Sale" sign go up.

"Our history is our future," Hailicka says. "In order for us to go forward, we have to look at our past and where we've come from." The Bill Edmondson Memorial Museum is a wonderful opportunity to do just that. [The Bill Edmondson Memorial Museum is open from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday and Friday and from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Saturday.]

Fred Flaxman is an award-winning columnist, television and radio executive and producer, as well as the editor of Southern Oregonian, the quarterly magazine of Southern Oregon State College.

Left: Joyce Hailicka, chairperson and driving force of the BBHS, is proof that people still can make a difference in shaping a community.

Bottom: Bill Edmondson carved the history of Butte Falls in his wood; his carvings are now on display at the museum dedicated in his name.



Southern Oregon Historical Society



Southern Oregon Historical Society

STONE

by Janet Joyer

"Tap-tap. Tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap." The light tapping of stone against stone could be clearly heard above the trickling of the river's low flow. The young man had been working steadily for several hours, stopping only occasionally to give his shoulder and wrist a rest, stretch his legs, and gauge his progress.

As he worked, he prayed to the Salmon Chief that the salmon might return again to this place. His people could usually count on a plentiful catch here—but not always. It depended on whether or not their prayers to the Salmon Chief had been heard. The season had come around again and his family had journeyed upriver to this place, as their ancestors had every fall for countless generations before them. They depended on the fish to provide them with food; not only fresh fish caught and eaten here, but dried fish that they carried back with them to their winter village. But it had been a hot, dry summer, and if the rains didn't come soon, there would be no salmon to be caught this year.

A shallow pit slowly took form as the hammer-stone pecked away at the rock. It had been important to select a boulder right at the water's edge, so that when the rains came—if the rains came—the design on the rock would be submerged and could carry the prayers of the people to the Salmon Chief.

As dusk approached, the young man paused once more to rest his aching shoulder. His gaze rested on the western sky, where he could see just the faintest hint of rain clouds gathering . . . or was it only the rain spirits playing tricks on him? He turned to put the finishing touches on the carving. "Tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap."



Archaeologists and "Passport in Time" volunteers work on a Twomile Creek petroglyph.

Photo Courtesy Siskiyou National Forest

Prehistoric rock art sites are abundant in eastern and southcentral Oregon, and have been intensively studied by archaeologists to gather clues about the native peoples of this region. In southwestern Oregon west of the Cascade Mountain Range, however, rock art sites are rare. But within the last five years, archaeologists have become increasingly aware that prehistoric rock art can be found in the mountains and valleys of southern Oregon, and several rock art sites have become the scene of detailed field research. The largest and most complex of these is the Twomile Creek Petroglyph site located along the lower Rogue River about thirty-five miles from the Pacific Coast.

Rock art is important because it represents one of the few pieces of information available on prehistoric ritual, religion, and symbolism. Archaeologists studying prehistoric sites can glean much from stone tools and bones of animals that give clues to the day-to-day activities of past humans. These sites, for example, tell how they made their tools, how they hunted and gathered, what they ate, and how they set up their villages and territories. However, the artifacts recovered from a typical archaeological site do not tell us very much about the sacred activities of its prehistoric inhabitants. Rock art is one of the few types of tangible remains that can.

The study of rock art, however, does present some problems. It is difficult for archaeologists to interpret what the glyphs mean, unless they are associated with a written or oral tradition that helps explain the meaning behind various symbols and expressions left behind on ancient cliffs and rocks.

Rock art can be divided into two major categories: petroglyphs and pictographs. *Petroglyphs* are artistic expressions pecked or etched into stone. *Pictographs* are expressions painted onto stone. Both petroglyphs and pictographs have been found in southern Oregon, though no studies have yet been conducted of the single pictograph site.

The Twomile Creek Petroglyph site is located at the confluence of Twomile Creek and the Rogue River, about six miles up the Rogue from the town of Agness, in the Gold Beach Ranger District. The site is situated in the lower section of the steep Rogue River canyon, along the western margin of the rugged Siskiyou Mountain Range. Here, petroglyphs are found on large sandstone boulders on a gravel bar extending nearly five hundred feet along the bank. Prior to the construction of dams upriver, the site was inundated with floodwaters annually. Today, most of the glyph-bearing boulders spend at least a small part of the year underwater.

The rock art at Twomile Creek was originally recorded in 1975. Further examinations were conducted in 1977, when seven boulders were removed to the Curry County Museum in Gold Beach, and again in 1983, when Louise and Malcolm Loring documented the site for their book on the rock art of Oregon. In 1994 the

The 1994 analysis of the Twomile Creek petroglyphs proceeded cautiously. Some boulders were covered with gravel from recent river activity; others were covered with moss. After carefully exposing all petroglyphs, and cleaning the surfaces of the boulders, each glyph was painted with a solution of aluminum oxide and water to enhance photography. Aluminum oxide is superior to chalk and other temporary petroglyph enhancing agents because it reflects light well, helps distinguish grooves and other features of petroglyphs and, most important, is easily removed with water. Rubbings were also made of the more unusual glyph-bearing boulders, using colored wax on cotton cloth. Each glyph was measured and, finally, mapped using satellite mapping technology. After all documentation was completed, the aluminum oxide solution was removed from the boulders, using water and natural bristle brushes.

The most common design element at Twomile Creek, by far, is the cupule; approximately nine-hundred have been documented so far. Cupules are small, shallow, round depressions pecked into the surface of a rock. They are typically about one centimeter deep and average two to three centimeters in diameter. Some of the cupules are connected by small grooves or other design elements.

Most occur on the tops of boulders, but some are on the sides, suggesting that some of the boulders have tipped from their original positions. It is likely that additional unrecorded petroglyphs exist on the undersides of some of the boulders.

Another common motif at the site is the zigzag. Over thirty zigzag designs have been identified. These occur singly, in groups of two (as double parallel zigzags), groups of three (triple parallel zigzags), and apparently random positions in association with each other and other design elements. In several cases, the zigzags connect with other lines or grooves. Others have round, oval, or rectangular shapes pecked on their ends, giving them the appearance of snakes.

A third design is the vulvaform. These are triangular or oval shaped glyphs that appear to represent female genitalia. They are the only definite representational images yet found at Twomile Creek. They are very shallowly pecked and difficult to identify; in fact, prior to 1994, no vulvaforms had been recorded. Another petroglyph thought to represent a fish

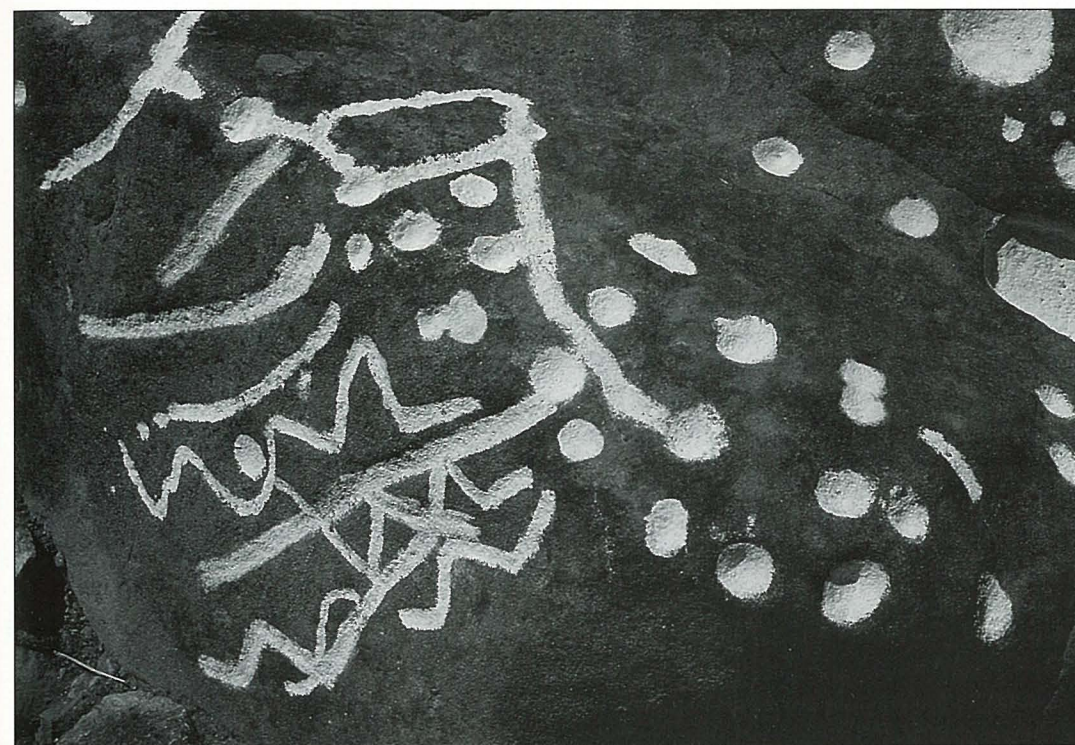


Photo Courtesy Siskiyou National Forest

Cupules were situated below the tide line, carrying songs and prayers recited in the creation of the glyphs to the "Salmon People."

Siskiyou National Forest conducted an intensive study of the site, recording fifty-nine boulders with nearly one-thousand glyphs. This study was directed by rock art specialist Dan Leen, Janet Joyer, and twenty U.S. Forest Service "Passport in Time" volunteers.

has also been found, but it appears to be very recent.

Perhaps one of the most intriguing features of the Twomile Creek Petroglyph site is a large boulder situated near the center of the site. Heavily covered with cupules and zigzags, the actual contours

of the boulder are suggestive of female genitalia. A natural crevice about two meters long runs the length of the rock, and a large depression has been pecked into the crevice along the upper end of the rock. Such features have been identified at other rock art sites in the West, and are referred to as "yoni" rocks thought to be representative of human fertility.

Twomile Creek is situated in the traditional territory of the Shasta Costa band of the Tututni Indians, an Athabaskan group thought to have arrived in the area about 1500 years ago, displacing the previous human inhabitants of the region. The Tututnis were hunter-gatherers who relied on fishing as a major means of subsistence.

The Rogue River supported heavy runs of salmon, which were caught by means of hook-and-line, dipnet, spearing, basket trap, and weir. Twomile Rapid, located about one kilometer downstream from the mouth of the petroglyph site, is particularly noted in the ethnographic literature as an excellent fishery for lamprey eels during their spawning season in April and May. Wolverton Orton, an informant for ethnographer John Harrington, stated that, "When the eels were being caught up at the place upstream of Chasta Costa [Twomile Rapid], they said of that, 'The blood [of eels] is flowing,' meaning the Rogue River had turned into eel blood [when they were cleaning eels]."

Unfortunately, the early ethnographic record of the Tututni makes no reference to rock art of any kind. The rapid removal of the native residents immediately after the Indian Wars precluded much study of native lifeways. We do have some information about rock art elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest and in Northern California, and through comparison can make some interpretations concerning the meaning of the petroglyphs recorded at Twomile Creek.

Cupule sites have been found at many locations throughout the western United States. They are thought to have origi-

nated in the Great Basin around seven thousand to five thousand years ago. They are plentiful in the Great Basin, and are believed to be associated with hunting game or fertility magic. Cupules are

One interpretation of the zigzag designs suggests they represented lightning, symbolizing summer rain and female fertility.



Photo Courtesy Siskiyou National Forest

also common on the Northwest coast, but in that area their use is generally representational. For example, they occur in a pair to form eyes, or in a row to form a backbone. Rarely do cupules occur alone. In the Northwest they are most often attributed to weather control. They are almost always situated between high and low water along rivers, or within the intertidal zone along the coast, so that they are periodically inundated with water. This allowed the songs and prayers recited during the creation of the glyphs to be carried to the "salmon people" who lived on the bottom of the river in human form and had to be enticed to take on their fish form and sacrifice themselves to the people for food.

In northern California, several Indian tribes often used rocks with cupules as a means of controlling weather. These were called "rain rocks" by the Klamath, Shasta, Karuk, Hupa, and Tolowa. Pits and grooves were pecked into them to bring rain, or to make rain cease. Because of the high sand bars at the mouths of the coastal rivers, it was important that heavy rains fall during late summer to allow salmon to enter the rivers and swim upstream to important fisheries. Coquille Thompson, a native Tolowa interviewed by anthropologist Melville Jacobs, stated that a small rock on the beach near the Smith River was a kind of medicine rock. "When the tide is up, the ocean hits it. When a child is born, some make it rain, some will make good weather. If one wants to make good weather, one picks up a beach rock and hammers, saying a formula, and then he throws the hammer rock into the ocean, and then you get it." According to Leaf Hillman, tribal preservation officer for the Karuk Tribe of northern California, rain rocks are still used today for weather control, specifically to bring rain during especially bad forest fire seasons.

Cupules are also found to have a fertility function in some cultures. Among the Pomo Indians in central California, cupules were pecked into boulders known as "baby rocks" by women wishing to conceive.

Zigzag designs are more difficult to interpret. One interpretation, though, is worth noting here. Basketry technology was highly developed among the Indians of our area, and represents one of the few surviving expressions of their art. Variations of the zigzag design were the most common basket design features, and among some groups represented lightning, which was associated with summer rains and female fertility.

Vulvaforms and yoni formations are symbols of female fertility found in rock art throughout the world. They are especially prevalent along the Pacific Coast. At the Clo-oose site on Vancouver Island, large natural fissures in boulders were utilized to represent female genitalia in a way similar to that seen on one of the boulders at Twomile Creek. At the Wedding Rocks site on the Olympic Peninsula there are seventeen

next to a major trail. A Karuk elder stated that her mother told her that this was a fertility place, and that an offering should be made every time one passes.

Perhaps the most specific information on the function of the Twomile site comes from local residents.

Although most of the native inhabitants were forcibly removed from the area after white settlement began, one Tututni woman, Catherine Foster, married a miner and remained in the area. Many of her descendants still live in the Agness area, and have provided information on the site. According to Kathy Leep, who volunteered on the

project, the purpose of the Twomile petroglyphs was "to scare away 'Apitiwa,' the Indian fish devil, who kept the fish away."

Leep remembers her grandfather, the grandson of Catherine Foster, burning offerings in the cupules.

Thus, the function of the Twomile Creek Petroglyph site, at least during late prehistoric times, was apparently to improve the quality of the fishery and to draw salmon and eel up the river. However, earlier the site may have served a different function—

one related to human female fertility, based on the yoni rock, the vulvaforms, and possibly the zigzag designs. It is possible that at Twomile Creek the female fertility symbols predate the fishery enhancement symbols, and that the former had their origins during pre-Athabaskan times (at least 1500 years ago) when the area was occupied by a non-Athabaskan, perhaps Hokan-speaking, population. Upon arriving in the area the Athabaskans continued to use the sacred site but adapted it to meet their own needs—those concerned primarily with resource productivity.

Much remains to be learned about Twomile Creek. Additional studies of this and other rock art sites in the region, along with continued interviewing of tribal members, may help us better understand the meaning behind the mysterious petroglyphs and pictographs of southern Oregon. In the meantime, the

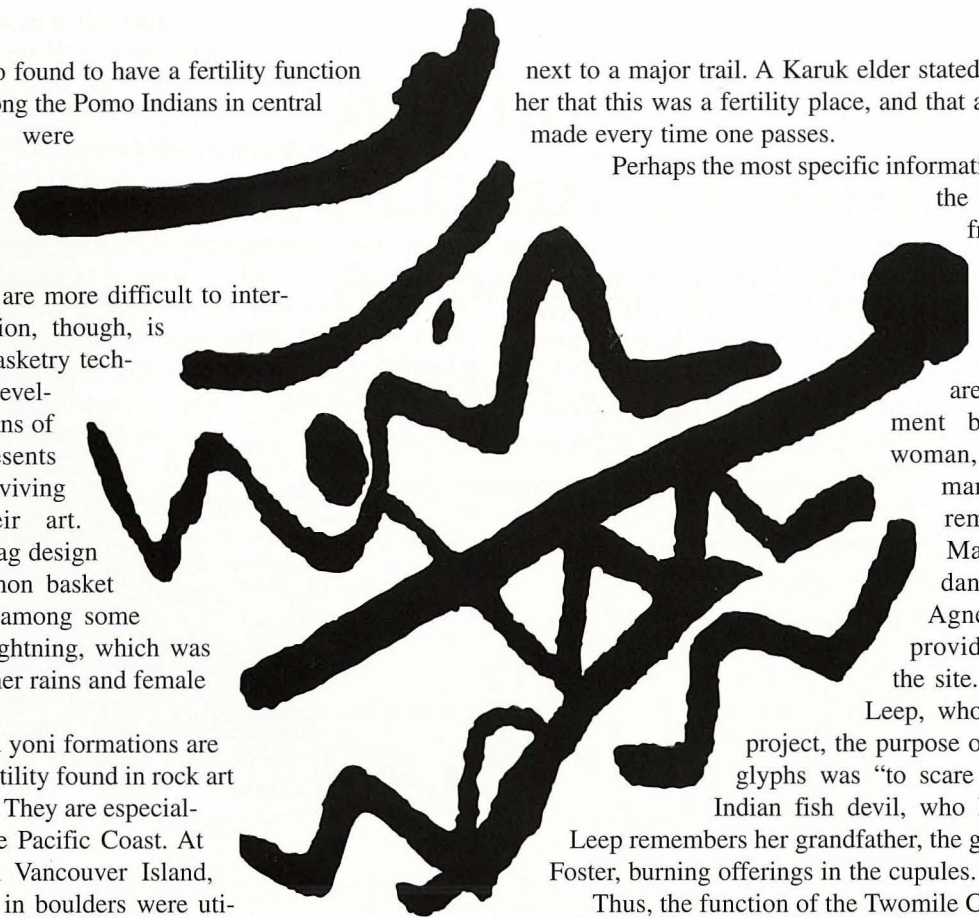


Photo Courtesy Siskiyou National Forest

The largest and most complex of southern Oregon's rock art sites is Twomile Creek, located along the lower Rogue

vulvaforms forming the heads, bodies, and limbs of two human figures. Yoni rocks are common in northern California in Karuk and Shasta territory. At the Katamin site, which is considered by the Karuk to be the center of the universe, an outcrop of bedrock that extends up a steep slope from the bottom of the Klamath River is covered with cupules. At another site is a crevice in a large rock

Siskiyou National Forest plans to focus efforts toward public interpretation of the site and to apply more aggressive site protection strategies involving community stewardship, and law enforcement where necessary, to ensure the preservation of the Twomile Creek Petroglyph site.

In August 1994, a team of archaeologists and volunteers sponsored by the USDA Forest Service "Passport in Time" program spent a week headquartered in a rustic field camp near Twomile Creek. During the days, they recorded ancient rock art, toured other prehistoric sites in the area, and even discovered a previously unknown petroglyph site upriver. In the evenings, they listened to experts speak on the cultural and natural history of the area, visited the local history museum, and conducted night photography of the petroglyphs.

The "Passport in Time" program provides opportunities for individuals and families to work with professional archaeologists and historians on historic preservation projects. Archaeological digs, restoration of old buildings, and oral history interviewing are just a few of the activities offered. At the Twomile site, volunteers from across the nation were able to map, photograph, measure, draw and make rubbings of ancient, symbolic rock art. They were able to share in new discoveries and try to understand a small piece of the human story in southern Oregon.

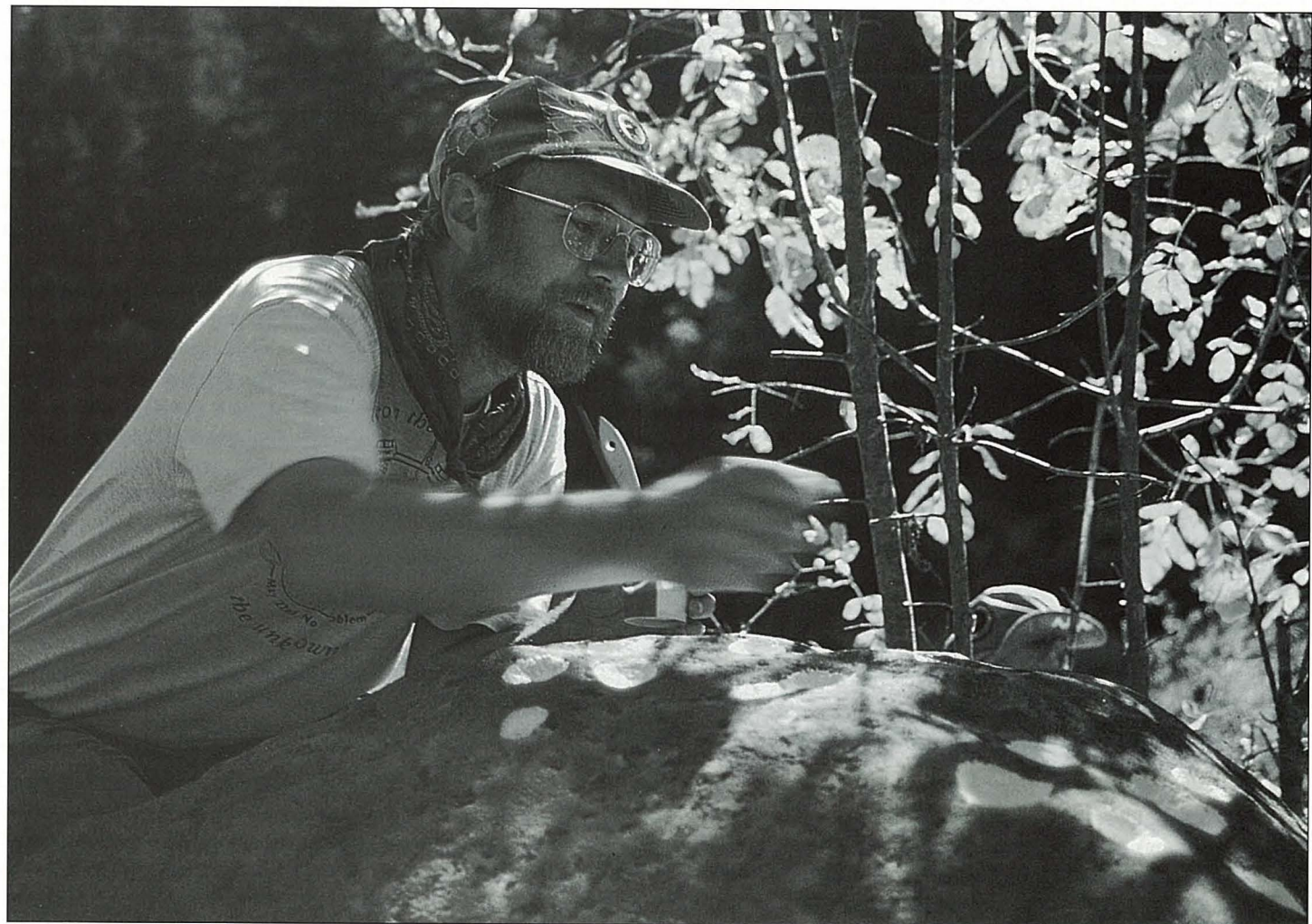
Sites such as Twomile allow all of us to understand the native peoples of our region in a unique way. These sites offer insights into how they viewed their place in the universe and the ways they sought control over the unpredictable aspects of their lives—age-old issues with which humanity has struggled for time immemorial.

Meanwhile, as one wanders among these rocks on a late summer afternoon, the echoes of that ancient time can still be heard above the soft rippling of the water. "Tap-tap. Tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap."

Janet Joyer has been an archaeologist for the Siskiyou National Forest for eleven years. Last summer, she concluded research at a Rogue Indian War site.

FOR FURTHER READING

- Loring, J. Malcolm, and Louise Loring. *Pictographs and Petroglyphs of the Oregon Country. Part II: Southern Oregon.* Monograph XXIII, Institute of Archaeology, University of California, Los Angeles, 1983. This is a compendium of nearly 150 rock art sites known in southern Oregon, from Coos to Malheur counties.
- Keyser, James D. *Indian Rock Art of the Columbia Plateau.* University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1992. A new book reviewing petroglyph and pictograph sites in the Columbia River basin, with a detailed examination of the meaning behind many of the recognized rock art motifs.
- For more information on how you can participate in the "Passport in Time" program, write to PIT Clearinghouse, P.O. Box 31315, Tucson, AZ 85751-1315 or call 1-800-281-9176.



After carefully exposing all petroglyphs, and cleaning the surfaces of the boulders, each glyph was painted with a solution of aluminum oxide and water to enhance photography.

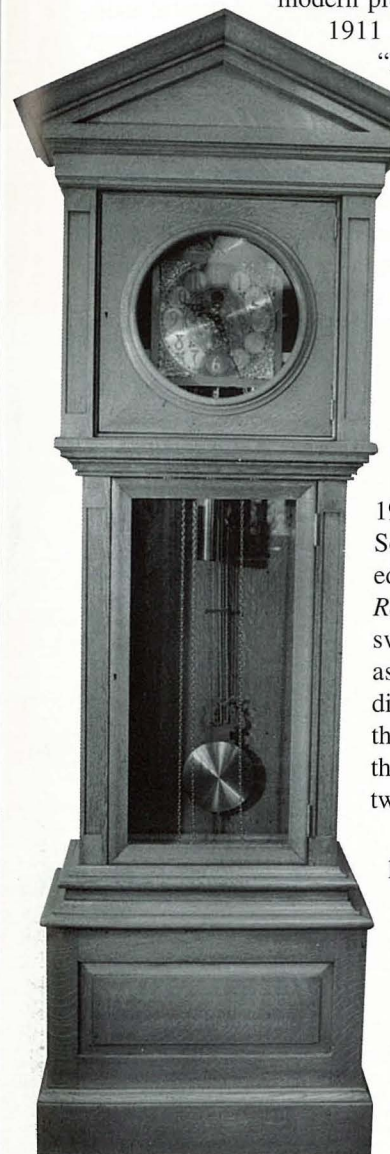
Upon its completion by the Snook and Traver contracting firm in 1911, the first Ashland High School (AHS) building was a "radical departure" from typical high school design. Twin towers on the central building gave lofty graceful curves to the first local institution dedicated solely to secondary education. Administrative offices occupied either side of the front entrance and a 60x90 foot assembly hall was located at the center of the edifice. The assembly hall held desks in rows and could accommodate up to four hundred students.

Not only was the building design innovative, but the course of study was too. In addition to the library, the newest curriculum in domestic science was held on the upper floor with sewing machines and cooking facilities. Manual training labs occupied the basement, replete with work benches and power tools. The basement shared its space with a combined gymnasium/theater. One student, impressed by the building's modern plumbing, wrote in the

1911 *Rogue Annual*, "Bubbling fountains are everywhere used for drinking purposes and in all respects the sanitary features throughout the building comply with the latest scientific discoveries."

Another modern invention, an electric clock system, was installed in 1911 at a cost of \$646. So impressive was this system that an editor made mention of it in the second *Rogue Annual*, printed in 1912. "Four swinging doors give access to the assembly hall. Between them and directly opposite the main entrance is the 'master' clock which regulates all the other clocks (of which there are twenty-one) in each room."

The grandfather clock, whose pendulum regulated the bell system for the high school, was later uncovered in the "dungeon" (a central storage basement) by alumni and AHS office manager Mrs. Cathy Silver. Although it was covered in black paint and disemboweled of many vital parts, she recognized it as the historic time piece that stood sentinel in the old school building.



Ashland's First High School Building:

Remodeling and Reminiscing

by Michelle Zundel



Above: This Mission-Style building completed in 1911 housed Ashland High School, the first school dedicated solely to secondary education in southern Oregon. Its history forgotten by most, it is now the high school's Mountain Avenue Theater.

Lower Left: This grandfather clock was once the heart of the bell system. Discovered in a basement after years of neglect, it was restored and now marks the hours in the main office.

Silver convinced Snuffy Smith, the principal at the time, to have the clock refurbished. The oak grandfather clock has regained its position of dignity and now steadily keeps time in the AHS main office.

Classes opened in the new structure in November of 1911 with ten faculty, including the superintendent and the principal, who each taught a subject. Approximately two hundred students were enrolled, among them thirty eighth-graders, or "subfreshmen," as they were then called. These youngsters were displaced from the overcrowded East Side School (located at the present day Safeway store). The eighth grade was temporarily housed in the Chautauqua School (present day Butler Playground in Lithia Park) before finding a better home in the new building. Things are not so different today with the sixth grade classes dispersed in several elementary schools; the middle school is too crowded to house them.

What began as a symmetrical Spanish, Mission-style edifice with ivy covered walls has evolved into a routinely square institutional building. The building has had more lifts, nips and tucks than a Hollywood celebrity. Three renovations, each separated by four years, dramatically changed the appearance of the building.

Today it is the Mountain Avenue Theater building, just one of many buildings that collectively constitute the AHS campus. For fifty-six years, the twin towers dominated the horizon near the high school, but in 1957 they were dismantled. The massive brick pillars and extra thick walls necessary to support them created unusable space below the towers. Once the towers were removed,



Ashland High School students, circa 1911. The school was remarked upon for its many innovations, including the newest curriculum in Domestic Science complete with sewing machine and cooking facilities.

additional classroom space was created by enclosing the remaining hallway.³

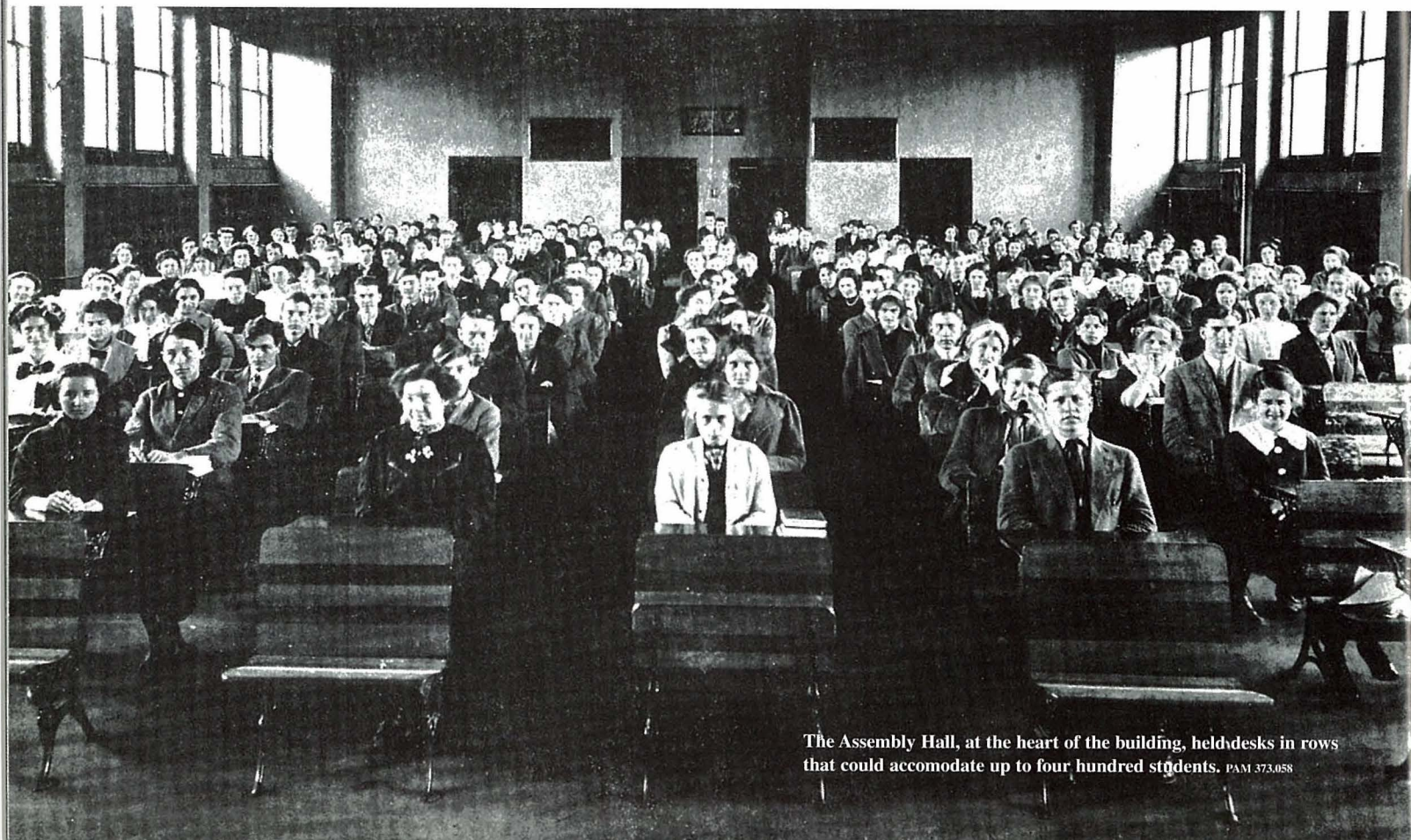
A second change occurred in 1961 when, despite vehement protest by the community, the ivy was removed from the walls of

the building. Aesthetics lost to the reality that ivy digests buildings and provides habitat for vermin. Finally, in 1965, the high school got a new address. Prior to that year, the high school building faced Iowa Street, which ran through the center of campus. In 1965, the Mormon Church, directly across the street from the school's main entrance, was purchased to provide additional classroom space. It is now known as the English Building. Shortly thereafter, the city halted traffic on Iowa Street between Mountain and Morse streets and the school received a Mountain Avenue address.

Custodians have cleaned and maintained the building as it has evolved throughout the years. Gathered for a break in the faculty room this summer, they shared their repertoire of tales about the building, which included more than one ghost story . . . "Footsteps echoed on the second floor early in the morning; the custodian unlocking the doors heard it and raced upstairs to investigate. The footsteps did not grow gradually softer; no doors slammed and no one passed him. The sound simply disappeared . . ."

Two custodians reportedly saw the same apparition on different occasions. One of them tells the story this way: When entering the girls' bathroom near midnight, the custodian saw a seated girl, clad in a poodle-skirt and sweater, crying on the floor of the bathroom. His polite

manner caused him to excuse himself and apologize to the young lady for the interruption. Once outside the restroom door, he realized the hour and the peculiar circumstance. He returned to investigate but the specter had vanished. The rest of the custodial staff



The Assembly Hall, at the heart of the building, held desks in rows that could accommodate up to four hundred students. PAM 373.058

hastily agreed that while working in the building late at night, or early in the morning, they sensed that some former students may have chosen to stay on campus long after their graduation.

Who knows what will happen to the spirit inhabitants of the Theater building once it is demolished. The hub of social activity for the last eighty-five years of Ashland High School history, however, will be replaced with a new performing arts complex. This bulwark of secondary education has seen considerable action during its tenure. It has housed countless theater productions, basketball games, and classes. Students once stood on the roof, claiming the building for Japan. Others defaced the building with graffiti, and at one time in the 1980s students adorned the chimney with an eight-foot, papier-mache phallus.

The original architects and students would, however, have difficulty finding the smooth lines of their old alma mater today. The structure is a mishmash of renovations in which old coexists with new. A bilevel cafeteria has replaced the old gymnasium and a small kitchen resides where the stage used to be. Domestic Science labs moved downstairs and Manual Training required a building of its own and became "Industrial Arts." The theater grew, but not enough. Actors have so little backstage room that they employ rooms on the top floor to dress. Experts warn the school district that in the event of an earthquake, the building would quickly crumble.

The prospect of a new building is only possible because the Ashland community has supported its educational institutions throughout every decade, taxing itself to build the new school in 1911 and almost every ten years after that. In March, 1996, the community agreed to tax itself once again to relieve overcrowding at the middle school, to remove unsafe buildings and to bring greater technology to AHS. Great promise lingers in the air as plans are made for the Performing Arts Center.

A committee of students, parents, community members, teachers and administrators met last spring to brainstorm about all the possible uses and needs that must be met by the new complex. This group may visit other modern theaters in the state to learn from builders' triumphs and follies. BOOR/A Architects of Portland hopes that the committee will complete its work by the end of 1996, at which time they will draft the first set of plans. Heinz Rudolph, the principal architect, envisions a hub of community life, not just bridging two distinct parts of campus, the Quad and the athletic facilities, but spanning boundaries between school and community. Preliminary imaginings see a performing arts complex including a commons area with food services similar to a student union, ten classrooms, a larger theater, music rooms and centralized student services. In its final form, the creators hope to design an energy efficient space that is user friendly for the entire community.

Ashland High principal Julie Reynolds becomes ebullient when discussing her opportunity to help create a unique facility. When asked about the prospect of building the center, she shared, "My hope



Ashland High School, pictured here, outgrew the original building long ago. Vestiges of the first structure, now the school's Mountain Avenue Theater, may vanish with plans to turn the building into a modern performing arts center.

is that it will serve our student population as well as the community in a very positive way. We want it to be part of the 21st century reform movement. We know that schools are not entities unto themselves; what we have, we need to share with the community."

When the yearbook is published, following completion of the new complex, perhaps students will use similar language to that used in the 1912 *Rogue Annual*. "It is said that the progress of a town is represented in the development of its schools. We feel that the present building and equipment is one of the best of its kind."⁴

The high school was state-of-the-art eighty-five years ago and will recapture that status when completed in the next three years. This building, which has been the focus of adolescent life, will undergo yet another scene change. What is a school building after all, but a location in which students create themselves—intellectually, socially, and emotionally. The energy of adolescents is palpable as they share stories, slam lockers, whisper confidences, study academic subjects and learn other life lessons. The Ashland High School Performing Arts Center will provide a better backdrop for that creative process, with stronger technology to support students in this age-old play.

Michelle Zundel is the Assistant Vice Principal of Ashland High School.

ENDNOTES

1. *Rogue Annual*, 1911, p. 7.
2. *Rogue Annual*, 1912, p. 27.
3. Green, Giles. *Heritage of Loyalty: The History of the Ashland, Oregon Public Schools*. Ashland, OR, 1966, p. 159.
4. *Rogue Annual*, 1912, p. 27.

The Time Passes on Peil Corner

by Josh Paddison

When Emil Peil bought the humble blacksmith shop on the corner of the Ashland plaza in 1893, the fanciful contraptions he would end up selling from those premises only a few decades later would have seemed unbelievable. In fact Peil, a Swedish immigrant who had arrived penniless in the United States twenty years earlier, would parlay that small blacksmith shop into the leading farm implement, buggy and automobile store in southern Oregon.

Born on October 6, 1857, in Sweden, Peil came to the United States at age fifteen. Like thousands of other pioneers he drifted west, finding work where he could. In Michigan he studied as a blacksmith's apprentice. He spent time as a tool sharpener and miner throughout the West and Alaska. After arriving in Oregon in 1883, he helped erect the first building in Medford and ranched cattle in Antelope for three years.¹

Once Peil settled in his Ashland blacksmith shop in 1893, it would serve as his professional home until his death. His store would in time become synonymous with the entire corner: Ashland resident Alma Stennett remembered calling the intersection "Peil Corner."²

In 1897 Peil expanded into a nearby building, opening the first prominent farm implements store in the Rogue Valley.³ After the road name changed, his address went from 4 Ashland Plaza to 4 North Main Street.

Improvements in technology helped Peil's store prosper. The new farm implements and tillers he sold could simplify labor and greatly multiply a farmer's harvest. Consequently, Peil's wares became increasingly more important to Rogue Valley farmers. In fact, Peil eventually got out of the blacksmith business completely in order to focus on more technologically advanced and sought after products.

By 1911, the sign outside Peil's blacksmith shop read "Peil Bain Wagons, Buggies, Implements, Gardening Tools, [and]

Farmer's Hardware." He offered a full line of repairs and extras, as well as carriages, buggies, Bain and Studebaker wagons and eventually Studebaker automobiles. Once again, Peil prospered through America's increasing technology, as his was the first and only shop in Ashland to sell Studebakers.⁴

Unlike many poor immigrants who sought wealth in America but found mostly hardship and struggle, Peil's rags-to-riches story seems to have come straight out of a Horatio Alger novel. As his shop grew in prominence, so did his wealth and standing within the community. His 1910 marriage to well-known Alice Applegate only



"Peil Corner," circa 1901, when Emil was making the transition from blacksmith to farming tool and wagon supplier.

helped to increase his local status—she was, after all, the first white girl born in Klamath County and a member of the famous Applegate family, early settlers in southern Oregon.⁵ Emil and Alice must have been quite a dashing pair, she busy with her volunteer work and he with his burgeoning family business.

In an era when automobiles were the ultimate status symbol, Peil both sold them and owned one. He was one of the first five Ashland residents to own a car; his was a chain-drive Studebaker that made such a racket that neighbors would rush to calm their horses as

soon as they heard him coming up the road.⁶ Wife Alice, along with her duties as an elementary schoolteacher, spent several years chauffeuring customers all over southern Oregon.⁷

His shop was known for reliable and friendly service. A write-up in the local newspaper reported that Peil's "humble store was a shrine where men of all classes came for sympathy and advice." Even when Peil, at age 81, fell sick, he refused to close the shop even one day while he was still alive. "What would the farmers do for their implements and repairs if I should close my store?" he asked. He insisted on giving day-to-day instructions regarding the minute details of the business until the very day of his death.⁸

His death came on January 7, 1938, forty-five years after first opening the shop. The premises were sold and the ancient building was torn down. Al Lohman and John Yapple, two local businessmen, opened the Parkview Department Store on the spot in 1950. It lasted until the late 1970s when Kay Daniels, a women's clothing store, took over the building.

Today, "Peil Corner's" address has changed to 5 N. Main Street and is divided between Gateway Real Estate and Small Change children's clothing store. Beautiful Lithia Park is now across the street, as is the Ashland City Hall. There is no longer a need for blacksmith shops, or Studebaker wagons for that matter, but one gets the feeling that Emil Peil, if he were alive today, would have changed with the times and be as prosperous today as he was ninety years ago. 🏠

Josh Paddison is an Editorial Assistant for Southern Oregon Heritage. He is a recent graduate of the University of Oregon School of Journalism.

ENDNOTES

1. *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 7 Jan 1938.
2. Converse, Myrtle. *Ashland 1852 - 1912: Books, Balls and Bibles*. 1959, p. 20.
3. "Ashland Business Institutions," SOHS, MS 358.
4. Ibid.
5. *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 2 Sept 1953.
6. "Harry Enders Talks to the Ashland Heritage Committee," SOHS, OH-189, p. 3.
7. *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 31 Jan 1961.
8. *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 7 Jan 1938.



Above: Twelve years after Peil's death in 1938, his shop on the corner was razed and Parkview Department Store was built on the spot. It lasted until the late 1970s.

Below: Today, "Peil Corner" is shared by Small Change Children's Store and Gateway Real Estate.



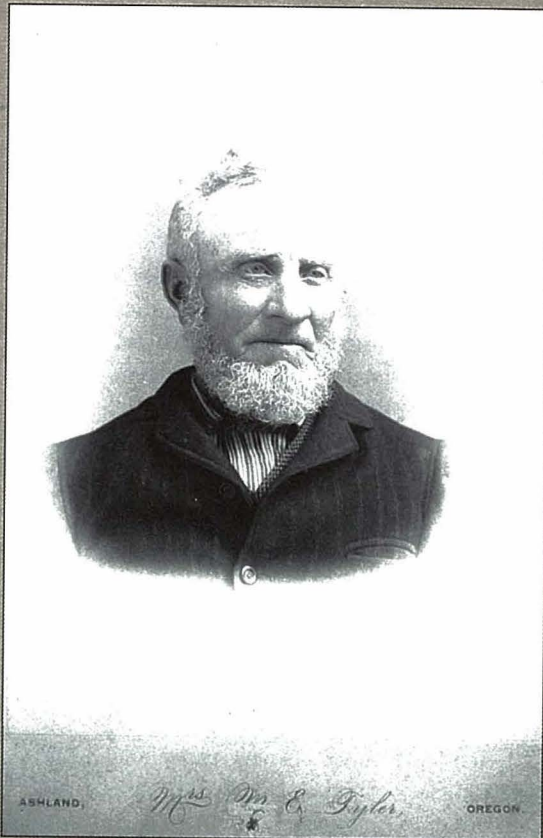
Far From Paradise: Colver Brothers' Lament

When Hiram Colver decided to follow his brother Samuel's footsteps and relocate his family to southern Oregon in 1852, he must have had a realistic idea of what to expect. After all, he and his brother had left their family home in Ohio in their early teens and had traveled extensively during the following fifteen years, including time spent at Plymouth College in Indiana and with the Texan army. Samuel and wife Huldah spoke promisingly of southern Oregon where they had more than twelve-hundred acres of land on the spot that would eventually become the town of Phoenix.

So Hiram came. Samuel allocated him a lot of 640 acres and the brothers donated land to other settlers, effectively founding the town of Phoenix around them. The center of town was the Colver house, an enormous 2,500 square foot building that served as Samuel and Huldah's home, as well as the social hub of Phoenix, a hospice for the needy. The house, which still stands along Highway 99, served as school, dance hall, church and playhouse.

Samuel and Hiram spent the rest of their days in Oregon with some success and prosperity. Life, however, was rougher than either anticipated in the beginning. The following letter written by Hiram and also signed by Samuel was sent to their parents shortly before the brothers settled on their southern Oregon acreage. It illustrates the brothers' frustration with a western frontier that was far from paradise. Despite Samuel and Hiram's less than enthusiastic descriptions, their parents did move to Oregon a few years later.

The letter, from SOHS MS# 265, has been transcribed in its original format. Preserving the unusual grammar, punctuation and word usage gives all of us a chance to act as amateur historians reconstructing the past. —J.P.



Above: Samuel Colver, with his brother Hiram, painted a bleak picture of southern Oregon for their parents in Illinois. They also hinted that a little money for cattle wouldn't hurt. Below: Samuel Colver's house, now abandoned on Highway 99, was once the center of community life in Phoenix.



Three forks of Willamette July 29th, 1851

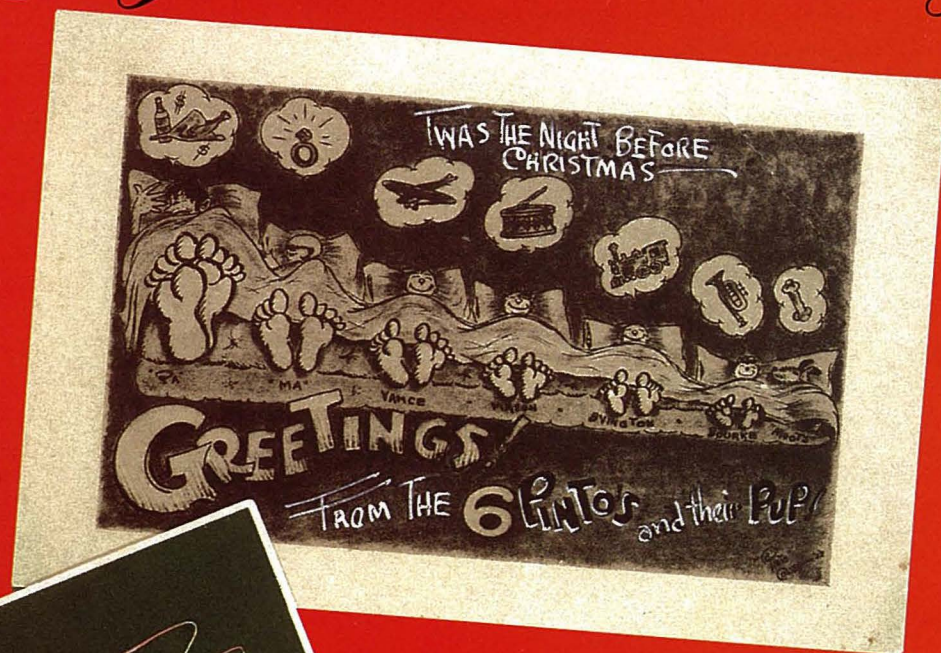
Dear parents, I have just concluded the reading of Mother's letter of May last — I have also been favored with one from Lewelyn to David Colver. What a host of recollections are called up by the perusal of these letters! — We are all well — Sam and I have located our sections in the south end of Willamette Valley. It seems from the tone of your letters, that what you began in utter folly three years ago, you intend to consummate in ruin and destruction! I duly warned you of the unhappiness which I knew and felt woul[d] overtake you when you broke up all those dear associations cemented by love and time. While you were all cheerful in contemplation of the change I alone, was sad for I knew too well the [laws] of mind and secret workings of my [missing] heart to be deceived — Three years have now elapsed since I bade a last farewell to the scenes of my childhood — scenes never to be forgotten — It was with a tearful eye and reluctant footsteps that I then turned away from all things endeared to me by association. I felt then that the Earth did not contain the place that would please me and this apprehension has been fully realized — Though I may have written in fanciful terms of Oregon, yet a longer and more familiar acquaintance has served to convince me that I shall never like this country althoug[h] I expect from necessity to remain here. I warn you now as a dutiful son never to attempt the journey across the plains — What can you hope? — What expect to gain by this last change of external condition you can gain nothing but probably loose[sic] all — A grave perhaps in the desert! or perhaps a home (not half as happy as your present one beyond the mountains. What then? are you the more happy? No. The naked truth when told is you wish to renew society with kindred this is the final consummation: Well, what does all this amount to? Are you sure your children and grandchildren would fill up the void and supply what is now wanting to complete the sum of your enjoyments? For my part I am not satisfied, and feel my self discontented, The Country though fine in some respects does not fill the bill, The country in summer is dry and parched — no growth of grass in summer yet grass grows all winter and the country is deluged in rain and mud No hay to cut or feeding to do In a country so dry and arid as this is in summer adjacent to the vast ocean, you may well suppose that fever and Ague do not exist here. Sickness is almost unknown except imported sickness — when you enter a house here the usual questions are "Where are you bound?" How do you like the country?" [unknown symbol] not like it was near Paris and grand view "How did george rest last night? is little Jane alive this morning?" [unknown ymbol] Tell Lewellyn that he is looking at Oregon through the glasses of Imagination I saw it once through the same glass I have since seen it With the natural Eye — have weighed it, compared it traveled all over it, and do not recommend it to any dearest friends[short vertical line] — Orchard only grows well where ir[ri]gated Grapes I do not believe will ripen here I think some of moving some day to the coast of upper California which is said to be more congenial to fruit. Oregon is unparalleled for its fine Wheat, oats rye barley and small grains. Potatoes grow fine upon low sandy bottoms Corn will not grow at all, nor melons — Claims are rising in value fast, the one adjacent to me is held at two thousand dollars and one mile from me is a claim with a town [lai?] off upon it at the head of steamboat navigation held at 10,000 dollars. I hold mine much lower, all the good claims are now ["worth" with a line through it] taken which are worth taking. [A, Any] expectation of taking a claim that a decent white man would live upon after this date is visionary in the extreme — Tell Lewelyn to get him a good wife (as no young man who intends to be anything in the world is safe withouth a confiding wife) I am not joking, he cannot find one out here. If he defers that matter too long he will be capable only of respecting a woman but utterly barren of Love. There is no cold weather here, I lay out all last winter and was not uncomfortable. There being no food to prepare for stock Men live here without much effort. If I had 100 cows I could feel independent The money Miller owes me I shall never return for at least for many years, Samuel has abandoned the Idea of ever returning to Ohio or illinois ay least until the Pacific Railroad is completed. The children all send their love to you all — Maria and I have concluded that five children are enough.

Hiram Colver

Samuel Colver

Happy Holidays

From
the
Society



Clockwise from top: A postcard illustrated by Jacksonville's Pinto Colvig, the original Bozo the Clown, from SOHS MS #9; a Christmas card dated Dec. 22, 1914, specially postmarked for the World's Panama-Pacific Exposition; a card dated Dec. 25, 1906; a card dated 1907. All are from the Society's postcard collection.

NEWS & NOTES

Jacksonville Christmas Cookies and Mount Hebron Spearpoints

MR. TIDWELL GOES TO WASHINGTON

In June seven local students participating in National History Day were sent to Washington, D.C. to compete in the Nationals. North Medford High School student Kevin Tidwell was awarded Outstanding Senior Entry for his paper, "A Movement of Hope," regarding the Ghost Dance movement.

"Triumph and Tragedy in History" is the theme of this year's National History Day. Students, grades 6 through 12, interested in history may prepare a paper, performance, table-top exhibit, or media presentation.

Those interested in this year's History Day should call Dawna Curler, Southern District Coordinator for Oregon's National History Day, at 773-6536.

CREATING A SENSE OF PLACE

"Language of the Land," a new traveling exhibit highlighting American geography through literature, will be on display at the History Center from January 4 to April 13. The exhibit uses the words of various "roving authors" such as John Steinbeck, Mark Twain and Jack Kerouac to describe regions of the United States. These authors' quotations are accompanied by maps, photographs, engravings, billboards, highway signs and other elements evocative of each particular region. Impressions of southern Oregon written by authors such as Jack London and Zane Grey will also be featured.

The exhibit is sponsored by the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund and the Library of Congress.

CELEBRATING POP-UP HISTORY

The revolving Community Collects exhibit, which highlights objects collected by southern Oregonians, currently features pop-up books at the History Center.

Approximately thirty books are on exhibit, ranging from a pop-up circus tent from 1956 to a brand-new *Phantom of the Opera* book complete with sound chip. This collection of books, artfully created by "paper engineers," demonstrates changes in paper technology over the last forty years.

Pop-up books will be on display through January 31. There will be a special discussion of the history of these books led by the collector on January 18 at 2 p.m.

CHRISTMAS IN JACKSONVILLE

Come celebrate Christmas in Jacksonville with the Southern Oregon Historical Society. The C.C. Beekman House will be hosting Victorian Christmas tours on December 14, 15, 21 and 22. The House will be decorated for the holidays and guests can partake of free Christmas cookies baked in the Beekman family stove. The tours are from 1 to 4 p.m., and are free to all.

At the Children's Museum, several Christmas-related activities will be occurring throughout December. A Christmas tree will be up for the entire month, and kids can make ornaments to hang on the tree or to take home. Mrs. Claus — Santa's

wife — will drop in from time to time to tell stories. And special craft days are happening on the three Saturdays before Christmas — card printing on the 7th, stenciling on the 14th, and paper making on the 21st.

LESSONS FROM MOUNT HEBRON

Twenty-five college and high school students got a chance for a lesson in hands-on archaeology this summer at the Mt. Hebron Field School. The school, located in Siskiyou County, California, offered students the opportunity to participate in an authentic archaeological excavation of Paleoindian artifacts dating from at least 9,000 years ago.

The Mt. Hebron Field School was led by Ted Goebel, an archaeologist for the Society and the Southern Oregon State College. "It was a chance for students to get their first experience excavating, surveying and participating in archaeology," he said. Over the course of the four weeks, the students found stemmed obsidian spearpoints, stone tools, knives, bone fragments and atlatls (harnesses that allowed spears to be thrown straighter and further).

DORLAND RETURNS

The artwork of local artist Dorland Robinson now decks the halls of the Jacksonville Museum. A wide variety of her art will be featured, including works done in oils, chalk, watercolors and charcoal sketches.

Born in 1891, Dorland Robinson began her art career at age five. She was under the tutelage of famed Jacksonville photographer and artist Peter Britt by age 12. She later studied art in Oakland and Philadelphia.

Dorland's work will be on display until October, 1997.



MUSEUMS, SITES, AND EXHIBITS

• Southern Oregon History Center

106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Going Places: Travel To and Through the Rogue Valley, now showing. Community Collects Gallery: Pop-ups will be on display through January 31. Final Respects, Dealing with death in the Victorian Era, on the mezzanine through Dec. 21. Gallery and office hours: Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. The gallery is also open on Saturday from noon to 5:00 P.M.

• Research Library

106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Open Tuesday through Saturday, 1:00 to 5:00 P.M.

• The History Store, Medford

The History Center, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; Saturday, noon to 5:00 P.M. Come in for a holiday shopping extravaganza.

• The History Store, Jacksonville

Behind the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, 206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville. Open Wednesday through Sunday, noon to 5:00 P.M.

• Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Ongoing: Politics of Culture, exploring the issues surrounding the collection of American Indian artifacts. Dorland Robinson, through October, 1997. All Dressed Up, through March, 1997. Hours: Sunday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Wednesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; closed Monday and Tuesday.

• Children's Museum

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Hands-on history is fun for the entire family. Visit the new general store, and turn-of-the-century laundry and bank. Hours: Sunday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Wednesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; closed Monday and Tuesday.

• C.C. Beekman House

California and Laurelwood streets, Jacksonville. Original Victorian era furnishings and Christmas decorations brighten up the Beekman House. The Beekman House will be open from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M., December 14, 15, 21 and 22.

• C.C. Beekman Bank

California and 3rd streets, Jacksonville. The interior of this turn-of-the-century bank and Wells Fargo office can be seen from viewing porches throughout the year.

Answering for Handkerchiefs

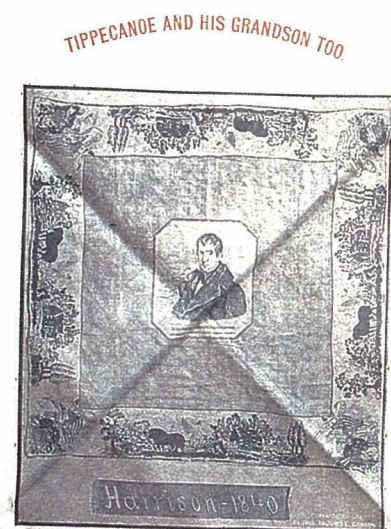
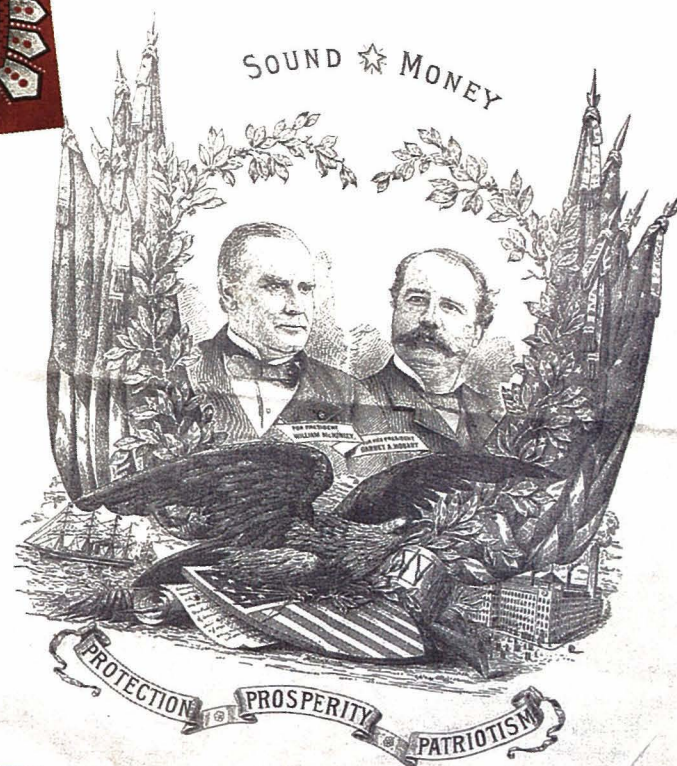
Our president for the next four years has been chosen. We can begin the slow recovery from the barrage of election year propaganda. If handkerchiefs such as these were available to us, we could mop our brows and relax, hoping that our country is in good hands. These campaign handkerchiefs, from the Society's collections, are from the 1888 and 1896 election years and may have been used to wave from the floor of the national conventions, or perhaps were worn like today's t-shirts and buttons as a sign of support.

Left: 1888 campaign of Grover Cleveland & Allan Thurman (Democratic Party). Cleveland ran for the Presidency three times. In 1884 he won; in 1888 he lost. (Sometimes it doesn't matter how much you spend on handkerchiefs); and in 1892 he won.

Right: In the 1888 Republican campaign Benjamin Harrison supported higher tariffs to protect American industry from foreign competition. Harrison defeated Cleveland. The latter refused to actively campaign because he felt it was beneath the dignity of the presidency. Acc. # 60.4



Right: A handkerchief from the 1896 Republican campaign of William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart. McKinley opposed the coinage of silver advocated by his opponent in favor of remaining on the gold standard, hence the "Sound Money" campaign. Unlike his opponent, who campaigned throughout the country, McKinley spent much of his time at his Canton, Ohio home, waging a more traditional "Front Porch" campaign.



Left: Another nose-blower from the 1888 Republican campaign of Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton. Harrison, the grandson of William Henry Harrison, is featured in one corner. His grandfather's 1840 Whig campaign handkerchief is reproduced in the center. William Henry's nickname was "Tippecanoe," named after his victory over the Shawnee Indians in 1811 at the Battle of Tippecanoe. Acc. # 59.100.4.7



1888

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