

SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Vol. 3, No. 1 • The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society • 1997



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SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Vol.3, No. 1 • The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society

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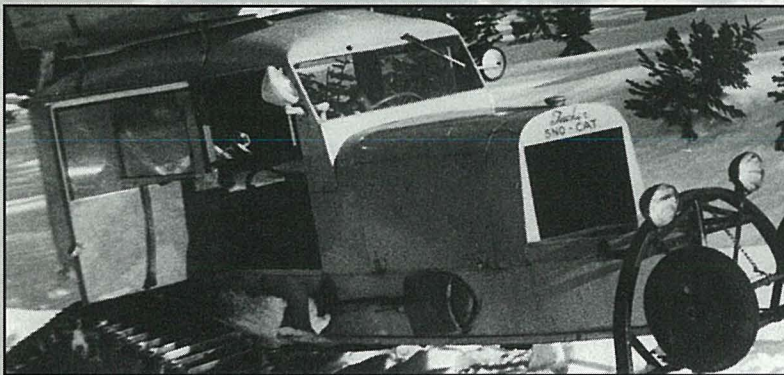
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Above: The Sno-Cat is probably the most famous and lucrative of the inventions to come out of the Rogue Valley. Many locals have tinkered with inventing. See "The Spirit of Invention" p. 20 for more.



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SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

When the Geese



Come Back
to Klamath

by Doug Foster

When I was a child forty years ago in Klamath Falls, great sky-blackening flocks of migrating waterfowl massed overhead each autumn. In September, when the grain fields turned russet brown, white-fronted geese descended on Klamath Basin. My father, like most hunters, called them “specklebellies” — for the black mottling on their breasts. I remember watching these geese float by overhead; the blue autumn sky set off their orange feet and speckled breasts.

In October the Canada Geese arrived; they are the smallest of the white-cheeked geese, only a bit heavier than a mallard duck. Everyone called them “cacklers” because their shrill calls sounded like laughter. By mid-November, over sixty percent of the world’s cacklers gathered at Tule Lake National Wildlife Refuge south of Klamath Falls. The high-pitched “luk-luk, luk-luk” of their chattering drowned out other refuge sounds.

The Klamath Basin, lying astride the Oregon-California border, is where the Pacific Flyway constricts like the waist of an hour-glass. Eighty percent of the ducks and geese migrating south along that flyway are funneled into the Basin. During my youth in the 1950s, several million waterfowl arrived each fall. The numbers in the early 1960s were down to a half-million white-fronts and four-hundred thousand cacklers.

Both white-fronts and Canada Geese fly non-stop for 2,000 miles from Alaska to Oregon, crossing the Gulf of Alaska, and making land-fall at the mouth of the Columbia River. After staying in the Klamath Basin for a few months, they continue their journey south. Most wintered in California’s Central Valley, eating rice, milo, barley and water grass. The Klamath Basin was their most important fall staging area in the Pacific Flyway. Those tremendous concentrations of waterfowl drew large numbers of duck hunters to the Basin. Many hunters lined up along the “firing line” — the boundary line between a public hunting zone and the sanctuary of Lower Klamath National Wildlife Refuge. Gathering straw from the grain stubble fields, hunters would mound the straw into big nests and hunker down inside to hide. In the 1960s, a familiar sight to drivers along “state line road,” Highway 161, was the row of haystack-like piles perched along the firing line near the refuge.

During the 1970s and early ’80s everything changed. The populations of cacklers and white-fronts plummeted to critical levels, with white-fronts dropping by eighty percent,

and cacklers by ninety percent. Biologists suspected that the problem was overhunting. Some California sport hunters thought the problem was excessive subsistence hunting on the northern nesting grounds. The Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta of western Alaska is the nesting ground for virtually all the world’s cacklers and for most of the Pacific’s population of white-fronts. This delta is also home to the largest concentration of Eskimos in the world; over 15,000 Yup’ik-speaking Eskimos live in small, isolated villages there.

Historically, spring goose hunts were critically important to Yup’ik Eskimos living on the delta. In the Yup’ik language, April is

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Both white-fronts and cacklers flew non-stop for 2,000 miles from Alaska to Oregon, crossing the Gulf of Alaska and making land-fall at the mouth of the Columbia River.

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“Tengmiirvik” — the month when geese arrive. Waterfowl returned when Eskimo winter food stores were nearly exhausted. They killed geese to feed their families, sharing meat with the old and less fortunate. But over time, as the cash economy grew, spring goose hunts became less a matter of survival. Village elders say, however, that geese are still an important source of food in some traditional delta communities, and subsistence hunting remains an important part of Yup’ik culture.

Some California sport hunters said that Yup’ik subsistence hunters were overharvesting geese because of a tremendous increase in the number of Yup’ik hunters

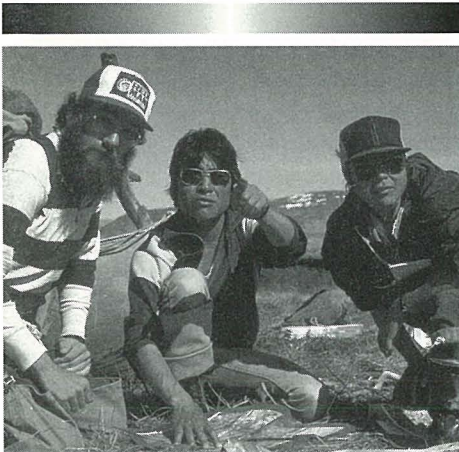
and their improved hunting technology. With the introduction of western medicine, the Delta population boomed. There was more than a forty percent increase in population between 1960 and 1985 — one of the highest birth rates anywhere. Yup’ik Eskimos have also become more mobile and efficient hunters. They use better firearms, boats with outboard motors instead of kayaks, and snow mobiles instead of dog sleds.

But Yup’ik advocates replied that their population in the Delta, having been decimated by tuberculosis, smallpox and measles, had merely returned to its level at the time of European contact. They pointed out that California has drastically reduced its waterfowl wintering grounds, that most of the Central Valley’s wetlands have been drained and claimed for agriculture, and that only relatively small waterfowl refuges have been set aside in California compared to the millions of acres of refuges on the Delta.

Many Yup’ik elders, moreover, didn’t accept the biologists’ population estimates or explanation of the problem. According to Bob Wolfe, Research Director for the Subsistence Division of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, traditional Yup’ik culture teaches that animal spirits willingly allow animals to be taken by hunters as food for their families as part of a natural, self-sustaining relationship. Yup’ik traditionalists, who only consume what they need, do not recognize sport-hunting as a legitimate activity. Many fear that sport-hunted geese aren’t being replenished by the animal spirits because the geese are not hunted out of need.

During this epidemic of finger-pointing, fewer and fewer white-fronts and cacklers returned each fall to the Klamath Basin. By 1984 cackler numbers were down to 21,000, what some biologists considered endangered species status. The fate of these geese, and of the autumn waterfowl spectacle enjoyed by generations of families in the Klamath Basin, seemed to rest in the hands of Alaskans and Californians.

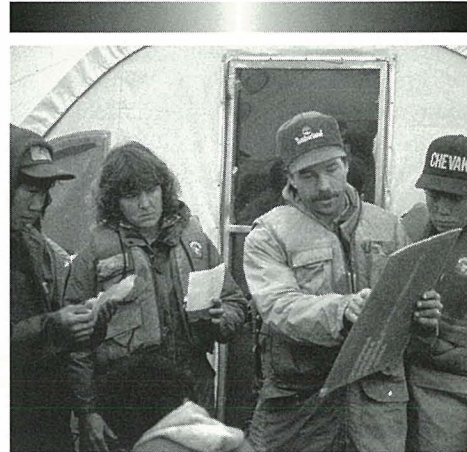
Things finally began to change when representatives of the California Waterfowl Association traveled to the Delta and personally invited Yup’ik elders to visit the wintering grounds in California to see conditions there. Recognizing that everyone along the Flyway had to cooperate, California sport hunters, Yup’ik subsistence hunters, the federal government and the state of California agreed in 1984 to a management plan that restricted hunting these geese. This agreement, called the Yukon-Kuskokwim



COURTESY OF DOUG FOSTER



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COURTESY OF DOUG FOSTER

The Fish and Wildlife Service and Yup'ik biological technicians have been working closely together: left: at work in delta field camp, center: searching for early migrant geese at Kokechik Bay in Alaska, right: a Fish and Wildlife biologist explains banding procedures.

Delta Goose Management Plan, prohibited all hunting of cacklers throughout the flyway and restricted seasons and/or bag limits for Pacific white-fronts in their wintering grounds. In the Delta, the agreement prohibited the gathering of goose eggs, and hunting protected geese during nesting, rearing, and molting periods.

Seeking the cooperation of Yup'ik subsistence hunters, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service hired local bilingual people to travel to Delta villages to spread the word about conservation. These people used informative posters and booklets in the Yup'ik language done in comic-book format. They initiated radio and TV shows, and sponsored a calendar of contest-winning drawings by Alaskan school-children on the theme of goose conservation. The drawings were also made into posters and appeared on the walls of the Visitor's Center for the Klamath Basin National Wildlife Refuges near Tule Lake.

In California, wardens and state police strictly enforced limits on protected geese, arresting violators, seizing their guns and prosecuting them in court. This has generally not been the case in the Delta — strict game enforcement there, as a practical matter, is nearly impossible. The Delta stretches over twenty-six million acres of tundra and permafrost and includes countless lakes and ponds. It is a vast, remote land without roads. Delta land ownership patterns further complicate relations between game regulators and subsistence hunters. Forty-two Yup'ik villages lie within the boundaries of the Yukon Delta National Wildlife Refuge. Under the

terms of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, these villages own the surface of over four million acres in the heartland of the refuge — almost one-fifth of the twenty-three million acre refuge.

The vast distances and impassable terrain of the Yukon Delta present nearly insurmountable problems for a strict game enforcement effort. Still, most Yup'ik subsistence hunters have voluntarily cooperated with the plan.

This level of voluntary cooperation is

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After federal agents arrested an Eskimo for shooting an eider duck in the spring, nearly 150 Eskimo hunters carrying ducks presented themselves to game wardens and asked to be arrested.

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remarkable, given the strained relations between subsistence hunters and government game regulators. For over seventy-five years, since passage of the 1916 U.S.-Canadian Migratory Bird Treaty, Yup'ik hunters have faced a dilemma: to follow their traditional spring hunting practices they had to violate federal game laws. The Migratory Bird Treaty prohibited hunting from March to September, protecting waterfowl during the nesting season. Although enacted with the best intentions, the treaty failed to consider the centuries-old Eskimo tradition of, and need for, spring waterfowl hunts. Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt now acknowledges that the treaty is unjust, since it only allows hunting in northern areas after most birds have migrated south.

Because of the 1916 treaty the Goose Management Plan rests on a shaky legal foundation. A federal court ruled that government regulation of spring hunts would improperly sanction an activity illegal under the treaty. As a result, the Management Plan does not set any bag limits for spring hunts on the Delta.

Still, the Management Plan has worked through voluntary cooperation. The populations of Cacklers and Pacific white-fronts have rebounded. In the last ten years, white-front numbers have more than tripled and Cackler numbers have increased more than six-fold. The plan has worked so far, according to Robin West of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, because it “created a forum to work with the local people” on management of migratory waterfowl. “We

still have a long way to go. It is like two worlds coming together."

In practice, the subsistence harvest of migratory birds in Alaska has remained outside the international wildlife management system for several generations. In 1961 the government attempted to enforce a strict definition of the Migratory Bird Treaty in Barrow, Alaska, which led to an incident dubbed the "Barrow duck in." After federal agents arrested an Eskimo for shooting an eider duck in the spring, nearly 150 Eskimo hunters carrying ducks presented themselves to game wardens and asked to be arrested. This culminated in a state-wide political controversy and the dropping of the game violation charge.

Given this long history of sporadic and unsuccessful enforcement and established community subsistence hunting practices, "enforcement is most likely to be successful only if local residents acknowledge it as a legitimate exercise of authority and support or assist enforcement," according to Wayne Regelin, director of the Division of Wildlife Conservation for the Alaska Department of Fish and Game.

Delta villagers are very supportive of bringing the geese back to healthy population levels, according to Bob Wolfe of the Alaska Subsistence Division, but they want the federal government to acknowledge the legitimacy of their spring hunts. Our government is on the verge of doing so. In December of 1995, the United States and Canada signed an amendment to the 1916 Migratory Bird Treaty that would legalize spring subsistence harvests by the indigenous peoples of Canada and Alaska. The amendment will become law if ratified by the U.S. Senate.

According to Robin West, amending the treaty would permit federal biologists to set seasons, times and bag limits for spring hunts in the Delta and would also bring to an end the implicit tolerance for "illegal" spring hunts which now undermines the credibility of all game management regulations." The spring goose harvest is on-going and has been for centuries," he said, "It has to be regulated."

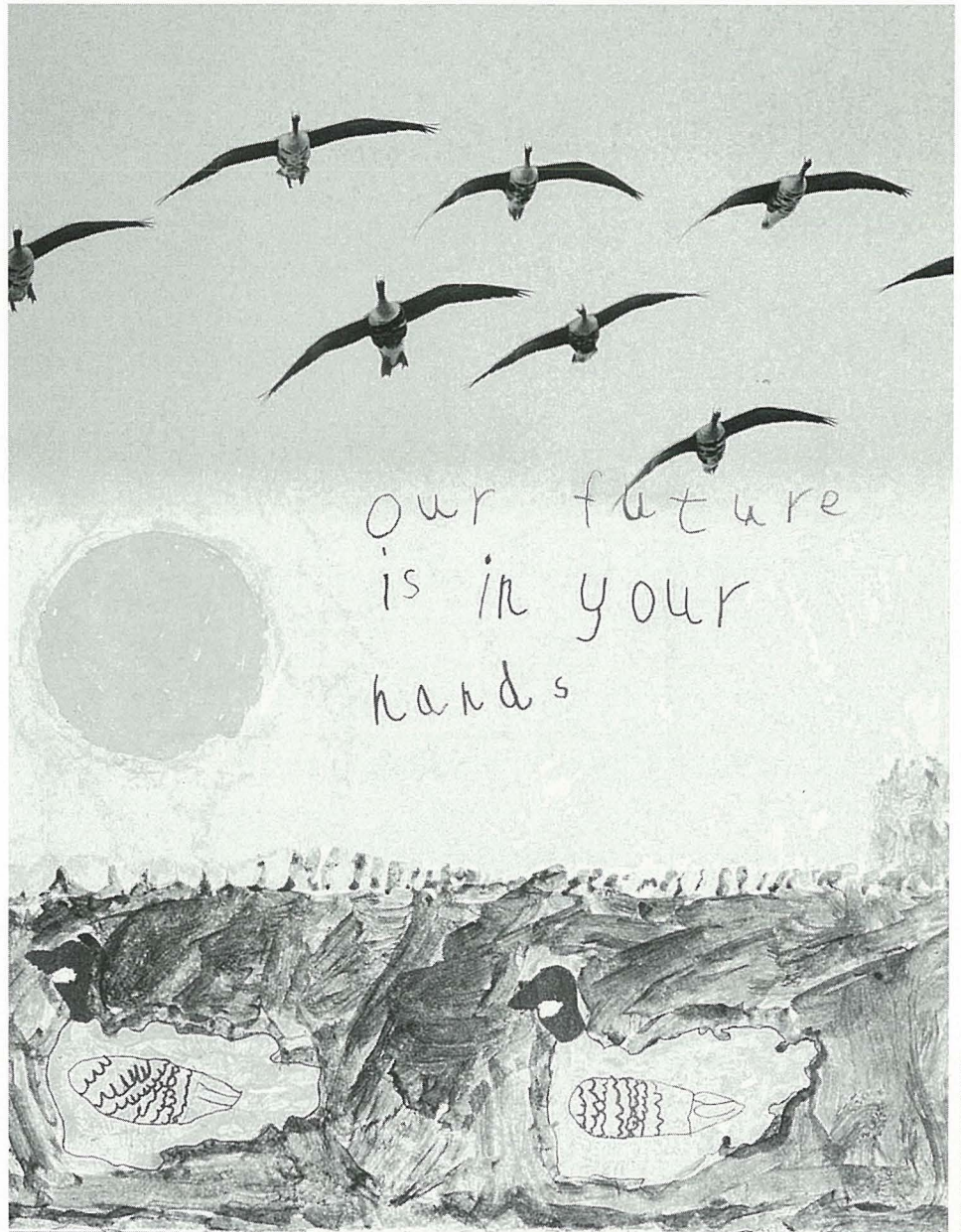
The great autumn goose migration is part of the history of the Klamath Basin and of my boyhood. Growing up, I came to expect that great flocks of geese would appear in the sky each fall as surely the trees would leaf out each spring. What I took for granted as a boy, I now know is complicated and fragile. The

lattice work of history is complex and interwoven especially so with geese that migrate thousands of miles between arctic nesting grounds and California wintering grounds. The fate of those familiar migratory geese is entwined with the fate of Eskimo subsistence hunters, California land developers and international treaties.

Once again, great numbers of Cacklers and white fronts can be seen in the Klamath Basin. The 1995 Pacific Flyway figures for fall were 161,000 Cacklers and 277,000

white-fronts. There have been other changes; the Klamath Basin now attracts more bird watchers than duck hunters. Visit the Klamath Basin this autumn and you'll see enormous, dense flocks of geese feeding in the flooded barley fields south of the Klamath Falls, including the largest concentration of white-fronts in North America. 🏠

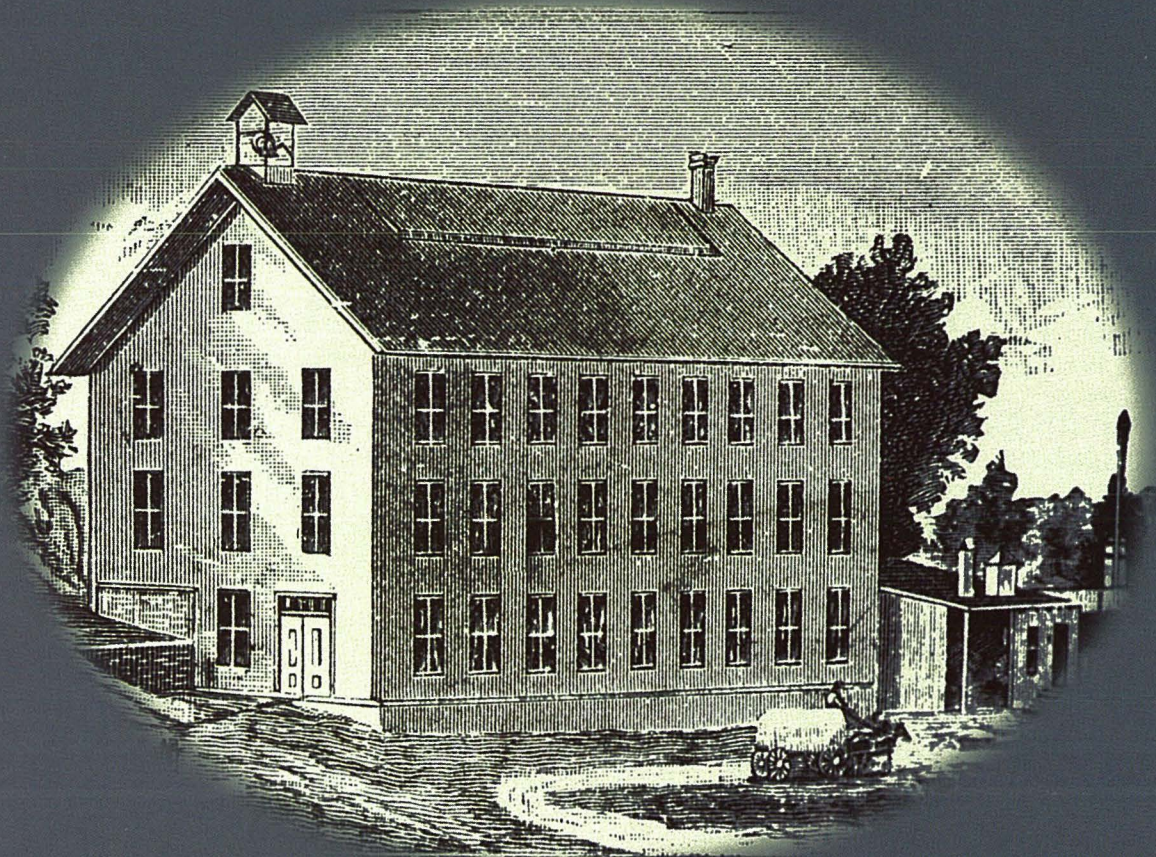
Doug Foster of Ashland, Oregon, is a freelance writer and past president of the Rogue Valley Audubon Society.



Drawing by Jackie Landlord, kindergartner from Alaska, was featured in a conservation calendar sponsored by the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Audubon Society, and the Yup'ik Village Council organization. The original artwork has been merged with an image of the geese returning to Klamath.



THE MILL THAT MADE THE TOWN



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #830

BY WILLIAM MATTHEISEN

Early Sunday morning in the year 1900, a blazing fire raced through the wooden structure known as the Ashland Woolen Mills. In the short span of an hour, the inferno destroyed a thirty-two year old institution and marked the end of an era. Out of the ashes, the little town of Ashland, Oregon, nestled in the southernmost portion of the picturesque Rogue Valley, emerged shaken, yet determined to survive. Those thirty-two years saw the birth of a mill and the growth of a town. The two are interlocked in history with a generation of Ashland families raised around the mill and the businesses that thrived because of it.

In 1857 the Willamette Woolen Manufacturing Company was established in Salem. By the early 1860s businessmen in the

Rogue Valley, seeing the prosperity of the mill owners up north, wanted to start a local woolen mill. The high quality of fleece from southern Oregon sheep and the presence of Ashland Creek made the endeavor an attractive business opportunity.¹ A competition of sorts sprang up between the leaders of Jacksonville and Ashland—both communities wanted the new mill.

A public notice was published February 3, 1866, in the *Oregon Sentinel*. It advised all interested parties to meet at the courthouse in Jacksonville on the tenth of the month to discuss the creation of a woolen mill in Jacksonville. Another notice in the same paper that same day invited all who wanted to help build a woolen mill in Ashland to meet that very day (February 3) to organize the company. The Ashland folks beat out the Jacksonville

bunch by a week. It wasn't feasible to have two woolen mills in the area, so both groups met on February 10 to decide on the best site. Ashland won. A year later the new company, the Rogue River Valley Woolen Manufacturing Company was established. The *Oregon Sentinel* reported on April 20, 1867 that all \$30,000 worth of stock, at a rate of \$100 a share, was successfully sold to start up the company.²

On April 24, 1867 the following officers and directors were chosen to head up the new industry: Captain J.M. McCall, President of the Board, and C.K. Klum, Secretary. M. Hanley, J.H. Walker, B.F. Myers, and R.B. Hargadine completed the roster.³ The incorporation papers were filed in Salem on May 18, 1867. The new owners were John E. Ross, James T. Glenn, M. Hanley, James Thorton, J.M. McCall, J.P. Walker, and R.B. Hargadine.

It was time to get to work. Equipment was ordered from the east coast. As they waited for its arrival (it had to be shipped around Cape Horn) construction of the three story building began under the supervision of John Daly, who later became the superintendent of operations.

Ashland Creek furnished the power for the mill. The water traveled through a flume and wooden pipe, dropping 250 feet per mile, and discharging from the flume into a forebay where it fell thirty-two feet to a twenty-six inch Leffel and Myers turbine waterwheel, creating the energy equivalent of a 58 horsepower engine.

Everything seemed to come together at once. As the huge Leffel and Myers turbine wheel arrived, workers had just completed the flooring in the sixty-by-eighty foot building, and most of the machinery was in place. Estimated total cost of the mill was \$32,000.

There was a huge grand opening celebration on July 3, 1867, honoring the completion of the mill. Colorful flowers intermixed with fresh smelling evergreens were elegantly placed on the main floor of the new mill. Landscape paintings and portraits of local leaders lined the walls. The mill was transformed for the evening into a beautiful and luxurious dance hall. A popular band from Jacksonville played—it was said the townspeople danced until the sun peaked over the mountains the next morning. The new mill was under way.

The summer of 1868 saw the first orders for finished wool products; by

November the mill was producing flannels. During this period the final machinery, and the bell for the tower were installed.

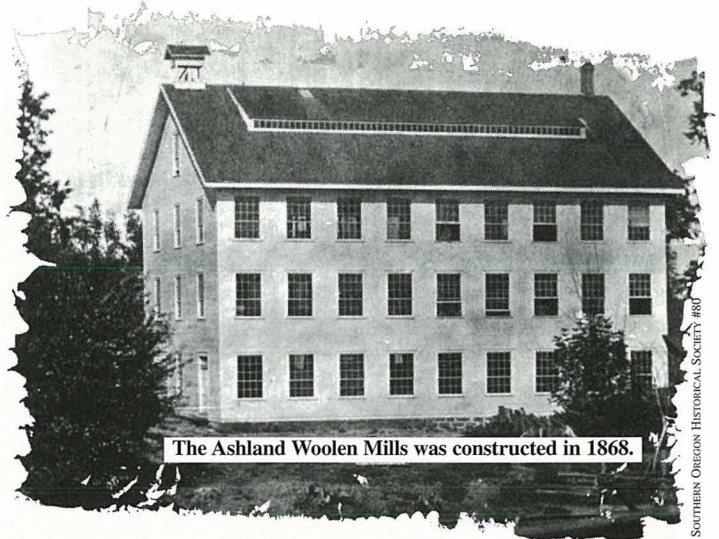
The early years were difficult ones. Like many new businesses turning a profit after putting out so much initial capital proved difficult. It was three years in the red for the Rogue Valley Woolen Manufacturing Company. Perhaps

because of this deficit, the mill was sold to G.N. Marshall and Charles Goodchild in 1870. It was later sold to James Thorton, one of the earliest settlers of Jackson County. At that time in 1872, the mill was manufacturing nearly \$50,000 worth of blankets, flannels and other woolen goods. The change in the mill's name came in 1878, when Thorton and his partners, Jacob Wagner, E.K. Anderson, and W.H. Atkinson decided to call the mill the Ashland Woolen Manufacturing Company.

In 1881, Wagner retired from the business, and J.M. McCall, who had been involved with the mill since its inception bought into the company. The company then reincorporated, capitalized at \$50,000 in September of 1885, and became the Ashland Woolen Mills.

One must remember that Jacksonville was a booming mining town, with a large population of single men given to drinking and carrying-on in a less than civilized manner. What made the difference between the two cities was the mill—an industry that employed entire families. The town of Ashland was becoming more of a family community than its rowdier counterpart down the road.

When the mill was first constructed in 1868, Ashland had two stores, a flour mill, two sawmills, a hotel, a blacksmith shop, one cabinetmaker, a tombstone company, and a tree nursery.⁴ During the 1870s and 1880s, Ashland was growing and improving at a faster rate than any other city in Oregon with the exception of Portland. The city incorporated on October 13, 1874, and had a population of 300.⁵ It was during these years that Ashland saw the growth of the Ashland



The Ashland Woolen Mills was constructed in 1868.

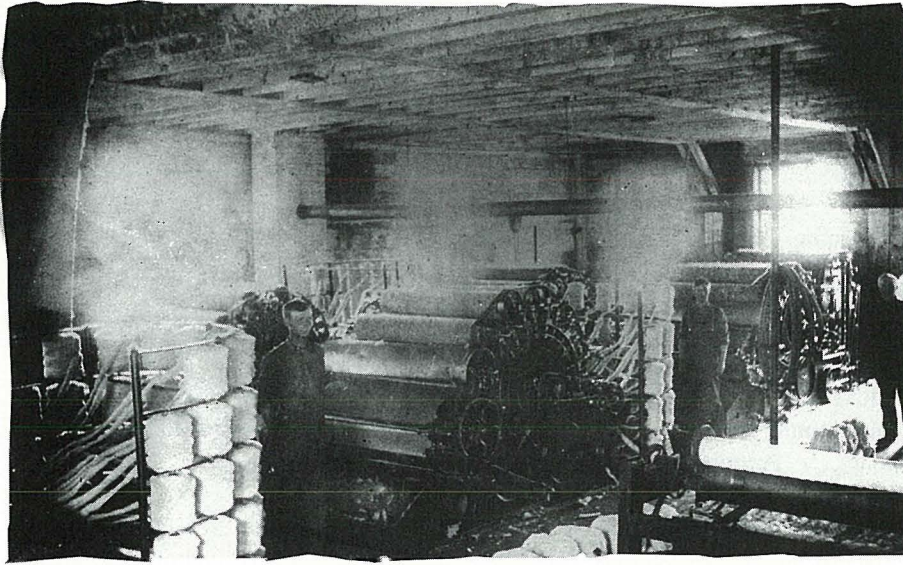
Illustration: A Leffel & Myers turbine waterwheel.

College and Normal School (present day Southern Oregon University). Numerous churches of all denominations cropped up, and the the *Ashland Tidings* began its long career.

Most of the wooden structures on the Plaza burned down in the March 1879 fire. The stone and brick used to rebuild the Plaza gave the town a modern look and exemplified the progressive growth occurring throughout Ashland.

As the mill began to profit and prosper so too did the town, especially after 1884 when the Oregon & California Railroad finally made it over the rugged Siskiyou mountains. Prior to the railroad, exporting was much more difficult for the mill as the cost to ship finished goods north to Portland and beyond was too high to make economic sense considering the existing woolen mills in the Willamette Valley. The railroad opened up new markets and soon orders were coming in from as far away as Alaska and even China. This

"One must remember that during these days, Jacksonville was a booming mining town, with a large population of single men given to taking a drink and carrying on in less than a civilized manner."



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #6314

Over three hundred cords of wood per year were burned to keep the mill operating day and night, six days a week, ca.1895.

Valley Record Extra!

ASHLAND, OREGON, JANUARY 21, 1900.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS BURNED DOWN.

After 32 Years Existence, Fire Consumes The Plant That Originally Cost \$45,000. Insurance, \$14,000.

The most expensive fire in the history of Ashland took place early Sunday morning, January 21, 1900. About 2:15 a. m. the locomotives in the railroad yards gave a general alarm, soon followed by the fire alarm, which brought the community to its senses and the fire department to the scene. The burning of the mill, the great historical building, plant, etc., cost \$45,000, and in the several years succeeding additions amounting to \$10,000, were put in. The machinery came around the Horn and via Crescent City, Cal., on pack mules and freight teams. After being operated without profit for three years by Rogue River Woolen Manufacturing, it was sold to G. N. Marshall and Goodchild. After their second

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #5-766

The fire proved to be too powerful. All the fire fighters could do was try to protect surrounding buildings.

was due in part to the superior quality of the fleece from the southern Oregon sheep. Finished products were displayed at the California State Fair in Sacramento. The quality of goods coming out of the Ashland mill was further recognized when state commissioner Colonel Ross requested a few samples be sent to the 1886 New Orleans Exposition. A diploma of merit for excellence in quality was proudly awarded to the owners of the mill. The samples chosen were random pieces taken from the warehouse, yet the Ashland Woolen Mills beat out nationwide competition who had submitted samples made specifically for the exposition.⁶ The mill was producing quality blankets, flannels, cashmeres, and shawls, as well as manufacturing underwear, socks, and yarn.

The mill maintained a work force of approximately thirty people. Wages, for the time, were decent: a bobbin-winder was paid \$1.25 for a ten hour day, and female sock knitters were paid 75 cents a day: they produced four dozen stockings each.⁷ Skilled mechanics made \$2.50 a day, and laborers made slightly more than half of that amount. The mill also employed forty Ashland women who worked in their

homes finishing socks and flannel underwear.⁸ The mill was the largest employer in Ashland, providing livable wages for a large segment of the town. Shop owners, sheep ranchers, and the mercantile stores were all positively affected and linked to the health of the mill.

The mill operated for most of its existence day and night, six days a week excluding Sundays. A working day usually meant a ten hour shift. There often wasn't enough water flowing from the creek to run the turbine and do the washing, so washing was done at night. The process from start to finish began with the scouring of the raw wool down in the basement. The scoured fleece then went up to the third floor where pickers would blend and loosen the fibers. This product was moved down to the "carders" on the second floor and made ready for the spinners by picking out any foreign material missed by the other processes.

Once it was formed into a thick rope called a sliver, the spinners would make yarn out of the wool, and send the yarn down to the first floor to be woven into the finished product on the looms.

In the late 1880s, when the mill was running at its peak, 16,000 pounds of wool

a month were being utilized. This represented eighty percent of all the wool clipped in Jackson County. Over three hundred cords of wood per year were burned in the furnace as part of the operations.

When the mill was originally built there was one set of carding machines, one spinning jack, and four looms. In the following thirty-two years, the mill expanded so that by the time of the fire, in 1900, there were two sets of cards, eight broad looms, two automatic spinning jacks of 240 spindles each, and two full sets of knitting machines. There was an office and sales room in the Masonic building, and a large warehouse near a pigsty by what is now the Plaza. Plans were underway to increase the capacity of the mill when the fire struck.⁹

At 2:15 a.m. on January 21, 1900 fire broke out in the mill. It was first spotted by George W. McDowell, Jr., of the Southern Pacific Railroad. A general alarm was sounded. This was followed by the town's fire alarm. So hot was the blaze, the two fire departments could only try to protect the surrounding shops by aiming their fire-hoses on the adjacent buildings. The fire department did an admirable job of protect-

"What is known is that at 2:15 a.m. on Jan. 21, 1900 fire broke out in the mill. First spotted by George W. McDowell, Jr., of the Southern Pacific railroad, a general alarm was sounded."

The quality of fleece from Southern Oregon sheep won the mill a merit for excellence award at the 1886 New Orleans Exposition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MFG. CO.

Are making from the Best of Native Wool
Superior CAS IMERES, Hosiery,



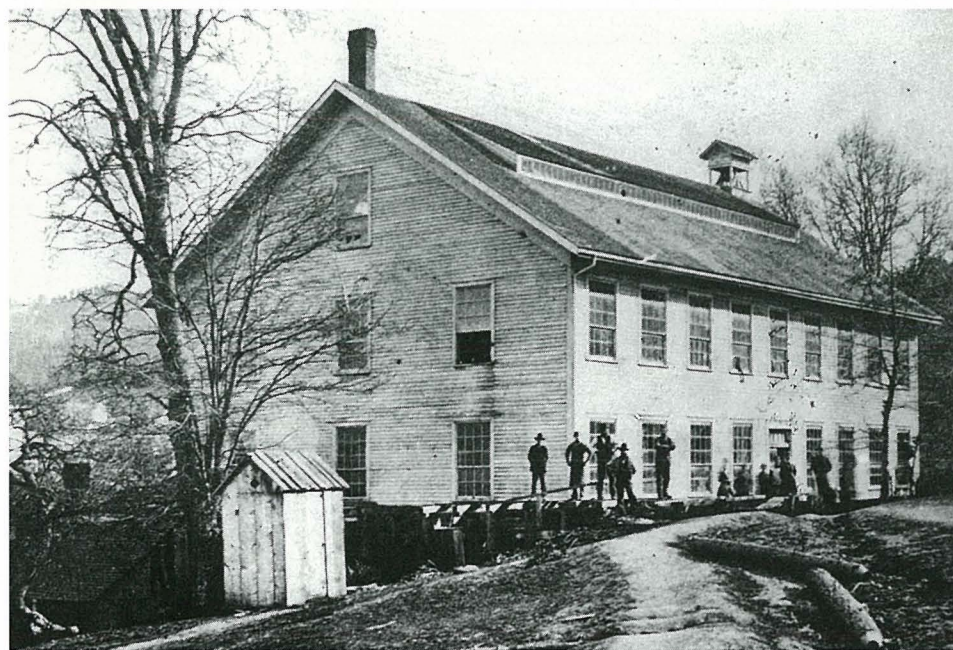
BLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
SHAWLS, Etc.

Our goods are equal in texture and durability to any made anywhere.

Office and salesroom in Masonic Building.

Ashland, Oregon.

W. H. Atkinson
Secretary.



Not only was the mill the largest employer in town, but shop owners and mercantile stores thrived because of it.

William Mattheisen was an editorial intern for Heritage, Spring term 1997. He graduated from Southern Oregon University in June, with a BA in journalism.

ENDNOTES

1. Ashland Woolen Mills — Elaine Plaisance's chronological history — Wool.1/31/96.
2. *Oregon Sentinel* 20 Apr 1867, column 2, paragraph 4.
3. Ibid, Ashland Woolen Mills, p.1.
4. Ibid, p.8.
5. Marjorie O'Hara, *Ashland—The First 130 years*, p.21.
6. Ibid, Ashland Woolen Mills p.10.
7. Lomax, Alfred L., *The Ashland Woolen Mills—From 1868 to 1900*, p. 329.
8. Lomax, Alfred L., *Pioneer Woolen Mills in Oregon.— History of Wool and the Woolen Textile Industry in Oregon, 1811-1875*.
9. Elaine Plaisance's chronological history — Wool. Doc p.6.
10. *Ashland Daily Tidings* —Jan. 21, 1900.

ing the other structures with a minimum amount of damage, but the fire proved terminal for the mill. In just a short period of time, the structure collapsed upon itself shooting glowing embers high into the early morning air.¹⁰

It is not clear why the owners did not rebuild the Ashland Woolen Mills. The mill was turning a profit and was doing so well that orders were being turned away. Perhaps the \$14,000 worth of insurance money was

not enough for the owners to rebuild.

The relationship between the town and the mill was not unlike a marriage, exciting and rocky at first and then steady and true. In that one short hour, half of that marriage went up in smoke, and Ashland was left to fend for herself. Like many a proud widow of those times, Ashland held her head high and endeavored to persevere, which indeed she has. ■

The Art of Doing Business

by Traci Buck

By the 1790s in America, it was common for businesses and trades to have an engraved illustration for placement on invoices, stationery, checks, stock certificates, and for advertising purposes. During the first half of the 19th Century these illustrations were usually generic, owned by the printer, and available to all for a price. Common examples are the Hellenic woman clutching a staff, an eagle with its talons bared, a sailing ship, or a top hat.

As the printing industry expanded, so too did the range of images. Printers

acquired a larger selection of engravings to accommodate the growing demand for individuality.

By the end of the 19th century, with the West settled, and an industrial nation in full swing, engravings became increasingly important to the company's image. Having an illustration made to order was considered a necessary part of a company's advertising budget. Custom engravings were expensive and therefore held in great esteem.

Often overlooked, yet always inter-

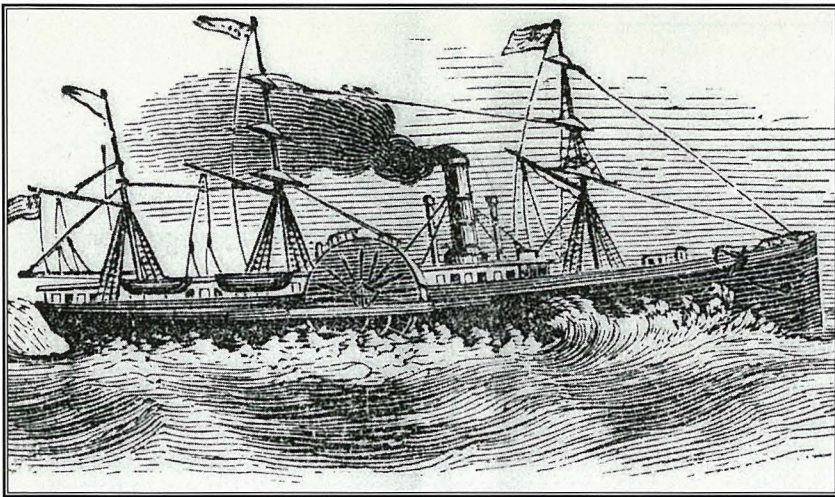
esting, these miniature works of art were used to convey corporate identity in the business world of southern Oregon from the 1850s to the 1920s. We have gathered a sampling from the Society's manuscript collections for your enjoyment.

Early industry in southern Oregon is explored more thoroughly in Miner, Baker, Furniture Maker, now on exhibit at the Society's Jacksonville Museum.



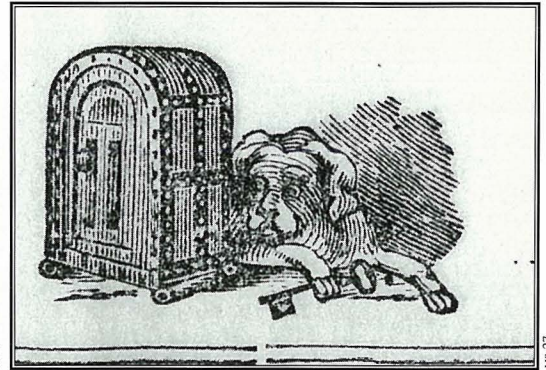
TRIGON OIL & GAS CO.

The Trigon Oil and Gas Company was formed in Medford in 1919. This engraving, 4" in diameter, is a detailed generic image that appeared on the top of Trigon's stock certificates. A man rolls barrels of oil in the foreground, a train exports the product on the right. An article on the Trigon oil boom will appear in the next issue of *Southern Oregon Heritage*.



Detail from a check stub from the Applegate Quartz Mine, sometimes called the Steamboat Ledge. This is probably generic art. ca. 1860. 2 1/4".

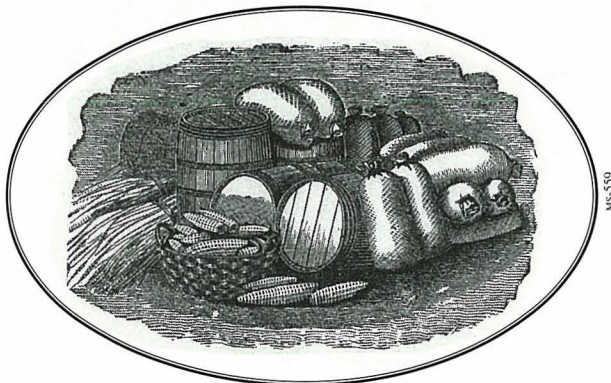
APPLEGATE QUARTZ CO.



This small 3/4" icon appears at the bottom of the Quartz Mine's check stub.

The Applegate Quartz Mine was known by several names, including, the Steamboat Ledge and the Fowler Lode. The mine was discovered in February 1860. W.W. Fowler put up the money that allowed the men who discovered it to prospect. The mine had two extremely successful years, and was recognized as one of the richest quartz leads in the valley. Despite its success, people began selling out and W.W. Fowler bought their claims. But, the company continued its downward spiral.

1861 was a highly profitable year. It ended, unfortunately, with a land dispute between Fowler and the O'Brien Company, a firm working the same lead from the other side of the creek. When the legal battle was over and Fowler proved that O'Brien had infringed upon his claims, Fowler gained possession of the entire lead. Unfortunately, his full claim came too late. The deposit was nearly exhausted and there was little to no profit. By year's end Fowler and company abandoned the mine.



This generic image used on the Ashland Flour Mill's invoice measures 2 1/2" by 1 1/2". Circa 1854.

ASHLAND FLOUR MILL

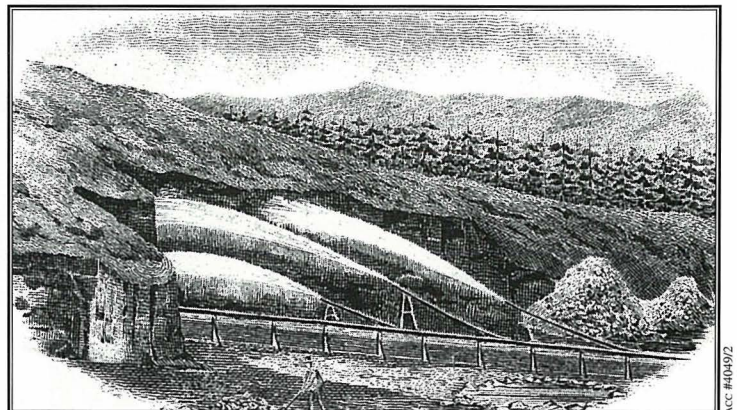
The Ashland Flour Mill was built in 1854 by three of the town's early settlers: A.D. Helman, Eben Emery and M.B. Morris. Their investment for the construction was \$15,000. A dedication of the newly built flour mill was held in the form of a grand ball on August 25, 1854.

The mill quickly became the nucleus for the fledgling town. Located at the mouth of Ashland Creek, now the entrance to Lithia Park, a plaza was laid out surrounding the mill. With that, a business district was born. Before long the three founding members of the mill sold to the well-known Jacob Wagner. Under Wagner's management, the mill not only served the entire valley, but strengthened the economy of Ashland.

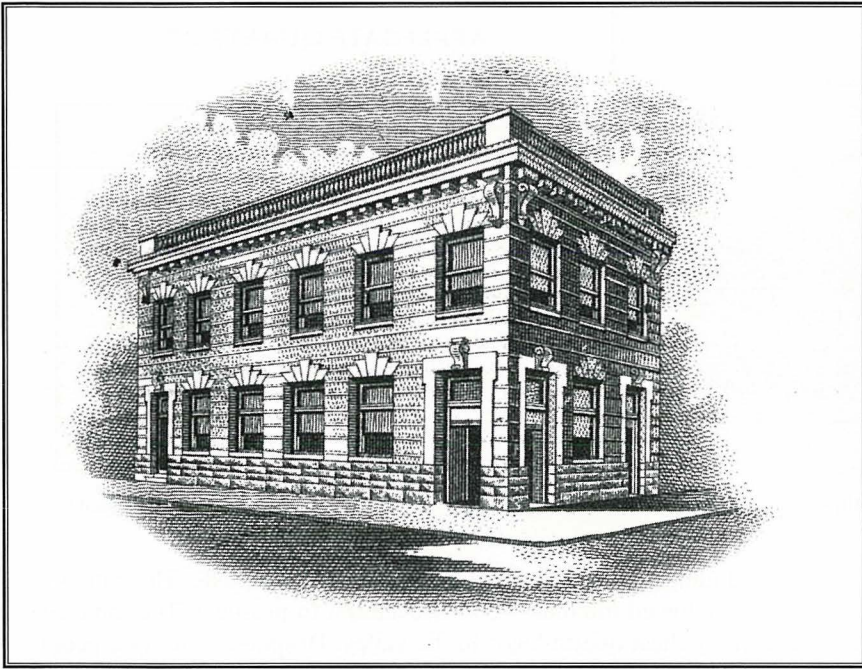
BANK OF JACKSONVILLE

When the Bank of Jacksonville opened its doors in 1907, the citizens of Jacksonville immediately responded. Banking had become a necessity when the economy of the Rogue Valley changed from gold based, to more traditional modes of doing business: agriculture and forestry.

After thirteen years of stability, the Bank of Jacksonville was closed by the State Banking Department for falsifying accounts and books. The president, cashier, and vice president, along with two customers who aided and abetted them, were convicted and sentenced to the Oregon State Prison. At the time of the bank's closure its assets were at a record high. Jacksonville was left without a bank until 1965.



This is an enlarged detail from a generic image on a check from the Bank of Jacksonville, 1903. It features hydraulic mining. Note the man shoveling in the foreground.



JACKSON COUNTY BANK

W.I. Vawter organized the Jackson County Bank, the first in Medford. Construction was completed in 1888, and the bank opened for business. Vawter incorporated the bank in 1892, the second bank in the valley to do so.

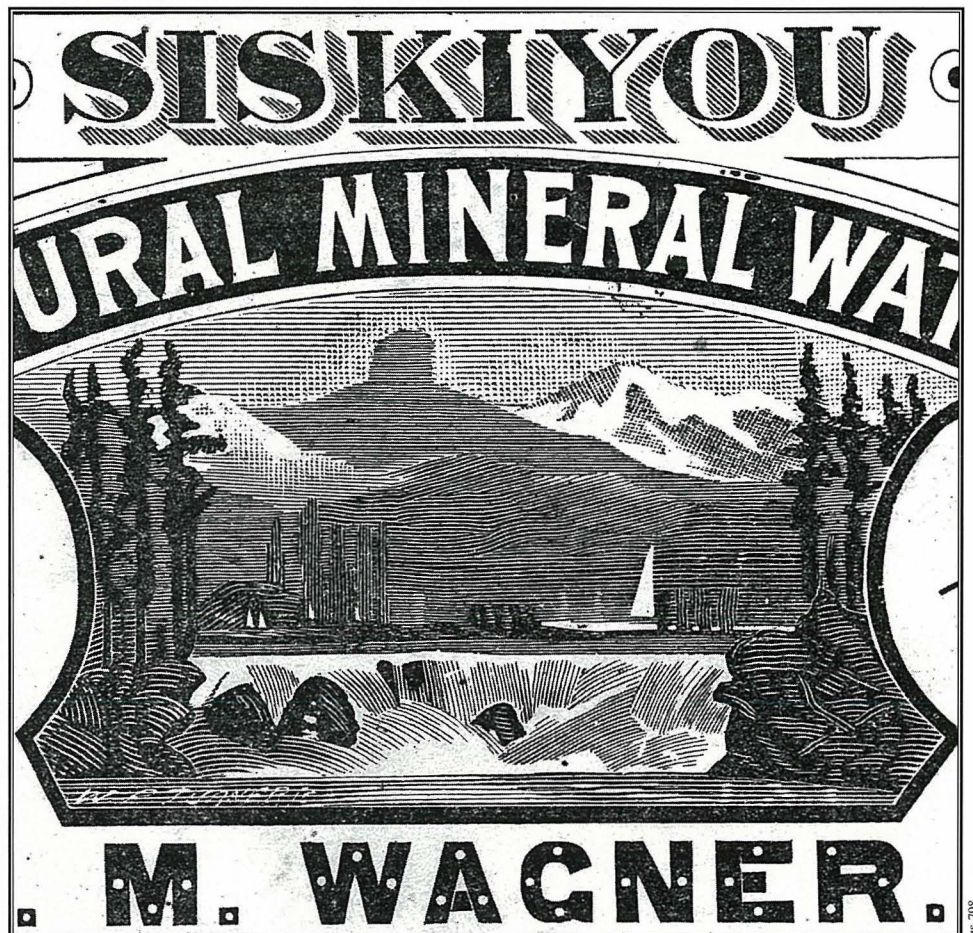
The bank's growth through the early 1900s followed the upward economic trend of the times. It saw its last upward swing in 1929, before the effects of the depression set in. Finally in March 1933, the bank closed its doors and First National Bank of Medford took over its assets and liabilities.

W.I. Vawter a prominent Medford businessman, started The Jackson County Bank, the second to be incorporated in the Valley. This image from the bank's checks measures 1½" by 1", and was made to order. It features the bank itself on the corner of Main and Central in Medford.

SISKIYOU NATURAL MINERAL WATER

In 1884 Jacob Wagner's failing health forced him to sell the Ashland mills. Wagner retired from life in town to take on the Soda Springs Ranch and Hotel near Emigrant Lake. The 24-room hotel quickly became a lively social resort and stage stop. The springs on the ranch were rich in mineral content and had been used for medicinal purposes. It was Wagner who thought to bottle it. The process allowed the effervescent water to be bottled under its own natural gases.

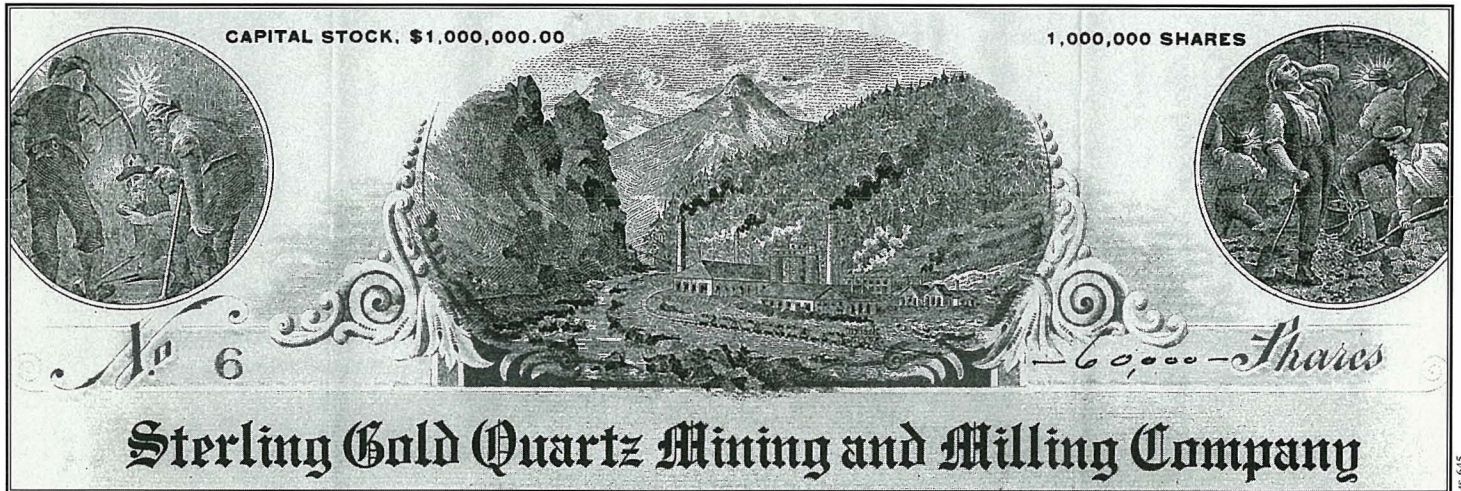
After Wagner's death, his son, John Marshall Wagner, became proprietor of the springs. He continued to bottle the water and went on to sell it commercially under the name, "Siskiyou Natural Mineral Water." Demands for the water came from as far away as Portland and San Francisco.



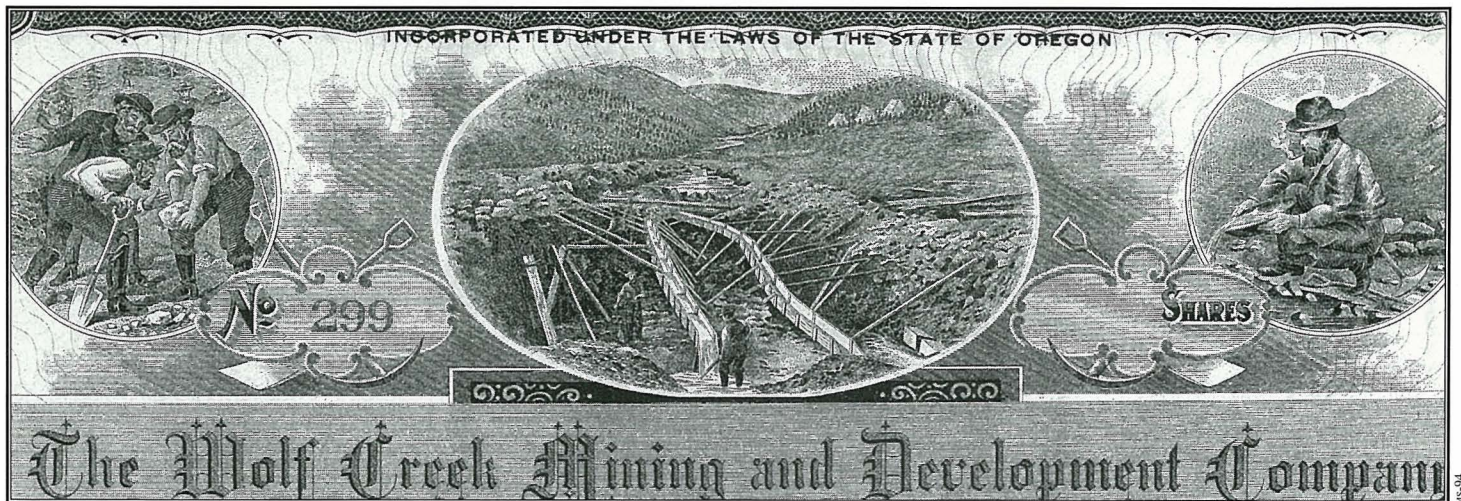
This image, 2¾" by 1¾", was made specifically for the label on the Wagner family's brand of mineral water, bottled at the source on their ranch near today's Emigrant Lake. Pilot Rock is featured in the background. ca. 1880s.

STERLING QUARTZ MINE & MILL

James Sterling found Sterling Creek in 1854 on his return trip to the Eden precinct (Phoenix). He and his partners began prospecting in a hole left by an uprooted tree. They found a dollars worth of pale gold and wanted to stake their claim. The men left the creek to return to Eden for supplies leaving no one to hold their claim. They lost any hold on the mine, and it then passed through several owners hands. The Sterling Quartz Mining Company was finally incorporated on June 7, 1877, when David P. Thompson (ex-Territorial Governor of Idaho) became proprietor. His goal was to expand the mine and have it in full use by the winter of 1878. Not only did he complete his goal, but for the first time in the mine's twenty-three year history there was an ample water supply and source to operate it. After two years of success, Thompson sold the mine to Captain A.P. Ankeny of Portland. Instead of a monetary payment, a deal was made between the two men for an exchange—the Sterling Mine for a block of land in downtown Portland that was the home of the famous New Market Theater.



The Sterling Quartz Mine was incorporated in 1877. The 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " engraving looks like it could have been designed for the mine, there are peaks in the distance, pine covered hills, and smoke spouting buildings down in the valley. This image on the mine's stock certificate is, however, most likely generic.



This image from a stock certificate for Wolf Creek Mining and Development Company, shows a far more rustic enterprise than the industrial efficiency of the one above. By the 1900s, Printer's were going to greater lengths to provide endless choice for clients.

WOLF CREEK MINING COMPANY

In 1902, six businessmen from Portland and Astoria bought numerous claims in the "Hole-in-the-Ground Gulch," once the richest mine in the Wolf Creek watershed. These men knew everything about business, and not much about mining. The men wanted to create excitement about their newly acquired mine and got the media to publicize a fairly successful year. In April 1903, the company was incorporated and one million shares of stock were put on the market, and sold for a dollar each.

Local miners knew the Wolf Creek mines were no longer producing, so the shares didn't sell. Little mining was done at the site, as the businessmen depended on the sale of stock for income. Eventually the truth surfaced, and the mine folded. 📌

Traci Buck is majoring in photojournalism at Southern Oregon University, she interned for Southern Oregon Heritage this summer.

Reflections of Halloween: The windows on Main Street, Medford

by Amara Waterman



Debra Tycer, at age 13, with her new purple Sting-Ray bicycle, donated by Sim's Cycle and Hobby Shop. Behind her is her prize-winning painting of a sinister witch and smoking cauldron on the window of Leonard's Electric. 1964.



Trudy Tycer, Debra's younger sister, was also a winner. She painted a happy, one-toothed pumpkin, out of which pops a button-nosed girl who looks a lot like Trudy herself. 1964.

In October of 1964, the Medford Moose Lodge and the city Parks and Recreation Department were bursting at the seams with activities for youth during Halloween. These two organizations sponsored several Halloween programs for children of all ages: a parade to show off costumes, a dance, a theater party for all, and a window painting contest for the artistic. All these events were held as part of a celebration called "Youth Honor Day."

The window painting contest on Main Street in Medford was a high point for children. Kids were split into two age groups, eleven and under, and twelve to fourteen. They were encouraged to paint ghouls, ghosts, and pumpkins on the large glass panes on downtown storefronts. Winners were determined by "theme, originality, and ability," according to the October 24, 1964, *Mail Tribune*.

Apparently these qualities ran rampant in the Tycer family—both Debra and Trudy Tycer were the big winners in 1964.

Grand prizewinners received bicycles donated by Sim's Cycle and Hobby Shop. The bicycles were only two of the ten prizes donated by downtown merchants. Donald Grosch, manager of Woolworth's on Central Avenue then, said that most of the businesses were involved with the window painting, but the children were the ones who kept it going.

The list of contest contributors featured in the *Mail Tribune* on October 29, 1964, tells a lot about the makeup of downtown Medford thirty-three years ago. Participating merchants were: Ander's Photo Shop, Burelson's, Central Rexall Pharmacy, Doran's Barbershop, Drew's Menstore, Gallenkamps, Hubbard Bros. Hardware, Lamport's Sporting Goods,

Leed's Shoe Store, Mann's Department Store, Melody House, Michelle's, The Music Center, Office Stationery and Supply, Sim's Cycle and Hobby Shop, Trowbridge Electric, Varsity Shop, Walt Young's Medford Stationery, Weisfield's, West Main Pharmacy, Woolworth's and Zales Jewelry.

Organizations such as the YMCA, continue to sponsor holiday activities, but there is no longer an organized window painting contest for Halloween. Local youth, however, still paint the windows of downtown businesses, just drive down Main Street on the high school's homecoming weekend. . . . You'll see. ■

Amara Waterman is an Art major at S.O.U.

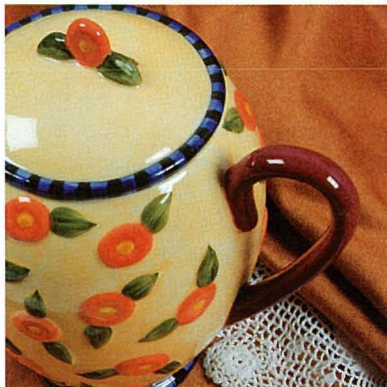




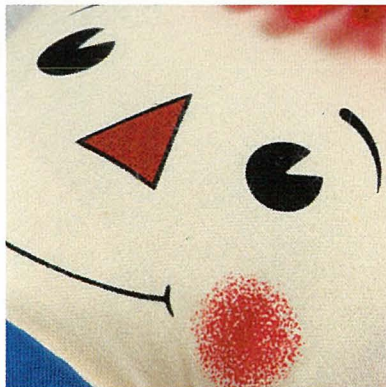
Historic reflections in handmade glass.



Timeless treasures for all ages.



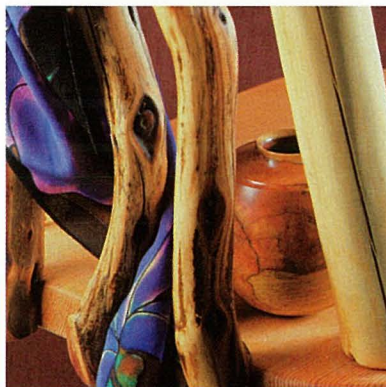
Collectibles of today; keepsakes of tomorrow.



Memories, hugs, and smiles.



Inspired by nature.



Rustic comfort with discriminating elegance.



Fine crafts in the colonial tradition.



Architectural whispers.



HISTORY CENTER

"The History Store in Medford is a special little store that offers a unique blend of merchandise to please and surprise just about everyone. At present, I'm excited about our spacious temporary holiday location at the Rogue Valley Mall. We have lots planned, so stop by our Grand Opening on October 31 and let us show you around."

Mary Bauer, Assistant Manager
The History Store, Medford Holiday location
Rogue Valley Mall
Returning to the History Center in January



JACKSONVILLE

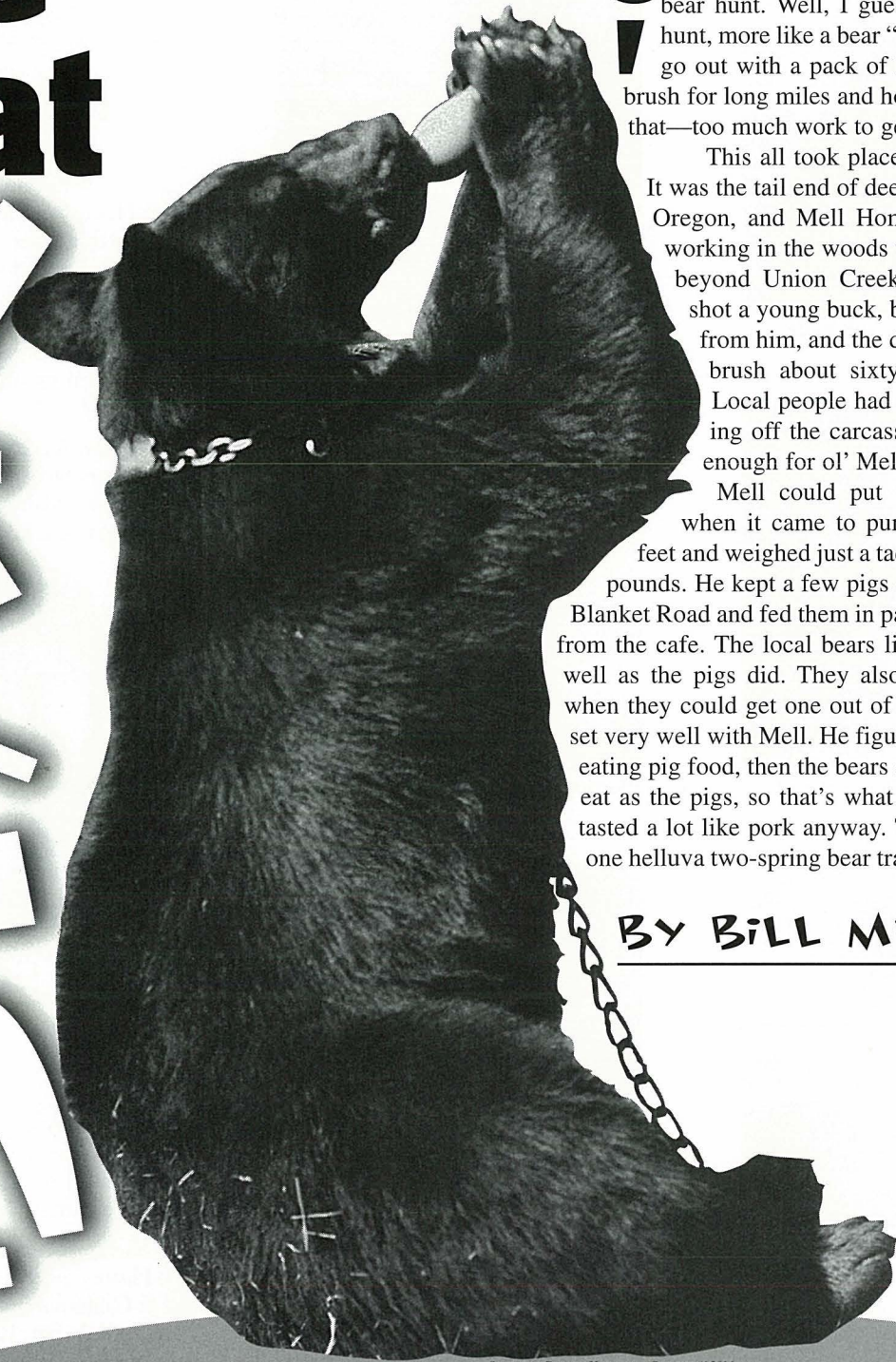
"Fine art doesn't have to be expensive. Visit our new Jacksonville History Store and browse through our selection of pottery, sculpture, paintings, prints, handmade furniture, handwoven rugs, and so much more. I'm on hand to show you the work of over thirty area artists and craftspeople."

Dan Sheret, Assistant Manager
The History Store
3rd & California streets, Jacksonville
Hours: Wed - Sat, 10 am to 5 pm;
Sun, noon to 5 pm



The Great

BEAR



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15616

CAPER

In all my long life, I've been on only one bear hunt. Well, I guess it wasn't really a hunt, more like a bear "catching." We didn't go out with a pack of hounds and beat the brush for long miles and hours or anything like that—too much work to get a bear.

This all took place in the early 1950s. It was the tail end of deer season in southern Oregon, and Mell Hombuckle and I were working in the woods together a few miles beyond Union Creek. Some hunter had shot a young buck, but he let it get away from him, and the deer died in the thick brush about sixty feet off the road. Local people had spotted a bear feeding off the carcass and that was good enough for ol' Mell.

Mell could put any bear to shame when it came to pure bulk. He was six feet and weighed just a tad over three hundred pounds. He kept a few pigs on his place off Red Blanket Road and fed them in part with the leftovers from the cafe. The local bears liked the leftovers as well as the pigs did. They also liked a young pig when they could get one out of the pen. This didn't set very well with Mell. He figured if the bears were eating pig food, then the bears should be as good to eat as the pigs, so that's what he did — said they tasted a lot like pork anyway. To help him, he had one helluva two-spring bear trap that could hold an

BY BILL MILLBANK

elephant if he was dumb enough to step on it. With the news of this bear, he loaded his trap in the back of the truck, and we made a “set” on the way to work the next morning.

There were four of us involved later that night—Mell Hombuckle, Lyle Pontius, Johnny Freeland and myself, all loggers. In those days, if you weren’t a logger, there was some question about your manhood. All four of us just happened to run into each other at “Oakie Bills,” (the Prospect Cafe) the only place in town. Well, none of us seemed to be very hungry, but, boy, were we dry! The beer there at that time was Olympia, but nobody said much if you wanted a “Bud.”

It wasn’t long before our section of bar was so full of fulls and empties it made the other guys look like a bunch of Flatlanders.

After we had quite a few beers, somebody suggested we all go up the road and check the trap. So we all four loaded into Mell’s new Buick along with rifles and enough beer so we didn’t have to worry about sobering to death along the way. Sure enough, when we got to the set, we could see green eyes reflecting from our flashlight. We bailed out of the car, guns and all and went for a look-see. Well, the big ol’ bear turned out to be a long yearling and not very big, but he made up for size with a “mad-as-hell” attitude. No one in our bunch was about to shoot a small bear in a trap. We always deferred to the elderly and women, and we didn’t take candy from babies or kick dogs—we had a code we lived by.

We had another beer or two trying to figure out how to get him out of the trap. Mell said he’d check the trunk for some rope or something. There wasn’t any rope but he did come back with a big old quilt we could cover him up with while we tried to get him out of the trap without losing too much skin. That worked fine and took a lot of the urge to kill out of him, but we still didn’t know how we were gonna get him back to the bar and grill to show him off. We dragged him out to the edge of the road and stood on the quilt edges to hold him down and keep him under control. Mell said we needed a rope, and I said maybe we could find some at Union Creek. Mell come back shortly with a coil of rope clothesline—said he just cut down the part that wasn’t holding any clothes anyway.

That trap was a big one for big bears, but its jaws didn’t come clear closed by about one and three-quarter inches. Our bear couldn’t get his foot out, but the gap between the jaws was enough that he didn’t so much as lose a hair on his leg.

If you can imagine four beered-up loggers at the side of the road trying to truss up a live bear with a stolen clothesline, you know what we looked like. About that time a couple of Flatlanders pulled up with a beautiful four-point buck hanging out the back of their truck and asked, “What are you boys doin’?” We said we were trying to tie up a bear. They had to get out and take a look for themselves and when they saw we were telling the truth, they jumped back in the truck and hauled out of there.

We had just one more problem (not to mention we were low on beer). . . how to get the critter back to Oakie Bills.

Mell said no problem, he would just carry the critter. We bundled him up in the quilt with just his head sticking out and dropped him on Mell’s lap—what a sight. Looked like a baby with lots of hair and teeth. The bear seemed to enjoy the ride and kept

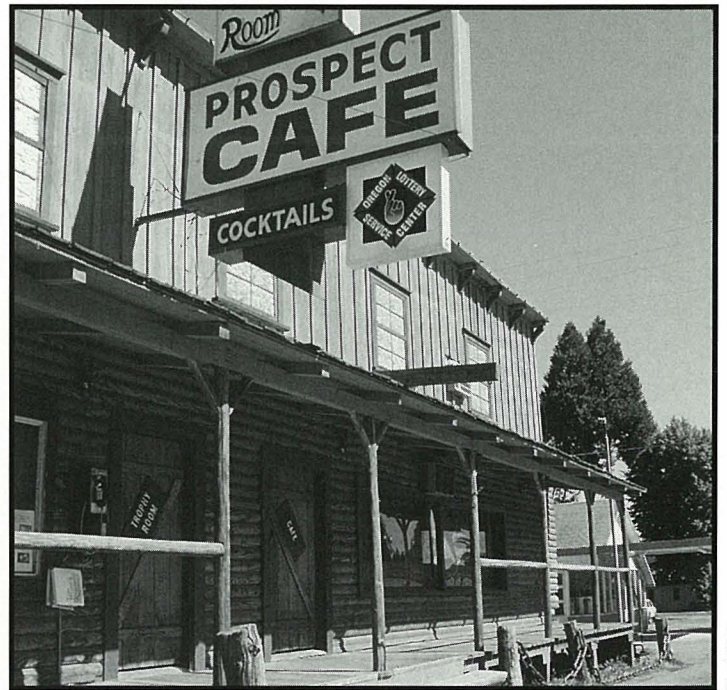
real quiet. The first stop was my house. My wife took one look, changed into her “I’ll kill ya” stance, and said we had three seconds to get out of the house before she started to cut and slice. Ain’t many loggers will face a woman like that no matter how tough they are. So we decided to leave.

Next stop was Oakie’s—and guess who was in there! The dudes with the big buck—They left fast when they saw us come in, bear and all. We had a good time and the beer was on the house. By that time of night nobody in the place was afraid of a bear. One ol’ gal even wanted to dance with him.

We took the bear to several more places and out to Mell’s house. His mother had us out of there faster than my wife did. By then some of us began to feel like we had guzzled enough beer for the night and were ready to call it quits.

Dewey Hill had a monkey with about one third of its tail missing due to a car door accident. During the day the monkey was in a big outside cage and was taken in every night. This empty cage would be a grand place to keep the bear until the next day—big mistake. The next day there was a big hole in the side of the cage and the bear was long gone. Dewey was mad as hell and said he was ready to kill when he found out whodunit. We all knew he really could and would so we all kept our mouths shut, drank lots of Alka-Seltzer and nursed our hangovers. ■

Bill Millbank was a Prospect logger with many great stories to tell. He passed away in August, 1997.



The adventure began one night at The Prospect Cafe, known to some as “Oakie Bill’s.” It ended there as well, with one woman wanting to dance with the cub they’d found.



Southern Oregon's

Spirit Of Invention

by Josh Paddison

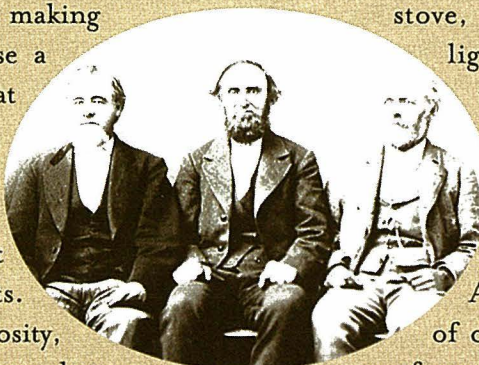
Almost every aspect of our lives has been profoundly affected by technology, and technology begins with inventors puzzling over a problem, experimenting, and finally piecing together a solution.

Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention, but does anybody really need an electric can opener or a water pik? There are plenty of new products that weren't exactly crying out to be invented, like lava lamps, or enormous novelty foam cowboy hats. But occasionally a genuine need forces someone to stop making do and to devise a new product that works, better, faster, or more inexpensively than what already exists. Armed with curiosity, patience, and more than a little pluck, inventors aim to make life easier, happier, and infinitely more varied. They also aim to make a little money in the process.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said that "Man is a shrewd inventor."¹ The

history of the United States can be viewed as the story of these shrewd inventors, whose ingenuity—for better or worse—has shaped American politics, culture, and science. Think of the everyday contentment derived from Benjamin Franklin's pot-bellied stove, bifocals, and lightning rod; or think of the sustaining effect Eli Whitney's cotton gin had on southern slavery. Almost every aspect of our lives has been profoundly affected by technology, and technology begins with inventors puzzling over a problem, experimenting, and finally piecing together a solution.

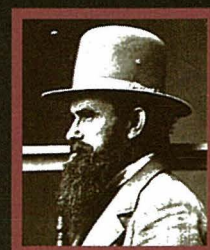
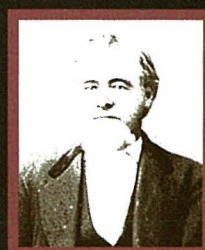
During the last 150 years, southern Oregon has been the



Left to Right: Dr F. G. Hearn, James Thornton, and Jacob Wagner.

Hearn invented a lock that made it impossible to open a gate from the outside.

"All it took was a little imagination, perseverance, and the bravery to create something the world had never before seen."



Left to right: E. M. Tucker Sr., Paul Runquist, Dr. F. G. Hearn, A. G. Rockfellow.

home of many inventors, most of them amateurs. While their inventions vary from time and money savers to completely new technologies, the same spirit of resourceful curiosity drove them back to the drawing board time and again until they got it right. The following inventors illustrate the variety of southern Oregon's passionate imaginations.

One of this area's first inventors was Dr. Fleming G. Hearn, who was born in Kentucky in 1826. A dentist by trade, he was lured west in 1850 by enthusiastic accounts of Oregon as a land of natural beauty and opportunity for young doctors. After settling in Oregon City for the winter, Hearn migrated south, pulled by rumors of easy gold in California. His

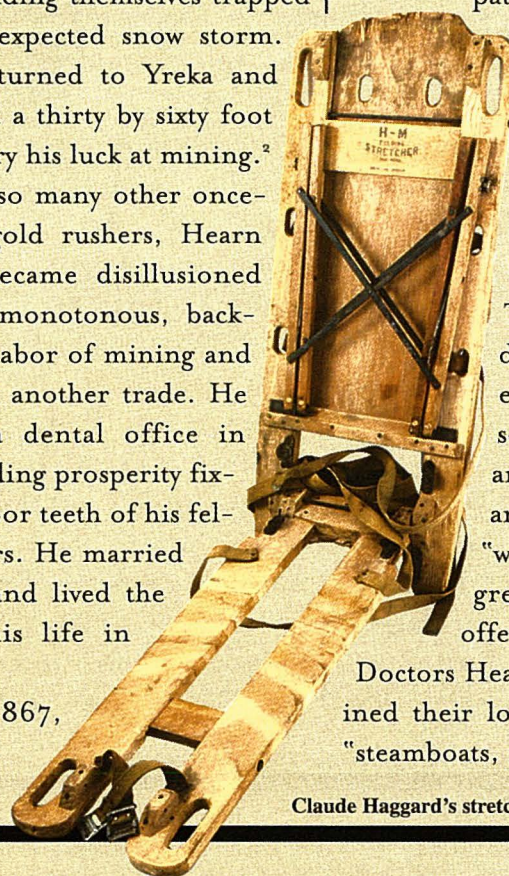
company of gold seekers, however, got only a few miles past Yreka before finding themselves trapped in an unexpected snow storm. Hearn returned to Yreka and purchased a thirty by sixty foot claim to try his luck at mining.²

Like so many other once-hopeful gold rushers, Hearn quickly became disillusioned with the monotonous, back-breaking labor of mining and turned to another trade. He opened a dental office in 1852, finding prosperity fixing the poor teeth of his fellow miners. He married in 1855 and lived the rest of his life in Yreka.³

In 1867, Hearn,

along with another doctor, William Bisbee, applied for a patent for a new invention. Their product was a new type of lock, with a spring hook and bolt, that rendered it impossible to open a gate from the outside. The *Oregon Sentinel* declared it "the neatest thing we have yet seen" and "superior to anything now in use" and predicted that it "will undoubtedly be in great demand when offered to the public."⁴

Doctors Hearn and Bisbee imagined their lock could be used in "steamboats, railroad cars, houses,



Claude Haggard's stretcher. ca. 1950s.

stores, gates, etc.”⁵

It is unknown what ultimately happened with Dr. Hearn’s invention. When providing biographical information for an 1881 history of Siskiyou County, he declined to mention the creation of his spring hook and bolt lock.⁶ Like so many other contraptions, a better model created by a different inventor presumably came along and rendered it obsolete. But Hearn’s story illustrates that creative solutions are often devised not by professional inventors but by amateurs — even failed miners-turned-dentists. The spirit of Dr. Hearn lives on in the gadgets of many other southern Oregon inventors.

One such inventor was Claude Haggard, a Medford resident who worked as a safety engineer for the California Oregon Power Company (COPCO) in the 1950s. He devised a complex wooden stretcher with aluminum footholds that rigidly kept the injured person from moving. It was a great improvement over the flexible canvas and pole stretchers previously used that were too flimsy and often caused injuries. Used by COPCO, Haggard’s stretcher was also sold through the Mine Safety Supply Company to loggers and miners all over the country. They sold for approximately one hundred fifty dollars and included a protective pad and blanket.⁷

The Medford Corporation (MEDCO) relied on Haggard’s stretcher, especially for loggers injured in the woods. Former personnel director, Chandler Drew

remembered using Haggard’s invention because it was stable enough that men carrying an injured worker could catch their breath by resting the stretcher on a log without causing further injury to the patient. MEDCO used the stretcher for thirty years.⁸

Claude Haggard’s unique stretcher ended up not being very profitable because of its high production cost. Edward Collins, who helped market the stretcher in the 1950s, recalled

that “everybody who ever saw it said it was the greatest stretcher they ever saw, but it was just so expensive.”

Collins sold them around the country but ultimately “the price was just too high for everybody.”⁹

An example of Haggard’s

groundbreaking

stretcher resides

today in the

Southern Oregon

Society’s collections.

Perhaps southern Oregon’s

most celebrated—and wealthy—

inventor was E.M. Tucker, a

Medford resident born in the

frozen heights of the Cascade

Mountains near the Rogue River.

An endless tinkerer, Tucker’s first

invention was a spoke tightener for

the wooden wheels of Ford Model

T’s. The tightener yielded more



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15615

In 1867 F.G. Hearn invented a new type of lock. A few decades later A.G. Rockfellow followed with his adjustable gate. ca. 1885.

groundbreaking

stretcher resides

today in the

Southern Oregon

Society’s collections.

Perhaps southern Oregon’s

most celebrated—and wealthy—

than a million dollars in profit before disk and wire wheels rendered the invention obsolete.

Next Tucker devised a wire limb support for fruit-laden branches and made another fortune.¹⁰ He also worked on old cars, including fixing up a 1910 White Steamer that required the driver to perform 54 separate actions while driving around town.¹¹

Tucker’s most famous invention was the Tucker Sno-Cat, a

nearly untippable

passenger vehicle

that used a gigantic

treadmill to navi-

gate any type of

snowy terrain. An

article in *Fortune*

magazine claimed

that Tucker’s Sno-

Cats “go more

places over more

varieties of snow

than any other

vehicle.”¹²

It took

Tucker fifteen years,

and more than

\$350,000 to devel-

op the Sno-Cat. It

didn’t start turning a profit until the

late 1960s. Sno-Cats ranged in size

from the two-seater Kitten model

(originally sold for around

\$3,000) to the twelve-passenger

model (\$13,500), and are still sold

today.

E.M. Tucker, however, left the

business to his three sons in 1966

and devoted his time to new pro-

jects, his head filled with wild visions

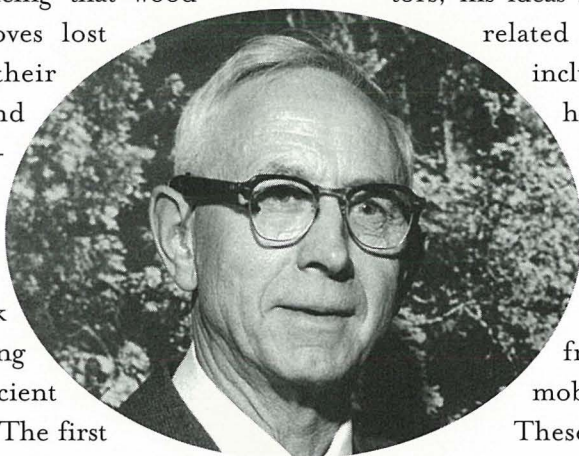
of such machines as “a combination



Testing out the Sno-cat at Crater Lake, ca. 1945.

helicopter-airplane, a two-cycle opposed piston diesel engine, and a glacier maker."¹³

Paul Runquist, of Ashland, was an analytical chemist at Southern Oregon State College before turning to inventing full-time in the late 1970s. Noticing that wood burning stoves lost much of their heat and caused considerable air pollution, Runquist set to work on developing a more efficient wood stove. The first



step was his Thistle stove, which used a hopper and two combustion chambers to burn hotter and more economically than ordinary stoves. "My primary concern is efficiency," Runquist said in 1977, describing the Thistle, "Energy is the national challenge now."¹⁴

Four years later, Runquist developed the Genesis System, a nearly smokeless wood stove that

drastically cut down polluting emissions. "I think that wood heat is a natural resource, and that if it can be used in an environmentally compatible way, then it's to local and national benefit," Runquist told the *Ashland Tidings*.¹⁵ Like most inven-

tors, his ideas spilled over to related problems, including ways to harness wind and solar power and how to build a more environmentally friendly automobile.¹⁶

These four local inventors shared an interest in solving some of their eras' greatest dilemmas, from Fleming Hearn's new lock to E.M. Tucker's Sno-Cats; from Claude Haggard's revolutionary stretcher to Paul Runquist's smokeless wood stoves. They saw a problem and instead of complaining about it, they stopped and came up with a solution. All it took was a little imagination, perse-

verance, and the bravery to create something the world had never before seen.

And just think: somewhere, in some musty southern Oregon garage, a new inventor may be finally solving that most timeless of problems—how to once and for all build a better mousetrap! ■

Josh Paddison was born in Eugene and grew up in Medford. He lives in the Bay Area and recently helped compile the upcoming anthology, Panning Out: 150 Years of Gold Rush Writing for Heyday Books.

ENDNOTES

1. Emerson, Ralph Waldo, "Wealth." (English Traits. 1856.)
2. *History of Siskiyou County*, (California. Oakland: D.J. Stewart & Co., 1881), p. 64B.
3. Ibid.
4. *Oregon Sentinel*, 16 November 1867.
5. Ibid.
6. *History of Siskiyou County*, California, p. 64B.
7. Collins, Edward. SOHS oral history, tape 554.
8. SOHS vertical file Inventors."
9. Collins, Edward. SOHS oral history, tape 554.
10. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 14 January 1966.
11. SOHS vertical file "Inventors."12.Fortune, January 1966.
13. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 14 January 1966.
14. *Ashland Tidings*, 23 April 1977.
15. *Ashland Tidings*, 24 October 1981, p. 5.
16. Ibid.

Air Mail

PACIFIC AIR TRANSPORT AIR MAIL

BOEING LINES

PASSENGER AND EXPRESS SERVICE

ON-TRANSFERABLE TICKET

Subject to following contract between purchaser and Pacific Air Transport, Inc., via scheduled route between points punched within thirty days after date of issue. Subject to reservation made in advance. TRANSFERABLE TICKET.—If presented by any person other than purchaser, this ticket will be void and may be confiscated by the agent of the Pacific Air Transport, Inc. Between division points are sold subject to cancellation if space available on arrival of plane. Ticket is void after all Pilot's Stubs have been detached. STOPS.—Stop-overs will be permitted at the option of the Passenger, but resumption of trip is subject to previous reservations. CANCELLATION AND DELAYS.—The passenger agrees with the Company, if, in the judgment of the Company agents, pilots or engineers, is not deemed safe to proceed farther with the passenger, the Company may cancel the balance of the trip and refund the passenger the value of the unused portion of this ticket. The Company assumes no responsibility for delay due to any cause. WEIGHT.—Each passenger is permitted to carry free 25 pounds of baggage. The Company assumes no liability for loss or damage to baggage exceeding the value of \$50.00, unless the same be declared and insured under separate contract.

30.00

Gen. Manager

You're flying UNITED AIR LINES

THE Mainliner

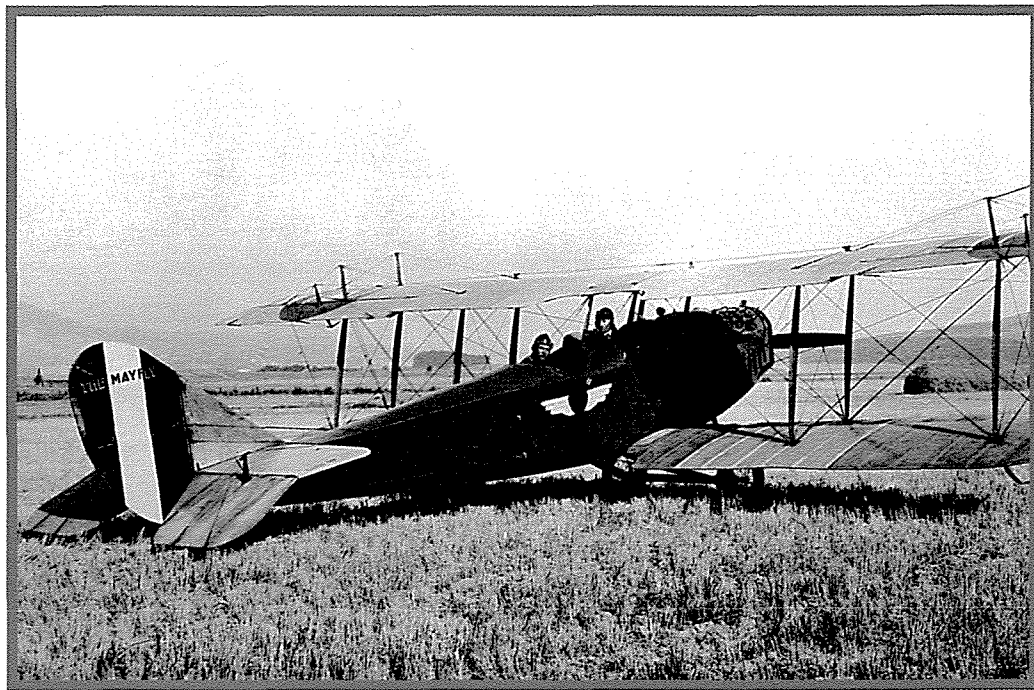
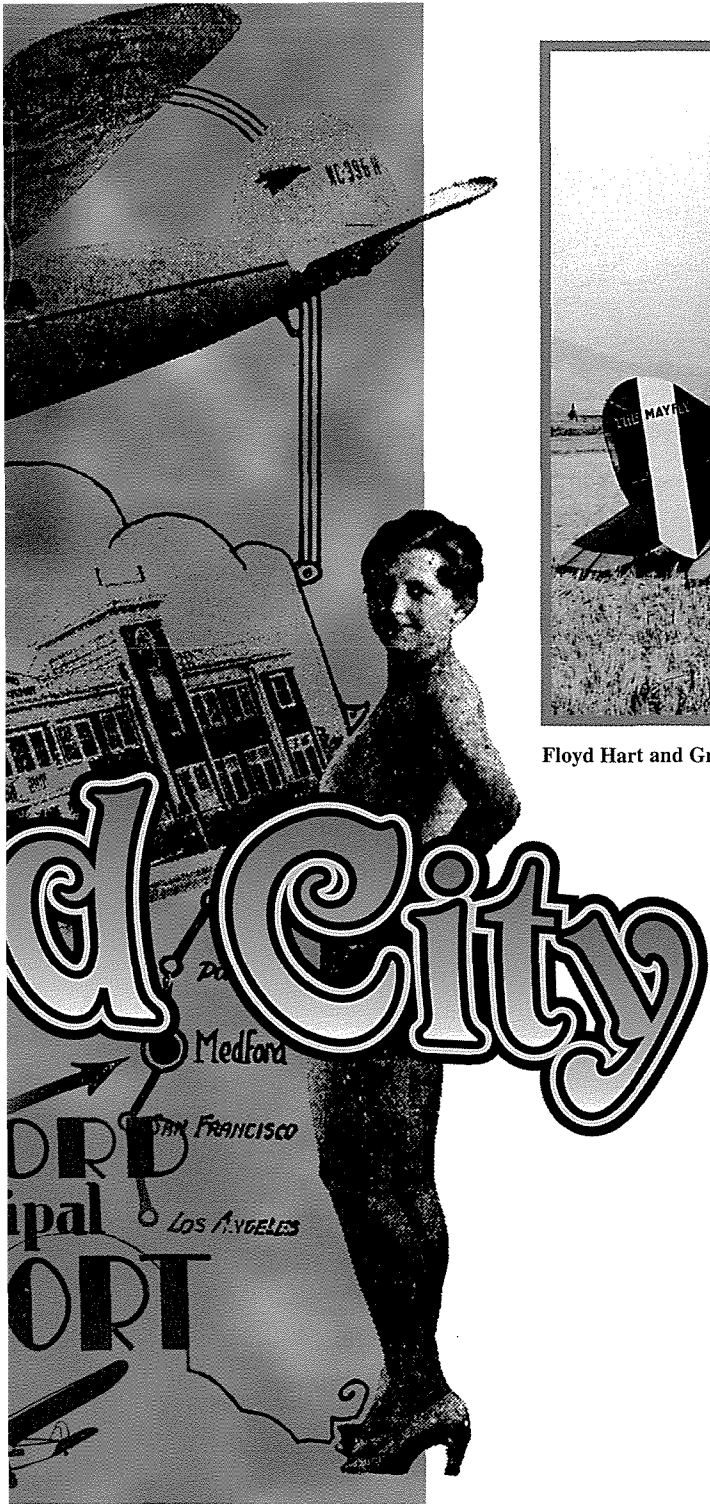
MEDFORD municipal AIRPORT

Commercial Aviation Comes to the Rogue Valley

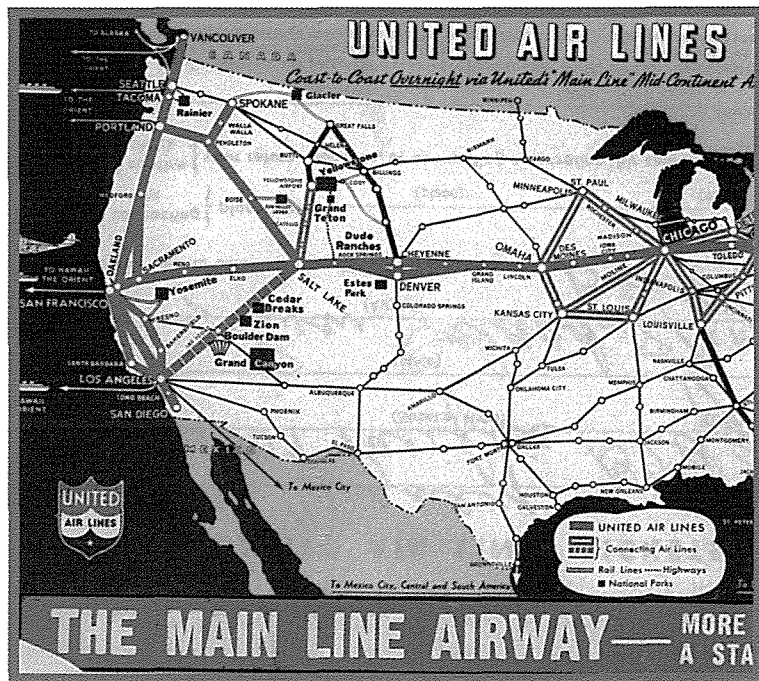
by William Alley

If all the cities and towns in Oregon, Medford, nestled in southern Oregon's Rogue River Valley, led the way in the development of commercial aviation. The city's strategic location halfway between Seattle and San Francisco, combined with the vision of several individuals who saw the potential of commercial aviation, secured Medford's preeminent place in Oregon's aviation history.

Residents of Medford and Jackson county first heard the roar of an airplane engine in 1908 when Eugene Ely, the first man to land a plane on a naval vessel, set up his plane on the Cox ranch west of Kings Highway. Ely wanted to carry paying passengers on short



Floyd Hart and Grand Ruler George Collins in the Mayfly at Klamath Falls in August of 1919.



Portion of a United Airlines Ticket envelope from 1940.

flights, but the altitude was too high for his underpowered craft to take off. The barnstormer had to refund his would be passengers' money. He then re-packed his plane for shipment to his next destination. When Ely returned in 1911, he successfully carried passengers on flights out of Medford's baseball field. Just two years later Medford played host to the region's first air meet over the Fourth of July weekend.

In 1919 the first locally owned aircraft arrived in the valley. Floyd Hart and Seely Hall purchased a Curtiss "Jenny," which they operated out of the Gore Ranch, between the Hollywood Orchard and Hanley Road. For "five and ten dollars a head" passengers were treated to a short, ten minute flight around the valley. Operating out of a mowed, stubble field proved hard on the Jenny's wooden propeller; a new site was found on the south end of Fir Street in

Medford. Hall and Hart named their craft the Mayfly after an instance one cold morning when it seemed doubtful the plane would fly.

The Mayfly had the distinction of carrying the first passenger from Medford to another destination. In August of 1919 the Elks were holding a convention in Klamath Falls. Since both Hart and Hall were Elks, they hit upon the idea of flying the Exalted Ruler, George Collins to the convention. With Hart at the controls he was flown safely to Klamath Falls. While there, the men offered rides for ten dollars a person. The high altitude, however, made it difficult to lift off, so Hart and the Mayfly returned to Medford.

As the decade of the 1920s dawned, the United States Forest Service began contemplating the use of aircraft to patrol the nation's forests for fires. In 1920 the City of Medford purchased a



Above: Eugene Ely and his flying machine in 1909. Below: Pacific Air Transport pilot Archie Starbuck (center) with a Ryan mail plane. ca. 1924.

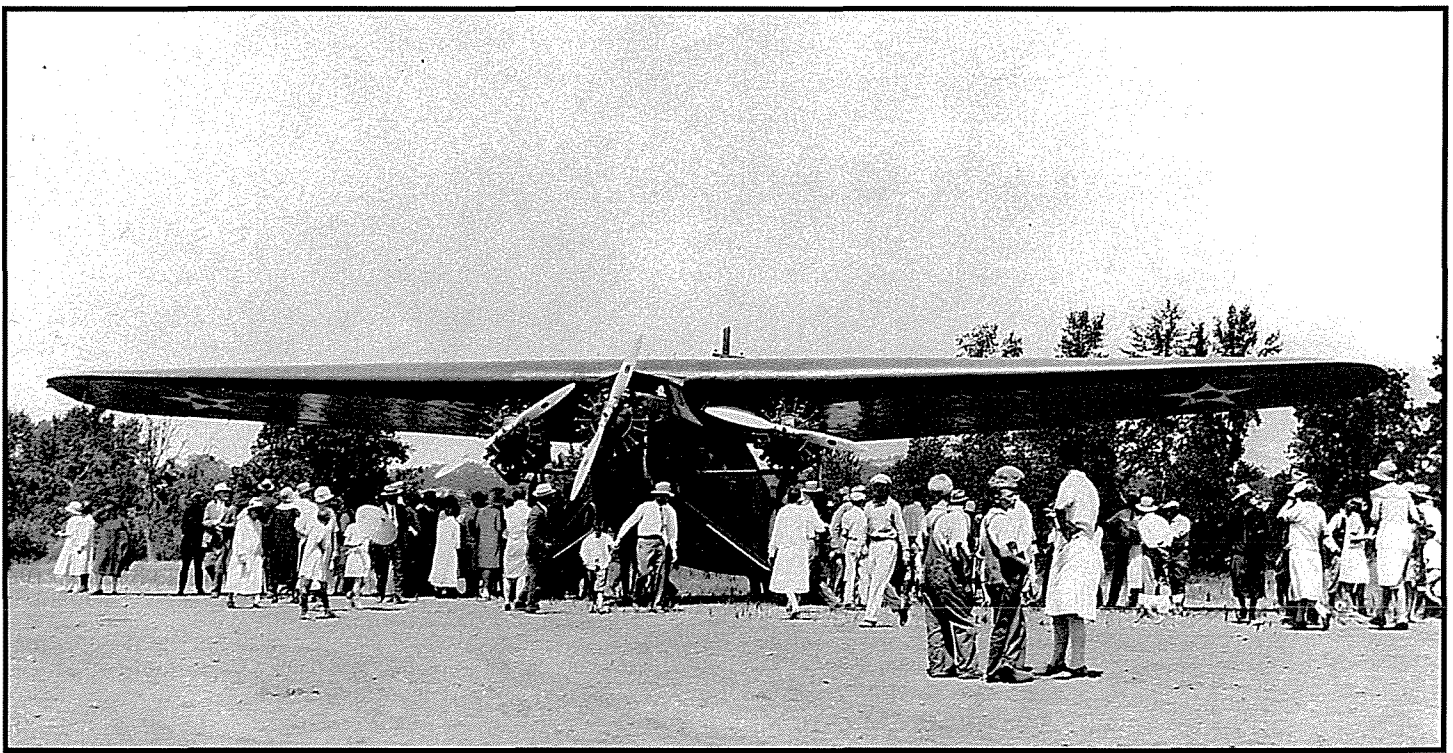
tract of land south of town adjacent to the fairgrounds. There a new airfield was established to serve as the headquarters for the Forest Service patrols. The new field was named Newell Barber Field in honor of a young Medford man who lost his life on his first flight during the Great War in Europe. Newell Barber became the first public airfield established in the state of Oregon.

It was with the assistance and support of the Federal Government, in particular the United States Post Office Department, however, that commercial aviation took firm root across the country. Officials of the Post Office had been convinced of the usefulness of a series of airmail routes across the country to facilitate the rapid delivery of mail. In 1925 the department announced it would take bids for a number of new routes. Among those routes was Commercial Air Mail Route No. 8 (C.A.M. 8). The longest of the proposed routes, C.A.M. 8 ran the

length of the Pacific Coast, from Los Angeles to Seattle. Vern Gorst, who among his many enterprises had established auto stage services in Medford and Coos Bay, saw the potential of the growing airmail service. He organized the Pacific Air Transport Company PAT and bid on the West Coast route. To raise the necessary capital, Gorst sold shares in PAT to anyone willing to invest a hundred dollars a share. In addition to acquiring the backing of financial heavyweights such as Julius Meier of Meier and Frank, Gorst had the drivers of his taxis solicit passengers for the sale of shares. Seely Hall of Medford recalled selling shares on the streets.

By the end of 1925 Gorst had managed to raise enough capital to set up Pacific Air Transport and on December 31, 1925 was awarded the route. The longest route in the country at the time, the 1100 mile route had stops at Seattle, Portland, Medford, San Francisco, Fresno, Bakersfield and San Francisco. Because Portland did not

✈
**Because the
pilots were
equipped with
parachutes, they
would not hesi-
tate to bail out
of a plane
should trouble
develop.**



A Ford tri-motor draws a crowd at Newell Barber Field. ca. 1927.



The first air mail flight out of Medford, Sept. 15, 1926.



George Johnson, a radio operator for PAT. ca. 1930.

have a suitable landing field, the planes actually landed across the Columbia in Vancouver, establishing Medford's claim as the only air mail stop in Oregon. At 8:30 in the morning of September 15, 1926, Pacific Air Transport pilot Vern Bookwalter landed at Newell Barber Field with the first air mail delivery in Medford.

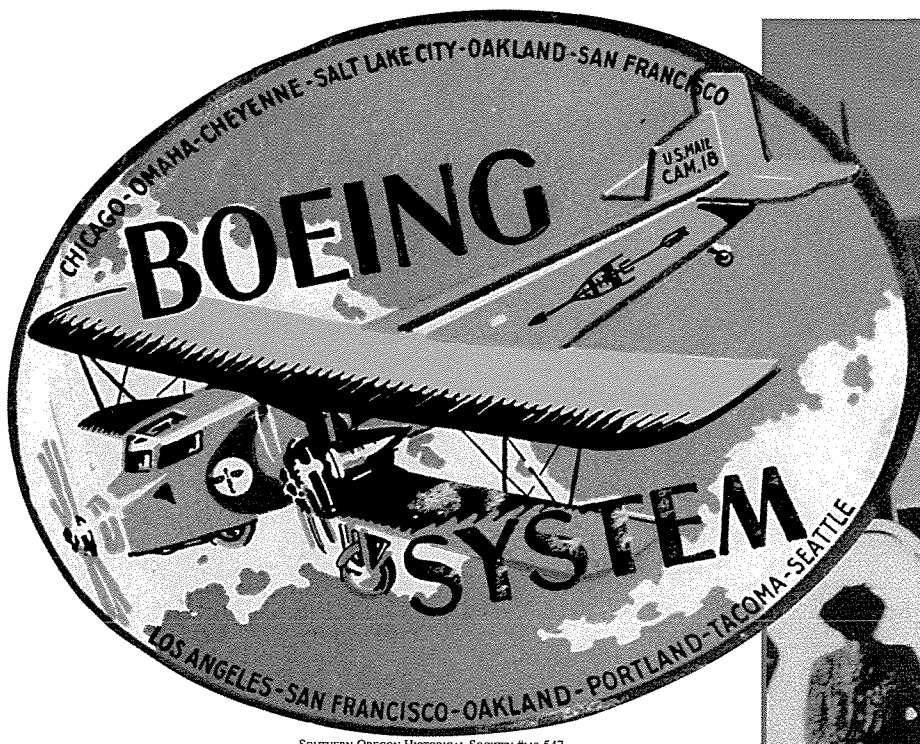
Without the subsidy of the Post Office Department, the fledgling aviation industry would not have gotten off the ground. By providing the carriers with 80% of the revenues from air mail postage, the young industry was able to establish itself. It was only a matter of time before the transport of mail would expand to encompass the transport of freight and passengers.

Throughout the remainder of 1926, Pacific Air Transport carried mail exclusively. The regularity of schedules, and the proven safety record, however, soon led to an interest in passenger flight. In January of 1927 two passengers were carried by PAT. At the time, passenger service was conducted on a space available basis, with the mail having priority. Passenger service was

referred to as "riding the mail," as the passenger generally had to sit on mail bags, or carry a bag in their lap. In the early days the pilots were known to share their lunches with passengers, but soon a box lunch was provided.

Vern Gorst later recalled that many of the pilots resisted carrying passengers. Because the pilots were equipped with parachutes, they would not hesitate to bail out of a plane should trouble develop. With a passenger on board, however, the pilot could not very well bail out and leave his charge; he was required to stay with his ship.

What began with two passengers in January of 1927 blossomed into a major demand for passenger service; by August, Pacific Air Transport had carried 216 passengers. Unlike some of the other carriers across the country, Gorst's Pacific Air Transport, however, was severely underfinanced. Pilots were often paid in stock, and the occasional loss of a plane placed enormous financial hardships on the company.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #MS-547

A sticker from the Boeing Air Transport Co., 1929.



Passengers unload a United Airlines DC-3 at Medford Airport. ca. early 1950s.

In late 1927 Gorst sold his interest in Pacific Air Transport to Boeing Air Transport Company, which operated the San Francisco to Chicago air mail route. In October a new holding company, the Boeing Airplane and Transport Corporation, was formed, consisting of the Boeing Aircraft Company, Boeing Air Transport and Pacific Air Transport. The following year Pratt and Whitney, manufacturers of aircraft engines, was included and the company reorganized as the United Aircraft and Transport Company. With the acquisition of National Air Transport and Varney Airlines in 1930, the company was again reorganized as United Air Lines.

In 1928 a new air carrier, West Coast Air Transport, announced that it would begin regular passenger service at Medford. West Coast was a subsidiary of the Pickwick Stage System, and operated a pair of eight passenger Tri-motored aircraft.

Boeing too planned to place larger aircraft on their routes, starting with the new Boeing 40-B-4. This new aircraft had an interior compartment capable of carrying four passengers. No longer would they have to "ride the mail." The introduction of larger, more capable aircraft however, created new problems. Newell Barber Field proved to be inadequate to handle the larger aircraft. In March of 1928 West Coast announced that it would temporarily discontinue its Medford Service in favor of Eugene. Several days earlier one of West Coast's ships had been so mired in the old field that several passengers had to be removed and sent on by train to lighten the

plane for take off.

The biggest threat to Medford's position as one of the premier aviation cities in Oregon came on the heels of West Coast's decision to discontinue its Medford Service. The Army and Navy Departments, as well as the Aviation Insurance Underwriters, condemned Newell Barber field as a destination for the new, large tri-motored aircraft being acquired by most carriers. In response to this threat, the Medford Chamber of Commerce formed an aviation committee that worked closely with commercial, local and federal aviation interests to locate a site for a new, larger air field. This committee soon settled upon a site off Biddle Road about three miles north of downtown.

In order to finance the construction of the new airport, it was necessary for the city to place a bond measure on the ballot, scheduled for a vote on April 2, 1928. The measure called for the issuing of \$120,000 in bonds for the construction of a new, modern airport on the Biddle Road site. Should Medford's voters approve the bond and construct a new class A airport, the Department of Commerce agreed to designate Medford as a terminal airport

and locate a \$50,000 regional radio communication station and a 2,500,000 candle power beacon at the new facility.

In April the citizens of Medford voted overwhelmingly to pass the bond issue, and construction began on the new airport, with its gravel runway measuring an expansive 3,600 feet by 120 feet, capable of handling even the largest planes. In addition to the runway, the

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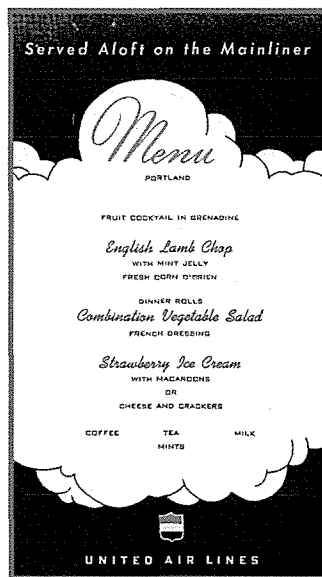
This new aircraft had an interior compartment capable of carrying four passengers. No longer would they have to "ride the mails."



COURTESY UNITED AIRLINES

COL. LINDBERGH ARVD 4:40 PM. IN
HIS RYAN BROUGHAM WITH NICKEL
PLATED MOTOR,
SHIP PUT IN HANGAR. LINDBERGH
MET BY PARTY IN PIERCE-ARROW CAR,
AND "SPIRITED" AWAY RAPIDLY.

Details from a PAT radio log, August 26, 1928.



COURTESY UNITED AIRLINES



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #9596

United Airlines' in-flight meal menu. Ford show at Newell Barber Field.

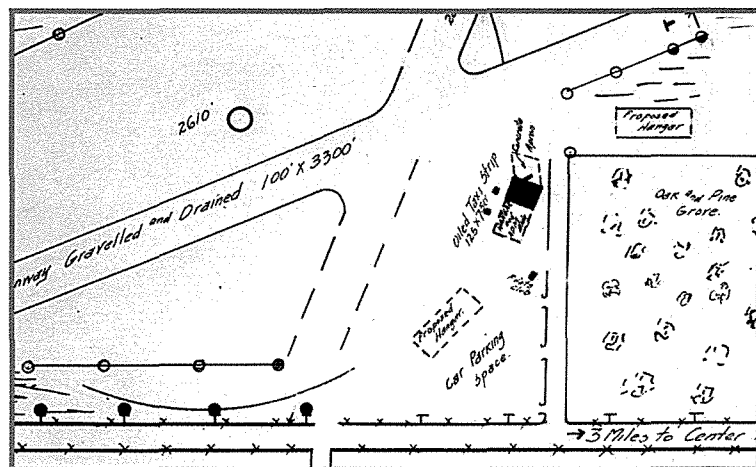
new airport featured a hangar and attached administration building, with restaurant and sleeping quarters for pilots in transit. The runway itself was illuminated with seventy-five border lights around the perimeter to allow for night landings. Six different oil companies contracted to provide high octane aviation fuel. After the new airport was dedicated in early 1930, the Pacific Air Transport company again upgraded the West Coast fleet with the addition of Boeing, eighteen passenger, tri-motor ships.

In spite of the steadily increasing passenger traffic, it was still the lucrative air mail contracts that provided the sound financial foundation of most airlines. The financial underpinnings of the entire airline industry would, however, undergo a dramatic shift in the early years of the Roosevelt Administration. In 1933, Hugo Black, later to be appointed to the Supreme Court, began a Senate investigation of alleged collusion among the providers of air mail service. The following February, Postmaster General James Farley cancelled all air mail contracts, citing the alleged collusion; the delivery of air mail was transferred to United States Army pilots by presidential order. Roosevelt's decision was to prove disastrous for the army pilots. Unused to the unique nature of air mail delivery, the army pilots suffered such a large number of crashes that the president was forced to suspend all air mail flying in March.

With the loss of the air mail subsidies, there was a shake-out of the many airlines that had been formed during the 1920s. Only those able to subsist on passenger traffic were able to carry on. Eventually the government resumed the air mail contracts, but forced the break-up of the large conglomerates, prohibiting the mergers of manufacturers and carriers. The 1934 reorganization in of United Aircraft and

Transport, now separated from manufacturers Boeing, and Pratt and Whitney, led to the creation of United Airlines and an end to Pacific Air Transport's separate identity. In spite of the resumption of the air mail contracts, it was passenger service that had become the mainstay of the commercial aviation industry. New, faster ships capable of carrying increasingly larger numbers of passengers had made commercial passenger aviation profitable. ■

William Alley is a certified archivist and historian. He is a contributing editor for Southern Oregon Heritage and works in the Research Library.



A drawing for the segment of the proposed Medford Municipal Airport, 1928.

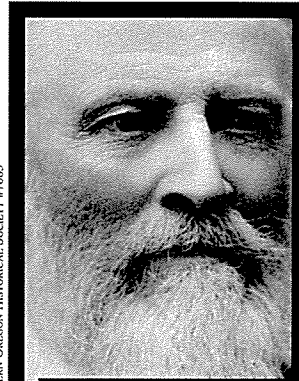
The Masons

Freemasonry, an organization dating back to 16th century England, swept America in the 18th century. When settlers and those seeking their fortune headed west, many brought with them the secrets of the society known as Freemasonry.

In late 1854, a group of men of moral fortitude came together on Hanley Hill in Jacksonville to discuss the formation of a Masonic lodge. It has been taken on faith as the first meeting in the Rogue Valley of like-minded men with the sole purpose of forming a lodge.

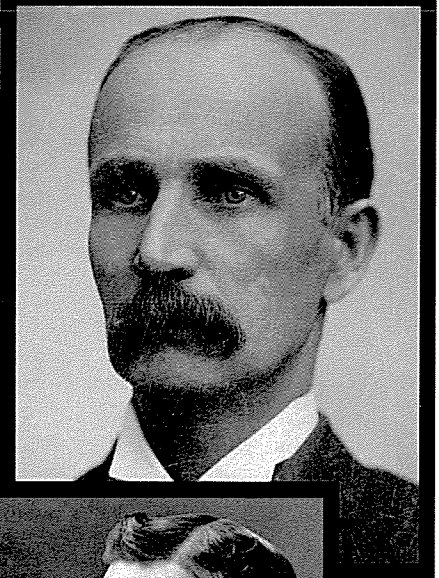
The Masonic brotherhood and its many constellations have been building community quietly ever since. Many of the regions most prominent pioneers were Masons. Jacob Wagner, Abel Helman, E.K. Anderson, Francis Logg of Loggtown, C.C. Beekman and Judge Heiro K. Hanna were all fraternal brothers. Masons included judges, bankers, priests, an indian agent (George Ambrose), and tradesmen such as David Linn. These men donated land for towns and cemeteries, loaned money for buildings, and gave towards scholarship, care for the elderly, and provided funeral benefits for the brotherhood. Walk through the Eastwood I.O.O.F. cemetery and you will see in stone the allegiance of the Masons. On any Main Street in southern Oregon there is a building that was either built by Masons, or served as an early gathering place.

The Masons have had a strong presence in southern Oregon for over 140 years. Although numbers have dwindled, the Mason's enduring rituals, timeless traditions, and acts of charity continue to be a positive force in our communities today. **↑**



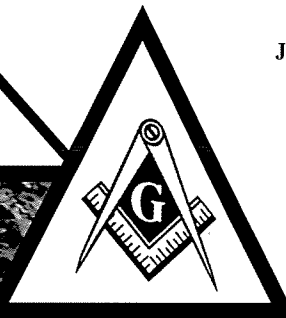
Captain W.W. Fowler was Worshipful Master in 1858 and 1859 for Jacksonville's Warren Lodge No.10.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #7065



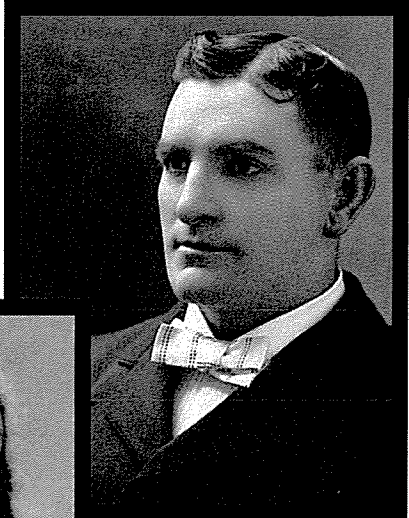
Judge William Colvig, Worshipful Master, 1901 and 1902, Jacksonville.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #1360



Emil Britt, Worshipful Master, 1903 and 1907, Jacksonville.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15613



George Love, Worshipful Master, 1899 and 1900, Jacksonville.



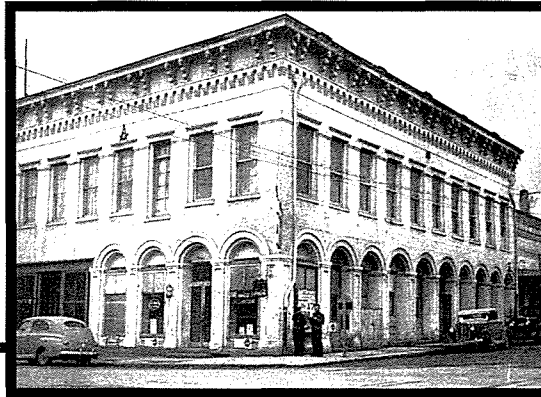
J. S. Howard joined Jacksonville lodge #10, in 1872. Some call him the Father of Medford.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #9008

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15617

built on character made to last

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15619

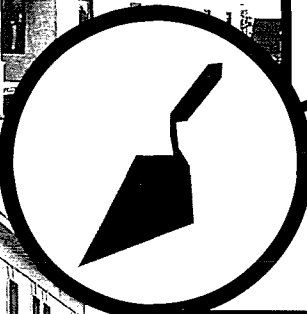


Warren Lodge No. 23 in Jacksonville was built by David Linn in 1888. It still serves as the meeting hall. Linn served as Worshipful Master after father-in-law C.C. Beekman's 11 year reign.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #3366

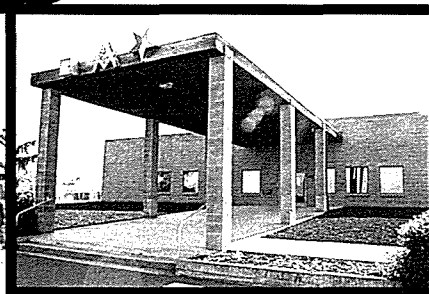
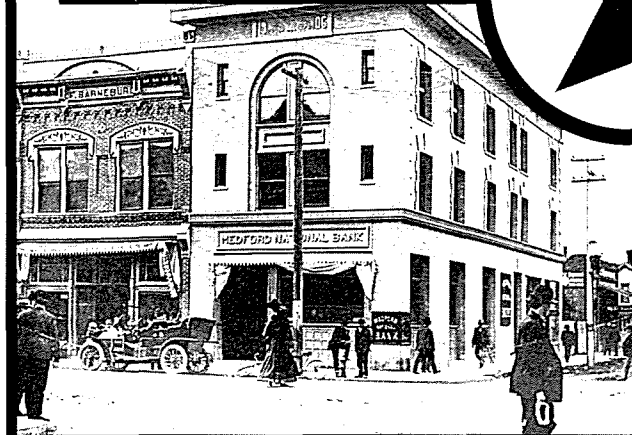


The Central Point Masonic Lodge was chartered in 1908. Meetings have been held in the YMCA building since 1923.



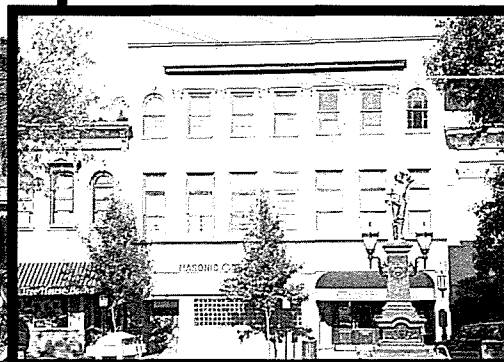
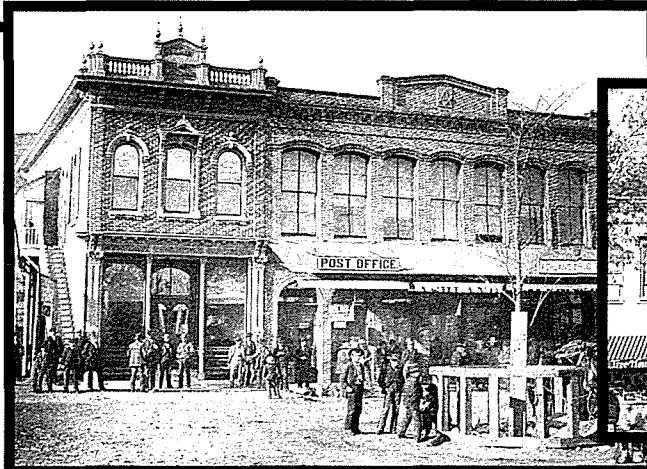
The Medford Lodge was chartered in 1892. In 1898 the meetings were held in the Barneburg Building just west of the U.S. National Bank on Main Street. The chapter occupied several spaces over the years. In the late 1980s a new lodge was built on Phoenix Avenue.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #1698



CAROL CARLSTEN

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #14421



CAROL CARLSTEN

The Ashland Lodge, founded in 1875, met in the Masonic building, to the right of the Bank of Ashland, on the plaza. A fire devastated downtown Ashland in 1879 and destroyed the lodge and all of its records. The original charter, housed elsewhere, still survives. The new lodge, pictured at right, was built in 1880.



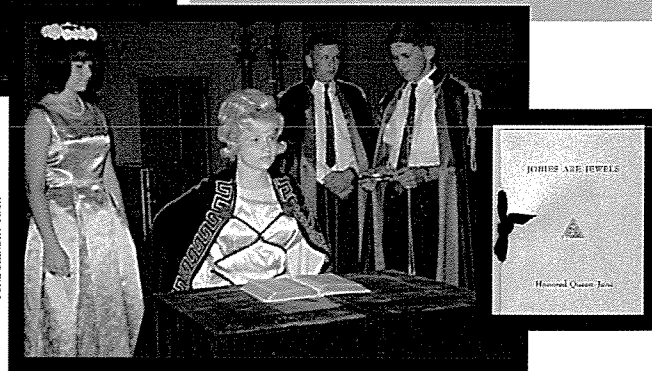
Order of the Eastern Star, Jacksonville, December 15, 1891. Alice Hanley, back row, third from left.

"In all the land were found
no women so fair
as the
daughters of Job."

Job 42:15



JUNE HENDRY RICH



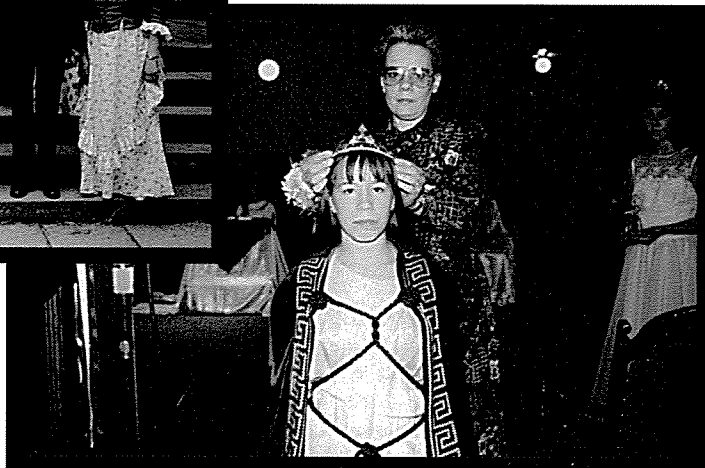
The Order of Job's Daughters is open to female relatives of Masons, ages 11 to 20. Founded in 1920, the order emphasizes fraternalism, patriotism, and religion. Today Medford has ten "Jobies" and Ashland claims a full Bethel, consisting of twenty-two girls.

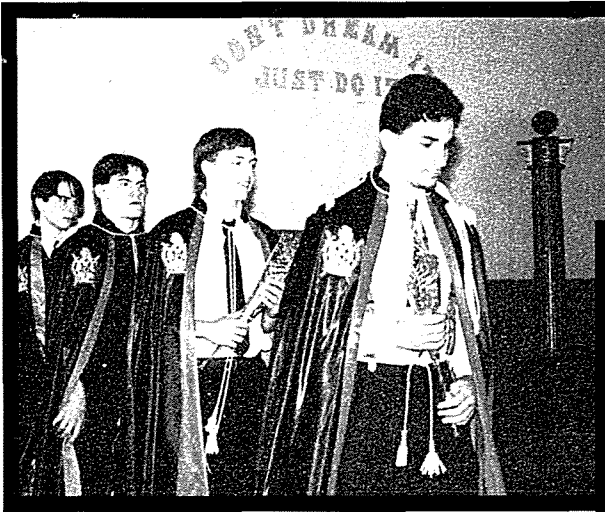
Miss June Hendry (above) was crowned Honored Queen of Bethel 55, International Order of Job's Daughters June 4, 1966, at the Medford Masonic Temple. Boys from the Medford Chapter of the Order of DeMolay also participated. A banquet and a ball followed Queen June's "installation."

Past Honored Queen Lorie Fogelman (below) crowns daughter Christie Hopkins as Senior Princess, in the Central Point Bethel 38 installation in June of 1995.



Jacksonville Order of the Eastern Star on the Courthouse steps, celebrating their 60th anniversary, July, 1940.

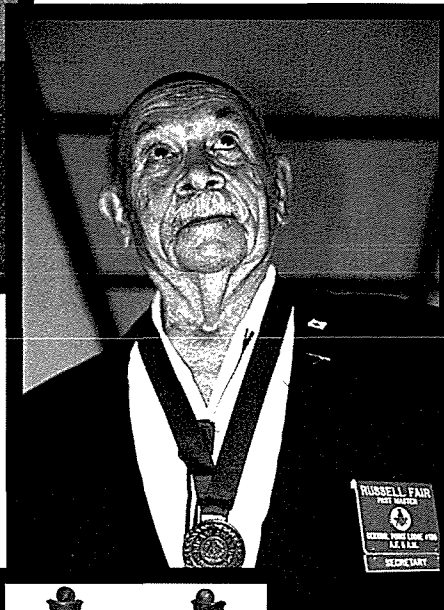




The Medford Order of DeMolay escorted Honored Queen, Ruth Vanderpool into the hall for the Rose Ceremony in 1995. The Order of DeMolay teaches loyalty, brotherhood, responsibility, cooperation and leadership skills. DeMolay is based on the life of Jacques DeMolay, the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar. The nearest orders are now in Grants Pass and the small town of Kirby.

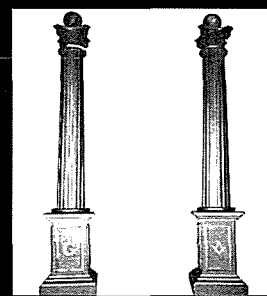
Masons have eighty-six affiliated bodies. These include Shriners, Order of the White Star of Jerusalem, Knights Templar, Amaranth, York Rite, and Scottish Rite. To become a member of these concordant bodies you must become a third degree Mason, or Master Mason.

Masons are very active in southern Oregon sponsoring scholarships, youth ball teams, D.A.R.E., and the Trinity Respite Center. Masons also have a self-supporting home in Forest Grove where the elderly and widows of Masons can live free of charge. The home can accommodate up to ninety-two people.



Central Point Lodge member and Past Master, Russell Fair receives fifty year medallion.

CAROL CARLSTON

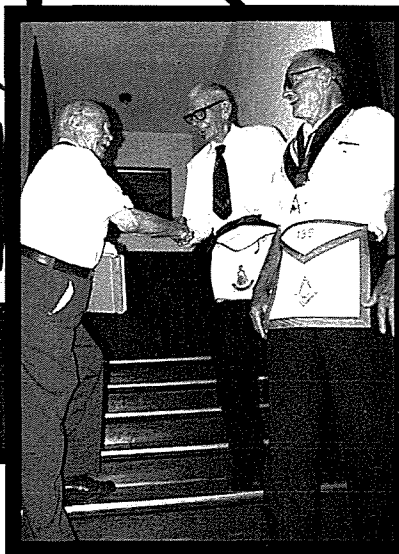


Pillars of the community, brothers pause on the stairs of the Central Point Lodge to congratulate Russell Fair for receiving his fifty year medallion.



COURTESY OF PERRY CARD

The members of the Central Point Masonic Lodge #135, appear in full regalia, 1997. Back row, l. to r.: Bob Hardiman, GE Rish, Les Davies, Gary Applegate, Dana Watson, Jerry Cave, Joe Petko. Front Row, l. to r.: Gene Schrader, Jereal Brown, Perry Card, Vern Wood, Russell Fair.



CAROL CARLSTON

Thanks to Bill Matheissen and K. Cabot Carlston for their assistance in putting this photo essay together. Both are recent graduates of Southern Oregon University who interned for Southern Oregon Heritage their spring term. Thanks to Vincent Claflin Historian Ashland Lodge No.23, Bill Best, Past Master, Central Point Lodge No. 135, and Russel Fair; Secretary Central Point Lodge, No. 135. The Lodge, written By Henry Halvorsen and Marguerite Black, published in 1991, is an extensive local history on the Masons in the Valley.

White Gold



by William Lundquist

The Roots of the Lily Bulb Industry on the South Coast

When the C & O lumber mill suddenly shut down in 1925, the mill-owned town of Brookings, Oregon became a virtual ghost town.¹ It was revived by the Easter lily bulb boom during the wartime ban on Japanese imports. The true roots of the lily bulb industry reach back to World War I.

During World War I, Louis Houghton, a U.S.D.A. employee, was stationed near Bandon, Oregon, investigating lumber camps. He was impressed with the wild lilies that grew in the area. When he settled in Bandon after the war, he had a suitcase full of hybrid lily bulbs in hand.²

Houghton gave his bulbs to anyone who

would plant them. In 1925, he moved on to Tillamook where he ran a successful bulb business until 1930, when his business was destroyed by the Depression. Bandon farmer Sidney Croft, had reluctantly made space in his vegetable garden for some of Houghton's bulbs, where they flourished. John Bergen bought some of those bulbs in turn, from Croft in Marshfield (now Coos Bay). Bergen discovered they could be forced to bloom in a greenhouse in time for Easter.

When Bandon burned in the great fire of 1936, Croft salvaged his bulbs and moved to Harbor, Oregon, south of Brookings. He produced the original "Croft" lily, but sold a second variety to W.L. Crissey of Brookings, who marketed these as the "Estate" lily. The Croft and the Estate lily, once the mainstays of the industry, were eventually replaced by the "Ace" lily, and the "Nellie White," the dominant Easter lily today.

Like Houghton and Croft before him, Crissey played a "Johnny Appleseed" role with his bulbs, encouraging area farmers to grow them. Palmer Westbrook of Smith River, California, just across the border from Harbor, worked in Crissey's daffodil fields. He remembers Crissey coming to his house one day with a shoe box full of lily bulbs, which he planted in a row with a hand-held hoe. The results were so impressive that Westbrook planted many more with a one-horse furrow maker the following year in 1942.³

In 1942, with Japanese and Dutch sources cut off by the war, the price of lily bulbs skyrocketed to a dollar each and a rush ensued. Bulbs were called "White Gold." Westbrook remembers the "White Gold Rush" as something like a modern pyramid scheme, with many outsiders buying up small plots of land.



Sprouting lily bulblets, dug up early to display roots' growth.

COURTESY CAROLYN WESTBROOK

COURTESY CAROLYN WESTBROOK



COURTESY CAROLYN WESTBROOK

Native Americans worked in the lily fields in Smith River, circa 1952.

"The money was in selling bulblets to others trying to start."⁴

Tales ran the streets of Brookings; . . . a corner lot's worth of Croft bulbs sold for \$6,000; an acre of bulbs earned \$20,000 in a single year. Newcomers paid as much as \$1,000 for an acre of land in 1942. By 1945 the one thousand growers in Curry County had sold \$1.5 million worth of bulbs.⁵ Twelve hundred growers had set up operation from Vancouver, Canada to Long Beach, California.⁶

Bust inevitably followed boom. By the late 1940s less than a third of the growers in Curry County saw a return on their investment, and only about twenty-five percent made large profits. The number of local bulb farms shrank to ten. Those ten farms in Smith River and Harbor still produce ninety-five percent of the bulbs grown for the greenhouse potted Easter lily market worldwide.

Easter lily bulbs were never easy to grow. Freezes wiped out crops in colder climates, while bulbs matured too early in warmer regions. Due to bacterial, fungal, and viral diseases, as well as aphids and rodents that eat the bulbs, an Easter Lily enterprise is expected to last only ten years—even along the protective Pelican Bay, with its mild temperatures, abundant rainfall, and deep, rich alluvial soils.⁷

To tackle these problems, the Pacific Bulb Growers Association, in conjunction with Oregon State University, UC Davis, and other universities, established the Easter Lily Research and Development Station in Harbor, in 1955. The universities eventually left the research station in the hands of the growers, who continue to fund it through assessments today.

Though the research station is working to clone disease resistant varieties, spraying is still necessary. To cut down on disease and parasites, lily bulbs must be dug up from one field and replanted in another where

they are left to mature for three years. They bloom naturally in July, but these flowers must be plucked to lessen stress on the bulbs. Farmers grow grass for cattle in the fields rotated out of bulb production.⁸

Growing requirements make lily bulb farming labor intensive, especially during the harvest season in September and October, when mature bulbs are dug and sorted and immature bulbs must be replanted in new fields. Westbrook has one hundred acres in bulb production in any given year. He employs five families full time, and adds one hundred more workers during the harvest season. The makeup of these workers has changed dramatically over the years. During the boom years, local women and children, including many Native Americans, earned spending money in the fields. By the 60s, "hippies" from the Bay area, and college students had taken their place. Today the workers are mostly hispanic.

Once the lily bulbs are dug, sorted, and graded, they are packed in peat moss, crated, and sold to brokers. About 11.5 million bulbs are distributed to greenhouses throughout the world each year, chiefly to the states, Michigan, California, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. After several weeks of storage at forty-five degrees, the temperature is brought up to sixty-five degrees in order for the potted bulbs to bloom in time for Easter. All the bulbs then must be sold within a two week sales window.

Today lily bulb farmers are threatened by a new boom: a surge in the construction of residential housing for retirees. In the 1960s, nearly all land on the Harbor bench south of the Chetco river was in lily bulb production, with most bulbs grown on the Oregon side of the border. There are only three farms in Oregon now exclusively devoted to lily bulbs. Their fields are small islands in a sea of trailer parks and beachfront homes. Over sixty percent of the bulbs are now grown in Smith River, California.

Oregon tries to protect its farmland with exclusive farm use zoning, but once this land is surrounded by residential area the pressures of suburban living affect the lily bulb farmers. Raymond Yock says neighborhood pets can break off stems that grow the bulblets for future plants; in years with heavy rains, runoff from lily fields can flood residential or commercial property; and neighbors complain about the spraying of pesticides, or noise from tractors. The Westbrooks have had to purchase buffer land around their fields. The California farms have less state protection than those in Oregon. Del Norte county, in a budget crisis, even voted to take away tax breaks from farmers. Government agencies also impact the lily farmers by restricting spraying. Chemicals certified as safe for food production cannot be used by lily farmers because the manufacturers do not bother to test or certify most chemicals for such a small, unique industry.

Though lily fields are the highest priced farmland in Oregon, at \$15-20,000 an acre, the fields are also the last

flat, easily buildable tracts of land in Curry County, where a small lot without an ocean view can sell for \$70,000. Children of the original lily farmers are under a lot of pressure to sell out. Carolyn Westbrook said "You can hardly make a living farming." David Itzen is anxious to sell some of his land to a developer. Oregon tries to separate urban and resource land by requiring cities to designate Urban Growth Boundaries.

Brookings recently approved an expansion of its boundary that would surround the remaining lily farms in Harbor. Some farmers are worried. Norman Yock is not opposed to a plan to build homes on the Harbor Hills above lily fields if there are safeguards to protect the fields, "They ought to watch the grades and drainage," he said. His son, Raymond, asked "Does it make sense to put urbanized land right next to a farm? Where do I go for land if I want to expand sales? California?" Itzen also wants to make sure developments plan channel water to prevent erosion of fields, and that they protect the aquifer. However, he has been an advocate of the Brookings Urban Growth Boundary (UGB) expansion for years. He believes putting agricultural land within the UGB will put it under protective building codes, which will, for example, ban damaging septic systems.

What will happen to the Easter lily industry if development pushes the last farmers out of Brookings? Heavy metals in the soils prevent any expansion south of Smith River. Carolyn Westbrook envisions a technological future, with bulbs grown in greenhouses, possibly with hydroponics. Only time will tell whether the lily boom that saved Brookings will be outstripped and made obsolete by the current boom in construction. ■

William Lundquist is a freelance writer who lives in Brookings.

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3. Palmer and Carolyn Westbrook interview by author, Smith River, California, 2, March, 1997.
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6. Easter Lily Research Foundation, *Tracing the roots of your Easter Lily*, 1997.
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8. Norman and Raymond Yock, interview by author, Harbor, Oregon, 11 Jan., 1997.
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COURTESY CAROLYN WESTBROOK

An hispanic crew uses modern bulb-planting techniques in the 1990s.



The Upper Rogue Historical Society's Trail Creek Tavern Museum

by Anne Aurand

A sign on the rustic building next to Trail Creek says "Trail Creek Tavern" in large wooden letters: below it hangs a small placard reading "museum." The wooden tavern surrounded by trees seems dark and somewhat foreboding.

The windows look boarded up, and knotted lodge pole pine pillars guard the entrance. There was much fervor in the area of Trail, (population three hundred to four hundred) when the tavern shut down for the last time, especially since it would be reopening as a museum. It's hard to find a person in the Shady Cove/Trail community who doesn't have a story about the old tavern.

The last recorded report from the sheriff's office is an assault account involving eight people in 1992. The sheriff's receptionist described a long ongoing fight between drinking loggers in which a relative was "scalped" with a shovel and left slightly crippled. Historical Society

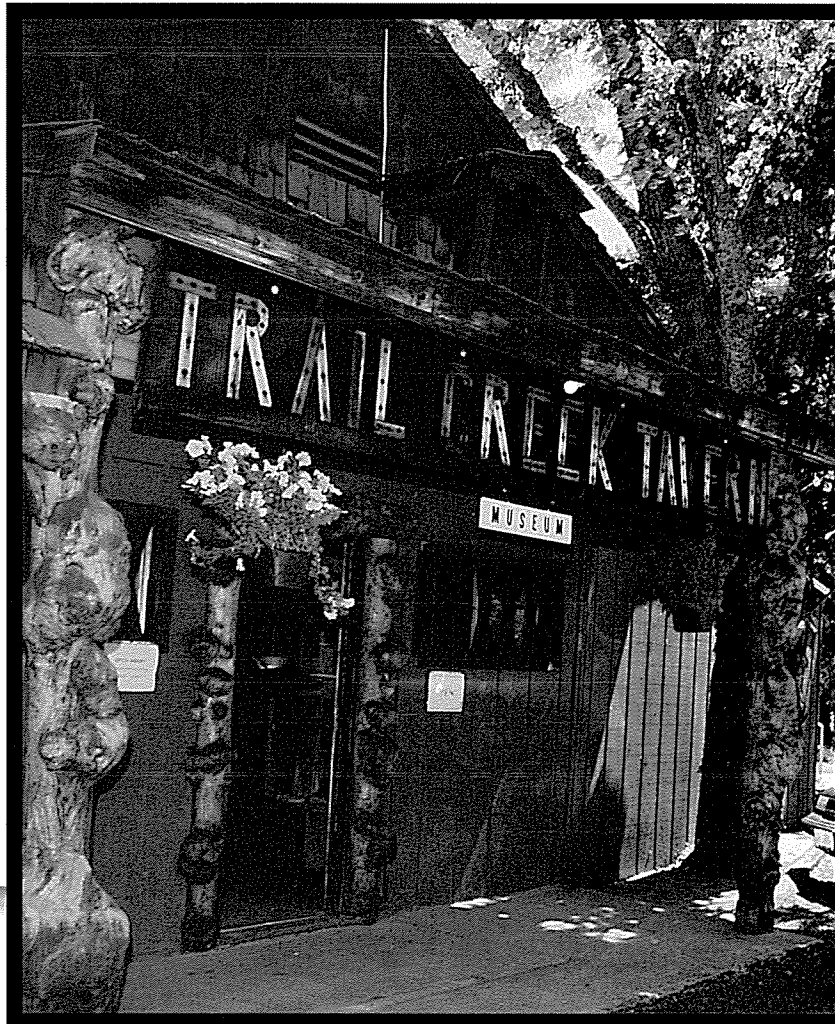
Secretary, Beverly Clark, referred to this particular night as "The night of the massacre."

Sue Sullivan of Shady Cove, who once leased and ran the tavern, said its reputation started in the 1950s when loggers

would "run the Trap Line," a series of taverns along the highway that groups would frequent sequentially. Personal vendettas would escalate at each stop; often coming to a head at the Trail Creek Tavern which was toward the end of the line.

Some biker groups, Sullivan remembers, would stop at the tavern on their way to the "drunk-out pig-out," but "they were harmless, just having fun." A popular band called the Stagehounds had quite a large local following in the 50s. They brought in so much business, a new room was built.

Jim Collier, president of the Upper Rogue Historical Society, said



The Trail Creek Tavern was transformed into a museum in May of 1997.

the fights were between families who “didn’t get along,” and when they got to the bar, “they *really* didn’t get along . . . their fights spilled onto the highway and into neighbor’s yards using chainsaws and axes.” Eagles Nest Tavern bartender Julie, in Shady Cove, confirmed rumors of methamphetamine dealing and “dope smoking” there.

After several changes of ownership, county commissioners tightened down on the operating conditions of the tavern at the request of police, the fire department, and neighbors. The conditions were so stringent that the last owner put it on the market. Jim and Alice Collier decided to purchase the tavern for the Upper Rogue Historical Society, and maintain it until the society can afford to buy it back.

The Colliers took title to the property May 10th, cutting the ribbon and opening the doors on May 27, 1997. In just seventeen days Jim and Bob, the security guard who lives on the premises, cleaned the filthy carpet, painted the walls, and began renovation. Erlene Thomson with her flashy sense of style, decorated the display cases with crushed-velvet cloth.

The 2,800 square foot building will be used for program and travelling exhibit space. The barroom is being used for exhibits put together by the Upper Rogue Historical Society. There you’ll find donations and loans from several old families in the area. The bar itself is being used as a surface for display. Notable artifacts include a “1913 boombox,” a cylinder record player, complete with cylinders that play just like records. (It was an extravagant antique birthday gift from Jim Collier’s aunt in 1940.) Other artifacts include: Japanese figures and silk scarves found in hidden walls of W.W.II troop carriers; large photographs of Jimmy Stewart, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, belonging to Erlene Thomson, a board member; A W.W.I era “Tonkin Cane” fly rod from the Gulf of Tonkin hangs next to two shotguns from 1893 and 1897. Many old photographs are exhibited as well, some are of local geography and some are large portraits that are “mystery photos” in need of identification: most of the photos displayed are owned by the Upper Rogue Historical Society. Jim wants “to keep things fresh and interesting to people,” and plans to turn the exhibits every thirty to ninety days.

The Upper Rogue Historical Society has plans to remodel the tavern. Completion of the museum, however, is not expected for another year or two. There are proposals to develop a piece of exceptionally scenic adjacent property into a logging exhibit. Jim has his eyes on some big pieces of logging equipment, but has yet to convince the proprietors to donate them.

The ‘restaurant’ has an open space with Douglas Fir log walls, railings, and lodge pole pine posts with big bulging burls formed from fungus damage when the trees were growing. It will be converted partly into a library before summer is over, with some open shelving and books behind glass doors, available for in-house use. A television and VCR will be available for viewing recorded materials.

For now, the space is used by Alice Collier who, with her sparkling dimples and blue-and-white striped overalls, leads children’s activities from 10 am to noon on Fridays for anyone in the neighborhood who wants to come. Recently they washed clothes on old washboards, using homemade soaps. The kids also have had classes on braided rug making and quilt making. The

museum hosted a traveling exhibit program on American Indian group storytelling this past July.

The Trail Creek Tavern Museum won a second place trophy in the “Theme” category in the Eagle Point Fourth of July Parade this summer. The float had an “early-day wash program” with tubs and cauldrons for boiling and washing clothes “the hard way,” as described by Jim. The volunteers wore the dresses and bonnets of the period and did laundry. They had a stove for boiling water, rocking chairs, and a picket fence along the back of the float on which to hang laundry out to dry.

The Collier family started homesteading the Shady Cove area in 1891, five generations ago. Jim and Alice have been dreaming about owning a private museum for twenty-five years and had previously looked at other locations. When the old tavern became available they jumped at the opportunity. They are both retired school teachers. Alice was primarily a kindergarten teacher which suited her perfectly for running children’s programs. Jim has taught all ages at one time or another. Library



The board members of the Upper Rogue Historical Society are left to right; Jim Collier, Barbara Fry, Pat Brooks, Joan Smedes, Beverly Clark, Alice Collier, and Erlene Thomson.

media, history, and his favorites—folklore, myths, and tall tales are all part of his repertoire. “There were times I’d get so busy telling a story, I would stop talking because I was listening to it. I didn’t know how it was going to come out either!” He taught tall-tale telling in matters such as ‘how to explain to your mother why something happened that wasn’t supposed to.’

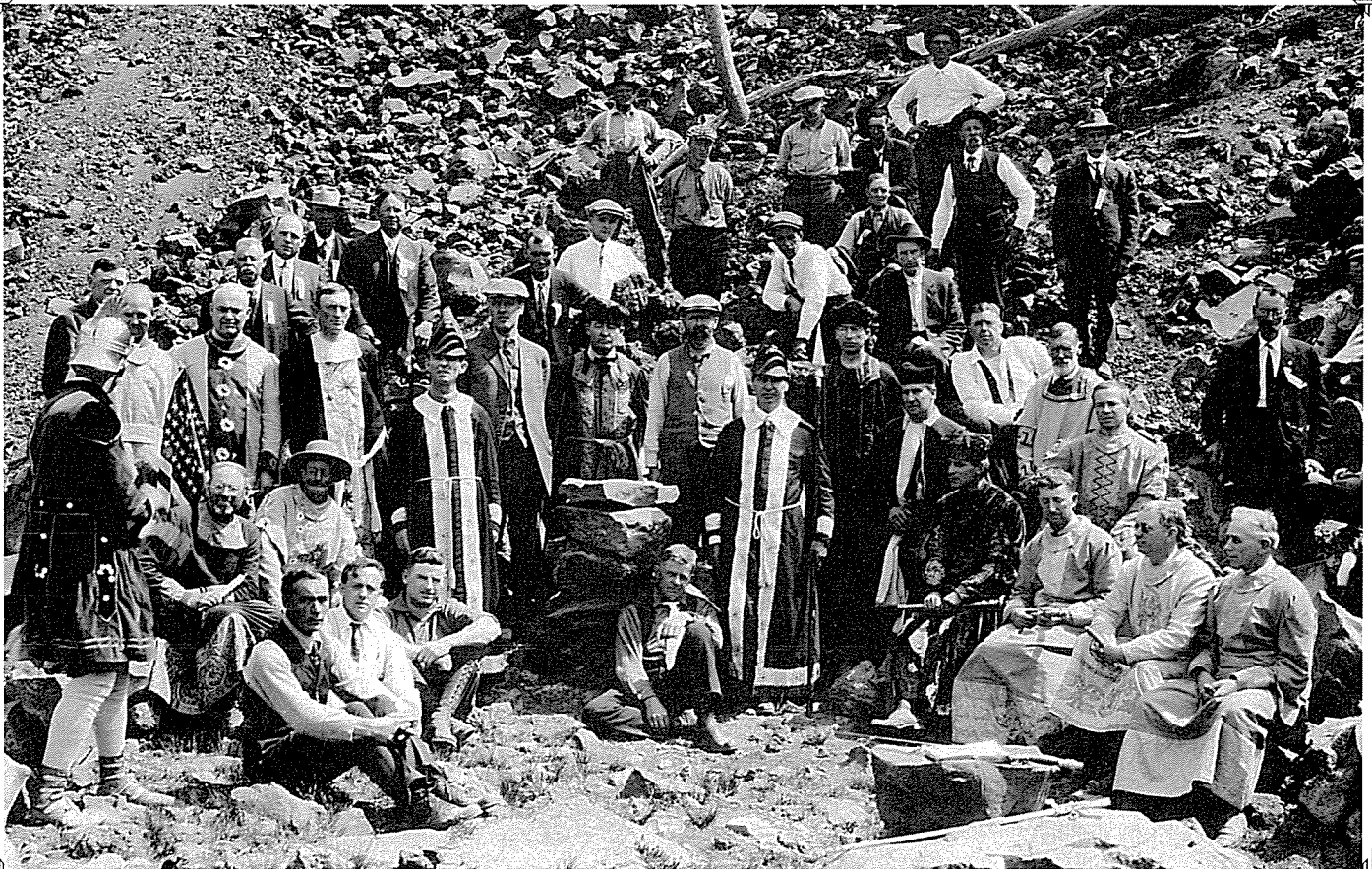
Barbara Fry, curator, who has also lived in Trail all her life, puts up exhibits and will manage the museum’s volunteers and programs. So far visitors have mostly been local residents, happy about the new business in the location, bringing in their out of town guests. It’s worth stopping by to soak up the building’s personality, watch its transformation, and if you’re lucky, visit with one of the warm, welcoming and gracious people who volunteer, or work on the board. Occasionally, people drive by and holler, “When are you going to open up so I can get a beer?” Bob, the security guard just laughs.

The Trail Creek Tavern is located in a peaceful green valley right off Highway 62, just north of Shady Cove. For more information on how to volunteer for, or visit please call Jim Collier at 878-2259. The museum is open 10 am to 4 pm, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Admission is free, donations accepted. ■

Anne Aurand is a journalism major at Southern Oregon University. She interned with Southern Oregon Heritage this summer.

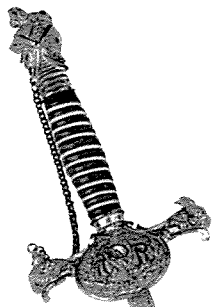
WIZARD ISLAND INITIATION

The Crater Lake Conclave *of THE* Knights of Pythias, 1915

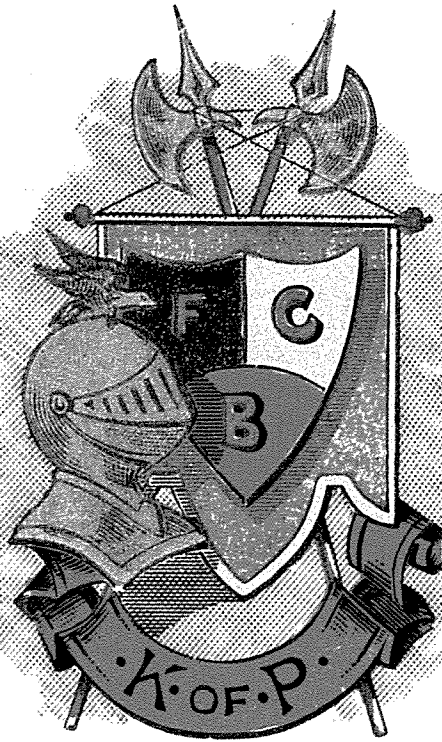
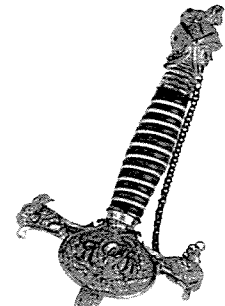


Initiates at the Crater Lake conclave pose for the photographer in the bowl of the caldera on Wizard Island.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15606

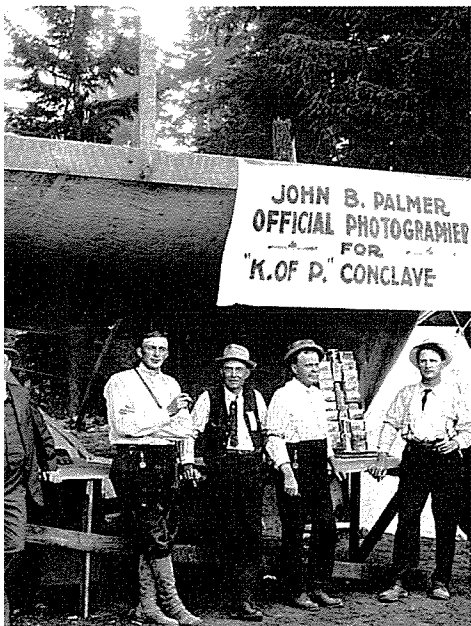


In the spring of 1915 the members of the Talisman Lodge No. 13, of the Knights of Pythias, located in Medford, Oregon, were the guests of Ashland's Granite City Lodge at a gathering in the Ashland



by William Alley

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15299

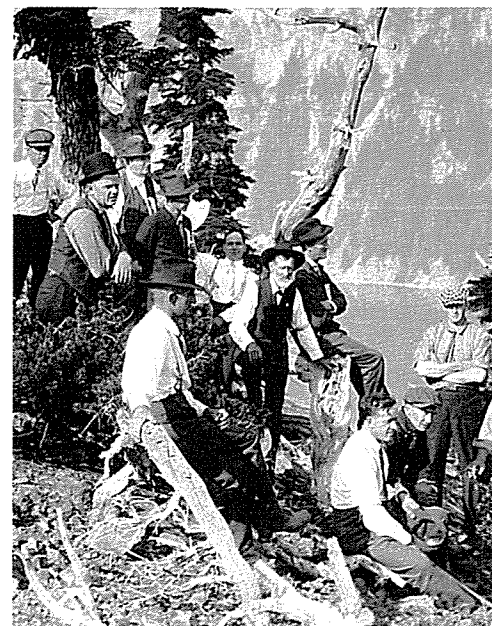


John B. Palmer of Portland was the official photographer of the Crater Lake conclave. August 18, 1915.

Moose Hall. The leading topic of conversation at the social was undoubtedly the ambitious regional gathering of Knights planned for August at Crater Lake National Park. A group of twenty-five would be initiated in the caldera on Wizard Island.¹

Founded in February of 1896, the Knights of Pythias is a fraternal order based on the principles of Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence. Its primary objective is the promotion of friendship, peace and the relieving of

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15607



Spectators watch the initiation ceremony from the rim of the caldera. August 18, 1915.

suffering. Like the other fraternal organizations of its day, the Knights employed a high degree of ritual in their procedures. For the Knights of Pythias, the underlying rituals were based on the story of Damon and Pythias, whose bonds of friendship were so strong that each was willing to give his life for the other. The first fraternal order to receive a charter from the Congress of the United States, the Knights of Pythias had grown to half a million strong by the turn of the century. Within another twenty years that number would double.²

The planned conclave at Crater Lake was an ambitious undertaking, and the order embarked on a widespread campaign to publicize it. Pythian lodges and publications throughout the northwest received notices of the upcoming conclave. Word soon spread across the country. Many notables of national repute, including William Jennings Bryan and Hiram Johnson, expressed their desire to attend. Even several national newsreel organizations, including Hearst-Selig, announced their intention to cover such a novel event.³

To accommodate the anticipated throngs and to ensure that all had an enjoyable experience, the members of the Medford lodge spent months in preparation. The first order of business was to secure the permission of the Superintendent of Crater Lake National Park, William G. Steel, for access to, and the use of, the Wizard Island caldera. As Steel was a member of the order and among those scheduled to be initiated in the crater, permission was easily obtained. Steel also ensured the cooperation of the Crater Lake Company, the concession that ran the lodge and tent facilities on the rim and maintained the boats required to ferry the participants over to the island.⁴

Although there was a rough trail to the lake's edge, just below the lodge, there were no facilities for handling the landing of a large group on the small island. It was left to a young man named Truman B. Cook, a summer employee of the Crater Lake Company, to prepare the two launches already on the lake and to fabricate a suitable dock on the island to handle the anticipated traffic. Much to his employer's surprise, the young Cook, in a matter of days, constructed a dock that consulting engineers said could not be built.⁵

On August 16, 1915, the first of the Pythians from around the northwest began to arrive in Medford. The local committee on arrangements began the complicated task of assigning spaces in the automobiles that had been rounded up to transport all of the Knights to the lake. While the visiting Knights were entertained that night at the Medford lodge, the advance party departed for Crater Lake to ensure that all was ready for the expected crowd.

In order to feed the attendees, expected to number in the neighborhood of five hundred, the local arrangements committee set up its own commissary. On Sunday the 15th, three trucks were dispatched "to haul the paraphernalia and food." As for accommodations, the men were all issued blankets and would sleep either out of doors, or in the tents that the concessionaire had erected near the lodge. The rooms at the barely completed lodge were reserved for the ladies present.⁶

Early Tuesday morning, August 17, the main body of the Pythians left Medford for Crater Lake. By that evening a steady

stream of autos had made its way to the park. All told, 486 Knights, representing two thirds of all the Oregon lodges, as well as lodges in California and Washington, travelling in 106 automobiles, registered at the Park's Annie Springs headquarters.⁷

The local arrangements committee from Medford's Talisman lodge seemed to have planned for every contingency, and the entire affair was carried off with almost military precision. The call to dinner came when Captain A.J. Vance sounded the bugle. Some three hundred were seated at large tables set up in a triangle. "The way the commissariat was managed, so far from the base of supplies," a reporter from the Medford paper wrote, "would have excited the envy of a German military commander."⁸

After the throng had been fed, the evening's entertainment began. Illuminated by large bonfires, a dramatic rendition of the story of Damon and Pythias was performed on the rim of Crater Lake, with Benjamin F. Mulkey and Frank Lindley of the Medford lodge in the lead roles. The play was an unqualified success and drew rave reviews. At the conclusion of the drama the Pythians made their way to their tents in anticipation of the events of the following day.⁹

After a breakfast served up by the commissariat, the crowds prepared for the main event of the conclave, the initiation of twenty-five members into the third rank. As advertised, this ceremony was to take place in the caldera on Wizard Island. At the completion of the morning meal the men began to make their way down the trail to the boat landing below the lodge. From there they were ferried across to the island in the Park Service's two launches where they disembarked on the small dock built by Truman Cook. By ten o'clock, the last of the 227 participants and spectators had reached the island. The initiates then made their way up a rudimentary trail, over the rough volcanic debris of the island, into the caldera.¹⁰

The initiation ceremony took place inside the extinct crater, where an advance party had already arranged an altar, ritual stations, and seats of volcanic rock. Most of the spectators, however, watched from the rim. The first initiate inducted into the Third Rank, or "Knight," was Crater Lake National Park Superintendent, William Gladstone Steel. The second to be knighted was John Scott, traffic manager for the Southern Pacific Railroad, followed by twenty-three other initiates. Of interest to many of those present was the nature of the caldera's acoustics. Every word uttered from the bottom of the crater could be heard clearly by those watching from the rim, but for those who were waiting below the rim on the island's shore, not a sound could be heard.

The initiation ceremonies were concluded by 2:30 in the afternoon; by five o'clock all had been ferried back to the boat landing below the lodge. There the difficult ascent to the lodge and campsites began. Most reached the top in time for the bugle call sounding the evening meal. Even Dr. Hill, an Albany, Oregon Pythian, aged seventy-two years, weighing in at 230 pounds, completed the climb unassisted. Not all, however, were able to make the evening meal. Truman Cook later recalled that one heavy-set man required quite a bit of assistance, and a few



Rituals were based on the story of Damon and Pythias, whose bonds of friendship were so strong that each was willing to give his life for the other.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #15608

Rooms in the nearly completed Crater Lake Lodge were reserved for the wives of some of the Knights. The men were issued blankets and either slept beneath the stars or used the tent facilities provided by the lodge. ca. 1922.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #15609

The boat dock at the end of the Sparrow trail, below the lodge. From here the initiates and spectators were ferried to the island. ca. 1920.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #15610

Parking area at the rim of Crater Lake Lodge, showing some of the tents operated by the concessionaires. ca. 1920.

of the men were still struggling with him toward the top at midnight.¹¹

After dinner, by the light of the bonfires, the multitude listened to speeches delivered by some of the officers of the Grand Lodge. The speeches were followed by dancing and musical entertainment provided by the Medford City Band, which had accompanied the group. This was the first time a band performed at Crater Lake, and the music echoing across the lake that night made a lasting impression.¹²

The next morning the conclave broke up and the caravan of automobiles headed back towards Medford. In Prospect many of the group were treated to a meal at the Prospect Hotel and Lodge, as guests of owner James Grieve. During the meal, Pythians were again entertained by the

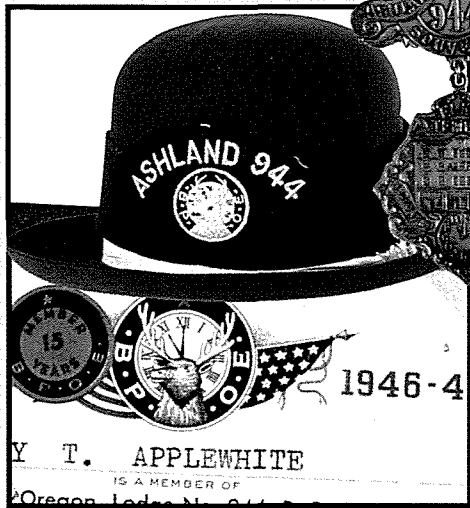
Medford band. Afterwards, they continued to Medford, where they either boarded trains, or made their way home in their own automobiles.¹³ ■

William Alley is a Certified Archivist and Historian with the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

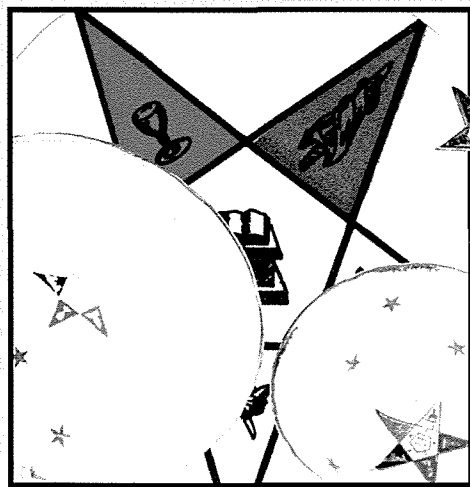
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12. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 23 August 1915; *Ashland Tidings*, 23 August 1915.
13. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 20, 23 August 1915.

The photographs accompanying this article are from the Alex Sparrow collection of over 1400 photographs. This collection has recently been processed by the Southern Oregon Historical Society and is now available to researchers. Sparrow, (1871-1932) was Assistant Road Engineer and later Superintendent at Crater Lake National Park between the years 1914 and 1923. The bulk of the photographs in this collection document Crater Lake National Park during the years Sparrow was there.



Ashland Lodge No. 944, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, was established in 1905. The BPOE emblem shows an elk head and clock stopped at 11, the time meetings are halted to honor absent members. The Elks' principles include charity, justice, brotherly love, and fidelity.



Members of The Order of the Eastern Star are close female relatives of Masons. The colors, flowers, and emblems within their star represent specific teachings and guiding principles. Jacksonville's Adarell Chapter No. 3 was organized in 1880.



Fez worn by Charles Curren Hoover, member of the Medford Odd Fellows Chapter #58 in the late 1940s.

SYMBOLS OF FELLOWSHIP

by Mary Ames Sheret, Curator of Collections

The Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons, brought from England in the 1730s, is the earliest fraternal organization in the United States. Its symbols include stonemasons' tools, classical architecture, mourning icons, and heraldry.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows (IOOF) was established in the United States in 1819. Its emblem is three gold links representing Friendship, Love, and Truth. The Odd Fellows imitated Masonic rituals but added insurance benefits for its members.

The IOOF and other fraternal organizations followed the Masons' example and used symbols to relay its democratic principles and personal virtues. Common emblems include the all-seeing eye (deity), hourglass, scales (human life), anchor, five-pointed star, beehive, square and compass, and an open bible.

While the true meanings of all fraternal symbols and rituals will remain secret, the organizations' good works are known far and wide. Fraternal orders have given millions of dollars to hospitals, youth activities, scholarships, medical research, homes for widows, orphans and aged, and other charitable causes. ■

COLLECTIONS HIGHLIGHT

This medal was presented to Beekman in 1888 from his Dundee, New York, hometown Masonic lodge.

Apron and gauntlet of the Knight Templar, a part of the Masonic York Rite, ca. 1880. The name stems from a military and religious order who fought in the Crusades. The Masons adopted their cross and crown emblem as shown on the hatbox.

Masonic apron worn by C.C. Beekman, Jacksonville, in 1868. Later he became Worshipful Master of Warren Lodge No. 10.

A complex, symbolic tapestry or rug. At the top is a large, stylized eye with radiating lines, set within a circular frame with fringe. Below this, the central field contains a chessboard with a crown on the king's square. Flanking the chessboard are two columns topped with spheres. Various other symbols are scattered around: a heart, a cross, a crescent moon, a winged figure, a windmill, a key, a ladder, a cube, a small house, a flower, and a sword. The entire design is enclosed within a wide, fringed border.

VOL. 3, No. 1

EXHIBITS

"Western Expansion" featuring the works of such famed artists as Frederick Remington, Karl Bodmer, George C. Bingham, George Catlin and others will be displayed November to April, at The History Center in Medford. The exhibit of hand-colored lithographs, paintings, and engravings of Western scenes is sponsored by A.G. Edwards Investment Firm.

"Jackson County Courthouses" opens Nov. 3, at the Jacksonville Museum, just in time for elections! Stop in before heading to the polls and discover the history of the courthouse in J'ville and many others. Architecture, trials, and other social aspects of the buildings will be examined.

"Views along the Trail" explores the world of James Clyman, a fur trapper in the 1850s. Richard Bergeman, a contemporary photographer, captured the landscape where mountain men once traveled. Scenes of incredible natural beauty, produced in a traditional technique, give these photos a majestic quality. The photos will be on the mezzanine of the History Center until Nov. 2.

Please visit **"Going Places: to and through the Rogue River Valley, 1826-1996"** at the History Center, and **"Miner, Baker Furniture Maker"** at the Society's Jacksonville Museum.

VOLUNTEER CHEERS

Twelve year old Maggie James, recently won the Champion and Reserve Champion at the Jackson County Fair for her photographs the Hanley Steam Engine, and Hanley Back Doors taken at the Hanley Farm. Maggie volunteers for Society photographer Dana Hedrick.

"Maggie is awesome," says Dana. Maggie has learned

to operate a camera and has attended photo shoots both outside and in a studio, and knows how to produce quality prints.

PROGRAM SAMPLINGS

October 11 and 12, from 10 am-4 pm, a beginners only **"Weaving Workshop"** will be held. \$30 members, \$45 non-members. Call 773-6536 to pre-register.

November 1, 7-9 pm, the **Northwest Pottery Research Center** will present a program on historic Oregon pottery. Both programs will be held in the US Hotel in Jacksonville.

THE GIFT OF GAB?

We are looking for writers with knowledge regarding architecture, women's history, the WPA movement, and much much more. If you have a talent with words, or know a friend with a good story to tell, let us know.

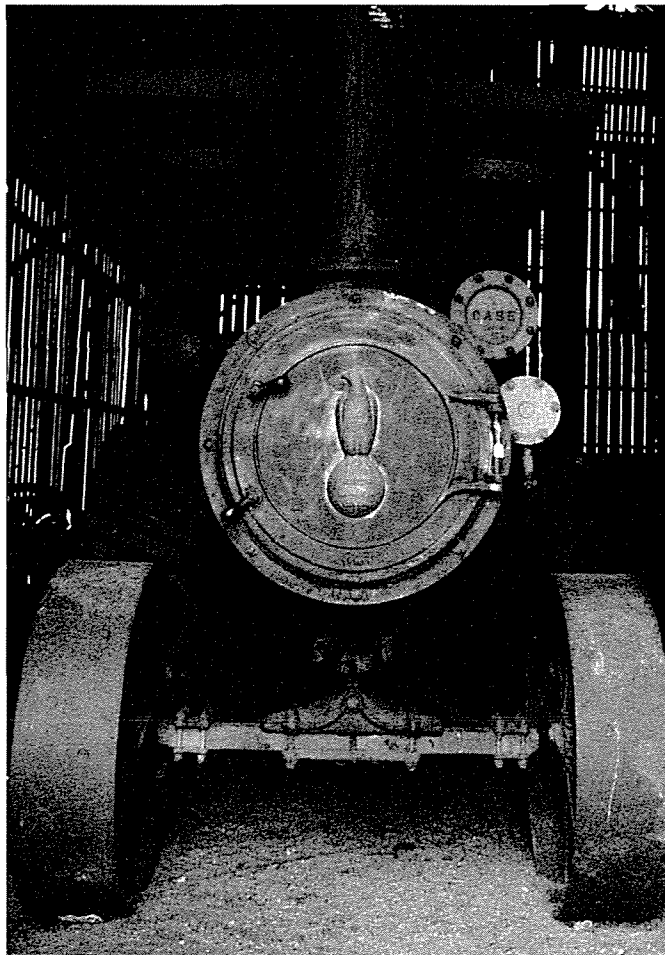
Call or write to Marcia W. Somers, Editor, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, 94501. 541-773-6536.

PROMS AND FOOTBALL

The Society is planning an exhibit about southern Oregon high school days. Do you have cherished items from your high school years? Whether you graduated in 1927 or 1997, let us know if you have items you'd like to loan or donate for this exhibit. Contact the exhibits department at 773-6536, or email us at exhibits@sohs.org.

THANK YOU

Funds from *Heritage* subscriptions aid in supporting The Society's mission. Share your *Heritage* with friends—encourage them to subscribe or to become members. Thank you for your support of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. 📌



Twelve-year old volunteer Maggie James was awarded "Champion" at the Jackson County Fair for her photograph of a Steam Engine stored at the Hanley farm.



SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

MUSEUMS, SITES, AND EXHIBITS

• Southern Oregon History Center

106 N. Central Ave., Medford

Going Places: Travel To and Through the Rogue Valley. 1826-1996 – ongoing; *Views Along the Trail*, closes November 2; Community Collects. Gallery and office hours: Monday through Friday, 9-5. The gallery is also open Saturday, 12-5.

• Research Library

The History Center, Medford

Over 750,000 historic images and negatives, 800 manuscripts, and wide selection of books and pamphlets covering topics of local history. Open to the public Tuesday through Saturday, 1-5.

• The History Store, Medford

Toys and gifts reminiscent of another era. Holiday location at the Rogue Valley Mall.

• Jacksonville History Store

Corner of California and Third streets, Jacksonville

The works of regional artist and artisans presented for sale in this gallery-like setting. Wednesday through Saturday, 10-5; Sunday 12-5.

• Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville

Miner; Baker; Furniture Maker; Southern Oregon Brides; Politics of Culture and more. Wednesday through Saturday, 10-5; Sunday noon to 5.

• Children's Museum

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville

Hands-on history for the entire family. Wednesday through Saturday 10-5; Sunday noon to 5.

• C.C. Beekman House

California and Laurelwood streets, Jacksonville
Beekman House is closed for the winter season.

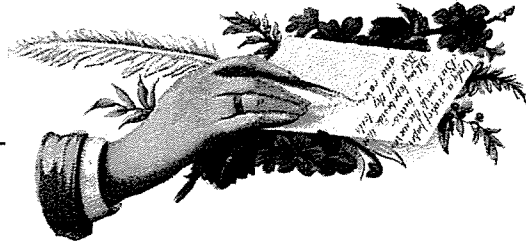
• C.C. Beekman Bank

California and 3rd streets, Jacksonville

See the interior of this turn-of-the-century bank and Wells Fargo Office from viewing porches year-round.

• SOHS Online

Visit our new website at www.sohs.org



Personal Landscapes

"I heard more about how things used to be, than how things really are," answered my fiancé when my mother inquired about our tour of my home town. It's not that I wish things had stayed the same. My remarks more often than not, come from sorrow and shock. The world as I knew it is gone. My personal landscape has vanished with growth and change. Sometimes I miss it. It was familiar, it was mine.

At the dentists recently, my hygienist reminisced (in the midst of fierce flossing) about the old Medford Fairgrounds, where Fred Meyer is today. It was her second home. Every summer she "practically lived there," caring for her horse, meeting her friends, competing. The smell of hay and the roofline of the stadium are as real today as they were twenty years ago. Now, however, the fairgrounds exists only in her memory, and in the memory of others who had experiences there. A salesman from Ram Offset, our printer, saw a photograph of the Ashland Toggery on my desk one day. "Wow," he laughed, "I used to get my school clothes at the Toggery. What an atmosphere that place had. . . The floors were hardwood. . . the owner wore a tape measure around his neck and would come out from the back to greet you. . ." Others remember when a walk down Riverside Drive meant crunching through the leaves of old trees, and admiring well-manicured lawns. Riverside Drive is now lined with used car lots, pawn shops, small eateries, and a strip joint.

Is one reality better than the other? Good or bad, beautiful or not beautiful? Is there a difference between the fairgrounds and Fred Meyer, the Toggery and the Mall, the neighborhood on Riverside Drive and the commercial sprawl there now? Everything that we create comes out of human need or desire. Before the fairgrounds there was an airstrip; before the Toggery people drove to Portland or San Francisco, or ordered from a catalog. Before there was a spiffy neighborhood on Riverside Drive, there were meadows along Bear Creek. Layers and layers of memory, of history, lie beneath what you see before you every day.

When *Going Places* opened at the History Center, there was a whole generation of visitors who lingered in the Highway 99 section. They reminisced about Cubby's Diner. Someone recognized a friend's car parked in a 1950s photograph. Many people laughed as the memories came pouring back, others shed a tear or two. The stories began to be told.

The fairgrounds, the gracious homes on Riverside, and Cubby's Diner no longer exist, except in the memories of those who knew them, and in places like the Southern Oregon Historical Society. We want our memories to be recognized by others, perhaps so that we may be recognized, or better understood by others. It is not enough to point to a place where your family home once stood; you wish that the weathered siding, the cracks in the sidewalk, and the lilacs were all still there. That place, what happened there, its defining features, said something about you, your people; your culture.

Places like the Southern Oregon Historical Society serve as a storehouse of public memory. This memory is accessible to all and, depending on how well it is maintained, and what is donated, will continue to tell our story for as long as the doors are open. These memories, in photographs, manuscripts, and artifacts are the tangible matter that makes history real outside of our own recollection and will make our histories real long after we are gone. ■

Marcia W. Somers, Editor

Southern Oregon Heritage Editorial Guidelines

Feature articles average 3,000 to 4,000 (pre-edited) words. Standard articles range from 1,500 to 2,000 words. Other materials 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 cutlines 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 sufficient postage. Authors

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

The Southern Oregon Historical Society secures rights to full and final editing of all manuscripts, layout design, and one-time North American serial rights. Authors will be notified of acceptance of manuscripts within ninety days of receiving materials. In most cases, payment is upon publication. *Southern Oregon Heritage* takes great care with all submitted material, but is not responsible for damage or loss. Only photocopies of irreplaceable original historical documents should be submitted. Facts, views, and opinions expressed in signed submissions are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints or opinions of *Southern Oregon Heritage* or the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



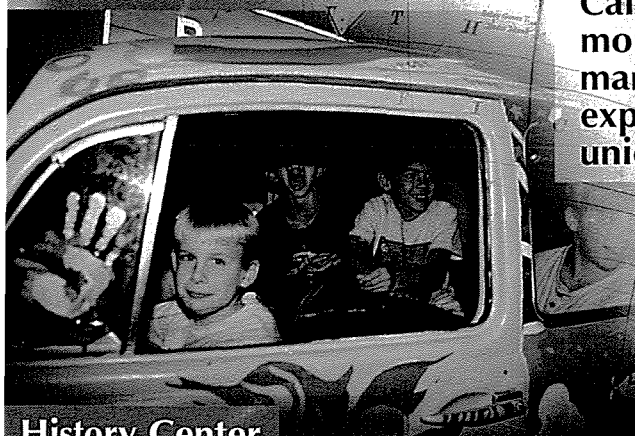
Beekman House



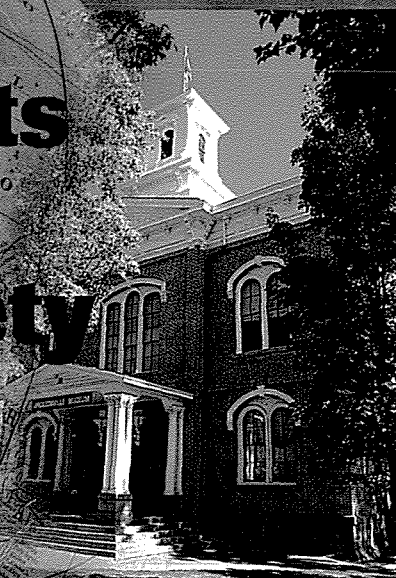
Children's Museum

A world of history awaits you with the Southern Oregon Historical Society

Call (541) 773-6536 for more information about the many exciting ways to explore southern Oregon's unique heritage.



History Center



Jacksonville Museum

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