

S O U T H E R N O R E G O N HERITAGE

Vol. 3, No. 3 • The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society • 1998



Opening the Sketchbooks of Alice Beecroft
PORTRAIT OF THE JACKSONVILLE ARTIST

Camp White
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In the Clutches of the Spanish Lady
MEDFORD AND THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC OF 1918

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Vol.3, No. 3 • The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society • 1998

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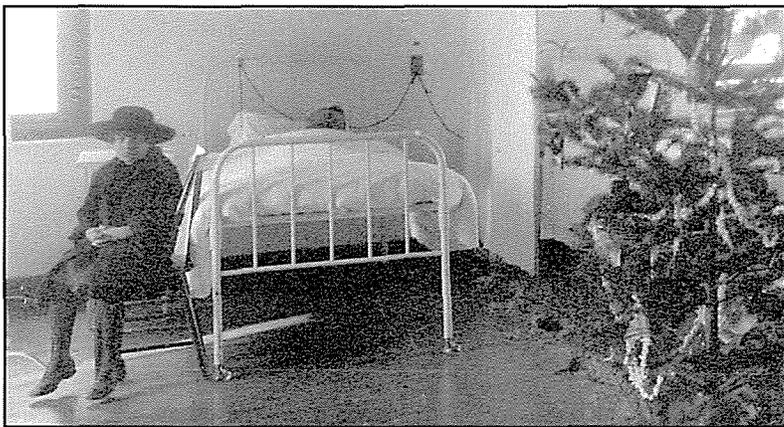
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Above: Child visiting Spanish Flu patient at Sacred Heart Hospital, 1918. The threat of Spanish Flu set off political posturing and civil disobedience in Medford. See p. 18.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #124

Above: Judge Hanna, 1908. The structure and characters of the Jackson County Courthouse are featured on p. 35. Cover: Alice Beecroft, upon high school graduation. Alice studied at the Otis Arts Institute in Los Angeles. Her sketches appear in Collections Highlight, p. 42.

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Southern Oregon Heritage is published quarterly by the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Editorial offices are at the Southern Oregon History Center, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, OR 97501-5926. Back issues of *Southern Oregon Heritage* are available for \$5.95 each.

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Southern Oregon Heritage is produced using QuarkXPress on Macintosh computers and is printed by Ram Offset Lithographers.

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SOUTHERN
OREGON
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

Piece by Piece

Archaeologists Complete the Hanley Spring House Puzzle.

By Ted Goebel

Archaeologists use historic and prehistoric artifacts to understand the evolution of human lifeways and land use. Located between Jacksonville and Medford, the Southern Oregon Historical Society's Hanley Farm offers an abundance of artifacts that reveal information about the human history of the Rogue Valley from before 2,000 years ago up to the present. Since 1994 the Society has sponsored archaeological field schools on the farm, investigating primarily the Native American record of occupation, but also focusing on the excavation of historic outbuildings dating from the mid-to-late nineteenth century.

Excavators exposed the buried ruins of a small wooden structure in 1994 and 1995. Analysis of artifacts, coupled with historic research, revealed that these represented a two-story frame outbuilding that probably served as a bunkhouse from around 1860 to 1900. The continued study of this feature will undoubtedly reveal much about life on a frontier farm in southern Oregon, especially from the perspective of the unnamed hired hands serving the prosperous Hanley family. There are surely buried remains of other nineteenth-century

Top right: Fragment of prehistoric jasper arrow point was uncovered at the spring house excavation at Hanley Farm. This artifact was most likely already part of the landscape when the spring house was built.

Fragments of liquor and medicine bottles such as that marked "CURE," the chunk of Knowles dinnerware, and a gaming piece (marble opposite page) led archaeologists to presume that the spring house may have evolved from cold storage to housing for workmen.

outbuildings around the Hanley farmstead, just like some that are still standing. Perhaps the most interesting of the extant structures is the spring house which became the subject of the Society's archaeological field school in 1997.

Why excavate around an existing historic structure like the Hanley spring house? In this case, there were three reasons. First, historic preservationists, led by Margaret Watson, investigating the stabilization of the structure realized that its walls would have to be repointed. These repairs would require digging into the ground. Second, careful consideration was necessary when beginning groundbreaking. Avoiding damage to archaeological artifacts, and verifying whether or not these artifacts were a significant "buried cultural resource" that needed protecting were paramount. From an anthropological perspective, it is interesting to find an archaeological record that speaks of the historic use of this structure, and about the agriculture and diet on the farm in the 1800s. Third, this was an opportunity to educate the public, and to use the excavation as a means of introducing students and volunteers to the world of archaeological discovery.

The Hanley Spring House Archaeological Project took place in June 1997 and followed standard excavation procedures. The team conducted a detailed surface survey of the area around the spring house, mapping topographic and existing architectural features, including the spring house itself, the attached retaining wall, and nearby fish pond. Then a datum and a grid [excavation benchmark] were set up, laying out a series of 1-m² excavation units in front of, and into, the spring house. Digging was done with hand trowels, from the surface down into the ground to a depth of about 30 cm, carefully exposing artifacts and historic features as they were encountered. Precise locations of all artifacts were recorded, and

a detailed artifact and feature map was drawn. Sediments were also sifted through 1/8 inch mesh, to find any tiny artifacts missed during excavation.

The project did not end in the field. Many hours



The letters "KNO," slightly visible on the white stoneware chip above, is believed to be the marking of Knowles, an English pottery maker in the late 1800s.

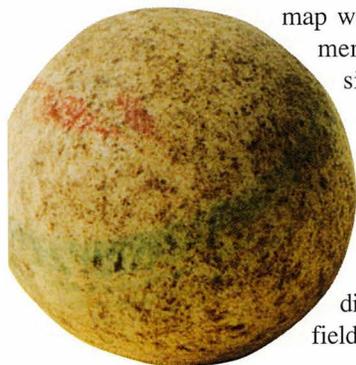
were spent in the Hanley field laboratory cataloging, cleaning, and analyzing the cultural remains retrieved during the excavation. A Southern Oregon University student is currently studying the materials in detail, and later this spring will submit a final report of the findings to the Southern Oregon Historical Society archives.

In all, an area of 10 m² was excavated around the spring house, chiefly along the north-facing side of the structure near its only door. Principally historic artifacts were encountered, but some prehistoric Native American artifacts occurred as well. These included some stone flakes and a small arrowhead that were probably already lying on or in the ground when the Hanley's built the structure and landscaped this part of the farmstead. The preservation of historic artifacts was relatively good, with bone and wood pieces remaining intact. Metal artifacts however were being actively eaten away by the wet soil in the depressed, shady area of the spring house.

Four separate historic archaeological features associated with the spring house were identified. One was a series of flat sandstone slabs located in a row outside the door; these were interpreted to have been "stair-stepping stones" leading down to the spring house door. The second was a distinct cluster of historic artifacts (including nails, pottery shards, and glass fragments) that fanned out from the doorway. This cluster was probably the result of periodic house cleaning, sweeping debris out the door.

Around the eastern side of the structure, the third feature was found: evidence of fill dirt between the exterior wall and the soil bank into which the spring house had been dug. This strip of fill dirt was about 10 cm wide and appeared to closely follow the outside perimeter of the structure. The last feature found was somewhat surprising: a cluster of broken window glass along the southern back wall of the structure. Was this glass from a window that used to exist in the back wall of the spring house? Or had someone discretely disposed of some window glass not needed in another building on the farm? These are questions that Margaret Watson and her team might be able to answer as they continue to study the spring house itself.

A total of 351 artifacts were encountered during the excavation, including 153 made of metal, 119 of glass, 71 of ceramic, 5 of wood, and 3 plastic nursery labels. In addition, 41 animal bones and 79 prehistoric stone artifacts were found. Among the historic ceramics, redware and whiteware shards predominate. The redwares are likely fragments of recent, twentieth-century flower pots, and the whitewares appear to be fragments of fine but undecorated tableware. One whiteware shard bears a maker's mark with the letters "KNO," presumably a fragment of the name Knowles, a pottery maker in England that exported ceramics to the U.S. between 1870 and 1900. Most of the metal artifacts were machine-made square nails, used in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century from around 1860 to



Gaming piece uncovered near the spring house.

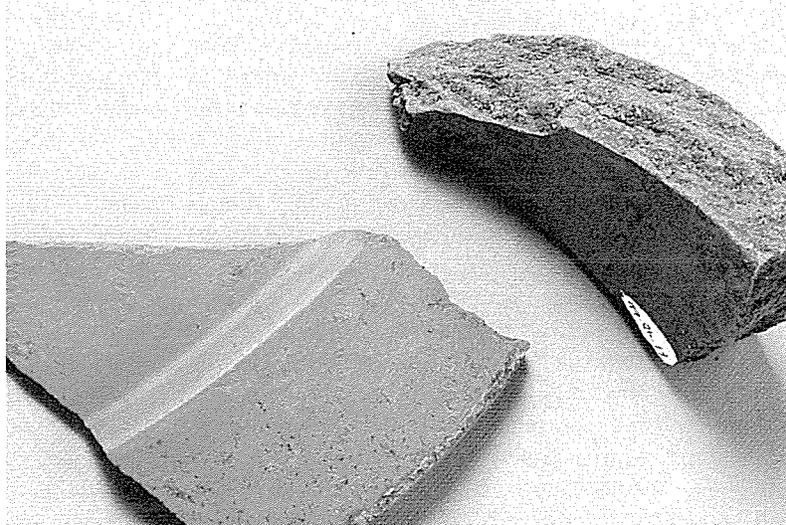
1900. Round wire nails were rare. Other identifiable metal artifacts include a small rivet (from someone's jeans, perhaps) and several can fragments. Glass artifacts include numerous fragments of bottles and glasses, of which many are decorative and a few utilitarian. Of the bottle fragments, many colors occur: lavender, aqua, amber, green, and cobalt blue. Of the recognizable bottle forms, most appear to have carried liquids like whiskey or medicine, while canning jar fragments are rare. One clear bottle fragment has the word "CURE" molded into its base. Two small glass buttons and a white glass marble were also found. Most of the bones are small and fragmented, with sure signs of butcher sawing and cleaving seen on a few. Prehistoric artifacts include a single jasper arrow point fragment and numerous flakes of jasper, agate, basalt, and obsidian.

What does all of this tell us about the use of the spring house during the 1800s? We know from historic documents that the spring house was built in the early 1850s. During its first twenty years in existence, the spring house surely served as a cool storage, as well as a source of water for the Hanley family. Cultural remains from these activities would include shards from large ceramic crocks, and perhaps fragments of glass canning jars. But we found no such artifacts during our excavation. In fact, none of the artifacts we found can be reliably placed within the period of 1850-1870. Instead, the ceramic maker's mark, bottle designs, and nails suggest a period of activity between 1870 and 1900. So, what happened to the spring house after 1870?

The decade 1870 was a successful one for the Hanley family. Michael Hanley's holdings had grown incredibly, and the family's wealth was embodied by the construction of the large white house on the Hanley Farmstead today. A capacious underground storage cellar was built during the

construction of the house. Soon after a deep well was dug about fifty meters northeast of the spring house. These two events probably dramatically altered the function of the spring house, the artifacts serve as clues to help us recreate that function.

No longer was the spring house used to store food or gather drinking water. Instead, the ceramics, glass, and square nails that we found point to something else entirely. Perhaps the spring house became a refuse bin of sorts, where the Hanley family disposed of broken bottles, dishes and other pieces of household waste. If this were the case, though, we probably would have seen in our excavations a lot more cultural debris spread inside



Redware pottery shards show a change, not only in the use of the spring house, but in the nature of the Hanley Farm itself. No longer a shelter for working hands during the "wild and wooly" ranching days of the 1870s and 1880s, the "potting shed" reflects the shift in Hanley Farm from agriculture to horticulture.

and outside the spring house walls, instead of just the thin scatter of ceramics and glass surrounding the building's front door.

A more plausible explanation for the dinnerware and glass shards that we found is that someone actually lived in the spring house after 1870. During the 1870s and 1880s, Michael Hanley and his family employed farm hands and house servants, many of whom may have lived on the farm, at least seasonally. A bunk house, located about fifty meters north of the spring house and currently under excavation, most likely served as lodging for the farm hands. Could it be that one or two hands also lived in the spring house? Although dark, wet, and musty most of the year, the spring house

is big enough for a couple of small beds and a table. Sometimes in the winter water does wet the floor, but during the summer, when most of the farm hands would have been working in the hay fields, the spring house would have been dry and cool.

If the spring house did serve as a "bunkhouse" for one or two farm hands, archaeologists would expect to find fragments of whiskey bottles, medicine bottles, ceramic tableware, a rivet and a gaming piece—the white marble, as well as fragments of butchered bones. All of these bits and pieces of history, when closely studied, may tell us more about ranch life in southern Oregon during the 1870s and 1880s.

After about 1890, the spring house probably ceased serving this role. Michael Hanley died, the Hanley "estate" was cut up among his heirs, and Hanley Farm ceased its role as the headquarters of the agricultural empire that Michael Hanley had so doggedly built. As the farm changed hands from father Michael to daughters Claire, Alice, and Mary, the focus of activity changed from ranching to horticulture and landscaping. The artifacts from the spring house illustrate this change. From this time onward, the archaeologi-

cal record of the spring house is marked by redware shards from broken planting pots, indicating that it was used primarily as a potting shed.

Today the spring house serves as a reminder of the farm's rich agriculture heritage, from the earliest days when it provided storage and water for a growing frontier family, through the wild ranching days of the 1870s and 1880s when it appeared to have served as a farm hand's bunkhouse, and into the Twentieth Century when it served the Hanley sisters as a simple potting shed. It provides a link with the past, and deserves to be protected for the future. ■

Ted Goebel is an archaeologist for the Society and an assistant professor at SOU.

CAMP WHITE

Historical Association

By Mary Louise Lyman

For a Medford high school girl whose only concept of war was the highly sanitized version portrayed by novelists or screen writers, the influx of thousands of young soldiers into my vicinity in 1942 was more romantic and exotic than daunting. What all those young men were being trained to endure was so far off the charts of my experience as to be unimaginable. Possibly some of the recruits shared that innocent naiveté. Only years later would I fully realize that the result of their training had kept me safe from the terrors of war, but at a great cost to themselves—from disillusionment to their very lives.

The precipitating cause of this inundation was the establishment of an army camp on the far outskirts of my town, following the entry of the United States into World War II. As a result of the efforts of Glen Jackson and A. Evan Reams, the governmental authorities were convinced that the agricultural wasteland known locally as the Agate Desert would be an appropriate location for a training camp to accommodate the draftees called up to augment the army's skeleton, peacetime roster. This decision led to Camp White, named for the Adjutant General of the Oregon National Guard, Major General George A. White, World War I veteran and recipient of the French Legion of Honor medal.

At the time, Jackson County residents numbered about 36,000, approximately 11,000 of whom lived in Medford where the city limits enclosed much less real estate than now. The parts of the original two-lane road through the Agate Desert, still chugging along beside the current five-lane highway, are token reminders of the miles of open fields that once lay between the town and the future firing ranges and parade grounds of wartime Camp White. Today, the mileage one drives from any starting point in Medford to what remains of Camp White may be the same, but those miles give a newcomer no inkling of the mental distance valley residents were required to travel in 1942 from the peacetime empty acres of Agate Desert to Camp White teeming with men preparing for war.

Into this small backwater came enough men to more than double the existing county census—35,000 enlisted men with 1,700 officers—to be distributed throughout 1,300 buildings, which a few months earlier had not existed. The sudden flood of men newly and forcibly relocated from their native locales must have posed quite a challenge to the limited resources of a small town. Many of the men, however, returned after the war to marry the girls they had met, and became residents of the valley they found desirable. In addition to the

“The camp would be the training ground for 120,000 men and women before its decommissioning in June of 1946”

basic military reason for the camp, the economic benefits must have been enormous to that small town just beginning to emerge from the effects of the Great Depression—a fact sometimes overlooked in patriotic fervor. Not the least of these economic factors was the labor force necessary to build the camp, plus the civilian workers to staff the offices, laundry, warehouses and Post Exchange after the final nail had been driven.

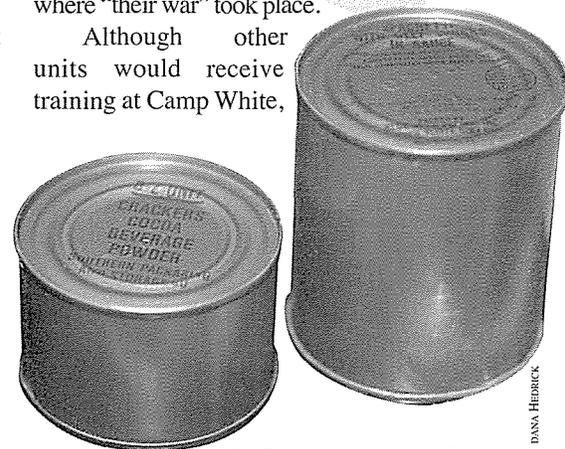
Wooden barracks for living quarters, bunkers for artillery practice, and a brick complex for a hospital and army headquarters were constructed on the stony ground. The barracks buildings have long ago been demolished or relocated, but the brick buildings remain on the original site. Recently, the Veterans' Administration,

which currently operates a domiciliary on these premises, has granted the Camp White Historical Association (CWhA) space in Building #200 for a museum which offers a collection of memorabilia for public appraisal and study. This museum is primarily, although not exclusively, a collection of artifacts and pictures pertaining to the army personnel trained here between 1942 and 1946.

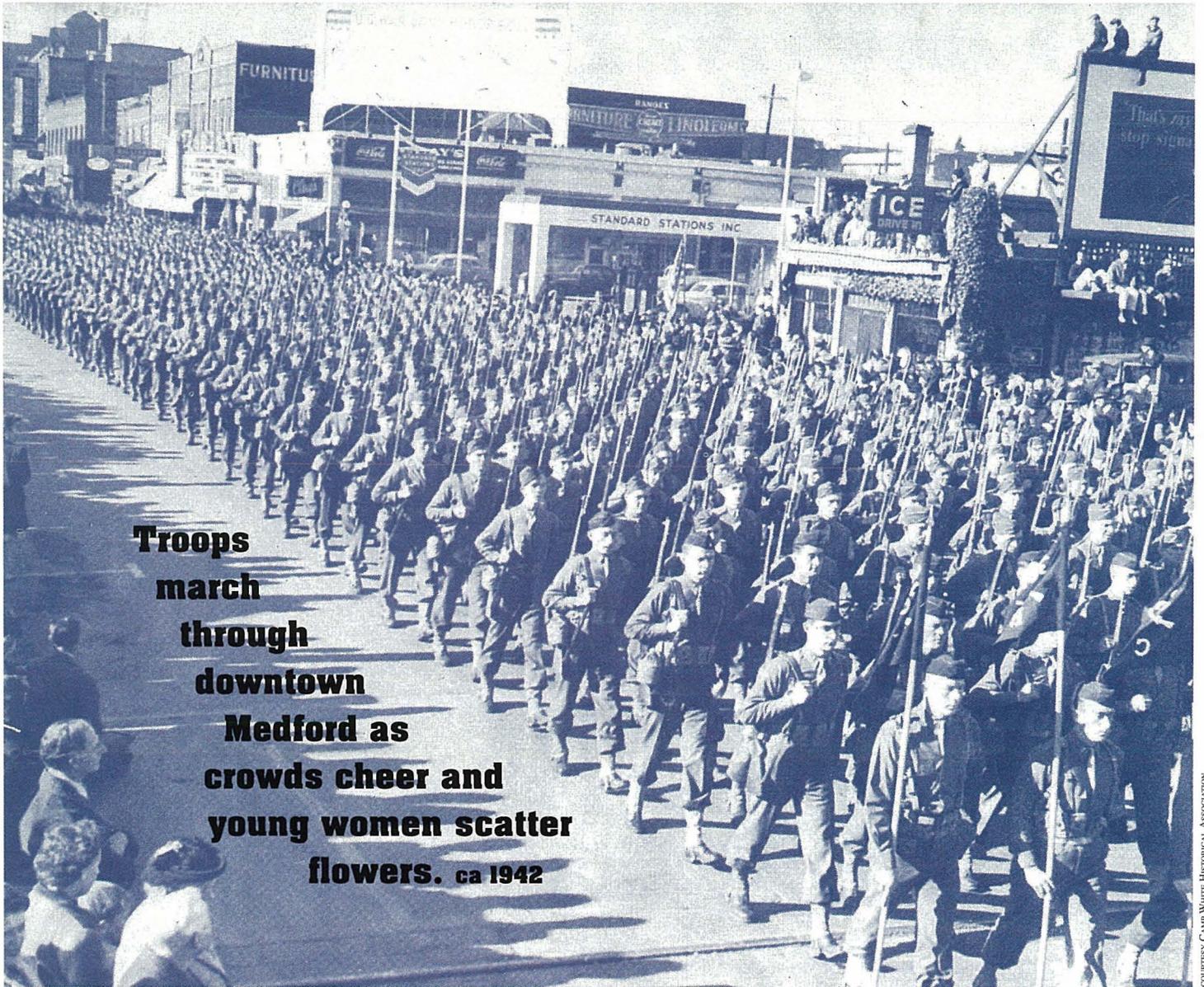
Construction of the camp began in January 1942, and was completed by the middle of December—an incredibly speedy accomplishment, especially in light of the accompanying eradicable re-construction of lives, loves and landscape of the locals. In August, despite the camp's partially incomplete status, the soldiers began to arrive. The camp would be the training ground for 120,000 men and women before its decommissioning in June of 1946.

The first unit to arrive was the 91st Infantry Division, which would stay until 1943 when, training completed, the unit was sent to the Italian front. The long walls of the Camp White exhibit hall present a sampling of the gear and activities of those men and women, as well as of the units, such as the 96th Infantry Division, which would follow. The photographs chronicle the path by which these former college students, welders, sales clerks, farmers, stenographers, businessmen and nurses shed lax muscles, excess weight and any idealized peacetime notions of war they may have brought with them. Also included are many views of the locale in Italy where “their war” took place.

Although other units would receive training at Camp White,



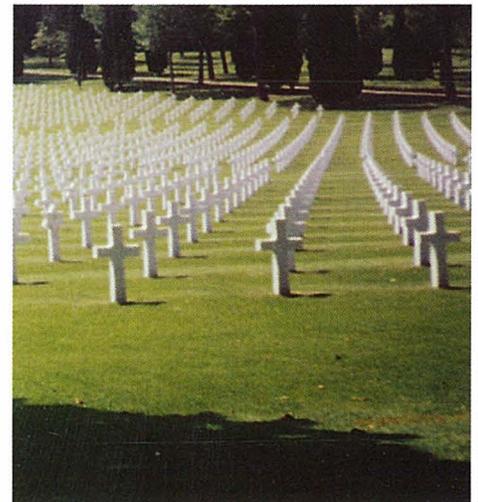
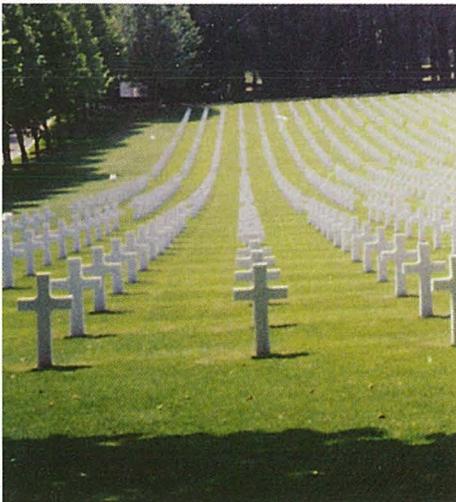
Condensed and packaged for easy transport, rations were the common food source for soldiers.



**Troops
march
through
downtown
Medford as
crowds cheer and
young women scatter
flowers. ca 1942**

COURTESY CAMP WHITE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The troops lie silently now in parade formation in a military cemetery in Florence, Italy. People still gather and women still scatter flowers.



COURTESY CAMP WHITE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



Earl Snell preparing for a tour of Oregon in 1934.

LAST FLIGHT TO LAKEVIEW

**republican leaders'
untimely demise
changes the face
of politics**



Dr. Pickel, ca 1917

masks were still required at all public gatherings, such as churches, theaters, and lodge meetings. Some still resisted wearing them, however. Ten patrons of the recently re-opened Rialto Theater were escorted out by Chief Timothy for removing their masks after the show started. Timothy threatened to shut down any theater that failed to enforce the mask regulation.

Conditions had so improved by the first week of January that the unpopular mask ordinance was finally lifted. Only the ban on attendance at dances remained in effect.²⁴ The reasons for maintaining the ban on dances appeared to be more moral than medical, at least for *Medford Mail Tribune* editor George Putnam, himself recently recovered from a bout of influenza:

Upon one class of assemblage the ban should not be lifted however as a matter of public morality as well as public health. Reference is made to the uncontrolled and unregulated public dances, which are active agents in spreading moral degeneracy, frequently haunts for bootleggers and usually pitfalls for foolish girls and addleheaded women whose parents lack sense of responsibility and duty.²⁵

With the flu mask ordinance repealed and the ban on public gatherings lifted, life in Medford began to return to normal. One long term effect of the epidemic was its impact on the local schools. Since the beginning of the school year ten weeks



"Pop" Gates, Medford's Mayor during the influenza outbreak, shown here at Medford depot with son George, wife Leah and daughters Laura and Maris. ca 1917

Mayor Gates asked authorities in Hilt to quarantine their patients. Any that did arrive in Medford would be sent back.

had been lost to "flu vacations." The school board tried making up some of the days by holding classes on Saturdays. By mid-January a plan was adopted that extended the school year to June 27, the rest of the lost time was to be made up by reorganizing and intensifying lesson plans and eliminating some non-essential instruction.

At a city council meeting held after the end of the epidemic, anti-mask councilman Keene made a motion that fines collected from violators of the mask ordinance go not to the city coffers, but to the Red Cross. The motion passed without debate and the sum of \$65.00 was given to the local Red Cross chapter.²⁶

The Spanish Influenza virus was too small to be seen under the microscopes of the day and so, was never fully identified. In the mid-1950s several Eskimos who had succumbed to the disease were disinterred from the permafrost and cultures of lung tissue were taken. No sign of the virus was found. It wasn't until 1997 that a team from the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology was able to track down the killer. Led by Dr. Jeffery Taubenberger, this group was able to sequence some of the virus' DNA by studying tissue samples from a soldier who had died seventy-nine years earlier at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

It was determined that the Spanish Influenza virus was a mutation of swine flu, also known as H1N1 Influenza A. "The worst infectious pandemic in history," according to Dr. Taubenberger, "[Spanish Influenza] was an unusual type of virus. The hallmark of the Spanish flu was its ability to selectively kill healthy



Dr. Keene, ca 1917

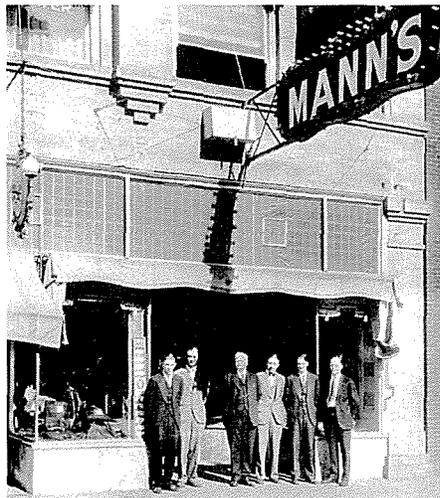
young adults quickly." It is hoped that these recent discoveries will facilitate the creation of a vaccine should the virus return. ■

Society historian William Alley is a regular contributor to Heritage and has recently published in Columbia, and Pacific Northwest Quarterly.

ENDNOTES

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2. Richard Collier, "The Plague of the Spanish Lady: The Influenza Pandemic of 1918-1919." (New York: Atheneum, 1974), 40.
3. Hoehling, 40.
4. David Brown, "It All Started In Kansas," Washington Post Weekly Edition, 23-30 March 1992.
5. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 28 Sept. 1918.
6. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 12 Oct. 1918, 22 Nov. 1918.
7. Kay Atwood, "An Honorable History" (Medford: Jackson County Medical Society, 1985), 62; *Medford Mail Tribune*, 21 Oct. 1918.
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9. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 29 Dec. 1918.
10. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 4 Nov. 1918.
11. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 29 Oct. 1918, 4 Nov. 1918.
12. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 1 Nov. 1918, 4 Nov. 1918.
13. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 11 Nov. 1918.
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15. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 13 Nov. 1918, 22 Nov. 1918.
16. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 9 Dec. 1918.
17. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 9 Dec. 1918, 10 Dec. 1918.
18. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 10 Dec. 1918, 11 Dec. 1918.
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20. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 18 Dec. 1918.
21. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 16 Dec. 1918.
22. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 16 Dec. 1918, 17 Dec. 1918.
23. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 19 Dec. 1918.
24. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 26 Dec. 1918, 30 Dec. 1918, 4 Jan. 1919.
25. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 3 Jan. 1919.
26. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 7, 8, 11, 15 Jan. 1919.

I have seen the churches closed and the saloons of San Francisco again opened. And more wonderful, I have at last seen in Medford the women muzzled.



Pictured here with his employees, Medford retailer John C. Mann, third from left, refused to wait on customers in a flu mask. He was fined \$5. ca 1928



Big shot anti-maskers, Dr. Keene, E.V. Carter, and Medford attorney Gus Newbry walking down Main Street.

at the Medford Hotel was quoted in the paper as saying, "Lord, lettest [sic] now thy servant depart in peace. I can die happy; there are no more wonders to behold. I have seen the end of the war; I have seen the churches closed and the saloons of San Francisco again opened. And more wonderful, I have at last seen in Medford the women muzzled."¹⁸

The city took the mask ordinance very seriously and it was rigorously enforced. Five were cited for violations on the first day. James Westerland even engaged a lawyer to contest the ordinance in court. This action infuriated Mayor Gates, "This is no time for our leading citizens to oppose a measure designed for the protection of the people of this city." Dr. Pickel also sought, by making the following statement, to counter the opposition to the mask ordinance:

There is apparently some objection to the flu mask ordinance. I have heard it reported some business men [sic] are circulating a petition asking that the measure be repealed. If this is true the business men are injuring their own cause. With flu masks the individual can shop down town [sic] without danger; without them there would be danger on every side. The flu mask has been used in many cities with excellent results. It is an absolute protection to the individual and a check to the spread of the disease. The business men [sic] of Medford should support this measure not only for their own selfish interest but for the welfare of the city as a whole. Masks help business and alone make normal business possible.¹⁹

Opponents of the flu ordinance, including about forty businessmen and Christian Scientists, appeared at the city council meeting on the evening of December 17. Like the meeting that originally passed the ordinance, the debate was a stormy one. As reported the following day, "Heated remarks made by some of the combatants of both sides burned holes through their masks and killed a lot of flu germs lurking about, most notable in the cases of John C. Mann and Dr. James Madison Keene, anti-mask opponents[sic], and mayor Gates and Councilman John Carkins, pro-maskers." In spite of the opposition, however, the council voted to leave any decisions on the mask ordinance in the hands of the Board of Health, composed of Mayor Gates, Health Officer Pickel and council members Doctors H. Percival Hargrave and J.J. Emmens, all supporters of the measure. Councilman Keene was so incensed at this decision that he threatened to resign his position in such a "Bolsheviki body."²⁰

Whether or not the masks had any effect, there was a noticeable drop in the number of influenza cases reported in the week following the council meeting. On December 16, a special meeting of the council was convened to lift the ban that had been re-imposed on the churches and theaters, although the flu masks were still required. Schools, however, were to remain closed, and the ban was maintained on all dances.²¹

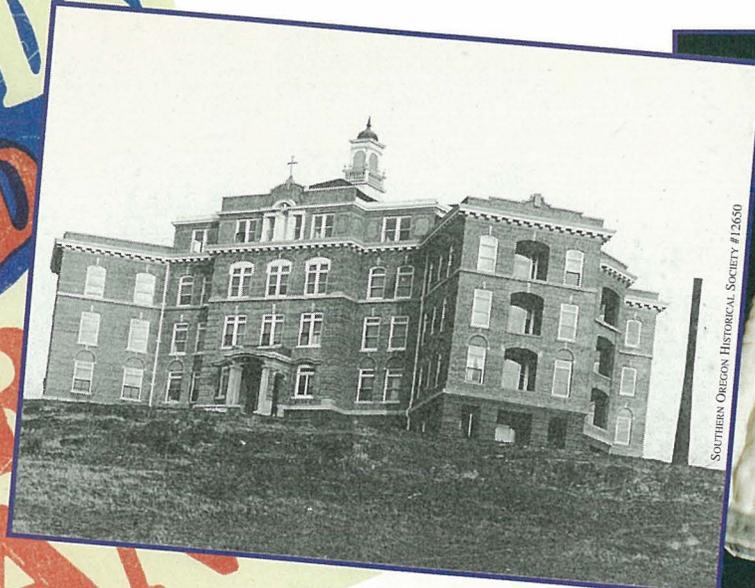
The continuation of the flu mask requirement still rankled several downtown businessmen. Employees in banks and stores were required to wear their masks all

day, which became suffocating at times. Some developed raw, sore throats. One of the more vocal opponents to the mask ordinance was John C. Mann, owner of Mann's Department Store on North Central. Mann indulged in an act of civil disobedience December 16 by assisting his patrons without his mask. Several of those patrons complained, and Mayor Gates dispatched the Chief of Police, George Timothy, to investigate. Finding Mann engaged in his business without his mask, Timothy promptly arrested the well-known merchant. At his hearing before Justice of the Peace Glenn Taylor, Mann protested what he called the police department's "invasion" of his store and denounced the mask ordinance as foolish, before paying his five dollar fine. It is apparent from the eleven citations issued December 17 that others shared Mann's dislike of wearing the masks.²²

Mayor Gates continued to support the mask ordinance. Ten days after the ordinance went into effect Gates made an official report on the state of the flu to the people of Medford. In his report Gates pointed out that the daily number of reported new cases of influenza dropped from eighty-one the day the ordinance was enacted, to a mere four on December 18. "If it has been controlled in the above manner," Gates stated, "the mask must be admitted as an excellent preventative."²³

Shortly after this report, it was determined by the Board of Health that the flu situation had so improved that it was no longer required that masks be worn on the streets. A few days later stores were also relieved of the mask requirement. The

BONDS
THIRD
LIBER
LOAN



Sacred Heart Hospital ca, 1917



Pneumonia jacket from Society collections, ca 1917

entire floor was then put under the direction of the county's public health nurse, Miss Rosetta McGrail.¹²

On November first, fifty cases of influenza had been reported to the public health officer. By the eleventh, the *Mail Tribune* reported that ten new cases had been admitted to the hospital in the past two days and that there had been two fatalities. "Every day reports come in of cases that had not been previously reported and the report of a few days ago that there were eighty-one cases seems to be small compared with the number of cases there really are."¹³

In addition to the Sisters at Sacred Heart Hospital, one of the unsung heroines of Medford's influenza outbreak was the public health nurse, Rosetta McGrail. Not only did Miss McGrail have the city influenza ward at the hospital under her control, she also made daily visits to patients in their homes throughout the county, where often several members of a family were incapacitated at one time. As a resident of the Barnum Apartments, where the first cases of the flu had been discovered, Miss McGrail took it upon herself to isolate other ill tenants and to arrange to have the building fumigated.¹⁴

Towards the middle of November the number of cases of influenza had dropped to forty and hope arose that the worst of the epidemic had passed. If the present trend held, it was hoped that the ban on public gatherings could be lifted on November 24.

One unidentified man even went so far as to mask his horse



On the twenty-second the mayor announced that the ban would be lifted on the following day. The seeming end of the influenza epidemic, and the recent signing of the armistice that ended the hostilities in Europe, raised the hope for a truly joyous Thanksgiving.¹⁵

The Thanksgiving respite from the influenza was short lived. By the second week of December the disease had again

taken hold, with 150 reported cases, half of them hospitalized, and four deaths in as many days. Mayor Gates immediately re-instituted the ban on public gatherings. Faced with this renewed infection, the Medford City Council also met and, after a "stormy" session, passed a highly controversial measure to combat the flu, Ordinance No. 961.¹⁶

Ordinance 961 stipulated that all persons conducting business in, or persons riding or walking the streets of Medford, be required to wear a mask, violators to be fined five to ten dollars. Two council members, Dr. James Madison Keene and Jesse Dressler were vehement in their opposition to the measure. Most residents, however, readily complied with the new mask ordinance. Until the local Red Cross volunteers could manufacture a sufficient supply of proper masks, all sorts of masks, "from women's veils to handkerchiefs," could be seen on the streets of Medford, including one "courageous citizen" who had draped what appeared to be a bridal veil from his derby hat.¹⁷

In spite of the inconvenience and discomfort of wearing masks, the enactment of the ordinance was not without its humorous side. One unidentified man even went so far as to mask his horse. He managed to leave town, however, before it could be determined if the horse's mask was to protect the animal or to mock the ordinance. A travelling salesman



All apartments, rooming houses and homes that had had any influenza were to be thoroughly fumigated

Face mask
ca 1917

easier prevented than cured, we respectfully request the people of this city to cheerfully abide by this order and hereby assist not only your city, but the entire country in stamping out this dreaded epidemic.

This “safety first” policy resulted in Medford being the first city in Oregon to impose such a ban on public gatherings.⁶

The first fatality attributed to the influenza occurred on October 23. William H. Barnum, his wife Jesse and their two year old son William L. had been transferred from their rooms at the Barnum Apartments to the Sacred Heart Hospital on October 20. On the morning of the 23rd, the thirty-five year-old Barnum was dead.⁷

The loss of Medford’s first flu victim, and the increasing number of additional cases led Mayor Gates to order a quarantine of all flu sufferers. Beginning on October 23, all residences where there was a case of Spanish flu were required to post a blue sign with the words “Contagious, Influenza” prominently displayed upon it. All apartments, rooming houses and homes that had had any influenza were to be thoroughly fumigated. Dr. E.B. Pickel, opposed these edicts as unnecessary. “In regard to quarantine and fumigation, such precautions do no harm, but the influenza infection is so volatile in its nature, they do little practical good,” Pickel declared. This difference of opinion between the

mayor and the health officer would not be the last controversy over the steps taken to control the medical crisis.⁸

As October came to a close, the flu continued to spread. In the Northern California town of Hilt, some of the more critical influenza cases were taking the train to Medford for treatment. Sacred Heart Hospital, however, already had fourteen patients plus most of their nursing staff incapacitated with the disease. Mayor Gates asked the civil authorities in Hilt, California to quarantine their influenza patients, and any that did arrive in Medford would be sent back, as Medford’s medical facilities were already stretched to their limit. The mayor also asked the Southern Pacific Railroad to withhold the sale of fares to Medford to those known to have the disease. Gates then set himself the task of seeking additional space for future influenza patients.⁹

Health facilities were not the only ones beginning to feel the burden of having so many incapacitated with the flu; many of the area’s businesses had become woefully understaffed. The Home Telephone and Telegraph Company, for example, had most of its operators out sick at a time when phone use was up significantly. Even the upcoming November election was being affected. The ban on public gatherings limited campaigning to mailings and newspapers, and turnout on election day was low. Local elections were less affected than state and national elections,

as all but one of the candidates for city positions were unopposed.¹⁰

Negotiations were begun with Dr. Elias H. Porter, who operated a sanitarium in Medford, to allow the city to use the facilities for the duration of the emergency. Dr. Porter, who was taking a course in X-ray and fluoroscopy in Massachusetts, wired the conditions under which he would allow the city to use his facility.

Use of sanitarium granted city on conditions Mrs. Wagner takes charge. You personally invoice all moveable property of every description to city, taking receipts. All my drugs, cotton, gauze, etc., put in storage room. My office, X-ray and storage rooms to be locked... City to give me written agreement repairing all damages and expense of disinfection and cleansing on vacating as I direct.

Gates found Porter’s conditions unacceptable, as the city would have to assume too much risk.¹¹

The Sisters at the recently completed Sacred Heart Hospital were less demanding of the city. Sacred Heart, which had opened in 1912, still had excess capacity. In fact, the entire top floor was vacant. The Sisters offered the city free use of the top floor; all the city had to provide was the bedding and necessary supplies, much of which was supplied by the Red Cross. The

1918. The initial euphoria that followed President Woodrow Wilson's request for a declaration of war against Germany the previous year had passed. The patriotic parades, the speeches and recruiting drives continued with the same enthusiasm and verve, but they were accompanied now with headlines of the carnage in Europe, daily casualty lists, and the grief following the official notification from the War Department of loved ones lost. And, as the tide of war seemed slowly to turn in favor of the Allies in the spring of 1918, a new nightmare appeared on the horizon – Plague.

Its beginnings, at first, seemed unremarkable. In early March of 1918 a young soldier named Albert Gitchell checked himself in at the post hospital at Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas, for treatment of cold symptoms. Other cases with similar symptoms trickled in all that morning. By noon hospital officials began to suspect the worst; 107 patients had been admitted for the same symptoms. By week's end that number had swelled to over five hundred.¹

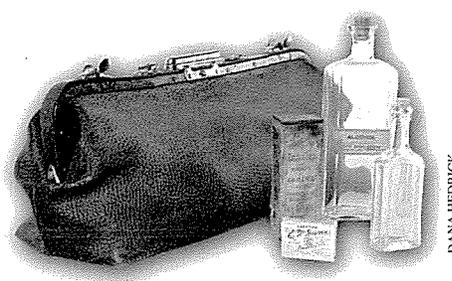
The swiftness with which the disease began to spread across the world was almost incomprehensible to the medical experts of the day. It is now believed that the infection spread to Europe on board the many troop ships crossing the Atlantic to reinforce the Allied troops on the western front. The high density and poor hygiene that was commonplace among large numbers of troops provided an ideal breeding ground for the disease. Within a few months it had spread across the entire globe.

Soldiers were not the only people who suffered from the ravages of influenza. Civilian populations, both rural and urban, suffered across the globe. The problem was exacerbated in the United States and Europe by the fact that many of the trained medical personnel, doctors and nurses, had enlisted in the war effort, creating dangerous shortages at home.

The progress of the disease was stunningly fast. Early symptoms were generally mild and cold-like: sore throat, runny nose, aches, followed by a rapid rise of temperature and sudden collapse. Many survived the initial onslaught of the disease but would then succumb to a relapse because they arose from their sickbeds too soon;

doctors were warning their patients to remain in bed for at least four days after their temperatures returned to normal.²

Even the name given to this new pestilence was surrounded by confusion. Although it was later determined to have originated in the United States, it wasn't recognized as a disease of epidemic proportions until after it had taken root in Europe. There are conflicting versions as to how the flu was named, but apparently it was named Spanish Influenza because it was in Spain that its true virulence was first recognized. Soon numerous nicknames were coined for the disease, including the Spanish Death and the Spanish Lady.



Above: Doctor bag, Brown Quinine, catarrh inhaler, alcohol bottle, and castoria bottle. ca 1910

Medical authorities around the world were literally helpless in the face of this viral onslaught. Isolating and identifying the killer were beyond the capabilities of the day. Unlike earlier outbreaks of flu, this strain had its highest mortality not among the weak and elderly, but among the healthiest segments of the population; adults between the ages of fifteen and forty. Often the victim would survive the ravages of influenza only to succumb to a secondary condition, such as pneumonia.³

The Spanish Influenza pandemic followed a general pattern worldwide. The first phase, during the spring of 1918, was severe, but not entirely unlike earlier outbreaks. After a brief lull during the summer months, however, the influenza entered a second, more virulent phase. By the time the disease had run its course in early 1919, well over a half-million Americans had died. In a matter of months casualties mounted to more than ten times the number lost to the United States in two years of war. Worldwide, influenza claimed approximately thirty million

souls. No other pandemic in the recorded history of man had been able to extract such a heavy toll in so short a time.⁴

Like much of the West, Medford and surrounding Jackson County were little affected by the initial phase of Spanish Influenza in the spring of 1918. As the second phase began to make its way across the country, however, Medford began to take notice. An editorial in the *Medford Mail Tribune* on September 28 cautioned that the influenza was sweeping westward.

Its presence here will only be a question of a few days. The present outbreak appears to be characterized by a peculiarly sudden onset, the victim being struck down with dizziness, weakness and pains in various parts of the body, while on duty or in the street. There is a sharp rise in temperature to 103 or 104 degrees, complaints of headache, pains in the back and photophobia. [painful sensitivity to light] The throat feels sore, there is congestion in the pharynx, and in some instances laryngitis and bronchitis... Treatment – Rest in bed, warmth, fresh air, abundant food.

Because the medical community was unable to isolate the disease, no vaccine would be forthcoming; almost all recommendations for treatment were the same, bed rest, nourishing foods, Dovers Powder or aspirin for aches and pain and above all else, fresh air.⁵

The Spanish Influenza made its first appearances in Medford in the second week of October. After consulting with all of the physicians in town, Health Officer Dr. E.B. Pickel and Mayor C.E. "Pop" Gates issued the following proclamation:

On account of the epidemic of Spanish Influenza now sweeping the country, and after consulting with the physicians of the city, we have decided, beginning next Monday, October 14th, to close all places of amusement: theaters, moving picture shows, etc., churches, lodges, schools and all public meetings of every description, where people congregate— same to be in effect until said epidemic has subsided. Believing that this disease is

When the Spanish Lady Came

Medford and the Influenza Outbreak of 1918

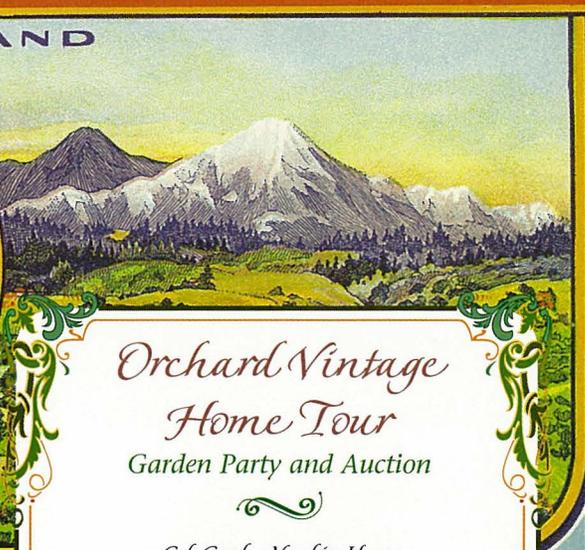
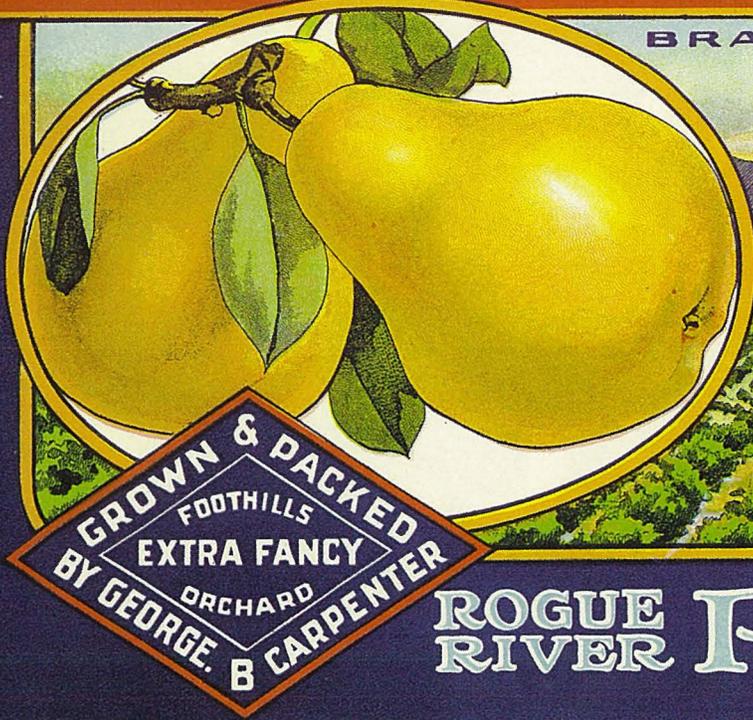
by William Alley

MERRY CHRISTMAS



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of the people got so cheery they almost didn't get to the party. Stanton Griffin, who later became ambassador to Spain and Argentina, was in our party.

"At the Carpenter's someone would occasionally slip up and put a little stick into the punch so it became quite strong. We danced all night..."

World War I put an end to the frivolity of the times. Many of the well-heeled from the East Coast who came to the region to increase their fortunes in the pear industry, discovered that it was very hard work, and specialized knowledge and labor were required. Some sold off their acreage, others went broke, some toughed it out and their legacy has been passed down through the generations.

Join us in celebrating the giddy daring and entrepreneurial spirit of the women and men who launched an international industry in the Rogue Valley. On May 30, 1998 the romance returns with an "Orchard Vintage Home Tour, Garden Party, and Auction" a charity event hosted by Southern Oregon Women's Access to Credit, assisted by the Southern Oregon Historical Society. 📌



Blossoms, Rogue River Valley, 425. © RT

Pears in bloom, ca 1927

The Orchard Boom

Memories of a gilded age

Parties, elegant hats, motor cars, orchestras, crates of champagne...and all those beautiful, profitable acres of pears. 1910 ushered in one of the most glamorous decades in Rogue Valley history. Grace Andrews Fiero was a dramatic and flamboyant star among the Medford social set who came to the region during the Fitzgerald-like era of the orchard boom.

In 1909 Grace Fiero was soon to star in the New York stage play, "Beverly of Graustauk." One summer afternoon, while vacationing in Medford with family, she went to the depot to greet her sister Edith and her husband. While waiting for her sister's arrival, and wearing a hat brimming with cherries, Grace laid eyes on, as she put it, "The best looking thing I had ever seen."

Later that evening, while attending a dance at the Wigwam with a beau, she saw the man again. He was millionaire Conro Fiero. "I forgot all about the man who had brought me. I danced every dance with Conro." Grace had fallen in love and the feeling was mutual. Grace canceled her contract in New York for a better engagement in Medford. Conro and Grace Fiero were married in June of 1910.

They built a large home called Woodlawn (now the Mon Desir restaurant) on 140 acres near Central Point. It was designed to be a showplace that would dazzle. In the oral history of Helen Lydiard Bamum, Helen recounted her vision of the newlyweds. "As a little girl I watched that place being built. We had a horse and buggy. I thought the buggy was pretty nice...but when we passed the Conro Fieros coming out on the road with their low, sleek French sports car, and with their veils flying and their gauntlets, I thought they were the most wonderful creatures I had ever seen."

When the Fiero's crop of Wealthy

apples sold in 1920, netting \$200 an acre, Conro decided the more acres he had, the more money he would realize. He bought property all over the Valley, including thirty-eight acres on the east side of Medford. He gave eighty acres to the city of Medford for the first country club. Purchasing land with little planning and supervision, he soon became land poor. Yet their continual round of parties never



Grace Andrews Fiero

stopped. Grace elaborated upon the social life of Medford in Southern Oregon Historical Society oral history #18.

"There was a Louve [sic] Cafe (on West Main Street) where they had terrifically gay parties." Grace said. "Champagne was always flowing like water. And the Nash Hotel. There was a very fine restaurant. It was the center of night life.

"In the lobby was one of those round seats of padded leather. The wives of the orchardists would come in with their husbands, at first with horses, later with cars, and sit there chatting while the men went into the Nash bar. We would wait for our husbands to come out through the swinging doors and take us home.

"We had the finest in theater in the opera house. Medford was the one stop between Portland and San Francisco, and the Shasta Limited went through at two o'clock in the morning. The companies would come down from Portland, stop here and give their play and then take the Shasta Limited on to San Francisco. We had Al Jolson, Maude Adams, Mae Robson and Sir Forbes Robertson and just everybody.

"There were always parties and we had no curfew. There were people from Chicago and people from Los Angeles. Quite a few came from San Francisco. Frank Preston bought a ranch over on the Applegate. They used to have great parties, and we'd motor out and they'd meet us with the hay wagon...and we'd all get on that and ford the river. We entertained at Woodlawn and at the New Holland Hotel. We gave a lot of parties there. They had a room we danced in....

"Do you remember the George Carpenters who had such a lovely place? Their place and our place were the two show places of the valley. One time they engaged an orchestra from Portland for a dance, a fancy dress party they were giving. I don't know what happened. In the early days the Carpenters served cocktails with all their dinners and wine and so forth, but this evening they took a pledge or something, and the party was perfectly dry.

"They had punch with nothing in it and there was this magnificent orchestra from Portland and everything for a gay party, so we all gave dinner parties before and some



After Walker retired from the Forest Service in 1983, he gave mule packing demos, led trips, and participated in parades. Walker and a mule display the art of heavy packing, the dog rides free, ca. 1986

COURTESY OF BEA WALKER

became a defensive driving instructor and a driver examiner; did water witching, and began writing his memoirs in long hand, and wrote sixty short stories just for the fun of it.

Walker will be remembered by many as the last mule skinner in the Rogue Valley. He'll be remembered by many others as an incredibly accurate water witcher. But most important, he'll be remembered by his children and grandchildren for the life examples he set for them. "He was a nurturer," his daughter Leslie said. "Every minute he could, he spent with his family. He taught us to be honest, to be

lost his patience or yelled at us. And this time, even though he was upset, he didn't scold us—he simply took out his knife, reached behind the set and cut the cord. That was the end of television for us. You see, my father was always there for us. He was always wherever we needed him to be."

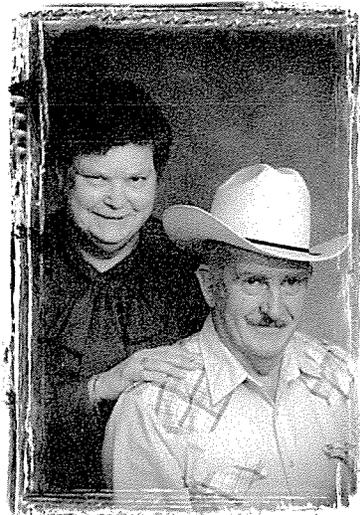
In 1993, Walker was operated on for a tumor in his eye; the following year his eye was removed. The cancer spread to the bone and lymph nodes in his neck. After more surgery, he returned home and was as active as his energy would allow. Despite the continuing spread of cancer he remained hopeful and admonished his family to be positive. Positive and uncomplaining was how he remained until his death in 1996.

Walker died October 18, 1996, in Central Point, Oregon, leaving a legacy of stories behind. He had a robust romance with life and a way of accepting whatever came along, shuffling it around and turning the hand he was dealt into something positive. According to his son Don, he was also duty-bound to turn everyone's frown into a smile. "My father needed to make people laugh," his daughter Tricia remembers. "My fondest memory of him is the way he would joke, then slap his knee and throw his head back and laugh." 📌

to phase out the mules, consolidate the fire lookouts, and supply the forest officials by motor vehicles. In his thirty-one years with the forest service, Walker wore many hats. He was a smoke chaser; he marked and cruised timber, planted trees, cleared trails and roads, worked as an engineer on road-layouts, and taught in the fire school. From 1974 to 1977 he was a trail boss in the National Forest, and later he directed range and wildlife programs in the Prospect District. But the six years he spent with the government mules were the highlight of his career. Though he had spent seven days a week in the saddle during all hours of the day and night, for a minimum of two-and-a-half months a year, he would still say, "It was a rough, mean, bone-jarring life, but I loved every minute of it."

The mules loved him too. "They knew what my father was thinking," Don said. "And they listened only to him."

Walker retired in 1983—if that's what one calls retirement. Stella, his favorite, and the last of the government mules, became the property of the Humane Society, and Walker was given full custody of her. Together they gave mule-packing demonstrations at campfire programs, schools, churches and nursing homes; they led trips and participated in parades until her death in 1988 at the age of forty-two. He joined the Retired Senior Volunteer Program,



COURTESY OF BEA WALKER

Gordon and wife Bea in 1986. Tricia, one of five Walker children, remembers her father's need to make everyone laugh. He left a legacy of laughter in his memoirs and short stories.

punctual, to work hard and aim for perfection. He was so honest, he wouldn't let us ride the government horses when they were in his care. In his eyes that would be no different than driving a government vehicle. I have a deep respect for my father."

His daughter Janna remembered his reaction when, "He came home after several days away and found all of us too deeply engrossed in a television program to pay attention to him. My father never

Nancy Bringhurst writes children's books, stories, and lyrics from a mountain top in Ashland. Her article on Tom Tepper appeared in Heritage Vol. 2, No. 4. And yes, Gordon Jesse Walker witched her well.

Walker's books are available at the Southern Oregon Historical Society's History Stores, and through Bea Walker.

Load 'Em Up, Tie 'Em Down
Six Years with a Government Mule
Ghosts of the Tall and Uncut
Smoke Chasers of the Cascade Corridor
Beans and Backstrap
Wilderness Camping, Bitter Sweet

Luckily the horse struggled out on his own. Walker gave up on Austin; he tied him to a tree, unpacked and redistributed his load among the other mules and set out without him. It had taken two hours to go one mile; they still had seven and a half miles to go, and he wanted to be back before dark. Things moved smoothly until they were within three miles of their goal. Suddenly, the mules, acting as one, came to such an abrupt halt that Walker almost went out of his saddle, and his horse tried desperately to run away. One of the mule's packs fell off and he went circling around and around while the other mule was stepping about, trying to stay out of the way. In the chaos, the lid came off a two-pound can of coffee, seeding the ground with what Walker knew was a loss the trail crew would not appreciate.

The next day, when Walker returned and untied Austin, the mule glanced at Walker, jumped the ditch, ate a little grass, leaped back over the ditch and jauntily ran up to Walker as if to say, "See, I can do it when I want to."

That was the beginning of Walker's introduction to the mules he came to know and love. "Mules are smarter than horses," Walker always said. "They just take longer to make up their minds." Actually, it was the trips with trouble that Walker grew to enjoy most. He hated the trips when he would ride eight to ten hours, for twenty to thirty uneventful miles that were so dull he would close his eyes and wake only if his horse stumbled. "My dad hated monotony," Don said. "No matter where he was, he'd try to stir things up if it got too dull."

Most of the problems Walker encountered were caused by the mules being spooked by the smell of elk or bear, being stung by yellow jackets and hornets or frightened by lightning. Low hanging limbs, holes, broken bridge planks, and falling dead limbs and trees

also caused excitement. These were all a part of mule packing that Walker learned to deal with, but there were other times when he and his animals experienced a sudden and absolute fear for no apparent reason. Chills would radiate down his spine, goose bumps would run up and down his arms, and he'd break out in a cold sweat. His animals would panic; their tails would swish frantically, their heads searched in all directions, and it was all Walker could do to control them. In his book "Ghosts of the Tall and Uncut" he relates many of the mysterious experiences he and others have had on the Cascade, Siskiyou and Umpqua Divides.

One of the most inexplicable incidents happened in July, 1979, on a trip to

hurt so bad that, at first, it seemed like maybe I had been shot. It nearly knocked me to the ground. Big Red [a mule] was trying hard to get away. My whole arm was numbed, and my shoulder was completely immobile. There was nothing that glanced off my shoulder and hit the ground. Because, if something hit me that hard, surely it would have landed by me and would have been noticed."

His mule, Stella, was bleeding from a wound she'd caused by trying to break loose, and his horse was trying to escape his tether with such intent that one would think he was standing on a bee's nest. Walker had no choice but to finish his packing as quickly as he could and get out of there—not an easy job with only one good arm to load the terrified stock.

The animals were edgy for a month after that, and somehow they communicated their fear to the other animals as well. As for Walker, his arm was still aching a month later. An x-ray showed he had a bone displacement and a badly bruised muscle. He never found out what hit him, or what filled them all with such dread.

Despite that experience, and others equally as frightening, Walker loved mule skinning. "A mule skinner's job," he said, "is one of the hardest, most thankless jobs ever thought up by mankind. It was a challenge and I took pride in it." The challenges he faced were as diverse as packing dynamite and electric blasting caps on his mules and hoping they weren't mistaken for deer during hunting season, or packing 800 feet of wet hose after a fire. What he seemed most proud of though, was packing a lemon meringue pie and delivering it in perfect condition after trekking miles up into the wilderness.

It was a sad time in Walker's life when, in 1958, the forest service decided



Walker dreamed of being a rough and tough cowboy. He is pictured here with his horse Kit, both are 18 years old. ca. 1941

McKie in the Sky Lakes country, where he was to haul out a hundred pounds of garbage, as well as some supplies. From the start, the stock seemed agitated, and as the trip progressed their restlessness grew into a state of terror. When they reached the McKie shelter, where the mules and horse would normally stand still and rest, almost asleep after the trip, it was all he could do to pack them. Suddenly, an intense spooky feeling filled Walker with fear. There had been no unusual sound, and he could see nothing that should cause such alarm.

As he tells it: "Something struck me on my right shoulder. It hit me on the point where the bone is closest to the surface, right at the top of the joint. It

In 1953, Walker went to work for the Rogue River National Forest as a mule skinner and smokechaser. (And no, he did not skin mules. Mule skinning is a term used for mule driving.) Walker's dream had come true; he would be living the life of a rugged cowboy. He began his thirty-one year career with the Forest Service at Lodgepole, a little outpost about fifteen miles northeast of Butte Falls, Oregon. Six of those years were spent packing government mules and delivering supplies to fire lookouts; and fire, construction, and maintenance crews in remote areas. He tells the stories best in his own book, "Six Years with a Government Mule."

The fact that he didn't quit the first time he led a string of mules up into the wilderness attests to his determination to play his hand to win. He had watched that morning the way his new boss Doug loaded the supplies on the mules Austin and Dillon, lashing the covers over huge loads and tying them down with fifty feet of rope. It didn't look easy, and Walker was puzzled by the maze of rope pulled through this way and that. He waved good-bye to his boss and set out with the mules in tow. He was apprehensive, but excited to be on his own.

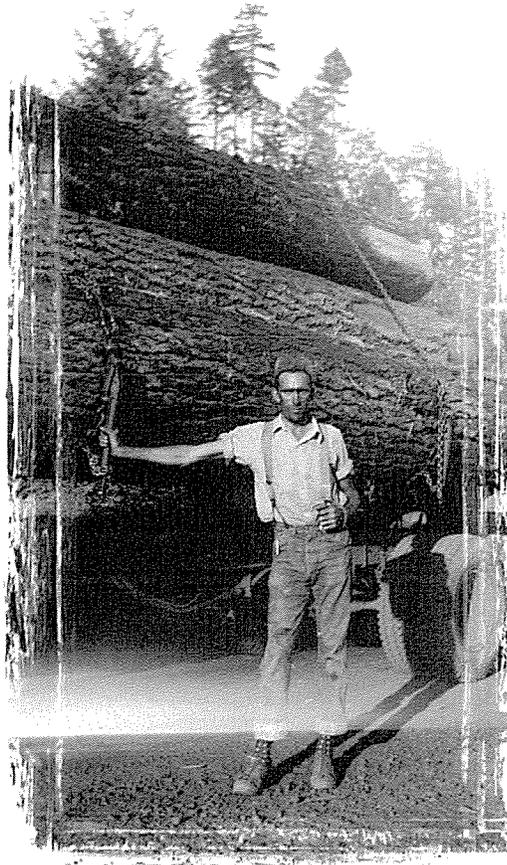
His elation was short-lived; Austin, spooked, began bucking and kicking at the array of supplies tumbling off and clanging around his feet, becoming even more frightened. Walker tied it all back on the best he could, then tied the rope to the pack saddle and set off once more. Before long, Dillon's load, which had been looking increasingly lopsided, fell in a jumble on the ground. Walker loaded him up again, wound the rope every which way around the pack and set off again, hoping this was the last of the events for the day. It was just the beginning. By the end of the day, Austin had broken through the hard crust of snow, slid almost a hundred feet down the steep mountainside, legs stabbing straight up at the air, Walker watching in horror as the mule sank in a hole at the foot of a tall fir tree. Dillon then went sliding down after him, but somehow managed to right himself and thrash to safety.

Fortunately for Walker, his boss caught up with them about that time. He described the scene vividly in his book:

Doug caught up with us on his saddle horse just in time to see all this

happen. The saddle horses broke through the crusted surface and began to flounder in the rotten snow, too. One of them almost trampled Doug in its struggle to stand up.

By the awful sound coming from the hole around the tree, I knew Austin must be about done for. He would take in a deep breath, then let it out, making long, squeaking, gurgling sounds with a moan now and then like his breathing had ceased. In looking back, I believe the only thing wrong with Austin was the embarrassment of his predicament.



Walker quit school after the eighth grade and worked on local farms and orchards. He eventually went on to do logging until becoming ill with tuberculosis in his early twenties. ca 1948

How would we ever get him out of that hole without a crew of men with shovels? The snow was about eight feet deep and Austin was almost down to the ground, lying on his back in the hole.

But Doug knew what to do. One of the things he had pointed out to me, was to always carry a sharp

knife, which he had. He climbed down in the hole and began to cut the lash rope. After the pack was free, we stood back out of the way. Doug stood where Austin could see him and suddenly he slapped his chaps and let out a war whoop. Not realizing he was loose from his load, Austin put every ounce of strength in a lunge and flew out of the hole like a jack-in-the-box. He shook himself and fairly tip-toed over to where the other stock stood.

Walker and his boss had to unpack the mules and make several trips to carry the supplies up to the lookout tower on their own backs, trudging through the deep snow. The packs, some full of canned goods, were so heavy that by the time they got back to Lodgepole their backbones were rubbed raw and bleeding. A trip that should have taken a half day lasted until almost dark.

Walker's second trip was another disaster seemingly put in his path to determine if he was tough enough to make the grade. This time, Austin refused to cross a ditch with moving water. While Walker was trying to lead the stubborn mule across, another mule sank down up to his belly in a boghole. The mule managed to lunge out by himself, but in the process the lash rope came loose and a three-burner stove fell and sank slowly in the mire. While Walker was juggling those two problems, his saddle horse had gotten in the quicksand and was sinking right on up to the skirts of the saddle.

“The next day, when Walker returned to free Austin, the mule glanced at Walker, jumped the ditch, ate a little grass, leaped back over the ditch and jauntily ran up to Walker as if to say, “See, I can do it when I want to.”

”

dowser in action. It is also known that beginning in 1500 dowsing was actively used in locating ore deposits in Germany, Italy and England.

There are several different dowsing tools; the one Walker used was a Y rod cut from a tree. He held the rod with his palms up, the back of his hands toward the ground. As he approached the site where there was water the rod dipped forcefully downward. Walker encouraged his customers to hold onto the rod if they liked, to feel for themselves the magnitude of the pull. He also promised not to accept payment unless he found water.

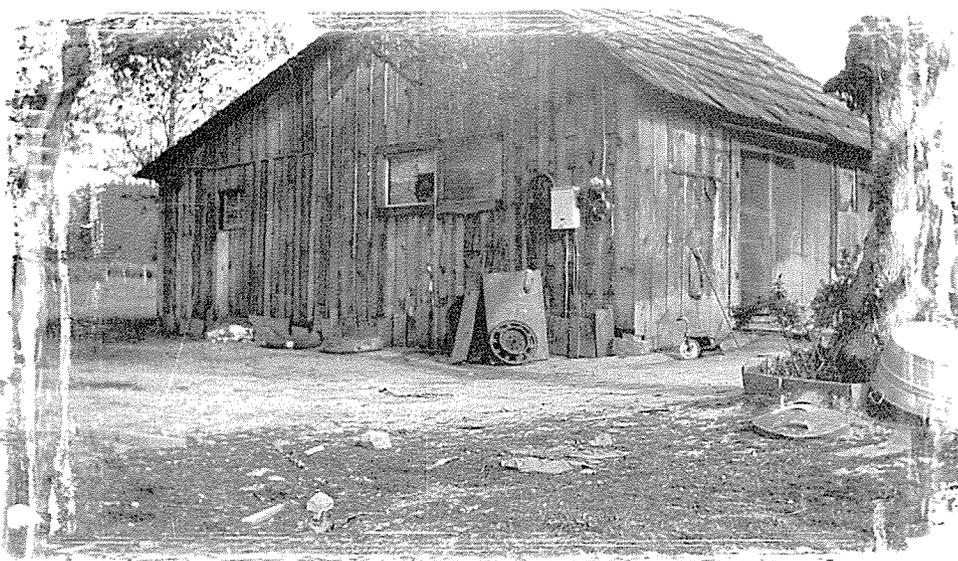
Gordon Jesse Walker was born in 1923 into a family so poor there was no money for fuel, or clothes and shoes. "My socks were so full of holes I could almost put them on from all four sides and both ends before they were replaced," he said. They burned dry cow chips and ears of corn for winter warmth; home remedies had to suffice when there was no money for doctors and dentists. Walker remembered how his father heated a wire red-hot and applied it to his son's infected tooth to kill the nerve until they had enough money to pay a dentist to remove the tooth.

Perhaps it was his mother that most influenced Walker. No matter how hard times were, she insisted that her children be optimistic and never give up. She also taught them to respect all of God's creatures. Walker learned that lesson when he was four and threw the family cat on the wood stove just to see what it would do. His mother made him hold the cat while she tended to its burned feet. "I felt sort of sick, but I learned right then to be good to all animals after that."

Living poor forced Walker to be creative. When he wanted a wagon, he nailed four small wheels to a board, fastened one end of a harness to his dog and the other end to the board. To make the

wagon go, he simply tossed the cat (perhaps the cat of the stove story?) on the dog's back. The dog bolted down the lane with the cat clinging for dear life to his back, the wagon and Walker flying fast behind. It seemed like a huge success until the cat leaped off and hightailed it up a gate. The new wagon ended in smithereens at the base of the gate while Walker and his dog, both shaken, escaped unharmed.

Walker hated 'book learnin,' but he loved learning by doing. He quit school after the eighth grade and dreamed of becoming a rough and tough cowboy like his idols Gene Autry and Hopalong Cassidy. He didn't look much like rodeo stock though. As he told his granddaughter Kelly, he was so tall and thin that, "There were times when I was fourteen or fifteen years old, if I stood sideways to you and



Gordon Jesse Walker was born into a family that was too poor to buy fuel, clothes or shoes. This is the house in Beagle, Oregon where he grew up. ca 1932

stuck out my tongue a friend said I would have looked like a zipper."

Walker's cousin, Don Case, was his mentor and best friend growing up. Together they scrambled through one adventure after another, once chasing a two year-old steer around forty acres, hoping to climb on for a wild ride. The steer succeeded in avoiding the boys until he got caught in the snare they'd rigged in the brush. Walker climbed on, got ready for the ride of his life—but nothing happened. The steer planted his feet and refused to budge. Eventually, a disgusted Walker jumped off. "With that," he said, "the steer took off like he'd been shot out of a gun."

Walker and his cousin spent hours figuring ways to outwit the game warden when they were deer hunting. They knew they were poaching, but this was during the Great Depression, and putting food on the table was a priority. They came from proud families who survived on common sense, their own ingenuity, and help from neighbors. Once the Depression was over, they were too proud to break the law.

"I loved the way we lived," Walker told his granddaughter in a 'grandfather book' she had given him to relate the stories of his life. "It was rough and almost unbearable at times, but all that proved to be a learning process for survival in the years ahead. I wouldn't change a thing if I could do it over. We were taught by true sons and daughters of real pioneers."

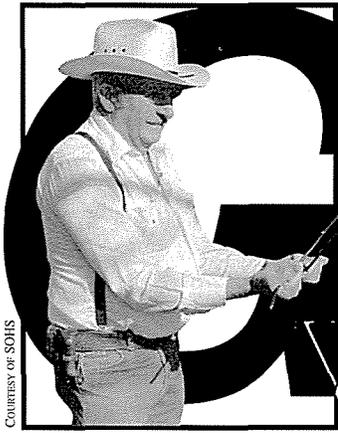
After quitting school,

Walker went to work on local farms and orchards, going on to logging until he became seriously ill with tuberculosis in his early twenties. It was several years before he could return to work. During that time, his Uncle Clarence, a hermit and Walker's hero, sent him twenty dollars each month, along with a note saying, "Well, it's payday again." As

soon as Walker was well enough, he went to his uncle's cabin to work off his debt. "He about run me out of his cabin," Walker said. "Then he told me that the only way I could ever repay that money was to give someone else a helping hand." Walker did just that every chance he could.

Walker met his wife, Bea, in a sanatorium in Salem where she was working, and where he spent eleven months of his illness. "It was 1946; he was twenty-two, mannerly and warm. I was shy," his widow remembers. "We were married a year later." Five children, ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren joined them over the years.

COURTESY OF BEA WALKER



COURTESY OF SOHS

GORDON JESSE WALKER

Water Witching Mule Skinner

by Nancy J. Bringhurst

Mule skinning and water witching (or “dowsing” as it is also called) are not among the usual career choices suggested by a high school counselor, but then Gordon Jesse Walker, last mule skinner in the Rogue Valley and respected water witcher, never went to high school, and never was very usual.

Ask anyone who knew Walker to describe him in just one word, and over ninety percent of the time that word is “honest.” Those same statistics, by the way, were the ones Walker gave when asked about his rate of success in finding water. Now, there’s a world of folks out there who think finding water with a forked stick is just plain tomfoolery or a lucky strike. But there’s another pack of folks who don’t much care whether it’s a gift, a learned skill or mumbo jumbo; they’re drinking his water, and they know Gordon Walker’s water witching works.

A local-old timer in the Rogue Valley, challenging this author’s belief in water witching, cited television reports and hear-say as proof that it was all a hoax performed by con artists and quacks. After awhile the author asked the old-timer:

“By the way, do you know Gordon Jesse Walker?”

“Oh, I’ve known Gordon since he was just a young fellow. Haven’t seen him in years though.”

“Would you say he’s honest?”

“Gordon? They don’t come any more honest than that man.”

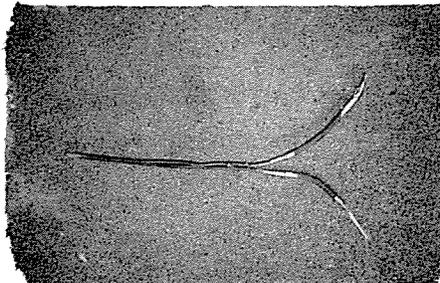
“Would you believe everything he said?”

“Anything Gordon Walker says is one

hundred percent true. You can be sure of that.”

With that, the author admitted Walker was the same person who had witched her well, and asked if he would believe it possible now. “If Gordon Walker says it’s so, it’s so,” was the old-timer’s reply.

Local well-driller Jerry Cordonier would agree, and he should know. Walker witched ninety percent of the wells Cordonier drilled from the time they first met in 1988 until Walker’s death. “From the first time I met him, I knew he was



COURTESY OF BEA WALKER

Walker used a “Y rod” cut from a tree. When he approached a water site, the rod would move with force toward the ground. 1991

someone I could believe in. He was straight as a string. Nothing about this man was unbelievable. Gordon didn’t have a dishonest bone in his body. On first meeting him, you needed a little extra time though. Gordon was a storyteller, and he had a lot of stories to tell. I never had a customer, and I’m talking hundreds, that didn’t say how much they thought of the man.”

According to Cordonier, Walker was successful in finding water in places ‘it

couldn’t be found,’ like the toughest area of Sams Valley. For example, where there were three dry wells within an area of 300 feet; Walker chose a spot; Cordonier drilled 300 feet down and got 80 gallons a minute. Walker chose a half-dozen more sites in the area that year; all produced good wells.

Walker used to say that when he wasn’t successful it was because the customer wouldn’t go deep enough (usually due to the cost) or because the driller didn’t set up in the right spot. Cordonier would agree with that. “I remember the time,” he says, “when we were called to drill a well for someone who had eight holes drilled over twenty years and still didn’t have enough water to run his house. Gordon found a spot about a quarter of a mile from the house. I questioned his choice, but he insisted it was the right place. He even had Sally Holiday from Channel 12 come out to video tape the process. We dug 400 feet and no water. It was a duster. And there it was on television that night. A month later, the customer called us back; he was willing to go deeper. At 535 feet we got ten-to-twelve gallons a minute. We called Sally right away, and we went on to drill six more good wells in the worst area in the whole valley at the end of the drought season. From that point on I knew I’d have Gordon pick the spots. It isn’t a matter of believing or not believing. If the man has a percentage of success rate in the high nineties, you don’t have to understand dealing with the unknown.”

Water witching is not a New Age phenomenon. Finding water is just one of the myriad potentials for dowsing. On a cave wall in Africa, there is a carbon-dated eight thousand year-old picture of a

NEW MUSEUM LEADS CHARGE



As the result of a community partnership of Camp White Historical Association (CWAH) and the Southern Oregon Historical Society, the county's fine new museum opened at Camp White, May 1997. Led by M. H. "Mel" Cotton Captain (Ret.) C Battery, 347 Field Artillery, 91st Infantry Division, and assisted by SOHS Community, Liaison Marjorie Edens and the Exhibits and Photography departments of the Society. The CWAH Board of Directors has collected, organized and presented memorabilia from the days when Camp White was a bustling scene of war preparation.

In addition to President Cotton, the first board consisted of: Vice President Charles White; Secretary Betty G. Welburn; Treasurer Otto A. Ewaldsen; William H. Seibert; Alfred Inlow; Curtis L. Tessman; Frank C. Zunker; and Allen R. Mullis. Especially helpful in completing the project were Bill Seibert and Al Mullis. Bill Seibert also took over the duties of the vice presidency when Charles White moved out of the area. Christian P. Hald stepped in to keep the board at its full nine-member complement. Several board members, including President Cotton, are currently stepping back from their participation in the activities of the museum, and a new board, with new officers, will be assuming their duties as this magazine goes to press.

All the gathering and identification of photos and artifacts would have been in vain without the work of Walter Dye, retired cabinet maker, who completed twenty-two oak and glass display cases. Without this skilled contribution, the professional presentation of the exhibit would have been greatly diminished.

In further cooperation, the Southern Oregon Historical Society has agreed to share the expertise of staff members Carolyn Sharrock and David Rishell to further the administration of the exhibit. Carolyn will be tackling such tasks as managing collections, creating a system for archival preservation and a method for recording and filing of photos and negatives, plus scheduling volunteers. David will be acting as docent at the museum, and volunteer recruitment officer throughout the Valley, in the hopes of "working himself out of a job." For further information call Carolyn S. at the Society (541) 773-6536 between the hours of 8-5, or after hours call (541) 512-9422.



DANA HEDRICK

The display cases and photographic exhibits at the CWAH museum, located upstairs in Building #200, are easily accessible to all viewers.



Camp White Historical Association Museum
Bldg. #200 at end of main entrance drive
Open 10-3, Monday thru Saturday.
Free admission.

and would serve as ably in other overseas theaters, the 91st Division was "our outfit." These men were the first of the first to arrive: first to jolt the citizenry into a personal awareness of war, first to bring new regional accents to valley ears, first to arouse local patriotic enthusiasm, and first to cause hearts to flutter or ache. It was their arrival which opened the USOs, set up canteens and opened many homes for their "R & R." Their Fir Tree shoulder patch seemed a singularly apropos designation for a group stationed in a community so closely tied to lumber and trees. The patch, and the motto, "Powder River, let 'er buck!" (left over from the original World War I division's composition of mainly westerners) became household commonplaces within a very short time, in spite of the fact that many of the populace had little knowledge of the origin of either tradition.

Fortunately for this former high school teenager, the uniforms, artifacts, posters and pictures at the CWHA Museum revive only memories of dances at the USO centers, of Ginger Rogers in a War Bond parade down Main Street, of the cherishing of my first nylons, and of more "dates" than had previously come my way. The ration books and tokens are a reminder that rationing of butter, sugar, and meat may have been a hardship for my parents, but I was never hungry. The oil to heat our home, and gas for the family car may have been in short supply, but I didn't drive, and it was easy to augment the heating oil ration with wood fires in the fireplace. My memories contain no agony of loss which others suffered.

Civilians left at home, protected by the efforts of these servicemen on or beyond two buffering oceans, were outside the realm of military experience. No amount of empathy or compassion will ever allow a non-participant to gut-understand the horrors endured by those in the direct orbit of war. At the same time, neither is it possible for veterans to adequately describe the strength of the bonds that grew between "buddies"—bonds created by shared forced marches, extremes of cold or heat, hunger, fear, exceptional or incompetent leadership, pain, humor or poignant flashes of beauty, bravery and generosity.

No matter what anyone's vision of world peace may be, or the methods proposed to achieve it, the boys who passed through Camp White on their way to manhood, and the men who tried to give them war-survival skills, are due respect and gratitude from those of us who benefited from their efforts to preserve what Norman Rockwell depicted as the Four Freedoms: The Freedom from Want, The Freedom from Fear, The Freedom of Speech and The Freedom of Worship. The visible memories exemplifying the passage of these soldiers through our lives which the Camp White Historical Association Museum displays are provocative reminders of the debt we owe, and are worthy of perennial review. ■

Mary Louise Lyman is an Editorial Assistant volunteering for Heritage Magazine. We are proud to be publishing her first article.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #11240

Many of the men returned to the Rogue Valley after the war to marry the girls they had met. Pictured here is one of the many USO parties at Sacred Heart, ca 1943



COURTESY CAMP WHITE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Marble soldier keeps watch over the 91st Division in a Florence, Italy cemetery.

LAKEVIEW— It was brutal weather, with the skies spitting half snow, half rain on the small army of searchers traipsing through the conifer covered mountains of southcentral Oregon that fall day fifty years ago.

Greg Tainter, now eighty-four, remembers the bone-biting cold and the black mud that weighted his boots. An aerial search had taken place and he and the other men were now searching on foot for a single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza that had crashed into the mountains some five miles west of Lakeview the night before, October 28, 1947.

The entire state was intently focused on the search party's progress for the plane was carrying Oregon's top three political leaders: Governor Earl Snell, Secretary of State, Robert S. Farrell, Jr., and Senate President, Marshal E. Cornett. In addition to the three leaders—the very core of the state's Republican Party—was pilot Cliff Hogue.

"That was bad," Tainter said, remembering the long wet night, too dark to search anymore, huddling around a fire trying to keep from freezing. Shortly after first light the following morning, he found the plane a few hundred yards from his campsite. The bloodied bodies of the four men were sprawled in and around the ruined fuselage. "I just looked around and shouted 'hey, hey,' to see if there was any answer." There was none.

Tainter's memories were sharpened last fall when he and others involved in the search revisited the site of the wreckage. Scattered among the pine and fir are rusted, twisted seat springs, portions of wing and tail, the fuselage, and severed sections of the plane—its silvered aluminum skin little dulled by years and weather. Tainter, looking towards the remains of the nose, remembers clearly what he saw fifty years ago: "That's where Cliff was sitting, and Cornett was right here." A small stone and brass plaque erected by the Fremont National Forest explains the significance of the shredded metal.

The veteran politicians, all of middle age and good health, had been on an unannounced waterfowl hunting trip. They had flown out of Salem in Cornett's plane on Tuesday, October 28, originally headed toward Lakeview, where they planned to



Governor Earl Snell was nine months into his second term when his plane crashed in Lakeview, ca 1944

hunt on the MC Ranch owned by Oscar Kittredge. Bad weather, however, forced them to land in Klamath Falls, where they had dinner at Cornett's home. From there, Cornett called Oscar Kittredge and they discussed continuing the flight. Kittredge advised against it because of rain and fog. Pilot Hogue reportedly argued that they should spend the night in Klamath Falls. But for some reason—some say it was at the insistence of Governor Snell— they decided to fly on.

The men left Klamath Falls at about 10 p.m. Their destination was a landing strip on a dry lake south of Adel where they were to make a moonlit landing. Kittredge was to shine his car lights on the strip and pick the

men up. No one knows what went wrong enroute, although speculation generally focused on a mixture of engine failure and bad weather.

Tainter said he and others interviewed a cowboy who was camped the night of the accident at Dog Lake, near the crash site. The cowboy reportedly heard a plane that sounded like its engine kept cutting out and restarting. According to the cowboy, the engine noise suddenly stopped. He wondered if the plane had crashed.

When the men didn't show up at the lake bed that night, Kittredge assumed they had stayed in Klamath Falls. The following morning, October 29, Kittredge called Cornett's wife to ask when the men intended

COURTESY OREGON STATE ARCHIVES

Bodies of Snell, Cornett and Farrel Carried From Scene of Airplane Wreck

Weather Report

Wednesday 40 to 50, breezy and clear.
Thursday 40 to 50, breezy and clear.
Friday 40 to 50, breezy and clear.
Saturday 40 to 50, breezy and clear.

The Oregonian

Searchers Reach Crash
After Nightlong Battle
With Heavy Brush, Cold

The Oregonian of Eugene State Carried in all the way, and placed in all the way PRINTED IN U.S.A. Carried in all the way, and placed in all the way

Mangled Wreckage of Light Plane Yields Bodies of Oregon's Top Officials

FROM NEW YORK BY AP/WIDE WORLD

Re-creation of the headlines that ran on Oct. 28, 1947.

to leave. It became startlingly clear that something was wrong.

The accident remains one of the worst tragedies to strike a state government in the nation's history. Three of the best-known and most powerful political leaders in Oregon were killed in one fell swoop. Governor Snell, fifty-two, nine months into his second term, was destined for national office. Secretary Farrel, who at forty-one was already a seasoned politician, was Snell's heir apparent to the governorship. Senate President Cornett, forty-eight, was a four-term senator who pulled many of the political strings in the state.

The tragedy not only devastated the families and many friends of the men, but shocked an entire state immersed in post-war change. "The chaos went on for a while," said Joan Farrel-McCartney, eighteen at the time, and one of Robert Farrel's two daughters. McCartney, who lives in Portland now, said what she remembers most is the sadness and shock of the news and the following furious activity that engulfed her world as her family and the state prepared to deal with the tragedy.

Speaker of the House, John Hall, was sworn in as governor, but most other official business at the capitol ground to a halt in the days following the discovery of the bodies. A state funeral was held in the House of Representatives on Monday, November 3, which the new governor proclaimed a state holiday. An estimated five thousand people attended the service. Most listened through speakers set up in the rotunda, hallways, and on the steps of

the capitol building. Governors from four states, California, Nevada, Washington and Idaho attended, as did the six-surviving former governors of Oregon.

The deaths of the top three party members put the entire capitol in a state of turmoil and created a vacuum in the dominant Republican party. The ascension to leadership positions in the Republican party and state government was fairly linear. The deaths of these leaders shook up the established political order for many years. Following Snell's death, there were six governors over the next ten years, including Mark Hatfield, elected in 1958.

"The whole thing was up for grabs," Hatfield said in a recent interview. Hatfield, who served two terms as governor and became the state's longest serving senator, attributes his early entrance into politics and his quick rise in office to the untimely deaths of Snell, a friend and mentor, and the others. "(The tragedy) accelerated my time schedule and other people's as well. There's no question it would have been many more years before it would have been, quote, unquote, 'my turn,'" Hatfield said.

At the time of the accident, Hatfield, who had always intended to enter state politics and to one day attempt the governorship, was a graduate student at Stanford University. He figured he would teach at Willamette University after graduation to get organized before entering politics. It was commonly believed that Governor Snell would run against Senator Wayne Morris in 1949 (and would probably win) and that Farrel would become governor.

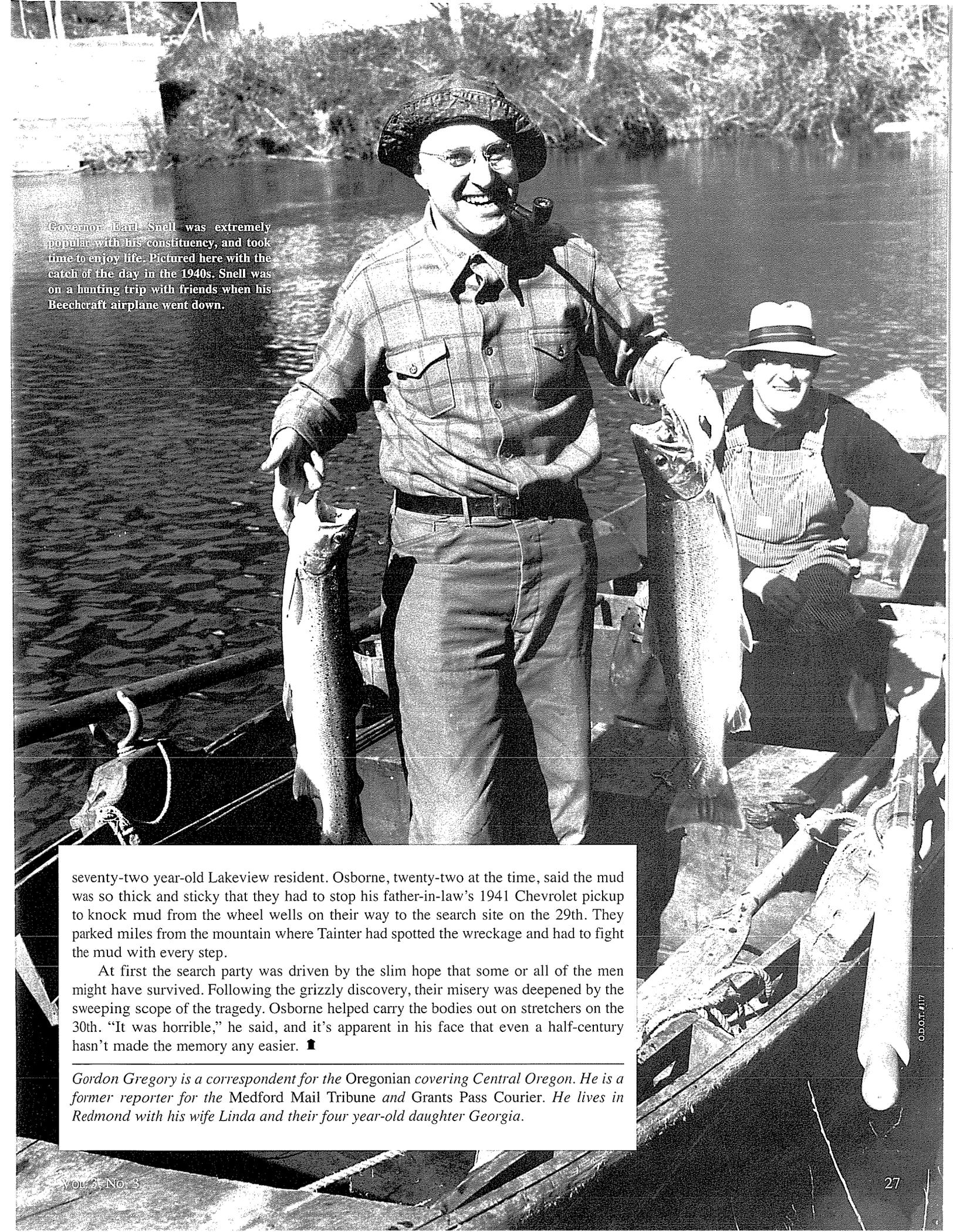
Cornett would ascend to the Secretary of State's office. "It was obvious that was the hierarchy, the musical chairs of the Republican Party, and it gave me a lot of breathing time to get organized, get started," Hatfield said. The accident, however, shattered that plan.

Hatfield successfully ran for the legislature in 1949 to represent Marion County. Four years later he ran for the state senate, and in 1956 was appointed Secretary of State. He was thirty-four, and the youngest Secretary of State in Oregon's history. Two years later he was elected Governor.

The Democrats, who had a tenuous toehold in state government, gained firmer footing. Monroe Sweetland, the state's Democratic National Committeeman said the deaths of Snell, Farrel and Cornett wiped out the Republican Party's most visible leaders, weakening the party's electoral edge. "It gave the Democrats an equal playing field, and we began to elect Democrats," said Sweetland.

Of course, the cold, political gains and losses from the accident are not what emotionally moves people, then or now. Hatfield, who was a friend of Snell's, remembers the trauma of those days. "It was a stunning, shocking experience," one that continues to reverberate in his life. "To this day, my wife (Antoinette) says, 'I don't want you flying in any private planes,'" he said.

To those who searched for, found and recovered the bodies, the crash will always be sharp in their memories. "We were freezing to death," said Archie Osborne, a



Governor Earl Snell was extremely popular with his constituency, and took time to enjoy life. Pictured here with the catch of the day in the 1940s, Snell was on a hunting trip with friends when his Beechcraft airplane went down.

seventy-two year-old Lakeview resident. Osborne, twenty-two at the time, said the mud was so thick and sticky that they had to stop his father-in-law's 1941 Chevrolet pickup to knock mud from the wheel wells on their way to the search site on the 29th. They parked miles from the mountain where Tainter had spotted the wreckage and had to fight the mud with every step.

At first the search party was driven by the slim hope that some or all of the men might have survived. Following the grizzly discovery, their misery was deepened by the sweeping scope of the tragedy. Osborne helped carry the bodies out on stretchers on the 30th. "It was horrible," he said, and it's apparent in his face that even a half-century hasn't made the memory any easier. 📌

Gordon Gregory is a correspondent for the Oregonian covering Central Oregon. He is a former reporter for the Medford Mail Tribune and Grants Pass Courier. He lives in Redmond with his wife Linda and their four year-old daughter Georgia.

ODOT #117

*They pass the fond hours
In the light of the moon
With the nectar of love
And that's a Jam Spoon.*



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SOHS POSTCARD COLLECTION, MISC.

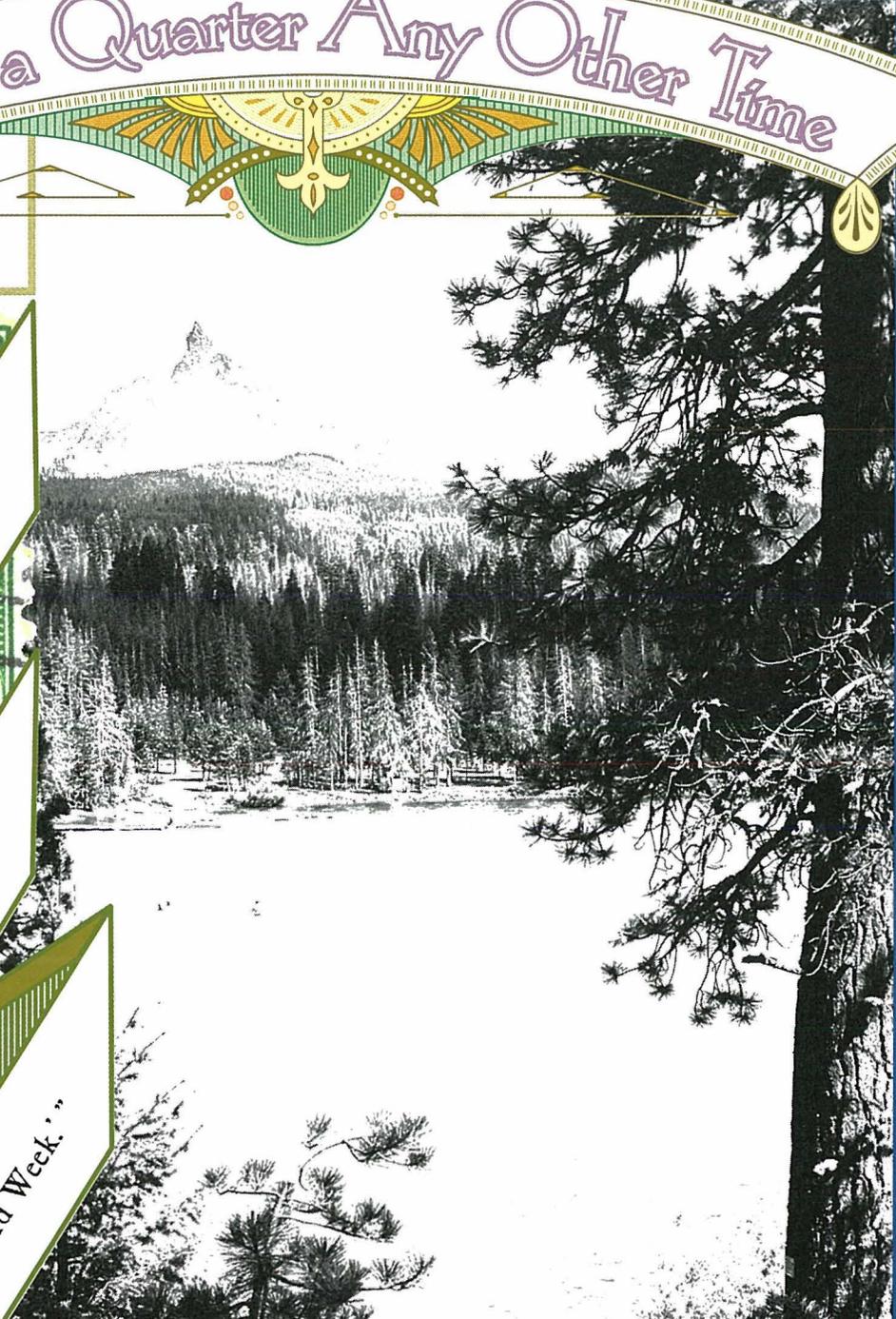
Worth a Quarter Any Other Time



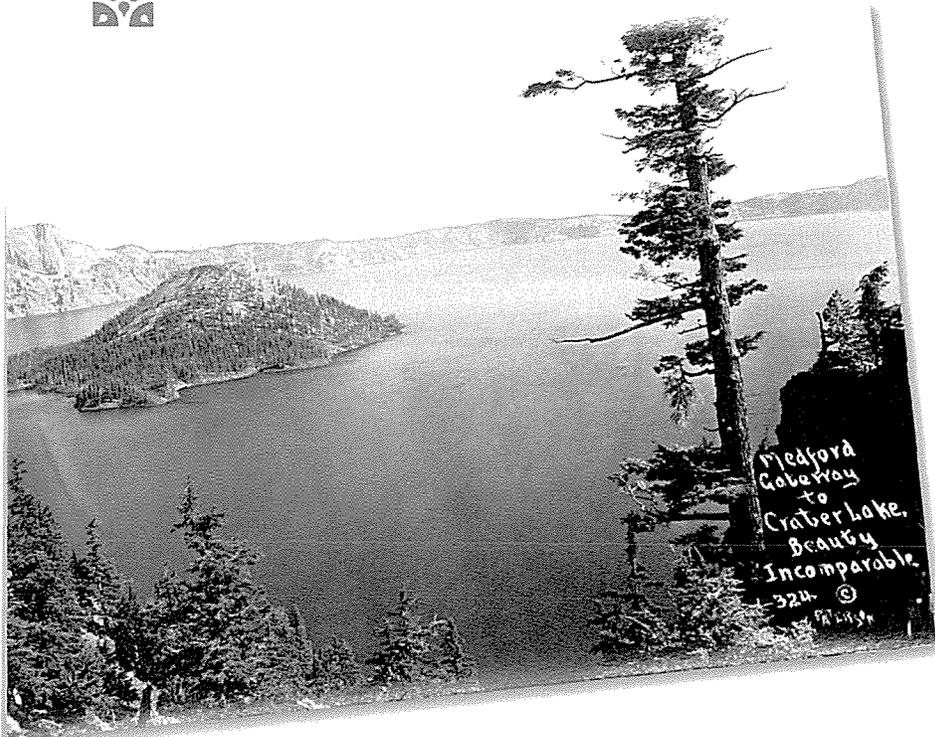
By William Alley

"The board decided to designate the week of

February 14-21, 1928, as 'Postcard Week.'"



The "Roaring Twenties" was a prosperous decade for southern Oregon, ushering in a welcome recovery from the bust years that had followed the orchard boom of the century's early years. In the span of only seven years Medford's population had doubled from 6,000 in 1920, to over 12,000 in 1927.¹



“The Medford Realty Board’s postcard promotion was an early manifestation of the ubiquitous direct mail promotions that regularly fill all of our mailboxes today.”



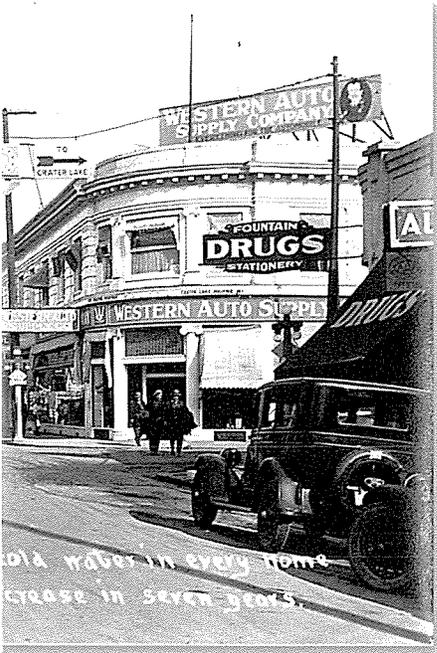
1927 was a banner year in the brief history of Medford. The city had just completed its new “Million Dollar” water system, piping in “A Mountain Spring in Every Home,” and the voters of Jackson County had just approved a ballot measure relocating the seat of county government from Jacksonville to Medford. Another indication of Medford’s growth was the completion of the paving of 6th Street from Highway 99 to West Main. 1927 also witnessed the opening of the new Owen-Oregon Lumber Company sawmill and the construction of a new California Oregon Power Company (Copco) power plant at Prospect. This new power plant was the largest hydroelectric project in the state at the time of its construction. Other improvements included a new playground on the east side of Bear Creek, a new eighteen hole golf course and substantial improvements to the city’s airport as the first anniversary of airmail flights through Medford approached. Medford was so proud of its achievements during the decade that in September of 1927 a huge celebration was held, a “Jubilee of Visions Realized.”

In an effort to sustain the tremendous growth the city had been experiencing, the Medford Realty Board came up with a new promotion to “Bring further publicity to Medford and southern Oregon” and entice people to relocate to the city. The board decided to designate the week of February 14 through 21, 1928, as “Postcard Week.” The committee charged with working out the details of the promotion was headed by Walter H. Jones, of the Brown and White Agency, and included Joseph C. Barnes, Charles S. Butterfield and Eric Wold. The committee members met and chose five postcards depicting the major points of interest of the region. Each of these cards was given a “brief, punchy description” and each set of five cards, which normally sold for a nickel each, would be sold for ten cents. “Worth a quarter any other time” was how the Realty Board advertised their promotion.²

The Realty Board selected their images from the voluminous work of Medford photographer Frank Patterson, a custom photographer who specialized in scenic images of southern Oregon and Northern California. Patterson, who came

to Medford in 1921 and operated a studio above the Medford Bookstore, took his photographs with a 5x7 view camera. He masked out the dimensions of his postal images (3x5 inches) on the ground glass viewer of the camera and would then contact print the negatives. This accounts for the lack of a border on Patterson’s postcards. Patterson was a prolific photographer, and his many images were widely sold across the region.³

The five images selected by the Realty Board included the corner of Main and Riverside in Medford which was captioned “A mountain spring of pure ice cold water in every home. Population 12,500. 100% increase in seven years.” This image featured the city’s new electric sign that spanned Riverside Avenue. Erected in 1926 at a cost of six hundred dollars, the sign was reputed to be the largest of its kind west of Salt Lake City. The second image selected featured a pear orchard in full bloom. “Pear Blossoms and Mt. Pitt near Medford, Oregon. Rogue River Valley Fruit Crop 1927 3500 cars - Value \$5,500,000.00.” The image of Crater Lake, taken from near Crater Lake Lodge,



showed Wizard Island. "Medford Gateway to Crater Lake, Beauty Incomparable," this card read. Nearby Diamond Lake was also included in the Medford promotion. "Medford, Oregon Fishing and hunting unexcelled. Mt. Theilson from Diamond Lake." The final image was that of an automobile travelling along the Rogue River. "Medford, Oregon, on the world's longest paved highway. Pacific Highway along the Rogue River."⁴

Each image was selected to highlight the beauty and advantages of Medford and the surrounding environs. Twenty thousand copies of the postcards were ordered from Patterson, with each set of five in an envelope. The cards could either be sent individually or, as readers of the *Medford Mail Tribune* were reminded, the entire set and a one page letter could be sent at the first class rate of two cents.⁵

The Medford Realty Board's postcard promotion was an early manifestation of the ubiquitous direct mail promotions that regularly fill all of our mailboxes today. The modern computer generated databases in use today, however, did not exist in 1928. The Medford realtors relied instead

on one of the most reliable sources of addresses available in 1928; the Christmas card list. Medford residents were encouraged to purchase the postcards and send them to all of the out of town folks on their recent Christmas card list.⁶

The Realty Board's postcard promotion was a huge success. The Chamber of Commerce received so many advance phone orders that sale of the cards was advanced two days. Some feared that there would not be enough cards to meet the demand. In addition to the Chamber and Real Estate offices, many of Medford's merchants joined in the promotion, not only by offering the cards in their stores, but also by featuring the promotion in their own advertising. On the first official day of Postcard week 15,000 postcards were sold, with 2,000 sales at a single Chamber of Commerce luncheon.⁷

By the end of the week almost all of the cards ordered had been distributed. At a meeting of the Realty Board the week following the conclusion of Postcard Week, Jones reported that 20,000 of the Patterson views had been distributed and

"mailed to various points throughout the United States." Fortunately not all of the postcards were sent off. Among the large collection of Patterson's postal views preserved in the collections of the Southern Oregon Historical Society are the five views, pictured here, that made up the Medford Realty Board's February 1928 promotion. It is interesting to note that these views have not appreciably changed in the course of seventy years; all locations are immediately recognizable. 📌

William Alley is a contributing editor for Heritage Magazine.

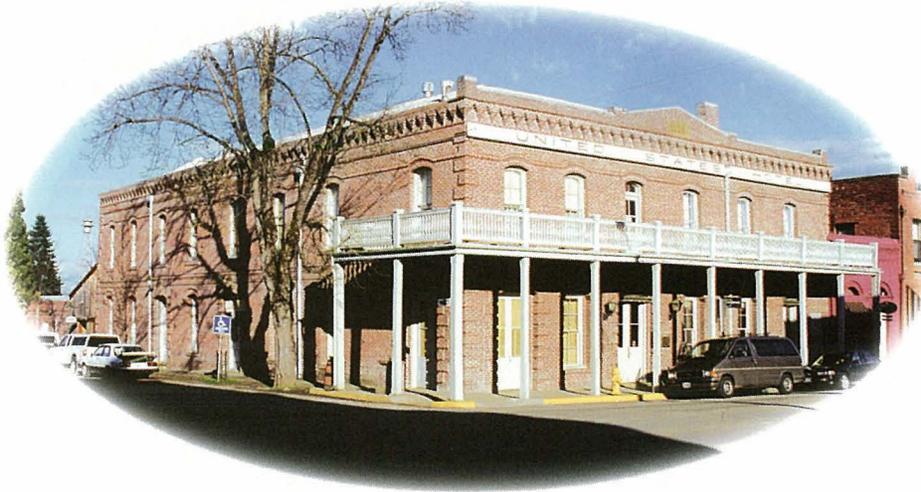
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1. Polk's City Directory, 1921; Medford Directory, 1927-1928.
2. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 12 Feb 1928; 13 Feb 1928; 24 Feb 1928.
3. Robert Wright, unpublished manuscript about Frank Patterson, Southern Oregon Historical Society Collection.
4. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 4 Jun 1926.
5. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 12 Feb 1928.
6. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 13 Feb 1928.
7. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 15 Feb 1928..

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Southern Oregon Heritage Reader Survey

Please help us get to know you better by taking a moment to fill out the following survey. All responses to the survey will be used solely for the purpose of fine-tuning *Southern Oregon Heritage*, and will be kept strictly confidential. Because we want to begin tabulating your responses right away, we ask you to return the survey before **April 20, 1998**. When you have completed the questions simply detach this page, fold it so the pre-paid mailing portion is to the outside and tape the edge. Then drop it in the nearest mailbox. We thank you for taking the time to assist us in shaping the future of *Southern Oregon Heritage* magazine.

1. Why do you read *Southern Oregon Heritage* magazine? (Check all that apply.)

- I want to support the Southern Oregon Historical Society.
- I'm a native Oregonian/long-time resident.
- I want to help preserve the region's history.
- I'm a history buff.
- I enjoy the photos.
- I enjoy the articles.
- I received the magazine as a gift.
- Other _____.

2. I am interested in seeing the following categories featured in the magazine. (Please circle appropriate letter.)

VERY INTERESTED	SOMEWHAT INTERESTED	NOT INTERESTED	
A	B	C	Pre-history / Native American
A	B	C	Pioneer History (1800s)
A	B	C	Recent History (1920s-1950s)
A	B	C	Very Recent History (1960s-1990s)
A	B	C	Historic Photographs
A	B	C	Old Documents
A	B	C	Maps
A	B	C	Antiques (artifacts from the Society's collections)
A	B	C	Landmarks
A	B	C	Archaeology
A	B	C	Architecture
A	B	C	Personal Profiles
A	B	C	Letters to the Editor

3. What best describes your reading habits of *Southern Oregon Heritage*?

- I read the entire issue I read most of the articles I only read the features I only look at the pictures

4. Which of the following statements best describes your opinion of the current look of *Southern Oregon Heritage*?

- The design is appropriate for the historical content.
- The design is too contemporary and not appropriate for the historical content.
- The design is too conservative.
- Other (please explain) _____

5. Would you continue to subscribe to *Southern Oregon Heritage* if it were: (Please check all that apply.)

- entirely black-and-white.
- fewer pages and distributed more often.
- merged with the Society's monthly newsletter to create a new monthly publication.
- Don't change a thing, I like it the way it is.

6. Gender: (Please indicate gender and number of all people who read your copy of *Southern Oregon Heritage*.)

- M# ____ F# ____

7. I am interested in the following sections of the magazine. (Please circle appropriate letter.)

VERY INTERESTED	SOMEWHAT INTERESTED	NOT INTERESTED	
A	B	C	Feature Stories
A	B	C	From the Archives
A	B	C	Collections Highlight
A	B	C	Then and Now
A	B	C	In Closing
A	B	C	News and Notes
A	B	C	Snapshots
A	B	C	Our Community
A	B	C	Our Own Voices
A	B	C	Exhibits Feature

8. Zip Code _____

9. I have resided in southern Oregon for: (if you do not live in southern Oregon skip to question 10)

- Less than 5 years 5-10 11-20 21-30 31+

10. My age is:

- 20 years or under 21-30 31-40 41-50 50-60 60-70 71+

11. Are you a member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society? Yes No

- If yes, please indicate membership level: Subscriber Individual Senior Family Grandparent
 Patron Applegate Club Curator's Circle Director's Circle

12. Highest level of education:

- Grade School High School College
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13. What is your current occupation? _____

May we send a complimentary copy to someone you think would enjoy *Southern Oregon Heritage*?

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JACKSONVILLE'S "CROWNING GLORY"

A Retrospective of the Old Brick Courthouse.

By Dawna Curler

"According to the perspective of the Ashland Tidings the whole affair was a shady deal and the decision to build a new courthouse in Jacksonville was foisted on the citizens of Jackson County against their will."

February 1884 in Jacksonville was cold and blustery. Judge Heiro K. Hanna had resigned his position as Circuit Court Judge for District #1 and had resumed his law practice. Judge Lionel G. Webster was taking the bench for the first time in a brand new courthouse. He called the first court session to order on Monday, February 11, with the smell of fresh paint lingering in the room. An unusual amount of business lay before him, mostly criminal cases including three charges of larceny, two for forgery, and one for selling liquor without a license.¹ While court proceeded upstairs, workmen continued to ready ground floor offices for the county officials who would soon conduct business from these elegant and commodious new rooms.

Jacksonville had been designated the county seat when the Oregon Territorial Legislature organized Jackson County in 1852. This status was integral to the small community's economic stability for the next seventy-five years. In the beginning, Jacksonville was a muddy mining camp peppered with hastily constructed wood-frame buildings. Its location on the main freight route into southern Oregon made it a bustling trade center. With prospectors and Applegate Trail emigrants pouring into the area, the population expanded rapidly. In March of 1853, the first three county commissioners were appointed and the business of county government began in earnest. Over the next few years, much work was done establishing voting precincts, ordering the construction of new roads, establishing licensing fees and levies, and laying out the organization of county operations.²

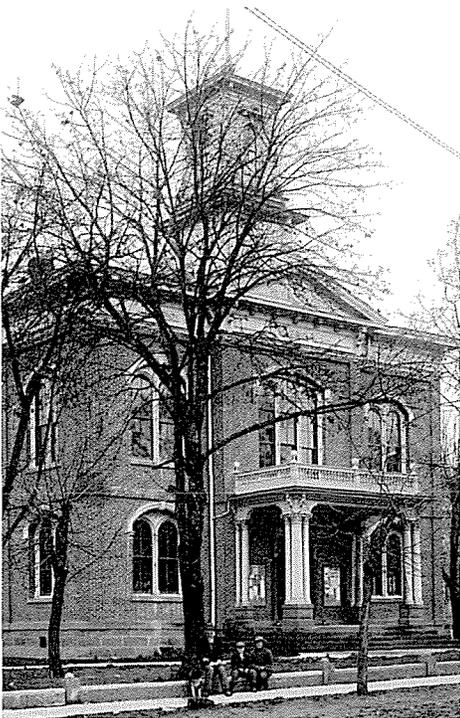
By 1854 business owners were paying \$100 license fees, a two mill (term used for tax rate purposes) levy for school support had been imposed, and the county clerk was keeping marriage records. A welfare system of sorts was set up when the county commissioners decided to pay a fee to residents who took in those who could not care for themselves. Guardianships were set up

for orphans and required children to learn reading, writing, and ciphering. A horse, bridle, and saddle were given to young men when they came of age at twenty-one.³

Although active, county government had no official home. County officers rented quarters and presented their bills to the county treasurer until October 1854 when the commissioners rented a building to house county staff. Earlier that year, Circuit Court was held in a building next to the New State Saloon. The distinguished judge sat at a bench made from a dry goods box covered with a blue blanket.⁴ Records indicate that the county made do with various temporary facilities throughout most of the 1850s.

Jackson County's first designated courthouse was a simple two-storied, wood-frame building with an outside staircase. From 1858 until 1868 the county owned only the ground floor, and shared the building with Warren Lodge No. 10, Accepted Free and Ancient Masons.⁵ By 1868 the county had ownership of the entire building. This building was used as the courthouse until 1882, when it was sold for \$116 and moved to make room for the construction of the new brick structure.⁶

From the start, this small clapboard building was too small to house all the county offices. A single-storied wood house was moved to the courthouse square in 1859 to provide additional office space for the sheriff and the county clerk.⁷ As time passed, Jackson County residents found many faults with this humble structure. Ten years later newspaper editorials began campaigning for a new courthouse. In 1871 Jacksonville's *Democratic Times* claimed "...This dilapidated old structure is a disgrace to the county."⁸ By 1881 the Grand Jury found the courthouse "insufficient." The outside stairway was considered dangerous, and the building was sarcastically dubbed the "County Barn."

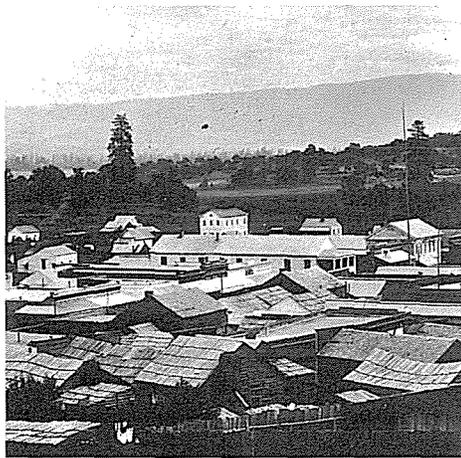


State of the art when built in 1883, the courthouse is seen here in the 1920s, at end of its reign as the "Crowning Glory of Jacksonville."

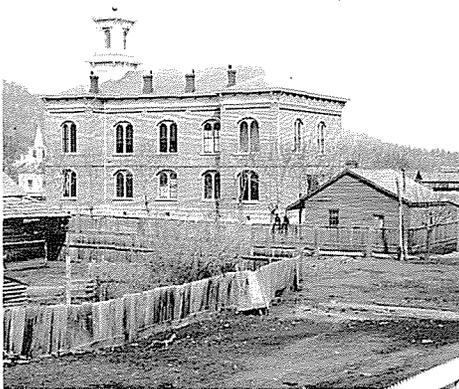
SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #9740



The courthouse was often at the center of community and social events. Shown here is a gathering of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Society, ca 1898



Looking out over Jacksonville, the simple two story wood frame courthouse can be seen over the rooftops. ca 1860



The backside of the brick courthouse is shown here. The smaller wood building beside it housed the sheriff and clerks offices. ca 1884

On November 26, 1881 Jacksonsville's *Oregon Sentinel* reported,

Another Grand Jury has been found to condemn the Court House, as 'insufficient for the business of Jackson county.' That body might have added, that it was a disgrace to any county and a shaky advertisement of our poverty or lack of public spirit, and told the truth...There are stables and barns in this state more creditable in appearance than the Court House of Jackson county, and our County Court should build a suitable one, as a matter of public duty, without reference to the political effect on their own interests.

The *Oregon Sentinel* jabbed at the precarious condition of the stairway in the December 3 issue of that same year: "...the District Judge can reach his room, if he tread gently, and jurors may reach the jury-room if they go—one at a time, and hold their breath while going..." A week later the same newspaper announced that "His honor, Judge Hanna, whose office is in the second story of the county barn, applied, this week for a policy in the 'Accidental Insurance Co.' The Agent examined the dangerous stairway and declined the risk saying that it [he] was entirely too heavy." We leave it to our readers to decide if this was indeed true, or merely another cynical dig by the editor.

Although the piece in the *Oregon Sentinel* was opinionated, the actual Grand Jury report makes it clear that the old courthouse was indeed lacking and the need for a new building was very real.⁹

The timing and location, however, were a matter of dispute. It's hard to imagine the pioneer town of Jacksonville without its impressive brick courthouse, but, if certain people had had their way, the structure would not have been built in 1883 and perhaps Jacksonville would have lost the county seat much earlier than it did. According to the perspective of the *Ashland Tidings* the whole affair was a shady deal and the decision to build a new courthouse in Jacksonville was foisted on the citizens of Jackson County against their will.¹⁰

In 1881 the Oregon and California Railroad reorganized and resumed construction south from Roseburg where the project had been stalled for nine years. In anticipation of railroad service to southern Oregon, various Rogue Valley communities jockeyed for economic and political advantage.

Knowing that the railroad's route could tip the balance of power, Jacksonville residents were justifiably anxious to see a new courthouse erected in their community before the tracks were laid. Others felt it more prudent to wait and see how the new railroad would impact county growth patterns.

The "court house question" became a major issue during the campaign for county commissioner in 1882. Two of the three commissioners' seats were to be filled that spring. Running on an anti-courthouse platform,



Judge Hanna served for years in what locals called "the county barn." He retired his gavel in 1884, the year Judge Webster called the first session to order in the spanking-new Jackson County Courthouse. Hanna in his law offices. ca 1908

candidate Albert L. Alford won his seat by a decisive majority over his pro-courthouse opponent. It is less clear where Robert A. Cook stood on the issue during his campaign. According to the *Ashland Tidings*, Cook had been elected under false pretenses by representing himself as anti-courthouse to those who lived outside of Jacksonville when, in fact, he turned out to be very much in favor of a new courthouse.¹¹ On the other hand, the *Democratic Times* claimed the people of Jackson County knew where Cook stood and that by electing Cook as county commissioner, they also supported a new courthouse for Jacksonville.¹²

In August, Cook joined forces with Judge Silas Day, president of the county commission, in a two-to-one decision to erect a new courthouse in Jacksonville "without unnecessary delay."¹³ On August 25, the *Ashland Tidings* told its version of the story:

"County Commissioner Alford very emphatically protests against the building of the new courthouse.... Messrs. Day and Cook have arrogated unwarranted authority and are engaged in a scheme to defeat the wishes and, it may be, the interests of a large majority of the people of the county. That the citizens of Jacksonville should employ every effort to have the court house [sic] built at once,

is not surprising; nor have we anything to say against them. They would be a very peculiar people if they were not wide awake and active in the matter.... We are among those who hope the railroad will not injure any town in Southern Oregon. We would wish that it may never become necessary or desirable to build a court house [sic] for Jackson County anywhere else than at Jacksonville. The County Judge and Commissioner Cook may claim to believe that the advent of the railroad cannot make a change of the county seat expedient, as an excuse for their actions, but the people will accept no such excuse. Everyone in Jackson county knows that, while a new court house is really needed, yet the sudden determination to build one is inspired solely by

"In anticipation of railroad service to southern Oregon, various Rogue Valley communities jockeyed for economic and political advantage."

the fear of the Jacksonville people that the railroad might rob them of the county seat. This very anxiety of theirs to have the new court house built before the railroad comes, is in the mind of an outsider a convincing argument against building now. If there is a chance of some other point being made much more convenient as a county seat in the future, then an outsider would say, wait a little while before building, and see how it will be. This is what the people of the county outside of Jacksonville are saying, but their voice is not heeded by the County Judge and his Commissioner...."

A protest meeting was held in Central Point drawing people from Ashland, Rock Point, Eden Precinct (Phoenix), and Butte Creek as well as Central Point. The meeting and editorials had little effect. The two commissioners had made their decision. The courthouse was built, and Jacksonville achieved a political coup.¹⁴

The people of Jacksonville were enthusiastic about the completion of Jackson County's majestic new courthouse. They had ceremoniously laid the cornerstone in June 1883 and held a grand ball in the unfinished courtroom on Christmas night. On February 15, 1884 (four days after court convened), the *Democratic Times* declared that, "The beautiful courtroom is the admiration of all. We doubt whether Oregon can produce its equal in elegance and convenience. Besides being well seated, ventilated and lighted, its acoustic properties are perfect and the workmanship displayed in its construction of a high order."

The county's entrenched Democrats moved into the new courthouse in 1884 and kept their stronghold for another ten years until 1894 when an insurgent Populist People's Party rose briefly to power. By 1900 Republicans had taken the reins of political dominance and continued to hold them for the remaining years of a Jacksonville-based county court.¹⁵

In 1892, Hiero K. Hanna, who had climbed gingerly up the side stairs to his office in the old wooden courthouse, was elected once again as Circuit Court Judge. He remained in that office until 1910, presiding over the courtroom in Jacksonville longer than any other. Judge Charles M. Thomas was sitting on the bench in 1927 when the notorious train robber and murderer Hugh D'Autremont was brought to trial. It was Jacksonville's most famous court case, and it's last.

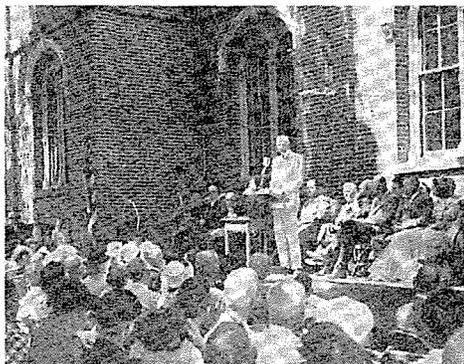
A number of women worked as support staff in the courthouse during its first thirty-five years. None, however, held positions of authority until the 1920s. Susanne Homes was elected Jackson County School Superintendent in 1920.¹⁶ Mildred Carlton, president of the Jackson County Public Health Association established a health unit at the courthouse in 1923,¹⁷ and Delila Stevens, after five years of working as deputy county clerk, was elected County Clerk in 1924.¹⁸ In 1921 a two-story addition was attached to the rear of the building. It included a separate ladies restroom, necessary now that women were serving on juries.¹⁹



Susanne Homes was the first elected female county official. She took the position of Jackson County School Superintendent in 1920.



The Silver Cornet Band on the back steps of the courthouse during the 4th of July celebrations of 1895.



In Aug. of 1950, the courthouse was dedicated as a museum. More than 2,000 persons gathered to honor the building's history as told by Medford attorney Gus Newbry.

For the next four decades, the rooms of the Jackson County Courthouse in Jacksonville bustled with the business of county government. Here jurors deliberated, couples wed, treasurers kept accounts, clerks processed legal papers, sheriffs enforced the law, and commissioners held council. The imposing Italianate structure, a product of Victorian culture, remained the home of county government until the late 1920s. Eventually, however, the years took their toll. Once considered the "crowning glory of Jacksonville,"²⁰ the old brick courthouse came to be viewed as shabby and cramped by a new generation eagerly embracing modernization.

After the question was twice put to a vote, the citizens of Jackson County ultimately decided to move the county seat to Medford. In December 1927 Jackson County officials packed their belongings and closed the courthouse in Jacksonville. They relocated, first to the Medford City Hall, and in 1932 to the modern, twentieth-century courthouse at the corner of Main Street and South Oakdale in downtown Medford. After county government moved to Medford, the old building continued to serve the community in new ways. By 1930 Boy Scout Troop #30 occupied the entire left side of the first floor. The Jacksonville Grange maintained a lease with the county from 1933 through 1943 to control and oversee the building. The Grange used the courtroom for their meeting hall and rented it out for other functions. The former courthouse was used for dances, private gatherings, and Civil Air Defense meetings during World War II.²¹

By the end of the war, the idea of using the courthouse for a museum was gaining popularity. In 1946 the Southern Oregon Historical Society organized and made plans to re-open the courthouse as a public history museum. On August 5, 1950 that dream came true. The Jacksonville Museum was dedicated and opened to the public.

The courthouse history reaches far beyond the affairs of county government. The building and grounds were much more than just a place to conduct business. It was a civic center where people gathered for community and social events. It was the scene of formal weddings, Fourth of July celebrations, picnics, pioneer reunions, and community Christmas trees. The grounds were a courting spot for young people, and a gathering place for men and women to meet and gossip.²² It was the community park, the town square, the heart of town. 📌

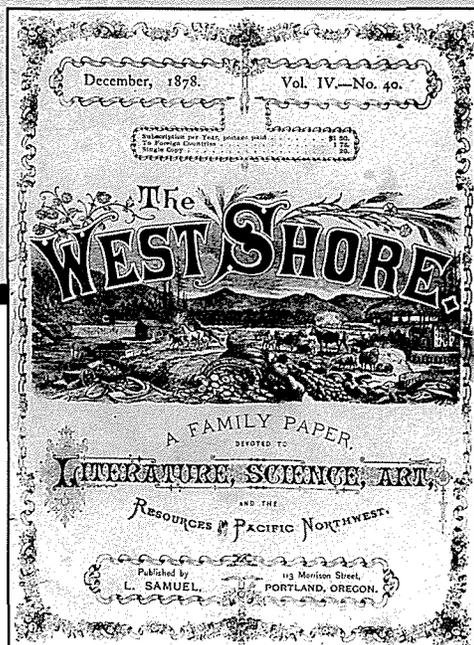
Dawna Curler is a Programs Associate and Volunteer Resources Manager for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

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The Halls of Justice, an exhibit on the history of the Jackson County Courthouse, is on display in what is now called the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. Wed - Sat, 10 - 5; Sun. 12 - 5

The West Shore



The object of education should be to give a real preparation for the probable occupation in life; that taking the marriage census of England, as a guide, we find that 80% of the women who reach a marriageable age marry — *The West Shore*

In Portland in 1875, L. Samuel began publishing a literary magazine of the Pacific Northwest. The *West Shore* began as an eight page magazine, and continued to grow to a thirty-two page publication by 1878. Each issue covered a variety of topics such as relevant weather forecasts, community profiles, fashion, household advice, immigrant information, poetry, fiction, inventions, natural and physical science. The magazine was published monthly and “sent out stitched, trimmed and enveloped in handsome colored cover.” It attracted subscribers from thirty-two states and Canadian Territories, England and Scotland in just over a year. “In 1877 the *West Shore* claimed about 7,200 subscribers, and in 1878 the circulation figure was 8,160—the largest of any publication in the Pacific Northwest.”

In order to attract advertisers, Samuel stated his ad policy in clear terms: “Nothing finds its way to our readers that even the most fastidious could possibly object to. In this age of corruption, when nearly all papers fairly bristle with sensational, nauseating reading matter, and advertisement of quack doctors, swindling astrologists, and pretending spiritualistic mediums, what can be more honorable than to assist in increasing circulation of a journal which carefully excludes everything of that kind.”¹

The *West Shore* ceased publication in 1889. The subscription list never became what Samuel dreamed it could be; perhaps that was why “the magazine was intermittently on the threshold of debt.” Their financial problems could also have been because Samuel wanted “no pianos, organs, patent medicines, or like liberal(?) offers in pay for advertising.” —H.N. ■

1. *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, vol 94 (Summer-Fall '93) pp. 170-250.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society's research library has issues of the *West Shore* from December 1878 through December 1881. In the wake of Women's History Month, we thought some of you might enjoy this reprint of “How Should a Girl be Educated?” and other articles. These appeared in the December 1878 issue of the *West Shore*.

HOW SHOULD A GIRL BE EDUCATED?

There have appeared in several of the recent *Nations* a number of articles devoted to the discussion of that much agitated topic, the education of women. They were called forth by a letter from an anxious father, (?) who, having some daughters growing up, is diligently seeking for a proper school in which to place them. This there seems no present likelihood of his finding, as his views differ somewhat from those held by the majority of parents and teachers. He confesses that he is an "old fogy" and cares nothing for the "higher culture" of women. In his estimation, health is the one important consideration. Feeling greatly dissatisfied with the present modes of education, by which a girl leaves school with a superficial knowledge of a great number of subjects, and, too often, with delicate health, he is inquiring for a school where a great deal of attention is paid to physical culture, and hardly any to the culture of the mind. He wishes his daughters to graduate from this school, with a taste for study, and a proper appreciation of the vast amount they have yet to learn—but, above all, with sound health; it being his opinion that so long as the physical health is perfect, the brain will take care of itself.

An editorial on the same subject may be briefly summed up as follows: That the object of education should be to give a real preparation for the probable occupation in life; that taking the marriage census of England, as a guide, we find that 80% of the women who reach a marriageable age marry, and that, therefore, the education of girls should be such as will best fit them for the life which so large a proportion of them are destined to lead. That sound health is the first consideration for a married woman, as without it, whatever talents and accomplishments she may possess, lose half their value. That in a woman's intellectual education the principal thing is to gain the power of acquisition and to form habits of thoroughness, which can only be accomplished by mastering some one subject—not by dipping into 20 different things. And finally, that a girl should be fitted for her position at the head of a household by practical instruction in domestic economy, and the management of servants and children.

Assuming the correctness of the first two propositions, that education should be an equipment for the active duties of life, and that the position which the majority of women are called upon to fill is that of wife and mother, it is fitting that we should inquire more fully into the nature of a mother's duties. A mother must, of course, be competent to attend to the physical welfare of her children, but she has also a work that is even higher and more sacred than this, in their mental and moral training. To be equal to this task she requires a sound judgment, and a well trained and vigorous intellect. For a mother should be fitted not only to superintend the education of her children during their infancy and childhood, but to be a guide and companion for them when they shall have reached more mature years. It is a most unfortunate thing for a child to know that, however much he may love and respect his mother, in scholarly attainments, he is undoubtedly her superior.

The question of health is of great importance, for without good health one's usefulness is impaired; and besides, there is such an intimate relation between physical and mental states, that any derangement of the one is apt to have an effect upon the other. But still, the preservation of health is only the means, not the end of living. With wise care, mind and body will develop together without injury to either.

In the intellectual education a habit of thoroughness and the power of acquisition are, certainly, of the first importance; and there is not a doubt that the practice of cramming, now

only too common, is most pernicious. But, because it is unwise to give only a smattering of a number of different branches, it does not follow that we are to rush to the opposite extreme and teach only one thing. Under good instruction a girl can gain during her school life, a sound elementary knowledge of several studies, and when she has done this, but not till then, she may take up one or two lines of study to be pursued exhaustively.

The *Nation* is perfectly right in regard to the need of a practical knowledge of housekeeping, but this would seem, in most cases, rather a matter for home than for school instruction.

The calling of a wife and mother is not a "small or mean one," rightly understood, on the contrary, it is one of the noblest in life, but it may become a very narrowing one. If a woman devotes herself to the care of her household to the exclusion of all other subjects, she defeats the very object she has in view, for she soon ceases to be a companion for her husband, or a proper guide for her children. She especially, needs to have breadth and liberality of mind, and these she cannot have if her vision is constantly bounded by the domestic horizon. She must have other interests to refresh and invigorate her mind; they must, it is true, be looked upon as subordinate to her duty to her family, or rather, as a part of that duty, for whatever aids a woman's mental or moral growth, is so much gain to her husband and children.

It may be remarked in conclusion, that although the women who marry are in such a large majority, it is rather hard on the remaining 20% to ignore them so completely, especially as it is impossible to tell beforehand in which category each particular woman shall be. And, moreover, it must be remembered what a large number of women, married as well as single, are obliged to depend upon their own exertions for their support. Any system of education which unfits a woman for more than one position in life is both unwise and unjust.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

SOME MEN'S WIVES.

"I tell you what it is," said one of a small coterie of wealthy men who had met in the office of one of their number, "they may say what they please about the usefulness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life. Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. & Co. failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants, and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off again."

"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, caressed and petted to death; and everybody said, 'Well if he will marry a doll like that, he'll make the greatest mistake of his life;' but when I came home the first year of our marriage sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."

"Well, gentleman," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue-stocking. She adored Tennyson, doated on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waldo, and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we laid little Maud in her last bed at Auburn, my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stinted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the locked drawer were all made by her own hands."

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the reply, "the snuff had better be put into the sermon."

PULL UP THE BLIND.

Pull up the blind, Kitty; pull up the blind!
You say, "The sun will spoil the carpet."
Never mind, never mind.

Far better so than that your cheeks or mine
Should lose their worth or color, Kitty,
Let it shine, let it shine.

And you shall find new joy it will impart.
Pull up the blind, Kitty; pull it up!
The sun helps the heart.

—"Pipes of Corn."

MISS TROT AND HER FAMILY.

A NONSENSE STORY FOR VERY YOUNG FOLKS.

Miss Trot lived in a hut—an old brown hut.
Miss Trot had a cat—a small grey cat;
The cat had a kit, and the kit was white.
Miss Trot had a hen—a fat yellow hen;
The hen had a chick, and the chick was speckled.
Miss Trot had a cow—a nice mooly cow;
The cow had a calf, and the calf was red;
Miss Trot had a sheep—a white woolly sheep;
The sheep had a lamb, and the lamb was mottled;
Miss Trot had a duck—a black waddling duck;
The duck had a duckling, and the duckling was brown.
Miss Trot had a goose—an old gray goose;
The goose had a gosling, and the gosling was yellow.
When Miss Trot came out of her hut to take a walk in the garden, there walked out with her—

The cat and her kit,
The hen and her chick,
The cow and her calf,
The sheep and her lamb,
The duck and her duckling,
The goose and her gosling.

And this was the way they talked:
"Miou, miou, miou!" said Miss Trot's cat;
"Miou, miou, miou!" said Miss Trot's kit;
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" said Miss Trot's hen;
"Peep, peep, peep!" said Miss Trot's chick;
"Moo, moo, moo!" said Miss Trot's cow;
"Moo, moo, moo!" said Miss Trot's calf;
"Baa, baa, baa!" said Miss Trot's sheep;
"Baa, baa, baa!" said Miss Trot's lamb;
"Quack, quack, quack!" said Miss Trot's duck;
"Quack, quack, quack!" said Miss Trot's duckling;
"Hiss, hiss, hiss!" said Miss Trot's goose;
"Hiss, hiss, hiss!" said Miss Trot's gosling.

—*Nursery.*

CHAFF.

MILKMAIDS are different. The milkmaid in the country is different from the milk made in the city.

ROWLAND HILL said of some of the speakers of his day, that they had a river of words with only a spoonful of thought.

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady. "A ready-made family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them over," replied the damsel, and she did.

PROFESSOR (blandly)—Mr. H—, how did the monasteries acquire so much wealth during the fourteenth century? Sophomore (thoughtfully)—Well, I don't exactly know, sir, unless they passed around the plate at both services.

"So," said a lady, recently, to a merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

"JOHN," said a poverty-stricken man, "I've made my will to day." "Ah!" replied John, "You were liberal to me, no doubt." "Yes, John, I've willed you the whole country to make a living in, with privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

A FRENCH paper reports a murder trial in which a witness testified that he heard two pistol shots on the staircase and sent his wife to see what was the matter. "Did you not go up the stairs yourself?" asked the court. "No, sir," replied the witness, "I was afraid of the revolver."

A METHODIST and a Quaker having stopped at a public house agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

GRANTS PASS

by Heidi Nelson

The community of Grants Pass watched proudly that day in 1894 when an 865 pound bell was lifted into the tower of the new city hall. "It would dominate all other sounds of the town in a most distinctive tone easily recognizable from the church and school bells."¹

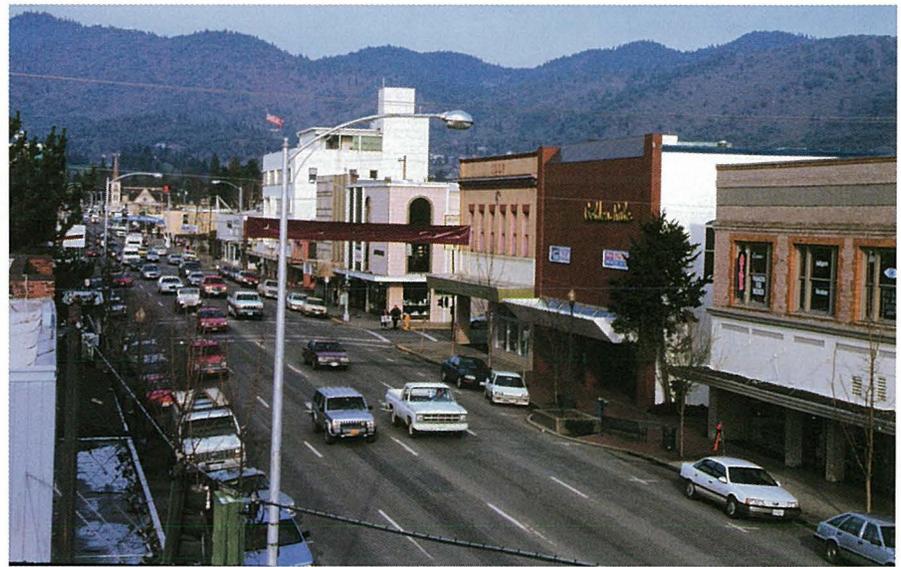
The bell no longer dominates the sounds of the city. Driving down today's modernized Sixth Street, the former city hall and surrounding buildings are difficult to recognize with their twentieth-century remodelings. A close look at the second story windows of the current Furniture Crafters store reveal vestiges of Grants Pass as it was in 1908. The brick-outlined windows, where parade observers once sat, still remain intact.

The former city hall was taken over by The Golden Rule Department Store in 1912, at which time the bell tower was removed. In the 1960s the building was given a new brick facade that obliterated the tall, arched windows. The 60s-style building still displays the shiny gold lettering of the "Golden Rule" as well as signs for current businesses.

The building to the left of The Golden Rule, now McLains Drug Center, has also been modernized. The structure's distinguishing characteristics, such as the once visible numbers on the crowning cornice and the formerly arched windows, now squared off, have all been altered over the years. These buildings are the lucky few that still have their original skeleton. Many old buildings were sacrificed to make way for new ones. [Buildings whose origin cannot easily be recognized are not eligible for or included in the historic district of Grants Pass.] 📌



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #4783



DANA HEDRICK

Sixth street, once the route for the 1908 Rose Festival Automobile Parade, was paved in 1910, and is now a main vein for traffic. People who owned automobiles in 1908 were an elite few and for the parade "auto owners vied with each other to decorate their machines in the most attractive manner with flowers and ferns."²

Heidi Nelson is a journalism major at Southern Oregon University and is an Assistant Editor interning for Heritage.

ENDNOTES

- 1. "The History of Old City Hall—Part 1" by Edna May Hill. *Daily Courier*, Grants Pass, Oregon, 20, Apr. 1992.
- 2. "A Successful Rose Festival" *Oregon Observer* 1, Jul. 1908.

The Sketchbook of Alice Beecroft

by Mary Ames Sheret,
Curator of Collections

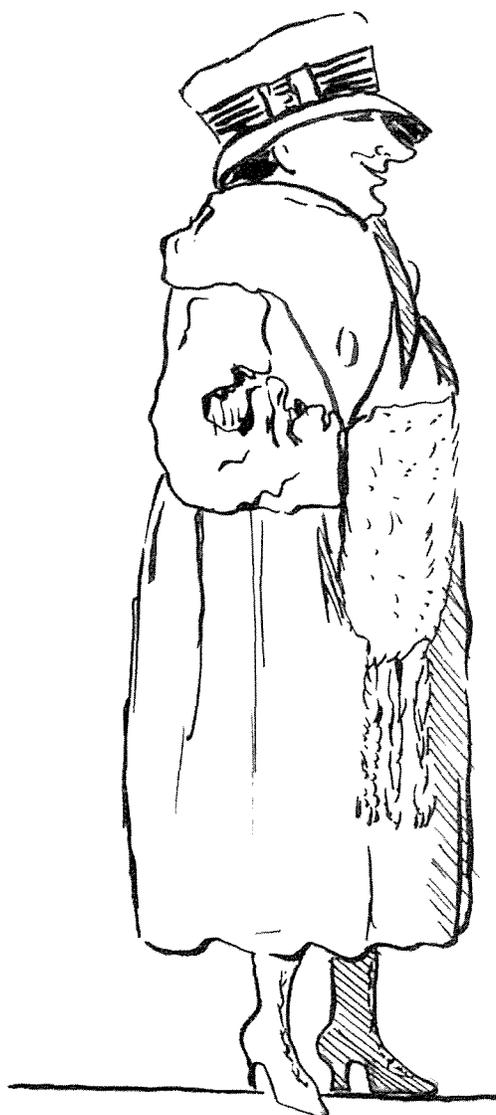
The story begins with some sketches signed "Alice Beecroft" exhibited at the Jacksonville Museum. The artist gave them to the Southern Oregon Historical Society in 1957. Little else, however, was recorded about them, or her. Many visitors to the Society search for information about their families. As they soon discover, the hunt often reveals some interesting connections and surprises.

The Beecrofts (also spelled Becroft, Beacraft, and Beecraft) lived on First Street in Phoenix. Alice was the youngest of eight children with thirty years stretching between her and the eldest. Her father William, was a Civil War veteran. Alice attended Phoenix Grade School, then commuted to Medford High School where she took an interest in art and theater. She received her diploma in 1915.

Alice also attended the State Normal School in Ashland. She passed the state's teacher's examination in December 1914, and was assigned to teach sixth, seventh, and eighth grades at Jacksonville Elementary School. Alice moved to Jacksonville and lived with "Aunty [Jane] McCully," who opened the first school in Jacksonville.

Alice met her future husband Albert Mitchell while teaching in Jacksonville. Albert was a senior in high school enrolled in a teacher's training course, living with his family on Applegate Street. When Alice became ill during the winter of 1916-1917, Albert was sent to teach her classes. After graduation, Albert enlisted in the U.S. Navy for service during WWI.

Meanwhile, Alice became friends with Jacksonville's blossoming artist, Dorland Robinson. Dorland was just four years older than Alice. The Robinsons were well-known in Jacksonville. Dr. Robinson was a local physician and owned a drug store on California Street. Alice purchased her art supplies there.

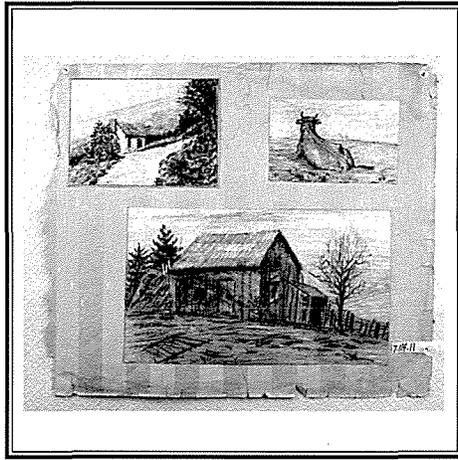


COURTESY JOANNE AND JOHN ELIAS



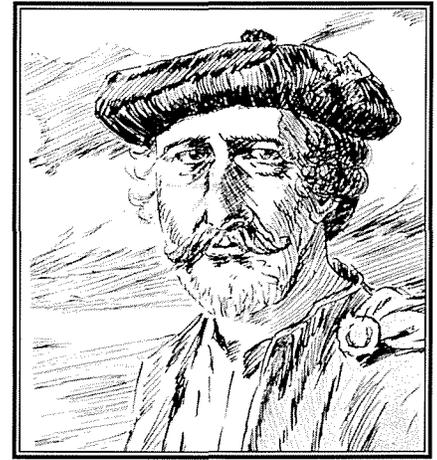
COURTESY OF JOANNE AND JOEL ELIAS

Alice's carefully detailed still lifes showed her training. ca 1920



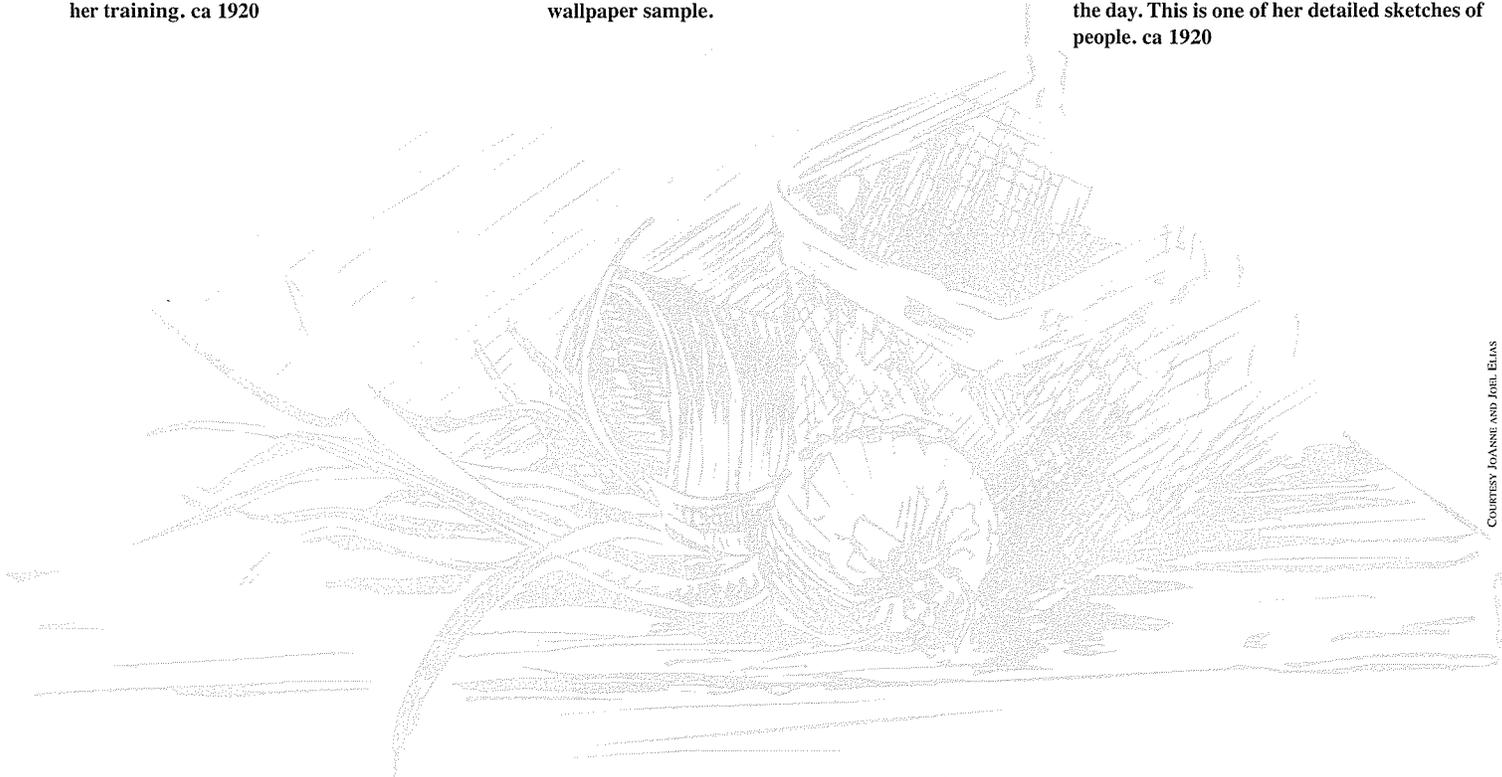
SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #57.14.11

Sketches of Jacksonville, 1917, pasted on a wallpaper sample.



COURTESY OF JOANNE AND JOEL ELIAS

Alice worked as a commercial artist during the day. This is one of her detailed sketches of people. ca 1920



COURTESY JOANNE AND JOEL ELIAS

When he was a boy, Albert Mitchell ordered items from this drugstore to sell door to door and unwittingly became a subject for young Dorland Robinson. As he later recalled, "I was peddling some kind of bluing or something else out and around, and I came to the Robinson's home...she came to door and bought some. And she says, 'Albert, how would you like to pose for a sketch that I'd like to make of you?' So I agreed to that. And she had her studio...up in the Britt house. She wanted me to be a newsboy with the papers there and everything."¹

Dorland encouraged Alice in her artistic pursuits and her work may have

influenced Alice's choice of subjects. Pieces in the Society's collection include people, animals, and scenery sketched around Jacksonville in 1917. Some of the portraits are captioned "Old Timers" and "Sketches made on J'ville trolley." Other sketches show local historic sites titled "Old Convent Steps" (St. Mary's Academy) and the "Old Fort Near Fire Hall" (Brunner Building).

Tragedy struck Jacksonville in early 1917, when Dorland Robinson committed suicide. It was a shock for the Robinsons and their friends. Perhaps given the memory of Dorland's encouragement and tragic demise, Alice decided to pursue formal training. The following year she

enrolled in the brand new Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles. Alice's mother, Lorinda, and Albert's younger sister, Rosalie, moved with her to Los Angeles. When Albert's mother died in early 1918 Alice took care of Rosalie. Alice and Albert Mitchell were married in 1919.

The traces of Alice's story were lost at the point of her marriage. Through phone calls and letters from the Southern Oregon Historical Society it was discovered that Alice's family had stored away some of her work. Pages of pencil sketches and pen and ink drawings were pasted in a wallpaper sample book dated 1920. Alice's carefully detailed people, still lifes, and scenes show her training and



studies. Alice took evening classes at Otis after she married and worked as a commercial artist during the day. The sketches in the Society's collection also came from this wallpaper sample book.

Alice worked in several mediums. There are watercolors of her father playing the cello and of wild ducks leaving a marsh. They are both signed "Alice Becroft" which meant she painted them before she married. Alice also painted still lifes and an amusing scene of a monk enjoying his bread and wine.

Alice and Albert eventually moved to San Francisco, where he graduated from theological seminary in 1926. He ministered in Seattle, Oakland, and Turlock, California. Alice became very busy raising two children and working in the church, but she gave private art lessons during the 1930s. During the Korean War Albert served in the Chaplain's Department of the U.S. Navy. He and Alice lived and traveled in Japan and collected oriental art.

The Mitchells returned to Jacksonville in 1962 and moved into Albert's boyhood home. Alice died in 1977 at the age of eighty-one. Albert passed away nine years later. They enriched many people's lives over the years and their story has given us a new appreciation for a young woman's sketches of southern Oregon. ■

Mary Ames Sheret is the Curator of Collections for the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Many thanks to Alice's daughter, JoAnne Elias and her husband Joel for sharing Alice's artwork and family photographs.

ENDNOTES
1. SOHS - (OH-166)

Opposite page:
Paintings courtesy of JoAnne and Joel Elias.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15884

Alice in front of her home in Phoenix, ca 1910



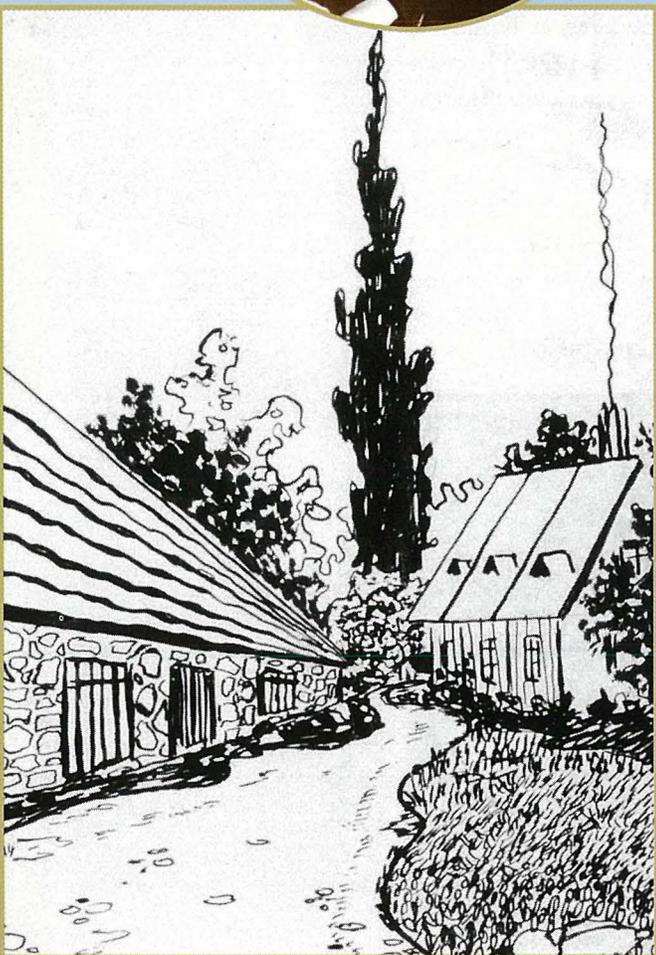
Alice and Albert Mitchell
ca 1917

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15890

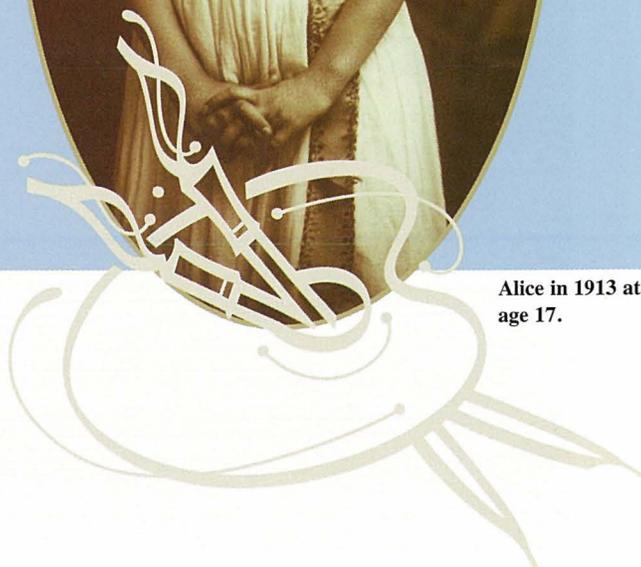
SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15888



Alice in 1913 at
age 17.



COURTESY OF JOANNE AND JOEL ELIAS



Society Facts



If all of the "stuff" in the library were laid end to end it would be approximately the length of eleven football fields or three quarters of a mile.

Pulled From the Papers

"Sometimes Medford has sunshine when J'ville has fog. But that's all right because at night when it has fog, we have moonshine."

—*Jacksonville Post*, 10 Jan. 1920

"Perhaps some of the lads who are putting on overalls will be psychologically influenced to attempt a regular day's work."

—*Jacksonville Post*, 22 May 1920

"Personal- will the person to whom I gave a piece of my mind please return it at once. I find I am unable to do without it. Paul L."

—*Jacksonville Post*, 22 May 1920

April Showers?

Try one of these selections from the History Store:

Life begins again at eighty, or so it did for Stella Walthall Patterson. Her book, "Dear Mad'm," re-counts her many adventures in the wilds of the Siskiyou Mountains near Happy Camp, California. From encounters with a mountain lion to the calm beauty of her flower garden, Stella invites her readers along and proves that you're never too old for adventure.

Each story in "Conversations with Pioneer Women" paints an incredible mental picture of what life was like in the mid-1800s. These accounts, originally recorded by Fred Lockley, then later compiled into book form by Mike Helm, are all true stories. Whether it's a sad memory of lost family members, humorous recollections of a young woman who didn't know what a napkin was for, or the many engrossing accounts of Indian run-ins, this book shows life through the eyes of the women who lived it.

Both of these engaging books can be purchased at The History Store, Lower Level of the Rogue Valley Mall, Medford, Oregon.

Society Fun

Quilts on Exhibit—Medford

The Southern Oregon History Center exhibits a selection of quilts on the Mezzanine floor from May through September, with collections of embroidery, weaving, and cloth dolls on exhibit in the adjacent Community Collects Gallery. The History Center is located at 106 North Central Avenue. Hours: Monday - Friday, 9 to 5; Saturday, 1 to 5. For more details and updates on workshops, classes, or programs at multiple venues call The Whole Cloth (800) 982-1487 or (541) 734-3982.

The Whole Cloth in Jacksonville

A selection of the Society's quilt collection, **Piece Making from the Whole Cloth**, is on view at the Jacksonville Museum, 5th & C Streets, Jacksonville. Hours: Wednesday through Saturday 10 to 5, Sunday, 12 to 5.

Orchard Home Tour

Southern Oregon Women's Access to Credit (SOWAC), is hosting a charity event at the historic Eden Valley Orchard on May 30, 1998. The event will be reminiscent of the era when Colonel Gordon Voorhies commanded the property. Enjoy period entertainment and a display of artifacts from the Society's collections, including Gordon Voorhies' West Point uniform and his wife's "Paris original" ball gown. For more information on this charity event contact Marjorie Edens at (541) 773-6536 or Mary O'Kief at SOWAC, (541) 779-3992.



SOUTHERN
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MUSEUMS, SITES, AND EXHIBITS

• The History Center

106 N. Central Ave., Medford

Going Places: Travel To and Through the Rogue Valley. 1826-1996, ongoing; *Quilts of the Rogue Valley*, May through September and Community Collects Gallery and office hours: Monday through Friday, 9-5. The gallery is also open Saturday, 1-5.

• Research Library

The History Center, Medford

A large manuscript and historic photo collection covering topics of local history, open Tuesday through Saturday, 1-5.

• The Medford History Store, Rogue Valley Mall

Toys and gifts reminiscent of another era. Open mall hours.

• Jacksonville History Store

Corner of California and Third streets, Jacksonville

The works of regional artists and artisans presented for sale in this gallery-like setting. Thursday through Sunday, 11:30-4:30.

• Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History

Fifth & C Streets, Jacksonville

Miner, Baker, Furniture Maker; Piece Making from the Whole Cloth; Politics of Culture, Hall of Justice, a history of the county courthouse in Jacksonville, and more. Wednesday through Saturday, 10-5; Sunday 12-5.

• Children's Museum

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville

Hands-on history for the entire family. Wednesday through Saturday 10-5; Sunday 12-5.

• C.C. Beekman House

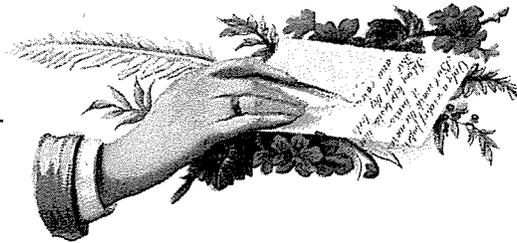
California and Laurelwood streets, Jacksonville
Beekman House is open Memorial Day to Labor Day, 1-5 daily.

• C.C. Beekman Bank

California and 3rd streets, Jacksonville
See the interior of this turn-of-the-century bank and Wells Fargo Office year-round from viewing porches.

• SOHS Online

Visit our website at www.sohs.org.



*"Getting to know you,
getting to know all about you..."*

—Rogers and Hammerstein

Comments from *Heritage* readers are always welcome, and we thank those of you who phone in, make the comment in passing, and send the quick note of encouragement. You keep us inspired. Right now there are only 823 subscribers to *Southern Oregon Heritage*. I could practically have you all over for dinner—my husband's a great cook! Given that such a large party would probably cause our house to slide off its rocky foundation (the marriage, I'm sure would endure), I invite you to share your tastes with us by taking part in the survey on pages 33 and 34. We'd like to know what you think, who you are, and why you are a subscriber. You are a select group that is very important to us.

The *Southern Oregon Heritage* staff is entirely focused on creating the greatest magazine that we can, and our aim is to please you. Let us know how we're doing!

We look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Marcia Somers La Fond, 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.

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Piecemaking from the Whole Cloth

**Now on display at the
Jacksonville Museum.**

“Quilts in the Rogue Valley” is opening at the History Center in May.

*****ECRL0T **C-044
S3 P8

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