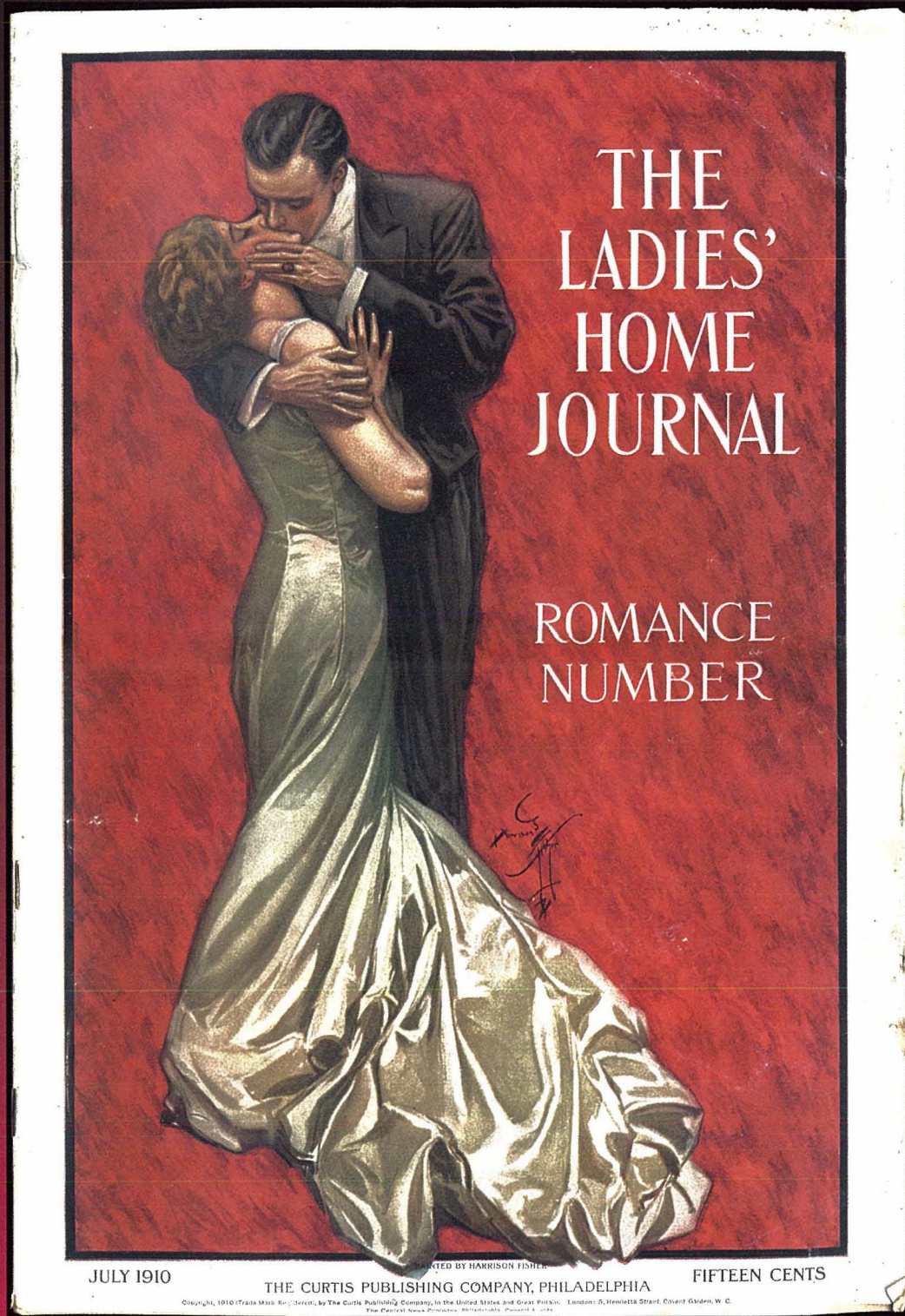


SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Winter 2006 Vol. 8, No. 1

Today



JULY 1910

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE TODAY

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Dear SOHS members and friends:

When I turned 40 my children gave me a coffee mug that read, "40 isn't old if you're a tree." Well, 60 isn't very old to me now, and that's exactly how old the Southern Oregon Historical Society turns in 2006. Sixty years of preserving history. Sixty years of advocating for preservation of historic sites and structures. Sixty years of collecting the artifacts and stories of our common heritage. Way to go SOHS! Everyone who's been involved, from the Hanley sisters to the latest person to volunteer at one of our events, ought to be proud of what they've been a part of, and what SOHS has become.

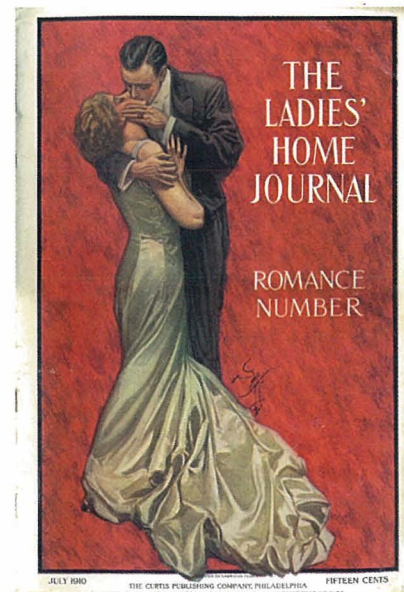
Sure, we have challenges. Every single nonprofit cultural institution in America has challenges. Some are so close to the brink of disaster that they've been forced to shut their doors, give away their collections, and cease existence altogether. Yes, SOHS has serious financial challenges, but we're not about to moan and groan and throw our hands in the air. We're doing something about it: We're becoming a more streamlined and efficient organization, doing more with less; we're reducing our expenses; we're increasing our revenues; we're adding new members—individuals, families, and businesses; we're reaching out to sponsors and donors to help us pay the way in what we do, in our exhibits, our programs, our publications, and our educational endeavors. We are not about to give up, not when we have 60 years of history under our belt and broad and deepening support in a community that is just waking up to the importance of our heritage.

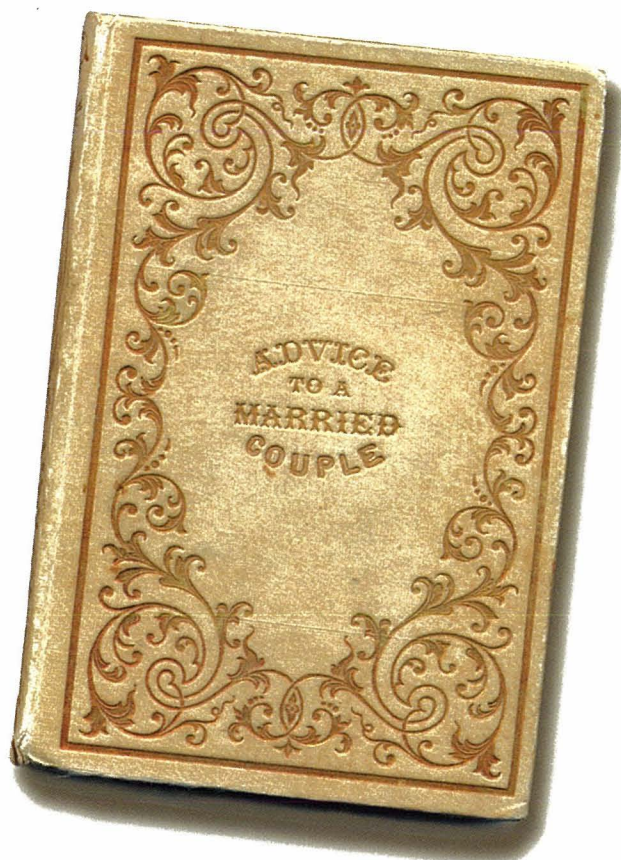
In late February, SOHS will open its newest exhibit, on the history of the Oregon and Applegate trails. The exhibit is in partnership with SOPTV, which is producing a documentary on the Applegate Trail. A joint event will be announced early in 2006. In addition, we are moving ahead on our remodel of the two outbuildings behind the Jacksonville Museum to make room for offices and workspace for staff. And we are forging ahead with our Annual Giving campaign. If you haven't dug deep and given an extra few dollars to the cause, please consider doing so now. Every donation we receive helps us to continue to do the work we've been doing for 60 years, and plan to do for at least another 60.

Thank you to all

John Enders

John Enders
Executive Director





This tiny book (shown actual size) was a wedding gift to Kate M. Thomas from James Fuller. From the SOHS collection, circa 1884. SOHS ACC #59.98.7.1

life wears away, see to it, that the affections do not begin to lag — that coldness, or indifference, or fretfulness do not invade the sanctuary of the heart. Rest now upon your strong mutual regard, and let the affections that have been but recently kindled and cemented, grow stronger and stronger, as time and age may be given to you.

In this little volume are many hints and suggestions calculated to promote the highest interests of the husband and the wife in the various situations incident to the married state. The young married pair will not always be young — they have entered upon a relation that will exist to the end of life; — it is wise, then, to look to the end, note the way marks, and pursue the path that leads to happiness. It is believed that this humble effort will not be considered an unworthy offering by pastor, friend, or lover, to any who may be interested in the subject of its pages.

C. P.

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The Young Wife
As the Head of a Family
As a Mother, ...
Cultivate a good
Circumstances of
A Happy Home
Hints regarding
Your Husband's
Your Husband's
Proper course for
Wife Independence
Keep your own
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Rishell Tribute

On Sunday, October 23, 2005, more than fifty people attended the public dedication of a bench and plaque commemorating the late David Rishell of Jacksonville, who for more than thirteen years portrayed Cornelius Beekman at SOHS events and sites. The bench is located outside the Beekman Bank at the corner of 3rd and California streets in downtown Jacksonville. David died on May 22, 2005.

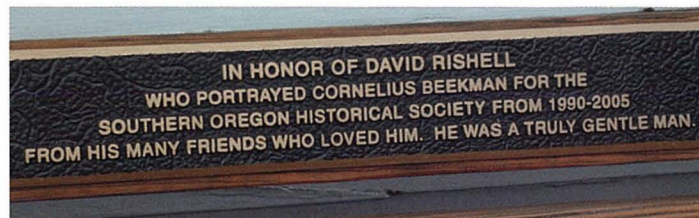


PHOTO BY TRACY MURPHY

Dignitaries in attendance included Jacksonville Mayor Jim Lewis, Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce President Terri Gieg, SOHS Executive Director John Enders, and Jean Ayers, who portrayed Mrs. Beekman. David's widow, Francie Rishell, also attended. Following the dedication, attendees gathered at the Beekman House where the top hat worn by David in his role as Mr. Beekman was hung on the hat rack inside the house in permanent tribute.

SOHS 2005 Volunteer Recognition Awards

The 2005 Volunteer Recognition Awards celebration was held at the ScienceWorks Museum in Ashland on November 5, 2005. More than fifty volunteers and guests attended the festivities, which included a drawing for donated gifts and services, several brief "thank yous" from SOHS staff, and the naming of the "2005 Outstanding, Super Duper, Above and Beyond" Volunteers: **Jerry Doran, Paul Draper, Bob Holbrook, Margaret LaPlante, Alice Mullaly, and Lydia Trottman.**

Our thanks to ScienceWorks (which will be having its own volunteer recognition event at Hanley Farm in 2006) for its hospitality and, of course, to all our hard working volunteers without whom much of what we do would not be possible. If you would like more information on becoming a volunteer, please call Lara Duran, Volunteer Coordinator, at 541-773-6536, ext. 223.



2005 Outstanding Volunteers (l to r): Jerry Doran, Bob Holbrook, Lydia Trottman, Alice Mullaly, and Margaret LaPlante.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Since 1946

OUTSTANDING VOLUNTEERS FOR 2005

exhibits
AT THE JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM

5TH & C STREETS, JACKSONVILLE



PAINTING BY ROGER COOKE

New Exhibit Opens February 2006

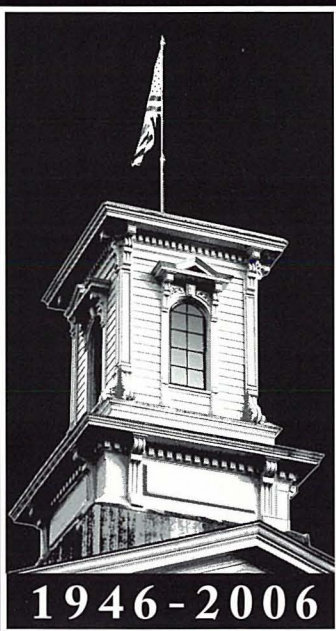
TOWARD THE SETTING SUN: TRAVELING THE OREGON TRAIL

Our newest exhibit, set to open the last week of February, will trace the journey of several families who endured the hardships of the Oregon Trail to make their homes in Southern Oregon. In addition to artifacts such as pioneer diaries, clothing, and tools, the exhibit will feature photos, interactive components, and a documentary entitled "The Southern Road to Oregon." Produced by Southern Oregon Public Television, it will focus on the blazing of the Applegate Trail and its controversial history. The exhibit will be an exciting addition to the Jacksonville Museum. Don't miss it!

MUSEUMS CLOSED IN JANUARY

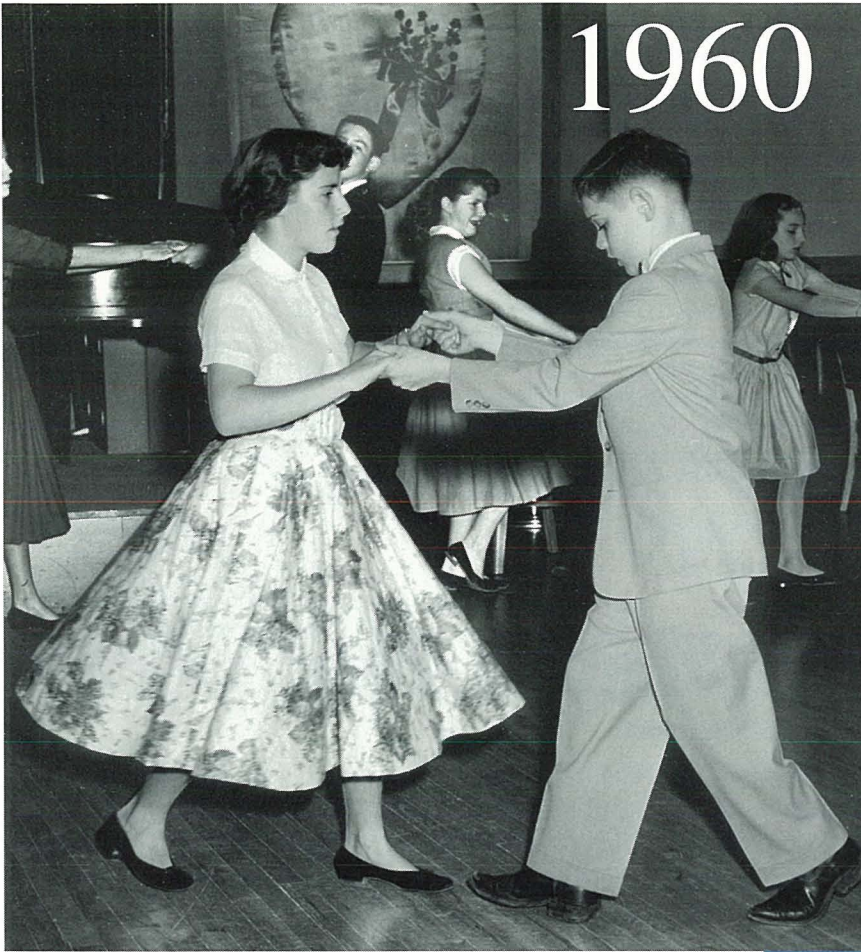
The Jacksonville Museum, Children's Museum, and the Historical Research Library will be closed to members and the general public for the month of January. During this time we will be cleaning, painting, making needed repairs, and preparing the facilities for the 2006 season. Our administrative offices, however, will remain open Mondays through Fridays, from 9am–5pm.

The Jacksonville Museum, Children's Museum, and the Historical Research Library will return to normal hours on Wednesday, February 1. Museums: Wednesday – Sunday, 10 am – 5 pm. Library: Tuesday – Friday, 1 pm – 5 pm.



SOHS Turns 60!

2006 is the Society's 60th Anniversary and we will be commemorating it throughout the year in various ways. From parties to special promotions, plans are in the works to honor and celebrate our sixty years of collecting, preserving, and sharing the stories and artifacts of our common heritage. Look for details in your members' postcard, mailed to you each month. We hope you'll join us.



1960

although the
attire, music,
and steps
have changed,
one ritual of
courtship has
remained
timeless...

Teenagers at a Valentine's Day dance in Southern Oregon, circa 1960.
SOHS # 19818

dancing
dancing
dancing
dancing
dancing
dancing



2006

Young couple dancing to rap music at the Vinyl Club in Ashland, 2005.

PHOTO BY TRACY MURPHY

from the collection

Corset & Busk, circa 1880



PHOTO BY TRACY MURPHY

Corset: SOHS ACC. #82.3.6 Busk: SOHS ACC. # 3185

In the latter part of the seventeenth century and again in the late eighteenth century, fashion decreed small waists, and women's clothing featured corsets with wood or whale-bone stays. This gave occasion to suitors to decorate with chip or scratch carving special stays, or busks, for their sweethearts to wear. The most commonly carved motifs were twin hearts, lovebirds, flowers and leaves, and geometric designs of various types. The busks were often incised with dates, initials, and declarations of love.

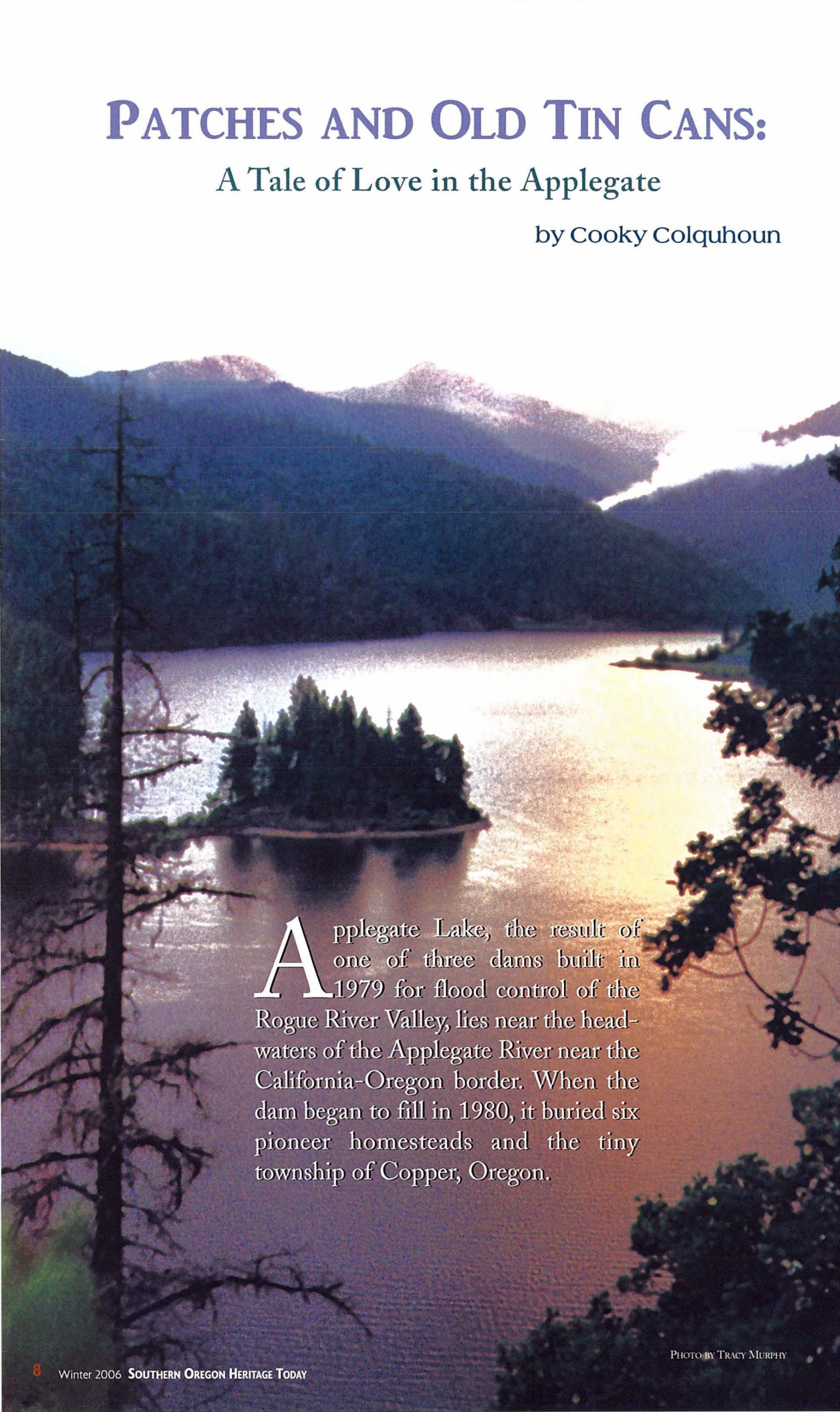
Or as *America's Traditional Crafts* puts it (Robert Shaw, 1993), "A busk was inserted into an open slit at the front of the corset to "firm up" the bodice. A busk was thus an intimate gift, given by a sailor to his wife or sweetheart as a love token and intended, literally, to be taken to heart. Most were made of solid pieces of whale-bone or baleen, engraved with hearts, flowers, birds, and other emblems of the sailor's love."

from *Corsets and Crinoline* by Nora Waugh

PATCHES AND OLD TIN CANS:

A Tale of Love in the Applegate

by Cooky Colquhoun



Applegate Lake, the result of one of three dams built in 1979 for flood control of the Rogue River Valley, lies near the headwaters of the Applegate River near the California-Oregon border. When the dam began to fill in 1980, it buried six pioneer homesteads and the tiny township of Copper, Oregon.

The now familiar names of the homesteaders, miners, and ranchers who settled this area during the mid-1800s can still be found on bridges, parks, and some, still, in the local phone book. McKee, Byrnes, Watkins, Winningham—just a few of the early settlers who made a community in this rich valley.¹

I had the privilege of living in Copper in 1969, before it disappeared under the lake, while renting a home on 160 acres of land owned by Bert and Christine Harr. Bert's parents originally homesteaded the property at the turn of the last century.

My husband and I came to the Applegate Valley in 1969 in a school bus with three children and two dogs to look up an old friend on our way back from an unsuccessful emigration to Canada. As a newly married, blended hippie family, we were looking for a place to get out of the city and back to the basics, a place to raise our children in the country. Within a week we had fallen in love with the river, the forest, and the people of the Applegate.

A local from Ramsey Realty drove us up and down the Upper Applegate Road from Ruch to the California border, following the Applegate River in search of a country home to rent. The road twisted, turned, and jumped back and forth across the river deep into the mountains. Eventually it split into small gravel or smaller dirt roads, mimicking the river that divided into multiple creeks and springs.

PHOTO BY TRACY MURPHY

The real estate agent offered a steady stream of history as we drove past each farm. He was well versed in the area and spoke freely and easily of the local characters, telling their stories with openness and compassion. We passed the McKee Bridge and Store near Dave Winningham's ranch and were told that he was famous for being hard working and straight talking. Morris Byrne's turkey ranch was where we could buy fresh turkey eggs at .50 cents a flat. And, according to our guide, Guy Watkins worked with Gladys Crow at the Copper Store.

When we saw the old, unpainted, two-story house sitting on the forty acres of river front property, with its long tool shed and impressive three-story barn, we became excited at the prospect of meeting with the owners to talk about renting it. What we didn't know was that we were about to meet a couple of the oldest characters in the valley—and to step into our role as the newest.



The house that Bert built for Christine in 1915, and where the author lived in 1970.

My husband was a carpenter and wanted to learn how to build a house from the foundation up. I was determined to cook fresh, homegrown, healthy food (we had purchased 100 pounds of brown rice for \$12 in California and had brought it with us) and wanted to learn how to cook it on a wood stove and make bread and butter from scratch.

12 JACKSONVILLE COPPER 12

This sign stood along Highway 238 near Ruch.

We were both from the city and knew nothing about country life, but looked forward to living "like the pioneers," without all the comforts of city life. This was a good thing because the Harr Ranch had no electricity and spring-fed water was piped into the kitchen sink only. There were no bathroom facilities of any kind in the house—just an old outhouse alongside the shed. Water was heated and meals prepared on a large, ornate wood stove in the kitchen.

As we pulled into the dusty driveway, an old swaybacked pinto horse looked up sleepily and sauntered closer to the fence. The first thing we noticed was the quiet. Only the sound of the river and the wind in the trees, and an occasional forestry truck driving by, broke the serenity of the little spot on the map called Copper, Oregon.

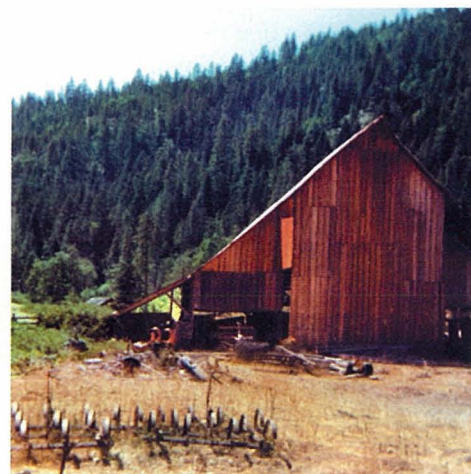
As we got out of the vehicle a tall, elderly man wearing patched overalls, a huge dusty cowboy hat, a coat with more patches than original cloth, and a smile as big as his hat, turned the corner of the house with his giant hand held up in greeting. "Welcome," Bert Harr yelled. Behind and below him peered his perky bright-eyed wife of fifty-five years, Christine.

After introductions were exchanged, we were given a tour of the place. Christine and I went inside the house, which was littered knee high in "stuff." Old papers, trinkets, jars, hats, clothes, and rags all intermingled with archaic dust and dirt. The kitchen closet was full to the brim with paper bags and empty containers of all sorts (notably no plastic). A fading Kellogg's Corn Flakes box, circa 1939, caught my eye. In a plain brown box, I noticed a giant, cream-colored bar of P&G soap wrapped in tissue paper. I suddenly realized the P&G stood for Proctor and Gamble and that the soap must have been at least twenty years old.

Christine led me along a small path through the rubble and the rooms, apologizing for the mess and shaking her head. With a "tsk, tsk" of dismay, she explained how people had broken into the house and vandalized it after she and Bert had moved to the new house. They had not had time to get back to straighten the old place up.

For me it was like being in the house of an old recluse you read about in the newspapers, the one that hadn't left his home in fifty years and had hoarded every piece of paper that had come his way. It was a mess but we looked forward to cleaning it up and sorting out the treasures from the dirt, certain that the old couple wouldn't want most of what we found fascinating.

Christine picked up a piece of cloth with seven or eight hand-sewn patches holding it together. The entire piece made a good-sized rag. I was taken aback realizing that she had patched everything, remembering Bert's jacket and overalls. She must have spent at least three years of her life patching cloth by hand, even the rags, and she remembered every patch.



The three-story barn near the Harr house, across the road from the Applegate River and 1/4 mile north of the Copper Store. Today, the land is under water.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR.

This patch was from her daughter's first Sunday school dress that Christine had made for her when her daughter was four years old. The memory it evoked led her to tell me the story of how she had come to Jacksonville from Ashland in 1910 to teach at Watkin's school as the new schoolmarm. Christine Beaver (her maiden name) was nineteen years old at the time and her father was a minister in Ashland. She was told that the Harr's always put up the schoolteacher in their house. The Harr's also had a twenty-one-year-old son, Bert, and two daughters, Maude, twenty-three, and Grace, eighteen.

Christine said she went to the Harr's house and saw Bert coming home from the field leading a horse. She even remembered the first words she ever heard him say: "C'mon Queenie." Christine told me that she knew at once that she had met the man of her heart. She did not know how she knew, but she knew.

Bert's parents, John and Louise Harr, had homesteaded the property near Squaw Creek in 1900 when Bert was ten years old. In 1912, Bert's father gave him the riverfront land to build a home and in 1914 Bert and Christine were married in Ashland, with Bert's sister, Maude, as a witness. According to Christine, Bert "jokingly told everyone he had caught a beaver." Christine wanted a log house, but Bert insisted that she should have a new plank house instead. Bert and his father went behind the homestead on the side hill and began cutting timber for the home. The very first tree the men cut fell on Bert's father, killing him instantly. Although they lived in the house for more than fifty years, Bert and Christine would always be haunted by the memory of that fateful day.

**"Christine told me that
she knew at once
that she had met
the man of her heart.
She did not know
how she knew,
but she knew.**



ACCIDENT AT WATKINS

J. P. Harr, Crushed to Death by Rolling Log

J. P. Harr, a prominent farmer of Watkins, residing about 80 miles south of this city, was fatally crushed beneath a heavy log, last Sunday morning.

Mr. Harr and son had felled a tree on the hillside near the ranch, and were engaged in sawing it into stove-wood, when the log became loosened from the stump behind which it had lodged, and started down the hill. Mr. Harr endeavored to escape from its path, but fell and the log passed over him, crushing him almost beyond recognition.

The funeral was held from the M. E. church at Jacksonville, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with interment at Jacksonville cemetery. Mr. Harr is survived by his wife, two daughters and one son.

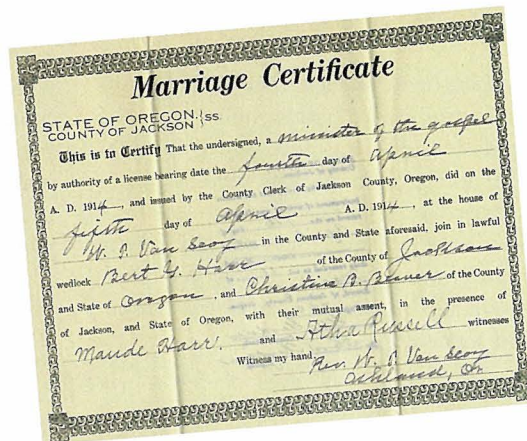
We agreed to rent the place for \$40 per month once it was cleaned out. For the next two weeks we worked side-by-side with Bert and Christine emptying the entire house. Every day at the crack of dawn we got up and met the old folks at the ranch. It did not, however, go exactly as we had imagined.

Bert and Christine, now in their eighties, were not overly grateful for our help. Christine had decided to take every scrap home and so brought over fifty large burlap bags, spending from morning to night filling them. Bert pulled a long sheet of tin out of the barn and ran it from the upstairs window down to the back of his pickup. The girls loaded sacks upstairs and sent them sliding down to the boys below.

The work was tedious, dirty, and backbreaking. Although small treasures abounded in the rubble—old Log Cabin Syrup tins and china dolls, for example—when I admired them, Christine simply told a story and tossed the items in a bag never to be seen again. Everything went into the bags, from rusty cast-iron pots and pans to fragile, embroidered blouses. Nothing was sorted and every bag was tossed into the back of the old broken down white pickup truck. But each item had a story and Christine shared much of her life, love, and marriage with me as we filled the musty bags full of long neglected memories.



Maude, John, Louise, Bert, and Grace Harr.
SOHS PHOTO #16195



Bert and Christine's marriage certificate, April 4, 1914.
JACKSON COUNTY MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE #4693



Christine and Bert Harr, with their son John, named for Bert's father. Circa 1917.

SOHS PHOTO # 18424 (DETAIL)

On any given day, after several hours of cleaning, sorting, and hauling, we would break for lunch—usually around noon. Hot and dirty, we'd collapse on the beach by the river and eat sandwiches from McKee Bridge Café and Store, or we'd just get chips and soda from Gladys Crow at the Copper Store, which was closer.

While we jumped in the river and cooled off, Christine would set the table for her and her husband. She would get raw milk, fresh from the morning milking (Bert still milked the cow every morning), and pour it from the wide-mouthed, antique candy jar on a makeshift table in the front room. She and Bert ate their sandwiches of garden fresh tomatoes and cucumbers on homemade bread. After they ate, to our astonishment, Bert would often go out to the barren field and start up the rickety tractor. Soon Christine would hop onto the back with both arms hugging Bert and off they would bounce, up and down the long fallow rows, following the dried ruts in the field, just as they had done for more than fifty years.

After the day's work was done and the rattletrap old pickup truck had been rigged together with bailing wire and twine, off they would go, down the road sideways, listing like a great ship of uncertain ballast, setting off to the new house to unload their day's cargo. All the bags were to be put in the new shed until Christine had a chance to go through them "properly." To our amusement, we discovered they had been living in the new house for five years.

We moved into the old farmhouse on the river and began to collect our own memories—and our own junk. We never learned if Christine actually sorted through the bags of memories, or if she ever needed to. But we did learn a lot from the sweet old couple that shared their home, their stories, and their lives with us. 🏠



Mamie Watkins, Oscar Collings and Christine Beaver Harr, third from right, with the Watkins School group. Circa 1925.

SOHS PHOTO # 16199

Cooky Colquhoun is a freelance writer living in Phoenix, Oregon.

ENDNOTES

1. Black, John and Marguerite. *Ruch and the Upper Applegate Valley*, Medford, OR: Webb Research Group, 1990, p. 144.
2. Jacksonville Cemetery Ledger 226 IOOF: John P. Harr, p. 138
3. Marriage certificate, Jackson County, Vol. 11, p. 339
4. *Jacksonville Post*, September 21, 1912.



Starting third from right, Maude Harr, Christine and Bert, at a picnic. Circa 1915. SOHS PHOTO #16223

Early Courting Followed Strict Code of Behavior

Shortage of Women Made Dating a Competitive Game

Article from the Mail Tribune, March 30, 1997, by Dani Dodge. Reprinted with permission.



SOHS PHOTO #15452, BY PETER BRITT

Love and marriage in the Rogue Valley have always been harrowing ordeals—even near the turn of the century. Couples followed set rules on how courtships should be conducted, went to balls and always asked mom and dad before going ahead with a marriage.

John Watson wrote to one of his brothers from Ashland in 1856 that he was spending too much money to have fun. He said there were many balls to attend, but they could be pricey. One ball alone cost \$12, he wrote to his brother.

“Then it is fashionable to give your partner something, some gave a white dress, and dressed their partners from

top to toe, well I gave mine a veil, cost 5 dollars, a riding skirt cost 3 dollars, and I was out about 2 dollars for wine, lemonade and such trash, 22 dollars in all.”

He said he went to three or four smaller parties that cost \$2 and \$3 each in which those attending would “form riding parties and ride around the country for our health and such like with the girls.”

But Watson regretted spending his money foolishly.

“It was the height of folly for me to spend my money in this way. I know now it was and I give you my word for it—I never shall while I live in this country be so foolish again” to find a wife.

Writing a letter in 1859 to his uncle in Scotland, Watson described his prospecting adventures in northern California and Southern Oregon.

"I might tell you that in this county that is Siskiyou County, California—and I expect it is twice as large as Pershire, Scotland—there is a population of ten thousand people, and out of that ten thousand, there is only fifty young marriageable ladies, so what chance have I got to get one—why none at all—so I expect I will have to go and get a bonnie Scotch lassie," he wrote.

He said he found the same problem of not enough women when he mined Humbug Creek in the Applegate. He said there were about 500 men and "very few ladies and what there is—is all married but one."

According to "Inquire Within for Anything You Want to Know of Over Three Thousand Seven Hundred Facts Worth Knowing," a book published in 1856, there were specific steps to be taken in courting. Fact No. 2879 explained "How to Commence a Courtship."

"A gentlemen having met a lady at social parties, danced with her at balls, (and) accompanied her to and from church, may desire to become more intimately acquainted. In short, you wish to commence a formal courtship...What will you? Why, taking some good opportunity say, 'Miss Wilson, since I became acquainted with you, I have been every day more pleased with your society and I hope you will allow me to enjoy more of it—if you are not otherwise engaged, will you permit me to visit you on Sunday evening?'"

If a man is struck by a woman's appearance, and knows no one who can introduce him, he must write a letter, according to the book.

The book also says men must make all the moves and women are allowed only to respond. "Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party."

And before he pops the question, the man should of course ask permission from the woman's parents.

Fact No. 2899 allows that "as a general rule, a gentleman never need be refused (in marriage.) Every woman except a heartless coquette finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to the point of declaration."

If the woman consents to marriage, invitations must be issued at least a week before. The wedding usually occurs at 8 p.m. and the bride wears white.

By 1856, though, the book explains that "chamber frolics, such as the whole company visiting the bride and bridegroom after they are in bed, which was done some years ago...are almost universally dispensed with."

After marriage, "it is understood that all former acquaintance (of the husband) ends, unless he intimates a desire to renew it, by sending you his own and his wife's card."

This means the husband must drop even his male friends. The custom was designed to cut out "highly dan-

gerous persons" from the sanctity of married life, and keep away friends that the wife didn't like.

Marriages didn't always go as easily as the text indicated, though.

In 1901, the Ashland Tidings had an article about the aftermath of an attempted elopement that took place in Ashland. According to the article, W.E. Dunlap was charged with inducing Bertha Clark, 15, to leave her home without consent of her parents.

"It appears that Dunlap, who is some years her senior, has been paying marked attention to the young lady; but being of a bashful nature and rather romantic disposition, he could not summon his courage to that sticking point that required the asking of the parents' consent to his marriage with their daughter, so he and the young lady concluded to enter the marriage relation somewhat in Lochinvar style."

Lochinvar was a character in a ballad by Sir Walter Scott. He was in love with Ellen, but Ellen's father arranged for her to marry someone else. At the wedding he asked Ellen to dance, they danced to the door and then he carried her out to his waiting horse. As for W. E. and Bertha, the two boarded the "southbound California express" with intentions of being married in Yreka, but the girl's parents

caught wind of the plot and used the telegraph to have the two detained in Montague.

They were sent home on the next morning's train and "married in the approved fashion" that afternoon, according to the newspaper.

By the 1940's and '50's, mores had changed and instead of balls, there were teenage hangouts such as the hamburger stand at Oakdale Avenue and Main Street in Medford, said Kenneth Corliss, 71, of Medford. "It was tough to get a car, but if some guy was lucky enough to have a car, you would take the car up to a place below the golf course.

"We'd go up there and talk and neck."

Other boys who didn't have girlfriends would go to the lover's lane with a spotlight and shine it on the steamed-up cars.

Corliss said the messing around rarely went pass "necking."

"Most girls graduated virgins and most guys did too," he said, "If any girl was loose, everyone in town knew about it."

Velma Caster, 75, of Medford, said that at that time, most girls didn't start dating until they were about 16. She said couples usually went to a movie on a date. They also met people cruising around town, "but nothing like there is now," she said.

Caster met her husband Orville after he and a friend started following her friend's car. On their first real date, they went up the Rogue River on the Mail Boat.

"I can still taste the delicious meal we ate," she said.

She and Orville have been married now 53 years. ■

**"Corliss said the
messing around
rarely went pass
'necking.'"**

Plenty to Choose From: Romancing the Hill Sisters

by Dawna Curler

Southern Oregon's pioneer population was almost entirely male in the early 1850s. Miners and merchants congregated at the "diggings" while a few settlers planted crops on scattered land claims. In this setting, the presence of unattached maidens could quickly turn a lonely bachelor's mind to matrimony. Here a fair young "Miss" might soon become a "Mrs."

In 1853 many emigrant families arrived in the Rogue Valley, significantly increasing the female population. To be sure, notice was taken when three sisters, nineteen-year-old Martha, sixteen-year-old Mary, and fifteen-year-old Ann, set up housekeeping with their parents Isaac and Betsy Hill. The family made its home in the south end of the Bear Creek drainage where Emigrant Lake is now. Through memoirs written years later, glimpses of the girls' first courtship year in their new home were shared.

Nearby, three of the valley's earliest settlers, Hugh Barron, John Gibbs, and James Russell, operated a traveler's wayside called the Mountain House. Mary Hill remembered helping these men out.

Mother and we three girls were the only women in the upper part of the valley and were asked to help with the sewing for the Mountain House. We made bed ticks, sheets, pillow slips and then were asked to keep them in condition. 'The BOYS' as we called them had one white shirt among them, and it was in the wash often.

Gibbs brought Mary eggs so she could make him a cake and Russell brought a chicken to share at a family dinner.¹ No doubt Russell enjoyed everyone's company, but perhaps young Ann's more than the others.

Patrick Dunn, another neighbor, probably paid frequent visits to the Dunn home before the Rogue Indian War interrupted homesteading that August. On one occasion the Hill family took refuge at Dunn's cabin. When he was wounded in the shoulder, the Hill women nursed him until a doctor arrived. By fall, a treaty had been signed and an uneasy peace allowed the pioneers to focus once again on daily life.²

The Hill sisters found they had many admirers who often lined the family's fence. In her memoirs Martha recalled, "When Sunday came, men visited us by the dozens...We had so few stools that when the cabin became too crowded, we would go out under the beautiful oak trees and do our entertaining if the weather permitted."³

Martha also described the attention showered on the girls when they visited relatives during Fourth of July festivities in Yreka, California. Escorted by friends, they crossed the Siskiyou Mountains on horseback and entered the mining camp.



Martha Louise (Martha Gillette), Mary M. (Dunn), Ann Hill Russell.
SOHS PHOTO # 9638

Coming towards us was a hayrack...to our utter amazement, the men on the hayrack formed the brass band from town, which escorted us through Miner Street...the way was lined with red and blue-shirted miners, and this began the celebration. We danced until four o'clock in the morning and even then did not feel like stopping.⁴

With so many men to choose from, the sisters picked husbands rather quickly. On February 23, 1854, less than a year after arriving in the Rogue Valley, Mary wed neighbor Patrick Dunn. In May, Ann married James Russell, one of the Mountain House boys, and the following spring, Martha exchanged vows with Almon Gillette,⁵ a carpenter and cabinetmaker from Yreka. Was it all-consuming love or the realities and practicalities of pioneer life that governed the girls' choices? Their memoirs do not tell.

For whatever reasons, the Hill sisters rapidly shed their unfettered single life for the responsibilities of wife and helpmate. They assumed their new adult roles well, raised their children, stood by their men, and contributed to the young and growing community. ■

Dawna Curler is a writer and historian.

ENDNOTES

1. Dunn, Mary Hill. *Undaunted Pioneers Ever Moving Onward—Westward and Homeward As Told by Mary M. Dunn*. Eugene: Valley Printing, 1929, pp. 31-32.
2. Gillette, Martha Hill. *Overland to Oregon and in the Indian Wars of 1853*. Ashland: Lewis Osborne, 1971; Mary Hill Dunn also detailed these events in *Undaunted Pioneers*.
3. Gillette, p.76.
4. *Ibid*, p. 77.
5. Wedding dates are quoted from Dunn. Mary Hill Dunn mistakenly believed she was the first to be married in Jackson County. Records extracted and compiled by Ruby Lacy from Jackson County, Oregon Marriage and Consents, Vol. 1 reveal George K. Dean and Elizabeth Wells were married Oct. 26, 1853; John C. Ingleman and Elizabeth Winkle were married Jan. 17, 1854; and James N. Vannoy and Margaret Dimmic (or Dimmick) were married Feb. 13, 1854.

Modern Romance

From a thrilling encounter in an online chat room to a stinging rejection in the cafeteria, six Eagle point High School students share their thoughts on love, dating, and romance in the 21st century.



Molly Lee, Caylie Jenson, Megan Vait, Kaitlyn Sinclair, Eric Brokowski, Allen Sattler

RELATIONSHIPS: A MORE REALISTIC APPROACH

By Molly Lee

Dating. The mere concept brings vivid imagery to mind: holding hands at the movies, or sitting on a park bench in bright sunshine. Ideally, in these visualized scenes of dramatized romance, the two are talking and laughing, or at least smiling.

It's sad, but in today's dating scene, such picturesque moments between boy and girl rarely ever really happen. Instead, society has sanded the old traditions down, leaving behind the bare bones of the relationship for all to see.

Once upon a time, people actually made attempts to get the opposite sex interested. Marriage was even relatively successful in most cases. But if there was some kind of secret tactic that the people of the last century used to find (and keep) an efficient partner, it's been lost to history. Mind you, this wouldn't be such a bad thing if we teens weren't so horribly awkward with everything. It still isn't completely socially acceptable for the girls to ask the guys out, and yet to say that it's the boys' responsibility to make the first move would be sexist. Now is a time in which tradition is being beaten into the ground by rebellion—the youth abandoning their parents' norms and creating their own—and modesty is purposefully shunted.

No one goes on actual dates—or, at least, those meeting the standard of a typical date set by our parents. And it's not really a surprise to me. I mean, the two biggest reasons why not to take the time and effort to go somewhere interesting and eat with someone are a) you're broke beyond belief, or b) you're just plain lazy. And what do we do instead of going on those old-fashioned "whole-some" dates? We dance! We make out! We do things our grandparents would never have dreamed of doing!

Humor me and go back to the way things were before, just for a moment. Take her somewhere—the movies, the park bench—and just talk. Let the sound of her voice, melodious and smooth, fill you with an inner peace; take her hands in yours as if to say, "I'll keep you safe." But, most importantly, never take the time you spend with her for granted.



BOYS AND GIRLS

By Megan Vait

Through my whole life, I've watched my friends struggle through boys and dating. I have always stood on the side and, well, observed them. I watched when they first found out boys didn't really have cooties, all the way to their last broken heart. Though I haven't actually experienced love myself, seeing my friends caught in its gaze has been an experience that spans several years and bad hair days.

Ever since we were little, my friends have been chasing boys while the boys have been running away. I usually sat on the edge of the playground, watching as my friends ran around screaming, like predators after the slowest prey. Eventually, a defeated boy would sit in the gravel, wrinkled nose and all, and wait as a small, pig-tailed girl leaned down and kissed him. She'd giggle as he ran off to join his buddies again, playing football, soccer, or just getting muddy in general.

As we got older, my friends didn't change much and neither did I. However, they used a different method of chasing. Instead of literally running around the jungle gym, they tried to entice the poor boys with the latest LEI hip-huggers and Adidas perfume. It was more like fishing, the jeans being the bait and the boys becoming the poor saps caught on the line. This "technique" was more effective, but not ideal as it attracted a broad range of "fish."

Now with all this scheming and planning, it's amazing people actually end up together at all. Was it really worth it to spend three hours on your hair when it ended up looking the same as it did before, or wearing lime-green eye shadow to look "different"? Who knows, maybe we are all just a bunch of little kids running around the playground hoping for a kiss.



SHADES OF GRAY

By Allen Sattler

Spontaneous. That's what dating is. Dating today can be random. Being the man in the relationship is a lot harder than being the woman. First you are required to fire up the relationship. You are the one who musters the courage to say the three words, "Wanna hook up?"

If a relationship has begun, then you have passed the easiest test. From there on you, the man, are required to go on dates, spend hard-earned money, and cry over sad movies. Passing all these rigorous tests may bring you to the last phase of dating: the deep conversations. These are usually about your past, sad, dark secrets. These totally confidential conversations usually end up with everyone in school knowing your favorite color is really pink.

Of course, not all relationships follow such black and white guidelines. There are many shades of gray. One of those might be your heart-wrenching breakup or your joyful patch-up. Make sure that your shade of gray doesn't include flying objects hurled in your direction. 🏠



2). ONLINE DATING

By Caylie Jenson

I had never really noticed him before, but something about him had my attention. He was sitting at the concrete bench where I had often met my friends for lunch. He had his head down and his hood on. One of his friends said something to him and he looked up and laughed. His eyes met mine but only for a brief moment before I looked at the ground and smiled in embarrassment. Ever since the day I saw him, I couldn't get him off my mind.

The last day of school finally came, and I signed his yearbook with a simple "Have a nice summer." I thought about putting my phone number, but didn't see the point. Why would someone as perfect as him want to talk to me? Summer vacation came and most of my thoughts revolved around him.



I spent a lot of time on the Internet on a site called Myspace, a website where you meet people. It was pretty interesting and a few of my friends had accounts on there, including him. I was checking my messages, hoping to get one that was worth reading. I scrolled down to the bottom after seeing a lot of "hey" and "can you" subject lines. There was one without a subject; it was from him.

It didn't seem real for a second,

as if I was dreaming. I clicked on it and saw a short message: Hey Caylie, How are you? How has your summer been? Love ya, Jimmy.

The last line was the one that got me. Love ya, Jimmy. Did he mean to put that or was that something he said to everyone? I saw he was online and part of me had the urge to talk to him, but the other part of me was scared. He knew how I felt about him, one of my friends had told him earlier in the year. If he felt the same, wouldn't he have done or said something before?

A message popped up on the screen. *Hi...* It was from him. *Hey*, I typed back and we ended up talking for about an hour and a half before I had to go eat dinner. I was just about to get off when *WAIT...* popped up on the screen.

Yea, what is it? I typed back.

Can I ask you something? A smile spread across my face.

Yes, anything. What is it?

Nothing was typed for a while and I became a little worried.

Will you go out with me? The words spun all over in my head, going around and around like butterflies just coming out of their cocoons and fluttering all about the autumn skies. *I'd love to*, I typed back, and so our relationship began.

It has been a little over four months now, and I am happier than I have ever been. I am glad that I decided to take advantage of that day and instant message him back. Without doing that, I may have lost the love of my life. 🏠

REJECTED!

By Eric Brokowski

From where I was sitting, I could see her perfectly. She was wearing a spaghetti strap shirt, which to me looked like a pink, glittery blur. Before I knew what I was doing, I stood up and walked across the room to the table where she and her friends were sitting in the cafeteria. She sat with her back facing me, so she didn't know I was coming up behind her. About twenty feet from her, her scent made me want to faint right there. I snapped myself out of the trance she put me in, and attempted to think of something to say.

"Hey Amy, how's it going?" I asked before I could stop myself. My hands began to shake in my pockets, making my car keys jingle. She spun around, her beautiful bleach blond hair flailing past my face as a strong scent of vanilla made my mind go wild.



Her eyes glistened brightly and she gave a sweet smile. Although it looked a little forced, I didn't think anything of it.

"Hi John, how are you doing today?" she said. A couple of her friends at the table glared at me. The room suddenly became hot with the flames leaping from their eyes. I began to break a sweat, wondering what the turnout of this situation would be.

"I'm doing good enough," I answered. She attempted to turn away, but I started talking again. She faced me, her expression looking a little annoyed.

"Hey Amy, I was wondering, since you don't have a boyfriend, do you think you could go out with me?" My heart plummeted through my stomach, and my mind suddenly shut off. It seemed like forever and a day passed before she replied.

"Uh, I'm sorry, but I'm not attracted to you at all, so no. Could you please leave?"

Her words pierced me like a knife through Jello. It would have been less painful if someone slammed me in the chest with a sledgehammer and left me to die. After I somehow choked out a response, I walked back to my clan of friends, talked with them for a while, and then moped around for the rest of the day. I never talked to her again after that. 🏠

LOVE IS PATIENT?

By Kaitlyn Sinclair

My grandparents, who have been married for over 60 years, could tell you about how they met on a beach during World War II—he in his Air Force uniform and she in her high waist bikini. Three months later they spent their honeymoon handing out leftover wedding cake to innocent trick o' treaters. My parents could tell you about how they met at a restaurant. My dad was a cook and my mom was a waitress having difficulty modestly wiping down the tables in her mini skirt uniform. My dad was somewhat of a knight in shining chef's hat as he recommended a new tactic for table maintenance. My aunt somehow managed to keep her "smoocher" after accidentally sending him a "Dear John" letter that was intended for her other boyfriend. My sister can now tell how she fell in love with her husband when she was twelve.

Someday, I guess I'll have a similar story to share, but in the meantime, I'm content to stay single and save myself some heartache—no matter what my friends or the rest of the world does.

Today, many teenagers, because of insecurity, peer pressure, lust, bad role models, whatever, will have several different relationships a year. In my opinion, not only does this show a lack of self-respect, self-restraint, and responsibility, it also cheapens everything that love stands for—including the importance of commitment. I don't care how lonely or how much I could be made fun of, I believe in love and I'll wait for it. 🏠



Allen, Caylie, Eric, Kaitlyn, Molly, and Megan are all students in Jay Schroder's Creative Writing class at Eagle Point High School in Eagle Point, Oregon. Our thanks to Mr. Schroder and all the talented students who contributed essays to this issue. We regret that we didn't have room to print all that were submitted.

The 'Unmarrieds' of Jacksonville:

Why They Never Said, 'I Do'

by Jan Wright

IT IS SAID THAT WITH STATUS comes privilege. When it comes to the offspring of some of the Rogue Valley's most prominent pioneers, it might also be said that with status comes loneliness. For example: Emil and Mollie Britt, Ben and Carrie Beekman, Alice Hanley, Issie McCully, and the Linn sisters, Maggie and Cora. All born and raised to prosperous families in Jacksonville, and never married.

Rumors say it wasn't from lack of interest or trying. There were suitors and possibilities, but changing times for the children of the pioneers created an unusually large number of unmarried people in the wealthier class.

For the pioneer generation of the 1850s and 1860s, times were booming in Jacksonville. Women could expect to be sought after as most of the single men outnumbered the women and were actively looking for wives. Miners and merchants, farmers and saloon keepers, stage drivers and tinsmiths laid the foundation of the town and sought out mates to help make the improvements permanent.

Women married at an early age, often in their teens, and often to men twice their age. Because more land was offered to married men in the Donation Land Claim act than to single men, the economic motivation to get "hitched" was very strong.¹ Women enjoyed rights associated with that land and had little opportunity to generate their own incomes, so it was in their best interest to marry also.



Molly Britt with the family dog, Coalie.
SOHS PHOTO #6481

The Linn, Beekman, Britt, McCully, and Hanley families benefited from the prosperous times. The parents had married and worked hard to build successful businesses and farms to leave to their heirs. They had followed the pattern of their times and created a legacy that remains today. Their children, born in the boom times of the 1860s, would face an interesting dilemma when it came time to marry.

During the 1880s and 1890s, about the time these young people of means became eligible to marry, Jacksonville's population was in decline. This meant that there was a scarcity of eligible mates to be found, especially for the young women. If they chose to marry locally, they would most likely have to marry "down" in terms of social class. If they married outside the community, they could risk having to divide or sell off their inheritance if they had to move away to follow their husband's interests.

For one example of how this dilemma played out, consider Carrie Beekman, daughter of prominent banker Cornelius Beekman and his wife,

Julia. Carrie was not a homely woman but not a beauty either. She had every advantage and a loving home life. She was educated at Mills College in Oakland, California, but didn't graduate because of health problems.² Her parents encouraged her to travel and mingle among people of her own social status in Salem, San Francisco, and other places.³



Carrie Beekman
SOHS PHOTO # 797

Julia wrote to Carrie's brother, Ben, in 1885 and stated, "I never talk to him [Cornelius] about leaving Jacksonville anymore...but I do feel sorry for Carrie, it does seem hard that she cannot enjoy society and home at the same time. I cannot make her home what I would desire for her. I would like to see the parlor lighted every evening and filled with such young people as would be desirable for her to associate with. I know how very lonely she must be here..."⁴

ALL PHOTOS TAKEN BY PETER BRITT

According to family tradition, William Mensor, son of a prominent Jacksonville family, was courting Miss Carrie but the union was forbidden because William was a Jew and Carrie a Presbyterian. Later, when Carrie was in her 30s, she was interested in someone of her own faith, Samuel H. Jones, the minister of her church. He was assigned to Jacksonville in 1898 but was transferred after only three years of service. Cornelius Beekman, who had a powerful impact on the church's finances could have influenced this unusual move.

Alice Hanley penned the following rhyme that hints at Carrie's situation:



Reverend
Samuel Jones
SOHS PHOTO #14358

In our circle is one good man
I'll tell you about him if I can.
I will not say that he's a preacher
But I do know that he's a teacher.
Before his name stands Reverend
And that for good must surely stand
When'er this Circle would save expense
It does so, under his false pretence.
He knows that preachers receive a discount
He gets it and charges to our account.
I hope a Reverend he'll continue to be
For the good of this Circle, Don't you see?
This sly pretender is a naughty young man,
Don't you think so, Miss Carrie Beekman?



Alice Hanley
SOHS PHOTO #13271

The Reverend Samuel Jones eventually returned (as a married man) to the Jacksonville ministry, but only after Carrie had moved to Portland to live near her brother, Ben. Ben remained unmarried too. His only recorded brush with romance was in 1900 when he dated a widowed woman with children. He assured his mother that he had no intentions of marrying her, not with children in the picture.

The Linn Sisters, Maggie and Cora, both left Jacksonville when they got older and moved to California.

It was rumored that Issie McCully once planned a wedding with a local fellow but those plans were canceled and she remained single for the rest of her life, as did her intended.

Alice Hanley was a striking, tall woman, but her youth faded and her involvement with the farm at "The Willows" kept her hands full. Siblings Mollie and Emil Britt had a similar life story. Keeping up the photography studio and maintaining the substantial Britt holdings were enough to keep them busy for the rest of their lives.



Issie McCully
SOHS PHOTO #6449

The economic success of their parents' generation had given the Hanley, Britt, Linn, Beekman, and McCully children security and status in the community of Jacksonville. They enjoyed those blessings, however, without the benefit of a partner or children of their own. 🏠

Jan Wright is a registrar and historian for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

ENDNOTES

1. Genealogical Materials in Oregon Donation Land Claims. 1957. Vol. 1
2. Oregon Historical Society Ms 916, Box K, Vol 2 p. 385. Letter dated 13 July 1885.
3. SOHS Beekman Correspondence Letter dated 23 Sep 1885, Julia Beekman to Ben Beekman.
4. Ibid. Letter dated 15 Oct 1885, Julia Beekman to Ben Beekman.



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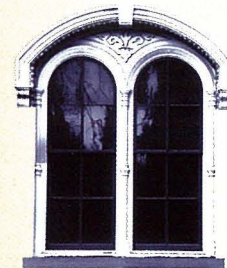
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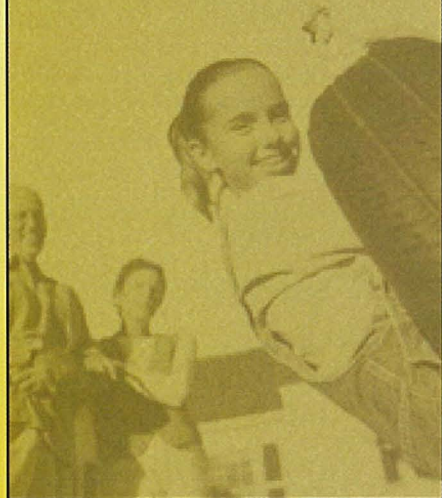
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The Heritage Circle offers you the opportunity to make a bequest or other planned gift to the Endowment Fund of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Your gift helps the Society collect, preserve, and share the history of this remarkable place we call home.

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We would be happy to discuss the available options for becoming a Heritage Circle member. Please call (541) 773-6536 ext. 226.

Member Profile: Mary and Michael Kell

For the past fifteen years there has been a locus of romance in Jacksonville called "The Good Bean." There, in an atmosphere redolent with history and the smell of roasting coffee, couples have fallen in and out of love. According to owner Mary Kell, many romances and at least two marriages have been kindled at the coffee shop, aided perhaps by a cavity in one of the walls, hidden behind a loose brick, in which secret notes and love poems are passed back and forth.

Mary and her husband Michael's own romance began on a blind date in San Diego seventeen years ago. Two years later they moved to Jacksonville to open their new shop in the building that between 1860 and 1914 housed the Table Rock Bakery and then the Table Rock Saloon. When Mary and Michael purchased the building, it was functioning as a deli called Apache Junction and also a wholesale coffee roasting business.

"We really tried to preserve the building's historic nature," Mary says. "We wanted the essence of the history of the building itself to stand out when people came to the Good Bean. And that history has played an important part in our success."

History is one reason Mary and Michael became business members of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. "SOHS is a truly integral part of the town of Jacksonville," according to Mary. "We need to work side by side. It's a symbiotic relationship. As we support SOHS, SOHS supports Jacksonville. We're all a family."

What inspires you to support SOHS? Please let us know your story by calling Richard at 541-773-6536 ext. 226, or e-mailing development@sohs.org.



PERSONAL ADS: 1893



MATRIMONIAL.

A young lady, whose auburn ringlets have waved in the gentle zephyrs of 27 summers, and who is gifted with an admirable disposition, prepossessing manners and a ready fund of practical intelligence, desires to correspond with some young gentleman not over thirty years of age, with a view to matrimony.

He must be good looking, short in stature, with dark hair and eyes, fairly educated and not afraid to work. No dude need apply. He must be a member of the Alliance, strictly temperate and not addicted to the use of tobacco in any shape. No property qualification necessary as the undersigned owns a fully equipped \$5000 farm in the Willamette which she expects her future husband to manage.

Address
Katie Didd,
Care Talent News,
Talent, Oregon.

ANSWER TO MATRIMONIAL.

Now, my lady, here is your chance;
Here is a boy who loves to dance.
I have brown eyes and curly hair;
I want a girl sweet tempered and fair.

I belong to the Alliance, I'd have you know well;
If you guess who I am, be sure you don't tell.
I have no riches nor golden store,
But a true heart to love thee,
And that is worth more.

My age is not quite twenty-eight;
I hail from a good old eastern state.
Your ad. I saw in the TALENT NEWS
And answered quickly so not to lose.

Now, dear little darling, if my offer you take,
Answer at once for I cannot wait.
Let your answer appear in the next
TALENT NEWS
And tell me true if it's I that you choose.

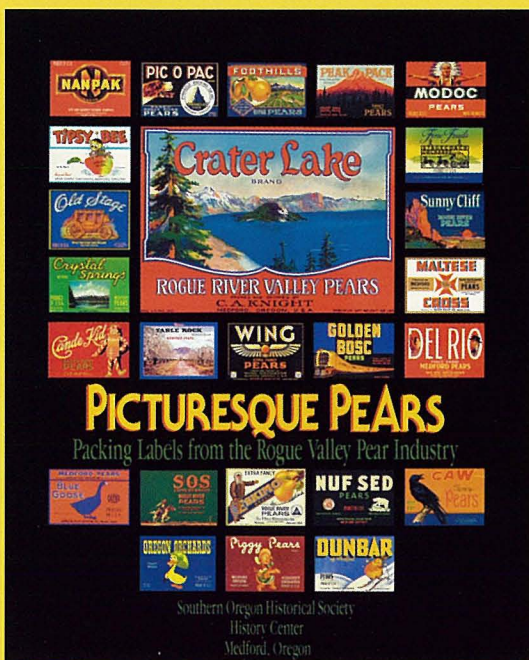
Yours Faithfully,
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SOHS Call #071.9527T34 1892

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California & Laurelwood, Jacksonville

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Postcards with a romantic theme were popular during the early 1900s.
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