From the Director

DEAR SOHS MEMBER:

On Friday, May 30, the Society held its 57th annual membership meeting at Hanley Farm. It was a great success. Thanks to all the Society trustees and members, volunteers, and staff who attended. Two outgoing trustees, Al Alsing and Marjorie Overland, were bid farewell, and two incoming trustees, Terrie Claffin of Phoenix and Sandra Slattery of Ashland, were welcomed to the board. Their terms will begin July 1.

I want to reiterate something I said during my brief presentation at the meeting about the way the Society looks at its members. In the early years of the Society, we relied heavily on volunteers. In recent years, we’ve had a paid staff that has been the engine that got things done at the Society. Because of budget considerations, the staff is shrinking, and we must rely again on the dedication and hard work of members and volunteers for many of the things we do. Volunteers are stepping up to take positions in both the Children’s Museum and the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, as well as the newly revitalized History Store in the U.S. Hotel building. Their willingness to help out is critical to our success, and I invite you to join them. If there is some way you can help, even just a few hours a month, call Dawn Cramer at 773-6536, ext. 223.

In coming weeks and months, we will be developing our new membership and donor development plan, as well as instituting new programs to raise funds. We plan to create a new “Friends of Hanley Farm” group to help us offset the costs of reopening programs there. We will be restructuring our membership categories, costs and benefits, and will be working to develop new giving opportunities for members, donors, and friends of the Society, including a legacy giving plan.

Meanwhile, please come out to Hanley Farm over the Fourth of July weekend. The farm will be open to the public, free of charge, on Saturday, July 5, and Sunday, July 6, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Come have a picnic, visit the farmhouse, see the restoration work on the old barn and enjoy a summer afternoon. It’s our way to remind the public that Hanley Farm remains one of our treasures.

Have a great summer.

John Enders
Executive Director

Wagon rides at the Society’s Annual Meeting

On the Cover

Ashland’s Twin Plunges was one of the valley’s most popular swimming facility in the 1930s.

Opposite: Swimwear fashions have changed greatly over the years, from extremely modest Victorian coverups to daring scraps of cloth today. These are a few swimsuits from the Society’s collections.

Come on out to historic Hanley Farm for a 4th of July celebration, June 5 and 6, 11 a.m to 4 p.m. Enjoy historic house tour, wagon rides, music, demonstrations, ice cream and free admission.
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Lake Creek Historical Society
The J.C. Penney Company took over the location of the former Golden Rule Store at 36 North Central Avenue in downtown Medford on August 19, 1927. The J.C. Penney store later shared a building with the J.J. Newberry Company on the southeast corner of Sixth Street. Blueprints for a new building were drawn up in 1947, and demolition of the Groceteria, located on the northeast corner of Sixth Street, began. The new building featured ten-inch reinforced concrete walls, ten-foot ceilings, a mezzanine, air conditioning, and a Lampson pneumatic cash tube system. In 1986, the J.C. Penney store moved to the Rogue Valley Mall. In 1989, the Southern Oregon Historical Society purchased the building for administrative offices, its research library, and exhibit space.

Carol Harbison-Samuelson is the Society’s library manager and photo archivist.
Guess, if you can, what these objects are from the Southern Oregon Historical Society’s collection. Each represents our past—a time when things were done the “old-fashioned way.”

Answers can be found on page 21.

One
This box contains a machine, patented in 1854, that has a small wet cell. In its day, it was the latest tool for an honored profession. The box measures 3.5 inches high by 10 inches wide by 4.75 inches deep. What was it used for and who used it?

Two
This 3 inches by 4 inches sandalwood case inlaid with ivory was used by a woman in the early 1900s to help her arrange a visit to meet friends, as well as strangers. What did it hold?

Three
This item was necessary for winter carriage rides. It has a wood frame with punched tin door and sides. An earthenware cup fits inside and holds...

Four
This box has a handle, a lid, and hole in the front. It could have been used to change things and might be made of old soap boxes. It measures 4 inches high by 13.5 inches long by 6 inches wide.

Five
This box is aluminum. The lid has a wire handle and slides forward. There is also a handle on the end. The object is called a “SAF-T-CRATE.” It measures 6.5 inches high by 11.75 inches wide by 11.75 inches deep. What was it used for?
History Center
106 N. Central Ave., Medford

LASTING IMPRESSIONS: THE ART AND LIFE OF DORLAND ROBINSON
Artist Dorland Robinson (1891-1917), a Jacksonville prodigy, produced an exceptional body of images. The diversity of media she worked in, from charcoal and pastel to oil and watercolor, is presented in this largest ever exhibit of her work.

CENTURY OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 1856-1956
This exhibit highlights the work of two area photographers, Peter Britt and James Verne Shangle. Britt’s cameras and studio equipment are featured.

THE HISTORY OF SOUTHERN OREGON FROM A TO Z
Do you know your ABC’s of Southern Oregon history? Even local oldtimers might learn a thing or two from the History Center windows along Sixth and Central as each letter of the alphabet tells a different story.
Jacksonville Museum
5TH AND C STREETS, JACKSONVILLE

“HISTORY IN THE MAKING: JACKSON COUNTY MILESTONES”
An abundance of artifacts and photographs, from Chinese archaeological material to an early cellular telephone, tell the county’s story. Not everything is behind glass—a working 1940s jukebox plays vintage automobile songs; a DVD player shows historic film clips.

POLITICS OF CULTURE: COLLECTING THE SOUTHWEST
This exhibit presents extraordinary examples of pottery and textiles from the American Southwest.

CRATER LAKE: PICTURE PERFECT
Can the majesty of Crater Lake be captured on film? In celebration of this national park’s centennial, the Jacksonville Museum presents an exhibit of attempts to capture its essence. Peter Britt’s first 1874 photo of Crater Lake marks the beginning of this exhibit. Other sections include early colorized photos, picture postcards, and park improvements. Of special interest is the most controversial Crater Lake image, believed by many to document a visit by Theodore Roosevelt. Examples of how the Crater Lake name and image have been used to sell products ranging from butter to a hospital round out this exhibit.

Children’s Museum
5TH AND C STREETS, JACKSONVILLE
Everyone enjoys exploring the home and work settings from the 1850s to the 1930s through “hands-on-history.”
On November 27, 1941, a group of rebellious California citizens triggered a unique confrontation on Highway 99, outside of Yreka, California...

The young woman trembled as she inched her hand out the car window into the chilly November air and took the paper from the bearded man. He placed one foot on the running board of her car as his right hand slid to the six-gun holstered at his hip.

She glanced at the other three men; one in a leather jacket stood away from her car with a rifle over his forearm. Another man with a rifle planted himself in front of the car as if daring her to run him over. A fourth rested a gloved hand on her door handle while he rocked a Winchester in his left arm.

She could picture this quartet seventy-five years earlier, mounted on dusty chestnut and sorrel stallions, their faces hidden by blood-red bandannas as they shouted orders at a Wells Fargo stagecoach driver.

Her eyes darted from the men to the neatly painted sign that blocked the roadway, and she tried to make sense of the nonsensical words. State of Jefferson? Double XX's? Border Patrol?

"Sorry to delay you ma'am," she heard the six-gun toter mutter.

"What?" she stammered.

His eyes sparkled, "We would like you to read that," he said, nodding toward the handbill. "Then take it with you and tell your friends about it. It's for the good of all the folks that live in these parts."

The bold heading said, "PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE." She swept a glance at the four men and began reading aloud. "You are now entering Jefferson, the 49th State of the Union. Jefferson is now in patriotic rebellion against the States of California and Oregon."1

"Rebellion," she read with a shiver of fear. "This State has seceded from California and Oregon this Thursday, November 27, 1941. Patriotic Jeffersonians intend to secede each Thursday until further notice.

"For the next hundred miles as you drive along Highway 99, you are traveling parallel to the greatest copper belt in the Far West, seventy-five miles west of here."2

Movement from the right side of the car startled her. Another man strolled out of the trees. He held newspaper-sized signs mounted on wooden stakes. "If our roads you would travel, bring your own gravel," read one. "Our roads are paved with promises," read a second.

The woman ran a hand through her auburn hair and continued reading, "The United States government needs this vital mineral. But gross neglect by California and Oregon deprives us of necessary roads to bring out the copper ore."
"If you don't believe this, drive down the Klamath River highway and see for yourself. Take your chains, shovel and dynamite."3

"It's true, ma'am," said the man in the gloves, pointing to the document.

She nodded, forced a weak smile and read on.

"Until California and Oregon build a road into the copper country, Jefferson, a defense-minded State, will be forced to rebel each Thursday and act as a separate State."

The bold print at the bottom identified the rebellious group as the "STATE OF JEFFERSON CITIZENS COMMITTEE TEMPORARY STATE CAPITOL, YREKA."4

"I didn't know," she said.

"I guess you know now, don't you ma'am?" said the first man. "So please tell your friends and neighbors."

He tipped his sweat-stained miner's cap and waved the woman on as a black 1940 Plymouth sedan came to a stop behind her.

The above narrative and dialogue are fiction, but created from an actual photo of a State of Jefferson historical event. People driving north on Highway 99 near Yreka, California, encountered frequent roadblocks in November of 1941. Local citizens, displaying mostly deer rifles and target pistols, manned the roadblocks to protest how the state governments in Sacramento and Salem ignored their needs for roads and bridges.

The barriers, signs, and slogans disappeared days later when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

Some historians still question the motives of these "Jeffersonians." Were the roadblocks and handbills simply a publicity stunt to draw attention to poor roads? Or was the effort truly a serious rebellion of frontier-minded secessionists who wanted to carve new borders?

Threats of secession have been a favorite political tool of the independent-minded people of the West.

California became a state in 1850, but just two years later, disgruntled residents fruitlessly lobbied to create the State of Shasta. They wanted to lop it from the northern part of California.

In 1853 another group wanted to secede from the Golden State, but this time they invited a chunk of the Oregon Territory to join them. As envisioned in an editorial by The Daily Alta California of San Francisco on December 19, 1853, the new state would include "that region north of Cape Mendocino in California and south of the Umpqua heads in the Oregon Territory ... a country of uniform character and ... distinct from the rest of either California or Oregon."5

On December 30, 1853, the Yreka Mountain Herald called for a meeting of delegates from Northern California and Southern Oregon to meet at the present site of the U.S. Hotel in Jacksonville. A week later the participants discussed their vision of a new territory, to be called Jackson. They wanted to merge counties from California and Oregon and create a state government that would focus on their rural needs.
Better organized than its predecessors, this group met again in February and elected officers. Resolutions of their intent were drafted for presentation to the California Legislature and the Oregon Territorial Legislature. They also drafted a memorial to Congress saying, “we will use every exertion to prevent the formation of a state government in Oregon with its present boundaries.”

Lafayette F. Mosher presided over the convention. He was linked with the Western Division of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a forerunner of the Ku Klux Klan. The objective for forming the new state was to provide a more localized government, but because of Mosher’s ties to the Knights, some people saw the movement as an attempt to set up a slave state in the Northwest.

Mosher was a friend of the Oregon territorial delegate to Congress, General Joseph Lane. As Oregon’s representative in the California Legislature and the government, but because of Mosher’s ties to the Knights, some people saw the movement as an attempt to set up a slave state in the Northwest.

Mosher was a friend of the Oregon territorial delegate to Congress, General Joseph Lane. As Oregon’s representative in Washington, D.C., Lane was asked to carry the group’s message to the Thirty-third Congress. Because he thought the State of Jackson movement might derail statehood for the Oregon Territory, Lane’s efforts to convince the federal government lacked conviction. Meanwhile, spreading Indian wars took priority within the region and the secession issue went into hibernation. Mosher became Lane’s son-in-law two years later. Lane was elected one of Oregon’s first senators in 1859, but his political arm-twisting cost him much of his popularity within the region. In 1860, John C. Breckinridge was a candidate on the Democratic, pro-slavery ticket for president of the United States. Joseph Lane was his vice-presidential teammate. Abraham Lincoln won the election.

The 1854-55 California Legislature toyed with slicing its borders, this time into three separate states, in an effort to satisfy complaints that the state was too big to govern effectively and the most sparsely populated regions were being ignored. However, the state Senate did not support the plan and it died.

In 1859, California’s Siskiyou County rattled Sacramento once again, demanding more voice in state affairs or its residents would jump ship. State legislators rejected the demands.

Some thought when the Oregon Territory became a state on February 14, 1859, future efforts to marry counties between Oregon and California would die. They did, for a while.

Supporters of a State of Shasta rekindled their passion for independence during 1877 and 1878 when a revision of California’s constitution was being considered. They got nowhere.

The region heard little from advocates of secession until a group from southeastern Oregon decided in 1909 that they wanted better representation for their farming and ranching economy and pushed for their version of the State of Siskiyou. In spite of some supportive press, at least from the Medford Mail Tribune, their movement failed.

On December 6, 1956, citizens of eight Northern California counties made national headlines when they announced their plan to secede and set up a new state. It would be named Shasta, and would feature legalized gambling and freedom from income and sales taxes. They believed that and Southern California with its vote-heavy representation in the state legislature was about to "steal" their plentiful water resources.

From Brookings, Oregon, came word that the secessionist talk stemming from the perception that rural infrastructure was being neglected had rekindled the interest of those “Freeomists” who had had their movement halted by the events of December 7, 1941. They wired the Californians saying, “We rise to proclaim our freedom from such intolerance and stand ready with you in forming the great State of Shasta.”

It took considerably less than World War II to end the Shasta statehood drive. Perhaps the problems appeared insurmountable, or political compromises mollified the agitators, but the 1956 effort hit a wall.

On November 28, 1971, The San Francisco Examiner reported, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Josephine County Commissioner Kenneth W. Jackson launched the “State of Jefferson” statehood movement once again at the Association of Oregon Counties meeting on November 19, 1971. Jackson and his associates had T-shirts and an official flag for the new state.

This time, Grants Pass was designated as the capitol and Jackson, Klamath, Coos, Curry, Douglas, and Josephine counties in Oregon, and Del Norte and Siskiyou counties in California were involved or implicated.

Their goal, as in 1941, was to publicize the region and to underscore the second-class status of the rural areas dominated by Portland and Los Angeles. Nothing came of the movement beyond several newspaper stories reporting the revival attempt.

Of all the secession movements, the 1941 undertaking, embellished by gun-waving Yreka residents, remains the most memorable. The secessionists’ efforts, spotlighted by the national media, remain the envy of contemporary advertising gurus. The venture was lead by a Port Orford resident and businessman, Gilbert Gable.

Gable was a model of modern-day entrepreneurship. He had moved to the West Coast in 1933 from Philadelphia, where he had organized Liberty Bond drives during World War I, directed public relations for the Bell Telephone Co., and produced movies and radio shows. Immediately active in Port Orford, Gable presided over a steamship line, the Oregon Engineering Co., the Port Orford Dock and Terminal Co., the Last Frontier Realty Corp., the Trans-Pacific Lumber Co., and the Gold Coast Railroad Co.

In October 1941, Gable, then the mayor of Port Orford, appeared before the Curry County commissioners with a delegation of local citizens. He claimed “apatheic state leadership” had failed to develop the county’s mineral resources. Gable proposed that Curry secede from Oregon and join California where the county’s citizens could expect a fairer shake.

The weekly Port Orford Post added a detailed refrain. In addition to mercury, it said, the mountains were full of chromite, manganese, cinabar, copper, tungsten, nickel, and iron ore, all waiting for decent roads so they could be economically mined.

Gable, Gold Beach attorney Collier Buffington, and Elmer Bankus, a Brookings utility district official, were authorized to study the territorial transfer. The trio wrote to California Governor Culbert Olson suggesting that Curry County become part of California. Olson welcomed the Curry team but no doubt reminded them that the federal Constitution requires many official approvals before carving up existing states.

Article IV, Section 3 of the Constitution reads in part: “No new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned as well as of Congress.”
Folks in Siskiyou County heard the hype and invited the Curry group and delegates from Del Norte County to a November 17 meeting in Yreka. They hoped to form an alliance of six counties—Siskiyou, Del Norte, and Modoc in California, and Curry, Josephine, and Jackson in Oregon—to lobby state and federal governments for more road money. There was no talk of statehood.

The next day, the Yreka Chamber of Commerce unanimously voted for a procedure to create what then would have been the forty-ninth state. Playing along, the Siskiyou County supervisors named a five-member panel to study statehood. Modoc, along with Trinity and Lassen counties in Northern California, joined the alliance. Wire services carried the news, implying the counties were moving like checkers to join.12

Statehood was picking up speed and the new state needed a dignified name. The Siskiyou Daily News conducted a contest to name it. J.E. Mundell of Eureka, California, offered the winning suggestion: Jefferson. He won two dollars.

The Winner’s Reasons for Suggesting the Name of Jefferson

Eureka, California
November 21, 1941

Editor, The News:

... I think it would be very appropriate to name the new state, JEFFERSON, after Thomas Jefferson. My reasons are as follows:

1. Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence, that great instrument that states that the people have a right to govern themselves.

2. Thomas Jefferson is the outstanding American in my opinion. Through his influence and foresight the Louisiana Purchase was made, thus adding an immense area to the U.S.

3. It was by his foresight that the Lewis Clark Expedition was organized and sent to explore the new Oregon country during his term. I firmly believe that this expedition saved this section as a part of the United States.

So in view of these facts, the new state would be well named. I own some property in Del Norte County, so feel like I have the right to make the above suggestion. The creation of the new state would encourage thousands of people to move here. ... I have stated many times in the past three years, that if Del Norte County could be picked up and set in the Dust Bowl, it would be worth a billion dollars. It is worth that much more where it is, but it will take people to develop it. There must be some incentive for them to come. A new state would offer opportunities and have a pull to bring them. The new state would give more representation in Congress, thus increasing the importance of the western section of the United States.

I have lived in two territories that came in as states, so have something to back up my statements mentioned above. The West was young when I first saw it. My folks were living in Washington when it came in as a state in 1889.

Yours very truly,
J.E. MUNDELL,13
By now, the nation was taking note. The San Francisco Chronicle dispatched reporter Stanton Delaplane, whose ensuing two-week stay produced four stories about the region and the movement.

Delaplane wrote that Gilbert Gable was "a slick article and a man who could give some of the smart San Francisco politicians a lesson."


Supporters wanted to abolish taxes: income, sales, and liquor. But they favored taxing forestlands managed by the federal government. They also wanted to outlaw slot machines to protect the local stud-poker industry.

Someone concocted a state seal, two X's on a miner's pan, representing the

A State of Mind

Recognition seems spreading slowly to other parts of California and Oregon that the drive for a 49th State is something more than [sic] a publicity stunt.

While it is natural that we in the area affected have had a little fun with the scheme here and there, as have others on the outside, there is an underlying seriousness that cannot be denied.

More, there is growing determination that this time we really will "do something about it."

That "it" reflects a number of things, tangible and intangible.

It reflects a resentment of a great body of people in a great geographical area who are tired of being regarded as a hill-billy group who are not of sufficient importance to be given considerate treatment.

It reflects their resentment against lack of the roads they need for proper development of their resources; resentment against the tremendous wastage of money by governmental agencies for nonessentials and pap while metal and timber reserves badly needed for national defense are ignored.

It reflects, further, a will on the part of these people to join forces with others in California and Oregon whose needs are similar and to establish a political commonwealth that will be interested in and responsible only to the people in this area.

Telegrams, letters and cards from many states indicate, we think, also a state of mind in other regions that would encourage us to establish the State of Jefferson, and that would bring these people to live with us if we do.

This sentiment lies apparently among people who still have the free spirit of America in their souls; people who want another frontier to develop; people who are willing to work and sacrifice to that end as their forefathers did; people who are wearied of governmental pap, demagoguery, waste and excessive taxation.

In short, people who want to be Americans again!

The 49th State will offer a haven to thousands of such as these. We believe the area would double in population within a year.15

November 27, 1941

A State of Mind

Siskiyou Daily News

Enthusiasm blossomed for something, anything new. Someone suggested formation of a University of Jefferson.

Supporters wanted to abolish taxes: income, sales, and liquor. But they favored taxing forestlands managed by the federal government. They also wanted to outlaw slot machines to protect the local stud-poker industry.

Someone concocted a state seal, two X's on a miner's pan, representing the

government's double-cross in spending taxes from the hardscrabble northern portion of the state on San Francisco, Los Angeles, and other wealthy cities to the south.

In mid-November 1941, miners carrying a variety of signs took their message to the streets. They began a series of Thursday-only "patriotic rebellions" by blockading U.S. Highway 99 between Ashland and Yreka.14

But five days after the "patriotic" November 27 traffic-stopping event and two days before the territorial assembly was to convene, the flamboyant Gilbert Gable died suddenly.

On assembly day, throngs of local citizens saddened by Gable's death rallied around the Siskiyou County Courthouse in Yreka. Randolph Collier, a California state senator and a candidate for governor of the new state, led the group.

(Interestingly, on December 4, 1941, a budget officer within the California Department of Finance submitted data that probably would have enraged the secessionists. The report said, "independent status for the State of Jefferson would be gained at the cost of luscious fiscal plums now enjoyed by the four California counties participating in this movement. As a whole, these counties receive approximately $1.32 from the State of California for each dollar paid in State taxes." The four counties included in the analysis were Del Norte, Lassen, Modoc, and Siskiyou.)16

Even though eight or nine counties in Southern Oregon and Northern California had been invited or expressed interest in joining the 1941 secession movement, only representatives from four showed up.
Delegates chose seventy-eight-year-old Judge John Childs of Crescent City to govern the 11,988-square-mile forty-ninth state, composed of Curry County in Oregon and Del Norte, Siskiyou, and Trinity counties in California. Jefferson had 41,707 residents.17

Stunned by the December 7 attack on Pearl Harbor, the “government” disbanded almost as soon as it formed. Childs issued a statement:

“In view of the national emergency, the acting officers of the provisional territory of Jefferson here and now discontinue all activities. The State of Jefferson was organized for the sole purpose of calling the attention of the proper authorities ... to the fact we have immense deposits of strategic and necessary defense minerals and that we need roads to develop them. We have accomplished that purpose.”18

Over the years, some participants of the 1941 secession threat confirmed that publicity was their objective. But without the advent of World War II, who knows what would have happened? Would our country today consist of forty-nine contiguous states?

What we do know is the 1941 secession spectacular briefly brought worldwide attention to the region that some residents still call the State of Jefferson.

Senator Randolph Collier remained in the California Legislature until 1976. His unwavering leadership for highway development and improvement programs earned him national recognition.

The State of Jefferson stories written by Stanton Delaplane of the San Francisco Chronicle won him a 1942 Pulitzer Prize. #

Richard Boich is a writer living in Medford

ENDNOTES
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
Jesse Enyart was forced to balance a successful business career with the personal tragedies of his married life. But in August 1889, when he arrived in Medford with his wife and eight-month-old daughter, Enyart optimistically began a new life and gave little thought to future heartbreak. He had been born in May 1864 near the banks of the Wabash River at Logansport, Indiana. By the time he left for Oregon, the twenty-five-year-old had accumulated a modest nest egg from his mercantile business. With this nest egg and his financial expertise, Enyart was soon working as assistant cashier at the Jackson County Bank. This was a time when bank employees were usually investors in the institution. Their money was loaned to the public, and a portion of profits from interest and other fees was returned to the employee/investor. In 1892, when the decision was made to incorporate and issue stock, Enyart was one of five bank owners who signed the legal forms.

He began to look for land investment opportunities and by 1893 had already built a home and an additional cottage on two of the three lots that he owned at the corner of Riverside and Sixth Street. At the bank he was promoted to cashier. Finally there was enough money to allow his wife a return trip to Indiana for a visit with her parents. She died there in May and Enyart traveled to her funeral by train, deciding to bury her where she had been born. His parents returned with him and his daughter to Medford and settled next door in the vacant cottage. Enyart found comfort in his work and also in trapshooting. He was an excellent target shot with his shotgun, and reports of his tournament skill would follow him well into the 1900s.2

Saying that he had accepted a good position in Chicago, Enyart resigned from the Jackson County Bank and left Medford in May 1898. Within three months he returned and began organizing a new private bank, known simply as the Medford Bank. Joseph H. Stewart, who built the bank building, was the largest investor and became bank president. Stewart, Enyart, and others had $50,000 available on June 20, 1899, when the bank opened for business. Once again Enyart's personal life was full of promise. In March 1899 he married Melissa Cannon of Albany. Their happiness lasted just over a year, when a prolonged illness forced the couple to seek a surgical operation in San Francisco, during which "Lissa" died. She was buried in Albany on September 17, 1900.3

In 1906, owners of the Medford Bank filed for a charter to conduct a national bank and also began to construct a new building at the northwest corner of Main and Central streets. Enyart had been vice president of the institution for more than two years. In March of 1906, he married Lucretia Elliff, a marriage that would end in divorce in December 1909. By then, Enyart was president of the bank, partners with John Root in the planned Sparta building on the northeast corner of Main and Riverside, and the owner of many acres of Rogue Valley property.4

During the steady and successful climb of his career, Enyart had balanced nearly thirty years of attempted married bliss with thirty years of bachelorhood. He had endured both with few complaints.5

Bill Miller is a historian with the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

ENDNOTES
1. Jacksonville Democratic Times, 8 August 1889.
5. Medford Mail Tribune, 7 November 1940.
Julia Cheetham Fielder:
A Child’s Best Friend

By Bill Miller

Where Laurel Street meets West Main, at the edge of the courthouse lawn in Medford, a sundial is mounted on a three-foot granite column. Because no shadow ever crosses its face, this sundial never shows the correct time. Its gnomon, or pointer, is intentionally missing. “I count none but sunny hours,” it says. On the north-facing surface of the column is a brass plate, which reads, “In Memory of Julia Cheetham Fielder. A Friend to All Children.”

When Julia died at age fifty-six on July 14, 1922, local parents and children were more than shocked. They had suddenly and unexpectedly lost a friend who had touched nearly everyone’s life. Worse yet, she was just “too young to die.”

She and baby sister Rose were born in Coldwater, Michigan, and came with their parents to Oregon in 1880. Eight years later, their father died of a heart attack in the pasture of his Central Point farm. Lightning and thunder threatened his herd of cows and Mr. Fielder had gone to bring them to safety. With the help of neighbors, Mrs. Fielder managed to keep the farm going. Late spring and summers were spent in Central Point, but during the school year, mother and daughters moved to Medford so the girls could attend school. By the time Julia had graduated from high school in 1893, the farm had been sold and the family lived in Medford.

Julia took the teacher qualification exams and passed on the first try. She began to teach at a few of the county’s many rural schools, but soon realized she needed training and enrolled at the Oregon State Normal School in Drain. The normal schools were teaching academies for future teachers. Upon returning home, she taught for two years at Ashland’s Normal School and supervised instruction of all student teachers. By 1900, she was back in Medford, teaching first grade at her old alma mater, Washington School.

Never satisfied with her performance and always wanting to know more, Julia began using her summer time off to travel across the country to improve her skills. Beginning in 1902, with a special course at the Berkeley campus of the University of California, Julia sought out new classes and educational opportunities. One summer she even traveled as far as New York City for a term at City College.

Except for the 1911-12 school year, when she taught at Medford’s new Roosevelt School, Julia remained at Washington, soon becoming everyone’s favorite first-grade teacher. She dedicated herself to the community, taking an active part in public activities. As a member of the Greater Medford Club, she campaigned for a Carnegie public library. She joined the Women’s College Club and the Methodist Women’s Foreign Missionary Society and served as president of the Oregon State Grade Teachers Association. In May 1920, she was elected vice president of the fledgling and short-lived Southern Oregon Historical Society.

When she died, Julia had been the first-grade teacher for nearly everyone in Medford. She was teaching children of former students and even educating the grandchildren of her classmates from thirty years before.

“Her influence was always for the good and betterment of those whose lives she touched,” read her obituary.

Those who were touched were stirred to create a monument to their friend. A fund was set up by the Washington School teachers and staff, and contributions came from schoolchildren, parents, and the business community. Local Parent-Teacher Association and Daughters of the American Revolution chapters that Julia had co-founded added to the memorial fund from their own assets.

At noon on May 1, 1923, the sundial monument was draped with the Stars and Stripes, awaiting its unveiling and dedication. The site was chosen because, at the time, it stood in front of the old Washington School where Julia had taught. Two of Medford’s schools had been built here and it seemed the perfect location for a memorial. No one could know that Washington School would be torn down and replaced by the county courthouse eight years later.

Dignitaries, children, and townsfolk crowded around the corner and listened to tributes. The most eloquent speaker of the day was Principal A. J. Hanby. He told of Julia’s life and shared his personal remembrances. “There is universal love for her in the hearts of her students,” he said. “Her influence will live long after the granite and bronze of this memorial have perished.”

As the memories of Julia Cheetham Fielder’s “sunny days” have dimmed and faded, it is good to remember her again. Through her, we can find our own best friend—that special teacher who somehow found a way to open our lives to the sunshine.

Bill Miller is a historian with the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

END NOTES

1. Medford Mail Tribune, 18 July 1922.
2. Medford Tidings, 8 June 1888.
No teacher ever told young Anlo Penwell what to do. Instead Penwell spent his childhood fishing on the Rogue River. The carefree life of Huckleberry Finn it was not. Anlo Penwell (1883-1974) was a child in a single-parent, low income family in an era without government assistance. After completing first grade Penwell refused to continue his education and went to work supporting his family. Penwell’s reading and writing skills never reached their potential but he compensated by developing keen, real-life problem-solving abilities. People who knew Penwell described him as a self-reliant loner, mechanically ingenious and a master fisherman.

The sixteen-foot long, wood-and-canvas, double-ender fishing boat in the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society is a tangible testament to Penwell’s abilities. In 1910 Penwell built and designed this boat and used it to land thousands of pounds of Rogue River salmon.

Fishing became Penwell’s profession at age eleven. Odd jobs such as splitting firewood were set aside for times when the fish were not biting. He camped at what is now Tou Velle State Park and fished for salmon and steelhead near Bybee Bridge. Penwell cleaned and salted his catch and pushed his haul to market in Medford in a cart built of parts salvaged from a wagon that had crossed the Oregon Trail.

Later the young pushcart fishmonger purchased “Bobbie,” a white pony, to pull his cart. Bobbie had his work cut out for him when his master started fishing with nets (that he made), one of which was 125 feet long. Fishing by boat also made his efforts more profitable. At first young Penwell, who could not swim and had a drowning phobia, had to overcome his fears. His first boat was not stable enough, so he designed and built a ten-foot boat. Then in 1910 he designed and built (with the help of E.C. Amidon and Gerald Wollam) a larger and more stable canoe-like boat. This is the boat in the Society’s collection.

It has a wood framework with a flat oval section in its center to aid stability and handling. The framework is strengthened with thin, canvas-covered Port Orford cedar planking. This boat served him well for over forty years.

Since age fifteen Penwell supplemented his income by doing plumbing work for Medford’s Boyden-Nickolson Hardware. It wasn’t long before he struck out on his own with a small mobile plumbing workshop he built that was pulled by Bobbie.1

Penwell was fortunate to have a second income. In 1921, Upper Rogue fishing came to a halt with the completion of Savage Rapids Dam.2 Initially, it lacked a fish ladder, thus making it impossible for upstream migration. After eight fishless years on the Upper Rogue, a makeshift fish ladder was installed at Savage Rapids Dam.3 It appears that at least for a while Penwell concentrated on plumbing and fished for sport. He is known to have introduced many innovations in the sport fishing industry. He is believed to have been the first fisherman in the valley to use salmon eggs for catching salmon and trout. Penwell developed a machine for making multiple strand fishing leader and a secret formula for curing salmon eggs.4 Penwell was also an expert at fly-fishing from a boat. Fishermen were known to hide in the bushes and learn from the master.

Around 1933, Penwell, hampered by his inability to submit written bids and in poor health, retired from plumbing. Presumably he spent many of his remaining years sport fishing.

In 1973, Gerald Wollam, who as a child had helped build the Penwell boat, purchased it from Penwell’s daughter, Elsie. By that time the stern had been cut off for the installation of an engine mount and it had been in storage for fifteen years. A year later Wollam had completely restored it.

Anlo Penwell, then ninety-five years old and living at Hearthstone Manor in Medford, read about Wollam’s restoration of his boat in a Pacific Power and Light Company publication. On September 13, 1974, Penwell got to see his beloved boat as it was down to its original colors. “That’s my boat!” Penwell exclaimed before getting out of his wheelchair and climbing in his boat unaided. After visiting with his old friend, Penwell was taken back to Hearthstone Manor where he died in his sleep that night.5

Penwell’s boat remains in the collection of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, a tangible testament to one man’s ingenuity and hard work.6

ENDNOTES
2. Bureau of Reclamation, Pacific Northwest Region, Anadromous Fish Passage Improvements, Savage Rapids Dam, (Grants Pass, self-published report, 1974).
Picture postcards first gained widespread attention in the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. Within a few short years their popularity was such that the Post Office Department had to modify some of its regulations to accommodate the great volume. More than 670 million postcards were mailed during the Post Office's fiscal year of 1907-1908.

Printing the postcards had become big business. An undated clipping from the Saturday Evening Post circa 1905 states that within a span of three years, the number of stores selling postcards swelled from 100 to 80,000. Soon hardly a hamlet in America was without some sort of postcard depicting a local scene or landmark.

Much of the interest in postcards was fueled in part by the postcard collecting "craze" that was sweeping across the country during the first decade of the new century. In towns and cities, collecting clubs were formed in which members would routinely exchange cards through the mail. Living rooms everywhere boasted a postcard album, offering an opportunity to "see the world" through the medium of the penny postal.

Here in Medford, photographer and printer Frank Hull, who operated a studio above Hubbard's hardware store, organized the Blue Jay Postal Shop, the only store in the valley dedicated to the sale of postcards, both scenic and novelty cards, at retail and wholesale prices. Hull was also one of the region's most avid boosters, and he saw the Post Card Union as an ideal means of promoting the Rogue Valley and its industries far and wide, through both his postcards and in the pages of his monthly newsletter.

By William Alley

Hull's interest in the Post Card Union went beyond merely supporting the hobby, however. As one of the region's most accomplished photographers, Hull was a major local manufacturer of scenic postcards; he was also the proprietor of The Blue Jay Postal Shop, the only store in the valley dedicated to the sale of postcards, both scenic and novelty cards, at retail and wholesale prices. Hull was also one of the region's most avid boosters, and he saw the Post Card Union as an ideal means of promoting the Rogue Valley and its industries far and wide, through both his postcards and in the pages of his monthly newsletter.

William Alley is a historian and certified archivist.
By William Alley

**"The Stolen Pie": D.L. Shartis and the Made in Medford Movies**

Just who had stolen the pie was an all-consuming question in Medford eighty-seven years ago. During the third week of June 1916, Medford residents literally lined up to learn the identity of the culprit. This particular purloined pastry was hardly a petty matter, for many of Southern Oregon's leading citizens were connected to the case in some way or another.

Of course, "The Stolen Pie" was not actually a crime at all, except perhaps to the likes of Roger Ebert. What it was, was a locally produced photoplay inspired and filmed by the manager of Medford’s Star Theatre, D. L. Shartis.

Shartis had acquired the lease to the Star in early September 1915. He came to town with ten years’ experience in the nascent film industry, including a stint as a cameraman with the Nestor Film Company, the first of the Hollywood movie studios. Known in the industry as a “live-wire showman,” Shartis wasted little time in promoting the Star and upgrading its equipment.

Within weeks of his arrival, Shartis had broken out his hand-cranked motion picture camera and began filming local events, with the intention of exhibiting them at his theater along with the Star’s regular fare. This first batch of film, consisting of 300 feet, was shot primarily at the county fairgrounds. It was exhibited at the Star at no extra charge to attract customers.

In the spring of 1916, Shartis embarked on a more ambitious film project. By now the showman had had time to become acquainted with a number of Medford residents and was able to enlist a few of them in the creation of a short comedy along the lines of those being produced by the popular Keystone studio. Among those drawn to this new medium were a number of Medford’s younger businessmen, including Carl Tengwald and Lowell Zundle.

Medford’s schools were the first subjects shot for this new film. Each Medford school was visited and filmed as the students were excused for recess. Shartis used some of the special effect techniques learned at Nestor, and some of the students at the Washington School would soon see themselves shooting backward up the playground slides. As part of the comedic action, the local fire brigade and the Perl ambulance were enlisted. As Shartis, assisted by Carl Tengwald in the capacity of budding director, shot location scenes, the local fire truck would rush to the scene, while the often baffled passersby watched.

Shartis never lost sight of the fact that the central purpose of his filming was to generate business for the Star. When he premiered this second film, his advertising grandly billed it “The Biggest, Best and Most Expensive Entertainment in the History of Moving Pictures in Medford.” In order to keep the crowds coming, the film shot at each of Medford’s schools was scheduled for a different night throughout the week.

“Real comedy of the laugh-provoking kind,” opined the Medford Mail Tribune, which reported that the Star enjoyed over-crowded attendance and “manifestations of delight by old and young alike” for the performances. The editors of the Medford Sun shared these sentiments as well. “Manager Shartis,” that paper reported, “is to be congratulated for his splendid work in producing the best home-made movies yet to be seen in Medford. The pictures are as clear as a bell, and each and every scene is perfect in photography, action and every detail. The ambulance run by the Perl undertaking company proved to be the most exciting scene of the entire local film.” The “Made in Medford” movies were clearly enjoyed as much as the regular Hollywood fare they had been exhibited with, and all previous attendance records at the Star fell by the wayside.

Spurred on by the popular success of his "Made in Medford" movies, Shartis’s next project would be a complete half-hour comedy, titled "The Stolen Pie." The cast of extras comprised some of the best-known names in Southern Oregon, including Judge Tou Velle, J.A. Westerlund, “Toggery Bill” Isaacs, Hob Deuel, Walter Bowne, Del Getchel, John Mann, and Gus Newbury. These and numerous other gentlemen were asked to gather at Library Park on Friday, June 2, 1916. Shartis also asked that each bring along his wife or sweetheart. "If you have no sweetheart," Shartis added, "bring your mother or sister or some other man's sweetheart."

"The Stolen Pie" opened with the arrival in a "side-door Pullman" of a blond-haired hobo, shot on a siding of the old Rogue River Valley Railway. There ensues a short chase scene as this itinerant eludes the authorities and begins a series of comic attempts at panhandling. After begging at the home of Mrs. John C. Mann, the tramp visits the house next door, where Mrs. Katie Emig turns the hose on him.

The tramp then arrives at the scene of the big picnic staged at Library Park. More than 100 local extras were on hand as the tramp sneaks up and steals one of the home-baked pies. While sitting on the tracks of the Southern Oregon Traction Co. to eat his ill-gotten goodies, the trolley comes along and sweeps up the tramp on the fender. There follows a series of chases, stunts, and capers filmed at various locales around town as the tramp scales fences, climbs over garages, and slides down playground slides. To keep the comedy fresh, few scenes were rehearsed; most were improvised by the amateur cast. Spontaneity
A Star Theatre advertisement in the July 24, 1916, Medford Mail Tribune urges citizens to come and see
“The Stolen Pie,” a Shartis comedy shot in Medford using Medford citizens as actors.

MMT July 24, 1916

Above right, Medford businessman Lowell Zundle vamps for the camera in bad wig and makeup in character as the love interest in “The Stolen Pie.”

MMT July 21, 1916

Opposite: The Star Theatre, shown here in 1912, was one of Medford’s early silent movie houses. When D.L. Shartis acquired the lease in 1915, he set out to boost attendance by screening clips of film footage he had shot around town.

SOHS #9717

Below, Medford Mayor C.E. “Pop” Gates, second from the right, poses outside the Medford train station with his family, from left, daughter Laura, wife Leah, son George, and daughter Marie in 1917. Gates played the itinerant tramp who stole the pie in Shartis’s movie.

SOHS #9379.

was also an integral part of Shartis’s feature, and many of these scenes, according to reports in the Medford Sun, were filmed without everyone’s knowledge. “If you hear curious noises, or any one climbing your back fence, jumping off the wood shed or garage,” residents were assured, “you need not be alarmed, as the movie actor may strike your place at any moment.”

Leading the forces of order in the attempt to apprehend the thief is the story’s hero, played by Carl Tengwald. The ingenue lead was played by Lowell Zundle in campy makeup and a bad wig. And in the role of the itinerant tramp, the yegg who stole the pie, was C.E. “Pop” Gates, who the following year would be elected mayor of Medford. Gates’s performance resulted in his being favorably compared to William Farnum and Charlie Chaplain.

“The Stolen Pie” premiered at the Star on June 18, 1916, and was an instant hit; by the end of the week more than 5,000 had paid to see it. Shartis was ready to begin filming another short the following week, but accepted an offer to sell his lease to the Star to George Hunt. Shartis then returned to his native Alabama, presumably taking his movies with him, and putting an end to the budding film careers of some of Medford’s leading citizens.
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