

The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the
Talent Historical Society

Volume 26 Issue 2

June 2020

My Mother's Daughter

**The Memoirs of
Jewel Donaca Lockard**

This is my life as I have lived it, the good and the bad times for those who would care to read it someday. A life far different from today's standard of living. I am writing this to enlighten the reader of what my early life and my life with my family has been.

My Mom and Dad, Irene Mae Curnow and Alexander Logan Donaca, were married on Christmas Day 1915 by the Justice of the Peace at Gold Beach, at the ranch at Jerry's Flat where Mom's folks, Jim and Nell Curnow, had leased or ran a dairy. The ranch was on rich bottom land built by the Rogue River through eons of time. In later years there was a sawmill there, and still later houses covered the rich land.

After a wedding supper, Alex lit a lantern and with Irene following him, they made their way over a rough mountain trail above the rim of the river to Alex's cabin somewhere up in this spooky dark world. Irene always said one false step and she'd have fallen into the river many feet below.

I've always had questions about this time. What was this cabin like? Probably a crude board and batten affair stuck up along the river, a crude bed - probably no sheets, old wool blankets. How did she get her things there? Old table, a few dishes (some of which I have today), an iron skillet, a fry pan, bake pan, sugar bowl and a cup and a wood cook stove, but no food much.

Dad had the old-fashioned idea that a woman could cook even though there was no food in the house. She finally had to tell him to get some groceries. He was greatly surprised. She made three pies the first day after she was married and three the next day and three more the next and then it began to slack off some.

When Alex and Irene were going

together, Irene didn't overly care for him, but she was told he was a good catch as he was an older man (28) and steady. Mom said he was steady all right, he didn't want to do anything much. He promised her all kinds of good things, said he wanted a dairy and whatever was good in those days.

Mom wanted an education and to be a writer but her mother and everyone else said you must marry. Irene was 17 at that time and she learned the hard way. If it had been today she'd have gone back home. But it was unthinkable at the time to leave your husband, and besides there were too many mouths to feed back home, she being gone made one less. She almost starved to death anyway along with the hard work to try to maintain a home.

Mom didn't have much to do in the early years of marriage but keep house and cook meals. Sewing, crocheting and taking walks were the fun things. Sometimes she and Dad would go out into the hills hunting, taking a horse or burro to tote camp gear. They'd go to hunt deer. Dad saw no pleasure in just camping.

For a living Dad fished with nets on the Rogue River for R.D. Hume who ran a cannery there. The fish ran in price more or less at 35 cents a fish, a huge Salmon even. But he also trapped and hunted. In the winter a person could peel

chittum bark (Cascara) and dry it. It seemed it always was raining when things needed drying, so bark or hides were often drying in the house around the stove.

At one time or another they bought property. They ran a few head of cattle and most always had a milk cow. Nothing

they bought was very big or fancy. One place they bought needed a house, so they ordered a load of lumber up the river to be brought down by boat. The lumber was called rough lumber and was to go through a planing mill. A storm came up and the river got rough and high, so the boat wrecked, dumping the lumber. Mom watched her new house-to-be float board by board out to sea. That was the end of the new house.

As time went on everyone moved away from the coast to the Willamette Valley, moving here and there. Mom's folks took up a

homestead in the wilds above Horton on the coast highway and Mom and Dad bought logged over land which made a sort of a farm if you could get rid of the brush and ferns. There were big mills at Horton run by the Horton brothers. Dad worked there for some time.

Over the years, Dad's father, Charles Benjamin Donaca, would sometimes come to stay with them unannounced, as was the custom in those days for the children to take in a parent or parents and they usually made their rounds through the kids.

He was a difficult old man, and Mom a bride of seventeen, when he first showed up for her to take care of. This went on for



Alex and Irene Donaca

Continued on page 4

Talent Historical Society

The Talent Historical Society researches and preserves the history of the Talent area in Southern Oregon. We offer a collection of historical archives to help local residents and visitors become better acquainted with our area's rich history.

We are members of the Jackson County Heritage Association; a group of heritage nonprofits dedicated to the collection, preservation, and interpretation of Southern Oregon's cultural history.

We operate a museum and meeting place located at:

105 North Market Street
Talent, Oregon

The museum is open Saturday and Sunday from 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm.

General Business/Mailing Address:
P.O. Box 582
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Phone Number: (541) 512-8838
Email: info@talenthistory.org
Web Page: www.talenthistory.org

Facebook: www.facebook.com/talenthistory/

The Historacle is published quarterly.

Editor: Myke Gelhaus

You may submit your written work about historical Talent to be considered for publication in the THS newsletter. Our research library is ready for you to get started on an interesting local article! We are especially looking for more tales from early to middle 20th Century,

MUSEUM HOURS SATURDAY & SUNDAY Closed Until Further Notice

Memberships Since Last Issue

New Members:

Patti Duke

Sue Hawkins

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Anyone Know Any Bored Children?

**NEW LOCAL HISTORY CURRICULUM
NOW ON THE TALENT HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S WEBSITE**

**Check It Out at
www.talenthistory.org**

See related story on page 10

President's Message by Ron Medinger

What a three-months it has been since the last issue of the Historacle!! Our beautiful new museum sign was mounted on the side of the museum that faces Main Street and we have received many favorable comments about how nice it looks!

Quite a bit of the great curriculum created by Debra Moon and Jan Wright for Talent Elementary School, about the history of Talent, is now uploaded at www.talenthistory.org. Check it out when you can. You'll see what outstanding volunteers we have!

Thanks to Jewel Lockard for her contribution of the article about her life in this month's issue.

And in March came the virus. THS has been closed since March 13th and we are being cautious about plans to open again. The Board decided this past week to not change our status until at least our June 9th Board Meeting at which time we will review where we stand. With many things opening up again, we are moving forward cautiously because so many of our volunteers and members are in endangered classes and we would hate to contribute to anyone's ill health. All that said...history marches on!

Christine Riddle Allen and the Modoc War

By Myke Reeser

Christine Riddle Allen, the great-granddaughter of Toby "Winema" Riddle, died January 17, 2020, at her home in Klamath Falls, Oregon at the age of 92. At the time of her death, she was the oldest known Modoc in Klamath County.

She was born March 13, 1927, at Paiute Camp near Beatty, to Simeon B. and Elsie (Noneo) Riddle Sr. She was the granddaughter of Jefferson C. and Amanda (Schonchin) Riddle. Jeff C. Riddle wrote, *The Indian History of the Modoc War*, which included an account of Winema's service as an interpreter during the 1872-73 war.

I became interested in the Modoc History in 2008 after meeting author Cheewa James and reading her book *Modoc - The Tribe That Wouldn't Die* about the Modoc War, the descendants and their compelling story. I was overwhelmingly intrigued and continued a path of research, discovery and eventually friendships with the Modoc people. I started a fundraising project in tribute to this amazing Tribe.

I first met Christine Riddle Allen and her daughter, Debra Riddle in 2009 at my first fundraiser in Chiloquin Oregon at the annual Restoration Powwow. Christine Riddle Allen carried within herself a soft dignity and was a highly respected elder of the Native Community. I felt honored in her presence.



Christine Riddle Allen, Myke Reeser and Debra Riddle at the Chiloquin Powwow

The Modoc War Of 1872-73 was fought in the location of Tule Lake in Northern California on the border with Oregon near Klamath Falls. A small tribal band of the Modoc people fought for their land in what is now known as the Lava Beds National Monument. The Modoc ancestors had occupied some 5,000 square miles of territory

Continued on Page 10

Tuesday Evening at the Museum - Talks Online

These TEAM videos are just two of many videos collected for the Stories of Southern Oregon project, produced at Southern Oregon University. Subscribe to the Stories channel on YouTube and get notifications of new videos added to the collection.

BIRDS OF TALENT
by Emmalisa
Whalley.

<https://youtu.be/7TdBBeVJP-o>



We're stuck at home for a while, but just outside your back door there are birds to discover! Emmalisa Whalley documented the birds of Talent in this TEAM video. She has an eye for birds, those quick, small fluttering beings that bring light and delight and song into the back yard. Whalley has spent hours peering through her camera lens, waiting for that perfect moment to catch the local birds of Talent, Oregon at rest. Emmalisa's presentation was given to a full house at the Talent Historical Society meeting on November 28, 2017.

OREGON OUTCAST

by Jan Wright

https://youtu.be/4HGydK_i17g

Jan Wright is a passionate historian and a careful researcher. Years ago she was caught by John Beeson's advocacy for native people and began her research. Drawing on extensive diaries, letters, and other documents from the time, Wright describes Beeson as a human being, his courage and determination, the problems his crusade created for his wife and son left behind in Talent, Oregon. During his lifetime, John Beeson (1803–1889) was called the Indian Apostle, Father Beeson, the Alpha and Omega of the Indian cause, a monomaniac, a depraved liar, vile, fanatical, and venerable. Because of his insistence on justice for Indian people, he was politically disqualified for residency in Territorial Oregon. This presentation was taped at the Talent Historical Society on April 25, 2017. Wright's book, "Oregon Outcast: John Beeson's Struggle for Justice for the Indians, 1853-1859" is available for sale at the Talent Historical Society website <http://www.TalentHistory.org>

My Mother's Daughter

by Jewel Donaca Lockard

over a period of 8 years or so, until they him put in a county home in the Willamette Valley. A neighbor at Horton told Mom all the home would do for him was give him the black bottle (probably the Cascara, for regularity).

The old man was a black republican and talked politics by the hour. She'd try to get him on the subject of crossing the plain by covered wagon, but he always got back to politics.

Grandpa Donaca evidently had what people call Alzheimer's today, but at that time it was said he or she got old and crazy. His habits were not always the best. He chewed tobacco and spit on the stove. He would cut slits in his clothes and then tie the cut back together with strings from the little tobacco sacks. Dad bought him a new pair of overalls and of course he cut them up. The knife was taken away from him. He also had a jar of sheep nanny tea (a little sheep manure put in some water and let ferment) which he kept on a gate post in front of the house and now and then take a nip for whatever ailed him.

Mom always thought that perhaps having to lift the old fellow up when he would fall down or purposely lay down was the reason she lost her first baby. He came in January with no doctor and the little fellow strangled. She had waited eight years for him. He was to have been named Theodore (Ted for short) after Theodore Roosevelt. They made a box for him and buried him back of the house on a hill at Horton. No marker. Only I know this, Mom was broken hearted and never did fully recover from it as she told me about it through the years. I have always felt badly as I would have liked to have known him. She was told she would have another baby in due course of time, it was another four years. She kept all the baby clothes she had made.

On June 2, 1928, Mom made her way to the outhouse early as she usually did in the morning. It was a misty, damp morning as it had rained during the night. The ferns along the path dripped with moisture. As she stepped hesitantly along the wet path, she felt the first twinge of labor pains, but thought it couldn't be as I wasn't due for two weeks yet. Mom thought I would arrive around the eleventh of June on her mother's birthday, but not the case.

By the time she got back into the house she knew I'd be there soon and I was. Aunt Mary was staying with us to help. I was eleven minutes old by the time the doctor got there from Junction City. They named me Jewel Alexine. Mom was going to name me Helen but after waiting 12 years, I was a jewel to her. Dad wanted to name me Juniata after the song, the Blue Juniata. Mom didn't like that. My middle name was a combination of Alex and Irene – Alexine.

There was one thing wrong with me, I was not a cuddly baby and did not like being held or fondled. She'd put me in bed with her, and I'd wiggle 'til I could go as far away from her as possible. I wouldn't nurse, so had to be put on a bottle. Never in all my life did I get into the lovy-dovy stuff. But I do love companionship. To me always there was no one like Mom. I worshipped her in all ways and we had a wonderful life together for 50 years.

When Mom and Dad bought the land at Horton, it was cut-over land of stumps and ferns growing in-between them. The big old stumps were hard to burn out and the ferns came back year after year. The place had rough lumber buildings. One was used as a dwelling but later turned into a barn. When Dad wasn't working at the Horton Mill or splitting posts or making fence, he grubbed and burned stumps and roots. Mom always tried to have a few flowers, mainly sweet peas.

Dad made Mom a cedar chest or what we called the "Big Box" for bedding and so forth. My baby clothes are in there yet. Then too he also made a bookcase and when Mom needed a crochet hook, he made that out of Myrtle wood. They are in use here today in 2006.

As time went on they built a new house on this place. It was a nice small white house with a white picket fence around it. Mom planted snow balls in the yard and they grew there for years. We went there 50 years later and they were still there

Mother's family lived on a homestead farther back in the hills in a remote area. They lived a hand to mouth existence as most homesteaders did. It was at this place that grandmother pieced the red and white quilt (old maid puzzle) as lots of times in the afternoon she would

sit and sew along the edge of the garden while grandpa hoed the veggies. I have the quilt still.

In due time mom's folks sold out and moved to Williams Creek near Grants Pass and that gave Dad all the more argument to leave Horton. Mom didn't want to go, in any way, shape or form. She had a nice place and a new house. They were doing OK but Dad fumed, he hated the place and the country in which they lived and kept it up until Mom knew she'd have to give in. And of course, in those days the man was considered the provider and head of the house. Finally she gave in, a catastrophe, as the great depression was about to start.

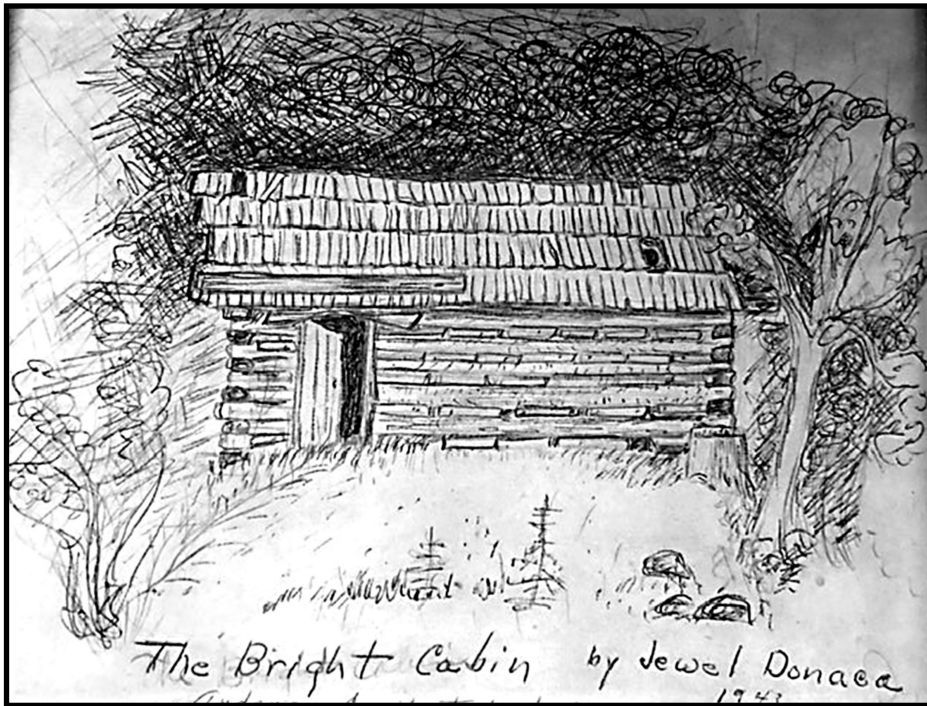
People by the name of Hayes bought the place giving Mom and Dad a brand-new Essex car for part of the payment. Then it was on to the Willamette Valley near Philomath for a while where the winters were so cold that the chickens froze as they roosted at night. From there on to Selma on the Redwood Highway, then on to Deer Creek and Wilderville. Times were very hard and the money kept going. There was no such thing as getting ahead and having more. They rented here and there, working whatever was available.

Meat was a short item. Dad hunted and hunted. One day he was able to get a squirrel. He dressed it out and Mom put it on to cook. When my folks were not looking, little Jewel got a bar of soap and a knife and cut up soap in the in the squirrel as I had seen Mom do when she cut up soap in the wash boiler on the stove to boil clothes to get them white. The end of a meal of delicious and most needed squirrel.

I also liked to go out to the pea patch and eat raw peas from the pods – still do. Mom paddled me and told me to keep out of them. They needed the peas for everyone to eat. I'd go back and get another paddling. Finally she wound up taking my picture in the pea patch.

I was very slow to learn to walk, so I rolled most everywhere I wanted to go. I tried to walk once and fell quite hard and never tried again until I was over two years old. Then some people came who had children and I started walking with them.

I was also slow learning to talk and found trouble pronouncing my words. When my brother Leland was born, learning to say his name was a bad one. First I called him Diggy-diggy, then in time I changed it to Buzzy. As he grew older his



Jewel developed an artistic talent early on, that she has pursued throughout her life. This cabin was somewhere up in the hills over Talent. She was 13 or 14 when she drew it. There will more drawings in future articles.

name changed to Buzz and remained with him until he grew to be in his late teens.

Times were getting harder. The great depression of the 30's was settling over the land causing a chaos of poverty and starvation. Mom's folks also lived out around Wilderville, once living at Old Fort Hay. They raised turkeys and Mom told of hunting turkey nests out in the manzanita brushes and having to watch for rattlesnakes. There were depressions out there of five or six graves of pioneers who had been killed in an Indian attack on Fort Hay (also known as the Old Anderson Stage Station). One turkey hen had her nest in one of the depressions.

Mother's folks wound up moving to Grants Pass, renting a place on Jordan Street. Finally Mom and Dad, having no place to live, moved in with them. Dad managed to get a job picking up concrete on Main Street in Grants Pass. Mind you, there were no unemployment funds in those days. There was a long line of men waiting for any job. They worked long hours and if a man gave out, another took his place.

It was during this time that my brother, Leland Walter was born on Dec. 5, 1930. Dad was at work and grandpa went to where he was working and told him he had a son. Dad never batted an eye and kept on steady working until quitting time. If he hadn't, he'd have lost his job.

Mom couldn't buy or make new clothes for her new baby, so she used the ones I had worn. He never had the good food that was given to me as a baby, like for instance, orange juice.

Somehow, Dad got up to Talent and learned of a job cutting wood for a man named Steve Lunak on Anderson Creek and he got the job. He rented a small white house along the railroad track in Talent and we moved into it. Leland was now a month old and I was 2 ½ years old. Mom was relieved to get moved into her own home again as things were crowded at her folk's place.

While living along the RR tracks, the bums or tramps would come along asking for a hand-out of food. There was nothing to give, with hardly enough food for themselves. One time she was washing Leland's diapers on a washboard in the yard and a tramp came along asking for food. She refused him and he stood around belligerently, eyeballing the new Essex parked close-by. He finally went away but Mom said if he had made one move towards the car or her, she'd have let him have it with a dirty diaper.

The little white house by the RR tracks cost \$7 a month to rent, too much for their small income. After a month Dad got a cabin for us to live in on Anderson Creek at the Elmer Centers place. It set in a divide between the N.

fork of Anderson Creek and the Shutte place towards Coleman Creek. This cabin was in good shape and was I think two rooms. I can remember this place well as I liked it there, although at first I tried to run away back to Grants Pass and Grandma.

The landscape was rather open with scrub oak and manzanita growing here and there. A road passed the house and wound on up the hill. I would watch the log trucks go by as Skeeters (old time loggers) worked on up the road someplace.

Once standing in front of the cabin looking around, I saw a jack rabbit bound across the swale with a coyote in hot pursuit. I studied on that for a while and got that figured out in my young brain.

I remember going to the outhouse and perching myself up on the seat. Wanting privacy, I closed the toilet door as I went in. Unfortunately, the door had a large knothole at just the right height for a cow that had wandered up to look at me. Her big eye rolled around taking in the interior. I sat quite still until she went away.

Another time Leland wasn't walking yet, so he must have crawled out to the outhouse. He got up on the toilet seat and kid fashion, had slipped into the hole.

I grabbed his foot and screamed bloody murder for mamma and she got there in the nick of time. I couldn't have held on much longer. The toilet pit had water in it.

Not far from this place was the Shutte place, perhaps a mile or so, one could walk to it on sort of a trail through the brush to come to a barb-wire fence. A steep field was before you and you walked down through that and up on to the main road.

The Shuttles were bachelors, John and Herman, and at this time their mother was living and referred to as "Old Mrs. Shutte". They were German type people, with old country ways. As the years went by, Herman, being rather crippled took over the household chores and John ran the farm. They were nice people and Mom enjoyed visiting them. To me the place always held a fascination, even as a little sprout.

The farm was situated on a divide between the N. Fork of Anderson Creek but closer to Coleman. It consisted of grain and alfalfa fields and a pear orchard along the road and to the west across another swale a

Continued on page 8

Notes on the Elderberry Flute

By Steven (FourCrows) Berman

There is a book that I have owned since it was gifted to me in 1983. It's called *Elderberry Flute Song*, written by Peter Blue Cloud, and I still treasure it.

On the cover Old Man Coyote sits in scruffy shirt and pants, his ears sticking up through holes in his straw hat. In one of the three small cover panels he's just staring at the ground, but in another he's playing his elderberry flute. The book is a collection of contemporary coyote tales written by an author clearly familiar with the traditional California myths and stories in which Coyote figures so prominently. As in the older tales, these are full of wry humor, earthy poetry, questioning of views and values, a goodly share of hilarious ribaldry (How Coyote got his Penis Back), and finally something of the tragedy and pathos of the Native American experience. In fact, it's easy to miss the backdrop behind the cover panels where two (real) coyotes are hung out to dry on a length of barbed wire fence.

The flute is still remembered by some. The one I've used as a model for my own was donated to the Lakeport Courthouse Museum by a man named Yonty Boone back in the 1950s. The flute was made by pushing the pith out of a section of elderberry stem when it's neither young and wet nor old and filled in. The trick is to find an elderberry bush or tree (the inland variety with dark blue berries) with a straight stem or branch, about a foot long between nodes, that is the right diameter and neither too young nor too old. The new shoots come up wet

and green in the spring and then gradually turn purple-grey and develop a hard woody exterior while the white pith in the center dries out. Once the pith is pushed out, four holes are burned or drilled, spaced to fit the fingers.

Why four holes? The Clear Lake Pomo of Mendocino County say it's because Robin, who played the flute to bring worms up from the ground could only spare two fingers from each hand. But another Pomo myth tells us that it was Pocket Gopher who discovered the sweet sounds in the hollow stem of the elderberry. Until then there were only the nighttime sounds—the daytime world was still silent. When Pocket Gopher played the flute, all the birds and other animals listened and chose which notes to take for themselves. A wonderful example of nature imitating art!

There are early 20th century - and later - recordings of Native California songs, but to-date I've not found a recording of the flute. The linguist/ethnologist Jaime de Angulo - later himself a teller of native myths and tales - wrote a short pamphlet called *Music of Northern California*. In it he describes the playing of the elderberry flute among the Achumawi—neighbors of the Maidu from the northeast corner of the state. He writes that as they played, they made a kind of buzzing or humming in the throat. It's something I've tried to imitate from his words, but without much success. I can imagine it as adding a sort of underlying drone. I suspect it was a local




phenomenon. The ethnomusicologist Frances Densmore published a study of Maidu music in the 1930s, and she mentions the flute, but has little to say about its use or manner of performance. It seems to have been a solo instrument, and I've seen no evidence of its use as a courting instrument (unlike the Plains flute). The scholarly books say that only men played the flute, but the first person I met who remembered hearing it played as a child told me that it was her grandmother who "played it every day" - a useful lesson in anthropology.

As far as I can tell, the flute was known to all the northern California tribes. Over the years I've collected a number of native stories in which it figures as a magical instrument. It plays a role in the theft of fire from Old Man Thunder, in the release of the first salmon into the Trinity and Klamath rivers, and in Coyote's creation of the first

human dwellings. It has a role—again magical—in Coyote's search for a wife. I'll be telling these and other tales of the flute, including some of my own adventure, when I perform for the Talent Historical Society as soon as it can be scheduled. I invite you all to come and

hear its magic for yourselves.

Ben Cunningham-Summerfield is a Maidu fellow I sent a flute to while he was still a student at Chico State. He became an interpretive ranger at Yosemite, and there's quite a bit about him on the internet, including videos of him playing flutes from around the world. Go to <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lpk7WrWotJ8> to hear his fascinating sounds.



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BEFORE SOCIAL DISTANCING

By Jan Wright

The last TEAM meeting at the Historical Society was a feel-good bonding experience that is a joy to remember, especially in these times of social distancing. Tish McFadden led Soup Sensations, ukulele players and singers, to bring us all together through music. It was impossible not to sing along. Everyone participated- their voices joined in for songs like "Hit the Road Jack," "Brown-Eyed Girl," "What a Day for a Day-dream," "You've Got a Friend" and "Fun, Fun, Fun." We should do it again when the coast is clear and it will not endanger anyone.



Tish McFadden and the Ukulele group "Soup Sensation"


Walking Tour of Historic Talent



17

Hill-Stearns Building 106 Talent Avenue ca. 1923

This one-story, arched-roof commercial building was constructed in 1923 by Thomas and Flora Hill on the original site of the Talent Baptist Church. It housed a service station and a store known as Tryon's Mercantile. In 1930, the building was purchased by H.A. and Mable Sterns, although Tryon continued to lease the space. In 1935, postal services were moved from this building into Talents' own newly constructed Post Office building. In 1964, Fred and Louise Combest purchased the building and the building was occupied by the Talent Hardware Company. It later became known as Jittery Joe's and has remained in commercial use to this day. The Hill-Stearns building is an intact example of the high-inspired development that characterized Talent's second major growth period in the 20th century. It was sited specifically to take advantage of the newly opened Pacific Highway.



Rick Chester, Pharmacist
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& Acupuncturist

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My Mother's Daughter

by Jewel Donaca Lockard

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large apple orchard consisting mostly of Jonathan apples. As you approached the buildings on top of the hill to your right were the hog pens, the fruit packing shed and shop. The shop was most fascinating of all. Then farther ahead, ready to drop over the divide to Coleman Creek set the barn for the dairy. I remember the big bull in the pen.

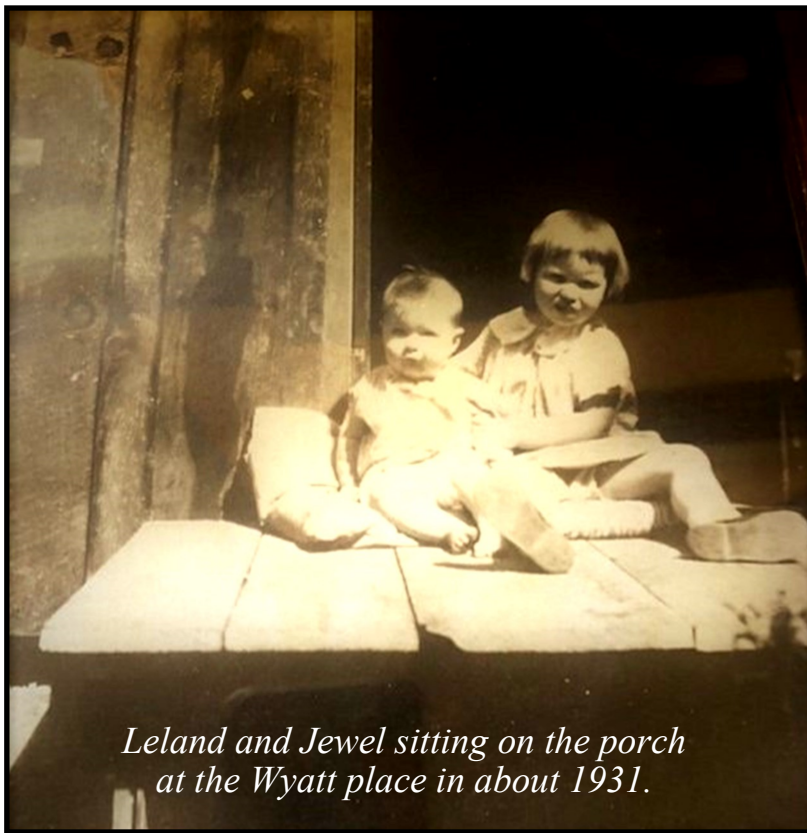
Not in sight but over the hill stood a wood cutter shack where an old fellow would cut a little wood for his food and a small wage. (There was no Social Security then.) The Shuttes hired help, especially in the fall, to help pick the fruit which made a little income for neighbors.

On the left side of the road was the hen house with a wired-in yard, a dog-house and the toilet. On top of the knoll itself stood an old unpainted two-story house. It had a lean-to kitchen that caught my eye, as well as a living room with old pictures, old furniture and lace curtains hanging from the long paned windows. East of the house, between it and the barn was the milk house and sort of a cellar or storage building.

The main road was bad to this place, it came off Anderson Creek road, but not as it does today. To travel in the winter was mostly impossible as it was rutted red dirt. The Shuttes had an old truck (no 4-wheel drive in those days) that they used to take cream down to the main road twice a week and the cream truck would pick it up. The creamery was located along Lithia Park in Ashland. In the winter, John used a two-wheel cart pulled by a horse.

Once we went to visit the Shuttes by the road. We drove through a gate and walked a mile and half or so. A small shake shack stood on the left amid a few tin cans. Up the road a ways was the Ord place up on an open hill, an old deserted log two-story house, somebody's lost dream. In later years, Leland and I snooped around taking pictures. Horse bones lay scattered in a swale. Gooseberry bushes grew along the road.

In the forties, the Shuttes had hired a wood cutter who was living in the wood cutter's cabin. He was rather eccentric and went around threatening to shoot the Shuttes because he thought they were



*Leland and Jewel sitting on the porch
at the Wyatt place in about 1931.*

rich. One morning, John went to see what groceries he might get for the man, as he was going to town. The man shot him dead and then went after Herman who had come out of the house to investigate the shot. Herman was shot at and ran for his life and got away. It was hard for Herman to run as he was crippled and not young. The wood cutter went back to the shack and shot himself. That was the unfortunate end of Shutte Farm.

The cabin we were living in was not bad for the times. It did have two rooms. But the great drawback was there was no water. Water had to be carried in buckets by hand or hauled up in the car. The lovely little spring was a quarter of a mile down the hill. It came out of a bank which formed a sparkling pool and you could dip the water up. The spring made its way down the canyon across the road and on. It was called Casey's Spring.

The Wyatt place was between the spring and the Scalers cabin, so Dad got it and we moved down there. This place had at one time had a big house on it that was called the Old Savage Place. Someone, who knows why, had torn down the house to make a shack-like house of rough 1 x 12s which set right up against the road. I think this house had two rooms and a person could look

out the back door into the canyon or gully. Really no place for a shack.

Leland learned to walk here in the dust in the road. Mom took a picture of the two of us on the step at the front door, Leland sitting in a dishpan. (See above) There was an old orchard where I would sit outside in the evenings and watch the jack rabbits feed under the fruit trees. Dad cut wood for Wyatt.

One day, Uncle Tom Donaca showed up and talked Dad into moving us to Coos County. He said there was a job cutting brush for a rancher with a house to live in. I suppose it was a dollar a day for a wage. Mom must have had to leave a lot of her things behind. When we got there, there was no house to live in so we had to live in the car. Mom had a terrible time with two babies and no home, no place to wash and Leland in diapers. The woman at the ranch told Mom she could wash at the house in a machine, but the woman washed first, then her daughter and then Mom - all in the same water. She said the clothes turned out better than you would think.

I didn't have any place to play but the back of the car. One day I got Mom's sewing scissors and cut up my dress. She didn't scold me as I had nothing to play with. Mom wanted to leave desperately, even to go home to her folks, but there was absolutely no money. She stuck it

out for a month cooking over a fire and managed in some way. At the end of the month, she and Dad loaded the car and they had just enough money to get back to Anderson Creek.

When we got back, we moved from the Wyatt place down to the main road to the old Casey cabin which was made of crude unpeeled logs. I think it had two rooms and a shake lean-to porch. Dad went to work for Steve Lunak, cutting wood.

On the road above our cabin, brush and trees closed the canyon then opened up to two homesteads, both being filed on by Bohemians or Czechs from the old country. Steve Lunak was a bachelor and had the first homestead, a garden patch and a small alfalfa patch in the main canyon. A draw on the right was a crude shack garage. Next came a log cabin built up on a steep hillside and a barn made of rough 1 x 12s. As a child I liked to go into the old barn and look around. Large cowbells hung there, and I mean large. I'd ring them and they'd go DONG-DONG.

The Mike (Marcel) Klimek place came next. He was married and had a passel of offspring - wild kids who couldn't speak English. We went to see them several times and I remember her giving us kids kolaches with poppy seed centers.

The story goes that Mike bought he and his wife each splitting mauls or sledgehammers. His weighed 8 pounds and hers weighed 16 pounds. She refused to use it, so he made an anvil out of it.

The Klimeks raised cabbages to sell at the cannery in the valley, so someone came to get a load. While loading he noticed that Mrs. Klimek was soon to have a child. She was cutting cabbages, she and the boys. When he came back for his second load, Mr. Klimek met him announcing "we got a boy". Mrs. Klimek was back cutting cabbages.

I was at Mrs. Klimek's in Talent a few years later and noticed all the lovely homemade crocheted doilies, scarves and tablecloths. I thought I'd like that someday, and I have.

Down below where we lived was the

Frank Casey place. When Casey bought his land, he built a nice small white house, down a steep bank from the road. He was a bachelor, but now and then a lady friend would clean the house up for him. Casey was extremely untidy.

As time went on, it got worse. Chickens roosted on the foot of the bed and around the bowl of the cream separator. Dogs in the house. Chickens and a goat outside. A ditch ran in front of the house, more out of the ditch than in it. Green slime halfway up the house, on the windows. One window broken out, the horse stood with his head in the window - and on and on. In later years after Casey died, someone burned the house.

Things were bad and times hard. Mother worried and worried - what would become of us? She was now 35, he 47, no home, no decent job, hardly any food and darned few clothes. Living on deer meat, potatoes or bread and gravy. No milk, fruit or vegetables, unless some neighbor had a little more than he could use himself from his garden. The future looked bleak. All we had was that new Essex car. Nothing to do with it, only go to Talent to get a sack of flour or so Dad

could get tobacco. Mom was wanting a home of her own again. To think she had to leave that nice new home in Hor



A 1929 Hudson Essex

ton. She only had high top shoes, no slippers, no robe, hardly anything.

But then one day, things started to improve.

To be continued in the next several editions of the Historacle.



Jewel Donaca Lockard - 2017

Notes from the Editor: My thanks to Jan Wright and Debra Moon who placed this manuscript on my door knob Sat. May 2nd. I delightfully read the 50+ pages twice before starting to edit it for print. This version is 97% Jewel's voice. Like many journal writers, she writes with time pauses (like So or Now) throughout her narration. All I did was take out superfluous words and very rarely rearrange words for flow...and here we have a lucid and insightful look into the great depression in Oregon.

The picture of the Essex isn't of their actual car, but is a stock photo. However the car is so much a part of the story that I had to include an image that we could relate to.

Also thanks to Jan Wright and Deb Griffin for contributing pictures and to Belinda Klimek Vos whose advice about name spellings and pointers about the stories I take with gratitude. Myke Gelhaus

The Poker Tour



Thanks to everyone who came out to our tournament on February 29th, and congratulations to winner Don Burke. Our next tournament was scheduled to take place on Saturday, May 30th, however Covid-19 closures have postponed it. We may reschedule it for later this year. The next scheduled tournament is on Saturday, August 29th. Hopefully things will have improved by then. The tournament is open to THS members only, with a membership level of Family or above and pre-registration is required.

The No-Limit Texas Hold'em tournament will feature a buy-in of \$30.00 with all entry money paid back out as cash prizes. Refreshments and snacks will be available for a modest cost. This is a no alcohol/no smoking event.

Contact ino@talenthistory.org or call the museum at 541.512.8838 for additional information.

Christine Riddle Allen

Continued from Page 3

there for many millennia, living their lives of survival near the waters of Tule Lake and its tributary of Lost River amid the harsh terrain of lava rock, sage, and wildlife.

The white settlers arriving around the 1850's had their own ideas of land occupation. They thought the Indians quite a nuisance. Many conflicts and fighting began, particularly with one man named Jesse Applegate. Jesse had property located on Modoc lands. When he discovered that the wagon trains were needing a route west, he and his brother utilized this good fortune and blazed the route which we know today as the Applegate Trail.

Many land hungry ranchers and farmers came by this route, simply taking over the area. The tribe tried to comply and live peaceably, but of course it became impossible. After a few years, the

government stepped in and the US Army was deployed to remove the band of 150 Modoc men, women and children to a reservation shared with the Klamath Indians. Deaths occurred on both sides ultimately resulting in the Modoc fleeing in desperation for freedom to the "stronghold"- a collection of caves and



*Toby "Winema" Riddle,
Nannookdoowah*

tunnels - a fortress formed thousands of years ago by volcanic eruption and flow. Sustained by stored food, shelter and a water source, the tribe of men women and children fought for six months. It was the costliest Indian war in U.S. Military history in terms of lives lost and money spent.

Asked to help as interpreter was a Modoc woman, Nanooktowa, also known as Toby Riddle, and her white husband, Frank Riddle. Also, with them throughout the negotiations was their 10-year-old son, Jeff. Efforts were made to quell the situation but unfortunately U.S. Army General E.R.S. Canby was killed. One of four Modoc men responsible for the killing

of Canby and others, was a chief called Captain Jack.

Captain Jack, whose Modoc name was Keintpoos was a small framed man about 5' 8", age about 35. He took the place of chief when his father was killed in 1852 in a planned raid by white men from Yreka, California. He spoke very little English and was always accompanied by a translator from his band. In the native opinion of him he was a peaceful non-violent man, caring only that his people remain on ancestral land in harmony.

However, to some military men and some white settlers, he was an aggressive killer. After several battles, Jack and five warriors were captured, held prisoner, and tried for the murders of the two peace commissioners. Jack and three warriors were executed, and two others sentenced to life in prison at Alcatraz.

Some 60 survivors of the war were sent to Oklahoma and others not involved directly settled on the Yainax reservation and nearby areas of Bonanza, Beatty and Klamath Falls. There are now two separately recognized Modoc tribes in the United States, in Oklahoma and in the Pacific Northwest.

As with all native people in the United States who try to hold on to their language and culture, the voices of strong fighting Modoc warriors have ceased, and they have intermarried with many other races. The majority of Riddle descendants remain in the Northwest ...as did Christine Allen.

This article is but a brief summary of the happenings of the Modoc War. For further reading may I suggest the books by Cheewa James and Jeff C. Riddle.

Anyone Know Any Bored Children?

New Local History Curriculum

Now on the Talent Historical Society's Website

By Debra Moon

The Oregon Heritage Commission and the Jackson County Cultural Coalition have granted funds to the Talent Historical Society (THS) to develop a local history curriculum and two new exhibits for Elementary School children, their families and the community at large. Since school is closed for the remainder of the school year, THS staff members have been working hard to make the first unit, "Talent Elementary School: Then and Now" available on the website, www.talenthistory.org, under Local History Curriculum on the menu. An exhibit on "The History of Schools in Talent" is in the making and hopefully will be available to the public once the museum is open again.

Images of an oversized book, made by revered teacher, Genevieve Holdridge, and her 3rd grade students from 1956-1966, documenting the school and the town during that time period have been used as a basis for the curriculum. This book is referred to as the "Flip Book" in the lessons, because it originally hung on a rack so children could flip the large pages as they went through the book. Three copies of this large book have also been made with the funds. One is at the Museum, and the other two will be placed at Talent Elementary School next fall.

The images of the pages are available on the website to go along with the various lessons. This is a fun way to learn about our community from 1956 to 1966 and compare it to the present day. The lessons include interviews, games, mapping skills, artifacts and activities, such as making a time capsule, playing jacks and marbles. THS hopes this is a blessing for children and their families as they finish out this school year at home, or during this coming summer.



The Talent Historical Society is a qualified Oregon Nonprofit participant of the Oregon Cultural Trust, and we encourage your support of this innovative, uniquely Oregon organization. For more information, please go to culturaltrust.org.

The Talent Historical Society Membership Application

The Talent Historical Society was founded in 1994 as a non-profit organization dedicated to collecting, preserving and interpreting the history of the Talent area in Southern Oregon. By becoming a member of the Society, you provide valuable support of the Society's ongoing work.

To become a member, please select a membership level, complete the form below, and return the completed form along with your membership payment. All memberships, regardless of level, are greatly appreciated.

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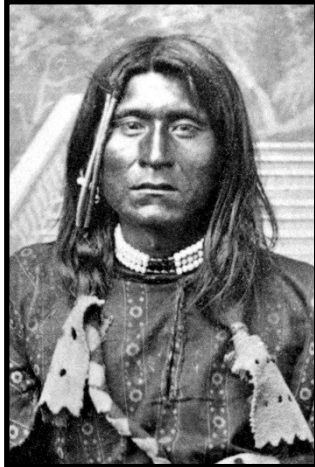
Talent Historical Society Board of Directors:

Ron Medinger	President - Membership Chair
Willow McCloud	Vice-President - Art/Design Chair
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Cherie Brooks	Treasurer
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Myke Reeser	Board Member
Bob Casebeer	Board Member - Emeritus

The Talent Historical Society Board Meeting
is held on the second Tuesday
of each month at 6:00 PM
at the museum building at 105 North
Market Street, Talent, Oregon.
All interested persons are invited to attend.



Talent Historical Society
P.O. Box 582
Talent, OR 97540



*Keintpoos
AKA Captain Jack*

TEAM Meetings: Create Your Own Event!

Our Tuesday Evening at the Museum meetings have been postponed until further notice. We are all missing these events, but while we are in the “stay at home” mode for corona virus, we can do some eventful things to learn more about local history.

Here are some suggestions:

- 1) Our website, www.talenthistory.org, has a lot of historical information. A new Local History Curriculum page has recently been added. Back issues of our newsletter, the *Historicale* can be found on the website, along with historical photos, information on pioneers, and many other resources. In old-fashioned language, give it a look-see.
- 2) Read a book about local history. Many books on the history of the area are available at our online store on the Talent Historical Society website. Some interesting ones are: *Talent* by Jan Wright, *Doty Meets Coyote* by Tom Doty, *Oregon Outcast: John Beeson's Struggle for Justice for the Indians, 1853-1899* by Jan Wright.
- 3) Purchase a photo of a historical site taken by photographer, Willow McCloud. These are beautiful photos for only \$15 apiece. Contact Willow at 541-621-1974.
- 4) Chat with friends or family members about history at home, by phone or in a Zoom, Skype or Hangout get-together.
- 5) Work on your own family genealogy or collections of stories and photos of your ancestors.
- 6) Write an autobiography yourself to leave to your children and grandchildren, or dictate your story to a willing family member who will type it up for you.

Something YOU can do to help!

If you do any shopping on Amazon.com, use the link below to enter the Amazon website. The price doesn't change, but the Historical Society receives a donation from each purchase. Any purchases you make will help support the Talent Historical Society and its projects. Thanks!!
<https://smile.amazon.com/ch/93-1125614>

Just a reminder that you can check the top, right hand corner of the address label on this issue of the *Historicale* to see when it's time for you to renew! The date will tell you when your membership expires.