



The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the
Talent Historical Society

Volume 26 Issue 3

September 2020

Universal Mental Liberty Hall Subject of New Acquisition at THS

By Jan Wright

A 1902 letter recently purchased on eBay was written by W. J. Dean (1843-1921) to T. B. Wakeman (1834-1913) which documents the connection between the Oregon cities of Silverton and Talent. Both cities had a Universal Mental Liberty Hall (UML) and a hot interest in free-thinking and secular, progressive policies. In addition to the UML Hall, the citizens of Silverton hosted the short-lived Liberal University of Oregon. The publication for the university which was referred to in the letter was called the *Torch of Reason*.

So, what does the letter that Ron Medinger bought for our collection say? Is it important? The content of the letter shows Dean checking on an article he had written for the *Torch*. The letter itself is mundane and fails to even name the title of the article for which Dean was referring. However, the letter does strongly suggest that the two men knew each other fairly well. Perhaps they became acquainted when Minnie Robison, Dean's stepdaughter, attended the Liberal University in 1900. Dean was also well-read and received several different newspapers and magazines and contributed to other liberal national publications. Long before Dean knew Wakeman in Oregon, he had read and kept copies of the papers *Man* and *Scientific Man* which Wakeman edited on the east coast.

Fortunately, Ben Truwe of the Southern Oregon Historical Society transcribed and posted on his website [<http://truwe.sohs.org/files/dean.html>] two oth-



Sula and Willis J. Dean

er letters from eBay that come from the same time period which shed light on the content of the Dean article. The topic of the article was "the mystical character of Jesus" and the intent, according to Dean, was to "awaken inquiry." It appears that W. J. Dean had published a booklet called "Christ Story" that came to the attention of Wakeman and spurred a condensed version into an article for the *Torch*. Some of you crack researchers out there could perhaps find an original copy of the *Christ Story* or even better, the actual article published in the *Torch* sometime after November 1902 when the letters were written.

Willis J. Dean was a beloved school teacher in Talent who radicalized public education which endeared him to his students and their parents. His emphasis on basic math and science and practical skills deliberately pulled students in a new direction away from the Latin language, Greek and Roman history, and religious studies. Dean was perfectly suit-

ed to Talent families who yearned for an evidence based, real-world education that was applicable to the times they lived in.

Only two UML buildings existed in Oregon. The one in Talent, pictured on page 4, was dedicated on the 4th of October 1885. The building was packed and overflowing with a crowd outside who leaned in to listen to the most liberal orators of southern Oregon at the time, Gen. E. L. Applegate, John Beeson, W.J. Dean, Prof. J. N. Hall and an unnamed Baptist minister. Abigail Scott Duniway, the editor of the *New Northwest* newspaper could not be there that day so her letter of congratulations was read before the crowd. About the same time as the Talent UML hall was sold to a private party and moved to a different location, the Liberal Hall in Silverton was opened in conjunction with the Liberal University. Classes were taught there with the intent of training free-thinking people. The University fell apart after 1902 and the buildings were eventually used for other purposes.

The letters' transcriptions (courtesy of Ben Truwe)

P. W. Geer

My Dear Sir

Your favor of 31st ult. at hand. Come this way by all means, if possible. Drop me a card so I can meet you at station, as I live 1½ miles away. Am very very glad that Mr. W. approves of my effort at Christ Story. It cost me quite a bit of study & looking up & I have enough approbation in my [illegible] to enjoy having the booklet appreciated.

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
Talent, OR 97540

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 COVID ALLOWS US TO OPEN AGAIN.

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"History is no more fixed and dead than the future. The past is no further away than the last breath you took."

— Robin Hobb

President's Message by Ron Medinger

Strange times carry on.

At our Board Meeting in June, Covid numbers seemed to be looking good, so the board made the decision to re-open the museum. After being open four weekends, the number of Covid-19 cases had jumped to 155, doubling in just four weeks! Looking at the numbers made us reconsider our decision and we decided we had best not be open after all.

As of this writing on 8/23/20, there have been 699 cases reported in Jackson County. I'm spending my precious President's Message space to not only explain to you dear members why the board is making the decisions it is, but to also document this history in the pages of the Historacle for future generations to get a feel of what was going on in 2020.

All this said, while the museum is closed, your volunteers on the Board carry on! We still are doing all the business necessary to keep our Society active and moving towards the future. Many of you have helped by including a little "something more" in with your membership renewals and this is greatly appreciated! Even though we are an all-volunteer organization, with no paid staff, we still pay for rent, utilities, insurance, licensing, and newsletter supplies

Send Your Card Benefits To Talent Historical Society! By Debra Moon

There are two easy, effortless ways to help THS with donations that do not cost you a thing, and do not even require a stamp! You can do both or either one. Of course, both is better for THS.



The First:

THS has been the beneficiary of AmazonSmile for over two years. AmazonSmile is exactly like Amazon, **with all the choices and benefits to Amazon Prime members.** AmazonSmile is a website operated by Amazon with the same products, prices, and shopping features as Amazon.com. The difference is that when you shop on AmazonSmile, the AmazonSmile Foundation will donate 0.5% of the purchase price of eligible products to the charitable organization of your choice. You use the same account login as you do for Amazon.com, so you don't need to set up a new account, you just need to choose THS as your charitable organization. Then when you have something to buy on Amazon, go to AmazonSmile instead. The link is <https://smile.amazon.com>. Your login will be the same and your account history will all be there. The one-time set up to have the .5% donation made to THS is simple. Go to your account while on the AmazonSmile website to set it up. If you are already donating to some other organization on AmazonSmile, and want to change to THS, sign in to smile.amazon.com on your computer or mobile phone browser. Go to Your Account from the navigation at the top of any page. Once you are in your account, scroll down and on the bottom right you will see a box that says, Other Programs. The first choice in that box is "Change Your Amazon Smile Charity." Click there and then select the Talent Historical Society!

The Second:

Your Ray's Food Place Access Card rewards can be sent to THS. This

The Attack of the Squash People

And thus the people every year in the valley of humid July did sacrifice themselves to the long green phallic god and eat and eat and eat. They're coming, they're on us, the long striped gourds, the silky babies, the hairy adolescents, the lumpy vast adults like the trunks of green elephants. Recite fifty zucchini recipes! Zucchini tempura; creamed soup; sauté with olive oil and cumin, tomatoes, onion; frittata; casserole of lamb; baked topped with cheese; marinated; stuffed; stewed; driven through the heart like a stake. Get rid of old friends: they too have gardens and full trunks. Look for newcomers: befriend them in the post office, unload on them and run. Stop tourists in the street. Take truckloads to Portland. Give to your Red Cross. Beg on the highway: please take my zucchini, I have a crippled

mother at home with heartburn. Sneak out before dawn to drop them in other people's gardens, in baby buggies at church doors. Shot, smuggling zucchini into mailboxes, a federal offense. With a suave reptilian glitter you bask among your raspy fronds sudden and huge as alligators. You give and give too much, like summer days limp with heat, thunderstorms bursting their bags on our heads, as we salt and freeze and pickle for the too little to come.

- Marge Piercy

From *The Moon is Always Female*



Letter by W. J. Dean - cont. from Page One

Have received many splendid letters of commendation. At Mr. Wakeman's request I have just sent an article to *Torch* on the mythical Jesus. I have looked into that subject a good deal & "them's my sentiments" as found in the article.

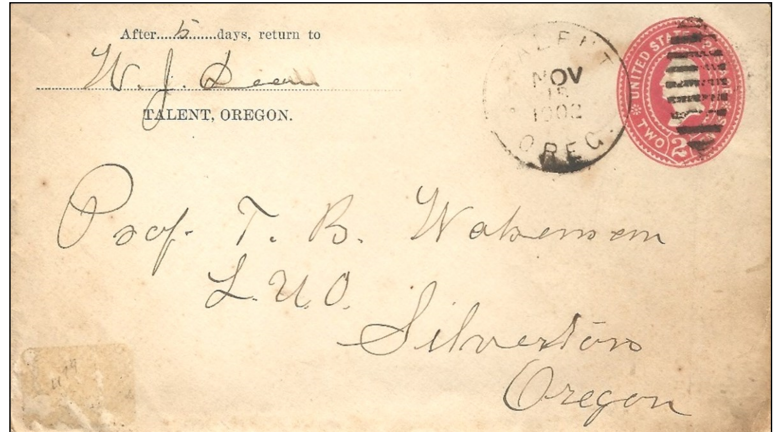
Come prepared to stay a few days. I'll take you around to some of the big orchards. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain

Yours fraternally

W. J. Dean

Transcribed from letter offered on eBay; faint scans on file. The envelope was addressed to "T.B.W. & Mr. P. W. Geer, L.U.O. [Liberal University of Oregon], Silverton, Ore."



Above and below, scan of the 1902 letter and envelope in THS collection.

Talent, Ore., Nov. 4, '02

Prof. T. B. Wakeman

My Dear Sir

At your request I send you an article on the mythical character of Jesus. The subject is, as you know, is a big one, and of course in a newspaper article I could only skim over a part of the ground. The evidence alluded to in the article is what made the greatest impression on me. The evidence for the astronomical origins of many features is good, but have to be traced far back & I deemed it best not to touch upon it.

My main object is to awaken inquiry. I fear, though, that I have been too lengthy, though I rewrote & lopped off several paragraphs. Please find enclosed a few stamps for extra copies of *Torch*, should you print it.

Should you print it in *Torch*, if you will have, say, 300 or 400 leaflets struck off while type is set up, do so & I will make it all right with you for the extra expense.

[illegible] to retain enough to [illegible] on inside back cover of Christ Story you have & send the balance.

Hope you will have no serious trouble in making out ms. I do not boast of my chirography.

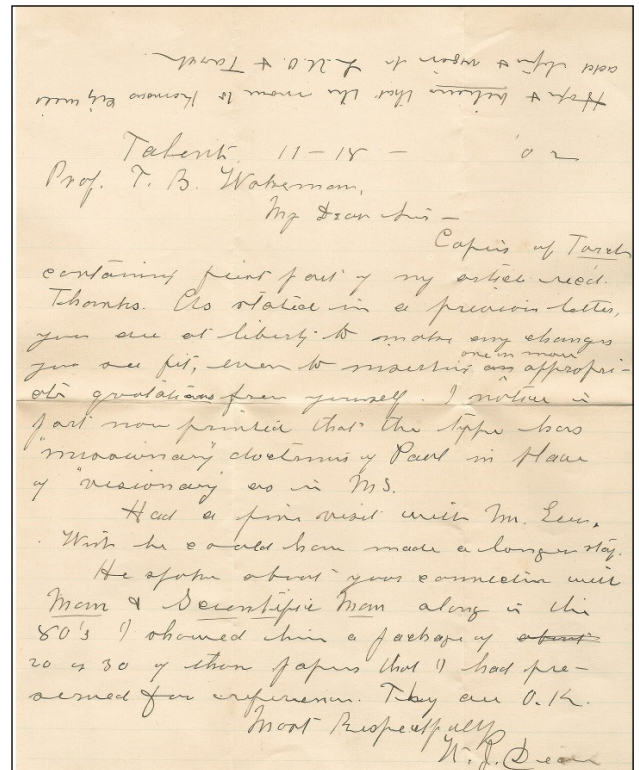
Should you find my plan (as you are likely to) which could be improved by a change in wording you are at full liberty to make such change.

Just received a line from Mr. Geer. Thinks he may drop in on us soon. Don't let him get out of that notion. Should like ever so much to see him.

Most fraternally,

W. J. Dean

Transcribed from letter offered on eBay; faint scans on file. The envelope was addressed to "T.B.W. & Mr. P. W. Geer, L.U.O. [Liberal University of Oregon], Silverton, Ore."



At right, the Universal Mental Liberty Hall in Talent which was on the corner of Wagner Creek and Anderson Creek Roads.





Thomas
Frederick
Doty
1952 - 2020

By Jan Wright

Dumped by a fickle star that he fell in love with, Coyote plummeted from the sky and landed so forcefully on the earth that he created the deep depression we now call Crater Lake. This Native story was storyteller Thomas Doty's go-to story. As it turned out, he enacted his own version of it when he recently passed away as a result of injuries from tumbling down a flight of stairs (one letter off from stars). The sounds and motions that Doty used in his telling of the falling Coyote still echo in my mind, garnering a blue deeper than the sky or Crater Lake.

Like no other man I ever knew, Tom pursued his passion. The Storyteller's profession was not a hobby or weekend amusement, it was his calling and life choice. For nearly 40 years he forsook all other pursuits to listen, collect, learn, and share the cultural heritage that could have been lost. If not for Tom, we would not have heard with our own ears the story of Salmon Boy, the poetry in the raven's caw, the gestures of power and love of

the father who followed his son to the sunrise each morning, or the dreams of snakes, of the Rock People, of the dragonflies that formed the Table Rocks, or our vision of the soft firelight burning as the stories blazed into our hearts. Emulating the tone, gestures, and emphasis he learned from Native elders, he imparted visual impact and meaning to skillfully infuse authenticity into his performances.

The children of Oregon will miss him. When schools were in session, he traveled from one end of the state to the other to tell Native stories. He could turn a gym full of 200 squirmy kids into a smoky lodge house with his thorough preparation and attention to every detail. Even the spiders listened.

His masterful collection of ancient and original stories, *Doty Meets Coyote* was published in audio and book form by Blackstone Publishing in 2016. (Available at the museum when we are open.) He studied the Takelma language and rock writings of

writings of the Western United States. He would do anything to get outside, to absorb everything the creator had to offer and incorporate that wisdom into his stories. He found solace and fodder for his stories by "sauntering" through cemeteries, village sites, sacred fishing spots, obsidian mountains, lava beds, lakes filled with water striders, bird refuges and the redwoods. He followed the rivers to the ocean, and often collected basket making materials along the way.

Talent Historical Society benefited from his talent and efforts. He gifted us with his stories and books and even served on the Board of Directors for a short time. He filled a section in the THS library with primary reference materials on the local Takelma, Shasta and Athabaskan people.

Tom Doty's daughter, Irina, has set up a Go Fund Me account in his honor to help fund a memorial (when COVID is no longer a deterrent to getting together) and to augment the final expenses of his burial and end of life experience. She is also looking for a place to deposit his journals, notebooks and writings in a permanent repository.

If you can, please contribute to the Go Fund Me account in his honor. Follow <https://www.gofundme.com/f/paying-tribute-to-thomas-doty> or go to [gofundme.com](https://www.gofundme.com) and search for his name to find photos of him and check on the progress of the fundraiser.



Tom Doty's passion was storytelling.

SHARING MY STORY

By Ron Medinger

Introduction: This is the first of several contributions by members and Board Members of the Talent Historical Society. We discussed in our Board Meeting recently the idea of sharing things we know about Talent that might be interesting to others. It might be our own story (our history) of living in Talent, or some interesting fact or episode that we are familiar with in the town's history. As the current Board President, I am volunteering to go first. If you have a story you'd like to share, send it to info@talenthistory.org or mail it to Talent Historical Society, PO Box 582, Talent OR 97540.

My family first moved to Talent in September of 1988. We had moved to the valley two years before so I could go to work for my brother's construction company in Ashland. Those first two years we lived in Ashland, but when we decided to buy a house, we looked around the valley and knew that Talent was for us. At that time the population of Talent was just over 2,000.

We were still a young family. My high school sweetheart wife and our two sons then aged nine and eleven. Oh... and Morgan. Our cat, who as a tiny kitty, had followed Stella home when she had walked our boys to the first day of school when our youngest son started his first day of kindergarten. Morgan made an impression on us all so he could make sure he joined the family.

We were starting fresh in a new town in a new state and in a new world. We moved here from Nebraska and the Rogue Valley was about as different from living on the plains as you could get. I've now spent 32 years as a Talention almost half my life and have never regretted moving here.

Settling in was somewhat challenging for the first year or so. The house we decided to buy was what you might call a "fixer-upper". It is located at 204 South First Street and was once the parsonage for the Methodist Church next door. At the time we looked at it, it had been owned by some folks who had moved to a southern state in the east three years before. They had rented the house out and what you fear worst about being an absentee landlord had come true for them.

The yard was covered by three-foot-tall weeds, bone dry in the July sun, just waiting for a spark. The house itself wasn't any better. There were a couple of broken windows, a large oil spot in the center of the carpet in the Living Room where I believe someone had overhauled a motorcycle and a few holes in the plaster walls. I looked at it and thought, "Oh boy! A challenge!!" My youngest son Tony looked at it and said, "We don't really have to live here, do we?"

Stella and I were confident we could make it into a pleasant home for our family. We had done many

improvements on our house back in Nebraska and what the heck I was going to work for a construction company wasn't it?

The first job was removing that awful carpet in the Living Room. Out it came! When we had removed the filthy padding underneath, what did we find but a beautiful original fir floor! What was currently the nice sized living room had originally been a Front Parlor and adjoining Dining Room. The original Dining Room part of the floor had been painted long ago to simulate rugs or carpets on the floor. Of course, our thought was we could get this flooring refinished and have a beautiful original fir floor at almost no cost.

Although I was still a relatively young man, I had enough experience with old houses that I knew this wasn't something we should rush in to. We decided to "live with" the fir floor at least until the following summer to see how we liked it. What a good decision that was! Winter came to Talent and the Medingers shivered through their first winter here. Turns out, the beautiful fir flooring was the only thing nailed to the floor joists, no subfloor below!

For those of you not familiar with building techniques, some sort of subfloor is usually installed on the floor joists before a finished floor is laid on top of it. These days builders use 4' x 8' sheets of subfloor, but in 1912 or so when our house was built one would expect 1" x 10" boards lain at an angle to be the first layer with the fir flooring installed on top of that. Nope! Not in this house! Because there was only one layer of flooring and it consisted of 76-

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George Kramer
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year-old tongue and groove fir boards about 3" wide, the winter winds just whipped right up through that single layer of flooring into our house.

On top of that, our main heat source was a somewhat ugly wood stove situated near the center of the house in our Living Room. When the John Denver loving, Rocky Mountain dreaming, country bumpkins from eastern Nebraska first saw that woodstove, they thought, "Oh how romantic. We have arrived in our version of 'the mountains'. We can heat with wood!" Of course, neither one of those bumpkins had any experience living with wood heat. We had central heating and air conditioning in our Nebraska home.

It being September and with no stock of firewood already in place, we figured we'd better get some wood. Having no time or equipment to get it ourselves, we called an ad we'd seen in the newspaper offering, "Wood for sale. Cut to fireplace length, hauled to your site." Just what we were looking for!

When our load of wood was delivered by the "helpful wood guy", he dumped it out of his dump bed truck in a big pile in the backyard where I showed him to and zoomed away.....did you know when you're buying wood this late in the year, you should buy dry wood? I didn't. Didn't even know enough to think about that. Well me, my sledgehammer, and the iron wedge I stopped at Talent Hardware to pick up on my way home from work one day, sure got a workout that fall. That miserable, long, rainy fall. Final tip on

buying wood, wet wood is hard to split by hand and it even harder to burn.

We found the two electric heaters mounted in the Living Room walls were very handy that year. Expensive to run, but handy. First improvement we made to the house as soon as we could afford it was a nice gas heater stove to replace the somewhat ugly woodstove in the Living Room. It did a much better job and I didn't have to split any more wood. I had actually always liked those gas heater stoves. My grandparents had one in their home. When I was little and when we would go visit them in the winter, I always loved sitting in front of



Ron with his son Nick at left standing out front of their "Most Improved House" sometime in the 90's.

that heater stove watching the gas flames through the window in the front of it. When we bought our gas heater stove, I made sure we bought one with a window. Good choice!


We survived that first winter and the following summer my generous brother and sister-in-law gave my wife something

she would have never expected for her birthday. Brand new wall to wall carpet in our Living Room. She left for work one morning and when she walked through the front door that evening she was dumbfounded to find the builder elves had come in during the day, laid an underlayment down over our drafty fir floor, then laid beautiful, comfortable carpet. That was a birthday she will never forget.

Over the years we made many improvements to that house. So much so that in 1996 we were awarded the "Most Improved House" award by the Talent Enhancement Month Committee. We even made the Wednesday, June 19, 1996 edition of The Phoenix-Talent Record with an article and a photo of us being presented our prize, a \$45 gift certificate to Grange Co-Op. But the most rewarding acknowledgement came from inside our own family. One evening Stella and I were in the Kitchen when our youngest son came out of his bedroom to tell us that he remembered making the comment about not wanting to

live in this house. He remembered our answer telling him that it would be okay, we'd make it into a nice home for us and he wanted to let us know, that we had done that. He loved our home.

I'll continue the story of the Medingers in Talent another time, for now let's all remember that our houses can be made into our homes if we take the time, put in the work and create the comfort that makes a house a home.



Rick Chester, Pharmacist
Naturopathic Physician
& Acupuncturist

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My Mother's Daughter

The Memoirs of Jewel Donaca Lockard

Continued from the June Issue

CHAPTER 2

We Move to our New Home

One day a man by the name of Thomas came along hunting and wanted to talk. He had walked down over the hills from the middle fork of Anderson Creek. He remarked that he had his place up for sale so he could get out of the country. He would do about anything to leave. Mom was interested but how could they buy anything being penniless? Mom said all they had was that new car. He grabbed at it – it was a way out of town. The deal was made, he would take the Essex and a \$10.00 a month payment on the property.

I remember the day we came to look at the place. There were two cabins next to the hill and a puncheon slab barn up on the flat on the hill where the chicken yard is today, and an outhouse. What took my Mom's eye was a big garden below the house. It looked like food for the family. We sat in the yard and watched the Thomas boys playing with crude trucks along the upper part of the yard. The deal finished, and we had a home.

This formed another problem. Now we had no car. Dad walked over to Steve Lunak's to work for several years, practically a 4-mile hike morning and night. Steve brought our groceries, and the Montgomery Wards catalog took care of the rest. You might say we owed our soul to the company store.

I was a little past 3 ½ years old when we moved on to this place. Steve Lunak moved us. I was standing in the yard watching the truck come up the road. I thought it all so great, which it was.

The cabin we chose to live in was between the maples and the hill. It was 12 x 16 feet for the main room with a 7 x 12 feet pole lean-to kitchen. The kitchen was on the lower end and had one step going up to the door. It was made of small unpeeled poles nailed one on top of another to make walls with just enough lumber to hold it together. Also the door was made of poles, very heavy

and awkward. When we moved in, cardboard covered the inside walls. Dad in due time covered the walls with fine beaded ceiling he got through Steve Lunak, and he also made corner shelves to put things up. Mom made flour sack curtains for the dish cupboards. The floor was rough 1X 12s with cracks that let the cold in on cold winter nights. The ceiling was peeled poles and 1 x 6s for sheeting and a tarpaper roof.

The old milk cupboard (it's white now and out here on the porch) stood just to the right of the door outside under the drips when it rained. Mom had to fight for it when we moved in so she would have a place to keep milk when and if we got a cow. There were two cupboards and mom got the poorer one of the two.

Along up farther was a little bench made of 2 x 4s that held the kerosene or coal oil as it was called then. Mom or I would have to fill the lamp (we only had one) sometimes when it was raining or snowing under the drips of the roof.

Our coats hung behind the door from nails, the towel rack on the door. On the left a window and under it an old lopsided black commode (wish we had it now) with a wash basin, soap and water bucket and dipper. In the corner there were little shelves for medicine and junk. Then down the wall was Dad's chair, the table against the wall, a bench for Leland and Mom and another chair (it's up in the garage now in 2006) by another window for me.

Then a larger 3 corner shelf for dishes, then in the next corner shelves for pots, pans, supplies and junk. When I turned eleven, Dad traded a head fitting flash light for spotting deer to Ralph Doff for a short cabinet with a drain board (drain board is now my deer horn coffee table) and a blue sink, and put them in along the back wall. There was no running water to this but it did drain out to a tin trough outside.

One time, looking between the logs I spotted an old crochet book. I took out enough poles to get it and I have it yet. I mostly made crocheted yokes and caps, but other things too.

From the kitchen, we entered the main room by going up an 8-inch step. Mom hated that step with a purple passion. Today it would be called a split-level house. This room's framework was made up of poles of various sizes, something like 4 to 6 inches in depth, and board and batten on the outside. The floor was splintery tongue and grooved 1 x 6s. Mom mopped it once a week.

There were pole and shakes overhead. Going into the room to the left was a small heater, then a box to sit on. In front of the heater was Dad's rocking chair. Beyond the box was a crude closet with a curtain in front, then the crib where Leland slept. Dad and Mom's bed was in the west corner. In the middle between their bed and mine was the commode

where we kept our socks and undies. Then down at

the foot of my bed was a big box and later when we got it, the sewing machine. Down the rest of the side was junk piled up. In time there was a big radio which ran on car batteries.

Just outside the cabin grew four maples which have made shade all these years. A limb just right for a swing came out of one of them. In between the maples was the back seat of an old car



Teenaged Jewel

which made a place to sit. Once one of our cats had kittens there.

Along the path leading to the cabin from the yard gate was the water barrel. I guess it was about ten feet from the house and buried in the ground with about 6 inches above the ground. There was a crude lopsided rack to hold the old lid and the water dipper. The water came from a spring out in the yard and was sparkling clear and cold. It drained in a little ditch across the path to sink into the weeds. When we needed water, we dipped from the barrel for the house and when we had wastewater, it was tossed out the door to settle in the weeds that grew abundantly. As the years went along, we had a trout we kept in the barrel. People use to stop to see the fish and drink the water.

Our yard was large and had flowers growing around the edges. Three roses grew in the yard. A red climber and a cabbage rose are still at the same place as the day we moved in 70 odd years ago. A big white climber is by the fireplace. It grew inside a tire in the early times. Shirley poppies and the old-fashioned marigolds are still reseeding and blooming every year. The Michaelmas daisy and the holly hocks are also original. As the years went by, new flowers were added. Mom raised lots of sweet peas in the olden days.

The outhouse sat on steep bank about 75 feet below the cabin. A huge maple grew along the path and yew wood and hazel also bordered the path. On spring evenings a person could see little glow worms in the duff along the bank. I haven't seen any glow worms in years, maybe it's because I no longer go out to the old toilet trail.

On cold winter evenings, both Leland and I would have to go out to the outhouse, but not at the same time. On looking back at it, I think we went partly for the entertainment. We were scared to go alone, so Mom would leave her dishes, bundle up, light the lantern, trudge

along, stand in the cold and wait for us. We'd get back to the house, Mom would blow out the lantern, start the dishes again, and then she'd have to go through the whole process again with the other one.

Winter evenings we would light the lamp and set it on the kitchen table. Mom would be finishing up the evening chores. As soon as the table was clear, Leland and I would take it

over, doing lessons or drawing. That was where I started my artistic life. When chores were done Dad usually sat in the rocker in the main room by the stove, smoking and thinking. In later years we had the old battery radio which I hated that he listened to, always the news. It couldn't be turned



on for anything else, however, in later years we were allowed to listen to the Lone Ranger.

Leland drew pictures of Mutt and Jeff from cartoons, also other pictures. He'd also make up a newspaper of news around home, the weather and so forth. Me, I liked to draw cabins, animals and cowboys.

We had scrapbooks also and collected pictures out of magazines for them. I remember I kept my papers and scrapbooks under the bed in a wooden box. Mom also had a box of her writing stuff under her bed.

Mom always wanted to write even as a child, and wanted an education, but couldn't get one as her family moved so much. She got behind and gave it up at the age of 13. She married at 17 which really nixed her hopes of a

writing career. She saved any piece of paper obtainable to write on, even paper bags, which she cut up and ironed flat. We kids used anything we could find to draw on too. When the government had the Writer's Program of the Work Project Administration (W.P.A.) in the state of Oregon, Mom wrote for details. This was around the late '30s or early '40s under Franklin D. Roosevelt. She couldn't do much as she had no paper, no typewriter, and absolutely no help from Dad. She tried to tell him that maybe she would be able to bring in some money, but got no go on this, so she wrote for her own entertainment. She kept it to herself mostly because writing wasn't considered to be much by most people then.

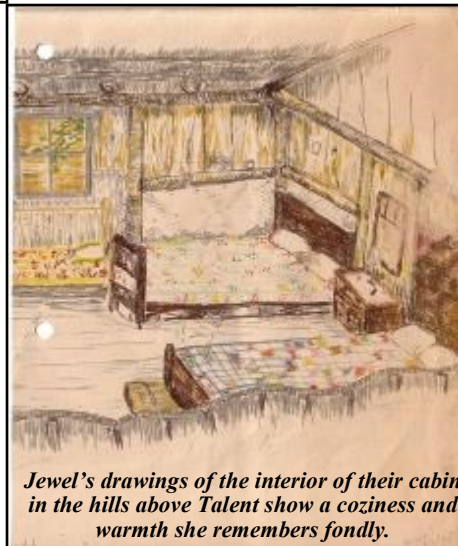
Times were still tough in those days. Dad walked four miles to Steve Lunak's to work, 8 miles a day. He earned \$1.00 a day or less when he worked. Sometimes he cut laurel, fir or pine here and Steve would buy it, although we had no way to haul it. I remember Steve coming in the Fall with a buzzsaw and "Old" Jones coming along to

help bare-off as he had only one arm.

One thing about the wood business was, no one wanted second growth fir, it had to be old growth, sound not punky. There were not a great many of them left. The country had been logged and burned. Huge snags stood all up our and the other canyons. The Laurels (Madrone) were not too big, Dad cut them with a double-bladed axe, limbed them and skid-

ded them out with a horse he'd borrowed from Steve. Sometimes he cut oak and manzanita this way too.

The fir and pine were cut in blocks (called rounds these days) usually 12 to 18 inches. Dad cut them up high in the hills and rolled the blocks down a canyon above the barn. They had built a 'blocker' across the canyon above the barn – the blocks would hit it and bounce into the air. In later years Dad got a contract to cut cord wood (4 foot length pieces) for Anderson Creek school and to



Memoirs of Jewel Donaca Lockard

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Talent. How well I knew the sounds of the crosscut saw and the ring of sledge hitting a wedge.

Most everyone cut wood to help make a living and also to heat and cook with. The Greens who lived next to us cut Laurel way up in the hills. To get it down they made chutes out of huge poles down the canyons and built off the ground about 10 feet high in the air. Then the whole tree or what a man could handle went into the chute. The tree would just fly down the chute to sail out into the field. It must have been an overpowering job to make a chute with long poles 10 to 12 inches in diameter. They had three of the chutes made along the field. Bill James lives there now. All signs of the chutes have disappeared.

One time I hiked down the road and in Green's field was a man loading wood into a truck. First the snow was about a foot deep, second the man was crippled from having fallen out of a barn when he was young. He couldn't walk. In order to get his wood loaded so he could sell it, he had to crawl out of the truck into the deep snow, dig the wood out of the snow and wallow around to

throw it into the truck. My young heart was so saddened at how the poor fellow had to struggle for a living. I hoped to never be in those circumstances.

Before we moved here this area had all been logged off. The trees were huge virgin timber and fallers used springboards to get up higher to saw the tree down. With crosscut saws it took more work to saw a tree down at the base because the bark was so thick. By setting a springboard in up high, a man could climb up on it and saw down the tree, creating lots of waste. There used to be many high stumps around here.

There had been a sawmill here before our time. It was over the hill on the line between this place and the Bill James place. A trail called the "old sawdust trail", and the sawdust piles were still there when we came. Leland and I dug big holes and played in them.

A cook house set where the garage is today and the cans were thrown down the hill. Little tent houses were perched



Jewel, Irene, Alex and Leland in 1944. Behind them their lush forested hills.

here and there. A one time a small house with a brick chimney stood up in what now the little garden.

In the old days of logging they would skid the huge logs down the main canyon to the mill or mills. Logs were laid in the ground about every 30 feet with a big wedge like dip made in it. Probably had other logs laid up and down the canyon for the logs to slide on. We have found horseshoes, but never any ox shoes. There is only one log that exists today below the little house where the creek flows over it to make a small waterfall.

Welborn Beeson probably had something to do with this logging mentioned above. He had dealings in land and timber. He made the road up past here and we've always called it the Beeson Road. There was also a sawmill down on the Marquess property about 3/4 of a mile down the road over across the creek next to the hill. ***To Be Continued in Next Issue.***

Card Benefits

Continued from Page 3

account has just been set up in the last couple of months.

If you don't have a Ray's All Access Card, you easily could. Just ask for one at the register. Once you have one (I think you need to give two weeks for it to process), then you can turn your rewards to the Talent Historical Society in one of three easy ways.: 1) You can call 541-412-0005 and request that your rewards go to the Talent Historical Society; 2) You can email AllAccess@CKmarket.com to request THS; or 3) You can go into a Ray's Food Place store and go to the customer service desk, and they will assist you to direct your rewards money as a charitable donation to THS.

When you are shopping, be sure you have your access card (or you can give your phone number to the cashier instead of using the card). You will probably have to remind the person ringing you up to use your Access Reward, as they often forget to mention it—but please remember yourself—it could help THS a lot.

If you experience trouble setting up either of these donation programs, please call the Museum, 541-512-8838,

or email Ron Medinger, r.medinger@talenthistory.org, or Debra Moon, debra.moon7@gmail.com. Please take action to arrange one, or both, of these donating opportunities to THS. The rewards are small to one individual at a time, but when many members participate, they could add up to a significant income for our local historical society.



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:

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The Talent Historical Society Board Meeting
is held via ZOOM on the second Tuesday
of each month at 6:00 PM
All interested persons are invited to attend.
Those who are interested in participating
may email debramoon7@gmail.com.



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

Walking Tour of Historic Talent

18

**Talent Baptist Church
303 East Main Street**



This two-story frame building is likely the oldest structure standing in downtown Talent, having been reportedly built in 1871, long before the existence of the town itself. It is the oldest Baptist Church in southern Oregon and is reportedly the second oldest such structure in the state. As originally built, the church faced what is now Talent Avenue and in that orientation is clearly visible in a variety of early photographs of the city. The steeple has long served as an easily recognizable landmark for the area. In the early 1920's, to allow for the construction of the Hill-Stearns Building, the church was turned 90 degrees and moved to its current location. Although somewhat modified by post-1960's modernizations, the building continues to relate its historic associations and construction.

