



The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the
Talent Historical Society

Volume 29 Issue 3

September 2023

REMINISCENCES OF OLD DAYS

From the Ashland Tidings October 31, 1884

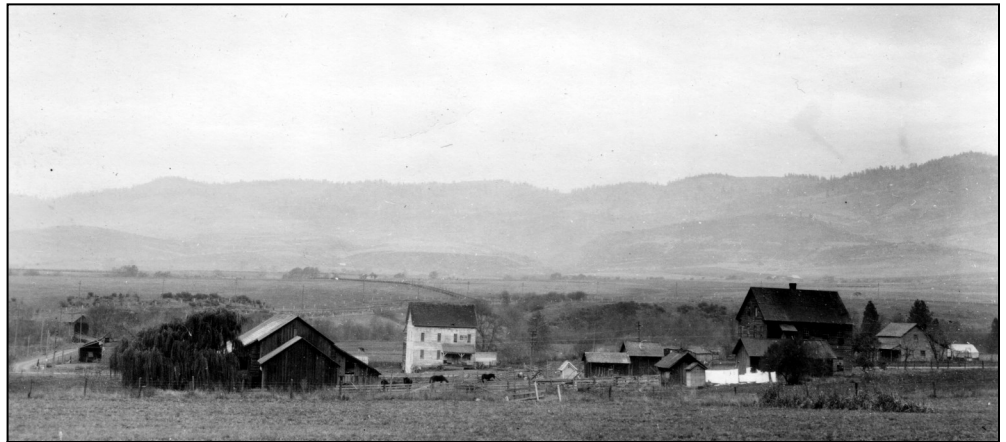
*Notes and Reminiscences of a Pioneer
Who Has Recently Visited
Wagner Creek After a Long Absence.*

Talent, Oregon, Oct. 21, 1884
EDITOR TIDINGS:

After many years I have again visited my old home in the "classic precincts" of Wagner creek, and I was so much surprised at the changes that have taken place in the last few years that I thought I would give vent to my feelings by writing you a narrative as it were, of my trip.

Be it remembered that some twenty five years ago I resided on Wagner creek, when A. G. Rockfellow, George W. Rockfellow, Jacob Wagner, John M. McCall, James Thornton and O. Coolidge, all of your flourishing city at the present time, were then residents of Wagner creek, which derived its name from Hon. Jacob Wagner, who was among the first pioneer residents of the creek, and who was proprietor of old Fort Wagner, which afforded a home and shelter for many of the earlier pioneers. Well, on a beautiful morning in the last days of September I journeyed from your town on the old stage road. As I passed the old Eagle Mills, my memory reverted to the time when Thomas & Bros., with energy and enterprise, were running a business here, employing more than fifty laborers, keeping a hotel, store, blacksmith shop, mill and a distillery. The latter business proved a bane to all the other enterprises, all the employees becoming victims to the product of the still, and even at last the older Thomas died a resident of the poor house, and his younger brother a most painful death. I understand the property is now in reasonably flourishing condition, under the direction of Mrs. Farnham, the widow of the late A. F. Farnham, whom I well knew in the early mining days of Salmon river, across the line.

Progressing down the road I passed the Warm springs, where the line of the O.& C.R.R. winds around the rocky points at



*Built in 1854, Eagle Mills was the closest gristmill for Wagner Creek farmers.
From "Images of America—Talent" by Jan Wright*

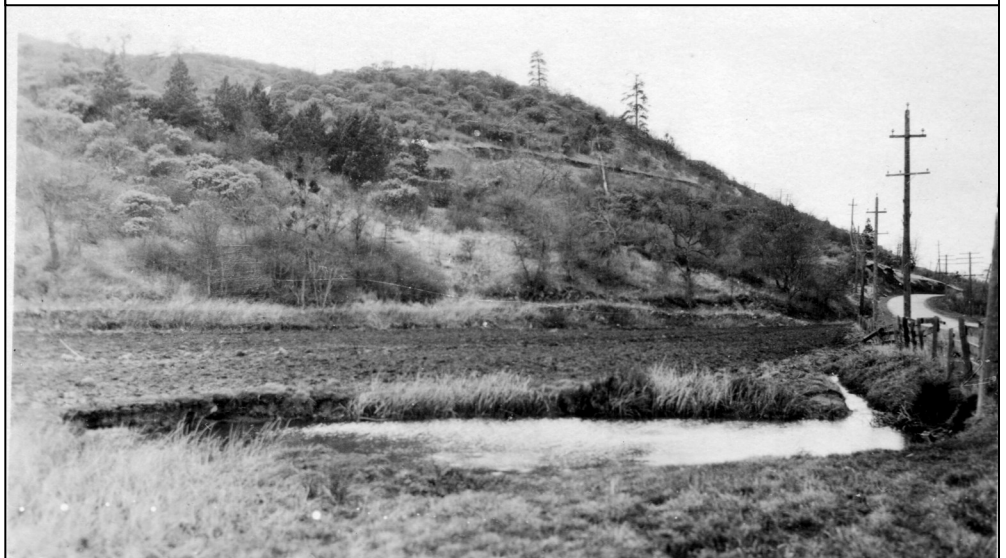
dizzy height. In early days, when driving the patient pack mules on the trail over these same points of rock, if any one had told me the steam horse would puff heavy trains of cars, carrying more in one car than one hundred mules could pack, I certainly would have thought him as foolish

as I should a man now who would tell me that some day man will navigate the air like the birds. Jogging along, I passed the former home of O. Coolidge, where I learned a gentleman named Wm. Patton now lives. Here I see great improvement in the way of clearing

Continued on Page 3

Now called Jackson Wellsprings, this warm spring was right along the road between Talent and Ashland. Long before the pioneers arrived, Native Americans used the healing waters of this spring.

From "Images of America—Talent" by Jan Wright. Photo courtesy of the Kerby family.



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
Wednesday and Sunday
12:00PM to 4:00PM

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/

Blogspot: [talenttowninflames@blogspot.com](http://talenttowninflames.blogspot.com)

The Historacle is published quarterly.

Editor: Ron Medinger
r.medinger@talenthistory.org

You may submit your written work about historical Talent to be considered for publication in this 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 Wednesday & Sunday 12:00 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Memberships Since Last Issue

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Karen & Mike Layfield
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Noni Eaton

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Hello THS Members!

This is the second issue of the *Historacle* where I have acted as Interim Newsletter Editor since Myke Gelhaus' passing this spring. I am THS' Treasurer, Membership Chair and Museum Staffer along with running our Annual Talent Tomato Plant Sale each spring and the Talent Poker Tour Fundraiser Tournaments four times each year. I volunteered to be the Interim Newsletter Editor because I had done this job before and we wanted to make sure there was no interruption in the newsletter publication. But quite frankly I **do not** have time to continue on as the editor and am hoping there is someone willing to help out the Historical Society in this role. Training is available, although one should already have a decent knowledge in the operation of a computer. If you, or someone you know, would like to explore this challenge, please contact me by emailing r.medinger@talenthistory.org. Thank you!

Ron Medinger

REMINISCENCES OF OLD DAYS

Continued from Page 1

land and planting fruit trees. Before coming to the Coolidge place I saw a dwelling and orchard where I understand Father Kilgore, a staunch old friend in days of yore, has located to spend in quiet retirement his declining years. May they be long, as also those of his good wife. I also notice that the old Dennis Crowley diggings give evidence of extensive mining operations, likewise the old French diggings where there appears to be a large hydraulic pipe crossing the stage road and Bear creek, conveying water from the Ashland mining ditch, to wash the dirt somewhat faster than the three Frenchmen used to do, when carrying it in buckets to Bear creek and washing it out with an old fashioned rocker. I learned that E. K. Anderson (Joe Anderson, my Joe, as we used to call him over in Siskiyou, in the long, long ago) is the principal proprietor, as also of the Charley Boxley, and Forty nine diggings below Wagner creek. Ah! well do I remember when Jack Walker and Charley Cummings, made the first clean up in what is known as the Forty nine diggings. They got all their pans, frying pans, pots, camp kettles, and everything about the camp, full of amalgam, and pronounced the diggings as rich as any struck in 1849; and so that is the way the diggings derived its name.

Leaving the Coolidge place I soon came to Wagner creek and to what used to be the Rockfellow place, but I had to be told by an old settler that this was the place. I was not sure myself. The scenery had changed so new buildings, new fences, and trees and brush grubbed out and fruit trees and locust trees growing in their place. The first half dozen persons I met and asked if this is the Rockfellow place said, "No, it is the Helms place." They told me James Helms had lived there ever since they knew the place. One person finally told me it was the old Thornton place, but I knew better than that, for the old Thornton place was higher up the creek. I finally met an old gentleman, an acquaintance of former years, Father John Holton. (He did not know me,) and he told me "yes, this is where the Rockfellows used to live, but James Helms lives here now, and over across there is the site of old Fort Wagner, and the Wagner farm." It is all divided up now and is being covered with houses, forming quite a village. I crossed the bridge and found new buildings in every direction. I find Wm. H. Breese, recently from Iowa, is building a blacksmith shop almost on the identical spot where poor old Jim Clarkson of Yreka had the first blacksmith shop in all this county. Poor Jim now sleeps the last sleep, with many others of those earlier times. I went to try to find the exact place where the picket of the Fort stood. The only sign left was the mound where the old fire place of Jacob Wagner's hospitable log cabin used to stand. Near by is a fine residence which I understand was erected by Esq. H. Root, a more recent owner, now

residing in Ashland. The present occupant is a gentleman by name of James Hemmer, recently from California, who has purchased three acres of the old Wagner orchard and is preparing to put a dwelling up soon. He seems to be a very pleasant gentleman, but could give no information in regard to any of the old settlers. He said that a Mr. A. P. Talent owned the property where we were talking and that he was proprietor of the store and several acres of land which he was selling off in lots to suit purchasers. I

went to the store which I found situated on the high ground just west of the old Fort site. Mr. Talent seems to be a real, live business man. Such a resident is a benefit to any neighborhood. He seems to think that eventually the railroad will see the

necessity of a side track at this point and will put one in. I understand that parties on Wagner creek are about to take a contract to furnish a thousand or more cords of wood here for the use of the railroad. I spent an hour here very pleasantly, during which time I could hear the mechanics' saw and hammers on half a dozen different houses in course of construction.

I started up the lane leading up the creek, but nothing looked natural until I came to the conical shaped roof of the dwelling of my old friend, Welborn Beeson, who is the second person I had as yet seen of by gone acquaintances. I found him drying fruit with the assistance of several neighbors. He did not recognize me at first, but on my telling him who I was appeared glad to see me and immediately made me feel at home with that same open hospitality for which he and his mother were noted in former times.

By the way, I found Welborn's father residing with him, a gentleman I never had happened to meet before, but had heard of always, in fact, he has a wide reputation as being the friend of humanity, especially of the Indian. I find him an intelligent and spry old gentleman in his

eighty third year, still writing on his favorite subjects. He seems to have a comfortable home with his son in his declining years, and nothing to occupy his mind but humanity's good and progression. Welborn gave me a great deal of information in regard to old friends. He tells me that the Robison family and Uncle David Stearns and Uncle John Holton and himself are all that are left of the former residents on Wagner creek. I afterwards met Auntie Robison, who is living with one of her sons. Although she did not know me I remembered her with a full heart, knowing



the many kind acts she had done for the neighbors in all the section around, during cases of sickness and suffering she was younger no such her knowledge, but with all the kindness and sympathy a noble woman could bestow, and hundreds have felt the benefit of her presence at the sick bed. If she should ever be sick or suffering, it is to be hoped some one will return the kindness ten fold.

I also met my old friends D. W. Brittain and wife who now live on Wagner creek. He is somewhat noted as being one of the survivors of the Indian attack on Siskiyou mountains in 1855. He wisely took the poet's advice to "run away and live to fight another day."

Well, Mr. Editor, this letter is much longer than I had intended to write, and as I could write as much more on the school and improvements and about the new acquaintances and my visit to E. K. Anderson's, etc., perhaps, if this is worth publishing, I will write again. I will close and sign myself the PRODIGAL SON

(Note: There are unreadable parts of the newspaper)

[A search through the 1884 Welborn Beeson diary has not yet revealed who this "prodigal son" was.]

Our Feathered Friends

by Debra Moon and Emmalisa Whalley

Bird surveys on the Greenway are conducted early, no later than an hour after sunrise, in the cool of the morning, by teams of 3 to 4 local birders. When THS Board Member, Emmalisa Whalley is one of the team members, some excellent photos result from the walk.

Early in July in the Lynn Newbry area Emmalisa reports 34 species of birds and 167 birds total sighted. By August 11th the numbers of species did not increase, 30 species were seen, but the total number of birds increased dramatically to 378. One reason for this increase is that this time of year fledglings have hatched and are following their parent birds around.

Emmalisa normally walks Lynn Newbry at least once monthly and the Suncrest area about once monthly also. Emmalisa and her team can not only identify local bird species by sight, but she knows their sounds and their habitats as well. The two areas surveyed include a creek, ponds, trees and meadows. So many types of birds from our area can be seen and accounted for. Considering that the Greenway burned



Black-headed grosbeak near Lynn Newbry Park

to a crisp three years ago, the birds of all habitats have made a very good comeback, reflecting the comeback of our own town, which has shown grit, cooperation, increased communication and devotion to recovery. The slowest bird population to restore has been tree-dwellers, since the trees were hardest hit and slowest to regenerate. However, progress looks good and often Tree Swallows and other tree dwellers are seen.

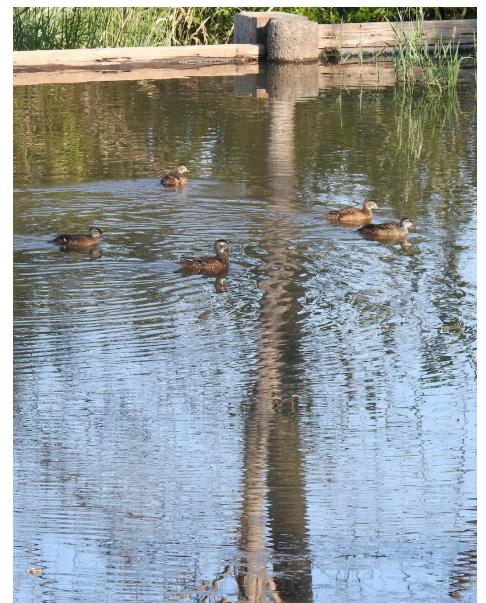
Waterbirds care for and defend their babies at this time of year. The survey teams have observed a mama Wood Duck and her babies, seen on more than one of the walks. Also noted have been Osprey, Green Herons, Belted Kingfishers and Black Phoebes near the water. As always, Turkey Vultures, Red-Winged Blackbirds, and Mallards abound. Starlings, seem ever present, and Lesser Goldfinches, summer residents, populate the meadows in great numbers this summer. An occasional Red-Tailed Hawk, some Hummingbirds, and Black-Headed Grosbeaks have been seen too. Emmalisa says of Lynn Newbry, "Starting off we were greeted with a small number of Black-Capped Chickadees, nine, and many birds in the trees. We spotted two White-Breasted Nuthatches and a single Brown Creeper working the trees... We had a couple of American Robins and a few Cedar Waxwings. The largest number of birds seen in this section were the Lesser Goldfinch at 33."

The Suncrest area reveals more waterbirds, meadow birds, and others as well. "The largest number of birds we saw [in the Suncrest area] were the Acorn Wood-

peckers, 15, European Starlings, 23, and a family of California Scrub-Jays that were on both sides of the path as we travelled, seven. The highlight of this section was hearing a Killdeer, a White-breasted Nuthatch, a Bewick's Wren and a Tree Swallow. We had a whopping four Anna's Hummingbirds that flew around us and near us. And we spotted a group of Brown-Headed Cowbirds that were near the edge of the path and a couple of Black-Headed Grosbeaks."

Emmalisa was on a walk in August on Lynn Newbry Transect A, when she reports this: "This transect had one less species than Transect B, but a much larger number of birds seen. We had three woodpeckers, Acorn, Downy and Northern Flickers. We also spotted one wren in this section, the Bewick's Wren. And then we had a wonderful sighting and experience, Barry (a team member) said, 'I think that's a Heron,' and sure enough it was a Green Heron. Not only just one, but it appears it was a family, two adults and three fledglings that were travelling together. One of the adults was vocalizing in the woods while I captured a picture of one of the babies on a limb. It was great."

Note: Emmalisa Whalley, THS Board Member and volunteer Bear Creek Burn surveyor, is an excellent photographer, providing us with amazing photographs of our birds and producing a bird calendar yearly, available on the THS website, www.talenthistory.org. This article is a summary of her observations through July and August 2023 touching on sighting highlights. If you are interested in the complete survey data, contact Klamath Bird Observatory, <https://klamathbird.org/>.



Mama Wood Duck and babies in the Suncrest area

Talent Poker Tour #51



Thanks to everyone who came out to our tournament on July 29th, and congratulations to our winner Kim Stinson. Our next tournament is scheduled for Saturday, September 16th. 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 \$50.00 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 info@talenthistory.org or call the museum at 541.512.8838 for additional information.



Closing Event for the Almeda Fire Exhibit at the Talent Museum Extended Fire Relief Services, Fire Stories, Music and Dance Performance

by Debra Moon

On Saturday, September 9th, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. the Talent Museum will host a commemorative event on the third anniversary of the fire, just before the exhibit is going to leave our town and go to the Chetco Valley Historical Society Museum in our Sister City, Brookings. It will stay there until after the society's Cider on Sunday event on October 8th. More about this event can be seen on the society's website, www.chetcomuseum.org. After October 8th, the Almeda Fire Exhibit will go to the Oregon Cultural Trust offices in Salem. The Oregon Cultural Trust funded the exhibit through a grant received last fall.

The purpose of the September 9th event at the Talent Museum, 105 North Market Street in Talent, not just to remember the Almeda Fire and the historical society's documentation of it, but to continue to heal, to assess our progress, and to celebrate our recovery to this point. The Talent Historical Society is partnering with the Jackson County Community Long Term Recovery Group (JCCLTRG) at this event. When disasters occur, Long Term Recovery Groups are often formed as a 501(c)(3) in the community. Ours in Jackson County extends services over the long term, not only to spiritual and emotional needs, but also to material needs, relationships, body care, counseling, and numerous other services.

The public is invited to join at this Closing Event for the Almeda Fire Exhibit, where there will be some things not normally seen at the Talent Museum. There



Part of the Almeda Fire display

will be a chair massage set up in a pop up on the lawn of the museum. A person will be walking around with an emoji board asking people to identify what emoji represents their feeling, and then sending them to a technician or clinician in their crew if the person chooses the service. There will be two clinicians who have been trained as compassionate listeners to talk to people who want to tell their story. One will be bilingual.

On the stage at the commons, a local 5-piece band, Rickishane, will be playing throughout the day as a community service. Dancers from Turning Point Dance Studio will be performing in between the band sets, also as a community service.

This is going to be a great event offered to the community by the Talent Historical Society, JCC Long Term Recovery Group, Turning Point Dance Studio and Rickshane. For more information on the services that JCCLTRG offer for fire recovery check their website, <https://jcccltrg.org>. JCCLTRG will also be at an event on September 8th at the Phoenix Community Center, 121 W. 2nd Street. There are still many unmet needs, and JCCLTRG is here to assess and help meet those needs.



Heart and Fire by, Willow McCloud

The Talent Historical Society Sponsors:
The Almeda Fire Exhibit Closing Event
At the Talent Museum
Library Commons and Stage
10 a.m. until 4 p.m.
September 9, 2023
3rd anniversary of the fire



with the
Jackson County Long Term
Recovery Group
providing services for processing and recovery
from fire trauma



featuring
Rickishane 5-piece band * Turning Point
Dancers

also sponsored by
the Talent Business Alliance

The Almeda Fire—The Ongoing Story

When THS was gathering Almeda Fire Stories this spring, Kathleen Devitt submitted hers. Unfortunately, it was misplaced by a member of our staff and was not considered for publication in our book "Talent, Oregon—The Almeda Fire." Our thanks and apologies go out to Kathleen and we present her story here.

Almeda Fire September 8, 2020 by Kathleen Devitt

Tuesday, the day of the fire, my neighbors and I, on Aldin Circle in Talent, were watching the darkening smoke filled skies trying to determine whether we should evacuate or not. I had signed up for the Jackson County text alerts on my cell phone prior to the fire. I was on my own with my dog and two cats as my husband was out of town in California. I had loaded up my car with our personal papers, safety box, albums, and a few other mementos.

At the start of the day, we had both water and electricity, but by the afternoon, both water and electricity were off. I finally received a text message from Jackson County Alert System stating that the roads were all clogged with vehicles and it was impacting first responders' ability to help, so the text asked us to stay home until we were told to evacuate. I took photos documenting what we were seeing from Aldin Circle. I never received another text message from the Jackson County Alert System ever again. This was the most frustrating part, because I didn't know if we should stay put as the text told us or leave for our safety.

Sometime around 6:15 p.m., our neighbors and I decided we needed to get out of there even though we did not receive evacuation orders yet. I packed up my dog and two cats in their carriers into the car. From the earlier text message, I received from Jackson County Alert, we didn't know if the roads were passable or not to be able to safely exit Talent. My neighbor is friends with Brandon, the owner of the Ella Bella Farm off West



*Our view from Aldin Circle of air tanker preparing to drop retardant
Photo by Kathleen Devitt*

Rapp Road, so we headed to the farmer fields less than a quarter mile from our houses. Sometime awhile later after we arrived at the farm, the neighbor who lives behind us on Bell Road texted me and asked if we heard the cops going through our neighborhood telling everyone to evacuate, but we were already gone.

I know of at least two households with older ladies living in them that never heard the cops going through the neighborhood. One of them stayed at her house the entire time. At the farm, if the wind shifted and the flames headed our way, our plan was to grab the animals and head into the center of the plowed, empty field. The farmer thankfully had a portable toilet for us to use too. I took additional photos from the farmer fields off West Rapp Road. There we stayed watching the flames and the wind direction most of the night. Thankfully for us, the winds never shifted in our direction as it continued to



*From the farmer's field
Photo by Kathleen Devitt*

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A familiar image of that frightful night—Photo by Kathleen Devitt

blow north along the I-5 corridor

At about 2 a.m., the flames we had seen burning so close to us in Talent appeared to have died down significantly while we could see the fire burning now in the direction of Phoenix. At this time, the neighbors and I (5 of us now) went to our vehicles to try to get some much-needed rest. I rested a bit inside the car and then around 4:30 a.m., got up and sat outside again. Then around 5:30 a.m. on Wednesday morning, after the others got up, we all headed back to our houses which were thankfully untouched by the fire. My husband returned to Talent a couple days later with water and a generator. I think the city water came back on a couple days after the fire, and electricity, I think was about a week after the fire. We kept an eye out on our neighborhood as we were told looters were around. The last photos I took were taken walking around Talent about a week after the fire.

Talent, Oregon
The Almeda Fire
 A Documentation
 by the Talent Historical Society

Talent, Oregon
El incendio Almeda
 Una documentación por la Sociedad
 Histórica de Talent

Talent Historical Society still has copies of its Almeda Fire documentation project, a 303 page volume with photos and stories of those affected by the 2020 wildfire. They are available at the historical society museum for \$25.00 each.

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,

Volunteers needed!
Your friends who currently volunteer at our local historical society are falling behind and need your help!
Please read the announcement below in the red box and help us find these much needed volunteers.
Thank you!

Volunteer positions available at the Talent Historical Society include:
Board Members; Newsletter Editor; Librarian; Accessions Intake Data Entry; Article Contributors for the Historacle; Museum Cleaners; Tuesday Evening at the Museum Coordinator; Museum Docents.
If you would like to help us keep our museum open and healthy and have an interest in any of these positions, please contact us by emailing info@talenthistory.org or leave a message on the museum phone at 541.512.8838 anytime.

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The Story of my Life by Alice Rockfellow Meacham Foster Ough

Originally posted by mollyflan
on ancestry.com, 23 Dec 2013

Continued From the June Issue

When we arrived at the Deschutes River, a mountain stream, a very rapid, rugged, and beautiful one, emptying into the Columbia where we were expecting to meet father. We concluded to rest there for a few days. Our team was tired and so were we and we had a fine camp. One morning quite early, we heard shouting on the other side of the river. Some of the children said it was father. Yes, it was. He had traveled all night and had been looking up and down for a bridge but could not find one for it was several miles up the stream, so he plunged his horse in the water and swam over. It was a very dangerous thing to do. We were a very, very happy family for it had been a long time since we had last seen him, a year. We were not expecting him but mother kept him posted of our whereabouts, so was expecting him. He was feeling and looking fine. When he left home he was sick and discouraged, he just passed through a brain fever, and this trip was just the tonic he needed. He took us on to Walla Walla, quite a small place at that time but very lovely. It was winter quarters for the miners. Father camped a few miles from the town, he met an old time friend who had a nice farm and lots of good things to eat. They provided us with a house to live in while we stayed, or we rented it for an indefinite time. We had a splendid time. They had horses and buggy and the single brother, (there were two), took me for nice rides. It was early fall when everything was at its best. We had been so long on the road and much of the time we could not get anything in or above The Dalles and we appreciated plenty, more than we ever did. We stayed there several months, perhaps three, and then moved into Walla Walla. We opened a boarding house for private boarders, had about twenty. We did the work ourselves. Mother was a good cook and manager. Father started an express business carried both mail and express. There was no Wells Fargo up there at that time. He went up into Idaho, Boise, and other places. He had relays of horses all along the road just the same as stage lines, as far as Boise City. There were only a few houses and several business houses. He had it all his own way for quite a while and made lots of money. He would get 1.00

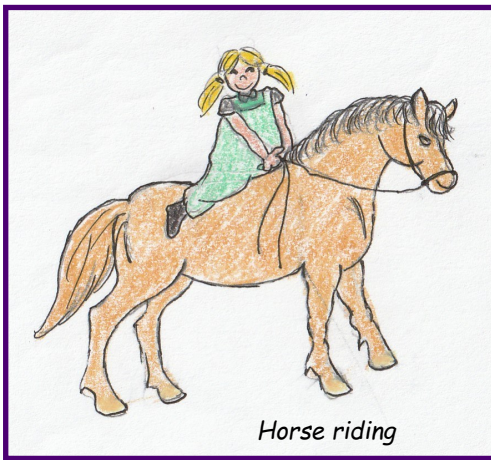


"Stories around the campfire"

for a letter, but letters were not such common occurrences then as now. They were few and far between. He was acknowledged to be honest and trustworthy by the miners and business men. They would give him large amounts of bullion to carry to Walla Walla. That was the nearest shipping point, and he always got it through safe. There were lots of highway robbers and there were killing and robbing all of the time. They had a regular or organized force with their captain and his men. It seems that amongst these men who were in and out amongst the gamblers of the town so no one was positive who they were. *(There seems to be a section of the story missing here.)*

He did not leave the road at all so they could not see what he had done. Presently they met, they watched him closely and gave a surly good day, but passed on looking back at him and talking seemingly about him. Father went several miles, and just at dusk returned, but found his gold

dust all right. There had been so many such robberies committed these days that nearly everyone was looked upon with suspicion. The Rockefeller [sic] family had settled down to keeping a boarding house. We had about twelve men. We did all the work, mother being a fine cook. We did a good business. We stayed there until we took typhoid fever. First I came down and then my sister. We were bedfast for several weeks. In the meantime, mother closed her business so she could care for her children. Father returned just as we were getting well, but only stayed a few days as he still had the express to carry, but after a few more trips sold out. As soon as we got up, mother came down with this fever. So a friend of ours, who afterward became my husband, found a good location for us and they moved mother on stretchers to this place. The doctor thought that there was something about the house that caused the sickness. It was very unsanitary. When we came to Walla Walla, there was nothing in my mind of being a woman. I had not the remotest idea of being grown up, but I

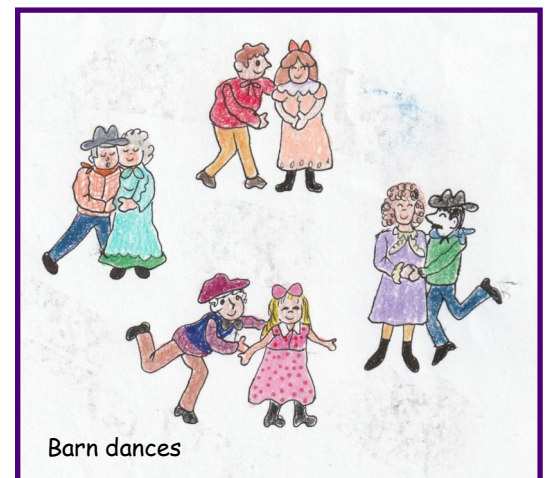


Horse riding

was quite well developed, so I looked older than I was. However, there were very few girls there at this date and so it was not very long until some young ladies called upon 'Miss Rockfellow'. Mother said to them that they were mistaken, "I only have a little girl, she is large, but she is very young". They said that made no difference, she would have to be considered a young lady, for there were so very few in that place. Mother thought differently, but after that I felt my young ladyhood, in fact, felt quite grown up. There was a young man who had boarded with us who became infatuated with me, and I was just at the silly age and thought he was very nice, and I had read many love stories. When the man asked me to be his wife, all I knew to do was to say yes. That was the way the stories ended and I had not looked further. Matters kept happening so fast I did not know where I stood not even after I had promised to marry him. We never had much time and I thought more of the candy he brought than I did of him, at least when he was with me I was eating the candy. This all happened at meal time when we were waiting for everyone to come for their meals, otherwise mother would have known. I had always been allowed to do just as I pleased so did not think of asking my mother about it. I was only thirteen years of age. This happened just before we took the typhoid. This man, just awhile before this, went to the mountains; he had contracted to get so many cords of wood. Well he heard somehow about our sickness and he came rushing home, came to our house and father was there. He told him about our engagement. Father came and asked me if it was true, and I said yes, and he said; "Do you want to see this man? Do you want to be engaged to him?" And, I said no to both questions. I was too sick to

even think, so he told the man that I did not want to see him and I was well out of it, for I was too young to think of such a thing. This man seemed to be all broken up but he was young, although much older than I, but I hope he soon forgot about just a little girl not yet fourteen years. But I was very old in action for my age. John F. stayed around the town for a week or two and told some of my friends he did not want to leave until I was out of danger. He had the reputation of being a moral man and when we heard he had had a fight in a saloon we were astonished, but it happened this way: in those early days everyone frequented those places as that was the only place there was for men to sit, and while there, there was some discussion came up about me and John resented it and said they should not talk about me in such a place. One word brought on another, soon knives were used. They were separated with no particular harm to either. John had several flesh wounds about his forehead but it soon healed and he left town. He did not come back until the next winter, but he never came around me anymore that winter. I became acquainted with a man who afterward became my husband four years later. I was walking up the main street one day and he told me afterwards about it. He said, "That girl will someday be my wife", and watched me as far as he could see me. He says to himself, "I am going to get acquainted with her". I happened to notice him driving frequently past our place in a sleigh and he always looked, and would have spoken if I had given him the opportunities girls would give now, but I was timid and bashful. I do not think I would have gotten amongst people as I did if it had not been for an old friend of mothers, J. M., an officer at the fort. When I was troubled about anything he would talk to me like a father. They had many social functions there and the few girls were always invited. He always either took me or told me who to go with and said; "Now if someone invites you whom you don't want to go with, just say you are engaged to me, no difference if I have company, I can take two just as well". And they always sent the ambulance for anyone who wished it. This was a great

protection for a girl of my age. That spring I met Mr. Meacham and it was not long until we were engaged. I expect he thought it would keep me from going with others. My parents were well pleased with him. He was one of the rising businessmen. On account of sickness, we moved to a better location. Mother was down with typhoid and the doctor was afraid it was something in the house that caused it. My father was still away from home. We had to send a man for him. In the meantime, an own son could not have been more to mother than Mr. M. He made all the arrangements, got the house, and helped move. Mother was carried on stretcher. He helped me nurse her, and I have no doubt his nursing saved her. At that time there were not any nurses to get for love or money, however she recovered after a while and then we moved again into the country about two miles out. Then the next step was sending me to school. My parents sent me to Portland, Oregon, for a year. I had much experience there and some fun. The teachers were old friends of Mr. M's so we were allowed to correspond, which was not very good for my studious habits. I tried to study but my mind wandered, and my schooling did not amount to very much. While I was in Portland, my parents moved east to the mountains. First Mr. M. had bought out the right of way for a toll road across the Blue Mountains, ever afterwards called the Meacham Road. They built at that time a big hotel and built forty miles of road and charged toll. They did lots of work and spent thousands of dollars on it. My parents stopped there a few days and then pushed



Barn dances

on to Baker City. Father had bought a prospect from some men who showed him some specimens of quartz. Father knowing much about mining expected to find a good ledge and after a few days prospecting

The Story of my Life by Alice Rockfellow

Continued from Page 9

found the main ledge and it was for many years known as the 'Rockafellow [sic] Mine'. (Later known as Virtue Mine.) He took out considerable money but he had only an arrester to work with. He could not afford the expensive machinery needed, so he took in a partner. He finally sent him to San Francisco to get the machinery but he never heard of the man anymore. So running the arrester was too slow for him. He had what he thought was a good offer, so he sold to the Rude who sold to another company afterwards. It turned out to be a famous mine. There has been a mint of money taken out, but it has used up much capital. Father then sent us to Salem again so mother would have a better chance to send her children to school. I think we remained there a couple of years and then went back to eastern Oregon. At that time we lived at Union Town. Father ran a hotel. I was married that winter. The snow was five or six feet deep. I remember, as my husband was bringing me home in the stage called Fast Freight. That night was wild, snow falling fast and it was night travel, we had sixteen miles to make. The track was filled up with snow and it was very hard to keep the road. Finally they said something was wrong, so my husband got out and hunted for the road and said we had just been going around and around in the last hour, we got straightened out, got over the next village which was La Grande. And there the document ends, thirty six pages of hand written notes written with great thought and many wonderful memories. Would that she had completed the story before passing on in her 86th year, after successfully raising a family of nine children and living a full and productive life.

Sequel to Mother's Memoirs, as remembered by her daughter, Fredrica Foster Lindsley.

From La Grande they must have gone on to Meacham Station where they made their home. I am sure mother was very happy with Papa "Meacham". There were five children. Will, Frank, Grace, Rocky or Rox as he was called. How much time elapsed, I do not know, but before Harvie was born, Harvey Meacham and his brother A. B. Meacham were cutting down a

tree. In some manner the tree swerved and fell on Harvey Meacham, killing him. Mother then went to Walla Walla where the baby girl Harvie was born. Grandfather, (William Hurst Rockfellow) and Grandmother, (Harriet Anqeline Hendrix Rockfellow) had other children besides Alice, or "Allie" as she was called as a child. There was Dotia, who must have been the baby the Indians tried to steal. Then Henry, who died as a young man, as I remember mother telling about him. Dora was next, who also died as a young girl, and their last child Nellie. My father, Frederick A. Foster was a bookkeeper for Meacham Toll Road. I was never told how long Mother and her small children stayed in Walla Walla. However, she married Frederick Foster and they lived at Meacham Station. I remember living in a big white house, which had a fireplace. There were four girls, Angeline, Ruth, Fredrica, and Edith. An old document, written by my father in 1897 told of a war with the Umatilla Indians. That was in 1878, before I was born. He states that because the Indian were on a rampage, he sent his family to Wall Walla until it was over. He fought it almost single handed. Gen. O. O. Howard and his men were near but would not come back to help. One man was killed and the other one was wounded, and my father tied him to his saddle, took him and hid him in a deep ravine, until it was over, then went after him. My father drove fast horses and one night when he and Mother were driving home from La Grande on an icy road the sleigh went down an embankment and overturned with Mother underneath. My father managed to crawl out, and went for help. Mother had a slight injury to her spine which she carried all her life. We had a Chinese cook, and a governess for the children. Father always bought apples and potatoes by the barrel. I remember a big fruit cellar where big red apples were stored. My first taste of apricots was this winter bought from the same man who sold us the apples. The Meacham children and Foster children were never allowed to call each other 'half brother' or 'half sister', but we all grew as one big family. I do not know when we

left Meacham Station and moved to La Grande. Later we moved to Cove, where my sister Edith was born. Father bought a big house and there was considerable ground where we raised the most gorgeous onions and potatoes. I also remember cabbage! I went to school in Cove, Oregon. My father also had a love for mining. He owned a gold mine in the Blue Mountains. I remember a big green wagon drawn by two horses to take us to the mine. He would sack up potatoes and onions from the garden and what other vegetables he had raised and we would drive over 50 miles. Our mine was about nine or ten miles beyond Sanger. We had two log cabins, one for cooking and one for sleeping. For about three months we would stay in those glorious mountains. I can see it all in my mind's eye yet. There was a big water wheel, it was so cool! The white sand would wash down the creek and I played in the sand building houses. There was a big flume that carried the water to the arrester. One day a big salmon was caught. We had a pet horse called "Old Major". One fall papa took all the family back to Cove, but Angie and me. I don't know why we were left behind, but he came back for us later. One day we decided to go to Sanger to a dance. We rode double on Old Major. We were to stay all night with friends. It must have been late as we rode along, as we could hear cougars and other wild animals in the canyon beneath. It was scary! I guess father sold the mine, and we moved back to La Grande, where I went to school. My father had apparently lost all his money. Mother said he lent it out without security or interest. The older children went to Portland, Oregon to find work. Then Grace and Harvie went to San Francisco. Harvie married George T. Murton while we still lived in Portland. Will was an engineer on the railroad, he married. Frank liked horses and settled in Fresno. Grace married a police officer by the name of Wade Clay and they lived in San Francisco. Rox lived in Piedmont, California. Father, Mother, Edith and I moved to Portland. Edith married Herb Lee, a naturalized Canadian. Fredrica married Carleton T. Lindsley, a Presbyterian minister's son. Father died about 1897 or 98. Mother passed away at the age of 86, eleven days before her 87th birthday. She was living with Angie in Alameda at the time of her death. So ends the story as much as I can remember. Fredrica Foster Lindsley

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.

Name _____		Date _____	
Mailing/Street Address _____			
City, State, Zip _____			
Phone _____		e-mail _____	
Member Type:	<input type="checkbox"/> New	<input type="checkbox"/> Renewing	
Membership Level:	<input type="checkbox"/> Junior (12-18) - \$10	<input type="checkbox"/> Individual - \$20	<input type="checkbox"/> Lifetime Individual - \$200
	<input type="checkbox"/> Business - \$50	<input type="checkbox"/> Family - \$30	<input type="checkbox"/> Lifetime Family - \$300
	<input type="checkbox"/> Individual/Family Sponsorship - \$100 or more		
	<input type="checkbox"/> Business Sponsorship - \$100 or more		
	Donation in addition to membership: \$ _____		
Amount Enclosed: \$ _____			
Dues include our quarterly newsletter: <i>The Historacle</i>			
Check if you want it sent: electronically by email in lieu of paper. <input type="checkbox"/>			
or by regular mail via post office <input type="checkbox"/>			
<input type="checkbox"/> If you would like to volunteer to help in any way, please check the box, and we will contact you.			
Please make checks payable to:		Talent Historical Society	
Send completed form along with payment to:		Talent Historical Society	
		P.O. Box 582	
Thank you!		Talent, OR 97540	

Talent Historical Society Board of Directors	
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The Talent Historical Society Board Meeting is held monthly on the second Tuesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the Museum Building at 105 North Market St. in Talent.



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

T.E.A.M. Meetings Tuesday Evening at the Museum

Tuesday Evening at the Museum continues with a wide variety of topics to entertain and inform us while we meet together every 4th Tuesday of the month at 6:30 p.m.
All meetings are free for THS members and the general public to enjoy.

September 26 – Jeff LaLande presents his new book, “The Jackson County Rebellion: A Populist Uprising in Depression-Era Oregon”. Jeff will discuss his book that explores a dramatic if little-known populist insurgency that captured national attention as it played out in Southern Oregon.

October 24 – Residents from Talent will share the Good, The Bad, and the Ugly (and the Beautiful) of how they immigrated to the US from Mexico, Central, and South America and ended up making Talent their new home. Come celebrate their journey with us. Chela Sanchez will also be sharing the history and practice of Dia de los Muertos.

December 3 - Because of the holiday season, instead of doing a TEAM meeting in November or December, we have scheduled our Annual Membership Meeting for Sunday, December 3rd. It will be held in the early afternoon (exact time to be announced later) and will feature some holiday related cheer along with the annual report from the board to the general membership who wish to attend. Official invitations will be sent in November. Board members added since the last annual meeting will be confirmed by vote by the membership in attendance. **Save the date!**

