



# The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the  
Talent Historical Society

Volume 30 Issue 1

March 2024

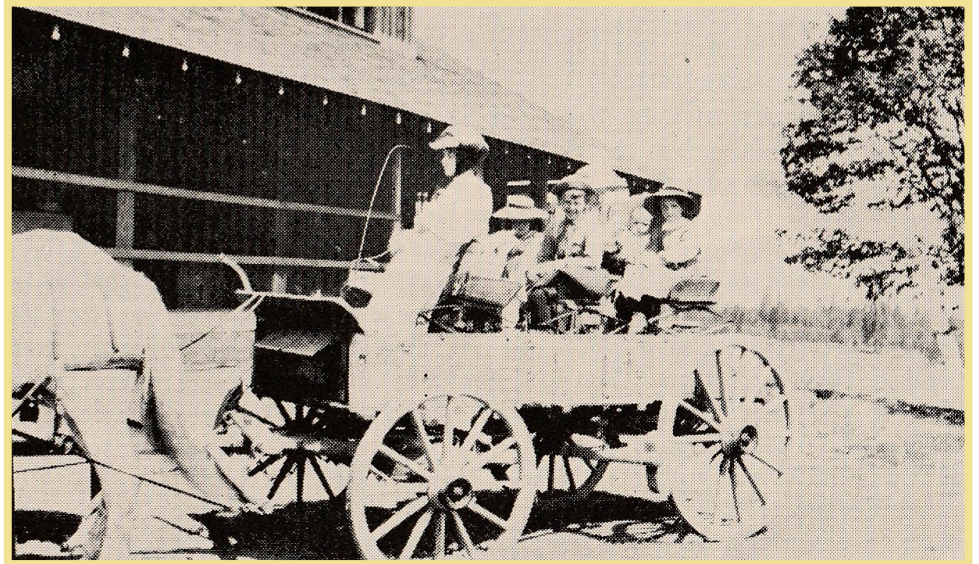
## PIONEERING IN OREGON—Part 2 of 3

**By Marion Miller Bagley**

*We received an generous donation of three books written by Marion Miller Bagley in 1960 from a granddaughter of a friend of Marion. This is the second installment of her book "Pioneering in Oregon". [The Bagleys moved to Anderson Creek Road in 1910]*

There were few parties, but one box social I remember. I prepared a nice lunch for two and tied the box with a big red ribbon bow for Emma. Her box sold for five dollars to Mr. Packard, a neighbor. He was very attentive later and used to invite Emma to go out with him but she always refused.

Now we were waiting the arrival of our first child, I was very well all the time and could get about easily, go to picnics and climb fences, but the day came. Will called Dr. Swedenberg who lived at Ashland. He would not be able to get a train to Talent till 2 P.M. and we had no way of going for him. The morning passed slowly. I translated a page or two of French in order to keep my mind busy. It was the last of April, cold, raining and sleeting. At last Carl went to the train for Dr. Swedenberg. When I was coming out of the anaesthetic I asked him, "Are the finger nails all right?" "Oh," said the Doctor. "It doesn't matter, Mrs. Bagley. It's a boy." He had two girls and wished for a boy. He had brought a nurse with him a Miss Kleinhammer, who was visiting in Ashland and whose family were old settlers. She was a graduate of the French Hospital in San Francisco and was very competent and intelligent. Our larder was low and she had only milk toast to offer me at most meals, but *such* milk toast! I never wearied of it; hot and appetizing. She knew how to manage the little stove Will had bought second hand for our room and took wonderful care of me. I think she was there two weeks. After she had been there awhile she confided in me that she never wanted to marry after seeing what women went thru. But she did marry, a man named Hammer, at that.



*The Buckboard*

She went to see her people one Sunday, the first day I was up in a chair. It was the day Dr. McFadden called and Will and he went out to try to find a turkey's nest in one orchard. The Mellins and Emma and the children were having a picnic in the tree lot.

All of a sudden I heard a crashing and whinnying. On looking out I saw that the old horse, who for some reason had been tied to the fence, was down on her knees with her legs caught in the wire netting of the fence. She was struggling to get up and I felt I ought to help her. I went out but could do nothing for her, so I went back to the house and rang the big bell which Will had brought with us and hung on a post of the porch. Carl and the family and Emma; Mr. Packard and young Summers; and Will all came running. They got the horse up unharmed. When Miss Kleinhammer came she was disgusted and said she knew something would happen if she went away.

I tried to nurse Charles but he never seemed happy and cried a great deal. Will would ask if he had a hungry cry. "How should I know?" After nursing, Charles would go to sleep and wake up after a few minutes, crying. The village Women called

it colic. I followed Will around the orchard, carrying crying Charles. Mrs. Adamson said, "Marasmus." I didn't know what that meant. Then we decided that he was just plain hungry and with cow's milk in plenty, Charles began to grow and thrive and cried no more. When summer came it was difficult to keep milk sweet with no ice, so we had to milk the cow three times a day.

In the fine summer weather I longed to get away from the ranch where I was often cooped up for two or three months at a time. Charles was big enough to take out anywhere, so Will said we would try to get up into the foot hills across the valley. We started one Sunday with the old horse and the old lumber wagon. I had put up a lunch as we would be gone all day. Carl didn't like it but we went. It was delightful to see the hills unfold and find little valleys behind them which we had not realized were there.

At noon we found a nice level patch and unloaded every one and the lunch. I laid Charles down on some pillows and blankets in the shade of a scrub oak and busied myself about getting the lunch out. Kilmer saw a hole in the tree and climbed up to examine it. He stuck his arm in and gave a yell as he scrambled down, "Something bit me," he

# 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

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

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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 4:00 p.m.

### Memberships Since Last Issue

#### **New Members:**

Barbara Anderson  
Jer Deubert  
Jane Hardgrove  
Jessie Hobart  
Liz Manatowa-Mastel

Zee Nickerson  
Glenn Nicolicchia  
Linda Ohmans  
Caroline Perron

#### **Renewals:**

Kurt Bailey & Nancy Wiley  
Ryan & Joy Baker  
Don & Melissa Braaten  
Cici Brown  
Bill & Carolyn Cecil  
Lisa Ciasullo  
Patti Duke  
Ray & Donna Eddington  
Albert Gill  
Greg Goebelt  
Frances Hayman  
Rod & Barbara Hinds  
Dan & Linda Jackson  
Robert L. Jacobs

Christopher & Melody Knox  
Glenn Kuhl  
Wendy Lynn  
James W. Maize, Jr.  
Ron & Stella Medinger  
Michael Myers  
Darren & Renee Reedy  
Myke Reeser  
Mike & Julie Serrano  
Gerlinde Smith  
Joe & Nancy Strahl  
Gayle F. Stubbs  
Talent Dental  
David & Renee Tokar  
Arn & Karen Wihtol

#### **Lifetime Memberships:**

Susan (Hartley) Andrews  
Kathy Apple  
Joan C. Barnhart  
Claire Barr-Wilson  
Poppie Beveridge  
Jim Bradley & Patricia Remencuis  
Karen Carr  
Pam Carr  
John & Judy Casad  
Marla Cates & Jan Ritter  
Joan Dean  
Jerry Deubert  
Gladys Fortmiller  
Margay Garrity  
Lunette Gleason-Fleming  
Bud & MaryLouise Gleim  
Dale Greenley  
Greg Hartley  
Sue Hawkins

Joe Hunkins  
Kathy Jerman  
Carrie (Hartley) Jones  
George Kramer  
Jeff LaLande  
Jack Latvala  
Karen & Mike Layfield  
Marilyn Lee  
Matt & Antoinette Lichtenstein  
Edwin McManus & Family  
Michael Mills  
Consuela Montoya  
Janice A. Napoleon  
Nancy Olson-Jones  
Ryan Pedersen  
Wanda Perdue  
Brent Thompson  
John Wahl  
Claire Barr-Wilson

#### **Honorary Lifetime Memberships**

Jan Wright Tom & Susan Moulder Katherine Harris

#### **Additional Donations:**

Katherine Harris  
James W. Maize, Jr.

Star Properties  
Gayle F. Stubbs

It's Talent  
Tomato time!  
Order your  
plants today!





## PIONEERING IN OREGON—Part 2 of 3

### *Continued from Page One*

said. We found it was an owl's nest with young owls in the bottom of the hole. Next I found that the sun was on Charles' face and had made a real blister which peeled in a few days. We drove slowly home and felt we had had a fine time.

Now Nordin had a nice new, shiny two-seat buckboard delivered at the ranch. He told Emma that the lumber wagon was no place for me. After that we drove in great comfort and respectability. We often wondered where Nordin got his money, but we were sure some one was sending some to him regularly. On his fiftieth birthday we had a loganberry shortcake for dessert and I added a tiny Swedish flag and an American flag to his piece. He was quite touched and said, "When I am dead they will find them in my coffin."

He was always considerate of me and I used to think his eyes twinkled a little when he talked to me. I remember that when he went back I told him not to pack anything in his little Swedish trunk that would leak. He said, "I have put in some cans of fruit but they are all safe." Years afterwards when he came to see us in Duluth he admitted that he had nailed into one can which leaked all over his things.

My sister Helen came down from Seattle on vacation. She hovered over Charles if he woke up and cried and would take him up and rock him and turn on the phonograph, which always quieted him. I thought he would be spoiled, but he settled right back into regular ways after she left.

We drove to Medford one day when Charles was about six months old. His bottle was not ready for him on time and he was hungry when we went into a restaurant for lunch and crying loudly. I asked a waiter to warm his bottle and when I gave it to him the silence was profound. Everyone in the restaurant began to laugh.

Soon they dug a well in the draw and we had a windmill to pump water so water was pumped to the house. We had all we wanted and enough to water the new grass, as well.

Our most difficult times were when Will had to go back to Duluth to borrow money to keep things going as there was nothing coming in. I woke one night when he was gone to find Charles very restless. He slept in a crib in our room. I felt of his head and it was burning hot. I couldn't think what was the matter as he had been all right when he went to bed. The telephone was out of order and I didn't want to send Kilmer out in the darkness for the Doctor. I began to bathe him with cool water and after a time he seemed better. In the morning Kilmer went for the Doctor. The Doctor was unable to tell what was the reason for the temperature, but said to give him nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. Poor Charles was very hungry and asked, "Can't I have even a little crust of toast?" Another time he was restless all one day. I finally took out all

his bedding and under the lowest pillow I found a big pig-louse which had been biting him. The children had been fond of leaning on the rail of the pig-pen watching the little pigs and no doubt had brought it in.

I slept downstairs and was always afraid. Mr. Combs had never mastered the trick of putting the fine locks on the doors and not one will lock to this day.

He came to me one day with the door-stop for the pantry door and said, "Mrs. Bagley I took this home last week and me and my wife worked on it a long time. We don't know how to make it work."

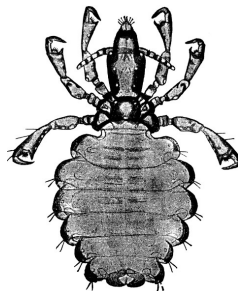
I asked him, "Did you ask Doctor about it?" "Well, no," he hadn't. They always hated to admit they didn't know how to do anything. So I often lay awake uneasily, conscious that any one could come in. One night when Will was gone I heard a noise on the porch and went to the door and looked out. I heard the porch door open near where I stood and saw a tall white figure in the opening. I was paralyzed for a moment, then I said, "Kilmer?" He had gone out and let the door slam, but had been careful when he came back.

Another time I heard a commotion at the barn and heard Maximo bellowing and a-crashing as if he were breaking down the fence. I lighted a lantern and called Kilmer, who was about 12, and we took a hammer and nails and went out there to find Maximo furiously bunting the fence of the corral. I held the broken boards together while Kilmer nailed them. I never knew why Maximo didn't break down the fence and kill us.

Once Will sent a letter from Duluth and incidentally mentioned that the hot-bed should be started and the tomato seeds planted. What would you do? I got a neighbor boy to help me and we got sand and dirt and manure and used sash windows we had brought from Duluth. The tomatoes were tiny plants when Will got home.

All this time we raised pigs and had bacon and ham which we were able to cure and smoke, or we "Vealed a calf," and always managed to have enough milk and bread and butter.

We found a few hives of old-time wild bees on the place when we came. The people around there did not know



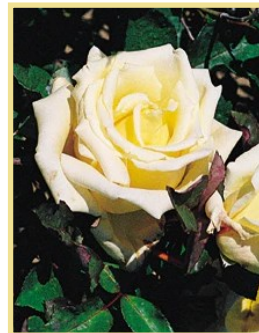
Pig Louse

how to handle bees and even after they had hives they sulphured the bees as they were afraid to handle them and so had to begin again. They preferred "Bee trees" when they could find them. Will sent East for some Italian Queens and soon had some fine swarms started.

When the neighbors found Will could handle bees he was in demand. Many a Sunday dinner was interrupted by some boy running in saying, "Dr. Bagley our bees are swarming. My mother wants to know if you can come quick." He would leave his dinner as though a patient was calling and take infinite pains at the job he liked. Elizabeth learned not to be afraid of bees and would let the drones crawl over her hands. We all worked to make the little frames for the honey, setting in the little triangles of wax as a starter. We had fine white honey, especially from the alfalfa. The swarms sometimes escaped. Once a huge swarm flew up over the hill with all running after it pounding on tin pans. We had some fifteen swarms one year and the Assessor came up and listed them as worth five dollars apiece so we were taxed plenty.

We had a heavy hail-storm the second year. Mr. Randall and Will were in Medford and Mr. Randall pointed at a big black cloud over our way and said, "Looks like a hail storm." He was right and his fine apple orchard suffered a 10,000 dollar loss. With us it was bad even with no fruit. Carl was cultivating and threw down the lines leaving the old horses in the field and hurried for shelter. The young tomato plants in the draw were crushed and smothered by the rushing water, too. It was a dreadful sight even though it lasted only, ten minutes. Many people carried hail insurance but it was expensive and one never knew when to carry it so most took their chances.

It was easy to grow flowers in Oregon and roses did especially well. I was able to get good shrubs from a local nursery man and we soon had roses to gather from the bush type to the climbers along the side of the big porch. One rose was called the May Miller and it was a beautiful pink with a sunny yellow tint. I sent a rose to Mr. Pilkington at Portland and asked him where it had originated. He replied that it seemed like a French rose known by the name of "Perle de Jardin," and that most

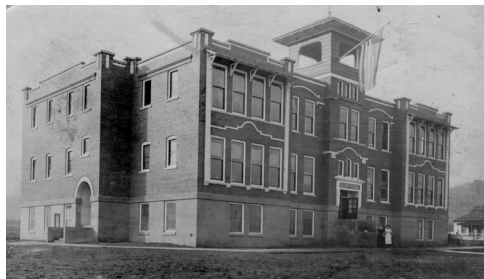


Perle de Jardin

## PIONEERING IN OREGON—Part 2 of 3

roses were renamed. It bloomed twice a year.

I sent to Vaughan's in Chicago for lilacs and received some fine ones. One in particular was called the Emperor, a rich purple, and some fine white ones were sent, too. The lilacs made huge bushes and some are still doing well there.



I was asked to take charge of the planting of shrubs and vines at the new Talent School-house. Mr. Welborn Beeson was the President of the school board and he gave me \$25.00 to buy the plants. *[Editor's note: The person referred to here is Welborn Beeson Jr., not his father, Welborn Beeson the diarist]* It seemed a great deal but was soon spent. I had plenty to do at

home but couldn't resist having a hand in this. I planned to have the older school boys do the digging and the principal gave them hours off so they were very willing. I took a hot lunch for all of them and the work was speedily done.

Just at this time Mrs. Webb, an old nurse of Will's and her daughter Etta who had been Will's office girl arrived for a visit. I had to go on with the work planned and so left them that day to watch Charles. When I got home after a long busy day I found the kitchen full of wash tubs and Mrs. Webb and Etta washing all the clothes they could find in clouds of steam.

We had a party for them. They all came and had a nice lunch I had cooked. There was to be a lecture in Talent and Will wanted to go and take us too. I rather demurred about leaving Charles with the children but he insisted, so we went. Helen was about 11. As we were driving toward town Etta said gayly, "Don't worry about Charles I gave him a couple of pennies to play with." As Charles was in his crib ready to go to sleep I was upset. We had had some experience with swallowed money. We finally reached a telephone and found they had already taken away the pennies.

I called on Mrs. Welborn Beeson with Charles when he was about a year old. She was a mild, pleasant lady; I think a sister of Mr. Foss who lived in a walnut orchard across the road. I said to Mr. Foss once, "You look enough like President Coolidge to be a relative," and he replied, "My mother was a Coolidge."

As Mrs. Beeson and I were visiting, her son Louis, then about ten, came in and Mrs. Beeson said, "Louis is in disgrace today. He has been playing with a gopher." A few minutes later, Charles, who was on my lap, gave a jump and almost fell off. Mrs. Beeson said, "You just saved him, didn't you?" I had no idea what had made Charles jump till some twenty years later when I went up to see Louis Beeson, who was at the time the Head of the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul. All of a sudden I remembered the time when Charles had jumped and thought, why, of course, one of the gopher lice had bitten him, as no doubt, it was on Louis.

We had several visitors from Duluth. Mr. Alfred Merritt came. Will had always taken care of his family. He looked over every thing and said, "It's a nice place, but you haven't got the good drinking water we have in Duluth." Mr. W. C. Mitchell came and admired every thing especially the line of children and said, "They are nice children but you and Dr. Bagley do not deserve any credit. They were born good." Mrs. Fletcher came too, she had kept the boarding house where Will lived when he first

came to Duluth. She stayed a night with us and saw everything. She said after looking at all of us and me, "They say the back is fitted to the burden." So I knew she thought that notwithstanding my size, I would be able to do what had to be done.

I think this is a good place to tell a story. After we were back in Duluth Mrs. Dancer said one day, "Wasn't that funny when Doctor was here and he and Herb read in the paper that a moose and her little moose had been seen on the lake front?" "What about it?" I asked. "Oh, Dr. Bagley woke in the night thinking he heard a moose calling her little moose and came and woke Herb. They dressed and started out to look for the two moose. They walked and walked but seemed to get no nearer so they came back and went to bed. The morning paper said a new fog horn had been installed and tried out the night before."

We had many nice people in the village and many on the isolated orchards, but there was one woman whom we never knew. She was on our seven party telephone line. The telephone rang one night around twelve o'clock and as it called all the numbers on our line it finally got to our number. Will thought there must be trouble somewhere so got up and answered it. A woman's voice said, "Happy New Year," and hung up. We didn't know who it was and no one else seemed to know. The woman called again the same way on April First. When we answered she said "'April Fool!'" It was a childish trick for a grown woman to do.

An old settler died. We went to the funeral. Mr. Dean gave a short talk. He said, "My friend and I were Atheists and agreed that we would speak at the funeral of the one who died first. We do not believe in any hereafter. We think our life ends here and there is nothing more." It was a very sad occasion. Mr. Dean had been a school teacher and was one of the few educated people in the neighborhood. Mrs. Dean was another fine person. She had been a Mrs. Robison, the mother of Ed Robison. Mr.



Willis & Ursula Dean

Goddard was her brother. Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Dean were very kind people. If they knew a woman was having a baby they would walk three miles up into the hills,

### Talent Poker Tour #53



Thanks to everyone who came out to our tournament on December 30<sup>th</sup>, and congratulations to our winner Chris Livingston. Our next tournament is scheduled for Saturday, March 30<sup>th</sup>. 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@talenthstory.org](mailto:info@talenthstory.org) or call the museum at 541.512.8838 for additional information.



*Editors note: During the course of American history, so many young men & women have given their lives for the preservation of our freedom, dying so young that they have not left progeny to remember them and speak of them. The task of remembrance then falls to relatives or friends that knew, or know of, the young person to bear witness for who they were. On occasion, the Historacle will present one of these stories in honor of the fallen.*

*"Courage is the corpsman's only armor."*

*Quote from: Iwo Jima, Springboard to Final Victory, © 1945*

*Jim was a second cousin of mine. Since he was born and is buried in Grants Pass, and the anniversaries of his birth and death have just passed (Feb. 16 and March 3), and in as much as he was a war hero from the Rogue Valley, I have written this story for the Historacle. - Judie Bunch*

My sister and I grew up in Portland listening to stories about our families, but for some unknown reason we never knew anything about our second cousin, Jim Eastman, until I discovered his grave next to Albert and Erma's at the Odd Fellow's Cemetery in Grants Pass a few years ago. Since all of our Eastman families have now passed away, there's been a lot of hunting to do for Jim's story. Most of what I've learned follows below.

The Second World War began September 1, 1939, when Adolf Hitler invaded Poland. Europe was in chaos and subject to invasion by Germany. Then the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii on December 7, 1941. The following day, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt gave his famous "Day of Infamy" speech and suddenly the whole world was at war.

In Portland, there was a young fellow, Jim Eugene Eastman, who joined the Navy shortly before his 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. Blue eyes, dark brown hair, ruddy complexion; he was 5 foot 7 inches tall,

weighed 126 lbs. Eastman was sworn in October 23, 1942, and like a lot of Navy guys, he celebrated his enlistment by getting the two tattoos he sported on his arm. Born February 16, 1922, at Grants Pass, Oregon, his parents, Albert and Erma (Sill) Eastman, sons, Owen Dale, and Jim Eugene moved to Portland shortly after his birth.

Glenna Fleske was two years younger than Jim and was Jim's next-door neighbor in Beaverton. While at Beaverton High School, they played in the band where Glenna was a drum majorette and he played snare drum in the Drum & Bugle Corp. Jim later played the saxophone and was good enough to have his own band. He was also a speech student and participated in speech tournaments. Jim won first place in humorous declamation at the Linfield tournament. Glenna was always fond of him and once commented that although he could be a bit cocky, brash, very outgoing, you either loved him or hated him, but you couldn't stay mad at him. "He always had a big grin, infectious personality, always up-beat. He was very good looking and could charm the legs off a table."

Following enlistment, Eastman studied medicine at medical field schools and earned the rank of Pharmacist's Mate Third Class, US Naval Reserve. He was then attached to Co. "D", 4<sup>th</sup> Medical Battalion, 4<sup>th</sup> Marine Division to administer first aid during battle. The corpsmen carried no weapons and took no part in fighting. Their identity was clearly marked by a sleeve device and by the [medical] kit which each carried over one shoulder." (*Iwo Jima, Springboard to Final Victory*, co. 1945, p. 72).

Eastman was sent to the Asiatic-Pacific Area with the Fourth Marine Division after training. In February of 1944, they fought on the Japanese-held islands of Roi and Namur, Kwajalein atoll, Marshall Islands. From June 22 into July, they fought in the battle of Saipan, Marianas Islands. From July 24 to August 1944, Eastman gave aid to Marines on the dangerously narrow beaches of Tinian, Marianas islands.

U.S. Marines then invaded the tiny island of Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands in



Jim next to his mother with other relatives

the Pacific on February 19, 1945. D-Day was three days after Jim's 23<sup>rd</sup> birthday. The time was 9 am. Black volcanic rock and gray, knee-high ash is what soldiers stepped into for this most important battle. All was quiet. Although hidden, on shore the Japanese were ready, waiting, watching from pill boxes, block houses, and a "vast labyrinth of caves that made the island an underground of fortresses." (*The Fourth Marine Division in World War II*, p. 146) At the closing of the first day-the most momentous and costliest D-Day of the Pacific...more than 1,000 injured Fourth Division Marines were evacuated to hospital ships; and an undetermined number lay dead on the island.

Eastman was with the amphibious landing force composed of the 3<sup>rd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Marine Divisions who went ashore February 23, 1945. He was wounded the same day. In the early phase of their assault, Fleet aid-station personnel were separated into small groups and worked in shell craters or fox holes in the Iwo Jima sand. (*U.S. Navy Medical Department Battle Experiences at Iwo Jima* p. 3) Not knowing where their son was at the time, his parents waited anxiously for mail from him the entire month of March, and then April. It wasn't until April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1945, that the Navy Department sent the following telegram:

#### TELEGRAM

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT DEEPLY REGRETS TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON JIM EUGENE EASTMAN PHARMACISTS MATE THIRD CLASS USNR DIED OF WOUNDS FOLLOWING ACTION WHILE IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY. HIS REMAINS WERE BURIED IN ALLIED TERRITORY....

TO PREVENT POSSIBLE AID TO OUR ENEMIES PLEASE DO NOT DIVULGE THE NAME OF HIS SHIP OR STATION.

THE DEPARTMENT EXTENDS TO YOU SINCEREST SYMPATHY IN YOUR GREAT LOSS.

VICE ADMIRAL RANDALL JACOBS  
CHIEF OF NAVAL PERSONNEL



Baby Jim being admired by his father

April 30, 1945, the Eastmans wrote to the Navy Department:

Dear Sirs,

We thank you for your telegram informing us of the death of our son, Jim Eugene Eastman, PhM.3/c, 4<sup>th</sup> Med, Bn., 4<sup>th</sup> Marine Div.

We are very anxious to hear when this happened and how. We wonder so much if this happened three months ago when his letters stopped and he has suffered all this time or if this just happened recently.

Jimmie has never told us the name of his ship or where he was so there is no danger of our disclosing that information.

Yours very truly,

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eugene Eastman

Page 104 of National Geographics c. 2019, *Atlas of World War II*, para. two, states "...when they landed on February 19, 1945, their progress proved painfully slow. The Americans soon came under lethal fire from nearby Mount Suribachi, and it took Marines several days to fight their way up that peak—atop which they famously raised the Stars and Stripes on the 23rd...and more than a month to secure the island and its airfields at a cost of some 30,000 casualties."

Jim's service records show "Died [03-03-45] as results wounds received in Action on 02-23-45."

The telegram was followed by a letter from Jim's commanding officer:

My Dear Mrs. Eastman,

I regret to inform you that your son, Jim Eugene Eastman, Pharmacist's Mate Third Class, U.S Naval Reserve, died of wounds received in action, on Iwo, Jima, March 3, 1945.

He was wounded by a fragment of shrapnel from enemy mortar fire while engaged with Japanese forces on Iwo Jima. At the time, Jim was working as a first-aid man with the beach casualty evacuation station. He was evacuated to a hospital ship where he was given the

best medical care available. However, the extent of his wounds were so severe that he finally died. His remains were laid to rest in the Second Marine Division Cemetery on Saipan, Marianas Island, in Plot G, Row 2, Grave 2.

I wish to extend to you my deepest sympathy and profound regrets in this time of your bereavement and sorrow. Jim had been with the company a long time. He was well liked by his mates, worked hard and always performed any duty when called upon in a creditable manner. He was the second man who volunteered for dangerous duty on the beach when casualties were heavy. His buddy went and Jim went also to take care of him. Both were struck by fragments of the same mortar shell. Both died of their wounds. That he was called upon to pay the supreme sacrifice makes us proud to call him shipmate, but that he was willing to risk his life to take care of his buddy makes his name even more honored among us. Though we sorrow with you at his loss, we trust that you will be proud of him with us in that he gave his life for the love of his country.

Sincerely yours,

Andrew J. Weaver

Lt. Commander, MC, USNR

*What an amazing coincidence that Jim went ashore, was injured February 23, 1945, at age 23, and that it was the day six Marines raised the American flag on Iwo Jima's Mt. Suribachi.*

It wasn't until 1948, when Jim Eastman was brought back to American shores, that the Grants Pass Courier reported in December:

*"Funeral services for Jim Eugene Eastman; Pharmacists Mate third class, who died [March 3, 1945] of wounds received on Iwo Jima, will*

*be held Thursday, December 16 at 2:30 pm. at the L.B. Hall Funeral Home.*

*Elder Wayne Scriven will conduct the services and interment will be at the IOOF cemetery. The American Legion will assist with services.*

*Eastman was born in Grants Pass, November 16, 1922, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eastman who make their home at 420 East C Street.*

*Eastman enlisted in the Navy October 25 [sic. October 23], 1942 ....*

*He took part in five invasions while attached to the Fourth Marine Division. He was fatally wounded at Iwo Jima and died on the [Bayfield] hospital [ship] and was buried on Saipan at the cemetery his company had helped to establish."*

Jim's father, Albert Eastman passed away in 1963. His mother, Erma Eastman passed away in 1970. They are interred at the IOOF Cemetery in Grants Pass next to their son.

For his service in WWII, Pharmacist's Mate Jim Eugene Eastman was awarded:

The Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon  
with one blue enameled star for having taken participation in the capture of Saipan and Tinian

The Asiatic-Pacific Area Campaign Bar for having taken participation in the occupation of Kwajalein Atoll, Marshall Islands

Bronze star on the Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon

The Purple Heart

Ribbon bar of the Navy Unit Commendation to Support Units of the Fifth Amphibious Corp, 4<sup>th</sup> Marine Division for outstanding heroism in support of military operations during seizure of Iwo Jima, 19<sup>th</sup> to 28<sup>th</sup> February 1945

The World War II Victory Medal and ribbon bar



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### Talent Tomato Photo Contest is back!



*Submit your Talent Tomato photos for a chance to win a free Talent Tomato plant in 2025 and other great*

*prizes. The most creative photos will be the winners. Full details plus pictures of past winners will be available at Talent Tomato Plant pick up day on May 11th from 9:00 to 2:00 at the museum.*

### From the Medford Mail Tribune

August 15, 1954—FLOWER SHOW SET BY TALENT CLUB—Talent Garden Club will hold the annual flower show, Wednesday, August 18, in Talent City Hall. Hours are from 2 to 9 p.m.

Mrs. C. O. Long is the chairman, and theme for the show will be "Keep Oregon Green." The public is invited, and tea and punch will be served.

March 14, 1944—WANTED FEMALE HELP—Wanted woman cook. Morning shift. Must have references. Kings Café, Talent. Phone Ashland 5980.

July 8, 1934—TALENT NEWS—Dr. Tilton of Ashland has purchased a small farm near Talent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathis, and June Conner attended the show in Medford July 4.

Dorthea Bong who visited relatives in San Francisco for two weeks returned Tuesday.

R. Brantly of Ashland was transacting business in Talent Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Skeeters of Anderson Creek were shopping in Talent Tuesday.

Members of the transient camp have burned off fox tail around town which improved the looks of Talent a great deal.

Plans are underway to organize a chamber of commerce in Talent.



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,

### OREGONIANS HOLD A UNIQUE POWER FOUND NOWHERE ELSE IN THE COUNTRY - THE CULTURAL TAX CREDIT.

By matching any qualifying nonprofit donations you've made this year to the Oregon Cultural Trust, you can earn up to 100% back as a state tax credit. This means supporting Oregon culture becomes practically free. Visit [culturaltrust.org](http://culturaltrust.org)

If you have a great recipe using Talent Tomatoes, please share it with us at the museum! We're trying to see if we can collect enough recipes to produce a Talent Tomato Cookbook. Your recipe, with your name, could become a part of Talent history!

### 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.*

**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; Secretary; Newsletter Editor; Librarian; Accessions Intake Data Entry; Article Contributors for the Historacle; Museum Cleaners; 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](mailto:info@talenthistory.org) or leave a message on the museum phone at 541.512.8838 anytime.**



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*Continued from Page 4*

help her with the delivery, stay and put her house in order, cook some food for the family and then walk back in a few days, often scarcely thanked. Mr. Goddard was a carpenter. He had the gold fever, as they all had, and every year would go up into the hills leading a pack animal to pan two weeks for gold. He said he had to do it once a year. We met him once walking back behind his burro and he showed us a few grains of gold.

A man in the neighborhood with a family of children used to steal water from the ditch every year to water his garden. Will caught him at it one time when the water had been turned on for our irrigation and it stopped. When he found it running in his garden he said to him, "Now I will let you have water if you will ask for it when I am not using it, but do not interfere with my irrigation." The man agreed and we never had trouble again.

I had another vacation when Charles was about three. Will had to go to Duluth and said I could go with him. We could leave the children with the Mellins and take Charles with us. I dressed Charles and Helen took him out on the front gallery to keep him clean till I was ready myself. I heard him cry out, but he seemed all right when I went to look at him. We left on an afternoon train and the porter lifted him by one arm and he cried out again. Will examined him and found a broken collar bone. Seems he had fallen off the wall onto the cement floor of the gallery. He wore his

arm in a sling all the time we were gone. We stopped for a day or so in Chicago and as Mrs. Matter was in the Presbyterian Hospital there, I wanted to go to see her. I took Charles with me and got off the street car too soon, about a mile from the Hospital. It was June, and hot, and little Charles was soon worn out. His little blouse was wet thru in the back. He looked up at me and said, "Mama, let's go home."

The Neffs invited us to a Sunday dinner that fall and I had to take Charles. The Neffs had a little boy a few years older and he was very nice to Charles. We had a very elaborate dinner with a lot of silverware. Charles took up each fork and spoon as the others did and behaved very well. Mrs. Neff said, "You must have spent a lot of time teaching him table manners," I assured her that I hadn't. He just watched the rest and saw which utensil they used.

I said to Charles once, "What will I do when you have to go to school?" "Well," he said, "we'll take the two-seated buggy and I will sit in the front seat and drive and you can sit in the back seat and go to school with me."

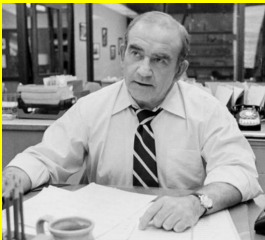
William was three years older and Charles accepted the fact and let William decide what they would do. Mrs. Dancer sent Charles a box of blocks one Christmas. William gave Charles three and took the rest to build a house himself without a word of complaint from Charles. They were playing in the living-room one day. I

thought they were very quiet so went in only to find Charles sitting like an image on the couch while William cut great bunches of hair off close to his head. We had to shingle Charles' hair and I didn't know it was curly till it grew out again. One day I found them in the hotbed eating mushrooms that were coming up. I made them both throw-up as I didn't know if they were poisonous or not. They were always good friends.

Now the acreage was planted but there would be no crop until the trees were more than five years old, so Nordin said, "We must plant some cabbage and make sauerkraut." So he planted rows and rows of cabbage which he tended with care. When they were full-grown he made barrels of sauerkraut. They built a shed down by the pump-house in the draw and bought tin cans and a boiler to can it. It sold and they were inspired to can other things. Pears were cheap and easy to can. Then the great idea burst upon them. Why not have a cannery in the valley? The local people were in favor of it. Mr. Adamson, the banker, loaned them money and Mr. Randall and Al all took a great interest in it.

*(To be continued in the June issue of The Historacle.)*

**Coming up next issue,  
Talent gets a cannery!!**



**You could  
be Talent  
Historical  
Society's  
own  
Lou Grant!**

THS is still in search of a new newsletter editor to succeed Myke Gelhaus, who passed away last April. Myke has been sorely missed and THS needs a volunteer to step forward to fill the position.

If you know of someone interested in history with a writing, or publication, background, please approach them about possibly filling this position. One should be computer literate with the willingness to help produce our quarterly newsletter. We use Microsoft Publisher as our main software program to produce each issue. Training is available for those not familiar with that software.

Please email me at [r.medinger@talenthstory.org](mailto:r.medinger@talenthstory.org) if you would like to discuss the position. You do not need to be a current member of Talent Historical Society to apply for this volunteer position. Thank you.

## **Inviting All Members to Join Us for the April "Night at the Museum"** (Formerly "Tuesday Night at the Museum")

In April, "Night at the Museum" will be on a Sunday night, April 14<sup>th</sup> at 6:30 p.m. It is free to the public and will feature a re-enactment skit and a musical performance of some of the labor ballads by singer and guitar player, George Mann, who is on his west coast tour at this time. This special performance is to commemorate the Wobbly Labor Movement and the Wobbly Walk Through the Siskiyou. Wobblies were protesting members of the Industrial Workers of the World. Come learn our part in their history and enjoy an evening at the Museum. Light refreshments will be served.



**HIT THE GUIT**



**Bird Reports from the Greenway**  
by Debra Moon and Emmalisa Whalley

*Emmalisa Whalley, THS Board Member and volunteer Bear Creek Burn surveyor, is part of a team surveying the return of the birds to the Greenway after the Alameda Fire. She is an excellent photographer, providing us with amazing photographs of our birds. This article is a summary of recent observations, but if you are interested in the complete survey data, contact Klamath Bird Observatory, <https://klamathbird.org/>*

This late winter, verging into early spring, brings reports of Robins, Raptors, and Ducks – oh my! The notes summarized here are from two surveys conducted each an hour after sunrise, in January and February on the Lynn Newbry transects of the Greenway.

In January, the most numerous birds were ducks on the two ponds in the area. There were Wood Ducks, Ring-Necked Ducks, and Buffleheads. In the trees, there were European Starlings, American Crows, Acorn Woodpeckers, and one Downy Woodpecker. But by far the most spectacular sighting was in the raptor category. Besides a number of hawks, a Merlin, and a Peregrine Falcon. Emmalisa says, “The definite highlight of this trip was as we were walking towards the Peregrine a very large bird was flying over our heads. Then we realized that the big bird was a Bald Eagle with its flashy white head and tail, and it was being chased by the Peregrine, which is a much smaller bird. The Peregrine gave up the chase and when we were headed back to our cars, we spotted the Bald Eagle by the big pond.”

Of course, there were many Oregon Juncos present, 22 of them. There were



*Photo by Emmalisa Whalley*

Golden-Crowned Sparrows, Song Sparrows, and Spotted Towhees. Emmalisa also saw a Brown Creeper and a White-Breasted Nuthatch in the same tree. She explains, “An interesting fact about the Creeper and Nuthatch, is that the Creeper goes up the trees and the Nuthatch comes down them!” At the end of this trek, a Belted Kingfisher made an appearance and sang as it flew over the top of the creek... Altogether on the January trip 289 birds were sighted from 35 species.

A much larger total of birds were counted in the February survey, 499 from 38 species. More raptors were seen: a Sharp-Shinned Hawk, a

Cooper’s Hawk, a Red-Shouldered Hawk, and two Red-Tailed Hawks. And more ducks: 14 Wood Ducks, two Northern Shovelers, an American Wigeon, two Ring-Necked Ducks, two American Coots, 11 Buffleheads, and a Hooded Merganser. In the second transect, large numbers of American Robins and Lesser Goldfinches were present in flocks. There was one fly-over from a Turkey Vulture. It has been rare that we see Turkey Vultures outside of their migration but it appears that some may be making the Rogue Valley a permanent residence. They have been spotted on the Christmas bird count and on this survey walk in February.

**The order period for  
2024 Talent Tomatoes is now open!**

*our 2023 Talent Tomato sale was a rousing success. We are taking orders for you to be get your special Talent Tomato plants from the May 2024 sale. Don't miss out!!!*

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# New Exhibits at the Talent Museum!



**Come and See: Orchard Exhibit,  
Toys Over Time, Cameras Over Time,  
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Recuerdos, and more...  
Sunday and Wednesday noon to 4 p.m.**



# 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 \_\_\_\_\_

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Phone	e-mail
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Member Type: ☐ New ☐ 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: *The Historacle*

Check if you want it sent: electronically by email in lieu of paper. ☐ ☐

or by regular mail via post office ☐ ☐

☐ 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

Willow McCloud	President & Art/Design Chair
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Emmalisa Whalley	Webmaster
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Myke Reeser	Board Member
Alicia Cobiskey	Board Member
Aida Taracena	Board Member

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



## Night At The Museum Presented Monthly at the Talent Historical Society Museum

“Tuesday Evening at the Museum” has become “Night At The Museum” and continues with a wide variety of topics to entertain and inform us while we meet together every month at the museum. All meetings are free

for THS members and the general public to enjoy. Light refreshments are served.

**Tuesday, March 26th - Discover who is in your Family Tree!** Featuring Mary Robsman and Mary Tsui from the Rogue Valley Genealogical Society who will introduce resources for researching and organizing your family tree. Program starts at 6:30 P.M.

**Sunday, April 21st - Wobbly Walk through the Siskiyou.** Featuring George Mann. Please see write up on Page 8 of this issue. Program starts at 6:30 P.M.

**May 28th - “The Forgotten Artist, the story of Evylena Nunn Miller”** Talent resident Leslie Compton will discuss the writing of her most recent book about her great-aunt Evylena Nunn Miller, the youngest artist to ever have a painting accepted by the Smithsonian Institute. Program starts at 6:30 P.M.