



The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the
Talent Historical Society

Volume 28 Issue II

June 2022

Memories of The Bob Day Festival 1995-1997

By Judie Bunch

As someone once said, you never know where a playful word might take you. In the 1990s, when I was visiting my sister Pennie in Portland, we obsessed over the word "bob" and its many uses, like bobbing for apples, bobbing down the street, the song "Bibbity-Bobbity-Boo," let alone all the guys called Bob we watched on TV advertisements.

In 1994-95, Talent had a quiet population of about 4,200 people. "How many Bobs do you think it would take to fill up Talent if they all showed up on the same day?" I wondered. I knew a couple of guys: Bob Barnes and Bob Porter. They'd come for sure.

"What would you do with them when they got there?" Pennie asked.

"How about a Bob Parade?" I asked.

"This is so good! Go home and do it!" Pennie told me.

It sounded simple while in Portland. But there was no way Pennie could leave her job and also take care of our mother to help me, and I wasn't about to do it alone. So when I returned home, I called on several local, slightly eccentric friends: Chris DeSmit, who was very fond of her guy Bob Barnes, was in like Flynn - errr - I mean like Bob; Joyce Seely who was skeptical but didn't want to be left out, and Sarah Spring who laughed, "I was just sitting around reading the World Book Encyclopedia when Judie said, 'How about taking over Talent with a Bob Day Festival - and I said sure!'"

Swept away with the vision of all those guys in Talent, we set our date for July 15, 1995, and asked the Talent City



"What does that spell?" a man yelled. "BOB!" the crowd yelled back. "What does that spell backward!" "BOB"

Council for permission to use their streets and Library Park for the day's fun. Most Bobs are good guys who go about their days doing what needs doing without much notice. We told the council that Bob Day would bring them all together to have fun and we'd praise them for being the fine fellows that they are. Everybody was invited to take part. Even if they didn't know any Bobs, they could come and meet some. It would be a day they'd never forget.

There were a few raised eyebrows as I described the tom - oops - bobfoolery including the Parade of Bobs, a Bob Drill Team, and Bob Sullivan, Medford car restoration businessman, driving the parade grand marshal named Bob Day in his Bobmobile (by the 3rd year, there were six Bob Days waving from various classic cars). To top off the event at the end of the day, I said with the hint of a soulful tear, Bobs would stand shoulder-to-shoulder in the Bob Formation. I held my breath as the council deliberated.

Then, catching a giggle or two and sev-

eral Mona Lisa smiles among them, they amazingly nodded yes.

Bob Day was Real!

Things happened quickly after that. Suddenly our committee was being interviewed by the Ashland Daily Tidings, and thanks to reporter Cat Mauldin's whimsical, tongue-in-cheek story, our genuine naivety won the day. I mean really, we had a lot of enthusiasm, but at that time we knew next to nothing about organizing a whole festival.

The Associated Press then took up the mantra, and spread Bob Day all over Washington,

Oregon, and regions beyond. Bobs called and wrote from Idaho, S. Dakota, Iowa, Alabama, Florida, Maine, and Alaska. That prompted Chris to spend hours at the library finding over a thousand more addresses for Bobs & Roberts. None of us had computers. No email or social networking skills. Did they even exist then? In 1995, all we knew was writing letters, licking stamps and using the telephone. I also began inviting famous Bobs like Bob Hope, Bob Newhart, Robert "Bob" Ludlam (writer of the Bourne series) and the politician, Bob Dole. To a Bob they answered with their sincere regrets. One of CNN's top reporters, Bobbie Battista, told the whole world she had been invited to Talent, but had to decline.

As our story caught Bobs' fancies around the country, we were interviewed by numerous radio stations gleefully describing the town of Talent (*Talent, Oregon? Where's that?*) so, we decided Bobs needed their own t-shirts and caps. Bob Hanish of Boston gave us just the ticket

Continued on Page 4

Talent Historical Society

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

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

We operate a museum and meeting place located at:

105 North Market Street
Talent, Oregon

The museum is open Wednesday
and Sunday from 12:00 pm
to 4:00 pm

General Business/Mailing Address:
P.O. Box 582
Talent, OR 97540

Phone Number: (541) 512-8838
Email: info@talenthistory.org
Web Page: www.talenthistory.org

Facebook: www.facebook.com/talenthistory/

The Historacle is
published quarterly.

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

MUSEUM HOURS WEDNESDAY & SUNDAY 12:00 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Memberships Since Last Issue

New Members:

Judie Bunch
John Cooper

Jeffrey Gardener
Gordon B. Jones

Renewals:

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Mike & Tammy Dalton
Jerry Deubert
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Joel Goldman
Linda Hale
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Chris Livingston
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Poker Tour Thanks to all 22 players who came out to our post-Covid relaunch of the Talent Poker Tour on April 30th, and congratulations to our tournament winner Freddie Taulani! Our next tournament will take place on Saturday, July 30th starting at 1:00 p.m. 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 event is a no alcohol/no smoking event. Contact info@talenthistory.org, or call the museum at 541.512.8838 for additional information.

LIBERATED ARCHIVES: ABOUT A TOWN IN FLAMES

The Talent Historical Society Takes on the Documentation of the Impact of the Almeda Fire for the Talent Community
by Debra Moon

“Liberated Archives” is the name of the Talent Historical Society project, funded by Pacific Power and Light, to document the personal accounts of our community members and make them accessible online through a blog, *talenttowninflames.blogspot.com*. Eventually the blog stories and photos will become a book, available at close to printing cost to the public through THS’s online store and museum gift shop. THS is also planning a new fire documentation exhibit at the museum.

Here is the Story

The raging flames of the Almeda Fire ripped through Talent on September 8, 2020, sending most Talent residents fleeing out of town. Flames rose to heights of 40 to 50 feet along Highway 99, Talent Avenue, and the Bear Creek Greenway. Fire jumped from treetop to treetop and from building to building faster than our whole fire force could keep up with. They worked hard to save the places they could. And they did save many. The evacuation for many was immediate, some had an hour or two to prepare before inching out of town in a long line of cars heading various directions to find shelter for an undetermined amount of time. Business owners and six hundred Talent residents came back after the fire to find their businesses and homes gone. Two of the THS Board Members lost their homes completely, and others had the fire burn right up to their house. Still others suffered other losses from the wind or from loss of power, which, for some, lasted over a week.

THS did not hold a Board Meeting in September or October. We were still spinning from the disaster. At the November THS Board Meeting, the Board Members looked at each other solemnly and said, “We have to document this fire.” We voted unanimously to adopt the task of documenting the Almeda Fire, its effects on our community, and the community re-

sponse. We announced that we would be collecting personal accounts of the fire experience. The announcement went in our newsletter and the Talent monthly newspaper, the Talent News and Review, TN&R. Debra Moon translated the TN&R announcement into Spanish.



Part of the Flags of Hope Project

Phone calls came in slowly from people who wanted to tell their story and be video recorded. Willow McCloud did the recording.

Our partnership with both Talent Elementary and Talent Middle School resulted in over 35 stories and seven recorded interviews from students. The middle school students interviewed their parents, fire fighters, a hospice worker, and Ron Medinger, the President of THS at the time, who had lost his home in the fire.

Stories of personal accounts written by adults also came in, and many were published in the *Historicale*, the THS newsletter. Willow McCloud, Emmalisa Whalley and Jan Wright from our board, took numerous photos of the aftermath of the fire. Board Members Lunette Fleming, Ron Medinger and Myke Reeser, wrote their own stories, or in Myke Reeser’s case, a powerful poem. A video had been made of Lunette’s husband mowing their property to save his home as the fire burned yards away from him. Debra Moon wrote her own story and several more stories for the TN&R, in which she researched and interviewed

people in the community who had organized fire relief, rebuilding, and temporary housing for fire victims. Myke Gelhaus, the editor of the *Historicale*, edited and published many of the stories, especially ones that had been written up by individuals telling of their personal experiences during the fire. Writing, collecting, and publishing were all done by volunteer efforts of our hard-working board and our editor. We continue at this time to collect more stories and photos.

New Developments in the Project

The Talent Public Arts Committee (TPAC) heard about our project and contacted us with the hope of contributing and partnering with us in our documentation process. TPAC had been a source of solace, comfort, and inspiration in the aftermath of the fire, with their Flags of Hope project. All around town, across fences, on the back of our local bar, the Talent Club, and everywhere we looked, there were pieces of artwork and messages that inspired and sustained us.

When TPAC contacted us at THS, we welcomed their support with open arms. We wanted their photos and their narratives as part of our book, documenting the work they did for recovery and restoration after the fire. They also offered funding to help us do layout and design of the book and to do a first run of printing of 100 books.

Then we were contacted by the City of Talent. They wanted to know more about our documentation project. We made an appointment to meet with them on April 20th at a City Council Meeting. In the meantime, we received an invitation from the Oregon Heritage Commission, part of Oregon Parks and Recreation Department, who had funded THS for the production of a local history curriculum for Talent Schools in the past. They had

Continued on Page 9

Bob Day Memories *By Judie Bunch*

Continued from Page One
when he observed, "Others wanted to be called Bob but weren't so there's constant jealousy". Boston Bob added a map of Oregon with an X and the word Talent and had the whole thing emblazoned on the shirt/cap fronts. The morning of the parade, it was such fun watching all the Walking Bobs (Bobs came from all walks in life) in their blue/purple/white shirts marching proudly up Lapree Street to the park. One reporter estimated seeing about 1,000 grinning Bobs.

For the three years we held Bob Day, the parade was always a rousing success. It was great how the community happily responded. Not a frown anywhere. Talent resident Ron Medinger recently told me "Bob Day was the best thing going in Talent in those days."

Bob Hassel who also acted as Master of Ceremonies at the park, brought his National Guard buddies in uniform for the Bob Drill team to call out Bob chants as they marched up Talent Avenue in the parade. A little girl was decorated with bobby pins. The Talented Feet jump ropers wore brightly colored bobby socks. "Bobby and Clyde" drove a gangster car. A whole family from Crescent City came to honor the dad who had died in April. They said Beloved Bob had a terrific sense of humor and would crow like a rooster. The family would then gather around, flap their wings and cluck like chickens. For the parade one of them dressed in a chicken costume, and the rest carried poster-size photos of Beloved Bob wearing rabbit ears. The enthusiasm was delightful as Bob supporters stood along the sidewalks and cheered.

In an issue of our Bobolink newsletter, Sarah Spring wrote a couple of incidents that happened at the 1996 parade:

#1. We're sorry to say the sheriff's Clydesdale horse, "Bob," had second thoughts...and decided to go home. Unfortunately, he told no one of his plans and took off running. Our quick-thinking sheriff grabbed him but Bob was not swayed. He ran off with the sheriff in tow. The poor man found himself lying in the middle of the street sporting a broken jaw.

Fortunately Bob found his way home safely, and Sheriff Kinnan healed quickly and was back on the job within a few days.

#2. Due to some parade traffic conflicts, we decided to reroute the parade for 1997. We found that designing the route to form a "b" for Bob just didn't work too well. Next year's route will be a "d" for "day."



The treasured T-Shirt

After everybody finally reached the festival grounds, Bobs were given a hearty welcome from Mayor Frank Falsarella who read his Bob Day Proclamation. Among all activities were the Thingamabob contest, Games for Bob, entertainment, and a Bobbyque provided by the Talent Volunteer Fire Department, along with

cream wagons lining "I" Street. The Talent Historical Society sponsored a



The Medinger "Bobs" in the Parade

unique entry for the day of a local magician/clown named Robert Emerick Jones. During WWII he frequently appeared with famous Hollywood stars who entertained the troops, and became known as Hi-Fi the walk-around clown. There was even a Bobby Sherman (you know, the 1970s singer) Look-Alike contest. In case you weren't named Bob you'd still have something to do.

The highlight of the 1995 festival was the marriage of Bob Hoffman and his fiancée, Rene' Reid, who drove from

Tacoma with his son in their 1954 red Chevy convertible to be married by Gold Hill's Bob King, the motorcycle judge. The men in the wedding party were attired in white dress suits; Rene' wore a lovely knee-length white dress. The notorious Bob King wore his traditional black robe, and was quite a sight descending on the scene riding his black motorcycle; a Harley of course.

The happy newlyweds returned to Bob Day for both of the following years as did many others, again and again. Bob Worthley brought his young grandson, Bob, from Arlington, Washington three years in a row. Bobby Vreeland's mother brought him every year from Mareno Valley, California to celebrate his birthday. Quite a party, huh, Bob?

Chris DeSmit's honey, Bob Barnes, was at the festival every year with a big smile on his face. He looked forward to driving his 1960 Oldsmobile Dynamic 88 station wagon in the parade. He said, "It's got a big, bad 383 engine, and about 800 pounds of chrome." Bob was originally from Maine. "The whole state was full of Bobs," he said. If anybody said Bob, everybody would turn around, so that's why I left."

The picture on the front page shows the final treat for Bob Day which was the ritual of the Bob Formation. It was held at the old location of the Talent Volunteer Fire Department next to the Library Park. Participants stood shoulder-to-shoulder to show their Bobhood and formed B-O-B while my husband, Jerry, climbed onto the roof to take a picture. It was an awesome sight that almost brought Bobs, friends, and supporters to tears.

Once in place it was time for the Bob cheer.

"What does that spell?" a man yelled.

"BOB!" the crowd yelled back.

"What does that spell backward!"

"BOB!"

"It was great; a good feeling," Bob Porter told a reporter after the Bob Formation. "There were Bobs on your left, Bobs on your right I mean, that's protection."

Sometime around year three, Bob Porter passed away after having lived a good life with his heart transplant. Then, Bob Barnes had a couple of massive heart attacks, and not able to receive a heart transplant, he passed away. Sarah Spring began to think of moving to Colorado,

having a hunch her son, Marshall, might settle down there. As soon as she found out he was leaving the Rogue Valley, she sold her house, packed her truck and off she went. Our mother's health was failing and I was needed in Portland to spell my sister. Our mother died November 1998, and our daughter, Lacey, followed her grandma in death two weeks later. Joyce Seely, committee member gave her all in the first festival, and went from being skeptical to saying it was weird. Whether "weird" meant her experience was good or bad is still debated.

Although some of the things above hadn't happened yet, by the end of our third Bob Day we were sensing it would be our last festival. What great people we met. What marvelous experiences we had. What precious memories we have for the rest of our lives. Thank you, Talent, for being so gracious to us four slightly eccentric women.

One of the famous Bobs I had invited to Bob Day in 1996 was the presidential candidate, Bob Dole. Like the other famous Bobs we didn't really expect him to make it, but after he lost the election, Dole sent us an imprinted pen with a thank you note for the invitation and added (paraphrased): "Just think: If I had won, you could be holding next year's Bob Day on the White House lawn." *

Though it never happened, the Bob Day Committee might have grabbed some blue/purple Bob Day shirts with *Talent* and a big X printed on them; jumped into Bob Barnes' 1960 Oldsmobile Dynamic 88 station wagon with all that shiny chrome, and taken off for the White House. Yes siree, Bob! Just think....!!

*On the other hand, if he had come, maybe he *would* have won!

Bob Day Adulations 1995-1997

"We had a wonderful time at Festival Number One last year. You folks are to be congratulated on a job well done."
- Bob Worthley

"Dear Friends, We had a blast [and were] delighted with how Clever Bob Day was. Thanks so much for all your work. I really felt honored."
-Bob Krause"

"You can be sure [we'll] be there with our new friends in Talent. -Bob
It was a wonderful family atmos-

phere and we met so many nice people."
Bob in California

"I noticed and read the newsletters and noticed...the Thank yous for all the people and businesses who sponsored the Bob Day Festival. My wife, Maureen and I are going to stay in Talent and patronize the businesses listed."
Bob Day, Jr. Sacramento 1997

Judie Bunch is a writer living next



to Talent for 30ish years. She has been married 63 years to Jerry. They have raised 4 children. Judie was manager of Ashland's weekend arts and crafts market behind the Plaza for 7-8 yrs. She was a regional commentator on JPR for several years, has written a history book (*Pearl Tea*) with her sister, Pennie, about their Lents neighborhood in Portland, and has illustrated and written stories for 5 family history coloring books.

May I again thank the terrific people who supported Bob Day during those delightful three years. From the beginning with my sister, Pennie Gray to the Bob Day Committee, Boston Bob Hanish, the volunteers: Ted Keller, our artist friend, Bob Barnes, Bob Sullivan and his Bobmobile, Bob Hassel and Co. B 1st BN 186th INF. National Guard Bob drill team, Leonard Lukens, Philatelist extraordinaire and Jeanine Foucualt Talent Postmistress, my Talent friend, Betty Welburn, John Morrison editor/publisher Talent-Phoenix Record, and the newspapers, radio/tv broadcasters who provided such great publicity, Talent Volunteer Fire Department, Talent Historical Society, Talent City Council, Talent police for the parade escorts, the many businesses who contributed funds and all the people who came and enjoyed the day, and my husband, Jerry Bunch. I'm sorry if I'm forgetting someone but, Thank you all for your smiles and laughter.--Judie Bunch, March 2022

Birding in Hawaii

By Debra Moon

Our birding Board Member, Emmalisa Whalley, took a vacation with her family to Hawaii, to the island of Kauai. While she was there, she took two birding tours, and saw many interesting birds, some of which were native only to Hawaii.

Her two guided bird walks were with Hob Osterlund, who is the author of the book *Holy Moli*, and also the founder of the Kauai Albatross Network. Emmalisa says she would definitely hire Hob again to go birding. Hob took the group to three locations, First, Hanalei Wildlife Refuge, where they saw the five Hawaiian waterbirds, the Nene, the Hawaiian Black-Necked Stilt, Hawaiian Duck, Hawaiian Coot, and the Hawaiian Gallinule.

Next, she took them up to a neighborhood in Princeville and they got to see this **6-week-old Laysan Albatross** in the picture.

The final stop was at the Kilauea Lighthouse where there were nesting Red-Footed Boobies in the thousands, and Brown-Footed Boobies, White and Red-Tailed Tropic Birds, Great Frigates and some Laysan Albatross. Emmalisa said, "In the ocean, we had Humpback whales breaking the water with leaps."

**What a marvelous
experience!!
-Emmalisa**



Six-week-old Laysan Albatross

Famous Talent Resident Remembered by Chuck Zickefoose

I lived in and around Talent from 1937 to 1949 and had family connections here for a number of years after departing to college and married life.

When my family arrived in Talent in 1937, we rented a cabin in what was called Pumpkin Center. (It may have been at the site of a fruit stand shown on page 10 of the December 2018 *Historacle*.)

During grade school days, I had heard a small-town myth about a famous person who had lived in town, but never pinned down who or when or famous for what. The story I heard was that they had lived in what I recall was called the "Robertson House" near the north entrance to town. That part does not fit the location of what follows.

We all like to be associated with famous people, living or dead for which we have some connection. One such individual for me, as a graduate of Talent High School is Carlton E. Morse. You may or may not have heard of him depending on your age and whether you were a fan of old-fashioned radio programs.

Born in Louisiana in 1901, Carlton Errol Morse was the oldest of six chil-

dren. His family moved often, coming west to San Francisco in 1906. That same year they relocated to a fruit and dairy farm on Anderson Creek near Talent. In Talent, young Carlton Morse attended the old brick elementary schoolhouse before two years at the Ashland High School.

The connection for me was that we both attended Talent Schools although in different time frames. Carlton Morse from about 1907 to 1915. I began the first grade at age 5 in 1937 and graduated in 1949.

Morse described Talent as "a little wide place in the road." He lived on the ranch on Anderson Creek until 1917, when his father became the superintendent of a rice mill in Sacramento. "When we left the ranch," he later wrote, "I determined that never in my life again would I return to ranch

life ... I would sooner starve to death on a city street."

So, what made Carlton E. Morse famous? After graduating from high school in Sacramento, Morse went to the University of California from 1919 to 1922 but did not graduate. Instead, he dropped out and returned to Sacramento, beginning a career as a journalist with the *Sacramento Union*.

When he presented material, he had written to an interviewer from NBC, it led to a script writing job at radio station KGO. Beginning in 1932, he wrote two popular radio serials which were major successes; *One Man's Family*, and *I Love a Mystery*. *One Man's Family* was aired in 1932, with *I Love a Mystery* following in 1939. The two series were almost polar opposites; "One Man's Family" was a daily

soap opera, targeted at housewives, and "I Love a Mystery" was an adventure serial for adolescents and lovers of the macabre. Both are regarded by radio historians as two of the all-time best radio serials.

I Love a Mystery was a tremendous hit and many episodes still offer chills to modern listeners. The original series was broadcast from 1939 to 1942 on the NBC Blue Network and then had one



Carlton E. Morse





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Fire Remnants Exhibit At the Talent Historical Museum




The Talent Historical Society is beginning a collection of items, photos and text for an exhibit, "Fire Remnants" that will express the experience of the fire...the losses, the grief, the heart rending moments...and the recovery. If you have items, photos or stories to donate or loan, please call the museum at 541-512-8838, leave a message and someone will return your call.

Continued from Page 6

more season (1943-44) on CBS. It was later revived on the Mutual Broadcasting System from 1949 through 1953. The original run was broadcast from Hollywood, and the revival originated from New York City.

I listened to both of these on a radio that my dad hooked up to a car battery for power before we got electricity on a little farm on Hartley Road. Whether his sojourn in Talent contributed to his future successes, we will never know but we can believe it did, having no reason not to.





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My Mother's Daughter

The Continuing Memoirs of Jewel Donaca Lockard

Chapter 9—Tidbits of Our Lives

Woodcutting - Dad made an existence for us by cutting wood. Chain saws were unheard of at that time. A person used a crosscut saw on the big trees and chopped the smaller ones down. The laurel was chopped down, well limbed with the axe and let lay until fall when they were dragged out with a horse. We worried about getting the wood buzzed into stove lengths as Steve was quite late sometimes. Roads got bad, anyway he'd come in the old truck, pulling the buzz saw. Old Jones would come too. Often he would have Dad feed the saw, Steve would run it through. I liked to hear the old engine fire up, whining and going putt, putt. Once they were buzzing up at the mouth of the big canyon. Jones had his lunch to cook so built up a fire, fried bacon and ears of corn cooked in the bacon grease. Yum.

When buzzing of the wood was done, Steve hauled the wood out and sold it. Then we got a little dab after settling up. Dad would borrow from Steve for a year, then ended up owing it all to the company store. One year we had \$700.00 to live on for the whole year, tight times.

Toys – Leland and I had very few toys, not uncommon in those days. Nothing like today, and then toys were made of good stuff. Then I was born, mom got me a stuffed toy and Grandma Cumow got me a little celluloid doll. Someone gave me a little soft home-made doll. I have them still, on the wall in a case. Leland got a little iron truck that looked like Steve Lunik's and once at Christmas when he was older, he got a train and a track. You wound up the train to run on the track. Some people down the road gave us old dishes which I still have in the kitchen, whatnots, quite old. When I was 11, Mom bought dollies and I have them yet. Also I was given a home-made child's hutch which I improved up on. It's in the show case. And I have mom's old China Mae

doll which I've fixed up once, must do it again. She is over 100 years old.

Tobacco – Dad started chewing while quite young. Probably around 4 years old I guess as his brothers would want to get rid of him, so put a little chunk in the bark of a tree. As an adult, he bought Bull Durham in little cotton sacks. This was cheaper because you rolled your own cigarettes. Later he took back to chewing again. I remember him



sitting in the house in front of the heater, chewing and spitting into the front where the draft went through, it had ashes in the front. He seemed to enjoy himself, no TV in those days. The front of the stove got messy. Mom and I would drag out more ashes. Also riding in the back seat of the car behind Dad was a bad choice. He'd spit a stream of tobacco juice out the window and the spray would hit me. Such was life in the far west.

Fishing – Years ago very few people lived along Anderson Creek below the mailboxes or the North Fork, so when fishing season came along Leland and Dad would fish the creek for fine pan size cutthroat trout. I fished also but not during fishing season exactly. I cut a willow pole, fastened a line and hook on and I was in business. I usually dug some worms the day before. I, and sometimes Leland, would always walk down to fish. The fish are all gone now, we've had too many drought years. Oh, to be young again with a willow pole!

Trash - People seem to have much more trash these days than we did. If there was a garbage dump in the old days, very few knew about it. Garbage was often taken out and dumped along side the roads or in a creek. Piles of junk

were like a yard sale today. I rooted through them looking for cosmetics. There'd be round tin boxes of lots of powder, rouge, lipstick and other things, some used up. I'd find nail polish too. Then I'd pretty myself up.

Rattlesnakes - Mom taught us kids about rattlesnakes and to be aware of them. We didn't know exactly what one looked like as we didn't have a picture of one. There were dens on the hilltops on the Applegate side. Now and then one would work its way down on this side. I guess none are left now.

One late summer day, Leland and I walked up the canyon. Leland with his new BB gun along to try it out. A digger squirrel was standing on its hind legs looking around. It ran and as we drew closer to the place just above the double gates today where a rattlesnake lay across the road. He had been creeping up on the squirrel. Leland popped it with the BB gun causing it to coil up. So I ran for the house and cried for Dad to come and kill it. Leland was keeping it at bay with BBs. Dad was cutting up deer meat so didn't want to be bothered, also didn't believe me, but I kept it up and Mom finally said you better go see. He got the shot gun and shot the snake. I was right.



Northern Pacific Rattlesnake by Alan St. John

These are a couple of bits that could be called folk-lore. Kids used to look in creeks, but mostly in horse troughs for a very wiry, long worm that resembled a horse hair, so it was said you could put a horse hair in the water and it would turn into a worm. Also if you killed a snake it wouldn't die until the sun went down. Also if you had to hunt the cows, get a grand-daddy long legs spider and turn him loose and what direction he went in you would go that way to locate the cows. These were the neighbor boy's ideas.

Jewel's story will continue in the next issue.

heard about our Alameda Fire documentation project and wanted to know if we were willing to present at a virtual conference that they will be holding on April 28th. We are in line to apply for a grant from the consortium of funders who are interested in our "Fire Remnants" exhibit, as well as the documentation that we are doing. We will present at the virtual conference, and we are hoping to apply for grant funds for the exhibit to complete our project.

What We Are Grateful For

We are grateful that the relationships that we had established within our community not only survived the fire but were actually strengthened by it. THS thanks the teachers who incorporated our community awareness and living history into lessons or units in their classroom studies. We had developed, with funding support from the Oregon Heritage Commission, a unit on community awareness and local history for the elementary school. So, I guess you could say we were grateful for the hard work we had done ourselves in this area, and the partnerships we had formed, because the fire suddenly made us aware of the importance of relationships, supporting each other and working together.

THS is also grateful for the funding support from the city and the state, which have made it possible to succeed in having tangible results in our town. I, as a journalist, am grateful for the willingness of so many people to take time out of their lives to be interviewed, or even to write down their own personal accounts.

We are all super grateful to the individuals, businesses, and organizations who provided fire relief in the form of meals and goods, such as blankets, pillows, baby supplies (diapers, highchairs, cribs, playpens, toys), groceries, winter clothing...the list is almost endless...to fire victims. Our gratitude extends to the city who supported homeowners to rebuild, and who devised plans and funding to provide temporary housing to families who lost their homes.

Last, and definitely not least, we thank our firefighters who put superhuman efforts into salvaging as much of our town as they could. Firefighters, in partnership

with city and state officials, have also helped create legislation and protocols that would require us all to maintain an environment safer from fire. Gratitude goes to the first responders, such as our police force who knocked on doors to inform citizens to evacuate, who transported our people out of town if they had no other means to escape, and who even brought some people back in through dangerous fire zones to pick up medical supplies or pets. The rescue and maintenance of the animals at the animal shelter is quite a story, once again with the themes of cooperation, ingenuity and outpouring of community generosity.

What We Wish We Knew Before Starting this Project

Perhaps if our board members knew how all-consuming this project would be, we might not have attempted it, but like so many others in our town we knew we had a responsibility as historians to capture, not only the facts and details of this catastrophic event, but also the tragic nature of the impact on so many of our people and the humane response of the town as a whole.

We had no idea the proportions that our documentation would take. The idea of collecting, preserving, and sharing our people's stories in a book was the original intent. From there, the project grew to encompass the blog and then the exhibit. We are a small organization, but our board is strong and substantial, with eight members. THS operates on a slim budget, so what we do could not be possible without the grants, but we had no idea as we proceeded to do our duties, that grant funds would even be available, or that strong, established organizations and agencies, such as the city, would want to partner with us.

What We Believe within Our Community

We believe that Talent is strong, that it has the capability to heal and restore itself.

We believe that Talent is flexible and resilient. Talent is more aware of itself now, aware of the various age groups, people of diverse ethnicity, and diverse needs who make up the fabric of the community. We have seen the magic of our amazing little town in the form of individuals and businesses who adapted and almost shape-shifted to respond to community needs. I think we are a more caring town because of this awareness.

Talent Historian, Jan Wright, who lost her home and her personal and professional belongings in the fire, was overwhelmed with the outpouring of support to rebuild her life. The support came from family, her fellow employees, and the community, even people unknown to her through a Go-Fund-Me effort. In her words,

"Love is refined by fire."

We believe that we are now more prepared for emergency or disaster, and we will continue to become stronger in that area. We have had since September of 2020, and still have, an Alameda Fire Relief Center. We have two organizations, Rogue Action Center and Rogue Climate, who provided a coordinated effort of relief to fire victims throughout their recovery. Now they are concentrating on some efforts to strengthen our preparedness: Resource Navigation and the Disaster Relief Team (DRT), a disaster relief team that is mobile. DRT can go to where the next disaster occurs, with a big truck equipped with basic needs: food, clothing, bedding, pet supplies, hygiene supplies and more. This team also organizes shelter pods to provide shelter immediately for families. We have Rogue Food United. They are true heroes of the recovery effort in the area. From the beginning, Rogue Food United has provided meals for fire survivors. They have organized the donations from local restaurants and dispensed the meals to those in need.

We believe that Talent can learn and remember, and tell its stories to children and grandchildren. And from this desire to remember, preserve and share has come our documentation project.



Hermeticus Books is back in business!

By J.A. Gardener

If you have been wondering since the Alameda fire what happened to the delightful Hermeticus Bookstore that was located in historic Hanscom Hall in downtown

Talent, you need worry no more. It has successfully relocated to Ashland Oregon at the corner of 4th and B streets. The new shop continues to be a source of hope and inspiration delivering books at a bargain price that features Richard's unique ability to match the book to the reader, a kind of library angel.

The Ashland location of Hermeticus Books is Richard's sixth bookstore. He opened his first bookstore in 1976. Hermeticus Books lived on Talent Avenue for six years. After a couple of years of being at that location, Richard was able to create a profitable business for himself and good books for the community. However, like many other businesses, the

bookstore was faced with impending economic pressure due to COVID-19. Richard responded by staying open and having half-price sales to clear inventory

and attract people into the shop. Tragically the September 8, 2020 Alameda fire burned the 1906 Hanscom Hall to the ground, including Richard's storefront, home, and inventory, a complete loss. Fortunately, divine providence and timing seemed to be smiling upon him. Prior to the fire he had purchased a van and was actually asleep

that night in the beautiful landscape of Wagner Creek. Richard awoke to the shock of the fire the following morning. He was safe, but the store was gone. Proceeding with the sense of eternal optimism and confidence that Richard carries through his life, he soldiered on to build a new life.

The town of Talent provided financial support to help create the new Hermeticus bookstore through GoFundMe. Richard received \$10,000 in funds to begin again. He also received 25% of his new inventory directly by donation from friends of the store. This help was absolutely essential as there was no funding coming from traditional organizations such as the Red Cross. Richard said he is deeply grateful to the people of Talent for their support and help. Richard, with his new bookstore partner Pauly Fox, is open for business Tuesday through Saturday, 10AM to 5PM. The store is very much alive and

vibrant with that feeling of community and openness to ideas and possibilities. This vital learning hub features a beautiful new sign and Richard continues his skillful work of matching books with readers.

This article of hope is intended to inspire others to find reward and richness from the ashes. Richard moves forward with a feeling of relief and letting go of what was not needed. He holds a sense of purification from the fire. Richard, with his ever optimistic and youthful attitude, views himself as still young and strong. The new store is now paying its own way. He has been open for about six months and accepts donations of books from the community. He attempts to keep prices down and pass the savings on to the community.



Before the fire in Talent



The morning of September 9th, 2020



Richard comfortably surrounded by his full bookshelves in the new location.



While the storefront beckons to booklovers.



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

The Talent Historical Society Membership Application

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

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

Name _____ Date _____

Mailing/Street Address

City, State, Zip

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

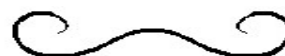
Thank you!

Talent, OR 97540

Talent Historical Society Board of Directors

Willow McCloud	President & Art/Design Chair
Lunette Gleason-Fleming	Vice President
David Oman	Secretary
Ron Medinger	Treasurer & Membership Chair
Emmalisa Whalley	Webmaster
Debra Moon	Outreach & Volunteer Coordinator
Myke Reeser	Board Member
Jeffery Gardener	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. The meetings are also still being held on Zoom. If you wish to participate on Zoom, please contact debramoon7@gmail.com and she will email you an invitation to join.



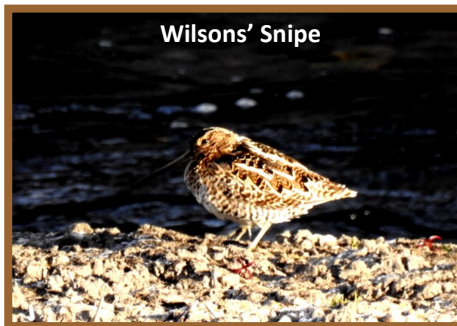


Talent Historical Society
P.O Box 582
Talent, OR 97540

BIRDS ON THE GREENWAY by Debra Moon and Emmalisa Whalley

This update covers the time up to the first of March from surveys done in both Lynn Newbry Park transects and the Suncrest transects. The news is good. New species have been sighted and numbers of birds are up compared to past surveys. Our Talent Historical Society (THS) Board Member, Emmalisa Whalley, who is a birder on the teams that do these surveys regularly, reports main observations and highlights in order to help the public understand how the bird population is doing after the Almeda fire along the Greenway. She is an excellent photographer, providing us with amazing photographs of our birds and producing a stellar bird calendar yearly (available through THS).

Early in February, Emmalisa and her team, led by Pepper Trail, visited Lynn Newbry Park, transect A, in 33-degree weather, where there is a large pond. So of course, they saw a lot of waterfowl, who have returned early on, including Wood Duck, Gadwall, American Wigeon, Mallard, Canvas-back, Ring-Necked Duck, and Bufflehead. There was also American Coot on the water, but these are not ducks, they are part of the Rail family. Twenty-five Canada Geese were also seen. In transect B they flushed out a Great-Blue Heron and saw a couple of Red-Tailed Hawks, apparently building a nest! In both transect A and B of Lynn Newbry they saw



many ground birds. Oregon Junco, White and Golden-Crowned Sparrows, Song Sparrows, and a Spotted Towhee. The Hairy Woodpecker they had seen before was seen again just before they left. They observed a large number of Red-Winged Blackbirds, 56 total, and then on the way back their cars they spotted two trees full of Red-Winged Blackbird females, hundreds of them.

Later in the month a team led by Janet Kelly went to the Suncrest area, in slightly warmer weather, 47 degrees, to discover the Wilson Snipe, sighted by them for the first time in our area. A pair were seen in transect A, but then a third one was spotted later in transect B. A Great Horned Owl, seen perhaps 9 months earlier, was seen back in his old haunt here. They saw Downy, Acorn and Northern Flicker woodpeckers. In transect A and B of the Suncrest survey, they spotted these same ground birds as in the Lynn Newbry survey, only more of them due to more fields in this area, as well as another species, the Lincoln Sparrow. A sighting of one Wilson's Warbler was noted as well, a sweet little bird of bright color.

The total number of species recorded in the Lynn Newbry transects was 43, and 546 total birds were counted. In the Suncrest area 35 species were noted, with a total of 417 birds. We welcome back our birds!