



The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the
Talent Historical Society

Volume 30 Issue 2

June 2024

PIONEERING IN OREGON—Part 3 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 third, and final, installment of her book "Pioneering in Oregon". [The Bagleys moved to Anderson Creek Road in 1910]

We left off with the Bagleys planning to open a cannery in Talent.

More cans were needed. Will went to Portland to interview the American Can Co. and they promised him cans to be paid for when the juice sold. I seldom saw any of the canning as I was tied at home.



Will and the Bagley Children in 1912.

Little Marion was born the 3rd of July. She resembled me even to her little hands. She was frail and drooped and I worried over her without being able to help her. At the end of four months she left us. Dr. Marden, an old classmate of Will's, was in Medford with his wife. He read the little service for her and Will sang a lullaby. We buried her in a little coffin Will had made in the old Stearn's Cemetery near us.



The Bagley Canning Company located where the current Candlewood Manufactured Home Park is in 2024, off Colver Road, near the Southern Pacific Railroad Tracks.

The Mardens came up for Thanksgiving. We had a nice dinner and afterward the men went out to look at the orchard. I said to Mrs. Marden, "We will leave the dishes. I can do dishes anytime. We will go out and see the orchard too." "All right," said Mrs. Marden, "I have been made to do the dishes too many times in my own house not to understand."

I was still sewing all the spare time I could get, and pumping the machine with my foot, often holding Charles in my lap. He was very good and never put his hand toward the needle. I conceived the idea of counting the number of garments I made in a year as a matter of encouragement. It was an astonishing number. I made over all the older garments and used every bit of material we had brought with us from Duluth. An old top-coat of Kilmer's made a nice coat for Elizabeth and I made a coat for little Charles from the skirt of my wedding suit. It was beautiful blue broadcloth and made a pretty coat. Mrs. Dancer sent a lovely piece of rose colored sateen and I made a pretty dress for myself of it. The local women did little sewing as they

bought ready-made things from the Catalog houses.

They wondered why I embroidered or smocked the little dresses I made for the girls. I said I liked to see them look pretty myself. I made a navy blue serge dress for Helen once and trimmed it with white braid. Helen had a pretty little figure and she looked very nice in it. Shortly afterwards, one of Helen's classmates came to say that her mother would like to borrow the pattern. I had to tell her that I didn't have a pattern for it as I used just the shoulders of a nightgown pattern. I think the woman never believed it.

Sixty yards of outing flannel were needed every other year to make night clothes for half the family and sixty yards the next year for the other half. Winter weather was chilly and damp.

I made all of Charles clothes and William's but we bought Kilmer's. When he was about 12 we bought him a pair of long pants as he was in High School. He didn't want to wear them. "They'll call me a dude," he said. He wore them, however, and when he got home I asked him if they had called him names and he admitted no one had said a word. Some of the children were stealing

Talent Historical Society

The Talent Historical Society researches and preserves the history of the Talent area in southern Oregon

We offer a collection of historical archives to help local residents and visitors become better acquainted with our area's rich history.

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

We operate a museum and meeting place located at:
105 North Market Street
Talent, Oregon

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

General Business/Mailing Address:
P.O. Box 582

Talent, OR 97540

Phone Number: (541) 512-8838

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Web Page: www.talenthistory.org

Facebook: www.facebook.com/talenthistory/

Blogspot: talenttowninflames.blogspot.com

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Editor: Ron Medinger
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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:

Wes Brain & Brian Gould
Tymary Charnicky
Cody & Vanessa Henson

Eleanor Ponomareff
Chris Stehlin
Robynne Whitaker Nagel

Renewals:

Judie Bunch
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Mike & Julie Ono
Dick Phillips
Judith Ann Richards
James Rothstein
Emmalisa & Ruby Whalley
Jim & Cindy Zirkle and Peggie Irvin

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Kathy Apple
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Claire Barr-Wilson
Poppie Beveridge
Jim Bradley & Patricia Remencuis
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Pam Carr
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Joan Dean
Jerry Deubert
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Honorary Lifetime Memberships

Jan Wright Tom & Susan Moulder Katherine Harris

Additional Donations:

Emmalisa & Ruby Whalley

Talent News Flashes now available online!

"Talent News Flashes was a mimeographed newspaper and advertising device started by Ray's Market in 1934. It continued until 1989 and represents a vibrant picture of the Talent community and the adjacent area for more than fifty years. While started by Ray's, the Flashes are most remembered for their longest serving editors, Mae Lowe and Alice Burnette. The surviving paper copies were donated to the Talent Historical Society; the Rogue Valley Genealogical Society scanned them into digital form and Ben Truwe's online pages are hosting the transcription while the Southern Oregon Historical Society is hosting the images of the original pages. We invite you to learn about the Talent area in these pages as they are transcribed year by year and added to the collection." Go to:

<https://truwe.sohs.org/files/talentnewsflashes1934-48.html>



Continued from Page 1

from the lunches of the others, especially the sweet things. Kilmer was much exercised about it. I asked him if anyone took any of his and he said, "No, I ate it on the way down." He came home once and burst into the kitchen saying in a hoarse voice, "I got the 'Roup'." I didn't know what to do, but Emma slapped a towel wet in cold water around his neck and he was soon over it. Everett Beeson was close behind him to see that he got home all right, but he couldn't run as fast as Kilmer. Kilmer took on the Missouri dialect at once and talked like a native. "Has school took up yet?" "I want out." etc.

Now the Canning factory was running full time and they were able to sell all their products.

The San Francisco Fair opened and they sent a man there to open a booth to sell Bagley's Apple juice and advertise it. It took the Gold Medal and was very popular. Soon a booth was selling California Apple juice. Our man was suspicious. He went around behind the booth and found a pile of cans with our label on them so they had to stop that.

Will went to San Francisco to see some wholesalers there and took me with him. I was glad to go, but we had to leave the children with someone. A Mrs. Budgon was recommended and she came. Charles was about two then.

We stayed at a good hotel and I had a wonderful time. It was a beautiful place. Among the buildings the Canadian Building was the most spectacular. All Canadian products were on view, mining, lumbering and a big sign on top of the building read, "We learned to advertise from California."

The first day was Chinese Day and a procession of Chinese children dressed in the most elaborate Chinese fashion were a charming sight. We had dinner one night with the head of the Sussman and Wormse Company at a fine Chinese restaurant. The food was wonderful and delicious.

After the dessert the head Chinese Cook came in and walked around the table smiling and asking everyone, "You like?" The wholesale firm was much pleased with the apple juice and said they would take all we could put up. I think it was then that the Dole Company of Hawaii asked Will to come to Hawaii and make pineapple juice for them. I couldn't see the children brought up over there and the idea was dropped.

We saw our first big airplane one afternoon. As it took off for Hawaii, crowds of people were on the grand stand. The plane would get up off the water a short distance and then drop back, apparently without sufficient power to rise. It was all of an hour doing this and we thought, when at last it roared off, that it would never reach its destination, but it did. When we got home everything was all right except Charles had bronchitis.



Bagley Children 1913

A Mrs. Dole and her daughter came to live on the hill ranch to the right of us. They made the acquaintance of Will and Mr. Randall, who were quite taken with them and took them around. They were very condescending and claimed relationship with the Mr. Dole of Hawaii. One day in June just as the children and I were about to sit down for lunch, Mrs. Dole appeared in a car with two young men who were looking over the valley perhaps with the idea of buying some property. Mrs. Dole began in her effusive way to explain that they would like to have lunch with us and that she had brought along some chops for me to cook. I was not pleased and said I'd be glad to give them lunch and it was already cooked if they would like to share ours. "Oh, No," she said, "I always furnish the meat when I ask farmers wives to get a lunch for us." The young men were quite embarrassed. I said, "Very well, Mrs. Dole you are older than I am and I will yield." So I cooked the chops and after we had eaten them she exclaimed, "Oh Mrs. Bagley won't you open a can of those nice peaches for dessert?" I did that, also, and afterward they went away. I think she wanted to make an impression and didn't want to work herself. Perhaps she wanted to sell her place.

Tonsilitis fell upon the family and half came down with it at a time, and by the

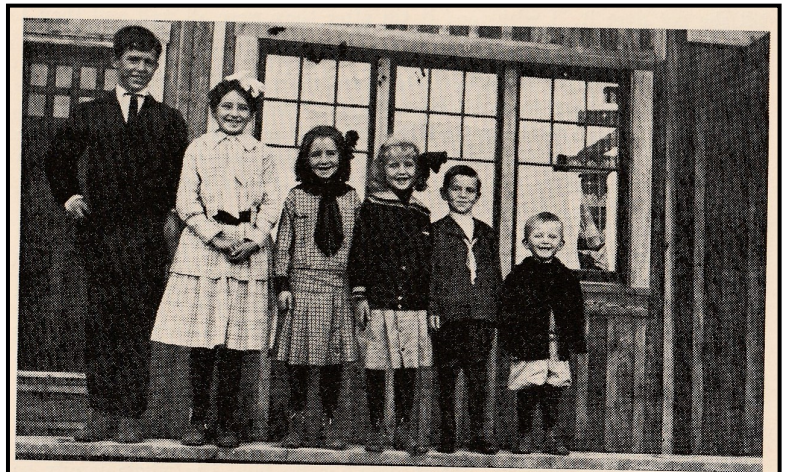
time they were up, the other half came down, including Emma. Emma had rheumatism afterward and had to lie down most of the day till she got over it. I withstood it till after they were all well and then I had it.

The next winter Margaret came down with it and I said to Will, "I am not going to have them all down with it again. I will isolate Margaret and we will be safe." "You can't help their all getting it," said the pessimist. But I put Margaret in an upstairs bedroom and carried her

trays to her. With toys and her doll she stayed there quietly till she was over it and no one else came down with it.

We were shopping around in Ashland one day and met Dr. Swedenburg. He greeted us cordially and said, "Why not come up and have lunch with us? I will get some chops and Mrs. Swedenburg will cook them." Mary was a baby and there were nine of us but Will consented and so we went to their beautiful house and had lunch. That was Dr. Swedenburg, kindness itself.

The summer when Charles was about 3, Will decided we could go on a fishing and camping trip. We had the nice two seated buckboard that Nordin had given us, but it didn't quite hold the whole family so Kilmer went on his bicycle. We were going up the Applegate. Kilmer rode ahead of us stopping at every turn and cross-road to see which way we would go. We found much of the places posted and finally found a pasture and were allowed by the owner to camp there. We put up the tent and after a lunch we prepared to go to bed. Will put Charles under the low side of the tent and as the horses were walking all around and occasionally came to sniff at the tent I didn't get much sleep. I was afraid they



Bagley Children 1914



would step on Charles, and had to keep shooing them away. We went to a better place and they fished all day with some success. The second night the tent was pitched on a slope and in the morning the children were all piled up at the lower edge. We caught enough fish to eat. The third day it rained so we had to start back. They made a rack of branches over the top of the wagon and covered it with the tent so we were quite dry. As we drove thru Talent again no one recognized us. We learned later that they thought we were a band of gypsies. It was some work to vacation in those days but we had had a change anyway.

I went to the Cannery one night for Will, driving the old blind horse. I took Charles with me. As we drove along the railroad track Shasta came roaring in beside us. The poor old horse was frightened and sat down on the whiffle-tree. Charles lost his balance and fell over the dashboard landing behind her. It was just before Mary came and I couldn't reach him so said, "Charles get right over the wheel and climb up the bank." He didn't say a word but climbed up the bank and sat there. He didn't



The Bagley Family in 1915

n't cry till he was safe. Some men came from the Cannery and got the horse onto her feet and untangled the harness. She did the same thing one day in the middle of Ashland with all the children in the wagon making quite a spectacle.

One day we were all asked to come to lunch at Goddard's and all the children were dressed and ready except Charles who didn't come when called. We began searching for him. Will went down through the alfalfa field calling and Carl left his work and began to look too. He went into their little outdoor toilet and came out waving Charles' sweater. Will saw him as he came up from the field and turned white as a sheet. Just then I looked toward the draw and saw Charles come creeping up the hill, looking ashamed. He had not wanted to leave his little garden which he worked with William. William had dug a hole and it filled with water so they used it to water their garden.

Helen was always interested in what was going on and when the County Fair offered prizes for Children's Canning she canned peaches and pears that were remarkable for their looks, as regularly placed in the glass cans as could be. She got the blue ribbon. We were very proud of her display.

A Kentucky family named Kirby had settled about a mile from us up a side road. They raised goats and Mr. Kirby would travel about the settlement in summer selling the meat. It tasted strong but the children were very fond of it cooked with plenty of onions. The Kirby children went to the Wagner Creek School. One morning when two of the girls were on their way to the school the older one looked back and saw a cougar padding down the hill behind them. She was about 12 and the little sister

six at the time. "Don't run," she said, "just walk

fast and when we are near the school we can run and yell." So the two courageous girls walked down the lonely hill toward the school. If they hurried at all the cougar did the same. At last they were near the school and they yelled and dashed forward. The pupils and children poured out and the cougar slunk away. The older girl married young Summer later and lived just above us.

We never saw any cougars but the coyotes used to bark on the near hills and the men used to kill bear. They used to say the bear lard was better than that made from pigs.

Jessie and Al came to see us this year. Al wanted to see the Canning factory for one thing and we had not seen them since little Marion had died. We had asked the Adamsons to dinner. Mrs. Adamson was already there and Will was bringing Mr. Adamson and Al up from the Canning factory where they had been looking over things there. I was getting dinner and watching for them from the kitchen window and so saw it all. As the buckboard and the three men neared the turn into the yard I saw Al and Mr. Adamson, who were in the back seat reach forward to get hold of the front seat but failed to get hold of it. The seat and the two men fell backward with the men falling into the road on their shoulders and on their heads. The seat had not been fastened securely. Fortunately, they were not badly hurt but bruised, so they had lame shoulders for some time.

Now Will bought two colts, one three years old and the other younger. They were beautiful, gentle things, and he was able to break them to harness himself. The children were able to drive Rony in a short time as well. We were coming from the Canning factory one night and were on the road next

Talent Poker Tour #54



Jon Peters
Talent Poker Tour-LIV Champion

Thanks to everyone who came out to our tournament on March 30th, and congratulations to our winner Jon Peters. Our next tournament is scheduled for Saturday, June 29th. The tournament is open to THS members only, with a membership level of Family or above and pre-registration is required.

The No-Limit Texas Hold'em tournament will feature a buy-in of \$50.00 with all entry money paid back out as cash prizes. Refreshments and snacks will be available for a modest cost. This is a no alcohol/no smoking event.

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



to the railroad when we heard Shasta whistle in the distance. Rony began to stop and shiver and I got out when Will did. He tried to get a halter on Rony, but the colt was so frightened that he tried to get behind Will. Will was able to slip the halter around his neck and before he could pull it tight Rony tried to climb the telephone pole, and Will had all he could do to get the strap around the pole and hold him down. When the strap began to tighten on his neck Rony gave in. The Shasta tore by and all was quiet. Rony immediately quieted down and we got in the wagon and drove home. He was never afraid of trains again.

We came home once from Medford after a heavy rain storm which left large puddles on the road. As they neared a large one, both colts stopped and tried the depth of the puddle carefully before stepping into it and when they found it not very deep they walked into it. We were very fond of them but they were both dead when we came back again a few years later. Robison had used them to haul wood to Ashland and fed them musty hay.

Now Will went off to buy machinery to make vinegar and racks for drying prunes and was home less and less.

Carl and Mrs. Mellin invested in a piece of property and went to live on it and as Mrs. Mellin had been doing the washing and ironing, it now fell to me. Emma had gone to Minnesota that fall too. Kilmer helped with the washing machine, but the days were more and more busy.

It was time for a new baby to arrive. Mrs. Goddard said there was a good girl in Ashland that we might get, so Rosa Beck came to see us. She looked us over and I told her there would be one more soon. She wanted a dollar a day but she was more than worth it. She said, "I can do all this," and she did. She did most of the cooking too, and it left me free to go sometimes with Will. She was cheerful and sang over the work. She had been the only girl in a family of six children and was alone with her mother when the youngest boy was born. They had a farm in Klamath and Rosa used to drive the sixty miles down the Green Springs Mountain road to Ashland with a four-horse team with the farm produce when she was sixteen. She would sell it and stay all night with a relative and drive back the next day. Rosa had been married early and had a five year old son. He inherited Rosa's ability and was a good student. He was earning all his own money when he entered High School working at Penney's store. He was doing most of the work when he was 19 and thought he was able to manage the store himself, so he went to San Francisco and interviewed Mr. Penny, asking for the job. Mr. Penny asked

him how old he was and said, "If you were twenty-one, I'd give you the job, but you can't give a bond."

He was given a scholarship to Brown University and later was asked to go to Harvard. He is now Professor of Psychology at Eugene, Oregon and he has written several books. We had found a nurse and Mary Warren arrived on the dot and hungry.

She yelled for her dinner at once, and even pulled and wriggled herself across the pillow, to me. The nurse said, "I never heard of feeding a new born baby," but at night after an afternoon of frantic yelling, Will told the nurse, "You'd better feed that baby if you want to get any sleep." At last she prepared a bottle of 2 ounces of milk and two of water and Mary went to sleep. She woke early, and hungry. The nurse said, "You needn't think you are going to be fed again and prepared her bath with Mary calling for her breakfast all the time. As the nurse started to pin on her band she kicked it clear across the room. She was fed again and from that time on.

Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Goddard came to see me and Mrs. Dean said, "You'll raise that baby. Mrs. Bagley." Mrs. Goddard brought a box of Royal Anne cherries for me.

Mary was a beautiful baby with brown eyes and curly hair. I had made up my mind that I would spend more time with her than I had been able to spend with Charles and I spent a whole hour with her every morning. She grew and thrived and was always good. One morning she pulled herself up on the foot of the crib and stood there holding her bottle in her teeth by the nipple, shaking it against the rail. I rushed to grab it but a last shake pulled off the nipple and the milk flew all over everything. Mrs. Mellin came over to see her and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Bagley, dark eyes and curly hair."

Mrs. Goddard asked me to bring the children and come for lunch again. It was in the Spring when Mary was about ten months old. The other children were in school but William, Charles and Mary were all dressed in their best with white stockings and I was to have the old horse and wagon. Will had left the horse harnessed and tied to a post but the flies bothered her. She managed to get the harness pulled off and tangled, breaking a tug. I couldn't fix it so we started to walk through the muddy orchard. Mary was in the little iron cart and it was immediately stuck in the mud with the wheels balls of mud. I got back to the house and called

Mrs. Goddard and said we couldn't get there. It was a long way if we had to go by the road. She replied cheerfully that she would send Blanche, who would come and help me.

Blanche was Mrs. Robison.

Blanche came. She took Mary under one arm and took Charles' hand, and managed to reach the stile with William and me tagging behind her. The rest of the way was easy and we reached Goddards at last.

Mrs. Goddard's mother lived with her. Mrs. Sherman had been a school teacher in Iowa before they had crossed the prairies to Oregon in '53. She was a very smart old lady and in her old age made beautiful braided rugs dying the rugs with rose leaves, pink and yellow and green. She sat in her arm chair after the nice lunch and we were talking when a rap came at the door. A man said he was selling a book which explained all the meaning of the book of Ecclesiastes. "Hah," said Mrs. Sherman, "if he can explain it, it's more than anyone else has been able to do." The man was somewhat abashed but Mrs. Goddard said they were Spiritualists and didn't read the Bible so he went away.

When Will was away Mary seemed to have a little cold and I woke in the night to find her choking. Nothing I did seemed to help her and I called wildly for the children upstairs. No one answered, but finally Elizabeth came down the stairs rubbing her eyes. By that time Mary had thrown up a large chunk of milk, solid as an egg, and was all right.

I called Dr. Swedenburg and asked him about it. He came up the next day bringing Mrs. Swedenburg with him, said it was just a friendly call and he wouldn't let me pay him . . . kind man.

We always celebrated birthdays, with few presents but always a fancy cake. Once a full rigged ship on top of the cake, another time on Will's birthday we had a crown for him. Another time we placed a large pan in front of him with a paper top like a pie crust and under it small presents for every one. There was a string tied to each with the end at everyone's plate. As they pulled, the present came out. I could never hide a cake from Helen. She looked till she found it even behind the kitchen door. I also wrote valentines as we just had to celebrate.

The last year we were there I had a birthday party for Will. I asked all the local men and some from Medford. The big table was full. We had a nice turkey with all the fixings with a plum pudding for dessert. The girls waited on the table and all went well till, as the pudding was served, I remembered I had not made the sauce. Kilmer beat the eggs, the girls squeezed the lemons and we cooked it and had it on the table in time, but it was a narrow squeak.



Continued from Page 5

Now the Randalls wanted to go on a two week trip. I offered to take Cuthbert, who was a little younger than Kilmer. Mrs. Randall said that if Cuthbert was fussy about his food not to bother to urge him but let him go 'without. He had a pony which he rode to school and was no trouble. One morning the pony slipped on the bridge near the gate and fell into the narrow ditch on his back with his feet in the air. Fortunately, Cuthbert had slipped off. The pony was wedged so tightly into the narrow ditch that it took two men to pull him out.

Sunday nights we often had milk toast and jelly. The children liked it but Cuthbert said, "I think I won't take any." "All right," I said, "that is all we are going to have." As the children were having their second helping he said, "Maybe I'll have one piece," and then he ate right along with the rest.

One Saturday Lynch's pigs made a hole

under the gate and ran all over the place. The boys tried to chase them out and they ran over the hotbed breaking the glass. Finally Cuthbert on his pony, and Kilmer on foot, managed to get them out and drove them home. They had wanted to shoot them with salt but I wouldn't let them.

Shortly afterward Mr. Lynch appeared. He began to lecture me on account of the fact that the boys drove the pigs home fast which was bad for them. No apologies for the trouble they had made. He said, "There are herd laws here, and you are supposed to keep your fences up and your gates closed." I told him that they had dug under the gate, but he went off with a very sour face. A few days later they called up from the Talent pound and asked if our young stock was there in the pound. I sent Kilmer down but he said he couldn't tell if they were ours, so I sent Elizabeth

who said they were not our calves. That afternoon as we were driving to Talent for groceries we saw some calves coming up the road in a cloud of dust and behind them walked Mr. Lynch. He didn't raise his eyes to look at us and the children grinned broadly as we passed them. He had to pay a dollar apiece to get them out.

The ground of the ranch is glassy and sharp and was hard on shoes. Will took us all to Ashland one day and bought shoes all 'round. A bare week later Kilmer said, "Papa, my shoes need new soles." Sure enough they were too worn down to resole.

Now the Cannery was going well and they were turning out a lot of produce but expenses were high and there were debts to pay. Will used to laugh when he thought of what he could make in his profession. There were seven children to educate and they needed better and more advanced schools. Kilmer and Helen were already in High School and so reluctantly he decided that we would have to go back to Duluth. So we began to plan for it. I knew we would be short of money and that there would be no fruit there for us, so I began to can for the future. I was able to can about thirty quarts a day with my limited equipment and soon had amassed 500 quarts of pears, peaches, apricots, cherries and some 200 glasses of jelly. I even canned all the young chickens we had. They made some 22 quarts and were fine. The fruit in glass cans was packed in cracker barrels and all came through safely. I believe there were seven barrels.

All extra time was put in sewing as I wanted the children to have fresh clothes. I didn't have any time to make any for myself and the local dressmaker was too busy to help us. Kilmer's clothes we had to buy.

Of all the packing boxes we had only the piano-box left. Will got lumber and the neighbor men came to help us get the furniture ready. Mr. Combs came among the rest and at last all was ready. That last day I had 12 peo-

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1914-15 The Ranch House

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GROOVY DUDE!



Are you eating Hippie Food? Come find out. Diana Coogle will present "How the Hippies Fed the Masses and Changed How America Eats" on Thursday, June 13 from 5:00 to 7:00pm at the Talent Museum. Bring your appetites. A buffet of Hippie Foods suggested by Diana will be served after the presentation at 6:00. Recipes will be selected from cookbooks from the era. Salud! To your good health!

**Happy Birthday to
Talent Historical Society**
Celebrating our 30th year of recording
and preserving the history of the Talent
area in southern Oregon!
1994-2024

TALENT'S OWN WEEKLY Ray's News Flashes THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1934 TALENT NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Chas. Wattenburger has returned from the eastern part of the state, where he has been shearing sheep.

Wm. Kamberg, the tomato grower, reports that the recent rain has had a very good effect on the tomato outlook. The young tomatoes are already setting on the vines.

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,

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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

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 or leave a message on the museum phone at 541.512.8838 anytime.



Rick Chester, Pharmacist
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Talent Dental
General Dentistry

Mon to Thurs 8:00 AM - 5:00 PM
Friday to Sunday Closed
Office Hours by Appointment

Harry & David
harryanddavid.com



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2100 South Pacific Highway Medford, Oregon 97501

Letter to the Editor of the Southern Oregon Mail by Welborn Beeson

STILL IS KICKING

Talent, July 19, 1892

I am kicking, while I am enthusiastic in favor of the public school system, and believe it to be the mainstay of the nation, and should be fostered by every legitimate means in the power of our laws. But it seems to me that the people of Oregon have cause to growl at the "Powers that be," in the frequency that we have to change the kind of school books used; and the trouble is that every time the change is made the books are of less value. If there was an improvement it would not be so bad.

But the immediate cause of this "kick" is that while the people are burdened with a debt that seems almost out of the question to ever pay, our county board has raised the salary of our worthy school superintendent. I am a personal friend of Mr. Price and think him highly qualified for the position of school superintendent. But I also think that there are at least a hundred other persons, both gentlemen and ladies, that are fully as well qualified to perform the duties of the office, that would be glad to do so for a less salary than has been paid in the past, instead of having it increased.

Just consider the case. "Us" farmers, while we may not have the time and money invested that would be necessary to obtain an education suitable to fill such an office, we probably have more money invested in our farms and machinery, and I know we put in more time and harder labor, and I do not know of a farmer that is making \$700 from his own labor, including the investment in his farm on which he has to pay the heavy tax that is required to keep up the interest on public debt. I say it is time the salaries of our officials should be reduced to suit the circumstances of the rest of us, instead of being increased. I presume I will be classed as a "Kronic Kicking Krank" by some, but I appeal to taxpayers to say whether I am right or not.

Welborn Beeson

Ray's Market SATURDAY SPECIALS. May 31, 1934

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

JELLO--5¢ pkg.
SUGAR 10-lb. bag--50¢
FLOUR, KLAMATH HARD WHEAT 49-lb. bag--\$1.69
FLOUR, KLAMATH, GOOD 49-lb. bag--\$1.39



Continued from Page 6

ple at lunch. The woman who washed for us came to help too. Bags and trunks were all packed and I was dressing Mary and myself when Will came to the door and said, "You have just twenty minutes to be ready to go to the train." I said I won't hurry now if I miss it." I jumbled all the last things into a Turkish curtain that I had and tied the corners gypsy fashion. The children and I with the washerwoman piled into the buckboard together with the last of the bags and the bundle and we were off!

The washerwoman drove, whip in hand, and we passed Kilmer and Will in a cloud of dust. We climbed onto the train at the last moment. With the Adamsons and the Browns and others to see us off. We were in the berths as soon as they were made and asleep, too weary to think. A noise beside us woke us, and we sat up staring at each other and saying, "What was that?" We didn't know where we were. It was a switch engine outside the window.

We went to Duluth by way of Seattle. Helen and Dick met us at the station. They were planning to take us all out to dinner. I had to get some kind of a coat as mine were all gone. I finally got a black corduroy, which looked warm but wasn't. The older children and Will went to a movie with Dick and Helen and I and Mary went to their apartment. The others stayed too long at the movie and we had to hurry our dinner and left before we could have our dessert. Helen was shocked at my gypsy bag and gave me an old suit case. Will gave Kilmer the tickets for the baggage, and Kilmer threw them all down on the counter. The baggage man saw a chance to cheat a boy, and claimed one check was missing and Will had to pay fifty cents to get the last piece of baggage. We were just pulling out when Ray, Dick's brother, came running, holding up Mary's bottle which he had carried in his pocket.

We took second class passage on the Milwaukee road and were the only passengers on our car with the exception of an elderly man and his wife. We had two sections and the children were all good. They ate their lunches quietly and made no noise. Mary was beginning to walk holding hands with someone and grinned up and down the aisles. Our meals were meager as I had forgotten and packed the can of chicken I had intended for our lunch and we had no money to spend. Will did buy me a cup of coffee once.

Will visited with the old couple some, but I was too busy all the time.

As we neared Minneapolis the old gentleman came to our section and sat down beside me. "Madame," he said, "I consider you a general. I have never seen better behaved children. I confess we were a little worried when we saw so many children get into the car, but we haven't been in the least disturbed all the way."



CHARLES, CHESTER, ANTOINETTE, HELEN, ELIZABETH, MARGARET,
WILLIAM, KILMER, MARY WARREN

So we came back to Duluth. Mrs. Matter took the girls, Kilmer went to the Dunclops and Will and I with Mary, Charles and William went to the Dancers.

It would take a week for our furniture to come and we had no place to take it to. Helen and Kilmer were started in Central High School. We went with them. Mrs. Dancer said she would watch Mary as she was asleep when we left. Mrs. Dancer said she heard her start down the stairs and went to meet her but Mary was shy and wouldn't let her take her. So she went to the piano and began to play and Mary soon stood beside her.

At the end of ten days the furniture came. We had found a little house at 17th and 4th street and moved in. Our big furniture wouldn't go in the doors so we took

off a window to get the piano and the big couch in and put the books in the basement.

Margaret and Elizabeth went to the Normal school and William into the Kindergarten there. The big Library table and the big chair went to the office where Will had arranged to go into. Will himself went to Rochester for a three week's refresher course so we were alone again.

It was heaven to be among people again. The girls did the dishes at night. Mary was put to bed and William and Charles and I went out onto Fourth Street and walked up and down, looking into the lighted windows and wondering about the noises made by the automobiles. On the ranch the only way we could tell who went by on the road was if we recognized the horses.

At the end of a few months we found Woodland Ave.

501 and were again at home. After forty-five years we still love the place and have had room for every one.



501 Woodland Avenue
Duluth, Minnesota
Photo from Google Maps

Rest In Peace

Marion M. Bagley
B: Sep 12, 1871
D: Oct 12, 1966
Burial: Forest Hill Cemetery, Duluth Minnesota

Good Work from the Talent Historical Society

by Debra Moon



Debra Moon, Willow McCloud and Ron Medinger at the Oregon Excellence Awards Banquet

It seems that the Talent Historical Society has done some extremely good work on the Almeda Fire Documentation Project. As we've reported before, this project included a blog, a book and a portable exhibit, all presented in both Spanish and English. The blog can be accessed at talenttowninflammes.blogspot.com. It contains 116 stories in dual language. The book, *Talent Oregon: The Almeda Fire*, is nearly 400 pages long, includes over 70 dual-language stories from citizens of Talent of all ages and walks of life. It also has information on recovery from the fire and dozens of spectacular photos contributed by a number of Talent's citizens. It can be purchased at the Talent Museum.

The exhibit opened in April of 2023 at the Talent Museum. It was made of hundreds of photos, artifacts, and fire remnants, as well as poetry and art spawned by the impact of the fire. This exhibit is very moving and has been a springboard for community members to tell their own stories and to move a little further through the healing process. The closing of the exhibit was after a commemorative event on September 9, 2023. The exhibit then went to Brookings for six weeks and returned to Talent in November.

THS President, Willow McCloud, and Maureen Battistella applied for a sponsorship from the Oregon State Capital Foundation. Maureen is an Oregon Heritage Commissioner and SOU Sociology/Anthropology Archivist. Their submission, *Talent, Stronger Together: Documenting the 2020 Almeda Fire and Recovery*, was awarded a sponsorship in the amount of \$7,500 in order to transport and arrange the exhibit in the State Capitol for public viewing. The Oregon State Capital Foundation is providing, along with \$7,500, a session with Certified Interpretive Planner, Dr. Dave Bucy, to hone the THS exhibit message and to help make a stronger exhibit presentation. The exhibit will then be

transported, on portable walls and table displays, to the State Capitol for the public to see and learn from. Dr. Bucy has been on contract with the Capitol for more than a decade and teaches interpretive planning across the nation through the National Association of Interpretation. He helped score the submission that Maureen and Willow put together. This is a very special honor for Talent.

Willow McCloud, Maureen Battistella, and Debra Moon, Outreach Coordinator and Grant Administrator for the Talent Historical Society, also applied for the Project Excellence Award from the Oregon Heritage Commission (OHC), which is also a state organization through the office of Oregon Parks and Recreation Department. These awards are only given out every two years. The Talent Historical Society was once again recognized through OHC for a superb job on documenting the impact and recovery from the Almeda Fire in our community.

Special thanks to all the makers and supporters of these documentations, in particular the all-volunteer THS Board Members and volunteers who worked on the project:

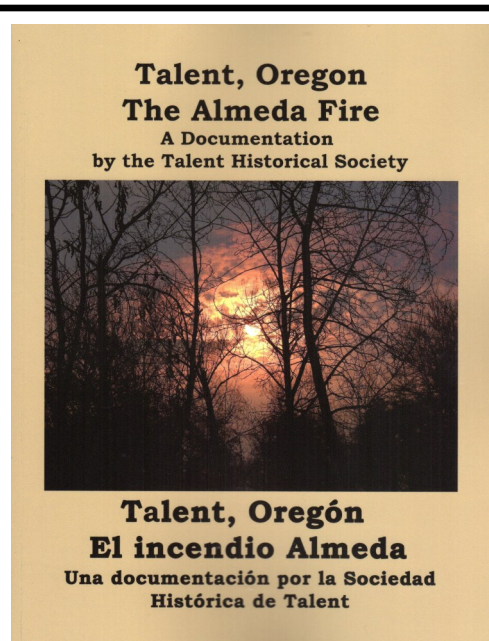
Ron Medinger, editor and contributor, Emmalisa Whalley, editor translator and label maker, Willow McCloud, exhibit maker and curator, David Oman, editor,



THS Board President Willow McCloud with our Oregon Excellence Award.

and creator of the blog, Myke Reeser, contributor, Debra Moon, translator, editor, and compiler of the book, Myke Gelhaus, former editor and contributor, Lunette Fleming, contributor, Aida Taracena, volunteer translator, Jocksana Corona, volunteer translator, Aleyda Mark, paid translator, and Diana Roome, volunteer journalist and writer. We would also like to deeply thank all contributors from the community who wrote their stories or allowed us to interview them for stories. We must mention that the 2nd grade class at Talent Elementary contributed their own written stories, and that students of the 7th and 8th grades at Talent Middle School did interviews with community members and submitted the written results and recordings of these interviews to us for our documentation.

Many thanks also to our funders and supporters: Jackson County Cultural Coalition, Oregon Cultural Trust, Oregon Heritage Commission, Talent Business Alliance, the public schools of Talent, City of Talent, Talent Public Arts Committee, Jackson County Community Long Term Recovery Group, Pacific Power Foundation, and the Oregon State Capital Foundation. All of these partners have helped contribute to the project, making it one of the state's best in recent times.



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.

Ray's News Flashes Volume II No. 1 Thursday, Jan. 3, 1935 CITY COUNCIL MEETS

The newly elected city council and officers were sworn in by the recorder. Mayor Wm. Hart, City record. Edith Cochran, Treas. Ed. Anderson, Councilmen Earl Withrow, Harry Lowe, Harry Hamilton, Clarence Homes, Claude Jones. Joe Spitzer was absent.

Renewal of Life After Fire 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 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 com-

Two recent surveys covered in this summary were from Lynn Newbry in March and Mingus Pond, in Central Point, in April. Surveys are conducted an hour after sunrise, and both of these were done at 25 degrees in the early mornings of some rather cold times. The birds did not seem to mind the cold and many were out showing themselves, finding food, beginning their nests, and attracting mates, despite the cold.

Emmalisa did her first survey of Mingus Pond, located off the Central Point exit near Costco, along Bear Creek. Emmalisa reports that the start of the survey is among trees that survived the fire and were blooming. This helped to broaden species types seen as, "there were a great number of little birds at the top of the trees moving around, gathering insects, and we ended up counting 24 Yellow-Rumped Warblers, which was awesome!" Amazing how the survival of some plants would increase species count, but it did. They noticed a male Green-Winged Teal moving



Black Phoebe

about with a couple of Ring-Necked Ducks and a Mallard. They were surprised to flush out a Wilson's Snipe that immediately got buried in the plants surrounding the pond. They even got a Ring-Billed Gull that flew over the gas station. But the highlight from this section were the Yellow-Rumped Warblers in such a large flock.

In the second transect of the Mingus Pond area they were wondering where Turkey Vultures were, when one flew in front of us and circled and came back and landed in the tree behind them and put out its wings to warm, creating a shadowed specter of large size. They saw a pair of Kestrels that were scoping out tree cavities to build a nest in. There were other raptors in the woods including a Red-Shouldered Hawk and a Cooper's Hawk sitting a few branches apart and a Red-Tailed Hawk nest with

one of them sitting on it, and the other not many trees away. There were plenty of Red-Winged Blackbirds and water fowl, 38 American Wigeons, a pair of Green-Winged Teals, 12 Ring-Necked Ducks, and 16 Canada Goose.

In the recent past Emmalisa and her team of surveyors also went through the very familiar area of Lynn Newbry Park Greenway. The most exciting observations here were of the colorful Wood Ducks beginning to build nests in the trees. There were also a lot of species noted here, a total of 36 in both transects combined and 338 total birds. The usual suspects were sited and counted: 35 Golden-Crowned Sparrows, 8 Dark-eyed Juncos, 8 Song Sparrows, 4 Spotted Towhee and a California Towhee, which is a rare sight in the survey. The most numerous birds, besides the Golden-Crowned Sparrows, were the European Starling, 30, Acorn Woodpecker, 9, and 7 Mourning Doves. They saw a Red-Tailed Hawk in this section, a Ruby-Crowned Kinglet, and a Black Phoebe. One fortunate sound, not sight, was hearing a Belted-Kingfisher perusing Bear Creek.



Male Red Shafted Flicker

New Exhibits at the Talent Museum!



**Come and See: Orchard Exhibit,
Toys Over Time, Cameras Over Time,
Restored Cabin Replicas, Ofrenda: Altar de
Recuerdos, and more...**
Sunday and Wednesday noon to 4 p.m.

**Yellow Rumped
Warbler**



Ray's News Flashes

Volume II No. 1 Thursday, Jan. 3, 1935

Everyone in Talent should trade in Talent when possible.
Laborers, office men, school teachers.
Yes, and even merchants themselves.

The Talent Historical Society Membership Application

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

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

Name _____ Date _____

Mailing/Street Address

City, State, Zip

Phone _____ e-mail _____

Member Type: ☐ New ☐ Renewing

Membership Level: ☐ Junior (12-18) - \$10 ☐ Individual - \$20 ☐ Lifetime Individual - \$200
 ☐ Business - \$50 ☐ Family - \$30 ☐ Lifetime Family - \$300
 ☐ Individual/Family Sponsorship - \$100 or more
 ☐ 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
 Talent, OR 97540
 Thank you!

Talent Historical Society Board of Directors

Willow McCloud	President & Art/Design Chair
Tessa Deline	Vice President
POSITION OPEN	Secretary
Ron Medinger	Treasurer, Membership Chair, Temporary Newsletter Editor
Emmalisa Whalley	Webmaster
Debra Moon	Outreach & Volunteer Coordinator
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 6:00 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.

Thursday, June 13th - How the Hippies Fed the Masses and Changed the Way Americans Eat! Enjoy an evening of food, music, and memories as Diana Coogle, JPR commentator for over 20 years, shares the lasting effects of “Hippie Food” on the American diet. Program starts at 5:30 P.M.

Saturday, July 20th - George Mann - Cowboys and Miners Featuring George Mann talking and singing songs about Cowboys and Miners. Program starts at 6:30 P.M.

Tuesday, August 27th - “Jewel’s Cabins” THS was gifted 15 rustic cabins and scenes lovingly created by Jewel Lockard during her 93 year lifespan. The restored cabins and scenes will be on display and Debbie Griffin will share stories of Jewel, her creations and Jewel’s 89 years spent on their Anderson Creek home-