

SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Vol. 4, No. 1 • The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society • 1998



The Extraordinary Life of Missionary Harriet Cooley

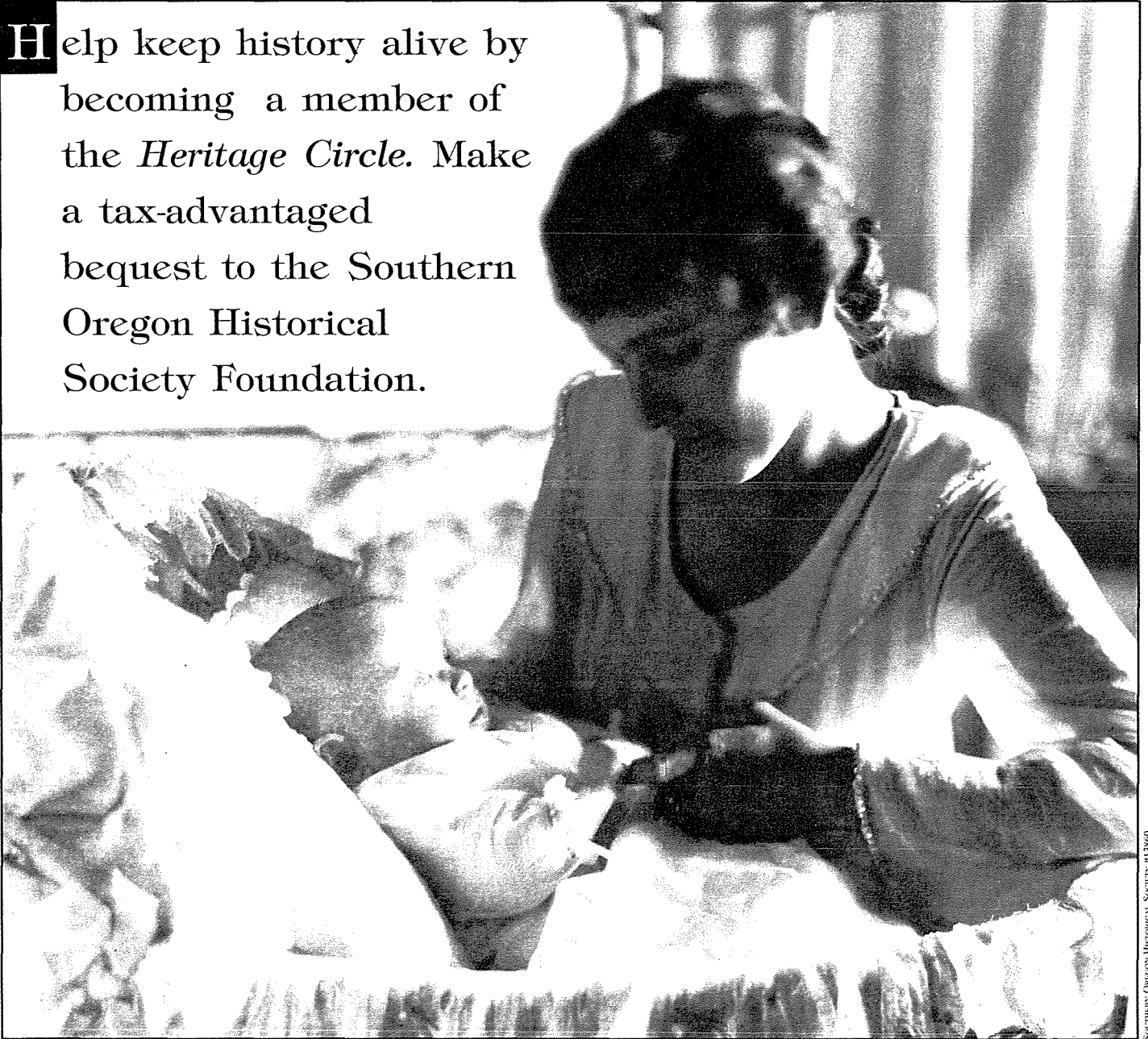
COPCO's Horace Bromley Captured the 1920s on Film

The Resurrection of Ashland's "Old Pink Church"

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FEATURES

"The Sanctuary Still Sings"
by John Howard Pofahl 4
A History of Ashland's Old Pink Church

"Restoring Tradition: Hannah Pottery
Returns to the Rogue Valley" 10
by Shawn Davis

"A Mountain Spring in Every Home" 14
by William Alley

"Sister Harriet" 16
compiled by J. Richard Collins
The Life of Missionary Harriet Diantha Baldwin Cooley

"Horace Bromley and the
Copco Current Events Newsreels" 26
by William Alley

Horace Bromley, Copco's cameraman, got his start in Marketing at Kentner's department store, Fourth Street, Medford.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #16119

Cover photo: Colorized photo of Hodges Family out for a fall day of sport. Gold Hill. Circa 1915. See Snapshots p. 34 for more.

DEPARTMENTS

32 COLLECTIONS HIGHLIGHTS
WWI Remembered

34 SNAPSHOTS
The Sporting Life

36 FROM THE ARCHIVES
Mining Map

38 NEWS AND NOTES
Society Facts and Fun

39 IN CLOSING
Notes from the Editor

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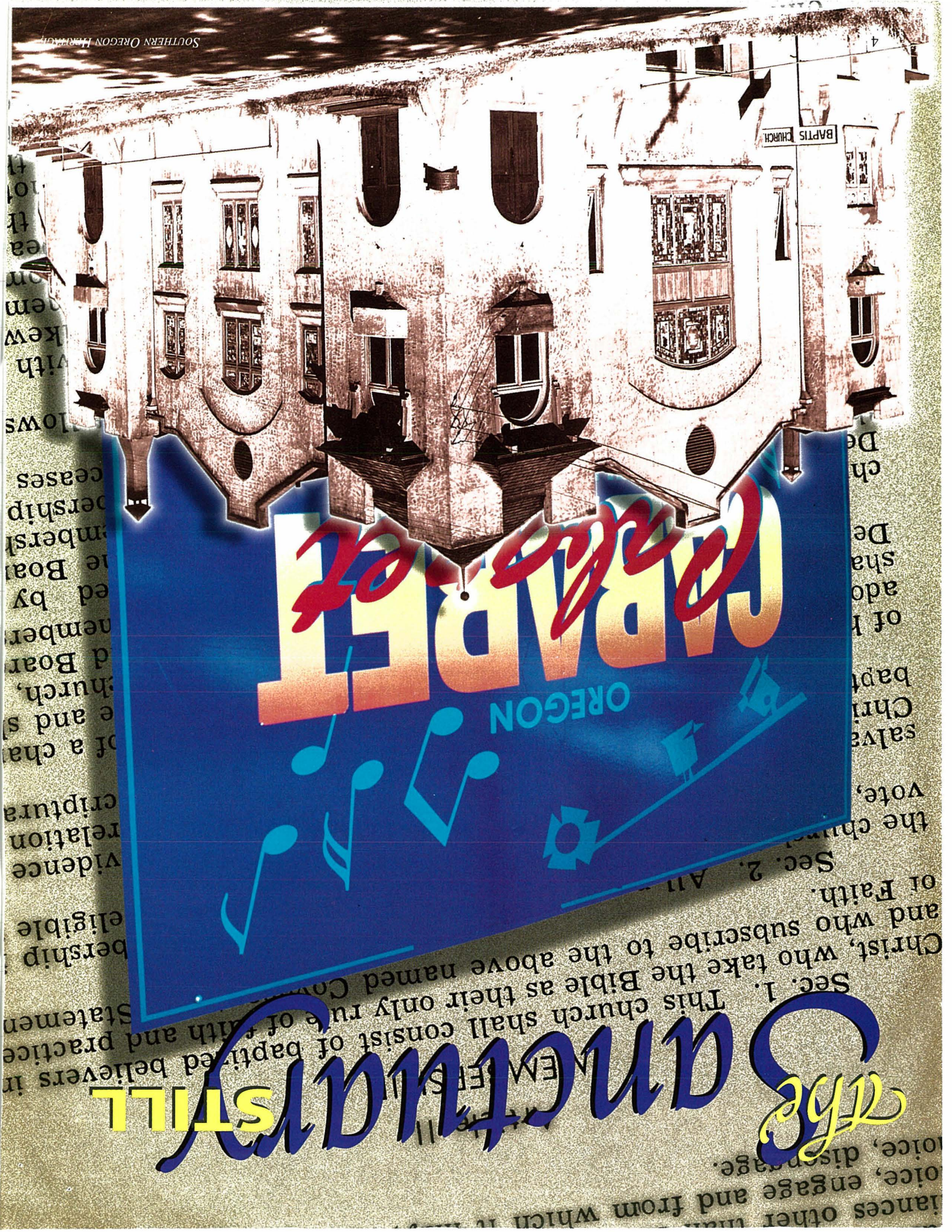
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Carpenter

OREGON

The Sanctuary

STILL

ances other than from which it
oice, engage and
oice, disengage.
Sec. 1. This church shall consist of baptized believers in
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and who subscribe to the above named Commen-
or Faith.
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SINGS

A History of Ashland's "Old Pink Church"

by John Howard Pofahl

When tourists visit Ashland, it is more than likely they have come to experience the Oregon Shakespeare Festival's season. Most of them are unaware that a mere two blocks from the Festival's main venues, they will find a lovely building that houses a fine dining and theater experience, and conceals a rich history of local religious politics and preservation efforts.

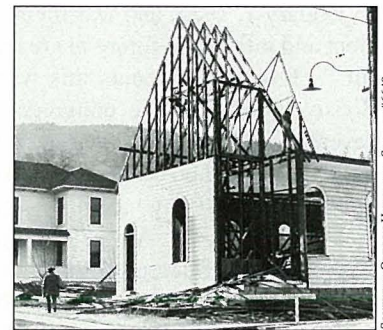
The First Baptist Church had been operating in the community since 1877, when "... a Council of Wagner Creek and Table Rock was called for the purpose of organizing a Baptist Church in Ashland."¹ Its first sanctuary had been a simple wood frame building on the corner of Church and High streets, pastored by the Reverend Albert Hicks. Reverend Hicks was instrumental in building the new church. "Under his leadership new property was purchased in 1910 in the Enders Addition for \$1,500.00,"² and he was responsible for "... supervising and doing much of the building himself."³

It took a great deal of effort from the congregation to get everything just right for the dedication ceremonies and first Sunday services on September 3, 1911. As completion neared, "... members of the zealous congregation rallied at the church and the men worked from dawn till dusk cleaning up the debris left by workmen and putting the finishing touches on the building."⁴ This building was a showpiece not only for the Baptists, but for the entire community.

As noted in the National Register of Historical Places, the building "is an unusual example in Oregon of the Mission Revival Style applied to church architecture."⁵ It

includes decorative features, such as "parapet walls, with battlement details on towers, poured-in-place buttresses on foundation walls, and an arched recess for a primary stained glass window on First Street."⁶ The sanctuary had "one of the first truss roofs in southern Oregon."⁷ It sported sixty-nine stained glass windows including one dedicated to Reverend Hicks, who was "... agreeably surprised by seeing a handsome new window, just unveiled, purchased by the congregation as a tribute to their pastor."⁸ Once inside, the congregation could marvel at the woodwork that local artisans (many of whom were church members) had handcrafted. Simplicity is a mark of the Mission Revival Style and although this "... helps differentiate it from its more elaborate successor, the Spanish Colonial Revival, the overall effect is one of richness and grandeur."⁹

The community was abuzz on September 3, 1911. That evening, a master orator would baptize the congregation in fiery rhetoric and observe the first Sunday service. The Reverend Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougner, known throughout the country for being "... epigrammatic, witty, and hypnotic in his magnetism ..." would deliver his lecture, "How to be Happy though Married."¹⁰ We can assume that his personal magnetism was quite rousing, for by the end of the evening offerings had been so generous that the First Baptist Church found itself "... unencumbered by any debt as the result of the splendid generosity displayed."¹¹ Overall, it had been an auspicious beginning for the new church.



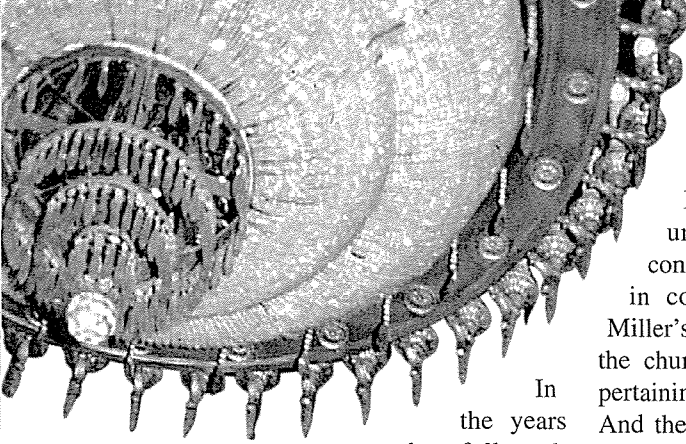
In 1877 a council was called to establish the First Baptist Church in Ashland. Church construction, late 1800s.



The first baptist church, a simple wooden structure, was constructed on the corner of Church and High streets.



Built in 1911, Rev. Hicks did much of the construction on the new Mission Revival church.



Baptists.¹⁵ As the Baptists reclaimed the sanctity of their church, they banished Reverend Miller and his congregation. The unfortunate aftermath of all this contentious in-fighting was that while in control of the church, Reverend Miller's group lost or destroyed most of the church records and legal documents pertaining to the previous fifteen years. And the bitterness and strife did not end there. Reverend Miller's congregation "invaded the local Spiritualist Church and succeeded in causing a split there as well."¹⁶ When the ousted Baptists settled back into their church it was with a pervading "sense that purification and edification resulted to form a stronger, more united church with more definite and discerning by-laws to safeguard and govern the group."

In the years that followed, membership grew and the First Baptist Church assumed an even greater role in the religious community. In 1922 a rupture developed in the Baptist congregation creating great dissension. The Reverend B. C. Miller "pastored the church from June, 1922 to January 1, 1925, and was the most prominent and influential figure in creating the split."¹² From all accounts this was a very divisive battle for the congregation and Reverend Miller, who "turned from Baptist Doctrine to the Aimee McPherson persuasion emphasizing healing and emotional hysteria."¹³ Aimee Semple McPherson's Four Square Gospel New Faith Movement had been attracting adherents from all over the country, when Reverend Miller "ousted 37 of the old Baptist members who remained firm in their stand for baptistic doctrine."¹⁴ The First Baptist Church became embroiled in legal battles that would make front page news and keep the more traditional congregation locked out of the sanctuary until 1925.

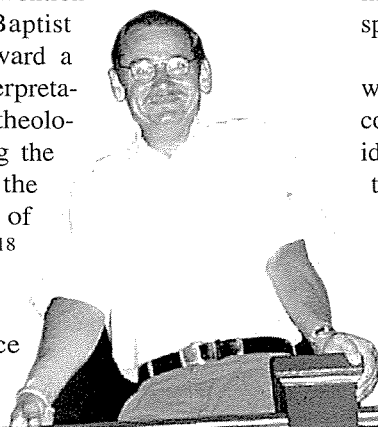
This first part of 1925 would see both congregations bitterly disputing the right to the church in court proceedings held in Jacksonville, where eventually the court would rule in favor of the traditional

Between 1925 and 1949, newspaper accounts reveal only church socials and Christmas pageants. After the breach of the early 1920s, the First Baptist Church entered a quiet period, remaining above controversy as its membership grew. But this was a church that would continue to be marked by schisms. As the Northern Baptist Convention moved Baptist doctrine toward a modern interpretation of its theology, "denying the Trinity and the Virgin Birth of Christ . . ."¹⁸ the First Baptist Church once again found

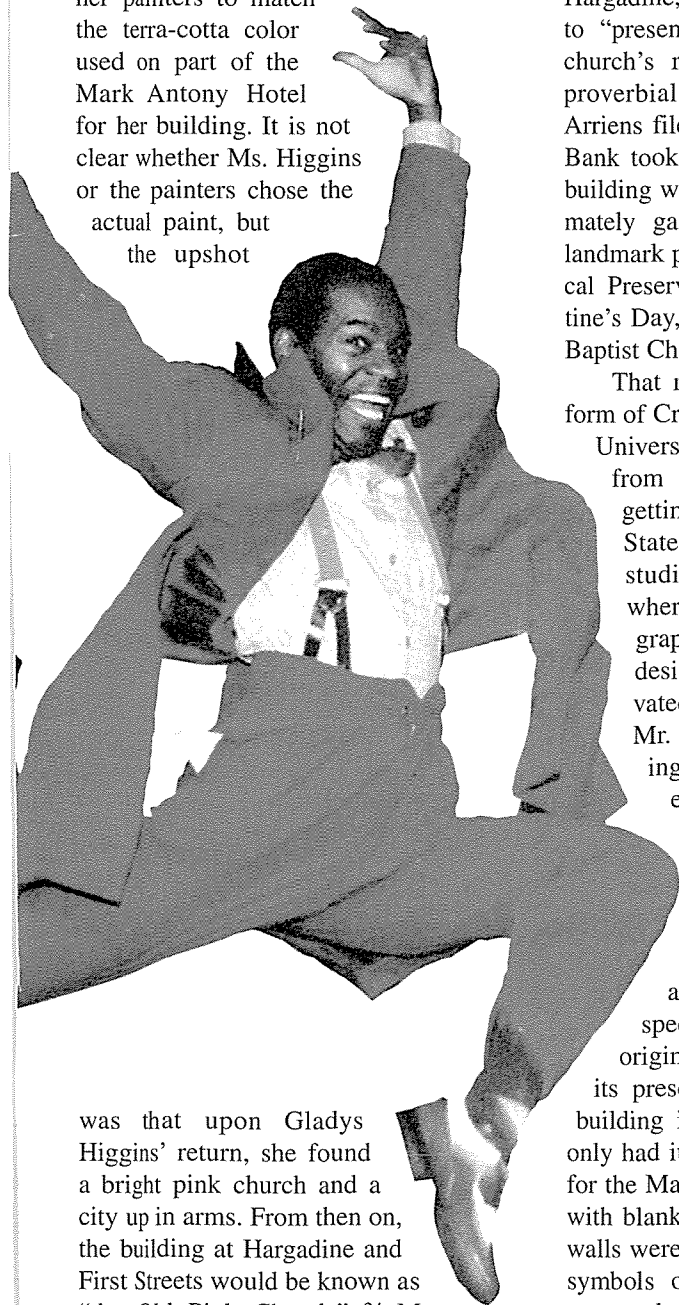
itself confronted with ideological differences. The break with the Northern Baptist Convention would be "crystallized when on November 9, 10, 1948 the Convention refused to seat and recognize the church's representatives."¹⁹ The First Baptist Church would now align itself with the Conservative Baptist Association. This would result in a rise in church membership that would continue until 1955. Sunday services, broadcast on the radio between 1947 and 1954, contributed significantly to the rise in membership.²⁰

The 1960s saw the church fall into disrepair. Having made the fateful decision to leave its sanctuary, the congregation moved to its new location on Siskiyou Boulevard in 1970. Briefly, the building was occupied by two Pentecost denominations. For fifty-nine years the building at Hargadine and First streets had been a sanctuary for the faithful. Now it would be abandoned, relegated to no more than a storage facility for private owners who lacked the personal vision and ingenuity so necessary for the maintenance of such a building. Through the years, 241 Hargadine would suffer further humiliation at the hands of vandals and teenagers wielding spray paint cans.²¹

The first part of the 1970s would see Gladys Higgins take control of the building with the idea of using the space for a collection of small retail shops. This idea never reached fruition. One of the significant events of her ownership took place in 1975 when Ms. Higgins asked "to have it declared an historic building so that it would be exempt



from some provisions of the building code and could more easily be put to a new use.”²² These plans came to no avail; however, it was the very first request for designation of “an historic building since the city’s historic commission” had been created.²³ The other significant event, although somewhat amusing, would certainly have raised eyebrows among the founding fathers of the early twentieth century. As Ms. Higgins prepared to leave town on vacation, she left instructions for her painters to match the terra-cotta color used on part of the Mark Antony Hotel for her building. It is not clear whether Ms. Higgins or the painters chose the actual paint, but the upshot

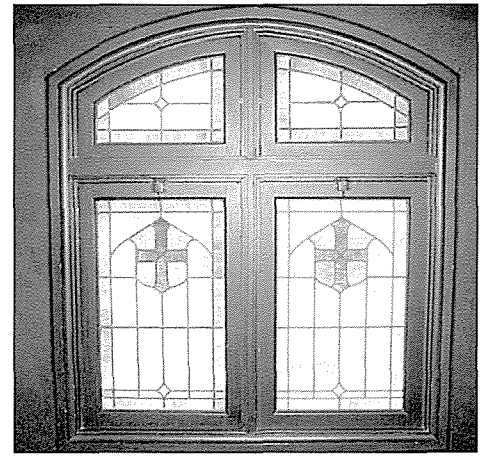


was that upon Gladys Higgins’ return, she found a bright pink church and a city up in arms. From then on, the building at Hargadine and First Streets would be known as “the Old Pink Church.”²⁴ Ms. Higgins would sell her building to a Fresno, California real estate firm, that would do nothing to alter the building’s continued slide to ruin.

In September of 1978, the building would be acquired by Karsten Heinrich-Jurgen Arriens, the owner of the Mark Antony Hotel, catercorner to First and Hargadine. With this purchase, Mr. Arriens hoped to use the building as a support facility for the Mark Antony. His plans were “to house hotel management and sales offices in the building and use other space for meetings and convention groups.”²⁵ Mr. Arriens did attempt to further historical nomination of 241 Hargadine, but to this end, he would have to “present a detailed proposal for the church’s renovation.”²⁶ Once again the proverbial ball was dropped. Karsten Arriens filed for bankruptcy, and Western Bank took over the deed.²⁷ Although the building went into receivership, it did ultimately gain nomination as a historical landmark pursuant to the National Historical Preservation Act of 1966, on Valentine’s Day, 1979.²⁸ In five years, the First Baptist Church would see its redemption.

That redemption would come in the form of Craig Hudson, a Southern Oregon University theater professor. Hailing from North Dakota, “he wound up getting a theater degree at Montana State and then pursuing graduate studies at Penn State University, where he decided to do his monograph . . . on restaurant theater design.”²⁹ When asked what motivated him to purchase the building, Mr. Hudson replied: “I love collecting things, and I had always wanted to own a theater.”³⁰ In 1984 Mr. Hudson purchased the building for \$55,000 from Western Bank.

He would spend two years renovating the building, and it would not be easy. He gave special attention to the building’s original design and held steadfast to its preservation. When he bought the building it was in a decrepit state. Not only had it been used as a storage facility for the Mark Antony, stuffed to the rafters with blankets, bar fixtures, and tables; its walls were covered in swastikas and other symbols of teenage angst. Mr. Hudson managed to retain most of the original woodwork and “...located fifty of the original sixty-nine colored stained glass windows and had them reinstalled.”³¹ He acquired a dramatic chandelier at an old



The Baptist Church, dedicated in 1911, had sixty-nine stained glass windows.

PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

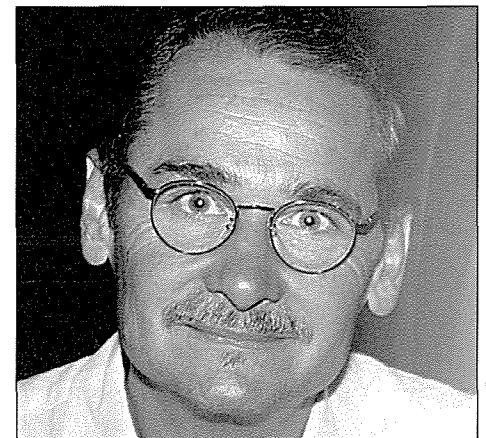
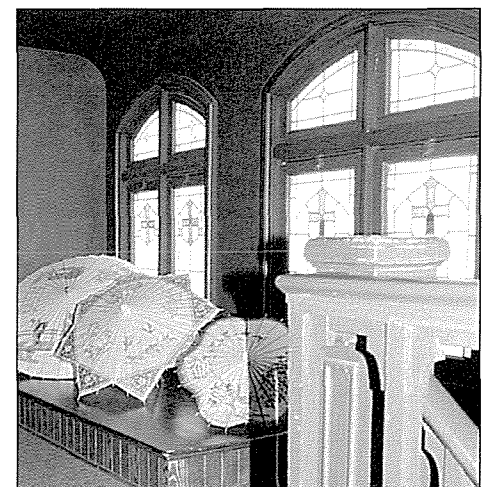


PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

The Old Pink Church fell into disrepair in the 1960’s and continued its slide into ruin until rescued in 1984 by SOU theater professor, Craig Hudson.



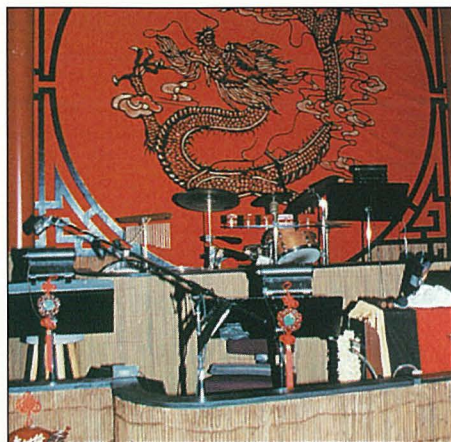
When Hudson bought the church, the walls were covered in swastikas and other symbols of teenage angst. Detail of balcony alcove.

PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

theater in Lansdale, Pennsylvania, and "...the gigantic theatre organ from the Orpheum in Portland,"³² and had them installed for the official grand opening of the Oregon Cabaret Theatre in 1986. He also returned the church to its original color; the Old Pink Church was gone. The church allowed Mr. Hudson to combine "...his interest in historic preservation with his love of music and theatre."³³ His first season would commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the building's construction.

As a sanctuary for the faithful, this building offered spiritual sustenance and moral certitude. In its new role as a cabaret, it respects its history while promoting the city and complementing its theater season. The beauty of this building and its history in song and prayer remain intact. Reverend Hicks' contribution to the religious community has been transmogrified into a cultural experience of depth and beauty that will continue to manifest itself in the twenty-first century. ■

John Howard Pofahl is a student at Southern Oregon University. John's passion is history and he hopes to make more contributions to Southern Oregon Heritage. This is his first published article.



From pulpit to stage—a view of the set for "Song of Singapore."

ENDNOTES

1. Charles M. Parmenter, "History of the First Baptist Church, Ashland, Oregon" (Research paper, Southern Oregon State College, 1960), 2.
2. Parmenter, 4.
3. Parmenter, 4.
4. "New church to be dedicated," *The Daily Tidings*, 31 Aug 1911, 1.

5. U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, National Register of Historic Places Inventory Nomination Form, 1979, 3.

6. Ashland, Oregon Cultural Resources Survey, 1988-1989, 2.

7. Steve Myers, "Old Ashland Church Resurrected," *The Mail Tribune*, 16 Jan 1985, p. 2.

8. "Raise \$3,100 at Dedication," *The Daily Tidings*, September 1911.

9. Ashland, Oregon Cultural Resources Survey, 1988-1989, 3.

10. "New church to be dedicated," *The Daily Tidings*, 31 Aug 1911.

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18. Parmenter, 6.

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20. Parmenter, 6.

21. "Historic commission to look at church," *The Daily Tidings*, 8 Dec 1975.

22. "Historic commission to look at church," *The Daily Tidings*, 8 Dec 1975.

23. Craig Hudson of Ashland, interview by author, January-February, 1998.

24. "Arriens buys church building for office space," *The Daily Tidings*, 28 Sept 1978.

25. "Church nominated for register," *The Daily Tidings*, 20 Dec 1978.

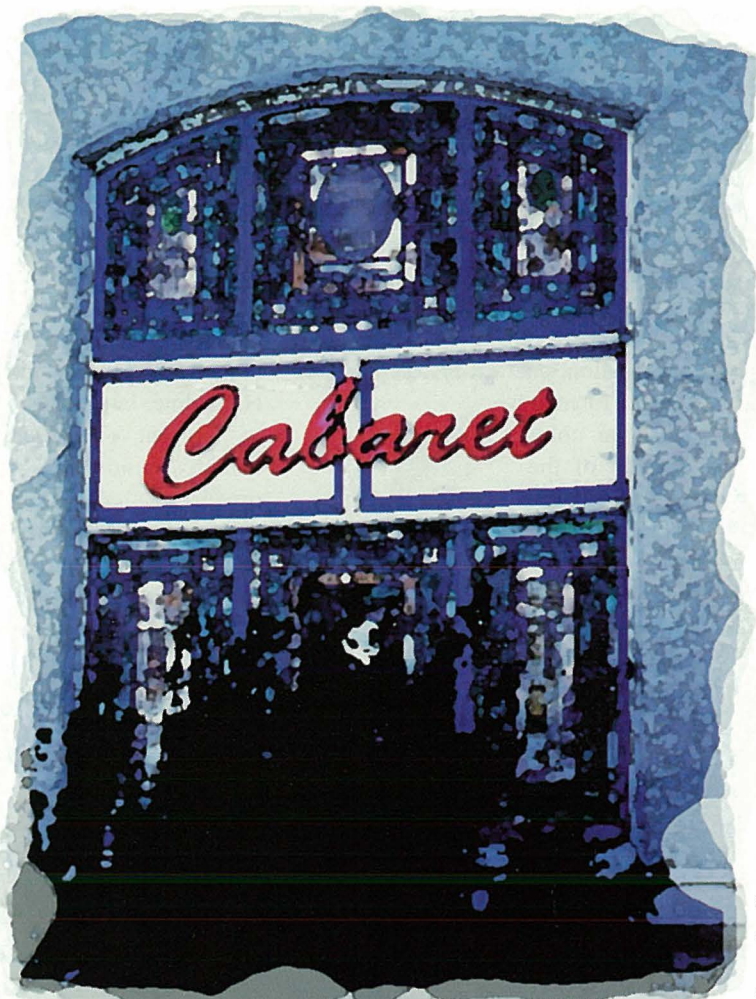
26. Hudson, 1998.

27. National Register of Historic Places Inventory Nomination Form, 1979, 7.

28. Cleve Twitchell, "Dual View: OCT owner designs for SOSC theater," *The Mail Tribune*, 5 Mar 1992.

29. Hudson, 1998.

30. Allen Hallmark, "Heritage Sunday Planned," *The Mail Tribune*, 28 Jun 1985, sec. A, p. 14.



The Oregon Cabaret Theatre, replete with a gigantic organ from Portland's Orpheum, had its grand opening in 1986.

31. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, "Dames at Sea" theatre program, 1986, 4.

32. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, "Dames at Sea" theatre program, 1986, 2. Bibliography Articles.

The Daily Tidings, Ashland, 31 Aug 1911, 4 Sept 1911, 30 Jan 1925, 6 Feb 1925, 28 Sept 1978, 8 Dec 1975, 30 Dec 1978.

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"Ashland Cultural Resource Inventory Survey Form, Jackson County, Oregon." (24 Apr 1989).

United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service, National Register of Historic Places Inventory Nomination Form. 14 Feb 1979.

Oregon Cabaret Theatre. "Dames at Sea" theatre program. 1986.

Interview:

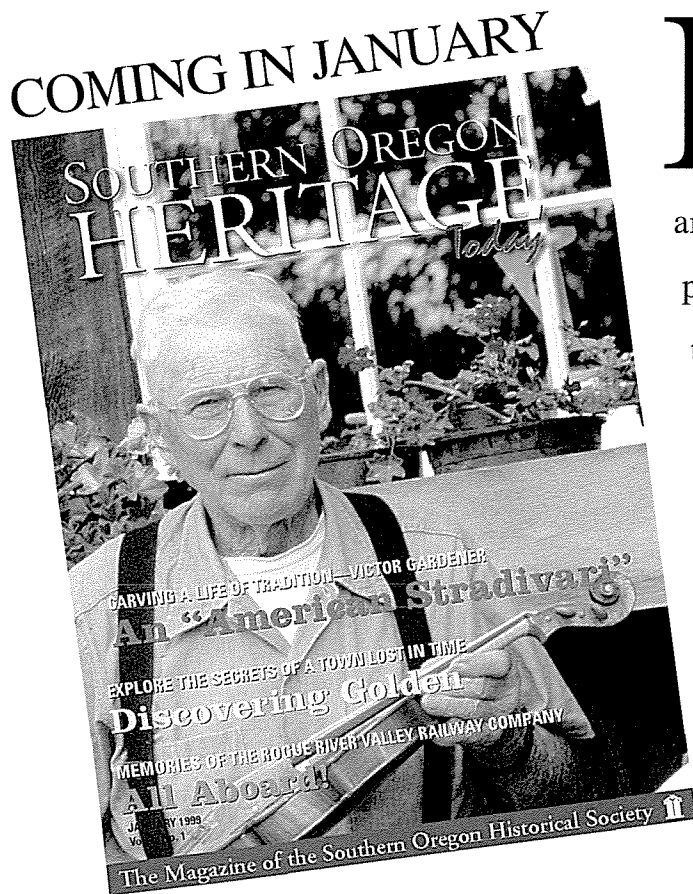
Hudson, Craig, Theater professor, Southern Oregon University. Interview by author, January/February 1998, Ashland.



Celebrating Our Members

We at the Society are dedicated to providing value to our Supporting, Subscribing and Associate members and will be delivering that value to you with the Society's new membership program and new monthly magazine, *Southern Oregon Heritage Today*.

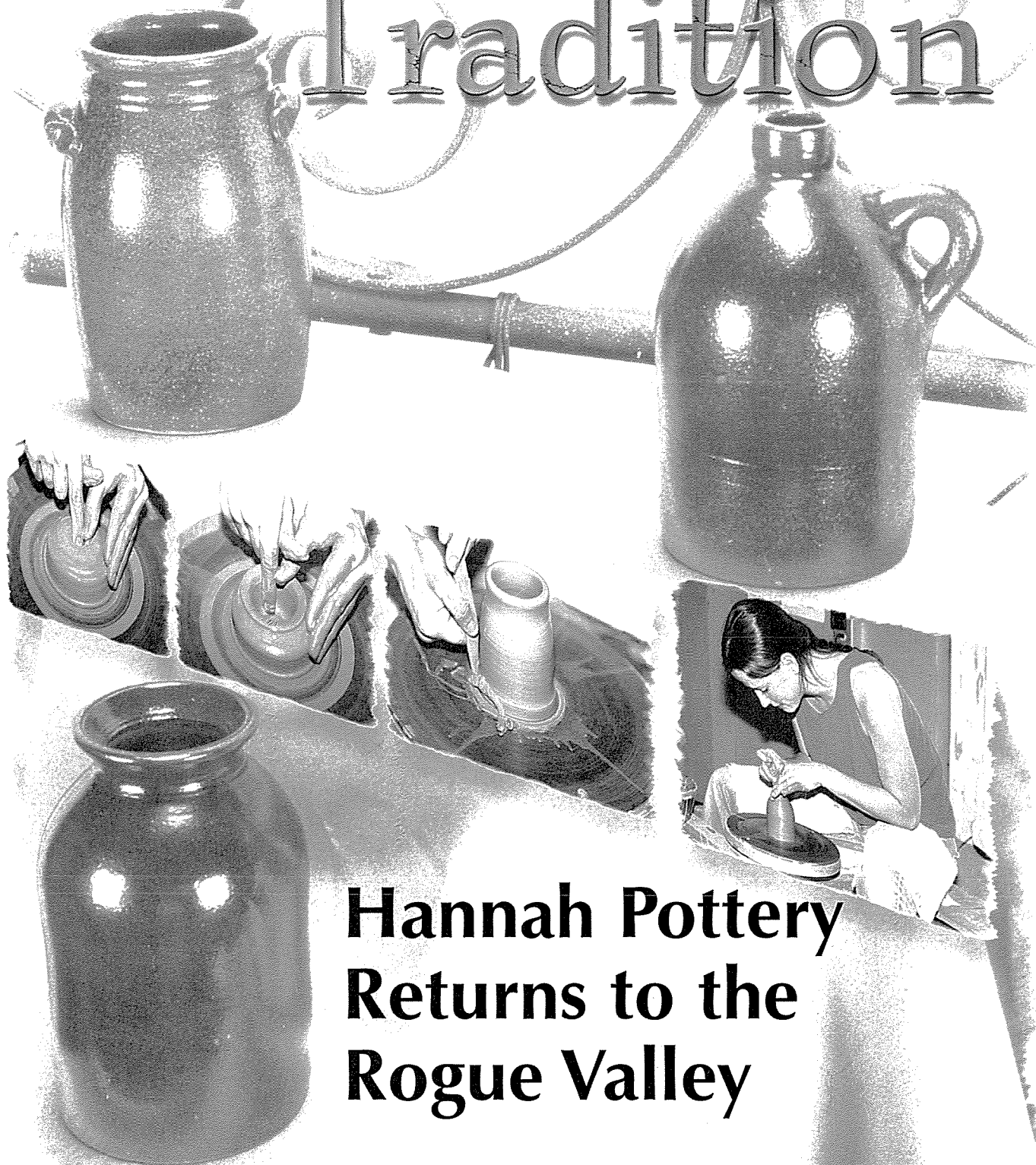
The magazine's new format will remain true to the original spirit of the quarterly magazine, *Southern Oregon Heritage* and the monthly newsletter, *ArtiFACTS* to become a new monthly magazine with a distinct personality.



Each month *Southern Oregon Heritage Today* will introduce you to the remarkable history of southern Oregon through a seamless blend of feature articles and departments reflecting your interest in pioneers, preservation, our collections, plant lore, and day trips, matched with a special section featuring Society events, news and updates... All wrapped into 16 pages loaded with historical photos and colorful design, delivered to all Society members every month beginning January 1999.

Look for a special letter in November detailing the new membership program, categories and benefits.

Restoring Tradition



**Hannah Pottery
Returns to the
Rogue Valley**

by Shawn Davis

**One overall characteristic
of a Hannah pot is its
sheer simplicity.**



Photo by Dana Harbeck

Three afternoons a week, and all day Saturday, Sarah Rhodes travels back in time. The Crater High School senior walks past the weaving looms laced with brilliant red and orange and yellow thread to the small, unfinished studio in the back of the Jacksonville History Store. Plaster peeling off the walls reveals crumbling brick and mortar. Red stained rags hang above the utility sink that stands several inches from the wall. Metal pipes dangle from the ceiling, held together with duct tape and coat hangers. A large wooden contraption dominates the center of the room. It's called a "kickwheel." Potters used this device before electricity and the electric potter's wheel. Clad in mud-covered overalls, she powers the wheel by kicking the wooden disk beneath it. As the glob of clay spins, tiny drops of mud-tainted water splash off onto the cracked, painted cement floor. She shapes the vessel with her hands, spurning the molds and presses normally used when making modern commercial pottery.

The front room of the Jacksonville History Store, an extension of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, is filled with glass, metal, and wooden cases exhibiting an assortment of local crafts, art, and gift items available for purchase. Prominently displayed in the center of the small shop are a variety of shiny, red-brown ceramic vessels. These are replicas of the late 1800s Hannah-style stoneware. Sarah made them.

Pioneer women needed jars, crocks, bowls, and other vessels to prepare, serve, and store food. Before refrigeration, meat was preserved by placing it in a container

and then covering it with fat. A piece of cloth or wood was placed over the pot to keep debris out. According to Dan Sherett, who helped launch the Jacksonville History Store, "having a cleanable surface was a big deal." Appropriate containers were not readily available in the Rogue Valley during the nineteenth century, before refrigeration, before the trains brought glass and mass produced ceramic vessels, and before the Hannahs arrived in the Valley.

In 1862, Josiah Hannah migrated to an area near today's Shady Cove. The family had been living in Missouri, near 'bleeding Kansas.' The Hannah's in-laws were slave owners, but the Hannahs were not.

The Hannah's were potters. They knew that clay composition is essential to making a good pot. Not only does it determine the look of the finished vessel, it determines to what temperatures the clay can be fired, whether the pot will hold water, and if the vessel will hold its shape or warp during firing. Having come from an area in Missouri known for its high quality clay, Joseph Hannah must have been disappointed in the clay found in the Rogue Valley. Although clay suitable for ceramic work is found in abundance just to the north in the Willamette Valley, most of the local deposits were of a very poor mineral content, unsuitable for firing in a kiln.

But Joseph was lucky. He stumbled upon an unusual geographic area with a sufficient deposit of high quality clay. This area was noted in a mining journal in 1918, incorrectly identifying the property owner as "Runnels." Jim Robinson, noted local potter, believes that the owner of the property was actually the "Reynolds" family.

From comments in the report such as "pots cracked on cooling" and other things only a potter would know or care about, it appears that the surveyor interviewed either one of the Hannahs, or someone associated with their ceramic business.

Applying knowledge gleaned from German immigrants in the Midwest, the Hannahs dug the local clay, built a kiln, and created a small stoneware empire that lasted from approximately 1866-1896. Josiah Hannah would drive his wagon up and down the main streets of Jacksonville, Talent, and Rock Point (Gold Hill), peddling his wares. It was rumored that at one point Peter Britt bought the vessels by the wagon load.

After Josiah's death in 1884, his son, Joseph, continued the business. Major flooding during the winter of 1889-1890 forced the Hannahs to relocate the kiln to higher ground. The new kiln seems to have been more efficient, producing pots that were neither over- nor under-fired.

Early pioneer pottery industries were not unique to the Rogue Valley. Although most pioneer pottery manufacturing sites were located in the Willamette Valley, there were no less than twenty sites in Southern Oregon. But the Hannah's pottery business lasted longer than many others. One key factor was the Valley's isolation. Until the railroad came through, access was difficult.

Modern means of transportation broke into the Rogue Valley, as explained in a manuscript written by ceramic artists Jim Robinson and Nancy Ingram. "By the early 1900s, the economic viability of the folk pottery business had waned. Competition from more 'beautiful' and cheaper mass produced wares brought in by the railroad,

When the kiln is too hot, the rock in the clay literally melts, which results in sagging and uneven sides.



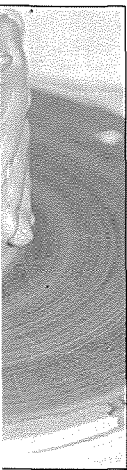


PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

and the impact of technological advances such as refrigeration and glass canning jars forced Joseph to close the doors of Southern Oregon's first clay works."

The federal government also contributed to the decline of pioneer pottery in southern Oregon. The ceramic pots were good for liquor storage. But when the government began regulating the liquor industry, mainly for taxation purposes, they required glass containers with standardized volumes. Hannah pots all but disappeared.

In the 1980s, the Southern Oregon Historical Society realized the cultural significance of this vanished technology. Collecting the vessels from moldy basements and dusty attics, the Society gathered the surviving items into a collection called "Hannah: Pioneer Potters on the Rogue." This collection can be viewed at the Jacksonville Museum.

There are many similarities between most pioneer ceramic vessels, making identification of Hannah pots difficult. Adding to the confusion, many Hannah pots can be found in the Willamette Valley, and vice versa. But there are several diagnostic features Robinson uses to identify Hannah pots. One overall characteristic of a Hannah pot is its sheer simplicity. According to Robinson, "they weren't show-off potters." Only rarely would Hannah apply a simple clay slip, "while up north," according to Robinson, "they developed some real glazes." Hannah pots were made to serve a purpose, not to be used as decoration.

Another key characteristic is the number indicating how many gallons the vessel holds. The Hannahs always put their numbers on by hand. Potters from the Willamette Valley usually stamped their numbers. Also, handles on the vessels are very telling. This particular feature is so distinctive that Robinson can usually tell whether Josiah or Joseph made the pot, Josiah's handles came off the body and Joseph's came off the rim.

The surface of the vessel is another clue. The earlier vessels were salt glazed to make them watertight. Eventually the Hannah's discovered that salt glaze was unnecessary because the pots were fired so hot they were watertight without it. Fissures inside the vessel, globs dripping

The Society's replicas are nearly identical to the original Hannah vessels in all aspects except size.

down from the rim, and bits of green on the outside of the pot indicate to Robinson that a slip was used inside the vessel.

In the 1990s the Society opened a studio, adjacent to the Jacksonville History Store, showcasing a variety of crafters and their trade, including wood workers, weavers, and sculptors. In 1997, the Society solicited the artistic and technical expertise of Robinson and Ingram to overhaul the ceramic replication of Hannah pots. Sarah Rhodes was hired to make the reproductions under the direction of Robinson. His focus was to "approximate the character of the old pots." He and Sarah chose some of their favorite Hannah bottles, milk separators, and bowls to replicate in the project. Under Robinson's guidance, Sarah did all the testing.

Even though the old kilns have long since been bulldozed, there are many clues that Robinson used to determine firing techniques. Contrary to most "pot-hunters," Robinson looks for chips in the vessels or fragments of the original Hannah pots, as one of the most diagnostic features, the coloring of the broken cross-section, provides clues to the mineral content of the clay and the firing technique.

Most of the earliest Hannah pots were over-fired. Robinson figured this out not only by the cross-section color, but also because they were usually badly warped. When the kiln is too hot, the rock in the clay literally melts, which results in sagging and uneven sides.

The Society's replicas are nearly identical to the original Hannah vessels in all aspects except size. Hannah pots were usually quite large, often marked according to how many gallons they would hold. The Society decided instead to make "samplers." Samplers were smaller versions of the vessels a potter made, which were then taken around to potential buyers. The potter would take orders from the samplers.

Many of the materials used in the replicas also differ from what the Hannahs used. Although the project team knew

exactly where the Hannahs dug their clay, practicality determined the use of commercial clay. They chose a clay close in texture and color to the original, which fires to a dark brown.

The glazing techniques also differ. The Hannahs employed a method known as salt glazing. They "made" their own salt from a local salt spring. This salt was then thrown into the kiln, but "that would ruin our kiln," says Sarah. Robinson devised a glaze that approximates the gloss of a salt glaze, yet can be used in the modern kiln.

The actual forming of the pots is probably done in a very similar manner to the Hannah's. This is no easy task. "Everyone has their own style," Sarah says, her fingers covered in wet clay. "The little lines they made as a habit, you have to think about." Both the original Hannah pots and the replicas were made on a kick-wheel. Great effort is taken to make the shapes of the vessels, curvature, handles, and markings as identical as possible to Josiah and Joseph Hannah's pots.

You can see the results. Travel in time, back to the turn-of-the-century Rogue Valley. Visit the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History to see the one hundred year-old vessels. Then step into the store to see what they're cooking up. You won't look at grandma's old crock the same way again. ■

Shawn Davis, an Ashland resident, is a writer and graduate student at Southern Oregon University.

Sarah Rhodes recently married, Emily Weisbard is the new Hannah potter.



PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

Hannah reproduction.

A Mountain Spring in Every Home

by William Alley



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #14895

In 1927, an elaborate fountain was erected on Front Street "to exploit and advertise with tourists and other visitors...the pure new spring water supply of Medford."

Prior to 1889 the residents of Medford relied on individual wells to supply their domestic water needs. That year, however, the town instituted its first municipal water supply. A well was dug in the park where the Carnegie Library now stands and a tower containing two redwood

tanks, each with a capacity of 32,000 gallons, was constructed. To supplement the water available from the well, an open ditch was dug from Bear Creek to divert additional water. In 1902 this open ditch was abandoned in favor of a more sophisticated pumping station and pipe. Two years later the steam-powered pump was replaced with an electric one, with the power supplied by

the new Condor Power Co. The quality of the water from Bear Creek left much to be desired. "The water from Bear Creek is so muddy," editorialized George Putnam, new editor of the *Medford Mail Tribune*, that it is clogging the meters . . . It is a serious question whether to sell such stuff as water is not a violation of the Pure Food Law . . ."

Medford soon outgrew this rudimentary water system, and in 1908 the city entered into a contract with the Fish Lake Water Company to supply the city with water. The following year a twenty-two mile, wooden stave, gravity-feed pipeline system was constructed, providing seven and a half cubic feet of water per second. Unfortunately the water from Fish Lake was often lack-

ing in purity, especially during the summer months, and heavy chlorination was required. Medford's continuing growth also soon outstripped this system's capacities.

In an effort to deal with the city's inadequate water supplies, which frequently required watering restrictions, an amendment to the City Charter was passed in 1922 that established an independent water commission, whose members were appointed by the mayor for five year terms. This first commission was made up of Judge F. M. Calkin, chairman, H. L. Walther, Olen Arnsperger, A. H. Hill and Delroy Getchell, President of the Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank. One of the commission's first acts was to hire Frank C. Dillard as Chief Engineer.

After extensive study, it was decided by the new water commission to abandon the Fish Lake system in favor of an ambitious plan to bring in water from Big Butte Springs. The purity of the Big Butte Springs water greatly surpassed that of Fish Lake. Starting as run-off from the snows of Mt. Pitt and the surrounding region, the water was naturally purified as it seeped through a vast expanse of lava flows before re-emerging at Big Butte Springs. Where the water resurfaced its temperature averaged a cool and refreshing forty-three degrees.

With the aid of the state legislature, the city was able to secure the water rights to the Big Butte Springs. Priority rights for thirty cubic feet per second and secondary rights for an additional twenty cubic feet per second were secured in 1925. To ensure the purity of this new source of water vast tracts of the surrounding watershed were also acquired.

A bond issue for \$975,000 at 5% was authorized by the voters of Medford on October 8, 1925. The following spring \$500,000 of the bonds were purchased at

Bill Stump welding a joint on a section of the pipeline. When completed the stretch of pipe was lowered into the trench and buried. April 7, 1927.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #15548

par by a syndicate of West Coast business interests. Immediately thereafter bids were let for the contract to build the pipeline. The remaining bonds were sold by the end of the year.

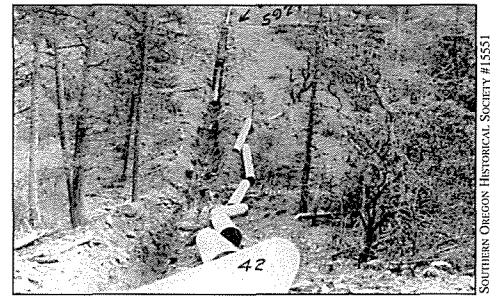
On March 9, 1926, the contract to construct the pipeline from Big Butte Springs to Medford was awarded to the Swartley Bros. Company of Corvallis. The subcontractor for supplying the thirty-two miles of steel pipe was the Beall Pipe Line and Tank Company of Portland. Instead of the wooden pipe previously installed to transport water from Fish Lake, Beall would supply steel pipe in thirty foot sections. Each section was coated in a "hot asphalt solution of Pioneer Mineral Rubber" to inhibit corrosion, and then wrapped in a water resistant asphalt paper. These sections were then shipped to Medford where they were loaded on cars of the old Pacific & Eastern Railway, then owned by the Owen-Oregon Lumber Company, and transferred to convenient points along the pipeline. Once in place the sections were arc welded together and buried in a trench.

By the end of June, 1927, the new pipeline had been completed to Medford and connected to the city's existing water system, which had been substantially upgraded with about \$100,000 of the bond money. Once the residue of the Fish Lake water had been flushed from the system, cool, clear spring water began to flow from the city's taps. "The first time your water ever saw daylight was when it came out of your faucet," one Medford resident recalled. After a week all water restrictions, except open hose watering, were lifted and Medford's residents could begin watering their lawns and bushes. In spite of all the demands on the new system, pressure held. The thirteen million gallons a day the system provided far exceeded the city's requirements so the surplus was stored in two reservoirs. For the first time Medford had a stable

supply of cool, clean water on a year round basis, with enough surplus capacity to meet the future needs of a growing city. It also provided sufficient water to permit industrial expansion in Medford, which had been limited by the previous system. To emphasize the quality of the new water supply, the *Medford Mail Tribune* informed its readers that "The difference between the clarity of the former city water supply from Fish Lake and the present supply from Big Butte Springs can be plainly seen in the fish aquarium in the Chamber of Commerce building. The present water is as clear as crystal, whereas formerly it took effort to peer into the water of the large container." It is likely that the fish, too, were appreciative of the new water system.

Medford was justifiably proud of its new million dollar water system and the cool, pure water it provided. Soon the city had adopted the slogan "A mountain spring in every home." A large sign to that effect was placed on the Chamber of Commerce building near the railroad tracks as well as on a new city drinking fountain installed nearby. Rare indeed was the promotion that did not extol the wonders of the cool mountain spring water now available in every home. After George Hunt installed a new air conditioning system in the Craterian Theater in 1929, he advertised that "Every breath you breathe in this theater is washed and chilled in Medford's Million Dollar Water."

Medford's city fathers wasted little time in removing the remaining visible reminders of the earlier water systems. On July 28 city workers removed the concrete horse trough on Riverside, taking pains not to damage the adjoining water fountain. "A shaggy, white-haired old nag, drawing a decrepit wagon past the familiar spot this morning, jerked her head to the right and the left as if to loosen the collar that tightened around the lump in her aged throat. 'Twas many's [sic] the



View of the pipeline and trench coming down a hill from the Owen-Oregon Lumber Company railroad right-of-way. In the foreground lie sections of the pipe waiting to be installed. April 5, 1927.

drink she quenched there in by-gone days," the *Mail Tribune* reported that afternoon. Three days later the last trough in the business district, located at the corner of South Front and 8th streets, was removed. It too had long been "dry for lack of 'horse customers'."

The Big Butte Springs pipeline continued to provide all of Medford's water needs until 1952, when a second pipeline was added. In 1962 trace amounts of bacteria were found in the water and chlorine had to be added for the first time since 1927. Later, additional demands led to the addition of water from the Rogue river being added to Medford's water system. No longer could the city boast of pure mountain spring water in every home. ■

Society historian and archivist William Alley is a regular contributor to Southern Oregon Heritage.

View of the pipeline and one of the tripods used to lower the sections of pipe into the trench. February 14, 1927.

Patched pipe, part of the Big Butte Springs pipeline, 1927



Sister Harriet

The life of missionary Harriet Diantha Baldwin Cooley

"So with his men with chisels, and tools we had our names, date of the month and year, engraved on the rock there which will remain for ages and whoever goes there can read it for their own satisfaction."

— Harriet Diantha Baldwin Cooley
February 8, 1854, Nilgiri Hill, Orissa, India



Compiled by J. Richard Collins
Introduction by Patricia Parish Kuhn

Who could possibly have imagined what significance this sentence would have more than a century-and-a-half later – and a continent away – for one of Sister Harriet's descendants. Unknown to this young American missionary, was the fact that at the very moment her chisel met stone, she was extending an invitation to someone in her own family to journey to India and "read it for their own satisfaction."

In the last decade of the twentieth century a resurgence of interest in family history has lead readers and writers in the United States to focus on biographies and memoirs. Businesses are springing up to guide those who need direction and/or assistance with research, and with editing what they already have. But years before this became a national obsession, a young Medford man was already compiling his family history.

"Sister Harriet" is the work of Medford native J. Richard Collins, who admits to being forever affected when he came across his great-great grandmother Harriet's letters. Born in Bethany, New York, in 1818, the eldest of twelve children, Harriet Diantha Baldwin Cooley graduated from Oberlin College in 1847 and became a missionary at Balasore, India. Collins was captivated and inspired as a child by stories of Sister Harriet told to him by his grandmother, Grace

Cooley Collins. His interest and curiosity were further piqued when his aunt and uncle gave him trunks full of letters, journals, art work, maritime documents, personal effects, memorabilia and mid-nineteenth century newspaper articles recounting Sister Harriet's and her minister husband, Ruel Cooley's, missionary experiences in India from 1849-1861.

One article in particular—Sister Harriet's autobiographical life story, which she wrote in 1907, was printed in its entirety as her obituary on the front page of a Nebraska paper, the *Kenesaw Kaleidoscope*, in 1910. It would become the framework for Harriet's story, and was what inspired Collins to begin the decades-long transcribing of the hundreds of letters that his grandmother saved. Years of painstaking research and correspondence to India and England eventually revealed the precise location of Harriet's chiseled boulder, leading Collins to follow in her footsteps up the Nilgiri Mountain, and to trace the rock's inscription.

Collin's office/studio, above Main Street, Medford, is the repository for the collection of his "Sister Harriet" project. Her presence dominates this small room. "This story is not just a woman's story. Nor is it solely a story about Christianity. Nor is it only an historical account of India. 'Sister Harriet' is an original first-person account of one's rich journey through life and what

gives it meaning," Collins offers.

Harriet eventually moved to Medford, Oregon to live with her only son Jeremiah Henry Cooley, a prominent businessman, who built several commercial buildings in Medford, including the Cooley Theatre Building, the Jackson Hotel, and the Medford Lumber Company. The following is an excerpt from "Sister Harriet" compiled by Harriet's great-great grandson, J. Richard Collins.

Editor's Note: For the purposes of authenticity, the following has been printed verbatim.

KENESAW KALEIDOSCOPE 1910

Harriet Diantha Baldwin was born in Bethany, Genessee County, New York, October 17, 1818 . . . At about 13 years of age she sought and found the Savior precious to her soul . . . she found much satisfaction in secret prayer, often resorting to the barn or garden, among the bush—any place she could find where she could pour out her soul to God in prayer when no one but God could hear. Soon after her baptism she connected herself with the Free Baptist church of Ellington, N.Y., of which her parents were members. It was a new country, the people as a rule lived in log houses, school privileges were limited, people met in school houses and in groves for worship, no meet-

ing houses for miles around. At 16 years of age she began teaching school . . . in the common schools near her home . . . then an opportunity offered her to go to Oberlin College, which she gladly improved.

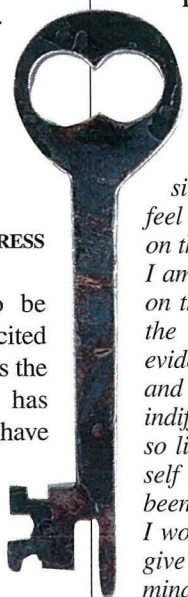
OBERLIN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE HARRIET'S COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS AUGUST 24, 1847

The inquiry, who ought to be Missionaries? is one that has elicited considerable interest and attention, as the importance would demand, and has called forth various replies. Some have been wont to regard the Missionary work, as one of such great self-denial and self-sacrifice, that few, very few ought to engage in it and those must be some rare characters, who have as it were seen the Lord in the burning bush or have entered the inner sanctuary of the Holy of Holies and talked with Him face to face . . . What one thing is needful to qualify a Missionary for his work that is dispensable to any Christian? Not one. His work which is the annihilation of the kingdom of darkness, the reclaiming and bringing back this lost world ruined by sin, to its primeval state of purity and blessedness, is the same. He is the missionary.

KENESAW KALEIDOSCOPE 1910

She found the classic air there [Oberlin] exhilarating and entered on a course of higher studies with a glad heart. Took a young ladies' four year course and graduated; then returned to her home in Ellington, and on the 12th of September, 1847, was united in marriage to Rev. Ruel Cooley. Soon after we took up our abode in East Randolph, New York, where we remained some over a year.

Harriet's house key



FROM JEREMIAH BALDWIN MARCH 27, 1849 ELLINGTON, NEW YORK

Harriet I cannot satisfy myself and keep silent although you may say too late. I do not feel that my mind has changed from first to last on the subject which now occupies my mind . . . I am sure I have avoided answering you direct on this subject [missionary work in India] and the only reason has been for the want of evidence in my own mind as above mentioned, and I know not but you have concluded I felt indifferent and cared not for you, or have I done so little for you in commencing to live by your self and visited you seldom or has your want been so great and I have neglected to inquire . . . I would not say your conclusion is unwise, but give some reason of fear as appears before my mind. I hear from your own words you have formed such an attachment for your own little home[.] . . . Harriet says "she had rather live in Randolph than any other place in the World" and further back why so anxious for settling and house keeping lot & house if the mission has been contemplated all this time and why this reluctance for six months past, to me it has spoken as plain as words can speak. The unsettled state that you have been thrown into for the season past is a matter of inquiry with me, the engagement of your house before coming to conclusion what to do, and then the immediate conclusion, and hurry to send off to labor I can but acknowledge I felt as though I would hitch on my team and been on my way to Ellington in one minute and this is what made me say I never should come to see you again

. . . You will ask me what would you have me do. In my mind it's easily answered engage in all you do understandingly and decidedly, if you have not it is time to commence I will close as I intend to send this to day I would not pretend to be wise.

YOUR FATHER

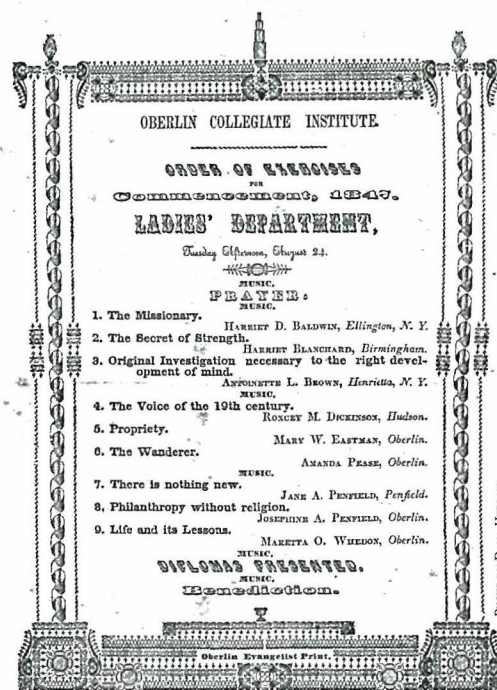
THE MORNING STAR JANUARY 24, 1849

The readers of the *Star* will be glad to learn that Br. Ruel Cooley, of Randolph, Cattaraugus Co. N.Y. has been accepted as a missionary to India. It is expected that he and his wife will sail in the course of the coming spring . . .

It is hoped that the friends of the cause in this vicinity will assist in preparing the outfit, especially as far as furnishing cloth and making clothes are concerned; also, that all will feel grateful to God for his goodness in raising up another missionary, and also contribute liberally for his outfit, passage, and support.

E. HUTCHINS.

**Oberlin College graduation program.
Commencement, August 24, 1847.**



Right: Friendship quilt sent to Harriet in India, 1852.

Below: In 1849, the Cooley's left Boston's Union Wharf to sail for India.

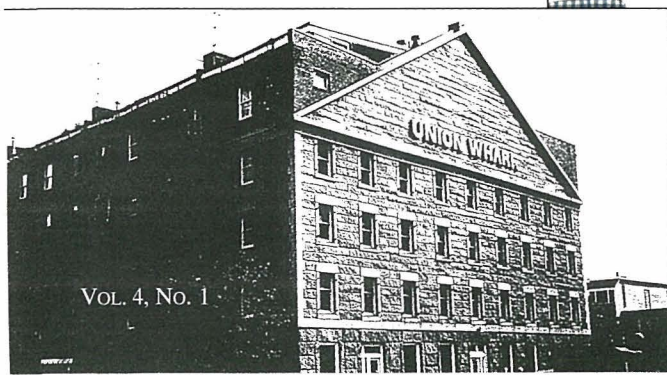
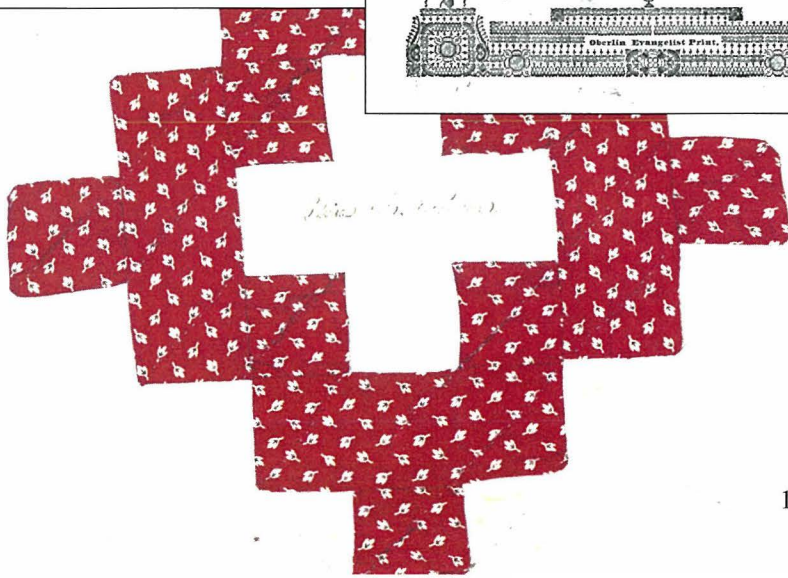


PHOTO COURTESY OF J. RICHARD COLLINS

PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

THE MORNING STAR

On the 8th inst., Bro. R. Cooley and wife sailed from Boston for Calcutta, in the ship *Argo*.

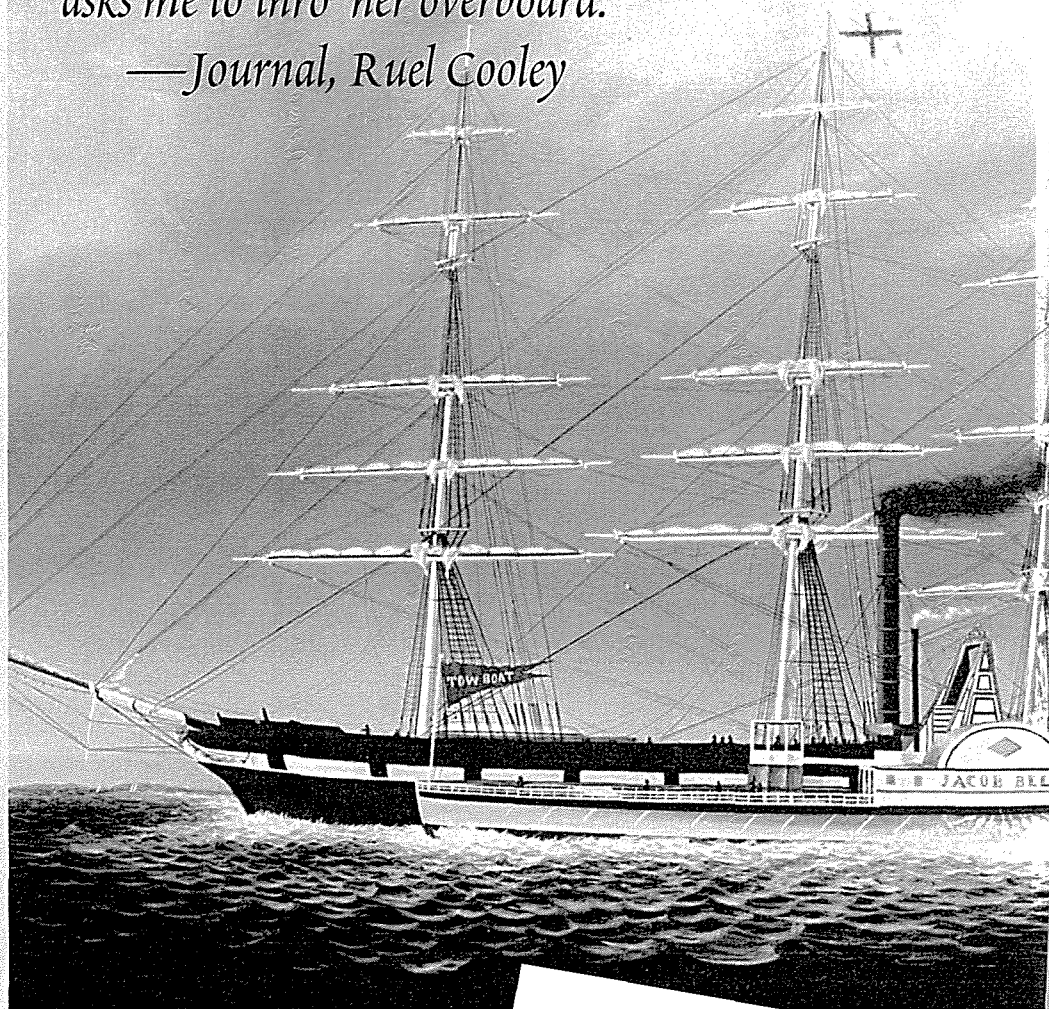
Their destination is Jellalore, which is about 1400 miles from Calcutta. Though they had waited some two months for a passage, they were obliged to sail on short notice, so that scarcely any time was allowed to inform their friends through the *Star* of the day of departure. By going in the *Argo*, our missionaries could go out with Rev. Mr. Porter and wife, of the Presbyterian Board, also with two native females who were about to return from a two years' residence in this country to their own land. As it was not known when they would have another opportunity to go out in company with other missionaries, it was thought best for them to delay no longer, though it was unpleasant for them to leave in such haste.

At 10 o'clock the ship hauled off a few rods from the wharf, where she remained half an hour, when a steamboat came along side and towed her out of the harbor. The missionaries appeared composed and cheerful, and calmly gave the parting hand to the few friends who "accompanied" them "to the ship." These friends gazed at the retiring missionaries, interchanging tokens of recognition with them, till their forms were lost in the distance. Many noble ships and smaller vessels lay along the wharves for more than a mile, while many more were afloat in the harbor, some going out to sea and others coming in to port. Steam ferry boats well filled with people were passing at short intervals, and on the water and on the land men were eagerly engaged in their various pursuits of pleasure or business. Among the large numbers thus engaged, and wholly unknown to most of them, were two men and their wives who were leaving their homes, friends and country, to carry the news of salvation to the multitudes perishing in heathen lands. How benevolent, how heroic their conduct! Though unknown to most around them, and though not honored of the world, when men shall be rewarded according to their deeds, as God views them, these poor missionaries shall have infinitely more than a worldly hero's renown – infinitely more than a worldly monarch's honor.

Let all who love missions pray that our dear friends may have a prosperous voyage, and be a means of doing much good in their future fields of labor; and may prayer offered in their behalf, be accompanied by liberal contributions for their support.

E. HUTCHINS

"Poor Harriet is so sick that she asks me to thro' her overboard."
—Journal, Ruel Cooley



The sailing ship being towed from the harbor by the "Jacob Bell" resembles the *Argo*, the ship that bore the Cooleys from Boston Harbor to Calcutta in 1849.

KENESAW KALEIDOSCOPE

1910

In August, 1849, we left Boston harbor in the ship *Argo* to join our mission band in far away India. It cost bitter pain to say good-bye to the many dear relatives and friends, and could say with the poet, "Yes my native land, I love thee; all thy scenes I love them well.

THE MORNING STAR AUGUST 26, 1849
DEAR SISTER HUTCHINS:

I scribbled off a few lines [sic] to you yesterday morning in great haste. I thought then that I would not be caught thus again, but I have not seen many comfortable moments since. I have suffered much pain of late from my old complaint, costiveness [constipation]. I have been told since I came on board ship, that a sea voyage is the worst thing I could possibly do. I think I shall be obliged to fall in with this opinion. I hope for better hours. I think the Lord has been with me thus far, and trust he will be unto the end. I hope we shall hear from you as soon as we arrive at our destined port should we live to get there.

Yours affectionately,
HARRIET D. COOLEY



COURTESY PEABODY AND ESSEX MUSEUM, SALEM, MASS.

JOURNAL OF RUEL COOLEY
SATURDAY EVE, AUGUST 11, 1849

Mrs. C. and myself have been sea sick most of this day. Spent most of the day on deck. We are much annoyed with the smell of the mid ship where our state room is located. I read some this PM in the Bible & feel that the presence of the Lord is with me. I am able to rejoice in him. Poor Harriet is so sick that she asks me to thro' her overboard.

UNFINISHED LETTER FROM
HARRIET COOLEY
NOVEMBER 12, 1849
DEAR SISTER LYMAN

... I cannot realize that nearly thirteen thousand miles intervene between me and the friends I love so well. But it is time! Dear Sister you do not know how often I think of you, and how often in my nightly visions I am permitted to visit Randolph and mingle in your society. Precious privileges they are.

But morning dawns and the illusion vanishes. On the 8th of August (as you have long ere this learned) we bade our beloved native land adieu. The emotions of soul on that occasion I cannot, or shall not attempt to describe. Many number of our friends and acquaintances came to see us embark, and give the parting hand. I had but a faint idea of a sea-faring life until I have been hand made to know from experience. Our Ship is a stout, middling sailing ship, but not very nice. It was not intended for passengers, but only for cargo. We have the unspeakable privilege of having a Missionary and his wife for company. It makes the loss of the society of old friends less painful than it would otherwise be. But still I cannot forget old friends.

We also have on board two Hindoo girls, 16 and 17 years of age, who have been in America 3 yrs. They came with Mrs. Wilson (as assistants) who returned to America in feeble health. The youngest one, is very desirous to go with me to our station to live with us. . . . We six are all the passengers we have on board. Another great blessing we enjoy which all poor missionaries do not, that is kind Officers. Our Captain especially. We could not ask for a kinder one, or one more attentive to our happiness, and this we consider no small favor, shut out as we are from all the privileges we have been accustomed to enjoy. . . . There is still one thing lacking he is not a Christian, but often says he desires to become one. He has been religiously educated, and manifests great respect of religion, and Christians. We have religious exercises on board every day. On the Sabbath we have preaching either by Mr. Port. or Mr. Cooley, we hope some good may result from our efforts, if not immediately, it may be like the bread cast upon the waters which shall be gathered again after many days. . . . I have heard but one profane word since I came on board and that was not a loud one, it was uttered in a low tone of voice. . . . Our cook does not understand his business as well as would be desirable, but has improved much since we started. Mrs. Porter and myself have made up two batches of mince pies which were quite good considering they were made of salt-beef and dried apples. The Captain complimented us highly on them. . . . Our passage thus far has been rather rough more so, than usual. the 6th 7th 8th of Oct were memorable days to us, on account of a terrible storm, such as we never before saw any thing like unto it, the waves were thrown up to mountain heights and beat upon our bark as though they would dash us to atoms. The rain came upon us in torrents, so that we had not any dry place to set our feet or to rest our heads, the ship was rolling from side to side, throwing the dishes, chairs trunks & etc. & etc. in

every direction, so we had music as well as motion. The only way we could keep ourselves in any one position, or to keep from dashing our brains out, was to cling to the posts, and keep fast hold. I think if you could have seen us then, you would have seen some sorry looking faces. Even the Captain turned pale, although he tried to make us believe that was nothing. . . . Nov. 26th we are now within 2 degrees of the Equator; the weather is so very warm I think we just live and that is all. The ship sails slowly for the want of wind. We are beginning to think that we are near our Journey's end. Only 14 hundred more miles to sail, which we should soon plow over if we could have favorable winds. It has now been 110 days since we saw land, and I feel as if it would be a great treat to be permitted to set my eyes on land again, even though it be not my own native land. Even it be a heathen land, my heart beats with high emotions, at the thought, that we are so near our destined port. . . . Our room is little less than six feet square, our birth is three feet wide and three feet from the floor. Our room serves as a parlor, for lodging room bathing and study. It looked rather dark and gloomy to me the first time I entered it. – But it now wears an

Our room serves as a parlor,
for lodging room bathing and
study. It looked rather dark
and gloomy to me the first
time I entered it. – But it now
wears an aspect of pleasantry.
Is it not strange! how soon we
become attached to places! that
are so unpleasant at first.

aspect of pleasantry. Is it not strange! how soon we become attached to places! that are so unpleasant at first. All the light we have comes through a piece of glass about a third as large as a common pane of glass over our heads. I do not know but I am wearing your patience with particularizing about such frivolous things, but I trust your generous soul will forgive. I do not consider that our time spent here has been altogether lost time. We have a regular daily system of study and reading such a time for reading as I have long desired.

We were four and a half months tossing upon the restless waves of old ocean, and were glad to place our feet on terra firma once more, though in a heathen land far from our native home. Though tiresome somewhat, the voyage was not altogether void of enjoyment. We had a kind genial captain and for fellow passengers Mr. and Mrs. Porter, missionaries of the Presbyterian board, bound for northern India. We found them agreeable associates and were sorry to part with them. Mr. Porter had been in India twelve years. On arriving at Calcutta we were met by Mr. Bachelor and wife, who gave us a hearty welcome. After making some purchases in Calcutta we took passage down the river to Tomlook, then we women were conveyed in palkees and the men rode their ponies to Midnapore, where we spent the Sabbath, then on to Jellalore, which we reached Jan 1st, 1850. Here we considered our long journey at an end. Not only the Phillips family seemed glad to see us, but the native Christians gave us a warm greeting. Our first work was to learn the language of the people. We spent four or five hours of the day with our teacher; by degrees, little by little, we were able to communicate with the people around us. It was at that time a day of small things with our mission compared with the present day.

PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

JOURNAL OF RUEL COOLEY THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1849

We lay anchor most of last night. Early this morning we had the great pleasure of seeing land—Sanger island on one side and Balasore shore on the other. We also saw the sun rise this morning for the first time since we left America. The horizon at sea was never clear, and it has been unpleasant weather most of the time since we have been in the bay, but this morning was a delightful one. — The atmosphere was bland and bracing. Before daylight a native boat was along side of the ship, with eight or ten natives, and by the captain's permission, they were soon on board. As this was almost our first introduction to the benighted heathen of India, we, of course, were most affected by their appearance. They were in what people in America would call a state of nudity. Their dress consisted of a small piece of cloth about their loins, and a piece of native cloth, two or three yards in length, thrown about their shoulders and sometimes partly over their heads. When not laboring they are devoted to smoking what is called their "hubble bubble" or "hooker", which for the most part is made of a cocoa nut shell, filled with water, with a dicular tube of about a foot in length going from the shell, with a bowl on the top, in which they apply their mouth to smoke. Some of them are made to sit down and have tubes from 10 to 20 feet in length to convey the smoke to the mouth. The natives are slaves to smoking. Before noon we saw scores of native boats of most all descriptions. The ship Huron which sailed from Boston 13 days before the Argo, and stopped at the Cape 13 days, is now along side our ship, waiting for the tide to go up the river. A little past one o'clock, P.M., the Dock boat came from Kedgerie to the ship with the mail, and we were favored with letters from Bro. and Sister Bachelor. We feel like thanking God and taking courage.

Left: Sister Harriet's Hindu artifacts and personal effects on display in Collins' studio. The Cooleys, like other missionaries, collected cultural and religious items in the country they served. These items were used in speeches and sermons at home to raise funds for the missions.

Harriet's sewing kit.



PHOTOS BY DANA HEDRICK



Hindu scriptures.

MY DEAR SISTER HUTCHINS

I have this evening had the unspeakable happiness of perusing your kind letter of Oct. 23d. You cannot conceive how very cheering, after being tossed four and a half long months upon the billowy deep, to get intelligence from our own dear native land. Dear America! how I love her! How wide is the contrast between her and this dark land of idolatry! Not that nature has not done her share to make it the garden of Eden, a paradise. As Bishop Heber remarked, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Sister Phillips and myself are quite alone, as Mr. Cooley and Bro. Phillips are out in the country, attending the jattras. Sister Phillips conducted worship to-day in Oriya with the natives. She also superintends the Sabbath school during Bro. Phillips' absence. I think her a noble woman, and well fitted for the high sphere she occupies. I am much pleased with the entire family. They would be an ornament to any Christian society. It is like an oasis in



Indian household items such as this red lacquer box brought function and beauty to the Cooley home.



Harriet collected dozens of these small paintings done on thin sheets of mica, depicting festivals, street scenes, and Hindu rituals. Shown here, Hindu palanquin.

the dry and sandy desert to fall in with such a family in the midst of the heathenism that here stalks abroad at noon-day. We found them living in a "mansion" covered with straw—not a glass window to admit the light of heaven, with a floor of earth, pounded down so as to make it very hard. . . .

I can hardly realize that I am so far away from you. That I have wandered to the opposite side of the globe seems to me like a dream. Almost every thing that I see here is very different from what I have been accustomed to see, excepting the sun, moon, and stars. The constellations are the same old familiar faces that I used to gaze upon in America, and their presence here is a very great treat. You wish me to write of what I see. But how can I? I see strange things. Men and women almost or entirely naked is no strange sight here. I cannot give you any adequate idea of things, or scenes I daily

witness, should I try. A person may read and hear all there is to be read and heard, and still have but a very faint idea of the reality. All I can say is, come and see; then you will know for yourself, and not till then.

We had four letters from our captain before he sailed. He writes, "I hope your prayers for my conversion may be answered." He expressed a feeling of gloom that we were so soon separated. When you send out more missionaries, I hope you will inquire for Capt. Meacom, for I do not think you can find another as good. It seemed like taking leave of a kind father when we parted with him.

I was truly rejoiced to learn that our Society had concluded to send out Sister Crawford and perhaps others. May Heaven speed them on the way, and may we soon be permitted to greet them as fellow laborers in this dark land of idolatry. I hope sister

Crawford is a good singer, for the mission company were almost angry with us because we were not singers. Were I to tell you the sentiments of my heart I should say, that I am not sorry I am here. I cannot say that the Lord has not sent me. I have enjoyed a greater degree of his presence for the month past than for some time previous, and I cannot be otherwise than happy, when I am sensible of his presence. I am devoting my energies to acquiring the language. I sometimes get almost impatient at my slow progress. I can read better than I can converse. The natives talk so fast that I cannot understand them.

My health never was better than at the present time.

Affectionately yours,
HARRIET D. COOLEY

"Flying jattrā" hook
used to pierce the flesh
of faithful Hindus
during festivals.



West Bethony May

Dear -
Learning a
a package to
have peixed
send you a
and friends
we often thin
Dear Mission
is that God
labors. Al
you reap in

Mrs Cooley
Balasore



My sisters desired me to ^{write} you a letter when you received that you would inform us of your living of your house and built of your food if day your took your meals Missionary school and your prospects — The blessed our church and winter and spring His been refreshed sinners ha twenty eight has been Ba a number more that have church Eld H Perry labor Brother Asa Lord died in but four days sickness he at church one week and two died and remarked it was the meeting he ever attended his end

OCTOBER 31, 1850

FROM HARRIET COOLEY

BALASORE
MY BELOVED PARENTS,

The last twenty three days, have been days of peculiar trial. My dear husband has been laid upon a bed of sickness which I have feared would be unto death. Nearly four weeks since he was taken with the bowel complaint which he attributed to eating fresh meat, as it was 2 meeting times Bro. Bachelor had a little pig killed and cooked. Soon after he complained of pain in the head and that his flesh was very hot and said he thought he had taken cold. He kept his bed most of the time, tried to doctor himself. I did not apprehend any thing serious until the fourth day after he was taken ill, when I saw symptoms that very much alarmed me and begged him to let me send for the Doct. but he said no, he should soon be better. He said also if the Doct came he would take none of his medicines. So I delayed another day he grew worse so fast that he was willing and anxious that I should call in the Doct. The Doct told him he had the Balasore fever upon him (in former years invariably uniformly fatal). For five nights and days Mr. C never closed his eyes to sleep a burning fever upon with great distress in the bowels and head. It has been truly painful to witness his tossings and great sufferings...

HARRIET

KENESAW KALEIDOSCOPE

1910

After our stay of six months it was decided to make Balasore our abiding place. For a time we were with the Bachelor[s], then we had built a jucca house for our dwelling place, which we occupied for over ten years. In the meantime a chapel was built half way between the Bachelor house and the Cooley house. A little before we went to Balasore a party of fifty or sixty Khund children, rescued by the government from being offered as human sacrifices were sent by the same to join our boarding schools. The boys fell to me to look after. For six years we looked after purchasing their food supply, their clothing, and taught classes in their school; became much interested in the people and enjoyed the work very much, though at times a great longing for the home land and its blessed privileges came over us. The first to join our mission was Miss Crawford, from my old county, though we had never met until we met in India. She was for several years a member of our family; then the Smiths, the Hallam's and Mr. and Mrs. Miller, whose presence greatly cheered and inspired us with new courage in the work.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

1852

FREE WILL BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

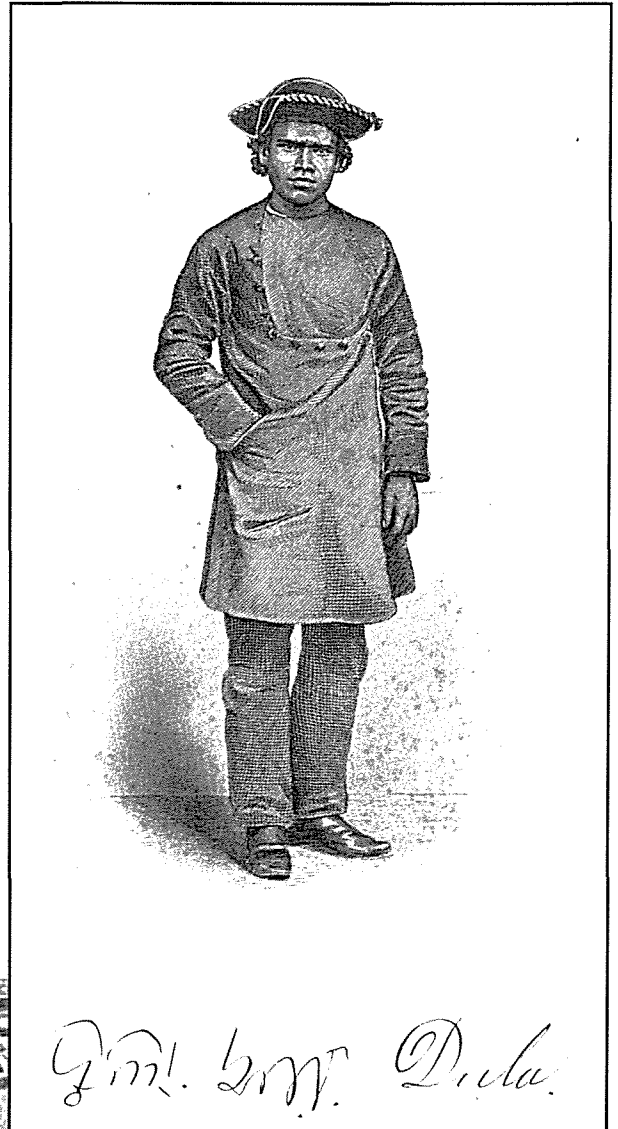
The missionary efforts were continued as usual at this station during the past year; and excepting the death of Bro. and sister Cooley's babe, three weeks old, which deeply afflicted its parents, no misfortune has befallen the missionaries that now occupy this part of the field.

KENESAW KALEIDOSCOPE

1910

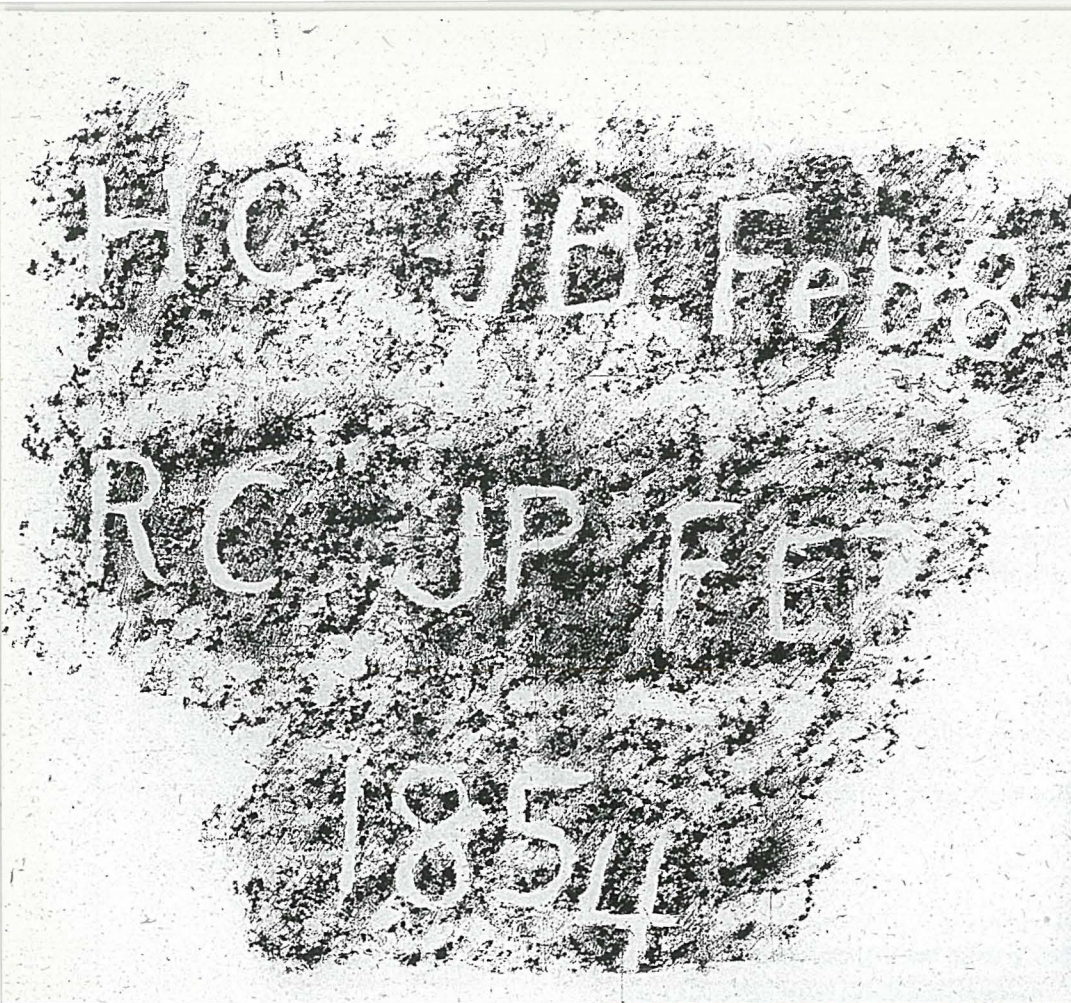
Every cold season, after the long rainy season was over, it was the custom for the men of the missions and native preacher to travel out in the country to proclaim the gospel, distribute religious books and tracts, and it was sometimes

Below: Harriet, Jeremiah Henry, and Ruel Cooley. Circa 1861. Right: A Santal convert.



Jim. L. M. Dula.

my privilege to accompany my husband on these tours. I would go in an ox-cart while Mr. Cooley would ride his pony. Often we would spend the night in the cart but had our tent pitched when we were to spend several days where a number of villages were accessible. When I walked into a native village with a few tracts in my hand the women seemed very glad to see me and would call all the women in the village to come and see the white woman and hear what she will

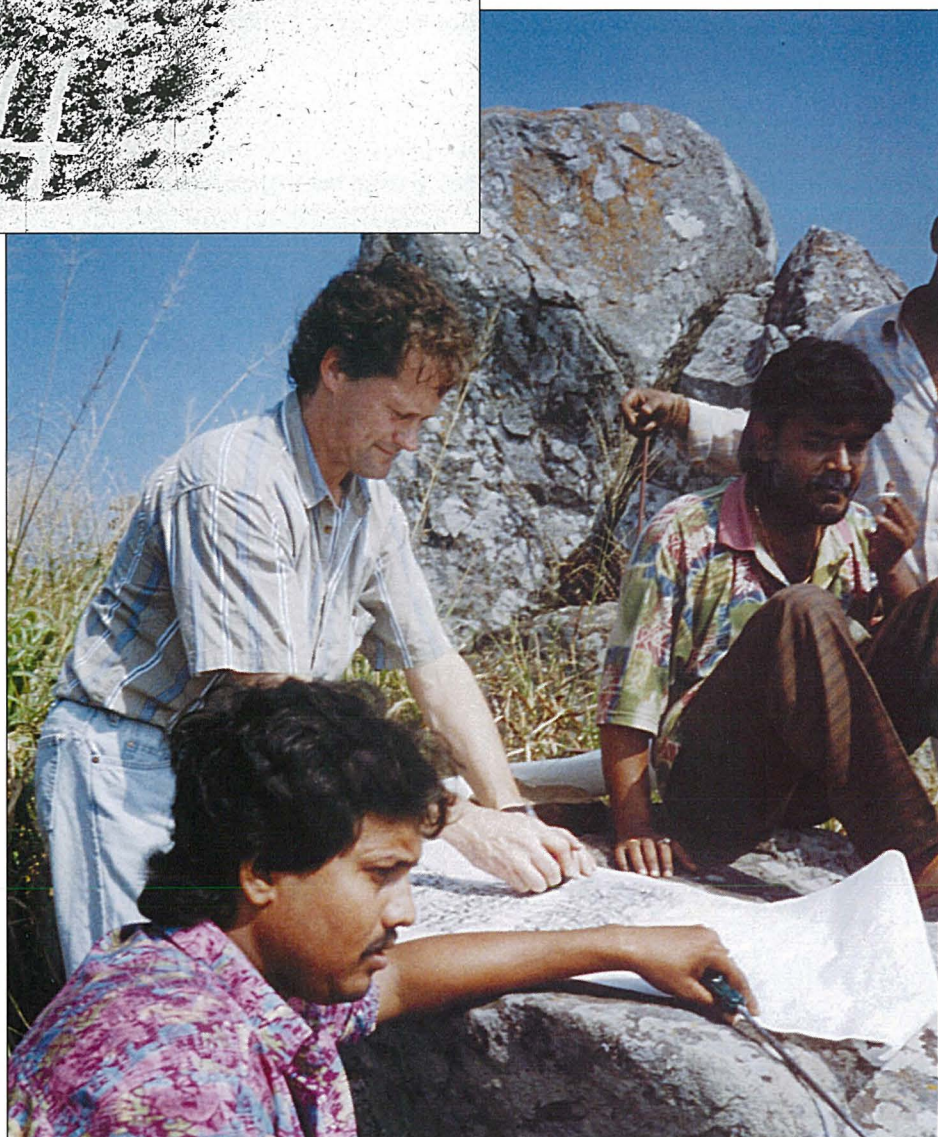


Rubbing of chiseled boulder done on Harriet's "red letter day" atop Nilgiri Mountain.

say to us. They often asked my many questions; some were why I did not wear jewelry. they are very fond of ornaments, the poor wearing very poor and cheap ones. They asked me why I did not oil my face, as they are accustomed to oil their bodies daily.

On one tour in the country we had our tent pitched two or three miles from the Nilzere mountains. A company of surveyors learning of our camp so near to them, Mr. Peyton, the Superintendent, sent us an invitation to come up and spend a day with them on the mountain, which we were glad to accept, he offering to send means of conveyance. The next morning before daylight we heard a great noise outside our tent. A great number of natives with three elephants had come to take us up the mountain. A young lady, Miss Bond, was with us from Balasore. So we hurried and dressed ourselves with all dispatch and mounted each of us an elephant, which we rode to the foot of the hills; but oh! how the long steps of the huge animal made my back ache. At the foot of the hills we found three chairs with poles fastened on both sides with eight men for each chair to escort us up the Nilzere mountain. At times the ascent was very steep—almost perpendicular—but our carriers

were sure-footed and took us safely up the hill, where we found several tents spread, one small tent given to Miss Bond and myself where we could wash and do our toilet. About 10 o'clock we were called to breakfast on good things, for which we had a keen relish; spent the day very pleasantly; at 4 o'clock p.m. had a sumptuous dinner, after which Mr. Payton proposed we take a walk. So with his men and chisels, and tools we had our names, date of the month and year, engraved on the rock there which will remain for ages and whoever goes there can read it for their own satisfaction. Then we started on our downward journey, which was far from pleasant, as we were pitching pitching all the way down, and it seemed to me I should surely tumble out, and after reaching our tent and safely in bed I was



J. Richard Collins eventually found Harriet's rock and ventured to Nilgiri Hill Station. 140 years after Harriet's visit, he "read it for his own satisfaction," and did the rubbing shown above, November 15, 1994.

PHOTO BY DONNA ANDREWS

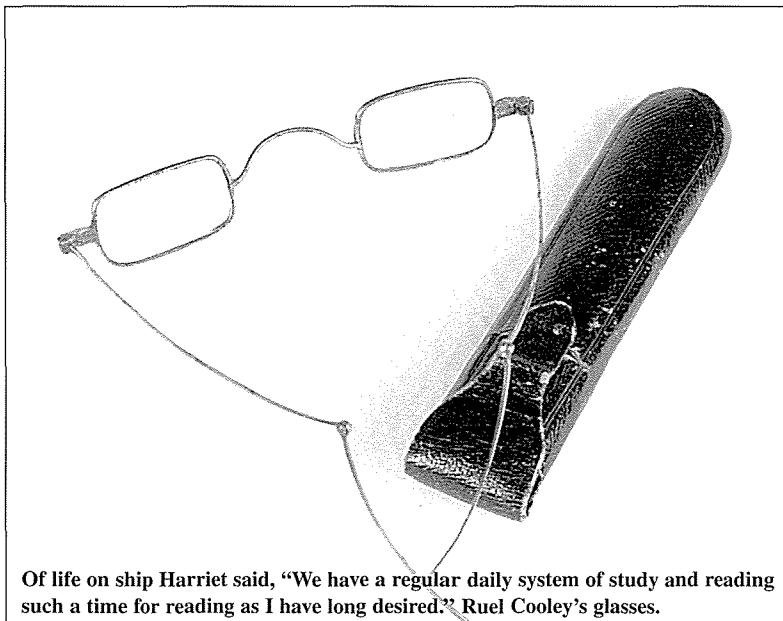
pitching the whole night long. But all in all it was a red letter day, such as we seldom enjoyed. It was very pleasant after being so long confined by the hot winds and the rains to get out into the open country and breathe the fresh air.

When our boy [Jeremiah Henry Cooley born 14 August 1856] was six months old, sitting up in a cart with me, in driving through a thick jungle, a wild tiger came out of the thicket, passed down the gully on the left side of the turnpike, crossed the road deliberately, down the other side, and sat back on his haunches- and there we left him. It was a grand sight to see a tiger in his native state; to see him shut up in a cage we cannot see his grandeur. I said to the driver with me: "What is that?" He turned a frightened face to me and said: "Choop gorrerie," that is, keep still. I never fired a gun but how I did wish I had one as I had such a fine view it seemed I could not have failed in hitting him. The government gives a bounty of 50 rupees for every tiger killed and then I would surely had a feather in my cap. Mr. Cooley rode through there on his horse less than an hour before but lost the grand sight. Many interesting incidents I might relate but this was the only tiger I saw during our sojourn in India.

The first six years of life in India I had very good health, but after that we were all three down with fever when the rainy season came on, which was so enervating after repeated attacks we did not rally when the cold season came on as at first, so without the ability and strength to work it was decided that we return to our native land after 12 years absence. During that time we had two little boys; one died a few weeks old, the other still lives-51 years old as I write.

The first of January, 1861, we embarked at Calcutta on the Art Union with Captain Norton for the United States. In mid-ocean we spoke a vessel that told us

there was civil war in the United States, which news was like a dagger to our hearts. Our loved native land in a state of war! Can it be? Oh, can it be true? Yes, indeed, it was true—



Of life on ship Harriet said, "We have a regular daily system of study and reading such a time for reading as I have long desired." Ruel Cooley's glasses.

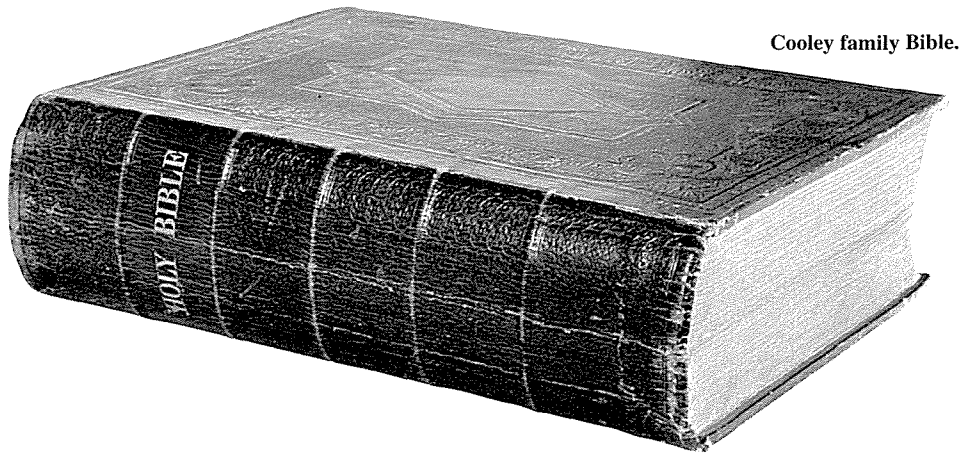
From Boston [May 14, 1861] we went directly to the old home at Ellington, and when about 10 miles from the old family home, where my father had lived 36 years, we heard the home was sold and my parents had moved to Hillsdale, Mich. That was a sore disappointment for me for we had expected to meet them that very day and shake the friendly hand. But disappointments seem to be the lot of all. Two brothers and a sister still resided in the town to give us a welcome. Three promising children had been called to enter the unknown—a brother and two sisters died of typhoid fever within three weeks—the other

two sisters had married and left the old parental home so dear to my heart for homes of their own, which left father and mother alone in that big house—for it was built for a large family. We visited with relatives and old friends, then went to Hillsdale to join our parents and two sisters with their families. Enjoyed meeting them after so long a separation, but oh, I was so tired and worn it seemed I must give up and take to a quiet life. About this time I heard a little Swede girl sing: "There is rest for the weary on the other side of Jordan." It was such a comfort, oh, such a comfort to my poor tired person, tossed so long on life's troubled sea." ■

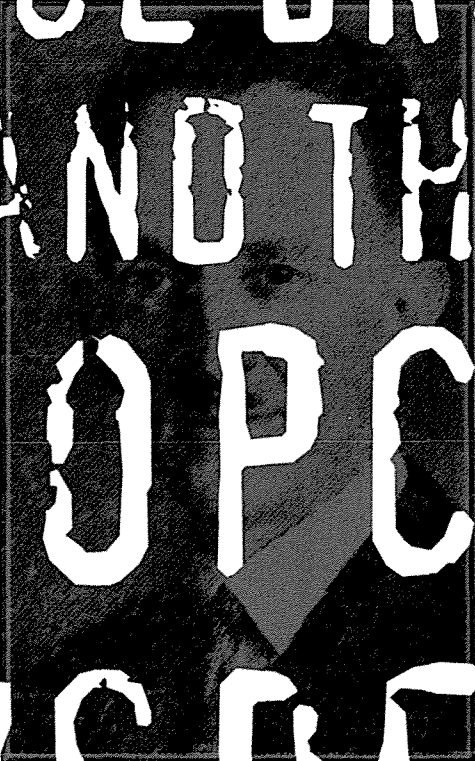
J. Richard Collins, born and raised in Medford, received his MFA at California Institute of the Arts, Los Angeles. His art work has been exhibited at galleries throughout the Northwest including the Rogue Gallery in Medford, the Schneider Museum of Art in Ashland, and numerous galleries in Seattle and Los Angeles. Original material used in "Sister Harriet" copyright 1987, J. Richard Collins. All items pictured in this article are the property of Harriet's family.

Patricia Kuhn is a frequent contributor to Southern Oregon Heritage. She is also co-author of "And the Stars Gave Us Names," a book of poetry published in 1997. She began an enduring friendship with the Collins family in 1959, upon moving to Medford.

Cooley family Bible.



HORACE BROMLEY AND THE COPCO NEWSREELS



by William Alley
Archivist/Historian

For over ten years, from 1925 until about 1936, there was not an event of any importance, it seemed, that did not warrant the presence of Horace Bromley and the California Oregon Power Company (COPCO) newsreel camera. High school football games, local parades and celebrations, the first airmail flight on the Pacific Coast, and visits to southern Oregon of such luminaries as Herbert Hoover and Charles Lindbergh were all recorded on film. These films were later exhibited under the title "COPCO Current Events Newsreels." From their inception in 1925, until Bromley left Medford in 1936, the COPCO films enjoyed immense popularity and were much in demand for viewing at gatherings of all sorts.

Horace Bromley was born in Chicago, Illinois on September 30, 1892, the son of Edgar and Ella Bromley. Edgar brought his family to Medford in 1910, setting up residence in west Medford in a bungalow on the corner of what was then 6th and Columbus. Edgar barely had time to establish himself as a farmer, when he died in November of 1912. He left behind his widow, a daughter, and twenty year-old Horace and Edgar's widow behind.¹

The year his father died, Horace took his first job, windows trimming for the H.C. Kentner Company, whose department store was located on the southeast corner of east Main and Bartlett streets in downtown Medford. It is most likely here that the young Bromley's interest in advertising

and marketing took root. Window trimming at that time was a relatively new facet of marketing with a trade association numbering in the thousands, and a trade journal with a circulation in the tens of thousands. Window trimmers, or displaymen as they were also known, combined the artistry of a set designer with the marketing needs of the merchants in order to attract customers. By the time Bromley had been hired at Kentner's, New York's Wanamaker's department store boasted a staff of over fifty responsible for the creation of their window displays.²

Soon Bromley had his own business as an "Advertising Specialist," with offices in Medford's First National Bank building. Bromley's advertised services included show and sign card writing, streetcar and

theater advertising, sign painting and "clever show cards." Bromley maintained his advertising business until the United States entered the war in Europe; in 1918 Bromley was in the United States Army, stationed at Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, Washington.³

After the war's conclusion in the fall of 1918, Bromley returned to Medford where he secured a position as cashier at the Medford office of COPCO. During the early years immediately following the war's conclusion, Bromley, as yet unattached, played a prominent role among the younger "Jazz Age" crowd. Bromley's days were taken up with his work at the power company, but after hours he maintained an active social life. Bromley was such a noted character about town that the changing from his winter woolens to white served as one of the early signs of spring and was considered news. The Tribune reported in 1919, "Hoss Bromley, the pub. agt. [sic] for the jazz orchestra by night and a juggler of figures for the Cal-Ore [sic] Co. by day, has donned his ice cream pants." Bromley moonlighted as the publicity agent for Herb Alford's Imperial Jazz Band, and was also responsible for organizing many of the dances and other recreational activities patronized by Medford's younger set.⁴

Bromley's activities in promoting his entertainments were frequently highlighted by long-time *Medford Mail Tribune* and *Sun* reporter and columnist Arthur Perry, known for his droll sense of humor and curmudgeonly wit in his column "Ye Old Smudge Pot." "Horse Bromley, the shindig master and promoter," Perry once wrote, "will give a hoof-sliding at Ashland Xmas, that he says will outstrip all previous efforts." On another occasion Perry noted in his column, "Horse Bromley, enthusiasm arouser for the Herb Alford Infernal Jazz Orchestra, violated the social ethics the tail end of this week by wearing his ice cream pantz [sic] after sundown." Bromley's prominence among the activities of the younger set was documented when Perry noted, "The main-spring has been removed from the activities of the younger set by the absence of Hoss Bromley. Mr. Bromley adds piquant jazz to all social functions."⁵

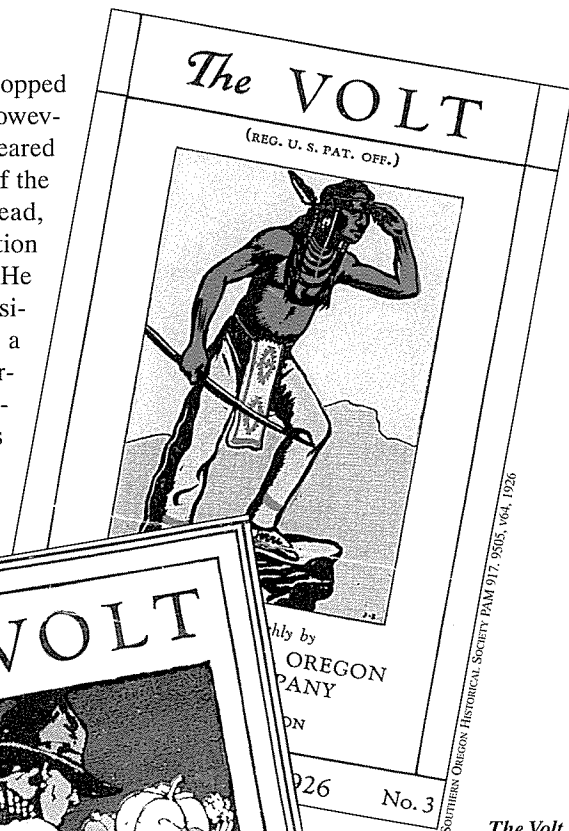
In the spring of 1921, Bromley took some time off from his job as cashier at

COPCO's Medford office and dropped out of sight. His absence did not, however, go unnoticed. A small item appeared in the Local and Personal column of the *Medford Mail Tribune* which read, "There are strong rumors in circulation that Horace Bromley is a Benedict. He has not been at his usual place of business this week, having obtained a leave of absence to look after 'important business.' Nor are his whereabouts known. Evidently he thinks he is fooling the boys but they are complacently biding their time until he shows up with his bride."⁶

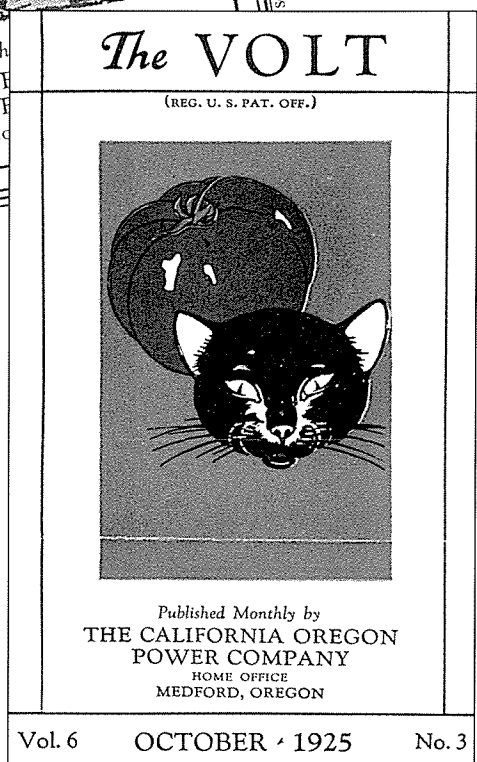
While Bromley may not have fooled anyone as to his intentions, he did manage to keep the location of his nuptials secret and free from "the usual wedding stunts." On March 24, 1921, Horace Bromley and his fiancé, Hazel Bebb were married in Yreka, California. After a short honeymoon in California, the couple returned to Medford and set up housekeeping in the Bromley home.⁷

Family life resulted in some changes in Bromley's lifestyle. When his name managed to make its way into the pages of the local paper, it was less in connection with dances and jazz bands. Tennis became a more visible pastime, especially after COPCO built a court for company use in 1922. Soon there were company tournaments as well as other matches with local tennis experts, such as Raymond Fish.

Bromley also assumed the duties of manager of the COPCO baseball team. "H.B. of the Demons for Development is running a baseball team this summer," Arthur Perry noted, "and is not seen with white britches on the tennis court any



The VOLT, Copco's newsletter, was another of the utility's marketing vehicles.

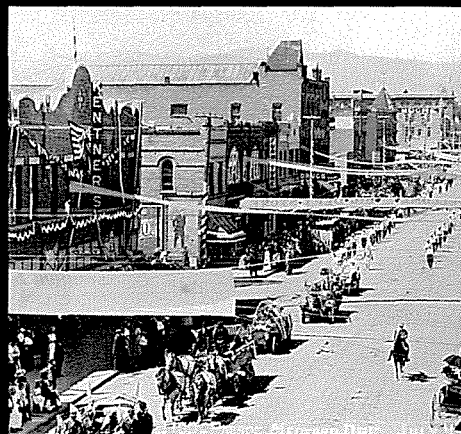


MEDFORD, OR CROWDS GATHE GREET ARRIVAL OF HERBERT HOOVER

AND PART



Shown here, the arrival of the 1st airmail plane in Medford, September 16, 1926. Bromley, the COPCO Cameraman, was there to capture the historic moment.



Bromley began his career in marketing as a window dresser at Kentner's Department Store, one of the first department stores in Medford.

THE STORE BEAUTIFUL

Up to
Date
in
Every
Particular

The
Latest
Novelties
Constantly
Arriving

Beautiful because of its equipment Beautiful because of its arrangement
Beautiful because of its service Beautiful because of its unsurpassed stock
Beautiful because of its service Beautiful because it is the Home Store

Not only is this store Beautiful but it is the Home of

GOOD GOODS SOLD AT HONEST PRICES

Everything in Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Silks, Gloves, Domestic, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, Infants Wear, Toilet Articles, Ladies Home Journal Patterns, Ladies Furnishings, Ready-to-Wear for Ladies and Children, Gents Furnishings, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Bags, Shoes, Sewing Machines, etc., etc.

THE 1st
DEPARTMENT
STORE

KENTNER'S
MEDFORD, OREGON

EVERYTHING
FOR
EVERYBODY

Above: An ad from "Rogue River Fruit Growers."

Left: Title card for one of the COPCO Current Events Newsreels.

more." This was during a time when there were few professional sports teams in Medford, and the local amateur teams drew substantial audiences. 1922 also witnessed the birth of a son, Robert. Arthur Perry also notified the readers of his column of a loss suffered that year by Bromley. "Horse Bromley, who was removed from his appendix last mo., has also suffered the loss of 2 pr. of white pants."⁸

After several years as cashier in COPCO's Medford office, Bromley was offered a promotion to the district manager's position in COPCO's Grants Pass office. In March of 1923 Horace, Hazel, and young Robert packed up and relocated to Grants Pass. It is not exactly clear how long the Bromleys remained in Grants Pass, but the resumption of a listing for them in the May 1924 telephone directory indicates that they were back in Medford the following year. Bromley's return to Medford is probably due to another promotion, this time to second assistant secretary. After his return to Medford, Bromley also embarked on a project that would lead to a lasting contribution to the history of southern Oregon.⁹

In 1924 the California Oregon Power Company began construction of a second power generating plant at COPCO, on the Klamath River in Northern California. Bromley, who had acquired a 16mm movie camera, documented the plant's construction as part of his duties as publicist for COPCO. When first exhibited in the spring of 1925, the film, titled "A Trip to Copco," proved to be highly popular, and was in great demand at civic meetings and schools throughout "Copcoland," as the company referred to the region it serviced.¹⁰

The first COPCO film was an immediate success, and Bromley recognized the enormous marketing potential in its continued use. While he continued to exhibit the "Trip to Copco" film throughout the region, he also started taking new pictures. That fall Bromley was on hand to film high school football games, including the Medford-Marshfield game and the Grants Pass-Medford match. Interest in the films grew and viewings were much in demand. Showings of Bromley's films became a regular event, under the name "COPCO Current Events Newsreels."¹¹

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #8619

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #7533

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAM 634.05, RG3, 1911

For the next couple of years Bromley and his camera appeared to be everywhere. In addition to his duties as Assistant Secretary, Bromley had also been made COPCO's advertising manager, and his work took him to all regions served by the utility. One regular venue for showcasing the movies was the COPCO Forum. The COPCO Forum was a social club organized by employees of the power utility and whose activities were entirely independent of the company. In addition to their regular "study" meetings, where various topics were discussed, the Forum also held an annual Christmas party for the children of Medford. Rotary clubs, civic and social organizations, granges and community organizations all regularly clamored for the films. Bromley's schedule for showing his films was a full one.¹²

The COPCO newsreels were a highly successful and popular marketing tool for the power utility. During the 1920s and 1930s COPCO sought to increase its customer base and profits through the sale of electrical appliances. It even maintained a fleet of sales trucks at one time, offering everything from table lamps to Westinghouse electric ranges. COPCO entered into agreements with many of Medford's merchants offering the free wiring of major appliances with their purchase.

When Bromley took his films on the road to outlying districts, he would entertain the audience with the films and then pitch the sale of electrical appliances. On occasion he was able to sell appliances to people who had yet to receive electrical service.¹³

Things were going well for the Bromleys in 1926. Horace was making a name for himself at COPCO and around town. *Byllesby Magazine*, a management trade publication, retained Bromley as its local contributing editor. Bromley was also active with the local post of the American Legion, and he and Hazel welcomed the birth of a second son, Spencer. Bromley's newsreels steadily gained in popularity, and in 1927 he purchased a new 16mm camera, which was a "vast improvement" over the old machine. In 1928 things were going so well that the Bromleys moved from the home he had occupied since arriving in Medford in 1910, to the more spacious surroundings of a home on south Oakdale, one of Medford's most sought-after neighborhoods. Bromley still carried on with a fun-loving crowd.

In the summer of 1928, Bromley's trademark pencil thin moustache fell victim to a prank. "People who have noted Hon. Horse Bromley, since his comrades

Over forty reels of COPCO films are now being preserved by the Society.

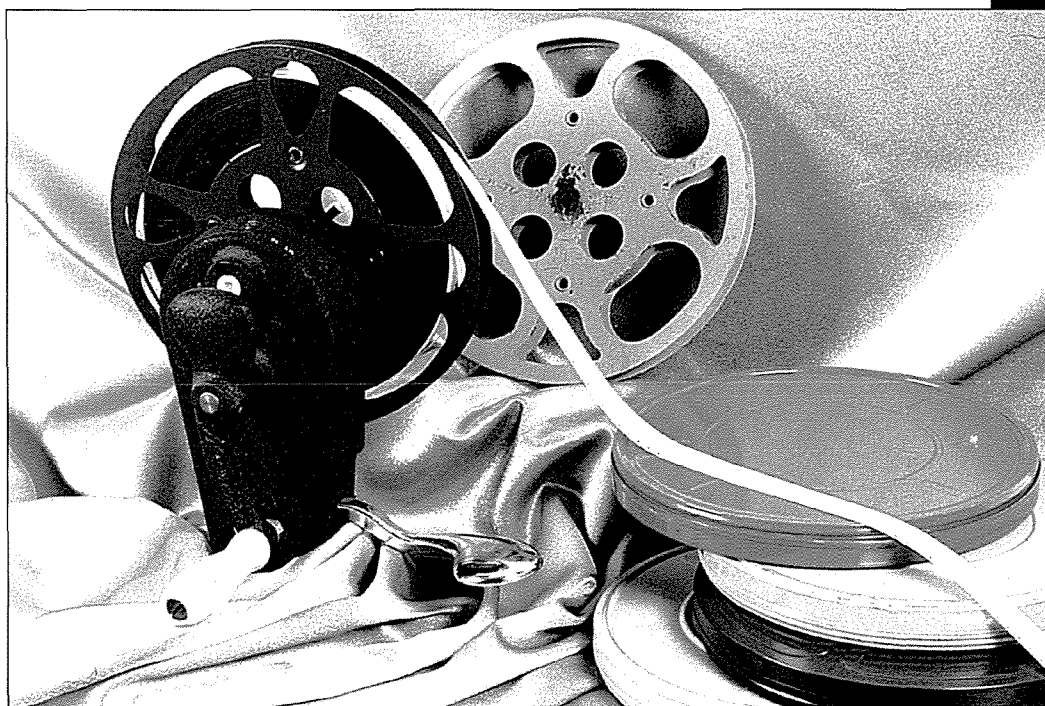


PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK

WHEN BROMLEY
TOOK HIS FILMS
ON THE ROAD TO
OUTLYING DISTRICTS,
HE WOULD
ENTERTAIN THE
AUDIENCE WITH THE
FILMS AND THEN
PITCH THE SALE
OF ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES. ON
OCCASION HE WAS
ABLE TO SELL
APPLIANCES TO
PEOPLE WHO HAD
YET TO RECEIVE
ELECTRICAL
SERVICE.



The intersection of West Main and Holly streets, where the California Oregon Power Company had its main offices.

took his moustache away," Arthur Perry noted in his column, "are circulating a petition to have the merrymakers put it back." At that same time Bromley, who had started his career as a sign painter and Advertising Specialist was promoted to the position of General Advertising Manager for the power company.¹⁴

As the roaring twenties came to a close, the increased workload that had accompanied Bromley's promotions began to take a toll on his domestic life. In 1931 Hazel filed for divorce and was granted custody of the two children. Horace bought out his ex-wife's interest in the house on Oakdale and later took on a couple of boarders and resumed the life of a bachelor.

In about 1936 Bromley left the employ of the California Oregon Power Company to take a position with the Curtis Publishing Company and relocated to Salem, Oregon. Bromley's departure put an end to the COPCO Current Events

Newsreels. The local newspaper, the *Medford Mail Tribune* made an attempt to carry on with its own newsreels; several references to the *Tribune* newsreels appeared in the paper in 1936, but soon disappeared.

Bromley remained in Salem, for the remainder of his life. He died there on February 8, 1970. ■

William Alley, Southern Oregon Historical Society historian and archivist, adapted the script for "An Air Minded City" from his article of the same name that appeared in Vol. 3, No. 1 Southern Oregon Heritage.

ENDNOTES

1. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 28 Nov 1912.
2. William Leach, "Land of Desire: Merchants, Power, and the Rise of a New American Culture" (New York: Vintage, 1993), 69.
3. Polk's Jackson County Directory, 1912, 1916; *Medford Mail Tribune*, 1, 27, 29 Dec 1918.

4. *Medford Sun*, 30 May 1919. Herbert Lindsay Alford (1894-1969), grandson of southern Oregon pioneer Lindsay Applegate, led a local jazz band for nearly thirty years.

5. *Medford Sun*, 19 Dec 1920; 1 Aug 1920; 25 Jul 1920.

6. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 24 Mar 1921.

7. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 24 Mar 1921; 30 Mar 1921.

8. *Medford Sun*, 14 May 1922, 18 Jun 1922, 7 Jun 1925, 28 Jun 1925; *Medford Mail Tribune*, 28 Aug 1924.

9. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 15 Mar 1923, 21 Mar 1923.

10. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 20 May 1925, 12 Jun 1925, 18 Sept 1925.

11. *Medford Sun*, 8 Nov 1925; 18 Feb 1926; 5 Mar 1926.

12. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 21 Jan 1925.

13. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 7 May 1928, 21 Jun 1931; Interview with Bob Bromley, April 1998.

14. *Medford Mail Tribune*, 20 May 1928, 4 Aug 1928.

COPCO

CURRENT EVENTS NEWSREELS

The first COPCO film documented the construction of the new power plant on the Klamath River that was completed in 1925. Shot by COPCO's advertising manager, Horace Bromley, the films documented a decade of the region's activities, from the mundane to the significant. The decade during which Bromley made his films was, perhaps, the high point in newsreel production in general. Half a dozen newsreel companies, backed by all of the major Hollywood studios, regularly produced their twice-weekly fare for distribution in theaters across the country and the world. For many years these newsreels provided the pictorial coverage of the news that the newspapers of the day were unable to duplicate.

The COPCO Current Events newsreels were not commercially produced for exhibit in the local theaters, however. They were produced instead on 16mm film by an amateur photographer in the company's marketing department. The purpose of the films was to record local events for local exhibition as a sales and marketing device by the local power utility, the California Oregon Power Company. They were exhibited without charge at almost any gatherings of all kinds.

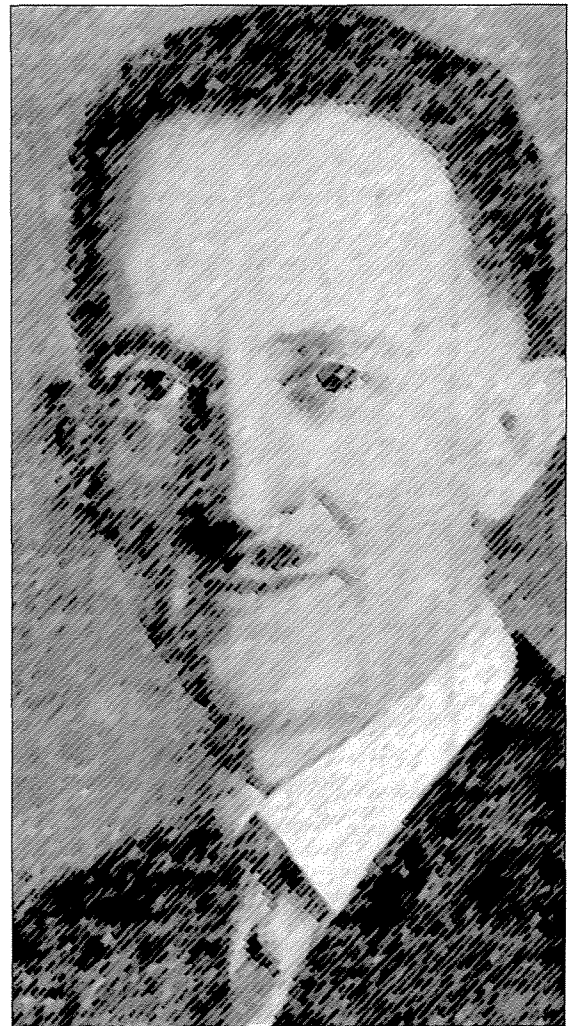
Whatever the event, Horace Bromley, the COPCO cameraman, was there, camera to his eye, recording the event not only for the audience of the day, but also, it turns out, for posterity. After shooting an event, the films were mailed to San Francisco for processing. Title cards for these silent newsreels were then ordered and edited into the reels before becoming available, at no charge, for exhibition. On September 19, 1926, the first airmail flights on the West Coast passed through Medford. On hand to record the event was

Horace Bromley, the COPCO camera man.¹⁵ The following day the exposed film was loaded on an airmail flight for processing in San Francisco. To maintain timeliness, all subsequent newsreels were sent by airmail to the processing lab.

It is not known exactly how many films were shot by Bromley during the decade he made them, and after his departure in 1936, no additional newsreels were made. The COPCO Current Events Newsreels remained with the power company after Bromley left, and eventually a number of them, each containing several different events, ended up in the custody of The Medford Movie Club, one of whose members was himself a COPCO employee.

The earliest surviving indication of the club's existence is a Medford Movie Club inventory of the COPCO films dated April 20, 1943. In 1972 the surviving members of the Medford Movie Club donated their collection of films to the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Over forty reels of the films are now being preserved by the Society. Because the original 16mm films had been played so many times over the years, it is necessary for them to be professionally conserved and cleaned. The films are then duplicated onto video tape for viewing. To date, the Society has been able to clean and copy about one third of the collection. The remaining films await the availability of funds to complete the project.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society and Southern Oregon Public Television



have embarked on a joint effort to utilize the COPCO films in a series of documentaries. The first of these documentaries titled "An Air Minded City," documents the key role southern Oregon played in the development of commercial aviation on the West Coast. It premiered on KSYS on September 10, 1998. ■

LEE DEWEY PURDIN'S ARMISTICE DAY

by Mary Ames Sheret, Curator of Collections and Exhibits



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #1626

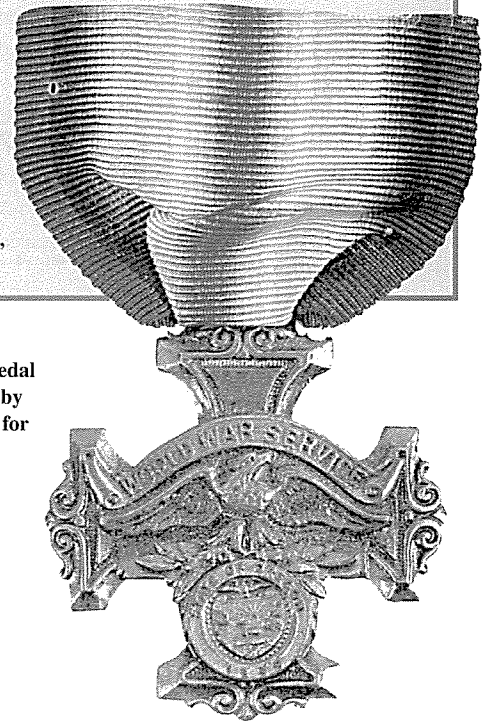
Private Lee Dewey Purdin.

At the age of nineteen, Medford resident Lee Dewey Purdin went to war. It was 1918 and Dewey and his brother Lyle joined the Allies on the Western Front. Dewey was mustered into the army from the 7th Company of the Oregon National Guard, Coast Artillery Corps, which he joined in 1915.

"Bound for France," Dewey wrote in his diary on February 26th. In April he arrived in Le Havre and took in stride his training to drive trucks laden with ammunition, guns, and men to the front lines. Cited for bravery for driving on bad roads and under fire, Dewey noted, "there was not much to it. A few whiz bangs busted rather near us, but no one was hurt."

Purdin's comments are deceiving. The Great War had unprecedented casualties. Millions of soldiers and civilians were killed and wounded. Heavy guns and high explosive shells were used in the siege warfare of the trenches. All nations adopted steel helmets to help prevent head wounds.

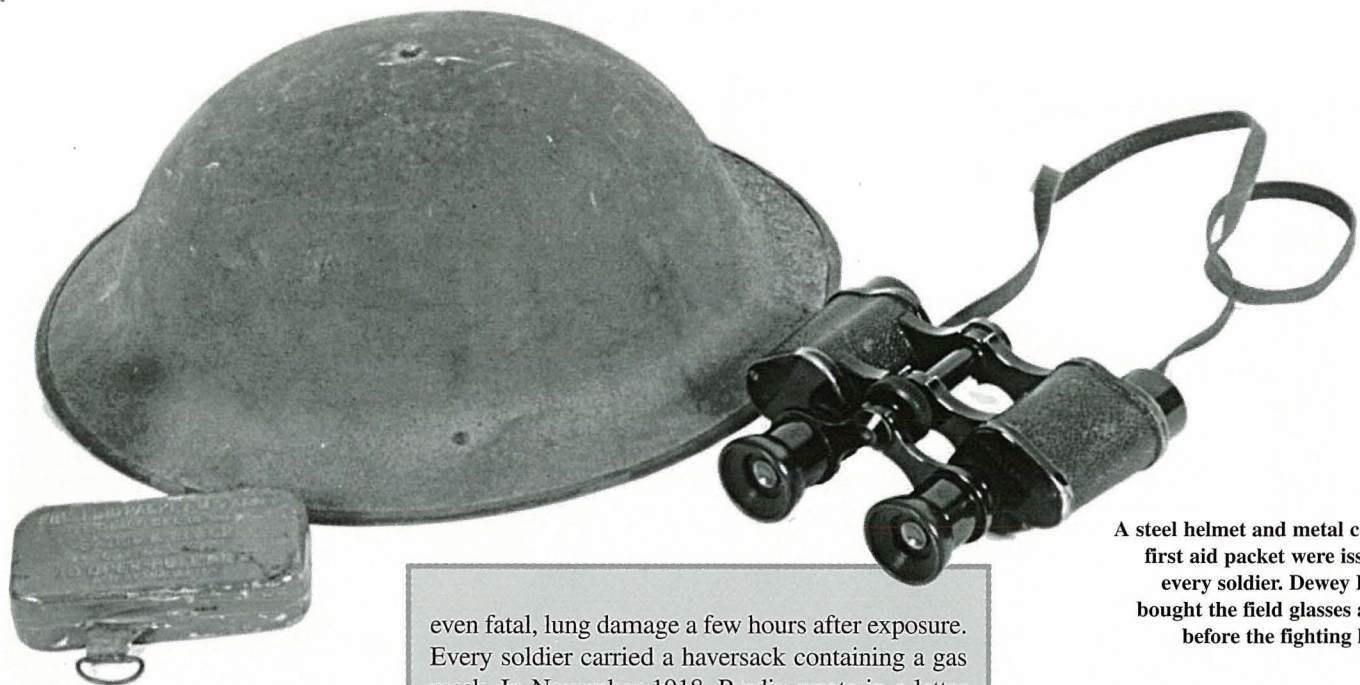
In 1916 phosgene gas was introduced in battle. The poisonous gas caused extreme,



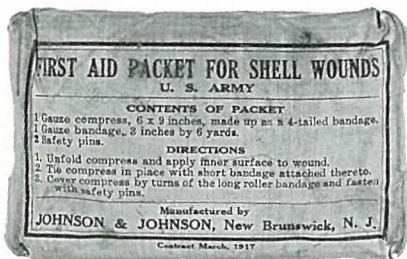
Commemorative medal awarded to Purdin by the state of Oregon for war service.



WWI gas mask and haversack.



A steel helmet and metal covered first aid packet were issued to every soldier. Dewey Purdin bought the field glasses a week before the fighting halted.



A large number of head wounds were caused by overhead shell bursts.



Victory medal awarded to Private Purdin listing the campaign in which he participated.

even fatal, lung damage a few hours after exposure. Every soldier carried a haversack containing a gas mask. In November 1918, Purdin wrote in a letter home, "we have been having gas defense training the last four days, and it is quite interesting. We have to go thru all the various gases of very strong concentration with our masks on. We were in poisonous gas yesterday, phosqueue it is called, three breaths of which would kill a man. . . ."

Dewey Purdin served in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offenses. On November 11, 1918, Dewey wrote, "this is surely some day. Fighting ceased at 11:00 AM. Took some men out to the Guns and brot them back at night, used the lights on the car for the first time since I have been up to the front."

Private Purdin returned home in January 1919 and was discharged a few months later. His brother, Lyle, also returned home from the war. The Great War officially ended on June 28, 1919. President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed November 11th as Armistice Day to remind Americans of the war's tragedies. Following WWII the holiday changed to Veterans Day to honor all U.S. veterans. 🇺🇸



Example of wool uniform worn during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 1918. This one belonged to Justice V. Alvord, who survived battle wounds but died two years later of tuberculosis.

FALL

A Season of Trac

On a day in September the hills are suddenly gold, there's a chill in the air and woodsmoke along with it. For many southern Oregonians thoughts of barbecues, jet skis, and days at the lake immediately vanish—they become poised for the morning they will wake at dawn, fill a thermos with coffee and head for Klamath Falls. Hunting became a family tradition in southern Oregon with the first generation of settlers' offspring. No longer struggling to survive, hunting became a sport as much as a necessity.

Dead buck on back of horse, "Rattlesnake." Circa 1920.



There are timeless qualities about hunting. For some, hunting means time alone, a time to enjoy solitude and enjoy the region's natural beauty. For others, it's purely about "the kill" and competition with one's cronies. Hunting is also about spending time with friends, and passing along hunting and tracking skills to children and grandchildren. The nature of hunting, however, has changed dramatically over the last 150 years.

Claude Riddle, of Riddle, Oregon, wrote in 1952 in his pamphlet entitled "In the Happy Hills," about a time when there were no limits, no "No Trespassing" signs, and no "seasons." He recounts a time when his brother George saw "twenty-five bucks in one drove in Tanglefoot Canyon on Middle Creek." Hunters traveled on foot, by plowhorse and cart, or on horseback. The advent of autos changed things. Instead of loading an animal onto a cart or horse, Riddle said, "... the hunter had to carry it on his back to the car, and sometimes that was about as exhausting work as anyone ever undertook."

Today's hunters, who can afford them, use ATV's, the "modern" version of the horse and cart, which allows people to travel farther into the wilds, and to pack the animal out, with ease.

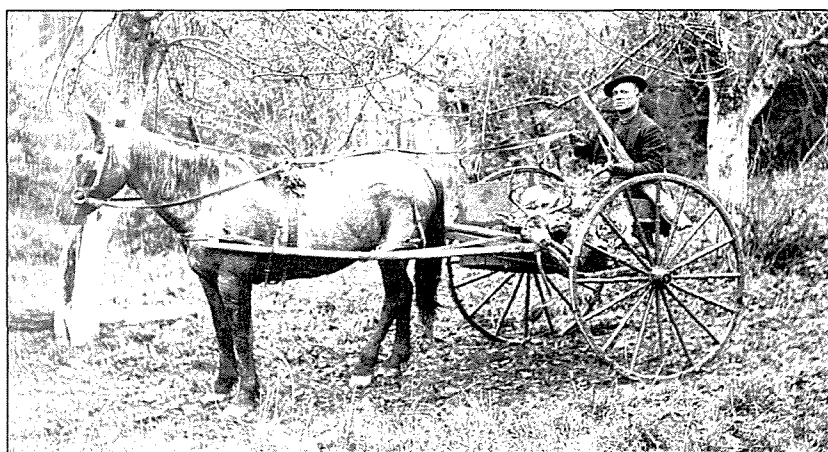
SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #16118

L ition

Gone are the free-wheeling days when you could shoot what you wanted, when you wanted. Seasons are short, limits are set, and hunting is restricted to certain areas. Every hunter needs a license, and additional "tags," are required for deer, elk, duck, geese, fish, and cougar. Poaching, which reached a peak here during the Great Depression, continues, according to Merv Wolfer, Assistant Biologist for Oregon State Fish and Wildlife. Although statistics are not available, poaching seems as strong a tradition in Southern Oregon as hunting itself.

With more than 350,000 hunting licenses issued throughout Oregon this year, one can see how popular this sport is. It is one that includes the whole family. Wolfer, who was taken on his first hunting trip at eleven years-old, reckoned that, "unless you're raised hunting, you probably never will." 🦌

Editor's note: If you have strong memories of hunting and would like to be interviewed for a feature article on the traditions of hunting in southern Oregon, please contact, by phone or mail, Marcia Somers LaFond, Editor, at the Southern Oregon Historical Society, (541) 773-6536.



Mr. Poole returning from a hunting trip with two bucks. Circa 1895.



"Taylor," "Bert," "Dutch," and Howard Oden with their hunting dogs. 1928.

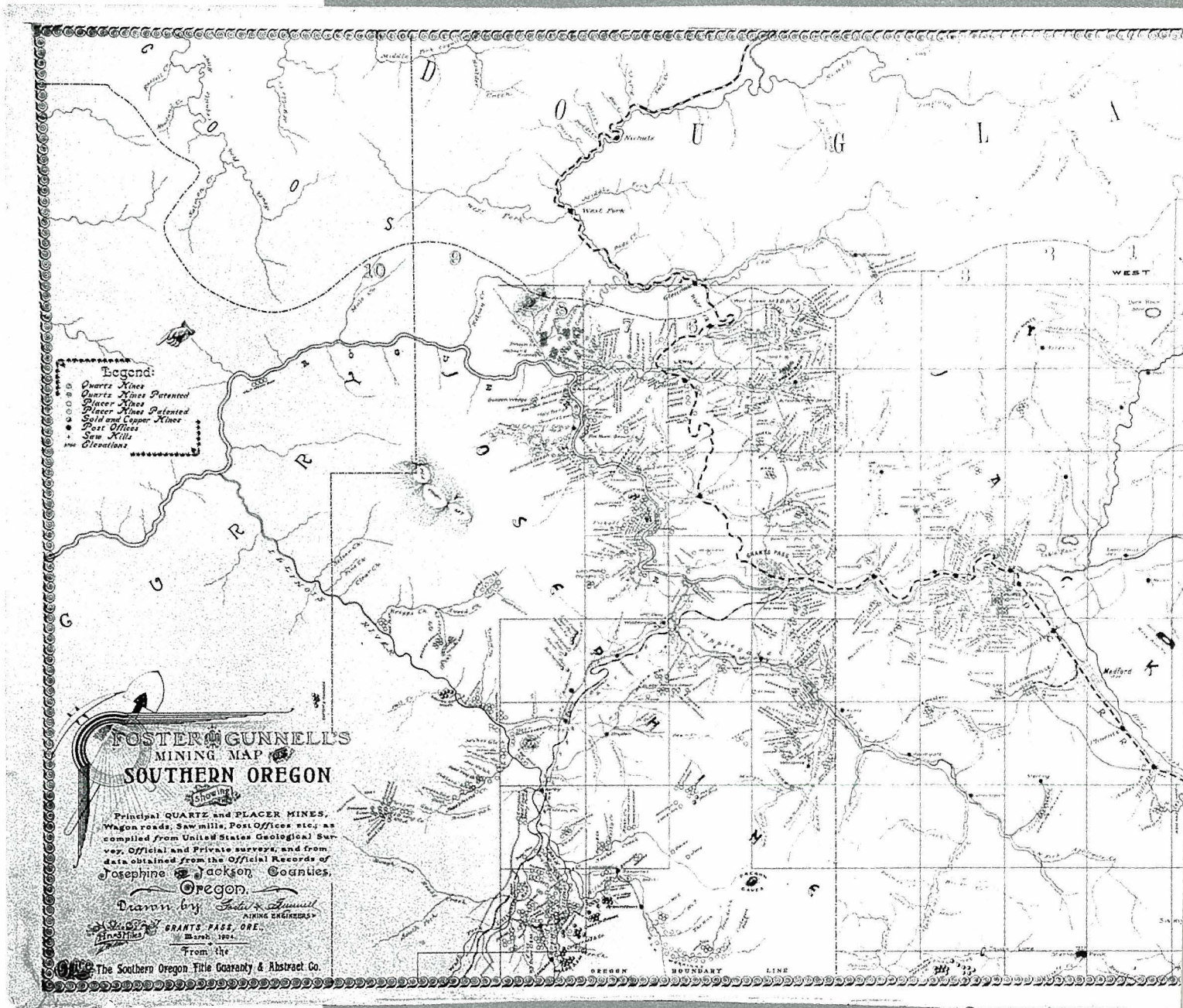


Sam Hodges (gun on shoulder) and George Childers on a hunting trip. Circa 1890.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

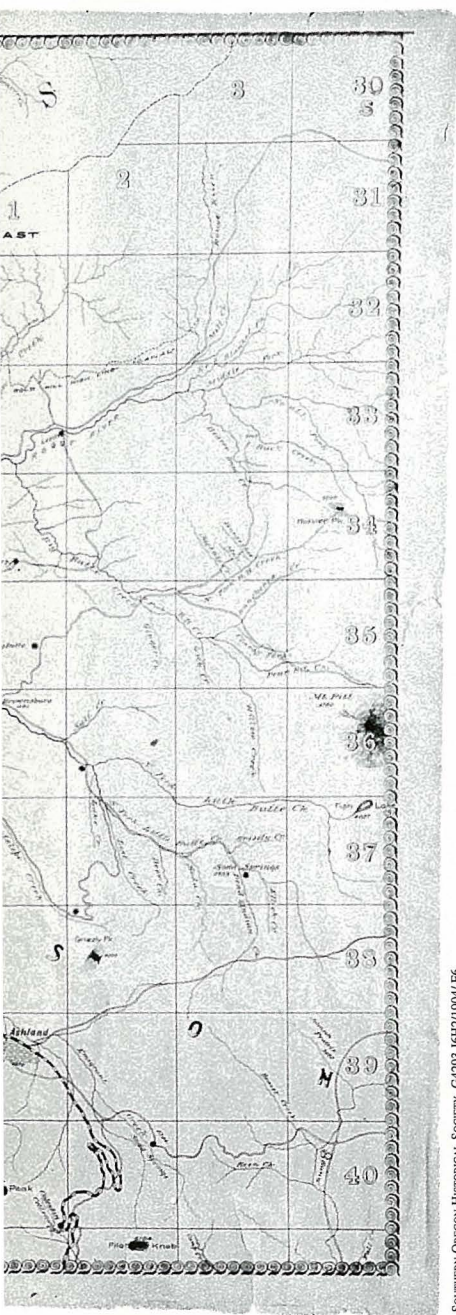
Searching for Riches

THE FOSTER & GUNNELL SOUTHERN OREGON MINING MAP



by *Jacque Sundstrand*

Library/Archives Coordinator



Mining possibilities have drawn prospectors to southern Oregon ever since news about a gold discovery was published in May 1852. By that summer, hundreds of miners were working near a new camp along Jackson Creek called Table Rock City, now known as Jacksonville. The placers were shallow and quickly worked out. Miners moved to other areas of the valley and region in their search for a big strike. The rich diggings on the Illinois River became known as "Sailor's Diggings," later Waldo. By 1855 Waldo was the largest town in that area and, by the following year, became the first county seat of Josephine County.

Prospectors extracted gold using different techniques. Placer mining, where gold was washed from streambed gravels using pans or sluice boxes, was widespread. When there was a reliable water source, they might use hydraulic methods, where huge amounts of pressurized water loosened gravels and dirt on a slope. This material was then washed through a series of sluice boxes to sort out the gold-bearing silt. Finally, as quartz veins were hunted below the surface, prospectors turned to hardrock mining. However, the cost of sinking underground tunnels and getting the minerals out could only be born by those who had the needed capital to follow promising quartz veins to a "mother lode." Many miners did not want to abandon the relative ease of placer mining, so lode mining developed more slowly until the 1890s.

How rich were the takings? There are many stories of rich discoveries and strikes. A single piece of gold found near Waldo was worth over \$3,100. The largest nugget ever found in southwestern Oregon was found in 1859, on the East Fork of Althouse Creek in Josephine County. It weighed 204 ounces and was valued at \$3,500. The area around what is now Gold Hill held the most famous of all gold pockets. Discovered in 1857, the outcropping of rock at "Gold Hill Pocket" was so full of gold that workers could scarcely break it with sledge hammers. The pocket produced at least \$700,000 in gold.

No accurate figures exist for gold production in the early years of placer mining in Jackson and Josephine counties. Production estimates for the two counties from 1864 to 1869 held around \$200,000 annually. During the next decade, production for the entire state decreased steadily with eastern Oregon probably producing about three-quarters of the gold. (Beginning in 1880, the

federal government began to keep mining records. Jackson and Josephine counties' production value fluctuated throughout the years leading up to the turn of the century. By 1901, however, gold production for Josephine County jumped to \$300,000 as compared to \$100,000 in Jackson County.

While there has always been interest in mining the southern Oregon region, the rise in production prices after 1900 may have been what helped motivate two mining engineers to produce their two-county map in 1904. Harry E. Foster and A. H. Gunnell of Grants Pass, prepared "the first detailed and authentic mining map of Southern Oregon ever issued," reported the *Democratic Times* newspaper on May 4, 1904. The paper continued:

"All of the districts and water courses will be shown, with the various mineral zones, and as far as possible every quartz and placer property will be given place on the map."

If you were a mining engineer, possibly underemployed, looking to interest others in expanding mining operations in the area where you lived, what would you include on a map you were going to draw? Besides locating the quartz and placer mining sites, as well as copper and coal currently worked, the map indicates a most important feature – transportation routes. Getting the minerals away from the mine to stamp mills for processing, then shipping them out could be a very costly operation, especially from parts of the Illinois Valley. So wagon roads are indicated as well as the established railroad line, shown by the dashed line from top center downward to the right corner of the map. Notice, also, the "Proposed O&C" railroad line, "never built, that travels through the Illinois Valley. Foster and Gunnell also included other information important to mining operations, such as sawmills, post offices, and water.

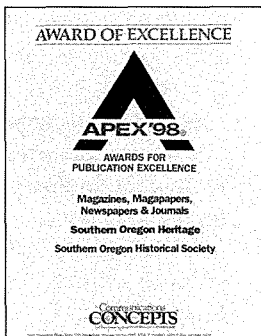
Take a leisurely look at the detail found on this map, note the optimistic names so many of the mines carry – "The Millionaire Mine," "The Lucky Queen" or "The Oregon Bonanza" – which belie the hard work and money spent in the hope of finding riches. ■

The Society owns a blueprint copy of this map and is currently reproducing a black and white copy for sale to the general public. The map will be available for purchase in November for \$9.95, at the Jacksonville and Medford History Stores, and at the History Center.

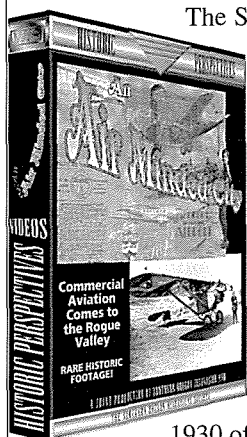
Society Fun

HERITAGE Wins Award

Southern Oregon Heritage was recently honored with an Award of Excellence at Apex '98, the tenth annual awards program recognizing excellence in publications and communications. The award acknowledges excellence in graphic design, editorial content, and the ability to achieve overall communications excellence. Congratulations!



Society Documentary Soars on KSYS



The Southern Oregon Historical Society and Southern Oregon Public Television, KSYS/KFTS, have jointly produced a documentary titled "An Air-Minded City." The documentary tells the story of the development of aviation in southern Oregon from the earliest barnstormers to the dedication in 1930 of Medford's new municipal airport.

"An Air-Minded City" is based on an article of the same name written by Society Archivist/Historian William Alley, who also initiated the idea of doing the documentary, presented it to the television station, and wrote the script. We are thrilled to share the wonderful local history of our collections, photos, and archives in a contemporary manner, reaching a television audience. The show aired during the pledge drive, on September 10, 1998. It will be run again, and video copies will be available.

Society Celebrates Volunteers

Every October the Southern Oregon Historical Society celebrates the contributions of the more than three hundred volunteers who help keep our programs alive. Volunteers offer abundant assistance, vitality,

Society Facts

and fresh perspectives to our jobs. The *Southern Oregon Heritage* staff applauds volunteer Mary Louise Lyman for two years of outstanding service as an Editorial Assistant, and Maggie James for two as a Photographer's Assistant. Both women are integral to the workings of the Arts and Media/Publications Department. Their commitment is uncommon, and their work top notch. Thank you!

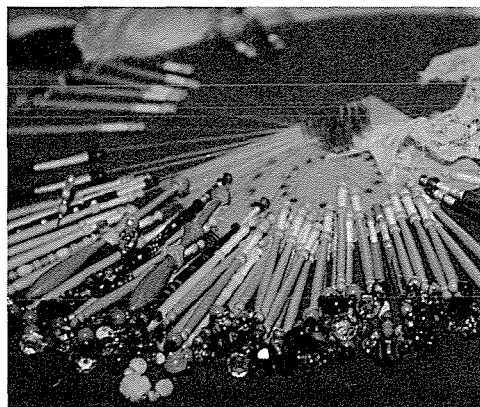


Coverlets Uncovered

Opening in November 1998, and running through June of 1999, will be a display of coverlets from the Southern Oregon Historical Society collections. Most of these coverlets are fashioned from wool or linen and are fine examples of overshot, summer/winter, double weave and jacquard weaving. They will be on display at the Jacksonville Museum.

Bobbin Lace Making

Because of the interest shown in the first workshop, the Rogue Valley Handweavers Guild is sponsoring the "Beginning Bobbin Lace Making" workshop at the Old Ashland Armory on November 14 and 15, and at the Jacksonville Museum on November 21. Space is limited, so contact the Southern Oregon Historical Society at (541) 773-6536 for registration, workshop fee, and details.



SOUTHERN
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MUSEUMS, SITES, AND EXHIBITS

• The History Center

106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Going Places: Travel To and Through the Rogue Valley, 1826-1996, ongoing; *"Quilts of the Rogue Valley,"* through December, and Community Collects Gallery. Hours: Monday through Friday, 9-5; Saturday 1-5.

• Research Library

The History Center, Medford
A large manuscript and historic photo collection covering topics of local history. Tuesday through Saturday, 1-5.

• The Medford History Store, Rogue Valley Mall

Toys and gifts reminiscent of another era. Open mall hours.

• Jacksonville History Store

Corner of California and Third streets, Jacksonville
The works of regional artists and artisans presented for sale in a gallery-like setting. Thursday through Sunday, 11:30-4:30.

• Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History

Fifth & C Streets, Jacksonville
Miner, Baker, Furniture Maker; Piece Making from the Whole Cloth; Politics of Culture; Hall of Justice, a history of the county courthouse in Jacksonville, and more. Wednesday through Saturday, 10-5; Sunday 12-5.

• Children's Museum

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Hands-on history for the entire family. Wednesday through Saturday 10-5; Sunday 12-5.

• C.C. Beekman House

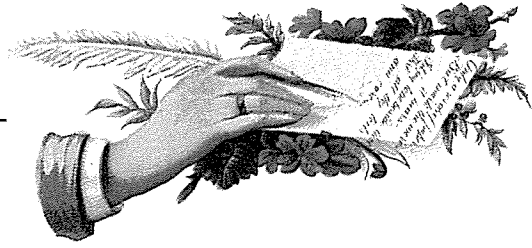
California and Laurelwood streets, Jacksonville
Watch for special Holiday weekends.

• C.C. Beekman Bank

California and 3rd streets, Jacksonville
See the interior of this turn-of-the-century bank and Wells Fargo Office year-round from viewing porches.

• SOHS Online

Visit our website at www.sohs.org.



Dear Readers:

Many of you may be aware by now that membership benefits are changing for the better, and so is *Southern Oregon Heritage*. In a campaign to increase membership and awareness of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, the magazine will be coming to you monthly.

Southern Oregon Heritage Today will feature short articles on people in the community doing historic preservation, fun excursions of a historical nature that are suitable for solitary exploration or for the entire family, information about heritage gardening and the region's landscape will occasionally appear along with the things you love: photos from the archives, artifacts from the Society's collections, and an in-depth feature story detailing an interesting or important part of the region's history. Included as well will be a two-page section featuring Society events, programs, exhibits, and the mystery object.

Oftentimes people don't realize how history surrounds them, what impact the past has on the present, and how, just below the surface of our everyday lives, history is waiting to be recognized and discovered. Over the past four months we have been planning, thinking, and dreaming up ways to bring you the *Southern Oregon Heritage* you expect, and yet also bring home the relevance of history today in all of our lives.

We bid a fond adieu to *Southern Oregon Heritage* as we know it, and look forward to greeting you with an exciting new *Southern Oregon Heritage Today* in January!

Sincerely,

MARCIA SOMERS LA FOND, EDITOR

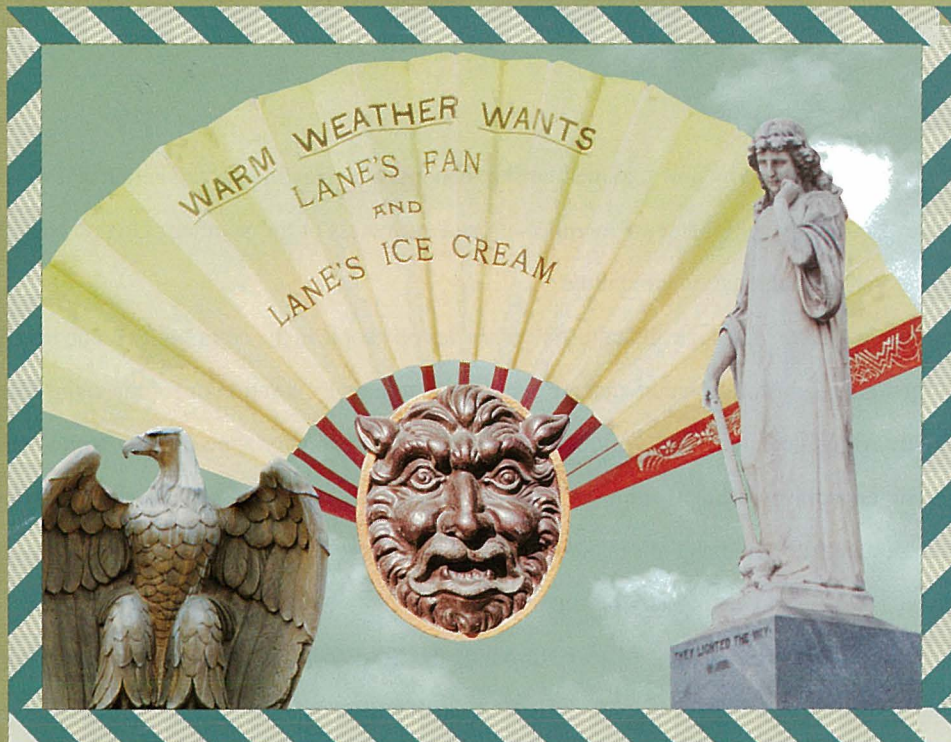
Southern Oregon Heritage Editorial Guidelines

Feature articles average 3,000 to 4,000 (pre-edited) words. Standard articles range from 1,500 to 2,000 words. Other materials range from 100 to 1,500 words. Electronic submissions are accepted on 3-1/4-inch disks and should be accompanied by a hard-copy printout. Cite all sources and construct endnotes and cutlines using the *Chicago Manual of Style*. The author is responsible for verification of cited facts. A selection of professional, unscreened photographs and/or line art should accompany submissions—black-and-white or color. The Southern Oregon Historical Society reserves the right to use Society images in place of submitted material. All material should be labeled with author's name, mailing address, and telephone number. Manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed envelope stamped with sufficient postage. Authors

should provide a brief autobiographical note at the end of manuscripts.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society secures rights to full and final editing of all manuscripts, layout design, and one-time North American serial rights. Authors will be notified of acceptance of manuscripts within ninety days of receiving materials. In most cases, payment is upon publication. *Southern Oregon Heritage* takes great care with all submitted material, but is not responsible for damage or loss. Only photocopies of irreplaceable original historical documents should be submitted. Facts, views, and opinions expressed in signed submissions are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints or opinions of *Southern Oregon Heritage* or the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Spirit of Ashland

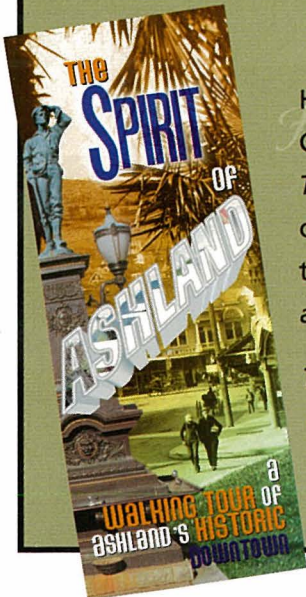


"Oh yes, this is the place, this place . . . It has a beautiful pioneer spirit about it, and there's a spirit over Ashland, a pioneer spirit over Ashland that won't be stopped."

Winifred Colby

Have you ever wondered where that *interesting* water in the Plaza comes from, what Chautauqua means, or when the I.O.O.F Hall was built? Find out in your free copy of *The Spirit of Ashland*, the Southern Oregon Historical Society's walking tour brochure of Ashland's historic downtown. This 32 page guide, created as a gift to the community, is filled with dozens of historic photographs, objects from the Society's collections, and details about early characters and construction that made Ashland what it is today.

The Spirit of Ashland is available at the Ashland Chamber of Commerce, the Society office in the old Ashland Armory, the History Center in Medford, and the Jacksonville museums. Call the Southern Oregon Historical Society at 773-6536 for information.



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