

PIONEER LIFE OF OREGON PEOPLE WAS QUIET ONE

Adventurers Move on to California — Sturdy Farmers and Merchants Build Foundation of State

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"All quiet on the western front," a phrase coined almost 60 years later, would have been an apt description of struggling Oregon towns 75 years ago, on the eve of that admission to the union, the Diamond Jubilee of which is celebrated in Medford this week. Looking back from the diamond anniversary, it is noted that the roistering, bawling villages that marked other infant states were conspicuous by their absence in the Oregon of 1859. The pioneer Oregon settlers were sturdy farmers and merchants who were looking for fertile lands and permanent homes. The few drifters and adventurers who reached the state during this formative period soon moved on to the more exciting offerings of California, or paused momentarily at the Jacksonville mines, leaving the building of the towns and villages of Oregon to the more capable hands of the farmers and loggers.

At Portland, a supposed traveller would have found a straggling village of nearly three thousand people busily engaged in thrusting the rank wilderness back to make room for their homes on the muddy banks of the Willamette. Portland was the hub of much bustling enterprise, with a few stone buildings scattered among the falsefront, frame structures that made up the town. One daily newspaper, the "Portland Daily News," was to be established later in 1859 by S. A. English and company, and the weekly "Oregonian," on which Tom Dyer had been sticking type since it was founded was to become a daily the next year.

Old Time Life in Portland
Our traveller would have noticed the dull thud of horses' hoofs on the planked streets of the business district and the lighter thump of human feet on the high board sidewalks.

Medford's First Postoffice and Today's



Evidencing the progress of the past half-century since Medford was established, Medford has one of the most modern postoffice buildings in Oregon. This modern three-story structure is a far cry since the days of 1884 when a struggling village first came into existence. Miss Martha DeSouza, in the foreground, is shown holding the first postoffice, a cigar box, in which all incoming mail was placed. The scene of Oregon's Diamond Jubilee, this week, Medford is also celebrating its golden jubilee. A complete program has been planned for the week.

walks, built to keep the trailing gowns of the ladies from becoming too encrusted with the black, sticky mud of the townsite. After a day spent in the saloons, he might cross the swollen Willamette to the rival town of East Portland, or he might stroll out into the early February rain and slush for a closer view of the crude frame houses that made up the residential section. Threading his way among the mud puddles and the stumps that dotted the hillside, avoiding the narrow alleys that opened into barnyards behind the homes, he might have visited the site of Portland's first really substantial residence, that of W. S. Ladd, the banker, which was to be completed later in the year.

Turning his back upon this latest sign of permanence and prosperity, he might make his way through the early dusk to the river's edge, and watch big windjammers unloading their cargoes from San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands. If he wished, he might take passage on one of the outward-bound boats and be dropped with the pilot at Astoria, the oldest town in the state, or he might go up the river by steamer to The Dalles, with a population of almost eight hundred, Hood River with 70 souls, Des Chutes, with 50, and so on to Walla Walla and back by wagon-train to the more thickly settled east.

A Trip South
Or he might, if his spirit was strong and his curiosity great, travel

south through the dismal winter rains for a closer view of the other settlements in the new state. Having made up his mind to go south, he would have plodded back to his comfortable hotel, there to await the morning and consideration of modes of travel.

Arising the next morning, he would have found that he could take passage on a river steamer to Salem, Albany, and Corvallis. However, wanting to see other towns, he could still journey on a lumbering stagecoach or travel on horseback. Having little time to waste, he would have decided to hire a horse from one of Portland's livery stables and set out

on his tour with the least possible delay.

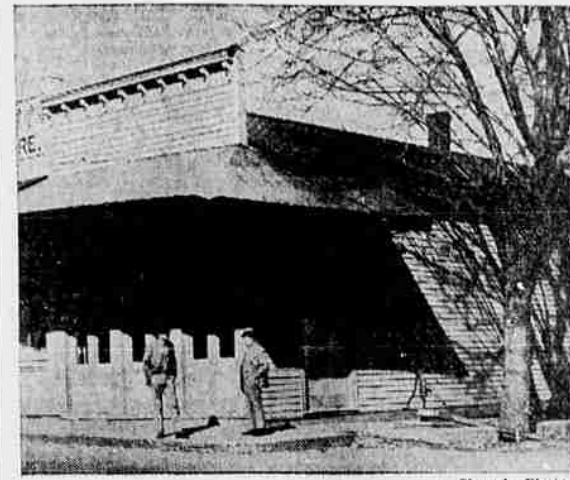
Going south, he would pass first through little Milwaukie, where 150 settlers made their homes, then Oregon City, where a population of 800 clustered about the grist mills and sawmill at the falls. Most of the flour for the state was ground in these same mills, started by Dr. McLoughlin. Pushing on as swiftly as possible over the sloppy roads, he would have reached Hillsboro after a hard day's ride, and found there a sedate little trading center for the farmers in the vicinity.

Avoiding the Mud
Upon saddling his horse after spending the night with some hospitable settler's family, he would have retraced his route of the day before to the west side road, which skirted the foothills to avoid the deep mud of the valley, and ridden on to Whiteoak. Inquiry there would have revealed the fact that he could spend the night in the log cabin of almost any farmer if he failed to reach Dallas before the early night-fall overtook him. However, mounted on a good American horse used to the muddy roads, he might have pushed on through the light drizzle to Dallas, a town of 450, where a livery stable and stage station would take care of his wants for the night.

Meets Stage in Mud
Another long day, the fourth of his journey, would take him through the bustling little towns of Monroe and Franklin. Into the still smaller village of Lorane, where lodging for the fifth night would have been sought. During the day, he would have met the north-bound stagecoach from California, swaying like him through the rain, bounding wildly on its leather springs as it jostled from one mud hole to the next.

Travelling on again through ankle-

Oldest Bank Attraction For Visitors at Jubilee



Established in 1852, the Beckman bank in Jacksonville, Ore., bears the reputation of being the oldest bank in Oregon and will be one of the attractions of Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration in Medford and Jacksonville this week, observing Oregon's sixtieth anniversary of statehood.

The interior of the bank is much the same as it was when gold dust from the nearby hills poured over the counters 70 years ago. A bench

where customers used to wait is still the same, including the little racks which had been placed in the wood to prevent whittlers from exercising their knives. Ancient signs continue to adorn the walls.

The bank will be open throughout the week and will be one of the numerous attractions of Jubilee week, the activities of which include Medford and Ashland in the presentation of parades, pageants and dozens of special attractions, filling up every hour of the seven-day observance.

deep mud, our adventurer would pass through Drain and turn off on the uncertain road to Elkton and Scottsburg, where he would again spend the night. Elkton, the rustic county seat of Umpqua county, would hold

little of interest as compared to Scottsburg, the scene of much rivalry during the early months of statehood. There he would have found that warring interests had created two towns, the upper and lower,

about two miles apart. Without having shown any interest in the subject, he might have been button-holed and told of the skulduggery that was going on that while the upper town was getting most of the region's business, the lower village would most assuredly come into its own because vessels could come there and no further without being favored by the tides.

Travel on the Umpqua

Arising early on the sixth morning of his trip, he might have left his weary horse in the livery stable at Scottsburg and boarded a majestic schooner bound for Umpqua City, Gardiner and the open sea. After spending the night at Gardiner, he might, if luck was with him, take another boat back up the river to Scottsburg the next day. After another night in a Scottsburg tavern, he would again call for his horse and make his way back to Drain, then on south to Oakland, where he would be made welcome in the log cabins of the tiny town.

The ninth day of his tour would take him past Umpqua, through Winchester, and into Roseburg, with a population of 830, where he would have heard of the Jacksonville gold mines—"gold in the grass-roots, they say." Riding eagerly on, he would have forded the Umpqua river and rain-swollen Cow creek before trotting into Canyonville to escape the cold night and dry his splattered clothing before a great pot-bellied stove.

Centenarian Says Suffrage Mistake

SAN FRANCISCO.—(UP)—"I've seen a sight of changes since I was born in Maine in 1834," said Mrs. Laura A. Terry today as she celebrated her 100th birthday. "Men have taken to the air like birds; night has been turned into day; people talk clear around the world. Some of these changes are good but one isn't—women should never have gotten the vote. They should leave things like politics and professions to men."

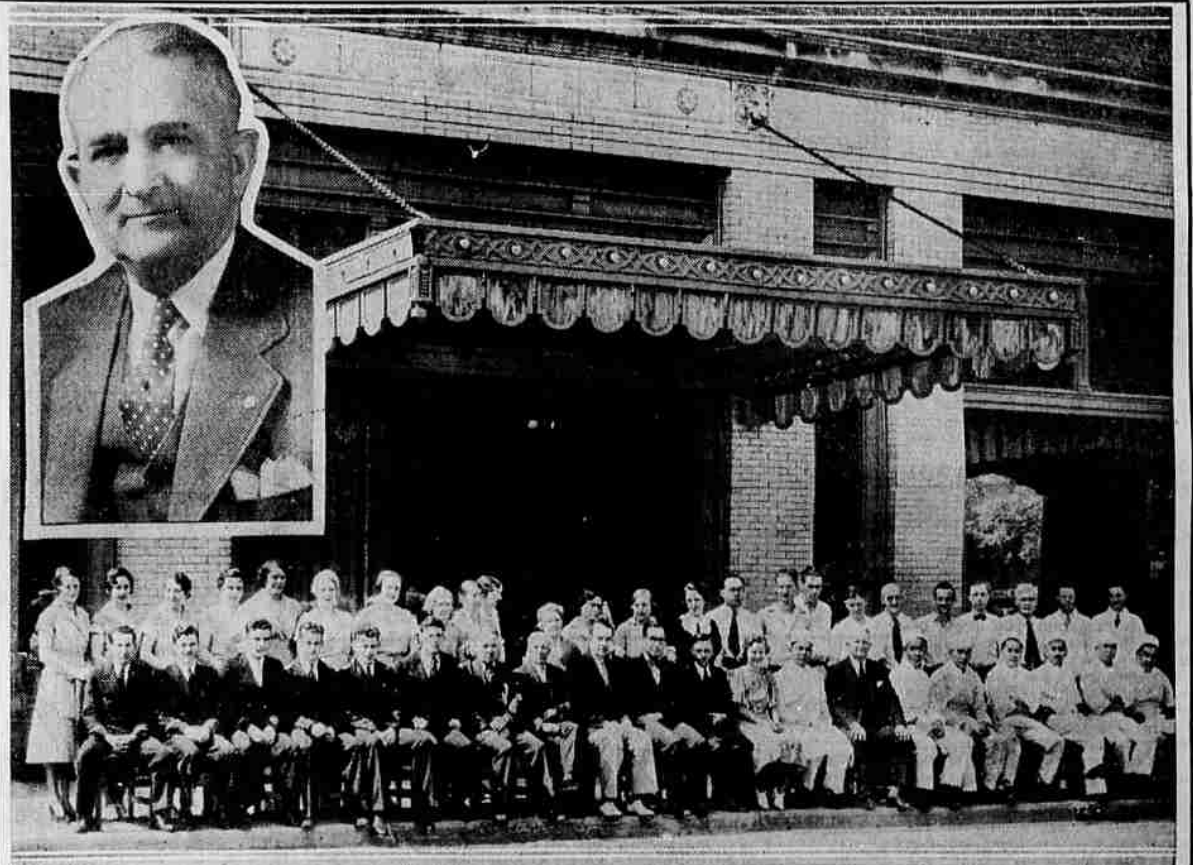
Keeping Pace!

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Timber Products Company

MEDFORD — OREGON

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BOX SHOOK
FUEL



Staff of the Hotel Medford at the service of guests of this long-established and popular hostelry. Upper left, P. G. "Pete" Denson manager of the Hotel Medford.

The HOTEL MEDFORD

Southern Oregon's Leading Hotel

Extends A Cordial Welcome
To Medford and Southern Oregon

Make This Center of Medford's Life Your Headquarters While in Medford This Week



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Dining Room Service - Medford's Most Popular Coffee Shop

Prices in our dining room and in our coffee shop are consistently moderate—service and quality of foods the BEST—everything prepared EXACTLY as you like it! Dining room and coffee shop open all day.

Finest Foods - Excellent Service - Friendly Atmosphere

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