

# SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

*Today*



A SUCCESSFUL HISTORIC RENOVATION

**The Chavner House**

"MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT THE WORK"

**Ashland's Cloverleaf Dairy**

WHERE THE PALM AND THE PINE MEET

**1910 Map of Ashland**

JUNE 1999  
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The Magazine of the Southern Oregon Historical Society



# Historic Whiskey Spring

## INTERPRETIVE TRAIL AND CAMPGROUND

by Nancy J. Bringhurst

If you are longing for a day of fresh pure air, incomparable natural beauty, exercise, education, history, and maybe even some excitement, pack a snack and drive out to Whiskey Spring in the Butte Falls Ranger District of the Rogue River National Forest. There you will find a mile-long, wheelchair-accessible interpretive loop trail complete with footbridges, viewing platforms, picnic area, campground, restrooms, and maybe even a glimpse of Bigfoot.

It's true no one has seen Bigfoot there since Frieda Hayes' alleged sighting in 1976,<sup>1</sup> but certainly beavers, deer, chipmunks, frogs, salamanders, pileated woodpeckers, wood ducks and abundant bird life can be spotted along the trail, especially during early morning and evening hours. Midday, it's more likely those creatures have the advantage of seeing you.

A highlight of the trail meandering through this richly forested area is seeing the pond and marshlands created by the beavers, and reading about them on the interpretive signs.

If botany is your interest, you've come to the right place. Depending on the season, you're bound to see blue anemones, elegant cat's ears, trilliums, three different kinds of lilies and gingers, irises, bunchberries, prairie stars, scarlet fritillaries and, according to Carol Harmount, Forest Service botanist for the Cascade zone, more than fifty other varieties of plants.

The quality of the design and craftsmanship of the signs and bridges by the landscape architect, Gary Bartlett, and the information presented by Jeff LaLande, historian and forest archaeologist, are special features of the trail.

*Whiskey Spring lies on the shoulder of Mt. McLoughlin, six miles northwest of the volcano's summit.*

*Forest Service tree planters attempted to re-seed the Cat Hill Burn on snowshoes during the winter of 1910-1911. They camped just four miles from Whiskey Spring.*

No one knows how Whiskey Spring got its name. According to LaLande, there was definitely an "alcoholic theme" involved, since a number of favorite drinking water sources in the nearby lava fields of Mount McLoughlin have similar names – Rye Spring, for example.

Whiskey Spring is part of a 5,000-acre tract of timber along Four Bit Creek sold for harvest by the government in 1922. The vividly green pines, firs, and cedars towering gracefully there today have grown since then, and have been passed over by loggers.

Whiskey Spring Interpretive Trail was officially dedicated in June 1994. However, a small trail and campground have been there since the 1930s when they were built by members of the South Fork Civilian Conservation Corps camp. In the 1960s, Don Ellis, head of recreation for the Rogue River National Forest, removed the CCC camp and with a crew of two built and installed 36 tables in the campground, four in the picnic area, and eight outhouses.

The Forest Service also had a water ram installed at the campground. If in the still of the night a rhythmic thumping interferes with your sleep, it's just the sound of the water hammer from the hydraulic water ram bringing that cold, clear water to your campsite. As well as

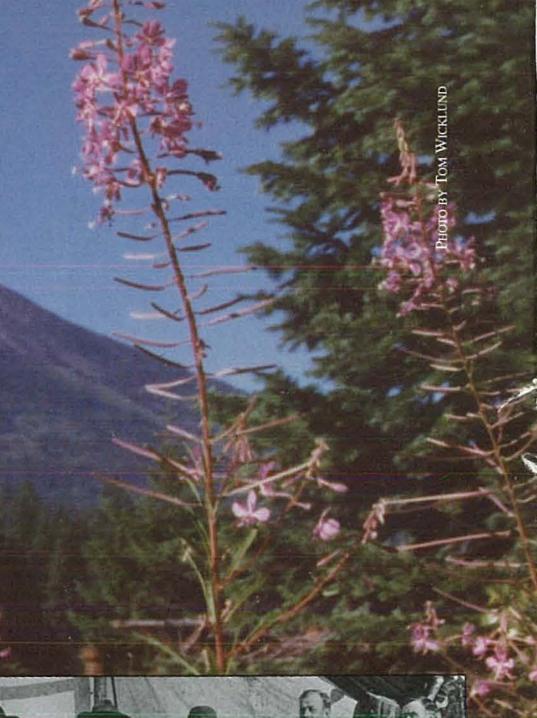


PHOTO BY TOM WICKLUND



SOHS #12076

saving campers from hauling buckets, another benefit of the ram is that it depends only on gushing water and air pressure rather than electric or gasoline pumps.

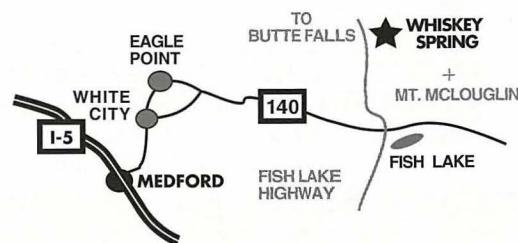
Though the campground is closed during the winter, the circular trail is a delight regardless of the season. In the dedication ceremony, Joyce Hailicka, head of the Butte Falls Economic Development Commission, said, "The Indians believed that the power of the world always worked circles." It's a thought to hold as you walk the loop beneath the cathedral-like forest canopy. ■

*Nancy Bringhurst writes from her Ashland mountaintop home.*

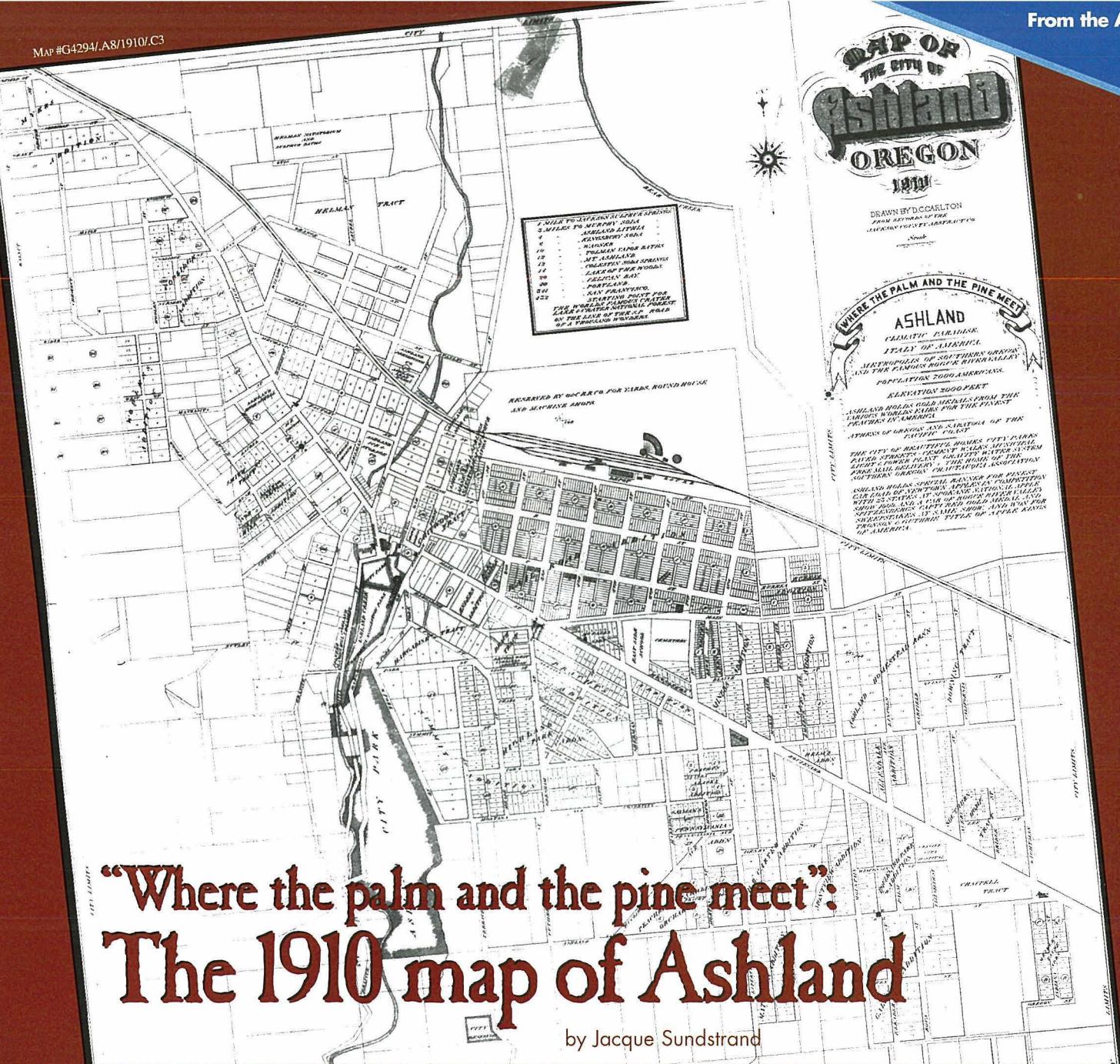
### ENDNOTES:

1. Medford Mail Tribune, 4 August 1976

### Directions:



From Highway 140 at milepost 28, turn north toward Willow Lake for approximately nine miles. Follow the signs.



# “Where the palm and the pine meet”: The 1910 map of Ashland

by Jacque Sundstrand

Complementing last year's republication of the 1910 map of Jackson County, the Southern Oregon Historical Society recently issued a reproduction of the 1910 map of Ashland, also drawn by D. C. Carlton, an expert draftsman who worked for the Jackson County Abstract Company.

In February 1910, the *Ashland Daily Tidings* noted the completion of Carlton's map, with the original measuring forty-five by eighty inches.

“The map is very comprehensive, embracing every feature regarding public tracts such as parks, cemeteries, recent additions, together with a list of resorts in this vicinity with distance to same. Recent accessions to municipal territory are also in evidence, the work being the most

complete of its kind ever gotten out....It is proposed to have this map lithographed and reduced to convenient size of 22x28, suitable for ready reference.”<sup>1</sup>

Unfamiliar with Ashland? In language common to the rampant boosterism of the period, the legend on the map salutes the city's livability, describing the area's diverse yet temperate weather as a “climatic paradise” perfectly suited for growing award-winning fruit. But Ashland as the “Italy of America”? That phrase may also seem a stretch, but it is understandable if you compare the mean average temperature of Ashland over the previous eighteen years (51.8 degrees) to Florence, Italy (58.8 degrees).

Carlton drew many of these phrases from a 1909 booklet published by the Ashland Commercial Club, an earlier name for the

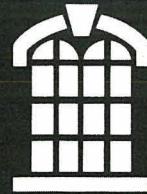
chamber of commerce. Not surprisingly, boosterism and the potential for development figure highly in the booklet, which was mailed to those who, along with the city's then-current population of “7,000 Americans,” might wish to invest in Ashland's future.

The Society's eighteen-inch by twenty-one-inch black and white reproduction of the 1910 Ashland map is available for \$7.95 at the Jacksonville and Medford History Stores, and at the History Center. ■

Jacque Sundstrand is library/archives coordinator for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

#### ENDNOTES

1. *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 17 February 1910.



# News & Notes

## of the Southern Oregon Historical Society

June 1999

### Program Schedule

#### JUNE CRAFT OF THE MONTH

Children's Museum

25 cent fee

Round and round it goes; where it stops, no one knows! Families visiting the Children's Museum during the month of June can create a top.

#### CONVERSATIONS WITH...

Saturday, June 5, Free

Ashland Branch

1:00 p.m.

Long-time valley residents and siblings, Rosemary Bevel and David Knott, share memories of family life in Ashland and Talent.

#### TWO-WAY SEEING: PIONEERS AND NATIVE OREGONIANS

Saturday, June 5, Free

History Center, Medford

2:00 p.m.

Shannon Applegate, a descendant of 1843 pioneers, and Esther Stutzman, a Kalapuya/Coos woman whose ancestors welcomed the Applegate family into the Yoncalla valley in 1849, explore the relationships between, and experiences of, Oregon Trail pioneers and Native Americans. Preregister by calling 773-6536. This program made possible by funding from the Oregon Council for the Humanities, an affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

#### BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEETING

June 23, 5:30 pm

#### ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

June 25

#### SUMMER SUNDAYS IN THE PARK: Series of family concerts exploring the musical heritage of the United States

Butler Bandshell, Lithia Park, Ashland

Free, 2:00-3:00 p.m.



June 6, Michael "Hawkeye" Herman, composer/music director/musician for Oregon Shakespeare Festival's El Paso Blue, will perform songs and tell stories relating to the history and development of Blues and Country music.

June 13, Ashland residents Tim Church (on guitar) and Kendra Law (on fiddle) will present a variety of music from eastern Europe across to the British Isles and finish with American Jazz. Their program includes the flamenco sounds of Spain and klezmer sections which have been described as Jewish gypsy music.

#### LAKE CREEK HISTORICAL SOCIETY Civil War Reenactment

June 12 and 13, Free

1739 S. Fork Little Butte Creek Road,  
Lake Creek

9:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Activities include costumed characters from the Cascade Civil War Society re-creating scenes of wartime camp life. Visitors will have an opportunity to view exciting live battle reenactments on both days at 11:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. Call 826-1513 for more information.



#### PHOTO PRESERVATION TIPS AND TECHNIQUES

Saturday, June 12

History Center, Medford

1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

\$10 members/\$15 non-members

Perfect for the genealogist but also geared toward anyone interested in learning how to effectively store, handle and display family photographs. Preregistration and prepayment are required. Call 773-6536 for more information.

#### EVERYONE LOVES A PARADE!

Saturday, June 19, Free

Jacksonville Pioneer Day Parade,

Jacksonville

10:00 a.m. to noon

Call 773-6536 to sign up – or just come and enjoy the fun!

#### LACEMAKERS GUILD

On Saturday, June 19, you are invited to join the regular meeting of the Siskiyou Lacemakers Guild from 10am to 3pm in the program space behind the Jacksonville Museum. Call 482-2629 for more information.

#### MASTERS OF CEREMONY

Saturday, June 26

History Center, Medford

1:00-4:00 p.m.

Join us for a festive afternoon of fun, folklore, and food as part of a family event featuring the Oregon Historical Society traveling exhibit, "Masters of Ceremony," described in the exhibit section of this newsletter. Music, stories, and hands-on activities are part of this celebration of life. Watch for future programming with this event – scrapbooking workshop, program at the Jacksonville Cemetery, oral history workshop, a program about midwifery and more.

For more information about the Southern Oregon Historical Society, contact us at:

106 North Central Avenue · Medford, Oregon 97501 ■ Phone 541 · 773 · 6536 ■ Fax 541 · 776 · 7994 ■ Email [info@sohs.org](mailto:info@sohs.org) ■ Website [www.sohs.org](http://www.sohs.org)

## Exhibition Schedule

### AT THE HISTORY CENTER

The "Masters of Ceremony" exhibit celebrates life's passages and features traditional artists (cultural tradition bearers in their communities) who represent various cultural groups in Oregon, including Wasco, Iu-Mien, Palestinian, Mexican, Cayuse, Hmong, and Wallulapum-Palouse. Exhibit allows visitors to contemplate the important markers in their own lives while celebrating Oregon's cultural diversity through various rites-of-passage. Life's passages are common to all people and the exhibit presents an honest look at how important and symbolic these events are to our communities – and ourselves.

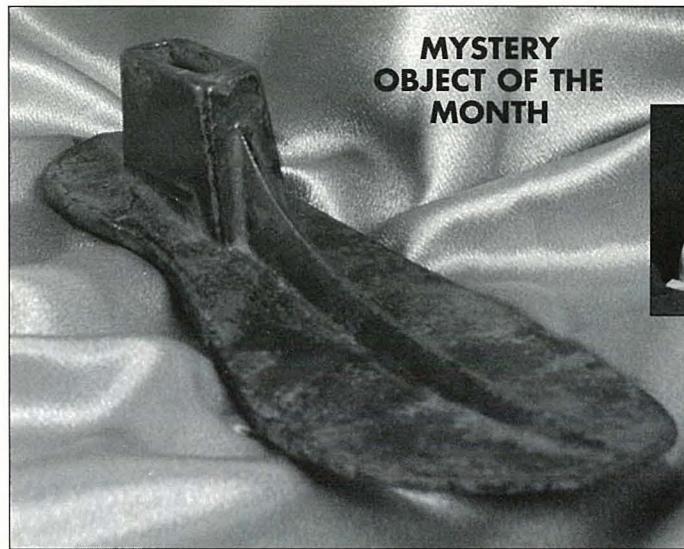
"Masters of Ceremony" was produced by the Oregon Historical Society XZBTS TO GO program and sponsored by Portland General Electric, Jeld-Wen Foundation, Jackson Foundation, and Lamb Foundation.

Camp White Historical Association's June window exhibit will feature a history of the United States Air Force and the Academy at Colorado Springs. Displayed will be past Air force uniforms as well as the current Academy dress clothing.

### NATIONAL HISTORY DAY

Over 2,000 middle and high school students from across the United States will gather June 13-17 at the University of Maryland to compete at the top level of the National History Day Contest. Students from Southern Oregon will be there, too!

National History Day begins in the classroom with middle and high school students doing historical research and sharing what they learn through exhibits, documentaries, live performances or research papers. Students enter their History Day projects first at the local



*May's Mystery Object  
Salt and pepper shakers*

This cast iron object fits on a stand. It measures 10" long. A winner will be drawn from all correct answers received by June 30 and will be awarded \$5 in "Applegate Scrip," good toward any Society purchase. Send your answer on a 3x5 card with your name, address and phone number to: News & Notes Mystery Object, SOHS, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford, OR 97501.

contest co-sponsored by the Southern Oregon Historical Society and Southern Oregon University. Local winners are then eligible to compete at the state level.

In April, 31 Southern Oregon students competed at the state History Day Contest held at Willamette University. First and second place state winners are eligible for the National Contest. Southern Oregonians were well represented among the state winners including:

#### *First place:*

Sr. Group Exhibit: Sarah Close, Marcelle Gonzalez, Krista Lane, and Sarah Piazza, South Medford High School

Sr. Historic Paper: Jenica Pistone, Illinois Valley High School

May's Mystery Object was a set of salt and pepper shakers. Congratulations to March's Mystery Object winner, Verone Peterson of Medford, who identified the charcoal iron.

Enjoy the Mystery Object feature? Then be sure to watch "Kid's Q&A" on KTVL-TV10. Each month Jackson County youth will try to stump viewers with different Mystery Objects.

#### *Second place:*

Jr. Group Exhibit: Megan Mayfield and Lindsey Schoenberg, Hedrick Middle School

Jr. Historic Paper: Adrianna Williams, Talent Middle School

Jr. Group Performance: Karla Moxley and Kristen Wertz, McLoughlin Middle School

Sr. Group Performance: Jessica Hendrix, Levi Johnson, Travis Pickern, and Cedar Yandell, Illinois Valley High School

#### *Third place:*

Jr. Group Documentary: Vanessa Evans, Kyle Hoezle, and Sara Shinerock, Lorna Byrne Middle School

Jr. Individual Exhibit: Elizabeth Spencer, Hedrick Middle School

Jr. Individual Performance: Dustin Rothbart, McLoughlin Middle School

Jr. Group Performance: Elena Fort and Victoria Lee, Hedrick Middle School

Sr. Group Performance: Nicole Birmingham, Sabrina Pinard, Lacey Shanle, and Angela Stiles, Illinois Valley High School

### *Southern Oregon Historical Society sites* Phone: (541) 773-6536 unless listed otherwise

#### **HISTORY CENTER**

106 N. Central, Medford  
Mon - Fri, 9:00am to 5:00pm  
Sat, 1:00 to 5:00pm

#### **RESEARCH LIBRARY**

106 N. Central, Medford  
Tues - Sat, 1:00 to 5:00pm

#### **JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM & CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**

5th and C, Jacksonville  
Daily, 10:00am to 5:00pm

#### **JACKSONVILLE HISTORY STORE & THIRD STREET ARTISAN STUDIOS**

3rd and California, Jacksonville  
Wed - Sun, 10:00am to 5:00pm

#### **U.S. HOTEL**

3rd and California, Jacksonville  
Upstairs room available for rent.

#### **BEEKMAN HOUSE**

Laurelwood & California, Jacksonville  
Daily, 1:00 - 5:00pm

#### **HANLEY FARM**

Open by appointment.  
(541) 773-2675.

#### **HISTORY STORE**

Rogue Valley Mall, Medford  
Daily, Mall hours  
(541) 774-9129

#### **ASHLAND BRANCH**

208 Oak, Ashland  
Wed - Sat, 12:00 to 4:00pm  
(541) 488-4938

Many hands make light the work.

Ashland's

# CLOVERLEAF \* DAIRY \*

## kept the Fowler family hopping

by Connie Fowler

*Older readers will remember when milk came in glass bottles from their local dairy, in half-pints, pints and quarts, with the cream on top and a waxed cardboard cap sealing in the freshness.*



**N**owhere did the truth of the old saying "many hands make light the work" apply more than at the Cloverleaf Dairy in Ashland. The Fowler family operated the full-service dairy for thirteen years, from 1936 to 1949, providing the community with fresh milk, delivered right to the door. With at least three or four of the ten Fowler children home at one time to keep it running, the dairy provided a living for the large family while meeting the milk needs of the folks in the area.

Family-run dairy farms dotted the Rogue Valley landscape in those days when people knew that milk actually came from cows' udders and not just the grocery store; when the only choice you had was what size bottle of natural whole milk you wanted; when milk was still free of hormones, homogenization and additives; when freshness meant it came from the cow that very morning or evening.

Like many Rogue Valley residents, the Fowlers came from the Midwest. Ruth Fowler was born Ruth Esther Fisher in 1900 in

Beloit, Kansas. Her mother died when she was just 3 1/2 years old, leaving Ruth, her sister Belle, and brothers Jake and Bill. Raised for a time by their grandparents, Ruth and her siblings joined their father on his homestead in eastern Colorado in 1909, traveling there by covered wagon with their Uncle Simon, camping along the way. The trek took eleven days.

Ruth moved back to Kansas in 1916, where she stayed with relatives. There, she met Edgar Fowler, the son of a carpenter from Ohio. She, barely eighteen, and he, nine years her senior, married on May 1, 1918, in Concordia, Kansas.

For the next eighteen years, the Fowlers farmed in north-central Kansas and raised a family. The children came by twos. That is, about every two years one child arrived until a total of nine Fowler children were born in Kansas: Luella Maxine, Russell Raymond, Chester Lee, Jane Marie, Lowell Edgar, Robert Gerald, Esther Isabelle, Harold Benjamin, and Carol Josephine. Number ten, Clifford Leroy was born in Oregon.

Like many other families at the time, the Fowlers found that farming the resistant land and trying to survive the Dust Bowl and Depression years made survival a struggle. Health problems that included "dust pneumonia" proved to be a blessing in disguise when they prompted Ruth to take the three youngest children to visit her sister, Belle Jackson, in

Ashland. With Esther, four, Harold, two, and Carol the baby on her lap, she took the long trip to Oregon by train.

She later confessed that she never intended to go back, and she realized that goal with the help of her brother-in-law, Wells Jackson, who owned several area restaurants including the Palace Cafe and the Top Hats in Ashland, Medford and Yreka. Jackson found the Cloverleaf Dairy and helped make arrangements for the family to take over from the present renters. Ruth called Edgar in Kansas several times, eventually persuading him to sell the farm and come on out. On September 29, 1936, he disposed of the farm items and animals at public auction. With \$200, a plywood-sided trailer loaded with the remaining belongings, and the big Buick touring car loaded with the remaining six kids, Edgar Fowler headed west to a new life.

It was a long haul.

"I remember that first night we stayed at Dad's brother's in Norton, Kansas," Jane later recalled. "Dad bought Maxine and me striped overalls. We wore them for seven days straight."

When Edgar and the kids finally reached Ashland, he had seventy-five dollars left in his pocket, enough for one month's rent. At first, the family



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

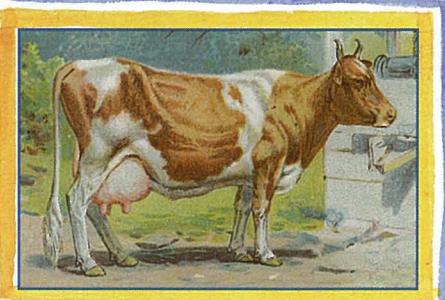
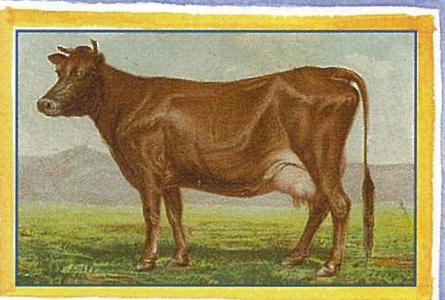
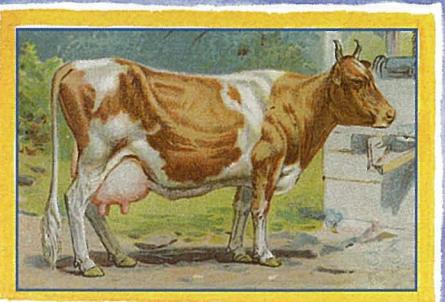
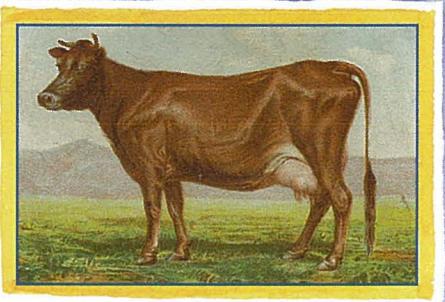
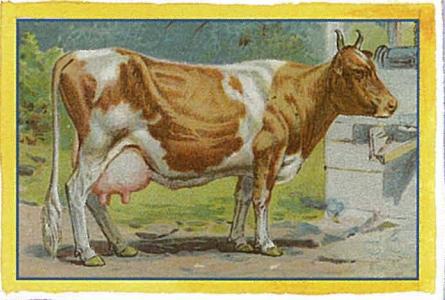
*Big family, small home: The Fowler clan gathers at the family home in 1950. From left, behind Ruth and Edgar are Maxine, Russell, Chester, Jane Marie, Lowell, Robert, Esther, Ben, Carol, and Clifford.*

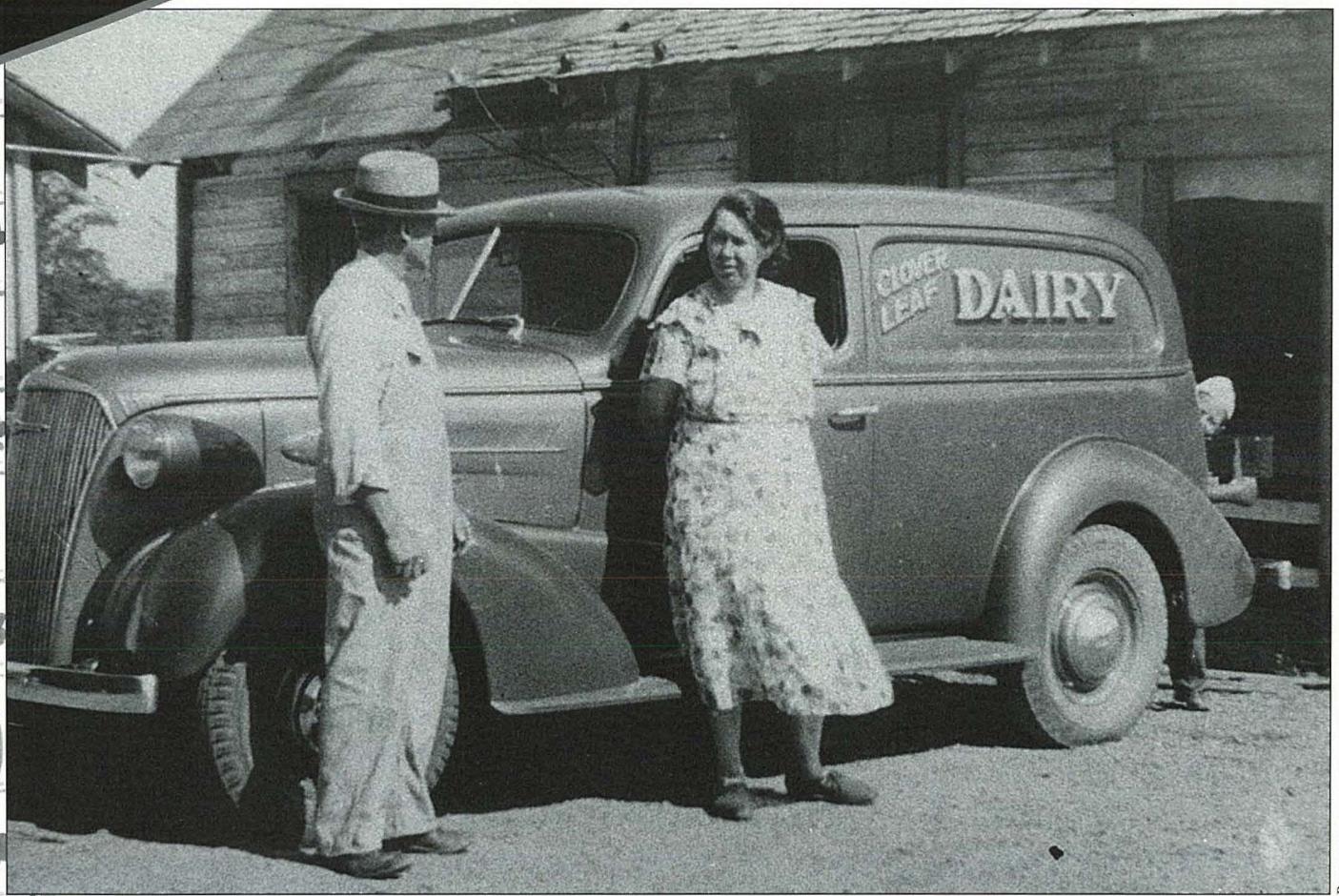
rented the forty-acre farm and dairy business, but later purchased everything from M.C. Lininger and Sons Sand and Gravel, whose gravel pit on the property along Bear Creek had run out of material.

Although the dairy included milking machines, they soon fell to disuse, as the flying Fowler fingers did the job faster. "We usually milked about twenty cows and we could get the milking done faster and we didn't have to clean the machines," Chet remembered.

It took five to ten minutes to milk a cow, which yielded between two and three gallons of milk.

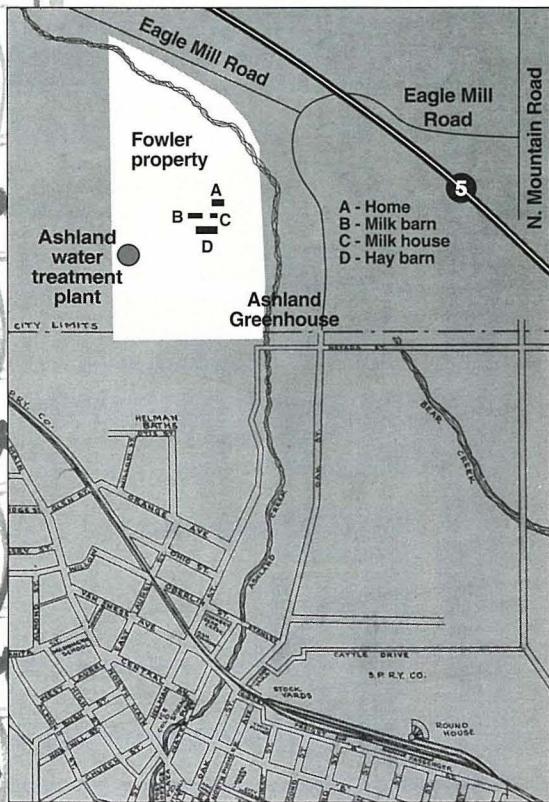
"We stored the milk in five- or ten-gallon cans in a cooler in the barn," Lowell recalled, as he described the process of cooling the milk. "First, we dumped the buckets of milk into a tray with holes in it. The milk ran slowly down over ice-cold, stainless steel coils filled with brine, circulated from a tank by compressor."





*Edgar and Ruth pause near the milk house with their Chevrolet panel truck used for delivering milk to their customers. That's Ben peeking from behind in this photo, taken about 1940.*

*As indicated on this 1944 map, the Cloverleaf Dairy was situated at the edge of the city limits, near where the Ashland Greenhouse and the city's water treatment plant now stand.*



Another tray caught the cooled milk, which then ran down a spout into five- or ten-gallon cans. Another type of cooler held cans of milk waiting to be bottled. Some of the milk was separated and the thick cream was made into butter or sold to local restaurants. The skim milk fed the pigs.

The whole milk was syphoned by hand through a hose into quart, pint and half-pint bottles to be delivered to various homes and businesses in the Ashland area. A capping machine, also hand-operated, sealed the bottles with cardboard caps stamped with the Cloverleaf Dairy signature, and the milk was ready for loading into the panel delivery truck.

"First we had a Willy's and later a Chevy," Ben recalled. "Someone drove, and someone

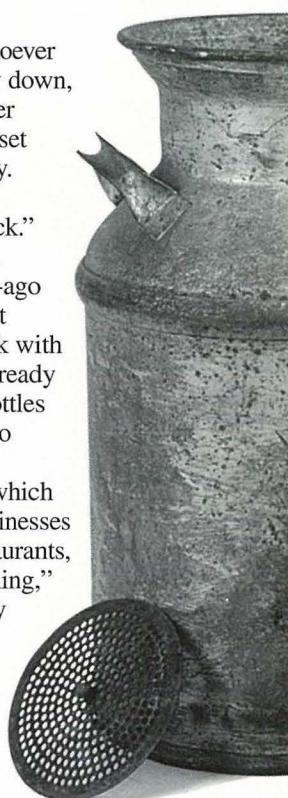
*The milk can and strainer once were familiar equipment to dairy hands everywhere. A cloth or paper filter fitted between the metal strainer grates to catch impurities.*

'hopped' the bottles. Whoever was driving would slow down, real slow, while the other person jumped out and set the milk by the doorway. Then they ran back and jumped back on the truck."

Clifford said he often thinks about those long-ago days, sitting on the front fender of the panel truck with his feet on the bumper, ready to "hop" off with the bottles for the seventy-five or so customers on the route.

"We had two routes which included delivery to businesses like grocery stores, restaurants, and schools in the morning," Lowell recalled. "If they ran out of milk during the day, we delivered more when we did the evening route."

When World War II took the older boys away from the farm,



FROM 1957 MEDFORD PHONE BOOK



FROM 1961 SOUTHERN OREGON COLLEGE YEARBOOK



When these ads appeared in the 1957 phone book, left, and the 1961 Southern Oregon College yearbook, the Fowlers no longer ran Cloverleaf Dairy.



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Next to the milk house, the hay barn was the second most important building on a dairy farm. The Cloverleaf barn held 100 tons of hay, to help keep the Cloverleaf cows well-fed and content.

the younger ones took over the work. "I drove the delivery truck when I was in grade school," Ben grinned.

"We built up the driver's seat with two-by-fours so I could drive. I delivered the milk and then parked the truck in an alley across from the school."

Ashland police either didn't see – very unlikely in such a small

town – or they simply looked the other way, apparently realizing that the milk delivery must go through.

Maxine, Esther, Jane Marie and Carol also took their turns at hopping, capping and washing bottles. "After the milk was delivered the empty bottles had to be washed," Esther recalled. "We dipped them in soapy water and then held them on a spinning brush. We rinsed them by hand and put them on racks, then into a steamer/sterilizer heated by a wood boiler."

Dairy cows don't work for nothing, and the Cloverleaf Dairy raised hay to feed them. "We did all the plowing and haying with horses for several years," Ben recalled. "We put the hay up loose. One person forked the hay onto the wagon. It was my job to 'tromp' the hay down so you could get more on. I hated that job."

The huge barn held about 100 tons of hay. The family also raised corn for fodder as well as to sell. Horses did the heavy work until Edgar got an old chopped-down Chevy car and used it as a makeshift tractor. He cut the tongues down on all the pieces of horse-drawn

equipment so the tractor could pull them. The Fowlers later used an old Fordson tractor with iron wheels – and an iron will, it seems. The old car and the Fordson preceded a long line of tractor oddities the Fowler boys described as they exchanged raised eyebrows.

*"There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay*

*About the rush of faces in town by day.*

*But a light brown cow in pale green mead  
That is very beautiful indeed."*

– by Orrick Johns 1887-1946, from "Little Things."

Guernseys, Jerseys, and a Holstein or two might look very beautiful indeed in the fields, but they still needed to be milked twice a day rain or shine, dark or light, school or not. Milking time came at 4:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.

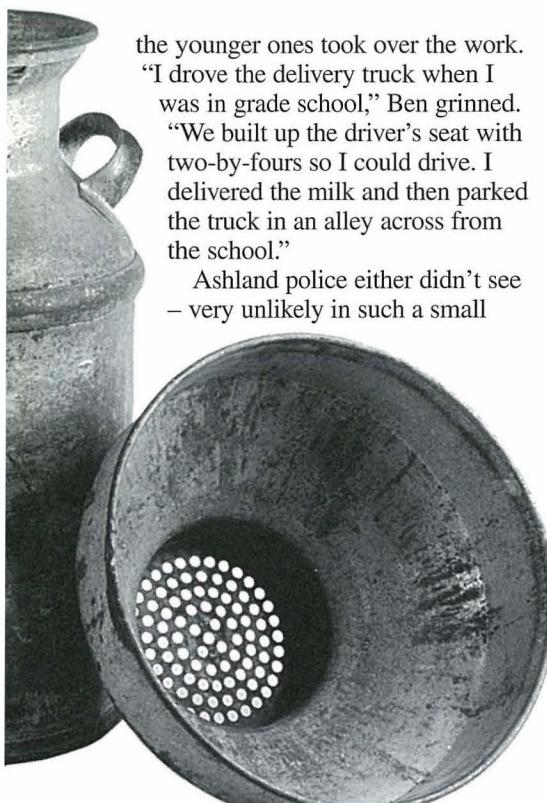
Ben remembers having to milk three or four cows in the evening before he was even old enough for first grade. "Then I milked in the morning, too, before I left for school."

Chet, ten years older than Ben, recalled racing his younger brother to the barn at four every morning. "I was in high school, and he was about five and he tried to beat me," Chet said.

The brothers agreed that a little competition made the work go faster and feel a bit less like work. And it was a lot of work.

"We all complained a little now and then," Russell recalled, "but we had good times and a decent life. I remember taking the milk wagon out after the chores were done and staying out until two or three in the morning. We'd still have to get up at four to milk, though."

There was no allowance in those days when just getting everyone fed took all the milk money. So on weekends, after doing their own chores, the



Chet Fowler's second wife, Betty, painted this watercolor of the Fowler home and outbuildings under a light coating of winter snow. That's the chicken coop at left.

Below, all that is left of the Cloverleaf Dairy is the old milking barn where the "flying Fowler fingers" made light the work every morning and afternoon when each member of the dairy herd had her chance to be milked.



PAINTING BY BETTY FOWLER

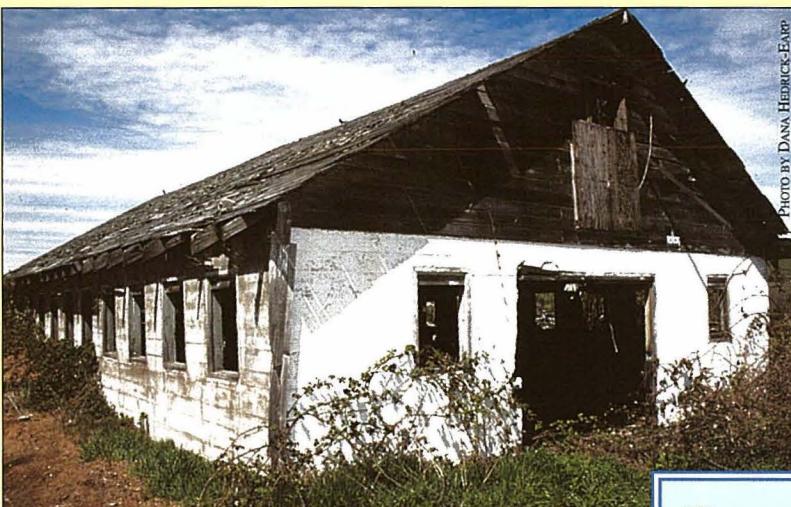


Photo by DANA HEDRICK-BAPP

kids made up to twenty-five cents an hour pulling weeds in the McNeils' garden next door and Delsman's truck gardens, which went all the way to Oak Street. "We picked and sold blackberries, too," Carol said.

Still, they found time for a little fun, like taking forbidden rides on wild calves when Dad went to town and throwing a basketball through a hoop on the old barn. "We played 'Pitch,' dominos, Chinese checkers and listened to the radio, I remember," Chet said.

It was "chicken on Sunday" and other times as well, which meant catching, killing, cleaning and cooking. Ruth was pretty matter-of-fact about the work, although one can only imagine making three huge meals a day with no microwave, electric or gas stove. "We finally got an icebox in the house and eventually a Norge refrigerator," Carol recalled. "We used the cooler in the barn before that."

With most of the Fowler family around, plus spouses, friends, and maybe a helper, it wasn't unusual to expect fourteen people at the table at one time. Ruth made two or three pies per day, not to mention fixing the meat, potatoes and vegetables.

"We raised all our own meat and vegetables," Jane Marie recalled.

"We canned about 100 quarts of everything," Carol added. "Mom made lots of bread and pies, biscuits and gravy. Breakfast always included eggs, potatoes, some kind of meat, and of course, milk."

The Fowlers all praised their mother's homemade everything, but especially the noodles that went with the family staple of chicken and noodles – often imitated, but never quite the same as when Ruth made them.

Besides the cooking and canning and working in the barn, the girls did the washing and ironing for the large

family. "I remember that every Saturday we had to do the laundry," said Carol. "Mom had two wringer washers and the clotheslines went all the way around the house." She got her first automatic washing machine when she moved to her little two-story Helman street house in 1966, after Edgar died.

When the children started leaving home, taking their strong backs with them, Edgar and Ruth decided to sell the dairy and just run beef cattle, which didn't need to be milked. The Larson family bought the cows and leased the barn and equipment for a couple of years until the De Youngs of Valley View Dairy bought them out.

## ROBERT RUNS AWAY

**R**unning the dairy operation and taking care of the farm was a lot of work for the Fowler kids. Mostly, they said, everyone got along pretty well – except for the time Robert, six years Chet's junior, got mad at his brother...

"He told me to wash the bottles and I got mad and ran away. I was twelve." Robert laughs as he tells the story. "I had saved a little money, so I bought a cowboy hat and boots and took the Greyhound to Pendleton because my sister Jane Marie was there. When I got there, I didn't know how to find her. People fed me and helped me out and I got a job at the bowling alley setting pins."

*It seems that one day while Robert took a break out on the curb, his sister and her friend walked by. She called the folks and promptly put her brother on the Greyhound home. "I don't remember them saying much to me when I got there." Robert remarked, laughing again, "But I had to walk home from the bus and they didn't give me a party or anything."*

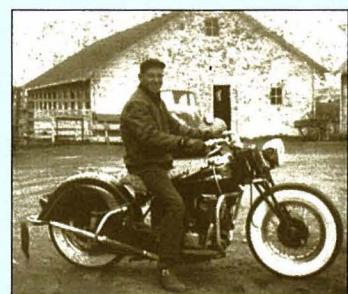


Photo courtesy of the author

Robert Fowler, in his teens, proudly sits astride his Indian motorcycle in the yard in front of the milking barn.

"Dad offered the business to me," Russell said. "But I didn't like the hours." Russell continued to work with cattle – as a meat cutter in area grocery stores. Of the ten children, all still living, only Lowell and Ben still live rurally or have anything to do with livestock.

Because of failing health, Edgar sold ten acres for the first radio station in Ashland, KWIN. Gradually, more of the land sold to developers. Part of the Quiet Village subdivision rests on the old dairy farm pastures. The city eventually purchased acreage to expand the city sewer plant. What bare land remains now belongs to the city of Ashland, too.

When her husband passed away in 1965, Ruth stayed on until she sold the remaining property and then moved to 316 Helman, where she lived until her death March 1, 1998, just a few months short of her ninety-eighth birthday.

While everyone did their part to make a living for the family, all would agree that Ruth did her part and at times, everyone else's too. She never drove a car but walked everywhere when she couldn't get a ride. She went to work in the Bagley Canning Co. cannery and later cleaned houses and did ironing for townspeople who affectionately called her "Mom" Fowler. She milked the cows and cleaned up the barn and bottles when the children went off to school or the service, and helped her family when their babies came. She worked hard, loved quietly and seldom played.

She spent her later years making hand-stitched quilts and sending cards on all occasions to her children and her many grand, great- and great-great grandchildren. The family still gets together in the summer to celebrate her birthday and her life.

All that remains of the old home place at the end of Helman street is the blackberry-entwined cement-block milk house. The house, hay barn, and other outbuildings are gone, but the memories remain in the hearts and minds of the Fowler family. They are as many as the hands that made light the work. ■

Connie Fowler is a freelance writer who lives on a cattle ranch in the Applegate with her husband, Ben.

## "Mom" Fowler's chicken and noodles

*Catch, kill, pluck, clean and cut up a chicken. Boil with salt and pepper until tender, then remove from pot, reserving stock.*

### Noodles:

1 egg  
1/2 egg shell of milk  
salt to taste  
enough flour to make a stiff but workable dough

*Add flour to egg and milk until reaching proper consistency, then knead until smooth. Roll dough until very thin, then fold into fourths and cut into 1/4-inch strips. Hang to dry but not until hard. Bring chicken stock to a boil, and add canned stock if insufficient or lacking flavor; drop in noodles and stir so they don't stick together. When almost done, add chicken back in; heat, adjust seasoning and serve.*

Serves four to six



PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK-EARP

# The Chavner House: Craftsmanship restored

by J. T. Gillett

**A**nyone who has renovated a home understands the headaches, joy, and anticipation that accompany a restoration project. Can you imagine attempting to accurately restore a 100-year-old historic home? That's exactly what the Estremados family did with Gold Hill's historic Chavner House. And thanks to careful planning and patience, their first historical renovation was both a pleasure and a success.

A successful historic renovation is more than the preservation of an important structure. In some cases, it is a rediscovery of the past. A direct connection to the everyday lives of our ancestors. A deeper sense of the people who used to inhabit this land. In the case of the Chavner House, all this is especially true.

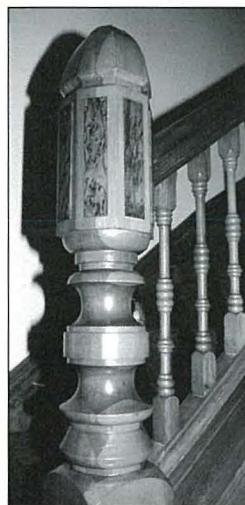
The house's namesake, Thomas Chavner, struck it rich with the Rogue Valley's biggest gold strike, the Gold Hill Lode. He built bridges across the Rogue River, owned most of the land in the Gold Hill area, and donated the land where the city of Gold Hill resides to the public. But contrary to popular belief, Thomas Chavner did not build the Chavner House. His children ordered the house from a catalog and had it assembled in 1892, nearly four years after Thomas Chavner died. Nevertheless, remarkable craftsmanship and superb attention to detail are apparent throughout this unique, charming house.

Jim and Becky Estremado purchased the original homeplace in 1992 from Chavner Thompson, grandson of Thomas Chavner. "We were completely new to historic renovation. We had never done anything like it before," explained Becky. So they spent the next few years meeting with contractors, discussing materials and design with historians, and interviewing craftsmen.

"The original architecture and craftsmanship of the house is the reason for the restoration," explained Becky. This made historical accuracy the first consideration. The structural integrity of the house was sound and much of the original woodwork was still in exceptional condition. The Estremados were ready to restore and they knew it was time to look for expert advice. "We asked several reputable contractors to walk through the house and offer ideas. In fact, we had them each return a couple of times. They were

all great, but we felt we chose the people who were best for this particular restoration," Becky said.

By speaking with a variety of experts, the Estremados learned a great deal about the way homes were built 100 years ago and the level of craftsmanship that went into the Chavner House. As a result, they appreciated its historical value and came closer to those who once inhabited the house. And along the way, many members of the community also appreciated the historical significance of the house.

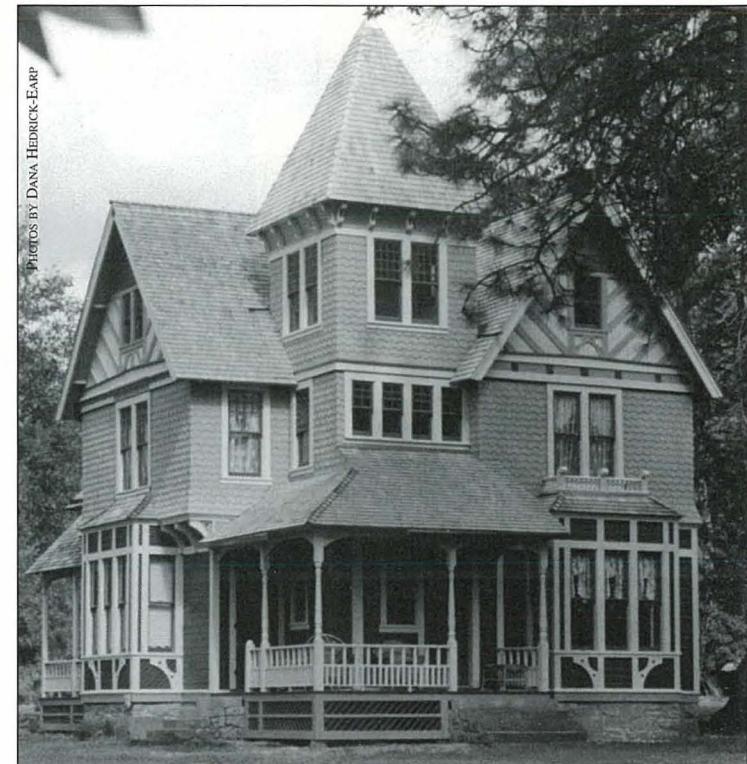


It took one year to complete the restoration project. Superior quality woods and hardware used to build the original Chavner House allowed for a total

restoration rather than a simple replacement of existing features with modern materials or designs. The wood floor, plaster and woodwork were all kept and restored so they looked as new as they did 100 years ago. Even the exterior of the house is covered with its original siding, although it has been freshly painted. The house is appointed with modern comforts such as a

new furnace, plumbing and electricity. Otherwise, the beautifully renovated Chavner House is quite faithful to its historic roots.

Discovering the historic value of the Chavner House's craftsmanship and design helped make renovation a great experience for the Estremados and their community. The Chavner House was listed on the National Register May 31, 1996, and is open annually to the public. If you'd like to learn more about the Chavner House, or



*Striking in its Victorian-era beauty, the lovingly restored Chavner House near Gold Hill was ordered out of a catalog and built in 1892.*

*An intricate brass doorknob, beautifully wrought stair post and banister, and ornately patterned door hinge hint at the quality of craftsmanship throughout the home.*

learn how to get started on your own historical renovation, the Southern Oregon Historical Society has the resources to help you make the most of your next project.

The Estremados plan to hold an annual open house in October. ■

*J.T. Gillett is a freelance writer living in Ashland, Oregon.*



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# The Voorhies family

by Louise A. Watson

**T**he story of the Voorhies family includes their role in helping develop the valley's fruit and fruit packing industry, elements of military service and fine art, and an imposing white-columned house still standing on the road of the same name near Phoenix.



*The Voorhies family's Colonial revival-style home was first built in 1899, then remodeled in 1906 and 1920.*

Born in Kentucky in 1868, Gordon Voorhies graduated from West Point in 1891 and served in the United States Army on the American frontier and again during the Spanish-American War. In 1893, he married Helen Strong Burrell, daughter of a prominent Portland businessman, who helped the couple invest in orchard land in Southern Oregon.<sup>1</sup>

In 1899, Voorhies bought a 160-acre pear orchard near Phoenix that had been planted in the mid-1880s by J. H. Stewart as the valley's first commercial acreage.<sup>2</sup> Voorhies rechristened his new purchase the Eden Valley Orchard, eventually enlarging it to 640 acres. Construction of

the family's Colonial revival-style house started in 1899, and the home was remodeled in 1906 and again in 1920. The property even had its own railway stop, Voorhies Station, on the nearby Southern Pacific tracks.<sup>3</sup>

Voorhies re-entered military service during World War I, becoming a

PHOTO BY DANA HEDRICK-EARP



SOHS #12958

*Gordon Voorhies married Helen Strong Burrell in 1893.*

SOHS #12959

lieutenant colonel. In 1920, the Voorhies family, with daughters Marian and Margaret and son Charles, who had been living in Portland, became permanent Southern Oregon residents.<sup>4</sup> The house was in a shambles owing to years of neglect, and Charles, an architecture student, remodeled it completely.<sup>5</sup>

Over the years, Voorhies earned a solid reputation as an orchardist. He added apples to the original pears and prunes Eden Valley produced. His military training and eye for detail proved invaluable as the valley's orchard industry grew. In 1926, Voorhies joined forces with Alfred and Leonard Carpenter,

Corning Kenly, and Chandler Egan to found Southern Oregon Sales, the fruit cooperative.

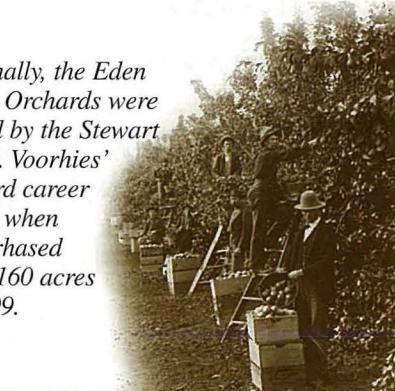
Later, Marian Voorhies would become SOS president as her father's health declined<sup>6</sup> and Charles Voorhies would become a nationally known artist.<sup>7</sup> Always a leader, Gordon Voorhies also served on the State Production Credit Association. He died on September 13, 1940.<sup>8</sup> The home and property at 2300 Voorhies Road are still part of the valley's orchard industry. ■

*Louise Watson is a Medford freelance writer/editor and a Society volunteer.*

#### ENDNOTES

1. Medford *Mail Tribune*, 13 September 1940, p. 1, cols.3-4.
2. Cordy, C.B., *History of the Rogue Valley Fruit Industry*, Southern Oregon Historical Society, 16 November, 1977, pp. 1-2.
3. *State of Oregon Inventory of Historic Properties*, State Historic Preservation Office, Oregon State Parks, Salem, Oregon, pp. 442-443.
4. Medford *Mail Tribune*, 13 September 1940, p. 1.
5. Oral history interview, Marian Voorhies Riegel Pringle, Southern Oregon Historical Society, Tape 131, 22 January 1980, p. 8.
6. Ibid, pp. 15-16, 18.
7. *State of Oregon Inventory of Historic Places*, p. 2.
8. Medford *Mail Tribune*, 13 September 1940, p. 1.

*Originally, the Eden Valley Orchards were owned by the Stewart family. Voorhies' orchard career began when he purchased these 160 acres in 1899.*



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