I.M. Bunny WILL NOT BE PRESENT for the Josephine County Historical Society’s 3rd Annual Easter Egg Hunt.

EASTER EGG HUNT HAS BEEN CANCELLED.

Because of the present circumstance with the current health risks to young and old alike, we are not going to have an Easter Egg Hunt in April. We had much of this electronic newsletter ready to go, so have had to go back and redo the Easter egg articles. But some of it will remain, such as the photo below showing the “5 and Under” lawn for the very visible eggs for the really little kids. We enjoyed having this small egg hunt and the participants had fun in an uncrowded area, but even a small crowd is not acceptable, wait until next year.

There was a special patch of Easter Eggs for those under 5 years of age.
Darrell Stafford, a member of JCHS since 1962, passed away Feb. 12, 2020. Darrell served as Parliamentarian of the Josephine County Historical Society Board of Directors. He was also a Living History Player. His wife Margaret passed away Sept. 23, 2015.

Darrell graduated from GPHS in 1948 and attended Oregon State College (now OSU) and received a Bachelors degree in agricultural engineering in 1953. He had married Margaret in 1951. They had met on a school bus while in the 8th grade just before going on to GPHS. She spent two years as a waitress in Corvallis, helping her husband complete his degree.

The Staffords moved to Peoria, Illinois where Darrell worked for Caterpillar Inc. for over 40 years, with a two year hiatus as a member of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. After his long career, they moved back to family property in the Redwood area in 1998 where they had spent summer vacations while working in Peoria.

He will be missed.
Oregon Books will give members a discount if you show your JCHS membership card, and will donate 5% of the sale back to the Historical Society.

Oregon Books
150 NE E Street
Grants Pass, OR 97526
541-476-3132

Fred Meyer Community Rewards also help. Sign up now or take the time to renew. If you shop at Fred Meyer, you have probably received a notice to renew.

www.fredmeyer.com/communityrewards
Our I.D number is NPO#94511

Amazon can help us
If you shop at Amazon, please sign up asap. It only takes a few moments and we get a bit of money from your purchase. It costs you nothing. Sign up:

http://smile.amazon.com/ch/936015456

Shamrock Technologies
Sean Malloy
2555 N.W. Highland Ave.
Apt. A
Grants Pass, OR 97526

You mean our dues are due every year?

When you join the Society, you pay your dues. Then each year, we ask you to continue to send in your dues. Dues are necessary to keep the Society operating. Donations are nice too. Often members send an extra $5 or $10 each year just to help us pay the bills. Some members sent more than that on a regular basis. We love you for your support. We only list contributions in the printed and mailed editions of the newsletters. Sometime we miss a name or two and if we do, please let us know and we will list you the next time.

WATER UPDATE: We now have all the water that we use for irrigation on a separate water meter so we do not have to pay sewage charges. So we hope we will not have $500 plus water bills this coming summer. We try to keep the lawns green.
We once got an envelope in the mail with the stamp just holding on to the corner of the envelope. We thought it was interesting enough to photograph.

Did you ever see the old hospital from above, long before drones were invented? Here it is.

How many of you remember Tommie’s Super Service, Pollocks Farmers Market, the Rivoli Theater and Everett Robertson Motors?
Most of our activities are on hold until the health risk lessens. This little story is here to fill space.

Dog Gone
By
Little Bit

I am a dog. I cannot type. I cannot speak human. I understand human talk, but I have to communicate in other ways. This is my story and some of it may be distorted because I am sending my thoughts to the typist. She is not a mind reader and probably could not understand me if I spoke dog. She is just a friend and not my new owner, one of many new owners I have had in the past year and a half.

My name this time around is Little Bit. I answer basically to what ever I am called as long as they feed me. I have been in this new place for awhile. I know I do not keep track of time like the humans around me. They want to sleep when I want to run. They want to go places when I would like to just curl up in a corner and sleep. But they control me, especially my new “owner.” She is older and can’t run as fast as I can. She wants to keep me safe. She does not really own me. Nobody can “own” another living creature. We have just decided to share our lives, she more so than I. I want to run and run and run. She has a big fenced yard and I run and run and run.

Let me tell you something about myself and pardon me if I skip around, after all I am just a dog. I was born about 5 years ago (in human years) in California. California is a place away from Oregon. I now live in Oregon. I am not sure what a California or an Oregon is. Anyway, I was born and raised in a place called Paradise. Paradise is a small part of California.

I used to live in a big house with a big fireplace. It was nice to put my tail-end toward the flames and get warm and sleepy. Then in November 2018 my way of life ended. I do not know what happened to my pet-parents. They were there and then they weren’t. The house was there, then it wasn’t. The town was there and then it wasn’t. I ran and I ran and I ran. I got hungry, I got skinny in just a matter of hours (that is a human way of counting time). It was so hot. So smoky. Flames were everywhere. My feet were hot and tired. I had no sense of smell. I could not find my way home, but it probably was gone anyway. I wandered around with others of my kind and some types of creatures I have never seen before.

Then the flames got lower and lower. People in little red and green and yellow houses on wheels came and put water on what was left and smoldering. I learned a new word. I heard these big yellow covered humans say things like: “Water down that smoldering spot.” I knew the word “spot.” My neighborhood friend was named Spot. I will probably never see him again. But “smoldering” was a new word. The best part of that were the puddles. I waded in the puddles. I sat in the puddles. I drank the brown and reddish water. Then a smaller white house with wheels came. There were several people with it. They put out bowls of food. It was good. It was filling. I ate the food and drank the clear, cool water they gave to us. I learned another new word. The houses with wheels were called “trucks.” My pet-parent daddy had a truck, but was nothing like the big red and yellow trucks that stopped the smoldering.

The people in the white truck fed us, there were lots of us, including cats. I do not like cats, but I ate alongside them. They too had lost their pet-parents. Then one by one the humans who had fed us, began to pick us up. They held us tight. Hugging is good. Then they put us in the big white truck, which was filled with little rooms. Each of us got our own place. I did not have to sleep with a cat. I did not even have any cats in my truck. I was safe. I did not know what was going to happen, but I did not have to run and run and run.

They took us away from Paradise. We went to a big block building filled with the most interesting creatures and sounds. I heard barking and mewing and even a neigh now and then. There were clucking chickens and quacking ducks and a moo or two. All of us were waiting for our pet-parents to come and get us. Some were reunited quickly but no one came for me and several others. We waited and waited. We were moved to another place and examined for just about anything a dog might need. I was poked, prodded, and stuck with needles. I got a bath and something put under my skin at the back of my neck. I got lots of cuddling. People came in just to talk to us and to walk with us and run with us. I still missed my pet-parents.

Like I have already mentioned, I am not a good judge of human timekeeping. It just seemed like a long time, human or dog. Then some of us were put in another truck with little rooms and we went for a long, long ride. I ended up in Southern Oregon, which is part of Oregon. I still do not know what an Oregon is. But here I am. I am an Oregonian, but still a dog. They took a picture of me. I knew what that was because my pet-parents were always taking my picture and oohing and aahing, then pressing buttons so others could see me. From my cage I could see myself on a computer. I know what a computer is.

(continued on next page)
My pet-parent Mommy used to sit in front of one several times a day. I was hoping she was sitting at her computer looking at me. Then she would come and get me.

A day later a lady came in and took me to her home. That did not last long. I found myself in another home. I did not do anything wrong, but soon I was moved again to a place called Cave Junction. I was in a home with a man, a woman, a really, really big dog, an ugly cat and two little creatures called children. I was not familiar with children. They were just small, untrained humans and they certainly had no sense of right or wrong. The littlest one pawed me (pardon the expression) and drove me nuts. I snapped at her. Next thing I knew, I was in a car going somewhere else. I guess humans prize their own little creatures more than they do dogs. If we could have talked, they would have found out I meant no harm to the little one and besides that, she started it.

The lady who picked me up from the little creature’s home was called “grandma.” I thought she was taking me to her home, but she drove and drove and drove. I soon found out I was in another town in Oregon, called Grants Pass. This was the third town since I arrived in Oregon. I do not know much about Grants Pass. Most of what I saw was very quick.

She took me into this old house. It was full of office stuff. I soon found out it was a library. It was a research library. There were four women in the place. Three older ones and a younger one. I was introduced to all. I do not remember most of the two hours I was there. I just wanted to get away and go back to the white truck with my own private little room, no children, no cats, no problems. Well, that is not really true. I really, really, really wanted to go back to Paradise and look for my family.

The young one took me out for a walk. After meeting so many new people in a matter of two hours, I was really ready for a walk. I was on a skinny rope or something. I did not pay much attention. I had on a collar. It was a loose collar and I knew I could get out of it. But I never tried while I was inside. I wanted outside so I could run.

The tall, skinny red-headed girl had one end of the rope and I was on the other. We were walking down a sidewalk and my opportunity came. I slipped my head out of that collar like it was made of butter. I ran. She ran after me. I ran faster. I found the main street and all the cars were going in one direction. I ran into the middle of street and ran past car after car. They slowed down. A white car with pretty flashing lights on the top, stopped all the cars and I had the street to myself. I ran and I ran. I could see some arches in front of me. I did not know what it was. Men from the car with the pretty lights were out of the car chasing me. There was no way they would be able to catch me. I ran to the right and found myself on a street with houses. I kept on running. Nobody seemed to be chasing me. I slowed down and trotted off into the sunset.

In a bit, I found myself out in a place with less buildings and more grass. I wandered into yards, ate what I could find, drank from streams and puddles. I wandered for a week. Nobody bothered me, but I was sure getting hungry. Then a nice lady stopped her car and called me. I had seen her drive by before. I did not go to her, but I did not run away. She came to me and I let her pick me up. She hugged me. It felt good. She took me to an animal doctor’s office and he got out a funny looking thing and said, “I will scan him.” I do not know much about this “scan” thing but the next day, two of the ladies in the office with all the books, came and got me.

I did not know these ladies very well. They had been kind to me. I was so tired, I was glad to sit on a friendly lap. The one that held me in the pickup truck on my ride back to town, was the one I ended up living with. The only problem is she had cats. I hate cats. But the cats had their own door and I was small enough to go through the cat door. I could go out, but I could not escape. I could run but I could also eat and drink and sleep in peace. I think I might like it here. I might stay.

I still have the urge to run and sometimes I escape, but now I know my present home is probably the safest place for me to be. I go to work and generally watch the front door. I bark most times when someone enters. The Postman brings me doggy biscuits. Sometimes I sit on his lap and get cuddled. The lady who volunteers here is mostly in one of the back rooms, but she comes and sits by me and cuddles. Sometimes I do not want to sit on her lap. All I want to do is lie on the soft blanket on the old wooden chain and sleep.

They talk and although none of them speak dog, I do understand English. They say I have PTSD. I did not have a clue as to what that is. They always just give the initials, spelling it like it is a bad word. (My pet-parents spelled words when they wanted to keep a secret from me.) Then one Friday night I was watching television and there was a big dog on the show. He was a veteran from Afghanistan and had lost his pet-parent to violence. He went wild one day and his new owner took him to an Army PTSD doctor. I never knew such people existed. I would like to meet one. Now I do not feel so alone. I know others have anxiety because what they have seen in the past. I am trying to be brave, but I still miss my pet-parents.
Past Easter Egg Hunts
Our Egg Hunt WAS for children 10 and under.
Gone and almost forgotten. Photos From the Past.

Argo Mine near Galice

Ament Dam (Golden Drift Dam) c. 1915

Wolf Creek in 1923

Railroad bridge (Baker Park) after 1955 flood

GPHS Class of 1888
Old GPHS TOKAS (yearbooks) Available

Did you or your parents or grandparents graduate from Grants Pass High School? We have several old yearbooks...The Toka (named after the Tokay grape and pronounced the same way). Did you move and misplace yours? Did you only get one and your sister claimed it? Do you want to see what grandma did in high school. We sell them for $25. each. Some are written in by the friends of the original owner. They are getting scarce as time passes. We also know where you might get one that we do not have. So if you would like a copy of the ones listed below, phone Wayne Morrow (541) 479-5709 and deal with him. He also sells them for $25.


We have several more listed below, that we have at the Historical Society, so phone us (479-2728) if you want one of these. They may be gone if you do not act quickly.

1914, 1915, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1935, 1938, 1940, 1943, 1945, etc...Check. You never know when one will be sold or another will be added to our extras. We have a most of the Tokas from 1980 back to the beginning for our reference library and members are able to access those to look and see what family members looked like a generation ago.

Raffles on hold until further notice.

Two Raffles are coming. We have the small one that is listed below. Nice small gifts that will be distributed in order of names drawn and another that has two very nice used, donated preowned firearms (a 45 caliber air rifle with scope and a 870 assault shotgun, both with cases.) Winners will need to pass a firearms check before we give out the prize. Our president, Ken Bell, will be in charge of the drawing and necessary checks needed to give the winner the prize. We will only have 300 tickets at $10 each or 6 for $50.

Winners will pay the $10 background check fee and the Society will pay the other fees.

Prizes are not on the premises of the Historical Society.

We are having another raffle sometime in the future. There will be 10 to 15 names drawn. What are the prizes? We will not know the total until time to draw because people donate things to the Society that they no longer need, gifts they received and do not want, all sorts of things that really are not historical and we have decided to disperse them in this manner. When we draw a name, we phone and the winner comes in and picks out a prize. The first names drawn get more of a choice. The money helps the Society pay one or two utility bills. We already have some really exciting and nice things. You need to stop by and ask what we have. Come in and get your ticket(s). One for $1 and six for $5. Some people in the past have won twice. So far we have a guitar, some dolls, a cell phone, a Thanksgiving platter, a real fixer-upper of an old manual adding machine (This would keep you busy for months) and a book from our bookstore that we published.
The New Oldtimer
JCHS’ electronic newsletter
Martha Metcalf, Executive Secretary
Joan Momsen, Publisher
Josephine County Historical Society
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jchsmartha@gmail.com

Reminder:
The Josephine County Historical Society is a non-profit with no governmental connection. **We are not part of county government.**
We are self-supporting thanks to our membership and benefactors.
We invite you to join the Society. You do not have to attend meetings, but we can use your volunteer services in many ways. Phone us and ask.

Membership Dues per year are:
Single $20
Family $30
Business $55 Donations accepted.

Join online:
www.jocohistorical.org
Buy books and photos online too.

We could use some new board members. If you are a member and would like to serve on the Board, call our office for further details. If you are not a member, you may join at anytime. To be on the Board of Directors, you need to attend three consecutive board meetings and on the third visit the Board will invite you to serve. You will then serve until the November election when your name will placed on our annual ballot.
Board members serve for two years and attend one monthly board meeting on the first Tuesday of each month at 6:45 pm in our board room in the barn located behind the Schmidt House Museum. Meetings last about 90 minutes. There are many committees that you might wish to chair, but we only ask you to attend the board meetings for a few months to see if you wish to get further involved in our activities. Volunteers are also needed. Living History Players could use a few more actors. Come and see us and discuss the possibilities.

**Brady Project**
The Josephine County Historical Society a 501 (c ) 3 organization is the fiscal agent for the Brady Project. We collect the donations and pass them on to the artists. We do not keep any of the funds received.
If you wish to donate, send checks to:
Josephine County Historical Society
512 SW 5th St., Grants Pass, OR. 97526
You may donate on the JCHS website
www.jocohistorical.org
Be sure to note “Brady” on your check or website donation. The Brady Project will be a memorial statue of Brady and his grandchildren, as shown below.