



THE WEBFOOTER

**SINCE 1966 - THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE
WEBFOOTERS POST CARD CLUB IN PORTLAND, OREGON**

"Every subject known to man can be found on a post card" – Club Motto

www.thewebfooters.com

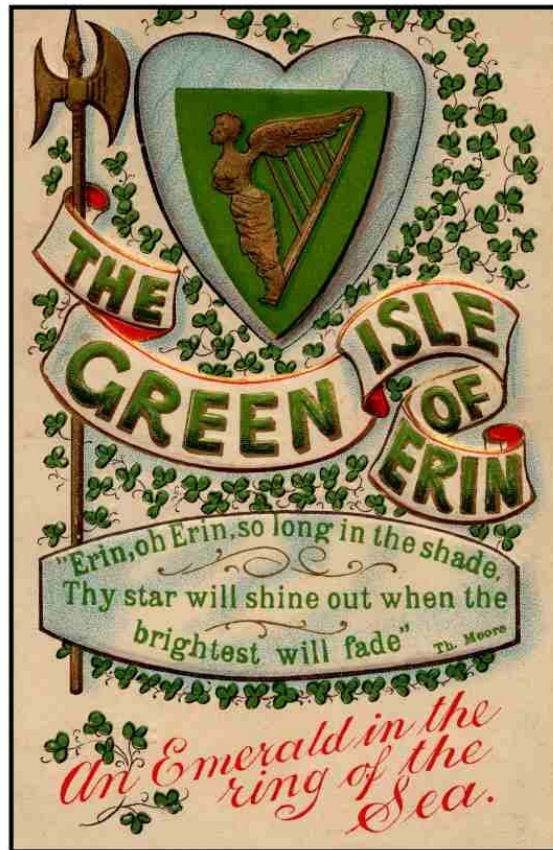
Volume 43

Issue Number 3

March 2009



Happy St. Patrick's Day



- ◆ See Kenn Lantz' Hometown History of Medford on Page 4.
- ◆ Authentic Irish food served by David Sell at our next meeting.

Next Meeting – March 21, 2009

At Russellville Grange – 12105 NE Prescott Street

10:00 am to 4:00 pm – Card sales to begin after the business meeting



President's Corner

Webfooter Meetings have been very popular these days. We have had a packed house the last couple of months. If we have many more dealers, we may have to consider a larger facility. We could invest in more tables and some temporary lighting to make the foyer and dining area light enough to view cards. Your suggestions and ideas are welcome.

Our lunches have been outstanding and some of you have been bringing pastries, finger foods, homemade chili and other goodies to make a well rounded selection. We are looking forward to more authentic Irish recipes from our resident Irishman, David Sell, and his wife Kristina at our March 21st Meeting.

Those who attended our last business meeting voted to move our Annual Auction to the Pioneer Auction Gallery under the management of Webfooters Cindy Smith and Betsy Clester. We are also fortunate to have Dusty Schmidt as our auctioneer. To help the Club have another great auction, we need members or collectors who want to turn their cards and paper items into cash. Possibly you have duplicates. Now is the time to consign or donate your items. We thank the donors who have already contributed. *We have several surprises and unique one of a kind items at this year's auction.*

Our Auction and Banquet will be held at the Pioneer Auction Gallery at 13750 SE McLoughlin Blvd. It is located next to Radio Shack, one block south of The Bomber in Milwaukie. In addition to live bidding, these items will be listed online and bidders from all over the world can make proxy or live bids in our auction. By allowing the "professionals" to handle the auction, we relieve a core group of volunteers from a mountain of extra work.

We would like to have a dinner catered to the Auction Gallery. We will need a group of volunteers to arrange for the caterer and to handle cleanup afterward. Let me know what your thoughts are.

Just to help you understand how we put The Webfooter together every month, it is a group effort. Even when I write this column, I use wording that may come from other members. Before we go to press, the entire newsletter is proofed and edited at least once by a review committee of board members as well as members at large and occasionally a noted authority.

RPPC of the Month



Early view of a Powers Furniture delivery truck.



Third Annual

WEBFOOTERS POST CARD CLUB

Postcard, Photograph & Ephemera

*** AUCTION ***

Friday, April 17, 2009 * 7:00 pm

Preview begins at 3:30 pm

Pioneer Auction Gallery

13750 SE McLoughlin Blvd.

One block south of The Bomber in Milwaukie, Oregon

AUCTION LOTS INCLUDE:

- Post Cards: real photo, holiday, artist signed, lithos, linens & chromes.
- Vintage Photographs: daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, stereo views, CDVs, cabinet cards, snapshots & mounted photos of all sizes.
- Paper Ephemera: advertising, trade cards, travel brochures, maps, menus & other early paper items!

**No-host banquet dinner at the Pioneer Auction Gallery beginning at 5:00 pm
Reservation Deadline: April 11, 2009. Please contact: Maggie Parypa at 503-777-1176**

**Place your bids online and view the items at:
www.PioneerAuctionGallery.com**

29th Annual Show and Sale

Saturday, April 18 from 10:00 am to 5:00 pm

Sunday, April 19 from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm

Oregon National Guard Armory

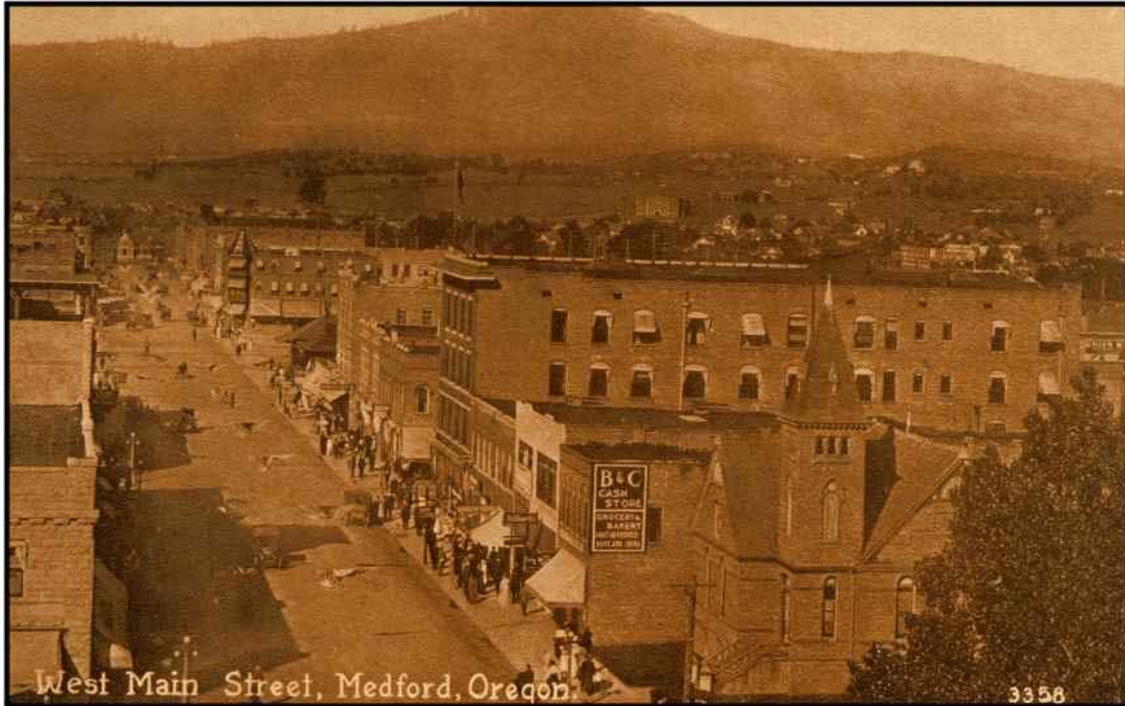
6255 NE Cornfoot Road, Portland, Oregon

www.thewebfooters.com

HOMETOWN HISTORY

A Boys Life in Medford

1935-1945 by Kenn Lantz



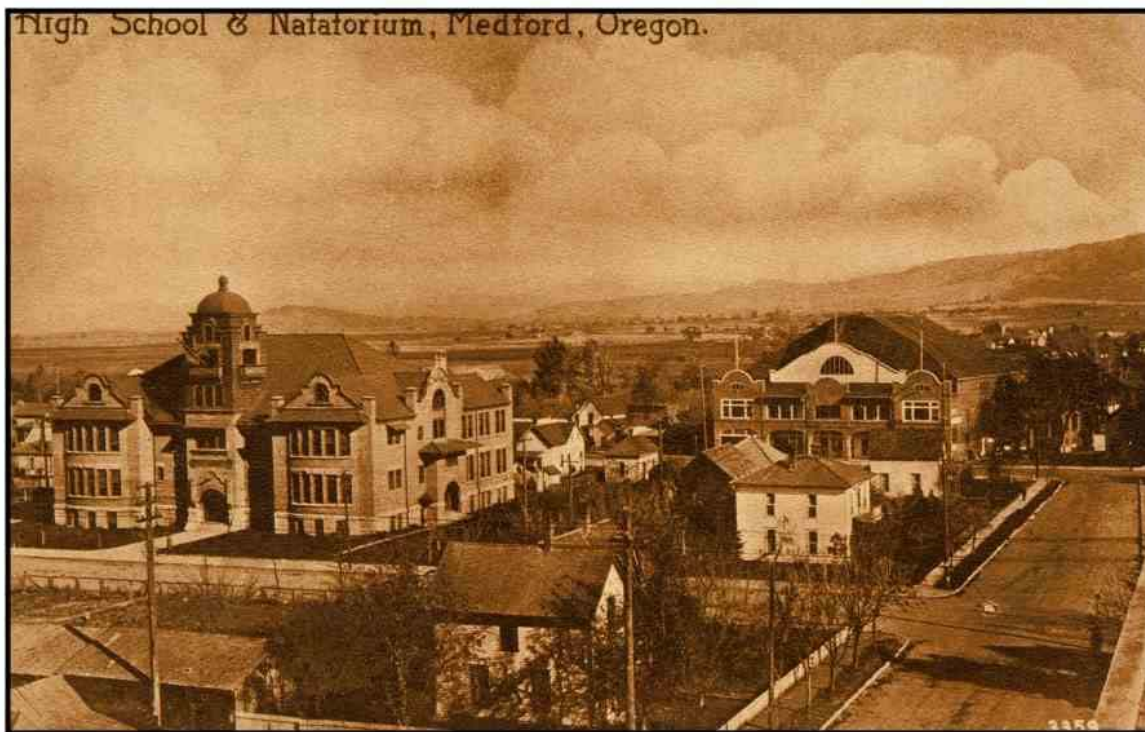
Early view of West Main Street in Medford, Oregon.

I first saw Medford when my dad was transferred there from Grants Pass by Pierce Auto Freight Lines in 1935. Medford at that time was a small friendly town with a population of about 15,000. I lived there from age five until age 15, six years in Jackson School, built in 1911, and two in McLoughlin Junior High, a building originally built as a high school in 1925.

Life was good for us. I realized later that we were raised in the latter depression years, but our parents never gave us cause for concern. We were always well fed and clothed, and our mother was home for us most of the time. I remember the special things she did for us such as making clothes, the homemade root beer she brewed and bottled, popsicles on toothpicks, and other treats.

I rarely saw the milk man as he came early in the morning, but we looked forward to the ice man. He knew how much ice was required at each home by the card placed in a window, and while he carried blocks of ice on his leather covered shoulder into the homes, the kids would "guard" his rig while munching on ice chips.

Once a year, the saw truck came by to cut up the slab wood dumped in front of the house into firewood lengths. Possibly the highlight of the summer was the city crew burning the numerous vacant lots. They would link the neighbors' garden hoses together, then drag a wire ball full of burning rags around the perimeter of the lots. When they departed, the kid "supervisors" would tramp trails through the blackened fields.



Early view of the Medford High School and the Natatorium where we swam.

My brother was two years older than me. On the first day of school I rode on the back fender of his bike across numerous vacant lots between 30 Kenwood and Jackson School. Soon after, my folks bought a home at 730 Alder Street, a much easier route on pavement, and we lived there for the remainder of our time in Medford.

Jackson school years were great, the wood floors, wood burning furnace, and the welcome addition on the northeast of a gym to replace the concrete-floored one in the basement. A victim of this addition was the spiral fire escape on the north side, a great play space on weekends. I remember each room, most teachers, and the principal with his bin full of wood paddles. In grade school he wielded the wood to keep students in line; in junior high the teachers did the honors. Another sign of changing times, most boys carried marbles and a jack knife for recess games that revolved around sticking knives in the ground.

There was a cafeteria in the basement, but most brought lunches from home. The building was heated by a wood furnace, and each fall there was enough wood piled outside the west door to last the whole school year. We could help bring the large carts with four foot lengths of wood down the inclined ramp, but we were not allowed near the open fire door. My brother remembers the janitor/fireman playing a guitar in the furnace room in his spare time, which I don't recall.

We rode our bikes everywhere in Medford. I never rode in and rarely saw a school bus. Each school had a long, covered bike rack or two, they were well used; and locks were not necessary. We did have a guardian angel, though, a motorcycle officer named Clyde Fitchner. He would use the same shortcut trails over the vacant lots that we used, and I remember him putting chains back on bikes and any other help he could give. He was considered a friend to all, and was much admired. We were in trouble if we rode on a sidewalk and could lose our bike license, a small plate fastened under the seat. A bike without a license would be picked up and taken to the police station to be reclaimed later.



View of the Commercial Club in Medford.

My first job was selling magazines door to door, probably at ten years old. I remember offering *Colliers*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Womans Home Companion* and *Liberty*. Soliciting, delivering and collecting was all done in the evening. Those were the days when it was safe for kids to go alone, anywhere and at any time.

As soon as I was old enough, at age 11, I had a bicycle paper route seven mornings a week, variously with *The Oregonian* and the *Oregon Journal*. These papers came from Portland on a McBreen Company truck, and would be dropped off at the two paper drops. He then delivered film cans to each theater, then off to Ashland to do the same. If the truck was held up by bad weather or breakdown we would come back downtown after school for an afternoon delivery.

Over time I covered the entire town on various routes, ending up on the prime route, downtown. No more folding papers, sometimes in the stairway of the Medford Center Building and sometimes in the back of the Duck Pin Bowling Alley at Main and Grape; and no more puffing up Main Street hill on a one-speed bike. I remember often stopping at the drinking fountain under the shelter on the northwest corner of Main and Front, under the sign "Medford's Million Dollar Water System."

On Saturday afternoons, it was down to the corner of Sixth and Central to sell *The San Francisco Examiner* and the *Denver Post*. They were both big sellers. The distributor would leave a stack about two feet high and I would sell until they were gone. There would be one of us on the southeast corner in front of Penney's and another on the southwest corner in front of Woolworth's, both doing good sales as most shopping was done in the compact downtown area.

I must have been a rail fan from an early age, as I was fascinated by the streetcar rails down the middle of Main Street. They were paved over, but easily seen up the hill on Main Street until they turned off south just beyond the hospital, and west until they turned south at Lincoln to join the 8th Street freight line to Jacksonville. I have seen it stated that the streetcar turned on Elm because of some rail dug up on that street, but it must have been the 10th Street crossing where the construction equipment snagged some buried rail. The Lincoln Street turn can still be seen as a crack in the pavement, and as the asphalt deteriorates, the rails have and will show on the curve.



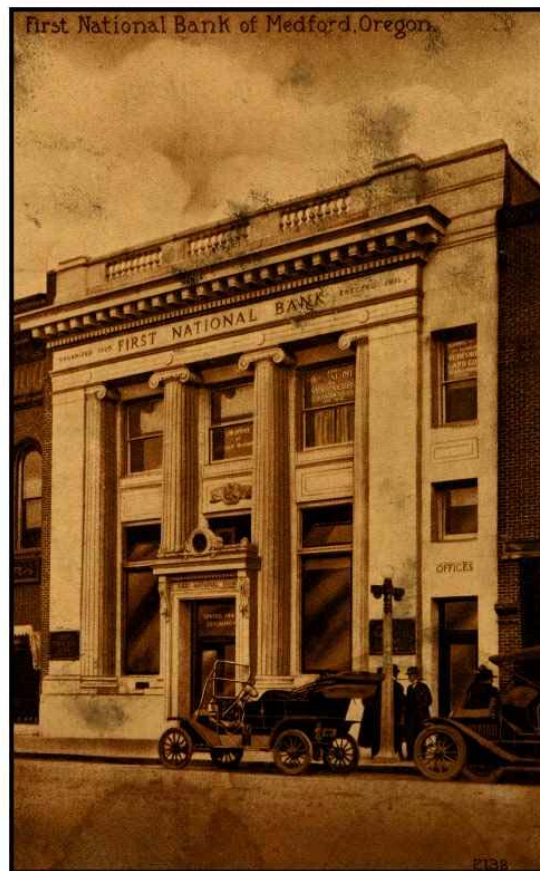
View of the Pear Blossom Parade in Medford in the 1950s.

The Jackson Street Bridge was a steel through truss type of bridge, moved to this site from Main Street when the present Main Street Bridge was built in 1912. A few hundred feet south of the bridge and about the same distance from the creek, there was an old railroad passenger car. This was adjacent to the abandoned right-of-way of the Butte Falls Railroad, and the fill along there was evident until Hawthorne Park was constructed. The car was almost hidden in the brush, and was lived in but not maintained. For some reason, we were afraid to go near the railroad car, but we cut through to visit Sandy the junk man near the east end of the Main Street Bridge. He was a friendly, red bearded man with a push cart for picking up junk around town, and a junkyard is always an interesting place for kids.

Our recreation was drinking milkshakes at Huson's, Green's or the What Not Shop on bike trips. I do not remember how we decided which way to go, but it was always out in the country, whether north, south, east or west. I remember going up Roxy Anne, out Ross Lane to the Old Stage Road to buy grape juice from a grower, and to the logging railroad bridge over Bear Creek to see trains. The longest trip was to Grants Pass, 60 miles round trip, but we took two days for this one. Imagine two kids peddling heavy weight one speed bikes on highway 99 today, and no paved shoulders on the roads. Those were safer days. If there had been any bike problem, someone would have stopped to help.

My first hourly job was at A.V. Muchmore's Cash Grocery at the southeast corner of Court and Central. This was NOT a self service store; each article the customer wanted was retrieved for them. I remember my dad and another man mentioning they never made 35 cents per hour when they were my age. I was 12 or 13 at the time. It was great to receive a week's salary in one hand, not having to collect it on a paper route, and all cash with no withholding of taxes as at present. I remember the Muchmores as friendly, patient people. The downtown Groceterias had the first shopping carts I had ever seen, a four wheel cart that would carry two lift-off baskets, one above the other.

Miscellaneous jobs I remember were mowing lawns with push mowers, digging potatoes and pitching hay. The hay field was alongside the old Crater Lake highway, now Crater Lake Avenue, when it came south through Eagle Point and Agate Desert to East Main Street in Medford.



Early view of the First National Bank in Medford.

Finally I worked the envied job of delivering popcorn for the theaters. The Holly Theater was not being used at the time, but it was decided to make the popcorn for the Craterian and Roxy at the Rialto, to be delivered by bicycle as needed. My duty required me to be in the first seat in the loges section and watch movies until a delivery was ready. With a metal can, possibly 12 inches by 30 inches, on each handlebar, I would deliver to other theaters as needed. This was definitely not easy riding with knees banging against the containers, but it sure did smell good, and the movies were free.

When the circus came to town it was an exciting time. The circus train would be on each side of Jackson Street. The wagons which carried the tents and everything needed to put on the circus were unloaded down ramps off the train. The wagons were then pulled by animals, later by tractors, to the field north of Jackson School where the circus was set up. When this became a housing project during World War II, the circus set up in hay or wheat fields where the Medford Shopping Center was later constructed. Boys could pull ropes for tent erection or carry water for the animals to earn a free pass. The carnivals set up at the same places, and at that time each ride was powered by a gasoline engine rather than an electric motor. The noise and fumes from the carnival engines is as memorable as the circus animal odors.

Big changes came when we entered World War II: fear of invasion, blackouts, rationing and learning to recycle. Agate Desert, between Medford and Eagle Point, became Camp White, and the fields north and west of Jackson School (now Jackson Park) became housing projects for military families. This project made for a confusing paper route, each four or five unit building looked alike, each street identical to the next; there were many papers that got delivered incorrectly. Any leftover papers I would take to the Camp White bus depot on the west side of Bartlett between 5th and 6th Streets to sell to the soldiers. The camp busses here were interesting, the only time I have seen passengers carried in semi-trailers. The end of the war marked our country's greatest hours; we were actually the most-loved nation on earth, the opposite of today.

My mother did her share in the war effort by volunteering at the USO at Sixth and Riverside and at the Wing Inn Cafe at the army airbase. This airport is where my brother and I had our first plane ride in a Ford tri-motor before the war. She also worked for the Groceteria at the bakery counter, and delivered Nabisco products for Pierce Freight during the manpower shortage. She was the organist and a Sunday school teacher at the First Methodist Church for the ten years we lived in Medford.

The beautiful old stone church at Main and Oakdale was torn down about 1940 for a new Safeway Store to replace one at Main and Holly. This location is on the northwest corner, sharing the intersection with the site of the old Washington School, now the courthouse on the southwest corner, the library on the southeast corner and Huson's Confectionery on the northeast corner. This Safeway was later Jackson County Title and now various offices. I resented Safeway destroying this church as we used it as an annex to the First Methodist Episcopal Church across the street to the southwest. About the same time Safeway built another store on 5th and Bartlett, now part of Lithia Motors, to replace one at 6th and Bartlett, later the Littrell Auto Parts store. Both these buildings are on the site of the 1909 high school. I eventually delivered to both of these 1940s-era Safeway Stores from Portland warehouses while driving a truck for 40 years. (This was the only job I could find where the only requirement was to be numb on both ends.)

About 1945 my dad was again transferred by Pierce Freight Lines, this time to Portland, ending our residence in Medford. It was great growing up there; I enjoy visiting Medford and seeing memories everywhere.



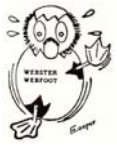
View of the Elks Temple in Medford.

See the full color version of this newsletter at www.thewebfooters.com



Roster Additions Welcome to our new and returning members!!

Johnson Brian	1756	Portland, OR
	Collects:	Portland
Meager Tony	1626	Prescott, AZ
	Collects:	Arizona; Roadside



Club Officers

President/Editor.....Mark Moore
 Vice President.....Tony Roberts
 Secretary.....Maggie Parypa
 Treasurer.....Arne Soland
 Membership Chairman.....Krissy Durden
 Members-at-Large.....Irene Adams and Phyllis Palmer
 Historian.....Joe Macdonald
 Librarian.....Steve Kuryk



Calendar

March 18 – Webfooters Board Meeting at Pal’s Shanty Restaurant (no host)
 4630 NE Sandy Blvd – 6:30 pm (Board Meetings held every other month)

March 21 – Webfooters Post Card Club Meeting at Russellville Grange
 12105 NE Prescott St near 122nd & Sandy Blvd – 10:00 am to 4:00 pm

April 17 – Webfooters Post Card Club Auction/Banquet at Pioneer Auction Gallery
 13750 SE McLoughlin Blvd – 1 block south of The Bomber – in Milwaukie
 3:30 pm to 9:00 pm

April 18-19 – Webfooters Post Card Club Show & Sale at Jackson Armory
 6255 NE Cornfoot Rd – Sat: 10:00 am to 5:00 pm, Sun: 10 am to 4:00 pm

Late Breaking News: 6,000 Cards Added to Club Card Stock

Bargains---POSTCARDS.....POSTCARDS..... POSTCARDS---Bargains

There will be found at least 6,000 'new' vintage postcards, in addition to the existing 20-cent Club card inventory, at the Webfooters March 21st meeting. A generous donation has been made, facilitated by Glenn Mason, by a longtime collector of postcards. These are the residuals of the formerly "very fairly 'priced to move' at 50-cents and \$1" postcards that Glenn has been selling for a relatively short period of time. At a mere 20-cents each, many of these cards may be very attractive to a variety of The Club's members. Plan to spend some time combing through the new stock of cards at both the upcoming March meeting and at all subsequent monthly meetings held at the Grange Hall. As April is the Club's Show month, these cards won't see the light of day again until the May meeting. "Support the Club," while searching for some personal treasures.

Additionally, the Club wishes to thank Phyllis Palmer for her recent additions to the Club card inventory.

Dave Elston

For the latest news, visit our website:



www.thewebfooters.com