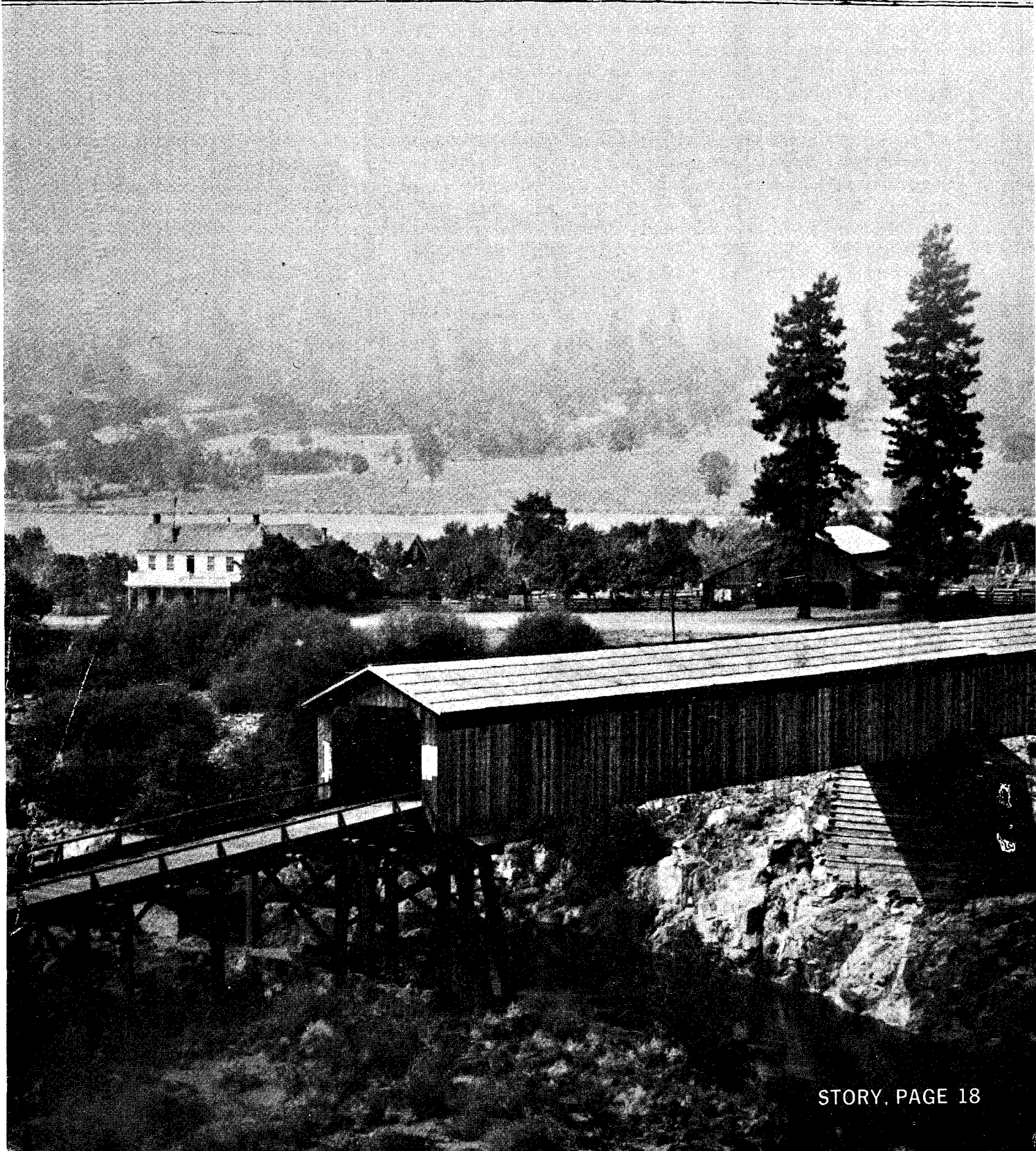


7/81

July 1981

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



STORY, PAGE 18

Director's Corner

Our bookkeeper recently closed the financial books of the historical society for the fiscal year 1980-81. In reviewing last year's expenses I was impressed on how much our program depends on donated funds and services. By any measure our organization is well funded. The fact remains, however, that our activities would be seriously curtailed if we did not get help from sources other than local and state taxes. The majority of our funding goes toward the maintenance and restoration of the county's own historical properties. It seems that each year the expenses of maintenance and utilities increase faster than the real inflation rate. In the past we have been able to secure some state and federal matching funds toward our restoration projects. Current pending legislation will reduce these sources by 50 to 80 percent. The major private granting sources are already experiencing these reductions as more non-profit organizations like ours seek other areas of assistance. It is a fact that the private sector does not have the levels of grant money available to match the amount the governmental sources are reducing. This places all grant seeking organizations in even greater competition with each other. The smaller organizations, SOHS included, cannot afford the pay of a professional grantsman or fund raiser. The possibility of these organizations getting a "fair share" of the private grants is very slim. The alternative seems to be with smaller local grants. We have been fortunate in the past in that many of our members have paid for memberships greater than the \$5 basic. Some businesses have given as high as \$500 a year. One local businessman gave us stock in his company that generates \$2,000 a year. We have also been blessed with assistance from the Golddiggers Guild and the Jacksonville Booster Club. We have occasionally received large cash donations from individuals. The Ben B. Cheney Foundation provided a large grant to make possible the children's museum. The problem is, even with all that we have, we still do not have enough to provide adequately the service, the research and historical interpretation for which our Society was incorporated. The preservation of history is by its very nature a continuing process. We cannot simply throw away our first 30 years of collecting to make room for the next thirty years. Collecting and preserving costs money. In the future we hope to get more help from our membership and from local private sources. If you feel that you can personally help or if you have some ideas on fund raising, please contact me. All the money the Society spends is on activities and projects that remain in the area. The results of your donation will be permanently available and visible.

Bill Burk

SOHS OFFICERS, TRUSTEES ELECTED

At the June 16 meeting of the SOHS board the following officers were elected:

President, L. Scott Clay
 First Vice President, Richard Orr
 Second Vice President, Marge Muncie
 Secretary-Treasurer, Al Thelin

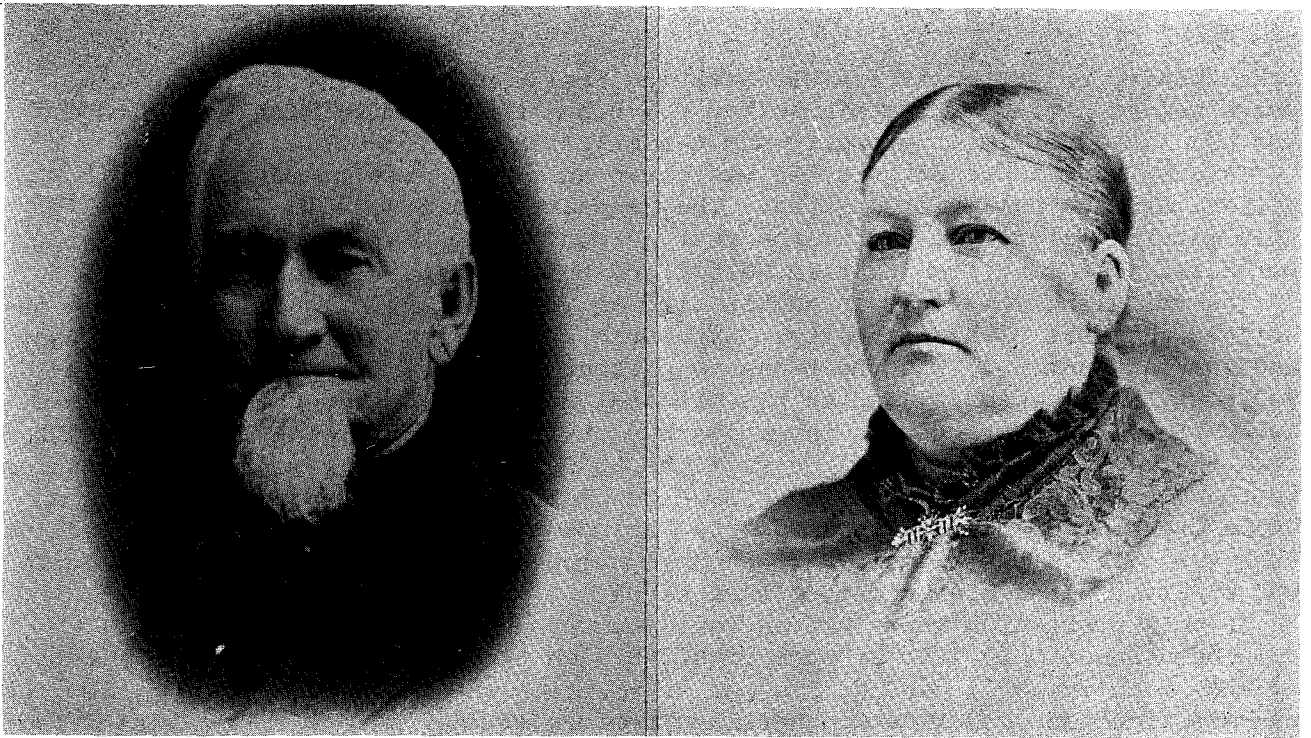
New trustees are Frank R. Alley, III, Jeffrey LaLande, and Mary-Annette McLaughlin.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

L. Scott Clay President
 Richard Orr First Vice President
 Marge Muncie Second Vice President
 Al Thelin Secretary/Treasurer

STAFF OF JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM

Director C. William Burk 899-1847
 Administrative Assistant . Dottie Ellen Bailey 899-7222
 Librarian Margaret Haines 899-1847
 Restoration Coordinator . . . Ruth Preston 899-1847
 Historian/Newsletter Editor . Marjorie Edens 899-1711
 Newsletter Features Raymond Lewis 899-1711
 Registrar of Collections . . . Greg Gualtieri 899-1847
 Curator of Exhibits Jime Matoush 899-7522
 Programs Director Joy Nagel 899-8203



WILLIAM BYBEE, LAND BARON

In the whole of Jackson County, Oregon, there is no more extensive land owner than William Bybee," wrote the editor in a 1904 publication, Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon. "[Bybee] owned at different periods more than half of Jackson County," his biographer asserted, and, after he came to southern Oregon in 1854 his interests became the country's interests. He was Jackson County's first land baron.

A native of Kentucky, born in 1830 near Winchester, Clark County, he was brought up on a farm. He received little formal education and at the age of twenty he set out to make his own way.

His first employment away from home was hauling freight to Mexico. In 1851 he found work with a wagon train taking government supplies to Kansas. This experience on the wagons gave him a taste of pioneer life, and, after the mission was completed, he, with eight others, outfitted several wagons drawn by mule teams and started for the west.

They arrived at Diamond Springs, California, late in 1852 and spent the winter prospecting. In this enterprise they met with little success and in 1853 they left California for Portland, Oregon. William Bybee stayed in that city and in Sauvie Point near Portland for about a year, but he was dissatisfied with urban life and decided that the southern part of the state offered him more adventure and opportunity.

He came to Jackson County early in 1854 and during the spring and summer of that year he joined with the men and the regulars who were protecting the settlers from the raids of the angry Indians. Late in the year, after pursuing the Indians for about 250 miles, the army subdued them and returned to the fort in southern Oregon.

The company which Bybee joined was under the command of Captain Jesse Walker, a prominent army man who had earlier led an army of volunteers into the Klamath

The above photographs of William Bybee and Elizabeth Walker Bybee may startle those who have come to expect all land barons to look like Lorne Green and their wives to be exact images of Barbara Stanwyck.

Lake country to protect the newly arriving immigrants from the Indians. Some years before, in 1847, Captain Walker had brought his family west from Missouri and had a land claim on property about a mile from Jacksonville.

Through this association Bybee was given an opportunity to meet Elizabeth Ann Walker, Captain Walker's daughter. They appear to have soon fallen in love for they married before the end of the year. Immediately after the marriage, Bybee purchased some land from Captain Walker and built a house there for his bride.

The following year Captain Walker died and William and Elizabeth Ann Bybee inherited the rest of his property. With much perseverance Bybee cleared the land and started farming. When he began to prosper and realize a profit on his investment, he added more land to his original holding. During the ensuing years he continued this procedure, investing his savings in additional land and stock, until he eventually owned, aside from the 2000 acres on his home farm, 2900 acres in the Rogue River region, 1560 acres along Antelope Creek, and 500 acres along Evans Creek. The Evans Creek property included five mineral springs. On each of these properties Bybee built a ranch home which was left in the care of a couple who supervised the operations of that ranch.

In the intervening years eleven children were born to William Bybee and Elizabeth Ann. Only five of them lived through their teen years. Their first son, Ryland, born in 1855, died at the age of fourteen when his horse fell on him. Lily Mae and Florence died in a diphtheria epidemic when they were little girls of four and six. Jefferson, born in 1864, died when he was five. Alexander and Maud Manerva both died of scarlet fever. Alexander was fifteen; Maud Manerva, five.

James William (Billy), the second son, lived to be eighty-one. He inherited the Jacksonville ranch and lived there until his death. Francis (Frank) purchased a ranch one mile from Jacksonville at Bybee's Corner. He was eighty when he died. Robert lived for some time in Idaho but returned to Jacksonville a year before his death. He was sixty-three. According to a local historian, Fletcher Linn, none of these three men married.

Effa married Charles Prim, an attorney, and lived in Jacksonville until her death in 1915. Minnie became Mrs. Fred Luy and lived in southern Oregon until she died in 1952. She was eighty-one. Both of these daughters had children who survived them.

During the years that he was acquiring more and more property, William Bybee continued raising stock and making extensive improvements on the land he already owned. He was active as well in other endeavors. Early on, shortly after his arrival in southern Oregon, he operated a fording service and ferry across Rogue River at the present location of Bybee Bridge which was named for him. On his Evans Creek property he constructed a two story resort hotel near one of the sulphur springs. He was extensively interested in placer mining in Josephine County, and in the Illinois River district he built one of the longest and most expensive mining ditches ever constructed in southern Oregon.

An article in the Rogue River Courier stated that for almost forty years "Bybee bought nearly all the hogs raised in the Rogue River Valley. He did not pack the meat but drove the hogs to various mining camps where he sold them to local butchers and to the Chinese. His principal markets were Happy Camp and the other mining camps of northern California though he drove some as far distant as to the camps in Nevada."

Bybee once said that his drover days were the happiest days of his life. He enjoyed the challenge and activity of hauling feed or taking a pack train with a band of 600 head of hogs across mountain trails. On one of his trips over the Siskiyou mountains he was forced to break a trail with horses in four feet of snow for his hogs to travel through. Part of his enthusiasm for the trail may have arisen from the handsome profit he realized on each trip.

In addition to being a drover, a farmer, a miner, and a stockman, William Bybee found time to enter politics. In 1878 he was the successful candidate for

sheriff and served two terms, four years, in that office. The Oregon Sentinel reported that in his campaign he "was elected by a rousing majority that required no official count."

There were other branches of the Bybee family who also came to Oregon. A cousin, James Bybee, had settled on Sauvie Point, and built a home there. His home has recently been restored and is now an OHS attraction. A distant cousin, Thomas T. Bybee, settled near Waldo with his wife and children.

In 1886, because of a dispute over the ownership of a section of land, an extremely bitter feeling developed between William Bybee and his young cousin, Thomas. Tempers flared and, in his anger, Thomas shot William Bybee in the leg. Thomas was indicted but, while awaiting his trial, he was released from jail.

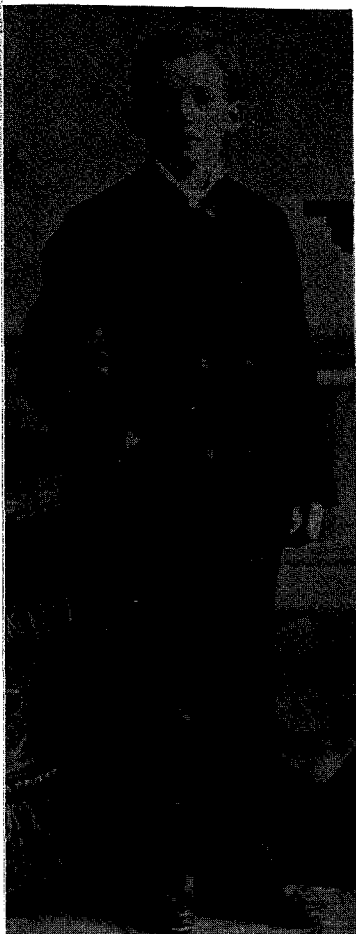
One morning, about two months after the shooting, Thomas was found dead not far from his home. He had been shot in the back of the head.

Witnesses testified that William Bybee and Thomas had both been in Waldo that day. William Bybee was seen carrying a gun when he left town. A half hour later Thomas had set out for his home. Shortly afterward the men in the crew staying at William Bybee's place, one of his ranch houses which was near Waldo, heard shots. In less than a half hour after the shooting, William Bybee arrived at the ranch carrying his gun.

The following morning a hired man found Thomas' horse still in the saddle and with the bridle on. He immediately informed Thomas' wife of his discovery. Greatly concerned, she sent him to search for her husband whom he soon discovered lying dead in the road. The dead man had a revolver in his left hand but it was fully loaded; he had not fired a shot.

A coroner's investigation was held but no charges were made. A few days later though deputies were sent to arrest William Bybee for the murder of his cousin. He plead not guilty to the charge but was held without bail.

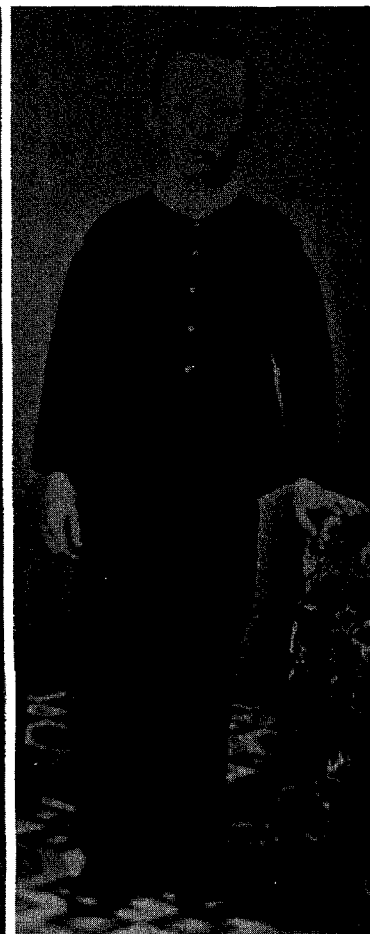
Robert



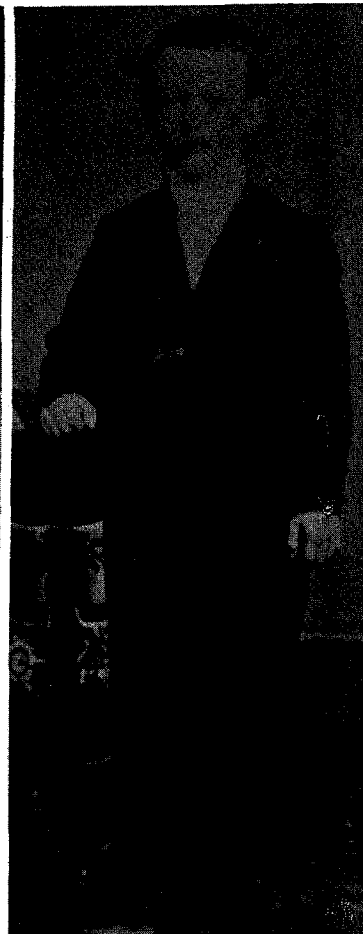
Frank



Ryland



Alexander



(At left: Effie, Minnie Ida)



How could a county sheriff, or an ex-county sheriff, shoot a man in the back? the Courier announced William Bybee's innocence even before his trail and declared: "His many friends...cannot...believe that he would be guilty of shooting [even] his worst enemy from ambush."

On April 17, 1886, "after a thorough examination of the facts, the grand jury of Josephine County returned 'not a true bill' on the charge of murder" and William Bybee was released. In its report the Courier added a we-told-you-so conclusion. The bereaved young widow put her possessions up for public auction and returned to Kansas.

Many years later the murder weapon, a rusted shotgun, was reportedly found in the crotch of a tree near the murder spot. This would seem to vindicate William Bybee yet the cloud of suspicion hovered over him for the rest of his life.

About twenty years ago Thomas Bybee's daughter wrote a letter to the curator of the Jacksonville Museum stating that, at the time of the murder, Thomas' father was certain as to the identity of the man who had killed his son and was preparing to leave Kentucky to come to Oregon to seek revenge. He suddenly died before he could start the trip, and his suspicions were never revealed.

Reports indicate that William Bybee was an earthy, virile man, and, according to rumor, his amatory abilities even exceeded his ability to acquire land. In an oral history interview a lady who remembers him well declined to discuss that part of his life but implied that not all of the tales of his philandering were fiction. In any case the gossip surely must have exceeded the fact. He was only mortal after all. There had to be some limitations.

Elizabeth Ann died at the age of 61. She had been married to William Bybee for forty-five years. At that time obituary writers for men fervently extolled the achievements of the arch-angelic male and reverently listed all his good deeds. What could be said about Elizabeth Ann? All she had accomplished was behave herself, raise the children, keep her house from sunup to sundown, love, honor and obey, and



(At right: Maud, Jefferson, Lilly Mae)

keep the woodshed tidy. She received no praise for putting up with William Bybee's extra-curricular activities. Her eulogists settled for the fact that she'd established a worthy example for all good women to follow.

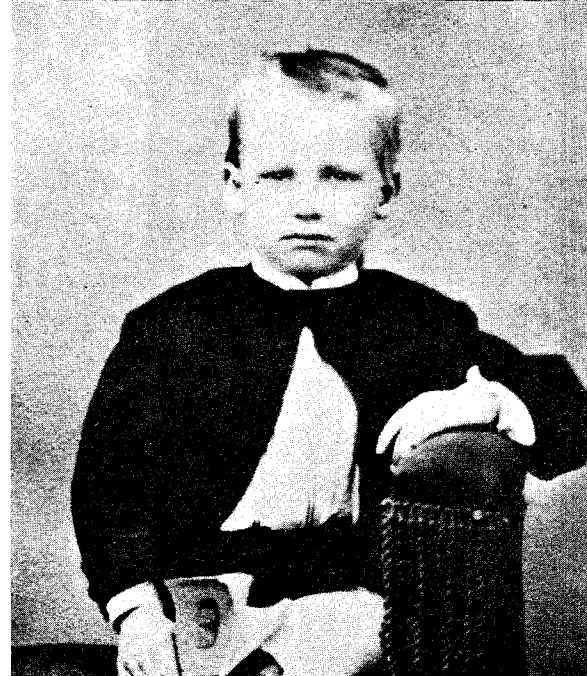
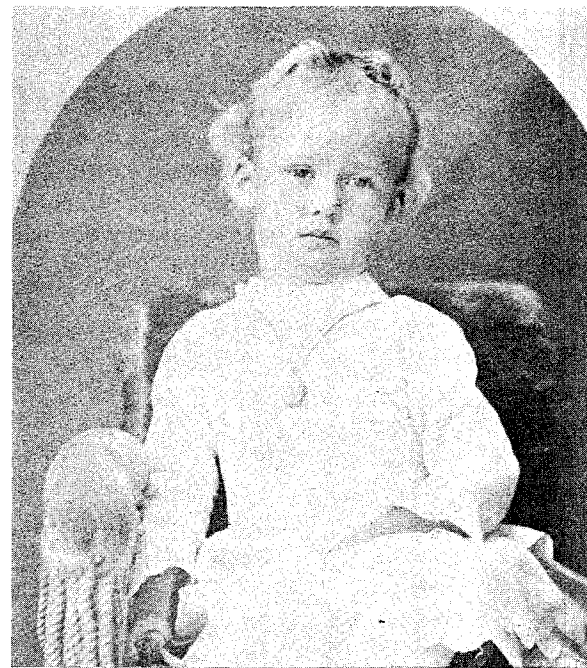
William Bybee appears to have been basically a kind and generous man. Newspaper reports frequently refer to his giving assistance to those who were financially distressed. The lady who remembered him said, in her interview, "If you needed help you came to Mr. Bybee and he would take you in. There were many men around his farm and he gave them all a home." The needy did not go away empty handed.

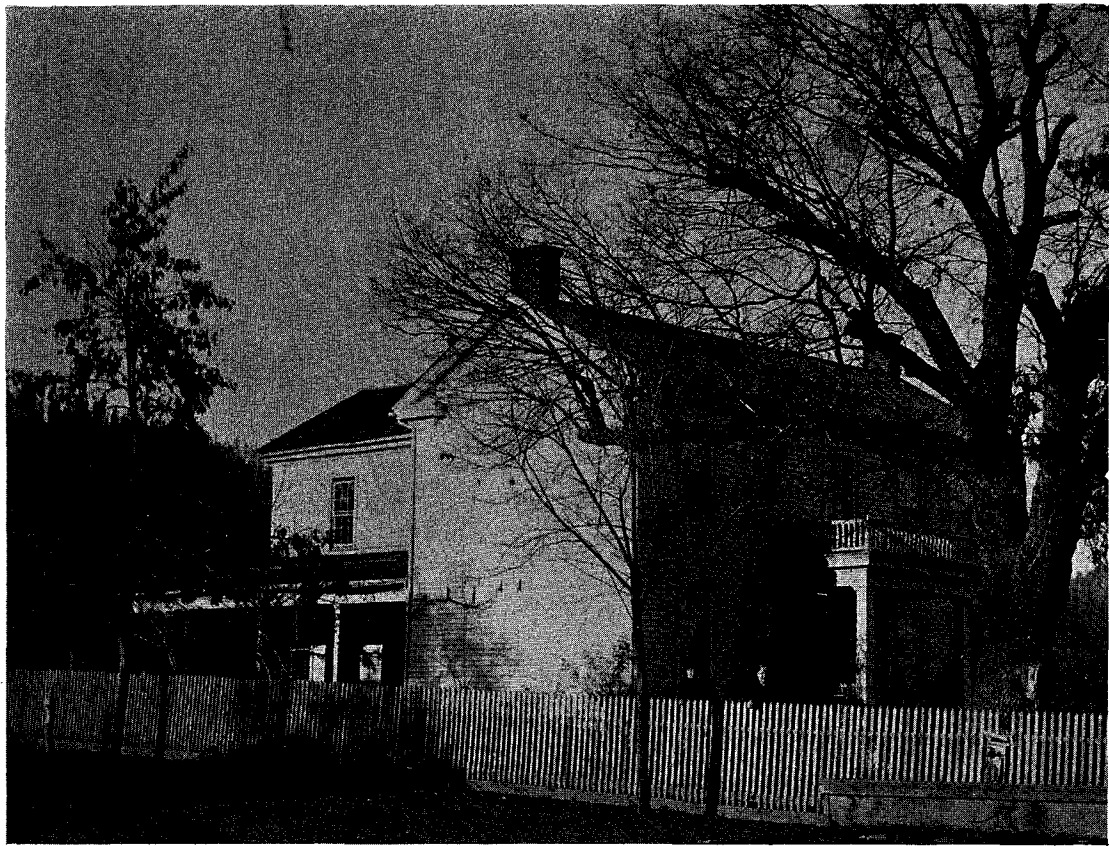
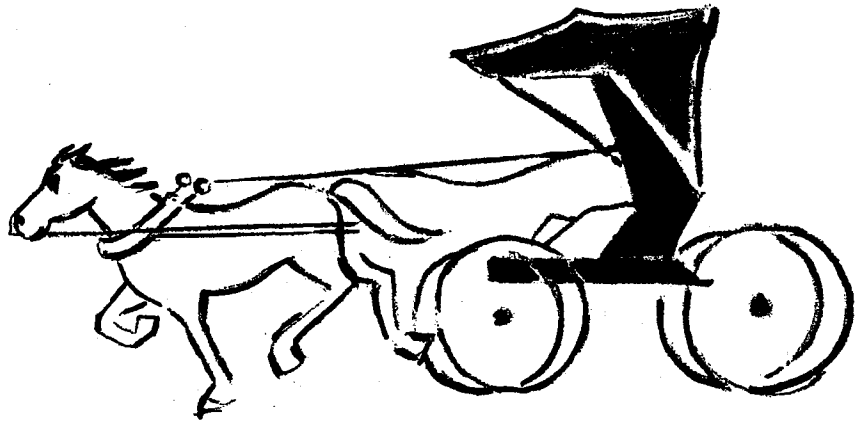
In a natural park of oak and maple trees not far from his home he built a mile-long race track and a grandstand which could seat 600. He donated this park for county fairs, Fourth of July celebrations, ice-cream socials, and other community events.

At the turn of the century, his ability to acquire land and his knack of making profit seem to have deserted him. Beekman and Reames held a mortgage on his vast west-side property and in 1900, to prevent foreclosure, they sold it to Louis Niedermeyer. Another newspaper clipping a few years later states that 1240 acres of rich bottom land stretching from the Bybee bridge to a mile above the mouth of Little Butte was sold to Honore Palmer, son of a Chicago multi-millionaire, for \$37,000. This property contained a pear orchard, farming tracts, and valuable forest land.

No great financial crash occurred in southern Oregon at this time, and there is no record of Bybee's having made unwise investments. One must wonder what happened to his capital. No doubt he simply over-extended his assets until the result was a collapse of his empire, leaving only his Jacksonville farm. Newspaper accounts and records present only his successes and do not report his reverses.

In ill health for some time, William Bybee died at the family home in 1908 at the age of 78. Those who knew him can still picture him as he traveled through the countryside in his black buggy, sitting erect in the seat, a tall black hat on his head, a buggy whip in his hand, and his white goatee shining in the sunlight.





William Bybee Builds Elegant Home for Family

After William Bybee bought a section of Captain Jesse Walker's donation land claim, he built a log cabin for his bride, Elizabeth Ann. The couple lived there until shortly after the birth of their second son.

In 1868, across the road from the log cabin, William Bybee constructed a large, elegant farm home on the site of his original race track where he and other owners of thoroughbreds had raced their horses. The house is still standing and has been named to the National Register of Historic Places. Its description is on file in the Library of Congress.

It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Dughi who have methodically restored it to its original state. They have furnished it with a collection of authentic Victorian antiques.

SENTINEL PRESENTS DOTTIE BAILEY

Dottie Bailey, who has been administrative assistant of the Southern Oregon Historical Society since 1974, almost settled on a career in show business. When she was a little girl, she made first place in a Shirley Temple look-alike and sing-alike contest. As the prize-winner she sang "On the Good Ship Lollipop" on the Chattanooga, Tennessee, radio station. If the powers hadn't mercifully decided that one Shirley Temple was enough, the Historical Society's loss would have been Hollywood's gain.

She came to southern Oregon in 1944 from Southgate, California, where she went to school with Carol Channing. It's a well-known fact around the museum that Channing got her bounce from watching Dottie. In 1948 she was a winner at an amateur show at the Craterian theater. She sang "How Much Do I Love You?". After that she took up smoking and developed a Shirley Temple gone-tenor quality so she quit

singing, got married to Clarence Bailey, and went to work at Chapman's Jewelers.

After a stint as wall paper and decorator consultant with the Pittsburgh Paint Company, she came to work for SOHS. She was hired by Mr. Robert Fink, the former director, as secretary/bookkeeper.

Today she keeps payroll records, advises the staff on budget matters, and is in charge of all the financial dealings of the Society. She is Bill Burk's behind-the-scenes assistant.

Dottie is a bowling enthusiast and is director of the Medford Bowling Association. She has a son Michael and two granddogs, Fyst and Boomer.



SALOON RECIPE REDISCOVERED

This recipe for mustard was reportedly used at the lunch counter of the Table Rock Billiard Saloon. It was contributed by Mr. Darrel Huson who obtained it from Geraldine Latham Taylor. It came originally from Doris Bundy Newman (Mrs. Mark).

Saloon Mustard

3 tablespoons Coleman's dry mustard	1 tablespoon sugar
6 tablespoons flour	1 teaspoon salt

Mix all together. Pour in enough boiling water to make a thick paste; add enough vinegar to thin to desired consistency, but thick enough to spread on sandwiches. It will be lumpy so beat it until smooth. Let stand uncovered for 24 hours.



The above photograph by Doug Smith is the back bar donated to the Society by Mrs. J. C. Barnes and recently restored by Elwood "Woody" Dughi. The bar is thought to have been in the Nash Hotel, Medford, and now adorns the refurbished second floor barroom of the U. S. Hotel. The room's restoration was funded chiefly by the Golddiggers Guild and the Society, and includes new walls, ceiling, electrical work, plumbing, carpet, chandeliers, paint, wall paper,

and the reestablishment of the doors into the ballroom. Other items of interest in the room are a front bar, donated by Mr. Robert Heffernan, Jr., which may have been used in the Table Rock Saloon, Jacksonville; two chairs and a love seat from the estate of Katheryn Heffernan, donated by her son, Robert, Jr.; a large antique mirror given by Gertrude Henshaw Drew; and the window sheers donated by BJ's and Woven Woods to Go. Both bars were



restored by Elwood Dughi. The restoration of the barroom was directed by Ruth Preston, SOHS restoration coordinator, and the room officially opened on June 7 with a gala tea dance sponsored by the Gold-diggers Guild.

The inset photograph is Bill Burk (left), Charles "Chuck" Barnes, son of the donor of the back bar, and Woody Dughi taking a ceremonial sip of "red-eye" at the bar.



Minnie Bybee
is the
Angel of Peace
and
Louise Kubli
the Goddess of
Liberty.
They are
dressed in
costumes
for a tableau.



Darling Journal

Diaries of the pioneers reveal the grim perseverance and dedication which those intrepid souls demonstrated daily, and the reader soon takes those qualities for granted. The discovery of a journal which discloses a degree of frivolity and a love of fun comes as a pleasant surprise.

MINNIE IDA BYBEE, the daughter of William and Elizabeth Ann Bybee, was born in Jacksonville in 1871. In 1890 she was enrolled in St. Mary's Academy in Portland where she began her diary. The day-to-day entries provide an insight into life at a boarding school at a time when the harsh struggle for existence had relaxed. The journal tells of her academic progress, her voice lessons and her needlework.

These entries are brief excerpts taken at random. Only a few sections are complete; we have not used ellipses.



JANUARY 20, 1890.

Dear Little Diary

Oh what happy hours I have spent with my little friend (the diary); for I am very intimate with my diary; it holds all my secrets. I think I have many friends and no enemies. But still

I would not blame anyone for not liking me; for I know I am a very disagreeable child at times. Child, why should I call myself a child; I should be a young lady but I am not a model and am afraid I will not be soon. I must go to class, I am nearly always late tata.

In the study room again at half past six. They are having French and German

conversation. Parles-vous Francais, little Diary?

I finished a little piece of fancy work today; they were thistles, quite pretty.

A week from to-night I will not be conversing with you for it will be on Thanksgiving and I intend to spend the holidays with Marie, sweet girl. Cora is a dear mischievous girl as she pulled my bed all to pieces last night and I had to make it all over this morning; but Cora is a good girl when she doesn't talk in her sleep, and I will remember her, until time is no more.

But here I am chatting away, not a word of lesson known; so you see my pet I prefer you to dry old geometry, arithmetic and algebra. I can't understand why I was ever obliged to study them, they are the terror of my life; my brain is not large enough for them; give me a little nonsense and I am right there.

The best of friends must part, so good night.

Your loving Coz

NOVEMBER 21, 1891. Friday.
My dear Journal

I hear someone singing "Home Sweet Home" down stairs; how natural it is for convent girls to sing that dear old song.

The shades of evening are falling and I cannot see to write much longer so I will lay you aside. Good night little pet.

Your loving Cozie

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890

Half past ten in the morning finds me in the study room; I came up from practicing for the chapel. We sang at Mass this morning, the Litany.

Fun in the dormitory last night; Lillie's closet is a fine place for a chat and to play the harmonica. Cora had a box of candy and we feasted. Didn't go to sleep until late and then dreamed the rest of the night about having the lockjaw.

I have just composed a letter to Papa.

Good night, my darling. I am your loving Frisky.



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Darling Journal

We just came down from the dormitory, and I was just half dressed. I don't see how I got up so late this morning and oh I was so sleepy; isn't it a shame to make us get up before we wish to. It is just getting daylight, and a pretty picture it is from the study room window, shadows mingled with the light, trees standing tall and bare while others have a few autumn leaves to adorn their branches.

I forgot to tell you of Carrie's experience with a chicken; it is good for the rheumatism in the hand; Carrie says if it takes a chicken for a hand, won't it take a turkey for the foot.

Finished my poem today. Sr. (Sister) G. asked me if I had been writing in my diary in school.

Sang Panis Angelicus and that pretty Ave Maria Stella at benediction. Lottie has a pretty large black hat. Two little pink birds take my eye.

We are having a picnic tonight. I am writing to Mamma. I will now bid good night.

Yours lovingly, XYZ

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29. (Minnie was at the home of her girl friend, Marie, for the holidays.)

Little Journal. I was reading "Little Lord Fauntelroy" last evening. We took a journey through Chinatown, the joss house and restruant, saw many curious things.

Marie tried to sell me to a Chinaman, but he couldn't understand her, only when she said twenty five cents and a wife. So tata, Yours, Mint.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3

My dear Diary.

Not much of importance today only I had a nice little cry which made my eyes look beautiful of course.

So no more news. Yours, Mint.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8

Little Book.

Took a nice walk, my rank was Mary M. the naughty girl. One muff does for both.

A picnic in the dormitory last night; got caught. The gas burned until we all had made our appearance (before the Sister who disciplined them). I thought I would die for want of a laugh. Sister walked up and down quite a while. Alta

and I were having a chat (after they had gone to bed). Up started Sister suddenly. We were all sound asleep.

Your friend, Hypocrite



DECEMBER 9, 1980
Little Journal.

Last night we had a lecture by Sr. Flavia in which we found out we were very bad girls.

Then we were treated to candy which the Sisters made.

Had another party in Mary's room, a box of chocolates last night also, had theatrical performance in the corner behind the shawl.

Received a letter from Mamma. I remain, Loving Coz

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22

Little Dear. Here I am in school and I don't feel one bit good; been writing poetry in my compo book and finished it. Oh I wish it was vacation, I can hardly wait for Wednesday and Mamma; she leaves home this evening, but stops at Mt. Angel for Bob. (Minnie's brother was in boarding school also. Instead of going home for the holidays, Minnie and Bob are spending Christmas with their mother in Portland.)

Seven o'clock, at study you'll find me. I am reading "Moods" by Louisa May Alcott; very good indeed. I suppose Mamma by this time is aboard the train, bound for Woodburn, where she will arrive tomorrow morning.

Received a package of calling cards this afternoon; my first Christmas present. I am still Trix

WEDNESDAY 24

Little Diary. I am to be found at "The Gilman," Mamma has just gone to bed being very tired, and Bob is out somewhere. I had quite a time today; went to the train to meet them but was too late; went back to the convent, sat down and cried, then ate my dinner and when about half through Mamma came, then we went out and got a little lunch.

MONDAY 26

Dear Diary. About ten when I arose this morning. Mamma and I took breakfast together. We went to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We took box eighteen, had a jolly time.

Still your loving Trix

MONDAY 29

Dear Journal. This afternoon a party of seven of us went through the Hotel Perkins; the hotel is very nice indeed; we went to the fifth story. There is a great deal of work to be done and it will not be opened for quite awhile yet. After dinner, took the electric and came back to the hotel; went out and bought some candy and cookies.

I am as ever Min

JANUARY 1891. Thursday 1.

Little Pet. I write 1891 for the first time. I am very sorry my vacation has been too short; when I enter the convent walls once more, it means six more dreary months of school.

I intended to turn over a new leaf today, but I forgot and began by getting up very late.

SATURDAY 3

Little Dear. I arose late this morning and visited the convent. We attended the matinee, "Little Lord Fauntelroy" at the Marquam. Mamma and I went out to dinner, and I shopped afterwards. We went back to the hotel and afterwards having amused myself playing on the piano in the parlor, I settled myself to reading "St. Elmo," and eating olives. So good night, Minnie

SUNDAY 4

Darling Diary. I bid Mamma and Bob good bye, walked around the block about twice and finally entered (the convent) to be a happy little school girl for six months more; how can I stand it. The girls were at supper; I did not feel inclined towards hash so kept company with myself until they came in.

MONDAY 5, 1891

Little Journal. I went to bed early, I read; am fascinated with St. Elmo. Ah, how learned; poor Edna the orphan;

JANUARY, TUESDAY 6, 1981.

Little Pet.



Mamma is home once more, and I almost wish I was there with her. Finished "St Elmo"; it was very good indeed; am now reading "Lucy Woodvill's Temptation." Lessons very poor today. Hard times. Was into scrapes

once more; the box of candy was in the cupboard, belonging to a young girl who is visiting here with one of the Sisters; it was stolen. Ha, ha. What naughty girls.

I must say good night and peruse my book. Your love.

WEDNESDAY 7

Darling Diary.

A very beautiful day this has been. I am always into trouble. Only this morning Sister F. took two books away from me during the study hour. "This is a nice graduate, wasting her time; you need not think Sr. G. is going to push you through. I can hardly forgive you, a big girl reading "Chatterbox!" She talked until she got tired talking; how I wish I had gone home now.

Last night I had a feast in the dormitory -- a bun with butter and pickles from table, crab apples and nuts.

"You've been seen reading novels, and by the girls too." Pooh what do I care. I am sorry to be a disgrace to the school, but it isn't my fault.

Took a singing lesson, learning an "Ave Marie." No more this eve. XYZ

FRIDAY 9

My Diary. The week has almost gone, but ah how long it seems since Mamma left. Had a lecture last night, forbidden to eat in the dormitory, nevertheless our little feast went on. Sr. gave us permission



to dance the NEWPORT this evening if we did not take an unbecoming position; how happy it made us. Had a jolly drink of wine this evening; don't give it away. Good night my dear.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31

Last day of March. Sr. Gilbert took us all eleven out to the floral gardens beyond Sunnyside; it was a lovely day, and we had a real picnic.

My book is full and I must now bid you good bye and store away your closely written pages at the bottom of my trunk, to gaze at in future days.

I remain your friend Sunshine.

(END OF VOLUME I)

VOLUME II BEGINS IN AUGUST IN JACKSONVILLE. MINNIE HAS RETURNED TO HER HOME. SHE WRITES OF PARTIES, OF APPEARING IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS, AND FINALLY OF HER MARRIAGE.

TUESDAY, August 8

Yesterday put up peaches, 2 doz cans, today 1½ doz. plums. I am fine at putting up fruit.

THURSDAY 10

Went to Ashland to the Pioneer picnic. Had a grand old time.

SUNDAY 22

Arose to late for church stayed home and read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Some gypsies came along and I gave them some hay, a loaf of bread and some milk to see the bear dance. Wrote to Fred.

DECEMBER 11, FRIDAY

Received a beautiful little ring this morning. I have been looking for it the last week. It is a beauty; I couldn't have been better pleased. I cannot think but that my darling loves me a great deal.

JANUARY 1890, FRIDAY 1

Leap Year. Attended a party last night at Veit Shutz quite a crowd came home about half past four this morning.

WEDNESDAY 13

Have begun an opera "Patience," practice about every other night at Beekman's. I take the part of "The Duke."

AUGUST, MONDAY 8

A week ago today my Fred, my love, came to spend a few days in old Jacksonville; ah has it only been a week truly; it seems months. I met him the first time for three years and found my love for him was stronger. I can never give him up he spent three short days with me. I can never express my feelings when I saw him on the train, Thursday Eve. at Medford. The girls teased me because the tears came, but it was on account of the cinders in my eyes. Ah, but I love him with my whole heart and soul; why it is I do not nor never can know, but I know my child-hood lover is my lover still, ah, but I am sorely tried. I wish twas all over and I was with my darling to part never more; how it will end I do not know, but before many months are past I expect to leave my dear old home far behind me. I would follow him to the end of the earth if he wished it.

DECEMBER 25

Another Christmas gone; had dinner at home and oh the dishes I had to wash. The paper of this week informed the public I was to be married, but I still enjoy single blessedness, but do not expect to much longer.

(NEWSPAPER CLIPPING)

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nunan gave a most enjoyable party at their elegant residence last Thursday evening. After the guests had partaken of a sumptuous repast, they were entertained by vocal selections by Miss Minnie Bybee.

1893. HAPPY NEW YEAR

I have remained home all day, alone, and kept company with the blues; the rest of the family took New Years dinner with Effie (Minnie's sister); it has been a long time since I have dined with her at her home. I wonder if I ever shall again for soon will I change my name and these will be places of the past.

SUNDAY 22

My last night at home. I can hardly believe it. And I do feel a little blue though when I think of Fred as being on his way to see me I forget it all, every thing but him. It seems I can hardly

realize my love is on his way to me, that tomorrow I will bear another name. I must now try to sleep if I can. I wonder how I will feel when I awake in the morning and realize I am to spend so few hours home.

(NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS)

Mr. Frederic Luy, Jr., was married last evening to Miss Minnie Ida Bybee at the residence of the bride's parents, at Jacksonville, Oregon.

(They are) two of the most highly esteemed of our young people. The groom has been a citizen of Tacoma, Wash., where he has established a nice business, and already assured himself of a prosperous future. The bride has long been a society leader in Jacksonville, and is one of the kind of western girls of whom any community may be proud. May long life and prosperity be their portion.



FEBRUARY, 1893.

All this tells that I am married; how strange it seems; three weeks of married life but as yet I hardly realize it, though I am more used to being called Mrs. Luy.

Snow fell this morning after I arrived; nature was so kind as to put on her bridal robes for me.

Primitive Roadside Stops Develop Into Hotels

This feature was developed from a story by Lee Dufur.

A stage coach driver or a teamster of early times might drive his horses for a few miles in the twilight but he certainly couldn't cover any distance at night. It was frequently necessary therefore for the early traveler to find lodging along the trail where he could also feed and recruit--as the word was then used--his team. On those first primitive roads he had little choice. This picture is a



dramatic example of a hotel which might be encountered on the trail. It was called the Log Cabin Hotel and, according to the sign above the door, offered a saloon, meals and beds by the day or week. The guests are sitting about the spacious, air-conditioned lobby.

From the earliest times homesteaders near the trails who could put up stock for the night might also make room for travelers who faced bad weather, signs of Indians or sickness. Guests met with rustic accommodations at best. One lady traveler reported she was awakened during the night by wildcats jumping into her room through an uncovered window. Her husband threw his boots at the intruders but they returned a little later pursued by barking dogs.

Many of these stage stops ultimately put out signs and began advertising. Such places of business were found at ten- to thirty-mile intervals and offered food, liquor, and sleeping accommodations. Some stations graciously provided combs, brushes and toothbrushes, fastened together on long strings for public use.

Unsubstantial one-story buildings generally provided a room for serving liquor, but most of them had only one or two bedrooms which, according to the author of the book, "A Room for the Night," were filled with "tiers of bunks, pillows made of hay, never-washed blankets, brown soap in sardine cans, and water barrels crawling with wiggle-tails--all for one dollar a night." Mattresses were stuffed with leaves or straw although many hapless patrons were given a blanket each and assigned places on the floor. There were endless complaints of dirty bedding, bed bugs, no wash basins, and outhouses too far from the hotel.

Those who had been warned before their journey about stage station food jammed their pockets with dried meats, cheese and crackers. Meals, costing around fifty-cents each, consisted principally of bread made with weevil-infested flour, beans, sowbelly and acid-like coffee.

From these early stage stops roadside hotels evolved. More elaborate structures, built especially to serve as inns, began to appear. Three of those which served travelers more courteously and provided their patrons with more comfort are the Prospect Hotel, the Wolf Creek Tavern, and the Rogue Elk Inn.

Cover Photo Shows Covered Bridge, Hotel

Another elegant example is the Rock Point Stage Station on Rogue River, two miles west of Gold Hill. It appears in the background of the cover photo.

In the late 1850s, after the suppression of the Indians, settlers began to build homes in the Rogue River and Bear Creek valleys and, in 1859, Lytle J. White brought his wife and children to Rock Point on the Rogue River. That site had long been a spot where people were ferried across the river. A bridge across Rogue River had washed out in the great flood of 1862, and White had the bridge rebuilt the following year. In 1878 White's bridge was replaced by the Rock Point bridge pictured on the cover of this issue.

A successful hotel had been built at the Dardanelles, five miles upriver from Rock Point, and White decided to establish his own hotel near the site of his bridge. Construction began in 1864.

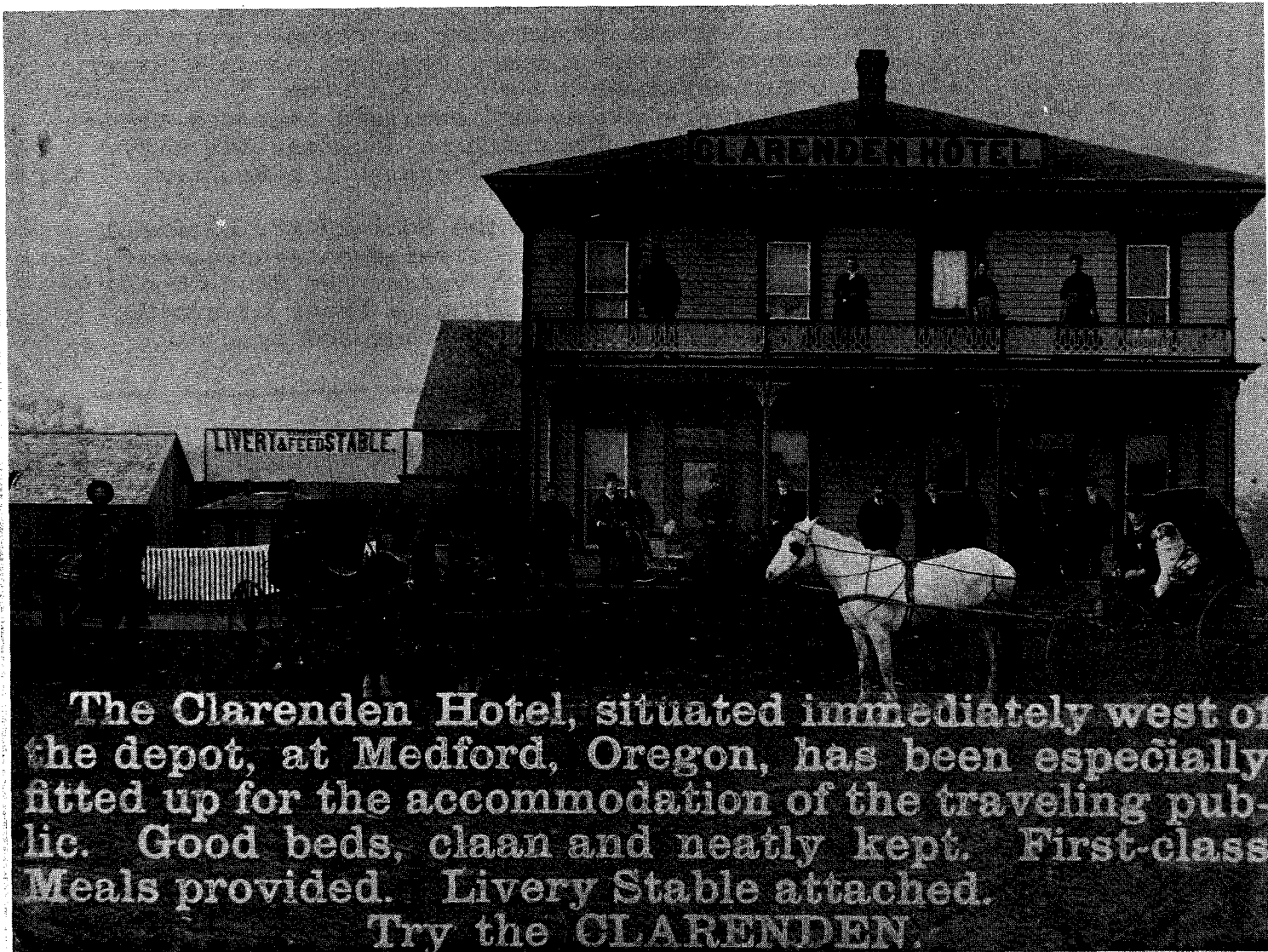
The building contained thirty guest rooms, a bar, a second floor ballroom, kitchens and a dining room. A parlor was provided for the exclusive use of women travelers; the gentlemen's parlor was just across the hall.

In February, 1864, the hotel opened with a grand ball. The Oregon Sentinel reported that sixty-one couples celebrated the event in the ballroom in addition to a great many who "participated in the more solid comforts of the loaded board." The Rock Point Hotel served as a stopping place for travelers on the Oregon-California stage route until the arrival of the railroad in 1883.

White, aware that the railroad engineers planned to acquire a right-of-way through his property, waged a battle with them to keep the depot off his land. He won the battle but lost in the long run. Railway engineers built at a spot between Rock Point and the Dardanelles and the city of Gold Hill was soon established.

The community of Rock Point gradually faded away and the buildings disappeared. The original White residence and the Rock Point Hotel remain. Fortunately these buildings retain their original design and character and there have been few alterations.

VI. LANDMARKS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE



The Clarendon Hotel, situated immediately west of the depot, at Medford, Oregon, has been especially fitted up for the accommodation of the traveling public. Good beds, clean and neatly kept. First-class Meals provided. Livery Stable attached. Try the CLARENDON.

When the Sanborn Fire Insurance Company of New York first published maps of the commercial district of Medford in 1888, the Clarendon, a railroad hotel, was under construction. This two-story frame building was situated at the present corner of West Main and Fir, facing Fir Street. The building stood on the present site of the Bohemian Club. A first floor porch roof extended over the front of the building, shading the sidewalk. The hotel, a livery stable and the outbuildings occupied the entire block.

When the Sanborn Company issued a second edition of the map in 1898, the Clarendon Hotel had become the Commercial Hotel.

By 1907 the wooden structure was no longer in existence. It had been replaced by a three-story brick building, the Moore Hotel, which faced Main Street.

The Clarendon Hotel building disappeared sometime between 1893 and 1907.

Senator Hatfield Addresses SOHS Members



Senator Mark O. Hatfield was guest speaker at the 35th annual SOHS meeting held at the U.S. Hotel ballroom on June 13. Pictured at left is Bill Burk, director, presenting a copy of Richard Engeman's book, The Jacksonville Story, to Mr. Hatfield.

On the same day Mr. Hatfield attended the dedication of the restored Jacksonville City Hall sponsored by the Jacksonville Booster Club.

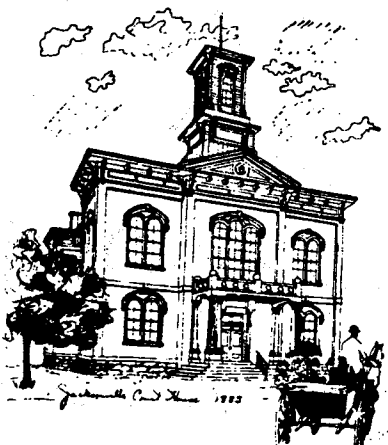
In his address to the Society Mr. Hatfield gave examples of historical events which re-appeared after several years. He described history as "a changing, dynamic tool for living, a means of avoiding mistakes by means of understanding our heritage and by recognizing the errors of the past."

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SPRING TOUR

A highlight of the SOHS spring tour was the talk given by Mr. Peter Crandall in which he described the operation of the Butte Creek Mill. The itinerary included historic sites of the Rogue River Valley from a cabin built in 1830 to more recent houses designed by Frank C. Clark. Commentary was given by Marguerite and John Black.