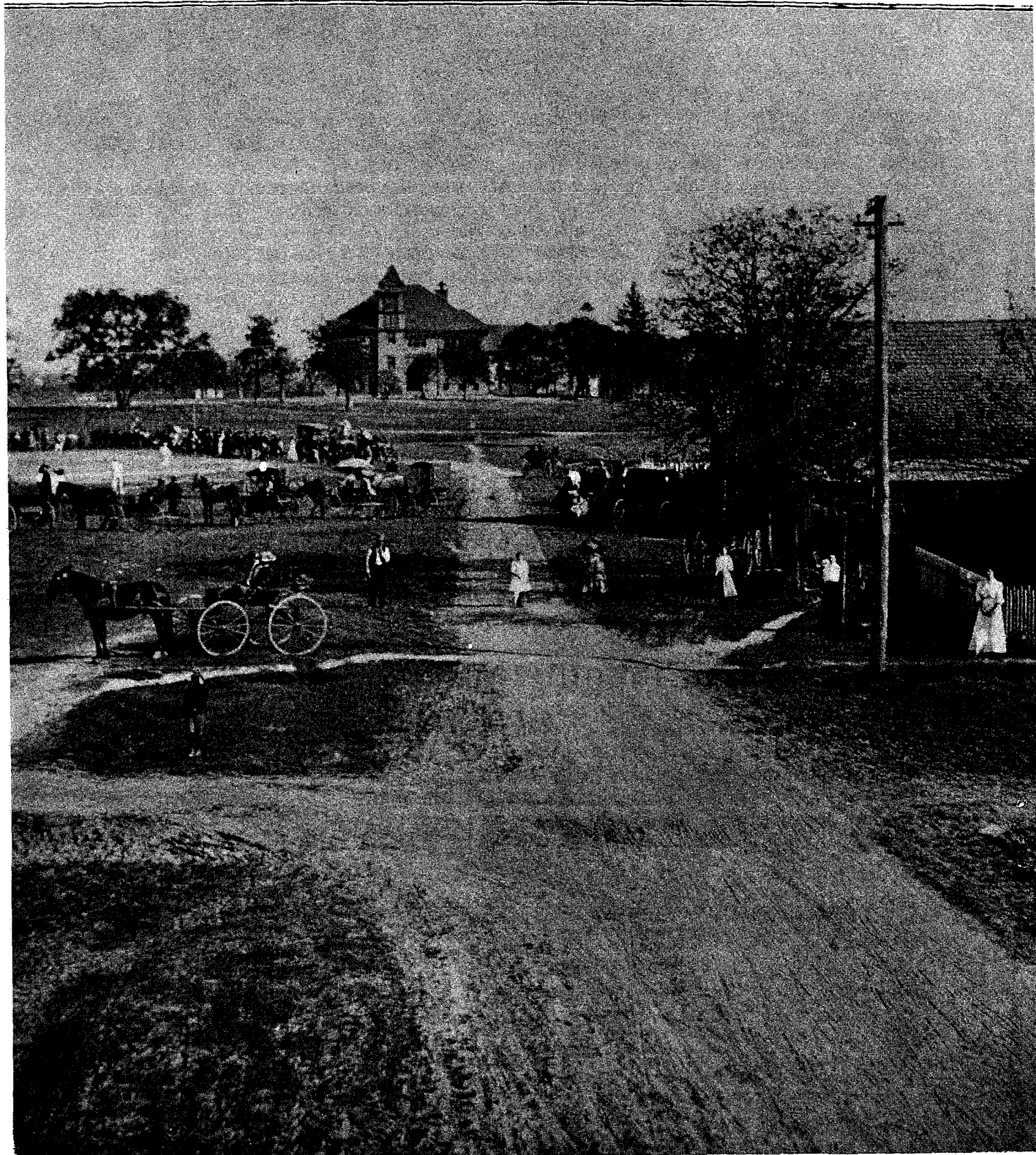


9/8/

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Director's Corner

One of the problems museum administrators face is the lack of peers to talk to. In Oregon if a community has a museum it is usually the one-and-only in town. So if we wish to commiserate with someone who will truly understand, we must call or drive to the next town or county. The Oregon Museums Association was founded largely because of the need to "talk" to other museum professionals. The communication among the museum directors is vital to their personal growth. Or maybe it is just that misery loves company.

One of the delights of this business is getting paid to visit other museums. Each time I must travel I try to stop at museums along the way. Most museum employees like their jobs and are proud of their work, so I rarely meet an unfriendly face. Oregon does not have a great many public museums. Those that do exist have wonderful people in them.

Space requirements limit my listing all the outstanding people in this field. Therefore I will comment on just one museum director. Lucy Skjelstad manages the affairs of the Horner Museum which is located on the campus of Oregon State University in Corvallis. She is also, at this writing, the President of the Oregon Museums Association. Lucy embodies many of the qualities we all like to see in managers. I am particularly impressed with her capacity to help other museum directors. For years museums in Oregon not only did not share, they fought each other over "territorial rights." For years it has been my good fortune to have Lucy as a resource person. She has championed the need for standardized cataloging procedures, and she more than anyone convinced me of the need to attend the Museum Management Institute. At MMI I learned many things that will help my organization. Lucy's nudge was necessary. I have thanked her for her concern. It is in this area of caring for Oregon museums that Lucy reflects the best in all the museum directors in Oregon. At a time when many of our museums are suffering major reductions in funding, we still can actively help "the other guy."

If you are in Corvallis, please visit the Horner Museum. This museum is a good one, the director is outstanding, and the welcome will be genuine.

Bill Burk

Cover Picture Identification

In the far background of the picture is the Central Point schoolhouse. On the left is a baseball diamond. The spectators, in lieu of a grandstand, have pulled up their horses and carriages so they can watch the game in comfort. On the far side of the field is a horseless carriage -- the gentry is out! If any reader has more vital statistics on this picture, the SOHS librarian would be beholden to be informed of the facts.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES		STAFF OF THE JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM	
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MARY ANN HARRIS CHAMBERS

"Looking at the strong, handsome features, one understands how this woman bore up through five hours of siege by Indians. All lingering doubts are resolved completely when one learns that her hair was red."

Dr. Frank Haines

THE ORDEAL OF MARY ANN HARRIS

By 1855 the continual arrival of immigrants to southern Oregon from the east as well as the many settlers coming from California and northern Oregon naturally presented many complications--not the least of which was the Indians' resentment at being crowded out of their own territory. Although the government had established a reservation in the Rogue River Valley and had made what the white men considered to be fair provisions for the

red men, some Indians were discontented and sullen. The tension between the settlers and the Indians frequently erupted in the murder of a prospector or a homesteader although most of such incidents took place outside the Rogue River Valley.

Pioneer families who settled in isolated, remote areas far from the towns and the protection of the Rangers, were in danger from these sporadic attacks by renegade Indians. The settlers eventually decided that if they were going to exist in this beautiful, productive valley, they would have to suppress these marauding Indians completely.

A company of about forty volunteers was organized under the command of J.A. Lupton, a retired soldier from the Mexican War, who was widely known for his deep hatred of the Indians. To add importance to his command for this occasion he assumed the title of Major.

On October 8, 1855, he led his men--all of them no doubt well fortified with alcohol--in an unfortunate attack upon a large group of Indians who had always demonstrated friendship for the white settlers. The encampment at the mouth of Little Butte Creek, known as Table Rock Village, contained only old men, squaws and children.

In the early morning hours the company made their surprise attack. "Major" Lupton ordered his men to fire a round of shots into the sleeping village. When the bewildered Indians ran out of their wickiups to see what was happening, the volunteers shot them down. A handful of survivors who escaped the slaughter fled to the reservation and to other villages where they hastily organized war parties and made plans to seek revenge for the treacherous murder of so many members of their village.

After the smoke of the attack on the village had cleared away, Lupton was found dead. He had been dispatched with an arrow from a fleeing Indian. This massacre by the white settlers at Table Rock Village has been described by historians as one of the most "depraved and misguided" in the history of Oregon.

In July of 1855 George W. Harris with his wife Mary Ann, his daughter Sophie, about 11 years old, and his son David, nearly 9, moved from the Willamette region of Oregon and settled in a little valley along the main line of travel about forty miles north of Jacksonville. The property was in the area which is now known as the Manzanita Rest Stop on the I-5 freeway, north of Grants Pass. A young man, T.A. Reed, who served as hired man and tutor to the children, also lived at the Harris cabin.

On October 9, the day following the violence at Table Rock Village, a band of fifteen or twenty angry Indians ambushed and murdered the Wagner family who lived a few miles south of the Harris place. At the Wagner house the Indians had discovered a supply of liquor, and, having drunk all they could find, continued on their path of destruction.

George Harris, unaware of the approaching Indians, was making boards from trees which he had felled the day before. He was working alone. David, who usually helped his father, had accompanied a neighbor boy, Samuel Bowden, to his home about a quarter of a mile to the north. Mrs. Harris and Sophie were

This story, which presents the leading episode in the 1855 Indian uprising in southern Oregon, has appeared several times in various publications. The principal facts in this version were taken from a feature story written in 1878 by William Turner, editor of the Jacksonville Sentinel. At that time, just 23 years after the occurrence of the incidents presented here, Mrs. Harris was living near Jacksonville, and she may have related the story to him. The story also appeared in an article written in 1962 by Eva Hamilton for the Medford Mail Tribune. Mrs. Hamilton's version was told to her by Miss Martha Hanley, a granddaughter of Mrs. Harris. Additional material appeared in the volume, Jacksonville, written by Dr. Frank Haines.



ANN SOPHIE HARRIS LOVE

by the door of the cabin washing clothes. Reed, the young hired man, was in the woods nearby.

Suddenly Harris heard the drunken Indians noisily approaching. Seeing that they were in war paint, he realized the danger and commanded Mrs. Harris and Sophie to follow him into the house where he seized his shotgun and rushed back to the door, attempting to close it. Sophie ran with him to the door, but just as they reached it, the Indians fired a volley of a dozen or more shots.

Harris, mortally wounded, stood firmly until he had discharged both barrels of his gun then staggered back and fell to the floor. In Mr. Turner's version of the story, George Harris died instantly; in Mrs. Hamilton's, he lingered for several hours. Sophie, wounded in the arm and bleeding, struggled to the loft and threw herself on the bed. In the second version, the wounded Sophie helped her mother by melting lead and molding bullets.

Mrs. Harris, confused and terror-stricken, but maintaining her self control, snatched the gun from her husband, closed the inner door and rushed upstairs where she seized a revolver and rapidly fired it at the Indians through an opening in the chinking of the wall. The red men, who had just at that moment made a second rush for the door, retreated to the protection of some pine trees, not knowing the house was defended by only one person.

Fortunately Harris had prepared a large supply of cartridges for a possible emergency, and Mrs. Harris, quickly loading and reloading the guns, fired shot after shot at the trees where the Indians were concealed. She had three guns: a revolver, a rifle and the double-barreled shotgun. Changing her position from up to down stairs, always keeping one barrel in reserve and guarding all approaches to the house, she kept up a steady fire for hour after hour. The Indians, convinced that there were several armed men in the house, remained in hiding. They returned the fire, however, sending bullets through the chinking and filling the room with splinters. Looking through the cracks of the logs, Mrs. Harris at one time counted twenty-one Indians, half hidden in the brush. Once two of them shouted and danced about, dangling the scalps of Mrs. Wagner and her four-year old daughter whom they had murdered a few hours before.

Over five hours later at approximately two o'clock in the afternoon the effects of the liquor had worn off and the Indians, bored with the stalemate in the attack, withdrew in a body and struck off towards the Haines ranch, about a mile to the west, where they continued their trail of retaliation by murdering Mr. and Mrs. Haines and their two children.

In Mr. Turner's version of the story, at the departure of the Indians, Mrs. Harris, relaxing her vigil for the first time in what must have seemed an eternity, noticed a pool of blood on the cabin floor, dripping through the ceiling from the loft above. Rushing upstairs, she discovered Sophie, lying on the bed in a fainting condition. This, according to Turner, was her first realization that the child had been hit by a bullet. She bandaged the wound and applied what restoratives she had on hand. As she attended to Sophie,

she thought anxiously of David, fearful that he had fallen victim to the incensed Indians.

Huddling on the bed beside her daughter she waited in deep anxiety until evening. With the approach of night she realized that new danger threatened. Should the Indians return, they could steal to the house under cover of darkness and fire it with perfect safety. Here again the story has two versions. Mr. Turner writes that she covered her husband's body with a blanket and left it in the cabin; Mrs. Hamilton relates that Mrs. Harris tied a rope around the body and dragged it with her. With Sophie in her arms she stole from the house and hid in the chapparel bushes and willow trees which grow thick in that region.

Crouched in the darkness with the wounded child in her arms, she maintained her fearful vigil through the night. The coyotes, smelling the blood which had soaked into Sophie's garments, circled about them, howling at the starry sky. The October night grew cold and she was tortured by her concern for David.

In the morning, peering out of her hiding place, she saw, also concealed in the brush, an Indian who seemed to be watching the house. She again shrank back under cover, but through the branches she was able to see the house and soon she observed three warriors approach it and open the door. Supposing they had returned in force, Mrs. Harris was filled with panic. At that instant a band of mounted Indians raced down the valley not far from her hiding place. She soon realized that they were in full flight and for the first time she dared to hope. The three Indians, poised at the door, also saw the fleeing band of redmen and suddenly wheeled away from the cabin and ran rapidly into the thicket.

At that moment a detachment of dragoons and several volunteers, under the command of Major Fitzgerald, appeared in pursuit of the warriors. Recognizing their uniforms, Mrs. Harris, carrying Sophie, eagerly ran out of the bushes to meet them. Drawing rein, the men gathered around the fugitives. Covered with blood, blackened with powder, near exhaustion, Mrs. Harris and Sophie were hardly recognizable as white. Having earlier seen the wanton murder and destruction at the Wagner place, more than one man leveled his rifle at them, ready to shoot. Major Fitzgerald commanded his regulars to discontinue their pursuit of the Indians, and the men set to work to help Mrs. Harris.

After attending to their immediate needs and burying Mr. Harris, Major Fitzgerald detailed four of his men to remain and ordered them to make a diligent search of the area for David. Not a trace of him could be found. Every ravine, hollow and thicket for miles around the Harris place was searched, but not even the child's wagon which he had taken with him was discovered.

Mr. Bowden to whose house David had gone had hidden in the woods at the approach of the Indians and had escaped. He informed the searchers that the boy had started for home before the Indian attack on his place. An examination of the ashes of the Bowden house, which the Indians had burned, disclosed nothing. The men concluded that David had been captured and carried away. The body of young Mr. Reed was discovered a year after the tragedy.

During the war that ensued between the Indians and the white settlers, and long after hostilities had ceased, captive squaws and roving parties of Indians were closely questioned, but they persistently denied any knowledge of the boy. The search continued for a full year before the hope of finding him was relinquished.

MRS. HARRIS MOVES TO JACKSONVILLE

Mrs. Harris and Sophie were taken to Jacksonville where they made their home. A manuscript written about Mrs. Harris by members of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Society states that "by her tact and energy she soon



JOHN S. LOVE

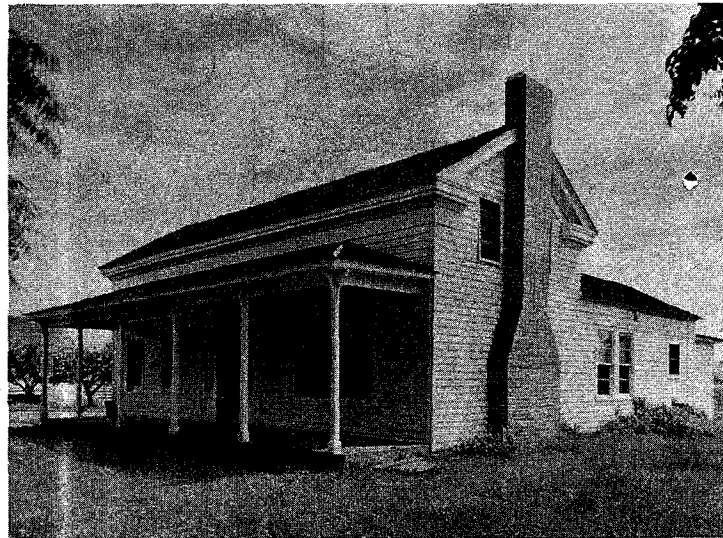
accumulated a handsome competence." In 1863, eight years after the death of George Harris, she married Mr. Aaron Chambers and moved to his home near what is now Central Point.

Sophie, in 1860, at the age of 15, married John S. Love, a highly respected citizen of Jacksonville.

John Love had come to Jacksonville from Pennsylvania in 1853 and, in partnership with John Bilger, established a tin and hardware business. He was prominent in Jacksonville's pioneer government and was among the first to serve as a town trustee. He also served on committees which established the town plat, the recorder's office and the fire station. He purchased the property in the block next to the Beekman Bank and built a cabin there. After their marriage, he and Sophie lived in that cabin.



JOHN S. LOVE HOUSE, JACKSONVILLE



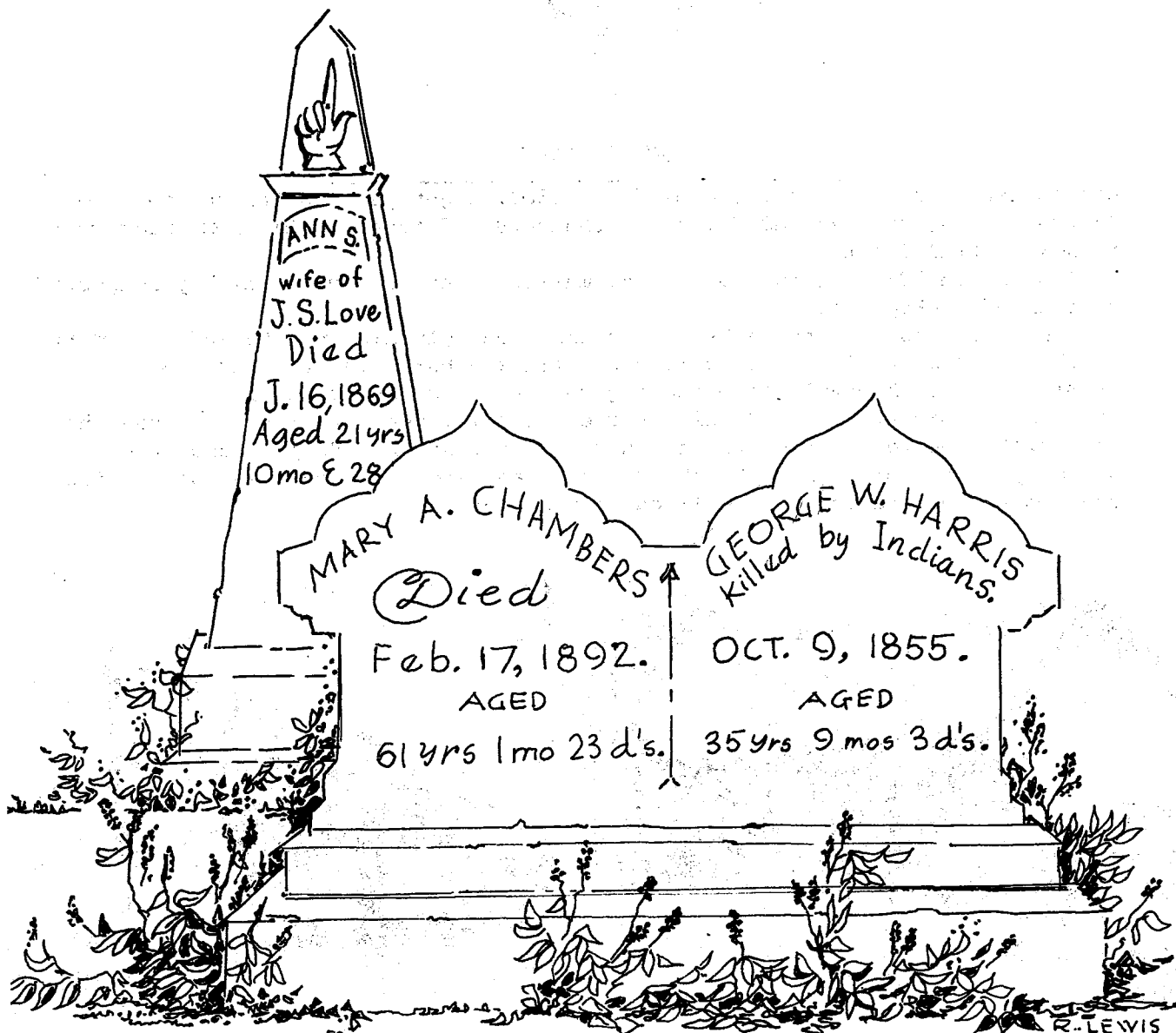
AARON CHAMBERS HOUSE, NEAR CENTRAL POINT

After the birth of four children, John Love had a larger house built on his property. Perhaps it was attached to his original cabin. He and his family lived there only a short time.

In 1868 smallpox broke out in the poorer section of town. The doctors pronounced the disease chicken pox, and before the mistake was discovered, the plague had spread throughout the town. A Jacksonville newspaperman wrote: "Terror seized the townsmen and there were few who dared nurse the sick and bury the dead." The report continues, "It was believed that smoke would kill the germs and accordingly great fires were built in the streets around which the people gathered both by night and by day." When the epidemic had run its course, at least forty citizens had died.

A few months after the completion of his house John Love became a victim of the disease which raged through southern Oregon. His funeral was the largest ever held in Jacksonville. Sophie and her children moved from the house. Some months afterwards Sophie and her youngest daughter, Maggie, also died of smallpox.

The Love's three orphan children were raised by their grandmother, who was at that time once again a widow. Mrs. Mary Ann Harris Chambers died of pneumonia on February 7, 1882, in her sixty-first year.



Ruth Preston Restoration Coordinator

Without flinching and with no hesitation Ruth Preston can take a big pair of scissors and chop right through fifty yards of rare and exotic velvet. Confidence and intuition. Those are the marks of a true decorator. Ruth doesn't have to take swatches around and ask friends again and again if they really, really think this little

squiggly design is all right for the hall closet. Here is a born decorator.

At the age of two, in 1914, Ruth (Bowne) came to Jackson County with her family. They settled on the Old Stage Road in a very large and very beautiful house designed by Frank C. Clark. When she was 16 she went to New York City to seek her fortune.

In the east she held several positions, all of them dealing principally with personnel. Upon her return to the west coast she continued working in the employment field. During World War II she was responsible for the hiring of thousands of people for work in the shipyards. Later, in Humboldt County, she was associated with the Welfare Department.

In 1955, back in Medford, she accepted a position as case worker for Jackson County. After this job she became an intake counselor for the County Juvenile Court.

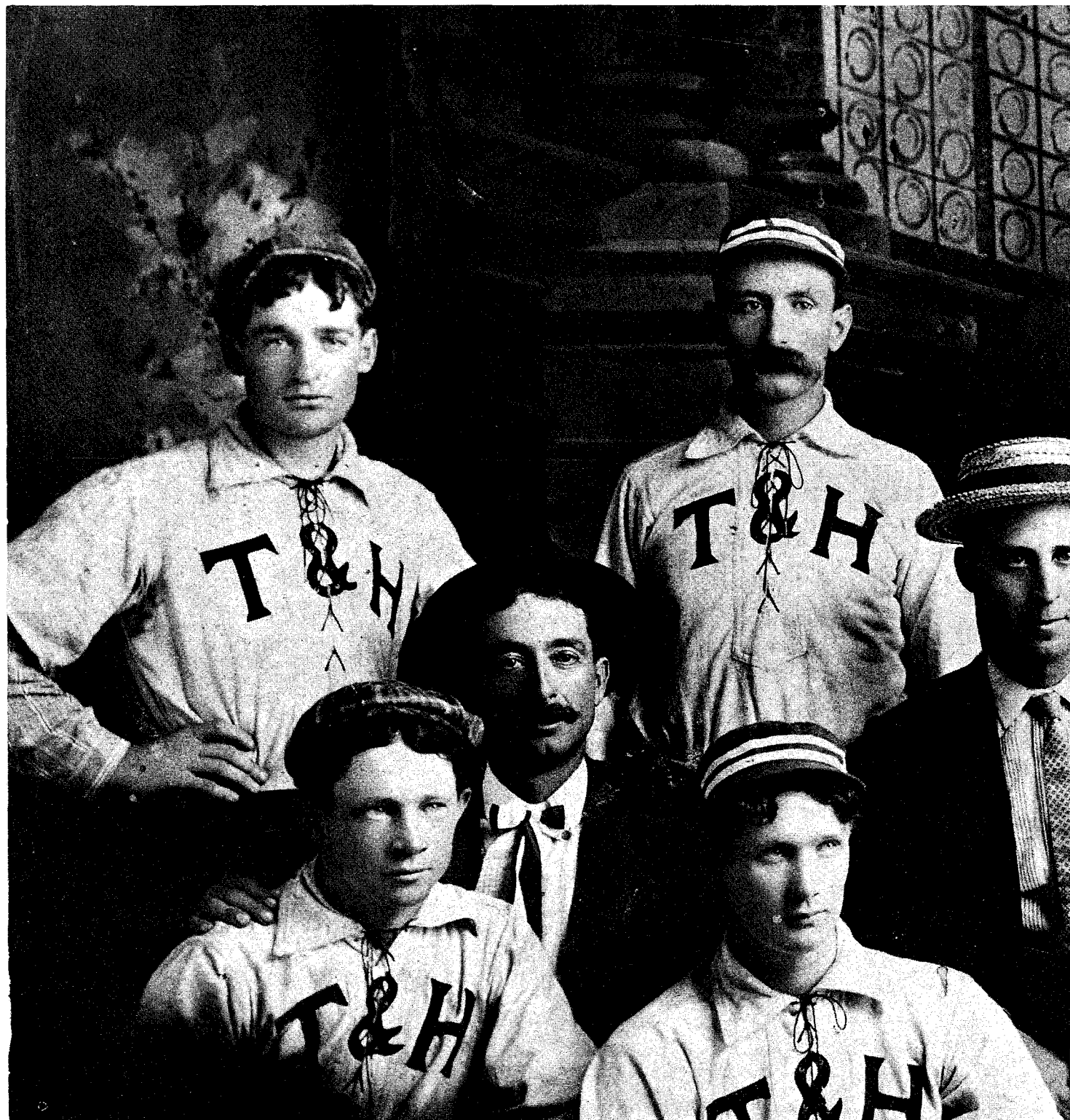
Yet during these 25 years her interest in antique furniture and interior design continued to grow. She attended night classes in interior decoration and made a study of period design.

In 1967, a year after her marriage to Frank Preston, she retired for a number of years. In 1976 she joined the staff of SOHS as restoration coordinator.

Projects which she has completed have included restoring and redecorating the Catholic rectory, the Armstrong House, the two barrooms in the U. S. Hotel, Mr. Beekman's banking office, and the three Third Street showrooms in the U. S. Hotel. She has even done the landscape planning in the backyard at the Beekman House. She confesses she had a few second thoughts about the last project, but is happy with the results. Confidence and intuition again.

Future plans include supervising the refurbishing and general repair of the Beekman House. She reports that she has a great yen to redo the Beekman carriage house. We think that she's looking for a place to stable her pony and pony-cart when she's not out for afternoon bridge.



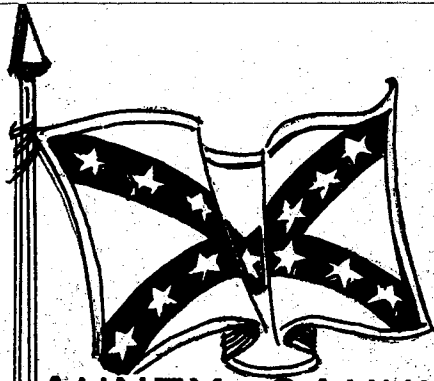


Thornton & Hildreth Baseball Team Ashland

Top Row: Klyne, Rice, Sackett, Carter, Derrick.
Middle Row: Hargadine, Thornton, Nininger.
Bottom Row: McNeil, Miller, Summers, Hulen.

August 8, 1902





AUNTY GANUNG VS THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

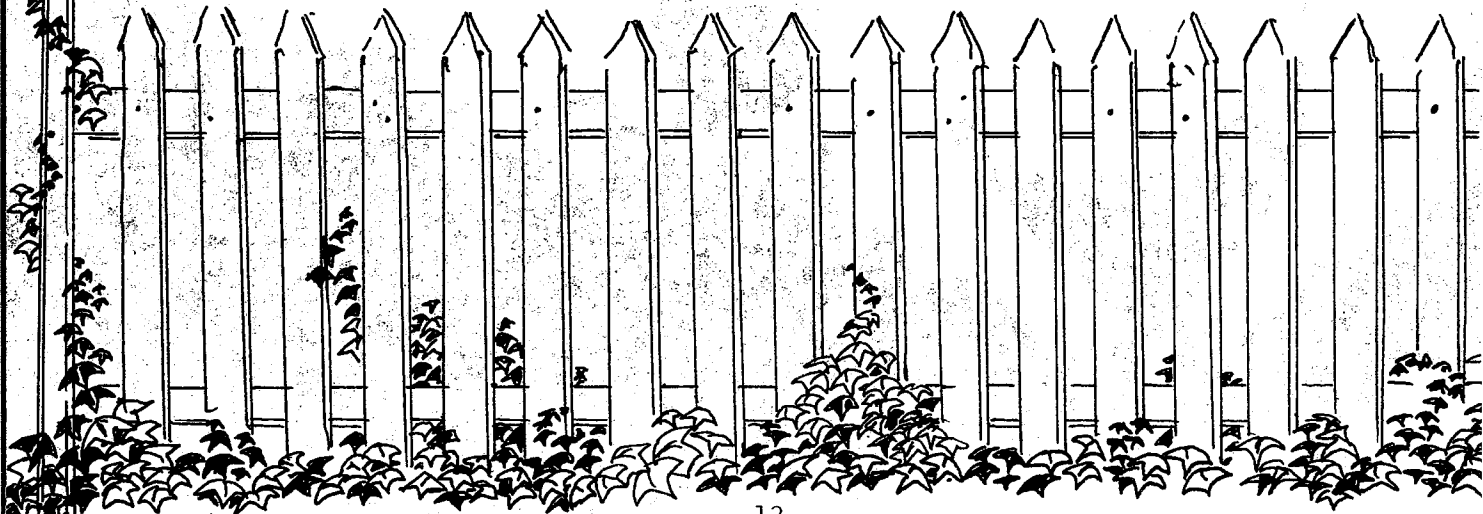
Although many southern Oregon citizens surely felt strongly about Civil War politics, they certainly regarded the battleground as pretty remote from Jacksonville, the hub of the universe. Communication was slow and uncertain, and news of the war arrived in the Rogue River Valley a month or more behind the actual events on the national scene. It's difficult to fan to a fever pitch of excitement your interest in yesterday's news.

Oregon had entered the union as a free state but a great many of its settlers had come from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri so in Jacksonville both sides were well represented. Discussions and disputes, therefore, especially those in the saloons, must have occasionally gone beyond the limits of polite parlor debate. In Jacksonville there have always been arenas set aside for weighty decision making: around the heating stove at the grocery store, the curb at the town pump and the bench that's been on the corner of California and Third for as long as anyone can remember. As a matter of fact during the twenties a maiden lady who

lived near the court house firmly refused forever and ever to walk uptown because the mashers who occupied that bench made sniggering remarks about her mature charms. From then on she gave the passing schoolboy a dime to get her mail and take her daily order to the Basket Grocery or Godward's Mercantile for delivery. But, back to the Civil War.

For the most part tempers remained on an even keel, and opposing factions played it pretty cool. In fact the newspapers devoted more space to gold strikes along Jackson Creek and the epidemic of horse stealing than they did to the approaching war.

There is, though, a story of at least one argument that smacked of violence. J.S. Howard, the first mayor of Medford, known (by mighty few) as the "Father of Medford," in his memoirs reported that Jim O'Meara, a copperhead, who was editor of the Sentinel, fell into a noisy dispute with Henry Denlinger, a Union man and editor of a rival newspaper. Denlinger apparently made his points in a



resonant baritone, and O'Meara, becoming frustrated at his own inability to outshout his opponent, whipped out his six-shooter and jabbed it at Denlinger. Denlinger, the more macho of the two, grabbed the gun and wrenched it out of O'Meara's hands. The then unarmed O'Meara turned to beat a retreat and Denlinger shot him in the seat of the pants -- with O'Meara's own gun and O'Meara's own bullet. According to Mr. Howard, the author of the tale, O'Meara instantly switched parties and became a fervent Republican. The story is probably fiction. It appears in only one publication and there is no record that Jim O'Meara ever switched his political views. When you're on the losing side, your convictions only grow more intensified.

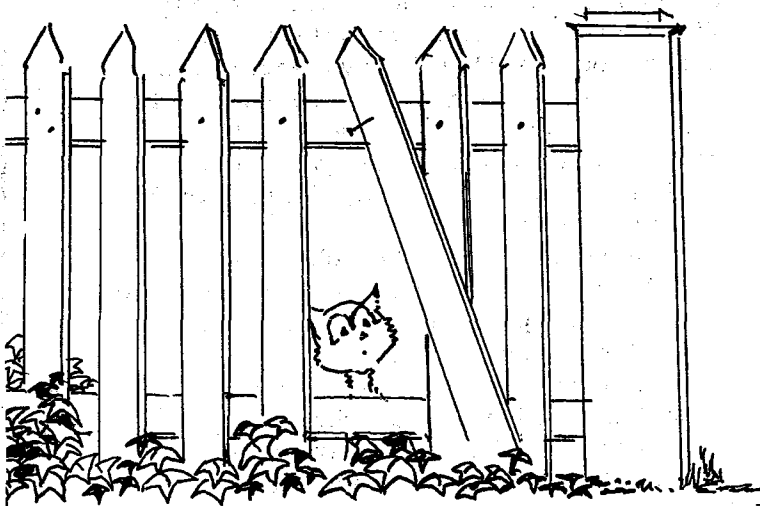
In spite of the arguments and the gentlemanly discussions it appears that, like all self-appointed battlefield experts, not one of the male citizens was so firmly convinced of his political persuasion as to enter the actual fighting. At least no brave boys were glorified in the local newspapers at the

time.

The war naturally brought about the recall of the Regulars from all frontier posts. Local enlistees who responded to President Lincoln's call to the colors were sent to man the abandoned posts and protect the citizens from any remaining belligerent Indians. Volunteers, it seems, were more useful at home than they would have been fighting the Confederate army.

So, now, at this point, we find Jacksonville back to its normal early-day state: (1) a couple of newspapers snapping at each other over politics; (2) a group of idle males orating about their individual views when they can squeeze in a word; (3) a scattering of miners scratching around bedrock in Jackson Creek; (4) a posse being formed to chase after some horse thief facing a serious DWIL charge; and (5) business as usual.

The stage is set for the melodrama. One starry night some firebrand of the Confederacy



(or some nut) ran a Confederate flag up the flagpole in beautiful downtown Jacksonville. The flagpole stood on the corner across the street from the previously mentioned town bench. The flag runner-upper did a good job of tying the halyards and making it secure. Dawn came up and there waved the rebel symbol, flapping gracefully in the morning breezes. And there it stayed.

The townspeople were either indifferent to it or afraid that if they attempted to lower it, they'd bring the shooting war into their own front yards. In any case none of the pro-union men mustered the courage to do the deed. The flag fluttered aloft all day as folk went about their business, hoping that if they didn't look at it, it would go away.

Towards late afternoon Dr. Louis Ganung and his wife Zany hove into view in their buggy. The doctor had apparently been out all night and most of the day on a particularly difficult case and Zany had gone along with him. Even a sturdy pioneer lady, when she was ailing, liked to have another female hovering around and Zany was just the one to hover. Her obituary enthusiastically asserts that "Aunty was one of the excellent of earth ... worthy to live, but ready and willing to die. The latch string of her Cabin door always hung on the outside... (She would) divide her last morsel among the sick and destitute..A toddling infant never passed her door without a kind word." How about that? It's easy to give a kind word but a cookie has more substance.

You see, one can't always believe those obituaries. At that time the demise of even a sharp-tongued shrew, who delighted in nagging her poor husband and the neighbors, elicited pages of praise and buckets of tears. Perhaps Jane McCulley might even knock out a poem immortalizing the dear departed's humility and modesty. The obituary committee probably had a bundle of notices, all written up, just waiting for the loved one's dear name to be written in the blank space. With epidemics, tricky Indians and no supply of vitamin pills there was no let up in the call for

eulogies, and it always paid to keep the black arm band handy and the black veil ironed-out and hanging within easy reach. Anyway we know that if Aunty Ganung didn't have all those angelic qualities, she did at least have determination.



AUNTY ZANY GANUNG

She took her axe and gave the flagpole forty whacks

The sight of that offensive flag and all those no-account male idlers standing around doing nothing about it fired her to immediate action. She leaped out of that buggy, entered her door, a few steps to the south of the flagpole, and armed herself with a revolver and an axe. Flinging open the portal (trumpet fanfare, fortissimo) she strode forth.

With her eyes straight ahead, glued to that flagpole, she marched to the corner, put down her revolver, lifted her axe, and went at it.

Not one of the spectators dared stop her. Even if, by chance, she couldn't aim that revolver straight, she certainly could swing that axe,

and there was no doubt that she was determined to use it on anything that came between her and the flagpole.

In short order down came the flag and the flagpole and there they lay in the dust of the town square. Not waiting for an ovation, Aunty chopped the flag from the halyards, wadded it up, picket up her revolver and her axe, and triumphantly returned to the house where, without a word or glance, she entered and, deliberately letting the door bang shut, she disappeared from view.

Shortly thereafter smoke billowed from the Ganung fireplace chimney. There was no doubt. Aunty had burned the Confederate flag. The city fathers didn't even dare replace the flagpole.

There is no record of what the good doctor did during this glittering episode of history. Certainly he had learned years before not to interfere.

After his arduous night out, he was probably in the kitchen grinding out a fresh pot of coffee.



he people of Fredricktown, Maryland, had their Barbara Frietchie; the people of Jacksonville, Oregon, had their Zany Ganung. But there the similarities come to an end. Barbara Frietchie wanted to keep the flag flying; Zany Ganung wanted it chopped down; Barbara was threatened by the guns in her audience; Zany's audience was threatened by her gun -- one false move and she'd have mowed down a few.

But one shouldn't quibble over little picky-points. A heroine is a heroine. No doubt, on July 14, 1888, when Aunty Ganung appeared before the big, big judgment seat, she simply said, "I, too, cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

PIONEER RECIPE

Julia Beekman's Marble Cake

INGREDIENTS

White Batter

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2½ cups flour
2 tsps baking powder
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
lemon flavoring (optional)

Dark Batter

½ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup sour milk
2½ cups flour
½ cup molasses
1 tsp baking soda
1 tsp each of cinnamon, allspice, and cloves
4 egg yolks

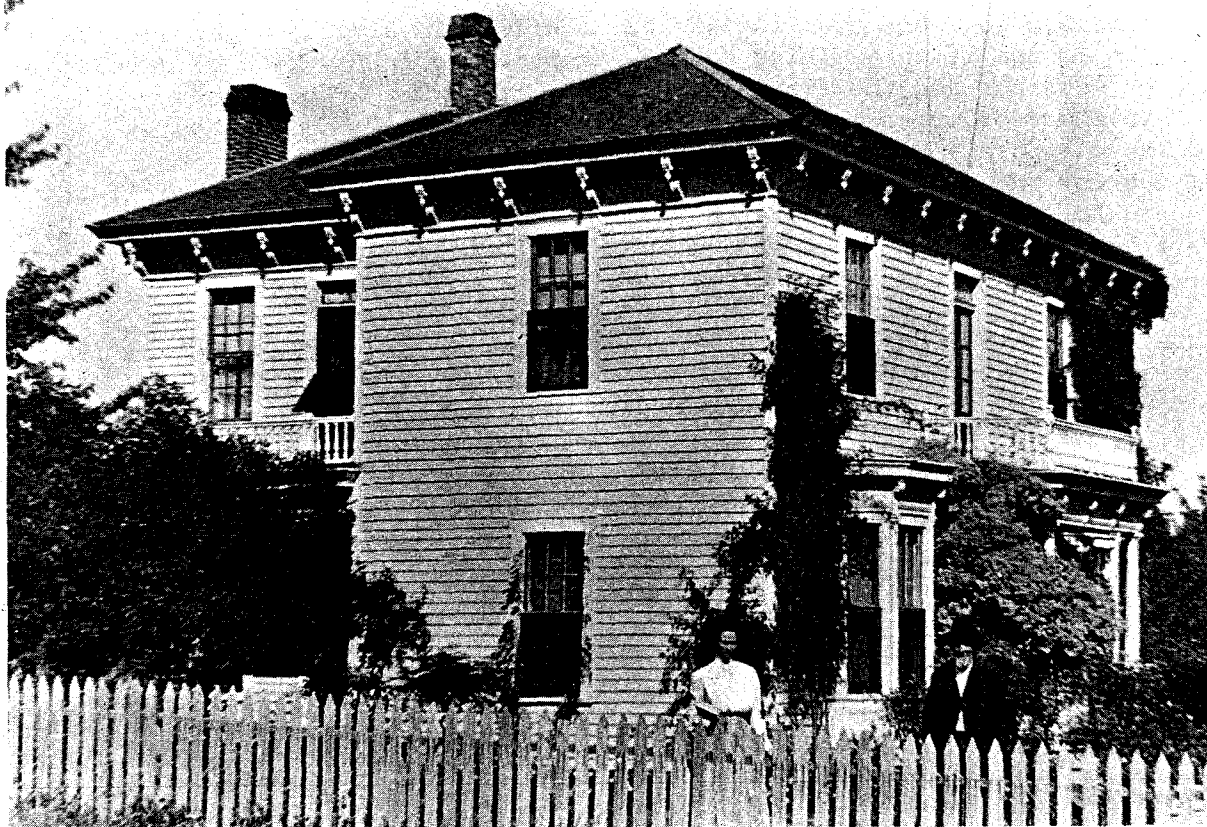
Instructions and comments by Peggy Haines, tester: Prepare the two batters separately. Preheat oven to 375.

1. Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour 3 times with baking powder. Add to butter-sugar mixture, alternately with milk. Fold in egg whites. Pour into two 8-inch buttered cake pans.

2. Cream butter and brown sugar. Add egg yolks. Mix. Add molasses. Mix. Dissolve baking soda in sour milk. Add flour and sour milk alternately. Marble dark mixture with white while in cake pans. Bake 30-35 minutes. Serve with white frosting, lightly flavored with lemon.

"This cake is a bit heavy, but it's delicious! Using real butter adds to its richness. Suggestion: For frosting use 'Quick White Icing' from The Joy of Cooking." Source: clothbound cookbook, Beekman family papers, University of Oregon Library, Eugene.

Yield: Two 8-inch layers or one 13x9 sheet cake. It may be cooked in a bundt or loaf pan.



VIII. LANDMARKS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE

The David Linn House

At a time when Aunt Issie, the daughter of one of southern Oregon's most notable pioneers, couldn't remember what she had for breakfast, and, in fact, wasn't certain about what century she was in, she could give you, to the most minute detail, descriptions of social events held at least sixty years earlier. She could tell the name of the solo rendered by the lady cousin from Boston and could even give the name of her accompanist at the foot-pump organ. "Oh, yes," she might say, "her name was Fannie and she wore a pink dress with a lot of tulle here and here and she sang 'The Gipsy's Warning.'"

Once she said, "The Linns always had nice parties. The Linn girls had such pretty dresses, but everybody has pretty dresses for a party. The girls all wore their lawns, and the boys wore their white flannels, and, after the music and the refreshments, we strolled around the summer lilacs." She could also tell you who made the ice cream and if Julia Beekman brought her marble cake.

The fact that a house holds happy memories isn't enough to insure that it will last forever. If that were the truth instead of the fancy, nearly all the shacks and teepees and igloos in the world would still be standing, solid fortresses against the developers and progress. The Linn house was condemned and razed in 1954. Keep in mind, though, that the folks who now live where the old house stood give pretty stylish parties too.

Recorded information about the Linn house is hard to find. The researcher is left almost solely to his imagination. It is a fact that in 1860 David Linn married Ann Sophia Hoffman, a daughter of Squire William Hoffman, one of Jacksonville's most influential citizens. (Sentinel, Vol. 1 No. 6) A guess: after their marriage Linn took her to his ranch just outside of Jacksonville where they lived for almost twenty years. Their seven children were probably born there.

Becoming well established in his business and active in his other interests, David Linn probably decided that living on the hillside had fewer advantages than those provided by more urban living. His children, becoming older and more social-minded, surely helped advance the idea. Squire Hoffman, who lived across the road from the Linn house, may have owned land on both sides of the street. He no doubt gave his youngest daughter Kate, upon her marriage, the house and lot where the Grapevine Gallery now stands. He may also have given Ann Sophia the property where David Linn built his house.

Fact: David Linn was an expert carpenter and builder, and the house was certainly well built. It is a house style which seems to have been introduced in the 1880s. Let's just say, then, that Linn constructed this attractive home in 1883, and that he lived there with his family, or what remained of it at that time, until his death in 1912.

Guesswork: A large gracious home built for a family of six or seven nearly adult children might also appeal to a family of six or seven or more small children. How many generations of small but destructive children does it take to put a sturdily constructed house on the condemned list? In this case, after David Linn's death, the house held up for 42 years. Would you say that's about par for the course?

LINN CAME WEST WITH EARLIEST PIONEERS

He Brought First Sawmill to Oregon

David Linn was a pioneer of 1851. He was 25 years old when he emigrated from Ohio. As a child he began learning the carpenter's trade, and at the age of 14 he was earning his own living as a carpenter and mechanic. His son, Fletcher, who recorded his own memories, wrote that when his father came west he brought as many tools as he could carry in his wagon.

After a brief stopover at Oregon City where he earned enough money to enable him to continue his journey, he came to Jacksonville. Wishing to settle in the southern part of the state, but having again run out of funds, he continued on to Humbug Creek in California. There he was so successful at prospecting that he soon had a large enough stake to return to Jacksonville and start his career in construction. Unlike many who came west to get rich in the gold fields, Linn was one of those who, from the first, were interested in establishing a permanent home. These were the men who opened Oregon to settlement and development.

In The Centennial History of Oregon, published in 1912, the editor states that "no name is more closely identified with every movement in the individual (advancement) of southern Oregon than that of David Linn." He participated in almost every stage of Jacksonville's initial growth. He was in the Big Bar encounter on Rogue River, the first fight of any consequence with the Indians of the Rogue River Valley, and he also fought Indians at Evans Creek in 1852.

For more than thirty years he operated a furniture store and planing mill which he had built at the corner of Oregon and California Streets where the telephone company building is now located.

In 1856 Linn returned briefly to Ohio and purchased a small steam engine. It was loaded on a sailing ship in the New York harbor and transported around Cape Horn to San Francisco. There it was transferred to another boat and shipped to Winchester Bay at the mouth of the Umpqua River. From there it was hauled by ox-team to Jacksonville where it arrived just two years after he had purchased it. It was probably the first steam sawmill in the state. At one time he defied hostile Indians by transporting his sawmill from Jacksonville across the mountains to Klamath County where he built Fort Klamath for the

government. His buildings there included the homes where the officers lived.

In 1869 in company with a party of others from Jacksonville and Fort Klamath he built a boat in sections. These men transported the boat, section by section, to Crater Lake where they assembled and launched it. They were undoubtedly the first white men to land on Wizard Island and to explore the lake.

For 35 years he did most of the cabinet work in Jacksonville; he was a contractor on a large scale for pioneer days. He constructed many of the buildings in southern Oregon. Two Jacksonville buildings still standing in which he had a major part are the Methodist-Episcopal church and the Presbyterian church. One was constructed at the beginning of his career and one very near the end.

Not the least of his business was the construction of coffins. They were made of pine, covered with black velvet and properly trimmed with drop handles, thumb screws, and plates. They were nicely lined with white muslin and properly padded. The price of a coffin for a child was about \$20; for an adult, not over \$50. These prices included a rough box to be used as an outside cover for the coffin.

LINN MARRIED ANN SOPHIA HOFFMAN



David Linn



Ann Sophia Linn

He Was Active in Early Politics

David Linn was a man of many and varied interests. He was an enthusiastic democrat and served in several public offices. He was appointed county treasurer in 1854 and served for a period of 14 years. For eight years of that term he made annual trips to Salem, overland on horseback, carrying from \$12,000 to \$14,000 in currency and gold to the State Treasurer. He was also on the Jacksonville city council and served as mayor. He maintained a ranch of 160 acres where he planted apple orchards. On the ranch he established a large fruit dryer and evaporator. He was president and business manager of the Jacksonville Milling and Mining Company, and he served many years as school director.

After September, 1888, when a fire destroyed his sawmill, he operated only the furniture store. He sold his business and retired in 1903. Ann Sophia, his wife, died in 1907. He died in 1912 at the age of 85.



Photograph by Peter Haley for The Daily Tidings, Ashland

BYBEE HOUSE RECEIVES HISTORIC MARKER

The Frank Bybee house, which has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places for its architectural and historical significance, received an SOHS marker in October 1979. The house, located at Bybee Corner on Highway 238 a little over a mile from Jacksonville, is owned by Antonio and Verne Beebe who have restored and refurbished it. It is now an antique shop.

Frank Bybee was born in Jackson County around 1865. He was the seventh of eleven children born to William and Elizabeth Ann Bybee (Sentinel, Vol. I, No. 7). At the death of his father, Frank may have inherited the 100 acres surrounding the house, but records show that he purchased the land upon which the house stands. Although no precise date for its construction has been established, the house was probably built around the turn of the century.

Adjoining the farm house is a tower about 45 feet high which housed a large wooden water tank. Water was drawn from a nearby well by a wind-driven mill. Neither the tank nor the mill apparatus is still in existence.

Frank never married. There is a persistent rumor that as a young man he fell in love with the daughter of a Jacksonville pioneer couple. Upon the declaration of his intention to marry the young lady, his father reportedly informed him that his beloved was actually his half-sister, the result of a secret liason between Frank's father and the young lady's mother. The marriage was therefore unthinkable. It appears that early Jacksonville at all times was rife with rumors. It was certainly not unique in that characteristic. In any case Frank remained single until his death in 1946.

Indian Vocabulary Contains Familiar Words

Pioneers who dealt with the Indians learned enough of their jargon to carry on business and social conversations. Learning the words is surprisingly easy, and speaking with the additional aid of gestures can make even an illiterate trapper or prospector bi-lingual. Try these words and phrases for size:

wau-wau: talk	kloolch-man: woman	mo-witsh: deer
chick-a-min: money	al-ki: by-and-by	tal-a-pus: coyote
mucka-muck: eat, food	potlatch: gift; to give	kaw-ook: dog
skookum: big or strong	kla-how-ya: good-bye	mika-sick? Are you sick?
tum-tum: to understand	illahee: home or country	Kahlah mika? What ails?
tillicum: relatives or friends	mem-a-loose: dead	Ik-ta mi-kah ti-ka? What do you want?

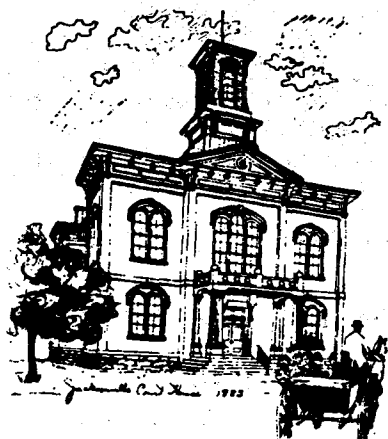
Mika mucka-muck, mika chuck, hy-yu he-he: Eat, drink and be merry.

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I.D. SOUGHT

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