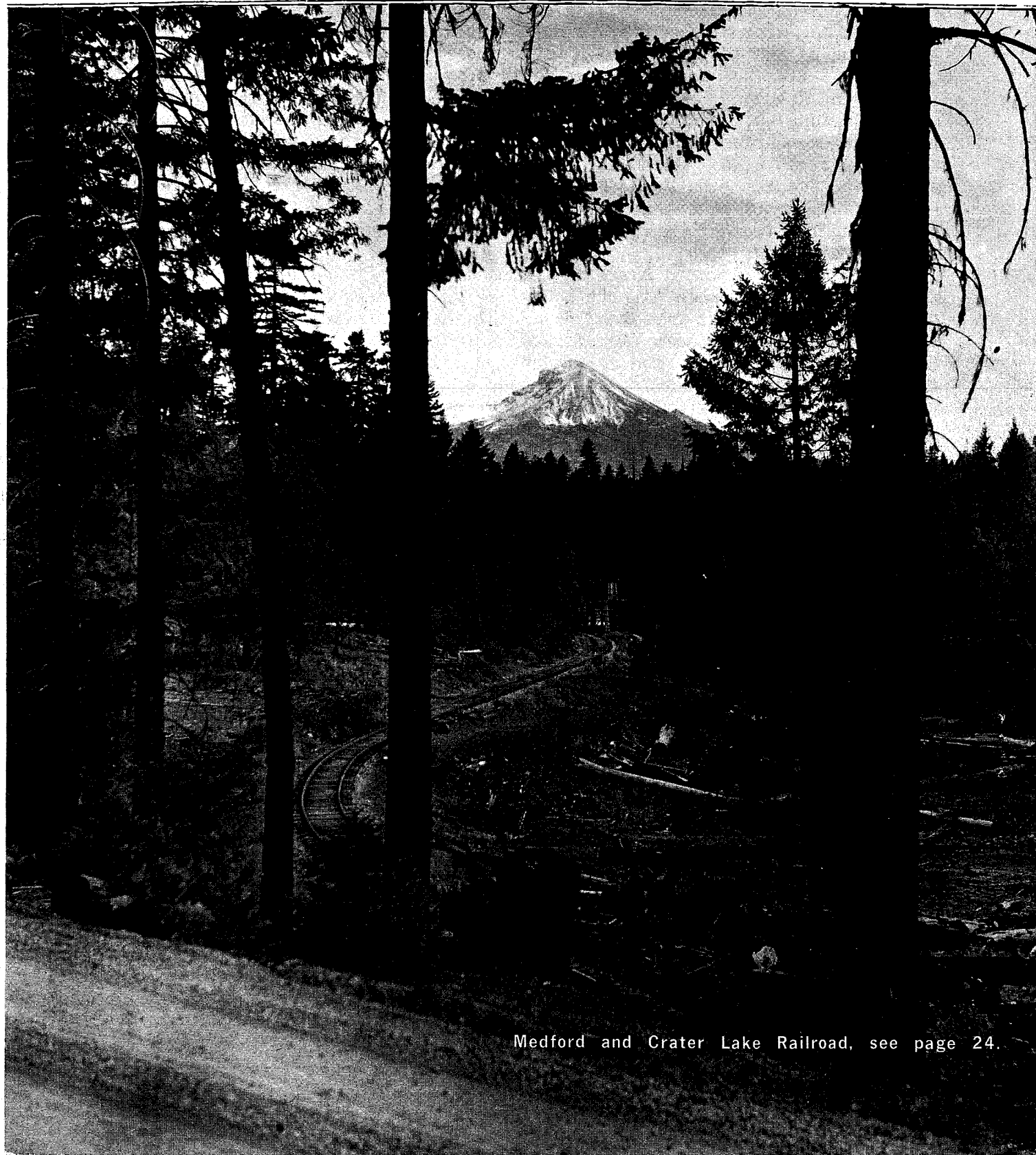


1/92  
**THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL**

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Medford and Crater Lake Railroad, see page 24.

## Director's Corner

The dream is now "on hold." The Jacksonville City Council has unanimously supported the decision of the Design Approval Committee to reject SOHS's design for a Public History Research Center. The major objection was "the building would be too large for the site." It should be stated that the building was designed to meet all codes effecting commercially zoned property so the decision is based primarily on esthetic qualities which are extremely difficult to incorporate into a design even when the architects know from the beginning the tastes of those reviewing the plans.

The SOHS trustees now have four choices. First, they can drop the whole idea of the Research Center. This is not an easy decision to make after 10 years of planning, fund gathering, and designing. Second, a new design for the Daisy Creek property may be possible. Apparently any building would have to be one-story high. Given the amount of space required for the Center, now and in the future, land on both sides of the creek would have to be used. This option, to be practical, would require a covered, enclosed bridge connecting the two halves of the Center, thus easy access and security needs will be maximized.

The third choice is to build on the parking lot behind the Jacksonville Museum. While this plan has the advantage of offering a larger, more flexible site, it also has some important disadvantages. To provide adequate parking, SOHS may have to tear down two structures (not historic), move one historic structure to a new site, and construct a new display "out building." All of these actions are disadvantageous because of the time and money they add to the total cost of developing the Research Center.

The trustees must now start a new beginning. Because of the time needed to plan, design, and meet with City committees and commissions, do not look for the Research Center to be a reality for at least two years. This long delay will also add to the cost. At this point there is no assurance that the Design Approval Committee, City Council, or the neighbors will approve a building on the parking lot site. SOHS has had two major buildings rejected by the City of Jacksonville in four years. The first rejection resulted in SOHS building its storage facility in a community other than Jacksonville.

This brings up the fourth option: put the Research Center in another community. Admittedly this is not an ideal option, but it bears a close look. When the storage facility was built outside of Jacksonville, many said it would not work. The fact is that there have been very few problems.

It is obvious that the parking lot site and the additional building removal and construction is going to push the price up a great deal over the Daisy Creek site.

The fact that most of the money set aside for the construction of the Research Center came from public taxes is well known by SOHS trustees. The ultimate decision the trustees make will be based on what is the most cost effective, both now and in the future.

Bill Burk

### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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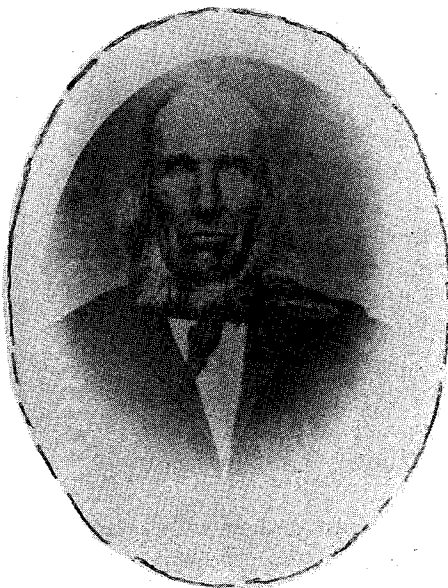
### STAFF OF THE JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM

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## ABIGAIL CLARK TAYLOR

Journals and day to day logs of the arduous journey across the plains generally emphasize the roles of the wagon master, the scouts and the heads of the emigrant families. Squire William Hoffman (*Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. I, No. 6), who brought his wife and daughters west in 1853 kept a daily diary about his troubles with the awkward covered wagons, the perilous crossings of flooded rivers, the fear of the unpredictable Indians, the weakening condition of his oxen, the many other vicissitudes of the trail, and he didn't mention his wife once. She was just there. As long as she did her chores and didn't drag her feet, she merited no special attention. In contrast to this, the story of the early-day experiences of the Stephen P. Taylor family, who made the long journey at the same time as Squire Hoffman, emphasizes the courageous part played by the women who not only kept pace with the men but sometimes surpassed them. The diary was written by Rachel, the youngest daughter of Stephen Taylor.



Stephen P.

Stephen Phelps Taylor was born in 1801 in Chateaugay, New York. He was the oldest of seven sons: Stephen, Seelum, Solum, Seth, Sebastian, Sevedrian and Sylvester. In 1825 Stephen married Abigail Clark in Massachusetts. They had four children: Abigail Irena 1826, Stephen Clark 1828, David Hobart 1826 and Rachel Merriam 1838.

Stephen was a mover. It appears that he could remain in a location for only a limited stay before he began seeking a change. In 1828, three years after his marriage, he moved to Ohio. Abigail followed after him, either willingly because she was a mover also, or unwillingly because a wife's place is beside her husband.

Abigail, the mother, was a true pioneer. She never owned a cook stove. A fireplace served for cooking although she sometimes used a primitive beehive shaped bake oven of mud and stones which she had constructed in the back yard. A fire was built in

the oven and when it died down, the ashes and coals were raked out and the bread or pastry was put in on the rock floor to cook in the remaining heat.

About six years after the marriage Stephen sank all his money in a saw-mill, an investment which proved to be a financial disaster. He was not in the best of health and the worry about the failure of his sawmill contributed to his general debility. Unable to do rigorous physical work, and always dedicated to the Methodist Church, he became a lay-minister and frequently participated in church services, a worthy endeavor but one which contributed little to the family exchequer. To keep their heads above water, Abigail had to seek odd jobs knitting socks and weaving blankets for the neighbors. At that time land was extremely cheap in Illinois and people were encouraged to settle there. If she had to support the family, Abigail decided, she should do so where it would be an easier task, and Illinois seemed to be that place. In 1838 they left Ohio.

On their way they had to cross a rapidly flowing river. The wagon bed broke loose, floated off the wheels and whirled away down stream in the muddy current. Abigail and her children, in the wagon, were swept down stream.



Stephen had to plunge on to the shore with the horses and the wagon wheels. He tied up the team, unhooked the lead horse and raced down stream to catch up with his fast disappearing family. He hurled a rope to Abigail who braced herself and hung on valiantly as Stephen towed them to safety.

After putting the wagon back together they continued on to Picatonia, Illinois, where they settled for a time. Rachel, their fourth child was born there, the first white baby to be born in Winnebago County.

With the arrival of the railroad which brought more people, more home comforts and more conveniences, Abigail and Stephen again felt a stirring of their pioneer spirit and began to think wishfully of more elbow room. In 1853, even though Stephen was in very poor health and was frequently confined to his bed, he and Abigail decided to join a wagon train for the west. They made preparations to go with a caravan, known as the "Preachers' Train" because at least twenty Methodist ministers, inspired with the missionary spirit, were included in the group of travelers.

The oldest son, Stephen C., called Clark, who had by then taken a wife, Mary Ann Prescott, was also fired by their enthusiasm, and he was soon persuaded to go with them on the journey across the plains. Their adventurous spirit proved to be contagious also to Sylvester Taylor, the youngest



*Stephen Clark Taylor*

brother of Stephen P. He and his family also joined the train. The ailing Stephen was carried from the house on a bed and placed as comfortably as possible in the wagon. The rockers were removed from a Boston rocking chair and it was fastened to the wagon bed. Abigail perched on the chair, grasped the reins, tshuk-tshuked to the horses and took her place in the parade of covered wagons starting off on the long, long trek from Rockford, Illinois, to Oregon. It was April 1853. (Abigail's chair is now on display in the Pioneer Village in Jacksonville.) Progress was almost unbearably slow. The roads were primitive and the spring rains had made them next to impassable. Sylvester, with his wagon and only one yoke of oxen, mired down eight times in one day. Tired of constantly having to borrow another pair of oxen to help pull his rig out of the mud, Sylvester sold his prize possession, his

feather bed, and bought two more oxen. The additional pair of animals kept his wagon moving.

Sylvester's wife, Clarice, was not fired with enthusiastic fervor over roughing it on the trail. She refused to cook for her family because she never cooked over a campfire before, the smoke hurt her eyes, she burned her fingers, and, anyway, buffalo chips didn't make a good camp fire. For several days Abigail and her older daughter cooked for her, but soon little Nettie, Sylvester's 8 year old daughter, learned to cope with the open fire and she managed to prepare food for the rest of her family from then on. Clarice, probably fragile and dainty, had obviously learned how to manipulate others. Abigail called her a "dreadful do-less."

One day the strenuous exertion which was always required to keep the wagons in line caused Stephen P. to be careless of his physical condition. He was suffering acutely with an extremely sore leg, a condition then called "white swelling." Today it might have been diagnosed as tuberculosis of the bone. During his physical efforts to control the horses and the wagon, he sharply bumped that leg which set up a running sore, producing a constant drain in the wound. The continual cleansing of the infection completely healed him of his affliction. He was later able to drive the team and perform nearly as much strenuous labor as any other man in the train.

The Taylors took with them a sizable herd of fine cattle and the cows were milked night and morning. Milk that wasn't used for meals was put into a tall wooden churn, smaller at the top than at the bottom, covered over tightly and set in the back of the wagon where it jiggled and jounced all day. At night when the train stopped, the butter was already churned.

The wagons' laid-by every Sunday for religious services. With twenty ministers in attendance and with each one vying for his share of spiritual



*Mary Ann Prescott Clark*

exhortation, there was surely no shortage of piety. Abigail, however, took advantage of the day off and made salt-rising bread for the family.


By June they had reached the Platt River. In her diary Rachel reports that Abigail found the river "too thick to swim in, too thin to walk on, too thick to drink and too thin for paint." She dipped out a pail of muddy water and sprinkled a handful of corn meal in it. When the meal sank to the bottom, the mud went with it and it was then clear enough to drink. On rare instances when they came upon a spring of clear, cold water, it was a true cause for rejoicing.

At one stopover along the trail, several Digger Indians entered the camp. It was a time when Abigail was having a severe attack of Erysipelas in her face and head. The Indians, who were becoming threateningly familiar and aggressive, suddenly saw Abigail's disfigured face. Deathly afraid of small pox, they assumed she was a victim of the dread disease, and they departed in great haste. Though Abigail's beautiful auburn curls were terribly depleted, it was a case of some advantage being found in misfortune.

Bumping and jolting along over the rustic roadbeds, they continued westward. Occasionally wagon wheels and oxen yokes broke and the entire train waited for them to be repaired. Frequently there was no grass for the livestock and sometimes no water. They often found no wood for campfires. At a stop in the Klamath Lake region, lawless Indians stole many of their horses. During the last part of the trip there was a severe shortage of food and Abigail was assigned the task of making biscuits for the entire train because she had become an expert baker and didn't waste a grain of flour. They would have faced real hunger had not a troupe of volunteers and soldiers from Jacksonville met them and supplied them with flour and other food staples.

At the California-Oregon junction, the wagon train met two men with pack horses. Each of them carried a small girl on the horse with him. The strangers declared that at Fort Hall they had been hired by the children's mother to take her and the little girls to a wagon train bound for Oregon. They asked Stephen to see that the children got to Portland where their relatives were. It seemed the mother had become sick on the trail and had died. In a hurry to be on the way and not thinking of questioning the men further, Stephen took one girl and a family in another wagon took the other. No one appeared to wonder that the tiny children were so beautifully and neatly dressed and had not a hair out of place.

The older child, taken by the Taylors, said one day, upon seeing Stephen handling a twenty dollar gold piece, "My mother has a whole trunk of those." Members of the train conjectured then that the mother had been murdered by the men for her gold on the same day they had met up with the wagon train. Eventually Stephen sent the two girls on to Portland with another group of emigrants going north.

fter six months and eleven days of constant travel, on October 23, 1853, the Preachers' Train stopped at a white settlement at what is now Hornbrook, California. The women and children stayed with the wagons while the men went north to Jackson County to look for suitable land for farming. Stephen took a Donation Land Claim, 640 acres, near the foot of Roxy Mountain, later named Roxy Ann. The claim adjoined the present site of the Hillcrest Orchards. Clark, the son, claimed the land west of Stephen's claim and about four miles from Phoenix. The younger son Hobart did not make a claim; he later bought land on Lawson Creek on Roxy Mountain.

Sylvester Taylor, who had learned the printers' trade in the east from his brother Sebastian, became partners with T'Vault and Blakely and founded the *Table Rock Sentinel* which was the first newspaper published in southern

Oregon. After a year T'Vault bought the paper from the other two men and Sylvester moved his family to the Willamette Valley where he lived for the remainder of his short life. His daughter Nellie, at the age of fifteen, began teaching school in Salem and taught there for fifty years. She had probably been given an education equivalent to the eighth grade and, at the time, that was considered enough educational background for a teacher.

The Stephen P. and Stephen C. families lived in their covered wagons until their log cabins were built. In the construction of these cabins not a nail was used. They were made by notching and pegging. Both structures were built using only a jack knife and an axe. Sand from Bear Creek was hauled to the claim to be mixed with the sticky gumbo of the region to make the floor. The only furniture in each cabin was a wooden bench or two, and the kitchens were equipped with several tin plates and a few knives and forks. Abigail had a little sewing machine, a coffee mill and some quilts which she had brought with her in the wagon. The women cooked on flat rocks heated by camp fires. After a sawmill was built in the valley Abigail bought enough lumber to put in wooden floors.

The mountain, Roxy Ann, acquired the "Roxy" from a family by that name who also settled near the mountain. Mary Ann, Clark's wife, always declared the mountain was her mountain because it was in her backyard. She frequently referred to it as "my beautiful mountain." People began calling it Ann's mountain and eventually the two names were joined to make the present day name, Roxy Ann.

EXCERPTS FROM A LENGTHY LETTER WRITTEN BY MARY ANN TAYLOR TO HER FAMILY IN THE EAST  
August 1, 1854

It is with feelings of deepest love that I attempt to write to you.

Thus far our weather is tolerable dry. Crops are coming on beautifully, wheat is the brightest and largest here of any that I have ever seen. We have got about ten acres broke, that is quite a field for this country although one man has a field of 100 acres of wheat, which is 5 dollars a bushel. Father (Stephen P.) has two acres of spring wheat, and quite a garden otherwise. They have moved into their new house which is frame, a large square room, and two bedrooms and a large butry and stoop, they are having a cellar dug and going to put a house over it then they will have considerable room.

We have got a floor in our house, and a large stoop which makes our house quite nice. I have got me some new dishes, white stone china. I have got me a new bake kettle which cost 8 dollars just took a cheese to pay for it, and a new cradle which little Henry and Rhoda think is very nice. Rhoda is now a large girl to what she was when you saw her. Little Henry has black eyes, and dark hair. He is ten weeks old and weighs fifteen pounds. We take a good lot of comfort and pride in them, they are good children. We have a little puppy, a little kitten, and three hens and a rooster.

Father Taylor has four pigs which he took on shares to raise. Hogs are very scarce and likewise very high. Beef is twenty and twenty-five, flour is fourteen dollars per hundred weight, butter is fifty cents, cheese, forty, coffee, fifty cents, sugar, twenty-five by the pound.

For all things are so high here, we have a good deal more than we did in the states. Now, when we want anything we have money to send for it. I sold cheese the other day to a man for eight dollars and ninety three cents, it was only one days milk.

We have two young ladies boarding with us, and go to Rachel's school. Board is ten dollars for a man per week, and one dollar a day for a woman. Rachel gets along well with her school. She shows a good deal of sense for all she is so young.

They are starting out volunteers to meet the emigration that is supposed to be coming to this valley, to protect them from the savage foe on the way. There are great rumors abroad that there is going to be another war with the Indians. Some think it certain others think not, but men go well armed. There have been two Indians killed down Rogue River by white men and the Indians called on the Government to have those men brought forward and tried by law, but the men found out and they ran into California and the sheriff could not take them. The Indians can't cumtax (understand) why they cannot take them anywhere as they do their men, so they say they will have revenge. They will commence by killing some person whom they can catch out alone. They are too great cowards to attack houses, there is but very few of them, and if they commence fighting, it will be pretty sure to finish Indian trouble here. There will be an immense sight of property lost, wheat will be burned, and everything they can burn. I am afraid of them, afraid to stay alone.

Rachel is the same, only grown more considerable. She is going to make a nice woman if she holds out. There are lots of boys and widowers here who want wives. They live alone and no one to do anything for them or stay with them at home, so the consequence is they are running about as they please.

I forgot to speak of Hobart. He is at home now with a felon on his hand. He stays with me while Clark is gone. He has a land claim with some fencing and a good house on it. It is worth five hundred dollars.

With true love and affection  
Your sister and daughter  
M. Ann Taylor

Dear Parents:

Ann commenced this letter and wrote most of the news but I will try to tell something, whether it will interest you or not. I was gone away from home last week, at work on a threshing machine. I told the man I would work one month for \$125.00. Winter wheat is the best I ever saw, oats is great also. Our stock looks fine, I keep my old cattle that I left the states with, they are a fine pair.

Monday, August 6, 1854

Clark was going to finish the book, but company came in and he had to lay it by. We have not had any rain for six weeks, everything is getting very dry, fire has started in the mountains in a good many places. We live where we can see green trees and shrubs of everykind on the mountain, snow and ice just above them.

I should like to see you all very much, but it is doubtful that we ever meet in this world, the distance is too great and obstacles in the way. I want very much your miniatures. I will send you twice what they will cost.

I must close my epistle by wishing you a long long goodby. All join in sending love and respects to you.

Ann

Stephen is credited with establishing the first free school in the Rogue River Valley during the winter of 1854. His daughter, Abigail, who had received a teaching certificate before leaving the east, was the teacher. In fact she furnished most of the books to her pupils. But she was not strong physically and, her health failing, her sister, fourteen year old Rachel, took over. In school she had received perfect grades on her report cards and these were considered equivalent to a teacher's degree.

In 1855, at the time of the final wars with the Rogue Valley Indians, the Taylors were ordered by General Lane to leave their land and take refuge at Fort Hoxie, which was located near Jacksonville in what is now Oak Grove. Mrs. Elva Wheeler Person, Abigail's granddaughter, in her memoirs wrote: "Grandma got a hen from somebody. And that hen through the summer laid 43 eggs. She let the hen lay and set, took the chicks away from her and pretty soon the hen would be laying again. She raised three broods of chickens. The following spring, 1855, she had a nice little bunch of chickens to begin raising her flocks. When the Indian outbreak came and General Lane was sent out, he ordered all the white people into Fort Hoxie. She didn't want to go and begged not to go; somebody had to take care of her chickens and the calves and the lambs, but he made her go. So every day she would get on her white horse and go off across the country, back up to the ranch, to feed the chickens and the calves."

Another story told by Mrs. Person also illustrates Abigail's courage and resourcefulness. "When they built their log cabin up there by the foot

of Roxie, she (Abigail) moved in after they got the roof on it. She had been living in the wagon until then, and she moved in and hung up a large quilt in the doorway where they had not yet had time to make the door. One day she was busy around her fireplace with a willow poker the boys had got for her. She had been punching the fire with it, when she heard a little noise and looked around and saw a big old Indian looking over the top of the blanket at her. I said, 'What did you do, Grandma?' She said, 'I just took that smoking poker and I just ran at him and I said, "Get out of here, you old Hessian!"' The Indian said, 'White squaw heap mad,' and disappeared."

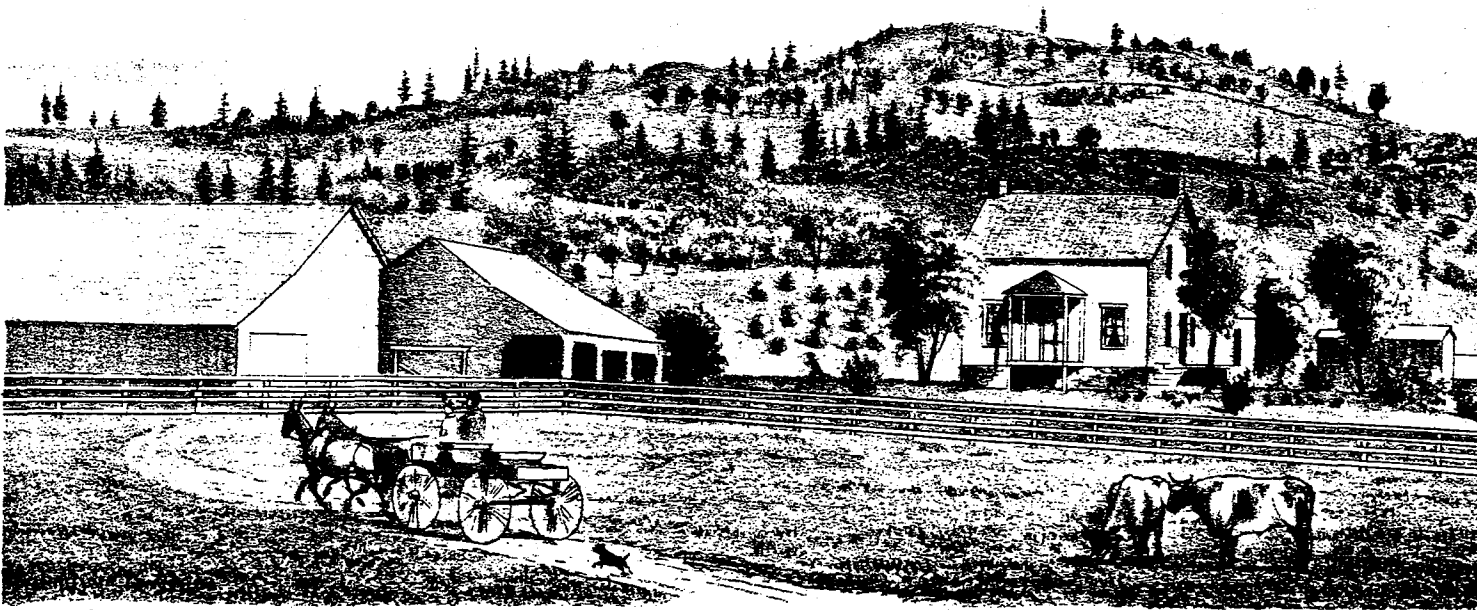
Around 1860 Stephen and Abigail turned their land over to Clark and Mary Ann and moved to Gasburg (now Phoenix). In 1862,



during Abraham Lincoln's term as president, Stephen was appointed postmaster. His pay was the amount of money he received for the cancellation of stamps on letters mailed at Gasburg. The bulk of business was, optimistically speaking, about a dozen letters a day. He was the first Justice of the Peace and acted as Methodist minister for the people of Gasburg.

**I**n the winter of 1861 Sylvester Taylor died in Oregon City. Stephen hitched up a wagon and went north to bring Clarice and her three daughters back to Phoenix. It was bitterly cold on the way and Stephen had trouble with his team while crossing a river. He had to wade into the deep swirling water and lead the horses to shore. Upon continuing the journey, he drove the wagon, hunched over on the wagon seat, shivering in clothes which were sopping wet to the skin. In the cold winter weather his garments soon froze and he became chilled and numbed from the exposure to the cold. When he arrived in Oregon City he was dangerously ill with pneumonia. After many months he seemingly recovered, but, never physically strong, he did not fully regain his health. Although he lived for several years, he was a semi-invalid for much of that time. He died in Phoenix in 1867.

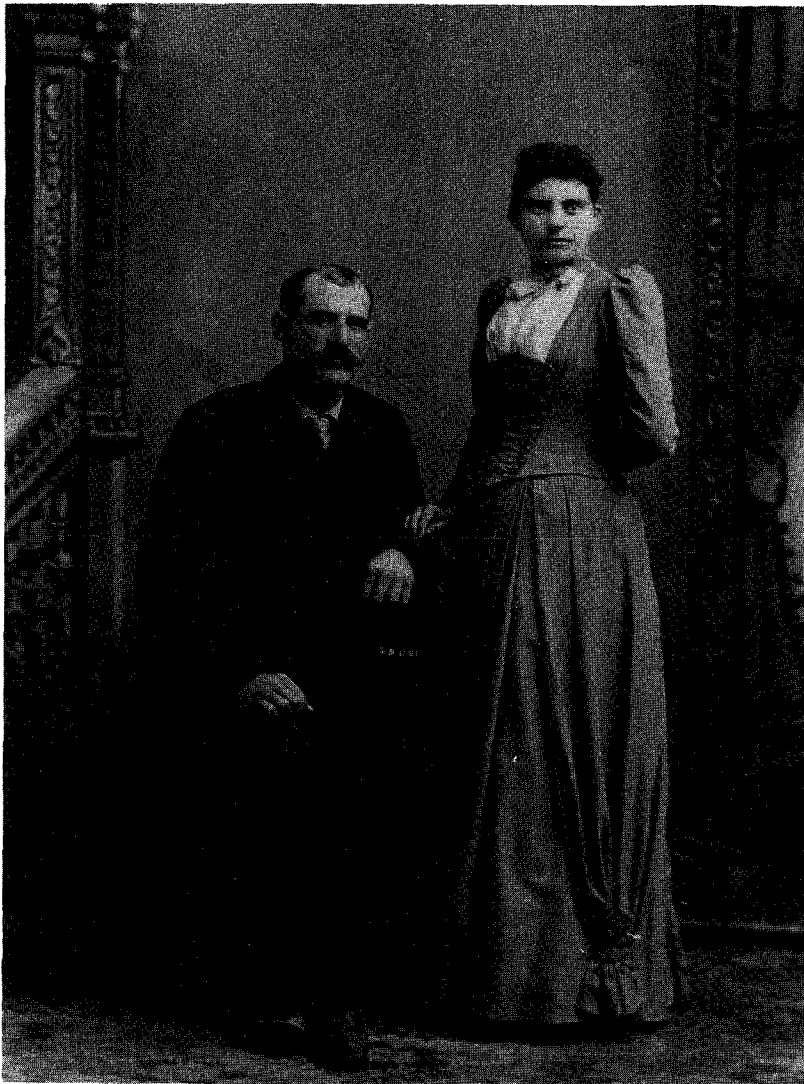
**T**he home built by Clark in 1864 on the property near Roxy Ann is still standing and today it is known as the Quail Run Ranch. It is located at the end of Cherry Lane.



WALLING-LITH. PORTLAND-OR.

FARM RESIDENCE OF S. G. TAYLOR, 4 MILES N. E. OF PHOENIX, JACKSON CO.

**A**round 1887 Clark and Mary Ann decided to retire. They divided the property among their children and moved to Phoenix. For many years Clark had devoted much of his time to the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his retirement he planned to give even more dedication to the church, but before a year had passed, he suffered an acute attack of throat disease and died on December 10, 1888. He was 61. His widow, Mary Ann, later became Mrs. Stoddard. She died in 1901 at the age of 71.



(Left) *Willis Wesley, Annie*

(Facing Page, top) *Mabel, Ethel, and Nevah*

(bottom) *Nevah, Ethel, and Mabel*

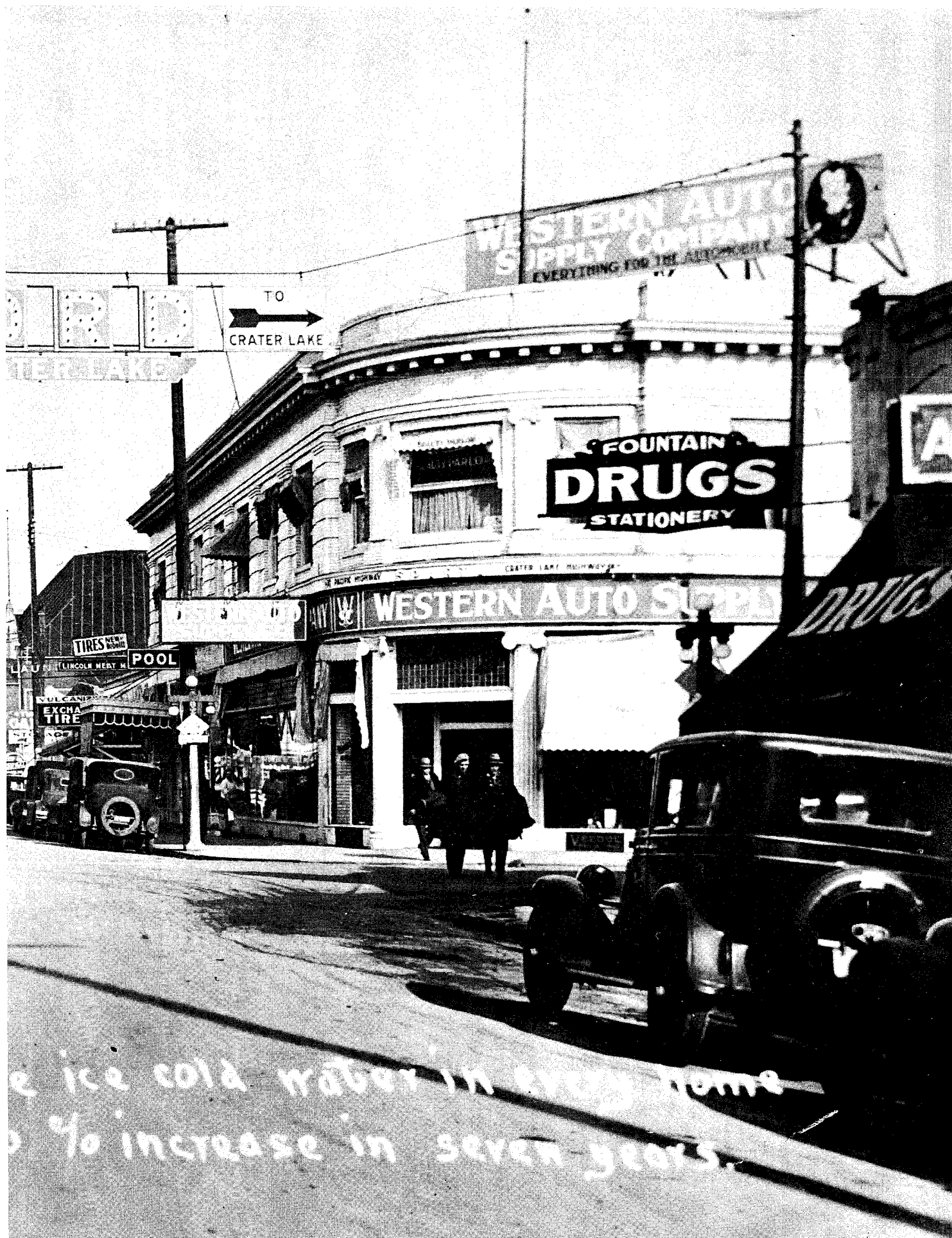
Clark's son, Willis Wesley, inherited Clark's farm. In 1891 Willis married Annie Woody. They had three children, born at the family home: Ethel 1891, Mabel 1893 and Nevah 1894. When Nevah was eighteen months old, in 1896, Annie suffered a miscarriage and died. Willis was grief stricken and unable to care for his daughters who were taken by relatives. Three years later however Willis met a lady, Mary Thompson, who accepted his proposal and took over the responsibility of being a mother to the three Taylor girls. In a year's time she presented them with a half-brother, Theron.

Discouraged by several years in succession of insufficient rainfall, in 1908 Willis sold the home place to members of the Westerlund Corporation who were interested in the establishment of pear orchards. Willis bought a farm in Eagle Point where he raised his family. Some portions of the farm still belong to family members.

Abigail and Stephen Phelps Taylor have many descendants throughout the west all of whom are proud of their heritage. The acknowledged family historian, however, is Stephen's great granddaughter, Nevah T. Clifford of Eagle Point. She has a library of photographs and albums and many keepsakes from various family members, alive and dead. She very generously granted to SOHS researchers the privilege of going through her family memorabilia for this story. The society is grateful.







ice cold water in every home  
50% increase in seven years.



## AMERICAN

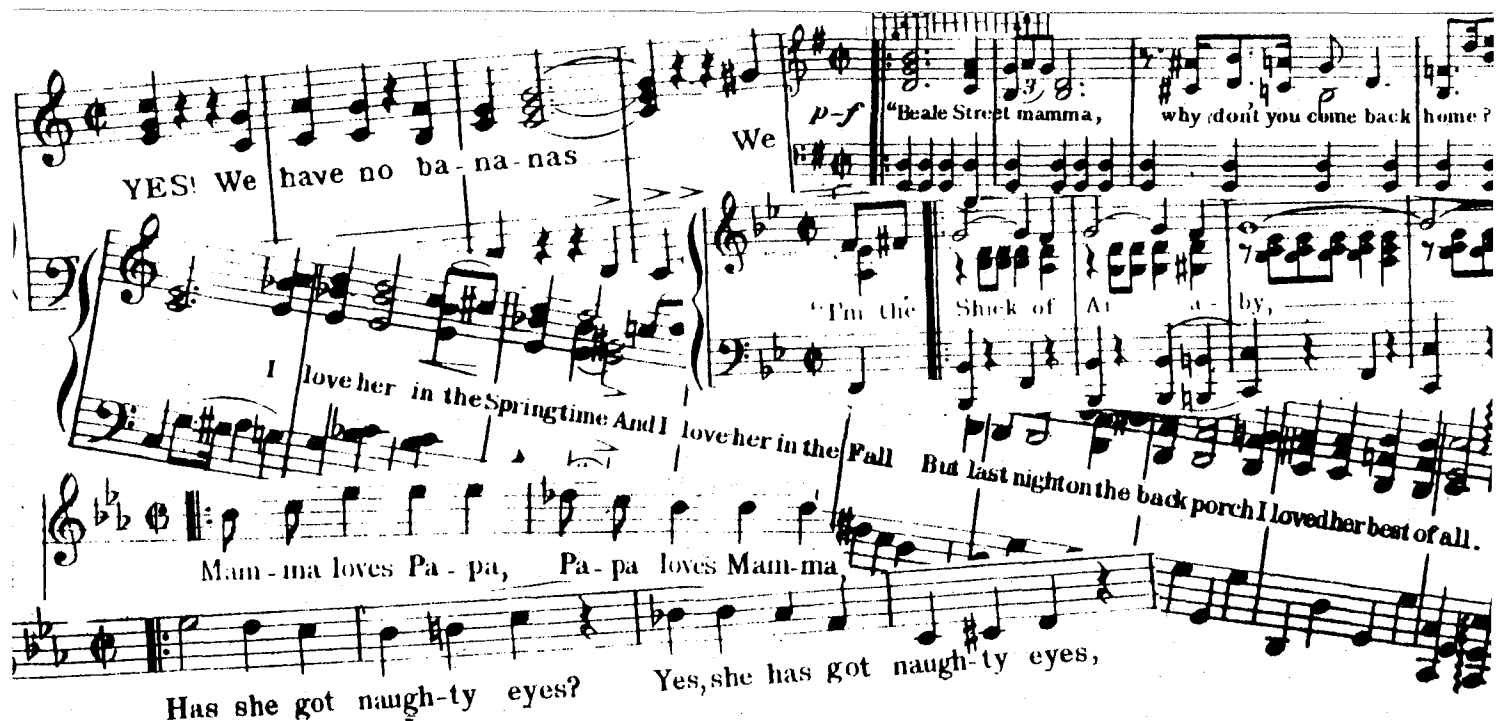
America's popular songs are the source of her richest folklore; they are in truth a never-ending treasury of national possessions. The lyrics have captured the changing spirit of each period more accurately than anything else has done. Every era in American history has its own characteristic songs from the earliest times when patriotism was the leading theme with *Yankee Doodle* and *Hail, Columbia* through the Jazz Age when the pursuit of pleasure and the smashing of traditions were uppermost in the minds of the flapper and the collegiate sheik as they sang *Doo Wacka Doo* and *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, and later to the depression when folk, standing in the breadline, could hum, to screw up their courage, *The Best Things in Life Are Free* and *We're in the Money*, and, more recently to the complacent forties, when one could relax and listen to the full sound of the big bands playing *Deep Purple* and *Tonight We Love*.

Today, early in the 1980s, as

## POPULAR SONGS

America faces new challenges, and as the entire world is uneasy with the threat of violence and dissention and we're not exactly sure just where we're heading, what direction will popular music take? With emphasis at last beginning to be placed less on teen-age tastes and more on mature preferences, will it veer away from rock and again become mellow and nostalgic? Might we go back to the period around the turn of the century, when life was less complicated and the pace was slower? We could do worse.

Around 1890 the piano in the parlor became a necessity. By 1899 the 75 million Americans owned a million pianos. They were increasing five times as fast as people and they were even packed into rustic camps in the still primitive mining areas. When anyone was invited out for a social evening, he was told, "Bring your music." Even those who didn't play



## AT THE TURN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

bought sheet music so folks could gather round the keyboard and sing up a storm of catchy melodies and sentimental lyrics—songs whose titles, strung together in the right sequence, could almost make a history lesson.

Since popular songs reveal the nature of the age in which they were sung, the songs of the last decade of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century clearly demonstrate some things that weren't so bad -- and some things that were pretty deplorable -- in those less hectic times.

The dominant note was the moral code; women were the guardians of morality; they were created of more angelic stuff than that which made up the susceptible male. The young lady expected to make a ten-



derly romantic love match and live happily ever after. Until Mr. Right appeared no unchivalrous swain could be allowed to kiss her. Of course there were those men who indulged in a bit of hanky-panky but only with the class of girlie who smoked cigarettes and wore lip rouge.

The chief model and prime object of devotion was Mother. Her outstanding musical tribute was *M is for the Million things she gave me*. *Mother Machree* and *No One Loves You Any Better than Your M-A-Double M-Y* were close behind although the latter was a late bloomer (1923). *Always Take Mother's Advice* and *Though You're Going Far Away, Lad, I'm Still Your Mother Dear* were reminders that her influence was boundless and

sonny wasn't likely to get away from it. *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* (Rules the World) spelled Power with a capital P. And there was *I'd Love to Fall Asleep and Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms*. The less analysis of that little number the better.

*Daddy, You've Been a Mother To Me* was a kind of backhanded compliment to daddy while it boosted mother's standing. The title indicates that daddies were second in importance, but this daddy was such a super-daddy, he was really a mommie. Dear old dad may have considered himself a first class parent, but he probably hung around at the saloon on the way home so he didn't earn first billing. It is clearly sexism in reverse. Today it would be *Mother, You've Been a Daddy To Me*. That has to be the end of this exchange of family members. When you get to *Brother, You've Been a Sister to Me*, you've gone too far.

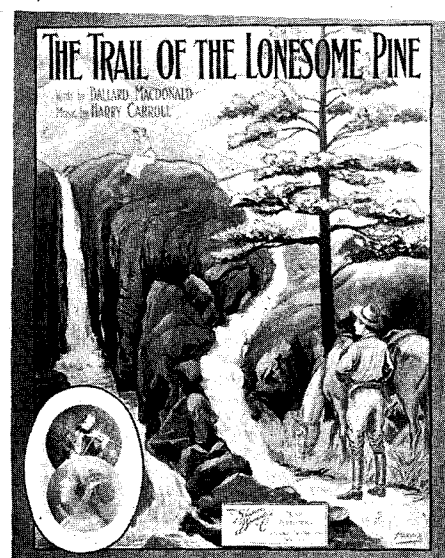
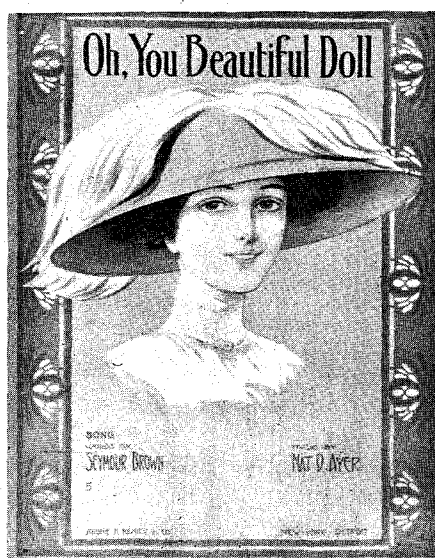
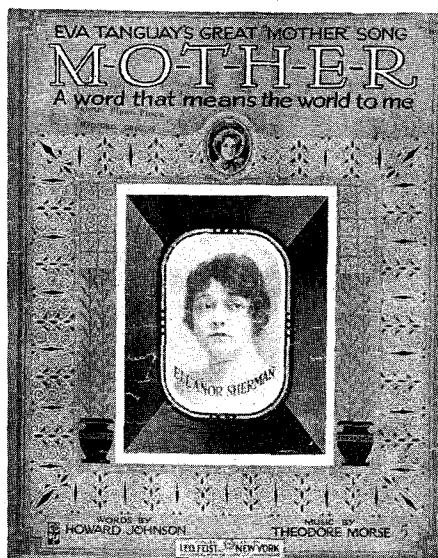
Even when Mother went to her reward she still wielded considerable influence from beyond. *My Mother's Old Red Shawl* and *Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven Because My Mother's There* are solid proof. Although it was enormously popular in 1915, *My Mother's Rosary* is possibly the silliest of the Mother songs:

*There's an old time melody I heard  
long ago;  
Mother called it The Rosary; she  
sang it soft and low:  
...Ten baby fingers and ten baby toes,  
She'd watch them by the setting sun  
And when her daily work was done,  
She'd count them each and every one.  
That was "My Mother's Rosary."*

One would think that after she'd watched those toes and counted them several hundred times, she'd know there were ten. Perhaps she fretted that some of them might have dropped off while she wasn't looking.

The object of a fellow's romantic affections was a clever minx. She was wholesome, demure, modest, dimpled, blushing, dainty and smelled of freshly starched linen, soap and lavender water. The gents adored her. She was *The Sunshine of Paradise Alley*, *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, *Annie Rooney*, *Daisy Bell*, *Cecelia*, *Bedelia*, *Sweet Marie*, *My Gal Sal*, *Sweet Adeline*, *Rose of Washington Square*, *Pretty Baby*, *Mary with a Grand Old Name*, *Ida*, *Sweet as Apple Cider*, and *Oh! You Beautiful Doll*. She was no more sophisticated than a bunny and she had no women's wiles--on the surface. Yet the little dickens wore a beguiling sash to show off her tiny waist, she twirled her underflounces to reveal her trim little ankles and she added a few perky ruffles where nature hadn't been quite generous enough.

Her entrapped suitor coyly courted her with persuasive messages: *Love Me and the World Is Mine*, *All the World Will be Jealous of Me*, *How'd You Like to Spoon with Me?*, *Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee*, *Daisies Won't Tell*, *All That I Ask Is Love*, *Cuddle Up a Little Closer* and *Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland*. His love was undying and would even grow stronger in their golden years when the dear old girl had silver threads among the gold and they wandered, hand in hand, down lovers' lane by the old mill stream as he reminded her



of school days when she was sweet sixteen, wore a sweet yellow tulip while he wore his red, red rose.

The lady was enshrined on a pedestal and adored from a discreet distance with phrases like: *I re-a-lize I found my Par-a-dise When I looked in your wonderful eyes and I'll turn, love, to thee, my shrine thou shalt be Till the sands of the desert > < grow cold.*

QUESTION: What young lady would not swoon at such devotion?

ANSWER: Almost all of them. They couldn't wait to get down from that pedestal. In a few short years they were doing the Charleston and the Raccoon and goodness knows what else. They threw scruples to the wind. One poor deserted chap wailed: *Beale Street Mamma, why don't you come back home? It isn't proper to leave your papa all alone... Sometimes I was cruel that's true, but, Mamma, your sweet Papa never two-timed you... So how come you do me like you do?* He hastened to add that there were a lot of other fish in the sea squabbling over him, but he wanted her only. *I advertised for you in the Memphis Press, and fourteen Mammams answered "Yes," So, Beale Street Mamma, come back home.* Only a few years earlier he'd have thrown her out and turned her picture to the wall; now he's groveling. Give those girlies a little freedom and the next thing you know they'll want the vote.

It seems, though, that even during the most prim and proper era some of the ladies, like giddy moths, couldn't resist the lights and the temptations of the city. Of course they eventually regretted

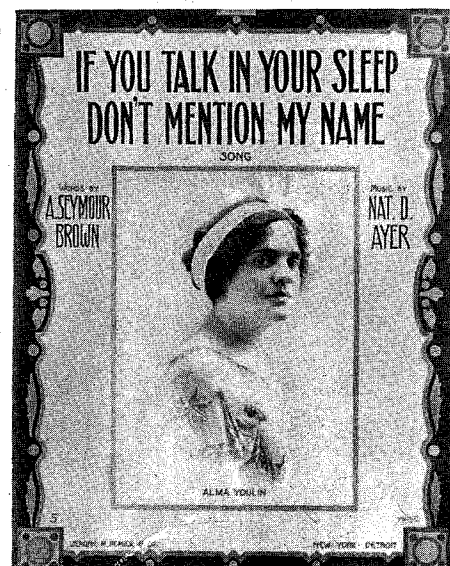
their foolish misstep but wisdom came too late. In actuality, maybe fewer of them were repentant than the song titles would indicate and not one of them was entirely to blame for her shame and downfall. Always a man was the cause of it all.

*She May Have Seen Better Days, Just Tell Them That You Saw Me and Just a Girl That Men Forget* tell the sad story only too plainly, and *In the Heart of the City That Has No Heart* it's even spelled out:

*The current of vice had proved too strong  
So the poor little girlie just drifted along.  
Nobody cared if she laughed or cried,  
Nobody cared if she lived or died;  
She's just a lost sister and no one has missed her;  
She's there in the city where there's no pity --  
In the city that has no heart.*

This one is a real goner. If that wouldn't send those girlies scurrying back to the safety of the farm, what would?

There is at least one song, popular in the twenties, in which one of these lilies of the field was salvaged from those city lights. It's called *I Don't Care What You Used to Be*, and it's a response made by a fellow who's far ahead of his time. The cover of the sheet music pictures a young lady looking demurely up at her beloved. Her hair is arranged in long curls and she



is modestly clad--even a bit out of date. It seems that nice girls were always a little dowdy so you can see at once she's a real good girl. But over her head the artist has shown her as she used to be. Wow! She's alone at a table in a cabaret, her



gown, although stylish, is skimpily cut, she is obviously having a glass of spirits AND she is smoking a cigarette in a long holder. She's a real naughty, all right. This gentleman, who should be a model for all time to come, is telling her:

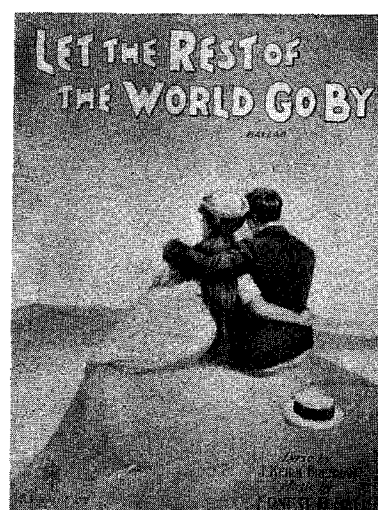
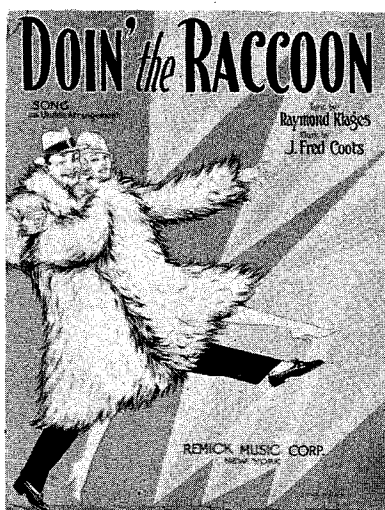
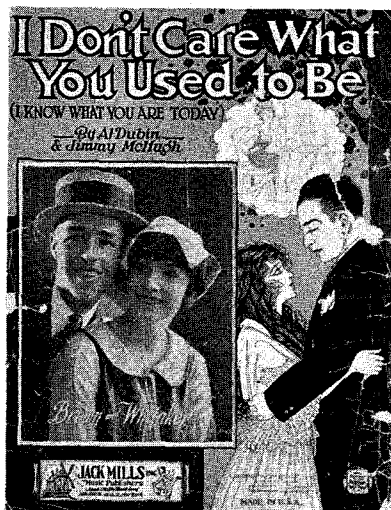
*I don't care what you used to be;  
I know what you are today.  
If you love me as I love you,  
Who cares what the world may say?  
I was no angel in days gone by;  
You ask no questions so why should I?*

*I don't care what you used to be,  
I know what you are today.*

Lucky girl. She'd better glom onto him without delay; he's one in several million.

During this period more popular songs were produced than in any previous decade. Love, of course, was the big theme, but there were other interests that inspired the songsters. They were fascinated by the new toys: the telephone, the telegraph, the horseless carriage and the airplane. Such titles appeared as *Come, Josephine*, *in My Flying Machine*, *I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby*, *Come Take a Trip in My Airship*, *In My Merry Oldsmobile*, *He'd Have to Get Under, Get Out and Get Under*, and *Hello, My Baby*. The Exposition in 1904 brought out *Meet Me in St. Louis*. A waggish humor which is characteristic of all people, even in times of stress, was evident in *Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go with Friday on Saturday Night?* *Who Threw the Overalls in Mistress Murphey's Chowder?* *They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii*, *Don't Go in the Lion's Cage Tonight*, *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* and *Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo J. O'Shea (I've Got Rings on My Fingers)*.

Extremely successful were songs of mawkish sentimentality. It's difficult to believe that people took them seriously, but they did. Oscar Wilde once said, "Only a man with a heart of stone could read 'The Death of



Little Nell' and not burst out laughing." The same is true today of *The Pardon Came Too Late*, *In the Baggage Coach* head, *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*, *The Mansion of Aching Hearts*, and *Over the Hills to the Poorhouse*.

After the Ball was a smashing success yet the words of the ballad are absurd. A precious little maiden, climbing on an old man's knee, innocently asks, "Have you no babies? Have you no home?"

The old duffer tells his sad story. "I had a sweetheart, years, years ago. Where she is now, pet, you will soon know."

It seems he'd gone to the ball and there was his beloved. (She'd apparently come early to avoid the rush.) She approached him and asked him to fetch her some water. (Although it was a grand ball, it wasn't grand enough to provide the dancers with a nice bowl of punch.) He had to snoop around and find the pump. When he returned, he found her kissing another man. "Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all, Just as my heart was, after the ball."

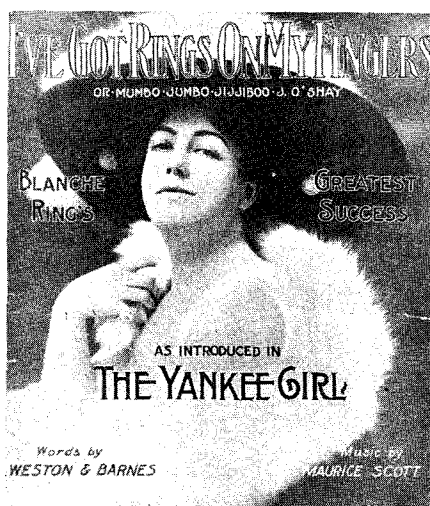
She tried to explain but all her "pleadings were vain." He left the ball, angry and in a pout, and, with the passing of the years, became an embittered, lonely old thing.

The poor girl was obviously better off without him, but she didn't know it and so she up and died. "One day a letter came from that man, He was her brother, the letter ran. That's why I'm lonely, no home at all; I broke her heart, pet, after the ball." Alas.

One shouldn't wonder that these maudlin songs were so successful. Any adult who would sing--and most of them did--*Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow Wow*, *I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard* and *Hoo-oo, Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?* has to be a little simple minded.

Not to be overlooked is the towering stack of sentimental and cutsey songs about the Irish. The multitude of pseudo-Irish folk who gathered in Pop's Saloon or Paddy's Saloon or Casey's Saloon had to have a wide repertoire of material to render with deep emotion and pathos, particularly on March 17 and other memorable occasions. America seems never to have outgrown it. Even today we're presented with songs about the auld sod and those moth-eaten little people. These titles must be included in any list of songs because of their great and lasting popularity: *My Wild Irish Rose*, *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, *Peg-O-My-Heart*, *A Little Bit of Heaven*, *Rose of Killarney*, *Ireland Must Be Heaven Because My Mother Came from There* and *The Rose of Tralee*.

Overlapping the list of Irish songs are many other songs of rollicking good humor. They are songs which enliven an audience and encourage everyone to join in. The list includes *The Sidewalks of New York*, *While Strolling Through the Park*, *The Band Played On*, *There Is*



*a Tavern in the Town, By the Sea, I'm Just Wild About Harry, Casey Jones, Ta-ra-ra boom der-e* and many other perennial favorites.

World War I brought a flood of patriotic compositions. Many of them will be around as long as people sing. Even today some of them deliver a sharp emotional punch. No one should expect to find glamor in an ugly thing like war, but glamor, exquisite and painful, is there in these songs. Those soldiers and nurses were too young and too naive and too beautiful; they could break your hart. The power of the songs lies in their simplicity and honesty.

There isn't any sophistication or art in the soldier's thoughts of his dead comrade: *Nights are long since you went away, I dream about you all through the day, my buddy ... my buddy, nobody quite so true.* The tribute to the Red Cross nurse is just as effective: *There's a rose that blows in No Man's Land, and it's wonderful to see.*

Both the words and the music of *Over There* were designed to help win the war. At its very first performance it was met with frenzied enthusiasm and became internationally popular. There is nothing artificial or insinere in it; it is down to earth. It brought the Congressional Medal to its composer, George M. Cohan. *There's a Long, Long Trail* must be included in any list of permanent patriotic hits as well as *You're a Grand Old Flag* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. England sent *America Keep the Home Fires Burning* and *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile.*

These songs ushered in the jazz age, and it's no wonder the young people in the twenties acted so brainless. Stopping to remember was too painful so they rushed to the other end of the scale. Their songs captured the high spirits of the decade: *Running Wild, Ain't We Got Fun? Yes, Sir, That's My Baby, Hard-Hearted Hanna, There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes* and *Everything is Hotsy-Totsy Now.*

The older generation was shocked; it always has been. A lady evangelist writing to *The Oregonian* announced: "Dancing is the first and easiest step towards hell. The modern dance cheapens womanhood. The first time a girl allows a man to swing her around the dance floor she has lost something she should have treasured.

"Her corset," added the editors of *The Fabulous Century*. Mothers insisted that nice girls wore them, but how could one dance the black bottom laced into a steel undergarment?

Bobbed hair, rolled hose and short skirts were too much to accept even if they were temporary evils. The forces of morality rallied to the cause. In 1921 a bill was introduced in Utah to provide fine and imprisonment for flappers who wore "skirts higher than three inches above the ankle." A bill in the Virginia legislature forbade shirtwaists and evening gowns which displayed "more than three inches of the throat," and the Ohio legislature ruled that skirts must reach "that part of the foot known as the instep." The girlies paid no attention. They were off that pedestal for good.

The moral code was in tatters and even today the loose ends are flying around in every direction. It takes time to build up a code, and, it appears, even longer to repair one. Whatever develops tomorrow will be reflected in the lyrics of the future. And whatever the outcome, we can be pretty certain that, come rain or come shine, the songwriters will tell us that all the odds are in our favor and everything'll be coming up roses.





## BYRON FERRELL, MAINTENANCE SUPERVISOR

**B**yron Ferrell, a Scorpio, hails originally from Neosho, Missouri, the fountainhead of other important men including the famous painter and teacher, Thomas Hart Benton, and the legendary singing-hero, Gene Autry. Byron, whose esthetic tastes follow similar paths, is better looking and a lot more with-it than either of those two fellows; this is widely accepted. In fact he possesses hidden depths, he conceals his powerful emotions and he burns with a peculiar intensity. At least that's what *The Compleat Astrologer* has to say about Scorpios. On the other side of the coin, however, he's jealous, secretive, intractable and has clay feet up to his ankles. You have to handle these Scorpios with care; a chair and a whip might be handy.

At the tender age of nine years, he, with his two brothers and his parents, crossed the plains--in a 1953 Dodge. They arrived in Springfield, Oregon, where they lived for a year before moving to Klamath Falls in 1955. Byron entered school there.

During his high school years he joined forces with a folk music combo. He was soloist and played the guitar. Even after he left Klamath Falls to attend Southern Oregon College, he continued to play with the group. They stayed together for five years and made appearances in night clubs and the classier honky-tonks all over the state. But even though Byron could sing *Happy Birthday* for all ages in several languages, they never made the big time. The talent scouts lurking in the background played it too cool for too long and the band broke up -- a tough break for show biz.

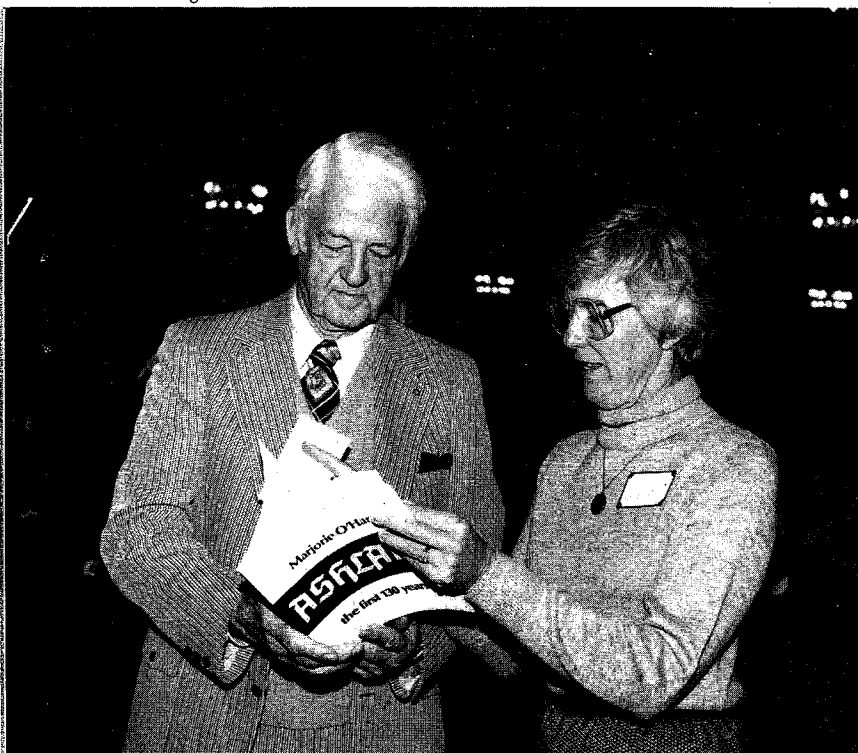
In 1966 he moved to Monterey, California, where he worked in landscaping. A year later he and Ann Nickell were married at Lovers' Point in Pacific Grove. Byron enrolled in the University of California at San Diego and, in 1972, was graduated with a BA in literature.

From southern California he moved his family, Ann, a son Luke and a daughter Mary, to southern Oregon. Having always had a yen to work for a museum, and having never been entirely gung-ho about the more urban areas, he accepted his present position with SOHS. The grounds have never been so well tended or appeared so lush. The kids attend Jefferson School and Ann teaches third grade at Howard.

## DECEMBER ACTIVITIES

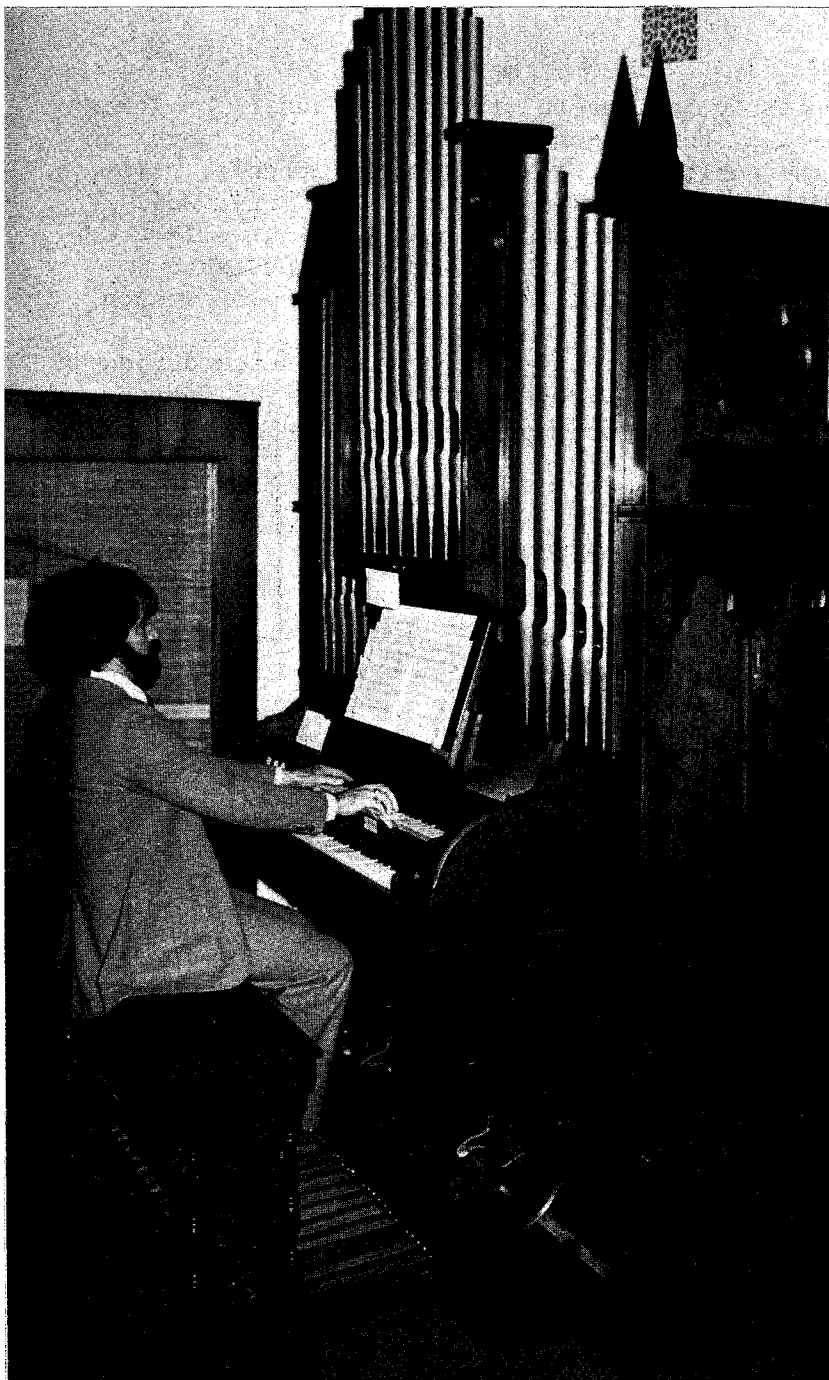


When the Phipps dental office was moved to the Third Street exhibit rooms, Ruth Preston, Restoration Coordinator, assembled in its place a nineteenth century parlor (right), She is pictured above displaying an *object d'art*.



Gordon Medaris, Mayor of Ashland, and Marjorie O'Harra, author of *The Ashland Story*, examine a copy of her book at a recent autograph party held at the Mark Antony Hotel. Publication of the book was made possible through a grant from the Jackson County Federal. The book was published by SOHS.

*Photographs by Doug Smith*



## ORGAN DEDICATION

The dedication of the Peloubet organ at the museum in December was attended by several people from Ashland and Phoenix who recalled a time when the organ was used in their churches. Mr. Frank Davis remembered that in 1906, as a boy of 14, he operated the hand-pump for Harry Yeo, organist at the First Methodist Church of Ashland.

The highlight of the ceremony was a short recital by Alan Collins, an outstanding southern Oregon organist. He presented the following program.

Voluntary in D  
John Alcock

Two French Organ Suites  
Louis Nicolas Clerambault

Trumpet Suite in D  
John Stanley

Swiss Noel  
Louis Claude Dagquin

Trumpet Voluntary  
Purcell

Christmas Hymns  
Selected by Alan Collins

Alan Collins    *Photograph by Jane Cory-VanDyke*

The organ was donated in 1956 by Mr. and Mrs. Elverton Claflin in memory of Mrs. Ruth Claflin, Mr. Lynn Claflin, and Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Caster.

Those attending the reception were welcomed by Joy Nagel, director of programs for SOHS. She introduced Catherine Wendt, museum receptionist, who with Jody Ferg coordinated the fund-raising efforts for the restoration. Catherine reviewed the history of the organ which was originally purchased in 1893 by the Methodist Church in Ashland where it was used in church services for 35 years. In 1929 it was sold to the Presbyterian Church in Phoenix where it was kept for 26 years.

Some of those who attended expressed the opinion that an organ recital should become an annual event.

## LIBRARIAN ATTENDS AUTOGRAPH PARTY

Richard Engeman, librarian, was recently invited to attend the Annual Christmas Cheer and Oregon Authors' Party held at the Oregon Historical Society Center in Portland. The event was open to the public and the authors who attended autographed copies of their books. Richard's book, The Jacksonville Story, was published in 1980. Writers who participated included Ursula LeGuin, well-known in the science fiction field, Stephen Dow Beckham, the distinguished historian, Malcolm Clark, Jr., author of The Eden Seekers, a history of Oregon from 1818 to 1862, and James Cloutier, humorist and cartoonist.

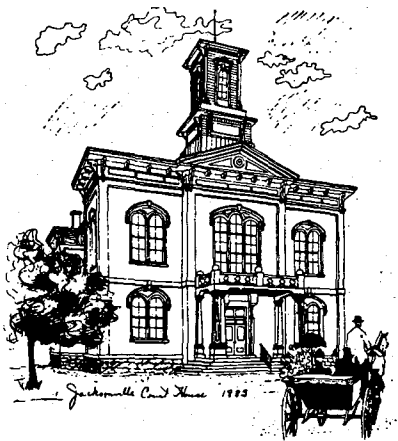
Richard recently returned to duty with SOHS after a leave of absence during which he attended the University of Oregon to pursue a second master's degree.

### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## COVER, CENTERFOLD IDENTIFICATIONS

The Pacific & Eastern's first excursion train arrived in Butte Falls from Medford in April 1911 after having traveled over 12 miles of track previously completed by the Medford and Crater Lake Railroad. The cover photograph is from the Ernest Smith Collection; Mr. Smith was a crew member on the survey of the line to Willow Creek Summit. Because of the recession and the war the line was sold to lumber interests in 1920. As a logging road under Brownlee-Olds Lumber Company, Owen-Oregon Lumber Company, Medford Logging Railroad, and Medford Corporation, the line grew from 31 miles to 65 miles. Steam locomotives gave way to diesel, which, in turn, gave way to trucks and tractors. Today the rails are gone.

In 1929 "dries and prohibitionists" were sharply threatened by the fear that, once elected, Franklin D. Roosevelt would repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Some of them thought as long as liquor was illegal their town would be safe as revealed by the message on the post card from which the centerfold photograph was taken: "Our town--bright, progressive and sober, but sober. Come on up and see it before the 20th Century ruins the local color."

The negative of this picture is #3396; prints of all newsletter photographs available in the SOHS research library.