

9/82

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



CLASS OF '97, Page 12

Director's Corner

Initiating successful changes in operations and displays is one of the more pleasant aspects of managing historical property. The exhibits department is always eager to freshen up current exhibitions and introduce appealing new ones. Jime Matouch and her assistants are presently working on just such a major change in the collection of Indian artifacts.

Long ago we learned that museums should not put all their historic items in permanent, unchanging displays. Rotation of interesting pieces is an essential part of good exhibition procedure. Allowing a fragile artifact to "rest" in storage for a time may prolong its existence for many years. The fact that storage space costs a great deal less to build and maintain than does display space is another important factor. A most important consideration is the obligation to keep faith with those who donated their treasures. They deserve to see their cherished contributions exhibited occasionally.

Since display space is so costly, it is particularly gratifying when someone agrees to underwrite the expense of a major exhibit change. A member of the society who has shown keen interest in the program for a long time has consented to pay the costs of construction of new exhibit cases which will contain china, glassware and silverware.

To make use of this generous gift, the exhibits department will have to transfer the Indian collection in the main building from the ground floor to the second floor. The change is timely because a large portion of the Indian exhibit is being returned to the owners who many years ago deposited them in the museum on temporary loan. We will then be able to bring from storage other Indian rarities which have not been shown for a long time.

Completion of the project will require considerable time and effort and patrons are asked to be patient with us. The cases which are empty at present will be used for exhibition as soon as possible.

Should funding become even more difficult, the society will have to rely more heavily on donations from sources which have special interests. Jackson County Federal Savings and Loan, for example, helped underwrite the Marjorie O'Harra book, Ashland, the First 130 Years. When projects of mutual interest arise, the Southern Oregon Historical Society will always welcome donations.

Bill Burk

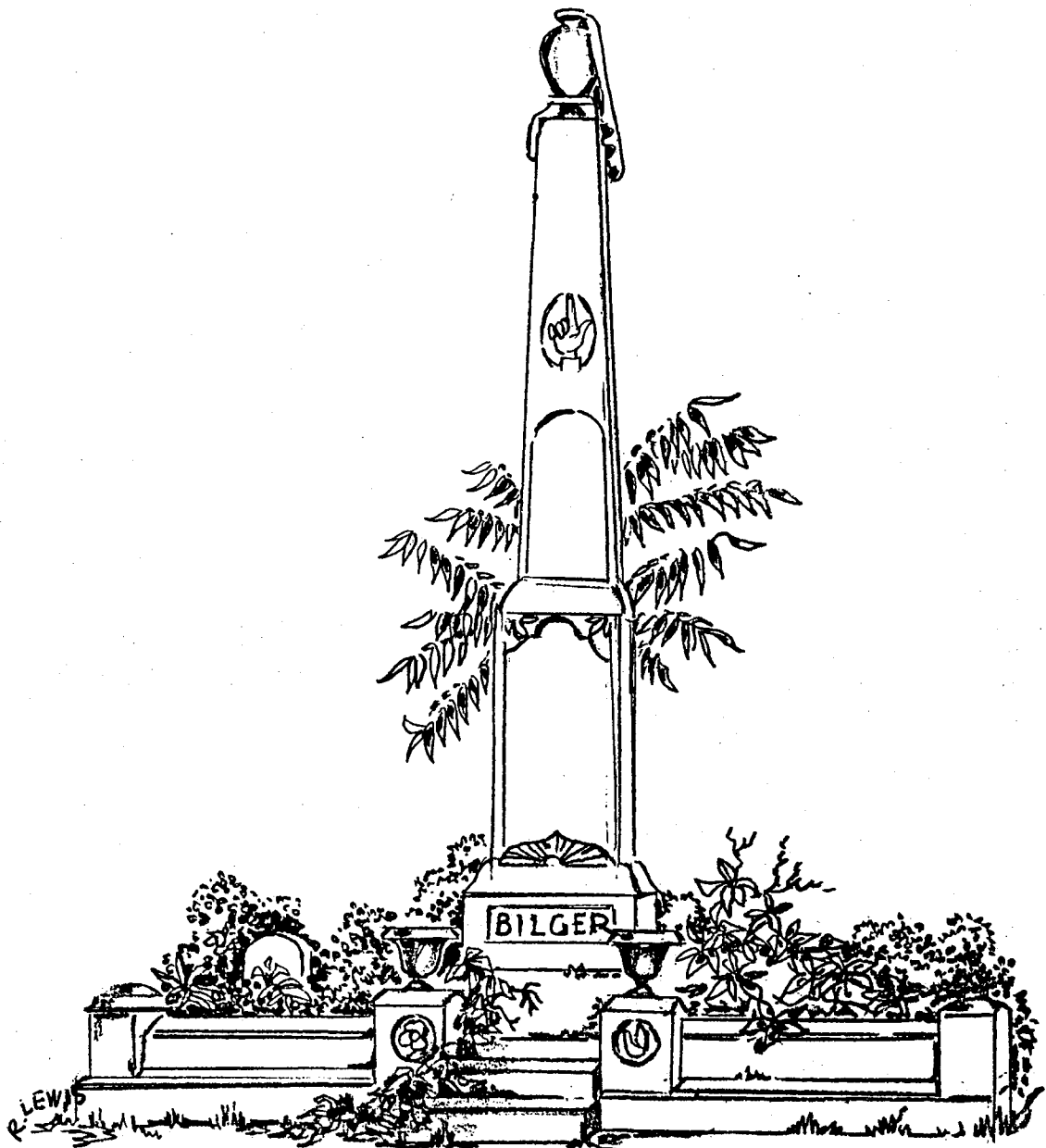


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The monument was designed by Professor Franklin. It is of Italian marble. The entire cost of the monument and the surrounding masonry in 1877 was \$1200. Mr. Bilger was a prosperous hardware merchant.

Establishment of the Jacksonville Cemetery

Today's memorial stones on display in monument works and marble supply houses are, for the most part, severely simple and streamlined and greatly reduced in size. In view of today's costs and the lack of skilled stone carvers this is the only sensible way to go. The economy and the advance of technology have brought about a departure from the earlier tradition of adorning the burial yard. From a family plot surrounded with marble or wrought

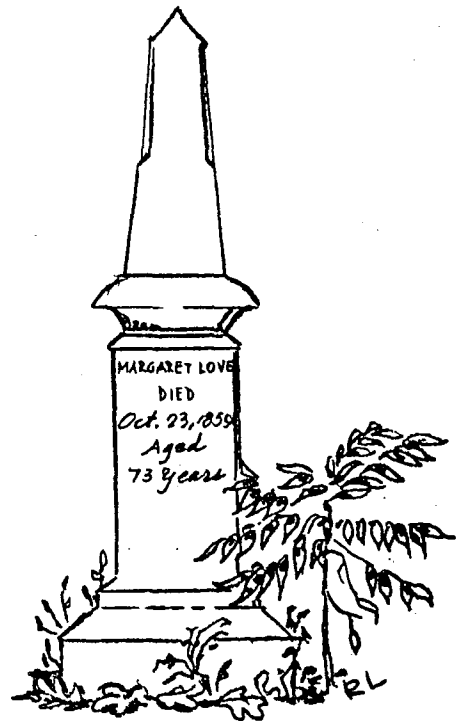
iron fencing and filled with lacy furniture and ornately carved statuary we have graduated to a small marker almost undetectable in an expanse of neatly clipped lawns. The vast sums earlier devoted to the cemetery have been greatly whittled down and much of the money which would have been spent on elaborate headstones and floral tributes now goes to scientific research and deserving charities. Probably this is wisdom.

No doubt the early Jacksonville settlers, in their first plans for a burial ground, hoped to emulate the great cemetery tracts of Philadelphia, Boston and New York. Although they could not aspire to the grandeur of the famous ornamental park, Laurel Hill, with its lush natural greenery, its landscaped acres and its famous sculpture, they could make the most of what they had: a shady, gently sloping hillside above the town, a breathtaking landscape of the valley below and an abundance of graceful madrone and pine trees.

Before the establishment of the town, pioneers buried their dead in some suitable spot not far from their own cabin. Each family maintained its own cemetery. Graves were marked with crude wooden slabs and occasionally the survivors built fences around the mound to mark it and to prevent livestock and deer from treading on it. One such lot was located on the hill just behind the Nunan house. As a small child, Zita Maddox used to play there. She described it in an oral history interview: "[It] was a little blocked off piece, probably about like this [indicating the size of her living room]...with a picket fence around it. Big tombstone at one end...I can remember it just as plain as day... There was a little baby. The little mound was so cute...They must have moved them all [to the present cemetery] when they started building houses up there."

Early on when family members died in epidemics or were victims of the Indians, the natives made use of the flat land nestled against the bottom of the cemetery hill. The little yard was soon filled, and the city fathers realized that a larger, more extensive area was an urgent need for the thriving town. James N.T. Miller, who held a Donation Land Claim including the top of the hill at the northwest edge of town and on the hillside which could be used for a road, gave thirty acres to the city.

The need for interment doesn't exactly hinge on whether or not the cemetery is ready and the necessary formalities are completed. Before the town charter was passed which permitted the sale of lots



and even before the road was constructed, Margaret Love died. She was the mother of John S. Love, the prominent merchant who had married Sophie Ann Harris, daughter of Mary Ann Harris, the valiant lady who, several years before had single-handedly fought off a band of angry Indians (*Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol.1, No.9). John Love was a prosperous active citizen and he needed a cemetery lot with no delay. A wise city council doesn't refuse one of its most prominent members a favor and special permission was granted to him to acquire the lot. David Linn (*Sentinel*, same issue), the cabinet maker and builder, supplied a deluxe wooden coffin, lined with white muslin and covered with black velvet, and the remains of Margaret Love were laboriously carried through the rain up an Indian trail to the top of the hill. She was the first person to be buried in the Jacksonville cemetery although her stone does not bear the oldest date there. Those who had died and had been buried at the foot of the hill were later exhumed and given a second burial in the cemetery. These people included Gabriel and Anderville Plymale who had died in Jacksonville in 1852, the oldest date recorded in cemetery records. Incidentally the monument marking the grave of Margaret Love was shipped around Cape Horn from Italy and was



The Ish Plot, Jacksonville Cemetery

packed to Jacksonville from Crescent City.

On December 17, 1859, the *Oregon Sentinel* published a notice stating that the cemetery grounds had been completely surveyed, fenced in and divided into appropriate lots. The town charter was passed and the first article in it stated that the citizens could purchase, receive and hold real and personal property within the city limits as well as beyond. This property could be used for burial purposes, for quarantine of those with contagious diseases, for workhouses and houses of correction. That just about took care of the most unpleasant municipal projects.

Upon the death of a loved one, black edged announcements were sent to friends as a formal invitation to attend the funeral service. The deceased was dressed in his Sunday suit and moved to the parlor to lie in state for a few days and be viewed by grieving or curious visitors. The photographer might have been summoned to take final pictures of the corpse in all its finery. There are several of these in the museum collection. They were probably a great comfort to the bereaved widow or to the parent suffering the loss of a loved child, but today, over a century later, they are merely grisly reminders of a melancholy

event.

The front door of the house was draped in black crepe to announce to all who passed by that this was a house of mourning. Lodging was made available to those who came from afar and large amounts of food were prepared. It was a poor neighbor who couldn't run in with a batch of cup custards or a angel cake to help feed the gathering relatives and friends. The family carriage was draped in black and special hatchments were painted for the horses. A livery stable could supply a hearse if the bereaved family had no suitable buggy.

On the day of burial the pine coffin was carried to the church for the sermon and some lengthy prayers. The casket was opened and given a place of honor before the altar, and the assembly could gaze upon the stony, inanimate profile as the minister, in resonant, emotional tones, enumerated the departed's sterling qualities--some of them imaginary, you may be sure. A good preacher could get the entire congregation in tears in short order. At the close of the obsequies the church sexton slowly tolled the bell as the bearers shouldered the coffin. The honorary pallbearers held symbolic palls over it as it was juggled and pushed into the hearse. The family and the mourners followed slowly behind as the horses laboriously pulled the wagons up the long, bumpy cemetery road, either dry and dusty or deep with mud--depending upon the season.

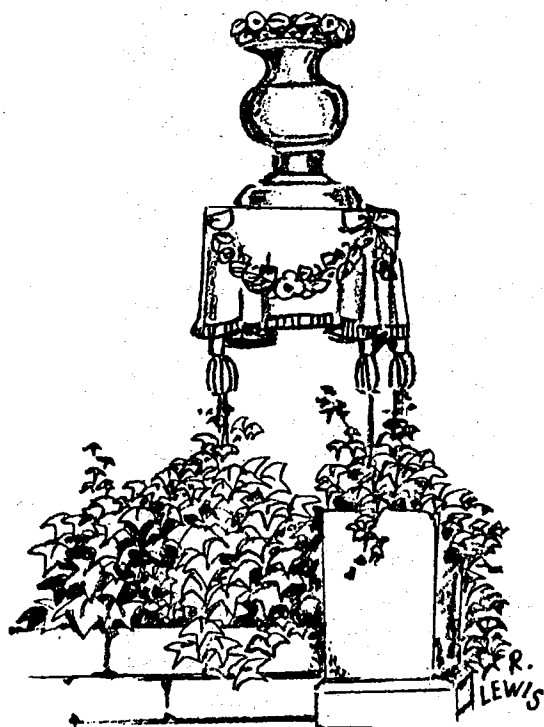
Absorbed as the citizens were with the possibility of life after death, death itself was even more of a concern to them. Funerals may have been less a tribute to the dead than a status symbol for the living. Sometimes an ostentatious ceremony cost a staggering amount, and it seems as if the predominant thought was that the more money spent, the greater the chances of entering the Elysian Fields. Extravagant display was an essential form of respect. Dying in an impoverished state and being given a pauper's burial was a dreadful and shocking exit for anyone and it was a thing to be prevented if at all possible.

The first recorded ordinance regarding the care of the cemetery was passed in June 1867. It provided for a sexton, listed his duties which included selling lots, digging graves and keeping a record book in which he entered the name, age, birthplace, date of death and location of the grave of the deceased. In the eight years which elapsed between the establishment of the cemetery and the issuance of the ordinance, burials must have been accomplished without official regulations. The acting sexton could not have gone too far astray from the rules. The job isn't one requiring a great deal of creativity, and his duties aren't subject to caprice. Records for the first eight years, however, may not be completely accurate.

According to the Book of Deeds, kept over the years by J.N.T. Miller, various organizations purchased sections designated now by their names. Prices ranged from one dollar to one hundred dollars. These sections are Masonic, Catholic, Redman, Oddfellows, Pochontas, Jewish and City.

On November 28, 1878, the *Oregon Sentinel* reported: "A new Sexton's house is being built by John Hockenjos; a substantial foundation has been furnished by G.W. Holt." By Christmas the little house was complete. There was no morgue in the city and the new tool house was furnished with a vault in which bodies could be kept comparatively cool while awaiting burial. During the years the trapdoor of the vault was obscured and its outlines could no longer be seen. It was rediscovered in 1975 when the Jacksonville Boosters Club sponsored the restoration of the building, under the careful supervision of Hersh Cummins.

When the Jacksonville cemetery was at last put into service, the art of the stone carver had reached a high level of skill. The ugly skull and crossbones, indicating the House of the Dead, which had been popular a century earlier, no longer appeared, and the misshapen and grinning

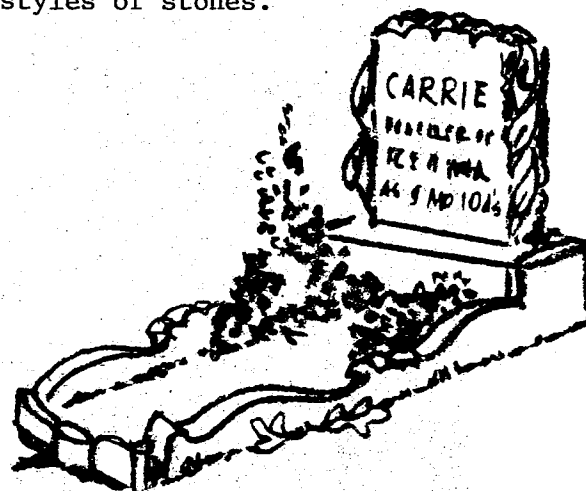


A carved marble stone on the James C. McCully plot. The lot contains the graves of Jane Mason McCully, Issie McCully, J. W. Merritt and Mary Belle Merritt.

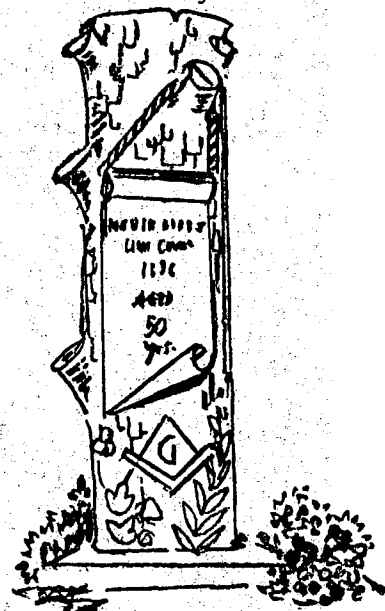
cherubs, regarded as guardians of the grave and servants of God, had fallen from favor. By 1860 the stonecutter was presenting softer, more sentimental decorations. Marble flowers, symbols of the impermanence of life, were so sharply and intricately sculptured that the roses, lilies and ferns still reveal their original delicacy. Marble ivy, representing the persistence of life in the midst of death, helped soften the appearance of the cold stone, and classic urns, denoting receptacles for ashes, graced the top of many monuments.

Carved drapery contributed softening lines to the tombstone itself and the sculptor made it appear to loop and fold and tie back in exactly the same fashion as the parlor curtains. A "French style" memorial stone was popular. These resembled beds, the head and footstone being connected by side pieces of ornamentally scrolled slabs. When the bed brimmed over with flowers, the harshness of the grave was relieved and helped ease the thought of the unfeeling ground. These

graves were especially favored for children. An outstanding example is one carved for Carrie, the infant daughter of J. C. Whip. Whip, who operated a monument factory and marble works at the site of the present post office (*Sentinel*, Vol. I, No.5), naturally had access to the latest styles of stones.



Symbols added ornamental variety. A bridal wreath severed by a dart revealed a bride who died early; a dead baby was indicated by a rosebud with a broken stem; a stone for the aged was decorated with a sheaf of wheat, a lamp or a broken urn; a lopped off tree trunk was an obvious symbol. The broken pillar, a book, an inverted torch and an hourglass were all indications of mortality.



Madison Obenchain - 1846 - 1896



Opulent families, Beekman, Bilger and McCully, bought granite or marble enclosures. The less affluent invested in cast iron fences which, in addition to being more or less inexpensive, had other advantages. Molded iron could be produced in a variety of elegant and delicate tracery or feature a rustic design which became an extremely popular motif. Many of the early family plots contain a little flock of stones for the children, surrounding a large center stone (the parental marker bearing the family name) all neatly fitted into a gracefully fenced-in yard.

A collector of quaint and humorous epitaphs such as those found on stones in many New England cemeteries and in the famous Boot Hill, will look in vain for epigrammatic wit in the Jacksonville cemetery. Death was too much a part of the every day experience to be treated lightly. One can understand why no whimsical humor appears on the plot of William and Elizabeth Ann Bybee. They had thirteen children and saw only five of them reach adulthood with no one to perpetuate the family name and no one to look after the graves. Even a poor woman who unfortunately married the town drunk and got whacked around occasionally went into deep mourning when she -- mercifully -- became a widow. It was a time-honored custom and seemly.

Although there are several stones bearing the legend "Killed by Indians," there is no brief, to-the-point notice like one in the Cripple Creek (Colorado) cemetery that carries the message: "He called Bill Smith a Liar." Many of the habitants died in peculiar or puzzling ways, but there are no inscriptions so informative as the stone in a Pennsylvania plot which broadcasts the sad tidings:

FACING PAGE:

Dr. J. W. Robinson, a beloved Jacksonville physician, often walked with his two small children, Willie and Leah, past the J. C. Whipp Monument Works. The children adored the beautifully carved statue of the little angel and eagerly looked forward to seeing it each day. When Willie and Leah both died in the epidemic of 1890, their bereft parents had the angel placed on their grave as a memorial. Today the statue is somewhat worse for the wear and badly needs cleaning.

*In memory of
Ellen Shannon
Aged: 26 Years
Who was fatally burned
March 21st 1870
by the explosion of a lamp
filled with "R. E. Danforth's
Non-Explosive
Burning Fluid"*

Those who designed the monument for John E. Ross, the famous Indian fighter, clearly realized his place in history and included the request to "Honor the brave Pioneer Who planted on the banner another star; they sleep but are not forgotten. The veterans of our Indian war."

A stone for George W. Ratrie (1832-1885) tells the viewer:

*Shed not for him the bitter tear
Nor give the heart to vain regret
'Tis but the casket that lies here
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.*

That is a soothing sentiment but it fails to carry the artistic metaphor found in very similar tidings which appeared many years before in Massachusetts:

*Under the sod
Under the trees
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease
He is not here
But only his pod
He has shelled out his peas
And gone to God.*

Although many familiar Bible texts appear throughout the Jacksonville cemetery, most of the poetry is reserved for children. A poignant example is found on Our Darling Lydia's stone in the Beekman plot. The marker for the beloved Lydia, only five years old at the time of her death, is in the French style. It is executed with simplified carving in subdued taste and is a

pathetic reminder of a tragedy which was so common at that earlier time:

*Our little one of earth's robes shorn
Wakes in the light of fadeless morn
Pleasure unfailing in heaven will glow
Never a sorrow shall our darling know.*

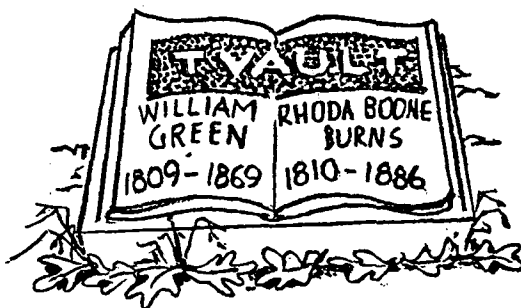
Of course the epitaphs were designed to bring comfort to the grief-stricken family, and no doubt the survivors found solace in their messages. Many engravers, however, seem intent on reminding the gentle reader that he just might be next and that he would be well advised to start immediate preparations for eternity.

Surely no epitaph could completely alleviate sorrow and today they seldom appear. Perhaps their essence is best expressed in the little verse chosen by Mark Twain for his young daughter Olivia, who died in 1896 and was buried in the Woodlawn Cemetery:

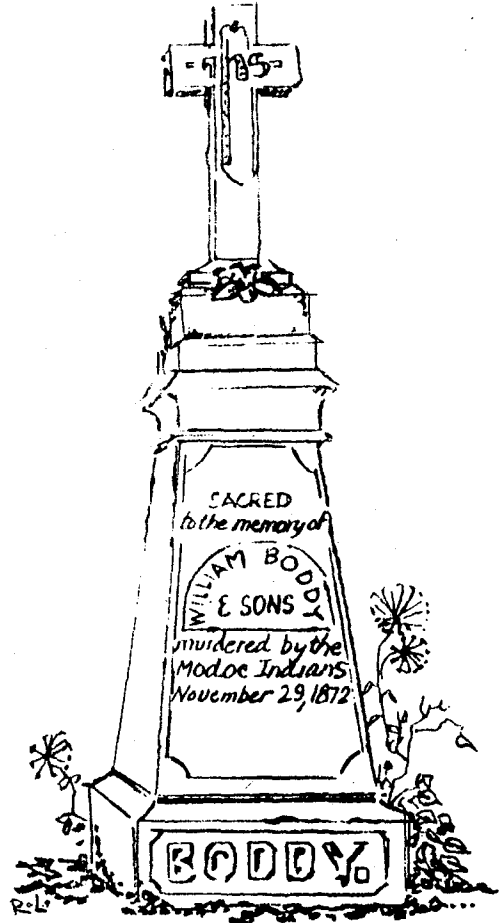
*Warm summer sun shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind blow softly here,
Green sod above lie light, lie light,
Good night, dear heart, good night,
good night.*

In Jacksonville commercial care for graves was never successful for long. Once in a great while some enterprising, unemployed fellow would announce the instigation of a program of "perpetual" care. A number of families would happily subscribe to the service and a few little struggling lawns would appear here and there on the hill, but the undertaking always came to an abrupt and untimely end.

In the beginning each family looked after its own plot and standards of gravekeeping were high. Plot owners had a responsibility and strong obligation to abide by the unwritten regulations.



If the housewife didn't wish to be the topic of uncomplimentary conversation at the sewing bee or the church social, she was certain to make frequent trips up the hill and conscientiously tend to her dear departed.



Even hardy plants require more productive soil than the native yellow clay found on the Jacksonville hills, and wagon loads of earth were carted up the road and deposited on the plots. Ivy and myrtle were carefully planted and tended. If the rosebush didn't make it through the winter, it was replaced with a sturdier variety. The hedges were neatly trimmed, the yards raked, cut flowers were kept in glass jars at the head and the foot of the mounds and a wooden bench was maintained and kept painted. Such devoted attention to greenery required water and, as sometimes happened during the hot summers, a leak appeared in the city reservoir and irrigation water was cut off, it spelled disaster for

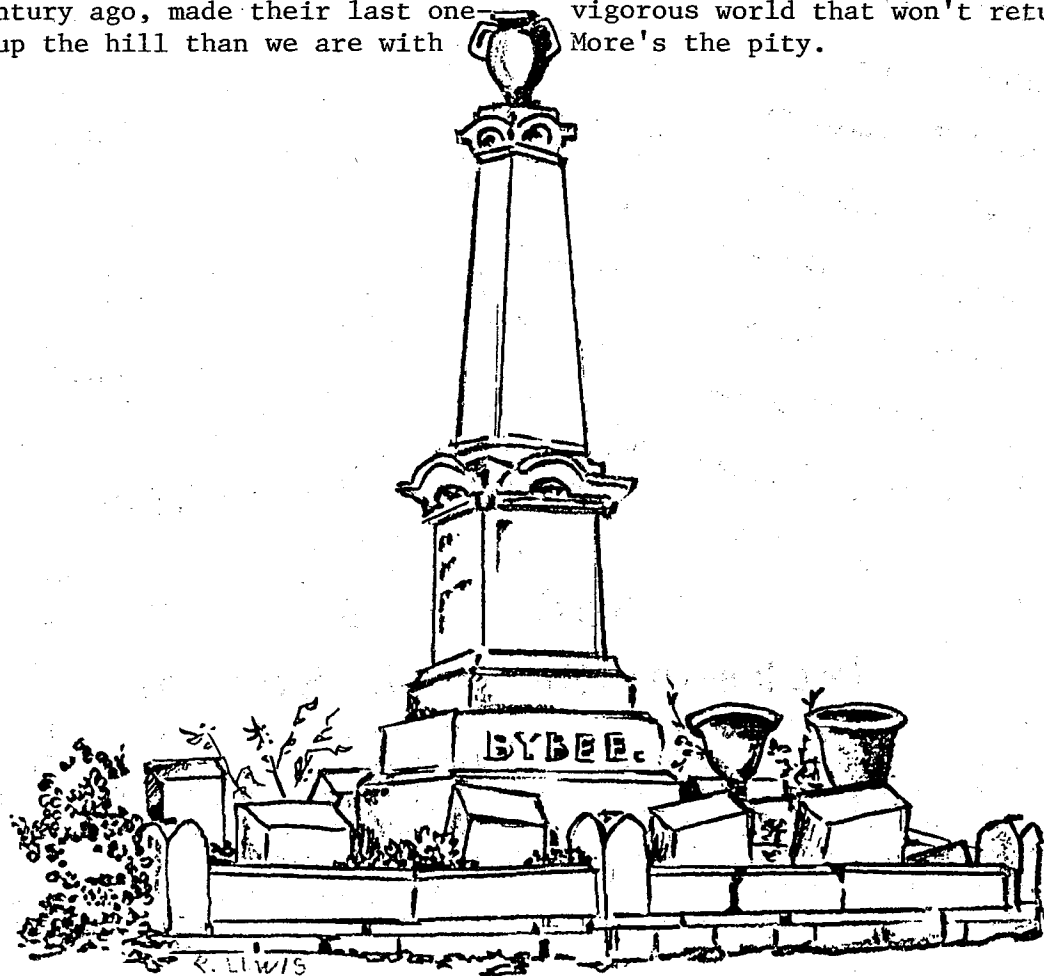
the annuals which had been planted on the graves. Few people were as dedicated as Alice Hoefs, the local post-mistress who often made daily trips up the steep dusty road, carrying a couple of jugs of water to keep the moss on her family mounds lush and green through the dry spell. Even when the lack of water forced her to allow the lawns at her home to dry up and disappear in the dust, her cemetery plot was an emerald oasis among the other neglected and leaf-covered graves. It is sad indeed that no one has been able to do the same for her.

Jacksonville's story is peopled with vibrant, virile and determined folk who lived hard lives but lived them to the fullest extent possible. They conformed to patterns established in the east, but they did it their way and that made them unique. Old newspaper files often reveal far more about an ordinary citizen of the past than we know about members of today's generation. We are better acquainted with many of those who, over a century ago, made their last one-way trip up the hill than we are with

our next door neighbors. Why don't people of this age realize their own significance in local history?

Squire William Hoffman, father of six attractive daughters who married important men, is there beside his adoring wife Caroline, William Green T'Vault, the first editor of the *Table Rock Sentinel* is there with his wife, a granddaughter of Daniel Boone, Martin Angel, ambushed by Indians, Auntie Ganung, Gustave Karewski and Mary Ann Harris are there along with J.N.T. Miller who donated the ground, Peter Britt who took their pictures, Dr. Overbeck who faithfully attended them in their last moments, David Linn, who made their coffins, and J.C. Whipp who supplied their grave-stones. The men and women who forged Jacksonville's tempestuous history are there along with many of their friends and enemies.

When you stand by that little tool house and look out over the valley, you are in an aura of an earlier, more vigorous world that won't return. More's the pity.





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DAISY HUFFER, RICHARD CHAPPELL.

...Programme

PART I.

1. OPENING CHORUS *Banner of the Free.*
2. RECITATION *The Owl Critic.*
Nellie Reames.
3. RECITATION *Our Hired Girl.*
Donald Colvig.
4. RECITATION *The Elf Child.*
Gertrude Whipp.
5. DUET *The Milkmaid.*
Leona Ulrich and Geo. Henry.
6. RECITATION *Is Marriage a Failure?*
Jesse Thrasher
7. RECITATION *The Stagnant.*
Chester Kubli.
8. RECITATION *The Usual Way*
Mabel Elliott.
9. CHORUS *The Stars' I*
The Primary and Intermediate.



MOTTO:

"LOST TIME IS NEVER FOUND."

COLORS: PINK AND GOLD.

The Class of '97, Jacksonville
High School,
requests your presence at the

... GRADUATING EXERCISES ...

AT

U. S. HALL

Saturday Evening, May 29th, 1897

PART II.

1. QUARTETTE *Gore Brothers.*
2. ESSAY *Wm. F. Gladstone.*
Nettie Lewis
3. ESSAY *Mary Queen of Scots.*
Ollie Huffer.
4. SOLO *Ye Merry Birds that Sweetly Sing.*
Mollie Miller.
5. ESSAY *Nationalism.*
Richard Chappell.
6. ESSAY *Regenerated France.*
Daisy Huffer.
7. DUET *Till We Meet Again.*
Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd.
8. ESSAY *American Patriotism.*
Clara Colvig.
9. ADDRESS TO GRADUATES AND
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS *W. M. COLVIG.*
10. CHORUS *Liberty's Chieftain.*

CLASS OF '97

Jacksonville High School

The ever so handsome ladies and gentlemen pictured on the cover of this issue are the graduating class of '97 from the Jacksonville High School. Front row, sitting, are Nettie Lewis and Daisy Huffer. The two young ladies standing are Ollie Huffer and Clara Colvig. The young man on the left is Dick Chappell and the center gentleman, seated, is (probably) J.M. Horton, the principal. We had hoped to find a seasonal picture of the first day of school, but photographs on that day are super rare. We had to settle for this one taken on the last day.



Margaret McKenzie Savage. Pioneer Homemaker

The parents of Margaret McKenzie came to America from the Highlands of Scotland. Margaret, their firstborn, was four years old when they arrived at Jamestown in 1838. After living in Virginia for about five years, they settled on a farm in Whiteside County, Illinois. There were ten children born to the McKenzies--four boys and six girls. While his thrifty wife managed the farm, Margaret's father worked as a stone mason and contractor in the township of Ustick at Fulton. He became the first Supervisor of that township and held other political offices as well.

In 1852 Margaret became engaged to James Lee Savage, a young man who was a wagon maker and wheelwright. He is credited with working on the construction of several historically significant buildings in Illinois and in helping the inventor, McCormick, make the first reaper. He also learned to make shoes, an accomplishment which came in very handy later on. Both Margaret and James were excited by glowing accounts of the wonders of the new west and tales of the grandeur of the Willamette and Rogue River valleys; they began planning to make the long trip across the plains after their marriage.

Were people more adventuresome and less afraid of danger a hundred years ago? It's difficult to believe today that the uncertain hope for gold or the promise of a tract of unspoiled land could be reason enough for a young woman, trained to be demure and lady-like and dainty, to leave her home and her adoring family, possibly forever, and set out for an unknown perilous existence in a primitive wilderness. Margaret McKenzie was apparently delighted and eager to accept the challenge. She and James Savage decided that the trip across the plains would be their honeymoon.

During the year in which they made their plans and Margaret filled her hope chest, James built a special covered wagon, almost a fore-runner of the present day camper. It had springs to provide a more comfortable ride, and it was outfitted with a stove, cupboards and a bunk bed. James built a compartment under the bed where Margaret stored her linens, spreads, down pillows and hand-woven blankets. She even managed to pack a few keepsakes and included some cherished pieces of china. The wagon was designed to stand up during the long, wearisome



trip and it provided more comfortable riding than other Conestoga wagons.

James and Margaret were married on May 12, 1852, just before they joined the Kellogg caravan, a train of thirty-two other families heading west over the Oregon Trail. The crossing was certainly no less arduous or dangerous than that faced by other pioneers, but it was made more exciting and memorable because they were newlyweds.

At last, early in November (1853), the wagon train crossed the Siskiyou summit and plodded into the Rogue River valley where Margaret looked for the first time upon the wilderness that was to be her home. In the early morning she stood alone on the hillside, gazed into the valley of luxuriant grass and saw the gentle sloping meadows, the pine-clad hills, the brilliant blue sky and the magnificent river.

When the wagons were packed and ready to head on towards the north, she said,

"We're not going on this morning. We're going to stay. Our cabin will be built there." She pointed to a spot surrounded by oak trees. Nearby a small stream of crystal water sparkled and danced as it plunged into the river to make the white water which was later to be known as Savage Rapids.

James protested. Their friends were all continuing on, the two of them would be almost alone in the desolate wilds, they had planned to go to the Willamette valley. The other immigrants added their persuasive arguments, but to no avail. Margaret couldn't be swayed from her decision. She had found her end of the rainbow.

When the members of the train saw she was not to be dissuaded, they secured the wagons, unhitched the horses and prepared to stay and help the young couple build their cabin. In two days they built a tiny house of logs and helped Margaret and James settle into

in with their possessions. They had a horse, a cow and a pig, they had fertile meadows around them, and, for neighbors, they had another newly-wedded pair, the Birdseyes, who lived up the river a few miles away, and a Schiefflin family who lived beyond them. In addition there was plenty of game in the woods and fish in the river; they surely were luckier than a lot of settlers--and they had each other. Those were truly things to be grateful for.

They were not slow in availing themselves of the benefits of the Donation Land Act, and they soon began clearing their very own 360 acres. They settled into a pattern of living on the Rogue River which was to continue the rest of their lives.

James was a general farmer and stock raiser and, as the years passed by, he acquired additional land until at last he had a total of 600 acres. Early in her life Margaret became of lover of fine stock and she encouraged James to procure the best breeds of horses and cattle. When money was scarce or when something special was needed, he mined for gold and realized enough returns from his efforts to keep the family comfortable and even provide a few luxuries.

The Savages prospered, and the fields yielded excellent wheat, oats and barley hay for the stock, and an early variety of alfalfa for the milk cows. Later on they raised blooded Clydesdale horses and other fine stock. When a



This picture of Margaret and James Savage, standing before Three Oaks, was taken after their children had grown. Olive, who is on the front porch with her two children, tried to persuade her mother to put on her Sunday dress for the photographer but Margaret refused. She was right in the middle of canning fruit, she had a lot more to put up and she had no time to doll-up for a traveling photographer.

settlement was established nearby and began to develop into the thriving little town of Grants Pass, Margaret drove there every Saturday morning in her one-horse buggy and sold butter and eggs. In 1858 James built Three Oaks, the handsome home which is still standing on the site of the small one-room cabin which had been erected five years earlier with the help of their friends in the wagon train.

Margaret and James, unlike most of the early pioneers, considered the Indians their friends. They at once realized that the Rogues were intelligent people, and, in spite of their reputation for violence and trickery, would likely give no trouble if they were treated properly. In a 1935 interview which appeared in the Grants Pass *Daily Courier*, Lincoln, one of Margaret's sons, told the reporter, "One day my father and two other men, all on horseback, were fording the river near our place and they saw a little Indian boy playing on a sand bar far below them. One of these men was bound to shoot that little Indian boy, and he would have if it hadn't been for my father. My father wouldn't let him." The incident is a distressing example of a general attitude held by most of the pioneers.

One day while James was building a new barn, a number of Indians kept walking back and forth on the road below, and gathering nervously into groups to talk. Finally one of them approached James and asked if he were building a "sulluk house." (a fort)

"No," said James, "I am building a house for my cow and my horse."

After a powwow, the Indians set to work and helped James finish the barn.

Margaret, unfamiliar with the primitive ways of the far west, learned many ways of "making-do" from the Indian women who frequently visited her. They, in turn, learned a great deal from her.

During the final uprising of the Takelmas, James and Margaret and their children were compelled to go to the fort although they did not wish to do so. James felt he was in good standing

with the Indians and that the family would come to no harm. "When my parents first settled here," continued Lincoln in the *Courier* story, "an Indian boy about nine or ten years old came to live with them. Apparently he didn't have any near kin. A week before the Indian war broke out, he told my mother and father the war was coming, then he slipped away and joined the Indians. He was killed at Marial in a battle with the white men."

Not once during the years of tragic conflict with the Indians, was the Savage family threatened with violence which was meted out to so many other settlers. Their neighbors, the Birdseye family as well, who had also won the confidence and trust of the Indians, were treated as friends of the Rogues and were never menaced by them.

Over the years Margaret and James had thirteen children. Twelve of them lived to maturity. Both parents were eager for their children to be well educated, and they made special efforts to see that they attended schools. All of them could read, write and do fractions before they entered school. Because of their thorough schooling several members of the family played important roles in the operation of the early schools in the area.

In 1883, when Margaret was nearing fifty years of age, the McKenzie family in Illinois began planning for a grand reunion. Her brothers and sisters wrote to her, pleading with her to attend. Margaret, who had thought for a long time that she would never again see her mother or other members of the family, decided that making the long trip was an impossible dream, and she didn't seriously consider going. Although her father had died, her mother, at 72, was still alive, and she began longing to see her again.

A little earlier in the year, Rosa, Margaret's nine year old daughter, had died of bronchial croup, and the family, always close and deeply affectionate with one another, was grief stricken.



Margaret and James Savage

Margaret was heart broken. James felt the trip would be good for her, and he insisted that she attend her family reunion. Etta, the baby of the Savage family, was only five, and of course Margaret was reluctant to leave her, but James arranged for Annie, an older daughter, to come home and care for the little ones while Margaret was away. As a going-away gift he gave her a full-length sealskin coat. In the 1880s the trains were drafty affairs at best, and she could cuddle up and keep warm and still be modishly clad. It took considerable courage, but finally Margaret, loaded down with luggage and a supply of food--dining cars were unpredictable--

set forth on the stage for Marysville where she caught the train--a far, far different mode of travel from the one she and James had taken thirty years earlier.

Margaret was delighted to see her handsome brothers and sisters, to meet all the new members of the family, to re-live the past and be brought up to date on the present. But she missed James and the children, and she soon began counting the days until she could return.

The train trip east to Illinois was somewhat of an ordeal, of course, but it was considerably more pleasant than the return trip. While she was in

Illinois, the last lap of the railroad into Grants Pass had been completed, and passengers could stay on the train through the entire trip. Unfortunately that didn't make the last part of the trip any easier. The first train came into Grants Pass in December 1883, and the train which brought Margaret home wasn't far behind it.

She was six weeks late because of the severe winter weather. Almost every stream was flooded and crossings were perilous. Margaret thought she would never make it past the Great Salt Lake, but finally, on a late, stormy afternoon, the train clanked into Grants Pass. Along the Rogue River a storm was raging and the streets of the little city were deep with mud--"higher than a horse's knee."

She was travel weary and ready to drop in her tracks, but she was so eager to get home that she went at once to the livery stable to hire a horse and buggy. The bridges over the Rogue River had washed out and the ferry boat operators would have been idiotic to have attempted to cross. The owner of the stables refused to rent a rig to her. She was so bitterly disappointed, he relented a little and reluctantly agreed to take her up the river to a spot directly across from Three Oaks.

The rain was coming down in a cascade and the river was a swirling torrent, but they finally reached the spot where, across the Rogue, they could see a light shining through a window, and, ignoring her early training to be quiet and demure at all times, she set up such an unholy hollering that the family heard her and came out to investigate the racket. James ran through the downpour to the barn for a pair of horses which he hitched to a boat. With a great deal of shouting and encouragement, tugging at the reins and prodding, he managed to get across the river, collect Margaret and ferry her home. Although the homecoming took herculean effort, it made her return all the more thrilling.

The farm continued to prosper, the children left home and became out-

standing citizens of the region, and Margaret and James lived on at Three Oaks. Margaret was content and her tasks lessened a little each time one of the children left. James had never been one to travel away from Three Oaks, but he was well-educated and well-versed in current events, active in county affairs and a participant in the development of the region. He was greatly respected by his neighbors.

In 1908, while he was doing chores in the barn, James fell and broke his thigh. His injuries must have been more serious than a fractured bone, because he failed to rally from the injury. Two weeks later he was dead. He was 78 years old.

Margaret realized she couldn't stay on at Three Oaks alone. She said farewell to the house which stood on the spot she had chosen as her end of the rainbow fifty-five years earlier. Her son Lincoln and his wife made a home for her in Grants Pass. As she grew older she became afflicted with arthritis and was confined to a wheel chair. In her last years she developed great enthusiasm for the automobile, and she never tired of riding through the countryside and observing its wonders. No doubt, on occasions, when she sped past Three Oaks, with the wind blowing in her face and the road humming beneath the car, she would recall the time when she and James, young and strong and eager, had ridden up to that spot in the dusty, travel-worn covered wagon which he had made especially for her.

In 1915, seven years after James' death, Margaret died. She was 81.

Margaret and John's thirteen children were all born at Three Oaks except William John (1854) and Harriet Amelia (1857) who were born in the one-room log cabin which first stood on the land. Gilbert Maurice (1856) was born at Fort Birdseye during the last stand of the Takelmas.

The children were musical and the boys were especially talented. A 1877 newspaper article tells that they

manufactured "by their own unaided labor, three violins and a bass viol all of exquisite tone and finish, and on which they execute difficult music." The reporter praises the family for its other accomplishments as well: "The boys can make a rifle or a wagon, shoe a horse, mend a clock, work out an algebraic problem, swing a pick in the mines or follow a reaper with equal success." The girls, nine in number, have the same musical talent, but "are not ashamed to wrestle with kitchen work, afraid to mount a bucking horse or row their skiff across the river even when it is dangerously swollen. They are a specimen of Oregon "Savages" that ask no aid from the government--they can paddle their own canoe."

An exemplary family. They were:

WILLIAM JOHN (1854-1932)

He became one of Josephine County's most prominent citizens. He completed his elementary school education at the town of Rogue River, which was called Tailholt and Woodville before it received its present name. After grade school he attended the Ashland Academy where he was awarded a teaching certificate. He taught in several schools in Jackson County. In 1880 he married Almira Piatt. They had one son, Winfred.

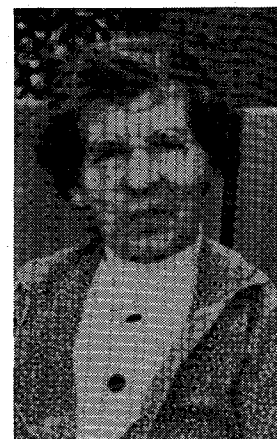
In the 80s William purchased extensive land which later became part of the city of Grants Pass. It was developed into townsites and William bought a farm on Louse Creek where, at the age of 78, he died after having suffered a lingering illness brought on by injuries when he was struck by a falling tree.

GILBERT MAURICE (1856-1917)

At a double wedding ceremony he married Elvira Piatt, the twin sister of Elmira, the wife of his brother William. Maurice and Elvira lived near Savage Rapids and, late in life, he became a member of the board of county commissioners of Josephine County. He did not live to serve his term; he died, having suffered for some time from *la grippe* which developed into pneumonia. He and Elvira had a daughter, Mary.

HARRIET AMELIA (1857-1943)

'Hattie' was the last baby to be born at the one room cabin near Savage Creek. In 1877 she married Charles M. Irwin in Grants Pass. After the marriage the couple moved to New Meadows, Idaho, where they lived for many years. They had three sons, Tyler, Chester and Ira.

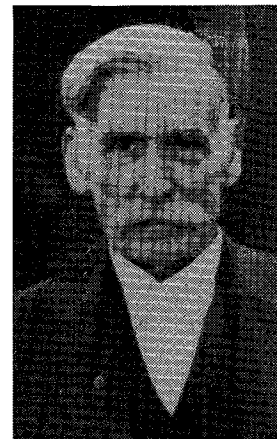


Harriet Amelia

Hattie lived to be 86 and died in New Meadows.

JAMES CLARK (1859-1937)

Clark was the first child to be born at Three Oaks. He was educated at Rogue River, and became a farmer and an engineer. He lived near Savage Rapids dam most of his life. In 1883 he married Carrie Green. They had four children: James Clinton, Laura Ardena, Leslie Lawrence and Arthur Donald.



James Clark

Three years after the death of his wife, Clark married Emeline Latrisha Kinkle. They had seven children: Gracie, Aletha, Helen, Margaret*, Lester and Marie.

James Clark died at the age of 78.

MARGARET ANN (1861-1943)

When she was 25 Margaret married Jefferson G. Allen. Shortly after his forty eighth birthday, while

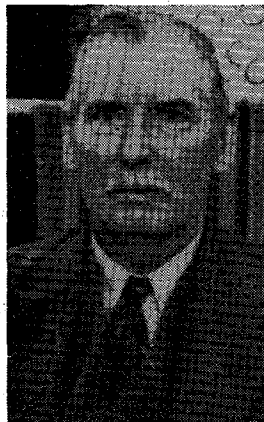
** Clark's fourth daughter in his second marriage, Margaret, who became Margaret Dunham and now lives in Grants Pass, generously supplied the background material and pictures for this story on the Savage family. The historical society is grateful to her.*



Margaret Ann

working at the Green-back mine, he suffered a heart attack and died. He was survived by Ann and his two children, Earl and Maude.

In 1917 Ann married William Little who died a few years later and in 1910 she married Lewis Parker. Margaret Ann died in Grants Pass, where she had lived all her life.



Abraham Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(1864-1950)

Lincoln was educated at the Rock Point school. To reach the schoolhouse he had to ford the river twice each day and walk three miles both directions. He was a member of the first graduating class at the old Grants Pass high school which stood where the Washington school now stands.

In 1900 he was elected Josephine County School Superintendent, a position he held until 1917. That year he became principal of the high school at Ruch, and the following year he was principal at Butte Falls. After that he served four years as principal at Kerby. In 1923 he was elected County Treasurer, and held that position for twenty five years.

In addition to his educational and political interests he was recognized as a botanist; he wrote many books on the wildflowers and plants of southern Oregon. While teaching conservation of native plants, he did much to awaken interest in saving wild flowers, especially lilies. One of the schools in the Grants Pass system has been named for him.

In 1917 he married Ida White. They had one son, James. Lincoln died from advanced senility at the age of 86.

ESTHER MAY
(1865-1941)

In 1899 Esther married Joseph Benton Borough, a farmer. They raised a family of eight boys and four girls: Mabel, Myrtle, Floyd, Joseph, Harold, Marl, Lionel, Charlie, Zefton, Vernon, Erma and Vivian. The family homestead was on Cheney Creek. After

Esther May
Mr. Borough's death Esther May brought her children to Grants Pass to live.

In 1941 she died unexpectedly on her way to the county fair.



OLIVE ADELIA (1868-1904)

An issue of *The Oregon Observer*, dated June 18, 1904, contains this obituary:

ORME, OLIVE A. In this city [Grants Pass] Sunday, June 12, 1904, wife of Grants Ulysses Orme, aged 36 years.

Deceased was a daughter of James Savage residing near Woodville. She was taken down six months ago with consumption from which she died after lingering between life and death for months. She leaves a husband and two children [Ransome and Nora].

LAURA EDITH
(1869-1960)

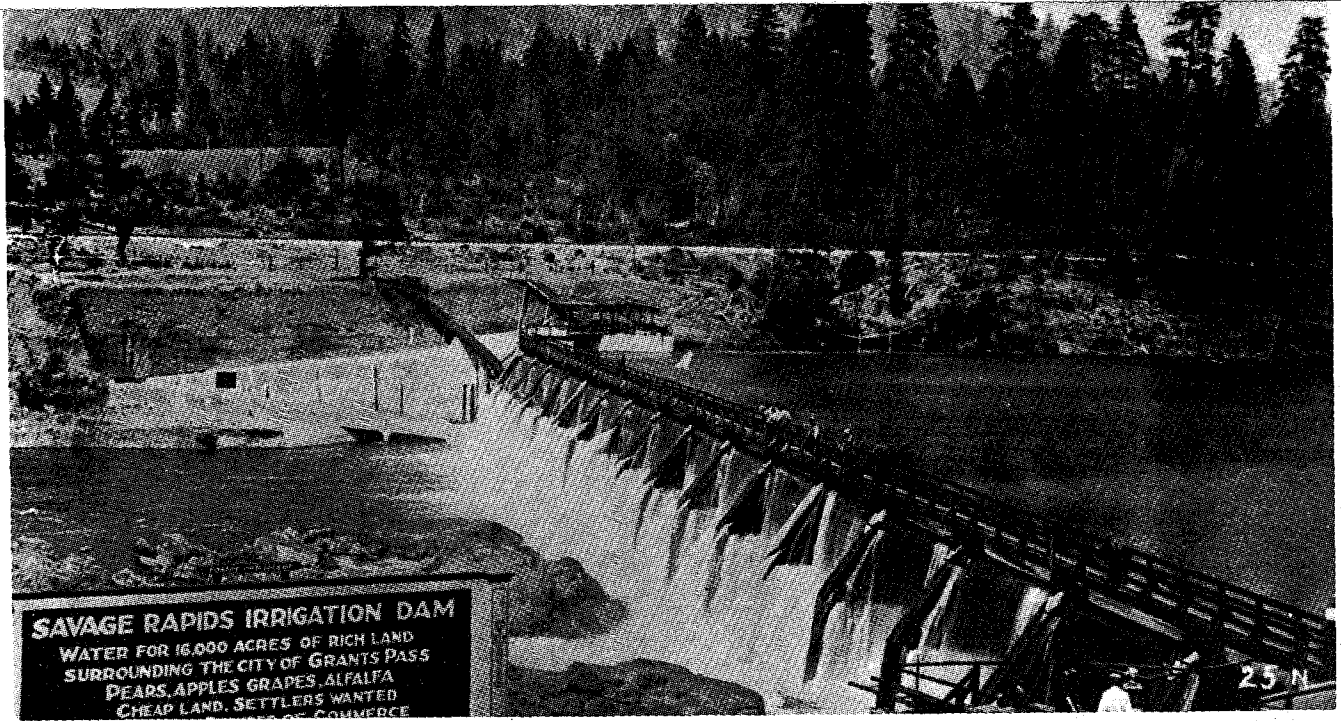
Laura was 90 when she died, the last of the family. Like her brothers and sisters she attended school at Woodville (Rogue River). She married Fred Miller in 1893 and as a bride moved to Missouri Flat where she lived until the death of her husband in 1941.

The Millers had ten children: Marguerita, Joaquin, Robert, Sidney, Darwin, Ralph, Noel, Beulah, Etta and Anna.

Laura Edith died in Pacific Grove at the home of her son Robert.



Laura Edith



Mary Ella

MARY ELLA (1872-1951)

Mary Ella lived in the Grants Pass area for her entire lifetime. She taught in both Jackson and Josephine counties--at Jerome Prairie and Allen Creek. In 1896 she married John H. Meade. They had three children: Pauline, James and Mary Catherine. Mary Ella organized the "Junior Club" for young people, a division of General Logan's Women's Relief Corps, and was very active in her lodge, the Neighbors of Woodcraft.

ROSE IRENE (1874-1883)

Rose died of lung congestion when she was nine years old. She was the only one of the Savage children who did not live to become an adult.

CLARA ELIZABETH (1876-1949)

Except for a few years spent in California, Clara Elizabeth lived in Josephine County for her entire life. In 1894 she married Henry Woods. After his death she married Archie Magill in 1901. During the last twelve years of her life she operated Clara's Restaurant in Kerby. She died in that town.



Henrietta Jane

HENRIETTA JANE (1878-1960)

'Etta' married Phil H. Robinson in 1898 at Central Point. The couple had four children: Vera, Thelma, Eileen and Kenneth. Ten years after Mr. Robinson's death in 1934 Etta married Harry Goulding.

In 1934 she and Mr. Goulding moved to Lane County. She lived there for sixteen years, until her death in 1960, six months before the death of Laura Edith, the last of the children of Margaret and James Savage.



Clara Elizabeth

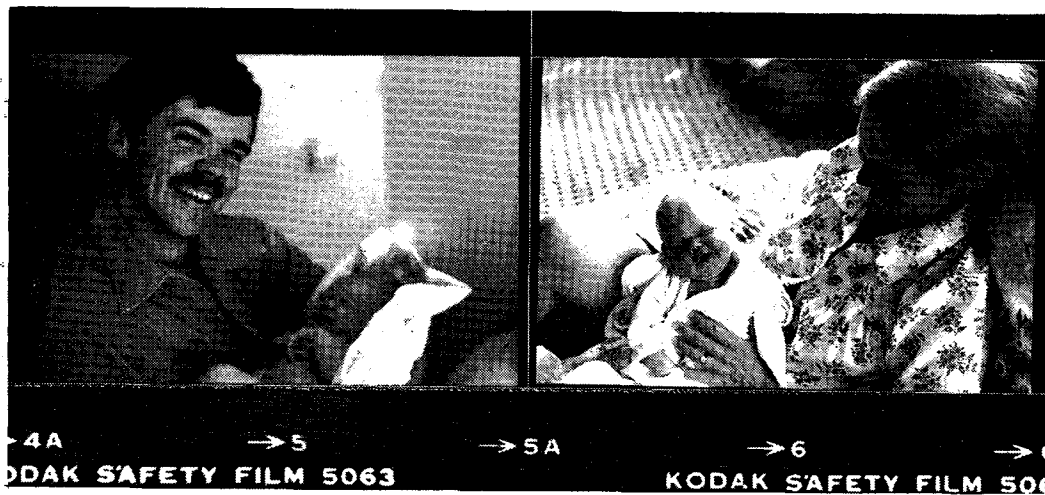
Fifty grandchildren in the neighborhood just might put a strain on grandma's cookie jar. Margaret McKenzie Savage would have found a way to cope.



DOUGLAS SMITH PHOTOGRAPHER

The pictures on this page are reproductions from tin types made by John Cotter, a peripatetic photographer who traveled to Oregon from Pennsylvania. These tin types, like the original carte de visites, were taken with a fifteen second exposure. Cotter has made an extensive study of cameras and techniques used by early photographers, and he duplicates their methods in his photographic work. He travels in a horse drawn wagon with a dog as his traveling companion.

With the large collection of photographs from the Britt studio and the many additional pictures of people and places given by historically-minded donors, photography is one of the most important programs of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. The photographer, Doug Smith not only records contemporary events, he makes reproductions of earlier pictures requested by organizations and individual patrons. Great use is made of this service by researchers, and the program requires constant dedicated effort by Doug and his associates.



Born in Sacramento, where his dad operated a family drug and variety store, Doug early showed signs of becoming a top salesman. When other kids on the block were discarding used toys and comic books, he made a door-to-door campaign and sold his supply. He graduated from Encina High School, where he was president of the senior class, and entered the University of California at Davis. Having aspirations of becoming a lawyer, he enrolled as a political science major. He soon found he was getting a bigger charge out of his art classes than his other classes, and he changed to a double major: art studio and political science.

Having to work his way through college, he became a Head Resident at a dorm. Getting his BA required an extra year because he spent one quarter traveling through Europe. He visited Germany, Austria, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, England and Ireland. During the tour, which he had arranged for himself, he did a paper on the art history of France, writing it at Grenoble.

Upon his graduation he became a free lance photographer and worked for a year and a half for newspapers in the Davis-Sacramento area. Photographing a traveling carnival, he became extremely interested in documenting that colorful way of life and, realizing he couldn't be authentic working from the outside looking in, he secured a job with the carnival. Most fortunately, he was employed by one of that extremely rare breed, an *honest* game operator who generously gave him free time to attend college classes. Eventually Doug became a partner in six games and hired fellow students to operate them. The games under his management became known as "College Row" and their honest operations carried quite an impact with other carnival workers: you can run an honest game and still make it. One of his employees was his future wife Linda. He reports that he "couldn't have made it without her." Using his collection of pictures and experiences, he wrote his master's thesis on the carnival.

Doug stayed with the carnival for four years and traveled through California and Oregon. The itinerary brought him through Ashland and he became enthusiastic about the beauty of the area and the Ashland theater. After he received his master's degree, and after Linda had completed her dietitian internship at Rush Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, in 1977, they were married.

After the honeymoon they moved to Ashland where Douglas managed a camera shop for two and a half years. He also taught two photography classes at SOC while the professor was on sabattical leave. In March 1980 he joined the SOHS staff. Linda works as a dietitian at the Ashland Community Hospital. On July 20 this year Evan Douglas arrived. As the photograph reveals, he is highly thought of.

Doug states: "I hope to continue to upgrade the SOHS photograph department because photography has changed our whole concept of history. We should have here a huge catalog of visual information for future historians."

SOHS Bookstore Features Cassette Tape

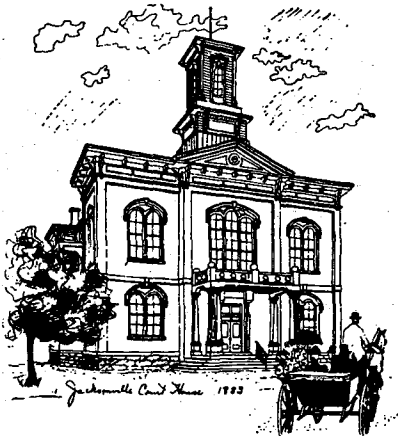
Jacksonville History Presented

The stereo cassette tape, "You Can't Eat Gold," which was produced in the Skip Bessonette studios in Medford, is presently available for purchase at the book store. This recorded program is an exciting radio play with competent actors, announcers and musicians. It presents the authentic southern Oregon story in dramatic form from the arrival of the first miners and pioneers, the onset of the Indian wars and the boisterous disorder of primitive mining camps through the establishment of the first town to the present time. Many real people who played significant roles in the area's development are portrayed by skillful actors. Beekman, T'Vault, Jane McCully, Auntie Ganung, Madame Holt and many other pioneers are dramatically presented. The pageant-like story is unfolded with an appropriate musical background performed by professional musicians. Several outstanding songs are featured including the rhythmic and singable theme song, "You Can't Eat Gold," along with other songs which fit into the action, such as "The Railroad Lament" and "The Three Brothers Three." *Continued below*

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

206 N. Fifth St., P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530, (503) 899-1847
Volume 2 No. 9, September 1982
ISSN: 0732-0523

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ARMSTRONG HOUSE ■ CATHOLIC RECTORY ■ ROGUE RIVER VALLEY RAILWAY STATION
U.S. HOTEL ■ RESEARCH LIBRARY ■ MUSEUM SHOP

"You Can't Eat Gold" (Jacksonville's Historical Past in Story and Songs), has been produced by a team of dedicated performers. The history and songs were written by Skip Bessonette and Waldo Thompson. Tom Baloch is the principal narrator and Rory Boyle, Herb Beach, Mike Crowe, Marie Thompson, Pat Olson, Waldo Thompson and Skip Bessonette also appear as narrators. The background music adds a lively touch to the drama. Musical artists are Aleen Bessonette, Gary Blackwell, Lionel Nightingale, Waldo Thompson and Skip Bessonette.

One who is interested in history will find the tape fascinating. It is an outstanding example of an intriguing method of teaching the past that is entirely enjoyable as well as educational. We recommend it.

The tape sells for \$8.95 and is available in several shops in the valley. SOHS members may purchase it at the museum book store at a 15 per cent discount.