

1/83

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Ed Schieffelin, page 13

Director's Corner

The new year brings new challenges; it always does. Last year we were forced to raise our membership dues--a step we had avoided for many years. Directly after we had notified our members of the hike, the post office announced an increase in rates and the printer elevated his prices. We were, financially speaking, back at square one. It hasn't seemed cricket to announce another increase upon the first boost, so we are still seeking a solution to the problem. The current cost of printing and mailing the newsletter is annually \$1500 greater than our membership revenue, so the newsletter is being subsidized by other revenue.

The problem might be met by selling advertising space in The Table Rock Sentinel. The SOHS trustees have authorized me to seek advertisers who will place appropriate advertisements which might emphasize the historical background of their establishments. Anyone interested in a project such as this should contact me; I will explain the rates and give more detail about the style and content.

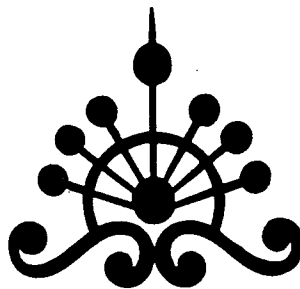
Many of the major historical agencies feature advertisements in their publications, so we are not breaking new ground by initiating this policy. You may be assured that the newsletter staff will be careful to select only those advertisers who accept our standards. We mail each issue of The Table Rock Sentinel to over 1500 members, libraries, and other museums and historical societies.

Even if we are successful in gaining advertisers, we will probably have to raise the dues again in January 1984. Our members enjoy the newsletter and it is our most active outreach project. Advertising revenue will help ensure that SOHS will continue to publish its monthly newsletter.

Bill Burk



The stories of some of the historical figures featured in the newsletter have appeared in other publications; a few of them have had wide coverage. The two pioneers presented in this issue are examples of this; Ed Schieffelin and Madame Jeanne DeRoboam Holt have been favorite subjects of many northwest writers. We do not want to print biographies of people who are completely familiar, but we believe that those we have starred in the past should be on the required reading list of all southern Oregon history buffs. A retelling thus may help keep those historically significant folk right up there where they belong--right in your center of interest zone. OK?



THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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MADAME HOLT

THE LADY AND THE HOTEL

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL in Jackson-
ville was certainly no lady.
No one, by any stretch of the
imagination, could have called it a
luxurious refuge for the traveler--
although in the evening with the lamps
lighted, the fires in the fireplaces
dancing cosily, and the darkness hiding
the shabby spots, it did have a certain
charm. And it was presided over by a
cordial hostess, the individual and
picturesque, Madame Jeanne DeRoboam.

The building itself was a hodgepodge.
It hadn't been planned and methodically
constructed; it just grew. When the city
was only beginning to take shape,
Jim Cluggage, who had made a donation
land claim for half the land in town,
had a building erected on that corner
in 1853. For some time he ran it as a
saloon and gambling house. During the
following years other small frame
buildings and sheds were put up adjoining
the original building until the



the whole block along Main and Oregon streets was covered with a jumble of mean hovels connected with covered passageways. The entire structure had an unsavory history. More than a few lives were lost in those dark rooms, some by bowie knife and some by pistol.

But when Madame DeRoboam took over and had the buildings shored up, a little fresh paint, starched curtains, and new furniture helped conceal the fact that the hotel was really a labyrinth and a fearful firetrap, and the structure became the leading hotel in Jacksonville. The stages stopped there and Madame Jeanne DeRoboam was known from Alaska to Washington City.

Advertisements for the Franco-American gave it a touch of elegance and added a little gilt to its reputation.

FRANCO AMERICAN HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

Travelers and Resident Boarders will find the most comfortable lodging at this house to be met with anywhere in this part of the state.

THE BEDS AND BEDDING

will always be found of first class character and kept in a neat and clean condition, while

THE ROOMS

are newly furnished in a homelike condition. A plentiful supply of the best of everything the market affords will be

SPREAD ON HER TABLE

Her house will be kept open all night and SQUARE MEALS can be obtained any hour of the day or night.

OYSTERS

and lunches to be had at any time. Stage passengers and others who may be out late at night can always find a good fire, hot meals and good beds at this house.

MADAME HOLT

One who read that advertisement might readily assume that Jacksonville's Franco-American was on a par with San Francisco's Palace with Madame Jeanne DeRoboam giving it a special touch of continental grandeur.

He was a native of Bordeaux, France, born there in 1820, and although she never failed to sing the praises of her birthplace, there is little recorded about her life before she came to Jacksonville sometime prior to 1860.

She arrived in southern Oregon with a husband, Charles Langier. He was probably her first, but she was a little hazy on that subject and there were rumors--probably started by an envious spinster--that she'd been married once or twice before. She was also a little indefinite about her age. For the 1860 census she subtracted ten or eleven years from the total making her a neat four years younger than M. Langier. When she was fifty-eight, she admitted to only the first thirty-five. But she was not the first nor the last to drop a few years and any clever lady who can reduce the total by over twenty years and not give it away with a little blush or a stammer certainly has earned the privilege to do so.

There can be no doubt about her personal magnetism. She of course had an appealing accent and, in her younger days at least, surely possessed that native chic and flair displayed by so many smart French women. She had a small waist and some plump curves in the right places and was almost certainly known as a fine figger of a



woman. Somewhere along the line she picked up a sincere appreciation for elegance and culture, and when rumor had it that she had sprung from European aristocracy, she didn't exactly deny it. As a continental aristocrat she expressed a profound appreciation for fine wines, and she often joined the gentlemen in a glass. If she sometimes imbibed a little too freely and became giddy, well, that could be overlooked in a French lady.

In addition to her other charms, she displayed a generous, loving nature. No one seeking help or a handout from her failed to receive it. She was quite famous for her kindness in spreading the left over food from her suppers each night on the dining room tables and offering an open invitation to those who had no money to help themselves as long as it lasted. Short items, written by the editors, occasionally appeared in both the *Democratic Times* and the *Oregon Sentinel* thanking her for her thoughtful gift of wine or cake or fresh oysters from Shoalwater Bay. An article in the *Sentinel* praises her for her benevolence in having the old Methodist church replastered, and other gifts to the citizens are on record. She was probably better to Jacksonville than Jacksonville was to her.

She so far over-shadowed her husband, Charles Langier, that there exists no notice of his death. No one recorded exactly when, where and how he died. After 1863 there is no mention of him in the newspapers; Madame DeRoboam had had apparently become a widow by that



time. At the holiday season in 1864 came the announcement that Madame DeRoboam would give two magnificent festive balls at the McCully hall, one on Christmas, one on New Year's Eve. The celebrations were going to be "in every way worthy of the patronage of epicures and connoisseurs." The tickets, which sold for the handsome tab of \$5.00, included a gala breakfast after a brilliant night of dancing. It was apparent that by that time Madame Langier had shucked her widow's weeds if she had ever donned them in the first place. An extended mourning period would not have been in accord with her practical nature.

In 1865 she married again, this time to John Gilfoyle, a personable young Irishman who was eleven years younger than she. Reverend Moses A. Williams of the Presbyterian church performed the ceremony for \$10.00. The Protestant service comes as a surprise; up to that time Jeanne DeRoboam had been a Catholic. She had either embraced Presbyterianism to please her young husband or had developed a respect for Moses Williams and had become a little indifferent towards her own religion. After the marriage she announced a number of grand balls to be held at Viet Shutz' hall and promised her patrons the best music and supper in her "usual magnificent style." Apparently marriage to a younger man acted as a bracer and a tonic. She had always been vivacious, but now she became even more energetic and the Franco-American gained greater prestige throughout the West. She rented a two-story house on

the other end of the block and thereby added several more guest rooms to her hotel.

During these years it is certain that she had set her sights on a more distinguished hotel. She was aware that the Franco-American, genteel as it had become under her guidance, was still a ramshackle melange of basically unrelated buildings. If she could make that patchwork into one of the most gracious and successful hotels in the state, think what she could do with a truly elegant, well-proportioned building. A news item in the *Sentinel* reported the frightening fact that Madame DeRoboam's hotel had narrowly escaped a serious fire when a guest had fortunately prevented a lighted candle from igniting a window curtain. Jeanne DeRoboam surely was aware of the hazard she faced,* and she probably kept her fingers crossed, and breathed a prayer.

In 1871 her brother, Jean St.Luc DeRoboan, and his family arrived from France. He was a widower with four children: Emil, Samuel, Naomi and Celita, an adopted daughter. Madame DeRoboam was very fond of him and his children and almost at once she engaged Jean St.Luc to help in the operation of her restaurant and hotel. She developed a great love for the adopted daughter Celina, and took her into her quarters as her own daughter. That must have raised a few eyebrows around the town.

"My dear, that child might be the memento of a little secret dalliance. She's the spittin' image of that Madame. You can just bet she'd closer than adopted."

"But Celina was born in France while the Madame was in Jacksonville. That would have been some trick,"

"How do we know Celina was born in France? That Madame's a sly one. She could have thought of something."

There are a number of references to Celina in the newspapers during this period: a birthday party, attendance at social events and participation in church programs. She was given a cherished and sheltered childhood, and if Madame DeRoboam ever heard any of the rumors, she certainly ignored them.

*

The Franco-American burned to the ground in 1886.




Celina

In 1872, after only seven years of marriage, John Gilfoyle died. He was forty. Madame Gilfoyle's age at the time wasn't recorded, but you can be sure that she had grown a few years younger than he. Her family, particularly Celina, consoled her in her grief.

In moments of repose, the Madame's day dreaming turned into actual plans for her new hotel. It would have a ball room, a spacious hall to be used for meetings and theatrical performances. There would be a ladies' parlor, a large, well-lighted dining room, and a kitchen large enough to prepare dinners for a throng. There would be fireplaces in the guest rooms and the building would include an attractive saloon. And it would be of brick, as fireproof as it could be, so she wouldn't have to worry constantly about careless patrons.

But, even with the Franco-American making enough money for the whole DeRoboam family, how could she save

enough to buy all those bricks and hire a company of bricklayers? Money would have to be found for wood finishers and plasterers and painters. She would need a mint of money to build a hotel which would be worthy of her.

 ne day George William Holt came into the hotel. He was introduced to the recently widowed Madame Gilfoyle, who greatly impressed him with her style and her accomplishments. She, however, was not particularly interested in him until she became aware of his many charms: he was a carpenter, a wood finisher, a plasterer, he could make bricks and he could lay them! At once he became the most desirable bachelor in the state. Before the year was up they were married. The Reverend Moses A. Williams performed the wedding ceremony, this time for \$15.00.

The ink was hardly dry on the certi-

ificate when the new Madame Jeanne Holt began dickering for a piece of property: the U.S. Hotel on California Street. It was a frame building known variously as the Robinson House, the Union Hotel, and the United States Hotel. The last owner was Louis Horne who had redecorated it and built an extension which included a large hall. Unfortunately a fire in the hotel had put it out of commission and Mr. Horne was unable to meet his mortgage payments. C. C. Beekman bought the hotel at a sheriff's sale and promptly sold it to the Holts.

Now Madame Holt initiated her most spectacular project: the grandest hotel in the West. George Holt began firing bricks in 1876. They were made from clay taken from Jackson Creek. As time went on he worked like an Egyptian slave on the building, plastering, framing, adding a second floor and finishing the interior. The local papers kept up a steady report of his progress. The following notes are only a sketchy few of the items:

September 4, 1878: George W. Holt has fired his kiln of 220,000 bricks this week.

March 21, 1879: George W. Holt has commenced work on his building in earnest, and the structure is creeping heavenward.

April 4, 1879: George W. Holt expects to have the lower floor of his brick building finished by the Fourth of July.

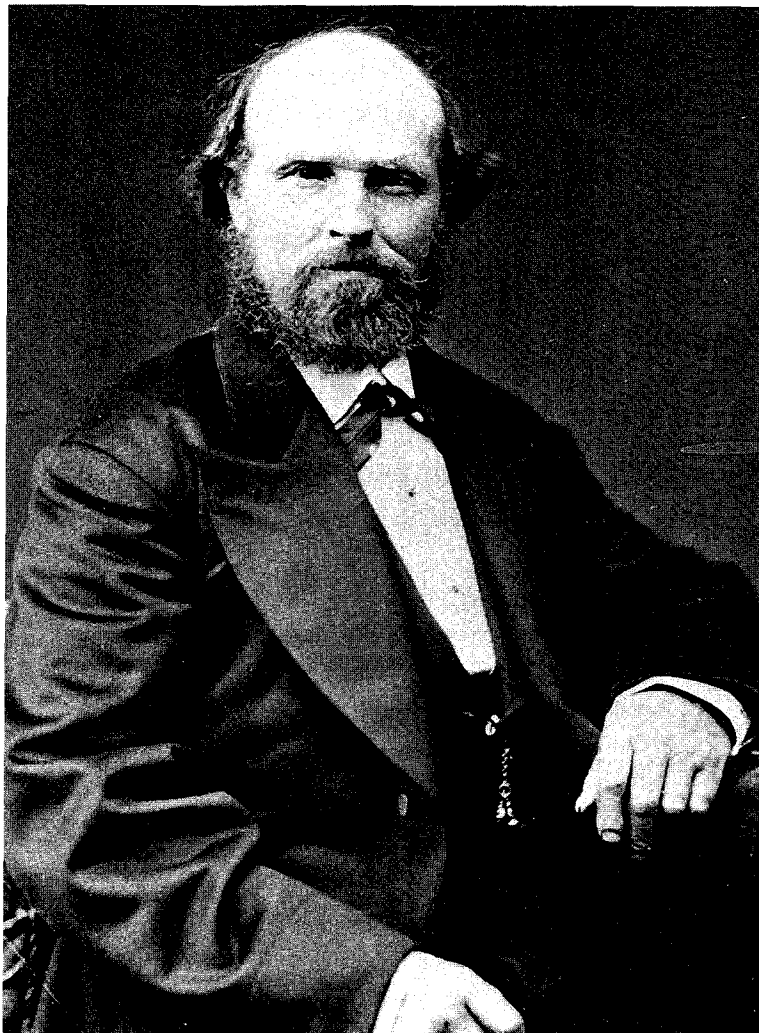
May 23, 1879: George W. Holt is receiving the joints and will soon commence the construction of the second story.

August 29, 1879: George W. Holt is making another kiln of bricks.

September 12, 1879: David Linn is roofing the new U. S. Hotel.

April 23, 1880: Holt's hotel is nearing completion...The stars and stripes now float proudly over it.

December 8, 1880: Mr. Franke and wife, and a Mr. Marquin arrived here last week from San Francisco, and have permanently engaged to Madame Holt: the former as cook and chambermaid, and the latter a waiter in the new




George William Holt

U.S. Hotel.

December 15, 1880: Holt's new hall has been decorated with three new chandeliers with a capacity to illuminate more brilliantly than ever.

January 7, 1881: New Year's Ball--one of the most enjoyable parties of the season was the one given by Madame Holt at her new hall on New Year's Eve. A goodly number were present and all were loud in their praise of the affair. The floor was in excellent condition, the music by Prof. Scott's string band first class, while the supper was one of the best ever sat down to in Jacksonville in a long time. Dancing continued until four o'clock.

The dream had become a reality! Jeanne DeRoboam Holt was so proud she was on a cloud. It had cost \$12,000 and she was deeply in debt, but she was ingenious and she was strong, and the indebtedness would be whittled away in no time at all. It was worth it all, the hard work and the scheming and, yes, even putting up with that fumbling bricklayer, the peasant who adored her.

he hotel had been still unfinished when word came that President Rutherford B. Hayes and his wife, 'Lemonade' Lucy (so called for her refusal to drink spirits) would arrive by stagecoach in September. There would be several ladies and gentlemen in the party and such distinguished guests stopping at her hotel would certainly be a feather in Madame Holt's bonnet. By superhuman effort on her part and by pushing everyone else to the breaking point she could do it. *Sacrebleu*, with over twenty years experience in serving the elite of the West, taking care of a small party of dignitaries would be a snap, even if one of them was the most famous man in the world.

She at once sent to Portland for a luxurious new Brussels carpet for the president's room, and bought a set of handsome rosewood bedroom furniture from Alexander Miller, who had just had it shipped in from San Francisco for his own beautiful new home. She ordered

rare and exotic delicacies for the table and hired a staff to serve temporarily.

The newspaper editors squabbled over who should entertain the celebrated guests. The policy of the *Democratic Times* was so anti-Hayes that the editor, Charles Nickell, called him Mr. refusing to honor him with the title, *President*. The editor of the *Oregon Sentinel*, William M. Turner, a fervent Republican scolded the townspeople, but, all in all, Jacksonville remained a little apathetic about the visit.

But Madame Holt came through with colors flying. She lighted the chandeliers in her new hall, invited a large crowd, summoned the Jacksonville Brass Band, and arranged for C. C. Beekman to introduce the honored guests and serve as host.

The president spoke informally and shook hands with all the people. General Sherman, a member of the party declared that this spontaneous meeting was far more pleasing than a formal ceremony would have been. The regulars from the Franco-American and the temporary help had prepared a sumptuous supper, and it was nicely served in the gracious, new dining room. The members of the party retired to their freshly painted and newly furnished rooms, having been thoroughly wine and dined and treated like royalty.

The next morning a lot of the citizens appeared to cheer them on their way. Several hip-hip-hoorays were given to the president as the departing visitors entered their coaches. Madame Holt, behind her desk, smiling ever so sweetly, presented the bill to the president's secretary. One look and he was aghast. She had charged each member of the party fifteen dollars for food and lodging. The fee was outrageous. One could rent the most elegant room in the Palace Hotel, the bridal chamber, for six dollars a night. The secretary said, as he reluctantly paid the bill, "My dear Madame, we wished only to stay the night, not to buy the hotel."

Madame Holt graciously accepted the payment. The country was in a sad state indeed if the President of the United

States couldn't afford fifteen dollars for an afternoon reception, an Epicurean supper, a room with a new bed and carpet, and a crowd to cheer him on his way. Charging too little would have been disrespectful. If her prices caused talk, good. It was better to be censured than overlooked.

Sadly, Madame Holt was able to enjoy the gracefully appointed hotel and supervise its famous cuisine and its brilliant entertainments for less than two years. By 1883 her physical stamina began to give out. The doctors declared she had dropsy and as the illness progressed she became extremely frail. She returned to the Catholic church and found comfort in the Rev. Father Blanchet's prayers. Although management became

more and more a task, she appeared at her desk every day. The hotel had become her life and she couldn't savor it enough. Her consolation was that she had built her lovely hotel and, after she was gone, it would continue to serve an appreciative public with refinement and charm. It could only grow in service and importance to Jacksonville, the most remarkable little city between Portland and San Francisco.

She died at her house, the U.S. Hotel, in April 1884. She was 63 years old and was probably the best known woman on the west coast.

It's good she didn't know that in just a few years Jacksonville would drift into shoddy hibernation and her pretty hotel would stand as a seedy derelict for over half a century.

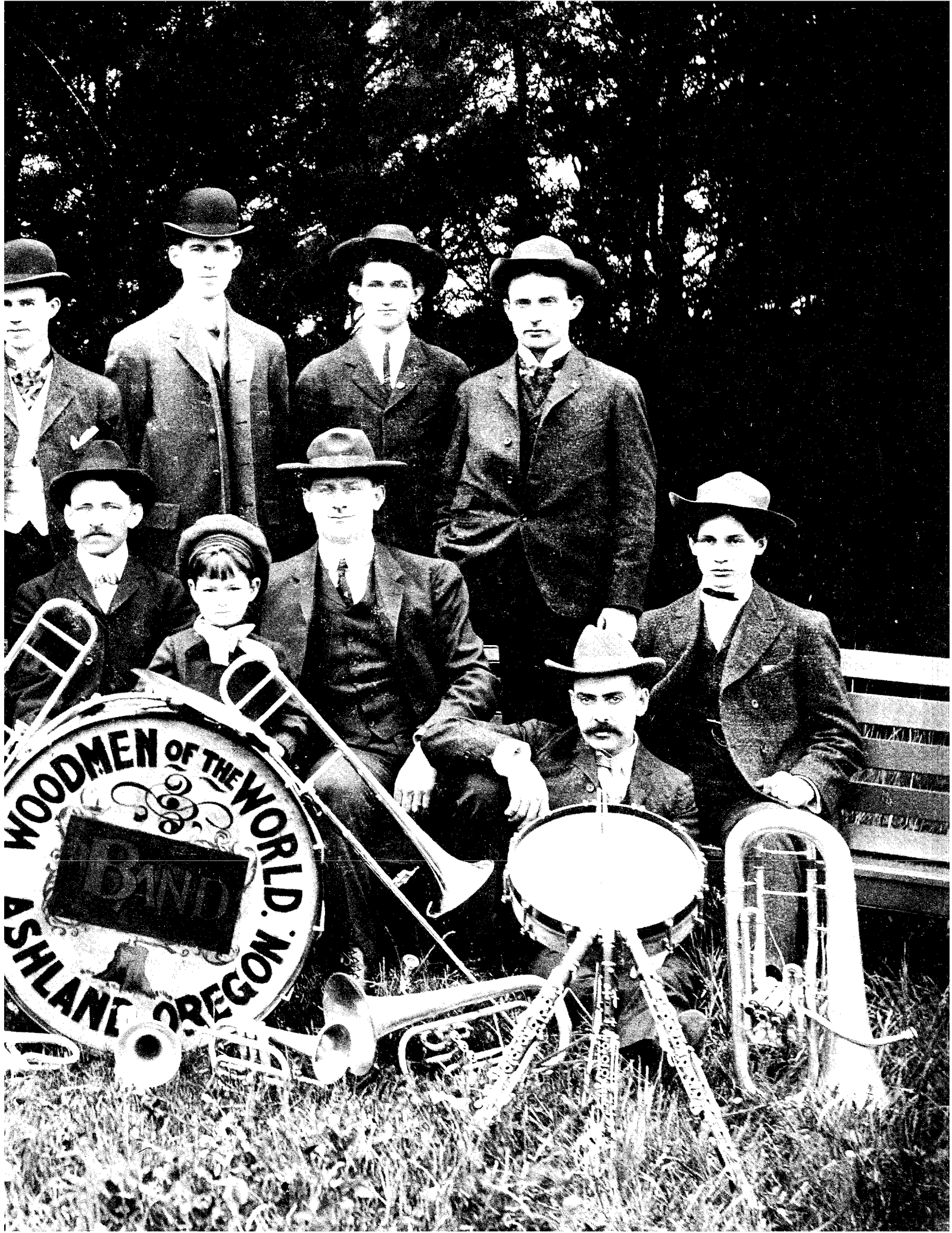


Much of the U.S. Hotel has been restored. The downstairs saloon, the ladies' parlor and the ball room, all elegantly refurbished, serve for receptions and civic meetings. The section occupied by the United States National Bank of Oregon has been beautifully reconstructed. Madame Holt would be justifiably proud.



WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BAND

S.E. Wright (conductor), Frank Jordon, Ray Satchwell, C.R. Clifford, A. J. McCallen, Edward McCallen, Carl Nims, W.C. Mitchell, Frank Simpson, Fred Neil, Mc Hubbard, Cecil Rhodes, Fred Nott, Eugene Berry, C.H. Thomas, W.J. Loomis, L.L. Mulet (These names probably run from left to right. There is no date given on the photograph. Any additional information about this group would be greatly appreciated by SOHS.



ITEMS TAKEN FROM JACKSONVILLE PAPERS

July 1, 1865: Married by Rev. M.A. Williams at his residence on Bear Creek, John Gilfoyle to Jeanne DeRoboam, all of Jacksonville. May they be condemned to everlasting success in life and when they are summoned to the land of their fathers, may the happy smiling faces of many sons and daughters mourn the loss of kind and affectionate mother and father.

February 6, 1872: Died, John Gilfoyle who was born in Ireland. He died of dropsy at the age of 40. Buried in the Jacksonville cemetery.

September 11, 1878: The Franco-American Hotel had a narrow escape from being burned to the ground on Friday night of last week. The careless use of a candle by one of the lodgers was the cause.

December 11, 1878: Miss Celita DeRoboam, daughter of Madame Holt, celebrated her tenth birthday on last Tuesday by inviting a number of her friends to a pleasant birthday party at the Franco-American Hotel. A jollier crowd of youngsters is seldom seen than congregated on this occasion.

November 28, 1879: Madame Holt celebrated her thirty-fifth birthday on Sunday last and was the recipient of several presents, including a handsome snuff box. Several of her friends were present and extended their congratulations.

December 15, 1880: Madame Holt has been awarded the contract for keeping state patients in the county hospital for \$1.49 per day. Quite a reduction, as last year \$3 per day was thought to be exactly the proper rate. The reduction is due to the determined opposition of this paper to the former exorbitant price.

December 8, 1880: Madame Holt's new hotel is nearing completion. Her Chinese help having been discharged, she will after this have only white cooks and waiters. The new hotel has been furnished by a large cooking range cast at the Yreka foundry especially for Mme. Holt.

June 14, 1884: The U.S. Hotel changed hands this week. George W. Holt sold all his rights, title and interest to Jean and Emil DeRoboam, who took charge this week.

1886: The old Franco-American hotel evaporated in smoke a week or so ago. It was a group of board shanties thrown up together with winding labyrinthine passages connecting them.

THE SOCIETY WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS

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THE STORY OF ED SCHIEFFELIN AND THE FOUNDING OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, HAS APPEARED MANY TIMES. THERE ARE VERSIONS BY DALE VINCENT, J. FRANK DOBIE, CARL GOHS, RUBY EL HULT, STEWART H. HOLBROOK AND OTHERS. BUT, AS A MEMORABLE CHARACTER WHO WAS A LOYAL CITIZEN OF SOUTHERN OREGON, ED SCHIEFFELIN MERITS ANOTHER RERUN. SO, ONCE MORE FROM THE TOP

Ed Schieffelin

THE FOUNDING OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA...

THE STORY OF THE RED BLANKET MINE

Ed Schieffelin was a prototype of the indomitable prospector who is pulled by an irresistible magnet and never stops seeking the seductive treasure waiting around the next bend of the creek. In Schieffelin's case The Search became such a compulsion that, even after he had found the Big, Big Boodle, he continued the pursuit.

The obsession probably began during his early childhood in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. When he was only five

years old, his father, Clinton Schieffelin, became intrigued with the tales of wealth to be found for the seeking, and the boy was given the full treatment when he was at his most impressionable. At last when Clinton could no longer resist the lure of the gold fields, he joined forces with his brother-in-law, Joe Walker, and the two of them sailed for California early in 1852, coming through the Straits of Magellan. They moved in with the multi-

tude mining along the Feather River, but the news of the extravagant discoveries at Jacksonville and Rogue River drew them on to southern Oregon. In 1853 they bought a land claim along the Rogue and filed for a donation land claim near Jewett's Ferry on the river. The two men made a pretty good thing of mining and farming, and in 1857 Clinton's wife and children--six boys and two girls--crossed the plains and joined them in Oregon. The Schieffelins were an affectionate family who were deeply loyal to each other and had strong family ties. They became solid citizens of the valley and soon gained the respect and admiration of their neighbors.*

Ed was not ten years old when he arrived in the West, but he soon began panning for gold on his own. His brothers shared his interest and joined him in his search from time to time, although their fever was not so acute as that which seized Ed. As a boy he regularly took pick, shovel and gold pan, and wandered alone into the hills, following the ravines and gulches. He was always seeking colors, and even when he was occupied with his farm chores, he would stop to break quartz into pieces and then examine those pieces for gold. He tried his luck in every likely looking spot in the valley: Jackson Creek, Forest Creek, Graves Creek, Foots Creek, the Sterling gulch, the Applegate River, the Illinois valley and even the Umpqua country.

By the time he was a young adult he had missed very few places in Oregon. He had sometimes joined up with experienced sour doughs and had tested nearly every productive spot, including regions of the McKenzie and the Calapooya rivers. He had also gone south to try his luck in the famous gold lodes of California. Stories of the fabled lost gold mines--the Blue Bucket, Massacre Lake, and the Lost Dutchman--were as familiar to him as his primer, and by perseverance, study and experience he gained a background that few prospectors acquire.

* William M. Turner, the editor of the *Oregon Sentinel*, wrote of Clinton: "'Sheff' is a Republican of the old solid type...and his sterling character can be appreciated when it is related that when [he was] Justice of the Peace one of his sons violated the game law by killing a deer and was fined twenty dollars by his father, who had to pay the fine out of his own pocket." *Now there's a father who knew how to lay a real guilt trip on his kid.*

When he was twenty-two (1869) he wrote in his journal: "I'm getting restless here [Rogue River] and want to go somewhere that holds wealth for the digging of it. I can't say that I care to be rich--it is not that. If I had a fortune I suppose I'd not keep it long. I like the excitement of being right up against the earth trying to find her gold." (His writing skill is exceptional, particularly at a time when most prospectors were illiterate and many could only sign their names with an X.)

Leaving his home and family he began a roving existence which took him to Surprise Valley and the Pioche country in Nevada, the Salt Lake district in Utah, and back up to the Snake River and into the Boise Basin.

His trek led him into Idaho during the coldest time of the year. It would seem that if one were going to wade around muddy river banks at random, he might pick a more agreeable climate in the winter months than that found in Idaho. Perhaps he too drew this conclusion because he soon left the area and headed south through Nevada to the Grand Canyon and on into Texas.

His persistence was remarkable in the face of the adverse fortune he encountered at almost every step. A miner spurred with a little less insistent lust for gold would have yielded to despair early in the game. Almost always he was flat broke. While he was in Utah he wrote that his funds had run out "and I sold my saddle mule and put my blankets on my back." He had to beg a stranger for the twenty-five cents fare to cross the Colorado River, and in Texas he chopped wood to get eating money. Eventually he became seriously ill and returned home, arriving with only \$2.50 in his poke.

At the end of three weeks he was longing to go back to the creeks. He borrowed \$100 from his father and set out for Arizona. By the time he reached southeastern California, the money was gone and his blankets were again on his back. He was obliged to find a job, and he worked for fourteen months to save money enough to buy another outfit: a pair of mules, saddles, guns, food and mining equipment.

In January, 1877, he again set off for Arizona. After prospecting in the Grand Canyon country with no suc-

cess he joined up for protection with some scouts who were patrolling the Apache territory of southern Arizona. At Camp Huachuca he found traveling with the army too slow for his liking and he began making prospecting trips alone. The soldiers warned him repeatedly about the danger he faced, but he continued on his daily solitary trips. He assured the men at the fort that he would surely find something in that vast country. "Yes," said one of them, "you'll find your tombstone."

He was not more than thirty miles north of the Mexican border one day when he saw a geologic formation that attracted his interest. Examining it more closely, he drove his pick into the black ore. Scooping back the top earth, he uncovered a streak of almost pure silver. He could scarcely believe his eyes. This was it! All of a sudden he had found his treasure. He had always known he would find it; that was a sure thing. But this was like a plunge into an icy river. You think you're ready but...YOWEEEE! Remembering the soldier's admonition, he shouted, "I'll call it Tombstone," and piled up some rocks to mark his discovery. He gathered samples, assured himself he could find the spot again and made his way to Signal, Arizona, where his brother Al was working in the McCracken Mine.

Ed waited outside the mine until his brother came off shift. Al scarcely recognized this dirty, ragged, unkempt man as his brother Ed. He was overjoyed to see him, but no amount of argument and logic could convince him to invest his savings in Tombstone. He was not going to give up a steady job for a risky mining venture.

Disillusioned, Ed went to work in the mine at Signal alongside his brother Al. Eventually, however, Richard Gird, the mining and mechanical engineer of the Signal mine, heard of Ed's strike, and, impressed with his considerable knowledge of geology, and the plausibility of his story, agreed to become a partner. Upon hearing of Gird's decision, Al relented and the three of them joined forces although Al was still reluctant to put his money into the scheme. They

arrived at Tombstone in February 1878. Richard Gird soon had a crude assay furnace in operation, and after examining the ledge at Tombstone, he concluded that the ore was rich but shallow. A second discovery was also only so-so, but a third ledge, the Tough Nut, was extremely rich in silver and gold. Ore samples assayed \$15,000 to the ton.

The three of them returned jubilantly to Signal, filed their claims and forged back to Tombstone with equipment and personnel. The rush was on. Overnight a tent city appeared and before a year had passed Tombstone had become a rowdy, roughneck town. The Schieffelins and Gird traded off part interest in the mine to men who put up a mill to refine the ore. In 1879 the mine paid over \$50,000 a month.

In a May 14, 1879 issue of the *Oregon Sentinel* the editor wrote:

LUCKY BOYS

The friends of C. Schieffelin and family will be glad to learn that his three sons have struck it rich in Arizona and are on the high road to prosperity. [Ed had rounded up another brother and invited him to join the project]. The eldest, E.L., left here in 1873 and in 1878, after many vicissitudes, having been twice run out of the mountains by Apaches, discovered the Tombstone silver mine, eighty miles south of the San Pedro river, in the Pima District. Taking in with him his brother, A.E. Schieffelin, and a man named Gird, they secured several claims on the ledge, one of which they sold for \$7,500. Other claims they have bonded for \$100,000 and have sold one quarter of their first location on the ledge for a ten-stamp mill, which has just been put in running order. "Effingham," the youngest of the boys, went down last October, and is a sharer in the fund. The boys have sent a large amount of rich specimens to their parents, and their energy and pluck have evidently been well-rewarded.

In 1880 the Schieffelin brothers sold their interest in the claim. They were wealthy men--rich beyond their dreams. Leaving Tombstone, they prepared to enjoy their new money at their well-earned leisure. Unfortunately brother Al, who died in 1885, lived



This picture, taken by Peter Britt, shows Ed Schieffelin's prized sorrels and his elaborate wagon of which he was so proud. He is in the driver's seat and the passenger, on the right, may be Emil Britt. The house in the background is the Hanna house.

hardly long enough to become accustomed to his new status.

Ed was only thirty-two years old when he set out to see how the very rich do their thing. He patronized fashionable stores and ordered expensive hand-tailored suits. He seemed to be a little kinky for elegant, knee-high boots, and he preferred them with a high gloss.

He was surely an impressive figure as he visited the big cities in the east-- Washington, Chicago and New York. He stayed in the most cosmopolitan hotels and dined in the finest restaurants. He was an easy spender and became a popular celebrity. Although his biographers wrote that he soon became bored with high living, he appears to have devoted a couple of years to it so he couldn't have found luxury all that unpleasant. Even a sourdough of the first water might enjoy a stint as Man of the Hour.

Looking for gold, however, was his reason for being, and he ultimately spent a large sum of money to build a stern-

wheeler steamer for a prospecting trip to Alaska. He and several companions spent the summers of 1882 and 1883 on the Yukon, but they made no lucky strikes.

In the meantime Mary Brown, a young lady from San Francisco entered his life. A little time on his hands gave him an opportunity at last for romance. In the fall of 1883 they were married and the next year they settled in Alameda, California, where Ed purchased a mansion. In addition he bought a large home in Los Angeles and an orange orchard for his parents.

Ed was at the high spot in his life. He was a big man, weighing 200 pounds or more, with curly dark hair and beard. A representative from the Bancroft Company of California, who interviewed him about the beginning of Tombstone, described him as "large, bronzed, with keen blue eyes...a physically perfect man."

Marriage did not lessen his chronic gold fever. From time to time he made short trips in which he panned for

gold, and he was continually planning his next expedition into big pay dirt country.

One night when he was half asleep, he suddenly remembered a spot in southern Oregon which he felt he had failed to probe sufficiently; he had not explored carefully enough at the bedrock level. The thought that he had overlooked a Big One began to nag him, and around 1890 he returned to the Rogue River Valley which he had always regarded as his home.

Having left the area twenty years before as a penniless miner with no apparent prospects, he returned in grand style wearing an elegant Stetson, city duds, fancy-stitched calfskin boots which came up over his knees and a \$450 watch with tiny bells that chimed the hour and the quarter hour. He arrived in a deep blue Thoroughbred coach with leather springs and yellow running gear, drawn by four perfectly matched sorrels. The folk in Woodville had never seen anything quite so splendid, but when they recognized him as a long time friend they gave him a warm welcome. He visited boyhood friends, fished in the river, and sat for portraits at Peter Britt's studio in Jacksonville.

At Woodville he hired Charlie Warren, a young man of eighteen with no permanent job, to be his teamster and camp-maker. For \$20 a month Charlie would do the cooking, tend the horses and the outfit, and do the driving. He would also receive a cut of any gold Ed discovered. They set forth in a seemingly aimless manner, prospecting here and there, all the way from Coquille down to California, over to Nevada and back to Roseburg. Several times Ed found strong indications of gold but he passed them by. He was looking for another bonanza even though the odds against two rich strikes in one lifetime were not in his favor.

In September, 1896, after dismissing Charlie Warren temporarily, he returned to Alameda and made his last will and testament. He left half of his estate to his wife Mary and half to his brother Jay. His brother Charles and his wife were named co-executors of the estate. Early in the spring of 1897 he headed back to Oregon, and, picking up

Charlie Warren, he decided to try his luck again in Douglas County.

Finding an unoccupied cabin in the hills, he moved in, having left his valuable horses and his wagon with a rancher who lived near the mouth of Day's Creek. He gave Charlie Warren some time off to return to Rogue River to visit his parents, and he settled into the cabin alone.

After a couple of weeks the rancher who was keeping his team became uneasy. Ed had said he'd be down for supplies at a specified time and he failed to appear. When the local sheriff, Alex Orm, rode by the house, the farmer expressed his concern and the sheriff, having a strong sense of foreboding, rode off at once to investigate. He found Ed Schieffelin dead, face down on the floor of the cabin.

He had been sitting at a table, breaking ore with a hammer when he suddenly died--apparently from natural causes. The ore was later assayed at \$2,000 a ton; it would have made its finder a fortune. The last entry in Ed's diary was, "Struck it rich again, by God!"

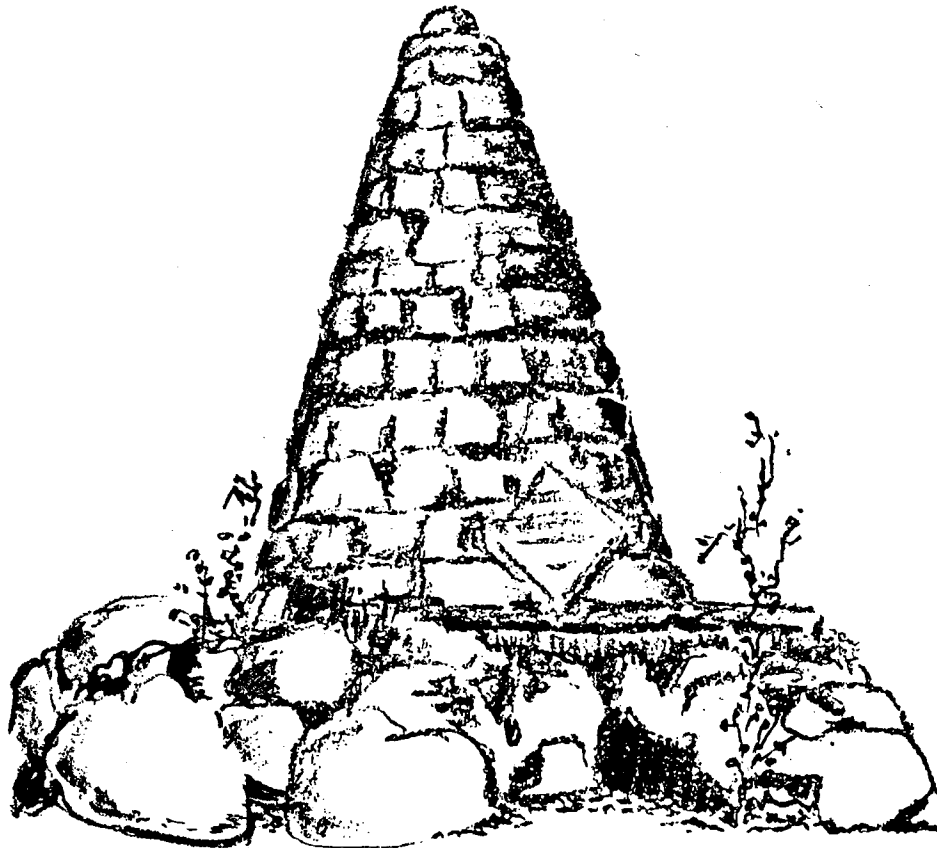
Sheriff Orm wrapped him in a blue blanket--the only one in the cabin--and buried him under a tree not far from the doorway.

Charlie Warren said that Ed had traveled with two heavy wool blankets, one red and one blue.

If his prospecting took him on an overnight trip, he always carried one of these blankets along. At his death the red blanket was not found in the cabin. Charlie deduced that the new strike was far enough away so that Ed had stayed overnight and had left the red blanket there, expecting to return. Wherever the red blanket would be found, there would be Ed's incredibly rich last find--the Red Blanket mine. Hundreds of hopeful prospectors have combed the hills around Canyonville, but, in true lost mine tradition, the fabulous treasure has never been found. The more persevering are still looking.

Excerpts from the last will of Ed Schieffelin:

"I give my wife, Mary E. Schieffelin, all interests, both real and personal



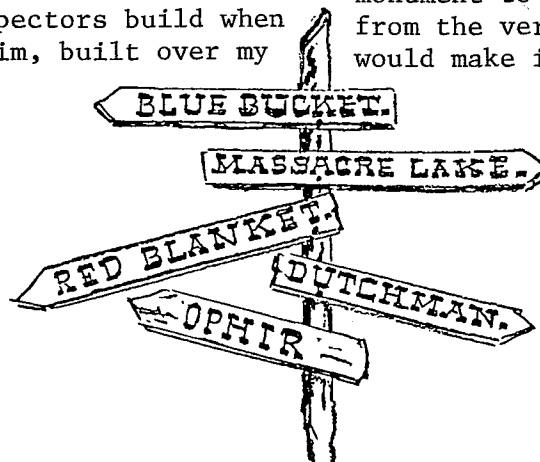
Under this pile of stones is buried Ed Schieffelin who discovered the ore which made Tombstone, Arizona, the talk of the world. He designed the monument for himself. This is the spot on which he first camped in 1879.

properties...in Alameda and Santa Clara counties, California. Also 15 \$1000 University of Arizona bonds. All other properties, both real and personal...I give to my brother, Jay L. Schieffelin. ..I have no children, but should anyone at their own expense, prove to the satisfaction of my executors...to be a child of mine, to each I give the sum of \$50.

"It is my wish...to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, on top of the granite hills about three miles westerly from the city of Tombstone, Arizona, and a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim, built over my

grave...and that none of my friends wear crepe. Under no circumstances do I want to be buried in any cemetery or grave yard.

Ed Schieffelin was disinterred and shipped to Tombstone where he was buried with his pick, shovel and canteen, just as he had requested. The pile of stones, his marker, is still there, three miles west of Tombstone, which like so many other boom towns, has seen its glamor and glitter fade away. Yet Tombstone, "The Town Too Tough To Die," stands today as a living monument to Ed Schieffelin, who knew from the very first that one day he would make it big.





Photograph by Doug Smith

RUTH GOLDSCHMIDT RECEPTIONIST



uth Goldschmidt, the SOHS Receptionist Extraordinaire, is a transplant to Jacksonville, having come here from southern California in the early forties with her husband Arthur and her three kids--two boys and a girl. That means she's been in southern Oregon long enough to become a fixture and take root, and has participated in community affairs and changes for several decades.

She notes a few:

"The little old school house on the hill is a pleasant memory. When the State and Federal funds for its support became limited, parents and interested citizens formed money-raising projects to keep it in operation until the consolidation in 1959. Our three children began their first years of school there, and our oldest son was a member of the last class to graduate from Jacksonville High.

"Many changes have been made in the police department. When we arrived here one officer maintained law and order with great devotion to duty--and probably with insufficient pay, particularly for the number of services he performed for us.

"The fire department, just as it is today, was made up of volunteers, who, through the years have responded to every call for help. They certainly deserve our unending gratitude.

"The past is past and each event has left its imprint on tomorrow. There have been many changes--too numerous to mention, but I'm grateful to have been a part of them and to have lived here during that interesting time.

"For the past three years I have had the privilege to be associated with the talented personnel of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. It has been a pleasure to watch the members of each department as they record, restore, preserve and display the permanent record of the past. With them on duty, you may be sure the history of southern Oregon is in good hands."



Jime Matoush

Photograph by Doug Smith

NEW EXHIBIT

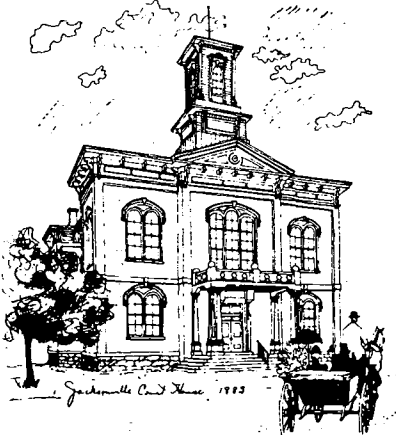
A reception was held on December 29 for SOHS members at the opening of the New Exhibit Room of Nineteenth Century Glass and China. The hand-painted china, Japanese porcelain and willow ware, and other glassware are displayed in new lighted cabinets. Jime Matoush, Curator of Exhibits, and Ruth Preston, Restoration Coordinator, set up the exhibit. They were assisted by Nancy and Walter Larsen.

The glassware is now on permanent exhibit for the public.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

206 N. Fifth St., P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530, (503) 899-1847
Volume 3, No. 1, January 1983
ISSN: 0732-0523

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NOTICE TO BARBERS

Tonsorial artists, feeling the pinch brought on by stylists who have decreed that a gent may let his hair hang over his shirt collar, may profit from a quick run through B. Rostel's advertisement in an 1877 *Oregon Sentinel*.

PROFESSIONAL HAIR CUTTING

B. ROSTEL respectfully announces to the public of Jacksonville and vicinity that he was a scholar of Prof. Dr. Mosler, director of the University of Greifswalde, Prussia, and Prof. Dr. Volkmann, of the University of Halle. During the Franco-Prussian war he was special assistant to the Doctor-in-Chief Zuelzer and Ludwig of Berlin and Breslau, Germany. (With credits like that it would be next to impossible for Mr. B. Rostel to slip up and nick an ear. But Rostel doesn't stop there.) He continues: Fractures and external diseases acute or chronic, most carefully treated. Cupping, leeching, bleeding and teeth extracted at all hours. All kinds of birds stuffed and put up in the most natural shapes.

Jacksonville, December 19, 1877