

3/83

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



THE FOREST

# Director's Corner

The Southern Oregon Historical Society's acquisition of the historic Hanley Farm, with its 37 extensively landscaped acres and its nine buildings and their contents, was announced in October 1982. Here is a status report.

Preliminary studies have been made of the grounds. Nancy Clarke, a horticulturist, has developed a site plan and a maintenance schedule for the landscaped areas. Bill Owen, a nationally recognized arborist was engaged to act as consultant and supervisor of all tree pruning. A local tree service establishment will be hired to do the actual pruning.

The buildings have also been inspected. Gregg Olson, an expert on historic barn restoration, has examined both barns and has submitted a detailed report. The smaller barn is in reasonably good condition. The larger barn, however, is in a poor state, and it will require extensive work to correct structural damage. We hope to have all the buildings painted this year, and some of them are in need of roof repair as well.

Byron Ferrell, SOHS building supervisor, is making a cost analysis on replacing the defunct irrigation pump and its electrical and pipe system. The codes now specify that new power lines must go underground.

The collections department has catalogued approximately half of the farm's artifacts. It is anticipated that when all of the appraisals on the land, buildings, and artifacts are completed, the total will be close to \$500,000.

Kay Atwood is working on an application to the State Historic Preservation Office, which, if accepted, would lead to a National Historic Register designation for the farm.

To date most of the emphasis has been in the area of maintenance and restoration. We will soon begin developing a long-range plan for the farm. Because we want the farm to reflect the agricultural history of southern Oregon, this long-range plan will have to embrace a great deal of activity. Complex activity demands thorough, detailed planning. So, while the visible restoration phase takes place, the difficult work of planning will be going on behind the scenes. As I said in the first announcement, we hope to get the support of the farm families and agri-businesses of the area. Their assistance is crucial since the SOHS trustees have pledged themselves to developing this living historic farm without the aid of local tax funds. Acquiring equipment, livestock, and trained help will cost money. We hope the help is out there. We think it is.

Bill Burk



The stories about people and places in the Table Rock Sentinel are written by Raymond Lewis who also does the page lay-outs and the graphics.

## THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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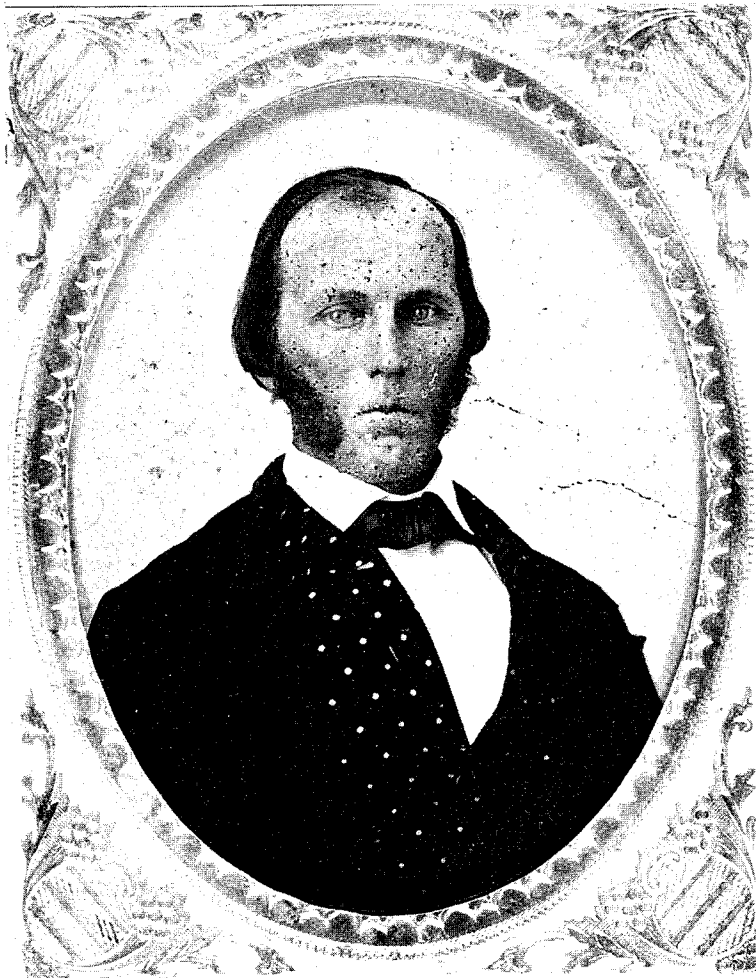
ONE WHO RESEARCHES THROUGH FRAGILE NEWSPAPERS, INCOMPLETE JOURNALS AND FADING LETTERS FREQUENTLY RECORDS FICTION RATHER THAN FACT. WHEN AUTHENTICITY IS THE GOAL, PERTINENT INCIDENTS MUST BE DOCUMENTED BECAUSE GOSSIP IS NEVER RELIABLE. YET RUMOR IS A SIGNIFICANT PART OF THE McCULLY STORY, AND WITHOUT SOME MENTION OF IT, THE ARTICLE IS LESS THAN COMPLETE. THE DECISION TO INCLUDE IT DEMANDED A LOT OF DELIBERATION: IS IT IN GOOD TASTE? ARE WE GOING TO REVIVE A TALE THAT MIGHT BETTER REMAIN DORMANT? ARE WE OPENING OLD WOUNDS? IN THE STORY, GOSSIP IS IDENTIFIED AS SUCH, AND THROUGH THE YEARS IT HAS LOST ITS BARB. IN FACT, IN THIS MORE ENLIGHTENED AGE, THE RUMORS, RATHER THAN DIMINISHING THE LADY, GIVE HER A DEGREE OF MAJESTY.



## JANE MASON McCULLY

JANE MASON McCULLY was courageous, valiant, dauntless, adventuresome and plucky—all proper and praiseworthy virtues for a pioneer lady. Not surprisingly, though, like others who possess those qualities, she expected others to reveal them also, and there was the rub. Such resolute folk

can intimidate someone with less grit and eventually send him scurrying for a hiding place. A timid soul who pretends to be masterful courts disaster. The chicken might appreciate, even admire, the mink, but that doesn't make her any easier to live with. Perhaps Jane McCully shouldn't



This picture of John Wilmer McCully and the picture of Jane McCully on the preceeding page are reproduced from tintypes, both considerably worse for the wear. Finding them in a large collection of unidentified photographs was a great coup.

be likened to a martinet, and she would never have assumed that role if her husband, Dr. John Wilmer McCully, hadn't been so easily type-cast as the second lead. This is not to intimate that either one of them was less than noble or indispensable to southern Oregon history. It is, on the contrary, an attempt to point out the significance of the parts they played during the toddling steps of our first act.

Jane (Janet) Mason was born in the village of Alloway in Kyle, a district in the county of Ayrshire, Scotland, on March 31, 1824. She was baptized in the old kirk which the poet, Robert Burns, had attended, and she must have later decided that some of his inspiration had rubbed off on her. During her lifetime she composed many verses, all of them showing dedication and a few of them showing merit. Among her poetic endeavors is a song

to the Pioneer Society of Southern Oregon. Members adopted it as their official anthem, and it became a traditional part of their program.

In 1831, when Jane was a little girl of eleven, the Mason family left Scotland and sailed for New York. The stay there was brief and they soon moved to Indiana and then on to Iowa where they settled and where Jane's father probably became a farmer.

John McCully was born in St. George, New Brunswick, Canada, on May 22, 1821. When he was a year old, his family moved to Ohio and remained there until John became a young man. When he was 23, they moved to Iowa. There John McCully met Jane Mason for the first time.

Opposites attract. He was impressed by her independent spirit and her strength of character. She had acquired a thorough education, had

taught school briefly, and evinced none of the affected modesty and coyness, feigned by modish young ladies at the time.

On the other hand she was certainly responsive to his gallantry, his sensitivity and his good manners. She may have mistaken his habitual indecision for shyness. He had an excellent educational background, had attended medical school, had been granted a degree, and was practicing medicine in association with an established doctor. The two young people had their educations and their ambitions in common, and their personalities were contrasting enough to add spice to the relationship. On June 28, 1848, they were married. He was 27 years of age; she was 24.

It was a time of unrest. Even before 1846 people were fascinated by the western frontier, and, with the discovery of gold in 1849, it became a feverish interest and a topic of constant discussion. Travelers from Illinois, Wisconsin and the eastern states came through Iowa on their way, and Jane and John McCully were caught up in the movement westward. No doubt John McCully had some reasonable fears of the unknown and a natural reluctance to leave a growing medical practice. Jane Mason McCully, the intrepid, could banish the objections and administer assurance and optimism in their place.

There is no reason to assume that the need for adventure is a man's prerogative. Jane, in her enthusiasm to seek new horizons, was willing to join a company of miners, adventurers and losers at a time when many other women were sitting back waiting for their men to go ahead and make places for them. Jane McCully, with good grace, accepted the insecurity as a charge for the romance of the unexplored wilderness.

In 1851 the McCullys joined a wagon train and started across the plains. Two of John McCully's brothers were also members of the caravan. Although they set out for the West a year or so earlier than the great horde of immigrants and often had to find

their own trails and river crossings where established routes had not yet been charted, they faced fewer encounters with unfriendly Indians. The newcomers hadn't yet exposed their fear and hatred of the redmen or their thirst for blood--that came later--and before 1851 most Indians they met on the way were, if not friendly, at least not threateningly belligerent. Of course the Indians had earlier received their lessons in savagery from the fur trappers and the trail-blazers, but the members of the first trains of immigrant families seemed to know that when you're in an alien land, you should tread gingerly and show the natives a little respect. Close on their heels, unfortunately, came the killers, avid to show their divinely bestowed superiority.

In the fall of the year the McCullys arrived in Oregon. The brothers, bent on trying their luck in the minefields, continued on to California. Jane and John McCully stopped in Salem. It was wise to settle in, at least temporarily, for winter was near at hand and their money and supplies were exhausted. John McCully, in an unfamiliar territory and among strangers, was bewildered and apprehensive. He was timid about opening an office and establishing a practice, and he was unqualified and unsuited for physical labor. For the first time, Jane McCully took the reins and became the head of the family.

Having experience as a teacher, she acquired a place as instructor in a private school. During the winter she supported the two of them, and, with skillful management, acquired a little savings. John McCully marked time. In the spring they would move on anyway; there was little point in establishing a temporary practice. When the weather improved, he might try his hand at panning for gold. Though the winter rains were always welcomed by prospectors, there was no point in making a move that hadn't been most carefully weighed.

By spring, Jane McCully was well aware that although her husband might consider and reconsider the pros and cons of making their next step, the actual decision was up to her. A lit-



the earlier, in December, 1851, or January, 1852, James Cluggage and J.R. Pool had discovered gold at Rich Gulch in southern Oregon, and there was a great exodus of miners out of the Willamette Valley, heading for Table Rock City. If the McCullys hoped to be part of a brand new world, this was their chance. She acquired a new team of horses and a wagon, packed their possessions, nudged John McCully along, and left Salem for southern Oregon, where she would live for the rest of her life.

When they arrived in the early spring of 1852 every foot of the gulch was staked out, the hills were teeming with miners in spite of the openly hostile Indians, and the raw, boisterous mining camp of Jacksonville had sprung up. There were several substantial cabins, many hastily constructed shacks and hundreds of tents. Saloons were crowded, monte and faro games were in full operation, and the inhabitants, with little or no law enforcement, were reckless and noisy. A trading post, stocked with supplies packed in from Yreka, had been set up in a tent. Though prospectors were generally free with their money, their needs were few and no luxury items were offered. No one carried extra freight. If you're on the move, it's a good idea to keep your saddle bags light.

No one then debated whether this frontier camp was to be a permanent city or a short lived ghost town, yet here, along with the throng of rowdy miners, were many of the founders, the men who remained after the mines were spent: Paine Page Prim, Henry Klippel, U.S. Hayden, Daniel Kenny, John England Ross, and others.

Jane McCully was the second woman to arrive in the settlement, discounting the saloon ladies who certainly had no intention of becoming permanent fixtures if they could help it. When she and Mrs. Napoleon Evans were joined a little later by Mrs. Lawless, the three of them made up the entire population of respectable females.

The McCullys moved into a cabin not

far from the center of town, on the property where they eventually built their permanent home. The land was claimed by James Cluggage, but he seemed to have no objection to their living there and accepted them charitably.

There was as yet no doctor, but there was, in fact little need for one. When miners were sick, they weathered it through, and when they were in pain they bit the bullet and endured it. They weren't particularly spartan; they just weren't used to doctors. Nevertheless, Jane McCully encouraged her husband to put out his shingle and open an office. No doubt he had brought his medical instruments with him on his trek from Iowa--what dedicated doctor would travel without his satchel?--but he must have had great difficulty acquiring medical supplies. A sufferer who had to wait until his medication was packed in from Yreka would have to be a very patient patient indeed. The young doctor probably dispensed more advice than pills. In any case, establishing his practice was slow work, and it was soon apparent that if the McCullys were not to go hungry, they would have to supplement the little he made as a doctor with money from some other source. Jane McCully couldn't fall back on teaching as she had done in Salem. With only three families in town, and those couples childless, there were no pupils to be found. But once again she showed she could be relied upon in a financial crisis. She baked bread, cakes and pies which she sold for one dollar each. The miners, whose diets consisted chiefly of beans and bacon, eagerly bought everything she could produce. Bread was in constant demand and frontiersmen were always famished for fruit pies; they never seemed to get enough of them. Almost overnight, Jane McCully had a thriving business in her own kitchen.

By fall of the first year the population had grown so alarmingly that the demand for provisions greatly exceeded the supply, and when the exceptionally severe winter set in, it was cause for alarm. Heavy snowfall began in November and soon all

the trails were completely blocked. It became impossible to bring food into the valley. Flour rose to one dollar a pound but the warehouses were soon empty. Salt was priceless and tobacco sold readily at a dollar an ounce. Game was plentiful and many had only meat to eat, but by sharing and making do, the citizens weathered it through the bad times and no one starved.

In the spring of 1853 large numbers of settlers again poured into the valley. Many buildings were hastily constructed and businesses prospered. At last John McCully's services were in demand and his growing practice thrived. On August 27, Jane McCully gave birth to a son and named him James Cluggage McCully, after the founder of the town. Every miner considered himself a godfather and the baby was the center of attention until "the graceless little scamp was so spoiled it required years of Sunday school attendance" \* to straighten him out.

By 1853 the gangs of bloodthirsty whites had so bullied and terrorized the Indians that they rebelled, began sniping at lone travelers, and threatened the settlers. Those living in the surrounding areas flocked to the town for safety, and the inhabitants greatly feared that the Indians might attack at night.\*\* There was no building sturdy enough to provide safety and the terrorized settlers had only a limited supply of ammunition. Had the Indians pressed their advantage they might have cleared out the intruders, but they never actually besieged the town although they frequently threatened to do so. A truce was agreed upon but neither side honored it and spasmodic fighting continued until the final defeat of the Indians in 1855.

In spite of the fears and the bloodshed, the town continued to prosper and the McCullys became more sub-

stantial. John McCully purchased eight acres of land on the hillside above Jacksonville and a large tract in the center of town, he assumed interest in the Eldorado Saloon and became part owner of a dairy. Having been indecisive and timid for so long, he suddenly blossomed out as a bold speculator. Although determination was foreign to his nature and self assurance long overdue, he rashly decided to expand his interests even more. Jane McCully surely advised caution and tried to temper his ambitions, but he apparently had resolved that his subservient days were over. He would prove to Jane that, rather than being less than any other man, he was to be counted among those who were confident, self-reliant and successful. She had ever prodded him to assert himself. Well, now he would be a man of property who commanded respect and she would be proud of him.

Early in 1855 he mortgaged his city lot to raise cash and began construction of the most costly structure in town, the two-story brick McCully Building. Work on the ambitious project continued through 1856 and upon its completion, in 1857, he rented the lower floor to Henry Klippel and Squire Hoffman who opened a hardware store.

The upper floor, known as McCully Hall, was designed as an auditorium for traveling players. When La Petite Lotta had gone through the valley, she had performed at the Eldorado Saloon on a makeshift stage of four tables shoved together. Now she would have a theater worthy of her talents. During the next two years many dramatic companies appeared in McCully Hall, it was often in use for civic activities and it also served as a synagogue. In 1861 Dr. McCully leased it to the International Order of Odd Fellows for the princely sum of \$300 a year.

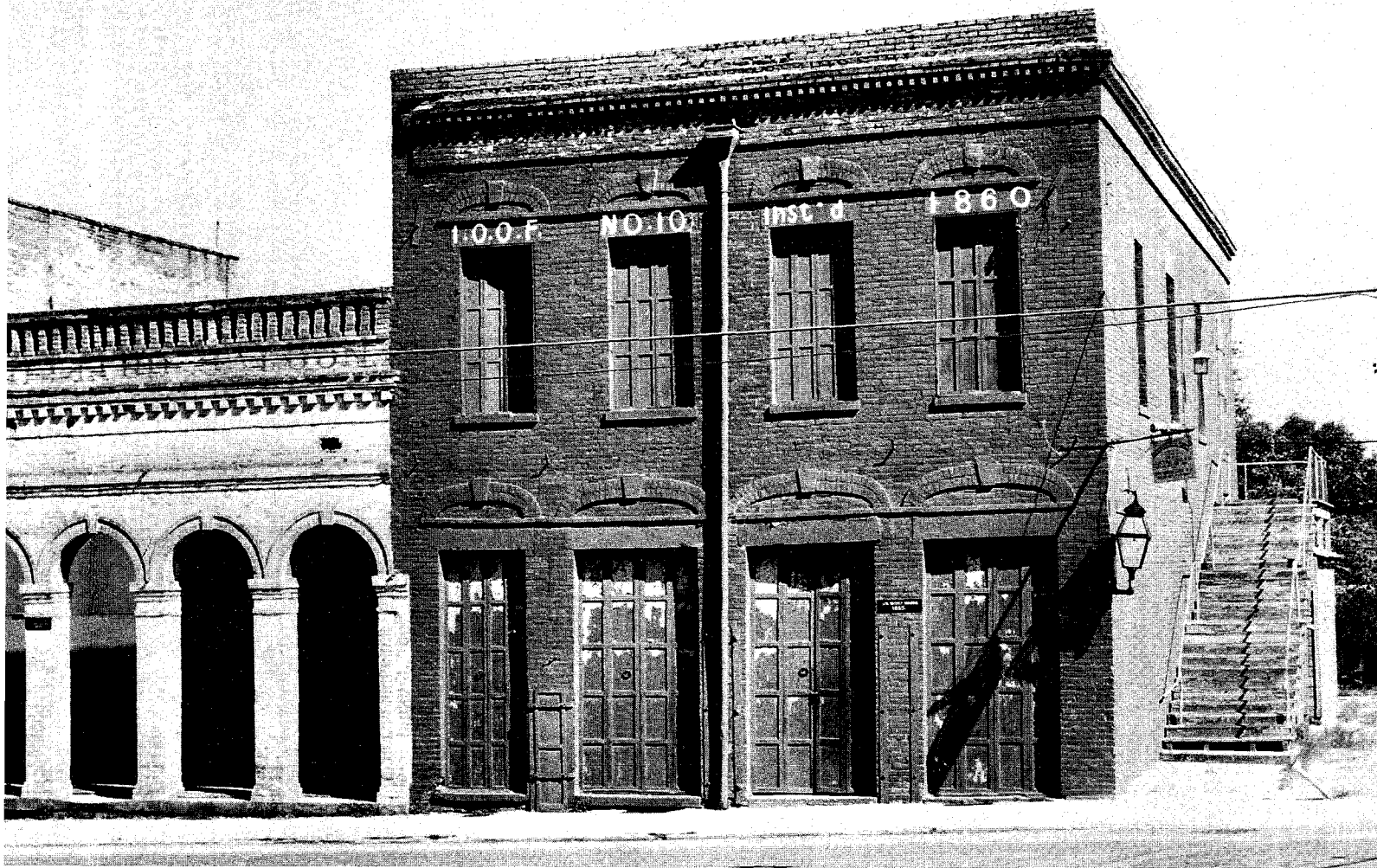
The building had cost a king's treasure house, and he was deeply in debt, but he was confident McCully Hall would prove to be a most profitable investment. He only wished he had made it larger so it would bring even more revenue.

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\* Most historical sources state that James Cluggage McCully was the first white child born in Jacksonville although a few researchers insist that another boy, Walter Gore, was born there about nine months earlier.

\*\* A.C. Walling, *The History of Southern Oregon*

\*\*\* Description of a night of terror when people of Jacksonville feared they might be attacked and murdered by the angry Indians was given in detail in the John England Ross story, Part III *Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. II, No. 7, July 1982.



On February 7, 1857, a second child, a little girl, Mary Bell, was born to the McCullys. During that year John McCully was elected to the Territorial Legislature, the only Republican from Jackson County.

He was someone to be reckoned with: the head of an admirable family, the owner of impressive real estate holdings, and a member of the legislature. That should show his stature. It would be fitting if he had a handsome new house to be a symbol of his affluence and prominence. He began making plans to build the most elegant home in the city.

Rumor has persisted, even down to the present day, that about this time, Jane McCully became enamored with a young man who had also come to southern Oregon early, arriving at about the same time as did the McCullys. He was ambitious, aggressive, impetuous and virile; in short, he possessed just about every characteristic that John McCully lacked. That he and Jane McCully met

and realized a mutual tenderness for each other would not be surprising. She was in her early thirties, certainly at her most attractive and at her most vulnerable. The young man, who had made a sensible and advantageous marriage, probably longed as well for a relationship in which he could reveal all of his affection and fervor.

Jane McCully had been raised in a strict, old world, religious family at a time when the most rigid decorum was expected, but she had been exposed to a life around lusty, unconventional miners and frontiersmen and could not help but acknowledge more liberal standards. Even though one may conclude that such a relationship would be unthinkable, he might, with today's indifference to yesterday's traditions, *hope* that Jane McCully may have known some rapturous moments. In any case, if it ever happened at all the relationship could not endure. It was terminated before it could be declared more than idle gossip.





John McCully must have known that he faced financial ruin, but he had no experience as a successful entrepreneur, and the bewitching thought of the grand house which would be the envy of the entire town was too enticing to resist. Even though a number of liens were already attached to his beautiful brick building, he doggedly went on with his plans. Construction of the house was begun and the creditors were paid with promises.

The new home was built onto the original cabin, and just as it was ready for occupancy, a third child, a sturdy little girl, Isadora, was born on December 16, 1859. John's happiness was complete. He had an attractive wife, a healthy son to emulate his successes, two beautiful daughters to grow up adoring him, a house which his acquaintances must covet, *and* he had his new position of distinction. Unfortunately his creditors failed to be impressed. They failed to forgive his debts.

Shortly after the family had established themselves in the new house,

those who held his deficit accounts began prsssing him for payment. Suddenly there were claims amounting to \$4,598.47 on the brick building, almost \$3,000 on the new home, and threats to take his land and attach his business interests. There was hardly enough gold in all of Jackson County to bail him out. There was no way he could acquire enough money to stave off a reckoning, if not a complete collapse.

He made more promises, plead for delays, tried to borrow from friends and fenced off disaster for two or three more months, but finally he could no longer postpone the crash. Perhaps if he dropped it all into Jane's capable hands . . .

Early one morning, shortly thereafter, Dr. John McCully, carpet bag in hand, alone and with no one to bid him *adieu*, stepped into the stagecoach making its scheduled departure from town. As he closed the coach door, the four horse team trotted briskly out the Old Stage Road.

Who knows how wistfully his gaze lingered on the top floor of the McCully Building? No one in Jacksonville ever heard from him again.

Did he sneak away because he couldn't accept both his ruin and Jane McCully's censure? Or did she, upon learning the extent of his failure, turn so vehemently upon him that she destroyed his love and his self respect? Or had some mischief maker told him a tale of her indiscretion which he couldn't bear to face? No one will ever know why he left so abruptly. From that time on Jane McCully forbade her children ever to mention his name in her presence. It was not as if he had died; it was as if he had never been. What transpired the last night they were together was never revealed and the secret went with them to their graves. Jane McCully pulled the silence around her like armor and steeled herself for the battle to salvage what she could from the ruins.

When John McCully closed the front door of the big handsome house behind him for the last time, he left no property that was not threatened with foreclosure. Jane McCully's first thought was probably, "I don't care. Let it all go under. We'll move back into the cabin." But the cabin had become part of the house now, and if she left the new house, she and her children would be homeless. Jimmie, Molly and Issie were the first consideration. They had to be fed and clothed and educated and trained, and they had to be made happy and secure. The house then was second in importance. What sacrifices would she have to make to save the house?

There was no use trying to hang on to the big brick building which had cost far too much. It had already swallowed all they had, and it was only half paid for. McCully Hall must be abandoned. There was no way she could keep it from being sold at a sheriff's sale. The city lot was mortgaged to its limit and it would have to go. If she tried to hang on to too much, her earnings would be

spread too thin. Her earnings? She had none and no prospects of making any, but she'd think of something. The interest in the dairy could be sold to make a payment on the house, but the partnership in the Eldorado Saloon was clear. It might even pay a little each month which could go on the bills. She might, if she were resourceful, keep the house, the eight acre hillside tract, and part ownership of the saloon. And she'd do it without asking for help. Jane Mason McCully would be no pitiful deserted little woman. Her immediate task was to get money so she could hold off the creditors until she caught her breath.

You couldn't start a school overnight, even though there was none in town and people were clamoring for one. There must be a schedule of sessions and a curriculum and lesson planning and text books and supplies. All that would have to wait for a couple of months of preparation. Some other opportunity must appear and appear without delay.

The miracle happened. In a day or so Amos Rogers and his wife, new arrivals in town, came to her door, beseeching her to rent her downstairs rooms and the kitchen to them so they could open a boarding house. They would even pay her handsomely to help with the baking. The citizens were famished for good food. Chinese cooks had bad reputations, the meals at the slapdash hotels were pretty uninspired, and there was no other place for the Rogers to go. Jane McCully was grateful. She would be doing them a favor, they would be doing her a favor and all three of them would be doing the hungry townspeople a favor. It would be a business enterprise and there'd be no charity for her in it, and she'd keep her family afloat until she could start her school.

The *Oregon Sentinel* soon featured the following announcement:

#### NEW BOARDING HOUSE

Amos E. Rogers has taken Mrs. J.W. McCully's new dwelling on California Street for the above purpose. His table will be fur-

nished with the best the market affords, and gotten up in apple pie order. If anyone is disposed to doubt the correctness of the above statements, please do him the honor of calling and the whole thing can be tested. It will only cost \$7 per week, or 50¢ for a single call.

Her income from Amos Rogers was helpful but there were many creditors and the money seemed to go into a pit that demanded more and more. She attempted to subdivide her hillside lots, but the soil was rocky and the land uneven and no one in those days was interested in a view of the valley. The upper hillside remained unsold.

By fall, 1862, the new school was ready. The little cabin had been transformed into a classroom and there were no empty desks. Jane McCully offered a full day session for her regular scholars. In addition she taught English for \$14 a term, piano for \$40 and drawing and painting for \$15. Thinking at first to apply some finishing touches to the education of the daughters of the more socially prominent citizens, she advertised her school as a Female Seminary, but she was soon persuaded to change the curriculum to provide for young men as well.

In a growing town where the Trustees had yet to provide for public education Jane McCully's school was a necessity. It was soon on a paying basis and she began to realize a solid profit. She could relax a little; not much, mind you, for it is obvious that the completion of her daily tasks required all of her strength, ability and dedication. At the end of the first year, the Rogers moved their boarding house to a new location, and she was able to expand her classes into the big house.

She seems to have been an instinctive teacher. Her earlier experience gave her a background in methods and procedures, but she was able to provide a practical curriculum, as well as a classic one. Some years later when several of her graduates entered colleges, they exhibited a thorough

educational training and required no additional preparation. A report card issued to Mary Bell (Molly) McCully, who had enrolled at Willamette University when she was only 17 years old, shows all her grades well above 90 per cent.

After her graduation from university, Molly returned to Jacksonville and assisted her mother in the operation of the classrooms. The eventual opening of the public school did not bring about the closure of the McCully classes. There continued to be a demand for more advanced education, similar to today's high school, and a need for preliminary training for little ones, similar to today's kindergarten. Jane McCully provided this and the private school was profitably maintained for several years.



JAMES CLUGGAGE McCULLY in time grew into a brawny young man. He was tall and muscular and greatly interested in robust, outdoor activities. Nevertheless his mother insisted that he attend university, where he became known for his "extreme precocity and brightness in whatever he chose to do."

There is a reference which states that James C. McCully graduated from law school. If this were true, there is no record that he ever opened a law office. After his graduation he took up various projects but they were all outside activities, such as farming, hunting and keeping livestock. An article appearing in an 1879 newspaper reports that he had purchased a large herd of sheep and had them

grazing on the slopes of the Siskiyou. A later item reveals he had just taken a pleasure trip into the woods where he had killed ten deer and caught 528 trout. He must have had a formidable appetite. The federal government offered him a position as a forest ranger and he happily accepted. Content in the wilderness, he aspired to no grander position. He acquired a good deal of land and through good management and skillful transactions he eventually became quite prosperous. He never married.



MARY BELL (MOLLY) McCULLY was teaching with her mother when John W. Merritt came to Jacksonville in 1875. He had just graduated from the State Normal School at Oswego, New York, and had accepted the position as principal of the Jacksonville school. At his first introduction to Molly McCully, he was vastly impressed. She was pretty, obviously intelligent, an expert musician, a progressive teacher, and single. For over a year they "kept company" and in July, 1877, they were married. Molly was adored by the people of Jacksonville as well as by Professor Merritt, and the wedding was a celebrated affair.

ISADORA ("ISSIE"), who was born shortly before John McCully left town, stayed on in the home place and became a highly regarded citizen. Jane McCully saw to it that Issie attended Willamette as had the other two children, but, although Issie stood just as high academically, she had no particular

interest in specializing in any field. At university she missed southern Oregon and her greatest delight was to remain among her friends. After graduation she gratefully returned to Jacksonville and the home she loved.

Once again rumor, springing from the earlier report, enters the McCully story. Town gossip swears it is true, but of course no proof exists. The tale bearers would have it that Issie and a young man, also a Jacksonville native and a member of Issie's circle of friends, fell in love. He was an



aspiring farmer who had already acquired some acres and a home, and he was considered an eligible and worthy bachelor. Everyone agreed it would be an excellent marriage, and the townspeople eagerly awaited the romantic announcement. It was never forthcoming.

The happy young man went to his father, so goes the rumor, and told him that he wished to marry Isadora, Jane McCully's younger daughter, and hoped his father would approve and accept her as a member of the family. The father, astonished and shaken, declared he could not give his consent. The marriage was unthinkable. Isadora McCully was his own daughter, the illegitimate result of a brief emotional episode he had shared with Jane McCully many years before.

True or false, fact or rumor, the relationship between the two young people ended abruptly, and neither of them ever married. They spent the rest of their lives in southern Oregon

and their paths rarely crossed.

If one could believe it, his first thought would be: what a tragedy for Issie. But, in truth, the almost unbearable tragedy would have been Jane McCully's. Her illicit and ungoverned desire had brought to her the dearly cherished Issie, but it had also ultimately broken Issie's heart. Jane McCully would live to see Issie change from a happy, spirited young lady with the excitement of life and love before her, to an overweight, unfulfilled spinster whose interests were limited to new recipes and keeping her beloved nephew happy. No one would have to remind Jane McCully of her guilt; she would have day by day evidence of it. Wearing a scarlet letter forever would have been as nothing at all compared to her sentence.

It's good that the story is only an unkind rumor.

DR. JOHN W. McCULLY

1821-1889

Not a great deal is recorded about Dr. John McCully after he left Jacksonville. He spent some time in Idaho and Montana where it is said he mined for gold. It's more likely he served as a doctor in mining camps in that region. He eventually saved enough money to return to medical college. Perhaps his feeling of inadequacy had partly stemmed from a lack of training. If so, continuing his medical education would give him more confidence, and ease his feeling of incompetency. From 1868 to 1878 he served as a purser on steamers on the Willamette River and then moved to Joseph, Oregon, where he practiced medicine. He became very active in the Masonic Lodge there and was a highly respected citizen until his death in 1889. He is still remembered with great admiration and affection in eastern Oregon. It is strange that after he deserted his wife and children he became an exemplary citizen. When Jane McCully assumed the

leadership of the family early in the marriage, she unmanned him, and, when she continued in that role, his feeling of ineptitude became exaggerated. He could express his own manliness only when he was away from her. They were two praise worthy citizens who, when apart, could benevolently serve mankind, but, when they were together, they could only destroy each other.

MOLLY McCULLY MERRITT

1857-1884

Molly McCully Merritt appears to have been extremely happy with her husband, John Merritt, and they were an exemplary couple, deeply devoted to each other and made blissfully happy by the birth of a son on October, 1882. He was proudly named James Mason Merritt, and high hopes were held for him, an offspring of two such gifted parents. Unfortunately one year later, in August 1883, he died from what was then called Cholera Infantum.

In July of 1883 another son, George H. Merritt, was born. Molly did not recover entirely from his birth and in February, 1885, she died of a congestive chill. She was 26 years old. The young husband was bereft.

The baby, George, was raised by his Aunt Issie. His father was very concerned for the boy and refused an important position at the University of Oregon so he could be near his son, but it appears that everyone in the family agreed that the motherless little boy could be better raised by his aunt than by his unhappily widowed father.

George eventually attended law school at the University of Oregon. During his six years there, Aunt Issie moved with him to Eugene, Oregon, to provide a home for him. After his graduation he went to Boston where he accomplished his most illustrious act: he married--



briefly--Grace Wick, the vivacious actress and feminine activist. (Highlights of her story, "Grace Wick, Crusader, Makes Headlines," appeared in the *Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. I: No. 6.)

## JAMES CLUGGAGE M<sup>c</sup>CULLY

1852 1903

*McCULLY*  
James Cluggage ~~Mason~~, a big ruddy man, was a loner. He was gregarious, had a contagious laugh, was at ease with people, but appeared happiest when he was clumping around the wilds by himself. He enjoyed spending an entire season on a mountain top with only his cattle or his sheep for company. After an absence of a couple of months, he'd show up at a dance or a celebration, enlivening the activities with his good humor and congeniality. Wherever he was, he was among friends. His duties as forest ranger allowed him to ramble around the remote areas of southern Oregon, and people traveling to Cinnabar, Pelican Bay or the Klamath lakes were never surprised to come across him in those remote spots.

In August, 1903, some of his friends decided to visit good old Jim McCully at his cabin. They found him lying unconscious on the floor. After they succeeded in reviving him, they took him to Fort Klamath. When Issie was notified, she went at once to his bedside. For a few days after her arrival he rallied and seemed to be recovering, but a relapse set in and he did not survive. He was fifty years old.

The three McCully children seem to have passed the gift of being especially lovable. The townspeople held great affection for Molly, the fellows followed James Cluggage, even into the backwoods, just to be with him, and after Aunt Issie had become such a fuddy-duddy she didn't remember which century she was in,

people came flocking by to see her and pay their respects. It was some spell which Jane McCully had cast upon them. She demonstrated so much love that they, in turn, had to love her, and this quality she bestowed upon her children.

Of course she made a deep impression on the town. She was the only teacher many of the inhabitants ever had, and to them she would always represent good manners, intellectuality, ambition and moral responsibility. Her pupils included Hoffmans, Bybees, Klippels, and most of the other first families, and

## JANE MASON M<sup>c</sup>CULLY

1824 1899



Jane Mason McCully  
*The Indomitable Lady*

she was partly responsible for their becoming important personalities in southern Oregon's history.

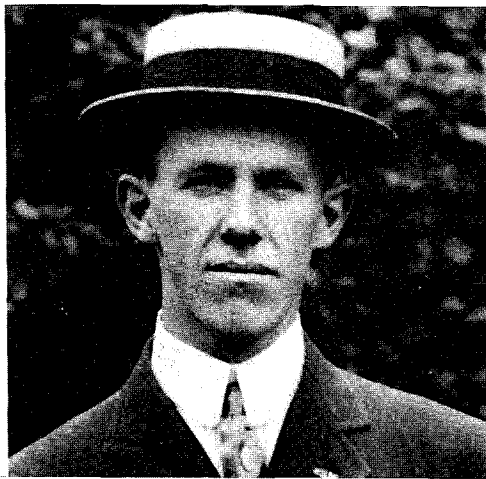
Through the years the papers occasionally reported Jane McCully's investments and financial enterprises. For example, in 1870 Mrs. McCully bought a house and two lots on Second Street; in 1872 Mrs. McCully increased her interest in the Third

Street saloon; in 1879 Mrs. McCully sold real estate to Emil DeRoboam for \$500. Eventually through her own endeavors she acquired a commendable competence so Issie would never have to fret about finances.

After John McCully had left her, Jane Mason McCully lived on in the big family house for almost forty years. She was active in civic and social affairs, an enthusiastic member of her lodge, an important participant in the Pioneer Society and a steadfast friend of most of the citizens.

In 1899, at the age of 75, she fell ill, suffering from "a painful debility." Her place in southern Oregon's history was assured, she'd lived a productive life, her daughter was provided for, and she was ready to go. Issie was a faithful nurse, rarely leaving her bedside, but on June 22, she died.

She is buried in the Jacksonville cemetery in an elegant and choice lot. Most of her friends are nearby.



*George H. Merritt*

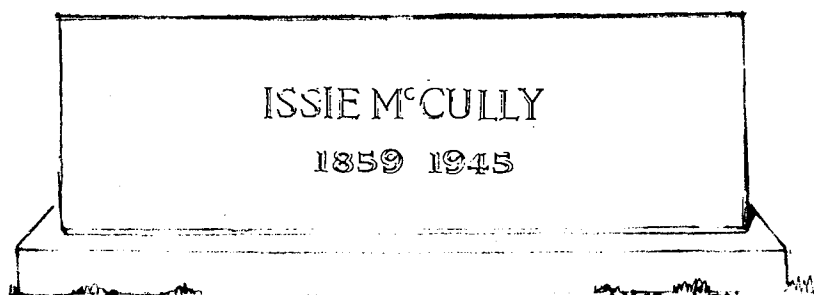
sip, and once in awhile George came all the way from Boston to visit her. Occasionally she gave board and room to a local school teacher and some of her old friends from long ago were still around for reminiscence sessions. She was a little unhappy when George brought that flighty Grace home, but that relationship soon broke up, and after Grace left, it was just like old times.

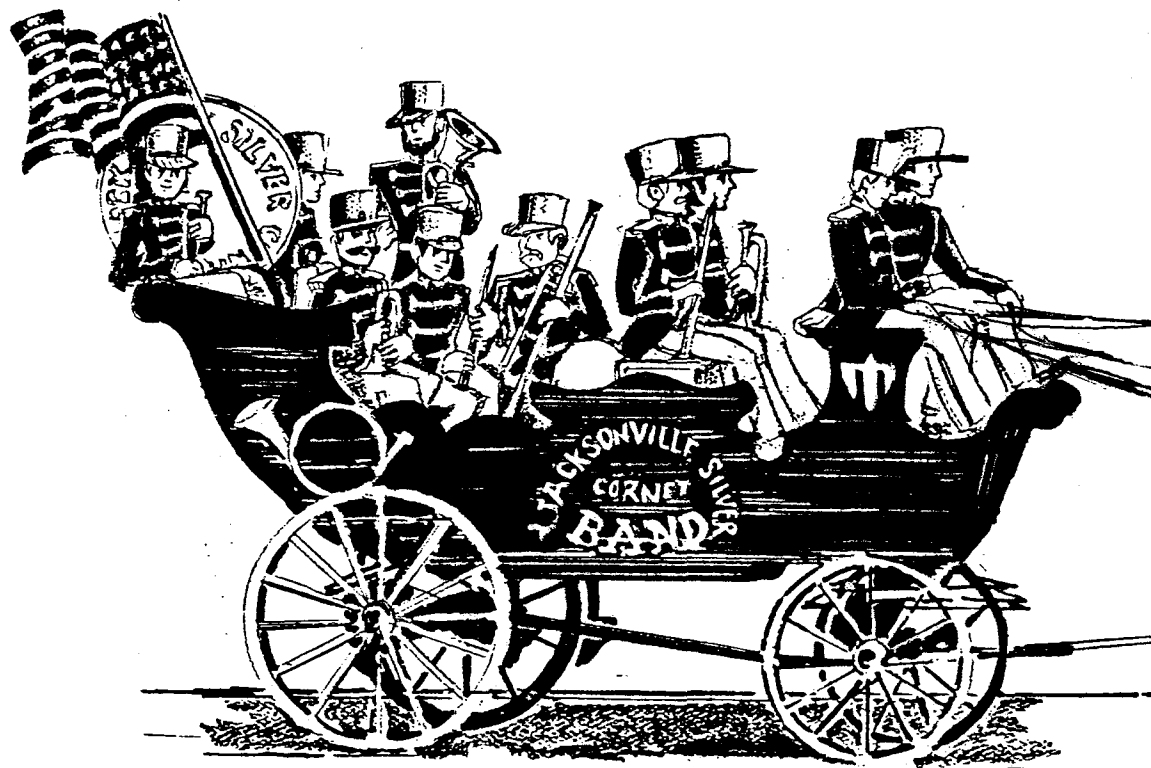
In January 1945, at the age of 85, she died. In her will she decreed that not one cent would go to her father's family; she left her entire estate to George.

In the forties Jacksonville was not the ideal spot for a retired lawyer who fancied himself a ladies' man. He put the outmoded furniture, the barrels of fussy household stuff from last century, and the big old fashioned house on the market, found a buyer, and departed.

It doesn't take long for the memories and keepsakes of a lifetime to be scattered to the four winds.

Aunt Issie, left alone in Jacksonville, contentedly gathered her family treasures about her. She had her mother's precious china and linens, she had the furniture, each piece of which had its own history, and she had the family heritage to maintain. She wasn't lonely. She had a lot of faithful callers who kept her posted on gos-





## 1885, THE GOLDEN HEYDAY

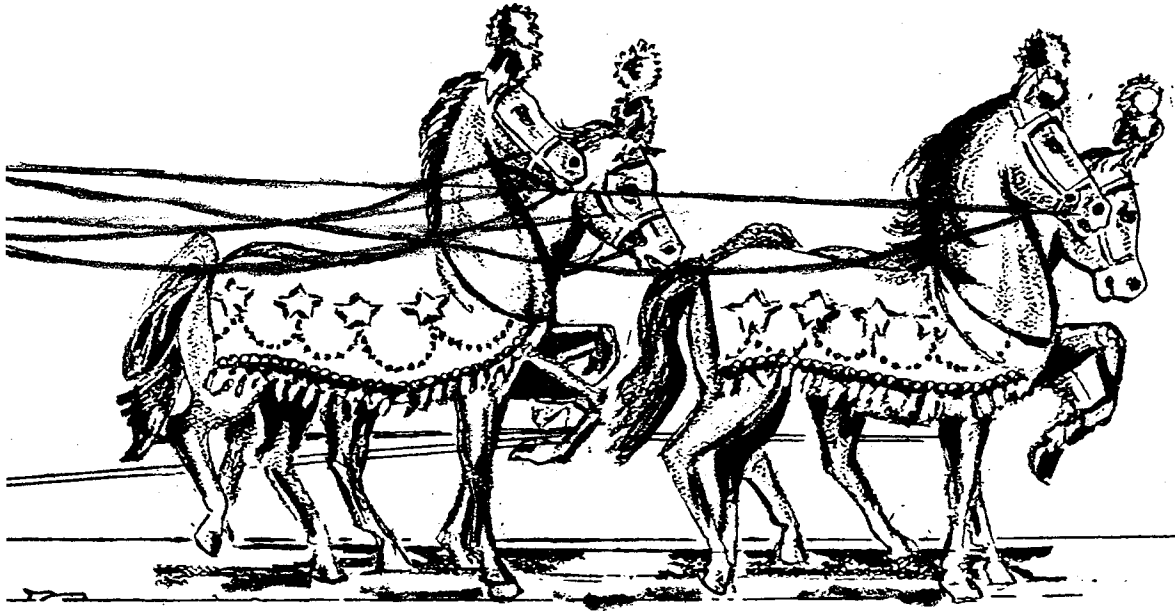


n that remote and lucky era long before ear-splitting amplification of rock music invaded our public and private festivities, nearly every village and hamlet in the country sponsored a home town band. Ashland, Roseburg, Yreka, Jacksonville and Henley each boasted that its group was the greatest, and once upon a time an elaborate competition was held to prove the extravagant claims.

The town bands were in existence for several decades, more or less, of our history, and the directors and the personnel changed many times during those years. The number of players and the degree of musical skill were also subject to change. The groups made no restrictions about appearing; they played at huge celebrations, civic activities and small parties, and they added a great deal of spirit and good humor to the festive occasions. At memorials for the noted dead they played funeral marches and dirges and provided the lugubrious, mournful touch so appreciated by the people at the time.

It is unfortunate that they weren't required and honor-bound to sit for photographs periodically and to record the names of the players, their repertoires, and their schedules of appearances. Newspaper items of the time tease us with the incomplete reports and skimpy details. We can be grateful that there are a few pictures and names tucked away here and there in regional archives and--who knows?--more information may still appear from time to time. In Jacksonville the Silver Cornet Band reached its peak of skill and popularity during the eighties, a century ago, and about 1885 it enjoyed its heyday. Around that time its members were: Adam Schmidt, leader, E-flat cornet; Fred Luy, tenor cornet; George Brown, E-flat tuba; Charles Wolters, baritone; Henry Hockenjos, alto; George Hockenjos, B-flat cornet; George Schmidt, B-flat cornet; Julius Schmidt, alto; Edward Helms, bass drum; and Richard Klippel, snare drum.

An article in the *Oregon Sentinel* informs the readers that the director, Herr Schmidt, had sent away for a quantity of new music and the group, "the champion band of Oregon," would soon be playing the latest musical successes--snappy numbers from the 1885 Hit Parade. "One of the governing principles of the organization," continued the editor, "is that they shall never drink any intoxicating beverages while on duty." It must have been gratifying



## OF THE JACKSONVILLE SILVER CORNET BAND

in those days when well-patronized saloons were on every corner and several were squeezed in between, that when you hired the band for a special occasion, you wouldn't get a bunch of over-sauced horn-tooters who would lay waste to the punch bowl. You'd get, instead, a super polite squad who always left "the most favorable impression by their courteous and dignified course of conduct." No wonder everyone was proud of the band. Ambitious mothers hoped their newborns would grow up to be so prim and proper they'd be invited to join the band.

The enthusiastic support of the citizens contributed to its high level of prestige and popularity, and there was sharp civic pride in keeping the members in colorful uniforms so they would out-shine the competition. When the Helman Red Suit Band in Ashland blossomed out in new outfits which sported bright red coats and lavish applications of gold braid, citizens of the neighboring towns feared their groups might look pretty tacky by comparison. In Jacksonville the envious public held a campaign to collect money so the members of their Silver Cornet Band could appear in equal splendor.

To get the uniform drive off to an early and auspicious start a group of musically talented amateurs joined forces with the band members and knocked out a program they thought was worth fifty cents a head; children, half price. It was held in Holt's Hall and was well attended in spite of that hefty charge for admission. The band opened the program with a spirited selection, which was followed by a biggie by the chorus. No doubt the singers supplied their own accompaniment because all the combined choruses of the valley, singing *molto fortissimo*, couldn't've been heard above those lively silver cornets; no amplification, remember? G.A. Hubble, Ida Prim, and Frank Prisley spoke humorous pieces, probably delivered with a dreadful yokel or southern or stuttering dialect which met with great appreciation by the responsive audience. That kind of thing was at its nauseating zenith a century ago. Vocal solos were offered by the town's pet orioles: Daisy Bilger, Molher (not Mother) Hubbard, little John Miller and Ada Plymale, who could always be relied on to give an agreeable rendition and, on this occasion, a humorous one. Ada Plymale warbled an especially comic selection about a flirtacious young lady who had received a number of petticoats from her suitors. Each time she sang the name of a donor, she lifted a shirt to reveal another colorful undergarment. At the

conclusion, as she sang about the gift from her very special swain, she lifted the next-to-the-last petty to reveal a gloriously patriotic accouterment in red, white and blue stars and stripes. Of course she received an ovation and had to sing her prepared encore. Interspersed with solos and ensembles by the boys in the band, it was a very commendable program and the uniform fund started out with a tidy little nest egg.

The band accepted every opportunity to play for a contribution or a love bonus, and their earnings were added to the pot. There are newspaper items reporting that the Silver Cornet Band entertained at the W.C.T.U. Sociable, at George Schumpf's wedding, at W.J. Plymale's forty-eighth birthday party, as well as making many other engagements.

But the big project which really drew in the money and put the uniform fund over the top was a gala masquerade ball at Holt's Hall, sponsored by the band. People in Jacksonville were delirious about masked balls, and at the drop of the word, *masquerade*, they started planning their outfits. Part of the requirement, in addition to dressing up, was to sustain the character throughout the evening. This gave everyone an opportunity to become someone more alluring or commendable, a temporary respite from being himself. That's pretty good therapy although it wouldn't have been called that in 1885.

The *Oregon Sentinel* declared that the ball, held February 14, 1885, was attended by the largest number of masquers ever to attend a Jacksonville masquerade, with many really elegant costumes on display. The supper was up to usual standards and the dancers pranced around until early morning.

The band was especially generous with their prizes. First prize, \$5, was awarded to Mrs. Neitz, who represented America. She was dressed in "red, white and blue satin with silver stars, bordered in satin lace, and cut in the old continental style trimmed with red, white and blue satin and white ostrich feathers." She must have looked like a patriotic chicken. It's a mystery how she sustained her character. How would you "represent America"? Stand around looking democratic? Second prize was won by little Ella Krause as a tambourine girl. "She was decidedly the best sustained character present." She probably cavorted around all evening, incessantly banging that damned contraption. The little thing happily took home \$2.50 in prize money. But the most outrageous get-up was on Johnny Miller who came as a snowflake. This was not an adorable dumpling of a little tot, it was a healthy big boy who dreamed up his own costume and made it with a lot of popcorn. How the kids grew up normal is a mystery of the Victorian age. It's easy to see why everyone in town wanted to attend.

So they acquired their new uniforms. No one bothered to leave a neat description that would allow us to gloat over their splendor. A hazy picture of the group reveals the suits were liberally trimmed with gold braid against an intense color which might have been deep red, green or blue. We'll pick blue--how does royal blue with gold braid grab you? The hats were becomingly military, and it's certain the complete attire could hold its own against Ashland's flashy red coats.

The sight of that Silver Cornet Band, clad in their gaudy new finery, smartly marching down California Street gave the officers of the Redmen Lodge the notion to sponsor a big, big contest. On April 11, 1885 the *Sentinel* made the announcement:

#### GRAND CORNET BAND CONTEST

Two liberal cash prizes will be offered during the coming Red Men's celebration [of St. Tammany's Day], and the bands of southern Oregon and northern California are invited to compete for them. The first prize will be not less than \$80, and the second not less than \$50. The contest will take place on May 12.

That livened up the town. Of course every band, near and far, would enter





*The band. The year is not given and the players are not identified.*

the competition. Who could resist a chance at those generous prizes? But strangely, only the Henley Silver Cornet Band signed up for the contest. It was obvious enough those other bands didn't dare compete. Yreka and Roseburg had quite a distance to travel just to lose, but what was the matter with Ashland? The defection of the three bands dampened the spirits a little, but by the morning of the 12th excitement was high. The people of southern Oregon could be depended upon to make a big thing and a parade out of almost any excuse, and the newspaper proclaimed that the annual commemoration of St. Tammany's Day "by Oregonian Pocahontas, Tribe No. I, I.O.R.M., was the most pronounced success of the season."

The festivities were inaugurated by the arrival of the Henley band at 9:00 o'clock in the morning. The Jacksonville band and a crowd of citizens on horseback and in carriages went out the Old Stage Road to meet the players and escorted them into town, leading them through the main streets of the town. The bands took turns playing their best marches and everyone in town turned out, cheering loudly. That was only the first parade.

At one o'clock the Pocahontas Tribe No. I in full regalia, led by the Master of Ceremonies, T.T. McKenzie, and proceeded by the two bands marched through the streets to their handsome new wigwam. *Wigwam* is Redman talk for the big second floor above what is now the J'ville Tavern. When the room was filled to standing room only, the Redmen went through their impressive ritual of ceremonies to dedicate their new wigwam.

At the close of the pagentry the bands took their positions on the balcony of the U.S. Hotel, while three "impersonal" judges, Hon. N. Langell, Sargent Dunlap and Prof. Kugler, took their places in the second floor windows of the new Redman's Building. The enthusiastic spectators filled the sidewalks and crowded into doors and windows and onto housetops. Each band played three tunes and then the judges went into a long deliberation while the crowd grew more and more antsy. At last the three of them appeared on the hotel balcony and Hon. Langell, as spokesman, shouted out--still no amplification--that--golly!--Henley had won the first prize of \$70.

After a moment of stunned silence the crowd went wild with enthusiasm, just

as if that was the decision they wanted and probably it was. After all, the Henley players were friendly, cheerful fellows, they had come a long way, and they had kept the contest from being a wash out. They deserved the prize for their good humored participation if not for their dandy performance. The leader of the Jacksonville band led three cheers for the judges and three cheers for the Henley band, and the members of the Henley band returned the cheers with three cheers of their own given with equal good will.

Since the Henley bunch had a long way to go, they had only enough time left for another short parade. They marched through the main streets of town with everyone following and cheering and it must have been a noisy, rambunctious, wonderful conclusion to the contest. As the Henley Silver Cornet Band departed the Jacksonville Silver Cornet Band stood at the city limits and played a congratulatory farewell until they were far out of sight.

The evening closed with a ball at Holt's Hall. The efficient editor reported that "the handsome toilets of the ladies elicited especial comment and the music furnished by the Jacksonville string band, assisted by Madame Gaylord Bell on the harp and Prof. Schmitt on the silver cornet could not have been excelled. The entire occasion was marked by the most perfect order and good feeling, making it as pleasant a public gathering as has ever been held in Jacksonville."

The next day the *Sentinel* reported that the third judge, Prof. Kruger, "one of the most accomplished musicians on the coast," had emphatically stated that the Jacksonville band had been clearly the winner, but the two other judges, who knew nothing about music and probably had tin ears, couldn't be swayed from their decision. The Jacksonville players declared they were well-pleased with their brother musicians from across the line, and they wouldn't have liked to take first prize if it had been offered them.

Following the big contest the Jacksonville band took its \$50 prize and its left over uniform fund, and nicked the citizens for another little contribution and had constructed an elegant new band wagon. It even had lamps installed so the group could make performances after dark and at hay rides. On a warm evening, July 22, after the bright red paint was thoroughly dry and the wagon was all shipshape, the players donned their natty new uniforms, took their places in the bandwagon and drove to the intersection of California and Third Streets and gave the town a special serenade of thanks. And that's about the nicest thing a Silver Cornet Band can do.



# COMMUNICATIONS FROM SOHS MEMBERS

SOHS members frequently send letters that are so interesting and relevant to features in the *Table Rock Sentinel* that they should be shared with other readers. The following communications are from our files:

The *Table Rock Sentinel* brings back many memories.

I was one of Mrs. Eve Benson's dancing girls in the Three Legged Chorus at the opening of the Holly Theater in 1930.

My first job in Medford was as an usherette at the Isis Theater. Later I was the record changer. A dual disc record player, located in the orchestra pit, supplied music for the silent pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Childers were the owners of the theater. When the Roxy Theater was built across the street from the Isis, I was usherette and eventually became a cashier until 1938.



*Roxy Theater Usherettes in 1935  
Peggy Moran, Bernice Shellenbarger and  
Maxine Robinson.*

I also have fond memories of the Oriental Gardens and Dreamland dance halls. We danced to the end when *Good Night, Sweetheart* was played.

Mrs. Roberta Ward Bebb was one of my piano teachers. I took care of her little boy Ward in payment for those

lessons. Many times I've heard Mrs. Bebb and Togger Bill Isaacs practice music for their radio fans.

I look forward to the many interesting articles in the *Table Rock Sentinel*.

*Verna Forncrook Wilson  
Canyonville, Oregon*

*Mrs. Wilson's father was deputy sheriff of Jackson County from 1921 to 1927. He was a fingerprint expert and worked on the DeAutremont case. We are grateful for her interest and for the pictures she sent.*

★★★

*A second communication was taken from a taped recording made several years ago. It adds some interesting highlights to the story about Frank Lawrence Smith which appeared in the December issue. Mrs. Straight, who made the original tape, gives the introduction:*

This is Donna Colvig of Iowa Hill, California. First I want to say to you how much I eagerly await each month's publication of the *Table Rock Sentinel*. There are so many interesting things in there, it's our favorite magazine. My husband, who was born up in that area as I was, lived near the area for years, so he is quite familiar with it. He is doing the recording here.

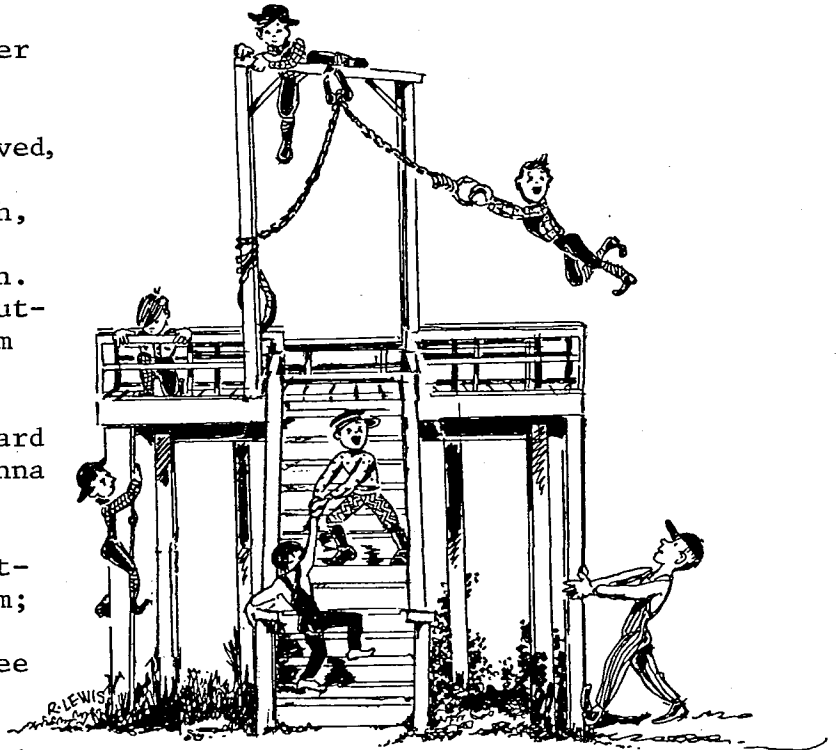
The story [about Frank Smith] meant something to me because I have reels of tape of my father, Donald Colvig, who was a native of Jacksonville, of course. He told stories about things that happened in Jacksonville when he was a kid, and he happened to have a piece about Frank Smith. The Frank Smith deal was in 1898, my dad was born in 1888, so he would have been about ten years old when this happened. This recording was made when he was eighty-six years old in 1974. He passed away in 1976 when he was almost eighty-eight. So I thought you might be interested in what he had to say.

*Don Colvig:* Speaking about condemned men, there was a man who committed

a murder in Medford; the only name he'd give was Frank Smith. My father always thought that he had another name but he didn't want his family to know about it, wherever they lived, so he was Frank Smith. And he was found guilty and condemned to death, put in the Jacksonville jail, and they set the date for the execution. And they built the gallows right outside the jail ... not very far from his cell. He could watch them day after day. And they fastened the rope on top of it and the springboard underneath. My father and Judge Hanna and the sheriff and the Catholic priest all came to the conclusion that Frank was really sort of a nitwit, and it was a shame to hang him; he wasn't responsible for what he did. So some of them went up to see the governor. The governor did nothing about it until that last night. I guess he got to thinking it over, and at five o'clock in the morning they got a telephone call from him that he had commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Well, there were a lot of disappointed people in Jacksonville. The courthouse, the one side of the courthouse looked right down on the gallows and all the windows had been reserved. Dad didn't want us in town at the time of the execution, so he had engaged a livery rig at the livery stable, and he was going to drive us down to Grandma Birdseye's for the day; we were to come back that evening. Well, naturally we didn't go.

Well, we went down [to the Court House] that same morning, and nobody was around and we walked up on the gallows and sprung the trap two or three times. Finally Earl Cain got a four-foot stick of wood from the woodshed, put the ... noose around the top of it, and somebody sprung it and down it went, just like they were hanging a man. By that time the sheriff went past and saw what was going on, and he shooed us out of there.

Well, speaking about the sheriff, the sheriff was Mr. Barnes and Mr. Barnes was our Sunday school teacher. And while this fellow, Smith, was under sentence for execution, Mr.



Mr. Barnes brought him to Sunday school with him. He didn't put handcuffs on him or anything else, they just walked in, and we kids, of course, were very much excited about it. And we knew that the fellow was to be hung. I remember during the course of the Sunday school lesson, Mr. Barnes dropped a book and ... he reached over to pick it up and underneath his coat I could see a shoulder holster and in the shoulder holster was a thirty-eight calibre police revolver. Afterwards we got to talking it over and we wished that Frank had tried to make a break for it, and Barnes had shot him just as he went out the church door. That would have relieved the monotony of Sunday school a little. But of course it didn't happen.

Donna Colvig Tuttle Straight  
Iowa Hill, California

Don Colvig's humorous little story adds a couple of grim touches to an already grim tale. We especially appreciate the idea of the sheriff's giving the condemned murderer a little time off for a short junket up to the Presbyterian church. The recording doesn't offer much proof to the theory that kids were less violence-oriented in days before T.V.

We're grateful to Mrs. Straight for sharing it with us.

# JUDGE F.L. TOUVELLE

FRANK LE BLOND TOUVELLE was born in Kansas in 1870. He graduated from Cincinnati Law School and began his career as county treasurer in Mercer County, Ohio. In 1905 he came to the Rogue River Valley and invested heavily in apple and pear orchards. During the fruit boom which followed, he reaped a small fortune.

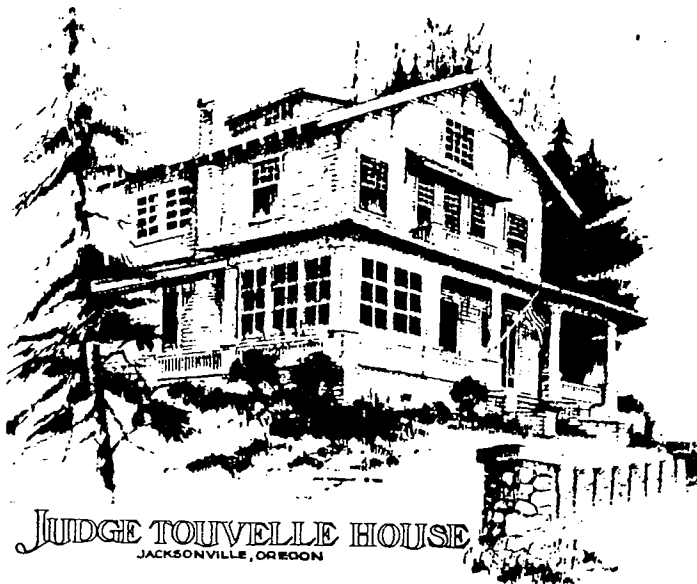
Elected county judge of Jackson County in 1913, he introduced a good roads program which produced a half-million dollar bond issue for road construction. The first strip of paved highway in the state, that from Central Point to Ashland, was completed during his term of office. He also established the first public health department in the county. His term ended in 1916, and he was later appointed state highway commissioner. During his direction many road improvements and more advantageous relocations of highways were carried out.

In 1916 he married Elizabeth Blosser of Ohio and purchased the property now known as the Touvelle House. It was previously owned by Squire William Hoffman, a pioneer who brought his family--a wife and six daughters--to southern Oregon in 1853. Hoffman had the house built shortly after his arrival in Jacksonville. At the suggestion of Mrs. Touvelle, and using her designs, Touvelle had the house reconstructed. Parts of the original house remain, incorporated into the later construction.

After the death of his wife in 1931, Touvelle filled his home with boys who needed guidance and education. He saw to it that at least twelve boys were given a home, schooling and Christian training. When he died in 1955 he left a scholarship for needy youngsters who could qualify for a college education.

He donated Touvelle Park, the land where Table Rock Road crosses the Rogue River, to Jackson County in 1946. The fifty acre park along the river, with sweeping lawns, picnic tables and playing fields, is dedicated to Judge Touvelle's beloved wife, Elizabeth

The house was restored in 1981 by Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Beebe, who are your hosts today at the Touvelle House.



## Judge Touvelle House

### BED and BREAKFAST

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*NO CHILDREN OR PETS--Sorry!*

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## The Death of a Hero

This is a 1902 news item from the *Democratic Times* which packs a multitude of history into one small item. The report is an obituary of an important person, but it includes a suggestion of crossing the planes, settling in the primitive Oregon country, fighting with the Indians, rescuing a lady in distress, searching for a missing beauty, and discovering a fabulous lake in the wilderness. Here is the complete synopsis for a movie serial:

★★★★

The *Times* learns that George Ross, brother of the late Col. John E. Ross, died at the home of his daughter Caddie in Washington on February 26. He was a Jackson county pioneer of 1852 and for many years a resident of Jacksonville. He participated in the Indian wars of 1852, 1853, 1855 and 1856, being one of the party who assisted in rescuing Mrs. Wagner and her daughter, after the massacre of 20 persons between Louse Creek and Grave Creek. Mr. Ross was also a member of the party of 12 who discovered Crater Lake in 1853. They were in search of a young woman who escaped the massacre of a train of immigrants at Bloody Point, Klamath County, in 1852; but who, it was afterwards learned, was killed after being taken captive. Mr. Ross was the first white man to look upon the placid waters of this fairy lake, which is now recognized as one of the wonders of the world. He was 75 years of age.

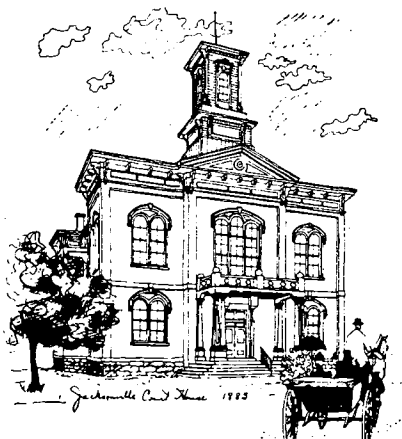
### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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