

12/83

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PRITT PARK
JAN 8 13

Director's Corner



Bill Burk

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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LAURA NEUBER WALLINGTON

1896-1983

SOHS members will remember Mrs. Wallington as the winning contestant in the titanic popularity contest of 1908 and the proud owner of the brand new Reo sports car.

She was an attractive young girl and a beautiful lady.



BLACK BART, THE PO - 8

A highwayman who pulled 28 stagecoach robberies, ripped off that many Wells Fargo money boxes yet didn't do-in any of the good guys, abduct the ingenue or end up dangling from a rope, has earned respect. And when he turns out to be a poet with a sense of humor he deserves his niche in company with the other famous bummers of the west.

BLACK BART might have worn a white hat and joined the cluster of lawmen on the scent of rowdy western desperados, but he wouldn't have had so much fun or ended up with his name permanently scratched into the record of immortal knights of the road. He chose instead to don a black derby, become a bush-ranger and indulge his taste for fine haberdashery. There is nothing unique in that, but Black Bart, working alone, didn't ride a horse, fire a shot, steal from ladies or threaten his pigeons with mayhem.

His adventures as a western bandit begin on July 26, 1875, in California's Mother Lode country. On that date John Shine, driver of the stagecoach on the Milton-to-Sonora run, was held up by a man who was standing in the middle of the road on the crest of a steep hill, at a spot where the driver had just pulled the horses out of a sharp turn. The outlaw was wearing a white linen duster, socks over his boots to disguise his footprints, and a flour sack over his head with eyeholes cut out. He had crowned his ensemble with a derby hat perched atop the flour sack. It's pretty certain he was aware of the spec-

tacle he made and relished every second of it.

As John Shine brought the horses to a sudden halt, the man walked up to the team and crouched behind one of the horses to protect himself from possible rifle fire.

"Please throw down the box," he called. Then, turning to either side of the road, he shouted, "If he dares to shoot, give him a solid volley, boys."

In the fading light of the late afternoon the driver could see at least six gun barrels pointed at him, partly concealed by the rocks and brush beside the road, and he didn't waste anytime presenting his side of the debate. He tossed down the sacks of mail and the Wells Fargo strong boxes which had been, as usual, stored under the driver's seat. At the same time an agitated female passenger, fearing gunfire or--horrors--*worse*, pitched her purse out the window. The highwayman picket it up and handed it back to her, saying, with a courtly bow, "Lady, I don't want your money. I only collect Wells Fargo boxes."

Dragging the loot into the bushes he ordered John Shine to drive on and disappeared into the brush. The unnerved

driver giddiapped the horses, held his breath and looked neither left nor right as he drove between the two rows of gun barrels pointed at his head.

A little later John Shine began to think about his arrival at Sonora. He would report the loss of the Wells Fargo boxes and the mail to the sheriff, and, although no one could have expected him to have offered more resistance--a lone man against a gang of desperados--he might be criticized for making no effort to retrieve the mail and the mail sacks. Hoping that his assailants had no cause to hang around the scene of the crime, he turned the stage coach around and retraced the route. In the last light of day, as he approached the spot from the opposite direction, he could clearly see that the menacing gun barrels were only a bunch of sticks jammed into the boulders. The mail sacks lay beside the road, each one slashed with two cuts in a T shape. Letters and papers were scattered in the dust amid bootprints camouflaged by socks and all made by one man only. The boxes, their lids smashed, were empty. Scooping up the mail, the sacks and the broken boxes, John Shine set his team once more on the way to Sonoma, grateful to be in one piece but considerably chagrined at having been tricked by a lone gunman.

The daring of the hooded brigand, his ruse with the sticks and his civility toward the lady passenger made an interesting story which soon appeared in the newspapers. But the mystery bandit didn't seem to be overly greedy for more than his share of ill-gotten gains; there were no further reports of robberies that fit the pattern of his operations, and after awhile his story slipped back into the limbo of yesterday's news.

A whole year passed before he struck again. This time he hit the Roseburg-Redding stage at Cottonwood, not far from the Oregon border. As the driver wheeled the coach around a sharp turn at the summit of the hill, he suddenly found himself facing the man in the outrageous get-up, calmly pointing a gun at his head. Although the bandit no longer wore stockings over his boots and had given up the bluff that he was one of a gang, he followed the same procedure as before. Concealing him-

self behind the lead horse, he gave his command, "Throw down the box."

After the driver had complied with the order, and the boxes and mailsacks lay at in the road, the highwayman gave the order, "Drive on." The stagecoach rolled down the hill while he broke open the lids of the boxes with a hand axe, removed the contents, and then slit the mail sacks with the T cut which was to become part of his signature.

The very next day the same masked man robbed the Alturas-Redding stagecoach. He had apparently made his base in northern California or southern Oregon, and he had certainly obtained inside information about the driver and the freight. The robberies occurred when no one was riding shotgun alongside the driver, and when the Wells Fargo boxes contained a good deal of gold coins and gold dust.

His last two hold ups netted him a nice boodle, and he wasn't hurting for want of money. A month later, though, on August 3, 1877, he stopped the Point Arena stage near the Russian River and again made off with plunder. This time he added a new touch to his operation. After he had emptied the boxes and the sacks, he stuck a folded paper to the trunk of a nearby tree. On it he had written an original poem and signed his name:

*I've labored long and hard for bread
For honor and for riches,
But on my corns too long you've tread,
You fine-haired sons of bitches.*

Black Bart, the PO-8

The poem taunted the lawman, but now, at least, the mysterious hold-up-man had a name.

The intervals between robberies became shorter. It was apparent Black Bart was getting a good deal of amusement out of his dishonest activity, a fact which the agents who were assigned to track him down failed to appreciate. In the series of robberies which followed the fourth holdup, he no longer attached the poem to a tree; he left it in the empty Wells Fargo strongbox. His second poem had a little less profanity and was not so disrespectful, but it was just as much a pain in the neck to the agents and the lawmen.

*Here I lay me down to sleep,
To wait the coming morrow,*

*Perhaps success, perhaps defeat
And everlasting sorrow.*

*Let come what may I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in that box
Tis money in my purse.*

*Respectfully
Black Bart
The Po 8*

Black Bart had not harmed anyone during his robberies, and he made those in authority look ridiculous. The public and the press began to delight in his exploits and he became something of a folk hero. This state of affairs was a thorny vexation to Wells Fargo's Chief of Detectives, James B. Hume, who had the reputation of always getting his man.

Since its beginnings in 1852, the company had taken well deserved pride in the safe and speedy delivery of gold and other express. Desperados who had the audacity to try to abscond with Wells Fargo freight had been relentlessly tracked down. The company motto was "Wells Fargo never forgets." And now here was Black Bart, acting alone, daring to destroy the splendid record. As the robberies continued, he even had the impudence to tell the stage driver, "Please give my regards to Detective Hume."

Wells Fargo offered \$300 reward, the Federal Government offered \$300 in addition, and the postal authorities added \$200. This reward was repeated after each new robbery until a total of \$18,400 stood on Black Bart's head.

As he continued his forays, he became even more methodical. Each hit reaped another rich kitty. He visited mining towns, posing as a miner, and sociably joined conversations on the street and in the saloon, where he overheard discussions of shipments soon to be made. He usually knew where the boxes were to be placed and who the passengers would be, and he always reconnoitered the road to find the most advantageous spot, always at a turn on a hill where the

driver would be most concerned with his driving.

After he had emptied the strongbox, he'd leave his verse, always signed with a flourish, Black Bart, the PO-8. None of the poems would have brought a literary award, but there were few poets who had his following.

There is no recorded instance that he was generous to the poor, but he appeared to think of himself as a sort of Robin Hood. The following example presents that claim:

*I rob the rich to feed the poor
Which hardly is a sin.
A widow never knocked at my door
But what I let her in.
So blame me not for what I've done,
I don't deserve your curse,
And if for any cause I'm hung
Let it be for my verse.*

Black Bart ranged from San Francisco into southern Oregon. He had a camp in the Siskiyou Mountains above the Dollarhide Station where he hid out for a time after each successful sortie. He made at least six stagecoach robberies in Shasta county, but, even though his heists there were big ones, he became disenchanted with northern California.

It was rumored that after he had held up the Redding-Bieber stage, the lawmen, with dogs, were perilously hot on his heels and he crawled into a hollow log to hide only to find that he was sharing his sanctuary with a skunk who laid one on him. The blast was a powerhouse and Black Bart swooned dead away. When he revived, the lawmen, the dogs and the skunk were long gone, and he was completely fed up with the whole county. At his next opportunity he deposited a poem in the strong box which poetically declared his irritation:

*Goodbye Shasta County
I'll bid you adieu;
I may emigrate to hell
But I'll never come back to you.*

Seventeen holdups by Black Bart were recorded over the next five years. In November, 1883, the string of robberies came full circle. As he had done in his very first caper, he once again held up the Milton to Sonora stage. This time he did not slip away so craftily.

Jimmy Rolleri, a nineteen year old youth, had joined the driver, Reason E. McConnell, and sat beside him watching for game. There was no other passenger and the principal cargo was 228 ounces of gold amalgam, \$550 in gold coin and \$65 in gold dust.

Jimmy had a new Henry repeating rifle and he was eager to fire it. Seeing no deer along the road, he decided to take off on foot, hike over the crest of the hill and meet the stage on the other side of the grade.

As McConnell, alone on the driver's seat, approached the crown of the hill, Black Bart suddenly stepped out of the bushes. There was no order this time to "Throw down the box." The company had insisted that the strongboxes be nailed to the floor inside the passenger's compartment, and Black Bart had advance knowledge about the change.

"Who was the man who got off the stage down the road?" he asked.

"A boy looking for stray cattle," McConnell said.

Certain things about the situation didn't seem copacetic, but after all the preparations Black Bart had made, he was reluctant to back off. He told Reason McConnell to get down from the driver's seat.

"I can't get down," said McConnell, "the brakes are bad and won't hold."

"It won't roll if you put a rock behind the wheel," Black Bart told him.

"You do it," McConnell said, and Black Bart, aware that the driver was unarmed, rolled a big stone behind the rear wheel.

He then ordered McConnell to unhitch the horses, stand with them behind the coach and make no suspicious moves.

Just as Black Bart entered the coach to break open the boxes, Jimmie Rolleri appeared at the top of the hill. He could see at once that something was not cricket, and McConnell managed to signal to him to detour around the hill and come up at the rear of the coach.

Working desperately fast, Black Bart, clutching the sacks of gold, backed out of the coach door. Jimmy Rolleri, who by that time had joined McConnell, raised his rifle and blazed away, not once but three times. Black Bart darted into the bushes at the side of the road. Either the brand new gun had faulty aim or Jimmie was a terrible marksman. His

first two shots went wild and the third barely grazed the wrist of the fleeing bandit.

Black Bart obstinately hung onto the sacks for dear life, but he had no time to cover up his tracks or tidy up his hiding place. He sprinted into the dense thicket, dashing left and right, and was soon hidden from view.

Left behind, partly concealed in some rocks, were his derby hat, some sacks of food, a leather case for fieldglasses, a magnifying glass, some buckshots, a belt, two flour sacks and--most important--a scented handkerchief which bore the laundry mark *F X O-7*.

CHARLES E. BOLTON

Detective James B. Hume was ecstatic. After eight years of pouring over piddly little evidence and false leads, he had some tangible clues. The most damaging was the fine silk crepe handkerchief which Black Bart should have left in the handkerchief box in his dresser drawer. Who ever heard of a bandit carrying a hankie anyway? And drenched with cologne already. Detective Hume, with high hopes, turned the evidence over to his right-hand man, Agent Harry Morse, with the command, "Find out who this belongs to."

There were ninety-one laundries in San Francisco, but Detective Morse took the list and patiently started with number one. After about sixty duds, his dogged persistence paid off. A laundryman at the California Laundry Company on Bush Street recognized the identifying mark. It proved to be Black Bart's undoing.

The handkerchief belonged to Charles E. Bolton who was well-known at the laundry. The California Laundry Company was proud to have his patronage because his clothes were of such fine materials and so expertly tailored. He was a wealthy mining man who was frequently called out into the country to see his mines. Sometimes he would be gone for months.

Detective Morse, not wishing to show his hand, told the manager of the laundry, Mr. Ware, that he wished to consult with Bolton about some rich ore samples, and would Ware please be so kind as to give him the gentleman's address.

Yes, he would do that gladly: Mr. Bolton



Charles E. Bolton

lived at the Webb Hotel on Second Street.

Morse thanked the manager graciously and departed. At the Webb Hotel he was told that Mr. Bolton was away on one of his extended business trips. The detective placed a watch on the hotel, but after an uneventful two days, he went back to the laundry for a chat with Mr. Ware.

Just as he reopened the conversation about Charles Bolton, Mr. Ware looked down the street and said, "Why, here comes the very man now. Come with me and I'll introduce you."

He was no fiery character with mischievous eyes, a devastating dimple in his chin, an attitude of carefree deviltry and an aura of suppressed passion. Alas.



James B. Hume

He was a middle aged gentleman, nattily dressed, and he sauntered down the street swinging his cane. He wore a jaunty derby hat, a diamond tie pin, a large diamond ring and a heavy gold chain. He held himself straight as an arrow and had broad shoulders. His eyes were piercing blue, he had high cheekbones and sported a handsome gray moustache and a neat imperial. He would never in all the world have been taken for a stagecoach robber.

Mr. Ware introduced the two men and they shook hands. The detective asked if he were not Bolton, the mining man. When he confessed that he was, Morse then asked him to walk a few steps with him and look at some sample ores he had in his office.

Charles Bolton said, "Certainly," with polite interest, and the two men strolled to the corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets into the Wells Fargo office.

Bolton remained perfectly calm, but Morse noticed large beads of perspiration standing out on his nose as the two men entered the office. The detective introduced him to James Hume, the chief agent, who began questioning him about his mines. The questions seemed to irritate and confuse him. He refused to give the location of any of his operations and seemed to have forgotten the names. Becoming more and more disturbed by the pointed questions of the two detectives, he jumped up and said, "I am a gentleman. I do not know you



Harry Morse

and I don't see how my affairs concern you."

Hume told him to sit down again, and said calmly, "You will know presently."

Changing his tactics, the detective said, "During his last robbery, Black Bart was wounded." Then suddenly pointing at a small red scar on Bolton's wrist, he asked, "How did you get that?"

Bolton was startled by the question. "If it is any of your business," he said, "I will tell you I struck it on the car rail."

"No, you didn't," Hume said. "You got that when you broke open our box not long ago."

Hume then went to a cabinet and brought out the derby hat which had been found with the other items left behind by Black Bart during his escape after his last robbery. Saying nothing, the detective placed it on Bolton's head. It fit perfectly. Taking it off, Bolton examined it and expressed admiration for its quality. "I will gladly buy this hat," he said, "if you will sell it to me."

The detective told him that they intended to search his rooms. No doubt Bolton was certain they could find no incriminating evidence there and that further protest would only make him look more suspicious.

Changing his approach as well, he said, agreeably enough, "Well, if that is your pleasure." Bolton and the two agents walked to the Webb House.

In the suite the two detectives made a thorough search. They found nothing

which would be of any use to a highway-man or indicate that this gentleman was a robber. The rich clothing hanging in his wardrobe was carefully searched and the fine linens in the dressers were examined. They found a Bible with the flyleaf bearing the inscription: "To my beloved husband, Charles E. Boles."

But in a dresser drawer, neatly tucked into the corner was a handsome box containing handkerchiefs and sachets. Many of the handkerchiefs were marked with the laundry mark *F X O-7*

Detective Hume pointed to the marking and said, "This laundry mark will convict you." From his pocket he brought out the handkerchief left near the scene of the last hold-up and showed Bolton the identical mark.

Bolton said, "I am surely not the only one whose things bear this mark. Others have their washing done at the same place. That handkerchief may have been stolen from me or I may have lost it." He assumed an attitude of offended dignity. "Do you take me for a stage robber? I have never harmed anyone in my life and this is the first time my character has been questioned."

In spite of his display of wounded innocence, he was placed under arrest by the Wells Fargo men and taken to jail.

Eventually, after hours of questioning, Bolton said to Detective Morse, "I don't admit that I did this, but what would happen to the man who did it if he should confess?"

Morse replied that the government, saving the money of an expensive trial, would be lenient, and that if the treasure could be recovered, the courts would be very gentle.

Charles Bolton, still denying he was Black Bart, confessed to robbing one stage coach.

He revealed the hiding place of the money taken in his last robbery, the stump of a hollow tree, buried in leaves, and agents found there several hundred dollars in gold coin. Most of the loot taken by Black Bart over a period of eight years was, of course, spent on Charles Bolton's wardrobe and high style of living.

On November 17, 1883, in Judge Gottschalk's courtroom at San Andreas, Charles E. Bolton was tried. Although

he plead guilty to robbery, he denied any knowledge of Black Bart or of any of his string of hold-ups. He was sentenced to San Quintin for six years. Entering prison just eighteen days after his last robbery, he became prisoner number 11,046.

Wells Fargo Agent James Hume marked the case closed and filed away Black Bart's statistics:

BOLTON, CHARLES E., alias C.E. BOLES, alias BLACK BART, THE PO-8. Nativity: New York; County, Calaveras. Age, 55 years; Occupation. Miner. Height, 5 feet 7½ inches; Complexion, light; Color of eyes, Blue; Color of Hair, Gray...heavy eyebrows, two upper teeth on right side gone...gun shot wound right side of navel.

Shortly afterward he was interrogated at the prison and at last admitted to being Black Bart and confessed to the string of robberies begun eight years earlier.

CHARLES E. BOLES

Today Black Bart is just about all that is left of Charles E. Boles alias Charles Bolton. Perhaps the man himself helped keep the facts of his life under cover because he knew that Black Bart generated more spark and excitement than the dapper gentleman he replaced. Yet certainly neither one of the two men was the real person. His story, unfortunately, will probably remain forever guess-work and speculation. Some rumors persist and a few alleged facts have been filed away, but there is no sound documentation for any of it.

One historian reports that he was born in Jefferson County, New York, a member of a large and prosperous family. That's a nice start on a biography, but on the same page, another writer declares, for a fact, that Charles E. Boles came to America from England as one of a family of ten children, and that, because of poverty, he was forced to leave his home as a boy and go to work.

Whatever his background, he must have received a sketchy education at least. He quoted Shakespeare occasionally and had some knowledge of the Bible. He took his name from a character in a dime novel, *Bartholomew Graham alias Black Bart*.

Some unwarranted reports are within

reason, and they might as well be incorporated in his story. He spent much of his early life in Illinois and came west in 1849 for the goldrush. He had little success in the gold fields and returned to Illinois and served in the army with Company B, 116th Illinois Infantry, during the Civil War. His record as a soldier was not outstanding, but he did become a sergeant. Wounded in the battle outside Atlanta, he was mustered out of the army and returned to civilian life and Illinois, where he later married.

A brief analysis of the character of Charles Boles-Barton-Black Bart would reveal that he could have assumed the guise of many fascinating personalities but acting the part of an exemplary family man was not one of them. In a few years this dreamer who fantasized a life of wealth and elegance, linked with a life of dangerous adventure, found himself trapped in the conventional, stultifying confines of the role of breadwinner for a wife and three daughters.

In the cold light of logic he must have foreseen a future on poverty row, chained there by his inability to earn a fortune through honest effort and by the acquisition of a houseful of unwanted children and the constant threat of another on the way. His next move should surprise no one: he simply walked out on the little woman and the unasked-for family. He was a scoundrel all right, but a lovable scoundrel apparently. Like any other abandoned female who should have realized she was infinitely better off without a fly-by-night husband around the house, the disillusioned wife spent the rest of her life longing for his return.

No doubt he kept a low profile which prevented his spouse from knowing what he was doing, but it also left holes in his biography. After leaving Illinois he took off again for the far West, stopping for a year or two in Montana where he mined with no great success. Later he drifted back to California and at that point the researcher draws a blank for a few years. Perhaps he mined, perhaps he did odd jobs. One account claims he was a teacher in a mining town, but this seems out of character. A romanticist doesn't cotton to the idea of either Bolton or Black Bart having to

to teach a bunch of young ones the multiplication tables. Let's junk the teacher bit. *The Frontier Times*, which propounded the school teaching theory in an article published in 1958, also presented an additional item of information that stretches the imagination a bit further, but the episode could have happened.

Black Bart got his first taste of robbery when, riding along the road after school, he heard the stage come lumbering down the grade. Knowing the stage-driver and wanting to have some fun, he decided to give the driver a scare. Securing his horse in the bushes he tied a handkerchief over his face, broke a stick off a manzanita bush about the size of a pistol and jammed it into his pocket. Soon, as the stage came along, he stepped from hiding out onto the road. There was no shotgun messenger aboard and the driver looked pretty scared, so Black Bart thought he'd see how far his joke would go.

"Throw down the box!" he said.

Without hesitation the driver pulled the old style wooden Wells Fargo treasure box from under the seat and tossed it to the ground, whipped up his team and left the vicinity in a hurry. Black Bart's joke backfired. But there was no joke about the loot he secured from the box. This robbery was never officially recorded.

A likely story. But highway robbery paid better than school teaching and a road agent didn't have all those papers to correct. The career of Black Bart had to begin somewhere...and end somewhere.

Prison life gave Black Bart time to keep up his correspondence. His faithful wife, ever hoping for a reconciliation, wrote letter after letter, pleading with him to come home after his release. He was not interested in fanning the dead ashes, but he may have given her false hopes by answering her beseeching epistles with courteous replies; he owed her some consideration, in addition to having given her a liberal education. But people who have to face rejection often search for little signs of *maybe* and *possibly* even when they know it's futile. The lady also wrote to the court asking for her errant husband to be paroled into her loving care.

There is no report of a blissful reunion and they probably never saw each other again. There's no use to look for a happy ending in that direction.

One optimistic researcher, ending his story on an upbeat, wrote that Black Bart maintained a warm correspondence with the daughter of the hotel proprietor at Woodleaf and married her after he left prison. Since this would make him a bigamist in addition to his other peccadillos, the report should be deposited in the recycling box. Black Bart did write a pleasant letter to Reason McConnell, who drove the stage coach in Bart's last robbery, praising him highly for his attempts to save the Wells Fargo boxes. That shows a tender nature.

After four years in prison Black Bart was pardoned for his good behavior. This decision by the governor was to be expected. The prisoner was congenial, considerate and cooperative and past his early youth when he might have been rash and rebellious. If the bars seemed to close in upon him at times, he could calm his restlessness by enumerating the hiding places where he had stashed his take--and where there was probably treasure still to be found by retracing his steps.

When he was released from prison, the warden said to him, "Well, Bart, I hope you've learned your lesson and won't commit any more crimes."

"No, Warden," Bart said, "I'm through with all that."

The warden asked him, "What will you do? Will you write poetry for a living?"

"Warden," said Bart, "didn't I say I wasn't going to commit any more crimes?"

After he left San Quentin he spent some time in San Francisco and then he disappeared. From then on it's a black out.

The author in *The Frontier Times* wrote:

But the old timers around the Mother Lode up north in California still say that no sooner had they let the old boy out of San Quentin than a lone robber began popping up again in Mendocino County, Sierra County, Siskiyou County--helping himself to the Wells Fargo boxes just when they were the heaviest. He didn't leave any poems or sign his name to his works as Bart used to do, and he was so well disguised nobody could identify him.

But the Wells Fargo detectives knew the style from long experience. They managed to get hold of him and make a deal.

"We're willing to call it quits," they told him, "if you are."

Bart said he was getting pretty old to continue with his trade and would like to retire from the road-agency business if only he had a little regular income.

Wells Fargo agreed to put him on their pension list at \$200 a month, provided he would report every week where he was and wouldn't rob them anymore. So the old timers will stick to their report that Black Bart, the PO-8, had the last laugh on Wells Fargo after all.

...Ones that knew Bart stick to their firsthand facts and say that they saw his monthly pension checks. Historians say it's only rumor Wells Fargo pensioned him off and Wells Fargo says they most certainly did not.

One thing is certain. Few of Bart's biographers should willingly take a polygraph test. Stories created by his contemporaries and later by reporters may have produced a personality that didn't exist. There is no real proof that anyone, anywhere, saw Black Bart within a few months after he left prison. Yet rumors persist that

- (1) he took a trip to Japan
- (2) he went to Boston and lived as a gentleman of means
- (3) he spent his last years in Gold Hill, Oregon
- (4) he died in Canada in 1917
- (5) he retired to Mexico.

In the Wells Fargo history room in San Francisco one may see on display a cane, a toothpick and a jackknife, items which belonged to Black Bart. That is a small legacy for a man who left his indelible mark on the history of the west.

Old bandits, like old soldiers, never die, but the man behind the mask must eventually make his exit. Age tends to reduce some of her victims to mere caricatures of earlier, vibrant figures. Charles E. Boles may have decided Black Bart deserved more than that. Although his departure will probably be forever shrouded in mystery, perhaps that's the way it was planned.

Raymond Lewis



A HUNDRED YEARS OR SO,

by RICH MORGAN a

This playlet was written in commemoration of a train station on the Southern Pacific line. during the centennial celebration, and it is r

SETTING: A platform. Settee left. At right, two music stands and three stools. Center, chair for banjo player.

As the lights dim, the banjo player enters and sits on center seat. He starts playing "I've Been Working on the Railroad." The newspapers march on, taking positions on the stools.

PAPERS (*Unfolding*)

We are the newspapers of the Rogue River Valley--a hundred years ago. Circa 1883. We are the signs of the times. We tell

the news. We also spout a lot of nonsense but we are the recorders of history.

TIMES

I am the *Democratic Times* of the beautiful city of Jacksonville, the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow of the West.

TIDINGS

I am the *Tidings* of the city of Ashland. A center of learning and culture--a beacon, flaming in the shadows of the mighty Siskiyous.



AND SEVERAL DAYS AGO

and BILL COTTRELL

*The one-hundred years that Medford has been
The melodrama was presented in November,
produced here by permission of the authors.*

ROCKY

MUSIC: I speak for the *Table Rock Sentinel* of Jacksonville—now called *Oregon Sentinel*. I also speak for the *Table Rock Saloon*, which was pretty important in that town—a hundred years ago. Just call me Rocky I and Rocky II.

TIMES

Our story begins in 1869, when the U.S. Congress granted 2,500,000 acres of land toward the construction of a North-South

railroad, from central California to Portland. The grant was made to the Oregon and California Railroad Company--the O&C, which was organized in Portland in May of 1868, and was to provide not only right-of-way, but also land which the railroad could sell to the settlers, who were streaming from the East, for \$2.50 an acre.

Music Passage from "Oh Suzanna"

TIDINGS

The railroad was constructed south from

Portland to Roseburg by 1872, but this was where the money gave out. For about ten years, Roseburg remained the end of the line. Then in 1882, Henry Villard took over the line from Ben Holiday and continued laying track south toward the Oregon border. From the south, the California and Oregon--C&O, was constructing a railroad which was to meet the O&C at the state boundary.

ROCKY

The people of southern Oregon watched the line progress toward the valley. The Jacksonville *Democratic Times* and the *Ashland Tidings*, weekly newspapers, gave their weekly reports. At the Table Rock Saloon, in Jacksonville, there were rumors--and counter rumors. . .

ENTER: Prissie Pinkham and Flossie Ferber.
Prissie is an older woman--a bit sour.
Flossie is young and ecstatic.

PRISSIE

Flossie Ferber! Come right in! I haven't seen you for ages!

FLOSSIE

Well, I just said to myself, I'm going to go and stay with Prissie Pinkham while all this excitement about the railroad is going on, because she has the papers. Right?

PRISSIE

Right! And you're welcome as the flowers in May! Have you heard anything new?

FLOSSIE

Well...Viney Pitcher had it straight from the horse's mouth that the railroad tracks are going to run from Central Point, straight to Jacksonville. What do you say to that?

PRISSIE

I say it depends on whose horse's mouth was a-doing the talking. I heard the line was going to come a mile west of Hanley's Butte and then swing back over to Phoenix.

FLOSSIE

Is that what the papers say?

PRISSIE

Here is the Jacksonville *Democratic Times*. Well see what it says.

MUSIC CUE: *The Times stands and bows.*

FLOSSIE

My! What a handsome paper. I LOVE THAT TYPE! And what a format!

TIMES

It is rumored that information has been received from headquarters that Jacksonville will not be slighted by the railroad, and that the town will not be missed more than a mile. Editor Nickell

states: "Jacksonville will not be left out in the cold very far, in any event, and will hardly be injured any, no matter where the route runs.

FLOSSIE

Well, I should think not! My goodness. A booming town like this--the county seat and all. They wouldn't dare pass us by. That would be just plain silly.

PRISSIE

You may be right. But my cousin, Lydia Pinkham, says them big railroad trains smell something awful, what with the smoke and tootin' and all. She says they'd be stinking up our back yards worse than them pesky bob cats!

FLOSSIE

But, Prissie! That's what progress is all about. Think what it would mean to our city.

ROCKY (*Coming down*)

Think what railroad tracks mean to the villains in the Gilded Cage melodramas in Talent.

PRISSIE

Well, I say we don't need no iron horses huffin' and puffin' around town. The horses we got are bad enough. I say let's keep this city clean.

TIMES (*Rising*)

MUSIC: November 10, 1882. Work will commence at once on the foundation of the new court house here!

PRISSIE

There now! That's what I call Progress.

FLOSSIE

But do you know what those white workers on the railroad are getting paid? \$1.75 per DAY! Even the Chinese get 90¢.

PRISSIE

Ninety cents? And I'll bet some of them are thinking they ought to get even more!

ROCKY

They say down at the saloon that the railroad is going to wreck the whole damn money system around here.

PRISSIE

Rocky! Watch your language. Of course the price of everything is bound to go up. It'll cost money to haul things around on a train, you mark my word.

FLOSSIE

Oh, how I'd love to ride on a train! I'm simply entranced at the thought of all that whistling and clanking and bell ringing!

ROCKY

There was a young lady from France
Who boarded a train in a trance--

The fireman . . .

PRISSIE

You just stop right there! Anymore of that and I'll cut you up in little squares, and hang you in my outhouse--for the races.

ROCKIE

Oh-oh.

FLOSSIE

Oh, Prissie! I thought that was cute. But let's hear what the *Democratic Times* says.

TIMES

David Loring of the O&C, the right-of-way agent was in town this week enroute to Ashland and vicinity.

FLOSSIE

Oh my! Did he decide anything?

TIMES

It seems as though the railroad authorities are not disposed to recede from their proposition to run the railroad this side of Hanley's Butte for \$25,000 and the right-of-way . . .

PRISSIE

\$25,000! That's outrageous!

TIMES

. . . and from the present indication, it looks like there is either not public spiritedness or money enough in Jacksonville to raise the required amount.

FLOSSIE

That's silly!

TIMES

It is said that the railroad wants to buy some of the Buttler Farm in Manzanita precinct for station purposes.

FLOSSIE

Manzanita! Oh pooh, that's nothing but a cow pasture.

PRISSIE

The oak trees are pretty.

TIMES

MUSIC: May 18, 1883. The Oregon and California railroad is to run their line straight through the valley.

FLOSSIE

I simply can't believe it!

PRISSIE

Maybe it's better in the long run.

TIMES

MUSIC CUE: June 1, 1883. The Chinese workers struck for \$1.15 a day, and the railroad paid!

PRISSIE

Lord a'mercy! What next?

TIMES (Continued)

. . . The depot for the place will

probably be located about five miles east of us...the people of Jacksonville acted wisely in declining to pay the railroad company a large sum to construct their line nearer to town than where it is now located. It will really be of more benefit to Jacksonville where it is than if it ran through the place . . .

PRISSIE

You see! What did I tell you?

FLOSSIE

My uncle George Rummel, who is a very far-seeing man, says it is better that we keep up our quaintness and our charm. He says that if the railroad came through Jacksonville, in a hundred years it would be a veritable Medford.

PRISSIE

Mercy! What's a Medford?

FLOSSIE

Some kind of a jewel, I think. Uncle George is a very far-sighted man.

PRISSIE

Ought to see an oculist.

FLOSSIE

No . . . I mean he has SP.

PRISSIE

What's SP?

FLOSSIE

It's a very special gift. Uncle George says that in a hundred years, everybody will be enjoying SP.

The newspapers groan at the horrible pun.

FLOSSIE

I wonder just where the depot will be, if they locate down there in that pasture land.

TIMES

MUSIC CUE: August 24, 1883. It is rumored that the C. Mingus place is to be the site of the Central Depot in Manzanita precinct.

FLOSSIE

The Mingus place! Oh, no!

TIMES

MUSIC CUE: October 5, 1883 . . .

FLOSSIE AND PRISSIE

Yes?

TIMES

There are three or four candidates for the Central Depot of the valley, but whether it will be put close to Central Point, or on either the Beall, Mingus or Phipps place remains to be seen.

ROCKY

Ahem. The boys down at the Table Rock Saloon. . .

PRISSIE
Watch it, Rocky!

FLOSSIE
Yes, yes. Go on!

ROCKY
They're saying that four men--C.C. Beekman, C.W. Broback, C. Mingus and J.J. Phipps have given 240 acres of land to the O&C Railroad. They gave 20 acres for the station and outbuildings.

PRISSIE
Twenty acres of outbuildings?

FLOSSIE
Well, you know--so many people traveling. What do the papers say?

PRISSIE
You out to take the papers yourself, Flossie. You really should.

FLOSSIE
I'd simply love to. But honestly, with prices so high, I couldn't afford to feed them!

PRISSIE
Well, we'll see what the *Ashland Tidings* has to say.

TIDINGS
MUSIC CUE: November 2, 1883. It is reported that the depot for the Central portion of the valley and Jacksonville has been located upon land belonging to C.C. Beekman, C. Mingus, C.W. Broback, and I.J. Phipps about four miles from Phoenix. The report is that a tract of 160 acres, belonging to the gentlemen named, is to be laid off in blocks, and every alternate block is to be given to the Railroad company, in consideration of the location there for the depot.

ROCKY
Wow! Those lots will sell like hotcakes.

TIDINGS
MUSIC CUE: November 16, 1883. Building for the depot and roundhouse at Grants Pass has begun.

FLOSSIE
Oh, that will be so cute!

PRISSIE
What do you mean, *cute*?

FLOSSIE
I mean the little round house. What is a round house for?

PRISSIE
I haven't the least idea. Why?

FLOSSIE
I heard some children singing about it the other day. Let's see. . . how did that go? . . . (*clears throat*) "Run into the roundhouse, Nellie, he can't

corner you there." (*MUSIC*)

PRISSIE
Flossie!

ROCKY
The *Sentinel* says: "The name of our Jacksonville depot is still in doubt, some calling it East Jacksonville, while others persist in naming it Phippstown.

TIDINGS (*Laughing*)
Ha-ha! East Jacksonville is pretty good. That's rich! Why not call it North Phoenix or West Eagle Point!

PRISSIE
Why don't they just call it what it is? Tanktown.

TIDINGS
A name has not been finally adopted, but "Medford" or "Middleford" has been suggested by the railroad people--we are told.

FLOSSIE
I'd still like to know what a Medford is.

PRISSIE
Sssssssh!

TIDINGS
Messrs. George Crystal and C. Wilprel have each built a blacksmith shop at the new town at the Phipps place. J.S. Howard intends to build a store there as soon as he can get the lumber, and several other persons are intending to put up buildings and start businesses. By the time the track reaches the place, a town will be looming up.

FLOSSIE
Did he say looming--booming?

PRISSIE
It'll be "glooming," if the train decides not to stop there.

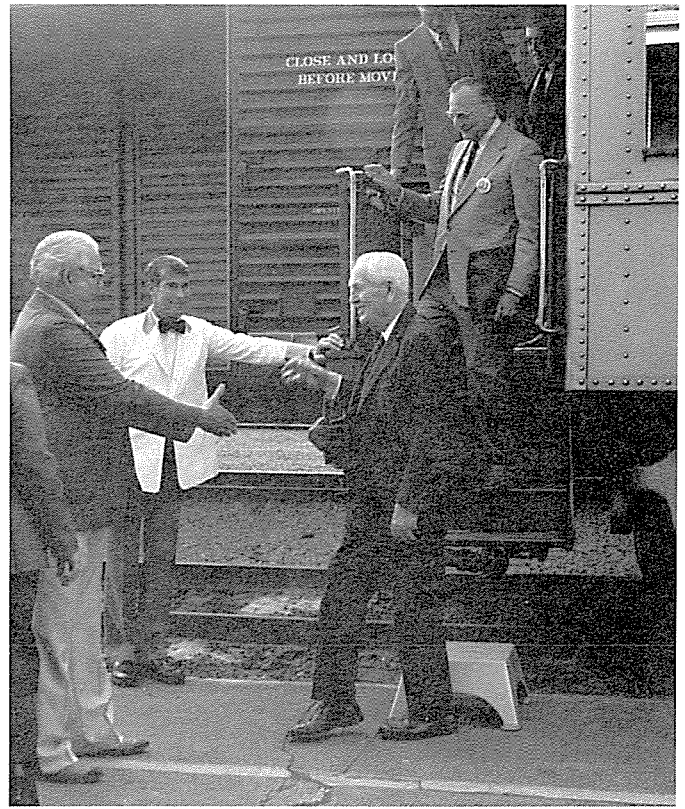
TIDINGS
MUSIC CUE: The first train reached Grants Pass last Saturday night. About 300 people were present to welcome the iron horse. The *Oregon Sentinel* jokes thusly: The central station in the valley is to be called Medford, and the one at Chavner's Bridge is named Bedford. With passengers coming from the south, it is all right, as they can commence undressing at Medford before reaching Bedford. Ha-ha!

ROCKY
Hey! Just a minute! That should have been my line! Anyway, they've decided to call the station at Chavner's Bridge "Gold Hill" instead of Bedford.

TIMES
MUSIC CUE: Ta-da! The tracks are approaching Gold Hill!



Dignitaries Dick Orr, Lou Hannum and D.J. Russell (Past President of the Southern Pacific) appear before a crowd at the depot on October 27, 1983, for the Hundred Year Railroad Commemoration.



ROCKY

They're saying at the saloon that they're going to change the name of Grants Pass too.

PRISSIE

Pray God we're still Jacksonville!

TIDINGS

Ta-da! Ground was broken in the railroad grading inside the limits of Ashland last Tuesday morning!

PRISSIE

Ooh! Ta-da.

TIMES

A feeling of security is apparent on every hand in Jacksonville, and the place will prosper in spite of those who hope for its decadence. Double the business of any other place south of Roseburg has always been done here, and it is expected that whatever trade new candidates may take off, will be fully made up by the increase in population.

PRISSIE

I should say so--all the babies being born!

Romantic music behind the next speech

TIDINGS

The Medford townsite. . . a beautiful site for a town, situated near Bear Creek, on high gravelly land--oak trees dot it with shade here and there, but aside from this, it is a clear grassy plain. . . with all the buildings being located between the railroad tracks and Bear Creek. J.S. Howard has just finished a house for his general mer-

chandise business, and will call his place the Pioneer Store. Emil Peil is building a livery stable. William Egan is also building a livery stable. Dr. Vrooman and Miller had the foundations laid for a restaurant. *(MUSIC STOPS)* Bitterton and Werk are already in their saloon.

ROCKY *(down to audience)*

Most Jacksonville folks are almost always in their saloon. *(Papers laugh)*

PRISSIE

Oh, shut up, shut up, shut up.....

TIDINGS

(MUSIC) December 28, 1883. The railroad company charges 37¢ per 100 pounds of freight from Portland to Grants Pass, and Teamsters charge \$1.00 for the same from the terminus to Jacksonville.

FLOSSIE

The price of knitting wool is coming down.

PRISSIE

It takes a train to haul a hank of yarn?

TIDINGS

(MUSIC) January 11, 1884. The southern terminus for the railroad operating division is to be moved from Grants Pass to Phoenix. The track is expected to reach Medford--yesterday!

TIMES

(MUSIC) Grading of the tracks nearly completed to Ashland! Some of the lumber for the depot at Medford has arrived and work of construction will soon be begun. The well, which will supply the water for the tank, is nearly completed.



Dick Orr, Historical Society President, Richard Engeman and Bill Burk, staff members, at the presentation of a commemorative plaque to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. (2) A descendant of the Phipps family arrives in Medford.

PRISSIE

Tank town!

ROCKY

Chinese after February 1, 1884, will have their wages reduced to 80¢ a day.

FLOSSIE

What a shame!

TIMES

When the construction train rolled into Medford last week, a great many people for some distance around were there to receive it. Many of those present had never seen a train.

ROCKY

It was the Gol durndest sight you ever saw in your life!

PRISSIE

You watch your mouth!

FLOSSIE

They run so fast!

TIMES

The construction train attains a speed of 30 miles per hour.

PRISSIE

I simply can't believe it!

FLOSSIE

People trains are even faster.

TIMES

(MUSIC) February 29, 1884. Trains run straight through to Portland now-a-days, leaving Phoenix at 7:00 p.m. and arriving at Portland at 4:00 the next morning.

All actors say "Wow" -- struck dumb with awe. Silence)

FLOSSIE (*awed*)

It just makes you think, don't it? This old world is getting so awfully small.

TIMES

(MUSIC FANFARE) The passenger train came up the valley last Sunday for the first time! A very large crowd welcomed the advent of the iron horse at both Medford and Phoenix.

All actors stand and shout, "Hooray!"

FLOSSIE (*Ecstatic*)

Oh, Prissie, Prissie! It was such a sight! I only wish you'd gone. I wore my brown merino and my badger fur, and Pastor Hoople made a speech, and it was all about progress and the future, and he didn't hardly mention temperance at all.

PRISSIE

Sssssh. Listen!

TIMES

Jacksonville now gets her mail from Medford. Freight trains arrive at Medford and Phoenix twice a week--Tuesdays and Fridays. First shipment from Medford Station was made by Max Muller. It was 550 pounds of mohair for New York. The Ashland Woolen Mills made the first shipment from Phoenix--six cases of goods for San Francisco.

PRISSIE

Canned goods?

FLOSSIE

Woolen goods, I guess! Just think of it.

San Francisco wearing woolens all the way from Oregon!

TIMES

The railroad brought a quantity of fresh oysters to Jacksonville Saturday, most of which were sold.

FLOSSIE

Real raw oysters! Think of that! All the way from the Pacific Ocean!

PRISSIE

I wouldn't touch the slimy things.

TIDINGS

(MUSIC) A Portland paper says that parties from Ashland have leased a stall in Central Market in Portland, who received their first carload of apples from Phoenix last week!

FLOSSIE

First apples! Oh, Prissie, isn't it wonderful?

PRISSIE

Just like the Garden of Eden.

ROCKY

Have you heard that William Caldwell has been shot and killed by C.W. Brobeck at Medford?

PRISSIE

Tank town shenanigans!

TIMES

(MUSIC) The Medford Post Office is now open. The track has reached a point less than two miles north of Ashland.

ROCKY

Hey! The boys in the saloon want to

hear more about the shooting!

TIMES

C.W. Brobak of Medford has been fully exonerated from killing Cardwell.

PRISSIE

Well, I'll declare!

TIMES

(MUSIC) April 4, 1884. At Medford during the month of March, nearly 720,000 pounds of freight was received and 8,365 pounds sent from that station during the same time.

TIDINGS

(MUSIC) April 18, 1884. Track completed as far south as Mill Creek in Ashland, and the first construction train ran into that place Wednesday last.

TIMES

(MUSIC) J.S. Howard and family moved to Medford this week.

TIDINGS

(MUSIC FANFARE) The first locomotive that ran into Ashland created quite a stir among the residents of the place, almost everybody going to see it!

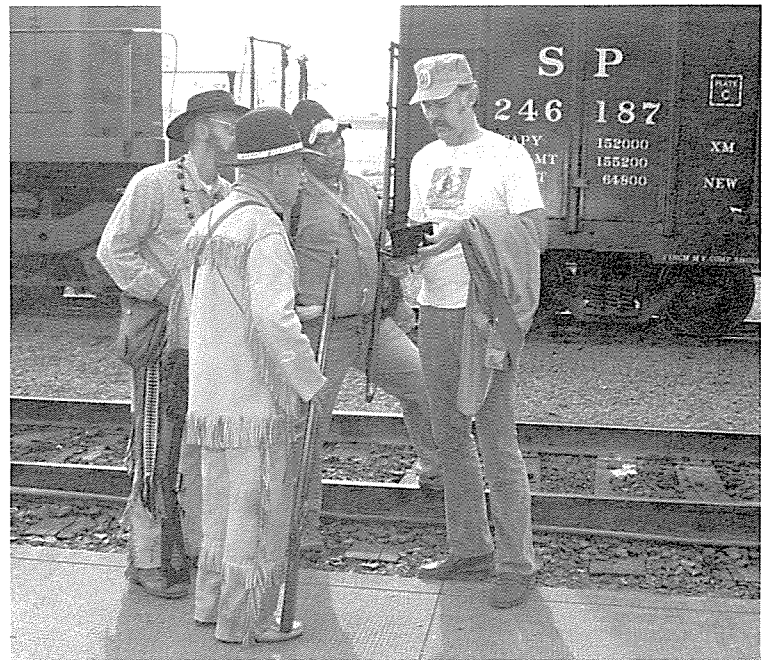
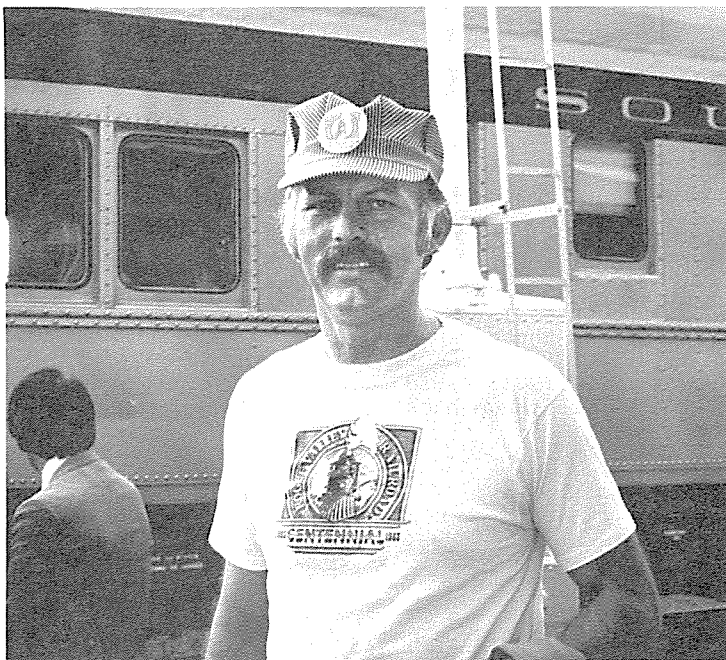
All actors shout, "Hooray!"

FLOSSIE (*Ecstatic*)

Millie Rummel wore her dotted swiss; Suzie wore her organide; her mother wore her taffeta. You never saw such a hustle and bustle!

PRISSIE

Some of them bustles are downright in-



Richard Morgan, co-author of the railroad play, models a commemorative tee shirt. (2) Rich shows off his honorary buttons, presented to him by the Southern Pacific Company, to members of a local muzzle-loaders' club.

decent!

TIMES

(MUSIC) April 25, 1884, Medford precinct established at the last meeting of the county commissioners and polls will be opened there on election day.

(Romantic music under following)

TIDINGS

It will not be far into the future before the foothills and uplands in the vicinity of Jacksonville and also throughout this entire section will be taken up and planted in fruit trees. . and grape vines. .

ROCKY

The wine is great! Hic!

TIMES

. . .This land is especially adapted for fruit-growing, and the people who are enterprising and not afraid of work are all that we lack to transform thousands of acres of land, now unclaimed, into a vegetable paradise!

TIMES and TIDINGS Shake hands.

Music out

FLOSSIE

Whee! Just like you said, Prissie! A Garden of Eden.

TIMES

(FAST MUSIC) Salt is now selling for \$1.00 per hundred pounds in Jacksonville. Quite a difference from the old high prices.

FLOSSIE

The price of everything is COMING DOWN!

PRISSIE

That may just drive some of our local merchants out of business!

TIMES

Alfalfa and grain prices dropping sharply . . .

ROCKY

What about the price of Rye?

TIMES

Turning on him and "acting"

The Reverend B.J. Sharpe will de-

liver a temperance lecture at Medford today.

PRISSIE

I should hope so . . Brother Hoople told us last Sunday that . . .

TIMES

(BIG MUSIC FANFARE) June 6, 1884.

The railroad authorities at Portland have issued the following circular to the fruit growers: To encourage fruit growing in southern Oregon, this company will ship fruit boxes at 20¢ per hundred pounds in ANY QUANTITY!

FLOSSIE

You can get a hundred pound sack of flour for only \$2.25!

TIMES

A gentleman named Freeman, lately from the east, is discussing the project of building a railroad between Jacksonville and Medford.

FLOSSIE

Oh, Prissie! Our own railroad! Won't that be grand!

PRISSIE

I think I'll settle for a small trolley.

TIMES (*sedately*)

June 20, 1884. Jacksonville Amateur Association will reproduce the drama, "Our Folks," which met with so much favor here, at Medford on Friday evening, June 27th, and will also present the screaming farce, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," as an afterpiece.

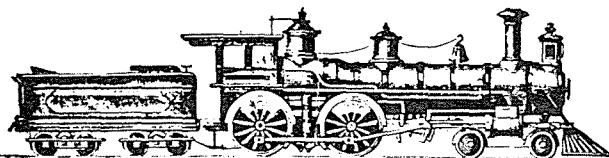
Single note of music then silence

PRISSIE

Now I ask you, Flossie, do you think, a hundred years from now, that anyone will care?

There is a silence, then banjo music strikes up a spirited "I've Been Working on the Railroad," as the newspapers fold up and march off Left, following Flossie and Prissie. The MUSIC CONTINUES, amid thunderous applause, as the actors march back in for curtain calls.

end





CHRISTMAS SPIRIT INVADES MUSEUM

*When: December 17-18 and 20-23
1:00 - 5:00 P.M.*

NANA CLAUS (Mary Schwiger) is back again this year to meet with the kids at the Children's Museum. She and her helper, Stacey Williams, will conduct a workshop where children can re-create Victorian style ornaments and gift-wrapping paper for their own gifts at home.

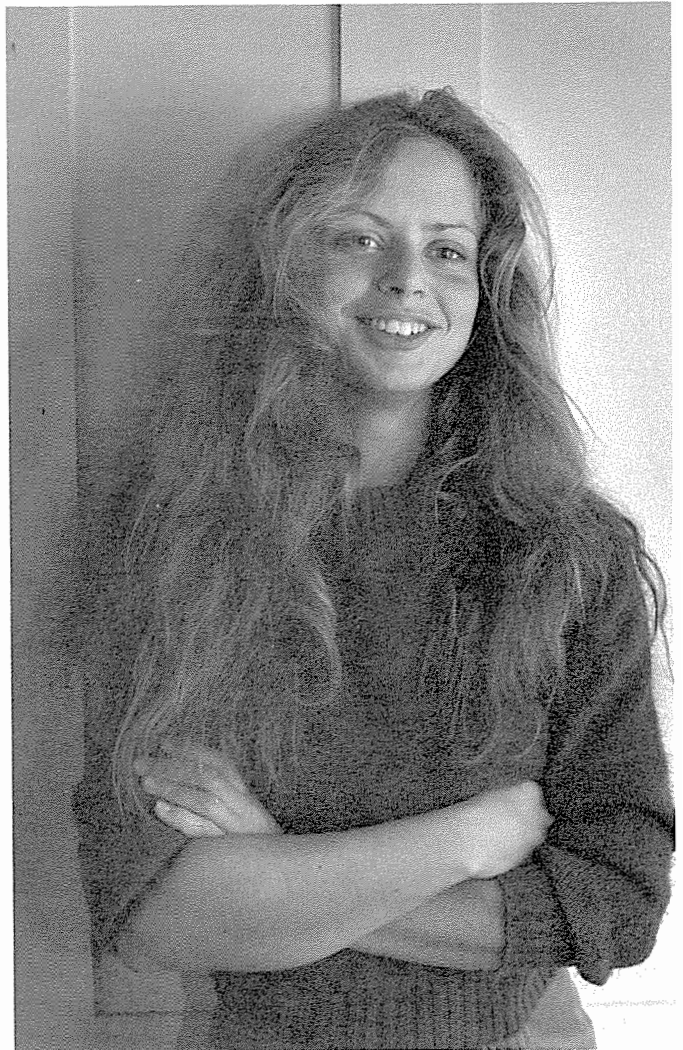
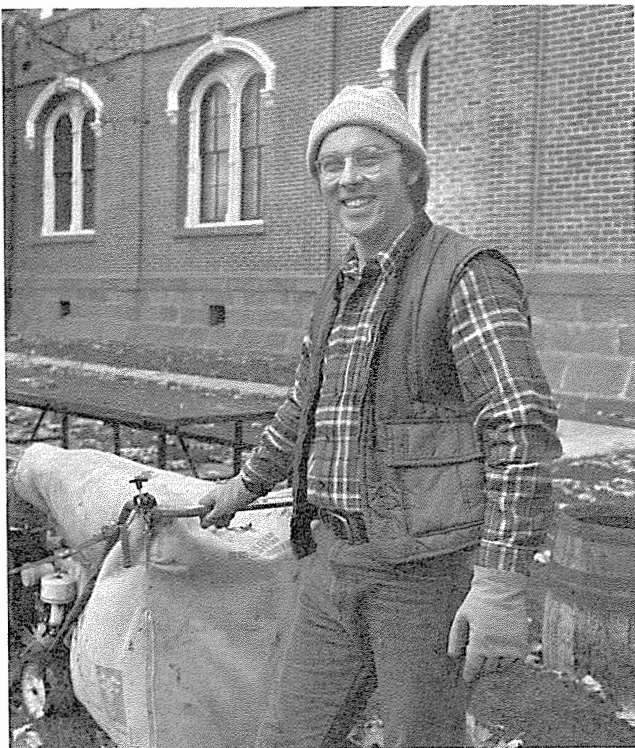
At the same time those who attend will learn the history behind many of our Christmas traditions and be given an opportunity to tell about their own family traditions.

The Children's Museum will be festively decorated and during the work shop traditional Christmas music will be played.



Photographs
by Doug Smith

(below) Byron Ferrell, Maintenance Supervisor, poses by a pile of leaves which were raked up by Clarence Shoemaker.
(right) Natalie Geiger, new assistant to the staff photographer.



Linda Wiesen



Linda Gail Wiesen, a Museum/Library Aide, who joined the staff in 1982, was recently recording insurance appraisals of the clothing collection when she discovered a label in a garment which revealed it was an original creation made by Phoebe Egan in her dressmaking shop in New York City. This was startling news to Linda as the modiste, Phoebe Egan, was her great grandmother. The dress, made around 1915, is green and white satin and velvet with crystal beads sewn into net by hand. Mrs. Edith W. Hale of Medford gave it to the museum in 1967. It is presently displayed in the museum exhibit cabinet at the Central Point Bank in Jacksonville. The photograph was taken by staff photographer Doug Smith.

Linda Wiesen does a great variety of tasks at the museum. For the library she is in process of cleaning and classifying glass plate negatives and packing them archivally. SOHS has over 6,000 of these rare artifacts, most of which were made by Peter Britt. For the accessions department she works on inventory, research, photography, accessioning and general secretarial work. In addition to her duties at the museum complex, she spends a day and a half of each week at the Hanley farm where she accession items which were included in the property donated by Miss Hanley to the historical society.

Born in New York City, Linda was raised in Hawthorne near White Plains. "When I was about three years old," she said, "my sister Frances and I were dumped in the lap of my Great Aunt (Janet Egan Smith, Phoebe's daughter) and she took us in."

She attended high school in Thornwood, New York, but a little short of graduation, she eloped with Harry. She was sixteen years old, he was a neat serviceman in the Airforce and the future looked pretty rosy. But after service transfers took them to umpteen-dozen cities, including Cheyenne, Amarillo, Denver and Newark, they discovered that somewhere along the line the marriage had gone sour. After a few more unhappy years, Linda scrounged up some money, bundled up her baby daughter Rosemary, went to the nearest airport and bought a ticket for a place as far away from Harry as she could get. She made it to Long Beach, California, and still had fifteen dollars tucked away in her purse for security and comfort.

But even a grand sum like that won't last forever so she found a baby sitter for Rosemary and a bookkeeping job for herself. She enjoyed her independence and freedom and was especially happy with her work but after two years she returned to the east to be with her sister whose husband had died. Harry, a close friend of the family, appeared on the scene, and the couple were reconciled. Linda, who had never known her own father, decided that Rosemary should not be denied hers, and the couple reunited and moved to Datona Beach.

In Florida Linda found she had a choice of professions: she could be a waitress or pump gas. She chose the former. After a year it became apparent that the marriage was no less troubled and that even though she had tried every effort she could dream up to make it work, the relationship was not going to spring again into beautiful bloom. As she had done before, she gathered up the baby and took it on the lam.

This time she and Rosemary ended up, incognito, in Phoenix, Oregon, where she ultimately received her divorce and came out of hiding.

"Phoenix was like coming home," she said. "It is almost identical in many ways to Hawthorne, New York." Although she was smitten with southern Oregon, she spent the next four or five years in and out of the hospital. After she had at last regained her health, she enrolled in the High School Equivalency Program of the Rogue Community College.

In three or four months she had so impressed the administration with her super-high scores in every department that they recommended she join the Ceta Program. From there she made the move to the Southern Oregon Historical Society in one short jump.

Since she has always been interested in collecting and preserving old and precious things, she loves her work. "If you are hung-up on the irreplaceable artifacts of the past," she said, "a museum is your natural habitat."

Linda, who is into cookery in her spare time and is widely acclaimed for her irresistible oven things, is also proud of her granddaughter, Crystal Rose, who is three months old.





THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Photographs by Doug Smith

(top) Members of the Phoenix Grange gather at the presentation of a plaque for the historic Phoenix Grange Hall. Rod Reid, holding the plaque, is Chairman of the Historic Preservation Committee.

(bottom) Staff members Jerome Champagne, Dorothea Corbin, Rosemary Bevel, and Jack Stater dismantle the Armstrong House which is being converted into office space. The scene makes one think of Yankee Carpet-baggers looting Tara.



THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL