

1/84

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Director's Corner

For nearly eight years the Southern Oregon Historical Society has benefited from the service of Richard Engeman, our staff librarian/archivist. Richard recently accepted a position with the University of Washington Library in Seattle, Washington. There he will serve as the Assistant Librarian of the Pacific Northwest Collection.

Washington's gain is certainly our loss. While Richard did catalog all the books and manuscripts, reorganize the photographic collection, institute archival practices, write books and bibliographies, supervise receptionists and accomplish many other important tasks, I want to thank him most for the changes he made which are seen by the public. When Richard first arrived, I remember telling him the single most important task to be faced was winning back public confidence. Public use of the library had dwindled to a handful a month. When Richard left, the library was receiving as many as 153 visitors, 106 telephone inquiries and 35 reference letters, plus 985 photo copies during a 30 day period. The staff use of the library has also increased a great deal.



Richard Engeman

Richard's attitude gained many friends and members for the historical society. His contributions were many and I will miss our "spirited" debates. In the interim between Richard's departure and the arrival of his replacement, the library will be in charge of Ida Clearwater, our capable Assistant Librarian.

We all wish Richard a challenging and rewarding future.



On January 1, 1983, the SOHS membership was 1,503. As of January 1, 1984, it stands at 2,017. Maureen Smith, Membership Secretary, has been looking for member number 2,000 for some time. She gives credit for reaching the goal to a last minute surge of gift memberships.

We lost a total of 163 members in 1983. Some of the loss can be traced to death while others chose not to continue their gift memberships. We lost others who moved and left no forwarding addresses.

I haven't asked Maureen what the 1984 goal should be. She hasn't made any predictions because of the new dues structure which will take effect in the summer. She does expect that we will have more members at the end of the year than we have now, in spite of the increase in dues. I think she is right. But just in case, let us all get at least one person to join. You will be doing them a favor.

Bill Burk

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The *Table Rock Sentinel* is a monthly publication issued as a benefit of membership in the Southern Oregon Historical Society. For information on how to become a member, call Maureen Smith, membership secretary, 899-8203.



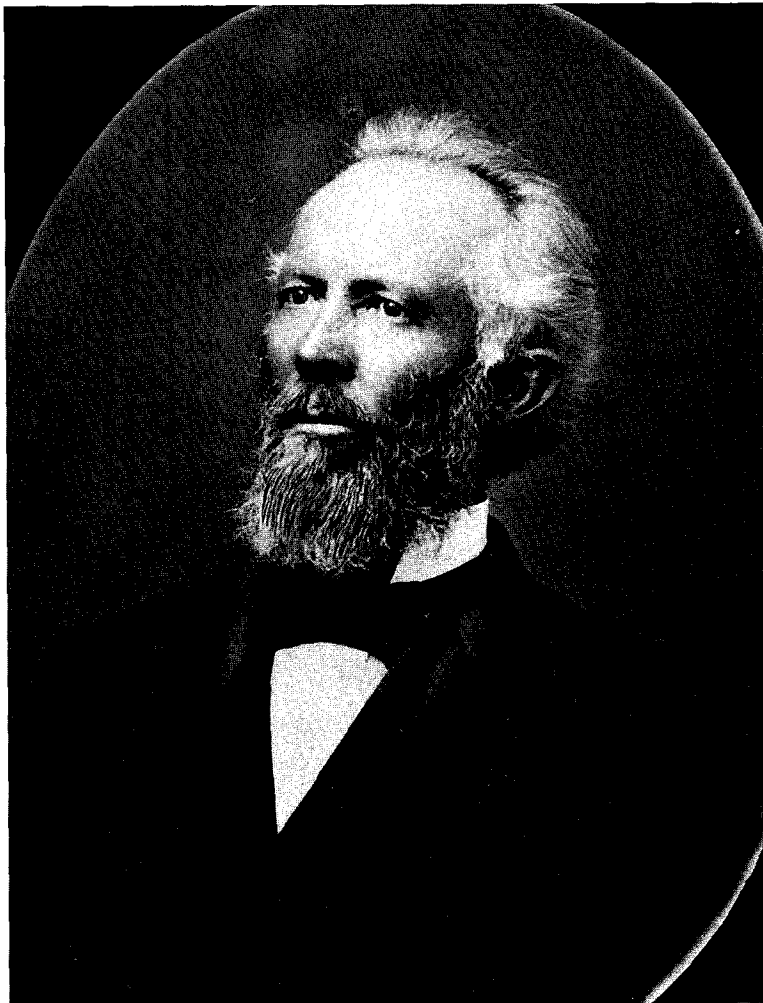
The Gore family home outside of Phoenix, Oregon.

FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE GORE FAMILY

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL HAS OFTEN CONTAINED INFORMATION FOUND IN DIARIES OF THOSE WHO CROSSED THE PLAINS, BUT ONLY SELECTED FRAGMENTS HAVE APPEARED. AT LEAST ONE OF THESE JOURNALS WITH MUCH OF ITS CONTENTS UNEDITED SHOULD BE PRESENTED IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY PUBLICATION. ALTHOUGH THE MEMOIRS OF EBENEZER GORE WERE WRITTEN AS A LATER RECOLLECTION OF THE TRIP RATHER THAN AS A DAY-TO-DAY RECORD OF EVENTS, THE MANUSCRIPT CONTAINS MANY INTERESTING EPISODES.

EBENEZER EMERY GORE WAS ONE OF TWINS. HIS BROTHER, EMERSON ELIJAH, WAS THE FIRST OF HIS FAMILY TO SETTLE PERMANENTLY IN THE WEST, AND HE IS THE PROGENITOR OF THE BRANCH OF THE FAMILY WHICH IS FEATURED IN THIS STORY. EMERSON, HOWEVER, DID NOT WRITE HIS MEMOIRS, BUT SINCE HE AND EBENEZER WERE IDENTICAL TWINS, ALIKE EVEN IN THEIR THINKING, EBENEZER'S STORY WILL HAVE TO REPRESENT EMERSON ALSO AND SERVE TO INTRODUCE THE SELECTED MEMBERS OF THE FOUR GENERATIONS WHICH HAVE FOLLOWED HIM.

WE ARE BEHOLDEN TO MRS. ELINOR GORE BUCHANAN AND MRS. LIBERTA GORE LENOX FOR THEIR HELP IN SUPPLYING PICTURES AND RESEARCH.



Emerson Elijah Gore

1. EBENEZER EMERY GORE

There is little doubt that those adventurous and hardy immigrants who spent five or six months crossing the plains found the day-after-day monotony of the trek hard to take. Looking back, in retrospect, they singled out the hardships--the difficult river crossings, the perilous ascent and descent of steep mountains and the alarming encounters with unpredictable Indians--as high spots of the trip.

Low spots were the long uneventful summer evenings after the wagon train had stopped for the night or the Lord's day with its solemn idleness when it wasn't cricket to travel or the tiring hours of delay as the drivers of the wagons ahead--and those behind--had to wait their turns at dangerous passages along the trail. Perhaps some innovative souls, to help pass time, invented early versions of the yoyo and the frisbee, and the ladies could always have a go at cat's cradle and mending, but those who were literate dug under the driver's seat and brought out their

journals. There is no scarcity of diaries of the trip westward and most of them picture the continuing tedium of the trip. Occasionally, however, a chronicle shows up that reveals the writer's character and discloses his personal foibles and opinions. These offer more of a charge to the researcher. Just such a document is "The Recollections of Ebenezer Emery Gore of the Trip Across the Plains, 1852, and the Rogue River Valley to 1860."

Ebenezer Emery begins his memoirs in 1826, the year his father decided to try his fortune in the more remote and primitive west, Ohio. The father, Ebenezer, Sr., packed his chattles, his wife Polly Haven Gore, and their three children, Ebenezer and his identical twin brother, Emerson Elijah, and their sister Elizabeth into a wagon and moved from Halifax, Vermont, to Kirkland, Ohio. (In time, Ebenezer and Polly Gore had three more children, Orrin, Lucy and Sabry.) The boy, Ebene-

zer, must have been a pretty precocious youngster; at the time he was only two years old yet he remembers a boat trip from Buffalo to Painesville.

At Kirkland his father bought a hundred acres of timbered land, and the family "soon found good friends and neighbors and lived in the western frontier style."

In 1830, Mormons, headed by Joseph Smith, came from New York state and settled in Kirtland. This band of the faithful made the move because they had met with oppressive opposition in the east and because they wanted to extend their missionary activities. Few people in Ohio welcomed them. Ebenezer Gore, obviously expressing the sentiments of the Ohioans, had little praise for the religion or its adherents. The Mormons are a worthy and sincere group of people, but from the first they encountered the sharp bigotry and prejudice which is always handed out to those who are different. They were blamed for most of the ills that occurred in the vicinity and when the courts proved they were innocent, the decisions were met with strong resentment. The inclusion here of Ebenezer's entry in his manuscript is not meant to flame dead, or dying, ashes, but to present an example of unreasonable bias and to give the cause of the Gore family's second move west.

At about this time the Mormons came from New York state and settled near us. Joseph Smith, their prophet and leader, was in charge of the party, together with Sidney Rigdin, Oliver Cowdery, Orsen P. Pratt and others who acted as counselors in forming a code of ethics for the government of this particular sect.

They added largely to the population of the town [and] built a church...They also established a bank from which they issued paper currency (shin-plasters) which flooded the country for some time. They seemed to prosper for awhile and then began to show signs of their real nature, which was anything but law abiding. The chicken roosts suffered, the bands of hogs and herds of stock frequently became reduced.

When investigations were made it was found that in nearly every case the missing property could be traced to the Mormons...They would justify themselves by saying that their Prophet had received a special revelation from God saying: The cattle upon a thousand hills are Mine, etc., and everything is Mine, and as you are My peculiar people I give you permission to take all you may need for your support and the support of My church." When recourse was had to the Civil Courts they would prove themselves innocent in almost every case.

The shin-plasters had a great circulation in their immediate neighborhood, and when later on they became worthless all who held any of them were losers to that extent. Finally the citizens called a meeting and organized for self defense and in time drove them all out of the country. They went to Jackson County, Missouri, near Independence.

After Ebenezer's father sold the Kirtland property, he bought a second timber farm near Claridon in the same county. He decided his twin sons, now sixteen years old, should have the experience of clearing land and producing a profitable farm so they could follow in his footsteps. A few years later, 1840, the family moved, for a third time, to Lee County, Iowa, a spot even farther west.

On the way to the Iowa farm, they once again met up with the Mormons. Persecuted and censured wherever they went, the sect had left Kirkland, hoping to find a more peaceful and pleasant spot. Ebenezer, who had lost none of his animosity, wrote:

Soon after this we were deeply astonished in an unlooked for direction. On arriving at the point of crossing the Mississippi River we came into quite a large thriving city, Nauvoo, built wholly by the Mormons who had so conducted themselves in Jackson County, Missouri, that the authorities had to drive them out as they did in Kirtland, Ohio. They were then building a very large temple and had the basement and eminence chamber very nearly done. We had hoped never again to be tormented by those sinful people, but father bought land six miles west of the river and commenced anew in a new country.

Despite Ebenezer's unsympathetic and narrow viewpoint, his continuation of the Mormon story discloses the tragedy of Joseph Smith's death at the age of thirty-nine, and, rather than succeeding in condemning the Mormon founder, the narrative provokes compassion for him and his brother Hiram.

The Mormons, true to their instinct, troubled the people even on the west side of the river so badly that no person was safe who possessed any property they might want. They would take it at the point of a revolver if necessary. In one instance, which occurred four miles north of us, they killed all of the men of the family for their money...One of the bandits was killed and another wounded so badly that the two who escaped wounds killed the wounded man and fled into Nauvoo.

Such things continued until the whole country on both sides of the river became aroused in self defense and the result was that their prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hiram were arrested as accomplices in many murders as well as other crimes.

They were placed in the Hancock County

jail at Carthage, Illinois, pending trial, when a great mob gathered, surrounded the jail, crowded up a flight of stairs to the landing and shot at random through the door and killed Hiram. Joseph, seeing his danger in that room, jumped through a window to make his escape, but his body was filled with balls before he reached the ground. Thus two of the leaders of the so-called church passed away unlamented by all excepting Mormons, many of whom declared that their prophet would rise on the third day. They evidently looked for such an event as they leaned him up against a wall and braced him in place and he stayed there until he was black as my hat. I saw the scalawag myself.

The twins, Ebenezer and Emerson, still teen-agers, did men's work to help their father make another productive home in the wilderness. They stayed with the family until they reached their twenty-second birthday when they ventured forth to do for themselves. Although they had had little formal schooling, they were blessed with good memories and had read avidly every book they could acquire.

In 1849 the father met with an accident and died shortly afterwards at the age of fifty-six. Their mother, with Orrin and Lucy, stayed on at the home place. Aware of the handicap of not having a complete education, the twins enrolled in school at Fort Madison, Iowa, supporting themselves by doing mechanical work evenings and Saturdays. Their earlier extensive reading soon paid off; in a year they were given diplomas. Ebenezer's journal is proof the schooling was effective.

Deciding to go into the machinery business together, they prepared to settle down at Charleston, Iowa. Emerson married Mary Gilmore Rose, a young widow with a son Lewis, and all signs pointed to a serene domestic life for the three, but in the fall of 1851, the twins decided to try their fortunes in California. Selling their stock, they bought wagons and oxen in preparation for their departure for the west in the early spring of '52.

During the winter an epidemic of cholera struck the town. Ebenezer describes it:

Before we left Charleston the cholera broke out. A man came from Keokuck, Iowa, and called at a minister's house. While he was talking with the minister he fell down there in the room with cholera. He was taken from there by a physician and cared for, but he died in about six hours. Within a very short time every single member of that minister's family came down

with cholera and died.

Then it began to spread and got all over town and finally it got so bad that every human being left town. I went there one day and the only living thing I saw in the whole town was a cat jumping through the open window of a wagonshop.

I felt some symptoms of cholera myself and went to Godfrey Acorn's Drug Store and called for a two-ounce bottle of No. 6 (cayenne pepper) and told him to put in some black pepper and some camphor and a lot of other stuff and when he got the dose concocted, I drank it all, right off there. The druggist was astounded and said, "Why, Mr. Gore, you are a dead man."

I said, "I guess not," and left.

But he sent a doctor to see me and when the doctor found out I was not hurt, he said I might thank my stars I had the cholera or the dose would have killed me for sure.

I told him I was in favor of treating urgent cases urgently.

On April 7, 1852, the Gores--the twins, Polly, her son Lewis, and a new baby Anetta--joined a caravan at Charleston. There were thirty wagons in the train, all drawn by oxen. As they traveled westward, other families joined them until there were sixty wagons in the group.

So many traveling together could provide a good sized army in the event of an Indian attack, and at night when the drivers drew the wagons into a circle and unyoked the oxen, they made a large corral for the livestock.

At one time the oxen were allowed to stray from the circle as they grazed on the abundant grass. Ebenezer, who went alone to drive them back to the wagon train, encountered a band of aggressive Indians who "sprang right up out of the grass."

They said I was not to drive the stock away because they were theirs. But I said, "They are not yours, they are mine," and I kept driving them on.

They saw I was going to drive the stock away and so they came up to me and said for me to give them some money, and I said I would not do it.

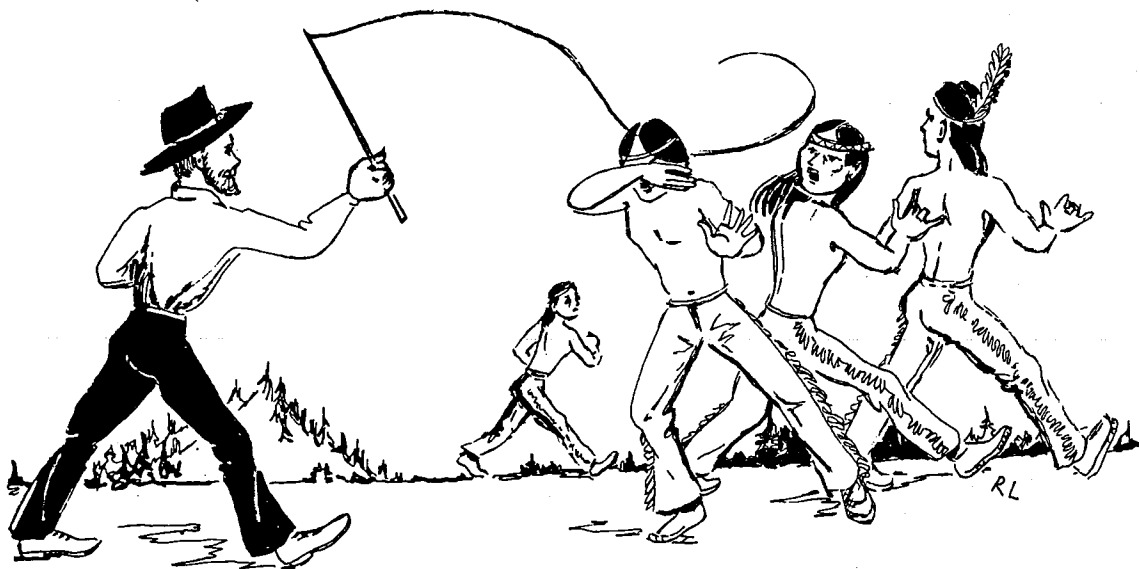
They then pointed to my necktie and wanted me to give them that and I said I would not do it.

"No," I said, "you come along with me and I will give you something."

I kept driving the stock up toward the campground and arguing with them and when I saw that I was perfectly safe, I laid my big whip on them in good fashion.

"This is what I was going to give you," I said, and the way they did dance was a caution.

Indians were not always so easily intimidated. At Shell Creek the immigrants found a newly-constructed substantial bridge, which had been built by travelers going west, and they prepared to cross it.



About seventy-five Indians gathered in front of the bridge, and, as payment for crossing, demanded an ox or a cow for every wagon that crossed.

We would not agree to any such thing as that, and told them to clear the track for we were going to cross. Instead of clearing out they rushed right out on the bridge!

Then everyone of our men went right to his wagon and got his gun and his knife and his revolver and started for the bridge and told the Indians to clean out or they would be cleaned out. Then they got out of the way in a hurry.

On crossing this bridge we camped immediately on the opposite side of the river and built our fires and turned our stock out to feed, setting our sentinels out to guard them.

Until late in the night many Indians came round the camp begging. They did not seem to be hostile in any way and we had no further trouble with them at that place.

Ebenezer devotes some time and space to the deteriorating condition of the oxen, the valiant animals which were the most valuable possession of the immigrants. The frequent inability to find pasture and water and the constant effort of pulling the awkward wagons took a heavy toll. The soil on the North Platte from the Colorado line to the Rocky Mountains is largely granite, and the horses and cattle that were unshod soon wore their hoofs to the quick. The Gores lost one ox when its feet became so painful it could no longer travel. The animal was abandoned beside the road as the wagon train rumbled on towards the west.

Although it was mid-summer and uncomfortably hot along the Platte River, an occasional destructive wind and rain story was not uncommon.

I recall one such storm which occurred in the night, waking us from our quiet slumbers. We quickly turned out for action and cabled our wagons to the ground. We were barely ready before the storm burst upon us with terrible fury.

I rushed into my tent and caught hold of the ridgepole to keep it from being torn away. I soon felt water flowing about my feet and in a few moments was ankle deep in water though I was standing on my bed, which was, of course, on the ground.

I thought to myself, "Hold on, this is no time for swapping horses," and I did hold on and saved my tent from being blown down. To be sure, my bed was rather unfit for immediate occupancy but little things like that are easily got along with when one is hardened to it.

The year 1852 was cursed with the lingering epidemic of cholera. When the dreaded disease struck a wagon train, few of the immigrants were spared, but, as Ebenezer writes:

It is remarkable how well the members of our party were. There was not a case of serious sickness...The cholera was very prevalent...and numbers of trains were stricken but we never had a single symptom of it.

At one time I had been cut off the road all the afternoon, hunting, and I came down from the hills, right into a camp where I found persons in all stages of cholera from incipient stages to death, and I made it convenient to get away from there as quickly as possible as I was fearful of taking the disease into our train. This train was all lost except one woman and she went back home alone--I saw her going back.

Wagon masters of the Gore train did not push the drivers with a dogged determination to reach their destination in the shortest possible time. Occasional stops along the route lent interest to Ebenezer's recollections.

We reached Independence Rock, Wyoming, on the 4th day of July, 1852. This rock rose abruptly out of the plain and is near the

place where the Sweetwater River breaks through the Rocky Mountains forming what is called the Devil's Gate. Many of us climbed to the top of the rock where we found a lake with fish in it. We, the young men of the party, climbed over the Rattlesnake Hills and almost lost our lines by getting to a point that we could neither go forward or backward on account of the precipices, but there happened to be a very tall man in the crowd and he saved us. His great height enabled him to reach ledges up which he pulled the rest of us.

Ebenezer's youthful enthusiasm enabled him to find excitement in events which other diarists might have dismissed as monotonous. He discovered, for example, that having to cross the Sweetwater six times in one day was a challenging game of skill, the first snow storm at South Pass was a refreshing change from the daily trek along the dusty trail, finding an underground lake of ice and chopping out huge blocks to take along in the wagons was fun, and the discovery of a hot spring with its large pond of boiling water in which the Gores cooked a large ham in three hours was as much a lark. Even a maddening swarm of insects which plagued the wagon train for one entire evening was a unique experience, not to be forgotten.



One could not spend five months in crossing the plains without seeing and experiencing much that was interesting, also exciting. Now, as I recall those days, it seems to me that I did not know the word "fear."

I would start out on a hunting trip... well aware that I was in a country inhabited by Indians. On one of these trips ...I came within twenty-five yards of a very large buffalo wolf, coming up over a sand ridge. When he saw me, he assumed the attitude of a cat, ready to jump on his prey. His head was directly towards me, showing what he intended to do. There was no time to lose or to run, so I drew up my gun, took aim at his head and fired. As he did not move I feared I had not hit him. Then I moved a little at an angle and continued walking around him. Still he did not move, which convinced me he was dead. I then walked squarely to him and found the bullet had entered his head between his eyes and had passed through the entire length of his body.

He was a fine specimen with gray hair from four to five inches long. I wished I might take his hide but was too far from the train to take time for that kind of work and he was too heavy to carry, so I left him in the same position I had found him, or that he found me, feeling very thankful that my shot had been well directed and that I had been spared to tell the story.

Ebenezer was vastly impressed with the Thousand Spring Valley, the source of the Humboldt "or St. Mary's River." The caravan followed this stream for 384 miles "to its sink in the Big Meadows." People who did not wish to go to Hangtown, now Sacramento, took this cut-off and struck California farther north.

Arriving at Goose Lake, the men in the train decided that the area was free of Indians. They had seen none and no signs during an entire day's travel and concluded that it would be safe to allow the stock to run ungarded overnight. The decision was a costly and tragic mistake.

The next morning I was the first one to wake up and I was so uneasy about the cattle that I got up and went down to see how I would find them. They were lying down, and when I got nearer to them I noticed what looked like sticks standing right up out of the sides of some of the oxen, and lo and behold, I found that forty head of cattle had been shot with Indian arrows and that a great many head had been driven off.

The owners of the lost stock started out in a body to bring them back and they followed the tracks clear up into the mountains where the surface of the ground was entirely of rock and they could not see the tracks, when they lost heart and came back.

All but one of the forty head that had been shot died. It so happened that I lost nothing whatever, and those who were so lucky divided with the unlucky ones, putting cows right in with the oxen to draw the wagons, and so we got along in good shape...From that time on we were careful to guard our stock every night. We found one place where an entire train had been

destroyed by Indians--even the wagons had been burned and there was nothing left except the irons of the wagons.

The journal continues as Ebenezer relates additional adventures, but finally the train rolled into southern Oregon.

[We] reached what is termed Tule Swamp which surrounded Tule Lake. The place was so-called on account of the thick growth of tules, a large variety of rush which grows from four to eight feet high, affording a great opportunity for the Indians to conceal themselves. It was understood to be a dangerous place and we were fortunate enough to be met by a company of volunteer cavalry which was sent out from the Rogue River Valley to protect trains coming into California or Oregon from the ravages of the Indians. This company had surprised a band of Indians just before meeting our train, killing quite a number and taking some prisoners. They guarded us for some distance to where it was safe and then returned to help others.

We crossed the Siskiyou Mountains 30 miles north of Yreka, California. On the summit of this range we found some of the finest plums I ever saw growing. The trees or bushes were not over two feet high.

We struck the head of Bear Creek and followed it for thirty-four miles through a beautiful valley to Jacksonville, Oregon, in the Rogue River Valley, where our journey ended on the 7th day of September, 1852.

Unlike many other journalists, Ebenezer Gore did not conclude his story with arrival at his destination. He continued writing, describing his early activities in southern Oregon and relating some of his experiences on his return trip to the east. During his extended stay in the Rogue River Valley he helped his brother Emerson and his growing family become permanent residents.

When we arrived in Jacksonville we found we had only about \$4.50 in cash, but we were not disheartened and the next morning after our arrival we went to work for a man who was a contractor and a builder. We lived in our wagon and tent for several weeks until we earned enough to build a small house and shop to work in, when we began business for ourselves. We were natural mechanics and could find plenty of work. I remember there was not a chair that we knew of in the valley, so we turned our attention to chair making, putting up a lathe for that purpose, and the business paid well. Before this time benches, stools and sawed blocks were used for chairs and the lumber sawed with a whip saw. We worked in this way two months or more.

During the winter of 1853 Emerson Elijah took a land claim of 320 acres

on Bear Creek. He built a house for his family and started farming. Ebenezer Emery stayed in Jacksonville to make enough money to support the family and enable his brother to buy farm implements. They maintained this arrangement for two years.

When they found that finished lumber at a nearby sawmill would cost a hundred dollars per thousand feet, they decided to build a mill and produce their own. They borrowed money, paying the princely sum of two and a half percent interest each month, and continued to operate both the farm and the lumber mill.

For two years they barely held their own and ultimately made a change in procedure. Emerson assumed sole responsibility for the farm and Ebenezer took over management of the mill. This paid off. In eighteen months they were clear of debt although for over two years each of them had to work more than eighteen hours a day.

In 1860, after eight years in the west Ebenezer, still single at 38, sold his share of the mill to his brother and made plans to return to the east, expecting to come back to Jacksonville after a short visit "to the states."

A second trip overland across the plains held no great attraction for him and he decided to return by boat.

I started from Jacksonville in company with three of my acquaintances, traveling in something like an improvised stage coach.

We crossed the Siskiyou Mountains and continued our journey until we arrived at the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, when we left our stage coach for a pack-mule train, which was a very dangerous trip as I think of it now. In many places, in fact nearly all of the way, the mules had to travel single-file and over places on the side of the mountain where the path was only wide enough for one mule to walk. We could look down hundreds of feet and we knew well that if our faithful and well-trained mules made a misstep we would be dashed down, far below. Our driver...advised us not to attempt to guide the mules. It would be much safer, he said, to let them pick their own way.

When we were safely over we took a stage coach again for San Francisco via Red Bluff and Sacramento. When we arrived there we found that the steamer that was booked to leave at that date was over-loaded, and so we had to wait two weeks for the next regular steamer. Then we passed out of San Francisco Bay, through the Golden Gate and out into the great Pacific Ocean and went down the coast on an almost mirror-like surface.

...I do not remember the number of days we were on the Pacific Ocean but think it was

seven or eight. We reached the Isthmus of Panama without accident.

...Here we got aboard a train of cars for Aspinwall. This was my first sight of a train of cars and my first ride on a railroad, and I must say I was not favorably impressed. The train ran very slowly until we reached the summit. In fact, one could walk almost as fast as the cars ran. Some of the passengers got off to examine the tropical vegetation, but were warned by the train crew not to venture too far near the thick growth as the natives would be likely to throw out a lasso and drag them in.

As soon as we reached the summit we ran quite fast and soon reached Aspinwall, now Colon. From there we took the regular steamship line to New York City.

While he was still in Jacksonville and making the first preparations for his trip, he had wondered how he could safely carry enough money for his expenses. There were no national banks, paper money was not considered a safe investment, and gold was the only money in circulation on an ocean trip. Ebenezer concealed gold coins in his clothing.

[I made] a buckskin vest, the front of which was doubled and then stitched up and down in spaces just wide enough so that twenty-dollar gold pieces could be slipped in, in pairs. In this way I carried next to my person between \$600 and \$1000 in gold and for once in my life I found money a burden. But I was so cautious and fortunate that no one, to my knowledge, discovered just where I carried my gold.

At one time when I was suffering from seasickness a man came into my stateroom, making himself appear very anxious for my comfort. I took him to be a sharper, and not only ordered him out of the room but helped him to get out.

Throughout the entire voyage Ebenezer suffered with sea-sickness. He wrote "after my five month journey overland (in 1852) I was in perfect health when I reached Jacksonville, Oregon. But on arriving at New York after twenty-one days of almost constant sea-sickness, I could not say this." He was obliged to spend three days recuperating in a hotel room before he was able to stand steady on his feet.

At the depot in Elmira, he once again ran into a confidence man. Ebenezer paid for his ticket with two twenty-dollar gold pieces. Fortunately he was alert enough to discover he was being observed.

A man standing by and seeing that I had gold evidently thought I must have more where that came from for I soon found that on boarding my train I had him for a traveling companion. His manner led me to believe that I had found another sharper so I avoided him as much as possible in order

to save trouble. He remained on the train until I reached Painesville, Ohio, where I stopped.

I went to a hotel and registered and pretty soon this man came in and registered also. When I saw this, I went to another hotel and registered. To my surprise and annoyance he soon came in and registered.

I had made inquiries of the landlord for friends of mine who lived near there, and just at this point I was having my cousin, Ira Gates, pointed out to me by the landlord. He was driving by and I went out and hailed him and went home with him.

I thought I had fortunately got rid of my traveling companion at last, but no, when I came to the depot two days later to get my trunk which had been left by mistake at Dunkirk, imagine my surprise at being confronted with the same individual.



He asked me at once if my baggage had come yet. I said, "Sir, you seem to be more interested in my baggage than I myself am. You have followed me from Elmira, New York, to this place, and from hotel to hotel, all for no good purpose, I am sure. Now I want to give you some good advice. You turn your face right the other way from me and don't you look back again. If you do, I will blow the top of your head off." As he walked away, I said, "Now remember what I have told you."

As I watched him to be sure he did not look around, and he passed out of my sight forever.

Then the baggage master said to me, "I guess you will not be troubled with that black-leg anymore. He has watched faithfully for your baggage these two days."

On his way to his mother's house Ebenezer briefly visited friends he had not seen for years. In Kansas he found great suffering as a result of

severe drouth. Deciding to do what he could to help the victims, he returned to the east, with his mother, and made a concentrated campaign to secure contributions and gifts for those in need.

Stopping at Waverly, New York, so his mother could visit friends from her girlhood days, he met a young lady and fell in love. When they married, he gave up his plans to return to southern Oregon. He closes his recollections:

If you have had the patience to follow this story you will have discovered that it covers a period of thirty-two years of constantly going west and returning at last to the same place and house where my story begins, in Halifax, Vermont.

I thank God that His care has always been around and about me to protect me from harm.

EBENEZER EMERY GORE

Although Ebenezer Emery Gore returned to Kansas and cannot be considered a permanent settler and pioneer of southern Oregon, Emerson Elijah lived on his farm near Phoenix for the rest of his life. He and his wife, Mary Elizabeth, produced an illustrious family of nine children, all of whom became prominent citizens of the Rogue River Valley.

SECOND AND THIRD GENERATIONS

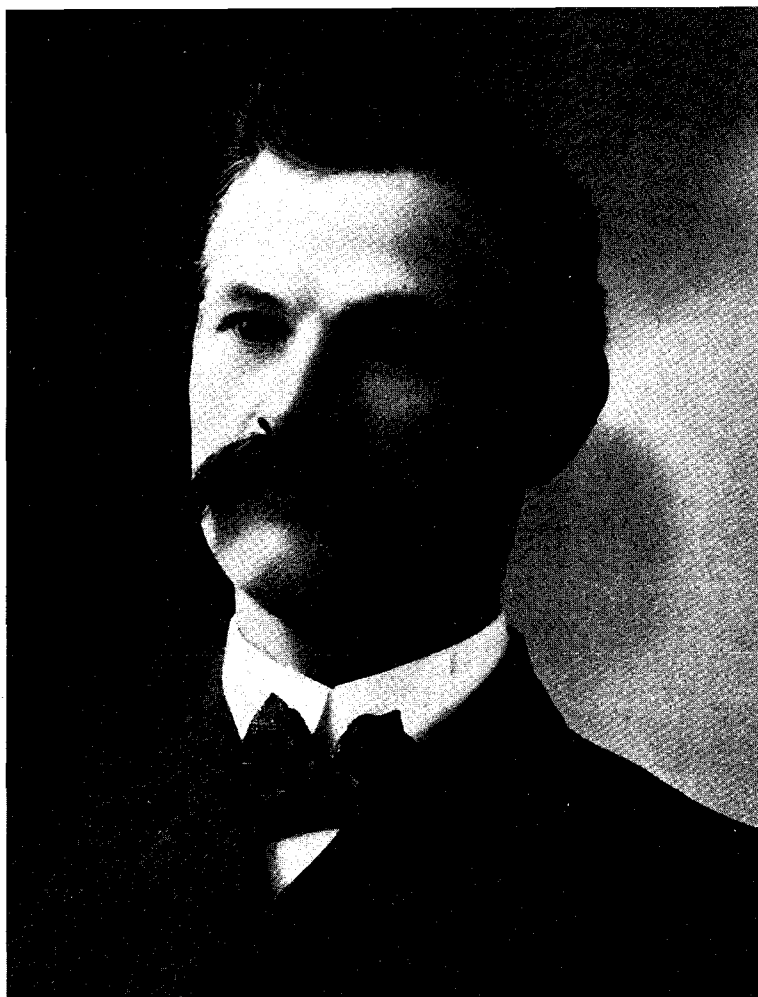
1. *Anetta Jane*, the first daughter, born in the east and crossed the plains with her parents; married Robert A. Gray. They had two daughters, Mary and Flora, and two sons, Ralph and Walter.
2. *Walter S.* The first Gore to be born in Jacksonville.* Married Carolita Jacks. Children: Clarence, Mary and Edna.
3. *Malvina.* Married W.W. "Holly" Clayton. Children: Lawrence and Vera.
4. *Ida.* Married William Hamlet Jacks. Children: Lewis, William, Mary, Carolita, Ella, Ethel and Margaret.
5. *William H.* Married Sophenia Ish. Children: Jacob (Jay) and Mary.
6. *John.* Married Robin L. Warner. Children: Elizabeth, Liberta, Edith and Jeannette.
7. *Mary.* She died while she was still in her teens.
8. *Ella.* Married Harry G. Wortman. Children: Genevieve, Harry and Charles.
9. *Edward E.* Married Hattie Warner. Children: Beulah, Rose and Dorothy.

James Cluggage McCully (*Sentinel*, Vol. 3, No. 3), born August 27, 1853, has frequently been declared the first child to be born in Jacksonville. If the Gore family records are correct, Walter Gore, born on December 3, 1852, beats out James McCully by nine months.



WALLING-LITE-PORTLAND-OR.

FARM RESIDENCE OF MRS. JACOB ISH, 2+ MILES N.E. OF JACKSONVILLE, JACKSON CO.



William Haven Gore

Any member of the second generation of the Gore family could be selected for a biography that would be of consequence and provide a significant contribution to southern Oregon history. Eventually, of course, all their stories should be told. But in a newsletter limited to 24 pages, only one person from each generation can be selected to be the star. The first generation has been represented by Ebenezer Elijah Gore. William H. will be the lead for the second.

He was chosen because he is next in line in the branch of the family presented in this story of five generations. He is not, however, representative of his brothers and sisters, who lived by Christain ethics and principles. Other members of the Gore family were adored by their children and gained the respect of the entire community.

2. WILLIAM H. GORE

William Haven Gore was born on April 23, 1860, at the family home near Phoenix in southern Oregon. He was educated in district schools, and, like his father and his uncle, was an exceptional student. Graduating with honors from the Ashland Academy, he aspired for further education at the college level. His father and mother wanted all their children to have college degrees, and they took a mortgage on their farm so they could manage to

send them to colleges. With so many young people seeking advanced learning, it was necessary for each of them to help by working when he could.

William had received high marks from his teachers, and his scholastic record served as a teaching certificate. In that era superior students might become teachers after they had completed the eighth grade, and so William, armed with a collection of report cards, made application to the Medford school board.

He was offered the position and gratefully accepted it, beginning his teaching career at the age of nineteen.

Even though he economized carefully and lived frugally, he was discouraged at the slow growth of his savings. His salary was far from princely and the bulk of it went to pay his board and room. He was keenly aware that the step-up to an administrative position with its boost in salary and prestige would require a college degree, and he set his sights on the University of Oregon. Fortified with his nest egg, some part time work and the little he could earn in summer employment, he enrolled in college. Four years later, with mission completed and a BA degree in hand, he returned to Medford.

In 1886 he was appointed principal of the Medford school. The town was growing rapidly, school enrollment was booming, and the position was not an insignificant one. But at the end of his second year he resigned. An early biographer lists William Gore's ambition to be his own master as the reason for his resignation. His fourth cousin, Matt Baker, in a recorded interview, declared the resignation was made at the request of the schoolboard who charged that he had been overly harsh as a disciplinarian. Although there had been no hint of any ill-treatment of his students during his three years as a classroom teacher, the accusation may well be true. His own father was, in many ways, a model of virtue and wisdom, but he had raised his children with old-world restraint and probably had not spared the rod. In that case, William Gore's manhandling of unruly students would not be unique or unbelievable. In later years, as he raised his own son, his application of cruel physical abuse was a frequent occurrence.

In the summer of 1888, after leaving the Medford school, he found himself unemployed, and in that period as he contemplated possible choices of a future career, he accepted work as a farm hand at the Ish ranch outside of Jacksonville--a position several steps below the auspicious post of school principal. He had received excellent training in farm management from his father and from courses at the university, and he may have thought farm

work would give him the opportunity to put his skills into practical use. On the other hand, Jacob Ish's well-endowed daughter, Sophenia, was probably the most persuasive reason for his acceptance of such a menial undertaking.

Jacob Ish, who had sold his estates and his slaves in Virginia in 1861, had come west with his four brothers--William, Horace, Matthew and Richard--to escape the havoc threatened by the approaching Civil War. Jacob purchased land about three miles from Jacksonville and became owner of one of the largest ranches in southern Oregon. The Ish farm soon became known far and wide for its broad acres, sturdy stock and immaculately maintained buildings. Jacob Ish found it extremely profitable to furnish supplies for government troops stationed at Fort Klamath and to the stage stations along the road from Grants Pass to San Francisco. With a background of wealth, he was able to make his fields the most productive in the Rogue River Valley. At intervals he purchased additional land until he finally owned over 5,000 acres.

Of the five Ish brothers, only William and Jacob married. William Ish had a family of several children, including a daughter with the family name, Sophenia. Jacob Ish and his wife, J. Ellen, had only one child, a daughter, also called Sophenia, who was born on the Ish farm in 1864.

Ellen Ish had an unfortunate history of mental disorder. Her sister, Sarah Elizabeth, known affectionately as Aunt Sally, was concerned about her health and had come west with the Ish family and lived on the farm with Jacob and Ellen Ish.

When Sophenia was ten years old her mother suffered a seizure and had to be confined to an institution, where she remained until her death three years later. Aunt Sally continued managing the household as she had done during Ellen's illnesses, and about a year later she and Jacob Ish were married.

In 1881, a little over four years after his second marriage, Jacob Ish died at the age of 59. The handsome estate was left to Aunt Sally and she continued its operation with the help of her father, William R. Jones, as administrator, and some occasional advice



J. Ellen Ish

from her four brothers-in-law. Sophenia remained at home and dutifully helped her step-mamma with the more genteel chores.

Sophenia was not the most beautiful belle in the country, but she did have certain charms. Educated at St. Mary's Academy in Jacksonville, she had learned the graces. She possessed a pleasant singing voice, she could sew a dainty stitch, paint delicate pastel landscapes and she was an only child, the heiress to vast green fields and well-filled barns. Her ample figure--she weighed 225 pounds--her artistic accomplishments and her social status must have intimidated the eligible young men; she was certainly not besieged with suitors. There is no record of any swain come a'calling until William Haven Gore joined the hired hands in 1889.

He was immediately smitten by the young lady and wasted no time in wooing. Sophenia, at 26, was grateful for some tender attention at last, and, in a twinkling, the romance burst into tender



Sarah Elizabeth 'Aunt Sally' Ish

bloom. The Ish family should have been overjoyed that Sophenia finally had a serious gentleman caller. She was by now a spinster, past the first blush of youth, but the doting uncles thought that no one was quite worthy enough, and William Gore did not find the road to matrimony a smooth one. He was persistent but he realized that he would have to hold a position of more consequence than that of hired hand if he would win the bewitching maiden. After the crops were in and the farm had been made secure for the fall, William Gore reluctantly parted from his goddess and went to Portland, Oregon, to seek employment more worthy of his capabilities.

He soon found a place with Page and Son, fruit and commission merchants, and, conscientiously applying his intellect and charm--which were certainly unlimited--he learned the business in short order, quickly becoming an able and valuable employee.

Absence from one's inamorata may fortify the emotions, but it also leaves her balcony unguarded and provides opportunity for a rival Romeo to climb

the Virginia creeper. William Gore took no chances. In a few months his new position was secure and he was ready to support a wife, not in the luxury she was accustomed to, but at least in a respectable manner. And she would probably have a beaded bag or two, padded with rolls of green, tucked away in her opulent wardrobe.

On November 5, 1890, in the parlor of the Ish ranch, the lovers were married. Sophenia packed her trousseau and moved to Portland. In their modest honeymoon apartment they must have been blissfully happy: he had accomplished a goal which he had set for himself and she was at last nested-down with the man she was to adore for the rest of her life.

William Gore's salary was adequate and he received respect and appreciation at Page and Son's, but he longed to be head of his own business, beholden to no one. Marriage had not weakened his ambitions to become a man of importance; in fact, it had strengthened his aspirations by making them more achievable.

In 1891, probably with a financial boost from Sophenia's dowery and a gift or two from the generous Aunt Sally, he opened his own commission house in competition with Page and Son who had given him his background. He operated on a small scale, but the business kept the bills paid and provided enough for the Gores to live in comfort. Each of them, however, looked forward to returning eventually to the Rogue River Valley where they were born and raised and where most of their friends lived. Sophenia, discovering she was going to become a mother, became even more eager to go home.

Meanwhile back on the ranch, Aunt Sally, in her mid-sixties, grew weary of the continuing responsibilities of management. In 1894, probably nudged along by the glad tidings that Sophenia was in a delicate and interesting condition, as well as by her own wish to lighten the burden of chores and administration, she offered William Gore the position of supervisor of the entire estate.

He was overwhelmed. Overnight he had gained control of a rich and productive farm of five thousand acres. Could such a possibility have ever crossed his mind? With few regrets he disposed of

of his commission house, and happily brought the prim and pregnant Sophie back to her nest.

Having left the Ish ranch as a hired hand, William Gore returned as overseer, manager and boss. He had fantasized making profitable innovations and had visualized changes in operations. Now his fancies could be realized; he would have a legendary dream farm. As he expounded his glowing plans to Aunt Sally, she challenged them with logic and practicality, and he realized that she had by no means given up her control of the ranch. The big sign over the front gate with the exhilarating legend

THE W.H. GORE RANCH

would have to wait and he would have to move more cautiously.

With that decision, things settled down to a workable arrangement. He presented new and productive ideas and she exercised restraint and good judgment, accepting those she thought might work and rejecting those that might prove to be costly errors. The pair of them made an unbeatable team.

Shortly after the homecoming in 1894, Sophenia gave birth to a son and heir, Jacob Ish Gore. He was a healthy and beautiful baby and William and Sophenia Gore were elated by their splendid accomplishment. Little Jay, as offspring of two such distinguished families, would of course follow in his proud father's footsteps and add luster to his name. Aunt Sally adored him.

As the farm prospered and progressed under the combined management of William Gore and Aunt Sally, it became known as a model farm, and attracted attention throughout the state. Visitors came frequently to study the progressive methods and observe the latest farming equipment. Aunt Sally, who was the power behind the action, appeared to make no demands that she be given her share of the plaudits, and William Gore was not reluctant to accept full credit.

In an article, probably commissioned by William Gore, which appeared in *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon*, the author wrote:



Sophenia Ish Gore

W.H. Gore is recognized as the most outstanding stockman and grower of alfalfa in southern Oregon. The cattle grass which he raises has greatly improved the stock industry of the west and north...Under Mr. Gore the output of the farm has materially increased, the shipment of hogs far exceeding that of any other dealer in the country. This is one of the commodities which swell the yearly revenue of this productive ranch, high grade cattle, sheep, grains and general produce taking on like proportions, excelling also in quality as well as quantity. Needless to say the house occupied by Mr. Gore and his family, in keeping with the modern surroundings of the farm, is large and well arranged and furnished in accordance with the refined tastes and cultivated tendencies of the occupants.

The mention of the furnishings of the house is significant. Sophenia, artistic

by nature and aware of the importance of color and texture, bought only the best and most tasteful appointments. But she shopped continually and, at a time when most housewives were satisfied with heavy, practical furniture, Sophenia bought elegant, graceful pieces and her rooms were probably the most distinctive in southern Oregon.

In 1897 a second child, a daughter Mary, was born. William was once again to be contratulated: he was now a complete family man. Aunt Sally was overjoyed; she had someone in addition to Jay to shower with affection. But Sophenia was in a state of ecstasy; she was enchanted to have a little girl to teach

pretty manners and dress in dainty dresses with ruffles and laces and bows and flounces and ribbons. She would be the envy of every other mother in the world.

When the new century was ushered in with cheers and high expectations, the name, William Gore, was one which commanded immediate respect. He had acquired additional acreage and his reputation as a farmer and stockman was second to none in the Rogue River Valley. One would think that his soaring ambitions to own the most beautiful farm in southern Oregon would leave little time for other interests, but, in fact, he expanded them. Loyal to his family's persuasions, he was a firm Republican and an active member of the Medford Presbyterian Church. He continually advocated that the church extend its charity program and he frequently acted as a lay preacher and presented the sermon. In a recent tape recording, however, his son Jay said that William Gore had made him an agnostic. The sight of his father, standing in a pulpit and expounding platitudes and Christian precepts which he appeared not to believe and certainly didn't practice, turned Jay against organized religion for the rest of his life.

In the first decade of the twentieth century, the family fortunes and reputation climbed steadily. William Gore became a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Oregon, director and treasurer for the County Fair Association, a member of the Medford Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Medford National Bank, and president of the Home Telegraph and Telephone Company of Southern Oregon. He was president of the Medford Community Club and he accepted membership on the school board. Not the least of his accomplishments was his participation in the Gore brothers quartet, which was made up of Walter (bass), John (baritone), William (lead), and Edward (tenor). This was not a barbershop quartet. The men all had rich, true voices and they sang classic arrangements of serious music. The group acquired considerable fame in southern Oregon and made many appearances over the years.

During this time, while William Gore

was flourishing, his son Jay was becoming a teen ager. He did not display any great interest in the operation of the farm although he performed his chores willingly enough. Encouraged by his grandfather, Emerson, who was an adroit amateur magician, he spent his idle time learning magic tricks and sleight of hand, rather than applying himself to agriculture. Disappointed and irritated at the boy's failure to emulate his father, William Gore frequently punished him and the beatings he administered were sometimes savagely brutal. Jay soon learned to seek refuge with Aunt Sally when he saw he had incurred William Gore's wrath.

After Jacobs Ish's death, Aunt Sally occasionally amended the contents of her will when it seemed reasonable to do so. Always, however, she left the bulk of the estate to Sophenia who was the logical heir. Around 1907 Aunt Sally made another last will and testament, to supercede all others, in which she left the estate, for the most part, to her step-grandchildren, Jay and Mary.

This fact was presented in a recorded interview with Jay Gore and his statement was confirmed in another conversation with his cousin, Matt Baker. The new will was not a state secret and William Gore must have been stunned when he learned of it. No doubt he wondered if Aunt Sally had decided he had been too harsh in his dealings with Jay, or had she--oh, no, she couldn't have--heard of his romantic dalliances with several agreeable ladies of the town? In any case the matter was ignored and William Gore continued his upward sweep. He became president of the Medford National Bank, a position he held for twenty-five years, and was named Oregon State Highway Commissioner.

In 1910 Aunt Sally died. Her last will, to all intents and purposes, had been mislaid or destroyed. It was never found. The will preceding it stood as her final word, and the estate went to Sophenia, with small behests to several others. Jay was given a forty acre tract, Mary was left a sum of money and cousin Sophenia Ish Baker was given property in the section which has now become the Medford Airport. No one in the family appears to have considered

contesting the will. Jay had been given a thorough and rigid training in obedience and had learned not to cross his father or provoke him into losing his temper. Mary, overdressed, overprotected and secure in Sophenia's favor, questioned nothing that took place, and for another decade, the Gore family existed much the same as they had in the past.

In April, 1916, William Gore announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Joint Representative from the district comprised of Douglas and Jackson counties. His political campaign was extensive and effective. The *Medford Sun*, in its May 16, 1916, issue presents a photograph of W.H. Gore. Although the newsprint has deteriorated and the reproduction is not the finest, it clearly shows how handsome and appealing he must have been. His features are regular, he is smiling winningly, his eyes are alert and amused, and a full head of white hair lends him dignity. The photograph and the news story assure his election:

Jackson county presents...W.H. Gore, who is a native-born citizen...and one of its leading men in business, farming, and financial affairs. After graduating from state university he entered business pursuits and for a number of years handled in a most successful manner great quantities of grain and stock, besides personally supervising his own large and prosperous ranch.

Several years ago the stockholders of the Medford National Bank elected him as the head of that important financial institution, and he is now officiating in that position along with his other affairs, and with the same signal success that his other matters are managed...

A large element of the citizens solicited him to become a candidate to succeed the late Mr. Vawter and in response to the wishes of these citizens he consented to become a candidate.

He is a man of large financial interests in Jackson county and will be interested in such legislation as conserves the taxpayers' money. He is a practical farmer, whose financial balances were always shown on the right side of the ledger, and a financier in the management of the Medford National Bank. The people...believe he will be equally successful as a legislator in the legislature.

Running against the democrat candidate, Mr. Caro, William Gore received 2462 votes to his opponent's 748. His record was exemplary. Among other legislative accomplishments he is credited with securing adoption of the Oregon Highway Code with its provision for gasoline taxes and motor license fees. In association with W.M. Colvig,

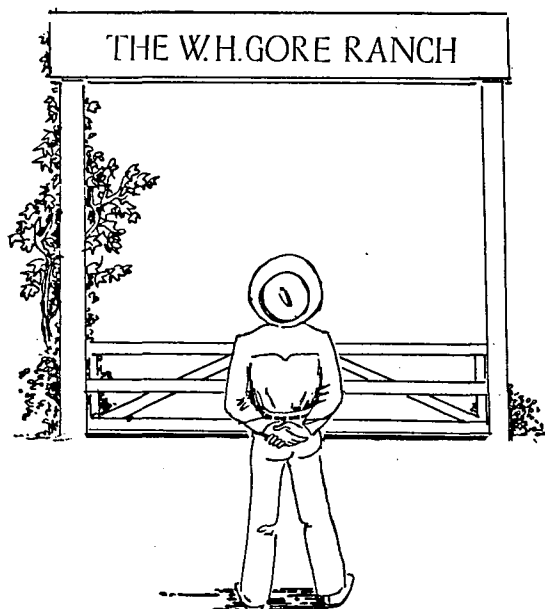
W.R. Coleman and Ed Andrews, he helped insure the passage of the Oregon-California Land Grant Tax Refund Bill which brought \$12,000,000 to the land grant counties. He was influential in getting paved highways adopted by Oregon and made sure that a hard surfaced road came through Jacksonville. His contributions are not to be taken lightly.

After Aunt Sally died William Gore no longer had to contend with her restraining controls. Several of his decisions were rash and unfortunate.

Around this time he became interested in Oriental rugs. He made an extensive study of patterns and textures, and began buying them in great numbers from commercial and private dealers. He purchased Turkish, Persian, Indian and Chinese rugs, many of them museum pieces. Eventually he faced the problem of finding storage for them. His niece, Mrs. Ray Lenox, said in an interview, that at one time she had many of them rolled up and stored at her home. No one can deny that these rare and beautiful rugs are wise investments and dealing in them can be a gratifying and lucrative enterprise. But during a depression--the time William Gore tried desperately to sell them--they cannot be considered one of the bare necessities of life and they are of interest only to the very wealthy. A dealer, forced to sell them below his cost, could lose a fortune.

Some of William Gore's transactions became more than a little questionable. He allowed the taxes on the farm, registered in Sophenia's name, to become delinquent and the valuable farm was ultimately put up for tax sale. He immediately stepped in, purchased back the property and had it entered on the tax rolls in his name only. At last the long anticipated sign went up over the gateway.

Jay Gore, after completing high school in Medford, enrolled in the university at Eugene. He was able to complete only two years of his college education when war was declared. Enlisting in the army as an ambulance service mechanic, he served until 1921. After his discharge, he met and fell in love with Gertrude Moore, a leading singer with the Andrews Opera Company. Signing on as a between-the-acts magician, he toured with the troupe for the



rest of the season. At the close of the tour, they were married.

William and Sophenia were still in control of Jay's activities, but, although they both thought that an actress was beneath Jay's social level, they could not prevent the marriage. They could, however, supervise their life together.

A small cottage was constructed on the ranch, not far from the house, and Jay and his bride moved into it. Jay, who stood to inherit a share of the ranch one day, along with Mary, dutifully became supervisor because his parents had decided it was time that he got down to the serious business of handling the problems of management. William had community duties to attend to, and the arrangement would appear to be a sensible one.

Unfortunately, the resentment and antagonism between Jay and his father had not cooled. The young man worked day and night, applying Herculean efforts, but William Gore almost consistently found fault with the results. They quarreled loudly and bitterly. At the same time Sophenia, unable to accept Gertrude as the one she would have chosen for Jay's wife, overlooked few opportunities to belittle her. William Gore, having made an unwelcome overture or two towards his daughter-in-law and having been curtly rebuffed, joined Sophenia in her attempts to undermine the marriage. Gertrude appears to have made every effort to tolerate the unhappy situation but it was certainly

not a climate to insure an enduring relationship.

William Gore had reason to be short tempered. His investments had been far from profitable, and in order to pay his creditors he had been forced to sell parts of his farm. As his acreage shrank and his power diminished, he became almost desperate. By the devious means of acquiring a spurious quick claim deed, he took possession of the property Aunt Sally had left to her cousin, Sophenia Ish Baker. While Jay was industriously working on a tractor, William Gore sent his attorney out to the field to get Jay's signature on a document. The lawyer told him that the paper had to be at the bank in short order, so Jay obediently signed it without reading it. A little later he discovered he had signed away part of his inheritance. But these maneuvers did little to halt the decline of William Gore's fortune.

His political campaign had been costly, he had lived in luxury at home and at business, his private life had taken a small fortune, his Oriental rug collection and Sophenia's buying habits had taken most of his remaining capital, taxes were inexorable, and depression lay in wait only a year or two away. He had to have a whipping boy, and Jay, with no skill in management and unable to halt the ruin of the Gore empire, received the blame.

In this unendurable situation Gertrude Gore tried to hold her marriage together. During the seven years she had lived with Jay at the ranch, three children were born--Billy, Elinor and Jimmy--and for their sakes and because she loved Jay deeply, she had managed to persist. But at last Sophenia's and William's machinations took effect. Jay had been conditioned from early childhood to obey with fear and trembling, and he had been indoctrinated from the first that he was a failure at everything he attempted. Why should his marriage be any more successful than his other endeavors? It should come as no surprise that he was finally persuaded to move back to the big house, leaving Gertrude and the children alone in the cottage. At the time Jay was engaged in bootlegging as a little business sideline and was apparently making a great effort to drink the unsold stock from each batch. Much

of the time he was scarcely sober, and his actions were hardly rational. Virtually deserted, Gertrude and the children left the Gore farm and moved in with Ella Hanley Bush, a neighbor who had befriended her and been her confidant. Jay was to regret his actions bitterly for the rest of his life.

In March, 1930, Gertrude filed for divorce and separate maintenance and asked for \$150 per month for support of her children. At the same time she brought suit against William and Sophenia for alienation of affections. She asked \$10,000 punitive damages and \$40,000 compensatory damages. In the divorce action she was awarded \$100 monthly from Jay although he protested that his salary of \$30 a week would scarcely stretch that far. The alienation of affections suit was thrown out of court for lack of evidence. Gertrude had acquired volumes of documents to prove her charges, but the court ruled it was inadmissible testimony.

The divorce decree granted, Gertrude Gore took her children out of Jay's life and away from the Rogue River Valley to seek a more pleasant existence elsewhere. William, Sophenia, Mary and Jay Gore were again a family group with no unwanted intruders.

Gertrude's departure did nothing to stem the collapse of the family. Although she had declared in court that she thought William Gore held at least \$400,000 in assets, her statement was based on the general supposition of the community. In actuality, his back was against the wall.

Jay and his father were both drinking heavily and the acrimonious fighting was almost continual. Many times the hired hands witnessed unresolved and violent arguments. Jay was assailed by feelings of deep guilt and inadequacy and blamed his father for his unhappy situation. At last the relationship reached the breaking point. Sophenia and William ordered Jay to leave and, even though he was afraid he would be unable to fend for himself, he left the ranch with an abiding hatred for his parents and even for his sister Mary. He did not return.

Earlier, in an effort to recoup losses and meet taxes, William Gore had secured

a \$30,000 loan from a California finance company. He had continued selling sections of his once extensive farmlands, but the money he realized on the sales soon evaporated in the constant struggle to keep up appearances. Unable to make substantial payments, he allowed the loan to become delinquent and the company was forced to foreclose. The legendary Ish-Gore ranch was gone forever.

By this time William Gore was seventy years old, and it was too late to start all over again and recoup his losses. He had made a valiant effort to recover from his careless spending and ungoverned management, but after Aunt Sally was gone and no longer controlled the reins, his schemes had ended in failure. He, Sophenia and Mary, who was between marriages, packed their cherished possessions and said farewell to the ranch that had been their home for so long.

William rented a small house on Oakdale Avenue and tried to conceal the fact that they were living in greatly reduced circumstances. He gave a good show of making the most of a desperate situation. He called the Oakdale rental his town house and kept up his interest in the Elks Club and the Presbyterian Church. But Sophie adapted with difficulty. How could she get along without her Chinese cook? How could she make do with most of her furniture in storage? Where could she store her summer hats? They existed by selling their extravagances. One by one went the family treasures--the imported pier glass mirror which had made such an impressive effect between the windows in the big front parlor, the ornately carved piano which Sophenia had forbade anyone to touch, the Oriental rugs and so many of her pretty baubles.

Sophenia, who had never been credited with a sunny disposition, became resentful and shrewish. All her life someone had provided for her and had given in to her slightest whims; now she was denied her little indulgences while she watched her precious possessions disappear. She had difficulty controlling her anger; having never been trained to live frugally, she was unsuited to deprivation. She made the readjustment with little grace. Life continued

in this manner for another decade, and they survived the depression of the thirties and made-do until half way through the twentieth century.

In September, 1946, William Gore died at home. He was 86 and had been ill for some time. His obituaries listed his credits and presented him as a first rate citizen. He would have been proud and pleased. His pall bearers were William P. Holt, George Roberts, Chester Baker, John Wilkinson, William Isaacs and Allan Perry.

Sophenia and Mary were devastated. Most of the furnishings were gone and there was no insurance. How bewildering and frightening Sophenia must have found the new age with its speed and indifference. At the age of 82, with no security, she was unable to cope with her desperate situation. Someone helped her apply for welfare and that brought in money for bare necessities. The owners of the rented house suddenly sold it, and Sophenia and Mary found themselves facing eviction. With no place to go, they pleaded with Matt Baker to take them in.

He agreed but the arrangement was far from pleasant. Mary accused him of stealing furniture from storage and Sophenia was too ill to help with house-keeping. One who is dependent on charity should be humble, but Sophenia

had never learned that lesson. Matt Baker felt imposed upon and Sophenia and Mary were resentful at a destiny which had tossed them heartlessly into an unfriendly world.

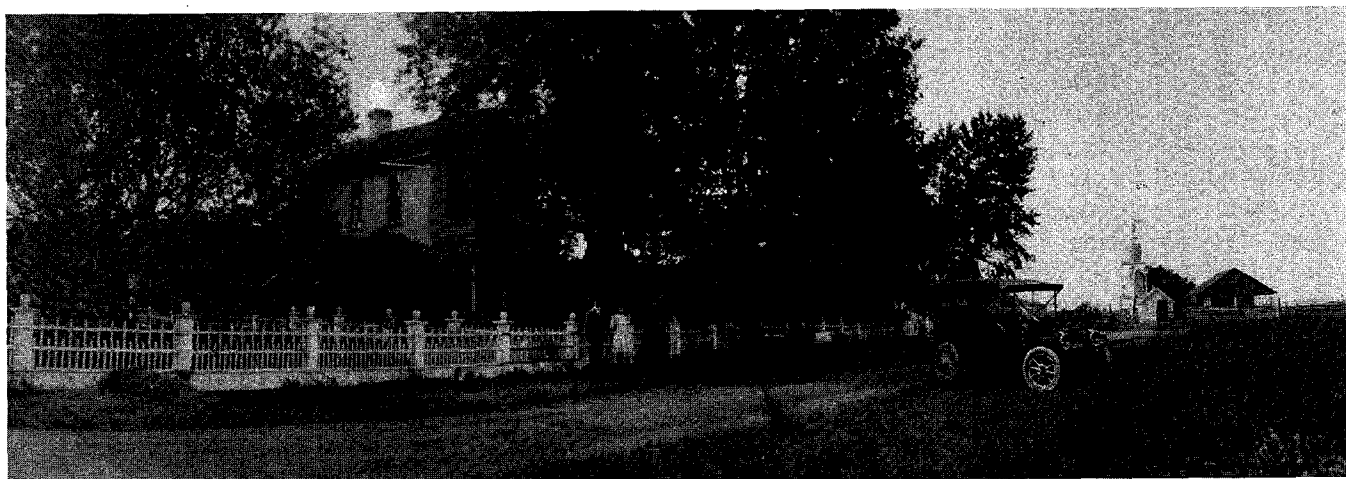
All things are subject to change, and this unhappy situation was no exception. After a month or two Mary suffered a severe heart attack and was moved to the hospital. Sophenia, old and ailing, gradually became unable to look after herself. The Welfare department, realizing her weakening condition was not Matt Baker's responsibility, took charge of her case and moved her to a nursing home in Jacksonville, where, still sullen, confused and alone, she was confined to her bed.

On April 17, 1949, three years after William's death, she died. Her possessions were packed in a small cardboard valise and sent to her daughter Mary, a small legacy from one who had once had so much.

Yet from time to time fine furniture from the Ish collection appears in antique shops, and several ladies in southern Oregon have purchased dresses which once were worn by Sophenia.

The proud Ish name is now represented by an over-crowded cemetery plot, some miscellaneous elegant furniture scattered to the four winds, and a few gowns, too fussy and elaborate even for a fussy and elaborate period.

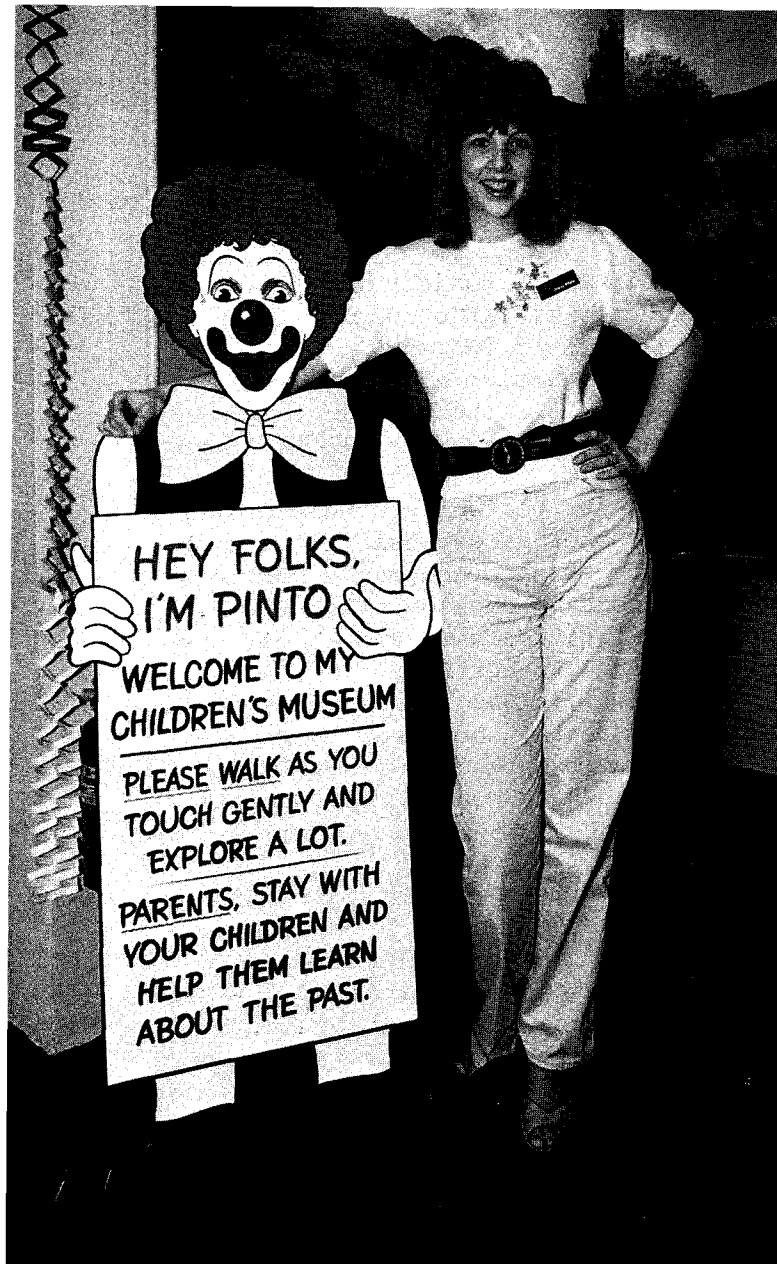
Raymond Lewis



The Ish farm, circa 1915



To be continued. The stories of the succeeding three generations-- Jay Gore, his daughter Elinor Gore, and his granddaughter Lucienne Buchanan, will appear in a later issue.



Stacey Williams

Children's Museum Coordinator

"The children's museum is really neat," Stacey Orr Williams declares. "If the parents and teachers who bring groups follow up their visit with a discussion period, the kids can have a real history learning experience." Entering the scenes, designed by Norman Campbell, and touching the artifacts allows the viewers to take part in an occupation of an earlier period. "We can reinforce their history lessons," Stacey says.

Serving as receptionist, she schedules tours for groups and supervises the youngsters during their visits. She also sends out the children's museum trunks. These trunks are filled with learning materials and artifacts. Each one is focused on a special field: Indians, Chinese, pioneers, archeology, blacksmithing and goldmining. They are available for loan upon request.

In September of this year Stacey married the man in her life, Ace Williams. The ceremony, held in the U.S. Hotel ballroom, was a glamorous and teary affair. Being married in a SOHS property and working for the SOHS Museum practically makes her an artifact, but one can readily see from the Doug Smith portrait, she is far from being a relic. She came to the museum in May of 1982.

The concept of the children's museum is comparatively new and certainly not static. It is subject to change; suggestions and recommendations are welcome. In keeping with this policy, tentative plans are in the works for a children's research library. "Rather than providing a play period," Stacey says, "we hope to continue the policy of making a visit here a valuable learning experience."

CAMP WHITE EXCHANGE

BRANCH NO. 1



Photograph by Doug Smith

IDENTIFICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

The people in the Camp White picture, page 23, were workers in the PX. They were probably special pets of a lot of GI's, now long gone from southern Oregon. They are identified. First row: Paul Reynolds, Jerry Lobaugh, Dora Chasff, Hazel Kincaid; Second row: Alta McDougall, Emma Miller, Lillian Cruett; Back row: F.O. Hatfield, Florence Clark, Marie Nichols, Ann Vaughn, Edith Cline.

The cover photograph is unidentified. What the driver is doing in the middle of the creek is a mystery. He's going to get his feet wet when he cranks up his classy Buick.

The photograph on the right shows Elizabeth Neil as Nana Claus. Mrs. Neil entertained visitors at the children's museum. The girls in the picture are Elizabeth and Jayme Neil. Nana Claus is their surrogate grandmother.



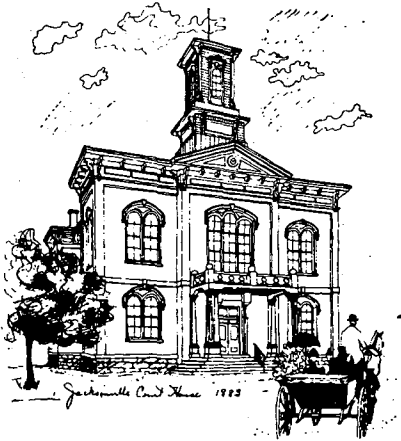
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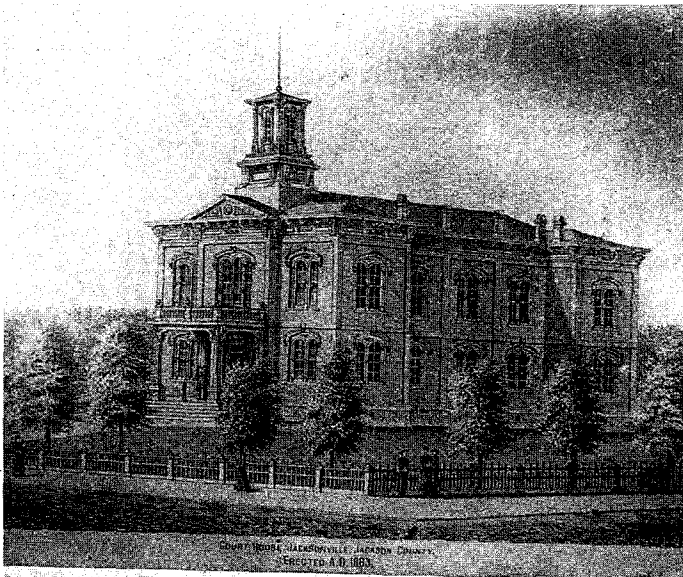
COURTHOUSE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

On February 11, 1884, court convened for the first time in the new Jackson County courthouse in Jacksonville. On February 11, 1984, one hundred years later, SOHS will sponsor a celebration in honor of the day.

Plans are not yet complete, but there will be refreshments and speakers, and the courthouse will be draped with red, white and blue bunting which the Gold Diggers are donating to the society. A special commemorative coin is to be designed in honor of the occasion. This design will be made from the photograph on the left, taken from the SOHS archives. A special exhibit about the courthouse will be set up in the downstairs level of the museum.

The celebration will coincide with the public opening of the all new mineral exhibit which will feature mineral specimens donated to the Southern Oregon Historical Society by Delmar Smith. There will be a reception for SOHS members dedicating the new exhibit on Friday night, February 10.

Mark your calendar.



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