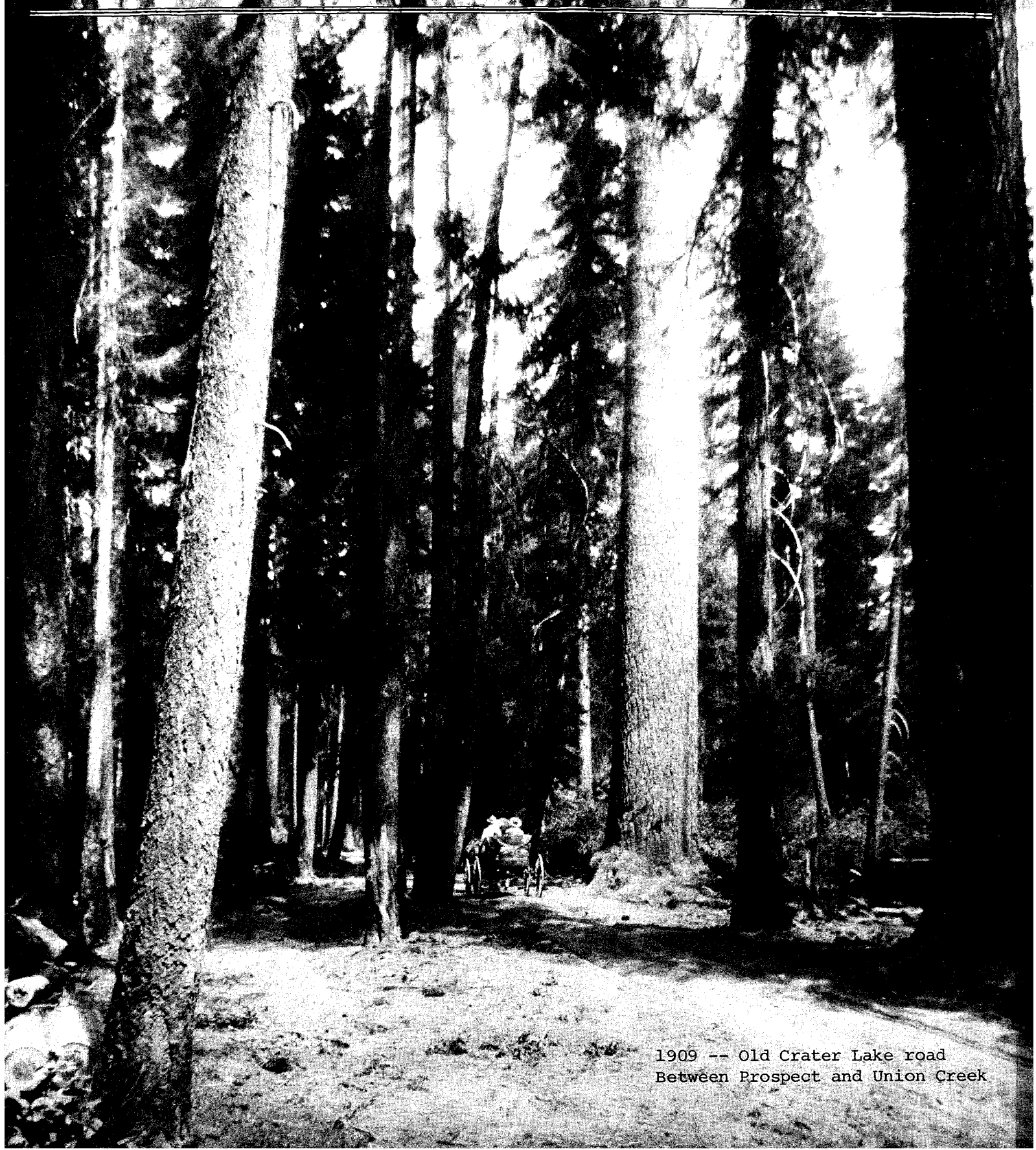


7/84

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



1909 -- Old Crater Lake road
Between Prospect and Union Creek



The Discovery and Rediscovery of CRATER LAKE

Several people have claimed to be the first white man to set eyes upon Crater Lake. The Indians, who knew of its existence for ages, were indifferent about the discoverer. They had early decided the lake was the battleground of the gods and the less attention given it the better; they stayed the hell away. Probably the earliest discovery of which there is any record was on June 12, 1853, by a party of prospectors made up of John Wesley Hillman, James L. London, Patrick McManus, George Ross, Isaac Goodman Skeeters, Henry Klippel, Mr. Little, Mr. Dodd, Mr. McGarrie and two others whose names are not known. How they came to be beating around the bushes in that remote spot is a tale in itself.

Legend has it that an old prospector was found dying from some pretty messy

wounds. He had had a run in with some Indians who were fully equipped with tommy hawks and scalping knives, and he had gotten the worst of the deal. Some other fellows came along before he breathed his last, and in the course of offering him final rites, they went through his leather pouch as a matter of casual interest. As you might suspect they found it full of nuggets of the purest gold. The poor dying wretch then rallied himself a little and found energy enough to draw a map of the mine. He warned the well-meaning but ineffectual first-aid crew that "the savages also know its whereabouts, and they are protecting it." That took all of his ebbing strength and just before he went to that big, big placer mine, he gasped out: "It is the richest gold mine in the West."

Then a mad scramble to find the mine

began. The story avows that scores of men were killed by the "savages" who constantly guarded the incredible find --a far-fetched claim indeed because the Indians at the time had no interest in gold. At last the unsuccessful seekers gave up and the map disappeared from circulation. The elusive treasure trove was called the "Lost Cabin Mine." Where the lost cabin comes in is anybody's guess.

In 1853 ten Californians showed up in southern Oregon -- the location just about had to be Jacksonville -- and the local prospectors, always nosy about strangers, observed their movements closely and soon detected that they were doing a lot of whispering among themselves and were clearly up to something suspicious. John Hillman cunningly cornered one of the visitors in a saloon, regaled him with spiritous waters, and when he was sufficiently smashed, wheedled the story out of him that one of his associates had acquired the original map of the Lost Cabin Mine and they were fixing to go scoop up the loot.

John Hillman immediately spilled the story to his friends and they formed a party to follow the Californians. They expected trouble at most any time, and they were prepared to defend themselves. As the Californians started out and forged their way through the underbrush, the pursuers scrambled after them. The leading party, aware they were being tailgated, did their best to out-wit the tagalongs by scattering and doubling back and covering their trail but the Jacksonville bunch wouldn't be shaken. And finally both groups ran out of food.

One day John Hillman killed a deer and as he was skinning it, up came one of the Californians and asked him why the dickens his bunch was tailing the lead outfit. Hillman grabbed for his rifle, but the stranger appeared friendly enough so Hillman told the story.

They called an amicable truce and both groups sensibly joined forces. It was agreed that when and if the fellows from California, who had the map, discovered the vein, the Jacksonville miners could stake their claims nearby. That night they dined on saddle of venison over one campfire.

From then on they hunted and prospected together, and it was well they

did; once or twice they caught sight of a party of warriors watching their every move, but no open attack was attempted. Their party was too large and heavily armed for the Rogues to try any shenanigans.

One night when they made camp, they were so hungry and beaten down by the futile search for game and disgusted by the constant failure to find a trace of the Lost Cabin mine, they decided to divide the group in half, eleven would stay in camp for a rest, and eleven would go out and look for food.

Next day the food committee, thrashing around on the mountain looking for something to shoot at, discovered they had lost their bearings. Trying to get a fix on just where they were, they decided to ride their mules up a ridge and scale one of the peaks to discover their location. John Hillman, Henry Klippel and Isaac Skeeters were in the lead. After climbing steadily for some distance they came to a long gentle slope, and at the crest they suddenly saw before them a large deep lake with water as blue as indigo. John Hillman later wrote: "I realized I was looking at a most unusual sight. I was at the very edge of the precipice and nestling far down in the heart of the mountain was the most beautiful body of water I had ever seen." The other members of the party soon joined them and stared in awe at the lake.

After viewing the wonder for some time they decided to give it a name. Henry Klippel said, "It's such a mysterious looking place, let's name it Lake Mysterious." But Isaac Skeeters was for Deep Blue Lake and when they voted, Deep Blue had the odds. They wrote the new name, the date of discovery and their names on a piece of paper which they attached to a forked stick and stuck in some boulders along the rim. It was an impermanent marker and probably blew into Deep Blue Lake before the day was over. Some of the men were for making an attempt to descend to the water's edge, but they were outvoted by their hungry fellow nimrods who thought they should continue the search for game.

There is no document declaring that they found the Lost Cabin Mine, struck it rich and lived the rest of their lives in idle splendor. The story of the fabulous hidden vein, like the tales of the Blue Bucket and the Red Blanket, was probably dredged up by some devilish prospector

just to tantalize his fellow diggers.

When the intrepid discoverers returned to Jacksonville to announce their astonishing discovery, they found the citizens in a panic. The ungrateful Indians were on the warpath and that news completely overshadowed the existence of a mysterious and beautiful lake. Of course the discovery didn't make the newspapers because there weren't any newspapers. The exploring party disbanded, each member went at the business of battling the common enemy and Deep Blue Lake was tabled for the duration -- and then some.

During the next ten years hunters or prospectors or adventurers must have stumbled onto the lake but they failed to record the fact. It had to be discovered over again and again.

Sometime during 1862 Uncle Jimmy Lehman, a forty-niner from Umatilla county who was piloting a passel of prospectors over the mountains from Grant county to southern Oregon, came upon the amazing lake and decided he was the first white man to see it. Uncle Jimmy might have stirred up some interest in his discovery, but when he returned to eastern Oregon, he also discovered the Umatilla hot springs and, since he could charge folks to take a hot bath, he got busy fixing up Lehman's Hot Springs and Spa and his first discovery became of secondary interest.

Along about October 21, same year, Chauncey Nye, heading another party of prospectors on their way from eastern Oregon to Jacksonville, discovered the lake. His group decided to call it Blue Lake. But they didn't really make much fuss about it and when the natives of southern Oregon were told about the astonishing natural phenomenon, they probably said, "Well, is that so? A deep blue lake. H'mmm. Imagine that," and continued their soliloquies on the Civil War or the outrageous cost of groceries.

The fourth discovery was a little more complicated and involves a bigger cast of players. When Orson A. Sterns of Wagon Creek, south of Talent, Oregon, reached his twenty-first birthday, in 1864, to celebrate his arrival at the age when he

could vote and enter the saloon, he enlisted in the First Oregon Infantry. There wasn't any bootcamp in southern Oregon for inexperienced recruits -- shooting a weapon in those days didn't require marching -- and young Stearns was sent over to Klamath county to join a company of cavalry that had been detailed to build Fort Klamath. Incidentally Judge William Colvig was a member of this cavalry.

A makeshift wagon road had been constructed by way of Mount Pitt to Fort Klamath, but it was deeply rutted, had deteriorated at the steepest parts, was barely passable in summer and was a complete washout in winter.

Orson Stearns, along with a company of other soldiers, was detailed to explore the area and come up with a more satisfactory route through the wilderness. After about three weeks of trial and error and beating around the rough terrain, the amateur surveyors came up with a better trail by way of Rogue River and Union Creek. The brass, Captain Sprague, selected twenty tried and true rookies to construct the road.

Two members of this road gang, who had proved their skill at marksmanship -- F.M. Smith and John M. Corbell -- were singled out to hunt for game and supply the camp with meat. Although they were good hunters, they were better liars. They both could keep their faces straight and come up with completely outlandish tall tales, and they continually entertained the road crew with their fanciful exploits. There's at least one fellow in every troop that stretches the truth out of shape, but these two took the prize.

A delegation of four or five Jacksonville business men decided to ride up the mountain and check the progress of the road. They had generously contributed money for construction and supplied work outfits and boots for the crew and they were naturally interested in their investment. Captain Sprague figured he might as well go on over and meet them just for good public relations and he took along Orson, who had been promoted to sergeant because he'd done such a great job blazing the new trail. Captain Sprague, Orson and the city folk had been there only long enough to shake hands and start a preliminary discussion about the weather when the two hunters,

Smith and Corbell, hove into camp toting a fat buck. After they had deposited their quarry in the mess tent, they came back and joined the others.

Immediately those two fibbers began their act. Without cracking a smile, they claimed that on climbing a steep mountain, they had come to a jumping off place and there in the bottom of a huge hole was a lake, unbelievably blue and miles in extent.

"Yes," laughed one of the listeners, "and I expect you saw a river or two with water running straight up the mountainside to fill up this lake."

They were the darndest pair; nothing could shake their story. The lake was about four miles east of Castle camp, they said, and located right at the top of a mountain, set in like a big cup. The water was the same color as the sky and it was a sight to see.

They were insistant, stuck to their story and swore they were telling the truth, but you couldn't believe a word either one of them said. The upshot of it was that Captain Sprague announced that on the way back to Fort Klamath, he and Orson would ride out that way and prove or disprove the story. The Jacksonville delegation, Deputy Sheriff Ford, Jim Cluggage, Mr. Coates and another fellow or two, decided to go with them.

Orson, in telling the story years later, said: "It was a hot day in late August, 1865. We decided to leave our horses at Castle camp and search for the lake afoot. We traveled through heavy timber for a couple of hours. Suddenly we emerged from the timber at the rim of the crater. For a minute we stood there speechless. Then one of the men said, 'It ain't so. That must be the sky we are looking at but how we got so far above it I can't understand.' The rest of us didn't say anything."

At last one of the Jacksonville men said, "No living creature, unless he was supplied with wings, could get down to that water -- if it is water."

Orson said, "I believe I can make my way down there."

Captain Sprague protested. "I forbid you to do such a foolhardy and dangerous thing," he said.

Coates, the civilian from Jacksonville, announced he was going to try it

so Captain Sprague consented to allow Orson to make the attempt. "But you must use extreme caution," he ordered.

Orson was considerably younger than Coates and sure-footed as a goat. He slid down a rockslide and dropped from ledge to ledge and finally reached the water's edge. He fired his pistol to let the others know he had succeeded. Coates soon came along and the party on the rim decided to join them. They all scrambled down but Jim Cluggage. He said, "There ain't been enough gold dug and coined since the world began to pay me to try to get down to that water."

Captain Sprague said, "We are the first white men to reach the shores of this wonderful body of water." Since Orson had beaten Coates down by a minute or two, Captain Sprague declared he should have the honor of naming it.

Orson was nimble on his feet, a good amateur surveyor and a modest young man, but he wasn't a very quick thinker. The statement caught him unawares and he stuttered around a little and said, "Well, it deserves a good name. I'll have to think it over for awhile."

Captain Sprague, who probably had decided on the name all along, said, "It is the most majestic body of water I ever saw." Turning to Orson he said, "Sergeant, what do you think of Lake Majesty as a name for it?"

Orson, a good and obedient soldier, said that was about what he had in mind, and so on its fourth discovery Deep Blue Lake became Lake Majesty.

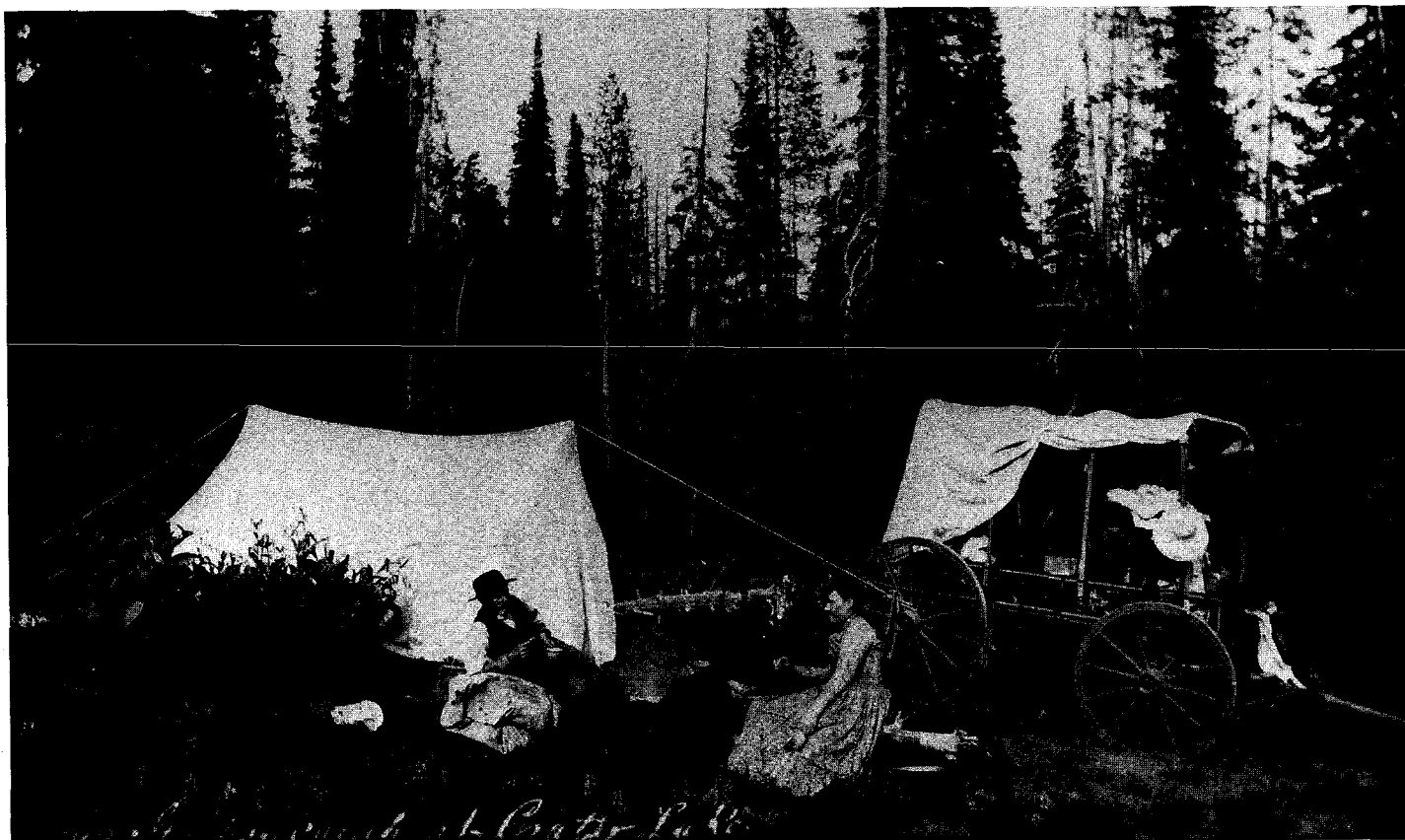
It might better have been called Lake Dollar because it eventually became southern Oregon's greatest tourist attraction. But in 1869, J.M. Sutton, editor of the Jacksonville *Sentinel* and founder of the Ashland *Tidings*, with a party of men from Jacksonville, visited the lake and renamed it Crater Lake.

In a few years after 1869 Crater Lake had attracted widespread attention, and it was presented and described in most lyrical prose in many publications throughout the nation. Everyone wanted to visit it but it was so remote and the trail so precarious only the most intrepid made the effort. Over twenty years later reaching the lake meant a tedious trip of several days.

In 1889 a party of young people from

Jacksonville, however, decided to make the trip as an adventure, and one of them, Fletcher Linn (Mary Hoffman's nephew), who later wrote his memoirs of early Jacksonville and its pioneer citizens, kept a diary of the trip. It is entertaining reading although there are

a few private little jokes which only the members of the party would understand. Each traveler made a brief contribution which in this issue is printed in italics. The party took 17 days going and 4 days getting back. Descriptive passages have been cut.



THE FLETCHER LINN DIARY

CRATER LAKE TRIP

AUGUST 1889

Wednesday, August 7, 1889

Party composed of Miss Carrie Beekman of Jacksonville, Miss Nina Beekman of Dundee, N.Y., Miss Anna Breyman of Salem, Or., Prof. G.H. Watt, principal of Jacksonville public school, Everett Mingus of Medford, K.K. Kubli and Fletcher Linn of Jacksonville, started on pleasure trip to Crater Lake.

Vehicles were large wagon for provisions, drawn by steady farm horses, and carriage drawn by spirited livery team.

Provisions:

30 loaves of bread, 2 sacks of flour, 5 pkgs. coffee, 1 pkg tea, 35 lbs. sugar, 10 lbs. rice, 70 lbs. potatoes, 4 cans baking powder, 2 cans syrup, 10 lbs.

dried apples, 5 lbs. bacon, 1 can lard, 1 fine marble cake, crackers, cookies, two water melons, box peaches, sack apples, 2 bottles pickles, cheese, 2 bottles mustard, box pepper, 6 lbs. butter, tartaric acid, lemon, 80 pattie-cakes.

Complete cooking outfit, ax, hatchet, saw, nails, rope, wire, brace and bit, file, etc., temporary table, camping stools, tent and poles, bedding, etc.

Hunting implements: 2 Winchester rifles and 161 cartridges, shot gun and 100 shells, target gun with 800 cartridges, revolver with 150 cartridges.

Games:

Deck of Authors, Chess and checkers with board, and deck of cards.

Music instruments:

Cornet, guitar, three harmonicas.

★★★

Left Jacksonville at six o'clock A.M.

Ate lunch consisting of ham sandwiches and marble cake at eleven o'clock on the bank of Bear creek. Arrived at Johnny Murphy's place on Emigrant creek six miles above Ashland, or 28 miles from Jacksonville at 4 o'clock P.M. and pitched camp. Had fine supper at six, after which we spent the evening in singing, playing games, etc., while Messrs. Watt and Kubli also interested the crowd in a few gymnastic exercises.

Retired at 9:30.

All were exceedingly jubilant and anticipated a grand trip and jolly time. Perfect harmony was foreseen, and all members of the party seemed nothing but congenial.

First day's ride was very pleasant and enjoyable.



Thursday, August 8

Arose at 5 o'clock A.M. Had fine warm breakfast and continued our journey at 7:16. After being on the road about two hours, Kubli, in roaming about, came in contact with a huge fierce badger which he killed after a desperate (?) struggle. Arrived in Dead Indian at 3:40 and camped at the fork of Dead Indian hill.

Traveled about eleven miles.

"Friendship which flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity as the water which flows from the spring does not congeal in winter.

*Anna Breymann
Aug. 29, 1889"*

Roads were not rough, but all up-hill. Ladies walked 2½ miles across the summit of the Cascades. Elevation 8000 (?).

Obtained 6 lbs. of butter on the road and 2 qts. milk at camp of Inlow's

Evening spent in playing whist, checkers, and in singing and playing Cornet, guitar and harmonicas.

Retired at 11:30, considerably fatigued.

Game killed:

Badger and a quail.

Water, grand; ice-cold.



Friday, August 9

Arose at 4:30 A.M. Prof. Watt and Everett took an early hunt, but killed nothing but a rabbit apiece. Had a

fine breakfast and plenty of fine new milk. Renewed journey at 9 o'clock A.M. Arrived at Neil's ranch at 9:40. There obtained gallon of butter-milk which Prof. Watt and the ladies greatly relished.

At Neil's we took the wrong road and went five miles out of the way. In attempting to take a short cut when returning, we again took a wrong road and went two miles further out of the way. Got on right road at three o'clock, about 3 or 4 miles beyond Neil's, five miles out of the way. In attempting to take a short cut when returning we again took a wrong road and went two miles further out of the way. Got on the right road at three o'clock, about 3 or 4 miles beyond Neil's.

Camped on small mountain stream at six o'clock, about eleven miles from our camp at Inlow's.

The road was terribly rough and riding extremely tiresome.

After enjoying a good warm supper and arranging camp, we spent the evening in playing cards, chatting, joking, etc., and retired at 11:30 P.M. Though all were somewhat disheartened and disappointed at our misfortune, all were jubilant after we found a good camp on the right road, and our pleasure was greatly intensified rather than marred by our mistake.

"He shall rejoice most, who endureth misfortunes most nobly."



Saturday, August 10

Arose at 5:30 A.M. Had good hot breakfast, and were again moving along on our way at 8:15 o'clock.

Roads terrible -- the worst yet passed over. Reached Lake of the Woods at 2:00 P.M.

Water very scarce along the road, and not very good at the camping ground near the lake. Forest fires raging and smoke very dense.

We rode twice along the beach or shore then pitched camp near the lake at 5 o'clock. Had grand hot supper.

Gathered huckleberries along the road, and they formed a part of our bill of fare for supper.

Spent the evening in playing whist, checkers, in singing, playing guitar, harmonica, cornet, and in a good social



Fletcher Linn

time.
Retired at 11:30.

*Have some berries,
George?*

*E.M.
Geo. H. Watt*

A party of three from near Ashland were camped beside us, with whom we had a pleasant visit and social time.

Found plenty of fine feed for the

horses and a good huckle-berry patch near camp. Intending to stay at Lake of the Woods several days, we arranged camp very orderly and as conveniently as possible and prepared to take a good rest and have a jolly time on the shore.

*"May this pleasure be again.
Everett Mingus*



Sunday, August 11

Arose rather late and had breakfast at 9:00. After breakfast a general clean-up of persons was indulged in -- the men retiring to the lake to take a bath while the ladies held possession of camp.

Everett further proved his skill in all things by the efficient manner in which he manipulated the razor, while "Cap" not wishing to be outdone, skillfully managed the curling iron for the ladies.

A prohibitory law was established and enforced by Miss Carrie Beekman, who had previously been formally designated as president of the party, forbidding hunting, shooting, traveling, or anything not agreeable to the proper observance of the Sabbath, or which would seem in the least disrespectful to Him who affords our pleasure.

Soon the ladies presented themselves arrayed in attire fit for any occasion, even the most exalted, while the men came forth in the best they carried with them. All having congregated, the third and fourteenth chapters of John, the fifth chapter of James, and the last chapter of Revelation were read by Miss President and "Sweet By and By," "Home Sweet Home," Nearer My God to Thee,"

"Just As I Am," and other hymns were sung by the party to the accompaniment of the cornet.

A fine dinner was then prepared with huckle-berry pie for dessert. The afternoon was spent pleasantly in singing, playing musical instruments, talking, joking, etc.

At six o'clock we took the musical instruments and all went for a stroll along the beach. Visited a camp of "old pioneers" about a mile from our camp, and stayed until eight -- about two hours. Played and sang for them, and spent the evening quite pleasantly with them. Returned to camp and had lunch, consisting of bread and butter, cheese, stewed huckle berries and cake, and amused ourselves around our own huge camp-fire.

Then having spent the Sabbath in the mountains in a civilized and quite praiseworthy manner, we retired at about 10:30.

Everett suspecting something wrong in the actions of Carrie, Nina and Kubli, retired dressed with shoes on, ready for any emergency during the night. [This situation is not explained.]

*"May we all meet again and enjoy
happiness equal to that enjoyed
in our past trip.*

Kap K. K."



Monday, August 12

Prof. Watt and Everett took a hunt for deer, starting about four o'clock; returned at ten with no game.

Rest of party arose late and had breakfast at nine.

Party from near Ashland who had been with us since our arrival at the lake left us about 6:30.

Storms (?), hurricanes (?) etc., raged at about one o'clock in the morning and all but Carrie, Nina and Kubli suffered severely from them.

This being the nineteenth anniversary of Miss Nina's birth, it was agreeable to all to celebrate in birthday style. A fine dinner was prepared and a good "old fashioned" candy-pulling was indulged in, in the evening, and the event observed in a most commendable manner. A most enjoyable time was had singing and playing and games of various kinds were enjoyed, and no pains were spared to make Nina's "birthday in the mountains" one which she will always remember with ex-

treme pleasure.

Mt. Pitt and the scenery surrounding Lake of the Woods are grand and picturesque when the atmosphere is clear, but of the pleasure of this scenery we were deprived on account of the dense smoke [of a forest fire.]

"My Trip to Crater Lake" will always be remembered as among the pleasantest and most enjoyable times spent in Oregon.



Nina Beekman
Dundee, N.Y.

Tuesday, August 13

We arose about six, and began to load our wagons and prepare to leave. Had fine breakfast, and were once more moving on our way at 9 o'clock. Passed slowly along the lake shore and took our last glance at the lake and our camp ground as we withdrew into the woods and wilderness.

Everett and Prof. Watt, inspired by the grandeur of the lake, wandered too near the water with the provision wagon and soon found themselves "stuck in the mud." Soon the wagon was free and all O.K. and they were moving joyfully along again.

The road was very rough, yet much better than some we have passed over. Having been advised to visit Stidhams, about six miles off of the main road to find good boating and fishing, we directed our course thitherward and arrived there about three o'clock.

Not finding a good camping place there, we turned and went to Pelican bay on the main road, and about fourteen miles from Lake of the Woods. Had fine boating at Pelican bay, but caught no fish and killed no game, although did much hunting.

Prof. Watt, Carrie and Miss Breyman went from the bay into the lake in a boat, and Everett, "Cap," and Nina were boating several times. I did not get to go at any time. Our camp here was rather dusty and disagreeable, yet had a fine time. Were also favored with plenty of good water and good horse feed. Obtained six pounds of fine butter on the road from Stidhams to the bay.

Retired about eleven after spending the evening in singing and playing and having a good social time. Forest fires were raging and whole country burned out.

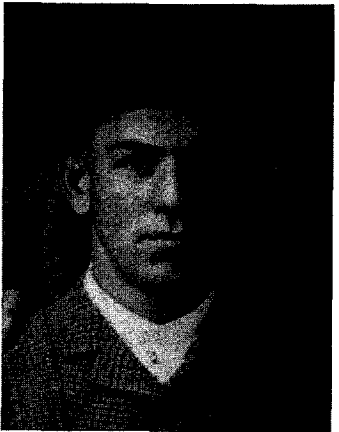
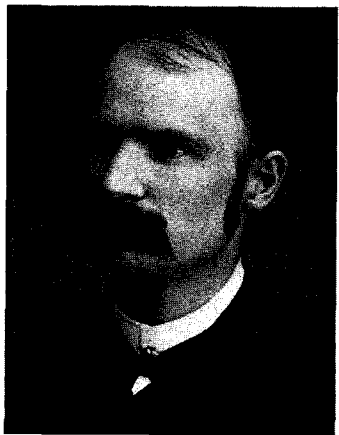
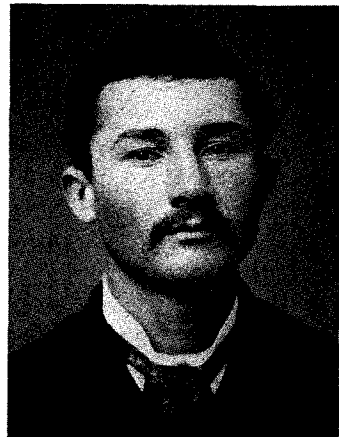


Wednesday, August 14

Everett and I arose early and took a long hunt but saw nothing. Spent the day in boating and otherwise having a good time. Party of four from Jacksonville overtook us here and camped near us.

Kubli was sick all morning, but was ready to have a boat ride by moon-light in the evening. The evening was spent very pleasantly in singing and playing and otherwise amusing ourselves. Prof. Watt further added to the amusement of the evening by some contortions and gymnastic exercises while the ladies plainly evinced their knowledge and appreciation of operatic and dramatic skill by rendering several fine selections of that character.

We retired about eleven.



Top: Carrie Beekman
2. Everett Mingus
3. George H. Watt
4. K.K. Kubli

*"The pleasure of our "Crater Lake
trip will ne'er be effaced from memory.
Carrie"*

Thursday, August 15

Arose at six, and proceeded on our journey at nine. The road was extremely rough, and all four horses had to be hitched to the provision wagon to draw it to the summit of a divide about a mile from the bay.

The scenery to the right as we passed along the road is quite picturesque.

Hack arrived at Cherry Creek at 1:30, and the provision wagon an hour later. "Cap" went fishing while the rest of us prepared camp, and returned in the evening with ten speckled trout which we had for supper.

Passed many campers and camps along the road. Have found the finest camp we have yet had as everything is arranged very orderly and conveniently as we intend to remain over Sunday.

All were tired in the evening so we retired rather early.



Friday, August 16

Everett and I arose and started on a hunt at five. Saw one deer, but did not get a shot at it. Not finding anything to hunt, we fished a while and Everett caught 24 and I, 6. I killed a fine grouse while returning to camp and Everett later killed one in camp.

In the evening when we went to tie up our horses for the night as usual, we found that they had started homeward. We searched for them until it was too dark to see plainly and were compelled to abandon further attempts to find them until morning.

Though the thoughts that our horses had left us rather shrouded our camp in gloom, we spent the evening cheerfully and pleasantly, allowing nothing to mar our pleasures.

Having consulted "Sir Oracle," to ascertain our allotted fate, and finding everything pronounced in our favor and the "fates propitious," [*Did they have an Ouija board?*] we retired, greatly eased in mind, cheered in spirit and thankful indeed to our Protector.

Prof. Watt made a rash desertion which cost him a dollar worth of peanuts for the crowd.

Saturday, August 17

Prof. Watt and I arose at five and started in search of the horses. We tracked them along the road towards home and found them about four miles from camp. Returned to camp at seven and found rest all in bed.

Had breakfast at nine, after which Everett, "Cap" and I went fishing and Prof. Watt, hunting, leaving camp in charge of the ladies (at their request).

Prof. Watt returned at one with one grouse. Everett, Kubli and I returned at about five with 156 fine trout; Everett caught 47, Kubli 58, and I 56. Had a fine supper with plenty of fish and spent the evening sociably. Ate cookies and cakes and drank lemonade after which we retired about eleven.

Clouded up late in the evening and threatened to rain, but no rain fell. Horses were restless all night.



Sunday, August 18

Everett and I arose at seven to care for the horses. Rest arose at nine, had breakfast at 10:30. The prohibitory law was again enforced but not so stringently as last Sunday -- permitting some necessary work to be performed.

Was rather windy and chilly all day. Smoke entirely disappeared and thus afforded us the pleasure of the surrounding scenery. Horses got loose and we had quite a chase before catching them.

After the morning's work was completed all congregated and the fifth chapter of Matthew, the fifteenth chapter of John, and the first thirteen verses of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews were read, and "Nearer My God to Thee," "Why Not" and "Just As I Am" were sung.

A fine dinner was then prepared, with the most extensive bill of fare we had yet had. The afternoon and evening were spent in singing and playing and having a good social time while we all took a good rest preparatory to the renewal of our journey on the morrow.

Made a fine large campfire in the evening around which we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Lemonade and cakes were served, after which we retired about eleven.



Monday, August 19

Arose at six and renewed journey at nine. Roads for about three or four miles were quite rough and woods adjoining were all afire. Rest of road was fine and smooth. Scenery the grandest we had yet viewed. Mountains surrounding Wood River valley and Klamath marsh are indeed picturesque.

Atmosphere very clear and permitted grand view. Passed several fine large springs and crossed a number of grand clear streams, the finest of which are Seven Mile creek, five miles from Fort Klamath, and Wood river, a mile from the Fort.

Today's ride was the most interesting we have enjoyed. Arrived at Wood river at 1:30, where we ate lunch and fed the horses. Then went to Fort and remained there until three, when we continued our journey. At Fort mailed several letters, sent telegram announcing our arrival there and "laid in" a few necessary supplies.

Arrived at Annie Creek at 5:30 where we found a fine camping place. Purchased hay for the horses along the road. "Cap" and Prof. Watt went fishing while rest prepared supper, and caught six fine trout, of which "Cap" caught five.

Had a fine time in the evening and retired at all hours from eleven to one.

Fort Klamath was built by Father during the Indian trouble in 1864. It is about a hundred miles from Jacksonville. It was abandoned on last Thursday, August 15, so we were deprived of the pleasure of seeing the soldiers in their drills. For this reason we did not remain there.

Only thirteen officers and soldiers are now stationed at the Fort, and it seemed entirely deserted. Guns, etc. were also removed. We rode by the graveyard and all the buildings of the fort, along the enclosure in which the soldiers were accustomed to drill, and passed near the frame work of the scaffold on which Captain Jack and other Indians were hung.

Though the Fort was abandoned, the "Stars and Stripes" was still floating over the deserted spot, and seemed to offer all the protection necessary. The Indians, though yet quite numerous, are not at all treacherous.



Tuesday, August 20

Arose at seven and continued journey at nine. I was suddenly taken sick at breakfast and felt the effect of it throughout the day.

We passed along Annie Creek Canyon which affords some of the grandest and most picturesque scenery in southern Oregon. Along the canyon are many perpendicular cliffs of two or three hundred feet in height, which are grand. The canyon has been washed out by a comparatively small stream, and in some places reaches the depth of nearly seven hundred feet. The walls of the canyon are composed of an alkaline material principally, and all along the canyon pumice stone is found in great abundance, in some places standing upon the inclined walls like pyramids or needles.

The stream which has washed out this grand canyon issues from the side of a mountain and is supposed to be a subterranean outlet of Crater Lake.

This was the most interesting day we have yet spent, and prepared us for the grand Crater Lake scenery which we were soon to witness.

We ate lunch at Bridge Creek and fed the horses. Proceeded on our way at about two o'clock. Met many Indians during the day, returning from huckleberry patch at Whiskey creek seven miles from Crater Lake.

Arrived at fine camp 1½ miles from Crater Lake at six o'clock where we arranged things for a few days' stay.

After supper Carrie was suddenly taken sick with a severe nervous chill and was quite ill during the evening. However we spent the evening quite pleasantly in singing and otherwise having a good social time. Being considerably exhausted from our day's ride, we retired earlier than usual, intending to visit the lake on the morrow.

We passed quite a party from Phoenix camped 2 miles below the lake, and another party from Grant's Pass 2 miles below lake. Later found party from Talent at lake.

At Annie Creek Canyon played the cornet and listened with intense interest to the sound echoing and reverberating between the precipitous walls.



Wednesday, August 21

Arose with intention of visiting the

lake, but after breakfast, Carrie was again taken with a violent nervous chill which was followed by three others, and in the afternoon had two more. So we abandoned visiting the lake and remained in camp during the day.

Found a fine huckle-berry patch near camp and gathered a lot during the day. In the evening Carrie was again feeling fine, so she said, and we spent the evening quite pleasantly and cheerfully and retired with a feeling that all would be ready to take the climb to the lake next morning.



Thursday, August 22

Arose at 4:30, had an early breakfast, and all went to the lake -- the ladies riding in the light wagon with Everett driving the team. Rest walked.

Reached the lake just after sunrise but the view of the lake was greatly obstructed by the smoke. However, the scene was grand. "Cap" and I went down to the water to see if the trail was in proper condition for the ladies to undertake the descent, and found it safe yet venturesome. We returned and met rest of party "half way" and assisted the ladies the rest of the way. Soon after we reached the lake shore, 1600 feet below the point from which we gazed in wonder, we were joined by the party from Talent. After remaining at the water's edge for about two hours and carving our names and initials in all the most conspicuous places, we commenced the ascent of the precipitous wall, and reached the summit 1½ hours later. Carrie, weakened by her previous sickness, found the climb exceedingly wearisome, and although threatened twice with nervous chills, held up bravely. She enjoyed the descent to the water's edge immensely.

After returning to camp and having a good hot supper, we talked over our day's adventures and retired to rest, grateful indeed to our Protector for thus having so safely lead us in perilous adventure.



Friday, August 23

Arose late and found it cloudy with a heavy mist falling and smoke almost disappeared. After breakfast, all but Carrie and I went to the lake at various

times during the day.

Everett and "Cap" took a hunt but killed nothing. Carrie deemed it policy for her to take a good rest all day preparatory to the renewal of our journey on the morrow so remained in the tent all day.

After spending the evening pleasantly in playing, singing and having a good social time, we retired about ten o'clock.



Saturday, August 24

Arose at about five and began to prepare to proceed on our way and direct our course homeward. After breakfast Carrie and I took light wagon and went to have a last look at the lake.

Provision wagon proceeded on the way at 8:30 and light wagon followed an hour later. We passed along Castle canyon but did not get out of wagons to look at it. Had very good view from wagons. Passed through some very dense and fine timber and arrived at Rogue River falls at five P.M. Met 92 Indians returning from huckle-berry patch at Whiskey creek.

Having had a long dusty ride during the day, we retired shortly after having supper and singing a few favorite songs.



Sunday, August 25

Party from Jacksonville passed us at about six o'clock. We arose about an hour later, and after having breakfast, all went to the falls to spend the day. Had a fine time at the falls and highly appreciated the grand scenery.

The falls are formed by a small stream known as Mill Creek, falling over a precipice 196 feet high. They are very pretty, though quite small, and form an object of interest and attraction to sight-seekers.

Rogue River rapids formed by the river rushing madly down a steep incline between lofty banks and over huge boulders is equally as grand and picturesque.

After a stay at the falls we returned to camp where we built two fine campfires and after supper spent the evening in our usual social manner.

The 8th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th chapters of Romans, 3rd chapter of II Peter and 10th, 11th and 12th verse of the third chapter of Peter were read



A party of young ladies views the lake in 1898 (9 years after the diary was written)

during the evening.



Monday, August 26

Arose early and renewed journey at 7:30. Passed over pretty rough road. Killed some quail and grey squirrels on the way. One horse nearly gave out and made us very late in reaching Jackson's, our camping place. Camped in the midst of sixty acres of melons and were told to "help ourselves." After doing so and feasting highly, all but the girls retired. It being our last night out, they were bent upon having a good time and were up until nearly one o'clock. They sang, chatted, feasted upon melons and had a merry time.



Tuesday, August 27

I arose at six and started breakfast and the rest arose later. After breakfast we rode around through the melon patch, loaded our wagons with fifteen of the largest melons we could find and directed our course homeward.

Ate dinner on Rogue River, near the bridge at one o'clock.

Reached home at five.

After unloading our wagons we bade our

"good byes" and departed to our respective homes, well pleased with our trip and with the acquaintances we had formed, yet saddened by the thought that we were all soon to depart for other climes, and perhaps would never again all be together.

The thoughts of our re-union to be held on Thursday night somewhat cheered us, and another one of our "good old times" is generally anticipated.



Thursday, August 29

All assembled at Carrie's fine home and spent the evening very pleasantly in reviewing our grand trip and enjoying our mountain jokes. A grand banquet was prepared for us and immensely enjoyed. Appropriate and impressive toasts were given and an evening spent, long to be remembered.

Note added many years later when Fletcher Linn sent the diary to Carrie Beekman: Lulu (Linn's wife) says to tell Carrie to keep in mind that this account was written by a school boy 52 years ago. At the time of the trip Linn was 23; Carrie was 24.

A short biography of William Hoffman and portions of his diary have appeared in an earlier issue of the newsletter (June 1982). The story touched briefly on the lives of his daughters but did not go into any detail. Mary, the Squire's firstborn, has been somewhat overshadowed by her sister, Julia, who married the distinguished banker, C.C. Beekman. Yet Mary's contributions to Southern Oregon history are just as significant, and her life was in some respects more eventful.



MARY HOFFMAN VINING

Her early life

MARY HENRIETTA HOFFMAN VINING died on January 12, 1933, in her ninety-fifth year. She was the firstborn daughter of William and Caroline Hoffman and had crossed the plains when she was fifteen, eighty years earlier. One of the last of the pioneers, she was the beloved mother of eight children. Southern Oregon paid tribute to her memory, and there were many floral offerings and messages expressing admiration for her valor

and spirit. One thing can be said for advanced age -- and it's just about its only virtue -- and that is the older one grows the more honor and respect are conferred upon him -- that is, provided he maintains most of his wits. It's true some octogenarians are inclined to be a little garrulous and repetitive, but once you hit ninety, you've earned your merit buttons.

▼▼▼▼

Mary Hoffman's parents were natives of Maryland, and by the time they decided to make the long, arduous trek across America, they were no longer in the flush of youth and impetuosity. William had moved around considerably, trying out a variety of occupations -- store clerk, traveling merchant, manager of a mercantile establishment, county recorder and county treasurer -- and in 1853 he was already 51 and well established. His wife Caroline was 39. They had six daughters*, the youngest barely four, the oldest, Mary, (born in Attica, Indiana, in 1837) a young lady of fifteen, and it was time for William Hoffman to think of slowing down. But from his early youth he was dedicated to religion. Caroline was equally devout, and they had established several churches as they moved about the eastern states, and he had served as elder and lay preacher. He insisted that his family adhere strictly to the rules and regulations of the faith. Nearly every endeavor -- except making money, and he probably contributed at least a tenth of that -- he consecrated to the church and he clung faithfully to the familiar Bible verses and never tired of hearing them stentoriously delivered from the pulpit. He would, in fact, far rather have listened to a rousing sermon than enjoyed a dinner with pheasant and truffles under glass.

A group of ministers and would-be preachers, who concluded that temptation and sin were not limited to the eastern part of the United States but were probably running rampant in the territories as well, organized a wagon train -- known as the preachers' train -- and set forth determined to drive the devil out of the frontier. The thought of a bunch of church leaders, all ready to reel off a sermon at the drop of a bonnet, was apparently irresistible to William Hoffman. This and the fact that

The six Hoffman girls married prominent men of southern Oregon and each of them played a part in its history. Julia Elizabeth married C. C. Beekman, the banker. Ann Sophia became Mrs. David Linn; her husband built many of Jacksonville's houses. Emma Arilia married George B. Dorris, who established a law practice in Eugene. Florence Ella first married Judge T.H.B. Shipley and after his untimely death became Mrs. J.C. Whipp. Late in life Kate Freeman married her second cousin, John Hoffman. These dutiful daughters of Squire Hoffman presented him with about two dozen grandchildren, not all of whom survived the rigors and the epidemics of earlier days.

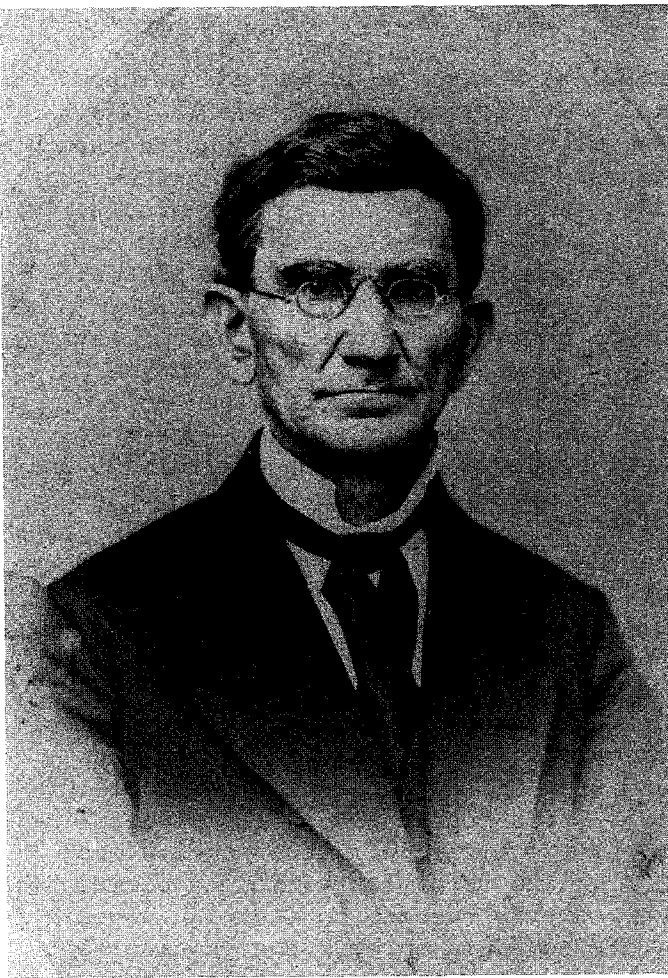
Caroline Hoffman's doctor had assured her that her asthma symptoms would disappear in Oregon, were persuasive enough reasons for him to sign up with the wagon master. He sold his chattels, acquired a team of oxen and, with his family of females, joined the parade.

The long trip was not particularly eventful or exciting. They had several encounters with Indians, but none of them proved very threatening, and, aside from the frequent sermons and continual religious observances, there was little to report other than the day-to-day tedium of the journey. The older girls had horses and occasionally took side trips to explore the wilderness -- they carved their names on Independence Rock among hundreds of others, they noted the many graves along the trail of the victims of cholera the year before, and they observed the vast herds of buffalo which roared across the plains. The younger girls rode in the wagon. Mrs. Hoffman no doubt sat dutifully beside her saintly husband on the high wagon seat and dozed through the yawning heat of the day as the wagon jostled and jolted over the primitive roads and the trail dust settled on them.

According to Hoffman's diary, they had divine protection most of the way although the preachers squabbled considerably and several eventually left the group and formed a splinter train of their own. At the last lap of the journey, the weary travelers made it safely through the dangerous Modoc territory. praise be to Him on high, but when they camped at Goose Lake, Indians stole up in the darkness, cut the horses loose from the wagon wheels, and made off with five of them. Mary's horse was among those stolen.

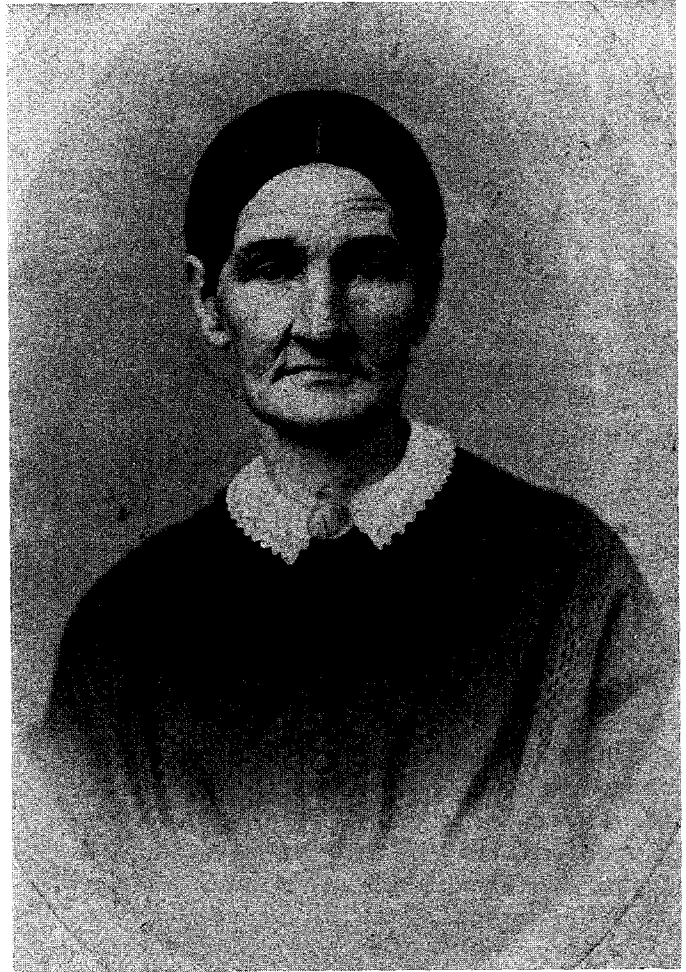
From Goose Lake they crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, fording Lost Creek over the sunken bridge -- a submerged ledge of rock, barely wide enough for a wagon to pass over -- and on the last day of October 1853, they entered the Rogue River Valley. On the first day of November they stopped on the site where Ashland is now located. At the time a log cabin and a small sawmill were the only houses in the region.

Camping in the great outdoors may have been a great lark in the summertime, but it was considerably less than agreeable



Squire Hoffman

as southern Oregon winter approached. Eight cold people huddled in a covered wagon as the weather does its thing are far more miserable than amused. When the "White House," the only frame dwelling in the valley at that time, located near Phoenix, about six miles from Jacksonville, became available, William Hoffman bought it -- and the forty acres surrounding it. The Hoffmans, William's two spinister sisters, a third sister and her husband, Dr. William McKinnell (who had accompanied them on the trip across the plains) and the six Hoffman girls moved in. They made it habitable for so many people by placing the wagons at the sides of the house to be used as bedrooms. It boasted a rough wood floor, a ceiling and a large flagstone fireplace. The Hoffman girls slept in the attic and had to mount a ladder to reach their boudoir. The maiden aunts had a bed in a lean-to with a dirt floor and one open end, which served as an entry to the one large room. All eleven inhabitants were living in typical pioneer deprivation, but compared to their earlier arrangement, the White House was pure luxury.



Caroline Hoffman

Soon after they had moved into this splendor, they were advised -- in the middle of the night -- that the Indians had become dangerously hostile, and all settlers must hasten without delay to the stockade. 1853 marked the first concentrated rebellion of the Rogues, and the settlers were forced to leave their homes and gather at forts for safety. These forts were do-it-yourself affairs, often located in large log cabins, but they were well-armed and could withstand attack. The Hoffman menage fled to the Gore brothers-Van Dyke fort at the present site of Phoenix. It was weeks before the Indians agreed to a temporary peace and the over-crowded families were forced to remain in the fort all that time. Perhaps it was here that Mary Hoffman first met young George Vining, who had come to Oregon from Vermont in 1852, and who owned a farm about four miles from Jacksonville.

After the Indians had met on the slopes of Table Rock with General Joseph Lane and officers of the regulars and the volunteers and had agreed to a cessation of hostilities,

the settlers returned to their homes. Mary Hoffman decided she must have something constructive to do. Few people can read scripture ten hours a day and Mary was not one of them. Embroidering messages such as *The Devil Finds Use for Idle Hands!* doesn't provide much recreation for a teen-aged girl.

Several families lived in the valley and some of them had small children. There was no school and most of the parents were so exhausted from hacking out a livelihood in the wilderness that they had neither time nor inclination to educate their young. Some of them were illiterate themselves and couldn't have taught their children had they found the ambition and energy. Mary had been thoroughly educated in a private school in Covington, Indiana, where her father had held the office of county clerk and recorder for a period of twelve years, and she decided to open a school.

She found an empty one room cabin near what is now Talent. It had a dirt floor and was equipped only with rough benches made of slab wood, but it was dry and had a fireplace which the big boys kept blazing in disagreeable weather. Mary told her pupils, about twenty in all, to bring whatever books they could find to use as texts, and everyone had a different volume to study. Pity the poor scholar who had to learn his reading and writing by pouring over *Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*.

In the fall of 1854, the second year of Mary's school, the students overran the cabin. About forty young hopefuls showed up, several of them older than the teacher, and the classroom was moved to an old stage station about a mile from Phoenix. The pupils ranged from the primary, concerned with their a-b-c's, to an advanced class who read in the fifth reader. Tuition was paid in produce, poultry and livestock. It was the first school in southern Oregon, and Mary was the first teacher.*

Some time during Mary's sixteenth year, George Vining began wooing her earnestly. On the frontier there weren't many desirable young ladies and those who were available for matrimony had their share of

* Jane McCully, who was one of the first ladies to come to Jacksonville, didn't start her school until 1862, eight years later.

suitors. Considering the scarcity of eligible females, it was fortunate that not all young men were interested in becoming founders and settling down to raise, among other produce, a pride of young ones. Miners, for example, were harum-scarum, and had little use for a wife and household although, at intervals, they may have benevolently offered their bed and board to a comely squaw. This rather took care of the supply and demand and one must conclude that the bachelors were, for the most part, unwed by choice. Otherwise they'd have lowered their standards and tried harder. Mary was a modest maiden and she unfortunately did not record her girlish emotions in correspondence or diaries, but she obviously found young Mr. Vining's attentions not unpleasant. Sixteen seems a little youthful to jump into matrimony but if one hopes to be fruitful and multiply, it's none too early.

George Vining was a landowner and had a cabin; he was ambitious and was certain to have a brilliant future before him. Fortune and Mary both looked on him with favor. They were married on the last day of 1855 and at the first day of the new year, Mary awoke, a new bride, in her own home.

Unfortunately the happy pair was not slated to live in bliss on the farm. The Indians, angry and resentful at the merciless treatment continually handed them by the settlers and the miners, ignored the terms of the truce and once more went on the warpath. Mary and George again sought refuge at the Gore-Van Dyke fort and were compelled to stay there for several months.

With the eventual crushing defeat of the Takelmas, the young couple returned to the farm. George had been farming for three years but was never an enthusiastic farmer. Like many young men who came to the west to seek adventure, he seems to have thought a profession should be more stimulating than struggling to get in the yearly harvest and tending the livestock. One should try his hand at a lot of different careers before he settled into a comfortable rut and became a venerable pioneer. And Mary was certainly willing to try out her young wings right along with him. When they were given a chance to sell their acreage, they welcomed the opportunity, took the cash, and cleared out of their honeymoon farm with few regrets and with the world before them.



George Vining

In 1856 Kerbyville in Josephine County was imitating Jacksonville of a few years earlier. It was at the height of its glory. Gold had been discovered and the town was bursting at its seams. Free spending miners crowded the muddy streets and saloons and faro games were on every corner. Gold dust was continually changing hands and fortunes were made and tossed away in a day. It was Eldorado and it was the end of the rainbow.

Mary and George Vining, eager to be in the parade, decided to go where the action was. It was the first time Mary was separated from her parents and her sisters, and the first time she was exposed to life in the raw. But she took it all in stride. In Kerbyville George bought land and immediately set to work to build a store and a hotel. When the buildings were completed they were pretty crude but no one expected elegance in a mining camp. George ran the store and Mary operated the hotel and the kitchen.

Both businesses prospered. The hotel became the stopover on the stage line and the arrival and departure of passengers were continuous. George branched out into the management of pack trains which hauled merchandise from Sailors

Diggings to Crescent City. His trains often had as many as eighty mules hauling freight, and since there was no stage road to the coast, he could ask for and receive extremely profitable freight fees.

During the seven years they spent in Kerbyville, the young Vinings had three children, one every two years: Kate (1858), Millie (1860) and Frank (1862). That was being fruitful enough and the babies were hale and hearty. Mary still had time to keep up her end of the partnership.

By 1860 the town had peaked and begun its decline. Although property owners and hangers-on lingered after the boom hoping business would revive and prosperity would return, the eventual decay had set in. George and Mary were shrewd enough to realize there was little future in Kerbyville, and they sold the hotel and store while there was still enough business to make them appear to be good investments.

They followed the gold strikes. For awhile they lived at Slate Creek where they kept the stage station as long as the boom held out. At Galice Creek George decided he should try panning for gold. Others were making fortunes; he might be one of the lucky ones. But he was too impatient to wash mud out of a gold pan for hours on end and he found the possibility of a strike too unpredictable. He failed to catch gold fever and decided the rewards were far too few to pay for the inconvenience. The life of a prospector after he had struck it rich was the exciting thing, not the unending and painful search for colors. In 1864 he gave it up and they moved to Albany, Oregon.

It was the second year after the last offspring and true to form and as regular as clockwork, Mary gave birth to William. That little matter taken care of, they settled down as enthusiastic citizens and George served a stint as first President of the Albany Fire Department Number One, held a seat in the Lower House of the Oregon legislature and became a candidate -- unsuccessfully -- for the Secretary of State on the democratic ticket. After his fling in politics he moved his growing family to Washington territory.

In Franklin he purchased another store. He had always been a resourceful and successful merchant and had the fortune to secure the postoffice and tele-

graph office in his place of business -- he became postmaster and telegraph operator in addition to his grocery and dry goods operation. The venture was so profitable he opened a branch store in Puyallup.

During the next ten years, as George became a substantial and respected businessman, Mary had her last four children: Ralph (1886), Emma (1868), Robert (1873) -- with Robert Mary went far askew of her schedule -- and Irving (1874).

In addition to his stores, George occasionally made investments in other lines. Ezra Meeker had vast fields of hops near Puyallap and in 1875 George purchased one-fifth of his crop, a total of 6,000 pounds. The purchase took most of his capital but the hops would sell for an amazing profit in San Francisco. The bales were loaded onto the *S. S. Pacific*, which carried an additional 80,000 pounds of hops; most of the growers and investors shipped on the *Pacific*. George, Mr. Meeker and other buyers booked passage on the ship to take charge of the hops when they arrived in San Francisco for final sale.

Bidding his family goodbye George prepared to leave for Seattle. For some reason he had a premonition of disaster and returned to his home to say farewell a second time. In Seattle the feeling of doom persisted and he was overheard to say that if he were at home, he would make the trip overland. At the last minute Ezra Meeker received word his wife was suddenly taken ill, gave up his plans to board the ship and returned to Puyallap. This did nothing to alleviate George's feeling of imminent misfortune, but he had purchased his ticket, so he went on board.

On November 4, 1875, George, still disturbed, stood on the deck and watched Victoria fade into the distance as the *Pacific*, with 250 people on board, made its way out of port and down the coast.

The voyage started well with no cause for alarm. The ship passed the Tatoosh light about four in the afternoon and although the waves were high, there was a fresh southerly wind. By eight o'clock the lanterns were lighted and put in place, but the ship suddenly entered a fog bank, and for a couple of hours it

made its way slowly through a dense mist. At ten o'clock many of the passengers retired to their rooms. Fog was disagreeable but it was to be expected on the coast in November, and the skipper would have to make the best of a bad situation.

Just off Cape Flattery there was a sudden terrible crash as the *Orpheus*, a ship out of Boston, floundering around in the fog, smashed violently into the *Pacific*. The side of the ship crumbled under the blow, leaving a great gaping hole and the sea gushed into the forecandle as everyone in panic rushed to the decks. The hurricane deck was crowded with people trying to keep above the churning water and there was utter chaos as the terrified passengers and crew fought each other for places in the lifeboats. There was no time for sane behavior. Before a boat could be lowered, the *Pacific* swept into the trough of the sea and became unmanageable. She fell apart rapidly and began to sink as the helpless victims were washed into the icy water where they groped desperately for any floating object.

At that moment the wind turned into a gale and the heavy swells became swirling mountains, tossing the floundering people about in the ocean and splintering the wreckage. The *Orpheus*, also mortally wounded by the crash, drifted out of control and the crewmen, intent on saving their own lives, gave little thought to rescuing any passengers of the *Pacific*. The captain, seeing a light on Cape Beale, thought it was the Tatoosh light and ran the *Orpheus* onto the rocks where the angry waves pounded her to pieces.

Dawn found a few survivors adrift in the stormy sea, still clinging to remnants of the *Pacific*, but as no distress signals or SOS cries had been dispatched, there were no rescue ships sent to look for them. The exhausted people, hanging to the flotsam, eventually gave up and were swept away. The *Pacific* had left Victoria on the fourth of November and it was the ninth before a lone surviving crewman, Neil Hanley, a quartermaster, was picked up by the cutter, *Wolcott*. He told the tragic story. One other man, a passenger, was found still alive by the *Wolcott* crew -- two survivors out of 250 souls aboard the *Pacific*. Only twelve bodies were recovered. Among the twelve were the remains of George Vining.

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Mary must have been in despair. She had to love George deeply. The pleasure he took in living, his continual search for new and challenging occupations and his vitality were all lovable characteristics. From the age of sixteen for over twenty years she had shared his exciting life and had been his partner in every endeavor. His death, while he was still young and virile, surely left her forever bereft.

Recorded history facts and old photographs can be too impersonal. They give the background, but we must often use imagination to fill in the missing element -- personality. Mary's *carte de visite* by Peter Britt reveals a demure young lady, pretty and with a modish but severe hair arrangement and dress. She appears prim and sedate, the dutiful daughter of exemplary and sanctimonious parents. But a closer look at her features through a magnifying glass reveals the suggestion of a smile which scarcely conceals the mischief behind it. One prefers to think of her as George Vining's adventurous, ardent and occasionally earthy wife, rather than as Squire Hoffman's noble and pious daughter. George Vining's death brought about an abrupt change in her life. It was the end of the impetuous, unpredictable and exciting years. From then on she began her gradual development into the role of a saintly mother and a valiant pioneer.

At George's death she was 38 and had eight fatherless children, the oldest, Kate, a girl of seventeen and the youngest, Irving, a toddler of one. George had invested all of his capital in the hops which had been uninsured and were a total loss. At the request of her father she sold her property in Washington and with her children returned to Jacksonville while she considered her next step.

She could not impose on her parents indefinitely. The squire was nearing retirement age and Caroline was approaching sixty. They were busy with Presbyterian church affairs and al-

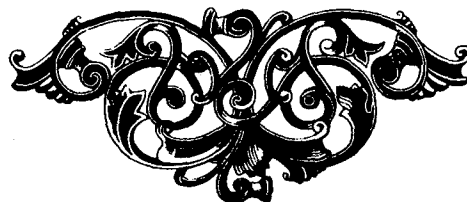
though they adored their grandchildren, life had certainly been more peaceful without them in the same house. Mary had the money from the sale of George's stores, but with eight children, it wouldn't last forever. She would have to find a home and a way to provide for her family.

When a small hotel in Ashland was offered for sale, she decided it would be her means of support. She had had experience with the hotels in Kerbyville and Slate Creek and a kitchen was far from unfamiliar to her. She would operate the hotel as a boarding house and keep her family together. In 1877 she purchased the building and equipment and she and her children became residents of Ashland. It was a little over a hundred years ago.

On January 12, 1933, almost 58 years after George Vining had drowned at sea, Mary Hoffman Vining died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kate Grainger. She was 95 and had been ill for a long time. The Ashland *Tidings* paid her tribute:

She was admired by those who knew her, envied by those who learned her history and the magnificent heritage she gave her children in the way of strength of character and intellect. Mrs. Mary Vining was one of those magnificent women who dared the hardships of pioneer life and who stood shoulder to shoulder with one of the outstanding pioneer leaders of southern Oregon. She reared her children with confidence in the future and instilled in them a love for the western land. She is survived by six of her eight children [William and Emma had died earlier] and two sisters, Mrs. Kate Hoffman of Jacksonville and Mrs. George Dorris of Eugene, eleven grandchildren and fifteen great grandchildren. Another pioneer has reached the end of the long trail.

Raymond Lewis



Society News

What's New Nick Clark



SUNDAY SOCIAL AT HANLEY FARM

The Southern Oregon Historical Society and the Grange-Coop will jointly host "A Sunday Social" at the Hanley Historical Farm from 1:00PM until 5:00PM on Sunday afternoon, July 29, 1984. The Grange-Coop has joined our Society in this endeavor because they are celebrating their 50th year in business and wish to emphasize their role in our valley's agricultural heritage.

This will mark the first time that the farm has been open to the general public and promises to be a memorable occasion. The Grange-Coop will have a booth in which free cold drinks will be dispensed along with information about the organization's history. In addition, there will be performances by the Oregon Old Time Fiddlers, who will demonstrate their skills at makin' fine music. You'll also enjoy the chugging of Don Mentzer's fine steam engine as well as the Rogue Valley Handweavers Guild showing how wool was spun into yarn. The group will also have weaving looms on hand.

Our own Jacksonville Museum Quilters will be on hand working on one of their famous quilts, as well as displaying others. Museum staff and volunteers will be stationed throughout the farmstead to make certain that visitors receive information about the history of the farm and buildings. The house will not be opened.

Parking and Transportation - - There will be no parking at the farm. Visitors must park in the Britt Parking Lot at the end of "D" Street in Jacksonville (this is the grass lot located behind the Post Office. There will be two shuttle busses to take you to and from the farm and they will make round trips every 15 minutes. They will leave from the parking area beside the Rogue Valley Railroad Depot in Jacksonville, located near the Britt Lot. Please do not drive to the farm and add to the conjection.

You can easily get an appreciation for the beauty of the farmstead from the picture below. We hope you'll all join us for an interesting day at Hanley Farm, Sunday, July 29, 1984.

Photograph. by Doug Smith



SOCIETY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- July 14 to 22 - THE QUILT SHOW The Museum Quilters will present their annual Quilt Show in the United States Hotel Ballroom in Jacksonville. Be sure to attend this annual event in which quilts from our area as well as others from across the country are shown.
- July 29 - - - - SUNDAY SOCIAL AT HANLEY FARM Hanley Farm will be opened to the public for the first time from 1PM to 5PM. Don't forget to park in the Britt Lot on "D" Street in Jacksonville to catch the shuttle bus.
- July 31 - - - - "Moon Of The Long Days" Tom Doty, storyteller from Ashland, will present this Native American story in the Ballroom of the United States Hotel in Jacksonville at 7:30PM.
- August 5 - - - "Concert In The Park" The Ashland Silver Cornet Band will present the last in a series of three concerts in the new Bandstand in Library Park in Medford. The music begins at 7:00PM. Bring your own lawn chairs and enjoy!
- August 26 - - - "Annual Society Picnic" The Historical Society will hold its annual summer picnic in TouVelle Park at the junction of Table Rock Road and the Rogue River. We will have the large shelter house near the entrance of the park. Details in the next issue.

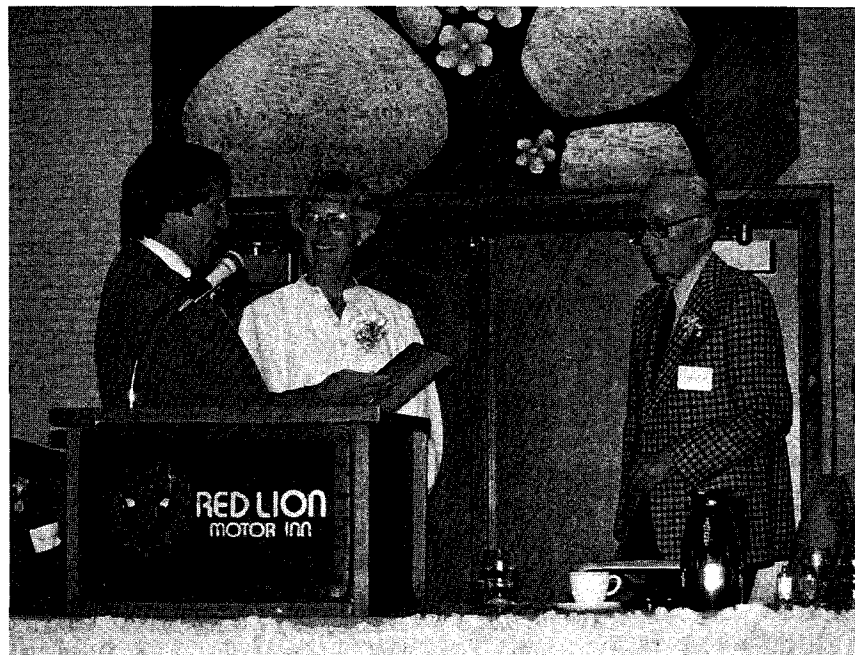


Mrs. Dorothy Corbin plays Carrie Beekman in the new "living history" program at the C. C. Beekman House this summer. Visitors are enthralled by Carrie and others in the "cast" at Beekman. We hope you'll have an opportunity to visit before the summer's over.

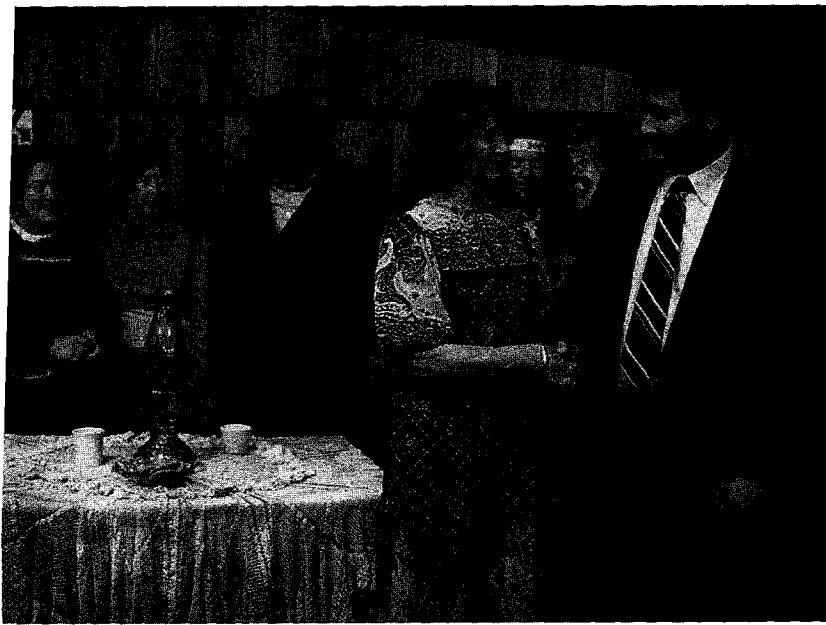
Photograph by Doug Smith



The society's Annual Dinner at the Red Lion Inn in Medford was a huge success. There were 244 in attendance, the largest number in the society's history. During the course of the evening, president Richard Orr presented Mrs. Marjorie O'Harra and Mr. Eric W. Allen with plaques designating them "Honorary Trustees" for their service to the society. Mrs. O'Harra and Mr. Allen served as trustees and president of the society during the 1970's.



Photographs by Doug Smith



PLAYERS RECEIVE GRANT

The Museum Players have received a \$1,000 grant from the Jackson Foundation. David Clemens, manager of the United States National Bank in Jacksonville presented the check to Elizabeth Vickerman at a recent performance. U. S. National Bank is trustee for the Jackson Foundation.

The performers have given numerous performances of "Standoff At Thistle Creek" during the past year. The play is about Native Americans in the Willamette Valley during the 1850's and has been enjoyed by thousands of grateful guests in area rest homes, senior centers and the general public.

Photograph by Doug Smith

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

206 N. Fifth St., P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530, (503) 899-1847

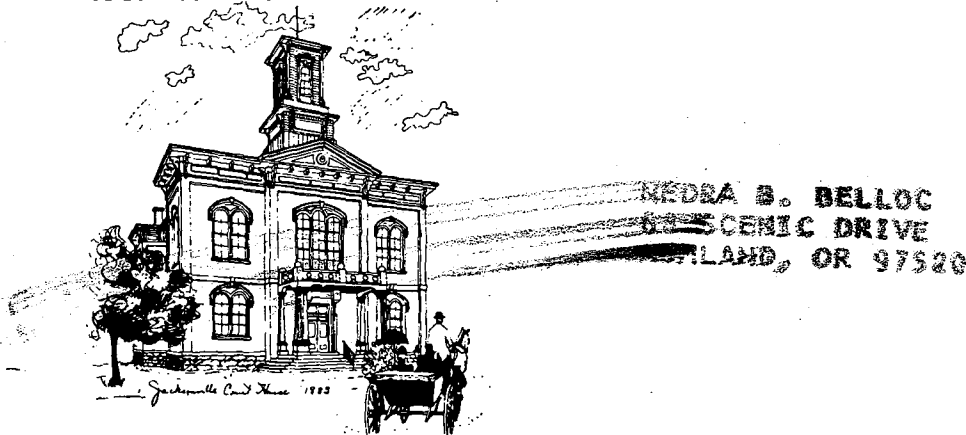
Volume 4, No. 7, July 1984

ISSN: 0732-0523

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

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

We are in need of two dozen volunteers to assist us as hosts and hostesses at the Jacksonville Museum's front desk. As you can imagine, there are thousands of visitors streaming into our museum and we need folks to help us greet them.

Volunteers will be stationed at the desk, along with an employee, and will ask visitors to sign our guest register to be counted for attendance. The volunteer will also answer questions about the museum and give out brochures about our properties.

If you can help us, please call Maureen Smith at 899-1847. We'll be very grateful for your assistance.