

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



Dorland

The sad story of the young Jacksonville artist, Regina Dorland Robinson, has been frequently told. Death of one so gifted and so beautiful, in the springtime of her life, is a deep tragedy. But the story of her mother, Matilda Robinson, is even more poignant and it is one that has not been recounted. Although we have a collection of photographs of this lovely lady, we have no letters or diaries to tell us her story, and the following facts have been gleaned from brief newspaper items.

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TILLIE

Sarah Matilda Miller was born in Burlington, Iowa, in December, 1859, the second child of John Miller (Muller) and his wife, Mary. They had both come originally from Europe, he from Bavaria; she, from Baden, Germany.

As a young man he served his apprenticeship and became a master gunsmith and when he was twenty, he migrated to the United States. Settling in New Jersey, he found employment as a gunsmith and worked at his trade there for several years. In America he met and married Mary Smith (Smutz).

The great surge of immigrants crossing the plains had begun, and in 1855 John and Mary Miller moved to Burlington, Iowa, a major outfitting town on the frontier. A gunsmith in those times was in great demand, especially one who could make new rifles as well as "freshen out" old ones, and John Miller was very successful. He was in business in Iowa for several years, and in Burlington the Millers' first two children, both daughters, were born; Amelia in 1856, and Sarah Matilda in 1859.

By 1860 Jacksonville, Oregon, was booming and had become the most important city in southern Oregon and northern California. The stories of the west fired John Miller's imagination and in that year, when Tillie was 15 months old, he made up his own outfit, acquired his oxen and brought his family to southern Oregon.

The Rogue Indian wars had cost the lives of many people just a few years before, and the Modoc Indian War of 1873 was still to be fought. Southern Oregon abounded with game and having a rifle nearby in good





Gunsmith Miller

working order was only sensible. In Jacksonville John Miller opened a gunsmith shop and met with immediate success.* In a short time he expanded into the hardware business and in 1874 moved his shop to a new, larger brick building on California Street.

He acquired a small home a block or two away from his store, and, as his fortunes increased, he bought mining property and real estate. His acreage on Farmer's flat contained a fruit orchard as well as a gold mine. He also expanded his family: Phillip (1864), Madelaine Katy (1867), John Frederick (1870), Mary Louisa (1872) and Harry Louis (1876)**

Tillie spent her childhood in Jacksonville. She enrolled in St. Mary's Acad-

*"John Miller made many muzzle-loading, percussion rifles, but only a handful are known to be in existence. Frontiersmen were rough on their weapons and discarded them when they were no longer serviceable." A. Chipman.

**Fletcher Linn, Jacksonville's early historian, states the Millers had eight children, four girls and four boys. There is no record of the fourth boy; he may have died young or Fletcher Linn may have been in error

emy and graduated in 1876. The sisters at the school emphasized art and music, and Tilly, having a true musical ear and a pleasant singing voice, profited from this formal training. She played the guitar with skill and was much in demand for amateur performances and city and lodge celebrations. For a number of years the Jacksonville papers frequently listed her as a musical performer. Here are a few examples selected at random:

March 1879: The Misses Mary Gass and Ida Martin recently presented a musical evening. Among those performing were Tillie Miller and Maggie Dowell, in a duet, "Phantom Bells at Sea." Later in the program Kate Hoffman and Tillie Miller sang, with much grace and sweetness, "Adieu to the Woodlands." The program closed with "While the Silver Tints the Gold," a most beautiful thing, sung by Kate Hoffman, Tillie Miller and Messrs. Huzzer and Boyer. In addition to being a display of high culture, the show netted about \$110.

July 1880: Redmen Entertainment at their wigwam for St. Tammany's Day. Quartet: Cora Linn, Tillie Miller, Sol Wise, and R.H. Klippell, accompanied by Maggie Linn. At the same program Mrs. Feathers, wife of the Singer Sewing Machine merchant, sang, "Birdie, Why Singest Thou?" a difficult and beautiful ballad. Tillie Miller accompanied her sweetly on the guitar.

July 1881: Legion of Honor; meeting at Holt's Hall. The programme featured a quartet which included Tillie Miller, Kate Hoffman, J.A. Boyer and J.H. Huzzer.

July 1881: At a lecture at the M.E. church, the choir sang a number featuring Tillie Miller in solo.

A cluster of select Jacksonville families with mutual interests and with backgrounds of some wealth seem to have produced a social circle whose members held the city offices, manned gala celebrations, received the bulk of the newspaper coverage, and, in retrospect, stood as the elite*. Names included, among many others, Beekman, Hoffman, Britt,

*Oddly enough most of these illustrious families have died out, leaving as their heritage, some graceful houses which have withstood the ravages of time and some neglected but once elegant cemetery plots.

Prim, Orth, Bilger, Bybee, Ish, Linn, Reames, Nunan, Helms, Nickell and Pape. The Millers seem to have naturally assumed their place in this covey of gentlefolk. Accomplished and pretty, Tillie must surely have been a most popular young lady. Jacksonville was at its best, businesses were thriving, cosmopolitan San Francisco was only two or three days away, and life for the daughter of an affluent citizen appears to have been most agreeable: household tasks in the morning, neighborly calls in the afternoon, church socials and lodge meetings in the evening, and in between fitting sessions with the dress-maker and ironing ruffles.

The Millers were a close family, affectionate and caring. Although the father was known as "Gunsmith," he was apparently a sensitive, courteous man and he and Mary Miller endowed their children with gentility and refinement and an appreciation of beauty.

The first, Amelia, in 1875 married John Anthon Callendar, a young doctor.



Mary Miller

He came from an old and distinguished family--related, in fact, to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish--and he practiced medicine in Jacksonville briefly. Shortly after his marriage he and his bride moved to another town. A daughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1877. In 1880 he returned to Jacksonville and again took up his profession, but he appears to have preferred a more urban life than that found in Jacksonville. During 1880 he closed his office permanently and took his little family to New York City. Amelia was listed in Harry Miller's obituary in 1938 as a surviving sister who lived in California. On file is a clipping of the daughter, Elizabeth, who was a most attractive girl, announcing her approaching marriage to a socialite in Sausalito. There are no dates given and after that item we lose track of the Callendars.

The third child, Phillip, was an intense young man, too idealistic for his time. He had a large group of friends, attracted by his good will and generosity. He never married. His death in 1894 was a great family tragedy.

There is no cemetery record, marriage certificate nor obituary of Madelaine (Katy), the third daughter.

John Franklin, the fifth child, who eventually took over his father's business, was postmaster at Jacksonville for twelve years. Like Tillie, from his early youth he sang for public gatherings and maintained a nice repertoire of program songs. In 1903 he married Mabel Prim, the daughter of Charles and Effie Bybee Prim. There was a son, John Franklin, Jr. Mabel died at the age of thirty, and John Miller did not remarry. He devoted a great deal of time and energy on the yard of the Miller home. Blossoming shrubs, dahlias, lilies and rare plants spilled over the fence to the neatly graveled sidewalk. His landscaping skills were so outstanding the garden became one of the most admired in the valley. He died in 1930.

Mary (Molly) Louisa, the last daughter, married Kaspar Kubli in 1898. He had received a BA degree from the University of Oregon, where he was captain of the football team; he had also acquired a degree from Harvard. He began to practice law in Jacksonville, had an interest in a goldmine in Gold Hill, and, in 1901,



Amelia and Tillie

moved to Portland where he was employed by the printing and stationery firm, later to be called Kubli, Howell and Company. He was once speaker of the Oregon House of Representatives. He and Molly had two daughters, Mrs. N.L. Robinson of Portland and Mrs. R.C. Gordon of San Francisco. He died in 1943; Molly lived until 1953. She was 79.

When he was a young man, the last son, Harry Louis, moved to Burlingame, California. Having had some experience working in a Jacksonville drug store owned by his brother-in-law, Dr. J.W. Robinson, he entered the drug business and became an extremely prosperous merchant. He did not marry. In 1938, after his retirement, he died in Mexico City and was buried in the Jacksonville cemetery.

Early in 1878 Dr. James W. Robinson, having graduated from medical school with special honors and a *magna cum laude* in surgery, arrived in Jacksonville to set up his practice. He was the son of Nathan Robinson and Mary Dorland Robinson, both natives

of Ohio, who had crossed the plains with their three daughters as early as 1846 and had settled in the Willamette valley in an area which later became Portland. They took a donation claim of 640 acres at Reedville in 1847. James W. was born there in November 1850. He attended private school and the Portland Academy and worked in a drugstore owned by a brother-in-law, who had installed one of the first soda fountains in Portland. In 1874 James entered Willamette University medical college, then the only medical school in the state, and graduated in 1878.

When he moved to Jacksonville neither Grants Pass nor Medford was in existence and the railroad came only as far south as Roseburg. At Roseburg he and his traveling companions, R.A. Miller (a lawyer, no relation to Tillie) and H. H. Bancroft, who was securing material for a history of Oregon, hired a rig to drive them to Jacksonville. The trip took two days. In Jacksonville he found three other doctors, Vrooman, Kohler and Aiken. But James W. was young, inspired and willing, going as far as Grave Creek in the dead of night to tend his patients, and very soon he became the most popular and sought after of Jacksonville's physicians.

No doubt the young doctor immediately captivated the unmarried ladies--and perhaps a few of the more adventurous married ones. He was single, healthy, ambitious and cultured, and he was obviously going to be successful. Here was an ideal candidate for matrimony. But James W. had no eye for the winsome beauties of southern Oregon, including Tillie Miller. He had pledged his affections with Miss Ella Ford of Salem, his co-student in medical school, whom he had courted for several years. Having specialized in diseases of women, she was one of the first young women in Oregon to become a medical doctor.

After James W. had secured a place to live--rooms at Judge Duncan's house--an office--a room in Auntie Ganung's house, and had begun his practice, he returned to Salem to claim his prize. On October 30, 1878, at the home of the bride's mother and in the presence of a brilliant gathering of guests, Ella and James W. were married. Charles Nickell, editor of the *Jacksonville Democratic Times*, was best man, and to honor the occasion he exercised his best prose:



John F. Miller Residence 1927

John F. Miller among his dahlias

The bride was dressed in a robe of white satin, trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, a veil of tulle, white satin shoes and long white gloves. The bridesmaids looked charming in white tarlatan with blue lace trim. The gentlemen wore the conventional suit of black broadcloth with white gloves and neckties.

The reception was unexceptionable (sic) in all its appointments and ranks with the pleasantest social epochs in Salem.

Dr. and Mrs. Robinson will remain in Salem until Monday, when they will leave for their future home in Jacksonville.

The new Mrs. Robinson wasted no time in establishing her office. The November 13, 1878, *Oregon Sentinel* includes the announcement:

RESUMES PRACTICE. Mrs. Dr. Ella Ford Robinson has resumed the practice of

her profession in this place, and can always be found at her residence at Judge Duncan's. At Salem, where she had practiced for some time past, she has met with the best of success.

The young couple was blissfully happy. They were accepted in the charmed circle and were productive, busy and in love. But Ella Ford Robinson had tuberculosis, and in a few months she became seriously ill. The *Sentinel* on March 26, 1879, contained an item:

We are sorry to say that Mrs. Ella Ford Robinson is dangerously ill, but hopes are entertained of her recovery. Her mother...has been telegraphed for and started for Jacksonville yesterday.

In April she seemed to be recovering and was able to travel to Salem where, it was thought, a change in climate would be of benefit. Her health did not improve. As the months passed, she became

weaker and less able to fight the dread symptoms. On July 4, 1879, less than nine months after her wedding day, she died. The editor of the *Sentinel* wrote: "Only a few months ago she was arrayed in the bridal veil, now she is clad in the robes of immortality. Alas, too soon."

Dr. Robinson was almost inconsolable in his grief. He returned to his family in Portland, and his office in Jacksonville was closed. On July 30 he left for San Francisco. The *Sentinel* reported, "The Doctor's health is very poor. He is nearly worn out by attendance on his wife, but his friends hope he may recover his usual vigor by travel."

In about a month he returned to Jacksonville, but was called at once to Marion County where his father was desperately ill. With all his medical skills he could do nothing, and his father was not long in dying.

James W. felt that he could not return to southern Oregon. There were too many memories and the familiar places would be a constant reminder of his loss. In September, 1879, he began practicing his profession in Walla Walla.

When one looks over the smog-shrouded valley today, he finds it difficult to visualize the clean beauty of the Rogue River country as it was when the weary immigrants first saw it stretched before them in a vast green panorama. Even at the end of the century the region still retained its freshness and sparkle, and, without his knowing it, James W. Robinson had been captured by this wonder. He was bewitched by the Rogue River valley. He soon closed his office in Walla Walla and returned to Jacksonville.

He later wrote in a letter to Mrs. Gordon MacCracken, who was seeking information for medical historical research, "I first saw this beautiful valley on a Sunday evening. The church bells were ringing as we entered the old mining town and these musical tones seemed to be a welcome. I felt I had found my Paradise...Only the hand of God can give the glorious colors in the western heavens and [no scene can compare with] a morning sunrise when the sun lights up the eastern hills and the old Rogue is bright with the opening of another day...The longer I live in this valley, the more I love it."

Dr. Robinson's first meeting with Tillie Miller is of course not on record, and no one thought to set forth the first awakenings of their love for each other. Their eventual union was inevitable. Both were gentle, reserved, sincere and admired. There is no evidence that either one was ever less than saintly or ever acted unkindly. In time the keen edge of his grief for Ella diminished, and eventually he joined social activities. He must have soon become aware of Tillie who was so prominent in those circles and began to court her. In May 1882 they were married.

The ceremony was held in the Masonic Hall at the stylish hour of 9:00 p.m. The *Democratic Times* decided "the occasion was the most brilliant of the kind that ever occurred in Jacksonville." One hundred and fifty invitations had been issued. In the front of the hall an ever-green arch had been constructed and from the center was suspended a floral bell. "As Carrie Beekman played the wedding march, the bridal couple advanced and took their positions under the bell.

"The bride was exquisitely attired in cream-colored satin delaine, elegantly trimmed with Spanish lace. On her head was a veil with a conventional wreath of orange blossoms, and she looked, as she was, the sweetest and daintiest bride that was ever won from among the daughters of Jacksonville. The groom, looking his best, stood the ordeal bravely and the venerable Mr. Moses Williams proclaimed them one. [We offer] congratulations to this young couple who have promised to love and cherish each other forever and forever.

"After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the club room adjoining where the supper tables were laden most bountifully with every delicacy that could be thought of. The presents were numerous and very elegant, many of them costly and such as will be treasured always, recalling the sweet moment when, under the 'marriage bell' they plighted their faith and love."

Tillie's life pattern was now changed. She was a young matron and so she withdrew from some of the musical presentations and the benefit shows. She adopted the more sedate activities of the Presbyterian church, and her life fit into a pleasant routine. The doctor's practice continued to grow and he opened a drug store next to the Beekman and Reams Bank,



Above: Dr. Robinson built the house in 1892. It had many innovations, including plate glass windows and a wooden bath tub in the cellar. In 1931 it was sold and, during the depression, it was allowed to deteriorate. At the end of the decade it burned to the ground.

Right: Leah and Willie

and held office hours there.

After a couple of years, in 1884, the Robinsons had a son, Willie Cecil, and the following year, a daughter, Mary Leah. It was an age of fripperies and Tillie indulged in them. She dressed Willie and Leah in velvet, laces, and imported braids. Their photographs make them appear less like real children than like illustrations in a Victorian book of ideals. But Tillie was enraptured. She had two adorable dolls to dress and feed and pamper, although Willie and Leah were so much lovelier than dolls. They were real babies, innocent and trusting, and she would make sure they had love and tenderness and grew up to be paragons. When they were a little older, Dr. Robinson walked them downtown in the evenings to display his angelic children to the town. Willie and Leah absorbed their love and became the greater part of their lives and their reason for being.

Dr. Robinson's mother, who had been





Mrs. J.W. Robinson as a young matron

living with them, died in 1889. Her death was an interruption in their happiness, but she was 77, had required care and had lived long enough to know her grandchildren. It was to be expected.

In 1890 came the great diptheria epidemic. All the concern and pampering and loving, which surrounded the children, could not save them. They were both stricken by the disease. Early in October, Willie died at the age of six; Leah, five years old, lingered two weeks longer. Tillie was crushed under unconsolable grief, but Dr. Robinson could not give way to his sorrow. The town was filled with victims who needed him, and all of them, no matter what their circumstances, deserved as much care as that given to the adored Willie and Leah. The disease continued to take its heavy toll as it ran its course, and the losses of others may have helped assuage the grief, but for a long time Tillie found no consolation.

In 1892 Regina Dorland Robinson was born. This time it would be different. She would be cared for so tenderly,

nothing could happen. Her playmates would be carefully selected and she would be kept apart from others who might have germs or be otherwise dangerous. Her mother and father would shield her from the world.

In that same year Dr. Robinson had an elegant house built on North Oregon street, next door to the Nunan house. It was a showplace, stylishly furnished and comfortably appointed, a special setting for his treasures, Tillie and Dorland.

In 1893 Gunsmith Miller died after a lingering illness. He was 63 and had lived in Jacksonville for nearly 35 years. During that time he had accumulated a sizable fortune and left his widow, Mary, well provided for. Tillie's brothers and sisters, except the oldest girl, Amelia, were still at home. The youngest, Harry, was 17. In a few years Mary Miller had a new and opulent house constructed on the Miller lot. It was equally as beautiful as the Robinson home, and took second place to none of Jacksonville's fine residences.

At the time of his father's death, Phillip Miller was thirty. He appeared to be a carefree young man, unmarried and lighthearted, but common rumor about town declared that he suffered from "temporary hallucinations."

One day he started out for the Miller mine on Farmer's flat, several miles from town. A couple of days passed by and he had neither reached the mine nor returned to Jacksonville, and some of his friends set out to look for him. His tracks were followed where he had left the road and wandered into the brush. The next morning he was found by Will Booth, Frank Kashafer, Eugene Thompson and Mac Johnson. They had traced him over the hills to a spot where he had jumped from a bank over 30 feet high to the rocky creek bed below. He was lying in the water with his head on a boulder. He seemed sensible and recognized the members of the searching party, but he was unable to walk. His friends brought him back to town on a stretcher.

Dr. Robinson dressed his wounds, examined him and decided no bones were broken. His head was frightfully bruised and cut and a deep gash extended almost the entire length of his skull, but the

doctor assured his family that the skull was not fractured and that if he had no internal injuries, he would soon recover. The next day, however, Phillip lapsed into a concussion, and further examination revealed his left shoulder was crushed and his upper arm splintered. After a week of intense suffering, he died. Death had by now become no stranger to the family.

By the time she was five years old, Dorland began showing an interest and skill in drawing and painting, unusual in such a young child. Dr. Robinson was an amateur painter and he produced many landscapes of the valley he so admired. From her babyhood Dorland was exposed to painting and sketching. Her parents both felt her talents should be developed, but, of course, public school was not to be considered. They enrolled her in the Convent of the Holy Name in Jacksonville, where she was given instructions by the sisters. She made remarkable progress in painting and on the piano as well.

By the time she was fourteen, she had painted a number of landscapes and done at least one portrait. That year she entered some of her drawings and oils at the fair in Grants Pass, and received first prize.

She had few playmates, and appeared to be content to be alone. She was frequently seen making her solitary sketching trips, walking along, lost in reverie, her eyes on the ground and her thoughts completely her own. Aside from her contacts with the young ladies at the convent school, she seldom associated with anyone her own age. There were many of her classmates, who loved her and found her warm-hearted and considerate, but they shared no secrets or girlish moments of confidence with her. Her father walked her to school in the morning and was always waiting to escort her home when classes were dismissed in the afternoon. She was never known to become boisterous or playful and she seemed not to be aware of her parents' over-protectiveness and concern. A neighbor declared she was handled like a bird in a cage.

Dorland's interest in painting and Dorland's future were the most important matters in the life of her parents and they adjusted their life to her needs.

Doctors, at the turn of the century, were not burdened with a lot of elaborate machines and gimmicks. A good physician could put just about all the tools of his trade in one satchel and have an arm left to carry his coat and hat. Dr. Robinson was not burdened with expensive equipment which required his constant attention. When Dorland was fifteen, he left his drugstore in the capable hands of J.W. Merritt, closed his home, and he and Tillie took Dorland to Portland for formal study. The *Tribune* of October 16, 1907, reported: "Dr. J.W. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson and Miss Dorland will spend the winter in Portland. The young lady, whose paintings are attracting the attention of nature artists all over the coast, will receive additional instructions in the metropolis."

Two years later they traveled to Philadelphia where she studied at the Academy of Fine Arts. Dr. Robinson worked in the city's medical clinics, volunteered his services and attended classes in medicine.

After the stay in the east they went to San Francisco so Dorland could study with Mrs. Chittenden, then famous for her pastel portraiture. Tillie stayed with Dorland while Dr. Robinson returned to his practice in Jacksonville. He said that Dorland's training was worth the thousands of dollars it cost--he did not regret it--but his bank account was not unlimited.



Dorland



Tillie, middle aged

The years from 1911-1916 marked the period of her greatest artistic activity. She painted in oils, watercolor, pastel, gouache and charcoal. Her works were impressionistic in style and the subjects were still lifes, landscapes (southern Oregon, Monterey) and portraits. She became a member of the San Francisco Sketch Club and her works appeared in several exhibitions.

The *San Mateo News* stated in March, 1917: "The Peninsula community [has] one of the most promising of the younger groups of American artists. Miss Robinson specializes in pastel, and her portraits, studies and landscapes show a rare feeling for form and color.

"Col. C.E.S. Wood, an art critic of note, has said, 'This young woman is undoubtedly a genius.'

"Miss Robinson came to Burlingame recently from Jacksonville, Oregon... She lives with her mother and is a niece of Harry Miller, a well-known businessman of this city."

Dorland's preoccupation with painting and Tillie's close supervision could

have left little opportunity for romance. Yet C.E. Pierson from New York City was able to break down the barriers. He was a representative of the Yale Lock Company, probably a salesman, and brash enough to overcome Dorland's timidity and Tillie's vigilance. Where and when they met is not on record and nothing is known of his background, his personality or his character. The files reveal only that they were married in October, 1916.

It was not a happy marriage and the young couple stayed together only a few weeks. No one knows the cause of the discord. Perhaps he was too insensitive; perhaps she was too sensitive. Perhaps he was too worldly and she was too naive. In any case they separated, Tillie rushed to San Mateo to be with her, and Dorland was overcome with nervous prostrations.

Her recovery was prolonged and she remained intense and disturbed. But she made plans to show some of her paintings and became enthusiastic about an exhibit of her work to be sponsored by the Greater Medford Club. It was to be a brilliant social event and a deserved testimonial to Dorland who had come to be recognized as "one of the most gifted of the younger artists."

Even while the lists of sponsors were being compiled, the *Medford Sunday Sun* of April 8, 1917, bore the shocking headlines: MISS ROBINSON A SUICIDE; TALENTED ARTIST SHOOTS SELF.

The lead read:

San Mateo, Cal., April 7: Miss Dorland Robinson, a 25 year old artist, who exhibited paintings at the Panama Pacific International Exposition, was found dead in her room here today with a bullet through her heart and a revolver beside her. The girl's mother, Mrs. J.W. Robinson, found the body...

Miss Robinson was an only child and great sympathy is felt for her grief-stricken parents. Mrs. Robinson, who was in California with her daughter, will return with the body Monday when arrangements will be made.

Dorland was buried in the family plot in the Jacksonville cemetery and with her were entombed the joy, the wonder and the meaning of Tillie's life. She



Dr. Robinson

could not shake her grief. For some time Dr. Robinson, concerned for her life, engaged a companion to sit with her while he continued his practice. But in 1921 he sold his drug store and gave up his office to devote all his time to caring for the grief-stricken Tillie. She was like a rare plant that cannot thrive in a less than perfect environment. There was an instability, apparent in her brother Phillip, and perhaps in Dorland, that could not tolerate stress or unhappiness. She made attempts to find interests. Several times she joined groups in singing for civic programs, and she tried to lose herself in church activities. Her mother was old and ill and Tillie devoted time to her until she died in 1923. But she could not adjust to life without Dorland.

Emil and Mollie Britt, John F. Miller, Dr. Robinson and Tillie were holdovers from another age. They frequently met for dinners or Sunday outings and shared their lives. Mollie Britt's arthritis was a good topic of conversa-

tion and one could always marvel at John Miller's garden. No doubt they recalled earlier times but they may not have spoken of them. With nearly all of the old acquaintances gone, memories could be painful. The four of them tended their cemetery plots at least once a week and kept their houses tidy.

On June 13, 1931, fourteen years after Dorland's suicide, Tillie died. John F., her last brother, had died a short time before.

Dr. Robinson sold his handsome house and moved to the Jackson Hotel in Medford. He lived there for seven years.

On June 23, 1938, he died. His pallbearers were Emil Britt, T.J. Kenney, Gus Newbury, H.K. Hanna, John Orth and F.H. Luy, and they were about the last of the line who could remember that James W. was once a young, debonair doctor and Tillie was once a charming and popular young lady in an age that has long since drifted into history.

Raymond Lewis



The marble angel is the stone memorial for Willie and Leah Robinson. The stones in the foreground are in the John Miller plot; the families shared their cemetery lots. Both plots are reserved for eight graves, but many of the spaces have not been used. The picture was taken at an earlier time when the stones and the grounds were receiving care.



Old Riders, Ranges & Brands of the Rogue

MARK E. LAWRENCE is a member of SOHS and a regional historian. Coming to southern Oregon in 1953 to work with the B.L.M., he became interested in the historical background of the country and has researched many areas of the Southern Oregon story. This little essay by Mr. Lawrence is concerned with the early cattle drivers who supplied the folk on the frontier. It presents some of the difficulties faced by the cattlemen, from cattle thieves who changed brands with a hot frying pan, predators who menaced the stock, and winter weather which made the drives almost impossible.

The cussing, sweating dusty riders cut their lathered horses back and forth behind the motley herd of Mexican cattle they were pushing through the brush along

the old Indian trail. Above and to the right loomed Pilot Knob [Pilot Rock]. Finally they reached the pass of the Siskiyou and the riders paused to rest

the trail-worn horses and look down on the valley below. It was the year 1837 and the tough trail boss was Ewing Young of trapper fame. The first branded cattle were entering the Valley of the Rogue, headed for the Willamette country. Six hundred and thirty of the herd survived the long trail from central California to the lower Willamette Valley.

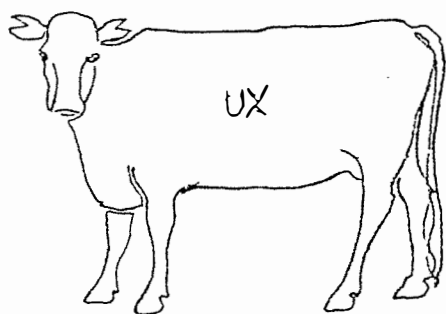
A period of ten years elapsed before more brands and branding irons passed through the Rogue Valley with the early wagon trains in 1846 and '47. The discovery of gold in late 1851 and the tales of early packers about a fine climate and wonderful grass brought the early cattlemen to the valley in 1853 to make a fresh start and supply meat for the miners.

Brands have been a mark of cattle ownership dating back into antiquity. Brands, earmarks and wattles identify both the cattle and their owner. They served to warn the rustler with the long rope and running iron, to beware. The old time cattlemen had ways of taking care of the long rope breed of cattle thieves. Legs dangling above

the ground in a lonely glade on Keene Creek back in 1865 were a grim reminder to other rustlers. Justice on the range and a chance to ride in Hell could be sure and swift if one was caught blotting a brand. The men who hanged the rustlers covered their tracks well. The direction they came and their identity are a mystery to this day.

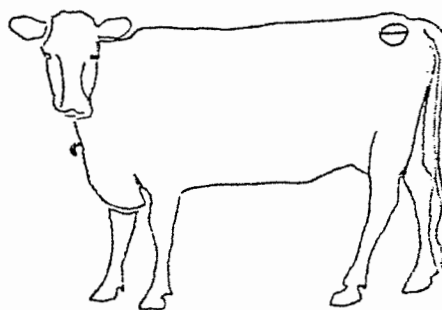
Early ranchers were numerous. One was John Mathews who wintered against the foothills north of Eagle Point in 1853. Others came to take up the donation land claims of the 1850s around present-day Ashland, Phoenix, Brownsboro and the Applegate Valley, or to build ranches along the streams and natural glades. Among these men were George Bailey, Major H.F. Barron, Patrick Dunn, Miles Cantrall, Gustav Peck, Michael Hanley, Von der Hellen Brothers, Henry Brown, founder of Brownsboro, Barneburg Brothers and many others.

A battered brand book, vintage of 1900 and another of the year 1909, pictured and listed many of the old-time brands as shown:



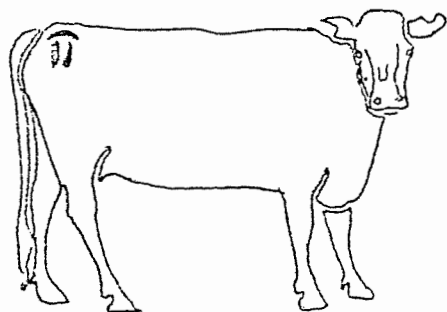
Miles Cantrall, Ruch, Oregon

Range: On Little Applegate.
Mark: Swallow fork in each ear.
Brand: UX on left ribs on cattle;
on left shoulder on horses



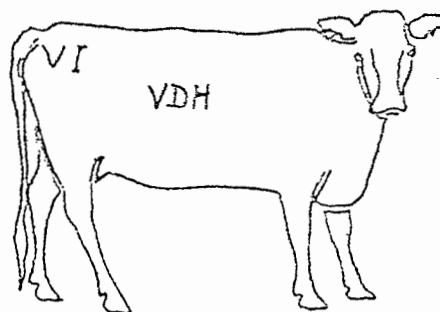
David Horn, Hornbrook, California

Range: Northern California and Siskiyou.
Mark: Crop off left ear and dewlap cut down.
Brand: On left hip on cattle.



Gus Nichols, Eagle Point, Oregon

Range: Little Butte Creek
Mark: Under half cross in right ear and
small cross in left ear. Wattle on nose.
Brand: On right hip.



Von der Hellen Bros., Wellen, Oregon

Range: Butte Creek and tributaries.
Mark: Two underslits in each ear.
Brand: VDH on side or VI in left hip.

George W. Dunn	Ashland, Oregon	D	Left hip
Barneburg Bros.	Ashland, Oregon	IH	Left hip
George W. Owens	Ashland, Oregon	JO	Left hip
Henry Peck	Medford, Oregon	HP	Either hip
Ed. B. Barron	Barron, Oregon	↵	Left hip
Andrew Cantral	Buncom, Oregon	VC	Left ribs
R.P. Neil	Ashland, Oregon	N	Right hip
Lindsay Bros.	Ashland, Oregon	L	Right hip
Miles Cantral	Ruch, Oregon	UX	Left hip
Von der Hellen Bros.	Wellen, Oregon	VDH	On side
Gustave Peck	Lake Creek, Oregon	FP	Right hip
L.L. Damon	Medford, Oregon	LL	Right hip
H.A. Meyer	Lake Creek, Oregon	Y	Right hip
David Horn	Hornbrook, Calif.	↶	Left hip
R.J. Cole	Hilts, California	COE	Right hip
G.C. Culy	Steamboat, Oregon	C	Left hip
D.N. Davis	Soda Springs, Oregon	D	Left hip
Fred Frain	Pinehurst, Oregon	FF	Right hip
Archie Kincaid	Ashland, Oregon	E	Right hip
David Jackson	Ashland, Oregon	DJ	Right hip
N.P. Hanson	Climax, Oregon	EP	Right hip
A.E. Spencer	Ashland, Oregon	IO	Left hip
W.A. Wright	Klamathon, Calif.	79	Either hip

The tales of the early packers about a fine climate did not always hold true in winter. Record-breaking winters occurred all too frequently in the early days of ranching.

The winter of 1852-53 was one of the hardest ever known in Oregon with deep snow. Another followed rather quickly in 1858-59. It was one of the most disastrous Oregon had seen.

The winter of 1861-62 followed hard on its heels. Deep snow covered the country and stock watering places froze over. Temperatures of 5 to 20 degrees below zero were recorded at The Dalles for forty days. Thousands of cattle were lost due to lack of feed and inability to get water.

Other severe winters followed to culminate in the winter of 1889-90, which was one of the four worst winters recorded before 1900. The summer of 1889 was dry and the cattle entered the winter poor due to the lack of forage. Winter snows were deep, temperatures low and the cattle losses were appalling.

These disastrous lessons taught the early rancher that even in the Rogue Valley one should enter the winter with spacious barns full of hay to carry the cattle through the worst weather.

When the early cattlemen pushed their cattle back into the high glades of the Siskiyou, they encountered predators. This wild, rough area had been the home of cougars and grizzly bear for centuries. One huge grizzly bear known as Reelfoot, due to the loss of his toes in a trap, caused great trouble. Heavy cattle losses brought a price on his head. For a while the wily beast eluded all traps and pursuers. Finally on

April 10, 1890, William Wright, Purl Bean and their dogs wounded the bear and brought him to bay near Wild Cat Gulch. A fierce duel to the death followed as the hunters fired at the oncoming bear with a 56-46 Spencer and a 44-40 Winchester. The dogs delayed the bear in a brush gulch just long enough for the hunters to reload and continue to fire. On he came, finally falling dead almost at their feet. The hunters knew that one swat of his great paws would have sent them crashing into eternity. The last great outlaw was gone from the range as the wisps of black powder smoke drifted away.

Running cattle on large areas of the rough mountain range was a big chore. Salting cattle, checking bog holes, treating sick cattle, checking for rustlers, building corrals and drift fences, raising hay and the fall round-up took lots of hands. A Southern Oregon Stock Association was inevitably formed on January 29, 1887, to organize the cattlemen and help protect them. It was later reorganized on October 15, 1889, and by 1900 was known as the Jackson County Cattle Association. Its purpose was stated in the constitution and by-laws as shown in Article I.

CONSTITUTION Article I

This Association shall be known as the Jackson County Stockmen's Association:

Section I--The object of this Association shall be to secure to the members thereof such mutual advantages as may be gained by association and united efforts, and to further as far as practicable the livestock interests of Jackson County,

Oregon, and adjacent ranges, and for the protection of the same against frauds and swindlers. To prevent the stealing, taking and driving away of stock from their rightful owners.

Section 2--To inforce the stock laws of Oregon. To keep up a directory of brands and marks in book form and each member to be furnished a copy. To prevent unscrupulous persons from taking undue advantage of any members high-grade bull on the range and any other advantage that may be held by such an organization.

During the period from 1915 to 1919 other local stock grazing associations were formed on various ranges. These were recognized by the U.S. Forest Service. They were the Upper and Lower Applegate, Keene Creek, Dead Indian, Trail Creek, Big Butte, South Butte, Upper Rogue and many others. Many old-time cattlemen helped form these associations. Today in many cases their sons have taken their places but they still maintain traditions. Nothing will ever beat the hospitality, the smell of strong coffee and the comradeship of a cow camp after a hard day in the saddle with these men.

Riding rough, timbered mountain ranges required good horses. They had to be sure-footed, strong, agile and good jumpers. It took horses like this to trail cattle up Antelope Creek and make the steep climb out of old Climax or the Dead Indian or ride the steep Siskiyou around Pilot Rock. These mountain cattle are a breed apart. Nothing compares with the feel of a stout mountain cow horse under a good saddle headed for Donomore Meadows (south of Dutchman's Peak), the Silver Fork (at the head of Applegate), Moon Prairie (Northeast Hiatt Lake), Skookum Pasture (over Soda Mountain down toward Jenny Creek), Wrangle Gap (on the Siskiyou), Wild Gal Spring (on Jackson-California line) or some other part of the range. The creak of the saddle, high trails, green glades, distant peaks and the exhilaration of clean mountain air are something beyond words. No wonder the early cattlemen chose this range.

In spite of hard work, bucking horses and other hardships, the old-time cowman had his droll sense of humor. A story by my friend, George F. Wright, an old range rider, comes to mind.

It occurred in the Cold Springs Flat country during a round-up. This is tough range in spots due to dense chapparal, manzanita and scrub oaks. There one needs good chaps. During this round-up, there were some bawl-ups caused by the greener riders and the range boss would yell, "You are just a damn 'Walk-off.'"

Finally the cattle were all gathered and the riders paused for a smoke of Bull Durham as the horses grazed idly nearby. One of the riders asked, "Why are we being called 'Walk-offs?'"

The range boss said, "That's easy to explain: When the Lord made the men on this piece of range, he found the clay over on that hillside to be about right. He moulded each one of you carefully and had you standing on the hillside to dry. He couldn't put the brains in until all were dry, so he left a hole in the top of each head for that purpose. Most of you stood there patiently until the Lord got you finished, but a few of you walked off!"

Many of the cattleman's well-built and spacious ranch homes stand today. The Major H.F. Barron and Patrick Dunn houses were built during the period of 1850-59 near Ashland. The Michael Hanley home was built in 1873 near Jacksonville. All are fine examples of the ranch house so symbolic of a bygone era. They have heard the clump of cowboy boots and seen a heap of robust living which adds to their charm.

Today freeze brands are coming on the branding scene. To the old-timer nothing will take the place of bellowing cattle, throwing the calves, the cherry-red iron, and the stench of hide and hair as the brand is slapped on the critter. His methods and other old customs are disappearing like the ashes of his old branding fires. Long-horned cattle, the old riders and the waving bunch grass of the Rogue are a fond memory. Sometimes the old cattleman's ways were rough, but his handshake was firm and his hospitality was as free as the ranges he rode.

Mark E. Lawrence

Acknowledgements

Ewing Young, Master Trapper
History of the Rogue River National Forest:
Vol. I; 1893-1932
George F. Wright, Cold Springs Flat
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Miss Mary Hanley and Staff, Jacksonville
Claus Charley, Brownsboro, Oregon
History of Jackson County, Tucker
Mildred D. Hopkins, Pinehurst, Oregon

ITEMS FROM THE PAPERS

The *Sentinel* has occasionally presented tales of theatrical troupers, tromping around on the frontier, engaged by some pioneer entrepreneur, to entertain the settlers. Stories have ranged from the earliest, Lotta Crabtree, the most successful, to Miss Weatherby, who probably had no schtick and less personality. The emphasis has been placed on the hardships they faced. The following item, for a switch, could be considered almost a rave review. The young acting couple who was so lauded could not have had such a tough time of it.

The Democratic Times, May 28, 1879

THE WILTONS -- The last performance of the Wiltons on Monday, the beautiful and thrilling tragedy of "The Cross of Blood," dramatized from the story of Marguerite of Burgundy, was to a very large house. It would be hard to say which sustained their difficult parts the better, Mr. or Mrs. Wilton, as each played their characters more than well. The Wiltons are favorites here, having always given full value for the admittance fee, whether in tragedy, comedy or the moral social dramas that touch and excite the sympathies of an audience. It is in the latter plays that they excel, and the high moral character of their selections entitled them to generous support. We will always be glad to see them return, as we believe that like the pulpit and the press, the drama has its true mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilton understands it. Little Lolla O'Conner who accompanies them is already a bright little star herself.

A little incident occurred at Veit's Hall on the evening the Wiltons appeared in the play of "The Drunkard," which illustrated the keen perception of intelligent childhood. Mrs. Wilton was personifying Madeline, a character in which she excels any one we have ever witnessed, and Mr. Wilton was playing the drunken husband. In the act wherein the broken hearted and half maddened wife resolves to leave her infant child in a foundling hospital and separate from the wreck of manhood who was once her husband, a baby must be represented. Usually a puppet or cloth

doll is improvised but in Mrs. Wilton's case such a resort was not necessary as she has an infant son, seven months old which is as beautiful as a marble statuette fresh from the hands of one of the ancient masters. Its tiny features are a wonder of loveliness and its hair of beautiful brown hangs in ringlets to its shoulders. When Madeline in the full glow of the footlights, was taking a last agonizing look at her baby and its face was turned full to the audience all supposed that they were looking at a wax figure except one little cherub of six summers in the audience who spoke out audibly saying, "Ma, that looks mighty like a sure baby." Just then a gentle sigh from the supposed counterfeit infant confirmed the child's suspicions, and the hall was made vocal with prolonged applause.

That's some smart six year old who could tell a doll from a real baby.

ACROSS THE SISKIYOU -- The following citizens and citizenesses left for Yreka on Friday last to enjoy the celebration of "St. Tammany's" Day at Yreka. E.H. Autenrieth and wife, D. Cronemiller and wife, T.J. Kinney and wife, E.D. Foudray and wife, Adam Schmidt and wife, J.C. McCully and Miss Issie McCully, Chas. Nickell and sister, Miss Sophie Nickell, Hon. H.K. Hanna, Henry Pape, James Birdsye, John Cimborsky, T.T. McKenzie, Aaron Barneburg and Wm. Penninger. On Saturday a large number of the people of Yreka met our delegation about three miles north of town with the Yreka band and escorted them into the city. Sunday was spent in visiting the Forest House and in visiting friends. On Monday the exercises of the Order took place, and the Oration, delivered by Judge Hanna, is said to have been a masterly effort. The ball on Monday night was immense, and the whole affair is reported to be the largest and most successful society celebration that ever took place in Yreka.

There's a social note concerning the elite of the entire city. Doesn't it make you want to pack up your Sunday best, hop into your buggy and head for Yreka to be met by the town band? Alas, such parties are no more.

Continued on page 24

Society News



GROUND BROKEN FOR ARCHIVES BUILDING

Society and Jackson County officials gathered on January 21, to break ground for our new archive building at 320 Antelope Road in White City.

This new facility has been in the planning stages for nearly three years and will provide first class permanent storage for society manuscript and photographic records as well as Jackson County records.

The building was first discussed in 1976 after an arsonist set fire to county records being stored in the basement of the courthouse in Medford. Our society has sorely needed storage space for its growing collection of diaries, letters, company records, and photographs. More than 12,000 glass plate negatives from local collections will be kept in the new facility.

Photograph by Doug Smith

L-R Jack Batzer of J.B. Steel Co.; Stewart McCullom, County Commissioner; Mark Mitton, county liaison; Ann Finley and Vicki Byrden, S.O.H.S. Board Members and Nick Clark all enjoy turning a shovel.

The building is being constructed on Jackson County property with society funds and will cost approximately \$131,000. The structure is being built by J. B. Steel Company of Medford and is expected to be completed by July 1, 1985.

Initially, the building will be open to the public four hours each day that the Jackson County Courthouse is open. Patrons will be able to come to the facility and ask the archivist on duty to see records. The archivist will then retrieve them from the archive and you will be able to look at them in the public reading room.

In addition, the facility will be equipped with a conservation laboratory. We will be able to provide care for papers that have deteriorated, for photographs that need attention and for deacidification of wood pulp paper. With this new lab, we should be able to do a much better job of maintaining our collections, which morally, we are bound to do---FOREVER!

As the building progresses, we'll be certain to keep you informed.

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DON'T FORGET THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON SOCIAL, FEBRUARY 24, 1985 from 2:00PM until 5:00PM
A TEA DANCE FEATURING MUSIC OF THE 40's, 50's and 60's. U. S. HOTEL - JACKSONVILLE!!

Become A Friend!

Our Southern Oregon Historical Society volunteers have a new name---"Friends Of The Museum." This group encompasses all volunteers, including outreach programs such as our Swedenburg House Museum volunteers, library, collections and photography aides. While other S.O.H.S. support groups such as the Museum Performers, Gold Diggers Guild and Museum Quilters maintain their own autonomy, they are also included under the umbrella of Friends of the Museum.

Volunteers are one of the most important assets of our museum! As a non-profit, tax-supported public educational institution, no museum can provide and maintain programs without strong volunteer support.

There are a variety of volunteer needs within S.O.H.S. that range from clerical skills to interpretive programs. In order that the members and volunteers of S.O.H.S. may learn more about the society and its needs, orientation training will be offered during March, April and May and will include:

- A brief history of Jacksonville
- Explanations of all departments of S.O.H.S.
- Museum vocabulary
- History of S.O.H.S.
- Plans for the future of S.O.H.S.
- Volunteer Opportunities with the society
- Tours of S.O.H.S. properties

While we hope to greatly expand our volunteer programs, attendance at an orientation session does not imply commitments of time, only an interest in learning more about S.O.H.S. Those who decide to become members of "FRIENDS OF THE MUSEUM" will be given manuals containing orientation information and will have an opportunity for further training in two specialized areas:

AREA I - This year the society begins its Docent (Interpretive Guides) Program. The Docents will greet and interpret exhibits to our 70,000 plus visitors from all over the world. The Docent Programs are already in progress at the Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland and have been enthusiastically received. We also want to have two greeters at our Jacksonville Museum each day. One would be stationed on the first floor to receive visitors and the other on the second floor to answer questions. We want our visitors to feel "wanted" and you will play an important role!

AREA II - The society will also offer additional training for those interested in LIVING HISTORY PROGRAMS. This year, the programs will focus on Beekman House and Beekman Bank. This is an opportunity for volunteers to assume the roles of historical people in authentic settings and costumes. Living History Programs occur during the summer season and the Christmas Festival and are an exciting way to relate information about our past to visitors.



(Become A Friend Continued)

Orientation training will be offered six times during March, three of which are evening meetings to accomodate those who work. Orientation during the day allows time for a brown-bag lunch (coffee, tea & juice will be provided) and tours of S.O.H.S. properties. Evening orientations will not include tours but will have refreshments. Tours may be taken on Saturday for those who are interested.

ORIENTATION TRAINING SCHEDULE

Date	Tuesdays	Thursdays	Saturday Tours
March 12	10:00-4:00		
March 14		7:30-9:00	
March 16			10:00-12:30
March 19	7:30-9:00		
March 21		10:00-4:00	
March 23			10:00-12:30
March 26	10:00-4:00		
March 28		7:30-9:00	
March 30			10:00-12:30

For more information or to reserve training time, call the Volunteer Coordinator, Marge Herman at 899-1847 or write to S.O.H.S. P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530.

Our goal is to train 200 volunteers for our new programs. We certainly hope that you will help us in this worthy endeavor. Thanks!

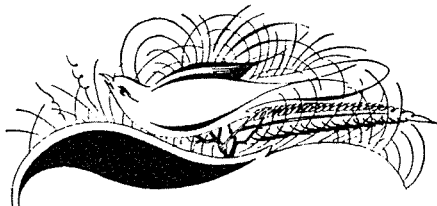
"WESTWARD WENT THE WOMEN"

The Southern Oregon Historical Society will sponsor a special exhibit "Westward Went The Women" in honor of National Women's History Week. The exhibit will begin on Saturday, March 2, and continue through Sunday, March 10 from 11:00AM until 5:00PM daily and will be staged in the ballroom of the U. S. Hotel in Jacksonville.

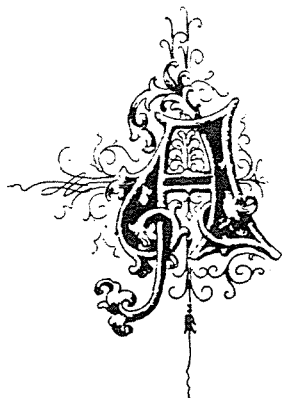
Featured will be textiles the women wore and brought with them on their journey west between 1845 and 1860. Included will be quilts, clothing, undergarments, shawls and related artifacts. All items displayed are from the society's collection.

The exhibit is open to the public and no admission will be charged. For more information, call 899-1847.

Don't Forget The Tea Dance, Feb. 24, 2-5PM in the U. S. Hotel, J'ville.



SOCIETY TO SPONSOR TEA DANCE



Sunday Social will be held in the U. S. Hotel Ballroom Jacksonville, Oregon on February 24, 1985 from 2:00PM until 5:00PM.

A Sunday Tea Dance will be held and music will be provided by the Rogue Valley Quintet. This group furnishes dance music from the 1930s, '40s and '50s. All five members are also associated with the Southern Oregon Jazz Society's afternoon dances held in Ashland.

Members of the Rogue Valley Jazz Quintet are Larry Bernard on trombone, Bill Reese on string bass, Bob Howarth on drums and Alma VanVector on Piano. For the occasion, Tom Pickens will join the group on trumpet. Bernard, Reese, VanVector and occasionally Pickens play every Monday at the Central Point Senior Center for luncheon and dancing.

Sunday afternoon tea dances are a part of our past and we hope you'll join us for this special occasion. Put on your dancing shoes and bring guests along!

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RECEPTION HONORS GRANDDAUGHTER OF ASHLAND'S FOUNDER

Friends and admirers of Almeda Helman Coder gathered at the Swedenburg House Museum on Saturday, January 19, 1985. The reception was held to highlight a special exhibit featuring objects from the Helman-Coder family, including an 1849 quilt, a dress worn by Almeda when she graduated from Southern Oregon State College and several photographs. We hope our members will all take an opportunity to view this fine exhibit and we thank Almeda very much for sharing her family treasures.

The Swedenburg House Museum is open from 1:00PM until 5:00PM Tuesday through Saturday. You'll enjoy seeing exhibits on southern Jackson County history!



Friends enjoy a visit with Almeda Helman Coder, seated at the parlor table in the Swedenburg House Museum.

Photograph by Doug Smith

SECOND TRY ON THE COOKIE RECIPE!

We often wonder just how many folks read the Table Rock Sentinel. After printing the incorrect ingredients for "Grandma's Oatmeal-Raisin Cookies" in the last issue, we are confident that our readership is much higher than we had anticipated. If you tried the recipe you know that the flour and oatmeal amounts were left out and you probably ended up with Grandma's goop! We are so sorry. Here is the corrected recipe.

Ingredients: Makes 24 large cookies

1 cup vegetable shortening	2 t vanilla
1 cup raisins	1 t baking soda
1½ cups flour	½ t salt
3 cups oatmeal (old-fashioned)	1 t cinnamon
½ cup water	½ t nutmeg
2 cups brown sugar	½ cup walnuts, chopped

In a saucepan combine shortening, raisins and water. Bring to a boil and then cool. Add vanilla. In a large bowl, mix the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, oats and brown sugar. Add cooled raisin mixture and stir well. Roll into round balls and do not flatten. Put on lightly greased baking sheet about 2" apart and bake at 350 degrees 12 to 15 minutes. Do not overbake.

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EUROPEAN NEEDLEWEAVE WORKSHOP PLANNED

The Southern Oregon Historical Society will sponsor a workshop on European Needleweave taught by Margaret Carpenter, a native of Holland but now residing in Cave Junction.

The craft is a Dutch embroidery technique done on imported fabric known as Bavarian Bont. The workshop will be held in conjunction with the opening day of the society's textile exhibit: "Westward Came The Women" which will run from March 2 through March 10. Both events are features of Women's History Week.

The fee for the workshop will be \$10.00 and includes the special needle, the special cloth (imported from Holland) and the floss. A choice of projects will include a cocktail apron, a TV guide cover or pot holders. Mrs. Carpenter says that this elegant embroidery looks beautiful and difficult but is taught to school children in Holland. We have seen the examples of her beautiful work and we think that it is something that our members might enjoy.

Two sessions will be held. The first will be from 10AM to 12noon and the second will be from 2PM until 4PM. Both will be held in the U. S. Hotel Barroom in Jacksonville on Saturday, March 2, 1985. Pre-registration is required. You may make reservations by calling Sue Cox at our society office, 899-1847.

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Don't Forget The Tea Dance! Sunday, Feb. 24, from 2PM to 5PM in the U. S. Hotel Ballroom, Jacksonville.

Continued from page 18

The next item is a little news story about street entertainment in 1880.

STREET ENTERTAINMENT---The Jacksonvillians were favored with quite a street concert on the night of the 9th inst., a man, boy and girl of Tyrol-Austria, furnishing the music on two string instruments and one triangle.

The singing was from the German text and was the best part of the entertainment. We did not learn the amount of the collection raised, but it must have been slim so soon after the Fourth. On the same evening a public bear dance was given to the great delight of the youngsters, one of the quadrupeds being of the black and the other of the cinnamon species, and both were in charge of three stalwart men.

In the last issue of the newsletter several significant lines were left out of the lead story, "Portrait of a Murderer." The careless omission weakened the ending.

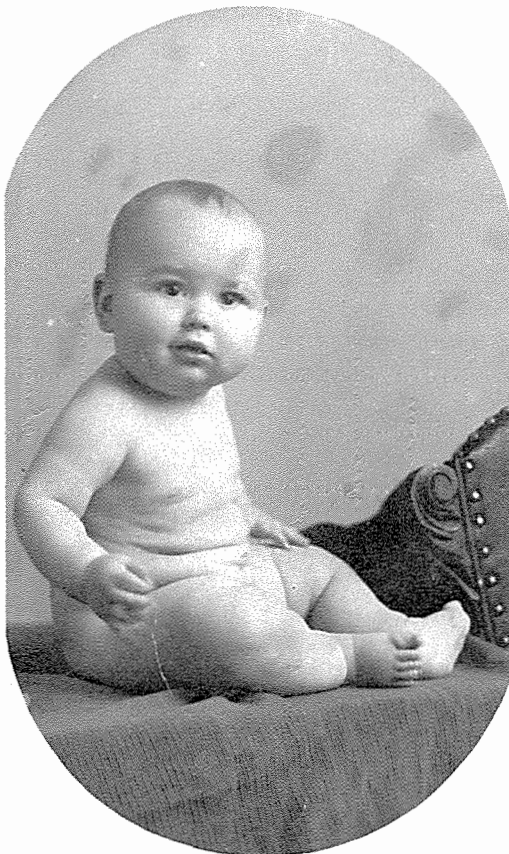
To those who save their newsletters, we

suggest that the missing part of the story (below) be cut from this page and attached to the upper left hand corner of page 16.

convicts as he composed his final pages.

On the morning of October 30, a little after 8:00, he put on his neatly pressed dark suit and his freshly polished black shoes. When two guards and two chaplains came to his cell door, he placed his completed manuscript neatly on his table, said, "I am ready to go," and stepped into the hallway to begin the "last mile." Buoyed up by his religious fervor, he walked firmly, almost proudly, into the small execution chamber. At the door he saw the scaffold platform for the first time. A left face and a right face and he stood at the foot of the thirteen steps. There was intense silence in the room, except for the droning voices of the chaplains, as he mounted the stairs.

Preparations had been so thorough that the ankle and leg straps were in place



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You all know this chubby little cherub who is a member of the S.O.H.S. staff and was born Feb. 26. The picture was entered in a "cute baby contest" but the judges returned it saying he was to "roly-poly." We wish you many more happy birthdays! Anyone know who it is?

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

206 N. Fifth St., P.O. Box 480
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