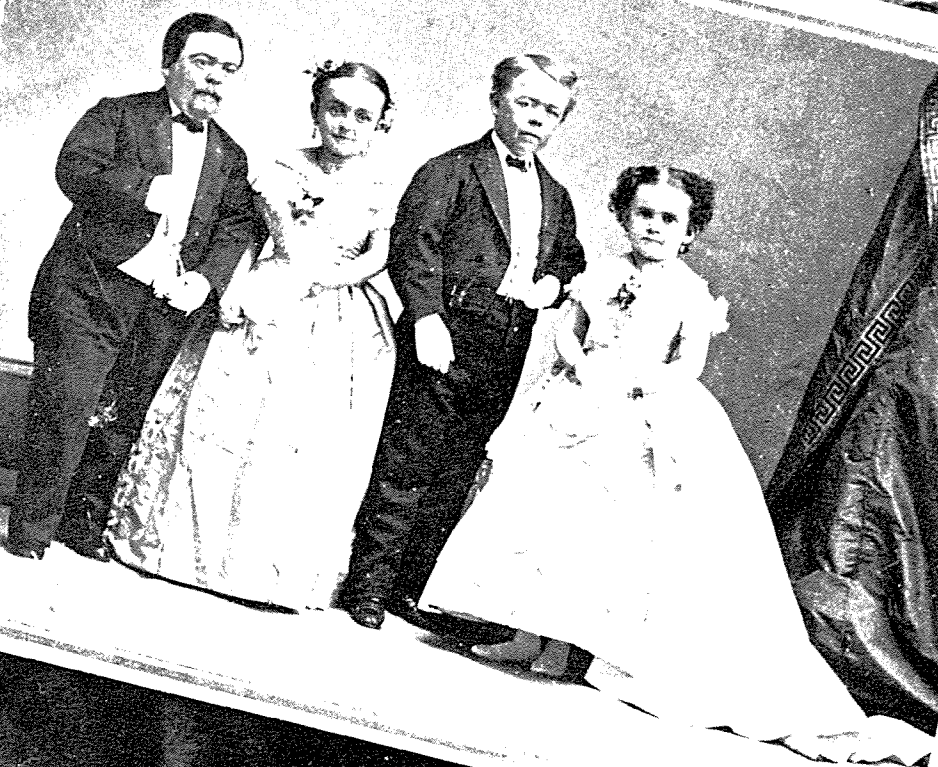
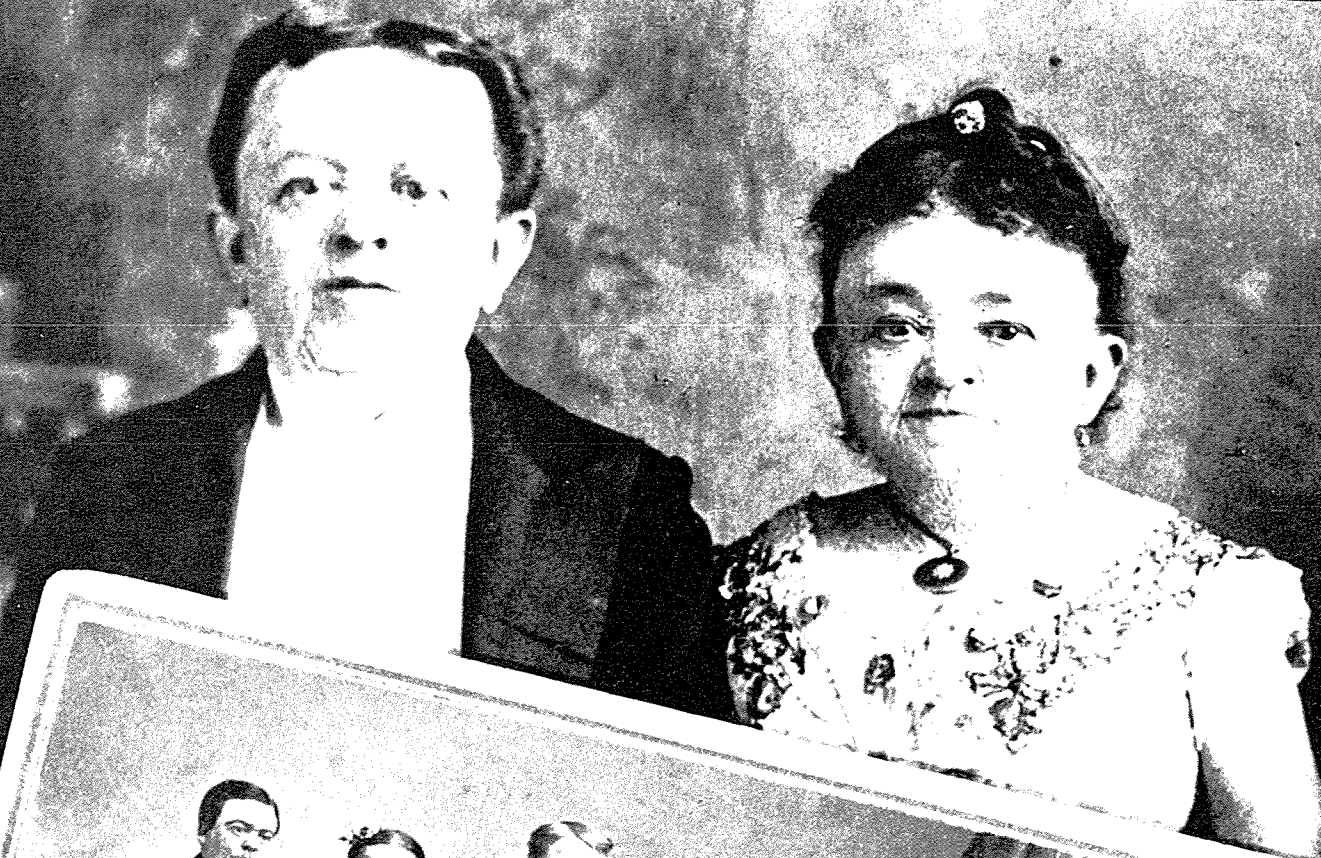


THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



General Tom Thumb and Wife, Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, in the identical costumes worn before Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, at the Palace of the Tuilleries, Nov. 27, 1864.

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In 1869 General Tom Thumb (Mr. Charles Stratton) and his troupe, "the smallest human beings in the world," appeared at Horne's Hall in Jacksonville. The *Sentinel* reported: "The whole performance was a success. The little pigmies displayed intelligence beyond public expectations while Commodore Nutt [completely won the public] by his drolleries and his witticisms. One could not help wondering at the audacity of such little souls coming on so long a journey." The quartet gave a beautiful performance of songs, duets, comic acts, burlesque and laughable eccentricities."

For the cover Doug Smith enlarged photographs of early originals.

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*Yours Truly,
Abigail Scott Duniway*

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY

OREGON'S FOREMOST SUFFRAGETTE

It is not difficult to understand why Abigail Scott Duniway antagonized the citizens of Jacksonville; she even antagonized the suffragists who worked beside her. Although she was admittedly the "most tireless worker in the west," she was accused by her fellow campaigners of having "an unbridled vanity, making errors in judgment and possessing unchecked egotism." Her failure to embrace the cause of prohibition and support the Women's Christian Temperance Union contributed to her alienation, and her style of writing and speaking, which reflected the rural, homespun culture of western society, offended the "refined" city ladies who joined the women's movement.

Ruth Barnes Moynihan, in her excellent biography of Mrs. Duniway, *Rebel for Rights*, tells us "she could be difficult...but she had many intelligent, dedicated followers." Her contribution to equal rights is unmeasurable and the fact that she was often abrasive and vexed her listeners is not surprising. Today, a hundred and twenty five years later, the ERA members are still often abrasive and vex their listeners. Furthermore, Abigail Scott Duniway was entirely correct about prohibition; it did cause the delay of woman suffrage by mobilizing the opposition, and it did prove an unenforceable disaster as a law." Her arguments are just as reasonable today as they were when she presented them and her influence persists. She has a place in the first rank of the equal rights movement, and she was a woman who should not be forgotten.

Abigail Jane Scott was born in Tazewell County, Illinois, in October, 1834. Her parents were Ann Roelofson and John Tucker Scott, and she was their third child and second daughter. Her father, from good sturdy Kentucky stock, was prolific; he sired twelve children by his first wife and two by his second.

At Abigail's birth her "father stormed

and her mother wept because she was a girl, and their sorrow," her mother told her later, "was almost too grievous to be borne."* The life of a farmer's wife was often too cruel to be endured, and her mother feared Abigail Jane would have no other choice. Poor as they were, how-

*from Abigail Scott Duniway's book, *From the West to the West; Across the Plains to Oregon*, p. 147.

ever, were no more impoverished than most of their neighbors. The grandfather, James Scott, was road and school commissioner, tax collector and Tazewell County sheriff, and her father was given a productive section of his father's claim on the prairie. But the country was poor and sparsely settled and subject to destructive flooding and droughts.

Abigail's parents were of the opinion that no child was likely to suffer from overwork, and as soon as she was big enough, Abigail was given daily tasks: washing dishes, household chores, picking wool, milking, churning, and gathering and chopping wood. She was pushed to the limits of her ability, and, at the age of nine, strained her back doing heavy garden work so that she had a chronic weakness of the spine for the rest of her life.

She attended school no more than twelve months altogether, but she was bright, learned to read early, became fond of words and rhyming and treasured an old, worn copy of Webster's Elementary Speller given to her by her father. For a few months she attended an academy and studied higher arithmetic, grammar, geography and philosophy, but for the most part she educated herself. She became literate by reading newspapers and early in her life poured over issues of the weekly publication, *Lily*, which was edited by Amelia Bloomer, and filled with arguments for women's rights. Her childhood on the Illinois prairie prepared her for a life of hard work, independence and commitment.

In 1843 Oregon fever was rampant. Travelers who returned from a sojourn in the west gave impassioned descriptions of the beauty of the territory, and preachers stressed the importance of bringing Christianity to the Indians. Abigail's father and his friends were enticed by the tales of the wonders of the fertile Willamette valley, which sounded particularly alluring during times of drought or flooding at home. By 1850 thousands were on their way, expecting to strike it rich in the gold fields or upon farms. Tucker Scott saw Oregon as an Eden, free from slavery, where one could prosper. The new Donation Land Act gave a married man 320 free acres and another 320 to

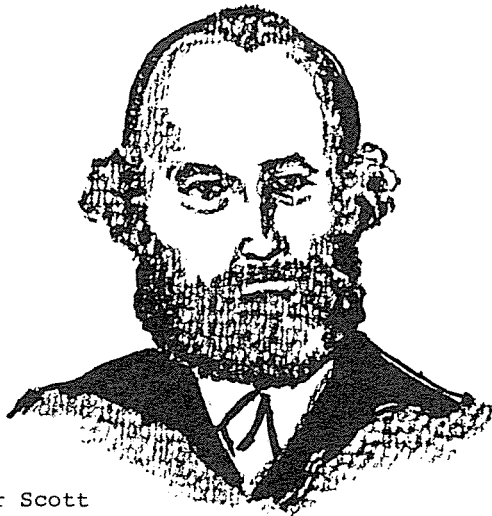
to his wife.

In September of 1851 Ann Scott lost her twelfth baby in a difficult childbirth, and remained a semi-invalid. Tucker Scott was convinced that only the climate in the West would cure her, although she herself had no desire to leave Illinois. The thought that a poor, ailing wife, who was sadly weakened from over work and continual child bearing, could endure the cruel trip across the thousands of miles of primitive trails and bear the utmost hardships and find health and strength in the invigorating West, was not unique with Tucker Scott. Many wagon trains contained a family who had tucked a dangerously ill father or mother onto a feather bed, packed supplies around the poor patient to keep him from being too badly jostled and bounced over the rocks, and had set out for the promised land.

During the winter of 1852 nearly all the Scott family possessions were auctioned away and Tucker Scott had saved enough money to make the trip. The fact that considerable cash was required is not generally connected with crossing the plains, but the emigrants found that many river crossings required payment for the ferry, and frequently a fee for each animal. Every family stored as much food as could be packed into the wagons, but they also depended on trading posts in the wilderness where they could occasionally purchase supplies--at highly inflated prices--and have their damaged wagons repaired. The Scotts had a cache of \$2,000 hidden in their wagon.

The long awaited journey began on April 2, 1852. Everyone knew the departure would be permanent, and that those who were left behind would never be seen again by the travelers. The wagons were ferried across the Illinois river, as the Scotts looked back and saw their dog, Watch, howling on the receding shore. "Go back to grandfather, Watch!" shouted Tucker Scott. But the dog refused to eat from then on, and soon died.

No one anticipated in 1852 that the emigration to Oregon would be the largest in American history. Thousands of families were on the trail, and such a multitude meant shortages of fuel and food, depleted grass, polluted water, dusty roads and disease. A nationwide cholera



Tucker Scott



Ann Roelofson Scott

epidemic raged through the wagon train, and many died, to be buried along the trail in the desolate wilderness as the grieved survivors plodded onward.

Abigail was assigned the responsibility of keeping a daily record of the trip. She was seventeen, loved to write and was well suited to the task. In a novel, *Captain Gray's Company*, which she wrote years later, she included so many death scenes the reader begins to think she has introduced a variety of characters for the literary delight of "killing them off" and giving each a heart-rending departure. Unfortunately, her daily journal reveals that the dying was only too true. Death struck the wagons ahead, the wagons behind, and graves lined the trail. Finally, on June 20, Ann Scott, Abigail's mother, fell ill with cholera. Her frail constitution was unable to withstand the disease and she died on the second day, stretched out on the ground in the shelter of a wagon. The men picked and scraped a grave in the sandstone, Ann Scott was wrapped in a feather mattress, and the mound was heaped with stones to protect it from wolves. The children covered the ground with wild roses which hid the stones from view as the train moved on.

Abigail began her diary with high expectations and a spirit of adventure, but it soon became a catalog of painful and tragic events: exhausted oxen, food at outrageous prices, quicksand, days of thirst, wagons bogging down in the mud, (in one of the difficult crossings Tucker Scott's cache of money was stolen), and the drowning of Abigail's young swain during a vain attempt to rescue two cows from the flooded Snake River. On August 24, Abigail wrote that

her youngest brother, three year old Willie, died of "cholera infantum," after nine days of suffering. For six weeks the girls, whose shoes had worn out, were forced to walk barefoot over the rocky trail.

The final lap was the worst. At The Dalles, Tucker Scott used his last money to buy shoes for his barefoot children and food for the remainder of the trip. The costly supplies unfortunately turned out to be mildewed and rotten, and the Scott family almost starved. Finally they descended Laurel Hill on the side of Mount Hood, struggled on to French Prairie and across the Willamette to their destination. They were penniless and exhausted, but they had at last reached Eden. Trying to balance the virtues of the Willamette valley against what that had left in Illinois and what they had sacrificed on the trail, they must have found it difficult to visualize Oregon as the land of promise.

Arriving in the Willamette valley in the late fall they met with continual rain and cloudy, overcast skies. Abigail and her sister Fannie began sewing to contribute their share--"two dollars for pantaloons and five bits for flannel shirts." The other children were too young to look for jobs. Eventually Tucker Scott took over the management of Amos Cook's Temperance House, a hotel for travelers and a dining room for regular boarders. His unemployed children supplied the labor force, with the exception of Abigail who took a job teaching in a rural school at Eola, about six miles from Salem.

In March, Tucker Scott, after making a land claim in Lafayette, brought Ruth

Stevenson from Portland to the Temperance House. She and her husband had come west in the wagon train with the Scotts, but the husband had died in The Dalles, leaving her alone with two small daughters. She and Tucker Scott were married on March 15, 1853.

Although his daughters, still grieving for their mother, were not enthusiastic about the marriage, Tucker Scott was blissfully happy--for a short time. He wrote to his father that his young wife was remarkably healthy, "of lively disposition...and verry agreeable." But by mid July it was apparent the new Mrs. Tucker Scott was pregnant, the baby due in October and obviously not Tucker Scott's offspring.

Fearing a family scandal the Scott girls suddenly decided to move out of the situation. Fannie married an older man, Amos Cook, and took Catherine, Harriett and Sara Scott to live with her. Margaret went to the academy at Forest Grove and Abigail married Ben C. Duniway. Like the Scotts, he had originally come from Illinois, and had tried his luck in the mines around Jacksonville. Failing to make a strike and being at heart a farmer, he took a land claim near Molalla, Oregon, and that's where he took his bride and his small brother-in-law, John Henry. Only Harvey stayed with his father.

It seems out of character that Abigail, who eventually became Oregon's strongest advocate for women's rights and independence, viewed her father's situation so personally and failed to sympathize with Ruth Stevenson Scott. To avoid notoriety she made a sudden marriage of convenience although she later reported she had from the first found Ben Duniway handsome and romantic.

Tucker Scott was granted a bill of divorce and moved Ruth to a separate house. He hired a nurse, secured a physician and saw to her comfort until members of her own family could come from the east to assume the responsibility.

Believing he could not live with a wife who was bearing someone else's child, he insisted that she write out a confession. She submitted the document in which she expressed her sorrow and deep regret for having deceived him. She wrote that she had been alone and penniless, with two children to support

and in desperation took in washing. In the course of this business she became acquainted with a great many men of various character. Lonely and over-worked and in despair, she was seduced by one of her customers. Realizing later her full shame and disgrace, she drove him away. She wrote in desperation:

Had Mr. Scott only written to me before that time both him and I would have been saved a great deal of trouble. (She declared she did not tell him about it because) I did not think I was in that way if I had known it I never would have married him never never, no never would I have done such a thing but I thought that there was nothing the matter with me...I know I done wrong but...if he can be content to let me remain with him, I will I will never deceive him in anything again and I will be an obedient and faithful wife unto him so long as we both shall live but oh, if he cannot ...if we have to separate it will be almost beyond endurance although I deserve it I know I do."*

The baby was born in October and she named it Robert Stevenson. Her relatives took her to the Washington territory to live. Tucker Scott, more in love with her than ever, wrote to his father for advice, saying his conscience recognized her as his wife and believed her to be as good a woman as lived. He made a land claim in Washington to be near her while he awaited his father's answer.

James Scott, in Illinois, carefully weighed the situation and wrote to each of his granddaughters for their opinions. Although they all felt Ruth Stevenson had brought an unforgivable stain to the name of Scott and they could not approve of her, each one of them agreed that her father would never be happy without her. James Scott gave his sanction to the union and Tucker and Ruth Scott remarried and settled on Puget Sound. There were two more children and eventually they moved back to Forest Grove. Tucker Scott became a successful farmer, a sawmill operator and a major contributor to Pacific University. Robert, like the other

*The quotation was taken from Ruth Barnes Moynihan's biography. She wrote "[This story] was kept secret for 125 years. Only because Tucker Scott's righteous brother-in-law... saved the explanatory letters for his descendants...was the secret recently discovered."

children, was accepted as a member of the family. Tucker Scott died in 1880.

Abigail mirrored the heroines in her later stories, who are overcome by romantic yearnings for an appealing stranger, marry without careful thought, and find themselves in a life of drudgery. After the wedding the young couple went to Ben Duniway's claim south of Oregon City. The large donation land holdings meant sparse population and isolation, and Abigail soon began to resent the loneliness of her life. She had to face the farmwife's never-ending chores and feed the hired men, and she became pregnant almost immediately. Ben Duniway was a hard worker, clearing land, building fences, growing wheat and hunting game, but ill fortune continually plagued the Duniways. In 1855 a tornado and hailstorm destroyed their cabin, their out buildings, and their crops. Abigail and her baby, Clara Belle, barely made it through the storm, as she struggled in the rain and mud to reach her in-laws' cabin a mile and a half away.

Eight months after the storm she had her second child, Willis. The birth threatened to be difficult and dangerous, and Ben Duniway was sent to bring a doctor. On his way, he was caught in a typical February storm, and became helplessly lost. At last, letting the horse lead the way, he returned without the doctor. In the meantime, with the help of two neighbors acting as midwives, Abigail gave birth to a large and healthy boy. She later declared she had suffered indescribably. The traumatic experience left her in a weakened condition which required daily rest from her arduous chores, and her younger sisters, Catherine and Harriett, came to help her.

Free to write down her thoughts, she began writing both poetry and prose, and had a poem published in the *Oregon City Argus*.

In 1856 the demand for wheat and apples, made by the miners in Jacksonville and the Rogue River valley, ceased as many of the miners moved elsewhere. The Duniways faced a severe depression in which they found no market for their crops. In the summer of that year their cabin burned to the ground. Abigail began teaching again to help feed the

family.

During these trying times she found occasional moments to write articles and poems. Her writing followed the tone set by the publications she had read, and her letters stressed the need for independence for women, changes in laws giving a wife's property to the husband and votes for the ladies.

Women's rights in Oregon did not spring from Abigail Scott Duniway. The idea had been a controversial issue for generations. The *Oregon City Argus* reflected the trend of editorials in the more progressive magazines. The editor, William L. Adams, presented articles on equal rights in marriage, education for women, and even birth limitation. The Oregon Constitutional Convention in 1857 had discussed the justice of women's rights but only one delegate was in favor of giving women the right to vote.

In 1857 the Duniways moved to Lafayette, Yamhill County. The new home was a white, two-storied "mansion," on a fine farm, and the appearance of prosperity lent some prestige to the family. Ben Duniway planted fruit trees and Abigail, as the local school teacher, was regarded as an "intellectual."

In that year she decided to write a novel; she was twenty-three. *Captain Gray's Company, or Crossing the Plains and Living in Oregon*, was the result. It was the first novel commercially printed in the state. It appeared in April 1859, just a month after her third child, Hubert, was born.

The story is largely autobiographical in nature, much of it echoing the journal she wrote while crossing the plains. The heroine, emulating Abigail, planned to start a magazine of western life, equal to any magazine in the east, a part of the story which reveals that Abigail had long considered publishing a periodical herself. The book received bad reviews. Readers expected a novel by a female to be a lady-like romance, and some of Abigail's characters were rough-talking frontiersmen. Her duplication of Kentucky dialect was considered inelegant and her "bad grammar...liberally interspersed with slang phrases" was criticized. The book, read today, is full of mawkish sentimentality and overly elegant phrases. If the readers found *Captain Gray's Company* too realistic

for sensitive tastes, the other novels they read and relished must have indeed been contrived sentimental twaddle.

In 1859 the newspapers, *Salem Statesman* and the *Oregon City Argus*, presented pro and con facts about women's rights. Abigail, with frequent letters to the editors, joined the fray. Her chief contention was that married women were burdened with too much work. Husbands should help in raising children and doing the necessary household tasks. Other writers presented the need for equal wages, co-education and working opportunities. It seems today that such reasonable requests would meet with instant approval but most men could see no logical reason for their wives to hold their moneys and estates separate, or even expect to spend their own butter and egg money.

About this time Ben Duniway co-signed several notes for a friend. Abigail protested emphatically and expressed the fear that such a gesture would ruin them financially. Ben Duniway ignored her warning and, in addition to co-signing the notes, he bought a farm adjoining the Duniway house, characteristically overlooking Abigail's plea for help in the house and more comfortable furnishings.

Oregon's depression grew progressively more severe. The winter of 1859 was the worst in forty years. California fruit, which did not have to be packed to distant markets, brought Oregon's fruit industry to a standstill. Poor crops in 1859 were followed by over-production in 1860. The Duniways were hard-pressed and Ben's friend, for whom he had co-signed the loan, was unable to make payments. Interest on this loan and on a loan of his own for his property had to be found. Even though Abigail was slave in the kitchen, at the churn, the wash tub and the kitchen stove, she still found time to write contributions to the papers. She began writing a column, "The Farmer's Wife," for the *Argus*. But she had no kitchen help and no respite from her labor. In these times of overwork and financial worry, Wilkie Collins Duniway, her fourth child, was born.

In November, 1861, came the heaviest downpour that Oregon had ever had. It melted the snow pack and disastrous flooding was the result. The Duniway wheat was sold at a sacrifice and Ben

decided to go to the mines in Walla Walla to get money to meet payments on his loans.

In 1862, with her husband in Idaho, Abigail opened a private school which she taught while she continued to manage the farm. Separation and worry strained the marriage, and the Farmer's Wife column protested and grumbled. "There are no perfectly happy marriages, and people should not marry in haste or too young." She wrote, "It is better to suffer a broken heart single than a broken head and heart married."

By autumn Ben returned still unable to pay his debts. The Farmer's Wife reported:

...just as dusk was coming on--my husband having been away from home all day--the sheriff came to the house and served summons on me...Now, observe that, when that obligation was made, I was my husband's silent partner--a legal nonentity--with no voice or power for self protection under the sun; but when penalty accrued, I was his legal representative.

Ben settled out of court by selling his farm and keeping a small house in Lafayette where Abigail was teaching. The land he lost became one of the most valuable acerages in Oregon, worth a fortune. He was reduced to taking a job as a teamster, hoping to earn enough money to buy another farm. Unluckily a runaway team of horses threw him to the ground, dragging the wagon over his back, and his injuries were painful and permanent. From then on he was a semi-invalid. The ill fortune to Ben was a blessing to Abigail. Freed at last from the oppressive, burdensome tasks of the farm kitchen, the churn, and the milk pail, she had time for writing.

She sold her school in 1865, and opened a new school that fall in Albany. Political disagreements made teaching difficult. It was a time of civil strife and Oregon citizens were divided in their opinions; they were either strongly secessionist or strongly abolitionist. Abigail, who was anti slavery, was accused of bringing politics into her classroom, and "The Farmer's Wife" battled with opposing editors.

Ben was well enough to enter the horse trading business and Abigail's school prospered. They bought a new house and invested in some land. Within the year she also started on a commercial venture; she opened a millinery



Ben Duniway

shop. When she again became pregnant, she converted her school to a general store, and, with credit from Jacob Mayer in Portland, purchased a complete stock for her shop. In November, 1866, Clyde Augustus was born.

Abigail's brother, Harvey, a graduate of Pacific University, was librarian for the Portland city library. He frequently contributed articles to the papers, and everyone was impressed with his brilliance. After the appearance of his essay written as a tribute to the dead president, he was appointed editor of the *Portland Oregonian*. Abigail soon sent him one of her compositions for publication. He rejected it; Abigail, crushed and chagrined, was convinced he had refused to accept her manuscript because of sibling rivalry.

Ralph Roelofson Duniway, the sixth and last child, was born in 1869. His birth was a difficult one, and Abigail stated that she was made a "cripple" for the rest of her life.

The Fifteenth Amendment in 1870 declared no citizen could be denied the vote because of race, color or previous slavery. Women were certain that their own rights would soon be recognized. Unfortunately the amendment meant only *male* citizens, and suffragists therefore joined forces to fight against its ratification although their platform originally supported black rights. Abigail embraced the cause wholeheartedly, prepared for battle and eventual victory. She joined the Equal Suffrage Society in Salem,

and became Oregon's delegate to the women's suffrage convention in San Francisco in 1871. She was in her glory, surrounded on every side by famous suffragists. Making her first public lecture, she was immediately booked for a speaking tour of California--*on salary*. When she wrote the good news to Ben, he wired back, "Come home immediately; business requires it." She abandoned the lecture tour and returned to Albany to find the only thing the family needed was the salary she had relinquished.

Maintaining her shop in Albany, she moved her family to a small rented house in Portland where she opened another millinery establishment. In the two upstairs bedrooms she set up a printing machine, employed a printer and paid her two oldest boys to be typesetters. About this time she wanted to buy property in Portland while it was cheap, but Ben, having ruined himself financially by co-signing a note for a friend, refused to put his signature on the papers. She could only sit by and watch her brother Harvey become a millionaire from his real estate investments. Her newspaper did not bring wealth but it often became the main support of the family. She hired a Chinese cook and a housekeeper, and Ben Duniway took over the duties of raising the children. The experience probably led him to invent a washing machine, which he manufactured at home, and sold throughout the Willamette valley.

In May 5, 1871, the first issue of the *New Northwest* appeared. The paper would be "for human rights and would attempt to secure the greatest good to the greatest number." Miss Moynihan, Abigail's biographer, wrote, "The *New Northwest* and Abigail Scott Duniway's indomitable energy were the primary factors in the Pacific Northwest women's movement for the next sixteen years." During these years Abigail traveled thousands of miles, giving lectures, and wrote volumes for her paper. She became a mentor for women, exhorting them to seek education, develop their talents and enter professions.

She became one of the five vice-presidents of the National Women's Suffrage Association and was recognized by all as the foremost leader of the movement in the West. In 1871 she managed a nationwide tour for Susan B. Anthony. Members

of the Oregon Supreme Court conferred with them on the suffrage issue. Travel was still primitive and making tours in the wilderness required courage and endurance, two qualities which neither one of them lacked.

Scribbling novels and essays and editorial correspondence for the *New Northwest* as she traveled, Abigail established suffrage associations in remote towns and drummed up subscribers for her paper. Among her literary outpourings was *David and Anna Matson*, an epic poem of novel's length. It was beautifully bound and artistically illustrated, but it was the worst thing she ever wrote. The *New York Graphic*, in a book review, said, "It is a sad, sad story and we congratulate Mrs. Duniway upon having got rid of it."

During the years she continually featured her original writing in serial form. At least seventeen novels appeared in the *New Northwest* while she was editor. Like her very first endeavors, they were autobiographical in nature and heavily laced with rights for women. Occasionally she became literarily graphic in her "Editorial Correspondence," and often skillfully presented her ideas:

Our winding, snake-like train keeps adding freight car after freight car to its caudal extremity until, as the engine at last switches its tail of cars and goes thundering down the grade, we look behind us from the window and count *thirteen rattles*. "Oh, *what* a snake! It follows us through the gloom and over the gorges; down the grades and up the grades; along the river and across the culverts; under frowning crags and over jarring trestle work, never ceasing its rattle and din, until at last we reach the Dalles, where the snake, rattles and all, curls itself away somewhere among the machine shops.

She deplored abortion but felt the cause, "enforced bodily subjugation," could be removed only when women had won political and economic freedom. Although she believed that true marriage was forever, she was fascinated by the sin of divorce and refused to shun divorced women. "If a woman has made a wrong choice," she wrote, "it is her duty to make the best of a bad bargain." In a later editorial she said, "Women are getting too far advanced to longer endure drunkenness and brutality," but the solution was to educate the children to the vicissitudes of married life so they could avoid marrying un-

worthy husbands.

Ben's health declined during Abigail's campaigning years, and she became more resentful of his failures. She loved him but she felt she had made a bad marriage. A girl of eighteen was too young to marry and there should have been laws to prevent it.

This was an error she would not permit Clara Belle to make. No man could possibly be good enough for her gifted daughter. But Clara Belle fell in love with a young man from Missouri, Don Stearns, rough and uncultured, who also smoked, drank and caroused. While Abigail was on a trip east to the Centennial Exposition, Clara Belle eloped with her light of love.

When Abigail returned home and learned of the marriage she flew into an uncontrollable anger. Clara fainted and Abigail thought it would be for the best if the poor girl never came out of her unconscious state. Later Abigail announced the wedding and gave a party for the newlyweds. Her objection became a family secret.

The young husband had started one of the first evening newspapers in Portland and Clara Belle became a purchasing agent, at five percent commission, and continued giving piano lessons. But the paper, *Portland Evening Bee*, was soon in financial trouble, and Stearns sold it and invested in land speculation. His endeavors failed to make him rich, and Clara Belle was forced to move to an unsuitable climate in Washington. In 1885 she returned to her home bringing her young son with her. In 1886 at the age of thirty-one, she died of consumption.

Willis and Wilkie followed Abigail's advice and waited to get married. Willis was 38; Wilkie, 32. When Hubert was 18, he had a relationship with one of Abigail's boarders, Ida, and she became pregnant. Abigail again went into a fit of temper, but she directed the course of action. Hubert married Ida, and the guilty couple went to San Francisco to live temporarily. Three months after the birth of the baby, a son, Abigail brought the child back to Portland. In her Editorial Correspondence she declared she had "spontaneously" adopted an orphan child, but the change of food and the hardships of the journey caused him to die within a week. The young couple re-



Abigail Scott Duniway

turned to Portland to live with the Duniways where the bride, "stricken with tuberculosis, died at the age of twenty-three." Hubert returned to the girl he had courted before his marriage to the unfortunate Ida.

Abigail's editorials began emphasizing the need for abstinence and purity in men as well as in women.

No one can give a birthday for prohibition. No doubt some aborigine wifemate hit upon the idea of a tribal outlawing of the fermented distillation for which her caveman roommate had developed an uncontrollable taste.

The movement certainly had been around before the flood, but in 1874 a lot of women, who had a hatred for the bottle,

pooled resources and established the Women's Christian Temperance Union. They battled the demon by gathering in groups in the saloon, kneeling in prayer and singing hymns and temperance songs. The battle tactics were effective; who could enjoy a little something over the rocks with a group of women on their knees exhorting him to cut short the happy hour and hit out for home? The difficulty for the dry ladies lay in the number of saloons. In cities there was about one saloon for every sixty inhabitants, and there weren't enough militant females to hit them all. At first the ladies were opposed to women suffrage but eventually added the cause to their platform.

The organization would seem to be one that Abigail would adopt enthusiastically, but she failed to see how prayer could prevent drunkenness. In her early childhood she had been exposed to fire and brimstone religion, and she disdained it as well as "hypocritical churchanity." Although her writing showed a deep respect for the Bible, she sometimes carried her anti-organized religion ideas too far and certainly failed in the department of meekness and piety.

In addition she felt it was wrong to give women the ballot just so they would vote against liquor. She was of the opinion that women should have the vote; if they voted for the sale of strong spirits, they should still be entitled to vote. She wrote, "Intemperance is a disease and should be treated as such...Neither prayer nor prohibitory laws are sufficient remedies." In another article she wrote, "The innate depravity of all human beings makes it virtually impossible to ban whiskey altogether." In her Editorial Correspondence column, she declared:

The ballot in [woman's] hands will ultimately assist the temperance reform; but it will never bring prohibition, for that is not temperance but intolerance and quackery. The ballot in her hand will prove in time the magic key to the power which will enable women to rear a race of men who will be voluntarily free from drunkenness, because a race of free, enlightened mothers will naturally produce a race of free, enlightened sons.*

It was not long before the W.C.T.U. and Abigail parted company. As a suf-

fragist, she had other concerns beside prohibition: she wanted to transform society to eliminate the distinction of class; she thought women should be paid for their labor, even in the home; she advocated that women in the business world should receive equal pay with men; she decried wanton distribution of public lands among greedy politicians; and she believed in universal emancipation. She fought the injustice of women's inability to control their own finances. They had no protection against a husband's bad judgment or bad character. A wife's business and personal property could be seized in payment of her husband's debts, taxes could be voted against her land without her consent and the men who controlled her welfare did so without her council or opinion. Abigail, realizing the limitations imposed upon her, cried, "We are reduced to the status of children and feeble minded persons."

Embracing such utopian theories, she soon made powerful enemies. The prohibitionists, the anti-suffragists, politicians, secessionists, democrats and religious leaders censored her, and attacked her iconoclastic ideas. She met all challenges head on, and used her Editorial Column to chastise her attackers and reinforce her opinions. Her wit was often cutting and ironic, and her speaking ability was outstanding. She could move audiences from laughter to tears or slap down an opponent with a few words.

When she announced she was opposed to a third political party, the Prohibitionists, because it would cripple the suffrage movement and split the votes, the enmity which her opinions aroused became threatening. When the prohibitionists flung back the statement that they did not want to hurt the case of women's rights, they just wanted Abigail Scott Duniway to step down, the Editorial Correspondence column announced:

[They know] full well that the Woman's Movement without Mrs. Duniway would be like a locomotive without steam; an army without a leader, a France without a Napoleon. But for Mrs. Duniway the Woman's Movement in Oregon and Washington territory would be just where it was three years ago.

No one accused her of false modesty.

Her lecture tours took her everywhere, and she appeared on the platform in the middlewest and the east as well as in the far west.

* Where did we go wrong?

ABIGAIL IN JACKSONVILLE

Jacksonville had always been a rowdy town, and few miners earned good conduct medals, but in Jacksonville there was almost always a patriotic oration in process or on the docket, and speakers generally met with enthusiasm. Hoodlums don't make up much of the audience at a lecture, and if any attended, they probably fell asleep shortly after the introduction of the speaker. Before leaving on her tour, Abigail had insured herself a rude reception by panning one of the town's most illustrious citizens in her Editorial Correspondence.

In 1857 Judge Paine Page Prim, who had come to southern Oregon as a miner in the early days, married Theresa Stearns, whose family also arrived in the valley as early pioneers.* When Prim became a justice in the State Supreme Court and eventually Chief Justice, his duties frequently kept him away from home for extended periods of time. His prolonged absences soon had an adverse effect on his marriage. Theresa, left for weeks at a time alone with two infant children, decided she could no longer tolerate her husband and began treating him with pointed contempt. She informed him she had ceased to love him, and, in fact felt a hatred towards him. She would be happier, she said, if he stayed away permanently since his company had become offensive to her. Her only enjoyment was in the society of others in his absence. The phrase, "society of others," indicated to the good judge that she had taken a paramour, although there was no evidence of hanky panky, and Theresa had the sympathy of the local ladies.

Naturally the judge soon turned her out of his house; what husband could tolerate such blatant disloyalty? Theresa with her small children in tow returned to her parents' loving arms. A local paper reported she had taken a pleasure trip to San Francisco so she apparently wasn't exactly pining away. The judge must either have been an inveterate procrastinator or a very busy man. After about three years of separation, he filed suit for divorce, charging Theresa Prim had broadcast her indifference to all and has thus subjected him to public ridicule. In addition she

"had refused to recognize or cohabit with him as her husband. [Her] treatment [had] been so harsh, cruel and inhuman and she had heaped so many personal indignities upon him that his life had been rendered 'burdensome.'"

After three postponements of the proceedings, Judge Prim had the divorce stricken from the docket and went to Phoenix and began re-courting his wife. By 1867 he had won her back to his eager embrace. They were once again like newly-weds and their troubles probably ended with a fadeout kiss against the gold of the western sky.

But a decade later Abigail Scott Duniway recalled the divorce, and, before she left for Jacksonville, featured the long forgotten squabble in the *New Northwest*. Theresa had opened a hat and bonnet shop in Jacksonville a couple of months earlier and perhaps Abigail decided to defend--even belatedly--a fellow businesswoman. In any case she found some excuse to charge Judge Prim with "banishing his protected and supported wife...because he was weak enough to permit somebody to slander her." She felt he was no less guilty even though he had eventually cajoled her into coming back to his bed and board "for his own convenience."

Citizens of Jacksonville seem to have welcomed Abigail warmly. She was scheduled for four lectures, to be delivered on four successive nights. Mary Hoffman Vining, who at the time was temporarily managing a genteel hotel in Jacksonville, made her comfortable and offered her the courtesy of the house. The editors of the *Oregon Sentinel* and the *Democratic Times* gave her generous publicity and prepared the citizens for an intellectual event. The first three orations were well attended and Abigail was roundly cheered; the opposition lay low and kept quiet. On Saturday, the day of the last lecture, copies of the *New Northwest* with its feature presenting Judge Prim in an unfavorable light, arrived on the mail coach and were distributed to subscribers in Jacksonville.

In an instant the hidden hostility exploded. Good old Judge P.P. Prim stood high in the community, the affair had been long forgotten and what right had this female agitator to revive it? The male citizens, including a few celebrating miners, set out for revenge.

*Incidentally, as a child Theresa Stearns attended Mary Hoffman's school in the Eden district.

When Abigail, bedecked in her lecture finery, emerged from the Vining House on her way to the lecture hall, she was met with a barrage of eggs, of which some were not so fresh. While the hooligans threw the eggs, someone else put the torch to an effigy of Abigail, hanging by the neck high on a tree limb across the street from the hotel. The treatment was far more severe than the statements made by Abigail had warranted but Jacksonville was strongly democratic, only a few of the men understood what women's rights were all about and most of them felt women suffrage was against nature. The editor of the *Democratic Times* called the episode "A Comtemptible Affair," and wrote:

The indignation of the people has been aroused to its highest pitch by the appearance...of a slanderous article reflecting in a most unjust and uncalled for manner upon one of our foremost citizens. This resentment has been heightened ...by the abandoned manner in which the sanctity of the family circle has been invaded and matters that were buried and forgotten in the long ago have been revived for the sinister purpose of venting malignant spite upon one who enjoys the high esteem of all...We are amazed that one professing to be labouring for the best interests of women...should thus debase the columns of a newspaper under her control. If these are teachings of woman suffrage, it should be prohibited by statute. Mrs. Duniway has by this fell stroke done more injury to herself and her cause here than years can repair...

The *Oregon Sentinel*, in reporting the incident was unreasonably vehement. The editor wrote:

An impression is prevalent in the valley that Mrs. Duniway was mobbed simply because she was an advocate of women's rights. It is false. The woman was treated with courtesy until she stripped off the mask of a lady and showed her true character as a social scavenger. The orientals believed in a class of females being ghouls, who nightly dug into graves and feasted on putrifying carcasses of human beings. This being is only a ghoul who feasts on married social scandal, and the course she has commenced will not be evoked by any community. The doors of this town were kindly opened to her, but today there are few people in Jacksonville that will not look at her face with contempt.

Abigail realized the incident was far from funny, but, in writing about it, she treated it as a joke: "Squads of men are holding indignation meetings on the street...and it really looks as though they'd be calling out the militia pretty soon for the express purpose of fighting a lone woman whose offense against them has consisted of

only telling the truth." In a second article she wrote:

The "militia's" been out and egged us! And they've burnt us in effigy, the image being a fair likeness of George Washington so we're told, though we didn't see it, and it wore a white apron with the words, "Libeller of families," on it in big letters--a fitting name for the cowardly *canaille* (rabble) who seek, under cover of darkness, to exhibit their true inwardness...Only one egg hit us, and that was fresh and sweet, and it took us square on the scalp and saved us a shampooing bill.

Audiences in Phoenix and Ashland, possibly because of the hoodlumism in Jacksonville, welcomed her graciously. In spite of the good humor and tolerance in her report of the incident, she felt the insult keenly and avoided Jacksonville in future tours. In fact other suffragists and prohibitionists as well carefully ignored the county seat in their itineraries.

Abigail seldom displayed any restraint in expressing her opinions and attacking her enemies. But she was not the only female guilty of an unchecked temper. The suffrage and prohibition movements seem to have attracted a multitude of members with short fuses. No one can expect overflowing harmony and benevolence in any group of women who, although they have united for a mutual purpose, have varying ideas of how to accomplish that aim.

At the first, Abigail was given support by the western women, and her leadership was unquestioned. But her refusal to join in the prohibition movement led to serious disagreements. She was certainly correct in her assumption that few men would vote for women suffrage if they had concluded that once the ladies were given the vote, they'd converge on the polls to vote out liquor. Knowing this, she made every effort to keep the two campaigns separate. In those years prohibition was embraced by churches, and anyone against it was considered godless and profligate. Abigail was called a free thinker and an infidel by her enemies and was also accused of selling out to the liquor interests. The assertion may not have been accepted as true by leaders of the movement in the east, but many of them resented her less than lady-like approach. At national meetings she was occasionally snubbed, a situation which she did not accept meekly. Her famous temper and sharp

tongue were often put to use. Many of her followers deserted her. When the suffrage amendment was put on the ballots, it was always defeated. Abigail blamed the W.C.T.U. members, and they blamed her, announcing that her abrasive manner and lack of refinement were responsible for its failure. Although she was constantly under attack by her enemies, she occasionally had a victory. In 1878 a Married Women's Property Act gave wives the right to own property, keep wages and manage, sell or will their property, and in some areas women tax payers were given the right to vote on schools.

But the ill will directed toward her continued. When Abigail invited Susan B. Anthony to hold the N.S.W.A. annual conference in Oregon, she declined. By 1883, during a visit to Olympia, Abigail was warned to stay out of sight. She was told, "It makes the members mad to see you on the streets. Your presence will kill the bill."

Not the least of her detractors was her brother, Harvey Winfield Scott, long time editor of the *Oregonian*. For years he attacked her ideas and editorialized against her. The paper's opposition to women's suffrage continued until Harvey Scott's death in 1920.

In 1886 she was persuaded to sell the *New Northwest*. Her family convinced her the paper was no longer prospering financially. Some of her well-meaning friends in the movement insisted it was time for her to step down. The purchaser promised to continue Abigail's editorial policy, but he went out of business after two months. She bought ranchland in Idaho from the profits of the sale. Ben Duniway was installed on the Idaho ranch and, with their share of the money, two of his sons established the Duniway Lumber Company which soon failed. After a visit to the ranch in 1892 she realized Ben was still incapable of making any provisions for her. The loss of her newspaper and the failure of the Idaho property to produce any profit made her feel stranded. She implored her sons to provide for her, and an arrangement was made to give her a hundred dollars each month. She still owned her home in Portland, and Ben Duniway continued to live on the ranch. The sons soon neglected to send their share of the allowance, and Abigail was obliged to keep boarders.

She deeply resented the tasks which kept her from writing, and the efforts she finally managed to get on paper were rejected by the editors who still recalled that her first book had been a financial disaster, both to her and to her publisher.

Whenever she was invited, she still gave lectures. She spoke at the Idaho Convention in 1889, and at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. But as an "unsafe campaigner," she was ignored by most of the new wave of suffragists who tried to invade the western territory and take her place, even though she had pioneered the way for the movement.

For awhile she edited the *Coming Century* and the *Pacific Empire*, but she was not happy under someone else's management. Even though her detractors continually worked against her, she was elected president of the state federation and was encouraged to run for County School Superintendent, a challenge she refused. She joined a study group and helped introduce reforms: the secret ballot and the direct election of Senators. But she remained depressed. Her sons' relationships with the ladies worried her, but Willis became Oregon State Printer, and made a fortune; Wilkie was made editor of the *Sunday Oregonian* (with Harvey Scott's help) and also became a billiards champion with a rating of third place in the nation in 1913; Ralph, the youngest, having earned a law degree from Cornell, was a lawyer and eventually became city attorney; Herbert's lumber business was not a success and his marriage went on the rocks; Clyde, who became a lawyer, supported equal rights, wrote a prize winning dissertation on freedom of the press and spoke in favor of women's suffrage before a Massachusetts legislative committee.

Ben Duniway, almost helpless from arteriosclerosis and arthritis, and plagued with nausea and a constant cough, left the Idaho ranch and returned to Portland to be nursed by Abigail. She was a disagreeable attendant, knowing nothing about nursing, and resenting his dependence upon her. He became more and more of a burden and with no money for housekeepers or nurses, she dosed him with castor oil, a treatment which, needless to say, did not set him immediately on the road to recovery. He died



The statue of Mrs. Duniway was sculpted by Rosewell Dosch in 1914, upon his return to Portland after extended study in Rome and Paris. It was donated to SOHS by Mary Ann Campbell, the sculptor's niece, whose family and the Duniway family were long-time friends.

Mary Ann's favorite story about Abigail concerns Mrs. Duniway's niece, Ruth Kerby. When she was fourteen, attending St. Helen's Hall, she was expected to have tea each afternoon with her Aunt Abigail. One afternoon Teddy Roosevelt led a parade up Broadway, and Ruth decided she would rather see Mr. Roosevelt than make her daily appearance at the Duniway house, and, although she had a feeling of guilt, she tramped along with her friends to see the parade.

The next day at tea, Mrs. Duniway said to her, "I do wish you had come yesterday. The nicest man called at tea time, and you could have had a chat with him. He was Teddy Roosevelt."

in August 1896. The whole family came together for his funeral but their gathering was marred by quarrels and discord. Abigail's mourning was tempered with the thought Ben had robbed her and, by his bad judgment, had tied her to a lifetime of household duties and kept her from realizing her potential.

The vote in 1900 was extremely close. Two weeks before the election the *Oregonian* launched a barrage of editorials against the amendment. Harvey Scott, who claimed to be "out of town," said he was not responsible, but Abigail was enraged

and wrote him a scorching letter. She felt so betrayed, her sons came to her aid and tried to encourage her to get interested in something else or at least to pick up the torch of the women's movement and try again.

She was very frail; infections, biliousness and rheumatism tormented her and she became grossly overweight. But despite her bad health she began planning another suffrage referendum. She was still president of the Oregon Women's Suffrage Association and again invited the national association to hold its convention in Portland. The leaders in the east, however, were still convinced Abigail was injuring the cause. After the 1906 defeat, several of them tried to engineer a coup to oust her as president of the Oregon association. Angry and disillusioned, she withdrew from the campaign.

Even though she had no reticence about blaming other suffragists for the defeats, and waged bitter battles with those who accused her of stealing suffrage funds for her own use, her supporters rallied around her. Many women came to believe she had been correct in her statements from the first and could see that had the national campaign been waged on her terms, it would have been successful generations earlier. By 1910 she was given more respect and her brother Harvey's death brought an end to the opposition from the editorials in the *Oregonian*.

In 1911 the paper glowingly reported an oil painted portrait of Abigail was presented to the State Suffragist Association for eventual display in the National Art Gallery at Washington. It may be there today, it may be stored away, but the gift was a magnificent tribute to the long abused and long suffering Abigail.

In 1912 she again acquired petitions and submitted the amendment. But she was suddenly overcome with pneumonia and blood poisoning, and her sons feared for her life. She insisted she couldn't die until women's suffrage had passed and continued to lead the campaign from her sickbed. Her supporters helped her squelch the opposition of the national headquarters and strongly emphasized that "if the amendment is defeated this time, it will be by your campaign committee stirring up strife."

National leaders were asked, "Can any of you show a better record for suffrage

than Mrs. Duniway?" The messages to Abigail's opposition defended a "sick old lady, sick in body and heart, and too ill to be vexed by greedy enemies." Her detractors and critics were not easily put down, but Abigail's defenders offered surprising resistance and their counter offensive silenced most of the criticism.

When women suffrage was put on the ballot in that year it was approved--by a small majority. Her opponents at headquarters, rather than being delighted, claimed the previous defeats had been caused by Abigail's antagonistic methods and errors in judgment. Oregonians failed to be moved by such accusations. The governor, Oswald West, credited her with having done more to obtain the vote for women in the state than anyone else, and asked her to write and sign the equal suffrage proclamation. She was honored as being the first registered woman voter in Oregon and the first to cast her vote.

In 1915 just before her eighty-first birthday, she died. She could valiantly battle her enemies for years, but she could not overcome the effects of an infected toe. Without antibiotics there was no way to fight poison. On her deathbed, she whispered, "I am ready to go," and expired.

Abigail Scott Duniway devoted her entire life to her cause. She fought for what she believed and she did what she set out to do. Ralph Friedman, a Portland writer, has called her, "Oregon's most famous woman and one of the greatest achievers in Oregon." Miss Moynihan closes her biography with the statement: "The frontier spirit she represented lives as a legacy for all women and for all Americans." Today her place in equal rights is secure and perhaps when all the facts are fully publicized she will be recognized as a *national* treasure.



Mrs. Duniway registering to vote



RISE AND FALL OF KERBYVILLE

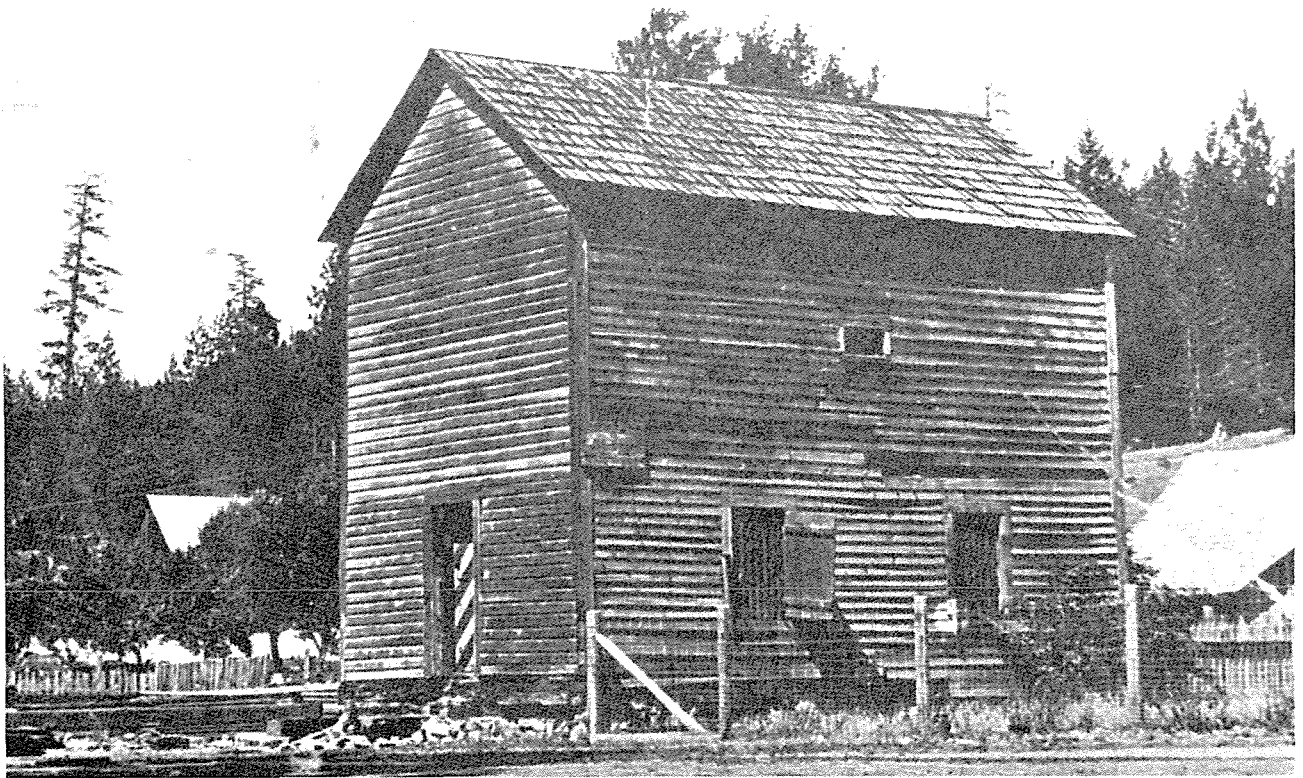
There is a strange fascination that lingers in long abandoned ghost towns. Names like Sailors Diggings, Waldo, O'Brien and Takilma, where none of the original buildings are still standing, evoke a fleeting glamor and wonder. Sterlingville, of which only the cemetery remains, is not even a wide spot in the road, yet its aura persists. No one can accurately point out the spot where the saloon or the hotel or the smithy stood, but the buildings were there once, businesses thrived briefly and noisy miners crowded the street.

Every camp which sprang up overnight and suddenly brought a throng of miners, brought also an entrepreneur -- or two -- who hastily built a shack and stocked it with whiskey or food staples. Those storekeepers who didn't worry about solid foundations and adequate roofs and who were ready to fold up and go with the miners to a richer strike were the lucky ones. Those who held on doggedly, hoping the miners would return, the farmers would settle, the railroad would come and business would have a rebirth,

were the losers. Once it's gone, it's gone, and the birth of a second town a few miles down the creek won't revive the first.

From the very start the forty-niners who found gold at Sutters Mill were bound to branch out and try their luck in areas farther away and after they reached Cottonwood, Greenhorn and Yreka in California, southern Oregon was just a step over the mountains. James Clugage made his discovery at Rich Gulch in January, 1852, but gold was found in Kerbyville, Josephine County, on April 2, 1851, a good eight months earlier. With the emphasis placed today on early Jacksonville, this may come as a surprise to the amateur historian. Josephine County has its exciting history and legends just as has Jackson County, and the story of Kerbyville follows the pattern set by the earlier mining camps. Dennis H. Stovall, who wrote a little novel entitled *Suzanne of Kerbyville*, said:

Kerby has not always slept. In the early days the settlement...was



The old jail at Kerbyville

the gayest and thriftiest, and exchanged more "dust" than any other mining camp north of San Francisco...Then the streets of Kerbyville seethed with the stampede of two thousand excited gold-hunters. From the saloons and dancing halls issued, day and night, the clink of glasses, the boisterous merriment of the faro tables, intermingled with shouts, shots, yells and cries. Kerbyville was, in truth, but a California mining camp moved over the Siskiyou.

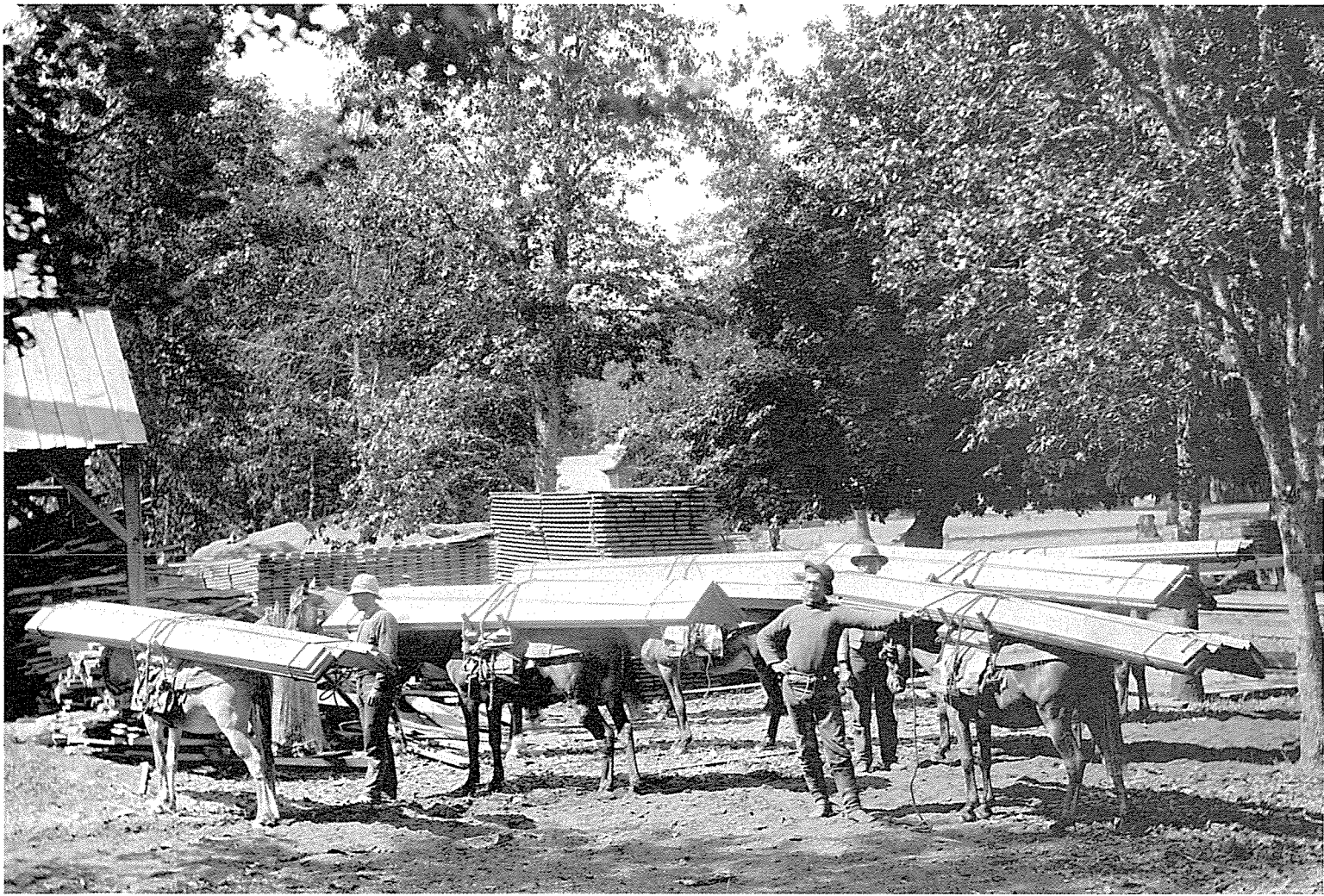
A few miles below Kerbyville, on the Illinois River, Josephine Creek empties its foaming waters into the larger stream. It was here, at the foot of Eight-Dollar Mountain, gold was first discovered in the Oregon country." The news of this discovery, whispered from man to man, from claim to claim, from camp to camp, brought a living stream over the narrow trail of the Siskiyou, and started swarms of men up every gulch, creek and river in southern Oregon.

Kerbyville was the first town in the country to be platted and laid out. In 1857, Dr. Daniel Holton, then practicing in Waldo, hired a surveyor to lay out the townsite in lots and blocks on the south portion of Jim Kerby's 160 acre claim. The plat was recorded under the name of Napoleon. Josephine County had to have her Napoleon, but the name was

short lived. In 1860 the legislature changed it. The town was declared county seat in 1857, taking the title away from Waldo. Kerbyville, with the greatest population, easily won the honor in an election, and for twenty-eight years it was county seat until Grants Pass prevailed and took the title.

A story has circulated for a hundred thirty years or more about how Kerbyville came to be. The legend is probably fantasy but it deserves to be revived from time to time so it won't disappear from folk tradition.

Before the discovery of gold, the Rogue River valley was a wilderness, traversed by a primitive trail from Yreka to the Willamette valley. But gold brought swarms of miners and settlers, and a packing route was established from Jacksonville to Crescent City. Mules were used in pack trains to bring in supplies and some trains had as many as seventy or eighty mules. These animals were incredibly strong and could haul astonishingly heavy freight, but the strongest of all was famous all along the coast for her extraordinary perseverance and endurance. Her name was Anita and she was the pride and joy of a Spanish packer named Alonzo Martinez. (A story featured in the *Tribune* in 1947 reported that the packer was called Juan Pedro and the mule



The photograph shows how mules were burdened with heavy loads of lumber which they packed to Jacksonville, Kerbyville or other towns, from mills as far away as Crescent City. There is no picture in existence of the legendary Anita.

was Susie. No matter.)

One day Martinez was approached by a man from Jacksonville. "You are a good packer," he said, "and you have a famous mule, Anita. Could you pack a piano from Crescent City to Jacksonville?"

Well, yes, Martinez thought he could, "for a price."

The fee he named was outrageous but the gentleman from Jacksonville didn't bat an eyeball, and the two of them shared a shot of social lubricant to seal the bargain.

In due course the piano arrived, having been shipped around the horn to Crescent City. Alonzo Martinez hadn't been dillydallying; he was ready. He had rigged up a tripod fifteen feet high and had suspended a block and tackle from the top. The tripod was set up over the piano and several packers pulled on the ropes, lifting the piano into the air.

Martinez then led Anita under the contraption, and the men slowly lowered the heavy freight down upon her back where

it was strapped and tied with ropes onto an especially constructed saddle. The removable pieces of the instrument must have been packed onto other mules while Anita carried the heaviest single piece. Obviously the frontier branch of the S.P.C.A. wasn't doing their thing at the time.

Anita, indomitable and trail wise, toted that heavy load miles and miles, over the mountains to Jacksonville. This was an earth-shaking event, and Anita should have been put out to pasture and given an unending supply of oats, but Alonzo Martinez was greedy, and when other newly-rich Jacksonville merchants decided to keep up with the neighbors and also display pianos in their parlors, they contacted Martinez as well, and Anita, the dear old thing, lugged several more pianos over the mountains.

At last a man from Jacksonville sought out Martinez and asked him if he would bring a billiard table from Crescent City.

Yes, he could, for a price. Poor Anita. Arrangements were made and eventually

Anita, groaning under the big pool table, started off on the 130 mile long, *long* trail.

All went well enough until they were about half-way to home base, when a big grizzly bear came lumbering down the mountain side toward the train. All the mules scattered--all, that is, except Anita. She tried to run but the pool table was too heavy. Her legs buckled under her and she flattened.

Martinez and his men quickly set up the tripod and lifted the pool table, but it was too late. Once again the goose that laid the golden egg had met her Waterloo. Sadly they buried the faithful but defunct mule along the trail. The loss of the valiant Anita was more than a disaster. Alonzo Martinez couldn't move the billiard table forward or backward, and the man who had ordered it refused to pay for merchandise that wasn't delivered.

For some time the table lay where the late Anita had ditched it, but in a few days Martinez was struck with an idea: he would build a saloon around the billiard table and advertise a grand opening. The announcement that the only pool table north of San Francisco could be found at Martinez's Dewdrop, brought miners stampeding his way in no time. Tents and shacks sprang up like mushrooms, and in a couple of weeks there was a thriving mining town--Kerbyville!

During the fifties and the first part of the sixties, the town was at its peak.

To the hitching bars along each side of the street, scores of pack animals, mules and cayuses stood, stamped and fought the stinging flies. ..Miners were there [with gold] from the Illinois, Josephine Creek, Silver Creek, Althouse, Galice and the Rogue. ..Hordes poured in and hordes poured

out, the yells and shouts of preparation [rang out day and night] as mules and ponies received their packs, the jar and clank of shovels, picks and pans, as beasts of burden, camp-laden, brushed each other in passing by.

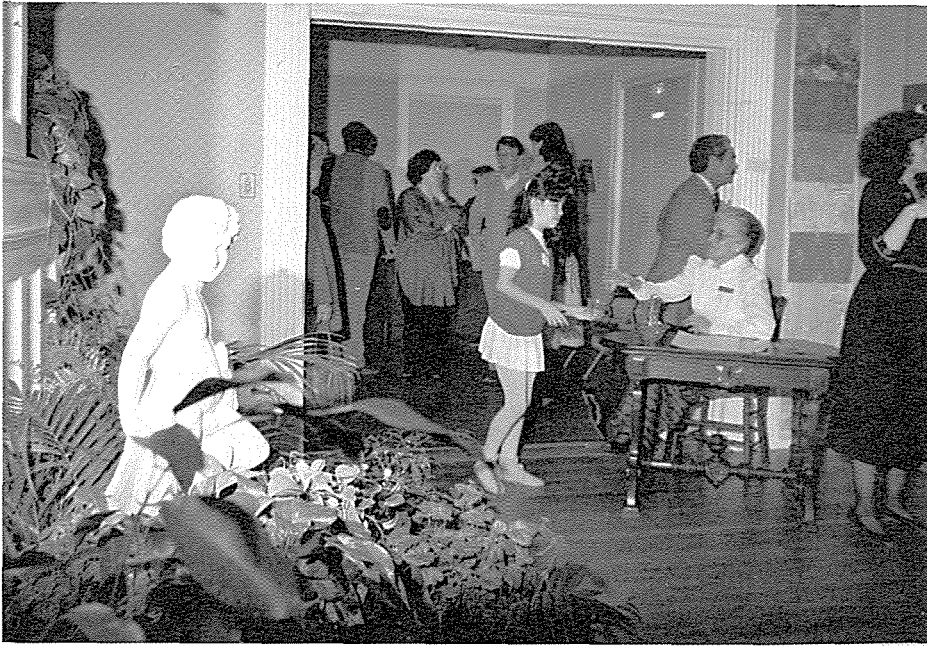
Along in the latter part of the sixties, Kerbyville began to decline. The little city had survived two bloody Indian wars, a smallpox epidemic, and a long winter famine when snow blocked the trails and people couldn't get in or out. But the miners were a restless lot, and after scratching the surface no deeper than the length of their shovel handles, they drifted away to other Bonanzas. Kerbyville faded into history.

In 1903, when Dennis Stovall wrote his tribute to the town, there were a few decaying relics still standing. The town hall, the old jail and the walls of some of the abandoned businesses were there, leaning drunkenly toward the center, their doors and windows boarded up. And the stage clattered through the town twice each day.

But today the town has become Kerby and boasts two stores and the remains of a sawmill. The Josephine County Historical Society has established a handsome museum which houses relics from the ghost town era and a group of period exhibits. On the museum grounds of five acres are an old two story house, fully furnished with charming antiques, an annex building, a blacksmith shop, a small building containing a mineral exhibit, and a little one room schoolhouse which was moved from Sucker Creek and rebuilt on this more accesible site. The museum, under the direction of the Grants Pass Parks Department, will be open from 10:00 - 5:00 daily, beginning the season on May 15. One interested in Oregon's beginnings would do well to pay Kerby a visit.



Kerby today



Photograph by Doug Smith

CUPID ON DISPLAY

The Southern Oregon Historical Society sponsored a Valentine Party for those who have worked on the Butler-Perozzi Fountain Restoration in Ashland. The original marble sculpture of Cupid was on exhibit for the party which was held at Swedenberg House Museum. Over 100 enjoyed the beautiful music provided by a string trio and refreshments by Swedenberg volunteers. Curator Nan Hannon reports it was a great success.

SOCIETY SEEKS DONATIONS FOR LIVING HISTORY PROGRAMS

When folks think of donating to a museum, they usually think of donating antiques for display. This is great and we appreciate all those who have given their treasures over the years but there is a need for other kinds of items for our living history program.

From time to time we publish lists of such needs so those of you who might have items can help us out. These donations are also tax deductible. Here are some objects we currently need:

1. A silver tea service (tray, coffee pot, tea pot, cream and sugar) which we can use for our formal functions such as the annual tea dance, volunteer training, etc.
2. White linen table cloths and napkins which can be used at Beekman house for the living history programs. Part of our interpretive program there is serving afternoon tea and Mrs. Beekman would have never considered sitting at table without proper linens.
3. We need a working refrigerator with a freezing compartment for storage of cooking items at Beekman House. The refrigerator will be kept out of sight but used to store perishables.
4. A silver plate table service for 6 or 8 which is appropriate to the period 1916 to '20 for use at Beekman House. We have lovely silver from the Beekman's but these are original artifacts which should never be used.

If you have any of these items, please call Dawna Curler at 899-1847 and we'll be happy to pick them up. We'll surely appreciate your help.

REMEMBER VOLUNTEER TRAINING

There will be volunteer training held on the following dates: March 12, 10 to 4; March 14, 10 to 4; March 14, 7:30PM to 9; March 16, 10AM to 12:30; March 19, 7:30PM to 9; March 19, 10AM to 4; March 21, 10 to 4; March 23, 10AM to 12:30; March 26, 10 to 4; March 28, 10AM to 4; March 28, 7:30PM to 9; and March 30, 10 to 12:30. Response has been good but we still need all of you. Please call Marge Herman to make a reservation at 899-1847. We will appreciate whatever time you can spare us in preserving our past!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD PEOPLE

Seasonal Interpreter applications for this summer's living history program will be accepted at the Administrative Office (Armstrong House, 357 E. California) of S.O.H.S. through March 29. The Seasonal Interpreter positions are part-time with starting salary of \$3.35 per hour.

Seasonal Interpreters will wear historic costumes of the 1910 era, play the roles of historic characters, and conduct public tours of the Beekman House and the Beekman Bank from May 20 through September 2, 1985. They will also be responsible for opening and closing historic buildings on a daily basis and for the onsite supervision of volunteers also working in the program. These positions may also include some schedule hours as greeters at the Catholic Rectory, the Children's Museum or the Courthouse Museum but major responsibilities will be with the living history program.

Work schedules will generally run 5 hours a day with a total of 20-25 hours each week and will usually include weekends. 20 hours of required paid training will be conducted prior to May 20.

For those who would like to be involved with this program but do not have the time to commit to a steady work schedule, we are also offering many flexible-schedule volunteer positions for both living history characters and greeters.

We will need folks of all ages, men as well as women. They will be portraying Mr. Beekman at the Beekman Bank (age 70) his bookkeeper (middle age) Mrs. Beekman and daughter Carrie at the house and their friends and relatives. We need a few teenagers who will portray Carrie's piano students at the Beekman home.

For more information on either paid or volunteer positions, please contact Dawna Curler or Marge Herman at 899-1847.

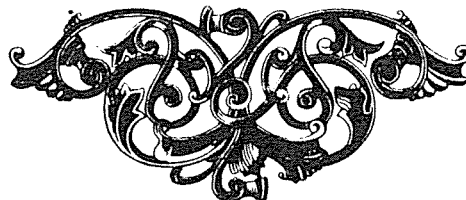
SPRING CALENDAR

March - Be sure and take note of the volunteer training schedule given Elsewhere in this newsletter.

There will be no Sunday Social this month due to the Easter Holiday.

April

- 13 - Pear Blossom Festival & Run - This year the parade will feature a Centennial Theme.
- 18 - S.O.H.S. Bus Tour To Crescent City (see further information in the center insert of this newsletter)
- 26-27 - S.O.H.S. will be hosting the Eight State Regional meeting of the Association for Living Historical Farms and Agricultural Museums.
- 28 - SUNDAY SOCIAL - "An Afternoon of Victorian Music" This concert will be held in the ballroom of the U. S. Hotel in Jacksonville at 2:00PM and will feature period music, both light and classical, by Mrs. Duane Clay, soprano; Mr. Nick Clark, tenor; and Mr. Ray Lewis at the piano. Don't miss this---it'll be a classic!!
- May 1 - "A Century Of Sitting" an exhibit of chairs showing style changes to and trends from the 1850's thru the early 20th century. Sweden-burg House Museum in Ashland.
- May 4-5 S.O.H.S. Bus Tour to Victoria, B.C. (see information in the insert section of this newsletter).
- May 17 S.O.H.S. Annual Membership Meeting - This year the society will meet in the ballroom of the Ashland Hills Inn. After dinner and a short business meeting, all will enjoy an evening of dancing.





Photograph by Doug Smith

CENTENNIAL BEGINS!

The Medford Centennial started on Feb. 25 when Dick McLaughlin and members of the Medford Chamber of Commerce Greeters cut the ribbon on the Gazebo in Library Park. The Gazebo was built by Herb Gifford with donations from area citizens and businesses. Cakes were decorated and over 200 roses were planted about the area. There are many enjoyable events to follow!



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I would like to purchase a membership in the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ St. _____

Zip: _____ Phn: _____

Junior Historian (18 & under)	. . . \$ 6.00
Seniors (65 and over)	. . . 10.00
Individuals	. . . 12.00
Family	. . . 15.00
Contributor	. . . 25.00
Business	. . . 50.00
Donor	. . . 75.00
Sponsor	. . . 100.00
Benefactor	. . . 250.00
Grantor	. . . 500.00
Life	. . . 1,000.00

A membership in the society brings you the newsletter every month and access to a great deal of information about what's going on. It also makes a great gift!

Mail to: Maureen Smith
S. O. H. S.
P. O. Box 480
Jacksonville, OR 97530

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Volume 5, No. 3, March 1985
ISSN: 0732-0523



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