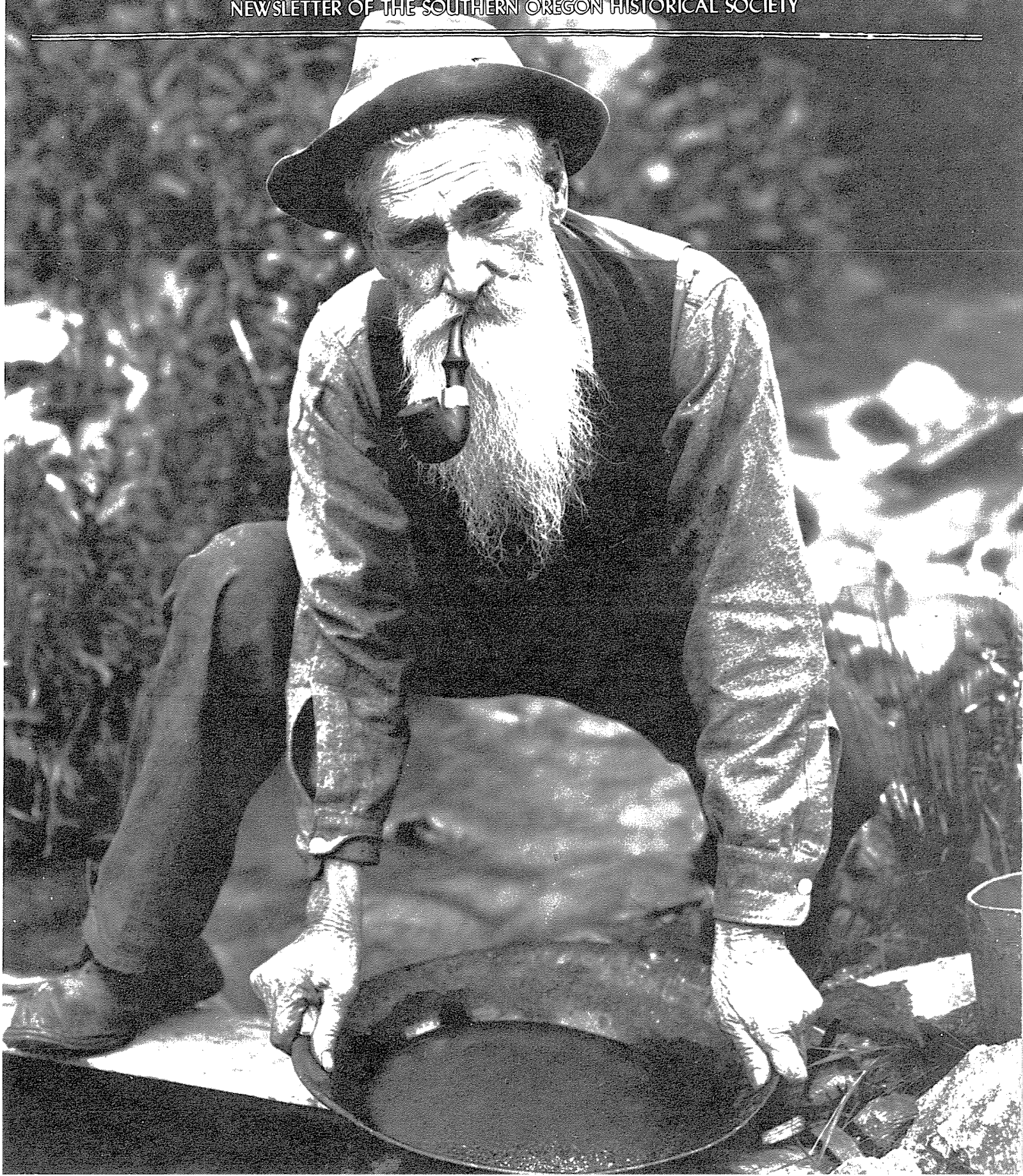

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



General Joseph Lane

Joseph Lane, who was acquainted with William G. T'Vault before either of them came to the west, served with distinction in the Mexican War. President Polk appointed him first Governor of the Oregon Territory, and he arrived in Oregon City in 1849. He served in this position for a year when he was elected to Congress. In 1859 when Oregon became a state, he was elected first state senator (1859-61) and in 1860 he was the Democratic candidate for United States Vice-President, running with Breckenridge. He became a hero in the Rogue River Indian Wars (1851-1853) and was greatly respected by the Indians. His brilliant career ended shortly after his unsuccessful vice-presidential campaign because of his pro-slavery attitude and his strong Southern sympathy. He never again held public office. He settled with his family on a claim in the Umpqua valley in 1853 and Lane county is named for him. He died in 1881.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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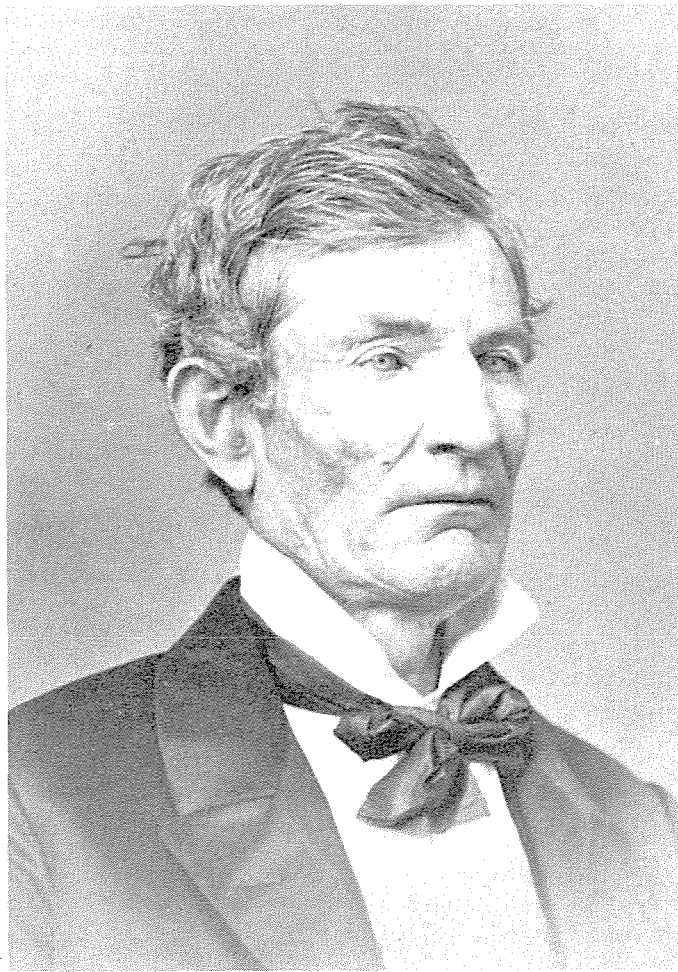
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WILLIAM G. T'VAULT

The Opportunist

Towards the end of 1868 the first case of smallpox broke out in the poorer section of Jacksonville. The doctor, who was summoned to attend a small child suffering from high fever, violent aching and eruptions, diagnosed the disease as chicken pox. Before the mistake was discovered, the dreaded plague had swept through the town. In terror of contagion, few citizens could be found to tend those stricken with the pestilence. Even family members moved away from home and, for the most part, only the sisters from the convent dared approach the sick bed and offer what care and comfort they could. Too late, the schools, churches and public gatherings were suspended and urgent pleas for all available vaccine were sent to neighboring towns. For two months business activity came to a virtual standstill. Jacksonville was quarantined and people from the county were forbidden

to communicate with the town. A.G.Walling, in his history of southern Oregon, wrote:

[Protestant] ministers fled in af-fright from paths of duty, but in the darkest hours the Catholic priest who himself had experienced the dis-ease, together with the Catholic sis-terhood [two nuns who had either been vaccinated or had had small pox], rendered valuable assistance. The contagion was not confined to any particular class. The widow of John Love (*Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol.I, No.9), a lady of refinement and culture, was attacked, and with her youngest child was carried away. Her mother and the rest of the children were in the country and dared not approach her, and, when all was over, the unsightly corpse--all that remained of human beauty--was borne to the cemetery in

a rough lumber-wagon, without a single follower.

Citizens feared smallpox germs contaminated those who breathed the same air as the victims.

It was generally believed that smoke would kill the germs and purify the atmosphere, and accordingly great pitch pine fires were built in the streets. People, reluctant to go home, clustered day and night around the smoky pyres which cast a dismal glow through the dense smoke.

Only Sargent Dunlap, the sexton, and Father Blanchet, the priest at St. Joseph's, dared remove the corpses from deathbeds to coffins and transport them to the wagon and up the winding road to the cemetery. Their daily trip was usually made after midnight. Apparently people thought the dead were not so contagious in the dark or else it was less alarming to carry the grisly freight through town after the idlers had dispersed and gone to their beds. At the cemetery, in the somber light of torches, the two men, and an occasional brave helper, buried the dead and the priest charitably said a few words over the new mounds.

Among the victims was William Green Harrison T'Vault. He had been the first Attorney General and first Postmaster General of the old Oregon Territory, a representative in the Oregon State Legislature, and Speaker of the House, a lawyer, an editor, a trail blazer and a frontiersman, but when he died only Father Blanchet attended him, gave him the last rites and helped shovel the dirt into the grave over the wooden box which contained his last remains.

The editor of the *Oregon Sentinel* wrote, on February 6, 1969:

The last victim of small-pox among us was Col. W. T'Vault, who died at 11pm on Thursday. Although [he was] in the fullness of old age, being 62 years old, [he was still energetic and] it is painful to reflect that, after a busy life and prominent service, he should be struck down by so dreadful a malady that not a single mourner dared follow him to the grave.



Rhoda Boone T'Vault

he was born in mid-Atlantic, but one obituary gives Arkansas as his first home and another source claims he was born in Kentucky. His death notice in a Jacksonville paper called him "a native of Missouri." It's safer to say that he came from the south.

A family descendant gives the original spelling of the name as Tevault, but he seems to have preferred the more awkward T'Vault. But the spelling of the name was not the only unusual feature connected with William Green T'Vault. "From the records it could be said the family was, at the very least, unconventional. There was a continuing stream of marriages with no divorces or deaths found to date, assault and battery charges, and a proven charge of adultery." The more recent generations, however, were hard working

WILLIAM GREEN T'VAULT was born in 1809. As is usual historians give several conflicting birth dates and birth places. It is reported that

land owners, respected and fairly well to do." William Green was probably a representative of the "recent generation."

At any rate he was born and he lived sixty-two years. His life before he came to Oregon is indistinct and little is recorded. He practiced law in Boonesville, Illinois, and served in the legislature of that state, and developed a strong leaning towards the Democratic party. In 1820 he and Rhoda Boone Burns were joined together in the bans of matrimony in Warrick county, Indiana. Her family was considerably more illustrious than his; she was a great granddaughter of Daniel Boone, Kentucky's famous pioneer, and she found the family connection significant enough to emphasize it in her records. Mrs. Jane McCully, Mrs. W. J. Plymale and Mrs. R.M. McDonough, members of the committee who concocted her obituary for the records of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association, did not fail to mention that she was a direct descendant of the famous Dan'l. William Green and Rhoda T'Vault had five children, two of whom died in infancy. There is occasional mention in Oregon papers of his surviving offsprings: Elizabeth (Kenny) who died in Jacksonville in 1911, St. Marion, who died in Portland in 1870 and George, who died at the age of seventeen in Jacksonville.

We are not concerned with William G. T'Vault before 1845; we are interested far more in his influence on Oregon history and the role he played in the development of the west in the twenty-five vigorous years he lived in Oregon.

With his family he joined a wagon train in 1845 at St. Joseph, Missouri. At that time gold had not yet been discovered in Oregon, and the hope for riches to be found in the west was not a factor in the earliest pioneers' decision to leave the east. There were no settlers in the Rogue River valley and those who struck out for Oregon, for the most part, were seeking farm land in the Willamette valley. In 1845 only a few thousand intrepid souls had settled there and about five-hundred of these had collected in Oregon City, which showed promise of becoming the capital and most important center of the Territory. Life there was often brutal and primal, but the emigrants were hard people, tough and resolved to face the rigorous con-

ditions.

William T'Vault's training in law had made him highly vocal, he had a way with words, and was obviously well educated. The leaders of the wagon train named him chairman of the committee to draft and report laws for governing the company during their march, and his interest in and knowledge of the west soon made him a well-known member of the party. His apparent qualities of leadership and his easy manner were responsible for his spontaneous election as wagonmaster of the train. Mr. Clark was made the pilot. T'Vault, as leader, was called the Colonel, and he maintained the title for the rest of his life although his post as wagonmaster was not a position he held throughout the trip nor was it planned to be. The early colonizers wisely made provisions for human nature by limiting the tenure of their leaders and reserving the right to elect new ones from time to time. The company soon became too large to be managed by one person; eventually there were one thousand people, one hundred wagons and two thousand head of cattle. The train divided into four smaller groups before it left the Missouri river in early spring on the long trek across the plains.

They started with a great show of resolution, hope and cheerfulness, but these emigrants were strong willed, independent-minded folk, not slow to criticize those in positions of leadership. Every group, no matter how small, has its share of members who enjoy making waves and some whose sharp tongues ultimately alienate them from all except their own little vituperative cluster of malcontents. This train was not exempt from trivial feuding.

The four companies splintered into even smaller groups, and parts of the wagon train were separated by many miles and many days travel from the others. Having lost command of his people almost at the beginning, William T'Vault was not unhappy to relinquish his appointment as wagonmaster at Big Soldier creek, which the travelers reached on May 13, 1845. It is probably no great consequence that many were just as pleased to see him step down from his responsible but often thankless office. Aside from petty squabbles, however, and occasional horse-thieving Indians, there were no traumatic episodes on the long stretch across the country,

and at last they reassembled, for the most part still hearty and hopeful, at Fort Boise.

It was here that they first met Stephen Meek, who informed the vast company that he could lead them westward in an almost straight line to the Willamette valley and save them at least forty days' travel. Many of the emigrants paid little attention to Meek's claim, preferring to plod along over an established route to The Dalles on the Columbia River. This road was known to be extremely dangerous and rigorous, but there were charted water stops and plenty of grass and they preferred to play it safe.



Stephen Meek

A brother of Joe Meek, Stephen Meek had a good reputation and spoke with great assurance. For a fee, he, with his new wife Elizabeth, would lead the train and see that the tired emigrants reached their destination weeks before the others. About 250 travelers, including the T'Vault family, agreed to join the Meek train and separated from the original company. One wonders that the number wasn't greater. The assurances from a tried-and-true mountain man must have been very persuasive, and the emigrants were eager to be first to reach the promised land.

They pulled out of Fort Boise and headed westward. From the very first the way was rocky, mountainous, untraveled and discouraging. The oxen and the

wagon at the head of the line had to break trail through untamed wilderness. Sometimes six yokes of oxen were required to pull each wagon up the steep mountains, and the drivers often had to retrace their steps for a change in course. It daily became more evident that Stephen Meek had no more knowledge of the country than the travelers, and like them, he was seeing it for the first time.

Sometimes the canyon walls were so steep, wagoners had to make their way up the rocky riverbeds, with the churning water swirling above the axles. Occasionally when they left the lowlands they could find no water for the stock and often none for themselves. Frequently several days passed before they came to a spring or found a small trickle in an almost-dry creek.

The wishful thought that the trail must eventually improve and that the tortuous route would become easier kept them plodding forward, and they jounced and jolted over the almost impassable terrain, skirting Castle Rock, crossing and recrossing the Malheur river and passing Harney Lake. At last they reached Wagontire Mountain where they found a little supply of water which they carefully rationed. They remained there for days, forced to stay as scouts searched unsuccessfully for water as far as fifty miles away.

At the beginning of the trek Stephen Meek rode back and forth from the front to the rear of the train, shouting encouragement with good humor and banter, but soon he met with stony resistance and sullen hostility. There were murmurs and threats of lynching, and only the knowledge that their chances of surviving were better with him than without him kept some of the hotheaded and rash men from action they might have regretted. Meek found it prudent to remain with the lead wagons and keep a low profile.

It was here at Wagontire Mountain that Meek gave up the idea of a straight westward course to the Willamette valley. He turned the train northward, realizing that The Dalles, remote as it was, offered the nearest sanctuary. After several days of idleness they pushed onward, fortunately finding that evening, a camp with water and grass which had been overlooked by the scouts.

At a spot along the trail, not far from the Crooked River, the wagon train stopped for the night at a dry canyon. As usual there was no water to be found in the camp, and the captain ordered all the young men to take pails and shovels and try to find water. One member of the company, Herren, accompanied by two others, took picks and shovels and set off down a dry arroyo. They carried with them a wooden bucket which had been painted blue. At a spot in the rocky creek bed, Herren detected a little stagnant water and began digging. In the first spadefuls of dirt he unearthed a couple of large nuggets. The bright color intrigued him, and he picked up the stones for closer investigation, and showed them to his companions. Gold was the last thing they expected to see, and the possibility of a gold strike was not even considered. One of the fellows decided they were pieces of brass and Herren dropped them into his pocket and continued his search for water. There was no depth to the moisture and the men soon gave up the search and returned to the wagons where they were informed that others had found water closer to the camp.

Later in the evening, Herren, pretty sure he had picked up gold, showed his two nuggets to others in his party. One of the men said that if it was gold, it would be malleable. They accordingly took a hammer and hammered each piece on a wagon tire into a flat disk. Herren indifferently put the two pieces of metal into a drawer of his tool chest and forgot about it.

Not until several years later did he recall the nuggets which had long since disappeared from his tool chest. In all probability Herren found the first gold to be discovered west of the Rocky mountains. His discovery pre-dated by three years the finding of gold in California.

The legend grew. The story declared that Herren's two youngsters, who had tagged along on the futile search for water, had discovered many brilliant nuggets and colors in a mound of fresh earth thrown up by a gopher. They had filled the blue bucket with gold. The myth becomes unbelievable when it is embroidered with more ridiculous detail. William T'Vault, happening upon the strange, yellow metal, was impressed with its heaviness and craftily attached it

to his fishing line, using it as a weight to sink the bait. In view of the ever present problem of no water and dry creeks, the rumors become even more unbelievable and few people could be so ignorant as to use fifty dollar nuggets as sinkers.

In another version of the tale, two blue buckets were left at the place to mark the location for future digging, and the lost treasure spot became the legendary Blue Bucket Mine. Over the years since then practically every inch of the Crooked River country has been searched by gold miners, hoping to unearth the rich lode, and diaries of the members of the unfortunate Meek train have been studied minutely for hidden clues to the whereabouts of the fabulous find. Prospectors are searching today, and though the fortune has consistantly eluded the seekers, the story persists.

The constant struggle to survive and the suttering from thirst at last began to weigh heavily on the animals and the people. Many oxen, too weak to continue, were abandoned and an increasing number of people, particularly women and children, died from sickness and deprivation. Resentment against Meek was possibly the goad which spurred them on. A member of the train, Jesse Harrit, in his diary, wrote:

Some in the company has been without bread fore 15 days and has had to live on pore beef without anything else. I will just say pen and ton[gue] will both fall short when they gow to tell the suffering the company went through.

Jack Sutton, a more recent Jacksonville historian who researched the Meek party, wrote:

The hardships of the trail had frayed the nerves of the pioneers to the breaking point and several wagons were drawn up in a circle, with a hanging noose dangling from the up-raised wagon tongues. Only the quick action and oratory of William Green T'Vault and John Waymire saved Meek from being the principal guest of an impromptu "necktie party."

This is no doubt fiction, but when the party was about five days from The Dalles, Stephen Meek was given word that one of the men, whose two sons had died on the way, had taken an oath he would kill him before sundown. Meek did not doubt the

earnestness of the threat. He and his wife Elizabeth at once left the train. A diarist reported: "[The Meeks went] to some Indians nearby and told them to put them over the river [the Deschutes] at all hazards. Several of us who were anxious to see his escape effected, followed to witness his departure."

At last the sorry remnants of the wagon train dragged into The Dalles. Many members were too sick to recover in spite of the food and care available at the mission. At least twenty-four had died on the way and a like number died after they reached the Columbia river. Stephen Meek's "shorter, safer route" had taken forty more days than the tedious regular route.

It was late in the season and almost into winter but as the sufferers regained their strength and the supplies were restocked, the survivors joined other passing trains and eventually made their way to the Willamette valley.

William Green T'Vault never suffered from a modesty complex; he was generally found in the front ranks of any activity, and was unwilling to be relegated to the back-ground. He and his family had come through the Meek's Train ordeal in far better order than many of their fellow travelers and required no delaying period for recuperation. The Willamette valley was a fledgling territory and Oregon City, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, was already a growing community who welcomed new leaders and legislators and lawyers. As a new arrival, T'Vault wasted no time in indecision. He was admitted to the Oregon (territory) bar and began his practice in 1846, before a year had passed.

Surprisingly most of his professional suits were divorce cases even though a divorcee in that age automatically stepped down several rungs on the social ladder. But as few society leaders had crossed the plains to settle on the frontier, the little lady who had just shed a philanderer or the town tosspot had to relinquish few elegant cotillions and smart levees. Evidently pioneer women had developed a spirit of independence while crossing the desolate plains and preferred being considered a bit of a wanton than a household drudge. On the other hand no gentle and faithful husband

should have to give bed and board to an abusive wife and share her favors with the hired help when he could get rid of her through the courts. T'Vault did not lack clients. He soon became the first Prosecuting Attorney for Clackamas county, and his legal practice led into politics. In his first year in the west he was elected to the second session of the provisional legislature. His record was impressive. He was appointed to the committee of rules and became a court attendant, waiting on Governor Abernathy. He served on three committees: the judiciary, post offices and education. In a second term he was appointed clerk of the house at a salary of \$100 and duties of the clerkship prevented his serving on other committees. He did come out in favor of legislative control of ardent spirits, and made speeches advocating prohibition at temperance meetings. Presenting such a platform was a neat trick for T'Vault who was known to be a periodic drunk. He was willing to take a stand for temperance because it was a popular issue, and he may have felt it would be easier to swear off the Demon Rum if it was outlawed. No matter how his stand is analyzed, his position appears a little silly and deceitful, but politics makes strange bedfellows.

On June 15, 1846, the Oregon Treaty between the United States and Britain had set Oregon's northern boundary at the 49th parallel. Before that agreement the pioneers didn't know if they'd eventually be British or Americans, and the settlement of the dispute was cause for celebration because the emigrants from the states had hoped to retain their American citizenship. The year 1846 was accordingly a significant one for both the Oregon Territory and William T'Vault.

The Oregon Printing Association had been formed in 1845 for the establishment of a newspaper. There was need for official publication of the corporate acts of the new American territory, and the directors had resolved to establish the *Oregon Spectator*. Col. W.G. T'Vault was named president of the association and several outstanding men became officers: J.W. Nesmith, vice-president; John P. Brooks, secretary; George Abernathy, treasurer; Robert Newell, John E. Long and John H. Couch, directors.

T'Vault, in addition to his other endeavors at the time, was also Postmaster General of the Oregon Territory, appointed by the Provisional Governor, George Abernathy. The duties of this position were not so strenuous they precluded any other activity, and T'Vault, with little, if any, previous newspaper experience, applied for the position as editor. H.A.G. Lee, a Virginian of good education, a former speaker of the house in Oregon's Provisional legislature, was looked upon with favor by the directors, but he asked for \$600 a year. T'Vault, who requested a compensation of \$300, was given the position, making him editor of Oregon's first newspaper, the *Spectator*, which at the height of its popularity had a subscription list of 155 readers. His term of editorship was extremely short-lived; the first editorial appeared on February 5, 1847, and the last on April 2, 1847, a total of five issues in a period of eight weeks.

The directors of the Oregon Printing Association had decreed that the paper must remain totally objective in its reporting and must not express any political preferences. T'Vault in his salutatory in the first issue announced that he was an advocate of Jeffersonian democracy, and in following issues he was unable to keep his political inclinations from showing. For his fifth issue he wrote a laudatory obituary for Andrew Jackson. It was his swansong. Praise for Jackson, his faulty sentence construction, his imaginative spelling, his failure to present each side of an issue and his disagreements with the board brought about his dismissal. His competitor, Mr. Lee, accepted editorship and was apparently more willing to conform to the restrictions. Sensitivity and discriminating literary taste have never been ascribed to the early Oregonians. Although the Board of Directors found T'Vault's syntax sadly lacking, the public was less demanding and Mr. Lee's fastidiousness as an editor resulted in the circulation's dropping to 100.

About the same time T'Vault gave up the postmaster generalship. During its first year of operation, his system had delivered mail by pony express and mail boats. It was his duty to pay the riders and the pilots, and it had not been a lucrative enterprise. His salary in this

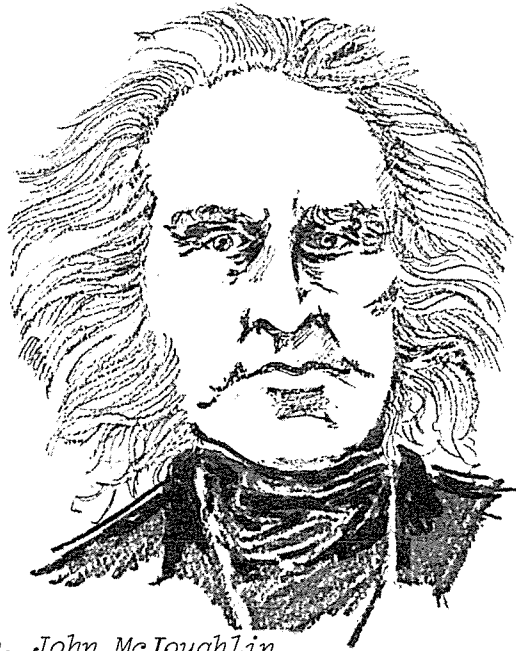
appointment was ten per cent of the total money handled. Although postal rates were high for the time--50¢ per single sheet from Missouri via pony express to any Oregon postoffice--he was unable to maintain service. His commissions and his allowance of \$50 a year did not cover operating expenses and he stopped the mail service at the end of the third quarter. The Federal government then assumed responsibility for mail delivery. But he was Oregon's first Postmaster General, and being the first of anything is of historical consequence.

In 1847 T'Vault successfully campaigned for Clackamas County Legislature Representative to the second Oregon Provisional Legislature. His opponent was Editor Lee of the flagging *Spectator*, who had held the political office in the first legislature. Colonel T'Vault noted in his victory speech that he had gained considerable satisfaction in "whupping him out." When he was not serving as representative he continued his legal practice, having entered into a partnership with Samuel R. Thurston, certainly an unsavory choice for an associate.

About this time Dr. John McLoughlin severed his connections with the Hudson's Bay Company and moved to Oregon City. He had previously prepared a home there and he brought his wife and family with him, having made up his mind to renounce his British citizenship and become an American citizen. (His first papers were granted in 1851.) But he soon discovered the change in citizenship could not be effected until the jurisdiction of the United States was extended to include the Oregon territory. As a British subject he was not permitted to make a land claim, and the government, as it sometimes does, dragged its feet while American settlers staked out the most desirable land. Congress delayed the action until 1851, and when the sovereignty of the United States was extended over Oregon, the settlers clamored for confirmation of the titles to their land claims. The Hudson's Bay Company was in possession of vast tracks of great value, the British continued to occupy them and the land issue became a political issue.

Dr. McLoughlin sought out William

T'Vault and Samuel Thurston to represent him in his claim. Thurston was a schemer and a patently dishonest politician but he had become a delegate to Congress. He and T'Vault accepted Dr. McLoughlin's case and agreed to defend his claim. McLoughlin accepted their word in good faith, but it soon developed that Thurston had entered into a conspiracy to deprive him of his land claim in Oregon City. T'Vault, working on his own, appears to have had other plans to defraud him. Under the "Squaw clause" of the Donation Land Claim Act of 1850, a wife was entitled to her 320 acres and by some trick William T'Vault, with McLoughlin's written consent and a re-working of the Squaw clause, would file a claim on half of the land and simply hold it for him until he became a citizen. Jesse Applegate, a famous frontiersman, heard of T'Vault's scheme and realized it had a distinctly fishy odor. He at once counselled Dr. McLoughlin to dismiss his legal advisers. William T'Vault, to his credit, broke off his partnership with Thurston. But Thurston was not so easily dissuaded from his corrupt scheming. He sent his co-delegates in Congress letters full of misrepresentation and gross distortion of facts, accusing McLoughlin of dishonesty, plotting against the government and plundering the Oregon territory. The evil intrigue was eventually revealed and McLoughlin's supporters rallied to the cause and challenged Thurston and his recruits. But in that era, early in Oregon's history, messages and communications to and from the east took interminable intervals. When the truth was revealed, an unfortunate decision had already been made and Dr. McLoughlin lost most of his land. Before the miscarriage of justice could be rectified, both Samuel Thurston and Dr. McLoughlin had died. The unfortunate decision by Congress made the last few years of Dr. McLoughlin's life bitterly unhappy, and the injustice remained tragically unsettled until after his death. William T'Vault must be considered guilty by association. The actual extent of his machinations have not been revealed, but a report in the archives of the Oregon Historical Association, made by Jesse Applegate to Judge Deady, alleged that



Dr. John McLoughlin

T'Vault was "bent on annexing half of McLoughlin's land for himself." There is, however, no evidence that T'Vault was ever *successful* in any chicanery concerning the benevolent Dr. McLoughlin. Earlier McLoughlin had withdrawn from the British who claimed the Oregon territory, and lent his support and encouragement to the Americans whom he admired. His associates said he had "taken into his bosom a viper which when warmed into life would turn and sting him to death." With thanks to Samuel Thurston--and possibly William T'Vault--the prophesy was realized.

While living in Oregon City, William T'Vault became deeply conscious of his sinful nature, and sought out Reverend George Gary III for counsel. He confessed to being an adulterer, a gambler, a hard drinker and a scoundrel. His list of transgressions is nothing out of the ordinary so it's pretty safe to bet he'd forgotten or intentionally left out a few. He began attending prayer meetings and for a period of several months in the first half of 1847 he was a faithful member. The Reverend Gary was certain T'Vault would be an ardent convert and take up a life of Christian service and dedication. But without notice he cancelled his church membership and gave no explanation for his sudden defection. At the same time he took his name from the roll of attorneys in the Supreme Court, giving his reason as extreme dissatisfaction with a

decision made by Judge Thornton. The judge was also a member of Reverend Gary's congregation and it is likely that T'Vault decided he'd not join any association that would have the judge as a member.

General Joseph Lane, the territorial governor, decided to try his hand at mining for gold in northern California, and he invited William T'Vault to join him in his venture. With a party of fifteen white men and fourteen Klickitat Indians, the group left Oregon City in May 1850. On their way Lane planned to make a treaty with the Takelmas in southern Oregon. Frequently travelers who passed through that area had been attacked and their horses had been taken. The peace parley took place near the mouth of Bear Creek and after successfully--temporarily--completing negotiations, the Lane and T'Vault party moved south to the Klamath River where they panned for gold with only moderate success and T'Vault soon returned to Oregon City.

Upon his return to the Willamette valley, he was hired by Major Phil Kearney, who had been ordered to move his troops of mounted riflemen from Fort Vancouver to Missouri by way of Fort Benicia, California. William T'Vault, who had recently traveled over at least half of the journey, felt he was an experienced guide, and accepted the post. When they reached the Rogue River valley, they discovered the Indians had failed to keep the treaty they had made with General Lane, and had become so bold they made threats against the Kearney-T'Vault party.

Kearney divided his men into two groups, surprising the Indians with simultaneous attacks from two sides. The Indians fled in confusion, but soon rallied and repelled three attacks made by Kearney's men. After four days of fighting T'Vault and Kearney realized further battle with the Takelmas was futile and, upon Governor Gains' arrival in southern Oregon in an effort to make peace, Kearney and T'Vault continued on to Fort Benicia, after which T'Vault returned safely to Oregon City with no difficulty on the return trip from the unpredictable Takelmas.



William T'Vault, who by this time was an acknowledged frontiersman and trail blazer, capable of surviving in the wilderness and a natural leader of men, contracted to lead a survey party in finding an overland route from Port Orford to the mines in northern California. A previous effort, made in June 1851, by Captain William Tichenor, who was looking for a mail and supply route to the interior valleys and the mines, had ended in failure because of hostile Indians.

In the early fall T'Vault set out from Port Orford with a company of men on horseback and a train of pack animals. Relying completely on his own resources for the first time, T'Vault struck out in a senseless manner. Paying no attention to mountain ridges and the natural direction of streams, he led his men to a mountain top, plunged over the crest and down the slope to the bottom and back up the next elevation, slashing through the heavy underbrush with no consistent pattern. Following the rapid pace set by Colonel T'Vault, the men were unable to charter their steps. In the confusion their supplies were lost, they became hungry and rebellious, and constantly faced the peril of unfriendly Indians.

Eventually the men rebelled. They informed T'Vault that they were abandoning the assignment--and their know-it-all leader. They would return to Port Orford and he could look after himself. He had got into this unchartered forest, he could find his own way out. It is evident that the colonel had been nagged by some self doubt and had been far from happy with the developments. He was distinctly emotional about the whole unsuccessful undertaking and sank down upon a log and sobbed uncontrollably. Half of the men, untouched by the colonel's unmanly tears, departed the spot without a backward glance. In due time they made their way safely back to Port Orford. But Cyrus Hedden, one of the men who remained, declared he would die rather than abandon a bleep-bleep coward and persuaded nine others to continue with the original plan and make their way out of the predicament together. T'Vault, grateful for their loyalty, promised them a bonus.

They were near the Rogue River and T'Vault believe he could strike the old Hudson's Bay trail that actually lay many

miles to the east, but, bewildered and uncertain, he led the men almost directly north and they became helplessly lost.

Subsisting on roots and berries and whatever game they could bag, they made exceedingly slow progress. Eventually the undergrowth became so thick the horses could no longer make their way through and they were left behind.

In this almost impenetrable thicket of bracken and brushwood they came upon a friendly Indian boy. Other Indians had probably observed them for several days, but this boy indicated he could lead them out of the mountains. Following him, they at last came to a river. There the exhausted men found a couple of Indians with canoes who agreed to take them to the mouth of the river. They believed they were on the Umpqua, but they were so confused and so disoriented they were actually on the north fork of the Coquille, and would eventually reach Scottsburg. Several of the men were reluctant to trust the Indians but they were outnumbered and outvoted and all of them got into the canoes and started down the river. They made rapid progress and soon reached a spot not far from the mouth of the river where there was an Indian settlement.

Some of the men demanded that they stop and beg for food, trusting the natives would prove to be friendly. The others, unwilling to risk their lives by approaching possibly treacherous Indians, argued loudly. While they bickered the Indian pilots allowed the canoes to drift towards shore and the Coquilles, armed with clubs, paddles and knives, waded out into the water to meet them.

The men soon discovered they were surrounded and began fighting for their lives. Hundreds of Indian warriors assailed them from every side. The attack was so unexpected and the confusion of yells, whoops and blows so loud that the men found it impossible to defend themselves.

T'Vault suddenly found himself in the river, and noticed that not far away one of his men, Gilbert Brush, was floundering in the water as an Indian in a canoe was standing over him, beating him over the head with a paddle. The water about him was red with blood.

As T'Vault watched he saw a canoe pushed away from shore and in it stood

the Indian boy who had guided them from the mountainside. When the young brave was close enough to Brush's attacker, he knocked him over the side of the canoe with his paddle, helped the badly wounded Brush into his canoe, and then headed for the opposite shore. Picking up T'Vault, he handed him the paddle, jumped over the side and swam back to the village. T'Vault rowed rapidly to the far side of the river unnoticed by the others in the chaos of battle.

Near the river's edge T'Vault and Brush waded ashore, stripped off their wet outer clothes to allow them more freedom and ran into the thick undergrowth. Hidden from the attacking Indians they sank exhausted to the ground and T'Vault suddenly became aware that Brush, suffering from his wounds and shock, had lapsed into unconsciousness. Deciding that by staying with Brush, he would only put both of them into jeopardy, he left the unconscious man to fend for himself and hit out for the coast, where he came upon another group of Indians. They were not bent on killing as were the others he had just left, but they did relieve him of his underwear and send him on his way as bare as a Persian melon, in which state he arrived in Port Orford two days later. Gilbert Brush came dragging in on the third day, exhausted and weak from loss of blood but still alive.

T'Vault, aware that the tragic episode was clear evidence that the Coquille Indians had no intention of maintaining friendly relations with the whites, wrote his account of the battle in a report to Dr. Anson Dart, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In his letter, which appeared in the *Oregon Spectator*, he had understandably forgotten that he had left Gilbert Brush in an unconscious state in extremely hostile Indian country, and in his communication, has them arriving together in Port Orford.

In the battle at the Coquille village, from which T'Vault had escaped, five of the whites were beaten to death with clubs and paddles while three of the remaining men managed to fight their way to shore, where they ran for the woods and eventually eluded their pursuers. These men were L.L. Williams, a pioneer who later moved to Ashland, Cyrus Hedden, T'Vault's defender on the

mountain, and T.J. Davenport from Massachusetts. They made their way, battered and famished, to the white settlement at the mouth of the Umpqua. The murdered men were Patrick Murphy, A.S. Dougherty, John P. Holland, Jeremiah Ryland, and J.P. Pepper.

The story of L.L. Williams' escape appeared in *Indian Wars in Oregon*, a book published in 1890.

Williams was attacked as he stepped ashore by two powerful savages, who endeavored to seize his rifle. This being accidentally discharged frightened them away for a moment, giving him an opportunity to attempt to force his way through the swarm of dusky demons who sought to arrest his flight or to possess themselves of his gun. What with this attempt, and having to use it as a club, there was soon nothing left of it but the naked barrel. But he was young, strong and fleet of foot, and though once felled to the ground, succeeded in fighting himself free from the crowd and escaping towards the forest. As he ran across the open ground, an arrow struck him in the left side below the ribs, penetrating the abdomen and bringing him to a sudden stop. Finding that he could not take a step, he quickly drew out the shaft, which broke off, one joint of its length with the barb being left in his body. In his excitement he was unconscious of any pain, and ran on with, for a while, a dozen Indians in pursuit, the number finally dwindling down to two, who took turns in shooting arrows at him. Being in despair of escaping and irritated by their persistence, he turned pursuer, but when he ran after one, the other shot at him from behind. At this critical moment the suspenders of his pantaloons gave way, letting them fall about his feet, compelling him to stop to kick them off. At the same time his eyes and mouth were filled with blood from a wound on his head; and, as blind and despairing, he turned toward the forest, he fell headlong. This was a signal for his pursuers to rush upon him. In the hands of the foremost one was a gun which he attempted to fire, and failed. Says Williams in his narrative: "The sickening sensations of the last half hour were at once dispelled when I realized that the gun had refused to fire. I was on my feet in a moment, rifle barrel in hand.

Instead of running, I stood firm, and the Indian with the rifle also met me with it drawn by the breech. The critical moment of the whole affair had arrived, and I knew it must be the final struggle. My first two or three blows failed utterly, and I received some severe bruises; but fortune was on my side, and a lucky blow given with unusual force fell upon my antagonist, killing him almost instantly. I seized the gun, a sharp report followed and I had the satisfaction of seeing my remaining pursuer stagger and fall dead."

Williams then, expecting to die, lay down in the woods, but was discovered by Hedden, who was uninjured, and who, with the assistance of some friendly Umpquas brought him in six days to the Umpqua river, where the brig, *Almira*, Captain Gibbs, was lying, which took the refugees to Gardiner. The wound in Williams' abdomen discharged for a year; but it was four years before the arrow-head worked out, and seven years before the broken shaft was expelled.

Still certain that Port Orford would be the Oregon gateway to the mines in northern California, Colonel T'Vault returned to Oregon City to purchase merchandise and stock which he intended to ship to the coastal outpost where he had decided to establish a general store and trading post. He instructed his family to pack their belongings and prepare for the move, and arrangements were nearly complete when word reached the Willamette valley that John Pool and Jim Cluggage had discovered gold in southern Oregon.

T'Vault was always eager to be the first man on any project, and it was certain that the general exodus to the Rogue River valley would have William T'Vault in the front ranks. His family had already packed their worldly possessions and they could go in one direction as well as another, so he cancelled his orders for stock and supplies, deposited his family in the wagon, hitched up the team and headed for the Rich Gulch country.

It was early in January, 1852.

Colonel William T'Vault's adventures in southern Oregon, where he became a first citizen, will appear in the next issue of the Table Rock Sentinel.

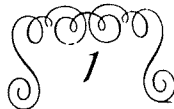
The Editorial

Just about every public school journalism student knows that editorials are supposed to do one--or more--of four things: teach, attack, defend, praise. The student knows also that the editorial writer is expressing his own viewpoint, which may or may not present the policy of the paper, and that it is his responsibility to write it. The reader may disagree with the conviction expressed in the editorial, he may write a letter to the editor to challenge it, but he must not question the editor's right to say it. The editorial viewpoint may not embrace the winning cause and his endorsement of a political candidate may be the kiss of death but, by George, he has the right to say it.

If one disagrees too vehemently, he may buy a defunct printing press, appoint himself editor and editorialize through the entire sheet. He must, however, be prepared to be attacked just as he attacked, and, like T'Vault's successor at the *Oregon Spectator*, to face sagging subscription lists.

In researching old newspapers for facts about early southern Oregon residents, one often comes upon an editorial designed for the time, but which also has a current interest. One item by itself is somewhat insignificant, but a small collection of pertinent editorials may be of interest.

The first of these comes under the category, praise. Since it was written, the Garden of Eden has lost some of its luster, but under the smog and the compulsive daily struggle, a place suspiciously like a suburb of Paradise may be detected.



Medford Mail Tribune, February 6, 1913

GARDEN OF EDEN

Professor Charles Hallock, archeologist, asserts that Cain, son of Adam, established the first city in America at Klamath, Oregon, and that it was called Enoch. North America is asserted to be the biblical land of Nod.

As the Bible says: "Cain went out from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden," therefore the Garden of Eden must have been the Rogue River valley, which confirms an old suspicion. It still preserves many of the characteristics of paradise, notwithstanding the ravages of time.

As Eden was famous for its apples of old, so is the Rogue River valley famous for its apples today and no one can blame Adam for falling when tempted by a Rogue River Spitzenburg in the hand of Eve.

Adam knew a good thing when he saw it--as did the angel of the Lord when he selected this section as the most perfect on earth and established Paradise.

One thing is certain, of all the sites suggested for Paradise, none more completely fills the bill than our picturesque and pleasing valley, where "every prospect pleases and man alone is vile."

George Putnam

The following editorial--an attack--puts the screws to the city council to spruce up Medford's parking lot. If you think the shortage of downtown parking and the dented fenders and crumpled bumpers at a shopping center lot are cause for complaint, you should have experienced the Riverside Avenue hitching post.



Mail Tribune, February 23, 1911

PUBLIC HITCHING RACKS NEEDED

To the farmer, fruitgrower and outside residents, Medford's greatest deficiency is a public hitching rack where teams can be left without resorting to livery stables.

The city's lot on Riverside avenue is now used for this purpose. It is entirely inadequate, mire, a foot deep or more in depth, covers the surface. It does not begin to be large enough.

If use of this lot is contained, it should be macadamized so that a farmer will not go over his shoe tops and a horse over his ankles in the mud...This is a subject of vital interest to the country dweller, and it is up to the

city council and the merchants' association to see that this needed convenience is provided. G.P.

If the constable pinches a modish member of the fair sex and absconds with her millinery when fashion has dictated that she wear an endangered species on her head, just what's a poor girl to do?



Medford Mail Tribune, February 16, 1911

UNLAWFUL MILLINERY

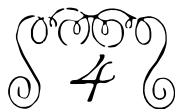
Seizure at Portland of millinery containing plumage of Chinese pheasants has called attention to the violation of the law by many women of Medford who adorn their headgear with the feathers of this unlawfully slaughtered game bird.

The law not only forbids killing of pheasants in Jackson county, but also the wearing of the plumage of the bird.

The law: "Any person who shall have in their possessions the feathers, carcass or any portion of any dead ring-necked or Chinese pheasant shall be deemed guilty."...The fine is not less than \$25 or more than \$150. G.P.

Trouble with the location of the railroad?

Why not put it on a sturdy elevation, held aloft over the pedestrians by huge concrete columns, and run it through town along Bear Creek? It will greatly beautify the city and produce a shady refuge along the limpid stream during sweltering days.

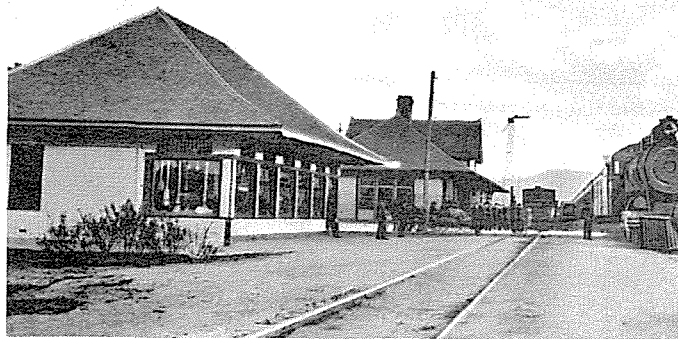


Medford Tribune, February 19, 1911.

The disgraceful condition of the Southern Pacific right of way through Medford is an argument for the removal of the tracks to Bear Creek. ..Piles of lumber, tiers of cordwood, movable lunch wagons, junk piles, debris of all kinds, bill-boards, collapsing and flimsily constructed shacks and warehouses make this stretch of the most valuable business property in the city an eyesore to the community.

...Within a year or two crossings will have to be made at Sixth and at Ninth

S. P. Depot and Pamanent Exhibit, Medford, Oregon



streets, and each year will see a demand for more crossings. Every one of them will be a menace to life and expensive to maintain while if the tracks were placed along Bear creek, all crossings would be by bridges and endanger no one.

..It is all right for a railroad to split a country village into two sections but it is not right that a city furnishing so large amount of traffic be so hampered in its upbuilding. G.P.

Shortly after the turn of the century the local editors became a little leery about the greatheartedness of Andrew Carnegie. Could municipalities which accepted gifts from him be aiding and abetting in salvaging his self-image and shucking his reputation as a nogoodnik?

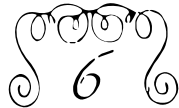


Democratic Times, May 27, 1903.

Discussing the benefactions of Andrew Carnegie, the *Oregonian* says that "gifts of libraries to cities and towns which are able to support themselves nourishes a spirit that is destructive of protective pride and dignity." The town of Saugus, Mass., has refused to accept a Carnegie gift saying that it will continue to pay for its own library as for its streets and other public institutions. The people of Stoneham, in the same state, have accepted \$15,000 from Mr. Carnegie for a library building; but only after a close vote. A number of the leading citizens of the town protested against the evil consequences of depending upon the benefactions of rich men saying that "a community no more than an individual can indulge in begging."

CHARLES NICKELL

Maybe Saugus, Mass., could afford to be choosy but by January, 1911, in Medford, the fat was in the fire. A gift was a gift. If the money was a little tainted, the donees could turn their noses away from the wind. After all, the board of directors were leading citizens and were certainly not responsible if the odor offended a small number of overdiscriminating citizens.



Medford Tribune, January 12, 1911.

LIBRARY BOARD ASKS CARNEGIE FOR \$20,000

Requesting a sum of \$20,000 with which to erect a public library here, the library board of the city of Medford has written to Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburgh ironmaster. The communication sets forth the recent action of the city council in including in the levy an assessment equal to about \$20,000 per annum for the maintenance of such an institution and outlines a method by means of private subscriptions, entertainments, etc.

The present plans of the board which is composed of Mayor W.H. Canon, Mrs. Porter J. Neff, Mrs. B.P. Theiss, Mrs. F.E. Merrick, Mrs. F.W. Hollis and Messrs W.I. Vawter, John R. Allen, J.E. Watt and Ed Andrews, is to build a library in the space in the city park formerly occupied by the water tower.

GEORGE PUTNAM

Unfortunately the few fastidious objectors included the editor. He did not hesitate to express his opinion, and he had facts to support his attack, but his was really only a voice crying in the wilderness.



Medford Mail Tribune, March 16, 1911.

LOCATING THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

*I*t is hoped that the Carnegie library will not be located on the block owned by the city between city park and the Washington school. [It is.]... The Carnegie library building will cost \$20,000. To spoil a \$100,000 location by a dinky \$20,000 structure is not

good business judgment. There ought to be plenty of sites available for library purposes that can be obtained at a reasonable figure if not offered free.

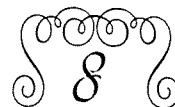
The Carnegie library doesn't appeal very strongly to the *Mail Tribune*. It has no admiration for Andrew Carnegie and does not think much of the city's cooperating with him to erect a monument to keep his name green for futurity--and that is all it amounts to. Medford is abundantly able to build its own library building, when needed.

Carnegie, whose self-satisfied smirk is in every magazine, made his money by exploiting the public. He corrupted the government to secure millions by means of an unjust and oppressive tariff that pauperized the many to enrich the few. He swindled it selling armor for battleships. No slave-owner in history ever treated his workmen more like chattels than this self-styled benefactor of humanity. When they could bear it no longer and struck, this guardian angel of peace had them shot down like beasts and imported the peasant hordes of central Europe to take their places.

Tainted money can build libraries so that the babes of the future can lisp his name, but not all his millions can buy Carnegie the homage or respect of the discerning.

GEORGE PUTNAM

The city paid little attention to the editor's nagging. The planners and the board, who were making this generous gift to southern Oregon, apparently brushed him off easily. Giants are always picked at by gnats. Mr. Putnam realized he had embraced a futile cause, but he couldn't resist one final dart. In 1911 there were few preservationists. Medford had been in existence less than thirty years and, ye gods, what was so sacred about a tree? You could grow another one in a hundred years.



Medford Mail Tribune, September 7, 1911.

TREE IN PARK IS CUT; NO EXCUSE OFFERED

*W*hoever staked out the site of the Carnegie library building in the city park is guilty of gross carelessness.

With plenty of room to avoid doing so,

the building was placed where it was necessary to cut down one of the largest oaks in the park.

The beauty of the city park depends entirely upon the trees therein. The offense was agumented by the fact that the tree is one planted by the hand of nature and not by the hand of man. It had stood there for years and had attained a splendid growth, the trunk being about two feet in diameter.

There is no excuse tenable for the cutting of the tree. By moving the building only five or ten feet towards the street the tree could have been saved. G.P.

This may have been the first official protest in Medford about cutting a tree. Saving the old oak, however, becomes insignificant when one considers that the splendid palace, with its marble halls drenched in almost seventy-five years of library tradition, is still standing on that valuable plot, thanks to a handful of preservationists, who not long ago saved it from the wrecking ball of progress. And there's no better place for a little nap.

In January, 1912, the board filed its report and the library was off and running.



LIBRARY BOARD FILES ITS REPORT

The city library board filled the following annual report with the city council Tuesday evening.

Number of books	1926
Number of patrons	1814
Number of out-of-city patrons....	29
Circulation of books.....	9684

RECEIPTS

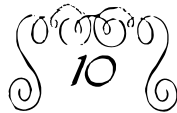
City appropriations	\$1002.73
Appropriations (uncollected).	69.07
Now in treasury.....	542.98
Fines.....	72.23

DISBURSEMENTS

Books.....	\$514.16
Librarian's salary.....	248.45
Janitor's salary.....	8.00
Book case.....	30.00
Postage and express.....	16.50
Advertising bids and printing.	20.52
Insurance on the building.....	128.87
Balance in treasury.....	426.54



The next editorial is a good example of the writer's taking a stand with the minority. Mr. Ruhl's attack on the K.K.K. in 1922 was in vain. The secret organization continued its influence in southern Oregon, reaching its peak in 1925, three years after R.W.R. had first foreseen the threat.



Medford Mail Tribune, April 24, 1922

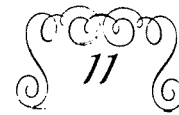
TIME TO CALL A HALT

The expected has happened. One man has been killed, another is near death, as the result of a band of masked men in Los Angeles, taking the law into their own hands. As usual the Goblin of the Ku Klux Klan arises to deny all responsibility. Of course, a secret order, with secret circles within secret circles, can always deny responsibility when its activities, day or night, are hidden behind robes and masks.

But this much is certain. Wherever the K.K.K. has been established in this country, east, west, north or south, communities which have not been troubled by depredations of masked men in years, are troubled by them at once...It will take overwhelming evidence here, in Los Angeles or anywhere else, to convince the man in the street that the K.K.K. is in no way responsible for these continued outrages which are throwing communities throughout the country into fear and confusion.

Regrettable as this tragedy is, however, the sacrifice may not have been in vain, if it will arouse the American people to their danger, and result in cleaning up this underground lawlessness once and for all. The issue is plain. If any group of masked men is to be allowed to take the law into their own hands, then the entire fabric of civilization falls, and we go back to the middle ages, with everyone toting a six shooter with no one safe and the most successful citizen, the Bolshevik who is quickest on the trigger. R.W.R.

In 1921 the editor of the Tidings tried his hand as a fashion forecaster. He wasn't much of a prophet, but then no one really is when it comes to feminine notions.



*F*ashion dictators say that feminine trousers are to be relegated to the place of their origin--the boudoir and the beach. [Pants are] all right as a novelty garment but as such have been doomed to oblivion in the ball room and the street. Rather than the ruffled petticoats of grandmother's days, and who knows, maybe the lace trimmed panties too, are to be in vogue soon. Veils, feathers, ribbons seem just around the corner.

Anon.

The question of censorship is always with us; it's age old. One can only take his stand with Jimmy Walker who said, "I never knew a girl who was ruined by a book." The protestors of 1923 should read a page or two at random from some of the gems that can be picked up at your friendly supermarket.



Medford Mail Tribune, March 1923

FIGHTING NAUGHTY BOOKS

*A*nother crusade against naughty books has been launched. It is proclaimed from the front page of New York City newspapers that the five naughtiest books are Schnitzler's *Casanova's Homecoming*, D.H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, *The Diary of a Young Girl*, *The Satyricon of Petronius*, and *Jurgen*.

We heartily commend the movement as far as its purposes are concerned. But its methods are ridiculous. Giving front page publicity to these books, far from leading to their suppression, will merely result in larger sales.

The forbidden is always attractive. Curiosity is the cornerstone of depravity. Unless we are much mistaken this crusade will lead thousands of people to read these books, who without the publicity would never have thought of wasting time on them.

There is unquestionably an epidemic of pornographic excess in the literary world today. The best way to check this neurosis is to leave it alone. Attempting legal suppression merely stimulates the



public imagination and extends the poison...

The sex spasms will pass, just as all other spasms pass. The public will soon tire of it and when the public tires, the harvest ceases. To start a newspaper crusade will merely prolong the disease, which Nature, if left alone, would soon conquer.

ROBERT W. RUHL

Sometimes Nature is a slow worker.

Wasn't the speed limit on the highways 25 miles per hour in 1921? A visit to Crater Lake took four hours one way, and a round trip in one day was a drag. An overnight stay at the well-furnished, comfortable lodge was a pleasure and on many weekends dance orchestras played, roaring fires blazed away in the fireplaces and the guests wore their glamorous best. A visit to the lake was cause for a celebration.

13

Medford Mail Tribune, August 29, 1921.

A NEW CRATER LAKE

In former years everyone was impressed by the natural beauties of Crater Lake, but after the first gasp, there was an awkward pause. It was like entering a beautiful residence, expecting to greet an old friend, but finding no one at home. There was no one at home at Crater Lake, inside the lodge or out. After a few "Ohs" and "Ahs" and a leaving of cards, as it were, one was eager to get away.

This year there is a decidedly home-

like atmosphere at the lake. One feels it immediately upon entering the lodge. You are not greeted as if you were merely an animated five dollar bill, welcome solely as a contributor to household expenses, but as a human being on a pilgrimage of devotion. Will Steel, the father of Crater Lake, puts this over. He is behind the counter to greet you, not as another customer, but as another candidate for initiation into the Mystic Order of Crater Lake enthusiasts.

Moreover the entire hotel staff is on its toes. They are all new and they have the enthusiasm of fresh recruits. Not only is the table excellent, but the service combines beauty and efficiency to a remarkable degree.

At night the guests gather around the fire like a large and happy family. There is music furnished by members of the hotel staff, and there is dancing entered into even by those who climbed Garfield Peak in the afternoon.

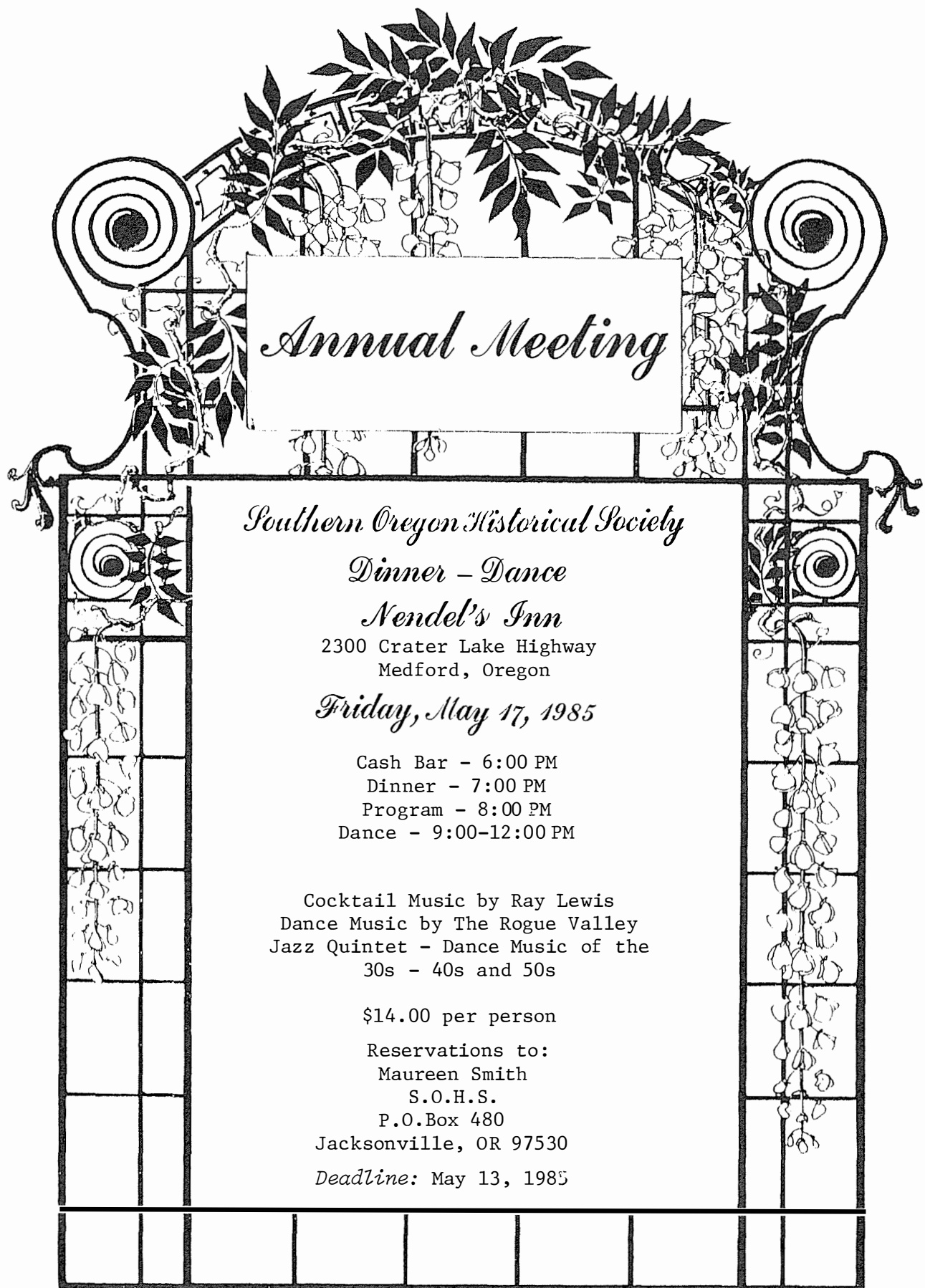
Then Will Steel usually gives a little talk on Crater Lake, its history and formation, which is just what the visitors are eager to hear, and about ten o'clock everyone trots off to bed.

It may be merely the difference between good hotel management and no hotel management at all. But there seems to be something more--the creation of atmosphere in it. This appears to be the supreme achievement of the Crater Lake management of 1921.

ROBERT W. RUHL



Has the once gracious old lodge outlived its era?



Society News



Director's Report Nick Clark

It seems nearly impossible, but one year has passed since our society prepared its last annual report. It has been a busy and rewarding year---one in which we may all take pride!

The Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland opened in October of 1984 and has become a tremendous success. Thousands have toured the exhibits and are responding to the need for collecting materials from southern Jackson County. Nan Hannon and the ever helpful and enthusiastic docents are giving every effort to insure that our society's investment in the heritage of southern Jackson County pays maximum dividends, and we are most appreciative.

The living history program at Beekman House was a fine success thanks to the efforts of our Curator of Interpretation, Dawna Curler, and her staff and volunteers. The visitation was up considerably at Beekman House and visitors left wonderful comments about how much living history heightened the enjoyment of their experience. The program will grow this year with the addition of the Beekman Bank. Our primary purpose as a society is to educate the public regarding the history of Jackson County and the new programs at Beekman House and Bank greatly assist in realizing that goal.

The new Southern Oregon Historical Society Archives, located at White City, will enhance the professional way in which the society cares for its paper documents and photographs as well as all of the official records of Jackson County. The 60'x75' building will have climate controlled storage, a conservation laboratory, and space to keep all of the photographs and documents from our area for many generations. We look forward to the opening of the facility with great enthusiasm.

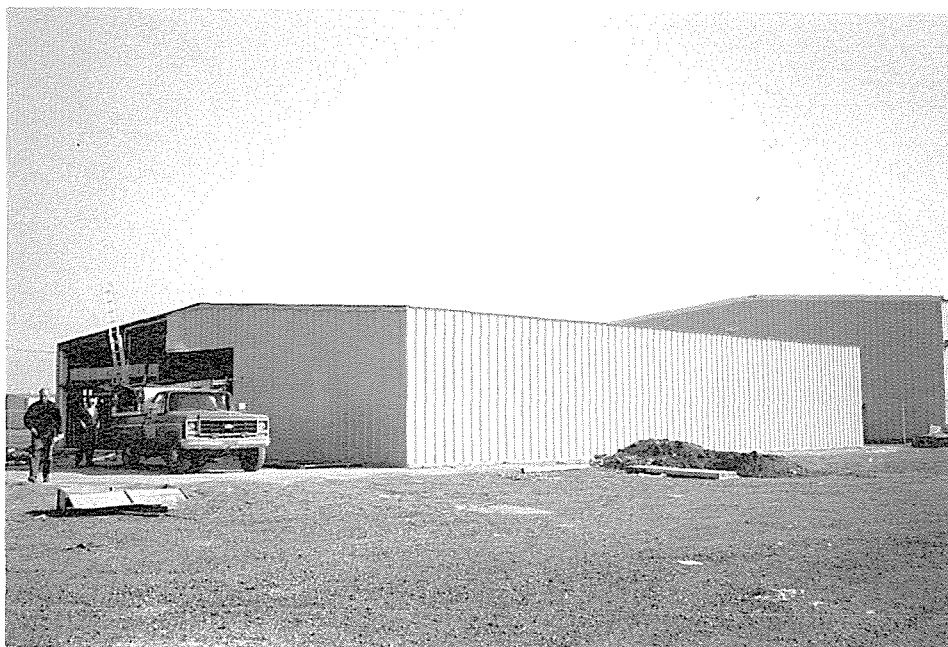
Within the next month, you will be receiving the 1984-1985 Annual Report. The above information and a great deal more will be included. We hope that you will read it carefully in order that you might share the great pride which is ours to share in the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

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MEMBERSHIP TOPS 2000

We are very pleased to announce that the Southern Oregon Historical Society's membership now exceeds 2,000. Not 10 years ago, the society had less than 300 members and we are very pleased that so many folks have joined in the effort to preserve the rich heritage of the Rogue Valley.

Although we are delighted with the support you have shown, we hope that you'll encourage your friends and neighbors to join in supporting the society's programs by becoming a member. Our goal is to have 500 new members by July of 1986 and with your help, we'll succeed! You'll find a membership blank on the back page for your use. Won't you please find a new member and help us in preserving our heritage for future generations?



Workers from the J. B. Steel Company complete exterior siding for the new Southern Oregon Historical Society Archive.

S.O.H.S. Photo
by Nick Clark

NEW ARCHIVE FACILITY NEARS COMPLETION

The excitement is building as the new archive facility of the Southern Oregon Historical Society nears completion. "It will be so nice to have the space to properly store and care for all of these important papers and photographs" said assistant librarian Linda Wiesen. "We have needed this for years and it seems like a dream come true," she continued.

We are all very anxious to see this dream come true. While we have done the best job possible to save thousands of historical documents, photographs and glass plate negatives, the task has not been easy in the cramped quarters available in the old courthouse museum. The three rooms where most documents are presently stored have a combined square footage of about 1,000 square feet. The new building will have room to store about 10,000 cubic feet of material and will also have a public reading room and a conservation laboratory.

"We hope the archive will be used often by the public," said Nick Clark executive director for the society. "We haven't had room to spread out documents for close examination. Now our patrons will have plenty of room to explore their past," said Clark.

In the beginning, the facility will be open to the public during afternoons on weekdays. A professional archivist will be on hand to assist the public in finding documents. "We are also pleased that we will be able to perform routine conservation on documents which are torn, have insect damage or are mildewed," according to Clark.

In addition to society materials, about 5,000 cubic feet of documents from Jackson County will also be housed in the building. Most land records, birth certificates, marriage licenses, tax records and other documents will be housed in the new facility and available to the public unless the law prohibits their examination.

"We're looking forward to a July opening," said Clark. We will certainly keep our membership informed so you'll all be able to attend.



SOCIETY WELCOMES VOLUNTEERS

Mrs. Marge Herman, volunteer coordinator for the Southern Oregon Historical Society, reports that she has trained more than 70 volunteers during the month of March. The society initiated the program after the formation of a new group, called "Friends Of The Museum." The Friends will fulfill a variety of needs in many departments.

With summer approaching, the most urgent needs are for greeters in the Jacksonville Museum and for living history interpreters at Beekman House and in the Beekman Bank. The greeters program at the Jacksonville Museum will involve a volunteer assigned to welcome visitors on the first floor and a second individual on the second floor to assist in answering questions. Two shifts will make serving in this capacity very easy. There will be no physical work involved, "We're simply looking for friendly folks to greet our visitors and make them feel at home," said Mrs. Herman.

The Beekman House living history program was initiated in 1984 but the Beekman Bank is being opened for the first time, as a living history museum, in 1985. Volunteers at the house may serve as greeters, or as characters from the past such as Julia Beekman, her daughter Carrie or their household servants. Those volunteers at the Beekman Bank will be pretending that they are Cornelius Beekman or one of his helpers in the bank. Costumes will be needed for both positions but the museum will assist with patterns and material selections. Training for the living history program will be conducted during April. If interested, volunteers may call Dawna Curler, Curator of Interpretation or Marge Herman, Volunteer Coordinator, for more information about time and place.

There are many other programs which are in need of volunteers. They include the research library at the Jacksonville Museum, the collections department (working with the artifacts), assisting with exhibits and much more. If you'd like to join us, we'll find a place to suit your talents!

General training sessions will be held on the fourth Thursday and the fourth Saturday of each month. Time will be spent in acquainting our volunteers with the society departments and with our needs. Also included will be a tour of facilities in Jacksonville as well as museums in other locations such as the Swedenburg House and the storage facilities at White City. The sessions begin at 10:00AM and end at 3:00PM. Contact Marge Herman for an appointment. The dates are Thursday, April 25 and Saturday, April 27, 1985. Marge's number is 899-1847. We'll appreciate your help!



More than 70 new volunteers have received training during the month of March. Sessions are held in the U. S. Hotel in Jacksonville.

JOIN US FOR A VICTORIAN MUSICAL SOIREE

During the 1880s and 1890s, the Sunday afternoon musical was one of the most common of events. It not only gave folks a chance to get together and enjoy the latest tunes of the day but they also received the latest news, a precious commodity on the Frontier.

Such an event will be recreated on Sunday afternoon, April 28, 1985 in the U. S. Hotel Ballroom, Jacksonville. The event will begin at 2:00PM and will feature authentic music of the era from the collection of Ray Lewis. Performing will be Mrs. Duane Clay, soprano; Mr. Nick Clark, tenor; and Mr. Ray Lewis at the piano forte. The group will perform such favorites as "Have You Noticed The Bird On Mother's Hat," as well as "rags" and other most appropriate selections.

Mrs. Clay has performed in the Medford area with nearly every group and is currently soloist for the Christian Science Church of Medford. Mr. Clark has appeared with various civic symphonies and choruses in Kansas and Wisconsin and is the choir director for First Presbyterian Church of Jacksonville. Mr. Lewis is a talented musician and has taught music in Jackson County Schools for many years. He is currently performing at the Pioneer House Restaurant on Friday and Saturday nights.

The event is part of the Sunday Afternoon Social Series, sponsored by the society for more than a year. The socials were created to encourage new membership in the society and to assist in bringing events from our past "to life."

Seating is limited to the first 150 persons so govern yourselves accordingly. We hope you see you there----and bring a friend!

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	\$1000.00

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:

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

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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