

August
1985

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Martha Louise, Mary and Ann Hill
(Seated) Cicero Hill

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Vitagraph Special Feature in Two Parts

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the Pioneers and the In
 days of America.

**COWBOY
 ACTION
 OF LIFE**

Mrs. P. W. Hamil enriched the city coffers with ten dollars Monday morning as a result of demonstrating to friends that she really could drive fast, if she wanted to. The burst of speed took place Sunday afternoon on North Riverside and the speedometer of Chief of Police Hittson, who was following, recorded a 30-mile clip. Mrs. Hamil explained to the court that she had not been driving a car long and because friends twitted her about the slow rate of speed she maintained, she resolved to show them she really could go at a fast clip.

EFFECTIVE
 Admission 5-10 Cent



\$8.95

MRS. GORE CHOSEN HEAD OF GREATER MEDFORD CLUB

Mrs. E. W. Gore was chosen president of the Greater Medford club at a meeting held Monday afternoon and will assume office at the annual meeting to be held next month. Mrs. W. G. Davidson, the retiring president, declined to serve another year. Other officers chosen were: Mrs. W. G. Davidson, first vice president; Mrs. F. E. Merrick, second vice president; Mrs. W. W. Harmon, treasurer; Mrs. A. B. Schuster, recording secretary; Miss Elizabeth Robinson, corresponding secretary.

Hotel Medford

Rooms without bath 50c per day and up.
 Rooms with bath \$1.50 per day and up.
 Special rates by week or month.
 Combination breakfasts every morning 25, 35 and 45 cents.

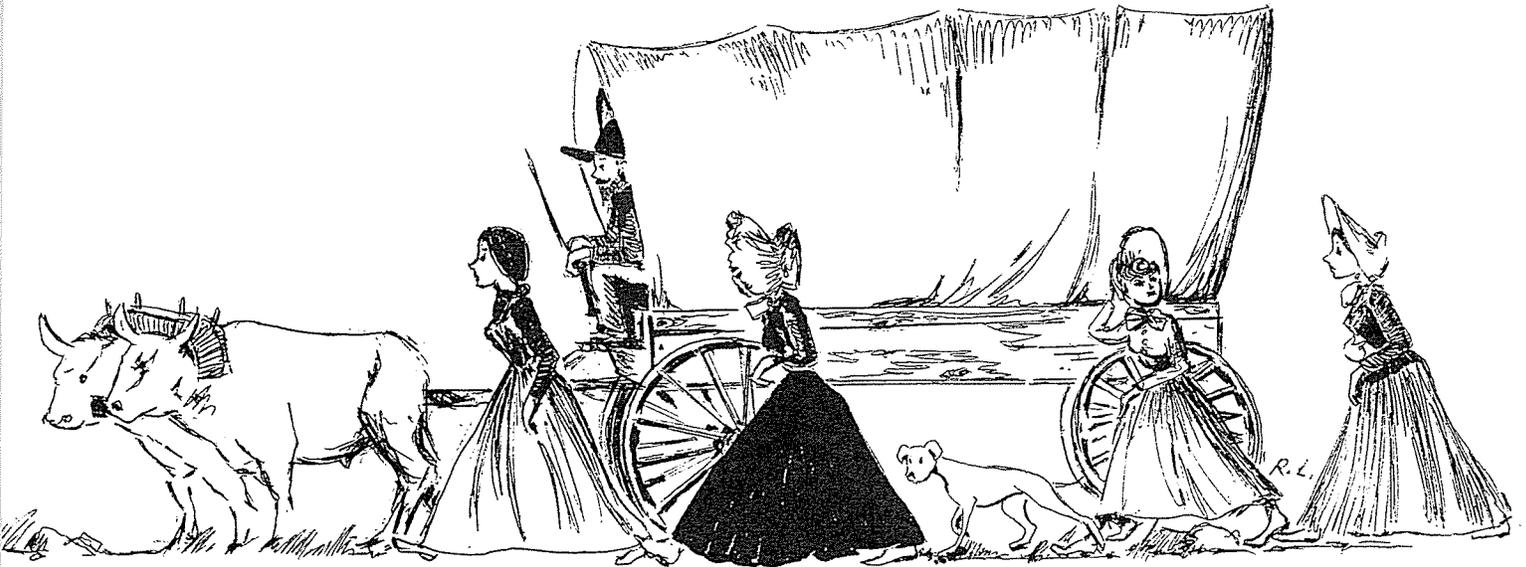
GIRL LIES ON TRACK AS TRAIN SPEEDS

THE DALLES, Ore., April 24.—To her remarkable presence of mind Myrtle Gardner, twelve years old, today owes her escape from death beneath the wheels of a freight train. While crossing the racks of the O. W. R. & N., the little girl was struck by a worktrain, which caught her in such a manner that she fell squarely between the rails. Lying perfectly still, four cars of the train passed over her before her father and a dozen bystanders could attract the attention of the engineer. She was only slightly injured.



1913 was a very good year...

Side benefits of researching stories of southern Oregon historical figures are news items which appear in old newspapers. A selection of advertisements and news reports reveal an earlier way of life as clearly as do collections of dated photographs. On pages 19 and 20 appear several stories taken from files of the 1913 *Medford Mail Tribune*. Today they appear a little foolish, but much of 1985's newspaper copy will be silly in the year 2057.



THE HILL FAMILY OF ASHLAND

by Nan Hannon*

South of Ashland, past the cut-off to Emigrant Lake, a white sign marked "Cemetery" points up a gravel road. At the top of the hill, overlooking the Emigrant Lake Reservoir, is a two-acre cemetery known as the Hill-Dunn Cemetery. Golden star thistles grow between the markers, which date back to 1853.

Isaac and Elizabeth Hill are buried here, in a family plot planted with iris. They took up a Donation Land Claim south of Ashland in 1853. Elizabeth and her daughters were the first white women to settle in the south end of the Bear Creek Valley.

The Hill sisters lived long lives, and left detailed memoirs of the settlement of the frontier. This first part of a two-part series recounts the Hills' journey to Oregon and their arrival in the Bear Creek Valley as the Indian Wars are about to begin.

The Hills came to Oregon from the Sweetwater Valley in Tennessee, a broad fertile valley where the Sweetwater Creek flows between the Cumberlands and the Great Smokey Mountains. They lived in a house on a bluff overlooking a creek, where Elizabeth's parents had arrived in a covered wagon in 1816, to settle the Hiwassee Purchase. Pioneer blood flowed in their veins, and the Hills were proud to claim

* Nan Hannon is the Curator of the Swedenburg House.

kinship with Robert E. Lee, and with ancestors who had fought in the American Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Mexican-American War.

Isaac and Elizabeth Hill had six children. Their three daughters were Martha, Mary and Ann Hasseltine, called "Hasse." The girls were all less than a hundred pounds. The sons were La Grande, a wild and robust young man almost six feet tall who loved to hunt; John, the middle son, reserved and gentle like his mother, and

a good farmer; and Cicero, the youngest brother, a pleasant, reliable boy more outgoing than John, but without La Grande's hunger for adventure.

Hasse remembered that neither of her parents could be called handsome. Isaac was fair and blue-eyed, and his fine baritone voice supported the hymn-singers at the deep water Baptist services the family attended. Elizabeth, called "Betsy" by her husband, was a dark woman. She was tall, and held herself very straight, always dignified and ladylike.

The Hills were prosperous farmers who raised cotton, flax, corn and cattle. The girls remembered a happy life in Tennessee, gathering wild plums and hickory nuts, attending quilting bees and husking parties. Once a year a shoemaker, who took his pay in smoked hams, visited to make each family member two pairs of shoes, one for good and one for everyday. The girls each had two new woolen dresses a year.

Despite the pleasant and secure life the Hills enjoyed in Tennessee, Isaac was not content. He may have been uneasy about the social and economic problems in the South which would lead to the Civil War. He also had a restless nature, which would take him twice across the American continent, into gold fields and Indian wars, well after his fortieth birthday.

While the Hill girls were young, their father made two unsuccessful homesteading attempts in Missouri and one in Alabama. Elizabeth and her younger children were staying at her father's home, while Isaac and La Grande worked on a homestead cabin in Missouri, when word of the gold strike in California reached the South, in the spring of 1850.

Isaac sold his half-completed home, his tools and his stock at a loss in order to hurry to California. La Grande accompanied him, and Betsy and the other Hill children stayed at her father's, with John managing the farm. Isaac's sixty-six year old mother, intrepid Elizabeth Lane Hill, also joined the westward party, as did three of Isaac's brothers, and his sister Maria Louise Kelly, her husband, and son Isham Keith.

The party took an overland route which brought them to the Willamette Valley in the late fall of 1850. The Kellys headed south for the gold fields. Winter snows stopped them not far south of

the Siskiyou Pass, near a mountain the Indians called Wy-ek-a, which we call Mt. Shasta. While the rest of their relatives stayed in the Willamette Valley, Isaac and La Grande wintered near Astoria, where they built a sawmill on the Columbia.

Isaac seems to have thought about staying with the sawmill, but word of gold strikes near the Kelly's at Wy-ek-a (now Yreka) drew him south. He left La Grande at the Clatsop settlement, and with his brothers, William and George, travelled south.

Isaac, ever alert for opportunity, was on the look-out for attractive land as the brothers journeyed. The Donation Land Claim Act of 1850 allowed for free land to settlers in the Oregon Territory, and Isaac was interested. The brothers camped one night in the Bear Creek Valley, a little south of present-day Ashland. On that spring night in 1851, Isaac found what he had been looking for: land covered with spring-green grass and wildflowers, groves of oak and madrone, all sheltered by the rugged Siskiyou Mountains. Isaac told his brothers that he was going to return to this spot.

In Yreka, the brothers were happily reunited with their sister Maria Louise and their nephew Isham Keith. Maria was an energetic little woman who carried her sheet metal stove and a supply of dried apples to California, and began making and selling dried apple pies as soon as she arrived. The first white woman in Yreka, she was beloved by the miners not only for her cooking, but for her kindly nursing and good spirits. She operated an open-air restaurant and a boarding house, and enjoyed feeding the miners starved for good cooking and feminine company. Her son Isham, the apple of her eye, was also well-liked in the mining town. The sixteen year old Tennessee mountain boy was a skilled woodsman, tracker and hunter. He brought home to his mother many a deer shot cleanly through the eye.

The Hill brothers began mining on Humbug Creek, ten miles northwest of town. The creek had been called a "humbug" by disgusted miners who found nothing there, but the Hills and the Kellys did well. Isaac took out at least \$50 in gold each day, and Isham once found a nugget worth \$480. At Humbug Creek, and on Greenhorn Creek closer to Yreka, the



Martha Louise, Mary and Anne Hasseltine Hill

Hill men found a fortune in the gravelled stream beds.

In the spring of 1851, the Hill brothers decided to leave the gold fields. Isaac returned to the east in the fall of 1851, with \$23,000 in gold sewn in the lining of his vest. He took 90 pounds of gold to the St. Louis mint to be coined.

\$23,000 was sufficient capital to enable a man to live comfortably for the rest of his days in Sweetwater, Tennessee. But Isaac's thirst for adventure was unslaked, even after his journey back and forth across the continent. He was going to take his family back West, to the beautiful spot in the Bear Creek Valley.

Cicero, John and the Hill women were overjoyed to be reunited with Isaac and with his plan to take them there. His Betsy, a forty-five year old woman who would have been well-content to live and die on her father's farm, was dismayed by Isaac's plan, but maintained a "Spartan silence," according to the girls. Hasse's granddaughter Margaret Joy, lives in Ashland, and

says, "It would never have occurred to great-grandmother not to come with her husband...he had a vision of what this country could and would be. And all she could do as his wife was go along with his vision whether she had it or not."

That winter was spent preparing for the journey. Isaac, acquainted with the demands of the frontier, knew what he needed and wanted. On the way home to Tennessee, he had ordered new rifles and a chest full of medicines. He had also commissioned the construction of two wagons, one with a flat bottom for crossing rivers. At home, he and Cicero and John built boxes of white poplar exactly fitted to the wagon beds.

Betsy and the girls sewed canvas sacks to hold their possessions, and dried enough apples and peaches to fill four huge sacks. "These may be the last apples you'll ever see," Betsy murmured to the girls as she set the fruit out in the sun.

She and the girls also sewed sunbonnets, aprons, durable dresses, and knitted stockings and socks. Often this work was done in the evenings, while Isaac entertained

visitors who wanted to hear tales of Orégon.

In the last weeks of January, 1852, everything the Hills owned was either packed or given away, and the girls finally realized that they were really leaving home. They had been forbidden by their father to take any books but the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, but Mary sneaked in her copy of Kirkham's *Grammar*, possibly because of Betsy's laments that her girls would never see another schoolhouse.

After leaving Sweetwater, the Hills travelled rather leisurely to Keokuk, Iowa, where they stayed with relatives while Isaac made final preparations for the journey. About 75 others joined the Hills in Keokuk. Isaac was a very persuasive advocate of Oregon's charms, and a number of relatives and friends had decided to follow him, happy to have an experienced guide.

While the Hill women sewed the wagon covers, Isaac and the boys purchased stock. Isaac's dream was to run a cattle ranch, and he bought over a hundred head of cattle, oxen to pull the family's three wagons, and some fine horses. One of the horses he gave to Martha, who named the pretty mare Kate. Kate was to be her confidante on the trip, and into Kate's ear Martha whispered her homesickness and fears.

Martha confessed in her memoirs that the girls were snobs who considered the rest of the wagon train beneath them, and recalls that she never spoke to her father's hired men. Part of the girls' aloofness stemmed from a natural reticence, and part from Betsy's training. Martha explained that the girls had been brought up to speak only to people to whom they had been properly introduced.

When the Hills left Keokuk, many tears were shed, both by those going and those staying behind. Perhaps the saddest tears of all were wept by young Hasse, who cried behind a shed because no one remembered that the date was also her 14th birthday.

The first days of the journey west were an adjustment to life on the trail. The men learned to wield the seven-foot whips that drove the oxen forward. The girls decided that the hired men were too wasteful and dirty to handle

the food, so they divided the cooking chores among themselves. Betsy took her place at the front of one of the Hills' wagons, where she sat on a cushion, with what Hasse called her "box of trinkets" near at hand. The box contained, among other things, a carefully-packed china cup, for Betsy declared she could not drink out of a tin mug. The family tradition that she dined with china and crystal and linen napkins throughout the journey may be exaggerated, but it results perhaps from her grandchildren's memories of Elizabeth as a "refining influence" on their childhood. After Issac's death she lived with Mary, and then with Hasse, watchful of their children's manners. The girls never forgot that other women on the wagon train exclaimed that Elizabeth Hill always "looked as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox" even to the clean handkerchief tucked in her belt.

When the Hills reached the Missouri River in May, they discovered that 1852 was a year of great migration. Confusion and excitement reigned at the river crossing. Isaac was alarmed by the number of other emigrants, who might beat him to his chosen claim-site. His sense of urgency was shared by other pioneers who wanted to get the best land. Isaac had already made reservations at the ferry, and when he tried to push his party ahead of others, one man threatened to kill him. In this atmosphere of haste and violence, it was not surprising that tragedy would result.

Only three flat-bottomed rowboats were available for settlers, wagons and cattle. On May 10, most of the Hill party crossed. On the 11th, around noontime, John Hill persuaded the last of the cattle onto a raft. He had already gone back and forth several times, and like the other men, he was hungry and tired. When he pushed off, several men left on the bank, anxious for their dinner on the other side of the river, jumped onto the already overloaded boat. The milling of the frightened cattle capsized the raft. Animals and men struggled in the muddy current. John's family called to him to cling to the raft, as he could not swim. Ropes were thrown to the floundering men. All were saved except young John Hill, who was swept out of sight.

Men went downriver to search for the body; searchers with lanterns combed the

the riverbank throughout the night, but John was not found.

Elizabeth Hill had raised all of her six children nearly to adulthood. The sudden loss of her youngest son overwhelmed her. She withdrew. For four days she took no food. The journal in which she had written faithfully since leaving Tennessee remained blank. On the fourth night, Hasse persuaded her to eat a biscuit and drink a cup of water.

In the darkness, the sound of a fiddle came from another wagon encampment. The plaintive strings voiced the grief in the mother's heart. For the rest of her life, Betsy couldn't bear to hear the sound of a fiddle. She would quietly absent herself from any musical event.

No less grieved, Isaac still felt the urgency of pressing onward. He left an address at the ferry, and sent notices to Iowa newspapers, asking to be notified if the body was found. Over a year later, in Oregon, the family received word that John's body had washed ashore twenty miles downstream from the ford.

Martha reported that after leaving the Missouri River the family travelled through Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and into Oregon without seeing another white person or another house. Betsy, who feared for the lives of the rest of the family, suffered from terrible headaches as the wagons toiled up the Platte River, and when cholera broke out along the river, she was the first of the party to become ill.

Isaac's chest of medicines probably saved many lives. When Betsy fell ill, he nursed her himself, refusing to let the other children near her. He told the girls that with cholera "you either get well or die within a few days." Betsy recovered, but many others died. Along the trail, the Hill party came upon a man burying his young wife. He offered the Hill girls her clothes, but Isaac forbid them to touch them, for fear of their becoming ill, too.

Descending the Rockies, Martha experienced another tragedy. Her beloved horse, Kate, was bitten by a scorpion and had to be shot, in a canyon called Scorpion Gulch. Martha's misery was compounded by a lack of water, for the wagon train passed through many drought-stricken areas, and the party had to do without fresh water, and the thirsty

cattle had to be driven day and night from river to river.

At Umatilla, the girls were surprised to see a strange man coming up to them. The strange man turned out to be their brother La Grande. They had not seen him for three years, and La Grande had grown a beard. The presence of La Grande heartened the Hills, who felt they must be getting close to their new home.

The Hills wintered at Salem, where Isaac and Hasse spent most of the months in bed, recovering from malaria. The winter of 1852-1853 was a hard one, and Isaac lost a large portion of his stock in the storms. As soon as the snows melted, Isaac was ready to leave, and Betsy was equally eager to be settled in a home of her own again.

Before leaving Salem, the Hills bought a year's supply of provisions. Betsy bought things for her new house, including a bolt of calico with which to curtain off the beds in the one-room cabin Isaac and Cicero planned to build.

The Hills went as far as Cow Creek Canyon, near Canyonville, where Elizabeth and the girls stayed at a hotel, while Isaac, Cicero and the hired men went ahead. Isaac wanted to stake his claim, get his cattle settled, and start a cabin.

But when Isaac and Cicero arrived in the Bear Creek Valley, they discovered that the land on which Isaac had camped in 1851 had already been claimed by Patrick Dunn and Fred Alberding. So Isaac Hill staked out land a few miles south, and with Cicero's help began work on a garden and a cabin, on land that was not his dreamed-of acreage.

Patrick Dunn, who would become Isaac's son-in-law less than a year later, had filed a Donation Land Claim on 160 acres on what is now Hwy, 66.

Twenty-nine years old that spring of 1853, Patrick had already had more than his share of adventures. Born in Ireland, he had emigrated to America with his parents at the age of four. He grew up in Philadelphia, and was working as a bookkeeper at an Illinois flour mill when stricken with gold fever. He travelled to California by mule team and arrived in Sacramento on August 9, 1850. He met and became partners with Fred Alberding, and the two travelled northward following the streams and the rumors of gold.

The hard winter of 1850-1851 found Dunn

and Alberding in a camp along the Salmon River, where a number of miners were snowed-in and cut off from supplies for weeks. The miners killed a skinny mule and ate it; they went hungry after that.

At 26-year old miner named Abel Helman, who had no luck at all in the gold fields, was also at the Salmon River camp that hard winter. Helman, who would become one of Ashland's first citizens, wrote in his diary for March 23, 1851: "Salmon Creek, California...I think that if I ever get home, California will never see me again. I never wished myself home until I started on this trip, and since that, I have wished me there more than 20 times." Helman's homesickness was surely shared by his fellow miners; but when thaw came, they once again took up the search for wealth.

Helman's diary for April 18 records exorbitant prices for necessities. The miners bought what they could and set out. Helman passed through the Rogue Valley on his way to the Willamette Valley, and then returned to a spot on Ashland Creek that looked to him like a likely site for a mill. Dunn and Alberding contrived snowshoes and travelled to Yreka, and then crossed the Siskiyou and entered the Bear Creek Valley. The partners camped at the same spot where Isaac Hill and his brothers had camped a year earlier. The wildflowers and green grass also appealed to Dunn. He thought of filing on the land, but he was not yet ready to give up his hope of quick riches. He and Alberding tried their hand at mining in rough-and-tumble Jacksonville with some success. On one day Dunn took a thousand dollars worth of gold out of a stream. But that luck did not continue, and eventually he and Alberding returned to the spot along present-day Neil Creek, and paced out a claim.

Isaac's other close neighbors were the four Mountain House boys. These young packers were hauling lumber with ox teams to their two sections of land at the foot of the Siskiyou, where they were building the first "Tavern" in Jackson County south of Jacksonville. The Mountain House which they raised still stands on Old Hwy. 99, just south of Hwy. 66 to Klamath Falls. It served for many years as a stopping place for travellers and stages going between

Oregon and California and Ashland and Klamath Falls.

The partners in the Mountain House were Hugh Barron, John Gibbs, Terry Hare and James Russell. Russell would become another of Isaac's sons-in-law. He had abandoned his trade of stone-cutting in 1849 to come west with a mule train from Pittsburgh.

A few other miners and ferrymen lived in the Bear Creek Valley in that early spring of 1853, but Isaac was among the first wave of settlers coming to farm the land, and the wife and daughters he would bring were the first women to settle in the south end of the valley, on land now covered by Emigrant Lake.

Isaac left Cicero to finish the cabin while he returned to Canyonville for the rest of his family. The journey over the mountains and swollen streams between Canyonville and the Rogue Valley proved to be the most difficult part of the Hills' westward odyssey, but on April 14, 1853, they arrived at their new home just south of Ashland.

It was Hasse's 15th birthday. She had wept on her 14th birthday, leaving Keokuk, and she wept on this birthday, again hiding her tears from her family. Indeed, each of the Hill women found a private spot in the woods to cry a little over the primitive home to which Isaac had brought them: a floorless cabin with holes for windows. Hasse cried also because she thought she would never again see a red apple or a schoolhouse, but she swallowed her tears as quickly as she could, and went in to her mother.

Betsy, who had at least tried to maintain her "Spartan silence" during the year since she had left civilization, was ill with grief at the thought of raising her three daughters in this wilderness. The girls laid the feather bolster from the wagon on the floor for their mother, and tried to cheer her up. They could speak with genuine enthusiasm of the loveliness of their new home. In her memoirs, Martha wrote that "When we came to the Rogue River Valley, it seemed to our eyes beautiful indeed, and compared to most of the lands we had traveled through, and we did not blame our father for losing his heart to the place."

The girls gathered wildflowers for their mother, and began setting up the cabin as a home. When Betsy's illness

passed, she helped them, keeping to herself her continuing uneasiness about life in such an isolated spot.

Elizabeth's dismay was compounded by her fear of the Indians living less than a mile away. The family had passed through at least one "ranch-aree" or Indian village along Bear Creek, where naked Indian children ran up to see the horses, and the Indian women held up their babies to see the white women.

Scarcely five years after the Hills' ride through their village, those Indian women and children would be dead or herded into a reservation at Siletz on the Oregon coast, where the last members of the tribe would perish. Elizabeth may have foreseen the coming confrontation between the Indians and the settlers, and the tragedy it would bring to her own family.

The settlers lumped together the Indians living in the Rogue Valley as the "Rogue Indians," although the Indians living in small villages along the tributaries of the Rogue River represented at least three different tribal groups speaking distinct languages. The white settlers believed the "Rogues" to be fierce and untrustworthy. Their savage reputation discouraged all but the most dauntless pioneers.

Many of those who did come to the Rogue Valley were forthright about their intention of eliminating the Indians and claiming the land they felt was theirs by Manifest Destiny. Even one of the missionaries who came to save the Indians' souls wrote that "...the doom of extinction is suspended over this wretched race and...the hand of providence is removing them to give place to a people more worthy of this beautiful and fertile country."

Charles G. Pickett, who was Oregon's first Indian agent, wrote in the *Oregon Spectator* in 1847: "self-preservation here dictates these savages be killed off



Ann Hasseltine, Mary, and Martha Louise in later years.

as soon as possible." Nine months before the Hill women arrived in the Bear Creek Valley, in July of 1852, the white signers of a treaty with the Indians at Table Rock were toasted at a dinner party with the wish that "you may live to see the time when the Indians of Rogue River are extinct."

The Indians living closest to the Hills were probably Shasta Indians. At one time, a few Shasta had ventured over the Siskiyou from the tribe's home grounds along the Klamath River in Northern California; now about 300 Shasta lived in extended family groups along Bear Creek and its tributaries.



Mary and Hasse stand in the family plot between their mother's and father's grave.

Encounters between the Shasta and the white explorers, trappers and packers were sometimes hostile and sometimes friendly. The Shasta resented intrusions into their territory, but the whites passing through were more of a curiosity than a threat.

This situation changed when miners and settlers began making permanent homes. While the Bear Creek Valley could support a large agricultural population intensively farming and ranching the lowland areas, a far more limited number of hunter-gatherers such as the Shastas could be sustained by the same land.

The Shasta depended for their existence on game such as elk, deer, antelope and bear hunted by the men; roots, plants, and fruit gathered by the women; and most important, on the dog salmon caught in the streams, and acorns gathered on the wooded slopes of the hills.

The arrival of miners in the Jackson Creek goldrush of 1852, and the farmers who followed them, immediately disrupted the food supply for the Indians living in the Rogue Valley. The whites competed for game and scared the animals into the mountains. Worse, the miners muddied and fouled the streams with their gold operations, killing the fish. The settlers released pigs to forage for acorns in the oak groves. By the winter of 1852, the Indians were beginning to go hungry.

When the Hill women rode through the village in the spring of 1852, they were not only a wonder to the Shasta, but a sign to the Indians that the settlers meant to stay, to multiply, to render the earth unlivable for them.

As Betsy Hill and her petite daughters put up calico curtains in their tiny cabin, the Shasta prepared for war.

To be concluded in the next issue

THE BARRON FAMILY



Mountain House

Major Hugh Franklin Barron, the worthy pioneer of Ashland, was born in Lee County, Virginia, in 1827, the son of Nathaniel G. and Anna (Collier) Barron. His parents spent their entire lives in the south and were members of early families of that state. Both households were wealthy and held many slaves, but at the outbreak of the Civil War, they willingly freed their slave labor although their sympathies remained with the Confederate cause.

Hugh Barron, as a child, spent carefree days on the plantation and attended common schools. As a son of a notable landowner he was given a share in the responsibility of managing the property and it was surely in the cards, particularly before the devastation of the Civil War, that he would inherit a part of the plantation and continue in his father's footsteps. But by 1850 -- he was then over twenty -- the romanticized reports of the treasures to be found in the west proved to be irresistible.

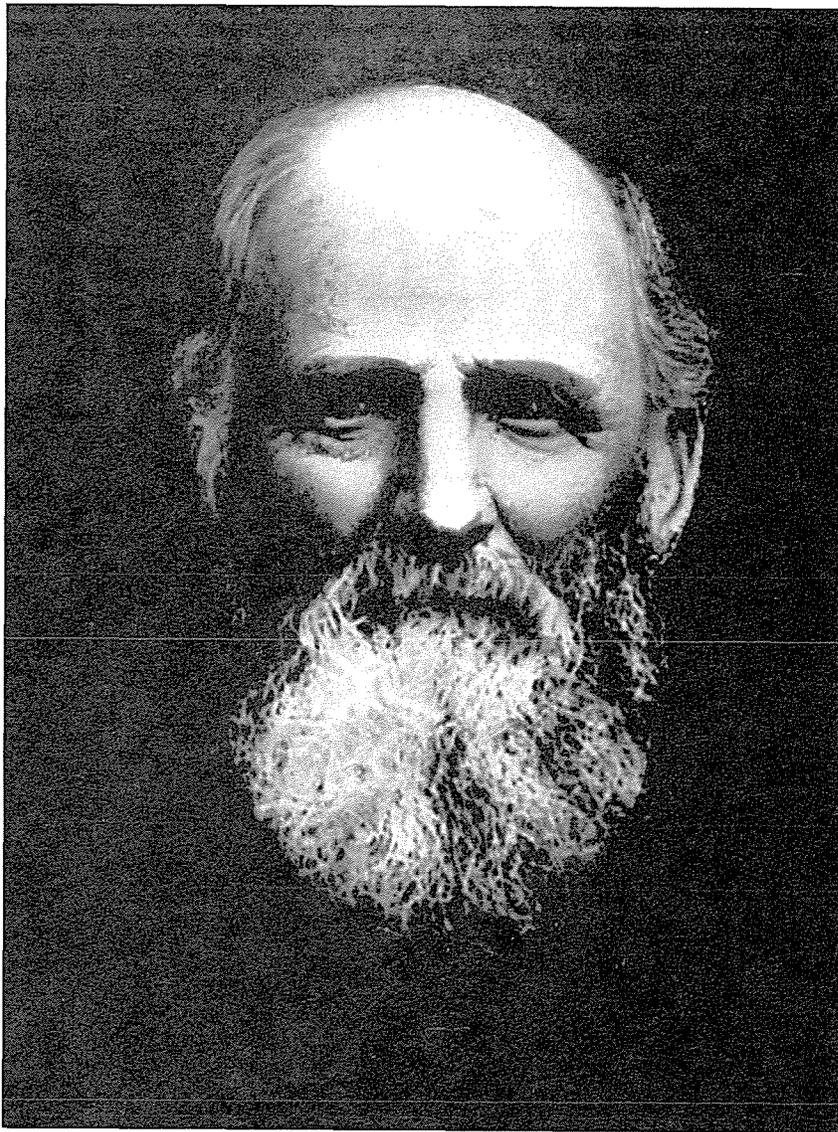
In 1851 he joined forces with an uncle, his mother's brother, and, acquiring a wagon and oxen of their own, they joined a train and crossed the plains to California. In the late fall of 1851 they panned for gold at Diamond Springs, making their way gradually north to Yreka, and wound up prospecting on the Scott River. The time spent in California was short for before the winter storms made panning for gold less than a pleasant endeavor, they had made their way over the Siskiyou into southern Oregon.

The country bordering the Scott River

is wild and beautiful as it is in so much of California, but the vegetation around Yreka is sparse and in the late part of the year the hillsides are dry and brown. The traveler, after having come through this area, crosses the summit into Oregon and beholds a vast panorama of evergreens and grassy slopes. Seeing Oregon for the first time, he is bound to be moved by its grandeur and beauty. So must it have been with Hugh Barron.

As soon as he could, on December 1, 1851, he applied for a Donation Land Claim of 160 acres on the Green Springs Mountain at the northern base of the Siskiyou range, and gave up his search for gold. In a little glade a few miles south of the present site of Ashland he built a log cabin for his first home in Oregon, and began developing a cattle and sheep ranch.

He was one of the first twenty-six men to settle in the Rogue River Valley and the land claims of Major Barron, James Russell and James Gibbs cornered on each other. At the junction these three men built a house and conducted an inn there, known as Mountain House. These stage stops of course were located at regular intervals along the coach and mail routes. Some, like The Ashland House, the Colver House in Phoenix, and the Robinson House in Jacksonville, were large and spacious and offered genteel accommodations to the coach passengers; others like The Mountain House supplied only meals and a brief rest stop and served as a postoffice; still others were pretty primitive and were used by drovers principally for a respite from



Major Hugh F. Barron

the wearisome road and a watering spot for the tired horses. Since there were as many as six stages on the road nearly every day, as well as an occasional horseback rider, there was no shortage of business for the stage stops. The three owners of the Mountain House also conducted their business affairs, including the development of their land, in partnership for some time.

In 1853 the Rogue Indians, joined by the Shastas and other tribes, rebelled against the continuing mistreatment by the white settlers. In the southern Oregon area there was no standing army and Indian fighting was done by volunteers from the pioneers who were trying to chop a home out of the wilderness. Of course every red blooded man hastened to join up but there were few who had any military experience and could act as commanders. Hugh Barron, a natural leader of men, eventually assumed directorship of a group of untrained fighters, willing and eager to take the offensive,

but with no training and a shortage of guns and ammunition, they could only make do, and hope to defend their unprotected homes. Hugh Barron was called the Major by his grateful army of farmers, and the honorary title stayed with him throughout his life.

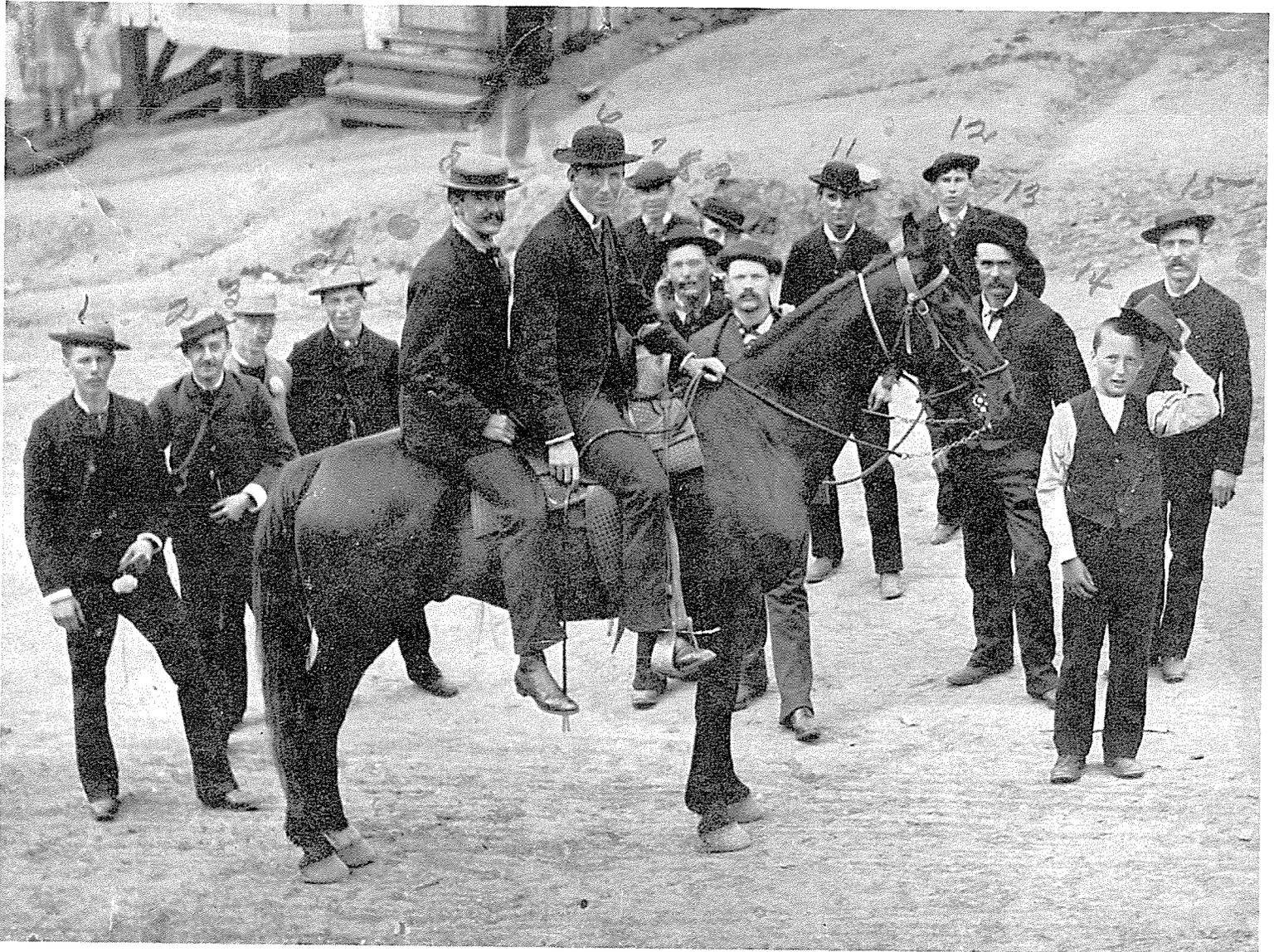
In the early skirmishes James Gibbs was killed by an Indian. His death brought an end to the association. Major Barron acquired the claims of both of his former colleagues and made extensive purchases of other land until he owned a total of four thousand acres which became one of the finest farms in Jackson County. Much of it was situated in a beautiful little valley at the head of Hill Creek, and included some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in southern Oregon. His purchase of land included the stage stop which then became known as Barron's Stage Station.

Conducting a holstery, developing the land, tending to livestock, and, at the same time, dodging homicidal Indians

who are intent on erasing you and your kind require a great deal of love for your adopted habitation. It would certainly have been easier -- and perhaps more sensible -- to throw down the plowshare and head for safer ground, and surely many of the early settlers did just that. But through two Indian wars, Major Baron persevered.

On March 18, 1853, he married Miss Martha Ann Walker. Born in 1833 in Bethany, Illinois, she was a

daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Fruit Walker, natives of Kentucky. Her father died in Illinois, and when she was 20 she and her mother resolved to make the long and difficult journey across the plains by themselves. Deciding that heavy covered wagons and oxen teams required the strong arm of men folks, Martha Walker covered the entire distance from Lee County, Iowa, to the Rogue River Valley in a buggy. They accompanied a large wagon train and no doubt young Martha had the assistance of some of the



The men in this picture were members of the Pioneer Sons. They were descendants of early Ashland settlers and were born after the Indian wars. A horse race was the occasion for the photograph, taken by Charles W. Logan. The men are posed in front of the Russel house on North Main Street, which at that time was called the Stage Road. George Barron, on the horse, was one of the racers; the identity of his opponent has not been recorded. Some of the men have been identified as 1. --- Benjamin, 2. Will Vining, 3. George Stockton, 4. Charles Chitwood, 5. Crit Tolman, 6. George Barron, 7. Harry Casey, 10. Ham Chitwood, 11. Tom Hurlburt, 12. Covett Frizelle, 13. Charles Gillette, 14. Pete Eubanks. 9. Jack Frizelle, No. 11 Sherdan Thornton, 15. --- Barber. No. 14 is also identified as "a Chinaman who cooked at the Mountain House." This is an error. The young man is clearly a Caucasian.



Martha Walker Barron

more chivalrous drivers. In Oregon, in September, 1853, they settled at Kingsbury Springs seven miles south of Ashland Mills. It is an unpopulated spot today and at that time was in the far wilderness, but they were in the vanguard and they were not looking for civilization and crowds of people. The Walkers were neighbors -- although remote -- to Hugh Barron and he soon came calling.

In the face of the shortage of available wives on the frontier, the eminent danger of a calamitous Indian attack and the loneliness of bachelorhood, Hugh Barron wasted little time in amorous pursuit. Before the year was over they were married. Martha and her mother, who had been living with Martha's brother, Minus, moved into Hugh Barron's log cabin and Martha became a frontier housewife and, in addition to her chores on a big cattle ranch, became hostess at Barron's Stage Stop. Martha's mother lived with them until her death in 1871.

In a year or so the first child, Alice,

came along and in 1858, Major Barron, who anticipated a large and sturdy family to carry on his name and heritage, built a large, handsome house in front of the log cabin. The house has withstood the use of several generations and is still standing, as splendid as ever. The log house in back was kept in constant care and lasted a long time. The Barrons seem to have developed a great respect for log buildings. In later years Edgar Barron built a modern barn around the old log barn, where today, safe from wind and weather, it is still in perfect condition.

In 1858 the first son, Edgar Baker Barron, was born, and George Washington Barron followed in 1861. Almost as an afterthought, in 1873, when Major Barron was almost fifty, their last child, Homer Walker Barron, was born.

As a young man in Virginia Major Barron, indoctrinated with the traditions of the south, was a democrat, but after his move to the frontier, he became a staunch republican. Although he was never an aspirant for a political office, he took a great interest in educational matters and served for several years as a member of the school board. *The Centennial History of Oregon* reports, "In fact he stood for all that meant progress and improvement in the community and cooperated heartily in every movement for the public good."

In later years he sold his cattle and went into the sheep and goat business. "That undertaking proved very profitable and he so prospered as the years went by that he was able to leave his family in very substantial circumstances."

At a time when large families were to be expected, four children only didn't make an especially auspicious set, but Martha Barron raised the two children of her niece, Genevieve and Edmund Roberts.

Alice A. Barron married a native of southern Oregon, Gwinn S. Butler, who was born in Jacksonville in 1853. The Butlers lived in Ashland.

Edgar Barron was raised at the Barron ranch and received his early education in the public schools, continuing his advanced training at the Ashland Academy. As the oldest son, he naturally was associated with his father in the cattle-raising business and, later, in the sheep industry.



Major Barron's ranch house

In 1886 he married Miss Stacey Payne, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C.T. Payne, residents of Ashland. Edgar and Stacey had one daughter, Austie Alice, born in 1888.

George Washington Barron was born on the Barron land claim. He attended the Ashland Academy from 1872 to 1882 and lived with his parents on the farm, assisting his father.

Homer Walker Barron was born and died on the Barron estate. He attended public schools and completed his education in the commercial department of the Normal School during the presidency of W.T. Van Scoy. In 1897, when he was 24, he married Willamina (Minnie) Ross, who had come to Ashland with her parents about 1885. They had three children: Hugh F., Isabel and George Francis.

Major Barron was an exemplary citizen and one of Jackson County's most valued and honored inhabitants. While working on his own endeavors, he remained interested in public affairs and was one of the most influential men in his part of the state. Martha, busy with housekeeping chores

and raising the children, still found time for social life and local activities. Like most farmers and stockmen, Major Barron had no thought of retirement. One works as long as he is able and when he's decrepity, he sits by the stove, giving advice and instructions to the children and watches them carry on where he left off. The Major, however, didn't live to reach this august and venerable position.

When he was seventy-seven, in 1904, he hitched a span of horses to a wagon, intending to make an inspection tour of his land. While he was going at a pretty brisk pace, a front wheel abruptly fell off the axle and the wagon suddenly lurched sideways, coming to an instant halt, as the corner of the wagon bed dug into the earth. Major Barron was violently pitched forward and struck his head against a large boulder. He was killed instantly.

The Barron estate was divided among the children and Martha stayed on at the home place with Edgar and Stacey and their daughter Austie. In 1916 she bought a home in Ashland at



117 Almond Street where she lived for nine years. Her son George stayed with her. In her later life, without Major Barron, she became a cherished citizen of Ashland and an honored member of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association. In 1923 an especially notable gathering of early settlers in southern Oregon was held in the Pioneer Cabin in Lithia Park to commemorate her ninetieth birthday. A banquet was held at noon and F.D. Wagner presided as toastmaster. Irving E. Vining made an eloquent tribute to the pioneer mothers and Mrs. Alice Piel presented Martha with a floral tribute. The culinary triumph of the day was a mammoth five story birthday cake, baked in sections by five different ladies of Ashland. It was almost as big as Mount Ashland and was decorated by Mrs. A. H. Russell, 84 years old, who made a little speech about her seventy years acquaintance with the Barrons. After a speech by Mrs. I.D. Applegate, Martha dexterously carved the cake.*

In January, 1925, at the age of 92, she died. She had been a widow for twenty-one years. She was survived by her four children.

In 1924 the bachelor son who had stayed so long with Martha married Elizabeth King of Ashland. He was 63 years old and there were no children.

In 1932 George Barron was severely injured in an automobile accident. His

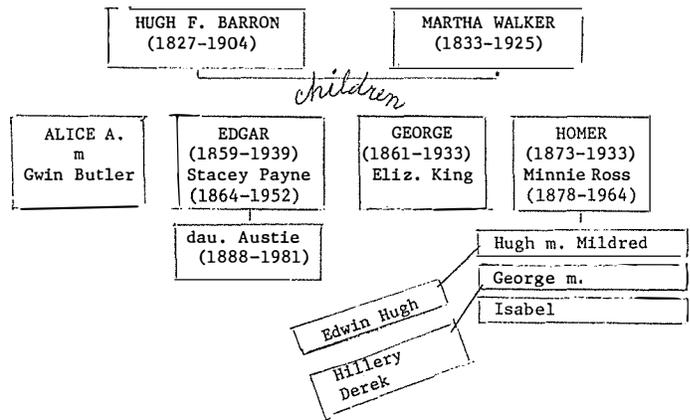
* Those present included Mrs. Mary Dunn, Mrs. A.H. Russell, Mrs. Mary Hoffman Vining, Mrs. Elizabeth Paine, Henry S. Emery, O.A. Stearns, J.D. Helman, Margaret Applegate, Ellen H. Wagner, Mrs. John Mills, Mrs. A. Harvey, Alice E. Hanley, Frances Myer Billings, G.S. Butler, Elizabeth Dunn VanSant, Mrs. M.J. Shook, Claire Hanley, Mary Hanley, Mrs. G.W. Mathes, Dorothy Mathes, Geo. W. Loosley, J.C. Tolman, G.N. Anderson, E.B. Barron, Mrs. R.L. Bish, Mrs. Jesse Houck, Jesse Houck, Alice Applegate Peil, Jessie Wagner Miles, Kate F. Grainger, Mabel E. Russell, G.F. Billings, G. Homer Billings, Ellen Billings, L.E. Vining, Nellie Russell, Rachel K, Alford, Wm. Myer, Emma Tolman Helman, Emma Anderson Loosley, Elizabeth King, G.W. Barron, Elinor Hanley Bush, Ida Wells Tuckdr, Pocahontas Hosley, C.E. Lane, Katherine Angle Gaddis, Prue Angle Platt, Alta Naylor, Mollie Britt, Mrs. Lena A. Phillips, Esther J. Cameron, Sarah A. Wing, Annie E. Patterson, Lydia McCall, Annie Walker, Ella Garrett, F.D. Wagner, Stella Case Wagner, M.W. Wheeler, S. Patterson, Mrs. S. Patterson, Bertha Winter, O. Winter, Emil Peil, Anna Gaye Myer, Anna A. Wagner, J.M. Wagner, A.E. Kinney, Mabel Wagner Kinney, Minnie Rockfellow Lane, Alice B. Butler, Stacey P. Barron, Homer W. Barron, Laura Thornton Willey, Millia Donnelly, Ellen Giddings, Minnie Barron, and A. Raydure Brown.



Edgar Baker Barron, a Britt photo.

friends did not realize the serious nature of his injuries and were shocked to learn of his death after a four-month illness. His funeral was held at the First Presbyterian Church in Ashland and was conducted by The Rev. H.T. Mitchelmore.

At the age of 80, Edgar Barron died in 1939 at the ranch on which he was born. During his lifetime he became one of the largest stock raisers and land owners in southern Oregon. He was survived by his



 Stacey Payne Barron, taken by Peter Britt in 1886. She was married to Edgar Barron; they were the parents of Austie.



The Barron family. (Top row) Edmond Roberts, Eunice Davis (two people Mrs. Barron took into her home), George Barron, Alice Barron Butler, Austie Barron, Stacey Payne Barron, Edgar Barron. (Front row) Martha Barron, little Hugh, Homer Barron, Minnie Ross Barron.

wife Stacey, who lived until 1952, and his daughter Austie.

Austie married A.R. Brown, a butcher of Ashland. At the death of Major Barron's heirs she assumed the responsibility of running the ranch and raised cattle and sheep. She made a great use of well-trained working dogs.

During the first 65 years of her life, Austie lived at the Mountain House. She attended Helman Elementary School and the Ashland Normal School. After completing her education, she became involved in managing a large stock operation, at first in competition with her father.

After Edgar Barron's death, she assumed full responsibility of the ranch. The sheep operation of about 3,000 head covered portions of the Siskiyou range in the Hyatt Lake and the present Mount Ashland ski area. The cattle operation extended from the Rogue Valley to Hyatt, the Howard Prairie area, and the Keene Creek area along Oregon 66.

During World War II she added hogs to the operation, buying cull potatoes and barley from the Klamath area for feed, then selling the hogs in San Francisco. Austie built a slaughter house which was well known as a place to buy sausages, hams and meats of all kinds. During her ranching years, the farm operations made the transition from the primitive times when livestock was driven to markets and farm equipment was drawn by horses, up to the modern era of motorized equipment.

In spite of the vigorous sons and daughters and grandchildren, the old era passes. The new generation finds other interests and changing life styles. Old family traditions are treasured but they have had their day and the descendants move to other cities.

In 1953 Austie sold the land and moved to a home on Siskiyou Boulevard. The Barron ranch had been in the hands of the original family for a hundred years. It was time to move on.

1913 was a very good year...

The Arrow Collar Man was just beginning to set standards for masculine glamour:

ARROW SHIRTS



There is a good fitting Arrow shirt suitable for every occasion. Select the shirt bearing the Arrow label. \$1.50 and up.

MADE BY
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., Troy, N. Y. Makers of Arrow COLLARS

In San Francisco Mr. Quive shed his big, disagreeable wife:

DIVORCED BECAUSE WIFE SPANKED HIM

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 5. Edward A. Quive was granted an absolute divorce today from Sophia Quive. Quive, five feet tall, weighed exactly 90 pounds, and Sophia, who loomed heads higher, acknowledged 180.

"My wife called me a Tom Thumb," Quive told Judge Sargent, "but before our marriage she used to say I was cute. Time and again she has slapped my face, spanked me, locked me out of the house, and insulted my relatives."

Mrs. Quive did not deny the allegations and the application was granted.

In Boston Mrs. Bedell decided she had no use for her husband but she wasn't willing to mark him off as a complete loss:

OFFERS TO SELL HUSBAND FOR \$1000

BOSTON, Dec. 31. "As for me, I'd rather have my cat," writes Mrs. Agnes Bedell of Quincy to Miss Mary E. Chandler, in offering to sell her husband for \$1000.

Mrs. Bedell wrote that she had noticed in the newspapers where Miss Chandler needed a husband to take care of her property and offered her own. "I want to open a boarding house," said Mrs. Bedell.

In Chicago Willie Palmer, Jr., aged 63, gave up his wild, wild ways:

FIFTY YEARS ON GAY, GAY ROAD WILLIE PALMER REFORMS

CHICAGO, Aug 28. Willie Palmer, Jr.,

aged 63, is through leading the gay, fast life, and will stick to the pledge he gave Municipal Judge Sabath and his father, William Palmer, Sr., aged 86.

"Yes, sir," piped William, aged 86, affectionately stroking the gray hairs of Willie, today, "Willie will sow no wild oats. He was in bed a nine o'clock last night and refused to go out with the boys. For fifty years he's been as wild as a colt. But when a boy gets to be 63 I say it's time for him to behave."

"Dad's right," said Willie, "fifty years of whoop'te-doo is about enough for any boy. When I signed the pledge to quit drinking I meant it. I'm going to be good."

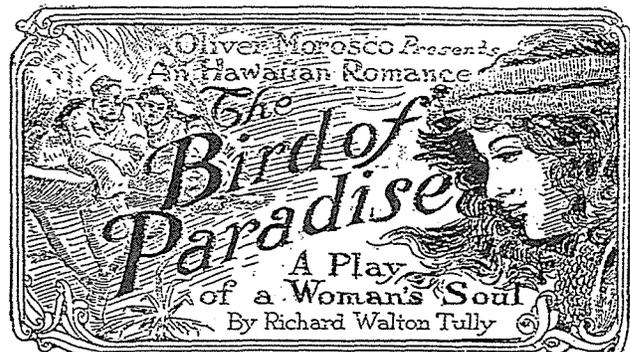
In Paris Dear Old Doggie was sent to the reform school for dissolute canines:

TAUGHT DOG TO STEAL FROM SHOPS

PARIS, Dec. 23. Convicted last week of a series of thefts which he inspired his dog to commit, Wilhelm Volkaps, a German baker, today began serving a sentence of 30 days. At the trial in was shown that he had subsisted for eight months on choice cuts of beef, poultry, fish, and sausages which he had taught his dog to steal from neighboring shops. The dog has been adopted by the gendarme who arrested its master. An effort will be made to reform it.

Lenore Ulrich, the young star from Broadway, brought a company of Hawaiian singers and dancers to the Page Theater in a "fervid romance between an American and a beautiful island girl":

PAGE THEATRE 14 FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 14



In Salem a suicide took the easy way out. The story was given the headline:

SUICIDE PADS DEATH ROPE

SALEM, Aug. 16. Coroner Clough is today endeavoring to establish the identity of a man who hanged himself in a woodshed near the city after padding the noose with cotton and velvet so that it would not "hurt" his neck.

Public spirited citizens of St. Louis went on a clean-up campaign and purified the naughty nudes on display in the city:

St. Louis, Aug 22. Little Old St. Louis is engulfed to the neck in a wave of modesty. Ordered to display no paintings, pictures or statues in the nude, proprietors and managers of cafes and restaurants have dressed them, and some weird sights meet the eyes of the patrons of these places.

In one downtown cafe Venus wears a pair of diaphanous trouserettes, and the Lady with the Goose is garbed in a slit skirt, the slit extending perilously close to the Lady's neck. In another cafe where the proprietor boasted a really handsome group depicting Pan piping to a bevy of "altogether" woodland nymphs, Pan has been forced to don a pair of overalls, and the girls are dressed up in pajamas, nighties and mother hubbards. "The Sleeping Beauty," who has for years reposefully slumbered on a slab in another cafe unclothed, now wears a policeman's uniform.

Still another cafe manager in whose place was a bronze figure taken from the now famous "September Morn," has dressed the figure up in a short garment that comes in pairs.

A statuette of a Baccante, the original of which disports herself in the Metropolitan of New York, now wears a complete motoring outfit including goggles and a veil. The infant she holds in her arms wears that one garment which has come to be a badge of babyhood.



Men had to put up with summer itch and pit rash with only little help from the corner drugstore, but the ladies, bless them, could always rely on a bottle of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND:

"I am so Glad you are well, Dear Sister."



The message of this little pitch is that the older girl, who looks as if she'd been dragged around the nettle patch, has been very seedy and downright patoozlie of late. But little sister has the remedy up her sleeve: she'll pour a shot or two of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S elixir through those waxen lips, and--zowee!--older sister will be off to the ball as soon as she can squeeze into her glass slippers. Of course Lydia's compound has been laced with a belt or two of corn juice, along with those powerful vegetables, and that does the trick.

Mrs. Grace Stansbury of Kansas says: "After I downed my second bottle of Lydia's sauce, I was on the road to recovery, and after my sixth I was a new woman," ...and thash a fact.



This little item is closer to home base:

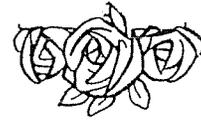
LIVE CRAB IS SENT BY PARCEL POST

Jan. 16. A Portland man sent the first limburger cheese through parcel post, a Gold Hill man sent a leaky can of varnish, but a Medford man sent a live crab through the mails. The package was insecurely bound and the crab's eyes could be seen watching every move the postmen made. Un-nerving!



Tim Hunter and his team of Belgians demonstrated field disking for visitors at the Sunday Social held at "The Willows."

There were also two teams of mules that worked in the fields provided by Christoph Buchler and Eulice Mitchell.



Photographs by Doug Smith

SOCIETY NEWS IS WRITTEN BY NICK CLARK

625 ENJOY SOCIAL AT "THE WILLOWS."

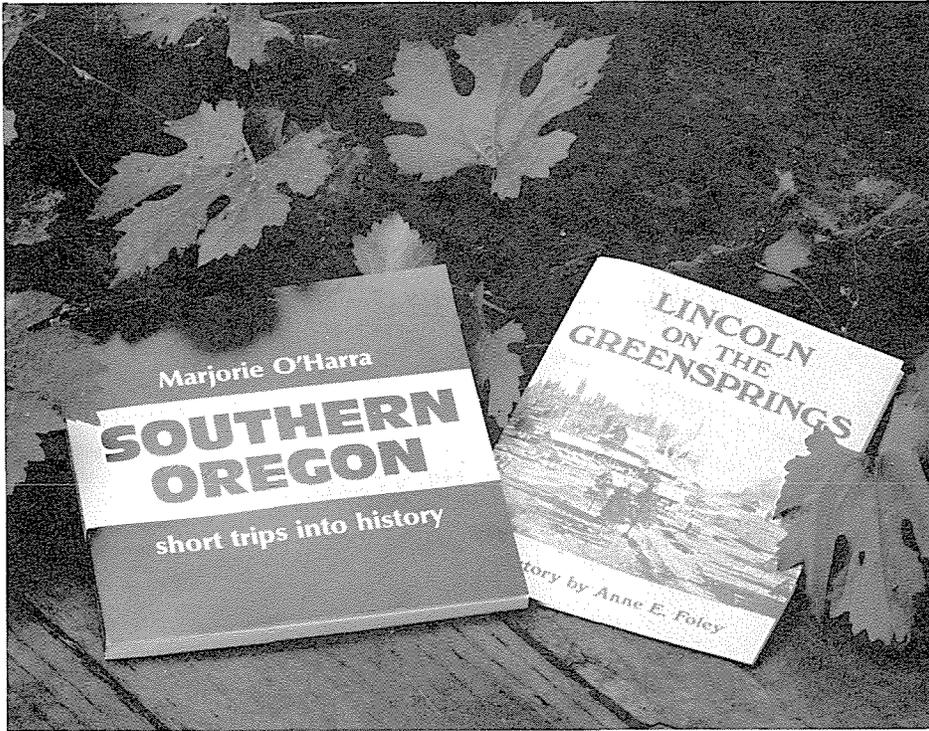
Throngs of visitors enjoyed the Sunday Social held at "The Willows" on July 28. There were many enjoyable demonstrations and exhibits including weaving and spinning, the Old Time Fiddlers, a blacksmith, and antique cars. Over 400 enjoyed the beef lunch served by the Rogue Valley Cowbellees and served under the walnut grove planted by Alice Hanley in 1926. The social is held the last Sunday of July annually.

Over one dozen antique cars were exhibited at the Sunday Social held July 28 at Hanley Farm. Visitors enjoyed hearing and seeing this part of our past.



Visit The Museum Gift Shop

Photograph by Doug Smith



Shown are the covers of our new publications.

Southern Oregon: Short Trips Into History, written by Marjorie O'Harra and Lincoln On The Green Springs authored by Anne Foley are two new publications of the Southern Oregon Historical Society available in our gift shop at the Jacksonville Museum.

The O'Harra book sells for \$11.95 but with your membership discount is \$10.15 if picked up.

The Foley publication is \$3.95 or \$3.35 with your membership discount if picked up.

We will be pleased to mail a copy if you include \$1.00 for postage and handling.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE IN THE GIFT SHOP:

The Humor of the American Cowboy, by Stan Hoig, is a collection of old mossybacks and jokes. "Some are a little woolly, but I'm sure that whoever sinks his teeth into this beef will agree that it's salty," says the author. Retail - \$4.95 Members \$4.20

Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West, by Dale L. Morgan is the remarkable story of a remarkable fur trapper who, with other mountain men, blazed the trails across the West. Retail - \$5.95 Members - \$5.05

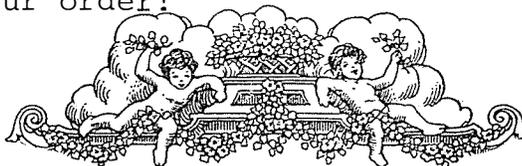
The Gentle Tamers: Women of the Old Wild West, by Dan Brower, covers all aspects of western feminine life, which includes a good deal about the Western male. This book is lively, informal and soundly factual in its accounts of the women who built the West. There are stories of Elizabeth Custer, Lola Montez, Josephine Meeker and Carrie Nation. Retail \$6.50 Members - \$5.50

No Life For a Lady, by Agnes Morley Cleaveland is a beautifully expressive and "brightly hued story of cow country life in the latter half of the last century," according to the New York Times. Retail - \$6.95 Members - \$5.90

NEW COLORING BOOKS

We have a new selection of coloring books of the Pacific Northwest Indian, Pioneer Bears, Oregon Indians and others which are highly entertaining and educational for children.

WE MAIL for \$1.00 postage and handling fee. Simply call or write the society and place your order!



NEW MUSEUM OPENS IN EAGLE POINT

The Oregon General Store Museum, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crandall, has opened in Eagle Point. The museum is located in what was formerly the mill granary of the Butte Creek Mill. Later the building became a cheese factory owned by the Woodridge family and has also served as a movie theatre, a kindergarten and a meeting place for the Lions Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Crandall first saw the collection while vacationing in Pennsylvania. A gentlemen there had spent much of his life collecting memorabilia from general stores in the area. Mr. Crandall offered to purchase the collection and keep it together, if it could be moved to Oregon and reassembled in a proper building.

After several years of restoration work on the old granary and a great deal of loving attention to placement of the collection, the new Oregon Store Museum has opened to the public. The hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 12:00 noon until 4:00PM and Sunday from 1:00PM to 4:00PM. The museum is closed on Monday. Admission is \$2.00 for adults, 50¢ for children 12 and under, group admission for 10 or more is \$1.25 and there is a special fee for families.

Having visited this fine museum, I urge all of our members to take a trip back in time and visit this fine new addition to the history of the Rogue Valley. I guarantee that you will spend most of the hour saying, "Isn't it interesting" or "I remember those."

The Oregon General Store Museum is located next to the Butte Creek Mill at 402 Royal Avenue North. The phone number is 826-3531.

SOCIETY SPONSORS TWO TRIPS

AUGUST 21 TO 23 - We have planned a very interesting trip to visit Bend, Kah-Nee-Tah Lodge, the beautiful Maryhill Museum and Timberline Lodge. On August 21, we will leave Jacksonville at 8:00AM and have lunch in Bend. We'll visit the High Desert Museum and travel on to Kah-Nee-Tah Lodge where we'll take an hour to tour the grounds (on the bus) before dinner. We'll leave at 8:00AM on the 22nd and travel to Maryhill Museum on the Columbia River. This is the former mansion of railroad magnate James Hill. Then it's on to Timberline Lodge for the evening. We'll stop in Aurora, on the way home, at the Ox Barn Museum and have coffee at Tolly's in Oakland before arriving in Jacksonville at 5:00PM. Cost is \$153.00 for two per room or \$195.00 for singles. No meals are included.

SEPTEMBER 6 TO 8 - We'll leave Jacksonville at 8:00AM. *Take a sack lunch* which we'll enjoy near a park en route, arriving in Reno at 5:00PM. We'll stay at the Golden Sierra and be bussed to the Antique Show at 7:00PM. On the 7th we'll depart the hotel at 9:00AM for Virginia City and Carson City returning to the hotel at 1:00PM. During the afternoon, you may visit the Nevada State Museum (we'll provide the bus) or the Casinos on your own. The evening is free. At 8:00AM, we'll return to Jacksonville via Mt. Shasta. Cost is \$90.00 for two per room or \$120. for singles. No meals are included.

Call Sue at 899-1847 to make reservations. Deadline for full payment is one week in advance of trip departure.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY HAS AVAILABLE FOR SALE THE FOLLOWING:

1. INDEX TO THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL (MONTHLY SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

INCLUDES "LETTER TYPE" NEWSLETTER 12/1971 THROUGH 8/1980 AND CURRENT NEWSLETTER 9/1980 THROUGH 12/1984, 20 PAGES STAPLED, UNBOUND INDEX, THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY PLANS TO ISSUE A YEARLY INDEX.

\$2.00 (INCLUDES MAILING)

2. GENEALOGICAL INDEX TO HISTORY OF SOUTHERN OREGON, COMPRISING COUNTIES OF JACKSON, JOSEPHINE, DOUGLAS, COOS AND CURRY, BY A.G. WALLING, 1884.

ALL NAMES MENTIONED IN THE BOOK ARE LISTED, PLUS WALLING'S ORIGINAL INDEX AND ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS OF INTEREST TO RESEARCHERS. INCLUDES NAMES OF PIONEER

SETTLERS; EARLY WAGON TRAIN GROUPS; VOLUNTEERS OF THE INDIAN WARS; EARLY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN THE STATE AND CITIES IN OREGON; EARLY LODGE MEMBERS, FAMILY GROUPS, PROMINENT CITIZENS; SOUTHERN OREGON INDIAN CHIEFS. 56 PAGES STAPLED, UNBOUND INDEX. 11,000 ENTRIES. \$3.00 (INCLUDES MAILING)

MAIL ORDERS TO: KATHLEEN F. LEARY, LIBRARIAN/ARCHIVIST, SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, P.O. BOX 480, JACKSONVILLE OREGON 97530.

TABLE ROCK SENTINEL INDEX _____ COPIES @ \$2 _____

HISTORY OF SOUTHERN OREGON
... BY WALLING, INDEX _____ COPIES @ \$3 _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____



Photograph by Doug Smith

"Vintage Stringed Instruments"

Garin Bakel of Cripple Creek Music Company has loaned a wonderful collection of stringed instruments to be exhibited in the Jacksonville Courthouse Museum through August 31. There are violins, guitars, zithers and members of the mandolin family made between 1897 and 1957.

We hope that all of our members will take time to stop in and see this unique collection.

The Jacksonville Courthouse Museum is open from 10:00AM until 5:00PM daily through Labor Day.



COME TO THE PICNIC

The long hot days of summer are coming to an end and that means that it's time for our society's annual picnic which will be held on Sunday, August 25, 1985, at 1:00PM.

This year's affair will be held in Bear Creek Park in the picnic area. There are plenty of tables and grills to barbeque your hamburgers and hot dogs or you can bring a meat dish. Please bring your own table service and enough food for the number of folks in your party, including a main dish, salad or dessert. We will furnish the ice tea.

There will be entertainment and fun for all so join us in commemorating this long held tradition--your Society Picnic.

The picnic will be held at Bear Creek Park in Medford. The picnic area in the park is located just off Siskiyou Avenue near the intersection of Highland Avenue and Siskiyou. Watch for our signs.

We hope to see you all there and bring a friend!

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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