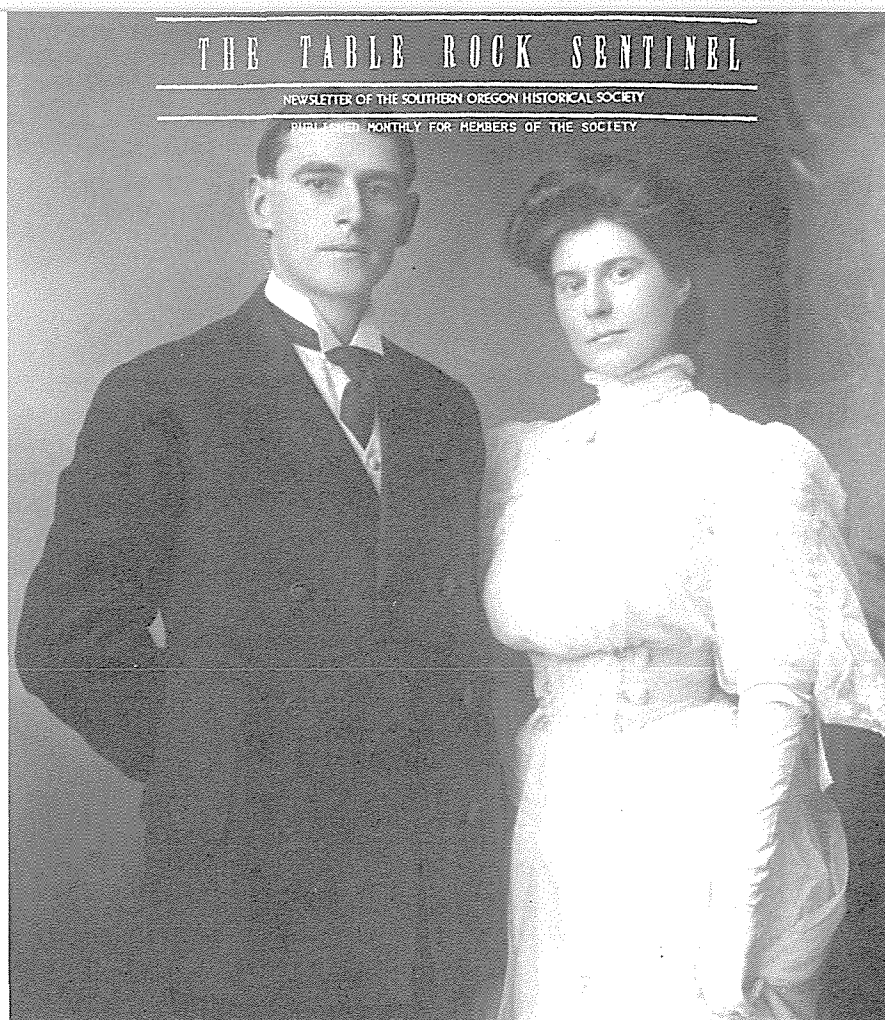


# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Dorothy Maling  
(See Bridges Story)



THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE OF EARL C. GADDIS AND KATE ANGLE GADDIS WAS TAKEN ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, OCTOBER 3, 1906. WHILE HE WAS MAYOR OF MEDFORD, HE URGED THE WATER COMMISSION TO BEGAN THE DRIVE FOR MEDFORD'S MILLION DOLLAR WATER SYSTEM WHICH PUT "A MOUNTAIN SPRING IN EVERY HOME." HE WAS INSTRUMENTAL ALSO IN HAVING THE TREES PLANTED IN VETERAN'S PARK.

THE GADDIS FAMILY INCLUDED ALBERT, A RETIRED AIRFORCE COLONEL, WHO IS CURRENTLY A STOCKBROKER IN HAWAII, AND DOROTHY, WHO LIVES IN LOS ANGELES. THE GADDIS CHILDREN EACH HAVE TWO CHILDREN OF THEIR OWN.

#### A NEW STAFF MEMBER



SHERRY PHILLIPS BRADLEY WAS BORN IN NEW ORLEANS, BUT SHE GOT OUT OF THERE WHEN SHE WAS JUST A FEW MONTHS OLD. SHE ENDED UP ON THE COAST AT BROOKINGS, WHERE SHE COMPLETED HER SCHOOLING. SHE MARRIED IN 1965 AND HAS FOUR CHILDREN, ROSEMARIE, SUE, ROBERT AND ROCHELLE. THEY ALL LIVE IN MEDFORD.

SHE CAME TO SOHS THROUGH THE JOB COUNCIL, AND WORKS AS A RECEPTIONIST, LIBRARY AIDE, AND AS EXTRA HELP IN THE SALES SHOP. SHE REPORTS SHE PREFERS THE LIBRARY AND PARTICULARLY ENJOYS RESEARCHING HISTORY AND WORKING IN THE PHOTOGRAPH FILES.



### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## Enoch Walker and His Progeny

*At the time when there were fewer people in the Rogue River Valley, families were larger, and marriages tended to lace many of the early family lines together. The inter-relationships of the names become confusing to the researcher. In the Reames story (Vol. 4, No. 9), for example, even the generations had to be reshuffled. In this issue we endeavor to put jigsaw pieces together in the Walker-Angle-Platt-Gaddis-Briggs puzzle.*

**E**NOCH F. WALKER was born in Christian County, Kentucky, on January 18, 1814. When he was 23, he accompanied his family on a move to central Iowa. At that time the region along the Des Moines River was a wilderness of wooded hills and river bluffs, and settlers who were seeking rich soil and agricultural acres, flocked to the area. Young Enoch soon went to work as a carpenter, building the first houses in what was to become the city of Des Moines. On May 4, 1840, when he was twenty six, he married Luhetta and they

lived in Iowa for the next thirteen years. John P. Walker, Enoch's adventurous young brother -- little more than a teen-ager -- yielded to the tales of sudden riches and the lure of the gold fields. In 1849 he joined a group of young men and was among the earliest prospectors to reach California. He was fortunate, made a lucky strike, and, seeing others suddenly becoming wealthy, returned the following year to Iowa to encourage his brothers to do the same. His enthusiasm was contagious; his family soon began preparing for the long



and arduous trip. And so it was that Enoch, at the age of 39, and his family joined a wagon train and set out for the Oregon Territory.

The year, 1853, was the time of great migration westward. Often the immigrants plodding over the dusty trails could see the last few wagons of the train ahead and the lead wagons of the train which followed. The Walkers therefore were part of a large company, and among their group were Enoch and Luhetta, their three children, Sarah, Jesse and Mary Sybilla, a babe in arms, Enoch's three brothers, John P., Minus (a bachelor) and Franklin Fruit Walker,\* Enoch's sister Martha and his mother Elizabeth.

Martha, who was young and healthy as well as practical, decided that if her brothers and her father could manage awkward Conestoga wagons for that great distance, she could at least manipulate a buggy, and she and her mother packed their keepsakes into a sturdy little rig, took their place in the parade and drove the thousands of weary miles from Lee County, Iowa, to southern Oregon, with no particular misadventure.

Nathaniel Myer (no relative of the Walkers) who was a member of this train, kept a day-to-day journal and he made frequent mention of the family. The entries about the Walkers give little insight into their characters, but Nathaniel Myer does present some of the incidents that occurred on the way west: (The notations have been slightly edited)

March 31: Encamped  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Walker's camp.

April 5: Some of Walker's boys and ours went about four miles to build a fence for a yard for all the stock--the wind blowing so hard that they could not get it to stand. They had to abandon it and come back to their several encampments about 4 o'clock P.M.

April 6: Clear at sunrise--froze ice. This day went to a new encampment about 5 miles in company with Walkers...It's a beautiful day--the boys all in their shirtsleeves.

April 14: Fruit and Enoch are gone to make engagement with the ferryman to ferry the wagons and stock across the Des Moines River.

April 17: We pitched our tents on the banks of the Des Moines River. [What is this "pitching tents" business? We

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\* Fruit Walker was married to Mary Ann, and their children were Franklin Fruit, Jr. (1849-1858), Mary Elizabeth (1851-1930), and Crittinden Nathaniel (1854-1856). Mary Elizabeth was the only child of this union who lived to become an adult.

thought folks slept in the covered wagons or on the ground.] Still in company with Walkers. All the wagons and tents of both companies are close together.

April 20: Clear at sunrise. Walker's and my boys bought a Durham bull ten years old at \$67 yesterday, the sire of all the fine stock in this neighborhood ... Came 13 miles and camped. Mrs. Walker's and Martha's horses got scared and ran a short distance before they could stop them. No injury done.

April 23: Last night it thundered, rained and blowed. Continued all this day. Last night Walkers and us put up five tents and this morning they were all blowed down but two. The women and men made shift to get some breakfast--such as it was. The bed clothes in the wagon are considerably damp and wet. The men's bedding all wet. About eight o'clock A.M. we started for a new encampment, as we had no feed for our stock. Arrived at the crossing of Middle River--not portable. The men all engaged to fix the encampment, it raining and blowing. Enoch and the men with him are here with the corn for the stock.

April 24: Rained all night. Snowed in the morning. Three of Walker's men sick. The men are engaged in cutting down linn trees for the stock--no corn can be had here this morning at any price. Three of our calves died last night and one about dying. Two of Walker's oxen strayed off. Enoch has gone after them.

April 26: About 10:30 o'clock we got all our wagons over the bridge built yesterday. They charged 25 cents per wagon for the use of it, our men doing all the labor. The bridge consisted simply of two logs across the stream, so far apart that wheels are outside of the logs. The wagons are then placed on the logs with their load by hand, and then drawn by oxen across, sliding on their axles on the logs.

(Heard Enoch had not found his oxen yet. He is still in search of them.) We have lost at this place in all five yearling calves. After we crossed the bridge and paid the toll, others came and took possession of it and crossed over it without paying toll. There was a good deal of jangling about it...Enoch got his oxen this evening.

May 1: Tent blowed down in the night--tremendous rainstorm. Forded Nationobodom. Mrs. Walker lost some of her plates in crossing.

May 7: Saw several poor Indians at a slough demanding toll for a temporary bridge they made. We paid them 50 cents for the whole train. One of Mrs. Walker's oxen was missing this morning. Enoch went in search of him. Found him and returned near sunset.

May 9: Cold, windy day. Ferried Elk Horn River--paid \$5 per wagon and \$1 per horse. We swam the cattle and horses without any injury, but not without much labor.

May 14: Thundered and rained last night ...Blowed Enoch's sleeping wagon covering into several pieces. Mrs. Walker's

carriage top was taken down to keep it from upsetting. She and her daughter had to take the storm in her open carriage. Made 12 miles.

May 31: Hail storm between three and five o'clock P.M. -- some of the hail stones as large as hens' eggs.

June 2: Fruit sold one work ox for \$100. Storm approaching.

June 5: Twelve miles opposite Fort Laramie. A number of Indians came on horseback to where we stopped at noon. They have dried buffalo meat to sell or barter for bread. Made 23 miles and camped. Passed several Indian villages.

June 25: Clear morning. Six miles brought us to Green River -- rapid stream. We succeeded well in swimming the cattle across it. We lost only two or three yearling calves. The horses troubled us a good deal. The wind was too strong to ferry wagons.

June 26: Clear and beautiful morning. The wagon that mother and myself sleep in was taken over at near sunrise, we being with it. The second wagon was one of Walker's. The boat broke loose from the main line and boat and wagon floated down the river some distance and lodged on an island. Boat and wagon was brought back all safe. One of the men left the boat, took water and was drowned.

June 28: White frost. Made 16 miles and camped. Walker turned a wagon over--not much damage.

July 26: Clear morning. Enoch Walker lost the wheel of one of the family wagons. Found one that answered the purpose.

July 28: Walkers lost a fine bull last night. It is supposed that he took into the river and could not reach the shore so was drowned.

July 29: Clear morning.

A controversy took place between Fruit and one of his men (Johns), Fruit having no weapon, Johns having a revolver and a large knife. In the fray Fruit got the knife. Johns discharged two loads out of his revolver; one took effect on Fruit, the ball entered his groins and lodged somewhere.

John Walker started for a doctor. He has not returned. The danger of the wound was not ascertained. The pain, however, is great. Johns made his escape although several of the men were in search of him. It is now nearly sunset--no doctor as yet. We remained in camp today. Poor water for man and beast.

July 30: No doctor to examine Fruit's wound at 7 o'clock A.M. He rested bad the latter part of the night. Some of Walker's men went in search of a doctor at 3 o'clock A.M. That was the time John Walker returned, being disappointed after a hard day's travel. We got a doctor about 10 A.M. He examined the wound. The ball was not extracted. Gave and left medicine, talked flattering. We moved eight miles and camped.

Water, sage and grass good.

July 31: Clear morning. Fruit died near sunrise. About 12 o'clock P.M. we in-

terned Fruit without a coffin of any kind--made a vault in the grass and with some board and willows we covered his body and covered the whole with stone. His grave is about eight miles west of Ripple Creek on the left side of the road, on a rocky and high knoll, with a head board containing his name, age, when he died and his last residence. It was a solemn and heart rending case.

August 1: Clear morning. Made fourteen miles and camped...John Walker gone forwards yesterday. Intended to be in advance of the train upwards of one hundred mile in a few days. His object is to arrest Griffith (Johns).

August 7: John Walker came to the camp. Heard not a thing of Griffith.

September 25: I have been on the sick list, unable to continue my journal daily. Suffice to say, the whole train got at the Settlement in Rogue River Valley on the third day of September, 1853...In the whole, the animals that we got into the valley look well, considering the long journey they had to perform. Since then the boys and Walker have been employed in making locations for themselves and for me about twelve miles east of Jacksonville--all in one track. The Walkers have made three locations about ten miles west of us in the same valley. We have had some difficulties in making our locations on account of so many land claimers that do not intend to make it their homes. Some of our and Walker's land located is claimed by some of those Zentins. Walker's men have left them after their arrival in the Valley. In a few days some of ours did the same, all seeking their fortunes...this is the end of the journal.



*Mary Ann, wife of Fruit Walker*

The wagon train had turned off the regular route at Fort Hall which is in the eastern part of Idaho, and had come through the Klamath country, across the Greensprings to reach southern Oregon. The Walkers arrived in the Rogue River Valley on September 1, 1853. They made three Donation Land Claims. Enoch Walker's claim was number 49, and it was approximately where the Ashland airport is now. Emigrant Creek ran in the middle of the ranch. Next to Enoch's section was a claim made by his brother Minus. A third brother, John P. Walker, made his claim in the same area.

After their arrival in southern Oregon the Walkers prospered. Enoch acquired hundreds of acres of the finest farm land in the valley. A lover of high-spirited horses, he owned many of them as well as large herds of cattle. He put in orchards of apples and pears and had an extensive vineyard. In addition to his agricultural accomplishments, he and his sons found time in the early years to mine for gold in southern Oregon and northern California and met with considerable success.

In the early years he worked with the upper valley settlers in providing a school for the children of the pioneers. Enoch, Isaac Hill, J.C. Tolman and Hugh Barron were named as directors and they subsequently built a schoolhouse on Patrick Dunn's property. The building was used for church on Sunday and for other community gatherings during the week.

Enoch and Luhetta had two more children: Martha and Harvey. Two years after Harvey's arrival, Luhetta gave birth to another child. There were complications and both mother and baby died. At the time Enoch, with a couple of ranch hands, had driven a herd of horses to Portland to sell. Luhetta and her baby died and were buried before Enoch could return to his five motherless children, aged two, four, six, eight and ten.

**T**he tragic death of Enoch's brother, Fruit Walker, at the hands of a short-tempered trail drifter was hard for the family to accept. His death was especially sad, coming at a time when he was eagerly looking forward to an exciting future. In 1855 his young widow, Mary Ann, married his

brother, John. In addition to the three children born to Mary Ann and Fruit, she and John had three children: Milo O. (1856-1925), Cassius 'Cash' C. (1860-1939) and Anne T. (1863-1933). These three children remained in the Ashland area and all of them lived into their eighties.

Enoch's mother, Elizabeth, who was 67 years old when Luhetta died, lived with him and looked after the children. But although he was considered to be an old man at that time, he was only 44, just in the prime of his life and it was only prudent that he find a companion who would be a mother to his children.

In those early times, it seems, everyone who had been in the Rogue River Valley for a number of years knew everybody else. Although farm houses were few and far between, the settlers were hospitable, eager to visit with passers-by, and delighted to invite them to the dinner table. Among these neighborly land owners was Judge Levi Rice who had made a claim of six-hundred-forty acres in the Manzanita district, several miles north of Jacksonville.\* Enoch and Rice became good friends, and when Rice died, Enoch bought his Donation Land Claim. His widow, Prudence, was an attractive lady who had no children of her own, and, as soon as it was seemly, Enoch proposed. She accepted and on January 10, 1866, they were married. Affectionate by nature she became a fine mother to Enoch's children and the Walkers continued to thrive. They eventually lived in a twelve room house which was elegantly furnished with black walnut furniture, marble topped tables and dressers and Brussels carpets.

**U**pon their arrival in Oregon, Enoch's mother Elizabeth and sister Martha Ann lived with Minus Walker. Martha eventually married Hugh Barron of Mountain House but it was not a hasty courtship; they kept company for two or three years before the wedding in 1856.\*\*

\*The legal description of the property is the L.A. Rice Donation Land Claim, Number 59...It can be roughly described as lying on both sides of Bear Creek, north of the I-5 Freeway, Table Rock, Merriman and Crater Lake Highway. The southwest boundary is approximately at Howard Avenue and DeBarr Avenue. The southeast corner is in the parking lot of the Fred Meyer Department Store.

\*\*In the Table Rock Sentinel (Vol. 5, No.8) the year of Martha's marriage to



Martha Ann and her mother Elizabeth moved into the Mountain House on the Siskiyou.

Mountain House had been built by Hugh Barron, James Russell and James Gibbs on a corner of their property so that all three of them could live there and "prove up" on their land claims. (James Gibbs was killed by Indians in August 1853. Russell and Barron bought out his interests, and some time later Major Barron bought out Russell as well. Enoch Walker some time after this bought the Mountain House and held it until 1867 or 1868 when Major Barron wanted to reacquire the property.)

Enoch and Prudence Walker were valley community leaders. They owned property and had money in the bank. Among their holdings was a cane mill which produced sugar from cane grown in the valley. The mill was not particularly successful. Experimenting farmers soon discovered the Rogue River Valley is not suited to growing sugar cane. The mill did supply sorghum to the residents of the area, but the plant was eventually given to a family named Gordon who, with Enoch's financial help, converted it to living quarters.

In 1879 Elizabeth, Enoch's mother, died.

Long interested in politics, Enoch was elected to the state legislature on the democratic ticket in 1872. He was elected Grand Master of the Grange and helped organize local Grange units. He also gave money to support the Howard school. Prudence was called "Auntie" Walker by members of the community. She was a midwife and helped many of her neighbors in time of need. When Enoch finally quit farming, he and Prudence moved to a home in west Medford on the southeast corner of Ivy and Tenth streets. He also owned four lots where the Pinnacle Packing Company is now located.

Enoch died on September 5, 1900, at the age of 86. The *Medford Enquirer*

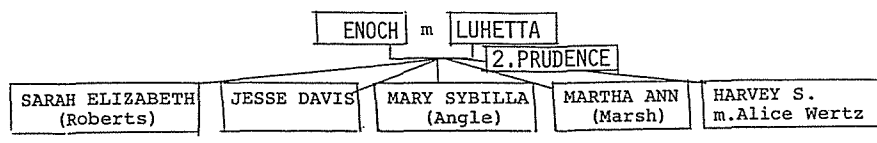
wrote he was "one of Medford's first citizens, highly respected as a pioneer of the Rogue River Valley...The funeral took place from his late residence in West Medford in the presence of an immense concourse of his friends and relatives. Services were under the directions of the Reverend Hoxie."

## ENOCH'S CHILDREN

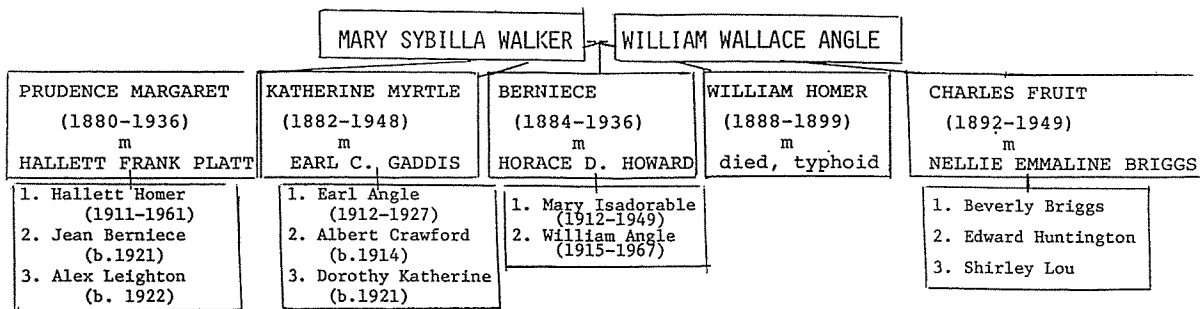
SARAH AND JESSE, the oldest children, were born in Iowa. They crossed the plains with their father, Enoch, their mother, Luhetta, and their baby sister, Mary Sybilla. Enoch's obituary stated, "He leaves one son, Jesse D. Walker, of Langell Valley, Klamath County, and two daughters, Mrs. Martha Marsh and Mrs. Sybilla Angle of Medford." We can therefore assume that Sarah, the first born daughter and Harvey, the last son, died before their father. Harvey married Alice Wertz, and according to a letter, written by Mrs. Edward E. Kahill, in the archives of the historical society, he died at the age of 35. She wrote, "Harvey was the last son of Enoch Walker. He was killed by a runaway team on the Greensprings mountain road between Ashland and Klamath Falls. Harvey had attended the Ashland Academy, and had married Alice Wertz--my informant's grandmother--on July 4, 1880. They bought 160 acres of land near Keno and lived there until their daughter, Etta, was two years old. He stocked the ranch with horses and cattle. Lost River ran through their property. In October 1891 he and his family decided to spend the winter in Ashland. Harvey took a load of apples back. [On the twisting, mountain road, the four mules, frightened by some unknown thing, perhaps falling leaves, suddenly started and bolted, leaving the road and dragging the wagon across the mountain side. Harvey was thrown from the driver's seat and was killed instantly.] He left his wife and three children. He was buried in the Hill Cemetery six miles south of Ashland where many other Walkers are buried. His wife later married William Armitage.

We are indebted to Jean Platt Fety for much of the background material used in this story.

The available facts therefore are mostly about her branch of the family, the line beginning with Mary Sybilla.



Hugh Barron was incorrectly given as 1853 in the Barron story. In a State Wide Inventory, made in 1976, the date is correctly given as 1856.



*William Wallace Angle*

**W**HEN SHE WAS 22 Mary Sybilla Walker married William Wallace Angle. One of ten children, he was born in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, in 1843, of a Holland Dutch farming family, who had long lived in New England. In the early 1850s William joined a Pennsylvania party heading west. Other members of the Angle family in this group were Sara Jane Angle Fehely, an aunt, and her husband, Patrick Fehely, whose house in Jacksonville is still standing (Vol.5, No.12).

They first traveled to New York and boarded a ship for Colon, Panama. At Colon guides were available for the trek across the Isthmus, but the Angles thought the charges for guide service were too high and they chose to go it alone. A compass and common sense must have been all that was really needed to keep on course for they eventually reached the Pacific side with no run-ins



*Mary Sybilla Walker*

with the head hunters and took a steam-boat to San Francisco, arriving in 1854.

From San Francisco they boarded a boat to Stockton. At this river port they bought a wagon and a team of horses. Because of glowing reports of riches to be found in northern California they went to Redding, where they lived for several years. The men found no wealth but they did take a contract to build a bridge across the Trinity River.

In 1859, when William was sixteen, they pulled stakes and headed for Jacksonville, Oregon, which had long before passed its peak as a gold producing community, but rumors of new finds were continually floating about and the rich spots around Redding were exhausted. They traveled by way of Callahan, Scott Valley, Gazelle and Yreka. From Yreka they crossed the Siskiyou and on to Jacksonville. They had no luck making



a strike in Jacksonville and went on to Sucker Creek in Josephine County. There they did find coarse gold but did not find its source and, tired of the search, they returned to Jackson County, where William decided to settle.

By this time he was a young man of 21. In the next years he continued his mining operations and at the same time built several houses in Jacksonville. We learn from a report in the *Oregon Sentinel* that he owned mining property in Sterling and had built a flume to bring water from Glade Fork, a mile away. No doubt he prospered, bought property and made advantageous investments. We find few items in the newspapers about his activities but, judging from his later financial transactions, by the time he was thirty he was a well-established citizen.

On December 22, 1878, he married Sybilla at the home of Enoch Walker near Bear Creek. He was 35 years of age, had substantial property and surely was considered a proper catch. A few years later the railroad went through the valley and William Angle was in at the beginning of the city of Medford. He and Francis Plymale became partners in a general merchandise store located on Main Street.

In 1884 Medford citizens already felt the need of a community hall and William Angle built his Opera House, the first three story building in Medford, on the southeast corner of Main and Central. The stage was too small for opera productions, but the little theater served for years as a meeting place for political meetings, community affairs, and as an auditorium for graduation and baccalaureate exercises. Years later, in 1922, this opera house was remodeled into offices and became known as the Fluhrer Building. In 1969 the building burned and the city mini-park now occupies that corner.

The Angle home, built in the spring of 1893, stood at 609 East Main Street. On the north section there was a large orchard, including Bing cherries, Royal Ann cherries, walnut trees, pears and apples. The Angles raised chickens and rabbits and the land was in fact a large farm just

across the Bear Creek bridge from the business section. Two palm trees grew in the front yard. The fronds were used each year by St. Mark's Episcopal parish for Palm Sunday services. In the 1930s the trees succumbed to a heavy winter freeze. The house was moved to 14 Hawthorne Avenue in the 1940s to make way for the NuWay Cleaners. Another home owned by the William Angle family stood at the corner of Sixth and Bartlett streets. In 1896 it was sold to M. Purdin for the princely sum of \$1100.

An item in the *Medford Enquirer*, June 1, 1901, announced: "William Angle left Monday for his mine on Sterling Mountain." In addition to this mine he owned numerous pieces of property in southern Oregon, including timber claims. He continued to buy considerable acreage east of Bear



Mary Sybilla with her daughters, Prudence, Berniece and Kate



*Prudence*



*Katherine*



*Berniece*

Creek between Main and Jackson streets. This area, completely undeveloped at the time, was covered with blackberry bushes. William subdivided some of the land, and as carpenter and builder, he put up several houses. The large part of the lots, eventually dedicated to the city of Medford by Earl Gaddis and Katherine Angle Gaddis, became known as Hawthorne Park.

Mary Sybilla and William Angle had five children: Prudence Margaret (1880-1936), Katherine Myrtle (1882-1948), Berniece (1884-1936), William Homer (1888-1899) and Charles Fruit (1892-1949).

On February 15, 1917, William Angle died at his home on East Main Street. Mary Sybilla died three years later, on June 25, 1920, while she was visiting her daughter, Berniece Angle Howard, in Sacramento. Cause of her death was listed as pneumonia.

In an oral history interview Mrs. Jean

Fety recently said: "I don't know too much about my grandmother, Mary Sybilla Walker Angle, except that her three daughters were always close, they loved their mother, and they were members of the Episcopal Church. The girls made exquisite silk embroidered linens and painted flowers on china plates.

Two of the girls went to Southern Oregon Normal School. When I was going through microfilm at the Medford Library I came upon local notes such as, 'Katie Angle is spending the weekend with her parents.' For her to travel the twelve miles to visit at home was an event. Commuting was difficult in those days.'" The Angle girls had a warm relationship of family thoughtfulness and sharing which continued after they were married.

#### PRUDENCE MARGARET ANGLE

Prudence was born September 7, 1880, on a farm near Jacksonville, but her exact



birthplace is actually a mystery. As a young lady she was not impressed by Jacksonville's reputation as a rowdy town, and avoided the revelation of just where the farm was located. The family moved to Medford when she was still a small child and moved into a house at the corner of Sixth and Bartlett. At that time Medford students went from first grade through the graduating class of seniors in the same school house, and Prudence attended school at Main and Oakdale where the Jackson County Courthouse is now located. At the home on Bartlett she kept a horse named Dolly.

In 1897 she graduated from high school. The exercises were held at the Angle Opera House on May 28. After graduation she went to work for Angle and Plymale, a mercantile company. She eventually became head clerk at Deuel and Kentner located on East Main street.

In 1909 she married Hallett F. Platt at the home of William Angle on East Main street.

Horace Howard  
was best man  
and the

bride's sister Berniece was maid of honor.

Hal Platt was born in Iowa in 1871. His family had arrived in America on the Mayflower, and some of his ancestors had fought in the Revolution. Hal's father, who had enlisted in the Illinois cavalry, fought in the Civil War. The Platt family moved to Minnesota when Hal was fifteen.

He worked for a time as a tinsmith and apprentice plumber. From his youth he had longed to come to the west, but it wasn't until after the death of his widowed mother in 1903 that he felt free to leave the midwest. After short stays in San Francisco and Spokane, he settled in Medford where he found a business opportunity to buy a partnership in Nickolson and Platt Hardware Store.

The newlyweds--he was 37 and she was 28--first lived on Apple Street until they built a home at 815 East Jackson. The house is still standing. There were three children. The oldest, Hallett Homer, was born in 1911, Jean Berniece came along ten years later in 1921, and the youngest, Alex

Leighton, was  
born in 1922.  
In 1912

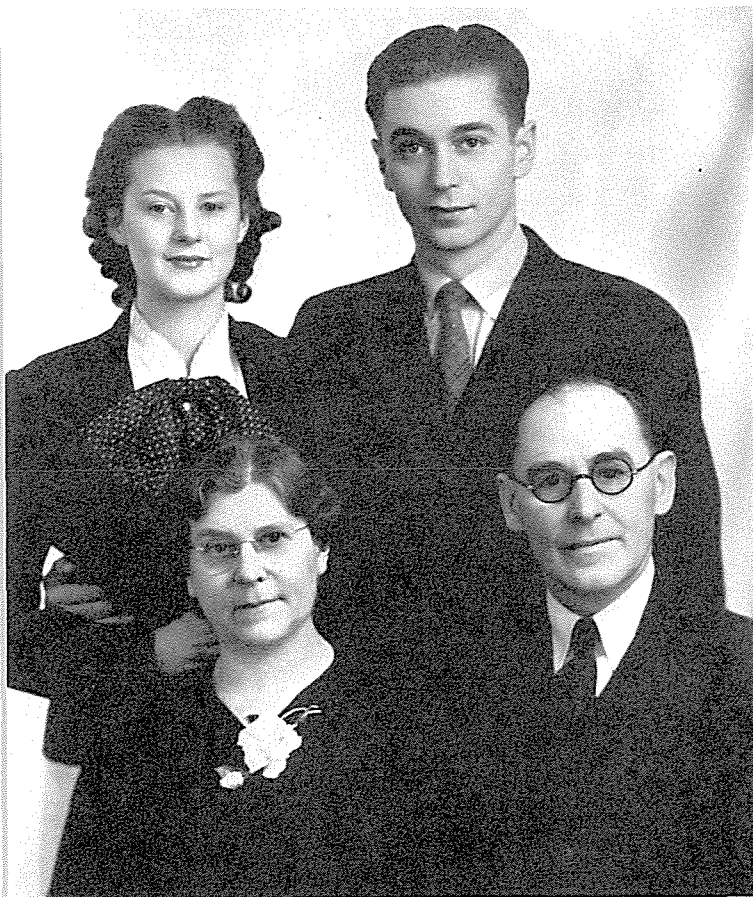


*Katherine,  
Berniece and  
Prudence Angle*

the Nickolson and Platt Hardware became the Medford Furniture and Hardware Company, which later moved to the corner of Sixth and Bartlett. Snider's Diary was just across the street. Hal Platt was on the board of directors for the Jackson County Building and Loan when it was chartered.

"My mother learned to drive a car," Mrs. Fety continued, "and in the 1920s she and my father took a trip to San Francisco. My father was amused because instead of watching a stage play in San Francisco, she looked at the ladies in the audience, trying to decide whether she should have her hair bobbed." Like most other women in the 20s she finally came to it.

Prudence died in 1936. The two younger children were still teen agers, and Hal F. Platt, who took his responsibilities as a father seriously, resigned from the business world to stay home and tend to the family. Twelve years after Prudence's death, he died at the age of 76.



*Dorothy Katherine Gaddis (top)  
Albert Crawford Gaddis  
Katherine Angle Gaddis  
Earl Calvin Gaddis*

## KATHERINE MYRTLE ANGLE

'Kate' was the first of the Angle girls to marry. On October 3, 1906, at the family home in Medford she married Earl Calvin Gaddis. He was a young man who had come from a Roseburg pioneer family. At first he was in the creamery business in Medford with his brothers but he later became distributor for the Page Fence Company. His firm was known as Gaddis and Dixon and was located on North Riverside. Mrs. Fety gives a short biography.

Earl Gaddis was mayor of Medford in 1923 and 1924, and later served on many civic commissions, including the water board. Earl and Kate Gaddis had three children. The first, Earl Angle Gaddis, was born in 1912. He died in 1927 of pneumonia. Earl was an Eagle Scout. A tree in his memory was planted in front of the Boy Scout Headquarters on East Main. The second son, Albert Crawford Gaddis, was born in 1914. He attended Lincoln and Roosevelt schools and what is now McLoughlin, graduating from high school in 1932. This was the first class to graduate from the new high school on South Oakdale (Mid High). Al had a successful career in the U.S. Air Force, and retired with the rank of colonel. He now lives on Maui, Hawaii. He and his wife have a son and a daughter. Dorothy Katherine Gaddis was born April 30, 1921. She attended Medford schools and graduated from Oregon State College in Corvallis. On May 12, 1944, she married G. Carleton Werner. They have lived in California most of their married lives and now reside in Los Angeles. They have a son and a daughter.

The Gaddis family moved in 1920 to the home place on East Main following the deaths of William and Mary Angle, and lived there until it was sold. Earl then bought the Platt family home at 815 East Jackson. Katherine died January 18, 1948. Earl Gaddis was active into his late eighties. He died of a sudden heart attack on January 13, 1967, at the age of eighty seven.

## BERNIECE ANGLE

The third daughter was Berniece, born May 6, 1885. She was the domestic daughter and enjoyed cooking and sewing. Upon graduation from Medford High she attended Normal School in Ashland. On June 9, 1909, she married Horace Douthilt Howard.



He was a member of a Texas family that had migrated to the Rogue River Valley. Berniece and Horace built a home at 821 East Jackson, right next to Prue and Hal Platt. Horace Howard was a bookkeeper at the First National Bank.

In 1918 Berniece and Howard, with their two children, Mary Isadorable and William Angle, moved to Sacramento. Each year they returned to vacation at Peter Pan, the family cabin on Rogue River (now Rogue Elk State Park, near the mouth of Elk Creek). Berniece died January 28, 1936, just one week and one day after her sister Prudence's death.

#### WILLIAM HOMER ANGLE

The first son of William and Mary Angle, William, was born February 13, 1888. He died at age eleven from typhoid fever contracted on an expedition, probably prospecting for gold in the Siskiyou Mountains with his father.

#### CHARLES FRUIT ANGLE

The last child, a second son, Charles Fruit Angle, was the youngest of the children of William and Mary Sybilla Angle. He was born in 1892. Educated in the Medford schools, he farmed most of his life. In 1919 he married Nellie Emmaline Briggs, who had graduated from Valparaiso College in Indiana with a law degree although she never practiced law. She was a daughter of William Briggs, an Ashland attorney. (*See the Briggs story in this issue.*)

Charles and Nellie Angle had three children: Beverly Briggs, Edward Huntington and Shirley Lou. Charles Angle had several ranches: one was at the foot of lower Table Rock in Sams Valley; one was on Evans Creek; a third was at Drew, Oregon.

Charles Angle died in Medford in 1949. Nellie Briggs Angle, now in her nineties, lives in Huntington Beach, California, near her youngest daughter.

**T**he oral history interview with Mrs. Jean Berniece Platt Fety, which concludes with her memories of her generation, contains some items which give an interesting picture of Medford when she was a little girl. We include several of these for flavor:

§ One of my earliest memories was of watching Merrick's auto cabins float down Bear Creek when it was flooding. The Jackson



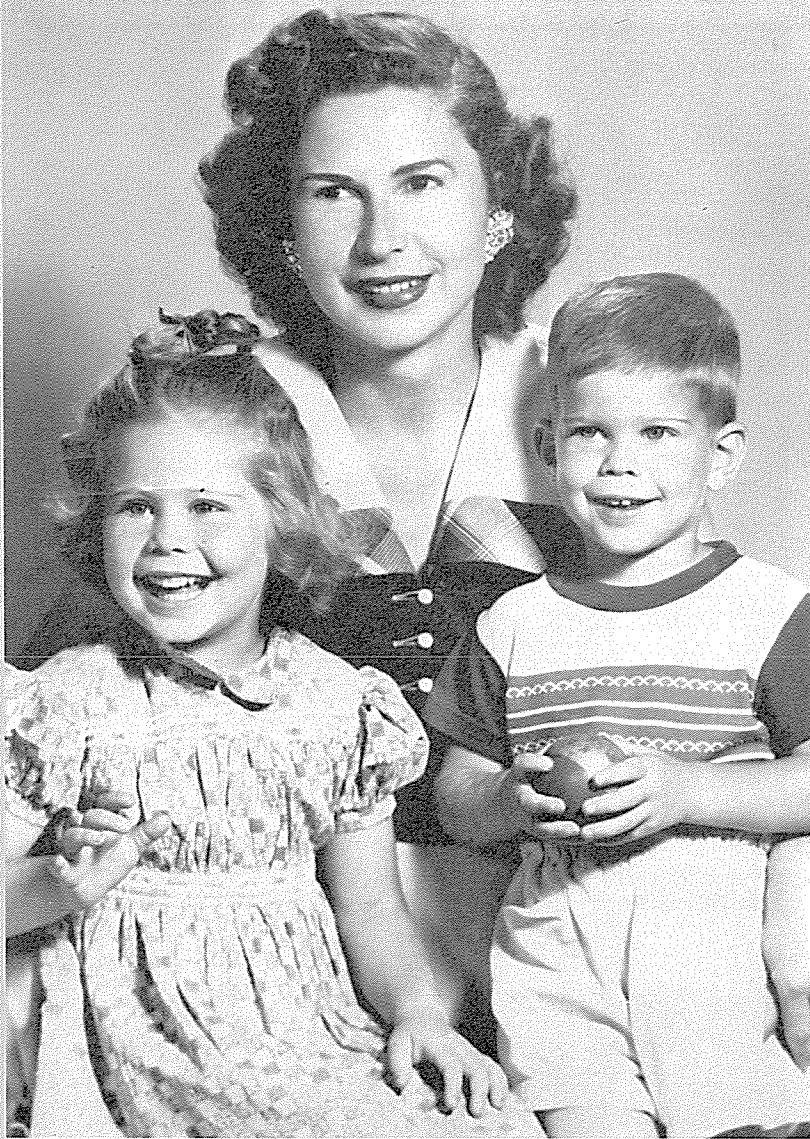
*Ensign Rod Fety (U.S. Navy) and Jean Platt on their wedding day.*

Street bridge held up during that flood.

§ My brother Leighton and I got along fine. On summer evenings we kids played kick the can with a condensed milk can. We chose a milk can because both ends were undamaged...The Boydens were the hub of the neighborhood. Grace Boyden was the ideal mother, always home. She had a vegetable garden, bantam hens, and something good was always cooking. I remember how homey it was when she made ketchup in the summertime.

§ I attended Roosevelt. Sarah Van Meter was the principal. And we lined up and marched into the classroom to Onward Christian Soldiers.

§ I remember when Charles Lindbergh in his airplane, the Spirit of St. Louis, flew over Medford on a goodwill tour following his solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Paris. The whole school watched from the playground to see the little plane pass over.



*Jean Fety and her children, Claudia and James*

§ When I was in the fifth grade, we all wrote letters to Admiral Richard E. Byrd who had made his famous trip to the South Pole. My letter was selected to represent our class and was sent to Admiral Byrd.

§ I was sent to Girl scout Wilpen Pines on the Applegate River in 1931 and 1932.

## Billy Briggs

BILLY BRIGGS, an Ashland attorney, born in 1896, has made a couple of oral history tapes for the Southern Oregon Historical Society and has donated various manuscripts of Ashland life in the first decade after the turn of the century.

In his inimitable style he has presented these memories with accuracy and humor. Because we are limited as to our space, we have offered only a select part of his contribution. We regret leaving out his experiences as a reporter for the *Tidings*

We gathered black cap raspberries and I could pick up watersnakes and hold them from behind their heads. We swam in the Applegate River. I loved the hot dry Applegate country.

§ The seventh grade took us across town to what is now McLaughlin. Some of us rode bikes to school but by the ninth grade, it was undignified and we walked. We ate in the cafeteria. Virginia Wait was in charge. I still remember the good Hungarian goulash. Annette Gray was my English teacher and MayBelle Church also taught English.

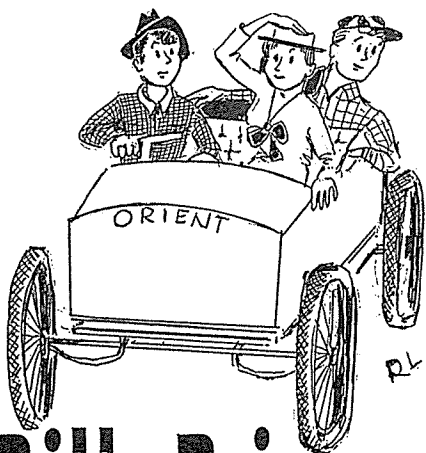
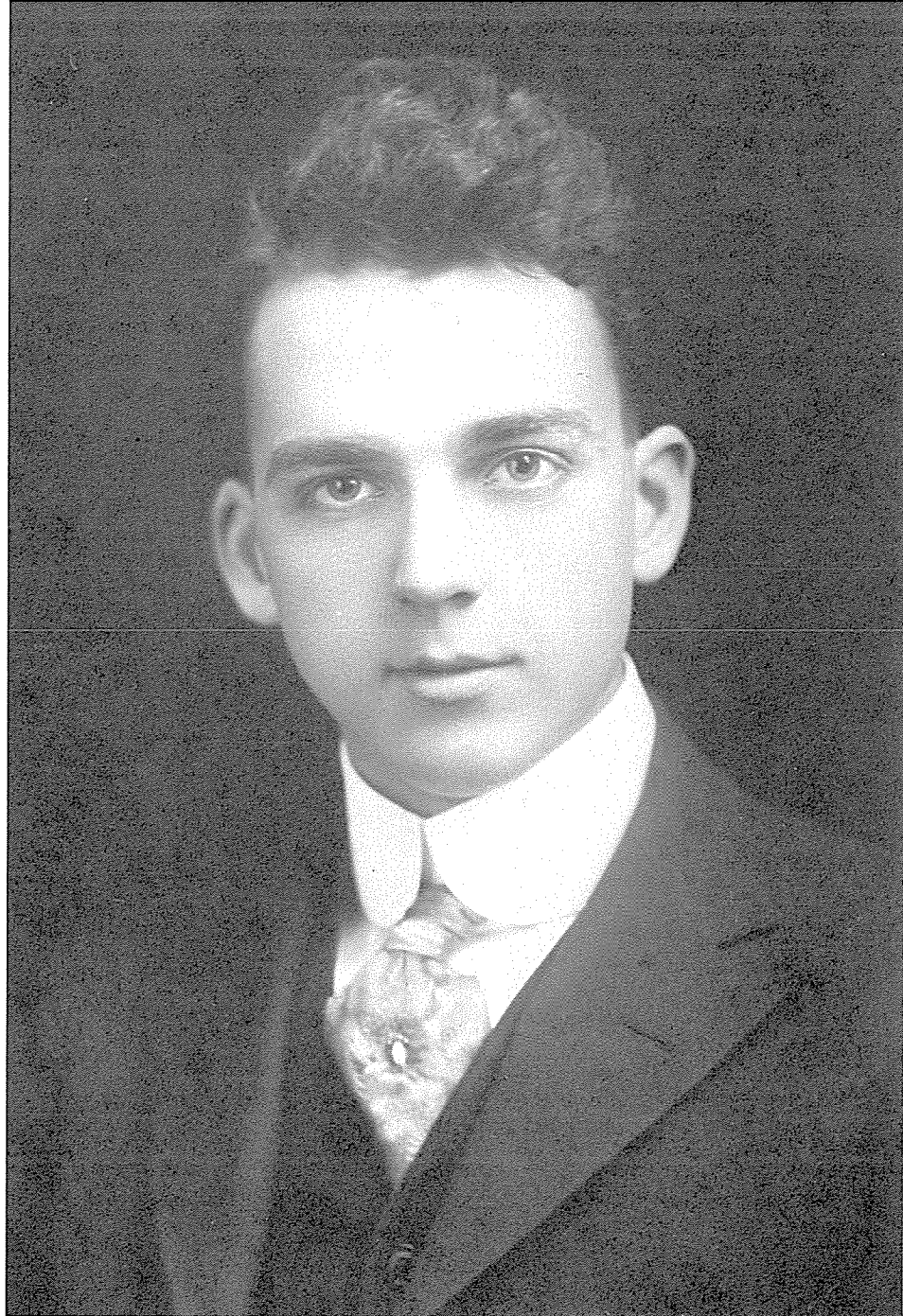
§ Jennie Snedecor was a dear friend. She had a brother Fred and a mother Helen. She taught art in the Medford schools. Later she had an interior design shop. She founded the Medford Garden Club. She wrote an early history of Medford. I gained appreciation of antiques and art work, fine china, the need to retain and value family traditions and treasures. She was a graduate of Michigan State College at Ypsilanti.

§ Spring term of my sophomore year (at Oregon State College) in 1941, I met Rodney Oscar Fety. He was a graduating senior. Finally we had a date...[When war broke out] I did not return to college that fall...I took a job as secretary at Southern Oregon Sales, a building that looks about the same today as it did forty years ago...It is a cooperative that packs and ships fresh pears. Shelby M. Tuttle was manager...Leonard Carpenter, A.S.V. Carpenter, F. Corning Kenley and Sprague Reigel were big pear growers at that time.

Jean Platt and a girl friend took a train to Washington, D.C., to meet their fiances and were married there in a double wedding ceremony in October 1942. Jean and Rod Fety have traveled all around the world and have spent many years living abroad. They have two children, Claudia Jean (Williams) and James Robert Fety. Now retired, the Fetys live in southern Oregon.

and his report of a summer when he visited the midwest going from door-to-door, selling Bibles, subscriptions to periodicals and a choice little celluloid gimmick--a fluorescent crucifix which had to be demonstrated to the farmwife in a dark closet. We have omitted also many photographs.

Perhaps we will be able to include his pictures and stories in future issues. We are, in any event, pleased to present the following selections of the Billy Briggs' story.

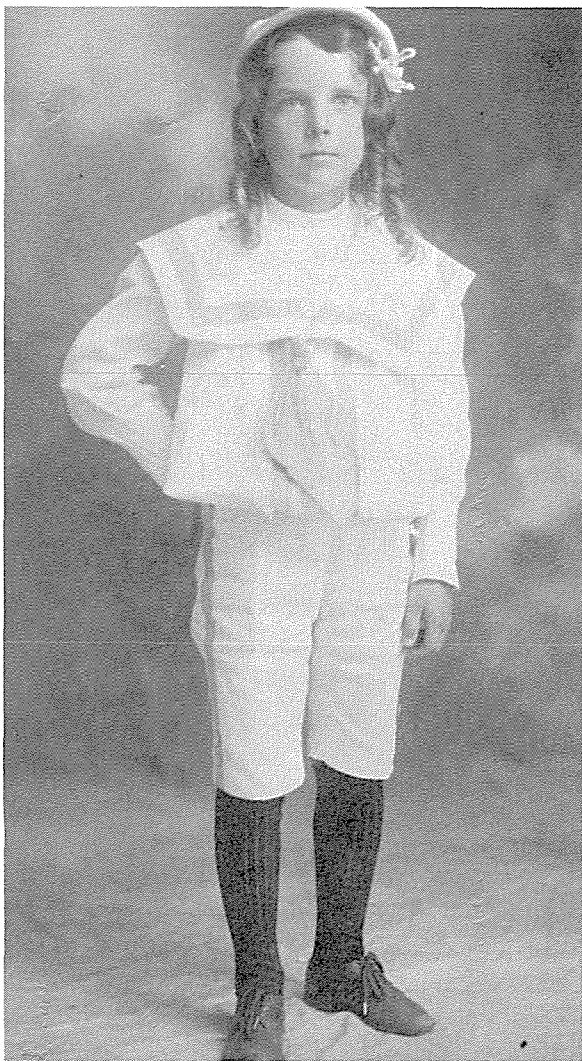


## Billy Briggs remembers...

BILLY BRIGGS' first job as a lawyer paid him \$25 a month. The salary may have been chicken feed but the position was certainly no small potatoes; he was Ashland's City Attorney. Having just returned from overseas duty in World War I, he had still to pass his bar examination, but C.P. Lanken, Ashland's mayor, knew an up-and-comer when he saw one, and he made the appointment.

Billy Briggs began his law practice with his father in 1919. After his first year he moved into his own offices on the Ashland Plaza just a few steps from City Hall. Over the years he handled a great variety of legal affairs from the times of prosperity and change after the war through the depression of the thirties. He was one of the few in the legal profession in Oregon who took a staunch





*Billy Briggs at the age of six*

stand against the Ku Klux Klan when it became so powerful in Oregon.

While practicing law he bought and sold various properties and dealt in real estate. He sold the land near McGrew Brothers to the city for an airport although the complex was later moved to a location off the Dead Indian Road so the airport could have a larger runway. He and his father developed Twin Plunges at the site of the present Heritage Bank.

Elected to the legislature with the largest vote that was ever given a candidate in Jackson County, he was instrumental in getting the enabling act passed. He considers that his major accomplishment was the moving of the courthouse from Jacksonville to Medford. He helped organize the League of Oregon Cities and acted as its second president. But being a member of the legislature in the late 20s and early 30s required a great deal of dedication. He was paid \$3 a day for forty days and given one round trip -- to Salem and back --

at a rate of ten cents a mile. He found the legislature exciting and significant but, after two years, felt he simply couldn't afford it.

His father, Edward Daniel Briggs, was one of Oregon's most prominent attorneys. Born in New York in 1854, he received his education in New York state and completed his legal training in Schenectady. He began his practice in Heron Lake in Minnesota and became district attorney there. In 1890 he transferred his office to Minneapolis and practiced law until he moved to Ashland. In southern Oregon he soon won a statewide reputation and held many positions of prominence, among them that of representative in the state legislature. He was a lawyer in Ashland for over forty years and was a member of the Elks and the Masons. At his death he was survived by his children, Mrs. James McNair of Beverly Hills, M.E. Briggs of Los Angeles, Nellie Briggs Angle of Table Rock and Billy Briggs of Ashland.

Billy Briggs, following his father's example, continued his practice in Ashland. In 1922 his daughter, Nancy (Garcia) was born. She is a great horsewoman and rider, and lives in Project City near Redding. His son, Bill, who was born in 1924, lives in Los Angeles. In December 1932 Billy Briggs married Dorothy Nininger, his second wife, whose family has lived in southern Oregon for years. Her father, Poke Nininger, was a well-known Ashland businessman. Billy's sister, Nellie Briggs Angle, lives in Huntington Beach, California.

In his retirement in Talent, Billy Briggs has written his memoirs. They contain many amusing events of an earlier day in Ashland and we are pleased to present some of his recollections in the newsletter.

### MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER

I was lucky in having wonderful parents. My father was brought up on a farm in New York state and my mother was raised on a Minnesota farm. In my father's first year after completing public school, he began his study for the ministry at a New York seminary, but after a term there, he entered a law office to study law. When he thought he had mastered the law sufficiently, he moved to Minnesota where he met and married my mother. He started to practice law in Heron Lake. After several years he moved to Minneapolis and conducted



his practice there with considerable success. For some time he had hoped to come west, and about 1898 he landed in Ashland with his family. On the trip west father would pick up steaks at some of his stops and cook them on the coal stove in the coach. He fed everybody in the car.

The Briggs family lived for awhile in a small house on Church Street and then moved to a new ten room house with several acres of land above Almond Street between Bush and Manzanita streets, and extending up the hill to what is now Scenic Drive. He did a monumental work on building a stone wall below the house on the upper side of Almond Street which is still there, covered with ivy. He also terraced the property below the home. The hillside he planted to grapes, almond trees and berry and fruit trees some of which are still there.

Sometime in the early 1900s he purchased a tract of land near the upper end of Clay Street and cleared it. He planted peach and apple trees, and it became a very productive dry land orchard. He had a belief that unirrigated fruit had a better flavor, even if it was not always so large in size. With a team of horses he kept the orchard plowed and harrowed so the moisture was maintained, and he always had a fair crop of fruit which he shipped to San Francisco. He would take the horse and buggy at 4 A.M. and drive to the orchard, work several hours and drive home to be at the office at 9 or 10 A.M. He finally traded the orchard for the White House Grocery, where he set up my brother Clyde in the grocery business. The orchard has long since been abandoned, but a few poor fruit trees still remain.

My father loved his family very much, and except when Masonic Lodge or business kept him away evenings, he would spend the evening reading out loud. He frequently read James Fenimore Cooper--he was born in the area of New York state where Cooper's stories were located--and he also read Horatio Alger, *The Rover Boys* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. For his edification he read Socrates, Demosthenes and The Koran.

He always got up very early in the morning during gardening time and would work in the garden. He was a roaring lion before breakfast and an angel afterward. I had a bedroom over the kitchen

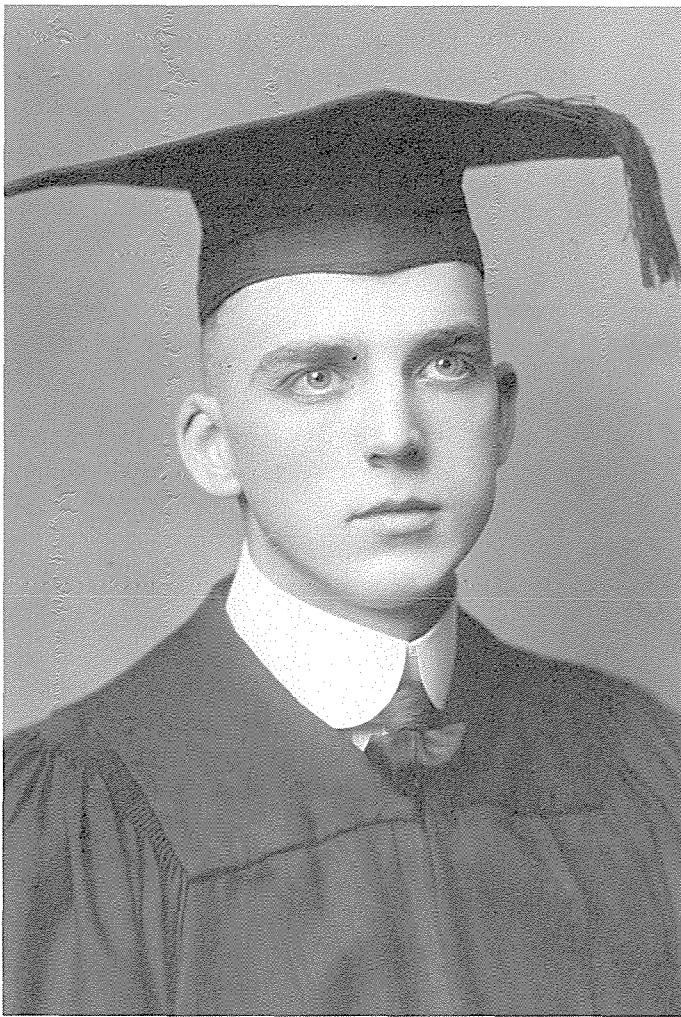


*Billy Briggs turns his tush to the camera* and beginning about 5 A.M. he would come in the house and call up the stairs: "Time to get up!" Then I would stretch a leg and a foot out so as to make a noise on the floor and he would think I was dressing to come out and help him, and then I would go back to sleep. Finally he would be angry and yell up the back stairway, "*MEN PLOW DEEP, WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP!*" At that point it was time to get up.

#### MY WONDERFUL YOUTH IN ASHLAND

**N**o youngster had a happier life than I did as a boy. I was lucky to have R.L. Burdic (Dr. Burdic) as my constant companion. He lived on Laurel Street, three blocks away from my home on Almond Street.

When we were five years old we went to the Ashland kindergarten in Lithia Park, which was a small building in the lower park between the children's playground and the lower pond and fountain. We continued to be pals through grade school and high school. At that time I was adorned with long curls which I hated but



*Billy Briggs, a graduating senior*

which my mother cherished and recurred religiously.

I remember as very small kids we used to go to each other's homes to stay the night. I used to like to sleep in the enormous attic in the Briggs home where I could imagine there were ghosts. When we were about six or seven, we started a club. We had been raking and burning autumn leaves, so we named the club "The Fireleaf Club." We then put on paper what the club was about. Our first paragraph was

The object of this club is SECRECY

We could never think of anything else to add and 35 or 40 years later I ran across the tablet and on it was written:

Paragraph I:

The name of this club is "Fireleaf Club."

Paragraph II:

The object of this club is SECRECY.

Nothing else was in the tablet.

When I was in the seventh grade we had a teacher named Gertrude Engle. In those

days teachers, as well as the principal, were handy with the paddle. During the first part of the year I thought she was too strict, but she had wonderful discipline in her classroom. One day I did something in class that she thought was wrong, and it probably was, and she took me to the cloakroom and got out the strap and I was scared, but she gave me a hug and a kiss and said she couldn't whip me, and I loved her forever afterward.

My family were great campers, and we went camping for about a month each summer. We had a wagon, which was called a "Hack," a higher form of lumber wagon, with a tool box for a foot rest in front, which my mother always had filled with 15 or 20 dozen sugar cookies. We took a tent, blankets and quilts. We knew nothing of sleeping bags. Generally we went to Crescent City, but one summer we went with the team and wagon to Eureka and then on to the Hoopa Indian Reservation, where my brother Clyde was Assistant Superintendent. We would also go to Crater Lake or Pelican Bay on Klamath Lake, except for the two summers we went by train and boat to Newport and camped out.

My father had had made a round tent, 20 feet in diameter, with one pole in the middle. My family had a mare named Nell who was gentle and dependable, and the Burdic family had a mare named Fannie who was quite gentle but was a much finer and faster mare and had much more style than Nell. Our parents had great confidence in our outdoor ability, and thought nothing about it when we were no more than ten years old and went to the mountains with food and blankets for a few days or a week. We liked to go to Mt. Ashland and Mt. Wagner and register our names in the registers there. Sometimes we went on foot; sometimes, with the horses.

I did not always go with R.L. Burdic. I once went with a boy named Earl Blackdon, the first American soldier from Ashland killed in World War I. Believe it or not, we both went on foot and registered at the top of Mt. Wagner and Mt. Ashland, and came back home in one day. But it took several days for the blisters on my feet to heal.

Besides camping in the summer, the young folks of Ashland had a great time in winter, as there was much more snow then. Manzanita Street, Wimer Street,

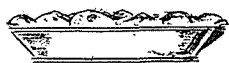
Church Street and Mountain Avenue were generally closed so the kids could ride their bobsleds. There were home-made sleds of every description as well as many built at Cliff Payne's cabinet shop on Granite Street.

Chautauqua was also a great event in Ashland every summer, with what is now Lithia Park filled to capacity with tents, stoves and campfires during the ten-day event, and many from northern California made the trip by buggy or wagon. Most of these people camped along Ashland Creek and there were always some campers at the meadow where Reeder Gulch reservoir is now situated.

High school was a wonderful experience for most of the students. There were weekly dances in the old Memorial Hall located over what is now Paddington Station. We used to hire a five-piece dance orchestra from 8 P.M. to midnight for about \$12.00. Students held many picnics and hay rides, generally at Kingsburg Soda Springs, a beautiful place with large trees. It is now under Emigrant Lake.

On one trip Monte Briggs, my brother, and his Normal School class walked up Mt. Ashland. Everyone brought a contribution for their noon-day picnic lunch. One girl brought a cream pie and her boy friend had to carry it to the top of Mt. Ashland, keeping it level with one hand while he walked up the steep trail.

There was always friendly friction between the junior and senior classes in Ashland High School. R.L. Burdic and I had heard that the senior class was having a picnic in the Balfour-Guthrie empty home on the Eagle Mill road. We bought all the asafetida at the drug stores, and got in that house and laid bits of it all around and made sure the house was tightly closed. The asafetida created an awful stink and when the seniors came for their picnic, it was raining, and they had to move their picnic elsewhere. We never knew where the leak occurred, but when R.L. Burdic and I reached school the next day, there was a line of senior boys, each with a paddle, and we were properly hotassed.



## OUR FIRST AUTOMOBILE

In 1911 my father bought our first automobile, an Everett 30. It was one of the first cars in Ashland. Mr. R.L. Burdic, father's friend, went to San Francisco and bought it for him from Harrison Motor Company on Van Ness Avenue. It took him four days to drive to Ashland because of the rut-filled roads and the many streams to ford. It seated five, had an oil-cloth folding top, three inch tires, boasted 30 horsepower and was made in Great Britain by Morgan and Wright. The transmission was on the rear axle. I think it cost about \$1200.

Father instructed me how to drive it. I was about 15 years old, and no driver's license was required in those days. Father never did learn to drive it well as he kept saying "Whoa!" to stop it instead of putting on the brake.

Shortly after that Everett 30 arrived, my father took the train and went east to visit his relatives in New York state and my mother's relatives in Minnesota. Immediately I, and the rest of the family left at home, began to think about taking a vacation trip. We had driven a hack to Crescent City and had camped out several times so we decided to go to San Francisco, via the Crescent City-San Francisco coast road. Our party consisted of my mother, my sisters, Lou and Nellie, and Jim McNair, my sister's husband, a druggist in Ashland. Cars had running boards then and we loaded both of them with bedding, food and clothing.

We made a camping spot at the forks of the Smith River on the first night and there were several camping wagons there. We had driven over the old wagon road where we had to back up the car several times before it could make the turns.

We made Crescent City easily the next day over the corduroy road through the Redwoods, and camped there on the bluff overlooking the beach. The next day we camped near Eureka. From there we started south over narrow, hilly, dusty roads. There were no service stations, only general merchandise stores with gasoline in five gallon square cans. We always carried an extra can of gasoline. It took us six days to make San Francisco. We did not have much trouble with the engine, but lots of the roads were rocky, and the tires were very soft white rubber, and we had to work every night filling in

the cuts in the tires with a soft rubber mixture, which dried overnight in the cuts.

When we got as far as Ukiah, the tires began to go bad and we did not think we could make it with them. The dust was four to ten inches deep and the weather was very hot. When we got to Santa Rosa, the blowouts began. No one will ever believe it, but we had over thirty blowouts between Santa Rosa and San Francisco and they required patching inner tubes in the heat and the dust. We finally had to stuff tea towels, bath towels, rags and anything we could find to keep the inner tubes from sticking out of the tires. Remember no new tires were available then except in San Francisco. When we reached the city we bought five new tires, but they had to be ordered and it took a week for them to get there. We all had a glorious time of it seeing the San Francisco sights.

The new tires were a vast improvement, perhaps because the roads were some better on the way home, but the dust was terrible and the weather was very hot. We camped along the roads at night, and I remember we made the trip home in five days with no serious trouble except fording the river at Cottonwood. You can imagine how happy we were when we started over the Siskiyou on the rough, rocky and narrow Dollarhide toll road.

My father raised holy hell when he returned from his trip and found out we had taken the new car over those roads where few cars had gone. He was especially vexed when he found out we had worn out five tires in the first thousand miles. But he soon forgot, and I think he was really proud of our camping trip.

### ANOTHER UNUSUAL TRIP

I wanted a car of my own very badly. In 1904 Circuit Judge Calkins, who lived on Laurel Street in Ashland, about three blocks away from my home, bought one of the first cars in Ashland, an Orient 1 cylinder, four horsepower model, which he had used every day in going back and forth to the courthouse in Jacksonville. He had retired it in 1912, and it hung, in various parts, which were not many, on the walls of his barn on Laurel Street. I bought the parts for the entire car from him for \$25.

Over the next few months I put it back

together again and got it in running condition. In July of 1912 I decided to take the car to Crescent City for the Fourth of July celebration. I enlisted Harold Huntly, who also lived on Almond Street, to go with me.

We packed blankets, a few groceries and started out, each of us having \$5. The first night we camped at Wilderville. The next day, a very long day, we made it to Crescent City, arriving there just before dusk, having started from Wilderville at sun-up. It was July 2nd. The next day we were part of the parade and our little car attracted a lot of attention. It always attracted a crowd whenever we stopped.

I must tell you about the little Orient auto. It was about seven or eight feet long, no top and little dashboard; it was steered with a handle and the engine was in plain sight over the rear axle, with a sort of platform between the single seat and the little engine which covered the transmission. The engine, of course, had a large flywheel, and was cranked by hand. There is a fully restored model of the 4 H.P. Orient in Harrah's Auto Exhibit in Reno. It is worth over \$10,000 now as there were but very few of them made. It had a speed of anywhere from one to eight miles an hour, with an unusual transmission which enabled one to go either forward or backward at the same speed.

Well, upon arriving in Crescent City I contacted the McVay family. Mr. McVay had been County Clerk of Del Norte County for many years. We stayed in Crescent City for a few days, during which time I became rather crazy about Edna McVay, one of his two daughters. I was sixteen and she was about eighteen. Very foolishly I asked her to go back to Ashland with us where my sister, Nellie, was having a week long house party. Edna's folks asked us how long it would take to get back to Ashland, and I blithely told them we could make it in one day. Harold objected very strenuously but I had invited Edna, and I would not back off. At last her folks said it was okay. They gave her \$5 for her purse, and very early the next morning we started out for home.

At that time the old road through the redwoods was what they called a corduroy road. It was made out of squared small redwood logs. We made it up the steep



hill just outside of Crescent City at one or two miles an hour. Harold Huntley had to sit on the little platform back of the narrow seat, with the car's engine between his legs and his knees spread wide on account of the hot air-cooled engine. At a level stretch where the road went down hill slightly I let the little car go to full speed, six or eight miles per hour. All three of us began singing, "Everybody's doing it, doing it," and suddenly we hit a spot where one log was worn out or gone, and with a tremendous jolt, the car broke in two with the floor board and the chassis coming to an abrupt stop against the corduroy logs, skidding Edna and me off the seat and onto the road as the front wheels, the little dashboard and the steering handle continued on down the bumpy road. There were slivers on the road bed, and Edna retired to the woods to pick out splinters. I offered to help, but she would have none of it. I might add that the chassis was two oak two-by-fours, and they were years old.

There was not much traffic in those days, maybe one or two cars a day and a few wagons. We were looking over the wreck in despair when a big lumber wagon came along, heading for the coast. The driver stopped his horses and asked if he could help. And he did. He had extra two-by-fours and plenty of baling wire, and he got to work and wired two of his two-by-fours to the car chassis and drove in a few nails to keep them together. By the middle of the afternoon we were ready to move again. We made it to the hotel and stage stop on the old road known as Patrick's Creek.

Edna McVay was a wonderful sport, never complaining. We stopped at the hotel over night. Harold Huntley and I had no money left. At the start Edna had given me her purse to care for, and I paid the hotel bill with her money, keeping the fact to myself, and it gave me a deeply troubled conscience. It is hard to realize that \$5 at that time paid for supper and breakfast and lodging for three hungry people. The second morning out, we left Patrick's Creek Hotel with the car's engine not running well. At times we had to push the car, and both Harold and Edna pushed when they were needed.

At Selma there was a long hill. The

car would not pull us, and would get red hot, and so all three of us pushed

the car up that hill for about two or three miles, with me holding on to the steering handle with one hand and pushing with the other. That day we made Waldo and stopped at the old hotel. I now had to tell Edna that I had used her money at Patrick's Creek. We went into the hotel, and I tried to get a meal and lodging on credit, but no go. The lady that ran the old hotel said if Edna would work in the kitchen and wash dishes we could stay all night. Edna was a sport and rolled up her sleeves and went to work with gusto and much laughing.

The third day, by pushing the car up the hills, we made the Applegate River when the engine quit working entirely. I went into a ranch house near the bridge across the Applegate River east of Wilderville and asked if we could stay. They were farmers. They fed us and that night Edna slept with the wife and her new baby and Harold and I slept on the floor. The next morning we pushed the car into a woodsy hiding place next to the river. The farmer got out his lumber wagon team and drove us into Grants Pass where I telephoned my father and he wired us money to take the train from Grants Pass to Ashland.

As long as I live I will cherish the memory of that trip, the patience of poor Harold Huntly when he was forced to sit on the luggage with a red hot engine between his knees, the terrible July heat, the six-to twelve-inch red dust which covered us from head to foot, the friendly people who helped us so much, the determined effort we expended to make it home, and Edna McVay, always laughing and never complaining.

After I went back to the Applegate River to bring the little car home, I took the engine apart and found that the dust had melted in the single cylinder and formed molten dust in the engine head. I sold the car for \$25, exactly what I had paid for it.

I heard that Edna married a very wealthy ship owner. I doubt if she, too, ever forgets that hot, dusty, exciting, muscle-





*Billy and Dorothy Briggs in a recent photograph*

aching, laughing, memorable trip.

## MCKINLEY B. WILLIAMS

**D**uring the winter of 1912-1913 I studied elocution with Bertha Calkins, an elocution teacher in Ashland. I memorized and delivered to the satisfaction of my teacher various heart-rending readings. At the same time I did some practice on the piano and became familiar with some sentimental songs while I accompanied myself at the piano.

I was never very good at the piano, but I had struggled through three years of lessons from Mrs. Neil, who lived nearby, and who was paid with a quart of milk which I had to deliver to her each day for a credit of 5 cents per quart.

I thought I was pretty good and I dreamed of the time when I would appear on the stage and would satisfy the longings of the public for my talent. So, during the early spring of 1914, I devised a plan to achieve my dreams.

I wrote to many of the granges, theaters and schools in southern Oregon enclosing literature which related the joys a person would receive in listening to the talents of *McKinley B. Williams*. I wrote as the business manager for McKinley B. Williams, my *nom de plume*.

All this was done in secret. I did not tell my parents nor anyone else for fear they would laugh at me. I had secured splendid testimonials from the *Medford Mail Tribune*, Miss Calkins, and an especially complimentary one from G.F. Billing, the main figure in the Ashland Chautauqua. These people raved about my wonderful talent, although Miss Calkins was the only one who had ever heard me perform. Naturally I had written the reviews myself and then got their signatures.

I received several replies to my mail advertising, and from them, for my first effort, I picked out a grange hall near Selma, a theater at Gardiner, a lodge hall in Elkton and the Ladies Improvement Club of Florence, Oregon. For all appearances I would be paid 60 percent of the ticket monies; forty percent would go to the house.

I cannot remember the excuse I gave my family, but I got away during June, took the train to Grants Pass and then the stagecoach to Selma. There one of

my sponsors was pleased to have me for a guest, and I received the best of everything. In the evening I was taken some miles up the creek from Selma to the Grange hall where I found I had a packed house. When I say packed, I mean about 80 people. Anyway, the first effort was encouraging to me, and I received several invitations to dinner at various farms. I netted \$45 or \$50, which did not leave me very much after I had paid for the train and the stagecoach.

My next engagement was at Elkton, Oregon. I took the train to Drain, stayed at the hotel and then took the Model T Stage to Elkton, where I was greeted with a very sincere welcome and taken to a large home where food and lodging were given me gratis. I met the 18 year old son of the family, and he arranged for my entertainment the next day. In the afternoon he took me to the Umpqua River where it flows by Elkton, and there was a smooth rock-worn, swift trough of water which ran through almost two-hundred yards of river bed about 4 feet wide. I was somewhat scared at first, but I tried it and we spent the entire afternoon sliding down the river through that swift stretch of water. By evening I was ravenous and my host lady had prepared a farm dinner featuring chicken and dumplings in gravy; I filled up to bursting. It was my downfall, for when I had to perform that night I was loaded with food and just could not go through my readings, singing and piano playing except in a dreamy sort of way. My audience was mostly loggers and I am sorry to say I received a few boos, although most of them were nice to me when it was over. Anyway, I was taught a lesson, and that is never to eat hearty before appearing in front of an audience, or anywhere else for that matter, and better yet -- never eat before an appearance on any platform at all.

My next engagement was at Gardiner, a sawmill town located near the mouth of the Umpqua River. At that time there was no way to get to Gardiner except by boat and stage. The morning after my appearance at Elkton I took the stagedown river to Scottsburg on the Umpqua River. Scottsburg used to be a roaring mining town of several thousand people in the early days,



but when I arrived there, it was a store, and a few houses. I boarded a large passenger launch and proceeded to enjoy one of the most scenic boat rides I have ever taken for the 18 miles to Gardiner. I talked to the pilot--who was the entire crew--as there were only two or three passengers besides me. We arrived at Gardiner at about 5 P.M. I went to the little movie theater which was only open once a week, and finally found the owner. To my dismay, a couple of months before, he had laid aside all of the advertising sheets I had sent him under the name of Wm. M. Briggs, business Manager to McKinley B. Williams (one and the same, that is) and he had forgotten all about my engagement. I was shocked and did not know what to do. After I thought for a short time, I asked him for a megaphone, a hundred of my handbills, and I told him I would make my engagement anyway. He said he would furnish the theater at no cost to me and that I could have all I could make. I then took the megaphone and went up and down the main street which was only about 500 or 600 feet long shouting out the fine attraction that would be at the theater that night and passing out handbills to every person I saw. I yelled loudly enough so everybody in the little town could hear. Anyway, when I appeared on the stage I had about 25 people in the audience, including the young pilot and his family. The price there was \$1 per person, so I did get something--about \$25--for my strenuous efforts. I had no supper before the performance so I did a perfect job, and received lots of handshakes and compliments when my two hour show was over. That night I slept in the primitive hotel.

My next engagement was at Florence, Oregon, about 20 miles north of Gardiner. In the morning I took a boat down the bay to the beach at the north end of the bay and took a Model T stage with a full load of passengers to the river at Florence which we crossed in a rowboat.

At Florence I was met by several members of the local Ladies Civic Improvement Club and taken to a hotel. My performance was to be in a motion picture theater which only showed twice a week. I talked over the situation with the welcoming committee and found that the

admission price was fifty cents, but they had distributed the posters and handbills I had sent them two months earlier. I was careful about eating and I was ready for my appearance. The little theater was packed. I did well that evening and the ladies said if I would stay over and repeat the program they could get another crowd. This I did and we had a pretty good audience the next night. I made about \$40 with my two appearances and knew I had done the best I could.

I took the stage to Eugene and the train back to Ashland. But I decided then that I wanted no more show business as my expenses ate up most of my revenue. It is interesting to recollect how starved people were in those rather remote places for some form of entertainment. In a big city I would probably have been a failure.

### BILLY BRIGGS REMEMBERS . .

*I remember* Virgin's Flour Mill, located at the entrance to Lithia Park, which was run by a large water wheel supplied with water from a ditch which still exists. Children were always welcome there to watch the operation. The whole town used the empty flour sacks for tea towels and other things, and I cannot forget the little schoolgirl who fell down in the school yard and we all saw the letters on the bottom of her pants which read "Virgin's Best,"

*I remember* the Baptist Church, located on the upper side of High Street at Church Street across from the Armory. The preacher's son was a friend and we used to go under the church and help fire up the furnace when they were holding a baptism. We would listen to the cries of ecstasy or the shrieks when the water was too cold.

*I remember* when the Vining Theater was built and Professor Vining, the town's orator, who used to explain the motion pictures before the show as they were silent films. I will never forget the time when the theater was jammed full and they had a performing elephant on the stage. During the performance the elephant deposited a large smelly pile on the stage, which emptied the theater. On the way out little Foss Kramer turned to his father and called out, "Daddy, what is the elephant going to do next?" The audience roared with laughter.



# Society News



Director's Report . . . . . Nick Clark

I'd like to begin 1986 by thanking all of our members, volunteers, and staff for their work and support during 1985. Each of you are very important and we appreciate your efforts!

1986 is a very special year for us, for a variety of reasons. First, it is our 40th Anniversary. On February 8, 1946, members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution and Pioneers of Southern Oregon held a joint meeting for the purposes of organizing the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Medford mayor, Clarence A. Meeker was elected temporary president, Mrs. G. Q. D'Albini, vice president, Ralph Billings, treasurer and Lester Harris, secretary and historian. Frank Hull, Sr., Miss Clare Hanley, and Amos E. Voorhies of Grants Pass were elected temporary directors. Others paying the \$2 membership fee at that meeting were: Walter H. Jones, Mrs. Mabel Russell Lowther, Miss Lydia McCall and Mrs. Brenneman.

Shortly after my arrival in the Rogue Valley, Miss Mary Hanley had a birthday. "They're such fun," she said. "We should celebrate them all year!"

That is exactly what we intend to do. Beginning with the Sunday Tea Dance on February 23, we will be holding special events throughout the year in honor of the hard work and dedication of our members and the rich heritage of our area. We hope you'll watch the Sentinel and try to attend them all.

Our second reason for celebrating is that our Board of Trustees approved a plan for a new history center in Jacksonville. If the permit application process goes well in Jacksonville, we should be able to break ground in July or August of 1986. Providing a new research library, new exhibit facilities and bringing our staff together in professional work areas has been a need for more than a decade. I'm sure we'll all be working hard to tell our friends and neighbors how important this project is if we are to preserve our heritage for future generations.

On behalf of all the S.O.H.S. staff, I wish you health and prosperous in 1986!!



## NEW FACES JOIN SOHS STAFF



*Sue Waldron*

SUE WALDRON has joined the exhibits department as a research person. She is assigned the task of identifying and explaining the artifacts used in the exhibits, typing the information and acting as corresponding secretary for Jime Matoush, Curator of Exhibits.

The public exhibits are continually changing and the department is kept hopping to keep them updated. SOHS artifacts are displayed at the museum, the Swedenburg House, the Jackson County Courthouse, the Airport, the U.S. Hotel and the Central Point Bank.

Sue is presently in her senior year at SOSC and is majoring in history. An airforce kid, she has attended school in Mather Field (out of Sacramento), Vallejo, Burtonwood in northern England, international schools in Brussels, Belgium, Panama City, Florida, and at the Vandenburg Air Force Base, where she graduated from high school. She has spent time in Junior College in Santa Maria, SOSC, Washington, D.C., and Atlanta. She worked for nine years at the Bear Creek Corporation as assistant to the Public Relations Director; she did tours, answered questions, and provided information to customers. She began her work with SOHS at the Swedenburg House as a practicum student from SOSC. She put together the Waves and Curls Exhibit which was on display there.

"I love my work," she said, "but it's certainly frustrating to find more information than I can use."

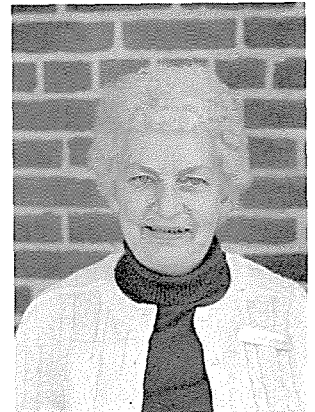


Photographs by Doug Smith.

ANN HAMILTON is a native Oregonian. Her father, a local physician, with Dr. Robert Clancy was instrumental in the establishment of the Sacred Heart Hospital in Medford. Ann attended Medford schools and upon completion of her senior year won a pre-med scholarship to the University of Oregon. Unfortunately for the world of medicine, she fell in love during her sophomore year and gave up a career to become a housewife and a mother of four.

Her children--Mike, Rick, Nancy and Janet--have made her a grandmother ten times over. She said, "One of the nicest things about my children is that in addition to loving my kids, I like 'em also. I even love my in-laws."

She came to SOHS in October as a receptionist, but frequently works in the library and other posts where she is needed. Her pet pastime is reading.



*Ann Hamilton*



CAROL HJORTEN HARBISON comes by her appointment as museum receptionist naturally; her grandfather was president of the Clatsop County Historical Society. She went through the Medford public school system where she graduated with the usual honors. She majored in sociability, came in as a close runner-up in Miss Congeniality and barely missed the finals in Miss Dignity.

Carol was in the Museum Docent Program and was trained to interpret various exhibits for patrons and give history of the area and the artifacts on display. She reports she enjoys her work.

She is married and has a teen-aged son, Jim, who attends St. Mary's. Like the other receptionists, she lists reading -- particularly *The Table Rock Sentinel* -- as her favorite spare time activity, but she's probably



*Carol Harbison*

just saying that to butter-up the editor.



Photo by Doug Smith

"Children's Clothing And Toys" is a newly installed exhibit in the Chappell-Swedenburg Museum, Ashland.

The exhibit shows boys and girls wearing apparel from the late 1800s and early 1900s. Also shown in the exhibit are period toys.

Those who observe this portion of the exhibit closely will notice that these boys are breaking the rules in the game of marbles. Do you see how?

The exhibit is on view from 1 to 5PM, Tuesday through Sunday.

### "Alice Applegate Peil"

Artifacts and clothing from the Applegate, Peil and Sargent families are part of a new exhibit at the Chappell-Swedenburg Museum in Ashland.

Included are books from the Appelgate Toll Road, first in southern Oregon, as well as autograph books and other memorabilia.

Alice taught at Ashland State Normal School in 1899 and in several other public schools. You'll find many wonderful memories recalled in this exhibit.

Photo by Doug Smith



### Permanent Silver Exhibit Opens

Your society has many beautiful objects of silver that have never been exhibited for lack of space.

Vern Christian of the SOHS staff recently built a beautiful new corner cupboard for the China and Glass Room of the Jacksonville Museum so that we might be able to show these lovely items.

There are many pieces varying in age from 200years to early 1900's. Some are from Jackson County's oldest pioneer families. Be sure and take a look the next time you are in the Jacksonville Museum. Our winter hours are from 10:00AM until 5:00PM, Tuesday through Sunday. We're closed on Mondays.



## SOCIETY CALENDAR

- Jan 2 - "Children's Clothing And Toys" and "Murals of Children" Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland, Oregon.
- Mar 11 - "Alice Applegate Peil" (artifacts and Photographs) Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland, Oregon
- Jan 26 - "Historic Film Festival" Sunday Social - 2 PM. U. S. Hotel, Jacksonville  
 "There's Gold In Them Thar Hills," a melodrama about a family coming west to seek Gold. Filmed in the Rogue Valley. "Undermining the Great Depression, Backyard Gold In Jacksonville" is a short documentary funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Old timers remember the revived gold operations in Jacksonville during the 1930s. "Southern Oregon Historical Highlights," combines scenes of the Rogue Valley from 1914 through the 1930's.
- Feb 23 - "Birthday Tea Dance" Sunday Social - 2-4PM, U. S. Hotel Ballroom, Jacksonville, Oregon.
- Mar 1-9 "Motherhood" (An exhibit honoring Women's History Week) Jacksonville Museum, Jacksonville, Oregon.
- Mar 11 "Mothers and Children" An exhibit at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland, Oregon.
- April 27 "40th Anniversary Exhibit" Sunday Social (Honoring the April 26, 1946 incorporation of the Society.) Jacksonville Museum, 2-4PM



Photograph by Natalie Brown

### RESTORED STEAM ENGINE GIVEN TO HANLEY FARM

Mrs. Mary Tooze of Portland has given SOHS a 1911 J. I. Case steam engine, restored by her late husband, Lamar Tooze, Portland attorney.

Our Society is very pleased with this gift since Hanley Farm will be a living museum and will require a working steam engine for threshing and sawing wood. Raliegth Wilburn and Don Day, members of the Southern Oregon Live Steam Club are shown with the engine. The club will assist the Society in operating the engine. What a wonderful year-end gift and our thanks certainly go to the Tooze Family!

### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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