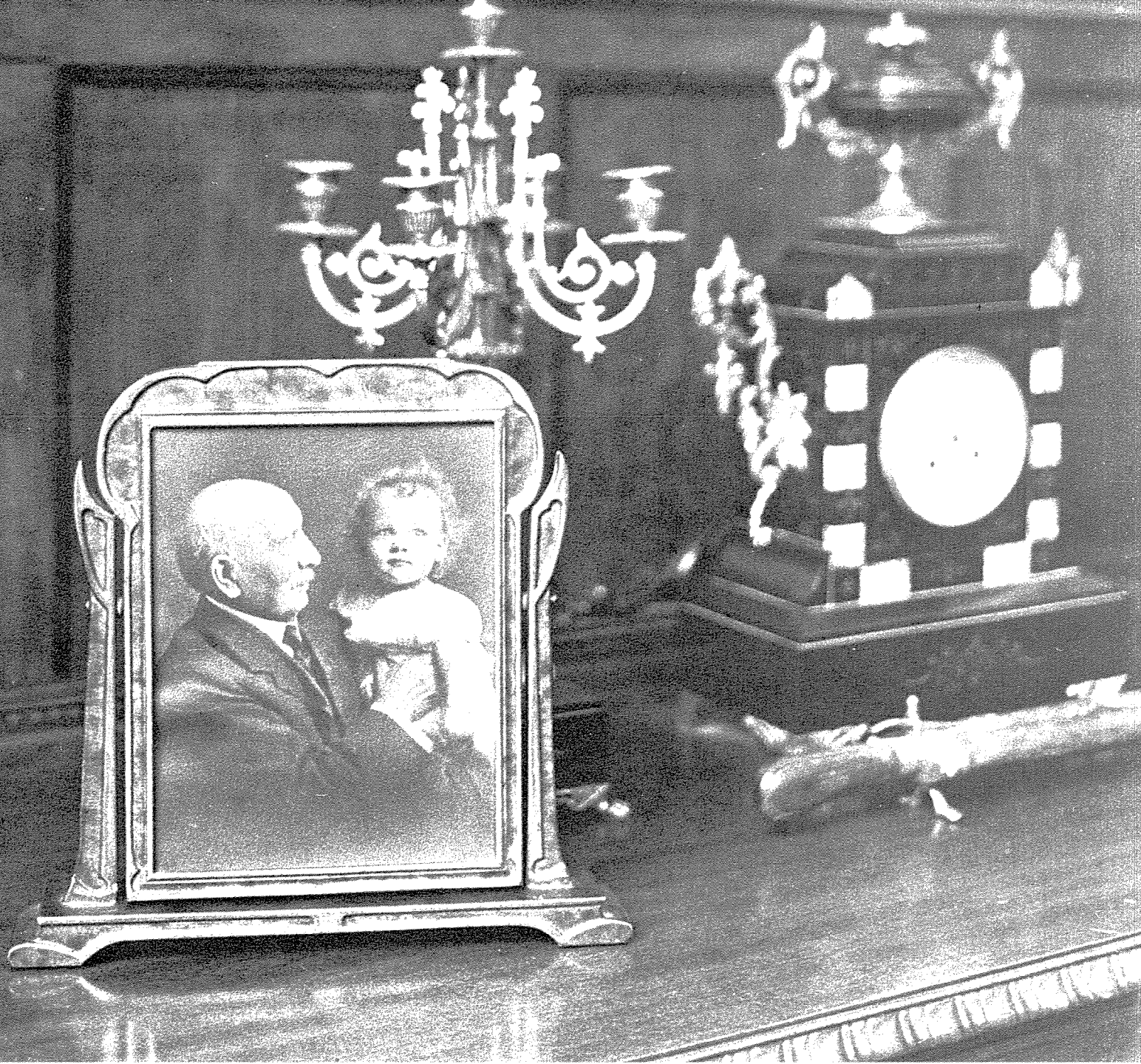


# THE TABLE ROCK SENT

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



[#10081]

The cover photograph, by Douglas R. Smith, was taken in the dining room of the Taverner house which is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Romano. Mrs. Romano is a granddaughter of George Taverner who purchased the house from the distinguished southern Oregon architect, Frank C. Clark, in 1907. The clock and candelabrum are 18th century French pieces. The photograph shows George Taverner holding his granddaughter, Ethel Robinett.

Mr. Taverner was an eminent citizen of Ashland, active in civic affairs and especially interested in the establishment of Lithia Park. A man of unbounded energy, he served for years as President of the Park Board and was responsible for the initial development of the parks.

We are grateful to his granddaughter, Mrs. Romano, for his biography which appears in this issue.

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George Taverner [#10085]



Mary Elizabeth Berry Taverner [#16281]

# GEORGE TAVERNER

by Ethel Robinett Romano

**G**EORGE TAVERNER, my grandfather, was born November 16, 1841, the sixth child of George and Susanna Taverner. He was baptized in the church of England at Mortonhamstead, Devonshire, England, on December 2, 1841. A first cousin of Sabine Baring-Gould, who wrote the words for *Onward Christian Soldiers*, he was a direct descendant of George Francis Gedolphin Bond, Admiral in the British Navy.

George Taverner came to America to make his fortune in his early twenties. He settled in Cosummes, California, in Sacramento County and in time bought and owned several thousand acres on which he grazed sheep and cattle. In a letter to the lady who would become my grandmother, he wrote that a young man could

make his fortune in the United States if he was a hard worker, industrious and sincere. Grandfather followed these principles and eventually felt he had made enough to return to England and marry his lady.

He and Mary Elizabeth Berry were married in Bridford, Devonshire, on August 8, 1883. A fortnight later they sailed on the Cunard Line from Liverpool to Boston. Their names were on the first class passenger list.

In America they made their home in Cosummes, where three daughters were born: Mary Josephine Victoria, September 30, 1884; Frances Kate, February 15, 1889; and Rose Ethel, March 6, 1892.

George Taverner's eldest brother, Thomas Moore Taverner, also



*Rose, Victoria and Frances* [#10078]  
(Photographed in England)

settled in Cosumnes. He had one son who was named George after my grandfather. This young man became president of the bank in Elk Grove, California.

Grandmother could not endure the extreme summer heat in Sacramento County, and grandfather decided to take her and his three daughters back to England to live. They sailed in January, 1900, landing again in Liverpool.

They moved into a large house in Exeter, "the Aristocratic Cathedral City of England," and maintained a retinue of servants to tend their needs. The daughters were entered in a private girls' school. But grandfather had to return to America from time to time to tend to his investments and his business affairs, and he was gone so frequently that, after seven years, grandmother decided the next time he sailed for America she and the girls would go with him.

On one of his earlier return trips to

England he had met a Mr. William Taverner, no relation, who lived in Ashland, Oregon. The two men corresponded occasionally and William Taverner painted a glowing picture of the beauty of Ashland. Eventually George and Mary Elizabeth decided to come to Ashland. William Taverner had written, on April 17, 1907, that several houses he had looked at, including the Watson home, were not suitable, but he wrote in enthusiastic terms of the house built by Mr. Frank C. Clark, in which Mr. and Mrs. Clark were living. He asked my grandfather to send a telegram to him if he approved of the purchase of the Clark home on the Boulevard, and George Taverner cabled money to William Taverner to buy the house. The deed of the home purchased by my grandfather reads "for his family and future generations of his descendants." And thus the Taverners became southern Oregonians.

**T**he three Taverner girls were popular young ladies in Ashland. The oldest, my Aunt Victoria, was a beauty who had bright blue eyes, jet black hair and exquisite features. Young men were frequent callers and Victoria, who was shy, would call in family members to help entertain her young man. Aunt Frances, the second daughter, also considered a beauty, had light brown, almost blond hair, fair skin and blue eyes. She had a keen wit and an infectious laugh. The life of any party, she had no end of suitors. My mother, Rose, the youngest, was nicknamed Topsy, a name which suited her perfectly. She loved poetry and often recited verse to family and friends. Victoria and Frances sang in the choir at Trinity Episcopal church, and every member of the family was prominent in church affairs.

The Taverners loved to entertain and often gave parties for Ashland's elite. Their yearly English teas became well-known through the valley. A close friend, Olive Swedenburg, often presided at the table. The Reverend Samuel M. Dorrance, the rector of Trinity Church, was a guest at the Taverner home when he was in Ashland. The daughter of William Taverner also stayed there during the winter months while she attended high school.

Grandfather had a large barn built in the southwest corner of the back of his

property. There were two horse stalls in the structure, one of them reserved for Midge, the horse belonging to Aunt Victoria, who was an accomplished horsewoman. The upstairs lofts were used for storage and hay. In one of the downstairs rooms grandfather and his friends, Oscar Silver and Mr. Martin, played cribbage, grandfather's favorite game. The large lot adjacent to the west side of the house and bordering on Beach Street was used as a grazing field for horses.

Grandfather became one of Ashland's most distinguished citizens. He bought a great deal of land in Ashland. Among the properties which he owned in the city were the block across the Boulevard from the family home, a large two-story house, with barn, outbuildings and large pear and almond orchards on the corner of Siskiyou and Mountain Streets, a large lot west of the Taverner home which extended to Beach Street upon which the Lincoln School is now standing, and several lots facing the Boulevard north of the family home. In other areas of the country he purchased a seventeen acre ranch along Highway 99 in Talent, two large ranches near Jacksonville, a timber claim between Jacksonville and the Applegate, two large timber claims along the Crater Lake Highway, and twenty acres in Talent--known as the Taverner Twenty.

He became involved in community affairs and joined the Masonic Lodge #23, the Knights Templar which is a branch of Masonry, and then the Hillah Shrine Temple. He was granted all the degrees including the 32nd degree. He was a member of the Ashland Elks Lodge and was active in the 400 Commercial Club.

He often lent money to local townspeople with only a handshake to bind the deal. His financial records include some interesting transactions:

1908..To Dr. F.G. Swedenburg (to help him set up practice in Ashland...  
.....\$3,000  
1909..W.J. Van Scoy..... 100  
1910..Leo Vermilya..... 100  
1912..Lucy Chappell Wilson..... 1,500  
1912..A.E. Miller, attorney.....10,000  
1912..A. Beigel..... 2,500  
1913..A.W. Thomas..... 500  
1913..W.O. Welch & W.H. Bailey. 2,250



Victoria, Frances and Rose [ # 10080 ]  
(After moving to America)

1913..W.F. Dunn.....2,000  
1916..M.E. Easterling.....3,500  
1916..Martin Brothers.....1,500  
1917..Miss K.J. Raine.....4,056  
1919..C.F. Foster.....1,500  
1920..William Taverner.....3,000

Both Aunt Victoria and Aunt Frances graduated from the San Jose Normal School. In 1912 Frances entered Stanford University and during her freshman and sophomore years achieved high academic grades. A career seemed assured, but before her junior year began, a local boy, Horace Badger, told her that he needed her and couldn't live without her. This was quite a new approach for her; her other suitors had promised to take care of her and protect her. She couldn't resist his appeal, and they were married in 1915. Unfortunately, after a brief illness, she died in 1916,



*The Taverner house on the Boulevard. Ethel Robinett, aged 10, stands on the steps. [710075]*

a year later. My mother, who was in nurses training at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco at the time, later heard that the woman doctor who had attended Aunt Frances went to a party the evening of Frances' death and had appeared preoccupied and concerned. Upon being questioned about her mood, she said that that afternoon a beautiful young girl had died who never should have died. She was speaking of Aunt Frances.

Grandfather's greatest love and dedication for Ashland were directed to Lithia Park--*the parks*--as they were called then. He was appointed to the first park board in December, 1909, by Mayor Snell. According to the *Tidings*, "The first park board did most of the work [which has been] accomplished since then." The president of the board was absent from every meeting held in 1913, and so grandfather, the vice president, presided over all the monthly meetings. The early record of activities includes many accomplishments. The following facts were taken from the actual minutes which are kept in the Park Commission files.

At a park board meeting on March 3, 1913, a motion was made and carried for Mr. Taverner to send for magnolia trees and bone dust. Grandfather must have seen to the order promptly because, according to the minutes of the following month's meeting, he was reimbursed by the board for freight costs of the trees in the amount of \$2.15.

On January 5, 1914, grandfather was elected vice president for a second time. The president was again absent from every meeting, except for November, and grandfather presided over all other meetings. It was a busy year.

In October the acting president, George Taverner, was authorized to pay the paving assessment for the Boulevard Park, now called Triangle Park. In July the acting president and the secretary were given approval to issue warrants for work to be done in cutting trails in Canyon Park. In November the Park Commission\* asked the City Council for \$250 for trails, resting places and other improvements for Canyon Park. The acting president and Mrs. VanSant were a committee of two to consider in detail questions concerning the Tourist Camp. In December the acting president of the Park Commission--again grandfather--suggested that the Ladies Civic Improvement Club might interest their members in erecting a small observatory. The acting president announced he would donate a flag to be displayed on this observatory should it be

\*The Park Board and the Park Commission are names used interchangeably.



constructed. A special issue of the Tidings which honored the heads of various community organizations featured a picture of grandfather with the caption, "The acting president of the Park Board to whom too much credit cannot be given for the diligent manner in which he has carried out his public trust."

At the January 1915 meeting, grandfather was elected president of the Park Commission by a *viva voce* vote. In February he instructed the secretary to order 25 standard park benches at \$2.95 each. Mesdames Vaupel and VanSant were named a committee on flowers and flower gardens. This is important because some people believe the ladies went ahead on their own to plant flowers in the park. *This was not so. They did so with the knowledge and permission given them by the Park Board during the time grandfather was president.*

George Taverner introduced and paid for a supply of Park Board stationery, printed with a formal heading, "The Ashland Park Commission." The members' names were printed on the right and the officers' names on the left. Monthly and special Park Board meetings were held now at the City Hall. During 1915 the Ashland band received a monthly allowance of \$10. In April the president issued a warrant in payment for three palms and their freight costs in the amount of \$9.42. In August the president was requested--by a motion--to handle at his discretion the problem of people camping in the park outside of tourist camps. In September it was decided to plant a strip down the Boulevard with English and Dutch holly. It is notable that the Taverner home in Exeter, England, bordered by a holly hedge, was called "The Hollies." In November the board voted to spend \$10 for early flowering bulbs--tulips, narcissus and hyacinths. In December the City Council allowed the Park Board about \$3300 for 1916 although no formal budget was presented, and made the suggestion that the board should exercise the strictest economy--pending the decision of the limits of [their] jurisdiction.

In January, 1916, grandfather was again elected president of the board. In February a committee consisting of Mesdames VanSant and Vaupel and Mr. Penniston was authorized to purchase and plant flowers and shrubs for the season. A committee of Mrs. Vaupel, Mr. Watson and Mr. Penniston was asked to draft rules and regulations for the public use of the parks. In April an ordinance for park usage prepared by the city attorney was submitted to the City Council and received the approval of the Park Commission. In May grandfather appointed Mesdames Vaupel and VanSant to act jointly with a Children's playground construction committee. This committee was given the power to secure an instructor for the playground and was given \$10 toward the purchase of a gum machine.

The June meeting covered lots of business. The board met to complete plans for a big July Fourth celebration of the opening of the parks. Miss Blanche Hicks was paid \$5 for birdhouses. The board adopted an ordinance, passed by the City Council, for use of the parks by the public. A salary of \$50 was authorized for the



George Taverner in his Knights Templar uniform. #10073  
He is standing in Lithia Park near the Chautauqua grounds.

supervisor of the playground for July. Mr. Taverner and Mr. Watson were empowered to issue the following permits: The Elks for Flag Day exercises on June 14th; Springs dedication celebration committee for the sale of refreshments and the erection of amusement stands for July 4, 5, and 6; the children's playground committee for the sale of ice cream and confections at two stands in the park and for selling ice cream cones from carriers on one evening and afternoon of each week, except on July 4, 5 and 6; the Civic Improvement Club for holding a pageant in the parks on Friday, June 9, 1916. (The area for the celebration ran along Ashland Creek and south of Chautauqua Park.)

A special meeting of the Board was held in

June, 1916. The board agreed to hire P. A. Graves as park supervisor at a salary of \$100 per month, and to allow him the use of the park cottage. The board decided to leave the hiring of other park employees to the president, George Taverner. A motion was passed to pay \$25 for a colored-light illumination of the pond in the City Park and to carry lights along Ashland Creek as well.

By September, 1916, the regular payroll had reached \$418.00. It is significant to note that in a September meeting a motion was made and passed that hiring and discharging labor in the park be taken out of the hands of P. A. Graves and be placed in the hands of President Taverner.

In January, 1917, grandfather resigned from the Park Board. Aunt Frances had suddenly died in 1916, and grandmother, grieving for her daughter, had suffered a stroke. During the years grandfather had held office on the park commission, he had never missed a regular or a special meeting. In 1918 grandmother died.

Grandfather died suddenly on January 1, 1924. He and Aunt Victoria and mother were in the midst of planning a dinner party for New Year's Day. Among the invited guests were close friend, George A. Briscoe, Superintendent of Schools, and several other prominent Ashland residents. Although I was only three and a half years old, I have a memory that when he was stricken and lay dying, I picked up a hymnal--even though I couldn't read--and began singing *Onward Christian Soldiers*. The song was familiar because it was sung almost every service at church.

After his death, the *Tidings*, which persisted in misspelling his name, ran the headlines

GEORGE TAVENER DIED YESTERDAY  
AFTERNOON  
(Note the spelling error)

WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN  
PASSED AWAY SUDDENLY;  
FUNERAL FRIDAY

His obituary noted that he had been "closely identified with the community and its activities. Public spiritedness was one of his characteristics. He served as president of the Park Board and had much to do with [its developments] and improvements."



Rose, Victoria and Frances

Many people wrote letters of condolence to mother and Aunt Victoria:

1. Arthur Miller, representing the law firm of White, Needham and Harber of Sacramento, wrote, "I consider Mr. Taverner one of the finest men I ever knew."

2. Judge Watson, who was on the Park Board with grandfather, in a letter written by his daughter, Winnifred, declared: "We have known your father long; and my father feels that the years of close association taught him to appreciate and value Mr. Taverner's sound judgment and his high sense of justice and honor. His cheery greeting last Sunday morning will always remain a pleasant memory of one it was a privilege to call a friend. May the memory of his virtues and the consciousness of the high esteem in which



[#10095]



he is held by all who knew him be some consolation to you in a loss which still must be irreparable."

3. Anna A. Wagner wrote of the words of the Reverend P.K. Hammond and of his deep feeling in regard to the death of George Taverner.

**A**lthough she had many suitors, Aunt Victoria never married. She loved the Taverner house and was content to occupy herself with her community affairs and her church activities. She taught in Sunday School and for many years served as Sunday School Superintendent. At the same time she sang in the choir. For many seasons she managed the Shakespeare Information Booth which stood on the Plaza and kept it staffed with volunteers. She also maintained a Baby Sitters'

book and exchange for young couples who wished to attend the plays. Her activities with the festival and for the community made her a familiar and admired figure in Ashland.

In December, 1968, she fell on the stairs. She had broken her hip and it was necessary for her to be confined in the hospital for several weeks. During her stay there, she continued her work for the church. Father Ellis brought her a collection of greeting cards and Aunt Victoria wrote cheerful and encouraging notes to the parishioners who were ill or who faced a death in the family.

In May she died.

**M**other, who had married Stanley Arthur Robinett during World War I, also continued to live at



[#10071]



[#10077]

the Taverner house, and I was born in Ashland. Like Aunt Victoria, mother belonged to many community clubs and loved going to parties and teas and giving them. Certainly not the least of her civic duties was serving as official hostess at the Shakespearean Festival. In an interview, which appeared in the *Tidings* on November 22, 1972, she was highly praised for her dedication to the Festival. For 32 years, during play season, she stood just inside the main gate, dressed in her Elizabethan costume, and greeted play-goers with a "Good evening" and a pleasant smile. During all those 32 years, she missed only two nights. Theater lovers who returned year after year missed her welcome when she was unable to continue.

For several years Aunt Victoria and mother gave an annual tea in their garden for the festival cast and staff members. There were always at least 250 guests. The *Tidings* said: "Mrs. Robinett and her sister, Victoria Taverner, became friends of the festival at the very beginning, and their loyalty never faltered. Mrs. Robinett became the first hostess, then the official hostess, and for many, many years Miss Taverner was in charge of the information booth. Together they attended every single rehearsal of every single play."

Mother was not a good business woman and did not seem to have a love of the land such as grandfather had had. She sold the land he left for only a fraction of its worth. During the depression she tried to collect rents from the various farms, and when the tenants couldn't -- or wouldn't -- pay, she allowed the farms to revert to the state to be sold for taxes. She was talked into selling the valuable lot at the corner of Siskiyou and Beach Streets for only a fraction of its worth by a man who assured her, so she said, that he would build a beautiful home to enhance that block of the Boulevard. Instead he built a grocery store.

In 1982, after a lingering illness, she died.

#### SOME NOTES ABOUT THE SWEDENBURG AND CHAPPELL FAMILIES

The Taverner family became close

friends of the Swedenburgs. When I was a child, Dr. Swedenburg always acted as my "dad" and took me to the Campfire Dad-and-Daughter banquets. As an escort for a young girl, he was very gallant and always arrived with a box of chocolates when he called to pick me up.

While I was attending St. Helen's Hall high school during June, 1937, my mother, my Aunt Victoria and I went "up the street" to visit the Swedenburg family two or three times before their trip which they called their "grand finale." On each of these three visits, Dr. Swedenburg told us that he had had premonitions of his death, and that he would not return from the voyage. I have always thought he was telling us good-bye.

After his death, Olive Swedenburg and her daughter, Dr. Genevieve, returned to Ashland. Of course we went to pay our respects. Mrs. Swedenburg told us that friends in New York City had invited them to dinner before they sailed to Sweden, and it was then that Dr. Swedenburg got a fish bone caught in his esophagus. (A previous article in the newsletter reported a chicken bone was the cause of his death.)

Olive Swedenburg was wearing black. She told us that she had not worn black while Dr. Swedenburg was alive because he did not like the somber color. She loved lavender. I recall that during one visit she showed us her bedroom, decorated in lavender with some purple. I can also remember seeing several of the interesting quilts which she had designed and made.



George Taverner, dressed in his Knights Templar uniform, is pictured with the Chappell girls: Charlotte, Helen and Ruth.

[#10074]

The Swedenburg house had been built earlier by Charles C. Chappell, the first husband of Lucy Chappell. After she left Ashland, Lucy Chappell went to San Francisco and lived there in a spacious apartment with her second husband, George F. Wilson, until she became ill with a rare disease called Paget's Disease, which causes the head to enlarge and the body to grow smaller. She then decided to live with her daughter, Charlotte, who was a nurse in San Francisco, but Lucy did not get along well with her son-in-law, and realized she must move. She and Aunt Victoria had always been close friends so Lucy returned to Ashland to live with Victoria and mother. She was with us about ten years--from the time I was in the seventh grade until she died around 1941, when I was a junior at Mills College. She is buried in the Chappell-Taverner joint cemetery plot in Mountain View Cemetery.

Lucy's daughter, Helen Chappell (Lathrop) and mother were chums from high school days. Before Helen died in Paris, she told her sister Charlotte that her estate was to be divided equally among her sister Charlotte, her sister Ruth and her dear friend, Rose. (Helen's late husband, Dean Lathrop, and his sister were very wealthy and had left Helen all their money.) Although Charlotte divided some of the money with her sister Ruth, she refused to share any of the wealth with my mother.

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**E**THEL ROBINETT ROMANO, George Taverner's granddaughter, spent the first two years of college at the Southern Oregon Normal School, where she was a member of many clubs. She was editor of the yearbook, social editor of the paper and pianist in the college orchestra. She appeared in leading roles in all the plays produced by Angus Bowmer during that period and played leads in the traveling companies which presented Shakespeare plays at various public schools throughout southern Oregon. During the festival season of 1940, she appeared as Rosalind in *As You Like It* and as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Harold Hunt, the drama critic of the *Portland Journal* wrote excellent reviews of Ethel's acting in these two plays, which were directed by Bill Cottrell.



Ethel Robinett  
This picture was taken by J. Verne Shangle

[#10096]

Ethel had her own show over radio station KMED. During the continuing series of programs, she related tales of early Ashland as told to her by a pioneer, Mrs. Winters. During each show she sang one or two songs.

During the years of World War II, when the stage of the Shakespearean theater was dark, Ethel formed a community theater group. "I did it for Angus Bowmer," she said, "because he was missing the Shakespearean Festival so much." She, Angus Bowmer and Marjorie McNair presented plays over KMED.

After she graduated from Mills College, where she received a B.S. degree, she did graduate work at the University of Southern California and obtained a certificate in occupational therapy.

In 1848 she married Frank Romano, a young man she had met several years earlier when he served as officer in a combat engineers outfit stationed at Camp White during the early part of the war. He had received a B.S. from the University of Rhode Island, and, after their marriage, an M.Ed. from the University of Oregon and an Ed.S. from Stanford University. He taught mathematics and science in junior high, high school and





*Ethel and Frank Romano*

[7/10094]

junior college. He also served as a high school principal.

Upon their retirement in 1977, Ethel and Frank Romano returned to Ashland to live. The Taverner house was entered on the National Register of Historic Places in 1978.

The Romanos have four children: Lorna, who graduated from Mills College and went on to do graduate work at the University of California, Sonoma and SOSOC, taught Modern Dance with the Peace Corps in Quito, Ecuador, but now lives in Ashland; Frank, Jr., who studied four years in Paris with a part of that time at the Sorbonne, returned to the United States and is now in his last year of law school; Thomas, a graphic artist and illustrator, who graduated from the California College of Arts and Crafts, designed the cover for the 1985 SOSOC yearbook and has done several brochures for SOSOC and the 1985 graphics for the Britt Festival; and John, an Ear, Nose and Throat specialist, who now lives in Arizona.

[#10079]



*Ethel and Frank Romano*



*The Romano family. (front row) Ethel and Frank Romano  
(The back row) John, Lorna, Thomas and Frank, Jr.*

[#10076]

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[#10097]







*These folk are packed and ready to start on the Cinnabar trail. (Left to right) Bertha Lewis, Maude Byrnes (?), George Lewis, Fred Lewis and an unidentified guide who appears to be a little unenthusiastic about the trip.*

## CINNABAR & COLESTIN ... REVISITED

**A**lthough the little cities in southern Oregon were enjoying their thirtieth birthdays in the 1880s, the style of living hadn't really gone far beyond the rustic. A few years earlier, pioneer settlers had considered a one-room, windowless log cabin with a dirt floor an almost sinful comfort, but as they approached 1890 they had become spoiled by such luxuries as kitchen ranges with real bake ovens, water piped into a galvanized iron kitchen sink, and braided carpets on a really truly wooden floor. There could be no end of comforts to come.

But when the long hot summer rolled around, a person did enjoy heading for the wilderness where he could get away from easy living and really rough it.

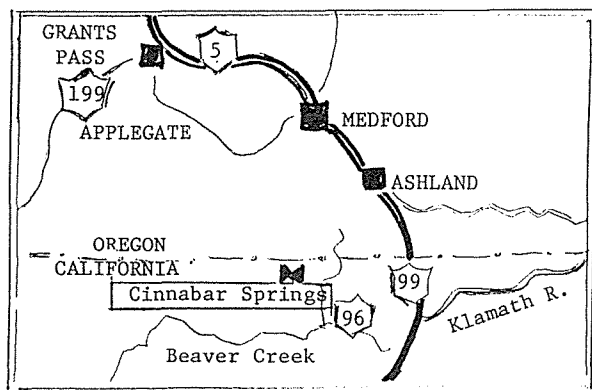
Mama baked a lot of bread and packed the kitchen staples into boxes while

papa got the wagon ready for some pretty punishing roads, stashed the axe and the tool box under the wagon seat and unfolded the tent for inspection to see if any varmints had got into it during the winter. The young ones could sleep outside on the ground, but mama and papa used the tent, and it gave mama a place to lie down to avoid the bright sunlight when she had a sick headache.

The kids rolled up the bedding and packed the kitchen chairs and a couple of sawhorses to make a table because mama always said a person should sit down to eat. After the final check to see that nothing was overlooked and the front and back doors were locked, and after Bertha had tucked in the blue vase--a bouquet of wildflowers on the oilcloth does make the campground look cosy--the family piled into the wagon,

papa gave Tom and Dick a whack across their rumps, and away they went for a couple of weeks of real relaxation at Dead Indian or up Little Applegate or out Forest Creek.

But if mama's sick headaches were really acting up or if papa was having a little set-to with his rheumatism, the destination might be different. The family might go to Cinnabar Springs. In that case they would have to leave the wagon at home because there were no roads, not even a makeshift one, leading to Cinnabar. The people who went there had to pack in on horseback over a narrow trail which was cut into the mountainside and meandered through the tall trees. The resort, nestled in the rugged Siskiyou, just south of the Oregon-California border, was so remote, it took all day to get there and a guide had to lead the way. In the heyday of Cinnabar Springs, one of the Saltmarshes led campers in from the Applegate side; a Freshour brought them in from the Klamath River side.



**C**innabar Springs Resort itself came as a surprise to the campers who made the trek for the first time. After hours of arduous riding over a primitive trail, the weary rider at last made his way through the heavy undergrowth into a clearing where there were many campers and considerable activity. A two-story log hotel stood on a hillside, and there was a number of bathhouses scattered around the grounds. Two croquet courts, smoothly sanded, and pits for throwing horseshoes were laid out on the flat ground along the creek. Many of the campers were on their vacations, but many others had come to "take the waters." Those who found camping too strenuous stayed at the hotel.

Cinnabar, like a ghost town, had its

Golden Age. For a few years it was a popular, lively spot, a backwoods summer resort, hidden in the Siskiyou forests, where visitors could forget the outside world. Romances were born and flourished there, and couples could stroll along the shady trails, holding hands all day, and, at the pavilion, dance the night away to music supplied by a group of musicians brought in from Yreka. Uncle Duke met Aunt Daisy there for the very first time, and although he once said, in his cups, that one day he was going back with a shovel and dig the spot right out of the earth, he always looked a little smug whenever Cinnabar was mentioned.

The mineral springs were discovered in the winter of 1889-90. They were not pointed out to the early settlers by friendly Indians; in fact, the Rogues had apparently ignored them and made no claims for their curative powers. The water was instead found by a bear hunter named Walker. Walker, sick and seedy and languishing from some persistent ailment, became completely lost in the Siskiyou Mountains. In his disoriented state, he staggered into a narrow ravine where a spring issued from the hillside. Weary with packing his heavy winter's grubstake and his blankets around the dripping mountainside, he sank to the ground in the shelter of a tree and resolved to spend the winter there.

Near death, he was ready to peg out and pass over Jordan, but in his lucid moments he managed to build a lean-to to protect him from the harsh winter, and holed-in to wait for the thaw. When he was hungry, he opened a tin of something or other from his grubstake, and when he was thirsty, he crawled to the springs and dipped his tin cup into the cold mineral water which bubbled and sparkled in its crystal pool.

After several weeks of struggling to keep body and soul together, he began to feel a little better. Day by day his health improved and day by day he grew stronger. He didn't need to be hit over the head with a bottle of Dr. Paine's Wonderful Patented Celery Compound to recognize a magic panacea. *His recovery was directly related to the water!* When the winter abated and he could again travel, he shouldered his bed roll and his dwindling food supply and made his



*This group of people appears to be enjoying the cinnabar water. The dinkiest one is the only one of the group drinking, but that's as it should be. The others are hale and hearty, probably because they've already reached their capacity. None of the group has been identified.*

way back to Jacksonville with the glad tidings of the life-saving virtues of the wonderful water in the Siskiyou.

It was an age of the water cure. At a time when doctors had exhausted their medical knowledge, and had found no remedy for dropsy, the staggers, the flux, kidney stones, venereal diseases, jaundice, palpitations and most of the other pernicious diseases still with us, the desperate patient might welcome any new treatment which promised to bring a little relief. Multitudes who were awash in mineral water and had rolled around in mud baths and had found the cure were eager to make testimonials about the amazing powers of the sulphur waters, the soda waters, lithia water, iron phosphate water, lime water, borax water and whatever other kind of water was handy. And it was cheap. Almost anybody could afford it.

Hearing Walker's story, a man named Jobe Garretson became excited at the thought of the money he could make if he acquired ownership of the springs. One might charge a very nominal fee for a tincup full of water, but he could realize a fortune if he had a million customers, and make even more if he offered mud baths and if his patrons stopped over at his hotel.

Garretson secured the mineral patent on the springs and began construction of a resort and spa. He built a log hotel and some bathhouses in small clearings above and below the springs. The mineral water was either carried to the bathhouses in buckets or piped in by gravity flow. The wooden bathtubs had tin bottoms to make them more durable and during the peak of the season they were in constant use. A bath cost 25¢ when the customer supplied the towel and 35¢ when the management supplied it.



There were two quite different mineral springs. One, a salt spring, was supposed to be a sure cure for stomach trouble and sick headaches. The other, a sulphur spring, was declared to be a sovereign cure for rheumatism and venereal diseases. A vein of white sulphur mud ran along the crest of a low hill. Those who suffered from respiratory diseases and "catarrh" often claimed they had been cured after they had plastered themselves with this mud for several hours each day for a period of time. By 1899 Garretson's Medical Springs had become a popular and prosperous spot, with customers from northern California and southern Oregon.

Charles Lake, another enterprising gentleman, packed a portable sawmill into the area and built a dance pavilion and a small general store about a half a mile from Garretson's Resort. In the early part of the century as many as 100 people camped out near the two springs. After 1905, when a wagon road was built, the Saturday night dances drew as many as 250 people.

A rich quicksilver deposit, or cinnabar, was found a little south of the mineral springs. This area was owned by Albert and Jennie Cowgill and after they had built a boarding house, they hired thirty men to mine for quicksilver. At the time the metal brought about \$100 for a 75-pound flask.

The Cowgills extended the resort area by erecting several buildings and additional bathhouses. The name, Garretson's Mineral Springs, eventually faded out and the title, Cinnabar Springs, replaced it. Along with the changes in name went Garretson's hope for a fortune although the popularity of Cinnabar Springs continued for some years longer. By 1900 the water was marketed commercially and its reputation was widespread.

Many swore by the water and several people who had been crippled by arthritis for years declared they had effected miraculous cures. After a few weeks in the mud, they were dancing the Virginia Reel. One man who lived on malted milk and was so near death he had to be packed in, walked out, a well man, six weeks later.

The effectiveness of the water still remains a question. The number of these cures which came about by the power of suggestion has not been determined. Incidentally, travelers going into the resort for their healings had to pass beside a grave surrounded by decaying pickets. The headstone bore the legend: John Bloom 47, died in 1898. Poor Mr. Bloom had become so despondent when the water cure failed him, he shot himself.

In 1923 Jobe Garretson died at the age of 91. After his death the property changed hands but continued to decline in popularity. By the 1930s its vogue had faded. People were no longer so naive and they began developing more faith in their doctors, who, in turn, were able to give their patients more effectual treatments. Maud Pool, a *Tribune* reporter, wrote in 1936:

The glamor and noise of pack trains scrambling down the steep trail to the springs in the early 1990s has vanished, and instead there are automobiles speeding into the heart of the Siskiyou for a moment only.

Cinnabar Soda Springs has had its day...but the medicinal waters remain as do the remnants of old log buildings. ..The resort reached its height of popularity from 1902 to 1910. The dance hall and saloon and the gambling devices operated by Jobe Garretson satisfied the demands of those patrons, who, in spirit were but a step behind the '49ers. There is only the babbling of a mountain stream now, and perhaps hushed echoes of the other days of its thunderous past.

Marjorie O'Harra wrote:

Cinnabar Springs is now just a rust-colored pool of foul smelling water tucked in a ravine shaded by tall trees. The springs are covered by a little house and the roof supports are inscribed with the names and addresses of those who have been there, from the late 1880s. The water overflows into a stream where watercress grows lush and nippy. Then it trickles down and under a bridge. It is soul restoring just to look -- but only the adventuresome are enticed to try the "wonderful water" today.

Cinnabar Springs Resort was of course much more than a rural sanitarium for invalids. For years, after its decline, the mention of its name brought a flood of memory to those who recalled the simple pleasures they had enjoyed there when they were youthful and virile and eager to get on with living. That generation is gone now and the halcyon days are remembered only in bits and fragments from tales they related to their descendants. Soon, perhaps, those memories will be gone along with Garretson's Famous Medicinal Springs Resort.

**N**ow, Colestin, the once popular summer resort in the Siskiyou Mountains, some three or four miles north of the California line, was a different matter entirely. Colestin boasted mineral water of "superior medicinal properties" and offered the traveler a 25 room hotel and a spacious campground, which could accommodate as many as 100

at a time, but it was on the Southern Pacific railroad and could be reached with ease. Cinnabar's patrons were, for the most part, people of ordinary circumstances; the patrons who visited Colestin were generally members of the gentry. Most of the folks in our neighborhood couldn't afford the train fare, much less scrounge up enough ready cash to pay for a stay at a posh hotel. The Phipps, the Britts, the Medynskies, Judge H.K. Hanna, Dr. Robinson with Tillie and Dorland, and other first families made it their mountain retreat during the hot summer months. It was promoted also by the railroad who brought in travelers from distant cities.

The hotel, erected in 1881, was hewn from standing timber, tongued and grooved and pinned with hardwood pins, but it was furnished with some elegance. A large stone fireplace heated the first floor, and crystal prism lamps hung in



*The stagecoach--is it just arriving or just leaving--stops at the Colestin Hotel.*



*Some guests line up on the hotel steps of the Colestin Hotel for their photograph. Notice the gentleman on the top left. He apparently is the Chinese cook. These people, unidentified, appear none too happy. Perhaps they haven't yet had their daily quota of the wonderful waters.*

the public rooms. Guest rooms were lighted with kerosene lamps and were furnished with special furniture brought in from the east.

The hotel featured wide verandas built around the first and second floors. The railings were constructed with 650 round posts, turned with a lathe. Wicker furniture was grouped invitingly on both porches, and patrons rested and chatted when they weren't taking their constitutions on the shady paths or dutifully drinking the waters at the mineral spring. There were quoit and tennis courts and a court for croquet for the ladies who found tennis too strenuous. At night everyone gathered around a huge campfire and any guest who could sing, play guitar, or tell stories entertained. Dance bands from nearby Hilt were presented for weekend and evening parties. Most ladies wore their fine summer dresses and the gentlemen brought complete wardrobes. It was all pretty genteel and nobby.

The editor of the Portland *Enquirer* wrote an editorial of his trip to Colestin:

After passing Ashland, the train

commenced to climb the mountain and in going an actual distance of 12 miles, the train travels 20 miles and makes an ascent of nearly 2500 feet. The construction of the Southern Pacific to the summit of the Siskiyou is one of the greatest engineering feats of the 19th century, and the trip over the mountain here is well worth seeing as the view of Rogue River Valley and the mountains in the distance are magnificent. Siskiyou is the highest point on the Southern Pacific, and has an altitude of 4214 feet above sea level.

Here you take a dive into a long, dark tunnel some 1000 feet below the summit and after several minutes spent in darkness, our train thunders out into the sunlight and there breaks upon the view of the traveler another grand panoramic scene. On the left, rearing its head high above the rest of the Siskiyou stands the tall sentinel, Pilot Rock; while in the distance -- nearly 100 miles off -- noble Mt. Shasta rears her majestic head, which downward for thousands of feet, is crowned with everlasting snow.

Only a little farther and we alight




at the end of our journey, Colestin.

(The spectacular view remains the same today. We are usually so busy tearing along the highway we don't see it.)

The Southern Pacific came by daily and chugged to a stop, and those who had come for a stay stepped down to the small wooden platform while their baggage, tents and camping supplies, if any, were unloaded. As the porters deposited the newcomers, boys came to the train with supplies of the waters and filled bottles and demijohns for the refreshment of the passengers and the trainmen. The water with its "superior medicinal properties" was bottled and shipped to many parts of the country. It contained iron and was heavily charged with carbonic acid and was said to be comparable to the Congress water at Saratoga Springs.

As early as the 1840s fur trappers knew of the springs and the first discoverer of the water has been lost in history. Early travelers through the Siskiyou pass were aware that hoofed animals, horses and deer, would drink the water, but clawed animals, even a thirsty dog, would ignore the water. The Indians did not drink it but they made medicine pellets from the mud. There is no record that Indians ever made an encampment at the spring, and their trails skirted around the area.


 In 1851 Byron Cole and his brother, Rufus, came to southern Oregon via the Isthmus of Panama. Byron Cole settled on a donation land claim about seven miles south of the Siskiyou summit. His interests were mostly agricultural and he owned a large herd of cattle. He ran a pack train for several years and in 1860 returned to the east and married his childhood sweetheart, Chloe Ann. Upon their return to southern Oregon, they settled on 900 acres of land and Byron Cole later purchased an additional 320 acres which included the mineral springs.

From 1860 until the completion of the railroad the Coles' house served as a stage station on the toll road. In 1881 Byron built a hotel near the spring, thinking that eventually the trains would have to pass by his land. In the same year a postoffice was established


at his resort, now called Colestin (Cole-steen), and Byron Cole was appointed postmaster.

He managed the Colestin resort successfully until his death in 1894. His wife, Chloe Ann, then took over the management of the hotel and kept the resort going until 1900 when she rented the property and took up her residence in Ashland.

Since then the springs have passed through several owners and in 1925 they were sold to Greek immigrants, Gust and George Avgeris, who had no interest in continuing the operation of a spa. They have since moved from the property.

 Like Cinnabar, Colestin had its day in the sun. There were probably as many astonishing recoveries made at the latter as there were at the former, and about the same number of chronic invalids were snatched from almost certain death by the magic power of the effervescent branch water. Causes for the closure of both spas were approximately the same although if the rugged trail into Cinnabar didn't finish off a patient, he was probably bound to recover anyway, while a sickly patron could be delivered, via the Southern Pacific, to Colestin propped up in down pillows and comforted with hot bricks. We have become too sophisticated for such simple treatment.

Today the forest is again taking over Colestin. The passenger trains are gone and the throngs of people no longer come to the Siskiyou summit for the waters or for the congeniality. The deer once again drink undisturbed from the springs. The road to the Mount Ashland ski area follows the ridge just above the old Colestin resort and drivers on the freeway have no interest in losing traveling time visiting a defunct water hole which was popular years before in a more leisurely age.

 Since history probably repeats itself and makes continuing circles, interest in the mineral waters may once again wheel around and these abandoned resorts may be revived for the delight of another generation. But probably not.

*Raymond Lewis*

# THE HANGING OF PHILLIPS

BY JOHN H. HUFFER, SR.

John H. Huffer came to Jacksonville in 1852 and became a prominent figure in southern Oregon's history. He worked for a time in David Linn's Cabinet Shop, turning parts for spool beds, chairs and tables, and at other times he mined for gold. On one occasion he became a partner of C.C. Beekman in some mining property along Jackson Creek, and when it was sold, the two men shared the selling price of \$100,000. For awhile he and his wife taught school at the Grand Ronde Indian Reservation. He was City Recorder of Jacksonville during 1884-1885. The story of George Phillips was written in Jacksonville in 1907 by Huffer, who had witnessed the shooting and the hanging. The manuscript was sent to us by Mrs. H.M. Richards, his great-granddaughter.



Late in the fall of 1854, gold in paying quantities was found on Indian Creek at a place in Northern California called Happy Camp on the southern slope of the Siskiyou Mountains about twelve miles above the point where that creek flows into the Klamath River. When I heard of this discovery, I was mining in the opposite side, or Oregon side, of the Siskiyou at Waldo, then called Sailors' Diggins.

Although the new camp was only eighteen miles from Sailors' Diggins, a high pass of the Siskiyou Mountains had to be crossed to reach it. So much snow had fallen that travel over the mountain was closed for the winter. Occasionally someone would come over the mountains on snowshoes. In April of the following year, we received news that a pack train had succeeded in getting over the summit. As this indicated that the trail was safely open, I set out the next morning with my blankets on my back to try my luck in the gravels of Indian Creek. I fell in with a George Cornwell, the first Express Messenger to reach the new camp from the north. We passed over the mountain together, he on horseback and I afoot. Near the summit on the Oregon side, we found the snow very deep. A

trail had been broken through, leaving walls of snow on either side. We reached camp about sundown. It was a small town consisting of two stores, two saloons, and a boarding house, ten-pin alley and the other industries usually found in those days of a new mining camp. About three hundred miners were there. They had come in during the winter from Yreka and the camps on the Klamath River and its tributaries, the snow not interfering with travel from that side.

It was customary in those days, when a new saloon was opened, to serve drinks free the first day and night. All could come to the bar and drink without money or price. After I had been on the creek about ten days, an Englishman by the name of Myers, who was a pugilist, opened a saloon, and in conformity to this custom, kept a free bar on opening day. There was also in the camp a baker, George Phillips, who had fitted up an oven and was baking bread for the miners. Many of the miners took their flour to Phillips, who in return would give them tickets, each good for one loaf. I had taken him a sack of flour and, on the evening of the opening of Myer's Saloon, went to his cabin for a loaf of bread. I found him drunk. He had a sheath knife

in his hands which he flourished and swore he was going to have a man for supper. Without loss of time, I got my loaf of bread, fearing that I might possibly be the man he wanted for his evening meal. I had never before seen Phillips drunk. He seemed to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and when not at work was usually reading. After supper I went to Myer's saloon to see the crowd. I had been there but a few minutes when Phillips came in. The experience I had just had with the man caused me to notice him particularly. He came inside the door, stood a short time and looked around the saloon, at no time saying anything. About four feet from Phillips was a young Scotsman by the name of McNab sitting upon an up-ended barrel quietly smoking a common briarwood pipe. Phillips approached him and said, "You've got my pipe."

McNab, taking the pipe from his mouth and holding it in his hand, said, "You are mistaken, my friend, this is my pipe. I bought it and paid six bits for it."

Phillips repeated, "You've got my pipe. Give me my pipe."

As McNab did not comply with his request, Phillips said, "God damn you, give me my pipe!" Then he plunged his sheath knife into McNab's chest, piercing his heart. I was standing not more than six feet from McNab when Phillips struck the blow, and I plainly saw all that occurred and heard all words spoken by them.

Myers, the proprietor, seeing that Phillips was creating a disturbance, but in the noise and confusion of the dense crowd, not knowing he had stabbed McNab, began to strike Phillips in regular pugilistic fashion, knocking him down several times and giving him serious punishment. The saloon was crowded and the windows had been raised for ventilation. After having fought for a few minutes, they came to an open window, and Phillips, seizing the opportunity to escape, jumped out the window and disappeared into the darkness. During the fight between Myers and Phillips, all eyes were centered on them and no attention at all was paid to McNab except by those immediately by him. When the fight was over, they found McNab on the floor dying. He lived about twenty minutes after being struck.

All were eager now to catch Phillips. Two men were sent down the trail toward the Klamath River and two others up the trail toward the summit of the mountain. Each pair was to travel as fast as possible and after having gone two miles, to select a favorable place to watch the trail. The two who went down the trail secreted themselves at a point where a steep shoulder of the mountain reached down to the trail and the creek below. They had watched about an hour when they heard the brush breaking below them and occasionally caught glimpses of some moving, struggling thing.

In the darkness of the night, intensified as it was by the high mountain mass above them, it was difficult to determine whether the object they saw approaching was a wild animal or a human being. Having made certain it was a man, they sprang upon him and found he was Phillips. The beating given him by Myers had nearly closed his eyes which, with the darkness of the night, made it impossible for him to follow the narrow mountain trail. They bound his hands behind him and brought him back to the camp where they put him in a cabin and placed a guard over him.

**A**bout ten o'clock the next day, a crier with a bell was sent along the creek summoning the miners to meet forthwith to decide what disposition should be made of Phillips. About noon, nearly all the miners on the creek had assembled at the camp where the whole matter was discussed. Men wanted to hang him forthwith without any trial, but the majority were determined to give him a fair opportunity to make a defense. Many of the latter class were in favor of delivering him to the legal authorities to be dealt with in the legal manner. We knew we were in California, but were uncertain as to whether we were in Siskiyou or Del Norte County. It was argued that, if we took him to Yreka, the county seat of Siskiyou County, we might be told that the crime had been committed in Del Norte County and, on the other hand, if we took him to Crescent City, the county seat of Del Norte County, we might find the crime had been committed in Siskiyou County; and under these uncertain conditions, none of the witnesses was willing





*John S. Huffer, who witnessed the killing and wrote the story.*

to travel to either of the county seats.

It was getting late in the afternoon and no definite conclusion had been reached when a resolution was passed substantially to this effect: that a court be organized to try Phillips by then and there electing a presiding judge with the power to appoint the officers of the court and attorney to defend Phillips and to make a list of fifty names from which a jury was to be drawn to try the case. The resolution also provided that the trial was to be conducted as nearly as possible in accordance with the laws of the State of California.

A presiding judge was elected and immediately entered upon the discharge of the duties of his office by the appointment of the officers of the court and the preparation of a jury list from which twelve jurors were selected by lot. He set the trial for nine o'clock the next morning. At the time appointed, the trial began.

**T**he evidence on behalf of the people was substantially given as related previously, the writer being one of the principal witnesses. Phillips' only defense was that, at the time he committed the deed, he was insane from the effects of excessive drink and did not know what he was doing at the time of the act. The jury didn't think this defense adequate and returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

After the reading of the verdict, the judge asked Phillips if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. In response, he repeated what he had said at the trial, that he had been insane from excessive drink at the time he struck McNab and did not know at the time what he was doing. The judge, having asked if that was all he had to say and Phillips having answered that it was, ordered him to stand, and upon Phillips having done so, told him that they had all endeavored to give him a fair trial and every opportunity to produce evidence in his behalf, but that the only defense he was able to make was that of insanity caused by the excessive use of alcohol, a defense which the jury very properly decided was insufficient, and thereupon,

he pronounced his judgment which, in substance, was as follows:

It is the judgment of this court that you be taken hence and securely confined and guarded, and that, tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock you be taken to the place to be prepared for your execution and then and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

May God have mercy on your soul.

**E**arly in the morning of the day set for the execution, the sheriff was busy preparing a place for it. There was a large oak tree on the bar which had wide-spreading branches. One of these limbs was selected. A rope was attached to it with a hangman's noose at the lower end. A three-legged stool seven feet high was made with a platform about three feet square at the top. There were steps to reach the top of the stool. Two strong men were selected by the sheriff, who at a given signal were to jerk the stool from under him.

It was a beautiful morning in June and the sun was just beginning to send its rays over the crest of the mountain, into the canyon. It was the appointed hour of 10 o'clock and Phillips was led to the place of execution. He was assisted to the top of the stool, and then asked if he had anything to say before he died. I cannot, of course, remember all that Phillips said in his dying speech, but I do remember the general import of it and also much of the language used, because no experience in my early life had left on my mind such a vivid, terrible and lasting impression.

He began by saying it seemed strange and unbelievable that he should be standing before his fellow men as a condemned murderer; as nearly as I can recall, he continued: "I had no enmity against Mac. He had never harmed me. I was just crazy from excessive drinking. I was raised by a good and wise mother who often warned me against the use of intoxicating liquors. I followed her advice until after I left home to learn the baker's trade, when I began to associate with young men who drank, and soon began to drink with them. The habit grew on me and I occasionally got

drunk. I came to California in the gold excitement and here, in the mines, I got drunk very often. I have only one favor to ask of you men. In my cabin you will find my valise and in it letters from my mother and in them you will discover her address. I beg and pray that you do not write to her or let her know that her boy whom she loved so much has been hanged for murder. It will be much better for her never to hear of me again. I have nothing more to say. My God have mercy on my soul!"

The rope was then adjusted about his neck and a handkerchief tied over his head. Upon a signal from the sheriff, the stool was jerked from under him. The miners made a rude coffin and we buried him on a little bench on the mountain side in a cluster of giant pines beside the man he murdered.

**F**ifty years have passed since I heard Phillips' dying speech. I have not forgotten and never shall forget that scene. I can still see

Phillips standing on that rudely constructed stool with the rope around his neck, surrounded by three hundred sturdy and determined miners. When he came to that portion of his speech relating to his mother, tears flowed freely over his bruised and blackened face, and there were many others in that audience whose eyes were not dry.

A short time ago I revisited Indian Creek. I went to the site of the little town where the miners had worked. There were only piles of boulders bleaching in the sun. There was no sound of the miner's pick. No habitation. All was silent and deserted. Nearly all the men who witnessed Phillips' tragic trial have passed to the other side. I went up to the little bench on the slope of the mountain and found, in the ground among the pines, two indentations. These were the graves of the murderer and the murdered. Here, side by side, they lay with the sound of the falling waters and the sighing of the pines their only requiem.

*John H. Huffer, Sr.*

## Tour No. 2: Happy Camp, California

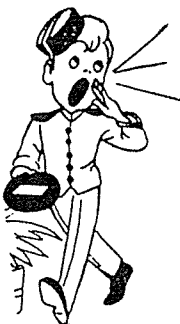
June 19, 1986. Thursday, one day.

8:00 a.m. Depart Jacksonville on our private motor coach (restroom equipped and air conditioned) for Collier State Park for coffee break (bring your own).  
Noon: Much of the old part of Happy Camp is gone, but this trip should give us impressions of life in and travel to this wilderness supply point of northern California.

5:00 p.m. (Approx.) Arrive, Jacksonville.

PRICE: \$16. Bring your own coffee break goodies and picnic lunch. In case of cancellation, \$2 is not refundable.

For reservations call 899-1847,  
Extension 222, Marjorie Edens







The Briggs family: Nellie (Angle), Monte, Billy, Dad, Lou (McNair), Mother

## Billy Briggs remembers...

One of the more popular issues of the *Table Rock Sentinel* was Volume 6, No. 1, which featured the humorous memoirs of Billy Briggs, a well-known Ashland attorney. His stories of his earlier years were so delightful, we used only a few pictures so the space could be devoted to his reminiscing. He recently sent us a clipping written by Gordon Rowntree, which appeared in a Vancouver, British Columbian Newspaper, *The Citizen*, on February 6, 1980. Mr. Rowntree's column was devoted to Billy's brother, Monty, who at the age of 97 was still a great traveler and, like Billy, a humorist.

The columnist writes:

The most delightful experience of our California visit was the chance meeting with a couple who were celebrating their 68th wedding anniversary. [They were] Julia, aged 90, and Monty Briggs, 97, who are full of fun, still travel [they took a cruise to the Orient two years ago] and enjoy life in a trailer court. Monty said the only thing that bothered him was an undertaker who dropped by twice a week for coffee "to see how they were doing."

Julia added, "We're afraid to visit Forest Lawn for fear they'll close the gates behind us."

Monty mentioned having their stove repaired with the repairman having to move it out from the wall. "I should charge you an extra \$12 but you're probably on a small pension, so I'll put it on somebody's bill who owns a Cadillac."

After he left, Monty said, "Our Cadillac was being washed at the gas station."

Talk turned to gold and Julia mentioned having a friend who had a gold chain with an ingot on it made from her husbands' gold teeth. I said, "Was there *that* much gold?"

She said, "Well, she had more than one husband."

What has kept them so young? Planning more trips. Monty wanted to drive his trailer to Alaska. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, leaving there at age nine, traveling by train, north to Winnipeg and then on to Vancouver to live in Portland. Monte remembered the big, pot-bellied stove in the vestibule of their rail car where his mother cooked their meals. I asked him what he remembered about his wedding day.

"Just the shotgun in my back."

Julie chuckled.

## THE WILLOWS OPENING

Gold Digger Ruth Anne Parrett tells Willows visitors about the family sitting room on opening weekend.

During the 2 days, 387 visitors toured the house and grounds, just 13 short of the possible total.

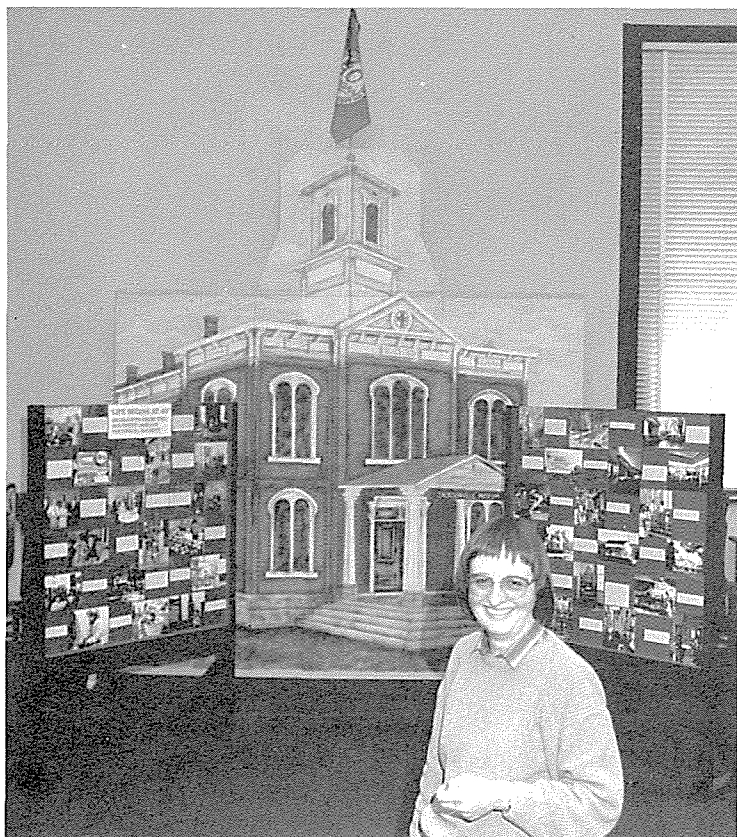
All were thrilled with the house, its original furnishings and the beautiful grounds.



## LCDC FORCES TEMPORARY WILLOWS CLOSING

Shortly before opening weekend at The Willows, the Society was notified that according to LCDC guidelines, museums were not permitted on land zoned for exclusive agricultural use. Since it was too late to cancel the opening weekend, we decided to proceed. However, the Board of Trustees has voted to close The Willows Farm Museum until a Conditional Use Permit can be processed through the Jackson County Planning Department.

Since we don't know exactly how long this process will take, we have decided not to open the farm during May, and possibly in June. If the Jackson County Planning Department does not grant a Conditional Use Permit, the process could take years and cost thousands of dollars in legal expenses. Let's hope this can be settled successfully, "at home" since The Willows is so important to our heritage and economy.



## "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

Jime Matoush, the Society's Curator of Exhibits, is shown with part of the "Life Begins At 40" exhibit featuring the history of your society.

The exhibit opened on April 27 and will continue through most of the summer on the second floor of the Jacksonville Museum.

We invite all of our members and friends to see this fine "story in picture and artifact."

The museum is open Tuesday through Sunday from 10AM until 5PM until Memorial Day when it will be open during the same hours seven days each week.





Photo by Doug Smith

## ASHLAND RESIDENCES

A pictorial review of Ashland's architectural heritage will open at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum in Ashland on Tuesday, May 6 and continue through September 30.

The residence shown here is the Eddings-Provost House at 364 Vista and is just one of more than 25 featured.

The Chappell-Swedenburg House is open Tuesday through Saturday from 1PM to 5PM.

We have chosen from the Societies best photographs and borrowed others to make certain we have a wonderful exhibit.

Please join us!



## DON'T FORGET!

Our 40th Anniversary Dinner and Annual Meeting will take place on Friday, May 16, 1986 at the Red Lion Inn in Medford.

Cocktails are at 6:00PM with dinner at 7:00PM. The Annual Meeting and election will follow the Peggy Rubin's wonderful program, "When 40 Winters Shall Besiege Thy Brow - A Birthday Greeting from Shakespeare to the SOHS." We will also bestow honorary life memberships and honor eight charter members of our Society still in the Rogue Valley.

Election ballots will be distributed at the door to qualified members of record. Come and take part in the business of your Society!

SEE YOU THERE!!!

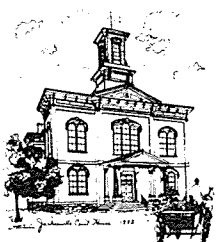
## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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