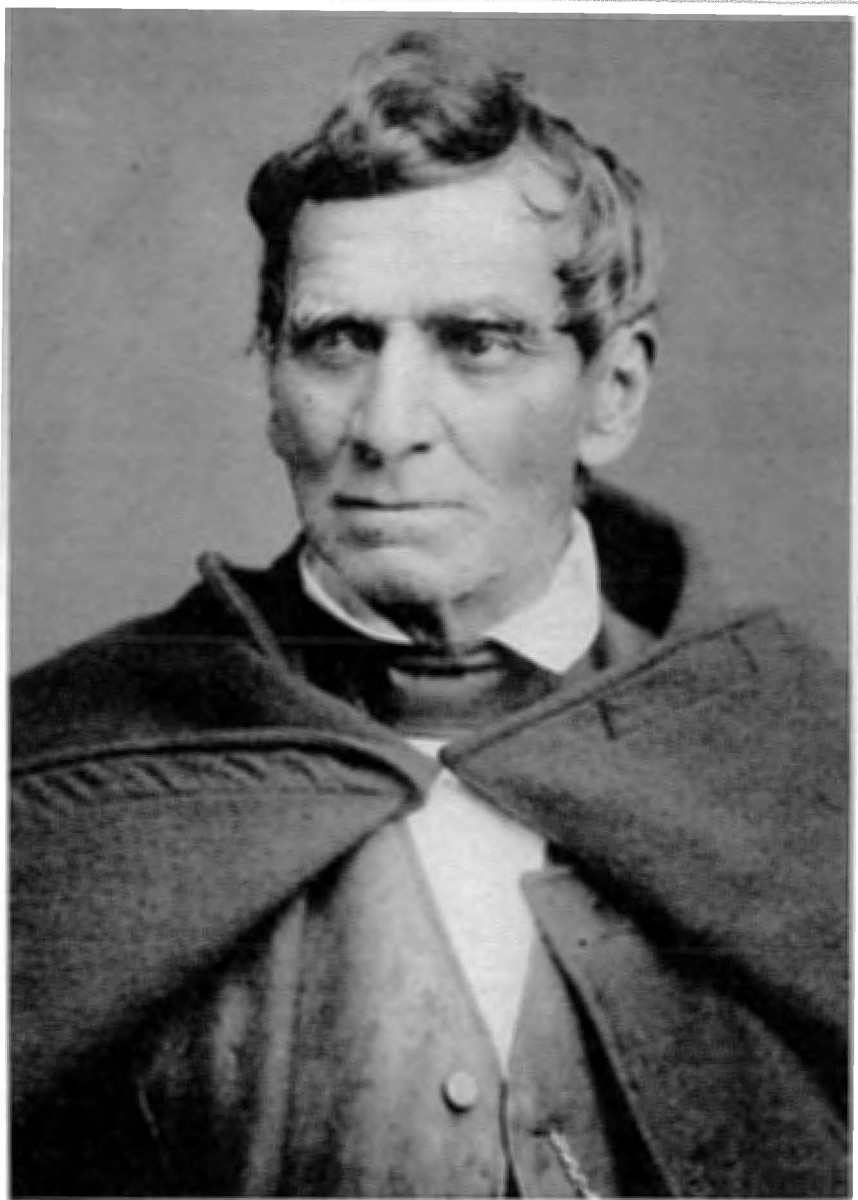

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



JANUARY 1985



Lindsay Applegate

THE LINDSAY APPLGATE FAMILY

CHARLES SWEET

Newcomers to the Rogue Valley and southern Oregon soon become aware of the name Applegate. It identifies a river, a valley, a mountain, a town, a trail and a pioneer family that has loomed large in shaping the course of Oregon history. There have been many prominent members of this family, and their stories would justify a lengthy article in the *Sentinel*. But because of his close ties with the Rogue River Valley and his participation in its history, Lindsay Applegate must play the leading role in this biography.

Lindsay was one of three brothers who brought their families to Oregon in the immigration of 1843. The brothers were so close in their relationships with one

another that it is impossible to write about Lindsay without frequent reference to the other two: Charles and Jesse. The three men differed considerably in disposition but they were strong in their unity with each other. At Yoncalla, Douglas County, there stands a monument dedicated to "...Charles the Counselor; Lindsay the Soldier; Jesse the Statesman," but all three played other roles during their lifetime and they usually worked together as a team.

These brothers were the last of the nine children born to Daniel and Rachel Applegate. Their father had been born in New York in 1768 and was ten years old when his mother died. Daniel's father and older brother were then in General Washington's army, and the

youngster was sent to live with a Dutch farmer. The following year he ran away to join his father and brother at Washington's headquarters in Valley Forge. He failed to find them there, but a kindly officer took the boy under his wing and taught him to play the fife and drums. For the remainder of the war, Daniel served as a drummer boy and, later, as a flag sergeant. He was only 15 when the war ended and he was mustered out.

Soon thereafter Daniel emigrated to the Kentucky wilderness where, in 1790, he married Rachel Lindsay, daughter of a distinguished frontier family. The Applegates farmed in Kentucky and their nine children were born there. The last three were Charles (born Jan. 24, 1806), Anthony Lindsay (Sept. 18, 1808, in Lexington), and Jesse (July 15, 1811). In 1824 Daniel moved his family to St. Louis County, Missouri, and he died there two years later. Sometime after their father's death most of the children settled in the Osage Valley of St. Clair County in western Missouri.

Early in life the two youngest boys, Lindsay and Jesse, were drawn to the adventure of pioneer living and were imbued with a desire to explore the lands west of the Mississippi, but it was almost another 20 years before they and their brother Charles emigrated to Oregon. In the interim young Jesse wasted no time in gathering information about the West. In 1825, at age 14, he moved to the city of St. Louis and boarded at the Green Tree Tavern. This hostelry served as the winter rendezvous for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Here Jesse met frontiersmen Jedediah Smith and William Sublette. He read everything he could find about the West, including Lewis and Clark's journal, and once he had the good fortune of meeting Captain Clark.

While in St. Louis, young Applegate had gone to work as a clerk in the Surveyor General's Office. Here he made the acquaintance of U.S. Postmaster William Price Hunt, who had led an overland expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River for John Jacob Astor. Hunt's tales of his journey further stimulated Jesse's desire to make just such an exploration himself. During this period, back in Missouri, his

brothers were farming, and in 1831 Jesse again joined them in St. Clair County, where he met and married Cynthia Ann Parker and started farming and raising a family.

Two years earlier Charles Applegate had married Melinda Miller, and three months prior to Jesse's marriage, Lindsay had taken the vows with Melinda's sister, Elizabeth. The girls' parents were the Reverend James Miller and Susanna Basham. Elizabeth had been born in eastern Tennessee on September 27, 1816, making her 15 at the time of her wedding, Jan. 13, 1831. These were happy and prosperous (and prolific) years for the Applegates. Born in Missouri were eight of Charles' fifteen children, seven of Jesse's thirteen, and six of Lindsay's twelve. Lindsay's and Elizabeth's six were: Elisha L. (born April 1832), Warren (January 1834), Jesse A. (November 1835), Theresa Rose (February 1838), Ivan Decatur (June 1840), and Lucian Bonaparte (April 1842).

Very little is known concerning Lindsay's activities while he was living in Missouri--other than his raising a family. He was reported to have served, along with Abe Lincoln, in the Black Hawk War of 1832. Lincoln was a captain of volunteers in fighting Indians along the upper Mississippi Valley, but his troops saw no action. Members of the Applegate family also alleged that Lindsay as a youngster had gone coon hunting with Abe. By the 1840s slavery was becoming prominent in Missouri, and this fact gave the Applegates a strong incentive for leaving the area. They were not only opposed to the slave system, but they also found it increasingly difficult to obtain labor to cultivate their fields. Although the slavery issue had become a vexing one to the Applegates, it wasn't until 1840, when they received a letter from a friend in Oregon, that the families began to plan seriously to emigrate west. It seems that four years earlier a young man by the name of Robert Shortess had lived briefly with the Charles Applegates. In 1838 Shortess had left for Oregon and two years later he wrote to his Missouri friends lauding the merits of the far west and advising them that slavery would not be an issue in Oregon.

This letter, perhaps, became the crucial link in the chain of events that

led to the Applegate's participation in the 1843 migration. Although Lindsay has been credited with being the most influential in persuading the three families to prepare for the move, it was Jesse who eventually assumed the leadership role on the expedition. He had been a successful stock raiser in St. Clair County and, when the Shortess letter reported that Oregon would be an ideal location to raise horses and cattle, Jesse decided to drive his herd the 2000 miles over The Oregon Trail.

In May 1843 about 800 men, women and children (including the three Applegate families) assembled at the frontier rendezvous near Independence to begin the overland trip. This has been called the great migration of 1843, not only because it brought a large number of new settlers to the Oregon country, but it also changed the character of the population, which it more than doubled. At first the emigres intended to travel as a single large company and elected Peter H. Burnett as captain. They had not been on the trail long, however, before trouble arose, chiefly brought about by the problem of caring for the loose stock. Burnett, who later became Chief Justice of the Oregon provisional government, soon resigned as captain and the company broke into two segments. The segment without loose stock was called the "Light Brigade."

The other contingent became the "Cow Column," which chose Jesse Applegate as captain. Jesse was driving more livestock than any other immigrant. His outfit consisted of four ox-drawn wagons and about 100 head of cattle and horses. Members of his cow column later testified that he more than met the requirements of his position, and he became known as a resourceful leader. The two sections maintained separate organizations but traveled most of the way within supporting distance. Although the light brigade could travel faster, they were slowed somewhat by having to clear a road for the wagons. Streams were crossed with improvised boats made by covering the wagon beds with green buffalo hides.

Years later, Lindsay's son, Jesse A., who was eight years of age on the journey, would write an account of the trip (Jesse Applegate, *Recollections of*

My Boyhood). Until they reached the Columbia River, the journey was marred by no disasters of consequence. The only Indian harassment was a certain amount of thievery. This expedition had the advantages of good hunting and fresh pastures which later immigrant trains would not have. It wasn't until the Applegates got to Fort Walla Walla that tragedy struck the families. They had been advised to leave their wagons and animals with the Hudsons Bay Company at the fort. When they were unable to obtain boats in which to descend the Columbia, they built three craft out of driftwood found along the river banks. Dr. Marcus Whitman procured for them the services of two Indians to act as river pilots as far as The Dalles.

At one of the rapids in the river, the boat containing one of the Indians, three of the Applegate boys, three men and most of their supplies was overturned. Two of the men and Lindsay's eleven year old son, Elisha, managed to swim ashore -- although Elisha was swept a mile downstream before he could reach land. Lost were a 70-year friend of the family who tried to save the two younger boys, Lindsay's son Warren (aged nine) and Jesse's son Everett (aged ten). Warren's mother was particularly remorseful because she had always objected to the boys going swimming back in Missouri, and neither Warren nor his cousin Everett had ever learned to swim. At the time of the accident, John C. Freemont and his companions happened to be camped on the opposite shore and witnessed the scene but were unable to render assistance.

After searching in vain for the bodies of the boys, the Applegate party continued down the Columbia without further incident until they reached the mouth of the Willamette River. Here they traveled upstream to Champoege where the Hudsons Bay Company had a station. From Champoege they traveled overland to a spot near today's town of Gervais a few miles north of a settlement they referred to as "The Mill" (now Salem). The Applegates called their winter quarters "The Old Mission" because Methodist missionaries under Jason Lee had established there the first mission in the Willamette Valley. The emigrants ended the seven-month journey on November 29, 1843.

Two years earlier the mission had been

relocated at The Mill, and three log cabins built by the missionaries had been abandoned. The cabins housed the twenty-five Applegates (plus three or four young men who had come west with them) during the first year in Oregon. Although the cabins were very primitive the new tenants found them a welcome relief after traveling in the rain with inadequate clothing for the last three weeks. During that first wet and dreary winter the families were almost destitute of furnishings and food supplies. What had been common comforts in their Missouri homes now became luxuries. Much of their furniture, bedding and cooking utensils had been lost when the boat capsized in the Columbia River rapids. Elizabeth Applegate baked all that winter on a skillet lid found in one of the abandoned cabins. Fortunately game was plentiful.

The younger Applegates, along with children of the missionaries and the French-Canadian trappers in the area, attended a nearby religious school. Although no Indian children attended the school, the Applegate youngsters played with them and learned to speak Chinook. After the families were somewhat settled in their winter quarters, the men explored the country west of the Willamette River and finally selected a place for settlement on a stream called Salt Creek at the base of the Coast Range. The three brothers chose adjoining land claims about three miles north of the present city of Dallas* in Polk County. Jesse built a hut on his section of land and spent the rest of the winter preparing a home for his family. At the same time, Lindsay and Elisha, both of whom were handy with carpenter tools, built ferry boats which the families used to cross the Willamette in the spring on their move to Salt Creek. Because their stock was still at Walla Walla, they hired or borrowed a couple of teams to make the move.

In the summer of 1844 the men returned to Walla Walla to get their wagons and stock. They found that some of their horses and cattle had been appropriated by Indians or unscrupulous whites, and only about 50 head reached the settlement on Salt Creek. Of the three wagons

*Dallas, Oregon, was first called "Cynthia Ann" in honor of Jesse's wife.

left at the fort by Lindsay, only four rear wheels remained. Lindsay, Elisha and Charles Applegate (who was a rough blacksmith) used the four wheels to make two small carts. The problem of clothing for the settlers was a serious one during the early years in Oregon. Buckskin was worn of course, but cloth was so scarce that the canvas tents and wagon covers used on the journey west were made into garments. Buttons, made of worn-out pewter tableware, were cast in molds cut in blocks of sandstone. After a few years unbleached muslin became available from Hudsons Bay trading posts. The Applegate ladies dyed this muslin brown by boiling the bark of alder trees.

The year 1845 saw a school established a few miles south of the Applegate lands. The log cabin school was known as the Jefferson Institute, tuition was \$8, and most of the Applegate children attended it. By this time all three brothers were farming, and Jesse was soon building up a fine herd of stock. He also built a small grist mill and resumed his profession of surveying. In 1845 he was chosen as a representative in the Provisional Legislature and for a number of years he devoted some of his time and talent attempting to improve the political climate in what was to become the Oregon Territory.

The Applegates' greatest claim to fame probably resulted from their participation in the 1846 exploratory expedition to find a route from the east into southern Oregon. This route, which Lindsay always referred to as the South Road, came, in time, to be called the Applegate Trail. Historians have mostly credited Jesse with the leadership of the expedition, but both Lindsay, who was a born pathfinder by nature, and Levi Scott** played important roles in locating a suitable road through the unknown country. The idea of finding a southern route originated with the members of the 1843 great migration as they recalled the grueling hardships of their journey down the Snake and Columbia rivers.

In May, 1846, a small band of explorers under the leadership of Levi Scott had set out to find a more southerly route to Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail.

**Levi Scott had come west in the 1843 migration and later would found the town of Scottsburg on the Umpqua River.

Dissent arose, however, and the party broke up. A month later reorganization was effected, and a larger expedition left with Jesse Applegate serving as captain (although most accounts credit Scott as the nominal leader). Lindsay and a dozen other men also were in the second expedition. Charles Applegate stayed home to tend the farms of the three families.

When the expedition camped north of present-day Grants Pass, Lindsay climbed to the top of Sexton Mountain where, afar in the distance, he could see the Rogue River. He also thought that he could see another ribbon of shining water still farther away. Upon returning to camp, he averred that this second stream probably flowed into the Rogue from the south. His companions ridiculed the idea and, in jest, began calling the stream "Lindsay's River" and eventually the "Applegate River." Later explorers would prove Lindsay right. This name, started in jest, survives to this day.

The expedition was harassed by Indians as it passed through the Rogue Valley and several times found the way so difficult that it became necessary to retrace their steps and seek an alternate route as they crossed the Cascades and continued eastward. When the party reached the Lost River, which empties into Tule Lake, they were unable to find a crossing until an Indian guided them upstream to a submerged natural causeway (to become famous as the stone bridge for later travelers).^{*} Making their way across northern Nevada's Black Rock Desert, the party finally reached the Humboldt River and intercepted the rough trail already blazed by California-bound travelers. They followed this trail along the river to its headwaters.

By this time their provisions were getting low, so Jesse and four others took the strongest animals and headed for Fort Hall. Scott and the rest of the party proceeded more slowly. It may have been this decision that accounted for Applegate's name rather than Scott's being associated with the trail in later years. After sending the men back with supplies, Jesse remained at the fort for a short time making a sales pitch to immigrant trains to use the newly-found trail. When the supplies from Fort Hall reached Scott and the main

^{*}The stone bridge is no more, but the fifteen men who discovered it are remembered by a bronze marker at the spot.

body, the trailblazers had got as far as Thousand Springs (in the northeast corner of present-day Nevada). Here, on August 11, 1846, they started the return journey. They were now joined by a large group of Oregon-bound immigrants whom Jesse had persuaded to join them on the new trail.

Most of the Applegate party, reinforced by a number of volunteers from the immigrant train, rode on ahead to work on the trail under Lindsay's direction. Levi Scott and David Goff stayed behind to guide the wagons. When Lindsay's advance party reached the timbered region in the Cascades, progress slowed considerably as they widened the trail for the wagons. It wasn't until October 3 that Jesse and Lindsay finally arrived home. Unfortunately many of the immigrants in the first contingent to use the trail didn't reach the Willamette Valley until late November. These late arrivals had undergone extreme hardship during their last month on the trail, and it had been necessary for the Applegates to send them relief supplies.

Those late arrivals had ignored Jesse's warning to "keep traveling." They had loitered too long in order to secure the advantages of a road broken by the wagons ahead of them. To make matters worse, heavy rains came to southern Oregon three weeks earlier than usual that fall. The criticism of some of these immigrants probably discouraged some wagon trains from taking the Applegate Trail during the first few years, but ultimately thousands would travel to Oregon over this route. Incidentally, some of the 1846 Oregon-bound immigrants who started down the Humboldt route decided to go to California instead. One such group was the ill-fated Donner Party.

Lindsay was to write in his diary, "The consciousness of having opened up a better and safer road than that by way of the Columbia was satisfaction and compensation enough for all our hardships and labors."

Following the 1847 massacre of the Whitman family in Walla Walla, many of the Applegate neighbors in Polk County volunteered to go north under Colonel Cornelius Gilliam and avenge the brutal murders. The volunteers decided that they needed to carry a flag, and Elizabeth, Lindsay's wife, agreed to make one. She and other women worked hours on the project using donated red flannel petticoats, blue overalls and white muslin. Although there was

no sewing machine in the settlement and scarcely a half dozen needles, the ladies finished it in time for it to be taken by the troops.

Old Glory had meant a great deal to the Applegates ever since Daniel Applegate had been a flag bearer in the Revolutionary War and two of Daniel's brothers had died fighting under this flag. The 13-starred flag carried by Daniel went with the family on the 1843 migration. When the immigrants entered British-held territory and passed England's union jack waving over the Hudsons Bay posts, Old Glory was brought out and hoisted above the leading wagon. Later, as the Applegates started down the Columbia in boats, the family flag waved over the leading craft. This was the boat that capsized, and the flag went down with the two boys.

During the seven years they lived in Polk County, Lindsay and Elizabeth added three more children to their family. Oliver Cromwell was born June 1845; Annie, Nov 1847; and Francis McClellan, January 1850. This son was named after the 70-year old friend who had tried to save the two children on the Columbia River mishap. After gold was discovered in California and word reached the Applegates, a party of about 40 men, including Lindsay, left for the gold fields. They prospected on the Rogue and the Applegate before pushing on to California. After several months of mining with some success, the Oregon party chartered a small sailing vessel to return by sea. It was a dreary voyage and the passengers were tyrannized by a heartless captain and crew. They finally rebelled, took possession of the craft, and eventually landed at Astoria.

When Jesse and Lindsay had been on the southern road expedition in 1846, they had so greatly admired the country in the Umpqua River watershed that the three families decided to settle there. While Lindsay was mining in California Jesse claimed a piece of land in the Umpqua valley at a location which he called Yoncalla, named after the Indians who lived in a small village nearby. Jesse built a cabin there in 1849, and the following year Lindsay and Charles moved all three families to the new site. The two brothers chose sections lying just to the east of Jesse's property and

proceeded to erect temporary log shelters on their lands. Within a few years, all three brothers had built fine homes on the slopes of Mt. Yoncalla.*

On a small stream in the area, Lindsay and his son Elisha constructed and operated a flouring mill. When the Rogue River Indians went on a rampage in 1853, Lindsay organized a company of mounted volunteers to fight them. His sons, Elisha (by that time, 21) and Jesse A. (17), were in the company when they headed for the Rogue Valley. All three Applegates were present at the signing of the 1853 Table Rock Treaty.

In 1858 a corporation was formed by Michael Thomas and Associates to build and maintain a toll road over the Siskiyou Mountains. Jesse Applegate was employed to survey the route, and Lindsay and his sons contracted to build a portion of the road. The following year Lindsay bought the franchise and, with his boys, began collecting tolls. The first tollhouse was a rude log cabin. Tolls were 25 cents per horseman and \$1.50 for a wagon with one team. That same year (1859), Lindsay and Elisha were instrumental in establishing the Yoncalla Institute, one of the many private schools springing up in the state.

On the Siskiyou toll road business was so good that Lindsay built a new two-story tollhouse in 1861. He sold his holdings in Yoncalla to his brother Charles and moved his family to the tollhouse. The family operated the tollroad until 1871 when it was sold to Thornton and Loughlin. In 1875 the Dollarhides became the owners. The year after moving to the tollhouse, Lindsay served as Jackson County representative in the state legislature. At the close of the Civil War, probably in recognition of the fact that he had always been on good terms with the Indians, Lindsay was appointed Indian Agent for the Klamath Reservation. With a small party, including his 20-year old son, Oliver, he followed the Applegate Trail across the Greensprings, was ferried over the Link (Klamath) River by an Indian brave called Moses, followed up the east shore of Upper Klamath Lake, crossed the Williamson River by canoe, *Charles' house, located between the other two, was started in 1852 and finished in 1856. It is listed in the National Register and is one of the oldest houses in Oregon continuously occupied by one family.

and set up a temporary headquarters at Fort Klamath in August 1865.

Several months later Applegate established a permanent agency headquarters about seven miles south of the fort on the east shore of Agency Lake (a northern arm of Upper Klamath Lake). Funds appropriated for operation of the reservation were meager at first, and the Agent could employ only one assistant. As a result Lindsay, with a small detachment of regular cavalry and a hastily organized company of 49 Indian scouts under command of young Oliver, headed north to meet a wagon train of supplies from The Dalles. They met the wagons near the Warm Springs Reservation. Here each Indian was issued an axe which was used to clear a road for the wagons. Oliver's scouts were thereupon called the Axe and Rifle Company.

Lindsay had accepted the Indian Agency post with the intention of teaching the Indians on the Klamath Reservation how to farm. When he felt that his mission had been accomplished, he retired in 1869 to his estate in Ashland. His farm there occupied the land where the railroad yards would later be built, and his house was located at the site of the present Elks Temple on East Main Street. Lindsay's departure from the reservation did not end the involvement of the Applegates in Indian affairs. Over the next twenty years, three of his sons served the Indian Service at one time or another. Oliver had been quick to learn the native languages and formed warm friendships with the principal chiefs of the Modoc Tribe. Off and on he spent many years working with the Indians. Soon after his father left the service, Oliver was placed in charge of the Indian Sub-Agency at Yainax on the Sprague River.

At this time Oliver's older brother, Ivan was also working at Yainax. Many years later Ivan's wife, Margaret, would write a charming and engrossing story of her wedding trip to the Indian Reservation in 1871. Just before the Modoc War began, Ivan and Margaret had their first child, Alice, the first white girl born in Klamath County.* When a small band of Modoc warriors under sub-chief

*Alice Applegate Peil became famous in her own right. She was honored by an exhibit at the Swedenburg House Museum in January '86.

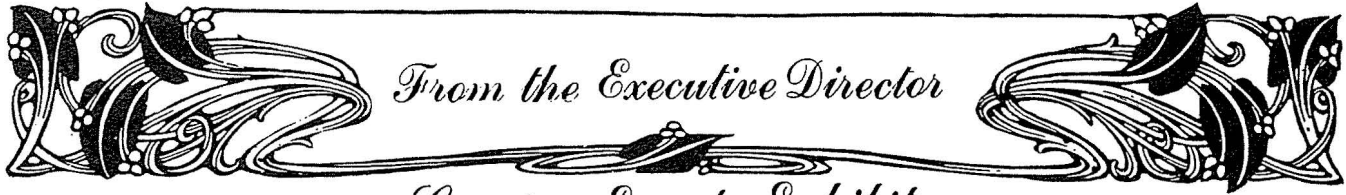
Kientpoos (known to history as Captain Jack) went on the warpath in 1872, resulting in the Modoc War the following year, Oliver Applegate was instrumental in keeping the main body of Modocs from joining Captain Jack's forces. This became Oliver's greatest contribution to history because the war could have become much more serious than it was. During the fighting in 1873, Oliver served as captain of a company of Indian scouts.

After the hostilities ended, Oliver participated in one of the early expeditions to Crater Lake and eventually was credited with assisting in the creation of a national park at the lake. A prominent peak on the south rim of the lake is named in his honor. For a short period after the Modoc War, Oliver toured the United States in a theatrical troupe organized by A.B. Meacham, one of the survivors of Captain Jack's massacre of the Peace Commission when General Canby and twenty-one others were treacherously murdered.

At one time or another, four of Lindsay Applegate's sons worked and lived in Klamath County. Oliver became a prominent cattle rancher, first near Olene and later at the Lone Rock Ranch in Swan Lake Valley and on the Sprague River. Both Ivan and Lucian also owned stock ranches in Swan Lake Valley. Eventually the three brothers were the third largest taxpayers in the county. In later years Ivan was in the sheep business in partnership with the husband of the noted opera singer Nellie Melba. Although brother Elisha made his home in Ashland for several years in the 1880s, he was Indian Agent on the Klamath Reservation.

Lindsay continued to farm in Ashland until after his wife Elizabeth died in 1882. He sold all his Ashland property except his home to the Railroad when the tracks came to southern Oregon in 1884. He died at Oliver's Lone Rock Ranch on November 28, 1892. In the depression of 1893-94 Oliver lost all three of his ranches. He moved to Klamath Falls and engaged in the insurance business. Later he returned to his duties at the Klamath Reservation. Elisha, his oldest son, died in 1896. Jesse died in Jacksonville, Lucian in Klamath Falls and Ivan in Ashland. Oliver died in 1938 in Klamath Falls.

End



From the Executive Director

Coming Events, Exhibits

January 17-26: JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM QUILTERS SHOW, U.S. Hotel Ballroom
Jacksonville 10Am-4PM

On display will be the 99" x 111" quilt done by the Jacksonville Museum Quilters (p.2, *Table Rock Sentinel*, November '86 issue). Displayed also will be 500 plus quilt blocks which comprise the largest quilt block collection on the West Coast.

through January 31: CELEBRATING ASHLAND'S RAILROAD CENTENNIAL:

A PRELUDE." This is an exhibit of Quilts by Hands-All-Around Quilters, etc.

Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland.
1-5PM, Tues.-Sat.

February 10 - August 1:

SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY

Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland. 1-5PM, Tues.-Sat. This exhibit explores growing up in Ashland during the 1900s and early 1920s through historic photographs and artifacts. The childhood experiences of John Billings, Ruby Powell Mason, Lawrence Powell and Marie Prescott are highlighted in the display. Included also are prominent Ashland sites and scenes, such as Lithia Park, the Railroad District, Chautauqua and the Fourth of July. SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY also presents school days of 70 years ago and the clothing and toys commonly used by children of that period.

February 15:

TEA DANCE, SUNDAY SOCIAL. Informal dance/music.

U.S. Hotel Ballroom, Jacksonville. 2-4PM

February 21, 28, March 7

THREE PART SERIES ON WEAVING FOR CHILDREN.

Children's Museum, Jacksonville. 10AM-2PM.

New Assistant Librarian

Our own Carol Harbison, former library aide, starts the New Year out right -- with a new position in the Research library as Assistant Librarian. Carol is in charge of all photo orders and handles the majority of the reference work in the afternoons when the library is open to the public.

Carol has moved up from our docent program to museum receptionist to library aide to her present position. Congratulations, Carol.

Membership News

Susan Cox, Membership Chairman, has been very busy the past month updating our membership list on the computer. Our current membership stands at 1730. Yes, this is a reduction from the 2200-plus members we once had, but it is due to our making the records more accurate. Formerly we counted



Carol Harbison
Photograph
by Natalie Brown

each membership (except for Jr. Historian, Senior and Individual) as two members. Now each membership category is counted as *one* member and is eligible for one vote; *i.e.*, a family membership entitles one person in that family to be eligible to vote.

Membership in the Society brings you a 15% discount in the Society Gift Shop, special invitations to exhibits and Society programs, a yearly Society calendar and the monthly *Table Rock Sentinel*. As a Society member, you are encouraged to recruit new members.

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING: Tuesday, January 27, 1987, 7:30 PM, at the Jackson County Courthouse Auditorium. The meeting will include discussion of and voting on the Society's proposed bylaws.

Out-County News

There is a move to create a monument in memory of Glen Wooldridge, the first man to travel the full length of the Rogue River. If you wish further information on this project, contact The Glen Wooldridge Memorial Fund, Inc., 407 N.W. Elm Street, Grants Pass, OR - 97526.

A new museum will be opening in Rogue River of which we want you to be aware. The Woodville Museum, Inc., is located in the historic Hatch House of Rogue River. Members hope to have the museum in full operation by mid January. The Woodville Museum will preserve for future generations items of historic value representing Rogue River, Wimer, Foothills Creek and Savage Creek areas. For further information, contact Ms Colista Moore, Chairman, Woodville Museum, Inc., P.O. Box 1288, Rogue River Or - 97537.

Samuel J. Wegner

Medford Library to Celebrate Anniversary

The Medford Public Library is going to have a gala birthday party this year, beginning on February 8, when the library becomes 75 years old. The announcement was made by Ms Ronnie Budge, the Central Librarian and Assistant Director of the Medford Carnegie Library, who has held this position for "twelve years, going on thirteen." She came to Medford from New York City in 1975.

The calendar of events will include an Open House on February 8, featuring exhibits of historic pictures, one of which shows the interior of the library around 1920. An account book, kept by early librarians, will be on display and articles from the *Medford Mail Tribune* of February 9, 1912, presenting the story of the grand opening will be exhibited. A list of books which were on the shelves at that time and a list of past librarians will be included in the display. A letter from the Secretary-President of the Medford Library Board to James Bertram, Carnegie's Secretary, will be displayed. The letter contains the information that the agreed sum of money had been collected locally for the establishment of a Medford library.

Four lectures have been scheduled.

At 11:00 AM Reginald Bretnor, the distinguished author, will speak on Science Fiction, and at the same time, David Russell will present the History of Children's Literature. At 1:30 in the afternoon Wes Doak, the Oregon State Librarian, will lecture on the Library of the Future. At 3:30 Mark Wolfe, a Medford lawyer, will present Medford and the Library of 1912. In between lectures, there will be band concerts, with the South Medford High School Stage Band scheduled for an appearance at 2:30 before the fireplace. These programs will be presented in the library.

The library, which was originally set up as a subscription library in 1903, was first located in Haskins Drug Store. The Carnegie building was opened to the public in 1912. It has had a significant part in the development of Medford, from serving as a meeting place for suffragettes in early times to providing reference and research material for such men as R.D. Wallace, Edison Marshall, Dick Applegate and David Frohnmayer.

Ms Budge extends a cordial invitation to all of our readers to attend the festivities and the lectures. Watch local papers for details and dates.



The year, 1924, was five years away from the great depression, but it was far from boom times. A dime bought a loaf of bread, and a quarter supplied the round steak for a dinner for four. Today when the tab for an evening's entertainment runs into an astronomical total, multitudes, cash in hand, flock to the box office, eager to meet the price. In 1924, when one considered entertainment, he considered it carefully. The motion picture palace and traveling vaudeville were prime attractions, and nearly everyone had a yen to go, although a few stern parents maintained that theater people were naughty and that the silver screen could corrupt Junior. But the opening of a new theater and the arrival of the Ellison-White Chautauqua were big news, and the stories appeared in the *Medford Mail Tribune*.

CHAUTAUQUA COMES TO JACKSONVILLE

Although Jacksonville had no Chautauqua Park nor grand auditorium with an inspiring dome, there was a time when Chautauqua came to town. In 1924 and 1925 an inspired City Council, composed of Chester Wendt, George W. Godward, G.F. Lindley and Peter Fick, ferreted out sufficient guarantors among the city's businessmen to secure a week of entertainment from the Ellison-White Chautauqua Company.

An advance agent, Miss Gladys Sargent, was provided by the company, and she made an extended stay in Jacksonville to oversee the sale of tickets and to set up a bouquet on the stage of the school gymnasium. For the second season the ball room at the U.S. Hotel served as auditorium. At that time the building was pretty shabby, but the accoustics were better than those at the gym, and the entertainment seekers didn't fill the hall anyway. A rope was extended across the bandstand and a temporary curtain was hooked over it.

Season tickets sold for two dollars,

which was certainly as much as most of the buyers could afford, but which unfortunately did not secure the services of William Jennings Bryan or Madam Schumann-Heink. It did, however, bring wholesome college-type entertainers who presented genteel program material.

Advance advertising in the November 14, 1924, *Jacksonville Post*, announced the arrival of Harriet Baughman and Thelma Pfefferle, two beautiful, versatile college-type girls who featured cornet solos, piano solos, soprano solos, recitations and skits. Baughman was a "finished artist on the cornet and her double mouthing [produced] most inspiring effects."

This musical duo was followed by a group of four musicians, the Leake's Orchestral Entertainers, who offered "a lot of things musically and [did] everything well. Vocal work, piano, drums, flute, saxaphone, marimbaphone and other musical features" were enjoyed.

A third program was given by Dr. Robert Parker Miles, an inspirational

A Really Truly Family Affair for Chautauqua Festival



THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

another lecture.

The third evening a play, *Cappy Ricks*, was presented. It came "directly from Chicago," probably about twenty years after its debut on Broadway. The professional cast of four made the best of the makeshift stage and offered a "good, wholesome comedy about the rough old seadog with a heart of gold."

The final program was presented by a family of three: a mother, a father and a son. Their program included a one-act play about ghosts. The mother took the pins out of her hair, which she could have sat upon, and drifted around the stage making whooshing sounds and looking spectral. The play was funny and spooky, and the audience loved it. After the play the actors presented a short, folksy musical program. The mother, who had pinned up her hair, sang *Lamour Toujours Lamour* with a thrilling tremolo, and the father sang *Asleep in*

the Deep while the audience leaned forward to help him make the low notes. The son, who accompanied all the songs, was very accomplished. He draped a sheet over the keyboard and played *Mama Loves Papa* with hardly any mistakes at all.

1925, the second year of Jacksonville's Chautauqua experience, was the final one. The season may also have ended with a deficit. A campaign by Medford business interests for the removal of the courthouse was underway, and most citizens were more concerned with acquiring the necessities than with seeking culture.

Even so, the Ellison-White Company had brought to town a touch of glamor for a brief period. Those who attended may still remember that touch of sadness when the doorman took the membership card and tore off the fourth and final perforated stub.



Today the Craterian Theater stands empty,
a once glamorous flapper that has seen better days.
Like all great beauties, she was done in by competition.
The Rogue Valley Art Association, its present owners,
would be happy to rent it to almost anyone who could make
a respectable buck or two, but until an inspired entrepreneur
or an imaginative impressario comes along with a well-lined pocket-
book, it will continue its lonely vigil, the auditorium empty,
and the stage dark.
In palmier days--before popcorn smelled-up the lobby
and diet coke ran out of paper cups and stained the carpets--
it had a grand debut which led into a period of several decades of
beauty and usefulness.
The *Medford Sun* (The *Sunday Tribune*) featured the opening night
on October 20, 1924.

THE OPENING OF THE CRATERIAN

The Craterian Theater was opened to the public on October 20, 1924. Built by J.C. Cooley and P.J. Neff, it was leased, furnished and operated by George A. Hunt.

The exterior of the building was designed by Frank C. Clark. An article in the *Medford Sun* describes it as an early Spanish style. The interior was "Italian Renaissance, with walls highly decorated in design and colors of gold and silver with multicolored ornamentation and background." Murals were done

by Berg and Weisenborn of Seattle.

Upon entering the theater, one walked "over a tile lobby into the main foyer which was beautifully draped with electric blue silk plush." Lighting fixtures were of wrought iron interlined with silk. Louis XVI chairs were placed in the foyer. In the ceiling, baby spotlights illuminated each costumed usher.

The walls of the lobby were decorated with gold stencil work. Wall niches contained vases holding fresh flowers. The foyer was separated from the audi-

torium by a plate glass partition. The ladies' retiring room was directly off the foyer and the furniture there was of wicker, "very tastefully decorated." A smoking room for men was also provided and the decoration there was "of the Adam period."

The auditorium, with a seating capacity for 1187 patrons, was cove-lighted with 500 Mazda lamps, alternating in colors to produce varied lighting effects. On either side of the stage were ornamental grills to conceal the organ pipes. The stage was large enough to provide space for touring dramatic groups. Its height was 50 feet to enable huge sets "to be flown for dramatic extravaganzas." The pit provided room for a complete orchestra, an organ console and a grand piano. The pipe organ rested on an elevator platform enabling the organist to rise to the full view of the audience. The asbestos advertising curtain featured a colorful picture of Crater Lake. Off the balcony were two special rooms: one, a private party room with plate glass windows through which pictures could be viewed; the other, a soundproof Crying Room.

For the opening night Mr. Elliot Dexter, the "famous motion picture and stage star," had the honor of dedicating the theater from the stage in a modern spoken Comedy Drama, *The Havoc*. An advertisement promised that "no less interesting and memorable than the opening of the theater will be the audience that will participate on the occasion ... The guest list reveals the social brilliance of the assemblage." It can readily be seen why only Medford's elite attended. For this occasion, starring the ever-popular Elliott Dexter, ticket prices soared to a high of \$2.75. After the gala opening, film performances, starring lesser lights such as John Barrymore or Clara Bow, commanded substantially less, namely 50 cents. No doubt Venita Daley, who frequently served as ticket-taker for Hunt's theaters, was in the box office.

The presentation on the second night was a film starring Constance and Norma Talmadge, a serial, *The Chase*, Pathe News, a Felix cartoon and Betty Brown at the console of the mighty organ. Friday night's feature was Colleen Moore in *The Perfect Flapper*.



Through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Wakefield of Medford, we print this letter which was written by his father in 1912 to his mother. She had taken the children to Blue Earth, in southern Missouri, to visit her parents, and while she was gone, he took a trip, via horse and buggy, to Crater Lake. His letter is a chronicle of that trek.

A 1912 TRIP TO CRATER LAKE

Medford, Oregon, Aug. 14th 1912
My Dear Jessie and Kidies;

Well, we got home last evening, after a week out, and I tell you home looked good but seemed awful funny not to see any one around, and the house sure seemed quiet last night. Wish that at least one of you were here, but glad that you are there and having a good time. Mayme's card was here when I got home, saying you had got there all right, and that you were all well. We found everything all right at home, the garden, chickens, and everything looking fine.

We left home on Thursday morning at 4:15 and drove to the mouth of the Big Butte Creek for dinner, about 38 miles, I guess.

stayed there about three hours and drove to Prospect for camp at night, about 65 miles from Medford, (Note: They must have had one helluva good pair of horses) made camp and had a fine supper Potatoes, sweet corn coffee and bacon, and the trimmings. Left there at about 8 A.M. and drove to Camp 1000 Springs for the night. Had a fine camp, and found some fine large Mosquitoes, just a little larger than spring chickens, but the finest spring water that I have ever tasted; it was so cold that it made our teeth ache, and Joe nearly froze his feet. He got up to see about the horses and went out bare foot to where the horses were, and could not get his feet warm again.

We broke camp about 7:30 and arrived at

Crater Lake about 10:30 and made camp on the rim of the lake, about 100 feet from a snow bank, watered, fed and had dinner and then went down to the water. Only a little over 1500 feet to the edge of the water, and we had a man take us over to the island in a motor boat and leave us there with a row boat.

Then we climbed the island to the rim, or the old crater, the hole on top of the island is about 800 feet deep and is all shale rock, but we surely was well paid for the trip as we could see all over the lake and it surely is a great sight. The water in the lake is all that we have ever heard of it. It is bluer than any water than you have ever used for washing, and then in a few feet it is as clear as a crystal, and one can see down in the water they claim 50 feet.

We rowed all around the island and fished. I caught three, and Joe caught 2 fine trout. The first one that I got weighted about three pounds, and was a beauty, we cooked that one for supper, and I thought it was fine. The climb up from the water was not very bad, we made it in about 35 minutes, I think, but you could make it easy in about 50 minutes, or one hour, and if we live another year, I will surely take you up there and we will take the same trip that we did, for there is no use of going to the lake unless you go down to the water. Schulers just went up and looked at the lake from the rim and came away, and still they claim that they had a fine trip. Well, we had the first trout that I caught for our supper, and it sure was good. A fine speckled one that would weigh about 3 pounds, with it we had sweet corn and boiled spuds. I did most of the cooking.

But Joe is a dandy fellow to go out with, only he forgets so much that I had to watch him all the time or he would leave half of our outfit, but we got through alright, only lost the long fork, and that was all the bad luck we had.

I got up every morning about 5 oclock, and time we had breakfast and got backed up it was usually about 6:30 or 7, and that was the nicest time of the day, although the weather was simply perfect all the time, and as we came in the valley yesterday, it was very cool and rained some this morning, and it is very

cool today.

We left the rim of Crater Lake at 7 A.M. Sunday and drove down to Pelacon Bay by the way of Fort Klamath, and it was a dandy trip down from the summit and the roads were fine. We got to the Bay at about five oclock and made camp and found Palm, Corey, D.T. Lawtons Campbell, Nye, and Alford's all in camp there, so we stayed over all day Monday and had a fine time boating and fishing.

Mr. Palm has a moter boat, and some fine light row boats, and we went fishing there Monday morning, and caught all that we wanted to. Lindleys were there also. It is sure a nice place to spend a few weeks. And the way to go is by train to Klamath Falls and then by boat 35 miles to Rock Point. There is a store and hotel there and one can rent tents, and just have a fine time there, and plenty of the best spring water and everything that one wants for an outing.

Palms have a nice small cottage right near the water, and they have it fixed up in fine shape. Mrs. Palm done her washing Monday, and does all of her own work. We spent Monday evening with them had popcorn and spent a very pleasant evening, and the old pelcons were swimming along the shore right close in to where we had our tent. Lots of ducks and worlds of trout.

We packed up there Tuesday morning and left about 6:45 and came to the famous Herriman lodge, and came home over the Dead Indian road, and that last road nearly killed all the pleasure of the trip, and the roads were so much worse than anything that I have ever even heard of, well, they were simply awful, rocky, and then as we came down the last hill into Ashland, the last hill is about 12 miles long, and some of the way it is almost straight down, still we met about 20 rigs going up to pick huckle berries. The old Rogue Valley looked good to us after going over that last strip of mountain roads, and the team was glad, I guess, but still they came home in fine shape, we took good care of them and gave them spring water several times a day, and Cap came in in better shape than Rel, I think, any way, they are ready today for another trip. We stopped in Ashland and got some Peaches and drove home for dinner, got here about 11 A.M. Wednesday, just a week out, and

it was a dandy, but very tiresome the last day or two. I would not take the children on the trip, for it would tire them out, and they would not appreciate what there is to see.

We saw Mill Creek Falls at Prospect, that is well worth the whole trip, and several other places, and the best of all is the Cold Spring water every few miles all the way up. So cold that it would make your teeth ache. One place they told us that it kept 35 degrees the year around, and one spring was even colder than that, why, our City water tastes like dish water compared to most of the water that we had on the trip, still home looked good yesterday when we drove in.

I washed up the things and washed the buggy, picked the cucumbers and some beans, and took the buggy out to Dells and found them already to go somewhere, so I traded rigs and came back home and got my own supper, built up a good fire and had a dandy bath and went to bed all alone about 8 and did not get up till 7 this morning.

I tell you the house is good and lonesome, and I think that about a month is all that you had better stay away or I will get on the train and come after you all, oh, we'll have a good time, and I will get along alright, but as you say when we go again it will be together, for it spoiled all the pleasure in our trip, for when we came to anything that was good to see, I always wished that you were along to see it, and it didn't seem right that I was seeing things all alone, and the cots are fine, but would be a whole lot better if they were big enough for two so we could snuggle up to each other and keep warm, so when we go we will get a double cot so we will keep from freezing up. Try and keep warm some how, and take good care of Charles, Hester is big enough to take care of her self, the little rat, wish she was here for me to look after.

Well, I must close and attend to the mail, I will write often to make up for the time that I have lost on the trip.

Write often and give the youngsters smacks from DAD. Have a good time. Was there any newly married people on

the train? How did the kids put in the time? and did you make connections alright? And for this time, lots of love and kisses.

Love to all there, from your old man.

*Jack Papa -
I haven't time to read
this over - so you can correct
and fill in what I
have left out
Cover*

On the back of the cover photograph is the legend: Abe Kromling and Mace Van Gordon. They worked for Maud Kubli and had a mine up the hill near the Kubli Ranch. *The original picture was loaned by Edith Kubli Scott.*

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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