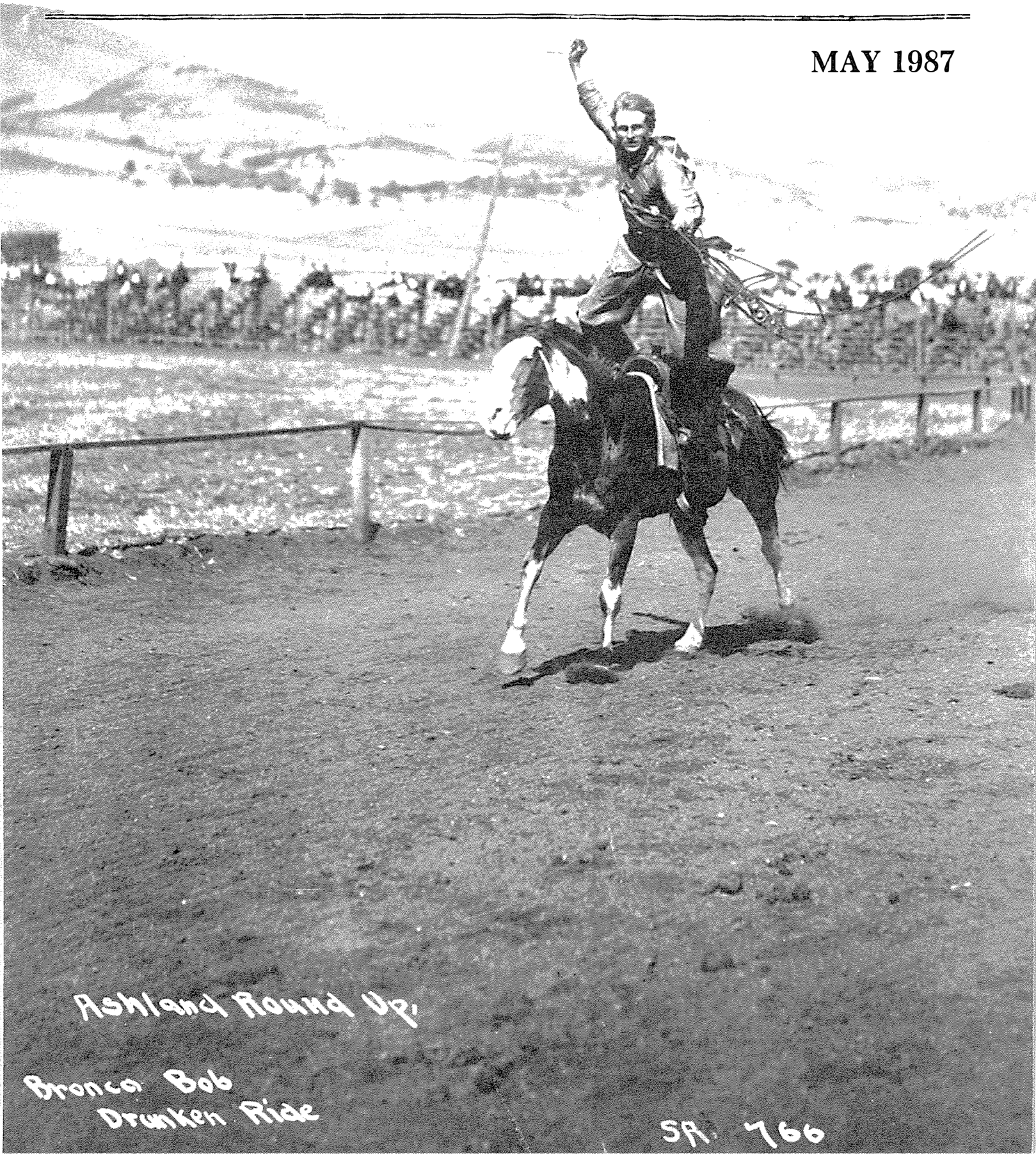


# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

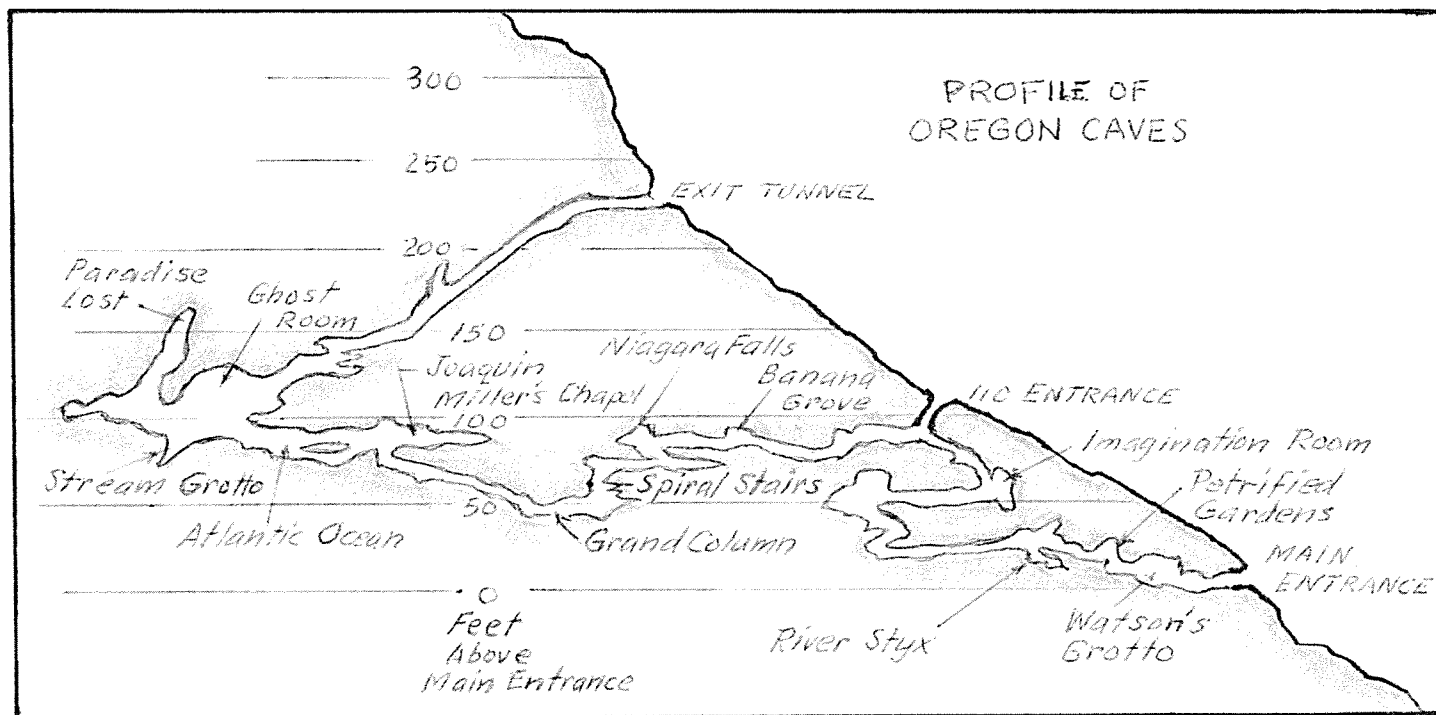
MAY 1987



Ashland Round Up,

Bronco Bob  
Drunken Ride

SA. 766



The profile of the Oregon Caves was sketched by Charles Sweet who has X-ray vision. The trails have been greatly improved since the days when the leader carried a torch and led a party of daring adventurers as they made their way to the Ghost Room, clinging to a twine cord so they could safely find their way out. Pictures of the Caves appearing in this issue are considerably dated. Today there are far more spectacular shots to be found, but the SOHS photographs were provided by some intrepid camera buffs who knew little about tricky lighting and special effects. Their claim to fame is that they were there first.

## Cover

The Rogue River Round-up, held annually in Ashland was a stunning success for a few years. The promoters hoped to become a formidable rival to the big Pendelton production, but their plans for enthusiastic SRO audiences failed to materialize. Like a sky rocket, it made a sudden explosion but soon sputtered out to only a memory.

The cowboy on the cover is winning the Drunken Race in which the rider stands upright in his stirrups, weaves right and left drunkenly, and waves an empty booze bottle at the fans. Such a race doesn't seem to require much riding-skill, but it was a favorite of the audiences.

### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

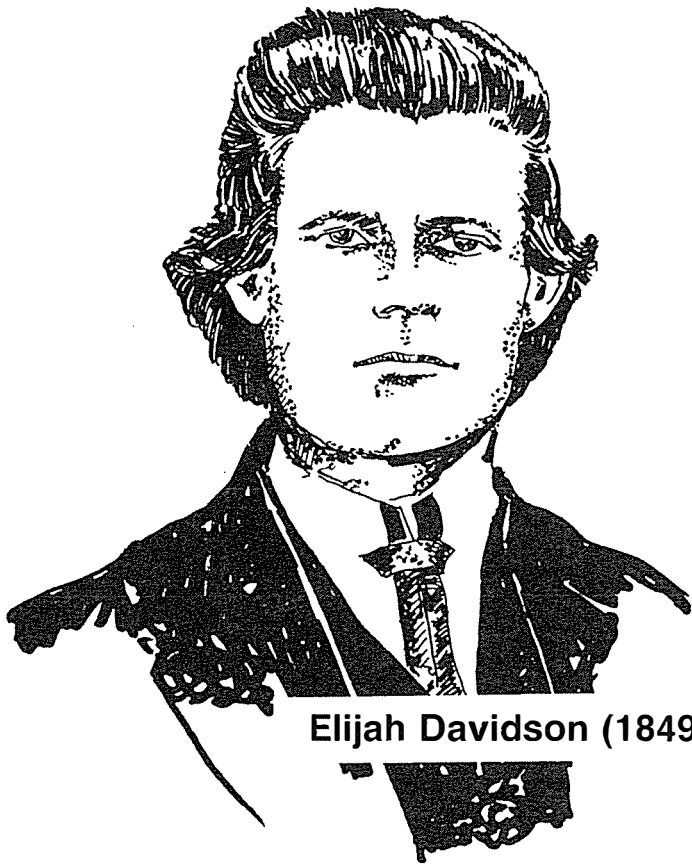
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Elijah Davidson (1849 - 1927)

## DISCOVERY OF THE OREGON CAVES

### CHARLES SWEET

People have been fascinated with caves since the Stone Age, a fascination which is perhaps the result of earliest man's utilizing underground shelters for protection from both the elements and the predatory animals. But people also are lured into caves because of the beauty to be found in many of them or simply because of the sense of adventure and the thrill of viewing the unknown. Today millions visit these enchanted underground palaces every year to look upon their vast galleries and their hauntingly beautiful formations that have been sculptured by the forces of nature.

Oregon can boast such a cave and, while it isn't so famous as the Carlsbad or Mammoth caverns, it is visited and enjoyed by thousands annually. Behind each of these underground attractions lies a story of human courage and determination by those first men who entered the caves at a time when they were just raw openings in the earth,

their dark and winding passages unmapped and unknown, their hazards a trap for the unwary. The Oregon Cave, located in the southwest corner of the state, is no exception. This is the story of its discovery and exploration.

Late in the fall of 1874, seven men on horseback headed southwest from the Williams Creek Valley into the Siskiyou Mountains. They had with them several pack horses loaded with provisions and camping outfits. Winter was coming, and this was a hunting expedition for meat. One of the younger members of the expedition was 25-year old, newly-married Elijah J. Davidson, Jr., whose father had settled on Williams Creek (a tributary of the Applegate River) in the 1850s. The hunters rode up the middle fork of Williams Creek and by evening had pitched camp at Mountain Meadows on the slopes of Greyback Mountain. They left



*Elijah Davidson, circa 1847 (Neg. No. 6820)*

camp early the next morning armed with their rifles. Each man selected his own route in which to stalk game. Elijah, accompanied by his bear dog, Bruno, and packing his dad's heavy, muzzle-loading musket, headed down a fork of Sucker Creek. As he was creeping cautiously through the brush, he spied a large, black tailed deer with its head held high. The young hunter, Lige, as he was called, leveled his gun and fired. At the sound of the shot, the buck leaped into the air and headed into the canyon. The hunter was certain that he had scored a hit and ordered Bruno to give chase. Running down behind the animals, he reached the stream (later to be named Cave Creek) in the bottom of the canyon and found the dog struggling with their quarry. Bruno soon had the deer down, and Lige used his knife to sever the jugular. He then discovered that his prey had a magnificent set of horns. When he turned from the deer to retrieve his gun, he found

that the dog had picked up the scent of another wild animal and was waiting for his master to give the word "Go."

Elijah gave the command, grabbed the gun and followed Bruno along the creek. He tried to keep up with the dog but soon lost sight of it. As he reached the head of the canyon and climbed the slope, he found himself in front of a brush-covered hole out of which the water of the stream emerged before it tumbled down the rocky slope. Over the roar of the water, he could hear the frenzied barking of the dog and the cornered bear's growls reverberating inside the mountain. He was undecided what to do until Bruno let out an agonizing howl. Lige hesitated no longer and crawled through the opening to go to his dog's aid. He had to crouch low at first as he splashed through the swift water and occasionally collided with projecting rocks. Finally he came to a place where he found that he could stand upright, but now was in total darkness.

Lighting a match from his pouch, Elijah was astounded to see that he was in a wide corridor and realized that this was some sort of cave instead of a bear's den as he had supposed. Believing that the dog might be in danger, he spent no time investigating the cave but hurried on to the sounds of the struggle. Before he had quite reached the two animals, however, he exhausted his supply of matches and was faced with the frightening thought that he might be trapped forever in this rocky tomb. Steeling himself against panic he soon was able to make out the faint sound of running water. Cautiously feeling his way slowly toward the sound, he eventually came across the small stream that he had followed on his way in. The stream guided him to the opening where he had entered a few hours earlier.

Shortly thereafter the faithful dog emerged with wagging tail and only a few minor scratches. Before returning to camp, Lige dragged the fallen deer to a spot nearer the cave entrance. Knowing the habit of bears, he figured that mister bruin would come out for food and, after gorging himself, would lie down for a snooze near the deer carcass. Returning the next morning with some of his fellow hunters, Elijah found the bear asleep a short distance from the partly-eaten deer. He and his brother-in-law, Julius Goodwin, woke the bear by shouting and throwing rocks. As the animal raised his head, young Davidson pulled the trigger. Little Lige who weighed about 135 pounds and stood 5'-8" in his stocking feet, had now killed two very large animals with a muzzle-



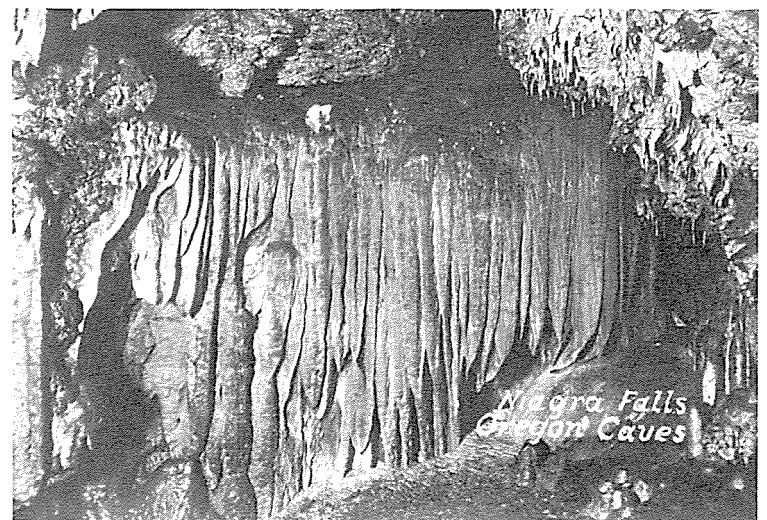
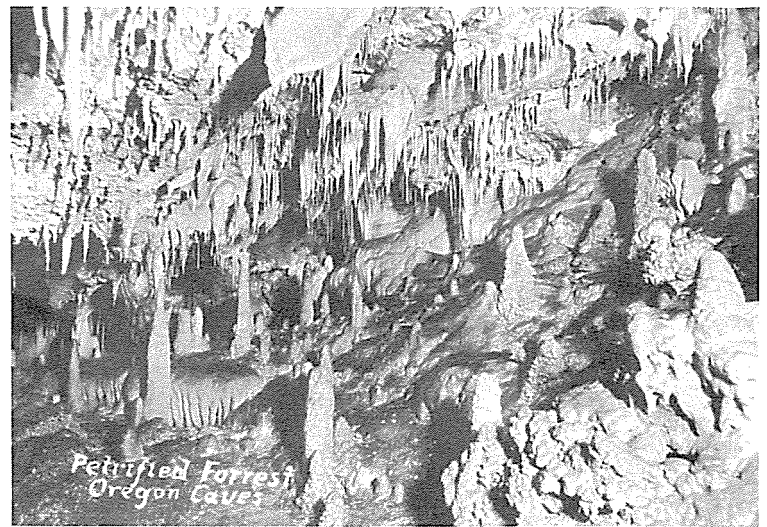
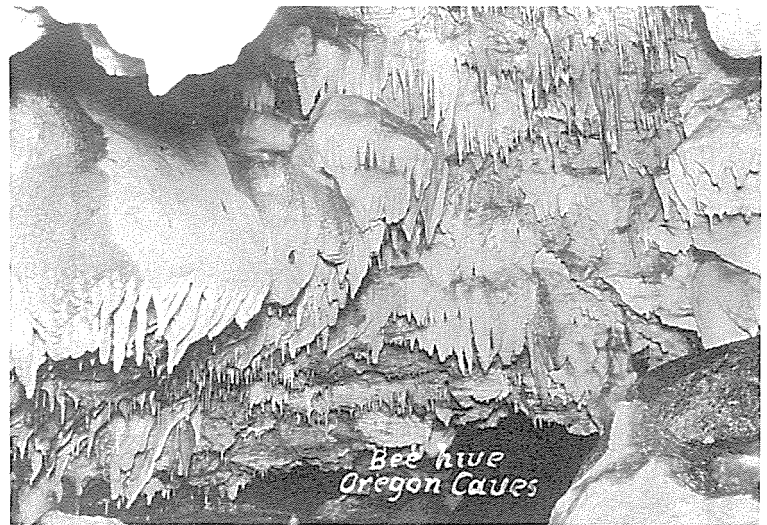
loader weighing 25 pounds which was almost as tall as he was.\*

However, Elijah Davidson, Jr., was destined to go down in history not as a great hunter but as the man who first discovered the cavern that later became the Oregon Caves National Monument. Indians may have known of this cave, but superstitions probably deterred them from entering it. Thus, Elijah is presumed to have been the first human being to penetrate its depths. He was born in Illinois in 1849 and, when he was one-year old, his father brought the family by ox team from Illinois to Portland, Oregon. Elijah, Sr., took up a donation land claim there, but soon sold the property for \$500 "because Portland wasn't ever going to amount to much." The family moved from northern Oregon to Williams Valley, and Elijah, Jr., lived there most of his 78 years.

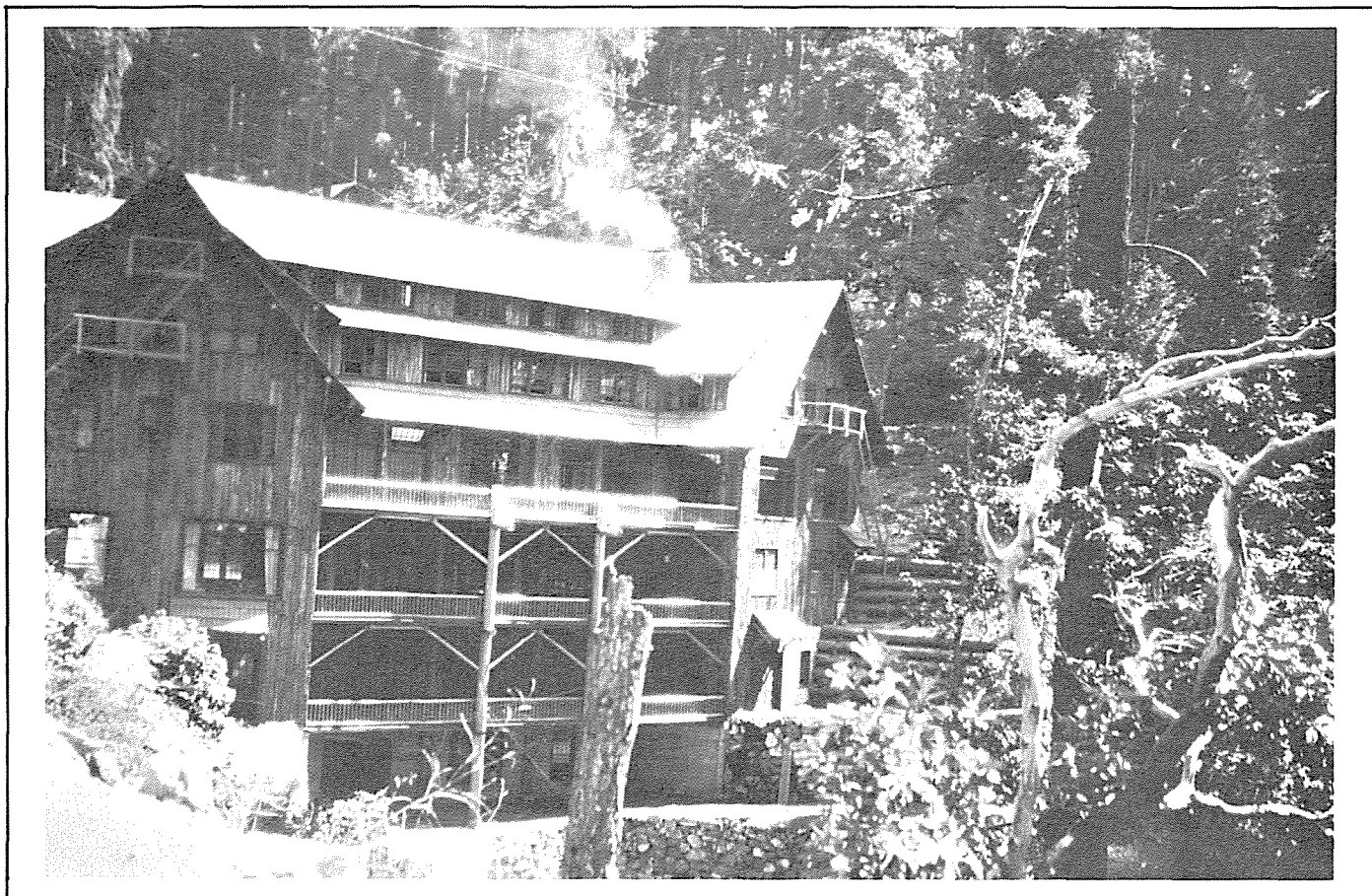
About three years after his discovery of the cave, Lige returned on July 5, 1877 for the first attempt at exploration. He was accompanied by his brother Carter Davidson and James Nail. The three men investigated a few of the more accessible chambers before their last pine torch burned out. They exited the cave by following the rope that had been anchored near the opening. A few weeks later, Elijah came back with a larger party that included three women. One member of the group was school teacher William W. Fidler who later would send a letter to the editor of the Portland *Oregonian* reporting on the expedition. The letter appeared in the August 1, 1877, issue of the paper and publicized the cave for the first time.

The group explored several rooms during this expedition, and Fidler later wrote: "The stalactites and stalagmites surpass anything ever dreamed of, and nothing I ever beheld in nature before so completely overcame me with suggestions of sublimity and beauty." The explorers named one chamber "The King's Palace" and all agreed not to break off any of the bright, icicle-like stalactites (sad to say, later

\* Elijah's father had acquired this gun 30 or 40 years before the bear incident. There is no manufacturer's seal or any kind of identification marks on the ancient musket, which indicates that it probably was made by some pioneer who traveled into the wilderness that became Illinois. It fired molded hand-made bullets. The gun now can be seen in the gun room at the SOHS Museum, where it has been on display since 1962 when Winter Davidson presented it to the Historical Society.



These interior shots of rooms in the caves were taken around 1925. (Negative numbers are (top) 10988, 10987 and 10990.)



*The photograph above shows the back structure of the Oregon Caves Chateau. Notice it is six stories in height. The front entrance on the opposite side of the building is only a couple of stories high. The picture was taken circa 1926.*

visitors weren't of like mind, and thoughtless "souvenir" collectors have broken off countless stalactites that had taken many thousands of years to form.) Before heading homeward the tired explorers decided to name the place "Elijah's Cave."

The year before he shot the bear, Elijah had married Minerva Farras, and the bride and groom were photographed by Peter Britt. The couple had twelve children and their first son, named "Winter", was born October 11, 1873 (two other sons were named "Summer" and "Autumn Forest.") Winter Davidson lived in Williams Valley most of his 88 years. According to an article in the Grants Pass *Courier* written about two years before his death, Winter's small cottage displayed many of his father's personal effects. The famous gun stood in one corner of his living room. The horns of the deer that Elijah was chasing the day he discovered the cave were accorded a place of honor on one wall, and the large black bearskin was found on the floor of Winter's bedroom. Winter died in 1962 at the home of a nephew in Myrtle Point, Oregon.

Except for one sister, Mrs. Will Smith, he was the last of Elijah and Minerva's twelve children.

Although the cave's discoverer sometimes returned to the scene of his big moment in history, he did not lead any more expeditions after 1877. As news of the cave spread, many other explorers visited the site. One such party included Jacksonville Attorney Robert A. Miller, who wrote a detailed journal of his trip. To avoid getting lost in the labyrinth of passages and chambers, early visitors usually unwound a ball of twine from their point of entry. The days when people could visit the cave without paying came to an end briefly in 1885. That year a mining claim was filed on the property by entrepreneurs Homer Harkness and Walter Burch, who thought that they could turn the cave into a profitable tourist attraction. Their advertisement in the Grants Pass *Courier* offered visitors a trip into the caverns, camping accommodations, and pasture for their horses -- all for only one dollar. The visitors could even drink the "medicinal" waters of Cave Creek at no extra charge.

The first enterprise failed, however, chiefly



*The interior picture of the Chateau, photographed many years ago, reveals the rustic decor of the building when it was new. In earlier times, with less accessible roads and a speed limit of 25 miles per hour, the Chateau was a popular place. (Negative No. 10991)*

because the cave was too inaccessible for the average tourist. Roads were poor and the nearest wagon road ended on Sucker Creek. From there the steep, 8-mile trail up Cave Creek Canyon took six hours roundtrip on muleback. In 1894 a second group of promoters formed the Oregon Caves Improvement Company of San Francisco for the joint purpose of constructing a road to the caves and opening up the area for lumbering and mining operations. Although some work was done at the cave and the proposed road was surveyed, this venture also failed. Elijah's Cave again became a place where only adventurous local citizens would pack in for a few days of camping and exploration.

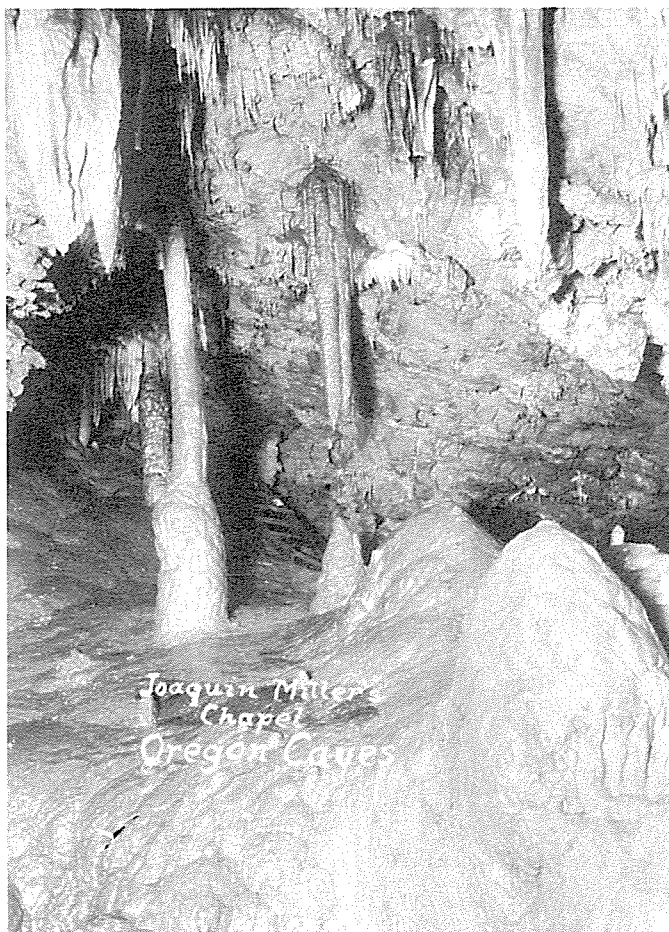
With the turn of the century there was increased interest shown in protecting the cave and preserving it for future generations. In 1907 Joaquin Miller, the famed "Poet of the Sierras," and Chandler B. Watson visited the cave. Watson was an Ashland attorney as well as an amateur geologist and a member of the Oregon Conservation Commission. The two

men were greatly impressed with what they saw and soon were promoting the cavern as the "Marble Halls of Oregon." As prime movers in an effort to preserve the beauty of the cave, they succeeded in arousing public attention, and, on July 12, 1909, President Taft established the Oregon Caves National Monument.\*

The first ranger-in-charge at the monument was a powerfully built miner by the name of Dick Rowley. He did much of the improvement work on the cave's paths and served as a guide for over 40 years, always picturesquely dressed in mountaineers' garb. When Rowley started working at the cave, access to the area was still by trail. Elijah's up-and-down route from the Williams Valley was still the most frequently used track. Another trail from the west was steeper, but this route was ultimately chosen for the road to the cave. After many months of construction in the rugged terrain, the Caves Highway was open-

\* To commemorate their invaluable service, the first chamber of today's cave entrance is named Watson's Grotto and further into the mountain is found Joaquin Miller's Chapel.





*This photograph was taken in "Joaquin Miller's Chapel. In 1907 the poet visited the caves with his friend, Chandler B. Watson of Ashland. When the men saw the vast rooms and the majestic formations, they resolved to do what they could to preserve these "Marble Halls of Oregon." Their efforts brought about the establishment of the Oregon Caves National Monument in 1909, only two years later. (Neg. No. 10989)*

ed in 1922. The following year the U.S. Forest Service granted a concession to the Oregon Caves Company, which has provided public accommodations and cave guide service since that date.

In 1933 President Roosevelt placed all national monuments, including the Oregon Caves, under the National Park Service. That same year a 512-foot long exit tunnel was completed to improve tour circulation through the cave. The next year the concessionaire opened the Oregon Caves Chateau designed and built by G.A. Lium of Grants Pass. The Chateau is a beautiful rustic building rising six floors above the canyon floor. It is noted for its charming architecture and blends well with the surrounding forest and the moss-covered outcrops of marble.\*

\* On December 22, 1964, at 9 p.m., flood waters swept through the canyon and inundated the Chateau's lower three floors. That month Harry Christiansen had been employed as general manager for the concessionaire. As the water began rising, one of the young guides placed Harry's wife, Maxine, in a

The Oregon Caves perhaps were the last of America's famous caverns to undergo scientific exploration and study. It wasn't until 1959 that the modern breed of cave explorers (now called spelunkers) began serious investigations of Elijah's Cave. That year members of the Western Speleological Society and the National Park Service started a program of exploring, observing and mapping the cave. The work was not completed until 1975. During the century that has passed since Elijah and Bruno first entered the cavern, many new passageways and chambers have been discovered and the cave system has been lengthened to almost three miles. To date, more than three million people have visited and explored the cave following in the footsteps of pioneers Elijah Davidson and Dick Rowley.



*The above photograph (#6822) was taken of Elijah Davidson in his later years.*

snowplow for safety. When the young man panicked and left the vehicle, Maxine decided to leave also, but was immediately swept beneath the plow by the rushing torrent. Fortunately the vehicle held her and saved her from being carried down with the flood waters.



# Society T-Shirts Available

Southern Oregon Historical Society t-shirts are currently for sale, in adult and junior historian sizes in your favorite spring colors--yellow, pink and blue. You will find them for sale in the Gift Shop. Remember: Society members receive a 15% discount!

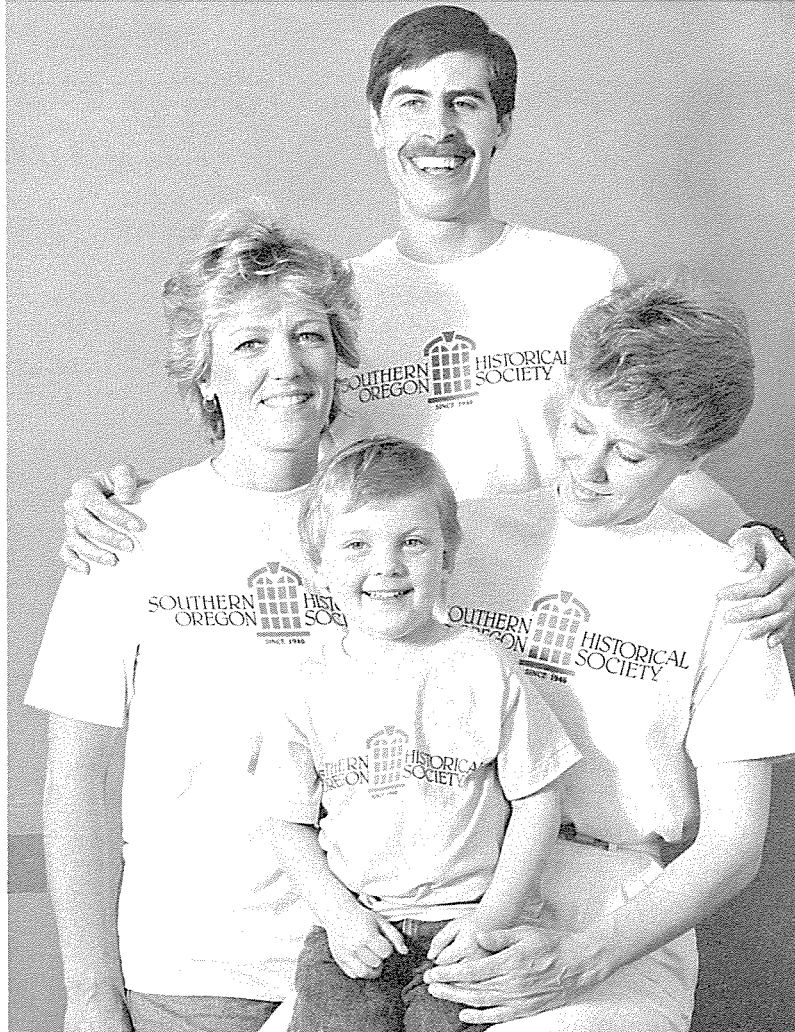
	Adult Sizes S-M-L-XL	Jr. Historian Sizes S-M-L
Retail	\$ 5.50	\$ 4.50
Society Member	4.65	3.85

To order by mail, fill out the order form below, adding \$1.50 postage and handling for each shirt ordered and return to Southern Oregon Historical Society, P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, OR 97530-0480. Make checks payable to the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Should you need additional information, contact Sharon Lumsden, Gift Shop Manager, 899-1847, ext. 217.

T-shirts are modeled in the photo at right by Society staff Signa Ellis, Paul Richardson and Carol Harbison; and youngster Timmy Newberg.

*Photograph by Natalie Brown*



Name \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

	Adult Sizes				Unit Price	Child Sizes			Unit Price	Total
	S	M	L	XL		S	M	L		
Blue	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Pink	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Yellow	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Postage & Handling \_\_\_\_\_

Grand Total: \_\_\_\_\_

# Society News

The Society's first bus tour for 1987 took place April 3. Eighty-three Society members visited the Givan Ranch on the Rogue River followed by lunch at Bel Dis On The Rogue in Shady Cove. Neil Ledward and Larry Lloyd from the county Parks Department accompanied the tour and showed the visitors the collection of tools and farm implements (many of them horse-drawn) which were left on the ranch. The Jackson County Parks and Recreation Department purchased the ranch for future park development along the Rogue River.

Future bus tours include the Magical Mystery History Tour, May 14; Tulelake Basin and tour of a horseradish factory, July 23; Weaverville, Eureka and Ferndale, California, September 24-26, and Dogs for the Deaf, October 8. Tours are a benefit of membership in the Society and further information may be obtained by contacting Marjorie Edens, 899-1847.

## **Change to Summer Hours**

Saturday, May 23, starts the summer hours for the museums and the living history program. Both the Jacksonville Museum and the Children's Museum will be open seven days a week from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. until September 5. The research library will be open from 1-5 P.M. Tuesday through Friday, and from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. on Saturday. Living history portrayals will be presented each day from 1-5 P.M. at the Beekman Bank and the C.C. Beekman home.

## **Outreach**

Librarian/Archivist Paul Richardson presented a program April 20 to the Gold Hill Historical Society about the care and handling of a library collection. He plans to return for a "hands-on" workshop in the future.

Two meetings of the Teachers Advisory Committee have been held. The teachers are giving suggestions on ways the Society can better serve the schools while learning of the many Society programs and projects currently in progress and planned for the future.

## **Living History Program to Begin**

Dawna Curler, Curator of Interpretation, and her assistant, Carolyn Sharrock, have interviewed and hired interpreters for the Society's living history program which begins Saturday, May 23, and runs through September 5th. Living history portrayals are presented at the Beekman Bank and the C.C.

Beekman home each day from 1-5 P.M.

Volunteers Kathryn Stancliffe, Elizabeth Fenger and Marjorie Gooley will be helping portray Mrs. Beekman. Twenty other volunteers will be working as greeters and a few will be portraying other characters.

Paid staff will be portraying the following:

Elaine Moyers . . . . . Mrs. Beekman/Kate Hoffman  
Maureen Holen . . . . . Piano student  
Jacqueline Phipps . . . . . Louise, the hired girl  
John Henderson . . . . . Ben Beekman  
Don Casilio . . . . . Henry Dox, bank cashier  
Bessie Smith . . . . . Kate Hoffman/Carrie Beekman  
Carolyn Sharrock . . . . . Corrine Linn

## **Jacksonville/Ashland Walking Tours**

Just a reminder about the upcoming walking tours which are free of charge to members of the Society. Beginning June 11 and running through September 5 tours of Ashland's historic architectural and railroad districts will be available at 10 A.M. Thursday through Saturday. The tours will be given by Chappell-Swedenburg staff and docents and will take approximately one hour from start to finish. Tickets (for non-members) may be purchased and tours will begin at the Chamber of Commerce booth on the Plaza in Ashland. Cost of the tour is \$1.00/person, age 14 and over.

The Jacksonville walking tour of the historic downtown area will begin June 4 and run through September 5. The tour will be given by Society staff and volunteers and will take approximately one hour. Tickets (for non-members) may be purchased in the museum gift shop and cost \$1.00/person, age 14 and over. The Jacksonville tour will depart from the front of the museum every hour on the hour from 1-4 P.M. Thursday through Saturday.

Society members presenting their membership cards will be able to take the above tours free of charge. For further information contact Nan Hannon at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, 488-1341 or Marge Herman, 899-1847.

A new self-guided walking tour of Jacksonville has just been completed by Dawna Curler, Curator of Interpretation. This tour will be available mainly for use by teachers who bring their classes to visit the museums. Entitled "Jacksonville Discovery Walk," the tour covers one-half mile and takes approximately 50 minutes to complete. This self-guided tour will also be available for small groups.

The May 1987 issue of *History News Dispatch*, a national newsletter published by the American Association for State and Local History, contained the following article under its "New in History" section:

The Southern Oregon Historical Society and KTVL-TV in Jacksonville, Oregon, are producing a series of local history features to be telecast throughout 1987. For details, contact Marjorie Edens, Southern Oregon Historical Society, 206 North Fifth Street, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530.

Marjorie Edens, the Society's Oral Historian, wrote 44 individual texts for use by KTVL-TV in its "Share the Spirit" history spots. The main segments are being shown at 6 P.M. Monday evenings followed by shorter segments during the week. The history segments have been very well-received by the viewing public.

### Society Election

This is the first year the election of members to the Board of Trustees will be held by letter ballot. As a Society member, you should have received your election packet containing the official Society ballot. All ballots must be received by the Society no later than June 1, 1987 (ballots must be postmarked no later than June 1, 1987). An information sheet enclosed with the ballot gives the voting procedure to follow and includes biographical sketches of the candidates running for the Board. Do look this information over and exercise your right to vote!



On April 28, 29 and 30 Society staff and volunteers assisted Stacey Williams, Coordinator of the Children's Museum, with 14 Jackson County school classes who visited the museum, made historic crafts, took a walking tour and danced around the Maypole set in the front lawn of the Children's Museum. A total of 393 students from Central Point, Rogue River, Walker, Jefferson, Applegate, Talent, Briscoe, Richardson, Jewett, Evans Valley, Butte Falls, Pinehurst and Roosevelt Elementary Schools and Little Butte Intermediate School participated in these pre-Heritage Fair activities.

The Society's second annual Children's Heritage Fair was held Saturday, May 2, with 900 visitors in attendance. Visitors were shown demonstrations of historic crafts and skills such as blacksmithing, wood carving, weaving and quilting. Children participated in historic craft activities such as handkerchief dollmaking, paper weaving and panning for nuggets. Traditional folk music was performed by Nancy Spencer and Glenn Freese in the upstairs exhibit gallery of the Jacksonville Museum from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. A dulcimer and an autoharp were among the instruments used in the performance. At 1 P.M. children were invited to take part in a Maypole dance.

### Annual Membership Meeting

The Society's annual membership meeting will be held this year on June 18 at the Red Lion Inn, Medford. A buffet dinner will be held at 7 P.M. with no-host cocktails preceding at 6 P.M. The charge for the annual dinner is \$15.00/person. Confirming tickets will be sent once payment has been received. Reservations for the dinner must be in by June 10. Please make checks payable to the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

The featured guest speaker will be Professor Roger Abrahams from the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Folklore and Folklife. His talk is entitled "From Turkeyfoot to Applegate: in Search of the Perfect Community."

Contact Susan Cox, Membership Recorder, 899-1847, if you wish further information on the annual meeting and dinner.

### New Society Logo



Shown above is the new Society logo adopted by the Board of Trustees at their April meeting. Carl Darnell of Darnell Designs was asked to prepare a logo which would show the Society's county-wide presence and present an easily identifiable image of the Society.

The most prominent feature of the logo is a stylized version of a window from the 1884 courthouse in Jacksonville. This reflects the roots of the Historical Society which was initially created to preserve the original Jackson County courthouse. The stylized window is actually your portal to the rich heritage of southern Oregon. It reflects the fact that the Society serves as a window on the past and that Jackson County history is worth looking into!

### The Willows Open House

June 20 and 21 will find staff and volunteers at The Willows from 1-5 P.M. for the second weekend opening of the historic farm. A shuttle bus will be available to take visitors from the Britt parking lot in Jacksonville to The Willows for tours of the grounds and the Hanley home. Members of the Gold Diggers Guild will be directing the tours of the house for which there is an admission charge of \$1.00 for adults and 50 cents for children.

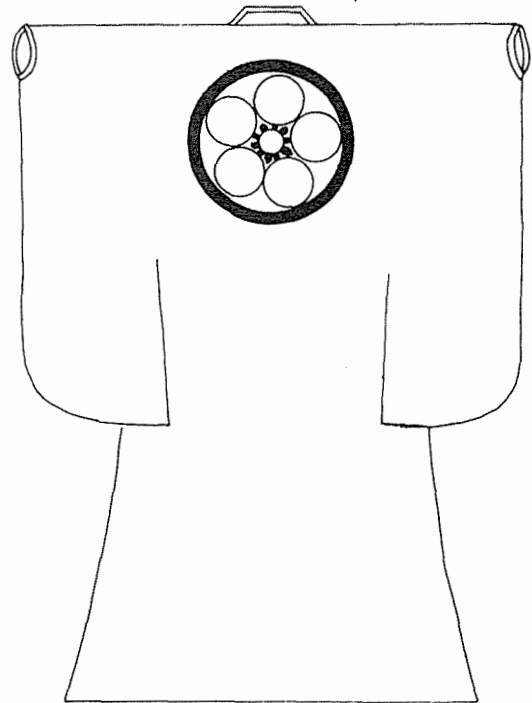




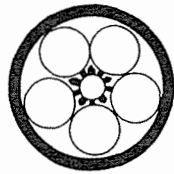
# *Invitation*

The Japanese kimonos and the Chinese robes in this showing are from a private collection in the Rogue Valley. One of the robes will be raffled. It is an all-silk robe, elaborately embroidered on the inside as well as the outside, a priceless garment worn by a Chinese Boat Madam.

Raffle tickets may be purchased at the Jackson Travel Agency at the airport, at both Lawrence Jewelry stores -- at Main Street and the Mall -- and at Fortmiller's in Ashland. We are encouraging everyone, especially members, to attend this style show. Robes will be modeled by Gold Diggers and others.



*Far Horizons*



*The Gold Diggers' Guild of the  
Southern Oregon Historical Society  
presents a showing of historical  
Oriental fashions featuring Chinese  
robes and Japanese kimonos*

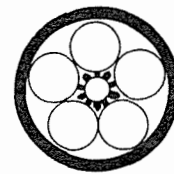
*June 6<sup>th</sup>*

*3-5 p.m.*

*Red Lion Ballroom*

*\$15.00 person*

*tea wine Oriental hors d'oeuvres*



*Far Horizons  
Southern Oregon Historical Society*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Please reserve \_\_\_\_\_ tickets

Please make checks payable to:

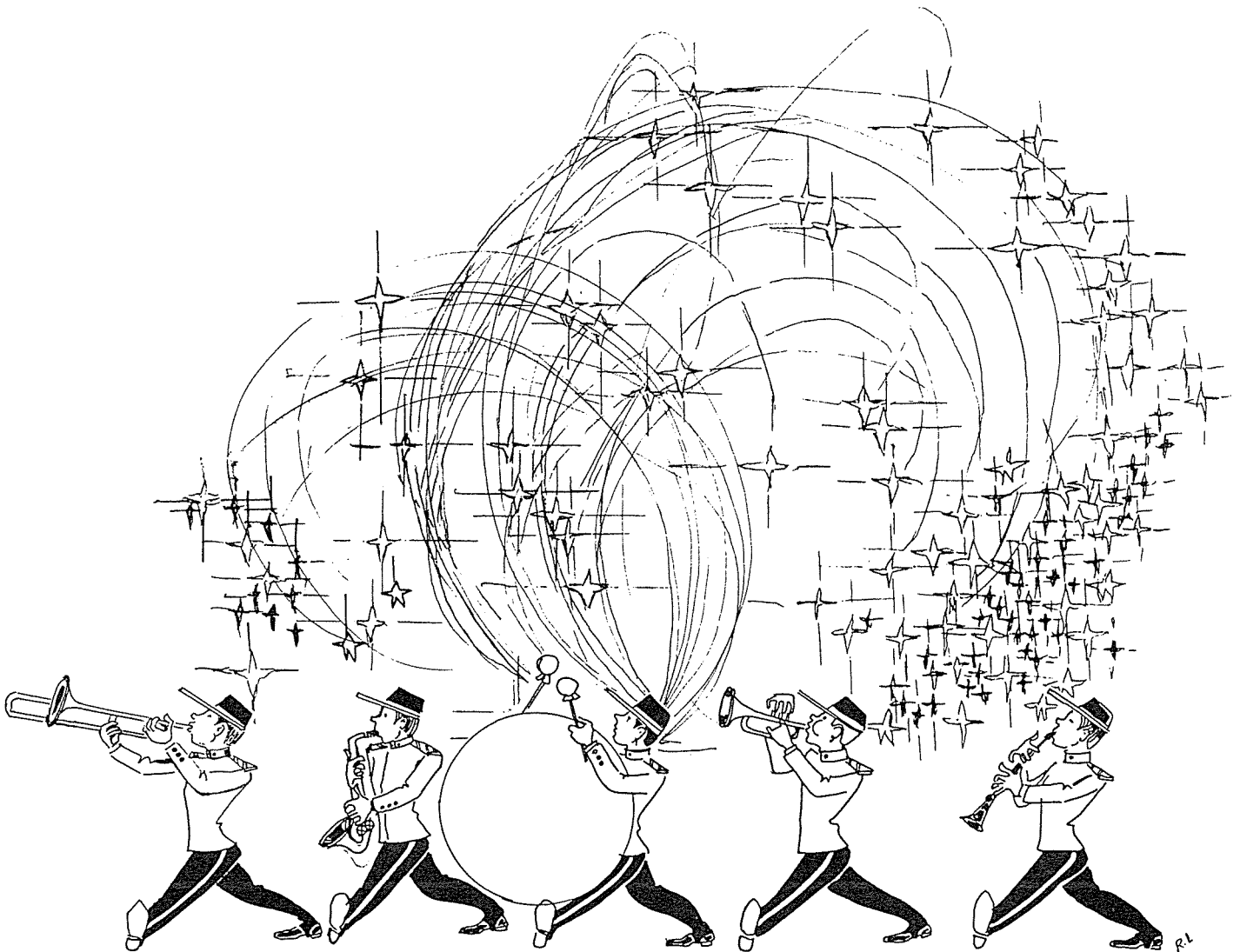
Pauline Dickey

2427 Siskiyou

Medford, Oregon

97504

773-3979



## THE GREATEST FOURTH OF ALL

*Detail in this story may be a little excessive but the three day celebration in Ashland in 1916 was unique. The program included the Ashland Rogue River Round-up, three parades, the unveiling of the Statue of Youth, breath-taking fireworks and almost continual band music.*

*We feel it should be put on record as one of southern Oregon's grand events.*

**T**he gala three-day celebration held in Ashland on July 4, 5 and 6, 1916, was officially announced in the *Medford Mail Tribune* on June 30, 1916. Towns in southern Oregon had never stinted on Fourth of July festivities and for this occasion the citizens were

making an all out effort. Business houses were to close for three days, the post office had been given special permission from the post office department to shut down on the fifth of July as well as on the Fourth, and bank officials declared a holiday, announcing the closure of their doors at one o'clock in the afternoon on both the fifth and sixth.

Several days before the Fourth, the city maintenance crew put up patriotic bunting on telephone poles and stretched red, white and blue ribbons across the street intersections in downtown Ashland and along the Plaza. The decorations made the business section appear very festive. The free auto campground in the upper



THE LINE-UP FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE  
1916

The riders -- J.J. Murphy is on the extreme right -- have gathered at the back of the Hawthorne School on Siskiyou Boulevard. They are standing at the site of the Safeway Store.

The riders have not been identified.





park had been filled for weeks, and every day disappointed travelers from northern California and eastern Oregon were turned away. There was considerable grumbling about campers who had intended to stay for one day but had settled in for weeks. You could wear out your welcome, you know. And folk who had come from as far away as Santa Barbara or Boise were entitled to some special consideration. The hotels had long been fully booked and many of the enterprising citizens took in strangers for a night or two. Other people from out of town stayed with friends or relatives. The *Ashland Record* declared there were 60,000 celebrants in town and "they were handled without disorder." At the roundup grounds there were 10,000 spectators seated and 3,000 people standing. "The parks were literally packed and the downtown district was swarming," reported the newspaper:

How the immense crowd came was a mystery until one realizes that this is the day of paved highways and autos. Autos lined the road in the early morning from Ashland to Medford...7,000 people came from Medford alone. At the roundup grounds 2,000 autos were parked -- a whole 10 acre field being thrown open to them. There could not have been fewer than 3,000 of them in the city. And that is how the crowd came... The streets and parks seethed with people until late at night and the carnival spirit was rife. Through it all, round-up, parades, dances, carnival, the crowd was orderly and there were no arrests, no crimes, no fires. That the vast crowds left some money in Ashland goes without saying and Ashland has no apologies to offer for taking it. She charged for her roundup and ball games and the necessities of life. She turned over free to the multitude a \$250,000 park for a playground, threw in four bands, three parades and splendid fireworks displays. It was worth the price to Ashland and it was worth it to the crowd.

From the first, traffic was out of hand. Six accidents occurred in one day on the highway between Ashland and Medford. B.E. Haney, who was driving his Maxwell, was struck by a Ford operated by Herman Myers of Lake Creek. The smash-up happened when Myers turned out from behind a horse and buggy just as Haney was speeding past it. Another Ford, following Myers, was unable to stop fast enough, and the driver steered his automobile right into the ditch. Earl Reynolds, who was taking a party of nurses to the parade, was struck by a car driven by Bill Childers of Gold Hill. Reynolds' car was overturned and he and those nurses were pinned under the car in the creek bed. The other accidents were brought about when the drivers lost control and plowed into the ditch. It was a

mercy no one was scratched up and everybody got to Ashland in time to see the parade.

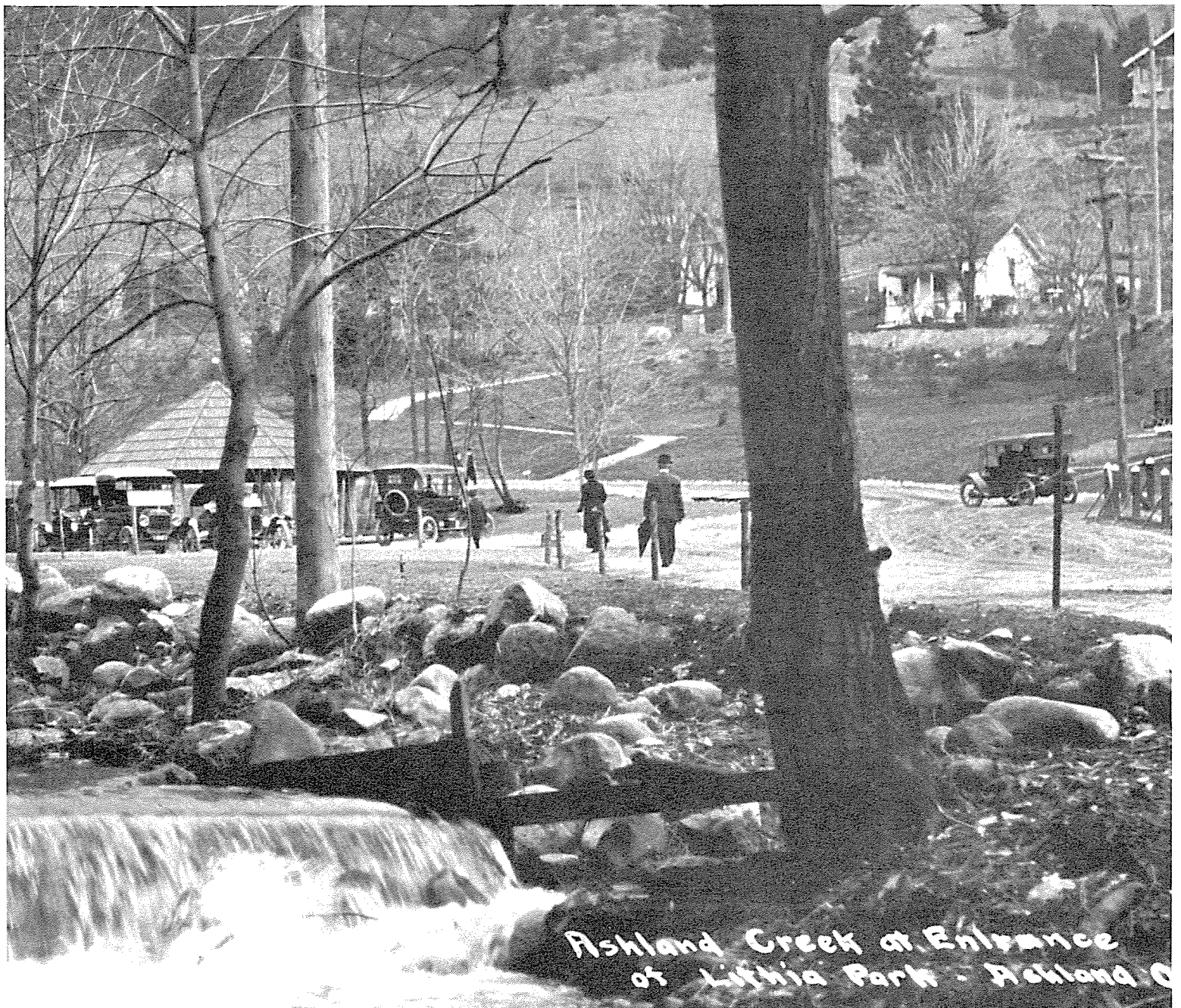
## ASHLAND DAY

The official program heralded July 4 as Ashland Day. The festivities started with the parade, *Queen Lithia's Pageant*, which proceeded down the Boulevard, turned left at the Plaza and made its way into the park. The floats were all set up on wagon beds and drawn through town by horses. There were no autos. In the past whenever anyone entered his auto, the engine would invariably heat up and stall, and the rest of the parade behind him would come to a dead stop. Hooting spectators would push the defunct vehicle to the side of the road as the leading part of the parade marched smartly down the Boulevard, around the corner to the Plaza and out of sight.

The *Tribune* reported:

The floats, the civic organizations, the riding clubs and the cowboy contingents, escorted by four marching bands, from Ashland, Central Point, Grants Pass and Medford made up such a cavalcade as had never been witnessed before in Ashland's streets. Present were the Ashland Girls Marching Club, Red Cross Brigade, Uncle Sam on his ship of state, the Medford Riding Club, the Pioneer Society, Uniformed Parasol Marchers, Suffragettes, the Civic Improvement Club, Rebekah Contingent of Odd Fellows, Woodmen of the World, Western Union on Wheels, Fruit Association, Eden Valley Nursery, Ashland Home Laundry, Natatorium Boys in bathing costumes, Hotel Oregon, White House Grocery (exhibiting a chef flipping flapjacks), Briggs and Elmore's Shoe Store, Ashland Riding Club, Clover Leaf Dairy, Hotel Medford, Macabees, a stagecoach with passengers and four bear cubs, and Indian maidens. Interspersed in the parade were trickriders and buckaroos, both white men and Indians.

The girls Marching Club performed with spit and polish and the crowd greeted the young ladies with unbounded enthusiasm. Every float was awarded its share of recognition. The Pioneer Society received enthusiastic applause with a float that revealed the interior of a log cabin in the pine trees. The pioneer mother was frozen in the act of putting a pan of biscuits into the oven, the little daughter was mothering a doll which represented her pioneer baby sibling, the pioneer father was caught in the act of shooting his firearm through the window at a squad of attacking Indians, and the pioneer grandmother, unaware that the enemy was just outside the door, was sitting in the rocking chair, knitting up a storm. If the painted savages in the pine trees



*When this picture was taken, it was entitled "Entrance to Lithia Park," as distinguished from "Chautauqua Park." The picture was taken in winter -- notice the leafless trees -- but it does give a view of the hillside from Lithia Creek.  
(Negative No. 6598)*

had really taken seriously their part in the tableau, granny may well have dropped a stitch. By the way, some version of this float appeared in every parade held in southern Oregon for at least fifty years, beginning as early as 1860.

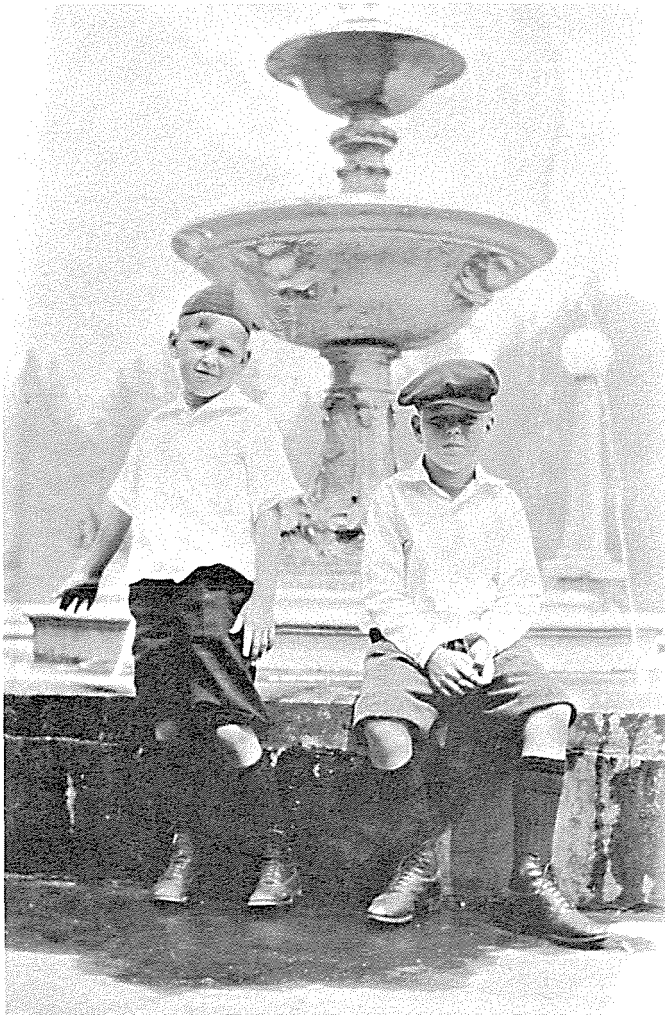
The ladies of the Civic Improvement Club really outdid themselves and produced the most beautiful float of all. The *Record* pronounced it "a dream in yellow and white, representing the temple of art, music and civic improvement."

Mrs. Shirley Keene, who strummed on an Aeolian harp, sat in the center of the scene. On her right was Miss Reta Farmer, holding to her lips the Pipes of Pan. On the left before an easel

stood Miss Querita Brown, holding a palette and a paint brush. On the forepart of the wagon bed reclined Misses Flora Provost and Manora Cornelius as sculptured figures. Jack Glieve and Kenneth Friswold represented buglers calling to the fairies. On the back of the float in a flower-covered temple sat Miss Marguerite Friswold as the Queen of the Fairies. All of these young people radiated a bunch of culture and civic improvement.

Towards the front of this float was a fountain made of yellow chrysanthemums. The cascading water, symbolic of Ashland's gift to the world, was represented in white chrysanthemums. The





Early available photographs of the Fountain of Youth do not quite do it justice. Details of the statue are lost in the background. The picture above clearly shows the three divisions of the fountain even though the statue itself is out of camera range. The kid on the left is the editor, Raymond Lewis, at an innocent age, and the other boy is his brother, Robert.

color scheme was the club's colors, yellow and white. The float was designed by F.H. Glieve. Henry Provost and S. Patterson built it. Mesdames Vaupel, Winter and Keene supplied the favors -- whatever they were. The Ashland Greenhouses provided flowers and the Ashland Lumber Company, Messrs. Peil and the Provost Brothers, also rendered their services.

First prize in the industrial class was awarded by the judges to the "Eight Hour Special" which had been entered by the four railway brotherhoods. For this float, the men who planned and constructed it, took a risk and broke the rule of "No automobiles." On this occasion, although the motor did heat up, the float kept going and the "Eight Hour Special" was the favorite of the crowds who clapped and shouted in their enthusiasm. It represented a life-sized locomotive and tender built over the automobile, which pulled behind it a realistic caboose. The

clever contraption appeared in all three parades and was greeted with cheers at every stage of its journey. Thirty thousand saw it on the Fourth and many more on the two days following. It became the talk of the crowd, and well might it have, because it cost in the neighborhood of \$150. C.R.D. Jones and E.H. Bush designed it.

After the morning parade the first baseball game was held at the high school diamond. Weed challenged Medford, but the final score, 9 to 0, was a walkaway for Medford. At the same time, those who thought a baseball game was too roisterous for their taste, attended the lecture sponsored by the Women's Christian Temperance Union at the Chautaugua building. Mrs. M.C. Ashcroft, Mrs. O.H. Barnhill, Mrs. M.M. Edmunds, Mrs. Spindler and Mrs. Wilson were in charge of the W.C.T.U. tent where weary tourists were given welcome and the opportunity to sit a spell.

At ten in the morning the customary program was staged at the main bandstand. Chairman E.D. Briggs made appropriate remarks, followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Miss Minnie Jackson. E.L. Rasor sang two numbers. When he announced his second selection, *The Star Spangled Banner*, the audience rose and sang with him. The *Ashland Record* wrote:

Of the several waters in the park, the lithia and the sulphur were distinguished by the naming of royalty in their honor -- Queen Lithia and King Sulphur -- and lithia, as the most important and as the one whose name the park bears, was made the symbol of the whole in dedication ceremonies. Miss May Weisenburger as Queen Lithia was beautiful in her robes of state. Following the opening address by Professor Vining ("one of his best"), Queen Lithia rose and christened the park. [It had been called Lithia park for some years, but perhaps this was the first formal use of the name.] At the foot of the bandstand a mound of boulders rose. Dashing upon it a bottle of lithia, the queen said: "I christen thee Lithia." And then came a unique surprise. Up from the center of the mound of boulders instantly shot a sixty-foot stream of water which subsided amidst a burst of applause. John M. Scott of the Southern Pacific addressed the assemblage at length and the ceremonies closed with musical selections by the Elks quartette and the massed bands under the leadership of Roy Rowland of Medford.

The most popular event, the Ashland Rogue River Round-up, began a 2 o'clock in the afternoon and was held all three days of the celebration. The rodeo grounds were just off East Main in Ashland at the Butler-Walker ranch. The

promoters -- A.C. Nininger, M.E. Briggs, Doc Helms, Clarence Adams and E.T. Bergner -- had overseen the construction of a huge grandstand with a seating capacity of 10,000. It was, however, rather a make-shift affair with no backs to the seats and no roof to provide shade. The July sun gave the ladies an opportunity to show-off their parasols and the gentlemen a chance to wear their summer panamas. A half mile dirt track was installed and surfaced. Without a doubt the riding contests, the races and the roping of the steers were super exciting, else why would an audience put up with the heat, the dust and the flies? In spite of the disadvantages, every performance was an SRO event.

A story in the *Ashland Record* glorified the noble American Cowboy, who may have exemplified all the virtues. In truth, however, we have yet to hear in song or story, the sentiment that "there are no bums in the bunkhouse."

To thousands in the grandstand--gazing out over a field dotted with cowboys and Indians in picturesque garb and watching the thrilling events that followed each other in whirlwind succession--the Round-up brought back familiar scenes of by-gone days. To thousands more who watched the daring riders, white and red, tearing around the track in pony express and relay races, staking their lives against the viciousness of wild bucking horses, fighting fleetfooted and maddened cattle with bare hands--it was a revelation and a vision of things listened to in song and story.

The things done were not the feats of professional performers but the deeds which come in the day's work on the great plains. The wild horse must be broken, and the hardy race that we call cowboys--breaks him. The wild steer must be roped and tied and the cowboy ropes and ties him...cornered by a maddened brute, he has learned to subdue it with his hands. It is all in the day's work. He twirls his rope for you before the grandstand not because he has trained himself for that--but because in the day's work he must know how to twirl it, and has learned to do it because he must.

For bravery he is far and away above the Mexican who fights the bull with spear and sword. He will drink with you, sing with you, gamble with you, fight with you--but he is not little or mean or petty. The wide open spaces of the world have given him breadth and chivalry.

Eighty of these noblemen and noblewomen of the range entered the rodeo events, but there were 150, booted and spurred, who rode their prancing mounts in the parade.\*

\*From Klamath came Leo Johnson, J.N. Thrasher, Charles Edmondson, Roy Beck, Lee Spackman, J. McTurmonds, F.L. Gregory, Frank Beck, J.J. Collins, J.C. Craft, Will Sims, Ray Ash, Frank Coburn, C.C. Couch, T.D. Wilson, T.B. Wilson,

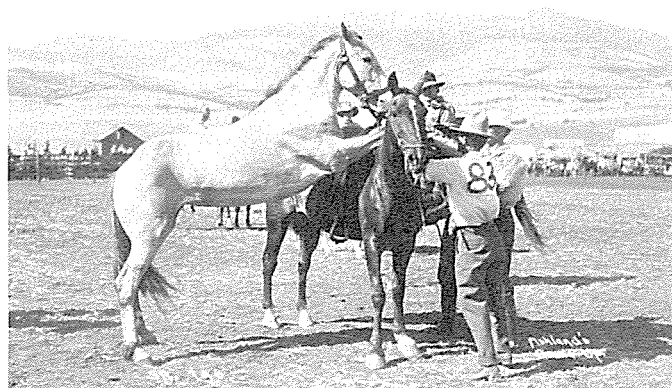
There was no listing of riders from Medford or Jacksonville. One must assume that Medford citizens were more inclined towards business than towards cowboy stunts. Jacksonville probably offered Ashland competition and had a celebration of its own. If so, Ashland was clearly the winner of the scramble for an audience. With 60,000 in attendance at Ashland, there were few people left to spread over the rest of the county.

Tough, experienced men are needed to operate a rodeo and round-up. Promoters must be aware that they can lose their shirts if they do not schedule events methodically. When there is too great a delay between entries, spectators become bored, but if there is a speedy succession of races, bronco busting, steer throwing, relays and contests, then the bank roll -- from the paid admissions -- is soon wiped out. The management thus hires rodeo clowns, Indian marchers, flashy cowboys and cowgirls to perform between the dangerous and exciting events. Ray Murphy and his brothers were veteran performers and their advise and suggestions were invaluable to the sponsors who faced the challenge to produce three round-ups in succession and keep the city out of the red. The fact that they were able to do so, and were thus encouraged to continue producing round-ups for the next several years, is proof of their success.

Just after the Rogue River Round-up had concluded its program for the first day, members of the Central Point band took their places in the Lithia bandstand and presented a well-rehearsed concert. The Central Point band was followed by the Medford band who "performed with great style and was clearly the most professional and popular of the four bands." The statement was made by the *Mail Tribune* who could be expected to be a little biased in its reporting. At the same time water sports were again featured, this time at the Natatorium which stood at the foot of Pioneer Street adjacent to the railroad tracks. In her book, *Ashland, the First 130 Years*, Marjorie O'Harra wrote:

The Ashland Mineral Springs Natatorium had slides, diving boards and trapeze rings along with 58 dressing rooms. A ballroom, with a highly polished hard-rock maple floor, was built over the large holding tank of spring water and doubled as a roller skating rink. Balconies en-

Art Cooley, Loyd Leggett, Jesse Wright. From northern California: Anna Baker, Anita Ingle, Jack Schultz, Earl Garber, Ira Garber, Archie Baker, Giles Getson. From Ashland: Ray Murphy, Jim Bowers, J.E. Silva, Frank Donk, C. Knutzen, Will Cress, Alf Freidil, Ray Dennis, D. Baker, Carl Murphy, Murray Murphy, J. Arant. [The above names are only a part of the complete list of performers. These are personalities who might be familiar to southern Oregon.]



circled the pools with space to seat 500 people. A roof arched over the building making it possible to swim throughout the year.

At 6:30 in the evening, back at the grandstand, the Grants Pass band gave the third band concert. Band music from 3:30 in the afternoon to 7:00 in the evening had certainly left the audience ready for a change of pace.

At 8:00 p.m. they were directed to gather at the hillside for the unveiling of the Fountain of Youth. This octagonal fountain was constructed of three graduated pools of water and was reached by a flight of stairs from the roadway. On the top basin stood a graceful carved Verona marble statue of Cupid and a swan. In 1915 the sculpture was given to the city by Gwin S. Butler and Domingo Perozzi, who had previously donated a tract of land above Chautauqua park as an addition to the grounds. The two men had first seen the statue in Statuary Hall at the San Francisco Exposition and had agreed it would be a beautiful addition to Lithia Park. They purchased the statue for \$3000 and had it carefully packed and shipped to Ashland. The area surrounding the fountain and the stairs were lighted by ten frosted glass globes atop tall columns, and the formal unveiling by Miss Lucille Perozzi and her associate flower girls was well staged. H.O. Frobach was in charge of the ceremonies and Mayor O.H. Johnson accepted the gift on behalf of the City of Ashland. The Medford band performed some unveiling music, after which Professor Irving E. Vining made some appropriate remarks. He stood at the top of the flight of stairs and addressed his seated audience like an oracle before his followers. It is sad none of his silver-toned oratory was ever recorded. During the ensuing years, unfortunately, the charming statue was completely destroyed by vandals.

After the unveiling of the fountain, the throng returned to the bandstand to hear the Ashland band perform. At the conclusion of the fourth band concert for the day, the evening had become dark enough for the fireworks display. The audiences fanned out and took their places on the lawns in the upper park.

A display of fireworks was no novelty in southern Oregon. Pyrotechnics had been part of Independence Day celebration even in early day Jacksonville, but the display in Ashland on this

*Top: Jimmy Grhengow on Papoose; Murray Murphy rides away. #10993*

*2. Riders at the Ashland Round-up (undated) #10994*

*3. Murphy winning the Relay Race, 1919. #10921*

*4. Ashland's Round-up. #10995*



occasion was beyond expectations. The *Record* declared, "Unquestionably the display was the finest ever seen in southern Oregon; in fact, many who saw the displays at the San Francisco exposition state that outside of the scintillator effect on the live steam and upon the smoke of the bursting bombs, the display at Ashland was equal to that which they had there."

In addition to the rockets and alarm bombs, there were a great many set pieces. On one the works, "Ashland Lithia Springs" was displayed in three-foot illuminated letters. When the American flag appeared in blazing colors, the Ashland band played the national anthem. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired and the people clapped and cheered, inspired by the spirit of the day. According to the *Record*:

The program continued as follows: twenty-five large special rockets fired simultaneously revealing a magnificent glimpse of the grounds and surroundings by the sudden flaring of colored lights, the acrobat which was a comic feature, bouquets of electric tourbillings, a flight of a boomerang rocket, a volcano shell which burst in the sky with miniature rivers of molten lava seeming to emerge from an aerial crater, a tango shell imitating in a comical manner the latest craze in dancing, the octopus shell which caused loud applause, dogstar rockets, one hundred aerial wrigglers fired from an extra large battery at one time, the golden wheel which had a fireworks circumference of 150 feet, an aerial wheat sheaf which gave a shower of gold effect, fiery geysers, bottled daylight shells which illuminated the park from end to end, a cherry tree, the aurora borealis accompanied by loud hissing, and the set piece "Good Night" with the grand finale of bursting bombs. In all there were 66 bombs, and 117 rockets. The Niagara Falls not mentioned above was 50 feet in length and was a most wonderful piece of work. Mr. Young who was sent here by the company to fire them, stated that Ashland had the most ideal, natural setting for a fireworks display of any he had ever seen.

When the last set piece had spelled out "Good Night" and sparkled and sizzled until the last letter burned itself out and fell to the ground, the viewers got up, folded their blankets, picked up their baskets and headed for home. It was past 10 o'clock and time for the young ones to be in bed. But there was always a bunch of young couples --and not all spring chickens -- who were addicted to ballroom dancing. They'd rather one step and fox trot and waltz than eat. Some who fancied themselves sheiks, were pretty expert and they swooped and dipped their partners around the dance floor in time to the new tango beat.

Orchestras appeared at both the Bungalow and the Natatorium all three nights of the celebration and the dancers circled the floor until the musicians played "It's Three O'Clock in the Morning."

## MEDFORD DAY AND DEDICATION DAY

July 5, the second day, dawned hot and bright. The Fourth had been unique, a day packed with entertainment and spectacle, and one not easily forgotten. But the planners had no thought of allowing the last two days to become anticlimactic. July 5 -- Medford Day and Dedication Day -- began with a parade, in its way just as impressive as the cavalcade the day before. It was an automobile parade with over a hundred cars in the line. Owners of the pesky things had agreed to be responsible and clear the break-downs out of the way and keep the parade moving at a steady pace. Each entrant had decorated his auto with fanciful bunting and banners and everyone was in a jubilant mood. When an entry stalled, the crowd yelled, "Get a horse," and the livery stable was on instant call to haul off the offending vehicle. Many of the cars were decorated with great taste and originality and some of them were even more elaborate than the floats in the parade the day before. The grand prize for the most elegant went to Mrs. (Dr.) Boslough who had done up her auto in pink ribbons and roses and tumbled the back seat full of a bevy of cunning children made up as cherubs.

Other prizes went to E.A. Estes, J.F. Rocho and E.V. Carter. The Carter automobile carried Queen Lithia. Special prizes went to Wah Chung for his Chinese float, Mrs. J.J. McNair, Mrs. George Kramer, Mrs. M.E. Briggs, the Fruit Association and the Ashland Trading Company. One automobile carried H.S. Emery, an Ashland pioneer who held the record as the oldest living resident. The city of Ashland was named after Ashland, Ohio, by Emery's father, Eber Emery.

Although the organizers provided exciting and colorful spectacles each day, the news reporters seem to have run down after the first day's events, and the details have long since disappeared. This automobile parade probably offered no end of interesting floats, and teases us with its possibilities, but the coverage was perfunctory to say the least and much which should have been recorded is now long gone.

At 10 o'clock a second baseball game was held between Medford and Weed at the high school diamond. This time Weed won by a score of 8 to 4.

At the same time from the bandstand, John M. Scott, the general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, gave a formal address. His theme was "Future Possibilities of Ashland as a Health Resort." He was a dignified speaker and he as much as promised that before you could turn around three times Ashland would be a famous western spa with people from all over the world flocking to the west for the water cure. The Elks quartet sang a few numbers and the morning program closed with the four massed bands playing patriotic airs. People in America appear to have always been impressed with musicians who perform *en masse*. If a little is good, a whole lot's better. We seem to recall a Grace Moore picture in the thirties when the *Quartet from Rigoletto* was performed simultaneously by a dozen or more quartets. Johann Strauss once directed *The Blue Danube* in Boston with so many musicians that the downbeat was given by a shot from a cannon. So, if Ashland massed four town bands, we cannot find any fault there, and, in truth, four bands of about twenty players each was pretty small potatoes.

At 11 o'clock once again the Natatorium featured water sports, exhibition diving and swimming races. This was followed by a lunch break after which the spectators thronged to the Rogue River Round-up for the second day of the rodeo.

The *Record* reported:

There were many interesting things about the roundup program, but probably no event was watched more closely or kept the spectator busier than the wild horse race that closed each day's program. To turn loose fifteen or twenty wild horses and as many wild cowboys in a field and require the latter to rope and saddle and ride one of the former, naturally creates excitement and many ridiculous situations, and some serious mix-ups that cause the spectators' hair to rise. Hardly does a cowboy catch his animal till he is separated from it by a dashing bronco pursued by some other rider. He may have his saddle half on when it happens and away goes his quarry and butts into some other fellow's business and soon the whole thing is a mess of tangled animals and men, horses at full run with lariats dragging, etc.

All the world loves a horse race and can understand it. There were good ones at the roundup. The pony express races, the cowboy and the cowgirl races -- all were watched with tense interest. In the relays the local team from the Murphy Ranch was in the money and lacked but a few seconds of pulling down the capital prize. As a result the Murphys sold three good mounts at fancy prices to Pendelton parties.

The bucking horse riding was all that the audience expected and more...There were classy rides and spills galore. Bullriding, steer tying, Roman riding, trick roping, bucking burros and a score of other minor events filled in the spaces between the thrillers.

Chief of the thrillers was the bulldogging contest that took place each day. Leaping from a running bronco to the neck of a wild steer, grasping its horns and twisting its neck till it falls, holding it by grasping its lip in one's teeth is not a sight common to Ashlanders and it gave them a thrill. The lady riders, Indian girls, never failed to win applause. The cowboy's drunken ride in which the rider stands in the saddle reeling from side to side while his pony is at full run was also a prime attraction.

The audience had its favorites, that was plain. Buffalo Vernon, as champion bulldogger of the world and a fancy roper of class, was one of them.

Tracy Layne, the cowboy poet and clown won the hearts of all who knew him. He does everything for fun and takes nothing seriously, and he can ride most anything on four feet. Before the show was over the crowd was watching young Donald Cannon, and when it ended with the sixteen-year old boy as Champion of the Roundup the audience was generous in its applause.

In the evening after the round-up, the Ashland band made its umpteenth appearance. Those who planned the program apparently felt that a lively, patriotic march that had raised the spirits of the listeners was worth repeating for they scheduled each organization for several appearances. Most of the time during the celebration a band was playing somewhere.

At the conclusion of the concert a unique event was scheduled: daylight fireworks on upper Granite Street. We must confess we have never seen fireworks in broad daylight, but who is to say such pyrotechnics would not be spectacular -- the silver flashes silhouetted against the blue summer sky. The program consisted of fifty assorted figure shells and rockets.

The daylight fireworks was followed by another concert of the massed bands at the bandstand in the park. If anyone became a little weary of the band music, he might duck into the Lithia Theater and catch the lively vaudeville acts which accompanied the picture for this special occasion.

Ashland citizens entered into the spirit of the occasion. Churches held open house and many civic groups opened food and lemonade concessions. A room in the Elks block, filled with curios and historic artifacts, attracted a great deal of attention, city employees kept games going in

the children's playground and the WCTU tent remained open and offered benches for visitors who had discovered their feet had grown larger than their shoes. Two band concerts were presented in the evening of the second day and the dancers did their thing until the wee hours.

And so ends the celebration for the second day.

#### GRANTS PASS AND KLAMATH FALLS DAY

The third day was dedicated to Grants Pass and Klamath Falls. The celebration started at 10 o'clock in the morning with a baseball game. Again Medford was defeated by Weed who had won the two games out of three. After the game, the Central Point band entertained at the bandstand while, at the same time, water sports were held at the Natatorium.

In the afternoon the Round-up again attracted huge crowds. At the conclusion of the day's events, the winners were announced:

The big prize events of the round-up were the Bucking contests, Relay Races, Pony Express Races, Steer Roping, and Bulldogging. (We list a few of the winners) Donald Cannon, the sixteen-year old, won the bucking contest with Bronco Bob Hall coming in second and George Fletcher, the Pendelton black rider, third.

In the cowboys' relay, Jim Taylor won first money with Ray Murphy of Ashland taking second.

The pony express race was won by Jim Taylor with Gene Torora second. In steer roping and tying, Jim Roach of Pendelton won the three-day contest with R.P. McClelland of Corvallis second and Buffalo Vernon third. This was one of the exciting stunts of the roundup and the only one which gave use to any criticism for its inhumanity. Fast time depends on jerking the steer high enough into the blue empyrean so that the breath will be knocked out of him when he falls. [S.P.C.A., where are you when we need you?]

Buffalo Vernon was awarded first in bulldogging and J. Arant with an Ashland string won the cowboy pony race, taking first money each day. Ray Murphy with another Ashland string took second.

The cowgirls' pony race went to Erma Baker of northern California with Anita Ingle second and Mary Joshua third. The girls held the same places in the squaw pony race.

Bronco Bob Hall won the cowboys' drunken ride. Buffalo Vernon won the slick ear race. Donald Cannon took the honors in the wild horse race July Fourth, E.H. Cannon on the fifth and Bronco Bob Hall on the sixth. The lady bucking horse contest went to Erma Baker.

The judges were J. Frank Adams of Merrill, R.P. McClelland of Corvallis and William Daugherty of the Portland stockyards.

The crowds at the Round-up grounds were

noisy and enthusiastic and the rough activities gave the spectators opportunities to exercise their rowdy natures. Seats, at fifty cents each, brought thousands of dollars into the ticket office, and the round-up was an obvious financial triumph. The promoters, Nininger, Helms, Briggs, Adams and Bergner, could well sit back and bask in their success. The *Record* announced:

Despite the fact that there is a good showing on the right side of this ledger, these gentlemen will not stage it again alone. For nearly two months they have sidetracked their business and hired men to take their places and have worked like beavers. They have received highly flattering proposals to take the show to Medford next year, but will stage it at Ashland and on a larger scale than this year. With that end in view they started the formation of a stock company Monday and by noon had listed \$2,000 in stock subscriptions at twenty-five dollars a share and not more than four shares to an individual. No man approached refused to take stock and many wanted more than the limit.

Work will start now. The grounds will be leased for five years. A big covered grandstand that will afford ten thousand people comfort will be erected. A half mile track is contemplated. The grounds will be properly fenced and equipped with better roadways, ticket offices, necessary buildings, corrals, etc.

It is considered that the local field was hardly more than touched by the present round-up and that its fame will bring scores of riders and their stock another year.

[Note: the Round-up Association met with smashing success when it presented its show for a second year. In the third year, the enthusiasm of the entrepreneurs waned a little, and after a few years the performances lost much of their audiences and the Ashland Rogue River Round-up shut down its operations.]

During the Round-up the crowds downtown were treated to a Beautiful Baby contest which was held at the Elks temple. Mrs. J.H. Turner was in charge with Mesdames Gus Hedberg, Elise Churchman and C.H. Vaupel as assistants. Thirty-five babies were entered. Instead of having judges, the prizes were awarded by the vote of all those present.

Prettiest baby under six months: Frank Gould Deardorff. Frank Gould won by 110 votes and was given a gold chain and locket for his pulchritude. A second prize was given to Burrill Wyant.

Prettiest baby under six months (second place): Lois Maurine Briggs, who won by a majority of 140 votes and received a silver cup.

Prettiest baby one year to two years: Mary Louise Murphy, who won by 220 votes and was given a gift of one dozen photographs.

The smallest baby, Ingrid Maedene Peterson, who was two months old was given a gold ring.

Second smallest: Dorathea Weedon received a gold ring.

Fattest baby: Victor Sander was given a sterling silver bib holder.

Best natured baby: Ford Reed of Talent who was given a set of gold pins.

Baldest baby: William Bledso. He was given a brush and comb set.

At some time each day Professor Cook, the daring balloonist, made his ascension from the Ashland high school grounds. The professor who weighed only 114 pounds, floated up to 5,000 feet before he cut his parachute loose. The fascinated crowd was speechless as he drifted down to earth. What was the next thing some foolish daredevil would do to risk his neck?

At the bandstand the four bands again massed for a last hurrah. It's hard to believe the musicians had any lips left, and encore numbers were probably out of the question, but the players seem to have held out until the last.

At seven o'clock in the evening King Sulphur's Saturnalia began with a fanfare by the Central Point band, as they started the march down East Main Street to the Plaza. Behind the band came King Sulphur (O.T. Bergner) dressed in his rich robes of state and accompanied by members of his royal court. Behind the royalty came the floats and the comedians.

The *Record* said of the parade:

There was everything in it from dear little girls with flower decked doll buggies to a cargo of ferocious looking cannibals in jet black, save for the white rings about their eyes. Uncle Sam mopping up Mexico, a clown band, a cub bear exhibit, boys in Indian suits, decorated bicycles, Chinese marchers, Shetland ponies and a pet rooster driven with reins. Scores of other attractions flitted by. Parodies on the city council, the fire department, the newspapers, the police and other civic establishments brought tears to the eyes of the multitude that lined the streets.

The main prizes went to the cannibals, fire department, clown band, human rosebuds, city council. Two dollars each went to Dennis Espey's automobile, Indian cowboy, Uncle Sam, Preparedness, Raymond Bowers and cub bears. A dollar each went to Georgie Barron for his pet rooster and the following doll mothers: Isadore Howard, Elizabeth Schaumlöffel, Eleanor Swedenburg, Miss Crowson, Miss Swanson.

The parade was a fit starter for the carnival, which followed so quickly that folks who were still laughing at the parade got a mouth full of confetti. The thousands of colored lights that were strung across the street like a maze, made them light as day. The carnival spirit was rife. The Central Point band at the Hotel Oregon Piazza started a pavement dance. For hours the

crowd surged back and forth amidst shrieks of laughter and the screech of noise machines.

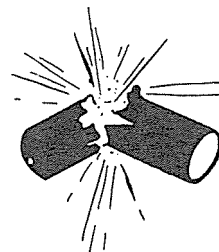
The spontaneity, the humor and the noise of the comedians and the crowd blended together in a perfect ending for the three day celebration. Tomorrow the visitors would start for home and the performers would fold away their paraphernalia. For now everyone was in a festive spirit and a feeling of affection and camaraderie swept through the crowd. Old and young joined in the frolic and clapped to the rhythm of the band. While at the park, where a cowboy band played, the dancers were even more noisy and spirited. Someone supplied bags of confetti and the streets soon looked like Mardi Gras time.

As it grew later the dancers gravitated to the dance pavillions, the Natatorium and the Bungalow, where they whirled around the floor until the orchestra reminded them it was "Three O'clock in the Morning."

It was the greatest Fourth of July celebration in Oregon's history. For three days Ashland was transformed into another world. A high spot was reached when the mayors of Ashland, Medford, Grants Pass and Klamath Falls stood together on the stage of the bandstand and toasted the occasion with lithia cocktails and sulphur rickeys. Several times troop trains loaded with infantrymen passed through Ashland and during one stop the captain marched his men up town by way of relaxation. The sight of the marching men, so soon to face the enemy in the war-to-end-all-wars, thrilled the crowds but made them aware that their jubilation was only a temporary thing and that they must soon come down to reality.

By July 7 Ashland was back on a business-as-usual routine. The party was over, the crowd had dispersed, and the clean up crews were pushing brooms and dustpans around the downtown streets. The citizens and businessmen could bask for a few minutes in yesterday's glory, but July 7 marked the opening of the 24th Annual Assembly of Chautauqua. Superior programs were scheduled and folks were already arriving for their two weeks of culture.

Off with the old; on with the new.





# From Our Readers

What a pleasant surprise to find on the cover of your March 1987 issue my favorite picture of my great-grandfather, Thomas Fletcher Royal. This picture was taken by his daughter, Aeolia Oberg, with whom he lived in Portland during his last years. It was taken in 1910 the year before he died at the age of 90. I have enclosed a copy of what he wrote about his saddle bags. I think the writing must be contemporary to the picture. I thought that you would enjoy reading it.

Two other points that may interest you: 1) A stained-glass reproduction of this picture was made and is now in the chapel at the headquarters of the Goodwill Industries in Portland. 2) These saddle bags were used as the model for the Circuit Rider statue in Salem. . .

My mother passed away in 1984 without getting the Royal material, that she had collected over 50 years, published. My father and his four children have formed The Royal Family Association with the intent of getting this material published. . .

The Plains crossing book coming out this Fall is interesting in that we have combined the writings and diaries of T.F. and J.H.B. with those written by some other families that traveled with them --Burt, Lacon, Taylor and Hoffman. I think the various writings compliment and embellish each other.

Thank you for doing such a fine job on the Royals.

Sincerely,  
*Dorothy M. Mumford*

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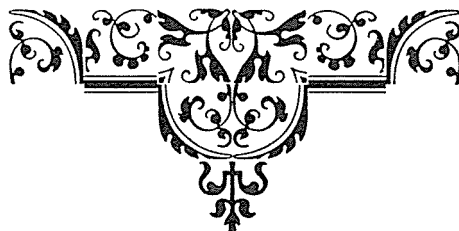
## My Old Saddle Bags *Rev. Thomas Fletcher Royal*

These old saddle bags have a very interesting story to tell. Though very old they are not my first pair, for they entered the itinerancy only fifty years ago, and were successors to a pair which was utterly worn out by hard service. These I know look old and wrinkled enough to have seen a century's use. If you would know where the wrinkles came from, ask the stormy winds and pelting rains. Ask the black spattering mud of Southern Oregon, the overhanging dripping brush of Coos Bay trails. Ask the snow drifts on the summit of the Cascade Mountains, and the lone juniper trees of the Goose Lake country, which gave the itinerant slender protection from the frosts of that elevated plateau. They have furnished a pillow for the tired head during many nights of bivouac. Ask the man who hauled them out of a pile of driftwood in the South Umpqua River, where they had lodged after being washed from the back of the preacher's horse while swimming a swollen stream.

If these stories of buffetings are not enough to explain their superannuated looks, inquire concerning the service which they have rendered. They were the traveling preacher's library and wardrobe and often his larder; sometimes the bin for his horse's oats, a peck at a time. Outward bound they were always loaded with Bibles, Sunday School libraries, and other books from the "Concern." Inward

bound, they came loaded with ham, a flitch of bacon, a chunk of fresh meat, or a dressed chicken or turkey. They have conveyed all kinds of dry goods: groceries, boots, shoes, hardware, and more than once an assortment of Christmas toys. These bags have been stretched to their utmost capacity with vegetables of all kinds, they have ventured to cargo such explosives as eggs by the dozen, gallons of sauerkraut, often a whole cheese, and once a gallon of soft soap; and many a time fruits--fresh, dried, canned and preserved. All these were usually counted as "quarterage."

Nothing ever strained their seams nor tested my horse more than the numerous geological specimens, and relics of Indian art in stone and in basket-weaving for the cabinet of the Umpqua Academy and which may now be seen in the museum of the Willamette University. To the itinerant's wife the saddle bags were like a pack of Providence, and to his children their opening was like the coming of Santa Claus every four weeks. Those faithful receptacles always brought some happy surprise for the whole household. Dear old companion, you and I are looking not so young as once we did. Twentieth century folks consider us relics of an ancient day. But if we are fossils of a past age, we bear hieroglyphic wrinkles in our faces in which could be deciphered a story of mingled tears and laughter, some comedy, a touch of tragedy, and of mighty triumphs.



At the Society's April Board meeting the Board passed a motion "to submit the Restated Articles of Incorporation to the members for adoption at the Society's annual meeting".

The following draft of the Restated Articles of Incorporation was prepared by the ad hoc Bylaws Committee in early 1987 to be in conformity with the recently passed Society bylaws as well as ORS 61.385. Restated Articles of Incorporation.

In order to make these articles effective and to file them with the Corporation Commissioner they must be passed by a two-thirds majority of the members in attendance at our annual membership meeting June 18, 1987. Therefore passage of this draft will be an item of business on the meeting agenda.

**Restated Articles of Incorporation  
of  
Southern Oregon Historical Society, Inc.**

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC., an Oregon nonprofit corporation adopts these restated Articles of Incorporation pursuant to the Oregon Nonprofit Corporation Act. These Restated Articles of Incorporation supersede all prior Articles of Incorporation and all amendments thereof, of SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

**Article I**

The name of this corporation is SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC. and its duration is perpetual.

**Article II**

The purposes for which this corporation is organized are:

- a. This corporation is organized and shall be operated solely for charitable purposes.
- b. Specifically and primarily, this corporation is formed to operate museums in Jackson County, Oregon; to collect, preserve, exhibit and publish material, personal property and real property of an historical character, especially relating to the history of Southern Oregon and Oregon; to encourage and develop the study of such history.
- c. In general this corporation is formed to engage in any lawful activity, not for profit, in which corporations are authorized to engage under Chapter 61 of the Oregon Revised Statutes, provided, however, that it will not engage, except to an insubstantial degree, in any activity not in furtherance of the specific and primary purposes set forth in clause "b" above.
- d. No part of the net earnings of this corporation shall inure to the benefit of any private individual or entity.

- e. No substantial part of the activities of this corporation shall consist of carrying on propaganda, or otherwise attempting to influence legislation, and the corporation shall not participate or intervene in any political campaign (including the publishing or distributing of statements) on behalf of any candidate for public office.
- f. Notwithstanding any other provisions of this Article II, this corporation shall engage only in activities which are permitted to be engaged in by a corporation exempt from federal income tax under Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code ("The Code") by a corporation to which contributions are deductible under Section 170(C) (2) of The Code and by a public charity described in Section 509 (a) (1), (2) or (3) of The Code.

### Article III

This corporation shall have one or more classes of members as specified in the corporate bylaws. The qualifications and rights of the members of each class shall be set forth in the bylaws.

### Article IV

This corporation shall have a Board of Trustees as provided in its bylaws and the Trustees shall be elected and vacancies filled in accordance with those bylaws. Each Trustee shall hold office for a term not to exceed three (3) years.

### Article V

No part of the net earnings of the corporation shall inure to the benefit of, or be distributable to its members, Trustees, officers or other private persons, except that the corporation shall be authorized and empowered to pay reasonable compensation for services rendered and to make payments and distributions in furtherance of the purposes set forth in Article II hereof. Notwithstanding any other provision of these articles the corporation shall not carry on any other activities not permitted to be carried on by a corporation exempt from federal income tax under Section 501(c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 (and similar provisions of any future United States Internal Revenue Law.)

### Article VI

All of the properties, monies and other assets of this corporation are irrevocably dedicated to charitable, scientific and educational purposes and shall not inure to the benefit of any private individual. In the event that this corporation shall be dissolved or terminated at any time, then all of the properties, monies and other assets of this corporation shall be transferred exclusively to and become the property of a nonprofit fund, foundation or corporation as selected and designated by the Board of Trustees of this corporation and which shall at that time qualify as exempt under Section 501(c) (3) of The Code as that section exists or may subsequently be amended.

## Do You Have a Hannah Pot?

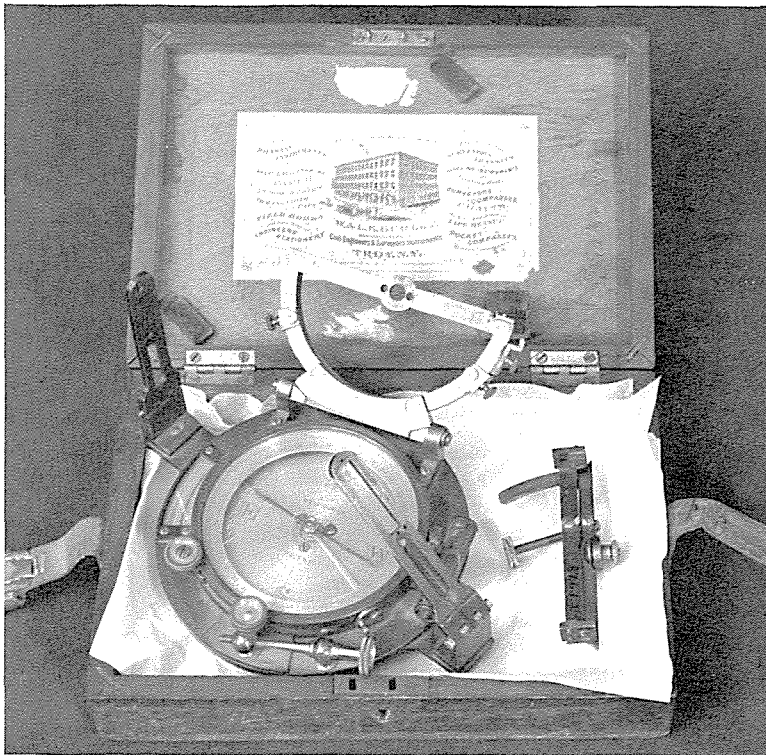
Maybe you do and you don't even know it. Sturdy utilitarian crocks, jugs, churns, bowls and even irrigation pipe may lie in unused corners around Southern Oregon. If you think you have a Hannah pot, the Southern Oregon Historical Society and members of Clayfolk (a non-profit organization of ceramic artists) want to talk to you.

The Jacksonville Museum foyer currently features an exhibit of representative Hannah wares from the Society's collection. The exhibit will be on display until June 1 and area residents and visitors are urged to come in and compare these artifacts with ones they themselves may have.

A major exhibit on Hannah pottery is being planned for the summer of 1988 in the Jacksonville Museum and a search is now underway to locate any existing Hannah wares for possible inclusion in the exhibit.

For more information on the Hannah pottery or for assistance in identifying pots, contact Jim Robinson, 535-4281, Nancy Ingram, 535-1416, or Jime Matoush, Coordinator of Exhibits, 899-1847.

*SOHS photo by Natalie Brown*



*Photo by Natalie Brown/Jean K. Hagen*

## New Accession

During the early 1900s Frank Gerisez was the surveyor for Jackson County. The surveyor's compass shown was recently donated to the Society by Mr. Gerisez's daughter, Mrs. Brook Glass of Manteca, California.



*Clayfolk members Nancy Ingram and Jim Robinson examine Hannah pots produced near Shady Cove in the late 19th century. The four pots shown are from the Southern Oregon Historical Society collection.*

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## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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