

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NOVEMBER 1987



SOHS photo by Natalie Brown

Effective November 2, 1987, until the spring of 1988, the entire second floor of the courthouse will be closed while Exhibit Department staff installs a new exhibit, "Making Tracks: The Impact of Railroading in the Rogue River Valley." The first major change in the courtroom exhibit gallery since 1974, the exhibit will feature artifacts and photographs that reflect Jackson County's rich railroad history and the many ways railroads affected the lives of the people who lived in the Rogue Valley.

Highlights of the exhibit will include life-size train station settings, displays about railroad workers, the railroad's effect on fruit and lumber industries, passenger travel, mail by rail, and what railroads mean to the Rogue Valley today. In addition the exhibit will include an overview of the historical Oregon and California (O & C) Railroad, a survey of other smaller railroads in the area, and much more.

Please bear with us during the change. The downstairs of the Jacksonville Museum will remain open as will the entire Children's Museum (which is *not* just for children.)

In the photo above Dawna Curler examines an artifact as Jime Matoush points out some fascinating fact about the model of the upstairs floor.

Cover

The cover may have been a proof sheet set up by a local photographer around the turn of the century. On the back is written: Ashland Ladies and Gentleman. The subjects appear to be pleasant folk, particularly the young man, who seems a little impish.

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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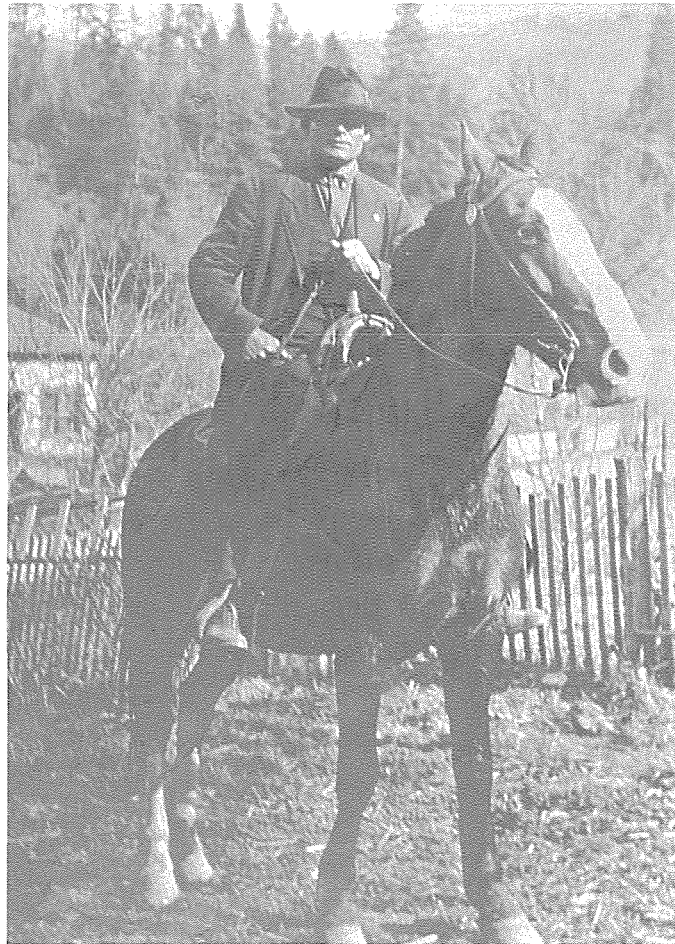
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We are fortunate to be given permission to reprint Miss Hegne's story, "The Game Warden and the Poacher." The author is an indefatigable researcher and has hidden skills in unearthing little known facts. It is our good luck that she is interested in southern Oregon. "The Game Warden and the Poacher" is from her book, *Unforgettable Pioneers*, which will be published soon.



Arthur Hubbard,
Game Warden
Pictures in this story courtesy
of Barbara Hegne

THE GAME WARDEN & THE POACHER

by Barbara Hegne

In my research for this story, I spent many hours reading newspaper accounts of the trial. The local community newspapers were, with few exceptions, dogmatic, with a guilty verdict for the defendant. The reporting was quite biased and today would be condemned as "yellow journalism." When the verdict was announced, the result met with statewide condemnation. Even today, descendants and trial participants are reticent to talk about it. It is felt by some that better face-to-face communication and less neighborhood rumor would have prevented much of the ultimate tragedy.

(C) 1987

Barbara Hegne

The backwoods of the upper Trail community were peaceful and quiet that winter day in December 1914. The snow-covered trees stretched out in every direction and

the crusted ground reflected the rays of the sun darting through the branches. There, in that desolate spot, two men met face to face and suddenly the hushed serenity of the forest

changed. They greeted each other with "Hellos" but the sound of their voices carried overtones of hostility. The tenseness between them permeated the cold mid-morning air and neither took his eyes off the other. Both hearts pounded wildly, uncontrollable; their guts were on fire. They were equal in raw courage and fearlessness, but both men were held captive in a moment of uncertainty. Then in less than a heartbeat an explosion rocked the still air and a long standing bitter grudge was finally laid to rest.

The man behind the smoking rifle was Loris Martin, a suspected game poacher. The dead man in the snow was Jackson County's game warden, Arthur Hubbard.

The events that took place before and after that fateful day involved people from all over the state of Oregon. Community was pitted against community, sides were taken, family secrets were put on the line and the list of witnesses ranged from political businessman to town drunk. In an instant, the pull of that trigger brought about one of the most sensational and expensive trials ever held in Jackson County.

Now, there were only two people alive who had witnessed the shooting. One was Loris Martin, the murderer; the other was constable Al Irwin of Ashland, a friend and co-worker of Arthur Hubbard. Before the shooting, Hubbard had asked Irwin to accompany him on horseback to the remote Trail area to search Loris Martin's cabin for signs of poaching. Hubbard jokingly told Irwin he wanted "someone along to tell how it happened," but Irwin didn't imagine anything this tragic would occur.

Irwin stood perfectly still, unable to breathe or to hear as his ears echoed with the sound of the shot. He was scared -- and with good reason. He had just witnessed a murder and before he could react, he was covered by Martin's still warm 30-30 Winchester rifle. Martin spoke first. "There's a phone three miles down the trail," he said. "Call for Sheriff W.H. Singler. He's the only man I'll surrender to."

Irwin didn't wait around to argue. He was cold, bewildered, and just plain terrified, and when Martin suggested he leave, he left.

But he wasn't the only person who was anxious and nervous. Loris Martin, alone on the mountain with his victim lying in the snow at his feet, was also uneasy, especially when it sank in that he had shot and killed a well-known, popular man of the law. But Martin was confident about one fact: there wasn't a man in Oregon who could outshoot him or take him in if he really didn't want to go.

MEN OF CHARACTER

Martin was a small man, rugged and strong, and complimented with a magnificent physique. He had a large nose, extraordinarily big hands and a face highlighted with a reddish beard. There were streaks of gold in his teeth. He always chewed tobacco and would take a cut out of his pocket, whittle off a bit and, as he stuck in into his mouth, make some remark about those damn fools who smoked cigarettes and didn't they know they would kill them. He always dressed in mountain garb: overalls, flannel shirts and heavy mountain boots. He was a man's man and throughout his life had worked as a hunting guide, miner and blacksmith. He was a legend in his own time and was known as the best trapper in the state of Oregon.

In the early days of Oregon before the game laws, Martin held centerstage in Jacksonville when he brought in a wagon load of fine furs and skins for sale after a winter's catch. When the game laws were initiated, Martin chose to ignore them. He would hunt and fish whenever and wherever he felt like it. Because he lived in the wild remote area of Trail, little was done about his infractions. He figured that a trapper should be allowed to kill deer for cougar bait because cougars killed at least 50 deer a year, mostly fawns. Many of the old timers who had lived and hunted before game laws were invented, did not believe such laws were just, and were, at the least, barely enforceable.

Martin and Hubbard were alike in many respects; their convictions were strong and whatever they believed they believed totally.

Martin was 43 years old, a loner, and he had never married. He lived with his widowed mother most of his life and had one brother and three sisters.

Hubbard was a stout, stocky man, with a swarthy complexion and dark hair. He was very handsome. A dedicated family man, he had a beautiful wife and two adorable children. His wife was from a prominent Ashland family and both Hubbard and his wife were involved in many community services and clubs. He was a member of the Rogue River Fish Protective Agency, Medford Rod and Gun Club and a brother in the Elks Lodge of Ashland. He was 37 years old.

Appointed to the Fish and Game Department in the summer of 1911, he soon gained a reputation as a fearless officer who was extremely successful in his arrests. He was called a "man among men," rigid and unyielding in the



Loris Martin, the alleged poacher, demonstrates his skill with the rifle. He boasted that there wasn't a man in Oregon who could outshoot him.

performance of his duties and always conscientious of the law. He had a unique natural way that made even the toughest criminal surrender without incident. In Ashland, his hometown, he was a celebrity of sorts and frequently rode the streets on his favorite horse. He always had a kind word, a nod of the head, and an extended hand. His death not only shocked his friends and relatives, but had the whole state of Oregon in an uproar. The organizations of which he was a member quickly rallied to the aid of his widow and orphan children. The Elks Club sponsored lectures throughout the state, donating proceeds to Mrs. Hubbard. The Oregon Sportsman League proposed a 'Hubbard's Memorial Fund' and Senator von der Hellen introduced a bill to appropriate \$3,000 to Mrs. Hubbard from the State Protection Fund.

State Game Warden Wm. Finley, also a member of the Protective Order of the Elks, immediately sent a letter to all members informing them of the benefit fund, and in part suggested the following opinion of the murder: "Mr. Hubbard was sent by our department into the upper Trail Creek country to place a man under arrest who was known to be violating the game law. When Mr. Hubbard met this man, Loris Martin, in the mountains, he walked quietly toward him to place him under arrest. When

within a few feet, Martin fired with his rifle at his hip, killing Mr. Hubbard who had made no effort whatever to draw his gun."

BIRTH OF A GRUDGE

At one time a man could hunt, fish and trap to his heart's content, animals were plentiful and provided a natural way to feed the family. Loris Martin loved the backwoods where he had hunted and trapped all his life. He was known for his quickness on the trigger and for being a deadshot. His reputation for fast shooting was always a topic at the local sit-and-spit gab sessions. He always won the local turkey shoots and target contests and although he seemed shy and uneducated, when it came to hitting a bull's eye, he seldom missed.

A story often passed around the old woodstove, told of the time Loris and a friend were sitting on a log and a neighbor's horse came meandering by. When the friend bet Loris he couldn't hit the horse, Loris, without hesitation, raised his gun and killed the nag with one shot. Then Loris went to the horse's owner, a man named Nicholas, and bought the horse outright, not mentioning the fact that he had shot him. The neighbor bragged how he had pulled the wool over Loris' eyes because the horse wasn't worth much, but he was fit to be tied when he found Loris had shot the horse first.

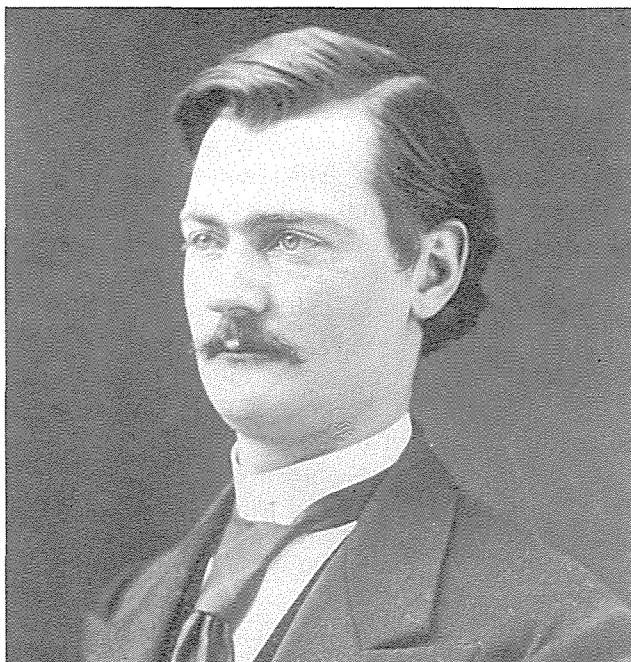
In 1906 Loris was caught and found guilty of buying untagged deer skins. He paid the fine but vowed not to get caught next time and he kept on dodging the game warden. Stories were circulated about one certain warden who, when ordered to arrest Martin, resigned rather than face him.

THE BAIT

When Arthur Hubbard was told about Martin and all the other game violators of the small communities of Butte Falls, Brownsboro, Elk Creek, Griffin Creek and Trail, he made a personal vow to bring in all offenders. Early in his career he made a trip past Trail near Prospect and there along the Rogue River he saw two men getting ready to fish. He greeted them and commenced to help one man (Loris Martin) bait his hook. As soon as Loris had thrown his line into the water, Hubbard identified himself and arrested both men for fishing without a license. This entire incident didn't set well with the old time Trail-Prospect residents and in addition left Martin extremely embittered against Hubbard.

THE TRIAL

Prosecuter E.E. Kelly made a trip to Trail as soon as he heard about the murder. He placed a call around midnight from the Middlebusher Hotel to report that Loris was standing guard over Hubbard's body and would surrender only to Sheriff Singler. When the Sheriff reached the scene of the crime, Martin was arrested without incident and placed in the Jacksonville jail.



Evan Reames gave a masterful defense.

Martin's attorney, Evan Reames, wasted no time in his preparation for the trial. He immediately sent word to State Game Warden Wm. Finley for a list of all Elk members who had received Finley's letter suggesting Loris killed Hubbard outright. These men would be disqualified as jurors.

The trial was held three months after the killing with the projection of over 60 witnesses to be called. Jury selection took over 2 days as it was difficult to find people who were not influenced by the barrage of information printed in the local newspapers or who did not have deep rooted opinions about the game laws. The *Mail Tribune* set the mood of the trial with the statement: "No case in the history of Jackson County is exciting so much interest, has been so widely read and discussed or promises to be so hard fought."

An article in the *Morning Sun*, March 3, 1915, was headed "TAMPER WITH LORIS MARTIN JURY MEN." Jury members reported that friends of Martin were attempting to persuade them to vote in favor of Martin. The courtroom was packed wall to wall when Circuit Judge F.M. Calkins announced extreme steps would be taken to prosecute anyone found tampering with the jury. After that the alleged tampering ended.

Inside the crowded courtroom among the confusion and noise sat two women, one in a simple dress, the other garbed in a black dress and heavy veil. Both had heavy hearts. One, Martin's mother, sat near her son in the front; the other, Hubbard's wife, sat in the rear. Neither woman looked at the other.

In his opening statement Evan Reames told the jury that evidence showed Arthur Hubbard baited Martin's hook, helped him fish, then arrested him and his companion for fishing without a license. In addition, Martin paid his friend's fine with the understanding that Hubbard would reimburse him. Hubbard, however, did not keep his promise and this incident added to Martin's feelings of enmity and distrust for Hubbard.

MARTIN'S THREATS

The first witness for the state was Andy Poole, a forest ranger and 20-year acquaintance of Loris Martin. Andy lived near Trail with his wife Amanda and eighteen-year-old daughter Violet. Andy testified that Martin came to visit them in 1912 and Violet showed Martin a post card that sent him into a rage with threats to kill Hubbard. The card depicted a small boy baiting a fishing hook with the caption: "You won't catch any fish if you swear."



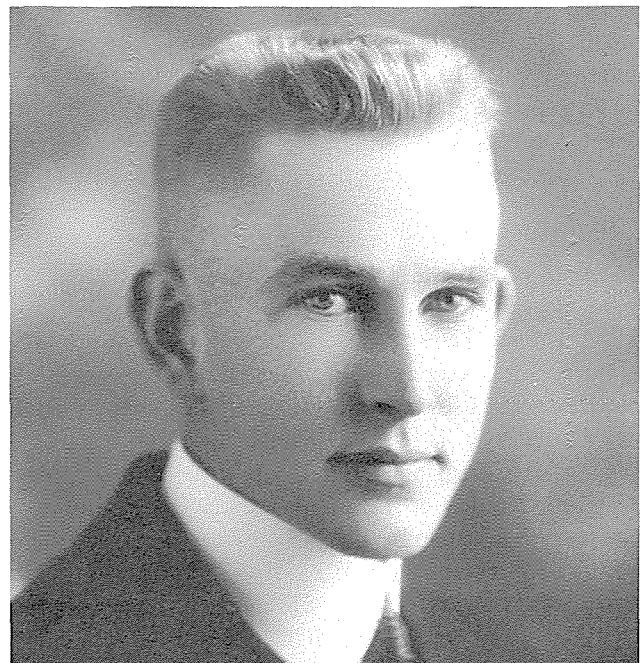
Visitors and staff pose for pictures on the front porch of the Middlebusher Hotel. Both Hubbard and Irwin stopped there on the fateful day.

Amanda, Andy's wife, was breezy and flippant in her answers to the court. Judge Calkins was visibly impatient with her sarcasm and threatened to jail her if she didn't contain herself. Her answer was loud and curt: "It could have been summer, spring, or fall, in the hall, kitchen or wherever, Martin always made threats to kill Hubbard." A little bit of back country living came to light when Attorney Reames asked Amanda if the reason she was testifying against Martin was that she was mad at his sister, Mrs. Skyrman. Amanda flatly denied the statement and accused her neighbor Mrs. Gaines of spreading that rumor. The spectators roared when Reames asked Amanda what Mrs. Gaines was doing when they had the conversation about Martin's sister and she smugly replied, "Drying a corset."

Fred Middlebusher, a boy of 14, was put on the stand. He said he met Martin in the road one day and Martin said he would "get Hubbard." On cross examination Fred admitted his people were "not friendly with the Martin family, but Loris was not included." Fred said that Hubbard and Irwin stopped at the Middlebusher Hotel on their way to Martin's cabin that fateful day and Fred's older brother warned them to leave Martin alone and advised him not to go.

On March 6, the state called Ed Van Dyke, a

tall long-legged Trail backwoodsman. The manner in which he slowly shuffled to the witness chair held the spectators spellbound. When he opened his mouth to speak, it was obvious he was inebriated. With much gusto he detailed the profanity of the threats Martin had made against



Fred Middlebusher testified he had seen the accused and the defendant on the day of the murder.

Hubbard. He seemed to realize he had a captive audience and played his role to the hilt. He waved his arms wildly and emphasized the horrid words Martin was alleged to have said. In the midst of his sputtering and waving he caught one of his fingers in a window blind string and sent it rolling up with such a tremendous clatter it nearly jolted him out of his seat. The roar of the audience brought the house down and everyone laughed except Judge Calkins. Van Dyke's being pickled didn't set well with the Judge and although the witness denied that he drank intoxicants, he was ordered to the cooler to sober up. The next day he appeared rather sheepish and admitted talking to Martin two days before the murder. He asked Martin if he thought Hubbard "was coming up any further to Trail." Ed testified Martin got huffy and said, "He'd better not come up any further." Judge Calkins released Ed Van Dyke with warnings not to drink during the remainder of the trial.

Jim Vogeli, Trail tavern owner, testified that when he and Martin went hunting and Hubbard's name was brought up, Martin became distraught and threatened to kill Hubbard.

HUBBARD'S THREATS

C.E. Terrill, a Butte Creek farmer, testified it was common knowledge there was bad blood between the two men. He said Hubbard mentioned going after violators and when Martin's name came up, Hubbard said, "I'll tear into him...He's all bluff, I'll make him look like a whipped cur."

Sam Harnish, owner of the Eagle Point Livery Stable, said that a couple of days before the murder Hubbard had stopped by and mentioned that every time he went to the small communities, the townsfolk knew he was coming. He said, "I'll show them smart guys a trick or two before I get through this time."

The courtroom was very quiet when Dave Pence, a county bridge builder took the stand. Dave was a well-liked early settler of the Elk Creek area. Dave told of the time Hubbard came to his home, searched and found deer meat. Dave told Hubbard his wife was expecting a baby and was extremely ill and very near the time of birth, but Hubbard ignored his pleas and arrested him anyway, leaving a neighbor lady with his wife. Dave, reflecting upon the incident, began to weep and it took several minutes before he could compose himself. He complained that while he was gone, his wife gave birth. His complete breakdown left an emotional scar on the courtroom spectators where a dry eye was not to

be found. Dave admitted that after that time he and Hubbard became friends and on one occasion they were having a drink together at Brown's saloon and Hubbard said he would "get Martin."

On cross examination Attorney Kelly pointed a finger at Dave and accused him of making up the story about Hubbard's drinking as Hubbard was known as a non-drinker. Dave quickly responded that he could prove it and the entire courtroom jeered and taunted Kelly. This brought Judge Calkins to his feet pounding the gavel and threatening to clear the courtroom.

Next came George Weeks nicknamed "Whispering George" because of his ear-splitting booming voice. He took the stand with confidence and as he set his faded Stetson on his knee, he started to tell of a conversation with Hubbard in front of his Trail ranch house. When Judge Calkins interrupted and told him to lower his voice, George bluntly told him the good Lord gave him this voice and he was not about to change it. He declared that Hubbard called Martin a dirty coward and promised to "make him lie down like a dirty dog" and if he didn't get him, it was because he was a "quicker man" than he was.



*George Weeks was a noisy witness.
(Picture reproduced from a tintype.)*

Tobacco-chewing Walter Woods waddled to the witness stand. He was an old Eagle Pointer who loved a good story and wasn't beyond stretching the truth a bit. He claimed that as he passed Childreth's blacksmith shop about two years earlier, Childreth was shoeing Hubbard's horse. He overheard Hubbard tell Childreth, "The only gunman in the woods is Martin, and if there is any shooting to be done, I'll get in on it too." Walter said Childreth replied, "You want him (referring to Hubbard's horse) shod so you can go like the devil in case anything happens."

All eyes were on Mrs. Hubbard. The tragedy of losing a husband and the father of her children and the weight of the trial was deeply etched on her face. Still, she was spirited and sure in her stand for her husband's reputation. She disputed the testimony of Walter Woods and others who said they had seen Hubbard at the time and the dates they claimed. She introduced as evidence Hubbard's handwritten daily work reports as to his whereabouts on the days in question and he was not anywhere near Eagle Point.

Harry Skyrman, Loris' 15-year-old nephew, boldly took the stand. He said that on the morning of the shooting, he had "got wind that a game warden was on his way to catch poachers." He went to his Uncle Loris' cabin and finding him gone left a note written with a burned stick, warning him that the law was coming. He was no sooner back at school when the teacher, Gertrude Shultz, announced that Game Warden Arthur Hubbard had been shot. Harry started back to Loris' cabin and on the trail met a teen-aged Trail neighbor, Jack Daw, and Constable Irwin, who had witnessed the shooting. Irwin told Harry Skyrman to hurry on to the cabin as Loris had threatened suicide. Harry asked Irwin outright if Hubbard had drawn his gun and Irwin said that from the position of his elbow he judged he was trying to.

When Harry reached the cabin he saw Loris and asked him what had happened. Loris said "Hubbard's pistol seemed to stick in the scabbard." This statement dropped a bombshell on the defense especially coming from a relative of the defendant. Up to this time Attorney Reames had carefully built the case with the idea of self defense. He had asserted that Hubbard had his gun out of the scabbard and had pointed it at Martin. On cross examination Attorney Kelly then wanted to know if the gun had stuck in the scabbard, why was it found five feet away from the body and under a bush?

Jack Daw took the stand and quoted Irwin as saying "Arthur [Hubbard] was entirely too hasty."

CONSTABLE IRWIN'S TESTIMONY

Constable Irwin told that he and Hubbard reached the cabin before noon and upon searching it found two fresh deer hams which they strapped to the horses as evidence. They mounted to leave when Loris Martin suddenly appeared on the trail carrying an axe and a rifle. Martin asked, "What the Hell are you doing here?"

Hubbard dismounted and the impetus threw him toward Martin. Irwin said the command of Halt and the shot were simultaneous and that the bullet killed Hubbard instantly. Irwin said he was trying to dismount, but his foot caught in the stirrup. Irwin claimed Martin moved around nervously, kept on high ground and did not lower his rifle. Irwin said his impression was that Hubbard was trying to grab Martin's rifle.

Irwin seemed confused on cross examination as Reames challenged his early statements to witnesses whether Hubbard had made a motion to draw his gun and if his gloves had been on or off. Irwin contradicted himself and seemed to be still under the shock of the tragedy that he had witnessed.

Mrs. Zelma Van Dyke was witness for the defense. She was a housekeeper for Martin's sister Mrs. Skyrman. Attorney Reames asked her if she was present with Mrs. Daw when Constable Irwin stated to them that Hubbard tried to draw his gun. Mrs. Van Dyke flatly denied Irwin made such a remark. When Reames asked her why she had told him different earlier, she became indignant, sighed and announced she was tired of saying things just because Martin people told her to. Attorney Reames quickly established the fact she was the wife of Ed Van Dyke, a witness for the state and declared her a hostile witness.

Deputy Sheriff "Curley" Wilson testified that when he met Constable Irwin he asked him if Hubbard had a gun. When Irwin said yes he asked, "Why didn't Hubbard do some shooting?" Irwin responded "He tried to, but his gun stuck."

Attorney Kelly insinuated that Martin had carefully placed Hubbard's gun underneath the bush where it was found after the shooting because the snow and frost on the twigs and brush under which Hubbard's gun had been found were still full of snow even though Martin claimed the gun had been hurled backward. Frank Miller and William Shultz were witnesses who had seen Hubbard's body the day after the shooting. They explained to the jury that Hubbard's left hand was clenched into a fist while the right hand was bare with the forefinger

extended and the other fingers crooked up as if something had been in that hand.

MEN OF GOOD STANDING

Some prominent county pioneers were put on the stand to testify as to Loris Martin's character. Some of the well-known men who swore that Martin was of good character and unlikely to commit cold-blooded murder were: County Judge J.R. Neil, County Assessor William Grieve, Postmaster of Eagle Point H.A. Florey, Mark Applegate, Wm. McCleod and well-respected homesteaders Jasper Hanner, H.A. Kilburn, Rube Johnson, Jeff Johnson, Frank Brown, John Fry, Rev. McDonald, Ed Ash, Mae Daw, Jessie Ragsdale, Chris Natwick, Harry Young, Tom Nichols and Simpson Wilson. The state questioned each witness, asking if he or she had heard any rumors of Martin's law violations. All except Frank Brown denied hearing any stories.

J.W. Bigham, an old pioneer well-known throughout the country, testified to Martin's good character. On cross examination Attorney Kelly asked if it wasn't true he feared his barns would be burned if he testified against Martin. Bigham quickly replied, "No, Sir." Some character witnesses for the state's defense included Ben Brophy, Robert Dawson, Mary Middlebush, Frank Hammond, Mrs. Houston, Howard Ash, H. Morgan and the Cushman family. Other witnesses were Deputy District Game Warden Sam Sandry, Wm. L. Finley, Pearl Ross, John Pearl, D.M. Lowe, R.T. Cornelius, Dr. Poellnitz and Dr. Pickel.

MARTIN STAR WITNESS

After three months in the County jail, Martin, the outdoorsman, was pale and restless. During the trial he appeared nervous and arrogant. He did little except pick his teeth with a toothpick and eyeball each witness. The witness that seemed to distress him the most was Constable Irwin. Martin's only other outward emotion was the sign of tears streaming down his face at times. He took the stand with confidence and assurance, and his answers were short and without detail. He explained that he had never made any threats against Hubbard and that during the shooting Hubbard was advancing toward him in a threatening manner and appeared angry. He stated that Hubbard reached for his pistol three or four times and on the fourth try had the pistol in his hand. Martin said it was at that time he

shot Hubbard, calculating to hit him in the body. Attorney Reames cleverly kept his questions simple to forestall any danger of a gruelling cross examination by the state.

The cross examination was surprisingly short. Attorney Kelly asked Martin right out, "Is that all you care to tell us about the killing?" Martin looked Kelly straight in the eye and said, "Yes, Sir." Kelly then asked Martin if he "shot to kill," and Martin replied in the affirmative. Kelly then excused Martin.

THE WIND-DOWN

On "verdict" day the courtroom was packed again as it had been throughout the entire trial. There was an added air of anticipation and excitement. The Judge read a detailed instruction document and explained the three forms of verdict-consideration each juror must decide upon: second degree murder, manslaughter or acquittal. He explained that the gist of the defense lay in whether Martin believed from the action of Hubbard that his life was in danger and that he had shot in self defense.

Prosecuting Attorney Kelly reminded the jurors that Martin's first words after the tragedy were: "There he lies. He did me dirt. I'll spend the rest of my life in the penitentiary. I might as well blow my brains out."

Kelly asked, "Were these the words of a man firing in self defense?" Kelly made it clear the shooting was the culmination of a four year grudge Martin had harbored against Hubbard. Kelly begged the jury to hold no prejudice against game wardens as they were just doing their job. He concluded it was obvious that Martin was not remorseful at what he had done and this confirmed his resentful feeling for Hubbard.

Attorney Reames undoubtedly gave the most eloquent summation of his life. He painted Martin as a simple woodsman who believed that deer were in the woods for human use. He told how the gossip mongers were the ones really to blame, fueling the fire between the two men every chance they got, 'til it was to the boiling point. Then when the men met on that cold winter morning, fate was already in motion and when Hubbard rushed toward Martin in a threatening manner Martin acted in self defense.

A suspended quiet fell over the courtroom as everyone strained to hear the verdict. Martin appeared pensive knowing his life was hanging by a thread and the next few moments would reveal...life in prison or freedom. Judge Calkins

spoke in a firm voice as he read the unanimous decision: "We find the defendant not guilty." A wild roar of cheering voices and hand clapping filled the courtroom.

When the jurors were asked what they based their decision on, they claimed the most important testimony was that of Sheriff Singler and Deputy "Curley" Wilson whose main duty as law officers was to aid the prosecution, but in telling the truth they helped the defense.

Soon there was a caravan of country wagons rambling up the dusty road toward Trail. It was all over now.

AFTERMATH

The verdict did not settle the Martin/Hubbard question as the whole state of Oregon had been torn apart by the incident and to make matters worse each newspaper carried open accounts of the trial just as if they had been witnesses to the actual killing. The *Mail Tribune* claimed "Martin's neck swelled with hate and passion" when he answered questions about the shooting and that he had a "hardened heart and showed no remorse."

William Finley's statement in the paper battered Sheriff Singler and Deputy "Curley" Wilson for their aid to the defense and he stated he would not appoint another game warden in Jackson County and risk another life.

Attorney Reames sent a letter to the newspaper and defended the testimony of the two sheriffs and claimed the local newspapers consistently misrepresented the facts to the public which caused newspapers from other areas to pick up the mistaken information and the whole state of Oregon was misinformed.

But as time heals all things, soon the publicity died down and Martin got on with the rest of his life. He became a quiet member of the community working in the woods on local road crews and was still much sought after as a hunting guide.

ANOTHER MYSTERY IN THE BACKWOODS

Seventeen years later almost to the month, on October 17, 1931, Loris Martin's name once more held the headlines, but this time it was the last time. In bold newspaper print the headlines read, "MURDER HINTED IN MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY." And in smaller print..."Rancher found slain yesterday morning was pioneer hunter of Jackson County.....shot and killed Arthur Hubbard, Game Warden, 17 years ago.....investigation is continued."

Martin was found shot to death 10 miles from

where the Hubbard tragedy took place. The bullet entered his body just below his heart and Loris, like Hubbard, died instantly. There wasn't a trace of blood on the trail or staggering footsteps and the only indentation in the trail was where Loris fell and his knees hit the ground. It was hunting season but the place where Loris was killed was a trail, open 200 yards on each side making it virtually impossible for him to be mistaken for a deer. One report suggested, however that since the bullet had entered the left side below the heart and had come out on the right side above the lung, Martin may have been in a crouched or crawling position.

To further the mystery, Martin's Winchester carbine model 94 30-30 was missing. It was the same rifle that killed Arthur Hubbard many years before and Martin had never been seen without it.

The investigation continued without any new evidence, then 13 days after Loris Martin's body was found, another body was discovered out in a field near Reese Creek. The body belonged to



Alexander Matthews' death added to the confusion of the case.



Arthur Hubbard, the game warden, posed for this picture, taken in the snow at the edge of the forest, not long before he was murdered. #6366

Loris Martin's best friend Alexander Matthews, age 54. Alex and Loris had been life-long friends; they were the same breed of men. They fished, hunted, trapped and told jokes together.

The evidence showed that Alex went out in the back field behind his ranch house, carefully placed a 30-30 rifle banked against the spokes of an old gang plow, tied a piece of twine around a spoke to the trigger and laced it through the trigger to his hand. The pull of the trigger blew his head off. When a neighbor found Alex, the gun was leaning against the spokes and the twine was still wrapped around his hand. The rifle was Martin's missing Winchester.

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Medford Sun
Medford Mail Tribune
Grants Pass Newspaper
Central Point Herald
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*Interviews: Fred Middlebush, Wallace Skyman,
Emil Zimmerlee.*

Circuit Court Journal 13 page 428. Jackson Co.,

Oregon.

*Loris Martin-State of Oregon February 24, 1906
Index to Circuit Ct. Judgment Docket Vol.1 and 2*



The lovely lady in the center of the photograph is Mrs. Arthur Hubbard, wife of the Jackson County Game Warden. Her daughter Iris is on the left; son Delmar is on the right. Delmar Hubbard loaned the picture to the museum in 1983. #6363



*Orson Avery Stearns,
long after he wrote his diary.*

Reminiscences of Pioneer Days

AND EARLY SETTLERS OF PHOENIX
AND VICINITY

by

Orson Avery Stearns

The first three chapters of Orson Avery Stearns' "Reminiscences" appeared in the October issue. Orson introduced his teachers -- those men and women who had dared assume they were suited and able to teach the younger generation of the pioneers who settled in the Phoenix area -- and retold several incidents of his school days. He described as well the building of Sam Colver's blockhouse, identified some early business establishments of the area and told how Gassburg got its name.

In Chapter four he mentions many of the early residents, relives the evening of his first dance and relates several episodes of life in Gassburg.

CHAPTER 4

The number of the inhabitants of the village [Gassburg or Phoenix] at the close of the indian

war in 1856 was approximately 75 or 80. There was the flouring mill owned by S.M. Waite, the saw mill of Milton Lindley ... a carpenter and wagon shop by John Suter, a tannery owned by Geiger Bros ... a saddle and harness shop by Jimmy Hays and Joe Dies, a drug store by Dr. Colwell, a blacksmith shop by Milton Smith; and there may have been one or two more small industries. Grandpa Colver had come there with Grandma, in the meantime, and Grandpa had built a brick store which was rented to a Jew by the name of Samuel Redlich, afterwards associated with another Jew, constituting the firm of Goldsmith and Redlich. About the time of the gold discovery H.B. Oatman built another brick store, a part of which was occupied as a saloon and billiard hall. Several different parties kept store in it, and I think several restaurants sprang



These are Orson's parents. Fidelia Sophia Cannon Stearns and David Stearns. They came to southern Oregon from Rockford, Illinois, and settled in the Phoenix area in 1853. Their story is told in a booklet, "The Descendants of David and Fidelia Stearns," by Ernel E. Stearns, Orson's son by his second wife. #1801 & 1800

up, some of them very short life.

During the years prior to the gold strike the popular amusements consisted principally of dancing parties, held generally in the Oatman hotel, but occasionally in the Colver Hall, where, also were held traveling shows and public gatherings of various kinds. There was organized a temperance society, which had quite a membership from 54 until about 59.

Quite a large number of the young men and women belonged, especially young men of the steadier and better class, such as the Geiger Bros., Jimmie Hays, Hobart Taylor and others ... These men and the larger boys of the school used to play Town ball (the predecessor of Baseball) in the public road just South of the Colver house and barn or between there and the brick store. Also we played "Prisoner base," which developed many good runners. Among the most active of these men were the Bishop brothers, Dan & Wallace, Ab. Giddings, John Coleman, Wm. Griffin [and] Wm. Burns ... There were many others whose names I do not now recall. Of other citizens of the town who were well known, tho not in the athletic field, were several who took an active part in the debating society that was

organized and maintained during the period that O. Jacobs taught school, and lived for several years thereafter.

Among the big guns of the club, as orators and logicians were Tim Davenport, O. Jacobs., Sam Colver, Dr. Mineir and Mr. Arundell ... To these seasoned debators was occasionally added one or more of the Geiger boys, Charley Hoxie (who was a pupil of Jacobs) and James Neil, who also attended the last of Jacobs' school. Occasionally some of Jacobs younger pupils were persuaded to attempt to defend some very abstract questions such as, "Resolved that Pursuit is more satisfying than possession" or, "that the works of art are superior to the works of nature" and many other old and oft debated subjects. But as a rule, us younger orators would just merely succeed in stammering out a very weak and incoherent apology for not having prepared ourselves, and sit down much relieved.

No small part of the social activities of the village was that played by the matrons of the place. No ball or social party could be a success without their active aid. The few budding young women were so entirely monopolized by the bachelors of various ages and qualities, that the

growing boys and young men would have been entirely left out in the cold had not the matrons taken pity on our forlorn condition and sought us out as partners in the dances, where we usually congregated to nash out teeth in impotent fury at the bearded men who were swinging our girl sweethearts around as tho they belonged to them. I remember very distinctly the first time I ventured onto the ballroom floor to dance. I was fifteen years old and as bashful and self conscious as a lad of that age ever was, and was ever hanging around where a public dance was being held not to dance, I was too timid to venture on the floor but to nourish my jealous feelings over seeing the girl, on whom my puppyhood love had been fixed, but who had informed me after three years of constant devotion that I was too young for her any longer, that "she was a grown woman."

But yet, not having recovered sufficiently to look for, and love another, I was watching thru a green haze to see some other fellows usurp her favors.

There was a cotillion being formed, when Hannah McCumber, a matron of 35 or 40, quite buxom came to where I was standing, caught me by the arm and pulled me out on the floor, saying, "I know you want to dance, but you never will unless someone drags you out." After looking around I found the three other ladies on the floor were matrons of my acquaintance, and as they all assured me that they would see me safe around, my stage fright in a manner left me and by the time we had went thru the first figure, my assurance began to return, and after the three figures were danced, I was confident that I could go thru all right. The matrons who assisted thru my maiden dance were, Aunt Huldah Colver, Mrs. Estes, Mrs. Burns and Aunt Hannah McCumber ...[McCumber's] first husbands name was Gillson, at least she had a son who went by the name of George Gillson; McCumber, her second husband, was never much known as he seldom ever visited her; only once at Gassburg so far as I know. He was a seafairing man, spending most of his time on long voyages, and leaving his wife to amuse herself as best she could. He was a large very dark man with bush black hair and beard, and eyes, wore a pair of large earrings, was a truly piratical looking man whom one could easily visualize as capable of ordering his hapless prisoners "to walk the plank." Aunt Hannah, as she was called, was one of the well known Hoxie pioneer family, sister of George, James and Charles Hoxie. They came from the New England States near New Bedford, I think,

and the father was an old sea captain. What became of McCumber after his visit to his wife as related above was never known, but it is related that several sums of money came to the post office directed to Hannah McCumber, which she refused to receive. And some time later she obtained a divorce, and married a Mr. Jones from Hornbrook Cal. who was supposed to possess some property. Whether Aunt Hannah died in the little town, I know not, as I lost record of many, when I entered the service.

Of the other matrons, Mrs. Estes, who came there with her husband and son Logan, about 8 or ten. He went North on the gold craze of 1861 & 2 ... and left her to support herself and son, which she did by sewing, taking in washing and keeping boarders. The Dr. Minier, of whom I spoke as one of the debating chiefs who practiced for a number of years and also kept a drug store for awhile, was one of her permanent boarders. Mrs. Burns was the wife of J.P. Burns ... His son by a former marriage, was nearly the same age as Tom Reames; while Mrs. Burns two children by a former husband, William & Lucinda were just about a year older than Lewis & Belle Colver with whom they were almost inseparable chums until death and marriage separated them. The girls were each called Sis, by their parents and associates, so it was common to refer to them as the two sisses...



Orange Jacobs

An incident happened in the early part of the gold period that was rather amusing tho somewhat tragic. An unmarried woman of about thirty five who had settled into the community, from no one knew where and who did all kinds of domestic work for a living and who had with her a son of about 16 who went by the name of Frank Merrill, was married, after a very brief courtship to a cobbler who had but recently set up shop in the village. This man went by the name of Bowers. Did not have any particular recommendation in the way of good looks or pleasing personality; he simply seemed to have dropped in there from somewhere, and without knowing his given name, he was dubbed Joe Bowers, from the catchy song of that title.

Either because it was embarrassing to the lady to remain without any other than her maiden name or a desire to have a home of her own which the newly arrived shoemaker doubtless promised her, a match was speedily formed between the two and immediately, to celebrate the event, Bowers got beastly drunk and conducted himself in so shameful a manner, that a party of indignant citizens waited upon him, tossed him in his blankets a while, then dumped him into the millrace near by, and so effectually did they scare the fellow that he folded the robes of night around him and departed into the unknown.

The newly made bride did not grieve for long, but soon after married another shoemaker, an old miner and bachelor whose claim adjoined that of Sam Colvers on the South & West. He was always known as Dad Little, and his wife as Aunt Lillie. She made an excellent wife and neighbor; and in spite of her earlier mistakes lived to be respected by all who knew her.

There were many changes in the years between 1855, when the block house was built and the commencement of the Civil War. Martha Colver married a man by the name of Cisley, who was a sort of horse trader and sport, a good dancer and quite popular with the girls. Hiram Colver, was very much opposed to the match, not only because he thought Martha was entirely too young, I think only 15, but because he did not think Cisley was a very desirable son in law. But Aunt Maria, doubtless [thought] that it was a pretty good match, besides it would leave her a less number of girls to look after, so the two were made one in the old log house. Uncle Hi, in the meantime shouldered his rifle and went up Wagner Creek hunting, thus silently manifesting his disapproval of the entire affair. He only lived a



Martha Reames

very few years after the marriage.

Martha Reames, married another sporty man about the same time, Ed Ackley, who took her up to the Northern mines with him. She did not remain long up North but soon returned without her charming partner. What was the trouble, she kept to herself and several years later married a bachelor a German, by name, Joseph Rapp, who, tho quite a number of years her senior, was quite industrious and thrifty fellow, who bought the Thornton place on Wagner Creek where he followed gardening with good success up to the time of his death some fifteen or twenty years ago leaving his widow and a son Fred, who still owns the place with some added lands. Martha, after several years of widowhood, and invalidism passed away some few years ago.

Mary Scott, who was of about the same age as the two Marthas married a horsetrader and horse racer named Johnson, who died a few years later leaving one son Calvin. Some time later she was courted by one Dan Hopkins a bachelor of a speculative disposition, who later left her to become a mother without the forms of marriage. Her son by him is yet living and has always bourn the name of Al Hopkins.

Mary soon afterwards married George Baily, a very insignificant young fellow whose principal accomplishments were the consumption of whiskey

and tobacco, though he did work a little sometimes. He bought a place on Jenny Creek, formerly owned by James Purves, and here they lived for many years keeping travelers and making and selling sugar pine shingles and shakes. Here they reared quite a large family, until worn out by hard work and the discouragements of a hard and prosaic existence, she passed over into the beyond, which could not prove worse than she had found life here.

About the year 1859 or 60, Uncle Sam Colver went back to Texas to dispose of some land he had acquired there during his adventuresome younger days, after selling which, he went up into Canada and invested in some French Canadian, and other breeds of horses coming across the plains with them in 1860. He had some thirty or more fine mares and some five or six stallions of various breeds. Among them the Norman heavy draft horse, the "Ceor De Leon" or Lion heart, a Blackhawk brother, an iron grey and one or two others, but losing his most valuable animal, one that cost him so he said, \$2500 on the chair. He also brought with him several fine mules, one pair of very large ones he called Jack and Barney, pulled his camp outfit across the plains driven by a man he hired in the East for one year for \$300. John Wagner was the mans name and he was one of the most faithful and industrious hired men I ever saw and was the mainstay of Colvers for many years or as long as Uncle Sam would pay him enough to keep him.

It was soon after his return from Canada that Uncle Sam saw a chance to make some money by taking a lot of horses and mules up to the Northern mines and running a saddle and pack train from the mines to the nearest source of supply.

Leaving Wagner in charge of his farm, he took quite a bunch of animals up to the mines where he operated a saddle train for the greater part of a year conveying miners to and from the mines, and sometimes carrying gold out. As there was a very dangerous gang of outlaws infesting that region at that time, who, when not running the many gambling dens that invested every mining camp were waylaying miners who were going out of the country to invest their gold, or they would swoop down on isolated claims and hold up the miners, rob their cabins or sluice boxes, steal horses, and commit all kinds of devilry.

Uncle Sam was knocked down and robbed at one time, the robbers leaving him for dead, but he was only stunned, and managed to crawl to safety. He returned home shortly after, but if he brought any money with him I never heard of it.

A Vigilance Committee later hung or drove away most of the outlaws, some of whom were even elected to protect the people, but joined the gang for profit. One of the men hung there was a former resident of Gassburg, Alexander Carter by name. He was one of two brothers who used to do most of the fiddling in they early day dances. George the elder, a medium sized man about 35 or 40 years old married Lucinda Low shortly before the John Day mining excitement, which took away many young men besides the Carter brothers. Alex Carter was a fine looking man, standing six feet four, slender and straight, was handsome and a veritable "Beux Brummel" among the ladies. He had courted Lucinda Stirling who lived with her mother and two brothers west of Gassburg...A man by the name of Al Lee, cut Alex Carter out and married Lucinda which seemed to make him more reckless than ever. He was always fond of liquor, and followed bar tending and gambling mostly, but no one of his former friends, and they were many, for despite his wildness he seemed to be good hearted and was sociable and pleasant, never dreamed of his undertaking the life of a highway man.

Lucinda Carter, after her husband went up north joined the church during a great revival at a protracted meeting in Gassburg, which was conducted by the Rev. Stratton, a very eloquent Methodist divine, from Eugene, and both during the continuance of the meeting and for some time afterwards was a very frequent visitor to the house where his convert lived and less than a year afterwards there was a scandle and a church trial of the Rev. Stratton (who by the way had a wife and family in Eugene) but as usual in such trials, the preacher was exonerated, or whitewashed, while the woman carried the perfect image of the Reverend Stratton in her arms.

The husband never returned, and after a few years she moved away as did her fathers family.

In Chapter 5 Orson continues with his recollections of Phoenix residents. He also recalls changes brought about by the threat of the Civil War.

CHAPTER 5

In 1860 there was quite an influx of people to the town of Phoenix, for that fall came the tribes of Barneburg, Lavenburg and Furry, as well as several others, who became permanent residents besides many more who were simply some of the flotsam and jetsom of the floating population who come and go with the tide of prosperity or adversity, and whose presence or absence never



The Barneburg Tribe: (Identification has required a little guesswork and may stand correction.) Front row, left, Fredrick, center, Laura B. Nichol (daughter), right, Electa Norton Barneburg (mother). The other children are Samuel Peter, Daniel Henry, John, Ada Jane Clarke and Mary Alice Keene. #1307

create much of an impression upon the society in a community.

Fred and Wm. Barneburg had been among the early donation claimants on the East side of Bear Creek near the Taylor and Mathes claims. They had come to the country in the rush to the Cal. gold mines and later located claims here leaving their families mostly in Missouri, I think.

In 1859 they went back after them, and in 1860 brought them across the plains to Gassburg.

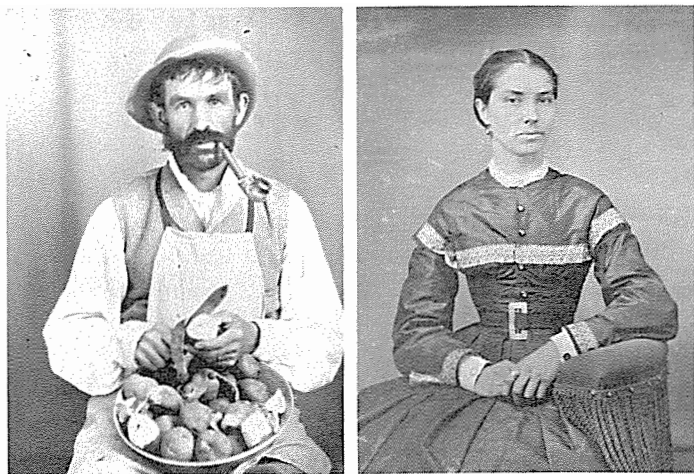
There was the old lady, the mother, and besides the families of Fred and William, there was John, a tailor by trade, with his family; the unmarried brothers Aaron and Peter(a cripple) and I do not know if there were not an unmarried sister or two, besides Mrs. Lavenburg and Mrs. Furry.

There was Uncle Dan Lavenburg, and a nephew Augustus Lavenburg, and possibly more whom I have forgotten. John started a tailor

shop. Dan started a restaurant and notions shop selling beer and, maybe, something else. His wife, Aunt Lizzie, they called her, was a famous cook and started a boarding house which soon became famous as the best between Portland and San Francisco. It was not long before stage passengers took their meals there, as Harve Oatmans wife died about that time and there was no one to keep up the hotel.

Mrs. Oatman, left a young baby and three boys older, the eldest, Bertie, being then about 8 years old. Frank and Homer came next in order, and Elmer, the baby was raised by the Rood family, who came into the valley about the same time as the Barneburgs and rented the Wagner place. Mr. Root was a singing master and his entire family were musical ...

Charlie Root was in love with one of the Shook girls, a family who came into the valley in 1860 and who rented the Hiram Colver farm. There



James Sutton on KP duty. There is no explanation why he is peeling this large tub of potatoes. Mrs. Sutton is on the right. She was his second wife. His first wife died crossing the plains. #496 & 494

was quite a family of them, John, Mary, Newton, Hattie, Rhoda, David, Will, Peter and Ada. They went out to the Klamath Country and located in 1869, and three of the boys and the youngest girl live there yet. Mary, the oldest girl married James Sutton, who was a former editor of the *Jacksonville Sentinel*. Hattie married a man by the name of Parker whose residence was in Washington territory -- or state. Rhoda, went to Jacksonville to work for some Jewish family, took up with a [stranger], went bad and followed the life of the red light district. Peter, died at about 20 years of age, Dave and Will never married and John married a dressmaker in Portland, when he was past 40 and his wife was nearly as old. Each thought the other had money and each was resentful when undeceived. They led a cat and dog life. She finally left him after getting some hold on his property when they had a law suit over it, which is unsettled yet. Newton came over into the valley here some thirty five years ago and married one of the Payne girls, who was a widow. After a few years they separated, and both remarried. Newt, as he is generally called, owns some property here in Ashland, and lives here now...

The Davenports were living in Gassburg when Olive Oatman was rescued from the Indians and she lived with her relatives there for a time. She and Florinda, "Tim's wife," were great chums and Olive gave Mrs. D. and several other woman friends exhibitions of her swimming prowess in Bear Creek, teaching some of them swimming lessons there. I do not remember whether Aunt Sally D. died in Gassburg, or whether she died after going down to Silverton with the Dr. and his family. The Davenports were cousins of

Uncle Sam Colver...Tim Davenport was a well known figure in Oregon. He was a member of the legislature several times, and always took a leading part in shaping legislature and in discerning and opposing graft and trickery in legislative matters...

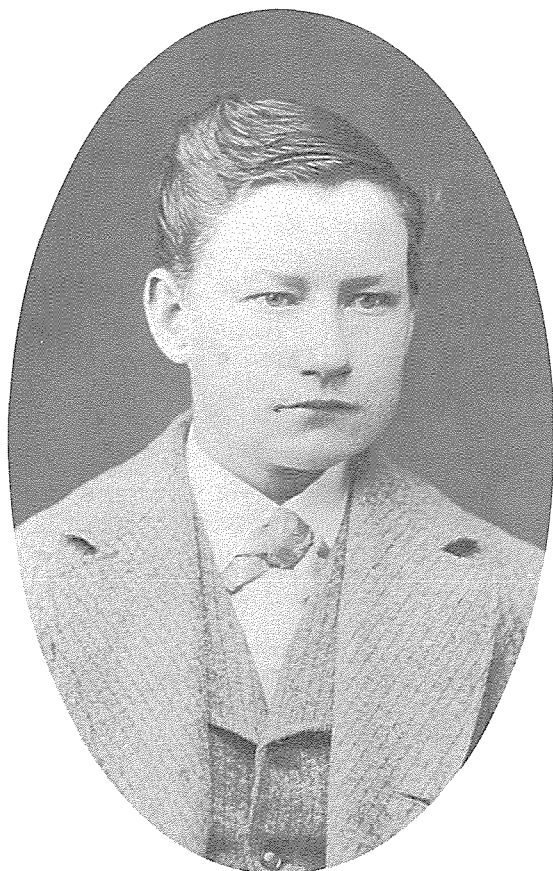
I was a boy of about 15 years when I first became acquainted with him, and he seemed to take quite a liking to me. Knowing that I was desirous of obtaining a college education, and, perhaps realizing how impossible of obtainment it was for me there, he offered to give me the opportunity if I would live with him, help him on the farm winters, and attending school. In the summers he would pay me big wages assisting him in his surveying contracts, and send me to college as soon as I was far enough advanced to go.



Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Furry

That was a fine offer, but situated as I was, my older and younger brother being both dissatisfied with farm work and had left home and farm life and had I accepted his offer it would have been disastrous to my fathers business, besides I could not accept without the consent of my parents...

Meanwhile the Civil War was drawing near, and the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter sent a



Fred Furry

thrill of anger thru the hearts of all true patriots, and the necessity of prompt action on the part of all true patriots required that this remote part of the great Nation do its part in the defense of the Union. Remote as we were from Washington, with no communication except by way of vessel by way of Panama, or around the Horn, it took from six weeks to two months for news to reach us, and much might happen in that time. Although our frontiers were occupied by hostile Indians who were only held in subjection by military forces stationed at the various frontier posts, the necessity of having all available troops sent to the front necessitated the raising of volunteers to replace the regulars now guarding us, that they might assist in putting down the rebellion. A call was immediately issued for the raising of a full regiment of Cavalry, and Jackson County was required to furnish one company.

Recruiting offices were opened, and the erection of log barracks for their accommodation was commenced in the early fall of 1861. The site selected for the camp was in the woods about a mile south west of the town of Cassburg, on Coleman Creek. In a short time the log barracks, stables for the horses, officers quarters and storehouses were completed, for as fast as volunteers were recruited they were set to work. As soon as the barracks were habitable the

clearing of the ground for drilling purposes followed, and it became a busy place.

Cassburg simply rushed into the proportions and activity of a small city, as all the material and subsistence required to maintain a full Company of Cavalry with their horses and everything pertaining thereto was of necessity purchased here. The shoeing of all the horses and teams kept the blacksmiths and shops busy. Milt Smith who had been joined the fall before or that Spring by O.Y. Brown, who just came across the plains from Wisconsin, and he was a good smith and tireless worker, though a small man. He and Smith took the contract to shoe the government stock, and it kept them busy from daylight until dark, week days and Sundays.

Meanwhile Brown took the Ague, which was then the prevailing disease all along Bear Creek every summer and fall, still, never stopping to rest except when he shook so hard he could not drive a shoenail. Brown worked, until by Spring when the Cavalry left he was almost a physical wreck.

Orson's "Reminiscences" will be continued in the next issue.

From Our Readers

Dear Society,

Imagine my surprise when I opened my latest issue of your magazine and saw a picture of the teachers at Lincoln Grade School in 1928. All but two of those pictured were my teachers.

Ora Cox was a strict disciplinarian but a wonderful teacher. She was principal for many years at Lincoln.

I well remember having to stay after school in Letha Gray's upstairs classroom, then having to exit by the fire escape, because the janitor had locked the doors and gone home for the night!

Anyway, thanks for a nice bit of nostalgia.

Lewis W. Nutter
Portland

We have received an interesting letter from Mrs. R.M. O'Flyng of Cupertino, California, who writes that she is the "unofficial Kahler-O'Flyng family historian" She has kindly identified the people in the photograph on page 5 of our September issue. They are (left to right): William, Jr., William, Sr., grandmother Rachel Kahler, Georgiana Kahler and Wesley Kahler. "The photo was made in the Peter Britt studio," writes Mrs. O'Flyng. "You can identify the props including the cane held by Wes."

Society News

Traveling Exhibit

The Society will present a traveling exhibit, "O & C's Fifty Years: the Land, the Law, the Legacy," which celebrates the 50th anniversary of the O & C Act. Sponsored by the Association of Oregon and California counties, the Bureau of Land Management, Douglas County and the Douglas County Museum of History and Natural History, the exhibit will be on display in the **main lobby of the Justice Building, 100 S. Oakdale, Medford.** The exhibit will run from **December 8, 1987, through January 5, 1988, and may be viewed from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Friday.** There is **no admission charge.** This informative and interesting exhibit traces the history of the O & C Railroad Act of 1866 and its impact on our area now and in the future.

Autograph Reception for Regional Historians



Kay Atwood and Jeff LaLande, authors, pose for a publicity shot for the autograph party at Swedenburg.

Photograph by Natalie Brown

A reception hosted by the Society to be held Saturday, December 12, from 2-4 P.M. at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, Ashland, will honor regional historians Kay Atwood and Jeff LaLande and their new books.

Atwood's *Mill Creek Journal: 1850-1860*

explores the first ten years of Ashland's history. LaLande's *First Over the Siskiyou* traces the southern Oregon-northern California journey of the Hudson Bay Company party led by Peter Skene Ogden in 1826-27.

Both authors will discuss how they came to write their books, and LaLande will show slides of Ogden's route.

The books will also be available for purchase in the Society Gift Shop and would make excellent gifts for those interested in the history of southern Oregon.

Beckham Lectures



Dr. Stephen Dow Beckham demonstrates a Takelma basket during one of his lectures at SOSC, October 16, 1987.

Photograph by Jean K. Hagen

Noted historian Stephen Dow Beckham presented two lectures at Southern Oregon State College on October 16 covering the Takelma and Rogue Indian Wars of the 1850s. The lectures were co-sponsored by the Southern Oregon Historical Society, the Southern Oregon Anthropological Society and the SOSC Lectures and Performing Arts Committee. The Historical Society hosted a reception for Dr. Beckham at the Chappel-Swedenburg House Museum following the evening lecture.

State Travel Director Visits

Executive Director Sam Wegner escorted the new State Travel Director, Debby Kennedy, on a

Society News

tour of the Society's Jacksonville museums and The Willows Farm on September 29. This was Kennedy's first visit to southern Oregon and she was most impressed with the area, the Society, and particularly, The Willows.

Society Audit

The audit was just completed by the Society accountants Yergen and Meyer, and the Society is on good financial basis. The audit was reviewed and approved by the Board of Trustees at the October 27 meeting and will now be sent to the County Commissioners.

McKee Bridge

Deterioration of structural supports on the McKee Bridge over the Applegate River has been extensive and emergency repairs must be done. The Society has agreed to assist the County with these repairs on a matching basis to an amount of \$2500. In the meantime, an effort is underway to secure community and area support and fund raising to complete more extensive repairs to restore the bridge.

Antelope Creek Covered Bridge

The Southern Oregon Historical Society contributed \$20,000 to the restoration of the Antelope Creek Covered Bridge in 1986. The Society's participation in this project was pivotal in assisting the bridge committee to raise an additional \$50,000 for the restoration of this prominent landmark. Because the project turned out to be such a positive community-based preservation effort, the Society Board agreed at its October meeting to provide, if needed, the last remaining funds - up to \$2000 - to complete the restoration and open the bridge to pedestrian traffic.

Fort Lane Nomination

The Society has funded preparation by Kay Atwood of a nomination of the Fort Lane property to the National Register of Historic Places. The State Advisory Committee on Historic Preservation reviewed the application on October 1 and gave its approval. The nomination will now be forwarded to the National Advisory Committee for review and if this committee approves the nomination, the property will then be placed on the National Register.

Society Bus Tour

On October 8, 1987, the Society's final historic guided bus tour of 1987 visited the Applegate Behavior Station for a tour and demonstration of the Dogs for the Deaf Program. The tour was followed by lunch at the new Applegate River House, formerly Grandma's Kitchen, where a specially arranged luncheon was served on the deck overlooking the Applegate River. The tour continued with a visit to the Valley View Vineyard for wine tasting and a tour of the winery.

Susan Cox, Membership Coordinator, is now in charge of the bus tours for Society members. If you have ideas or suggestions for future historic bus tours, please contact Cox at 900-1847.

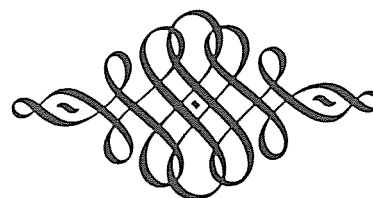
Oral History Association Meeting

The annual meeting of the Oral History Association (OHA) was held October 15-18 in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Marjorie Edens, Society Historian, attended.

In his introductory remarks for the meeting, Donald Ritchie from the U.S. Senate Historical Office and president of the OHA said, "The diversity of sessions will demonstrate anew how oral historians practice their skills on film, stage and radio, in the classroom, and in medical centers, farm communities and Indian reservations. It will challenge us to confront the problems of tall tales, subjectivity, and painful memories, and will probe sensitive issues from Church-State relations to 'on-the-spot' interviewing...Here's to a memorable meeting."

And Edens reports it was indeed a memorable meeting for the over 250 participants from all parts of the United States, Canada and Australia.

Ms. Edens serves on the membership committee of the Oral History Association representing the region that includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. This region will host the annual OHA meeting in 1991.



Society News

NEW MEMBERS

Prof. Roger Abrahams, Philadelphia PA	Diana Keller, Ashland
George Allen, Phoenix	Ruby Kimsey, Medford
Deborah Amaya, Gold Hill	E. Mae Kerby, Medford
David M. Applegate, Danville CA	Maxine Kinkade, Ashland
Louis Applegate, Fairbanks AK	Catherine Prairie-Kuntz, Medford
Kay Atwood, Ashland	Ben & Susan Law, Lakewood CO
Jane Bash, Denton TX	Shirley Levi, Cypress CA
Ted Bauer, Central Point	Sue Lopez, Ashland
Inez Blymer, Ashland	Rumelda Lowe, Jacksonville
Josh Bratt, Jacksonville	Tom & Debbie Luetkenhoelter, Medford
Eugene Bray, Medford	Louise Lyman, Medford
Helen Bray, Medford	Larry & Daniel McLane, Wolf Creek
Mr. & Mrs. Wally Brill, Medford	William Mallek, Medford
Mr. & Mrs. David P. Brown, Ashland	Lillian & Joe Mallut, Central Point
Suzanne Brown, Dayton OH	Evelyn Maxson, Jacksonville
Rene Bryant, Medford	Madeline Meamber, Ashland
Jim & Dorothy Busch, Ashland	Richard Meiling, Lake Oswego
A. Gail Caldwell, Ventura CA	Larry & Cheryl Meyer, Medford
Larry & Gloria Canady, Medford	Carlton B. Moore, Tempe AZ
Max Carter, Hamden CT	Norma Jean Morgan, Medford
Ken Casteel, Ashland	Doris Nealon, Central Point
Donna Castor, Medford	Laura Lee Newman, Sebastopol CA
Florence Chaffee, Gold Hill	Mr. & Mrs. Winston Nichols, Medford
Keith & Ann Chambers, Ashland	Fred & Theresa Norris, Medford
Barbara Coldwell, Ashland	Eldred Peyton, Tigard
Jim & Sandra Crittenden, Oakland	Ram Offset Lithographers, White City
Mrs. Frank De Santis, San Mateo CA	Pamela Reichenbach, Ashland
Celia Dromgoggle, Lincoln City	Wes & Sue Reynolds, Ashland
Mrs. Given Edgecomb, Redding CA	Francis Roberts, Klamath Falls
Leslie Egger-Gould, Ashland	Doris & Donald Root, Medford
Edward & Jane Fitzpatrick, Medford	Lynn Roseberry, Medford
Barbara Flynn, Huntington Beach CA	Peggy Rosker, Ashland
Stephen & Elizabeth Ford, Ashland	Carl Shaff, Rogue River
Florence Frakes, Medford	Paula Shannon, Medford
Linda Genaw, Central Point	Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Simeone, Central Point
Dorothy Gore, San Jacinto CA	Irene G. Smith, Eagle Point
Leslie & Elizabeth Green, Medford	Olive Streit, Ashland
Brandis Haggard, Medford	Lois Manley Thomas, Ashland
Merle & Marcia Haggard, Medford	Mrs. Peggy A. Thomas, Phoenix AZ
Mr. & Mrs. Burton Henke, Ashland	Leitha Trefren, Medford
Nila Hornecker, Medford	Sue Waldron, Medford
Noble Howard, Medford	Bernice Walters, Klamath Falls
Denney Hutcheson, Jacksonville	Thomas Wicklund, Medford
Lowell & Pam Jones, Ashland	Janet Wieberg, Ashland
KDRV Television, Medford	Fred Wilken, Ashland





Barbara Fields, portraying Carrie Beekman, and Margaret Findley, portraying Carrie's piano student, hand out freshly baked bread and apple butter to visitors.

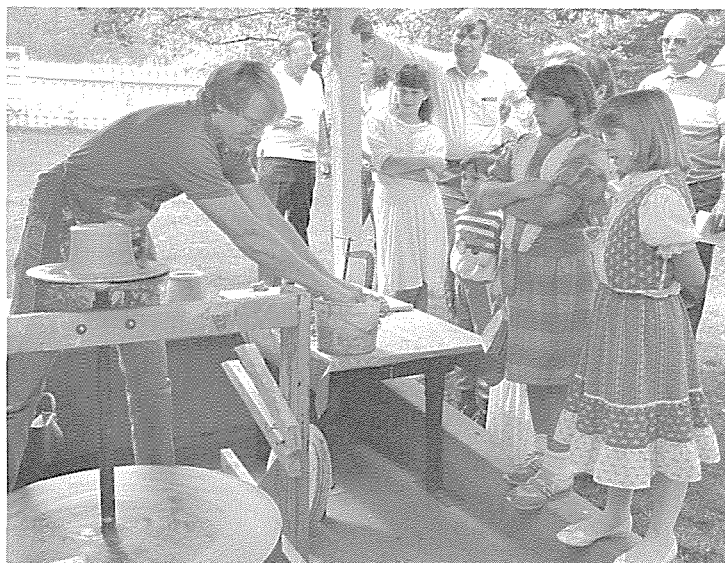
Harvest Festival

The C.C. Beekman House was the site of the Society's third annual Harvest Festival held October 3. Host to 567 visitors, the Society provided craft demonstrations and music on the grounds. Living history interpreters portrayed members of the Beekman family and handed out freshly baked bread and apple butter in the kitchen of the Beekman home.

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Jim Robinson of Clayfolk demonstrates the art of 'throwing' a pot on a potter's wheel.

Photographs by Jean K. Hagen.

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