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SENTINEL

MARCH
APRIL 1993

MROSE
MADDOX

SWEETHEART OF
HILLBILLY SWING

THE HOUSE THAT
LINDY'S
HOOCH BUILT

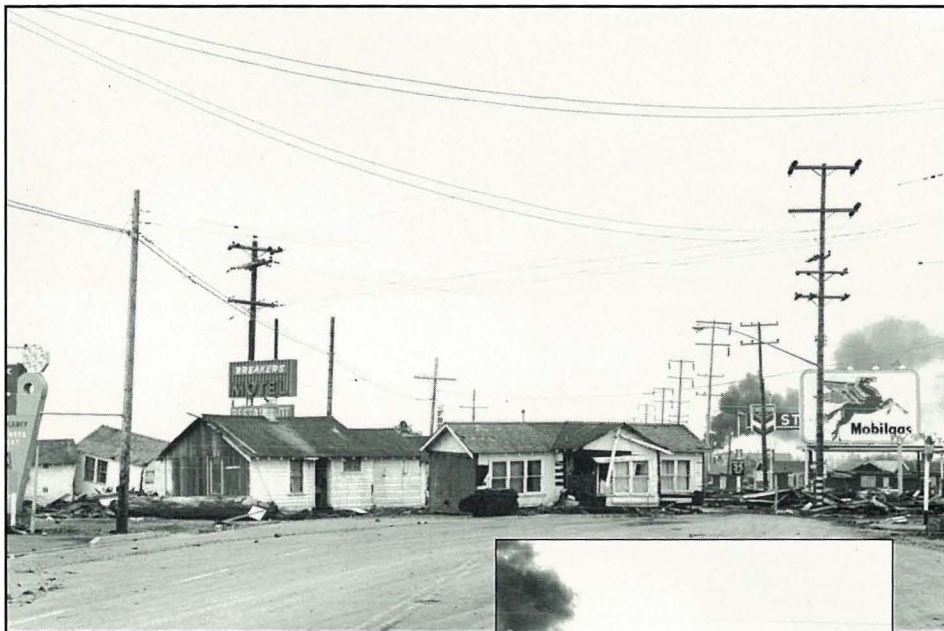
MMAGIC
MIRRORS

PHOTOGRAPHIC
INGENUITY

The
Magazine
of the
Southern
Oregon
Historical
Society



Twenty-nine Years Ago — by Matt Strieby



Tidal waves triggered by the 1964 Alaskan earthquake devastated Crescent City, California. Raging water swept structures off their foundations (top), blocking U.S. Highway 101. A ruptured pipeline ignited a fire at the Texaco Oil storage plant (right).
SOHS #14235, #14236

SHOCK OF THE STORM

In the growing light of morning, residents of Crescent City, California, stared in disbelief at the debris-strewn streets of their popular beach community, which now looked more like a battle zone than a tourist haven. The previous evening of March 27, 1964, a massive earthquake had rocked south central Alaska and had triggered tidal waves that slammed into beaches, ports, and ocean-side communities from British Columbia to northern California. Crescent City was hit hardest. Three huge waves, estimated to have varied between six and twelve feet high, swept through a fifty-six-block-area of its unprotected downtown in the early morning hours of March 28, the day before Easter. The waves, as well as logs and other debris they brought with them, smashed into buildings, inflicting heavy damage and, in some cases, sweeping entire structures off their foundations. Like an angry child, waves tossed cars about as if they were toys. The city's docks were damaged badly, and a barge loaded with



two and a half million board feet of lumber spilled its contents, plastering the area with wood and mud for miles. A Texaco Oil storage plant burned furiously after rushing water ruptured a pipeline. According to one eyewitness report, not a single downtown business had escaped harm.

The aftermath shocked residents and visitors alike. Entrances to the community quickly were blocked, and National Guard troops patrolled the streets under martial law to prevent looting of devastated businesses. Accustomed to years of false alarms, many residents had ignored the previous night's tidal wave warnings with tragic consequences: ten deaths and fifteen missing persons were reported. Del Norte County Sheriff Oswald Hovgaard estimated the total damage to the community to be at least \$20 million.



Matt Strieby is a photographer at the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



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POSTMASTER: Please send Change of Address (form 3579) to Southern Oregon Historical Society, 106 N. Central Avenue, Medford, OR 97501-5926.

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Ashland's Rose Maddox, once one of the West Coast's hottest country music acts, is still going strong — in spite of a heart attack that nearly took her life.

10 **Lindy's: The House That Hooch Built** *by Steve M. Wyatt*

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Photo courtesy Rose Maddox

Back cover: An advertisement for Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys performing at Lindy's in Roseburg. Poster courtesy Lindy's Trading Post

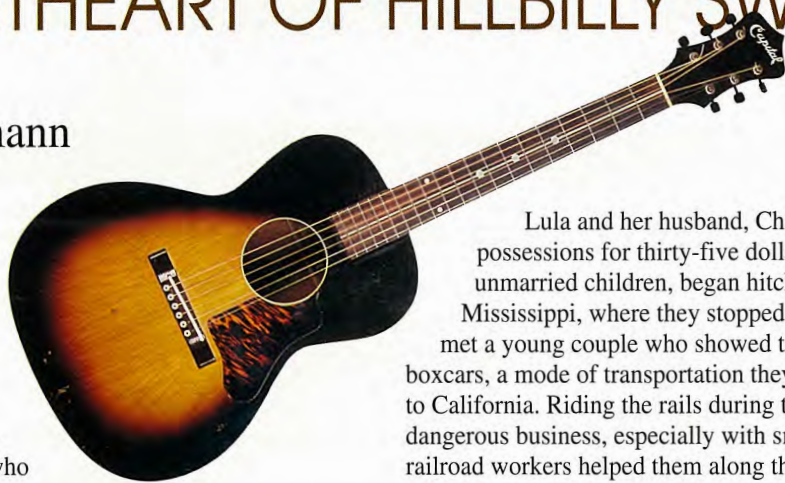
Rose Maddox

SWEETHEART OF HILLBILLY SWING

By Charlie Seemann

Strains of the old Woody Guthrie song “Philadelphia Lawyer” mingle with the cigarette smoke in the dimly lit Elks Lodge in downtown Ashland. The singer is an energetic, silver-haired, sixty-seven-year-old grandmother who belts out song after song to a spellbound audience. She is Rose Maddox, legendary country music pioneer who helped pave the way for many later female artists and whose classic performances have influenced the likes of Janis Joplin, Linda Ronstadt, and Emmylou Harris. With her trademark upraised fist, Rose signals the band to end the song; as she leaves the stage she is surrounded by fans — both young and old. Her style appeals not only to older folks who have followed her since the late 1930s when she began her career with the Maddox Brothers and Rose, but to a new generation that became familiar with her music in the 1970s and 1980s. Today Rose is still going strong, traveling and performing regularly in spite of a serious heart attack that nearly took her life in 1988.

The Maddox family story is like something out of Steinbeck, a classic tale of dust bowl-era migration to the promised land in California, of hardship, courage, and triumph. Rose was born August 15, 1925, in Boaz, Alabama, into a family of six other children. In 1933, in the midst of the Great Depression, mother Lula Maddox, a matriarch who ruled with a firm, guiding hand, decided the family should seek its fortune in California. The Maddoxes abandoned their sharecropper farm and joined the stream of dispossessed Southerners and Midwesterners heading for California.¹



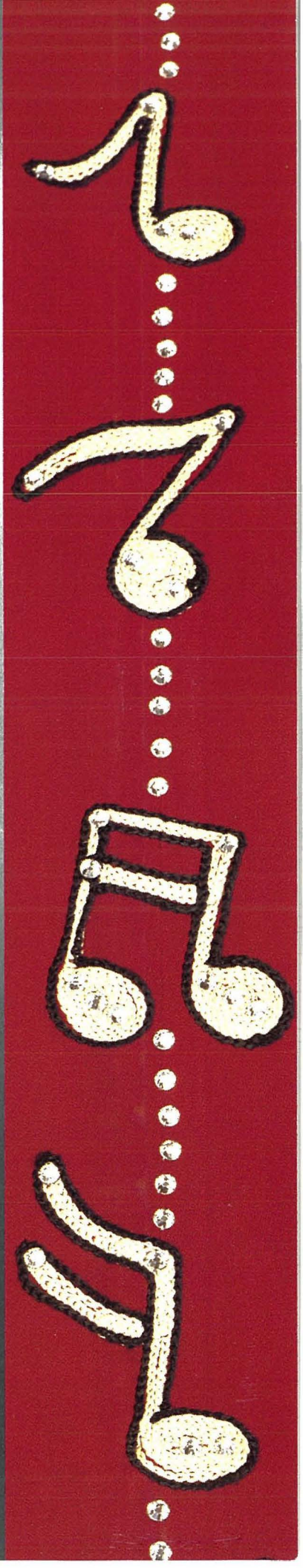
Lula and her husband, Charlie, sold all their possessions for thirty-five dollars and, with their five unmarried children, began hitchhiking west. In Mississippi, where they stopped to earn food money, they met a young couple who showed them how to hop railroad boxcars, a mode of transportation they took the rest of the way to California. Riding the rails during the Depression was a dangerous business, especially with small children. Sympathetic railroad workers helped them along the way, hiding them from the railroad bulls. The Salvation Army provided them with food.²

Their journey ended in Oakland, California. The Maddoxes took up residence in Pipe City, a community of migrants living in large sections of unused sewer pipe.

From sharecropping
to stardom:
Ashland resident
Rose Maddox's
honky-tonk voice
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singing career that
has spanned more
than five decades.



Rose Maddox knew "about three songs" when she began performing professionally at the age of eleven. By her twenties, she already was a singing sensation. Photo courtesy Rose Maddox





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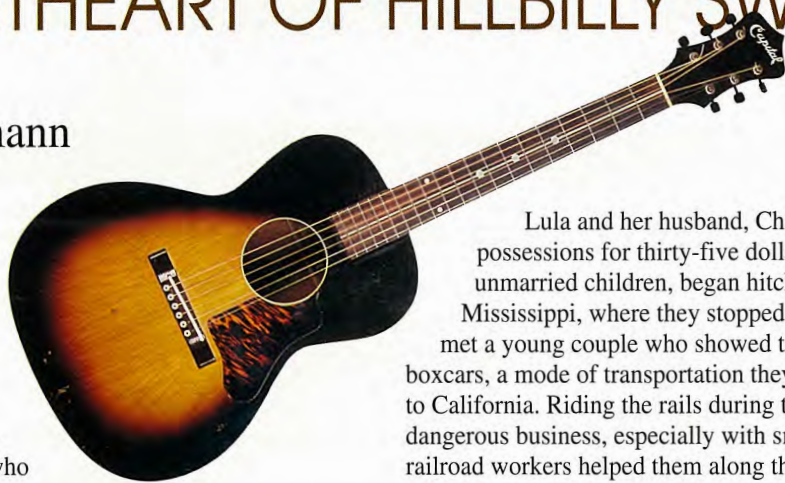
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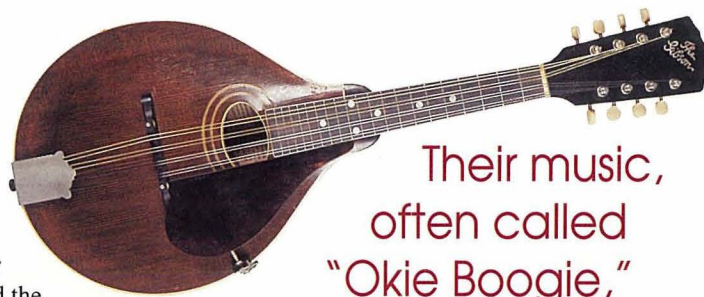
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From sharecropping
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Rose Maddox's
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Eventually they landed in California's rich agricultural heartland, the San Joaquin Valley, where they became "fruit tramps," living in tents and following the crop harvests. Rose recalls her father working for twelve and a half cents an hour and the whole family harvesting peaches at three cents a box.³

It was music that rescued the Maddoxes from the hard life of agricultural labor.⁴ The entire family could play: Charlie, the five-string banjo; Lula, the mandolin; and the children, several instruments among themselves.

One of the boys, Fred, said he was "tired of working" and decided to approach the Rice Furniture Store in Modesto about sponsoring a daily radio show on KTRB. The store owners took a little persuading, but eventually they agreed — providing the band could come up with a "girl singer." Fred had not anticipated this



Their music, often called "Okie Boogie," influenced not only later country music but even helped lay the groundwork for rock 'n' roll.

stipulation, but he told the owners he had the best girl singer around. That singer was eleven-year-old Rose, who knew about three songs all the way through at that time.⁵ The deal was struck. In 1937, the Maddox Brothers and Rose launched their professional musical career at KTRB. The Maddoxes received no pay for their work, but they used the radio time to publicize their live performances as they traveled throughout the area, following the rodeo circuit and playing for tips.⁶

The Maddoxes' music was a raucous and exuberant mixture of folk, old-time country, hand-clapping gospel, jazz, swing, and boogie-woogie. The music they produced, often called "Okie Boogie,"⁷ influenced not only later country music but even helped lay the groundwork for rock

'n' roll. Cliff played mandolin; Don, the fiddle; Cal, the rhythm guitar and harmonica; and Fred, the upright bass.

Rose was the featured vocalist. When Cliff died at the early age of thirty-seven in 1949, brother Henry replaced him on mandolin and lead guitar.

The band was not smooth and polished, but rowdy and outrageous. Their wild stage antics and outlandish comedy made them great crowd pleasers. Later, their elaborate stage costumes, made by tailor N. Turk of North Hollywood, earned them the title of "the most colorful hillbilly band in



The Maddox Brothers and twelve-year-old Rose tackle a gig in Susanville, California, ca. 1938. The band's flashy costumes later earned the group the reputation as "the most colorful hillbilly band in America." Photo courtesy Rose Maddox, costume photo by Richard Connors

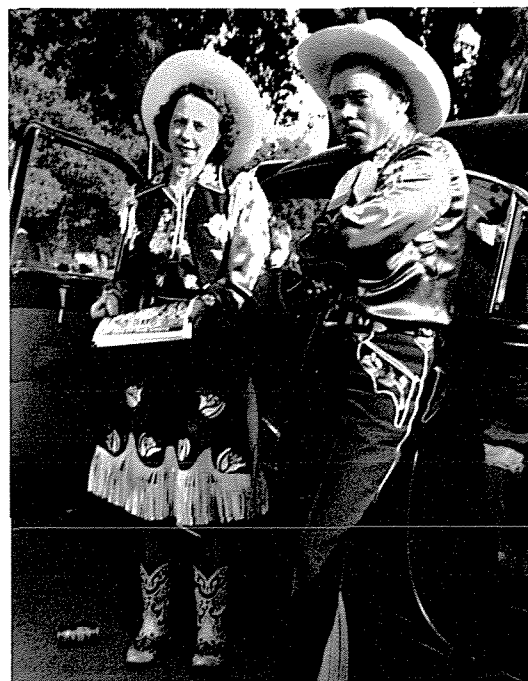


America." As Rose puts it, "The people came to be entertained and we entertained them."⁸

The band's next big break came in 1939 when it defeated fifteen other groups in a contest at the California State Centennial Festival. First prize was a daily radio show on station KFBK in Sacramento for one year. The programs were heard widely throughout the West, and the band's popularity soared as it did extensive tours of one-night stands.⁹

The group's progress was interrupted by the outbreak of World War II when Rose's brothers were drafted. It also was about this time, 1942, that Rose married. Though the marriage did not last, she and her husband had a son, Donnie, in 1943. Rose performed with limited success as a solo act for a while, but in those days it was not easy for a woman to work as a single in country music. Rose enjoys telling the story of when she approached Bob Wills, the "Father of Western Swing," for a singing job. Wills, then at the height of his popularity with his Texas Playboys, turned her down. Rose angrily told him, "When my brothers get back from the war, we're going to put you out of business." Years later Wills laughingly acknowledged, "They damned near did."¹⁰

Rose and Cal Maddox (right) hand out photographs to fans in Prineville in the mid-1950s. Photo courtesy Rose Maddox



The Maddox Brothers—Bud Duncan, Fred Maddox, Don Maddox, Henry Maddox, Cal Maddox, and Gene LeMasters — and Rose perform to a full house at a San Diego club (below) in the early 1950s. Photo courtesy Rose Maddox



In addition to performing as a lead singer, Rose occasionally took a turn on the bass. Photo courtesy Rose Maddox



The band regrouped in 1946 after the war ended and was soon one of the West Coast's hottest country acts. It was during this period of the late 1940s to mid-1950s that the band matured musically. The group augmented its lineup with several non-family musicians, including steel guitarist Bud Duncan and lead guitarists (successively) Jimmy Winkle, Ray Nichols, and Gene Breeden.¹¹ The band also made its first commercial recordings, for the Four Star label, in 1946.¹² In 1949 the Maddoxes traveled to Nashville, Tennessee, for their only group appearance at the Grand Ole Opry, where Rose recalls they almost were not allowed on stage because her fringed cowgirl skirt was too short for the straight-laced Opry managers.¹³

In 1951 the entire family moved to Hollywood, where the band began recording for Columbia records. Columbia had three simultaneous contracts with the Maddoxes: one with the Maddox Brothers and Rose, one with Rose, and the other with Rose and her sister-in-law Loretta as a duet called Rosie and Retta.¹⁴ The band in 1952 joined the cast of the "Louisiana

Hayride" show on radio station KWKH in Shreveport, Louisiana. They left the show in spring 1953, returned again that fall, but left for good in 1954.¹⁵ During the mid-1950s, the group appeared on such important early country television shows as Cliffie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree and Town Hall Party" in the Los Angeles area and the "Ozark Jubilee" in Springfield, Missouri.¹⁶

The kind of road life the Maddoxes lived was a demanding one. Logging more than 100,000 miles a year in the fleet of Cadillacs in which they toured took its toll; and, in 1956, the group disbanded after performing together for almost twenty years. Fred, Henry, and Don continued to perform together for a while with Loretta. Fred became a nightclub owner, operated the Flat Git It record label, and stayed involved in the music business for years. Rose became a highly successful solo act, with brother Cal often a part of her band until his death in 1968.¹⁷ In 1959, she signed a contract with Capitol records, where during the late 1950s and 1960s she recorded hard-core country classics such as "Kissing My

Pillow," "Sing A Little Song of Heartache," and "Bluebird, Let Me Tag Along."¹⁸ She teamed up with Bakersfield-based, honky-tonker Buck Owens to turn out hit duets "Loose Talk" and "Mental Cruelty," and she toured and performed with such stars as Johnny Cash and Merle Haggard.¹⁹ In 1962, Rose made a bluegrass album with Bill Monroe (considered the father of bluegrass), Don Reno, and Red Smiley that was to become a cult classic among bluegrass fans.²⁰ Rose consistently topped the charts as she became one of the most popular and influential female singers on the country music scene.

During the 1940s and 1950s, the Maddox Brothers and Rose traveled extensively up and down the West Coast and frequently performed at venues around Oregon, such as the Prineville Rodeo, the 21 Club in Medford, and Lindy's in Roseburg. Rose remembers "they had some great fights" at Lindy's when the timber workers came in: "We just had to keep on playing when somebody started fighting, to keep people dancing, or else everybody would get into it."²¹



Rose and sister-in-law Retta performed as a duo in the 1950s. Photo courtesy Rose Maddox

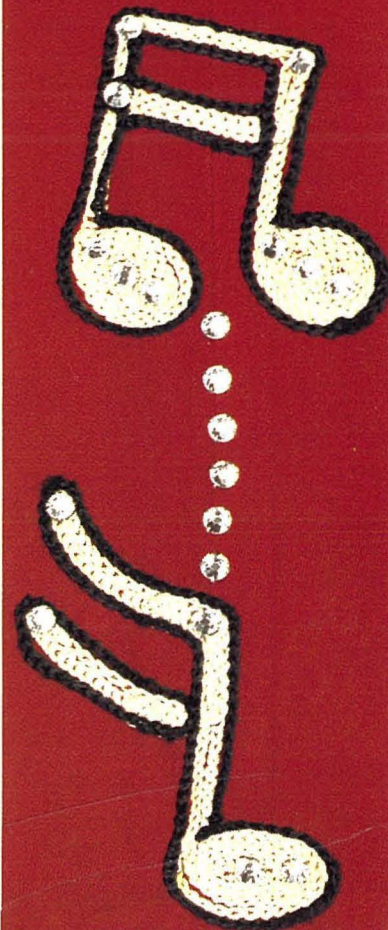
Every year during its spring tour the band would stop and play on Ashland radio station KWIN (now KCMX). Don thought Ashland was the "most beautiful area" he had ever seen and often joked that "someday I'm going to buy me a ranch here." When the Maddox Brothers disbanded, he looked at property in several places around the West, including Bend in Oregon and the Valley of the Moon in California, but Ashland won his heart. In 1958, he bought three hundred acres on the south edge of town, where he initially raised sheep. He later switched to cattle, which he still raises, and motorists driving north on Interstate 5 can see his "Maddox Revolution Angus" sign painted on the side of his big red barn as they enter town.²²

Rose and Cal soon bought a few acres adjoining Don's ranch, and they, too, along with Lula and Donnie, moved to Ashland, which became Rose's base of operations. By 1968, Henry also had moved to Oregon and frequently would perform locally with Cal and sometimes Don. They often played Saturday night dances in Talent. In July of 1968 Rose was touring Washington and Oregon and was booked to play a Friday night date in Newport; she agreed to come to southern Oregon the next day and play a Saturday night dance with Cal, Don, and Henry at the Talent City Hall. Rose recalls they had not played together in years, and even without Fred, they had a great time and put on a show worthy of the old Maddox Brothers and Rose. It was to be Cal's last performance. The following day he suffered a heart attack and died in the yard of their house in Ashland. Almost a year to the day later, Lula, who had guided and managed the



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Poster courtesy Lindy's Trading Post



Maddox Brothers and Rose since the band's inception, also died there.²³



Rose and (from left) Fred, Cal, Don, and Henry star at Prineville's Crooked River Roundup in the 1950s. Photo courtesy Rose Maddox

During the 1970s, Nashville record producers pushed country music more toward a cosmopolitan, middle-of-the-road sound and further away from the hard-edged, honky-tonk style that had been the mainstay of artists such as the Maddox Brothers and Rose, Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell, and Buck Owens. Major bookings for traditional country artists became increasingly scarce, and many established musicians became discouraged and retired from the business. Not Rose. She continued to work hard — whenever and wherever she could. As she says, “I have to keep working. I ain’t found nobody yet that’ll pay my bills for me.”²⁴ During the 1970s and 1980s, Rose’s career got its second wind as she was “discovered” by a whole new generation of admirers, this time on the folk festival and bluegrass circuits. These fans appreciated Rose not only as an outstanding performer, but for her importance in the history of American music as well. She performed at the National Folk Festival in Washington, D.C., the San Diego Folk Festival, the Western Regional Folk Festival in San Francisco, and the Grass Valley Bluegrass Festival among others, and was featured several times on American Public Radio’s “A Prairie Home Companion.” She received a further boost when Arhoolie Records, based in El Cerrito,

California, reissued several albums of vintage Maddox Brothers and Rose recordings. Rose began to enjoy tremendous popularity in Europe, as the Bear Family label in Germany reissued yet more Maddox Brothers and Rose classics. She recorded a number of albums for the Arhoolie, Varrick, and Takoma labels. In 1981, filmmaker Gail Waldron of the San Francisco Bay Area Video Coalition began working on a thirty-minute television documentary, “The Life and Times of Rose Maddox.” Rose also has been featured in two other television documentaries, one on Woody Guthrie, the other on country music in Bakersfield.

In December of 1981, Rose suffered two heart attacks at home and a collapsed lung in the hospital. In July, her son, Donnie, who had been playing bass with her, suffered a fatal stroke. Rose sought solace in her work, developing the television documentary, recording, and making more personal appearances. She also continued to win new fans — even the new wave and punk rock crowds, who were turned on by reissues of Maddox Brothers and Rose proto-rockabilly ravers such as “Wild, Wild Young Men” and “Hey Little Dreamboat.” Still, there was the proclivity for heart problems that haunted the family. (Brother Fred succumbed to heart failure in November of last year.) In 1988 Rose suffered her worst heart attack yet while en route to Los Angeles. Again complications occurred during her four-month hospitalization, this time peritonitis and pneumonia, and she sank into a coma that lasted three months. Doctors gave her

Rose's honky-tonk style survived Nashville's push toward a more cosmopolitan sound.

a fifty-fifty chance of surviving. But this was no ordinary woman; this was Rose Maddox, whose determined toughness and sheer will to live eventually pulled her through. While she was in her coma, doctors and relatives thought she could not hear them when they spoke to her; but her daughter-in-law, convinced otherwise, brought a cassette recording of the Maddox Brothers and Rose into her room and played it to her. As the piece concluded, Rose, without waking, clenched her fist and raised her arm in her trademark

signal to the band to end the song, and her family knew she was still there.²⁵

When she finally left the hospital, Rose stayed in Ashland for a period of convalescence. Soon she was itching to return to performing, the only life she knew. Though her prolonged illness took its toll and she had to maintain a slower pace, Rose nevertheless was on the road again, this time with her grandson, also named Donnie, who played bass with her.

Today Rose continues an active performance schedule, often with Donnie and Medford musician Marty Davis. Last December she performed a Christmas show for an enthusiastic audience in Austria. She continues to receive national recognition and attention. Writer Jonny Whiteside recently completed an authorized biography titled *Queen of The West: The Manifest Destiny of Rose Maddox*, and Bear Family Records plans to release a boxed CD set of all of Rose's solo Capitol recordings.

The scene in the Elk's Lodge continues, like that after any Rose Maddox performance. Rose stays around to visit with fans and old friends, exchange hugs, and sign an occasional autograph. Fans come up to reminisce about seeing Rose and her brothers at a local rodeo or dance some forty years ago and tell her what a great time they had. Others tell her about the old Maddox Brothers and Rose records they still have at home. They tell her how they have followed her career, what their favorite songs were. They love her, and she loves them. Whether they realize it or not, they have an American musical treasure living in their midst: the Sweetheart of Hillbilly Swing.



END NOTES

1. Jonny Whiteside, "The Manifest Destiny of The Maddox Brothers and Rose," *Journal of Country Music*, vol. XI, nos. 2, 8.
2. Keith Oleson, *Maddox Brothers and Rose*, vols. I and II, liner notes (El Cerrito, California, Arhoolie Records 1976).
3. Oleson.
4. Charles Johnson, "Rose Maddox: Queen of The West," *Bluegrass Unlimited*, (September, 1984), 10.
5. Oleson.
6. Johnson, 10.
7. Charlie Seemann, *Maddox Brothers and Rose*, Columbia Historic Edition, liner notes (New York, Columbia Records, 1985).
8. Oleson.
9. Chris Strachwitz, *The Maddox Brothers and Rose - On The Air: 1940 and 1945*, liner notes (El Cerrito, California, Arhoolie Records, 1983).
10. Whiteside, 15.
11. Oleson.
12. Seemann.

13. Rose Maddox, interview with author, Ashland, October 1992.
14. Oleson.
15. Seemann.
16. Seemann.
17. Oleson.
18. Johnson, 12.
19. Johnson, 12.
20. Oleson.
21. Rose Maddox, interview with author, Ashland, October 1992.
22. Don Maddox, interview with author, Ashland, November 1992.
23. Rose Maddox, interview with author, Ashland, November 1992.
24. Rose Maddox, interview with author, Ashland, 1981.
25. Rose Maddox, interview with author, Nashville, Tennessee, 1989.

Folklorist and country music scholar Charlie Seemann recently relocated to southern Oregon after more than a decade with the Country Music Foundation in Nashville, Tennessee.

For information on how to obtain Rose Maddox or Maddox Brothers and Rose recordings, contact Roots and Rhythm, 6921 Stockton Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530, (510) 525-1494.

Rose draws a crowd at Ashland's Elks Lodge at a performance in December 1992. Photo by Natalie Brown



Lis-ten to the mur-mur of the cot-ton-wood trees. Send me off for-ev-er, but I ask you please

LINDY'S



THE HOUSE THAT HOOCH BUILT

by Steve M. Wyatt

Throughout its colorful history, Kennedy's Dutch Mill — now Lindy's Trading Post — played host to Hank Williams, Johnny Cash, Rose Maddox, and more than a few barroom brawls.

*When you are sad and lonely and have no place to go,
Come to see me, baby, and bring along some dough,
And we'll go honky tonkin' . . . round this town.*

— Hank Williams

The huge, red paddles adorning the entrance of Kennedy's Dutch Mill in the 1940s and 1950s never turned with the wind; the moan of stones crushing wheat into flour never was to be heard. It was no flour mill. It was a honky-tonk, graced by the likes of Johnny Cash, Hank Williams, Jerry Lee Lewis, The Coasters, and Rose Maddox, the scene of dancing bears, barroom brawls, and rooms rented by the hour. Located near the South Umpqua River, on old Highway 99 just south of Roseburg, the Dutch Mill's rowdy days are gone: today it is Lindy's Trading Post, a secondhand and furniture store. It also is a repository for memories. Performers, ex-employees, and former patrons sometimes stop to reminisce and pass on stories, often anonymously, of its colorful history.

The glory years of Kennedy's Dutch Mill began with its opening in 1945.¹ It was billed as the largest dance hall between Portland and San Francisco. World War II had ended; the Dutch Mill and other entertainment palaces like it greatly appealed to a public who had endured four years of rationing and personal hardships.

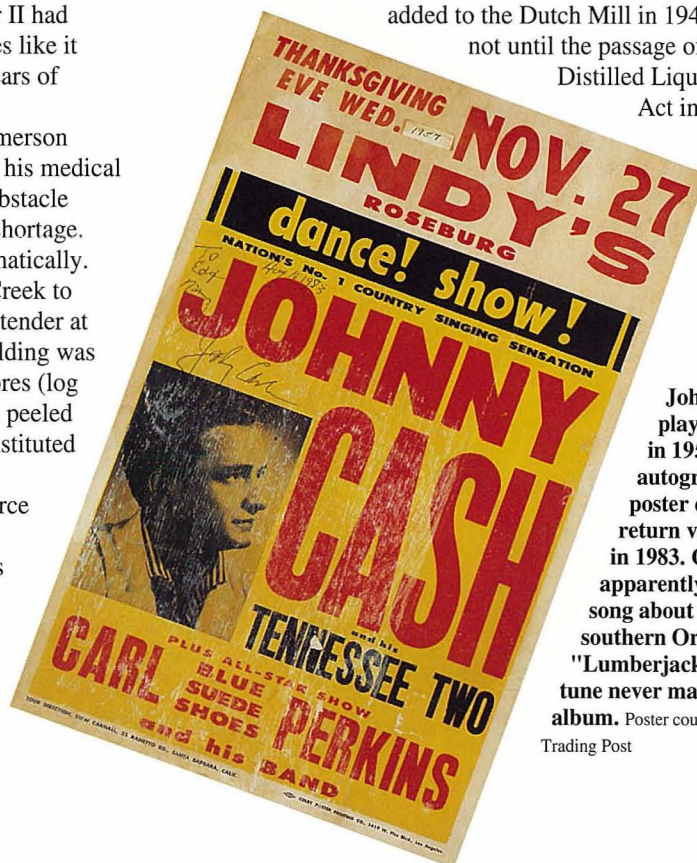
The mastermind behind the Dutch Mill was Emmerson "Doc" Kennedy, a physician who reportedly had lost his medical license in both Oklahoma and California.² The first obstacle Kennedy faced in constructing the Mill was a wood shortage. Wartime demands had depleted lumber supplies dramatically. Kennedy's solution: to purchase a sawmill on Cow Creek to provide the raw material he needed. R.J. Duffy, a bartender at the Dutch Mill in 1947, recalled that much of the building was constructed with vertically sawn, eight-foot peeler cores (log centers remaining after all allowable veneer has been peeled off to make plywood). Huge rough-sawn timbers constituted the framework.

Laborers, Kennedy then discovered, were as scarce as lumber. Duffy said Kennedy went into Roseburg, which was then "quite a railroad town . . . with winos and derelicts running around," to find workers. After flashing three or four bottles of "hooch," he rounded up his crew. Kennedy built small shacks on site for his workers to live in while under his employ. "He got his laborers and put the place together just like that," Duffy said. "No skilled labor, just a quart of hooch and some boys."³

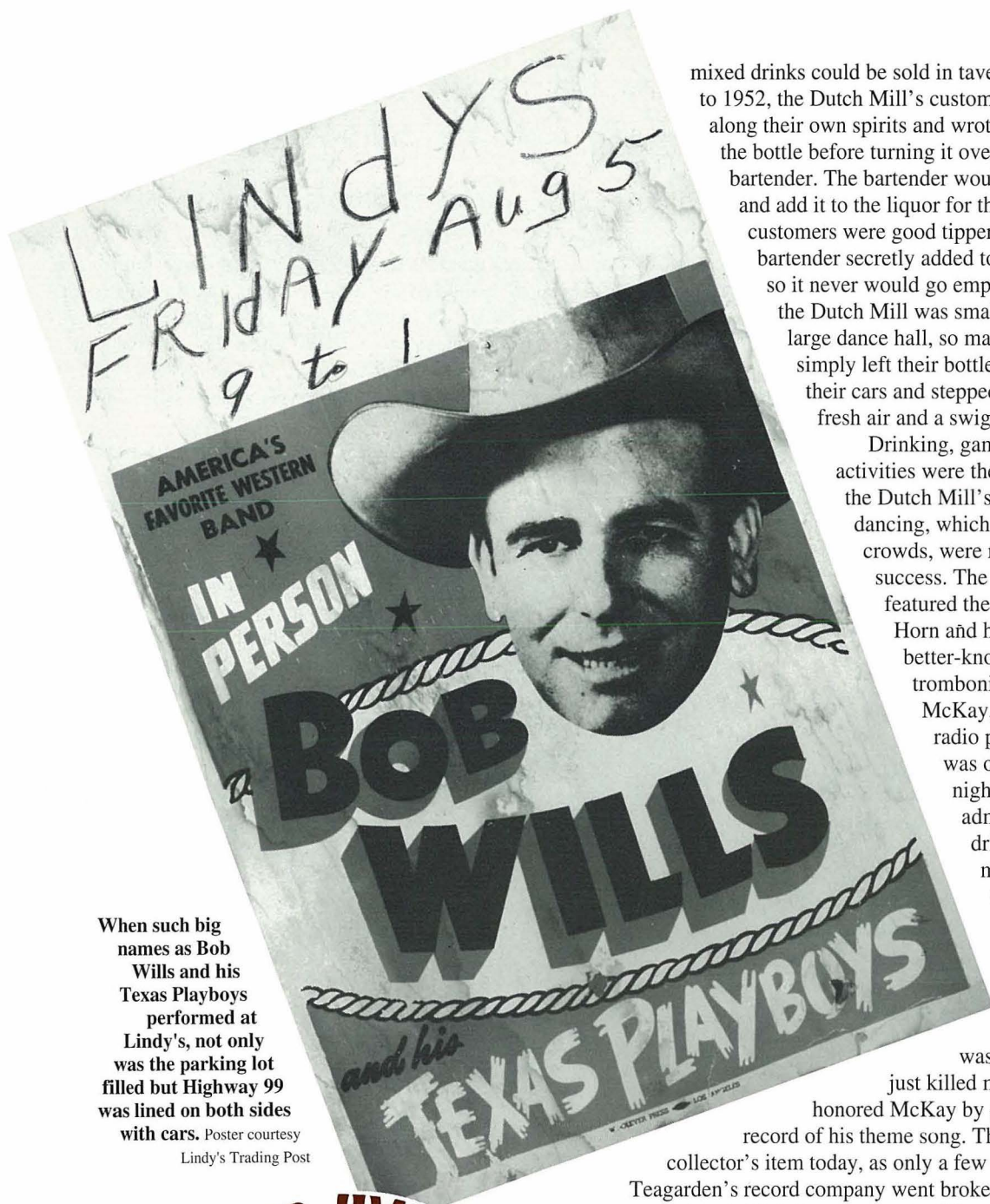
Kennedy and his unconventional work force built a huge dance hall complete with two restaurants, two dressing rooms, and a snack bar. The windmill paddles that graced the entrance were driven by an electric motor. Neither the walls nor roof was insulated. A locomotive-size diesel-burning boiler was installed to heat the place. On a cold night, fuel was consumed at the rate of 100 gallons an hour.⁴

Stories still circulate about the Dutch Mill's less-than-legal activities. Within the confines of the gold and red felt-covered walls upstairs were a gambling den and small private bedrooms that rented by the hour. One former employee recounted to the present owner an attempted breakup by the authorities of illegal activities at the Dutch Mill. The story goes that Kennedy had invited some forty or fifty of his friends over for a stag party. Late in the evening he received a mysterious phone call. After hanging up, Kennedy abruptly ordered the party to be moved. About a half hour later, long after the partiers had left, the police and several prominent officials came to the Dutch Mill pounding on the door looking to break up the smoky shindig.⁵

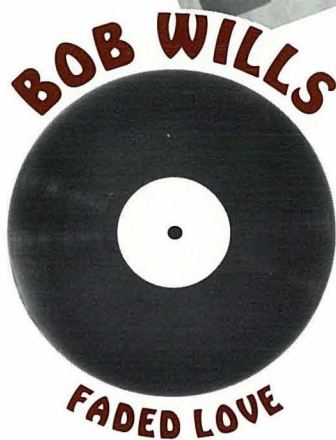
For the benefit of parched patrons, a tavern was added to the Dutch Mill in 1947. But it was not until the passage of the Oregon Distilled Liquor Control Act in 1952 that



Johnny Cash played at Lindy's in 1957; he autographed this poster during a return visit to Oregon in 1983. Cash apparently recorded a song about logging and southern Oregon called "Lumberjack," but the tune never made it on an album. Poster courtesy Lindy's Trading Post



When such big names as Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys performed at Lindy's, not only was the parking lot filled but Highway 99 was lined on both sides with cars. Poster courtesy Lindy's Trading Post



mixed drinks could be sold in taverns and bars. Prior to 1952, the Dutch Mill's customers brought along their own spirits and wrote their name on the bottle before turning it over to the bartender. The bartender would sell mix and add it to the liquor for the buyer.⁶ If customers were good tipplers, the bartender secretly added to their bottle so it never would go empty. The bar at the Dutch Mill was small for such a large dance hall, so many drinkers simply left their bottles on the hoods of their cars and stepped outside for some fresh air and a swig.⁷

Drinking, gambling, and other such activities were the most colorful parts of the Dutch Mill's history, but music and dancing, which always brought in big crowds, were responsible for its success. The first act to play there featured the big-band sounds of Earl Horn and his orchestra. Another, better-known act was the famous trombonist Jack Teagarden. Del McKay, who later became a radio personality in Roseburg, was on the dance floor that night. Teagarden asked the admiring McKay to have a drink with him. "This meant going out in the tour bus . . . and it was a hot night, and it simply meant passing a hot bottle of whiskey back and forth," McKay recalled. "I was just a kid; the whiskey just killed me." Teagarden then

honored McKay by giving him a 78 rpm record of his theme song. The record would be a collector's item today, as only a few were pressed before Teagarden's record company went broke. "But my beautiful date sat on it and I didn't even get out of the parking lot with it," McKay said.⁸

In 1952, Kennedy sold the Dutch Mill to Herb Linder. A family man, Linder closed the gambling den, concentrated on big-name entertainment, and changed the name to Lindy's. Its location made Lindy's an ideal stopping point for entertainers traveling on Highway 99 en route to San Francisco, Portland, or Seattle. When big names such as Hank Williams and Johnny Cash and others played there, the crowds were huge. The parking lot was filled and both sides of Highway 99 were lined with cars. As many as fifteen off-duty policemen were hired as bouncers and to direct traffic. Country western music was the order of the day, but occasionally other acts were booked. When The Coasters and



ILLIAMS TONKIN'

other African-American groups played at Lindy's, they often were forced to sleep in the tour bus as African-Americans were not allowed to stay in area motels.⁹

A frequently booked local act was Lou Franco, a gypo logger, jack-of-all-trades, and perennial candidate for county sheriff. Franco and his dancing bear frequently took to the stage at Lindy's,¹⁰ with Franco playing a bass fiddle with only one string: "He would stand up there and stamp his feet and yell 'ya-hoo' and throw his hat and people would just go crazy," Duffy recalled.

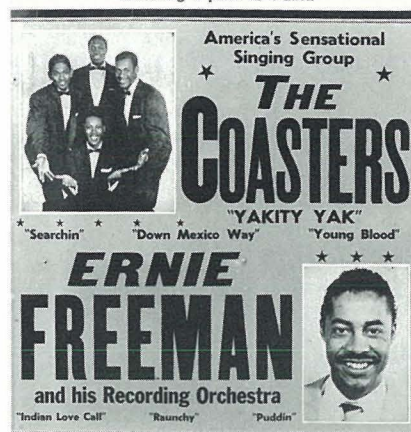
"They loved that man."¹¹ The dancing bear was dropped from the act after a close call when it went berserk and started chasing audience members.¹²

The fights that occasionally broke out on the dance floor almost were as legendary as the entertainers. Loggers, North Umpqua Highway workers, and Pacific Power and Light construction crews came there to dance and blow off some steam after a hard week's work. The first night Duffy tended bar he tried to break up a fight — with dire consequences. After recovering in the hospital for two weeks, he came up with another strategy. Not long after his return to work, another fight broke out. This time Duffy grabbed the cash drawer, ran back to the refrigerator room, and turned out all the lights. The fight stopped, everyone calmed down, and the evening continued as usual.

Legend has it that one of the scars on Johnny Cash's face resulted from a fight at Lindy's. When Art Faulkner, one of the present owners, talked to Cash about his days there, Cash remembered making it a habit to leave the door open at the back of the stage. When a fight started, he would step outside and wait for the dust to settle.

Lindy's not only endured some serious brawls over the years, it also survived many changes. The great red windmill blades were blown off in a storm and never replaced. When Linder took over the Dutch Mill in 1952, he started serving banquets that featured frog's legs, ham sandwiches, and monstrous steaks. Music and dancing were offered on Friday and Saturday nights only. Seven years after Linder took over, a gas explosion that destroyed much of downtown Roseburg rocked Lindy's as well, cracking its foundation. Much of the original oak dance floor was replaced twice because of structural settling. The final blow came in 1962, when the rise

LINDY'S Ballroom ROSEBURG MON. Nite JULY 28th Dancing 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.



When The Coasters and other African-American groups played at Lindy's, they often were forced to sleep in tour buses because blacks were not allowed to stay in area motels. Poster courtesy Lindy's Trading Post

of television and other forms of entertainment, combined with the loss of Lindy's liquor license, forced its closure and brought an end to the wild Friday and Saturday nights. After sitting empty for two years, Lindy's became an auction barn. By 1972, it had evolved into Lindy's Trading Post, a flea market which leased out forty to fifty vendor spaces.

Today Lindy's no longer leases out spaces; instead, the once-crowded dance floor is filled with new and used furniture and a smattering of secondhand goods and antiques, items of nostalgia befitting a place with so many memories of its own — of honky-tonk music, legendary entertainers, and Friday and Saturday night barroom brawls.



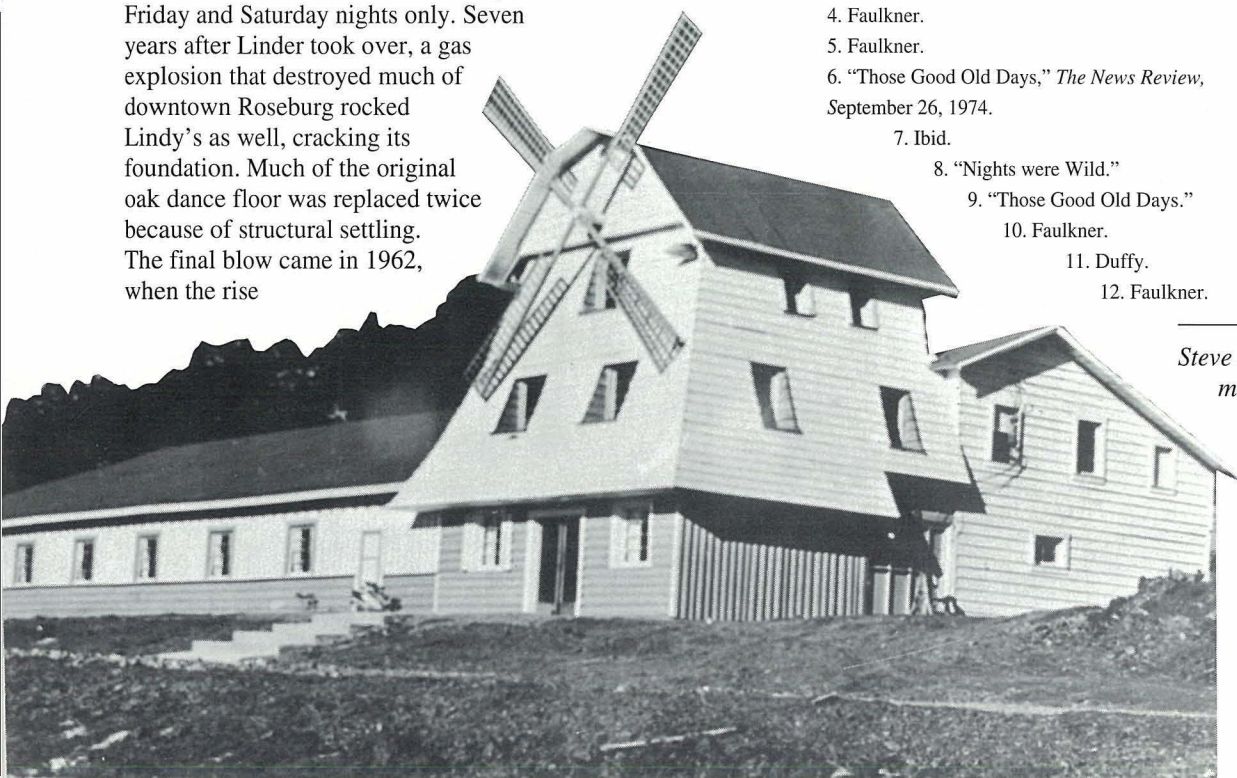
END NOTES

1. "Nights Were Wild at Dutch Mill (Now Lindy's)," *The News Review*, Roseburg, July 9, 1984.
2. Art Faulkner (part-owner of Lindy's Trading Post), interview with author, January 19, 1993.
3. Russell J. Duffy, oral history 29, Douglas County Museum Library.
4. Faulkner.
5. Faulkner.
6. "Those Good Old Days," *The News Review*, September 26, 1974.
7. Ibid.
8. "Nights were Wild."
9. "Those Good Old Days."
10. Faulkner.
11. Duffy.
12. Faulkner.

Steve M. Wyatt is collections manager for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

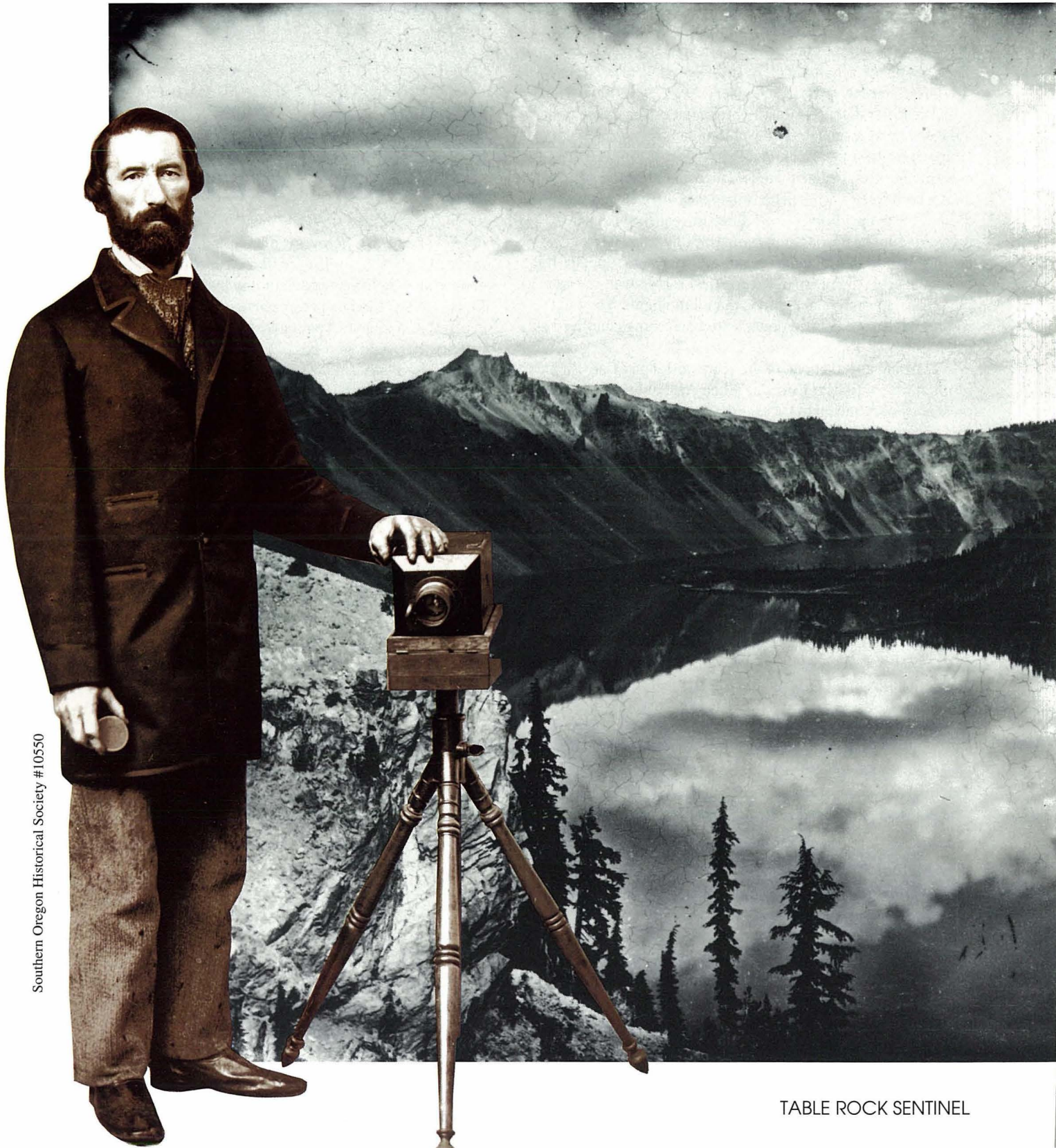
The Kennedy Dutch Mill, shortly after its completion in 1945.

Photo courtesy Douglas County Museum



MAGIC MIRRORS

A Half Century of Photographic Invention



Southern Oregon Historical Society #10550

& GROUND GLASS

Ingenuity

by Natalie Brown

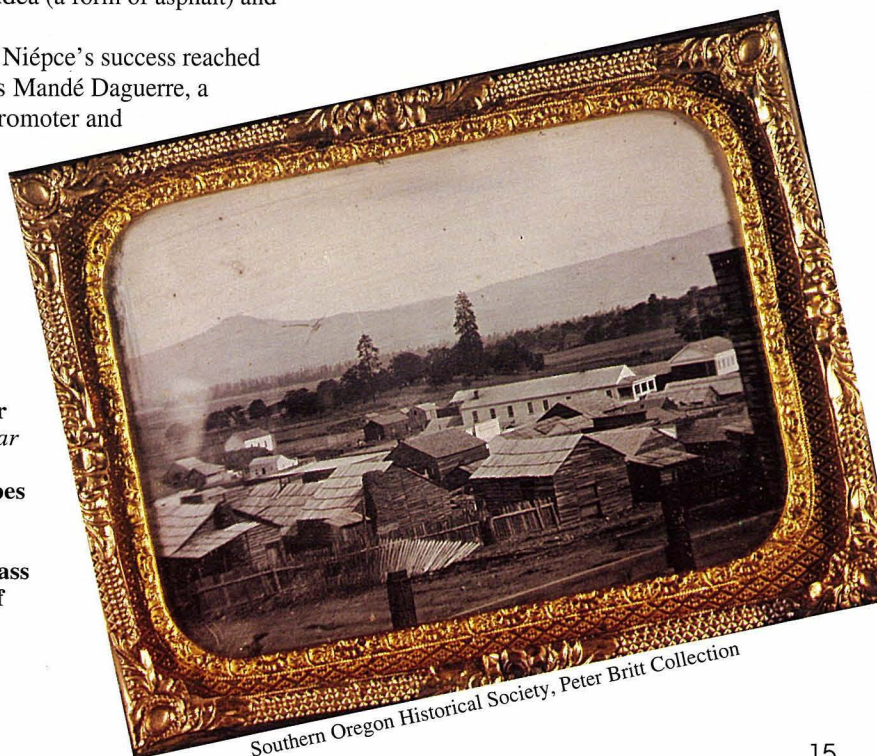
It took 300 years
for scientists to
learn how to
capture an image.
Within just five
decades, anyone
could do it —
with the push
of a button.

The quest for capturing an image took nearly three centuries. As early as the 1500s, Italian artist Leonardo da Vinci described using a camera obscura to help him draw realistic images: he darkened a room, left a hole in the blackened window, and traced the outside scene that became projected onto the wall. Later camera obscurae were small boxes with a pinhole or simple lens at one end. By the 1700s, prominent Italian artists used improved camera obscurae, “nor is it possible they should have otherwise represented things so much to life.”¹ It was not until the early 1800s that studies on light-reactive substances resulted in the first photographs.²

Nicéphore Niépce — a French inventor with both an internal combustion engine and a forerunner of the bicycle to his credit — made considerable progress investigating light-sensitive materials and the camera obscura. After experimenting for nearly a decade, he managed to make unrefined images called “heliographs,” using bitumen of Judea (a form of asphalt) and silver iodide.

News of Niépce’s success reached Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, a flamboyant promoter and painter of

During his five decades in southern Oregon, nineteenth-century photographer Peter Britt (far left) made daguerreotypes of early Jacksonville (right) and glass plate views of Crater Lake (left).



Southern Oregon Historical Society #740

Southern Oregon Historical Society, Peter Britt Collection

dioramas, a popular form of Victorian entertainment. Daguerre used the camera obscura to paint dioramic scenes and longed for a way to make images permanent.

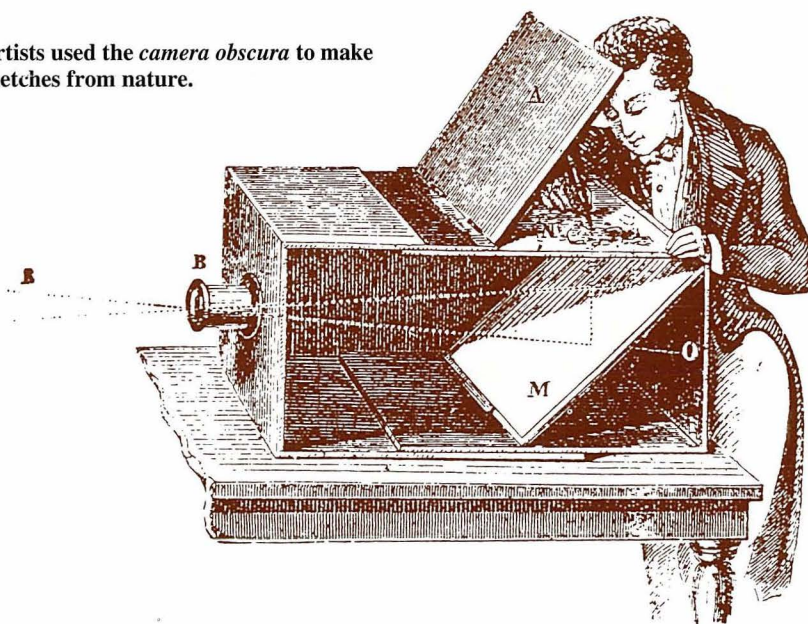
Daguerre formed a partnership with Niépce in 1829, but it took six years before Daguerre discovered the secret of the "latent image" — quite by accident. Legend has it that Daguerre left a silver plate that had been exposed to light in his chemical cabinet, returning later to find an image on the plate where none had been before. He removed chemicals, bottle by bottle, until nothing but some spilled mercury remained.³

Although Daguerre had found that mercury would develop an image after a relatively short exposure, he could not keep the image from fading. Finally, in 1837, he discovered he could make an image permanent by immersing the plate in hot, concentrated salt water.⁴

Confident that he had discovered a practical and marketable means of making pictures, Daguerre toured Paris producing what he called daguerreotypes. A brief mention of his process was published in a scientific journal in January 1839. The French announcement spurred English mathematician William Henry Fox Talbot to publish an account of a different imaging process he had been experimenting with since 1833.

Unlike Daguerre's one-shot,

Artists used the *camera obscura* to make sketches from nature.



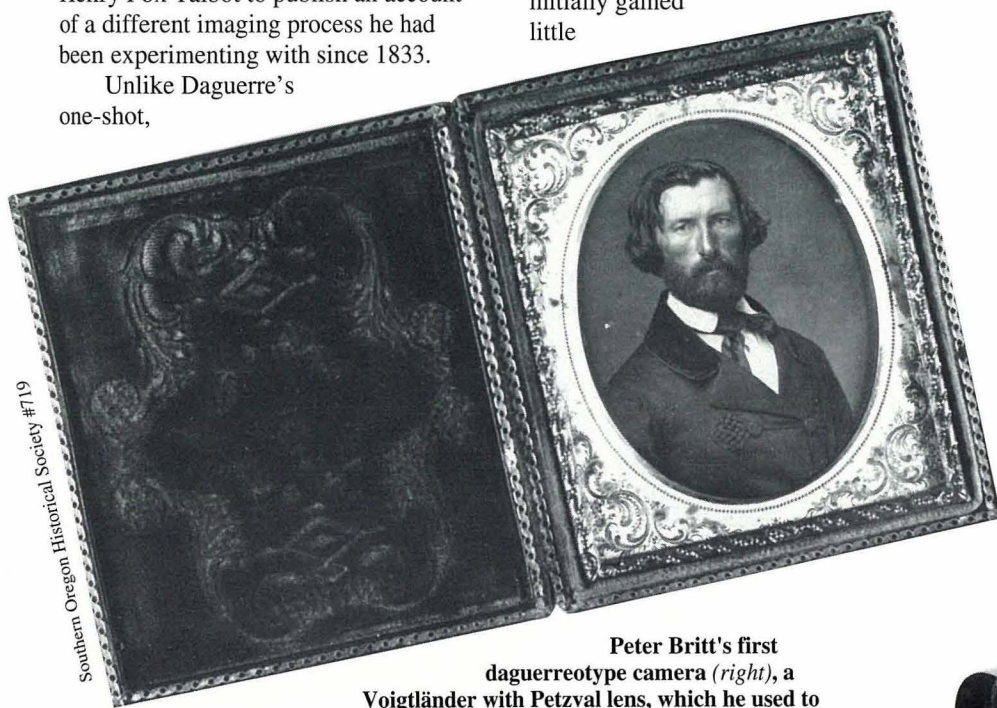
positive pictures, Talbot found he could produce a paper negative from which countless positive prints could be made. Later patented under the names calotype or Talbotype, Talbot's images were coarser and less detailed than the daguerreotype, owing to the fibrous nature of the paper negative. Despite Talbot's pleas that the indistinct quality of the pictures made them "Rembrandtish," the process initially gained little

public support.

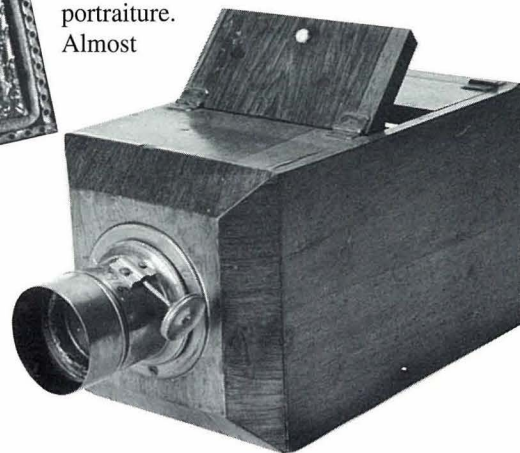
Daguerreotypes, however, won instant popularity. The French government awarded Daguerre and Niépce's heirs substantial pensions in return for public disclosure of the process. On August 19, 1839, the daguerreotype procedure was described to overflow crowds at a Paris gathering. Within hours, every lens maker in town was besieged with orders for cameras.

Commenting on the daguerreotype's success, painter Paul Delaroche remarked, "Painting is dead from this day."⁵

Although instantly popular, the daguerreotype had limitations owing to its extreme fragility, reversed image, and one-shot, non-reproducible nature. The major handicap of Daguerre's first process was lengthy exposure times (three to thirty minutes), which prohibited portraiture. Almost



Peter Britt's first daguerreotype camera (right), a Voigtländer with Petzval lens, which he used to make delicate, mirrored daguerreotypes such as the self-portrait, above, in the 1850s.



Southern Oregon Historical Society #719

Southern Oregon Historical Society #B916

immediately, daguerreotypists on two continents set about finding speedier improvements.

Recognizing that lenses designed for viewing (spectacles, telescopes, microscopes) were not suitable for photography, Viennese mathematician Joseph Max Petzval designed a faster, flat-focusing lens that dramatically cut exposure times. He gave the design to optician Peter Friedrich Voigtländer, who mounted the lens on his camera design. The Petzval would remain the standard lens for more than sixty years.

Across the Atlantic, Americans turned Yankee ingenuity toward photographic inquiry. In order to shorten exposures, New York instrument maker Alexander S. Wolcott designed a camera that relied on a concave mirror rather than a lens to reflect light, producing an image that was not reversed. Together with an improved studio featuring large, adjustable mirrors to concentrate sunlight on a sitter, Wolcott claimed to have made the first daguerreotype portrait in October 1839.

While Wolcott experimented with camera and studio design, other investigators dabbled with chemically increasing the speed of the plate. They found that sensitizing plates with bromine in addition to iodine reduced exposure times from minutes to seconds. The use of such “quickeners” became standard practice in 1840. Together with gilding — adding a thin layer of gold to increase apparent contrast and durability — mechanical and chemical improvements quickly made daguerrean portraiture a commercial success.

In the midst of an economic depression, America embraced the new art-science which offered employment opportunities. After two weeks of training, nearly anyone could gain enough technical expertise to open a business. Recalling the situation in the early 1840s, Cleveland photographer James F. Ryder reported: “It was no uncommon thing to find watch repairers, dentists, and other styles of business folk to carry daguerreotypy ‘on the side.’ I have known blacksmiths and cobblers to double up with it, so it was possible to have a horse shod, your boots tapped, a tooth pulled, or a likeness taken by the same man.”

Photographic studios opened almost daily in the East and Midwest. For the first time, portraits became affordable for the working class. Even the finest galleries charged little more than \$2 for a small daguerreotype. With competition, prices dropped even lower. By 1850, cheaper studios offered likenesses for twenty-five cents, sometimes even “two at a pop” with a double-lens camera. In these picture factories, a sitter posed for a camera operator, who handed the exposed plate to the mercurializer to develop. A few minutes later, the developed plate was passed to a gilder who toned it, then to an artist who tinted it. In less than fifteen minutes, the sitter would leave, portrait in hand.

by snails⁶ to egg white, with limited success. Although the egg white (albumen) processed too slowly for negatives, it later became the binder for printing papers.

In 1851, English sculptor Frederick Archer published his experiments with collodion, a derivative of guncotton that became liquid, transparent, and sticky when dissolved in alcohol but hardened when dried. Archer found collodion, first used as a medical dressing for wounds, a practical binder for light-sensitive silver salts on a glass plate.

“Practical” may be a misleading term when one considers the dexterity demanded by collodion or wet-plate practitioners. Since the plate was



While Americans embraced the daguerreotype, Europeans pursued improvements to Talbot's negative-positive process. Recognizing that the coarse quality of Talbotypes was due to the fibrous paper negative, researchers turned to glass for an alternative. The challenge remained to find a transparent yet sticky medium to adhere a light-sensitive emulsion to glass.

Experimenters tried countless substances, from the gluey slime exuded

Invented in 1855, tintypes were thin, collodion negatives that appeared positive when backed in black-varnished sheet metal. Easily produced, inexpensive, and very durable, tintypes remained popular into the next century.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #14263



Glass plate negatives made possible multiple copies of photographs. The earliest fad of card-mounted paper prints was the *carte-de-visite*, followed by larger cabinet and boudoir sizes, among others. Samples of Britt's work include: (left to right) a glass plate negative, a *carte-de-visite* of pioneer Mary Hoffman Vining, and a boudoir view of a women's fan brigade.



sensitive only while the collodion was wet, a photographer had to coat the glass, expose the plate, and develop the negative before the emulsion dried. But these handicaps were by far outweighed by the end product — a sharp and full-toned negative from which innumerable prints could be made.

Ironically, two of the first applications of collodion — or the wet-plate process, as it was called — attempted to mimic daguerreotypes rather than making use of its reproduction ability. Photographers found that laying a thin glass negative over a black background made the image appear as a positive. Popular for only a few years, these ambrotypes were presented in daguerreotype cases.

The tintype, however, achieved considerable success. Introduced in 1855, the tintype was simply a thin collodion image appearing positive against black japanned (varnished) sheet iron. Although the daguerreotype and the ambrotype were doomed by the paper print, the tintype remained popular among the working class into the twentieth century.

The demand for paper prints exploded in Europe in 1857 when the Duke of Parma ordered hundreds of small (4-by-2.5-inch) prints to attach to the back of his calling cards. A few years later, this *carte-de-visite* fad spread to America.

Early cartes tended to portray full-length views rather than the busts popular with daguerreotypists. With more of the figure showing, photographers began to use painted backdrops, ornate props such as Grecian columns, and other accessories. With prices as cheap as \$2 a dozen, even the humblest person could afford to be posed in artificial splendor. From such improbable juxtapositions probably came the once popular phrase, "What a card!" — a card being anyone excruciatingly funny.

Photographs became objects of conspicuous consumption, "the social currency, the sentimental 'green-backs' of civilization," according to Oliver Wendell Holmes. A lucrative market soon developed for albums designed to hold cartes-de-visite, forerunners to the family album.

The collodion era ushered in not only new styles of portraiture, but also new ventures in outdoor photography. In the late 1850s, stereo views — twin prints of a scene spaced to appear three-dimensional when viewed in contraptions such as the stereopticon — of landscapes and exotic places became popular.

The general interest in outdoor photography arose not just out of pure entertainment, however. New York photographer Matthew Brady and his corps of cameramen demonstrated the wet plate's documentary capabilities during the Civil War. Without a doubt, their images opened the eyes of countless viewers. As the *New York Times* commented in 1862: "Mr. Brady has done something to bring home to us the terrible reality and earnestness of war. If he has not brought bodies and laid them in our dooryards and along the streets, he has done something very like it."

After the war's end, photographers joined government and railroad survey crews documenting unknown terrain in the Far West. Their awe-inspiring views of western landscapes made conservation a national issue, resulting in the creation of Yellowstone, Yosemite, and other national parks.



Although collodion amassed considerable achievements, wet-plate negatives were difficult to prepare and develop in the field. In the 1870s, researchers seeking dry alternatives developed a gelatin glass plate that was faster, factory-produced, and sold ready for use. The more expensive gelatin dry plate only slowly drew converts among many professional photographers, however.

Around 1885, gelatin technology was applied to papers. Unlike their albumen predecessor that required hours in the sunlight before an image would appear, gelatin bromide papers required only brief exposures to light before developing in chemicals. Enlarging became commonplace following the introduction of gelatin bromide papers.

Little by little, with factory-packaged negatives and papers, more amateurs took up photography. Big

business turned to this developing market, seeking a camera system that would allow everyone to take pictures. One man's vision and a small, black box named Kodak would make this dream a reality.

Former bank clerk and amateur photographer George Eastman entered into the dry-plate manufacturing business around 1880 and soon expanded his product line to include paper, enlargers, and other photographic sundries. Sensing that "in order to make a large business we would have to reach the general public and create a new class of patrons,"⁷ Eastman and camera designer Frank Brownell (for whom the later popular "Brownie" model would be named) set about designing a small, hand-held camera using roll film rather than glass plates. Drawing on such obscure predecessors as the roller window blind and earlier failed roll-film proposals, they developed in 1887 a "little roll holder breast camera," which Eastman named Kodak.⁸ The small (6.5-by-3.25-by-3.75-inch) leather-bound box sold for \$25 and came loaded with a 100-exposure roll of film.

The novice photographer had only to turn a key (to advance the film), pull a cord (to cock the shutter), and press a button. After all 100 pictures were taken, the entire camera was mailed back to the Eastman factory, where the pictures were printed. The developed film, prints, and reloaded camera were then returned to

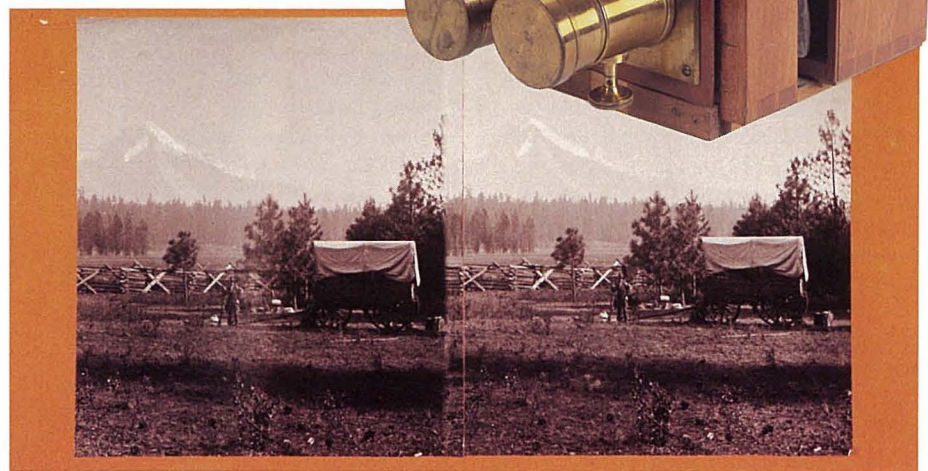
the photographer. Marketed under the slogan, "You push the button, we do the rest," Eastman offered his camera to the public. Camera dealers sold out of their supply of Kodaks almost upon receipt. Druggists and department stores clamored to carry them.

In 1891, Brownell developed a camera that held film in a light-tight cartridge. For the first time, novice photographers could load the camera themselves in daylight. The exposed film, and not the camera, would then be returned to Eastman's processing department for printing.

Eastman's success with various Kodak models spawned countless imitators. He responded to the competition by declaring in 1894: "The manifest destiny of the Eastman Kodak Company is to be the largest manufacturer of photographic materials in the world or else to go to pot."⁹

While the photographic industry and American big business in general were embroiled in a corporate revolution, novice photographers and some professionals turned their cameras toward the ordinary rather than the spectacular. The small, hand-held cameras permitted spontaneous, candid picture-taking — a radical departure from the tripod-bound, slow procedures that characterized the earlier collodion period. For the first time, photographers pursued

The public clamor for stereo views inspired many photographers to take double-barrel stereo cameras and fragile glass plates outdoors in search of nature scenes.

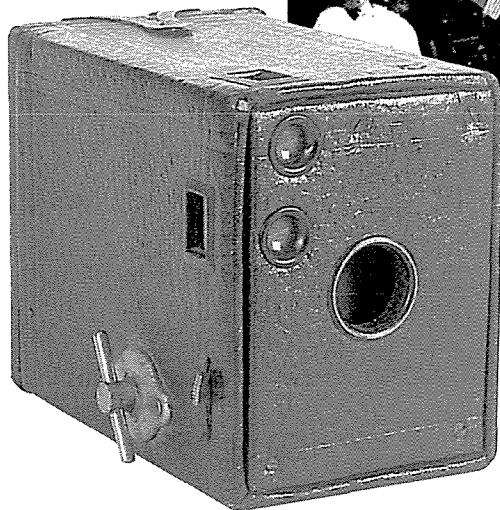


Southern Oregon Historical Society #86.7.30

Southern Oregon Historical Society #14287

Small, hand-held cameras such as this roll-film Brownie Model 0 made photography available to everyone, and spawned the era of the snapshot.

Southern Oregon Historical Society #985.97.1



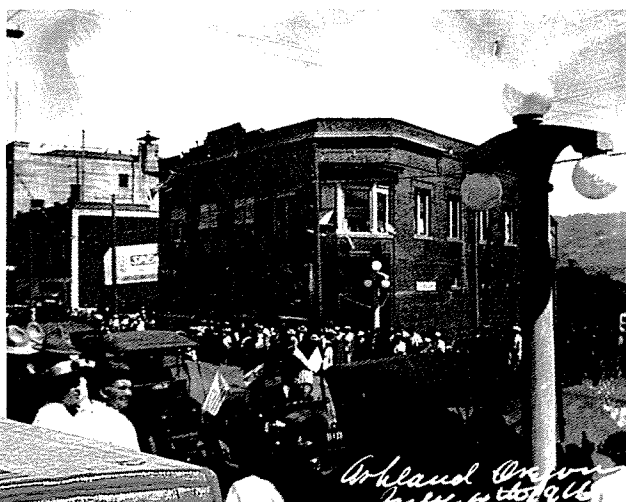
snapshots, documenting every aspect of family and social life. With the new-found freedom came inevitable questions on the invasion of privacy. An article in *American Amateur Photographer* in 1897 scolded hand-held camera fiends for directing their lenses at "ladies as they emerge from their morning dip, loving couples, private picnicking parties."¹⁰

Developments in photography continued well into the twentieth century. The single-lens reflex camera appeared in 1905, the flashbulb and the 35mm Leica camera in 1925, and color film in 1936. Even today, the Eastman Kodak Company and its competitors continue to improve on film, lenses, camera bodies, and other technology, allowing the most inexperienced photographers to take award-winning pictures. The quest for capturing an image lives on — even in a world of technological wonder.



END NOTES

1. Francesco Algarotti, *Essays on Painting* (London: L. Davis and C. Reymers, 1764), 64-65.
2. M. Susan Barger and William B. White, *The Daguerreotype: Nineteenth-century Technology*



Southern Oregon Historical Society #14297

and *Modern Science* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1991), 14. Most experimenters in the 1800s used silver salts as the light sensitive material, based on Johann Heinrich Schulze's 1725 discovery that silver nitrate crystals turned black in sunlight. Despite its significance in the search for capturing an image, silver nitrate's light-sensitive properties were first used in hair dye.

3. Barger and White, 22.

4. Astronomer and chemist John F. W. Herschel had noted in 1819 that hyposulfite of soda dissolved silver salts. Herschel later discovered his "hypo" would "fix" photographic images.

Known today as sodium thiosulfate, the term "hypo" nonetheless remains in use for the fixing chemical. Herschel also coined the term "photography."

5. Gaston Tissandier, *History and Handbook of Photography* (New York: 1877), 63.

6. Beaumont Newhall, *The History of Photography* (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1982), 59.

7. Goodwin Film & Camera Company v. Eastman Kodak Company, U.S. Circuit Court, Western District of New York, September 9, 1913; U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, March 10, 1914, no 194, *Transcript of Record*, vol. 1, 353.

8. Eastman did not want his new model mistaken for any existing camera, so he created a word that could not be mispronounced. Fond of the letter K (his mother's maiden name was Kilbourn), Eastman invented the name Kodak.

9. Reese Jenkins, *Images and Enterprise: Technology and the American Photographic Industry 1839-1925* (Baltimore: The John Hopkins University Press, 1975), 170.

10. William Oppenheim, "The Law of Privacy," *American Amateur Photographer*, IX, January 1, 1897, 5.

Natalie Brown is head of communications services for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Peter Britt, Jacksonville's celebrated pioneer photographer, earned recognition not only for his finely crafted portraits and carefully composed landscapes, but for his durability. When Britt was born in Obstdalen, Switzerland, in 1819, photography was not yet invented. When he died in Jacksonville in 1905, hand-held cameras and roll film had made picture-taking an outlet for everyone.

A professional painter who relied on portraiture, Britt faced considerable competition from daguerreotypists upon arriving in America in 1845. Though he scoured the Mississippi Valley for portrait commissions, he found little work. Recognizing a dismal fate, Britt set out to learn the new photography.

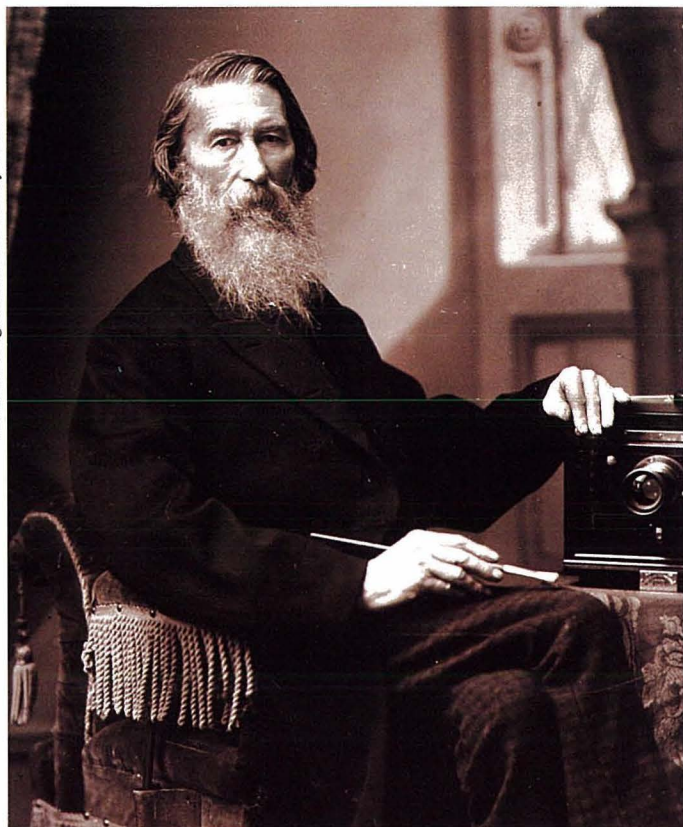
In spring 1847, Britt asked J.H. Fitzgibbon, then the best-known and most respected daguerreotypist in St. Louis, to teach him the new craft. Fitzgibbon insisted that Britt use only the best equipment, so Britt bought a Voigtlander camera with a Petzval lens. In a few weeks Britt returned to his home in Highland, Illinois, where he opened a studio.

A few months later, President James K. Polk announced the California Gold Rush. Thousands headed West over the Oregon Trail in search of new lives. After obtaining citizenship in 1852, Britt packed his personal possessions and 300 pounds of photographic equipment in a wagon and joined other fortune seekers heading for the Oregon Territory.

Britt arrived in November in the mining camp that would become Jacksonville. Within a month, he constructed a log cabin to serve as both living quarters and daguerreotype studio. On

One Career Spanning Photography's First Fifty Years

Southern Oregon Historical Society #14297



this site Britt built a series of residences and studios and spent the next fifty-three years photographing citizens and scenes of the developing southern Oregon region.

Although Britt resided in the hinterland, he remained remarkably abreast of innovations in his field. In addition to subscribing to photographic journals and newsletters, he regularly traveled to San Francisco, where in 1856 he purchased a larger camera and learned new collodion techniques. Back in Oregon, he began advertising ambrotypes as well as daguerreotypes and began making prints on albumen paper.

True to his artist's critical eye, Britt avoided unnatural or contrived poses and sought to position patrons with artful grace. In his sky-lit studio, he

photographed many of the area's pioneers and residents. Here, too, he photographed the Chinese laborers and the last local American Indians. In small *carte-de-visite* negatives and later in larger sizes, Britt collected glass ghosts of southern Oregon's citizens.

Britt captured the natural beauty of his region as well. He regularly packed a wagon with his double-lens stereo camera and larger 8-by-10-inch camera, glass plates, chemical bottles, trays, and darkroom tent and ventured along rivers and over mountains. He was the first to take successful photos of Crater Lake. His two 8-by-10-inch glass-plate views, taken in 1874 and possibly the only wet-plate images made of the lake, later illustrated conservationist William Gladstone Steel's campaign to

From daguerreotypes to glass plates, Peter Britt captured the faces and landscapes of southern Oregon.

make the lake a national park. Britt lived to see Congress create Crater Lake National Park in 1902.

Though roll-film cameras had become popular by the time Peter Britt retired from his business in 1900 at the age of 81, it is doubtful he deigned to use them. Instead, he returned to oil painting, his first profession.

Peter Britt was prolific as an image-maker and invaluable as a visual historian. The nearly 10,000 glass plates that survive him chronicle changes wrought by settlement, orchards, and industry. And they show the faces of the thousands of Chinese laborers, middle-class merchants, bereaved widows, and winsome children who developed southern Oregon — lasting images of the region's legacy.

An exhibit featuring Britt's work and chronicling the development of

photography, *Through the Eyes of Peter Britt*, opened in March at the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History. The exhibit is part of the new Peter Britt Learning Center, which includes a classroom for hands-on activities and gallery space for premiering traveling exhibits — the first being *Travelers of the Trails*, portraits of pioneers who made the trek across the Oregon and Applegate trails. The museum is open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday; admission is free to Jackson County residents.



"Princess Jennie" (right) and a pastoral view of the Bear Creek valley (below). Southern Oregon Historical Society #1165, 10882



Reflections on the Past

by Joseph Cox

GENERATION GAPS: FORCES THAT SHAPED AMERICA?

Over the last 200 years, American historians have developed an amazing variety of ways to interpret and explain the course of this nation's development. George Bancroft and James T. Adams saw the central theme as the triumph of democracy over European imperialism; Frederick Jackson Turner and Francis Parkman viewed American history through the prism of the frontier and saw it as the force which molded our history and shaped our institutions. Charles Beard thought they all were off-base and focused our attention for nearly fifty years on economic self-interest, using it to explain everything from the creation of the Constitution to our entry into World War I.

Recently, historical interpretation has fallen into two schools of thought which have, at times, bitterly argued with one another. The Consensus School proposes that our nation evolved out of the basic, shared democratic values that unite Americans: the Bill of Rights, social mobility, and economic growth, for example. The other and perhaps less optimistic view, the Conflict School, has zeroed in on the issues that have divided us to explain events in America over the past several centuries.

Now two new knights have entered the arena to joust with these foregoing historians, offering a different and provocative explanation. William Strauss and Neil Howe, writing in December's *Atlantic* magazine and in their 1991 book, *Generations: The History of the American Future*, say American history has to be seen in terms of 300 years of conflict between generations whose values were so at odds that hostility erupted and dominated the social and economic politics of the period.

"The Missionary Generation" (Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Jane Adams, Margaret Sanger), for example, sought to remake — or "save"

— both America and the world, but they were followed by and fought bitterly with the nihilistic, disillusioned Lost Generation of the 1920s (Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald), which was more interested in jazz, fiction, avant garde art, and bathtub gin than great causes. The "GI Generation," born between 1900 and 1924 (Kennedy, Ford, Johnson, Carter, Nixon, Bush, etc.), conflicted with the "Radicalized 1960s portion of the Boomer Generation," which vehemently castigated its elders for their ethical failings, misguided support for the Vietnam War, hypocrisy on social issues, etc.

The core of Strauss and Howe's theory is their analysis of the "Baby Boomer, Yuppie Generation" just coming to national power and its profound difficulty with the "Thirteeners" (the thirteenth generation since 1787), the

what we have done to these Thirteeners, who will be the first generation since the 1930s that will not do as well as their parents. The Thirteeners also will inherit the national debt, the savings-and-loan payoff, a neglected, worn-out national infrastructure, and the burden of caring for the largest number of retired Americans in our history who do not intend to see their entitlements compromised.

Social historians cannot help but be concerned about the generational struggle this portends. One should also remember, however, that the previous Lost Generation sobered up, straightened out, endured the tough 1920s, and gave us the Eisenhower years of national calm.



Joseph Cox is a historian and president of Southern Oregon State College.



skateboard, heavy-metal generation born in the mid-1960s and 1970s. Strauss and Howe note this generation's childhood spanned the most virulent anti-child period in modern American history. The Thirteeners, rather than yelling at their elders, are themselves the target of strident Boomer criticism over their vacuous, non-politically correct thinking, mindless music, zero aspirations and ambition, declining Scholastic Aptitude Test scores, and record crime and substance abuse rates.

Beard, Turner, and Parkman may not be displaced permanently or even threatened by this latest interpretation, but Strauss and Howe clearly have raised some disturbing questions about

Life in the Past Lane

by Brad Linder

BARN AGAIN!

Farmers, ranchers, and city dwellers alike across the country are becoming concerned about the disappearance of traditional rural structures. Hundreds of farmsteads have been abandoned or demolished as farms and ranches have declined over the past several decades. Changing agricultural practices also have made original structures obsolete.

Despite the prevalent attitude that "new is better," however, many people have found that adapting their older buildings can be an economical alternative to replacing them. Some prefer to rehabilitate old farm buildings because they have been in the family for generations or because they have become an important local landmark.

Lilyglen Barn is one such landmark. Located seventeen miles east of Ashland at the north end of Howard Prairie off Dead Indian Road, Lilyglen was built by the Lindsay family in 1898. The Lindsay farm included a small sawmill, 300 Angora goats, and Red Poll cows, the cream from which was delivered to Ashland twice weekly via Clydesdale horses. The ranch also served as a post office from 1904 to 1909 and as a stopping place for travelers.

Though Lilyglen is in no danger of disappearing — it is part of a county park — it does need repairs, especially after a January storm during which a twenty-foot section of the roof caved in. Volunteers Darlene Donnelly, Martha Brooks, and the Royal Crest 4-H Riding Club have been raising money to replace the roof and have collected about \$5,000 of the estimated \$20,000 needed. Several volunteers worked feverishly after the



Lily Glen barn stands in its pristine high-mountain setting, before recent winter storms damaged its roof. Photo by Natalie Brown

storm to clear the four feet of snow which had accumulated atop Lilyglen before the entire roof collapsed.

Donnelly and her family live just a few miles down the road from Lilyglen and use the property for boarding and riding horses. The fund-raising project was initiated when Donnelly, Brooks, and the dozen members of the riding club saw that Lilyglen's fifty-year-old sugar-pine shingles needed replacement.

The barn is owned by the Bureau of Reclamation and leased by the Jackson County Parks Department until the year 2008. It serves as a short-term boarding facility for users of the associated campground and surrounding trails. Donnelly and the other volunteers hope that appropriate lumber will be donated for the hand-split shingles and that much of the labor will be donated as well. Donnelly and Brooks plan to involve young people in much of the process — from fund-raising to construction and cleanup. The group will hold informational meetings this spring and hopes to have the project completed by September. They have contacted the

National Trust for Historic Preservation, co-sponsor with Successful Farming magazine of a program called Barn Again!, which helps farmers and ranchers find new ways to use their historic buildings. They also have communicated with the Oregon State Historic Preservation Office, the Historic Preservation League of Oregon, regional agencies such as the Southern Oregon Historical Society, and local user groups to solicit financial and technical assistance.

A grass-roots project such as this one deserves local support and will demonstrate that reuse of historic farm buildings is an economical alternative to tearing down and building new. Too many of the barns in the area are gone forever; perhaps the Lilyglen project will be one of those that is Barn Again.

For more information, contact Donnelly at 482-0205 or the Southern Oregon Historical Society at 773-6536.



Brad Linder is historic resources director for the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Then & Now

by Catherine Noah

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB: SOUTHERN OREGON'S MOUTHPIECE

It was like a miniature version of the county fair. Miners, farmers, business owners, and socialites stopped by Medford's new exhibition building in May 1905 to display fruits of hand and land. John C. Pendleton brought samples of winter oats and wheat. E. J. Hart presented edible artichokes, "a new thing to many of our people." Oscar Stinson displayed a shoot from a plum tree ten feet in height, and William Clark contributed some spring vetch. Cherries, apples, figs, and pears were offered along with copper, cinnabar, and quicksilver.¹ The bearers of these fruits had one hope in mind: that a strong demonstration of the Rogue Valley's natural bounty would bring outsiders — and outside dollars — into the local orchard industry.

The exhibition building sat near the railroad tracks at Front and Main streets. Southern Pacific, which owned the property, delayed its trains there for ten minutes so passengers could view the displays.² The building was one of several joint ventures between Southern Pacific and the Medford Commercial Club, an organization founded at the turn of the century to promote local business projects. The club used the building for its headquarters until it merged with the Medford Chamber of Commerce in 1920.

Southern Oregon could not have asked for a better mouthpiece: the Commercial Club knew no limits when praising the virtues of the Rogue River Valley. A club advertisement in the *Medford Mail* in 1910 declared: "Our

eyes look upon enough standing timber to rebuild Greater New York in structure of frame. The power of Niagara is second to our undeveloped power in the Rogue river. Our mineral resources are hidden millions."³

The Commercial Club's promotional booklets attracted attention nationwide. During the last half of 1909, the club received more than 5,000 queries about opportunities in the Rogue Valley. Their efforts paid off: the valley experienced an orchard boom that led to a ninety-percent increase in Jackson County's population by 1910.

The club's exhibition building received widespread community support at the outset. Dr. C.R. Ray of the Condor Water & Power Company furnished the lights, which included a string of 200 lining the porch. The Iowa Lumber & Box Company furnished the lumber and

labor at actual cost. Others helping finance the construction were John D. Lowell, Gordon Voorhies, H.C. Lewis, J.W. Perkins, E.E. Hopkins, Jackson County Bank, and Medford Bank.

The exhibition hall's opening on May 13, 1905, received a front-page story and photo in the *Medford Mail*. For its premiere, the building was decorated with a mass of roses "contributed by the ladies of Medford, and not the least attractive feature of the exhibit were the ladies themselves, rivaling in sweetness and beauty the roses which they were arranging with such deft hands." Exhibits that first day included mineral specimens; samples of grains, figs, and cherries; stuffed bobcats and pheasants; and photographs of southern Oregon scenes. The entire presentation, the paper reported, "brought forth many expressions of admiration, not only from



The Medford Commercial Club displayed the region's bounty in its exhibit building at Front and Main streets (top) in the early 1900s. The site is now First Interstate Bank (right). Southern Oregon Historical Society #249, photo by Collin Boyd



the citizens of the town, but from persons passing through on the trains.”⁴

As the season progressed, the exhibits expanded and diversified. In August, the *Medford Mail*'s update on the exhibition described “mammoth watermelons” from Central Point; “huge casabas” from Phoenix; pears, plums, prunes and apples from throughout the valley; a potato that could feed an entire family; and an onion “big enough to spoil a dozen courtships if properly distributed.”⁵ Also reported at various times were a Rogue River rainbow trout with the fly still in its mouth, a pelt from an Angora goat, a year-old summer squash, and the skin of a porcupine that

was “killed on Griffin Creek, probably the last of his race.”⁶

The Commercial Club's heyday ended after money troubles forced its merger with the Chamber of Commerce. Its secretary, H.A. Latta, filed a lawsuit to recover \$280.60 in back salary and expenses, which the club raised by selling 2,000 one-dollar tickets to a raffle for a new Ford automobile.⁷ The Chamber continued to run the building until sometime in the late 1940s when it was torn down and turned into a parking lot.

The First National Bank, now First Interstate, bought the property from Southern Pacific in 1953 and completed

construction of the present bank a year later.

ENDNOTES

1. “New Exhibits,” *Medford Mail*, May 26, 1905.
2. “Medford's Exhibit Building,” *Medford Mail*, May 19, 1905.
3. “Souvenir Letter to Each Guest by Mr. Malboeuf,” *Medford Mail*, July 23, 1910.
4. “Medford's Exhibit Building.”
5. *Medford Mail*, August 25, 1905.
6. *Medford Mail*, August 25, June 16, 30, 1905.
7. “Retrospective: Medford Chamber of Commerce,” *Medford Centennial Issue: Membership Directory & Community Profile* (Medford: Medford Chamber of Commerce, 1985), 34.

Catherine Noah is editor of the Table Rock Sentinel.

From the Collection by Steve M. Wyatt

THE BOOK OF DREAMS

It is so new that it still has the scent of drying ink. The 1993 Spring/Summer Annual Sears catalog made nationwide headlines in January when Sears Roebuck & Co. announced this would be the last of the retail giant's long-standing “big books.” Few people would visualize a 1993 catalog in the archives of a historical society, but a copy has been donated to the Southern Oregon Historical Society's collection. Like many other museums, the Society occasionally adds recently manufactured items to its collection to record current events, styles, and trends for future generations.

The Sears catalog, which shows what people are wearing and using in 1993, is an excellent example of something that normally would be used, thrown out or recycled, and forgotten. The Society's collection contains a few mail-order catalogs, some of which are reprints of very early editions. These are used almost daily by museum staff to research and date artifacts that have been donated.

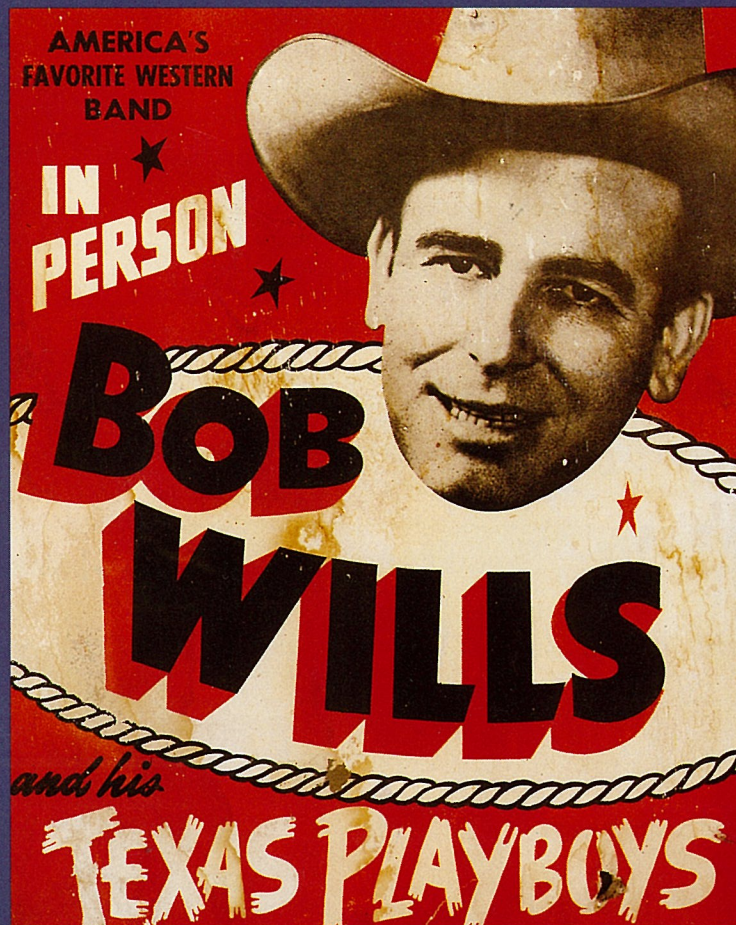
But for most people, the Sears catalog will always be the wish book, not a reference. They can shop from their armchairs, dreaming of what they could buy if only they had enough money or credit. Such dreaming became possible when the first general mail-order catalog was circulated by Montgomery Ward & Co. in 1872. Sears, which went on to become the world's largest mail-order retailer, got into the business in 1898. Initially Ward and Sears successfully sold goods via catalogs to customers living on isolated farms or in small towns. Mail-order business declined in the 1920s when affordable automobiles made shopping excursions to cities a practical alternative. After World War II, a resurgence of shopping by mail occurred. In Medford, a listing for a Sears catalog store, located at 40 S. Central Avenue, first appeared in the 1956 city directory. Then in August 1959, shoppers flocked to the large new Sears retail and catalog outlet at its present location in the Medford Center.



Carol Harbison, library manager, holds the final edition of the Sears Roebuck & Co. catalog. Photo by Matt Strieby

Longtime mail-order shopper Tiffany Mayo, registrar assistant, donated this catalog to the Society. In doing so, she provided a valuable reference tool as well as a record of the end of an era.

Steve Wyatt is the former collections manager at the Society. Because of limited exhibit space, the majority of the objects in the Society's collection are not seen often by visitors. From the Collection is our attempt to provide an informative glimpse of the scope of the Society collections.



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