

11/81

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



THE MEDFORD WATER TOWER, Page 23

Director's Corner

At the start of the new year, in January, 1982, the Southern Oregon Historical Society will raise the individual and pioneer memberships from \$5.00 to \$7.50. We regret making this additional charge but the steadily rising costs of printing and postage make the change necessary. The last increase in membership fees was made over ten years ago, and we have been able, up to the present, to keep pace with cost increases by enlarging our membership lists which now total a thousand.

In January of this year, however, we enlarged the newsletter and made it into a monthly instead of a bi-monthly publication. Members' reaction to the change has been very positive, and we hope to continue printing each issue in the enlarged format. In addition to the newsletter we provide an annual calendar to our members. The publications and the other SOHS sponsored activities for our members are, even with the additional charge, still a bargain.

We surely don't expect anyone to drop his future membership, and we sincerely wish to express our thanks for everyone for past support. But we think it is necessary for the activities to pay their way and not to rely on donations and bookstore revenues. The society hopes, in 1982, to encourage more members to increase their memberships from individual to sponsor category. This will generate "the extra" to provide for more activities. We also plan to seek more members among the business and commercial people of the county.

You can help by encouraging others to join. The more members the less per unit our mailings will cost. Give the membership form on the last page to non-members who are instrested in SOHS activities. Perhaps we can then hold the line on the fees structure for another ten years.

Bill Burk



STAFF MEMBER ATTENDS CONFERENCE

Marjorie Edens, Historian and Newsletter Editor, recently returned from an extended stay in the southeastern states. She attended a conference held by the AASLH (American Association for State and Local History) held in Williamsburg and visited historic sites. She reports that her visit to Monticello was the highlight of the trip.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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| Restoration Coordinator | Ruth Preston | 899-1847 |
| Historian/Newsletter Editor | Marjorie Edens | 899-1711 |
| Newsletter Features | Raymond Lewis | 899-1711 |
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An Invitation to the Organ Dedication

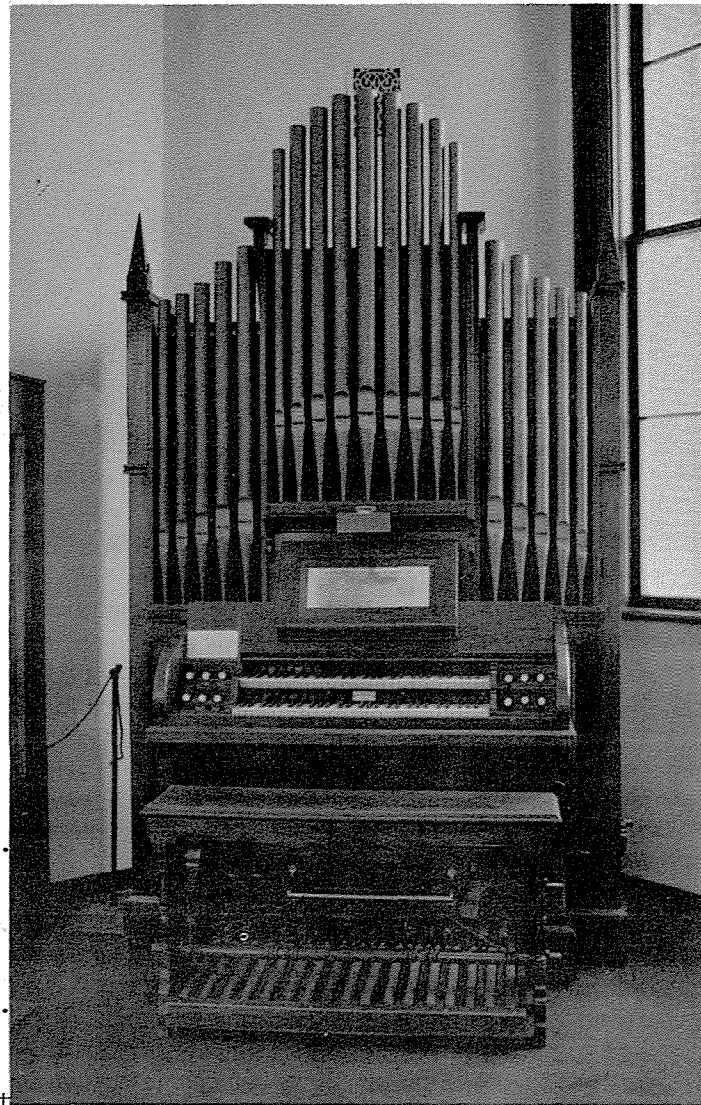
To show appreciation for the generous contributions to the organ fund and to dedicate the reed organ donated by Mr. and Mrs. Elverton Claflin, the Southern Oregon Historical Society is proud to announce that Alan Collins, a prominent Medford organist, who has recently returned from study at the New England Conservatory in Boston, will present a short recital on Friday, December 4. The program will start at 4:00 P.M. in the upstairs courtroom of the museum. The dedication and reception will also be held in honor of the late Imogene Wallace McCoy who so generously donated time and money to the restoration project.

Early in 1979 the newsletter announced that Catherine Wendt, receptionist, and Jody Ferg, then collections registrar, had launched a memorial fund for the restoration of the two-manual reed organ on exhibit in the museum. Dottie Bailey, Administrative Assistant, acted as coordinator of the funding for the restoration campaign.

The First Methodist Church of Ashland had purchased this hand-pumped Peloubet organ from the Lyon and Healy Company in Chicago in 1893. After using it for services for 36 years, the church, in 1929, sold it to the Presbyterian Church in Phoenix where it was used for 26 years.

In 1956 Mr. and Mrs. Claflin of Phoenix donated the organ in the memory of Mrs. Ruth Claflin, Mr. Lynn Claflin and Mr. and Mrs. L.O. Caster. The total cost of the restoration was estimated at almost one thousand dollars, and that

sum was donated to the fund by interested patrons. Some of the contributions were given in memory of earlier residents of southern Oregon. Their names are engraved on a plaque which is displayed on the organ.



RESTORATION OF THIS ORGAN IN MEMORY OF

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Benjamin Jay Bartels | Wesley Claflin | John P. Hood | Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Sloan |
| Mr. D. K. Bolton | Mrs. Annabel Davis | Michael Kenny | Maudie & John Snider |
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SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1981



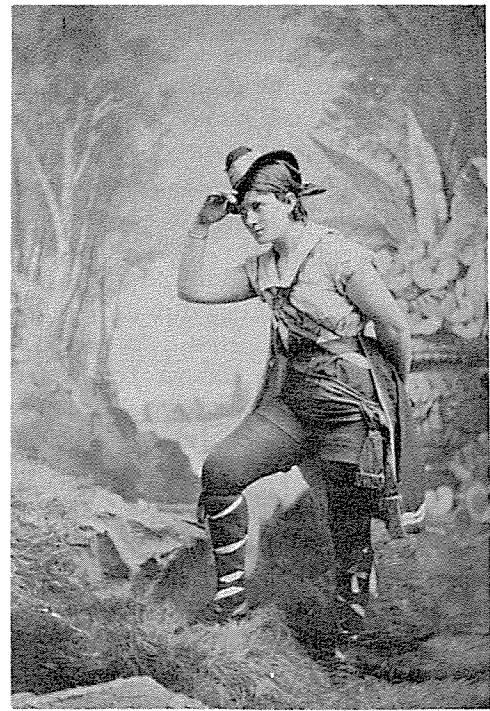
The photographs are from the Britt collection. If these players didn't give performances in Jacksonville, they at least stopped long enough to sit for glamor shots. The first, an acrobat, has easily solved the costume problem. He has put on his winter underwear and around his middle he has tied some colorful remnants from his wife's sewing kit. This sparks up the whole outfit and gives him confidence that the drop-seat won't come unbuttoned. The second, a child actor, is beseeching, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now." If you had a kid today who got into an outfit like this and struck that pose,

THEATRICAL TROUPERS IN JACKSONVILLE

Even if he possesses the world's most thrilling vocal chords, a singer isn't really a singer if he doesn't sing. A painter, whose technique surpasses all others, isn't truly a painter if he doesn't produce any canvasses. And an actor with the biggest bag of theatrical tricks ever contrived will dry up on the vine if he doesn't tread the boards. The artist is obliged to do his thing.

It had to be just such a compulsion that drove the player in pioneer times to dust off his schtick, toss his costume and his props into a carpet bag and set out for the rough and ready frontier. Sure, the money he might acquire was significant, but could it have been sufficient compensation for the discomfort of a battered stagecoach teetering over primitive roads, the indignity of mean bed and board accommodations, the awkwardness of makeshift theaters and the insecurity of facing an unknown, show-me bunch of rowdies that had to be won over by charm or skill or tenacity. The need of an outlet for his talents and the drive for admiration and approval are strong urges.

Here's the rub: after he had completed his gigs in San Francisco and Sacramento, where would he head for next? He had to hit the trail for Portland and Vancouver and hope to get bookings in those more-or-less metropolitan ports. But what about the boonies between the San Francisco Bay and the



you'd have a problem on your hands. He'd be hustled off to the nearest psychiatrist on the double. The third picture is Miss Doty. She's very pensive. She is wondering where she left her skirt. The fourth artiste, Addie Randall, looks operatic. Anyway she has a Wagnerian torso. This one should cut down a little on those Potatoes Delmonico and that Turkey Tetrizinni. The fifth has an expression of romantic melancholy. He is a tragedian. But he is wearing the comedian's pants. The last one appears to have forgotten her part and is looking for her cue cards. Poor thing, they won't come along for years yet.

FROM THE FIFTIES TO THE EIGHTIES

Columbia River? If the stagecoach driver made the right stopovers, the wandering minstrel might have a go at it in the mining camps along the way.

Although rustic audiences frequently got a little violent when the entertainment didn't exactly turn them on, prospectors were always eager for theatricals, and when they really dug an act, they had been known to shower the stage with nuggets. It was certainly worth the try even though in Jacksonville a few hams whose acts had bombed were rudely escorted out of town even before the stagecoach left. The citizens weren't strong on patience and forbearance. Some years later Abigail Scott Duniway, an ERA pioneer, whose ideas on women's rights met with solid opposition, was pelted with eggs, ripened to "an interesting condition." She fled to Gasburg where she received a more chivalrous and sympathetic reception.

There are reports of several actors leaving town without paying for their lodging. That feat required a bit of dexterity. The poor player with the empty purse would have to tippy-toe out of the hotel in the early, early morning, long before breakfast, and flag down the stagecoach at a spot on the trail far enough from town to be safely out of reach of the landlord who might be pretty irate when he discovered that his overnight guest, instead of luxuriously sleeping-in, had flown the coop.

One must not assume however that before the final battles with the

Indians there was a constant parade of thespians gadding around the wilderness. The fact that there were any at all is astonishing. There are few documented records of the first performers in southern Oregon. Newspapers weren't a prime requirement for a gold-mining town -- they came considerably after the saloons and the boarding houses -- and even after the establishment of a local news sheet, a drama critic didn't get top priority on the staff.

In 1851 a group of traveling magicians, "Hubbell and Rossiter's Great Exhibit of Ledgerdemain," appeared in Oregon City. In Portland a French actress, Mlle. Duret, "famous throughout Europe," gave Shakespearean readings, and Mr. and Mrs. Conner from California, via "London and other world capitals," presented a drama for two characters. That, however, was a bit too early for southern Oregon to be included in the itinerary. Gold had yet to be discovered at Rich Gulch and there were no miners at that time scrabbling around Jackson Creek.

But in January, 1853, Jacksonville sprang into existence. With the appearance of the saloons -- and there were more than enough of them -- came the need for musicians, amateur and professional. Competition for customers was keen, and an establishment, to stay in business, had to keep the patrons happy. Music livened up the drinkers and card players and kept those nuggets rolling across the bar.

Along with the miners, the gamblers, the traders and the shady ladies, came the frontiersmen and settlers, all of them hungry for entertainment. The Wells Fargo stages arrived on a sort of schedule, and the traveling artists began to make stopovers in Jacksonville. Unfortunately few of them were electrifying enough to make the pages of history. Fame was hard to come by and pretty fleeting, especially when there was no Rona Barrett on the paper staff. There is a record that John Kelley, a popular violinist from the minefields of California, played in Jacksonville in 1853 and returned for a second engagement a year or two later.

In 1855 *The Table Rock Sentinel* reported that the Pacific Circus and Hippodrome gave a performance. These early day circuses usually arrived by way of the south and they were not always small potatoes. Members of the company, specially trained in San Francisco, were professionals. Some of the shows hired skilled dancers and acrobats to present pageants and grand parades, such as *St. George and the Dragon* and *Jack the Giant Killer*. The Mammoth Circus advertised that they gave "popular and chaste shows where the strictest decorum (was) observed." No juiced roughneck was permitted to heckle those ladies in pink tights. In later years the great Barnum and Company made several stops in southern Oregon.

A lecturer, with an exhibition of scenes of Europe projected onto a screen by a "Drummond light" held a showing in Oatman's Saloon. The newspaper fails to report the reaction of the audience to the educational lecture; it's safe to say though that those who attended were not exactly blown out of their skulls with delight. The lecturer concluded his spectacle with "an astounding display of sleight of hand tricks" which the audience probably found a little kickier than the main attraction.

In addition to Oatman's, the Last Chance Saloon, the El Dorado and Taylor's Place usually gave a warm reception to troupers. In 1856 Veit Schutz (*Sentinel*, Vol. I, No. 6) completed his brewery which offered a bar, a large dance hall, rooms to accommodate visiting artists and a stage. Viet kept a respectable house, and when a customer became loud and offensive, Viet, who was a feisty little fellow, would unceremoniously throw him out. Or Mrs. Shutz, a sturdy German hausfrau, would bop him with a bung-starter. Many companies stopped here: The Wretland Troup, in sketches, farces and dances; Morell's Minstrels; the Wilton Players with a series of plays including *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; John Mcguire with a popular one-man-show; and, in addition, several local amateur

productions. After its completion, McCully's Hall, now the Oddfellows lodge, welcomed the classier productions in the upstairs auditorium. A little later Helm's Saloon booked players.

In February, 1858, the *Table Rock Sentinel* announced the arrival of Lotta Crabtree who had appeared in Jacksonville a couple of years earlier. Audiences for this production were wildly enthusiastic and the editor reported that "Lotta done very well."

In May, 1858, a "Varieties Troupe," gave two melodramas: *Francine* and *The Lady of Lyons*. At that time the play, *The Lady of Lyons*, popped up everywhere. It must have had a special appeal for early-day theater goers. It was probably a forerunner of *Barefoot in the Park*. If the boxoffice sags, folks, give 'em a tried and true chestnut; they'll go see it *ad nauseum*.

That summer when the warm weather had dried out the roadbeds, larger groups arrived. Another circus gave a performance which featured a tight-rope walker, a tumbler, a clown, and "some fascinating equestrienne displays." This circus was followed several days later by a minstrel show -- a type of production which had become very popular in San Francisco. The local newspaper declared that the song and dance men revealed "the true delineation of Negro character" Ick. Hot on the heels of this show came another, "Hobb's Colored Minstrels," which also delighted the audience. Later on, the California Minstrels presented a skit entitled "Jeff Davis in Hoops," a lampoon on the rumor that the Confederate president (like Iran's Bani-Sadr) had escaped his enemy dressed as a woman. Pro-unionists in the audience were highly amused and the paper gave the troupe a rave review.

This minstrel bit was a long time a-dying. There may even be some misguided remnants from a troupe of "Ethiopian Performers" still battling around the backwoods. It was popular because the black-face singers and dancers were obviously happy and lighthearted and had nary a care in the world nor a serious thought in their noggins -- in sharp contrast to the members of the audience who well knew what it was to scratch out a bare existence from the ground. *De Camptown Races* lifted one's spirits even if his back did hurt a little.

In 1860 Professor Dodds came to town and astounded the citizenry with his sleight of hand and magic gimmicks. One trick, his "Aerial Suspension Act," was a show stopper. It's a pity the newspaper didn't describe the incredible illusion. One can guess that he probably floated his scantily clad, buxom blond assistant over the table as each prospector, tense and titillated,





hoped the draft would waft her in his direction.

The Table Rock Sentinel was not always kind. In one issue the editor panned a second-rate circus. He scoffed at the grand marshall's red flannel pants, berated the 'old monkey that appeared to have the seven year itch' and the "scrawny camel that had worn off his hump packing beans." An animal lover immediately develops great compassion for these tired, over-worked creatures and wishes he might have been there with some monkey treats and Camel Friskies.

The Lee and Ryland Circus was a hit however and even made a return engagement. The second production boasted a troop of Japanese acrobats and a trained buffalo. Question: How could anyone train a buffalo? And to do what? (A man who lives down the street claims that he can teach tricks to anything that will come to him for food. He could, he maintains, train a rattlesnake. But who would want the crawly thing around -- even if it could whistle "Dixie.") Incidentally in 1873 eight members of the Lee family circus troop were killed at Apache Pass by Indians who stole all their trained horses.

By 1867 the theater in Jacksonville was really into culture. There were many more traveling actors and they were more skilled.

Charlotte Crampton and Harry MacDonald gave readings from *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. The editor wrote, "The performance ended with a sword fight and Richard bit the dust." Richard's defeat was apparently not unanticipated because during the dueling and hopping around, "she had bust her garter."

Shakespeare in early southern Oregon soon had had its day. When the saloon audiences were made up of men only, the bard, in most cases, held their rapt attention. But when the ladies started attending the theater, they revealed a preference for moralizing melodramas that would give them a strong emotional outlet. Favorite shows were *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl*, *East Lynn*, *St. Elmo*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Under the Gaslight* and *Camille*.

It would be nice to say that the following event happened in Jacksonville, but, sad to say, it occurred in Salt Lake City and was reported in the *Salt Lake City Union*. The first new theater had just been built and for the grand opening a touring company was engaged to perform *Camille*. The editor wrote that "Mormons and Mormonesses, unused to dissimulation on the stage," were astonished that Brigham Young would permit so ill a lady to perform. "One elderly member of the audience, torn by the star's shocking cough," slipped backstage to give the poor girl her very own special, home brewed remedy for coughs and croup.

Not all the performers were headliners. During off season, minor players roamed about the country appearing in lead roles. If the program offered betrayal and pathos, there was no need for stars. A graphic poster and the town talkers would advise the citizens that play actors were coming, and everybody would scurry around to find his fifty cents.

Unfortunately Jacksonville editors seem to have felt no obligation to write reviews. There are reports in journals and letters that pioneer actors and actresses who blazed the theatrical trail, had appeared in Jacksonville, but many were sadly overlooked by the *Sentinel*. If the editor had other fish to fry and didn't attend the performance, he apparently didn't bother. On the other hand, when a four page paper is published only every two weeks, yesterday's news may be included or omitted willy-nilly. Laura Keene, a famous Camille, Mrs. W.C. Forbes, "a distinguished American actress of high reputation in London," Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, and Nance O'Neill, who also had a long run as Camille, might have filled engagements in southern Oregon. They were around the valley and made recorded appearances both north and south of the town. Who knows how many others dropped by?

No review of early southern Oregon theater is complete without a word about the roving medicine shows. Many of these traveled in their own colorful red and gold wagons and didn't require theaters. Audiences stood about a fold-down stage and watched the goings-on for free. With just enough song and dance and curves and dimples to hold the audience, the main objective was to sell, at outrageous profit, bottles of secret formula nostrums, liberally laced with alcohol or opium and guaranteed to cure every ailment known to man -- or woman -- and in addition to be a great furniture polish and bust developer. Hosteller Celebrated Stomach Bitters, Egyptian Regulator Tea, Paine's Celery Compound and St. Jacob's Oil were only a few of the fabulous Golden Medical Discoveries. Isn't it too bad they didn't do what they claimed to do? If they had, everybody today would be vibrant and regular and busty. Even the dinkiest of these shows offered a banjo player, a clown or a baritone who informed the crowd in full, round resonant tones that he had wandered today to the millmaggie.



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Made from Buffalo Tallow, combined with
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It is a perfect cure-all in Skin Diseases - for the various forms of Tetter, dry, scaley, moist or itchy, for Erysipelas, recent or chronic; Pimples or Blotches on the Face, Scald Head, Barber's Itch and all annoying unsightly eruptions of the Skin; also soft Corns and Burns and Itching.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE
PRICE 25 CENTS



Not all medicine shows were small time; some were thrilling extravaganzas. Although he may have missed southern Oregon, Buffalo Bill, who appeared in several towns in the Willamette Valley during his western circuit, paraded troops of bogus Indians, regiments of trick riders and sharpshooting cowboys and glorified Sitting Bull and Annie Oakley to boot. *Buffalo Bill's Wild West Congress of Rough Riders* was actually a colossal rodeo spectacular, and, in addition to his box office, Cody insured the salaries for his performers by pushing Kickapoo Indian remedies.

Pitchmen were super salesmen who often gave stiff competition to other performers. Herman the Healer, Doctor Diamond Dick, Martin the Wizard and Dr. J.L. Leonard were well known throughout the northwest. It was not uncommon for a touring company of actors to discover the house half full because a huckster had preceded it and had "taken all the easy money." One shouldn't be surprised at the abundance of these shows; they weren't far removed from today's television commercials.

In 1868 a smallpox epidemic hit Jacksonville. Fear of that disease and an outburst of diphtheria called a halt to visits by touring groups for almost two years. At the beginning of the seventies the town was facing a difficult time. Business suffered from the national depression of 1873, and two devastating fires, one after the other, wiped out part of the downtown area. But by the mid-seventies show business was once again alive and well. Improvements in traveling conditions and the success of the theater in Portland and other northern cities encouraged troupes of players to take to the road.

The citizens sailed blithely through the seventies unaware that in the next decade their theater and their town were destined to hit the skids. Madam Holt built her hotel and provided another hall. More minstrels, magicians, comedians, tragedians, soubrettes, acrobats and instrumentalists than ever before put Jacksonville on their itineraries. Prospects were all on the up-beat. The future had to be rosy. But it was really only Sleeping Beauty kicking up her heels at her last ball.



MEDFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY RECEIVES MARKER

The Jackson County Public Library was given a Southern Oregon Historical Society marker on October 17, 1980. The building has historic significance because it was built of brick kilned in this area. It is one of the few buildings constructed as early as 1911 that has not changed in appearance except for the 1951 addition at the back. It is the oldest public-owned structure in Medford that has been in constant use since its completion. John D. Benson, who prepared the application for the historic marker, has given the library's history.

The building site, owned by C.C. and Julia Beekman, was sold to the Town of Medford for \$275 late in the last century. A water tower was constructed there (page 23) and the land was used for a rustic water system until 1908.

The Greater Medford Club, organized in 1903, was composed of prominent Medford women. They worked to beautify the City Park, which was established on land given to the town by the O and C Railroad Company. The ladies put in the original fountain, installed benches and engaged a gardner to care for the shrubs and flowers.

In 1907 Mrs. Kidder from the Oregon State Library presented to this group the idea for a public library. As a result of the efforts made by the members, the Medford Council offered their Council Room for the first public library. The club raised the handsome sum of \$604 to support the program. Before this



Photograph by Doug Smith

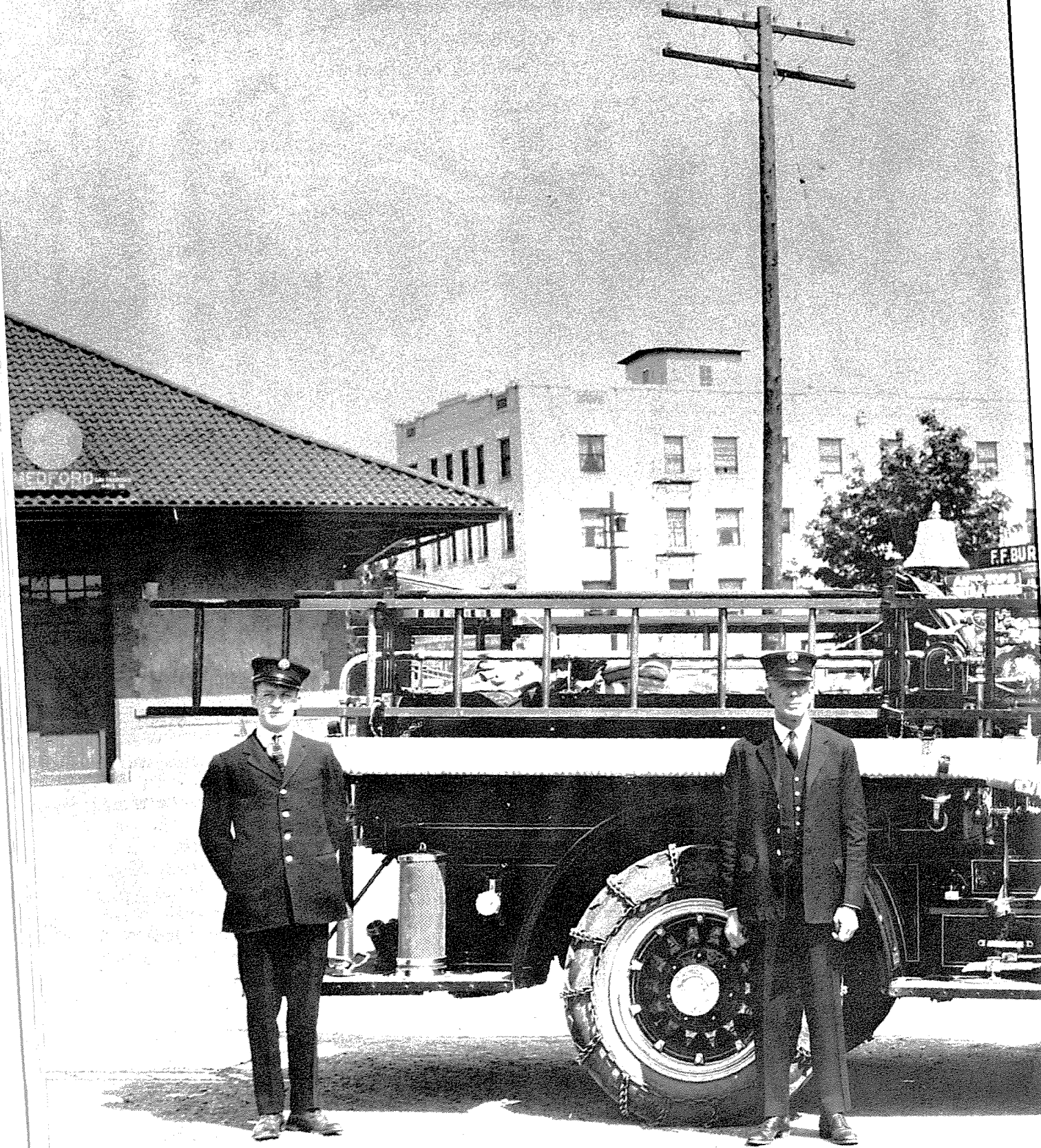
time there had been only a small rental library in the back of Haskins Drug Store.

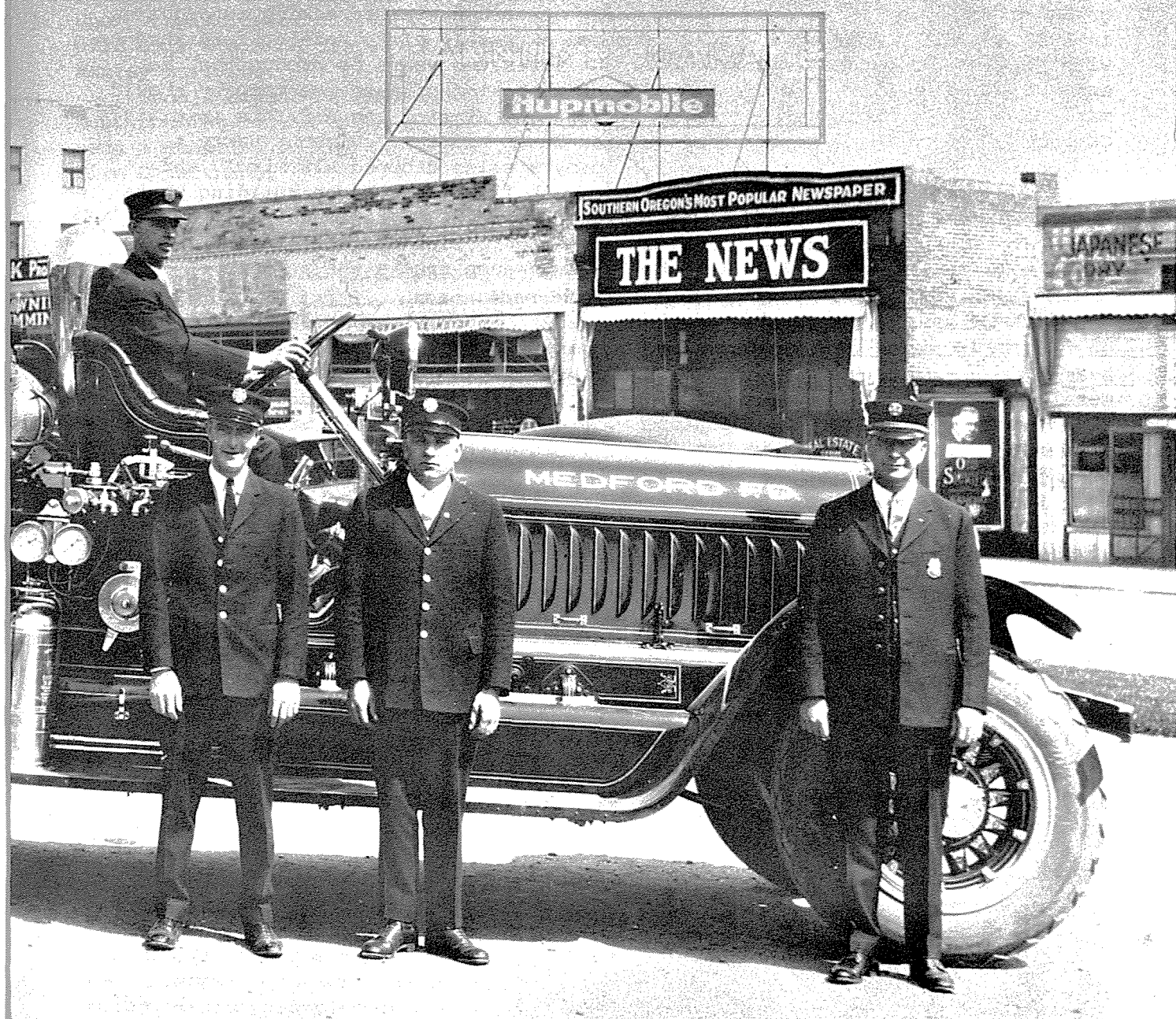
In 1908 the mayor, W.H. Cannon, appointed the first Library Board. The members included Mrs. J. F. Reddy, Mrs. Ed Andrews, Mrs. Paul Theiss, Mrs. F.E. Merrick, Mrs. H.C. Stoddard and Mrs. F.W. Hollis. This board, working with the Greater Medford Club, gave six grand balls which netted them \$215.00. Other benefit projects included four musical recitals, a lecture, a block day, a book club, and the publication of one issue of the *Mail Tribune*. These fund-raisers added \$1200.00 to the treasury. The club at one time had a balance of \$2769.72, all of which was donated for books and library expenses.

An application for a Carnegie Library appropriation of \$20,000 was made in December 1910. This figure was based on \$2.00 per person for a city of 10,000. In January, 1911, the appropriation was authorized. The voters (men only) approved a first tax of one-fifth mill for support of the library, and Park Block 77 was donated by the city.

J.A. McIntosh drew the plans and Alfred Ivey, who had just built the Roosevelt and Jackson schools, was given the building contract. The Medford Public Library was dedicated on February 8, 1912. The program presented the High School Band, directed by Professor Collins, and W.L. Vawter as speaker. Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson became the first librarian.

In 1979 the property was deeded to Jackson County.





FIRE DEPARTMENT VITALIZES 1924 STUTZ



Medford firemen were justly proud when, in 1924, the department purchased a brand new Stutz Fire Engine, just off the drawing board. The new truck boasted a 250 horsepower pumper which had a capacity of 1200 gallons per minute. The new purchase, added to the previously acquired equipment, made the department sharply up-to-date, primed and ready for almost any emergency. The centerfold of this issue is a photograph taken on May 15, 1924, for the *Jackson County News*. It is reproduced here through the courtesy of the Medford Fire Department. All six members of the department are posed beside the new equipment. They are (left to right) Fireman Davis, Assistant Chief Taylor Burch, Firemen Robinson and Rinesberg and Chief Roy Elliott. Seated at the wheel is Engineer Haswell.

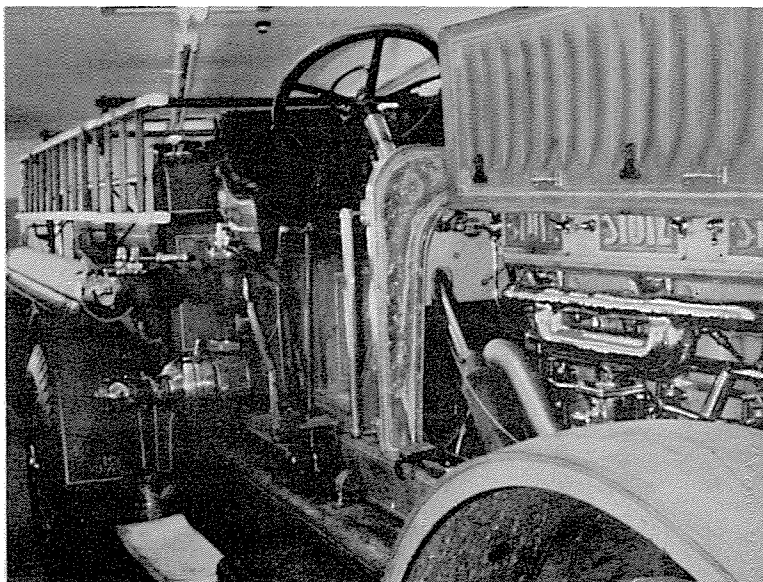
In an oral history interview, Daryl Brown, a Jacksonville volunteer fireman who has done considerable research on the Stutz Company, gave a brief background of the truck. He stated that Harry Stutz had started making automobiles in 1922. For a couple of years he produced extremely elite models, furnished with leather and expensive hardwoods. But after two years of production, he and his board of directors disagreed about what kind of auto the company should make, and Harry, his nose out of joint, left and started the HCS (his initials) Company, introducing the bigger and better Stutz Bearcat. Without Harry's imaginative leadership, the original company's sales dropped alarmingly and, to recoup their losses and to keep up the cash flow, they began building whatever they thought would sell. They produced over 12,000 taxicabs, many of which are still in operation "in cities like Montevideo and Mexico City and maybe some Italian cities." They built Stutz dump trucks and a fleet of fire-trucks. Only nine trucks in this model were made.

All the equipment, including the winged radiator ornament which is still on this truck, was built by the Stutz Company. With the exception of a missing headlight, it is in much the same condition as it was when it was new. The metal parts are of nickel and stainless steel. The chemical and tailboard tanks have the company's nameplates. There is only one other Stutz Fire Engine -- a smaller one -- in Oregon; it is in Dallas, a town near Salem. There are no more than six of them in America.

In September 1962 the Medford City Council unanimously voted to transfer ownership of the Stutz to the Jacksonville Museum. The agreement was signed

by Robert A. Duff, then the City Manager, and Miss Mary Hanley, Museum Director at the time. In October the fire wagon was displayed in the Hanley Building.

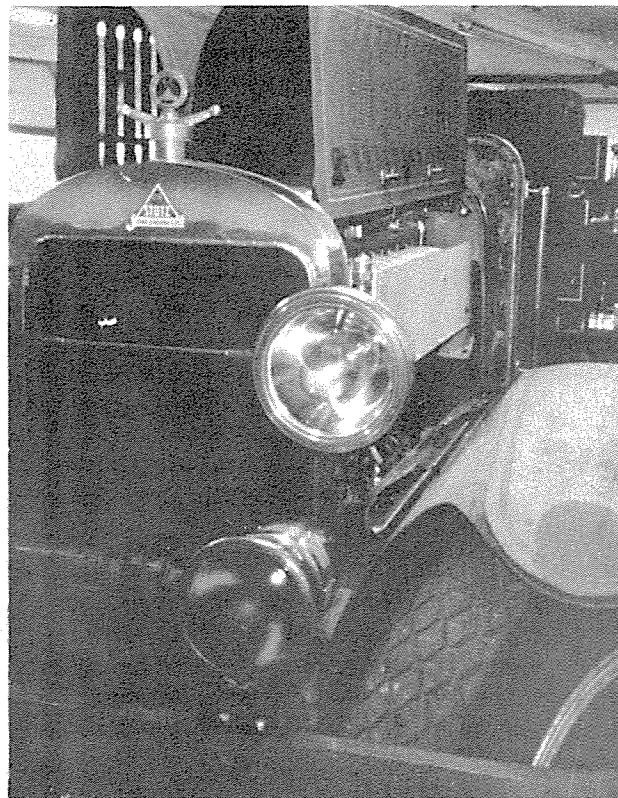
In 1979 Daryl Brown, Ray Gierloff, Dale Mitchell and Russell McIntyre of the Jacksonville Fire Department presented a request to be permitted to restore the Stutz to its original, show-room condition so that the Jacksonville firemen might enter it in competition with other fire departments at Firemen's musters. The department would undertake to clean and



polish all paint and bright work, replace pin striping, wood work, leather and glass to a like-new condition and assume all costs for the project. The agreement was signed in November, 1979.

Since that time the firemen have worked on the truck at Saturday work parties and during free evening hours. Witham's Machine Shop has done the necessary engine and body work. The truck is now at Lithia Motors where it will have the old paint removed by a process of blasting with powdered walnut shells. It will then be ready for a new coat of paint and new stripings in gold leaf and white paint. Upon completion of the work, the Stutz will once again be displayed in the Hanley Building.

Should anyone be interested in contributing to the program, he may send a donation to the Jacksonville Fire Department.



SOHS Activities . . .



Opening receptions at the Art Exhibit, sponsored by SOHS on October 30 and 31, presenting photopanel from the Smithsonian, works by Dorland Robinson and paintings by Judy Howard, Betty La Duke Westgard, Carol Rose and Elaine Witteveen, were distinguished successes. Held in the elegant ballroom of the U.S. Hotel, the displays were attractively arranged and well lighted. Hostesses for the Thursday evening reception were Mrs. Greer Drew, Mrs. Frank Preston, Mrs. W.E. Bartelt, Mrs. Herbert Kimball and Mrs. B.A. Cope. On Friday night, honoring members of the Rogue Valley Art Association, hostesses were Mrs. Robert Emmens, Mrs. John Day, Mrs. Harvey Granger, Mrs. Jim Muncie and Mrs. Lloyd Abrams. Champagne was poured by Mr. Frank Preston, Mr. Peter Sergi, Mr. Jim Muncie and Mr. Greg Gualtieri. Alan Collins, *bon vivant*, and Mary Anne Campbell, international traveler just back from Warsaw and Prague, both agreed that Madam Holt would have been delighted to see a throng of charming ladies and gallant gentlemen again gracing Holt Hall.



The annual calendar issued by SOHS is at the printers. This year's edition, larger in format, will feature photographs from Peter Britt's glass plate negatives. Selection of pictures, lay-outs, and reproductive photography are joint efforts by Marjorie Edens and Doug Smith. Members will receive copies and there will be a limited number for sale in the book shop.



MARJORIE O'HARRA, the local author and historian, was commissioned by SOHS to research and write a volume on the history of Ashland. Jackson County Federal (JCF) provided a grant which made the publication possible. The book, *The Ashland Story*, will contain 200 pages and will feature approximately 120 documented photographs. In addition there will be a complete bibliography and a picture and subject index. Members will be notified when the book is available in the book store. Its retail price will be under \$9 and members will receive a 15% discount.



Esther Hinger, Manager, SOHS Bookstore

Ester Hinger, who has managed the book store since its relocation in the annex, came to the museum as a volunteer, working with the collections and the programs departments. This lady acquired her style and her touch of class in places all over the globe. Just name a world capital; she's been there in the thick of things.

A native of Wisconsin, she began her working career in Milwaukee with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. (With the Bureau of WHAT? Oh, well, we all have to start somewhere.) During World War II she joined a bevy of adventurous and single secretaries and departed for Hawaii where they were assigned jobs to assist in the war effort. She worked at Hickham Field, adjacent to Pearl Harbor, for seven years and it was there she met her husband-to-be, Al.

Stateside again, she put in an eighteen month stint at the Wright/Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. That duty was followed by two years with the Air Force NATO unit in Chateauroux, France, and six years in Wiesbaden, Germany.

After the European experiences, the Hingers reported to southern California. Al was associated with the Ballistic Missile and Space Center; Esther devoted herself to being a wife and mother. Their experience with California living ended when they moved east again, this time to Washington, D.C., where Al was assigned to Headquarters NASA. In the capital Esther took courses in crewel and needlepoint and, after becoming an expert, volunteered to work in the Textile Museum, under Lilo Markrich, who designed the needlepoint upholstery for the kneelers in the chapel at the Capitol. She was also active in the National Republican Women's organization and an enthusiastic bowler and golfer.

In Jacksonville, out of all that international stuff, Esther finds southern Oregon's leisurely living well suited to her present life style. One can see her daily making the rounds with her twin miniature dachshunds, Hans and Heidi. She always has in operation one or more projects: candle making, flower arranging and/or stitchery. She is an avid Hummel and Orientalia collector. In addition to her hobbies she derives considerable satisfaction in helping to make the museum a more interesting place to visit.



DARLING OF THE MINING CAMPS

G HARLOTTE MIGNON CRABTREE, the adored pet of the western mining camps, was born in New York in 1847. Reports have it that even as a child she attracted attention with her bouncy bright red curls, her dark eyes and her irrepressible laugh.

In 1852 her father, John Ashworth Crabtree, bedazzled by the glowing tales of the west and the positive assurance of unlimited wealth, left his family behind and headed for California to find his lucky mud hole and join the other happy millionaires. He would send for his family, first thing, when he got his slice of the pie.

In the spring of the following year his wife, Mary Ann, decided not to wait for the big strike-it-rich day. She closed her business, a not unsuccessful upholstery shop, packed up Lotta and set forth, via the Isthmus, for San Francisco. Upon their arrival they found that John Crabtree, the devoted husband and daddy, had failed to make the scene. He was still unsuccessfully digging around in the mountains, exact whereabouts unknown. Mary Ann accepted his absence with good grace and she and Lotta moved in with friends at the Presidio.

At that time the theater in San Francisco was in its salad days. Everywhere there were stages although many of them were pretty primitive. Construction of a theater had begun even when the rest of the town was made up of tents and rough wooden cabins. What a spot for a stagestruck beginner! Practically every act was received with wild appreciation. A large part of the audience was made up of miners, hungry for diversion after the back-breaking labors at their claims and eager to throw away their gold dust which had been so difficult to come by.

When much of San Francisco was burned in a disastrous fire in 1851, theaters were among the first buildings to be rebuilt. Entertainment ranged from Shakespeare and Restoration Drama to fandango dances and bawdy songs. Theaters were built as far away as Marysville and Grass Valley. There were two new entertainment palaces in Sacramento, and saloons in mining camps were calling for players.

In 1853 Mary Ann booked passage on the riverboat to Grass Valley; she had received a letter from John Crabtree. Unlucky and unsuccessful as yet, he had decided that, with Mary Ann's help, they could make a profit in a boarding house. While she acted as manager and cook, he could continue his search for the fabulous vein that had so far eluded him. Mary Ann reluctantly agreed to the plan. Her ambitions, although unresolved, were higher. The country was full of men with gold burning holes in their pockets. She was concerned with getting in on the receiving end. For the time she and Lotta settled in at the boarding house in Grass Valley. The rapture of the long delayed reunion of John and Mary Ann is nowhere recorded. It would seem she had decided he was something she had to make the best of.

Into Grass Valley one day rode the international beauty, Lola Montez. The glamorous and notorious dancer, driving in her carriage through the country, was instantly enchanted with the serenity of the place. She had just closed her show in San Francisco where she had been less than a meteoric success.

San Franciscans were captivated by stories of her tempestuous life in Europe where she had been the playfellow of the King of Bavaria until he abdicated and she was tossed out of the country. But her performances didn't match the expectations of the audience; they had anticipated a *prima ballerina* of exquisite grace and skill and instead they got an energetic spider dancer. In competition with her show an acid travesty of her life, starring a clever comedienne, was an instant triumph, and Lola decided to retire gracefully from the scene.

She impetuously bought a charming cottage in Grass Valley, moved into it with her entourage and established a salon. Lola loved children, perhaps because, unlike adults, they were genuine friends and didn't try to exploit their acquaintance with her, and she was soon surrounded by an adoring throng of them. Among the gathering was Lotta Crabtree for whom Lola developed a special affection. Lola taught her to dance tarantelles and flings and coached her in singing ballads and novelty songs. She even gave her lessons in horseback riding.

In 1854 there was a growing demand for child performers. Talented children were a great novelty. Some of them had won wide recognition and were showered with gold. Mary Ann realized that Lotta had already received more training than many of these wildly successful children, and she began to plan Lotta's future career with herself as manager. Unfortunately her project had to be shelved for awhile because Mary Ann was expecting another child. Later on in the year her first son, John Ashworth, Jr., was born.

On the spur of the moment John Crabtree decided his fortune was not to be found in Grass Valley but was waiting for him in a mining town named Rabbit Creek (later La Porte). Mary Ann exchanged one boarding house for another, the second one more ramshackle than the first. At almost the same time Lola Montez departed

for Australia. Before leaving, she begged Mary Ann to allow her to take Lotta with her, but Mary Ann would not consider such a move.

At Rabbit Creek Lotta soon made friends with Mart Taylor who operated a saloon. He was an actor and dancer and he hired entertainers to amuse his customers. He also maintained a small log cabin theater where he occasionally performed along with visiting troupers. Greatly impressed with Lotta's charm and dancing ability he taught her jigs and reels and some of his specialties. Lotta occasionally danced at Taylor's saloon much to the delight of the miners. She was now eight years old although she looked barely six. She had an endearing way of laughing to herself as she danced and her gaiety enchanted her audiences. Her complicated dance steps, her singing skill, and her innocent beauty would surely impress a theatrical manager -- if one could be found to audition her.

Mart Taylor decided to feature Lotta along with a troupe of professionals in a big production at his theater. That night when Lotta began to dance at her first public performance, the crowd loudly cheered with delight. Money was thrown onto the stage: quarters, half dollars, pesos and nuggets. Mary Ann swept up more silver and gold than she had dared dream of.

The next step was inevitable.

Taylor organized a traveling company which would star Lotta and would even present Mary Ann playing the triangle and taking small parts in skits. On mules adorned with bright colored trappings, they set out over rough, nearly impassable terrain and through unfriendly Indian country. Many times the ordeal of traveling in this manner must have been almost unbearable for all of them. Only the valiant would have attempted it. Lotta even learned to sleep on the back of her mule as it made its way over perilous trails. As the travel-weary group neared a mining camp, they would halt and prepare for their grand entrance. Taylor would lead the procession, beating a drum, Lotta would be second in line, perched proudly on her mule, and the rest of the troop, sparkling as best they could, would follow, sitting up tall and snappy and doing their thing.

They performed on billiard tables and in general stores on knocked-together stages between the smoked hams and the mining tools. Lotta was always shy before her entrance but once on the stage she would fall in with the music and give over to the delight of dancing. She wore a bright kelly-green outfit during the first part of the program, and she danced reels and jigs and sang Irish novelty songs. For her second appearance, closing the show, she wore a simple snow white dress and sang a sentimental ballad. Nuggets rained on the stage and Mary Ann carefully scooped them into her traveling case.

Their pilgrimage took them north, far beyond Sacramento. They stopped at every rough mining camp along the way. Settlements where they played included



Lotta Crabtree

Quincy, Rich Bar, Oroville, Shasta City, Weaverville, Humboldt Bay and Bucksport. In northern California they made an extended stopover at Yreka, giving several shows at the Arcade Billiard Saloon. All along the way the crowds were boisterous and generous until the troop reached Jacksonville. There Lotta was given a cool reception. Surprisingly the audience, that night, was full of Confederate-sympathizers, and after Lotta had sung a pro-union military song, instead of wild applause, she received an unfriendly silence. Later however on their return they stopped again in Jacksonville and this time Lotta completely won over the town. After she had sung her tearful ballad, the shouting, uninhibited miners carried her around on their shoulders and filled her dancing shoes with gold.

After the successes in Jacksonville and Yreka the tour came to an abrupt halt. Mary Ann, expecting another baby, realized she could not continue roughing-it through the wilderness. There are several differing reports of this stage in their lives. Some sources claim Mary Ann left Lotta with a family in Yreka; others maintain Lotta stayed in Eureka. Many claim that Mary Ann had her baby in Weaverville; just as many insist that it was born in Shasta City. In any case the troop broke up and Mart Taylor took John Ashworth, Jr., with him to San Francisco. One cannot be certain where Lotta and Mary Ann spent the winter but they were not together. After the birth of the baby, her second son, she once more gathered up Lotta and the three of them returned, via a small steamer, to San Francisco.

Their stay in the city was brief. Mary Ann had decided that Lotta was ready to make her debut as a serious actress. An obscure theatrical group took her into their company, and she was given featured roles. Mary Ann became her drama coach, and Lotta made her legitimate debut as a child actress in Petaluma.

The company had bookings around Sacramento and played at camps in the Valley of the Moon. Although they had no name actors, they received many engagements and found satisfactory houses. Lotta soon learned the tricks of stealing scenes from more experienced actresses, and the manager, aware that she had a special rapport with the audience, padded her roles. At the conclusion of the tour, Mary Ann brought her back to San Francisco, certain that Lotta's immediate future would be bright.

This was not to be the case. A new type of show, the minstrel, had almost completely taken over. There were no parts for children. Mary Ann had to make do by again booking Lotta into the saloons. She had considerable success at the Bella Union, but there were few other offers.


Once again Lotta was slipping into obscurity. Mary Ann had to face the truth: they must once more endure the rigors and the uncertainty of a tour. In 1857 they again joined forces with Mart Taylor. Collecting a new cast of musicians and comedians, they billed themselves as the Metropolitan Company and set out up the Sacramento as before, retracing their previous torturous route, but going even farther into Oregon. On this trip they found changes. The audiences had become jaded with so many performers on the road, and they were harder to win over. They had seen the popular plays over and over, and had even grown tired of their old favorite, *The Lady of Lyons*. Some managers had to use their poker winnings to pay their performers.

Even though audiences were challenging and unpredictable, Lotta had learned to win them over. She could stand in the center of the stage and laugh, and the whole roomful of people would laugh with her. She mastered a repertoire of gamey miners' songs, learned some minstrel tricks and delighted everybody. Eventually she put on black face, sang Topsy songs and took the theaters by storm.

Few dancers could match her mastery of so many steps and no other child performer could sing such a variety of songs which ranged from highly sentimental


to lowly comic. She became a skilled professional. Yet, back in San Francisco once again, she was still unable to find bookings. In 1858 Mary Ann again took her on tour through the mines, this time traveling to the south. It seemed they were destined to play rough mining camps forever. At the end of the tour, discouraged and wondering what new set-back the future would bring, they returned to San Francisco.

But surprisingly they found, in 1859, that the tastes of San Francisco audiences had once again changed -- this time to Lotta's advantage. Variety shows and musical revues had taken over. There was an unceasing demand for olio performers, short skits, Irish jigs, burlesques and soloists. At last Lotta came into her own. There was no end of bookings. San Francisco finally took her to their hearts. She became "La Petite Lotta, the Celebrated Danseuse and Vocalist," "Miss Lotta, the Unapproachable," "Miss Lotta, San Francisco's Favorite."

fter a slow start in New York, Lotta was to go on to dazzling triumphs in America and London. She had spectacular successes in Boston, Chicago Philadelphia and New Orleans. She appeared in hundreds of plays and made them famous by her interpretations of the leading roles: *The Pet of the Petticoats*, *Fanchon*, *Little Nell* and *the Marchioness*, *Firefly*, *Hearts Ease*, *Musette*, *Ma'amzelle Nitouche*, and *The Little Detective* are only a few of the productions which she introduced. Her roles ranged from Topsy to Desdemona.


She made many triumphant returns to San Francisco and was always warmly received. In 1875 to show her gratitude to the city for having given her a start, she had a fountain erected on Market Street and dedicated it to San Francisco. It is still standing, a favorite landmark.

In the east the rage for Lotta approached the frenzy which today is given to rock idols. People danced the Lotta Polka and the Lotta Gallop. Race horses were named for her and there was even a Lotta Baseball Club. Several times crowds of young men unharnessed her carriage horses and, seizing the shafts, pranced with her around the city. Mary Ann, however, made certain that any serenade to her carefully chaperoned daughter ended under the window. As long as Mary Ann lived, Lotta was literally "Lotta, the Unapproachable."

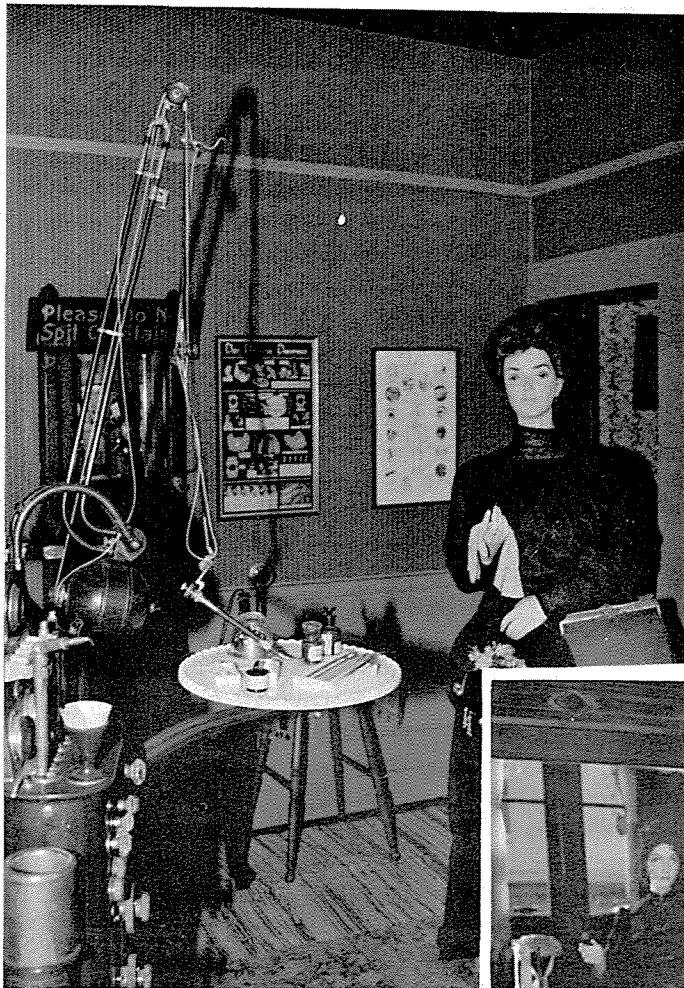
n 1891 she retired, many times over a millionaire. Although hundreds of men, including Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, had fallen in love with her, lavished jewels upon her and dreamed of possessing her, she never married. Mary Ann had shielded her too faithfully and too long.

In 1868, concluding that he was as deserving of his daughter's fortune as anyone, John Crabtree helped himself to \$150,000 and departed. Mary Ann, who had put up with his indifference and forgiven his peccadillos for years, couldn't stand still for a loss of money. She had him promptly jailed. He was released only after he relinquished the cash. After this episode Mary Ann shipped him off to England and sent him a regular remittance for the rest of his life. Reports indicate that he was not unhappy with the decision. He died in 1894. Mary Ann died in 1905.

Lotta was alone at last. She devoted her life to painting and campaigning against vivisection. In 1924, having been away from the stage for over thirty years, she died.

fter her death a prolonged controversy arose over her will, more complicated than the conflict over Howard Hughes' wealth. Long lost children, illegitimate and otherwise, unknown nieces and nephews who had just discovered hidden family Bibles, and a host of other claimants presented themselves. Eventually their fanciful stories were disproved in the courts.

Today Lotta is remembered as the enchanted child who danced and sang her way into the hearts of the miners and brought them a touch of magic.



Medford for fifty years, from 1901 to his retirement.

The mannequin in the dental office is wearing a dress made in 1909. Models in the dressmaker's shop (center photograph) had to be ordered especially from a museum supply house because dresses they are wearing required smaller waists than are found on today's mannequins.

Jime Matoush, Curator of Exhibits, and Nancy Larsen selected accessories from the museum's collection. All of the items included in the exhibit rooms are authentic artifacts from the Peter Britt, Beale and other southern Oregon family collections. The display rooms are well lighted and may be viewed through the windows and doors facing Third Street.

Photographs by Doug Smith

Exhibit on Third Street



In this page are photographs of display rooms on exhibit in the U. S. Hotel. The three rooms, facing Third Street, were used by hotel guests during the Golden Age of the hotel. After years of neglect and vandalism, the rooms were in a deplorable condition. The museum crew refinished them, installing new doors and panels, replacing missing facings and moldings, and shoring up the floors. Ruth Preston, Restoration Coordinator, selected new paint and paper. She also directed the installation of the heavy furnishings in the show-rooms which are replicas of a dental office,

a dressmaker's shop and a saddlery. The dental office contains the complete collection, including the tools and X-ray machine, of Dr. Ira D. Phipps, who practiced dentistry in



X. LANDMARKS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE

The Medford Water Tower

Around 1930 Jane Snedikor, an artist and teacher who was from an early Medford family, wrote a brief history of the city. Her manuscript contains many interesting half-forgotten incidents of Medford's past, probably not recorded elsewhere. She includes a background of the water tower pictured on the cover of this issue.

The problem of furnishing Medford with a satisfactory supply of water was indeed a serious question for years. During the first six years there was no water system of any kind, and each family was dependent on its well or that of its neighbor. Then an open ditch three miles long was dug from Bear Creek and the water pumped into two wooden tanks, each of which had a capacity of 32,000 gallons. These tanks stood where the library is now.

In 1902 the old ditch was abandoned and a pumping plant was established on the west bank of Bear Creek. Steam power was used for two years and then the city entered into a ten-year contract with the Condor Water and Power Company to furnish power for pumping water.

By 1908 it was found necessary to find a larger supply of water, and in December a contract was entered into with the Fish Lake Water Company, and the city agreed to pay \$245,100 for the construction of a gravity pipe-line.

By 1919 the city had outgrown this system, and a city water commission was appointed. H. L. Walther was chairman of this commission, and the other members were E. C. Gaddis, A. L. Hill, H. U. Lumsden and O. Arnspiger. F. C. Dillard was employed as engineer. This committee served the community well, and July 1, 1927, water from Big Butte Springs flowed through the city and the million dollar system was completed.



The photograph above was taken at the annual luncheon held for volunteer workers. Bill Burk, Director, is shown addressing the group. On his right is Joy Nagel, Programs Director. Counting Gold Diggers and Quilters, SOHS has, at present, 122 volunteers. In September these workers contributed over 640 hours to the society. Aides assisting in essential projects are Elizabeth Lund (inventory of gloves), Brad Bradway (reorganizing stamp collection), Sylvia Traver (Indian basket inventory) and Nancy and Walter Larsen (exhibits).



HELEN WEBB, who has been associated with SOHS since 1975, retired at the end of October. She had initially offered her services as a volunteer with the museum Quilters. In 1976 she became a temporary aide in the library and later moved to the collections department.

She reports that she will begin her retirement by wasting a little time and picking a few daisies. She hopes also to devote some time to her painting; she is an enthusiastic student of Sharon Wesner.

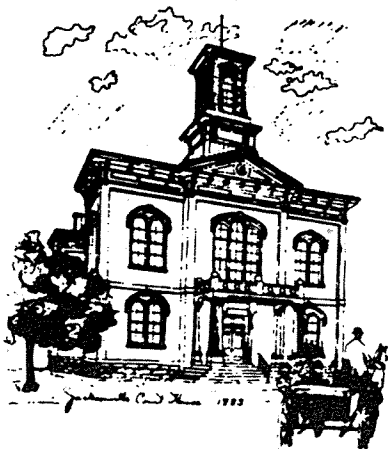
The staff will miss her cheerful enthusiasm and dedication. And that's the truth.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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