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SOUTHERN OREGON HERITAGE

Vol. 2, No. 1 • THE MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY • Summer 1996

WHEN RANGERS RANGED

BY HORSEBACK, SNOWSHOES,
OR ON FOOT, THIS MEDFORD
RANGER'S LIFE TRACKS THE
BEGINNINGS OF THE U.S.
FOREST SERVICE

DIARY OF INDIAN AGENT GEORGE AMBROSE

REMOVALS FROM TABLE ROCK—
A "TRAIL OF TEARS."

"GOING PLACES"

NEW EXHIBIT EXPLORES LOCAL
HISTORY FROM FUR TRAPPERS
TO THE FREEWAY



A Legacy of Remembrances...

Our children's children will inherit the world we have fashioned. They will benefit from the institutions and the traditions we have created or they will be limited by our omissions.

Fifty years ago the citizens of Jackson County gathered to create the Southern Oregon Historical Society assuring a legacy of remembrances for future generations. Today we remain dedicated to valuing our past as we define the present to shape the future. We invite you to be part of this legacy which will take the Society into the next fifty years and beyond.

By naming the Southern Oregon Historical Society in your will, you can ensure that future generations will have access to our past through the educational activities, exhibits and programs that you currently enjoy.

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If you would like information on making a bequest please contact Development Director, Jerry Price.

**Southern Oregon Historical Society
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FEATURES

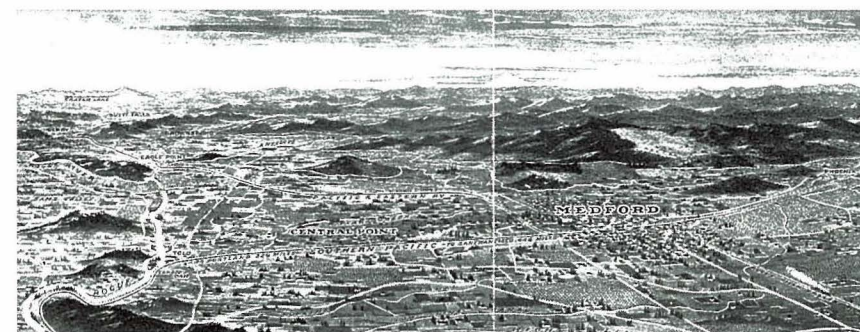
"Images of the Southern Route, Through the Eyes of James Clyman." Photographs by Rich Bergeman. Photographer recreates mountain man's vision of the past. **3**

"When Rangers Ranged, John E. Gribble's Work Diaries," by Sam Alvord. Daily journals chart one man's dedication, and the beginnings of the U.S. Forest Service. **6**

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"Endangered Sucker Fish, The Klamath Tribes Struggle to Save a Native Fishery," by Doug Foster. Considered a "trash fish" by recreationalists, the rapidly disappearing sucker fish is revered by the Klamaths. **30**

"Looting and the Law," by Ted Goebel. Arrowheads, metal detectors, permits and fines: find out what you need to know about collecting artifacts. **40**



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SOUTHERN
OREGON
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Above: Medford Forest Ranger John Gribble filled forty-six pocket-sized diaries between the years 1907 and 1934. Below: This map of the Southern Pacific Railroad's route through the valley is featured in *Going Places*. Cover: I-5 barreling straight through the southern Oregon landscape, circa 1963.

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An Historian Tackles the Applegate Tale

by Shannon Applegate

Only once during my extremely busy lecturing year in 1993, did I agree to don a pioneer sunbonnet and voluminous long-aproned dress in honor of the Oregon Trail sesquicentennial. "People were getting into the spirit of things," I was told by one exuberant events coordinator or another. Yes, they were wearing pioneer "outfits." What was I intending to wear? My terse answer: "Not a sunbonnet!" As the Oregon Trail celebrations wound down I relented. When invited "to just tell some stories" at a fairground gala and barbecue, I remember telling myself, "don't be stuffy. It won't hurt you to suit up. It might even be fun." I rented an appropriate costume.

I arrived in my mini van, today's version of a covered wagon. Hitching up my skirts, Birkenstocks temporarily visible, I hiked through the hoopla. Caught in the slow movement of the amiable crowd, I eventually located the stage which occupied a corner of an acoustically abysmal room, vast as an airplane hanger. The banshee pitch of feedback from the Big Band era microphones was severe as accordion soloists, old-time fiddlers, barbershop quartets and Boy Scout choruses struggled through their respective numbers. My own contributions were, apparently, even harder to hear. I wandered verbally o'er mountain and plain and was glad to have it over with.

The highlight of the evening was to be the arrival of a wagon train. Participants in period clothes were re-enacting the difficult journey via the Applegate Trail, the cut-off my family always referred to as "The Southern Route."

The wagon train's allotted arrival time had long expired, things weren't exactly going according to plan, and the fiddlers were being reintroduced. I, fortunately, had disappeared into the crowds. To hear people talk, it seemed that some disgruntled re-enactment travelers were beginning to arrive at the fairgrounds sans horses and wagons. Some had been traveling and camping with the main body for several weeks. As they bent the ears of their waiting public, however, it did not take long to understand that these particular men and women were decidedly not happy campers.

Rumors as pungent as sparerib smoke were now rising over the fairgrounds. Breakdowns, unexpected route changes, problems with livestock, and personality conflicts were reported. Certain members of the wagon train, rumor had it, couldn't, or wouldn't, follow rules. Others blamed the mishaps and delays upon the wagonmaster; some said he was both stubborn and opinionated. While no one had yet proposed lynching him (a suggestion for handling his 1845 counterpart, Stephen Meek), I began to wonder whether even a portion of the current wagon train would materialize as planned. The same question was on the minds of the many people I happily eavesdropped upon, anonymous in my sunbonnet. People were passing along contradictory versions of what they imagined had transpired during the course of the wagon train re-enactment. Much like the children's game called "telephone," the stories became increasingly garbled with successive repetition.

I could not help but reflect on the hundreds of imbroglios recorded in overland narratives. You'd think a person could count on the veracity of such primary sources as pioneer diaries. Sometimes,

however, a pair of diarists experiencing and writing about the same event differed to such an extent that one wonders whether they really were at the same place at the same time. Letter writers too, may raise more questions than supply answers, contradicting others and sometimes even themselves! As for recollections, even by the most careful observers—emphasis changes through the lens of hindsight. For these and other reasons, over long years as a researcher and writer, I've come to think of history more as a moving stream than some static monument, immutably inscribed.

Members of the local media, including television types, were restlessly circulating through the throngs conducting half-hearted interviews to pass the time, or standing around complaining among themselves. I reached a group of reporters and cameramen in whose midst stood a young journalist who confessed he had only recently come from the Midwest and that he found it curious, "how seriously Oregonians took their history." A fairly knowledgeable woman in the group began to describe the difficulties of overland migrations. She continued with graphic descriptions of the troubles along various trails, especially the Applegate cut-off, "They should have called it something else—the road to Hell, maybe." I restrained myself from chiming in. I wanted to add that not only did members of wagon trains suffer, so did their so-called leaders. Not for all the combined salt pork and cornmeal hauled west would I have been the pilot or captain of a group of emigrants. I was thinking about Jesse Applegate. His ears must be burning this year on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the trail that has been officially designated with his, and my, family name.

The young reporter grinned a little, perhaps embarrassed that he had been flippant about Oregonians and their passion for history. "Gee," he said, "I'm sorry. I guess I can see your point. The Applegate Trail sure wasn't all beer and pretzels, was it?"

Hashed and rehashed. Each generation has the obligation to reexamine and reinterpret history, refreshing both its meaning and importance in the light of the concerns of the present. The results of such inquiries are contrasting visions and versions. Some of us, stuck in our own metaphorical wagon ruts, are sometimes made uncomfortable. Others forget that any historic account must be viewed in the context of its own time, as well as our own: that the perception and interpretation of personal and communal experience may well be colored by factors such as age, gender, and personality.

I try to question my own assumptions; to continue to forage for previously overlooked or, perhaps, undervalued source materials. I am not necessarily left with an unflinching conviction that I have at last pinned down truth with a capital "T." What the young reporter said about the Applegate Trail experience is equally applicable to experiencing the historian's craft, and writing about the past, "It isn't all beer and pretzels."

Shannon Applegate is an historian and writer living on her family's original donation land claim in Yoncalla. Her book Skookum is an account of one pioneer family's experience on the Applegate Trail.

Images of the Southern Route:

Photographs by Rich Bergeman

We may read the journals, study the literature, or hear the stories that have been passed down by the Rogue Valley's first settlers, but it is difficult to envision how this land must have appeared to newcomers. We often hear of the tremendous obstacles faced by these mavericks, yet there was also a raw beauty to be seen that awed and inspired. James Clyman, noted trapper, guide and frontiersman, kept a detailed journal of his travels. Rich Bergeman spent three summers following and photographing James Clyman's footsteps through Oregon. Bergeman is an instructor of photography and journalism at Linn-Benton Community College in Albany, Oregon. These photographs capture southern Oregon as it must have appeared to Clyman as he travelled south in 1845, on what eventually became known as the "Applegate Trail."

"Views along the Trail: James Clyman in Oregon, 1845." is an exhibit coming to the History Center in 1997. Using a ninety-year-old 8x10 view camera, Bergeman's hand-coated palladium prints resemble the platinum process popular at the turn of the century. Entries from James Clyman's diaries have been printed verbatim.



June 18 – As soon as packed we got on the trail and commenced ascending the mountain by the way of following a dim trail up the steep bluffs and winding around declivities of the mountain after much fatigue and labour we ascended the tumbling torrent untill it branched into several smaller streams. . .

– James Clyman, 1845

Through the eyes of frontiersman, James Clyman



June 20 – *Immediately after leaving camp we assended a mountain of no greate elevation but verry brushy and steep. . . immediatly on the summit the open country commenced with Pine openings and a lengthy descent of dry hard gravelly soil. . . on the whole the country is rough poor and forbidding and of little account. . .*

—James Clyman, 1845



June 22 – *The natives of this vally seem to have a hard way of living their being no game and but a few roots and after the oak miss to bear they live on clover. . . They are the sworn Enimies of the whites and would be verry dangerous had they the use of fire arms. . .*

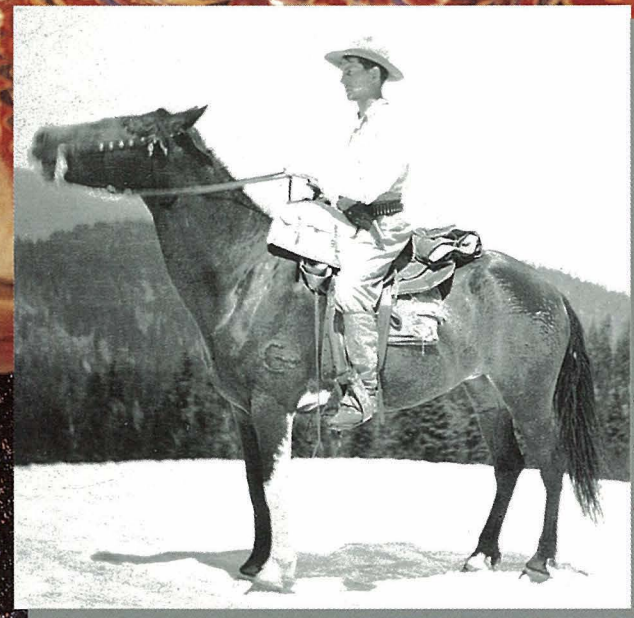
—James Clyman, 1845

WHEN RANGERS RANGED

JOHN E. GRIBBLE'S WORK DIARIES

by Sam Alvord

UMATILLA - CLAIMS
JULY, 1909 TO JAN. 14, 1910.
Diary 7/12/09 to 10/18/09.
John E. Gribble, Portland, Ore.
Also Photo Records: 73206-23-18
87729-52-24
88797-808-12
54



Wearied of life as a Chicago accountant, spurred by the fantasy of the forest ranger's life, Michigan-born, thirty-five year-old John E. Gribble, boarded a train in early 1907 to visit an aunt in Shelton, Washington. By June he had secured temporary work "cruising" timber around the headwaters of the Coquille River in the Siskiyou National Forest. In September, he accepted an appointment as a "Forest Guard."¹

Soon Gribble began scrupulously recording, in pocket-sized notebooks, the details of each of his days until his retirement in 1934. Those forty-seven volumes in neat cursive, sullied only by the wear and tear of riding in the coat pocket of a laboring man, detail a ranger's days in the fledgling decades of the U.S. Forest Service in southern Oregon.²

Ranger Gribble died in Medford in 1966. He was ninety-five years-old. Two years later, cranky Edward Abbey blasted modern rangers in his book *Desert Solitaire*:

Put the . . . rangers to work. Lazy scheming loafers, they've wasted too many years. . . filling out charts and tables in the vain effort to appease the mania for statistics which torments the Washington office. Put them to work. They're supposed to be rangers, make the bums range.³

Gribble ranged. In December 1907 and January of 1908 he inspected land claims in the Coast Range between the mouths of the Rogue and Coquille rivers. Gribble recorded on December 10, 1907, that he carried out his day's work in ceaseless showers:

Sat 12/7/07 Rain

Left 9 A.M. Jamiesons at Sixes River and walked up Sixes river to Geo. Watters, ate dinner 2:00 went on to W.O. Corbins, Mrs. Blacks step father - 7 miles. went on 5 miles up river to Thad Green's, Mr. Corbins grand son. Negot supper for us. Then we went over to H.W. Burnhams 1/2 mile and staid all night. Sec. 35-T.31R14 Shoes blistered both my feet. Ate bear meat for supper.

12/10 - Rain, Rain, Rain. Left Mr. Corbins at 9 and walked to Jamiesons Mill at road bridge on Sixes River. Got dinner at Mr. Jamiesons and walked on to Port Orford 7 miles to Jamiesons from Corbins, arrived at 11. 7 miles Jamiesons to Port Orford. Rained hard most all day. Left Jamiesons at 2:15 arrived Port Orford 3:45.

The next day he hobbled another seven miles in more rain, and spent the day mapping land claims and cruising timber.

Two days later his journal reports: "Rain. Rain. Rain."

in which he trudged fourteen miles to Port Orford where he

holed up for two days because his "heel was too

sore to go on" to Gold Beach.⁴

Gribble completed his early winter stint as a Forest Guard by

walking the thirty-two mile round trip between Gold Beach

and Pistol River, and then seventeen miles up the Rogue River to Agness

and back, inspecting claims, cruising timber and photographing

homesteads along the way. He returned footsore to Grants Pass in mid-January, but only after making his way by stage and foot to Roseburg, a three-day ordeal.

By late February, Gribble found himself at Eden Valley in the extreme southeast corner of Coos County inspecting timber and coal claims where in four days four feet of snow accumulated. Between March 2 and 10, 1908, the journal entries repeat the monotonous refrain: "Snowed. Sawed, split and got in wood." One day he noted: "60 [inch] block sawed off. Wrote to Ma." After seven days cabin-bound, Gribble cobbled a pair of snow shoes which he prayed would get him out inspecting claims. That day's last diary entry hints at the unexpected challenges the urban office worker faced in his new career: "Walked on snow shoes. In evening made snow shoes over." But in the next entry the rookie ranger reveals a bit of glee and self-satisfaction by underlining the final sentence from snowbound Eden Valley: "Went to Magills A.D. and J.N. Made trip on snow shoes."⁵

Far Left: Forty-seven pocket-sized diaries, now in Society collections, detail John Gribble's days spent "ranging" in southern Oregon during the early years of the U.S. Forest Service.

Far Left Inset: Gribble and "Babe" near the summit of Mt. Ashland in May of 1915.

Above Right: Gribble at retirement. The ex-accountant spent forty years as a ranger.

Left: Page from original diary dated December 7, 1907.

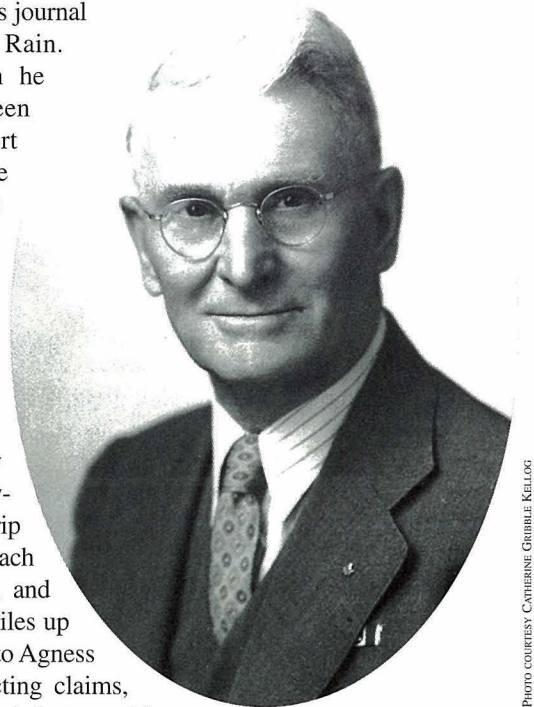


PHOTO COURTESY CATHERINE GRIBBLE KELLOGG

Guard Gribble's toils paid off with a promotion that spring to Assistant Forest Ranger, and a transfer to the new Cascade National Forest headquarters in Medford.⁶

Over the next several years the pattern of Ranger Gribble's annual work emerged. Winter and early springtime found him in the office buried in the paperwork demanded by the burgeoning federal forest bureaucracy. A typical office entry from 1908 reads:

4/14 - Wrote correspondence, filled out special use reports and made 6 copies of form 320. Wrote sheep and cattle grazing application.

Uncle Sam confirmed Gribble's new vocation by promoting him on New Year's Day, 1909, to Deputy Forest Ranger, offering him a twenty-five percent pay raise, and sending him off to the University of Washington for a ten-week forestry course.⁷

According to John Gribble's daughter, Catherine Gribble Kellogg, her father endured the office but lived for "the field." She remembers that as soon as the snow allowed access to the woods, he headed for the high country which took him away from home for weeks at a time. In mid-summer fire prevention and fire fighting headed the list of his duties. Between the years 1909 and 1919, before fire season broke out, he regularly served on work crews that camped out or stayed in remote cabins. Over the years his journals depict efforts at clearing brush and grading trails into the forests above the Applegate River and Bear Creek valleys; building a cabin at the Star Ranger Station in the Applegate; stringing and maintaining phone lines to look-out stations atop "Ashland Butte" (Mt. Ashland) and Mt. Wagner; cruising and marking timber above Prospect; constructing a sixty-foot log bridge across the middle fork of the Applegate River; and riding his mare, Babe, across the sheep and cattle ranges from the Dead Indian Plateau to the Applegate enforcing range regulations.⁸

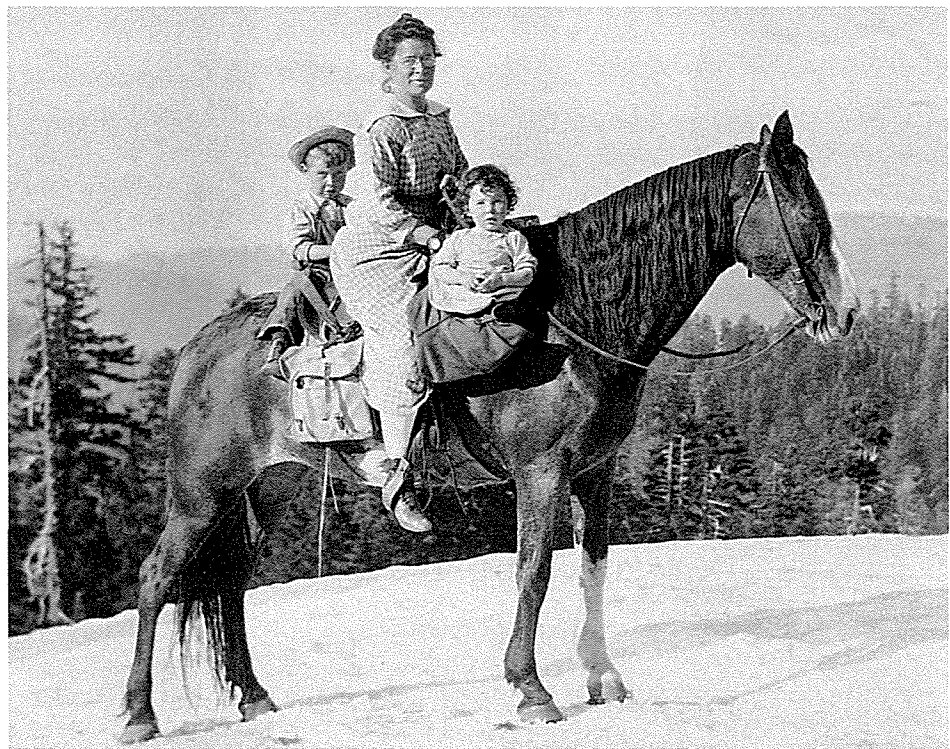
Often his journals recount conversations with cattlemen and shepherds, summarizing his pleas that they stick to their grazing allotments and stop the practice of burning brush to open up the mountainsides for easier deer hunting access.

Gribble even spent a few weeks in February 1913 working as a detective and social worker. He wrote in his February 3 entry:

12/7 - Geo. West and I took packs of my blankets, a canvas, grub for a couple days rations, six guns, etc., snowshoes, etc. and left Mill Cr[ee]k R[anger] S[tation] to go to Brown's Cabin, 12 miles above, or where ever

[sic] necessary in search of Zechariah Alexander, 63 years old. . ."⁹

They suspected Alexander of breaking into the Union Creek Ranger Station and stealing food and tools. After two day's slogging in five feet of snow they caught him with tools stamped "F.S." and summoned him to court in Medford. While Alexander camped on the banks of Bear Creek, the diary gives a few hints of Ranger Gribble's gracious encounters with the old trapper:



Mrs. Marion Gribble, Catherine (in the pouch) and John Jr. atop Mt. Ashland, before there were roads, circa, 1915. The family occasionally accompanied Gribble on horseback trips.

2/6 - Gave old man Alexander 50 cents and a ten cent cigar.

2/11 - Took a walk with Alex. and we went down to the bridge and I talked to him about other things to get his mind off himself.

2/13 - After dinner took some food to old man.¹⁰

Many nights in the field Gribble stopped at remote homesteads where, for the fifty cents he dutifully recorded in his diary, families would feed and put the ranger and his horse, Babe, up for the night.

In November 1911, Gribble married Marion Foster, the sister of Assistant Forest Supervisor, Harold Foster. By 1915 they had two children, John Jr. and Catherine, whom he packed along on some horseback trips. Catherine Gribble Kellogg recalls that when she and her brother were older, as soon as school was out in late spring, her dad packed the family into their sedan. He built two pens on the running board of the car: in one he loaded a clutch of hens, and into the other he strapped a milk goat. Piled high with camping gear and staples, the Gribbles "would drive out of

Medford to spend the summer wherever Father was assigned."¹¹

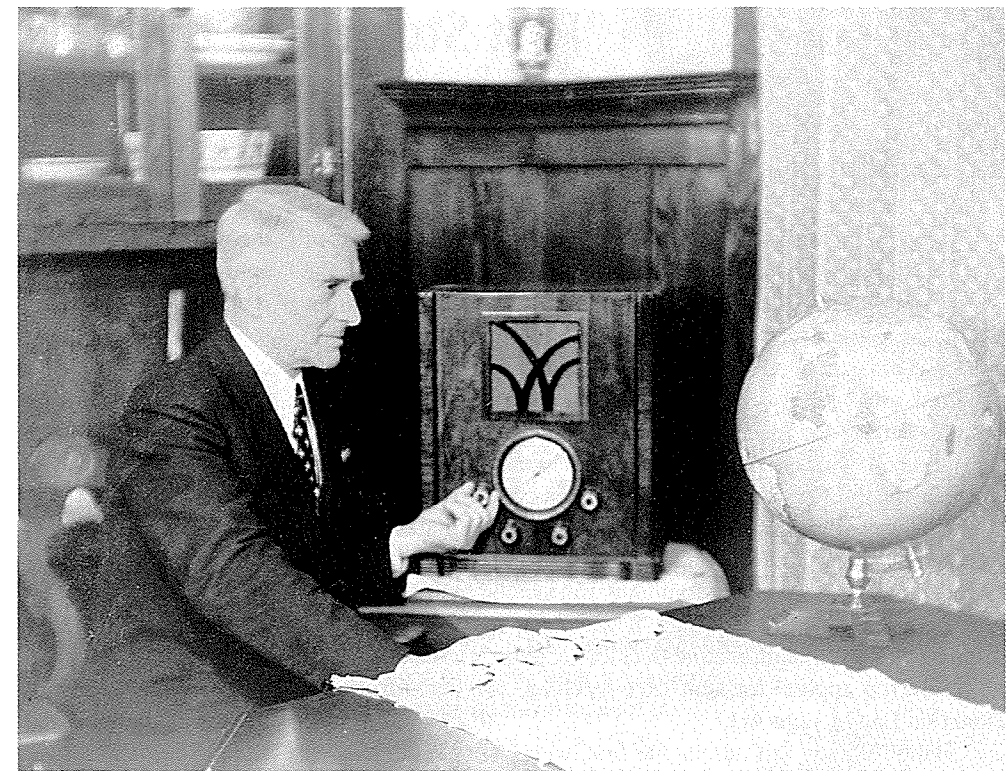
In addition to depicting himself and his family as living close to the lands he ranged, Gribble's journals offer a portrait of the ranger as personal caretaker of the forest lands and as the federal government's ambassador to the people who used and depended on the forests for their livelihood. Many of Gribble's days in the field consisted of long walks, and horseback or bicycle rides during which he stopped to talk with half a dozen citizens. Much of the conversation revolved around Gribble reminding the citizens to abide by newly legislated fire, grazing, lumbering and mining rules, while citizens grumbled about intrusive government regulations. Gribble posted signs throughout the forest and issued paper stickers warning against careless fire use. This personal mingling paid off when summer fires forced Gribble to recruit volunteers to fight the blazes.

Ten years after he laid down his pencil in Chicago, while America was preparing to enter the fighting in Europe, the seasoned Gribble waged his own battle on the home front. On July 2, 1917, a fierce thunder and lightning storm sparked fires along the ridges about the Ashland watershed. The fires smoldered for a couple of weeks while Gribble and a small crew spent their days digging fire lines. Despite fourteen-hour work days, on July 22, a fire at Hummingbird Spring broke out, tearing through two hundred acres overnight just above the village of Ashland. On July 23, he wrote:

"I phoned Mayor Lambkin at 6 AM that I must have more men and at once and he got out before breakfast and got 2 men. Later I . . . put the matter straight and strong that we must control the fire at once, that I wanted men interested in Ashland. . ."¹²

The mayor offered three or four city employees. Not satisfied, Gribble rode Babe down into Ashland and made his plea to the *Tidings* editor. In that day's paper, the headline read: "Forest Fire Nearby Beyond Control" with an accompanying article warning:

Protection of your homes is now urgent. . . The forest fire is spreading about the upper waters of Ashland Creek and is hourly growing beyond control. . . Mr. Gribble, the forest supervisor, is calling frantically for help. No hoboes need be sent, as he has no use for them, just MEN, MEN, MEN are wanted and wanted badly. Now is the time to show patriotism at home. . .¹³



John E. Gribble upon retirement, circa 1935. He put up with the paperwork, but lived for the field.

The call to arms worked. On August 30, the *Tidings* printed a note from Gribble thanking the mayor and citizenry for their help.¹⁴

Ranger Gribble's field duties generally ended with the late autumn rains when he could return to Medford, assured that the last fire was out. For a few months he endured a flurry of paperwork while the mountains filled with snow and the former accountant itched to get back to ranging.

Sam Alvord serves on the faculty of the Oregon Extension of Houghton College near Ashland, Oregon.

ENDNOTES

1. Catherine Kellogg, interview by author, Feb. 7, 1996.
2. The 47 volumes of John E. Gribble's diaries are part of the Southern Oregon Historical Society's permanent collection.
3. Abbey, Edward, *Desert Solitaire* (New York, Ballantine Books, 1968), 63.
4. John E. Gribble Diaries, Vol. 2.
5. Ibid.
6. Carroll E. Brown, *History of the Rogue River National Forest*, Vol. 1. (Medford U.S. Forest Service, 1960), 75.
7. Gribble, Vol. 3.
8. Brown, p. 95.
9. Gribble, Vol. II.
10. Ibid.
11. Kellogg, *ibid.*
12. Gribble, Vol. 17.
13. Ashland *Tidings*, July 23, 1917, 1:2.
14. Ashland *Tidings*, July 30, 1917, 7:1. This page also carries an eloquent letter from a David M. Brower, commending Gribble and his men for "valiant service" that "saved the timber, brush and vegetation which is so necessary to hold the snow and moisture to feed the rills that joining together, make the beautiful creek without which Ashland would be without an inhabitant."



First Stop Over the Siskiyou: Barron's Station

By Jennifer Ware

Often called "Mountain House," the surroundings of Barron's Station must have been as picturesque as the name suggests. Built in 1859 by James Russel, James Gibbs, and Hugh Barron, it became the first stagecoach stop upon crossing the southern border into Oregon. Hugh Barron later acquired all rights to the property and Barron's Station soon became famous for its hearty meals and congenial atmosphere.

Barron was twenty-four years-old when he set out from Virginia for the Pacific Northwest. With his uncle and family, he made his way with a wagon train across the United States and into Northern California. Deciding to continue northward alone, he travelled over the Siskiyou Mountains and arrived in the rich green hills known as the Greensprings. It was here, eight miles outside of present day Ashland, that he decided to settle. On December 1, 1851, Barron applied for, and later received, 160 acres from the Donation Land Claim Act.¹

Hugh Barron was among the first twenty-six men to take up residence in the Rogue River Valley; many more settlers followed.² The number of stagecoaches and frequency of travel increased along with the settlers, and the need arose for stagecoach stops. Barron built the Mountain House as a hostelry; a place of rest for travelers as they journeyed to their new homes or moved freight over the Siskiyou Summit.

Busy with the daily upkeep of the stage station, Barron had the rest of his property to tend to as well. He used his land for cattle ranching, herding sheep, and goat tending, expanding his acquisitions along

the way. Even when his holdings grew to upwards of four thousand acres³ he was still best known for his stagecoach stop, which remained a vital business until the railroad came through.

As the railroad stretched further south the need for stagecoaches diminished. By December 1887, Barron's Mountain House ceased to be a stagecoach stop. While a stage still ran from the East with the mail, there were no longer passengers, and thus no need for a hostelry. The era of the stagecoach had come to an end, and with it ended the official use of the Mountain House.

Hugh Barron married Martha Walker in 1856.⁴ Between them they managed not only the stagecoach stop, but also a post office, the immense farm, and a growing family. They passed on their pioneer spirit and appreciation for the country life to their four children. Their eldest son, Edgar, was ultimately responsible for preserving the barns and houses that Hugh had labored so hard to build.

Edgar and Stacey Barron's child Austie was born March 10, 1888. She eventually grew up to manage the family's holdings.⁵ With the death of previous Barron heirs, Austie became the owner of her grandfather's property. Austie continued to expand the Barron operations. During World War II, already working cattle, sheep, and goats, she added hogs and a slaughterhouse, and updated the farm equipment. She managed the ranch, with the help of skilled ranch hands, until 1953.

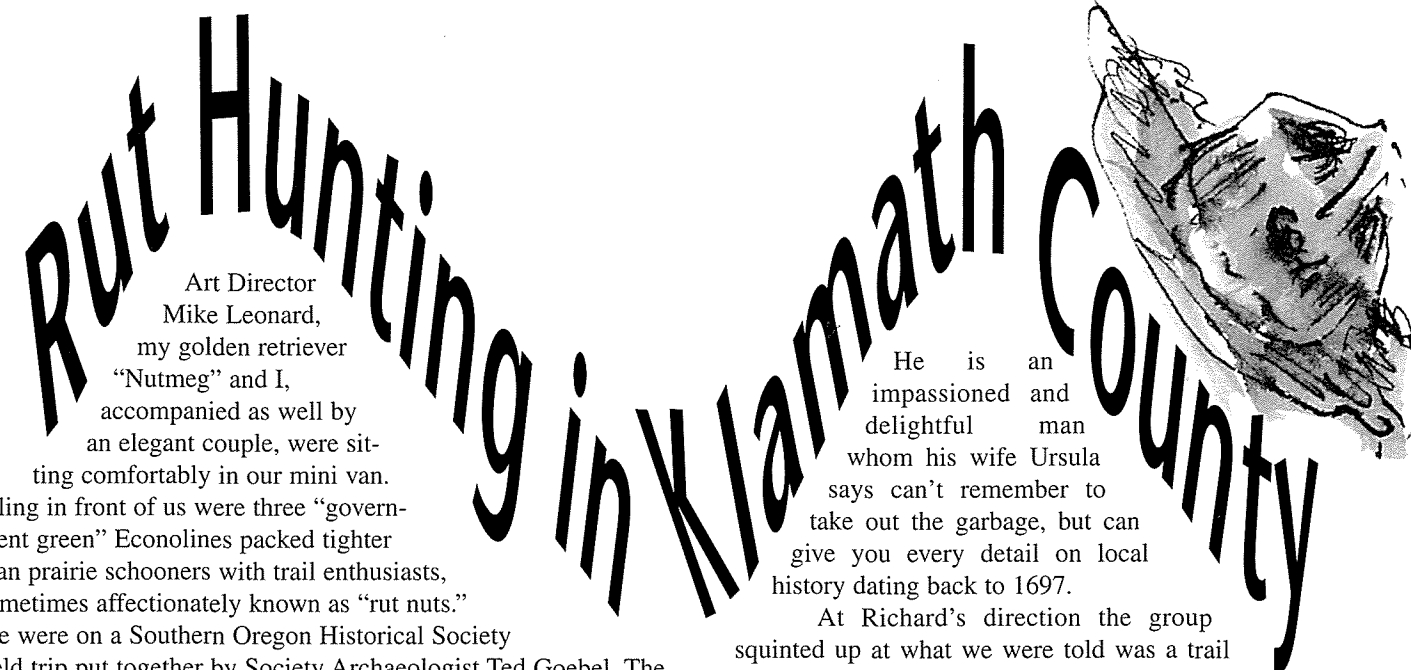
In 1953, Austie sold the Barron Ranch to a couple from California. Amazingly, when the property sold, it consisted of some 70,000 acres.⁶ Established in 1851 by Hugh Barron, the homestead was one of the first, and grew into one of the largest in the county. Barron's Station is now a National Historic Monument. Although a private residence, it can be seen along old Highway 99, near Emigrant Lake.

Editorial intern Jennifer Ware graduated from Southern Oregon State College in June and is headed for grad school at New York University.

ENDNOTES

1. Meier, Gary and Gloria. *Knights of the Whip: Stagecoach Days in Oregon*. (Bellevue, WA: Timeline Pub. Co., 1987) p. 43.
2. "The Barron Family and Mountain House." *Table Rock Sentinel*, Aug. 1985, pps. 11-18.
3. Meier, 46.
4. Atwood, Kay. *Mill Creek Journal* (Ashland, Oregon: Katherine Atwood, 1987) p. 72.
5. Obituary, Austie Alice Barron, *Ashland Daily Tidings*, 12 Aug 1981.
6. Ibid.

Above: The historical marker is posted on a tree outside the ranch house on old Highway 99, outside of Ashland.
Left: The last stage passing through Barron's Station, 1887.



Art Director
Mike Leonard,
my golden retriever
"Nutmeg" and I,
accompanied as well by
an elegant couple, were sitting comfortably in our mini van. Idling in front of us were three "government green" Econolines packed tighter than prairie schooners with trail enthusiasts, sometimes affectionately known as "rut nuts." We were on a Southern Oregon Historical Society field trip put together by Society Archaeologist Ted Goebel. The trip was the finale to a series of crowded lectures regarding the history of the Applegate Trail.

We were just outside Malin, near a dusty railroad track, when out of the exhaust stepped a man, trim and tucked in, wearing a spectacularly worn-in, sweat-stained, leather-banded, insignia-laden hat. Authority thick as a mink coat hung around his shoulders. I was afraid he might be a cop protecting the trail sites from curious convoys such as ours.

The insignia, I later learned, was Marine Corps; the man was Keith Arnold. Keith and his wife Jo are the writing end of a team attempting to research and map the Applegate and Yreka trails in and around the Oregon and California border. If this were 1847, I would have chosen him as wagonmaster and followed him from the Willamette Valley to the Greensprings in a heartbeat. Competence poured off him like sweat; he had a sturdy vehicle, a knowledge of the land, and that Smokey-the-bear/sheriff hat. He shepherded our four vans and various pickups to Bloody Point like the lead bull in a family of elephants linked tail to trunk. This site was a point of descent into the Tule Lake Sump area, an area which proved fatal for some of the early pioneers who chose the Southern Route.

As we parked on the concrete-hard dirt, cut between waving, bright green paddies of tule grass, the elegant couple slid open the rear door. My well-behaved, pedigree puppy jumped right into the only wet spot within thirty miles, a big cow puddle, dark as chocolate pudding. She proceeded to urinate, and then simply lay down in the murky swirl. Mike turned a deep shade of scarlet. Bad dog.

People scooted towards a man energetically setting up his metal easel. His papers, maps and charts were flapping about a bit and took some smoothing. Richard Silva is the picture of the weathered rancher with his Wranglers sagging in the rear, hunched plaid shoulders, and perfectly scrunched straw cowboy hat. His fascination with trail history has led him to acquire a certain expertise in sniffing out the paths and campsites of the early wagon trains.

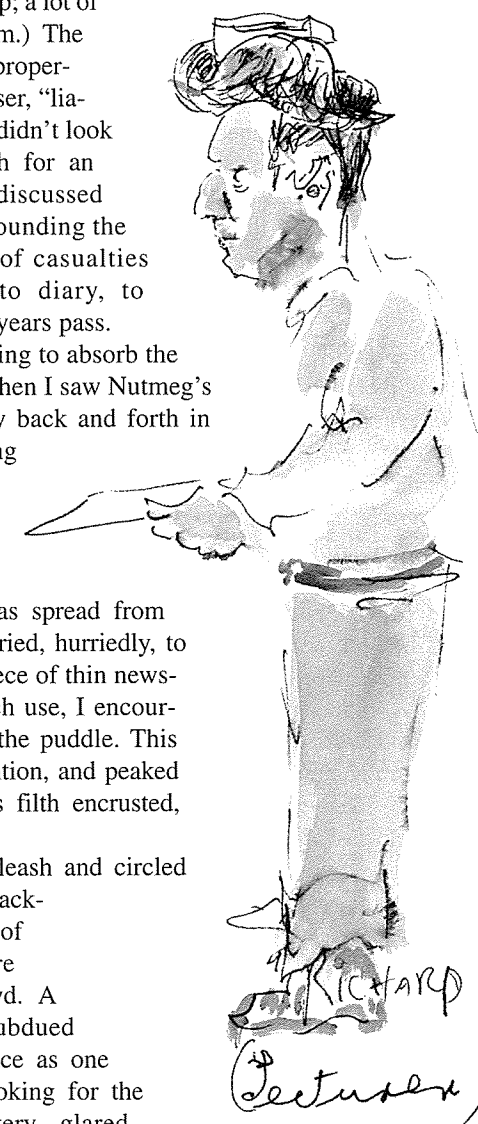
by Marcia Somers
Illustrated by John Brandenburg

He is an impassioned and delightful man whom his wife Ursula says can't remember to take out the garbage, but can give you every detail on local history dating back to 1697.

At Richard's direction the group squinted up at what we were told was a trail trace on the hill, "just above the juniper." (You've got to know what a juniper looks like to go on this trip; a lot of trail traces are near them.) The rancher who owned the property didn't want us any closer, "liability reasons." The spot didn't look deep or shrubby enough for an Indian ambush. Richard discussed conflicting records surrounding the massacre. The number of casualties varies from journal, to diary, to letter, increasing as the years pass.

I wandered off, trying to absorb the place and its meaning, when I saw Nutmeg's paws waving ecstatically back and forth in the reeds. She was rolling in something so dead she smelled worse than a thirty year-old wheel of Camembert cheese. Brown slime was spread from her crown to her tail. I tried, hurriedly, to wipe her down with a piece of thin newspaper. Not being of much use, I encouraged her to go back in the puddle. This only caught Mike's attention, and peaked his pique. Now she was filth encrusted, pungent and wet.

I snapped on her leash and circled the outside of the trail trackers. Whiffs and gusts of Nutmeg's bouquet were sent out over the crowd. A look of quiet and subdued horror would cross a face as one person after another, looking for the source of such effrontery, glared



quickly and sharply at their neighbor in shock.

Our elegant couple was in conference when I came upon them. No longer enchanted with the mini van, she was trying to convince her companion to go in one of the Econolines. "The vans have CB radios, we're missing the stories."

"Yes," I interrupted, "not only that, but I'm afraid my dog has rolled in something dead."

I'm not quite sure what happened to the Modocs and the settlers at Bloody Point, but our smelly incident there secured our position as outsiders and as an unwelcome burden on the group.

We were now alone and CB-less. Mike resigned himself to riding in the stench-filled van. He immediately rolled down the windows and tried not to breathe.

The vehicles circled for lunch at the Arnold's well-maintained 1910 ranch house. A pump and a hose stood near roses by the fence. The cool clean water did little to deaden the smell now embedded in Nutmeg's pelt, nor did it do anything to further endear us to our fellow travelers. When a woman gave Nutmeg a piece of salami, I thanked her, rather than explain that we don't feed her "people food." When shunned you accept any extension of kindness.

Balling up our lunch bags we moved out, just across the state line, to the "Natural Bridge" at Lost Creek, mentioned in several diaries, including Lindsay Applegate's and William Hoffman's. It is now covered by a concrete dam, surrounded by metal fencing, gravel and cable. "This is where the Indian Wars really started," Richard said, launching into another story.

Our fellow travelers were staring out over Lost Creek, eyes glazed as if a movie rolled behind their retinas. I knew the glassy-eyed were seeing the past they had been studying so closely. They were hearing the voices urging on oxen, and seeing hooves splash up liquid diamonds as wooden wagon wheels creaked through the river. My imagination, however, still couldn't conjure up the wagons. Perhaps it was the stress of being an outcast, or being focused on following and not getting lost (after all, like those early travellers, I had no idea where we were going and I had no map). Survival depended on keeping up with the big-rumped Econolines.

Shortly, the road and the landscape changed and before we knew it we were surrounded by dry red hills covered in sage and scrub heading towards Lower Klamath Lake.

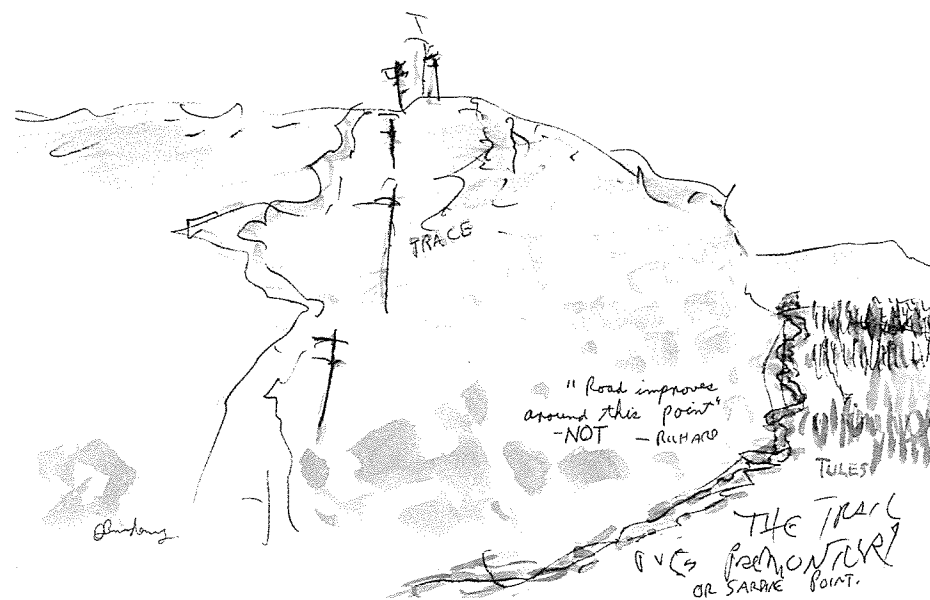
The vehicles before us were swallowed in billowing clouds of white dust, making it difficult to see and drive. We were grateful when an overhead irrigation system slapped through the open window to spray us with moisture. Quiet now, in it for the long haul, grit filmed our teeth and dusted our hair. We were beginning to get a deeper and dustier feeling for pioneer history.

Women and children walked twelve miles a day in this. Upon reaching camp women then had to build a fire, boil water, bake bread, scrape together a meal, and clean it all up afterwards. The thought of walking this valley, the dry hills staring baldly down, not a drop of water or a stick of kindling in sight. . . I would

have lost my mind. I know this after only two hours of travel. The wagon trains took six to nine months.

I could feel the long sleeves and heavy skirts of a pioneer dress weighing down my body, thickly soled shoes stirring dirt into every fold of fabric and skin. I could see Indians on every hill. I would have either stopped talking completely out of resignation, or I would have babbled myself into mental oblivion. Often in overland diaries women wrote, "not well today," followed three months down the trail by, "Little Sam born, this morning. Made seven miles." One in four women was in some stage of pregnancy during the trip across the country.

Stuck in the mind of a pioneer woman of the 1850s, I looked out the bug-splattered windshield and it seemed the parched hills went on forever. Our group pulled over one by one to the side of a



dirt road that began to curve up a hill. "This used to be the Merrill dump," Ted let the crowd know. Richard Silva pointed out the snaking indentation, indicating the trail the wagons took up through the hillside. We poked around in the sage and walked in the declivity the wagons had left behind.

Ted called over to say that the road might get a little rough after this. "Don't worry, we'll rescue you if anything happens," he said laughingly. I now know the meaning of "high clearance vehicle." The Dodge Caravan isn't one.

Richard turned his four-wheel drive onto a slightly rutted dirt road; we all followed. Thus began the route around the southern edge of Lower Klamath Lake, an area where the first wagon train made several camps and fed and watered livestock. "No problem," I thought, humming, looking out the passenger side and pointing out egrets to Mike. "This isn't so bad."

The group came to a halt where the wagons, cut off by the lake, crossed up and over a ridge. We stared up at a spot (just beyond a juniper) where a faint depression from the passage of the wagon trains was still visible. It looked like a giant rolling beachball had pressed a path through the grass. While we stood talking, some people braided rope from reeds, others wandered into the brush, or stared out at the

lake. Richard kindly tried to outfit us with a CB, but it didn't work.

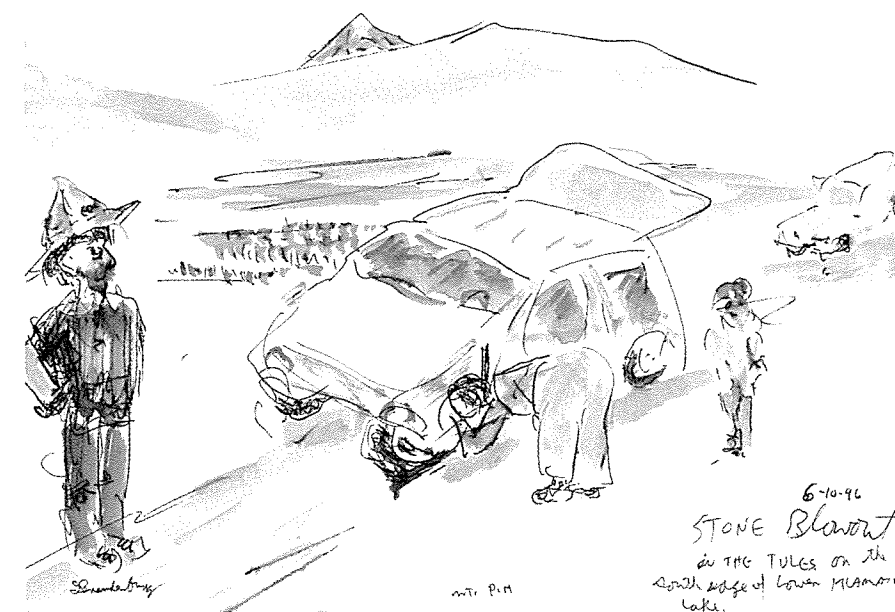
Someone helped identify the beautiful pelicans with the black banding under their wings, the great blue heron standing on one leg in the estuary, and the tiny white egrets. I wondered if the original wagon train had eyes for the beauty of the journey by the time they reached Lower Klamath. It is extremely beautiful with the lake shimmering, the grasses blowing and birds circling, soaring and gliding.

With the next bend the road immediately became a mine-field of deep potholes and jagged rocks hidden in clumps of grass. Branches scraped at the windows. The van was like a boat moving from one side to the other, dangers lurked everywhere. A shudder and bracing jolt, followed by a large "psseewww" sound signalled our slow sinking.

The tire had smacked up against a sharp-toothed promontory of black lava. The rubber exploded upon impact. A brand new Michelin bit the dust.

Tired, I calmly stepped from the vehicle and walked towards the trucks and vans behind us. Heads and elbows hung out windows, waiting, idling, dust settling.

"We've blown a tire, can you radio ahead?" I asked the student archaeologist staring down at me from on high. I heard Ted over the radio, with a little laughter in his voice, say, "Oh, and you



were doing such a good job!" The unsmiling youth looked down at me, not getting down to help, not offering assistance. "Well, we're going on ahead," he said flatly. And that was the cold hard truth. Got a schedule to keep, gotta make that destination by nightfall.

So there we were, in the middle of Lower Klamath Lake, two hours from Medford, forty minutes to an hour from a paved road. This was not good. The Econolines passed me. I watched them slowly disappear. The little cars stayed behind: the maroon pickup, the white pickup, and the man in the amazing hat, Keith Arnold. Mike, in true survivalist fashion, got right down in the dirt, slid under the van and was attempting to wrestle the spare free with his bare hands. Pretty good for an art director! I think it was Keith who suggested (after much struggling) that we

check the owner's manual, conveniently located in the glove compartment.

Challenges like this bring out the best in some people. Several men and their supportive wives pitched in to help remove the front wheel. A man named Jerry joined in under the back bumper to help Mike take down the spare. Shocking how little prepared we were for this. When we set off on our journey we didn't know where the tools were, much less if we had them, or if there even was a spare tire! Once that dinky donut of a tire was on, it was decided that the van should be driven as far around the lake as possible. The closer to civilization the better. Right now, we weren't that close.

It was our good fortune to have a man whose hobby and idea of summer fun is getting his truck stuck in the sands of Baja. Normally this isn't something I'm terribly interested in. Now, however, this man was the center of the universe. When he politely asked, "Would you like me to drive it out of here for you?" I worshipped him and blessed him for his rugged mechanical hobbies. If my husband had been a confectioner like overland traveler John Beeson, I would have dumped him for a guy like this. . . somebody who knew his chassis from his choux paste.

We scraped bottom, lurching, in and out of sand and potholes, getting mired once or twice in dry lake silt yet, true to his promise, he drove us out of there. If this had been 150 years ago, I would have had to have given him one of my last oxen. As it was, I thanked him profusely and wished him good luck for eternity.

The people who made the overland journey, the people that came to and through California and Oregon via the "Southern Route," must have been crazy. Their ambition and desire must have outweighed every hardship and heart-break. I wasn't sure what the day would bring. Its gifts were many, including new insight into this chapter of Oregon's history. I have tremendous respect for these pioneers. Despite the strength of my will and character, I know I would have been ranting like Jesse Quinn Thornton, a man who made a lifetime commitment to railing against those who lead the first wagon train over the Applegate Trail (he was completely destitute by the time he staggered into the Rogue Valley). My

barbs, however, would not have been aimed at the Applegates. They would have been pointed directly at my husband for making me take the damn trip in the first place!

Thanks to Richard Silva, and Keith and Jo Arnold for their hard work, and for allowing us to accompany them. They are working with the Oregon-California Trails Association, the BLM, Modoc National Forest Service and others, to map, research and preserve the Applegate and Yreka trails.

Thanks to John Brandenburg for his doodles. I caught him sketching during our "blow out," and tracked him down. He is a retired doctor living in Medford, and has been painting and sketching for thirty years.

Forty years ago many of Jackson County's seventy thousand residents lived in rural settings, farming and raising livestock. Some of the best agricultural lands lay alongside the Rogue River Valley's many rivers and creeks and were vulnerable to seasonal floodings.

The flood of 1955 is now history, but the devastation that it wreaked upon the entire area is still present in the minds of many. Shortly after the damage of the flood was totalled, the Rogue Basin Flood Control and Water Resources Association was formed as an outgrowth of community meetings held in the Grants Pass area. William L. [Bill] Jess presided as the first chairman of the Rogue

The Rogue Basin Association:

40 Years after the Flood

by K. Gabrielle



Shady Cove, 1964. The devastation wreaked by the floods of 1955 and 1964 brought about the creation of the Rogue Basin Association, and the construction of two dams.

Basin Association, an organization that would attempt to build dams on the Upper Rogue, the Applegate, and Elk Creek rivers. Ranchers, mine owners, farmers, and fishing guides were joined by doctors, lawyers, mill owners, and newspaper people from such diverse communities as the Illinois and Applegate valleys, Grants Pass, Rogue River, Gold Hill, Central Point, Eagle Point, and others in what would become a forty year project to bring flood control and recreational activity to the Rogue River Valley.

To understand the passion and conviction of this group is to understand their situation. While periodic flooding benefitted a river's wildlife, times of peak water drastically affected the land and the people who lived near the river. The rivers could split and create islands, submerging prime agricultural land. Cattle became stranded and drowned; crops and topsoil were destroyed. Topsoil was not easily replaced and had to be rebuilt over years. The debris from the seasonal flooding took years to clean up. In addition, repairing damage to roads and highways put heavy financial burdens on counties and states. During flooding, the required extra emergency services strained existing systems, increasing response times for all emergencies. In order for people to live on the land and make their living from it, some form of flood control was needed in the valley.

While flood control was to be a primary objective of the project, water use for irrigation and municipalities was also featured. The Rogue Basin Association also sought to improve fisheries and wildlife habitat while providing control of water quality, power generation, and more recreational opportunities. In 1959 and 1960, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, in conjunction with Oregon State University in Corvallis, undertook temperature control studies on the Rogue River. This was the first time this type of study had been performed for the Army Corps of Engineers.

Dams would help regulate the flood-stage flow of river water that reached a high peak for a relatively short duration. In

both the Rogue and Applegate rivers, late summer flows were so low that the water often reached temperatures of over eighty degrees. Fish could be seen gasping in shallow pools. Increasing the flow of water would bring down the temperature, improving the survival rate of fish. Water storage behind the dams would make irrigation of additional acres of farmland possible.

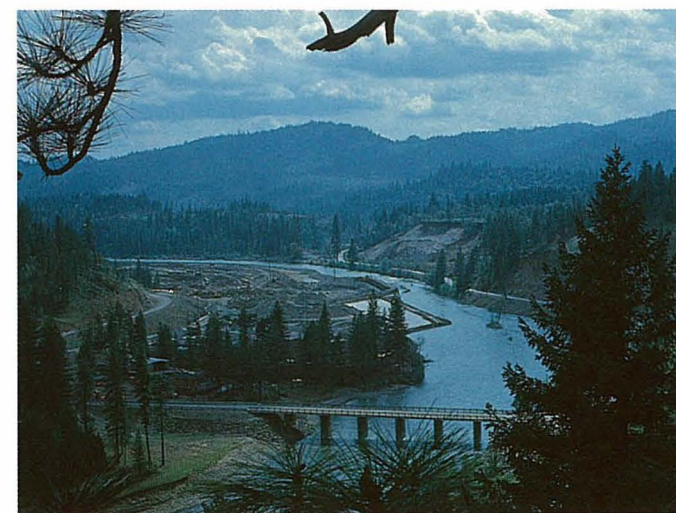
Bill Jess, educated in economics, finance, and agriculture, along with other members of the Rogue Basin Association, lobbied in Washington, D.C. for funding. In 1962, the Rogue Basin Project was approved by Congress, although funding was not appropriated for any of the dams until 1967. In that year \$500,000 was approved for Lost Creek Dam. In 1971, \$1,111,700 was designated for Elk Creek Dam. Funding for Lost Creek Dam, which cost in excess of \$48 million, and the adjacent Cole Rivers Fish Hatchery, with a price tag of over \$10 million, was appropriated respectively, in 1972 and 1970. Construction of the Applegate Dam cost \$63 million.

The Rogue Basin Project was not without opposition. C.L.E.A.R., Citizens League for Emergency Action on the Rogue, and S.A.V.E., Save the Applegate Valley Association, organizations

of local citizens, formed to fight the dams. Although an advisory ballot measure in both Jackson and Josephine counties regarding the construction of Applegate Dam passed overwhelmingly in 1976, Applegate area residents questioned the project's worth. Concerns over actual cost of additional water available for irrigation from the Bureau of Reclamation and the inability of the dam to prevent flooding due to tributaries entering the Applegate River below the dam fueled the debate. The possibilities of damage to river fisheries, were several: migratory fish would no longer be able to reach

spawning grounds, and lower river water meant the water would be too warm for the fish to survive (unless restoration of the lower channel was done). This created conflict among area residents.

The Lost Creek and Applegate dams have been built. Elk Creek Dam was partially constructed, but due to environmental lawsuits has been tied up in court and, according to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, a "long term management plan in the uncompleted state" is being worked on. Much of the water supply for the city of Medford and other outlying areas is obtained from Lost Creek Lake. As the population of Jackson County is now over 153,000 and continues to grow, it seems the Rogue Basin Flood Control and Water Resources Association indeed had foresight. Today many area residents and tourists enjoy the lakes created by these dams. The effects of flooding appear to be less, although Applegate and Lost Creek dams have yet to be tested by waters as high as those in 1955 and 1964.



The Cole Rivers Fish Hatchery from Lost Creek Dam, now one of the favorite "put-ins" for fishermen and river rafters.

Several beautiful, natural waterways were forever changed by the Rogue Basin Project. Some residents sadly yet affectionately reminisce about the settlement of Copper where Applegate Lake now sits, and the fishing holes that were submerged so long ago. As society changes and grows and becomes more aware of the environment, greater care will be taken to carefully study the effects of structures such as dams. Each generation utilizes the knowledge of its time. Ground breaking fishery studies were conducted before construction of the Applegate and Lost Creek dams.

It is difficult to weigh the costs and benefits of mankind's efforts to control nature. Efforts such as those made by the Rogue Basin Flood Control and Water Resources Association were deemed necessary by those who chose to settle near the beautiful yet devastatingly fickle Applegate and Rogue rivers.

K. Gabrielle is a free lance writer living in Ashland. Her article, The Restoration of the U.S. Hotel was published in the Spring issue of Heritage.

ENDNOTES

The Rogue Basin Association, Collected papers of Claude Leslie Eaker, 1941-1973. SOHS Research Library, AR3.

Thanks to Gerald T. Latham for his contribution to the Southern Oregon Historical Society in the name of Bill Jess.

A lifetime of Dedication: Bill Jess

Bill Jess, born in 1918 in San Francisco, received his MBA from Stanford in 1947. While working for Standard Oil he decided to attend Davis School of Agriculture. He brought his talents to the Rogue Valley shortly thereafter.

The floods of 1953 and 1955 alarmed the communities of Jackson, Josephine, and Curry counties into finding a solution to the flooding on the Rogue and Applegate rivers. The result was the 1956 founding of the Rogue Basin Flood Control and Water Resources Association, of which Bill Jess was the organizing chairman.

Jess was chairman of the association for a total of seventeen years. He made fifteen trips to Washington, D.C. to lobby for the association. He lived to see two out of three dams erected. He served eight years on the State Water Resources Board and was Oregon Representative on the Pacific Northwest River Basin Commission. He was also chairman of the Jackson County Water Resources Committee in 1978.

Bill Jess served his community and his country in many ways. He will be missed by all of those who knew him. His



Bill Jess addresses the crowds at the ground breaking ceremonies at the base of Lost Creek Dam on August 23, 1970.

efforts stand as testimony to his convictions and beliefs. He died at 77 years of age, September of 1995.



TRAIL of TEARS

1856 Diary of Indian
Agent George Ambrose

Edited by Stephen Dow Beckham

Undisturbed for centuries, the Indians of the Rogue River Valley faced a dizzying onslaught of changes and calamities between the 1820s and the 1850s. In less than thirty years the spread of Euro-American settlement, new diseases, ecological disruptions accompanying the gold rush, and failures of federal Indian policy swept through their villages with disastrous consequences. Because they resisted trespass and sought to defend their people, they were labeled “rogues” or “rascals.” Their own names—Latgawa [“people of the uplands”], Dagelma [“people along the river”], and Shasta—were largely lost in the rush of events. To the victors who drove them from their lands, they were “savages” and “rogues.”

The tragedies that befell the Indians of the Rogue River Valley attained a crescendo in the years from 1846 to 1856. In that decade, overland emigrants poured through Indian homelands via the Applegate Trail. The discovery of gold on Jackson Creek in early 1852 unleashed a flood of newcomers. Miners as well as pioneer settlers filing for lands under the Oregon Donation Land Act of 1850 scrambled for the resources of the valley and the corridors of its tributary streams. The federal government did too little and acted too late to check the calamity.

Settlement and the gold rush unleashed ecological disaster and robbed the Indians of the means to survive. Settlers split rails to fence their fields and erect cabins; they suppressed the Indian fire ecology which was essential in the harvest of tarweed seeds and maintenance

of an open forest understory productive of food for deer and elk. Settlers’ hogs rooted out camas lilies and gobbled down acorns, further depleting traditional food resources of the Indians. The miners turned over gravel bars in their quest for placer deposits and sent a flood of mud cascading downstream with terrible impact on the runs of salmon and eel as well as hindering the ability of the Indians to fish for trout and harvest freshwater mussels. The settlers used firearms to kill deer, elk, and bear, while the territorial legislature made it illegal for an Indian to possess a gun or purchase ammunition. A place of abundance was transformed into a land of starvation.

Not until 1853 did the Bureau of Indian Affairs negotiate treaties with the Indians in the Rogue River Valley. By that date the levels of distrust and ill-will were so high on both sides that the treaties and creation of the Table Rock Reservation seemed but a lull in the storm. The lands reserved for the Indians were but a fraction of their territory and lacked many of the resources they needed to survive. The token garrison of soldiers at Fort Lane (near the Rogue River, below the Table Rocks) proved inadequate to stop trespassers, to confine the Indians to residency on the reservation, or to stop the machinations of self-styled “exterminators” who murdered and massacred Indians and then repeatedly provoked them to retaliate.

Above: “Beaver Teeth” Lower Table Rock. During the removals of 1856, Indian Agent George Ambrose was responsible for escorting the Indians on Table Rock Reservation to the Grand Ronde Reservation, thereby ending millennia of Indian occupancy in the Rogue River Valley.

These events were made worse by the spread of measles, influenza, and other new diseases. Lacking resistance to these ailments, the Indians sickened and died by the dozens. Some villages were entirely wiped out. Forced removal to the Table Rock Reservation in the waning months of 1853 only concentrated the sick and the well in unfavorable circumstances.

An attack of October, 1855, by “exterminators” from the Jacksonville mining camps precipitated the Rogue River Indian War of 1855 and 1856, and caused the flight of many able-bodied Indians west into the canyon of the Rogue River.

As the war slowed with the onset of winter snows and bitter cold, Indian agent George Ambrose collected the Indians who had remained on Table Rock and others scattered from throughout the valley, and planned their removal. The 1853 treaties provided only that the Table Rock Reservation would serve temporarily as a holding place for the Indians. In accord with the national policy of removal and relocation, Ambrose set in place Superintendent Joel Palmer’s larger scheme, to colonize all of the Indians of western Oregon on the Grand Ronde and Siletz reservations.

Born in Pickaway County, Ohio, in 1823, George H. Ambrose and his wife, Ellen Frances, had emigrated overland to Oregon in 1850. Sensing the opportunities of the Rogue River region, they filed upon a Donation Land Claim and settled in 1852 in Jackson County.

S. H. Culver was removed as agent because of charges regarding his abuse of agency assets. Ambrose then took over administration of the Rogue Valley Indian Agency. Ambrose believed all was under control and declared so in the fall of 1853, in a series of letters signed “A Miner” in the *Oregon Statesmen*. His optimism was dashed by the massacre of twenty-three Indian women, men, and children at the mouth of Butte Creek on October 8, 1855, by volunteers led by J. A. Lupton.

In February, 1856, Ambrose directed the removal of the surviving Indians of the Rogue River Valley. His diary, a chronicle of the journey northward via the Applegate Trail, is terse and typical of the day, revealing no emotion regarding the suffering and dislocation of those he led. Ambrose readily admitted in his account that the wagons to haul the aged and ill were inadequate for the task. His diary dryly tallied the deaths of eight people and the births of eight children during the journey.

The snow, mud, shortages of food, and constant fear experienced by the refugees were made brief note of by Ambrose. Pursued for days by Timeleon Love, a self-styled executioner of Indians, the agent had difficulty staving off Love’s designs. The Indians may have feared that Ambrose was leading them to slaughter. Love’s dogged pursuit of their party and the inadequate military escort must have caused alarm and anxiety.

The Ambrose diary hints at the dimensions of suffering and tragedy endured by the Indians of southwestern Oregon in the 1856 removals to the new reservations. Similar forced marches northward befell the natives of the Umpqua and Willamette valleys as well as several bands brought along the coastal trail from Port Orford to Siletz during the summer. “It almost makes me shed tears to listen to them as they totter along,” observed Lt. E. O. C. Ord who witnessed one of these removals.

The Ambrose diary, which follows, documents the closing chapter on countless millennia of Indian tenure in the Rogue River Valley. Left behind were the bones of parents, grandparents, and ancestors, ages-old villages and fisheries, and a way of life

well-tuned to the rhythms of a beautiful land.

—The Indian refugees departed the Table Rock Reservation to take the Applegate Trail west via the Rogue River and then north to the Willamette Valley.—

February 23d Saturday

The weather still continues pleasant. It was found necessary, to have more teams than at first contemplated. I accordingly proceeded to Jacksonville for that purpose, and also to provide some articles, such as clothing and blankets to add to the comfort of the Indians, although the weather is sett [sic] down as pleasant. It certainly would be regarded as such, especially at this season of the year, however the nights are quite frosty and the mornings cool, sufficiently so, to render it necessary that they should be provided with Tents, Blankets, shoes & such necessities as would tend to promote their comfort while on their journey which being procured the day was spent in distributing the articles among them. Also two additional teams were secured to convey the sick, aged and infirm. Our teams now number eight which I fear will not be sufficient. Thirty four Indians are disabled from traveling by reason of Sickness aside from the aged & infirm, who will as a matter of course have to be hauled.

February 24th Sunday

Remained in camp a fine and beautiful day too, our first idle day spent in camp.

February 25th Monday

A heavy frost last night, on consequence of some Indian horses straying off during the night we were unable to get our early start. About Eleven oclock we all got under way. Our rout[e] lay immediately down the [Rogue] River on the South bank of said stream, a level & good road. We traveled today a distance of eight miles, encamped on a small stream [Footh Creek] near its outlet [sic] in Rogue River.

February 26th Tuesday

Frosty and cool. All things being arranged we took up our line of March which shall lay immediately down Rogue River. In about five miles we arrived at Jewett Ferry which occupied several hours in crossing which being done we encamped for the night, it being the only camp we could reach before nightfall.

[Several men constructed ferries to serve travelers in this vicinity in the early 1850s. In 1853 Derbin’s Ferry crossed immediately downstream from the mouth of Evans Creek; Evans’ Ferry came next; and Joel Perkins’ Ferry was situated near present day Grants Pass (Applegate 1853). Thomas D. Jewett, a claimant against the Indians for damages to his property in 1853, probably operated the ferry mentioned by Ambrose.]

February 27th Wednesday

The weather continues cool & frosty. Our rout[e] still lay down [the north bank of] Rogue River, over rough rocky ground. We marched today a distance of ten miles and camped at Patterson’s old Ranch, good water but not much grass.

[At this point the refugee Indians turned north on the

Applegate Trail in the vicinity of present day Grants Pass to ascend the slopes of Sexton Mountain.]

February 28th Thursday

Frosty & cool again this morning. While about preparing to leave camp some person killed an Indian who had wandered off some distance from camp in search of his horse which had strayed off during the night, which caused some considerable excitement among the Indians as it went to prove the statement previously made by some evil disposed persons, to wit: that they would be killed by the way. We learned this morning that a party of evil disposed persons have gone in advance of us, as is supposed to annoy us, or kill some friendly Indians. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Capt. [Andrew J.] Smith at Fort Lane for an additional force to escort us to or thro[ugh] the Canyon if it should be found necessary. We also learned that an individual by the name of Timeleon Love was the person who killed the Indian this morning and that he composes of the party that had just passed. We drove today a distance of eleven miles and encamped on the west bank of Jump Off Jo[e] Creek where we will most probably remain till the arrival of Capt. Smith. [Born in Kentucky in 1827, Love arrived in Oregon in 1852 and filed for a Donation Land Claim in Josephine County.]

February 29th Friday

We remained in camp all day, quite a pleasant day. Capt. Smith arrived about two oclock. Today we had another Indian to die the first by disease on the road, although many are very sick, however there are no new cases of sickness occurring.

March 1st Saturday

Quite a pleasant spring like morning. Everything being in readiness by times we took up our line of march over a rough hilly mountainous country, and the roads were truly in a horrible condition. I omitted to mention that on Thursday last we took a Northward direction and left the Rogue River to the South of us which brought us among some rough hills, between the Umpqua and Rogue River. After passing the Grave [C]reek Hills we learned that Mr. Love and some others were awaiting us at the house, intending



This peaceful photo of neatly fenced farm land and Lower Table Rock (seen from across the Rogue River) hides the turmoil and tragedy created for the Rogue Indians and settlers by the surveying, fencing and settlement of "unclaimed" lands. Dated 1899.

to kill an Indian. Upon going to the house I found it to be a fact, talked with the gentlemen, told them the consequences, went back & requested Capt. Smith to arrest Mr. Love and turn him over to the civil authorities. We passed the house however without any difficulty and encamped on a small stream [Coyote Creek] two miles North of Grave Creek. We drove today a distance of eight miles. We are now in the midst of an hostile Indian Country & not entirely free from danger.

March 2d Sunday

Clear & frosty. Upon consultation it was deemed best to move forward, as we went in an enemys country & neither forage nor grass could be had for our animals. We found the roads horrible as we traveled on, after traveling hard all day we made a distance of twelve miles & encamped for the night on the West bank of Cow Creek one mile above the crossing.

March 3d Monday

The mornings still continue quite cool & frosty, our rout[e] lay almost directly North over somewhat better ground than for two days previous. Our cattle was jaded considerable by our continuous marches, without forage or grass, neither of which could be procured. We drove a distance of seven miles & encamped just within the mouth of the canyon.

[The refugees now faced the difficult descent of Canyon Creek, a dozen miles of boulders, steep sidehills, and fords.]

March 4th Tuesday

The weather still continues fine for the season, during the night our cattle deserted us passing thru the canyon & crossing South Umpqua a distance of twelve miles. Some few of them took the other end of the road, finding it impossible to collect the cattle in time to move. I took the Indians in advance & went through the canyon before night in order to obtain supplies [in Canyonville] of which we were getting quite short. In passing through I found some heavy obstructions the high waters during the fore part of the winter had thrown in large drift logs & a slide from the mountain had filled up the channel of the creek, all of which required to be removed before wagons could pass which was accordingly done by Lieut. Underwood who sent a detachment in

advance for that purpose, the persons who were sent in search of the missing cattle, returned with all but four head.

March 5th Wednesday

The Indians remained in camp today at the mouth of Canyon creek awaiting the arrival of the wagons about three or four o'clock in the evening they made their appearance. The cattle very much jaded & tired as no forage could be had. I secured the best pasture I could find & turned them in that. An Indian girl died this evening. We were now a distance of eleven miles from our camp of the evening of the third being occupied two days in making it. Mr. Love who still continues to follow us was arrested & put under guard.

March 6th Thursday

This morning the cattle were collected together preparatory to making a start, and of the cattle still missing I sent a man back through the canyon in search of those that went in that direction. Towards noon three were discovered in the hills on the North side of the South Umpqua & brought up to camp this evening. Good road this morning until we reached South Umpqua, which stream we ascertained we could ford with the wagons. The foot passengers were all ferried whilst the teams were crossing & ready to resume their march. Here we ascended a considerable hill & passing thru some oak knowles [sic] come to a very narrow pass around the spur of a mountain which projected down to the waters edge, and around which a road had been dug out of the rock wide enough for wagons to pass, emerging from here we came out in full view of an open prairie, found the road good. We traveled today a distance of eight miles, & camped on the North bank of South Umpqua near [William] Weavers." [William and Anna Weaver and their family resided a few miles south of Myrtle Creek. Married in 1831 in Tennessee, the Weavers traveled overland to Oregon in 1850.]

March 7th Friday

The weather still continued cool & frosty of nights and pleasant thru the day. Our road today hilly & in places quite rocky. An Indian woman died this morning & the number of sick increasing. It was found necessary to hire or buy another team. I soon procured one & continued our march. We drove today a distance of ten miles & encamped in Round Prairie on the South Umpqua yet.

March 8th Saturday

From camp this morning we had a good road for about two miles. Here we commenced ascending a mountain [Roberts Mountain] on the summit of which a wagon upset & broke out a tongue which caused considerable delay. After fixing a temporary arrangement we were enabled to go down the mountain a distance of four miles and encamped on Roberts creek. About two oclock in the afternoon in order to repair our wagon before proceeding further which was accordingly done before night. Traveled today a distance of Eight miles.

March Sunday 9th

Quite a pleasant day, but owing to our proximity to the hostile Indians, it was deemed advisable to continue our march, which was accordingly done. Mr. Cain who had been sent in search of the missing cattle returned. He stated that he had found the cattle in the evening of the sixth and correlled [sic] them on the south side of the canyon, that during the night he believes they were stolen by



Above: Acorn basket and cradleboard from Society collections. Takelma Indian women carried young children in cradleboards such as that on the right. Indian Agent Ambrose recorded eight births during the march from Table Rock to Grand Ronde Reservation.

the Indians, as hostile Indians were seen in that vicinity, & appearances went to show that they had taken them. Our road still continues down the South Umpqua River over a broken uneven country. The roads growing worse as we went North. We traveled today a distance of Eight miles & encamped on the bank of a little muddy branch about two miles north of Roseburg.

March 10th Monday

A very fine morning indeed, we got an early start this morning found the roads very bad. In about two miles we arrived at Winchester [s]ituated on the south bank of the Umpqua. Here we had to ferry the river, which occupied us about three hours. We then ascended a considerable hill and traveled over a rough prairie Country, very muddy roads. We found a very pleasant camp about four miles North of Winchester on Camas Swail Creek, a distance of Seven miles. This morning a write [writ] of Habeas [habeas] Corpus was served on Lieut. Underwood to show cause why he detained & held in custody unlawfully the person of Timeleon Love, to which he made a return that he held him by the authority of a legal Indian Agent & according to law & that said Love was held only to be turned over to the civil authorities according to law. Lieut. [William Babcock] Hazen was left at Winchester in charge of the guard & to turn the prisoner over to the proper officers of the law.

March 11th Tuesday

This morning the teams were got up quite early and preparations were made for starting. I then proceeded to Judge [Matthew P.] Deady's and caused a writ to be issued for the arrest of Timeleon Love for the murder of a friendly Indian on the 28th day of February last. Before the service of the warrant Mr. Love had effected his escape. We found the roads in a horrible condition and grass quite scarce. The teams drove but three miles today & encamped for the purpose of attending the trial.

March 12th Wednesday

Cloudy & threatening rain, we had some trouble in finding our

cattle. We however succeeded in getting them together about ten o'clock. After traveling through a canyon about one and a half miles we arrived at Calapooia Creek. Our rout[e] lay directly up the creek for two & a half miles over hilly but prairie Country when we crossed the stream on a bridge at [Dorsey] Bakers. For the remainder of the day our rout[e] lay northward & over some steep hills. About four miles from the mills we struck camp at what is called [O]akland. Two deaths occur[r]ed today since we camped—one man & one woman. [Dr. Dorsey Syng Baker founded the original townsite of Oakland before selling out his investments and becoming a prominent banker and railroad builder in Walla Walla, Washington. Oakland moved in 1872 to a new site on the Oregon & California Railroad.]

March 13th Thursday,

This morning we had quite a shower of rain rendering it quite unpleasant traveling. After burying the dead we took up our line of march over a rough hilly & uneven country. Our cattle traveled brisk today. About two oclock we struck camp on the bank of a small stream by the name of Elk Creek near Jesse Applegates. The day was quite cool with frequent showers rendering it unpleasant traveling. We however traveled about twelve miles. [Jesse and Cynthia Ann Applegate, emigrants of 1843, took up this Donation Land Claim at Yoncalla in 1849. Jesse's brothers, Charles and Lindsay, and their families settled nearby.]

March 14th Friday

Cloudy & show[er]y. By keeping our cattle in pasture we were able to get an early start. Our rout[e] lay down Elk creek thru a rough canyon which we found quite muddy. We crossed Elk & Pass creek & several other streams. After crossing Pass Creek our road lay immediately up the creek & bounded by high mountains on either side. We drove eight miles today & camped at the foot of the Calapooia Mountains. [Ambrose took the Indian refugees northward via the Trappers' Trail, the overland route between Oregon and California. The travelers entered the upper Siuslaw watershed near Lorane, Oregon.]

March 15th Saturday

Cloudy. This morning our cattle were missing and upon search we ascertained they had crossed the mountain pursuit was immediately made & they were found about ten miles from camp [on Pass Creek]. They were

bro[ugh]t back and we were ready to start by two oclock. From camp we commenced our ascent up the mountain at first quite gradual. After ascending some distance we arrived at the Summit. We then followed the ridge of the mountain some distance before we commenced the descent. The road was quite dry over the mountain and till we were near the base, when we found some very heavy mud. The last team arrived in camp after traveling a distance of eight miles. One woman died today.

March 16th Sunday

Cloudy with occasional sunshine. Remained in camp all day to rest. Nothing occurred worthy of relation.

March 17th Monday

This morning we took up our line of march in northward direction. The roads were quite hilly and places very muddy. This morning while crossing a small stream a teamster broke a wagon tongue which delayed us an hour to repair after which we proceeded without any further difficulty for the remainder of the day. We encamped tonight on the west bank of Rock Creek, a distance of thirteen miles from when we started. Arrived in camp by four oclock.

March 18th Tuesday

Cloudy & threatening rain. During the night an Indian died which detained us a short time to bury. However by nine oclock we were in readiness to start. We traveled over a level flat country in places quite muddy. The greatest difficulty we experience is in obtaining grass for our cattle, which we find to be exceedingly scarce. We drove today a distance of twelve miles, camped in an oak grove near the claim of Mr. Smith.

March 19th Wednesday

Cloudy & threatening rain, quite show[er]y thru the day. We continued our march down Long Tom [River] & passed over some very muddy roads. We traveled today a distance of fourteen miles & encamped on the bank of Long Tom at Starrs Point [Monroe, OR.]. [Several members of the Starr family settled in this vicinity. Starrs Point post office, established in 1852, became Monroe in 1874.]

March 20th

The weather still continues cloudy and threaten-

ing rain. We secured a good pasture last night for our cattle & this morning quite early were underway. Our rout[e] lay immediately down Long Tom over a level Prairie Country. In consequence of the recent rains our wagons drag[g]ed along heavily all day. We drove a distance of fifteen miles and encamped on the bank of Marys River, at the Ferry [at Corvallis, OR.], a very hard days drive but no camp could be found short of this.

March 21st Friday

Clear & pleasant. This morning we were two or three hours in ferrying the river, for two or three miles we found the roads very muddy. About three miles North from Corvallis our road improved very much, becoming rolling & dry. We traveled today a distance of twelve miles and encamped near the claim of Mr. Rude.

March 22d. Saturday

Cloudy weather again. This morning for several miles our road was in excellent condition. We then found some very bad road and Sloughy Prairie to cross over after which we arrived at the South Luckymute, which we crossed on a bridge. Still continuing our course Northward in a few miles we arrived at Little Luckymute which we also crossed on a bridge & passed upon the North bank of the stream a short distance and encamped near a little oak grove. Traveled twelve miles.

March 23d. Sunday

Remained in camp all day quite a pleasant weather.

March 24th Monday

Got an early start this morning and had an excellent road. We drove a distance of fifteen miles & encamped near Mr. [James M.] Frederick's. [James M. and Clarissa L. Frederick settled their Donation Land Claim in Polk County in 1849.]

March 25th Tuesday

Clear & pleasant. We got an early start this morning and after driving hard all day reached the [Grand Ronde] reservation about four o'clock in the evening after driving a distance of sixteen miles. So ends my journey & journal. After a period of thirty three days in which time we traveled a distance of two hundred & Sixty three miles. Started with three hundred and twenty-five Indians. Eight deaths and eight births, leaving the number the same as when started.

Dr. Beckham is Pamplin Professor of History, Lewis & Clark College. His book, *Requiem For a People: The Rogue Indians and the Frontiersmen*, was reprinted in paperback by Oregon State University Press in 1996. Beckham was named "Oregon Professor of the Year" in 1994 and received the distinguished teaching award of the American Historical Association in 1995.

Right: Soldiers at Fort Lane, located at the base of the Table Rock Reservation, were outfitted in uniforms left over from the Mexican War and fired muzzleloading rifles. It is likely that George Ambrose carried something like these brass and leather powder flasks, bullet mold and shot pouch.

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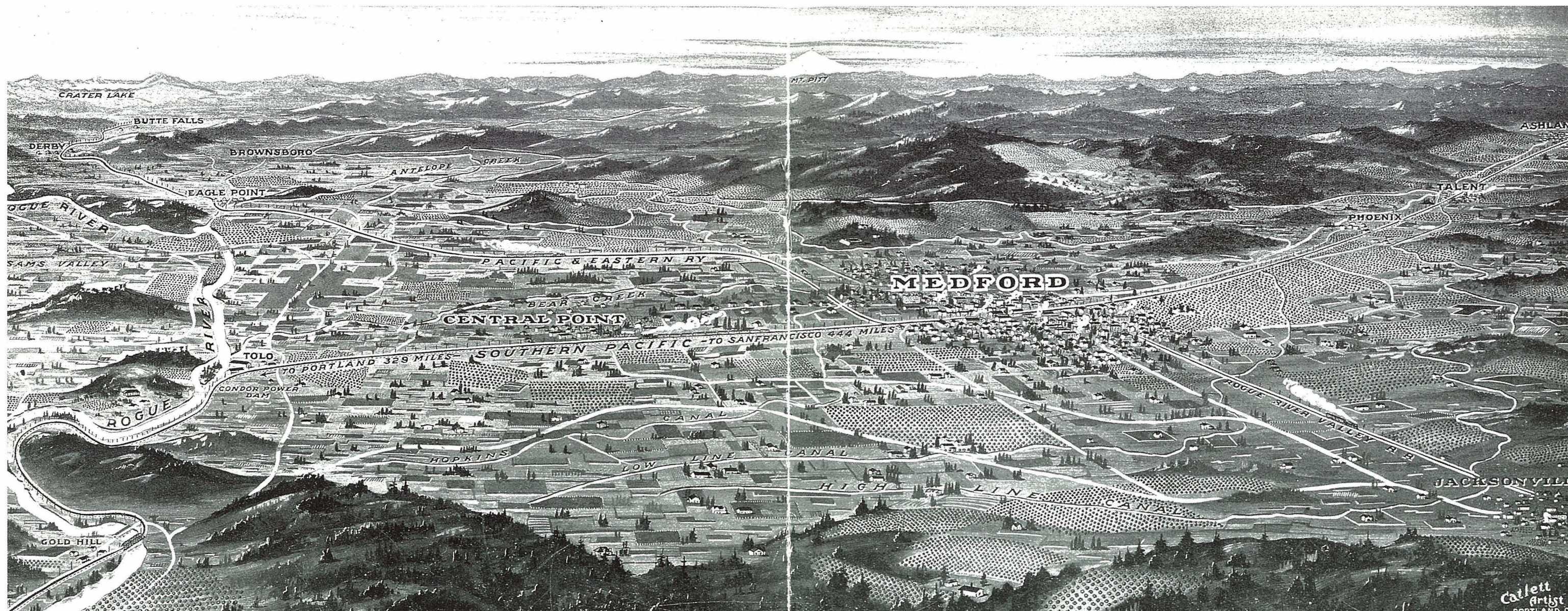
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Indians of the Rogue Valley wore burden baskets with a tumpline around their forehead. They used these baskets to carry roots, seeds, berries and firewood.



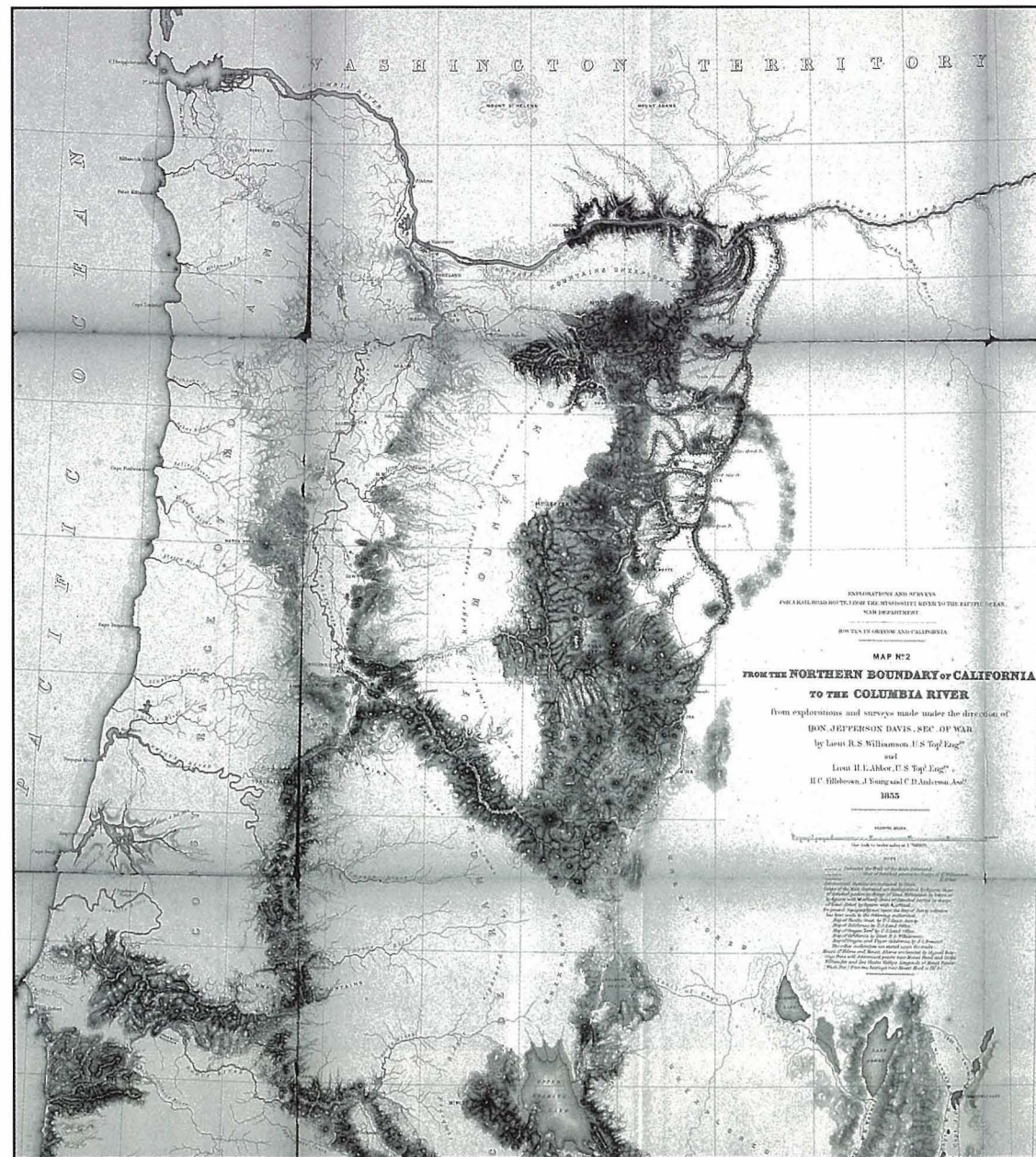


GOING PLACES: Travel to and Through the Rogue River Valley



Several years ago staff at the Southern Oregon Historical Society sat down at a long conference table to figure out an appropriate way to honor the 150th anniversary of the Applegate Trail. What bloomed from that beginning was "Going Places: Travel To and Through The Rogue River Valley, 1826-1996," a major exhibit exploring the impact the chosen route of travel through this region has had on the southern Oregon community. As local geography shaped the path of the road, the road, in turn, shaped us.

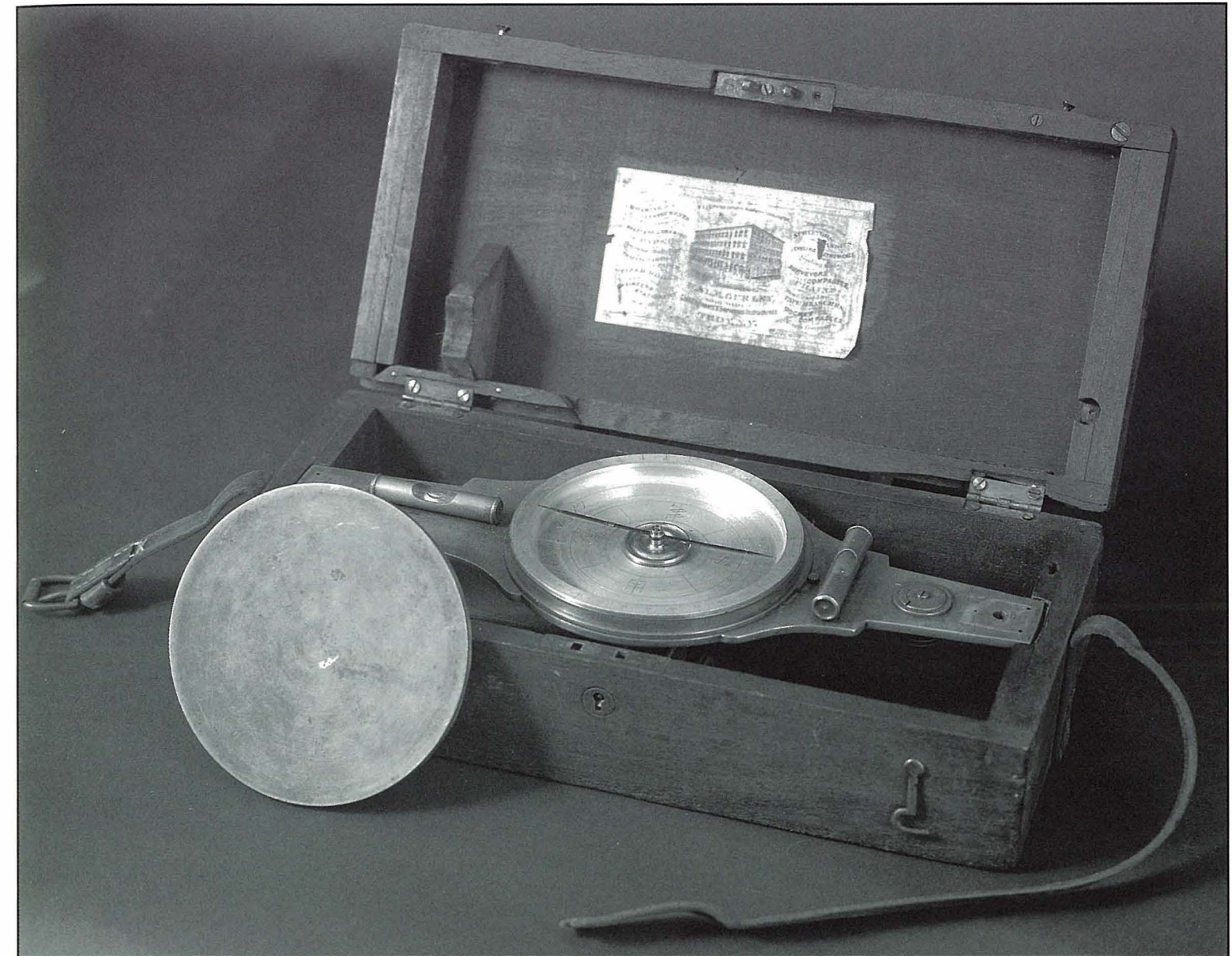
The following photo essay opens a small window on the "Going Places" exhibit, hinting at the monumental changes that have occurred in the last 150 years both on a grand historical scale, and right here at home.



March 16, 1827, north of Grants Pass

On starting our Course due West which we followed to our encampment over certainly a most hilly and woody Country in fact it appears on all sides and as far as we can see one continued hill and mountain. . . we had. . . in some parts recourse to our Axes. . .

—Peter Skene Ogden



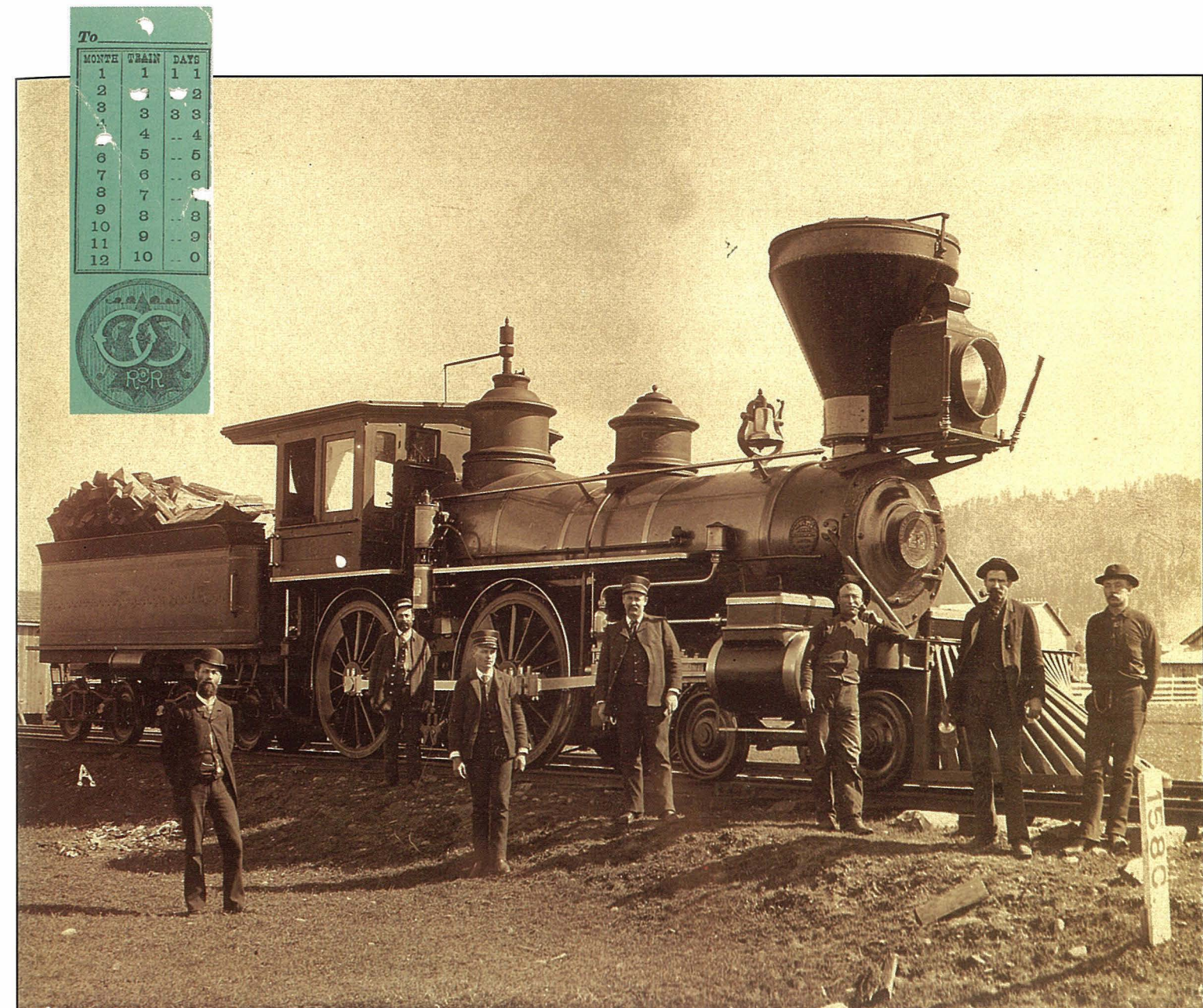
People began to take up land for ranches all over the country, and have them surveyed. While the surveying was in progress, the Indians seemed at a great loss to know how it was that white men would take compass and chain and go around and cry stick stuck and set up a few stakes and call the land their own.

—James Cardwell, "Emigrant Company"



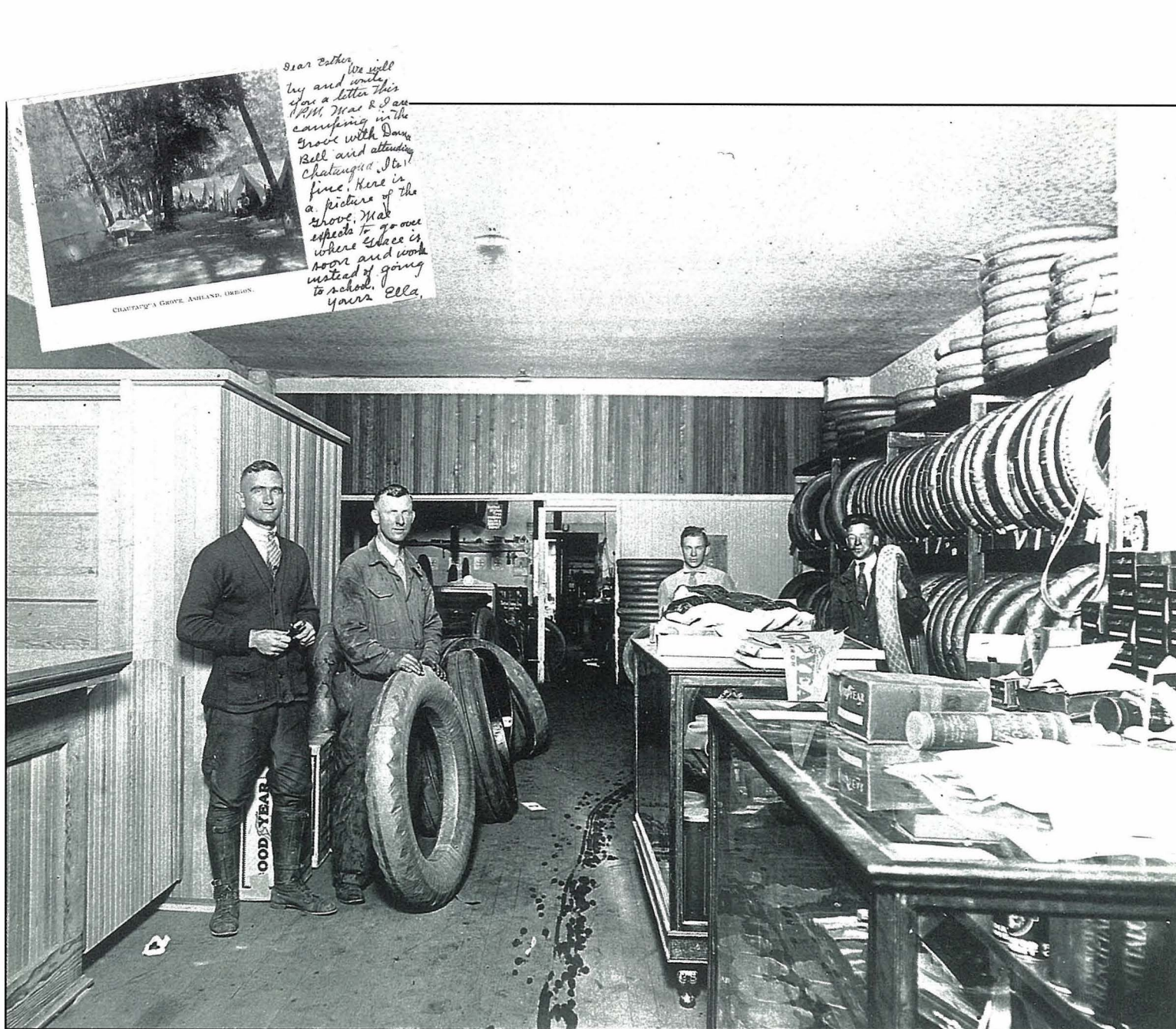
The Advent of the California Stage Company's stages, wagons and horses into Jacksonville was an occasion of no ordinary interest. On Sunday morning last, at about ten o'clock, in the long procession came – the four horse teams dragging the vehicles to be used upon the route. The whole town turned out to witness the glad view.

*–Oregon Sentinel
 Sept. 10, 1860*



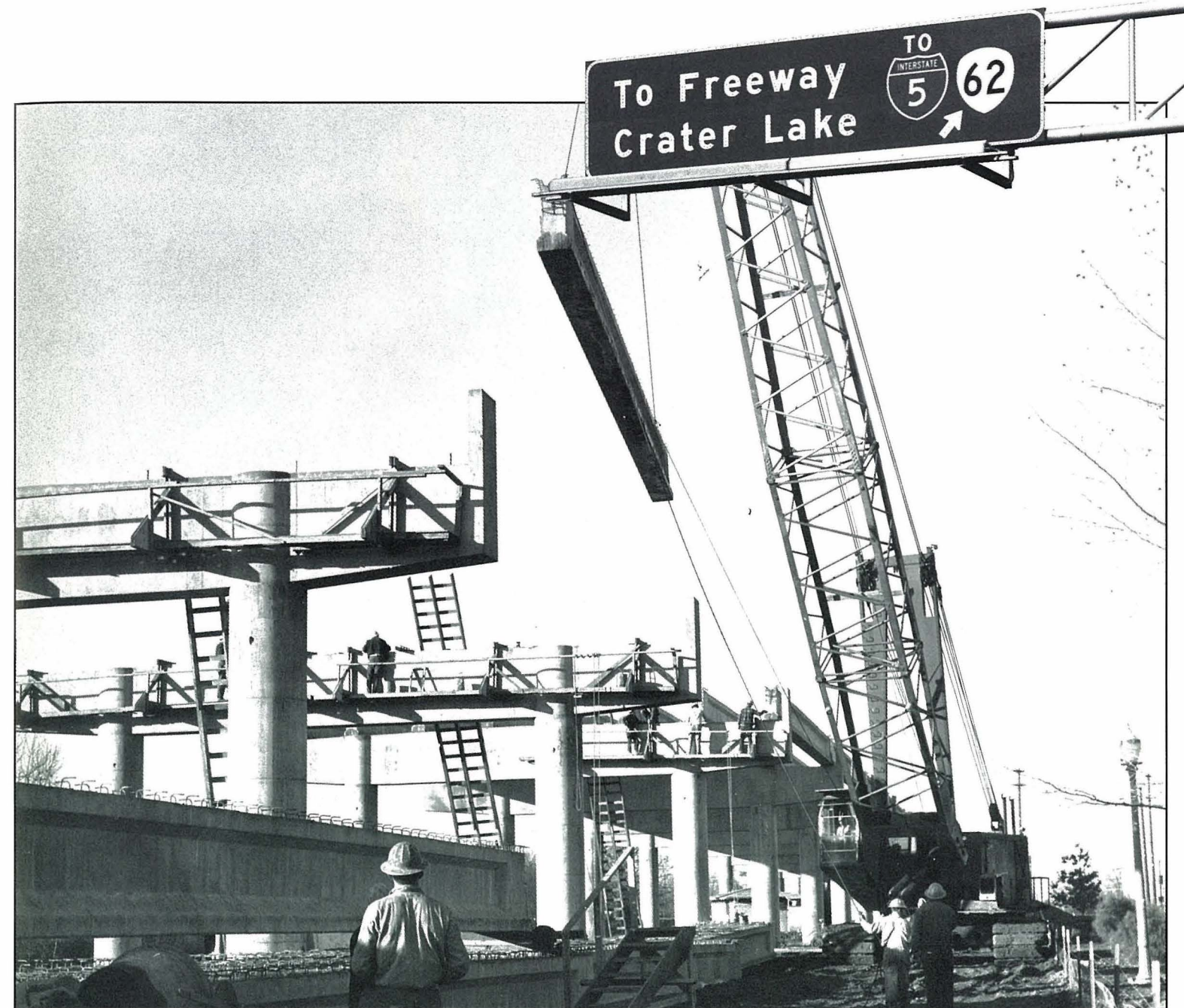
At first blast of the locomotive whistle. . . these mountain valleys became at that moment a part of the world at large, and bade adieu at once to their former seclusion.

–Walling



In the months between June and October – which constitute the season for automobiling – they are ankle deep in white dust, and under the dust lie deep and jolty ruts which shred away your tires and loosen your springs and make travel at almost any gait a veritable endurance test for the traveler. But poor going does not deter the native. He is used to it.

–Saturday Evening Post, 1921



The day before I-5 opened, my grandpa and my dad made sure that all of us kids went and laid down right in the middle of the freeway so that we could always say that we had done that.

–Kathy Enright, 1996

Endangered Sucker Fish:

The Klamath Tribes struggle to Save a Native Fishery

by Doug Foster

For millennia the Klamath Indians of southern Oregon relied on seemingly inexhaustible runs of salmon and sucker fish. Spawning salmon filled the tributaries of their million-acre reservation until 1911 when a dam on the Klamath River blocked salmon passage to Upper Klamath Lake. When the Klamaths complained, they were told "the loss of the salmon would not be so bad because the sucker fish were still plentiful." Now the sucker fish are on the endangered species list.¹



These sucker fish are an ancient lake-dwelling fish native to the Klamath Basin. Historically, Lost River suckers were a more important food-fish than salmon in the Klamath Lake region.² These are very large fish, growing up to three feet in length; large suckers can weigh sixteen pounds. On the lower reaches of Lost River near present day Olene, Klamath and Modoc Indians used to gather at a shallow reef for several weeks each spring, catching and drying an estimated fifty tons of spawning suckers.³

Early settlers reported that suckers came in such hordes that a wagon could be filled using a pitchfork.⁴ Settlers soon began using these fish for human and livestock feed. At the turn of the century the sucker runs were so plentiful that a cannery was built on Lost River. Other commercial operations processed "enormous amounts" of suckers into oil and dried fish.⁵ Farmers, in the past, used sucker fish to fertilize their fields.⁶

A tremendous run of spawning suckers was reported in Link River near Klamath Falls in the March 21, 1901, edition of the *Klamath Republican*:

Ordinary fishing with hooks, spears or even nets is too slow to think of. With a pitchfork or with naked hands a backload may be thrown out in five minutes. These enormous droves of fish can now be seen not alone here, but in the rivers and creeks generally throughout the country... fortunes could be made here in catching fish and sending them in refrigerator cars to markets at San Francisco and Portland... the fish business will be one of the big things of the Country."⁷

Above: Chief Reid Davis blesses a Lost River sucker before releasing it into the Sprague River at the Klamath Tribes' "First Sucker Ceremony," March 1991.

A huge non-tribal recreational fishery developed. Because suckers, like carp, were considered a trash fish, no limits were set on how many fish could be caught. Most fishermen snagged the big, spawning fish using rods, reels and big treble hooks weighted down with spark plugs.⁸

Elwood Miller, Director of Natural Resources for the Klamath Tribes, says that the English name "sucker" suggests something "unimportant and trashy." The Klamaths have a very different cultural view of the importance of these fish: for thousands of years they held ceremonies honoring this fish run. In the Klamath language, the short-nose sucker is called "quapdo" (pronounced "Cup-two") and the Lost River sucker is called "cwam" (pronounced "Cha-wam"). "To live in a dominant culture that demeans these fish," Miller says, "is insulting to Klamaths."⁹

Tribal people knew the sucker populations were declining dramatically, but when they notified the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife in 1979, the agency biologist denied there was a problem. The Klamaths then hired professional fishery biologists to investigate the life histories of the suckers. They ran creel censuses and spawning studies. To find out when and where the fish spawned, the biologists started a three year study in 1982, using

radio transmitters on suckers in the lake in order to track the fish on their upstream migrations. (The endangered suckers are "adfluvial," living in lakes, but spawning in streams, or at springs in lakes.) At that time, according to Craig Beinz, chief biologist for the Klamath Tribes, "no one had quantified the population of the fish. There was no data."¹⁰

"The Klamaths have a very different cultural view of the importance of these fish: for thousands of years they held ceremonies honoring this fish run."

From 1984 to 1986 the Klamath Tribes and the State of Oregon conducted a study to identify populations of suckers by tagging fish on their spawning beds; they learned that there were discrete populations of fish that spawned in the same locations year after year. From this study, and a 1986 fish "die-off," biologists learned that there were less than 2,000 short-nose suckers and less than 20,000 Lost River suckers left. This news surprised local fishermen who had thought the suckers numbered in the millions.



Klamath Indian women hold a stringer of suckers near Sprague River, 1911

By studying the bony gill plate in the side of a sucker's cheek (which has ridges that, like tree rings, correspond to each season of growth) tribal biologists could determine the age of the fish. They learned that sucker populations were skewed, and that most surviving sucker fish were advanced in age. Lost River suckers can live up to forty-five years. This meant that suckers had not successfully spawned in recent years, and led to concern about the snag fishery since mostly older, larger spawning fish were snagged. At the direction of tribal elders, the tribes stopped fishing suckers in 1986, two years before the State of Oregon banned sport fishing for suckers.

The Klamath Tribes' 1986 petition to have both the Lost River and the short-nose sucker listed as endangered species came to fruition in 1988. The Klamath Tribes did the first serious scientific research on these species. The Klamaths were the first tribe in this country to petition for listing of endangered species and to do the supporting scientific research. "It

speaks of the Klamath's concern for the fish," says tribal biologist Bienz; "These fish have a lot of symbolism" for the Klamaths.¹¹

The Klamath Tribes have continued their scientific research into the problems faced by the endangered sucker fish. The Tribes employ three professional biologists who do research, publish scholarly papers and maintain a hatchery to provide the sole

"Tribal people knew there were water quality problems in Upper Klamath Lake: high temperatures, low water levels and too much algae."

source of sucker fish for scientific experiments. The tribal commitment to science is longstanding: Craig Bienz has been a tribal biologist for seventeen years; Larry Dunsmoor has been a tribal fishery biologist for seven years; Jacob Kann, the only limnologist [the science of water] in the Klamath Basin, has been a tribal biologist for eight years and is now writing his Ph.D. thesis on water problems in the Upper Klamath Lake.¹²

"Tribal people knew there were water quality problems in Upper Klamath Lake: high temperatures, low water levels and too much algae. This was born out by the science," according to tribal leader Miller. "Our commitment to science does not alter our commitment to our cultural perspective and our elders' knowledge," says Miller. "Our people's knowledge of the animals and plants here goes back for thousands of years. We have scientific work done to show the truth of our cultural perspective and knowledge passed down through the oral tradition."¹³ Some Klamaths were concerned about spending money to prove something that they knew all along. Science is now validating the innate knowledge of the Klamath people.¹⁴

"The precipitous decline of the sucker population in the past twenty-five to fifty years is an indicator of an unbalanced ecosystem," says tribal biologist Jacob Kann. Suckers were established in the Klamath Basin ecosystem for tens-of-thousands of years and were adapted to environmental conditions there. Yet in recent years entire sub-populations of suckers in Upper Klamath Lake have become extinct.

Upper Klamath Lake is a mirror of its watershed, says Kann, and each summer the lake becomes choked with algae. These tremendous blooms of blue-green algae result from a combination of factors: reduced spring inflows of water that used to flush and clean the lake; lake level drawdowns for agriculture; and excessive amounts of phosphorous draining into the lake. Due to water diver-

sions, draining wetlands, grazing riparian areas [shorelines and river banks] and timber harvests, the lake's watershed has become "dysfunctional" says Kann. The habitat degradation is so bad on the Sprague and Sycan Rivers that there is virtually no longer spawning habitat there for suckers.¹⁵

Historic records support the conclusion that Upper Klamath Lake's dense algae blooms are a recent development. In 1876, a knowledgeable observer reported that Upper Klamath Lake had "pure and transparent" waters.¹⁶ Language studies support this conclusion; Klamath Tribal elders say, "there was no name for the big algae blooms that occur today because it wasn't bad enough to need a name."¹⁷

These dense, thick algae "blooms" now lead to wide fluctuations in acidity ("pH") and dissolved oxygen. Much of Upper Klamath Lake, from June to August, is now often "inhospitable" for suckers. During nighttime respiration, the algae absorbs oxygen to breathe, and lowers dissolved oxygen levels in the lake. During daytime photosynthesis the algae absorbs carbon dioxide which shifts the carbon balance in the water and makes the lake more alkaline. Upper Klamath Lake can reach a pH of over ten in summer, a level which is lethal to suckers.¹⁸

Historically, one major problem for suckers has been the draining of lakes and wetlands. Between 75% and 90% of the original 350,000 acres of wetlands in the Klamath Basin have been

drained.¹⁹ Just after the turn of the century, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation initiated the Klamath Reclamation Project and drained both Tule Lake and Lower Klamath Lake — two immense lakes that lay to the south of Upper Klamath Lake, each of which covered over 80,000 acres of marsh and open water. In the 1890s, the tremendous sucker populations of Tule Lake and Lost River supported the largest breeding colony of osprey in the United

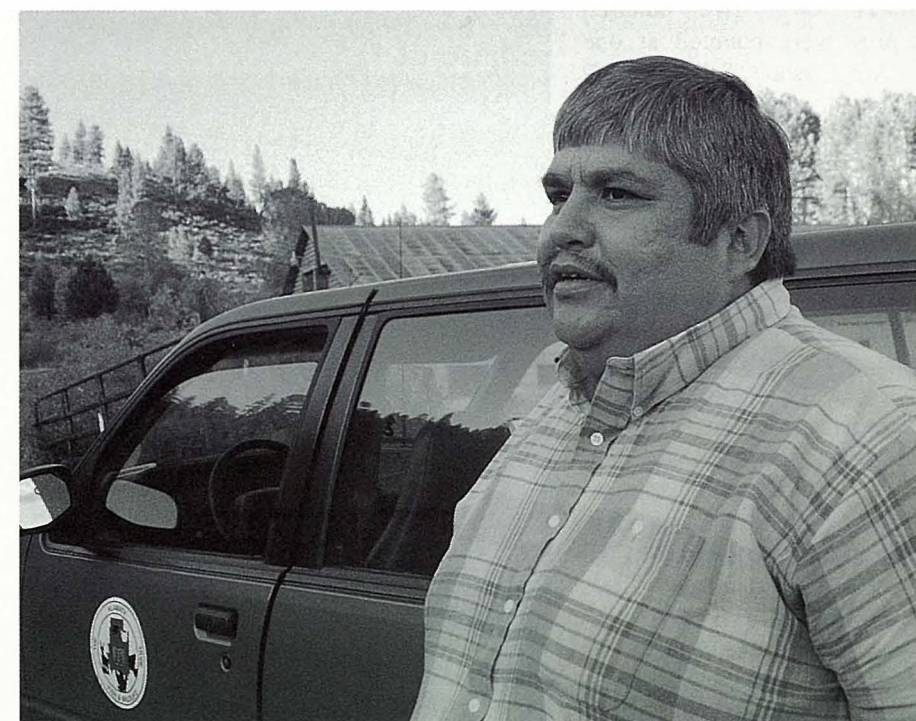
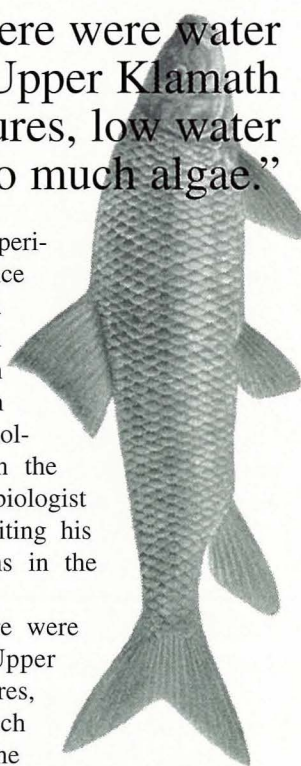
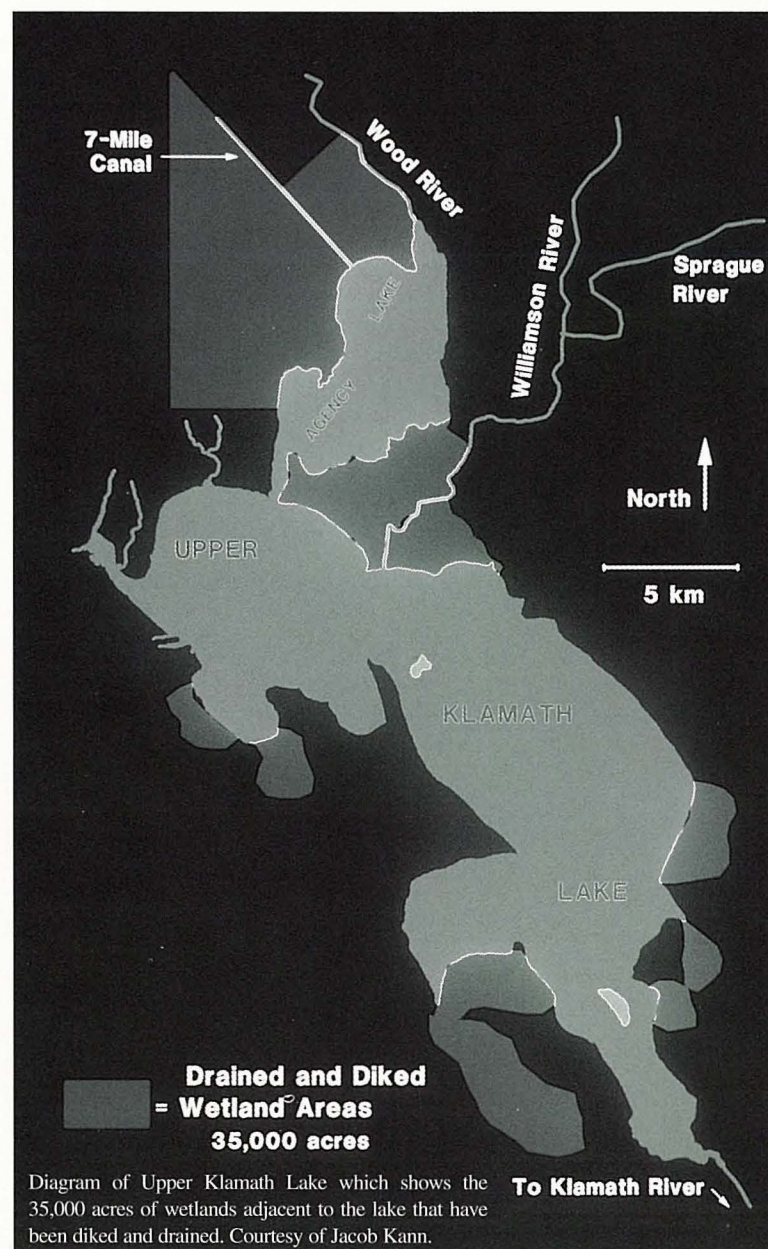
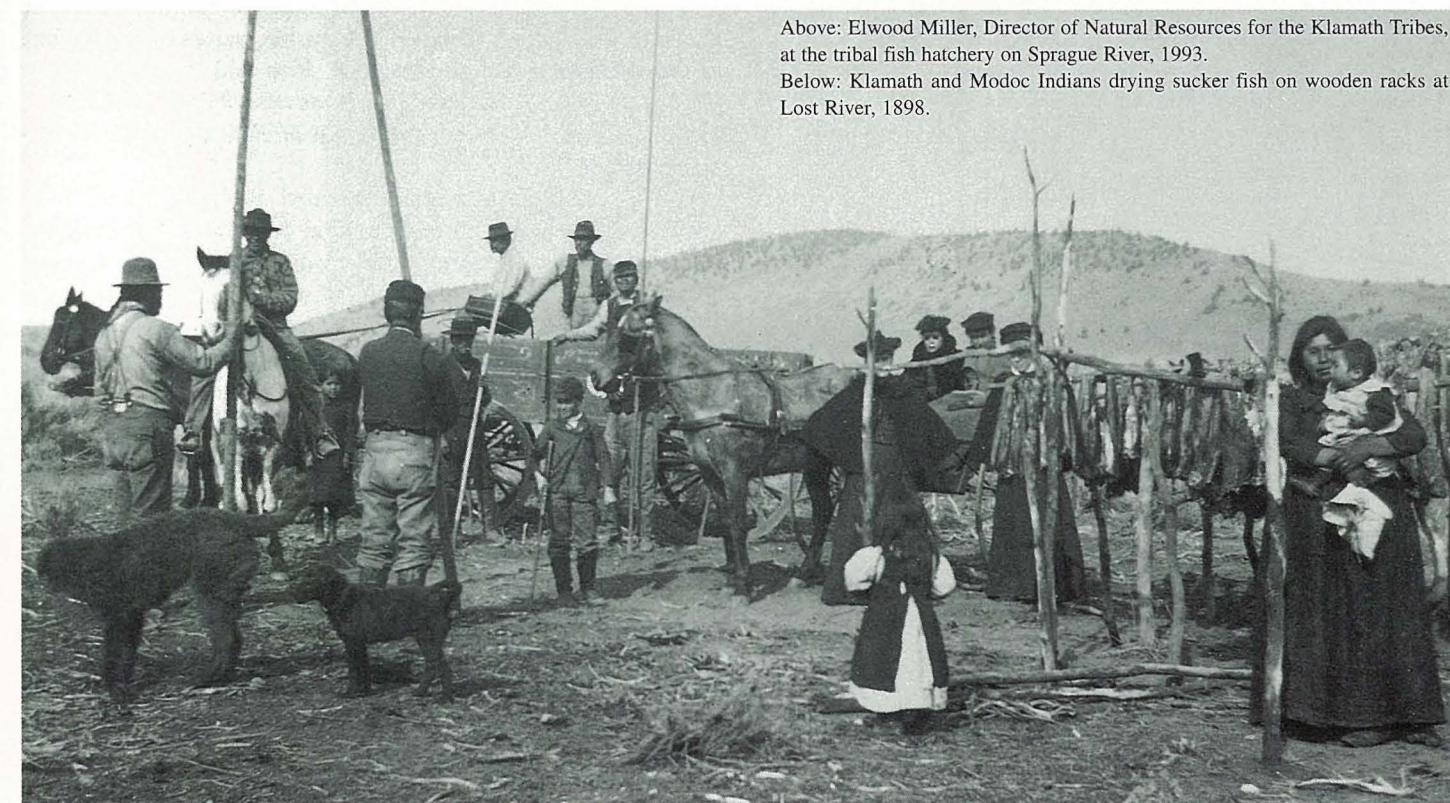


PHOTO BY NATALIE BROWN



Above: Elwood Miller, Director of Natural Resources for the Klamath Tribes, at the tribal fish hatchery on Sprague River, 1993.
Below: Klamath and Modoc Indians drying sucker fish on wooden racks at Lost River, 1898.

PHOTO COURTESY KLAMATH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

States. Over five hundred osprey were counted at one rookery near Tule Lake.²⁰ Today, virtually no Lost River suckers live in either Lost River or Tule Lake Sump.²¹

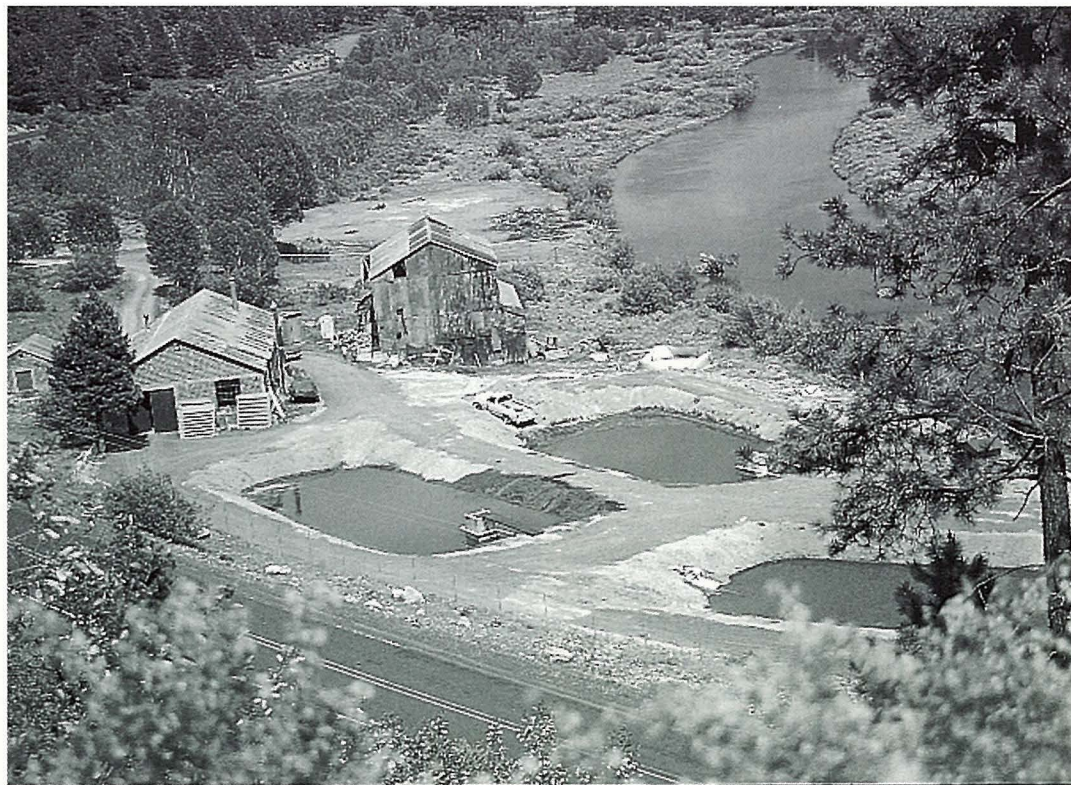
The Klamath Reclamation Project, which has water rights to almost all of Upper Klamath Lake, now delivers water to nearly 240,000 acres of farm land. U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's "biological opinion" on endangered suckers concluded that the long-term operation of the Klamath Reclamation Project is "likely to jeopardize the continued existence" of the two endangered sucker species. Accordingly, this opinion recommended that the Bureau of Reclamation undertake scientific studies of environmental factors affecting the fish, and maintain water in Upper Klamath Lake at or above minimum levels, in order to dilute phosphorous concentrations and provide shoreline rearing habitat for larval and juvenile suckers.²²

These minimum lake level recommendations and a severe water drought led in 1992 to the first cut-back in water for agricultural use in the history of the Klamath Reclamation Project. This conflict between endangered species and Basin farmers led

Much of Upper Klamath Lake, from June to August, is now often "inhospitable" to suckers.

in turn to the creation of the Klamath Basin Ecosystem Restoration Office, an interagency task force designed to deal with problems throughout the entire Basin watershed.

The Klamath Basin has complex water problems that justify this unique government task force. Basin refuges host one of the largest concentrations of waterfowl on the Continent, yet the five national wildlife refuges in the Klamath Basin have no water rights, and are primarily dependent on agricultural run-off for water. Well over a million ducks and geese, over 80% of the waterfowl migrating down the Pacific Flyway, congregate there each fall. In addition, the largest concentration of wintering bald eagles in the



To allow adult suckers to spawn and increase in number, the Klamath Tribes built these holding ponds near the Sprague River in 1989. They are not currently in use.

lower forty-eight states gather there. The waterfowl and eagles are directly affected by Basin agricultural practices and by minimum water levels maintained in Upper Klamath Lake to protect sucker fish.²³

The Klamath Basin agricultural community and the Klamath Tribes have disagreed about the causes of the decline in the sucker population. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service "Recovery Plan," however, supports the Tribes' conclusion that the diminishing number of fish is an indicator of an ecosystem problem.²⁴

The solution, according to tribal Biologist Kann, is to restore the ecosystem to more natural conditions. For example, riparian areas could be protected from overgrazing by fencing, allowing these vegetative margins of waterways to filter, purify, and store water. Nutrient loading of the lake could be reduced by changing agricultural practices such as switching to sprinkle irrigation systems, reducing flood irrigation, or running cattle waste through natural wetlands for treatment. Taking critical lands — shoreline and lands near river mouths — out of agriculture production, and restoring them to wetlands could help filter out nutrients and sediments from run-off water before the water enters the lake.²⁵

In 1993, the U.S. Bureau of Land Management bought the 3,300 acre Wood River Ranch at the head of Upper Klamath Lake and is now restoring that grazing land to wetlands. "The Wood River Ranch restoration is a step in the right direction," says tribal leader Miller, but much more needs to be done.²⁶ Since 1992, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation has spent over a million dollars a year on sucker research. The sucker "Recovery Plan" does not, however,

have the force of law. It makes recommendations, but does not provide the funding for agencies to carry them out.²⁷ The future of the two endangered sucker species remains very much in doubt.

"The Klamath Tribes have lost so much," says Miller. "All our resources are on the brink. . . and yet the subsistence needs of the Tribes for resources are as great as they ever were." The Klamath Tribes' 1988 Needs Assessment study showed that nearly 60% of their people live below the poverty line. In the past, tribal members relied on a traditional subsistence economy, but resources are vanishing. The Klamath reservation was terminated after World War II and the land was sold, but the tribes retained treaty based hunting, fishing and water rights. It is "frustrating" to Miller that the Klamaths can't directly manage the resources they need for physical and cultural survival.²⁸

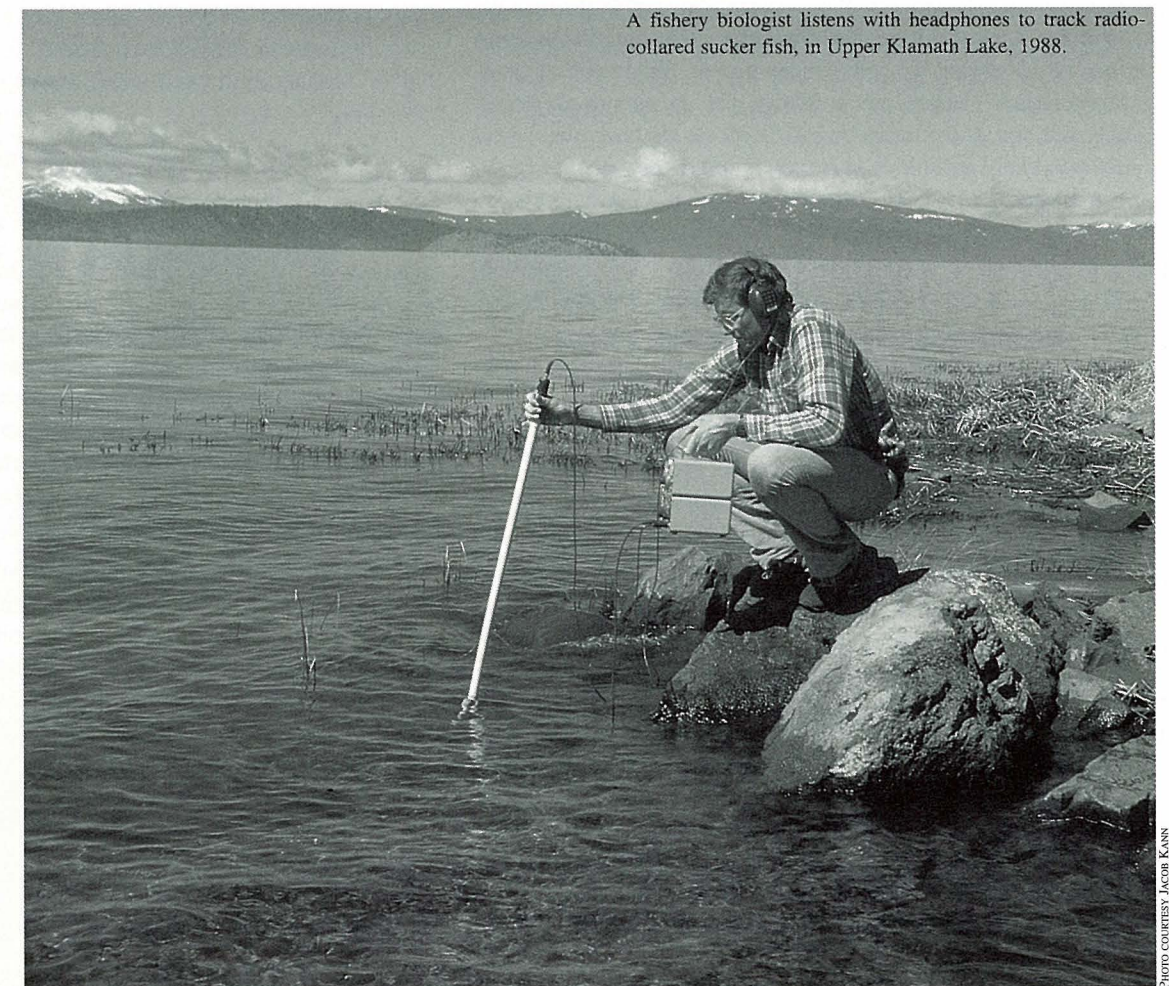
"It seems our histories are intertwined. What happens to the 'cwam' (Lost River sucker), maybe will happen to us," says Gordon Bettles, Cultural Heritage Specialist for the Klamath Tribes. "So we are fighting for the survival of our brother, the cwam." If we do this, let us hope our own chances of survival will be greater too.²⁹

Doug Foster is a free lance writer and historian living in Ashland, Oregon. His article, Wagonmaster McUne — the Second Blazing of the Applegate Trail, appeared in the winter issue of Southern Oregon Heritage, 1995.

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A fishery biologist listens with headphones to track radio-collared sucker fish, in Upper Klamath Lake, 1988.



SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #14154 (CROPPED)



Farming for Fortune

The enterprising spirit alive and well in the 1800s

by Mary Ames B. Sheret

Emigrants, magnetized to Oregon by the Donation Land Claim Act of 1850 and the discovery of gold on Jackson Creek in 1852, brought high expectations and an enterprising spirit to the new land. The Rogue River Valley was 'ripe for the plow' and cash crops were recognized as an important part of the local economy. Pioneers ambitious to start a new life and to make a good living, set straight to farming. While most everyone had a garden for home consumption, the pursuit of farming, for most early settlers, was bound up with the pursuit of fortune. Journals and diaries from this period delineate the emigrants' great attention to prices, income, and surviving in this new economy.

In March 1853, S.H. Taylor Esq. and his family joined a wagon train bound for Oregon and arrived in the Rogue River Valley in October. In letters home to the *Watertown* (Wisconsin) *Chronicle*, Taylor described the trip and his new environment.

"With wheat we can beat the world and perhaps with oats. With coarse vegetables the country does well. In fat cattle, it can't be beat. An ox here is expected to weigh eight to eleven hundred. . . and you see one yoke performing a labor that two of ours can hardly do."

Compared to Taylor's native Wisconsin, the Rogue River Valley seemed a remarkable place, but it was not entirely a new Eden. He continued, "we find it very difficult to become familiarized to the enormous prices in this country." In the early 1850s supplies such as salt, coffee, sugar, bacon, and candles were shipped into the valley on pack animals, which drove prices skyward.

Locally produced goods weren't any cheaper. Milk brought \$1.00 a gallon while butter sold for \$1.25 per pound. The discrepancy between the cost of goods and labor shocked Taylor. "Some of our folks say they never have found 'existence' so much a problem. . . [S]ome have worked for \$2.00 a day, with board and paid \$4.80 a bushel for potatoes"

In a letter from Mary Ann Taylor, wife of Steven Clark

Taylor, dated August 1, 1854, she too describes business and expenses on their donation land claim outside of Phoenix, Oregon.

"Father Taylor has four pigs which he took on shares to raise. Hogs are very scarce and likewise very high. Beef is twenty and twenty-five, flour is fourteen dollars per hundred weight, butter is fifty cents, cheese, forty, coffee fifty cents, sugar twenty-five by the pound.

For all things are so high here, we have a good deal more than we did in the states. Now, when we want anything we have money to send for it. I sold cheese the other day to a man for eight dollars and ninety three cents, it was only one days milk."

When William Hoffman's wagon train rolled into the valley in 1853, they purchased vegetables from the farms along the way. . . Hoffman carefully recorded the prices he paid: potatoes at eight cents a pound, onions ten for twelve cents, and cabbage twelve cents for twenty-five. The Hoffman family acquired a cabin six miles from Jacksonville where they had a hard time surviving that first winter. Later, William wrote:

"Dr. McKinnel and myself contracted with Mr. Tucker and his partners for three quarter sections of land for the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars on which we paid down twelve hundred dollars and the balance in payments with interest 3% per month. We also contracted with them to plow and sow forty acres of wheat for which we were to pay ten dollars for wheat and ten dollars per acre for plowing. The season was so wet that less than half the number of acres were sown and the yield next harvest after scarcely enough to pay expenses."

Hoffman gave up farming after two years of hardship.

Unable to pay off the loan, the title to the land reverted to its original owners. He later served in many public offices, and became one of the most highly respected of Jacksonville pioneers.

John Beeson, originally from Illinois, was a confectioner and baker by trade but, like many settlers, became a farmer. When he, his wife Ann and eighteen year old son Welborn Beeson arrived in Oregon in August of 1853, they purchased an established farm for \$1,500 on a Wagner Creek [Talent] claim. Cabbage, onions, potatoes, pumpkins, and carrots were ready for fall harvesting. They quickly bought four yoke of oxen, a wagon, and a cast iron plow. They took the plow to Jacksonville for sharpening and repairs. By loaning it to others they made a tidy profit and incurred the favor of being able to borrow in kind.

Ashmun and America Butler moved to the valley from Northern California in February 1853. The market was important enough to America Butler to make note of it in her diary. In May, Mrs. Butler wrote, we "hope to raise a great many vegetables as we anticipate a large emigration this year and thereby have aplenty for them to eat." In December, America Butler sold "five and a half dollars worth of vegetables" to a pack wagon camped nearby.

A barter economy existed alongside the cash one in the early years of settlement. S.H. Taylor sold a wagon for one hundred pounds flour and 750 pounds of potatoes; his neighbor sold a "good wagon for 100 hills of potatoes. . ." In May 1854, Beeson noted that "mon[e]y is very scarce" and he couldn't obtain credit in town. He traded a newcomer thirty pounds of cheese at fifty cents per pound, for one hundred pounds of flour at sixteen cents per pound. Things were better in October when they bought a wagon for fifty dollars in vegetables and fifty dollars owed in two months. Welborn Beeson kept meticulous records over the years on how much produce he sold and for what price.

The biggest cash crop in the valley was wheat. Grown north in the Umpqua valley, packers brought the wheat seed south, as John R. Tice (a pioneer who farmed outside of Jacksonville) noted in November 1853. "We bought ours for \$4.00 pr Bu [bushel] — and have sold the most of it for \$10.00 pr Bu which is a good profit." Grist mills in Ashland and Phoenix rose practically overnight to process the wheat, which brought from three to six dollars a bushel.

The wheat season began in late fall when oxen that hauled the wagons west were hitched to cast iron plows. Easterner Welborn Beeson first thought it unnatural to plow in the fog, rain,

and snow, but soon learned that dry earth was too hard to furrow. It took until late February to sow nearly one hundred acres of wheat, along with oats and barley.

Harvesting began in July and was a labor-intensive operation. It took many hands to cut the wheat with cradles, a hand tool similar to a scythe with two long metal blades set in a large wooden frame. Neighbors helped, but additional men were also hired. In July 1854, Beeson paid sixty-eight dollars for harvest hands, and two years later paid men \$4.00 a day.

On September 1, 1854, Beeson delivered 255 bushels of wheat to the grist mill and a week later sold six-hundred pounds of flour in town for twelve-and-a-half cents per pound, a fairly high price for flour.

For the most part, the Beesons followed a centuries old way of harvesting grain, using the smooth biblical style threshing floor where horses trampled the wheat, and a "fanning mill" for winnowing the wheat from the chaff. Mechanized agriculture was just coming into widespread use in the 1850s. A horse-drawn reaper was on the market by 1850, but was not readily available in the west.

John Tice recognized the potential of the machine patented in 1835, and wrote in February 1855: "we are going to get a thrashing [sic] machine and reaper here this summer which we think will pay us first rate."

Wheat, oats, and barley, along with vegetable cash crops and dairy products, helped sustain the early Rogue River Valley residents. While they often depended on each other for assistance or to borrow tools, currency exchange and barter were strong features of the new settlement. It was "the strangest mixture of economy and liberality. . ." S.H. Taylor ever saw.



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SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY #9847 (CROPPED)



Main Street Mansion, From Palace to Parking Lot

From the turn of the century to World War II, it was considered fashionable for the movers and shakers, and the newly rich, to be as close to the seat of power as possible. For towns across America, that was Main Street. The Vawter Mansion was the grand estate of one of Medford's founding fathers and once dominated the corner of Main and Holly streets.

W.I. Vawter founded the Jackson County Bank in 1888. It was the second bank to be incorporated in southern Oregon and was one of the strongest. A young W.I. could be seen with a handlebar mustache, western hat, and a thumb hooked in his vest pocket, standing in front of his Main Street establishment with his cronies. Main Street was the heartbeat of town, the information highway of a past century where people lingered on the corner of Main and Riverside and shared the latest business tips, news, and neighborly gossip; W.I. did not want to be far from the fray.

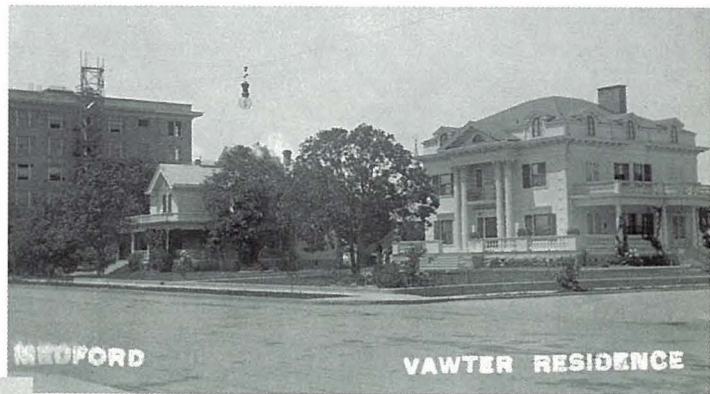
In 1898, he discovered the railroad was donating a block of land west of the tracks for a city park. He shrewdly snapped up a lot on the corner of Main and Holly, guaranteeing himself an elegant parkside view and a prestigious address. In 1905, the massive Greek Revival dream house was complete.

Vawter was a banker, lawyer, and politician. His contributions and accomplishments were many: he was town mayor, chairman of the Oregon California Land Grant Commission, served in the Oregon Legislature and on the powerful Ways and Means Committee. He was so involved locally and the town so nuclear, that when he died in 1916 at the age of fifty-two, Medford shut down—businesses, banks, the library, city hall and the county courthouse closed their doors in his honor. Etta May Vawter, W.I.'s wife, vacated the mansion — “it was deemed proper.”

The house, from this point on, was reinvented at least five times. It served most notably as the University Club catering to exiled Ivy Leaguers and prominent ranchers who lived it up in style there until 1933.

In 1930, Heine Fluhrer, the entrepreneurial “demon baker,” basically bought the mansion's backyard and built an extension of his father's business, The Colonial Baking Company. Eleven years later, ready to build a \$50,000 addition, he bought the house. Heine had the Vawter Mansion moved by horse and donkey down Holly, south to the corner of Eighth Street. (Mr. Greenleaf, a Shakespearean scholar and guest of honor at the Vawters' first dinner party at the mansion in 1905, purchased the house. It remained in the family for the next twenty-five years.)

Heine decided to lift the Great Depression's moratorium on building in Medford and turned his corner into a modern baking mecca. The Fluhrer Bakery Building was built in 1941 with WPA labor. Architect Frank Clark chose the bold new style called “Art



Above: The Vawter Mansion dominated the corner of Main and Holly streets, from 1905 to 1941. Postcard circa 1911.

Inset: It took a mule and a horse more than a month to move the house down the block, 1941.

Below: Industry edged out elegance, The Fluhrer Bakery Building was constructed with WPA labor in 1941.



Deco” (introduced sixteen years earlier at the Paris “Expo”) for Fluhrer's streamlined operation.

Fifty years of baking ended in 1972 when the family business was sold to Williams' Bakery, which never occupied the Fluhrer building. It remained vacant for a decade. The Ebert brothers converted it to a small business development now owned by a private investor. The building is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Vawter Mansion did not fare as well. In 1967 it was purchased through a third party by Pacific Power and Light. Despite more than one hundred propositions for restoration and preservation “PP&L” deemed the property a “nuisance,” and the house was razed. The property is now a permit only parking lot.

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Women's Work . . .

Women's history often has to be patched together through quilts, read between the lines in recipes, or pieced together from the domestic tips, newspaper clippings, and pictures saved in scrapbooks, a popular pastime from the mid-19th century until the dawn of television.

This ode to the American farm wife was discovered in the scrapbook of Mary Bayse Danforth, (Society manuscript #414). One can only wonder why she scissored and pasted this newspaper ditty into her scrapbook along with satirical poems about the 1853 elections, clippings about local balls, and even a method for tanning deer hide.

Mary was twelve years old in 1852, when her family made the overland journey from Illinois to Jacksonville,

Oregon. Six years later she was the wife of Dr. Lucius Danforth. Together they had six children. Having crossed the plains at an impressionable age, having raised two sons and four daughters, and having lived her last years on her daughter's ranch on the “Big Dry” south of Missouri, Mary probably knew quite a bit about “women's work.” Mary died in 1904.

Society exhibits and celebrations this summer like, “On the Land,” and “The Barns of Jackson County,” pay tribute to the contributions the agricultural community has made to southern Oregon. Now, thanks to Mary's quiet pastime we have a means of tipping our hats with humor and compassion to the women who held the domestic circle together.

OVERWORKED

Up with the birds in the early morning,
The dew-drops glow like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.

The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious color the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes and here is the churning
Those things must always yield to these.

The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.

The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it and just in time.

And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and chores draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of their children's clothes.

Her husband comes from the field of labor,
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbor;
Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest.

And I think the sweetest joys of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all; will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

by Ella Wheeler

and the Law

by Ted Goebel



PHOTO COURTESY MEDFORD BLM

The looting of archaeological sites is a serious problem in southern Oregon. Nearly every week there are reports of another site having been disturbed. After living in the region for two years, I have yet to see a prehistoric site that does not show some sign of previous human impact. Sometimes this disturbance is accidental, like a potato farmer uncovering an obsidian projectile point while plowing a field near Klamath Falls, or a construction crew coming across a group of manos and metates (stone grinding tools) while digging a ditch near Jacksonville. But other times the disturbance is the result of some deliberate attempt to retrieve arrowheads, pottery, stone flakes, or some other ancient relic from an archaeological site. The signs of looting are often quite evident—large, gaping pits that give the appearance of a minefield. But on occasion the only obvious indication is the conspicuous absence of “arrowheads” and other prehistoric tools where some should be.

Who is responsible for this looting? There are three character profiles involved: innocent people who occasionally pick up artifacts they encounter; amateur collectors who actively search for and collect artifacts from the ground to add to their private collections; and professional or semi-professional looters who actively search out artifacts for sale and profit. These latter looters are the real culprits. They illegally dig sites, steal artifacts, and sell or trade them on the black market. Regional court cases in the papers lately involve the following illicit activities: the removal of mummified corpses in baskets from a rock shelter in Nevada, and their reburial in a backyard near Grants Pass; the digging of artifacts from a prehistoric campsite near Yreka to buy drugs; and the looting of Lava River Cave, Oregon’s longest lava tube, near Bend.

Left: Indications of site disturbances are bold and obvious. Looters dig and sift, leaving behind mounds like this discovered on Bureau of Land Management property.

There are two sets of legislation prohibiting such activities that everyone should be aware of. These are: the Archaeological Resources Protection Act and Oregon Acts 543 and 588, recently amended in 1993, and 1995. Below is a review of these pieces of legislation and a discussion of their implications.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESOURCES PROTECTION ACT

The Archaeological Resources Protection Act, or ARPA, was passed by the U.S. Congress in 1979. Its primary objective is protecting archaeological sites on federal and Indian lands from individual and commercial interests. In other words, ARPA prohibits the collecting and selling of artifacts from archaeological sites on lands managed by the federal government or by American Indian tribes.

According to ARPA, archaeological resources are human material remains at least one hundred years old. Thus, this year any artifact found on federal or Indian land that predates 1896 is protected by this law. Included in this definition are all prehistoric artifacts, including stone tools, pottery shards, and rock art, as well as any historic Euro-american artifacts dating to the nineteenth century. Under ARPA even preserved wagon ruts along the Applegate Trail are considered archaeological resources that warrant protection and preservation.

In protecting archaeological resources, what does ARPA prohibit? First, no person may remove, damage, alter, or deface any artifact found at an archaeological site on federal or Indian land. This means that it is against the law to take artifacts from an archaeological site. It also means that it is against the law to deface rock art and vandalize rock cairns, stacks of rock piled up at the site of a vision quest. Even unintentional actions, like driving an off-road vehicle over a prehistoric shell heap, are considered illegal under ARPA.

Some mistakenly believe that ARPA allows for the collection of arrowheads from the surface of the ground. It does not. Surface collecting is still illegal, and it can be subject to the criminal penalties of other federal laws; such collecting, however, is not subject to the penalties of ARPA. The act also states that any artifacts removed from federal land, including arrowheads, remain the property of the federal government. Thus, at any time federal agencies like the Bureau of Land Management, U.S. Forest Service, or National Park Service can demand the return of any arrowheads picked up off the ground on land they manage. It is important for past collectors to turn over their information and artifacts to any of the above mentioned agencies, without being forced to do so.

ARPA also prohibits the excavation of archaeological sites on federal or Indian land; this includes arrowheads. In addition, it is illegal to sell, purchase, exchange, transport, or receive artifacts taken from federal or Indian land. Most of the federal prosecutions

under ARPA involve the illegal digging of sites and the illegal exchange of artifacts.

An ARPA violation is treated as a felony and carries a maximum penalty of \$10,000 and one year in prison.

OREGON ACTS 543 AND 588

Oregon Acts 543 and 588 are the state equivalent of ARPA. Through these pieces of legislation, the state recognizes its responsibility to preserve and protect sites and objects of archaeological significance. Protected archaeological sites and artifacts are at least seventy-five years old.

Oregon Act 543 protects archaeological artifacts and sites located on public as well as private land. For sites located on land owned and managed by the State of Oregon, such as state parks or wildlife preserves, artifact collecting from the surface of the ground is prohibited. **Oregon Act 543, however, allows the surface collection of “arrowheads” on state lands.** It is against the law, though, to use any tool to remove an arrowhead

An ARPA violation is treated as a felony and carries a maximum penalty of \$10,000 and one year in prison.



The thread of history is broken and cannot be pieced back together once an ancient site is looted. Stumps often serve as impromptu tables where looters scatter and pick over findings. This is a site on BLM lands in the Medford District.

from the ground, whether that tool be a shovel, trowel, or stick. **It is even illegal to have such a tool in one’s possession while out collecting arrowheads.** The excavation of a site on state land is also prohibited, unless this activity is authorized by a permit issued by the Oregon State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO), Department of Parks and Recreation. The sale, purchase, trade, or exchange of any artifact from an archaeological site located on state land is prohibited. Thus, you cannot excavate a site on public property, cannot collect artifacts from the surface of the ground (with the exception of arrowheads), and cannot sell, buy,

or trade artifacts from state land.

Archaeological sites located on private property in Oregon are treated similarly. Collection of artifacts from the surface of the ground, with the exception of arrowheads, is prohibited. To collect arrowheads, however, the collector must have written permission from the landowner. Use of a tool to remove an arrowhead is, again, prohibited. Further, **it is against the law to dig a privately owned site without a state-issued permit.** Artifacts collected from private land cannot be sold, purchased, traded, or exchanged without written permission of the landowner and a notarized "certificate of origin" describing how and where the artifact was obtained. Thus, you cannot surface-collect artifacts (except arrowheads), or excavate a site on private land in Oregon.

It is important to reiterate that Oregon Act 543 prohibits the intentional excavation, injury, destruction, or alteration of any archaeological site on public or private land. In other words, anyone who purposefully injures an archaeological site in the state of Oregon can be prosecuted under this law, whether that person is partaking in illegal looting activities, or is conducting legitimate ground-breaking activities where there is a known site. Interestingly, in the most recent legislative session, Oregon Act 588 was amended to excuse the state's private timber companies from protecting historic sites located on private timber land. In other words, Oregon's timber industry is free to destroy sites pertaining to its own heritage and history.

Violations of Oregon Acts 543 and 588 are treated as Class B misdemeanors. Violators can be fined up to \$1,000 and imprisoned for up to six months. Further, an American Indian tribe or tribal member can sue a violator for up to \$10,000 for damages.

Having reviewed the federal and state legislation pertaining to the protection of archaeological sites, it is important to further discuss some of the issues raised through example. Below are several commonly asked artifact-collecting questions.

• Can I collect artifacts from the shoreline of a public reservoir in southern Oregon?

No. Often we find numerous artifacts dotting the surface of beaches created by the region's reservoirs, including Gerber Reservoir, Emigrant Lake, and Lost Creek Lake. Nearly all of these publicly owned reservoirs are managed by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, or some other federal agency, and collection of such artifacts is prohibited by both ARPA and Oregon Act 543.

• Can I use a metal detector to find historic artifacts like coins, buttons, and military accoutrements?

The use of a metal detector in Oregon is not illegal; however, you can only use a metal detector to collect historic artifacts found on the surface of the ground that post-date 1920. Historic artifacts more than seventy years in age are protected by Oregon Act 588, and the

digging of such artifacts anywhere (on private, or public property) is prohibited without a permit issued by the Oregon SHPO. Remember, even if that artifact is partially exposed on the surface, you cannot use any tool to remove it from the ground.

• There is an archaeological site on my property. Can I collect some of the artifacts that are laying on the surface?

You can collect only arrowheads from the surface of your property. In addition, Oregon Act 543 prohibits you from digging into that site or disturbing it in any way.

• Can I, or can't I, pick up arrowheads from the surface of federal land?

Although ARPA penalties do not apply to "surface collecting of arrowheads," other federal laws and regulations do. Leave the arrowheads where you found them and contact the appropriate federal archaeologists.

• I have a few artifacts at home, some that I picked up a few years ago while out hiking and others that I inherited. What should I do with them?

You are encouraged to return these artifacts. There are several courses you can take. If you know that the artifacts came from a National Forest or local BLM District, contact the Forest or District Archaeologist, and tell him or her what you have and where they came from. If the artifacts came from a site on private land, take them to an archaeologist at a local college, museum, or land management agency. These professional archaeologists will want to help you. It is in their best interest to see that these artifacts become part of the public domain so they can be studied, used in exhibits or, if they came from a human burial site, reburied.

• I like to go out and "dig" sites for artifacts. I know that it is against the law to do this on federal land, but it's okay to do it on private land, right?

Wrong. Oregon Act 543 clearly states that it is illegal to dig sites on private land, unless you have a permit from the Oregon SHPO and written permission from the land owner. **The bottom line—do not conduct excavations on private land unless you are a qualified archaeologist.**

If you really want to dig, why not dig with an archaeologist? The U.S. Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management, the Southern Oregon Historical Society, and most colleges and universities have active field archaeology programs that employ volunteers. Call your local archaeologist for information on excavations in your area.

• What can I do to help protect archaeological sites?

Around the country, many local communities are uniting against the continuing looting of archaeological sites—public and private, prehistoric and historic. One new and so far very successful program is "Site Watch," a national program set up to protect the nation's archaeological heritage. Local volunteers passively watch archaeological sites in their neighborhood, and when they suspect illegal activities, they call the Site Watch program headquarters in their state. In Oregon the State Archaeologist may be reached at (541)378-6508 (extension 231). The State Archaeologist then contacts local authorities (including an archaeologist) who will conduct an investigation. Also, if you suspect that a site is being looted, call your local archaeologist who will do everything in his or her power to assist you in protecting your local heritage.

Hopefully this short review of federal and state laws has helped you better understand the "do's and don'ts" of artifact collecting.

It is your responsibility to read and understand these laws thoroughly, and to know the possible consequences of your activities. Remember, these laws are written and passed by our state and federal legislators, and if you have questions or comments about them, call your local Congressman or Senator.

Ted Goebel is staff archaeologist for the Southern Oregon Historical Society, and an Assistant Professor of Anthropology at Southern Oregon State College.

For further information any of the following would be happy to assist you:

Ted Goebel, Assistant Professor

Anthropology, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland OR 97520.
Janet Joyer, Forest Archaeologist, Siskiyou National Forest, 200 NE Greenfield Rd, Grants Pass, OR 97526
Jeff LaLande, Forest Archaeologist, Rogue River National Forest, 333 W. 8th St., Medford OR 97501
Kate Winthrop, District Archaeologist, Medford District, Bureau of Land Management, 3040 Biddle Rd., Medford OR 97504.

The bottom line—do not conduct excavations on private land unless you are a qualified archaeologist.



Archaeologist Ted Goebel, far right, conducts an excavation with students and volunteers. If you want to enjoy uncovering the past, call an archaeologist, there are plenty of legal "digs" in which to participate.

Society Explores the Controversy of Collecting

Although people have long collected the bits and pieces left over from lost civilizations, in recent years concerns have been raised over the ethics of such collecting. Is it right to pluck things from the ground and place them on display in homes or museums? What if the objects have religious significance? What about human remains? Suppose some people living today were the direct descendants of those who made the objects?

Oregon and U.S. law go to great lengths to specify what can and cannot be disturbed, how it should be gathered, and who is authorized to collect. *The Politics of Culture: Collecting the American Indian Experience*, an exhibit at the Southern Oregon Historical Society's Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History takes one more step in understanding the issue. The exhibit addresses the ethics of collecting American Indian artifacts from the perspective of archaeologists, museum curators, private collectors, pothunters, and the descendants of those who made the

objects. Archaeologists carefully document the location and structure of objects to learn how they were used and what such use reveals about the objects' creators. Once removed from their original location, museums preserve objects for study and public enjoyment. Private collectors may gather objects for their artistic value, personal study, or to meet a personal objective. Pothunters are in it for the profit, acquiring objects through fair means or foul to sell openly, or on the black market. American Indians express a variety of viewpoints. Some feel that collecting and study by professionals is a vital step toward understanding their past. Others think such use of objects may not be a good thing.

Whether archaeologist, museum curator, private collector, or American Indian, most involved in acquiring prehistoric and historic artifacts from this region share the belief expressed by Jerry Running Fox:

"Pothunters don't have any right to dig up our ancestors' graves, just like I don't have any right to dig up theirs."

Victorians, Paradoxes, and Egg Lemonade

EXHIBITS

Going Places: Travel to and Through The Rogue River Valley: 1826-1996 opened this summer to rave reviews. Sights and sounds, artifacts and artistry combine to make this trip down history's highway an enjoyable and unforgettable experience. Now at the History Center.

Final Respects: Dealing with Death in the Victorian Era explores the rituals and formalities of the Victorians. Find out about the three stages of mourning, hair jewelry and how the term 'to hell in a hand basket' came into being. Sept. 7-Dec. 21, at the History Center.

The Barns of Jackson County features images of the region's venerable old barns. Artifacts and implements from historic farms will also be on display. This exhibit shows through October at the Jacksonville Museum.

A program featuring the 1850s Hanley barn will be presented by L. Scott Clay of the Historic Preservation League of Oregon, at 7:00 P.M., Sept. 5, at the Hanley Farm Study Center. Program fee is \$5. Call 773-6536 for more information.

WAGONS HO!

Prairie schooners, wagon masters, and sun bonnets will be coming through Jackson County during the re-enactment of the first passage over the Applegate Trail, Sept. 30 - Oct. 4. Watch for times and locations.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Attention all "Duck" fans: recently added to the Reference Library collections is a notebook containing a handwritten manuscript entitled "*Oration Delivered at the Laying of the Cornerstone of the State University at Eugene, July 28th 1885.*" Delivered by John Merritt, this speech marked the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone for the University Building, later renamed Villard Hall. Merritt was a member of the Mason's Grand Lodge of Oregon, the organization that set the

cornerstone. It is not known if this manuscript (SOHS MS No. 641) was written by Merritt or if it is a transcription of his speech.

The Society's Research Library, located at the History Center, needs help documenting life in the Rogue Valley from the World War II era. Of special interest are photos from the 1940s and 1950s, especially those showing the development of local communities and the people involved. For more information call the Research Library at (541) 773-6536.

THE 'QUINTESSENTIAL' SUMMER COOLER

"Egg lemonade is the very quintessence of all that is delicious in the way of a refreshing and nutritious summer drink, if rightly made—which it very seldom is. We have our recipe from a gentleman whose friends declare that if in his course at Yale he acquired nothing else, he should be satisfied with the proficiency it brought him in the manufacture of this beverage.

The necessary utensils are a lemonade glass and shaker, with a small wooden pestle, all of which will cost 15 cents at a house-furnishing store. Extract the seeds from half of a large lemon and put it into the glass with three lumps of sugar. Press and work with the little pestle until the juice is extracted and the skin soft. This draws out the zest from the rind and adds greatly to the flavor. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, as much finely cracked ice, and a raw egg, and fill nearly full with cold water. Invert the tin shaker over it and shake well. It cannot be made at its best without ice, and it is necessary that this should be very finely cracked. Put two straws in the glass when you hand it to your friend, and don't begin the task if the crowd is a large one unless you are strong of arm and steady of purpose. It cannot be made satisfactorily in large quantities." — American Agriculturist, July, 1888 [SOHS MS #414]

Southern Oregon Heritage Editorial Guidelines

Feature articles average 2,500 to 3,000 (pre-edited) words. Standard articles range from 1,500 to 2,000 words. Other material, such as poetry, essays, reviews, and short fiction, range from 100 to 1,500 words. Electronic submissions are accepted on either 3-1/4-inch disks and should be accompanied by a hard-copy printout. Cite all sources and construct endnotes and cutlines using the *Chicago Manual of Style*. The author is responsible for verification of cited facts. A selection of professional, unscreened photographs and/or line art should accompany submissions—black-and-white or color. The Southern Oregon Historical Society reserves the right to use Society images in place of submitted material. All material should be labeled with author's name, mailing address, and telephone number. Manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed

envelope stamped with sufficient postage. Authors should provide a brief autobiographical note at the end of manuscripts.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society secures rights to full and final editing of all manuscripts, layout design, and one-time North American serial rights. Authors will be notified of acceptance of manuscripts within thirty days after receiving materials. In most cases, payment is upon publication. *Southern Oregon Heritage* takes great care with all submitted material, but is not responsible for damage or loss. Only photocopies of irreplaceable original historical documents should be submitted. Facts, views, and opinions expressed in signed submissions are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints or opinions of *Southern Oregon Heritage* or the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



MUSEUMS, SITES, AND EXHIBITS

• Southern Oregon History Center

106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Going Places: Travel To and Through the Rogue Valley, now showing. Community Collects Gallery: *Clocks*, the principle and style of time pieces, Aug. 1 - Oct. 3. Gallery and office hours: Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. The gallery is also open on Saturday from noon to 5:00 P.M.

• Research Library

106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Open Tuesday through Saturday, 1:00 to 5:00 P.M.

• The History Store, Medford

The History Center, 106 N. Central Ave., Medford
Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; Saturday, noon to 5:00 P.M. Now featuring many books regarding the Applegate Trail and more.

• The History Store, Jacksonville

Behind the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History, 206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Open Wednesday through Sunday, noon to 5:00 P.M.

• Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Ongoing: *Politics of Culture*, exploring the issues surrounding the collection of American Indian artifacts. *The Barns of Jackson County*, images and artifacts from regional historic farm structures, through October. Hours: Sunday and Tuesday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Wednesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; closed Monday.

• Children's Museum

206 N. 5th St., Jacksonville
Children's Museum, 206 N. Fifth St., Jacksonville. Hands-on history is fun for the entire family. Visit the new general store, and turn-of-the-century laundry and bank. Hours: Sunday and Tuesday, noon to 5:00 P.M.; Wednesday through Saturday, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.; closed Monday and Tuesday.

• C.C. Beekman House

California and Laurelwood streets, Jacksonville.
Original Victorian era furnishings and living history interpreters brighten up Beekman House. The Beekman House will be open from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. seven days a week. Closes Labor Day.

• C.C. Beekman Bank

California and 3rd streets, Jacksonville.
The interior of this turn-of-the-century bank and Wells Fargo office can be seen from viewing porches throughout the year.

Par Avion, Medford's First Flight

by Bill Alley

At 8:30 in the morning of September 15, 1926, pilot Vern Bookwalter of the newly formed Pacific Air Transport Company landed at Medford's Newell Barber Field after departing from Vancouver, Washington. A few minutes later a

second Pacific Air Transport pilot, A. D. Starbuck, arrived from San Francisco. Their arrival in Medford marked the inauguration of Air Mail service on the Pacific Coast.

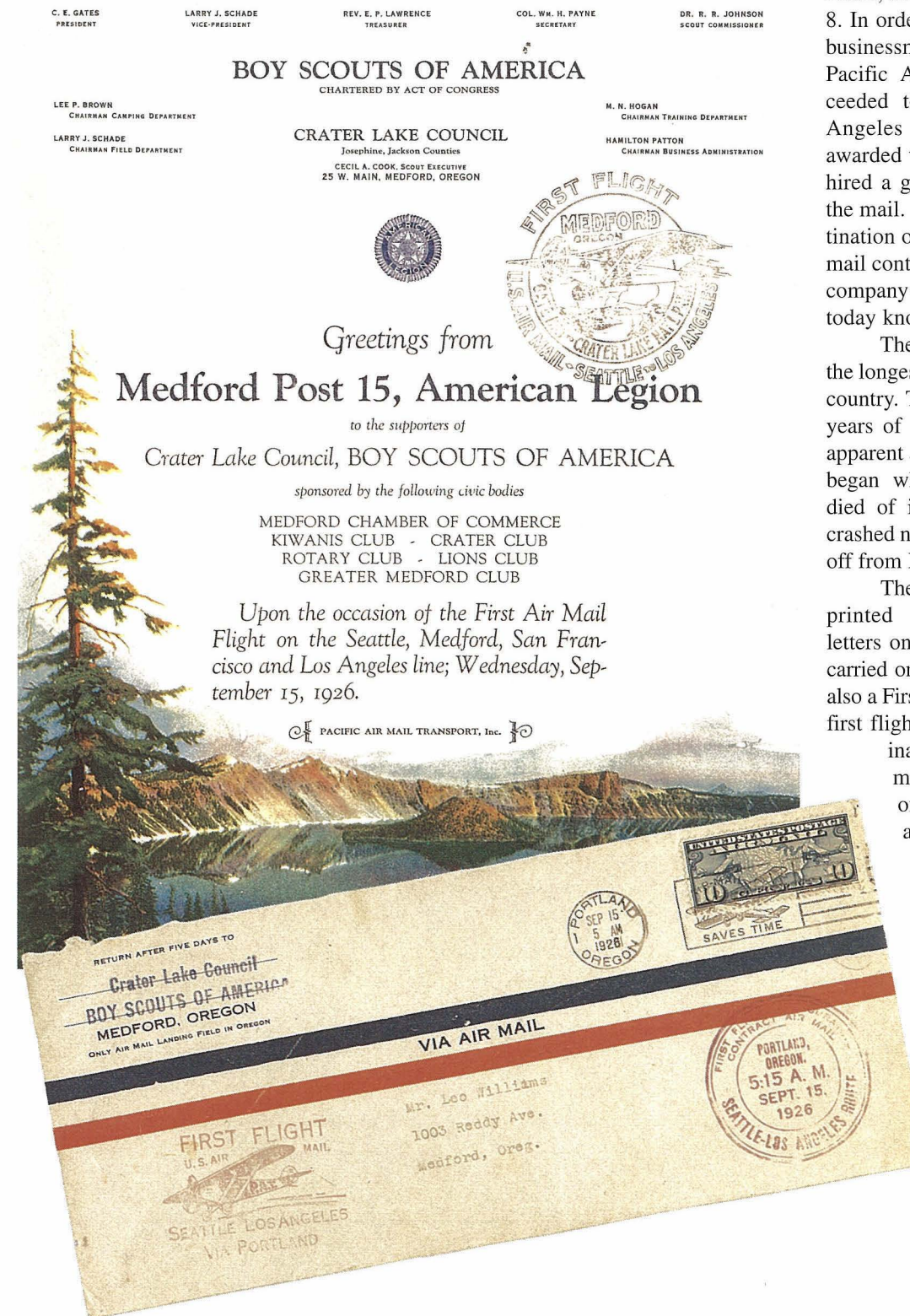
The previous year the Postmaster General sought bids on a contract for air mail service on the Pacific Coast, officially described as Air Mail Route 8. In order to bid on that contract, Medford businessman Vernon C. Gorst organized the Pacific Air Transport Company and proceeded to lay out a route between Los Angeles and Seattle. When Gorst was awarded the contract in January of 1926, he hired a group of pilots and began carrying the mail. Medford was the only Oregon destination on the route. Pacific Air Transport's mail contract proved to be profitable and the company eventually developed into what is today known as United Airlines.

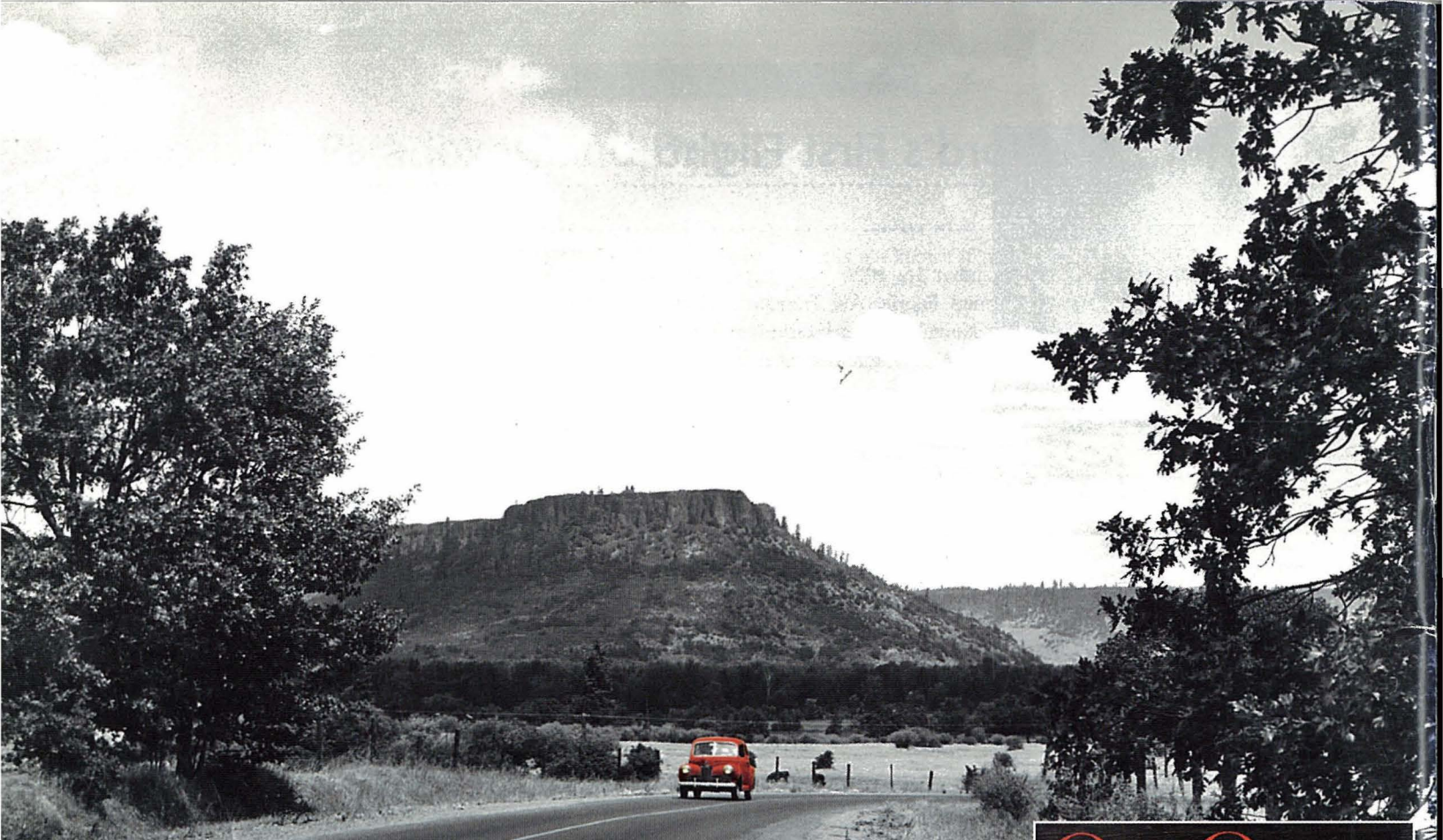
The Medford to San Francisco leg was the longest stretch of any air mail route in the country. The dangers inherent in those early years of air mail transportation were made apparent a few short months after the service began when pilot Robert "Pat" Patterson died of injuries sustained when his plane crashed near Mt. Ashland shortly after taking off from Medford.

The Medford Chamber of Commerce printed and distributed commemorative letters on their Crater Lake stationery to be carried on the first air mail flight. There was also a First Flight cachet stamp and an official first flight postmark for mail carried on the inaugural flight. One batch of commemorative first flight mail was offered as a premium to attendees of a Boy Scout benefit dance.

Pictured here, from the Society's collections, is Society manuscript #642, a letter sent to supporters of the local Boy Scout troop printed on the Chamber of Commerce stationery. It was postmarked with the first flight postmark in Portland and was carried in Vern Bookwalter's plane.

Bill Alley is a Certified Archivist and works in the Society's Collections Department and Research Library.



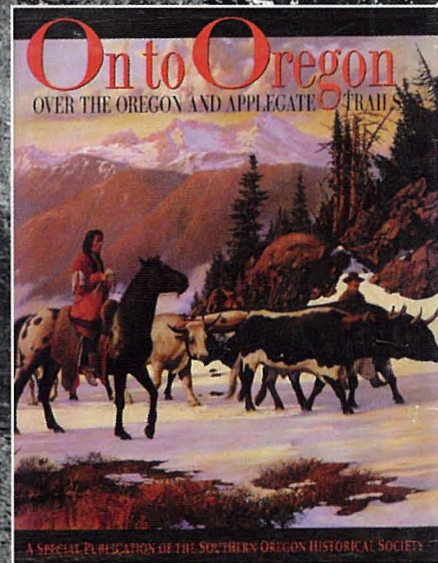


They came to explore the wonderment just over the hill.
They came to harvest the riches of new land.
They came in search of new beginnings.

On to Oregon, Over the Oregon and Applegate Trails

In celebration of the 150th anniversary of the
Applegate Trail, the Southern Oregon Historical Society
once again offers this special publication.

Available at the History Stores for only \$5.95, while supply lasts.



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