

SOUTHERN OREGON

# HERITAGE

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Spring 2009 Vol. 10, No. 1



## IN THEIR OWN WORDS

Stories from the land of  
water, trees, and gold



### Board of Trustees:

Sandra Slattery, Ashland, President  
Richard Moore, Medford, First Vice President  
Thomas W. Pyle, Medford, Secretary  
Dick Thierolf, Ashland, Treasurer  
Alex Amerotico, Ashland  
Bruce Budmayr, Rogue River  
Cathy deWolfe, Medford  
Greg Frederick, Medford  
Gene Gressley, Jacksonville  
Charlie Johnson, Gold Hill  
Helen McKee, Medford  
Phil Messina, Central Point  
Mark Stanislawski, Medford  
Bill Templeman, Medford  
David M. Thorndike, Medford

### Foundation Board of Directors

Alice Mullaly, Central Point, President  
Judi Drais, Medford, Vice President  
Nancy Hamlin, Medford, Secretary  
Sue Naumes, Medford, Treasurer  
Vicki Bryden, Medford  
Marthanne Dedrick, Medford  
Yvonne Earnest, Medford  
Walter Emori, M.D., Jacksonville  
Ann Moore, Medford  
Kathie Olsen, Jacksonville

### Administrative Staff

Terrie Claflin Martin, Interim Executive Director  
Kathie Olsen, Operations  
Stephanie Butler, Education/Programs  
Kathy Enright, Librarian  
Daniel Newberry, Development  
Daniel Perry, Museums/Volunteers  
Kyle Riggs, Hanley Farm Manager  
Jean Taylor, Office/Finances  
Suzanne M.M. Warner, Curator of Collections

### SOHS Heritage Magazine

Editor: Terrie Claflin Martin  
Design: Dennis Dunleavy  
Research/Writing: Teresa Beskow

## From the Director

Welcome to a new issue of the Southern Oregon Heritage magazine! It's been a while since we have published, and we hope that you have missed us. Here at the Southern Oregon Historical Society, we have



been busy reinventing our organization and sorting through what is important to "collecting, preserving and sharing" the history of Southern Oregon -- and what is not. In celebration of Oregon's 150th birthday this year, we have decided that our magazine is one of the best ways for us to share the stories and photos we have in our Collection, and to honor the people who have shaped and shared the land we live on.

We plan to print four quarterly editions, divided by eras: Pre-statehood up to 1859; 1859 to 1900; 1900 to 1950; and 1950 to the present.

But instead of creating new words to sum up to those times, we have decided to allow our ancestors to tell history in their own voices. The stories you will read in these issues will come from journals, memoirs and oral histories that we have -- or have access to -- in the SOHS Collection.

This first issue focuses on three topics we feel best represent what was happening in Southern Oregon up to Oregon's statehood in 1859: The Native American experience; Early Explorers and Settlers, and the Jacksonville Gold Rush. For each topic we have chosen three personal stories that will give you an idea of what life was like here in the Oregon Territory. From Ida Pfeiffer's night among the Rogue River Indians to John Watson's lonely letter home about his mining woes, we hope you enjoy hearing history as it was being lived.

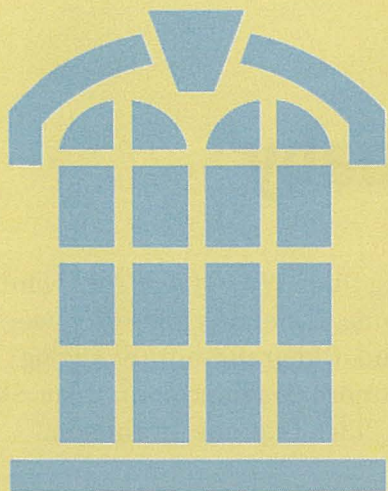
We have made every attempt to include the voices of the Takelma and Shasta Indians who lived on this land first, but it should be noted that they shared the Rogue Valley with the settlers for only three short years, and they were sent off to reservations before anyone cared to collect their stories. The same holds true for the Chinese who worked the mines until the gold began getting sparse, and they were forced to relocate in "chinatowns" where they were more welcome. Finding photos from this time was also difficult, since Peter Britt did not arrive with his camera until 1852 and didn't produce a photo of Jacksonville until 1854.

Of course, in choosing these nine stories, we have uncovered many more that we wish we could include. If these recollections "whet your whistle" for more, we invite you to visit our Research Library and spend an afternoon exploring the letters, journals, books, maps and photos we keep safe for you, your grandchildren, and the generations to come.

On behalf of the SOHS board and staff, I thank you for your membership, your donations, your volunteer hours, your wonderful letters and calls of support, and believing that there is a future for history.

Terrie Claflin Martin  
Interim Executive Director





# Table of Contents

## First Peoples

4



John Adams

6



Ida Pfeiffer

8



John Beeson

Special thanks to our underwriters for this issue:

**Walter and Rosemarie Emori**  
**Gene Gressley**  
**Nancy Hamlin**  
**The Finninsula Foundation**

For more information on becoming an underwriter for future issues, call 541-899-8123, ext. 226

## Explorers and Settlers

10



Peter Skene Ogden

12



Lindsey Applegate

14



America Butler

### On the Cover:

National Guard Company leaves  
Ashland for Fort Klamath.  
SOHS No. 11371

For copies of the photographs in this issue contact the SOHS Research Library at 541-858-1724 or [library@sohs.org](mailto:library@sohs.org). Please include the SOHS accession number.

## Miners

18



Orange Jacobs

19



Chinese

20



Joaquin Miller





## “Awful hard time when I was a baby”

*John Adams was only a boy when the Rogue River Indian Wars erupted in 1852. Adams suggested that his mother was a Shasta Indian and his father, a “Rogue River,” was a Takelma Indian. During the winter of 1855-1856, Adams along with members of his family hid in the Rogue River canyon to survive the wrath of the settlers during the war. In the spring, the U.S. Army herded the survivors up the Oregon Coast to Portland where they were directed to reservations along the Siletz River. In “Awful Hard Time When I’m a Baby,” Adams recalls the events of his youth for Edward Sheriff Curtis a documentary photographer of Native Americans. This story was published in “Oregon Indians: Voices from Two Centuries.”*

**P**retty rough time! Awful hard time when I’m baby. Rogue River Injun war that time. Well, soldier come, everybody scatter, run for hills. One family this way, one family other way. Some fighting. My father killed, my mother killed. Well, my uncle he come, my grandmother. Old woman, face like white woman, so old.

“Well, my poor mother, you old, not run. Soldier coming close, we have to run fast. I not help it. I sorry. Must leave you here. Maybe soldiers not find you, we come back. Now this little baby, this my brother’s baby. Two children I got myself. I sorry, I not help it. We leave this poor baby, too.” That’s what my uncle say.

Course, I small, maybe two years, maybe nearly three years. I not know what he say. Somebody tell me afterwards. Well, old grandmother cry, say: “I old, I not afraid die. Go ahead, get away from soldiers.”

Well, just like dreams. I ‘member old grandmother pack me round in basket on her back. All time she cry and holler. I say, “Grandmother, what you do?”

“What is it, crying, grandmother?”

“I sorry for you, my child. Why I cry. I not sorry myself, I old. You young, maybe somebody find you all right, you live.”

Then like I sleep long time. When I wake up, winter gone, spring time come. I ‘member plenty flowers, everything smell good. Old grandmother sitting down, can’t walk no more. Maybe rheumatism. She point long stick, say, “Pick that one, grandson.”

I weak, can’t walk. S’pose no eat long time. I crawl on ground where she point. “This one, grandmother?”

“No, that other one.”

“This one?”

“No, no! That one no good. That other one.”

Bimeby I get right one, she say, “Pull up, bring him here.”

I crawl back, she eat part, give me part. Don’t like it. Too sour. Well, she show me everything to eat, I crawl round, get roots. Pretty soon can walk. Old grandmother never walk. Just sit same place all time. One day she point big tree. “You go see. If hole in bottom, inside you find nice, sweet ball hanging up. That’s good.”

Well, I find hole, crawl inside. White stuff there, sweet, good. I like that. Every day go to that tree.

Grandmother say: “S’pose you hear something say ‘Pow! Pow!’ That’s man. You holler, he come help us.” But I can’t holler, too small, just make squeak. She make new basket, tell me: “Put upside down out there, maybe somebody find it.”

One day hear something: “Pow! Pow!” She’s too old to holler, me. I’m too small. Maybe I’m scared too. Well, I crawl inside tree and eat sugar. Pretty soon hear somebody talk. Then I’m ‘fraid, hide in tree. Somebody coming! I lay down on ground, hide close. “Where are you? Where are you?” Well,



there's my uncle. He pick me up one hand. I 'member hanging over his arm while he go back to my grandmother.

"Well," that man say,

"Soldiers not stay long that time.

Pretty soon soldiers come again. That's the time they leave my old grandmother cause she can't walk. Maybe she die right there, maybe soldiers kill her. She cry plenty when my uncle take me away. Well, all time going round in woods. After while my uncle get killed. Then I'm lone. Klamath Injun find me, bring me to new reservation.

Two my relations, they're married to Rogue River man. They take me, but pretty soon both dead. One Rogue River man he say: "Well, you're small. You can't do nothing. I keep you. Long as you like to stay, you stay with me."

I can't talk his language, my mother's Shasta Injun. So we talk jargon. Few years after that, then he die. Then some woman hear about me, say she's my sister. Well, I don't know. I look at her. Don't know her. She take me steamboat from Port Oxford for Portland. It's like the ground falling under me, one side, other side. Can't eat, sick all time. Well, we get Portland, I'm glad. Eat lots. Then we stay Dayton good many years, Come Siletz. I'm young fellow now.



All this Coast Injun say: "That fellow bad blood. His people make that Rogue River war.

They start it. He's bad fellow." They keep talking that way, looking at me.

Sometimes throw rocks. One day they start again, maybe twenty. I tired all that talking, get mad. When they throw rocks, I throw too.

That's the time lose these front teeth. Got no teeth since then.

Rock knock 'em out. When that rock hit me, I get crazy. I start for my house for get my gun. They head me off. Can't run fast, feels like my head coming off.

All time throwing rocks. One fellow's got knife. Says, "We get him!" I grab fence rail, hit him on the neck. He drop, squirm like fish in canoe. Next one come, hit him on head. He drop too. Don't squirm. That rail too heavy, throw him away and run again. Can't get to my house, they head me off. What I going do? Well, I get in fence corner. What I going fight with?

Some white man on other side say, "Here, Johnny, some rocks." Push some rocks under fence. I say, "Well, you come over help me."

"No, I 'fraid. Here's more rocks."

I pick up rocks. Four men get close now. He's got knife too. Thump! Hit him in ribs Stagger like drunk. Next man, thump! Hit him in ribs. He go back. Others all stop. Then I jump fence, run home, get my gun. They go back. That's rough times!



# Among the People of the Rogue

8 November 1851

*Ida Pfeiffer traveled the world. In November 1851, she trekked through Northern California and Southern Oregon visiting Native America tribes along the way. The following is excerpted from Pfeiffer's book, "A Lady's Second Voyage."*

**A**fter breakfast we continued our journey, and traveled this day seventeen or eighteen miles, entirely through magnificent woods. When we had proceeded but a short distance we came upon the Oregon Territory, and soon met with a tribe of the Rogue-river Indians. We entered several of the wigwams, and my guide tried to get some fish, which he had not hitherto been able to do; and I crept, as I had done the day before, into many of these earthy habitations, to observe the mode of life and doings of the people.

The Indians of the North of California stand at the very lowest point of culture, and are said to have no idea of religion or of a future state; but in many of their villages you find a sort of conjuror or "medicine man," who undertakes by his potent art to cure diseases, discover thefts, and point out the places where stolen goods lie concealed.

These Indians do not scalp their enemies or take them prisoners, but they kill all the men who fall into their power, though never the women. If a woman or a child comes within range of their arrows, they call to them to get out of the way. They fight with men, they say, and not with the weak and helpless – an example that may make us feel ashamed when we remember in how many of the wars of whites women and children have been tortured and murdered.

The people here were larger and stronger than those in South California, but not handsomer; and among the women, who were tattooed on the hands and arms as well as the chin, there were some extremely clumsy figures. Men and women both wear their hair in a long roll, and, since they are unacquainted with combs, they make their fingers

answer the purpose; they then stroke it smooth, and twist it up round the head with a bit of the skin of some animal, or some other rag. The girls cut their hair short in the front. Both sexes follow the widely-prevailing fashion of sticking a round piece of wood or brass through the cartilage of the ear; the men and boys wear ornaments of beads at the gristle of the nose; and both ladies and gentlemen put on as much finery in the way of glass beads and feathers as they can get. Their only weapons are bows and arrows, and also, since the settlement of the whites among them, knives. The elk they usually take in snares.

They are extremely filthy – almost too much so to describe. I have seen them, for instance, searching in each other's heads for vermin, and presenting all the specimens they found conscientiously to the owner, who actually devoured them!

The men go in the morning into the river, but, like the Malays, bring all the dirt out on their skins that they took in. I did not, nevertheless, see so many cutaneous diseases among them as among the Malays or Dyaks, and I am inclined to think this is to be attributed to a very peculiar kind of bath that they take. They make a hole in the earth something like their habitations, but still smaller, and in this they make a very large fire, and remain crouched in it till they are literally bathed in perspiration.

Among these tribes there were wonderfully few children, though the people mostly looked strong and healthy. The babies they had were put into longish narrow baskets with covers, and bound upon the backs of the mothers, who perform all their customary work with this burden, and, as usual among rude nations, the greatest part of the work falls on the woman; but it is not very severe, being principally weaving of the baskets and gathering acorns. This last occupation, however, is often very fatiguing, as they have a long way to walk and a considerable burden to carry. The men, if they go with them at all, will only carry a very small portion.

In many of the villages I found the men playing at



Ida Pfeiffer



a game. They sat in a circle round the fire, holding in their hands little thin sticks, of which most were white, but some black. Every one threw them so as to make the black ones fly far out of the circle; then he took hold of them again, passed them behind his back from the left to the right hand, and began to throw again. There were many hookers on, and some musicians, whose instruments consisted of lobster-claws fastened upon sticks, wherewith they thumped upon a board. Another game is a kind of guessing one, played with small clay ball and for money – shell-money, that is to say, the only currency they are acquainted with, and which has a certain value among them; for, besides other articles, they can buy wives with it! These games, to which they are passionately addicted, are generally played in the hall of the chief; and while the play lasts the women are banished. It was the men being entirely occupied with these gambling amusements that prevented our getting any fish. We passed the night in a village, and I slept as before in a wigwam, with several women; but my poor companion had, during the night, a narrow escape from being murdered.

Some vague feeling of suspicion had, as he told me the next morning, occasioned him to be more cautious than usual. He did not trust the people, and had begged to be allowed a hut to himself. This was given him; but the feeling of insecurity made him sleep very lightly, and that saved him; for, in the middle of the night he heard a rustling among the boughs with which he had closed the entrance, and soon saw an Indian come crawling in on hands and knees. His enemy was just in the act of raising himself up, and with a drawn knife in his hand, when the sailor sprang upon him and presented a pistol at his head. Thereupon the Indian drew back, pretending he had only come to see whether there was wood enough to keep the fire up.

These Indians are represented as treacherous, cowardly, and revengeful, and only attacking the whites when they find one alone. But, after all, what other means of attack have they against well-armed whites – the domineering race from which they have had so much to suffer. Revenge is really natural to man; and if the whites had suffered as many wrongs from them as they from the whites, I rather think they too would have felt the desire of revenge. The country I passed through yesterday I saw several

burnt and devastated wigwams, whence the people had been driven out by force because they would not willingly give up their native soil to the stranger; and besides taking their land, the whites seduce their wives and daughters, and, when they can not succeed in this, sometimes seize them in open violence. A case of this kind occurred while I was in Crescent City. Three miles from the town some Americans had settled as farmers; and one day, when a native was passing by their door with his wife, on his way to the town, these ruffians sprang out of their dwelling, snatched the woman from the side of her husband, dragged her into the house and locked the door. The poor Indian screamed, and yelled, and struck the door, demanding his wife; but, instead of giving up their prey, these civilized men rushed out again, beat the Indian furiously, and drove him away.

The poor fellow came, all bruised, to the town, and made his complaint; and what was his redress? The villains were recommended to make it up with the Indian, and give him some glass beads and similar trumpery by way of compensation!

Outrages of this kind are naturally made known from tribe to tribe; and then it certainly does happen that, when solitary whites come among them, and for the moment the superiority of force is on their side, they seek to retaliate, and in so doing, make the innocent suffer for the guilty.

Many impartial persons have assured me that wherever the natives have been treated in a kind and friendly manner they have been found harmless. November 9<sup>th</sup>. In the morning we left the dangerous village, and began our return journey; for my companion would not venture further. We returned by a different route, and in the afternoon came to a small settlement of about a dozen whites. Here also the first thing I saw was the remains of a wigwam that had been burned to ashes. These farmers, it seems, lived in a state of constant strife with the Indians, on account of their women; and they naturally revenged themselves when they could, and had at last killed one of the white men, whereupon the rest set fire to the village and drove away its inhabitants. Since that time the settlers can never venture to go about their work without a loaded gun, and so much the more as three men have lately been missed from a neighboring white settlement.

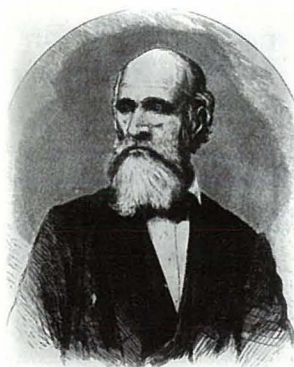


# A Plea for the Indians

*John Beeson moved his family to Southern Oregon in 1853 and settled in Talent. His outspoken criticism of how Indians were treated created tension with the settlers and he was forced to leave the area for 30 years. The following passage is from his book, "A Plea For The Indians."*

**A**mong the thousands who cross the Plains, there are many who have never been refined by either mental or moral culture. The sum total of their religious and political faith consists in Squatter Sovereignty – the right to do as they choose, regardless of all but selfish interests.

When such as these get beyond the range of Law and Civilization, a slight cause often makes them reckless and abusive; and many are the cases of violence and murder, of which the world never hears; and as the Authorities at the Forts exercise neither military jurisdiction over the Emigrants, any outrage may be committed with comparative impunity. But it is the Indians who are generally their most numerous victims. At first they find more excitement in shooting bears and buffaloes, than they did in the States in killing rabbits and deer. They grow more ambitious, and begin to think it would be a great achievement to kill an Indian; and, as most of them are armed with rifles and revolvers, the desire becomes strong to slay one of those whom their own savageness has converted to an enemy. This desire is not only felt; but as the travelers proceed further and further into the interior, it finds open and frequent expression; and men are heard to declare their determination to shoot the first Indian they see. Almost daily, from leaving Fort Laramie, to arrival in Oregon, did I have occasion to remonstrate with some who entertain these unworthy views. So many Indians had been thus destroyed by previous emigration, that we saw very few on the route; those who did visit us were very shy, and fearful of approach. I could not regard them as not enemies, and often, with pleasure, I watched them as they passed from tent to tent, and saw the grateful emotions play over their countenance, as one or another of Emigrants would offer few crackers, a piece of bread, or even a friendly



John Beeson

smile. The promptness with which they reciprocated every overture of kindness, made an indelible impression on my mind, that they richly deserve the sympathy and protection of our People and Government. I felt assured that if some efficient means were adopted, to restrain the evil-disposed among us, it would be quite easy, and of vast advantage, to establish terms of peaceful intercourse with all the tribes along the whole route to the Pacific. A small annuity to the different tribes, of clothing and implements adapted to their circumstances, would be but a fair acknowledgement for passing through their lands, and the use of their game, which we could well afford, and ought, in all honesty, to proffer them. And these pacific measures would also be the truest economy. By a mutual good understanding, we could dispense with the fatigue of constant watching, while, at the same time, we should be secured from the losses so often incurred by the Emigrants, and from those cruel retaliations, which now so frequently are

permitted to fall on the innocent. It would also be an initiatory step toward the civilization of all the Indians in our wide domain. Thus we, as a Nation, have the strongest possible motives, both of honor and interest, not only to love mercy, but to do justice by this long-abused people.

We took the route for Rogue River Valley, Southern Oregon, leaving the Humboldt eighty miles above the sink. After crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, we passed by a lake of considerable size, and pitched our tents upon its eastern shore. Some of the company discovered among the rushes near the margin, an Indian canoe, containing long spears, headed with bone, and several other primitive implements for catching fish, with quite a pile of the game itself, freshly caught. The poor fishermen, alarmed at our approach, had concealed themselves.

The persons who made the discovery, took all the fish; and so far from leaving an equivalent, they were only, by considerable remonstrance, hindered from destroying the boat and implements, which would have been an incalculable loss to the tribe, as, with



their rude instruments, it must have been an immense labor to make them; and want and starvation might have ensued, before they could have been supplied with others.

Happy should I be, if the memory of these scenes, and of that journey, did not remind me of so many circumstances which I would rather forget than repeat. But since whatever is done by the Indians, though in self-defense, is published all over the land, as savage barbarity, for which nothing short of extermination is recommended and sought, it is but common justice to state a few things which have been done against them by those who claim to be so much their superiors.

The majority of the first Emigrations to Oregon were from Missouri and among them it was customary to speak of the Indian man as a Buck; of the woman as a Squaw; until at length, in the general acceptance of these terms they ceased to recognize the rights of Humanity in those to whom they were so applied. By a very natural and easy transition, from being spoken of as brutes, they came to be thought of as game to be shot or as vermin to be destroyed. This shows the force of association, and the wrong of speaking in derogatory terms of those we regard as our inferiors. The same principle, in another direction, is illustrated by the liberality with which we bestow titles of office and dignity – even upon those whom they do not belong. Who of us had not addressed his friend as Squire, or Captain, or Colonel, simply because we would impress upon others a feeling of respect for the person – showing that, though not filling the office, he is considered worthy of the honor; and thus men rise in public esteem. But, on the other hand, let a man be denounced by the popular voice as a thief, and he will be regarded as such whether he is or not. Thus the poor Indian, by being spoken of as a brute, is cast beyond the pale of a common humanity – where the killing of him ceases to be murder, and no atrocity is considered cruel or unjust.

A band of Emigrants, who went over the same route five or six weeks after us, were attended by a company of Volunteers, sent by public expense from Oregon to aid and protect them on the way out. Of course these men must show their valor. On coming to the Lakes, an Indian man, with two women, was discovered catching fish; and forthwith preparation

was made for an attack. Rifles were leveled; but the Indian, with only a bow and arrow, nobly stood his ground until he fell, riddled through and through by the bullets of his assailants. The terrified females were caught, and made to witness the cutting and slashing of the gory body of their murdered husband, father, son, or brother, by those who thus added brutal insult to their previous crime.

The above account was received from several different persons, in the same company; and they also informed me that a number of Traders from California, who had located themselves during the summer on the Humboldt, for the purpose of buying lame cattle and trading with the Emigrants, when they were ready to return, deliberately killed several Indians, and took possessions of their horses. On a Sabbath day, during which the travelers camped near this trading-post, they heard the firing of guns, and learned that a company of seven Indians were shot by the Traders as they were riding past, and the horses of the murdered men added to their own stock.

I would here suggest that it is the Indians whom our Government should be most solicitous to protect, not merely from a principle of magnanimity and justice toward them as the suffering and weaker Race, but also as a matter of self-interest and self-protection. So long as the Red man lives, every murdered Indian will be avenged; or, by all the power that is in him, he will ever seek to do this. It is not only a conventional obligation, but a part of his religion. Every succeeding Emigrant trail will be watched with more than Argus eyes; and unsuspecting, and often innocent victims, will perish to pay the penalty. The public mind has long labored under a great mistake in supposing that Indian is actuated chiefly by animal instinct, or that he does not possess, in a high degree, those faculties from which arise emotions of gratitude, a sense of right, and a love of justice. Nothing is more contemptible in the mind of an Indian than cowardly meanness, either toward an Enemy or Friend. Hence their revenge is a matter of conscience. They believe, as Moses taught, "Life for life;" "Blood for blood;" and in the way of this, peril is no hindrance, and death has no terror.



# Trapping in Snake Country

*Peter Skene Ogden was a chief trader with the Hudson's Bay Company. In the period 1824-1829, he led five trapping expeditions to the "Snake Country" -- the upper reaches of the Columbia -- and left five journals from his travels. This section is from the 1826-27 Expedition, where Ogden traveled through Klamath (Clammitte) country, a part of Oregon unknown to white men at the time. It starts in the middle of a miserable winter, Jan. 18 1827, somewhere near Lower Klamath Lake.*

**W**ednesday 18th. I am wretched! No beaver! The country trapped by Mr. Ross 3 years since may yield a few beaver but will not give us big returns.

Sunday 22nd. Late last night two of my Iroquois came in with 7 deer. This news caused joy in camp.

Sunday 29th. We are indebted to the late American Fur Company for introducing rifles on the Columbia. From a gun of 10 shots, 1 only kills. There is waste of ammunition; course now N. N. W.

Friday, 10th Feb. The Indians here have a contemptible opinion of all traders. Of the numerous murders and thefts committed, not one example has been made. Indians in general give us no credit for humanity, but attribute our not revenging murders to cowardice. When ever an opportunity offers of murder or theft, they allow it not to pass. I am of opinion if on first discovery of a strange tribe a dozen of them were shot, it would be the means of preserving many lives. Had this plan been adopted with the Snakes, they would not have been so daring and murdered 40 men. The same is the case with all Indians. Scripture gives us the right to retaliate in kind on those who murder. If men have means of preventing, why not put the means in execution. Why allow ourselves to be butchered and property stolen by such vile wretches who are not deserving to be numbered among the living the sooner dead the better. Trappers would make hunts and traders become rich men. Here we are among the Sastise. Course this day west. The stream we are on has no connection with the Clammitte River; it flows south then west to a large river. These Indians know nothing of the ocean. Mr. McKay roused me last night to say the Indians were on the point of attacking our camp. Our numbers amounting only to 8 men.

Sunday, 12 of February. The croaking of the frogs last night surprised me. This is certainly early. The weather has been cloudy. From appearances, we shall soon have rain. A number of Indians paid us a visit. There being 2 who understood the Clammitte language, that it takes a western course. These forks have become a large river. The further we advance the more beaver will be found. These Indians eat beaver meat raw. Among the visitors was one who had only one arm. On questioning how he lost the other, he informed me he had been severely wounded in battle the wounds would not heal and were most painful, so he cut it off about 3 inches below the socket with his flint knife and an axe made of flint. It is 3 years since. He healed it with roots and is free from pain. He is about 30 years of age and of slender frame. 15 beaver to-day.

Monday 13 Mr. McKay roused me from sleep to say an Indian had arrived with word the Indians had assembled in numbers and were on the eve of attacking our camp. We were soon on the alert our number being only 8 men, the rest of camp afield, as half of my men had never fired shots, resistance would not last long. The night was very dark and blowing a gale. This morning our scalps and horses are safe. I am inclined to believe it was a false report, given to receive a reward. He will be disappointed. We all know Indians are treacherous, bloodthirsty. The sooner the exterminating system be introduced among them, the better. The rear party of trappers arrived tonight with 29 beaver.

**T**uesday 14th. Wind blew a gale. If the ship destined for the Columbia be on the coast in this stormy weather, I should feel anxious for her. Having 40 beaver to skin and dress I did not raise camp. It is a pleasure to observe the ladys of the camp vieing who will produce on their return to Ft. Vancouver the cleanest and best dressed beaver. One of the trappers yesterday saw a domestic cat gone wild. It must have come from the coast. All the Indians persist in saying they know nothing of the sea. I have named this river Sastise River. There is a mountain equal in height to Mount Hood or Vancouver, I have named Mt. Sastise. I have given these names from the tribes of Indians.



Tuesday, 21st Feb. Late last night 7 of the 9 absent trappers made their appearance; only 93 beaver and 9 otter. The Indians where they have been most numerous and friendly, villages built of planks, large enough for 30 families in each, fine large canoes resembling the Chinooks, have various trading articles from the American ships, they informed the men it was only 4 days to the sea. The two missing men remained in the rear to trap.

Wednesday 22nd. We have this day 15 beaver, wh. completes our first 1000 and have 2 to begin our 2nd.

Thursday 23rd. The two absent men made their appearance with 14 beaver.

**S**aturday 25. Should we not find beaver soon, starvation will make its appearance. We have only 2 mos. more but they are the most to be dreaded in the mountains. I wish they were past and our horses escaped from the kettle. Some already complain of scarcity of food; but fortunately our camp contains many sick and while they remain so, will be the means of destroying less food. One woman is so ill she must be tied on a horse. Nor can we afford her any relief. A sick person in this country is not only a burden to himself but to all; and the Canadians are not overstocked with tender feelings.

Wednesday 29. I propose sending Mr. McKay to cross the Clammitte River, and I shall proceed down this stream as far as we can go.

Thursday 1st Mar. Mr. McKay with 13 men separated from us. Payette, a steady man accompanied him. My party is 24. We left taking an east course to falls and cascades. Soon a village large enough to contain 100 families of Indians. On seeing us they ascended a hill with their women and children.

Friday 2nd. All are more or less without food. Traps set gave but 2 beaver. On an average we require 15 a day for food.

Monday 5th. Men killed 2 deer and report bears numerous. These gents will soon leave their winter quarters and ravage about in quest of food after 4 mos. of quiet.

Friday 9th. At early hour with aid of 2 small canoes crossed over Sasty River, all safe over by 4 P. M. Huts no sooner made than rain came in torrents. Our leather tents are in a rotten state and I can swear our blankets have not been dry for 20 days. I am afraid this rain will be snow in the Mtns.--and I apprehend for Mr. McKay. Indians troublesome and numerous. It is almost a sin to see the number of small beaver we destroy. Some of the females have no less than 5 young. This is the effect of traps. They spare neither male or female.

Sunday 11th. The trappers have come in with 72 beaver and 1 otter.

Tuesday, 13 Mar. We left the Sasty Forks in our rear taking W. N. W. 8 miles encamped by a lofty range of mountains. Had trouble to persuade our guide to ride nor would he till he made me promise to lead his horse. He had many falls and I was obliged to tie him on by ropes, wh. caused my men great diversion. All obliged to sleep out in pouring rain and without blankets. Not one complaint. This life makes a young man sixty in a few years. Wading in cold water all day, they earn 10 shillings P. beaver. A convict at Botany Bay is a gentleman at care compared to my trappers. Still they are happy. A roving life suits them. They would regard it as a punishment to be sent to Canada. God grant some kind friend to succeed me, and I wd. steer my course from whence I came although I am a Canadian.

Thursday, 22 March. Reached a fine large river having crossed the mtns.(6) where we had to throw our horses over banks--storm of wind and rain saturated us--course W. Our guide went to visit the Indians and returned with the information the Umpqua chief with the trappers from Williamette has visited this region and taken all the beaver. These waters have no communication with Umpqua but discharge in Clammitte. Gervais with 4 men will trap the forks of this river, and open a way to Ft. Vancouver.

**M**onday, 26 March. The Indian guide saw a grizzly bear of large size, wh. the trappers fired at and wounded. The Indian requested the loan of a small axe with bow and arrows. Stripping himself naked, he rushed on the bear but paid dearly for his rashness. I do not suppose he will recover. He was injured in the head and lost one eye wh. was literally torn out. The bear remained in the bushes.



# The Old Emigrant Road

*Lindsay Applegate (1808-1892) along with brothers Charles and Jesse and 12 other men blazed the South Emigrant Route of the Oregon Trail in 1846. After witnessing the death of his 10-year-old son in a river, Applegate hoped the trail through Southern Oregon would provide a safer passage for settlers traveling from Fort Hall, Idaho, to the Willamette Valley. The following passage was taken from "Notes and Reminiscences of Laying Out and Establishing the Old Emigrant Road into Southern Oregon (Oregon) in the Year 1846."*

So in 1846, after making arrangements for subsistence of our families during our absence, we organized a company to undertake the enterprise, composed as follows: Levi Scott, John Scott, Henry Boygus, Lindsay Applegate, Jesse Applegate, Benjamin Burch, John Owens, John Jones, Robert Smith, Samuel Goodhue, Moses Harris, David Goff, Benit Osborn, William Sportsman, William Parker. Each man had his pack-horse and saddle-horse, making thirty animals to guard and take care of.

A portion of the country we proposed to traverse was at that time marked on the map "unexplored region." All the information we could get relative to it was through the Hudson's Bay Co. Peter Ogden, an officer of that company, who had led a party of trappers through that region, represented that portions of it were desert-like, and that at one time his company was so pressed for the want of water that they went to the top of a mountain, filled sacks with snow, and were thus able to cross the desert.

He also stated that portions of the country through which we would have to travel were infested with fierce and war-like savages, who would attack every party entering their country, steal their traps, waylay and murder the men, and that Rogue River had taken its name from the character of the Indians inhabiting its valleys. The idea of opening a wagon road through such a country at that time, was counted as preposterous. These statements, though based on facts, we thought might be exaggerated by the Hudson's Bay Co., in their own interest, since they had a line of forts on the Snake river route, reaching from Fort Hall to Vancouver, and were prepared to profit by the immigration.

One thing which had much influence with us was the

fact that the question as to which power, Great Britain or the United States, would eventually secure a title to the country, was not settled, and in case a war should occur and Britain prove successful, it was important to have a way by which we could leave the country without running the gauntlet of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s forts and falling a prey to Indian tribes which were under British influence.

Traveling through a very broken country the sharp hills separated by little streams upon which there were small openings, we came out at about noon into a large creek, a branch of Rogue river, now called Grave creek, on which we rested about two hours. During the afternoon our course was over a more open country-through scattering pine and oak timber. Towards evening, we saw a good many

Indians posted along the mountain side and then running ahead of us. About an hour by sun we reached a prairie of several hundred acres, which extends down to very near the bank of Rogue river. As we advanced towards the river, the Indians in large numbers occupied the river bank near where the trail crossed. Having understood that this crossing was a favorite place of attack, we decided as it was growing late, to pass the night in the prairie. Selecting a place as far from the brush as possible, we made every preparation for a night attack. In selecting our camp on Rogue river, we observed the greatest caution.

Cutting stakes from the limbs of an old oak that stood in the open ground, we picketed our horses with double stakes as

firmly as possible. The horses were picketed in the form of a hollow square, outside of which we took up our positions, knowing that in case of an attack there would be a chance of losing our horses and that that would be a complete defeat. We kept vigilant guard during the night, and the next morning could see the Indians occupying the same position as at dark. After an early breakfast we began to make preparations for moving forward. There had been a heavy dew, and fearing the effects of the dampness upon our fire-arms, which were muzzle-loaders, of course, and some of them with flint-locks, we fired them off and reloaded. In moving forward, we formed two divisions, with the pack horses behind. On reaching the river bank the front division fell behind the pack



Lindsay Applegate





photo from the SOHS Britt Landscape Collection

horses and drove them over, while the rear division faced the brush, with gun in hand, until the front division was safely over. Then they turned about, and the rear division passed over under protection of their rifles. The Indians watched the performance from their places of concealment, but there was no chance for them to make an attack without exposing themselves to our fire. The river was deep and rapid, and for a short distance some of the smaller animals had to swim. Had we rushed pell mell into the stream, as parties sometimes do under such circumstances, our expedition would probably have come to an end there. After crossing, we turned up the river, and the Indians in large numbers came out of the thickets on the opposite side and tried in every way to provoke us.

Our course was for some distance southeast along the bank of the river, and the Indians, some mounted and some on foot, passed on rapidly on the other side. There appeared to be a great commotion among them. A party had left the French settlement in the Willamette some three or four weeks before us, consisting of French, half-breeds, Columbia Indians and a few Americans; probably about eighty in all. Passing one of their encampments we could see by the signs that they were only a short distance ahead of us. We afterwards learned that the Rogue Rivers had stolen some of their horses, and that an effort to recover them had caused

the delay. At about three o'clock, we left the river and bore southward up a little stream for four or five miles and encamped. From our camp we could see numerous signal fires on the mountains to the eastward. We saw no Indians in the vicinity of our camp, and no evidence of their having been there lately. They had evidently given us up, and followed the other company which the same night encamped in the main valley above. Under the circumstances, we enjoyed a good night's sleep, keeping only two guards at a time.

On the morning of June 29th, we passed over a low range of hills, from the summit of which we had a splendid view of the Rogue River valley. It seemed like a great meadow, interspersed with groves of oaks which appeared like vast orchards.

All day long we traveled over rich black soil covered with rank grass, clover and pea vine, and at night encamped near the other party on the stream now known as Emigrant creek, near the foot of the Siskiyou mountains. This night, the Indians having gone to the mountains to ambush the French party as we afterwards learned, we were not disturbed. Here our course diverged from that of the other company, they following the old California trail across the Siskiyou, while our route was eastward through an unexplored region several hundred miles in extent.



## Please Support Our Magazine Business Sponsors



### Earth Stewards, LLC Tree Care and Landscape Management

Tree Care and Pruning • Tree Removal • Mycorrhizal Inoculation for Soil Treatment  
Landscape Restoration • Property Management • Green Remodeling  
Fuel Reduction • Free Estimates  
Now offering Spring clean-up specials

[www.earthstewardsoregon.com](http://www.earthstewardsoregon.com)

(541) 646-8001  
[earthstewards@hotmail.com](mailto:earthstewards@hotmail.com)



CCB# 183967  
Licensed, Bonded & Insured

### Ann Wilton Clothing Historian Antique Clothing Identification Appraisals • Consultation Authentic Costuming



541-488-8550

To advertise in our next issue—Southern Oregon 1859-1900: featuring early Jacksonville, the Railroad, and the Pear Industry—call 541-899-8123, ext. 226, by July 15.

## Ramsay Realty

The Applegate  
Jacksonville Experts



**541-899-7969**

[www.ramsayrealty.com](http://www.ramsayrealty.com)



**DEBBIE STEVENS**  
Principal  
Broker

Cell: 541-621-7997  
Fax: 541-899-3706  
[debbie@ramsayrealty.com](mailto:debbie@ramsayrealty.com)  
190 E. California St.  
Jacksonville OR 97530



## Jacksonville INN.

Gourmet dining in historic Jacksonville  
Wine & gift shop • Fine hotel accommodations

Jerry and Linda Evans  
PROPRIETORS

175 E. California • P.O. Box 359 • Jacksonville, OR 97530-0359  
(541) 899-1900 • Fax (541) 899-1373 • 1-800-321-9344  
[jvinn@mind.net](mailto:jvinn@mind.net) • [www.jacksonvilleinn.com](http://www.jacksonvilleinn.com)



**D&S HARLEY-DAVIDSON**

3846 S. PACIFIC HWY. • MEDFORD, OR 97501  
Ph: 541.535.5515 • Fx: 541.535.2139 • [www.dsharley.com](http://www.dsharley.com)





photo from the Britt Landscape Collection SOHS No. 13451

## Mrs. Butler's Diary

*America E. Rollins (1826-1910) left Illinois with her husband, Ashmun J. Butler, in 1852. The couple traveled five months in a covered wagon until finally reaching their donation land which was located near what is now Medford.*

**F**riday, May 20. Rogue river Valley pleasant weather alternate sunshine Clouds and showers. Mr Butler breaking prairie Cousin John and John Chatfield are hoeing potatoes as to myself I am a maid of all traids sweeping dusting churning ironing baking bread and pies and dishwashing & c.

Sunday, May 22. This being fifty three instead of fifty two. The 22<sup>ND</sup> of May comes on Sunday rather than Saturday To day is bright warm and beautiful. Honey and I are alone spending a happy day in reading writing and interchanging of thoughts and Ideas.

Monday, May 23. The men are weeding their garden fine growing

weather hope to raise a great many vegetable as we anticipate a large emigration this year and thereby have aplenty for them to eat I am attending to my domestic duties as usual.

Tuesday, May 24. Acceptionally warm this forenoon quite a pretty little shower this afternoon accompanied with hard thunder and a change of the atmosphere Quite a number of packtrains this week for Wyre[ka] three today Provisions cheap.

Wednesday, May 25. This is one of Mays bright and beautiful day all hands are busily employed and our crop looks very flourishing The prospect is good what the final resul[ts] will be we cannot tell.

Thursday, May 26. To day the Soldiers from Oregon pass to Scotts valley Also many trains to and from Oregon To of Mr. Tailor friends arrived from Scottsburg very warm plant Ruta-baga and melleon seed to day.

Friday, May 27. This is the dreaded washing day And as Mr Tayler is not well he brings me water I finish by noon then scrub in the after noon feeling quite tired. I mus go and get supper for honey & John have worked hard to day and must be hungry

Saturday, May 28. To day is bright and warm but we have quite a breeze which prevents it from being to warm and makes it very pleasant But my feelings do not corespond with the weather Mrs Miller comes in about 10 O clock finds my breakfast dishes on the table and me reading a novel poor business I think.

Sunday, May 29. I arose very early this morning before any one else. Go out with my book to take the fresh morning breezes John and Tayler go to town Honey and myself spend the day in reading. Our two visitors or borders pass it in exploreing the Country.



## "No Money...in the Mines"

*The following letter is from John Watson, a miner, to his brother in Reinbeck, Iowa. Watson mined in both Jackson County and Yreka, Calif. The following letter was written on Jan. 27, 1856 from Ashland Mills. Both the spelling and grammar have been copied verbatim as closely as possible.*

Dear Brother

I received your letter of the 28 November this day and I cannot describe the joy which I felt on hearing that you ware all well and getting on so fine. It makes me ansxious to be back thare with you, times with you are a good deal better than they are here, you are making more money than I am times never has been so dull here as they are at present there is no money and no water to work in the mines hardley. I would like very well to come back one year from now, but I don't know if I can rase money enough or not, it is rather doubtful if I can, I think I shall try the mines this spring a little and try my luck. I have been doing little or nothing since the first of November. I prospected about 3 weeks, found nothing, and lost about 30 dollars besides my time. I was forted up about 2 weeks with the rest of the people on account of the Indians which have been playing perticlar smash here since I wrote my last letter.

They have killed a great many people round here men woman and children burned houses and all, but I think they are pretty well coold down by this time, a great many soldiers and volunteers are out after them just now. I have not heard from them latly I have sent you the table Rock Sentenal for six mounth, (that is I have payed to have it sent six months) you can get all of the Indian news in it. I was out with the volunteers 27 days hunting Indians I shall get 4 dollars per day for that time and a land warnt of 160 acres, we did not have any fighting to do while I was out but one day we expected to have a great fight. We were riding along in the mountains one day (up a small creek, the timber was very thick on each side

of the creek all at one we came in sight of an Indian renchree (camp) not over 300 yards ahead of us we all stope, and 3 men went round through the timber to see if thare was any Indians thare, they came backand us thare was lots of Indians, we took our horses back 2 or 300 yards tied them and left two men to guard, we went round through the timber and crept up to the Indian camp in great silence. When we got with in 50 yard of the camp we discovered thare was no Indians thare we went into the camp and found two dead Indians laying thare that had been killed about two days, by whome they ware killed we never have learned but it is supposed it was some other tribe of Indians one of the Indians has on to shirts an the coat that Keena had on when he was killed I think I told you in my last about Mr. Keen being killed by

the Indians they had been shot by balls and arrows boath, there was more beef in thare camp than you could pilled on a large wagon it was all sliced up and dried nice we started a large fire pilled the beef on it and burned the last mite of it up, it made a great fire we found the heads of 8 cattle that they had killed, they had commenced building a Fort, and ware preparing for winter. So we ware sadly disappointed in

getting a fight that time. Mr. Miller was along with the volunteers all the time I was. Thare was only 26 men of us all in our company. Andrew Russel joined Captain Wilksens company about the 20 of December/55. have not seen him since he volunteered for 3 mounths if anything happenes to him you will see an account of it. In the Sentenal is an account of all the killed & wounded in the companys that are stationed this side of the Caynon Mr. Miller left here for Shasta city in California about the 10 of December, with 54 head of steers, I have no heard anything from him since.

I expect you would like to know something about what my character has been since I came to this country well



Sturgis Mine Flume SOHS No. 7511





Patrons being served at a saloon in Jacksonville

I will give you a true account of all my proceddins after I left Mr. Miller I went to work near by to the Ashland Mills whare there are a good many people and they had preaching every other as I told you once before sining School I had to get some cloths so I could go to preaching and the sining.

I bought me a coat for 25 dollars a pair of pants for 11 dollars a vest for 6 dollars 2 shirts 5 dollars 2 handkerchiefs and fine shoes 8 dollars, which you see cost me 60 dollars. well thare was lots of balls round here also so to be like the rest of the boys I had to go to some of them. I was at one on the 4 of july which cost 12 dollars just for the ball, then it is fashionable to give your partener something some gave a white dress, and dressed thare thare parteners from top to toe, well I gave mine a veial, cost 5 dollars, a ridding skirt cost 3 dollars, and I was out about 2 dollars for wine, limonade and such like trash, 22 dollars in all.

I was at 3 or 4 small parties 2 & 3 dollars apeice well then we would form riding parties, ride round the country for our helth and such like with the girls. I had one nice Indian poney which was gentel for the girls to

ride then I culd borrow a horse to ride myself, five or six couple of us would get together, and just go akiting, no mercy for the horses, ride all day. This was the height of folly for me to spend my money in this way. I know now it was and I give you my word for it – I never shall while I live in this country be so foolish again.

I am going to save my money and cone to whare people can have fun a little cheeper, why I am pretty near to the bottom of my sheet, and will soon have to draw to a close, You said in your last letter that you told me in a former letter that you expected Jennet Baird would keep house for you and Greeg, well now you never told me that if you did I did not get the letter and in this letter you told me she was, and Greeg and her was bout to get married well now this is very strange. Whare is her husband Mr. Anderson, there must be a mistake here you must have ment Mary Beard. I am very sorrow that you had so bad luck with the mare you bought of Confar, but don't be discouraged you will all get rich before long if you all keep our helth, I am afraid I shall come out in the back ground. My sheet is full.



# Recollections of a Tenderfoot

*Orange Jacobs moved to Jacksonville during the 1852 gold rush to practice law. He taught school in Phoenix, was editor of the Jacksonville Sentinel and served as an Oregon Supreme Court justice, a congressman, and mayor of Seattle.*

**W**e arrived at Jacksonville, in Southern Oregon, in the first part of November.

To a person who prior to that had always been accustomed to a different order of society, and who had never visited the minds in the palmy days of California, a new social order was manifest. I state the facts and the impression they made upon me as a tenderfoot; but I ought to add that since that time, having become somewhat familiar with such scenes, my moral sense has toughened, so that my ability to "endure" is far greater now, than then, though my judgment as to the ultimate moral result of such a social order has never changed.

There were in Jacksonville and its immediate vicinity from seven to eight thousand men, possibly more. The coat as an article of dress had fallen into "innocuous desuetude." Soft slouch hats were universally worn. There were but a few women, and most of them not angelic.

The mines were rich, money was abundant, and gambling rampant. I ought not to omit the dance-halls that pointed the lurid way to perdition. I said that money was abundant; I do not mean by this that much United States gold coin was in circulation. There was a five-dollar gold piece that had its origin in Oregon. It was stamped on one side with the words "United States of America," and on the reverse side with the impress of a beaver; hence it was called "beaver money." It was of the same size of the minted half-eagle, but contained more of gold. The other piece of money in circulation was octohedron in shape or form. It was stamped on one side the same as the beaver money, and on the reverse side were the words "Fifty Dollars." It contained more gold than the same weight of minted coin; but the money used in nearly all transactions was gold dust; hence, every merchant, saloonkeeper or gambler had his gold scales at command. Gold dust had a standard value of sixteen dollars per ounce, and purchases were paid for in gold dust. There was some silver in circulation, but the lowest denomination was twenty-five cents. A drink of milk, glass of beer or any other liquor, was twenty-five cents. Sunday was partly a laundry day, but mostly a gala day. Mining ceased on that day. All came to town to see the sights, to hear the news, to try their luck at the

gambling tables, or to purchase supplies for the coming week. This day was a harvest day for the gambler, the saloonkeeper, and the merchant. While there was a large quantity of alcoholic beverages consumed, drunkenness was at a minimum. Nearly everyone carried a pistol in his belt, and a sheath-knife in his boot. Homicides were not frequent; this was due to the character possessed by the great body of miners, who acted on the great law of honor, and to the fact that to call a man a liar or to impeach the honor of his origin, or to use towards him any epithet imputing dishonor, was to invite the contents of a pistol into the accusers physical economy. The laws

of chivalry and honor were the only laws obeyed in such matters. This kind of society, rough and uncouth in its exterior, had a strong basis in the nobler principles of a chivalric manhood. It had also a poetic side, being composed principally of young men; it did not suppress the finer impulses and feelings of their better nature. As an illustration: there was located in the valley a family, consisting of a husband and wife and two children. They had quite a number of cows and kept milk for sale. A large number of young men

used to visit this family every Sunday for the ostensible purpose of buying milk, when the real purpose was to see someone who had the form, the purity and the affection of a mother. When they left the humble abode of this mother, they talked of their own mothers, of home and its sweet recollections. The strong ligaments of a mother's love serves as a moral anchor to them in the billowy storms of life even, far away from that mother.

Personal property of great value, such as gold in sluice boxes, though unguarded, was perfectly secure. The sneak thief, the burglar and the robber were conspicuous by absence. Probably the certainty, promptness and the severity of the punishment deterred their visitation.

There were no churches in that mining town and religious services were infrequent. I remember one incident in this line: A Methodist minister, by the name of Stratton, came over from California and notices were posted that he would preach the next Sunday.

There was a large building in process of erection for a gambling-house on the opposite side of the street from the principal gambling saloon. The roof was on this new building and a large party of us, desiring to hear the Gospel again preached, fitted up this hall with seats from the unused lumber. The minister had a large audience, the seats were all filled and hundreds stood on the outside of the building. He was an able and eloquent man and presented the simple story of the Gospel in a very forcible and earnest manner.

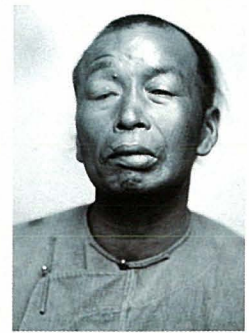
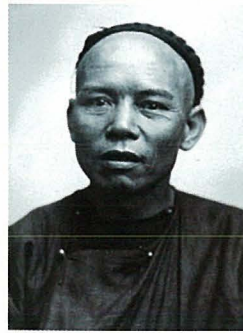
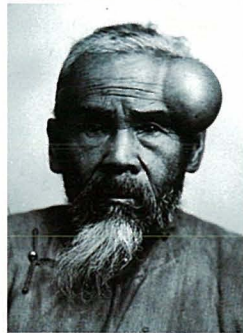


Orange Jacobs



# All but Forgotten

## The Chinese Experience in Southern Oregon



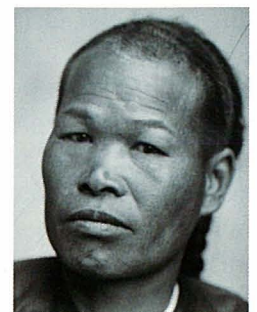
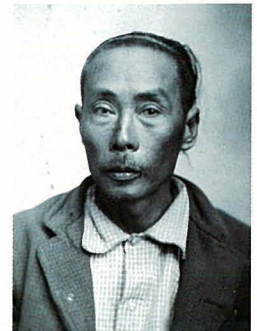
**H**ow we wish they had left some words. In the 1850s, when gold was discovered in Jacksonville, the Chinese left the mines of California and came north to work. They did their work so well, they were taxed first \$2 a month, then \$4 a month, then \$5. The conditions were cruel and inhumane.

The pay, by the white mine bosses, was miniscule. Still they worked.

When Oregon became a state in 1859, the constitution denied them a right to vote, and any new Chinese the right to own property or mining claims. They kept working.

By 1870, there were 634 Chinese living in Jackson County, one in eight residents. They made up 60 percent of all the miners in the state. And those who weren't miners were cooks, or laundry workers.

Then, as the gold dried up so did the patience of the Caucasian settlers, and the Chinese disappeared. In Southern Oregon, they left no journals, no stories of their time here. Only a stack of photos—faces looking directly into the camera—with no names.





# In the Miner's Camp



Joaquin Miller in a miner's camp. SOHS No. 15421

*Joaquin Miller migrated to the Oregon territory in 1837 as a teenager. He worked as a cook and miner in Yreka, a pony-express rider, a judge in Grant County, and a newspaper editor in Eugene. This passage is from his book, "Unwritten History: Life Among the Modocs."*

Look intently down among the black and rolling hills, forty miles away to the west, and here and there you will see a haze of cloud or smoke hung up above the trees; or, driven by the wind that is coming from the sea, it may drag and creep along as if tangled in the tops. These are the mining camps. Men are there, down in these dreadful canons, out of sight of the sun, swallowed up, buried in the impenetrable gloom of the forest, toiling for gold. Each one of these camps is a world in itself. History,

romance, tragedy, poetry in every one of them. They are connected together, and reach the outer world only by a narrow little pack trail, stretching through the timber, stringing round the mountains, barely wide enough to admit of footmen and little Mexican mules with their apparajos, to pass in single file. We will descend into one of these camps by-and-by. I dwelt there a year, many and many a year ago. I shall picture that camp as it was, and describe events as they happened. Giants were there, great men were there.

They were very strong, energetic and resolute, and hence were neither gentle or sympathetic. They were honourable, noble, brave and generous, and yet they would have dragged a Trojan around the wall by the heels and thought nothing of it. Coming suddenly into the country with prejudices against and apprehensions of the Indians, of whom they knew nothing save through novels, they of course were in no mood to study their nature.

Besides, they knew that they were in a way, trespassers if not invaders, that the Government had never treated for the land or offered any terms whatever to the Indians, and like most men who feel that they are somehow in the wrong, did not care to get on terms with their antagonists. They would have named the Indian a Trojan, and dragged him around, not only by the heels but by the scalp, rather than have taken time or trouble, as a rule, to get in the right of the matter.

I say that the greatest, the grandest body of men that have ever been gathered together since the siege of Troy, was once here on the Pacific. I grant that they were rough enough sometimes. I admit that they took a peculiar delight in periodical six-shooter war dances, these wild-bearded, hairy-breasted men, and that they did a great deal of promiscuous killing among each other, but then they did it in such a manly sort of way!



## What's Happening

### New hours, new things to do!

Just in time for summer -- we've opened five different museums in Jacksonville and expanded the hours.

As of June 1, you can visit the Jacksonville and the Children's Museums, as well as the Beekman Bank 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday through Sunday. The C.C. Beekman House and the Catholic Rectory are open on Saturdays.

We've also remodeled and restocked our History Store, located in the lobby of the Children's Museum. We have books, videos, photos and handmade gifts by local artisans.

Admission to individual museums is \$5 for adults, or \$3 for seniors and kids under 12. Same-day admission to all museums is \$10 for adults, or \$6 for seniors and kids under 12.

Of course, if you're an SOHS member, you get in free. You can become a member of SOHS on our website, or at the front desk of the Jacksonville museum.



## Come on out to the Farm!

Hanley Farm invites you to come out and enjoy life on the farm this summer with expanded hours, events and programs.

As of June 1, the farm will be open for picnics and self-guided tours Thursdays and Fridays from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

House and garden tours will be offered Saturdays. The farm will also offer a new onsite store and a roadside stand for fruits and vegetables.

Hanley will host special events on the first Saturday of each month. July 4 is a celebration of the World War II era; August 1 will focus on Native American history; and September 5 will be our annual Harvest Fair.

The farm will feature its first wine-tasting -- July 18 -- featuring four vineyards located on historic properties.

For a behind-the-scenes peek inside Hanley Farm, sign up for a "Cupboards, Closets and Correspondence" tour. Designed for groups of 10 to 40, this tour allows visitors into the rooms of the 150-year-old house to see what treasures and stories the Hanley family left behind.

Hanley is also available to rent for special events, such as weddings, reunions, retreats and company picnics. For more information, call 541-899-8123.

Sign up for our e-newsletter and see what's happening at SOHS on our new website: [www.SOHS.org](http://www.SOHS.org)

## New Botanical Watercolors exhibit at the Museum

We're celebrating spring at the Jacksonville Museum with a new exhibit of watercolor wildflowers and other botanicals found in Southern Oregon.

The exhibit includes 30 paintings by Sidney Armer, a

successful commercial artist who retired in Del Norte County, Calif., in the 1950s. Armer's work received a medal from the American Horticultural Society, and his paintings hang in museums from Los Angeles to New York.

These beautiful originals have been in the SOHS Collection since they were donated by Rogue River resident Mabel E. Patterson in 1984





## MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

### Honorary Lifetime

Francis and Mary Cheney, Ben B. Cheney Foundation, Tacoma, WA  
 Patricia and Robert Heffernan, Medford  
 Jean W. Jester, Sandy  
 Marjorie O'Harra, Ashland  
 Donald E. and Jean Rowlett, Ashland  
 Maureen Smith, Gold Hill  
 Mary Tooze, Portland

### Lifetime Members

Kay and Al Alsing, Ashland  
 Margaurite Armstrong  
 Connie Battaille, Ashland  
 Fitz and Ann Brewer, Medford  
 Bruce and Vicki Bryden, Medford  
 Leona and Robert J. DeArmond, Central Point  
 Mary Delsman, Riverside, CA  
 Judi Drais, Medford  
 Yvonne Earnest, Medford  
 Dr. Walter and Rosemarie Emori, Jacksonville  
 David and Gladys Fortmiller, Talent  
 Fred and Vyvyan Gardner, Canyon City  
 John and Nicky Hamlin, Medford  
 Tom Hamlin, Medford  
 Patricia Cook Harrington, Central Point  
 Robert and Theodora Hight, Medford  
 Edward B. Jorgensen, Medford  
 Robert L. Lewis, Jacksonville  
 Jim Lewis, City of Jacksonville, Jacksonville  
 Bob and Judy Lozano, Butte Falls  
 Mail Tribune, Medford  
 Eugene I. Majerowicz, Los Angeles, CA  
 Noel and Lovella Moore, Central Point  
 Alice and Larry Mullaly, Central Point  
 Zoe Dell Nutter, Xenia, OH  
 Ram Offset Lithographers, White City  
 Ludwell and Marilyn L. Sibley, Gold Hill  
 Dalton & Ruth Straus, Central Point  
 Ed & Laura Winslow, Central Point

### New & Rejoining Members

January 2009 - March 2009

### Curator

Randy Boardman, Ashland  
 Charles & Betty Howe, Ashland  
 Virginia McGraw, Jacksonville  
 Richard & Linda Meyers, Jacksonville  
 Leigh & Carole Paquin, Central Point  
 Mary Ryder, Medford  
 Lynn & Doris Sjolund, Medford

### Curator/Pioneer

Bill & Jo Ann Anderson, Central Point  
 Tam & Ann Moore, Medford

### Patron

Desmond & Ellen Armstrong, Jacksonville  
 Karen Barr & Ron LaForge, Troutdale  
 David & Agnes Chirgwin, Medford  
 Kevin & Nikki Keating, Medford  
 Bill & Cindy McDonald, Jacksonville  
 Charles & Laurana Mitchelmore, Le Vesinet, France  
 Dr. James & Elizabeth Patterson, Medford  
 Elise & Jim Scheffel, Eagle Point  
 Helen & Trenor Scott, Grants Pass  
 Derek & Christina Shetterly, Medford  
 Paul & Pat Stancel, Medford  
 Gayle & Skip Stokes, Jacksonville  
 Letha Sweet, Medford  
 Bill Templeman & Don English, Medford  
 Dwight Wilson & Nancy Browne-Wilson, Medford

Linda & Dan Winterburn, Jacksonville  
 Robert & Marcia Zellman, Jacksonville

### Patron/Pioneer

Lawrence & Ann Horton, Medford  
 John Purdin, San Diego CA  
 Edna Reich, White City  
 Kenneth & Donna Rhee, Ashland  
 Robert & Joan Sage, Medford  
 Janet Stringer, Medford  
 Leona Wobbe, Medford  
 Donald & Patricia Wright, Los Altos CA

### Family

Andy & Annette Batzer, Jacksonville  
 Ted & Jan Bauer, Central Point  
 Dr. Steve & Sue Bennett, Jacksonville  
 John & Susan Bies, Landrum SC  
 Arthur & Charlotte Bigelow, Shady Cove OR  
 John Blackhurst, Medford  
 Charles Blanchard, Rogue River  
 Vincent & Betty Claflin, Phoenix  
 Dot Clark, Ashland  
 Thomas Clarke, Jacksonville  
 Claude & Gwen Curran, Ashland  
 Doug & Patty Detrick, Medford  
 Hans & Ann Doelman, Jacksonville  
 Dr. Bonnar & Laurie Dysart, Medford  
 Dot & Dick Entorf, Medford  
 Kathleen & Tom Everitt, Shady Cove  
 Robert & Barbara Fasel, Medford  
 Willard & Charlene Fike, Jacksonville  
 Susan Fischer, Central Point  
 The Frederick Family, Medford  
 Marianne & Larry Fuller, White City  
 Don & Ellen Goheen, Jacksonville  
 Debbie & Frank Grant, Central Point  
 Beth & Louis Grendahl, Medford  
 Gene Gressley & Mae Wygant, Jacksonville  
 Jerrold & Julie Hagstrom, Jacksonville  
 Bob & Barbara Heyerman, Ashland  
 Meredith & D. A. Hilderbrand, Beaver Creek  
 Ernest & Patricia Himmelman, Central Point  
 Jerry Hood & Christal Paetz, Medford  
 John & Mildred Jarolimek, Bothell WA  
 Gail Johnson, Ashland  
 Gunnar & Mary Ann Johnson, Central Point  
 Kathy Jones, Jacksonville  
 Dr. Robert & Marilyn Kaufman, Medford  
 Jim & Dona Key, Medford  
 Emily & Leroy Knight, Medford  
 Patricia & Emil Knutson, Medford  
 Harvey & Liz Koester, Medford  
 Cliff & Laurie Krause, Pleasanton, CA  
 Peter & Linda Kreisman, Ashland  
 Keith & Suzanne Kuhl  
 Barbara & Robert Lawler, Medford  
 Dale & Judy Lininger, Medford  
 Winston & Cynthia Lora, Medford  
 Doris & Art Lundahl, Ashland  
 Susan & Frank Maesen, Jacksonville  
 Diana & Jerry Marmon, Medford  
 Dr. Ron & Patricia Mayerle, Medford  
 Tim & Maggie McCartney, Ashland  
 Dr. Robert & Heather McIntyre, Medford  
 Stephen & Jerry Meyers, Medford  
 Dusty & Top Miller, Ashland  
 Blair & Carol Moody, Medford  
 Richard Moore & Sheila Whitesitt, Medford  
 Beverly & Robert Morris, Ashland  
 Gregory Moys, Grants Pass  
 Dr. Norman & Dr. Grace Murdoch PhD., Jacksonville  
 Lorraine Mussack, Medford  
 W.B. & Marie Myers, Medford

Daniel Newberry & Caroline Spear, Jacksonville  
 Andrea & Jack Patterson, Medford  
 Mac & Peggy Peffley, Jacksonville  
 Donald & Luana Perry, Medford  
 Luran Persson, Shady Cove  
 Dr. Earl & Charlotte Peterson, Central Point  
 Mike & Marie Piccarreta, Tucson AZ  
 Shiena & Culley Polehn, Medford  
 Peter & Barbara Pryor, Agoura CA  
 Brian & Neola Rogers, White City  
 Deana Rounds, Medford  
 Bill & Gina Ryan, White City  
 Philip & Arlene Sadlier, Jacksonville  
 Judie Salter, Medford  
 Diane Schaffer, Ashland  
 Dee & Barbara Selby, Medford  
 Edward & Betty Shelley, Ashland  
 William & Judith Shrader, Medford  
 Billy & Ruth Slack, Ashland  
 Ron & Darlene Steffani, Ashland  
 Dr. Donald & Elaine Turcke, Medford  
 Tom & Vicky Van Saun, Jacksonville  
 Louise & Charles Vincent, Medford  
 Dr. John & Carol Walker, Medford  
 George Westermarck, San Francisco CA  
 Everett & Sharon Wilkins, Medford  
 Donald & Catherine Wilkinson, Medford  
 Mark Wisnovsky & Jill Hamilton, Jacksonville  
 Jerry & Mary Wojack, Central Point  
 David & Paige Wolff, Central Point  
 Wayne & Earlene Wyatt, Central Point

### Family/Pioneer

Bob & Annie Dreisus, Talent  
 Chuck & Colleen Eccleston, Medford  
 Lillian & Christine Fullerton, Vancouver WA  
 Alex & Bette Hamilton Jr., Eagle Point  
 Arlene Hoffman, Eagle Point  
 Joan & Wayne Horton, Medford  
 Steve & Vauna Kruggel, Redding CA  
 John & Dianne Norris, Central Point  
 Richard & Ann Offenbacher, Jacksonville  
 Donald & Erika Robinson, Central Point  
 Larry & Nanci Rogers, Medford  
 Phyllis Skinner & Dr. William Matthews, Medford  
 Karl & Helen Slack, Ashland  
 Amie Snapp, Medford  
 Earl & Eunice Warren, Medford

### Individual

Judith & Melvin Boyd, Eagle Point  
 Amy Blanchard, Jacksonville  
 Dr. Thomas & Arlene Bolton, Medford  
 Darren Borgias, Ashland  
 Joan Bowen, Medford  
 John & Liz Braislis, Jacksonville  
 Nancy Bringham, Ashland  
 Stephanie Butler, Ashland  
 Christian Buys, Grand Junction CO  
 Jeannine Cantrall, Jacksonville  
 Paula Cook, Yreka CA  
 Bernice Covic, Medford  
 John Crawford Jr., Portland  
 Connie Crow, Ashland  
 Viola Davis, Jacksonville  
 H.S. & Barbara Deuel, Medford  
 Laura & Dr. Kent DeYarman, Central Point  
 Larry & Twila Diltz, Medford  
 George Ditsworth &  
 Catherine Cooper-Ditsworth, Puyallup WA  
 William & Jean Dreher, Medford  
 Bill Dugan, Medford  
 Charles Eckels Jr., Jacksonville

William Emerson, Ashland  
 Marshall Ferg, Brookings  
 Thomas Foster III, Ashland  
 Dr. Paul & Sara Foster, Medford  
 William Foy, Medford  
 Claudia Gillispie, Renton WA  
 Dan & Lois Hamann, Butte Falls  
 Ann Hamilton, Medford  
 Barbara Hanel, Medford  
 Dr. Harlow Head, Wilson NC  
 Jack Helvie, Jacksonville  
 Linda Holder, Central Point  
 John Holmes, Bellevue WA  
 Beverly Hugdahl, Medford  
 Dr. Karen Ireland MD, Liberty Lake WA  
 Robert & Erma Kyle, Medford  
 Barbara Larson, Medford  
 Georgia Lind, Jacksonville  
 Joanne Loutocky, Medford  
 Duane Mallams, Central Point  
 William Mansfield, Medford  
 Dale & Judith McCay, Medford  
 Tom & Sally Melgard, Medford  
 E. Anne Merryfield, Medford  
 Phil Messina, Medford  
 Lola Milhoan, Medford  
 Norman Misk, Jacksonville  
 Cynthia Moscaritolo, Medford  
 Dorothy Mumford, Annapolis MD  
 Deanna & Lester Price, Ashland  
 Betty Prosis, Phoenix  
 Gladys Prue, Yreka CA  
 Bob Rasmussen, Ashland  
 Ruth Reid, Medford  
 Dr. John & Betty Jo Reynolds, Ashland  
 Margaret Ripley, Grants Pass  
 Deborah Rowland, Central Point  
 Bruce & Leslie Sargent, Ashland  
 Karen Schank, Medford  
 Richard & Mary Schultz, Ashland  
 Mary Sturdevant, Tacoma WA  
 Leola Symonds, Ashland  
 Amy & C.R. Taylor, Ashland  
 Brent Thompson, Ashland  
 Cleve & Linda Twitchell, Central Point  
 Margaret Udesen, Talent  
 Darcy Van Vuren & Robert Timmel, Central Point  
 Richard Vanderwyst, Ashland  
 Janice Vanhee, Ashland  
 Barbara & Dr. Jack Walstrom, Medford  
 Greg Walter & Mary Reynolds, Cave Junction  
 Joyce Wassum, Medford  
 Patricia Watson, Medford  
 Jennifer Williams, San Rafael CA  
 Ann & Clifford Wilton, Ashland  
 Louise Zwan, Medford

### Individual/Pioneer

Martin G. Bauer, Grants Pass  
 Doris Boothby, Shady Cove  
 Wilma Cook, Grants Pass  
 Edmund Dews, Ashland  
 Clara Fader, Ashland  
 Lawrence Fick, Forest Grove  
 Marie Ford, Talent  
 Virginia Hager, Union  
 Bonita Hobbs, Medford  
 Jeraldyn Jerome, Medford  
 James Maize Jr., Medford  
 Juanita Mayfield, Medford  
 Bertha Mobley, Tigard  
 LaVelle Ricks, Central Point  
 Donna Roberts, Gresham  
 Evelyn Williams, Jacksonville



Helen Wolgamott, Eagle Point  
Shirley Yost, Gold Hill

## Donors

January 2009 - March 2009

Al & Kay Alsing, Ashland  
Alex & Danielle Amarotico, Ashland  
Jackie Andeberg, United Risk Solutions,  
Medford  
Glen & Yvonne Anderson, Medford  
Kurt & Valerie Austermann, Medford  
Brent Barr, Medford  
Linda & Thomas Basgen, Medford  
Ben Benjamin & Sally Jones, Ashland  
Ann Billeter, Medford  
Violet R. Brewer, Central Point  
Bruce & Vicki Bryden, Medford  
Robert Butler, Medford  
Jean Carter, Medford  
Agnes Chirigwin, Medford  
Kendall & Maryln Clarke, Medford  
Mary Cretney, Applegate  
Barbara & Paul Dallas, Medford  
William Dames, Medford  
Marthanne Dedrick, Medford  
Cathy deWolfe, Medford  
Nona Donohue, Rogue River  
Judi Drais, Medford  
Robert & Ann Duncan, Medford  
Linda Dunlevy, Medford  
Kathleen Emmons, Grants Pass  
Dr. Walter & Rosemarie Emori, Jacksonville  
John & Anne Enders, Ashland  
Dot & Dick Entorf, Medford  
Matt & Donna Epstein, Jacksonville  
Ralph & Marilyn Fidler, Ashland  
Claire Fincher, Ashland  
Tina Flaherty, Jacksonville  
Mary Jo & John Follett, Medford  
Dana Fortmiller, Ashland  
George & Sharon Fox, Medford  
The Frederick Family, Medford  
Mary Gardiner, Ashland  
Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce,  
Jacksonville  
Phil & Jean Getchell, San Jose CA  
Pat Gordon, Jacksonville  
Deanna & Phil Gossner, Medford  
Gene Gressley, Jacksonville  
Carol Hamlin, Medford  
Nancy & John Hamlin, Medford  
Dan Hammond, Ashland  
Karl & Carole Hessem, Ashland  
Robert & Teddie Hight, Medford  
Meredith & D.A. Hilderbrand, Beaver Creek  
David & Sabra Hoffman, Ashland  
Monty & Carol Holst, Applegate  
Sam Holyome, Jacksonville  
Ann Horton, Medford  
Peggy Ann Hutchinson, Medford  
Carol Ingelson, Medford  
Jacksonville Chamber Auction, Jacksonville  
Les Jensen, Ashland  
Charles Johnson, Gold Hill  
Esther Kennedy, Medford  
Linda Kestner, Jacksonville  
Ed Kupillas, Eagle Point  
Linda Lillard, Jacksonville  
Claire Lindberg, Ashland  
Lois Langlois, Ashland

Cynthia Maclaren, Ashland  
Vikki Maddock, Jacksonville  
Scott & Lori Mangold, Central Point  
Doug & Marie Mansur, Talent  
Virginia McGraw, Medford  
Martie & Brian McCormick, Gold Hill  
Cal Martin, Medford  
Phil Messina, Medford  
George & Judith Meuser, Medford  
Gary Miller, Medford  
Ann & Tam Moore, Medford  
Richard Moore, Medford  
Helen M. Morgan, Medford  
Dr. Mary Jane Morrison, Medford  
Michael & Janet Murphy, Ashland  
Alice & Larry Mullaly, Central Point  
Tom Nash & Nancy Salucci, Medford  
Susan F. Naumes, Medford  
Daniel Newberry & Caroline Spear, Jacksonville  
Christine Norton-Cotts, Ashland Dorland  
Offenbacher, Jacksonville  
James Olsen, Talent  
Diane & Matt Patten, Jacksonville  
Bill & Shirley Patton, Ashland  
Ann & Dennis Peugh, Central Point  
John Plunkett, Medford  
Annette & Brent Poulton, Medford  
Shiena & Culley Polehn, Medford  
Alan & Diana Potts, Jacksonville  
John & Nadine Purcell, Ashland  
Glenn & Gloria Ray, Gold Hill  
Don & Phyllis Reynolds, Ashland  
George Rice & Virginia Heenan, Talent  
Rogue River Bees, Ltd.  
Sharon Schaefer, Medford  
Christin & Scott Sherbourne, Jacksonville  
Marilyn & Ludwell Sibley, Gold Hill  
Sandra Slattery, Ashland  
Ron & Darlene Steffani, Ashland  
Lillian Eaton Stewart, Jacksonville  
Mary Jean Thierolf, Ashland  
Brent Thompson, Ashland  
Greeley Wells, Jacksonville  
Daniel Woodhead III, San Francisco CA

## In-Kind Donors

Byron Marron, Jacksonville  
Charley Hoyer, Jacksonville  
Charlie Wilson, Jacksonville  
Harry & David  
Sherm's/Food-4-Less  
Golddiggers Guild of the SOHS  
Ray's Market of Jacksonville  
Gift Membership Donors  
Edmund Dews, Ashland  
Linda Kestner, Jacksonville

## Current Grants

Meyer Memorial Trust  
Kinsman Foundation  
Oregon Community Foundation (Louise Minty)  
Oregon Community Foundation (Harriet  
Winton Fund)  
Carpenter Foundation  
West Foundation  
Cow Creek Umpqua Indian Foundation

# Become a Member of the SOHS

Memberships last one year. All members receive the following benefits:

- Free admission to SOHS museums and sites.
- Subscription to the SOHS Heritage Magazine.
- 10 percent discount at SOHS History Stores.
- Discounted admission to selected children's museums in the Northwest.
- Reciprocal benefits through "Time Travelers," a network of historical societies and museums across the country.
- Invitations to exhibit previews and members-only events.
- Ability to vote for Board of Trustees.
- The satisfaction of supporting your historical society.
- Membership Categories

Individual \$35  
Family \$50  
Patron \$100  
Curator \$200  
Director \$500  
Historian's Circle \$1,000  
Lifetime \$2,500  
Business \$250

To join call SOHS at 541-899-8123 ext. 226 or go to our Website at [www.sohs.org](http://www.sohs.org)

**Please welcome our new executive director,  
Allison Weiss, as she joins SOHS in July.**



A Member-Supported Organization

P.O. Box 1570  
Jacksonville, OR 97530  
541-889-8123  
[www.sohs.org](http://www.sohs.org)

**Our Mission:**

To make history come alive by  
collecting, perserving and sharing  
the stories and artifacts of our  
common heritage

NON-PROFIT ORG  
US POSTAGE  
PAID  
PERMIT NO 164  
MEDFORD, OR

**SOUTHERN OREGON  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM  
CHILDREN'S MUSEUM  
HISTORY STORE & OFFICE**  
5<sup>th</sup> and C, Jacksonville

**RESEARCH LIBRARY**  
106 N. Central, Medford

**HANLEY FARM**  
1053 Hanley Road, Hwy 238  
Central Point  
Available for Special Events

**U.S. HOTEL**  
3rd & California, Jacksonville  
Available for Special Events

**C.C. BEEKMAN HOUSE**  
California & Laurelwood  
Jacksonville

**C.C. BEEKMAN BANK**  
3rd & California, Jacksonville

**CATHOLIC RECTORY**  
210 N. 4th, Jacksonville

