

10/85 PART I

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Wizard Island
Crater Lake

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY



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W. Franklin Arant and Will G. Steel and the CRATER LAKE RUMBLE

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In August, 1903, the Sunday *Oregonian* announced the departure from the Union Depot in Portland of a large party of folk bound for Crater Lake. Members of the group had been lured by thrilling tales of the great natural wonder, and the many smaller marvels of Nature, pretty nigh too beautiful to behold. The roads were said to be barely passable in spots, and the trip would be hot, dry and dusty, but these daring souls expected to rough it and were prepared to put up with deprivation and meet the primitive struggle with determination and cheer. The roster included some auspicious names: Senator and Mrs. Charles W. Fulton (Astoria); Professor P.L. Campbell, president of the Oregon State University at Eugene; Professor A.F. Campbell of the State Normal School at Monmouth; Miss Bella Pruner, Riddle, Ore.; Dr. Edgar P. Hill, Howard R. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Metschan, Mr. and Mrs. William Gladstone Steel (keep this name in mind); Joaquin Miller of Oakland, California; Dr. Sutherland, San Rafael; Dr. C. Barck, St. Louis; Alfred Eugene Esche, Leipsic, Saxony. In all there were twenty-six plucky souls, game to the back bone. Bidding luxury a temporary adieu, they settled themselves comfortably in a Pullman sleeper and began the trip southward as

the wheels beat a rhythmic clickety-clack and lulled them to sleep.

After a pleasant breakfast in the diner, while the porters transformed the sleeper from a curtained dorm into a comfortable tourist car, the travelers returned and chatted until the train chugged into Grants Pass. There a group of representative citizens headed by Mr. Arthur Conklin, president of the State Press Association, boarded the train and brought with them a crate of large and luscious watermelons -- no offensive pesticides in 1903. After this epicurean welcome, the party continued on their way to Medford.

For weeks Medford Citizens Hon. I.W. Vawter and Dr. J.M. Keene had exerted every effort in the interest of the sightseers. They had hired teams, supplied wagons and arranged the itinerary. In honor of the occasion a crowd turned out at the depot and escorted the party to a wagon train, composed of several supply wagons, and five easy-riding covered hacks. After some speeches of welcome and best wishes, the drivers pulled the wagons and the hacks, loaded with a mountain of supplies, luggage and jovial excursionists, away from the livery stable and left Medford at 3 o'clock, arriving at Eagle Point a little after 6 o'clock where the travelers

found tables spread with spotless linens and attractively decorated with flowers and ferns. The Eagle Point ladies had prepared a hearty supper and served it to the weary pilgrims who had already been on the road for two travelworn days.

At the conclusion of the meal, Mr. Brown, upon whose green, shady lawn the camp was made, had an organ moved into the group and local singers sang a welcome in chorus and solo. Senator Fulton, Joaquin Miller and Dr. Hill gave brief speeches and brought the "evening of unalloyed happiness" to a close.

On the third night they camped at J. H. Stewart's beautiful summer retreat, Ramona, a little paradise in the wilderness, where there were neither flies nor mosquitoes to pester the explorers. After supper, Mr. Stewart lighted a huge campfire, and as the flames died down, Joaquin Miller told stories of the far north land of Alaska, sang some Indian songs and recited some of his poems, after describing the circumstances under which they were written.

On the fourth day they lunched at Rogue River Falls and spent several hours viewing the rugged scenery. At night they camped near the natural bridge where the river plunges beneath the solid rock to reappear as a raging flood below.

After traveling most of the day Saturday, they approached the lake in the evening. William Franklin Arant, the first superintendent of the national park, met them and extended his hearty welcome. Before the arrival of the tourists, he had ordered a 16-foot skiff built at Klamath Falls for their use, but it had not yet been delivered.

On Saturday evening, the fifth day, they stood on the walls of Crater Lake which they found colorless and ashen under a cloudy sky. They were keenly disappointed, but Sunday morning broke clear and beautiful without a breath of air to disturb the perfect mirror of the lake. As they sat on the rocks, Dr. Hill read from the Scriptures and held an impromptu service at the Lake.

Mr. Arant, who unfortunately was ill, had returned to his own camp five miles from the lake. A doctor, who was summoned from Klamath Falls, diagnosed his illness as pneumonia, and Superintendent Arant made a request to Will J. Steel to supervise the lowering of the

boat--which had arrived on Monday--down the precipice to the lake, two-thousand feet below, and launch it on the glass surface of the lake.

On Monday the ladies were securely tied to life-lines and made the perilous descent over crumbling rocks and around narrow shelves. When all were assembled at the shore, the little boat began its voyages and kept busy all day, crossing and recrossing the lake, making trips to Wizard Island, while several members of the party scaled Mount Scott for the purpose of taking photographs of the entire panorama on one plate.

At the campground, where many tents had been erected, tables were set up and spread with starched linen, silver and crystal. Hunters supplied venison and mountain trout and dinners were gastronomic delights. Each evening at a huge campfire, the party was entertained with oratory or music. (At Lily Glen -- Dead Indian -- the young Lindsay brothers had presented an hour of violin music.)

By Thursday camp was broken and the band of intrepid campers passed over the ridge into southeastern Oregon where they stopped briefly at Pelican Bay and then on to Fort Klamath to view historical points of interest, including the old guard house and the graves of Captain Jack and his band. While they camped at the Klamath agency, Captain O.C. Applegate, who had begun his account of the Modoc War, finished the story in which he had played an important role.

On Tuesday, ten days after starting on the long trek, they reluctantly reached Ashland and the company broke up, some going north and others south.

The report of their trip to Crater Lake revealed how the journey could be done with style and elegance and comfort. For the layman, however, the wonder and magnificence of the lake could only be experienced after a dusty, punishing journey of several days duration over rugged, makeshift roads.

But from the very first, the tales of Crater Lake's beauty made it a popular spot despite its inaccessibility. The excursion from Portland was organized and promoted by Will G. Steel, and as Steel secured the support of expeditors and publicists in southern Oregon, Superintendent Arant set his crews to work repairing and building roads at the lake and making other improvements.



Will G. Steel

This photograph was taken about the time Mr. Steel was named the park's first U.S. Commissioner.

Will Steel, known as "The Father of Crater Lake," had long been interested in the promotion of the scenic wonder. In Medford to plan conferences with other organizers for this trip, he began a campaign to secure enough money to build a first-class log hotel at the rim of the lake and provide for the purchase of an "electro-vapor launch," which would take sight-seers to the island and navigate around the edge of the crater.*

But Steel's enthusiasm for Crater Lake had begun long before this time. In August of 1885, after fifteen years of longing to see the lake, he stood for the first time on its rim. As a young col-

* The boat would be a modern-day triumph of design: "forty feet long, seven feet eight inches beam, draw 30 inches of water and be filled with a 10-horse power motor. It would run nine miles per hour and, with campchairs, seat 45 persons. Plans provided that it be sealed with cypress, all copper-fastened, and paneled in solid mahogany."

lege student in southeastern Kansas in 1870, he first heard of Crater Lake when he decided to read the scrap of newspaper which had been wrapped around his lunch. The news story described a wonderful lake in Oregon. It was 15 miles in diameter, "surrounded on all sides by perpendicular walls, 5,000 feet high. In the center was an island 1,500 feet high, with an extinct crater in the top 800 feet deep." The article held a strong fascination for Will Steel. He determined then and there to go to Oregon, descend to the water, climb to the island and take his lunch in the crater.

When he moved with his parents to Oregon two years later, he almost immediately began seeking the lake. He reported

For nine years this search was continued, before I found anybody who had ever heard of it. Then I met Chandler B. Watson, now of Ashland, who had actually been there and told me it was called Crater Lake. There were no railroads and it was not until 1885 that I was successful in getting there. To me the first view was overwhelming.

...There were no claims of any sort on any of the land, every inch of which belonged to the general government. A deep sense of personal responsibility overcame me.

At that instant he determined to save the lake for future generations. How, he did not know, but the idea of a national park appealed to him.

He formed the Mazamas, a Portland-based organization of "mountain climbers and lovers of nature." The club, with Steel as its president, met on Crater Lake's rim and proposed the name *Mazama* for the destroyed mountain that had been transformed into a lake.

For years he worked not only at earning a living, but also at struggling to gain a national park status for Crater Lake. He hand-carried fingerlings from the Rogue River to the lake and made the first "fish planting" of about 35 tiny fish. Newspaper records give details of Steel's naming park landmarks, his protests when he discovered illegal timber cutting on the lower slopes, and his efforts that led to President Benjamin Harrison's having the area designated as a forest reserve, an act that protected the lake and surrounding lands until it became a national park.

A petition to the president was prepared, asking that ten townships be withdrawn from the market, until legislation could be secured for a national park.



The above photograph was taken in the Britt studio. Will Steel is holding the first picture of Crater Lake, which was taken by Peter Britt in 1874. Emil Britt is holding the first Daguerreotype camera brought to Oregon in 1852 by his father.

were mobilized for the work. Steel was appointed to prepare boats and equipment for sound- ing. Three boats were built in Portland and then shipped to Ashland on a flat car. For the trip to the lake the running gear of a wagon was used, and a framework was constructed on it to hold the largest boat in a strong canvas swing in which it was hauled up the mountain to the lake. He christened this boat *Cleetwood* meaning *Golden Arrow*. The other two boats were skiffs.

At the lake a framework of heavy timbers was made and the *Cleetwood* was rigidly secured in it upside down. The men pushed the contraption up the snow- bank to the rim, a heavy cable was passed around a convenient tree and a man played it out as it was needed. Will Steel

continues:

On Saturday morning I stood on a snow bank with a watch in my hand and every man in his place. At exactly 8 o'clock I gave the word and all jumped to their positions and the serious launching was underway. For eight hours, without stopping to eat or otherwise, 16 men labored with every nerve strained in an earnest desire to do his best. Then we found ourselves at the foot of the canyon, with the *Cleetwood's* nose projecting over an embankment ten feet high, directly over the water, and not a foot of cable to be had. The oars were secured in the boat, a man sat in the stern bracing himself as best he could. With a single stroke the cable was cut, the boat shot forward and down

he headed for Oregon and home with just 20 cents in his pocket, five cents of this he stowed away in a vest pocket for safe keeping. The 15 cents went for three sandwiches that had to do him from Washington, D.C., to Portland, Oregon.

Arriving at the Portland railroad station hungry but happy, he was pleased but terribly upset to find his wife and small daughter there to meet him. Hurrying to her he excitedly asked: "Mamma, have you carfare home for you and Jean?"

"Yes, I have," she replied.

"Good!" Will Steel exclaimed: "I have my carfare, too, right in my vest pocket. But I've also got \$50,000 for Crater Lake Park!"

F.J. Clifford
Medford

and the man gathered himself up in the bow with blood upon his face and bruised all over, but the happiest man in Oregon, for, had he not driven the mules that drew the *Cleetwood* 100 miles into the mountains and finished the trip on the water? He was the only man who ever went from Ashland to Crater Lake by boat. The launching was complete and not a scratch had been placed on the *Cleetwood*.*

In 1902 the first Superintendent of Crater Lake National Park was named: William Franklin Arant.

Frank Arant was born September 29, 1850, in Tazewell County, Illinois, the son of Jesse T. and Mary Jane (Emmett) Arant, early settlers of Illinois. The Arants lived in that state until 1852 when they crossed the plains to Oregon, settling temporarily in Harrisburg, Linn County. In 1853 Jesse Arant secured a Donation Land Claim of 320 acres in Douglas County and they moved to a farm several miles north of Roseburg. Jesse became a member of a militia company known as the Minute Men during the Rogue River Indian War in 1855 and took part in a number of skirmishes in defense of the settlers. The Arants, who had twelve children, devoted their entire lives to farming and stock-raising.

Frank Arant lived with his father until he was 21. During his youth he attended public school and worked on the home farm. In 1871 he married Emma Louella Dunham, a native of Missouri, and the following year the young couple moved to Klamath County, where W.F., like his father, engaged in stock raising and farming. William and Emma had four sons: Early L., Chauncey F., Herbert Lincoln, and Jay J. During the early years of his marriage, he found time to serve five years in the State Militia, one year as a private, one year as company bugler, two years as a first sergeant, and one year as guidon sergeant (the soldier who carries the flag). He won the championship medal as the finest shot of Troop B, Oregon National Guard. Two of his sons,

* The deepest sounding was 1,996 feet, although Steel was convinced the actual depth was 2,008 feet. How he arrived at a figure 102 feet more than the testing revealed is a mystery.



W.F. Arant in the State Militia uniform.

Early and Chauncey, served with the same troop during the same time as their father and held official positions; one a bugler, the other, a corporal. The youngest son, Jay, at the age of seven, was presented with a colonel's uniform by the troop who regarded him as their mascot, and he became a special orderly.

W.F. Arant served at one time as a teamster for the U.S. government and furnished supplies to the Army during the Modoc Indian War. Always a great outdoorsman, he spent much of his time in the saddle, and lived close to nature,



Early and Chauncey Arant

learning its every phase. He was a steadfast Republican, and although there was little concerning the history of Oregon he had not witnessed, and despite the part he played in the development of southern Oregon, he did not seek political office. His experiences on the farm, in the military, as an army teamster, as a forester and as a student of nature made him eminently qualified to be superintendent of a national park. He was recommended for the position by Representative John H. Tongue, Senator John H. Mitchell, the Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, the Governor of Oregon, T.T. Greer, the Republican Congressional Committee, First District, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury. At the beginning he was given a yearly salary of \$1000 and allowed one dollar per day for his horse.

For the next eleven years, Frank Arant served as superintendent with efficiency and distinction. The park grew from a primitive, almost inaccessible spot in the wilderness to a popular resort. A magni-

ficent lodge at the rim of the lake was under construction, roads were built and kept under repair, and a crew of foresters was kept busy during the short season, keeping the grounds and the trails spruced up for the increasing number of delighted tourists. A complex of buildings, constructed five miles from the rim of the lake, served as Arant's office and headquarters.

There was no question about his skill and efficiency in performing his duties. He held the position through the administration of President Roosevelt (1901-1909) and William Howard Taft (1909-1913), both Republicans.

But in May, 1913, early in Woodrow Wilson's term, Frank Arant was summarily dismissed. No reasons were given for his discharge; he was informed in a letter from the Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane that his pay would stop on June 30. Upon his questioning the action, he was told that the attorney general did not consider the position under civil service, but more or less as a plum in the spoils-system, and that the secretary of the interior had the right to remove him without showing cause.

Frank Arant, feeling he was a victim of flagrant injustice, announced that he intended to hold the office until the state of affairs had been determined by the supreme court and that he would seek an injunction restraining the secretary from removing him until the matter could be legally determined.

William G. Steel was named as his successor. This was not an unconsidered choice. Steel was solely responsible for the lake's becoming a national park, and had long been its strongest fan and supporter. He was, however, a Republican also, and as such hardly merited a favor from a Democrat administration. Arant's friends, many politicians and local democrats thought Arant's dismissal was an unreasonable double-cross and Arant refused to leave his headquarters. Steel moved into the hotel which was owned and operated by the Crater Lake Company.

Activities at the park came to a halt. No orders were forthcoming for needed improvements, no fees were taken for admission, and both Steel and Arant served notice on the park postmaster not to

deliver mail addressed to the superintendent so orders from the interior department were not delivered. In the meantime the federal civil service board and Attorney General McReynolds ruled against Frank Arant and his salary ceased, but he and his family continued to stay on at headquarters and the problem was referred to the United States Department of Justice. Secretary Lane ordered William Steel to remain in the park.

On July 21, a Sunday, United States Marshal Leslie Scott appeared at Arant's office and ordered him to vacate the premises. "I would like to see somebody try to remove me from my own home," said Arant, but in less than a minute he was passed through two doors and landed in the front yard. He returned immediately and was again ejected without ceremony but with dispatch. Marshal Scott removed some of Arant's personal effects and files, and ushered Will Steel into the building.

Frank Arant, outnumbered by a Marshal and his deputies, could see he was facing a losing skirmish, and hastened to Klamath Falls, secured a lawyer, Mr. J.H. Carnahan, and five sympathetic friends, and returned to the park and forced his way back into his office. Marshall Scott was not to be intimidated. He deputized a force of men working in the park and when Arant again refused to leave, Marshal Scott and his deputies removed the entire group. Outdoors again, Arant's lawyer took a combatant's stand and announced loudly that his client was entitled to the office and any action which might comply with the government's demand would injure his case. When Scott ordered Arant to return and unlock the desks and remove his papers, Arant naturally followed his lawyer's advice and declined.

Marshall Scott then entered the office where he found a woman sitting on the desk, who turned her head aside and ignored his command to leave. If it were indeed Emma Arant holding out as king of the hill, she surely presented no particular challenge to the deputy; she was a tiny lady, weighing about "ninety pounds, wringing wet," and could have put up little physical resistance. As the deputies carried her out, Scott took Arant's papers to the yard. Three times Arant returned and each time



Emma Dunham Arant

he was ejected. Finally Frank and Emma Arant, his brothers, two sons and Mr. Carnahan were successfully locked out. The special reporter to the *Tribune* wrote that Arant was as defiant and insolent as ever.

By 2 o'clock Arant and his attorney realized they had been effectually ousted, and Steel took possession of the desk and papers. Mr. Steel did not bar the Arants from occupying a neighboring government building while Arant's brother completed work on repairing a bridge for which he had already received his pay.

The deposed W.F. Arant, for the time, gave up the field of battle to Mr. Steel. He still had his principles and he gave not one inch, but fighting the government is a one-sided battle. On August 1 the *Tribune* again reported:

ARANT THOUGH OUSTED IS MOST DEFIANT

Ousted but defiant to the last, W.F. Arant pulled out of the Crater Lake National Park Sunday morning, taking his goods and chattels with him in wagons and heading for Klamath Falls. His last word was that he still considered himself in



This photograph was taken by B.B. Bakowski, who took many, many pictures of the Crater Lake area. It shows Frank Arant's headquarters, Camp Arant, at Annie Springs. Arant is on the left, the lady is Emma Arant, and the third man is unidentified.

office regardless of the edict of the department of the interior, the United States attorney or anybody else.

The Deputy United States Marshall D. B. Fuller, who was detailed to see that Arant left everything in good order, reported, "Arant left Will Steel in full charge, but he didn't turn his hand to show Steel anything. He merely dropped things as he had left them and let Mr. Steel find out for himself." So what's the complaint? Aiding and indoctrinating the enemy who has commandeered your base of operations has never been part of the strategy for winning a battle. Frank Arant and his attorney had to continue the resistance from a distance.

On August 14 Attorney Carnahan addressed the Klamath Falls Chamber of Commerce on "the plight of W. Frank Arant." He told the members, "We have thousands of acres of land in Crater Lake Park and other federal reserves, yet not a Klamath Falls man is in charge. It is the duty of the chamber to see that Mr. Arant is backed up and justice done."

Arant, who spoke to the assembly,

said, "I was advised by my friends not to submit to this unlawful removal. There was no documented or visible authority. I was simply thrown out and it was not pleasant. I intend to continue my stand."

He gained many supporters who offered sympathy, were indignant at the insensitivity displayed by the Secretary of the Interior, and agreed Arant had been sold out by his government. But by October many of his defenders, who had to attend to other chores, allowed their resistance to erode. Only Arant and Mr. Carnahan continued to wave the flag of protest.

At the end of October the *Klamath Northwest* reported on a back page that "former Superintendent W. Frank Arant...received a letter from the interior department telling him for about the 'steenth time that he had been removed and no further salary as superintendent was coming to him.

"Mr. Arant has forwarded his bill to the interior department each month since he was ousted. With each bill goes a letter stating that the writer is awaiting orders to perform certain tasks in connection with the park work."

With his submission of a monthly statement and a request for orders, Frank Arant hoped to keep current his demands for satisfaction. Lacking any evidence why Will Steel was appointed, one must conjecture he had friends with influence and when he indicated he wished to become superintendent of Crater Lake park those friends used their connections to secure the position for him. Mr. Arant's experiences and qualifications therefore were not considered as significant. It seems certain that Secretary of the Interior Lanewas one of those individuals who make abrupt decisions without any depth of thinking or reason, and when questioned about these decisions, become brusque and belligerent with no other excuse or explanation than "Well, I was within my rights." It also seems true Frank Arant was represented by an attorney who gave him unsubstantial ad-

vice and failed to do his homework.

The newspapers, finding Frank Arant's dismissal eventually fell under the category of yesterday's news ceased featuring the story. Arant continued sending his monthly statement to the department of the interior and continued to receive the same answer. He had farm business to attend to, and a listening-ear became harder to find. His case disappears from local newspapers by 1914.

In 1919, six years after the brouhaha at park headquarters, Attorney J.H. Carnahan succeeded in bringing the case to the Supreme Court of the United States.*

Mr. Chief Justice White delivered the opinion of the court:

Without competitive examination or

* We are grateful to Medford Attorney Michael H. Arant, for supplying us with a copy of the Supreme Court's action.



This photograph is an early picture of the Arant family. Left to right they are Early L., Jay J., W. Frank Arant, Chauncey F., Emma Arant and Herbert L.

certification under the civil Service Law in 1903, William F. Arant...was appointed, by the Secretary of the Interior, superintendent of a national park in Oregon. Following his refusal to resign, when requested by the Secretary, he was summarily removed without specification of charges or hearing, and upon his refusal to vacate was ousted by the United States marshal. Nearly two years afterwards this proceeding for mandamus to restore [the claimant] to office was commenced... When a public official is unlawfully removed from office, he should promptly take action...to assert his rights. [The] realtor did nothing to assert his claim...for almost two years.

In conclusion we are in full agreement that it is entirely unnecessary to consider [if] the removal of the realtor from office was technically justified or not, since *by his own conduct*, he has forfeited the right to have the action reviewed.

Attorney Michael Arant interprets, "The Supreme Court did not decide whether the Secretary of the Interior could fire W.F. Arant, but rather used the fact that he had waited twenty months as a means to avoid a discussion."

One must draw his own conclusion about the findings reached by the Supreme Court judges. Today, from a different perspective, the affair--a tempest in a teapot--is a pretty good example of the impersonal attitude of a government which is designed to represent the common man but which so often fails to do so. The decision by

the Supreme Court saved an investigation into Secretary Lane's unexplained action, prevented any necessity for an apology from an indifferent government, and abolished any need to make a double payment of salary for a period of twenty months.

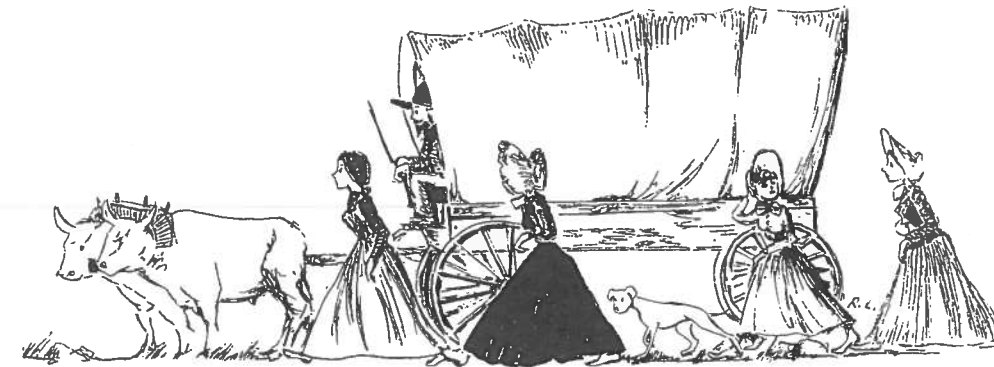
Franks Arant was silenced, his protests came to a halt, and if he still harbored thoughts of the injustice of the decision, he found few disciples. His ranch in Klamath Falls had provided him with a comfortable living, and he and Emma Arant moved to Ashland to a large, cozy home on Nursery Street. Although his descendants have scattered, some of them are still in southern Oregon. William Franklin Arant died in November, 1927; Emma lived on until 1937. They are buried in the old Linkville Cemetery in Klamath Falls.

In 1916 William G. Steel resigned from his position as superintendent and was appointed the park's first U.S. Commissioner. In later years he helped to establish the Crater Lake Lodge Company, which provided transportation to the park, camping accommodations and lake boat trips. He successfully requested money from Congress for the construction of a road around the lake. In October, 1934, he died in Medford.

The lake today is still untampered with, and it is still a place where visitors can enjoy the beauty and wonder which Will Steel first experienced in 1885.



Part 2



THE HILL FAMILY OF ASHLAND

by Nan Hannon

In the August issue of the newsletter Ms Hannon presented the Hill family of Tennessee and pictured their farewells as they set out to make a new home in the wilderness. Arriving in southern Oregon, they were enchanted with the primitive beauty of the area but were soon forced to flee to the fort to seek protection from the hostile Indians who were preparing for war. The story continues:

Ann Hill Russell comments in her memoirs that her parents saw both sides of pioneer life: Betsy Hill focused on the very real hardships and deprivations; Isaac saw the opportunities.

But in the first months in the Bear Creek Valley, Betsy came to share Isaac's viewpoint. The spring of 1853 passed into summer, and Betsy was impressed with the climate and the beauty of her new home, and with the kindness of their neighbors.

The Hills had a great deal of contact with their neighbors, for their three marriageable daughters drew crowds of bachelors from Yreka, Jacksonville and the Valley. On Sunday mornings the Hills woke to find their fences lined with lonely men eager for a glimpse of the girls, who were made even more attractive by the fact that a married man was entitled to more free land than a single man, under the terms of the Donation Land Act of 1850.

Hospitable Isaac always invited the men in for breakfast and conversation. Betsy and the girls sometimes spent the

whole day cooking for the visitors. The girls were overwhelmed with marriage proposals from men they scarcely knew. To avoid the embarrassment of these unwelcome advances, the sisters made a pact to travel as a threesome, and discourage suitors.

The most frequent visitors to the little cabin were the Mountain House boys, who were all courteous and well-liked by the Hill women. Soon the girls were doing their laundry and sewing; in return the Mountain House boys brought them gifts from their pack trips. Especially welcome were Jim Russell's gift of some tiny potatoes from Portland, and a cat brought from California by John Gibbs. The cat was possibly the first domestic cat in southern Oregon.

In addition to helping out the Mountain House boys with their domestic chores, the Hill girls had considerable work of their own. Their brothers Cicero and La Grande had hastened to the gold fields as soon as the family was settled. They were staying with their Aunt Kelly in Yreka and seeking gold in the streams where their father had been lucky.

The three girls had to do their brothers' work in addition to their own. They herded and milked Isaac's cattle and helped their father make cheese. Betsy found herself busy as nurse to the community.

That summer of 1853, the Hill sisters were out riding one day when they were surprised and pleased to see two women riding horseback along Ashland Creek. One of them had a small girl in front of her on the saddle. Up to that time, the Hill women had been the only white women in the south end of the Bear Creek Valley.

With their formal Southern manners it did not occur to the sisters to ride up to the women and introduce themselves. Instead, they reported the newcomers to their father, who made inquiries and discovered that the women were Martha Helman and Sophia Emery. The little girl was Mrs. Helman's daughter, Almeda. Abel Helman, who had built a small cabin and sawmill on Ashland Creek with his partner Eber Emery, had returned to the "States" for their families, and his first look at his little daughter Almeda who had been born a few months after her father left on his first venture to the west.

Isaac, who loved to sing, was happy to add to his report that Mrs. Helman had a reputation as a fine musician.

The Hill girls were eager to visit their Aunt Kelly in Yreka, and had been invited by some packers to ride with them down to Yreka for the Fourth of July. Aunt Kelly wrote to Isaac and Betsy advising against the journey. Yreka was too wild on the Fourth, she told them. The girls should come down the next week.

But it might as well have been the Fourth of July when the girls arrived. The excited miners welcomed the girls with a band, and kept them up dancing until dawn. One of the men was a jeweler, working in the soft, pure gold from the Yreka mines. With Aunt Kelly's permission he gave each of the girls a pair of earrings. The girls treasured them all their lives.

The Hill girls' happy times were brief that summer. When they returned home across the Siskiyou, they noticed that the Indians were acting strangely. Isaac and the other settlers were worried.

August is hot and close in the Valley.

A hundred and thirty years before I&M legislation, Valley residents reported in their journals that the summer skies were hazy and that smoke obscured the hills. The circle of hills and mountains bounding the Bear Creek Valley trapped the air as it does today. The Indians burned out brush in late summer and early fall to make hunting easier. But in August of 1853, the settlers noticed that there were also signal fires on the hills.

Around August first, an Indian came to the Hill cabin, and tried to seize Isaac's knife and gun. Mary sprang ahead of him, drew the gun on him and shouted, "Kla-ta-wa," which meant "Get out!" John Gibbs and Patrick Dunn, who had been following the Indian, arrived while Mary was holding the gun on the intruder. They frightened the Indian away.

Days later, John Gibbs and Isaac made a scouting trip around the Valley, which led them to conclude that trouble with the Indians was imminent. The Hill women were singing as they worked in their cook shed, making pies from the berries of the wild Oregon grape, when Isaac hurried in to tell them to get ready to go down to the Dunn place, and safety. Hasse wrote that the women "left the pies in the ovens, clothes in tubs and on lines and ran to the road. The wagon, with a guard of armed men from the Mountain House, took us past an Indian Rancherie, and there we were met by more armed men coming to attack the Indians on what is now called Neil Creek. All the men except the driver turned back and we heard shooting ... Fathers, brothers, friends were in the fight."

The company of twelve white men took prisoner most of the Indian men, and all of the women and children. Patrick Dunn and a settler named Andy Carter were both wounded. Several Indians were killed. The prisoners were brought to the Dunn cabin, where the anxious women waited for news. In her book, "Undaunted Pioneers," Mary wrote: "It was a hard night for all. We had no beds, just rolled up in blankets on the floor, and we could hear the squaws and their children and the men on guard walking back and forth." Martha and another man took turns applying pressure to Andy Carter's wounded wrist, which bled badly.

In the morning Dr. Cleveland from Jacksonville arrived to sew Carter's severed artery and remove a bullet from Dunn's shoulder. Mary wrote that "It was a painful operation for each of them after waiting for twenty-four hours and not having anything to deaden the pain." As she helped to nurse Patrick Dunn, Mary came to know and admire her future husband, whom she found gentle, brave and uncomplaining.

Dunn's house was full with the Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Grubb and their five children. Isaac and another man went out to kill a beef to feed the crowd. While they were gone, several Indians came to the Dunn cabin to bargain with the settlers. The chief of the Indians was called Sambo by the whites, and he promised that the Indians would give up their arms and not trouble the settlers if the women and children were released. John Gibbs agreed and the Indians left.

Isaac was furious on his return, and predicted that the Indians would return and attack. John Gibbs disagreed with him, saying that if he had a hundred lives he would trust all of them in Sambo's hands.

Most of the settlers held Isaac Hill's view however, and construction began immediately on a fort at Wagner Creek, around Jacob Wagner's house. A crew of about twenty men, supervised by George Tyler from Yreka constructed a wall of logs ten feet high around the Wagner cabin.

Joining those who had been at the Dunn cabin were the Helmans, Emerys, Rockfellow, McCalls, and Culvers, among others. Mrs. Helman was pregnant at this time with her son John, who would be born in January, and would be the first white child born in Ashland.

Living conditions were crowded and uncomfortable. Hasse's memoirs recall the crying of the babies and the constant concern Mrs. Wagner had for seeing that everyone was fed.

Headstone of Isham Keith
in the Hill-Dunn cemetery.
Photograph by Doug Smith

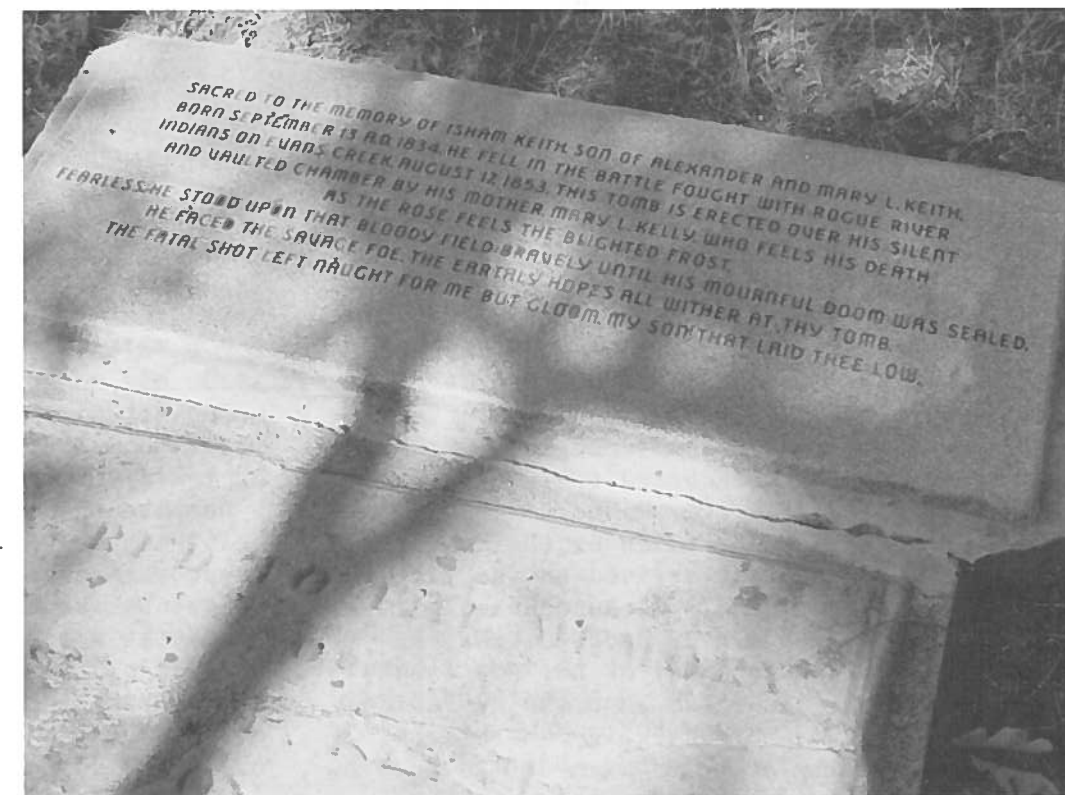
Among the twenty men who had come up from Yreka to build Fort Wagner was Isham Keith, Aunt Kelly's son and the girls' cousin. When the fort was built, the company of men went farther down the Valley to join men under the command of Lieutenant Elliott. Aunt Kelly had given Isham permission only to stay with the Hills and help protect them, but Isham joined Elliott's group.

On August 17, the party was ambushed by Indians as they were eating. The men ran for their horses, and one was shot. Isham helped him mount his animal and then, following Lieutenant Elliott's orders, pursued the Indians.

Seventeen-year-old Isham knew that he was considered the best tracker and marksman in Yreka; perhaps he felt he needed to use those skills in defense of the settlers. Though others in the party tried to dissuade him from following the Indians, he replied, "I'm here to obey orders."

Isham was shot as he went after the Indians. He told the men who ran to him, "I'm a dead man," and turning over, laid his head in his arms and died.

Isham's body could not be safely transported by the other men. They decided to bury him where he fell. While some of them stood guard, others scratched out a shallow grave with their hunting knives, and Isham was wrapped in



Mary Hill



a blanket and buried on the mountainside. Isaac, La Grande and Cicero, who had come over from Yreka, retrieved the body four days later. Betsy washed and dressed the remains, and Isham was buried again, on the hillside across from the Hill cabin.

That section of land was to become a resting place for many other victims of the Indian War. The next to be buried there was John Gibbs, killed by the Indian called Sambo with a gun snatched from his own hand. In all, Betsy Hill prepared for burial the bodies of seventeen men who died in conflicts with the Indians. She recorded their names in her diary, and over the next months tried to notify the families of the dead, some of whom had just arrived in the Valley before they died. She undoubtedly remembered her own days of waiting for news of the recovery of her son John's body, and wished to ease the sufferings of other mothers back in "the States."

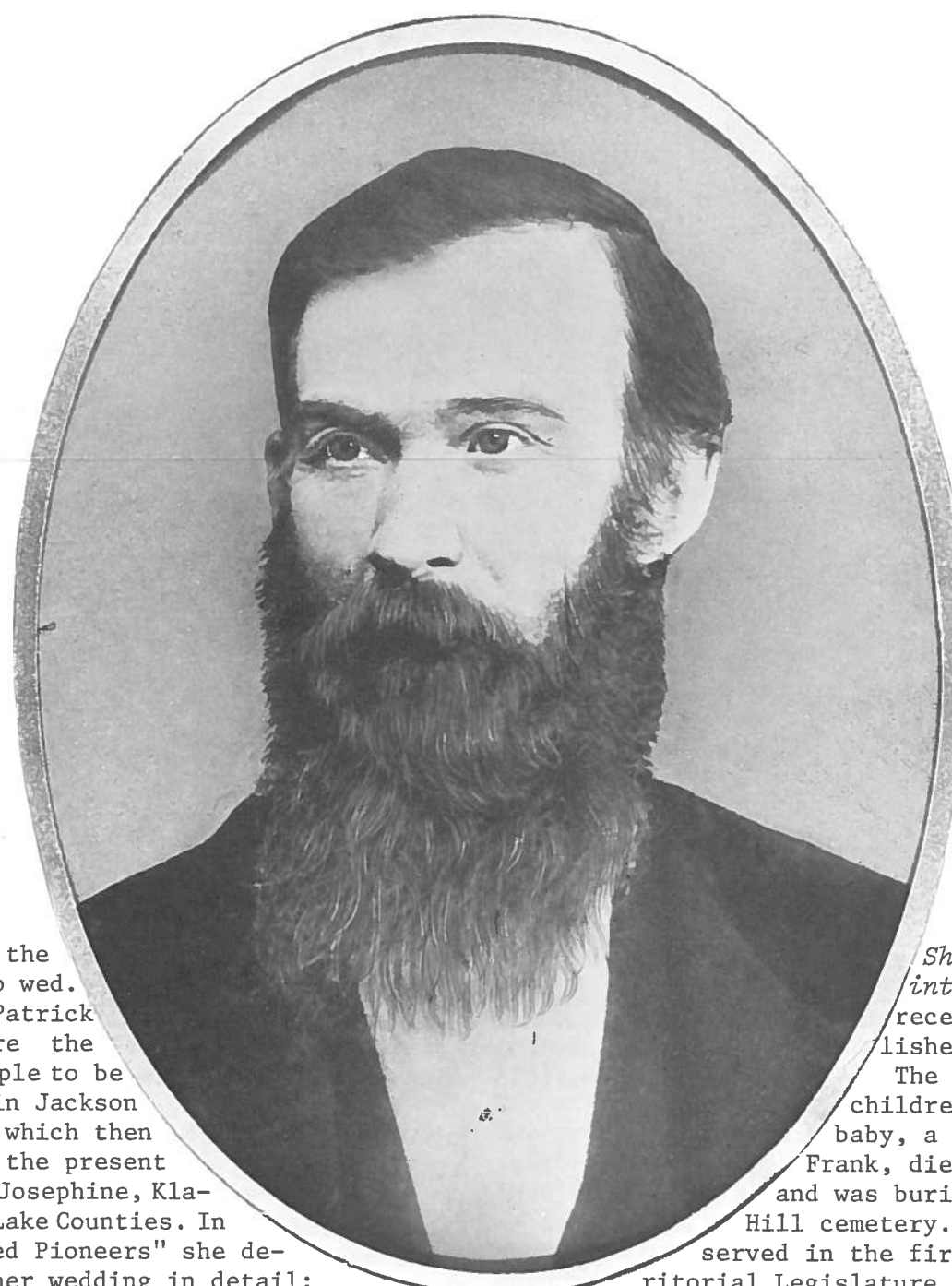
Less than a month after Isham's death,

on September 10, 1853, a treaty would be signed between the Indians and General Joseph Lane. Conflicts with the Indians would continue, but Isham's death was the worst consequence of war that the Hill sisters would experience. In the spring

of 1856, the Indians who had survived attacks by the white settlers were removed from the Valley, and settled on a reservation at Siletz. Pioneers who came to the Rogue Valley even as early as the late 1950s had no contact with the Indians, no opportunity to learn from them, and little cause to think that for thousands of years the land had been theirs.

Despite the Indian Wars, the Valley was being settled quickly. In 1856 Isaac and other settlers in the area around present Emigrant Lake organized a school board and built a school close to the Hill house, which was also used for religious services. As the Bear Creek Valley became more civilized, the Hill sisters began thinking of establishing homes of their own.

Patrick Dunn



Mary was the first to wed. She and Patrick Dunn were the first couple to be married in Jackson County, which then included the present Jackson, Josephine, Klamath and Lake Counties. In "Undaunted Pioneers" she describes her wedding in detail:

"Mother had a cook down from Mountain House for three days preparing for the feast. Father killed a beef. The fruits and flour were from South America, packed over from Crescent City. Mr. Burns of Yreka baked a large fruit cake for the occasion, and Aunt Kelly carried it in a bucket in her lap as she rode over the Siskiyou on horseback. There was a big dinner for everybody."

Mary and Patrick Dunn went to live in Patrick's log cabin. In 1860 the Dunns built a large, two-story house on Neil Creek which remained in family ownership for over a hundred years, and which is still standing. The Dunn house is included as a point of interest in Marjorie O'Harra's new book, *SOUTHERN OREGON*:

Short Trips into History, recently published by SOHS.

The Dunns had six children. Their first baby, a son named Frank, died in infancy and was buried in the Hill cemetery. Patrick Dunn served in the first Oregon Territorial Legislature, and later as

Jackson County Assessor, County Clerk and County Commissioner. A memorial resolution passed by the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association upon Patrick's death records that he and his wife never spoke a cross word to each other. A letter written to Mary from Patrick when he was about to return from the Territorial Legislative session in 1855 certainly seems tender: "There are nearly three hundred miles between us which with the blessing and help of God will not remain long."

Hasse was next to wed. She and James Russell married in 1854, and moved to the Mountain House. There the young bride of sixteen had an experience which proved her independence and her strong



Ashland Marble Works on the Plaza

sense of justice. In her memoirs she wrote of it:

The sheriff of Siskiyou County, California, dropped in one morning and arrested our colored cook on a charge of horse-stealing. It seems that the [black man] traded a good horse for a mining prospect, which "prospect," it developed, had been "salted." Upon learning that he had been defrauded, the [man] took the horse and came over the Siskiyou to the Mountain House where he was given work. When the sheriff heard the story, he said he couldn't blame the [man] but his duty compelled him to take his prisoner back to Siskiyou County. He was prevailed upon to wait until after breakfast was cooked, so he deputized a farm hand to sit in the kitchen and guard the culprit. The cook sent the guard into the dining room with a big dish of hot cakes and seized the opportunity to slip out of the door. I saw him from a nearby building where I was gathering up the washing and beckoned him to come to me. He did so and I told him to lie down on the floor and keep quiet until I told him it was safe ... I covered him up with a great heap of sheets.

In a few minutes, every man in the house was out looking for the Negro. When I was asked if I had seen him, I evaded the question by suggesting that "he would probably make for the woods" and the next

minute every man of them was running for the woods.

Hasse told the fugitive that the law was against him, and that he should abandon the horse and flee. He did. When the sheriff came back Isaac Hill, who happened by, told him "it was just as well that the man got away as he could hardly be blamed for recovering his property from the man who had cheated him." The sheriff returned to Siskiyou County without a prisoner.

La Grande married Bethenia Owens, a fourteen-year-old girl from Roseburg. Young Bethenia was old for her years; she had helped raise her younger brothers and sisters, and with the hard chores of a pioneer farm. Her years with La Grande were not happy. The couple had a son, and La Grande had difficulty supporting his family. The love of adventure which had suited La Grande for pioneering did not serve him well as the country grew more settled. La Grande preferred hunting to working in the businesses in which Bethenia's family tried to set him up.

For a time the couple lived with Betsy and Isaac, and with Aunt Kelly.

Aunt Kelly was very fond of Bethenia's baby. She offered to take him and raise him as her own, telling Bethenia that La Grande would never amount to anything, and that as Aunt Kelly's heir, the child would have no worries in life. Bethenia, of course, did not surrender her infant.

When Bethenia was eighteen, she divorced La Grande, despite the pleas of her family not to disgrace them with the scandal of divorce. Bethenia worked hard at any job she could find, saved her money, and set up a millinery shop in Roseburg. She put her son through medical school, and then decided to go to medical school herself. Bethenia Owens became the first fully-qualified woman doctor to practice in Oregon. Her unsuccessful marriage to La Grande forced her to become self-reliant and resourceful, and perhaps gave her the courage to complete her medical studies despite the discouragement of male students and instructors.

La Grande Hill died in 1886, and is buried in Ashland.

Martha was the last sister to marry. Her husband, A.V. Gillette, was a Yreka cabinetmaker. The couple had eight children, and moved to Ashland in 1857, where Gillette served as town recorder.

In July 15, 1864, Isaac Hill died at the age of 58. Family records indicate that he died of cholera, the disease he had told the girls on the prairie that you either recovered from quickly or died. The day before his death Isaac had worked hard in the fields.

The family suspected that the doctor summoned to treat Isaac was indifferent to the case because Isaac was a Southerner, and the doctor an Abolitionist. Hasse wrote several times that her father was a victim of the Civil War.

Isaac, who had finally found a permanent home after years of looking for a perfect spot, was laid to rest on his own land, in the small cemetery he had given for burial of victims of the Indian Wars. In his eleven years in Ashland, he found prosperity and adversity. He was honored as a pioneer, and respected as a justice of the peace.

In a letter written to his mother on



Grave of Ann Hill Russell.
Photograph by Doug Smith.

February 7, 1864, five months before his death, Isaac reported; "Last year was the best fruit year I ever saw, apples are still plentiful. I have 175 apple trees, the most of them bearing. I had peach trees which will bear this year...We are just sowing our wheat...The elders are budding and the peach buds are swelling... I have a fine stock of horses, ten in number, and most of them very fine. I have not sold any under \$200. I have 3 brood-mares, one stallion and the others, three years and younger. I fattened 24 hogs and baconed them. It sold for 15¢ lb. I have a good stock of hogs left and all the cattle I want... I raised a good crop of tobacco (sic) last year. It is worth \$1 per pound here...I am about out of debt and have plenty of everything so have no reason to complain."

His description of a fertile valley with orchards and pastures show the drastic changes in the Valley wrought by Isaac and Betsy and other pioneers. Hasse, who had despaired of ever seeing another red apple upon her arrival in the Valley, now lived in what was becoming a famous fruit-producing area.

Hasse and James Russell lived in Yreka

for several years, although James had business ventures in several towns. His most important and sustaining work was as a marble carver. In 1865, he and Hasse set up a marble works on Ashland Creek, which was the first marble works in Oregon south of Portland.

Almon Gillette set up a cabinet shop nearby, and the sisters were close again, and raised their children together. The Russells had eleven children, including twin daughters whom Hasse had named Mary and Martha after her sisters.

It's uncertain what year Hasse first took up a mallet and chisel. She had been drawing floral designs for James to carve and one day when he was unable to work out a carving to his satisfaction, she asked him to let her try. James was astonished by her natural proficiency at carving, and soon she shared the work with him, while her older children watched her younger ones.

In her memoirs, she writes that soon she was able to see forms in the rough blocks of marble. As James became increasingly disabled from old mining injuries, Hasse's work helped support the family. She was not to put down her mallet and chisel until her 90th year. She became somewhat famous for carving the white marble bowknots which marked the graves of members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In newspaper articles across the country, she was celebrated as the oldest woman marble carver in America.

Hasse and the San Francisco branch of the Vermont Marble Company carried on a lively correspondence over the years. In 1924, the Company wrote her:

You are certainly a good testimonial for marble. We hope that we will all thrive on it as vigorously as you have. We have been somewhat suspicious that the Fountain of Perpetual Youth was located somewhere in the neighborhood of Ashland, and we are surprised and delighted to know that as a matter of fact the Fountain is really a quarry located in Vermont

and the product is going abroad over the earth in allopathic doses.

In addition to raising their families, the Hill sisters were involved in religious and civic activities. Martha was particularly active in the Presbyterian Church. The Ashland church still has a Martha Gillette League named in her honor, and for many years after Martha's death, the League continued to meet in her home on the corner of Church and High Streets.

The Hill sisters outlived their husbands, and were honored in their later years as Ashland pioneers. Martha died in 1920, Hasse in 1930, and Mary in 1933.

The Hill sisters temperance activities remain famous in Ashland folklore. When a saloon opened in Ashland, Hasse organized Martha and other Ashland women to stage what was Oregon's first "sit-in." The women took their rockers and knitting and rocked and knitted in shifts in front of the saloon door. No man dared pass the severe gaze of these righteous ladies, and on the third day, the publican came out and said, "All right, ladies, you win. I'm moving to Medford."

This was but one battle in the long war against alcohol. The railroad brought into Ashland many visitors who wanted to buy a drink and saloons opened to accommodate them. Hasse, Martha and other women organized protests and tried to see that laws were passed and enforced regulating the sale of alcohol.

Public battles such as this were anguishing to the reticent Hill sisters. Hasse recorded in her memoirs that she could hardly stand to be watched as she did her marble carving in the family's outdoor shop. It required all of her strength of character to stage sit-ins, appear in court and at city meetings, and speak at temperance gatherings. She feared the opposition of powerful men, and town gossip, but she spoke out for what she believed in.

Nan Hannon

Photograph by Doug Smith.



NEW ARCHIVE TO BE DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 29

The official dedication of the new Southern Oregon Archive of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, located at 320 Antelope Road near White City, will be held Sunday afternoon, September 29, 1985 from 2:00PM until 5:00PM. Society trustees, staff and county officials will be on hand to cut the ribbon and welcome guests.

We are very pleased with our new 60' x 75' building which contains most Jackson County records and the society's manuscript and document collection. Rich Thelen, who has served several years as the county's archivist, has been permanently assigned to the archive and will assist the public with their research. The facility will be open from 1PM until 5PM any week day that the county courthouse is open.

You will be amazed at the information you will find at the archive. In the comfortable reading room, you may see documents ranging from birth and death certificates to land and assessor's records.

Our new archive is easily found. Located near White City, turn west at the intersection of Antelope Road and Oregon Highway 62 (Crater Lake Highway.) Continue two miles on Antelope Road to number 320. It is next to the County Public Works Department's buildings. We certainly hope you'll join us to inaugurate this exciting new service of the Southern Oregon Historical Society.



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for the

MEDFORD ANTIQUE SHOW AND SALE

Thursday evening, October 3, 1985

6:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M.

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1701 S. Pacific Hwy.

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Come and enjoy an evening among the most beautiful antiques available on the West Coast. The Gold Diggers Guild of the Southern Oregon Historical Society is sponsoring this annual show for the benefit of the historical society. You'll enjoy wine, hors d'oeuvres and music as well as thousands of treasures from the past. You will be able to make purchases.

We hope you will attend and support the preservation of our rich heritage!

Reservations are necessary
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September 27, 1985

Send your check to: The Gold Diggers Guild, P. O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530.

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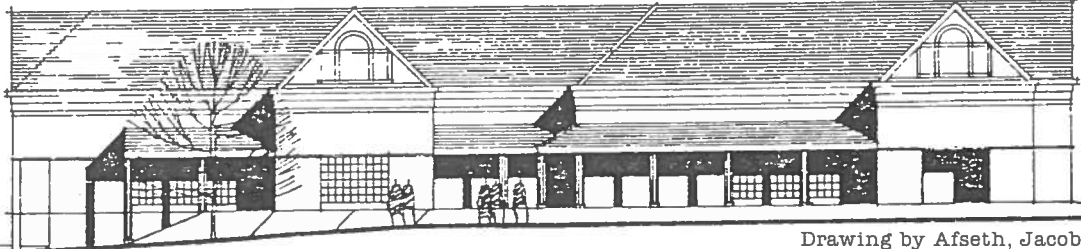
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WALTER LARSEN, DIRECTOR



WEST ELEVATION / SIXTH STREET

Drawing by Afseth, Jacobs and Schmitz

NEW BUILDING TO BE TOPIC OF SOCIETY MEETING

Members of the Southern Oregon Historical Society and their guests are invited to attend a special meeting to be held Thursday evening, September 19, 1985 at 7:30PM in the U. S. Hotel, 3rd and California Streets, Jacksonville, Oregon.

At that time, the plans for our new multi-purpose building will be presented by our architects and we will ask the membership for their impressions and ideas.

We hope that you will be able to attend. Your input is needed.



Photograph by Doug Smith

NO WE'RE NOT BURYING TREASURE!

If you saw digging going on recently in the Jacksonville Museum parking lot, we weren't burying treasure or unearthing the remains of an ancient Indian home. We were digging test holes to determine how deep underground water was and the composition of the soil for the new building.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE
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