

① Indian war Told about 1853.

Ashland, Oregon, Nov. 1, 1921

Today a phone invitation came to me from Mrs Jessie Wagner Miles to attend a meeting of the Historical Society of Southern Oregon to be held in Medford, Ore. I am glad, because those seeing the Valley as it is today can never know how it looked to us in the early spring of 1953. Cameras are modern luxuries, and while words fail to picture the early days as they appeared to the first settlers, it remains for those of us who have lived to "tell the tale," to give our impressions of those adventurous, stirring times. In no other way can the present generation and those to come after, ~~from~~ realize the great changes that have come in the past 68 years.

Mother and father saw the possibilities of this new country so differently. ~~to~~ mother, there were only privations and hardships, no schooling for her three girls and no society but that of Indians; father had the vision that pioneers of all ages have had, ~~and~~ ^{the} never faltered.

We passed an Indian camp less than a mile from our new home - the large, one-room cabin father had prepared for our coming. At the Indian camp, we paused, ~~while~~ the squaws brought their papooses to see the "white tillicums", and though father was enthusiastically pointing out his cattle on the hill side standing in bunch grass a foot high, mother was chilled by the very presence of the Indians.

The section of land on which our new home stood ~~xxx~~ is now owned by six or seven farmers. Kingsbury Soda Springs ~~xxx~~ are in father's original donation land claim. Our cabin was built a little better than most of the cabins of that time. The inside walls were hewn and the cracks covered with split boards held in place with wooden pins. The roof was of shakes, held down by poles or small logs and kept in place by wooden pins. The floor was of split punchions. The door was made of split shakes and honored with the only metal nails used in the building - nails and silver being of about par value. The door hinge consisted of a long pole extended through a forked stick which was driven into an auger hole in the wall. The door had a wooden latch, yhe key of which was a wooden peg above the latch. No glass windows; only canvas stretched across an opening made in the logs.

Indian War

(2)

The first white woman I remember seeing in Southern Oregon was Mrs. Van Dyke. Father had met her before we came when he and one of my brothers came to take the cattle in and build the cabin, leaving us women folk in a hotel at Canyonville guarded by my older brother. Father introduced mother and invited her to visit us. Mr Hoffman and wife drove up while we were there. How did we feel? Well, for myself, I wanted to get out of sight as quickly as possible as I was perched behind my sister Mary on the big bell horse leading our caravan of pack horses with all of our house-hold belongings. All honor to this horse that was compelled to carry double because of the shortage of horses. He carried us safe through Pass Creek canyon - almost a continuous creek crossing - while sister Lou's mule landed her over his head into the mud while jumping over one of the many mud holes between Salem and the Rogue River Valley.

How discouraging was all this to young girls in their teens! No girl associates, no schools. no church-going. I never expected to see another apple, nor a school house or young girl companion. Short sighted, wasn't it? Nothing but a roadless, homeless, fenceless country filled my vision. But we were soon engaged in making our new home more home-like. As we worked, we sang our old home songs, for father loved music and had taught "singing School" as they were called in Tennessee. Thus we found some fun and created more among ourselves. Then came the news of the killing of settlers in the valley by Indians. Singing stopped and no time lost in obeying the word to "get your bonnets and run down to the road to meet a wagon from the Mountain House that will take you to where the women and children are gathering for protection." We left pies in the oven, 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 Rancheria 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 soon we heard shooting. Imagine our suspense! Fathers, brothers, friends were in the fight. It was not long, however, until our suspense was broken by the

the fight. It was not long, however, until our suspense was broken by the sight of a wagon driven slowly and a band of Indians under guard of our menfolk. The picture of a group of women and children "forted", awaiting breathlessly for the news we dreaded to hear, must be imagined. This was the

3) Described elsewhere in Book. I think
This may have acciently. dropped out.
Mrs R.

news: Two of our men - Patrick Dunn and Andy Carter - painfully but not
fatally injured, and many of the Indian braves and all of the squaws and
papooses ~~taken prisoner~~ captured.

Capt. Thomas Smith left immediately on his fast mule for Jacksonville to
get Dr. Cleveland. In due time the doctor arrived, removed a bullet from
Patrick Dunn's shoulder and dressed Andy Carters shattered arm. ~~We lived~~
Housing all the women in the two-room cabin, ^{and} cooking over one fire-place
was endured for three days, then father and sister Lou borrowed a wagon and
went to our cabin after our things. They found everything just as we had left
them. Lou wrung out the clothes left in the tubs, and gathered together the
things we most needed for camping. When ready to return to the fort, a
company of volunteers from Yreka, California guarded them back.

Father had killed a beef and the entire crowd was fed. My cousin,
Isham Keith, was in the Yreka company, and he insisted on father taking us
down to Fort Wagner (now Talent, Ore.) saying that we would be sure to have
a battle where we were as the Indians would certainly come from the mountains
in force to rescue the prisoners, so we went to Fort Wagner.

There we were met by kind friends, + invited
to all have supper, our family of 7, with
all that Yreka Co. of Col. volunteers, free to
us all, Mr. Jacob Wagner, being host. But
how I watched that tired Mrs. Wrigley,
(Mr Wagner's house-keeper) her little baby
was crying for her attention while she
was serving that crowd. My sympathy
overcome my appetite, I excused myself to
take the baby into the little vacant space
amongst a line of tents around the walls
of the fort, + surveyed our own allotted
corner near a gate - (first one the Indians can
see, I thought) well I wish I could picture

see, I thought) well. I wish I could picture
that fort. I don't know No. of families in it,
at least 20- confusion everywhere. Next A. M.
that Ayres Co. was to answer to a call for help
on Rogue river. My father & Mother was dividing

Her Wagner continued.

Our megar supplies with the volunteers
a large cheese brought from home, + beef,
when Isham Keith said Uncle. Capt Tyler + the
Boys want me to go on with them I am
not needed here, + every body thinks I am
needed in the Mountains? I dont know my
father's answer. But I do know that 19 yr.
boy, his mother's only child, + idol went,
+ I do know he was surrounded in battle
with Indians, shot while aiming to save a
friend's life. lost his own life + was buried
on the battle field 3 days, before father could
get him to an emigrant hack, + bring him
to his home - as his broken hearted mother
in Yreka Cal. requested of her brother - so the
armed friends watched for Indian attack -
as others dug the first grave in the Hill
Cemetery, Aug 18th 53. - then the battle that
prophesied, was a reality. + his very warm
friend, John Gibbs, was killed at that little
cabin fort + Gibbs was shot twice with
own gun, jerked from his hand by the
Indian he said "he would ^{trust} a 100 lives in his
care;" those two young noble young
friends, with 15 other brave Pioneers Indians
lie in that sacred free Community kin
in unmarked, graves, only as I have
cared for them alone since my Mother's
death in 1877 - until 1921 the Island A.
L. under care of Mr. Don Spencer, placed
flagged at each of the 17 graves, + have
come so each Decoration Day since.
now mark them N

under care of Mr. [unclear]
played at each of the 17 graves since.
dome so each Decoration Day since.
I am trying have Gov. Mark then M
Hort Wagner shaken up one morning M
uncle Sam Culver came riding like
were after him calling, Indians, Indians,
in 10 minutes, one man from