

BIRDSEYE LOG HOME, HISTORIC SPOT OF SOUTHERN OREGON, FILLED WITH RELICS OF EARLY DAYS, SITE OF D. A. R. MARKER

(By Ernest Hosted)

Just as it was built in 1855 upon the close of the Rogue River Indian wars, the David Nelson Birdseye home of logs stands today two miles south of Rogue River on the Pacific highway—a reminder of southern Oregon's early history. In keeping with the part it played in the early days of Jackson county, a fitting marker is to be unveiled there tomorrow afternoon by the Crater Lake chapter of the D. A. R. A short program will be given when the unveiling takes place.

A recent visit there revealed how well the old building has withstood the ravages of time and interesting bits of its history were disclosed by Mrs. Effie Birdseye, daughter-in-law of David Nelson, who resides there with her three sons, the eldest of whom, Victor, a graduate of the Oregon State College, operates the ranch.

The house was constructed shortly after the Indian war of 1855 and 1856 and was built of hand hewn logs. During the course of its construction, the Birdseye family continued to live in old Fort Birdseye, which had been erected during the heat of the conflict, when residents of all that section of the valley came to the fort for protection.

So thorough was the construction that the ravages of time and repair work to any large extent with the exception of the roof, replaced with a new one three years ago, when winter rains persisted in leaking through. The old roof was liberally covered with vines interwoven with ancient moss and they presented a problem, as Mrs. Birdseye, having become attached to the greenery, was reluctant to have it removed, but after much planning, the vines were carefully taken down. They were replaced when a new roof had been completed and now they are even thicker than they were before.

The same floor that served the builder is serving still and has shown but little wear. The fireplace that threw out heat before Medford ever had thoughts of being established is still in use, much the same as it was when built, with the exception of a few repairs made 15 years ago by Mrs. David Birdseye, now dead for 18 years. An old Chickering piano brought to southern Oregon from around the "horn" and by pack train from Crescent City holds a place of honor, and its mellow tones still come forth in vibrant melodies.

Old chairs, hand made book cases, old fashioned beds and crazy quilts are other old articles used to attract the attention of the visitor. The rose lustre vases, brought across the plains in the early 50's as wedding presents for David Birdseye, are holding places of honor on a tall shelf, keeping company with old-fashioned candle molds, patiently watched by a picture framed with pine cone burs.

An old brass bucket, another survivor of a long trip across the plains, occupies a stand alone, perhaps thinking of the days when it was used by brave pioneers coming through the Indian country and finally to beautiful southern Oregon where more Indian wars were to follow.

Showing interesting facts about the place, Mrs. Birdseye pointed out a log that had been converted into a soap manufacturing trough. The Oregon Historical society has made offers for the log, but so far has not been able to procure it.

It is less than 200 yards from the present house to the site of the old fort, which served settlers from October, 1855 to March, 1856. A stockade, 80 by 40 feet, protected the buildings and the logs were all two feet thick and 14 feet high. Behind these logs settlers felt safe while Indians prowled about on the ready to scatter death and destruction. During the time, the Birdseye family was "forted up," a baby was born and she was destined to be the wife of Judge William Colvig and the mother and grandmother of a line of descendants well known and respected citizens of southern Oregon.

Mrs. Effie Birdseye is familiar with the history of the place and told of events in which the elder Birdseyes took part—how one evening before Indians began a rampage, the Rogue river was covered with Indian canoes and how they disappeared before the light of the next day. Grandma Birdseye never feared the Indians and she often declared the white men brought on the troubles by breaking faith of the red men, who wanted only a just and square deal.

Once when they had just arrived on the place, several years before the fort was built, Indians came near her one-room cabin, located in a different part of the field than either the house or the fort were built, tore the waxed and oiled paper windows, looked through and a short time later lifted up the latch and came into the little room to seat themselves about the fireplace. They did not offer to molest her and did not offer to talk and then silently took their leave. That was the only time, she confessed, she was ever seriously frightened.

When the fort was about to be constructed, Grandma Birdseye always had two Indian women to help her with work of the house and one evening both of them continued to stay with her though dusk had fallen, and dusk had always found them before in the shelter of their own wigwams across the river. On this evening, they refused to leave and it was not long until an Indian buck

came to them, talked for a short time and disappeared. One of the squaw wept about her mistress' neck, as she was about to leave, but refused to tell the cause of her grief. She left and never returned, as the Indian massacres began the next day. For some reason or other, the Birdseye family was saved.

Up until this time, the Indians had been peaceful and things went on smoothly. The redmen whiled away hours in the woodlands hunting for deer that were plentiful and other times fishing in their primitive way by driving willows into the sandy bottom of creeks flowing into the river. The willows were set close together and the fish would swim into them, but could not get clear thru and could not retreat because they were caught by their gills. Three depressions near the creek bank, spaced evenly apart, can still be seen on the ranch, and Mrs. Effie Birdseye is of the opinion that once Indian wigwams were built over them while their owners spent idle hours fishing. One depression, in the center, is deeper and larger than the other two, and this she believes was the wigwam of a chieftan.

Travelers made their slow way thru the valley by stage coach and horseback and hardly ever were they molested. The Indians had almost accepted the whites as their friends. They mingled together and suspicion between the two races was apparently allayed, but on the clear sky came tragedy—death came stalking thru the peaceful valley of the Rogue slumbering beneath its autumn tinged leaves of October.

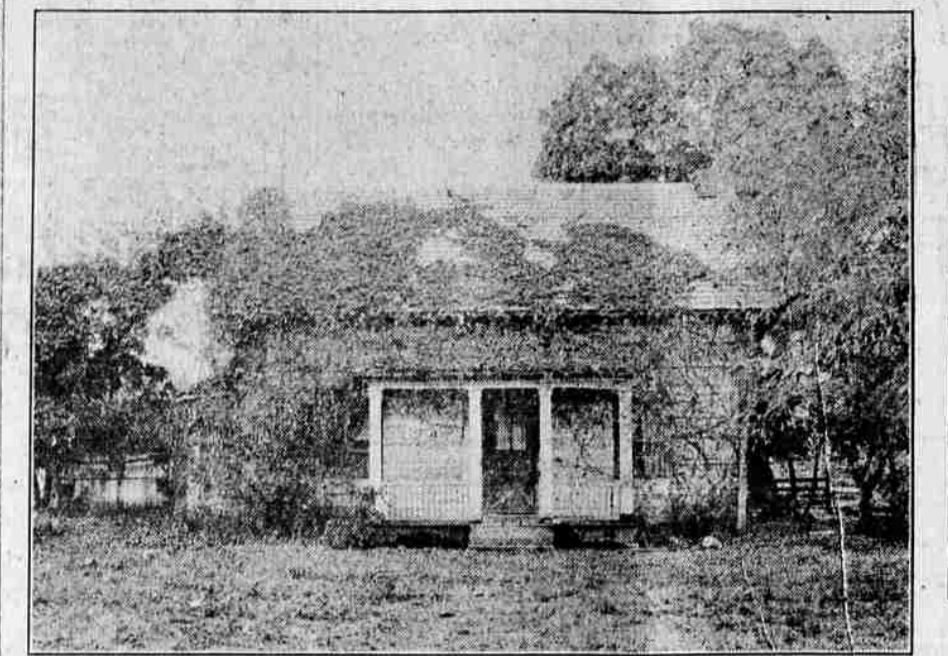
It was the Lupton affair, condemned by army officers but said to have been upheld by many of the early pioneers. It was on the seventh of October, 1855, or thereabouts—early historians not sure of the date—that a man, Major James A. Lupton, thought he had a grievance against the Indians and he found but little trouble in organizing a band of 40 men or so in Jacksonville and proceeding against a peaceful Indian camp near the mouth of Butte Creek on the Rogue river.

It has often been said that Lupton's military title had never been earned and that perhaps he thought the attack on the Indian camp would bring him into popularity with the populace. The party of armed men proceeded to the scene and arriving there late in the evening, did not choose to attack them, but remained in hiding until dawn when they fired volleys into the camp, followed by a hot hand to hand struggle. In telling of the Lupton Massacre, Judge William Colvig, familiar with early southern Oregon history, said men, women and children were killed. Twenty-three fell victim to white man fury, which resulted in nothing else than a general Indian uprising.

Lupton failed to learn the result of his misdeed, an Indian arrow fatally wounded him, it had penetrated his lungs.

The attack was like match to tinder and within two days the Indians had begun their work of vengeance, killing, burning and destroying whatever they could wherever they could. The uprising has furnished much material

Log House Built by David Birdseye in 1855, Shrine to Be Dedicated by Marker at Ceremony Monday Afternoon



View of the David N. Birdseye Pioneer home on the Pacific Highway as it stands today, unscarred by the ravages of time, and hallowed by stirring early day memories.

for tales of varied nature and in many cases facts have been garbled thru the course of generations that have followed. Several bands of the Indians met at Table Rock on the ninth and began a westward journey down the river, taking their families and property, with killing of the whites their only object. Perhaps around 50 Indian warriors took part in the killings, including several Indian chiefs, possibly Limpy of the Applegate section and George of the lower Rogue river.

A. G. Walling, who spent several months in southern Oregon in 1884 compiling a history, declares it was William Goin who was the first to lose his life and that was on the Table Rock reservation of 60,000 acres extending down toward Evans Creek. He was shot at two o'clock in the morning while sitting in front of a fireplace talking with a friend.

Enthused further by the first murder, the savages hurried on and killed here and there. They attacked the Jewett ranch, but meeting with some resistance went on down the river and at Evans Ferry, where they killed Isaac Shelton, a Willamette valley resident en route to Yreka. Jones, a rancher, was their next victim, whose body was devoured by hogs and his house destroyed by fire. Mrs. Jones was pursued by an Indian, who clubbed her and left her for dead, but she lived another day before joining her husband in the list of martyrs of southern Oregon.

Others were killed in the path of the Indians' vengeance. Little children met death and sick old men, with nothing to defend themselves, alike perished. It was during this time that the Indians attacked the Harris home in the Grave Creek section—a tale that has been told and retold; how the mother and daughter defended the house from attacking Indians while the husband and father lay mortally wounded.

She held them at bay all day and finally slipped out under the cover of darkness. Soldiers, stationed at Fort Lane,

took part in the campaign, leaving their quarters at Tolo, where a large marker, commemorating the fort site was recently unveiled by the Crater Lake Chapter of the D. A. R. Formation of volunteer army units was immediately begun and by the first of November, 1855, there were approximately 750 men under arms, with most of the soldiers mere youths, only a few being older than 21 years. They rode nondescript animals, recruited from pack trains, farms and towns, including in some cases a few mules.

It was during this time that Fort Birdseye became the haven for the settlers of the surrounding community and also became the headquarters for soldiers. General Joseph Lane, leading the Indian campaign and who had also married into the Birdseye family, made frequent visits at the fort and looked upon it nearly as a home.

The entire force at Fort Lane, consisting of 85 men and four officers, under the command of Captain A. J. Smith of the First Dragoons, left October 27 for Grave Creek, where they were joined by the remainder of the command of Colonel John Ross, whose sons, John, George and Thomas, now reside in Central Point. Colonel Ross had approximately 300 men, all recruits, farmers, miners, business men and youths.

In the Grave Creek region, it is related, a battle ensued, but it was unsuccessful for the volunteers, nine of whom were killed by bullets of the savages. The Indians maintained their position with small casualties and the whites retreated, bad weather also playing a part in the misfortune. The fortunes of war were much like a pendulum, swinging relentlessly to and fro, with the Indians steadily growing weaker and weaker. The main body fled from the Rogue River valley and around March, though Indians were still in conflict farther down the river and in the Coos county country, Fort Birdseye was no longer deemed necessary as a protection, and the stockades were taken down. However, the family continued

to live in the fort buildings while the present house was under construction, going up fast through the help of the settlers, who joined together to effect early completion. The Indian camp fires were gone; the danger signals of ribbons of smoke ascending peacefully to the sky while a dusky warrior manipulated their ascension, were no more, and war whoops of their last attempt to stamp out the whites was forever stilled.

David Nelson Birdseye lived happily on the place, reared a good family from whom death called him in the 50's, leaving Mrs. Birdseye to guide their early years. Wesley was the youngest of the sons and he lived on the home place after others had gone—and took unto himself a wife who resides there still, the mother of three fine sons, Victor Campbell and David Nelson, who lost their father by death only a few years ago. Mrs. Effie Birdseye is proud of the home place and tomorrow it shall be marked for posterity as a spot where pioneers concentrated some of their efforts to make what is southern Oregon today.

ROGUE RIVER WOMAN'S RECOVERY IS DELAYED

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., Nov. 2.—(Special)—Mrs. Eliza Goodale, who recently underwent a major operation, is not doing well, according to last reports. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

JAVA, UNCLE SAM'S BEST CUSTOMER ON INSTALLMENT PLAN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2.—Installation buying has invaded even remote Java, according to U. S. trade reports.

"The Javanese like American-made products. American exports to the island last year were valued at more than \$34,000,000," says a bulletin from the Washington D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"Picturesque, horse-drawn carts with wheels from six to seven feet in diameter must now compete with speedier American-made auto trucks; and native two-wheeled passenger carts, once the only passenger vehicles in Java cities, are being crowded off the streets by shiny, new, American-made pleasure cars. More than half the automobiles in Java are popular American makes. Italian factories rank next to the United States in exporting automobiles to Java, but American manufacturers ship about ten times as many as their Italian competitors. American commerce reports show.

"The island, about the size and shape of Cuba, is traversed by a network of good roads and railroads. While traveling on either, the American tourist is seldom out of eyesight of American products or products of American machinery. A traveler may engage an Italian, British, Spanish or French automobile for a tour, but a portion of the road he traverses is apt to be the product of American road building machinery.

"Should a blowout occur on the highway, it is likely that one of the thousands of American-made tires that are shipped to the island annually would be as readily available as one of foreign make. And the new tire may contain some of the rubber which a short time before flowed from one of the trees on a vast rubber plantation nearby.

"The traveler who prefers seeing the island from a train window is unaware that machinery and tools bearing familiar trademarks help to keep his train running on schedule.

"Rice farmers, whose watery farms rise like a series of silvery lakes up the sides of Java hills, cling to antiquated wood implements, but here and there the blades of plows and harrows from American factories glisten in the Javan sunshine on prosperous tobacco, sugar and coffee plantations. A glimpse inside the sugar mills, tobacco factories and waterworks in the agricultural region reveals American-made machinery. "With more than 700 inhabitants to the square mile, the natives must be efficient farmers to

feed the population. American fertilizer is the farmers' crop insurance, and when crops contract disease, American chemists furnish the medicine to bring them back to a healthful state.

"Situating but a few hundred miles below the equator, Java is hot, but the traveler often finds his hotel room made comfortable by an American-made electric fan. The power that runs the fan may come from one of the many electric generators imported from America.

"The streets of the larger cities that are filled with American automobiles and bicycles, have their oriental bazaars where a gay array of goods, ranging from cheap trinkets to fine metal ware and fabrics, are on sale, but there are also modern shops, in which American cement machinery had a constructional part. There, too, American-made flashlights, batteries, spark plugs and other automobile accessories, are displayed under the rays of American-made electric light bulbs.

"Sometimes the same ships that take American products to Java return with many native products which are popular in this country. Many head colds and cases of malaria in America are treated with quinine extracted from the bark of the Java cinchona trees. The rubber heels on one's shoes or the tires on one's automobile may contain Java rubber. Perhaps your morning coffee and your afternoon tea originated on a Java coffee or tea plantation while there is a bare possibility that some of the small quantity of Java sugar imported by the United States may have been used to sweeten these beverages.

Mary Carr at Isis Sunday, Monday

"A Million for Love," depicting an unusually interesting love story, will be shown at the Isis theater Sunday and Monday.

Mary Carr has her usual sympathetic role, and other important members of the cast are Reed Howes, Josephine Dunn and Lee Shumway.

CLOTHING PROBLEMS OF R. RIVER WOMEN STUDIED

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., Nov. 2.—(Special)—A meeting to study clothing problems was held by Mrs. Mabel Mack, home demonstration agent at the library in Rogue River October 26. There was a good attendance, many women evincing interest in the topic.

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