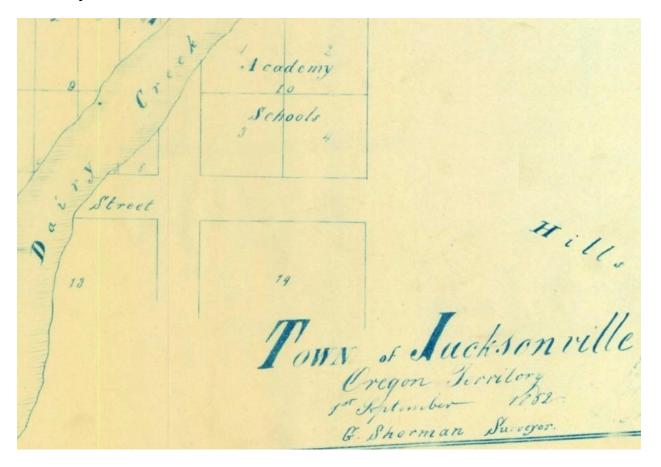
Jacksonville Trustees' Meeting August 16, 2016

Convincing information has recently come to light that the name of Daisy Creek in Jacksonville is the result of a bit of historical revisionism that changed the name from its original form. This change obscures the true source of the creek's name and erases from Jacksonville's history the story of the family for whom the creek was originally named.

As you no doubt are aware, on the September 1852 town plat of Jacksonville, surveyed before the town was even a year old, Daisy Creek is labeled as "Dairy Creek."

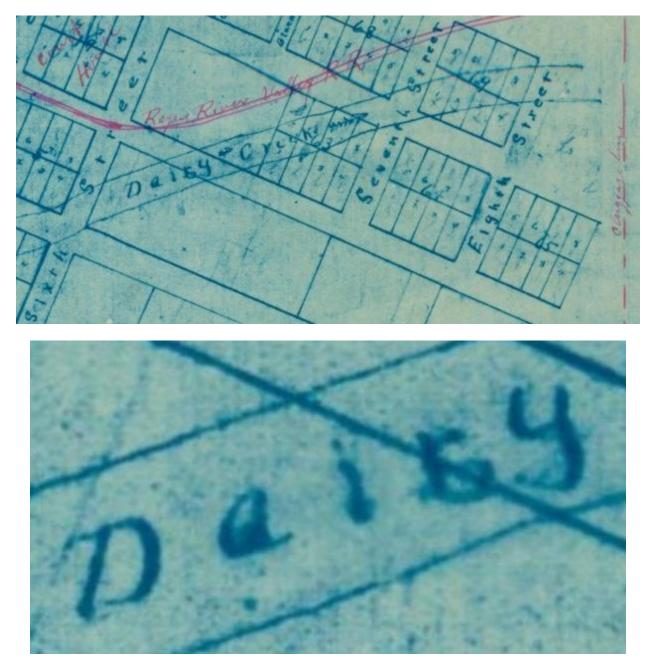




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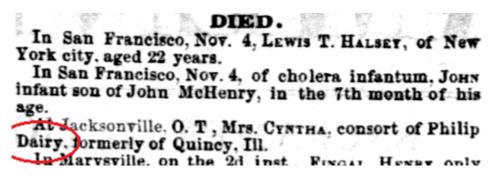
On the 1871 map of Jacksonville, however (prepared by the Rogue Valley Abstract and Title Company), the name of the creek, initially written as "Dairy," was "corrected" to "Daisy":





"Daisy Creek" has been the name used for the creek—on the rare occasions it's discussed at all—ever since.

This discrepancy has bothered me for quite some time, but it didn't bother me enough to research it until I stumbled across the following obituary in the *Sacramento Daily Union* of November 7, 1853:



Mrs. Dairy's obituary was also printed in Oregon City's *Oregon Spectator* of October 25, 1853.

This began an effort to determine who the Dairy family were, and if they might be connected to Dairy/Daisy Creek. Cynthia Dairy's entry was misspelled in the Jacksonville Cemetery database, but I confirmed her obituary in the original cemetery ledger, which gives her cause of death as "consumption" —tuberculosis:

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Knowing the names of Cynthia and Philip Dairy led me to an interview with 90-year-old Edna Dairy Raymond, published in the *Oregon Statesman* of November 24, 1939 (reprinted from the *South San Francisco Journal*):

"Crossed the Plains. er and mother, Mr. and Dairy, and elder brother, cob. Mrs. Raymond crossed the from Illinois to Oregon when a child of two. mong the first to come ov route south Hood the famil brother, Basil, ras less than two mo old the family started for Jacksonville, Oregon, then a mining camp. he only way the trip could be complished in those days throw r h horseback. The trail canyon and the party wa to follow a creek bed IOL greater part of the way. This s when it took them three days go 15 miles.

Mrs. Raymond recounted how in May of 1852, at the age of three, she arrived in Jacksonville with her parents, her six-year-old brother Jacob and her two-month-old brother Basil. She remembered that her mother fell from her horse and broke her arm on the journey.

In the spring of 1852 Jacksonville was a new mining camp, less than six months old. Reminiscences of early Jacksonville describe it as an almost exclusively male community of homesick young men, who would loiter shyly about the homesteads of the few married couples in the valley, hoping for a few words of conversation with a real, live woman—or the opportunity to exchange some gold dust for a loaf of bread or a dried-apple pie baked by female hands.

Cynthia Dairy—this young, pale, tubercular madonna with a broken arm would have been an instant celebrity in the mining camp, as would her six-year-old son, her three-year-old daughter and infant son Basil—the first white baby to reside in the Rogue Valley and the only white baby for fifty or more miles in any direction. This inescapable celebrity would have been reason enough to name a landmark after the young family. The name "Dairy Creek" appeared on the first map of Jacksonville less than four months after their arrival.

Cynthia died after a year and a half in the camp, leaving Philip alone with three small children. Philip ran a boarding house in Jacksonville—there's no way to know if it was on Dairy Creek or not—called Miner's Home. The residents of Miner's Home, as represented by unpaid IOUs in Philip's Marion County probate records, reads like a Who's Who of early Jacksonville, including Columbus Sims (of the Sims-Sprenger-Alcalde Rogers case), future Senator James K. Kelly, Judge Hiram Abbott, Oregon legislator John R. Hardin, Sheriff William Galley, and the gambler Charley Williams.

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The three children were orphaned six months later when Philip died on March 29, 1854 in Salem, apparently while running a pack train. The children were split up, the older children to be raised in the Willamette Valley, while Basil remained in Jackson County until he reached adulthood. Basil was raised by the William Wright family, who had taken him in when his mother had died in 1853.

The Wright homestead was five miles from Jacksonville, on what would become Kings Highway in the future Medford. Thus, less than two years after the Dairy family arrived in Jacksonville no Dairys remained in town, and the only remaining evidence of their brief celebrity was Cynthia's unmarked grave and a word on a map naming an insignificant tributary.

Basil Dairy, the first white baby in Jackson County, led a quiet life on the farm, living there until he reached adulthood. He then left southern Oregon for the Oregon-Idaho border, in which area he remained until his death in 1918. Basil never married.

While looking for any confirmation of the naming or renaming of the creek I scoured the Jackson County Commissioners' Journals, the mining and property deed records, water rights records and surveyor's notes at the Jackson County Surveyor's office. I could find no mention of the creek under any name, or even any reference to the watercourse without naming it. No water right has ever been claimed on the creek; I could find no surveyor or property deed using it as a landmark. The seasonal creek was apparently just too insignificant and transitory to be discussed by anyone not living on it.

By the time someone's whim "corrected" the 1871 map, the Dairy family was long gone and had been forgotten. We can only speculate that that unknown person, reasoning that there were no dairies on Dairy Creek, assumed the name was an error—not considering that there weren't any daisies on the creek either.

I could find no mention of the creek in Rogue Valley newspapers until 1881, when the Trustees' decision to build a forty-five-dollar footbridge over it briefly made the creek a matter of record. Referred to as the Daisy Creek bridge by both the Trustees and the *Oregon Sentinel*, the bridge became the landmark that the seasonal tributary never was, cementing the "corrected" name in the public

consciousness. The bridge—but not the creek—was referred to several subsequent times in 1880s Jacksonville newspapers.

I intend to apply to the Oregon Place Names Board for an official correction of the creek's name to Dairy Creek. It's my understanding that, should the correction be granted, no obligation, monetary or otherwise, will fall upon the Trustees or the Town of Jacksonville. I've made contact with the Dairy family and, as you might expect, they support the name correction.

This presentation is simply for your information. I have much more supporting documentation that places Basil Dairy in the Rogue Valley, should you wish to review it. If you consider it in your interest, the Dairy family and I would greatly appreciate a letter expressing your support to the Oregon Place Names Board.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Ben Truwe August 16, 2016