

2019

STORIES FROM MEET THE PIONEERS

Living History Tours presented in Jacksonville, Oregon's Pioneer Cemetery

2019 - Our Thirteenth Year

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MEET THE PIONEERS

2019



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Adelaide Colvig
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Dep. Sheriff Kent
D.A. Tom Kent

Player

David Sours
David Rowley
Brian Nicholson
Vivienne Grant
Marcy McQuillan
Michael Sneary
Sig Dekany
Robert Hight

Character

Fletcher Linn
Louise Sawyers Linn
Mrs. Louisa Muller
Sara Jane Oyler
Judge Paine Prim
Constant Robinson
Dr. Jesse Robinson
Rebecca Shannon

Player

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The Murder of Daniel McMahon and How Chester Barden Escaped the Noose

A rather short article appeared in the March 10, 1875, Democratic Times announcing that Daniel McMahon, who lived out of town on Reese Creek, had seemed to disappear.

Daniel was an Irishman who had a keen sense of humor, was good natured and was well-liked by his neighbors. He was a bachelor and kept to his own business of raising sheep and tended to stay away from any of the social doings.

When it was learned that in addition to McMahon's disappearance his herd of 1,100 sheep were also gone, folks became suspicious and started asking questions. Folks quickly learned that the young man who operated Bybee's Ferry remembered that about a month earlier, in February, a man named Chester Barden from somewhere up near Canyonville had made arrangements with him and crossed the sheep on Sunday, February 21. The ferry operator said that Barden and his helper, Dilwirth Carey, stayed overnight at the ferry and left for McMahon's cabin early in the morning. The next day they arrived back at the ferry driving sheep with the assistance of some working dogs. The ferryman recalled the crossing clearly as transporting that many sheep across the Rogue River in February in an old ferry was not something you did every day. Barden told the ferry operator that he bought all of Daniel McMahon's sheep, and that he and Carey were going to drive them up north.

McMahon's neighbors and folks in town remained very suspicious as things just didn't add up. If Daniel left town, why didn't he let anyone know. His good friend Pat J. Ryan, a fellow Irishman and owner of a hardware store in Jacksonville, knew something was wrong with Barden's claim that he bought Daniel's herd of sheep. Ryan, who felt the authorities were doing little to look into the matter, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Chester Barden and Dilwirth Carey.

Deputy Sheriff Thomas B. Kent, who was armed with a warrant, left for Douglas County where after a few days arrested Barden at his residence on the South Umpqua. Sheriff Kent said that Barden insisted that he purchased the sheep from McMahon and even produced a receipt. The signature on the receipt and the fact that Barden said McMahon's surname was Mack, made the Sheriff even more suspicious. In the meantime, Sheriff Livingston from Douglas County arrived at Barden's homestead with Dilwirth Carey in custody. Sheriff Kent brought both men to Jacksonville for further questioning.

It was obvious that Chester Barden was nervous about Carey's presence, and he made several attempts to talk with Carey, but Sheriff Kent and others prevented any conversation between the two.

Sheriff Kent finally received a full confession from Carey who told him where Daniel McMahon's body was buried. He told the Sheriff that Barden killed McMahon because he refused to sell his sleep. The three of them, McMahon, Barden and himself left McMahon's cabin to take a walk when suddenly Barden shot McMahon in the back of the head twice. They buried the body and then drove off the sheep.

While in jail, Barden started acting strangely. He would shake his body, cross his eyes, talk irrationally and then refuse food. The sheriff and others were not sure if Barden was faking it or was actually insane. Later they learned he had some arsenic hidden in his vest, which taken daily in a small quantity, may have been the cause of his behavior.

He was, however, caught on a few occasions faking it: like when a meal was delivered to his cell he could be seen shaking, which ceased as soon as the jailer left. When the doctors, who were behind a curtain to observe Barden, opened the curtain, he immediately resumed his delirious trembling.

The trial was delayed, and finally in December Barden was carried into court on a mattress. He was found to be sane by Dr. Callendar, who also found that Barden's mind was weakened by his physical condition. The Judge announced that the Jury found Barden to be sane and ineligible for asylum, but unable to help in his own defense. He was remanded to jail pending further proceedings and court was adjourned.

Barden, who never confessed to killing Daniel McMahon, and did whatever he could do to avoid being hanged for murder, died a week later.

Dilwirth Carey was found guilty of larceny and was sentenced to 10 years imprisonment.

Chester Barden died in jail on December 11, 1875 and was buried in the Pauper area of the Jacksonville Cemetery.

Daniel McMahon was buried in Patrick Ryan's family block in the City Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery.

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Vignette – Stella Levy, considered by some to be a Town Character

Stella Levy was born on November 23, 1861. Both her father, Bernard L. Levy and mother, Johanna Kruger Levy, were born in Germany. When Stella was just 7 years old her father died leaving her mother to care for Stella and her three sisters.

A very close friend of Stella's father, Gustav Karewski, one of Jacksonville's prominent Jewish merchants had opened Karewski's Agriculture Implements Barn in 1869, around the same time that his friend Bernard Levy died.

Gustav offered the young widow advice and support in her time of need. Before too long they became very close and married. In addition to his business, Gustav had a floor mill, a farm and orchards making him a good provider for his new wife and four daughters.

Stella, who grew up to be a lovely, though somewhat simple girl, was considered by some of the town's residents to be a character, especially as she got older.

For many years Stella worked at the Jackson County Courthouse alongside Max Muller, husband of Louisa Muller, one of Stella's dear friends. Max served as Jackson County Clerk and Treasurer.

Stella was also a member of the Adarel Chapter of the Eastern Star, an appendant chapter of Jacksonville's Masonic Lodge, which was open to both men and women.

Stella never married, and there were those in town who expressed sorrow, "Oh, poor Stella, she has no husband!" This may have been by choice as, when her parents died, she inherited the family home, a 72-acre farm and all the warehouse property. She was quite comfortable financially.

Later on, as she got a little older, Stella developed some unusual ideas and habits. She stopped leaving her home and yard as she thought that when she did go into town, the young men made remarks about her figure. She would offer local schoolboys passing by her gate a dime to deliver orders to the grocery store or run errands to the Post Office.

Despite not wanting to leave her property, Stella was not a lonely woman as she had a dog named Bunny that she loved and fussed over. She showed her affection with food, and poor Bunny may have died from too much good Jewish cooking. So, Stella replaced Bunny with another dog which she also named Bunny. She also kept pet chickens. Stella had many good and devoted friends who would come by for visits. While there were those around town who whispered about Stella's little oddities, there was not much that happened in Jacksonville that Stella was not aware of. She spent hours each day at the fence discussing current events and the local gossip with her friends and neighbors who were passing by.

Stella Levy passed away in 1936, at the age of 75. She lived through Jacksonville's most colorful history and had been a part of an exciting young community. She was the last direct descendent of a Jewish family to be buried in the Jewish Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery and the last of her family to maintain the faith. At the time of her death there was no Rabbi in Southern Oregon to perform a traditional Jewish funeral so Reverend Millard of the

Presbyterian Church delivered a eulogy at her gravesite. This was perhaps at the request of the ladies of the Eastern Star. While Stella would have preferred to have a proper Jewish burial, she would have certainly appreciated the kind efforts of the community and her friends that she was so fond of.

Stella rests along with her parents and other family members in the Levy and Karewski family block in the Jewish Section of the cemetery.

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Vignette - A Thirteen-Year-Old Bride

Sarah Jane Matney was just thirteen years old and was, according to her, madly in love with John Oyler, who was 46 years old. Needless to say, Sarah's parents greatly disapproved of the relationship. Sarah and John were determined to be together and began a plan to elope.

On September 6, 1862, while her parents went to a neighbor's farm and left Sarah to care for her siblings, which included making them dinner and putting them to bed, an elopement plan was put into action. After Sarah's chores were finished and the children put to bed, she went out the front door where John was waiting for her with horses. The two quickly rode off to a friend's house in Phoenix where they were officially married.

Now as Mr. and Mrs. John Oyler, they next headed to Jacksonville and the U.S. Hotel where they planned to spend their wedding night. On the ride to Jacksonville the newlyweds were pleased with how they outfoxed Sarah's parents, or so they thought!

No sooner had they made it to California Street when Sarah's father, Walter Matney, an Applegate farmer, ran out hootin' and hollerin' and yelling up a storm. He began chasing the couple through town and yelling all the way, "Help! Help", "Stop 'em! Clear the road!"

Soon the whole town was coming out to see what the ruckus was all about. One resident even showed up buck naked, carrying a club, wearing only boots, spurs, and a shirt collar and determined to throttle whoever was disturbing the peace in the early morning hours.

By this time the town Marshall and County Sheriff arrived on the scene and arrested all three, John and Sarah Oyler and Sarah's father Walter Matney. Mr. Matney pleaded with the law man that he would leave peacefully if he could just take his daughter home with him. The lawmen refused especially after they were shown a marriage certificate. All three were finally released, with the newlyweds going to the hotel and Sarah's father returning home without her and having to explain what had all happened to his wife, Sarah's mother.

A few months later, John and Sarah left the area and went to Southern California, where John mined for a bit and eventually turned to bartending. They would have ten children, but unfortunately the marriage was not one for the ages as they ended up divorcing.

Sarah raised the children on her own while running a hotel. She later married William Cochran who was the owner of the hotel that she managed. Sarah and William had 4 children. William passed in 1914, and Sarah died one day before her 78th birthday in 1926. Both are buried in Indian Springs, California.

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Dr. Jesse Robinson and Lavinia Constant Robinson

Jesse graduated from medical school in Vermont at the age of 23. He practiced medicine for a while before the lure of gold and striking it rich brought him west.

After trying his hand at mining and not striking it rich, Jesse moved on to Shasta County where he was elected their first County Clerk. Not one to sit still for long, he then moved on to the Scott Valley near Yreka, where he took up cattle ranching.

Lavinia's father was Isaac Constant, and her mother was Lucinda Merriman Constant, both early prominent pioneer families associated with Southern Oregon. Isaac came west from Illinois reportedly for his health as well as the gold rush. After about two years he returned home, packed up the family and brought them all to Oregon.

Isaac prepared the family's five wagons for the long journey making them strong and watertight. He was elected Captain of the wagon train and brought his and the other families safely across the Oregon Trail in 5 months. The Constant family settled in on their ranch in Central Point.

In 1853, Jesse was back in Southern Oregon and operating the Robinson House, a fine hotel and boarding house in Jacksonville on California Street where the U.S. Hotel currently sits. While Dr. Jesse Robinson ran his new hotel, the other, and more well known, Dr. James Robinson, was a practicing physician. The two men were not related.

On April 27, 1854, Jesse Robinson and Lavinia Constant were joined in marriage by the Reverend Thomas Fletcher Royal, one of the first recorded marriages in Jackson County.

The hotel business was doing quite well and with interests in a gristmill, sawmill, mining claims and a packing company along with a new wife, things were looking bright for Jesse and his bride. However, once again change was coming!

Jesse sold the Robinson House and bought the old Alonzo Skinner Donation Land Claim in Central Point. Lavinia was happy as the property was adjacent to her parents' homestead. The couple stayed on for a while, raising their five children.

When the Civil War broke out, Jesse served as a 1st Lieutenant in the Baker Guards, 1st Union Cavalry of Oregon. Needless to say, he was away from his home and family for an extended period of time.

As things began to settle down and with the children getting older, Jesse and Lavinia began to think about providing their children with a good education. They moved to Oakland, California where they also had another child. Jesse served as the Oakland Township Assessor for six years before they were on the move again!

This time, their final move, was to a fruit orchard in Solano County, California. Jesse Robinson passed on May 4, 1899, at the age of 73. Lavinia was finally able to get Jesse to settle down and stay in one place.

Lavinia Constant Robinson lived another thirty years and died on April 8, 1931. Both she and Jesse rest in the Vacaville-Elmira Cemetery in California.

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George Brown and Mary Jane Tinker Brown

Both George and Mary Jane were born in England and came to America as children with their families. Years later they met in Wisconsin where they married and started a family.

In 1852, George's brothers, Henry and Robert Brown, came west by sailing around Cape Horn and up the coastline of South America. Henry staked a gold claim at Sterling Creek, while Robert had his eyes set on Astoria, where reportedly he built the first wharf. Later, Henry chose a Donation Land Claim at Little Butte Creek and settled in among the Rogue Indians. He made his living by hunting and selling meat to the local miners. One of the Indian camps was just above Henry's log cabin. Chief Jake and his band were good neighbors and watched out for Henry and his horses.

Henry's claim was settled in 1854 and was located about one mile southeast of the center of Brownsboro, named of course for Henry Brown. Henry was considered the first white settler to make a home on Little Butte Creek, and by buying other land from homesteaders he increased his holdings to some 2,800 acres.

In 1862, Henry returned to Wisconsin and was so excited and full of stories about all the opportunities that Oregon had to offer, he had plenty of family members accompanying him on the return trip. In addition to his bride Martha, Henry's brother William, his mother Cecilia, his sister Annie and her husband William made the journey. Also joining the wagon train was brother George Brown, his wife Mary Jane Tinker Brown and their first born, daughter Emily.

Years later family members recalled a Mr. James Beamsley, a member of the same train who couldn't wait to return to Wisconsin, referring to Oregon as "A God forsaken country, with nothing to see but mountains." Unfortunately, Mr. Beamsley never got to return to Wisconsin as he died from diphtheria.

George and Mary Jane along with their young daughter settled in Jacksonville where George began mining Rich Gulch, and also worked as a carpenter and butcher.

A few years later, George's brother Robert left Astoria for Brownsboro and joined up with brother Henry. In 1873, Henry purchased a store and building from John Bilger, and Browns Store, a general merchandise store, was born. The brothers operated the store together for two years when Henry sold his share to Robert. Eventually, Robert decided the place to be in business was in Eagle Point and closed the Brownsboro store and opened Browns General Merchandise across from the Butte Creek Mill.

George, who served as Chairman of the Jackson County Republican Committee, as well as the Jackson County Commission was given the opportunity to purchase Browns General Merchandise store when brother Robert decided to sell it.

George and Mary Jane and their family left Jacksonville for Eagle Point and became the proud owners of Browns Store. They constructed a stone store house over Little Butte Creek and across the street from the store. The running creek kept the store's inventory cool during the hot summer days. The old building still stands today and is considered to be a landmark in Jackson County and a part of the official Brown merchandizing venture in Eagle Point.

George donated materials and money to build the first schoolhouse in Eagle Point. Some local citizens decided with a creek so near by the schoolhouse, pupils could do without any toilet facilities and make use of the bushes. George, who was not in agreement, held out and eventually a sturdy outhouse stood under the willow trees.

Several of George and Mary Jane's children helped run the store over the years. Their son William served as the Mayor of Eagle Point, and son Frank organized the First State Bank and served as its president for 39 years. George and Mary Jane raised a family of 11 children, 5 boys and 6 girls. The Browns were a prominent Eagle Point family who contributed in so many ways to the City's growth.

The store served as a community gathering place, the men would visit around the wood stove and talk while their wives shopped.

Mary Jane passed on April 22, 1908, just shy of what would have been her 73rd birthday and shortly before her and George's Golden Wedding Anniversary.

George died two years later in 1910, at the age of 77.

The following year the new store that was under construction was completed on Main Street in Eagle Point. The second floor of the store was used for community meetings, reunions, weddings and parties. Following the death of son William, his widow, Mattie, and her nephew continued to operate the store until 1954 when it was sold.

The Browns rest in the City Section of Jacksonville's Pioneer Cemetery.

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Martin Angel – Devil or Angel

Martin Angel was killed on January 2, 1856, when he was ambushed by some Shasta Indians just outside of Jacksonville, Oregon. He was buried near where he died, and several years later his remains were disinterred and reburied in the Jacksonville Cemetery which opened in 1859.

The headstone placed at his final resting place reads, “Killed by Indians” but as we all know, there are two sides to every story, and surely this one has two sides also.

Martin was born on April 11, 1821, in Spartanburg County, South Carolina. In 1849 he went west and settled in Oregon City. On August 13 of that same year Martin married Anna Wren, who was born in Red River, Manitoba, Canada.

In 1852, the couple made their way to Southern Oregon and settled in on a 640-acre Donation Land Claim in Central Point. At the time it was just the 28th such land claim in what would become the entire state of Oregon. They looked forward to farming in the beautiful Rogue Valley, raising a family and becoming upstanding citizens. They staked their claim and were willing to protect it at all costs, even if it meant killing Indians.

With more and more settlers coming to the area, violence between the Indians and settlers started to escalate. Eventually the unrest led to the Rogue Indian Wars of the 1850's.

Martin, along with other settlers, didn't totally blame the Indians for all the problems. They had been in the Rogue Valley a spell, had their own ways and weren't always happy to see settlers coming in and acting like they owned the place. At the same time, Martin and others felt that they did own the land. It was their Manifest Destiny to own it, and the Government gave them the deed to the land. While it was true that the whites killed many Indians in the process, the Indians also murdered prospectors during the gold rush and sometimes innocent women and children.

Given the lack of regular news from newspapers and with only one telegraph machine in Jacksonville, rumors of problems with the Indians were rampant and difficult to confirm. So, if it sounded like their families were in danger, Martin and others were ready to defend them and their land.

In August of 1853, things were particularly tense, with houses in town being fortified, businesses closed and most of the citizens, especially the miners enraged, so groups of men went out to hunt down the Indians who were causing all the trouble.

At the end of that fateful day in August 1853, as Martin Angel rode back into town, he noticed a large mob on California and Oregon Streets. The mob had hanged a couple of Indians already and now had an eight-year-old boy with a noose already around his neck. Mr. B. F. Dowell, a citizen of Jacksonville, had stepped in and cut the rope, not once but twice, and tried to take the boy away. The mob was about ready to let him go when Martin, still full of anger and rage from fighting Indians all day, rode up and yelled, “Hang Him! Hang Him! He'll make a murderer when he's growed.” The mob listened to Martin's words and the young boy was hanged.

Martin claimed people could think what they wanted to of him. He considered himself to be a good neighbor and folks said he was a good husband, father and citizen.

Approximately three years later Martin was elected President of the County Board of Commissioners. One of the projects the Commission approved was the construction of today's Highway 238 which was planned to go all the way to Crescent City. It was on that road that Martin Angel was ambushed on January 2, 1856 and died after being hit by four bullets to the head and neck.

It is said that "what goes around, comes around" which is certainly the case here. Martin paid with his life for his treatment and actions against the Indians, who in the end took their revenge against Martin Angel.

Martin, who died a few months before his 35th birthday, is buried in the City Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery.

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Where is the Justice - Death of Matthew Shannon

On the afternoon of September 28, 1881, on the wooden sidewalk just outside of John Bilger and Aaron Magley's hardware store on California Street, stood Dan Courtney and Matt Shannon, nose to nose in a heated argument.

Their argument, which would turn deadly, appeared to center around the Soda Springs Hotel near Ashland, Oregon that Courtney and his wife ran for a period of a year and a half before the circuit court ordered the property to be sold due to outstanding debts. The sheriff conducted a cash-only auction on June 10, 1879, in order to pay off those outstanding debts.

At this same time, Matthew Shannon was shoeing horses for the Oregon and California Stage Company at his Jacksonville blacksmith shop. When a fire destroyed part of his shop, he decided to sell out, and made it known that he and his wife were going to take over operating the Soda Springs Hotel.

Two years later, Shannon sold his interest in the hotel, and he, his wife and children moved back to Jacksonville. Approximately two weeks later, Shannon ran into Courtney in front of the hardware store where some words were exchanged over business disagreements, and Matt Shannon struck out knocking Dan Courtney to the ground. With Shannon on top of him, Courtney reached under his coat and drew a pistol firing it twice.

Matt Shannon was dead, and Dan Courtney was arrested on a charge of manslaughter and placed in jail.

Shortly after the shooting Frank Krause, editor of the Oregon Sentinel had written a full column editorial denouncing the need for anyone to carry a pistol on the streets of Jacksonville as a matter of personal protection. It was a lengthy and emotional editorial concluding with "Don't come out in God's glorious daylight with the dark possibility of murder concealed in your pocket." This, despite District Attorney Thomas Kent's hopes in trying the case against Courtney, did little to sway members of the jury.

A collection was taken up to pay for the burial expenses of Shannon and help his widow Rebecca Shannon and her three children.

Two months after the shooting and a two-day trial, three jury votes, and a day and a half of consideration by members of the jury, Dan Courtney was found not guilty based on his right of self-defense. He immediately departed Jacksonville and moved to Northern Oregon. Following the verdict, District Attorney Kent faced the difficult task of informing Mrs. Shannon of the jury's decision. Needless to say, she found the not guilty verdict extremely difficult to understand or accept. After all, and despite her husband offering the first punch, he was not armed. A fist fight turns into murder, and the killer goes free without as much as a slap on the wrist, where is the justice?

Matthew Shannon was buried in the City section of the Jacksonville Cemetery. His widow, Rebecca Shannon, remarried a year following Matthew's death and was widowed again. She lived in Medford with a daughter and died in 1943.

It should be mentioned that Dan Courtney's wife died of cancer just a month before the fight and the death of Shannon on September 28, 1881. If this played any role or contributed at all in the unfortunate incident, it never came out. Dan remarried in 1885 to a Roseburg woman and spent the rest of his life mining and farming there. He died on January 4, 1912.

The irony of this tragedy took place in front of a hardware store whose motto was "Live and Let Live."

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Vance DeBar Colvig and Adelaide Colvig

Most people would have little recognition of the name Vance DeBar Colvig, however his professional name, Bozo the Clown, is known to millions around the world.

Vance was born on September 11, 1892, in Jacksonville, Oregon and lived with his parents and six older siblings in a home that still stands on South Oregon Street. Later in life Vance would say "My mother wrapped me in a crazy quilt when I was born, and I've been crazy ever since." His mother, Adelaide, said that from the day the Colvigs moved into the home, Our Lord went ahead, and said "Welcome! And Bless Ye Who Enter Here." Because thereafter, a heap o'livin went on in that grand old home.

His father, William, was an attorney but the townsfolk referred to him as "the Judge." William responded by saying "that the only judging I'd done was judging a glass of whiskey." Perhaps a little of Vance's wit came from his father.

From the very beginning Vance was different and always looking for attention. He was known by everyone in town as Vance Pinto, because of freckles, a name the stuck with him for the rest of his life. When he was nine years old, he was about five feet tall and as fat as a band saw with a head of unruly hair that was difficult to get a comb to do its duty.

Young Vance loved growing up in Jacksonville and keeping its residents entertained. He would often be seen riding about town on the back of a cow. He played hooky from school and slept all day under the Pine and Madrone trees up in the back of the graveyard.

His mother recalled that both Pinto and his brother Don played music with the Jacksonville Silver Coronet Band despite the fact the Pinto could not read a lick of music. He played a squeaky E-flat clarinet and made funny faces that made everyone laugh. She and Pinto's father were also aware of Pinto's visits to Al's Den of Iniquity where he would listen to records being played on one of the only available phonographs in town. Also, how Pinto hobnobbed around town playing horseshoes, bummed for chewing tobacco, and entered into whittling contests with various "*citizens*" of the small town.

Pinto loved when the various side shows, or medicine shows would come to Jacksonville. His first real speaking part on any stage was just two words, "Duck It!" in a play that was staged in the United States Hotel in Jacksonville.

Pinto's father, William, took him to Portland, Oregon to attend the Lewis and Clark Centennial Expo. Pinto approached a carnival barker who was dressed as a clown outside the Crazy House at the Expo. He told the man that he had a clarinet and that when he played it and hit a high note, his eyes would cross. The next day, Pinto had clown white on for the first time and spent the rest of their stay in Portland on the midway and performing for the crowd. He was just 13 years old, and his fate was sealed.

Vance Pinto Colvig was the original Bozo the Clown, although others would follow him in that role. He worked for Walt Disney for many years as the voice of Goofy and his

dog Pluto and was also the voice of several of the dwarfs in Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

He loved Jacksonville and so appreciated growing up there. He returned often to visit his childhood home, his family and to remember his boyhood in this wonderful place.

Pinto passed in 1967 and is buried in Los Angeles, California. His parents and other family members are buried in the City Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery.

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Fletcher Linn and Louise M. Sawyers Linn

Fletcher was born on November 10, 1866, in Jacksonville, Oregon to David Linn and Anne Sophia Hoffman Linn. His parents were both among the early Pioneers to settle in Jacksonville.

Louise Sawyers Linn was born on March 21, 1871, and grew up in Sioux City, Iowa. Fletcher graduated from the University of Oregon in 1890, with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Immediately after graduation, and following in his fathers' footsteps, he engaged in the furniture business in Eugene.

On February 3, 1892, Fletcher married Louise Sawyers, who at the time was a music teacher at the University of Oregon. Their affectionate names for one another were Fletch and Lulu.

Fletcher's father, David Linn, arrived in Jacksonville in the early 1850's and, as he told it, "The last thing that Jacksonville needed was another gold miner!" He quickly set up shop using all the tools he hauled from Ohio and started making things that the miners needed: sluice boxes for mining gold, simple housing for newcomers, and necessary pieces of furniture. David also made simple coffins, many of which were used to bury those in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

David also built some beautiful furniture pieces from local woods and from rosewood imported from England. Fletcher and Louise had a couple pieces of furniture that were made by his father in their home. A pie safe that David made for his wife's sister can still be found in the kitchen of the Beekman House in Jacksonville.

Fletcher enjoyed his visits to Jacksonville, as he had many fond memories of growing up there surrounded by cousins and working with his brothers hauling wood to their father's mill. One of his favorite memories and stories he loved to tell was of a visit to Crater Lake, Blue Lake or Lake Majesty as it was known at the time, in 1869. His father brought along a boat which he made and assembled when they arrived at the site. It was put together and launched on the lake, most likely the first boat to do so.

Fletcher and Louise settled into life in Portland, Oregon where Fletcher was president of the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Company that employed several hundred men. He was the head of numerous companies, served on many boards and was a trustee of several colleges.

Louise, who was a music teacher with the University of Oregon, also was soprano soloist with the Presbyterian Churches in Eugene and Portland. She also organized a Women's Art Class at the Portland Art Museum.

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