



The Logtown Rose

A Southern Oregon Home with a Story to Tell

Some homes are beautiful.

Some homes are special.

And then there are homes that seem to have **remembered something**.

This log home in the Upper Applegate Valley sits on approximately 53 acres that were once part of the original **160-acre McKee homestead**, a property with deep roots in the early history of the old mining settlement of Logtown.

Long before this home was built, John McKee and his wife, Maryum, arrived in the Applegate Valley from Missouri in the early 1850s. Maryum brought with her a small slip of a **yellow rose bush from Missouri**, which she planted beside the family's cabin.

The little rose took root.

And remarkably, it endured.

The McKee Family and Old Logtown

The McKees became part of the community that grew around the mining activity at Logtown. The settlement once included miners' cabins, stores, a hotel, saloons, a church, a livery stable and other businesses.

John McKee was more than a farmer. He was also a blacksmith and inventor, and the book *Ruch and the Upper Applegate Valley* records that he developed a miner's pick known as the “**strap-eye pick**.”

His home became an important gathering place.

The McKee house was described as a large log structure with a spacious room where dances were held. Community members gathered there for dancing, card games and summer activities, making the home part of the social life of early Logtown.

Today, the northern portion of that original McKee property is home to a remarkable modern log residence—one that carries pieces of the area's history into the present.

The Rose That Wouldn't Give Up

Perhaps the most charming part of the McKee story is the little yellow rose Maryum brought from Missouri.

The original rose survived for generations. Slips were taken from it and eventually planted elsewhere in the valley, including at **Logtown Cemetery**, where descendants of that historic rose continue the story.

The cemetery itself dates to the earliest days of the settlement, with the first recorded burial in 1862.

A historical marker was eventually placed at the SW corner of the 53 acres that are now for sale with loghome - recognizing the **Logtown Rose**, and the story became part of the heritage of the Upper Applegate Valley.

The rose even inspired a poem by local settler Fred M. Law, titled “**The Logtown Rose.**”

Its story is wonderfully simple: a pioneer woman carried a small rose west with her, planted it beside her home, and somehow that fragile flower outlasted much of the settlement around it.

It became a living reminder of the people who came before.

A Rose Reappears in the Home

There is an especially delightful connection between that history and the log home that now occupies part of the old McKee property.

Local Jacksonville artist **Wilma Dughi** incorporated the image of the yellow rose into the home itself.

Yellow roses were painted into the sinks of the downstairs bathroom's double vanity and again into the sink in the master bedroom.

It is an unexpected and wonderfully personal detail—a quiet nod to the rose that Maryum McKee brought with her from Missouri more than 170 years ago.

The Dughi family was itself part of Jacksonville's historic community, and the family's connection to local art adds yet another thread to the story of the house.



And Then There Is the Front Door



The history does not stop with the roses.

The home's front door is a piece of Southern Oregon history in its own right.

The beautifully carved door, complete with a large stained-glass window, originated in a historic home in Medford. It was installed in **Ruch in 1923** and later became part of this log home in **1978**.

So when you enter the house, you aren't simply walking through a new front door.

You are walking through a piece of the region's past.

From Logtown to Today

The old mining settlement of Logtown eventually disappeared. The buildings were gone, the mines quieted and the community faded into history.

But parts of its story remain.

The cemetery remains.

The yellow rose remains.

The old wooden Logtown Rose marker remains.

And on this property, the story continues in a handcrafted log home built from trees that grew on this very property, surrounded by the land that was once part of the McKee family's original homestead.

There is something rather fitting about that.

The McKees came west from Missouri, planted a rose, built a home and became part of the history of the Upper Applegate Valley.

More than a century and a half later, their story can still be found here—in the land, in the rose, in the artwork and in the details of a home built with an appreciation for the past.

This isn't simply a log home on acreage.

It is a piece of the Upper Applegate Valley's story.

The Logtown Rose

By Fred M. Law

*To the young and the old and one who knows
Let me tell you the story of the Logtown Rose.
It's the emblem of beauty that does display
The old pioneer of an early day.*

*It was back in the year of 1863
When to Forest Creek came John McKee,
And then his friends all gathered round,
Cut logs for his home in old Logtown.*

*When his home was built, it was snug and warm,
It protected his children through winter's storm.
And Mirium spun yarn to make socks and hose.
Once in spare time, planted a yellow rose.*

*It was a tiny slip she placed in the ground;
Then its roots spread out, and slips gathered 'round,
As the years come and as the years go,
Its friends would die, while the rose would grow.*

*It was a beautiful flower of yellowish hue,
For over 50 years, it weathered through.
To live as it did, you would never suppose,
But it really did, the Logtown Rose.*

*Now the nails that they used have turned to rust,
And the logs that once stood have turned to dust,
But remaining there as winter winds blows,
On this historic spot, stands the Logtown Rose.*

*Protect it, friends, as you pass by,
Give it a drink, don't let it die,
On the earth so dry from the sun so hot,
Please let the rose live on this sacred spot.*

*It's a friend of the family of John McKee,
And also a friend to that old oak tree,
Though too far away from the shade it gives
Through the summer heat, so it may live.*

*So take care of it, friends, and do it soon
And in a very short time for you it'll bloom.
You see, my friends, it cannot cry;
It can only bloom and say good-bye.*

*Its breath is sweet; its heart is gold,
Now this is the story, as I've been told.
So long may it grow in sweet repose,
And bloom for you all, the Logtown Rose.*

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