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# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



# Director's Corner

What is a historical society? At SOHS it might be described as an organization that manages 25 buildings on 15 parcels of land totaling approximately 40 acres and housing hundreds of thousands of historical objects. But may I suggest that a historical society is, in actuality, basically people? So who, then, is the SOHS? It is our volunteers, our full-time and part-time employees, and our 1500-plus members. I have listed the volunteers first because they are the core of our organization. The 15 elected Trustees are volunteers. They set the policies and provide for the Society's future existence. Management of the Society's affairs ultimately rests with the Board of Trustees. It is a great responsibility. The professional staff, most of whom are part-time employees, work in areas that require continuing attention, areas not easily staffed by volunteers.

Volunteers are placed in three categories: (1) those who manage their own programs and need little or no supervision from permanent personnel; the Board of Trustees, Golddiggers Guild, SOHS Quilters, and Jacksonville Museum Performers are notable examples; (2) the Receptionists, whose duties are performed by both full-time staff members and volunteers; some of these are on call for special or emergency assignments only, while others perform tasks as part of a regular routine; (3) the Aides; this group helps catalog and research the collection, assist in the photo lab, repair artifacts, collect oral histories, help in the research library, etc.

In the near future a formal volunteer training program will be established. This will help immeasurably in integrating our volunteers more solidly with the permanent complement. Our dedicated volunteers, who are so vital to the overall program, deserve our grateful recognition for their contributions.

As a local historical society we are unique in Oregon. We have extensive holdings in buildings, land, and artifacts. In order to continue fulfilling our objective of preserving our local heritage, we will have to be increasingly efficient in utilizing our resources, the most important of which is our corps of volunteers.

Bill Burk



Last year on the cover of the February issue we presented a lacy romantic valentine from an earlier age. We had thought to make it traditional, and, in that vein, we feature on this issue a photograph of Mary and Martha Hanley when they were little girls.  
Happy Valentine Day.

## THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Newsletter Features	Raymond Lewis	899-1711
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Curator of Exhibits	Jime Matoush	899-7522
Programs Director	Joy Sergi	899-8203
Photographer	Doug Smith	899-7522



Photograph by Doug Smith

## ILENE HULL, Receptionist



ILENE CLAUSEN HULL, receptionist, came to the historical society two years ago as a volunteer. She was first assigned to work in the Programs Department, but she soon proved to be so efficient that the other departments wanted her also and started sparring for her services. As is readily apparent from the Doug Smith photograph above, it was only logical that she be put at the front desk to give the visitors an attractive first impression and to brighten up the other historic artifacts.

Ilene is a native Oregonian, her ancestors having been pioneers in the Coquille River Valley. Her grandmother came to America from Denmark at the age of sixteen as an indentured servant and crossed the Isthmus on donkey back. This trip overland was necessary because the poor girl had such a severe case of *mal de mer* she couldn't face another ten minutes on that ship. Naturally she married a sea captain and demanded that he go buy land, so, rather than being buccaneers, Ilene's forebears became farmers in the Coquille region.

Ilene was born there and went to the Fat Elk School through the fourth grade. Fat Elk gave her a great foundation because today she is a real intellectual and gets A+ in repartee. When she was twelve, the family came to Medford. She graduated from St. Mary's and attended Marylhurst College, majoring in journalism and minoring in drama. Locally she performed in theatricals and had a stint with the Shakespearean Festival. When she had given the theatrical agents and talent scouts a glimpse of what a star should really be, she met and married Dan Hull, Manager of Southern Oregon Sales, and withdrew from the footlights.

Her greatest accomplishment is her family: a son Greg who practices law in San Francisco, a son Leo and a daughter Peg, both of whom attend SOSC at Ashland. She has three grandchildren. Although she maintained her own fabric business for seven years, she now has no particular hobbies. She feels that changing partners at the bridge table is exercise enough. But her cooking has been described as lyrical, and she types a fast 27 words per minute.

There is no doubt: the lady is a great asset and lends considerable tone to the whole establishment.

HAD PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION HAPPENED TODAY, THE PEOPLE WOULD CLOSE IN UPON THEIR TELEVISION SETS AND, FROM THEIR LIVING ROOMS, WATCH THE OBSEQUIES TAKING PLACE IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL. TELEVISION HAS MADE US A NATION OF SPECTATORS. IN 1881, EVEN IN TINY, REMOTE VILLAGES, PEOPLE TOOK AN ACTIVE ROLE IN THE FINAL RITES OF A HERO, A PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO THE HONORED DEAD WAS AN UNQUESTIONED DUTY AND NO ONE EXPECTED ANOTHER TO DO HIS MOURNING FOR HIM.



James A. Garfield.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD; THE MEMORIAL RITES IN SOUTHERN OREGON

On Saturday morning, July 2, 1881, William M. Turner, the editor of the *Oregon Sentinel*, received a wire informing him that President James A. Garfield had been shot. He stopped his press and ordered the staff to print an Extra. The information was hardly enough for a story and of course few details were given, but this was staggering and urgent news and the people of southern Oregon had to be told as soon as possible. At intervals during the day follow-up dispatches arrived and the special edition was ready for street distribution by early evening, the astonishing speed of production a tribute to the modern printing press and the dedication of the *Sentinel's* personnel. The

account was gleaned from the following bulletins:

JULY  
2

### Dastardly Attempt TO ASSASSINATE President Garfield!

WASHINGTON, D.C. The President was assassinated at the railroad depot in

Washington at 8 A.M. just as he was on the point of taking the train to Baltimore.

NEW YORK. President Garfield was shot twice this morning at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot in Washington. No further particulars.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Gen. Garfield is dying.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Dr. Bliss, Surgeon General Barnes, and Dr. Purvis are now in attendance on President Garfield who is lying in a private room of officers' quarters of the Baltimore and Potomac depot.

The man arrested for the attempted assassination of the President is a slender man, five feet seven inches in height. Persons who profess to know him say his name is Dooley. His arrest took place immediately.

WASHINGTON, D.C. The shooting [from a distance of two feet] occurred in the ladies' [sitting] room in the presence of fifty or sixty ladies, immediately after the entrance of the President on his way to the Limited Express Train.

Two shots were fired, both shots taking effect--the first in the President's right arm and the other in the side, just above the right hip and near the kidney. Physicians are probing for the balls but so far unsuccessfully.

11:00 A.M. The President now is being conveyed to the Executive mansion under a strong escort of Police and troops. The doctors disagree as to his condition at present.

NEW YORK. Vice-President Chester Arthur...arrived from Albany by boat this morning. The boat was late, not arriving until 10 o'clock. As soon as she touched the wharf a telegram was handed Arthur. Upon reading it he dropped back in his chair greatly shocked. It is presumed that the telegram announced the shooting of President Garfield.

WASHINGTON, D.C. *Statement of an Eye Witness.* I was coming down Pennsylvania Avenue when I saw a carriage coming up the Avenue. The horses were running so fast I thought they were runaway. As the carriage arrived in front

of me, a man put his head out of the window and cried: "Faster, faster, faster, damn it!"

After hearing this remark, I thought there was something wrong, and ran after the carriage. When it reached the depot a man jumped out and entered the ladies' room. He had not been there more than three minutes when the President arrived, stepped out of his carriage and entered the ladies' room. The President was just turning the corner of a seat when the assassin, who was standing on the left of the door, fired. The ball struck the President in the back and he fell forward. I ran into the depot and just then the man fired again, while the President was falling.

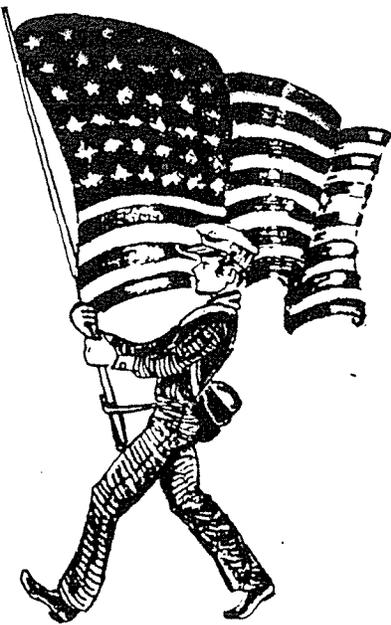
A policeman who had been standing at the depot door keeping the way clear for the President and his party grabbed the assassin by the neck, and as he pulled him out of the depot another policeman came to his assistance. Just after firing the shot the assassin exclaimed: "I have killed Garfield. Arthur is President. I am a Stalwart!"\*

CHICAGO. Chas. Guiteau, the man who attempted to assassinate the President is a foreigner by birth who has been a persistent applicant for a consular position. He has haunted the Executive mansion several weeks and his disappointment in not getting what he wanted has caused a temporary aberration of the mind. Guiteau was a disreputable lawyer here, and was generally considered half insane. Seven or eight years ago he went to New York where he professed to have been converted and delivered several lectures under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. He next schemed to buy the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* (a newspaper) but he had no capital or backing and the plans came to nothing. He returned to Washington several months ago.

In southern Oregon soon after the Extra came out, knots of people collected on the street and discussed the matter. The overall emotion was the vain hope that the President would recover immediately

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\* Those who had advocated the re-election of General U. S. Grant to a third term in office called themselves "Stalwarts". They were not particularly militant.



and send out a cheering message so that everybody could shake off the heavy feeling of doom. Everyone longed for a confident assurance that the crisis would come out all right, but no one could devise a definite statement of fact that brought any satisfaction. The frustration led to futile anger against the assassin. You might know the shots were fired by a foreigner. Believe me, there were plenty of men around here who'd know what to do if that Dooley or Guiteau or whoever appeared on the streets in southern Oregon. You can bet that he'd be properly and unceremoniously lynched -- and right away'd be none too soon.



**S**unday was a day of more disturbing suspense. In the morning nothing very assuring came from the telegraph office, and there was talk of canceling the Fourth of July celebration. Nobody was in the mood for a parade and fireworks when the Chief Magistrate of the nation lay bleeding and dying at the hands of a madman. But subsequent messages delivered in the afternoon were more encouraging. The President was a robust man, had a vigorous constitution and seemed to be rallying. He had ceased having sinking spells and there were indications he would recover.

Since a lot of planning and extensive preparations had already been made and

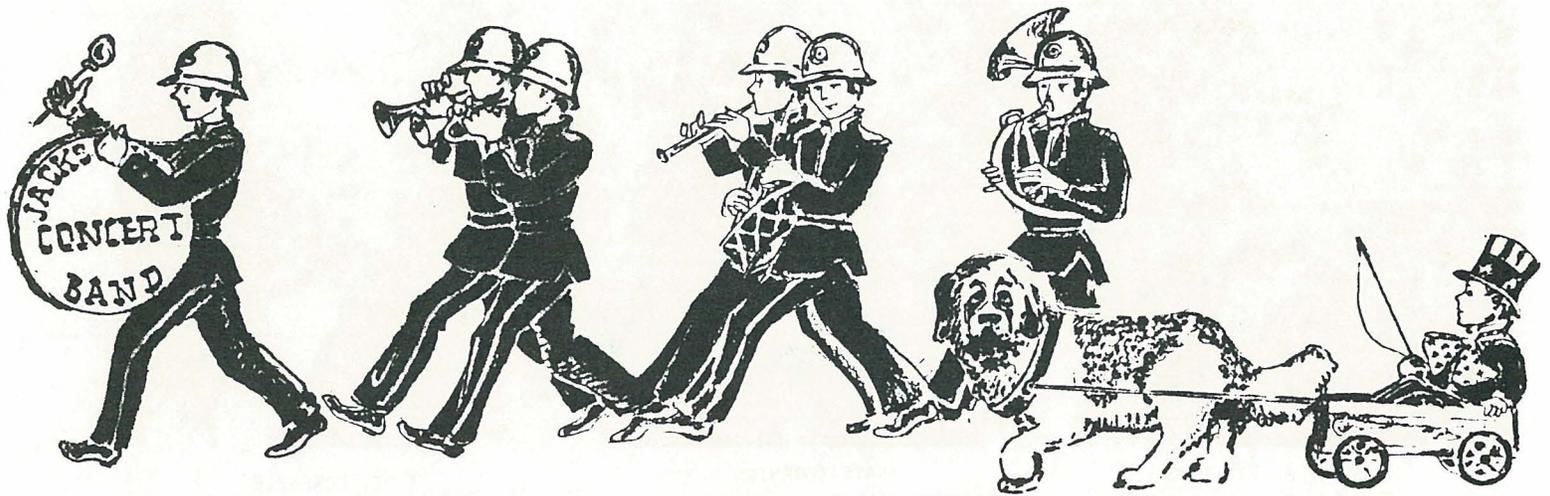
as the Fourth was essentially a patriotic celebration anyway, the City Trustees determined that the observances should go on. The frivolous parts were eliminated from the activities and what was left was pretty solemn in spite of the fact that the Fourth of July was always the most boisterous holiday of the year.



The day was ushered in a little before sunrise by the ringing of church bells and the firing of giant fire-crackers. The crowd, rather subdued, gathered on the streets at half past nine to watch the parade.

The brass band headed the procession, playing the familiar, spirited march tunes. There was no time for the members to learn any dolorous music, and the paraders were given a lively tempo to follow. It was just about the brightest part of the day. A group of leading citizens followed the band, led by Parade Marshall Henry Klippel and his aides, T.T. McKenzie and Captain Caton. The float with the Goddess of Liberty and Angel of Peace followed, the first of a long line of wagons, tableaux and marchers.

The assemblage gathered in the Court House yard where benches had been set up and a temporary platform erected. Charley Nickell was President of the Day, and he announced the program which was presented with "precision and the



best of order."

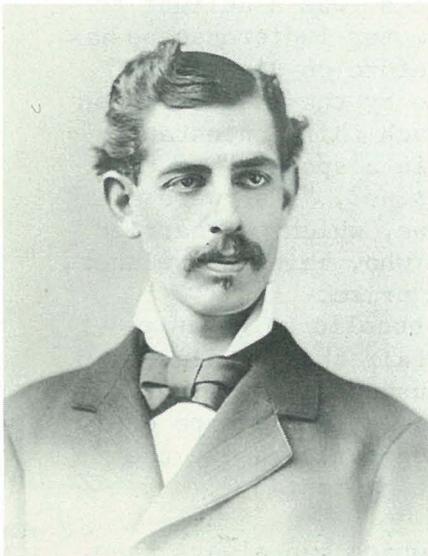
Chaplain Moses A. Williams led an introductory prayer and "specially invoked the Throne of Grace in behalf of our stricken and bleeding President," and many responsive Amens were uttered by members of the audience.

Benjamin B. Beekman read the Declaration of Independence and introduced the Orator of the Day, Judge E.B. Watson, who began his address by speaking of "The terrible ordeal through which our nation is just now passing." He had been given the latest news from Washington, which revealed that President Garfield was again in a most precarious position, and the bad news had a depressing effect upon both the orator and his audience.

The program concluded with a solemn anthem by an improvised choir accompanied by Miss Carrie Beekman on the organ.

The formal service was followed by the great feast in which the members of the Dinner Committee "covered themselves all over with glory."

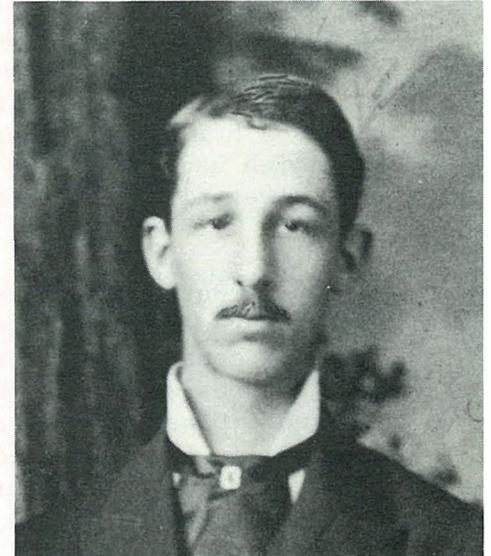
One incident reveals that the striking down of the President did not immediately transform everyone into nobility. During the parade someone dropped a coin--a four bit piece--through an iron cellar grating on the sidewalk. As the day went on four people claimed its ownership, explaining in most meticulous detail how they had come to drop it. The editor, with Solomon like wisdom, suggested split-



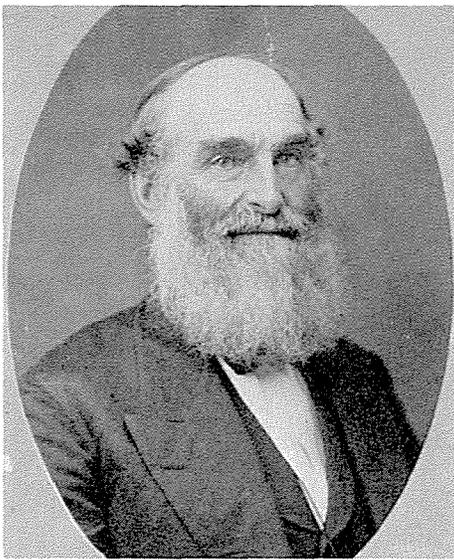
CHARLES NICKELL  
He was President of the Day



Mrs. B.F. DOWELL  
Member of Resolutions Committee



BENJAMIN B. BEEKMAN  
Declaration of Independence



MOSES A. WILLIAMS

Chaplain, Led the Prayers



KATE THORNTON

Marched with Temperance Ladies



T. T. MCKENZIE

Followed the Parade Marshall

ting the coin into four pieces and giving each claimant a share.

The afternoon of the Fourth could hardly have been classified as a celebration. The participants in the scheduled games were somewhat unenthusiastic, and the spectators, indifferent to the races and contests, gathered in groups to discuss the tragedy. The planning committees deserved gold stars for their efforts, but the day's celebration ended in the late afternoon and Bybee park was deserted long before nightfall.

One eventually becomes surfeited with melancholy. By supper time discussion of the sad state of the President had crested, and peoples' spirits began to rise. After all, the Fourth was a once-a-year holiday, and when it was gone, it was gone forever. The citizens freshened up, donned their pioneer spirit with their Sunday suits and went to Madame Holt's grandball. It was a brilliant success, and the day which had threatened to fizzle like a wet firecracker ended with a bang.

**A**t Big Butte the natives entered into the patriotic festivities with considerable verve. Unlike the people of Jacksonville who were more blasé about social to-do's, the folk in Big Butte had looked forward to the Glorious Fourth with too much anticipation not to participate fully in the festivities. There was no talk there of cancelation.

To honor the wounded President, the

Program Chairman called upon W. H. Parker, "the pedagogue," to deliver an impromptu oration which was short enough to be appreciated by all who had reserved part of their attention to the kitchen where the ladies of the Dinner Committee clattered dishes and banged stove lids, producing tantalizing aromas and the promise of a magnificent noon-day spread.

The after dinner respite, reserved for lounging on the grass to allow the digestive juices to flow freely, was brief. Baseball was next on the docket, and the teams were eager to have at it. The audience was enthusiastic and noisy, but the name of the winning team is probably gone forever; the correspondent neglected to include it in his story. The race by gentlemen in sacks "was a delight to watch. Its like for ludicrousness has not been seen before on Big Butte." But the egg race by the ladies capped the climax. Each fair contestant carried an egg in a spoon, "but," reports the *Sentinel*, "they were all 'drapped' but one, which was carried by a young miss who, being the winner, carried off the prize.

The carefree bucolic celebrants wound up the affair that evening with a dance. One suspects they might well have devoted a little more of their time in meditation about the sad state of the nation.

**I**n Ashland, which had always been more sedate than Jacksonville, the celebration went off as

planned. The emphasis there had always been on the more solemn phase of the patriotic holiday and only a few changes were made in the program. The day started at dawn with an anvil chorus and bell ringing from the hills. At ten o'clock the exercises began in the grove with a full choir and appropriate prayer. The Declaration of Independence was read, and Rev. S.S. Caldwell offered another prayer. Professor J.W. Merritt of Jacksonville "delivered an able and eloquent oration which was received with genuine pleasure and admiration."

The serious part of the activities over, the throng gave their attention to the dinner tables which "were overloaded with choice viands and delicacies." The afternoon amusements, all kinds of races and greased pole climbing "were successfully conducted, and delighted the crowd."

The fireworks were "very creditable" and the ball was attended by a sedate group of dancers--"a most agreeable ending to the national festival of mirth."



In the morning of July 5 the concern and uneasiness surged back. It was a day of suspense. The dispatches left considerable doubt as to the true condition of the suffering President, and people began to fear the worst. The feeling of dread was accompanied with a curiosity about the assassin. The *Sentinel* supplied a little information.

Detective McElfresh, who took Guiteau to jail, asked, "Where are you from?"

"I am," he replied, "a native-born American, born in Chicago." He said he was also a lawyer and a theologian.

McElfresh asked, "Why did you do it?"

He replied, "I did it to save the Republican party." He declared General Sherman and Vice-president Arthur were with him in the assassination plot, and that they would take charge of things and see that he was released. If McElfresh would join the group he could become Chief of Police of the new administration.

The following is a copy of a letter which Guiteau wished to be delivered to

General Sherman:

To the White House:

The President's death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party to save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I had no ill-feelings against the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and a politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts...I am going to jail.

Charles Guiteau

A second letter was found on the streets shortly after Guiteau's arrest. The envelope was unsealed and addressed: "Please deliver at once to General Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the War Department:"

General Sherman:

I have just shot the President. I shot him several times as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts...I am going to jail. Please order out the troops and take possession of the jail at once.

Very respectfully  
Charles Guiteau

On July 5 the Vice President met for a conference with the cabinet. Mrs. Garfield, somewhat overwrought, received them at the White House, and each member expressed his sympathy and concern. The Vice-president told his colleagues: "God knows I do not want the position to which I was not elected --one I never expected to hold, and especially under such dreadful and distressing circumstances."

THE ASSASSIN'S HISTORY Etc.

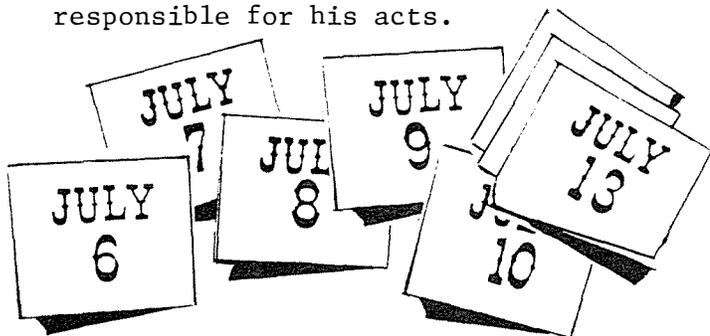
Charles J. Guiteau is of French Canadian extraction, about 38 years old. He was born in Chicago. Those acquainted

with him have regarded him as a crazy lunatic.

Dr. Hood, the medical examiner of the pension office, recalls that Guiteau made application for a pension, claiming he was a soldier during the Civil War. Dr. Hood investigated the claim and the papers were filed away with the endorsement "insane."

Guiteau sent letters to the President professing great devotion and declared he was an anti-stalwart. At the same time he applied for a government position. He wrote that he had elected Garfield, and felt he was deserving of a big appointment.

Guiteau's brother who was an insurance agent in Boston told reporters that Charles Guiteau was a vicious and irresponsible character. He had consistently refused to pay his bills and was a source of great trouble to his family. His father declared his son was absolutely insane and not responsible for his acts.



JULY 5. The President seems to waver between life and death.

JULY 6. The crisis has been reached and Garfield's firm hold on life gives strong hopes for his recovery.

JULY 7. Dr. Bliss: "There are no symptoms justifying alarm."

Surgeon General Barnes: "It will be little less than a miracle if the President gets over his injuries. Inflammation is to be feared."

JULY 8. The President has turned his attention to food and good-humoredly asked the doctors not to starve him to death now, since he is determined not to die of his wounds.

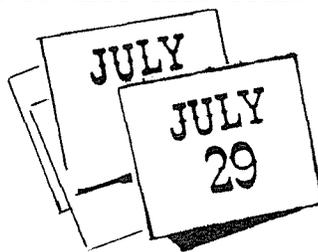
JULY 11. President Garfield has passed the danger point. His recovery is now confidently looked to by his physicians.

JULY 12. The President is still making gratifying progress towards recovery.

He partook of considerable nourishment. The surgeons express themselves as satisfied with his condition.

JULY 13. The President is nearly normal. He ate some woodcock and toast today. This is the twelfth day, and the day on which a turn in such wounds usually occur. Surgeons say the indications are of a change for the better.

The encouraging news brought a renewal of interest in day-to-day routine. The ladies of the Jacksonville Presbyterian church busied themselves giving an Ice Cream Sociable in the basement of the church. The Legion of Honor held an entertainment--a lot of singing and some declamations--in Madame Holt's new ballroom. Mrs. Catharine Magruder invited her friends to come see her new quilt with the intricate diamond and wreath pattern, and Charles Nickell hinted that he might soon make a romantic announcement that involved Miss Ella Prim.



With most of the reports from Washington on the optimistic side, the citizens and the editor became complacent. There was only a brief mention of the President in the issue dated July 29, 1881. The item, in its entirety, is:

Garfield said a year ago that he expected to live to be 80, and it looks now as if providence didn't intend that a wretch like Guiteau should disappoint his reasonable expectations.



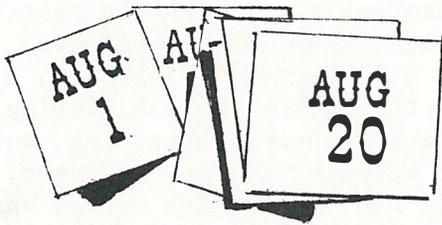
The paper following, July 30, contained a disheartening bulletin:

The early part of this week the President had quite a relapse, supposed to have been caused by an operation to open the wound. A high fever during which the President's

pulse ran up to 130 caused alarm.

It is believed now the President is out of danger. In the meantime the assassin is spending his time in the Washington jail quite stoically.

The doctors and surgeons, after probing and poking with their instruments, were unable to locate the bullet. Alexander Graham Bell was brought in to hunt for it with electrical devices, but his efforts were unsuccessful; the bullet remained hidden. In spite of this perilous source of infection, alternate announcements assured the public that the President would make a complete recovery. The doctors seemed to think that if they gave glowing reports, the patient would be honor-bound to live up to them.



On August 20 the *Sentinel* announced the President had again taken a sudden change for the worse. The physicians held little hope for his recovery. Nearly seven weeks had elapsed since the shooting, and the President continued to grow weaker by the hour.

In southern Oregon the event was no longer the principal topic of conversation. Life had to continue. Births and marriages and deaths went on in spite of the mortally wounded leader's desperate fight for life.

During that week Effie Bybee and Charles, the son of Page Paine Prim, were married by Rev. Moses A. Williams. For the wedding guests, the president's condition was less a pressing question than should the gifts be silver or crystal. (William Bybee took the easy way out: he gave them a hog.) Miss Annie Savage, a daughter of James Savage of Rogue River, shot and killed a panther measuring eight feet in length, and V.S. Ralls, who ten years earlier had wounded James D. Fay in a shooting scrape in the Bella Union, died of a heart attack. It was not that people had ceased to care; they had once more become sated with melancholy.

During the hot days of August the bulletins continued in much the same track. *The president is showing improvement followed by The President has taken a turn for the worse.* At church services the preachers always offered fervent prayers for his recovery and the people continued to express their opinions about the shooting and to fan their malice toward Guiteau. On September 3 the message from Washington seemed to be more hopeless than any had been before.

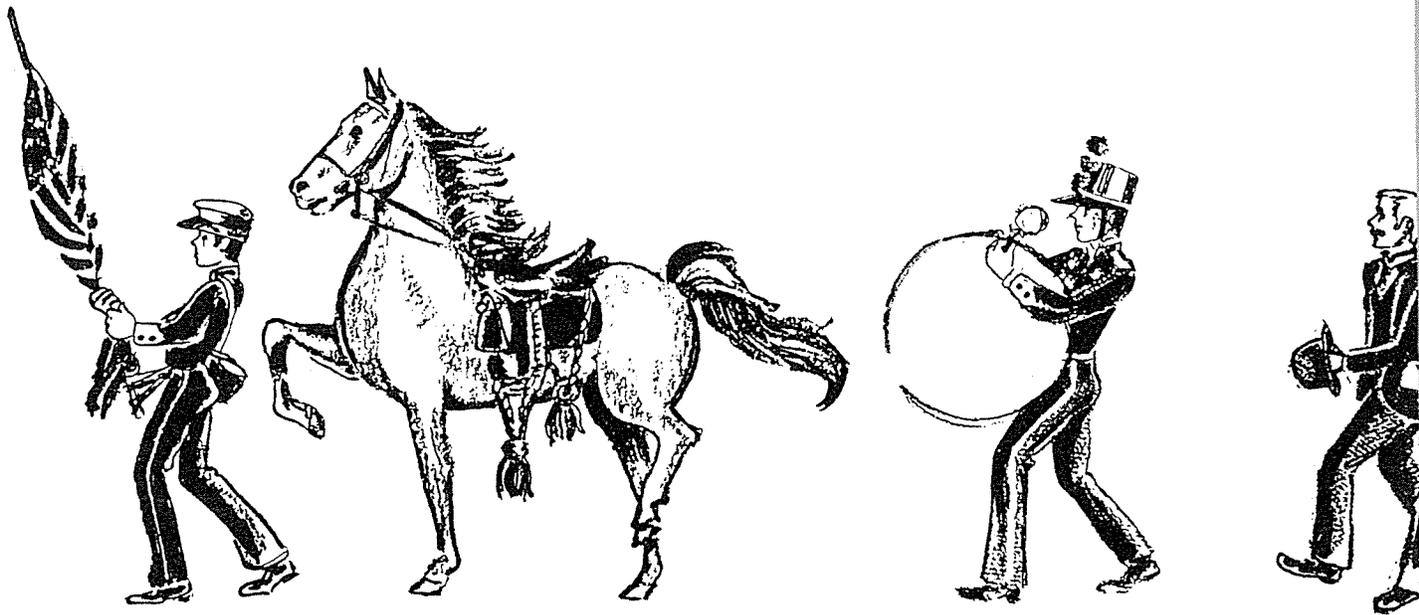


Washington, D.C. had been terribly hot all that summer and during August the White House staff was hard-pressed to keep the sick room bearable. In addition the executive mansion was situated in the malarial district of the Potomac flats and eight persons in the city were already prostrated with malarial fever. President Garfield longed for a change of scene, and plans were made to transport him by train to Long Branch on the New Jersey shore. He was carefully moved to an especially prepared railway coach and the staff did what they could to keep him from being jostled or made uncomfortable. The destination was 245 miles away and at times the train traveled at the unheard rate of a mile a minute. The trip proved to be an extremely difficult ordeal to him in spite of the great efforts made by the doctors.



Upon his arrival the physicians released the first realistic picture of the President's condition:

He is suffering from an unhealed gunshot wound whose length is estimated at 16 inches; second, from a compound fracture of the tenth and contusion of the eleventh rib; third, by the presence of a jagged lead bullet not encysted and traveling slowly downward; fourth, from a poisonous state of the blood; fifth, from an abscess in the cheek, mouth and nostrils; sixth, from



a dyspeptic state of the stomach which has rejected food for three weeks; seventh, a weakness and a susceptibility to malaria.

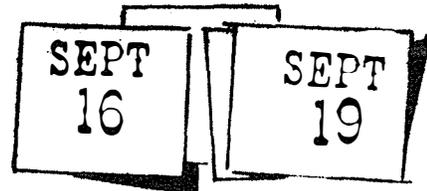
Yet even this pessimistic and truthful report ended with a false hope: his chances of recovery at Long Branch are better than they have been for sometime past.

When Guiteau had learned of the President's set-backs, he always declared his satisfaction. He felt he was an instrument of God's will, and believed the death of the President would confirm this. He looked forward to his trial in which he would act as his own lawyer and make a profound impression on the court. He was unable to comprehend the hatred that the people felt for him, even though two attempts had been made on his life during his stay in prison.

The fact that neither of the men who tried to kill him was charged or brought to trial is indicative of the nation's hostility towards him. The editor of the *Sentinel* declared that Guiteau would be fortunate if he died by a bullet for "if any Court dares discharge him, popular fury will tear him to pieces. "Instead of punishment." wrote Mr. Turner, "the soldier who attempted to kill him should be given a Captain's commission from the Secretary of War."

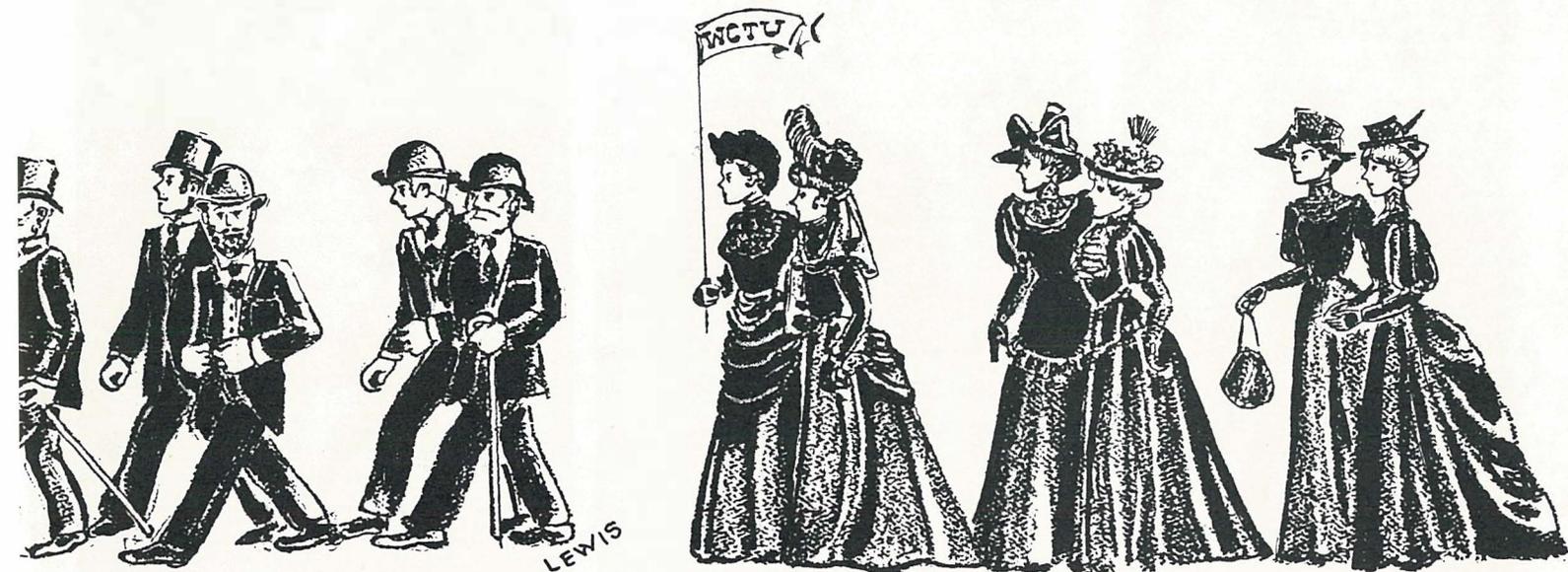
The readers of the *Sentinel* had finally become so confused by the re-

ports of drastic set backs followed by remarkable improvements that they no longer knew what to believe. P.J. Ryan, a Jacksonville merchant, decided the doctors were hindering the recovery rather than helping, and he wrote a letter to the President, inviting him to southern Oregon where the sun baths were famous for their healing powers and were also free of charge. He received no gracious acceptance nor polite regrets from the President's secretary.



For a few days after the arrival at Long Branch the doctors were hopeful, but by September 16, ten days later, they realized the President's condition was "probably more grave and critical than it had ever been." Those in attendance knew the end was near.

On September 19, at 10:30 P.M. he suddenly cried out in pain and fell unconscious. In a few minutes he was dead. He had lived for eighty days after he was shot. During that time he had slowly and painfully wasted away, never lifting his head from his pillow as day after day passed. "He was a wonderfully patient sufferer, and, like Guiteau, a believer in the will of God. Guiteau told reporters



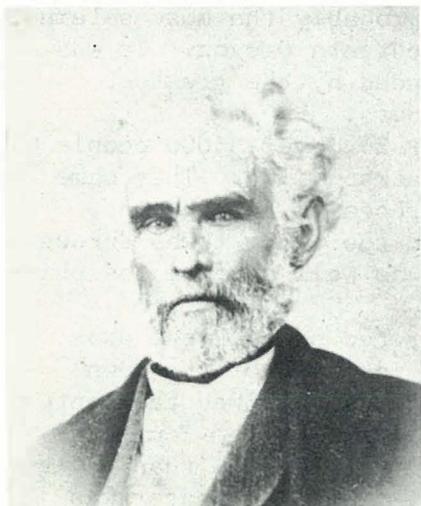
that had he known Garfield would have had to suffer for so long, he would not have shot him.

The President was survived by his mother, his wife and six children--two girls and four boys. He had been an active Chief of State for a period of little more than a month. To have gained so much respect and love during an administration of only four months, he must truly have been a remarkable man.

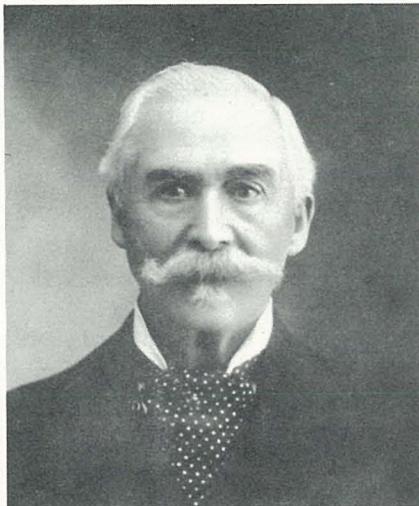
**I**n 1881 the papers, in southern Oregon at least, had no banner headlines to emblazon across the top of page one: **THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.** Rather than using such a shocker, the editors put the paper into mourning. The columns were separated by heavy black lines, a practice

which was apparently a tradition, and any humor in the stories was winnowed out. Even the editorials attacking the opposite political party were eliminated for two or three issues because the death of the President was everyone's tragedy. Each paper included a lengthy tribute to the dead leader and prayers for his successors.

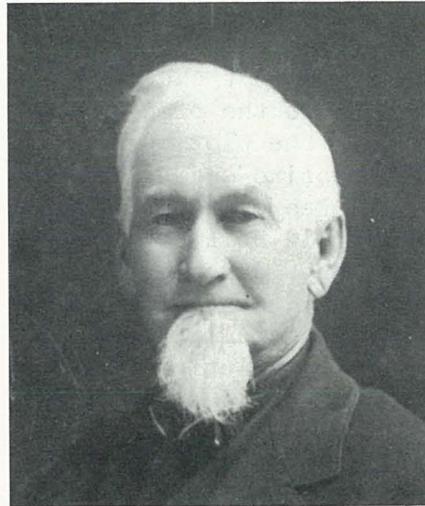
Immediately after the arrival of the final bulletin giving the tragic news, every place of business was closed, their doors and windows draped in deep mourning. The bells of the Presbyterian, Catholic and Methodist churches and the bell at the public school house were tolled in mournful cadence for an hour. Gun salutes were made at intervals during the day and the display of grief was



JUSTICE E.D. FOUFRAY  
Followed Honorary Pall Bearers



JUDGE H.K. HANNA  
was President of the Day



WILLIAM F. BYBEE  
Honorary Citizens Group



ISSIE MCCULLY

Chairman, Condolences Committee

PROF. J.W. MERRITT

Orator at Memorial Service

C.H. KLIPPELL

Program Preparations Committee

genuine and profound.

**T**he city fathers and the Trustees began making plans for an appropriate memorial service in which people could participate as they wished and pay their respects to their dead champion. The resulting program of homage to the dead is remarkably similar to the preceding one celebrating the Glorious Fourth--but at the opposite end of the emotional scale.

T.G. Reames called the organizational meeting in Holt's Hall and acted as chairman. Jeremiah Nunan served as secretary. The ladies present, headed by Issie McCully, were instructed to write a resolution of condolences which everyone would sign before it was sent to the President's mother, and a committee was appointed to write the obituary resolutions. This group was made up of Judge E. B. Watson, Charles Nickell, E.D. Foudray and William M.

Turner. The committee in charge of the program preparations was made up of David Linn, C.H. Klippel, C.C. Beekman, K.Kubli, N. Langell, Sol Wise, Jas S. Howard, H.K. Hanna, J. Nunan and T.G. Reames. The services which resulted were probably the most solemn ever seen in southern Oregon. It was certainly attended by the greatest number of mourners.

On September 26, over 3,000 people collected in Jacksonville. They came from Ashland, Phoenix, Eagle Point, Kerbyville, and the other towns throughout the valley as well as from Josephine County.

Shortly after ten o'clock the procession formed in front of the town hall. The marchers followed the route which had been taken by the Fourth of July paraders a little less than three months earlier. The flag bearer was first in line and set the pace with a slow, steady step. A Guard of Honorary

Pall Bearers came next: C. M. Stroud, Henry Judge, Michael Hanley, C.C.Beekman, Max Muller, H.C. Hill, Page Paine Prim, E.K. Anderson, Ben Haymond and John Tupper. The Pall Bearers preceeded a second honorary group led by the Parade Marshall M. Caton. He was followed by E.D. Foudray, William F. Bybee, H. Kelly and E.H. Autenrieth. The Brass Band, playing a dirge in step with the flag bearer led a group of over 300 children from the public schools, all markedly serious and well aware of the tragedy they were memorializing.

Lodge members, dressed in their most formal regalia, slowly marched by in groups. At that time people were more enthusiastic about lodges and lodge business, and their robes of state were made of velvets, silks and other rich materials in glowing colors. They must have added a brilliant touch of color to the otherwise somber parade.

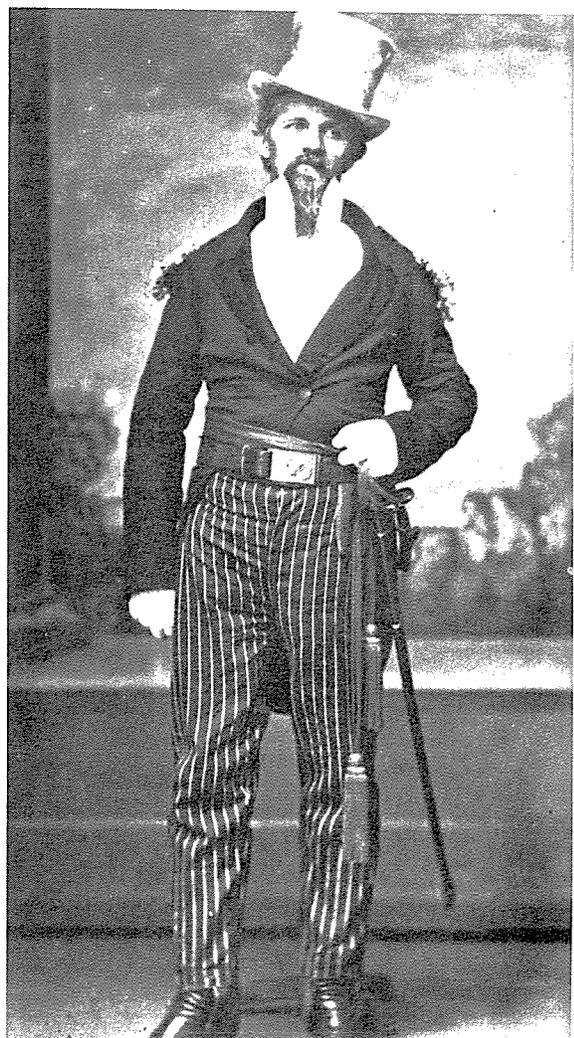
Members of the Temperance Societies, wearing their identification colors, preceeded the officials of the towns and the county and a large number of private citizens. Those in carriages, suitably draped in black, brought up the rear. Over a thousand people took part in the parade.

The members of the procession and the spectators converged at the Court House grove where the band had already assembled and was playing a mournful dirge. At the conclusion of the opening number, Rev. LaDru Royal offered "a touching and eloquent prayer." Another dirge followed, this time by the choir, and the mood was sustained by Hon. E.B.Watson reading the Obituary Resolutions. Judge Hanna, President of the Day, then introduced the orator, Prof. J. W. Merritt. His lecture was "strong, dignified and eloquent, and he rose to the height demanded by the exalted theme." The benediction was pronounced by Rev. B.J. Sharp, and "after a closing number by the band, the assemblage dispersed, the various societies again forming in procession and marching away.

During the rest of the day devotionals were held in churches throughout the valley, and all secular businesses remained closed. The people of southern Oregon felt they could have done no less, and certainly they could have done no more to show their respect and genuine sorrow. At intervals during the afternoon, until dark, a church bell would toll and be echoed by another, more distant. Their day of mourning finally closed on a dissonant, unresolved note, as farewells to the dead must always close. Mr. Turner concluded: "...And so ended Jackson County's formal participation in the sad funeral rites of our National dead Chieftain.

*Requiescat in pace."*

HON. E.B. WATSON  
Read Obituary Resolutions  
CAPTAIN CATON  
Parade Marshall





A float in the 1899 Fourth of July parade pauses for a candid photograph. Decorating with evergreens and bunting was traditional. The spectators seem to be dressed in their Sunday best.



## CHARLES GUILTEAU THE LAST DAYS

**C**HARLES JULIUS GUILTEAU was a man of convictions, warped and wrong-headed, but absolute convictions. He saw himself as a firebrand of liberty, a champion and a defender who would kill to protect the rights of others. Should he relinquish this cherished fantasy, the truth would be unbear-

able: he was no protector of the republic, he was instead a wanton and cowardly killer with the blood of a blameless man on his hands. The more the newspapers and the courts attempted to chip away at his illusions, the more tenaciously he clung to them. The dream was his reality. For the public, his myth was harder to discern because he had become a timorous, frightened mouse. At the slightest unfamiliar noise in the corridor he would crouch, trembling, in the corner of his cell. He frequently fell on his knees before his jailer, begging him to protect him from those who would kill him.

At his trial he was able to conjure up enough of the illusion to appear defiant and unrepentant. The jury could only find him guilty. Had they declared him innocent, the people would virtually have stoned them through the streets. His lawyers requested a new trial on the grounds he was insane, but the judge denied the request. He ordered the prisoner to stand and receive the sentence.

**JUDGE COX:** You have been convicted of a crime so terrible that it has drawn upon you the horror of the whole world...You have had as fair and impartial a jury as ever assembled

[and] you have been defended with zeal and devotion. Notwithstanding all this, you have been found guilty...I cannot but believe that when the crime was committed you thoroughly understood the nature of that crime and its consequences.

GUITEAU: I was acting as God's man.

JUDGE COX: And you had moral sense and conscience enough to recognize the moral iniquity of such an act.

GUITEAU: That's a matter of opinion.

JUDGE COX: The testimony shows that you deliberately resolved to do it, and that a deliberate and misguided will was the sole impulse...The law looks upon it as a wilful crime. It is necessary for me to pronounce the sentence of law, that you be taken to the common jail ... and there be kept in confinement, and on Friday the 30th of June, 1882, you be taken to the place prepared for your execution within the walls of said jail, and there, between the hours of 12 and 2 P.M. you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

GUITEAU: (shouting and violently striking the table) And may the Lord have mercy on *your* soul! I'd rather stand where I do than where that jury does and where your Honor stands. I'm not afraid to die. I stand here as God's own man, and God Almighty will curse every man who has had a part in procuring this unrighteous verdict ... I would rather a thousand times be in my position than that of those who have hounded me to death! I shall have a glorious flight to glory.

**O**n the night of June 29, Guiteau was extremely restless and unable to sleep. He felt Vice-President Arthur and his followers had abandoned him in his extremity, and for hours he paced back and forth in his cell. Towards daybreak he fell into a brief sleep of exhaustion. Waking at 5:00 A.M. he ate a little breakfast and talked with the doctor who had been assigned to spend the night in his cell. He read an original poem expressing the theme that God had inspired him, and then he attempted to sing it. The craven had once more

overpowered the valiant defender, and his voice quavered so he was unable to continue. As the morning progressed he became increasingly agitated. He wept freely and seemed to be in great anguish. When the guards marched through the hall and halted at his cell he was very startled and near collapse, but stood as the warden unlocked his cell door and entered to read the death warrant.

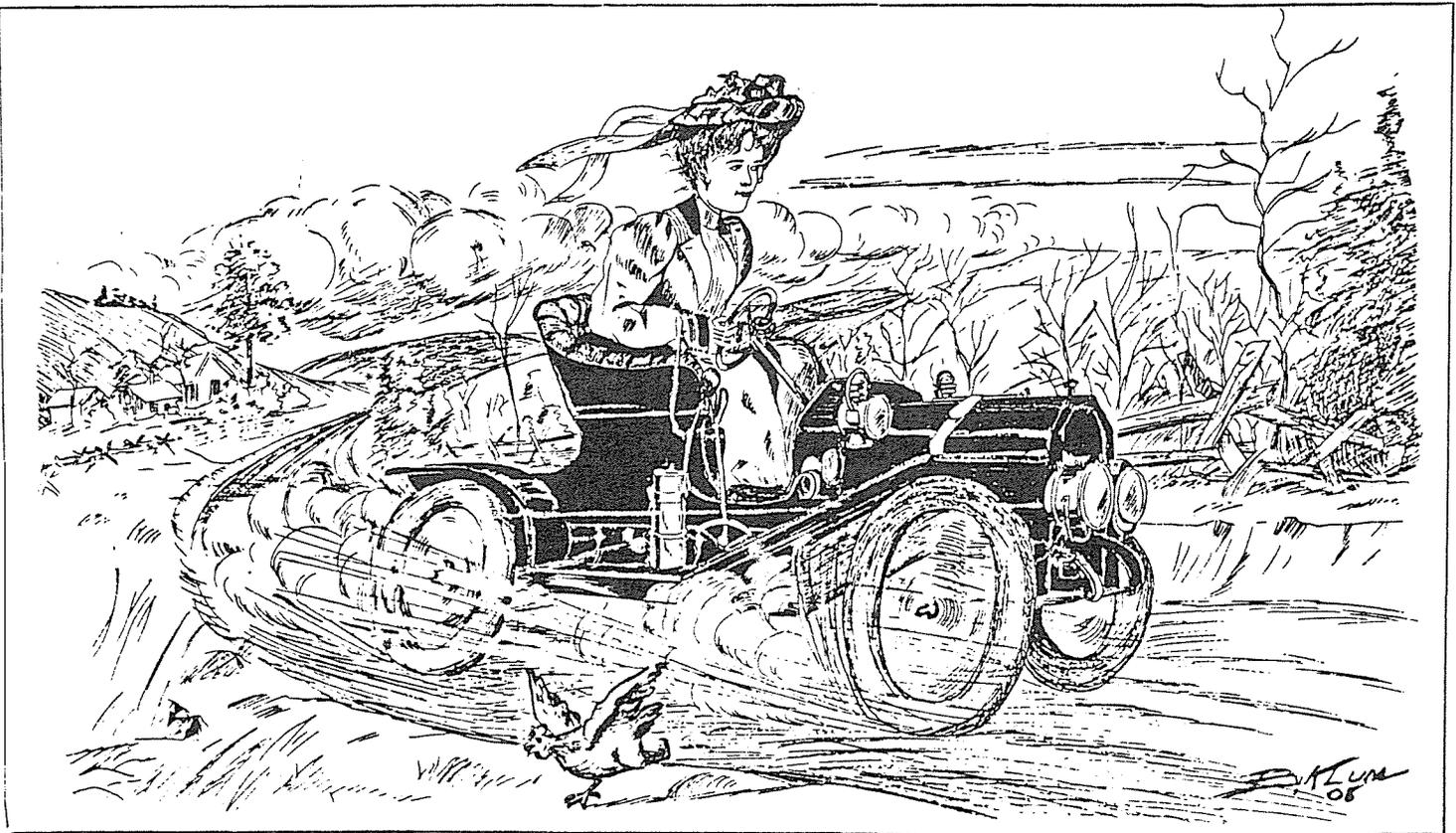
As a last request he asked to be allowed to read the tenth chapter of St. John from the scaffold, but this was refused, and he then asked to be permitted to take a bath. The request granted, he went to the communal bath and, after returning to his cell, he industriously brushed his suit.

At 12:30 the heavy iron gates at the end of the hall were opened, and the guards once more appeared. Two soldiers pinioned his arms behind him and led him from his cell to his place in the formation. The procession moved quickly into the courtyard where Guiteau, seeing the scaffold, caught his breath but continued walking. At the foot of the thirteen steps, he faltered but officers on either side nudged him to the second step. Here the coward disappeared and the firebrand again took over. He walked onto the platform with a firm step and stood poised and erect, facing the spectators as the Warden asked them to remove their hats. He remained at attention as his feet and legs were tied. As the black cap was placed over his head, he shouted loudly, "Glory! Glory! Glory." And at that instant the trap was sprung.

With the fall of the body, some of those in the courtyard involuntarily cried out. The cry was taken up by the prisoners in the cells, and then by the crowds of people waiting outside the prison. From there the yelling passed along, block by block, until it seemed for just a moment as if the entire city was cheering.

Guiteau was left dangling at the end of the rope, his shoes barely touching the ground. After an hour the doctors pronounced him officially dead and he was taken down and unceremoniously buried in a secret, unmarked grave.





## THE GREAT POPULARITY CONTEST - 1908

**C**ollections of southern Oregon newspapers published in an earlier, more innocent age, reveal that there was a time when local popularity contests were considered fun events, and were eagerly endorsed by the enthusiastic ladies. This was of course long before such masculine chauvenistic exploitation of the gentle sex became a no-no. Yet there was such an archaic age when young ladies actually got out and beat the bushes for the opportunity of being selected the number one charmer of the country. And the winner obviously got an unladylike charge out of being admired *and desired* by a large corps of self-centered males who might far better have elevated their minds. Barbaric! A contest, dredged up from the year 1908, is a case in point.

This competitive race to determine the most alluring tomato of the Rogue River Valley was sponsored by the editor of a Medford newspaper, *Southern Oregon - Daily Tribune*. He had recently purchased the paper, circulation was low and was definitely not showing any signs of growing. One had to have a gimmick, but what? The edi-

tor was in a real quandary and just then along came Mr. O.J. O'Dell, a professional promoter who had just the ticket--a popularity contest in which the competitors, in order to win, would boost the numbers of subscribers to astronomical heights. Mr. O. J. O'Dell was fresh from triumphs in the publishing world of southern California, and he not only knew how to organize the game, he had invented the rules. The editor recognized a sure winner when he saw one, and soon the *Southern Oregon - Daily Tribune* carried the banner announcement:

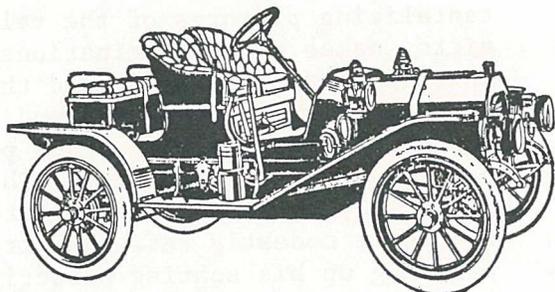
### GIANT POPULARITY CONTEST COMING TO SOUTHERN OREGON

The lucky winner would not only know the ecstasy of being Miss Popularity Queen of 1908, but she'd also have the thrill of becoming the proud possessor of a brand new, sassy and stylish adult play-pretty -- a new 1908 Reo!

Believe it or not, the girlies surged forward in a wave of anticipation to get their entry blanks. Their enthusiastic interest was even more astonishing in view of the fact that they had to drum-up their own votes,

and in order to do so had to sell subscriptions to the newspaper. But then the enticing array of prizes was a powerful enducement. The Grand Capital Prize, the Reo, was an absolute dream.

## Grand Capital Prize



ONE 1908 REO ROADSTER, VALUE \$1150.00—This car will be on exhibition in Medford that all may see that it is a machine especially adapted to Oregon roads and conditions.

Grand Prize Number Two was a homesite in the beautiful Queen Anne Addition of Medford, only a five-minute walk from the center of the city. The publicity assured the participants that the property would increase in value, and that the lot was full size, adjoining a twenty-five foot alley way. It offered an unobstructed view of the valley. Lest one think second prize was not a choice item, the editor declared it was well worth \$350. Its value of course would never top that of an automobile, but a bachelor girl might use it as a sort of dowry to snag an eligible swain.

## Five Gold Watches



The watches to be awarded in this contest are first class in every respect and fitted with full-jeweled Waltham movements; they are being purchased from the leading jewelers in Medford and are perfect little beauties

Everyone agreed that prize number three, a gold Waltham watch, would be very stylish pinned to the starched bosom of a lacy white shirtwaist. Displayed thus, with a black skirt which subtly set off a tiny waist, the watch would really look classy. A girl who

won a gold watch would be lucky indeed.

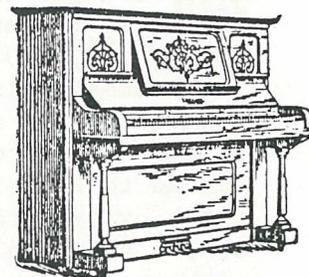
## Five Scholarships

An excellent opportunity for ladies desirous of getting a business education to do so free of charge. The Medford Tribune will give away absolutely free five scholarships in the leading business schools in the state. America's most brilliant women today accredit their success to an early training. Win an education.

Now, those five scholarships. That was something else. One could go to school, get a business education free of charge, and become a brilliant but feminine cog in the wheels of industry--if she

was a mind to. Many women had entered the commercial world as typewriters and bookkeepers and some of them actually seemed to enjoy their jobs. But, if it came to that, one rather hoped that a new husband would get a little gruff and really put his manly foot down. "No wife of mine is going to work downtown in an office with a lot of men and fresh drummers ogling her." But, then, what if one didn't ever get married? Mercy. It was really something to think about. Winning the scholarship just might be the biggest blessing of all.

## Five Piano Certificates



The Piano certificates carry a value of \$100.00 and are good for that amount on any piano purchased from the Hale Piano Co.

The piano certificates, good for \$100 on the purchase of a piano was a jimdandy prize -- if you thought you might be going to buy a piano, and, of course, who wasn't? Owning a piano was a *must* for a popular girl. In 1900 pianos were increasing five times as fast as people. When friends gathered in a group to sing the new popular ragtime tunes, the girl at the keyboard was *Popular* with a capital P. The parlor really looked unfurnished without a shiny upright, and it was so sweet to kitty-corner one in the front room and

spread a nice velvet throw on the lid with a whole lot of photographs tastefully propped up on it.

swarmed, armed to the teeth with subscription blanks and pencils and winning smiles.

# Districts

DISTRICT NO. 1—All of Medford east of Southern Pacific track.

DISTRICT NO. 2—All of Medford west of Southern Pacific track.

DISTRICT NO. 3—Jacksonville, Sterling, Ruch, Griffin Creek, Hutton, Deer, Curry County and Del Norte County, California.

DISTRICT NO. 4—Central Point, Eagle Point, Trail, Prospect, Woodville, Gold Hill, Wellen, Brownsboro and Josephine county.

DISTRICT NO. 5—Phoenix, Talent and Ashland, Barron, Klamath and Lake counties, and Siskiyou county, California.

\$2,500 in prizes were to be given, and to win any one of them would be so exciting, what girl could resist? Even if you couldn't win one of the two big prizes you could surely win in your own district.

The rules were simple enough for a

baby, the director was a genius at promotion, the contestants were fired with enthusiasm and anyone could vote for his favorite. All that was necessary was to subscribe, give the sales-girl a check and she would turn it in to the contest center and receive her points.

There was no television, hey, for that matter there was no radio. Mr. O.J. O'dell had no filmed commercials to run every fifteen minutes on the air waves until every viewer in the country had it by heart. He had to keep the enthusiasm at fever pitch by exhortation in the columns of the paper only. He did just that, without jingles and slogans and testimonials from Mrs. Olson and the Maytag Man. On January 13 it was *One for the money, Two for the show, Three to get ready, And go, Girls, go!* Out they

From the first day of the race to the last, February 22, was over a month, and a less intrepid organizer would have been hard pressed to keep it ablaze, but not our Mr. O.J. O'Dell. With lively headlines, tantalizing pictures of the valuable gifts, names of new nominations, and increasing totals, he fanned the sparks, kindled the embers and kept competition at the combustion point.

Results were astonishing. The editor must have been ecstatic but of course he modestly refrained from pointing up his soaring subscription lists. Bevyies of attractive, smiling young females breezed out from the towns to the remote boonies, and the natives responded with good grace. It's pretty certain that some folks took a subscription for every member of the family, including one for Babykins, who hadn't yet learned to read, and one for grandma, who had lost her glasses. Probably loyal daddies and hubbies and sweeties signed up for the paper into the next century.

Here are the names of the entries, each and every one a winner, and their final tallies. The lists are made up of nominees from the first day to the last, although a few of the less aggressive got discouraged along the way and threw in the powder puff.

VOTING POWER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND PRICE

	New Subscription.	Old Subscription.	Mail.	Carrier.
Three months subscription, Daily.....	400	200	\$ 1.50	\$ 1.50
Six months subscription, Daily.....	1,000	500	2.50	2.50
One year's subscription, Daily.....	3,000	1,500	5.00	6.00
Two year's subscription, Daily.....	7,000	3,500	10.00	12.00
Five year's subscription.....	20,000	10,000	25.00	30.00
One year's subscription Semi-Weekly Southern Oregonian.....	600	300	2.00	2.00

New subscribers are those who were not taking this paper January 8, 1908.

DISTRICT ONE - MEDFORD, EAST

- MISS BERNICE CAMERON . . . . . 3,199
- MRS. OWEN DAVIS . . . . . 628
- MISS NELLIE DRESSLER . . . . . 12,464
- MISS NELLIE EVANS . . . . . 25
- MISS EULA JACOBS . . . . . 12,928
- MISS GRACE LAWTON . . . . . 9,687
- \*MRS. P. A. MC MAHON . . . . . 25,774 [SCHOLARSHIP]
- \*MISS BROWNING PURDIN . . . . . 1,312,749 [QUEEN ANNE BUILDING LOT]
- MRS. W. H. STALKER . . . . . 425
- MISS EMMA TANER . . . . . 25
- \*MISS GRACE WHITEHEAD . . . . . 20,798 [PIANO CERTIFICATE]
- \*MISS GLADYS WILSON . . . . . 23,072 [WATCH]

DISTRICT TWO - MEDFORD, WEST

- \*MISS CECIL BOSWELL . . . . . 25,787 [PIANO CERTIFICATE]
- MRS. RALPH CLARK . . . . . 4,081
- \*MISS HELEN COSS . . . . . 118,343 [SCHOLARSHIP]
- MRS. ORIN DAVIS . . . . . 1,238
- MISS LETHIA EMERICK . . . . . 1,652
- MISS HAZEL ENYART . . . . . 442

*MRS. JESS ENYART . . . . .	59,649
	[WATCH]
MISS BESSIE FINN . . . . .	625
MRS. W. H. GORE . . . . .	588
MISS LOU HARTZELL . . . . .	629
MISS MABEL KENT . . . . .	338
MISS INEZ MC KAY . . . . .	662
MISS BESS NICKELL . . . . .	425
MRS. DR. E. B. PICKEL . . . . .	1,168
MISS STELLA SANDERS . . . . .	631
MISS ALICE STREET . . . . .	98
MISS FANNIE WHITMAN . . . . .	7,068
MISS BLANCHE WOODS . . . . .	514

**DISTRICT THREE**

MRS. J.S. BOSSUM . . . . .	9,468
MISS LENA BOSTICK . . . . .	438
MISS JOSEPHINE DONEGAN . . . . .	68
MISS ADA DUNN . . . . .	542
*MRS. GLADYS HEARD [STERLING]. . . . .	12,168
MISS LOUISE JONES . . . . .	218
MISS MAVERNA KENNEY . . . . .	1,286

**\*MISS LAURA NEUBER . . . . . 1,726,920 REO**

MISS DOLLY NEWBERRY . . . . .	88
*MISS MARY PETER . . . . .	44,030
	[WATCH]
MISS BERTHA PRIM . . . . .	1,483
MRS. GRETCHEN PUHL . . . . .	3,347
MRS. JOSEPHINE RUSSELL . . . . .	652
MISS GLADYS SHAW . . . . .	625
MISS ANNIE SPICER . . . . .	5,938
MISS MOLLY TOWNE . . . . .	4,392
*MISS MAUDE TUCKER . . . . .	14,387
	[PIANO CERTIFICATE]
MISS LEONA ULRICH . . . . .	28
*MISS EMMA WENDT . . . . .	49,831
	[SCHOLARSHIP]

**DISTRICT FOUR**

MISS HALLIE ALEXANDER, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	1,172
MISS SILVIA ANDERSON, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	1,408

MISS BESSIE BELL, BROWNSBORO . . . . .	1,364
MISS EDITH BROWN, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	425
MISS GEORGIE CLINE, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	25
MAGGIE DALEY, EAGLE POINT . . . . .	142
MISS DAISY DUNGEY, GOLD HILL . . . . .	15,642
MISS MILDRED ELLIOTT, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	38
MISS ALTA FARMER, GOLD HILL . . . . .	6,988
MISS LUCY GEORGE, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	1,037
MISS LIZZIE GIBSON, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	443
MISS MARY GRANT, GOLD HILL . . . . .	797
MISS GLADYS GRAUZER . . . . .	638
*MISS EFFIE GRIMES, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	17,241
MISS BESSIE HAZELTON, EAGLE POINT . . . . .	27
MISS VOLNEY HENSLEY, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	25
MRS. HERMAN HORNER, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	25
MISS JOSIE HUSTON, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	60
MISS ETHEL JOHNSON, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	10,632
MRS. J.B. JACKSON, EAGLE POINT . . . . .	425
MISS ADDIE JONES, WOODVILLE . . . . .	2,498
MISS MAUDE LEE . . . . .	728
MISS MYRTLE LEE . . . . .	38
MRS. ERNEST LEISTER, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	25
*MISS JENNIE LEWIS, EAGLE POINT . . . . .	32,124
	[WATCH]

MISS NEMA LEWIS, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	114
MISS ESTHER MERRITT, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	186
*MISS FANNIE MONTGOMERY, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	47,607
	[SCHOLARSHIP]
MISS ANNA MURRAY, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	28
MISS EVA NORCROSS, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	25
MISS MARY OLSON, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	427
MISS FERN OPPENSHAIN, BIG BUTTE . . . . .	25
MISS ESTHER PANKEY, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	116
MISS ETHEL PANKY, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	43
MISS MABEL PEART, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	1,038
MISS FAY PLEASANT, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	28
MISS PEARL ROSS, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	160
MRS. FRANK SKILLMAN, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	67
MISS GEORGIA SMITH, GRANTS PASS . . . . .	9,998

MISS LIZZIE STARK, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	25
MISS HATTIE STEPP, BIG BUTTE . . . . .	1,272
*MISS LOTTIE TAYLOR, EAGLE POINT . . . . .	183,283
	[SCHOLARSHIP]
MRS. GEORGE E. TEX, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	17,822
MISS EVA TUCKER, BROWNSBORO . . . . .	1,227
MISS LILLIE ULRICH, EAGLE POINT . . . . .	667
MISS ADA WELSH, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	687
MISS EVA WILLIAMS, CENTRAL POINT . . . . .	1,068

**DISTRICT FIVE**

*MISS ANNA BEESON, KLAMATH FALLS . . . . .	64,418
	[PIANO CERTIFICATE]
MISS JOSIE CALHOUN, PHOENIX . . . . .	148
MISS CLARA DAKIN, PHOENIX . . . . .	24,763
MISS ADDIE DUNLAP, TALENT . . . . .	1,897
MRS. J. D. EVANS, PHOENIX . . . . .	1,593
MISS OPAL HERRING, TALENT . . . . .	714
MISS MABEL HICKS, ASHLAND . . . . .	145
MISS LIDDIE HUNT, ASHLAND . . . . .	133
MISS MINNIE LAND, ASHLAND . . . . .	81
MISS MURREL MORRIS, ASHLAND . . . . .	11,897
MISS EDNA NEIL, ASHLAND . . . . .	16,438
*MISS INA OATMAN, TALENT . . . . .	47,763
	[WATCH]

**\*MISS RUBY PALMER, ASHLAND . . . . . 68**

*MISS MABEL PARSON, ASHLAND . . . . .	43,972
	[PIANO CERTIFICATE]
MRS. JAMES PELLET, TALENT . . . . .	15,047
MISS BLANCHE POLLARD, TALENT . . . . .	77
MISS ADA REYNOLDS, PHOENIX . . . . .	1,918
MISS CLARA RHODES, ASHLAND . . . . .	1,649
MISS RETHA ROBBINS, PHOENIX . . . . .	438
MISS MINNIE ROBINSON, TALENT . . . . .	114
MISS BERTHA ROSE, PHOENIX . . . . .	3,167
MISS WINNIE SPENCER, ASHLAND . . . . .	663
MISS MABEL STORY, ASHLAND . . . . .	84
MISS LULU WARD, TALENT . . . . .	473
MISS HAZEL WHITE, ASHLAND . . . . .	1,527

# The Most Successful Voting Contest Ever Held In Oregon

## The Votes Cast For All Candidates Was 4,174,998

**T**he grand finale was held at 10 o'clock on Saturday night at the Medford Theater [?] Mr. O. J. O'Dell, from the stage, declared that the contest was so enormously successful, it was patently obvious now to everyone that the *Southern Oregonian - Medford Tribune* was just about the greatest thing in the publishing world--at least in this section of the state. The interest shown by the subscribers and the untiring efforts put forth by the energetic young ladies proved that the contest had been the most successful one in the history of the newspaper enterprise--perhaps in the whole world.

In addition to all these good things every candidate was now better able to fight the battle of daily existence than she had been before the contest.

and the ladies receiving the awards would appreciate them a thousandfold more than if someone had laid them at their feet without any effort on their own behalf. The early part of the century was a great time for mottoes and beautiful bromides of virtue. It is doubtful anybody could get turned on by those sentiments today, but that audience probably was feeling mellow to start with and so they bought it. Besides most of them were probably relieved, secretly of course, that the whole thing was about to wind up.

As the names of the lucky little ladies who had won the piano certificates, the scholarships, and the watches, were read aloud, each one stood briefly and graciously received her recognition for a job well done.



The winner, Laura Neuber, and her friend, Frances Kenney, try out the 1908 Reo.  
From the Jim Williams' collection of photographs of cars.

On cue, amid tumultuous applause, Miss Brownie Purdin, about seven years old, came from the wings to center stage. The dear little thing had run up 1,312,749 votes and had made first runner-up. Mr. O.J. O'Dell must have handed her a deed to the lot or a certificate of ownership, and she must have lisped out something precious, such as: "Thank you very much indeed, Thir. It's juth what I've always wanted, a rethidential lot all my very, very own." (Not a dry eye in the house)

If the dimpling and vivacious Miss Laura Neuber didn't get a standing ovation on her entrance, she certainly should have. She was the first Miss Rogue Valley. Having collected

1,726,920 votes, she was clearly the star of the production. Mr. O. J. O'Dell and the editor probably said very opulent things about her beauty, her charm, her dedication, her popularity and her unchallenged skill in securing subscriptions. If it has happened today, as she wept with happiness, she'd be handed the key to her new auto. In those days they probably gave her the crank.

All in all it must have been an emotional, teary presentation for the audience as well as the participants. As the actors left the stage there's no doubt that the one walking on the rosiest clouds, all the way to the bank, was the elated editor.



## SOHS AUDIENCE ENJOYS THEATRICAL PRESENTATION

The Southern Oregon Historical Society presented Jane Van Boskirk in four dramatic monologues on Friday night, January 21, in the Ballroom of the U.S. Hotel. Miss Van Boskirk, who is a well known actress and teacher of creative dramatics, introduced, through sketches, five women who played significant roles in America's past: MARIE JACOBSON BOTTKER, from the Faroe Islands, who became a prominent figure in Junction City, Oregon; MARY HARRIS JONES, who was known as Mother Jones, a fighter for the working people; HELEN MODJESKA, the world famous Polish actress, who achieved great success in America; MOTHER FRANCESCA CABRINI, a citizen of the United States, who became America's first saint; and GOLDY GOLDSTEIN, a Russian Jew who carved a new life for herself and her seven children in America. The program is entitled *Prodigal Daughters*.

Miss Van Boskirk is assisted in her program by Mark Nelson, a folk musician, who plays a wide range of music during the show and also takes a number of different parts in the dramatic presentation. A SRO audience was most enthusiastic. The above action photographs were taken by Doug Smith.

## SOHS TO EXHIBIT 'POSTERS FOR VICTORY' IN MARCH

JIME MATOUSH, Curator of Exhibits, recently announced that SOHS will sponsor an exhibit of World War II posters in the U.S. Hotel Ballroom. The presentation will be held from Saturday, March 5, through Sunday, March 13, every day from 12:00 to 5:00 P.M.

The traveling exhibition was organized by the West Point Museum, U.S.M.A., and is circulated by the Smithsonian Institution Service. Featured in the exhibition will be seventy-three posters, designed to gain support for the war efforts of the United States. They cover the need to save fuel and scrap metal, to make self-sacrifices and to promote the sale of war bonds. Aside from their informative value, the posters reflect artistic merit. Norman Rockwell and Earl Christy are among the familiar names included in the exhibition. The posters will be accompanied by descriptive texts.

During the exhibit SOHS will display World War II uniforms and other items of that period from the collection.

## SALES SHOP FEATURES BOOKS BY LOCAL AUTHORS

ESTHER HINGER of the SOHS sales shop announces the arrival of three recently published books written by Oregon authors:

Marion T. Place, *Mount St. Helens, A Sleeping Volcano Awakens*, a story for children. Mrs. Place used to live in Jacksonville. It sells for \$9.49; members, \$8.45.

Ronald G. Warfield, Lee Guillerat, Larry Smith (a Jacksonville teacher), *Crater Lake, The Story Behind the Scenery*. This is a paperback, oversize, with excellent glossy photographs. \$4.50; members, \$3.50.

Carmen Salvadora Ingham, *Poesy from Inner Dimensions*. A book of philosophic thought; limited edition (300). Miss Ingham lives in Jacksonville. \$5 (4.50)

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