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THE ONE MAN
THAT KNEW
GREAT THING WHICH
HE SAID IT

E.E. WATER-
MAN

DR. J. RICHARDSON

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Director's Corner

Many of you know that the Society has been looking for a large building to contain a Public History Resource Center. Lately we have investigated several buildings in Medford. All were rejected because they were either too expensive, too small, had no parking or could not be expanded at a later date.

Because the best sites were too expensive for us at this time, the trustees voted to wait a little longer to satisfy this long established need. They did, however, agree to take some interim steps to improve the staff's working conditions and to enlarge the research library.

This decision means that some of our buildings will undergo renovations to provide more efficient office, library and working spaces. Employees will be moving to different buildings, and there will be some major changes to the telephone systems. There will no doubt be some confusion during the remodeling and office changes. We ask that you be tolerant and patient. Once the staff adjusts to the new arrangements, service levels should return to normal.

Unless something extraordinary happens, these temporary measures will last at least five years.

Soon a development officer will be hired to raise funds to insure the continuance of our programs and to reduce our dependence on tax revenues. This will, of course, take time. In the meantime we will have to make better use of our current resources.

Bill Burk



The cover is a reproduction of caricatures of Medford Boosters for the year 1910. It is presented in this issue in recognition of the approaching celebration of Medford's centennial year. If you can find that magnifying glass which you tucked away in some now-forgotten spot so it wouldn't get lost, you will be able to find, among others: Wm. S. Crowell, Dr. Thomas Bartholomew, Dr. C.R. Ray, R.A. Holmes, Ed Andrews, John M. Root, Dr. J.F.Reddy, A.F. Mulkey, E.B. Waterman, J.A. Perry, Charles Duffield, A.S. Rosenbaum, Dr. J. M. Keene, Dr. R.G. Conroy, Dr. F.S. Barber, John D. Olwell, S.T. Richardson, B. Klum, W.T. Kentner, F.W. Osgood, W.E. Phipps, Art Burgess, J.A. Westerlund, M.L. Alford and George Putnam.

The sketches were drawn by C.M. Franklin and accompanied a promotional story about Medford's attractions and the wonders of the Rogue River Valley.



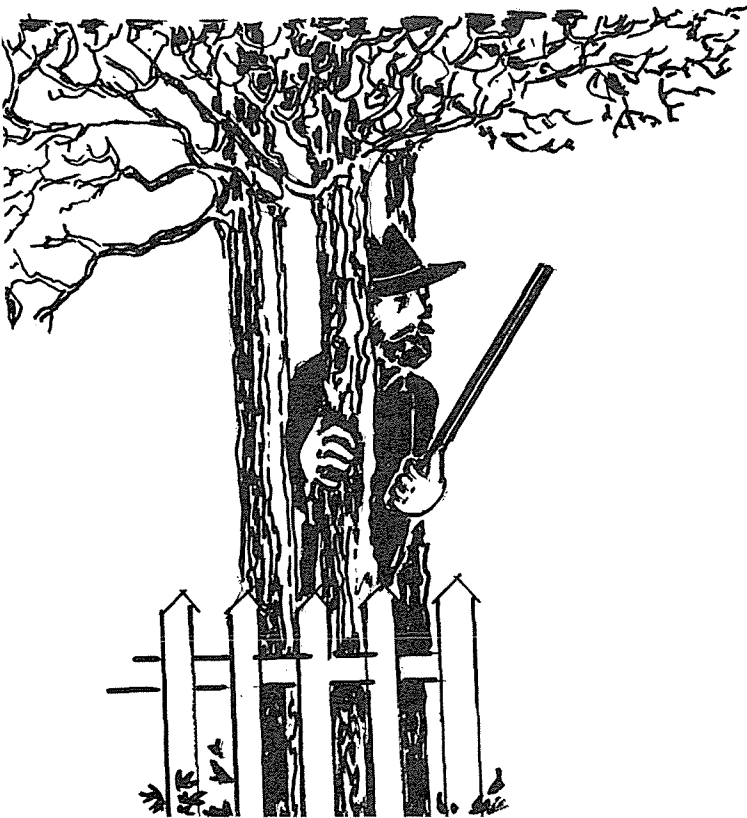
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The Table Rock Sentinel is a monthly publication issued as a benefit of membership in the Southern Oregon Historical Society. For information on how to become a member, call Maureen Smith, membership secretary, 899-8203.



THE CASE OF THE CHURCH STREET MURDER



The story of the last hanging in Jackson County has appeared in other publications in condensed form. With the addition of continuity and technicolor details from the early Tidings and Sentinel, it merits another telling.

On the way home from the Ashland Shooting Gallery, Lewis McDaniel was ambushed by a person or persons unknown, the top of his head was blown off and he was left for dead in the middle of Church Street. It was a November evening, in 1884, and winter darkness had already fallen when the shooting occurred at 7:30. Many of the neighbors heard the noise, but an explosion from a shotgun in those days was not so unusual that people tore out of doors to investigate the racket. Folks weren't exactly indifferent; they probably just decided old man Coolidge was after varmints again and it was no concern of theirs. It was too bad somebody didn't go out. Lewis McDaniel was beyond medical help but a man shouldn't have to die all alone in the road, face down in a pool of his own blood.

Anson Jacobs, who lived in that part of town, came by about twenty minutes later. He was carrying a lantern because there were potholes in the road and wagons had made some pretty deep ruts. Just at the corner of the Baptist church lot, where High Street came into Church

Street, he was startled by the sound of labored, raspy breathing, and, holding his lantern high over his head, he made out a figure lying beside the road. Deciding that whoever it was was stewed and sleeping it off, he approached to investigate further. But when he lifted the fellow's bloody head, he recognized Lewis McDaniel. Knowing he could do nothing for the unconscious man, he left things as they were and ran as fast as he could down to the saloon on Main Street and, in a breathless shout, described what he had just seen.

Soon a crowd of men and a couple of doctors collected at the spot on the hill, but McDaniel was in a dying state and did not regain consciousness. He soon expired, about a half hour after he was shot.

By the time the coroner got there, the fellows had all the details of the crime worked out. The story was simple and obvious. After supper Lewis McDaniel went down to the shooting gallery, but he didn't stay long because his pretty little wife Amanda was waiting

for him at home, and when you are married to someone like Mandy McDaniel, you don't fool around all evening at the pool hall.

He left the gallery and went up the hill, walking leisurely along Church Street, his hands in his pockets, but just when he was about fifty yards from his front gate, he was suddenly taken-aback as someone who had been crouched in the corner of the fence leaped up before him and, aiming a shotgun directly at his head, pulled the trigger. McDaniel was an unsuspecting and unarmed victim. He could have known nothing after the shot was fired. He fell forward and lay on his belly in the mud.

There appeared to be no motive for the murder; it had to have been done as a result of malice. A sum of money in his pocket was untouched so the crime was not committed for robbery. The men who milled around at the scene of the crime were so busy being amateur sleuths and playing guessing games that an hour had elapsed before anyone thought it might be prudent to tell Amanda McDaniel she had just been made a widow. It was nine o'clock and the corpse had been carried to the coroner's office when some well-intentioned soul banged at her door to give her the sad news.

The house was dark and Mrs. McDaniel, who had apparently retired for the night, took her time lighting a lamp and answering the knock, but at last she and her ten year old son both made an appearance. She listened to the shocking announcement but made little comment other than to say she had heard a gun shot, but had decided it was someone celebrating election returns. She offered her thanks to the messenger for telling her the distressing story, and he tendered his sympathy and bade her good night. As he walked away he marveled at her cool display of control. She had appeared scarcely moved at all by her husband's precipitous demise.

After that there was no cause for anyone to stick around on Church Street in the dark. It was a cold night and there was nothing more anyone could do for poor old Lewis McDaniel or his wife so the group broke up and the men went their separate ways. During their discussion of the murder and the motives for it, they tossed around the fact that

the town gossips claimed there was more than a little hanky panky going on between Mandy McDaniel and that no good Lewis O'Neil, although what she saw in him was anybody's guess. He was kind of a ne'er do well and had a wife and six kids, but if anybody wanted a motive, he wouldn't have to look very far. Certainly the neighbors, who had observed certain carrying-ons at the McDaniel house, had a theory but they weren't talking out loud just yet.

After the men disbanded, most of them gravitated back to the saloons for another drink and the speculation continued. The more they debated, the more it appeared that Lewis O'Neil was the gunman. It was common knowledge that he and McDaniel had had some pretty hot words between them, and that McDaniel had forbidden him to come near the house but for several nights he had been seen hanging around Church Street after dark near the fatal spot. Considering his earlier sashaying around up there, it was pretty certain he should be cooling his heels in the city jail right now.

By ten o'clock suspicion pointing to O'Neil seemed so undeniable and the demands for his arrest grew so loud and disorderly that the sheriff dispatched Officers Taylor and Walrad to pick him up.

Arresting him was no big deal. He was standing at the bar in High and Taylor's Saloon, talking with a fellow next to him. When the officers ordered him to put up his hands, he gave no sign of surprise and, to their astonishment, said nothing. He didn't open his mouth until the guard clanged the jail door shut behind him and then he asked what charge he was being held on.

Next day Justice J.S. Eubanks subpoenaed a Coroner's Jury and assigned District Attorney T.B. Kent to take evidence, but the members of the jury were a little chary and discreet about making a sudden decision. When the *Ashland Tidings* went to press, they still had no announcement for publication.

At a time when newspaper editors seldom concerned themselves with objectivity and frequently declared a suspect guilty even before his trial, the reporter was remarkably reticent about printing Lewis O'Neil's name. Facts of the murder were given but identification

of the man accused didn't appear. Readers were told that "Mr. McDaniel was something like 48 years of age, married, and generally supposed to be well-fixed in worldly goods. All kinds of rumors are afloat as to what might have been the cause of his murder...Suspicion is already active, based upon the trouble which the deceased was known to have had with some parties sometime since...[but we] forbear comment for the present."

Seeing evidence police officers searched the area around the McDaniel home. In the soft mud at the corner of the fence they found footprints. Lewis O'Neil's boots were placed in the tracks and fit the imprints perfectly. A trail of steps was traced from the fence corner, across the Gillette lot and the Keatner property, over to Granite Street, up the meadow and behind a grove of trees on Hargadine hill. Lewis O'Neil was first seen, after the shooting, walking down a part of Main Street which could have placed him suspiciously in the general area that one would travel when coming from Hargadine hill.

Several searchers, continuing the investigation on Sunday, combed the field near Coolidge's Nursery which was situated about 100 yards from the McDaniel home. They discovered, in a remote section, the barrel of a shotgun; the stock was missing. The gun was an old-fashioned two-barrel loading type, and a charge of sixteen buckshot was found in one of the barrels. The wadding, which had been tamped into the chamber was made from a piece of newspaper. When the pieces of this paper were collected and fitted together, they proved to have been torn from a copy of the *Tidings*. A newspaper, found later in the O'Neil home, had that section torn away.*

In a second sifting through the field at the Coolidge Nursery, investigators found the stock and ramrod, hidden in two different places. The underside of the stock was carved to represent an

* Larry Derry, in 1961, presented a detailed study of this case as a term paper for a history class. He had interviewed Clarence Lane, a resident of Ashland at the time of the murder, and Lane had supplied the information about the paper wadding in the gun barrel. The incident does not seem to be recorded elsewhere.

alligator's head, a unique decoration that would make the gun easily identifiable. In two days the net of evidence had tightened irrevocably about the suspect.

Finally, after a thorough study of the case, the coroner's jury issued a statement:

We the undersigned, do find as follows: That the person who was killed was a man by the name of Lewis McDaniel, a resident of Ashland, ..that the said Lewis McDaniel was killed on the night of the 20th day of November, A.D., 1884, at about 7:30 o'clock P.M. on Church Street...by means of a shot gun which had been loaded with bird shot and was fired at the deceased from a short distance. And we believe that the gun was held in the hands of a man by the name of Lewis O'Neil, and we hereby charge the said Lewis O'Neil with the murder of the said Lewis McDaniel.

Signed by us this 26th day of November, A.D., 1884.

H.C.HILL	HEATEN FOX
CHAS. WOLTERS	B.F. MYER
T. NOONAN	J.S. EUBANKS, JR.

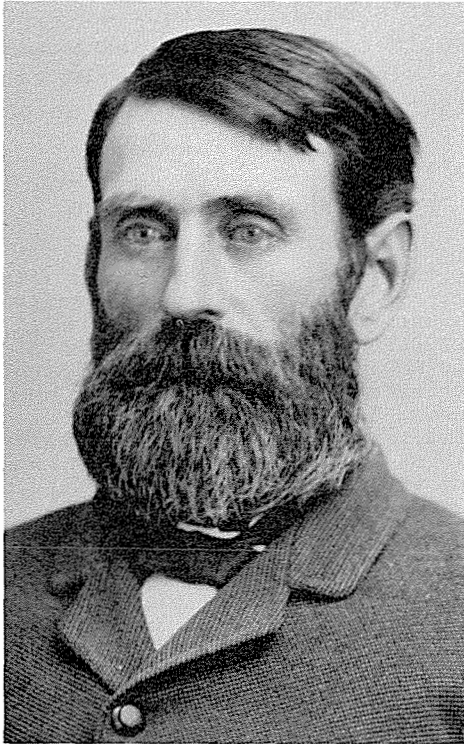
That was an extraordinary coroner's jury. Members not only recognized foul play when they saw it, they considerately solved the case and announced the name of the guilty person whom they had selected not on concrete evidence, not on circumstantial evidence, but on hearsay. The day following the announcement of the jury's verdict, Lewis O'Neil was arraigned and, again escorted by officers Walrad and Taylor, was taken to the county jail in Jacksonville. There he appeared before a Grand Jury which, after a session of six days of evidence and testimony, concluded Lewis O'Neil was indeed the guilty one, and ruled that he should be charged with murder in the first degree. The trial was scheduled in Circuit Court for February 1885.

On December 6, 1884, the following poignant item from Widow McDaniel appeared in the local papers:

I take this method of expressing my heartfelt gratitude to the kind neighbors and friends whose ministrative aid and assistance soothed the last hours [?] of my late husband, and especially the members of the I.O.O.F. and A.O.U.W., whose warm sympathy and help so often softens the bereavement of the widow and orphan. And to all of this kind community always ready in the hour of need, who have stood by me in my sore trial, I shall always cherish the most grateful feelings.

MRS. L.P. MCDANIEL.

On January 10, 1885, the probate court records revealed that "In the matter of the estate of Lewis McDaniel, deceased,



SHERIFF WILLIAM JACOBS

He pulled the cord, springing the trap.

Amanda McDaniel is appointed administratrix of said estate." The lady in the case, it would appear, stood to make considerable financial gain from the sad loss of her husband.

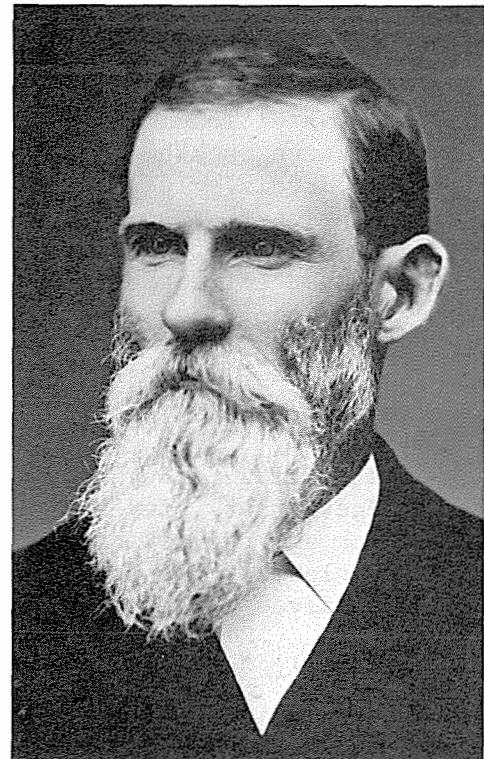
Opening date for the trial was February 27, 1885. James R. Neil and Wesley Kahler, both experienced Jacksonville lawyers, represented the defendant; Judge Hanna and District Attorney Kent prosecuted; Judge Lionel G. Webster was on the bench. Jury members were Levi Gartman, Jacob Bowman, Thomas Martin, Benjamin Carter, W.H. Bailey, J.D. Neat-hamer, J.S. Morgan, E.S. Trimble, J.H. Griffis, James McDonough, George Mergle and John E. Pelton.

Lewis O'Neil and the featured players performed to SRO audiences. Ladies were especially interested in the case. The trial lasted two weeks and some of them were in constant attendance. Perhaps O'Neil had smouldering black eyes or crisp dark hair that curled enticingly behind his left ear or a macho-like aura of mystery; in any case he had something that was a turn on for the local housewives but didn't spill out into the day-to-day reports of the trial. Perhaps his appeal came from the fact that he was as good as doomed from the first. It was pretty certain no jury would ever find

him innocent; there was little doubt he was guilty.

The *Oregon Sentinel* editorialized that the presence of the ladies, although unusual, was "eminently right and proper and [tended] to suppress nauseating details" so women at murder trials was really "a step towards the elevation of humanity." He added that females should be prepared for the momentous responsibilities that awaited them when they got the vote.

Early in the trial Attorney Kent for the prosecution produced evidence which established Lewis O'Neil's ownership of the shotgun used in the murder. A young man from California appeared as a witness and his testimony was damning. He had previously taken a stagecoach to southern Oregon and one of his fellow passengers had been George O'Neil, an older brother of Lewis O'Neil. He asserted that the murder weapon was one which had been at that time in the possession of George O'Neil. The carving on it was unmistakable. George, who was then seventy-two years old and ailing, lived on a farm in the Grave Creek area. He was unable to make a trip to Jacksonville so the court was conveyed to Grave Creek. George O'Neil testi-



WESLEY KAHLER

He and James R. Neil were counsel for O'Neil



The gallows in this picture were erected for the execution of Lewis O'Neil. The high fence extended from the court house on the right to the jail on the left to make an enclosure. The window shown in the picture was reserved for reporters, who could clearly hear any comment or conversation made on the platform. The men are not identified.

fied that he had sold the gun to his brother Lewis. Back in the courtroom Lewis O'Neil said that he had sold the gun a short time before the murder. Unfortunately his attorneys, Kahler and Neil, were unable to substantiate the story of the sale or produce a purchaser.

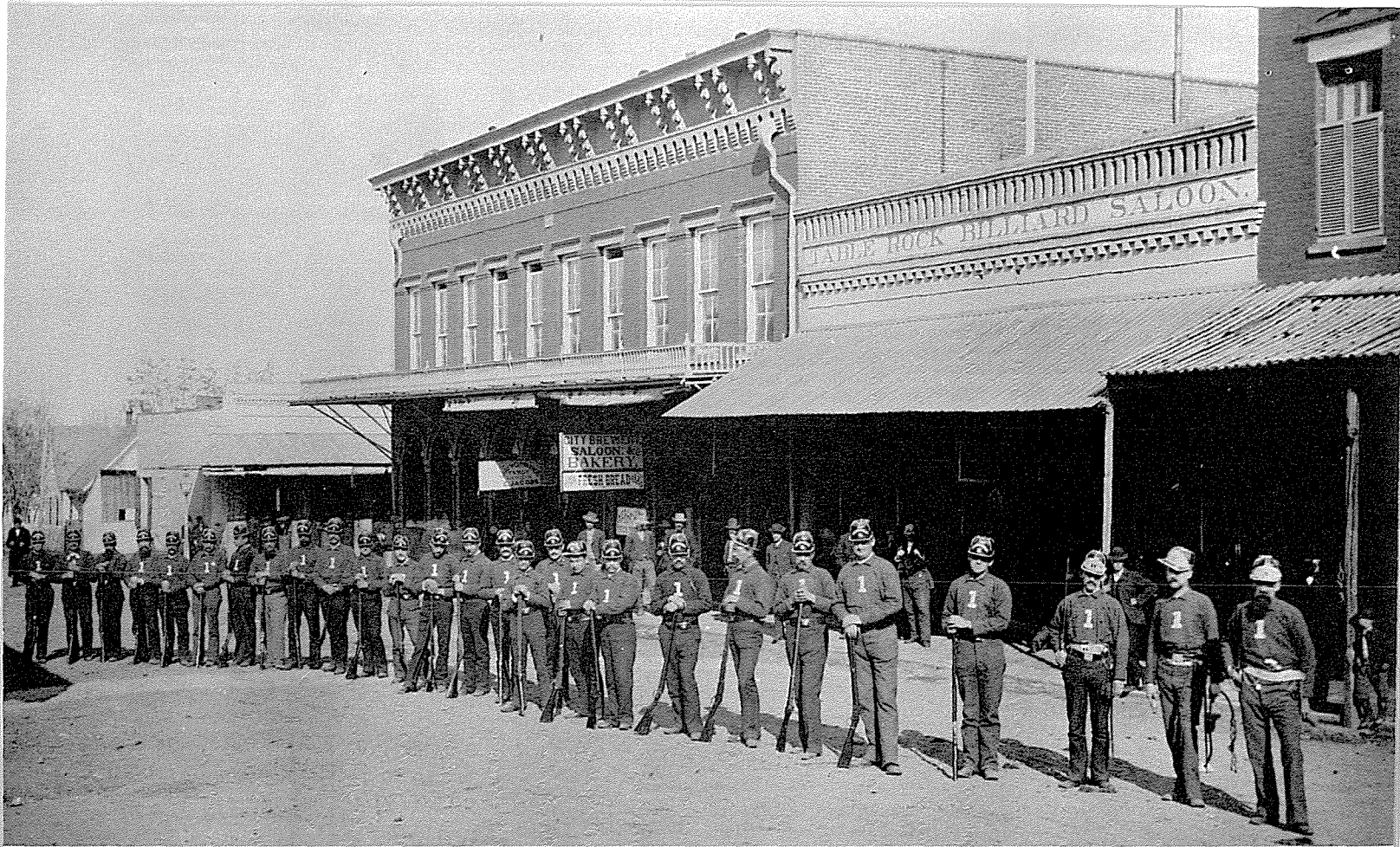
The facts of the case were duly presented and although nearly all of them were circumstantial, they were telling blows for the prosecution. O'Neil had no provable alibi, he had ineffectively and carelessly covered his tracks, he had done nothing to allay suspicion and he had a motive. Yet throughout the trial he appeared indifferent, becoming agitated only when especially strong points were made against him.

At 9:30 on the night of March 12, 1885, the jury retired. The members were in almost complete agreement from the first. A preliminary vote brought ten ballots for murder in the first degree and two for murder in the second degree. After an hour they returned to the courtroom with the verdict: guilty of murder in

the first degree, your honor.

Upon hearing the jury's decision, Lewis O'Neil showed no emotion. He remained unruffled as J.R. Neil presented a motion for a new trial and he displayed no interest as the judge agreed to consider the request. He said nothing as he was led from the courtroom, down the back stairs and out to the jail but, once in his cell, he gave vent to such a volley of curses and oaths directed at the prosecution and the jury that even his jailmates were astounded by his ribald vocabulary.

On March 23 Judge Webster denied the motion for a new trial. O'Neil was given an opportunity to make a statement and he reaffirmed his innocence. When he had concluded his speech, the judge sentenced him to the extreme penalty of the law--to be hanged by the neck until dead--and set the date of the execution for May 21, 1885. This left Lewis O'Neil with two chances of eluding the noose: an appeal to the Supreme Court or a commutation from the governor. He immediately began planning means of raising



The Jacksonville Volunteer Firemen are lined up to serve as honorary guardsmen for the O'Neil execution. This picture was taken on the day of the hanging.

enough money to appeal his case to the Supreme Court of Oregon.

On April 10, Amanda McDaniel was arrested, charged with complicity before the fact in the murder of her husband and held without bail. Up until that time she had made an effort to appear as a bereaved young widow, although many people, especially her near neighbors, were not taken in by her performance. The charge against her was brought about by statements made by John Crimmons and Levi Grigsby, who were serving time in the Jacksonville jail. They told the sheriff that Lewis O'Neil had confessed his guilt to them, and in doing so, had implicated Mandy McDaniel. She had done the planning for the murder; he had merely carried out her schemes.

What had happened to the code of the West? Where were the desperados who would go to their deaths before they would rat on a friend? Where was the dashing highwayman who would be dragged by his horse, clean across the mesa, before he'd implicate his lady in an unsavory murder?

Mrs. McDaniel was indicted by the Grand Jury in May but because of legal technicality the murder charge was changed to being an accessory, and the accused widow had to wait for the following Grand Jury to assemble. She was lodged in the Jacksonville jail in a cell not far from Lewis O'Neil. In fact and fiction the two emotion-tossed lovers, who do a hatchet job on the unwanted husband, end up hating each other. This case was true to form although Lewis O'Neil continued to include Mandy McDaniel in his schemes to beat the hangman.

Poor Amanda languished in the county jail for over six months awaiting her trial which wasn't called until November 16. By the 24th all evidence was in and the jury retired to deliberate, but this time they made no snap decision as the jury had done in Lewis O'Neil's trial. They weighed evidence for an entire day and night. On the first ballot they stood eight for conviction, four for acquittal, but after twenty-four tiring hours in the jury room, the four for acquittal prevailed and the prisoner was declared not guilty.

Upon hearing the verdict, Mandy McDaniel

burst into a torrent of tears, sobbingly but graciously thanked the jury and made a speedy departure from the county seat. There is no record that she ever saw or spoke to Lewis O'Neil again. She later bought a small cafe in Talent and ran it successfully for several years.

Nearly in December, 1885, the attorneys presented their request before the Supreme Court for a rehearing of the O'Neil case, but their appeal was denied. Supreme Court judges held that the decision of the Circuit Court should stand. After a second request, made in January 1886, was refused, Judge Webster again set an execution date, this time for Friday, Mar. 12, 1886. O'Neil's only chance for life now lay in the hands of the governor.

To show his dissatisfaction with the handling of his case and the failure of his two requests to the Supreme Court, he went on a hunger strike. After refusing food for days, he became so weak that the word was passed around he would beat the hangman after all.

Although a group of tender-hearted ladies carried around a petition to commute the sentence to life imprisonment, they managed to get only a few signatures, and O'Neil, realizing his starvation was accomplishing nothing, finally called off his fast.

During his long stay in jail he continually schemed to outwit the courts and gain his freedom by trickery. After the failure of his appeals, he began inventing plots of outrageous intrigue. Swayed by the contention that a man could not be tried twice for the same charge, he endeavored earnestly to put his design into action. A letter to Amanda McDaniel written in January, 1886, reveals a sinister proposal. The letter has not been cut, but is presented in its entirety.

Mandy,

You know that I told you several times while you were in this place awaiting trial not to be uneasy but if possible to have your trial put back until I could hear what action the Supreme Court would take in my case.

If I was denied a new trial, and you were found guilty, I would come to your relief and clear you by taking the whole responsibility on myself, although I am innocent.

But if you could not have your trial put back and you were found guilty, you

should never hang or go to the penitentiary for I would save you. Now you have been tried and come clear, and it is in your power to save my life.

You can do it by coming to town and swear[ing] that you did the killing, and that I had neither hand, act, or part of it, or any knowledge of it. That would clear me, and the law could not hurt you as it says plainly that no man's life shall be put in jeopardy twice for the same offense.

Then I could employ one of the best lawyers in California and come on the State of Oregon for heavy damages, and I would divide equally, or if that was not enough, I would give you all, so I hope you will not delay as I know you can save my life and the disgrace will be no worse on you than it is now.

If Amanda deigned to answer the letter, her reply has been lost. Having spent almost seven months in a jail cell, she was surely in no mind to get cute with the law and risk another sentence, and an uncertain promise of money from an unpredictable law suit wouldn't be a very persuasive bribe to a young widow of some means.

Having received no encouragement from Amanda, Lewis O'Neil made a second try along the same lines. He wrote to a friend, Mr. Johns, whose address has not been recorded:

February 1886

Try to get someone to clear me by swearing they done the killing...then I will come back to the State for heavy damages and will make it right with whoever will do it, then they can clear themselves by proving where they were on the 20th of Nov. 1884, the night McDaniel was killed.

As the day of execution came nearer and nearer and no candidates lined up alphabetically to perjure themselves and confess to murder, O'Neil wrote his most shocking request in a letter to his brother George. Much of the content has been omitted because of limited space.

Jacksonville, March 3, 1886

Dear Brother:...

I have not been fairly dealt with in any feature of the case. Every advantage has been taken of me and a new trial denied me by the Supreme Court...My health is very poor, owing to trouble and close confinement. I have not seen the sun for over 11 months. I have suffered a thousand deaths since I have been here shut up.

...If I get no assistance I will have to hang in 9 days from now. I do not fear death, but it grieves me to think what a terrible disgrace it lays on my friends and relatives. The most trying feature is in leaving my six children to the mercy of the world without protection and the disgrace...According to my age I might live long enough to raise my children up so they could take care of

themselves.

As for you, you have lived to be a very old man, and in the natural course of events you can expect to live but a few years more and are liable to drop off at any time. If you had but one hour to live, it would be a hard request to ask you to come and state that you done the killing and that I was not any hand, act or part in it or any knowledge of it.

That would clear me, and spare me to my children, and only on their account I could never think of making such a request of you. This is the only thing that can save me.

...Your statement would have to be in writing and have at least three witnesses, and the proper place to make the statement would be before the county clerk.

As far as death is concerned, neither of us can live a great while and hanging is soon over with. If I were your age and you of mine and having a large family of children as I have I would certainly relieve you, and without your assistance I will have to hang.

...It is for you to do according to your will, but...the time being short, there is not a moment to fool away... Never breathe a word of it to anyone. If you come do not tell anyone what you are coming for.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain your loving brother.

Lewis O'Neil

If any questions is asked why you done this, say it was an old grudge of over 20 years standing. He was killed Nov.20,1884.

Brother George did not answer. He was probably too ill to change places with his loving brother Lewis. There had to be some reason why he didn't jump at the chance.

All escape hatches had been sealed off, but O'Neil remained defiant and insolent, proclaiming his innocence to anyone who would listen. A nephew, Mr. Moon, from Colusa, California, appeared on the scene to see what he could do and he made a trip to Salem for a last-ditch interview with the governor, but it was a futile move. Moon visited the prisoner daily and served as a messenger, delivering, among other letters, the one to George O'Neil.

A tight board fence, 16 feet high, was erected between the jail and the west wall of the court house. A second one was built at the front of the court yard, and these walls made an enclosure of about 40 by 60 feet. The gallows was placed at the south end. Members of the Jacksonville Volunteer Fire Department were instructed to polish up their boots and brush their uniforms; armed with rifles, they were to act as



FATHER BLANCHET

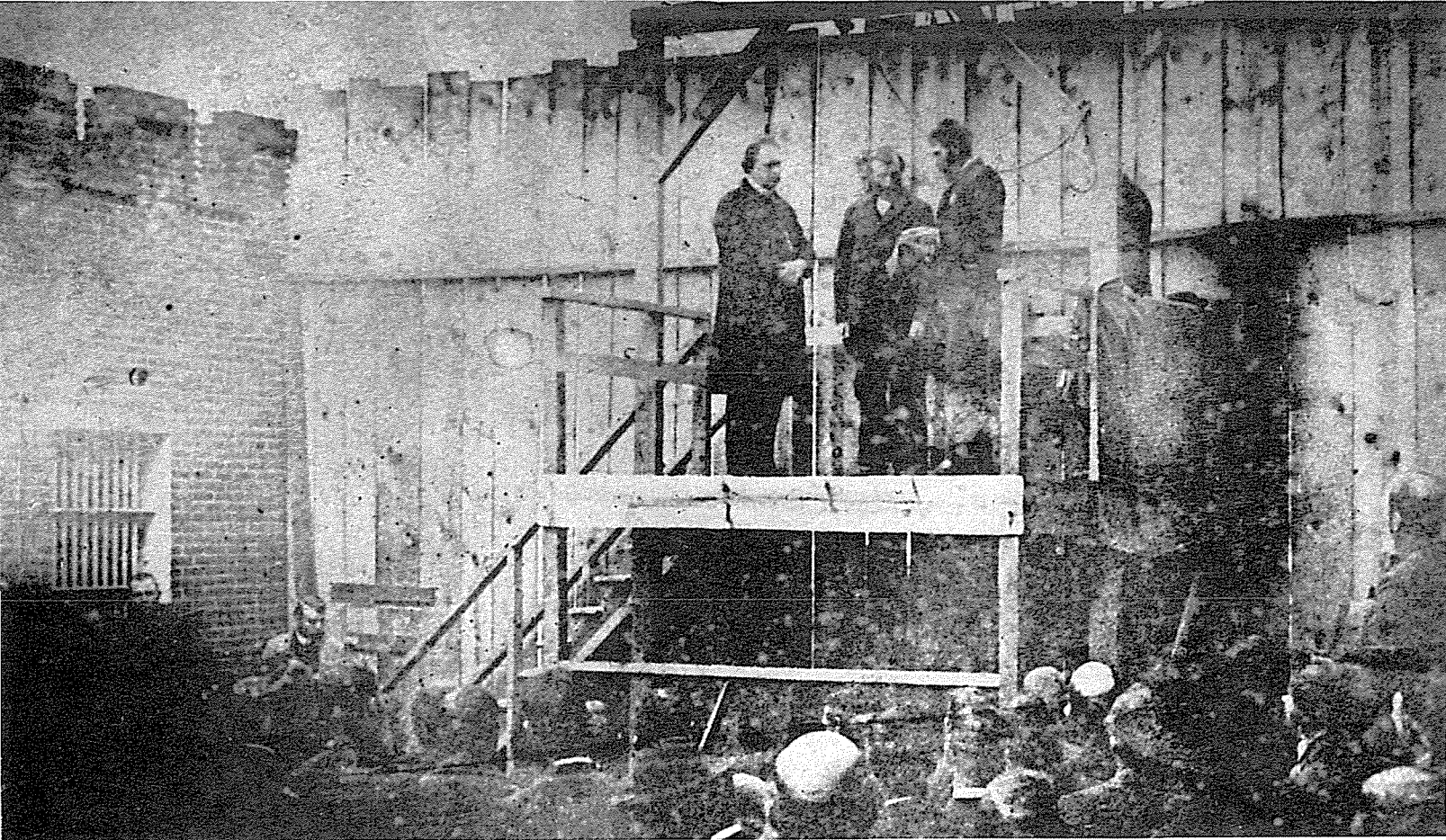
He heard O'Neil's confession

honorary guards. This was not going to be your ordinary, shoddy hanging; it was going to be done with military dispatch and finesse. The sheriff issued about 200 tickets of admission.

Up until the last evening Lewis O'Neil desperately hoped for a stay of execution, but at last, at almost zero-hour, he accepted his fate. He asked the two Sisters of Mercy, who had often visited him in his cell to send Father Blanchet. The priest came at once and the two men had a lengthy conversation. Father Blanchet heard his confession and he received the usual offices tendered in such cases.

A change must come about in the brain of a man who knows he will soon go to the gallows. Perhaps a benign numbness takes over and the sharp edge of intellect is dulled so that the constant stabbing of fear and doom no longer pounds at his middle. Maybe he can even fantasize that he's in another time and another place. Some transformation must occur to permit him to endure the last night and face the morning with even a remnant of reason and will left to sustain him.

On Friday, March 12, 1886, a little before two o'clock in the afternoon, the



The shocking photograph above is out of focus and badly exposed, but it is a unique picture of the men who mounted the gallows platform and some of the audience just before the execution. Father Blanchet is on the left, Lewis O'Neil, who moved his head during the exposure

is center, and Sheriff Jacobs is on the right. The figure behind the post on the right of the platform is either the deputy or Mr. Moon, O'Neil's nephew. One member of the procession apparently did not climb the thirteen steps. It is a grisly photograph but an invaluable part of the story.

guards entered the courtyard in two lines and stood at attention before the gallows. The audience, including a number of women and several children, stood in a group in the compound.

A few minutes later the door of the jail was opened and Sheriff Jacobs came out, closely followed by Lewis O'Neil whose arm was held by Father Blanchet. Deputy Sheriff Steadman and Mr. Moon brought up the rear. In silence they left the jail, walked across the yard and mounted the thirteen steps.

O'Neil, pale from long confinement, showed no nervousness. Fortified with a stiff belt of whiskey, he walked firmly with no hesitation. He kept his eyes cast down and through the ordeal never once looked up. The sheriff led him to a position in the center of the platform and read the death warrant. Asked if he had anything to say, O'Neil moved his lips slightly to speak, but Father Blanchet said quickly and firmly, "Mr. Neil has nothing to say."

The priest presented the crucifix and O'Neil, taking it in both hands, kissed

it. Father Blanchet then offered a short prayer, the words of which were repeated by O'Neil.

The prayer concluded, O'Neil was pushed forward onto the trap. His hands and his ankles were tied and a black cap was placed over his head. The noose, made of manilla rope one inch in diameter, was immediately lowered into position and adjusted by the sheriff.

As Sheriff Jacobs stepped back out of sight, he released the trap. Instantly Lewis O'Neil fell through space until the rope abruptly played-out, and with a distinct snap, broke his fall--and his neck. In eight minutes the doctors in attendance pronounced him dead.

Twenty minutes later the body was cut down and placed in a pine coffin. The rope, having done its work, was removed from the scaffolding, cut into small pieces and distributed to the crowd as mementos.

The body of Lewis O'Neil, claimed by Mr. Moon, was buried next day in the County Pauper Section of the Jacksonville Cemetery.



CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE ANNOUNCES HUNDRED YEAR RAILROAD COMMEMORATION

The cut above is the new logo selected for the Rogue Valley Railroad Centennial --1883-1983. The celebration is being held to commemorate the hundred years of the Southern Pacific, formerly called the Oregon and California Railroad, and the founding of the Central Depot.

In 1883 four men--Mingus, Broback, Beekman and Phipps--deeded property in the middle of the valley to the O and C Railroad Company. Bypassing Jacksonville, the railroad used the land for a depot facility and the site, which was briefly called East Jacksonville, Middleford and Phippstown, eventually became Medford.

As the railroad has played a definite part in the development of Ashland, Central Point, Eagle Point, Grants Pass and other towns, a centennial celebration should be of interest to all of southern Oregon, and it will initiate Medford's centennial period which will be celebrated in grand fashion in June, 1985.

The Centennial Committee offers an agenda of events:

ROGUE VALLEY RAILROAD CENTENNIAL 1883 - 1983

Thursday, October 27

3:00 P.M.....Historic Plaque Ceremony at the Southern Pacific Depot in Medford

7:00 P.M.....Railroad Centennial Banquet at the Holiday Inn Convention Center

Friday, October 28

8:00 P.M.....Halftime railroad show at the Medford-Crater football game

8:00 P.M. - 11:00 P.M...Square dancing in downtown Medford

Saturday, October 29, 1983

10:00 A.M....Rogue Valley Railroad Centennial Children's Fun Run

11:00 A.M....Parade in downtown Medford. Mr. D.J. Russell, Chairman of the Board of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company is the parade marshall

12:00 Noon - 5:00 P.M....Guided tours of downtown Medford

12:00 Noon - 5:00 P.M....Open house at the depot facility

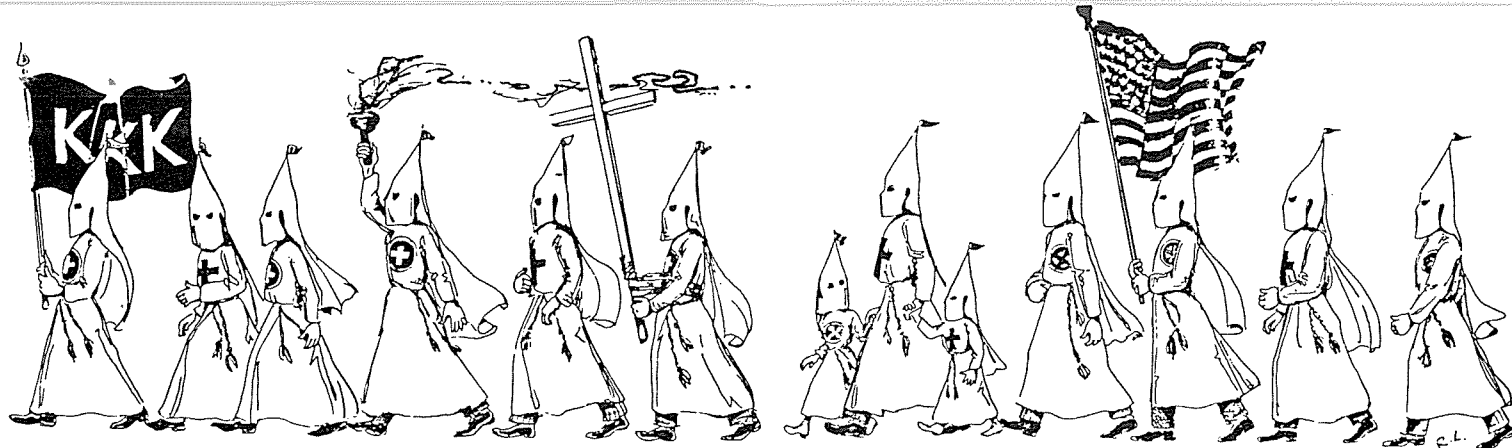
12:00 Noon - 5:00 P.M....Open house at Medford Railroad Park in north Medford
Free rides on miniature train for everyone

1:00 P.M. - 3:00 P.M....Square dancing in downtown Medford

7:00 P.M....U.S. Hotel in Jacksonville. A history of Southern Pacific Railroad by Mr. George Krause and a reception for Mr. D.J. Russell

Sunday, October 30

Valley Church Service at Medford Senior High, Jon Courson, pastor of Applegate Fellowship, speaker.



KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IN SOUTHERN OREGON

LIKE BACTERIA MULTIPLYING IN A RICH CULTURE, THE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IN OREGON ERUPTED OVER NIGHT. REINTRODUCED IN THE SOUTH IN 1915, THE NEW KLAN MADE A SLOW START AND FOR FIVE YEARS LIMPED ALONG ATTRACTING LITTLE ATTENTION AND FEW MEMBERS. BUT IN 1920, UNDER A NEW DIRECTOR WHO REALIZED ITS MONEY-MAKING POTENTIAL AND TRAINED AND DISTRIBUTED MORE AGGRESSIVE LEADERS, IT SUD- DENLY SPURTED INTO NEW LIFE. AMERICA-FIRST BIGOTRY AND ANTI-CATHOLIC, ANTI- MINORITY VIEWS WHICH FOLLOWED WORLD WAR ONE, PRODUCED A CLIMATE OF HATRED AND FEAR IN WHICH THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE GERMINATED INTO FULL FLOWER. THE ORGANIZA- TION WAS IN WIDE OPERATION WITH AN ASTONISHINGLY LARGE MEMBERSHIP BEFORE CON- SCIENTIOUS NEWS REPORTERS AND RATIONAL CITIZENS REALIZED THE FRIGHTENING SIG- NIFICANCE OF THE MOVEMENT AND OFFERED ANY OPPOSITION. BY THAT TIME THE SHEETED SOCIETY WAS VIRTUALLY INVULNERABLE.


IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE K.K.K. STORY IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL PRESENTED SEVERAL EPISODES OF ILLEGAL ACTION BY THE KLAN, ALL PER- FORMED IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE AND DISCIPLINE. IT CHRONICLED THE KLAN'S DEVELOP- MENT IN SOUTHERN OREGON FROM THE FIRST NIGHT-RIDING OUTRAGES TO THE INSTIGATION OF A RECALL MOVEMENT AGAINST THE SHERIFF OF JACKSON COUNTY. EVEN AS THE GRAND JURY PROBED INTO THE KLANS'S AFFAIRS, LEADERS AND MEMBERS OF THE GROUP MADE EX- TENSIVE PLANS TO INSTALL THEIR OWN CANDIDATES IN EVERY POLITICAL OFFICE.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

When the special Grand Jury, called to investigate the three necktie parties, had convened in the courthouse at Jacksonville on July 22, 1922, the members were told they must be influenced solely by the evidence in bringing indictments.

"Public opinion in regard to mob vio- lence is high," said the judge, "but you must be guided without thought of local fear or favor in your findings and I ad- monish you to keep the evidence secret and not reveal to anyone anything that transpires in the grand jury room." The jury members may have maintained their silence, but little that transpired in the courtroom was overlooked by reporters from the daily papers.

The three cases which had been the chief topic of conversation and had been discussed and rediscussed by concerned citizens were presented to the Grand Jury in accurate and colorful detail.

First to be considered was the abduc- tion of J.F. Hale. He was an intelli- gent and cooperative witness, and a score of other people gave evidence, presenting the story from the time Mr. Hale was decoyed by "strangers" from his home until his sudden unpre- meditated return to Genessee Street. During his ordeal he had been observant and alert in spite of his "fainting seizure." He had bent a top rod which held up the canvas roof of the kidnap car so it could be identified later, he had noticed a unique ring worn by one of his tormentors, and he had made ef- forts to identify the participants. He was also aware of the fright of the members of the party when they thought he was near death. He was able, in his presentation, to name those who drove the cars, those who had picked out the spot for the "festivities" and those who railed at his morals and demanded

that he drop the suit for \$150 which he had initiated against an elderly Klan member.

James E. Edmiston, the disenchanted former member of the Klan, was on the stand for four hours, and he told of meetings he had attended, listed members present, described the fiery speeches and gave intimate details of the workings of the secret political organization.

Raymond Reter, adding to his earlier testimony, corroborated Edmiston's statements and said he had been at a meeting when the Hale matter was discussed. He gave the names of some of the speakers, but could add little more because his association with a Catholic friend was also brought up as a topic to be considered by the assembly. His flagrant violation of his oath, "the penalty of which is death," was deliberated and confirmed. Reter added that Mayor Gates had made a complimentary speech in his behalf, but upon being suspended, Reter angrily left the meeting, making a complete and permanent break with the K.K.K.



Other witnesses, including a police officer, reported on the Klan's "jury trial," in which the decision was made to punish Hale for his misconduct. Held secretly in the office of a Medford professional man, the trial had taken place several weeks before the kidnapping epi-

sode. Names of the Klan judge, the jury, the witnesses and the outer guard were revealed to the Grand Jury. At the conclusion of the probe into the Hale case, members of the Grand Jury had already been given an astonishingly long list of names to be considered for indictments, and the investigation was only the first three on the docket.

Henry Johnson, considerably intimidated and shaken up by the threats made by the Klan, had kept his silence, but inaccurate tales of his frightening experience had leaked out. The Grand Jury, in the second case for consideration, was given a revised and corrected version of how he had received his comeuppance.

Idle gossip, passed around casually at a meeting of local ladies, which, for some reason, was attended by one male, a Klan member, inspired the Knights of the Invisible Empire to undertake his chastisement and character reformation. The matrons with not much else on their minds found the idle young man a stimulating topic of conversation. Although he was only 22, and not so dashing as Dud Wolgamott, he was not insensitive to the charms of the gentler sex, and sometimes embarrassed and aggravated them with low whistles and unsought compliments when they had to walk past him and his rowdy circle of friends. The lone male at the meeting made mental notes about this unambitious masher and reported him to the Klan VIPs as a likely candidate for some home made retribution.

Kidnapping procedures were carefully staged, and intricately detailed steps were taken to keep the victim unaware of danger until any possibility of escape had been cut off. The Johnson affair took place on Sunday evening, April 9, 1922, and up to the time he was surrounded by what he later described as a "bunch of fellows in Mother Hubbard affairs," he had no suspicion of the Klan's intentions. Late in the afternoon, Alex Norris and his son-in-law, Thomas E. Goodie, happened, by chance apparently, to be driving through town in their "auto truck" and spotted Henry Johnson on the corner, talking with one of his youthful admirers, Paul York, aged 17. Norris, who had also planned Arthur Burr's abduction, was obviously a master of deceit, and he hailed John-

son and told him that he and Goodie were going to Ashland to pick up some heavy tools. They'd appreciate it, he said, if Johnson came along to help them out. Johnson, eager to oblige, hopped into the truck and Norris, no doubt deciding at that instant that the punk kid might be given a lesson as well, told York to join them. The teen-ager happily scrambled into the truck bed with Johnson.

In Ashland, after several hours wait, they found that the machinery was no longer available and, at 11:00, empty-handed, they started on their return trip. Near Voorheis crossing the lights of the car abruptly went out and Norris had to pull off the highway onto Voorheis lane. As he left the driver's seat to check his head lamps, two touring cars came up behind and seven masked men with drawn revolvers got out and approached them.

The sheeted gang ordered Norris to take his car further up the dirt road and the drivers of the other two cars, their lights extinguished, followed closely. When the group reached a small grove of trees, they stopped and the men commanded Johnson and York to jump down from the back of the truck. One of the hooded men took Paul York to one side of the road, and, with considerable menace, admonished him to select his companions more wisely, to get a job as soon as he could and never again to associate with Henry Johnson. The frightened boy readily agreed to the commands and was left standing alone by the side of the road, an unwilling witness to Johnson's persecution.

In California, and elsewhere, Klan activity was directed at the blacks, but in southern Oregon, in 1922, there was not enough black population to concern the Invisible Empire. The members were forced to concentrate their malice against Catholicism and alleged immorality. But, in the atrocity against Henry Johnson, for some reason, the abductors chose to accompany their actions with a running chatter of what they must have considered brilliant wit. With thickly faked southern accents they began calling him a "nigger" and chicken thief. When Henry Johnson stoutly denied the charge, his captors shouted for a rope which they put around his neck, tossed over a tree limb and pulled taut.

His throat stretched almost beyond

endurance, gasping for air, and trying to balance on his toes, he could only struggle for his life and soon gave up any attempts to deny the silly, trumped-up charges. When the men relaxed the rope a bit, a new line of grilling was introduced: wasn't he a booze peddler and, yah suh, hadn't he messed around with white women? While he was denying these charges, his tormenters again pulled the rope tight and he dangled there desperately, trying to balance on tiptoe.

Finally, after three torturous hangings, during which he was told to give up his idle ways, to show respect to ladies and to stay off street corners, the masked men removed the rope from his neck. Someone yelled, "If you can run, nigger, you'd better run," and he was slapped violently across the back as he made tracks into the darkness of the April night.

Norris and Goodie drove the chastened and reformed Paul York back to town, but Henry Johnson had to get back as best he could. There is no record that he turned overnight into a paragon of virtue, and if he suddenly became indifferent to the local females, there were probably many of them who missed his long, low whistles and his brash compliments.

Before the Grand Jury, he and Paul York were able to identify some of the seven men in the group who had accosted them. The young men testified to the roles played by Norris and Goodie, but neither of them, in fear for their lives at the time of the event, had been so ingenious and observant as J.F. Hale had been during his ordeal. Paul York reported that after the hanging, on the way home, a black cat had run across the road in front of the truck. Norris had said, "We are going to have bad luck," and told York to keep his mouth shut so he wouldn't be responsible for any ill fortune that occurred.



After an extensive search, the local police located Arthur Burr, the first victim, in Modesto. Naturally, he was not enthusiastic about returning to Medford and he had not left a blazed trail of his movements after leaving, but officers brought him back to present his side of the story. Under questioning he was extremely nervous,



but told the Grand Jury of his treatment at the hands of the Klan. As he related his story, he regained some of his courage, but he could identify none of the sheeted figures, having known none of them at the start.

The threats made to him by the bigoted Klan members were more terrifying than those directed at the other victims, and they were not easily forgotten. When Burr's part in the investigation was completed, he left at once for California, well aware that in southern Oregon his life was in extreme danger.

Supplied with the facts of the atrocities and the names of the participants, the Grand Jury retired to make its deliberations.

As the investigation of the Klan outrages progressed, the recall of Sheriff Charley Terrill kept the citizens stirred up as well. After the recall action was declared legal, supporters of the movement intensified their attacks. A series of affidavits were scattered about town by school boys. One circular was headed: "Does Not Be-

lieve in Enforcement," and contained a statement by J.A. Hemstreet, a former police officer whom Terrill had fired. Hemstreet had stated: "Mr. Terrill remarked to me that he did not believe in the enforcement of the prohibition law, as the law was not popular with the people. The broadsheet included great praise for Prohibition Officer S.B. Sandifer--reported to be a Klan member--for his service and "savings" to the county.

In another circular Mrs. G. Jordan of Ashland declared that while attending a dance, "I did smell liquor on said C.E. Terrill's breath." Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coovling, also of Ashland, reported that on the same occasion, "C.E. Terrill was smoking cigarettes and smelled strongly of liquor."

On July 26, 1922, at a public gathering in the Ashland Armory, attended by over 500 people, Terrill made a public appearance to answer charges lodged against him. W.A. Briggs, a pioneer lawyer, presided. He began by questioning the accuracy of the affidavits, particularly the claim that certain citizens had detected liquor on the sheriff's breath.

As an example, Briggs declared that he had come "in contact with the breath of a well known Ashland resident a day or two ago and accused him of imbibing moonshine. The citizen maintained it was soda pop--'Whistle'--and proved it."

Judge W.W. Colvig was the first speaker of the evening. He said, "Sheriff Terrill has been as efficient a sheriff as any ever elected in Jackson County," and backed the statement with the declaration that he "knew them all, having lived here 70 years." Judge Colvig pointed out that Sheriff Taylor, "who handled over a million dollars last year, "actually received a smaller salary than prohibition agent Sandifer who was "doing nothing but trying to catch liquor violators." Colvig concluded his remarks with a plea to the Ashland voters to be fair.

Gordon Voorhies was second speaker. He said that the K.K.K. had divided the people of southern Oregon into two factions, and that the present bitterness was driving away prospective investors and settlers.

Attorney Porter J. Neff said, "It is time for the voters to sit down on agitators." He added, "The liquor laws are nowhere so drastically enforced as here." He also asserted that the county court was making a 'goat' out of the sheriff, and that he was "not getting a fair deal from them."

Judge C.B. Watson, in a short address, told the assembly that "the Ministerial association and the W.C.T.U. had both become catspaws of the Klan in their effort to elect a Klan member, D.M. Lowe, into the sheriff's office. "It is time," he concluded, "for them to wake up and find out they have been 'suckers'."

After the appearance of a couple more speakers, the meeting was opened for questions. Terrill was asked about his threat to shoot E.A. Fleming, and he replied that Fleming, who had ambitions to become the Klan candidate for sheriff, was in the habit of snooping around the jail yard at night and peeping into cell windows. Terrill said that the jail compound was out of bounds to the public, and if a jailbreak were attempted, the area might be dangerous and Fleming could get hurt. That was all there was to the threat of violence to Mr. Fleming.



A member of the audience, cracking wise, asked, "What do you mean by smoking a cigarette?"

The sheriff admitted to the charge, but said that he was 45 years old before he ever committed the offense. He thought maybe smoking helped his catarrh.

An elderly gentleman wanted to know why the sheriff had refused, at a public meeting place, to get up and relinquish his chair to a young woman with a baby in her arms. Terrill could not recall the incident, and, after other questions along similar lines, the meeting ended on an amicable note.

The charge that Terrill had supplied bootleg equipment to an organization who used it to sell booze for their charity fund was explained in statements made by Don Newbury, Olen Arnspiger and C.C. Lemon. Members of the Elks lodge decided to hold a hard times dance, and in keeping with the theme, placed a still in the ball room and ran sweet cider through it as a novel way of serving refreshments. Sheriff Terrill had supplied the still from contraband evidence which was stored at the jail.

With the disclosure of the facts that Sheriff Terrill was an honest man and a pretty good law officer after all, some of the voters who had signed the petition for recall decided they had been hoodwinked and asserted that many of those who presented the petition had lied and



and used deceptive means to get signatures. These signers requested that their names be removed from the document. They had been told, among other misstatements, that Terrill had mismanaged county funds, failed to collect taxes, spent too much money, was two-faced, a drunk, an arm-in-arm buddy of bootleggers Dud Wolgamott and Shine Edwards, and had sold whiskey from his office at the county jail.

Affidavits denying the charges were published and distributed by the anti-recall group. The *Tribune* advised the voters that they must defeat the issue if they didn't want it to be followed by an unending series of recalls. Only by its defeat could the county get back to normal, the *Tribune* asserted. Several pages of the paper were devoted to statements made by leading citizens who offered additional reasons to vote against it. At the same time those advocating the action continued putting out their leaflets, and Jackson County was deluged with a flood of paper.

In answer to the charge that he was a member, D.M. Lowe, the Klan endorsed candidate for sheriff, denied the charge. Raymond Reter, however, published a sworn statement that Lowe had certainly belonged at one time. Reter said, "I have sat in his company in meetings of the said organization, and I could not be mistaken as to his presence because

he is a militant and vociferous member. If [he] makes a statement to the contrary, he makes it on the technical ground that outside of the regular meetings he is a citizen of the Invisible Empire and is only a Klansman while in attendance at a regular session." (In other words, a Klansman becomes a Klansman at the moment the meeting has been called to order. Upon its adjournment, the Klansman instantly and automatically reverts to being only a citizen of the Invisible Empire.) This means of subterfuge as a method of denying membership was provided by the kleagles, who advocated keeping one's affiliation with the Klan secret.

Much of the July 28, 1922, edition of the *Tribune* was devoted to the election. Full page advertisements appeared and presented affirmations and assurances from each side. In spite of the tide of explanations and denials, both factions clung doggedly to their original contentions, and in statements carefully demonstrating common sense and controlled sanity, both Terrill and Lowe made their final appeals. Robert W. Ruhl, the concerned editor, offered a plea for everybody to get out and vote.

Charley Terrill won. It was far from a landslide victory, but it was a decisive win of 305 votes. The *Tribune* couldn't resist crowing, "The Ku Klux Klan Suffers Political Body Blow" but the statement was an exaggeration. After almost a year of wrangling, accusations and foul punches, and with nearly everyone in the county stirred up to the peak of dissention, less than half of the registered voters went to the polls, a fact that should come as no surprise to anyone.

In Ashland, a town recognized as teeming with Klan members, the feeling was strongest against the sheriff, and Lowe received a majority of 417; voters in Central Point also were predominantly for Lowe and gave him twice as many votes as they cast for Terrill. In Medford, the storm center of the contest, Terrill won by a plurality of 309. Jacksonville, Terrill's hometown, came through nobly with 246 votes for him; 50 for Lowe. Belleview, Gold Hill, Rock Point and Griffin Creek supported the Klan candidate; Barron, Applegate, Union, Sterling, Watkins, Butte Falls, Derby,

Mound, Willow Springs, Eagle Point, Lake Creek and Foots Creek were loyal to Sheriff Terrill. It was generally conceded that the Klan affidavits acted as boomerangs and produced votes for Terrill, particularly those charging drinking and cigarette smoking, and those alleging the sheriff had threatened to shoot A.E. Fleming.

The failure of the recall met with enthusiastic approval by anti-Klan groups throughout the state, particularly in the capital where Governor Ben Olcott, who had faced a similar action against State Senator Hall, had also only narrowly defeated the Klan opposition.

In an editorial, however, Robert Ruhl admitted that the K.K.K. remained a serious threat but hoped that in a "time not far distant, the widespread report that Jackson County is a hot bed of Ku Kluxism, can be finally and permanently denied, and southern Oregon can regain her former well-deserved reputation of being one of the most united and progressive communities on the Pacific coast."

With the ending of the recall the citizens were not permitted to relax, breathe a relieved sigh, and declare that that was that. On the heels of the election came the report of the Grand Jury probe. The members had been in session for eleven days and had examined and heard testimony from over 175 witnesses. Their decision required careful deliberation.

Aware that local membership lists, taken from the Klan files in a raid on Klan headquarters in Los Angeles, were in the hands of the investigators and the Grand Jury, several people announced publicly that they had withdrawn from the organization. Some of them said they had attended only one meeting and others claimed their membership had been a mistake.

While the Grand Jury was in seclusion, rumor mongers were far from idle. It was announced that all the members of the panel were Catholics, eager for retribution, and that the judge had suppressed important evidence and humstrung the attorneys. The story that the Grand Jury had so many indictments they had to send to

Medford for more indictment blanks was followed by the report that the jury was hopelessly divided and no indictments whatever would be returned.

On August 3, 1922, at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon, the announcement was made that secret indictments were issued against six men. Blanket indictments covering 16 John Does, "whose true names are unknown," were also returned. One name was mentioned, that of M.B. Bunnell, who "did verbally threaten to kill the said Joseph F. Hale, unless he would dismiss a certain action at law then and there pending between the said Joseph F. Hale as plaintiff, and M.B. Bunnell as defendant, and to leave town and remain away from the community in which the said Hale did then and there live." Since this was a threat only, and was followed by no direct action, Bunnell was not indicted.

Members of the Grand Jury expressed their appreciation for the efforts made by the United States Department of Justice, and added that this evidence tended to connect others also with some of the crimes. They expressed the opinion that further investigation might be found advisable and asked permission to adjourn.

In spite of the great curiosity of everyone in the Rogue River Valley, the court was in no hurry to reveal the names. Immediately upon receiving and reading the report, Judge Calkins ordered bench warrants for the arrest of the men indicted and fixed their arraignment for the next day, with bonds at \$2,000 each.

A day later the *Tribune* reported that the men accused were:

Howard A. Hill, orchardist, indicted on six counts, the crimes of extortion, riot and assault with a deadly weapon being alleged with the offense against Hale and Burr.

Jouett P. Bray, ex-minister and chiropractor, indicted on three counts, alleged riot, extortion and assault with a deadly weapon, in connection with the Hale affair.

Jesse F. Hittson, automobile dealer, former chief of police, indicted on three counts in connection with the Hale affair, alleging riot, extortion and assault with a deadly weapon.

Bert L. Moses, former county jailer, present jail janitor, indicted on three counts alleging extortion, riot, and assault with a deadly weapon.

J. Alexander Norris, former county jailer and resident of Jacksonville, indicted on one count, alleging riot in connection with the Henry Johnson 'party.'

Thomas E. Goodie, garage proprietor of Jacksonville and son-in-law of Norris, indicted on one count alleging riot in connection with the Henry Johnson Case.

The deadly weapons were defined as "pistols and revolvers loaded with gun powder and leaden bullets and capable of being discharged" and "a rope which was then and there capable of inflicting death and great bodily harm." Riot was interpreted as "being disguised by having their identity obscured by robes, cowles, masks and other disguises...and then and there soliciting each other to do the acts of force and violence [and being] wrongfully, unlawfully, feloniously, routously and riotously assembled and gathered together without authority of law and with intent to do unlawful acts...and to disturb the public peace."

The accused were substantial men of the community, responsible and respected citizens, although, as members of the secret society they temporarily became ruthless, cruel avengers, they had their friends and supporters. Bail, as fixed by the court was soon secured for all of them. Bert Moses was given bond by A.H. Norris and S.E. Dunnington, Alex Norris by Mrs. Alpha Hartman, Thomas Goodie by Alex and A.H. Norris, Jouett Bray by C.E. Gates and W.C. Rice, and Howard Hill by his father, Dillon Hill, and D.M. Lowe. Jesse Hittson was allowed to go on his own recognizance. Attorney George A. Coddington would represent Hittson, Hill and Bray; Attorney H.A. Canaday, Norris, Goodie and Moses. The prospective attorneys made a motion for two weeks in which to plead, and the date to begin the trial was set for August 19, 1922.

Opposition to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan seems only to encourage its growth. Nothing is able to stop the drive of the organization to place Klan candidates in every political office in Oregon.

The story continues in the next issue.

A list of witnesses appearing in the Grand Jury probe of the K.K.K. activity may prove of interest to readers of the Sentinel who may recognize names from other stories which have appeared in the newsletter.

Raymond I. Turney, Roberta Pearce, J.F. Hale, Lorraine Stoltze, Marjorie Daily, Helen Gale, Edward Hoffman, William J. Warner, W. H. Gore, Robert B. Hammond, William N. Offutt, Jr., Newton W. Borden, J.J. Hoogstraet, H.E. Griffith, Arvid Bursell, Fay E. Diamond, E.A. Fleming, William J. Craig, Benjamin F. Lindas, Leona Hanna, Paul York, John Miller, Jr., Bert Moses, J.A. Hemstreet, William A. Bishop, Luther York, George A. Burr, Dwight Vimont, William Jones, S.B. Sandifer, Georgia Williams, Howard Barto, A.E. Reames, Harry Lofland, Ray E. Wilson, John A. Millard, Patrick H. Daily, Carl Beebe,

Angie Halley, Sylvia Hill, Howard A. Hill, Edward E. Kelly, J.E. Edmiston, F.B. Pickel, Raymond Reter, Tom M. Word, Harry C. Stoltze, Lizzie Launspach, Jesse F. Hittson, Morris Bunnell, Oliver Frazee, Earl H. Fehl, Sarah Bunnell, George O. Roberts, C.E. Gates, Edison Marshall, C.E. Terrill, Henry Johnson, Perry E. Wyncoop, Alex Norris, T.E. Goodie, Edward D. Collins, James Tackabery, Robert L. Phillips, Carl Bowman, Gus Newbury, Jouett Bray, George L. Hooker, C.A. Walker, George A. Coddington, Conrad J. Carstens, George Gardner, Dalton Terrill, F. TouVelle.

LIBRARIAN SEEKS PHOTOGRAPH IDENTIFICATION

The SOHS librarian, Ida Clearwater, would be delighted to know the identification of the folks in this handsome photograph. On the back is written, "Jeffrey's Home, Central Point," but no date or street location is given. It seems certain the Jeffreys have a brand new fence and, with the balcony railing and the rest of the gingerbread, the house is pretty spectacular. The gentleman on the balcony is clutching what appears to be his miniature trombone. He has probably just received it as a birthday present and can't bear to let it out of his hands, even for a moment. He's the unmarried brother. The man on the left is probably the lord of the manor. He wears his hat at a jaunty angle as anyone would do who has the fanciest fence in town. Next to him is his father-in-law. In the doorway are the baby, the wife and the sturdy mother-in-law who is wearing her freshly ironed and starched Sunday dress. Call if you know the facts.







NANCY LARSEN, EXHIBIT DEPARTMENT



reamland, Medford's most glamorous dance hall, is a sentimental memory to Nancy Larsen. Under the soft lights and to the accompaniment of a four piece band, she met Walter, the significant man in her life. Of course she was well chaperoned; her daddy played trumpet and kept one eye on the music and one eye on his dancing daughter. It wasn't, according to Nancy, an instant romance. She and Walter saw each other, on and off, for a couple of years before Walter got serious enough to get a steady job. He went to work for Copco and two years later they got married and settled in Medford.

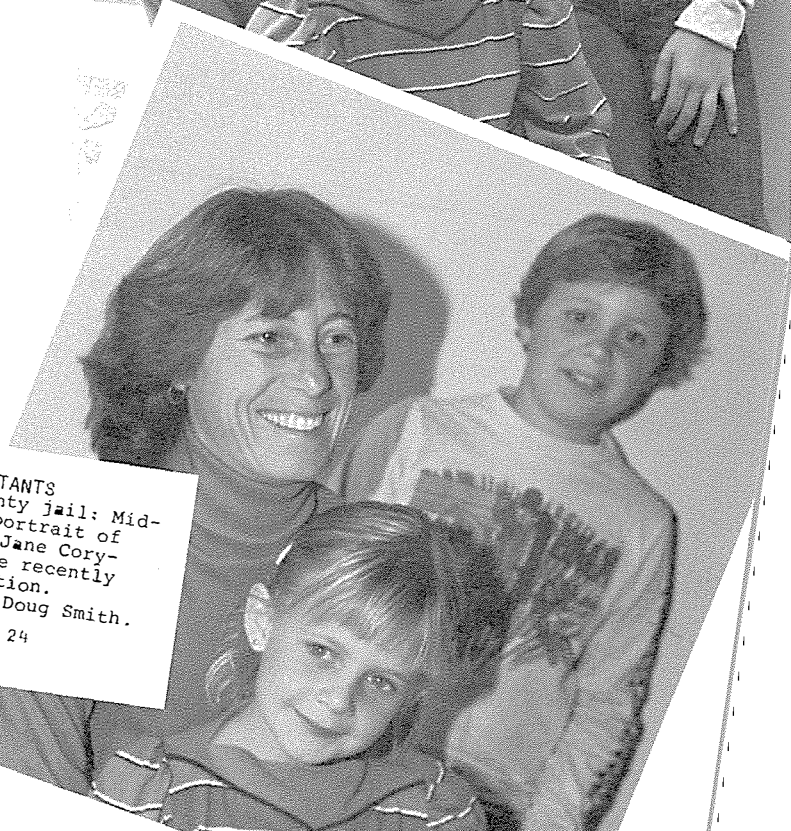
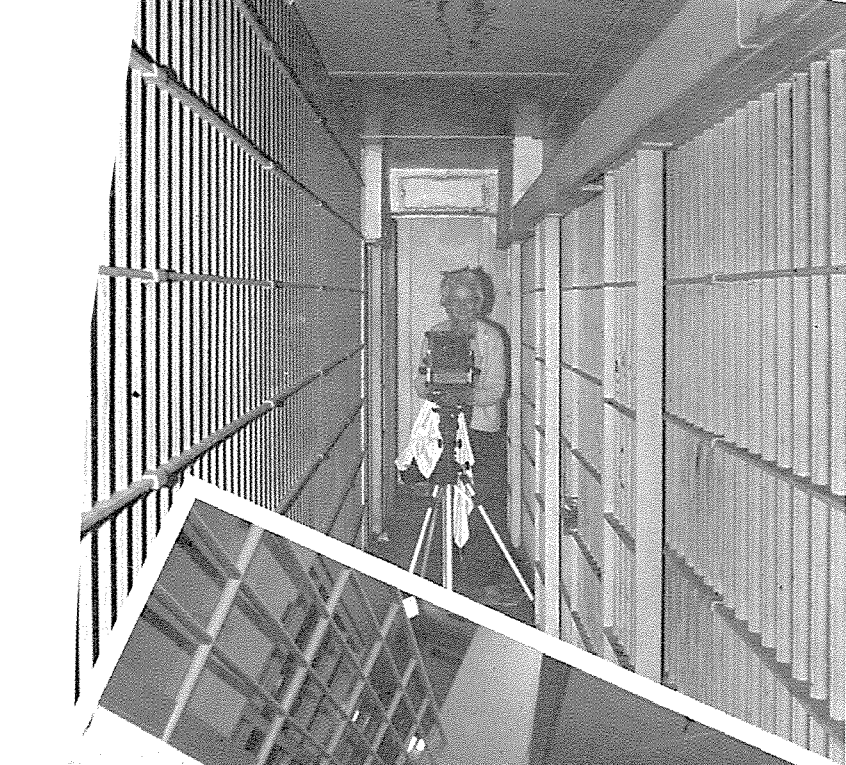
Nancy is not exactly a local product, but she is a native Oregonian, having been born in Portland. When her pa, who had a string of barber shops and beauty shoppes, decided Portland was responsible for his asthma, he moved his family --a wife and Nancy, the only child--to southern Oregon from whence Nancy's mother had sprung. On her mother's side, Nancy's great grandfather was a pioneer homesteader, settling with his family first in Sterling then in Williams. One of his two homesteads is still in the family so Nancy comes by her interest in local history quite naturally. She attended Medford schools, Jackson, Washington, Junior High (there was only

one) and Senior High.

Two years after their wedding, the Larsens began their family of three daughters: (1) Sharon Larsen Birdseye, who now lives in the old Birdseye house in Rogue River, (2) Loris Larsen Kreuger, who lives in Aztec and works at Jayne's Apparel, and (3) Pamela Larsen Weber, who is a funeral director at Perl's. The girls live in southern Oregon because, Nancy says, she was an interfering mother and wouldn't give her consent unless their beaux agreed to stay around home base.

Walter's job as a trouble shooter kept him away from home most of the time and when his retirement became imminent, Nancy decided she'd have to get out of the house occasionally. She volunteered her services at the museum and began working in the exhibits department. Having restored a houseful of antiques for Nancy, Walter, who is "a marvelous craftsman" naturally came along. She has been here for five years and now works five days a month. She really feels it is a privilege to work with the SOHS collection and a great pleasure to work with Jime Matoush, the Curator of Exhibits.

On the other hand, it's nice to have Nancy on the staff; she's 1. cheerful, 2. considerate, 3. optimistic, 4. pleasant, 5. imaginative, 6. dedicated, 7. adaptable and so on up to at least four-oh.



PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANTS
Left, top: Rose at the old county jail; Middle: at the new jail; bottom: portrait of Rose Eskew, volunteer. Right: Jane Cory-Van Dyke and her children. Jane recently left SOHS to continue her education.
Photographs by Doug Smith.

ADDITIONAL STORY PAGE 24

PHOTOGRAPHERS PERFORM INVALUABLE SERVICE

Photographs, both old and new, are an indispensable part of the *Table Rock Sentinel*, and they are often the inspiration for feature stories. SOHS is proud of its photograph department and grateful to it for the many reproductions and originals used in the newsletter. Doug Smith, the director, and his assistants, Jane Cory-Van Dyke and Rose Eskew, have frequently gone above and beyond the call of duty to turn out photographs which are better than the originals. The assistant photographers are presented on page 23. Jane Cory-Van Dyke, who has taken many outstanding pictures, has left SOHS. We will miss her.

SOHS WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS

LaWanda Bell, Medford
Mrs. David Bengston, Medford
Mrs. James Bentley, Menlo Park CA
Leslie and Margo Blake, Phoenix
Nina Bunnell, Phoenix
Robert and Jeanne Burton, Central Point
John and Jeanne Cheetham, Stockton CA
Richard V. Dodds, Knoxville TENN

Mrs. Doris Dunford, Flagstaff AZ
John and Carol Ernst, Ashland
Kathleen Esp, Medford
Mrs. Robert Forbes, Medford
Mona J. Givens, Eagle Point
C.T. and Margaret Gould, Medford
Dr. Ethel Hansen, Ashland
Wanda J. Hanson, Medford

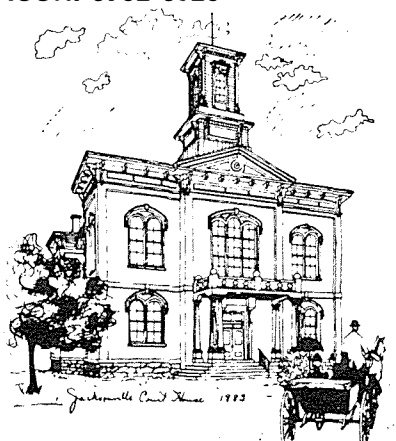
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