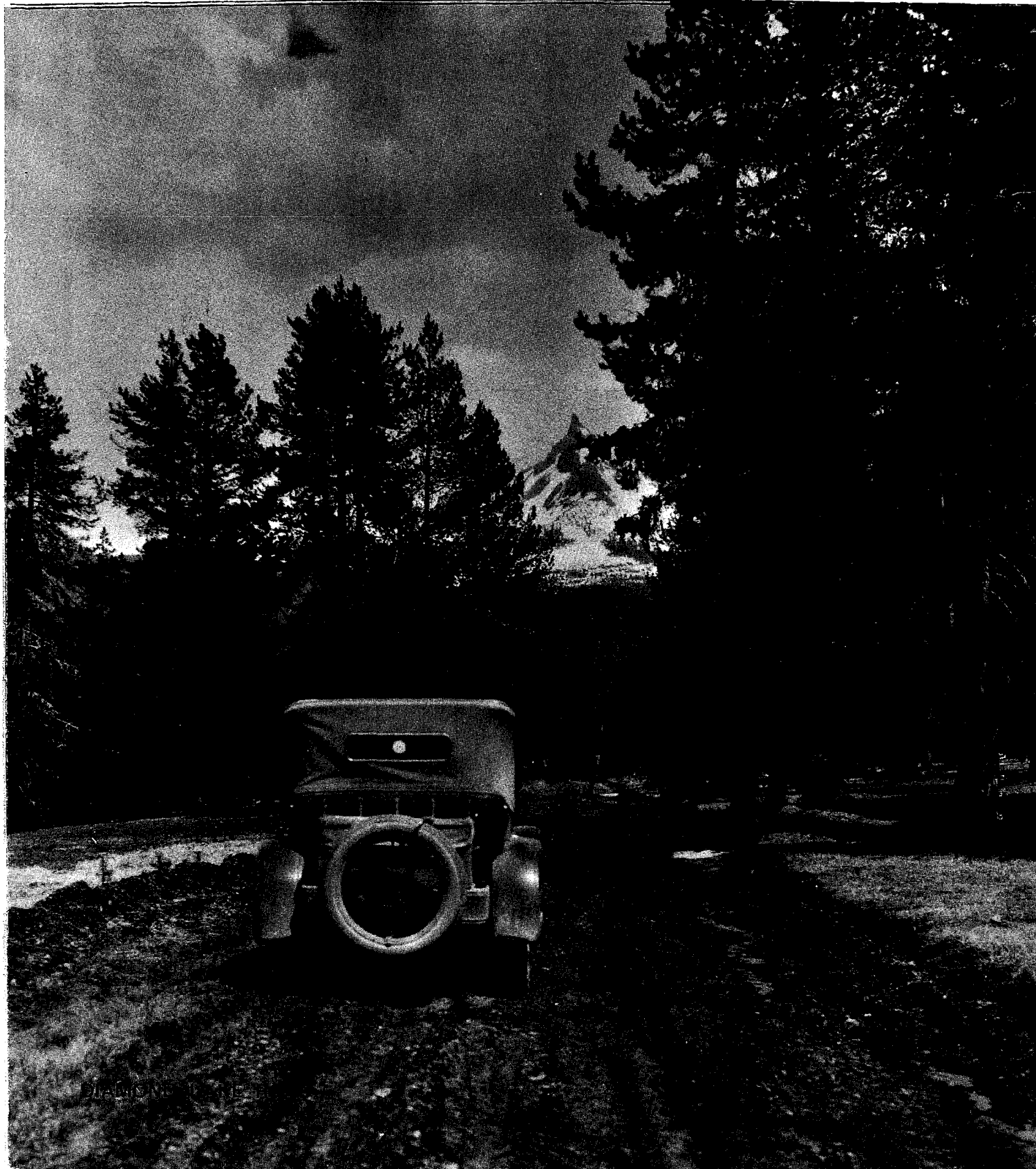
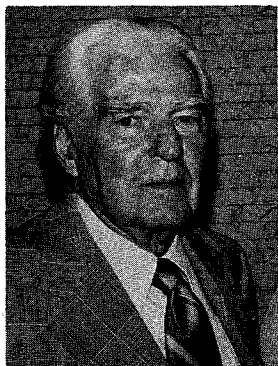


5/82

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY





# IN MEMORIAM

J. Rodney Keating  
1903-1982

## Director's Corner

The Southern Oregon Historical Society lost a loyal friend of long standing with the death of Rodney Keating on April 18, 1982. A well-known southern Oregon orchardist and political figure, Rodney settled here in 1945. As Judge of the Jackson County Board of Commissioners (1954-58, 1964-72) he was very helpful to SOHS and was involved in preserving the historic Beekman House and its furnishings for the people of Jackson County.

From April 1973 to June 1980 Rodney was a trustee for the Society. I first met him in the late 1960s when we were both on a recreation committee which was composed of representatives from southern Oregon counties. I loved to hear his jokes and stories. Yes, he loved to talk, as most Irishmen do. Years later he remembered me and my work at other museums when he was on the search committee for a new SOHS director. He helped me a great deal during the first few years I was here.

Rodney was particularly interested in our oral history program and in the research library and archives which the Society houses in the Jacksonville Museum. He served on the committee that has been working to secure for the Society a Public History Resource Center. It is unfortunate that he didn't live to see the Center become a reality.

Rodney was an inspiration to me. Whenever I felt that I needed a six-month hiatus and I would see Rodney still getting around--even after a major auto accident and several hip operations--I bucked up. Until the time just before his death he swam one-quarter mile a day at the YMCA.

So long, Rodney. "May you be in heaven three days before the devil knows you're gone."

Bill Burk

### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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*In his youth Ross was an adventurer, thriving on danger and preferring to be at the center of the action. In maturity he assumed the responsibility of protecting the settlers from the Indians, a military action which men have since deplored but which, in his time, was considered essential.*

## JOHN ENGLAND ROSS, INDIAN FIGHTER

**J**OHN ENGLAND ROSS, "the well known pioneer and Indian fighter of the West,"<sup>1</sup> was born in Madison County, Ohio, on February 15, 1818. He was the twin brother of Zany Ross Ganung, Jacksonville's famous flagpole chopper and Confederate flag burner. When the twins were ten years of age, in 1828, the father, Angus Ross, moved his family to Indiana. Some years later they moved again, this time to a farm in Illinois "upon which has since sprung into being the splendid city of Chicago." Here young John learned the butcher's trade.

In 1840, when he was 22, he married Margaret Robinson of Chicago. Robinson, "a man of English gentry," had married an Indian princess, and Margaret, John's bride, came from this union. John Ross' love for his half-Indian wife must have driven him to do a great deal of soul-searching when he later adopted the role of Indian-fighter. His respect for her must also have had a great influence in his dealings with the western Indians during their last futile resistance and at the peace talks.<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, eight months after the marriage, Margaret Ross died. Although early colonists, grateful to Robinson for his help in settling disputes with the Indians, had given him a large grant of land in the Chicago area, John Ross, at the untimely death of his wife, lost interest in developing her share and became, instead, fascinated with tales of the far western frontier.

Before the gold rush, which brought multitudes of immigrants and gold seekers to the West, the trails and river crossings were far more primitive and dangerous than they were after 1849. By 1851, the ways westward, although still arduous and precarious, were established. In fact, finding grazing lands for the animals was frequently a difficult task because so many travelers going ahead had depleted

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1. *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon*

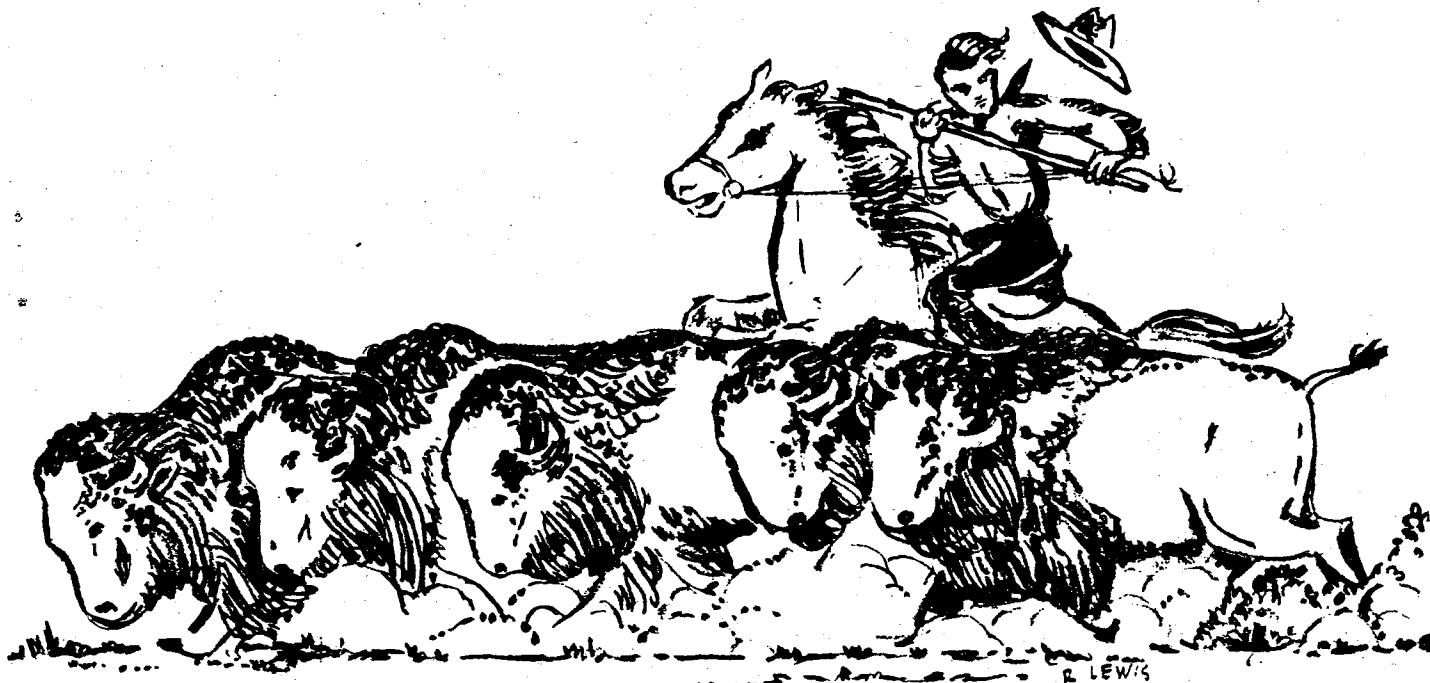
2. The most dangerous--and challenging--game for a hunter is conceded, in fiction at least, to be man. Some sources indicate that Ross was not any more reluctant to hunt down and kill Indians than were his compatriots, but the viewpoint here is that he joined the military because of his deep concern for the beleaguered immigrants.

the grasslands. Members of the early wagon trains faced perils which the later immigrants didn't dream of, and it was at this earlier time, in 1847, that John Ross decided to make the trip west.

**H**e joined a wagon train which had assembled at Saint Joseph, Missouri. John was then 29 years old, a tall, sturdy man of imposing stature, and his sincere, straight-forward attitude appealed to the travelers. They elected him their captain and the company of forty wagons became known as the Ross Train. At a crossing of the Little Blue River, however, the immigrants divided into two sections. Reasons for this division have not been recorded. Perhaps, as in so many other wagon trains, disputes arose. Perhaps they decided the large number of wagons made it awkward to follow directions and brought about aggravating delays. In any case half of the wagons went ahead and the Ross Train, moving at a slower pace, brought up the rear.

When the second group reached the Platte River the travelers had their first alarming experience with aggressive Indians. As the wagon drivers were making the hazardous river crossing, they suddenly found themselves heading into a large band of Shawnees, sullenly watching them from the other side of the river. There was no turning back in the middle of the current and the horses were driven on across the ford to the shore. The wagons, pulled out of the water in haphazard confusion with no opportunity to circle for a possible attack, were surrounded by unfriendly silent Indians. John Ross, with a display of confidence and courtesy, approached the leaders who belligerently demanded tobacco and salt. Deciding it was far better to give up those items than to refuse the request and run the risk of making the Shawnees angry, Ross gave the order and his men hastily collected a substantial supply of salt and tobacco which he handed to the chiefs. Apparently satisfied with their loot, the taciturn Indians turned their horses, and, with a great show of indifference, rode away. The ominous confrontation had been successfully carried out. The Indians had shown their controlled strength and dignity and John Ross had demonstrated impressive judgment and restraint. But the immigrants must have held their breaths and kept their fingers crossed for a few unpredictable moments.

Following the course of the South Platte, the Ross Train was plagued by the immense herds of buffaloes which were making their seasonal movement to the south.



There seemed to be no end of them. For mile upon mile thousands of the milling and snorting animals surrounded the wagon train as it trudged along its way. Members of the company were posted to ride beside the wagons and use sticks to prod the beasts away when they came too close. Women and children in the wagons banged pots and pans to ward them off. For several days the buffalo migration continued and the travelers made tediously slow progress, but about forty miles from Laramie the herds thinned out and eventually the wagon train was free of them. This report of the thundering multitudes of buffaloes roaming the prairies at that time makes their near extinction by hunters and plainsmen an astonishing fact as well as a senseless one.

The trail from the plains to Laramie was one of the most harrowing stretches of the entire journey. Shortly after they managed to elude the teeming herds of buffaloes, the entire wagon train had to ford the South Platte River. The river was swift and dangerous and the immigrants tied their supplies and equipment to the top of the wagons to keep them high and dry and to add ballast. The wheels, axles and running gear were removed and fastened into the beds to prevent their being washed away in the current. The oxen, afraid of the swirling water, refused to be driven, and the men had to tie ropes around their horns and lead them across the river. When they reached the other side, the travelers had to reassemble each wagon and put it in order. This caused a great delay but eventually the train was ready to move forward.

When each driver had bullied his animals into position and the train had settled down to the familiar routine,

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*The unidentified model on the right is wearing a buckskin suit which belonged to John Ross. Ross killed the deer, tanned the hide, cut the pattern and made the suit. It is neatly lined with red flannel and is an exclusive Ross-designer creation, size XX-Large. The monument in the background is the marker on the John Ross family plot in the Jacksonville Cemetery.*

Photograph by Jane Cory-VanDyke



something frightened the oxen--some unknown sound perhaps--and they burst into a wild stampede. They tore over the rough and dangerous terrain at breakneck speed for almost two miles. Most of the drivers were able to maintain their seats, but the passengers were violently battered about in the wagon beds. Many were severely bruised and one child suffered a broken leg. Several oxen and one horse were lost in the sudden stampede. Once again forced to stop and repair damages, they did not reach Laramie until July 1, far behind schedule.

Leaving Laramie, which was then only a trading post, they discovered the crossing at the North Platte River was just as dangerous as the ford had been on the South Platte. Several immigrants, a day ahead of the Ross Train, had drowned in their attempt to cross over. Ross and his party, once again dismantling the wagons and once again taking the same methodical procedures, managed to cross safely. On the trail they met more buffalo herds but they were not so numerous as the first hordes had been, and by the time the wagon train reached Independence Rock the buffaloes were far behind them.

**T**hey moved slowly along, stopping for a few days at Sweetwater and for a week at Fort Bridger. At Fort Hall the travelers met a group of trappers who were working for the Hudson's Bay Company. These men, on their way to the fort, had been surprised by a band of hostile Indians, who terrorized them, took all their furs and supplies and left them on foot. The unfortunate victims joined the Ross Train and accompanied it down the Snake River to Fort Boise.

At the Grande Ronde Valley, John Ross decided to leave the train and go on ahead. He felt that he had successfully guided his group through the difficult parts of the trip and that the train was on the last lap of the journey. He and Jo Kline and an English traveler left the company and rode to Dr. Whitman's mission. There they were told of several recent incidents of Indian violence and warned that all travelers were in grave danger. The three men resolved at once to return to the wagon train which might have been faced with tragedy.

On the route back, at a point beyond Rock Creek, they came upon evidence that a wagon train had been attacked by Indians. Jo Kline and the Englishman continued on their speedy return to the Ross Train, but John Ross, by himself, set out to discover, if possible, what had happened to the unfortunate party. At the John Day River, in a little canyon, he came upon the members of the desperate Warren Train. There were four families in a destitute condition. The Indians had run off their livestock; taken all the food in the wagons and even stripped the people of their clothing. One man and his wife had been murdered in the attack. The four men of the party were attempting to round up some of their missing animals, and the six women, who had made slips from a bolt of cloth which the Indians had disdained, were huddled together in a little clearing in the forest.

Ross, seeing their desperate condition, rode back to a friendly Indian settlement and traded his extra clothing for a supply of salmon and split peas. On his way back he came upon two of the missing oxen which he herded into the camp. Keeping only a buffalo robe for himself, he gave the blankets in his roll to the women and hastily built a fire of greasewood to cook the food and help warm the ground so that the weary and frightened travelers might sleep. Several days later the Ross Train jostled and jolted into the little camp and the wretched members of the Warren party were taken into the company. Once again Ross assumed the leadership of the train and guided the immigrants to The Dalles.

**I**t was almost November when they reached the Columbia River port, and early snows had brought about the closure of the passes in the Cascades. The fall rains were almost constant. Some of the immigrants, eager to reach a destination, secured passage on flatboats which floated down river; others remained in The Dalles through the winter.



John Ross arrived penniless. From one of the women he borrowed \$2.50 to buy badly needed clothing and supplies. In order to pay back his loan he went to work at the portage, rowing passengers and freight to the boats. He worked for thirteen days--and sometimes nights--in the rain to earn a total of thirteen dollars. Having repaid his debt, he still had a neat little nest egg so he left The Dalles, via the Columbia River, and arrived in Oregon City early in November.

Here, in partnership with Stephen Meek, he opened a butcher shop. The business was in operation for about a month when news of the Whitman Massacre of November 29, 1847, reached Oregon City. The legislature, then in session, called for volunteers. An army of Willamette Valley settlers, armed as thoroughly as pioneer resources could provide, organized themselves and moved against the Indians responsible for the crime. This was the beginning of the Cayuse War, the first confrontation between the white settlers and the Indians in which John Ross actively participated as an Indian fighter and professional soldier. He enlisted in the first volunteer company as a mule driver, but he was soon made sergeant. His extraordinary skill as a leader was at once apparent and he was commissioned second lieutenant and sent to the mission station at The Dalles.

**T**he Cayuse chiefs, promising to annihilate the hated settlers and return the lands to the Indians, easily recruited warriors from other tribes. The Indian band with braves from the Nez Perce, Wallawalla and Umatilla tribes, included more than 400 men. In full war paint and feathers, on brilliantly decorated horses, they lined up in great splendor at Sand Hollow. Over a hundred women and old men had followed along and were gathered on the slope of the hill to witness the slaughter of the trespassers.

The initial onslaught was short and violent. The chiefs, shouting encouragement and bragging of their invincibility, led the warriors, also whooping shrilly, in a charge against an army of over 500 volunteers. With a great blast of noise and smoke, the soldiers suddenly fired their "secret weapon"--a long barreled cannon. In spite of their magnificent display and their terrible threats, the Indians retreated in instant fright and confusion to the safety of the woods.

After this humiliating rout, the warriors regrouped, and, hiding behind trees and boulders, began fighting in the manner which they knew best. Three hours later during which neither side made any significant gains, the Indians withdrew--to the great disappointment of the gallery of spectators.

As the Cayuse War continued, the fighting was sporadic and indecisive. When the troops were out on patrol, the Indians tried to invade the settlements and steal their livestock. They sometimes succeeded. At the same time the army captured the animals belonging to the Indians. When they engaged in shooting contests, they shouted insults and sniped at each other. Each side tried trickery but neither side won a decisive battle although the Indians suffered a greater loss of men.

With their failure to destroy the enemy as they had boasted they would do, the Cayuses lost their allies. Eventually, greatly reduced in number, they were forced to give up the battle. They had lost more than 500 horses, and they were financially ruined and hungry. The leaders went into exile and their prestige as a powerful nation was gone. Yet those guilty of the Whitman murders were still at large. During the war, in 1848, when his superior officers were promoted, John Ross was commissioned Captain of the company and he held this position until the cessation of hostilities. At last, two years later, in 1850, the five murderers voluntarily surrendered and confessed. They were tried, convicted and hanged at Oregon City. Over 900 volunteers and troopers had taken part in the war against the small tribe of Cayuse Indians.

The war over, John Ross returned to Oregon City and acquired a Wallace Endless Belt Threshing Machine. As driver and operator, he rented his services to the Willamette Valley farmers. This operation soon promised to be a profitable

enterprise, but, coming into town on a Saturday night, Ross heard the news of the discovery of gold in California. At heart a frontiersman, as well as a soldier, he left the tresher standing in the field, bought a pair of mules and set out on the following Monday for California. He never again saw his threshing machine.

END OF PART ONE

*In the June issue, the Table Rock Sentinel will feature part two of the John England Ross story, presenting his later experiences as an Indian fighter, a Rogue Valley farmer and a citizen of southern Oregon.*



## MAUREEN SMITH, MUSEUM AIDE

As SOHS Membership Secretary, Secretary to the Director, Switchboard Operator, Collections Photographer, Inventoriest, Maureen-will-do-it, don't worry. Maureen Smith manages to be indispensable and still maintain a sunny expression. Her official title is Museum Aide.

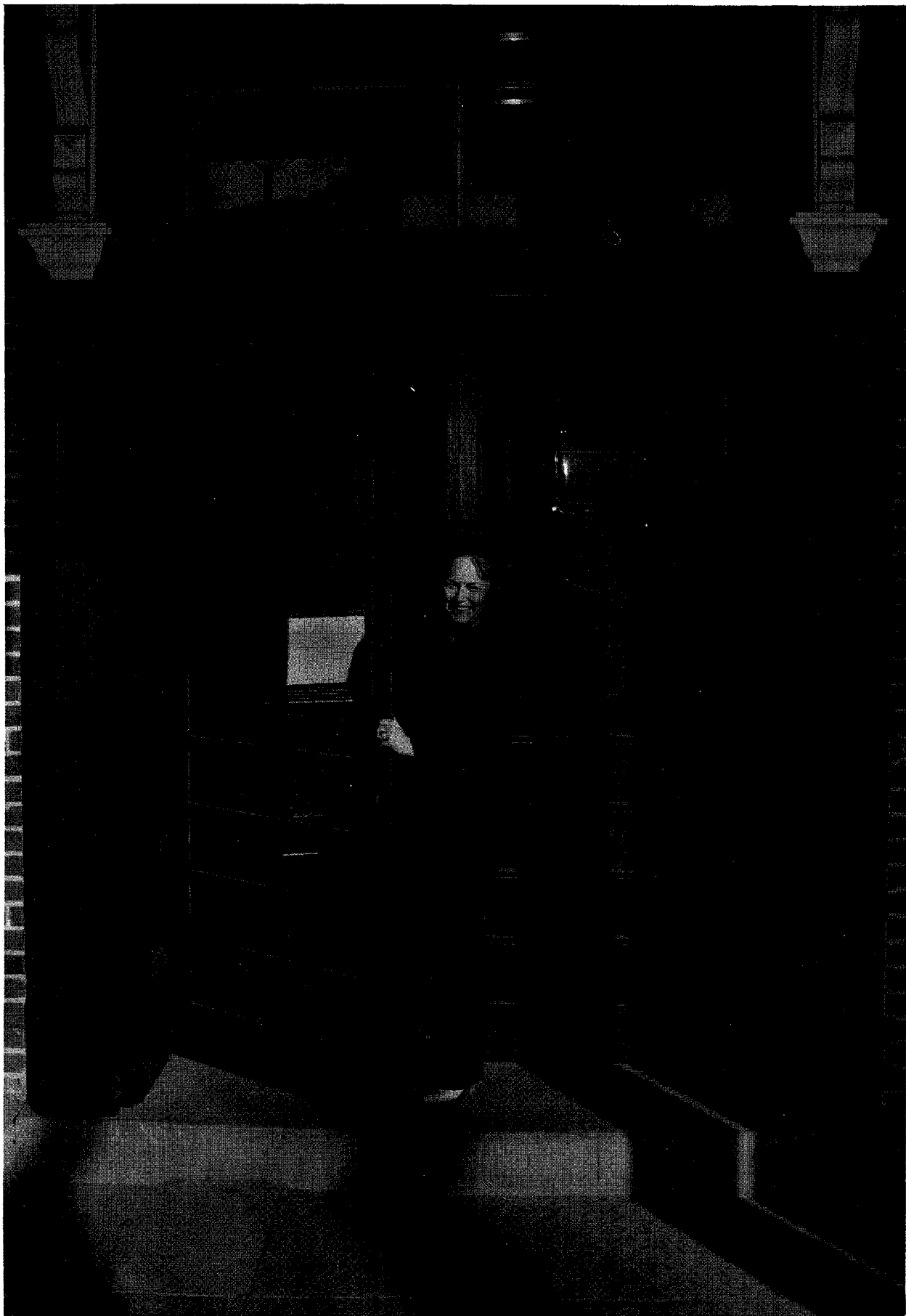
Born in San Bernardino, California, she attended Mt. San Antonio College at Walnut where she majored in Fine Arts and took art history as a minor. She received an Associate of Arts degree from Mt. San Antonio and a Bachelors of Fine Arts degree from the University of California at Fullerton. After graduation she taught art for two and a half years in the adult education department at Baldwin Park. She has a lifetime credential to teach in California.

With relatives in southern Oregon, Maureen junketed to and fro between southern California and the Rogue River Valley. During one of her visits she met--on a blind date--Bill Smith, who became the t, d and h man in her future. They were married in a barn in 1974 (Rocky Point) and now live in a pasture (on the old T'Vault donation land claim).

The Smiths have three children: Heath 6, Jarrod 4, and Morgan (a girl) 1½. The family also cherishes a flock of at least fifty chickens, whose distribution of gender is a little off balance: there are fourteen hens and the rest are roosters. Maureen reports the hens run a lot and have no difficulty maintaining streamline chicken figures. This flock of foul contains one male peacock; the lady of the pair flew the coop. She apparently had a thing against chickens.

Maureen originally came to SOHS as a volunteer in 1979 to help in the exhibition department. During 1980 she joined the staff as a Ceta employee. She enjoys doing her day-to-day thing at the museum, but she's allergic to everything in the Rogue Valley but crabgrass. Her druthers for the future include living in an old weather-stained two-story house on the Oregon Coast where she can establish a Mom and Pop Museum, indulge in her pet art projects--sculpture, painting, ceramics and stitchery--avoid snakes, and watch the kids grow up.





Maureen Smith

*a Doug Smith photograph*

MAY 1982

# Beardle's

# BOY'S LIBRARY

## of Sport, Story and Adventure



## The Dime Novel - Once Over Lightly or Horatio Alger in Strive and Succeed

If you carelessly put down the novel which you have just finished reading and your reincarnated great great grandmother picked it up and started flipping through the pages, chances are pretty good that by the time she reached page three she'd have swooned away. In a day when *gee whillickers* was considered unforgivably coarse, today's romances would have inspired more of a rumpus than a mere *tsch-tsch-tsch*. Reading would have been eliminated from the three R's, book bonfires would have rivaled the burning of Rome, and mothers would have marched!

Early in the nineteenth century one of the most popular books for young people was *The History of the Fairchild Family*, an evangelical novel written by Mrs. Mary Sherwood. It was so filled with piety and lofty sentiments that it was in constant demand and over a period of fifty years it went through many printings. Even before they learned to read, prissy Victorian children and probably a lot of adolescents who weren't quite so pure in heart, had that book shoved at them as pleasure reading. The author, Mrs. Sherwood, deeply aware of the depravity of little souls, emphasized the bliss of holy living and holy dying and included a prayer and a hymn in each chapter to help ward off imminent damnation.

Small wonder then that the dime novels, today so innocent and bland, were dubbed yellow-back trash when they first appeared in 1860. Teen agers, bored with sermons and moralizing, had to cache

their paperbacks in the same hidey-holes that the youth of today reserve for their collections which are, you may be sure, a little more colorful and far more educational.

From the first, upon its enormous and almost immediate success, the dime novel became a big business which thrived for half a century. Protests by the moralists were, for the most part, half-hearted and ineffectual. There was little they could find to wrangle over except that most of the stories were written in pretty poor prose--and people who tend to the morals of others have never been very interested in literary style. Authors emphasized the triumph of hard work and virtue over sloth and dishonesty and generally gave the young readers a standard of ethical conduct. But the more conservative and religious adults were uneasy about the stories even though sexuality was taboo. The publishers took the issue of morality mighty seriously. Authors were urged to tone down the language and to cut out the demon rum even though they felt that honest writing called for gamier and raunchier characters. Most authors deferred to the publishers' regulations; in fact in *Frank James on the Trail* the hero, an infamous desperado, upon discovering that his friend has betrayed him to the posse, rudely exploded, "Mercy!"

For the first two decades, 1860-1880, the American public was obsessed with hair raising tales of the frontier

and the wild West. Buffalo Bill, Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick, Silver Sam and California Claude always triumphed over scoundrels. Impulse buying was insured with such titles as *Deadwood Dick*, *the Prince of the Road* or *The Black Rider of the Black Hills*; *The Phantom Chief* or *the Indian's Revenge*; and *Alapha, the Squaw* or *the Renegades of the Border*. When at last the interest in the raw wilderness flagged a bit, crime and its detection took over. This theme continued well into the new century. The James gang of lawless criminals was given the limelight and no other outlaws ever captured so much interest and admiration as did Jesse and Frank James. They far surpassed the notoriety attained by the Younger Brothers and Billy the Kid. Examples of their dastardly deeds were found in *The Trainrobbers*, *A Story of the James Boys*; *Jesse James' Diamond Deal* or *Robbing the Red Hands*; and *The James Boys in Boston* or *Old King Brady and the Car of Gold*. Invariably at the end the stalwart crime fighters captured the desperados but the villains always managed to escape for more adventure in sequel after sequel. On the side of the law appeared such famous detectives as Nick Carter, Old Cap Collier, Old and Young King Brady and a horde of minor sleuths. The titles reveal the variety of adventures these intrepid crime fighters were thrown into: *Old Opium*, *the Mongolian Detective*; *Velvet-Foot*, *the Indian Detective*; *The Pitcher-Detective's Foil*, or *Double-Curve Dan's Double Play*; *New York Nat*, *the Knife Detective*, *Deadwood Dick's Dog Detective*; and *Old Humpey*, *the Dwarf Detective*. Some of these crafty investigators could disguise themselves with a hundred faces, beat up a rogue Superman with only one hand, and solve a crime in a flash of intuition. Fascination with these fantasy-heroes is still with us in

# FRANK JAMES ON THE TRAIL

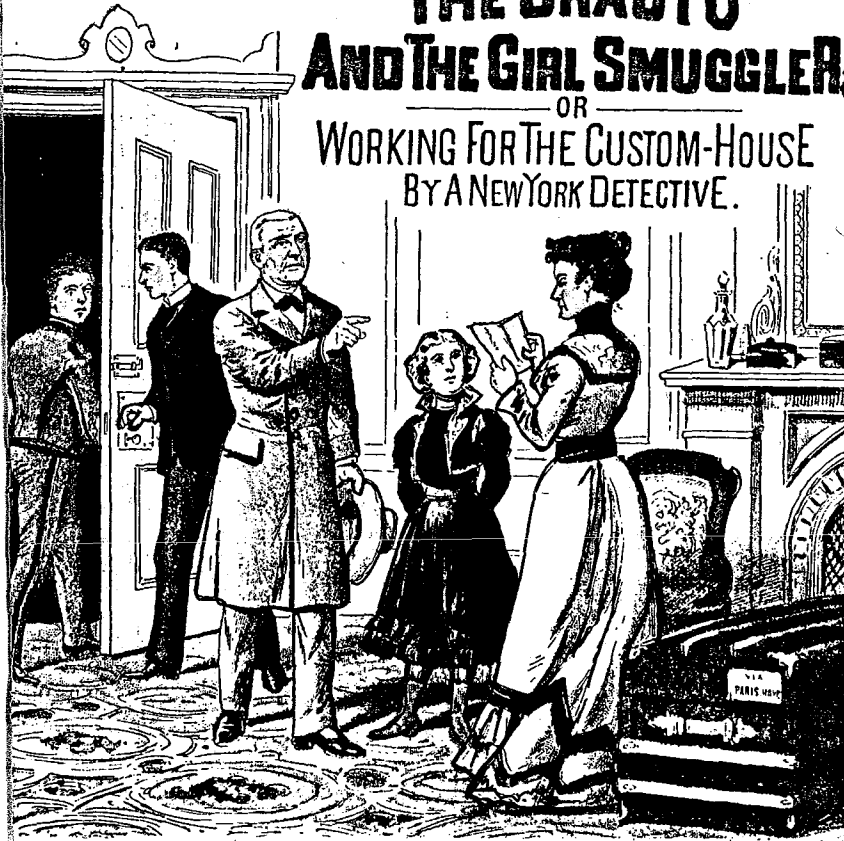


current comic strips, television and novels.

Towards the end of the century most of the Indians had been subdued, most of the nefarious criminals had been caged, and the predominant theme of the dime-novel graduated to self improvement. Frank Merriwell, the good and true young athlete, stepped forward. The prep school and the football field became more of a money-maker than the battles with the redskins and the duels of wits with the crooks. The Harvard football team was smashed over and over, year after year, as Frank and others like him brilliantly out-manuevered the opposition in the last seconds of play. Titles were along the lines of *Yale Murphy*, *the Great Short Stop* or *The Little Midget of the Giant New York Team*; and *Al Schock*, *the Champion Bicyclist* or *the Adventures of the*



# THE BRADYS AND THE GIRL SMUGGLER. OR WORKING FOR THE CUSTOM-HOUSE BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



Greatest Long Distance Wheelman in the World. These titles appeared along with such moral strengtheners as *Whiskey Bill* or *the Road to Ruin*, a Story of a Rum Fiend's Frightful Work.

Enter Horatio Alger.

*The Dictionary of American Biography* says that Alger was "the most successful writers of boys' stories in the whole of American literature." Even so, Alger, the man, was a sad example of a complex, disturbed soul trying to get along in an age before Dr. Kinsey and Ann Landers made the scene. He was a far cry from the heroes in his stories and was, in fact, a slight dumpy little man with severe psychological problems and frequent attacks of depression.

He was born in Massachusetts in 1834, the son of a Unitarian minister. Graduating from Harvard, he tutored for a time and, after completing the Divinity School at Harvard, he entered the ministry. In 1864, at the age of 32, he was forced to leave the church because of scandal. From then on he made his living as a writer in New York. *Ragged Dick* was his

first success and it brought him instant fame.

At that time, 1867, the streets of New York were overrun with boys left homeless by the Civil War. These kids, with no parental care and attention, were rapidly developing into a bunch of pre-Mafia gangsters. In an effort to supply them with a home, an education and some guidance, the city provided the Newsboys' Lodging House. Here Horatio Alger found a place to stay, and here he found the model hero for his novels: Paul the Peddler, Jed the Poorhouse Boy, Julius the Street Boy, Tom the Bootblack, Jerry the Luggage Boy and on and on.

He was the author of 135 books of which a reviewer, Russel Crouse, wrote: "They are completely devoid of literary style...They have neither sound construction nor true characterization...(and) they contain about as much humor as the Greek Orthodox funeral service."

## RAGGED DICK SERIES BY HORATIO ALGER JR.



## RAGGED DICK.

Yet "they have left a stronger mark upon the American character than the works of many a greater writer." The protagonist, "our hero," is always the same young man. He is poor but honest, manly and ambitious. He always starts at rock bottom and ends up on top, with wealth and respect just around the corner. It was just what the readers of the age wanted: proof that anyone who is trustworthy-loyal-obedient-thrifty-brave-clean-reverent will succeed. Estimates of the sale of his books range from 100 million to 300 million copies. The figures make him one of the most widely read authors in all history, and over the years he made a fortune. Unfortunately he was an easy mark for any boy who needed money and you may be sure there were few street-smart newsboys who would hesitate to take advantage of his generosity. Having given away most of his earnings, he died in 1899 in greatly reduced circumstances, leaving little of the fortune he had earned.

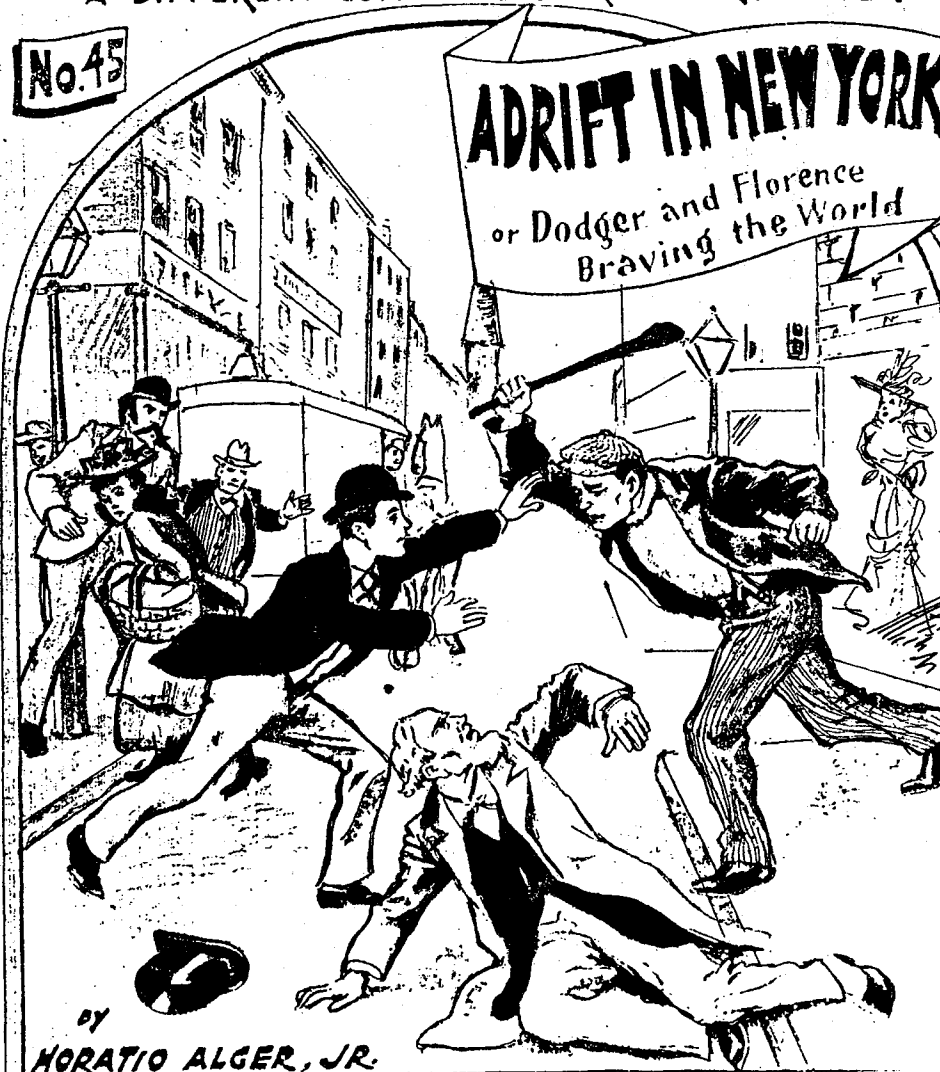
**M**ost libraries include a few copies of Horatio Alger's books on their shelves. He still has a following and some people recall the excitement of getting a cherished Alger novel to be read and reread and treasured. The nostalgic value of books cannot be assessed; it is of course far beyond the nickle or the dime which was exchanged a century ago for several hours of suspense and excitement. Surprisingly the tales are more readable than the critics would have us think, and the youth of today could do a lot worse than read the story of Ragged Dick--or the tales of any of a hundred other street boys as they progress from poverty to riches.

The story, *Adrift in New York*, is one

# BRAVE AND BOLD

A DIFFERENT COMPLETE STORY EVERY WEEK

No. 45



of his lesser known works, but it has the characteristics of all the others, and a quick run through the plot is more fun than reading today's headlines. Contrast the message with the one in the current novel mentioned in the first paragraph.

It begins:

"**U**ncle, you are not looking well tonight."

"I am not well, Florence. I doubt if I shall ever be any better."

"Surely, Uncle, you cannot mean--"

"Yes, my child, I have reason to believe that I am nearing the end."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak so, Uncle," said Florence Linden, in irrepressible agitation. "You are but



boy, Harvey."

O.K. We've met two leading characters and the author isn't fooling around. We're into the story immediately. The mystery of young Harvey is obviously the big thing. Uncle continues, giving the background in a few sentences:

"If he had died, I might have been reconciled; but he was abducted at the age of four by a revengeful servant whom I had discharged from my employment. Heaven knows whether he is living or dead; he may be in misery, a criminal, while his unhappy father lives on in luxury with no one to care."

Uncle is fishing for attention from poor impulsive Florence who falls to her knees and pleads, "Don't say that, Uncle. You know that I love you, Uncle John."

"And I too, Uncle."

Oh-oh. Here comes Curtis Waring, an orphan cousin of the orphan Florence. He enters "through an open door." How else? He is a tall, dark complexioned man of perhaps thirty-five, with shifty, black eyes and thin lips, shaded by a dark mustache. Those shifty eyes, those thin lips and that sinister mustache are dead give-aways. Curtis is the heavy.

Both Florence and Curtis are living in elegance with Uncle John, and Curtis has designs on the lovely Florence, but he's far too sly to reveal his true nature in front of old Money-bags. To the reader he exposes his dirty character by saying, "That was long ago, Uncle. It must be fourteen years, and the boy is long since dead."

fifty-four."

"True, Florence, but it is not the years only that make a man old. Two great sorrows have embittered my life. First, the death of my dearly-loved wife, and next, the loss of my

"No, no!" cries Uncle John. "I do not, I will not, believe it. He still lives, and I live only in the hope of one day clasping him in my arms."

"That," says mean old Curtis, "is very improbable. The grave has closed over him." You can't get much meaner than that.

Curtis' words have a depressing effect on Uncle John, and Florence is indignant. "How can you speak so, Curtis? I have a presentiment that Harvey still lives." By now, the reader has the same presentiment.

Uncle brightens immediately. "I can still see him," he declares. "He rises before me in his little velvet suit with his sweet, boyish face."

Curtis, still true to form, says, "If he's living, he's a criminal or a street boy, probably serving time at Blackwell's Island."

Florence angrily demands, "Curtis Waring, have you no heart?"

"Indeed, Florence," replies the cad meaningfully, "you ought to know."

Uncle John is so wrapped up in his selfish sorrow that he is unable to see that Curtis is a stinker. It is his hope that the cousins will marry so there will be no division of his fortune. He has declared this fact in his will and points out that he keeps that document tucked away safely in yonder locked-up desk along with a second will giving everything to good old Harvey if he ever makes it back to home base.

The conversation has exhausted Uncle so the cousins help him upstairs. As they return to the library, Curtis informs Florence that he has persuaded the old man to cut her off without a cent if she refuses to marry him.

Florence replies coldly, "I shrink from poverty, for I have been reared in luxury, but I would sooner live in a hovel than



become the wife of one I loathe."

"Girl, you shall bitterly repent that," sneers Curtis, stung to fury.

She does not reply, but, pale and sorrowful, she glides from the room to weep bitter tears in the seclusion of her chamber. The evil Curtis smiles sardonically as he watches her glide, and then his thoughts take a turn as he removes a bunch of keys from his pocket and tries one after another in the desk lock. He is so absorbed in his dirty work that he is unaware that an intruder has entered the room. The stranger coughs to attract his attention, and Curtis starts guiltily.

"It makes me laugh to see a gentleman picking a lock," says the rude fellow. "You should leave such business to me."

Curtis naturally informs him that his presence is an intrusion, and orders him off the place.

"I will leave when I'm ready," he says, and adds, "Do you mind if I smoke?" As he lights his pipe, he tells Curtis that if there's any funny business, he will inform Uncle that his son Harvey still lives. This upsets Curtis considerably and he blanches and staggers as if he's been struck. "Who-who are you?" he stammers.

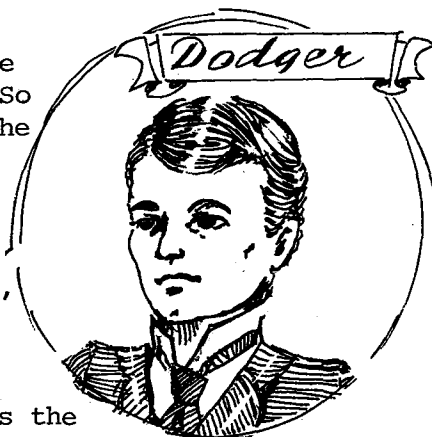
"Have you forgotten Tim Bolton?" He gives Curtis his card. Then Curtis recognizes the man and the truth is revealed that Curtis had paid him \$3000 fourteen years earlier to kidnap Harvey and take him to Australia. But Tim Bolton had broken his promise after eleven years and returned to New York bringing the kidnaped with him. Bolton has opened a saloon and Harvy, unaware that he is an heir to millions, has become a street boy, selling newspapers.

Curtis suggests that he would regard it as a great service if Bolton would do away with the boy.

"Good heavens," cries the intruder, "I'm a thief, a low blackguard, but I am no murderer."

Besides that, he likes the kid. So that's out of the question.

Well, thinks Curtis, if Bolton can't dispose of the boy, at least he can get the will. They arrange to steal the papers the following night. Curtis gives the shifty fellow his key and sees him out. Alone again, he says to himself, "It's time matters came to a finish. My uncle's health is rapidly failing and the fortune will soon be mine if I work my cards right!"

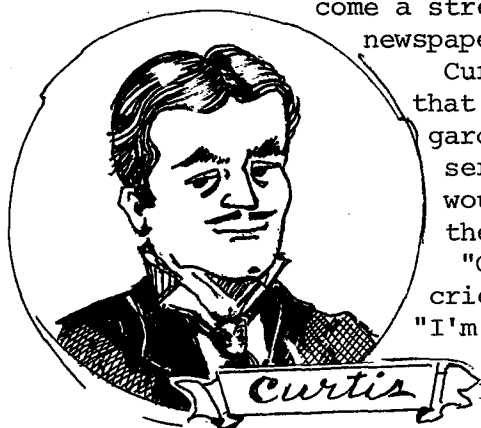


The next day Uncle informs poor Florence that she has twenty-four hours to make up her mind to accept her cousin Curtis, or he's sorry to say, out she goes to the street. At nightfall she sits in the library writing Uncle a farewell letter begging his forgiveness. She ends with, "Pity your poor Florence who will never cease to bless and pray for you. Good-by." At the conclusion she's weeping so heavily she falls sound asleep, her head on the table.

At eleven o'clock the door slowly opens and a boy enters stealthily. He is roughly dressed but his figure is manly and vigorous and his face is prepossessing. Guess who. He sees Florence. "A sleeping gal," he says to himself. "Tim said I'd find the coast clear. I don't half like this job but I have to do what my father Tim tells me." In spite of this second-story business, there's a lot of good in the kid. "I feel like leaving Tim and settin' up for myself," he says. "I wonder how 'twould seem to be respectable."

He sees the desk and is about to crack it when Florence awakens. "Who are you?" she asks in alarm. He springs to her side and seizes her in his strong, young grasp. "What will you do?" she gasps.

Evidently stupefied by her beauty, he says, "I don't know." He then tells





her he is only acting at the command of his father.

"Do you mind telling me your name?" asks Florence.

No, he doesn't mind. "Tom Dodger."

"That's a very singular name," says Florence.

While the two are earnestly talking, Tim Bolton sneaks in tippy-toe, rips off the wills and a roll of currency, sneaks out tippy-toe, and departs. The young folks are so raptly engaged in their conversation, they fail to see him.

"Oh," says Florence, "I wish I could persuade you to give up this bad life and become honest."

"That's very kind of you, miss," replies Dodger, "but all my life I've lived with thieves and drunkards and bunco men and--"

"You are fit for something better. You have a good face." The heart-warming dialogue of this tender scene continues for several pages, and Florence persuades Dodger to go straight. She sees him to the door and shakes his hand just as Uncle John enters the room. Jumping to conclusions, Uncle cries out, "Shameless girl!"

Dodger bristles at once. "Don't you go insult her," he exclaims. "She's an angel."

Uncle notices the jimmied desk and accuses Dodger and Florence of being in cahoots, stealing his papers and making off with his boodle. He rings a bell and arouses the household. A lot of servants appear and crafty old Curtis comes in and bullies Dodger around. He goes through the boy's pockets but of course finds nothing. Curtis may be a bummer but he's no fool. He puts two

*Mrs. O'Keefe*



and two together and figures out in no time at all just what's cooking.

Uncle John, seeing he has a captive audience, decides the time is ripe for an announcement: "My friends," he declares, "I call you to witness that this girl, whom I blush to acknowledge

as my niece, has proved herself unworthy of my kindness. In your presence I cut her off and bid her never again darken my door."

Ye gods.

Where can the poor girl go? She's apparently been so devoted to her ailing uncle that she has no friends. Pure-hearted Dodger offers his services and arranges to call for her at eight o'clock the next morning. He courteously bids everyone a polite good-night and leaves through the open door.

Florence passes a sleepless night but she's packed and ready when Dodger arrives. He's washed his hands and face, bought a new collar and necktie, polished his shoes and looks quite respectable. In the early morning light his face is frank and handsome, his eyes bright and his teeth like pearls. It's astonishing what a little kindness can do. The night before nobody even knew he had teeth. As he escorts Florence down the street, he behaves himself and minds his manners. Once he gets a little exuberant and slangily says, "bully," but he apologizes and Florence generously overlooks it.

He takes her to Mrs. O'Keefe's house just off the Bowery. Mrs. O'Keefe keeps an apple stand but she's a respectable woman and has a spare room she can rent for two dollars a week. Florence takes the room but finds it so bare she becomes lonely and desolate. Her new friends are kind, but they cannot make up for the house she has left behind and for her uncle's love. *Her uncle's love?* Big deal.

**F**lorence, raised as a lady, can only be a governess, but she secures a position with Mrs. Leighton on West ---- Street. A concert pianist, able to teach music, French and English, she is given a salary of fifty cents an hour and is

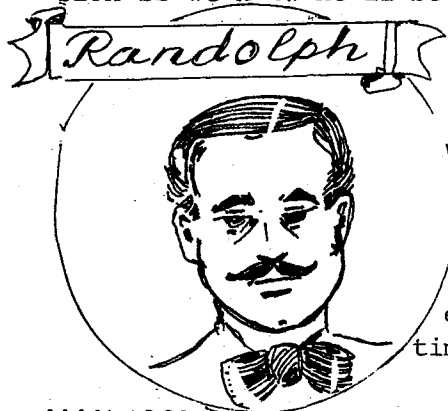


able to save a little nest egg. Under her tender guidance and tutoring Dodger is well on his way to becoming a cultured gentleman and a snappy dresser.

**M**eanwhile back at the mansion Curtis has the field to himself. He encourages sickly old Uncle John to nurse his grudge even though the old duffer is missing Florence something fearful. Curtis shows up at Tim Bolton's saloon looking for the stolen wills and the whereabouts of Florence and Dodger. He is told where to find Dodger but learns nothing else.

Shortly after this, as Dodger is busy selling his newspapers and deliberating how to make his first million, he is kidnapped. Once again Curtis is behind the skulduggery. He wears a gray wig and Dodger, failing to recognize him, is easily tricked. Drugging the noble boy, Curtis puts him on board the *Columbia*, a large stanch vessel bound for San Francisco around Cape Horn. The trip will take about five months and the ship apparently has scheduled no stops. Curtis, all heart, has given Dodger \$25 and a suitcase full of smart boating togs as well as a toothbrush, a hairbrush, a comb, a sponge and several changes of underwear. Curtis figures that old Uncle John will be long gone when Dodger reaches port, and by that time, Curtis will have the fortune in his clutches.

Dodger discovers that his only traveling companion is Randolph Leslie, a reporter on a leading New York newspaper who has overworked and is taking the trip for his health. He is a young man with an attractive intellectual expression so we know he'll be a proper companion for



our hero. He agrees to take Dodger as a scholar to pass the hours. That kid is determined to get an education. By the time they reach

the Golden Gate and see the vast Palace Hotel in the foreground of the city, Dodger has acquired class *cum laude*.

**D**uring this time Florence is out of her head with worry over Dodger's disappearance. She screws up all her courage and gets Mrs. O'Keefe to--horrors!--take her right into Tim Bolton's saloon. In that den of gin she shrinks back and clings timidly to Mrs. O'Keefe, but she *must* find out what she can about Dodger.

When Bolton discovers that the boy is missing, he tells Florence that he is certain the black-hearted Curtis is at the bottom of it. He swears to do all he can to help her and proves to be, at heart, a true diamond with a rough and dirty exterior.

After a couple of months the *Columbia* makes its first stop in a foreign port and Dodger is able to post a letter to Florence. He exposes the dirty deeds of the treacherous Curtis and promises to work diligently in San Francisco to earn enough money to get back to New York. Florence is radiant with the glad tidings. She takes the letter to Tim Bolton who has by now turned completely virtuous. He assures her that Dodger will always light on his feet and that the future will be rosy.

Florence's happiness however is brief. Her employer, Mrs. Leighton, discovers that her governess is living in a tenement in a very poor section of the city. Naturally she must be discharged. Holding back her tears, the brave girl accepts her lot, and, shaken and vaporish, goes back to her humble but immaculate room. Mrs. O'Keefe, upon hearing of the injustice of it all, goes into a fit of Irish pique. "She's a mean trollop," she exclaims, "and I'd like to tell her so to her face. Where does she live?"

Florence dissuades her. She has twelve dollars saved and tomorrow doesn't seem entirely black.

In San Francisco Dodger has fortunately found employment in an express office. At fifteen dollars a week, he

is really in the chips although he realizes that saving train fare to New York will take a long time.

One evening as he passes a corner on Mission Street he notices a poorly dressed woman who holds the hand of a small child of three. She appears despondent and ill. Although she makes no appeal to him, Dodger speaks politely to her, "I beg your pardon, but you seem to be in need of help?"

"God knows I am," she murmurs sadly. "Neither I nor my child has tasted food since yesterday."

Dodger persuades her to join him in a nearby restaurant and for twenty-five cents each they all three have a nice meal. Since he's paid for their suppers, he figures he's entitled to be a little nosy, and upon questioning her, he learns that she was deserted by her husband. She has been earning a humble living by sewing but she is now unable to find work. Dodger escorts the lady and her child back to her room.

"Can't you compel your husband to support you?" he asks.

"I don't know where he is," answers the woman despondently.

"If you will tell me his name, I may come across him some day."

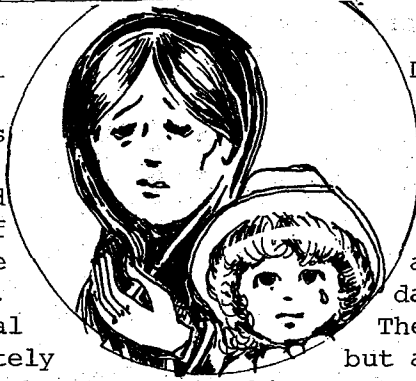
"His name," she says, "is Curtis Waring." Small world, isn't it?

Now here's a fine fix. Dodger has found a way to foil Curtis and help Florence, but how can he get enough money for three tickets to New York before Uncle John pops off? The trip will take five-hundred dollars. He gives the woman some money and tells her he will return the next day. Deep in thought he walks through the darkened streets. In typical Alger style he stumbles right into a situation which will solve the big how?

Hearing a stifled cry, he looks up to behold a sight that startles him. On the sidewalk lies the prostrate figure of a man. Over him, bludgeon in hand, bends a ruffian, whose purpose is only too evident.

In an instant Dodger dashes against

## The Abandoned Wife



the ruffian, knocking him down as the club falls from his hand.

Dodger quickly grabs it and raps the thug over the noggin. He is a brutal looking fellow and he demands, "Give me that stick!"

Dodger is no chicken. "Come and take it," he returns, undaunted.

The fellow rushes at our hero, but another vigorous blow makes him retreat cautiously.

"Were you going to rob him?" asks the fearless boy. Dumb question.

"None of your business!" Dumb answer.

He makes another rush and Dodger gives him another sharp whack with the bludgeon. Dodger bangs the stick on the sidewalk to attract the attention of the police, and the attacker, fearful of arrest, takes to his heels and bolts around the corner, right into the arms of the approaching fuzz.

"Where am I?" asks the prostrate man. "What has happened?"

Dodger gives him the straight story and the man is naturally overwhelmed with gratitude. The brave boy assists the man, an older gentleman approaching fifty, to his room at the elegant Palace Hotel.

It seems the old man was carrying eleven thousand simoleons in his wallet, and out of appreciation, he peels off a thousand and gives it to Dodger as a reward. Dodger makes with a few protest noises, but he eventually accepts the cash. The author tells us simply: It is not always that the money we need is so quickly supplied.



In the meantime, Florence, down to her last cent, tries sewing vests to make a living. She earns a quarter for each vest but it takes her all day to make one, and that totals up to a pretty skimpy salary for one who was once up in the big fifty-cents-an-hour class. She begins to show the effects of hard work and close confinement. She grows pale and thin and her face is habitually sad.

In despair she goes to the pawnbroker

# Don't Panic, Folks!



## Membership

Membership in the Southern Oregon Historical Society is open to all interested persons:

Pioneer .....	\$ 7.50
(ancestors arrived in state prior to December, 1889)	
Basic .....	\$ 7.50
Family .....	\$ 10
Contributor .....	\$ 25
Sponsor .....	\$ 50
Benefactor .....	\$100

Dues are payable annually to the Southern Oregon Historical Society Inc., P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Ore. 97530. The Society maintains headquarters in the Jacksonville Museum.

## Privileges of Membership

As a member of the Society, you will receive:

- An historic theme calendar each year, free
- Advance, personal announcement of Society events
- Free, or discounted, admission to Society programs
- An invitation to preview new exhibits, openings, et cetera
- The Society newsletter
- A 15% discount on items in the Museum Store
- Voting rights at annual membership meeting
- Free admission to the Portland Art Museum

### Southern Oregon Historical Society

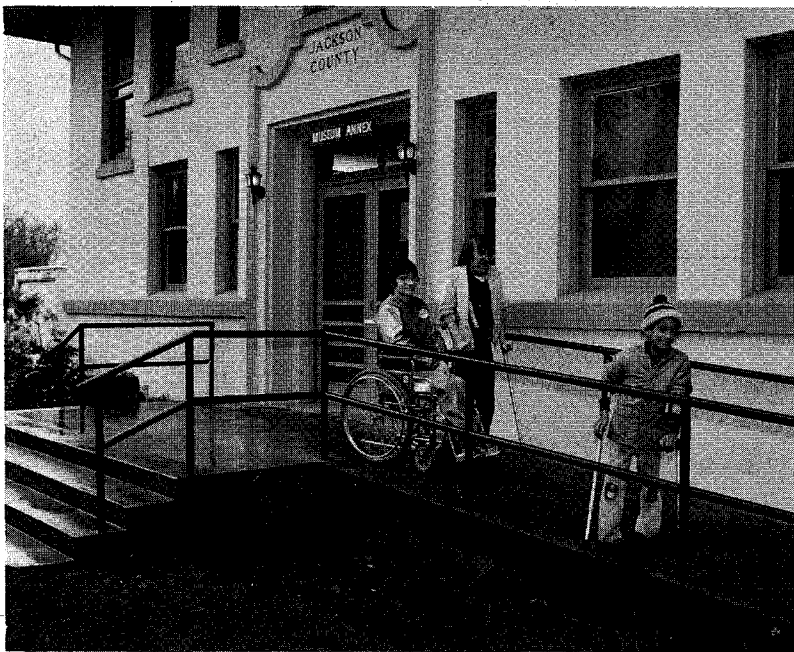
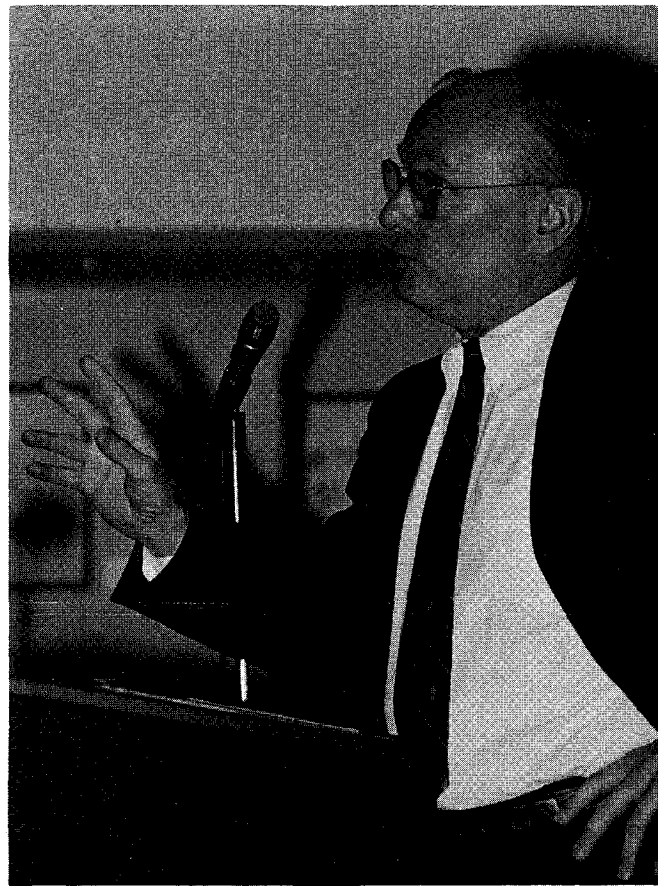
#### Membership Application

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Membership category \_\_\_\_\_  
Amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

*Photographs by Doug Smith*

## April Activities

As a prelude to Preservation Week Robertson E. Collins, Vice-Chairman of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, presented an address and slide program in the U.S. Hotel Ballroom on April 23. His topic was "Reconstruction Policies and Preservation Issues: the Naples Earthquake, 1930-1981. The program was based on his visit to the devastated area. Members of the Goldiggers Guild served as hostesses.



◀ The newly constructed wheelchair ramp at the children's museum was dedicated in April by Steve, Alfred and Mike Schneider. Mike is the southern Oregon Easter Seal poster child.



The annual luncheon for SOHS volunteer was held at Elmer's Pancake House on April 22. During the program Billie Youngblood and Elizabeth Vickerman were given pins for over 500 hours of volunteer work.

with her cherished fifty dollar ring that Uncle gave her on her last birthday. As she leaves the pawnshop with five dollars, she is startled by a shout: "I have found you at last, Florence!"

The reasons for that statement are a little hazy. Poor Flo was broke and hungry and patoozlie, but she wasn't lost. Anyway, she looks up and sees--- Dodger! (*Chimes, bells, trumpets and fireworks.*)

The new well-dressed, even more manly Dodger says, "I have come back to restore you to your rights and give Curtis Waring the most disagreeable surprise he ever had." And he starts out by reclaiming her ring. A sweet thought indeed; there's so much good in that boy.

As all this is going on, Mrs. O'Keefe and her crony, Tim Bolton, are far from idle. Mrs. O'Keefe has slyly got herself hired as a nurse for old Uncle John so she can be in the thick of things. She's getting paid four dollars a week for snooping, and all the while she's constantly dinging at the old gentleman about his niece. For some time he has been aware that he has wronged Florence and he desperately wants her to come home, but the dastardly Curtis insists that she has disappeared.

Mrs. O'Keefe sets the stage. She takes the poor old malingering uncle to the library and hides with him behind the draperies. Tim Bolton arrives and is ushered into the room. Soon the unsuspecting Curtis comes in. Tim Bolton says, "You sent for me?"

Curtis: "I did."

"On business?"

"My uncle is failing fast. He may be dead within a week. He has to give up this idea that his son is still alive."

"Well, it happens to be true."

"Yes, but he must not know it."

Curtis goes on to instruct Tim to sign a statement that he had abducted the son and that he had died of typhoid fever. The kid is well out of the way, says Curtis. "I drugged him and shipped him off to San Francisco." Now Unk must write a new will giving everything to his nephew, faithful old Curtis, who will then give Tim a thousand dollars

for his assistance.

Behind the portiere Uncle John and Mrs. O'Keefe hear everything. Uncle is, to say the least, a bit shaken. The two of them push aside the curtains and enter the library. Mrs. O'Keefe is grinning like a cat with a canary and Unk looks like the avenging angel.

Curtis is pretty taken aback at the sight of the two, but he decided to brazen it out. "What do you mean," he thunders to the nurse, "bringing my sick uncle down here? You are unfit as a nurse. Start packing!"

She gets sassy. "I shall leave when I get ready," she snaps. Me and Mr. Linden have heard everything."

Curtis turns livid and his heart sinks. He has had his day. Curses. Uncle John really laces into him and gives him the message loud and clear, and just then, in comes Florence and Dodger. The reunion is touching and there's not a dry eye in the house, except for Curtis who growls quite a bit.

We're not quite ready for the final curtain. At this point the neglected little hausfrau and the offspring whom Curtis had deserted to live on leftover dishwater, timidly enter. Curtis has taken enough comeuppance for any villain to absorb in one day. Here's someone he can *still* bully around. "Begone, woman," he hisses. "I shall never recognize you."

The rejected wife looks despairingly at Uncle who is getting healthier by the minute. He informs Curtis in no uncertain terms that he *will* recognize the little woman of he will be cut off without a penny. If he sticks by her, he'll get two thousand a year. Curtis makes some quick calculations in mental arithmetic, and accepts the proposition. Once she realizes her power, the triumphant little wifie will probably nag the life out of him, but it's no more than he deserves and he's smart enough to figure that out.

It's time for a happy ending. But Florence and Dodger--now the wealthy young Linden cousins--will never forget when they were *adrift in New York*.

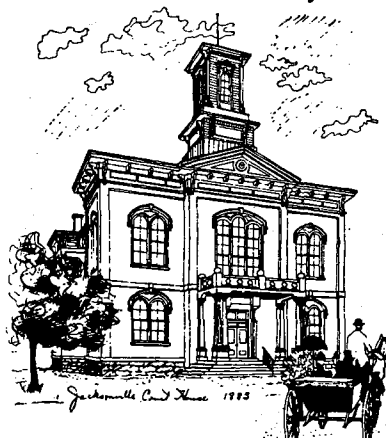
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The Southern Oregon Historical Society is most grateful to the people who have become Contributors, Sponsors or Benefactors in their membership categories. Without their generous help, the monthly newsletter and the annual gift calendar would have lower standards of quality. Our thanks go to the Benefactors: Mr. Frank R. Alley, III, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Don Frisbee, Ms. Mary Snider Greenman, Mr. Robert Heffernan, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hubbard, Clifford and Donna Martin, Douglas and Iva Orme, Mr. Bill Parrett, Mr. E. E. Smith, Warren and Ardeane Smith, and Mr. Milton Ulstad; and to the Sponsors: Ms. Eleanor Ames, Verne and Antonio Beebe, Ms. Nedra B. Belloc, Mr. R. D. Biggs, Mrs. M. P. Brooks, Mrs. Greer Drew, Mr. Otto J. Frohnmayer, Ms. Margaret E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Soloski, and John and Eleanor Ward. Members of the Contributor category will be acknowledged in the June issue of the newsletter.

### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## SOHS SCHEDULES EXHIBIT

Jime Matoush, Curator of Exhibits, announces that *The Story of a Goblet*, a Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition will be on view in the Pinto Theater in the Children's Museum from June 1 to June 27. The exhibit consists of photographs, prints, explanatory text and glass objects which describe the making of a goblet with an air-twist stem, a technique which has changed little since Roman times. The glass objects will be provided through the courtesy of Steuben Glass of New York. On display will be 14 panels and a case of glass objects showing the steps in the forming process.

## BOOKSTORE OFFERS NEW COOKBOOK

Dottie Bailey, SOHS Administrative Assistant, makes the following announcement for the HARD WORKING man or woman: Even if you don't work, DO we have the cook book for you! *The Golden Jubilee Cook Book* is a compilation of favorite recipes from many sources. It is written in beautiful calligraphy, takes the drudgery out of cooking, and makes it possible to whip up a delicious meal in minutes. The recipes have been tested by several cooks on the museum staff and they all report great success. It is for sale in the museum book store at a members' special price of \$4.50.