

8/82

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Director's Corner

I would like to call your attention to two fine organizations: the Golddiggers Guild of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, and the Oregon Historical Society. First, the Golddiggers Guild: this association, organized in April 1977, consists of thirty to forty hardworking ladies of the Rogue Valley who act as a fund-raising auxilliary for our Society. Most historical societies and museums are chronically short of money; SOHS is no exception. Fortunately the activities of the Guild have brought in many dollars which have greatly assisted the Society in acquiring historical artifacts that we would not otherwise have received. Currently the ladies are at it again. They are gathering items for their "Treasures and Trinkets" sale to be held on August 27 and 28. If you would like to assist them in their efforts, please contact Jean Cope, 482-1839, or Gretchen Mohr, 772-5406. This endeavor is for a most worthy cause--us. If you have nothing to donate, plan to attend the sale and purchase some of the attractive treasures and trinkets.

Second: the Oregon Historical Society: this is the most influential agency of its kind in the Pacific Northwest. Although it has Oregon in its name, it is, in reality, a regional research center and is internationally known for its excellence. Supporting its work is supporting the cause of history in all other areas of its influence. One of the advantages of being a member of the Southern Oregon Historical Society is that you may join the Oregon Historical Society at a great discount. The Oregon Historical Society's individual annual membership is \$15; a member of SOHS may join for \$10. Your OHS membership will bring you the Oregon Historical Quarterly, a scholarly publication that is written in a way that all of us easy-chair historians can read. Other benefits include bookstore discounts, bi-monthly newsletters, tours and other special events.

Starting in August our members will receive with their renewal notices a form to complete if they wish to become members of OHS.

Cover Photograph

Bill Burk

With no television to provide Sunday games, no campers to equip for a weekend junket and no automobiles to get the family there and back in a hurry, vacationers at the turn of the century found spending time in the woods no small chore. When they'd loaded up tents, bedding, cooking equipment, food and a change of clothing, hitched up Dobbin and Polly to the wagon, and plodded off to Dead Indian, Cinnabar or some other shady spot, it was only sensible to stay as long as they could.

The cover photograph from the Britt collection shows Emil Britt, extreme left, and Mollie, third, in black, with some unidentified friends, enjoying the wildwood. There may have been some advantages: no noisy traffic, no quarreling neighbors, no dressing for dinner, and no long traffic lines on the way home. But consider the uninvited varmints and the limited bathing privileges. Would the smell of fresh coffee in the crisp, morning air make up for all of that?

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THE SHORT, STORMY LIFE OF JAMES D. FAY

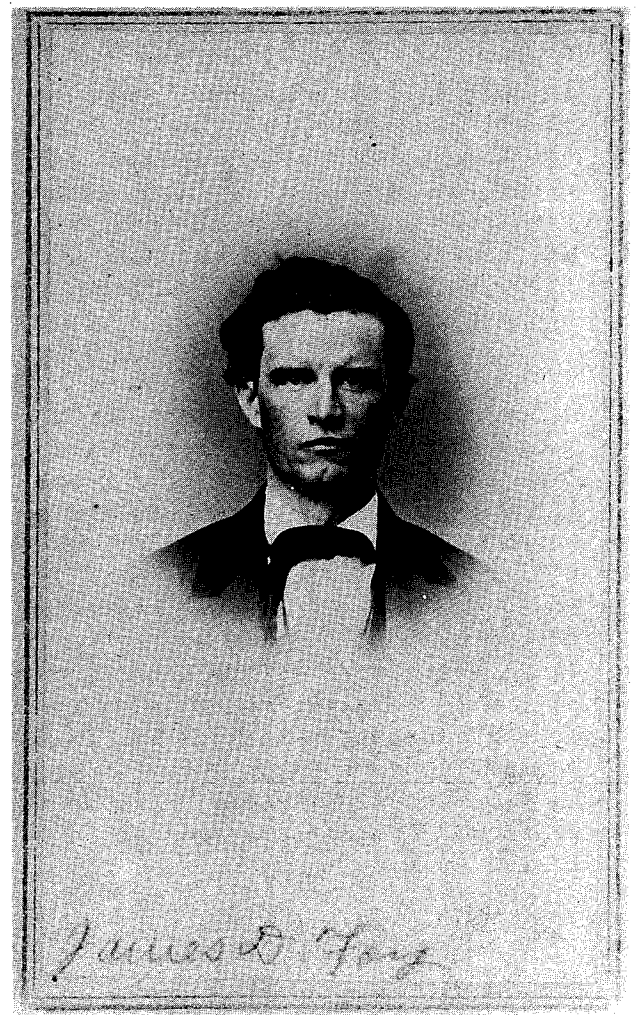
A meeting of the members of the bar was held at the Court House at Empire City, Coos County, Oregon, on the ninth day of June, 1879, and a special committee presented a resolution which the other members unanimously adopted. The document was in honor of one of their colleagues who had died some time before, and it stated, in part:

WHEREAS, Hon. James D. Fay, a member of the Bar of the State of Oregon, on the morning of the thirtieth of May, A.D., 1879, passed from Earth to Eternity, and

WHEREAS, the spirit that came without volition, *upon its own will* has sought to discover the sublime mysteries of futurity and is no longer with us upon earth forever; therefore,

RESOLVED, That the death of Hon. James D. Fay was not only a shock, but a source of profound sorrow to every member of the Bar attending upon this Court, as well as to a large circle of friends, not merely in the State of Oregon, but elsewhere throughout the United States.

RESOLVED, That in his death the legal fraternity has lost a mind that admirably adorned the profession; a soul, whilst impulsive, was generous, chivalric and true [and an associate] of whom it could be said he harbored no revenge --he always loved his friends; in our opinion, James D. Fay was a *man*, and may



God rest his soul in peace.

The statement in the second WHEREAS, "upon [his] own will [he] sought to discover the sublime mysteries of futurity," is a euphemistic manner of saying that Hon. James D. Fay took his own life.

Surely the always-asked question must have again arisen: why would a young man, still in his thirties and with a bright future before him, kill himself? He had many enemies; could someone else have pulled the trigger?

Sadly, there is little recorded of James D. Fay's boyhood. He was born in South Carolina but, very early in his teens, he left his home state, his family and his friends and crossed the plains to the Willamette Valley. There is no doubt that he was a courageous and precocious boy, eager to learn a trade, get ahead in the world and clever enough to dedicate

himself to that endeavor. But, according to Mr. LaFayette Lane, who orated James Fay's eulogy, upon his arrival in Oregon, after the ordeal of the long trip and the lack of security and family ties, he was bewildered and uncertain. For a time, he drifted about the frontier settlements, barely making a livelihood.

His state of indecision and his lack of purpose seem far from unusual today; after all, he was not more than fifteen years old. Pioneer life provided little time for growing up. When a youth was big enough to go to work, he was old enough, and an underage idler was every bit as bad as an adult idler. But a young man, so gifted and personable, was not destined to remain unnoticed for long. He attracted the attention of Hon. A. J. Thayer, a member of the Oregon legislature, who took him in hand and developed a great personal interest in him. Encouraging him to study law, he sponsored him and arranged for his education.

After James Fay completed his schooling, he was admitted to the bar. Although he had little experience and had not yet begun to build his reputation, he was appointed City Attorney for Corvallis, a position he held until he moved to Josephine county in 1861. The following year he was elected to the Oregon House of Representatives. Because of his youth he was almost completely ignored for a time, and he regarded his stay there at first as a state of exile. By the end of his term, however, he had gained the respect of his associates and had made a distinguished record. A year later, in 1863, he moved to Jacksonville, and in 1864 he was returned to the Legislature. That same year, in October, he married Gertrude Applegate, a daughter of the well-known frontiersman, Jesse Applegate. Within the year a son was born to them.

Early in his term, James Fay provoked the wrath of the editor of the *Oregon Herald*, a Portland newspaper which had high-handedly assumed it was the voice of the Democratic party. James Fay was the top ranking Democrat

in Jackson County, and he was singled out for the main brunt of the attack. The paper accused him of buying the votes of other senators, having a voting record that revealed the promotion of his personal interests and being in general an unreliable representative of the people.

James Fay did not meekly bow his head and accept the lash. He fought back with considerable furor. On the front page of the Jacksonville *Democratic Times* appeared four columns which he had written in which he made his counter attack on the *Herald*. He accused the editor of trying to ostracize him as well as several other senators and the speaker of the house. In no uncertain terms he stated that the *Herald* had inflicted great damage to the party, was far from being the voice of the Democrats, and was guilty of scurrilous lies. He appeared to be well able to defend himself against such vilification and, in fact, defiantly made a number of keen retaliatory stabs at the editor's back.

It was soon apparent to all that James D. Fay could not be charged with running from a fight; in fact, he was far more apt to run to a fight. Shortly after his election he presented another four-column--and then some--story in the *Times*, dated February 18, 1871, headed "Letter From Senator Fay To the Citizens of Jackson County." In this eloquent and explosive message he reviewed the political events preceding the election, emphasizing, for the most part, those which concerned the proposed railroad through the Rogue River and Umpqua Valleys. He revealed the private decisions made by individual members, for and against the railroad, for both Republicans and Democrats, and did not hesitate to give the names of those who, he believed, were "on the take," and expecting a piece of the "chicken pie" for their affirmative vote.

The information, of course, was extremely damaging to senators whom he accused of bribery, and some of his claims were slanderous. He accused several Democrat senators, whom he

named, of visiting the Republican headquarters, and he clearly indicated there was evidence of collusion. Most of the men whose names were given did not retaliate in kind. Fighting libel always seems to give it substance, and perhaps, they, unlike James Fay, had no agreeable editor at their disposal to publish their angry diatribes. In any case, the editor of the *Portland Herald* was blasting their enemy as diligently as he could.

Hon. Joseph Wells, a Democrat, published a counter offensive in which he denied everything and indulged in some plain and fancy invectives of his own. He concluded with, "These contemptible insinuations, low-flung, far-fetched, unfounded and malicious, as they are, could only have been hatched out in the filthy brain of the lying blatherskite who is their author." Strong words.

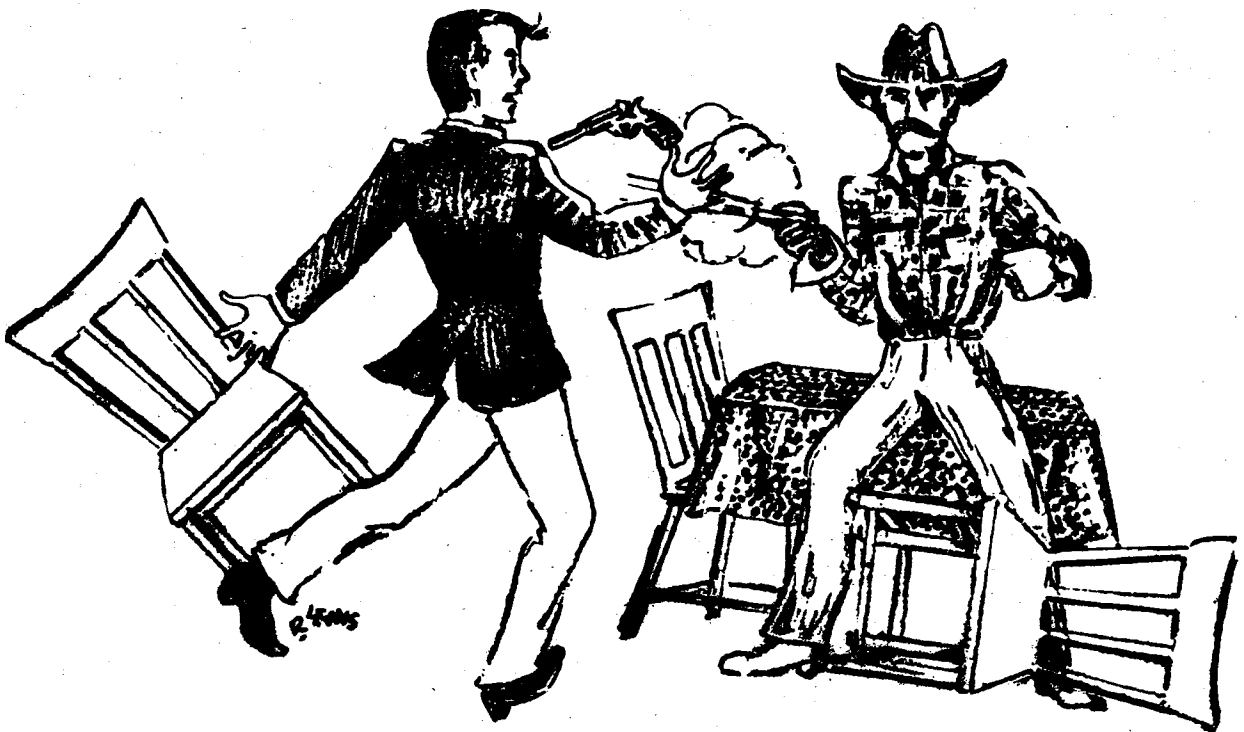
There is no doubt that James Fay derived considerable pleasure from his talent for making powerful enemies, but he overlooked one truism: When you are looking for dirt in others, you should

make certain your own coat tails are immaculate.

Unfortunately just at this time James Fay became involved in a lurid scandal and was charged with seduction. The young lady, Hannah Ralls, a former maid in the Fay household, gave birth to an illegitimate child and named James Fay as the father, declaring he had promised to marry her.

Under the headline, "An Attempted Murder," the deplorable story first came to light in the *Democratic Times* of March 4, 1871:

On Saturday last, while Senator Fay was seated in the Bella Union Saloon reading a newspaper, with his back to the door, V.S. Ralls [Hannah's father] entered and without a word drew his pistol. Mr. Fay, happening to glance up, caught sight of the action, and springing to his feet had barely time to draw his revolver and present it, when



Ralls fired, the parties being about six feet apart. The ball from Ralls' pistol glanced along the [barrel] of Mr. Fay's pistol, struck the end of the ...trigger guard, driving the plate back and disabling the weapon. [The men] were so close together that the powder burnt Mr. Fay's fingers and face. The ball split on the end of the plate, a part going through Mr. Fay's coat, pocket book and striking the second rib on the right, inflicting a painful flesh wound; while the concussion of the blow on the pistol caused it to inflict painful wounds on the hands and fingers. Ralls, immediately upon firing, retreated to the street and fired two more shots into the saloon at Mr. Fay who was virtually disarmed, happily however, inflicting no other damage. (Here the reporter tossed objectivity to the breeze and revealed that the *Democratic Times* clearly supported James Fay.) A more deliberate attempt at murder was never perpetuated in this State. We understand the proper steps have been taken to bring the attempted murderer to justice.

The citizens of Jacksonville were delighted with the scandal, and a local politician (and Democrat), a Mr. Neil, immediately wired the shocking details to the *Portland Herald*. The *Herald* had a field day and gleefully printed the messages from Mr. Neil. The *Democratic Times* at once rallied to James Fay's defense and angrily attacked the *Portland* paper.

In a story of March 11, the *Times* declared that, although the Jacksonville papers had not publicized the story in respect to the poor girl and because the seduction suit had not yet reached the court, the editor of the *Herald* had displayed no such chivalry or gentility. In fact he had paraded her shame and had used her misfortune as an instrument of his private vengeance. Now other *Portland* papers, toadying to the *Herald*, without waiting to hear both sides of the case, had repeated the story which had been sent to the *Herald* by a "lying

coward who did not dare append his name to his communication."

The *Times* story continued its defense: "Mr. Fay has publicly denied the charge [and has] informed the father of the girl of his anxiety for the legal investigation." He has refrained from airing the facts of his innocence because these will be revealed in court. The *Herald* lied when it stated that "the whole community believes him guilty." Even his enemies do not believe that."

Poor Hannah, greatly disturbed by the commotion she had produced, wandered off into the woods in a deranged state. When her disappearance was discovered, James Fay organized a search for her. Her mother, who was traveling around somewhere out of the country, was sent for at Mr. Fay's expense. When the unfortunate girl was found, she was taken to the Fay home for medical attention. She suffered no ill effects from her little excursion although she had been exposed to the cold. Every man in the search party had offered his coat to the half-clad girl--except Mr. Neil, the scoundrel who had leaked the story to the *Herald* in the first place.

Mr. Neil fired off a telegram in which he asserted James Fay had been in great danger from a mob. When this story appeared, the *Times* assured its readers that the Jacksonville paper would continue to fight such lies as everyone waited for the judicial investigation which would completely exonerate Mr. Fay and squash the damnable conspiracy hatched up by his political enemies.

Sometime before this, Mr. William Turner, who had been a telegraph editor, had made a number of shady deals and had been exposed by James Fay. Turner had shortly before become editor of the *Republican* (Jacksonville) *Oregon Sentinel*, a rival of the *Democratic Times*, and he could not resist the challenge. He entered the battle on the side of the *Portland Herald*, determined to polish off Mr. Fay. Turner dug into Fay's past, overlooking no opportunities to discover any unsavory facts. The editor of the *Democratic Times* investigated

Turner's background with equal enthusiasm. The battle between the two papers continued for months after the Ralls-Fay cases had been concluded.

The trials, [1] attempted murder and [2] seduction, came up at last. On the surface they were both concerned with the guilt or innocence of the two accused men. Below the surface they were eruptions of an undeclared combat between the two party machine and a pitched battle between the two Jacksonville papers, the *Democratic Times* and the Republican *Sentinel*. The actors played to standing room only. Both cases had the exciting sensationalism of a soap opera, and they came as a welcome break in the day-to-day flatness of pioneer life on the Oregon frontier.

Mr. Ralls was acquitted of the charge of attempted murder, and the verdict brought considerable applause--and some booing. James Fay announced he was content with the outcome; he held no bitterness for an attack by a man who had mistakenly thought he was defending his daughter's honor.

For the second trial, the attorney for the defense had rounded-up as a witness, Mr. Tribble, who testified that Hannah Ralls' background hadn't been so lily-white as she had alleged. He knew a thing or two but a gent couldn't tell everything. James Fay was acquitted of the seduction charge amid considerable applause--and some booing. For the two defendants the conclusion was a draw. But the political parties and the newspapers had just begun to fight.

Mr. Tribble must have been an unconvincing witness. He was asked if he had given false evidence and he casually admitted he had lied. He was immediately charged with perjury but released pending his trial. The next day Hannah Ralls and her sister accosted him on the streets of Jacksonville and whipped him with cowhide whips--a little touch of frontier justice at work. Shortly thereafter he left town and avoided a trial. It was later revealed that he was wanted in Polk County as a horse thief. He came to a bad end, you may be sure.



The investigation of Turner by the *Democratic Times* revealed that while he was a telegraph editor, he had falsified public dispatches, and while he was Superintendent of Schools, he had defrauded the tax payers and swindled miners out of their claims. He was a squaw man who gambled and thieved with the Indians, and eventually he deserted his Indian wife and his half-breed children to starve while he came to Jacksonville to slander upright citizens like Senator Fay. Thus exposed, Turner followed Tribble's example; he left town.

James Fay weathered the inquisition better than did his opponent. It was revealed that he had paid no taxes in 1870 other than his poll tax, he had taken \$1340 in salary during the last term of the Circuit Court, he had stained the expensive carpet in his office, and, after great effort was made by the citizens to beautify the Court House yard, he had had a woodshed built right out in plain view. In addition his law office adjoined the grand jury room and he probably listened in on everything that transpired there. Compared to the dirt turned up about Mr. Turner, these charges were piddling. Accepting his salary and spilling his lunch on the taxpayers' carpet weren't very critical breaches of public trust, and the Democrats easily won the battle. Mr. Fay came out just about as sweet as the proverbial rose. He was soon made president of both the Jacksonville Jockey Club and the Jacksonville Agricultural Club, and was reelected to the State Senate in 1872 where he was elected President by a unanimous vote of both parties. Hon. LaFayette Lane declared, "A higher honor could not have been conferred." After her brief starring role as a betrayed maiden, Hannah Ralls with her fatherless daughter faded into obscurity.

During James Fay's term in the Senate his wife died, and his little son was taken by his grandfather. After the completion of his term in 1874, Fay moved to San Francisco where he entered law practice. Perhaps his decision to leave Jackson-

ville was reached because the policy of the *Oregon Sentinel* had not changed even though William Turner had left the area. At every opportunity the paper presented Fay in the most vituperative terms and continually referred to his gouging the taxpayers and his fathering an illegitimate daughter. An example of the paper's tasteless barrage of smut is found in the last two verses of a nasty little poem which the paper shamelessly printed. It is called "Poor Jimmy Fay, You've Had Your Day":

*You think you can make and remake men
And your friends may think so maybe
But your greatest effort in that line
Was one very small gal baby.
Now Jimmy go and bag your head
And say your name ain't Fay
And we'll put you in your little bed
And there we'll let you stay.*

In San Francisco his ability soon attracted favorable attention, and he was appointed a member of the Board of State Land Commissioners for California. He married a second time.

During the next few years he did not grow any less impulsive, and his short temper did not mellow with experience. In an article dated April 11, 1879, the *Jacksonville Democratic Times*, which had faithfully defended him through the years, chided him for losing his control in the city criminal court in San Francisco. The *Times* article clearly reveals his impetuosity and his sharp talent for making enemies.

Just as the prosecuting attorney had completed his opening speech, James Fay entered the court room. Seeing an unoccupied chair among a group of attorneys, he went to it and sat down. Shortly afterward, a prosecuting witness, Mr. Neilson, came into the court room. Going up to James Fay, he said, "That is my chair, and I want it."

Fay snapped back, "I do not know of any private property in the chairs. If you want a seat, speak to the bailiff and he will procure you one."

"Well, that is very ungentlemanly," said Mr. Neilson.

James Fay raised his forearm with the back of his hand outward, and said, "Please repeat that."

Mr. Neilson again said, "That is very ungentlemanly," and Fay, with a graceful motion of his arm, deliberately slapped Mr. Neilson's face. There was a resonant smack in the courtroom. Mr. Neilson looked astonished and James Fay sat down in a most unconcerned manner.

The judge called for the bailiff to intercede and Neilson squared off and "put up his dukes." Fay instantly leaped to his feet, and before the bailiff could reach the scene, rained a series of shoulder blows on Mr. Neilson, who rapidly retreated "over the corns of the front row of the jury." The prosecuting attorney, seeing his principal witness about to escape, called for assistance from the judge.

Mr. Neilson, seeing an empty seat, sat down and declared that Mr. Fay apparently hadn't dared to follow him into the hall. Fay went to Mr. Neilson, stooped over him and said, slowly and acidly, "I am ready to meet you at any time, night or day, in any place." Neilson, thoroughly frightened and no longer interested in a show of bravado, appealed for help, shouting that James Fay was threatening him and trying to intimidate him. Fay, in an audible stage whisper, called him a couple of names "in the Saxon language" which questioned both his truthfulness and his legitimacy, and left the courtroom.

Such bullying tactics were not exactly guaranteed to win friends.

In spite of occasional altercations with his opponents, James Fay was a successful and popular attorney. His touchy temper wasn't so hateful when it flared in behalf of a client. He was busy, respected and productive. His correspondence with his partners and his friends at this time reveals that he was hopeful for the future and had never been in more "buoyant spirits."

In May 1879 he was called to Coos Bay on a professional visit, but the matter was taken care of in short order and he prepared to return to San Francisco. He had written his office concerning future plans, and his schedule called for his departure

before noon. He arose early and, having time on his hands, he stopped in at Sprague's Saloon. The sudden and unpredictable actions leading to his death occurred there. The *Democratic Times* in a story headed "A Sad Occurrence" gives the details.

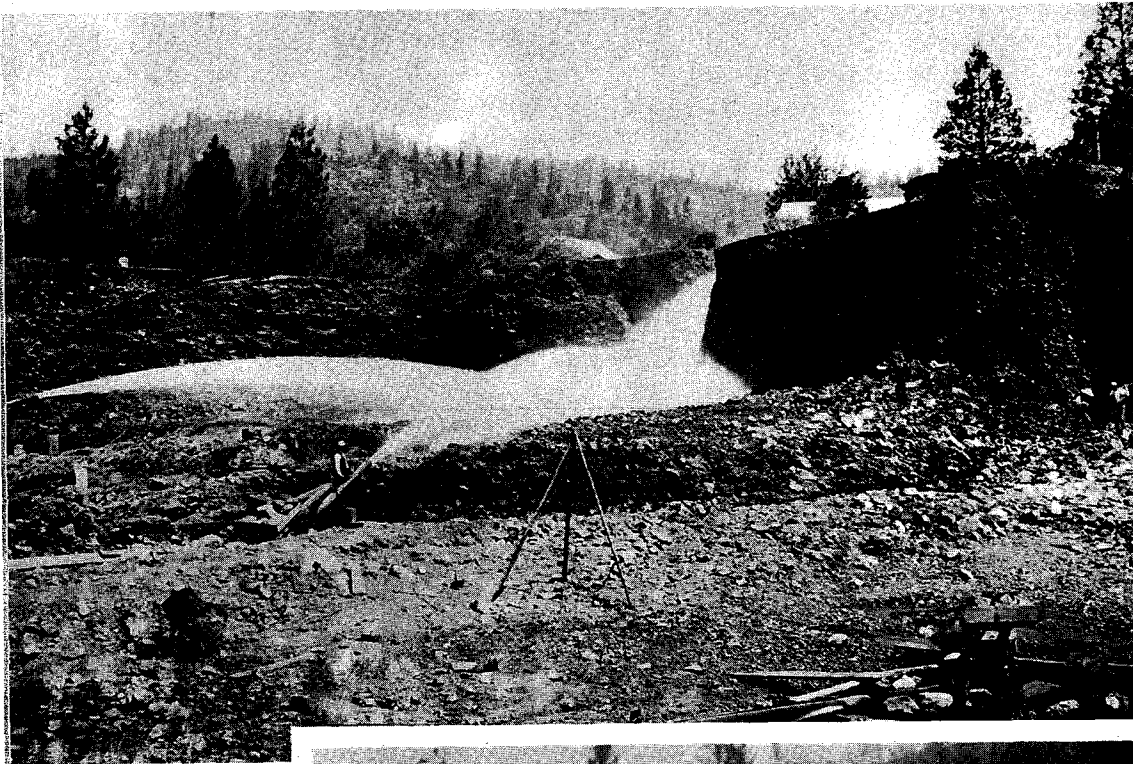
MARSHFIELD (OR.) May 30th. James Fay committed suicide at Empire City this morning at half-past 7 o'clock by shooting himself through the head. The particulars are about as follows: He was in Sprague's saloon at the time, Mr. Sprague leaving Mr. Fay sitting alone. Shortly after going out Mr. Sprague heard a pistol shot in the saloon, and running in found Mr. Fay still sitting in the chair with his head bent forward, and the blood flowing from a wound in his right temple. His pistol was lying in his lap with two chambers empty, looking as if just discharged. He died without speaking or moving after Sprague reached him. Dr. Mackay testified that death resulted instantaneously with the shot.

No reason can be assigned for this act, if it be suicide... That a man so situated in life should in his sane moments put an end to his own existence is too preposterous a thought to be entertained. Many of his friends here, as well as in San Francisco, think the circumstances point to something more than suicide. That his death was instantaneous with the wound in his temple and his pistol lying in his lap [instead of falling to the table or the floor] preclude the idea with some that the shot was fired by himself. Be that as it may, we most fervently say with family and friends, *Requiescat in pace.*

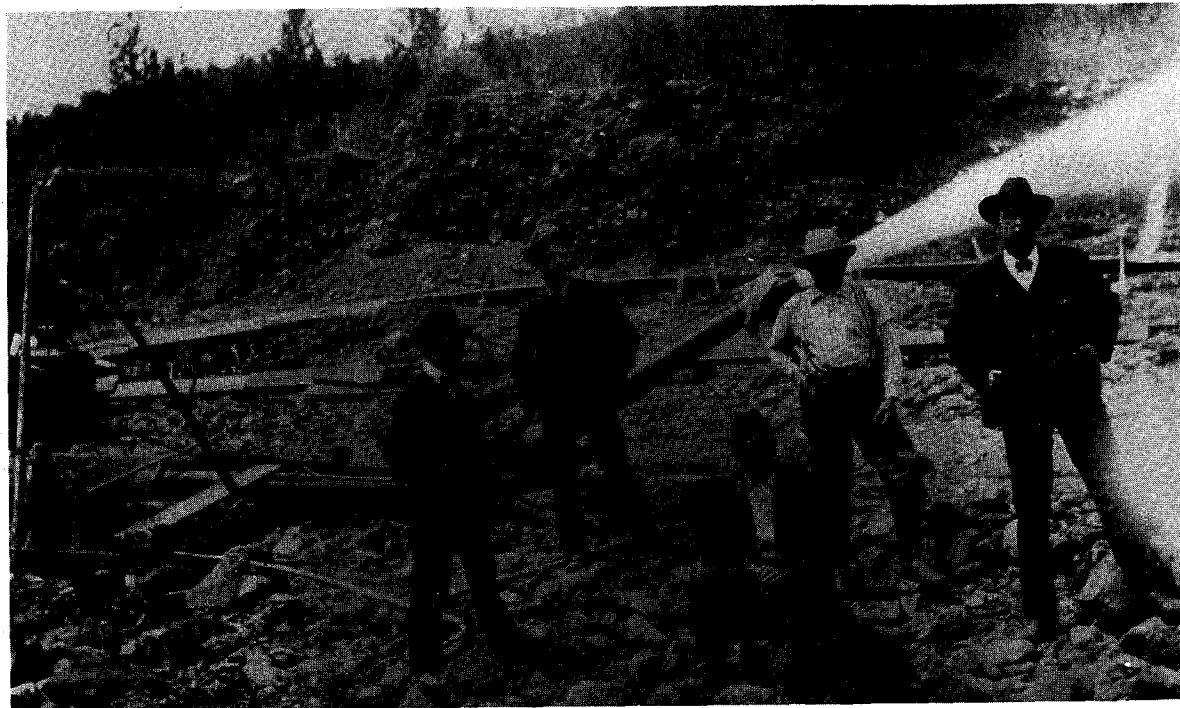
The Coos Bay police decided suicide was a reasonable explanation, and no further investigation was held. One has to be satisfied with the question only. The answer will remain forever out of reach.

PAGES FROM THE ANKENY FAMILY ALBUM

In the Sterlingville issue of the *Table Rock Sentinel* (Volume 2, Number 3, March, 1982) appeared the statement, "No pictures of Sterlingville exist." That assertion prompted Tom Emmens, a descendant of the Ankeny family of the historic Sterling mines, to do a little delving into family archives and pictures. He discovered an early photograph of the area. It appears on page 12, along with an essay about the mines written in 1899. The pictures on these pages are from an old album and were taken at relaxed family gatherings. The captions are written by Mr. Emmens.



Hydraulic giants
in operation at
the Sterling
mines.

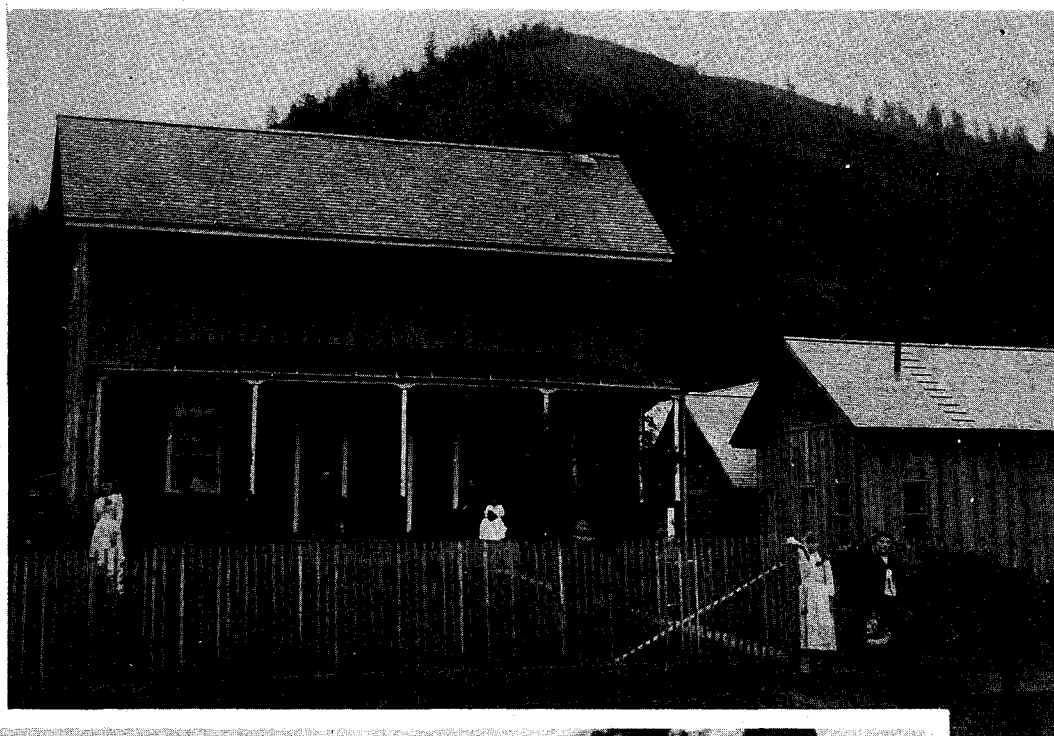


At the Sterling
mine in 1890s.
Frank Ankeny
(standing, with-
out coat)
Vin Cook, part-
ner in the mine
(seated)



the Ankeny house
Sterlingville [ca.1890] ➡

↖ The Ankeny girls [Dee and Dollie] get their bonnet strings tied. The man in the middle is unidentified.



The Ankenys at Sterlingville, [ca.1895]. Standing, left to right: Frank Ankeny, Vin Cook, Mrs. Oronoco Ankeny Cook, Ray Cook, Mrs. Henry Ankeny, Dollie Ankeny, Frank Crump, Henry Ankeny. Kneeling: Cora Ankeny Crump with her baby daughter Vivian. Seated, Gladys Ankeny.



This photograph of Sterlingville was contributed by Tom Emmens who acquired it from Jack Crump of Brookings, Oregon. It may be the only shot of Sterlingville in existence. Mr. Crump states that the picture was taken in the 1890s from the hill where the Ankeny house stood. The cluster of houses on the left is the Frank and Cora Ankeny Crump farm. The house on the extreme right is the Saltmarsh residence. The road in the center of the picture leads off to the right to Griffin Creek. The road in the center background leads to Jacksonville, passing the Sterlingville cemetery on the slope of the hill.

The Sterling Mine

The following essay was written by Dollie Ankeny Miller, Tom Emmens' grandmother, when she was a sophomore at the University of Oregon. The original is handwritten and has had corrections in wording and punctuation added. The comments do not include her grade. Dollie Ankeny was born at her parents' house at the Blue Gravel placer mine on Galice Creek, Josephine County in 1881. She married Alfred H. Miller in 1906, and their daughters are Justine Emmens of Medford and Peggy Klett of Los Angeles. Dollie Miller died in Medford in January, 1966.

In southern Oregon are located many gold mines, both quartz and placer. The one I am about to describe is the largest placer mine in that part of the state.

The Sterling Mine is situated along a small creek bearing the same name, eight miles south of Jacksonville. The surrounding country is mountainous. We often hear the place spoken of as the foothills of the Siskiyous, but the term hill seems scarcely suited to an elevation of such height.

One passing down the creek is rather surprised by coming suddenly upon what, at first, appears to be a lake, but upon closer inspection proves to be a reservoir. More than a quarter of a mile farther down the creek is the mine. Before any part of the mine can be seen the rush of water and rumbling of rocks are heard.

As I said before, the mine is along the creek and by the great water force all the ground is washed away, leaving a gorge varying in width and depth. In some places the channel is very wide and the bank is not over fifty feet deep, while in other places it is scarcely fifty feet wide and is seventy five or a hundred feet deep.

The water, that all essential element in hydraulic mining, is brought from

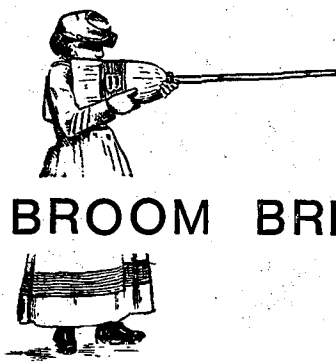
far up in the Siskiyou Mountains by means of a large ditch, twenty seven miles in length. From the ditch, the water is taken into the mines through a large iron pipe thirty-six inches in diameter. At the point where the pipe enters the mines, the large pipe gives place to two smaller ones. At the end of each of these is a giant with a nozzle never larger than seven inches in diameter. The fall from the ditch is between three and four hundred feet. The amount of water forced through these two nozzles is two hundred inches. Imagine with what force that water is sent against the bank in front!

All the dirt and gravel are washed through a flume, in the bottom of which are blocks so arranged as to leave a small space between each. Here all the gold and black sand settles. At the end of each month these boxes or flumes are cleaned. But not until the end of the season is a general clean up made. Then the bedrock is washed off as clean as possible with the pipe, after which every portion is gone over by some individual who washes, scrapes, and sweeps it. This dirt and gravel is shoveled into sluice boxes, which are similar to the flumes, only smaller. These boxes are cleaned up every night. The time required for the clean up is about a month and a half.

About twenty five men are employed in this mine, there being a day crew and a night crew. Chinese men were employed. The season for mining begins usually in January and closes the last of October or first of November.



READY.



AIM.



SALUTE.



KNAPSACK REST.

THE BROOM BRIGADE REVISITED

Victorian parents had no lack of pretty tricks to throw at their offsprings to keep them so busily occupied they'd be safe from the enticements of bad companions. If the kids knocked out enough samplers of lofty sentiments, embroidered enough cardboard mottoes, covered enough cigar boxes with ribbons and laces and pasted enough sentimental postcards into albums, they'd be too inspired--or too tired--to seek worldly frivolities. Why didn't someone come up with the thought that if the little dears were kept at these precious chores long enough, they'd become too weak to resist temptation? But no, everyone feared that idle hands would reach for tobacco or strong drink, so "keep-'em-busy-and-ignorant" continued to be the big push. There may be some auxiliary branches of this theory still thumping around in the bushes.

Miss Anna A. Gordon, assistant superintendent of Juvenile Work for the National W.C.T.U., wrote in 1886 that "the fight against Bad Habits in the battle for a clean life is growing stronger every day." She declared that "military drill takes a boy's instinct for soldiership and turns it all against sin, for it is a grand, good thing to be a soldier for 'God and Home and Native Land.'" She emphasized that girls would be just as good soldiers as boys and added, "I am obliged to say they are often better ones, for they almost never hurt their brains with strong drink and tobacco." (Maybe we'd better run through that one again.) Military drill will encourage the boys to become "total abstinence soldiers" and will discipline the rougher and more untaught boys. (Do the armed forces



Jacksonville Broom Brigade - 1888. Top girl, Anna Orth; just below, far left, Margaret Linn; below her, far left, Carrie Cronemiller; below her, left, Minnie Bybee; Amelia Muller, holding broom upright, right. Others are unidentified.

know this?) "[You must,] dear worker, secure someone who has a knowledge of military tactics and ...[who] is pure and noble" and get that worthy soul to train the young ones once a week. These youthful soldiers must join the group with the understanding that each member is a total abstainer and has "pledged against tobacco." With this early training he will then grow up to "march to temperance music under the temperance banner, and his ballot will seal the doom of liquor."

Thus was born the Broom Brigade.

The idea met with widespread success. Officials of the W.C.T.U. sponsored the clubs and provided a drill manual, *Broom Brigade Tactics for Boys and Girls*. Companies of marchers were organized from the east coast to the far west, and even included one in Jacksonville, Oregon. These broom brigadiers must have greatly aided the campaign for temperance, yet sometime around the turn of the century they disappeared from the scene. The groups were disbanded and all but forgotten. Even the W.C.T.U. kept no information about the broom brigade activity in their files.

In May of this year, William E. Meuse, Curator of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Armory National Historic Site, while examining the book, *To Be a Woman in America, 1850-1930*, came upon a photograph of the Jacksonville Broom Brigade Unit, for which credit had been given to SOHS.

Sometime earlier, Mr. Meuse had discovered a story about the Fort Atkinson Broom Brigade of 1888 in an early newspaper, and had become interested in the history of the movement. His research uncovered a photograph of that group and an original Broom Brigade uniform, complete with broom and dustpan. Delighted to discover the existence of another photograph, he wrote to Richard Engeman, SOHS librarian, and requested a copy of the Jacksonville Broom Brigade picture for his files. He also generously sent a copy of the newspaper article and several reprints of the Broom Brigade Manual which was originally issued in 1888.

The SOHS library staff was most grateful to receive the information from Mr. Meuse. For a long time researchers have speculated about the actual purpose of the group of girls known as the Jacksonville Broom Brigade as well as that of another team of young ladies called The Fan Brigade, which earlier appeared as a cover photograph on *The Table Rock Sentinel*. Mr. Meuse's contribution is a welcome explanation of the two organizations which had been photographed by Peter Britt.

Perhaps an excerpt from the manual will be helpful to those who might wish to get those teen-agers straightened up and marching smartly down the straight and narrow. Even though some of today's youngsters may have been allowed to become a little slipshod, one must assume they know what a broom is so we'll skip the beginning explanations and start right off with the tricky part.



CARRY.

The first position is CARRY BROOMS. Take the broom in the right hand--*NO!* not that one--*the one over here!* ← Now the stick is nearly vertical and resting in the hollow of the shoulder. The arms hangs nearly at full length and the stick is held with the thumb and forefinger. *THIS ONE!*

The second position is PRESENT BROOMS. With the right hand carry the broom to the center of the body, grasp the stick with the left hand and the sweep with the right. Stand at attention. Isn't that neat?



PRESENT.



You'll be crazy about this one. It's called FIRE KNEELING. Kneel on the right knee, bend the left, support the broom with the left hand, the forearm resting on the left knee.

All right. I said ALL RIGHT!. Knock it off. Get up off that floor.



CHARGE

Just when did you hear the command, "Roll on the floor"?

Now, moving right along, this is a dandy one. It's called CHARGE! You do an about face, bend the left knee, hold up the broom and lunge at the enemy.

When you get tired---oh, you're tired now. Let's try REST ON BROOMS. Reverse the broom and rest your chin on the sweep. Yes, I know it's stickery.

Don't stick that dusty broom in your mouth!

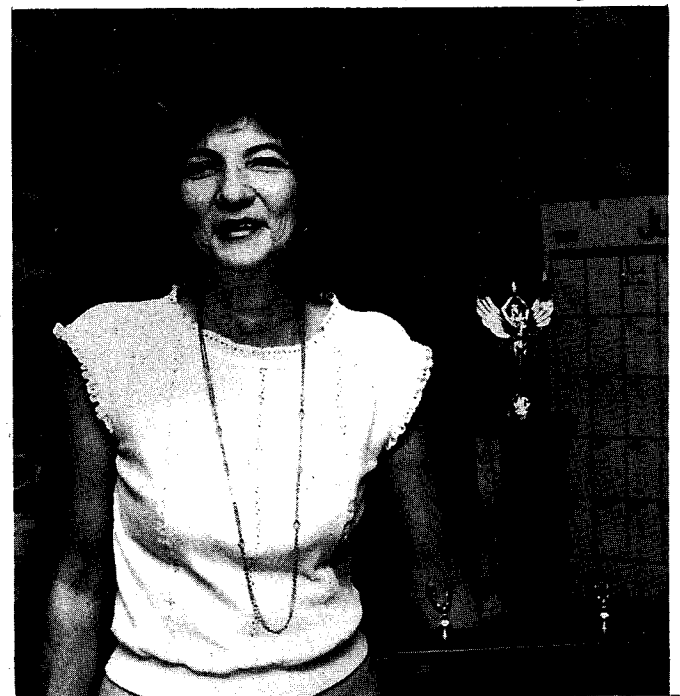
Now, brigadiers, watch this position. ..well, if you're not going to pay attention, I'm certainly not going to knock myself out teaching you these broom things. I suggest you use these brooms the way it was intended and sweep up this floor or teacher will do a step 5, CHARGE!, aimed at the enemy's bottom.

Perhaps today's youth isn't exactly ready for the drills; don't expect any over-night revival of the Broom Brigade.

SOCIETY EVENTS

Left: Peter Sage, County Commissioner, greets Mrs. Cindy Domnitz and Stephanie, her daughter. Stephanie was the 2 millionth visitor at the Museum. A TV crew recorded the event.

Left below: Bill and Cleve Tooker (of the Commercial Printing Company) hold one-fifth of the Chronological Chart, a 16 feet long life-line of all creation, which may be purchased at the Museum. Below: Dottie Bailey accepts the KOBI trophy, given to the Society for the best display at the 1982 Expo.



Photographs by Doug Smith



GOLDDIGGERS GUILD AGAIN SEEKS PAYDIRT

Members of the Golddiggers Guild of the Southern Oregon Historical Society have recently announced that their big gala sale of Treasures and Trinkets will be held this year on August 27 and 28. Mrs. Jean Cope, President of the Guild, stated that members are presently planning for the event to be held in the Medford Shopping Center in the building formerly occupied by Moore's Patio and Toy Shop. If this site is rented to a permanent occupant before that date, the Guild will announce another location in a later news release. Mrs. Herbert Kimball is in charge of publicity.

This will be the second Treasures and Trinkets sale and the ladies again promise an exciting array of merchandise--from elegant to earthy. Items will be contributed by members and friends of the Society. Among the treasures already collected are an Orrofors crystal vase, a Swiss nut-cracker, exquisite linens and laces and a mouton stole and hat.

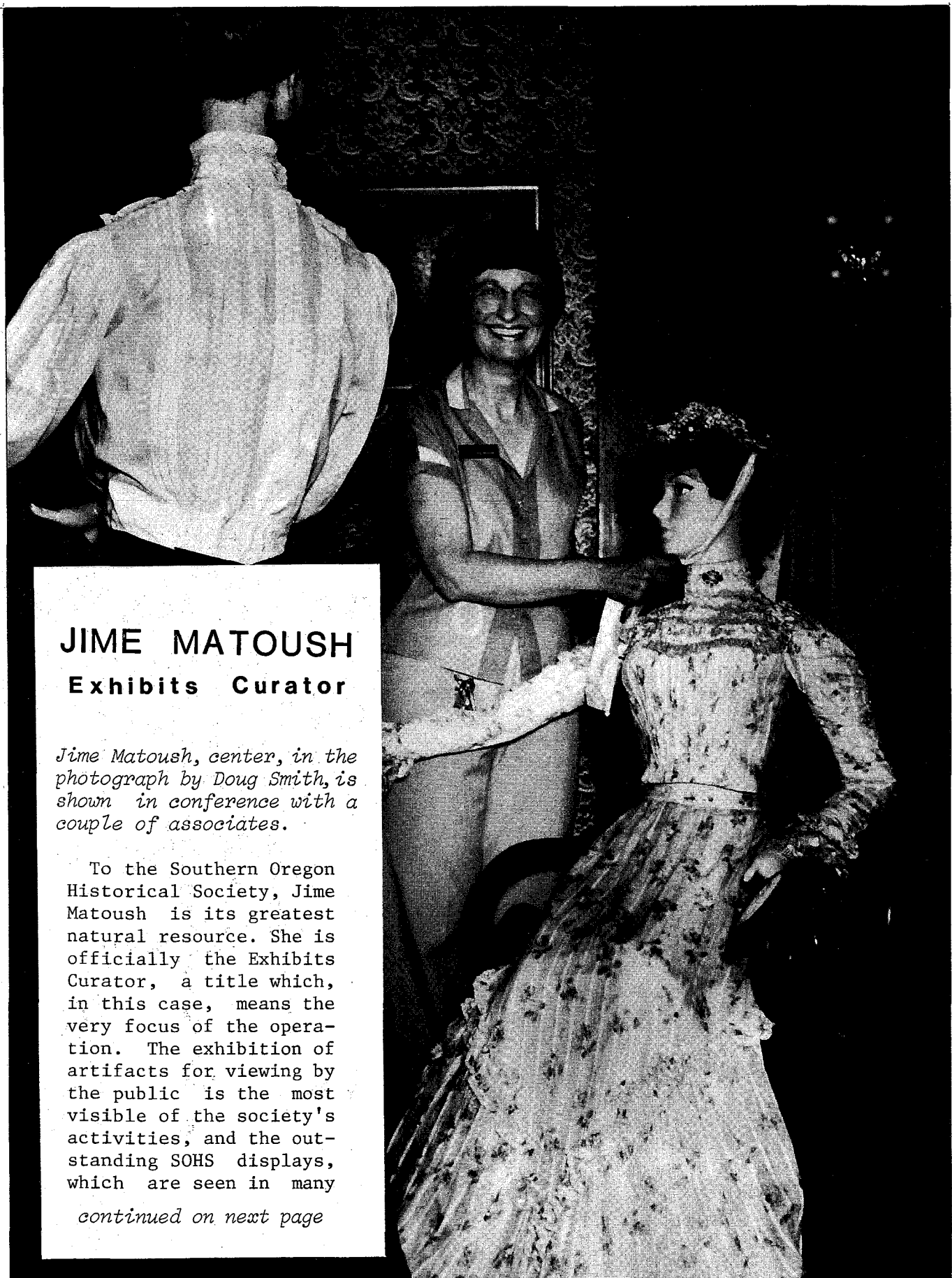
As with the last sale, all members and friends of the Historical Society are offered an opportunity to help support the Museum and take advantage of an IRS deduction for which receipts will be given. Gretchen Mohr, General Chairman, suggests gifts of furniture, linens, books, records, housewares, decorative objects, costume jewelry, jams and jellies and potted plants.

In the past Golddigger funds have been used to purchase the lace curtains in the Britt room of the Museum as well as to make a substantial contribution towards the restoration of the barroom in the U.S. Hotel. Their gifts to the Society are greatly appreciated.

Committee heads are Mrs. Joseph Bradshaw, books; Mrs. Frank Van Dyke, clothes; Mrs. Graham Butler, furniture; Mrs. Robert Emmens, garden; Gladys Bartelt, jewelry; Gladys Fortmiller, kitchen; Mrs. Harvey Granger, luggage; Ruth Richter, lingerie; Mrs. John Day, miscellaneous; Margaret Reedy, linens; Mrs. Charles Barnes, transportation arrangements; and Mrs. Fred Greene, supplies. Contributors may call Jean Cope, 482-1839 or Gretchen Mohr, 772-5406.

Shown examining some of the items offered for sale are Gretchen Mohr, in fur stole and hat; Jean Cope in Spanish shawl. Olé!





JIME MATOUSH

Exhibits Curator

Jime Matoush, center, in the photograph by Doug Smith, is shown in conference with a couple of associates.

To the Southern Oregon Historical Society, Jime Matoush is its greatest natural resource. She is officially the Exhibits Curator, a title which, in this case, means the very focus of the operation. The exhibition of artifacts for viewing by the public is the most visible of the society's activities, and the outstanding SOHS displays, which are seen in many

continued on next page



Jimi is photographed by Doug Smith at the Mercy Flights exhibition which is currently on display at the airport

places throughout southern Oregon, have been conceived and set up by this remarkable lady. Her responsibilities include the highs, such as presenting exciting display cases and scheduling historically significant traveling shows, to the lows, dusting relics and banishing spiders and other creepy crawlies. The routine is not exactly a round of earthly delights, although the results give that impression.

Jime, whose father longed for a son, was the second of six girls. She springs originally from Sheridan, Wyoming, but the family didn't stay there long. When the sugar beet factory closed down, they left for the greener fields of Colorado. Jime graduated from high school in Delta and from university in Greeley.

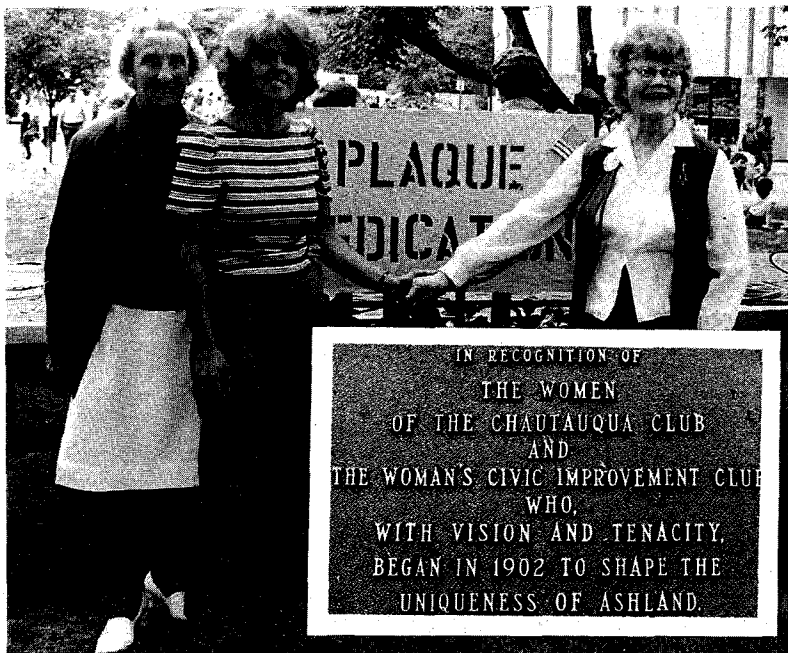
Armed with a BS degree in art education, she went to Minneapolis, Minnesota, to teach junior high school art. While she was there she met her spouse-to-be, Lyle, who had just graduated from college. They were married on the Ides of March in a heavy snowstorm, certainly a challenging beginning to an obviously successful arrangement.

Eventually they both concluded that Minneapolis was just too cold. When Lyle was offered a position as junior and senior high art teacher in Paoli, Indiana, they cheerfully left behind them Minnesota and its snowy winters. They stayed in Indiana for a couple of years and then moved to San Francisco, where Lyle accepted a teaching position at San Francisco State College. Jime went to work "running files around" the office of an insurance company.

In 1960 they moved north to Klamath Falls. Lyle taught high school art and Jime taught junior high art. For one year she served as the elementary art supervisor. Their stay in Klamath lasted five years until Lyle was offered a position at the Southern Oregon College in Ashland. He started there as an art instructor and is now a full professor.

The Matouch family includes two children: Victor, 15, who is interested in sports, and Toby, 16, who is seriously into classical piano.

Jime stated that she really enjoys working with the SOHS staff. She especially appreciates the variety in her assignments and the opportunity to use her imagination. She is grateful that she is "given her head to do her own thing." She thinks it would be nice to stick around for awhile. Members of the staff agree that it would be super with them if she does just that.



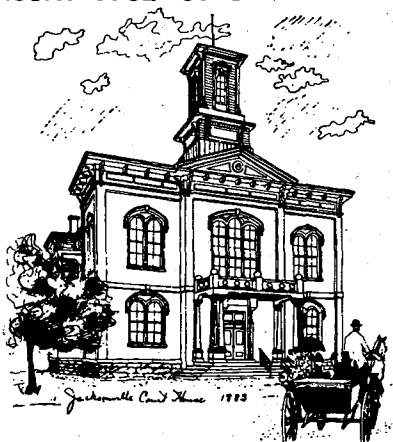
Chautauqua Club Receives Plaque; SOHS Players Perform

The annual Heritage Sunday celebration, held in Ashland, this year honored the contribution of women to the development of Ashland. A plaque was awarded the Chautauqua Club in recognition of its role. Ella Hendrixson, Nancy Peterson and Ora Alcorn are shown. The SOHS Museum Performers presented a dramatization of the influence of the women pioneers.

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Miss Hanley Wins Prize

Miss Mary Hanley, a former director of the Jacksonville Museum, was photographed by Doug Smith. She is standing by one of the quilts which she entered in the annual Museum Quilt Show. One of her quilts, a white-on-white design, was awarded a prize by the Quilters.



THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL