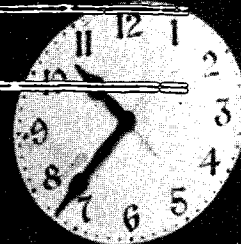


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NATIONAL  
BANK

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



# Director's Corner

I have been surprised at our members' enthusiastic response to feature stories in the newsletter that are based on more recent events. Happenings of the 1930s and 40s are of interest to many of our readers. Our feature writer, Ray Lewis, however, tells me that contemporary subjects are more difficult to research, primarily because there are so few public records kept now and there is even less recorded by individual families.

The pre-1920 newspapers are filled with items that today would be considered private information and not especially newsworthy. As the population centers grew and worldwide transportation and communication systems developed, the private lives of our neighbors became less significant; therefore, less attention was given to the subject by the press and the advent of telephone communication brought about the elimination of many written records which researchers and feature writers depend upon. Even the once popular habit of keeping a diary has virtually disappeared.

The one thing that has been added to a permanent record is the pictures brought about by the growth of popular photography. Most families possess some kind of camera, and, while photography has added new, positive dimensions to the historical record, two negative (no pun intended) aspects have also occurred. First, we often forget to write on the back of the photograph the name and relationship of the subjects, and the date and the event being recorded.

Family members often do not stay in proximity to each other and much information is not passed on. Often a shoebox of family correspondence and photographs surfaces when an estate is settled, but the one who receives it often inherits a box of meaningless items. Second, many inexpensive family-type cameras are designed to take colored 35mm slides or produce instant color prints, both of which have a short life expectancy. The unstable colors are not permanent. Black and white photographs, properly developed, are still the best answer for historical preservation of images.

Well, what's my point? I am asking you to help us. Look at your scrapbooks, letters and photographs. If you find an interesting family event, please consider sharing it with us. Identify the subjects: write on the back of the photograph lightly with a soft-lead pencil, and consider reproducing the more important colored photographs onto black and white film. Our librarian and our photographer will gladly assist you. SOHS can provide copying services for photographs and records which you are willing to lend to our library.

Please seriously consider these suggestions before it is too late.

Bill Burk

The cover picture is dated February 25, 1930. The men, affiliated with the First National Bank, Ashland, are, from left to right: E.D. Briggs, E.V. Carter (President), Otto Winters, Cashier J.W. McCoy, W.H. McNair, George W. Dunn, C.H. Vaupel (Vice President), Thomas H. Simpson and Fred. D. Wagner.

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THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL IS WRITTEN BY RAYMOND LEWIS



Get Away from those Swinging Doors!

## PROHIBITION COMES TO SOUTHERN OREGON

Just before midnight on July 10, 1920, Uncle Chris tossed down his last drink of booze and didn't take another until thirteen years later when prohibition was repealed. Aunt Bertha was so proud of him because papa and Uncle Fred fell off the wagon the next day and Harry never dried out enough to get on board in the first place. But almost everybody held good intentions at the start. The Anti-Saloon League had promised happiness and prosperity, and Billy Sunday, the evangelist, had cried, "The slums soon will be only a memory. We will turn our prisons into factories and our jails into storehouses and corncribs. Men will walk upright now, women will smile and children will laugh. Hell will be forever for rent."

Unfortunately the Drys hadn't reckoned on a constant, easily available supply of bootleg hootch. Herbert Asbury, author of *The Great Illusion*, wrote: "[The American people]...had expected to be greeted by a covey of angels bearing gifts of peace, happiness, prosperity and salvation which they had been assured would be theirs when the rum demon had been scotched. Instead they were met by a horde of bootleggers, moonshiners, rum-runners, hijackers, gangsters, racketeers, trigger men, venal judges, corrupt police, crooked politicians and speakeasy operators."

Voluntary total abstinence by everyone might have ushered in the promised utopia, but enforcement was the buga-

boo. Those hooked on the bottle couldn't give up their habits overnight, and, with no supply on hand, they tried to substitute almost anything they could find that contained a hint of alcohol. Early issues of the *Medford Mail Tribune* are filled with stories of unsuccessful experiments: a) a logger in Seattle joined the choir invisible by drinking a mixture of denatured rubbing alcohol and perfume. He went to that big distillery in the sky, happy and fragrant; b) a government chemist who analyzed a quantity of illicit nectar which was found in Vancouver revealed the recipe: take one gallon of "white mule," add a quart or so of creosote, a dash of ether and enough nicotine sulphate to season, stir slowly to prevent an explosion, put in a cool place, preferably a burglar-proof safe, and in a few hours the very latest thing in summer libations is ready for consumption. The Vancouver officer told the reporter that the department was considering giving the whole batch to the railroad to use in pickling railroad ties. As silly as it seems, the manufacturer had seriously intended to sell his concoction to thirsty customers.

Law men couldn't seal off all the borders, flush every moonshiner out of the hills and lock up the kitchens and cellars where enterprising Americans were cooking up their homemade liquid delights. "Congress never put out enough money to do anything more than make an occasional lame swipe at the illicit trade and grab off some headlines. And in the White House three successive Administrations gave nothing but lip service to the Dry Cause."\* In addition American ingenuity was hard to thwart. For example, Mr. and Mrs. Opacinsky of Milwaukee were frequently seen taking a daily promenade as they pushed a be-ribboned perambulator, carrying their tiny offspring, lovingly wrapped in a downy blue blanket. The police, suspicious of so many trips into the fresh air, asked to see the baby, but Mrs. Opacinsky refused to turn down the covers, saying the poor little thing was sick. When the pushy officers, not to be denied, flung back the coverlet, they discovered twins--two 2-gallon jugs of moonshine. Mr.

\* Paul Sann, *The Lawless Decade*.



and Mrs. Opacinsky and the babies were given a police escort to the station house. In San Francisco crafty agents seized carloads of salt fish which had been shipped from Seattle by shrewd businessmen who had made profitable deliveries at train stops along the route. Vigilant agents found, under a top layer of aromatic fish, well-packed bottles of imported whisky. The shipments had smelled authentic enough, but the contents rattled when the barrels were moved and that was really fishy. Suspicions also were aroused by the craving for salt fish which had suddenly assailed so many citizens along the Southern Pacific route. These traffickers in booze were betrayed by their own successes.

A *Tribune* story, "Whiskey Fumes Excite Populace," described a social afternoon on the Ashland Plaza when gallons of whiskey were dumped into the sewers. "Members of the local W.C.T.U. poured," said the reporter, and most of the citizens, uninvited, attended the party just for the heady delight of getting high on the tantalizing fumes. "The contraband was the accumulation of various seizures made from bootleggers, who now face heavy fines and jail sentences." While the liquor was being spilled by the jubilant W.C.T.U., there was a sudden heavy downpour of April showers, which unhappily diluted the intoxicating essence.

There are several stories about amateur burglars who broke *into* jail to carry away the evidence which had been stored there by revenue officers. Where Blue Ruin, Kill Devil and Daisy Creek Lightning were concerned mature judgment and ethics evaporated.

Perhaps it would have been easier to fight the problem had all the law breakers been low-brows, but the social and political elite were even better customers than the laboring classes. Few of them, however, were as far-sighted and legitimate as Jesse Winburn, the millionaire who had recently moved to Ashland. When he wanted three barrels of wine and whiskey shipped to Oregon from New York, he went to the United States commissioner and procured a permit, issued on the technicality that he had purchased the stuff long before the national act went into effect. The shipment had government approval and arrived safely in Ashland in due course of time. The rustic local officials, who couldn't quite understand government interference, were confused by the technicalities, and, rather than be caught in a dereliction of duty, they seized the shipment and placed Mr. Winburn under arrest. Mr. Winburn, understandingly miffed, sent for federal officials who arrived in southern Oregon, gave the Ashland officers a sharp slap on the wrist, and saw to it that the *legitimate* booze was delivered to its destination. Mr. Winburn, who declared he had never taken a drink in his life, probably wanted only to act as a hospitable host to his guests. He was a devout Christian Scientist and obviously didn't want the stuff for its medicinal virtues, but, in any case, he forgave the blundering police, who probably went away in a snit, muttering, "Booze is booze."

In June 1922, the mayor of Seattle, E.J. Brown, charged that official delegates to the Republican state convention at Chehalis were intoxicated on the floor of the convention. This was not, apparently, just one or two conventioners, but the entire complement. Mr. Brown had been informed that for 824 delegates, there were 800 quarts of liquor brought into the hall, and most of the empties were

left carelessly behind. The mayor considered asking for a federal grand jury investigation, but the delegates emphatically stated that Mayor Brown had been misinformed. As far as they could tell, no one over-indulged, even though most of the members were good old boys, and a political convention is always a time of joviality and high spirits. Here, then are two examples: one, the social *creme de la creme*, the other, the political grandees. What course of action could you expect from the common man who always hopes to emulate his betters?

With all the resistance demonstrated on a national scale it is no wonder that southern Oregon had its share of infractions and arrests. Accurate reporting of a few of these incidents demands the use of the names of those involved--the guilty and the innocent. This will localize the stories and add interest and surely no one will object. During the last fifty years the term, *bootlegger*, has lost its stigma, and today a moonshiner is most often thought of as a sort of roguish amateur chemist who risked his neck to bring his grateful customers an essential product.

After a few dry years, the law-breakers became more sophisticated, and rum-running, smuggling and bootlegging became international enterprises. This story is concerned with local entrepreneurs who, on a much smaller scale, met demand with supply--either by pirating it into the country or by manufacturing it. The operation of a primitive still didn't require much expertise. When one had acquired a copper tank, a heating stove, a set of copper coils (the worm), and some containers for sour mash and a supply of bottles for the product, he was ready to set up his laboratory in any hidey-hole he could find and enter the business world.

With repeal, most of these unofficial businessmen settled down and became again law-abiding, respected citizens, who probably, on occasion, longed for the excitement of the old days and the duel of wits with the feds. They might enjoy another small jigger of notoriety on the rocks.

## THE FRONT STREET HASSLE

As could be expected, from the first the opposition to prohibition was both hidden and overt. In only a few days Medford had its first gunplay over the now illegal merchandise. Tom Murphy, a local junk dealer, decided that life without a daily quota of grog was pretty flat, and he decided to whip up a nice batch of his own potation at his home on South Front Street.

As his mixture of hops and corn cooked away, the seductive aroma wafted out on the street and assailed the nostrils of George Douglas, an unholsterer, who was passing by. George had recently foresworn all drink because the last mixture he had drunk had raised boils on his neck, but the bouquet from Tom Murphy's kitchen was irresistible. Without bothering to knock, he bolted into the house and demanded a drink. A man's brewing room is his castle, and Murphy was not hankering for guests. He informed George Douglas that he was not welcome and emphatically refused to give him a sample.

"You blankety blank so and so," proclaimed George eloquently, "if you don't give me a drink, I'll come and get it."

"You enter this kitchen and I'll fill you full of daylight," said Tom Murphy.

Whereupon George Douglas, who knew no fear when drink was concerned, stepped belligerently into the sacred precincts and was met by a "horse pistol about the size of Herr Krupp's Big Bertha."



Douglas grabbed for the gun barrel and a wrestling match ensued during which Murphy fired two shots, one grazing Douglas' temple and the other nicking him in the chest. Murphy got Douglas down, flat on his back on the linoleum, and was trying to brain him with the heavy end of his firearm, when a neighbor broke into the house and pulled Murphy off the intruder.

Night policeman Adams arrived at this point and placed Tom Murphy under arrest. Convincing evidence was all over the kitchen: a copper boiler filled with sour mash, dozens of empty bottles and several pints and quarts filled with Tom Murphy's secret aromatic recipe.

Murphy was charged with assault with intent to kill, but after considerable debate about the sacredness of the home and some consideration of George Douglas' aggressive arrival on the scene, Justice Taylor fined Tom Murphy \$200 for bootlegging and sent him home to face the tragic loss of his equipment and all of his stock. The housebreaker, George Douglas, whose wounds were of a very "innocuous character," and who was to blame for the whole ruckus, walked away a free, but still thirsty, man.

## THE SOUTH PEACH STREET CAPER

Long before the nation-wide farewell party on July 10, 1920, many enterprising gentlemen had their stills in action and their stock aging in the woodshed. The police couldn't seize the equipment and confiscate the stock as long as the operation was legitimate, but a few days after the long dry spell was ushered in, they found plenty of opportunities to use their newly acquired snooping and smashing techniques.

A second raid took place in early September. The jumpy operator pushed his own panic button and gave away the plot.

On June 5, a little over a month before D (Dry) Day, C.C. Russell, who said he had just come to Medford with his mother, rented the old Bellinger property on South Peach Street. At that time much of South Peach was still out in the country, and there were two or three meadows

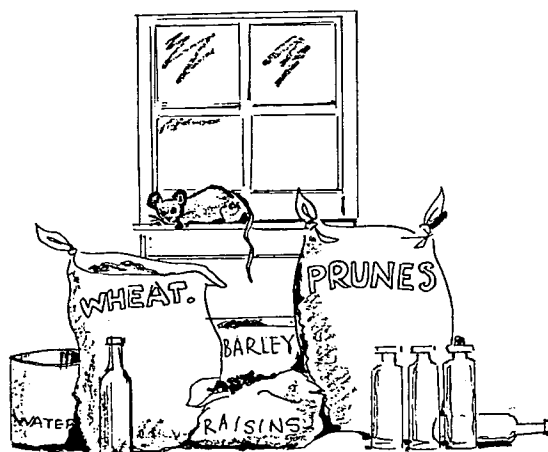
before Peach ran into Stewart Avenue. This isolation appealed to Mr. Russell because his dear old sainted mother was sickly and wanted a quiet place. Aside from that, no one would object if he raised a flock of chickens that far out of the city and he and his mama did relish a nice fresh egg from time-to-time.

A little over a month later, on July 17, Mr. Van Voris, the owner, driving by, noticed that the lawn was drying up. As the property was listed for sale and as Mr. Van Voris supposed that young Mr. Russell and his ailing mama were away on a trip, he got a hose and wet down the grass. The very next day Mr. Russell appeared and nervously informed the owner that he had been called to Portland. He had to leave at once because of the sickness of his only brother. Mr. Van Voris was sympathetic and expressed his sincere hopes for the brother's speedy recovery and assured Mr. Russell that things on Peach Street would be ship-shape until his return.

About a week later, driving by his property, Mr. Van Voris observed that the grass was once again very dry. Deciding that Mr. Russell's delicate mother must be too indisposed to drag the hose around, he decided to call on the poor thing and offer his assistance. When his knocks at the door were met with dead silence, he was somewhat alarmed, took out his latch key and entered the house. There he made a surprising discovery.

In the kitchen was a home-made still, a gasoline stove, a copper boiler with its top fastened down with pie dough, and a funnel arrangement on top. The worm was made of--horrors--lead coils. Whiskey which has run through lead could kill an innocent customer.

Upstairs in the bedroom he found 100 gallons of prune mash, distilled water and piles of barley, corn and wheat. Empty boxes revealed that Mr. Russell had already used 50 pounds of raisins and 150 pounds of prunes. That many prunes must certainly have added to the effectiveness of the product, which, let us hope, the purchaser drank with considerable caution. In another bedroom there were hundreds of empty bottles, pints and quarts.



Mr. Van Voris, who scurried to the police as soon as possible, reported "the smell was awful." The officers staked out the house and patiently waited for Mr. Russell's return, but by that time he had disappeared into another town where he probably gave his front lawn a bit more tender loving care to allay suspicion and keep the nosy landlord at bay.

## THE DUD WOLGAMOTT CASE

**S**nooping around looking for evidence out on a remote hillside and apprehending law-breaking strangers were not such bad assignments but charging into your own neighborhood and pinching your friends could be downright embarrassing. The arrival of special federal agent, S.B. Sandifer, a stranger in southern Oregon, was therefore welcomed by the sheriff's office. Sandifer, who clung to the letter of the law, didn't hesitate to make arrests and throw reputable citizens into jail. He would not have won a popularity contest with the populace although members of the Anti-Saloon League and the W.C.T.U. appreciated his virtues and cozied-up to him. Sandifer enthusiastically began his tour of duty with a series of successful raids.

One of his early responsibilities was to find, frisk and arrest Ernest Sylvester Wolgamott. "Dud" Wolgamott had previously been in the toils of the law a couple of times for trafficking in booze, and, most recently,

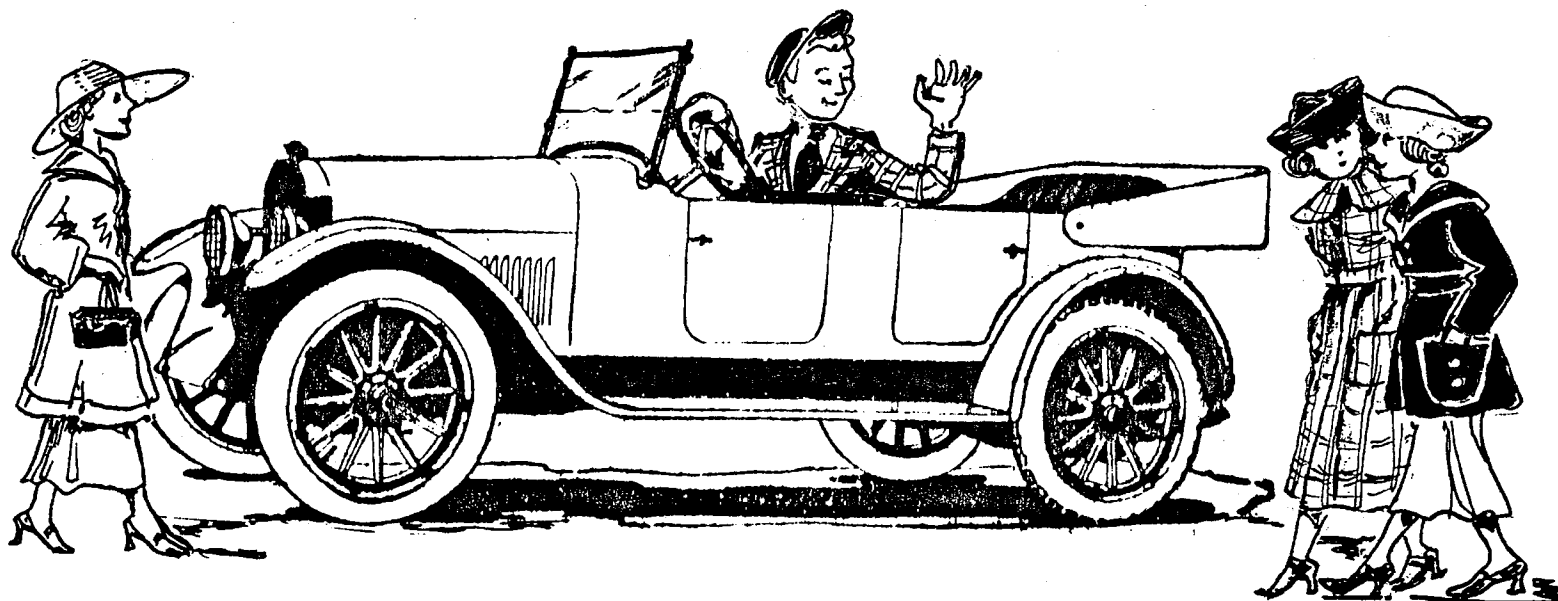
for "intoxication" at a Jacksonville dance, and when word from Roseburg reached the sheriff that Wolgamott was in an auto, headed for southern Oregon "with 18 cases of pure Canadian whisky," Sandifer donned his sleuthing gear. Dud's friends pooh-poohed the idea that old Dud was selling any beverages. Why, he was out deer hunting in the wilds of northern California, between Yreka and the coast, and you know what an impenetrable wilderness that is. But Sandifer said that the report sounded legitimate to him, and the only reason Dud Wolgamott hadn't been rounded up in the first raids was that he had left town. Sandifer and four deputies headed for Roseburg but met with no success and returned to Medford empty handed.

After some profitable business transactions in Roseburg, Dud went back to Portland where he made no effort to hide. He drove leisurely around, observing the sights of the city and ignored the law men who had all been alerted to look out for him. He was arrested twice for speeding and each time he gave his name loud and clear, but it didn't register with the men on patrol. Finally Portland police notified Special Agent S.B. Sandifer that Dud Wolgamott was not to be found in that city. Considerably irritated by the gross inefficiency of the Portland department, Sandifer and an assistant

once more headed north. They made a few checks on the registers at some seedy hotels and skulked about for awhile behind some potted palms, but apparently Dud had found more exciting use of his leisure time than loitering around second class hotel lobbies. After a few hours of twiddling their thumbs, Sandifer and his deputy decided to change their M.O.

Walking around aimlessly in no particular direction, they lucked out. By pure accident they spotted Dud driving down Broadway, skillfully maneuvering his car through traffic as he watched the young lady pedestrians. Just at that moment he decided to stop at a garage for a refill of his tank, and Sandifer, trailed by his assistant, darted through the throng of shoppers, breathlessly ran up to Dud and announced that he was under arrest. Holding him in custody, Sandifer permitted him to put his car in storage, and the three of them boarded the Southern Pacific for their return to Medford.

Upon arrival, Dud was taken at once to Jacksonville to Justice Taylor's court for his preliminary hearing on the charge of selling intoxicating liquor. His attorney, G.M. Roberts, was out of town so Dud plead not guilty and refused to make a statement.





Special Agent A.B. Gates then testified that on August 17th in Medford he had purchased two bottles of Scotch from Wolgamott. He had paid \$20 for the first bottle but he had accidentally broken it getting it into the auto. Wolgamott then had fetched him a second bottle, he said, and charged him only \$10 for it, saying that he would donate his half. It was enough testimony to insure that Dud would be held over to the grand jury in bond of \$2000, which was later changed to \$1000 with the consent of Sandifer, who was all heart.

Having tried Dud Wolgamott twice before, and having convicted him both times, attorneys for the prosecution figured the third time was a cinch. They imported George Neuner, the district attorney of Douglas County, who had made some spectacular convictions at Roseburg, and presented him as a surprise to the defense.

Both sides methodically questioned members of the jury, but finally they agreed on twelve unbiased citizens:

Mrs. Olive E. Swedenburg, Ashland  
Mrs. Luella Applegate, Ashland  
Miss Issie McCully, Jacksonville  
W.H. Boren, Medford  
Ernest Applegate, Ashland  
Nels Ericson, Ashland  
L.L. Damon, Applegate  
George Herriott, Applegate  
Jesse Houck, Medford  
H. Egbert, Medford  
Owney Reddy, Medford  
L.C. Charley, Medford

In his opening statement District Attorney Rawles Moore said the state would prove Ernest Wolgamott had sold liquor, and Attorney George Roberts told the jury the defense would prove an alibi. He closed with the statement that Dud, convicted before of liquor violations, had seen the error of his ways and had reformed and that this trial was clearly persecution of an innocent man.

Dud's attorney called a couple of men from the county jail. Although they were serving time, they were persuasive witnesses and testified that Special Agent Gates, the chief witness for the state, had told them both that he had bought the liquor in

Gold Hill and not from the defendant. Chalk up one point for Dud.

The prosecution's second star witness developed stage fright and became hesitant and painfully nervous. He was Sam McClendon and he was also serving time. He stated he had bought a bottle of booze from Dud for \$16, but he couldn't remember the date nor recognize the bottle. He was evasive in his answers and couldn't remember what street the Nash Hotel was on. Under cross examination, he admitted he had had an auto accident in San Diego several years before and had "injured his memory." He then said that the arresting officers told him it would "go easier" on him if he said what he was supposed to say. Another score for the defense.

A second agent who testified he had bought a bottle of Canadian liquor from Dud, confessed that he had drunk the contents, and the empty bottle wasn't very concrete evidence. Score a third point.

The defense admitted that Dud occasionally carried bottles in his car, but he certainly wasn't selling them. Whereupon the court made a ruling that "possession of liquor could not be used as evidence of a sale of liquor," and upon the motion of District Attorney Moore, the trial came to an abrupt ending. The jury was discharged and the case dismissed. Amid considerable applause, the incorrigible Dud cheerfully received the congratulations of his admirers in the SRO audience. He may have been a little shifty at times, but no one could deny that he was popular.

When a rumor leaked out, however, that the sheriff was going to appoint Dud as a deputy because he was an expert on both sides of the law, there was a great hue and cry, and the sheriff was almost recalled by public vote.

Unfortunately, Dud didn't really walk out of the courtroom a penitent sinner. In a short time he was back in the clutches of Special Agent Sandifer. From this side of the coin, though, one must be glad that Dud lived it up. A few months later at a dance at the Jackson County Fairgrounds, he had a sudden heart

attack and died in the dust of the parking lot. He was 27.

## THE APPREHENSION OF ROCK & COFFMAN

Not every person who faced trial was a carefree scamp who entered the liquor business as a lark. Some of them were family men who regarded the moonshine still as an opportunity to supplement an insufficient income or to provide a scanty living for the wife and children. The arrest and imprisonment of these men often caused considerable hardship, and the drys and their agents weren't famous for leniency. One of Sandifer's first successful raids, this time in the hills beyond Jacksonville, uncovered a pair of men in just such circumstances.

Informers who didn't hesitate to turn in their neighbors must have supplied information, and the trained agents, like bloodhounds, had probably cultivated their sense of smell so that their ears stood up and quivered at a whiff of sour mash. Finding the haphazardly camouflaged distilling equipment seems to have been no great task.

In August, Sandifer, a couple of deputy sheriffs and a brace of special agents located and seized a couple of stills not far from the Jacksonville-Rush road, and arrested two men, J.M. Rock, a farmer, and Ike Coffman, a homesteader. Both were arraigned in Justice of the Peace Glen Taylor's court. Rock pleaded guilty to the charge of having a half gallon demijohn of whiskey in his possession. When the court was given the information that he was the father of five children and a new one was expected any minute, he was allowed to go on his own recognizance.

Ike Coffman, through his attorney, the illustrious George M. Roberts, was given a couple of days to plead and was freed on a \$250 bond furnished by Jesse M. Taylor, an Applegate rancher. Ike was charged with having in his possession "a mixture of figs, prunes, and water in the process of fermentation"--not exactly a recipe for grandma's homemade fruit cake.

According to Sandifer, Ike Coffman's

still was an emergency source of supply for Medford moonshiners, and he had managed to maintain a constant stock on hand. The description of Ike's distillery may have sent some of his customers on a permanent trip to the water wagon. Agents told the *Tribune* reporter that, all in all, the plant was a highly unsanitary proposition. The mash was kept in a tin boiler in a dilapidated woodshed and dead squirrels and bats which had been fished out of the rich solution, had been tossed at random around the grounds. When an animal fell from the rafters into the brew, it cooked in a second, and that was proof positive that a shot of the stuff would instantly clear up a stubborn head cold and eliminate maybe a million germs. Agents asserted that the tin boiler, beautifully incrustated with a green growth, could have brought about the sudden demise of anyone who drank its contents. But there were no reports of fatalities in the area so perhaps a steady drinker built up an immunity to a few little old impurities.

Ike's disreputable still will come as no surprise to those who knew him. Mama C., a jolly lady, may have originally made an effort to give the kids a weekly dip in the laundry tubs and hand out clean clothes, but she soon decided it was a losing battle. They lived on a squirrel ranch and Ike was too busy on the hillside to plant a lawn, and even if he had put in seed, there was no water to keep it alive, so the kids had to play in the dust or the corncrib. They were healthy, normal youngones, and a generous patina of dirt never hurt anybody. Most neighborhoods have a family that ought to be occasionally dusted and aired.

J.M. Rock and Ike Coffman pleaded guilty to moonshine operations and Justice of the Peace Taylor, who had decided that insufficient punishment certainly hadn't dissuaded other lawbreakers, handed out stiff sentences. Rock was given three months in the county jail and fined \$450. Even a week's incarceration would have presented a hardship for him and his family and a term of three months meant disaster. He announced he had

no funds and it would be necessary for the county to care for his wife and children during his absence.

Ike was sentenced to serve two months in jail and given a fine of \$250. He also declared his family would need county assistance.

The news that Jackson county was bearing singlehanded the expenses of the raids and the court action came as a surprise to most of the people. They had been under the impression that all the county had to do was furnish the stills and the bootleggers, and the state and federal governments would furnish the cash.

A *Tribune* story revealed that Mr. Sandifer's raids in August had cost the taxpayers \$1,684.64, and that staggering figure didn't include witness fees.\* In only twenty days, the salaries for "Go Get 'Em" Sandifer and his six assistants came to \$756. The agents were getting \$6 each per day, and Sandifer's salary was double that figure. For auto hire and railroad fare a bill of \$376.49 was submitted, and this included the luxury of a taxicab trip to Crater Lake and Prospect, taken by A. B. Gates, the special agent, who had been accompanied by a female companion. This operative had pretended to be an easy spender with an unlimited purse and an unquenchable thirst, and during the scenic tour, he craftily pumped the young lady-about-town for names of her friends and acquaintances who were selling liquor. Maybe the subterfuge was legal, but it did seem nervy to expect the overburdened tax payer to pick up the tab for such monkey shines.

In order to secure evidence the foxy agents had to buy booze from the suppliers and sample it before an arrest could be made. The cost of buying this illicit merchandise was \$335.90, and of this, \$190 was spent on only one wily suspect before he was nabbed with the goods. Hotel bills for the special agents' board and room amounted to \$312.05, but of course they had to eat. But there was a statement for \$4.50 for a telephone message

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A total of the amounts listed is more than \$1,684.64. Somebody's bookkeeping is screwed up.

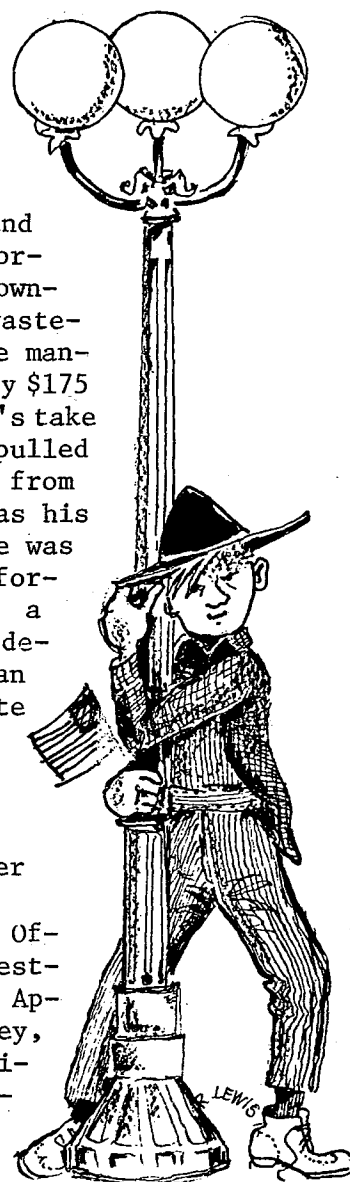
to Salem. What was the matter with sending a letter with a two-cent stamp? Exploitation of the taxpayer, that's what it was. Then and there the citizens lost a good deal of their enthusiasm for Sandifer's raids.

### A GLORIOUS FOURTH IN MEDFORD

The first Fourth of July in Medford after the ratification of the eighteenth amendment was remarkably quiet. During the holiday, when police usually had their most hectic time, only three arrests were made. Of course, many celebrants had gone to Ashland for the day and Dead Indian and Cinnabar were teeming with campers. The smart set, who could usually be counted on to get a little bosky, were attending house parties or motoring in the country. Crater Lake had the most successful opening day it had ever had. Every room at the lodge was taken and patrons celebrated into the small hours at a grand ball where a full orchestra played. Down-town Medford was a wasteland and the police managed to collect only \$175 cash bail as the day's take

Patrolman Adams pulled in a young rancher from Gold Hill, but it was his first drunk, and he was almost certain to forfeit his \$25 bail, a clear profit to the department. Patrolman Hemstreet nabbed Pete Foster and let him sleep it off in a cell. Foster would also forfeit his bail, adding another \$25 to the boodle.

Early in the day Officer Hemstreet arrested D.P. Buckley of Applegate. Mr. Buckley, who was in no condition to defend himself, was put in the clinker.

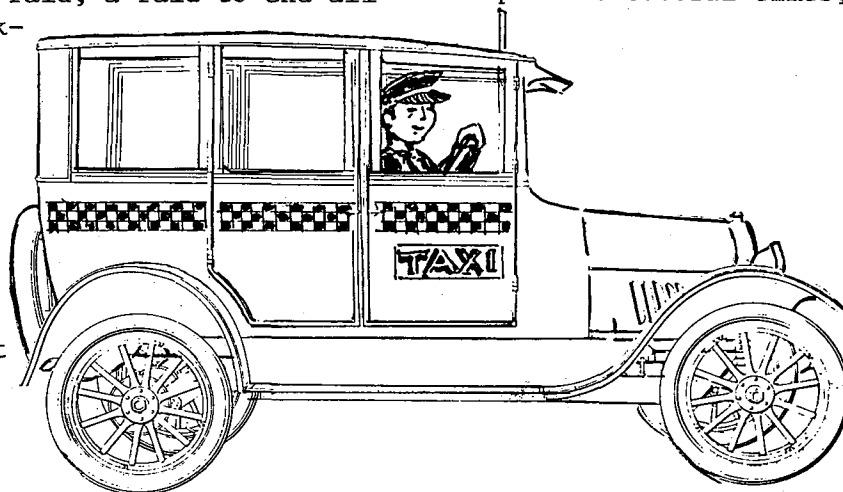


After a few hours, he dried out a little and was released on \$75 bail.

In late afternoon Hemstreet spotted a gentleman making his wavering way down Front Street. The officer, approaching from the rear, put the hand of the law on the fellow's shoulder, turned him around and discovered it was Mr. Buckley, again in an elevated and mellow condition. When Hemstreet attempted to gather him in a second time, he put up considerable resistance. He had already been in the coop once, thank you, and he didn't want to spend the whole holiday there. Hemstreet calmed him down and hauled him back to the same cell. The next morning, sober and penitent, he divvied up an additional \$50 bail. As he departed, he announced he'd fight the case. When he had first left the jail the day before, he hadn't completely sobered up; therefore, when he was corraled a second time, he was still on the same drunk, and a man shouldn't have to pay bail twice on the same offense. His reasoning was sound, but his reputation was none too good, and when the police are challenged, they sometimes can be awfully dense and deaf. There is no follow up story in which Mr. Buckley carried through on his threat. He probably got it out of his system by complaining to the neighbors, and resolving that on the next Fourth of July he'd stay out of Medford where the police and the celebrants were just about one-to-one.

#### THE TRIALS OF THE TAXI DRIVERS

In the lull after the Fourth of July, Sandifer master-minded a sweeping raid, a raid to end all stills in Jackson County. Preparations had gone on for weeks and scheduled seizures of the stills and their owners started at midnight continuing, as planned, until broad daylight.



Warrants had been issued for dozens of bootleggers, including two women, but as the word of the foray spread many people fled the county for parts unknown. Sandifer was not greatly concerned about the missing ones. The charges against them were legally good for many months, and when the escapees returned they'd be speedily arrested and locked up.

Secret agents had been hanging around southern Oregon for weeks, posing as big spenders and live-ones who dished out money freely and had a taste for both moonshine and bonded whiskey. Their purchases were marked, tabulated and stored to be used later as evidence. These good-time-Joes made an effort to get chummy with their contacts and wheedle out information about other suppliers. Among those arrested were Shine Edwards and John Goodwin, taxicab drivers. They were charged with selling intoxicating liquor and given a preliminary hearing in Justice of the Peace Taylor's court. The only witness for the district attorney was A.B. Gates, also known by several aliases. He would have been a pretty good candidate for an assignment that required a crook to catch a crook, but he sported a badge of office and said that he had a commission from the governor.

John Goodwin went on trial first. Special officer Gates testified that he had hired Goodwin to take him on a trip to the Applegate to view a creamery, and on the way back, had asked him if he knew where he could get some whiskey. Goodwin had ignored the question, and Gates had to repeat it several times, urging Goodwin to be a sport. Finally Goodwin said he might take him to someone who could supply him. Upon their return to Medford, Goodwin drove down Riverside Avenue to the Jackson Street bridge, and

there, testified Gates, he gave Goodwin \$20 for a bottle that was handed to Goodwin by a third party. Gates also gave the driver \$8 for the junket to Applegate.

The bottle of whiskey--Canadian Club--was exhibited as evidence and it was half full. Under cross examination by Attorney Roberts, Gates confessed that he had taken "a swig to see what he was buying." He then added that a few fellows found out he had bought the whiskey and they had come to his room for a drink. He couldn't give away his cover, so he let them have a snort or two. Attorney Roberts rapidly fired questions at Gates, and continually referred to him as a "stool pigeon." Although Gates kept his cool, the judge objected. Roberts then called Gates "this highly respectable and honorable gentleman" and branded his "nefarious" operations as "low down dirty tricks" played upon a man who had been honorably discharged from the Army of the U.S. of A. after he had served in the war. But District Attorney Moore declared the proof was conclusive, and the court bound Goodwin over to the grand jury with bail at \$1,000.

Shine Edwards' hearing came next. Special Agent Gates testified he had contacted Shine and represented himself as a traveling salesman. They had gone in Shine's taxi to the "southwest part of the city" where a stranger handed Edwards a bottle of moonshine which cost \$10. The bottle, less than half full, was introduced as evidence and Gates said he and Edwards had both taken a little drink or two and it was "pretty good moonshine." This was sufficient charge and Shine was bound over on a \$1,000 bond.

Agent Gates was a cunning and deceitful operator, who apprehended a lot of suspects, but his manner on the stand alienated the jurors. In September both taxi drivers, Goodwin and Edwards, came to trial, but in both cases the juries were eventually discharged in hopeless disagreement. Unwillingness to accept the uncorroborated testimony of a "stool pigeon" was given as the reason for the failure to reach a verdict in

both cases. A month later the two men went on trial again with members of the juries again failing to agree.

In Shine's second trial the celebrated joyride to Crater Lake was presented in sensational detail. Gates stated that before the trip he had purchased from Edwards \$40 worth of liquor--three bottles of moonshine and one bottle of Scotch. Gates, his feminine companion, Billie, and Shine left Medford Saturday evening and arrived at Prospect at midnight. In the course of the trip they had several drinks together "both in the car and in a hotel room." Where the hotel room was is anybody's guess. Perhaps they dallied around at Rogue Elk Lodge which was then in its splendor. After a short visit to a country dance, they continued on their way. Shine had made all the arrangements and it's pretty apparent that he was an expert social secretary and tour guide.

Attorney Roberts abruptly asked Agent Gates, "When you reached Prospect, were you so drunk that you fell down in front of Judge Taylor?"

Naturally Gates became somewhat sulky at such a preposterous question. Of course he hadn't been sozzled; he could hold his liquor and nobody had ever seen him when he didn't know what he was doing.

Justice of the Peace Taylor, on the stand, testified that he had seen Gates on the porch and in the hall, dancing, and "as it appeared to me, he had a jag on."

After their lively stopover at Prospect, the trio went on to Crater Lake, arriving in the early hours. Exhausted from the night's festivities, they went to rooms in the lodge and had a refreshing sleep, leaving for Medford next day in the early afternoon.

The big wheel, Sandifer, called as a witness was asked if the pleasure trip had been authorized by the department, and he said that Gates was possibly his best agent, "wears a star as big as mine," and certainly didn't need Sandifer's sanction in his investigations.

Several members of the jury were unwilling to accept Gates' story, and, after fourteen hours of deliberation, members were still in disagreement so the judge dismissed them.

Goodwin's second trial was less sensational, but it also ended in an impasse. The prosecution once more objected to the word "stool pigeon" so Attorney Newbury, for the defense, explained to the jury that "the state of Oregon has seen fit to give stool pigeons the name of 'special agent'." Some of the jurors, who had also served on the Edwards and Wolgamott cases later confessed they had voted against prohibition in the first place and now felt the county was spending far too much money to nab and convict only one man.

The trip to Applegate to visit the creamery and the purchase of the bottle at the Jackson Street bridge were again presented in detail, but the jury failed to agree and were sent home.

A jury that had acquitted Wolgamott, who by this time was once again hanging fire on his fourth charge, two juries which couldn't agree on the guilt or innocence of Shine Edwards in two tries, and two more which failed to reach a decision about Goodwin were certainly proof that the jury list for the county was made up of an ineffectual bunch of citizens. The state decided that they might fare better when a new list of potential jurors was published, and the third trials for Goodwin and Edwards were delayed for some time.

Almost ten months after he was first arrested, Shine Edwards went on trial for a third time. The examination of the jurors was very slow and deliberate. Neither side intended to accept any more indecisive folk. Prospective jurors were asked if they objected to the prosecution of liquor cases, if they had followed the previous trials in the papers, and if they supported the hiring of special agents by the county. Except for two merchants, the jury which was finally accepted was made up of farmers.

The judge ruled against any discussion of the joyride to Crater Lake and the case was thus concerned

mostly with the bottles of booze that Shine had obtained for Gates. The defense tried to show that the liquor had actually been purchased from Joe Kidd, who was under indictment, but who was then in hiding somewhere out of the state, but the story didn't get Shine off the hook. Agent Gates was carefully questioned, but he had apparently been cued not to be obnoxious. His answers were brief and he stuck to his assertions. With the elimination of the racy details and the playing down of Gates' trickery, Shine lost the support he had received in the first two trials. After three hours of deliberation, the farmers and the two merchants arrived at the unanimous decision that Shine Edwards was guilty. Circuit Court Judge F.M. Calkins sentenced him to serve three months in jail and fined him \$400. That was his penalty for being a good guy, and giving a new comer to the valley--allegedly a traveling salesman--a memorable weekend and an exclusive fun-filled tour through some of the most beautiful scenery in America.

The indecisive jurors and the acquittals soon became a nagging irritation to members of the Anti-Saloon League and the Medford Church Council. There had to be some way to get those sinners to the mercy seat. The two organizations joined forces and requested that Attorney O.C. Boggs, whom they respected as a devout churchgoer, be appointed to serve on the prosecution, and when John Goodwin came up for his third trial, Boggs represented the state along with Attorney Rawles Moore.

The lack of convictions and failure of the trespassers to repent had become a frequent subject for the weekly sermon, and when court was convened the room was filled with a large delegation of ladies who had brought their babies and their knitting. Among the spectators were Rev. D.E. Millard and Rev. E.J. Lawrence. The deputation of the devout listened to the court procedure with keen attention. In selecting the jurors, the attorneys added a couple of new questions: a) are there any persons in the courtroom

who would influence your verdict? b) have you heard pulpit remarks condemning bootleg cases or the defense thereof?

The trial once again concerned the trip to Applegate on the pretense of visiting a creamery, and the purchase of a bottle of liquor near the Jackson Street bridge. The crucial point of the case was made when Gates wouldn't swear under oath that he had seen John Goodwin actually pocket any money. In spite of his reputation for trickery, he apparently wasn't going in for perjury.

At the close of the summations, the jury retired, deliberated briefly, and returned with a verdict of not guilty. This was in spite of the audible tut-tuts and the occasional sniffing of the church members in the audience. Goodwin and his representatives were jubilant, but many in the audience were confused. Could it be that the devil had his finger in there somewhere?

Goodwin's acquittal brought satisfaction to many. Although no one wants the dangerously guilty to be free to roam among us, almost everyone seems to resent enticement and entrapment. Today, in the Wonderful Age of Sting and Scam, we are faced with ever more and more elaborate deceptions. Of course the more artful the crook, the more intricate the strategy to net him. But one does look back with some regret to the days of chivalry when a knight was a recognizable knight and a crook was an unmistakable crook.

## THE ARREST OF FLORENCE HALL

**M**aking moonshine was a risky business, but drinking it was even more dangerous. The crude unsterilized condition of the makeshift equipment, the surprise ingredients in the mash and the uninvited creatures which inhabited the bottles before they were filled occasionally produced an adulterated and lethal batch. Few bootleggers knew anything about sanitation, no one gave them a rating of quality and they weren't required to exhibit certificates of purity. It is a wonder that more southern Oregonian imbibers didn't peg out and cross the bar; the fact that they didn't must be credited to sheer good luck.

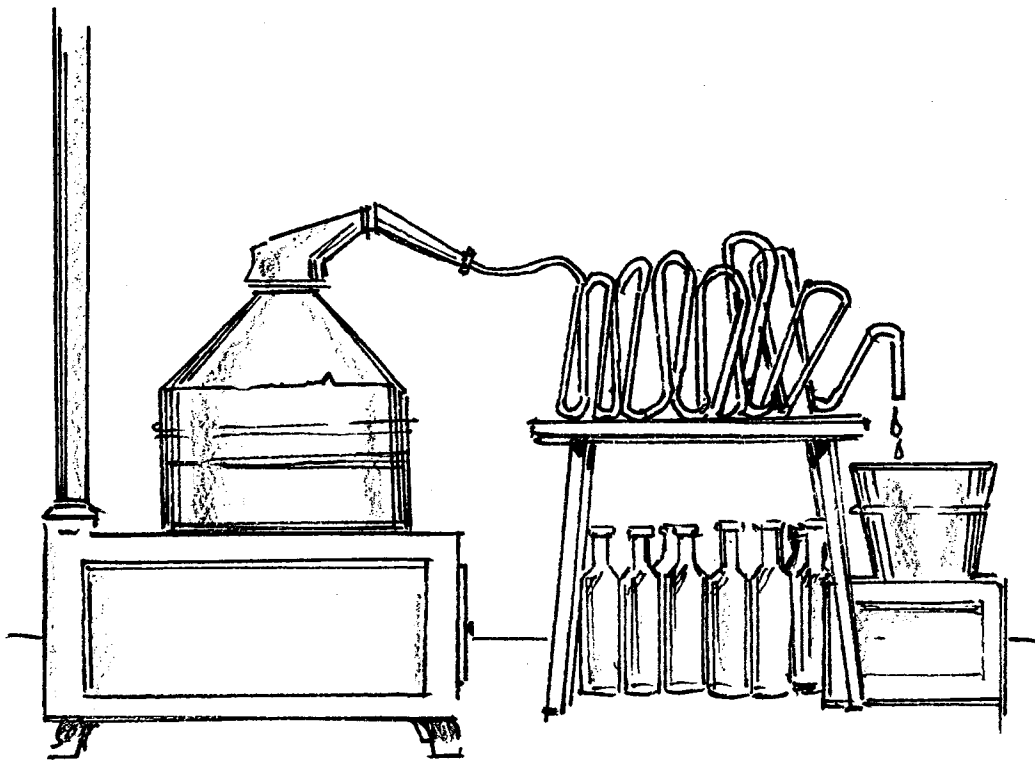
Florence Hall, who set up his still in the Squaw Lake area, distributed a case or two of tainted booze and found himself threatened by a charge of murder. His customers developed symptoms suspiciously like those of ptomaine poisoning, and two of them almost died. For several days it was a case of touch and go for the two victims, as Florence Hall and his widowed mama held their breaths. but eventually the men recovered.

With their gradual improvement, Florence Hall's cantankerous nature returned. There is little appreciation for a case of deadly nightshade, and most of the men around the county, so the story goes, thought that if Hall were dealt a lengthy stay behind bars, it couldn't have happened to a more deserving candidate. Several of the local ladies, however, married or otherwise, found him alluring.

At a preliminary hearing, he was bound over on a \$1,000 bond, but when Attorney Roberts requested that the figure be reduced, the judge upped it to \$2,000. "I want it to be a real bond," he said. "There has been too much of this business of convictions...without any change in the tenor of their ways. The court will endeavor to put a stop to it." The bail was supplied by Florence Hall's devoted mother who offered her small ranch in Central Point as security.

At the close of the trial, the members of the jury returned with a verdict of guilty. Florence Hall at once stood, and assuming a defiant attitude, he addressed the audience in general, ignoring the judge and jury. He railed against the dishonesty of the state witnesses, berated the court because prohibition had been imposed on southern Oregon in the first place, and announced that several members of the jury had already promised him they would sign a petition for his parole.

Judge Calkins, considerably out of sorts with Hall's diatribe, soon cut him short in mid-torrent. "The trouble with you, Mr. Hall," he said, "is your inability to distinguish between truth and evidence, but the jury saw the difference, as did the court. Your witnesses were wholly unreliable



and it has been proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that you engaged in bootlegging. The sentence will be severe. The vile concoction introduced here nearly killed two men in Central Point and you are lucky that you have not been convicted of murder instead of bootlegging."

No one has ever determined if the satisfaction one gets from speaking his piece and telling off the law ever compensates for the extra time added to a sojourn in the pokey as payment for the unsolicited character analysis. Judge Calkins sentenced Florence Hall to serve six months in the county jail, and fined him \$500, the maximum penalty for the first offense. "The court advises you, Mr. Hall, to mend your ways."

Apparently Mr. Hall did not return to his temporary profession. He acquired a flock of goats and sold milk to the ladies who had championed his cause. It was not so lucrative an enterprise, but it did enable Mr. Hall to make practical use of his stock of bottles and to stay in the beverage business.

There was never a way to enforce prohibition. Liquor continued to flow into the United States so freely that the supply always exceeded the demand. Moonshiners flourished in

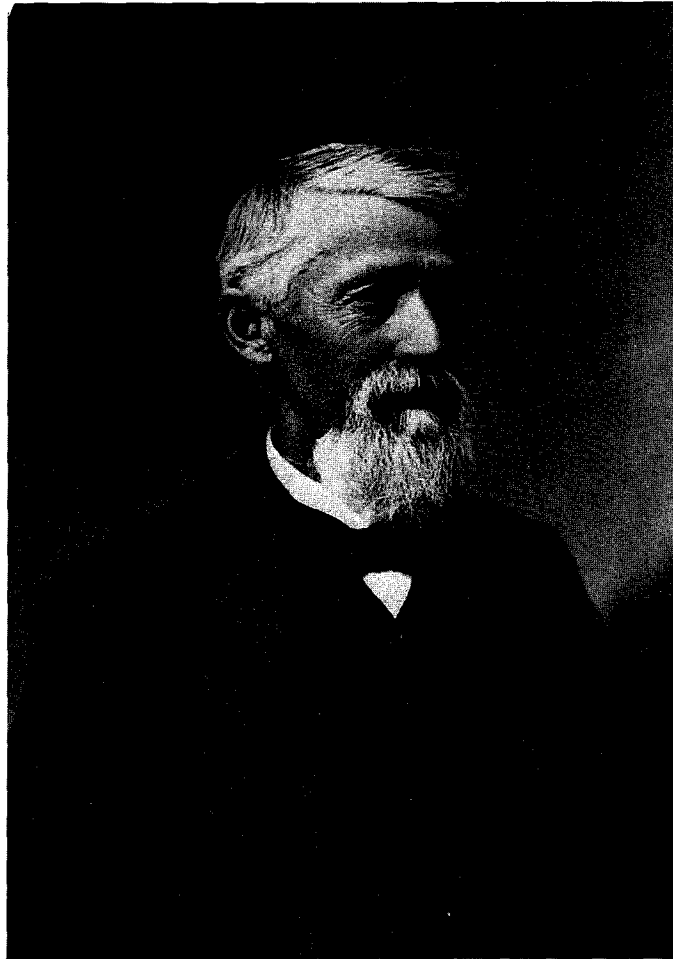
the most unlikely places--in Iowa revenueurs found an elaborate still in the sub-cellar of a church. The backwoods bootlegger thrived before, during, and after the Volstead Act. He is still doing business today. Stiff jail sentences for violators would have filled the prisons to overflowing, just as today there wouldn't be room behind bars for pot smokers.

The cases presented in this story are among the first to arise in southern Oregon. They were featured as leading news stories on the front page of the *Tribune*, and they were avidly followed by the readers. As the dry years slipped by, an announcement of the discovery of a local still was relegated to the back pages, read only by those who wanted to find out if Uncle Hubert had finally been spotted and thrown into the rabbit hutch.

Sandifer and Gates and their assortment of deputies must have felt they were performing a worthwhile and indispensable duty, and they probably really thought that one day they would come out of the contest victorious and triumphant: the flow of liquor would be dammed up, the distiller would realize the error of his ways, and the buyer would lose his thirst. Why didn't their common sense tell them it was an unrealistic dream?



THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER HAS PRESENTED BIOGRAPHIES IN SOME DETAIL OF SEVERAL MEN AND WOMAN WHO PLAYED IMPORTANT ROLES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN OREGON. MANY MORE OF THESE HISTORICAL FIGURES, JUST AS NOTABLE, DID NOT LEAVE DIARIES OR WELL-DOCUMENTED CORRESPONDENCE, AND THE RESEARCHER CAN FIND ONLY BITS AND PIECES OF THEIR STORIES IN OLD NEWS-PAPER FILES. SINCE THEY ARE NO LESS SIGNIFICANT TO THE HISTORY OF THE REGION, THEY MUST NOT BE OVERLOOKED BY HISTORY BUFFS. THE SENTINEL THUS WILL OCCASIONALLY FEATURE MINI-BIOGRAPHIES OF THESE PEOPLE. HENRY KLIPPEL, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF JACKSONVILLE, FROM ITS GENESIS, WILL BE FIRST.



## Henry Klippel

**W**hen Jacksonville was not much more than a scattering of miners' tents and rude shacks, long before there was any thought that the busy little settlement might one day become a city, Henry Klippel, seeking his share of the wealth to be found in Rich Gulch, arrived in southern Oregon. Except for temporary moves to search for gold wherever it was rumored to be, he made Jacksonville his home for most of his life and became part of its history.

Henry Klippel was born in Hesse Darnstadt, Wickenheim, Germany in 1833, one of four children. His two older brothers, Philip and Adam, were also born in Germany; his younger brother, Jacob, in Ohio. In 1837, when Henry was five, the family migrated to America, settling near Cincinnati. His father died there when Henry was fifteen.

The boys and their mother then moved to St. Joseph, Missouri. That city was one of the last outposts on the trail westward, and the Klippels, seeing so much activity and hearing so many tales of riches to be had for the digging, soon

were caught up in the excitement of immigration. Adam, the oldest, was seized with an attack of gold fever, but, along about the same time, he was seized as well with an attack of religious fervor. The fervor won out over the fever, and for several years more he remained in Ohio and became a lay preacher.

Henry and his other two brothers, Philip and Jacob, yielded to the urge and in 1851 they crossed the plains, arriving in the Willamette Valley in August of the year. The three boys apparently went their separate ways. There is no record that they combined their resources and worked together although such a move would have been logical. Lust for gold, however, is seldom accompanied with logic. Although sour dough mining is a simple process, becoming a prospector requires some capital to tide over the miner between strikes. Henry found employment on a ferry boat and worked for a little over a month to accumulate his grub stake.

Reports of fabulous discoveries were always rife, and persistent rumor had it that the richest veins were to be found in Siskiyou County. Embellished accounts brought about a general exodus of miners, all hoping to discover the right spot before anyone else got there, and among those heading south was Henry Klippel, who had been hired to drive an ox team in a wagon train. He arrived in Yreka in December 1851. Yreka then was like Jacksonville, a lively little mining camp, and, although saloon talk was always of wealth beyond one's most fanciful dreams, Henry Klippel, trying out his gold pans for the first time, failed to unearth any legendary mother lode.

As always, like the carrot on the end of the stick, pay dirt was always just ahead--at Greenhorn, Shively Gulch, Rich Gulch, Galice Creek. Henry Klippel joined the tide, this time gradually trudging northward until he arrived in Jacksonville in February 1852. He was eighteen.

In Jacksonville he found a few of the first citizens, but still to come were the founders: Jane and John McCully, William Hoffman and his six daughters, Colonel John E. Ross, C.C. Beekman, John S. Love and the others who had the determination to stay and make a city after the gold supply had been exhausted.

Making Jacksonville his home base, Henry Klippel mined, with varying degrees of success, at many camps in the area. He soon, however, began to develop a public spiritedness about the town, and started taking an active part in the affairs of the townspeople. In 1853 he joined in the battles against the Indians, and was present on those occasions when the Rogues threatened to attack the settlement. He took part in the first peace conference on the slopes of Table Rock, and, after fighting had resumed, he participated in the battle of Hungry Hill where the whites were practically beaten, losing nine men and having many wounded while the Indians received not a scratch. He was one of the volunteers who rescued Mary Ann Harris and her daughter Sophie after the massacre of October 9, 1855 (*Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. I, No. 9), and he fought in the last battles with the Rogues before their final surrender. After the peace was established, he returned to mining, digging at Gold Hill where he put up the first quartz mill to be built in Oregon.

**O**ne would think that placer mining, patrolling Indians and putting up quartz mills would leave little time for wooing, but romance seems to thrive on adversity. About the time Henry Klippel was building the quartz mill, he met Elizabeth Ann Bigham in Jacksonville. She was an attractive young lady of 18, who, with her family, had crossed the plains in 1853 and had settled in southern Oregon.

The Bighams, of Irish stock, came from Missouri and had originally hoped to make their new home in the Puget Sound country. At Fort Walla Walla they prepared to cross the Columbia River, but the Indians refused to take them to the other side unless the immigrants would give them half of everything in the wagon train. In an interview made in 1927, Elizabeth Ann told the reporter, Fred Lockley, "I was scared to death. I thought if they divided the children

in halves, I might be with the half that went with the Indians."

Drivers refused to meet the terms of the Indians, and the Bighams, changing their course, headed south, making their permanent home in Jacksonville. There fortune decreed that Henry Klippel and Elizabeth Ann should meet. Henry was 27, old enough to be considered a good catch for any young maiden, but he probably had to beat down some formidable competition. At that time attractive unmarried females didn't lack for suitors. But woo her, he did, and win her, he did, and in January, 1860, they were married, no doubt much to the delight of the citizens who welcomed any opportunity for a celebration.

After the wedding, Henry went to Idaho. Either the lure of the goldfields had not completely abated, or the desire to provide a more comfortable living to Elizabeth Ann brought about the temporary separation. This time, however, he was successful. After two years of placer mining, he acquired a substantial poke and returned to Jacksonville and Elizabeth Ann. He was almost 30 and it was time to get a family and become a solid citizen.

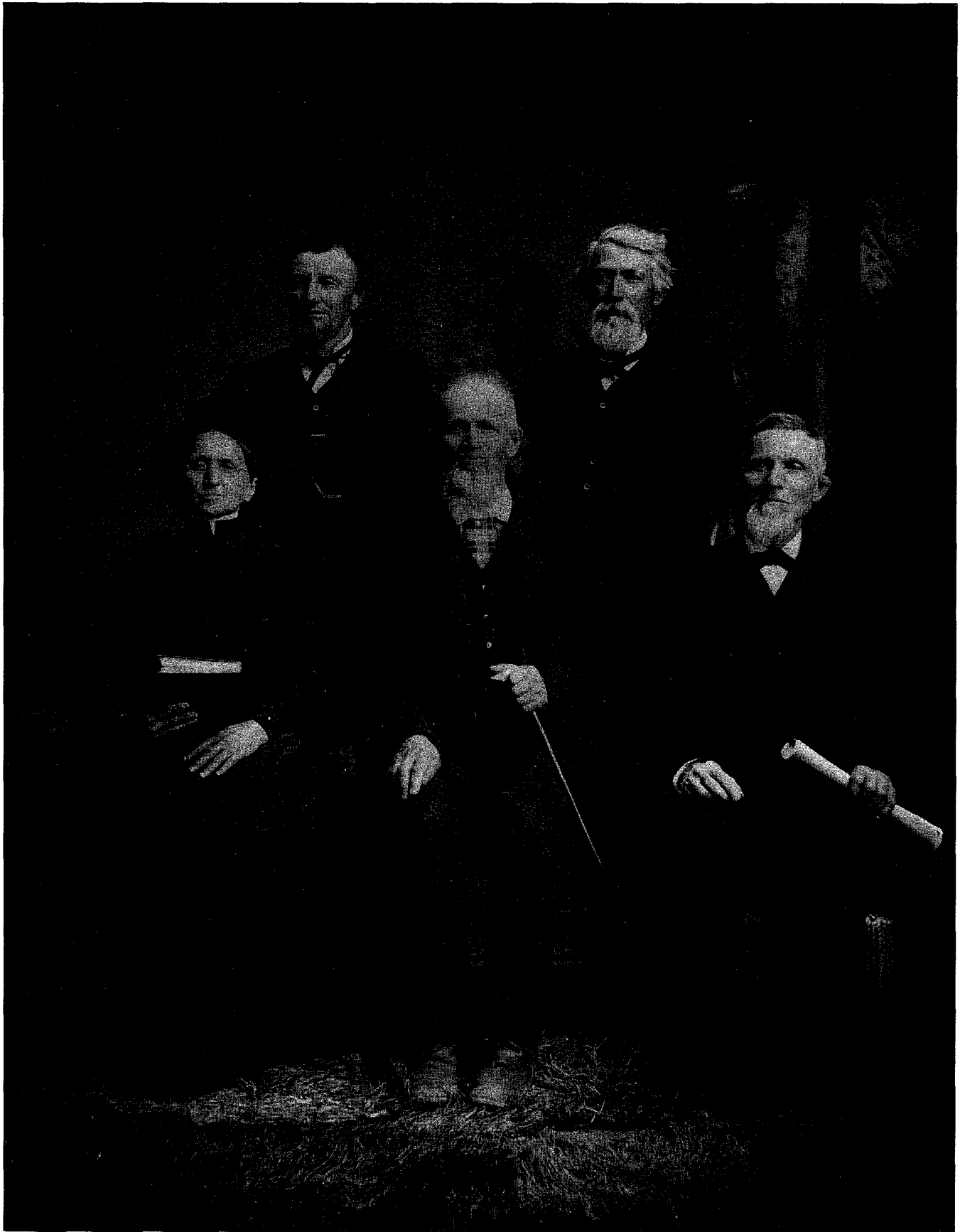
Over the years the Klippels had six children: Lannes 1861, Allie 1864, John 1867, Frederick 1869, Henry 1876, and Ivan (died young) 1879. In the meantime Henry Klippel helped get the town off to a good start and entered an amazing variety of endeavors.

One wonders how the pioneers who had little academic education, were able to perform so many duties, ranging from arduous physical labor to intricate paper work, and to accomplish those duties without telephones, computers, diesel oil or electric motors. In today's age of production lines, where a man could spend his working days attaching millions of identical handles to millions of identical doors, and a woman might spend the same time checking labels on millions of bottles of mouthwash as they pass in incessant review before her eyes, the variety of pioneer living and the tireless energy of the first citizens astonishes the historian. Henry Klippel, like so many others, could do just about everything that needed doing.

At first he tried operating a billiard saloon, but competition was too great, and, after a year or so, he sold out. In 1864 he was in on the discovery of rich cinnabar and quicksilver deposits near the California border, he participated in the operation of the quartz mill in Gold Hill, he became recorder for the newly incorporated city of Jacksonville, served on the board of trustees, and became Mayor of the town. In 1870 he was elected Sheriff of Jackson County on the Democratic ticket. In 1872 he was appointed by Governor Grover to the commission for the construction of the state capitol in Salem, and was elected president of the board. In 1874, returning to Jacksonville, he engaged in construction of the Jewett Quartz Mill in association with C.C. Beekman. In 1874 he became Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Oregon. In 1877 he organized a company to build a ditch from Squaw Lake to the hydraulic mines on the Applegate, and for three years he operated several of those mines. In 1880 he was elected County Clerk and re-elected two years



Elizabeth Ann Bigham Klippel  
She seems to be making a valiant effort to smile in spite of the snow storm which is coming through the roof.



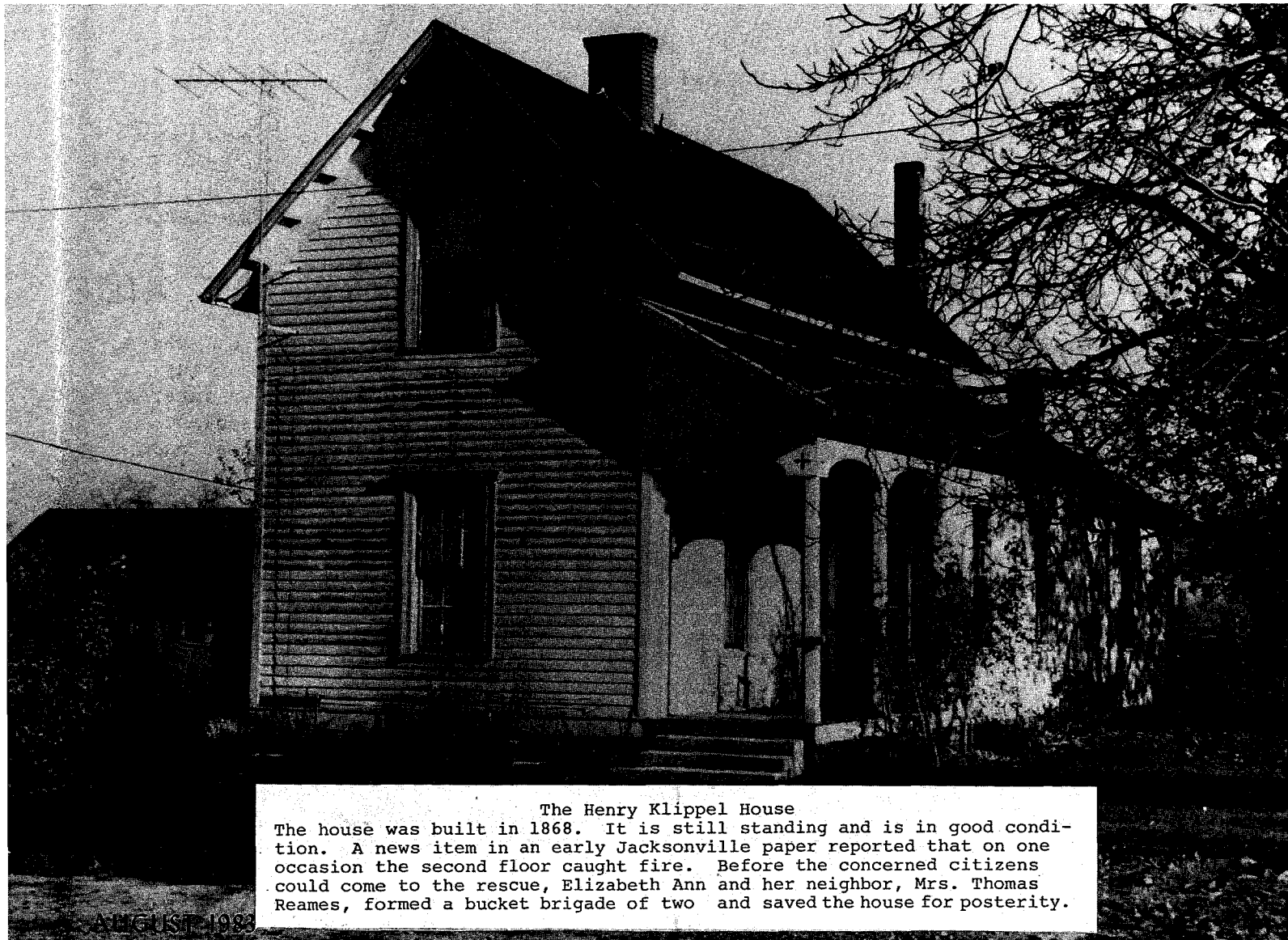
The Klippel family, caught in all their dignity by Peter Britt. Top row: Jacob and Henry. Bottom row: The lady must be Mrs. Adam Klippel; she seems to be holding the good book and she looks severe and devout. The two men are Adam and Philip. Philip was a printer, like Adam, and he is holding a certificate. Let's just say it's his good penmanship award.

later. In 1884, at the age of 51, he retired from politics. He had earned the right to sit down and put up his feet for the rest of his life, but there was no let-up in his activities. He invested in stock-raising in Lake County and, at the same time, continued his farming and mining operations in southern Oregon. Finding a little free time, he squeezed in a stint at real estate.

Sometimes during the years, the Klippel brothers reunited. The 1880 census lists all four of them living in Jackson County. Adam Klippel had married and had a family of six children. His occupation was listed as printer; he had apparently found that the post of lay preacher didn't pay a living wage. Jacob and Philip were both listed in the directory as miners. What happened to the mother of the Klippel boys is not on record.

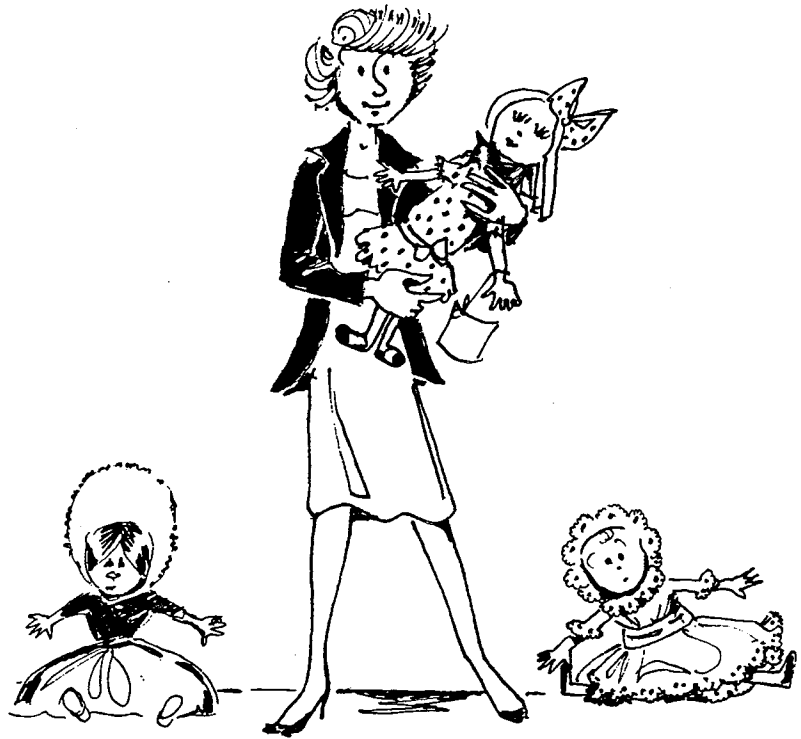
Given enough time, even a dynamo runs down. In 1897 Henry Klippel sold most of his properties, including the family home, and he and Elizabeth Ann moved to Medford. Although they were still active in the Jacksonville lodge, they had pulled up their roots and were no longer part of the Jacksonville scene, and the town, concerned with survival, simply forgot Henry Klippel and his contributions.

On November 2, 1901, he suffered a heart attack and died. He was survived by his wife and five children. Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association--Wm. M. Colvig, J.R. Neil and David Linn--wrote a biographical sketch praising him for his "life of active intense and vigorous Manhood" and declaring that "a history of southern Oregon could not be written without frequent honorable mention of his name...a name that his widow, his children, and members of this Society may contemplate with solemn satisfaction." And amen to that.



The Henry Klippel House

The house was built in 1868. It is still standing and is in good condition. A news item in an early Jacksonville paper reported that on one occasion the second floor caught fire. Before the concerned citizens could come to the rescue, Elizabeth Ann and her neighbor, Mrs. Thomas Reames, formed a bucket brigade of two and saved the house for posterity.



## TIFFANY MAYO, COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT AIDE



For 25 years J. TIFFANY MAYO knocked around Washington, D.C., where she was born not very many years ago. The capital is a great spot for museum goers, and Tiffany, early on, developed an interest in historical stuff. She spent hours visiting the Smithsonian, the famous galleries and the embassies, little dreaming that one day she'd be associated with the history of a state clear across the nation. But Washington, D.C.'s loss has become an SOHS asset.

After her graduation from Calvin Coolidge High School, she went to work for a succession of libraries: the Takoma Park Library, a student nurses' library, church libraries, you name it, you got it. But when romance wiggled its finger, in the form of Floyd, a specialist at IBM, she married and when he was transferred to the west coast, she happily left the capital for greener fields.

The first transfer led to another and another, and the young couple jumped around all over the state. They lived in Corvallis, Albany, Salem, Coos Bay, Corvallis, Salem, North Bend, stopping just long enough to make their new house habitable before they moved on to another town. They did manage to settle down long enough to produce two nice kids: a girl, Jennifer, now in Sacramento, and a boy, Mark, chef at the Chautaulin restaurant in Ashland.

The family traveled in their camper all over the west and southwest, and



there are few places in Oregon that they haven't visited and explored.

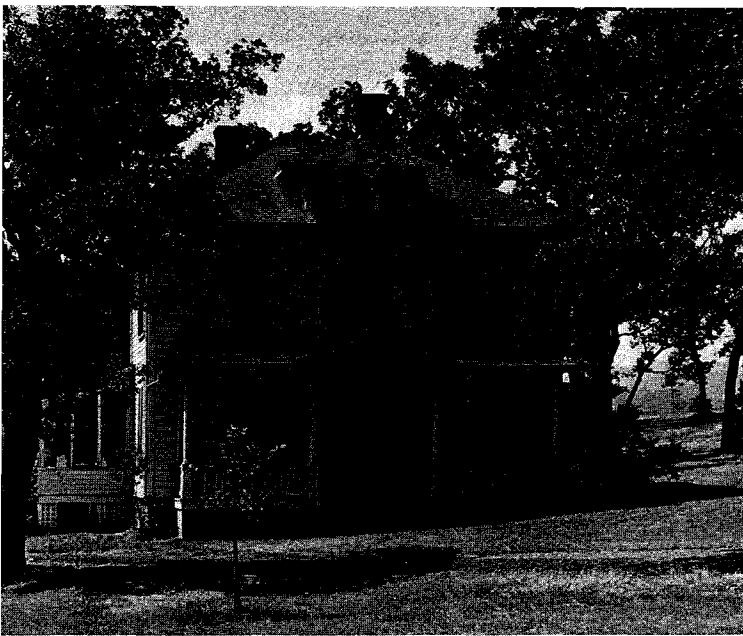
When Floyd decided to return to college at SOSC, he and Tiffany went their different directions. After an amicable divorce, she went to work for the city of Ashland, setting up and directing the Senior Citizens' Center. During her stay at the Center she was appointed by Governor Straub to the Senior Citizens' Commission. In that capacity she served on a legislative sub-committee, helping to write 52 pieces of legislation for the senior citizens of Oregon. She reports she is most proud of a dental bill which she helped put through. Whatever it is, if it makes the teeth pearlier, we're for it.

After her work with the commission, she became Emergency Room Clerk at the Providence Hospital, leaving there in 1981 to come to the historical society. Working as an aide in the collections department, she makes use of skills, including the Chenhall Museum Filing System, which she acquired while working in libraries in the east. She also serves as secretary and cleans and prepares artifacts for exhibit.

She offers a little sound advice to the ladies who fall in love with men who don't respond with equal ardor: Play it cool and indifferent, let the men make the overtures, and *don't come on too strong*. She has recently come to the opinion that this system just may work; the other way certainly hasn't (she reports).

At this stage of the game she thinks she's had a good life, although nothing has occurred that's been wildly exciting and overwhelming. She could stand it.





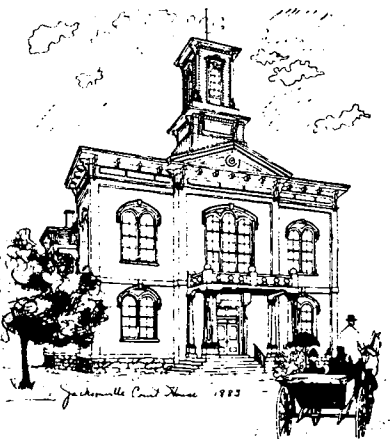
## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM ■ CHILDREN'S MUSEUM ■ BEEKMAN HOUSE ■ BEEKMAN BANK  
ARMSTRONG HOUSE ■ CATHOLIC RECTORY ■ ROGUE RIVER VALLEY RAILWAY STATION  
U.S. HOTEL ■ RESEARCH LIBRARY ■ MUSEUM SHOP

## NEWS NOTES

Top: The McCreadie House. Situated on the J. Herbert Stone Forest Service Nursery, the house is on the National Registry. As the Forest Service wishes to have it removed but does not wish to see it demolished, they are offering the building for a nominal fee. Cost of moving will be the largest expense. Those interested should call 776-4281. Top right: Esther Hinger, Manager of the sales shop, examines the Chronological chart, offered for sale at the museum. It is a lifetime history of the world from man's beginnings up to 1900. It is printed in five sections. Lower right: Representatives of the marker committee observe Rod Reid, Chairman, as he presents an SOHS historical marker to Bob Lima, owner of the Jackson House Restaurant, which was originally the Eagle Mill Warehouse.

Photographs are by Doug Smith and Jane Cory Van-Dyke, staff photographers.

