

9/83

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Director's Corner

In January, 1982, the Society raised its basic membership fee from \$5.00 to \$7.50; the purpose was to make the membership fee pay for the benefits the members were receiving. Well, it did exactly that for about two months, then postage and printing costs were increased, putting us back in the loss column. During this time we began publishing a more professional newsletter, are publishing it monthly, and many of you have commented that the newsletter is the principal reason you have joined the Society and why you have remained members.

The newsletter now costs us more than the basic membership fee. With the other mailings (calendar, announcements of special exhibits and programs and membership cards), the family membership does not cover all the expenses incurred. The few members who pay dues at the higher categories (\$25 to \$100) actually subsidize the memberships at the individual and family levels. Dottie Bailey, our financial adviser, tells me that if we were to consider all the actual expenses incurred, the dues now being collected would cover only half the costs. Clearly we cannot continue this practice. The Membership Committee is studying the problem and will have some recommendations for the Board of Trustees soon. Some of the recommendations will call for increasing the dues in all categories, for widening the range of categories which will go as high as \$1,000, and, perhaps, for dropping some of the benefits and adding others. The membership has grown to 1,750 from fewer than 200 in 1976. We hope the membership will continue to grow; two thousand by the end of 1983 is the goal we have set for ourselves.

Input from our members is always welcome, and your ideas will help members of the Membership Committee make their recommendations for the future. Please send comments and suggestions to Maureen Smith, Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, OR 97530. She will give them to the Membership Committee.

On other matters, the August 1983 issue of History News features a five page story about SOHS. The magazine is published by the American Association for State and Local History, a national professional organization for those involved with historical agencies and museums. It is wonderful recognition. I have already received positive comments from museum professionals from other areas of the country.

We are still waiting for the verdict from the American Association of Museums on whether SOHS will get the coveted "accreditation" status of its museum programs. We should hear in September or October. I believe there are fewer than 600 accredited museums in the United States. Only five museums in Oregon have such an honor, none of which is a local historical society museum.

Bill Burk

The cover photograph of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan on parade was taken in Ashland, probably on the Fourth of July, 1921 or 1922. No one in the picture has been identified, but it is most likely that the marchers were all members of the Ashland Klan, which had an extremely flourishing membership list of prominent citizens.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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



urely if these little kids--the first and second graders of Jacksonville school in 1920--had been contemplating what a ball their lives would eventually be, they wouldn't have worn such solemn expressions. Perhaps the picture was taken early in the year and they hadn't yet got used to their school shoes and the confinement of the classroom. The picture, included here in recognition of

back-to-school month, should provoke a memory of some nostalgic odors: for instance, chalk packed in sawdust in wooden boxes, freshly washed blackboards and powdery felt erasers, a new black coat of linseed oil on the floor, recently re-varnished desk tops, and humanity. (It has been said that all little children smell like wet cardboard.)

The picture was contributed to the SOHS library files by Joseph P. Busby of Palm Desert, California. Mr. Busby and Mrs. Art Davies of Jacksonville have identified most of the kids, but a few are still unnamed. The museum library would greatly appreciate additions or corrections to the list.

Bottom row, left to right: 1. unidentified, 2. Lewis Applebaker, 3. Freddie Berwick, 4. unidentified, 5. Helen Walton, 6. Joe Busby, 7. Rex Moses, 8. unidentified. *Middle row:* 1. Charles Witter, 2. Elda Varney, 3. John Moses, 4. Albert Heuners, 5. Bolton McMahon, 6. Clifton Childers, 7. unidentified, 8. Gertrude Kerr. *Top row:* 1. unidentified, 2. Earnest Armpriest, 3. teacher, Miss Hurst, 4. Harold Wakefield, 5. unidentified, 6. Earnest Stephenson.

THE STORY OF JAMES R. NEIL IS SECOND IN A SERIES OF MINI-BIOGRAPHIES OF PIONEERS WHO PLAYED IMPORTANT PARTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN OREGON. THESE SETTLERS, WHO WERE NO LESS SIGNIFICANT THAN OTHER PERSONALITIES FEATURED IN THE NEWSLETTER, LEFT LITTLE DOCUMENTATION OF THEIR LIVES, AND THEIR INCOMPLETE AND SKETCHY BIOGRAPHIES MUST BE RESEARCHED IN OLD NEWSPAPER FILES. THEY ARE NONETHELESS DESERVING OF A PERMANENT PLACE IN OUR HISTORY.



JAMES R. NEIL

Judge James R. Neil, one of southern Oregon's most respected citizens, burned to death on December 11, 1917, when his home in Jacksonville caught fire and was completely destroyed. The Jacksonville fire department made a valiant effort to check the flames, but the fire had gained such headway that when the volunteers arrived upon the scene, the house was already beyond saving.

Judge Neil, who was a pioneer citizen,

veteran attorney, lifelong democrat and a long time public official, was mourned by people throughout the state. He was survived by a son, Frank, two brothers, Robert P. Neil and Leander Neil of Ashland and a number of grandchildren.

The family had come to Oregon when James was a child of twelve, and the Neils had helped their scattered neighbors tame the wilderness. In 1917

there was only a handful of pioneers left, and the death of James R. Neil was a deep sorrow to the few surviving founders who saw their number steadily decreasing as they grieved for yet another missing friend.

CLAYBORNE Neil, James' father was born in Tennessee. When he was eighteen, he took a land claim in Missouri, and, persuading his sister to join him, farmed there for six years. During those six years he met Louisa Gibson, a young lady from Virginia, then living with her parents in Buchanan County. Finding her comely, sturdy and energetic and faithful to the church--all virtues he sought in a wife--he married her on December 5, 1839.

At a time when land was easily available for the asking, an ambitious farmer didn't hesitate to make a claim on a section if he found it superior to his own or if he wished to change his neighborhood. A few years after their marriage, Clayborne and Louisa Neil, with the first two or three of their eventual aggregation of twelve youngones and Clayborne's helpful sister, moved back to Tennessee, taking another land claim not far from his family's farm.

It was a restless time. Promise of a virtual Eden in the far west, and the continuing lines of wagon trains bound for Oregon kept a young man with a yen for adventure in a state of restless indecision. In the summer of 1852 Clayborne decided to take his family to the western frontier. After he had acquired oxen, a wagon and other necessities, he, Louisa and their six children joined a party of fifty others. They travelled through Kentucky and Illinois and across the state of Missouri to St. Joseph. Having begun the long trek so late in the year, they found themselves facing the first discouraging signs of an early winter and decided to stay in Missouri until the next spring. On April 22 they again set out for Oregon. Although they had a couple of skirmishes with the Indians while crossing the plains, they came through safely and entered the Willamette Valley by the Barlow Route.

On September 22, 1853, they arrived in the Santiam Valley near the present

site of Brownsville, where they spent the winter. In the spring of 1854 Clayborne took up a donation land claim of 320 acres five miles southeast of Ashland on a creek which was named in his honor, Neil Creek.

At the time of their arrival, the Rogue River Indians, increasingly resentful of being mistreated by the settlers, were in a state of rebellion. The pioneers were in terror, and it was not a time to debate which side was the more reprehensible. Clayborne assisted his neighbor in fortifying his ranch, and when the Takelmas threatened an attack, five or six families gathered there for safety. About a year later when fierce fighting broke out, Clayborne took Louisa and the youngest children to Yreka. He and the older boys remained on the ranch, but in 1855, when all of the settlers in southern Oregon were imperiled, he joined the troops and served as a volunteer Indian fighter.

After the peace, he was able to devote his time and energies towards making his homestead one of the most productive in the valley. Assisted by his growing family, he carried on general farming and stock-raising, and set out a large orchard of all kinds of fruit. With the construction of a ditch, he brought the waters of Neil Creek through his land so that the entire farm was under irrigation, and a few years later, as Ashland continued to grow and thrive, the Neils became respected members of the young community. The boys were James R., John (who died when he was thirty), William, Leander, Robert, Jefferson and Thomas (who died in infancy.) The girls were Jennie (Alford), Mary (Dean), Sarah (Chapman), Louisa (Tozer), and Gertrude (Murphy).

In 1880 Louisa died. After ten years as a widower, Clayborne married Mrs. Amanda Haymond. In 1901 when he was eighty years of age, he retired from farm labors and he and Amanda Haymond Neil moved to Ashland. The home farm was left in care of his son, Jefferson.

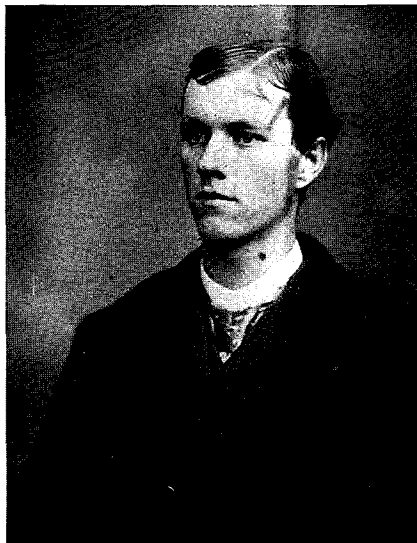
ROBERT PROCTOR NEIL, the sixth child, became one of the leading agriculturists in the state. Paying his way, he completed his education

at the Ashland academy, and in 1873 he and his brother Leander entered the butcher business. In 1888 he purchased a half-interest in the Ashland Flouring Mill and operated it for four years after which he bought the Meyer farm of nineteen hundred acres and became a most successful farmer and rancher, being considered one of the leading businessmen in Jackson County. He was married twice: first to Miss Lydia F. Russell and later to Mrs. Ida Hargrove.

Always interested in education, Robert Neil was a member of the board of regents of Ashland College and continued serving in that capacity after it became the Southern Oregon Normal School. In 1900 he became Mayor of Ashland and for a number of years he was councilman and school director and is remembered as one of Ashland's most outstanding and civic minded citizens. He died in 1922.

JAMES R. NEIL, the first of the Neil children, was born in McMinn County, Tennessee, on February 22, 1841. He was twelve years old when he and his family settled on the Neil homestead near Barron above Ashland. His elementary education was completed in a rural, primitive schoolhouses, where, during the first few years, attendance was considerably irregular because of the fear of attacks by the angry Rogue Indians. His secondary education was continued at the Ashland academy, and he graduated from Willamette University in 1863 at the age of 22, an indication that his academic training had been delayed in the process. One interruption occurred when he enlisted as a volunteer under Col. John E. Ross in the Modoc War. Probably some time was spent acquiring enough money to enable him to graduate.

Having stud-



*The Judge J.R. Neil Family.
(left to right) Frank R.,
Amanda Helm Neil,
George R., James R. Neil.*



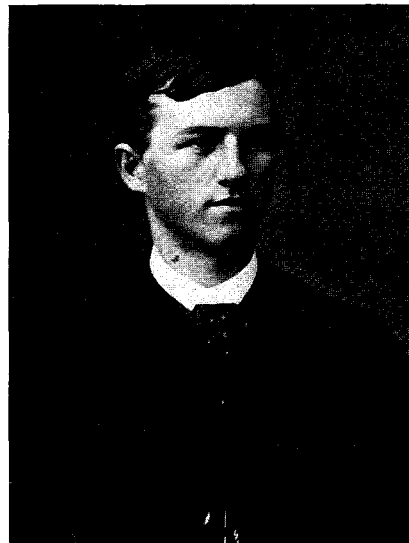
ied law with James D. Fay, the pioneer attorney, well-known throughout the state (*Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. 2, No. 8) James Neil was admitted to the bar in 1865.

In that same year he married Minnie Helm who had been living with her father in Corvallis. Her mother had died many years earlier when the family was crossing the plains and had been buried in an unmarked grave along the immigrant trail.

After James and Minnie Neil moved to Jacksonville, he established a successful law practice. Southern Oregon, in earlier days, was beset by law suits, disputed claims, and quarrels over unpaid accounts. It seems that as soon as the Indians had been subdued and the need to share and cooperate with each other in order to survive had eased up a little, human nature returned in full blossom, and folk who had previously, in the bad times, stood loyally shoulder-to-shoulder, found themselves, in the good times, battling each other in a law court. James Neil, in a profession much in demand, became an instant success. In a short time he acquired an envious reputation for proficiency and skill and had no lack of clients. The Neil home was just out of Jacksonville on North Oregon Street, and the property contained four or five acres of land

which included a small orchard and two acres of Mission grapes. Frank R., the oldest son, was born in 1866; a second son, George R. was born a year later.

In 1876 James Neil was elec-



*George, right
Frank, left.*



ted District Attorney. At that time the district was made up of Jackson, Josephine, Klamath and Lake counties, and he rode around the circuit on horseback, a routine and schedule which at times must have been arduous and seemed unending. He was re-elected in 1878 and again in 1880.

In 1888, at the age of 47, he was elected county judge; in 1892 he was reelected for a second time and in 1908 he began his third term.

The year 1908 was a difficult one for him. His sons had both moved away: Frank had married Beulah James of Portland and they were living on a small farm near Eagle Point. George, after studying law at the University of Michigan, opened a law practice in Jacksonville and married Susie Turner, daughter of a pioneer family.* George died suddenly and unexpectedly at the age of 27.

Judge Neil and Minnie were left to themselves and Minnie, who had been ill for a long time, was at last confined to her bed, requiring almost constant care. Judge Neil was affectionately attentive, and looked after her needs when he was not serving on the bench.

On January 16, 1908, at the age of 63, she died. Delegates of the Pioneer Society--Mary Day, Julia Beekman and Issie McCully--composed a flowery and grandiose obituary for the lady who, apparently, had sprouted wings and developed a halo even before her flickering candle was snuffed out.

She was a lover of Nature and to her God's creatures were objects of solicitude and every dew drop and flower, every sunset and thunder cloud, pulsating with life, spoke to her of the wisdom and goodness of an over-ruling Providence and her companions often caught anew the beauty and freshness of the landscape through her interpretations of Nature. [Freely translated, that probably means she kept a nice flower garden and a tidy vegetable plot.] The door of her home opened to the slightest touch of the afflicted in mind or body where with intelligent and sympathetic counsel, the faltering heart and feeble limbs found strength anew. [She doled out good advice as well as home remedies.] Her wholesome life and character was an uplift to

all...she ever looked through the cypress trees to that bright and morning star that is fixed and fades not. [She attended Sunday School, church and Wednesday Evening Meetings.] May we not believe that flights of angels were very near to bear her to her rest. [My gosh.]



Susie Turner Neil

After Minnie's death Judge Neil lived alone at the home place for almost ten years. Despite his being subject to heart attacks and the loneliness of it, he preferred his solitude.

On the morning of December 10, 1917, he awoke feeling below par. For a long time he had been plagued with an irregular pulse and his pesky ticker acted up occasionally, but a little rest and a pill always straightened him out. A bit of precaution never hurt, so after breakfast he went downtown to Dr. Robinson's office. The doctor took his pulse, tapped around on his chest and told him to go home, take an extra tablet or two and put in the day humoring himself by doing nothing.

It seemed like sound advice for a fellow who wasn't so young as he used to be, and he was entitled to waste a day or two if he was a mind to. He returned to his home and, after doing a few chores about the house and getting in an ample load of wood, he stretched out on the sofa which he had earlier moved to the dining room so he wouldn't have to open up the cold parlor. He was pleased that he

* Frank and Beulah Neil had three daughters: Mildred, Nydah and Frances. Nydah, remaining single, worked in the office of the County Clerk of Jackson County from 1924 to 1961. At the time of her retirement she was chief clerk. She died in 1972. George and Susie Neil had a son Turner and a daughter Marion.

was able to look out for himself and that there was no body around to be over solicitous and fussy. The boys had both wanted him to come live with them, particularly after the heart started acting up, but being alone when you wanted to be was one of the few privileges of old age, and neither Beulah nor Susie needed a father-in-law pattering around underfoot.

At 6:30 in the evening Chauncey Florey, the County Recorder, and a good neighbor, came by to bring the judge a Jacksonville Chautauqua ticket which was sent over by his granddaughter Mildred. He was surprised to find Judge Neil looking really peaked and uncomfortable. Having an upset stomach, the judge had eaten nothing all day, but he insisted that all he really needed was a good night's sleep.

Chauncey Florey helped him undress, get into his nightshirt, and go to bed on the sleeping porch just off the bedroom. He asked Chauncey to stoke up the stove in the dining room so the house wouldn't get uncomfortably cold during the night. Not wishing to appear alarmingly concerned, Chauncey Florey concealed his anxiety. Before he left he told the judge he would come back around midnight just to check up. Shortly after Mr. Florey left, Judge Neil fell asleep

About two hours later the judge was awakened by the smell of smoke and the crackling of fire. Alarmed, he jumped out of bed and made his way through the bedroom to the hall. It was certain there was a fire in the dining room. Grasping the knob he flung open the door. Instantly a great cloud of smoke and flames engulfed him. Clutching his chest, he fell forward on his face in the doorway as the gust of air

swept the flames into the rest of the house.

Chauncey Florey, who was reading, had begun nodding and was dozing in his chair when he was suddenly startled and awakened by the light of the flames. Seeing at once that Judge Neil's house was ablaze, he rushed out across the yard to make certain the judge was safe. Breaking open the screen door he ran to the sleeping porch, but Judge Neil was not there. His slippers were by the side of the bed, the covers were thrown back, and the room, almost unbearably hot, was filling with smoke. Running through the bedroom, he attempted to reach the hall leading to the dining room, but the heat of the blaze was too intense and the flames were growing larger as the fire rapidly spread through the hallway. Racing out of the house, he ran around to the kitchen, desperately hoping Judge Neil had made it safely to that room, but there was no trace of him.

Realizing that rescue was hopeless, Chauncey Florey returned to his home, got into his car and drove to Derby to break the sad news to Fred, Judge Neil's only living son.

When the flames had died down and the ashes had cooled somewhat, Fred Neil and Chauncey Florey secured the body, charred and barely recognizable. Then Coroner John Perl took charge, and two days later the funeral was held.

Of course there could be no traditional lying in state in the family parlor, so the funeral was held in the Masonic Temple. At the Jacksonville cemetery members of the lodge and many of the mourners laid sprays of cedar on the grave as a symbol that the honored memory of Judge James R. Neil would be evergreen.

MAKE GIFT SHOPPING EASY

It is never too early to think of Christmas shopping, and birthdays and anniversaries are always popping up unexpectedly. Suggestion: a membership in the Southern Oregon Historical Society provides interesting benefits and the satisfaction of being part of an effort to preserve our regional history. Maureen-the-Pleasant, Membership Secretary (899-8203), will write individual notices to recipients. She will extend happy birthday sentiments or include a Santa-sticker to make joining a festive occasion. Simplify your gift shopping.

The IMPERIAL NIGHT-HAWK



An official publication of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IN SOUTHERN OREGON

In 1915 it seemed that the Ku Klux Klan, which, like a sleeping dragon, had lain dormant for four decades, was showing signs of coming out of hibernation. But in actuality, the stirring of life came from an offspring of the Klan not from a rejuvenated old one. A vigorous new organization, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, was presented to its potential members as the defender of white against black, of Gentile against Jew, and of Protestant against Catholic.

The country was ripe and ready for it. A period of bigotry and prejudice--anti-alien, pro-Protestant, fostered by the lawlessness which accompanied prohibition, was ushered in at the conclusion of World War I. A dedicated bigot could hardly resist the opportunity to become a Knight of the Invisible Empire, dress up in an outfit which completely disguised his identity, and deliver punishment to those who were suspected of being less than 100 percent Americans.

The objectives of the order were stated in its Constitution:

to unite white male persons, native-born Gentile citizens of the United States of America, who owe no allegiance of any nature to any foreign government, nation, institution, sect, ruler, person or people; whose morals are good, whose reputations and vocations are exemplary...to cultivate and promote patriotism...to practice an honorable Klannishness towards each other, to exemplify a practical benevolence; to shield the sanctity of the home and the chastity of womanhood; to maintain forever white supremacy, to teach and faithfully inculcate a high spiritual philosophy through an exalted ritualism, and by a practical devotion to conserve, protect and maintain the distinctive institutions, rights and privileges, principals, traditions and ideals of a pure Americanism.

Unfortunately the secrecy of the Klan was an open invitation to anarchy and lawlessness. Individuals who didn't appear to exemplify these high flown aims, might be taken by force from their homes, beaten, hanged to a tree, tarred and feathered or, in some cases, murdered. Gangs of hoodlums soon took advantage of the Klan's existence and committed brutal and criminal acts in the name of the Klan; it was easy enough to paint a crude K.K.K. on the fence or burn a cross. Frederick L. Allen wrote: "A movement conceived in fear perpetuated fear and brought with it all manner of cruelties and crimes.*" the license for unbridled lawlessness, rather than weakening the Klan, served to strengthen it, and it came to wield great political power, dominating for a time several states, including Oregon, with the Pacific coast one of its chief strongholds. The entire country, however, was in a state of foment and dissension, initiated by the advent of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

On March 19, 1922, the citizens of southern Oregon were given a graphic picture of Klan justice in a *Medford Mail Tribune* story, headlined "J.F. Hale Is Given Neck Tie Party." The lead paragraph contained the following information:

Wild rumors began to spread over the city this morning to the effect that J.F. Hale, the former well-known piano merchant, was mysteriously missing after having been called out of his home late last night. By noon these rumors, greatly exaggerated, had assumed a tragic significance and it was even said the Mr. Hale had been mur-

dered, and it began to look as if Medford had on tapis a great murder mystery of national interest.

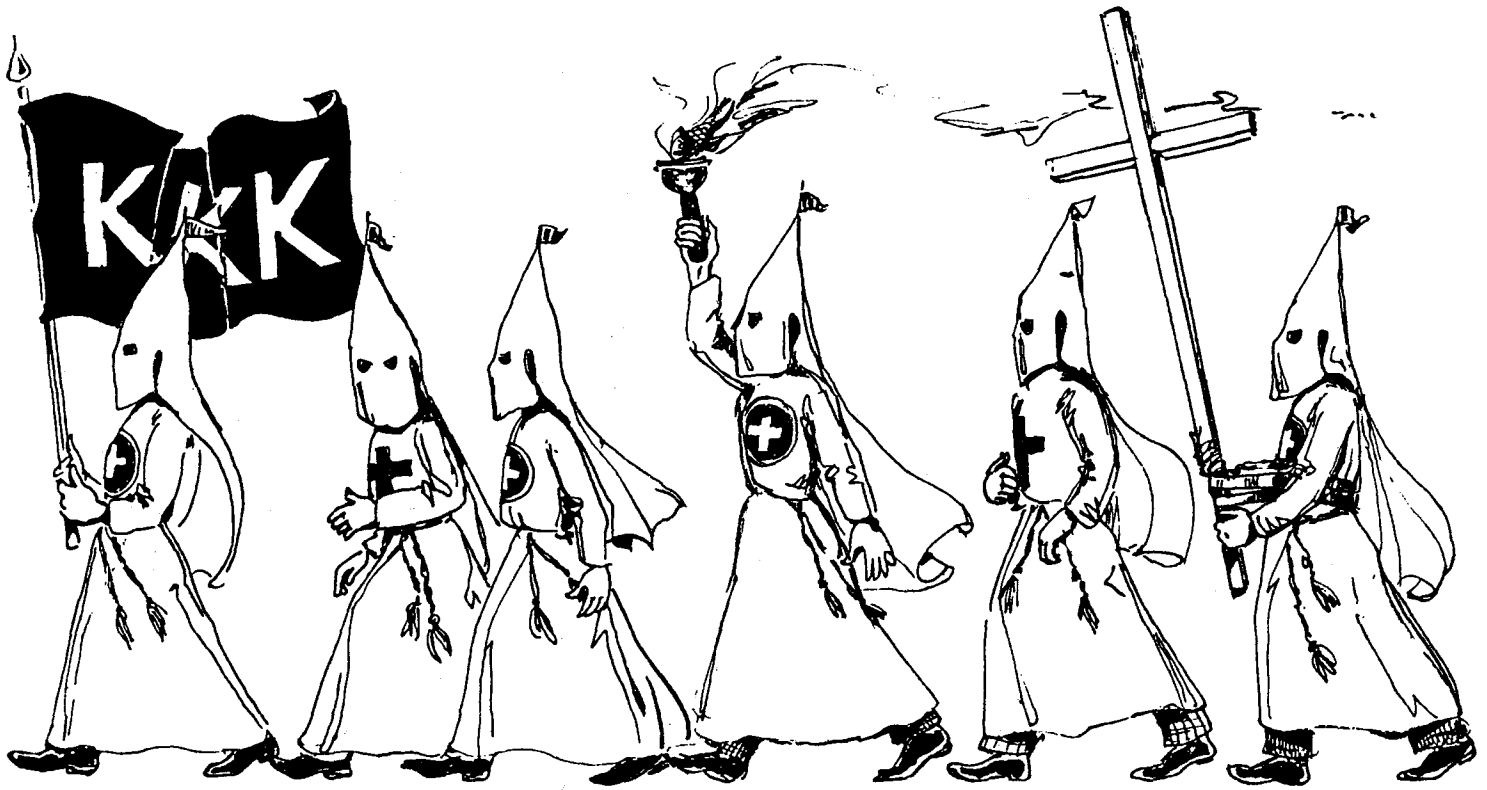
By noon, however, the rumors had been run down to the bare facts that Hale had been kidnapped from his home, 619 East Main Street, by the local Ku Klux organization ...late last night, and taken to a lonely spot near Table Rock where a rope was placed around his neck and he was threatened with hanging.

In most of the raids the terrified victims immediately agreed to the terms specified by their abductors, but Mr. Hale appears to have been more resourceful with a trick or two of his own up his sleeve. When the masked nightriders placed the noose around his neck, he simulated a heart attack and, in turn, frightened the Klan members who had no desire to be charged with actual murder. After their attempts to revive him failed, they hurriedly brought him back to town and deposited him on Genessee Street. When he was sure they had gone, he returned to his home and sent for Dr. E.B. Pickel, the family doctor, to look him over for injuries. He apparently suffered no bad effects beyond chill and shock and was soon able to go about his business.



Although he refused to tell his story, parts of it leaked out and appeared in the *Tribune* for the enlightenment of the general public. The night before, it seems, around midnight, Klansmen in ten autos had gathered at a rendezvous on the east side. One of their number, unmasked, had gone to the Hale home and had rung the door-

*Frederick L. Allen, *Only Yesterday*.



bell. When Mr. Hale appeared, he was told by the stranger that he was wanted on the long distance telephone. Fearing bad news from members of his family in Marshfield, Hale unhesitatingly accompanied the man to a waiting automobile in front of the house.

As he stepped into the car, he discovered it was filled with Ku Klux members in full regalia. A gun was jabbed into his chest and he was advised to keep silent and make no resistance under penalty of death. A blanket was thrown over his head, and the driver of the car speedily pulled away and started for Table Rock. Enroute the kidnap car was joined by ten other autos. All license plates had been removed or carefully covered.

When the caravan arrived at the secluded place, Hale was ordered out of the car. He was told that he'd soon be hanging from a tree unless he agreed (one) to drop a suit for \$150 which he had pending against a Medford citizen (a Klan member), and (two) to promise to leave town immediately. Subsequent information revealed that his unconventional love life had at first brought him to the Klan's attention. The knot was slipped about his neck, whereupon he went into a seizure and resisted all attempts at resuscitation. When he was at last brought back to town and deposited on the sidewalk,

he was alert enough to hear the warning that if he ever uttered a word about the night's doings, he would be killed.

Although Mr. Hale was sly enough to play tricks on the Klan, he was not entirely fearless. The next morning he appeared for breakfast at the Rex Cafe, toting a Winchester rifle which he placed conspicuously on the table. In addition he was accompanied by a body guard, comfortably muscle-bound. Even fully armed, he refused to make any further comment on the episode, but he did tell Chief of Police Timothy that he might be going duck hunting for some high flyers. The demand that he leave town immediately was unnecessary; he had previously announced that he had made preparations to move, with his family, to Portland, where he had secured a position. After his harassment at the hands of the Klan, however, he gave up his plans to move and remained in Medford out of defiance.

A week before the incident, members of the Klan had burned a cross on Roxy Ann, traditional advance notice that there soon would be a night ride and discipline doled out to some sinner.

The publicity of the episode made the Klan look a little silly. A bunch of bullies wouldn't mind looking ruthless or threatening or in-



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 MRS. K.R. BEEBE, CENTRAL POINT
 K. GORDON AND MARION BORCHGREVINK,
 MEDFORD
 HYL A JEAN BOWLES, EAGLE POINT
 DR. AND MRS JOHN BRANDENBURG,
 MEDFORD
 SID AND DOROTHY BROWN, MEDFORD
 ELINORE ANN BUCHANAN, CLAREMONT CA
 MR. AND MRS. CARL CHRISTENSON,
 MEDFORD
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 DR. AND MRS. JOHN W. CONWELL,
 MEDFORD, CONTRIBUTOR
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 JEAN COPE, SMITH RIVER CA
 PHYLLIS COURTNEY, ASHLAND
 ALYCE CROWLEY, PORTLAND
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 CLIFTON FRIEND, MEDFORD
 ANITA GRIMM, ASHLAND
 G.W. GROSSKOPF, BOTHELL WA
 NORMA AND HENRY GROSSMAN, MEDFORD

Dear Southern Oregon Historical Society Member,

To help the S.O.H.S. Board of Trustees better plan our goals and activities for the coming years, you are asked to complete and return this questionnaire. There is a space at the end to express ideas that may not be covered by the questions. Be assured that the time you take to answer will not be wasted. Your ideas will be considered. Thank you for your time and your views.

What type of programs would you like the S.O.H.S. to sponsor? List a few topics.

Where should we visit for bus tours? What would you like to see?

Should the S.O.H.S. be more active in publishing local history? What kind of publications should we produce?

What museum exhibits would you like to see? What changes would you make in our current exhibits in Jacksonville?

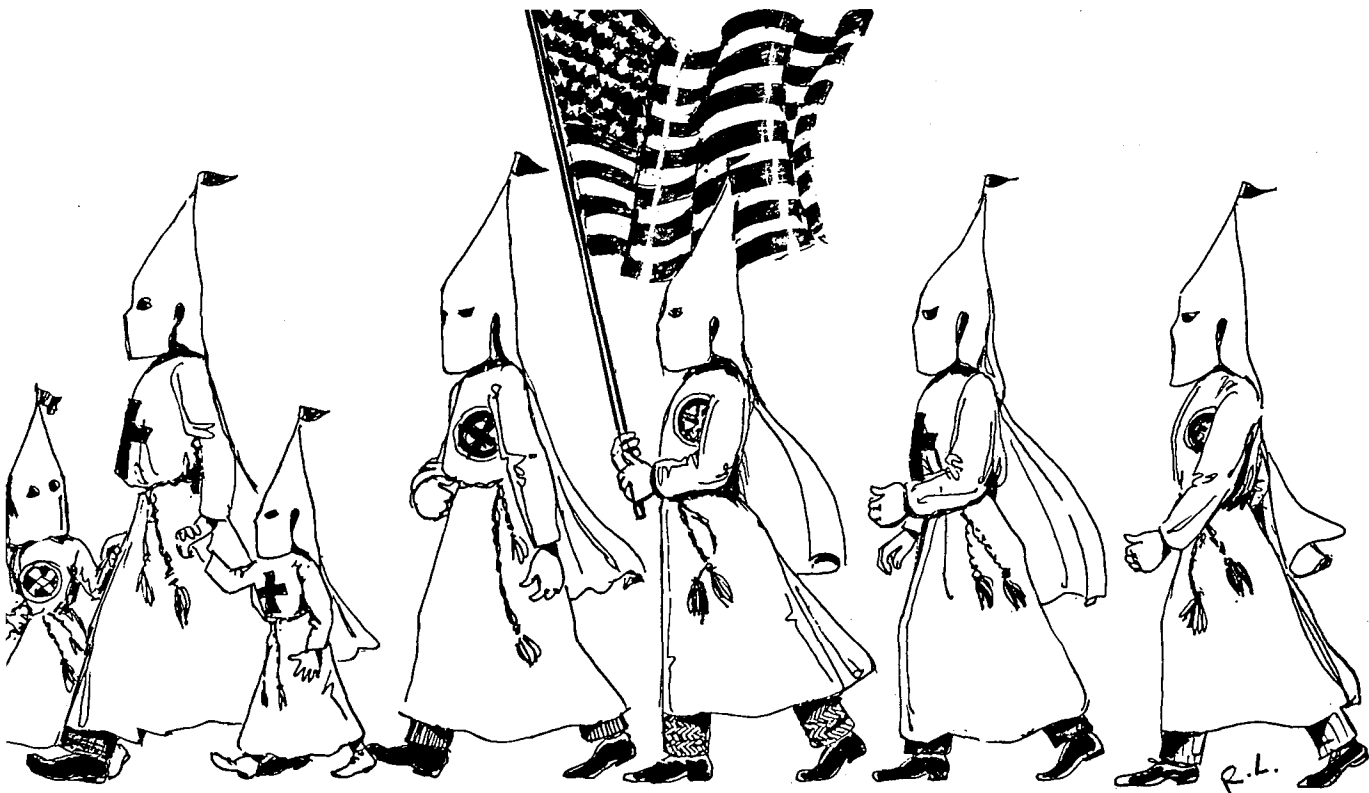
Are you interested in becoming a volunteer? If so, please check the areas of interest:

- | | | | |
|----------------------|--|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Receptionist | 5. Collections | 9. Quilting | 12. Landscaping |
| 2. Tour guide | 6. Library | 10. Photography | 13. Carpentry |
| 3. Children's Museum | 7. Clerk/Typist | 11. Motion Pictures | 14. Maintenance |
| 4. Exhibits | 8. Transcribing (Oral history
from tapes) | (cleaning, editing) | 15. Volunteer Newsletter |

Name _____ Address _____ Phone _____

Comments: _____

SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PLEASE RETURN THIS FORM TO MAUREEN SMITH, P.O. BOX 480, JACKSONVILLE, OR 97530



exorable, but they couldn't abide appearing clumsy or blundering. They immediately took steps to polish up their image. The next day they declared that the Klan had nothing to do with the Hale neck-tie party. The Medford Klan, of course, was behind the law all the way, they positively opposed mob action, and they would appreciate seeing their letter, which stated these facts, on the front page of the paper. The *Tribune* obliged. The letter appeared as well in a second Medford paper, *The Clarion*, a semi-official organ of the Invisible Empire. This weekly was owned and operated by William Estill Phipps, a lawyer and journalist, and its pages were full of anti-Catholicism and America-First stuff. A number of Protestant pastors contributed articles.

In case the letter wasn't persuasive enough, the Klan performed a good deed or two and brought members additional coverage by the local press. On the following Sunday two men dressed in white robes, walked into the assembly room of the Methodist church shortly after the service had started. At the sight of the ghost-like figures, members of the congregation became considerably agitated, and the pastor, making an effort to stay serene and set an example, watched the pair make their way down the center aisle to the altar, where, after one of them had

handed him an envelope, they turned, and, just as silently, walked out. Reverend Fenton then proclaimed to the faithful that there was really nothing to fret about because the sheeted band terrorized evil-doers only, and there were certainly no sinners in that audience. He opened the envelope and revealed a munificent contribution of \$25. The VIPs of the Klan, who always divided and pocketed the lion's share of every \$10 membership fee, obviously felt that the donation was bountiful enough to demonstrate an exemplary Christain charity. The envelope also contained a notice that the Klan "stood for one-hundred percent Americanism, separation of church and state, free speech, free press, law and order and protection of pure womanhood." Rev. Fulton, won over by the contribution, told the reporter that the Ku Kluxers could visit his church whenever they wanted, any or all of them, day or night.

To prove that their philanthropy knew no bounds, a few days later they made another charitable contribution of \$25 which gained them additional publicity. On March 26 Medford citizens caught sight of two Klan members in sheeted splendor, sitting proudly in the front seat of their automobile as they slowly drove down South Central. Concluding that "something was

doing," a group of spectators followed as the car proceeded down the street to number 245, where the men got out, entered the house and handed Mrs. R. E. Johnson \$25 in currency. The *Tribune* revealed, in the next issue, that Mrs. Johnson, whose husband had decamped for parts unknown, was trying to make a living for herself and her children by keeping boarders. The grateful lady called at the *Tribune* and left a card of thanks: To the members of the Medford Ku Klux Klan: I wish to express my appreciation and thanks for the interest you have shown in myself and children. Mrs. R.E. Johnson." Her notice merited a spot on the front page. The Klan's charity was well designed; the organization acquired a completely new coat of white-wash for only \$50.

Four days before the Hale kidnapping, the Klan had enacted one of its displays of mob bravery and vigilante justice, but the earlier action had received less publicity. George Arthur Burr, a black, who had incautiously defied southern Oregon's prejudice, was arrested by Medford police on a liquor charge and given twenty-two days in the county jail. After he had served his sentence and was released, Alec Norris, a Jacksonville citizen, and Bert Moses, the former jailor and then janitor, as a "kindness" to the discharged prisoner, hailed a passing car and asked the driver to give Mr. Burr a ride to Medford. After he had entered the automobile, he realized he had been tricked. He was in a caravan of cars which didn't go to Medford; they went instead to a remote spot in the Siskiyou where the members of the motorcade hanged Burr three times. The Klan's persuasive practice was to put a noose about the neck of the victim and hang him to a tree, allowing his feet to touch the ground lightly so that, by making a valiant effort to balance on the tips of his toes, he could keep from choking. After the third hanging, Mr. Burr was told that he was standing at the summit of the Siskiyou Mountains, and that if he didn't want the next hanging to be far more drastic, he'd better just keep on going south and make no effort to return to lily-white Medford. He didn't debate the matter and wasted

no time with good-byes.



week or two later the Klan took Henry Johnson of Jacksonville for an airing and gave him the order to go to work and call a halt to his shiftless habits. Henry, a likable ne'er-do-well, lived with his sister Lena, and they made do with a little welfare and some assistance from Lena's gentleman friend. Henry was roughed-up considerably, accused of being a chicken thief, called "nigger" continually as a crowning insult, and threatened with some hot tar and feathers for his crimes. Scared almost witless, he didn't require a lot of persuasive tactics, and, after his safe return, he kept his mouth shut and got a job. The story was probably divulged by Klan members who couldn't resist boasting about their effective discipline.

There were doubtlessly other occasions of Klan activity which didn't reach the press. For example, Charles Blitch and his father, who lived in Jacksonville, were taken for an outing and given the hazing treatment. Their crime was that the family had originally come from Germany, and the Klan wanted to make certain that the Blitches remained faithful Americans and didn't retain any remnants of loyalty to the Kaiser. Such terrifying experiences at the hands of irresponsible and lawless mobsters, followed by the warning to keep quiet or face even worse abuse surely kept secret much of the activity of the Klan, and some episodes, hidden under a blanket of fear, have long been forgotten. This is unfortunate because the Ku Klux Klan's activity in southern Oregon--as well as nation-wide--richly deserved exposure by a powerful searchlight.

In 1922 the Medford K.K.K. boasted 600 members, and names of important men--politicians, capitalists, churchmen--were frequently bandied about as having joined. An official speaker for the Klan, during a rally at the Page Theater, announced that even President Harding was friendly to the organization. Mrs. Frank Applegate of Medford, who questioned the statement, wrote the capitol for verification. She received a reply from Harding's secretary, emphatically denying the accusation and closing with the statement that "the president heartily disapproves of the organization and has re-



Members of the Ashland Knights of the Ku Klux Klan on parade.

peatedly expressed himself to this effect."

Publication of the letter on the front page encouraged the first overt criticism of the Medford Klan. Up until that time, July 1922, it seems that those who distrusted the secret society, had, for the most part, held their peace, probably hoping that some good might yet develop from the illicit behavior, or that if one pretended he didn't see it, the ogre would disappear.

In a few days, the *Tribune* published a letter from Colonel Edward E. Kelly, a veteran of both the Spanish-American war and World War I. He wrote

I regard the Ku Klux Klan as the gravest menace to internal peace that has threatened this country since the Civil War.

With platitudinous mouthing of one hundred percent Americanism...it appeals to the well-meaning but ignorant, and inculcates in them prejudice, racial hatred, and religious bigotry.

The Ku Klux Klan proposes to wipe out nine centuries of growth and civilization and substitute for constituted authority and law mob violence and trial by the ordeal of hanging and torture...

I trust I have made my position on this question plain, that I am simply a plain citizen without allegiance to any potentate, visible or invisible, Grand Goblin, Kleagle, Knight or other secret Hokum.

Truly yours,
E.E. Kelly

Unfortunately the monster was not to be vanquished easily.

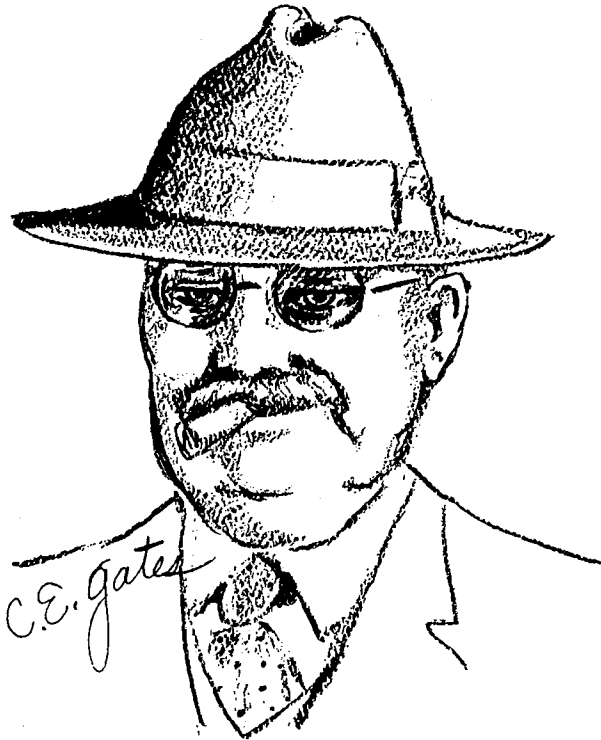
On the heels of Colonel Kelly's letter came the announcement from Gordon Vorheis, E.E. Kelly, Ralph McCurdy, Jay Gore, Paul Scherer and Walter Browne that they had regretfully submitted their resignation to the Medford Post of the American Legion. These men had presented a resolution to the Legion proclaiming that

since mob rule by the Klan and its interference with the constitutional privileges of the people were in complete opposition to the aims of the Legion whose members were sworn to uphold and defend the constitution and maintain law and order, the Medford Post should condemn the Klan. The resolution was voted down, not once, but twice. A protest by only five men out of a large number of Legionnaires was not very effective in loosening the powerful grip of the Klan.

On May 8 one of the kleagles of the Medford Invisible Empire appeared in visible form at the office of the *Tribune* with a letter for publication, to the mayor of the city, Hon. Charles E. Gates. The communication, written by Kleagles John Hoogstraat and H.E. Griffith, was an invitation to the mayor to attend the next regular initiation ceremony. He was accorded this honor because he was a native born, white, Gentile citizen, and, as a distinguished visitor, he would be encouraged to publish his opinions of the ceremony and the organization and would become an honorary member of the order.

After thinking it over for a day or so, Mayor Gates published his acceptance letter. He agreed to the terms, provided no one in the assembly was masked. This was easily managed and 'Pop' Gates went to the initiation, witnessed the ritual, noted the declaration of loyalty to the United States and was surprised and pleased by what he saw. These men were friends and neighbors, fiercely loyal to America, faithful to a Protestant God

and dedicated to preserving the purity of women and honoring Mother. Their tactics in enforcing their noble aspirations were apparently downplayed at the ceremony. The mayor accepted honorary membership and the Kleagles of the Klan didn't hesitate to broadcast the fact.



The approval of the mayor and the wide publicity of his endorsement couldn't stop the growing distrust of the movement by many of the more discerning natives. A letter to the Editor from J.E. Edmiston, who had been a Klan member, appeared in the *Tribune*.

In company with a score of reputable business and professional men, including a number of your more prominent citizens,...attracted by a statement of principles which appeared to me to be worthy of my support...I separated myself from ten good American dollars, attached my name to a card, and [became] a citizen of the Invisible Empire.

I took no active part until nearly a year later it stood charged with the commission of crimes against the persons of three individuals. Having been told the Klan...was the greatest force for good in the country...that it was the greatest aggregation of private detectives in the world and that lawlessness could not exist where Klansmen...went about their daily pursuits, I very naturally expected the Medford Klan to round up the guilty parties and bring them before the bar of justice...

[But] public officials assured me that they had been given no assistance and, indeed, had been offered none. I tendered a letter of resignation and requested a reply...I have waited long and in vain for this letter...Indeed I am told I cannot resign from the Klan. If

this is true, my own conscience demands that I take this means of [stating] where I stand.

Yours for one hundred percent Americanism.

Unmasked and in the open,
Jas. E. Edmiston

A copy of his letter of resignation appeared with the story. Mr. Edmiston wrote in part:

Following the recent outrages in which self-appointed bands of masked rowdies elected to set up a "law of might"... the writer has waited for the Medford Klan to issue a public statement branding these affairs as contemptible and criminal and pledging every resource of the Klan to bring about the speedy arrest, prosecution and punishment of those guilty...A proposal to this effect having been officially pigeon-holed...I am at a loss to reconcile your acts with your oaths.

Moreover I cannot and will no longer subscribe to the rules and regulations of a body of men where I have no voice in choosing its leadership.

...I ask that my name be forthwith stricken from the membership roll.

I cannot close without warning your body to be extremely careful in the future; guard zealously your every act to the end that the countless good your organization is capable of be not lost ...through lawless acts of misguided men who assume to take the law into their own hands. Such acts constitute a challenge to the ability of free men to govern themselves, and strike at the very foundation stone of democracy.

Respectfully yours,
Jas. E. Edmiston

The publication of these documents in the *Tribune* was followed in the next issue with the banner headline:

SWEEP K.K.K. FROM STATE OF OREGON

Governor Ben Olcott had issued a proclamation to the officers of the state including judges of courts to see that "unlawfully disguised men are kept from the streets and to prevent further outrages and maraudings such as have occurred in Oregon and California."

Four days later the Medford City Council took action. They passed an ordinance prohibiting under heavy penalty the wearing of masks or disguises on the streets, except for public or private social entertainment.

Mayor Gates was completely unaware that the ordinance was going to be introduced until it was read by E.E. Kelly, who appeared before the council as a concerned citizen. When overwhelming sentiment was shown in favor of the measure, the mayor was plainly nettled, and he protested that "fair play" called for "a proper investigation rather than



Ben W. Olcott

acting through heresy and prejudice." Councilman Keene then said he agreed with the idea of an investigation and added, "Any official who belongs to the Klan ought to be investigated."

Mr. Gates, his back up, replied, "Any time I can't be fair as mayor and investigate anything, I am ready to resign."

Dr. Keene said that he had not referred to the mayor personally, but had in mind the rumor that a number of city employees, including several policemen, were members or were in sympathy with the Klan. He was of the opinion that these men should be discharged. He concluded by saying, "The appearance of the local Ku Klux Klan is the very worst thing that ever happened in the city's history. It must be stamped out and public opinion will soon efface it. I especially despise the men who are members of it and deny their membership."

The penalty upon conviction of the anti-mask ordinance was a fine of \$25 to \$100, imprisonment in the city jail for 30 days, or both.

Kleagle Hoogstraet, unruffled by the action of the Council, delivered his reply to the *Tribune*:

We are informed of the action of the city council...In behalf of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan we...heartily endorse the city council and hereby pledge our support in seeing that the

ordinance is obeyed to the fullest extent. We are a law abiding organization and one of our principal objectives is obeying the laws ourselves and [assisting] the officers of the law in seeing that they are obeyed by others. ..Time will convince the world that our motives are clean and sincere.

Throughout the state the incidence of outrages immediately dropped. The Klansmen were obviously reluctant to commit offenses when there was danger of being recognized and called to account.

But in spite of the order issued by the Council, the Klan lost none of its power and even gained new members throughout the state. Ku Klux leadership endorsed a complete slate of candidates in the primary election and instructed members to vote as a block. George Putnam, editor of *The Capitol Journal* wrote: "There is only one great issue in this campaign;



George Putnam

it is that of the constitutional government against invisible government. The appeal to intolerance, to racial prejudice and religious bigotry has sidetracked all other issues."

In a July 10 issue *The Literary Digest*, a magazine with nation-wide circulation, revealed the extent of the K.K.K.'s political influence in Oregon:

The closeness of the Oregon vote in the republican primary contest for the governorship, in which Governor Olcott narrowly won over State Senator Hall, focuses attention...on the Ku Klux Klan and its entry into politics. For Senator Hall was backed only by the hooded organization and a "Federation of Patriotic Societies" [an organization of America-First groups sanctioned and perhaps sponsored by the K.K.K.]

In Oregon...the Klan will be a "major political issue." The campaign was the bitterest and closest in Oregon history. In Multnomah county the Federation of Patriotic Societies made a clean sweep, including judicial nominations...The vote ought to be a warning...If the movement were to become permanent, it would be the greatest sort of peril to the nation...A mob is a mob; it doesn't matter what secret pins or regalia it wears. In this vicious and degrading campaign, Oregon has made a lamentable exhibition of itself.

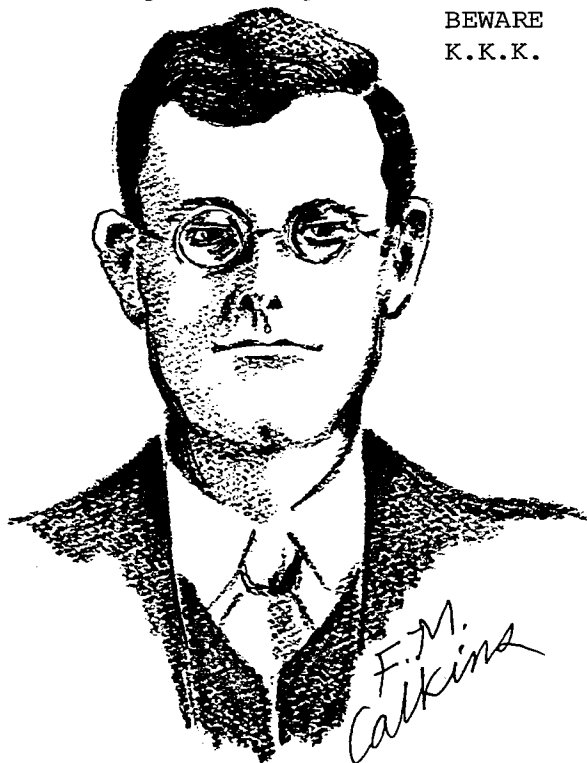
On June 10 Circuit Judge F.M. Calkins discovered, under his office door, a note which stated:

Hon. F.M. Calkins:

If Dud Wolgamott is given a new trial

BEWARE

K.K.K.



The unknown writer had gone to great pains to escape detection; each word in the warning was a separate clipping from the *Jacksonville Post*. The signature had been painstakingly printed in red ink.

The judge's answer was just as brief: "I shall do my duty as I see it regardless of any threats.

F.M. Calkins"

Dud Wolgamott (*Table Rock Sentinel*, Vol. III, No. 8) was just about everybody's favorite bootlegger. He was affectionately friendly and incorrigible, continually in trouble with the prohibition agents, and devilishly attractive to the women. Probably the writers of the note were more concerned with his affairs of the heart than with his *sub rosa* booze sales, and no doubt the concern for

his morals was touched with considerable envy. In those days when a romantic interlude was never suggested by the lady, and not often by the gentleman, a girl who casually deposited her toothbrush in a bachelor's pad, had obviously been betrayed. Since not only one young thing, but several ladies about town, had loved Dud well but not too wisely, he was ripe for some chastisement by the sworn protectors of womanhood.

Judge Calkins was surprised to receive such a communication; he felt that he had given Dud a very stiff sentence and a severe lecture and had no intention of granting him a new trial.

No one was surprised when two kleagles called upon Judge Calkins the following day to deny that the Klan had anything to do with the affair. The judge, who had no taste for secrecy, invited his callers out to the front yard. There he told them that when the Ku Klux Klan had cleaned its own house, and when they had run down the unknown parties guilty of at least three outrages in Jackson County, he would be in a better mood to accept their statements at their face value. With that, he abruptly bid them good day and returned to his office.

An out and out denial by the Klan of participation was always forthcoming after an incident, and when the K.K.K. was sued by B.F. Lindas for \$25,000 damages because the Klan officials had claimed publicly that he had sought membership and had been unanimously rejected, the kleagles went so far as to declare that the seat of the Klan was in Atlanta, Georgia, and that there was *no branch in Jackson County*. Any law suit would thus have to be centered in Georgia. The statement was pretty incredible, but the more absurd the affirmation, the more believers it attracts.



As time passed and the local authorities took no action on the night riding activities, Governor Olcott issued instructions to Attorney General I.H. Van Winkle to take charge and push the prosecutions in southern Oregon. The United States government had made a thorough investigation of the three necktie parties (Hale, Burr and Johnson), and federal men had raided the Los Angeles headquarters of the Klan where they had obtained a complete list of members in Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada

In the meantime a movement to recall Sheriff Charles E. Terrill took momentum. Proceedings had been instigated earlier (in February) and they had run parallel with the action of prosecuting the night riders. The Klan was deeply involved in both cases. A Grand Jury had filed a report taking the sheriff to task for not doing his duty. Members of the panel were:

These seven citizens concluded that Sheriff Terrill had been remiss in his duties, had allowed wrongdoers to escape and had been seen in a drunken state at Kingsbury Springs. They were also taken in by the fanciful rumor that he was planning to make Dud Wolgammott a deputy. In addition to these accusations, there were other charges "of such a nature they had to be whispered." Members of the W.C.T.U. and the Ministerial Association aligned themselves with the malcontents and offered their support to the recall. Sheriff Terrill was charged with malfeasance. Incidentally, these Grand Jury members were nothing if not thorough; they even indicted a young lady for having been too responsive to the charms of Dud Wolgammott.

formed. In July this group circulated a petition to drop the recall action on the theory that a removal of the sheriff would give the Klan a free hand to harass anyone at the slightest whim. It was disclosed that at least one jurymen was a member of the Klan and the Citizens' Committee sensed a conspiracy. They feared that the removal of the sheriff would deprive the people of their constitutional rights at a dangerously unsettled time. The petition was signed by an impressive list of prominent citizens. Kleagle Hoogstraat made a public announcement that the Klan had no official connection with the recall, but admitted it did favor D.M. Lowe, the recall candidate for sheriff, over Mr. Terrill. Failure of the Klan to support Terrill was surprising in view of the fact that he had frequently been accused of being lax in investigating and apprehending Klan members. He had, however, insisted that law enforcement was a particular province of the authorities, and this was a threat to anyone who saw himself as a divinely commissioned judge and disciplinarian. As the Klan voted as one man, a candidate under Klan sponsorship was formidable opposition indeed. The outcome of an election, then, might not be determined by the fitness of the candidate but by the dictation of the Klan who did the thinking for its members.



In spite of the petition, County Clerk Chauncey Florey decided that there were enough names on the recall petition, and he called for the election. The candidacy of Mr. Lowe, a farmer and a fair exhibit collector, who would make the race against Sheriff Terrill, was also confirmed.

Since the petition had no effect, the Citizens' Committee filed an application for an injunction to halt the action. It was based on the allegation that the movement against Sheriff Terrill was a K.K.K. plot to secure control of the sheriff's office. The document declared that members of the Klan, through false, scandalous, libelous and untrue statements, intended to obstruct justice and perpetuate a fraud upon the voters, citizens and taxpayers of Jackson County. The application listed a number of Klan members as instigators of the recall action: D.M. Lowe, Rev. W. Judson Oldfield, Kleagle Hoogstraat, George Iverson, Clay Walker, Howard Hill, W.D. Hughes, R.L. Ray and Thomas E. Goodie. The request for an injunction was signed by attorneys Briggs and Briggs (Ashland), C.B. Watson (Gold Hill), Reames and Reames, Porter J. Neff, George M. Roberts, Gus Newbury and B.F. Lindas (Medford).

To strengthen their case the Klan members, in reply, published a circular presenting new claims against the sheriff:

- he had threatened to shoot E.A. Fleming in a dispute;
- he had provided a still to a certain charitable organization for a money-making project;
- he had bought a large quantity of booze;
- he did not believe in prohibition;
- he smoked cigarettes.

No signatures were attached to the allegations.

The Grand Jury, called to investigate the K.K.K. outrages, met first on July 24, 1922. It was made up of:

- Paul E. Pearce, Jacksonville
- D.A. Lyons, Medford
- J.W. Smylie, Medford
- Frank Silva, Little Applegate
- Marie Benedict, Applegate, (foreman)
- Lester Layton, Applegate
- Charles Layton, Ashland.

District Attorney Rawles Moore and Liljeqvist represented the state and John J. Jeffries and O.C. Boggs, the Klan.

The deliberations began and Raymond I. Turney, the Deputy District Attorney of Los Angeles, was called to testify about local membership rolls and letters and documents seized in the Los Angeles raid on the "Grand Goblin of the Pacific Realm." Victims J.F. Hale and Henry Johnson were called to testify; Arthur Burr was still in California, but efforts were being made to find him. Several children who had overheard chatter about one of the hangings before it occurred and a couple of handwriting experts were called. Testimony was made by many witnesses, including Dr. E. B. Pickel, who had attended Mr. Hale, Edison Marshall, the author, James Edmiston and Raymond Reter.

Reeter, like Edmiston and Marshall, had been a member of the Klan, but had soon become disgusted with its subversive activities. When the Klan leaders accused him of fraternization with a Catholic, and thus violating his "vows," he became angry and stormed out of the hall. The kleagle shouted after him that his membership was suspended and he shot back, "Make that suspension just as long as you wish."

Evidence was given that members of the Klan held secret "trials" two or three weeks before neck-tie parties were scheduled, and that Hale, Johnson and Burr had been incontestably found guilty by a Klan jury and a Klan judge. If that wasn't cause for disciplinary action, what was?

In an attempt to discredit the recall action, J.E. Edmiston and William Craig, former members of the Klan, declared that D.M. Lowe, the recall candidate for sheriff against Terrill, was a Klansman. They questioned in their published statements whether Lowe, if elected, would follow an obligation to enforce the law or whether he would follow the Klansman oath to protect his brother members from all hazards, excepting only murder, treason and rape. Robert W. Ruhl of the *Tribune* editorialized that the people were sick of the recall which was, at best, an unsavory mess in which some self-interested individuals were expointing Sheriff Terrill's unpopularity for their own profit and advancement. The

movement should be stopped, he wrote, if a way to do so could be found. Lengthy lists of names of leading citizens opposing the recall were distributed, and the *Tribune* threw objectivity out the window in a vain effort to persuade the voters to defeat it.

But the application for an injunction was denied by Judge Calkins, and a re-

call vote was called for July 29, 1922.

End of Part I

In the last months of 1922 membership in the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan continued to grow, and by 1923 the Klan had become a powerful force in Oregon.

The story will be continued in the next issue of the newsletter.

Bea Walker, Housekeeper



he appealing idea that she might one day be employed to tidy up Indian artifacts, gold panning equipment and firearms never occurred to BEA WALKER when she was a teen-ager in Saskatchewan. But neither did she dream then that she might one day find herself removing thumb, chin and nose prints from display windows or scrubbing amateur artwork off the bippy walls. Or, to top that, that she would really come to enjoy such assignments. But she does. She likes working for tourists from all over the world and is proud of southern Oregon and delighted to keep part of it tidy for the visitors.

Completing school in Regina, Canada, she moved to Windsor, Ontario, where she met and married her husband who was working for Chrysler cars. In Windsor Bea did her part for Canada by working in a war plant for five years, making Bren gun carriers. In 1947 her first daughter, Jeanne Ann, was born.

After the war, the Walkers moved to Detroit and then to Los Angeles. A second daughter, Star Lynn, was born there. In 1965 Bea's husband died and after ten years of too much traffic, too many people and far too much smog, Bea decided to move. Closing her eyes, she put her finger on a map of Oregon and found she was pointing to Medford. That was it. She and her two daughters arrived in the Rogue River Valley in 1968.

In 1981 she came to the Southern Oregon Historical Society through Ceta, and at its expiration, she was hired as part-time permanent help.

Jacksonville is a long way from Saskatchewan, and, as a place to work in and visit, it has a lot going for it. A housekeeper could do a lot worse than shake her feather duster in southern Oregon. But once in awhile Bea thinks she might just enjoy a little fling or two in greener pastures.





Roy, in a boatswain's chair, hanging from the cupolo of the Museum.

FRED BAKER AND JOE MARCH OPENED THEIR PAINT-CONTRACTING BUSINESS IN AUGUST, 1938, AT 1945 WEST MAIN. THE FIRM IS STILL THERE, FORTY-FIVE YEARS LATER. ROY BAKER, FRED'S NEPHEW, WHO BEGAN WORKING THERE IN 1939, PURCHASED AN INTEREST IN 1945.

DURING WORLD WAR II FRED, JOE AND ROY WENT TO WORK IN THE SHIPYARDS, AND THE ENTERPRISE WAS CLOSED FROM 1942 TO 1944. IN 1948 JOE MARSH DIED AND FRED AND ROY BOUGHT HIS INTEREST. WHEN FRED DIED, ROY AND FRED'S WIFE, NELLIE, BECAME PARTNERS. A RETAIL PAINT STORE WAS ADDED IN 1950.

IN 1980 NELLIE SOLD HER HALF TO ROY, AND RECENTLY, WHEN ROY'S SON, FRED, JOINED THE COMPANY, BAKER'S PAINT STORE BECAME A THIRD GENERATION OPERATION.

THEIR LIST OF ASSIGNMENTS AND COMMISSIONS IS VERY IMPRESSIVE:

FOR 43 YEARS THEY HAVE KEPT HARRY AND DAVID FRESHLY PAINTED;

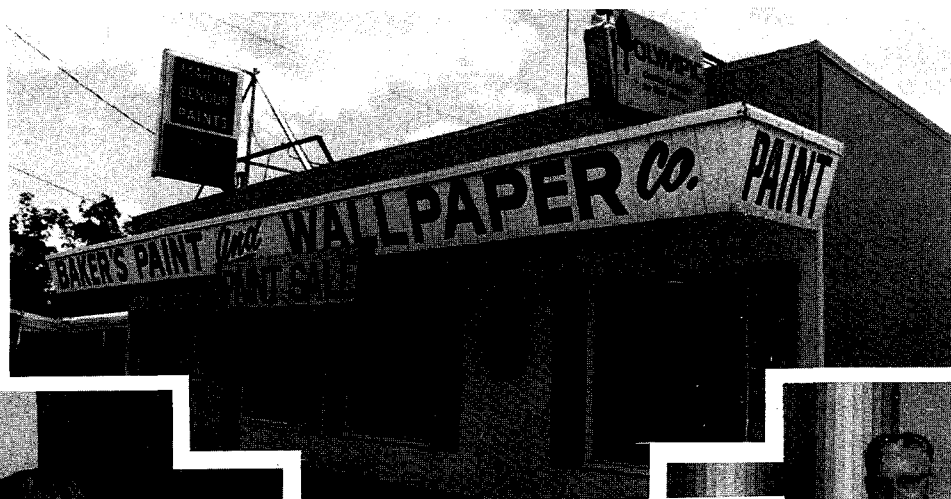
FOR 27 YEARS THEY HAVE FILLED PAINTING NEEDS AT THE BELL TELEPHONE BUILDINGS IN SOUTHERN OREGON;

FOR 30 YEARS THEY HAVE SERVED THE UNITED STATES BANKS IN THE AREA;

THEY HAVE PAINTED HUNDREDS OF HOMES AND BUSINESS BUILDINGS, INCLUDING THE EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE LITHIA HOTEL IN ASHLAND;

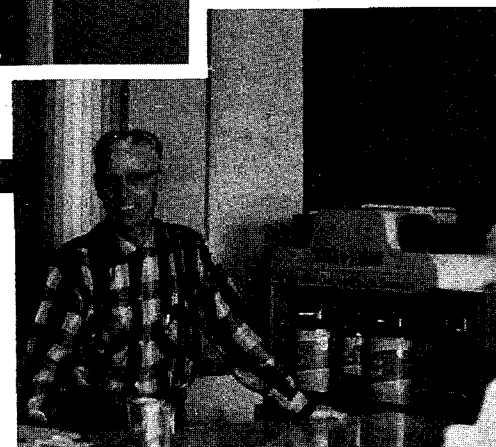
THEY HAVE PAINTED HISTORICAL BUILDINGS MAINTAINED BY SOHS, AND THEY ARE PARTICULARLY PROUD OF THE JOB THEY DID ON THE LOCOMOTIVE IN JACKSON PARK.

THE SOCIETY OFFERS CONGRATULATIONS TO THE BAKERS ON THE PART THEY HAVE PLAYED IN KEEPING SOUTHERN OREGON SHIPSHAPE.



Roy in 1950

Uncle Fred Baker

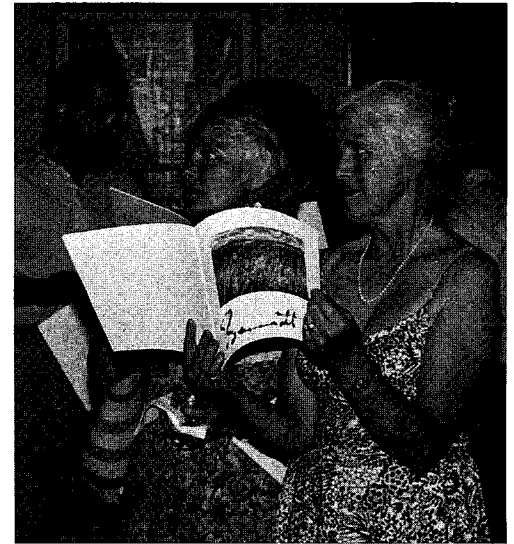


BAKER'S
Since 1938



*clockwise,
starting upper left:*
Beth Barnett, assistant
to Esther Hinger in the new
sales shop; Baker's Paints touches-
up the cupolo; Annual Quilt Show;
Bill Burk grows a year older and a year
wiser; Byron Ferrell, Maintenance Super-
visor, supervising the specialists;
working crew, hard at it, at the Hanley
Farm.

Photographs by Doug Smith



EUGENE BENNETT RETROSPECTIVE

Photographs by Doug Smith.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

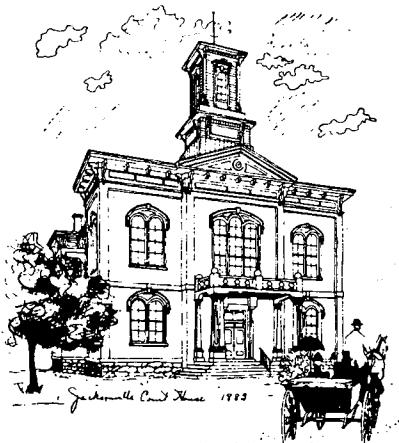
206 N. Fifth St., P.O. Box 480, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530, (503) 899-1847

Volume 3, No. 9, September 1983

ISSN: 0732-0523

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MISS MARY HANLEY
P. O. BOX 1367,
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