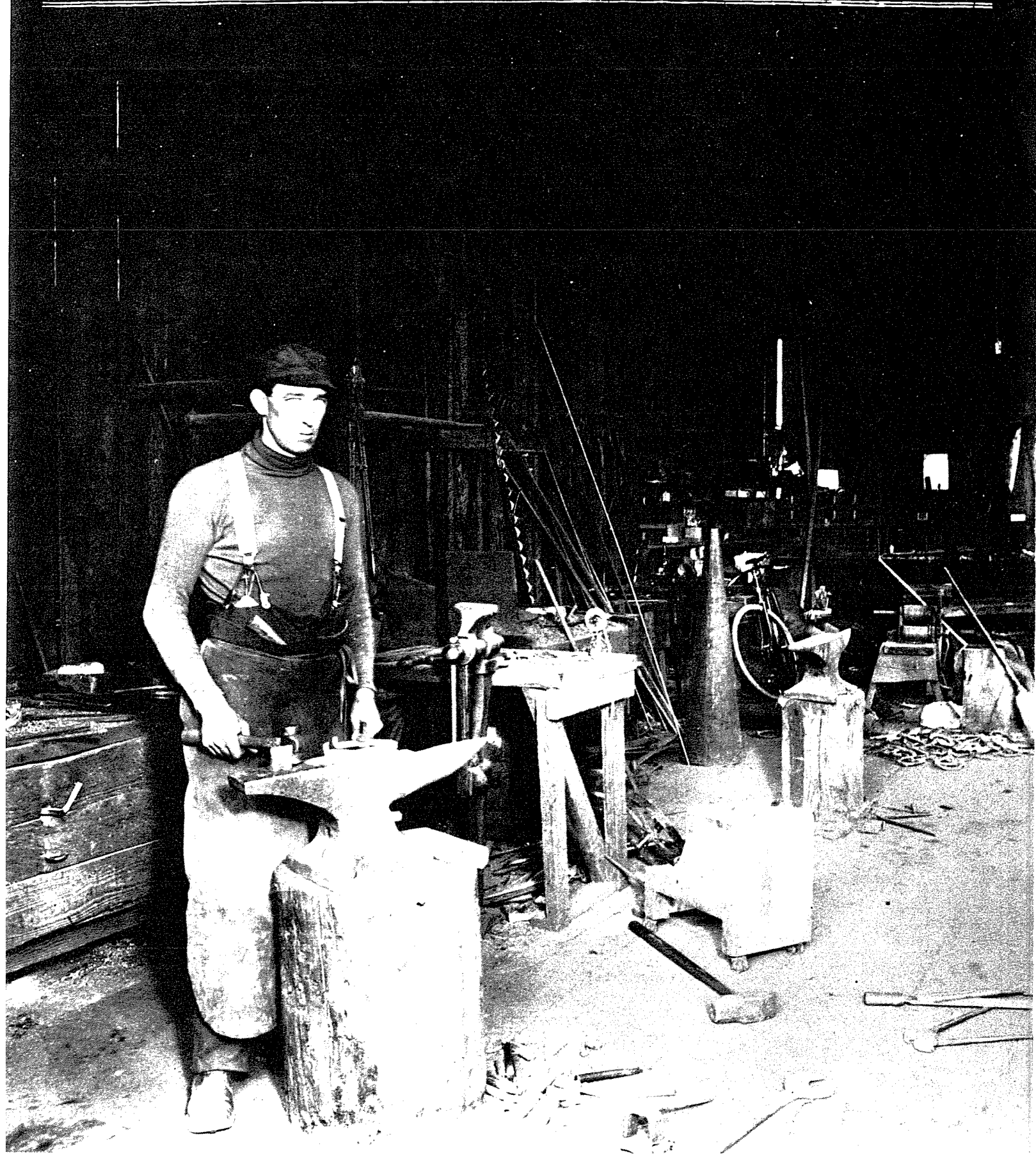


11/83

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY





Dawna Curler

## Director's Corner

After the position of programs director became vacant earlier this year, the trustees decided to change that role somewhat. Although the job description retains many of the previous duties, a major change has been made in the area of interpretation. As a major task the programs director must now develop an interpretation plan for the Society's historical properties and suggest support activities for those properties, i.e., exhibits in the buildings, special programs, speakers and publications. To date these areas have been approached in opportunistic and individual ways rather than in a systematic manner. The programs director will provide the catalyst to shape our future programs into a unified package. Once a program is agreed upon and established, future planning and budgeting will be greatly facilitated.

The program, of course, will require a great deal of time and effort. But the first phase is done: Dawna Curler was recently engaged to fill the vacancy. Dawna comes to SOHS from the California State Capital Museum in Sacramento. Among 107 applicants, she possessed the most appropriate background, having evaluated some of the interpretative programs of the California State Parks, and having written interpretive prospectuses on open air museums located at Old Town San Diego and Sutter's Fort State Historic Parks. She is a graduate of the master's program at Cooperstown, New York, a much respected program, and was an Exhibit Technician and Farmer's Museum Interpreter for the New York State Historical Association. Her abilities in volunteer management and the creative use of multi-screen audio-slide shows will add to the Society's overall interpretation of its buildings and collections.

Interpretation, as Dawna sees it:

I believe it is important that we have a stated objective so we know exactly what we are trying to accomplish. I also feel that it is important to work with whole concepts rather than isolated or disjointed bits of information. In other words, present an overview statement, then build upon it by adding more detailed and related information. This approach should be applied to all aspects of interpretation, whether it is live or static, a slide presentation or written material, concerned with a synopsis of southern Oregon history, the entire town of Jacksonville, an individual building or a specific exhibit case.

I also feel the method of interpretation needs to be evaluated depending on the amount of information being presented. An exhibit, to be most effective, needs to be structured around a concept. However, the amount of words used to express this concept should be limited. If necessary, a more comprehensive treatment of the subject can supplement an exhibit in a more appropriate manner through a live interpreter, brochure, publication or A-V program. It should also make people leave an exhibit saying, "Wow, I didn't know that."

Dawna will give SOHS the interpretive boost it has needed for a long time.

Bill Burk

### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

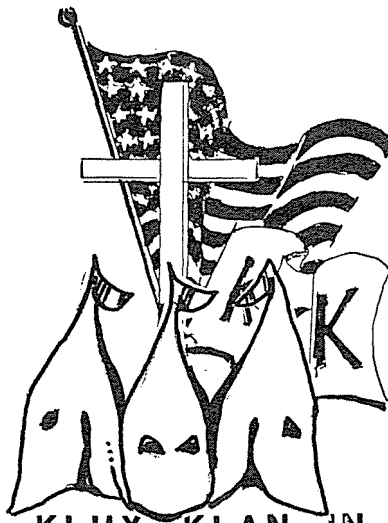
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| Photographer                     | Doug Smith          | 899-7522 |

The cover photograph shows the interior of a blacksmith shop in Eagle Point. The village smithy is not identified. The SOHS librarian would greatly appreciate receiving any additional information.



## KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IN SOUTHERN OREGON

### Part Three - Conclusion

**D**. M. Lowe, the losing candidate for sheriff who had been supported by the Klan, did not accept his defeat with silent submission. In a statement appearing in the *Tribune* of August 3, 1922, he wrote:

Out of the vote of 5,584, Sheriff Terrill was only retained by a majority of 308 votes; a change of only 155 votes would have done the business...

In the campaign I was opposed by the Medford Mail Tribune, the greatest source of publicity in southern Oregon...the four Medford banks were against me, the two largest corporations in the valley were against me--I refer to the California-Oregon Power company and the Rogue Valley Canal company--all the ex-saloon keepers were against me, all the bootleggers with their friends, supporters and customers fought me bitterly, every bootleg, pistol toting attorney in Medford fought me, and last but not least, every Roman Catholic in Jackson county fought me to a finish, and on top of all this bitter active and influential opposition, the governor [Ben Olcott helped] be-fog and be-cloud the real issues of the campaign.

If this sweet-scented bunch imagine for a moment that they can impose any humiliating terms of surrender upon the people who conscientiously supported the recall, they are just kidding themselves.

Unfortunately his facts and figures were only too true. Robert W. Ruhl, in an editorial, concluded:

What have the people of Jackson county gained by the recall? The privilege of increasing county taxes by four or five thousand dollars, and a week of noise and fury which paralyzed local business, sowed another crop of dissention and strife and resulted in returning to the same condition that existed when the recall agitation started...Only extreme emergencies justify [recall, and no matter] whoever might win, the people are bound to lose.

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan did not

fade into the woodwork. They had received state-wide press coverage, thousands of sympathizers and a multitude of new members willing to donate their dues of ten dollars a head to the avid kleagles and top goblins.

**I**n the case of the Grand Jury's indictments of the six Klan members, Attorneys George Coddington and H.A. Canaday, acting for the nightriders, immediately filed demurrers against the indictments. They claimed:

the Grand Jury had no legal right to inquire into the crimes because they were not tryable within the county; the indictments did not conform to Oregon laws; more than one crime was alleged in the indictment; the facts stated did not constitute a crime; members of the Grand Jury had not followed procedure as set forth in the Oregon laws; A.E. Reames, a paid prosecutor, E.E. Kelly and Gus Newbury, attorneys, appeared before the Grand Jury in the guise of witnesses; and the Grand Jury had no more right to investigate the Ku Klux Klan than they had the Methodist church.

Attorneys proposed to quash the indictments and to force the courts to make public the notes of the Grand Jury investigation.

The state, represented by Assistant Attorney Liljeqvist and District Attorney Rawles Moore vehemently fought the charges and both sides displayed bad tempers.

Attorney Liljeqvist said, "The State of Oregon has the right to investigate when men belonging to an organization ...put masks on their faces and go out upon the highways and byways to violate the law as an organized mob."

Although it was admitted generally that the defense produced the most effective arguments, Judge F.M. Calkins ruled that the motions made in behalf of the nightriding defendants were "in all things denied."

After the court had overruled the demurrers, the attorneys for the defense filed a motion asking for a change of venue. When this too was denied, the defense made a motion for a continuance of the trials to the February, 1923, term of court. This request was based on the lack of time to prepare evidence, to interview witnesses and to assemble data. The Klan attorneys, still trying to get their hands on the court records, declared that an inspection of the minutes of the Grand Jury was absolutely necessary in the preparations of their defense. They complained that the poor defendants had been the subject of inflammatory and prejudiced articles in the *Medford Mail Tribune*, the *Jacksonville Post* and the *Pacific Record Herald*. "The sheriff and his officers have circulated false and scandalous reports against them and have done everything possible to prejudice the people against them." These much maligned citizens certainly merited a postponement until some of the effects of this vilification had dissipated.

Judge Calkins refused the request to release the minutes taken by the Grand Jury, but he did agree to the postponement of the trial for a month. He gave as his reason the pending election. "In the turmoil of the campaigns," he said, "the defendants might receive some injury to their cause. The public mind will be calmed down by November 27."

Attorney Liljeqvist said that a real danger was that the state might find itself with a jury of people who were more loyal to an "Emperor" than to the constitution of the State of Oregon. Later events proved this to be more than a possibility.

In the meantime came news from Salem that Charles Hall, the KKK nominee for

governor had announced his withdrawal from the political race in behalf of Walter L. Pierce.



Although Hall had lost to Ben Olcott in the primaries, he was then in the process of a recount, the cost of which was paid by Oregon Klan members who had been assessed \$15 each. Whatever the result of the recount, however, Hall had decided to run for governor as an independent. But discovering that Pierce had stronger Klan support than he had and assuming that Mr. Pierce would endorse the compulsory school bill favored by the Klan, Hall retired and pledged the support of his followers.

The compulsory education bill had as its purpose the requirement that any child over eight and under sixteen must attend public school. On the surface the bill appeared to register benevolent concern for the education of children, but, basically, it was an out and out attack upon the Catholic church and would adversely affect other organizations, both religious and secular. It would eliminate all parochial and sectarian private schools. Although it was against the Bill of Rights, it had astonishingly gained wide support.

On the local front the politicians were not so sacrificing as Mr. Hale. An Independent Voters League was formed to explain measures and advance the cause of a block of candidates. This organization held one of its

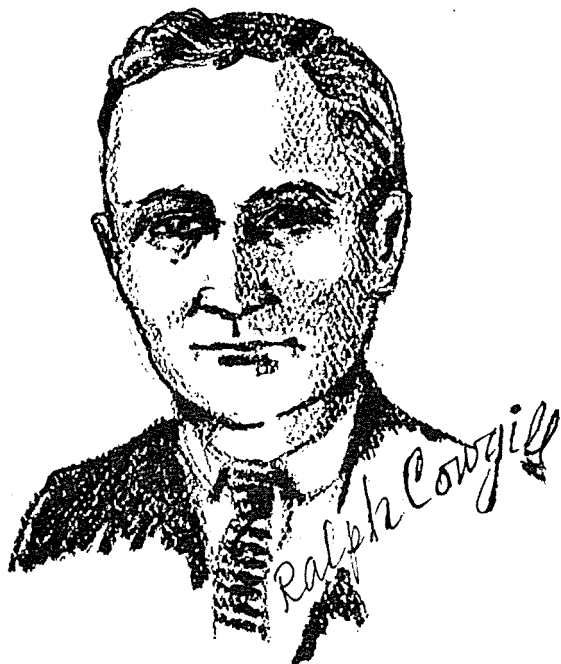
meetings in Talent where speakers were prepared to present facts about the Talent irrigation project as well as to tout their chosen candidates. Unfortunately the meeting turned into a battle ground.

C.M. Thomas, A Klan endorsed candidate for circuit judge and Ralph Cowgill, a candidate for the legislature rounded up about fifty "body guards" and this mob occupied seats in the back of the hall. When the first speaker, Judge William Colvig, was introduced, he was greeted with a volley of catcalls, hisses, boos and cowboy yells from the back of the room. Although he eventually finished his speech which dealt principally with the compulsory school bill, he was given a second barrage of yells and hisses at the close of his remarks.

The second speaker, Colonel E.E. Kelly, the League endorsed candidate for circuit judge, running against Ku Kluxer C.M. Thomas, denounced the booing "in picturesque language." He also attacked the compulsory school bill and there was no disturbance during his talk.

Attorney A.E. Reames, the third speaker, presented facts about the Talent irrigation project and the audience, interested in what he had to say, made no hubbub, but when he had concluded his presentation, real bedlam broke out.

Ralph Cowgill was unable to resist a captive audience even though the rent for the hall had been paid by the opposition. Determined to present *his* qualifications, he pushed his way to the



# Colonel Kelly is against the Ku Klux Klan C. M. Thomas is the Klan candidate VOTE FOR KELLY

Paid Advt

INDEPENDENT AMERICAN VOTERS LEAGUE

speakers' platform but was met with a deafening racket made by the members of the audience not part of the mob. After Cowgill gave up, Mr. Thomas made an effort to introduce his platform, but he fared no better. Angry members of the audience yelled, "Shut him up!" and "Throw him out!" and the meeting was stampeded. In the confusion and noise, the candidates, not missing a trick, elbowed their way through the crowd, shaking hands with the voters. As the raucous audience left the hall through the anteroom, they passed the bewildered musicians who had been hired to play some spirited tunes, but had been unable to toot a toot or scratch a string.

The following day the *Tribune* published a letter from the Independent Voters' League sternly criticizing Thomas and Cowgill for their unpardonable behavior in turning a political meeting into a near riot. Their actions, the League declared, clearly revealed that they were unfit for public office.

The unpleasantness didn't stop with the abrupt ending of the meeting. For several days afterwards letters defending each side appeared in the local papers, and people discussed the matter, pro and con, for days. Many Talent citizens were considerably out of sorts because they were made to appear rude and opinionated and some of them, acting as a group, published a statement that "at no time was any speaker interfered with." They inferred that Mr. Thomas, rather than being a rabble rouser, had been nobly protecting the citizens from politicians who stood to make illicit gains from the Talent irrigation project.

One can detect the delicate hand of the Klan in the composition of the statement.



On October 25, the Voters' League held forth at Eagle Point, presenting their objections to the compulsory education bill and the merits of their list of candidates. The speakers attacked the Klan, and Attorney Evan Reames spoke about the organization for over an hour. "The Invisible Empire," he said, "now seeks control of the political machinery of Oregon...You all know of the attempt to seize Sheriff Terrill's office through the recall. They want control of the jury selecting body of the county, they have sent threatening letters to Judge Calkins, and they have intimidated others. They are backing Ralph Cowgill for the legislature, and their candidate for the senate, Newton Bordon, is the Exalted Cyclops of the Medford Klan who has sat on secret Klan juries which advocated nightriding outrages." Attorney Reames entreated everyone to support candidates who had taken an outspoken stand against "Invisible Government."

Colonel Kelly made an appearance and Judge Colvig was given a full minute of applause. The last speech was made by Miss Alice Hanley, a candidate for the legislature, who urged the women voters to take a greater interest in politics.

The Klan-sponsored mob which had held fun and games at the Talent meeting did

not appear in Eagle Point and the meeting ended on a dignified note.

But, at a meeting in Rogue River a few days later, the speakers for the Independent Voters' League once again were subjected to heckling. The disturbance this time was furnished by about twenty-five men and women who came from Grants Pass.

No interference was given Colonel Kelly, but when Judge Colvig began speaking, the group fired question after question at him, constantly interrupting his message, until he was unable to continue. When Evan Reames began to speak about the "Invisible Empire" and its operations in Jackson county, a Grants Pass visitor shouted, "You seem to know a lot about the Ku Klux Klan for one who is not a member."

Attorney Reames replied, "I know as much about the inner workings of the KKK in southern Oregon as any man living, and if you will listen until I get through, you will find out that I do."

There were no more extemporaneous remarks from the audience although the antagonists moved their chairs constantly. At the close of the meeting the speakers discovered that two tires on Miss Hanley's car had been punctured. Undaunted, the Voters League made plans to appear in Lake Creek, Jacksonville and Ashland.

No doubt the speakers were effective and sincere. When the gang of clamorous protestors stayed away, the audiences were respectful and attentive. But, in that case, most of those who attended were already in favor of the League's candidates, and the dissenting voters, who should have been made to listen to the voice of reason and common sense, boycotted or ignored the assembly. The situation was like a classroom where the teacher continues to teach the fundamentals long after his faithful students have mastered the lesson while the hookey-players have learned nothing.



During the campaign many reputable businessmen and accomplished politicians spoke out loud and clear against the Invisible Empire and offered the unvarnished truth about Klan activities which were outside the law. Most of the state governors openly opposed the organization, and the press condemned it, but the membership continued to grow. Its

appeal was not limited to men only; in Atlanta three hundred masked women carrying American flags paraded through the streets in full Klan regalia in a procession led by a mounted policeman and a band. There is no doubt these ladies considered themselves firebrands of patriotism and faithful followers of the avenging angel, and, like their male counterparts, ignored any attempts made by the more level-headed citizens to expose injustice and bigotry.

In Josephine and Jackson counties most of the lawyers came out strongly for Colonel Kelly for circuit judge. Those endorsing him included Porter J. Neff, A.E. Reames, Mahlin Purdin, F.M. Calkins, Lincoln McCormack, Don Newbury, Rawles Moore, Gus Newbury, N. Dickey, H.D. Norton, J.N. Johnson, Edward Van Dyke, Niel R. Allen, J.T. Chinnock, George Durham, O.S. Blanchard and G.W. Colvig. That is a lengthy and impressive list of skillful lawyers, yet their endorsement was a kiss of death for Mr. Kelly. The Grand Goblin declared that the man in the street and the man in the field were fed up with lawyers and business men who tried to dictate how they should vote. The members, who were told to think for themselves, were ironically given a list of Klan endorsed candidates and instructed to cast their votes for them.

The kleagles declared it was a rebellion and in a rebellion rudeness and racket and ignorance become virtues and virtue must prevail. In the election Frank TouVelle, E.E. Kelly, B.F. Lindas and Alice Hanley were losers. C.M. Thomas and Ralph Cowgill won easily. Klan members had little difficulty putting in their slate of names.

**O**n a state level the KKK triumph was even more pronounced. In Marion county the entire block of Klan candidates was elected. Almost all of the Multnomah county Republican candidates for the lower house in the state legislature were Klan endorsed and they won. In the State Senate the Klan controlled at least half of its members. In Portland, under the adroit leadership of Fred L. Gifford, the Klan easily carried the day. Gifford has overlooked no possibilities in the contest. He had acquired a solid and powerful group of assistant commanders



and had organized the L.O.T.I.E.S--Ladies of the Invisible Empire.

Even more amazing was the defeat of Governor Ben Olcott, who had fought the KKK almost from the onset. He was easily beaten by Walter Pierce who received a majority of 34,000 votes. At least 50,000 Republicans crossed party lines to vote for Democrat Pierce. As the peak of absurdity, the deplorable compulsory education bill was carried by 12,000 votes--a real blow to religious freedom. It was a black day for intellectualism, liberalism and fair play. In a *Tribune* editorial Robert W. Ruhl said that the best part of the election was that it was over.

**I**n this climate of bigotry triumphant, a motion for the continuance of the trial of the six defendants in the Jackson county nightriding cases was filed in circuit court. Judge Calkins set February 26, 1923, as the day to begin. The newly elected, Klan-approved Circuit Judge C.M. Thomas would be on the bench. First to go on trial were Dr. Jouett Bray, Howard Hill and Jesse Hittson under three separate indictments alleging riot, assault with a dangerous weapon and extortion.

Selection of the jury was a formidable task. At the outset Judge Thomas ruled that membership in the Klan was immaterial and could not be used in questioning. Many prospective jurors were called but rejected as having already

formed opinions from reading the newspapers and discussing the case with the neighbors. The search for a jury of twelve citizens who had no interest in the Klan, held no bias against any of the participants and could be completely open-minded required interminable questioning and probing by the attorneys for the state. After several tedious days the following people were impaneled to hear the case:

Mrs. Minnie Slead, Rock Point, housewife  
Newt Lewis, Jacksonville, farmer  
Al Pankey, Gold Hill, orchardist  
Mrs. Mattie Coleman, Medford, housewife  
George Beers, Rogue River, farmer  
Glen Haley, Gold Hill, laborer  
Mrs. Josephine Wallace, Ashland, housewife  
S.H. Moore, Gold Hill, farmer  
Ed Dimmick, Rogue River, miner  
John Eddington, Gold Hill, farmer  
John Norris, FOREMAN, Eagle Point, farmer

Alternates:

Inez Phillips, Persist, teacher  
Mrs. Minnie Guy, Gold Hill, housewife.

Court records don't reveal how many of these tried and true citizens were members of the Klan or how many were sympathizers, but those who were proved to be persuasive jurors. Astonishingly the foreman, John Norris, was a cousin of Alexander Norris, one of the accused nightriders, but he declared he could be objective and impartial in the matter. Liljeqvist interrogated him for over an hour but finally, when the attorney had exhausted his preemptory challenges, he could do nothing but accept him. He had done everything he could to have him removed short of sitting on the floor and holding his breath until he turned blue but he met with continual objections from the defense and was constantly overruled by the court. Finally giving up, he said, "This is the first time I've been up against anything like this."

## THE TRIALS

**T**he long-awaited trials didn't start with a resounding bang; they started with a postponement. J.F. Hale, the first victim of the nightriders and chief witness for the state was suddenly taken to the hospital, hemorrhaging from the stomach. He was under the care of Dr. Pickel, but the defense attorneys, recalling that this

witness had faked a seizure once before, sent Dr. R.W. Stearns to verify his illness. Both doctors agreed he was in a critical condition.

A second witness for the state, William Brown, told officers that he had been told to leave the state by a stranger who came up to him and said, "Sandifer has a warrant for your arrest for bootlegging and you better get out of town."

Mr. Brown was not intimidated. He said, "They ain't got anything on me. I've done no bootlegging since the last time I was caught."

When court finally convened on March 2, Alex Norris, one of the defendants came before Judge Thomas and said he had been threatened by Henry Johnson and Paul York, both victims of the nightriders. That seems fair enough; *he* had certainly threatened *them* when he helped hold the rope. Paul York said that the accusation came as a complete surprise to him; he hadn't even seen Alex Norris for weeks. Henry Johnson denied the charge although he admitted that after his experience at the hands of Norris and other Klan members, he sometimes carried a gun. Judge Thomas told Henry Johnson to get his gun and deliver it to the court, where it would be kept until such time as he had acquired a gun permit.

J.F. Hale was dramatically delivered to the Jacksonville court house in an ambulance. Disregarding the warning by his doctor that the strain might kill him, he insisted upon testifying against the nightriders. A cot was set up in an ante-room, and, with Dr. Pickel in attendance, he rested there when he was not testifying.

**T**he first witness, Miss Ruberta Pierce, was called to the stand at 11:30 a.m. Miss Pierce, an attractive young lady of 24, testified that on March 17, she had gone to the Hale residence to get some phonograph needles, and while she was there, a man came to the door and told Hale a phone call awaited him. Hale had left in a car, and after an hour she and Hale's young son Jay became greatly concerned. Hale didn't return until one o'clock in the morning, she said, and he was in a pretty "bedraggled" state. Her testimony established the fact that Hale had been kidnapped and roughed-up.

In the afternoon Attorney Liljeqvist

announced that the state would show that Jouett P. Bray was present at the hanging by the positive identification of Hale, that Jesse Hittson was also present and also identified by Hale, and that Howard Hill, by his own admission had helped hang Hale and had burned the rope.

Attorney Walter Winslow, for the defense, said he would prove that the defendants were not present at a hanging and had complete, unshakable alibis, that Hale's record for veracity was bad and that an effort would be made to impeach his testimony.

On March 6 Mr. Hale took the stand. He gave his testimony lying on a couch facing the jury. He was extremely nervous and spoke in a low voice, his face was haggard, his hair was disheveled and he was unshaven, a marked contrast to the "trim, debonair figure known to scores of Jackson county residents."

He began his testimony with the arrival of the stranger at the door. After entering the car, he said, he was driven for about an hour, and when the driver stopped he was taken out of the back seat and led to a tree where a rope was put about his neck. He was asked about his relations with certain young women of Medford and when he denied any wrongdoing, he was called a liar and "they stretched my neck."

One of the Klansmen demanded that he give back some letters he had received from a local young lady and he agreed to do so. He was ordered to dismiss his law suit against two Medford citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Bunnell, and leave town because "he was not a decent citizen." If he told of the night's events, he would be killed. He informed the gang he was already preparing to move to Portland, and was then told that "500 men in Jackson county have been watching you and 10,000 will be watching you in Portland."

After this, a heavy cloth was thrown over his face, and he fainted. Dr. Bray administered first aid. His mask was off and Hale saw his face in the glare of a flashlight. Bray rubbed Hale's neck and back, and said, "Brace up and be a man; you're not going to die. We're going to take you back to your babies."

Someone in the crowd yelled, "Hell! The babies would be better off if he was

dead."

But another said, "Be careful, this man has stomach trouble, and if he dies on our hands, we'll all be in a mess."

Hale was not positive in regard to his identification of Hittson. He thought he recognized his voice and he heard others call him "J.F." Questioned by the defense, he said he wished he could believe Hittson was not a member of the hanging because he had known him a long time and had always regarded him as a friend.

He then told of the trip home. There were three men, still masked, in the car. To one of them in the front seat Hale said, "I'd know your voice if I heard it in Texas."

The man pointed a pistol at him and said, "If you say that again, I'll blow a hole through you."

Hale then told the man to take off his mask, shake hands and be friends. His friendly overture was met with sullen silence.

When they "rolled him out" on Genessee Street, he was told to say "you have had a fit" if anyone should ask for an explanation of his condition.

Introduced as evidence was a letter which Hale had received three days after the nightriding outrage.

You know what you were to do by Monday 3-20-22. You lied. We are coming soon or late. Reames [Hale's attorney] is No.2.

[Signed] Committee Tar and Feathers



Attorneys for the defense, who told the press they "didn't want to hit a man while he was down," did just that. Hale was queried at length about his relations with three young women although he consistently denied any misconduct. As a widower, he had considered marrying again, he said, but as yet had not done so. He denied that one of the girls involved had threatened to kill herself unless he married her, and that his son Jay had taken the revolver from her.

His romances, his ways with women, and his opinions of the ladies were all probed into by the defense. He admitted he had written "some very sweet" letters to the Bunnell girl, but after his hanging, he had given the letters

he had received from her to her father. Defense asked if he had not met Ruberta Pierce in Eugene, Salem and Roseburg in January. He admitted they had met in those cities, but denied there had been any impropriety.

Miss Pierce, called upon to return to the stand, made the statement that "there has never been anything but the most proper relations between us." She admitted she had made visits to Hale in Roseburg, Salem and Eugene, but that "I paid my own way." The defense, chivalrous to the last degree, refrained from asking her any further barbed questions about her private life.

Miss Angie Halley, a former employee of Hale, who had earlier testified that she had "kept company" with Hale and that they had been engaged for six months, was recalled to the stand. Under questioning she admitted that the engagement was broken when she went to a birthday party and found Miss Ruberta Pierce there. She said, however, that Mr. Hale had always been a gentleman.

Sheriff Terrill was put on the stand and grilled at great length about his selection of deputies, his issuance of gun permits and his conduct in office.

"Are you trying Terrill?" shouted Liljeqvist.

"Possibly," replied Attorney Winslow.

The sharp exchanges between the attorneys grew so vehement upon many occasions that the court had to admonish them.

Last witness for the state was Earl H. Fehl who testified he had seen robes

"in a locker room at the Odd Fellows hall in this city. The robes," he said "were [strangely] black and were long enough to cover the body and had a cap." This testimony confirmed statements made by J.E. Edmiston and William Craig, former Klansmen, that they had seen the defendants wearing these robes at a Klan meeting. Edmiston testified that Howard Hill had told him that when the special federal agent, Tom Word, came to town, "I went up Oakdale forty miles an hour and burned the robes and the rope."

As the state closed its case, J.F. Hale was taken to San Francisco to be placed under the care of a specialist.



Fred Gifford of Portland, the Exalted



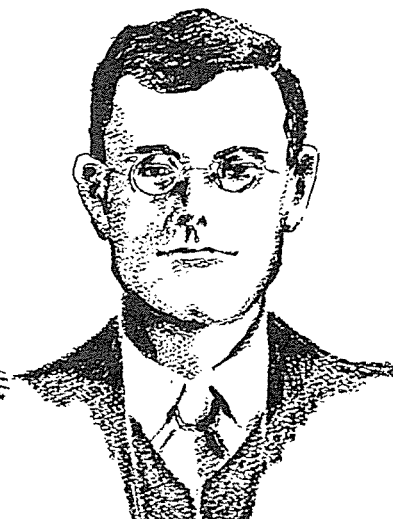
Dr. E.B. Pickel



Ray Reter in 1922



Governor Ben Olcott



Judge F.M. Calkins

Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan, arrived in town to attend the trial and he lent a touch of royalty to the proceedings.

**F**irst witness called by the defense was Jesse Hittson. He said that on the night of the hanging, he was at home with his wife and daughter. William Offutt, Jr., had come to his house and they had agreed upon a contract. The contract, carefully dated, was offered in evidence. Offutt had left about 11 o'clock and Hittson, not feeling well, had gone to bed. He said his relations with Mr. Hale had always been friendly.

Howard Hill took the stand and presented his alibi, so intricately contrived that it also took Dr. Bray off the hook. On the evening of the hanging, he said, he quit work about five, was home until seven thirty when he went down town to look for a man who worked for him. At nine o'clock he went to Dr. Bray's home to get the doctor to come to his home where his little girl was ill. Dr. Bray was not there, but Mrs. Bray told Hill that her husband had gone to a movie at the Rialto Theater. Hill had then gone to the Rialto where he waited outside the theater until about 9:45 when Dr. Bray came out. The good doctor, of course, at once drove to the Hill home. Hill followed and picked up Attorney George Coddington en route. Mr. Coddington could testify to that. At the house Dr. Bray gave the girl a chiropractic treatment and a dose of castor oil. Hill had a dated copy of Dr. Bray's bill and it

was entered as evidence. Then and there were established three perfect alibis with a courtroom full of people eager to corroborate them.

Then appeared a parade of character witnesses--citizens long prominent in southern Oregon--all willing to praise the sterling virtues of the defendants and, if they could jig-saw it in, to blacken the reputation of the chief witness for the state. Attorney Liljeqvist asked each one if he "was a member of the organization that was not Odd Fellows but who met at the Odd Fellows hall." One could scarcely expect a Klansman to tell the whole truth, especially when one of his first lessons was how to avoid admitting he was a member, but they were under oath and some of the apparently did.

Those endorsing the alleged nightriders for their stalwart morals and elevated ethics included, among many others, Pop Gates, J.A. Perry, O.L. Davidson, Glen Fabrick, Professor Narregan, Mahlon Purdin, W.J. Warner, Chauncey Florey, S.B. Sandifer, Glenn O. Taylor, B.J. Palmer and George A. Coddington. Mr. Hale had no one to present his virtues. Apparently he was an admirable and likable fellow until he had the temerity to attack the defendants. His lights of love stood by him to the end, but the good townspeople could hardly wait to brand him a moral leper. What could have influenced these people to make heroes out of three gangsters and a liar out of the only one who told the truth? It isn't enough to say they thought the Klan members were innocent. Everyone must have known they



*George Putnam*



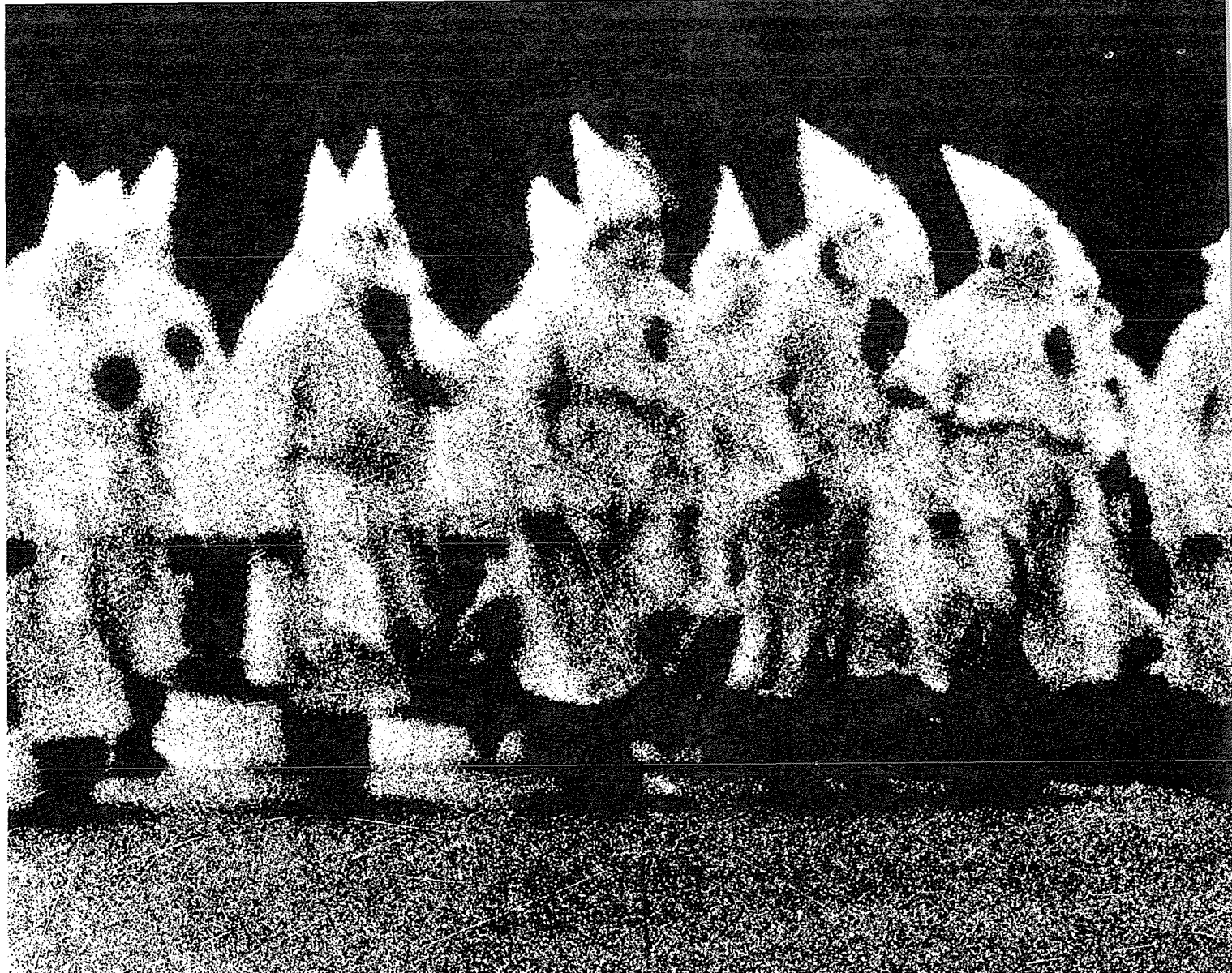
*C.E. 'Pop' Gates*



*Charley Terrill*



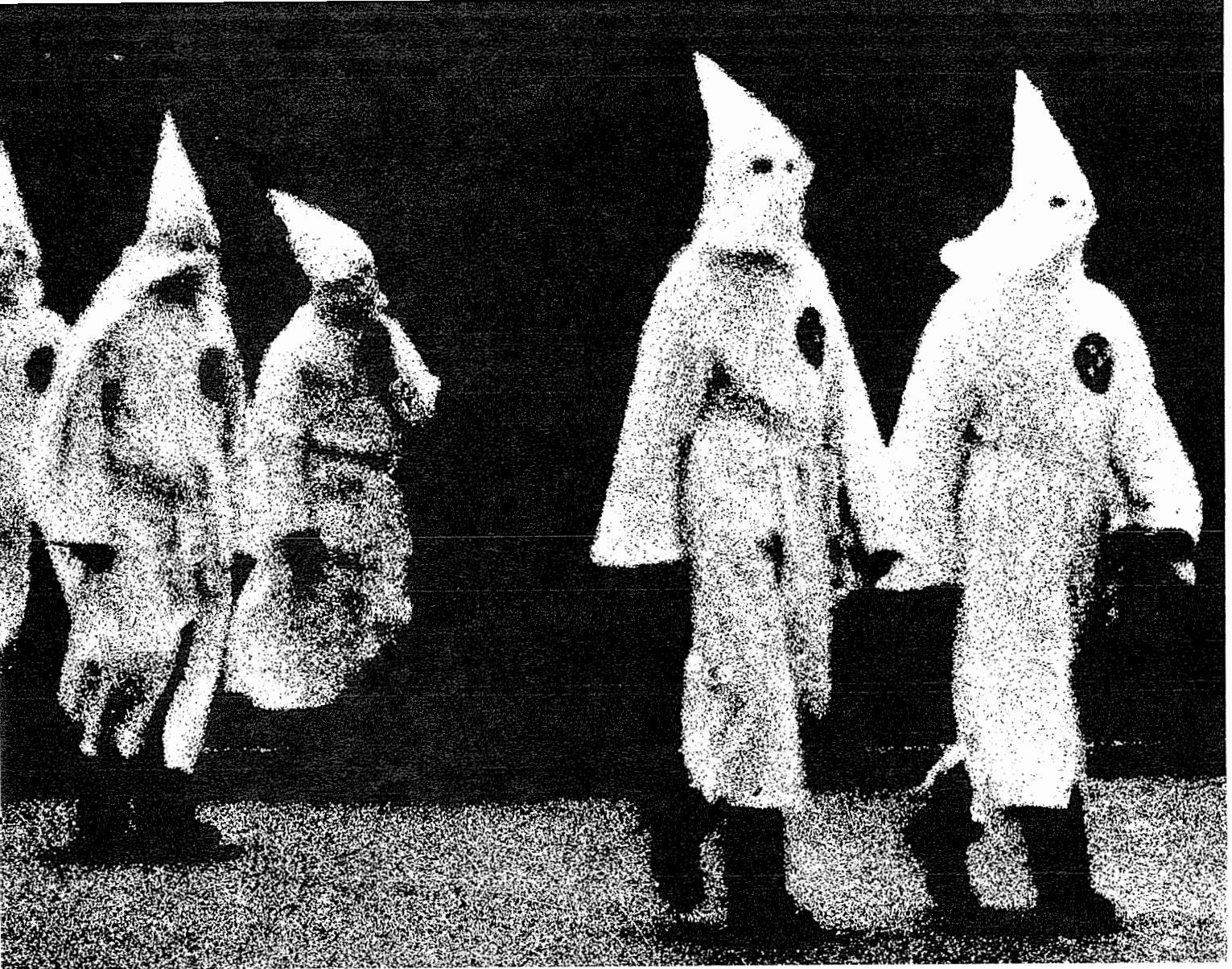
*Judge William Colvig*



were guilty. If the character witnesses' testimony didn't spring from stupidity, it had to come from a badly warped sense of loyalty.

Men were not such saints in 1922 that they had never experienced temptation or indulged in esoteric relationships. How, then, could these witnesses have passed judgment and condemned a man who possessed the same emotions they experienced? One must surely conclude that mixed with the stupidity was considerable hypocrisy. Censure for the miscarriage of justice which resulted must be placed, in great part, upon these dupes who were permitted by the court to try the witness and find him guilty while they whitewashed the accused. Bray, Hittson and Hill came off with all the chivalry and gentility of three gentlemen of the old south and Mr. Hale emerged as a libertine, a falsifier and a satyr.

In the rebuttal, Mr. Morris Bunnell was called to the stand by the defense. He was a talkative old gentleman, impatient to tell his story. Although Mr. Hale's suit against him for \$150 had been settled out of court in a mutually acceptable agreement, Bunnell was still angry and resentful and had nothing good to say about Hale who had earlier been a close friend of the family. He had, in fact, courted Bunnell's daughter and the young couple had carried on a warm correspondence for some time. Bunnell, however, had persuaded his daughter to end the relationship when he discovered Hale was also writing letters to Ruberta Pierce. For some reason, Bunnell decided he must retrieve the *billets-doux* which the enamored girl had written to her deceitful swain, and he went to Hale and demanded their return. Under oath, Bunnell declared he had paid Hale \$25 for the



A detail from a photograph of the Ashland Klan, graphically reproduced by Doug Smith.

packet of letters. If this charge were true, Hale was indeed something of a cad, but this is only one side of the tale, and the man could hardly defend himself from his hospital bed in San Francisco. The garrulous witness, no doubt delighted to have a captive audience, further embroidered his story by saying it was a wonder Hale hadn't proposed to him because he was the one in the family who had the money. As a matter of fact, Hale was so untrustworthy that Bunnell really doubted that "he had ever had a rope around his neck in the first place." Of course he did not know for a fact; although he was a Klan member, at the time of the alleged hanging, he and his wife were visiting Harry Lofland. Sarah Bunnell, just as vindictive as her husband, and Mrs. Lofland supported his testimony.

R.L. Ray, a farmer living between Medford and Jacksonville, told the court


he was a Klansman and proud of it. He said that there had been a secret Klan meeting that night, but there had been no hanging; Hale had merely been given "a talking to." Strategy for the defense rebuttal now appeared to be: there hadn't been any nightriding outrage at all so no one could be guilty of it.

Several witnesses testified that J.E. Edmiston and William Craig, who had identified Klan members and given information about KKK activities, were unreliable and not to be trusted. For good measure another bunch of citizens added their contributions to the destruction of Mr. Hale's character.

The defense continued its efforts to acquire the minutes of the Grand Jury, and Judge Thomas, finally persuaded that the records were public property, ruled the entire document could be made available for study by the attorneys.


In a final argument for the defense Attorney O.C. Boggs classified Hale as a "low down miserable perjurer" and asserted that his word was "unworthy of belief." He said, "It is outrageous that the State of Oregon would send its attorney general to try peaceful and law-abiding citizens of the community upon the word of J.F. Hale." His kidnapping by the nightriders was the queerest tale ever told in a courtroom, his testimony could not be corroborated and it was greatly probable that "he had never been taken out at all."

On this note of pure logic and moral judgment the defense ended its case.

 District Attorney Rawles Moore, summing up for the state, reviewed the highlights of the evidence. He said the "state would concede that Hale was not a reputable citizen" but that his reputation was not a paramount issue in the trial.


"The hanging and kidnapping," he said, "was conceived by shrewd minds. It was not the helter and skelter of a mob, but organized and premeditated and carried out in regalia--black masks and robes--the members matching their presumed 'superior virtue' against the supposed reputation of Hale, whom they were disciplining."

Attorney Moore regretted that the names of the young ladies had been brought into the case, he was astonished at the bitterness of the Bunnells and other witnesses and the malice revealed in their testimonies, and he was sorry that citizens had been vilified from the stand. He attacked the alibis of the defendants as "improbable" and too neatly contrived and concluded with the statement, "There have been too many ramifications to the case," and, one must conclude, too little muscle in the prosecution's arguments and objections although, in that Klan-controlled courtroom, the state attorneys may have done all they could do.

 At 4:20 p.m. the jury retired to the jury room. At 5:00 o'clock, after forty minutes of deliberation or chit-chat, they returned with a verdict that Jouett P. Bray, Howard A. Hill and Jesse F. Hittson were as innocent as lambs.

With virtue triumphant and justice ad-

ministered, everybody went home for an early supper.

 On the next day, March 13, 1923, the second nightriding trial was called. The defendants were Alex Norris and Thomas Goodie. Henry Johnson and Paul York were the state's witnesses. Few people were in the audience. There would be no titillating suggestions of furtive affairs of the heart, no pretty young things on the witness stand, and everybody already knew the verdict.

The court once more went through the torture of selecting an acceptable jury, but finally, with the inclusion of three jurors who had served in the first trial, the attorneys agreed upon a panel of twelve citizens.

Shortly after the beginning of the trial, it became apparent that the tactics, used so successfully in the first case, would be the accepted procedure in the second, and the blackening of the reputations of Johnson and York would be far easier than the character assassination of Mr. Hale who possessed considerable charm and sophistication. Paul York was an uneducated kid, usually without a job, and a slightly smudged reputation to start with. Henry Johnson, part Indian, was a regular on the street corner, carved dangerous-looking knives and was a suspected chicken thief. No one would put much faith in what either one of them had to say. But the witnesses were called, the attorneys armed themselves and the defendants re-rehearsed their stories.

On March 15, when court convened for the second day, Assistant Attorney General Liljeqvist stood and addressed the court. He moved for dismissal of the indictments on the grounds that the state, having insufficient evidence to convict, did not have a fighting chance. Judge Thomas directed the jury, who did not leave the box, to bring in a verdict of not guilty, and the trial came to an end. The indictments against Howard Hill and Bert Moses, charged with the hanging of Arthur Burr, were dropped as well. Friends of the acquitted men, noisily jubilant, offered their congratulations, witnesses for the defense were satisfied they had perjured themselves for a worthy cause and the Klan members rejoiced that southern Oregon,

as well as the rest of the state, was now in the solid grip of the Knights of the Invisible Empire. Justice, the goddess, now not only wore a blindfold, she also wore a sheet and a hood.

**T**he acquittal of the nightriders was not overlooked by the rest of the country. George Putnam, in the *Capital Journal*, wrote that the biggest mystery was why the state's counsel had consented to try these men

before a judge elected on the Klan ticket and in open sympathy with the Klan and the nightriders, in a county where it was ...almost impossible to secure an impartial jury.

What the public cannot understand, however, is why, when the trial judge had shown his unfairness in the first trial, a second trial was begun before him and no effort was made to secure either change of venue or another judge.

...Members of the same jury acquitting in the first case were accepted in the second case, making either a fair trial or conviction impossible.

...The acquittal of the men accused of nightriding at Medford emphasises the fact that a member of the Ku Klux Klan cannot be convicted at the present time. The evidence does not matter, if a Klansman sits on the bench, or Klansmen are on the jury, placing allegiance to the "invisible empire" above allegiance to the blind goddess.

...[The] nightriders of Jackson county [go free] because a trial judge...refusing to permit jurors to be questioned as to Klan affiliations and barring evidence implicating the Klan [even argued] for the defense in his instructions.

Yet there is no question that the victim was strung up at midnight by a masked mob of Klansmen--not a doubt in the world ...nor is there much question as to the guilty parties or that the Klan was connected with them.

...Can there longer be a doubt in the mind of any thoughtful person, that the Klan constitutes the greatest menace threatening our government since the Civil War?

**S**ometimes an organization requires opposition in order to survive. As long as it is attacked from the outside by enemies who threaten its existence, its members remain unified and powerful, and present a well-armed and invincible front. When all adver-

saries are vanquished, there is no longer a reason to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of the cause. The alliance then begins falling apart from its core and eventually disintegrates from a lack of interest and purpose.

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan was just such a confederation.

The election of 1922 and the acquittal of the nightriders were the high points for the Klan in Oregon. They had overcome the enemy.

But when the State Supreme Court ruled that the compulsory education bill was unconstitutional, the first real blow was struck against the KKK. The Klan-controlled legislature failed to live up to the expectations of the Klan leaders and, in the sharpest cut of all, Governor Pierce proved to be loyal to the Democrat party and denied his obligation to the Klan. Members began to drop in great numbers. Many were disenchanted by the continual demand for silver showers to line the pockets of the kleagles, the goblins, the cyclops and the other members of the inner circle.

A blacklist of merchants who were not members of the Klan was dropped and the people of southern Oregon lost interest in the organization. The final straw came when a Medford citizen, long known as the town drunk, was called upon to mend his ways and get on the water wagon. The wife, rather than being overcome with reverential gratitude, called them a number of choice and colorful names, emphatically told them to mind their own business and showed them the door.

When they no longer inspired fear, they lost their authority and when they began to look ridiculous, the invisible dynasty piddled out. By 1925 it had lost its hold on the people of Oregon.

From time to time, though, like a vanquished dragon, it flips its tail a little to show it hasn't yet given up the ghost.

Maureen Smith wishes to inform members that the *Table Rock Sentinel* is mailed as third class bulk mail. If you change your address, the newsletter will not be forwarded. Please call Maureen, 899-8203, if you are planning to move.

# THE HAT

These portraits are from a large box of Britt photographs labeled: "Females Unidentified." The captions are flights of fancy. If anyone can name one or more of the ladies, there will be wild revelry in the SOHS library, and a smart wicker basket, containing a mother cat and a litter of six kittens will be gift wrapped and delivered as a reward.

The first lady is Mrs. Flowerdew. Those dratted feathers won't stay up, and they keep falling down around her neck. She wishes now that instead of the hat, she'd have worn the potted palm.



Midge Alyce Cratchitt. Midge Alyce is very put out. She has just spotted Miss Fosma Day wearing a new hat exactly like this one. She is wondering if she should toss her head, laugh gaily and make a joke of it -- or walk right across the parlor and slap the spiteful cat silly.



Bubbles Lillywhite. Those feathers on the hat are Rhode Island Red. The old chicken was tough as a boiled owl, and she couldn't eat it and she didn't want it to be a total waste. Incidentally, the plumage looks lots better on Bubbles than it did on the rooster.





Mrs. Clorine Waters. Clorine is a bride and she's wearing her going away outfit. Her brand new husband was so nervous he sat on her hat and ruint it. She had to have something to top-off that smart ensemble so she's wearing the cake. Best wishes, Clorine.



This is Minnie Drinkwater. Minnie has a rather glazed expression because her hatpin is poked right through the top of her head. A girl has to put up with a lot for the sake of style, but this is ridiculous.



This one is very pensive. She's trying to decide if she should stick a clump of wildflowers onto her hat. She doesn't want to look too, too gussied-up just for a buggy ride. When her gentleman caller drives up to the front gate, she might hold a sprig or two in her teeth, just to look flirty. But what if that new patent-pending pivot tooth fell out? Mercy.



This is Aunt Minnie. She's very vain about her new hat, but she has to hold her head in an awkward position or the bonnet will fall off. There's already a painful crick in her neck, but she's making an effort to smile because everybody's looking.



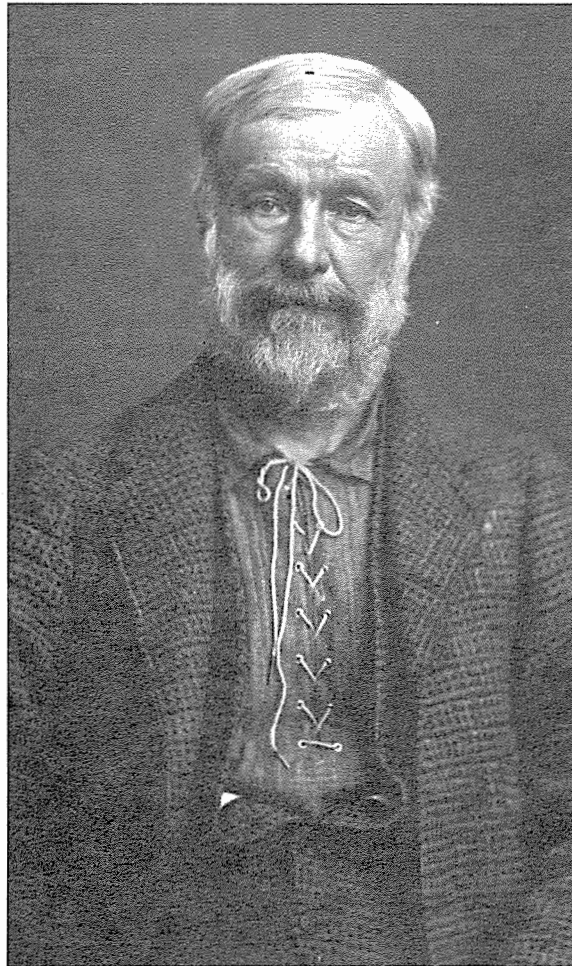
This young thing didn't wear her new hat because she wants to show off that bun. Her hairdo is the forerunner of the beehive, which was stylish in the nineteen fifties. This one is called "The Stinger." The top-knot requires a lot of hair pins and a kitchen funnel.



This lady is pouting a little. Her beau didn't mention her new all-black hat -- probably because it isn't all-black any more since a chicken hawk flew over. Her fellow did admire her fur although the raccoon got a little ratty-looking after she wore it out, chasing it up and down Daisy Creek.



ED SCHIEFFELIN, THE FOUNDER OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, AND THE FABLED DISCOVERER OF THE LONG LOST RED BLANKET MINE, WAS FEATURED IN THE JANUARY, 1983, ISSUE OF THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL. THE EMPHASIS OF THE STORY WAS OF COURSE PLACED ON ED, AND HIS FATHER, CLINTON SCHIEFFELIN, WHO WAS IMPORTANT IN HIS OWN RIGHT, WAS GIVEN ONLY BRIEF MENTION. CLINTON'S SHORT BIOGRAPHY, GLEANED FROM A FEW NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, IS THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF MINI-BIOGRAPHIES OF PEOPLE WHO LEFT LITTLE DOCUMENTATION OF THEIR LIVES, BUT WHO NEVERTHELESS EARNED A PERMANENT PLACE IN THE SOUTHERN OREGON STORY.



## CLINTON SCHIEFFELIN

Clinton Schieffelin was born in 1823 in New York City. When he was two years old his parents took him to Mexico City where his father went into business as a druggist. The father soon developed considerable enthusiasm for the apothecary trade but little appreciation for the charms of Mexico, and, about a year later brought

his family back to New York where he continued with the pharmacy business. In the city, however, he met with great competition and after a few years of little profit, determined to move to a more advantageous location before he faced bankruptcy. The family then moved to Tioga county, Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania he extended his busi-

interests to include agriculture and young Clinton grew up on the family farm.

As a boy he worked for his father and for people on neighboring farms. When he was about twenty he got a job in a lumbermill at a regular salary, met Miss Jane Walker and began courting. In 1845 they were married and soon started raising a family.

**I**n 1849 the news that gold had been discovered in California ushered in a period of restlessness. Many young men headed west as soon as they could, and those who stayed behind were nagged by the thoughts of sudden wealth as their fancies were sparked with persistent tales of rich strikes in the gold fields.

Clinton Schieffelin resisted the enticement for several years but in 1852 he could no longer ignore the yen to go. Leaving his wife and children, he joined his brother-in-law, Joe Walker, and the two sailed for California, passing through the Straits of Magellan. He had decided that after he had struck it rich and had tamed a little patch of the wilderness, he would return to Pennsylvania and fetch his family.

He and Joe Walker tried their luck along the Feather River, but that region was pretty well exhausted and they had no luck. Hearing the tales of the glories of southern Oregon, they headed north, reaching the Rogue River Valley early in 1853, just at the beginning of the rebellion of the Rogue Indians.

Much to his credit today, "Scheff," as he was familiarly known, told the settlers he was not "stuck after" killing people. He did his best to avoid any participation in the fighting, but, to disprove a charge of cowardice, took part in the battle of Hungry Hill where the Indians were the easy victors and the armies of volunteers and regulars were forced to make a hasty and humiliating retreat.

In 1853 Scheff and Joe Walker bought a land claim along the Rogue and at the same time filed for a donation claim near Jewett's Ferry. They combined mining and farming and met with considerable success in both endeavors.

By 1857 Jane Walker Schieffelin and her six children--four boys and two girls--crossed the plains and came to

Oregon. Whether Scheff went to fetch them as planned or whether she bundled up her youngones and made the trip without him is not recorded. The children were Ed, Jay, Al, Charles (Effingham), Lizzie and Lottie. Two more boys were born at Rogue River.

**J**ane and Clinton Schieffelin were from sturdy stock, industrious, devout and sociable. Their children were taught to live by the same rules and they possessed the same qualities.

As they grew older they became attractive, popular young people, held in high regard and warm affection by their many friends in the valley and particularly in the Rogue River area.

News items about the family frequently appeared in the *Oregon Sentinel* and the *Democratic Times*, reporting that Lottie and Lizzie had visited Jacksonville for shopping or to attend a party or a wedding or that one of the boys had made a lucky strike while prospecting.

The sons, who dutifully helped their father with farming chores, were all interested in mining and when they found time, diligently panned for gold often making lucrative finds in areas around Foots Creek and Evans Creek. Ed, the oldest, however, was obsessed with prospecting, and before he was ten years old had ranged far and wide seeking veins of pay dirt and sometimes had surprising successes. The fact that he eventually found a legendary fortune was probably less luck than expertize which was gained by his years of experiences with a gold pan and a pick.

In 1879 the editor of the *Sentinel* featured a series of biographies of southern Oregon's outstanding first citizens. Of Clinton Schieffelin he wrote: "He is a Republican of the old solid type, hard to swerve from his convictions. His sterling character can be appreciated when it is related that when [he was] Justice of the Peace, one of his sons violated the game law by killing a deer and was fined twenty-dollars by his father who had to pay the fine out of his own pocket." The editor concluded that "no more need be said of his integrity and sense of justice than this, and if there is a man in this whole country who can relate a mean act of 'Old Scheff' we do not know him.

Over the years the farm flourished and



Richard Gird, Al Schieffelin and Ed Schieffelin. Richard Gird was mining engineer of the Signal mine in Arizona when Ed persuaded him to invest in the mine at Tombstone. Al died in 1885, having had only four years to enjoy his great wealth.

Clinton Schieffelin acquired considerable capital and property and by the time he was fifty, he had become a venerable citizen. The children had left home and, the *Sentinel* declared, were "paddling their own canoes and paddling them well."

In 1879 Scheff returned to Pennsylvania to visit his aged parents and made an extended stay of three months. He was almost sixty at the time, and his parents must have been enchanted to see him again after so many years of separation.

the mine paid over \$50,000 a month and when it was sold in 1880 the men received money beyond their wildest dreams. Ed, always close to his family, at once decided that all of them would share his fortune. Three of the boys, Ed, Al and Effingham, having worked the mine, received shares, and Ed gave Lottie and Lizzie and the other three brothers generous gifts, presenting C.L., the youngest, with a hotel in Los Angeles. He bought an orange orchard in southern California for his parents.

Perhaps Clinton Schieffelin should have realized his roots were deep in Rogue River soil and that at sixty, he might better prepare for a comfortable retirement than a complete change of occupation, but he was probably caught

**T**his was the time that Ed made his famous find at Tombstone. After he, his brother Al, and their associate, Richard Gird, began their operations,

in the excitement of Ed's sudden wealth, and he agreed to relinquish his prosperous farm with its fields and stock and set out for another new world. Not willing for the family home to go to strangers, Effingham paid his father \$9,000 for it and assumed its operation.

In less than a year Scheff became dissatisfied with life as an orange orchardist. In January 1881 Effingham came back from a family reunion in Los Angeles with the news that Clinton and Jane Schieffelin were homesick and were planning to return to Rogue River in time for spring planting.

Reports then began appearing in the local newspapers that Clinton was not in the best of health. In April, he was unable to make his return trip to southern Oregon. He was suffering from pneumonia and "at one time was so low as to cause alarm." A couple of months later a newspaper item revealed "the old gentleman was afflicted with the mumps."

Selling the orange orchard, Clinton Schieffelin bought a new home in Los Angeles. He may have decided against the return to the farm because such a move would not be fair to Effingham. By fall of the year, Jane Schieffelin, weary with her exile, accompanied her son, C.L., on a visit to southern Oregon, but she soon returned to Los Angeles because she was concerned about Clinton's health.

The *Oregon Sentinel* of April 19, 1884, contained the announcement:

A telegraphic dispatch was received by the secretary of Jacksonville lodge No. 10, I.O.O.F., conveying the sad intelligence of the death of Clinton Schieffelin at his home in Los Angeles, April 15.

In the next issue, April 26, additional details were given:

Clinton Schieffelin, father of Ed Schieffelin, the discoverer of Tombstone and the explorer of the Yukon River, committed suicide ...by shooting himself with a revolver, the ball entering the forehead and passing through the back of the head. The deceased had been complaining of feeling ill several days but as he was of a genial disposition the rash act

takes all of his friends by surprise. He was a native of New York City and 61 years old.

**S**uicide is hard to accept. Those close to the victim are usually beset by eternally unanswered questions: What did I do that I shouldn't have done? What did I fail to do that I should have done? How could I have prevented it? Grief is accompanied with guilt. After the first shock of surprise and sorrow, the Schieffelin family began to rationalize. Could it have been an accident? Surely papa couldn't have willingly left us. What is the reasonable and more easily accepted cause of his death?

In the June 7, 1884, issue of the *Sentinel* Reverend J.W. Ellis presented his conclusions about the death. After much methodical thinking, he became certain it was not suicide. His thesis is kinder by far than the harsh story which had been presented as truth.

#### THE LATE CLINTON SCHIEFFELIN

This sad event is relieved by the fact that it was the result of an accident...which might happen to anyone.

It was not even momentary insanity. He spent the preceding evening aiding the youngest grandson in the family in his mathematical studies, and was more than is usual cheerful and happy, and slept all night soundly, and not to exceed five minutes preceding his death talked intelligently to his wife about the state of his health, and was in the act of dressing for breakfast when the accident occurred.

His business affairs were in a satisfactory condition. He was in excellent spirits. His family was a source of gladness rather than sadness. He was treated with love and respect.

The circumstances show conclusively that it was an accident. The revolver was one left in the house by an absent son. He was not familiar with it. There had been a recent burglary in the vicinity so he purchased some cartridges, loaded the weapon and placed it under his pillow. Mrs. S., being timid, removed it to the stand drawer without his notice or knowledge. On the morning of his death he had occasion to open the drawer for some medicine and in the early twilight was surprised to lay his hand upon the weapon. The stand and the

bed are so close together that when the body fell the space would not admit the prostrate form, but left it in a bowed state. Surprised by touching the weapon he seems to have stooped to look into the drawer, at the same time lifting the weapon. The attitude of his head was such as to bring it in the line of the muzzle of the weapon, which was a self-priming revolver, and being unfamiliar with it, the discharge was accidental and the result fatal. The

facts relieve the family, friends and community of this deep sorrow. It is but an act of justice to the memory of the dead that these facts be made public.

**R**everend Ellis' essay may indeed be fact rather than fiction, but it doesn't quite quell all the nagging doubts. But if one repeats it often enough, it may in time acquire the ring of truth.

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## CLARENCE SHOEMAKER, SOHS MAINTENANCE

Green Thumber and Maintenance Assistant Clarence Shoemaker has done practically everything except brain surgery, and he may have tried that as a pre-teen. A list of the highlights of his career shows he has had little time for relaxation -- although, in an aside during his interview, he casually dropped a reminiscence of an event in the rumble seat of a 1931 Chrysler parked on a dirt road by beautiful Sacramento River.

Clarence took his first steps in Sacramento, attended Higginwood Grammar, Grant Union High and Sacramento Junior College where he majored in business administration. After graduation he enlisted in the Air Corps and served three years, five months and eight days as an aircraft mechanic. This stint was followed by a stretch with the SP Railroad where he ran the acetylene plant, followed by a spell as a Fingerprint Technician for the California Department of Justice, followed by a period as Group Supervisor for the California Youth Authority, followed by runs as Deputy Sheriff in San Mateo County, Truckee and Dixon. After this he became a custodian for the University of California at Davis.

Now, somewhere along the line he met his wife Caroline. He doesn't exactly remember the location of the romantic spot, but he thinks it was probably in a bar. He also found time to take a course in basic engineering at Oklahoma A and M and an advanced study of law enforcement at Sacramento.

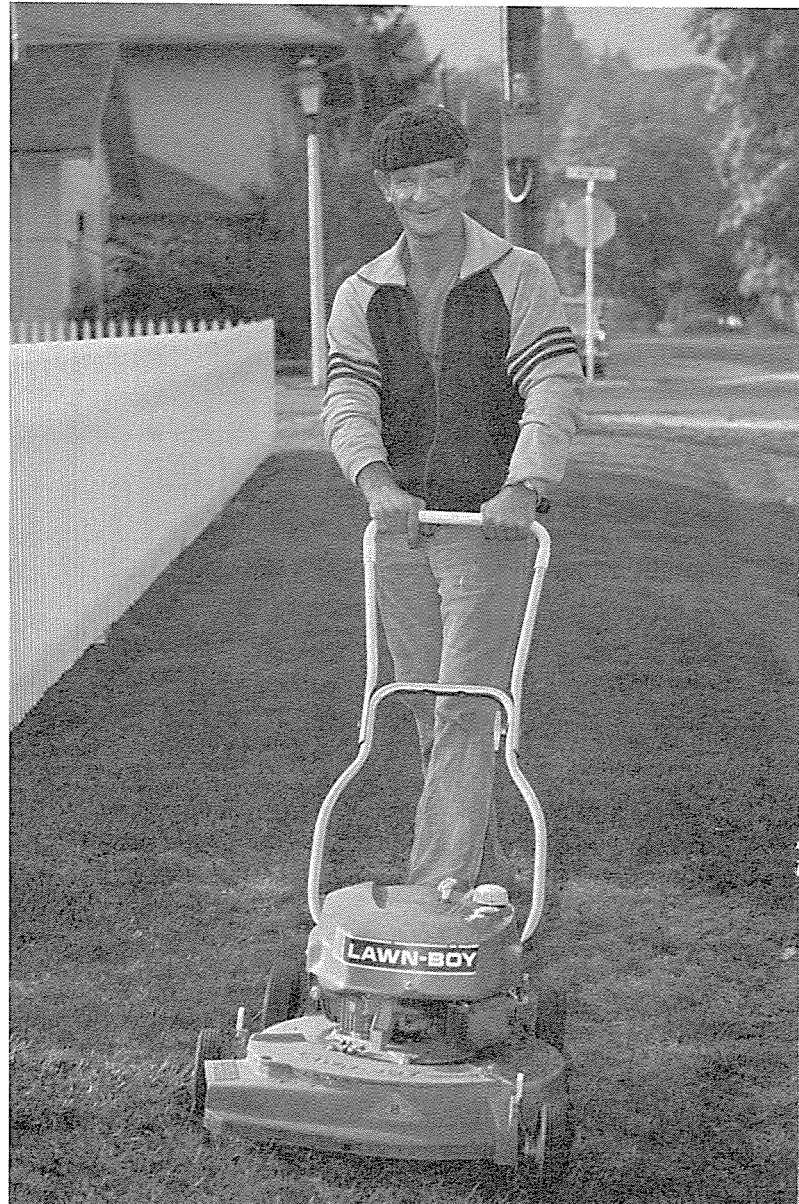
In his idle moments he played sax and clarinet in a night club combo. His musical-arts phase came to an abrupt end when he started working nights and discovered that there were few clubs hiring a dance combo for the early morning hours.

After his move to southern Oregon where he discovered the climate was better for Caroline, he worked--in sequence--as custodian for District 549c, general flunky at the Hungry Woodsman and a car detailer with Monte and Marv.

After that he joined the Ceta Program and put in about two-thirds of the water meters in Gold Hill. Now he does his thing with SOHS two or three days each week.

He and Caroline have one daughter and five grandchildren.

Photograph by Doug Smith



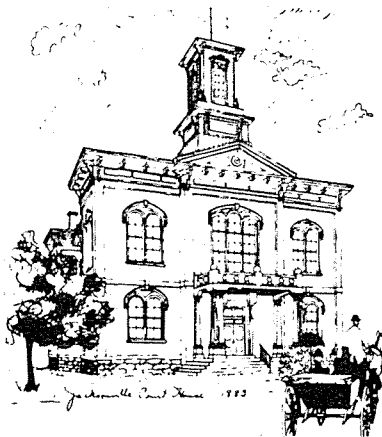


The photograph is a greatly reduced reproduction of one of the pictures appearing in the 1984 calendar. It is a 1919 view of Main Street in Medford. The leaders of a parade may be seen in the far background. Note the aeroplane hovering over the street.

## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## CALENDAR OFFERED FOR SALE AT MUSEUM SALES SHOP

The SOHS Trustees and staff are pleased to have presented the 1984 Society calendar as a gift to all members. The subject this year is Medford in earlier years, and the calendar commemorates Medford's coming centennial celebration.

The calendar, which is a practical size for a day-to-day appointment book, begins with an introduction and theme, "I'll Take Medford," written by Eric Allen, Jr., editor of the *Medford Mail Tribune* and a former president of the Historical Society. The pictures cover the period from the 1880s to 1930, and include historic shots of Main Street, construction of an early bridge over Bear Creek, an early photograph of the Medford Airport, the interior of the 1912 First National Bank and other pictures of historic significance to Medford. The publication also includes brief biographies of the people who made comments about the photos which are included in the captions.

Publication was coordinated by Marjorie Edens, Richard Engeman and Douglas Smith. The calendar is offered for sale at the Sales Shop in the museum, and is priced at \$4.50 for non-members, \$3.85 for members. It will make a thoughtful extra gift for Christmas giving.