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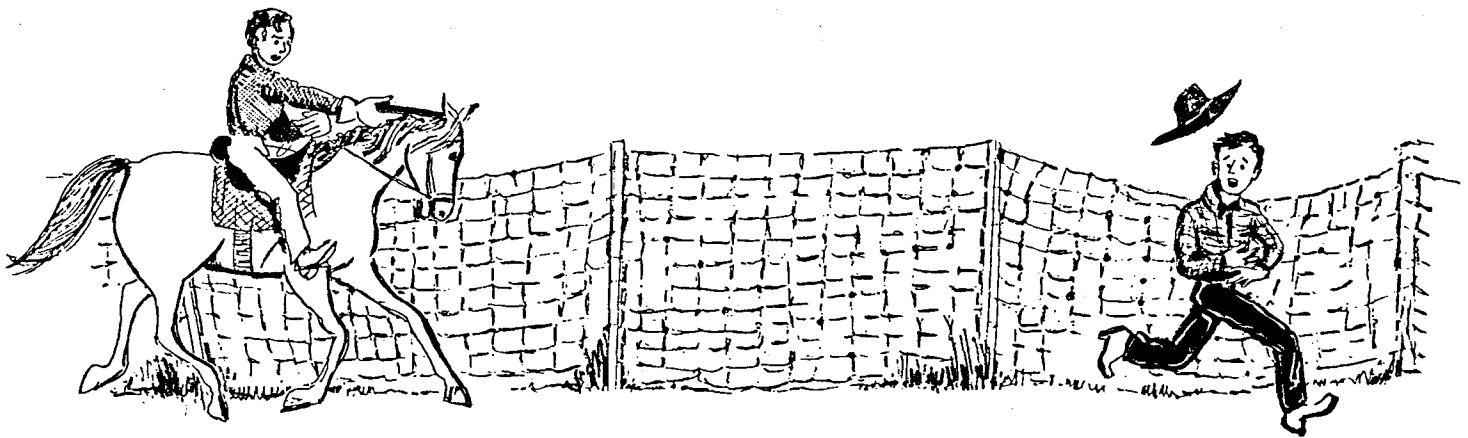
# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



LUCIANNE BUCHANAN

Page 17



# THE SHOOTOUT ON MAIN STREET

## THE WITNESSES

**1** By ten o'clock in the morning the breakfast dishes had been washed and put away and the kitchen was tidied up a little. Mrs. Eva Nichols went into her front room and sat down to catch her breath for a minute. It was a pleasant late summer morning in September and Mrs. Nichols had opened the side window to let in some nice fresh air.

Suddenly through that window came the discordant racket of loud, angry arguing and a volley of disgraceful cursing. Such talk was certainly not for innocent ears, and Mrs. Nichols rushed through the house into the back yard to get her little girl. As she put her hands over the child's ears and hastily propelled her toward the kitchen door, she heard that dirty mouthed Wig Jacks shout, "I chased you eight miles yesterday, and I'll get you yet!" After she and the little girl were safely in the house, she ran over and pulled down the window. As she did so, she heard three shots, the first distinctly louder than the others.

**2** Mrs. Guy Nichols, next door, was in the dining room thinking about maybe doing a little ironing before she started fixing dinner for Gus when

she heard the shots. She noticed also that the first report was louder than the other two. She went out into the front yard by the fence and just then young Raleigh Matthews rode up on his horse. She hailed him and yelled, "What's the shooting all about?"

Raleigh slowed down a little and holstered back, "The damn fool shot at me twice and hit me across the back with a club!"

He then wheeled his horse away from the fence, turned and rode back rapidly down the street, making a little cloud of dust. Mrs. Nichols thought she saw him swing his right leg over the saddle, and with his left foot still in the stirrup, lean far down and scoop up something from the ground, just the way the cowboys do in the movies. Astride his horse once more, he galloped off in the direction of the Matthew's farm.

**3** Uncle John Nichols was out in back behind the house when he became aware of the ruckus. He heard only two shots and looked around the corner in time to see Wig, his son-in-law, leap over the fence and fall flat on his back in the front yard. Almost instantly

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though, he jumped back on his feet and shouted out, "Hold!" just as Raleigh Matthews came up along the fence, riding his horse pretty hard. Raleigh held a revolver but Wig was unarmed. When Wig yelled and raised his hand, Raleigh put the spurs to his horse and rode away fast. Uncle John went over to Wig, found him bleeding from gunshot wounds and helped him, as best he could, to stagger next door to Mrs. Lottie Van Scoy's house where Wig had rented a room. Wig and his wife Dollie, Uncle John's daughter, had had a recent violent disagreement, and they weren't living together or even speaking to each other.

**4** Mrs. Lottie Van Scoy was out in her backyard at the time of the fracas. She was cleaning up spent blossoms, pulling up rangy plants and getting the garden ready for winter. A person had to take advantage of nice days to do yard work especially when she was the Eagle Point telephone operator and the assistant postmistress. When she heard loud talking out in the street, she put down her rake and went around the side of the house to the front yard to investigate. Raleigh was in the road, astride his horse, and Wig was standing on the sidewalk. He had picked up a handful of rocks and he started throwing them, one after the other as hard as he could, at Raleigh.

"I'm not looking for trouble," Raleigh called out as he ducked around dodging rocks. One of the stones struck him on the back of the head with a real whack and knocked off his hat. It fell to the dusty road, and Mrs. Van Scoy saw Wig run over to it, jump on it with both feet and then pull a knife from its holder on his hip and rip that hat to pieces.

As he took out his anger on Raleigh's hat, he shouted, "I'm the one that's looking for trouble, you black ——— ! You stole my wife." Wig Jacks had such a pigsty mouth he couldn't say two good words without three swear words in between, but his meaning was clear enough. "I ran you eight miles yesterday and I'll get you yet. Go ahead and shoot! I don't give a damn. You're too big a coward to shoot!"

"Get away from in front of that house," yelled Raleigh, "and I'll show you



*Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jacks*

whether I'm afraid to shoot or not."

As the two men threatened each other, they jockeyed up and down the street, back and forth, and eventually were far enough down the road that a big pine tree obstructed Mrs. Van Scoy's view. Unable to see what was happening, she heard three shots ring out, the first one louder than the others, and suddenly Wig ran down along the sidewalk, leaped over the fence into Uncle John Nichols' yard and fell on his back in the grass.

**5** A little before the shooting, Harry Lewis, a young (22) resident of Eagle Point, drove his wagon up Main Street. As he passed Mrs. Lottie Van Scoy's house he saw Wig Jacks standing

on the sidewalk and Raleigh Matthews sitting on his horse in the street. Harry said good morning, and drove his team right between them. They were not talking, just glaring at each other, and they didn't acknowledge his greeting. When he was a short distance down the road he heard a shot and turned around to see Wig running as fast as he could down the sidewalk with both hands clutching his stomach. Raleigh, riding about eight feet behind him, shot twice and Harry Lewis saw Wig, unarmed, run about forty yards, jump over the fence and fall. After Wig had scrambled to his feet, Lewis heard another shot. After this fourth shot, Raleigh Matthews turned his horse around and high-tailed it down Main Street. Harry Lewis decided it was not the time for him to be hanging around, and he put his whip to the horses and drove at a good clip on up to the store.

But you really couldn't go much on what Harry Lewis said he saw. Some people thought he was more than a little simple-minded.

**6** Mrs. Frank Lewis saw Raleigh Matthews riding toward his home shortly after the shooting, but noticed nothing particular about his appearance except that he was traveling at a fair gait.

**7** Mrs. John Nichols looked out the kitchen window when she heard the shots, but she was a pioneer woman and shots weren't so unusual in her experiences as to make her stop her pie-making to run out doors to find out what in tarnation was going on.

**8** Mrs. Celia Homes heard the shots and also noticed the first one was the loudest one. She saw that simple Harry Lewis drive down the street past her house, slapping at his horse's rump with his whip and barreling along at a pretty good pace.

## THE PLOT THICKENS

**A**lthough Wig Jacks hollered a lot and made outrageous threats, he was mortally wounded. As soon as they could, his neighbors took him to Medford to the Sacred Heart and Drs. Henry Hart and Charles T.

Sweeney prepared for emergency surgery. In the face of such trouble Dolly Jacks forgot her anger with her aggravating husband and went to the hospital where she hovered over him solicitously.

Sheriff Charley Terrill immediately appeared at the bedside to see what charges Wig would make. When the sheriff asked him if Raleigh Matthews had shot in self defense, Wig became violently agitated and started shouting. Pain and internal bleeding had weakened his body but not his rage. "Self defense?" he yelled. "There was no self defense about it! Hell, I didn't have any gun. The unprintable said he was going to shoot me, and I said, 'Go ahead and do it, you s.o.b., I don't care.'"

He fell back on his pillow, out of breath and unable to continue although it was plain to see he had a lot more to say. Dolly and the nurse, concerned for the patient, firmly ushered Sheriff Terrill out of the room.

The sheriff decided he'd better go out to Eagle Point and round up Raleigh Matthews. But if Raleigh was still on his shooting spree, it wouldn't hurt to have a little company on the trip. Charley picked up his deputies, L.B. Forncrook and Glenn Terrill, and the three of them drove on out to the Matthews ranch. Raleigh and his dad, Green Banks Matthews, met them pleasantly enough at the gate and Raleigh surrendered with no objections.

The sheriff said he'd have to have the gun, and Raleigh went into the kitchen and came back out with two revolvers.

"This is my gun," he said, handing over a 32 calibre Savage automatic, "and this one is Wig's."

Raleigh's gun had two empty cartridges and Wig's had one fired cartridge and one that had snapped but did not explode. No one asked Raleigh how come he had Wig's gun.

Green B. Matthews decided to go along into town with the fellows so he backed his new Maxwell out of the barn and followed the sheriff's car into Medford. At the time no one realized how critical Wig's gunshot wounds were. After he had left Wig in Uncle John's yard, Raleigh had ridden on back to the farm and had spent several hours shocking corn. He figured maybe now that pesky Wig would see that he could take

care of himself and wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger if he had to. Wig Jacks would leave him alone now, and they could live in peace. Raleigh kept an eye on the road though and wasn't surprised when he saw Terrill's car stirring up the dust and heading for the front gate.

At the sheriff's office in town Raleigh made a statement that Wig Jacks had shot first and that self defense was his motive. He was charged with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill, and given liberty on \$5000 bonds pending the outcome. Everybody had been so busy no one had any time to get noonday dinner so Raleigh, his dad and the three fellows from the sheriff's office went over to the Optimo Cafe for a bite to eat. They joked, joshed each other and laughed a lot and the dinner was a festive occasion. After they'd paid their tickets and got their toothpicks, they separated and Green Matthews drove Raleigh back home in the new Maxwell.

**D**eputy Sheriff Forncrook, who appears to have been more tactful than Charley Terrill went up to the Sacred Heart to find out what he could from Wig. Dolly Jacks was taking a breather and for a few minutes Forncrook had the dying man to himself for questioning.

He was more cautious in his grilling technique, and Wig didn't get so riled up. He told the deputy that Raleigh had broken up his home and declared he had evidence to prove it: *love letters written by Raleigh to Dolly Jacks!* And Wig had gotten them by pulling a couple of pretty sly maneuvers. They were safely cached away on a high rafter right up near the roof of the old Eagle Point flour mill. If Wig didn't make it, Forncrook should go up there, shinny up the post and retrieve those letters from that cob-webby, bird-dungy beam, and use them to send Raleigh Matthews straight to the noose.

Everybody knew there had been bad blood between Rollie and Wig for a long time. Five years maybe. For the last two years the bitter feelings had been at fever heat. Wig blamed Rollie because Dolly had left him and nearly everyone in town could testify to hearing both of them make threats and

counter threats. A year before they had had a brutal fight behind the Eagle Point dance hall and Wig really took a beating. After he was patched up, he told Harry Childs of Medford who worked with him in a road crew, that he could have whipped Rollie easy but "I let him beat me up so he would really make me mad." Now Wig was hot enough under the shirt collar to take some real action and he had Rollie running scared. "You don't see him at any dances anymore," he said. "He's afraid there'll be some trouble he can't handle."

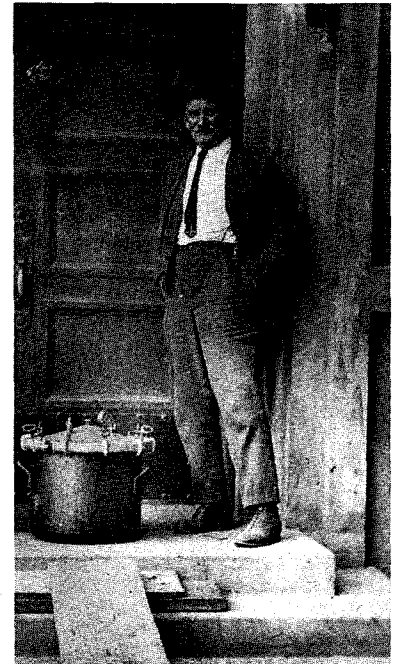
Monday afternoon, the day before the shooting, Raleigh was riding his horse on the desert, and Wig Jacks suddenly appeared in his car, gunned it and headed for Raleigh as fast as he could get his automobile to go. Raleigh darted left and right on the horse and took off across some rough terrain. After about eight miles of following Raleigh over the bumpy desert, Wig gave up the chase, made an obscene gesture and drove off in a cloud of dust.

September 21, 1921, *Medford Mail Tribune*

#### MATTHEWS IS CHARGED WITH CRIME

Wilbur (Wig) Jacks died at Sacred Heart Hospital, this morning about 10:30 o'clock from gunshot wounds sustained in a shooting affray with Rollie Matthews in Eagle Point Tuesday morning. His wife was at his bedside and Matthews, who is at liberty on \$5,000 bonds, on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill will be arrested at once on a charge of murder in the first degree, and held without bail. Deputy Sheriffs left about noon for the Matthews home to serve a new warrant.

Now here's an irresponsible mess. Why in the devil did that Charley Terrill let Raleigh Matthews go in the first place? Terrill was always soft on law breakers--he didn't even come down hard on bootletters--and now he'd allowed Rollie to go running loose around the



*Sheriff Terrill*

Photograph courtesy of  
Verna Forncrook Wilson





*Deputy Sheriff L.B. Forncrook*

Photograph courtesy of Verna Forncrook Wilson

country. You know, Charley T. might just be a pretty good candidate for a recall.

Of course Rollie Matthews was a nice kid and he came from a good pioneer family. His granddaddy named the town in 1854 after those birds that nested on the rocky ledge above the Scouts Community Building. Rollie was only 23, and he wasn't apt to be dangerous and there was no doubt about it, Wig Jacks--no offense to the dead--was pretty much a no account. Even when he died he was out on \$1000 bail awaiting trial on charges of bootlegging and possession. His friends--and he did have a couple--reported that a few years earlier he had been "on the road to a fortune and at one time was worth as much as \$15,000. Now he couldn't have borrowed a dime." He had even served a term as sheriff. But his obsession about Rollie Matthews brought about his own downfall.

He must have had *some* good still in him though. When he got into real trouble, his little wife forgot their

differences and was right there at his bedside all the way. The paper said she was grief stricken and put the whole blame for the shooting on Rollie. Wig wasn't armed, she said, and she had seen the whole set-to from the first. Rollie shot him in the back. If she'd ever had a little thing going with Rollie, as some said, she was certainly setting him up now for a clay pigeon.

District Attorney Rawles Moore didn't waste any time. As soon as he got wind that Wig had breathed his last, he left for Eagle Point and spent the whole morning getting depositions from witnesses.

Sheriff Terrill wasn't so efficient. Deputy Sheriff Forncrook was detailed to run up to Eagle Point and re-arrest Rollie, but he came back empty handed. The neighbors told him that Rollie, his brother and his daddy were out in the new Maxwell. Charley Terrill figured they were heading into town and would come directly to the county jail but just to be safe he dispatched two officers to set up a road block on the Pacific Highway where the traffic really whizzed down the road, sometimes at speeds more than 25 miles per hour. The deputies, the officers and the sheriff failed to run down the fugitive.

Green Matthews and the boys, unaware of Wig's death, spent most of the day puttering around on the back country roads in that automobile. When they returned in the late evening they found an agitated Charley Terrill waiting for them, all heated-up to make his arrest. He should have known they'd come home eventually. Who else would feed the chickens? A charge of second degree murder was filed by District Attorney Rawles Moore. Rollie was arraigned before Justice of the Peace Glenn O. Taylor, taken to Jacksonville and locked up in the county jail. "It's hell to have to shoot a fellow," he said.

September 22, 1921, *Medford Mail Tribune*

#### IT'S HELL TO SHOOT A MAN SAYS YOUTH

A coroner's jury this morning returned a verdict on the case as follows:

We, the coroner's jury impanelled to investigate the cause of death of Wilbur Leroy Jacks, find the said Wilbur Leroy Jacks came to his death at Sacred Heart Hospital, Medford, Oregon, on September 21, 1921, from gunshot wounds inflicted by one R. Matthews at Eagle Point, Jackson County, Oregon, on the 20th of September, 1921, at about 9 o'clock a.m.

Signed: L.F. Wakeman (foreman) H.C. Burgess, Ed White, William Bays, H.D. Spencer and O.L. Harmon.

The autopsy revealed there were four bullet wounds and 12 perforations of the intestines, and the severing of a large artery in the abdominal cavity.

Matthews' attorney, Charles Reames, attempted to have his client released on bail but his request was denied. The Prosecuting Attorney said there would be a half-hundred witnesses. Sheriff Terrill said there was no wide divergence in the stories by Matthews and Jacks except for the statement that Jacks had a gun.

A feature of the case is the fact that Jacks and Matthews were close friends for years, and rode the range together, and were boon companions. Matthews as a boy worked for Jacks on his ranch near Eagle Point. Four or five years ago Jacks was one of the most prosperous young stockmen of Southern Oregon. Matthews in the county jail is a quiet and model prisoner with little to say to his fellow prisoners.

The shooting has created considerable excitement as both principals are well known throughout the county.

## THE TRIAL

*November 1921*

The defendant, dressed in his good brown suit, sat beside his counsel, Evan and Charles Reames. His father and a brother sat near the front of the crowded courtroom. His mother, Ida May, wasn't listed among those present. Someone had to stay home and do the chores. The twelve good men and true were in the box, having taken a little junket out to Eagle Point to view the scene of the tragedy before court convened. They all swore they could render a fair verdict and were eager to begin. They were:

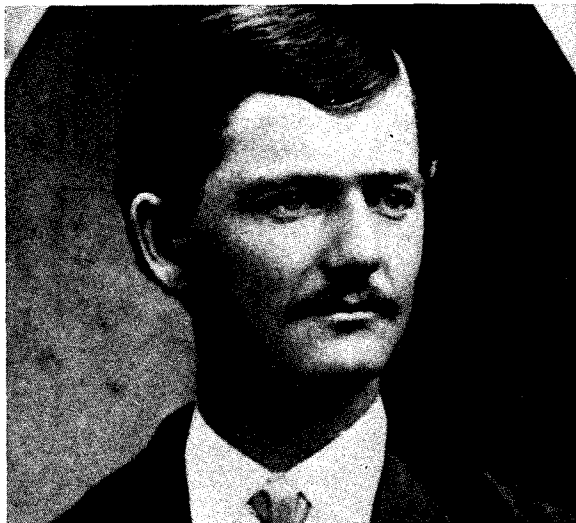
L.A. Murphy, farmer, Perrydale  
R.H. Jones, merchant, Medford  
R.L. Ferns, farmer, Phoenix  
N.J. Garrett, farmer, Medford  
Phil Hamill, farmer, Medford  
W.W. Gregory, farmer, Medford  
John J. Buchter, bookkeeper, Medford  
M.J. Norris, farmer, Phoenix

George E. Fox, farmer, Central Point  
John M. Mast, farmer, Phoenix  
Carl Murphy, stockman, Ashland  
Frank Miller, retired, Medford

In the opening arguments for the state, District Attorney Rawles Moore reviewed the evidence and presented Matthews as "a man who had plotted to keep Wilbur Jacks and Mrs. Jacks separated." He announced the state would present letters to prove that statement. It was apparent that Deputy Forncrook had followed Wig's dying instructions and ferreted out the bundle of letters from the dirt incrust-ed rafter at the old mill.

The opening argument for the defense was made by Attorney Charles Reames and he told the jury that the letters would "be proven to be a part of a frameup of the deceased to secure a divorce from an unwanted wife. He would show that they had nothing to do with *this* case." He also added that Raleigh Matthews, "a clean cut, honest farmer boy" had been "aggravated and pestered" by Wig Jacks for too long a time.

The first witness, William von der Hellen, said that after the shooting he went to the scene and saw a man he did not know pick up a fired shell. The man, E.F. Chamberlain, a nephew of Wig Jacks, reported that he was trying to learn the calibre of the bullets as an aid to the surgeons who were treating Wig Jacks' wounds. He said he had given the shell to an office girl in the district attorney's office. Dr. Sweeney declared he had received the shell, put it in a pocket of an old coat and had forgotten about it till the prosecution asked him for it. It was placed on exhibit and, the day almost



*Evan Reames*



*Charles Reames*

spent, court was adjourned.

The next morning session began with Mrs. Celia Holmes, Mrs. Gus Nichols and Mrs. Eva Nichols giving their testimony. Each one emphasized that the first shot was louder than the rest. They were followed by Harry Lewis. He wasn't much of a witness, contradicting his own testimony several times, but he stated positively that Jacks did not have a gun, that both his hands were clasped about his stomach and that he was running as fast as he could. In spite of his apparent confusion, he was a strong witness for the state.

John Nichols, Wig's father-in-law, was called to the stand. He told what he had seen, but Wig Jacks' dying statement was excluded by the court. That decision and the court's ruling that Raleigh's letters to Dolly were inadmissible, were serious blows to the state's web of evidence. The judge held that the letters would "compel the jury to make deductions from inference upon inference," that no name was mentioned in the letters to indicate to whom or by whom they had been written and that they were not dated.

After more minor testimony was given, the state rested its case.

**M**rs. Lottie Van Scoy was the first witness for the defense. She was told to tell what she had heard and she informed the court she didn't want to repeat Wig Jacks' vocabulary, but upon being instructed to do so anyway, she daintily ripped out a few choice statements which considerably spiced up the trial. She testified that Wig's reputation left a lot to be desired but that "Raleigh was a good and law abiding citizen."

On Thursday and Friday character witnesses for the defense were called to the stand. There seemed to be no end of folks who wanted to get in their two-bits worth and tell what dirt they had on Wilbur Jacks and, at the same time, inform those farmers in the jury box what a fine fellow good old Raleigh Matthews really was. This is just a sampling:

Mrs. Mary Brown: "Wig Jacks had a bad reputation."

Royal G. Brown: "Wig Jacks was a harem-scarum who would pick a quarrel with anyone he thought he could handle."

James Lynn: "The mention of Matthews' name in-

flamed Jacks, who said he always regretted that he had not shoved Raleigh over a cliff when he had the chance."

Charles Winkle: "Last May Jacks threatened to get Raleigh, his father, his brother and the sheriff. He said, 'I'll get all four of the s.o.b's.'"

J.N. Robinson: "Raleigh and his father went to Medford a long time ago to get Wig placed under bonds to keep the peace. The plea was denied. Jacks threatened to kill Matthews and talked about running him out of the country." Mr. Robinson added he had once sworn to a warrant for Wig's arrest "for assault on a 17 year old boy."

George Adams and Joe Mayhem: "Wig Jacks often threatened the defendant's life."

Gus Nichols, a cousin of Dolly Jacks: "If I told all the bad things I know about Wilbur Jacks, I would be here all night."

Most of the witnesses nodded and smiled to the prisoner as they took the stand.

Uncle John Nichols, Wig's kin-in-law, called to the stand became a witness for the defense. He said that last spring Wig had shown him an automatic pistol and remarked, "I am going to kill Raleigh Matthews and then I will kill Charley Terrill when he comes to arrest me and then I will kill myself."

**O**n Saturday the attorneys made their summation. What could Rawles Moore say? The court had hamstrung him by refusing to let him present his most powerful evidence: Wig's dying statement and Dolly's packet of letters. He thought Lottie Van Scoy and Uncle John Nichols would be persuasive witnesses but they ended up supporting the defendant. That left him with Harry Lewis and that simpleton was almost worse than nothing although he did maintain Wig was unarmed when he was shot. The attorney made a point or two about lawlessness in the streets and allowing killers to walk around, free to kill others, but he knew that was pretty lame arguments. At the beginning he thought he had an easy conviction, but practically everybody in Eagle Point had something to say and none of the remarks did his case any good. Oh, well, you win a few, you lose a few.

Attorney Reames had a field day. Jacks had repeatedly threatened Matthew's life and had said that one of the other must die. John Nichols, a respected pioneer known to hundreds of southern Oregon folks as "Uncle" had even testified against his own son-in-law, *and he was the only one who had heard his dying statement.* No one had



anything bad to say of Raleigh Matthews. As for Harry Lewis, it was clear that "this boy had been tampered with" but, of course, "not by the learned District Attorney." Lewis must not be blamed for his testimony, for he was "very, very stupid." Attorney Reames did not have to go on and on proving his point. This jury knew their duty: they must acquit this exemplary young farm boy, who had only fired in self defense after taking five years of abuse from a man whose sanity must be doubted. Members of the jury, you must stand together as one man. Go, team, go!

The jury filed out. After twelve minutes of deliberation they acquitted Raleigh Matthews on the first ballot, filed back and made their declaration: *acquittal!* Then each of the jurors went over to Raleigh Matthews and shook his hand before they marched out of the courtroom. Raleigh maintained his composure but his father and the spectators were jubilant. They swept him out of the courtroom, congratulating him and trying to touch him. If they'd had a medal, they'd have given it to him.

He went over to the county jail, gathered up his possessions and he and his brother and his daddy got into the new Maxwell and went home.



*This picture is labeled on the back: Dolly and Rollie Matthews.*

*Question: Could this be the same Dolly pictured on page 3 as Mrs. Wilbur Jacks?*



*A confiscated still: (L.B.Forncrook, unidentified, Sheriff Terrill, unidentified.)*

*Photograph courtesy of Verna Forncrook Wilson*

## Correspondence

*Stories in the Sentinel have encouraged considerable correspondence, some of it too interesting to be filed away. We are including several letters and will present more in future issues. We are grateful for the complimentary ones and reserve mixed emotions about the others.*

Boise, Idaho

I have received from Lyle Van Scoy, Medford, a copy of your interesting magazine, *The Table Rock Sentinel*, with a picture of the Central Point Baseball team. I played ball with Central Point 84 years ago. I was married in Jacksonville, September 20, 1908, to Lottie Taylor of Eagle Point. I worked as a Railway Postal Clerk, Portland to Pocatello, 38 years. I now live at the Heritage Retirement Center, Boise, Idaho.

Clark Rippey

Ashland, Oregon

Your article on William Gore was so very interesting and well written. I was reminded of a little story that was commonly told around town, I guess in the twenties. It seems that when Mr. Gore was acting as lay preacher and offering prayers for the church, he stood and in a sonorous voice loudly proclaimed, "O Lord, this is William Gore speaking," and then went on with his prayers. I guess something like the Ace Hardware commercial: "Hi, this is Pat Summerall." I was in my early teens at the time and never thought too much about it, thinking perhaps it might be "sour grapes" in view of his prominence. But after reading of his son's reaction and the way he and his wife treated his son, there is probably a lot of truth in the story.

M.W. Williams

Medford, Oregon

I quit subscribing because your policy is too limited in its focus...mostly an emphasis on early Jacksonville, Yreka, Grants Pass and a few crumbs on Medford.

...If this were true Southern Oregon, it would cover Modoc Wars west of Klamath Falls, the Cascades including volcanic peaks, the Weed cut off, and the fascinating explorations of Capt. Freemont who named and discovered Lake Albert, south of Lakeview, plus his brave crossing of mountains to Sutter's Butte, and his entrance into California after camping at Klamath Falls when he helped annex California for U.S.

To me this society is too limited. Open the field to a truly southern Oregon viewpoint.

Juanita Moll

Inglewood, California

I was very interested in the article on the Gore family and wanted to check to see if my memory is correct regarding Mary Gore. I was trying to relate to the girl who was in the same history class in Medford High School as I. Her name was Gore, but I thought she was the daughter of a banker...I was secretly in love with the young man who taught the class. I however, looked like a ten year old -- had just had my 13th birthday, but Mary looked more grown up and we all knew he had fallen for Mary. I thought that she married him later. I attended Medford High School from September 1913 to June 1915, and the family moved to San Diego. Mary was very wealthy, I remember. Would she be the same person I knew?

Gladys Waddingham

*This letter was written in response to a U.P.I. story based on the Klan series from the newsletter. The article appeared in the Los Angeles Times.*

Las Vegas

Lewis, it is people like you who are ruining this country...and of course the Jew controlled media who controls the weak minds of ninnies like you.

I'll bet you wear a goatee or beard -- a sure sign of a weak man and many times an over-educated buffoon.

It is people like you who turned on their own people to help the British against Washington and the patriots. Lewis, you might be a negro. If so, I'm sorry I wasted my time writing to you. White liberals and negroes are the degenerates of this country. May you all rot in hell and I would like to be the one to put you there.

Don't think that there are only a handful of people like me. Everywhere I go I hear people expressing their conservative views.

One day we will lash out at people like you. I can hardly wait for that day. It is coming.

Charles B. Kessler  
George (Undecipherable)  
Mary R. Moore

*Ouch!*



# FIVE GENERATIONS

## OF THE GORE FAMILY

### 4. ELINOR GORE

*Continued from last issue*

". . . and they lived happily ever after" is a neat way to end a story, but no one believes it and it's even less credible than "after retirement comes the Golden Years." The new Mr. and Mrs. Buck Buchanan soon realized they couldn't set the dial at go, and lean back and put their feet up for the joyride. They had to pass through spin, rinse, agitate, dry out and cool down as well.

The first cycle was pleasant enough. They were transferred from Seattle to Coronado, California, and just about a year later, in September, Lucianne was born. Gregory came along a year and eleven days after that. Buck was involved with the U.S. Navy. He had previously served a stretch in the military, having enlisted in Texas, and had returned to civilian life, but at the outset of the Korean conflict, he was called back. He felt he was making a worthwhile contribution to the service and he resolved that the Navy would be his vocation. They built a duplex in Ocean Beach at San Diego and moved into it prepared to nestle down in a comfortable rut.

Six months later the cycle changed. Buck was released from service. With a mortgage payment due and two babies to look after, he and Elinor were both stunned by the dismissal. He investigated many avenues of employment but nothing that was available appealed to his sense of adventure. He was qualified to be a teacher in secondary school

but he could not bring himself to apply. Unwilling to face the dubious thrill of the challenge to bring to light the individual capabilities of a roomful of teenagers, he searched for some other more stimulating occupation. After deep consideration and a weighing of pros and cons, he decided to accept an offer to operate a small hotel in Alamos, a town in the state of Sonora, Mexico.

Leasing the business from an American owner, he felt he was embarking on the great quest as an international hotelier. He spoke fluent Spanish and would be an excellent front man and a cordial host. Elinor enthusiastically joined the planning. They rented their San Diego duplex and set forth to conquer Mexico. Unfortunately the man they were working for turned out to be a slick double-dealer who had grossly misrepresented the financial advantages and the potential future of the operation. Although Elinor was more than willing to throw in the towel in less than three months, Buck held out, thinking he could eventually make the parts mesh together, but after seven months, he too gave up the struggle. The venture cost somewhere between \$3000 and \$5000.

**T**he San Diego property was rented so they went straight to Los Angeles where Buck was a little more familiar with job possibilities. He soon secured a position doing personnel work with the North American



*Elinor with Gregory and Lucianne*

Aircraft Company.

When she married, Elinor had left Settle eight credits shy of her degree in drama and had not equipped herself with any specialized job skills. Finding she could attend a California college and have the credits transferred to Seattle to apply on her requirements for a diploma, she enrolled at U.C.L.A. After completing the requirements for her BA, she began working toward a degree in education. Squeezing in the classes wherever they would fit into her schedule, she began attending university from 4:00 to 10:00 p.m., leaving the children with a sitter until Buck came home from work.

In 1956, taking advantage of a G.I. loan, they bought a house in Valinda with \$375 down. Deciding the San Diego duplex was too far away, they sold it for a tidy profit and bought two more

income bearing properties in the Los Angeles area: an eleven unit apartment house and a sixteen unit house and trailer park. Now there were off and running but their investments left them little money for extras. Buck, in the naval reserve, served one weekend each month and a two week tour of duty each year and Elinor, taking no time off, made dedicated efforts to complete her credits.

During their ill-starred venture in Mexico they had met Chuck Campbell, a trombonist from the big band era, and he had been greatly impressed by Elinor's singing. Now he appeared on the Los Angeles scene and announced he wanted to act as her manager. To sing professionally had always been her dream. She had often sung for friends who praised her voice and wondered that she wasn't appearing in clubs, and she found Campbell's offer almost irresistible. Buck,

who could see the lives of the family turning topsy-turvy if Elinor began pursuing a singing career, put his foot down emphatically. She had two growing children, was busy with her household and her education, and he couldn't see how she could extend herself in another direction. Without his support, Elinor felt she couldn't make the effort, and the yearnings for a theatrical career, which she had harbored since she had danced with the Sugar Plum Fairy, had to be folded away and filed under Unrealized Impractical Ambitions. She took out her frustrations on the paintbrush as she helped Buck redecorate their rental units.

She writes in her memoirs: "To make the money go all around I did everything I could. I cooked all our meals--we rarely went out to dinner--sewed all the children's clothes, made Buck's sport shirts, my own clothes, curtains, draperies and bedspreads. Buck did all the landscaping and weeding, spending almost every Saturday in the yard. Sometimes we gave a modest party or dinner and once in awhile went to the movies."

During these years Gertrude occasionally sent tickets for plane flights to Mercer Island. Sometimes the whole family went; sometimes, only Lucianne and Gregory. Jay Gore and Everyl sent gifts to the children each Christmas and Elinor and Everyl exchanged letters.

Eventually Elinor completed her educational requirements--actually getting a fifth year equivalent. Buck had left the aircraft company and had finally accepted a teaching position in junior high school in 1959. Elinor wished to join him in teaching and persuaded him to agree to her making application. In 1965 she was hired by the Rawland School District to teach a group of pre-schoolers in a Head Start program.

The new position was a great boost to her ego. She now had a profession and could help the family financially. Unfortunately when the struggle to become accredited ceased, she began having serious health problems. She became easily fatigued and her blood pressure soared. Tests revealed nephritis and an enlarged heart. When she entered the U.C.L.A. Medical Center for treatments,



*Gertrude and John Ball*

her condition was extremely questionable, but doctors put her under medication and watched her carefully, and by the opening of the new term, she was able to continue working.

As a teaching team she and Buck prospered. They had more money to spend and a strict routine to follow, and they were able to tie up loose ends. They moved into a new four bedroom house in Claremont. Elinor, who had suppressed her desires for pretty but non-essential things in the continuing struggle to keep the family afloat, could now loosen the purse strings a little. But her greatest satisfaction came from her work. She was proving to herself that she was a capable and creative teacher. Her evaluations were always good and the parents and other teachers were complimentary and supportive. She was forty when she began teaching and only then did she lose the lack of self-confidence which had first manifested itself during her early years on the Gore ranch.

In the meantime Gertrude, still exercising her ability to make her own opportunities, had a private hospital for convalescents built on the five acres at Mercer Island. While John Ball made houses, she operated the rest home. But



by the time the Buchanans had moved to Claremont, both Gertrude and John Ball had retired, and Elinor persuaded them to move to Claremont where they bought a little house. Always deeply appreciative of the sacrifices Gertrude had made for her children, Elinor now welcomed the opportunity to repay her. They had a close association and always spent holidays and special times together, and Elinor occasionally had Gertrude's doll club meet at her home when it was her mother's turn to entertain. A deep mature affection grew between them.

Although Elinor had heard from her father occasionally, she hadn't seen him since she was sixteen and had visited him in Portland. Gergory and Lucianne were in their sophomore and junior years is high school when the family went to Texas and stopped at Santa Fe. The reunion was a happy time and a sad time. There were tears and embraces, but Elinor, the only one who didn't cry, thought of the wonderful times that might have been had Jay made more of an effort to be with his family. After they had parted and were on the way home, the understanding struck her that Jay too had his problems with rejection. Having been frail and in poor health most of his life, he was now finding it all he could do to keep going, and the years in between were past changing.

Shortly after Gertrude and John Ball arrived in Claremont, Gertrude was examined by doctors who discovered she had colon cancer. Surgeons performed the devastating operation with the opening in her side and much of Elinor's free time was spent taking her to the doctor and to the hospital for chemotherapy treatment. The disease advanced slowly, and for several years Gertrude was able to be about with restricted activities, but in 1974 she suffered an attack of congestive heart failure. She recovered from this attack, but the cancer showed signs of spreading.

In May, 1976, Jimmy, Elinor's younger brother, died of double pneumonia and heart failure, leaving a wife and two children. The doctors decided Gertrude was able to attend his services and Elinor took her to San Mateo for the funeral. The shock of Jimmy's death contributed to Gertrude's eventual

decline and shortly afterwards she entered a rest home. In September, a little over four months later, John Ball, in the same convalescent home because of his malfunctioning heart, died suddenly.

The emotional burden of caring for her mother, the deaths of her brother and her step father while she had to continue teaching, placed a severe strain on the marriage. To keep her wits together she left Buck and moved into her mother's place. Gertrude had made a valiant struggle, but now she wasted away gradually. Towards the last she suffered a grand mal seizure and was no longer able to move herself. Her suffering was so intense that when she died in December, Elinor was relieved that the struggle was over. Gertrude had been a mother and a father to her children, had seen them through the rough times, encouraged them to finish their educations, pursue their musical talents, and maintain their ambitions. If she made a failure here and there along the route, it wasn't because she hadn't tried. And she had come a long, long way from those years at the Gore ranch where Sophenia Ish Gore had decided she wasn't good enough to be part of the family.

Lucianne was completing her teaching credentials and living at the beach, Gregory had been discharged from the navy and was entertaining at a dinner house, and Buck was occupied with day to day affairs. Elinor felt that no one needed her urgently at home so she stayed on at Gertrude's house and remodeled it as she thought her mother had wanted it to be. She put in a fireplace, French doors leading to the garden, papered and painted and made it a dream cottage. The redecoration restored her spirits. When the little house was completed, she rented it and moved back to her own home.

For the next couple of years, with the children away, no one demanded their attention. Buck and Elinor had two uninterrupted summer vacation in which they could do as they pleased. They went to Europe, visiting first at Athens, Greece, where they had friends. Athens was followed by a tour of the Greek islands, and then on to Italy to Rome, Florence, Venice and into Spain. (In Barcelona Elinor found a



### *The Buchanans*

Spanish magazine with Lucianne's picture on the cover.) Spain was followed by a visit to Paris and then home. During the second summer they visited Buck's relatives in Texas and Jay and Everyl in New Mexico. Although Jay's eyesight was bad and he was selling his machinery, he seemed to be in good spirits, and they left him, happy in the knowledge that he was doing well.

In April 1981 Jay's neighbor called to report that Jay had been ill for some time during the winter. Elinor and Buck, at the time fortunately on Easter vacation, immediately took a plane for Santa Fe to investigate the condition. Always in telephone conversations Jay had reported things were "just fine" but Elinor and Buck found the opposite. Everyl had heart trouble, was incontinent, losing her eyesight and had become quite senile. Jay was trying to cope. He cooked, poorly, picked up, rarely, and washed the soiled clothing, hardly ever. He ordered groceries to be delivered and once a day called a taxi to take him and Everyl to a cafeteria for dinner. The house was in a state of filth and so were

their clothes. On their limited vacation Elinor and Buck did what they could to get them back to a sanitary state but in a few days they had to return to Claremont with a promise to come back when school was out. Upon their return to Los Angeles they bought a motor home which would serve to transport Jay and Everyl if their condition warranted it.

It did. After two months their situation, deplorable at Easter, had worsened considerably. Elinor and Buck spent June and July in Santa Fe but it was increasingly evident that Jay and Everyl could not be left alone. Although Buck, developing a heart enlargement after 21 years of teaching, was ready to retire and Elinor had opted for early retirement to be with him, they still had one year to teach and the vacation was almost spent. They moved Jay and Everyl to Claremont, set them up on Elinor's rental unit and found someone to come for six hours a day, clean for them, cook their meals and wash their clothes.

At Easter time Everyl died. She was past ninety and her heart simply stopped. She and Jay had been married fifty years

and he was bereft. In a few weeks an illness put him in the Veteran's Hospital for an extended period.

At the same hospital, Gregory, their young son, finding himself with a drinking problem of no small dimensions, checked into the alcoholic ward. Buck and Elinor visited each patient every day.

Eventually Jay was transferred to a Convalescent Care Center in July 1982. When he was strong enough Elinor brought him to her home every other day for tape recordings. He appeared to enjoy the sessions and was delighted to talk about old times. Twice Buck and Elinor took him to Medford to visit his cousin, Matt Baker, for whom he always felt a close kinship.

In October 1983 he had his final heart attack. He had been suffering from an aneurysm and emphysema, and he was almost ninety. His last words to Buck were, "I don't know what's happening to my body," and to Elinor he said, "Kiss me." They were both grateful he had lived such a long life because it gave them time to get to know him and fill

in the gaps of those early days. She writes: "I am positive that had Dad left the ranch when Mother wanted him to, we would have lived our lives together. William and Sophenia Gore cheated us all when they broke up our little family."

**T**oday Elinor and Buck are making an effort to prove the "Golden Age comes with retirement." They may just be able to do it. They have bought acreage in Whidby Island and hope to build a small get-away-home there, they have plans for additional travel, and are content to enjoy each other. "We have been married 32 years," she writes, "and are there to stay, bonded by the strife and the struggles as well as by our enduring love."

\*Greg Buchanan is a professional harpist who is currently becoming a music minister. He recently made an outstanding contribution to a musical directors' meeting in Glorieta, New Mexico. The directors had met for a week of Bible study and a consideration of how to use music expression in their respective churches. Greg's testimony and his musical presentation of gospel music brought a standing ovation from 2500 musical directors.





## 5. LUCIANNE BUCHANAN

**W**hen one first meets Lucianne Buchanan he is aware of her beauty. Her coloring, her perfect features and her animation are at once apparent and can't be overlooked. But after he has talked with her a few moments he becomes aware of her genuine warmth and interest. She really seems to care about his opinions and his viewpoint. An interview turns into a pleasant conversation. Perhaps that's what charisma is all about, and that may be the quality captured by the camera which makes her a successful model.

We were fortunate to get the opportunity to chat with her as she stopped in Jacksonville on her way to Claremont, California. Her schedule keeps her on the go and gives her little time with her family, but she graciously agreed to answer a few questions for the newsletter.

*Question: We'll start at the beginning. Where were you born?*

L.B.: In the Coronado, California, Naval Hospital. I cost my mother and father \$8.50.

*Question: Where did you start school?*

L.B.: In the Valinda Elementary. Valinda is a suburb of Los Angeles.

*Question: When did you first start to play harp?*

L.B.: When I was five or six. My grandmother (Gertrude) sent me a small training harp as a gift, and Mother had taught me the piano keyboard and how to read notes. Playing the harp seemed natural to me. Even as a little girl I was into the creative arts--drawing, painting, writing. My grandmother Buchanan taught me to sew when I was five.

*Question: You frequently played duets with your brother. Did he learn on the same harp?*

L.B.: No. When Greg was nine, grandmother found another harp and sent it to him. Mother took us both to Hollywood for lessons and in six months time we were playing together and thinking about talent competitions. The National Harp Society has a large membership in southern California. Their annual contest begins with regional competitions and the national competition is held in Los Angeles. When I was thirteen I won the National as the most outstanding harpist in my age group.

*Question: Did you play just as a hobby?*

L.B.: No, by the time I was in junior high schools, I was a semi-professional harpist. Grandmother had given me a lovely, full sized gold concert harp. I played harp concertos with symphony orchestras as guest artist. I played for my own graduation. Greg was offered a position with the Washington, D.C. Naval Band as harpist just as he had completed high school. He spent four years in Washington, D.C.

*Question: Where did you graduate?*

L.B.: From Claremont High. Claremont is a college town and the schools are deeply into music. There are several choruses, a full orchestra, concert band, marching bands and a jazz band. They were glad to have Greg and me as harpists.

*Question: Did you think of entering any international competitions?*

L.B.: Yes. There is a world-wide harp competition held every four years, like the Olympics. I entered the contest hoping to go to Israel for the finals. But I guess I became a little too independent. I lost by one point.

*Question: Did you continue with the harp in University?*

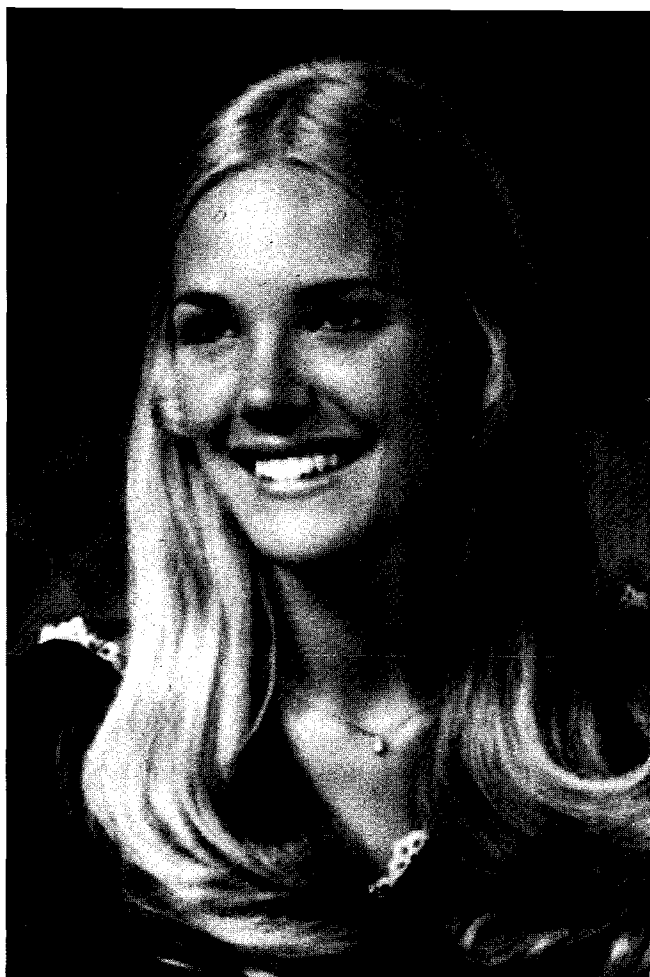
L.B.: Yes. In Redlands University there was a group of harpists. I was chosen as first, but then I discovered boys.

*Question: Did the discovery cause you to give up the harp?*

L.B.: Not exactly, but I cut down on my practicing and performing so that Mother decided there was no point in my continuing at Redlands. She wanted me to take education courses and become a kindergarten teacher. My boyfriend said, "Do what you want to," so I entered California Poly U. at Pomona.

*Question: When did you start entering beauty contests?*

L.B.: At Pomona. My sorority encouraged me to run for Rodeo Queen in a competition held by the Department for Animal Husbandry. But I lost. I made my





# Miss CALIFORNIA



own dress and it wasn't hemmed well. It didn't hang right. Dad said, "You don't look like a winner." Mother should have taken a hand in finishing it.

*Question: How did you come to enter the Miss America contest?*

L.B.: I was playing the harp and my picture appeared in the paper. The director of the Miss Pomona contest saw the picture and wrote inviting me to be a contestant. Dad thought I should do it and recoup my losses. If I won he would salvage his ego. I actually entered because I was interested in the \$500 prize, the set of luggage and the new clothes. I wasn't very hip at the time, but I was pretty sure I had the talent.

We were surprised when I won the local contest, and I entered the Miss California at Santa Cruz. I was chosen Miss Popularity and First Runner Up but I didn't get the crown so I went back to school.

*Question: But you became Miss California anyway?*

L.B.: Yes. The winner got sick and a few months later handed down her crown to the First Runner-up. I was it and I went to Atlantic City.

*Question: Was it fun?*

L.B.: Not very. When I started it was sort of a challenge. I had Mother and Dad and Greg and Grandmother (Gertrude) pulling for me, but suddenly I found I was responsible to the hostess, to the California pageant director, to the national directors and a bunch of others. There were 25 to 30 people involved, all depending on me. It was pretty heavy. Everyone was placing bets on Miss Texas and me. I had an oppressive feeling of obligation and it manifested itself in a rash.

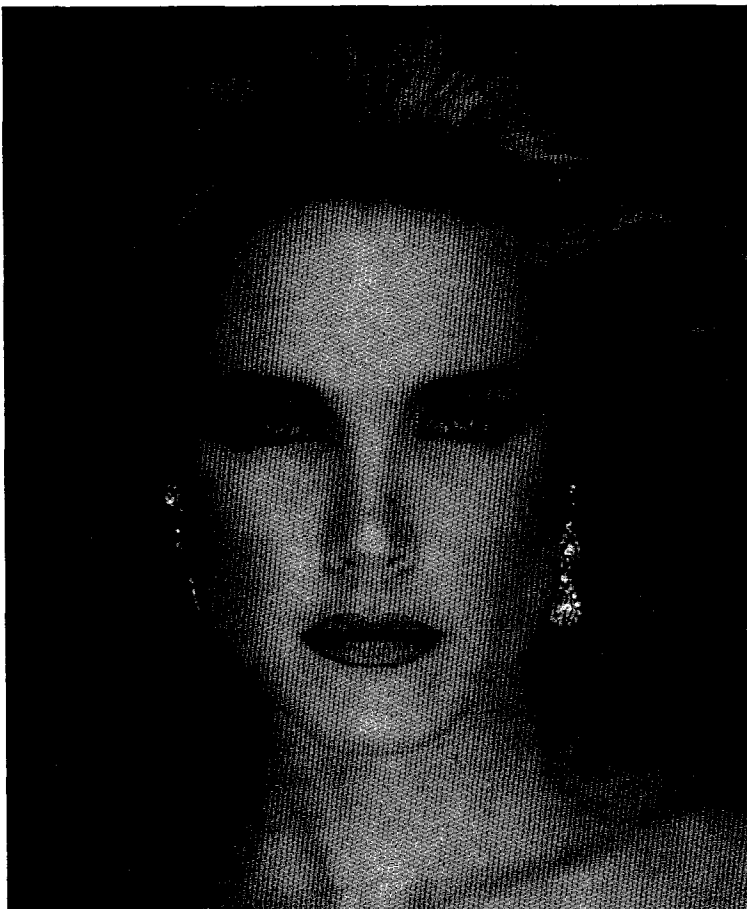
*Question: You were glad when it was over?*

L.B.: Yes. Miss Texas won. I was First Runner Up. It seemed I was always first Runner Up. I wondered what was wrong with me. Of course in the bathing suit competition I appeared with no padding while Miss Texas had foam rubber all over the place, and I sort of blew my concerto and Miss Texas took the crown. I got \$10,000.

*Question: You had to be Miss California for the rest of the year, didn't you?*

L.B.: Yes. That was great fun. It was an enforced finishing school. You learn how to make speeches, how to dress and how to be a real PR person. I became mascot for the Oakland A's and appeared in *Sports Illustrated*. The year's reign culminated in a six weeks USO tour through thirteen countries--many of the military establishments in Europe. I was slated for a second tour through the Orient with Bob Hope, but he dropped out. I became the MC and took his place. The second tour was wild. There were eight single girls on the road and one wild chaperone. We were followed around from Thailand by a squadron of flyers.

In Seoul there was a curfew at 12:00 midnight. If you don't get to your hotel, you're shot. One night the taxi driver dumped me at the MP station at five minutes before midnight. Miss New York was already there just before me, and we were safely delivered to our hotel in the Paddy Wagon. Pretty exciting evening.



*Question: What was your last appearance as Miss California?*

L.B.: In 1975 I was invited back to play the harp and I also sang a solo. Greg who was then in Washington, D.C., was flown out to appear with me. I was MC of the program. After that I went back to Cal Poly and worked for my teaching credentials. I'm certified to teach in elementary.

*Question: How did you become a model?*

L.B.: I signed up with an agency in Los Angeles and one month later Wilhelmina, one of the two top international modeling agencies in the world, offered me a contract in New York. They have sent me all over the world, to places like Kenya and Paraguay. Out of it has come TV commercials. I have done at least twenty which appear on national television.

*Question: What other current interests have you?*

L.B.: I have made two films. One is Paul Mazursky's *Tempest*, filmed in Greece and Rome,\*and the other is *Trading Places* with Dan Ackroyd. In addition I have joined a rock group. We feature rock harp. It's unique. I've put out one album as a singer

with Casablanca records. If it's picked up by a major recording label it could take off. I'm hoping.

*Question: What are your future plans?*

L.B.: I'd like to continue in films. And, I don't know, anything in the arts.

Lucianne Buchanan shows us how its done today. It's a whole new ball game. In the thirties and forties a beautiful girl sat around waiting for a talent scout to discover her, take her to Hollywood and get a publicity agent to give her a nice fake personality for the public. A picture studio might began featuring her as she learned the technical skills and slowly moved towards stardom. Nowadays talented aspirants have to show skill and polish and have already proved they're on the way. Beauty helps. Lucianne is a comer. We'll hear more of her.

\*The opening of the film, "Tempest," in which Lucianne appears, was held in August in New York. At Lucianne's invitation, Elinor and Buck attended. Lauren Bacall was hostess at a party held afterwards on a yacht in the East River. She had it decorated in Greek style with goats and small animals and lots of Greek food. A host of celebrities were there including John Cassavetes and his wife, Gina Rawlings, and Lisa Minelli. Elinor and Buck arrived in style for the festivities in a limosine paid for by Lucianne's acting agents at Wilhemina's Agency.

# Society News

DIRECTOR'S REPORT . . . . . Bill Burk



"Hello Central. Get me Dr. Jones" Some of you will remember the way telephone systems used to work. While our switchboard was not made by Mr. Bell himself, it had seen better days. To keep it operating, repairmen actually had to make parts, since replacements were no longer being manufactured. With the breakup of the Bell System, we were faced with telephones that AT&T said were obsolete. We could also expect higher repair bills in the future. Everyone agreed that we were having too many problems which often could not be explained. The staff had its own explanation. We had a gremlin named Charlie living in the switchboard. His only reason for living was to sabotage our telephones; usually during important long distance calls.

I am pleased to announce that we now have a new system, and Charlie has left. The society now has only one number (503) 899-1847. Calls to all personnel must come through that number. There will be an adjustment period as we get used to the new system which is a bit more complicated but provides greater services. We also have a new switchboard operator, Sue Cox. She must also learn the staff titles and their extension numbers. So while we are making our adjustments, I ask that you be patient with us. I think you will agree with me that it is so nice not to have to use the tin cans anymore.  
Photographs by Doug Smith

WHAT'S NEW . . . . . Nick Clark

The Southern Oregon Historical Society's historic houses are about to "come alive" for another season and we have an exciting new program in one of them. We are beginning "living history" interpretation at the C. C. Beekman home and we know many of you will want to be a part of it.

Living history originated in America about forty years ago with the emergence of outdoor museums such as Sturbridge Village and Williamsburg. Now there are over dozens of outdoor living history museums in America. Living history attempts to recreate life during a specific time period in the past. This means that the interpreter/guides are going about day-to-day activities just as they would have if the clock were turned back. At Beekman House, we will be bringing the characters of Julia Beekman, her daughter Carrie, their maid and Mrs. Beekman's sisters, back to life.



Living history is exciting and anyone can do it. So, we need volunteers for the program. We'll provide all the training you'll need. There are four sessions in May, two afternoon sessions on May 15 and 17 at 2:00PM and two on May 22 and 24 at 7:00PM, all at the Beekman House. If you'd like to learn more about participating, call Dawna Curler or Maureen Smith at 899-1847. We'll be so glad to have you as part of this important new society program and you'll be rewarded by assisting many satisfied visitors.

## SOCIETY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

U.S. National Bank Open House held from 1:00PM until 5:00PM.

Behind the scene tours of the historic bank located in the U.S. Hotel, Jacksonville. A proclamation denoting National Preservation Week will be signed in the Ballroom of the hotel by Jackson County Mayors and County Commission at 2:00PM. . . . . Fri. May 11

National Preservation Week Workshop beginning at 9AM at First Presbyterian Church in Medford. Robertson Collins, Ruth Gonzales and Tom Marineau will be guest speakers. The topic will be the restoration and revitalization of downtown areas. After lunch, the group will reassemble and take a walking tour of historic buildings in downtown Medford. Call Dawna Curler for more information at 899-1847. . . . . Sat. May 12

Training Sessions for Living History Volunteers will be held at Beekman House. May 15 and 17 sessions are at 2PM and May 22 and 24 sessions are at 7PM. Call Maureen Smith at 899-1847 for more information. We need your assistance to make this new program a success. . . . . Tue. May 15  
 . . . . . Thr. May 17  
 . . . . . Tue May 22  
 . . . . . Thr. May 24

Jacksonville Museum and Children's Museum begin summer hours.  
 Open 10AM to 5PM daily . . . . . Sat. May 26

Beekman House, Catholic Rectory open daily from 1AM to 5PM . . . Sat May 26

Jacksonville Museum Performers in "Stand Off At Thistle Creek"  
 Presented on the grounds of the Jacksonville Museum at 1PM. This performance will be counted for our regular Sunday Afternoon Social event for May . . . . . Mon. May 28

The Southern Oregon Historical Society Annual Dinner will be held at the Red Lion Inn in Medford. We're hoping for 500 members and guests present this year. Reservations by calling Maureen Smith at 899-1847 . . . . . Fri. June 15



The Jacksonville Museum Quilters prepare "Maryum's Yellow Rose" an historic quilt, for the July 22 quilt show in Jacksonville. The quilt has 15 applique blocks depicting scenes from the life of pioneers John and Maryum McKee of Logtown. Shown in the picture are (L-R) Dora Scheidecker, Mildred Stephens Pat Thurman and Arlene Worland, all members of the Quilters.

Photograph by Doug Smith

SOCIETY TO ENJOY "LIVING HISTORY" PROGRAM  
FOR ANNUAL MEETING

Wind Drifter, a living history interpreter, will present an entertaining program at the Annual Meeting of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. Steve Gesell assumes the character of Wind Drifter, a mountain man, and proceeds to describe the early history of Oregon through the eyes of a mountain man.

Wind Drifter describes exciting happenings of the Old West and some of the adventures of his "friends" Joe Meek, Dr. John McLoughlin, Bill Sublette and others.

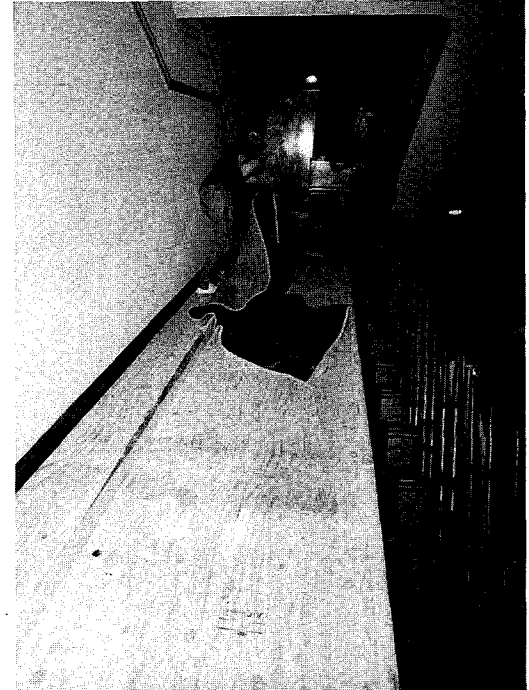
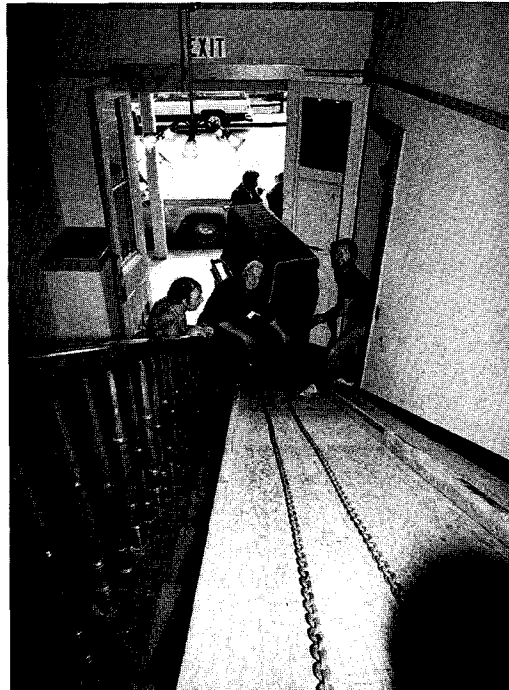
Mr. Gesell has performed for elementary schools, civic groups, television, radio and state wide conventions and should provide us with an interesting look at our past.

The Annual Meeting will be held on Friday evening, June 15 at the Red Lion Inn, Medford. Society members will receive the Annual Report and information regarding the Annual Dinner in the mail during mid-May. We are hoping to have 500 present that evening, representing 25% of our 2,000 total members. You are welcome to invite guests to attend. We'll look forward to seeing you there.



Steve Gesell as the Wind Drifter

PIANO DONATED FOR U. S. HOTEL BALLROOM



Photographs by Doug Smith

The Society's maintenance crew struggled to get a 1,000 pound upright grand piano up the stairs to the U. S. Hotel Ballroom. The badly needed piano was donated to the Society by Ace and Margaret Carter. The last patent on the piano is 1895, which is appropriate to the Ballroom's decor. The Carters are now looking for a Baldwin Acrosonic Piano and we have agreed to spread the word for them. If you know of someone who wants to sell an Acrosonic, please call Ace at 773-8281. There will be a \$10 rental fee for use of the piano in the ballroom.





Photograph by Doug Smith

#### NATIVE TAKELMA TALES TOLD

Tom and Michelle Doty entertained hundreds of children with "Daldal Goes Upriver" a native Takelma Indian Story. Tom and Michelle performed at the Jacksonville Children's Museum during the week of March 13 to standing room only audiences.

Daldal was the cultural hero of the Takelma Indians and relates much of their origins. "My stories open the imaginations of those who see it and helps in gaining a new understanding of local Indian lore. Tom lives in Ashland is available for programs. His number is 482-3447.

### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

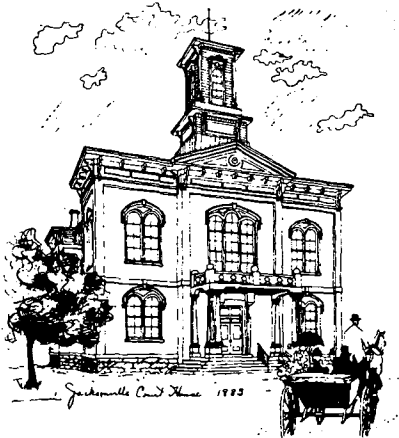
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#### NEW PHONE SYSTEM INSTALLED

Sue Cox is the new "central" of the Southern Oregon Historical Society. On Tuesday, April 10 the switchover took place and now the society has only one number - 899-1847. You may reach all society personnel by dialing that number and Sue will connect you.

Sue has lived in Medford for 30 years and was born in Wisconsin. She graduated from Medford Senior High in 1960 and has two children Debra and Dean. Her hobbies are gardening, crocheting and reading.

The new switchboard is located in Armstrong House. Welcome Sue!!!

Photograph by Doug Smith

