THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

COVER

These two innocents in their delicate lace collars are unidentified. They are appealing children, but the doll at once attracts attention. It has a wooden, hand-carved head and looks a little primitive, but we'll wager it was just as cherished as any Cabbage Patch creation.

Mark E. Lawrence of Medford has identified the snowy scene on the cover of the December issue of the newsletter. He writes:

After looking at the picture on the cover of the last Sentinel, I have decided that this picture was taken along the right of way of the Pacific and Eastern --- later the Medford Logging Railroad. The stile appears to be a cattleguard. It was taken somewhere near Butte Falls as it looks into the pass where the Rancheria Trail crossed the Cascades. In the middle distance there appears to be a Y and railroad switches sticking up out of the snow. Just beyond the cattle guard the parallel lines look like rails supported by cross ties.

I'm not sure just where this shot was taken, but I'm sure a good observer could find it and take a present day picture right near Butte Falls. The next time I am in Butte Falls I'm going to locate this spot.



Portrait of a Murderer

THE LEAD STORY

Sam Prescott, the Ashland officer who was shot and killed in 1931 by James Kingsley, is not to be confused with George Prescott, the police officer slain later in Medford by Llewelyn Banks. The officers are not related. George Prescott was honored by having Prescott Park named in his memory. This is the story of the murder of a young, greatly admired member of the Ashland police force, Sam Prescott.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Red the Barber, alias James E. Kingsley OF A MURDERER

The red-haired young man in the DeSoto sedan wasn't going fast; he was keeping well within the speed limit as he drove up the Boulevard, minding his own business, staying in his lane and watching traffic. He had left the center of town about a mile back, and the last thing he wanted to do was attract the attention of a traffic cop. He anticipated the sigh of relief he'd make when he was out of Ashland and on the highway heading for California.

The kid he'd picked up in Cottage Grove was sound asleep, slumped over in the the seat beside him. The driver had bought a meal for him in Roseburg and he had certainly packed it away. It was only seven o'clock in the morning and he'd been asleep since they left Grants Pass. He seemed like a nice kid though he said he was a fighter and talked pretty tough.

Suddenly the driver spotted an officer cruising along on the other side of the Boulevard, and he watched in the rearview mirror as the cop made an abrupt left turn around the island of lawn in the center of the street and sped up behind him. The young man slowed down a bit so the patrol car could pass him. Keep going, keep going, he muttered. Don't make trouble. Please, no trouble, but the patrol car pulled over to the curb, right in front of the DeSoto, with its backend in the road, and the redhaired young man could do nothing but apply the brakes and stop. The kid woke up, took in what was happening but said nothing. As they sat there, watching, the officer opened his door, got out and sauntered back to the car behind him. He was about the same age as the driver of the DeSoto and he was looking important as though he meant business.

"Got papers for this car?" he asked through the back window which a Seattle cop had shot out a few days earlier. The driver rolled down the glass in his door and said, "No. No papers."

The officer then stepped up to the front door. "Let's see your driver's license," he said.

"I haven't any license," said the young man, trying to think of some way to lighten the tension and get off the hook. He began to fear that this was going to be more than just a routine check by a friendly traffic cop.

But he wasn't prepared for what happened next. "Looks like I'd better take



you guys back to the station and see about this," the officer said, and opened the door on the left side, shoving his way into the front seat behind the wheel. The driver of the DeSoto was crowded into the center of the seat and began to feel wedged in and trapped. I can't afford to go to the police station, he thought desperately, there's too much evidence. Why didn't the dam kid open the door and jump out and give him a chance to think? But the pushy cop put the car in gear and started to drive around his parked patrol car.

"Just a minute," said the red-haired man, "what are you doing? Wait a minute!" He grabbed the officer's shoulder with his left hand and they scuffled noisily, both shouting at each other at the same time as the car careened across the highway. The kid froze, clutching the door handle so there was no way out, and heard the driver yell, "I don't want to hurt you," but suddenly the man reached under his white sweater and pulled out a .38 calibre revolver which had been tucked behind his belt and started waving it around.

"Put that gun away. Drop it!" yelled the officer. "Don't be foolish!"

The DeSoto banged into the curb with an abrupt jolt, the front end bucked as both wheels went over the curb and the car came to a halt. The officer opened the door, jumped out and started running down the boulevard as he groped for his own gun. The red-haired man jumped out after him and pulled the trigger, striking him in the arm. The officer was about six feet ahead and he cried out, "God Almighty, don't shoot," as he clutched his arm and continued running. Another shot rang out and the wounded man stumbled a few feet and fell face down on the pavement. The confused, angry young man took two steps toward him, bent over forward and fired a third shot into his back.

Immediately after the last shot, he
ran back to the car and got into the
front seat, under the steering wheel.
"Now we're really in dutch," he said.
"I told him to stop and he wouldn't stop.
Why didn't you help?" The car was still
running and he backed it off the curb.

The boy said, "There's going to be a crowd in a minute. You'd better get out of here as fast as you can."

The DeSoto zoomed away from the curbing past the intersection where the Boulevard ended and the Pacific Highway began, sped up an incline then dropped down into a draw and reappeared just before it raced around a turn and out of sight.

WITNESS

ALLEN BATCHELOR, AGED 11

Me and my mamma was going to visit a neighbor. I heard the cop sound his whistle-thing on his car and saw him drive in front of the other car. Then I thought they pulled him in the car and a little later I heard a shot. Then they threw him from the car and I heard him sort of cry, "My God Almighty!" Then the officer sort of grabbed his arm and ran several steps and I heard a couple of more shots and then he fell down. That made me sick. My mamma was sick too. It was the way he fell--he must have hit his head and then he lay there so still.

The car drove on and other people came up real fast--there were lots of folk around there--but I was sick at first and I didn't know what happened for a little. But I wished he hadn't lain so still.

AFFIDAVIT BY THE MATERIAL WITNESS EARL REMINGTON, AGED 18

n the night before the shooting, I was picked up on the highway near Cottage Grove. The driver told me he was heading for California and I got into the car, tired and hungry. At 2:30



we stopped in Roseburg and he bought me a dinner. He also bought me a package of cigarettes.

He told me to call him Red the Barber and he bragged about the hold-ups he'd staged and talked about his ability as a stick-up artist. He boasted about holding up a Portland drug store the night before and getting \$150 cash. I talked tough too, and gave him a fake name. I thought he'd take me all the way to San Diego if he thought I was as bad as he was. He said he planned to pull quite a few jobs in southern California and would be glad to show me the ropes.

When we reached Grants Pass, I fell asleep. The next thing I knew Red the Barber, who I understand now gives the name of J.C. Adams, shook me and I opened my eyes, and at the same time our car stopped near the curb. There was a car parked ahead and I saw a police officer come towards our car and he went over to the left side and talked through a broken window.

As I remember, Red the Barber then let the window down on the left front door and the officer asked him for the papers to the car. Red the Barber, or Adams, said he didn't have papers and he didn't have a license.

The officer then got in beside Adams on the left side and pushed his way under the steering wheel. Adams was in the center and I was on the right side of the front seat. They shouted at each other and tussled a little and the next thing I knew Adams had a .38 revolver in his right hand, pointed about six inches from my stomach.

I was somewhat dazed and I heard the police officer say to Adams, "Put that gun down. Drop it," and at that time the car hit the curb, bounced some and stopped. The police officer kicked the door open and jumped out and Adams jumped out after him. I heard a shot and saw the officer stagger about five or six feet to the left of the car, and I saw Adams shoot him again, and the bullet seemed to me to hit him in the back, and at this shot the police officer staggered another step or two and fell face downward and Adams then leaned over and shot the officer again in the back.

Immediately after the third shot, Adams ran back to the car and got in the front seat and said, "Why didn't you help?"

I said, "I couldn't," or something, and Adams said we'd have to heist another car, now that this one was really hot, and I said that would have to wait as the cops would be there soon and people were already collecting. Adams then came to, and drove out of Ashland as fast as the car would go.

I remember we passed a junction where there was a bunch of buildings and we went about a mile south of this junction and started up a hill. About eight miles from Ashland, Adams stopped the car at a point where there was a farm road leading off the highway and there was a gate there. I told Adams he had better pull up this road off the highway and I got out of the car and let down the bars of the gate. Adams drove up the dirt road and down a little hill.

When I had started to get out of the car I noticed this revolver that Adams had shot the officer with, lying in the seat, and as I got out I picked up the gun and slipped it up my coatsleeve. I knew a murder had been committed and I wanted to do what I could to have Adams apprehended and I wanted the gun to protect myself as I felt that as soon as we had gotten away from the main highway, he might shoot me.

After he pulled through the farm gate, I sighted the gun on the car but I figured I couldn't hit him and instead of closing the gate and running for the car, I immediately ran north on the highway a short distance, got around a curve where I could not be seen from the car, jumped a fence on my right and started running through some trees to a dairy farm and towards a house some distance from the highway.

I ran as fast as I could and when I got to the house and knocked at a door, a woman came out and I said to her, "I am sorry, madam, but a fellow I was with shot a cop at the last town and call the police as I figure this fellow will be over here right away." I also told her if there were any men around they better get guns.

REPORT OF OFFICER HERBERT MOORE

fficer Herb Moore was at the station when the call came in from the Barron ranch. Without waiting for a second officer to go with him, he jumped into his patrol car and headed south. At the end of the unpaved lane leading to the ranch, he found Earl Remington waiting for him. The boy handed him the murder weapon, gave a description of the killer and pointed out where he thought he might be.

Moore sped south and found the DeSoto abandoned by the side of the road. In it were two suitcases, a box of cartridges, a white sweater and a cap, but there was no sign of the driver. The Shady Springs Auto Camp was about a quarter of a mile from the spot, and Officer Moore drove there, pulling into the parking lot by the cafe. Entering the coffee shop, he saw a well-dressed fellow with reddish-brown hair sitting at the counter, leaning over a cup of coffee. He had an unconcerned expression on his face and he certainly didn't look like a killer. But the woman behind the counter pointed him out nervously.

"There was a man killed in Ashland this morning," said Officer Moore, "and I think you did it."

"I'm from Seattle," the man said. "I know nothing of a killing. My name is J.C. Adams." He handed Officer Moore a bank book from a Portland bank made out to the depositor, J.C. Adams.

"Stand up," ordered Officer Moore and the man stood, the officer frisked him, discovering a .38 pistol tucked under his belt.

The cards were stacked against him, and he knew it. He said unexpectedly, "I guess I'm your man."

Officer Moore announced, "You are under arrest," and snapped the handcuffs on him, just as Game Warden Roy Parr



and Pat Dunn arrived to assist the lone officer.

As he entered the patrol car Adams said, "I expect to get my neck stretched. I'm not belly achin'. But I couldn't afford to come to the police station."

"But murder is worse," said Officer Moore.

"Yes, but I told him to stop and he didn't. I shot him and that's all there is to it."

When news of the killing reached Medford a delegation from that department drove to Ashland to lend a hand if it became necessary. The men, deputy sheriffs Paul Jennings, Louis Jennings, Ike Dunford and Joe Cave and the State Prohibition Agent Cy Herr, were at the Ashland station as Officer Herb Moore brought in his prisoner. Milling around the police station on the Plaza was a throng of about a hundred angry men, collected in groups and moving about in a menacing manner. Lynching was not an improbability and Officer Sam Prescott had been a favorite of everyone. The situation could get ugly.

The Ashland jail was none too secure and for the sake of safety--the guy shouldn't hang without a fair trial first--the Medford officers took charge of the prisoners and hurried them past the mob. Ike Dunford put Earl Remington, who had wandered into the Shady Springs Auto Camp, into his patrol car and Paul Jennings and Joe Cave had Adams, securely handcuffed, in their car. The killer, Adams, seemed deep in thought and refused to talk, apparently loath to interrupt his own thinking by answering questions.

In Medford extra precautions were taken at the jail. The prisoner was kept under five locks, and the jailer stood personal guard all night, but rumors of a lynching party persisted for several days. A bond of \$10,000 was set for Earl Remington, and he was held as a material witness.

AUTOPSY AND OBITUARY

The body of Sam Prescott, the slain officer, lay in the road for almost a half hour. His gun had fallen from his hand and lay beside him. No one dared move him until the arrival of Dr. F.G. Swedenburg, the coroner, who also assisted in the autopsy.

Findings: Three bullets entered the body. One went through the left arm from the rear. The second entered his back, puncturing his kidneys, causing heavy hemorrhaging. A third entered the neck an inch to the left of the spine and ranged upward. The bullet was removed from the cheek near the right eye, about two and one-half inches higher than it had entered. Either one of the last two bullets would have caused his death.



Samuel Prescott was born in Ashland September 23, 1905, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Prescott residing in that city. He was 24. He had two surviving brothers living in the east and a sister in Portland. One brother was drowned seven years earlier. Samuel Prescott had been employed as a city traffic officer for three and a half years and was considered one of the most efficient officers in Oregon. He was instrumental in the seizure of quite a number of out of state booze running cars and the recovery of several stolen automobiles.

His funeral oration was given by Rev. H.P. Mitchelmore. Active pallbearers were Paul Jennings, Herb Moore, George Inlow and Clyde S.A. Peters, Jr. It was a large funeral. The W.C.T.U. ladies, holding their annual convention in Ashland, attended in a body, and a large delegation of local county and city officers paid their respects.

SUPPOSITIONS AND FACTS

I n a day or two rumors and suppositions appeared. The *Mail Tribune* declared that Adams was possibly a drug addict. Before the murder he had asked Earl Remington if he "took dope," but when Remington said he never used the stuff, he said he didn't either. A thorough combing of his suitcases and the car revealed no trace of narcotics.

Even the district attorney, George Codding, gave some credence to the theory that Adams was a "hired killer" sent by a rum ring to southern Oregon to slay Sam Prescott. Aside from the murderer's wanton desire to make sure the officer was dead, a report was circulated that Adams had stopped at a service station a short distance north of Ashland to inquire if Prescott was still on duty. The possibility that Adams may have been given a description of the officer and "knew his man" called for additional investigation. Earl Remington, in his statement, said he believed "the killer was connected with big material, and they might engineer an escape for him." Adams was placed in the "Pauley cell," a type of security cell kept for especially dangerous prisoners. The Pauley cell had been occupied by the DeAutremonts three years earlier.

When asked what he did for a living, Adams laughed. "Now just what would a fellow do with a couple of guns like mine?" he asked. "I've held up different businesses and I've been in trouble before. I've been in and out of reformatories," he added, "but I never knew the man Prescott, and I never heard of him. I had nothing against him; I just didn't want to go to the police station."

Seattle Detective Chief Charles Tennant

sent word from Washington that he was certain that J.C. Adams, held in the Medford jail, was actually James E. Kingsley, robber and car thief, sought by the Seattle police. Recently, on January 6, he had held up a drug store and, discovered in the process, had disarmed two policemen and escaped the bullets of a third when they surprised him. It was thought the robber had been shot in the arm as he fled. An examination of the prisoner's arm revealed a jagged wound, healed over, but still red and angry. When confronted with the evidence he readily admitted his identity. Red the Barber, alias J.C. Adams, officially became James E. Kingsley.

THE CONFESSION

ames Kingsley made his confession on January 26, 1931. In an all-day session he related his story and the autobiography was released to the press the next day. It is a long, sad tale--seven typed pages--of repeated robberies, futile attempts to go straight, life in and out of orphan homes and reformatories, uncaring, mercenary relatives, hold-ups in Oregon, Washington, Idaho--and as far away as Utah--with all the sordid revelations culminating in the senseless murder of Sam Prescott.

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OR LOWLIGHTS Occasionally Paraphrased

I was born in Seattle in 1906. I am 24 years old. My mother died when I was five and my father deserted his four children. I was put in an orphan home in Seattle for a year until I was taken by my grandmother. I stayed with her for two years until she died and I was adopted by a family at Alpine. I stayed with them for a year and then my uncle took me until I was twelve years old. While staying with him I graduated from the eighth grade, and then went to work in a saw mill, piling slabs on boxcars. I saved about \$100 but my uncle took it and would not let me have spending money so I ran away and have been looking after myself ever since.

I went to work at a wood camp, but after three weeks I hurt my hand and was unable to work. The straw boss gave me \$1.50 for wages and refused to pay any more. I was broke and so I robbed a store in Alpine. A few days later I was arrested and sent to a parental school at Mercer Island.

I secured enough money from my uncle, out of the money he had taken from me, to pay back the money to the Alpine store. After about six months in the parental school I was taken by my stepgrandmother at Index, and while I was with her I worked driving a jitney. After about five months I had saved \$125 and we moved to Seattle. She induced me to pay the \$125 as a down payment on a home, and shortly after that she told me to leave. I then joined the Navy but was discharged about three months later for a physical disability.

I was then sixteen years old and I returned to Washington and secured work in a logging camp. One Saturday night I got into a fight with a fellow downtown and I was put in jail for disturbing the peace. I was still a ward of the parental school so my parole was revoked and I was sent to Chehalis to the State Training School.

After my release I worked in mills at Portland, Tillamook and Coeur D'Alene. I decided there was no future for me in lumber mills so I went to work for a printing concern in Seattle at \$15 per week. During the course of the year, I was raised to \$30 a week. I stayed there for about four years and when I was twenty, I married. My wife was extravagant and I could not supply the things she wanted. Eventually my past record showed up, and, after four years, the boss let me go.

I worked for a couple of other printers but my wife and I sank deeper into debt. When record of my robberies caught up with me, I was let go. If I had been given a fair show, I'd have gone straight.

(Kingsley then became a car salesman. He got mixed up with a shady, unscrupulous pair of crooks who "borrowed" a car which they wrecked in Canada. James Kingsley was accused of car theft. He served a year and a half in Monroe Reformatory where he was assigned to the barbershop to learn the barber trade.

Upon his release in 1929, he went to his brother's home in Aberdeen to help care for the family. His sister-in-law was in the hospital and his brother was heavily in debt. While there, Kingsley got into trouble again with the same two fellows who had stolen the car, and in order to escape imprisonment he fled to Seattle where he moved in with a onelegged man who owned and operated a tug. The fellow was sick, and Kingsley looked after him, did all the work on the tug and cooked his meals. But after three months he received word a deputy sheriff was looking for him and, with the charges against him, he couldn't afford to risk capture. He stole a Ford and drove to Colorado.)

His story continues:

At Beeker, Colorado, I got a job in the hay fields at \$2 a day. I needed a car to get to and from the job, and, as the tires on the Ford were worn thin, I stole a couple. I was caught and sent to the reformatory at Buena Vista, Colorado. I was sentenced from one to ten years.

After about 45 days I made my getaway and hitch-hiked to Grand Junction where I went to work selling White Sewing Machines. But I didn't have any luck, I couldn't sell any and I was broke.

A fellow and I teamed up and hitchhiked to Salt Lake City. In November 1930 we held up a man in a DeSoto sedan on the street and took the car and about \$7 from the driver. Between the two of us we had about \$20 so we left Salt Lake City in the DeSoto and returned to Seattle. I called the fellow "Irish." I don't know his real name.

A few days later after our arrival in Seattle, Irish and I held up a barber shop. There were seven men in the shop at the time and we lined them up and took \$30 and two watches from them. We left town immediately and went to Portland.

While in Portland we ran out of money and stuck-up Haak Brothers' Pharmacy. There were three clerks, two delivery boys, and a lady, and we held them all up and took about \$60 from the cash register. We planned a job in Aberdeen. I took the car and Irish was supposed to take the bus, but we lost connections and I never saw him again. I couldn't do the job alone so I returned to Seattle. I held up the Seneca Drug Store and got about \$70. Five days later I went back to the same drugstore and got \$57 more.

I repainted the DeSoto and changed the license plates. In Seattle I held up a clothing store and got \$17, a nice suitcase, a white sweater and a lot of ties. I tied up the proprietor and tried on some clothes. While I was there the mailman came in and delivered the morning mail to me.

The next night, while driving around town, I spotted a drug store at 16th and Republican streets. It was about 11:00 o'clock and they were closing. I went in and stuck-up the proprietor and a woman customer who was in the store. I found about \$19 in the register and while I was taking it out of the cash drawer, two policemen came in and one of them said to the girl who was washing dishes, "Is there a stick-up man around here?"

The girl said, "I don't know. Ask the proprietor or the man at the cash register."

I stepped around the counter and said, "Yep. There's one right here. Drop your guns."

One of them had his gun drawn and he dropped it. The other had his gun halfway out and he put it back in his holster. Just then a man came into the store and I told him to get the gun off the cop and he just froze and stood there. The policeman told him to give the gun to me that I would not hurt him and the fellow took the gun and also picked up the gun the other cop had dropped and handed both guns to me.

I then ordered the two policemen into the back of the store and when they went back I started for my car. A third policeman was standing about fifteen feet away. I jumped into the car and got the motor started as the cops in the store came out hollering. This policeman began shooting. He fired five shots at me, one going through my hat, one grazing my chest and hitting against my left arm. Others broke the left rear door window and the windshield of my DeSoto. Then I knew his gun was empty and I could have shot him, but I did not do so although I had three loaded guns in the car.

(He gunned the DeSoto and sped away from the scene of the holdup, going to Tacoma where he stopped at a drug store, bought bandages and tape, and then he secured a room in a cheap hotel and tended his wounds. His arm was extremely painful, but his chest wound was only superficial and had not broken the flesh. After a few days he returned to Seattle where he had a small bank account and withdrew \$40. He bought a windshield and installed it himself.

After this shooting it became obvious to him he wasn't going to last long if

he continued a life of crime. He was given promise of a job on a Matson liner, sailing from San Francisco, but before leaving Aberdeen, he saw an article in the paper, giving his decription, the bounty on his head and his correct name. He realized he couldn't stay in Washington without some one eventually recognizing him.

The back tires of the DeSoto by this time were well worn and he had to buy a new pair. Although he had some money in the bank, he was afraid to make a withdrawal so he went to the Longview DeSoto agency and had the tires installed. The salesman was eager to sell a new car so Kingsley signed a bill of sale and said he'd be back the following day when they would have the `car in stock and pay for the tires and the car at one time. He told the gullible salesman he was with the Westcoast Lumberman Exchange out of Seattle.

Sporting new tires, he drove to Portland where he held up a drug store and took around \$35 from the till. He then started south on the Pacific Highway.

On the road he came upon a two-car smash-up. No one was hurt, but both cars were damaged considerably and neither one could be driven. He stopped and asked if he could help. He was told the wreckers were on their way, and there was nothing he could do although one of the women passengers was concerned about getting to Albany where she worked in the telephone office. Kingsley offered his services, interrupted his flight and took her to her home. After this little sidetrip he continued on his way south. The episode indicates he had no particular plan in mind; he was merely heading in any direction to avoid being captured by the Washington police.)

He continues:

In Cottage Grove I came onto a boy walking on the highway and I picked him

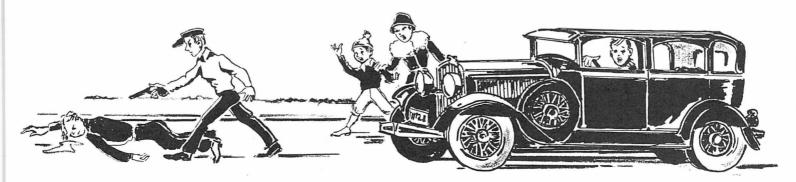
up. We stopped in Grants Pass for coffee and a tank of gasoline and continued south through Medford, arriving in Ashland early in the morning.

(He tells the story of the murder, embroidering it a little: "I aimed for the officer's left shoulder, intending only to wound him. I did not want to hit him in a vital spot. I had warned him, 'I do not want to hurt you. Listen to reason.' When he went for his gun, I shot him in self defense.")

I did not know the officer was dead. The gun I was using was not a good shooter, and I don't know where I hit him. He made no outcry. I then backed the car off the curb and speeded south. By that time I was very rattled and nervous and my whole idea was to get away.

The boy suggested that we should hide the car and he would go south and I would go north. I drove up a dirt lane with the idea of abandoning the car. After I drove through the gate, I did not see the boy again. I stopped the DeSoto on a side road and changed my sweater and put on a hat instead of the cap I was wearing, walked back to the Pacific Highway and went to the Shady Springs Camp. There was a car parked there, and I went into the store and asked the woman there whose car it was and she said it was her husband's. Т asked her if I could hire him to take me to the next town, and she said he was out. So I sat down at the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. After drinking the coffee, I tried to pay for it, but she wouldn't take any money. I just sat there thinking things over.

Finally, after about twenty-five minutes, a policeman came in and questioned me. I tried to run a bluff on him. I had made up my mind I was not going to do any more shooting. When the officer searched me, he found my gun and placed me under arrest. I offered no resistance, and was taken to the Jackson



County jail.

(He was something of a fatalist and explained that was the reason he sat so long at the counter of the Shady Springs Camp. If the fates were kind to him, he reasoned, a car would come by to give him a lift, but if they were not, he was content to sit there until he was arrested.)

I realize I have committed a very serious crime, and I sincerely regret that by my actions the officer met with an untimely death. If the state wants to hang me, that is all right, but I could do no good dead. If I am permitted to live and receive life imprisonment, the least I can expect, I would be able to do some good by being a living example that crime doesn't pay. I could tell others the error of their ways in the manner I learned the errors in mine.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this 25th day of January, 1931.

(Seal) George Nelson

THE TRIAL

n February 2 the grand jury returned an indictment against James Kingsley charging him with first degree murder. Herbert Hanna was named by the court to act as defense council. T.J. Enright and Colonel E.E. Kelly announced their collaboration with Attorney Hanna, both volunteering their services as Kingsley was without funds or friends.

The prisoner, neatly dressed in a well tailored brown suit, was pale from confinement and worry, and was heavily manacled and guarded during the proceedings.

Whatever his plea, a jury would decide on a verdict of guilty with recommendation for life imprisonment or a verdict of guilty without recommendations. In the latter decision the court would have no alternative but to impose the death penalty.

Selection of the panel before Judge H.D. Norton was a slow procedure. Finding a citizen who had not been prejudiced by newspaper accounts was a difficult task. Ashland residents were quickly excused. How could they not have fixed opinions? The twelve men who were ultimately acceptable to both sides were from other towns in the county: Tom Stanley, Butte Falls, stockman Jerome Fitzgerald, Gold Hill, laborer B.L. Nutting, Medford, lumberman Delbert Goddeart, Talent, farmer J.K. Berkholz, Central Point Gordon Stout, Medford, mechanic D.H. Landon, Central Point, farmer N.E. Bond, Medford, retired Frank W. Denzer, Phoenix, laborer C.E. Holmes, Central Point, farmer E.J. Jacobs, Talent, farmer O.L. Commons, Central Point, farmer

At 1:30, February 5, in the circuit court James Kingsley entered a plea of not guilty and went on trial on a first degree murder charge before a curious, excited crowd which filled the courtroom and overflowed into the corridors. The state was represented by District Attorney George Codding and Deputy District Attorney George Neilsen. Judge Norton denied a plea made by the defense for a change of venue.

E. E. Kelly said the defense would ask for clemency, admitting the killing but showing it was done without premeditation or malice, but that events had happened so rapidly that Kinglsey didn't know what he was doing.

District Attorney Codding said that the state would prove that Kingsley killed Prescott with premeditation and with malice, firing the final shot into the officer's body as it lay prone on the pavement. The state called as witnesses Paul Rynning (county engineer who identified a map of the murder scene), Earl Remington, Mrs. L.F. Batchelor and her son Johnny, Dr. F.G. Swedenburg, H.C. Stock (an undertaker), Charles Claus (Ashland Chief of Police), Officer Herbert Moore, Paul Jennings, Mrs. Rose Tille (proprietor of the Ever Shady Auto Camp), and E.J. Farlow (a service station attendant).

None of these witnesses was subjected to a rigid cross examination. The only witness for the defense was Kingsley who testified in his own behalf. The *Tidings* reported that he "spoke his piece well, was outwardly calm, talking directly to the jury in a resonant, steady voice as he pleaded for a second chance." Repeating much of his earlier confession, he made a desperate attempt to show he was a victim of his environment and society. When he sat down with his council, he said, "Well, that's the longest speech



I ever made in my life."

Final argument for the defense was made by Col. Kelly:

[This boy] is a victim of a society that pays \$10,000 for a poodle dog and concentrates the wealth of the nation in the hands of 15 percent of the population.

The defendant has the morality of a boy of fourteen years. He is a boy who never had a mother, never had a childhood, never had a chance. The death of Sam Prescott was not premeditated, and he has more right to be confined in the state penitentiary for life than the DeAutremont brothers who planned for weeks a crime in the Siskiyous they executed with wanton ruthlessness and cold blooded thoroughness.

Society is as much responsible for its own moral irresponsibilities. Kingsley's life has been devoid of affection or moral training and it is small wonder that his nature has become calloused.

Most of his life has been spent in institutions, ruled over by vicious politicians, unfit to rear a wellbred dog, let alone a human being. It will do society no good and make the world no better to strangle this 24 year old boy.

From the cradle he has been a victim of circumstances. He is entitled to leniency.

I will never be able to reconcile

the charges in this case with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

George Codding was just as eloquent in asking for the death penalty.

I never saw a cooler individual than the defendant, telling his story from the witness stand, and I think I detected just a trace of boastfulness as he told of his crimes and escapades.

The defense tells about Kingsley acting as a reformer among the inmates of the jail. Send him to prison for life and he will do good, they ask. I doubt if he would be of an influence for good among the hardboiled inmates of the state prison. They would teach him new ways of crime.

Suppose you do send him to Salem for life. There will be a break one of these days and somebody will get hurt. If this cool individual is among the inmates dashing for liberty, and some innocent guard is killed--some of the blame will be on the hands of this jury if it grants his plea for mercy.

The state is making no plea to punish this murderer. We just want to eliminate a menace to mankind as a safeguard to humanity.

Defense Attorney Enright called the accused "an impetuous youth with a poor start"; Deputy District Attorney Neilsen called him "a murderer as cold-blooded as a rattlesnake," and admitted he held a deep bitterness in his heart against him.

ne did not have to be able to read the stars to know the outcome of the trial.

Three years earlier the DeAutremont brothers, who had murdered four innocent men, had been given life imprisonment rather than the death penalty. But they had been fugitives for four years and made new lives for themselves and, in that time, the keen edge of vengeance lost much of its mettle. In addition the youngest DeAutremont, Hugh, had a glamor and appeal which protected him from the rope and undoubtedly influenced the decision to spare his two older brothers. James Kingsley was dapper enough, but he was only street smart. His confession, emotionally stirring that it might be, seemed to have a little conceit in it and none of the wistfulness of the betrayed

orphan. And it came right on the heels of the murder, only eleven days after the brutal crime. Southern Oregon citizens wanted their eye-for-an-eye and members of the jury knew that any decision short of the noose would meet with public outrage and condemnation.

The *Tidings* issued an extra on February 7. The banner screamed PRESCOTT KILLER TO HANG: GUILTY AS CHARGED The jury had deliberated from 4:30 to 7:30, taking off an hour for dinner. They had polled four ballots. The first stood eight to four for the infliction of the death penalty; the second, nine to three; the third, eleven to one; the fourth, unanimous agreement, *death*. James Kingsley received the verdict with no display of emotion. The only outward sign was a slight trembling of his fingers as he toyed with a pencil.

TRANSFERRAL TO SALEM

On February 10 Colonel Kelly made an impassioned motion for a new trial. Judge Norton denied his request and set April 3 as the day for the execution to be held at the State penitentiary in Salem. At 12:00 noon, the scheduled time for the departure of the Shasta Limited, northbound. James Kingsley was brought to the platform, handcuffed to Ike Dunford and accompanied by Paul Jennings. The prisoner wore a dark suit "of fashionable cut," a felt hat, a snowy white shirt and a harmonizing necktie. As they entered the drawing room which had been reserved for transporting the prisoner, someone in the party, looking at Dunford and Kingsley handcuffed together, said, "It wouldn't surprise me if the authorities in Salem kept the wrong man."

Shortly after 8:00 o'clock that evening, the party was met in Salem at the station by the warden, the superintendent and six guards from the penitentiary who took the prisoner into custody. Upon leaving Ike Dunford, James Kingsley handed him a cigarette lighter and thanked him for his kindness. The prisoner was then taken to the state penitentiary where he was placed in the death cell to be kept under constant guard, day and night, until his execution.

In Medford J.C. Christensen from Salt Lake City, the owner of the stolen DeSoto sedan, arrived to pick up his long lost



auto. He had an ugly scar on his head where he had been struck by the butt end of a pistol as, so he reported, James Kingsley had jabbed his gun into his stomach. Although Kingsley and his partner thought he was dead, he said, they had tied him up anyway, and had left him beside the road about eighteen miles out of Salt Lake City. In his confession, James Kingsley asserted he had not used his pistol but that his companion, Irish, had planned and executed the car theft.

he appeal filed by Kingsley's council, to the Supreme Court, automatically stayed the date set for the execution until an opinion could be handed down. This appeal, consisting of 167 pages, was based upon several points. First was the alleged misconduct of the district attorney's office in the handling of the case, before and during the trial. District Attorney Codding was reported to have said, in pleading for the death penalty, that "a weak governor might pardon him," and that "the average term of a 'lifer' in this state is $6\frac{1}{2}$ years." There was also the statement describing the defendant as "cold-blooded as a rattlesnake." These allegations were clearly prejudical to the defendant and could not help but influence the jury. In addition there were alleged errors in the instructions of the court to the jury and in the misconduct of a juror who read newspaper reports during the trial.

Until such time as a decision was made

regarding the appeal, preparations for the execution continued. Invitations were mailed and long unused equipment for the gallows was brought out of storage and put into working order. On March 27, a few days before the scheduled execution date, Chief Justice Bean of the Supreme Court signed a certificate of probable cause, granting automatic stay of execution. Kingsley was returned to the Jackson County jail.

THE RETURN

is move back to Medford was strongly resisted by county officials. The Pauley cell had to be activated and a twenty-four hour guard posted. These impositions were required in addition to the expense of keeping a dangerous criminal with a long record of past escapes. His defense alone had cost the tax payers about \$1000. His board already ran to \$800. James Kingsley was not delighted with the move either. He told reporters he would rather stay in Salem where he had received better treatment and better food and was given opportunity to exercise. In the state penitentiary he had sunlight, plenty to read, and all the requisites that go with being the "prize quest of the big house." The guards and other convicts gave him circulars and tidbits. In Medford the food was plain, there were no special courtesies and his associates were petty thugs rather than heroes of the underworld. County officials suggested leaving the prisoner in Salem and paying his board out of County funds, but Attorney Codding informed them there was no legal loophole where Jackson County could avoid taking in its unwelcome and costly boarder.

INCIDENT AT THE PACIFIC RECORD HERALD

strange, isolated instance, which had no bearing on the trial or the verdict, was featured briefly in the papers. Earl H. Fehl, editor of the controversial and sometimes salacious weekly, *The Pacific Record Herald*, in printing his version of the murder and its ramifications, made an uncomplimentary remark about Sam Prescott, the slain officer. Although Fehl was wrong-headed and an anarchist, he was not timid about speaking his mind, and, like tyrants before him, he had his following. Sam Prescott's younger brother, Allen, was not one of them. He appeared at the office of the *Record Herald*, walked up to Fehl, called him some well selected graphic names, and slapped him smartly across the mouth.

"I'll call the police," threatened the abused Mr. Fehl and the young man again approached him, ripped loose with some more descriptive adjectives and an Anglo Saxon noun or two, gave him two more resounding slaps and said, "You call the police and I'll just sit here and wait for them."

When Chief McCredie arrived at the newspaper office, he found things serene enough. Earl Fehl denied anyone had *ever* slapped *his* face, that he would run his paper without any help from the outside, and there was no charge to be made. The Chief of Police and Allen Prescott walked out, apparently satisfied that the little problem had been so easily taken care of.

REFORMATION

n or the next few months Kingsley, in the language of the underworld, was "busy wearing out the jail." He was a model and uncomplaining prisoner; he made no requests to mingle with the other prisoners, had no visitors, and received no mail. The stay of execution had been granted by the High Court on March 27; on July 28 it was denied. Attorney Kelly immediately filed a writ of rehearing. This writ delayed execution for a month longer and each added day was precious, but the request was denied on September 15. The judges issued the statement that although it was an eloquent document, it failed to cite a single authority in support of the plea of alleged errors. The date for the execution was set for October 30. James Kingsley stood and addressed the court, speaking in an even voice with little show of emotion. He thanked the court and complimented his attorneys.

He was grateful for the delays. When he had been sentenced previously, he said, he had not been ready to meet death. Now he was fully prepared. He was deeply sorry for the terrible crime he had committed and his "heart [went] out to the parents of that slain officer," but taking his life also would not bring him back, sadly. With a pardon from the governor the only avenue left for him to escape the gallows, he was returned to the state penitentiary.

All the legal loopholes were blocked. Local betting on Governor Julius Meier's decision tended to place the odds on leniency. There were reasons for this: (1) the governor was dangerously ill, (2) no hanging had taken place for years, (3) the De Autremonts got off with life imprisonment, (4) the parole board was known to be soft hearted, (5) the prisoner was so young, (6) the anticapital punishment group was growing, and (7) Kinglsey, under the chaplain's instructions, had become a reformed man.

The reformation had been slow in coming. He had stoutly resisted the men of the cloth who came seeking an audience with him and he still favored no particular sect. But he had stopped swearing, had given up cards and cigarettes, and had begun writing a treatise on immortality. Since he wasn't to be allowed to help his fellow prisoners while he was alive, he was going to leave them a guide to follow after he was dead. His book would start with immortality or the moral law, would tell how to become a Christian and give his reasons for accepting the Bible. He worked steadily at the typewriter, sometimes for as much as twenty-two hours at a stretch.

On October 23, Governor Meier, still ailing, delegated his secretary, Miss Beatrice Watson, as his emissary to hear James Kingsley make a final plea for his life. They met in his cell and the prisoner was polite and respectful. He told her he was at peace with himself but he still wanted to live. "I have a new outlook," he said. "It resulted from a study of the Bible. As a Christian, I realize my faults are something irreparable. Yet I would wish for a longer time to live that I might do something to atone for what I have done. I did not have a fair and impartial trial and it is for that reason I hope the governor will consider my plea...But I am not afraid to die. This world is but a prelude to eternity."

Miss Watson was apparently no emotional soft-touch. Perhaps it was the petition signed by fifteen prominent



Portland taxpayers sent to the governor demanding that he not interfere, perhaps she had placed her bets on the noose, or perhaps she realized the invitations were out and did not want to spoil the party. James Kingsley did not reach her.

On October 29 Governor Meier shattered the last hope with the announcement:

I have no alternative but to support the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the court. I have given earnest consideration to all the communications submitted to me in connection with this case. There is no new evidence, not one extenuating circumstance, and no proof of misconduct at the trial. Our police officers must be protected, and I therefore deny the petition for clemency.

THE ENDING

gain the State of Oregon went ahead with the grim preparations. Guards tested the gallows. A new rope with a hangman's noose was made ready. The black cap and straps were brought out. Although the drab hall was no bigger than a school room, chairs were set up for seventy-five invited guests. From his death cell James Kingsley could hear the authoritative tread of the jailers as they prepared the execution chamber. He typed feverishly and wasted no time contemplating tomorrow. He had to finish his book. He ordered full meals but gave the food away to fellow



Faded plastic roses adorn the neglected memorial to Sam Prescott on the Boulevard.

and the rope placed over his head in five seconds. When asked if he wished to make a statement, he shook his head slowly. The black hood was lowered over the reddish-brown hair, and the warden gave the signal to spring the trap. A gasp and then dead silence continued as James Kingsley disappeared through the trap. Eighteen seconds had elapsed since he first stood on the platform. In ten minutes the prison physician pronounced him dead.

Thus was justice served at 8:29 a.m. on October 30, 1931.

INDIAN REMEDIES

In a little book, *Indian Uses of Native Plants*, the author, Edith Van Allen Murphy, lists home remedies. This is sniffle season and anyone with a complaint might find the cure in his backyard. Some are guaranteed, and all come without a prescription.

COLDS: Drink tea made from balsam needles and resinous blisters.

Drink tea made from wild rose roots. WARTS: Cut the wart in all directions and rub in the fuzz from the prickly pear cactus. Guaranteed not to return. TOOTHACHE: Chew California poppy leaves.

(Egad, that's opium, isn't it?) REMOVING TOOTH: Cut iris root and insert into the tooth cavity. It will kill the nerve and the tooth will come out. EYEWASH: Tea made from the leaves of the little sagebrush.

FEVER: Drink tea made by steeping the white portion of the bark of the white clematis.

KIDNEY COMPLAINT: Drink tea made from leaves of pennyroyal. Eat roasted seeds of wild cucumbers.

BLOOD POISONING: Apply a poultice made from the bruised stems of Joint Grass or Bulrush.

PHYSIC: Drink tea made from the roots of Sweet Anice.

BIRTH CONTROL: Take one cup of tea made from juniper berries for three successive days.

STOMACH TROUBLS: Drink tea made from roots of the Oregon Grape.

SMALLPOX: Burn Antelope Brush or Juniper on top of the stove. Disinfect everything in the smoke. Drink tea made from the leaves and wash with it. SORES & SWELLING: Mash yellow dock root into a pulp and apply it to sore spots. RHEUMATISM: Burn your fire down to coals. Put on green Juniper boughs and have patient lie down on them and steam, drinking meanwhile the tea from the needles. ROPE BURNS: Apply the raw leaves and stems of the yellow Monkey flower. BOILS: Apply pine gum. SNAKE BITE: Mash Alum root and apply it to the snake bite in man and beast. HELPFUL HINTS FOR MISCELLANEOUS NEEDS: Take seeds of the wild peony, chew them and put pulp into the mouth of a horse an instant before the race begins. He will always win. Make a tea from Jimson Weed, Wash the horse with the tea. This will keep him from straying. Make a tea from the root of the red larkspur and give it to your opponent. He will become stupid in gambling. Desert Rue, Citrus plant, is used to dye basket willows yellow. Do not carry it on horseback; the horse will swell up.

Ida Clearwater Retires

Ida Clearwater, who has been with the SOHS for a longer time than any other employee, announced her retirement at the end of the year. Coming to the library in 1971 as a volunteer she worked with the photographic collection and assisted visitors in genealogical research. She became a regular member of the staff in 1975.

Her credits are many and varied: she attended Humboldt State University, majoring in education, she was once a member of an all-Indian girl dance team appearing in a revue on the Orpheum circuit out of Los Angeles, and she is a charter member of the Rogue Valley Doll Club. She makes porcelain dolls and has a valuable collection. She is past president of the Jacksonville Booster Club and has served terms as vicepresident and treasurer.

Now that she has a little time to spare, she's reorganizing her research on the Cherokee Indians, which includes volumes of exciting facts about that tribe. Plans are not definite, but if she gets inspired after completion of her efforts, she may seek a publisher.

All of her admirers wish her the best of luck, but she'll be greatly missed.

Felicitations, Ida Clearwater.

Photograph by Doug Smith



Ida Clearwater

SOHS Play Continues Run to April

A special performance of *The Standoff at Thistle Creek*, written by Ilene Hull, was held at the Bella Union Restaurant, December 14. The play was presented by the Jacksonville Museum Performers, directed by Elizabeth Vickerman. Dave Clemens, President of the U.S. National Bank of Jacksonville, representing the Jackson Foundation, made a guest appearance, taking the role of a vigilante.

Members of the capacity audience of 65 people, representing local schools and clubs, were invited to preview the play to determine if they would like the program to be presented at their schools or during their club meetings. As a result of the top performance, ten representatives showed their interest by signing up for the play.

In cooperation with the Actors'Workshop at Ashland, workshops will be offered to interested schools. These workshops will be conducted by experienced actors, directors and playwrights. Students may submit original writings to be critiqued by the instructors. It is planned to put a selection of these writings into book form at the end of the season.

Reservations for the performances and workshops are available from January 14 to April 1, and may be made by calling Stacey Williams, Children's Museum Coordinator, 899-1847.







TROUPERS

Troups of players--or a single performer-discovered that Jacksonville possessed an asset which most other frontier towns were unable to match--Peter Britt, *Photographer*. Every actor has always wanted to see himself with all his glitter, just as others have seen him, so when a troup arrived in Jacksonville, they sought out this artistic picture-maker with his collection of exotic backdrops and properties, donned their best costumes, struck their best pose and were recorded for all time by the magical camera.

Peter Britt's collection includes many of these long forgotten thespians who had their brief moment under the lantern light, when with their bags of theatrical tricks they thrilled the entertainment-starved frontier folk. These pictures may have been used for publicity purposes to show would-be bookers the charms they could expect if they hired these handsome performers, or they may have just been evidence that the subject was a really-truly play actor. But they also produced a rich sampling of the stage struck troupers who deserved to be remembered and cherished far longer than they ever were.

They are filed in a box of unnamed photos. Identification of any of them would be a great delight, although an improbable one, to the entire museum staff. The descriptions here are flights of fancy and are not meant to detract from their importance to the American theatah.



The first lady is a headliner; otherwise her outfit would be a little scantier and reveal a little more of her peachy charms. She is wearing her smart riding habit to show the pioneer women what the well-dressed crosser of the plains might have worn. She has some other habits as well, but we will not discuss them here. She seems to have only one foot, but she probably has the other one temporarily caught up in her under-knickers. Perhaps she could find only one boot this morning, and as she has a hole in her hose and her big toe is sticking out, she has hidden her other foot in the shadows.



The first lady is riding to the hounds. The second one is going to the dogs. She is not

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

exactly in the first blush of youth, and she is going to have to make every moment count if she ever gets her name in lights. Her outfit looks a little bit Elizabethan so she may be with a Shakespeare troup and her part may call for her to run daintily to the footlights and give the prologue. She looks a little as though she might manage a few extracurricular activities that are not in the script. She has a wistful expression because she's thinking of getting out of that patented steel corset and letting her curves fall where they will.

Dig those smart boots--leather, of course, because once upon a time, dear children, there was no plastic.



The third young lady, daringly clad in her playful striped rompers had just started to step into the canoe, when the boatman unfurled Old Glory. Being a patriotic miss, she is saluting the flag. On the other hand her outfit suggests a pirate, and she may be taking the part of a cute buccaneer who was deserted on a desert island. She seems to be searching the sky for pigeons--either as messenger-bringers or as lunch. The sky seems to be clouding over and there's not much warmth in those white cotton tights. Let's hope she doesn't catch a sniffle and screw up her high notes. She's wearing chic arch-supporter Enna Jettick walking shoes, now at half-price.



Number four is dressed up in all this upholstery fringe as a page boy at court. She plays the part of a young man but she looks about as much like a boy as Dolly Parton.

The outfit does give her a chance to display awasp waist and show off those shapley lower extremities.

Can you imagine how those pioneer ladies must envy those gorgeous white feet and legs, that little waist, that curly blond hair and that flawless complexion. "Well, believe me, she doesn't have to start coffee and a pan of biscuits at 5:30 a.m., milk eight cows and cook for and scrub after a bunch of muddyfooted men."

It is true she doesn't toil nor spin, but she has her problems. She has a speaking part and she is very eloquent, but she has a little trouble with her lisp. In the scene pictured at the right, she is saying, "Surely Sire, thou cans't be Sir Sigmund, Sovereign of Sarasate?"











This woodland creature appears to be a shepherdess who was stood-up by a shepherd as he wandered off, looking for a stray lamb. One wonders about a bucholic sheepman who would fuss about a lost sheep with this vision of loveliness hanging around the alfalfa patch. Her name is Phoebe and she will sing in a dear, little wee whispery voice, "Strephon kissed me in the spring." Shepherdesses and shepherds are almost always called Strephon and Phoebe. When he returns they will sing a duet, "I Love Ewe."

This little lady appeared in Jacksonville about 1870 B.S. (Before Silicone). She is blessed with soft, white arms and has dimples on her elbows, and she's all curves and plump pink and white prettiness. You can't get much more allure in one package than that, and the gents in the audience will hoot and holler when she makes her last bow and their wives will be grumpy all the way home.



The last gentleman looks like a brewer from Milwaukee but he's a true ham, appears in tragedies and gets to do a big stabbed-inthe-stomach scene where he chews a lot of scenery and spills a lot of strawberry jam. He has a resonant voice, trills his R's and titillates the ladies in the audience although the men are always glad to see him get the rapier through the vitals.

He is a dandy duelist but he's got his weapon stuck in that fake rock and can't get it out without pulling down the scenery. His long underwear and his boots are pretty sloppy, but he's wearing his sister's basketball bloomers and they're nice. They cover up that unreliable drop seat and eliminate the danger of those saggy button holes. He has pinned his wife's stomacher around his neck and has donned her winter bonnet. This makes him look like a Scotch highlander for tonight's play, Annie Laurie Meets Godzilla.

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL





Photograph by Doug Smith

THE WILLOWS MEMORIAL RESTORATION FUND ESTABLISHED

Our society is most grateful to Mrs. Gertrude Boyle Drew for establishing The Willows Memorial Restoration Fund with a very generous gift in memory of her parents, John C. and Nina Boyle and her dear friend, Mrs. Edith Thompson. Funds in this account will be used to assist in restoring the buildings and grounds of Hanley Farm.

Thirty-eight acres, including the farmstead, was given to our society by Miss Mary Hanley in 1982. It is her wish that the farm be known by the name, "The Willows" and that it become a living historical museum dedicated to the pioneers of our county.

The story of how the farm got its name is interesting. There were few trees on the site when Michael and Martha Hanley moved into their log home in 1857. Pony express rider Kit Kearny, a family friend, brought Martha a willow sprout, kept alive in a potato. The cutting came from Oregon's oldest operating nursery, the Luelling Nursery of the Willamette Valley, and was planted in 1860. Martha placed the tree near her home and a lovely bubbling spring. It grew so large it was the predominate planting in the yard and gave the farm its name.

Nearly \$1 million will eventually be needed for the development of The Willows Farm Museum. We hope that society members and friends will continue to donate to this fund in order that future generations will be able to enjoy their heritage.

You may send honorary gifts (birthdays, anniversaries, etc.) or memorial gifts to this fund at any time. Checks should be made to the Southern Oregon Historical Society, P. O. Box 480, Jacksonville, OR 97530. Be sure and mention the name of the honoree or family so we may notify them of the gift. Donors will be listed on a plaque when the farm is developed. What a wonderful way to remember our friends and families. We encourage you all to participate!

21

The Spirit of Christmas Past was a wonderfully nostalgic time for visitors as they toured Jacksonville homes decorated by area garden clubs and staffed by members of the Jacksonville Boosters Club and the Gold Diggers Guild. At right, visitors enjoy the dining room decorations at Livingston Mansion, owned by Wally and Sherry Lossing and operated as a bed and breakfast inn.





Marge Herman, curator of Volunteers for the society, assisted in baking more than 100 dozen cookies during the five days. The oatmeal-raisin cookies were served piping hot to visitors, directly from the Beekman's wood range. A recipe appears elsewhere in this issue.

Photographs by Doug Smith

A total of 1,393 visitors paid the admission to visit the homes on tour. In addition, 2,144 folks toured the museum exhibits. We think this is a wonderful tribute to all of our dedicated volunteers who made it all possible. The Beekman mantle is shown at right and was decorated by Flowers by Susie of Medford. We hope you'll put next year's event on your calendar now. November 29, 30 and December 1, 7 and 8, 1985!



GRANDMA'S OATMEAL-RAISIN COOKIES

So many folks asked for the recipe of the cookies made at Beekman House during the Christmas Festival, we thought we should print it. It is from "Eating The Oregon Way" by Elsie Palmer and Jody Oeltjen.

Ingredients: Makes 24 large cookies

- 1 cup vegetable shortning
- 1 cup raisins
- ¹/₂ cup water
- 2 t vanilla
- 1 t baking soda

½t salt
lt cinnamon
½t nutmeg
3 cups brown sugar
½ cup walnuts, chopped

In a saucepan combine shortening, raisins and water. Bring to a boil and then cool. Add vanilla. In a large bowl, mix the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg oats and brown sugar. Add cooled raisin mixture and stir well. Roll into round balls and do not flatten. Put on lightly greased baking sheet about 2" apart and bake at 350 degrees 12 to 15 minutes. Do not overbake. This recipe has been tested by the executive director (numerous times) and has the official seal of approval.



DON'T FORGET THE STEAMBOAT TRIP

There's still room to go on our Mississippi River Queen trip in March. We'll leave on Mar. 12 and spend three days in New Orleans before boarding the Queen for four days. We' 11 dock at seven different cities along the river and visit fabulous anti-bellum mansions. This is also during the height of the azalea festival and the gardens are lovely. Prices start at \$1,950.00 and up. Call Paul Inserra at 899-7905 for more information. A deposit of \$200 is required by February 1, 1985. You-all come along!

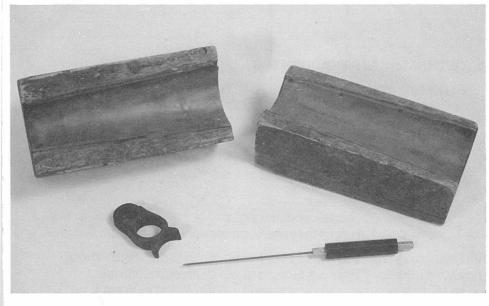
The beautiful Mississippi Queen Riverboat.

SUNDAY SOCIAL TO FEATURE HISTORIC FILMS

On Sunday afternoon, January 27, 1985, the Southern Oregon Historical Society will show two historic films featuring local history. The program will begin at 2:00PM and will be held in the U. S. Hotel Ballroom in Jacksonville.

Southern Oregon Historical Highlights features "clips" from a 1915 promotional film for the Rogue Valley. The homes of prominent residents are visited as well as Jacksonville and other valley scenes.

Applegate Odyssey, a color documentary made in 1976 features the wagon train organized by George McUne and retraces a portion of the historic Applegate Trail. We'll hope to see you there. These films have not been shown for some time so this may be a golden opportunity to see a good portion of your history.



Photograph by Doug Smith

If you can guess what any of these objects are, please give us a call at 899-1847 and let us know. We'll print the answers next month (if you're wiser than we are!)

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I would like to purchase a membership in the Southern Oregon Historical Society.

Name: Address:_____ City: _____ St.____ Zip: Phn: Junior Historian (18 & under) . . .\$ 6.00 Seniors (65 and over) 10.00 Family 15.00 1,000.00 Life

A membership in the society brings you the newsletter every month and access to a great deal of information about what's going on. It also makes a great gift!

Mail to: Maureen Smith S. O. H. S. P. O. Box 480 Jacksonville, OR 97530

> A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE Board and Staff of S. O. H. S.

WHATCHAMACALLITS ??

The interesting objects shown in this photograph are in our museum's collections but----we don't know what they are.

The two pieces at the top appear to be some kind of wooden mould but we don't know what kind.

The bottom object on the left is about three inches long and is made of iron.

The bottom object on the right appears to be an ice pick but has a blunt pick.

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