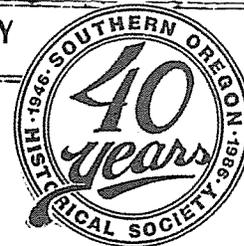

THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Little Chapel of the Woods
Happy Camp, California



*M*r. and Mrs. Milton Haversham stand before the door of the Little Chapel in the Woods, which is shown on the cover in greater detail. The little church was especially built by Mr. Haversham at Happy Camp, California, for the couple's Golden Wedding in 1982. Since then several other weddings have been held in the tiny chapel.

Mr. Haversham's little Pioneer Village is unique because of its huge collection of historic objects and its charming, rustic setting, nestled in the wild mountains of Happy Camp.

Members of the historical society recently took a tour through the village. The story begins on page 14 of this issue.

THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

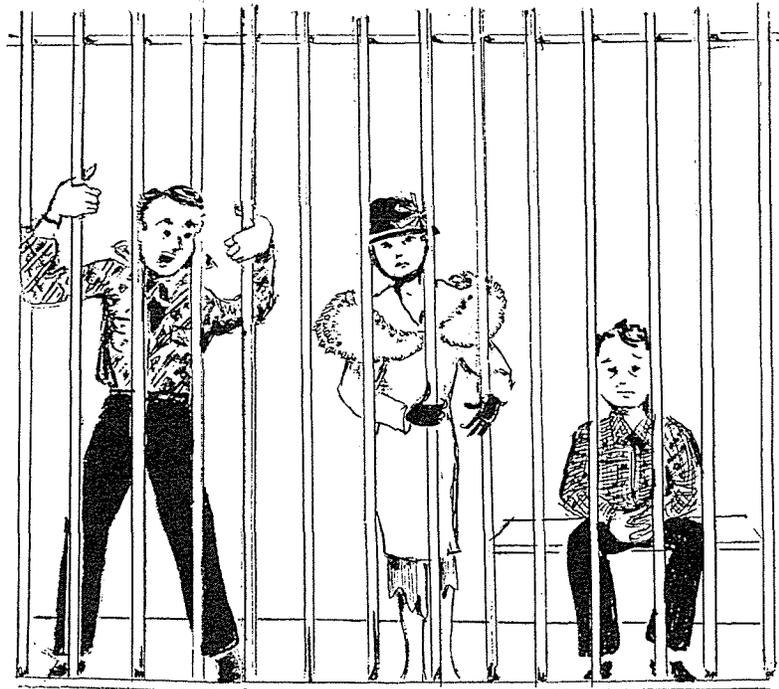
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A HOTFOOT FOR THE JUNKMAN

Thursday was a couple of days after Christmas, 1929, and there wasn't much doing in town, particularly at two o'clock in the morning. The Rex Cafe on the corner of Front and Main stayed open all night and the lights from the front windows flooded onto the sidewalk making a little oasis of illumination in the blackness of downtown Medford. The unrelieved darkness of the street on either side of the cafe was broken only by an occasional night light hanging in the back of a store and the faint glow from the street lights at the intersections along Main.

Inside the restaurant, Seth Blake, the night manager and cook and coffer dispenser, was leaning on the cash register chatting with A.C. Lawrence, a drummer, who, after completing the paper work of writing up his accounts, had stopped in for coffee and a doughnut before calling it a day.

Suddenly the front door was shoved open, making a thud as the hinges were strained by the force of the push. A big dark fellow, needing a shave and with

his mackintosh considerably disheveled, stumbled up to the counter. It was plain he had more than wet his whistle; he was oiled to the eyeballs.

"Gimme me a cup of coffee," he said.

Seth put a mug on the counter and reached for the coffee pot, but before he could pour out a cup, the stranger started waving a long-barreled .32 revolver which he'd been hiding under his coat, walked towards Lawrence and shoved the barrel into his chest, just above his heart. "If a cop comes in here, you're going to get a load of lead right in the ticker," he announced, as he glanced nervously at the front windows of the cafe. "Let's have your money," he said as he jabbed the gun painfully into Lawrence's side.

"I, I came out without my wallet," Lawrence stammered. "I don't have any money."

"Oh, come on across," said the stranger. "The owner of this restaurant gotta have something."

"I'm not the owner," said Lawrence. "I'm just a customer. You made a mis-

take."

"Oh, don't try to fool me. You're the proprietor of this place. Hand over."

Lawrence reached into his trouser pocket and took out a bill. Folding it over the long way and holding it with two fingers, he offered it to the stranger. "Here's five dollars. It's all I have," he said.

The fellow took the money, sat down at the counter and laid the gun alongside his coffee cup, within easy reach should he need it. Seth Blake filled the cup and stood back by the coffee-maker. The stranger poured several heaping teaspoons of sugar into the mug, stirred it around nervously, took a gulp or two, picked up his gun and stood up. Sidling toward the entrance, he looked over his shoulder at the two men, backed through the door and staggered down the sidewalk toward Central.

The salesman, Lawrence, hurried to the door and watched him walk away as Seth Blake called the police station.

The gunman made his way to the intersection of Main and Central and veered right, stumbling down South Central. Just as he reached Eighth Street, he suddenly met Officer Thomas H. Robinson, swinging around the corner. Robinson came to an abrupt stop when he found himself staring into the barrel of a .32 revolver. It seems that for a man who had put away so much moonshine, this fellow managed his reactions remarkably well. But just then a second officer, William Peck, following Robinson, walked around the corner. Put off guard by the approach of another policeman, the gunman turned toward Peck, and Robinson, at that instant, struck him in the jaw. The officer didn't hold back; he really gave out with his best effort and put his body weight behind the blow. The holdup man, partially stunned, staggered backward

into the doorway of Ethelynn B. Hoffman's ladies' ready-to-wear shop, from where he took five shots at the officers who darted behind a couple of parked cars. The bullets all went wild, and Robinson

shot three times in return. Once the gunman stumbled and fell as if he had been hit, but he was up in a moment. Stray shots shattered a window at the Ethelynn Hoffman shop, hit a couple of windows in the Chevrolet dealers down Eighth Street and smashed into the buildings where they did no damage.

The fellow's gun was empty and he clicked the trigger three times and started to make his escape by running

across Central and down Eighth Street. Just at that moment Officers Ray Sloniker and Bennett were coming up the street and, as the fugitive tore past them, Sloniker fired point blank at him. It's difficult to see how the officer could have managed it, but he missed. The bewildered gunman, pursued by four policemen, all with loaded guns, couldn't see much profit in continuing his mad dash, and he abruptly stopped and held up his hands. The four officers, lucky to be unscathed and still in one piece, gladly accepted his gesture of surrender, relieved him of his empty gun, frisked him, snapped on a pair of handcuffs, and took him to the city jail with no further incident.

Meanwhile, back at the Rex Cafe, Seth Blake washed up some dishes and tried to get the smudges off the mirror. After they had discussed the attempted robbery for about half an hour, Lawrence had gone to his hotel, and no other customers had come in. Seth thought how useless it was to keep the Rex open twenty-four hours. Hell, the night business didn't even pay the light bill, especially in winter.



Probably nobody else would come in until breakfast. But, about three o'clock, the door again swung open, and in came another stranger. This fellow was looking for the other one who had held up Lawrence and who, by now, had been escorted to the city jail with an honor guard of four of Medford's finest.

"Was there a fellow called Jack Donovan in here?" he asked, and described the gunman to Seth Blake. This man was slight, appeared neat and tidy, and although he staggered a little, he didn't seem to be completely sauced to the ear lobes.

"Nope," said Seth. "Haven't seen him."

The stranger thanked Seth and departed as Seth, after looking out the front window to check out his car and his license plate, rushed to the phone to report the arrival and departure of a second suspicious character.

A little while later a traffic policeman arrested the fellow as he was driving toward Jacksonville in his Dodge touring car. He was accompanied by a lady. Although he was clearly not falling-down drunk, he had been weaving back and forth on the highway, and the officer got a strong whiff of booze when he approached the car. "You'd better come with me," he ordered, and the two in the Dodge got out with no show of resistance and crawled into the back seat of the patrol car. At the station the lady announced she was Mrs. Jack Donovan and was immediately arrested and ushered to the ladies' section of the city jail. The fellow identified himself as Andrew E. Johnson of Jacksonville, and he was charged with driving while intoxicated and put into the tank.

With Jack Donovan, Mrs. D. and their friend and drinking buddy, A.E. Johnson, locked up securely in the county jail at Jacksonville, the police did a little investigation. In Donovan's pocket they discovered a provocative piece of paper upon which appeared a last will and testament. The paper, well-written, gave all of Patrick Bohan's earthly possessions to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Donovan, and declared the writer was in sound mind and body. The signature was illegible and resembled a scrawl out of which the name "Bohan" could hardly be

deciphered. That, to say the least, was suspicious and the writing left little doubt that the name had been written under force.

In the Medford City Directory Patrick Bohan was listed as a junkman who lived on Prune Street, and the police wasted no time heading out that way. There they found a shocking sight. The door was open and the house was bitterly cold. The front room and the kitchen were untidy and the round metal lids of the cook stove were scattered about the floor. Ashes had drifted onto the linoleum and several empty bottles stood on the table, testifying that whatever party had taken place in this little shack, there had obviously been no shortage of liquid refreshments.

In the back room an old man lay on a disordered bed. He was moaning incoherently and seemed to be only half conscious. His face was bruised and there was an abrasion over his eye, but the condition of his feet was most alarming. He had no shoes and socks and his bare feet were blistered and bleeding, where he had received third degree burns. It was apparent to the officers that the fellow needed medical attention at the hospital, but it was also obvious he couldn't walk there. One of the men went to the telephone to call an ambulance, but found the line dead and the wire cut.

Lifting the old gentleman from the bed the two men put him carefully into the patrol car and took him to emergency at the Sacred Heart Hospital.

Headlines in the *Medford Mail Tribune* for December 27 announced:

LOCAL COPS
IN GUN DUEL
WITH BANDIT

TWO MEN AND WOMAN
LODGED IN JAIL AFTER NIGHT
OF CRIME — JUNK DEALER
TORTURED BY FLAME IN
EFFORT TO LOCATE MONEY —
REX CAFE PATRON ROBBED
AT PISTOL POINT.

The story reported, "All three persons are implicated in assaulting Pat Bohan, junk dealer on Plum Street, at midnight,

when they are accused of attempting to make Bohan tell the hiding place of his money.

"Bohan declared a blanket was thrown over his face, after he was struck behind the ear by a hard object, rendering him unconscious. His eye was also injured by the blow.

TORTURE APPLIED

"Because of badly burned legs, sustained when his assailants held an open flame against them in an effort to make him talk, Bohan is in the hospital today, recovering from the effects of the burns which practically cooked a portion of his foot, the skin being all burned away. Unsuccessful in their efforts, Bohan's assailants left, cutting the telephone wires before departing."

It has certainly come to a pretty pass when strangers can break into a man's house and torture him to get him to tell where he's hidden his money. Some pretty tough customers come into Medford though. You can't tell what kind of thugs pass over the border nowadays in 1929, and you'd better keep your door locked.

But this trio of crooks wasn't from out of state. Johnson lived in Jacksonville and the Donovan couple had lived in Medford for six months. Well, a person doesn't know what his neighbors are up to anymore.

The story continues:

"It has been suggested that the telephone company could have been of material help in notifying the police when the line was cut. But Manager R.B. Hammond (of the Home Telephone Company) told reporters: 'Operators are able to ascertain if telephone connections have been cut only by calling the affected parties --(a neat trick with the wire cut). Even if the wirecutting had been reported, the company couldn't notify the police to investigate.'

"Chief of Police McCredie added, 'I can't see how the telephone company could have reported something which they knew nothing about.'" That remark took the telephone company off the hook.

The next day, December 29, more facts were revealed:

DONOVAN HELD TO GRAND JURY

BLAMES LIQUOR

LOCAL BANDIT ADMITS TORTURING BOHAN AND ABSOLVES WIFE AND A.E. JOHNSON, NOW HELD ON LIQUOR CHARGE.

The story:

"When he appeared before Justice of the Peace John Reed at Gold Hill yesterday, Jack Donovan was bound over to the grand jury under bonds of \$10,000. Mrs. Donovan pleaded guilty on a charge of being drunk in a public place and A.E. Johnson entered a plea of driving while intoxicated. Johnson and Mrs. Donovan will be sentenced next week. Donovan is charged with robbery while armed with a dangerous weapon and assault with intent to kill.

"According to the district attorney's office, Donovan admitted the trio was implicated in the affair, but declared all three were intoxicated and that whatever was done was done under his direction. He claims that he forced his wife and Johnson to do his bidding."

After steadfastly denying his participation in the torture charge for a couple of days, A.E. Johnson decided to embellish his story.

"I did see Donovan and his wife assaulting Pat Bohan," he said, "but I took no part in the crime. I heard them demand information on where he had hidden his money, but I had no part in the attack. I left the Bohan house to pick up some moonshine I had stashed away on Chestnut Street and then I drove to the Rex Cafe looking for Donovan." He did, however, plead guilty to the charge of driving while intoxicated.

Everyone suspected he was holding back the facts, but that's about all he revealed in the second stage of his confession. Mrs. Donovan was even less talkative. She said, "I can remember nothing."

 On December 30 Johnson decided to dole out a few more facts. He alleged that Donovan had plied Bohan with booze until he was helpless and then beat him to get him to divulge the hiding place of his wealth. To continue his torture further, he sent his wife for the match box and applied lighted matches to Bohan's big toe.

When the supply of matches ran out, Donovan dragged Bohan to the kitchen stove where the fire was smoldering and tried to ram Bohan's feet into the stove. This wasn't a very successful maneuver because the stove top was high and Bohan was a dead weight.

The old man was almost completely out of it, either from the stiff shots of bootleg whiskey, the blows to the head, or the torture he was undergoing, and he was beyond much more than an occasional groan. This was the situation on Prune Street when Johnson decided to go to Chestnut Street for more booze.

On January 11, 1930, a couple of weeks after the Donovans and Johnson had been arrested, the *Tribune* reported:

TRIO INDICTED FOR TORTURING JUNK DEALER

The story:

William Donoghue, alias Jack Donovan, arrested last month, was indicted on two counts -- assault with intent to kill and robbery while armed with a dangerous weapon. On a third charge, together with Mrs. Donoghue and A.E. Johnson of Jacksonville, he was indicted for attempted robbery by instilling fear. Mrs. Donoghue and Johnson are charged with being accessories to the assault.

Judge Norton named Attorney F.J. Newman to defend the Donoghues; Johnson retained Don Newbury as counsel. No date was set for the trial.

By the first of February William Donoghue was getting a little stir crazy. A man needs some excitement in his life, even if he has to invent it, and, after a couple of weeks of confinement, he was spoiling for some stimulation.

Ike Dunford, the jailer, was a wiry fellow. He'd spent years on his ranch, wrestling cattle and tossing loads of alfalfa over his shoulders, and no one in his right mind would pick a scrap with him when he was in the pink of condition. But Ike, who had a booming voice, announced he'd been suffering

from flu for several days past, and everyone in the county jail knew he was in a weakened state. If one was ever going to break out of this pokey, Donoghue thought, there would be no better time than when the screw was played out with a flu germ.

Ike lived across the street from the jail, and Nell, Ike's wife, who was a great cook, prepared meals for the prisoners. It was a good arrangement because Ike could deliver the meals while they were still hot and tasty.

On Wednesday, February 5, early in the morning, Ike arrived with the breakfast trays as usual. He was in the habit of unlocking two or three cells at a time and handing the plates to the prisoners through the open doors. This meant the doors were ajar for an instant while Ike reached for a filled plate from the food cart. As he momentarily turned his back on the cell block, he could not see what went on behind him, and this was the opportunity Donoghue was awaiting. In a flash he slipped through the door into the office and raised his arms to pin Ike's arms to his sides. But before Donoghue had time to make his move, he found himself gripped in a vice-like headlock, applied by Dunford, whose weakened condition still left him considerably stronger and speedier than Donoghue.

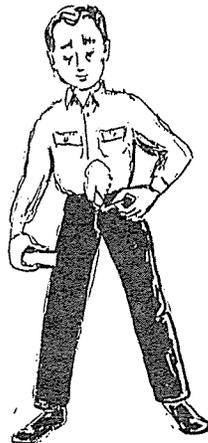
The prisoner, with no further fight in him, was shoved back into his cell. When Sheriff Jennings came around, he ordered Donoghue to be put in the "pauley," a double-security cell, until the trial began. "We don't want this kind of business happening again," he said. "When he appears in court, chain him."

The *Tribune* reporter wrote:

"Donoghue has been suspected by Sheriff Jennings for some time of attempting to make a break and has been under particular surveillance. It was not long ago since he was implicated in alleged jail-break plans that had been made with another prisoner, but the plans never materialized.

"He is considered one of the most hardened criminals who has ever been held prisoner in Jackson County, and has a record of previous incarcerations on various crimes in California."

An ideal prisoner, trustworthy, loyal,



obedient, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent, would of course never consider escape. But if he had such virtues, he would never have been in the jailhouse in the first place. Donoghue, who vainly made a break for freedom, was regarded as doubly treacherous yet literature and history give us many escapees -- the Count of Monte Cristo, Jean Valjean, the men who slipped off Devil's Island, and the ones who crept out of the Black Hole of Calcutta--and they lost none of their integrity by making their getaways. But we are given to believe that men in the county jail who make a break for liberty are super-dangerous and a couple of attempts to get out will be rewarded with about ten additional years in the coop. One could have trouble with this line of thinking. Suffice to say, if the crook wants to cash in on a good-behavior ticket, he'd better read an uplifting book and let others lay the plans for a sneaky exit.

REX BANDIT WELL GUARDED IN COURT ROOM

"William Donoghue, alias John Donovan, under close guard, charged with robbery with a dangerous weapon and facing a sentence of three years to life imprisonment upon conviction, went on trial in the circuit court this morning.

"Records of the state of California show that he has spent many years behind prison bars. He is reported to have started his criminal career in 1910, and served terms in state prisons for robbery, and in county jails for disorderly conduct and driving a car while drunk.

"There were guards stationed at each door of the courtroom, and behind the accused was seated Sheriff Ralph Jennings. The prisoner was handcuffed to Ike Dunford. The authorities are taking no chances on a courtroom dash for liberty.

"Donoghue is represented by Attorneys Porter J. Neff and Frank J. Newman, appointed by the court.

"The accused testified in his own behalf and asserted he had no recollection of the hold-up of a Rex Cafe patron and a gun battle with the police. He said

that his mind, befogged with drink, did not start to function clearly until the next day in the county jail.

"Under cross examination he admitted two prison terms but added, "All the trouble in my life has been due to drink." Accused as accomplices in his local crimes are A.E. Johnson and Mrs. Donoghue who will be tried separately.

Pat Bohan, the aged junk dealer, was the first witness called by the state. Still suffering from the effects of his experience, he said that on the night in question he had been drinking with Mr. and Mrs. Donoghue and Johnson. About nine o'clock he retired.

The trio left in the front room made so much racket telling rowdy stories and laughing that he could not sleep. Finally he got up and went out to the other room to protest, but his complaints failed to quiet the din, and he decided to telephone the police to come and throw out his unwelcome guests.

When he started to ring the operator, he was hit on the head, and he remembered nothing after that until he felt a burning sensation about his feet. There was a blanket over his head and the burning became more intense and then he heard a voice he recognized as Johnson's say:

"For God's sake, if you have any money, tell them where it is so they will stop hurting you."

He did not know which of his guests administered the torture. His head was covered, he was near suffocation and thought he had slipped in and out of consciousness. Eventually he blacked out and did not come to until he was alone in the house. He found himself lying on the kitchen floor and was in terrible pain. He testified that it was torture to move, but he dragged himself slowly to the telephone to call for help only to discover the wire cut. He then inched his way to the bed and crawled onto it where he again fell unconscious. The police found him there.

Dr J.C. Hayes testified to having treated Bohan. He said the junkman had sustained scalp wounds, chest bruises and burned feet. The burns on the left foot were third degree burns.

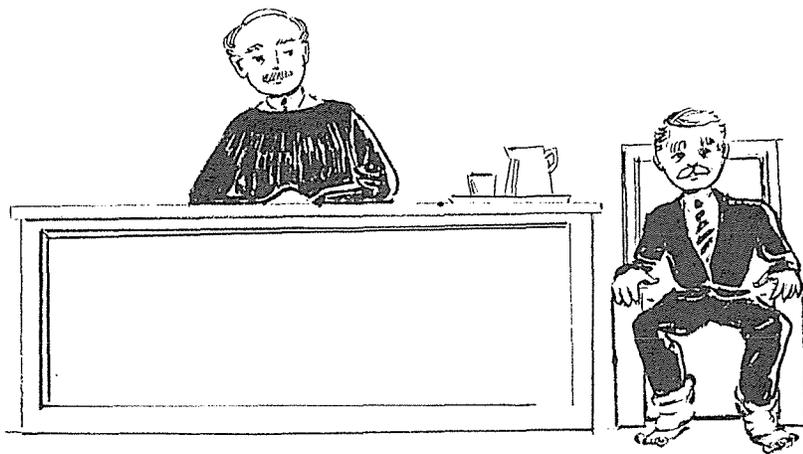
Mr. J.F. Whitlatch, a neighbor, said

that he had visited Bohan in the hospital and at Bohan's request had gone to the house on Prune Street and had found \$100 hidden under the linoleum in the bedroom. He had returned to the hospital and had

given this money to Bohan. Perhaps this hundred-dollar bill was the great treasure he had been tortured for. If he had any other cache of money the fact was not revealed at the trial.

On the afternoon of February 11 Andrew E. Johnson went on trial, charged with being an accomplice of William Donoghue, "the two-time loser." When Donoghue was told Johnson had made three confessions, each one pointing all the blame at him, Donoghue called Johnson a dirty squealer. A little sojourn in the lockup often breaks up the most beautiful of friendships. The *Tribune* failed to report the names of the jurors hearing Johnson's case, but the courtroom was again packed with interested citizens.

In contrast to Donoghue, who had appeared in court in his shirt sleeves, Johnson made a nice appearance. He wore a white shirt and tie, a neat suit and a melancholy expression. The *Tribune* reported, "He was a very neat and very sad appearing young man, who was obviously "a victim of bad company." His sad wife sat in the first bench just behind him and their two sad children sat beside her. They made a pathetic picture of the family next door caught in destiny's coils. Of course they probably all felt pretty dismal--daddy was charged with being an accomplice in an attempted murder and mama was pretty peeved at him for staying out all night and ending up in the county jail.



Anyway, he didn't look like a rough-neck who could poke an old man's feet into the cookstove.

Upon the motion of the state the jurors were taken out to the Bohan home to view the scene of the crime. None of the houses on Prune Street was particularly

palatial, and Pat Bohan's shack was among the less awe-inspiring. A neighbor had thoughtfully tidied-up a little, but the front room, the bedroom, the slick linoleum on which an unconscious old man could be slid around, and the kitchen range were all carefully noted by the twelve good and true folks on the panel. After a break for Lincoln's birthday, the court reconvened on February 13.

The defendant opened his testimony with the assertion that he had seven dollars in his pocket when he arrived at the Fir-Pine Lumber Company to apply for a job. He had been out of work for several weeks and needed a job desperately, but once again he was unsuccessful. Before his turn came to be interviewed, the positions were filled and he was dismissed. On the way back to Jacksonville he decided to stop and see Jack Donovan, a fellow he had met at his last mill job.

Prosecution: *Wasn't it true that you were Donovan's bootlegger and ...*

Gus Newbury: *Objection!*

His Honor: *Sustained!*

This was the first mention of bootlegging and apparently the court felt it didn't apply to the case --or else had decided that such a sad young man could not be mixed up in anything so unsavory.

When Johnson stopped at Pat Bohan's house where Jack Donovan and his wife were visiting, Donovan asked him if he had any booze.

Well, yes, he had some in a jug in the car; he'd fetch it.



Donovan asked him to pour out a little nip for his wife. The upshot of it was that they all had a few rounds of drinks and killed the bottle. Donovan asked Johnson to take him down to Eleventh Street to see a fellow who owed him some money, and Johnson cranked up the Dodge. That little junket turned out to be a waste of time. The fellow had no money and neither did anyone in his family so Johnson and Donovan returned to Prune Street where Donovan invited Johnson to stay for supper. Johnson accepted the kind invitation, and since he had a full bottle cached not far away, he drove out and brought it back with him to the shack to make the occasion more festive.

Did Bohan approve of this drinking?

Not exactly. He said he shouldn't drink, but he kept at it nevertheless.

The bottle was soon polished off, and another was supplied. But before the fourth bottle was emptied, Bohan could drink no more; he fell into a stupor.

Did Bohan pay for any of this booze?

Oh, yes, before he passed out he gave me three dollars as his share.

When the old man conked out, Donoghue picked him up and carried him into the bedroom. Mrs. Donoghue went with them. Johnson said he heard several blows struck and heard Donoghue demand to know the hiding place of Bohan's money. He sent his wife out of the room to bring him a box of kitchen matches from the range. Through the door Johnson could see Donoghue striking the wooden matches and holding the flame to the old man's foot.

Bohan moaned and groaned but made little sense, and Donoghue, giving up on the matches, turned him over on his stomach, removed his wallet from his trousers pocket and brought it into the kitchen where Johnson was sitting. He took several dollars out of the billfold and laid them on the table.

Did he offer you any of this money?

Well, yes, but I didn't want any of it. I said I did not want any connection with any of this affair, and I told him if Bohan had any money, he probably had it in a bank.

"By God, I'll make him talk," Donoghue yelled. "I'll burn him up. And you shut up or I'll give you some of it. You try to get out of this, and I'll kill you."

He then went into the bedroom, pulled the old man off the bed and dragged him into the kitchen. "I'll burn you to ashes, if you don't start talking," he shouted and held Bohan's leg against the stove. The old man wailed louder, but seemed unable to make any sense.

"Bring me that razor from the shelf in the bathroom," Donoghue ordered Johnson.

Johnson testified that he tried to stall, but Donoghue, in an angrier voice, demanded the razor again so Johnson brought it to him. Waving it around in the air, Donoghue yelled, "I'll cut your throat if you don't start talking. Where is the money?"

But Bohan was beyond answering. He appeared to be completely unconscious. Donoghue could see the treatment was getting him nowhere. It was like flogging a dead horse. He gave up, walked out of the kitchen, through the front door and staggered into the darkness of Prune Street.

Johnson and Mrs. Donoghue watched him go. After a few moments of silence, she said, "I'm sick."

Johnson offered to take her home, and she went to get her hat and coat. "I decided to take her with me to my house," Johnson said, "so she could get away from her husband."

But when they were almost to Jacksonville, she decided she wanted to be with Donoghue. She was sure he'd gone downtown to get something to eat and she wanted to go look for him so Johnson turned back and they drove to the Rex Cafe, where all the lights were on. There were a couple of fellows in there but Donoghue wasn't one of them and they decided he might have gone back to Prune Street. But the house was just as they had left it and Johnson drove back to the Rex Cafe and went in to ask if Donoghue had been there. The fellow behind the counter said he hadn't been in, and Johnson thought they should check the streets again to see if they could find him.

Some time later, as they were cruising around town, Deputy Sheriff Bennett, on patrol, noticed Johnson's erratic driv-

ing, stopped him and arrested him for being under the influence. The officers found ten dollars in his pockets. In the back of the Dodge they also found a gallon of moonshine which Johnson said he had bought because he was nervous and unstrung. He and Mrs. Donoghue were not aware that Donoghue had had a shoot-out with the police and was already marking time in the city jail.

In a cross-examination, the state made an effort to show that if Johnson was as drunk as he claimed he had been, he could not possibly have walked into the Rex Cafe as well as he did or driven his car. George Neilsen, the deputy district attorney, ridiculed the plea that he was an unwilling beholder of the torture applied to Bohan. "Calling for help would have been the work of a moment," he said.

"Johnson's attitude was inspired by the balance due for moonshine which he had furnished for the party," he said. "After his detention by the police, he remained silent and did not tell them that Bohan was lying in his shack, suffering from burns and blows."

"In addition to these facts," he said, "Donoghue was inspired to the deed by the moonshine furnished by Johnson.

"Look at him," commanded Neilsen. "He is certainly a big enough man to have stopped the treatment. In my opinion he assisted Donoghue in ramming Pat Bohan's foot in the stove. It was most definitely a two-man job."

Relative to Johnson's claim that he was befuddled by liquor, the state pointed out that he was able to crank an auto and find his liquor cache and hide it before driving downtown with Mrs. Donoghue in search of her husband.

Medford Mail Tribune, February 14

DONOGHUE
WILL SERVE
LIFE TERM
GUNMAN RECEIVES HEAVY
PENALTIES FOR LOCAL
ESCAPADES

William Donoghue, alias Jack Donovan, was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary by Judge H. O. Norton (who apparently didn't believe in making the punishment fit the crime).

The accused received life terms on both counts: 1) robbery with a gun of a patron of the Rex Cafe, and 2) engaging in a pistol fight with the night police.

"The sentences will run concurrently," announced Judge Norton, with a little touch of humor.

"Thank you, judge," said Donoghue. "Prison is the best place for me." And he smiled pleasantly for his honor.

Same issue:

TRY JOHNSON AGAIN

"The jury in the case of Andrew E. Johnson, mill worker, was unable to agree and was discharged last night after it became apparent that they were hopelessly deadlocked."

How could twelve people ever agree in this case? On one count a juror would see that here was this sad young man, obviously innocent, drawn into a disreputable mess with shady companions. On the other hand, another juror would see a shifty character, obviously faking regret, who plied his friend with bootleg liquor until he went berserk, ran afoul of the law and ended up facing life imprisonment.

"The trial of Donoghue and his wife on the torture charge was scheduled to be called at the termination of Johnson's second trial. Donoghue's trip to the state prison was therefore deferred.

"It was revealed that Pat Bohan had made a will last fall bequeathing to the Donoghues his estate, consisting of approximately \$1700 in the bank and in property in southwest Medford. The will was held at the district attorney's office. The Donoghues and Pat Bohan were close friends. Donoghue, when not in his cups, was kind and helpful to the aged junk dealer. He was a protector and aide.

"Then came the drinking party in the little house and before it ended Donoghue ran amuck and, liquor maddened, started his reign of terror. On the witness stand in his first trial, Donoghue made the terse comment, 'All the trouble in my life has been due to liquor.'

"The life record of Donoghue, furnished by the California State Bureau of Identification, revealed he had spent 21 years of his 40 behind prison walls, including terms in San Quentin and Folsom, with an escape from Folsom and recapture after

three days' freedom. There was also a long record of days spent in county jails for offenses all having their birth in drink or drugs.

WIFE ON STAND ADDS LITTLE TO TORTURE STORY

Mrs. Donoghue was the principal witness. The indictment against her was dropped when she turned state's evidence. Besides that fact, the district attorney felt the case against her was weak. She was a submissive wife. What was a poor girl to do? When her husband whimsically pulled the strings, she was conditioned to jump. When he ordered, "Bring matches so I can torture this old gentleman," she fetched the matches. Hadn't she sworn to love, honor or obey? Any resistance and he'd have let her have it.

On the stand she was a willing and cooperative witness, but she contributed little in the way of incriminating testimony against Johnson. She said, "The heat and the smoke and the liquor made me sick, and when I told my husband I didn't feel well, he gave me a slap and told me to go to bed."

She retired to a tiny room off the kitchen which contained a daybed and lay there for some time. When she arose and returned to the kitchen, he slapped her again, this time with more authority and she returned to the bedroom. She fell asleep, and when she awoke she came out to the front room where she found Johnson dozing in a rocker. Her husband was gone, and she and Johnson went in search of him.

Pat Bohan was again called to testify. He was still suffering from sore feet, and he could give only meager testimony against Johnson. During the torture he had seen very little. (He didn't mention that he was also blind drunk.)

Attorney Don Newbury was persuasive. "Andrew Johnson, befuddled by drink, and intimidated by the death threats of Donoghue," he declared, "was an unwilling bystander at the torture without realizing that a crime was being

committed. He was in no mental condition to act, but as soon as his mind commenced to clear, he took the first opportunity to depart."

The attorney for the state insisted that "an intoxicated condition is no excuse for failure to act. Silence gives consent," he insisted. "And don't forget, he furnished the moonshine liquor for the orgy."

The jury retired to deliberate.

Tribune, March 7, 1930.

DONOGHUE REFUSES TO ADMIT GUILT

ALLEGED TORTURER OF
BOHAN SAYS JURY WOULD
FIND HIM GUILTY, BUT
LIFE TERMS WILL 'HOLD
HIM FOR AWHILE' —
JUDGE KINDLY

For his last trial Donoghue, again handcuffed to Ike Dunford, decided to deny everything. "I refuse to plead guilty to any indictment alleging torturing. I didn't burn

that old guy's feet and I won't confess that I did, as a matter of principle. If I had done that," he continued, "I would have to ask the court to shoot me. But if I had done it," he said to the judge, "what would you do to me?"

Judge Norton considered the question, "I cannot see the necessity of imposing a fifteen year sentence upon a man under two life sentences already."

Donoghue said, "That's as I thought, your honor, two life sentences will hold me for awhile."

The judge addressed the prisoner: "I'll say this much for you, Donoghue. You're ten times the man that that Johnson is, and I have ten times as much respect for you. You are a hard nut, and you surely got what is coming to you, but, nevertheless, there are things I admire about you."

Big deal. The newspaper articles give us little to go on in searching for Donoghue's admirable qualities. Perhaps at his trials he displayed an openness of character and a sincere regret for his actions while under the influence. If so, why did he decide to deny facts



which had been indisputably presented? Judge Norton may have added no more time to the sentence because he had already thrown the books at him and a double life term was a pretty grim sentence for the crime he had committed. William Donoghue was probably the sinner who should have avoided bad company in the person of Andrew E. Johnson, rather than the other way around. But of the two defendants he was the heavy who was sentenced to the state prison, where he added another couple of decades, more or less, to the over twenty years of imprisonment he had already served.

Andrew Johnson was acquitted by the jury after a short deliberation. He and his pretty wife and two small children were in court and they all made a tender scene as they embraced and wept after the acquittal. There had been only little disagreement in the jury room. The members felt the state had been able to produce only circumstantial evidence and they reached their decision on the second ballot, swayed no doubt by Johnson's angelic appearance and the obvious devotion of his

trusting wife.

Now Johnson had only one more hurdle to get over. The pesky charge of driving while intoxicated still hung above his head. Following his acquittal, and the emotional scene in the courtroom, he appeared before H.D. Reed, Justice of the Peace. Again he donned his choirboy expression and pled guilty to the charge. Judge Reed was not impressed. Without fanfare he sentenced our hero to four months in the county jail and fined him \$100.

But, then, four months is a very short time in a lifetime and we may be sure Andrew Johnson read some self-improvement books and passed the time to his advantage while he waited to be reunited with his little family in Jacksonville.

All charged against Mrs. Donoghue were dismissed. She soon left Medford to return to California. Her marriage had been continually put on hold while Mr. Donoghue had cooled his heels in duration vile. This separation was only more of the same. Mrs. Donoghue was not the first young matron who failed to live happily ever after.

Follow Up

Raymond Lewis

M.W. WILLIAMS, 10 May 1986

This is written after reading "The John Beeson Story" by Charles Sweet in the April '86 issue of The Table Rock Sentinel. Mr. Sweet quotes from the diary of John Beeson's son, Welborn.

In 1855 John Beeson began writing letters to newspapers and speaking-out at public meetings "in defense of the Indians." This did not "sit well" with the other settlers. Eventually, in May 1856, Welborn heard talk in Jacksonville about what volunteers might do to his father as a result of John's sympathy for the Indians. Welborn returned to his home to find his father preparing to start for the Willamette Valley, leaving his family, his home and his farm. The son accompanied his father as far as Fort Lane, and then returned home to run the farm for his mother. By September 1856 John Beeson was back in New York City. He had had a book published, "A Plea for the Indians with Facts and Features of the Late War." He was also to have articles published by various newspapers. In addition he lectured, appeared on the stage and took an active part in the American Indian Aid Association. Finally some thirty years later, he returned to the Wagner Creek Farm in Oregon.

In Martha Hill Gillette's book, "Overland to Oregon and the Indian Wars of 1853" there is a narrative of an unnamed person who might be the same John Beeson.

Mrs. Gillette wrote:

The Hill family were living at Fort Wagner for protection from Indian attacks. One morning Indian prisoners killed the man in charge of the Fort plus another man along with two newly arrived immigrants. The Indians had no bullet molds and could not have used the guns had it not been for a man living about two miles below Fort Wagner who was by trade a blacksmith. He was

friendly with the Indians," she wrote, "and encouraged them in their fighting. He molded bullets to fit the stolen guns, gave them ammunition and taught them how to shoot. This man had been writing for an Eastern paper, blaming the whites for all the trouble saying the Indians were a friendly, hospitable race who had been oppressed until forbearance was no virtue and that the war of '53 was entirely the fault of the whites."

She continued, "About that time the white men found out that he, the same man, was aiding the Indians. A copy of this paper fell into the hands of one of the men. So they called an indignation meeting which every available man attended. The paper was read and discussed and it was decided to hang this man the next morning at day break. This man had a son who was a fine young fellow and belonged to the volunteers and in some way he got wind of the meeting. He lingered on the outskirts of the crowd and heard them planning to do away with his father. He ran to his home with all his might, got his father out of bed and rushed him to the fort where General Lane had some United States soldiers. Under guard he was taken to Crescent City where he was put on a steamer and shipped out of the country. The next thing heard of him he was lecturing through the east upholding the Indians and blaming the whites. He aided in spreading prejudice against the people of Oregon by writers who had never been there and possibly had never seen an Indian. To this man's efforts were largely due the results that kept the claims of the people of southern Oregon from being paid."

We must be thankful for the early pioneers who took time and effort to keep journals. I wish that I had asked my own grandfather, A.M. Woodford, about the Indian situation. At the age of 17 he joined the First Oregon Cavalry in 1863.

The Pioneer Village at Happy Camp



Above is a picture of the entrance to the pioneer village.
Below is a view of Main Street. Photographs by Marjorie Edens.



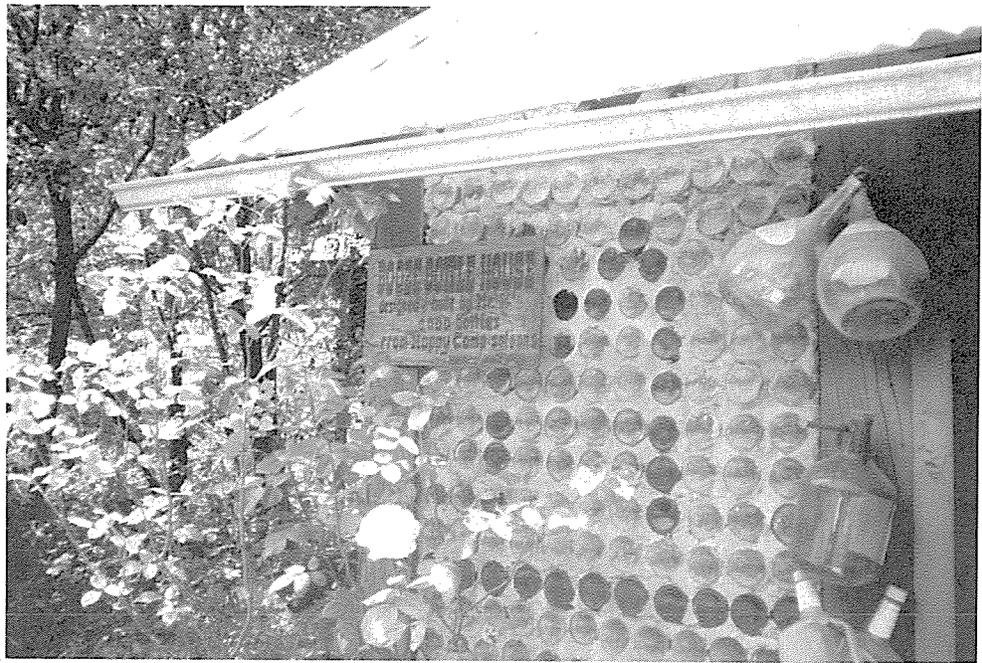
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Keversham came to Happy Camp from southern California where Mr. Keversham was in business as a pharmacist. In 1959 he purchased the Happy Camp Drug Store, which, in the big flood of Christmas, 1964, was severely damaged.

After the rains stopped, and the debris was cleared away, he decided to move to higher ground. He built a new drug store and a second commercial building next door to the post office in what is now the main business section of Happy Camp.

Not content unless he was in the midst of a project, he decided, about ten years ago, to erect a building of bottles. Using the empties which were discarded by the Happy Camp bar, he laid them in rows and secured them side by side with cement. The completed building required 6,000 bottles, and attracted so much favorable comment he decided to erect a village, a replica of historic Happy Camp, which he would furnish with his vast collection of antiques and artifacts of by-gone-days which he had collected over the years.

Today the little village stands ship-shape on the hillside above his residence. It contains a Soda Fountain, a Drug Store, a Saloon, a Hardware Store, a Carriage House, a Blacksmith Shop, a Firehouse, a Jail and a Schoolhouse, all furnished with appropriate objects. There are many, many typewriters, bicycles, bottles,

and any number of curios which Mr. Keversham has amassed over the years. A road leading to a far end of the property is lined on each side with tools and the heavy equipment used in early days by miners and farmers and engineers. A thriving blackberry bush grows out of a heavy metal stovepipe about 15 feet high. Part of the property is taken up by a miniature golf course which boasts 18 holes, all kinds of traps and obstacles and a functioning waterwheel. The grass is kept green and clipped. Above the golf course is a small dance pavilion with a stage for musicians.



Standing prominently on the first hill of the village is the Little Chapel in the Woods, a diminutive church with an organ, a bell steeple, an altar, pews for fifteen or twenty, and Gothic windows. Mr. Keversham built it about ten years ago so he and his wife, Harriett, could reaffirm their wedding vows on their Golden Anniversary.

On August 18, 1982, the bells of the tiny church rang out over the quaint little town and more than 150 guests assembled for the double-ring ceremony. The vows, first recited in 1932, were repeated.

At the close of the marriage rites, the church bells tolled as the bride and groom left the church and stepped into their surrey with the fringe on top. The guests toasted them with champagne, and live music was provided by the High Leads who played for dancing on the new dance floor.

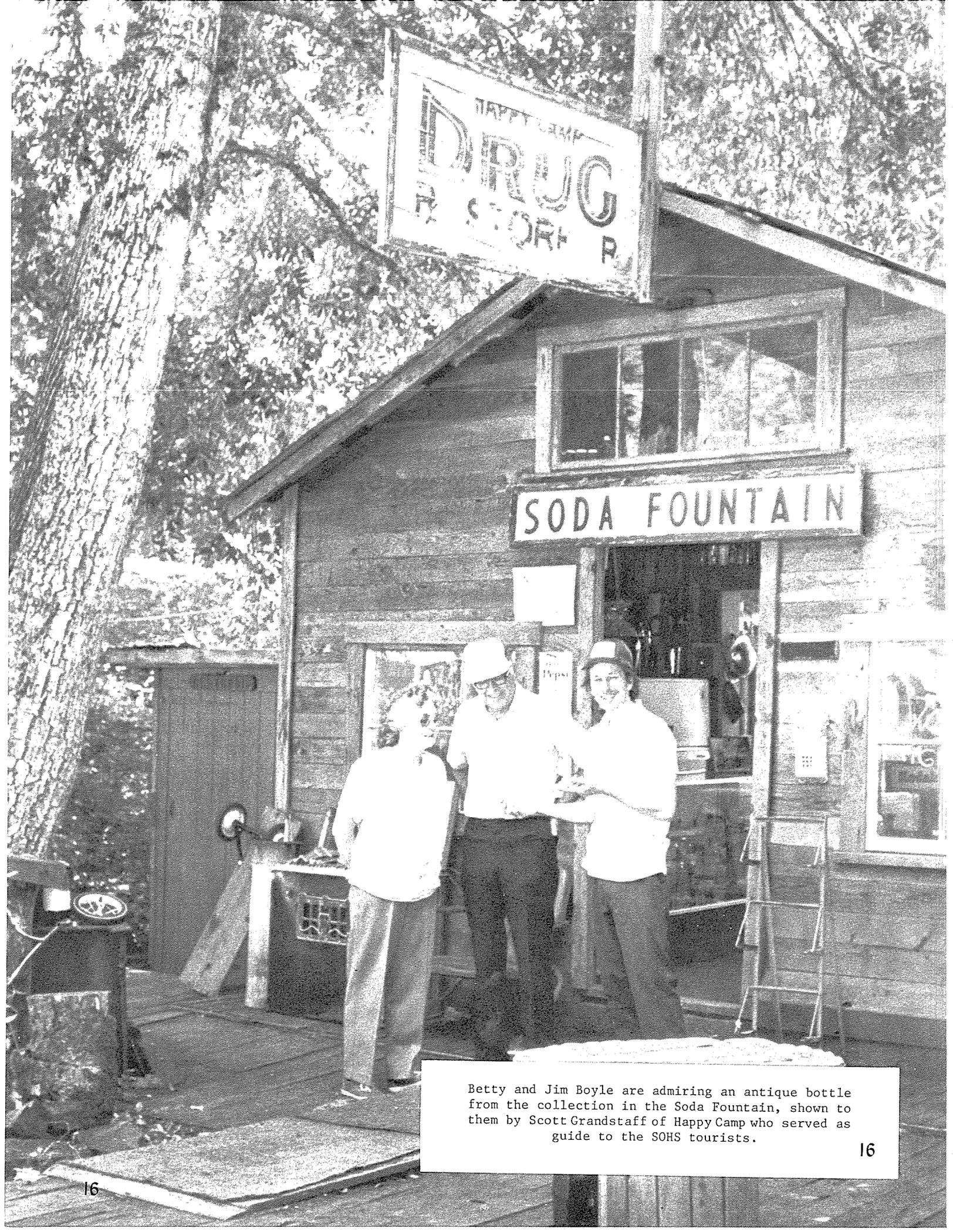
A buffet luncheon was served, liquid refreshments were brought from the old drug store soda fountain, and a beautiful wedding cake was cut and served. The event was planned and hosted by the Keversham's children and grandchildren.

Mr. Keversham, who is semi-retired, welcomes visitors.

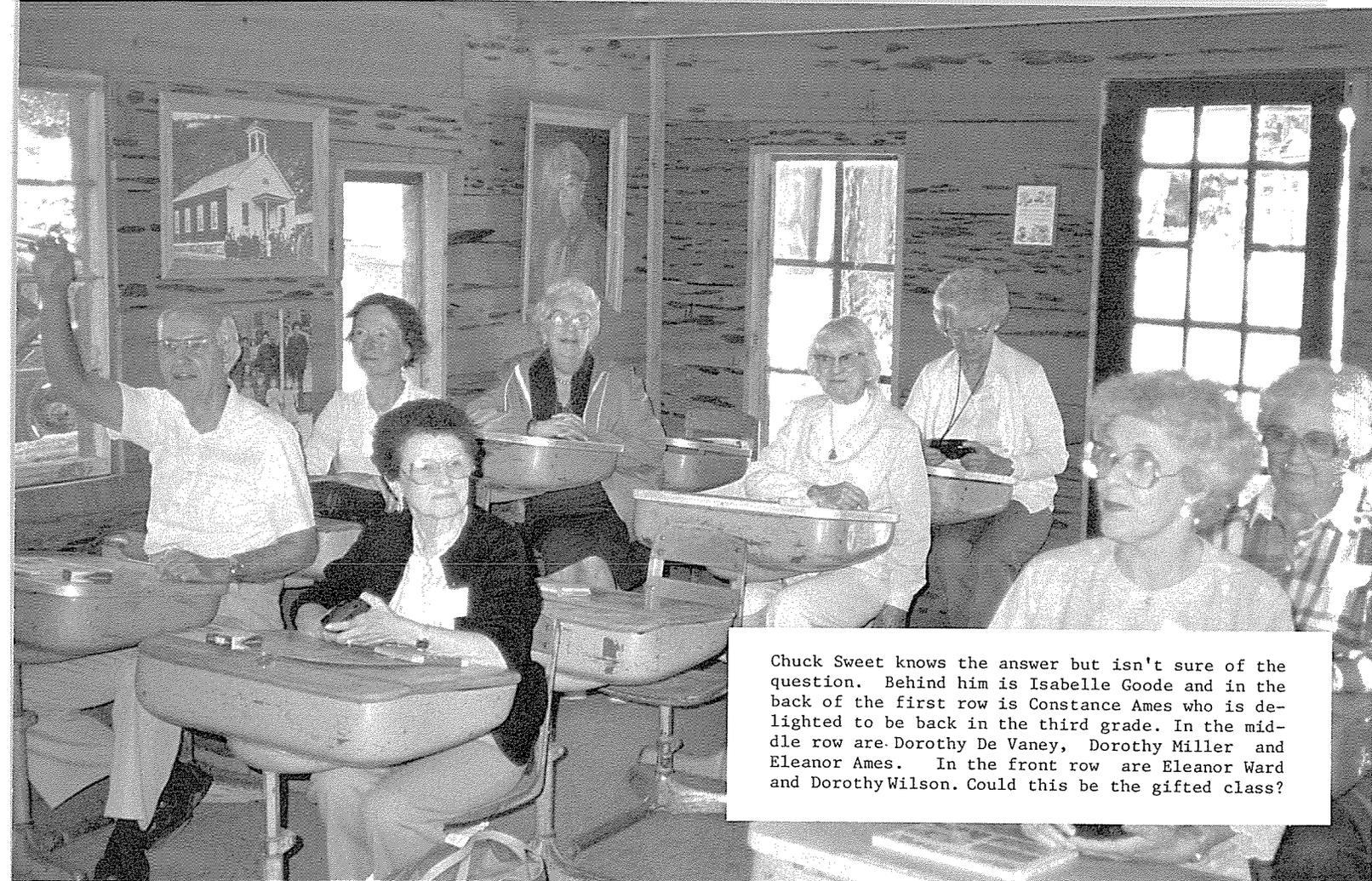
Above: A picture showing detail of the bottle house (Photo by Marjorie Edens).
Below: Eleanor Ward is assisted into the bus by Lamar Watkins on a recent SOHS tour to Happy Camp.

(Photograph by Thomas Kerr)





Betty and Jim Boyle are admiring an antique bottle from the collection in the Soda Fountain, shown to them by Scott Grandstaff of Happy Camp who served as guide to the SOHS tourists.

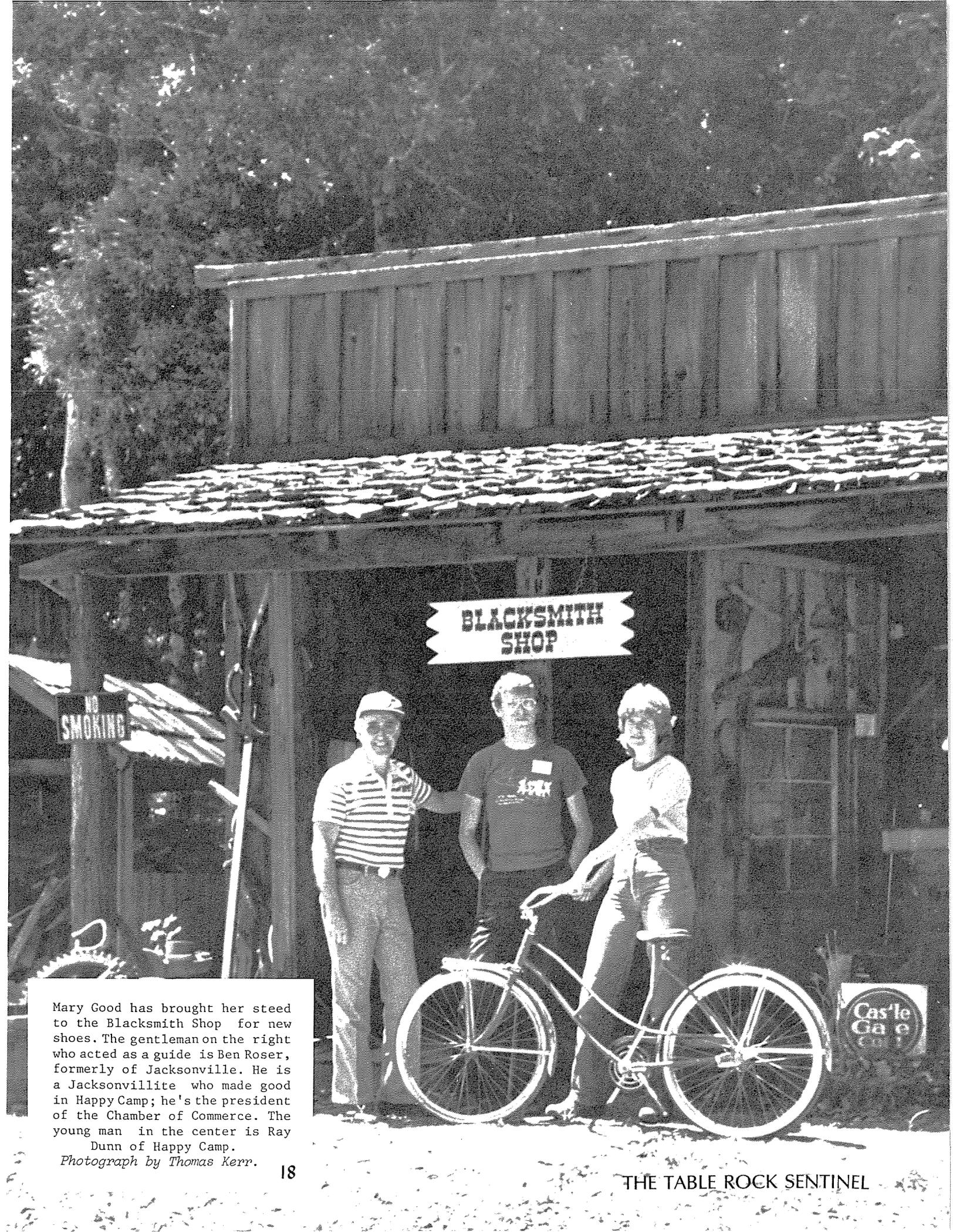


Chuck Sweet knows the answer but isn't sure of the question. Behind him is Isabelle Goode and in the back of the first row is Constance Ames who is delighted to be back in the third grade. In the middle row are Dorothy De Vaney, Dorothy Miller and Eleanor Ames. In the front row are Eleanor Ward and Dorothy Wilson. Could this be the gifted class?



There seems to be some controversy here about what is in the lunch pail that shouldn't be there. At the far left is Letha Sweet, Frances Bullard, middle, and Emmett Bullard, who may have already eaten one of the pesky things.

Photograph by Thomas Kerr



**BLACKSMITH
SHOP**

**NO
SMOKING**

**Castle
Gate**

Mary Good has brought her steed to the Blacksmith Shop for new shoes. The gentleman on the right who acted as a guide is Ben Roser, formerly of Jacksonville. He is a Jacksonvillite who made good in Happy Camp; he's the president of the Chamber of Commerce. The young man in the center is Ray

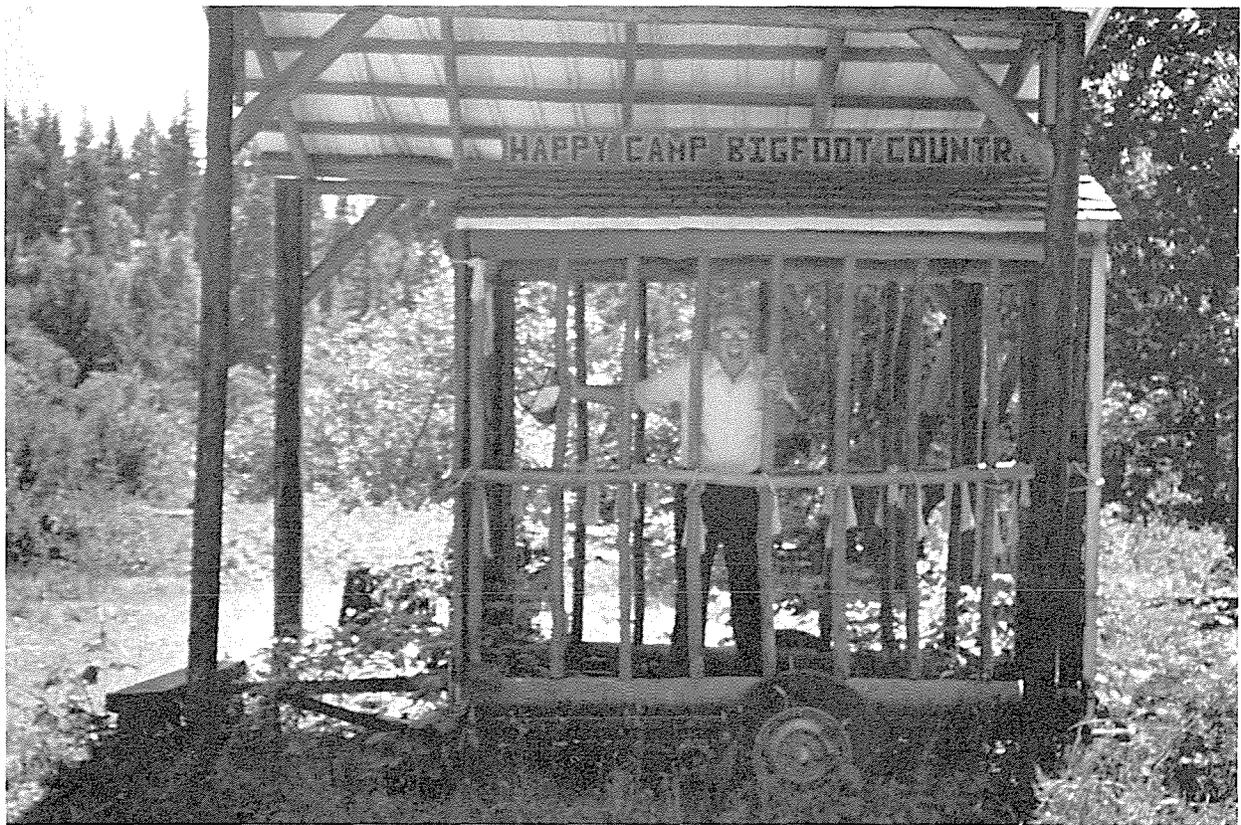
Dunn of Happy Camp.

Photograph by Thomas Kerr.



Milton Keversham displays a Red Cross lorry from World War II. The beautiful trees in the background give the little village its primitive quality as if it had been cut into the wilderness--as indeed it has.

Photograph by Thomas Kerr



Big Foot, above, is raging at his captivity. In a few moments he'll receive a tranquillizer dart in a sensitive spot, and he'll settle down abruptly. This cage has often appeared at the annual Bigfoot Jamboree. In 1980 Milton Kever-sham was declared Citizen of the Year. He was Grand Marshall in 1982.



Ray Lewis and Connie Ames take a welcome sit-down break at the Soda Fountain. This picture isn't very authentic. Where are Connie's poodle skirt and bobby sox?
(Tom Kerr photos)



Elbert D. Foudray Southern Gentleman

"**W**hen Elbert D. Foudray reached the advanced age of nearly eighty-three on November 5, 1903, he passed from the scenes of earth. He was one of the early pioneers whose brave shouldering of responsibility on the frontier will always inspire gratitude and admiration."* His obituary, written by James R. Neil, E.K. Anderson and William M. Mattus for the records of the Southern Oregon Pioneer Society, proclaims: "[He] was ever honest and faithful to his trust

* Portrait and Biographical Record, CHAPMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, p. 217.

and [at the end], surrounded by friends and those near and dear to him, he died. All that was mortal of him was laid to rest in the Phoenix [Oregon], Cemetery." The Reverend F.G. Strange delivered his eulogy and the host of friends and relatives standing around his grave in the cold Oregon drizzle did not doubt that his name would be eternally honored in southern Oregon for his contributions.

By 1903 the members of the Pioneer Society were no longer the hardy souls who had trailed across the unknown prairies to wrestle a civilization in the wilder-

ness, but as they grew older they became more aware of the roles they had played, and few of them ever thought that we would cease being grateful to them. They held annual meetings and invited eloquent orators to extoll them and were certain of their place in history. The world would remember and honor them and their deaths would remain forever poignant in memory. The family of Judge Page Paine Prim, for instance, was so sure of his significance that only his initials, P.P.P., were carved on his tombstone. A future generation who didn't know the identity of P.P.P. was unthinkable. But today the cemetery plots extend over acres and acres and few who wander about the grounds reading the messages on the stones wonder -- or care much -- about the life and love of Little Lydia, Ben, Maggie, Our Darlings, Beloved Adam, or any of the other hundreds whose deaths threw a cloud of mourning over the city.

But the first citizens *were* important and it is necessary and proper that we, at times, revive their histories so they don't become extinct. Elbert D. Foudray was a civic leader and an important citizen. During his time he fought Indians, led parades, served as guest orator and influenced the legislature. The fact that he isn't featured in the history books makes him a good subject for the newsletter.

He was born at Foudraysburg, Fleming County, Kentucky, on January 6, 1821. *The Oregon Sentinel*, in his obituary, reported he was of old Kentucky stock, which sounds like good bourbon and probably means he came from a distinguished family with a plantation, a verandah for serving juleps, a stable of thoroughbred racing stock, fields of cotton and a private community of slaves.

As an energetic young man, after finishing his schooling, he left home and went to Charleston, Virginia, where he clerked in a general merchandising house. Life in the south in the 1840s must have been very pleasant, and clerking was an admirable pursuit for a boy, but it was only a temporary position of course. After a couple of years he accepted a post as manager of a hotel in Charleston where he remained for six more years until 1848.

Leaving Charleston he went to New Or-

leans where gold excitement was disturbing the peace of the majority of the inhabitants. By this time he was 27 years of age, still single, having resisted the charms of the belles of Charleston, and was seeking a more adventurous life. He was certainly not immune to gold fever.

In March, 1849, signing on as an able-bodied seaman, he set sail for the west coast on the *St. Mary*, a merchant schooner. As crew member on a sailing vessel, he hoped for more excitement than the life of a hotel keeper had provided him. And he found it almost immediately. The little ship was beset by foul weather as it sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. Freak storms buffeted it and, navigating only at the whims of the wind and the currents, it barely escaped destruction. As it drifted willy-nilly about the gulf, the crew worked continually to repair the damages but at last the storms blew themselves out and the *St. Mary* made its way on its prescribed course. When the little ship reached Cape Horn it was again subjected to treacherous weather. Rounding the promontory required all the navigational skills the crew could muster. For seventy-four days -- well over two months -- the ship was driven back and forth about the cape by the hurricane winds and storms. The sturdy little vessel was constantly threatened with disaster and for all that time the crew was in continuing peril for their lives. At last the gales abated and the *St. Mary* could go on its way, but many days passed before she pulled into the port of San Francisco in the dead of winter, January, 1850. The trip had taken ten months, four more months than that required for the overland route across the plains. This answers the question which has sometimes been asked: Why did the pioneers trudge over the dusty Oregon trail when they might have booked a stateroom and taken a ship around the southern tip of South America?

Elbert Foudray's first business experience in the west was as a clerk in a grocery store in San Francisco. He held the position just long enough to acquire a nest egg to fall back on if his mining endeavors were unsuccessful. He first tried his luck on the Feather River "where he scooped up considerable

dust; but hearing of the rich mines on the Trinity, where the dirt never paid less than a dollar to the pan, he came north and worked on that stream and in the Weaver basin until late in 1850.*

He was 29 years of age and had not yet struck a rich vein. This would be totally discouraging when others a few feet away were periodically leaping into the air and hollering, "Eureka!" as they drove their picks into the mother lode and became rich for life. In 1851 he hung his goldpan and his digging tools on the fence and, with Benjamin T. Davis, started a pack train to haul supplies into the mines of Yreka. They purchased a string of thirty mules and went into a full-scale business.

In the fall of 1851, Foudray became clerk in a hotel at Marysville. The money he made was to be used to acquire more equipment and mules while his partner continued with the actual operation of the packing line. Although there were many pack trains in the west, there were also many miners and the market for supplies never let up. A heavy demand for flour sent Benjamin Davis on a trip to the Willamette valley for a load. This expedition ended in complete disaster: twenty-five of the mules were drowned in the Umpqua river and their packing business folding abruptly.

Foudray soon became dissatisfied with his position as clerk in a hotel where prospectors gathered and exchanged stories of strikes they had made, both real and imaginary, and threw money around as if they had a never-ending supply. He soon gave up the hotel business and returned to the mines.

Just at this time gold was discovered in Jackson Creek, and Table Rock City, soon to become Jacksonville, sprang up overnight. Joining the throng of prospectors who surged into southern Oregon, he tried his luck in both Jackson and Josephine counties, and even wandered into northern California, looking for bonanzas in Cottonwood Creek, north of Yreka, and in the areas around Althouse and Sucker creeks. His luck was far from spectacular although he searched in all the right places.

In 1852 the Rogue Indians became waspish. They could tolerate miners temporarily cluttering up their hunting

* Oregon Sentinel, April 30, 1879.

grounds and muddying the creeks, but settlers who intended to make permanent homes in Indian lands, were not to be endured. As the Indians began sniping at lone travelers and threatening people who lived in isolated and remote cabins, the settlers took refuge in forts and full scale warfare erupted. Although many of the miners continued their solitary search for gold, the danger drove many others to seek safety in the mining camps.

Elbert Foudray returned to Jacksonville where he again established a pack train, this time to take supplies to the soldiers and volunteers. He continued this project until Captain John surrendered to General Lane in 1853.

At the close of hostilities he did not return to the mine fields. He stayed on in Jacksonville and was employed as a bookkeeper in the firm of Anderson and Glenn, who jointly owned a flour mill. In addition to this activity, he became city clerk for Jacksonville, a position he retained until 1860.

During that year he became a joint owner of the flour mill at Phoenix in partnership with Anderson and Glenn. These two men soon gave up their share of the Phoenix mills, leasing them to Elbert Foudray, who became sole owner.

THE DEBATE*

In 1857 Jackson County was strongly in favor of slavery, but anti-slavery orators were extremely persuasive. The citizens were swayed in spite of their early prejudices. To combat this influence, the pro-slavery leaders proposed a public debate. E.D. Foudray and S.M. Wait were the proponents; Orange Jacobs and Samuel Culver took the negative stand. T.W. Davenport, in an article, "Slavery Question in Oregon," reported the debate. He wrote: "Mr. Foudray was a Kentuckian of education and ability, one of the best-known businessmen in the county, a man of large influence, of good presence and possessing that peculiar dignity claimed for high-toned southern gentlemen. Mr. Wait was the owner of the flouring mill at Phoenix."

Mr. Foudray and his partner stood for slavery and against free Negroes; the

* The article appeared in Vol. 58, 1957, of the Oregon Historical Society Journal.

negative side took their stand against slavery and for free Negroes. The debate was held in Phoenix, the building was packed to overflowing -- many standing within hearing distance around it. There was no recording secretary to write down the words of the debaters, but the arguments were so strongly put forth by both sides that members of the audience remembered them for years afterward. Some of Mr. Foudray's sentiments, selected from Davenport's essay, reveal his character and divulge his partisan stand on slavery. Orange Jacobs made a powerful rebuttal.

Foudray made the introductory address and stated he did not propose to make slaves of anybody who was then free; nor would he ask for a revival of the African slave trade. But, he stated, slavery was a fact, under the protection of the law, and if those already in slavery were put to service to help cultivate farms and tend their duties about the plantation, they would be better off, and the farmers would have cheap labor which they could never have so long as gold mining paid a free laborer better wages than the farmer could afford. The southern states had become rich and powerful using slaves and if the plantation owners were forced to pay salaries to laborers, they would face ruin. The southern way of life, as it was then known would be a thing of the past. Without the wealthy land-owners of the south, the north would also suffer. After these points, Mr. Foudray launched into a rambling oration about the evils of free blacks, equality and miscegenation.

Mr. Colver followed him and attacked his statements. He too had lived in the south, but he could not agree with Mr. Foudray. Mr. Wait repeated his partner's arguments, but was overshadowed by the fiery anti-slavery oration made by Orange Jacobs.

In complete accord with his partner, Sam Colver, he declared that the question was not whether there should be more or fewer slaves in the United States but whether or not Oregonians should introduce slavery as a feature of their political and social institutions. "Consider the slave-holding states," he said, "where the privilege of keeping men in bondage is a feature of

society. The southern people censor the press and prohibit free speech to maintain a system that is morally wrong. Depend upon it, slavery in Oregon will be no different from slavery in Kentucky. Let no one deceive himself as to that matter. The bloodhound will be here to track the fugitive, and their discordant noises will be heard in the mountains and canyons of our serenely beautiful valleys. So will the auction block, the cat-o-nine-tails, the branding iron, the manacles and the slavedriver who heeds no human tie, fraternal, paternal, filial or marital as applicable to the slave."

The debate made a profound impression upon the audience. It was a vote-maker for the anti-slavery cause and it must have turned the scale in Jackson County, as the election returns showed a majority of 21 for freeing the slaves while the free Negro was excluded from the Oregon Territory by a vote of sixteen to one. In a poll of 837 voters in Jackson County only 46 were willing that the blacks should be free to live in Oregon and pursue a chosen avocation.

Mr. Davenport wrote: "And without asking whether the time will ever come when the Negro shall be treated as a man and a brother entitled to equal rights, let it be set down as a fact that, in the year 1857, only 46 white men in Jackson County had the humanity and courage to declare such a conviction.

The general opinion was that Orange Jacobs had easily outtalked the Democrat members of the team. It was agreed that Foudray and Wait had made a poor showing, but the fact that Foudray was on the losing side of the debate had little effect on his reputation as a public spirited citizen and a southern gentleman. Even before he settled down in the tender bonds of marriage, he was regarded as a dignitary and a person of consequence in southern Oregon.

In Phoenix Elbert Foudray met Sarah Abi Colver. She was seventeen; he was forty. As a little girl of eight she had crossed the plains in 1850 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Colver, and Hiram's brother, Samuel Colver. After spending a couple of years in the Willamette valley they

moved in the spring of 1852 to the Rogue River Valley and settled on Donation Land Claims near Phoenix. Sarah Abi was ten years old and grew to young womanhood in southern Oregon. She was second in a family of seven children. Her father was not strong and did not long survive the rigors of pioneer life. He died in 1858. His wife survived him until 1891, dying at the age of seventy-seven.

Elbert Foudray, who had avoided romance for so long, was immediately smitten and began paying court to the young lady. In 1862 they were married.

For the next eight years he and Sarah Abi lived in Phoenix, and Foudray continued the operation of the flour mill until 1869.

In that year he fell upon bad times. Thinking to enlarge the mill and increase its volume of business, he borrowed several thousand dollars. The winter of 1868 was especially rough and the spring and summer season of 1869 were disastrously dry. Farmers, relying on crops to keep them solvent, faced a total loss. Miners, who needed water to pan for gold, were idle. Without their patronage, many businesses failed, and Elbert Foudray was unable to make payments on his loan. A letter from Sarah Abi to her sister Martha graphically describes their predicament.

Phoenix, Oregon
May 6, 1869

Dear Sister and Brother,

...We are entirely broke up, we are worse than broke up we cannot pay our debts. Instead of making seven or eight thousand dollars we have lost that much. There was never such hard times known in Jackson County before. The miners have not had water enough this winter to make their coffee let alone mining. This pretty winter has played hob with us all. Mr. Foudray has taken advantage of the bankrupt law in order to pay his debts, then we will be clear of debt by law but not in reality. I think we will owe about four thousand dollars more than our property will sell for these hard times, Mr. Foudray has spent a grand fortune here in Gasburg speculating and we have come out of the little end of the horn at last our property will be sold to the highest bidder this fall and who ever gets it will get a good bargain and splendid property, we have put eight thousand dollars worth of work on it since we have had it. It will make some one an independent fortune when the railroad comes through. If we could keep it we would, but



Sarah Abi Colver Foudray

we are too far gone now to think of such a thing. It is interest money that has broke us up. We have paid twenty three thousand dollars interest since we bought the mill. This is what has played us out with other bad luck to tedious to mention. ...Mr. Foudray estimates it as being worth Twenty thousand dollars and expect it to sell for half its value if not less, these hard times. I will close hoping you are all well my health is poor...Mr. Foudray wrote to everybody about his property to post every one that he knew that it was to be sold this fall to the highest bidder.

Yours truly,
Sarah Foudray *

In 1855 Foudray had been elected Representative from Jackson County on the Democratic ticket. This political post provided a living for the Foudrays. Sell-

* From a collection of letters written by members of the Samuel Colver family. The correspondence has been kept in the family for over a hundred years and copies were given to SOHS by Bette Hyde of Jacksonville.

ing his mill at a fraction of its worth, he and Sarah Abi moved to Jacksonville, then the center of political activity in the county.

He soon became well-known for his stand on law and order, having no tolerance for law breakers or unscrupulous citizens. In 1871 he received a special commission from Governor Grover, and, armed with a requisition, went to Salt Lake City where he arrested a former Secretary of State, Samuel E. May, who had failed to pay a debt to the State. Elbert Foudray brought him back to Oregon to face trial.

The editor of the *Portrait and Biographical Record* wrote, "It was principally through his influence in the legislature in 1866 that the bill was introduced advocating the building of the railroad through Phoenix."

In 1872 he was appointed to the post of Deputy Sheriff under Henry Klippel. He became a greatly respected deputy and a favorite citizen of the county seat. While he was in the sheriff's office, he raided a gambling house where gambling laws were being violated, and, at his insistence, the court donated the heavy fines to the Jacksonville school to "augment the school fund."

When his term of deputy sheriff expired, he opened a mercantile business in Jacksonville, which he left when the governor appointed him aide to General John Ross who had returned to active soldiering at the outbreak of the Modoc War in 1873. He was given the rank of Captain.

When the war ended, Foudray returned to his store, but in June, 1876, sold it after he was elected County Clerk. He served in this capacity for two terms --or four years--and afterwards officiated as justice of the peace for six years. At the same time he accepted a position as Recorder for the city of Jacksonville.

Many improvements in county affairs were traceable to his support and assistance. His name was frequently in the local papers which faithfully reported his activities. In 1878 the *Democratic Times* announced: "E.D. Foudray is officiating as County Clerk in the absence of E.B. Watson."

On August 7, 1878, the *Oregon Sentinel* wrote: "E.D. Foudray and K. Kubli went

over to Beaver Creek last Saturday. They have employed several men to commence work at their cinnabar mines in that locality."

The *Sentinel* again, in February, 1879, reported: "Mr. E.D. Foudray has been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Recorder U.S. Hayden. The appointment has given universal satisfaction."

Sentinel, January 1, 1881: "E.D. Foudray has been ill at his residence with erysipelas but is now improving!"

The *Sentinel*, September 1881, featured a news story about the funeral parade honoring the assassinated President James A. Garfield.* "A committee was appointed to write the obituary resolutions. The group was made up of Judge E.B. Watson, Charles Nickell, E. D. Foudray and William M. Turner. These four men were high on the scale of exemplary citizens -- two editors, a judge and Elbert Foudray. Foudray also served in the funeral cortege as an honorary pall bearer.

While he was active in these county and city positions, he built and operated another flouring mill, this time in Jacksonville, in partnership with Thomas McKenzie. In 1890 he retired and he and Sarah Abi returned to their home in Phoenix. As a simon pure Democrat, he continued to be vitally interested in the party, attending every Democratic convention. He was acknowledged as party leader and was nominated as Representative in 1892.

On November 5, 1903, he died at his home and was buried in the old Phoenix Cemetery. Sarah Abi survived him for nearly five and a half years; she died in May 1909. Mrs. Rebecca Moore, Mrs. A.H. Russell, and Mrs. Mary Hoffman Vining wrote her obituary. They said, "We have laid our dear pioneer sister in her last resting place by the side of her husband.

She is gone but not forgotten."

Raymond Lewis



VISIT THE MUSEUM GIFT SHOP!!

There are several wonderful books awaiting your visit to the Jacksonville Museum Gift Shop. Shown at left are Southern Oregon: Short Trips Into History, by Marjorie O'Harra and Lincoln On The Green Springs, by Anne Foley.

Both of these local history books were published by our Society and both have received very favorable reviews.

O'Harra's book sells for \$11.95 and the Foley book for \$3.95. As members, you receive a 15% discount. We'll also be pleased to mail a copy for an additional \$1.00 handling charge.

You'll enjoy both these glimpses into our past!

Photographs by Doug Smith.

TRUSTEES TO HOLD JULY MEETINGS

The Board of Trustees of the Southern Oregon Historical Society will hold two meetings during the month of July. The first will be held at The Willows Farm Museum, 1053 Hanley Road on Thursday evening, July 17, 6:30PM for the purpose of discussing the development plan for the Willows.

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held in the auditorium of the Jackson County Courthouse, Courthouse Square, Medford at 7:30PM on Tuesday evening, July 22, at 7:30PM. Both meetings are open to the public



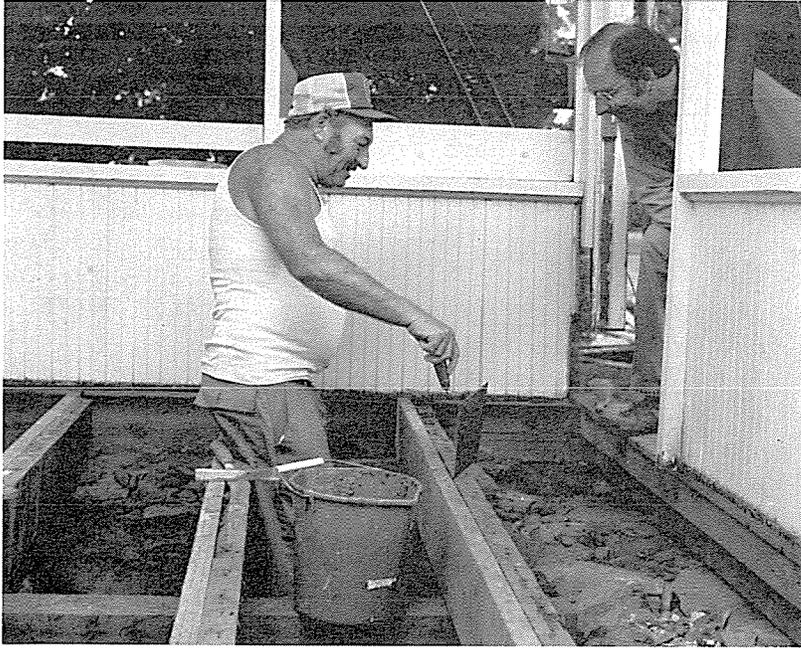
NEW PEAR LABEL PLATE OFFERED

Real Property Management, Inc. owners of the Medford Shopping Center, have produced a wonderful new pear label commemorative plate in cooperation with our Society. This beautiful china plate features a full-color reproduction of the "Flying Pear" label of Oregon Orchards.

This label from the 1920's, was produced by Mr. John Tomlin and was one of the earliest. The 1986 plate is the first in a series of 40 and each plate is numbered and has a history of the label printed on the back side.

The plate is available in the Jacksonville Museum Gift Shop for \$19.95 (sorry, no discounts) with the proceeds going to our Society. Only 500 were produced and more than 100 have already been sold so be certain to stop by and get yours soon!





THE WILLOWS RECEIVES A FACELIFT

If you've passed The Willows lately, you've probably noticed that the buildings are receiving a new coat of white paint.

In addition, we've been doing some much needed restoration work on the wood shed addition to the house and the side porch. After more than 110 years of service, dry rot, wet rot and insects had taken their toll on the framing which had to be replaced.

Shown on the left is Chris Miller, the resident caretaker, repointing the stone foundation, and Byron Ferrell, the Society's Curator of Maintenance.

Photograph by Doug Smith.

DON'T FORGET OUR SPECIAL EVENTS

★ Due to the pending Conditional Use Permit for The Willows Farm Museum, it is still not known at press time if we will be able to open the farm to the public during July. Please watch your local newspapers for announcements. We are certainly hopeful that The Willows will be open for "Farm Days" on Sunday, July 27, but we'll have to let you know later.

★ We currently have a wonderful new exhibit, *Picture That*, featuring children's literature. The exhibit is located in the Pinto Gallery of the Children's Museum and will continue through September 28.

★ On August 14, the Society will sponsor a *Mystery Bus Trip* to a local historical sight. This is always one of the most enjoyable of our Society-sponsored trips, and we're certain you'll want to be included. Call Marjorie Edens or Marian Lahr at 899-1847 to sign up. We'll leave the Jacksonville Museum at 10 AM and the cost is \$28 which includes a gourmet lunch! There aren't many spaces left so call today.

In the travel department of the July, 1986, issue of *Connoisseur* magazine is an article on Dumbarton Oaks:

"Dumbarton Oaks is a super-gem, well worth seeing. A handsome house and 16 acres on R Street at 31st Street, N.W. It was the site of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in 1944. Besides its beautiful gardens, it has a unique library and museum devoted exclusively to early Christian & Byzantine art. Many icons. Also has America's finest Pre-Columbian art collection, library and museum.

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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