

# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY





In the photo above, taken by Natalie Brown, Esther Randle, a receptionist at the Jacksonville Museum, practices resuscitation on poor Armless Annie. Sharon Lumsden, manager of the gift shop, looks on sympathetically. It'll be her turn next. But Annie looks pretty well done-in with all this amateur pumping and prodding. The exercise is part of a class in CPR -- Cardio-Pulmonary-Resuscitation -- and the Heiml Method given to all employees who work with the public. The training is a state requirement.

The ladies in the cover photograph, taken by Abell and Son in Portland, are Jacksonville misses. This is a wedding picture of Fanchon Dowell, on the left, who became Mrs. George McCay Love. The matron of honor, right, is her sister, Annabel Dowell Bannon. They're wearing big dresses so they can display lots of ruffles, ribbons, sashes, trains, blackberry bushes and a couple of salads.

#### THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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**F**or more than thirty years David Linn was a prominent merchant and manufacturer in Jacksonville, running a planing mill and carpenter's shop and manufacturing furniture. *The Portrait and Biographical Record* says of him:

He was honest, upright and straightforward in all of his transactions, and enjoyed to the full the confidence of all who knew him, be it in an industrial, business, social or fraternal way.

We are familiar with the over-blown phrases used to describe a dear departed as a paragon of all virtue. These neatly contrived descriptions appear in many obituaries, and the researcher makes short work of them, wading through the glowing terms, to get to the spicier and more honest part of the biography.

But in David Linn's case the adjectives really apply. His character was apparently above reproach. The *Democratic Times* and the *Oregon Sentinel* feature no items telling of his involvement in petty litigation, suspicious business deals and quarrels with his neighbors. If David Linn had such foibles no one recorded them. He obviously lived by the Golden Rule. There are such men.

**A** son of William Linn, he was born October 28, 1826, in Guernsey County, Ohio. His father, a native of Virginia, was a gatekeeper on the Ohio National Road for fourteen years, and eventually accumulated enough money to invest in land which he farmed until his death. He had married Margaret Gray and they had a family of eight children, five sons and three daughters. David was the oldest son. Members of the Linn family were staunch Democrats, and the father, William, was active in politics, being one of the leading Andrew Jackson Democrats of his day.

David Linn was educated in the common schools of Ohio. He began to learn the carpenter's trade while he was still a boy, and was self supporting at the age of 14. When he was eighteen he served as an apprentice with an uncle, remaining at home with his parents the entire time. His mechanical skills and his artistry in cabinet making were exceptional for a young man and he found employment in a fanning mill manufactory.\* He worked at this profession in Muscatine, Iowa, and

\* *The Random House Dictionary* tells us that a fanning mill is "an agricultural machine for winnowing grain by the action of riddles and sieves and an air blast." Manufacturing the things must have been a round of pleasure, especially with all those riddles and that air blast.





in Albany, Illinois.

By 1850, however, like most of the other settlers who became Jacksonville's first citizens, he was fascinated with tales of the discovery of gold in the west, and in the spring of 1851, when he was 25, he and one of his shop mates set off across the plains to Oregon, bringing with them three yoke of oxen and a cow. They arrived in Portland, via the Dalles, after a journey of six months.

David Linn had brought with him as many tools as he could manage to pack, and upon his arrival at Portland with little funds, he immediately began looking for work in his line. He was advised that people in Oregon City needed mechanics so he moved to that young settlement and found employment at once. His stay there was only temporary as his intention was to try his luck in the gold fields. Stories of fabulous strikes found around Yreka were rife, and he decided to go there.

Finding a pack horse sturdy enough to

carry his tools and supplies proved to be a difficult task. He was unable to find such a horse in Oregon City, but finally obtained one in Salem. Packing such heavy equipment around rough mountain trails would have been a super chore for a horse. Such a heavy load would have required an animal as rugged and powerful as a Percheron. But David Linn was persistent and ingenious, and like others assailed by gold fever, he managed to reach the gold fields with all his equipment.

At Humbug Creek he located a claim and realized considerable success in a short time. He added to his fortune as well at Yreka Flats where he mined until 1852. Just at that time gold was discovered in Daisy Creek at southern Oregon and overnight Table Rock City, later Jacksonville, sprang into being. This region along Jackson Creek became the most active and productive of the entire district, and, although the gold was found mostly on the surface, there were extensive fields of it. Jacksonville soon took on an air of permanence.

Returning to southern Oregon David Linn became one of the original settlers. He was caught up in the establishment of the new little town. Nestled in the hills, unspoiled by civilization and populated with people who had to be friendly and helpful to get along in the wilderness, Jacksonville offered many opportunities to the pioneers, and David Linn enjoyed being part of it. In *The Centennial History of Oregon* the author writes, "No name is more closely identified with every movement in the individual [advancement] of southern Oregon than that of David Linn." He was in the Big Bar encounter on Rogue River, the first significant fight in the continuing battle with the Indians, and he also took part in the battle at Evans Creek in 1852.

Setting up his cherished tools in a crude carpentry shop, he began making cradles and sluice boxes used by the prospectors and constructed sheds and cabins for the throngs arriving in the boom town. He also began turning out simple furniture for the new houses he had built. There was an instant demand

for his services and his products. People who had disposed of all their possessions in the east and had stored only bare necessities in the beds of their Conestoga wagons were eager to buy chairs and tables and beds.

Another mechanic, Mr. Burpee, had arrived in Jacksonville at the same time. He too opened a small shop and began making articles similiar to those made by David Linn. Realizing there was enough business in the thriving little town for both and that there was no need for competition, the two men joined forces and formed a partnership, Burpee and Linn. The association was continued for three or four years until David Linn decided to establish his own business.

In 1854 he acquired property on the corner of California and Oregon streets, the site of the present telephone company building, and built a frame building, 40' x 80', two stories high. Fletcher Linn, David Linn's son, described the factory in his memoirs:

The lower floor was used for furniture display and sales room. The upper floor was used for storage and as a finishing room. Adjoining this building, on the north, he built a factory building, 50' x 120'. It can be seen in early photographs taken by Peter Britt.

In the factory were two circular saw tables, a head planer, jig saws, a turning lathe and work benches and tables. In the north end was a cabinet shop with tools, stove and glue pots. The boiler and the engine room were on the east side and adjoining the factory building. This structure contained the grind stones and equipment for repairs and upkeep. The plant kept a small crew of twelve to fifteen men, a pretty fair crew in those days. They constructed many of the houses and stores in early Jacksonville.

In 1856, according to Fletcher Linn, David Linn returned to Ohio and purchased a small saw mill. It was shipped to New York, where it was loaded on a sailing vessel and taken



around Cape Horn to San Francisco. There it was transferred to another small boat and taken to Winchester Bay at the mouth of the Umpqua River, and from there hauled by ox-team to Jacksonville, where it arrived just two years after he had purchased it. It was probably the first steam sawmill in the state.

Chris Ulrich and John S. Huffer were put in charge of the machine room; an Englishman, Mr. Lawrence, managed the cabinet or finishing room. The machinery was driven by an engine on top of the boiler and generated about 30 or 40 horse power and all the machines were driven by leather belts.

David Linn purchased from the government a small stand of pine trees about two miles out of town, and pine was used almost exclusively in his cabinet shop. Fletcher Linn and his brothers cut and hauled the wood during the summer months. Most of David Linn's furniture was plain enough to be almost primitive. He made kitchen tables, drop leaf dining room

tables, raw-hide bottom chairs and rockers and spool beds as well as accepting a great deal of contract work.

For a number of years SOHS has had three pieces of furniture in its collection alleged to have been made by David Linn. In his memoirs Fletcher Linn wrote: "These items were made in my father's factory in 1860, 1864 and 1870 and were designed and finished by...Mr. Lawrence. They are proof of the high quality work done by these pioneer producers." A food safe is on display in the Beekman house.

In 1981 the Oregon Historical Society in Portland put on permanent loan with SOHS three additional pieces which had been given to them. Upon discovering letters from Fletcher Linn in which he expressed the wish that this furniture should become part of the SOHS collection, officials of the OHS made the generous transfer. These items are a parlor table, a secretary and a chiffonier. Several other objects are owned by people who live in the valley. The staircases at the museum and at the McCully house are prime examples of his work.

Not the least of Linn's business was the construction of coffins. They were made of pine, covered with black velvet and properly trimmed with drop handles, thumb screws and plates. They were nicely lined with white muslin and properly padded. The price of a coffin for a child was about \$20; for an adult, not over \$50. These prices included a rough box to be used as an outside cover for the casket. Making and trimming a coffin required about six to eight hours. Many were made at night if they were to be picked up by people who lived some distance away.

David Linn married Anna Sophia Hoffman in 1860. She was the third of six daughters\* born to Squire William Hoffman and his devoted wife Caroline, two of the most respected and beloved pioneers in southern Oregon. The Hoffman family had crossed the plains in 1853 when Anna Sophia was 11. In Jacksonville Squire Hoffman and his brother-in-law, Dr. McKinnell, tried

\*Mary Henrietta Vining, Julia Elizabeth Beekman, Anna Sophia Linn, Emma Arilia Dorris, Florence Ella Whipp and Kate Freeman Hoffman

their hands at running a sawmill, an endeavor that soon proved to be unsuccessful. Their second enterprise was a farm which they gave up after they had lost a couple of thousand dollars. With the failure of the farm, Dr. McKinnell left the Rogue River Valley and moved to Portland where he successfully reestablished his medical practice. The good squire, who, it would seem, made it to the Rogue River Valley with plenty of money for speculation, purchased land on an elevated knoll at the foot of the cemetery hill, where the TouVelle house now stands. There he had a large home built which was remodeled later by Judge TouVelle from plans drawn up by Mrs. TouVelle with the assistance of Frank C. Clark, the distinguished architect.

William Hoffman was nominated for the office of county auditor under the Territorial government and also became a justice of the peace. When Oregon became a state, he was elected County Clerk, acted as U.S. Commissioner, land agent and representative of several insurance companies. He had his office in David Linn's factory.

Anna Sophia and David Linn had seven children, three girls and four boys. They were Corrine, Margaret, William, Fletcher, George, Mary and James.

Linn was a man of many and varied interests. He was an enthusiastic Democrat and served in several public offices. Appointed county treasurer in 1854, he acted in this capacity for a period of fourteen years. For eight years of that time he made annual trips to Salem overland on horseback, carrying from \$12,000 to \$14,000 in currency and gold to the State Treasurer. Today the assignment would come with a fully equipped armored car and a couple of security agents. But David Linn decided no one would expect a lone traveler on the trails to be carrying that much money in his saddle bags, and he did not, in fact, attract the attention of any brigands in all those years.

In 1863 he accepted the sub-contract for building Fort Klamath and took his sawmill over the Greensprings trail in order to get out the lumber. The mill was used to square the logs used in the erection of the buildings. In addition





*Fletcher Linn with his prize-winning tomato.*

to the administration buildings and barracks, he constructed homes for the married officers and men.

After James Sutton, editor of the *Oregon Sentinel* and founder of the *Ashland Tidings*, had given Crater Lake the name which eventually stuck, the beautiful lake began to be publicized throughout the United States. Considerable interest was aroused and people began to wonder about the formation of the lake, the depth of the water, and its source and outlet. Wizard Island was a curiosity and a temptation, and many explorers who made the difficult trip to the rim, yearned to be first to set foot on the island. In 1869, David Linn built a boat in sections, and with a party of others from Jacksonville and Fort Klamath, packed it to the lake. With great difficulty the parts were lowered to the rim where David Linn reassembled them to make a navigable craft. The party of men boarded the little boat, circled the lake and stopped at Wizard Island to explore the crater within the crater. They were possibly the first men to take a

boat ride on the lake. Some Indian may have managed to get his canoe on the water in ages past, but the Indians avoided the area. They felt it was occupied with an unfriendly spirit and consequently skirted around it.

In addition to his other civic duties David Linn was a member of the Jacksonville city council, served as Mayor and was school director for many years. Early on he had purchased a ranch of 160 acres a mile or so out of town, and there cultivated apple orchards. On this ranch he established a large fruit dryer and evaporator.

The facts above are documented in Linn family records and biographical sketches in the museum library, but the exact year when the family left the Linn ranch to move to Jacksonville is pure guesswork as are the reasons for the move. Serving as furniture manufacturer, house builder, farmer and orchardist, politician, official of the city government, member in good standing in the Masonic Lodge, school director and heaven knows what else, Linn surely had to move on an efficient schedule. No doubt he eventually decided a home for his family right in the center of town would be a convenience. His children, becoming older and more social minded, surely helped advance the idea. Squire Hoffman owned land on both sides of the street and he may have given Anna Sophia Linn the property and encouraged David Linn to build there.

In any event sometime around 1883 David Linn built a handsome two story home two blocks from his factory and lived there with his family, or what remained of it at that time, until his death. The house is no longer standing.

In September, 1888, the manufacturing plant burned. The local paper announced:

#### FIRE IN JACKSONVILLE

An alarm of fire aroused our citizens at about 3 o'clock a.m. on Tuesday morning. The fire originated in the furniture factory of David Linn. The house of Mr. Plymale as well as that of Mr. Fisher occupied by Mr. Joseph Soloman, were soon ignited and burned rapidly. The occupants losing most of their furniture, bedclothing, etc. Only superhuman exertions of our citizens saved the whole town from being burned. At this writing no serious injuries are reported. Too much praise cannot be accorded to our gallant fire boys, assisted by the citizens. The loss will probably foot up about \$15,000, with no insurance. Citizens from the country for several miles around were soon on the ground.

Orth's brick was damaged some, the fire getting

pretty good headway upon the roof, but was saved by hard work.

A row of Chinese shanties was among the burned property. They belonged to Thomas Chavner and Max Muller.

D. Linn places his loss at about \$7000, with not a cent of insurance. Within a month he has added a large new steam engine and much valuable furniture stock. The engine was not entirely ruined. It is not stated whether Mr. Linn will immediately rebuild.

Mr. Plymale lost all his household goods and the loss falls heavily upon him.

Many think the fire was incendiary, though there is no clue to any wretch who would perpetuate such a deed.

At the time of the fire David Linn was 62. With no insurance and without the enthusiasm of youth, he decided not to rebuild the plant and from then on confined his attention to his furniture business alone until he sold it in 1903.



*Margaret and Corrine (Maggie and Cora)*

He had not disposed of the Linn ranch and upon retirement from the furniture shop he renewed his interest in his orchards and his agricultural endeavors. He also became a stockholder in the Jacksonville Milling and Mining Company and was its president and business manager. The company developed and operated a large quartz mine about two miles out of Jacksonville.

Of his seven children Corrine and Margaret did not marry. Mary, the youngest daughter married Louis Gay and moved to Portland and later to Seattle. Her husband was engaged in the furniture business having spent several years acquiring experience with Fletcher Linn. The Gays had one daughter, Jane, who married Byron Hartley, "a fine successful young businessman in Seattle."\*

William, the first son, never very strong, died of tuberculosis in 1883. He was only twenty. Consumption was a frightening thing. Each year it took a tremendous toll and sometimes entire families seemed to develop a weakness to the dreaded disease. At the time when there was no known cure, young people and old, strong people and weak, were victims. The bereaved could only accept an untimely death as God's will and try not to question it. William was well-liked by everyone and at his death, the entire town went into mourning. After the service at the Linn house, his remains were taken to the cemetery in a horse-drawn hearse, and a throng of people followed on foot, including the entire lodge of C and H (Champions of Honor), in full regalia, and the Silver Cornet Band with their instruments draped in mourning and the drums muffled. William Linn had been a member of the group and at the close of the service, as the attendants began covering the grave with dirt, the musicians played "Nearer My God to Thee." Jacksonville mourners were not ones to overlook an opportunity to put the entire city into tears, and they outdid themselves at William Linn's funeral.

In April 1900 the youngest son, James R. died also of this malady. He had been an active, sturdy young man, in-

\* Fletcher Linn





*William Linn*

terested in strenuous sports and physical activities. As a young man he became fascinated with the Rogue River Valley Railroad, and occasionally assisted the engineer. At one time, while he was coupling cars at the depot in Medford, he was suddenly struck by the engine which, by some misunderstanding of the signals, was jolted backward before he could get out of the way. Thrown onto the side of the tracks, he suffered a compound fracture of the leg.

After the broken leg was set and had healed, he continued to limp, but there seemed to be no other bad effects. He entered the University of Oregon where he participated in athletics and was one of the group of students who organized the University Athletic Club. After

his graduation he worked as a traveling agent for the Oregon Furniture Company in Portland. In a few years his strength sagged and his case was diagnosed as tuberculosis. Giving up his position, he returned to Jacksonville. The broken leg may have had no effect on his health, but the citizens were certain "at that time the fatal seeds of the dread disease were implanted in his system. Hopes were entertained that under the genial climate of his home surroundings his health would improve,"\* but his homecoming brought no improvement in his health and he continued to weaken until he died at the age of 26.

The town again went into mourning. His obituary declared "Jim was one of the best hearted boys in the country, always in good humor, sociable and courteous, and a favorite with all who knew him. This is the second son of the family that has fallen prey to this dread disease."

The tribute concluded:

The funeral was one of the largest that Jacksonville has ever witnessed. There was a large procession of Native Sons and Daughters [James Linn was a charter member of the Native Sons]. This is the first death of a member of the Native Sons, and a large concourse of sorrowing friends and acquaintances followed the remains to their last resting place.

This is the end of earthly life, and thus it will be with all. May He who holds the destinies of all in the hollow of His hands and marks as well the sparrow's rise and the nations fall, rest the immortal soul of royal-hearted James R. Linn in peace."

**F**letcher Linn wrote:

My brother, George David Linn, started business in Eugene as a partner in a drug store, of which he later became the sole owner. He eventually began a very successful sand and gravel business."

In December, 1922, George Linn drowned in the Willamette River. He and one of his employees were swept downriver when the boat in which they were working capsized. They had crossed the flooded river, opposite George Linn's plant, the

\* *Democratic Times*, James R. Linn obituary.

Eugene Sand and Gravel Company, taking with them a cable. Making the cable fast, they started back, but at midstream the cable, unwinding from the windlass, upset the boat. The two men battled the current but both drowned. George Linn's body was not recovered until a year and a half later. His obituary stated: "He was survived by a wife, a daughter Marian [who later became Mrs. M.E. Williams of Sebastopol, California], two sisters, Corrine and Margaret, and a brother Fletcher." George Linn's wife died two years later in an automobile accident.

**F**letcher, the second son, managed to accomplish that which so many intend to do but seldom get around to doing: *he wrote his memoirs*. He had an eye to history and his manuscript, which he did not intend for publication, is on file in the society library. For the most part it presents several interesting sketches of the people he knew in Jacksonville, and in some cases his entires offer the only information available on individual early settlers. Relying on his memory as his chief source of information, he included some points which are inaccurate and others which might be questioned, but for the most part they are reliable and make interesting reading.

He was born in Jacksonville and grew up at the family home. Completing his elementary schooling in his home town, he graduated from the University of Oregon in 1890, with a Bachelor of Arts degree. At his graduation exercises he wore the coat which David Linn had worn years earlier at his wedding. The coat had been ordered and tailored in England in 1860 and Fletcher Linn wore it for sentimental reasons.

Having worked in his father's factory as a boy, he engaged in the furniture business in Eugene immediately after his graduation. In 1892 he married Louise M. Sawyer, a teacher of music at the university. At his wedding he again wore his

father's handsomely tailored coat, which many years later was given to the Jacksonville Museum, via the University of Oregon.



*Jim Linn*

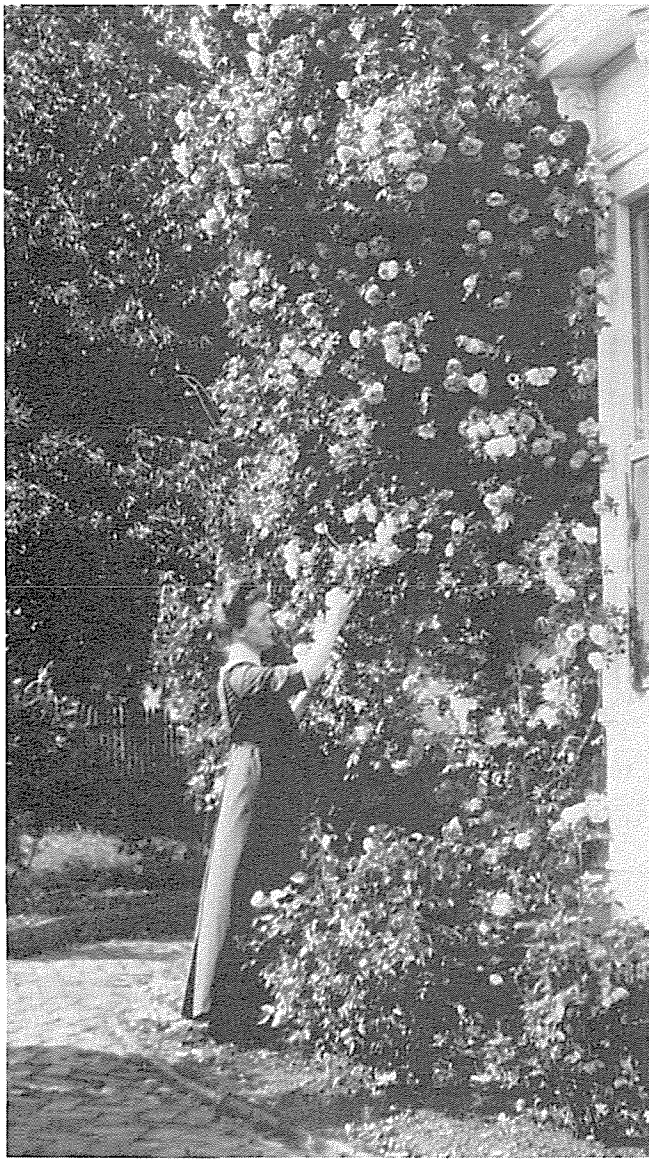
In 1893 Fletcher Linn was elected councilman of Eugene and served one term. He accepted a position with the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Company of Portland, and sold his Eugene business. After two years he purchased an interest in the Portland company and was elected its president. Under his management the company discontinued its retail business and devoted its full efforts to manufacturing. A factory was erected on eight acres of waterfront property in South Portland, and the business increased many times over its original production figures. The company employed more than 200 workers.

The great variety of Fletcher Linn's interests and the diversity of his business ventures prove he was an apt student of his father. As part of the eight acres was undeveloped he organized the Southport Land Company and became its president. Purchasing thirty-two acres of city property near the furniture factory, and adding it to the undeveloped acreage, he made a successful subdivision.

In 1914 he organized the Industrial Financing Corporation for the organization and financing of Oregon and Washington industries.

After about ten years of consecrated dedication, his health gave way and, upon the advice of his physician, he sold his share of these enterprises. But he could not remain idle for long.

A group of Eastern men, planning to establish a cement plant in Gold Hill, hired him as adviser and personnel man, but just as the plant was completed, World War I broke out. The government officials decided the plant did not serve the war effort and closed it for five years. After the armistice, Fletcher Linn was made president of the plant and



*Views of the David Linn house*

*Louise S. Linn at the rosebush*

again put it in operation as the Beaver Portland Cement Company. Two years later he sold his interests to a Portland firm.

Soon after disposing of the cement factory he was placed in charge of a large linen mill in Vancouver, Washington, becoming president of the company. Unfortunately after two years the plant, which was owned by eastern capital, was totally destroyed by fire. The owners did not rebuild.

His experiences in these manufacturing firms put him in demand by several other northwestern industries who needed a boost in production. He acquired an interest in the Kaola Company of Portland (later purchased by the Palmolive Soap Company), the Armstrong Saw Manufacturing Company and the Church Grape Juice Company.



*Cora and Louise Linn on the front steps*

He became director of the Portland YMCA, served as a Trustee of Lewis and Clark College for twenty one years, and was a life member of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, and the Oregon Historical Association.

In the Portland *Oregonian's* Centennial Edition of 1950, he was included in their list of 100 citizens who were leaders in the development of Oregon in the last century.

His wife, who had been soprano soloist in the Presbyterian churches in both Eugene and Portland, served as President of the Presbyterian State Missionary Society. She was also one of the organizers of the Portland Women's Art Class in connection with the Portland Art Museum.

The Linns celebrated their Golden





*Fletcher Linn*

Wedding in 1942. In 1950, aged 79, she died.

Fletcher Linn died in 1954 at the age of 87. He was survived by his sisters, Cora, 91, and Maggie, 89, both of Los Angeles.

**A**nna Sophia Linn had experienced great hardships crossing the plains and had endured privation and danger in her first years in southern Oregon, but she never felt the lack of money. Squire Hoffman lost his mill and his farm but he was still able to build a home and make investments. Each of his daughters made exemplary marriages and had no cares over worldly goods. Mary Henrietta, who became a widow while still a young lady, operated a genteel boarding house in Ashland. She had domestic help and lived in comfort. Julie Elizabeth married C.C. Beekman, the wealthy banker; Anna Sophia married David Linn who provided well for his family; Emma Arilia was the wife of a successful Eugene Attorney; Florence Ella was married to Mr. Whipp who was owner of a profitable monument works before he retired to a large farm in California; and Kate--whose marriage to

a cousin was short-lived -- had no financial worries, being assisted by her father.

But even so, fine linens, family silver and rich furnishings were little comfort when one fell victim to a disease for which there was no cure. Both William and James died of tuberculosis in spite of every attention money could provide. Anna Sophia had never been a strong lady, but she tended her household and her children, and she nursed her two sons through their losing battle with tuberculosis. But the disease is highly communicable and she was eventually stricken. In August, 1907, after a lingering illness in which she grew weaker day by day, she died. She was 65.

In the Pioneer Association tribute, written for her by Mary E. Day, Mrs. J.R. Neil, and Elizabeth Kenney, the ladies said:

The Angel of Death knelt at the Sufferer's couch to point the way to a home beyond the River.

The *Jacksonville Post* said:

The Black Camel of Death knelt at her gate...When she lay on her bier with sealed lips, closed eyes, and folded hands, many who had been less favored in worldly store...those who found their paths full of thorns for their naked feet, came with the favors she had done them and asked God's blessing on her name.

**D**avid Linn lived for five more years. At the time of his death in May, 1911, he was 85. The *Post* declared his illness was a result of extreme old age. "He was one of the hardy pioneers who helped open Oregon to settlement... Most of the old buildings in and about Jacksonville, and, in fact, all parts of southern Oregon were constructed by him, and his furniture, doors, and windows were distributed throughout the state."

Two buildings in Jacksonville in which he had a major part are the M.E. Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church--one was constructed at the beginning of his career and one near the end.

His associates, Gus Newberry, W.R. Coleman and C.C. Beekman, wrote:

*He was a fine example of the self-made man, honest and honorable in all his transactions and a man who enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him.*

Raymond Lewis



Left:  
Mary (Maizie) Linn  
Above:  
Maggie, Louise & Cora

## *Eunice Davis*

### Some Memories of the Eighth Grade, 1910

The battered alarm clock bruised the air with a brassy jangle; what it lacked in musical tones was compensated by volume, with no traffic noises to fight. The time was three a.m., May 24, after an eclipse of the moon which provided a black velvet sky as a backdrop for the event of the year, 1910, Halley's Comet and its crown jewels, a tail that encircled the earth.

The place was 119 South Bartlett Street, a small cottage owned by Charles W. Davis

and family in Medford, Oregon. There were five of us: mother and father and three children, Eunice, Myrl and Dana. We tiptoed out to the sidewalk, mindful of our sleeping neighbors.

I had no idea what to expect when I looked at the sky. At first I could see nothing as the enormous trees on our block, fully leafed-out, screened the heavens. So the five of us walked to Ninth Street at the end of the block where there were no trees.

Across the street on the other corner was the home of my grandparents, (William Davis). It was bordered by trees with a yard full of large pink cabbage roses, redolent with the perfume that drifted back to us across the street, lilies, banks of babybreath, and a tall hedge of blackberries which would later produce berries fat and juicy and larger than some plums.

At the corner we could see the sky fairly well. It was festooned from horizon to horizon with streamers, really unbroken silver strings that ran from north to south without a ripple or visible unbroken line. At intervals on each string there appeared to be huge blobs of whipped cream, each with a bit of silver-gray shading. (Masses of ice and gases, I was to learn later.) Many years later, after I had traveled to the Orient, I compared this spectacle to "smoked pearls strung on platinum."

None of us spoke. The neighborhood was dark. Finally my brother Dana, aged nine, observed, "It looks like a giant was trying to string popcorn, and ran outa popcorn."

At the time I was in the eighth grade in the Washington School, which was built at the intersection of South Oakdale, West Main and South Laurel. As schools went, it was a nice-looking building. It had two and a half stories and a bell tower with a bell that rang at 8:30 each school morning as the janitor pulled the rope. I believe the building was originally labeled HIGH SCHOOL, and dated 1896. (The name Washington was adopted after another high school was built in Medford.) The date, 1896, which remained on the building until it was torn down, caused me to look at it a number of times because the 6 of the 96 was the 9 upside down, and they looked like a pair of fat polliwogs. I was taking piano lessons and I was intrigued by the tones of the school bell. I finally succeeded in identifying its highest pitch with high E-natural above middle C. An earth-shaking discovery, of course.

My eighth grade year in Medford is packed with pleasant memories: colorful classmates and two unforgettable and wonderful teachers whom we liked, and, even more important, *liked* us in return. The work was called departmental, and

the two teachers were Harry S. Stine, the assistant principal, who taught arithmetic, history, civics, advanced reading and sentence structure, and Miss Marian I. White, a tall young woman who wore long black full skirts and long-sleeved white shirtwaists. She piled her dark hair atop her head, and an occasional unmanageable curl flowered out from her hair pins. Most of the time she was stern--both teachers were strict and occasionally used the paddle--but she had a very sweet smile when she chose to release it. She taught reading, an easier type than Mr. Stine taught, English usage, storytelling, physiology, and she did attempt to get us to do a little poetry writing and art. I can still remember the exciting story she told us of Wahluma, an Indian girl.

Her procedure in art class was to pass out sheets of construction paper and rulers, while she read instructions on how to make a design. When she saw the ghastly results, she hurriedly gave us new paper and suggested we draw anything in the room that appealed to us. I recall the picture turned in by Ruth Nye, a creditable piece of art, a sketch of the pictures and decorations on the front wall.

Mr. Stine decided that we needed some music in our lives so he introduced us to Professor Fields, a new music teacher in Medford who was to come in once a week and teach us to sing, via the sight-singing method, using the Treble-Clef staff painted at the top of our blackboard. Dr. Fields, as he preferred to be called, was a storybook character, even-featured, distinguished, very assured in manner with his dark hair cut in a long bob around his ears. When he arrived he chalked the C-scale and a few simple chords on the staff, raised his baton, and said, "I want to teach you to sight-sing, using the note position, rather than the old *do, re, mi* method you had down in the grades."

He raised his baton, hummed a few notes of the C-scale and motioned for us to join him. We didn't. Not a sound came forth; I think we were all fascinated with his baton, black inset with mother-of-pearl. He made a few attempts to get us to sound the notes, but there was no response. We sat there silent, as if we were all afflicted with lockjaw.



The second lesson was the same and Dr. Fields did not return.

Although most of this eighth grade class were entering their teens, there was a group of older girls, 17 to 20, whose interests were vastly different from those of the younger set. They ignored us but we were fascinated by them. One girl, Mary Gurnea, blond and pretty, had had polio; Elsie Waters was a large, well-built girl who laughed a lot; Lucille Snyder was tall and built like a goddess, all curved lines, who left school to join her aunt who was in vaudeville in a black-face skit. There were others too. I recall a singer in the group, later known as Gladys LaMar, who sang in one of our school programs in a heavy contralto that poured out like honey. The chorus to her song went *lulla, lulla, lullaby*. I did not know the title of the song. Gladys LaMar went on to radio singing, and finished her career with Medford's old KMED.

Some of the members of this 1910 class were: Agnes Robinson, very studious and bright; Edith Chidester, Also bright as a button; Mamie Clark, very small for her age; Violet Caskey, pretty and vivacious; Lorraine Lawton and Mildred Blinton, basketball-minded girls who later were on the high school girls' basketball team; Frances York, small, pretty and bright; Delie Whisnant, who wore the first lace stockings I had ever seen, and who later became principal in one of the Medford schools.

Ruth Nye, later an art teacher in one of the Portland high schools; Vera Olmstead, who had a lovely rose wool dress, *Moyen Age*, with the long waistline, and a taffeta sash, which hung in flat folds; Mary Orr, eighteen, tall and slim, and should have been an actress; she gave readings accompanied by body posturing and often sang a line from an appropriate song; Margaret Roberts and her brother Arthur, both of whom were talented debaters; Clarence Hodges, a real comic and full of fun. Some of the boys in

our class were Lyle Purdin, tall and bright; Lester Adams, who liked to write and debate and later became an editor with the Hearst papers; George Reuter, son of a German Church minister; William Vawter, quiet, studious son of a Medford banker (he surprised us all one day in a school program when he went to the piano, played his own accompaniment and sang in a beautiful bass voice, *WOODMAN spare that TREE*. We didn't know he could sing.) It is my understanding that he was sent to New York later on for voice training; Seeley Hall, large and well-built, liked football better than school. He ended his fine career with United Air Lines, and was fond of saying, "Did you ever know anyone at the foot of his class who could earn \$35,000 a year?" He wasn't necessarily at the foot of his class; he just liked football. He married Vera Olmstead and they made their home in Medford.

Our teacher, Miss White, accepted a teaching position in Grants Pass the following year, and shortly after that I heard she died. She was 36, so they said. I cried. Mr. Stine moved to San Francisco where he bought and operated an appliance store. I heard that he lived about ten years after making the move. I hope that Marian I. White and Harry S. Stine realized the education and the pleasure they gave us. Maybe they did.

### *Eunice Davis*



Miss Davis lived in Medford from 1905 to 1927, and returned periodically to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Davis. She graduated from the University of Oregon and the W.W. State University and took classes at Columbia in New York and the Art Center in Los Angeles.

She has been a reporter, an editor, a columnist and has always written poetry. A volume of her verse, *The Magnolia Tree and Other Poems*, can be seen at the Medford Public Library. She is an art teacher, retired from Portland Public Schools.



## PROHIBITION AT WORK

### The Zimmerlee Case

**T**oday people tend to look back at moonshine liquor, bathtub gin and mountain distilleries with a touch of humorous indulgence. Prohibition agents and rustic brewmasters played a game of cat and mouse and when law enforcers bagged a bootlegger, two more suppliers, like dragon's teeth, sprang up and took over the thirsty clientele. The unlucky law-breaker was slapped on the wrist, fined and given a substantial sentence in the local pokey. When he was released, he had to relocate his still in a more invulnerable spot, win back his former customers and round up a few more in order to recoup the losses he had incurred during his enforced idleness.

It was all sort of fun and games if one didn't look too deep beneath the surface. But there were many times when the "minor" law infraction ended in tragedy: party goers poisoned by rotgut booze, young people blinded for life and officers and moonshiners murdered in unnecessary gunfire.

A pointless killing, which occurred in September, 1927, is one example of the disasters which accompanied prohibition. At that time the story was given wide coverage and newspaper editors throughout the state presented

their opinions of the unfortunate raid

*The Salem Capital-Journal*

A most flagrant instance of abuse of official power has just materialized in Jackson county, and in connection with the prohibition law, which has been more productive of official outrages, as well as official corruption, than all the laws on the statute books combined.

On September 28 dry officers acting as agents provocateurs, called at the home of a Trail citizen and after inducing him to violate the law, reciprocated his hospitality by setting upon him in a wanton, reckless and brutal manner, shooting him fatally in the back, and hunting and baying him into and across Rogue river. He died the following day from the wounds afflicted.

...It is this wanton and blood thirsty sort of law enforcement that is discrediting not only the prohibition law but law enforcement generally.

*Grants Pass Courier*

A man living near Medford was slain by a federal prohibition agent when he fled from arrest on a charge of selling liquor. The officer has been acquitted as the coroner's jury found that he hadn't intended to shoot the other. It looks as if the death penalty is now in force for violations of the prohibition laws.

*Portland Journal*

Another man is shot down and killed by an officer in southern Oregon. The officer was attempting to make an arrest for violation of the prohibition law. The suspect fled. The officer shot him in the back...and the victim died a few hours later.

The victim was apparently guilty of the violation of which he was suspected. But since when has it become the province of officers to convict and sentence to death by gunfire those who violate the law? Since when has it become their province to shoot down those accused of a lesser crime, even though they may attempt to escape? Since when have officers acquired the right to pronounce death sentence and carry it into effect, even though a man is guilty of the prohibition law and an attempt to escape?

Reports indicate that the southern Oregon victim made no attempt to struggle with the of-

ficer. He made no show to fight. He did not threaten the officer. He merely made an attempt to escape when the death volley was fired into his back.

If the hair-trigger officers continue to shoot down victims, if they continue to assume authority that is not theirs, if they continue to set themselves up as accuser, judge, jury and high executioner, if they continue to kill without provocation, there will be a reckoning some day for which their superiors and the courts which sustain them will have to assume the responsibility.

## The Story

**O**n September 29, 1927, the *Medford Mail Tribune* announced in a banner headline:

### RANCHER SHOT BY LOCAL DRY AIDS

The story reported that Manford Zimmerlee, a rancher of the Trail district, was in a critical condition at the Sacred Heart hospital with a bullet wound through the abdomen. He had been shot in a moonlight raid at his ranch at 11 o'clock the night before by Federal Officer Terry Talent and State Officers Claude Hickman and J. Zimmerman.

The officers reportedly confessed they had shot at Zimmerlee "in the line of duty" as he was making his escape. Before the raid all three officers had been told by District Attorney Chaney to be on the alert. "Zimmerlee is a desperate character," he told them. "He's been accused of selling hootch to high school kids, and he may be armed." These facts, according to Chaney, were general knowledge in Sams Valley, Eagle Point and Trail, and the raiding party anticipated trouble.

Deputy Sheriff Paul Jennings left Medford first, accompanied by the two state officers, who, when they were near the Zimmerlee ranch, left Jennings in his car. Deputy Jennings drove on down the Crater Lake highway for a quarter of a mile or so and parked. He stayed in his car during the entire raid.

At approximately 11 o'clock Terry Talent, wearing plain clothes, arrived at the ranch. He stepped out of the car and Zimmerlee came out the back door to see what he wanted. The officer asked for two gallons of moonshine, and pretended he had been there before on other liquor buying trips. Zimmerlee, according to Talent, did not hesitate to sell the undercover officer the liquor he had re-

quested, and told him to wait while he went to fetch it.

"I walked around the farmyard for about twenty-five or thirty minutes," Talent said, "and finally Zimmerlee came back with the moonshine.

"I'll have to have ten dollars a gallon," he said.

"He shined his flashlight directly into my face," Talent continued, "and the light blinded me so that I couldn't tell if he was armed or not."

Officer Talent took the evidence and put it on the front seat of his car. He then turned back to Zimmerlee, showed him his badge and covered him with his gun.

"I'm a federal officer," he said, "and you're under arrest. My name is Talent."

"Talent," said Zimmerlee in an odd tone, and, according to the officer, suddenly made a grab for the gun. In Talent's version of the story, he alleged there was a tussle and a few blows were exchanged, but he managed to keep possession of the gun. Zimmerlee suddenly ducked and ran.

"I ordered him to halt," said Talent, "but he refused. I shot twice in his general direction and that only seemed to make him run faster. I continued to chase him and kept my flashlight on him as he ran to the Crater Lake highway."

Officer Hickman, hearing the commotion, came out of his hiding place and seeing Zimmerlee on the run, also ordered him to stop. Hickman too fired in Zimmerlee's direction.

"I joined up with Hickman," continued Talent, "and we chased him for about one-hundred yards along the highway, firing shots over his head and at his feet, hoping he would halt."

Zimmerlee darted off the highway and headed for the river. The pursuing



officers stopped shooting but kept their lights on the running figure.

"Zimmerlee perched for a moment on the bank of the river," continued Talent, "and disappeared in a dive from sight to reappear a moment later plunging through the ice cold water of the river. By this time Officer Zimmerman, who had been on guard in the barn, ran up and joined us and we three continued to call after him that he would be drowned if he attempted to swim."

The three officers focused their flashlights on Zimmerlee as he swam to the center of the river. While they watched, he drifted down stream for some distance to shallow water where he waded out to the other bank of the river.

"We decided he had made good his escape," said Officer Talent. "There was nothing to do but go back to town and get an arrest warrant issued for the next day. We then left the scene and departed for the T.M. Trusty place on Elk Creek where Officer Hickman arrested Trusty [also accused of bootlegging].

Officer Hickman gave his version of the affair. "I was stationed with Zimmerman along the banks of the river about seventy-five yards east of the house. We must have waited there for fifteen or twenty minutes when we heard a dog barking at the house and shortly afterward there was some whistling as if someone was calling for help. We thought that perhaps Terry had made his arrest and needed us. We went into the barn and shined our lights into the loft and saw a fellow lying up there. He said his name was Gene Crowell and he was staying at the place overnight. Zimmerman remained to watch him and I went back to my station at the river bank.

"I stayed at my post for possibly fifteen minutes more when I heard shots in the barnyard where Terry's car was parked. I rushed to the road in time to see Zimmerlee running. I ordered him to stop. He didn't. He had something in his hand -- some dark object. Thinking it might be a revolver and perhaps he had shot Terry, I shot in his general direction in the thought he would stop. But he only ran faster.

"In a few moments I was joined by Terry and both of us chased him to the

river, shooting several times at his feet and over his head. We did not shoot after he left the road. We watched him jump into the river and by the time Zimmerman joined us, Zimmerlee was half-way across the river. We yelled to him to stop and come back, but he didn't answer. Like Terry, I believed he had made good his escape."

The party of officers got into their cars and left for Elk Creek, where Hickman effected the purchase of two gallons of moonshine from Trusty, who made no trouble and accepted his arrest without protest.

In a report of the shooting a *Tribune* reporter wrote:

Zimmerlee, fatally wounded by the bullet that went through his abdomen, struggled up the river bank under the bridge at Shady Cove, and walked two miles to a service station where he was given first aid. [This statement is not accurate.] The news story contained the bulletin:

*At press time today hospital attendants reported that Mr. Zimmerlee was growing steadily weaker.*

Shortly after the *Tribune* came off the press, Zimmerlee died.

At the time the news story broke it was unknown which officer had done the shooting. The bullet, after striking Zimmerlee on one side of the abdomen had emerged from the other. The officers, Talent and Hickman, asserted they had no intention of hitting Zimmerlee; they had only fired in his general direction, over his head and at his feet, in an attempt to make him halt. The victim, they declared, had not only refused to stop but had continued running toward the river and had jumped into the icy water. "We had no idea he was wounded," said Officer Talent.

The *Tribune* of September 30 presented another side of the picture. The officers had maintained they were "only doing their duty" and had fired their guns every which way but at the fleeing bootlegger. In the new version of the story they did not appear so lily white.

Mrs. H.W. Todd, the neighbor who lived

across the river, told a *Tribune* reporter, "After Manford came out of the water, he staggered to my house and banged at the door. I let him in. 'I've been shot,' he said, and fell into a kitchen chair.

"I asked him who had shot him and he said, 'Terry Talent'."

Mrs. Todd sent her young son to a neighbor, Mrs. John Laydon, for help. Mrs. Laydon returned with the boy and helped Zimmerlee remove his sodden and bloody shirt and dressed his wounds. "He was a peaceable man," she said, "a reserved, quiet man. He had never been in any trouble.

"He told me, 'I didn't have any quarrel with Talent. He pointed a gun at me and I ran without thinking. When I had gone about twenty feet, he fired his gun and hit me in the back. But I kept running and jumped into the river. They fired bullets at me while I was swimming, but they missed me.'"

Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Laydon called Dr. C.T. Sweeney and awakened some of the neighbors to take Zimmerlee over to the service station on the Crater Lake highway. They didn't offer any information why they decided to move him, but perhaps they felt the Todd farm on Indian Creek was too inaccessible to an ambulance.

Hospital attendants soon arrived and transported him to the Sacred Heart. Since it was a gunshot wound, Dr. Sweeney requested Zimmerlee to make a statement, and he agreed to speak. Attendants cautioned him to stick to the truth because the statement "might be the last you'll ever make." Dr. Sweeney refused to release the deposition to the press, saying he would give it to the proper authorities at the proper time.

**A**fter Manford Zimmerlee's death was announced, District Attorney Newton C. Chaney, Sheriff Ralph Jennings and Coroner H.W. Conger went to the scene of the shooting and traced the ground covered by Talent and Hickman. They followed Zimmerlee's trail through the brush from the Crater Lake highway to the point where he jumped into the river and swam across. How a retracing of the route taken by a mortally wounded and desperate fugitive

would reveal his guilt or innocence in the crime of selling a couple of gallons of illegal liquor was not explained, but these lawmen probably saw it as proof of their deep concern and evidence that they'd see that justice was done.

State Prohibition Commissioner George Alexander of Salem and Captain A.H. Burghdoff, Chief of the field force for enforcement, arrived in Medford to make another study of the case. The District Attorney, who promised "to clear all question and doubt about the affair," asked Circuit Judge Orlando Calkins to call a special coroner's jury. He announced: "While I regret the incident very much, I will use every means necessary to give the matter a thorough investigation and no stone shall be left unturned to see that the ends of justice are served. Above all things my position in the situation is absolutely impartial and it is my intention to continue with the same impartiality that has surrounded all other cases which have come under the jurisdiction of my office." His statement is a tidy little composition which could have come out of a volume, "Reliable Quotations for District Attorneys." It didn't answer any questions and it didn't take anybody off the hook, but it was soothing to some of the local folk who were beginning to grumble.

Others were not appeased. A petition to the governor was circulated for the appointment of a special prosecutor and for a special investigation of the affair.

On October 1 the obituary appeared:

Funeral services for Manford Zimmerlee, who died following an operation performed as the result of a gunshot wound in the abdomen, will be held in the Presbyterian Church at Phoenix with Reverend Nelson officiating. The body will be interred in the Phoenix cemetery, adjoining the church.

The deceased is survived by brothers James and John, and sisters Mary Livengood, Jane Abel, Mrs. Sargent Astowin and Daisy Stonebreaker [a fifth sister was not listed]. He leaves many friends to mourn him.

In the same issue appeared an announcement of the inquest which was to be held at the Perl Funeral Home. The coroner's jury was composed of Medford businessmen

J.F. Lawrence, Joe Brown, A.J. Hanby, John Demmer, Dr. W.W. Howard and F. Alexander. The testimonies continued for four hours making it one of the longest inquests ever held in Jackson County.

The first witness was Dr. Sweeney. As the members of the jury filed into Perl's laboratory and circled about the corpse, Dr. Sweeney uncovered the wound and explained the course of the bullet. He testified he had asked Zimmerlee just before he underwent surgery if there was any statement he wished to make.

"I was shot by Terry Talent," Zimmerlee had said. "He was no further than twenty steps away and he was holding his flashlight on me while he was shooting."

The doctor's testimony was substantiated by Nurse June Earhart and Dr. A.F. Kresse who assisted in the surgery. Sister Lewis, who was in charge of the operation room, and Nurses Hansen and Roberts also corroborated Sweeney's statement.

"When I arrived at the service station," Dr. Sweeney said, "Zimmerlee was in intense pain. We reached the hospital around four o'clock in the morning and immediately made steps for the operation which revealed that his intestines had been punctured fifteen times by the bullet which entered the back and emerged on the other side of the body. Following the operation, Zimmerlee was conscious at times until his death, but he engaged in no more conversation."

Mary Zimmerlee, a niece who lived on the Zimmerlee ranch, but in a different house a short distance away, testified that she was in bed when the raid began, but was awakened by the shooting and, seeing flashlights in the darkness, rushed to the window. She said, "Police officers ran over to our house after the shooting and knocked loudly on the door demanding to be admitted. 'We got him. We got him,' they yelled."

"Got who?" I asked.

"You know," one of the men said.

"I don't know," I said.

"Open the door. We want to talk to you," shouted Talent.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"We want to talk to you. You open this door. If you don't let us in, we'll break it in," Talent said.

Mrs. Zimmerlee opened the door, and after some harsh talking and questioning

the officers decided that a search for any liquor would be futile. "You tell Manford Zimmerlee to come to Medford tomorrow morning and give himself up," ordered Talent, and the men left the house, returned to the car and drove away.

Dennis, Mary Zimmerlee's brother, said, "After the shooting, three cops came over to our house looking for Uncle Mannie. They cursed out the whole family and said they had got him. After that they got in their car and left."

Testimony given by Mrs. Jane Zimmerlee, a sister-in-law, corroborated statements made by Mary and Dennis. "Mary and I locked the door when we saw those officers coming toward the house," she said. "They said they were going to search the whole ranch, and they demanded entrance. We told them there was nobody there but the children, but they could search if they wanted to."

"Who did you get?" I asked.

"Mansie," was the reply.

"Who?"

"Manford, then," the officer said.

"The conversation ended with Terry Talent telling me he was a federal officer and that Manford had better come down tomorrow or they'd go on a hunt for him. 'We've got the goods on him,' he said."

Mrs. Todd, to whose home Zimmerlee found his way after he was shot, told how she was awakened in the middle of the night by a noise on the front porch. When she went to the door, she called, "Who's there?" and heard Zimmerlee mumbling.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"I'm shot"

"Who shot you?"

"Terry Talent. I'm cold. I swam the river."

Mrs. Todd told the jury, "I have never seen a more terrifying sight. Manford was chilled to the bone and so cold he could hardly talk."

After Mrs. Laydon arrived they attempted to make the wounded man more comfortable. A short time later a car drove up, bringing Mary Zimmerlee, Mrs. Johnson, Mose Johnson and Gene Crowell, who came into the kitchen. Someone called Dr. Sweeney.

Hillary Todd, another witness, told the grand jury: "It would be difficult to swim the river, even if the swimmer



was in good health." He added that Manford had told him that Officer Talent had shot him.

"I thought he was 'all right'," Zimmerlee had told him. "But when he identified himself as the law, I ran. Immediately Talent fired, and it was his first shot that hit me."

"He said nothing about exchanging blows with an officer," Todd said.

Officer Talent explained the arrangements which were made for the raid, using a map to show the location of the ranch houses, the highway and the river.

"When he began to run, I fired," he said, "but I took careful aim to see that I hit the ground. I know my first two shots went into the dirt, but I'm not so sure about the third. Zimmerlee was a fleet runner and never faltered or indicated in any way he had been hit by a bullet. He jumped into the river and swam, using a breast stroke and keeping his head well out of water."

Each of the officers denied using harsh language and testified they did not shoot at Zimmerlee when he was in the water. Hickman and Zimmerman corroborated Talent's story. The two gallons of moonshine were on exhibit before the jury.

A report of the inquest and the finding of the coroner's jury appeared in the *Tribune* with the headline:

#### JURY OK'S SLAYING OF TRAIL MAN

The finding:

That Manford Zimmerlee was fatally wounded by a bullet fired by Terry Talent, federal prohibition officer, while in the discharge of his duties in a moonshine raid on the Zimmerlee ranch.

Officer Terry Talent was exonerated of all blame.

**T**he rumbling became a roar. People in Eagle Point and Trail produced petitions requesting a change of prosecution, and alleged that the district attorney was hopelessly biased and had been responsible for the release of a murderer who had deliberately shot an unarmed man in the back. Manford Zimmerlee's friends stirred up resentment and fomented defiance of authority up and down the river where the dead man had been well known and respected and where

he had lived for more than twenty years.

District Attorney Chaney was not unmindful of the dissatisfaction voiced against him. When your constituents are about one-hundred percent against you, it's time for more than a conciliatory statement from the District Attorney's Handbook.

He requested Governor Patterson to appoint a special prosecutor "in order to eliminate any question or doubt which may still exist as to a fair and impartial investigation of this matter and to keep this office above reproach in every situation that may arise." The governor named Assistant Attorney General L.J. Liljeqvist to take charge of the case.

A grand jury was empaneled; its members were Katie M. Grieve, housewife, Prospect; Earl Isaacs, merchant, Ashland; D.W. Beebe, farmer, Central Point; W.T. Houston, farmer, Trail; Charles L. Hockersmith, retired, Beagle; Lester H. Fay, sheet metal worker, Medford; and Earl M. Younger, farmer, Medford. Attorney Chaney announced that these folk would re-cover the entire ground and will act as if the coroner's jury had never been held.

The same witnesses\* were again called, the same statements were made before the court, and the jury took a jaunt out to the scene of the tragedy. After three days of testimony, the members returned a true bill changing Terry A. Talent with involuntary manslaughter. The indictment accused Talent of unlawfully, feloniously, wrongfully, and without due caution and circumspection, and not then and there acting in self defense, firing the shot that caused the death of Zimmerlee.\*\*

On October 10, 1927, Robert W. Ruhl, Editor of the *Mail Tribune*, wrote:

\*Witnesses who appeared before the grand jury: Paul Jennings, Dr. Charles Sweeney, Gene Crowell, Jane Zimmerlee, Hattie Todd, Mary Laydon, Ralph Bender, Dr. L.D. Inskeep, Allison Moulton, O.O. Bristow, Joseph Bristow, Anna Bristow, Hattie Winkle, Charles Winkle, Mrs. H.W. Todd, H.W. Todd, James F. Johnson, W.R. Zimmerlee, W.R. Johnson, Minnie Bless, Max Schulz, Paul Schulz, Olga Hanson, Aletha Selby, Irene Jolly, June Earhart, Joseph Zimmerlee, Dr. A.T. Walter Kresse, Thomas Trusty, Ralph Koger, Glenn Koger, Newton Chaney, Claude Hickman, George Newman, Terry Talent, Charles Talent, Ike Dunford, Joe Cave, Ralph Jennings, H.W. Conger, George Neuner and Roy Davis

\*\*THE PUNISHMENT FOR MANSLAUGHTER: Every person convicted of manslaughter shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than 15 years, and by a fine not exceeding \$5,000.00

With the grand jury hearing over, and the final decision now in the hands of the courts, we consider the war ended. Intense feeling on both sides was aroused by this tragedy. Further controversy would serve no useful purpose and merely result in increased dissension injurious to the community.

...So far as we are concerned the incident is closed. Our advice to parties on both sides is to forget it. The matter is now where it belongs, in the courts. Let it stay there.

The editorial advice was reasonable and impartial. Those citizens not personally concerned could maintain their equilibrium and advise others who were stung with the injustice of the murder to cool it.

The United States District Attorney George Neuner suggested that everyone suspend judgment until the courts had spoken so that a fair and impartial trial might be held "such as the constitution affords an accused, whether he be a prohibition or other officer, or the humblest citizen of the land."

But bitter resentment doesn't disappear at the command of logic and the law of retaliation demands an eye for an eye. Friends and relatives of Manfred Zimmerlee were in no mood to accept the olive branch.

On October 18 Attorney General Sargent ordered the case to be transferred to the federal court in Portland. Assistant District Attorney Liljeqvist was appointed as prosecutor; Terry Talent would be defended by United States District Attorney George Neuner and Deputy District Attorney Joseph Helgersen, and state dignitaries would bump into each other in the courtroom. Witnesses would be transferred to Portland, but, wait, subsistence for 42 people to live in Portland while they gave their testimonies would be staggering. Who would pay?

Deputy U.S. District Attorney Helgersen announced that the federal government was the defendant in the case, and as such, was not interested in where the money came from. "We are sure not going to pay it," he said.

Attorney General Van Winkle sent word to the county judge in Medford that

under the law Jackson county must pay the expenses of the witnesses. The county judge asked for an extension of time while he discussed the matter with his associates. "Inasmuch as the case has been transferred to the federal court," he said, "we had assumed the federal government would foot the bill. Paying for 42 witnesses will require a sum beyond Jackson county's expectations. Although some of these people can afford to pay their own way," he said, "they should not be expected to do so." There was no way out. Jackson county had to scrape up the money by some means. The depression had not yet thrown the economy into panic but there have seldom been times when there was so much tax money on hand that the judicial department could squander any of it.

After considerable discussion the county authorities came up with the decision to send only the most important witnesses with the most pertinent testimony. Out of 42 witnesses 18 were subpoenaed, which did little to silence the group who wanted to see Terry Talent locked up in a cell for as long as the courts could manage.

On October 24 a writ of *habeas corpus cum causa* was served upon the circuit court of Jackson County directing the transfer of the trial. On October 30 in Portland Talent pleaded not guilty to the charge of manslaughter before Federal Judge Bean. Hearing was set for January.

**B**ecause of the crowded federal court docket, on January 10 the trial was reset for March 12. The murder had occurred on September 28 and for almost seven months the case had been hanging fire. But on March 12, the trial began and once underway, it progressed at a steady pace. A jury was empaneled in thirteen minutes with neither side offering a challenge.

District Attorney George Neuner outlined the case. He pointed out that Jackson county had more than its share of moonshiners who defied authority. There was no end of bootleggers there who had served sentences and, rather than accepting rehabilitation, had, upon their release, constructed new stills and put them into operation as soon as possible. In such a lawless environment there was urgent need for definite methods of law

enforcement. A harried prohibition officer might be tempted to make an example of anyone he could catch in the act of selling illegal booze. Did this mean Manford Zimmerlee should pay for the offenses of others?

Attorney Liljeqvist, in his opening statement, told the jury that its first duty would be to determine who fired the shot that killed Zimmerlee. There was little doubt. Mrs. Katie Grieve, foreman of the grand jury, said, "The indictment to try Officer Talent was based largely on his own testimony. We felt he had shot Mr. Zimmerlee--either accidentally or intentionally."

Dr. Sweeney stated that before he had operated on Zimmerlee, the dying man had said, "I am certain Terry Talent shot me."

Officer Hickman, who had raided Zimmerlee's farm a week earlier and found no evidence aside from empty bottles, told of seeing Zimmerlee run from the gate of the ranch, and that he, Hickman, had fired two shots after him. "But I was not on the level, and my shots were fired at an angle. I am certain neither shot hit him."

Talent's own testimony, however, seemed to settle the question. On the stand he said, "Sure, I shot him, but I warned him to stop before I fired the five shots."

"Did you mean to hit him?"

"No, I aimed to stop him, but I do not know where the bullets went." His final statement could be interpreted, "Since I did not know where the bullets went, one of them may have hit him."

The hectic and tragic events which occurred after the shooting were once more brought into the questioning:

*Mrs. Jane Zimmerlee:* There was shooting and then I heard someone groaning in the river and then, from the opposite side, I heard others trying to get him to come back.

I was frightened by the noise and confusion, but my niece, Mrs. Bill Zimmerlee, and I ran outside to see what was happening. Three men with flashlights were running towards the house, and we ran back inside and locked the door.

He [pointing at Terry Talent] shouted for us to open the door, but we were alone in the house and afraid to let them in. He called out, "Open this door or I'll break it down." So we unlocked it.

He rushed in shouting, "We got him. We got him!" When we asked what he meant he said, "Manford! Was he your husband?"

I said, "I heard a rifle shot."

And he said, "No, that was no rifle. It was my revolver," and he held it out for us to see.

I asked him who he was and he said, "Why, I'm Talent, federal agent, you know me."

When we said we had never seen him before, he said, "Don't get smart or I'll take you to jail."

Mrs. Mattie Todd, the neighbor to whose home Zimmerlee had crawled after swimming the river, was asked, "How did he look when he staggered through your doorway?"

*Mrs. Todd:* He was the most pitiful sight I ever saw.

Gene Crowell, the young man who had been discovered asleep in the barn, was called to the stand. He testified he had worked for Manford for a long time, and he had never seen a still or a stockpile of liquor on the place, although he had, on occasion, taken a drink with Zimmerlee out of a pocket flask.

*Attorney Neuner:* Moonshine's pretty easy to find in those parts, isn't it?

*Gene Crowell:* Depends on where you look.

*George Newman: [Police informant from Medford]:* Sure I bought booze from Zimmerlee. Lots of it. I been buying at that ranch for months and I bought several gallons of it over that time. But the quality of the moonshine went down hill. It wasn't so good as it was at first, and I told Zimmerlee his stuff was rotgut. He didn't like that very much and we quarrelled about it. I thought he ought to give me a rebate, but he wouldn't do it, so I decided to turn him in. I was along on the raid when Zimmerlee got shot."

The intent of the prosecution was to prove that Zimmerlee was a bootlegger and not only a selling agent, and that he was associated with a group of dry law violators which the state and federal officers were resolved to break up.

*Attorney Liljeqvist:* The shooting occurred in apprehension of a man engaged in a felony, yet the sale of liquor is



not a felony and has not been so termed by the supreme court. Under any circumstances, Talent had no right to shoot Zimmerlee.

The state has withheld evidence unfavorable to the prosecution and a large number of witnesses who appeared before the grand jury in Jackson county have not been called to testify at this trial. The defense has therefore been hamstrung by these facts.

Liljeqvist covered every possible point he could to paint a picture of Zimmerlee's innocence and his lack of defiance of the law. There was little doubt that his murder was unprovoked and unpardonable, but the evidence was against him.

In his closing address Attorney Neuner praised Terry Talent as an exemplary officer. "He is a fine young man," he said. "If there were more like him, the government would have less trouble in enforcing the prohibition law.

"I do not approve of shooting by officers," he continued. "I discourage the use of firearms and deprecate the taking of human life, but there are circumstances under which an officer may have to resort to weapons. An officer must use care, but he cannot be held responsible for murder in case of an honest mistake."

After these points, he diverged into a more melodramatic defense. "The shooting is not always done by officers, you may be sure. In many cases bootleggers, hoping to escape from the law, are the killers. The enforcement of prohibition has been the case of the brutal murder of more than one young officer. There are little children tonight who are asking, 'Where is my daddy? Why doesn't he come home to us?' What can a heart-broken mother tell her poor children whose father fell at the hands of a lawbreaker attempting to avoid his just punishment."

On March 16 the *Medford Mail Tribune* announced the verdict with a banner:

**TERRY TALENT ACQUITTED BY JURY;  
KILLING OF TRAIL MAN NO CRIME**

The verdict was reached at 10 o'clock the night before, but court had adjourned at that time so Judge McNary

ordered the verdict sealed until the following day. The next morning court was reconvened. The jury gathered in the jury box and the concerned citizens were back in their places in the audience. The foreman was asked for the verdict and he announced the members of the Federal Jury had cleared United States Dry Officer Terry Talent of the charge of manslaughter.

Court was adjourned as Officer Talent came running breathlessly into the courtroom. He had overslept, and, hurry as fast as he could, he still made his appearance after the verdict was announced. But Attorney Neuner had again assumed command and told reporters, "It was a just verdict and warranted by the testimony."

Talent's friends and fellow officers soon surrounded him with congratulations and slaps on the back, but, aware that many in the courtroom were far from delighted with the verdict, he modestly refrained from making a statement.

Seven months had passed since the disastrous raid. Every cause has its edges dulled by time, and many of the firebrands had let their torches burn out. The state basketball tournament at Salem had become the burning issue. Not until reports of Medford High's victory over The Dalles had come over the radio, did the interest of the citizens of southern Oregon return to Terry Talent.

His exoneration of the charge of manslaughter again stirred their anger and their protests were loud and vehement, but they had lost their bite. The resolution to "do something" soon paled. The Zimmerlee clan and their close friends were not pacified. They had lost a cherished member of their family through the rash and sudden act of a trigger-happy agent for a law infraction that was non-violent and, in fact, would, in a couple of years, no longer be a crime.

Such unnecessary violence has repercussions forever--or at least as long as there are family members to nurture their grievances. The verdict did not tie up the package in pretty ribbons to be filed away on a shelf. Loose ends will be underfoot for a lifetime or two.

And that makes the Zimmerlee Case continuing history.



## PERRY vs CORA

**S**ome news stories immediately snag the interest of the subscribers, who can hardly wait to get into the next day's installment. Others, with all the same characteristics fail to click and go nowhere. One of the former which captured instant attention and fascinated the readers appeared first in the *Medford Mail Tribune* on October 3, 1927: the Divorce Suit of Perry Wyncoop against his wife Cora. The case was heard by Circuit Court Judge O.M. Calkins of Lake county, and the story was completed in only two issues of the *Tribune* but it was given star treatment: bouncy headlines and full columns of reporting.

Perry Wyncoop, who was a well-known capitalist in Medford, sued his wife Cora for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. Cora, like Perry, felt she had been too patient and long-suffering through the stormy union, but she was nevertheless surprised and shocked when she was notified of Perry's suit. She immediately filed a counter complaint, denied all allegations and also asked for a divorce. In addition she felt she was entitled to one-third of the property rights and \$100 a month alimony.

Attorney George M. Roberts represented Cora; Gus Newberry presented Perry's case.

### PERRY'S TABLE MANNERS

Perry, who gave his age as 73, testified to a long list of quarrels and squab-

bles during their married life. He said Cora unleashed that snappish tongue during the wedding ceremony, went on to reach unbelievable heights during the honeymoon and really reached her peak after they returned to their honeymoon cottage.

She was always waspish in the morning. One time he came down to breakfast and found the toast as hard as shingles. He couldn't dent it with his false teeth. After several tries he was afraid he might crack-up his dentures so he dipped the toast into his coffee. When Cora saw him dunking, she flew into a rage. "That's another one of your hoggish tricks," she shouted and stormed out of the room.

On another occasion when he reached for the butter dish by stabbing the butter with his "caseknife" and pulling the dish toward him across the table, Cora flew into another sudden rage. "Respectable people don't do that," she shouted, threw the butter knife violently on the floor and again flounced out of the room.

For several weeks they discussed a vacation trip to Honolulu. They acquired travel magazines, read the brochures of the Mattson Lines and studied the state-room plans of the luxury liners, trying

to decide which deck they would enjoy the most. When they were discussing going first class and taking an elegant wardrobe, Cora suddenly slammed the booklets down on the coffee table and said, "I'm not going. You don't think I would be seen on that



ship with a man who eats like you." They never talked about Honolulu again.

## LIFE AT UNION CREEK

Perry had a nice little cabin at Union Creek and they spent their summers there. Most of the time Cora was pleasant but occasionally she pulled dirty little tricks. For example she refused to allow him to heat water and he had to take cold baths. When he complained of the icy cold water she told him he should thank her; a cold bath was good for what was the matter with him.

*Gus Newberry:* Did she take cold baths?

*Perry:* I didn't pay any attention to her bathing habits and she certainly didn't tell me when she was going to clean up.

Once, while at the cabin, Perry planned a nice little auto trip into the meadows. His Dodge was very comfortable. It was nicely upholstered and there were pretty curtains at the back windows. Perry put the picnic baskets in the front seat so Cora had to sit in back.

All at once, before he got the Dodge in gear, she said, "I can't see anything out of these back windows," and yanked down the curtains, threw them on the floor, got out of the car and charged into the cabin. As she banged the door behind her she said, "I'm going to Chicago."

*Newberry:* Did she go?

*Perry:* No. She just said that to plague me.

## DAY TO DAY

*Perry:* I never knew when she would pick a fight. She was unpredictable. She nearly always made a fuss about the way I left the *Mail Tribune* when I had finished reading it.

*Newberry:* What did she want you to do?"

*Perry:* I guess she wanted me to iron it.

When I thought it would be pleasant to take my family to the county fair, she picked a fight and spoiled the trip. Nobody wanted to go when Cora was sniffing around in a quarrelsome mood. We all stayed home and the conversation died completely.

Early in December, 1925, she told me to meet her at the Medford Pharmacy at five minutes after ten o'clock in the

morning. I was there right on time. After a long wait I drove away and spent the rest of the day looking for her.

When she finally got home it was late in the afternoon and she was mad because I wasn't still at the Drug Store waiting for her.

When I said the hours had gone by and she didn't show up, she said she had been selling Christmas seals at Mann's and the people were buying so many, she couldn't leave.

*Perry:* We went to concerts at the Presbyterian church. When the musicians performed, Cora would whisper remarks behind her hand. "If that singer takes another breath like that last one, she'll lose her skirt" or "The brass always spit in their horns." She had little use for the musicals at the Presbyterian church. But it was my church; she went to another one. *Newberry:* Did she approve of the musicals at her church?

*Perry:* Well, she went to Christian Science. They don't have musicals.

## SECOND HONEYMOON

*Perry:* Finally Cora was sniffing every time she went past me and we had one quarrel after another so I decided we couldn't continue that way. I swallowed my pride and we had a reconciliation and decided to go to Los Angeles for a second honeymoon.

The first night we made it as far as Dunsmuir and I got us a room. I admit it was not a classy, first-rate room, but it was good enough for common folk. Cora looked at the room and went into one of her silent spells. She wouldn't eat any supper, and I was so disturbed I couldn't eat either. So we went to bed hungry and irritated with each other. Some honeymoon. It lasted only until the first evening.

In Los Angeles we rented a small apartment. "The rent will be \$5.25 a week," the landlady said.

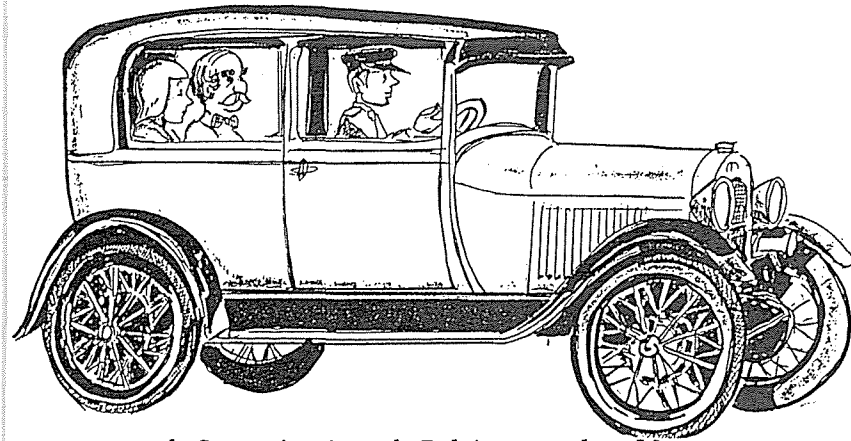
Cora said, "My husband has lots of money. He's a cheapskate. Charge him \$7."

But the landlady refused to boost her prices.

We decided to take some side trips into San Francisco and the Imperial Valley,







and Cora insisted I hire a chauffeur. "You can't drive in that city; you're a menace," she said. "I'll have you arrested if you try it."

So we sat in the back seat without speaking, except to the driver. Once in a while Cora would say to him, "You tell Mr. Wyncoop that I'm hungry" or "You tell Mr. Wyncoop I need a service station." It wasn't much of a honeymoon. So I said to the chauffeur, "You tell Mrs. Wyncoop that I want a divorce."

I asked Cora about a check for \$58.50 she got in the mail. She flew into a rage that was most awful, awful, awful. And she locked me in my room.

I would have broken down the door but I wasn't strong enough so when I was exhausted from banging I fell into bed and went to sleep. Later that night she came back and threw the key over the transom. "You can come out now if you want to," she said. "I don't care."

When I came out she was very sweet and we went out to a supper club and danced until morning.

On the second day Cora took the stand. Mrs. G.R. Satchwell, a devoted friend, was on hand to testify. On the stand she said, "Mr. Wyncoop had periods of rage; he had an ungovernable temper and carried a weapon." (Here Mrs. Satchwell was subjected to a severe cross-examination. The questions fired at her left her quite faint, and she admitted she had not seen Mr. Wyncoop with a firearm; she was only taking dear Cora's word for it.)

Cora testified that one of their domestic storms was brought about by his refusal to allow her to hang a landscape painted by Mrs. Satchwell. "He said he didn't call it art and didn't want the unsightly thing around. I thought it was rather sweet," Cora said.

She said she detested Mr. Wyncoop's

dictatorial attitude. "Perry has two selves," she said. "One is a wonderful character, the other borders on insanity."

"Once, at Union Creek, I walked unsuspectingly into the front room and Mr. Wyncoop roughly pushed me back into a chair. He pointed a big gun at me and said: 'We're going to settle this once and for all.'"

"Well, I got right out of that chair and I took that gun away from him."

*Newberry:* Perhaps he had no intention to scare you with the gun. He may have wanted it to shoot porcupines.

*Cora:* Oh, no. He had a club for porcupines.

*Newberry:* Did he ask you to return the gun?

*Cora:* Yes, when he found a buyer for it. I didn't want it. I gave it to him.

*Roberts:* Mr. Wyncoop said you refused to sleep in the cabin. Can you give an explanation for that?

*Cora:* I slept in the car because Perry locked me out. And it was my car anyway. He gave it to me as a wedding present.

*Roberts:* Mr. Wyncoop testified that on occasions when he was driving the car you refused to speak. What is your explanation for your silence?

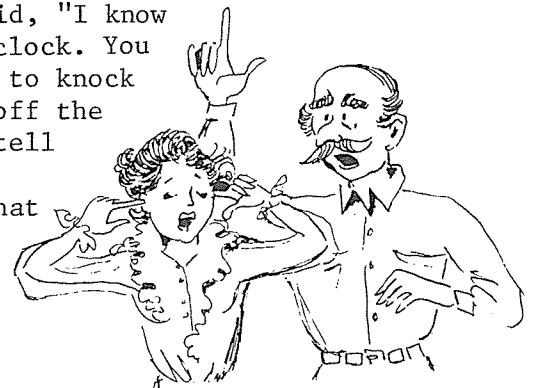
*Cora:* My goodness, Perry had forbidden anyone to talk while he was driving around curves. Once he stopped the car and put a woman out because she talked while he was going around the curves.

*Roberts:* What about your refusal to go to the county fair?

*Cora:* I *did* go to the county fair. I sat there all day watching horse races which I was not interested in. It was dry and dusty and hot. So on the second day I decided to stay home. Mr. Wyncoop assumed I was going and at one o'clock he went through the house slamming the doors which is his way of indicating it's time to go. Finally he called, "It's one o'clock."

And I said, "I know it's one o'clock. You don't have to knock the doors off the hinges to tell me."

*Roberts:* What about this so-called second honeymoon trip?





*Cora:* Well, we arranged everything together, but, as usual, Mr. Wyncoop ran it all. When we were in Merced, I wanted to eat and I said that I was famished,

but Mr. Wyncoop drove straight on through Merced and five miles beyond. Then he stopped and upbraided me for not telling him to stop in Merced. He turned around and drove the five miles back with the words: "I'm going straight back there and get a divorce."

When we got back to Merced Perry was powerfully sick so I stayed up for two days and two nights and nursed him. He was as nice as I have ever seen him. But I could tell when he was feeling better because his bad disposition came back.

On Sunday I dressed in my best outfit for a little drive, and when I was ready to go I found Perry still unshaved and unshined, and there were soiled spots on his clothes. I said, "Get a damp cloth, dear, and clean off those spots."

He said, "What spots? I'm all right. I look as good as you do."

*Roberts:* Mr. Wyncoop's relatives have testified you are of a nagging disposition. How would you answer that charge?

*Cora:* I deny those accusations. I have always tried my level best to be just as charming as I could with all those people, and, believe me, I'll have you know now that that isn't the easiest thing in the world.

*Roberts:* Did Mr. Wyncoop's filing for divorce, after all his threats, come as a surprise to you?

*Cora:* It came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. Now I never claimed to be perfect. I say my mind and forget it. I never dreamed he was holding grudges, and when the divorce summons

came on Christmas eve, 1926, I was overwhelmed.

When the reconciliation meeting was arranged, I felt it was a fifty-fifty proposition, and I agreed to assume half the blame. Perry said, "Well, as long as she has agreed to take half the blame, she should pay half the costs too." Well, naturally I refused.

Mr. Wilson [?] said to my husband, "You can't have your wife and your money too."

And Perry said, "I feel as if I have just thrown away \$500. It's not going to be cheap to get rid of that woman."

*Roberts:* What about the charge that you were indifferent at times?

*Cora:* Of course I was indifferent. I told you he was utterly demented for days at a time.

*Roberts:* You refused to cook for him?

*Cora:* Mr. Roberts, I have never refused to cook for him. I have made many tasty meals which he would not eat because he was pouting.

Your honor, I have been a good wife to Perry. If he'd order those relatives off the place, relax his hold on those tens and twenties and sweeten that disposition, we could be happy together.

And that's all I have to say.

On October 6, 1927, the headlines announced: MRS. WYNCOOP GIVEN \$2000.

The story had an unhappy ending. If the testimony given by Cora and Perry revealed one thing, it showed that they were made for each other. They were at their most fulfilled when they were making each other miserable.

When they went their separate ways, they must have felt the spice had gone out of it all, and -- what do you bet? -- neither one of them ever found another spouse who could match up with the one they had discarded.

What's that old chestnut about never missing the water 'til the well runs dry?





## A Bicentennial Celebration of the U.S. Constitution

### MAGNA CARTA

#### "Liberty Under The Law"

The Southern Oregon Historical Society is very fortunate, indeed, to host "Liberty Under the Law" an exhibit commemorating the 200th Anniversary of the U. S. Constitution. Jacksonville is the only city of less than 250,000 (very under) in America that will receive the exhibit.

The exhibit will be open from 10AM until 4PM between November 26 and December 7, 1986 in the ballroom of the United States Hotel in Jacksonville. There will be a special pre-exhibit event on Sunday, November 23 at 2:00PM when Oregon Attorney General David Frohnmayer will address the subject, "Liberty Under The Law" in the ballroom of the United States Hotel in Jacksonville.

Included in the exhibit are documents and objects which are related to our written heritage of freedom. Foremost, is the original Magna Carta, which was sealed by King John in 1215 and guaranteed certain rights to English barons. Also included in the exhibit will be a throne chair from the 13th century and other priceless historical objects associated with written liberties.

Nick Clark, Society director, said that he anticipated that more than 10,000 visitors would view the exhibit during its 10 day stay in Jacksonville. School groups will be taken on a first come, first served basis and reservations for groups will be necessary.

### "SALEM AND ENVIRONS" SUBJECT OF SOCIETY BUS TOUR

Monday, September 22 through Thursday, September 25 are the dates for the next Society Bus Tour which will feature attractions in and around Salem, Oregon. The Marion Executive Inn will be our home away from home while we explore this portion of the Willamette Valley.

Our group will visit the Champoege State Park which is steeped in history and will then tour the Mission Mill Village which includes the 1889 Thomas Kay Woolen Mill, the 1841 Jason Lee House and Parsonage, the 1847 John D. Boon House, the 1858 Pioneer Presbyterian Church, and the Marian Museum. The history of Salem and the Northwest are preserved on this important site.

We'll then tour Bush House, built in 1877, for pioneer banker and newspaper publisher Asahel Bush. The house features original wallpaper, rich furnishings and marble fireplaces. The 89 acre park is also home for the Bush Barn Art Center which features exhibits of Pacific Northwest artists.

Arrangements have also been made for a special visit to Mt. Angel Abbey, a Benedictine community established in 1884. The hilltop location is spectacular so bring your camera.

The cost of the tour is \$137 for double occupancy or \$187 for a single room. There aren't many spaces left so call Marjorie Edens at 899-1847 if you'd like to go along.





### LARGE CROWD ENJOYS HARVEST FESTIVAL

More than 300 visitors enjoyed the Harvest Festival held at the Beekman House in 1985.

Shown at left are Mark Nelson playing the dulcimer and Nancy Spencer playing a recorder. These musicians were just one of many arts and crafts folks represented.

Inside the house, visitors were treated to fresh apple butter made on the Beekman woodrange. The apple butter was sampled on freshly baked bread and there were no visitors who turned down the offer.

We hope you'll all take advantage of our special events and Sunday Social Programs!

*Photograph by Natalie Brown*

### HIGHLIGHTS OF SPECIAL EVENTS TO COME

The Southern Oregon Historical Society will be sponsoring several special events during coming months which will be of interest to members. They include:

- Aug. 23 - "PLACES OF THE HEART" an exhibit of watercolor paintings by The Artists
- Sept. 7 Workshop will feature historic landscapes in Jackson County. The exhibit will be shown in the U. S. Hotel in Jacksonville and will be open from 11AM until 4PM daily. No admission will be charged.
- Sept. 28 - "HARVEST FESTIVAL AT BEEKMAN HOUSE" This will be the second year for this special Sunday Social featuring arts, crafts, music and the Beekmans at home preparing for winter by making apple butter on the wood range. Hours are from 1PM until 4PM.
- Oct. 3-5 "GOLDDIGGERS GUILD ANTIQUE SHOW" Walter Larsen and Associates of San Francisco produce the largest antique show and sale in southern Oregon in the Medford National Guard Armory on South Pacific Highway. Make plans to attend now. Proceeds go to historical society projects.
- Oct. 26 - "COMING HOME TO SWEDENBURG" This Sunday Social will be held in conjunction with The Southern Oregon State College Homecoming. There will be exhibits on the history of SOSOC. Hours are 1PM to 4PM at Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, corner of Siskiyou and Mountain in Ashland.

### SOCIETY SCHEDULES MEETINGS

Donald McLaughlin, president of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, has scheduled two meetings for the Board of Trustees during August and September. The Board will meet at the Chappell-Swedenburg House Museum, corner of Siskiyou and Mountain Streets in Ashland, at 7:30PM on Tuesday evening, August 19.

The Board will hold its next regular meeting on September 16, at the United States Hotel in Jacksonville at 7:30PM. The public and members are invited and encouraged to attend these meetings.



*Photographs by Natalie Brown*

### STEAM ENGINE ATTRACTS VISITORS

Twenty-six tons on cast iron, brass and wood attracts a lot of attention and the 1911, J. I. Case steam engine at The Willows is no exception!

Thanks to Southern Oregon Live Steamers, Don Mentzer and Ralieg Wilburn, the engine was operating in fine form and many visitors were amazed at how quiet it was.

The engine was donated to the Society by Mrs. Mary Tooze, widow of Mr. Lamar Tooze. The engine was lovingly restored by Mr. Tooze and will be used in future years to provide demonstrations of thrashing, wood cutting, plowing and shingle making---all pursuits found on a farm at the turn of the century.

### FARM DAY A BIG SUCCESS!

Farm Day visitors at The Willows Farm Museum now know a great deal more about life on the farm at the turn of the century. Splendid weather assisted in making this special day more enjoyable. Guests were treated to craft demonstrations, country music and exhibits featuring farm chores as well as the Hanley home.

The butter churning demonstrations near the old stone springhouse, were enjoyed by all as the product was consumed on fresh crackers. Weavers, spinners, potters and a blacksmith were among the other exhibitors. The Rogue Valley Cow Belles provided a tasty barbeque beef luncheon and the Old-Time Fiddlers provided music which set the proper mood.

The "jewel in the crown" is always the beautiful Hanley home which was enjoyed by a capacity crowd. The Gold Diggers Guild provided the hostesses for the tour and visitors were truly amazed at the collection of family and Valley history.

Perhaps best of all were the children, many of whom had never been on a farm. One little boy was overheard to say, "I thought eggs were made in the store," as he looked at chickens on the nest. And that's what its all about---showing future generations their past!

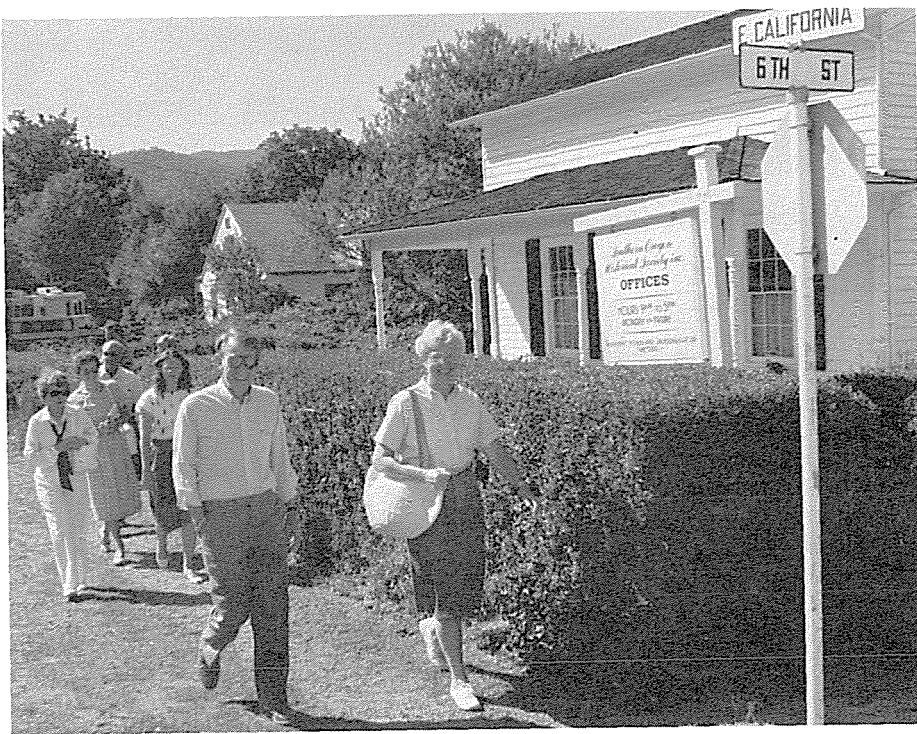
Sally Lallie, a potter from Williams, demonstrated how bowls, pitchers and other pieces were made on a foot powered kick wheel.

Before gasoline and electric powered wheels were available, potters had to sit on a stool and use their own feet to make the wheel turn, thus the term, kick wheel.



AUGUST 1986





Photograph by Natalie Brown

### SOCIETY CALENDAR

The following events are on the Southern Oregon Historical Society Calendar for the next two months:

#### August

- 14 - "Historical Mystery Trip" bus tour.  
10AM to 4PM. Reservations required.  
Call Marjorie Edens at 899-1847
- 16-17 - Open House at The Willows Farm Museum.  
(The farm may not be open because of  
the pending Condition Use Permit.  
Please check local papers.
- 19 - Board of Trustees Meeting, Chappell-  
Swedenberg House Mueuem, corner of  
Siskiyou and Mountain, Ashland, OR.  
7:30PM.
- 22 - "Places Of The Heart" a special gala  
membership reception, 7PM - 9PM,  
U. S. Hotel, Jacksonville. Watercolor  
paintings of Jackson County historical  
sites. Opens to public Aug. 23 to  
Sept. 7, 11AM to 5PM.

#### September

- 21-22 - Open House at The Willows Farm Museum.  
Check local papers for details.
- 28 - Harvest Festival at Beekman House  
1PM to 4PM

### TRUSTEES TOUR PROPERTIES

Members of the Board of Trustees have spent three afternoons touring the 17 properties operated by our Society.

Shown from left to right are Mrs. Jessie McGraw, Mrs. Isabel Sickles, Mr. Merle McGraw, Mrs. Laural Prairie-Kuntz, Mr. Jim Raglund and Mrs. Marjorie O'Harra.

Trustees are checking the physical condition of properties and also seeking information on space needs for Society staff.

### THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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